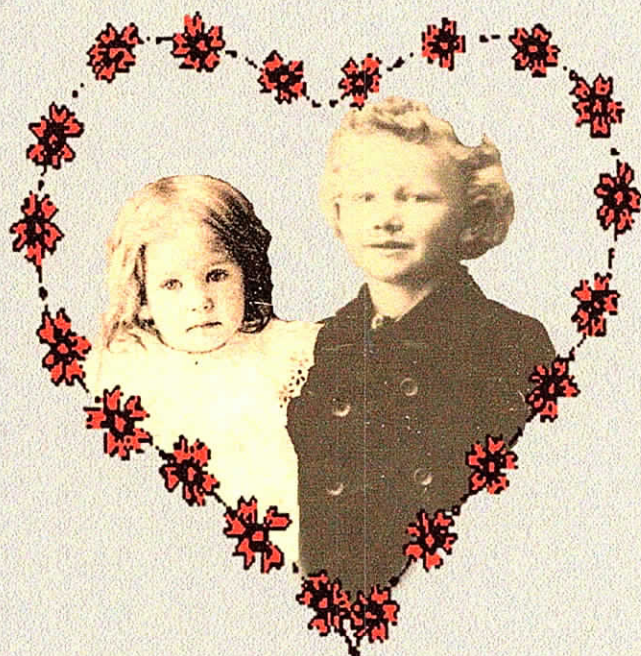


MEMORIES OF



MOM & DAD EVERLEY

by
Maurine Grant

with additions by
Bettye Schroerlucke

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
State Department of Health, Louisville, Ky. **83069** **87193**
BIRTH OF VITAL STATISTICS
CERTIFIED PHOTOSTATIC COPY OF
RECORD of BIRTH

RECEIVED
AUG 28 1942
STATE DEPT. OF HEALTH
LOUISVILLE, KY.

NOTE: All facts must be given as of the Date of the Birth being recorded.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
Bureau of Vital Statistics
Special Certificate of Birth and Affidavit
(For Use in Issuing Births Issued Prior to 1917) No. **144604**

NAME of Child **ARTHUR BEVAN EVERLEY**

SEX **MALE** AGE **4** YRS **2** MO **28** D **1896**

FATHER **CHARLES BEVERLEY** MARRIED **YES** MOTHER **ORA JANE BEAUCH**

Place of Birth **Cerales, Ky.** Date of Birth **April 28, 1896**

Color of Skin **White** Color of Hair **Black** Color of Eyes **Blue**

Place of Birth **Cerales, Ky.** Date of Birth **April 28, 1896**

Abstract of Supporting Evidence
Name and Age of Declarant **Wm. C. Caudle, age 65**
Address **W. A. Kimmel, age 65**

Signature **J. A. Black** Date **July 26, 1942**

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY **EVERLEY**
State Department of Health, Louisville, Ky. **83069** **87193**
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RECORD of BIRTH

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COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
Bureau of Vital Statistics
Special Certificate of Birth and Affidavit
(For Use in Issuing Births Issued Prior to 1917) No. **148409**

NAME of Child **MARGRET GLACE BARNARD**

SEX **FEMALE** AGE **11** YRS **1** MO **2** D **1896**

FATHER **WESLEY DEW BARNARD** MARRIED **YES** MOTHER **ORA JANE BEAUCH**

Place of Birth **Cerales, Ky.** Date of Birth **April 28, 1896**

Color of Skin **White** Color of Hair **Black** Color of Eyes **Blue**

Place of Birth **Cerales, Ky.** Date of Birth **April 28, 1896**

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Signature **J. A. Black** Date **July 26, 1942**



(L-R.) Vernon and Arthur (brothers)



(L-R.) Margret and Sally (sisters)



Arthur



"Mag"

Wedding Day
April 16, 1918



Pvt. & Mrs. Arthur B. Everley

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Acknowledgments

Sometime last year, Sis told me that she was writing her memories of Mom and Dad. I was thrilled because there was so much of their early married life that I did not know (since I was one of those unexpected gifts that arrived eleven plus years into their marriage). As we talked about the project, she asked if I thought Kathy might type it up for her. I said that I knew she would. Well, some months later Sis handed me a brown envelope with forty-one handwritten pages!

