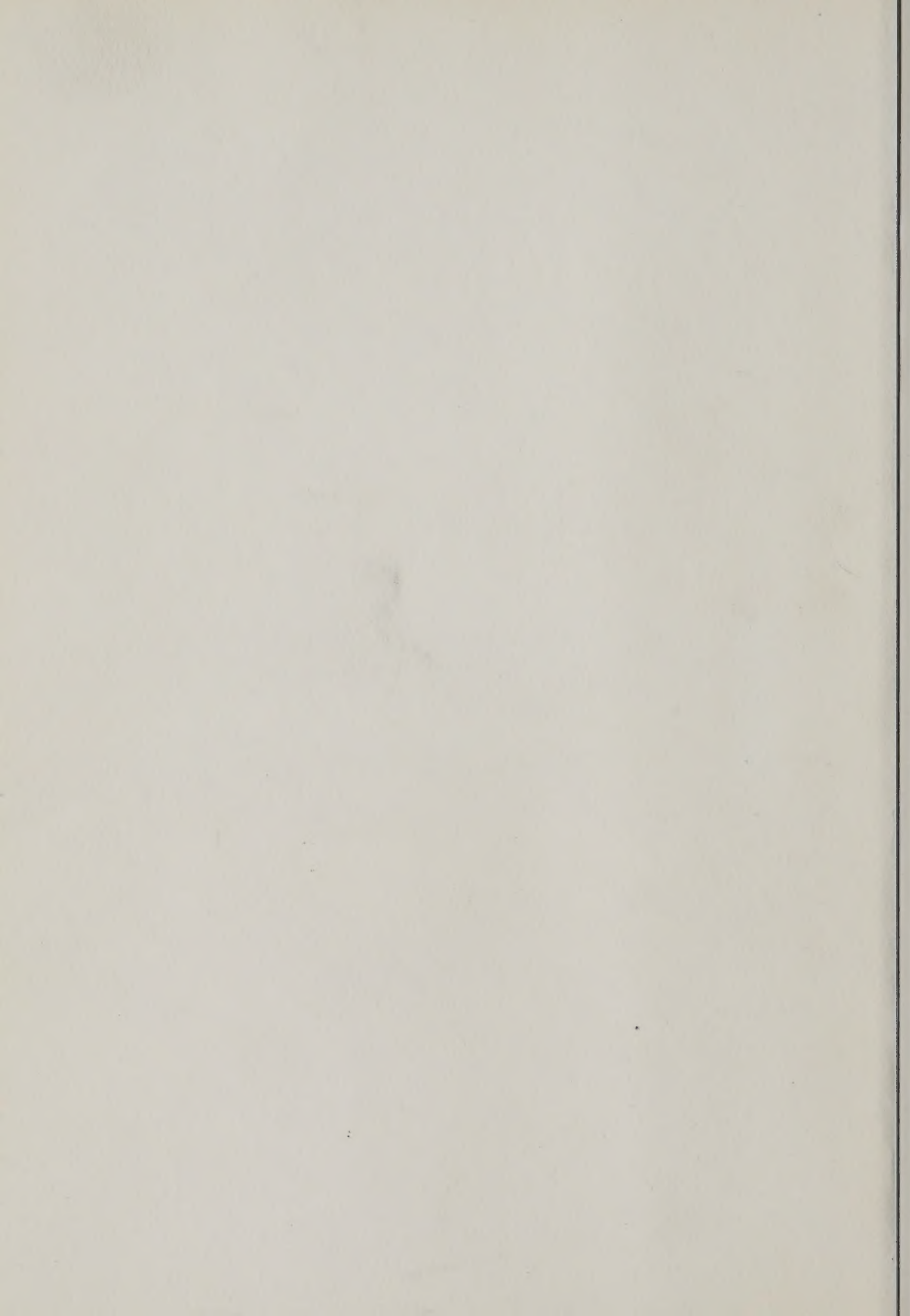



Down in the Hills o'
**BROWN
COUNTY**



Brown

FRANK M. HOHENBERGER





Down in the Hills o'
BROWN COUNTY

Frank M. Hohenberger

PHOTOGRAPHY
by The Author

Frank M. Hohenberger

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MAJOR-GENERAL JACOB BROWN — 1775-1828

For whom Brown County was named

In the county auditor's office hangs a large steel engraving of this commander of American military forces. The portrait is a gift of George Pence, of Columbus, a noted authority on Indiana history. Major-General Brown was a hero of the War of 1812.

Foreword

When the soft-voiced, friendly and rather shy young man quit his job as a printer for The Indianapolis Star and said he intended to learn the "camera business" his fellow compositors said "he'll soon be back." But a passion for making good photographs had taken possession of him and his creative artistry in a profession that new lenses and films and modern devices had started on its way to becoming big business brought him national fame within a few years. One of the first in the field to devote his superb talent to photographs of rural scenes in which the varying moods of nature through the seasons provided ever new material and the friendly residents of the hill country sat for character portraits that are unexcelled in any other studio, Frank Hohenberger never returned to a print shop although he is still proud to hold membership in International Typographical Union No. 1.



THE AUTHOR

A painting by Robert Root

Upon seeing some pictures that a friend had made in Brown county, Frank, with meager savings in his pocket, set out for Nashville, "a village nestling in the valley of peace," where, as he afterward wrote, he found "restfulness that brings inspiration." Today, after almost forty years and untold thousands of pictures, the Hohenberger studio in Nashville is still a modest place in which Frank does all the work, but orders have been filled from all over the world.

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As he talked and laughed in leisure hours with his neighbors in the village stores and in the shade of the court house yard and enjoyed their shrewd and apt comments on human foibles, he felt the urge to write about the kindly folk whose life had become part of his own. Frank's first column entitled "Down in the Hills o' Brown County" appeared in The Indianapolis Star on June 10, 1923, and is still a feature of The Sunday Star. The wholesome philosophy that has been a rich vein in all of Frank's columns was expressed at the beginning, when he wrote in defense of his neighbors, "Much fun has been poked at us for being saturated with 'still life.' (We do not mean that which comes from a still.) Yes, we take things pretty easy, live a little longer than you city club folks, and surely get everything worth while out of life. We ain't bothered with keepin' up with styles and sich like, and you can bet your last dollar that we're goin' to stand just as good a chance as you of seeing St. Peter at the toll gate."

It was inevitable that Brown county would change as the coming of automobiles and good highways made its beautiful scenery accessible to nature lovers, and a state park was established near Nashville, but Frank Hohenberger has not changed. He appreciates the "hill billy" humor made famous by the inimitable characters created by Kin Hubbard, but he laughs with his neighbors, never at them.

Long ago, in a column commenting on one of the many magazine articles about Brown county, Frank wrote, "No one has written fiction or fact that gives you the charm prevailing on every side." At last Frank has decided to do something about that. No one is better qualified to author a book on Brown county than its great photographer, philosopher and adopted son, Frank Hohenberger.

JAMES A. STUART, *Editor Indianapolis Star.*

History of Brown County

The following article, dealing with the historic data of Brown county, was compiled from Baskin, Forster & Co.'s 1876 "Illustrated Historical Atlas of the State of Indiana," also F. A. Battey & Co.'s history, "Counties of Morgan, Monroe and Brown," printed in 1884:

Brown county is situated in the interior of the state of Indiana, about 40 miles south of Indianapolis. It was cut off from Morgan, Johnson, Monroe, Bartholomew, Lawrence and Jackson counties by state commissioners appointed by the legislature in 1836 and was named in honor of General Jacob Brown. The surface is hilly, almost mountainous, but about one-fifth part consists of valleys and rich bottoms, with a like amount of level tablelands in the southeastern corner. It contains an area of 320 square miles, or 204,800 acres. The soil is well suited to the growth of corn, potatoes and wheat on the river bottoms; fair crops of wheat, oats and corn are on the ordinary hill lands; and on the tablelands the crops are of excellent quality. The soil and climate are well adapted to the growth of tobacco, and it is said to yield handsome returns. This county is noted for the quality, size and superior flavor of its fruit. Apple orchards yield best on the hillsides or lower ridges; but peaches, pears, apricots and grapes thrive best and mature to fullest fruitage and perfection on the warm tops of the high knobs and ridges.

Salt creek, the principal stream, is composed of three main branches—the North, Middle and South forks—which unite near the southwest corner of the county and flow thence through Monroe and Lawrence counties into the East White river. Bean Blossom has its source in the northeastern part and flows in a general western direction. To the east, small creeks and brooks are discharged in a few miles into Driftwood fork of White river and its tributaries. Highland ridges, conforming to the square form of the county, surround it on the cardinal sides, while east, west and southwest three other ridges traverse the county, all connecting on the divide near Trafalgar, Johnson county. All these ridges slope gently south and west, but present steep faces to the north and east.

The timber on the hillsides is white and black oak, chestnut, hickory, etc., with poplar, cherry, jack oak and sassafras on the summits of the highest hills. On the bottoms are to be found poplar, maple, walnut, cherry, elm, sycamore, etc. The poplar and walnut, once common in the bottoms and loamy hilltops, have been mostly cut and used. Of white and red oaks the supply is abundant, with a large surplus for export. A large amount of staves and hoopoles are marketed, affording a precarious support to many. Tanbark

is a large source of revenue. The bark of the chestnut oak is found to be of superior quality for tanning. Leather prepared with this bark has taken prizes at European fairs.

Gold is found in the beds or on the bars of all the brooks that flow into Bean Blossom from Indian Creek ridge and on the streams that flow from the foot of the "Drift Backbone," in the northeastern corner of the county, as South Bean Blossom, North Salt creek, etc. Iron stone concretions were noticed, but not in sufficient quantities to be of economic importance. There are numerous quarries in the various parts of the county from which is taken stone that is used extensively for architectural purposes, and perhaps as fine as any found in this country. Lead has been found but not in sufficient quantities to pay for working. There has recently been found a continuous quartz ledge said to contain gold and silver. Prof. Cullett, Assistant State Geologist, says: "Manganese has been found in abundance, and in the course of time it will make this county one of the richest in the state." There have also been found many precious stones here including diamonds, cornelian, small rubies, garnets and opals; and Prof. Wiley of Bloomington University is of the opinion from specimens forwarded him that topaz stones are also found here. There are large beds of sand and gravel found in various parts of the county. Salt wells also have been found.

The first settlements in the present territory of Brown county were made at an early date, perhaps as early as 1800. The first mills in the county were known as horse mills and among the first of them was put in operation by George Groves as early as 1830. The first water grist mill was erected by Benjamin Cox on Greasy creek, near the mouth, about 1835. The first sawmill was erected by Edward, David and Charles Sipes about three miles east of Nashville on Salt creek in 1837. The first religious societies were the United Brethren and the Methodists, in the early day, and they met for worship at the houses of different settlers. The first school house was one known as Taggart's on Salt creek. The first store was kept by William Roberts. Among the first roads in the county was one cut from Jackson's first salt works to Bear creek where Needmore now stands, in 1825. The first state road laid out through this county was from Bloomington, via Jackson's salt works, to Schooner creek and thence up the same and on to Columbus in 1815. The first settlers in coming to the county had to follow Indian trails. At an early date they had to go to Arnold's mill, three miles north of Columbus, on White river; to Tanahill's mill on Blue river in Bartholomew county; and to Thompson's mill at Edinburg in Johnson county. In about 1850 they went to Morgantown, Bloomington and Williamsburg for their milling.



BROWN COUNTY'S COURT HOUSE
In Nashville

William Jackson was the first to bore for salt water, sinking a well at an early day, about nine miles from Nashville, from which he made from seventy-five to one hundred bushels of salt per week. After working this well a few years he removed to the nearer vicinity of Nashville where he sank another well and carried on salt-making with even greater success.

In 1836 flatboats were run at high water on Salt creek, taking the products of the county down the river to Cairo and perhaps New Orleans. John Hite was the first among the early pioneers to navigate one of these boats loaded with corn, bacon, tobacco and potatoes, as far as the former place.

Brown county is composed of five townships, viz: Washington, Van Buren, Johnson, Jackson and Hamblen.

The first courts were held in the residence of James Dawson. On the first Monday in February, 1837, pursuant to an order from the county board, Banner Brummet, county agent, let the contract of building a court house and a jail, the first to be finished according to specifications by the first Monday in September, 1837, and the last by the first of November, 1837. The work on both buildings was completed within the time specified. The court house was of hewed logs, 18 x 24 feet, two stories high, two rooms above, two stairways, one at each end, two windows above, with twelve panes of glass each, one room below with one door, and one window with twelve panes of glass opposite to it; fireplaces in all the rooms, chink daubed with good mortar and weatherboarded on the inside; gable ends of building to have one window each, and to be weatherboarded. The contractor, David Weddle, was to receive \$50 on the 1st of June, 1837, and the remainder when the building was completed. The contract of both buildings was sold at "public outcry" to the lowest responsible bidder at Nashville on the 7th of March, 1837, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock p. m. The jail built was of hewed logs 14 x 14 feet and one foot thick. There were two walls one foot apart and each one foot thick, and the space between was filled with hewed foot lumber, inserted perpendicularly. The logs of the walls left no space between them. The building was two stories high, seven feet between floors, floors of twelve-inch timber, window nine inches square on each side of the criminals' room, heavy iron door and windows. Fifty dollars was to be paid on the jail August 1, 1837, and the remainder when done. William Snyder was the jail contractor. The cost of these two buildings cannot be given but probably was not more than \$700.

This court house answered the purpose until 1853, when arrangements were made to build a brick structure to take its place. The old log structure was sold and for a year or more the courts were held in the Methodist church.



THE OLD LOG JAIL
Visited by many tourists each year

In the fall of 1853 the court house contract was sold to John Douglas for about \$6,500. The house was completed so as to be occupied by the courts in 1855 and cost when fully finished and furnished a little more than \$7,000. In 1873 during a session of the circuit court this building took fire and burned to the ground involving a loss of nearly all the county records. In June, 1874, the contract of rebuilding the house on the old ruins or foundation and a portion of the old walls was let to McCormack & Sweeney, of Columbus, for \$9,000, of which \$4,500 was to be paid when the building was under roof and the remainder two years after the completion of the work with 10% interest. The work was performed according to contract. The building is of brick and is two stories high, with court room and jury rooms above and county offices below. Two stairways over the main entrance on the south lead to the second story. The old jail of 1837 was used with various repairs, which were almost equivalent to a new building, until 1879, when the present hewed log "bastile" was erected at a cost of about \$1500. The building is two-storied, is 20 x 12, four on the inside and eight feet four inches high. The old log court house is yet standing and is used as a stable—a great depression of its former noble self.

(Note—An addition to the court house was built in 1939 to provide more office space, rest rooms and a basement for the heating plant.)

The County Seat

The defunct village of Hedgesville (Washington township), on section 27, had a short and insignificant existence. It is thought that Merrick Graham first lived there. Some of the Hedges located as early as 1834, thinking that a new county was to be formed, and built a few houses, designing to start a town near the probable center of the new county, and expecting to lay claim to the county seat when the county should be created. One of them started a small grocery-liquor establishment which was conducted for a year or more. It is stated that a tavern was also kept by the Hedges, and it was well patronized by the travelers along the Columbus and Bloomington road. John Whittington had a store at Hedgesville for a short time. Not more than five or six families lived in the village at one time. The county seat was first called Jacksonburg, but at the session of the General Assembly in 1836-7 an act was passed changing the name to Nashville after the capital of Tennessee, the change to take effect March 1, 1837. Nashville was laid out as the county seat in 1836, the ground being donated by Wm. Jackson, Banner Brummet and James Dawson, Brummet being the county agent. Among the first

settlers of Nashville were Henry Jackson, Wm. Roberts, Henry Whittington, Avery McGee, Thomas M. Adams, John Huff, Wm. Snyder, Sr., and Banner Brummet. The first sale of lots took place on September 12, 1836. Prior to January 3, 1837, fifty lots were sold for \$694.87, of which \$91.90 was cash and the remainder in notes. The results were not flattering for the future prosperity of the county seat. The population of Nashville in 1840 was about 80 and by 1883 it jumped to 380. The present figure hovers around 575.

Banner Brummet is said to have built the first house on the town site, and Henry Whittington kept the first grocery store and was also the first postmaster. Barnes & Mullinix had the first dry goods store. W. S. Roberts built in town in May, 1836, before the lots were laid out, and placed in one apartment of his double log cabin a stock of goods worth \$1500 which he brought from Bloomington. The crash of 1837 was felt and he was forced to close his doors. He saw the constable drive away his last cow.

Nashville was incorporated in 1872 and it included about 194 acres. Benjamin Huntington started a tannery southeast of Nashville and his capacity of four vats was doubled in a short time. T. S. Calvin conducted a tannery in Nashville about 1851 with six vats. Late in the forties John Hight built a carding mill in the town. It was operated by a tread wheel. Mr. Hight took out the second flat boat from the dock at Nashville, loaded it with grain and pork and floated it down the streams to New Orleans.

Early in the fifties it was found necessary at Nashville, owing to the limited quantity of small change in circulation, and to the constant fluctuation in the value of the various wildcat bank issues then passing current, to issue a small amount of local shin-plasters of the denominations of 25, 50 and 100 cents. William M. Mason issued a few hundred dollars worth as did also Snyder & Arwine, the latter doing at the same time something of a brokerage business. In March, 1854, the Traders' Bank, of Nashville, Ind., was established with the announced capital of \$100,000, the charter to extend 20 years. This banking enterprise did little more than file and record its articles of association. Owners were Andrew Wilson, Indianapolis, 334 shares; John Woolly, Indianapolis, 333 shares, and L. D. Inglesbee had 333 shares.

The Nashville State Bank has been in operation on Main street since 1905. In 1911 James L. Tilton, a local business man, became president, William Coffey served as cashier and Miss Olive Kelp looked after the bookkeeper's duties. Mr. Tilton, who passed away in 1950 at the age of 99, served as head of the institution throughout his lifetime. James Jones, aged 83, is serving

as president and has acted as the bank's attorney for many years. When the deposits of the bank reached \$300,000 the bank officials felt as though it was riding high, but now, since the figures are near one and a quarter million there is a feeling that people really appreciate the services accorded them. Miss Kelp, who later became cashier of the institution, says that during all the years since 1911 the bank never lost a penny on her loan transactions or cashing of checks. In 1930, when the whole country was tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, this bank paid off every obligation.

The T. C. Steele Memorial

Originator of the Brown County Art Colony, Theodore Clement Steele brought the Hoosier state a world-wide reputation as an art center. Today in Brown county the estate of the noted artist is maintained as a State Memorial.

Located near Belmont and consisting of 211 acres, the estate was transferred to the Indiana Department of Conservation by Mrs. Selma N. Steele, the artist's widow, shortly before her death in August, 1945. It includes some 300 paintings by a man who began his career as an artist at the age of five, when he first painted with materials obtained from a sign painter.

T. C. Steele was born near Spencer, Indiana, September 11, 1847, and by the time he was 15 he was winning prizes at Indiana fairs for his art work. After graduation from Waveland Academy, Montgomery county, he studied at Chicago and at the first Indiana School of Art, where he practiced the difficult art of portrait painting. In 1880 he journeyed to Europe for study at the Royal Academy in Munich. On his return five years later he made Indianapolis his home and continued with his work painting portraits of the best known men and women of the state, among them Benjamin Harrison, Charles W. Fairbanks, James Whitcomb Riley, W. H. H. Miller, Mrs. May Wright Sewall and Mrs. Catherine Merrill.

The Brookville period of his life lasted six years and while there he produced many fine landscapes. During the summer months he spent in Brookville he succeeded in capturing on canvas the natural beauty of the Whitewater Valley. As time went on, Steele became more and more absorbed in landscape painting and it was, perhaps, for this reason that he and his wife made their first trip to Brown county in March, 1907.

Inspired by the picturesque scenes he encountered, the artist found subject matter best suited for his brush. In a comparatively remote and lonely wilderness there came into being the rambling, spacious house and lofty studio, situated 600 feet above the surrounding country. Although of little

value for agricultural purposes, the land yielded an unfailling crop of pictures with its great variety of trees, ravines, tiny streams, its rounded hills, the views into the purple distances and its changing aspects under the play of sun and cloud.

The memorial is filled with the results of the painter's work, pictures from his days in Munich and the Brookville period, Brown county landscapes, portraits by Mr. Steele and portraits of him by other artists.

The residence, a large studio and a smaller one (previously a guest house) now make up the memorial buildings, and are fitted with many of the T. C. Steele paintings. In one corner of the large studio visitors may view the artist's last completed landscape and another canvas which death left unfinished. The residence is not open to the public.

Another interesting feature is the Trailside Museum, a historic log cabin that stood for many years in a settlement five miles south of its present location. It stands at the edge of the forest where three trails begin. These trails were once explored by the artist and are the Wild Flower Trail, the Whippoorwill Haunt, the Peckerwood Trail and the Path of Silences. Visitors may travel down these scenic paths once used by Mr. Steele in his quest for subject material.

Recognized and honored throughout his career as one of Indiana's foremost artists, T. C. Steele was elected to many important art juries, awarded numerous prizes, chosen president of the Society of Western Artists for two years and presented an honorary degree of master of arts by Wabash College. He received an honorary degree of doctor of laws from Indiana University, where he became an honorary professor of painting. His life, rich in years and accomplishments, came to a close on July 24, 1926.

Mr. Steele was the dean of Indiana artists, endowed with a rich appreciation of nature as well as art, and combining a high intuitive intelligence with a remarkable capacity for study and concentration. The T. C. Steele Memorial is a fitting tribute by Indiana to a talented son.

Mrs. Steele, a devoted helpmate to her husband, deserves a great deal of credit for her untiring efforts in beautifying this estate. Time was no object in entertaining the many visitors, not a few from foreign countries, in their hospitable home. She invariably accompanied them along the paths through the wonderful scenery that nestles in the region below the hill on which the Memorial is located.

The time was when mail facilities were quite slow and undependable but today this second-class office has excellent service all along the line, including 200 miles of delivery in the rural areas.

A Brown County Trip—"Bill" Herschell

When "Bill" Herschell nudged towards his typewriter to say something about Brown county you could wager your bottom dollar that thousands of readers of the Indianapolis News would be doing some clipping for their scrap books. Here's "Bill" waxing warm on an interesting subject under the date of October 20, 1934:

Indiana has gone October-minded! Seems like quaint old Nashville, in the Brown county hills, holds the key spot of interest, inasmuch as 16,000 Hoosiers—and visitors from other states—paid admission fees last Sunday to gaze upon the autumnal glories of Brown County State Park, near Nashville.

This broke all previous gate records by more than 4,000—and if the weather is fair another crowd record may be broken. The money derived from admission fees applies to park maintenance. And, folks, it's worth the money!

Although my way has been that of a "regular" in Brown county for many years, never before has Artist Nature had her brushes so gloriously splattered with such marvelous hues. The present week has seen her changing summer's greens to reds, purples, yellows and a variety of shades rivaled only by the rainbow. Wonderful enough last week-end—but "paradise is paradise enow"!

Of course we "regulars" keep seeking new thrills, new touches of old romance in the hills of Brown. My particular quest this week had as its object the finding of the deserted village of Kelp, down in a valley about six miles southeast of Nashville. Funny thing was that so many dwellers in Nashville found it difficult to point the way to Kelp.

Then came a friend—the Rev. Jason Skinner, who, when not preaching, works at the sawmill. He was on crutches due to a sprained foot. You would like the Rev. Jason. He has a typical Brown county smile and quaint expressions that mark him as a Hoosier of the old-fashioned type. For instance, I asked him the distance between the homes of two former neighbors in the Kelp community. He studied a moment, then with a smile, replied:

"Well, I'd say they lived within hollerin' distance of each other." My ignorance of vocal measurements left me wondering just how far apart "hollerin'" neighbors dwelt.

The Rev. Skinner was a native of Kelp—knew everybody that had dwelt thereabouts in the years gone by. He spoke of the Bruces, the Bradleys, Ayneses, Hobbsses, Reddicks, Fitzgeralds, Saffels, Birds, Reeds, Kritzers,



STONY LONESOME
Near the Brown-Bartholomew County line

Strahls, Deavers, Mullises and the Reeves. Pete Williams was another landmark in the neighborhood. But now all have gone—due to the fact that the Indiana state park department has “bought the place” to complete its state park, fish and game preserve of something like 15,000 acres. This was the realized dream of Richard Lieber, former head of the state conservation department and long a summer resident of Brown county. Mr. Lieber's log cottage is one of the most attractive in the community.

With the aid of the Minister and John Setzer, state park custodian, we found the elusive village of Kelp, its few remaining houses clothed in loneliness. We were told to take the entrance off the Columbus road, turn south to the top of the hill, wind down the red road to the lake—then look around and there we would find the deserted village of Kelp.

At the front of a long, winding hill we came upon Bird Run, a rippling little stream that had to be forded. Fortunately the water was only hub-cap deep. Beyond Bird, a few hundred feet, was the remnants of Kelp, once a prosperous little village with a church, a school of sixty scholars, a smithy, a general store and the post office. Looked as though there was not a soul about. Then came a baby's cry from a little white cottage. We had thought Kelp without a citizen. Still, where there's a baby there must be a mother.

Investigation revealed the cottage temporarily occupied by the family of a CWA worker. They were to move soon, then the rest of Kelp would go. Across the road was a pump, last remnant of Kelp's wayside water works. Behind the house was an old-fashioned hillside cellar. One could almost catch the fragrance of stored winter apples within its vault. Cream and milk had been stored there, too, in years gone by. The cellar was walled in native stone. There were two doors, assuring coolness within.

A woman responded to a call at the kitchen door. She was the wife of the CWA worker. The baby, unused to callers in deserted Kelp, struck up a handsome hullabaloo at sight of me. And why not? However, the baby and I became friends while her mother explained what had happened to Kelp.

She pointed to where the church used to be. The skeleton of a school house stood nearby. The walled well that had supplied both school and church had been filled, the park custodian fearing an accident. The same well for many years had quenched the thirst of neighbors coming to the post office for their mail, or to the store for provender.

How did Kelp get its name? Well, the story seems to be this—Grover Cleveland's administration had granted the town a post office. Every name selected conflicted with a post office of the same name. Finally the postmaster of Nashville was asked to name the town. He liked a boy named

Harry Kelp, who ran errands for him and did many chores. The postmaster wrote to Washington and suggested the name of Kelp. And so it came to pass that the town was named after the boy, who later became Nashville's most prominent barber.

The christening of Kelp post office was an interesting incident, of course—named for a boy—but not more romantic than other Brown county nomenclature. For instance, there is Gnaw Bone, on the road between Columbus and Nashville. Several stories are told as to how Gnaw Bone drew its name, but the favorite seems to center in a man named Sally. He owned a farm in the neighborhood and decided to raise sheep. This proved a sorry venture, for dogs constantly invaded his flock. Sally finally decided to dispose of the sheep by eating them. Jim Scroggin, a native wit, heard about the Sally menu and one day made the remark: "They've been gnawing sheep bones over at Sally's all summer!" Hence the name of Gnaw Bone.

Pike's Peak, near Kelp, also drew its name through an odd circumstance. Jim Ward, living up in the hills, not far from the Brown county's famous Weed Patch, had heard there was gold on Pike's Peak, in Colorado. He equipped himself with a prairie schooner and set out for Pike's Peak in quest of a fortune. Ward had not gone far until he got homesick and returned to his native Brown county. Up in the hills he opened a little store. The would-be gold hunter was prated much by the natives. One day a hillsman told his wife he was going over to "Pike's Peak," meaning Ward's store. One of his children heard the remark and went into hysterics, fearing her father was starting on an adventure. The story went the rounds of the community and henceforth Ward's store was on Pike's Peak.