She asked if I might edit the stories and add anything that I might think of. I was so impressed with the fact that she had actually written such an extensive work. (I have two books given me with the request that I do something similar -- both books still look brand new and are filled with blank pages). I told Gil about the manuscript and he said, "Give it to me and I'll type it up." That's what he did and then he handed it back to me.

After some months passed (Sis prompted me by inquiring about the project), I got busy editing her work and adding some of my own thoughts. My additions are shown in italicized print throughout the booklet. My thanks especially to Gil who sat at the computer for hours into days into weeks with me at his elbow giving directions. He is indeed a patient man! Also, thanks to Kim and Kathy who added the photographs and final layout for the final printing of the book.

As you read this you may say, "That's not how it was" or "It didn't happen like that"! But, just remember these are Sis' and my recollections! Perhaps, something you read here will prompt you to do some writing of your own life's story. Anyway, many, many thanks to Sis for sharing her memories of Mom and Dad.

Bettye Schroerlucke
June 2003

*And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair.
But O, this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish: let us turn
Of and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession.*

An excerpt from a poem by Jean Ingelow, 1820-1897

Memories of Mom and Dad Everley

By Maurine Grant

With additions by Bettye Schroerlucke (*shown in italicized print*)

Introduction

The year was 1896. Ceralvo, a small Ohio County Kentucky town, which overlooked the Green River, was the birthplace of two of our forebearers. In the big house (known as the Barnard Boarding House) on the bank of the Green river, Margret Grace Barnard entered this world on June 9. She was the last child of 11 children of Wesley Dent Barnard and Druzilla Brown Barnard. A little over a month earlier, April 28, in a house right up the hill from the big house, Charlie B. Everley and Ora Jennie Brown Everley became the proud parents of Arthur Bryan Everley. He was their 4th child of a family of 11 children.

In the 1870 census, Ceralvo listed two general stores, a dry-goods store, a blacksmith shop, a boot and shoemaker, three tobacco factories, two doctors, a post office, a church and an elementary school. The river gave the town life, however, people began to move away after the railroad put an end to the steamboats which had traveled from Bowling Green to Evansville, Ind. By the time I had entered the world, there was only the church (which closed in the 1950s), the school (which closed in 1942) and the post office/grocery (which closed in 1944). Today, (2003) only the church building stands with perhaps three or four families living near the community. (One of the houses which is still there is the one where our Everley grandparents lived.)

Arthur and Mag grew up as playmates and schoolmates. Their lives were filled with work to help their large families provide for food and clothing but also time for simple games to play, (such as, quilting parties, spelling bees, ball games and always, singing) and always church with more singing.. Both of them learned early how to "make-do" on very little; this knowledge served them well in caring for their own family during the Great Depression of the 20s and 30s.

This is just a birdseye view of the place and times where they grew up but perhaps it will give you a little idea of what life was like so-o-o-o now Maurine (Sis) takes up the story to give you her memories. I have added a few of my own .

The Beginning - Ceralvo Years

Margret Grace Barnard Everley

(b. 6-9-1896 - d. 2-16-1979)

Parents : Wesley Dent Barnard 1840-1902
and Druzilla Brown Barnard 1854-1952

Arthur Bryan Everley

(b. 4-28-1896 - d. 8-23-1981)

Parents: Charles B. Everley 1868-1941
and Ora Jane (Jennie) Brown Everley

Arthur and Margret were married at Owensboro, Kentucky, on April 16, 1918 by Samuel P. Marlin, a Baptist minister. The witnesses were Uncle Ed Heflin and Mrs. R. M. Holland. Dad was a student at a Business University in Paducah, Kentucky, when he was drafted for duty in World War I. He received a certificate to return to college after his war service but I had made my appearance four months before he came home. (After the Armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, he served 6 months occupation in Germany). I have always felt that I interfered with his education, but I also reasoned it really wasn't my fault.