Stone Head, in the same district, also had a basis for its name. Years ago voters had to "work out" their road tax or hire somebody to substitute for them. Henry Cross, a resident of the district, was clever at carving stone. The road commissioner decided to have Cross work out his tax by making stone heads as markers for the cross-roads. One of the three heads he carved yet remains. The other two heads have disappeared. The locality is still called Stone Head.

The town of Trevlac is Calvert spelled backwards. Several years ago a man named Calvert came out of the east to seek seclusion. He seemed to be a man of means and looked more like a college professor than a native of the hills. He decided to build a model city along the then new Indianapolis Southern railroad, now a unit of the Illinois Central. He built a hotel and a town hall. Several cottages were added, but the dream faded. Nobody came to Trevlac and finally Calvert disappeared.

Youno is a locality whose name is said to have been derived from a quaint incident. One hillsman had heard of a new store being opened and asked its location. "Just down the road thar a piece—you know!" was the reply. And tradition says that is how Youno, Johnson township, got its name. Something like asking a Canadian bushman for directions. He will say: "Go to that clump of maples, turn to the right, then jog off to the left, and when you reach a stone along the road—turn right. You can't miss it!" Youno!

Bean Blossom is a name familiar in the lore of the beloved old Abe Martin, made famous by Kin Hubbard. The original name of the place—and the one still used by all Brown countians—was Georgetown, five miles north of Nashville. There were hundreds of Georgetowns in the United States. The post office department had to have a more original name and the town was called Bean Blossom because of its location on picturesque Bean Blossom creek.

Helmsburg, Brown county's largest railroad center, drew its name from a family named Helms, living nearest the station. The Helms folk were smart enough to establish a livery stable whose equipages connected railroad passengers with inland Nashville.

Needmore, another Brown county community, is said to have derived its name from a wisecrack made by the owner of a thrashing outfit. It then was a poor community and the boss of the thrashing crew remarked that he had never seen a neighborhood than needed more — and so the town became Needmore.

Christiansburg, Elkinsville, Buffalo, New Bellsville, Milk Sick Bottoms, Cornelius, Deadfall, Spearsville, Sprunica and Stony Lonesome are other localities, each with an individual interest. Stony Lonesome is just "over the edge" in Bartholomew county and derived its name from being so terrifyingly inaccessible. It is a locality leading over rough, stony roads that practically isolate it in winter.

Brown county folks have always been religiously-minded and many well-filled churches attest to their loyalty. The following sects are represented: Baptist, Christian, Christian Science, Church of Christ, Church of God, Church of the Nazarene, Catholic, Methodist, Holiness Mission and United Brethren. Social activities center around the Masonic and K. of P. lodges, Lions' Club, Garden and Literary Clubs, Poetry Club, Home Economics, Four-H organizations, Boys and Girls Scouts, bridge clubs and numerous other groups. The PTA is a very active body and Nashville's town board keeps the local machinery well oiled.

The fruit orchard business has become one of our leading industries and many truck loads of produce reach local and distant markets each season. Helmsburg has a broom factory and Nashville's Cedar Craft Manufacturing Co. has created a large market for its wood novelties.

Buffalo—The Ghost Town

A map of Brown county published 75 years ago shows a half-dozen places that are now out of this world. At Cleona, Ramelton, Mt. Moriah, Oak Farm and Beck's Grove post offices were indicated, and down in the southeast corner of Van Buren township was Buffalo, all traces of which have been eradicated. The site was near the Jackson-Brown county line along today's state road 135.

Very few present day residents know much about the village which was created about 95 years ago. Mrs. Susan Hedrick, 81, daughter of Arch and Rebecca McKinney, living at Storyville, where she and her son have operated the general store for 11 years, was born at Buffalo and left there at the age of 28, got married and lived on Gravel creek. She recalls that there were two general stores, a blacksmith shop and Grange Hall in Buffalo. The stores were operated by Dave Story and Fletcher D. Wood.

Mrs. Hedrick says the place was deserted 50 years ago, the buildings being torn down and hauled away. Several fires occurred there during her time. Most of the old-timers were buried in the cemetery nearby. She didn't know how the locality got its name. Not more than four homes were there at any time.

Over at Christiansburg, Martha Wadsworth, a widow, 71 years of age, remembered Buffalo quite well. It was a quiet, orderly place, and her family did all their trading there. The Wadsworth home was built from the lumber from school number one over near the Lem Moore place. There was no church at Buffalo and folks attended the Christian place of worship farther down the road. At one time, she said, there was a grist mill back of the stores on Buffalo creek. Mrs. Wadsworth thinks the blacksmith's name was Rowdy. She recalled the McKinney and Sutherland cemeteries closeby. In these are a number of tombstones showing that quite a few died in the same year, indicating that some sort of epidemic must have visited there—perhaps milk sickness.

Perry Allen, 65, living farther on in Jackson county, operated a general store at Buffalo from 1911 to 1913. Several walnut trees on the Allen place mark the spot where the Christian church attended by Buffalo folks once stood. Church membership had dwindled to a handful and the building was sold, the funds being added to those of a struggling organization at Houston, and the old Methodist church there was bought and became the home of the combined membership.

The Illinois Central railroad (freight only) crosses the northwest corner of Brown county.

The Liars' Bench

The photograph of "The Liars' Bench" was made in the court house yard at Nashville in 1923. It occupied a position with an unobstructed view near the sidewalk curb beneath some venerable locust trees. The bench, which originally served as a waiting place for customers in a shoe store at Columbus, was the meeting place for the best storytellers in the county. Taxpayers desiring information from the county officers, who played checkers nearby, lounged on the bench, if there was room, until the contests were ended. It was an ironclad rule that interference would not be permitted under any consideration. Village women who were obliged to gather up and deliver family washings, if the season was a good one for story-swapping, knew that if their husbands didn't show up for meals that there must be some long-winded "furriner" holding the attention of the crowd. When the wood-chopping season was at hand "The Liars' Bench" was blamed for the women folks having to swing the ax. Natives desirous of dodging odd jobs never showed up at the locusts until after supper and then the fabrications along the line of alibis for not needing work would start. Hundreds of tourists longed for just a moment's rest on the bench to get under the spell of storytelling. The popular seat was destroyed on Hallowe'en, 1929, but has been replaced by several less comfortable ones. Reading from left to right, the occupants are:

Mosey Scott—School teacher, fox hunter, ball player, county auditor. He put in the biggest part of his term playing checkers in the shade of the locust trees. It is said that if he ever found a good loafing place he stuck to it. A bare spot under an apple tree on the home place in Hamblen township, where grass has never grown for 25 years, is pointed out to tourists.

Woody Jackson—Shoe cobbler, at one time county clerk, and always to be depended upon as a serenader with his guitar when newly-weds were "jined" at the court house. As a hand in the local hardware store he never missed closing a sale. Folks liked to trade with him for he was a good news-gatherer and story-teller.

Hen Budderson—The village squire, closely associated with Mosey Scott in court house jobs, games of all kinds, and always on the best of terms religiously and politically. Both of them, true to family traditions, have been lifelong Democrats. Hen's home over east was in the path of a destructive cyclone and his friends taunt him about refusing to give up his choice refuge in an old apple tree when the swollen streams came his way. He felt he "weren't prepharrred."



THE LIARS' BENCH
Well patronized, weather permitting

Andy Sampson—A farmer who was always 'way ahead of his chores, so he said. He found a lot of time to sit on the bench and stayed there until he hailed the last driver going in his direction. Andy never would allow one of these pictures on his place, for in his neighborhood he was rated as a truthful man, turning his back on everything that had a devilish angle—even a camera.

Carey Help—Village barber, justice of the peace, student of Moody Bible Institute, dabbler in real estate and filled with ready wit. He never married—he knew he couldn't get along with a woman on account of his constant "argyfyin'." The only kind of insurance policy he got turned down on was "Ford Crankin'."

Cal Duard—Merchant, bird-lover, coroner, gold-panner, accumulator of Brown county soil. Put in a lot of spare time standing in the middle of Main street watching the clouds and telling the natives the weather news. Cal has a great fund of stories about local characters and loves to wear his shoes until they rock him to and fro.

Churches

It is related that a minister by the name of Eckles preached the first sermon at Nashville in the old log court house about 1837. Among the earliest members of the United Brethren class were the families of D. D. Weddel (a minister or elder of the church), W. S. Roberts, Benjamin Chandler, James Watson, Henry Jackson and others. This class survived for many years but did not build a church. The Methodists also organized a class quite early. Rev. Eli P. Farmer probably formed a class somewhat later. Godfrey Jones, of Johnson county, was an early minister of this class. The Goulds, Dews and others were early members. The old frame church, later used as a printing office, was built about 1848. The class went down about war time over the slavery question and was not revived as such.

In Nashville and closeby several new additions for homes have been opened up and attractive residences erected. The Shulz acreage includes the living quarters-studios of a number of artists and the "Lake of the Clouds and Hillcrest Hills" (south of town) have constructed two lakes with shore line building sites in the Hilltop project. Numerous new cabins and a motel have been built in the Bessire Orchard Division, north on state road 135.

Brown county has 141,000 acres in forests. This figure includes federal, state and county lands.

More than 300,000 pine trees were planted in Brown county this year.



A WEATHERED SERVANT
Near the Village of Bean Blossom

Covered Bridges

Undoubtedly the only covered bridge ever built in Brown county today stands "a whoop an' a holler" west of the village of Bean Blossom. For years it served as a "crossing" over Bean Blossom creek for traffic headed for Nashville or Morgantown. It now serves only a few families that live on the other side of the stream and the one-time road up the hill has been turned back to the wilderness. Its interior was decorated with the usual number of patent medicine, tobacco and coffee advertisements but these were "lifted" by souvenir hunters. J. D. Balsey, of Brownstown, provides this bit of history about the bridge which is said to have cost in the neighborhood of \$1,200: "In the year 1880 the late Captain Joseph Balsey and Albert Ludkey went to Bean Blossom in search of stone with which to build the bridge abutments. No one seemed to know, at the time, of any stone in the locality, so the men did some probing and found stone a half mile from where the bridge now stands. Their bid got the job as others figured on hauling stone from Bedford. Now that this stone has weathered the storms for 70 years it may be of interest to Brown county folks to know there is plenty of good stone not far from the bridge. Perhaps they have already found it. My father built this bridge and I painted it red." It is said the timber used in the bridge construction came from the Jim Derringer farm, near Dugg Hill, on what is now road 135. Stone for the abutments was "mined" on the George Tracy property near the bridge site.

One of the very few remaining "double-barreled" covered bridges in the state of Indiana is doing service at the north entrance of Brown County's State Park, having been transported here in 1932 from near Fincastle. This bridge, one of Indiana's half dozen oldest covered spans, formerly carried the old New Albany-Lafayette turnpike across Ramp creek, Putnam county. The Ramp Creek and its old-time near neighbor, the Raccoon bridge, were built in the late 1830's. When the pavement was put down for the present state route 43 new steel and concrete spans replaced both bridges, in each instance at a relocation. Both bridges, honorably retired, seemed fit subjects for preservation. The Brown county bridge was built by George Hartman, a resident of Fincastle, at a cost of \$300. The contractor for the bridge was J. J. Daniels, and the lumber that was used was taken from the wooded areas surrounding the original bridge site. It was hand-hewn by Mr. Hartman and other carpenters who worked on the bridge. The Indiana Department of Conservation's Division of Lands, Parks, and Waters had the bridge taken apart and reconstructed it piece by piece at its present location. When the



IN BROWN COUNTY STATE PARK
At foot of hill is site of former village of Kelp

bridge was moved the timber in it was marked and it was rebuilt so that it stands today as it did in its original "home." The bridge is fast "melting" into the landscape and in a few more years surrounding trees and shrubbery will aid in making it look as though it always "lived" right where it is now. And Salt Creek, flowing underneath, no doubt is none the wiser.

Brown County State Park

Famous as the home of "Abe Martin" and the inspiration of artists for many years, Brown County State Park has a scenic setting and tradition that makes each succeeding visit more enjoyable. Covering more than 17,000 acres of rolling, wooded hills near Nashville, this park may be reached over state roads 46 and 135.

This park is possibly more widely known for its beauty in the fall and spring of the year, but the scenic beauty of the quiet hills is equally present at all seasons.

Twenty-seven miles of drives, one hundred miles of bridle paths, seven interesting foot trails and numerous scenic views are within the park boundary. Two large lakes and several streams provide the background for many of these views. In addition there is an archery hunting area where, in open season, game may be taken with bow and arrow.

Since 1930 when the park was established, it has rapidly grown to be one of the most popular parks in Indiana's excellent park system. Of the many recreational features offered there are the permanent archery range, the wild life exhibit (which once was a part of the state game preserve in Brown county), the swimming pool and a riding stable have proven to be favorites with park visitors.

A wide variety of plant life thrives within the park and during summer months a naturalist is on hand to conduct nature hikes for the study of these plants. Modern sanitary facilities and an adequate supply of pure water are located in shaded picnicking and camping areas. Attractive shelter houses and ovens are located conveniently nearby.

Abe Martin Lodge, which is built of native stone and timber, is situated on Kin Hubbard Ridge and is noted for the quality of its meals. Around the ridge, half hidden by trees, are completely furnished cottages named for characters in the "Abe Martin" sketches. These cottages are available (American plan) from April to November and reservations should be made with the lodge manager, care of Brown County State Park, Nashville, Indiana.

Brown county has three state highways—45, 46 and 135.

Indiana Art Colony

A number of glowing accounts dealing with the activities of the Brown County Art Colony have been compiled by well-known writers, but, we believe, the following article from *Indiana Magazine of History*, December, 1935, is the most comprehensive, accurate story on the subject. Adolph Robert Shulz surely did a lot of research work to compose this interesting account:

If we pause a moment to recall the long list of poets, writers, musicians, sculptors and painters that Indiana has produced, it is easy to realize that there has been for many years something friendly to the creative arts in the Hoosier land.

It is interesting to know that all of the original Hoosier group of painters, composed of Theodore C. Steele, J. Otis Adams, William Forsyth, Otto Stark, Richard Gruelle, as well as John Bundy of Richmond, were still living in 1908, at the time Brown county became a noted painting ground. This group, which added so much to the culture of Indiana, had for years won the admiration and respect of those of the art world who knew their work. While all great art springs from the soil, it cannot blossom fully without the sunshine coming from a sympathetic and understanding public. Most of these pioneers were well trained artists and it was an honest, heroic and unusual experiment at that time for these men to come from schools of art to paint the country and people they knew, rather than allow themselves to drift to the few large cities which then furnished nearly all the art appreciation which existed.

These artists composed in all probability the first real group of distinctive character in the entire central portion of our country and paralleled the contemporary literary movement in Indiana. The members, received, especially at first, but little appreciation, and there were many trials for them to surmount in order to make a living and continue their work at all. Fortunately for succeeding generations they did a great deal of teaching, which was their legacy to their state as were also their paintings—all honor to these men! One by one these pioneers of art have passed away until not one remains alive today.

It has been felt by many that the full blossoming of this group occurred when Mr. Steele came into the hills of Brown county to live and to put on canvas his interpretations of the country he loved so well. He once made the statement that he considered the opalescent atmosphere among the hills of southern Indiana of sufficient distinctive character and beauty to nurture

a great school of art. Although he was the only one of the original Hoosier group to paint in Brown county, yet a very large portion of the finest painting of this group was done in the southern part of the state. Working in this section it is but natural that the present Brown county colony should carry on the best traditions of the older group.

The beautiful hill region of southern Indiana covers a vast area. There are other portions of this part of the state which are no doubt quite as lovely and paintable as Brown county but none situated so close to the largest city of the state and the great metropolis to the north, which, with other populous centers, now sends so many pilgrims to the unique and widely known art colony of Brown county.

The first connection of art with Brown county is a little far-fetched, but interesting. William Merritt Chase, one of the most famous painters and teachers of his day, was born south of Williamsburg (now Nineveh) in Johnson county. His birthplace is near the Brown county line in Nineveh township. The first artist to sketch in Brown county was undoubtedly William McKendree Snyder, born at Liberty, Indiana. Mr. Snyder for many years lived and painted in the vicinity of Madison, where he died. He was a pupil of Eaton, Inness, and Bierstadt. Though one of the older type of painters, he had the true art spirit. From 1870 to 1872 he was associated with his brother, a photographer in Columbus, and during those years made several excursions into Brown county and was much inspired by its scenery. On one of these trips he took with him Peter Fische Reed, the poet-painter and art critic whom he had met in Columbus.

In October, 1891, Fred Hetherington and Charles Nicoli, art students from Indianapolis, spent several days sketching, photographing and exploring in the county, coming in by the way of Morgantown. There are rumors that other students penetrated the county on "hikes" from Indianapolis. These rumors are no doubt true, but none has been verified, nor has the writer been able to learn that anyone ever did any real work in the county, other than possibly a little sketching, prior to 1907.

I was one of a small group of artists working in Delavan, Wisconsin. This city was in a lovely and picturesque country. The dairy interests in that state, however, grew to such dimensions that the cows literally ate up the landscape, practically ruining the region as a permanent location for art work. It became necessary for this group of artists to search for a new environment. They wished to locate in the most ideal sketching ground to be found in the central states, as near to Chicago as possible.

Soon after this search began a short article appeared in a Chicago paper,

telling of the hills of Brown county, Indiana—the people, the cabin life and the beauties of the landscape. Taking a hint from this article, in August of 1900, I undertook a horse and buggy trip through Brown county, starting from Columbus, and spending several days on a tour of investigation. Never before had I been so thrilled by a region; it seemed like a fairyland with its narrow winding roads leading the traveler down into the creek beds, through the water pools and up over the hills. Everywhere there were rail fences almost hidden in Queen Anne's lace, goldenrod and other interesting weeds and bushes. Picturesque cabins here and there seemed to belong to the landscape as did the people who lived in them. I was much impressed by the beautiful and dignified growth of the timber. All this country was enveloped in a soft, opalescent haze. A sense of peace and loveliness never before experienced came over me and I felt that at last I had found the ideal sketching ground. Brown county at this time was quite inaccessible. On this trip I heard much talk of a proposed railroad, which was constructed several years later. What most concerned me was that I found no hotel to which I could bring my family.

After learning that the railroad had been built through a corner of the county, I told a number of my Chicago artist friends about this region, and, in March, 1907, Louis O. Griffith, Wilson Irvine and Harry Engle came to Nashville for two weeks sketching. They were delighted with the scenery and the people.

In June, 1907, I started from Martinsville with a friend on a two weeks' "hiking" trip of exploration through southern Indiana. One of the principal objects of this journey was to find a desirable place somewhere among the Hoosier hills to which I could bring my family and our Delavan group of artists. On the way through Brown county a stop was made at Nashville. Bill Pittman and Mandy, his good wife, had recently taken over the Sanatorium Hotel and they made their two visitors feel very much at home, with their glad hand, good cheer, wholesome food and clean beds. Continuing the zigzag route nearly to the Ohio river the return was made over other roads to Nashville, to see the hotel once more. While in Nashville, Mr. Pittman reported that "Artist Steele" was building a home on the top of a large hill near the Monroe county line. Going to the hill, Mr. Steele, whom I had previously met, was found sitting on a pile of lumber directing the construction of the first unit of what was to be "The House of the Singing Winds," so well known.

In May, 1908, I brought my family to Nashville. In the meantime others had been told about Brown county and they spread the news of the pictur-

esque region and the hotel. The year 1908 marked the first of Brown county as a famous sketching ground. That season there were about twenty-five artists painting in the county, probably at the time as strong a group of its kind as had ever gathered in a like place in the states of the Middle West. Perhaps the same may be said of the group each year since then. The numbers have increased until there have been in some seasons from fifty to sixty artists working there. The work conceived and done in Brown county has undoubtedly been the dominant note in the exhibitions in the central states for all these years and a great force in the maintenance of sanity in art, in this part of our country during the confusion of late years.

Mr. Theodore C. Steele, A. N. A., as stated above, was the first one of the group to settle in Brown county. He purchased a large tract of land ten miles west of Nashville in 1907. He wished to have a home and studio amid the beautiful hills where he could best pursue his work in the peace and quiet he desired. For a number of years his place was quite inaccessible on account of the distance from Nashville and the condition of the roads and we saw but little of him. He expressed regret that he was not living nearer Nashville so that he could associate more closely with his fellow painters. There was probably no artist in the entire central area who was more loved and respected by all the artists both for his work and as a man and friend. Mr. Steele always took an interest in the activity of the group as long as he lived. He was our most distinguished member, the dean of Indiana artists, and the only connecting link with the older Hoosier group of painters and the colony in Brown county.

The Brown county group, as now, has always centered in Nashville. I believe that Bill and Mandy Pittman had more to do with the beginning and continuance of art in Brown county than any other single influence. For years they kept the picturesque, cheerful hotel at a price within the reach of the average artist, till the colony was established, widely known, and the members had begun to build their homes. Had it not been for such a hotel in the community, it is quite likely that the colony might have located in some other part of the great hill district of southern Indiana.

The Pittmans were natives of Brown county. The early visitors to the colony will always carry with them tender memories of these good people who cared for them so well during the years when the hotel was the meeting place for them all. They were continually doing or suggesting interesting things for the artists, even to the extent of having the village brass band on the balcony of the hotel to welcome the arrival of one of the early members of the group. For years, a sign done in 1908 portraying rotund Bill (front



LOCAL AND VISITING ARTISTS — October 16, 1927

Front row, left to right—Homer Davisson, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; L. O. Griffith, V. J. Cariani, C. Curry Bohm, Nashville; Charles Dahlgreen, Oak Park, Ill.; George Mock, Muncie, Ind.; second row — *Edward K. Williams, *Ada Walter Shulz, Musette Stoddard, Marie Goth, Nashville; Lucy Hartrath, Chicago; *Robert Root, Shelbyville, Ill.; Adolph Robert Shulz, Nashville; third row—*Will Vawter, Nashville; *Paul Sargent, Charleston, Ill.; *Carl Graf, Indianapolis-Nashville. *Deceased.

and rear), painted by John Hafen, Adam Emory Albright and myself, swung in front of the hotel.

I happened to be one of the first at the inception of the colony. Brown county and Nashville were in the nature of discoveries to me as I had never known anyone who had been there before. I located there because I believed it furnished the most beautiful and paintable scenes I had ever known. I wished to continue my life work in such a congenial atmosphere and harmonious surroundings. There, too, Mrs. Ada Walter Shulz could paint her mothers and children at their best. One could hardly have dreamed of a large colony and I was somewhat surprised at the number who came the first year (1908).

For several years nearly all the artists who came were from Chicago and mostly my friends and acquaintances. Among the first were Frank K. Phoenix, Mrs. Ada Walter Shulz, and myself of the Delavan (Wisconsin) group. Louis O. Griffith, Wilson Irvine, Harry L. Engle, Adam Emory Albright, the painter of children, Rudolph Ingerle, and Karl Kraft were among those who joined the colony, and there were a number of others all of Chicago. John Hafen, of Utah, a fellow student in Paris, came East in 1908 to exhibit in Chicago and to renew our old friendship and paint in company with me that season. He remained a loved and enthusiastic Brown county painter until he passed away in 1910. J. W. Vawter and Mary Murray Vawter came in August, 1908.

Some of the first to arrive are still with us and others coming later have since established themselves and have secured homes. Still others have been coming year after year to the hotels and boarding houses. Those who live at Nashville at this time are: Louis O. Griffith, Carl Graf, Marie Goth, J. W. Vawter, V. J. Cariani, C. Curry Bohm, Georges La Chance, Mary Murray Vawter, Robert E. Burke, Dale P. Bessire, Musette O. Stoddard, Edward K. Williams, Alton Coffey, Frank Humpel, Alberta R. Shulz, Adolph R. Shulz (the writer), and Anthony Buchta.

Among others who have been closely associated with the colony are: Lucie Harthrath, Homer Davisson, Rudolph Ingerle, Leota Loop, Oscar Erickson, Alexis J. Fournier, Charles Dahlgreen, Thomas Lockie, Gustave Baumann, George Mock, Frederick W. Polley, Simon Baus, Robert M. Root, Paul Sargent, James Topping, Othmar Hoefler, Angus Peter MacDonall, Harry L. Engle, Joseph Chenoworth, Wilson Irvine, Mr. and Mrs. William Riddell, Doel Reed, Adam Emory Albright, Jack Spelman, Karl Kraft, Roy Trobaugh, Joseph Birren.

The following members of the group have gone over the sunset hill to the

west: John Hafen, 1910; Theodore C. Steele, 1926; Frederick Nelson Vance, 1926; Ada Walter Shulz, 1928; Paul Randall, 1933.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the different artists who have painted in Brown county from time to time. This colony of workers has grown in a natural manner without exploitation or the presence in its midst of an art school. As the fame of the colony increased, visitors in great numbers began to come to the studios and it became apparent that the artists would soon have to establish art galleries for the mutual benefit of the artists and the public, showing the work of the entire group. This need was mentioned one evening in the presence of Mr. J. A. Linke and B. W. Stoddard and they volunteered to raise the necessary money required to build the galleries. In a few days, with the aid of Frederick W. Polley and Mrs. Musette O. Stoddard, a substantial amount was secured and deposited in the Nashville bank, and more promised. The time was not ripe, however, and the idea of the galleries was postponed and the money refunded.

In September, 1926, largely through the plans of Carl Graf, the Brown County Art Galleries Art Association was founded and Mr. Graf was made the president. Public exhibitions were made possible by Mr. William M. Wilkes, a good friend of the artists, who remodelled some store buildings in Nashville for their use. For several years Mr. Wilkes operated an art store in an adjoining room and was the manager of the galleries. These galleries have been opened each year since, from about April tenth to November twentieth. Exhibitions are changed three times each season. At first the experiment was tried of maintaining the galleries entirely by dues of artist members and the voluntary help of friends, keeping the exhibitions free to the public. This could not continue and in July, 1932, it was found necessary to charge a small admission fee of ten cents on certain weeks days each week, which plan has enabled the association to carry on.

The attendance and interest on the part of the public have steadily increased. During 1934 over 9,000 people visited the galleries, a fact which encouraged the association to take over the entire building. In April, 1935, the season started with the gallery capacity nearly doubled. The association cherishes a plan to build, eventually, its own galleries, with proper lighting and an adequate parking place. In that event, without the necessity of payment of rents, a permanent collection of outstanding Hoosier art can gradually be acquired. It is planned to have this collection include a memorial gallery of work by departed members. This collection has already been started and several additional important works have been promised. Numerous exhibitions of Brown county paintings, both by individuals and groups,

have been sent over Indiana and other states. The demand for exhibitions is always greater than can be supplied. The Frederick Nelson Vance memorial prize of \$50, a bequest of Mrs. Josephine Vance, the artist's mother, is awarded each year on August 9, the birthday of Mr. Vance.

The members of this group of talented and well know artists have all been attracted to Brown county by the same things—the Hoosier hills, the Hoosier people, the Hoosier spirit, the beautiful opalescent atmosphere and the quiet picturesque surroundings where the artists can live their normal lives and pursue their life work, each in his own individual way. They have been living together for a long time as neighbors in a small community and while there has always been a fine spirit of helpfulness and cooperation among them, no two artists paint alike nor do they see much of each other's work till it is exhibited. They love their neighbors, the sturdy, picturesque and kindly folk of the hills, and have entered with interest into their lives.