Dad was stationed for a short time at Camp Taylor in Louisville. While he was there, Mom was in Louisville. When he was shipped out, she returned to Ceralvo and lived with Grandma Barnard. It was there (in the big Barnard house) that I was born. My Mom had only a midwife,



The Barnard House

Mrs. Sallie Chancellor, to attend my birth. This was in January, 1919 and Green River was flooded so high that they had to move upstairs.

It was a real hard time for Mom and she had to go through all the hardships while Dad was in Germany. My grandma, Jennie Everley, said she moored a dingy boat at the foot of the stairway when she came to see Mom and me. Aunt Carrie wrote to Dad that I had arrived and she told him I had big feet. I still do!



"ABE"

Mom said she survived those hard lonesome months by playing the organ and singing, "My Faith Looks Up To Thee." Dad was discharged in May, 1919. He was proud of his months of serving his country. I can remember two or three stories he related from his time in the service. He was in the battle of the Muese-Aragonne and told of a time when they were under German fire and had to scamper for cover. The nearest thing to him was a horse drawn ammunition carriage. He laughed and said if a shell had hit the ammunition wagon that it would have blown them to smithereens. Another proud memory was when he was ordered to tutor some soldiers who could not read or write.

He came home to New York on the ship U. S. S. Plattsburg. After he was discharged, he came back to Ceralvo in May, 1919. He brought a pillow top with a picture of the ship saying "The ship that brought me home." The pillow top is now mounted and glass framed. It is a treasured memorial to his World War I service.

After Dad came home (I don't know how long it was before) they moved into what we knew as the John Chancellor House at Ceralvo. Mom had saved her government allotment checks and this was used to buy their first home. I believe I am

correct that they paid \$300.00 for the house and lot. Baun was born there, June 26, 1920.

I wish I had asked more questions but it was not too long until Dad and Uncle John Barnard went into partnership and bought a farm not too far from Ceralvo. We moved into a part of the large farm house and Aunt Ina and Uncle John lived in the other section. I don't remember much about the house but I remember that a covered porch separated the two living quarters. Truman was born there on Dec. 17, 1921. Mom had her hands full: a new baby, I would be three in a month and Baun was just two.

I wish I knew more about what Dad did during this time. I know he and Uncle John farmed and I suspect that he had begun working at Rockport coal mines. Dad was a good baseball player; even before he was drafted, he had played on a Rockport ball team.



Rockport baseball Team (ca. 1913)
Front row 2nd from left: Arthur Everley
Back row 1st from left: John Barnard

Sometime in this era, he played for a team in Illinois and was away from home a lot, especially on weekends. Finally, Mom issued an ultimatum that she could not care for 3 small children and maintain the home chores while he played ball.

I remember hearing her tell that when he came home one Sunday night, she could hear his cleats crossing the porch. In he came grinning and shaking a handful of dollar bills in his hand. Then, she issued her ultimatum which ended his professional ball playing. But it never squelched his love for the game.

Soon after this, Dad contracted typhoid fever. He almost died and was an invalid for 6 months. I wonder how Mom managed during those months. I know that I stayed with Aunt Carrie and Baun with Grandpa Everley. Truman was a 'sit alone' baby at the time. For a while they had a nurse, Miss Maud Wilson and Dr. George Everley (Dad's uncle) was the attending physician. I wonder how they managed financially during this ordeal.

After Dad recovered, he and Uncle John dissolved their partnership, and Dad and Mom bought a two room house with 27 acres on the Rockport - Ceralvo road. This area was known as Sassafras Ridge. They made the move in 1924. In the partnership settlement, Dad retained 30 acres on Green River. This acreage we called the mussel shell field and most of our feed crops was grown there.

I don't remember too much about the move but I do remember that I was to hold the butter churn in the back of the wagon to keep it from jarring over and breaking. We didn't live in two rooms very long but I remember well that we had a bed, eating table, cook stove and kitchen cabinet in the kitchen. How Mom stood it, I don't know - I was five, Baun four and Truman not quite three.