Nearly all the great art of the past has been racial, regional or national in character. As a liberty loving people we are growing weary of an art degraded by foreign influence. If we are to expect an art indigenous to our soil, telling the story, depicting the scene, or expressing the beauty, spirit and aspiration of America, there can be no doubt that it must come from such groups of workers located here and there in those parts of the country farthest removed from foreign influence as is the Brown county colony of artists. This colony has for many years taken its place as one of the most significant and widely known in America.

Hamblen township has always been a very interesting spot up there in the northeast part of the county. With its invitation to gold-panners for the Salt creek rocky beds and its bits of past history, visitors can enjoy themselves. At one time a school house was called "Gold Point," and it has not been so many years since a group of Dunkards decided to locate up in the Taggart neighborhood. They remained only a year. Besides many other interesting spots, the site of the old wild-pigeon roost is pointed out. When it became time for the birds to return for the night hunters were on the job in large numbers and their aggressiveness must have been an important factor in eliminating the wild pigeons. The Sprunica fair was a "must" for many years.

Brown county is blessed with many artificial lakes. The forerunners were Jimmy Strahl and Ogle lakes in the Brown County State Park, and the Department of Conservation has since added magnificent Yellowwood Lake, along with Crooked Creek and Bear Creek lakes. Echo lake on the Helmsburg road was an early "arrival," too, and since then the county has become dotted with all sizes of man-made lakes. The Bear Creek lake has housed some beaver homes for some time and visitors may as likely as not see these busy paddle-jaws workers right on the job.

Newspapers

George A. Allison, who followed the printing trade in Nashville for many years, compiled the following article covering the coming and going of publications in Brown county over a long period of years:

A guess that very few people in Brown county know that one of the first newspapers in the county was published by a religious organization would not be far wrong. In this year, 1947, this would be very unusual; not that there is no influence for good in present-day newspaper offices, but that a country newspaper, owned, edited and printed by a group of church people is a rarity. Back in the years closely following the organization of the county there was a division in the United Brethren church (probably the county's first religious organization) over the subject of the Mexican war.

This church was organized in 1838, two years after the organization of the county, and after a man named Eckles preached the first sermon in Nashville in 1837 and was unsuccessful in organizing a class. Some members of the mother church withdrew and formed an independent U. B. group which in 1857 purchased from a group of men headed by James Hester, the small newspaper "Hickory Withe," which had been established in 1854 under the name of "The Nashville Spy."

These would be queer names for newspapers in 1947 but for those early days they may have had significance. James Hester named above was Clerk of Brown county in 1863 and Judge of the Brown Circuit Court in 1870.

"The Spy," the first newspaper published in Brown county, was a small Democratic paper. J. A. Armour was the owner. The subscription price was \$1 per year, which was very reasonable, considering the hardships faced by the editor who was also the reporter, compositor, pressman and "the devil." In newspaper offices of today it keeps a man on his toes to fill one of those positions successfully. "The Spy" had a subscription list of over 300 and Armour, facing an uphill fight, kept the paper going for two years. In December, 1856, he sold out to J. S. Hester, J. S. Arwine, Eugene Culley and Sylvanus Manville, who changed the name to the "Hickory Withe." Then the U. B. church's new organization purchased the paper, changed its name and politics and "The Evangelical Republican" was born. It was issued until 1861 when Jesse Branden, the editor, purchased it and it was converted into a Democratic publication named "The Nashville Union."

In those days newspaper life was no "bed-o-roses." Publications were born often and dying just as often, and no one knew what political complexion the next editorial venture would have. "The Union," however, did well during

the war years and continued until Branden died in 1866, when a man named Adams bought the office and changed the name to "The Nashville Star." The "Star" shone for eight months and then twinkled out. Summers and Gaston took over and again the name changed and the "Nashville Democrat" came into existence but its life, too, was a short one. After six months it gave up, but a man named Winters continued it for three more issues. Then, in December, 1867, a man named Sleeth secured the paper and "The Democrat" was alive again. In September, 1868, it was sold to L. H. Miller, who brought "The Index" into existence. In less than six months it was "30" (in newspaper parlance, the end).

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(Note — Much of the information given above in this article was obtained from "History of Morgan, Monroe and Brown Counties," published by John Morris in 1884.)

In July, 1870, "The Jacksonian," a Democratic newspaper, was started by George W. Allison, who will be remembered by many of our older citizens. He had a partner named Yates for a few months and then bought the partner's interest. "The Jacksonian" was a four-page paper, five columns to the page, and carried an average of eight columns of advertising. Advertising rates were "One column one year \$50, half column one year \$30, third column \$20 and quarter column \$15." These columns were 18 inches in length. The delinquent tax list in one issue, January 14, 1875, took three full pages of space. The subscription price was \$1.50 per year.

From "The Jacksonian" of 77 years ago came the "Brown County Democrat" of today. Allison, a captain in the Civil war, came from Franklin to Nashville in 1870 and immediately entered the newspaper business. He had, however, previously been connected with newspaper work in Columbus. It might be of interest to note here that Capt. Allison had a brother in the newspaper work; also a brother-in-law, three sons, three nephews and four grandsons in the business. Allison was county auditor in 1874 and served as deputy auditor one term and was state representative from Brown and Monroe counties one term. "The Jacksonian" continued until March, 1883, when it was sold to William Waltman and Isaac Chafin who about a month before had founded the "Brown County Democrat." The paper was then given the name "Jacksonian Democrat." In the same year W. W. Browning and John C. Hester bought Waltman's and Chafin's interests and the name of the paper was changed back to the "Brown County Democrat."

In 1885 Alonzo Allison, son of George W. Allison, purchased the paper of Hester and Browning and continued its publication until his death in December, 1926, after which it was published by his widow, Jane E. Allison, until May, 1928, when it was sold to John F. Bond, who was the publisher

Brown County Democrat.

VOL. II, No. 41.

NASHVILLE, BROWN COUNTY, INDIAN

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1884.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM

GLORY TO GOD!! DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT! 'TRUTH Crushed to Earth Will 'Rise Again!'

On the 4th of November, 1884, She got UP and Shook Herself and the Earth TREMBLED!

MONOPOLY IS OVERTHROWN! THE DAYS OF ANDREW JACKSON HAVE COME AGAIN! THOMAS JEFFERSON'S THEORY OF RULE BY THE PEOPLE IS REVIVED!

CLEVELAND WITH A MAMMOTH BROOM IN HIS HAND AND AN Enormous Branch of Keyes on his side, is on his way to the White House!! He will commence his scrutiny of the Premises, March 4th, 1885.

The Augean Stable, where the Stall-fed Republican Oxen have deposited fertilizing material for 24 years, will be "CLEANED OUT," and new, clean cattle, frugally fed on legal relations, will take the place of those fattened by pillage and plunder of the tax-paying citizens!!

For 24-years our Harps have hung upon the Willows. We've got 'em off the Willows now, and every note is true, and such Music as we'll make ain't been heard on earth since the "Morning Stars Sang Together."

Indiana is Democratic by a good majority! Isaac F. Gray is Governor, and Daniel W. Voorhees will be re-elected United States Senate. Col. Mattson returns to Congress, and Democracy is covered all over with the Dazzling Mantle of Victory! The Solid South, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana are in the Grand Column of Democratic States, and stand forth presenting

219 ELECTORAL VOTES FOR CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS.

The Country is Redeemed! The Republic is Saved. Blaineism Annihilated.

It gets awful dark sometimes, just before day-break, but when day does come then comes a most grand and glorious sunrise! We have had a dark night for twenty-four years, and it's been so dark that we could only feel our way. But, Glory Hallelujah! Daylight has come—the Grandest and Most Glorious Sunrise in Politics that has been witnessed in the United States since the days of Andrew Jackson!!!

WHOO-EE! HUZZAH FOR CLEVELAND! HENDRICKS! REFORM AND ECONOMY! OLD BROWN NEVER FALTERS! SHE'S TRUE TO ETERNAL TRUTH in POLITICS!

In confirmation whereof she gives for Cleveland and Hendricks 614 majority! Isaac F. Gray, 927 majority! Curran and C. Mattson, 911 majority! W. W. Browning, 765 majority! And so on and so forth.

AMEN!

A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY

First page of "Brown County Democrat," November 7, 1884

WAR! ON HIGH PRICES!

WIRAN WALTMAN.

NEW STOCK OF GOODS

DRY GOODS!

Boots & Shoes.

CASH OF PRODUCE.

NEW RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

FOR THE NEW HOME Sewing Machine

FOR THE NEW HOME Sewing Machine

FOR THE NEW HOME Sewing Machine

until June, 1931, when it was purchased by Elmer F. Raider. Mr. Raider published the paper for nearly 20 years and then sold it to Eleanor Keyes and Jean Usher. After about two years' ownership it was sold early this year to Robert H. Wyatt and W. Kenneth Payne.

A few years after "The Democrat" was purchased by Alonzo Allison, an opposition paper was launched by Allison's father, George W. Allison. "The Expositor" vs. "The Democrat"! A Republican vs. a Democrat! Father vs. Son! Many were the "tilts" between father and son and many were the political clashes between the two papers. Finally "The Expositor" gave up and "The Democrat" took over the equipment of the defunct paper.

In 1896 another Democratic paper was started by Benjamin Smith, at that time county auditor. The publication was named "Brown County Banner" and its editor was Jas. S. Guthrie, son-in-law of Mr. Smith. "The Banner" went out of existence after a few months. During the existence of "The Banner" the first and only daily in Brown county was launched from the "Brown County Democrat" office. It was a small paper, edited and printed by Alonzo Allison, Jr., and George A. Allison. Its life was brief—just a few weeks.

In September, 1928, the "Brown County Republican" was launched by Hutchinson and Reed. It was a four-page paper and the subscription was \$1.50 per year. The printing was done at North Vernon. It succumbed after a few months. Another paper published in Brown county during recent years was the "Bean Blossom Valley Builder," a small but interesting paper published by Glenn Long. It was started in 1939 and continued for about four years. Mr. Long is now on the editorial staff of the Indianapolis News.

For many years since Brown county's first newspaper was launched there had not been a power press nor a typesetting machine used in the county until Elmer F. Raider took charge of "The Democrat." The old "Expositor" was printed for a time on a Campbell cylinder press but it was operated by hand-power. The old Washington hand press, lovingly referred to by printers as "muscle-builder," was used. A "muscle-builder" is still in "The Democrat" equipment and used as a proof press. All type setting was done by hand—a slow process as compared with present day machinery.

Upper Salt creek, old-timers tell us, must have been inhabited by Indians for a long time. It is said groups of three and four descendants would visit a certain hilltop to do some digging on various occasions, but native residents were never able to arrive at any explanations for their movements. One hillside has long been called "Mountain Tea Patch." Natives used to visit the patch for some sort of a mint herb and offered their wares for sale in Nashville. The region is the center of the first damaging cyclone's visit to Brown county.

Military History

As regards its military history, Brown county made scarcely any attempt during the long years of peace from the formation of the county until the war with Mexico, and afterward until the rebellion of 1861-65, to maintain the organization of the county militia. During the forties a nominal organization was kept up for short periods and several of the citizens were permitted to assume the honors of military commissions, but prior to the war with Mexico there was scarcely a man in the county who could have boasted of having smelled gunpowder, much less having participated in an actual war campaign. There were a few survivors of the war of 1812 who, at celebrations of the Fourth of July, were placed on the stand and eulogized and cheered. James Taggart was a commissioned officer under this old militia system as were T. M. Adams, James S. Hester and several others.

Brown county enjoys the distinction of having been one of only fifteen counties in the state to clear themselves of the draft of October, 1862. The draft took place in both Morgan and Monroe counties, but the county of Brown, which was declared by outside parties to have been so disloyal, furnished more than the number of men required. By the 19th of September, 1862, she had furnished a total of 502 volunteers out of an enrolled militia of 856, which included 163 exemptions. At this time the county had 486 volunteers in the service—an excellent showing for the little county.

In World Wars I and II, also the Korean battles, we have been well represented. We have gone beyond the quotas in Bond Drives.

Gold

The rumor that "There's gold in them thar hills" has brought many a speculator to Brown county to go after the yellow metal with a lot of enthusiasm, but no one has ever made a fortune from the venture. Jackson and Hamblen townships have been the scenes of most activity and even today you occasionally see a prospector standing in a stream with his legs spread far apart to give room for the metal pan as he swishes the sand, gravel and mud in a rotary manner.

The very latest large scale outfit showed up in Hamblen township in July, 1934. Eugene Williams was the superintendent, also the inventor of the machinery. The investment was \$30,000 and 730 acres of the Kay land at the source of Upper Salt creek, 13 miles northeast of Nashville and two miles southeast of Spearsville, were leased. Kansas City men had invested in the venture but all tricks of the trade failed to encourage the prospectors.

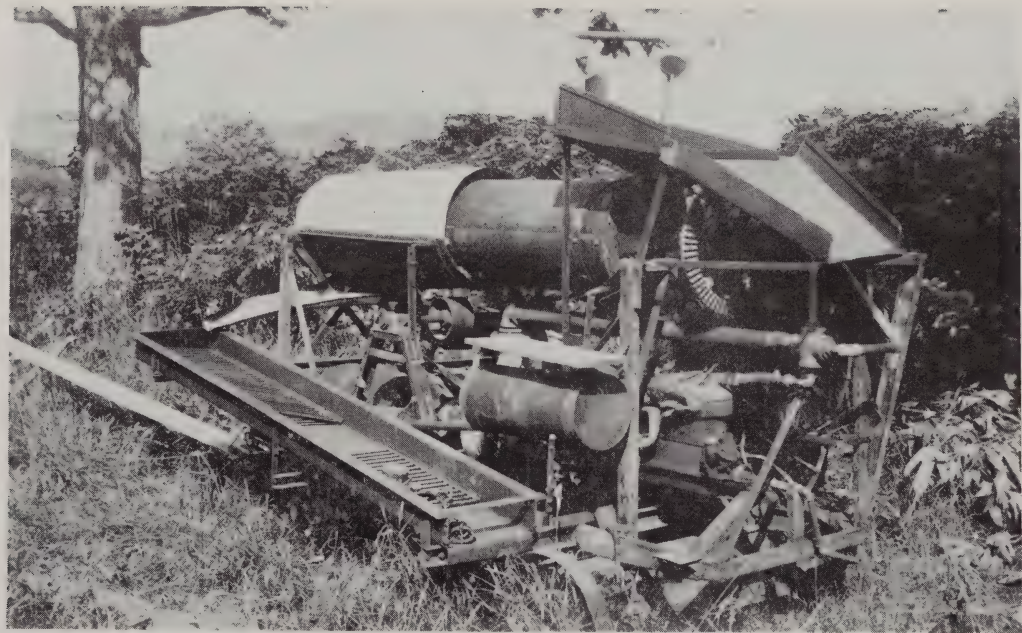
Crude machinery used by other parties could be seen lying on the ground at various places. The scarcity of water was a great drawback. John Dine, living near the scene of most activities, probably panned more gold from the streams of Brown county than any other man. A physician in Springfield, O., bought all the colors John could "scrape up."

In 1930 a Nashville group organized the Brown County Gold Mining Association, having for its object the stimulation of interest in placer, crevice and other methods of gold mining, the mining of diamonds and other gems as an avocation; disseminating information about and encouraging the study of rocks, crystals and precious metals to be found in the creeks and hills of Brown county. Those eligible were citizens or property owners in the county who have prospected and found gold or gems. The members had lots of exercise and fun and occasionally a panner would "wash out" a flashy bit of red that proved to be a part of a bead planted by a jokester. Occasionally the drug store corner crowd would be entertained by someone who had corralled a small vial of the yellow stuff and was holding on to it while doing the exhibiting.

Experts say the gold does not belong here. It was brought down from Canada and deposited by the ice thousands of years ago. Numerous gold excitements in the early history of the county have occurred, when leases were bought, sluiceways constructed and long tomtoms and rockers prepared. The companies did not average more than 25 cents a day. On the contrary, single individuals of California experience, by careful selection of location, have panned out from \$1 to \$2 per day. The most valuable nugget found was worth about \$1.10. The following estimate of gold found, in Jackson township, has been made: Richards farm and adjoining \$400; Plum creek \$100; Lick creek \$150; Christopher Stumps, Georgetown \$500; Bean Blossom creek \$800, a total of \$1950. These figures were compiled about 1880.

The Brown County Art Gallery Association has an active membership of 35 plus a list of nearly 200 associates. Spring and fall exhibitions are on the program each year. The Frederick Nelson Vance memorial prize is awarded annually to a meritorious work by an active artist member. The annual spring sassafras tea is a big drawing card. Maps showing the location of the various artists' studios can be had at the Gallery desk. Spring and summer art classes are conducted by local and outside painters.

On a hillside overlooking the village of Elkinsville, in Johnson township, there are 50 or more large stones that appear to have been dressed down at some time or other. Not a few of them are 10 feet long. The theory has been advanced that Indians had used them in some sort of a tower. Residents nearby have found round stones about the size of a baseball. No doubt they were used in outdoor games.



GOLD MINING MACHINERY

Used on Upper Salt Creek

Brown County Potteries

*The potter's craft plays magic with the clay,
The deft revolving wheel
Spins forms that spring
Sphinx-like into being.
Bright lustres, green, blue, red,
Violet, soft ivory,
Catch every light ray,
Congealing it into crystal permanence.*

—SARAH GRIFFITHS.

In the early 30's George Whitlatch, an enterprising college student, had for his thesis "The Clays of Indiana," and the clay he discovered near Brown county's Gnaw Bone gave rise to one of our interesting industries, for it brought the Walter Griffiths here from Milwaukee, where Mr. Griffiths worked as an engineer, and his wife was doing art work—modeling in clay and holding art classes interested in pottery. The clay of Gnaw Bone fires terra cotta red because of slight iron content and is found in the hillside not far from the general store. It is hauled to the clay bins of the Griffiths' pottery in Nashville where it weathers and is worked until it becomes ripe for molding. Its initial weathering takes place back in the hill where the soft surface-shale is taken. Back of this in the ground the shale is a hard rock. Visitors never tire of watching each successive mass of homely clay being transformed into some unusual shape or lovely form.

Although the first step of pottery-making, known as "throwing," is a difficult and arduous art, the passerby gathers from the grace and agility of the people who do this part of the work that it is the easiest and simplest of tasks. Practically all regular pieces are made on the wheel. Hand-work enters into the majority of the articles executed by the Griffiths. They find constant inspiration for design and color in leaves and wild flowers in the hills about them. The changing foliage has set the stamp on the color tones used in all their glazes and in the fall of the year the county reaches its height in brilliancy and color.

The Griffiths have operated their Brown County Pottery here for twenty years and supply numerous markets in Indiana and surrounding states. Their workshop-home has an interesting setting just off Van Buren street on Franklin, shaded by a huge elm with a 100-foot spread.

Near the north entrance of the Brown County State Park the Martzs,

Karl and Becky, operate a pottery in their "on-the-hillside" studio-home. Karl first considered ceramics seriously in 1931, when he took a short course at Ohio State University. Two years later he graduated from Indiana University, where he studied chemistry, and then returned to the Ohio school for another year's study. At Bloomington he erected his first kiln which was made from a 20-gallon stoneware jar and several lengths of stovepipe, plus odd pieces of metal and a few bricks. The equipment burned oil, which dripped from a small pipe into an old battered washpan. Built in the open and exposed to the elements it was out of commission in a few months. Later he constructed a kiln with standard fireclay lining which proved very satisfactory. Coal was used for fuel. Brown county clay does not suit his requirements and he used a product from Ohio with which he became familiar while attending school in that state.

All of Karl Martz's work at the wheel is from his own designs. He mixes all the glazes he uses and is constantly experimenting with new combinations—a branch of the work which is most fascinating to him. He has won prizes at Indiana state fair and had an invitational exhibit at the Philadelphia Art Alliance. At the fifth national ceramic exhibition at Syracuse Museum he had four pieces accepted. Mrs. Martz is deeply interested in pottery-making, too, and the three letters in their name M(art)z surely have something to do with the quality of the work they are producing.

Schools

The first school in Washington township was taught near Hedgesville about 1835, in a rude log cabin that had for some time been occupied by a family. The few families in the neighborhood sent eight or ten children. In 1840 there were three school houses in the township and in 1880 there were twelve. As early as 1837 the few families at Nashville erected a log school house, in the northwest part of town. It was 12 x 16 feet, built of round logs and had split poplar poles for benches, slabs for desks, and there were no windows. The huge fireplace which occupied one entire end of the room furnished the only light save what was occasionally admitted on warm days through the open door.

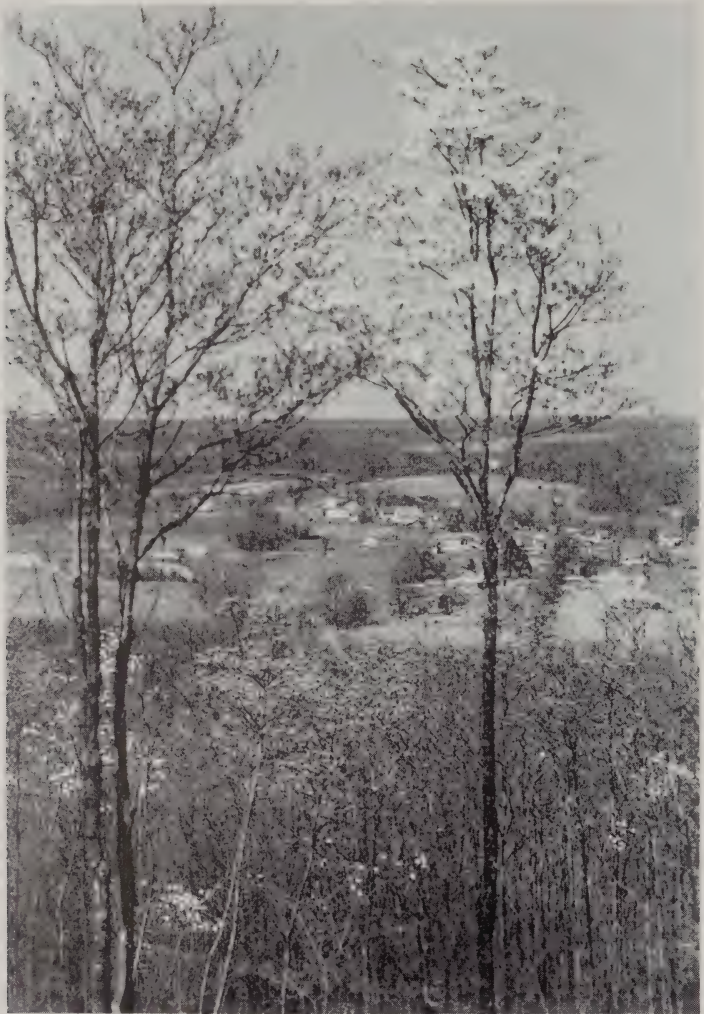
The county seat is only an hour's leisurely drive from Indianapolis and there are two bus lines to handle passenger traffic. One of these runs from Indianapolis to Nashville on state road 135 and the other operates between Bloomington and Columbus on 46, with Nashville just half way between these points. Freight lines work through here every week day and we have a good telephone service, with a waterworks system to top things off at the county seat.

A Guide for Visitors

Notwithstanding the fact that she has undergone some extreme face-lifting during the past 25 years, Nashville is still a very interesting town. Tourists sometimes complain about the disappearance of its primitiveness and charm but home folks say, and rightly so, "We have the same right to advance as other places." Now we see only a few log cabins in the town, folks have removed the little paling fences that surrounded their yards and flower gardens are not as conspicuous as heretofore. Business structures are of the more modern type, we have a waterworks system as well as a volunteer fire department, and the spirit of progress is in the air. No longer do we wend our way homeward along poorly-lighted streets and our main highways are of the all-weather type. Yet there is plenty of interest for the visitor to see.

Our court house with its time-weathered, colorful brick walls and its decorative iron stairways, also the log jail, are eye-appealing. West on Main street is the Art Gallery, also the Brown County Library and the Glen Henshaw Memorial Art Studio. Near the corporation line flows Jackson Branch, and if you care to hike a mile or so northward along its banks you will see a few log cabins, one of which, a two-story type, was for many years the home of Col. Richard Lieber, the father of Indiana's state parks system. Only a short distance west of town, along the Helmsburg pike, you can still see an old barn that was headquarters for the milkmaids from town who made the round trips twice a day with their pails, hence the name of the path, "Milky Way."

Going north from the court house along state road 135 you will find the studios of several artists, one of whom has an extensive flower garden, in blossom most of the year, in connection with his studio-home. The modest-appearing Catholic church, built of native logs, will interest everyone. And if you are hiking, you will find its porch a welcome stop for rest. A little farther on you discover "Pine Tree Hill Court," (Rahning's Cabins), in a restful setting. Along the road is William (Bill) Gore's "Orchard Hill Motel," with seven extremely comfortable units, 13 x 18 feet. You are now in the midst of extensive fruit orchards. About three miles from town is the Carl Manthei home-workshop, beautifully landscaped in a setting of dogwood trees. "Carl" is widely known for his expertness with the silk screen process. His close neighbor, farther north, is G. T. Fleming-Roberts, the nationally-known writer of mystery stories. The Roberts' home, "Witch House," is a fine two-story log cabin in a setting that commands delightful views of Bean Blossom Valley and the Greasy Creek area. If you travel a



VILLAGE OF BEAN BLOSSOM
From Bean Blossom Overlook

little farther on you will come to "Bean Blossom Overlook," a state highway project.

On East Main street (state road 46), next to post office, is the Curio Shop, operated by the "Bill" Schnepfs, who specialize in jewelry and a large line of hand-woven baskets from various parts of the world. Across the street are "Leila's Cabins," very attractive, modern and comfortable, operated by Mrs. Leila David. Farther on is "Singing Pines," a group of cozy cabins in a natural setting of tall pine trees. "Bill" Hoffman's "Corner Cupboard," a lovely two-storied log cabin that houses an eye-appealing dining room where the best food is served, is just a few steps eastward. A little over two miles from town, continuing on road 46, are the "Ridgepoint Lodge Cabins," nicely located, and across the road Karl and Becky Martz have an attractive workshop-home for their vocation—the making of "in a class by itself" pottery. Their next-door neighbor is Earl Page, well-known craftsman who specializes in fine furniture. Then, you come to the north entrance of the State Park.

On the southeast corner of Main and Van Buren streets, opposite the court house, is the widely-known Nashville House, operated by A. J. ("Jack") Rogers. Fine food is served in the large, very attractive dining rooms with native stone fireplaces. There are no lodging accommodations. The commodious lobby has a home-spun atmosphere and houses the "Old Country Store," where hickory-smoked hams, home-baked foods and home-made candies and many miscellaneous articles are offered for sale. On the south wall is a display of 50 framed, enlarged photographic portraits of typical Brown county folks. Just off the lobby, the Sperrys, pioneers in the business, have a large, very attractive gift shop.

Across the street, southward, is "Shopper's Lane," a group of gift shops. "Cabin Crafts" specializes in hand-made rugs, loom products of all kinds, books and novelties, and is owned by Mabel Solger and Fern Stover. Their large stock represents the finest articles created by Hoosier workers. The Risers are next door with an interesting display of pottery, rustic furniture and gift articles. The "Brown County Playhouse," operating from latter part of June to early September, is adjacent, to the rear, and its series of plays attract packed houses every season. In the small pioneer log cabin next door, Darlene Storey displays hand-made original ceramic jewelry.