L-R: Marine, Baun, and Truman

In 1925, Dad went to Akron, Ohio to work in the rubber plant. I think it was Goodyear where he worked and he played ball for the Goodyear baseball team. Uncle Leo Brown told me that is

how he got the job. How long he was in Akron, I wish I had asked. I remember when he would come home, how pretty I thought he was. I had always seen him in work overalls and he looked great in dressier pants. I remember once when he was ready to go back, I was standing in the chimney corner crying and he hugged me and slipped a dime in my hand. Mom had it real rough during this time, responsibility of 3 children, plus chickens, cow, and the garden to tend. Grandma Barnard stayed with us some to make it easier for Mom. Besides all the work, Mom was deathly scared of storms. I remember two occasions when she gathered us up and took us to the neighbors. One evening when she was milking, she ran into the house and said, "We're going to Ben's, I'm afraid there is a tornado in that cloud." Remember there was no TV or radio to warn people.

Mr. Ben Kimmel was a neighbor that lived near with his wife, Ollie, and at that time they had 3 children. Grandma Barnard was staying with us at this time and she had baked yeast rolls (we called them buns). She gathered up the buns in her apron and we started for Mr. Ben's. I remember that Grandma lost some buns in her hurrying up the hill to their house. We all spent the night at Mr. Ben's. There was no tornado but a terrific storm. When we went home the next morning, our little two rooms were still standing on the hill. We had no trees at that time for a windbreak and I can understand why Mom was so frightened.

Another time, we were alone when a threatening storm came. We, Mom and the 3 kids, went to Uncle Dave and Aunt Althea Heltsley's and spent the night. I remember Aunt Althea had a quilt in a frame that had a rope pulley that pulled the frame up at night to get it out of the way. I had never seen quilting frames like this. (Mom's frames stayed in place all the time.) I, also, remember sleeping in the room where there was a piano and thinking that they must be awfully rich. Uncle Dave and Aunt Althea were older and such good neighbors. Their two daughters were married and lived in Colorado. Uncle Dave had an orchard and always shared apples with us kids.

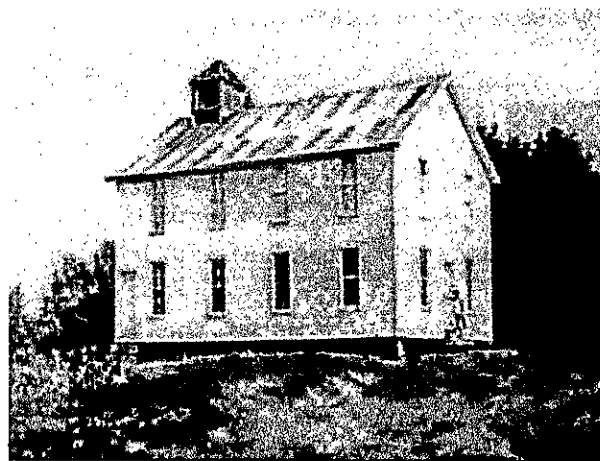
One other trying incident for Mom occurred when she was milking and stepped on a plank that contained a rusty nail. I don't remember how deep the nail went but I do remember the consequences. Her foot and leg developed blood poisoning and red streaks ran up her leg. I don't suppose tetanus shots were known of or at least were not available. I don't know how long it took to heal, but I remember her hobbling with a cane. Finally, someone told her to bandage her foot in a poultice of fresh cow manure. This she did. I don't know if she attributed the cure to this or not, but I do remember it took a long time to soak and remove the dried manure off her foot!

In later years, Mom said she was very unhappy when Dad decided that Akron was not the place to raise children and he came home. She said if we had moved to Akron that maybe her little kids would not have had it so hard.