Farther along the street is Marjorie Tissot's "The Village Shop." Here you can browse among the dignified lines of gifts in silver, brass, copper and glass, also wood novelties. Art supplies are also on sale. In the white house on the corner Frank Hohenberger's studio displays black-and-white, also

hand-colored photographs and distinctive, original Christmas cards. A little to the west of "Shoppers' Lane" is the Brown County Pottery, operated by Walter and Helen Griffiths (entrances on both Van Buren and Franklin streets). Their exhibitions include attractive lines of hand-made pottery. Across the street, Mary Bissel's "House of the Weaver," an old brick cottage, houses the looms with which she produces many varied articles that reach distant markets. Pittman House Hotel, under the management of Myron Reese, is a little farther down the street. A group of very comfortable rooms and plenty parking space for cars are offered. The lobby has on display a group of fine paintings. Continuing southward you will see Gladys Tilton's "Nashville Gift Shop," which shows a complete line of gifts, including pottery and antiques. This shop was formerly just opposite the court house, to the west. The Marshall Museum, one block west of Van Buren on Jefferson street, displays a very large collection of fine Indian relics, also utensils of many kinds used by pioneers.

Close to the old log jail, in the Community Building, Carolyn Lott Craig has the "This and That" gift shop, and at the top of the hill on road 135 as you leave Nashville (north) Laura Duhm's "Cheerful Hill Shop" displays many fine handicraft articles and novelties made by handicapped veterans. "The Little House," on state road 45, a little over three miles west of Bean Blossom, specializes in selective antiques. The place is operated by Harry and Frances Flory.

Due to its large area of untillable soil, a lot of fun has been poked at Brown county, and one of the worn-out "barbs" centered around natives becoming land-poor. The story was that when an outsider bought a "passel" of ground and paid for it he thought that was all there was to the deal, but when he went to pay his taxes he learned that about 50 acres had been "slipped over" on him, gratis free, of course. But the county has come out of the "sticks" very rapidly during the last 25 years. Investors from Illinois, Ohio, as well as Indiana, have arrived on the scene and many fine homes have been added, buildings repaired and many improvements made. We now have many miles of good roads and in only a few instances do we have to ford a creek bed to get to our destination. Consolidation of schools has taken place and the efforts of the county agent and state forester have placed a new "face" on many things. City folks sold their property back home at a good figure, they invested in homes and acreage here and have been enabled to retire in these peaceful hills and valleys, right next door to Mother Nature. Road 135 between Nashville and Morgantown is lined with many new structures and it won't be long until the properties will be referred to as suburbs of these two towns.

In Van Buren township, it has been related, quite a few years back a small quantity of crude lead was found and it is thought Indians had been visiting the spot to remove the metal for bullets.

Brown County Fifty Years Ago

George S. Cottman, founder and first editor of *Indiana Magazine of History*, lived in retirement near Madison, Indiana, for some time, and was a frequent visitor to Brown county. On his last journey here he resided at the Fred Hetherington cabin on Jackson Branch. It was during a very cold winter, and when asked how he spent the time he said, "I just sit by the fire-place and study the seed catalogs." In the March, 1935, number of *Indiana Magazine of History*, he unfolds this interesting story—"Brown County Fifty Years Ago":

Brown county's inherent poverty and its topographical relation to the most prosperous part of the state paved the way for its present publicity. Lying at the northern boundary of the broken country that distinguishes certain areas of southern Indiana from the level lands upstate, it thrusts itself into the central plain as if offering its wild and picturesque surface as a playground to the plainsmen of the North who are less favored with romantic surroundings. In the heart of it lies the town of Nashville, some forty miles from Indianapolis—an easy journey in this auto age.

A succession of developments has placed Brown county in the limelight. After long years in which no railroad touched the county at any point, one of those harbingers of civilization cut across a corner of the region, but missed Nashville by six miles, so there had to be a connecting bus. By reason of some mysterious atmospheric richness, the hills and dales and wild, woodsy landscapes are bathed in a beauty of tints all their own, and this, coupled with an abundance of log cabins and the quaint living conditions, survivals of the pioneer period, made Brown county a wonderful find for those persons who are searching for the unusual in human life and nature. Consequently the painter folk, Gypsies of American life, came drifting thitherward till by and by a full fledged artist's colony was established.

Not a few members of the artist guild manifested their faith in the permanency of the wild country by buying property and building homes there. A natural result has been that other people of idyllic tastes with leanings towards the idea of a lodge in the wilds began to look about for cabins where they might flee the maddening world on occasion. In time came Kin Hubbard, the creator of that most popular of rural characters, Abe Martin, whose sayings were for a score of years household words far and wide. The gifted humorist made Brown county his habitat, which helped not a little to keep that natural beauty spot in the public eye. More recently the state Department of Conservation has added to its system of public holdings an extensive

forest and game preserve near Nashville. The highest hill crest, Weed Patch Knob, has been crowned with a steel observation tower, from the top of which what seems the most of Indiana can be seen at one glance. Last, but not least as factors in the changes that have taken place in the county during a half century are the improved roads and the ever present automobile for these have made the region easily accessible.

Fifty years ago Brown county was famous in a small way as an isolated region, difficult of access, peopled by hill folk who lived in log cabins, the conservers of primitive customs rapidly passing in other parts of the state. That wild country borrowed romance, also, from the tradition that it was a land of gold. As early as 1850, as a local offset to the California excitement of that period, newspapers began to spread tidings about findings of the precious metal in this little known Indiana county. For years there persisted dreams of great wealth hidden there. Along with the gold, in the tradition, went precious stones of divers kinds, from diamonds down, all of which were to be found. Then there were the fruits, particularly peaches, which abounded in season.

Among the country boys of my acquaintance, it was considered quite an outing to drive "down to Brown" in the latter part of summer, with a camping outfit, to return with a load of its choicest peaches. Thus there were multiplied incentives to the adventure of exploring the county, made more interesting by the difficulty of getting there.

That is why I, a farmer youth, with a disposition to extend the horizon of my little world, made my first trip into this land of hills, afoot and alone, prepared to live like an Indian if need be. The nearest railway point to my Ultima Thule was the village of Morgantown, northward of the county line. This I reached from Franklin over an obscure "jerk water" road on a mixed train which conveyed a miscellaneous burden of freight cars. When the train was moving, people, livestock and merchandise went rocking and jolting gayly along the right-of-way at a fifteen mile clip, but when the train stopped to leave consignments of freight at wayside platforms, many of the travellers would leave the coach to stretch their legs and look about. At one of these stops, the conductor invited us all over to a nearby orchard to enjoy some apples, and while there the owner and his wife came from an adjacent house to have a social chat with the visitors. The good woman brought with her some samples of dry goods which she gave to our conductor with the request that he do a little shopping for her when at Martinsville and leave the purchases on his way back. A feature that added further variety to

the journey was a load of squealing hogs that were going to market in a car immediately in front of the passenger coach.

When the happy assortment of swine, people, farming implements, dry goods and whatnot reached Morgantown it still lacked an hour or so of dark. Not far to the south of us the visible hills of Brown county beckoned, and, as I had with me the rations for a cold supper, I tarried not but struck out on foot trusting to Providence for a bed a little later on. The rude dirt road which I followed led into regions that grew wilder and more broken, and the humble houses along the wayside became farther and farther apart till they seemed to cease altogether. The prospect for a bed grew correspondingly slim, and finally, as the dusk deepened into night, a strawstack just over the fence at the side of the road, suddenly loomed up in the darkness. What better refuge than this did a husky young man out for adventure need? Investigation proved it to be a new stack with an abundance of clean soft straw out of which to make a nest on the leeward side. To abbreviate this part of the narrative, there I spent the night, sleeping the sleep of the weary, on a couch that seemed of feathers.

This was my introduction to Brown county. To tell anything like the complete story of my haphazard wanderings there for several days—of the diverse characters I met and the interesting things that befell me would be to swell this article beyond proper limits. I can only give the highlights as they linger in my memory. First, I recall the wildness of the place. If you read the records of Indiana in the Civil war, you will find that draft-dodgers and deserters from the army at that period came from afar to lose themselves in the quiet and remote hills of Brown county. I can see why they did so, for I got lost there so often that it ceased to be a novelty. Since I was headed for no place in particular and rather enjoyed not knowing where I was, I journeyed by the winding paths as often as by the primitive public roads.

The crude by-ways took me into the very heart of the fastnesses, and as they always led somewhere, being for the most part short cuts from place to place, they not infrequently brought me to a log cabin home where the family lived in real seclusion. To these people the unexpected advent of a stranger with a haversack on his shoulder was no commonplace event and it needed only a friendly advance on my part to encourage social reciprocity. One instance stands out conspicuously. That was when I came upon a veritable "cabin in the clearing" buried in the woods, miles, as it seemed to me, from anywhere. A man and a boy were plowing among the stumps with a yoke of oxen to the accompaniment of vociferous "gees" and "haws," while in and about the cabin were the rest of the family—wife, children, dogs, pigs and



GROUP OF FOX HUNTERS
Old Mason Hotel in the background

chickens. The prospect of a morning call called all other business to be suspended and I became the center of interest. The man was as curious about my manner of living as I was about his. When I told him how I happened to be there, he could not quite comprehend why anybody should come so far just to see a wild, hill country. However, he "reckoned" it took all sorts of people to make a world. As for himself, there seemed a reason why one should spend money and sweat to visit a big town to see the sights. "Or a cir-cuss," added his young scion, the ox driver, "I'd walk clear to Injenapolis to see a cir-cuss if pap 'ud let me."

Our little confab was broken up when an unruly member of this backwoods family, a long-legged shoat, came familiarly nosing about its master's feet. A long-eared hound resented the intrusion by sharply nipping the young porker. The latter, galvanized into sudden activity, got entangled in the man's underpinning and the biped came down in a heap, wildly clawing the air with all four limbs. Up he came again with a club in his hand and fury in his eye, but, as both shoat and dog had vamoosed to a safe distance, he shied the club at the son who stood by shrieking in irreverent mirth. Next, the good wife appeared in the doorway with the query: "What's all the furse? What's the matter, Pa?" The hillman was in no mood to explain, and I, bidding the family a hasty farewell, disappeared in the brush where I was no longer obligated to repress my laughter.

Among the interesting characters I ran across was an inventor living in the northern part of Brown county. His name I have now forgotten, but the man was evidently a student and a thinker, as well as a skillful mechanic. The proof of this was the numerous ingenious contrivances that cluttered up his workshop. One was a novelty in the form of a table with certain parts movable so that one sitting at it could bring within reach of his hand whatever was on any part of it. Another was a washing machine, which he was then working on with the intention of showing it at the next Indiana state fair. I have often wondered what became of this man and if any of his creations were successes.

As one of my few definite objects of my trip was to hunt up the "gold region," I inquired my way to the likeliest place to satisfy my curiosity on that point. This turned me in the direction of Bear creek, which flows through the west part of the county. I brought up at Richard's Postoffice, which was, I believe, about where Trevlac now stands. Bear creek, I was told, ranked as the best gold-bearing stream in the county. With every freshet the tiny flecks of yellow mixed with black sand would be washed down the creek and lodged in the hollows or cracks of the bed rock. For more than a genera-

tion men had been prospecting up and down that creek with their pans washing for gold. An expert could count on making ordinary wages at the business, and, as the lure of bigger returns was ever before the gold-seeker not a few followed the business of panning for the precious metal in preference to more ordinary form of exercise known as work.

Richard's Postoffice took its name from a pioneer, old Johnny Richards, who had lived there since 1830, and who now, as he expressed it, owned more fine scenery than any other man in Indiana, his holdings amounting to upwards of a thousand acres of hills and hollows with small valleys. I spent a night at his house and was entertained in good old country fashion. There was good eating to surfeit which was supplemented by many reminiscences. One story was to the effect that soon after accounts of gold in Brown county began to spread a group from Indianapolis, hot on the scent of wealth, leased of Richards a stretch of Bear creek and constructed a long flume of picked oak timber for gold washing. Just as they completed it, however, one of the typical hill freshets came along and carried the whole structure away. What became of the "syndicate" of gold miners, Johnny Richards never learned.

Richards' home, I found, housed a vanishing art—that of the pioneer hand-loom, and an artist-weaver, of a type that was then growing scarce, in the person of old Mrs. Richards. The big loom, with its piece of unfinished fabric, stood in a little room adjoining the kitchen and the weaver worked at it zealously whenever able to get away from her domestic duties. When she saw that I was interested in her handiwork she proudly showed me the wealth of products that she had accumulated—counterpanes, table covers and what not, including genuine linsey-woolsey cloth, out of which she still made her husband's clothes. Of the garments that he had worn in past years she had thriftily manufactured patchwork quilts, also artistically fashioned as to colors and needlework. She was innocent of the knowledge that she was a natural artist and a faithful exponent of that first art in our state which has never been credited as it deserves.

I might tell other interesting experiences among these naive and friendly hill folk as they were fifty years ago before they knew so much about visiting tourists. There was the goldsmith at Georgetown who manufactured frames for spectacles, furnishing a market for the Brown county gold, but his name I have forgotten. Also, there was Dr. A. J. Ralphy, of Bellville, a county practitioner. On the side he was a naturalist, taxidermist, collector and all-around scientist. His office looked like an aviary with its hundred or more Brown county birds, all of his own mounting. He also had a cabinet of insects indigenous to the region, and quite a surprising collection of precious stones—

small but genuine, such as opals, garnets, rubies and one diamond. All of them, he told me, he had gathered from the creek beds of the county. He seemed delighted to have a visitor who was interested in his hobbies and we spent a cordial and animated hour together, parting, finally, with the reluctance of old friends.

I made a note at the time in regard to the last meal I ate before crossing the county line on my way homeward. The bill of fare as I recorded it, follows: "Ham and eggs, beans, bread, potatoes, peach butter, two kinds of jelly, peaches and cream, cake, pie, coffee and milk." The price was 25 cents.

Tours

When it comes to satisfying the wants of people who visit Brown county we feel perfectly at home with our services. For those who seek peace and quiet in these restful hills there is nothing we need to do for them—Mother Nature has taken on that job with the greatest of ease. Then there is the shopping type. Goodness knows we have an array of shops that are bound to have in stock just what anyone is looking for. But the restless, itchy-feet brand really needs attention, especially if they don't know anything about what there is to see down here for the hikers or steering-wheel clan.

We have three state roads, Nos. 45, 46 and 135, and without getting off the main highways there is plenty to see in every direction. If you are the leisurely-looking brand, here are some jaunts that have delighted many of our guests:

Take road 46 out of here, which goes south a short distance and then west. You ascend Kelley hill where you see the entrance to the state park on the left. Continuing on you soon negotiate the downward slope that lands you on Schooner Valley (Schooner creek was named for a man who located there as early as 1820). About a half mile from the foot of the hill stood an old building that was a way station for travelers between Indianapolis and Louisville. Farther on you will see a sign board directing you to Yellowwood Lake. It is a winding road with sharp curves. After you have visited the lake you can come back to road 46 on a different road through some lonesome spots, with Salt creek on your left part of the way. Coming back to the highway you continue westward for a half mile and a sign at Belmont will direct you to the Steele Memorial on the left. You can continue from there down into a valley that eventually brings you out on 135 at Storeyville. Or, if you prefer, you can come back to 46 and continue on to Bloomington where Indiana University is located (you pass right by the group of fine buildings).



YELLOWWOOD LAKE
Six miles west of Nashville

When you are ready to return to Nashville you can pick up road 45 not far from the University and that drive of 25 miles through Monroe and Brown counties should thrill you if you like scenery seasoned with many curves. On the way home you will pass through Unionville, Trevlac, and Helmsburg, and eventually pick up 135 at Bean Blossom. Turn right and you are just five miles from Nashville. This is a journey of about 45 miles. (Don't miss the view of Bean Blossom from the over-look at the top of the hill.)

For another jaunt you might go east on 46. The side roads all along the way are very interesting and if you keep your mind on your bearings you can't get lost, for sooner or later you'll come to a good highway that will bring you home. About two miles out you are right at the state park entrance and if you don't care to stop there you can continue onward right into Columbus, 18 miles away, or take road 135 a mile farther on at the right, into a real dreamy section and drive for 25 miles to Brownstown, Jackson county. Road 135 brings you to Stone Head with the carved head which was made especially as a guide post for travelers to neighboring localities. Then you come to Storeyville, where, in years gone by, a place of business carried everything from needles to threshing machinery. On the left you will soon meet up with the long, rambling home of the Widmers, "Cherry Hill." Mrs. Widmer will be remembered as the original Aunt Jemima on the radio a few years back. Not far away is the site of the ghost town, Buffalo. Soon you will be in Jackson county. Brownstown is the county seat, and by picking up road 50, northeast, to Seymour, you will be just twenty miles from Columbus on road 31A. By taking road 46 at the outskirts, on the left, you will be 20 miles from Nashville. This is a nice afternoon trip, getting you back in good time for the evening meal.

A shorter drive would be to take 135 to Storeyville and at the first road on the left that leaves the state highway, about three miles farther on, you will soon come to Christiansburg. At the church turn left and continue up a really steep hill. Not far away is the Kenneth Reeve studio. Then continue straight ahead on the main road to the little village of Pike's Peak—a store, school house, church, etc. Turn right to New Bellsville a few miles on, make a turn to the left and drive on past the church for at least eight miles until you come to a very steep downgrade, at the foot of which you go left for a short distance, cross a small concrete slab and keep left, passing the remnants of one-time Mt. Liberty, a post office and store. The next turn is to the right and in a jiffy you will be back on 46 where you go left again back to Nashville, through the village of Gnaw Bone, about six miles from "home." This trip is especially delightful when the color is at its height, for the hills and val-

leys will certainly have every hue imaginable on display. There are many places you will want to stop at to enjoy the views. This jaunt really gives you insight into some of our villages. You needn't be in a hurry for the kindly folk will be glad to pass the time of day with you and maybe, in season, you might want to buy some of the produce, etc., offered for sale. Very few people pass a sorghum mill without searching for the source of the delightful aroma—purchases invariably follow.

Another short trip that gives a great deal of pleasure begins at the foot of the second hill as you leave Nashville, east on 46. It is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles where you turn to the left and traverse Clay Lick until you come to a "T" in the road—maybe five miles farther on. Take the left turn and continue, bearing to the left all the way. You can soon see, on the left, an elevation with huge pine trees on it, called "Bear Wallow." You ascend a very steep grade and in a little more than a mile you are on an elevation just short of the high spot in Brown County State Park. Here there is an observation tower. In the front of the house, to the west, you will see a sunken spot, and pioneers used to say it was visited by bears in days gone by. Mr. Dickey, at one time James Whitcomb Riley's secretary, lived there for many years and he was annoyed so much by tourists who wanted to know just where the bears wallowed that he put up a sign bearing the words, "Bears Not Wallowing Today." As you descend the hill homewards you soon are traveling Greasy creek. Keep to the left all the way. A few miles on are the outskirts of Nashville on 46.

There are numerous one-day round-trips that can be made to interesting spots out of Nashville, the beautiful Ohio river country for an example, but it seems that most visitors want to put in all their time "loafing" in Brown county. We have good accommodations to take care of just about everybody.



Weaving

Going back a half century, tourists considered it a great treat to look in on weavers of baskets and carpets in their cabins nestled among the Brown county hills. Some native baskets still reach the local markets but the Bohall boys, John, George, Levi and Joe, well-known for their artistry with long strips of white oak, have practically given up the work on account of old age. Their dad, Jim, taught them the art. They had a secret way of putting the finishing touches to their work and visitors were banned while this was going on. The old Bohall home was located on Little Blue Creek.

Carpet weaving is carried on in a very limited manner. The time was when workers would bring their looms from the woodshed and set them up in the house for weaving during long winters. Those who had a steady market for their work also operated on porches when weather permitted. The Frank Taggart store, corner of Main and Van Buren streets, was headquarters for many of the colors of warp used by weavers. Woven rugs were practically unknown here 50 years ago.

Some of the best-known weavers were Ann Lucas Winchester and her sister Allie Ferguson, also Mary Neal, all of Nashville; Iva Lucas, Crooked Creek; Grandma Barnes, Owl Creek; Mrs. Jasper Davis, just off the Bloomington road along Dry Branch, and Pearl Hoover, Deadfall, near the foot of Selmier hill. Mrs. Luma Rogers, five miles west of Nashville, took wool to Bloomington to have it carded and spun her own yarns. Besides carpets, she wove bed blankets and clothing.

Mrs. Harold Percival, an expert weaver, was a Brown county visitor for many years before locating here permanently. She has operated looms a long time and also taught various handicrafts in Indianapolis schools. Mrs. Percival is teaching her work here and finds time to set up looms for the handicapped at Camp Atterbury.

Lowell and Marielle Jockey, of New York City, have purchased the Austin leather shop on Shoppers' Row. They were formerly dance entertainers and instructors, and in June, 1949, signed up with a steamship company for one South American cruise. After their 26th round trip they decided to locate in Brown County. Their "Totem Post" has added a line of authentic handicraft by American Indians.

More than 60 years ago whisky companies were needing containers and gangs of workmen cut down many of our white oak trees to supply the demand. Stave buckers operated in the vicinity of Jackson Branch and other localities.

In season you can fish for blue gills, cat fish, crappies, redeyes and suckers in Brown county streams. For the nimrod, there are pheasants, quail, rabbits and squirrels. Quite a few deer when open season is announced.

Lina Taggart, the pioneer dressmaker and owner of a large collection of buttons, has a quaint antique shop at the rear of her home on North Van Buren street, Nashville.



IVA LUCAS
Crooked Creek Weaver

Sort o' Summary

No matter what locality you visit, you are bound to encounter some likes and dislikes. However, we are not going to take a back seat on hospitality. In the rural areas, where folks seem to have a more leisurely life, you have better opportunities to become acquainted. An invitation from them to "set" at a meal, if declined, even for a seemingly good reason, is going to cause some heartaches. Extra boards will be inserted in the dining room table. And what tempting meals! And you'll enjoy listening to the finest folklore.

We haven't had a movie house for some years, but Morgantown, Columbus and Bloomington, not far away, have programs which include all the best pictures. During the Saturday evenings of the summer months there is a showing of free pictures on the large vacant lot surrounding the old log jail. The Brown County Playhouse in Nashville provides topnotch plays, with casts from Indiana University, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights from late June to early September.

Rural electrification, to be followed by rural telephone conveniences, is interesting a lot of newcomers. The time was when the tourist crowds came at autumn time only, but now they arrive, too, when the redbud, dogwood and service berry put on a blossom festival. When there is an unusual winter display a number of visitors drive through the state park to view the miles of "Fairyland."

Farming of crops, mostly corn and tobacco, is carried on in the valleys. Labor in the neighboring cities where government defense work is carried on, has attracted a number of Brown county people from the town and rural areas. Mothers and the younger children take care of the cows and chickens and have extra time to market vegetables, fruits and berries. When persimmons are ripe the little boxes of this colorful, delicious delicacy are "snapped up on sight" by tourists.

While most people come here to get away from the hurry and bustle of the city, in some cases it isn't long until a few want to make over the new surroundings to conform to their previous environment. Others take things as they are, "acclimate" themselves and go on living many more years. After sifting out the pros and cons we will agree with you that Brown county has lost a lot of its charm through the tearing down of log cabins, burning up of rail fences and installation of bridges over the little streams, also straightening some of the roads, we think there is oodles of the stuff left for your enjoyment.



AUTUMN'S HARVEST
A scene on Greasy Creek

Brown County Humor

Wart Moore—How's yuhr folks?

Doug Benton—'Bout even.

Wart Moore—Wot you mean, even?

Doug Benton—Even worse'n they've bin.

“My roomatiz is gittin' th' best uv me pritty fast,” Sarry Battin complained. “Jist yisterday I could hardly make th' trip t' th' pasture. Afore I got back my knees got clear dumb.”

“They uster say some folks wuz afear'd t' leave here cause they might find work elsewhere, but that ain't so these days,” Sam Scruggins 'lows.

Becky Neumister—W'y, yuh ain't bin t' Briar Hopper an' back already?

Doc Williams—Yep, we're usin' th' kind uv gas wot's got cake-colorin' in it.

A Chicago man taking motion pictures near Bear Wallow met Vint Scroggham. He explained what he was doing. Vint posed at the farm gate, waving his straw hat as he emphasized his part of the conversation. “Ef them pitchers move they'll do more'n I do,” said Vint as he excused himself to look after the chores around the barn.

A patron at a restaurant asked the waitress whether they had any cherry pie. In a moment she stood in the kitchen doorway and yelled, “Yep, we've got one slab left.”

Jane Mullins—Lizzie Thickstun is shore figurin' on pushin' her datter intuh society.

Sadie Cullenn—Wot makes yuh think so?

Jane Mullins—Waal, she sent one uv her boys t' th' gallery t' find out wot a dozen pitchers from the waist on up would cost.

The tomatoes were sliced too thin for Sam Scruggins. When the waitress brought in his meat order he said: “I've heerd uv transparent apples but I never knowed uv thar bein' that kind uv termaters.”

A Main street sign—“Lunches, dinners, saddles horses.”

Cam Larker—“Thar's a little town in th' northwest part uv th' county that'd die ef they had an undertaker.”

A man from over south bought all the skeleton keys the hardware store had. As he slammed the door Sig Allen 'lowed “Th' feller must have a skeleton in his closet.”

Joe Jordan pulled in from Clay with a short bed of stove wood and when Ote Foster saw it he said (to himself), "I'll bet that's fer Joe's mother-in-law."

"Seems like some folks couldn't find a good word fer th' drout, but it growed spider webs on my lawn mower an' tuck th' rainbow out'n my back," said Doc Gilpin.

Sarry Leslie's description of a neighbor at a holy roller meeting: "She'd keep on comin' up an' bowin' down like a willer."

"Move 'er back a haar's smidgon," the foreman yelled to his housemoving crew.

"Poor folks has poor ways," said Katy Arwine as the long-detached lid slipped from the coffee pot.

Jenny Wilson—Wot b'come uv yuhr son Jeems?

Viney Matthis—He got upgrown an' squandered off.

Invitations for a meeting of the Women's Community Club were embellished with these lines:

Just a good old "get-together"
 In the good old-fashioned way;
 Let everybody talk at once,
 Then all will have their say.

"Press" Shedd recalls the time when the telephone operator would get you out of bed to ask whether you had seen "so and so."

A sign in a little store conducted by a woman read: "Don't ask fer credit—I ain't able."

"I've bin sick so long I don't see how's I'm ever gonna git cot up on all th' scandal I git nibblin's 'bout," said Lettie Arwine.

Pete Bedrow heard a furrin' woman say: "Everything is so high down here." He still is pondering whether she meant hills or prices.

Joe Bales, the junk man, wore an exceptionally large smile at the post office this morning. The new mail order catalogs had arrived.

George Klaxon says he fired one of his carpenters because he got three windows out of line and most of the "cornishes" unplumbed.

When a letter found on the street started tongues to wagging, Jimpson Brummet said he always was glad he couldn't write.

"It pays t' go t' church," Doug Benton thinks. "I went t' a meetin' up th' crick an' heerd a feller testimony 'bout stealin' my neighbor's chickens an' I know now who t' look out fer."

The invitation for the 37th annual bean dinner said, "Soldiers of all the wars are urged to come." Uncle Mart 'lowed it meant "me an' my woman, too."

Chris Pruitt recalls that when Salt creek overflowed Zack David's bottom land he came to town and wanted to get word to folks upstream that if they didn't come after their soil he 'lowed to plant in it.

"I kin reckon w'n th' sight uv furriners wuz a creosity here," said Squire Heacock. "Th' only strangers we'd see were drummers, preachers ur men runnin' fer office."

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