After Dad returned, he began adding three rooms onto the existing two. Maybe his Akron trip was how they financed that addition. I don't know when the construction began, but I know it was finished by April of 1926. Uncle Cape Maddox did most of the carpentry and I remember how glad we kids were when Aunt Maude and their boys, Mitchell, Coleman, and James came with him to work. Besides the three rooms there was a large porch added. This was a great improvement over eating, sleeping and doing other chores in just two rooms. A great innovation was a kitchen sink - no running water - but how nice to rid waste water without having to throw it out into the yard.

A New Arrival to the Family

The year 1926 was a memorable one beside the addition of the three rooms. It was the year that Wanda was born to Aunt Ina and Uncle John Barnard on April 26. At this time there was a revival meeting being held in the Ceralvo Church by the



Ceralvo Church

minister, Rev. Cox. This revival created an emotional upheaval in the community. Meetings were held each night and some during the day. This was when Mom and Dad were baptized into the membership. Many were converted. Mr. Ben was converted in the hog pen and Dad in the corn field. I remember that at that time Mom and Dad made a pact for him to stop smoking and Mom was to give up dipping snuff. I think the reason I remember this is that there were no more little RJR cotton tobacco sacks that were so handy to carry marbles and if you were fortunate to have a few pennies, it was a good place to store them. I never saw Dad roll another cigarette and Mom's Bruton snuff can was no longer visible. This pact did not stipulate anything about *chewing* tobacco. As Mom grew older she derived some pleasure from a little bite of tobacco, never dreaming that it could be detected on her breath.

During this very emotional time Aunt Ina, who had just given birth to Wanda, became involved in the church hysteria and suffered a nervous breakdown. At that time there was no knowledge of successful treatment for such condition. Severe cases were referred to institutions for care and

possible treatment. Aunt Ina's condition progressed to the point that she was moved to Hopkinsville, a state institution. She passed away there on August 28, 1926. I relate this because it affected the life of Mom and Dad. When Wanda was 6 weeks old, Uncle John came and placed her in Mom's arms and without saying a word, he walked away. He was probably so heart broken that he couldn't say anything. Wanda had been taken off Aunt Ina's breast milk and the transition to a working formula was hectic and heart breaking. Dr. George Everley was consulted and his suggestions carried out. I don't know how long it was but Wanda was not gaining weight; she was growing weaker all the time. I remember Mom crying when Aunt Attie Mathis said, "Maggie, you'll never raise her."

Mom and Dad were dedicated to every effort to find a working formula. They tried Eaglebrand milk (I used to sneak a spoonful out of the can) and Carnation milk. Someone even suggested that milk from a freshened cow might help. Dad and Uncle John went to Uncle Mitt Barnard's and brought home a cow that had just calved. Dad would go several times a day and get enough for a feeding (remember no refrigeration). Wanda couldn't tolerate this milk either and she grew weaker. Finally, Dr. Everley said, "Mag let's try this to settle her stomach." He told Mom to boil rice until it was thoroughly cooked and then strain the rice water. This she did and Wanda kept this down and showed some improvement. About this time, Dr. Everley had read about Mellor's Food, a powdered formula and he said, "Let's try this." It worked!

Wanda began to mend and in no time became the cutest, plump little girl you can ever imagine. This was really a trying time for Mom and Dad. Wanda became firmly entrenched in our hearts and family and she still is!!

Another happening in 1926 points out the foresight and concern of Mom and Dad. The Kentucky Legislature had recently passed a law that all children of school age had to be vaccinated against smallpox before enrolling in school. This law created unrest in our community and a lot of rebellious talk. Some said the legislature had no right to tell us what to do with our children and that they would not comply with a law that might endanger them. Baun was scheduled to enter first grade and I was a second grader. This was 1927 and the school year started in July. On a Sunday afternoon, we were transported by wagon to Rockport where Uncle George, (Dr. Everley) met us in his office at the back of the Everley Drug Store. Here, Uncle George made three vertical and horizontal scratches with a needle containing the smallpox serum. (I thanked him by getting sick as I watched and upchucked the custard pie we had eaten for dinner.)

Anyway, Baun and I started to school while our neighbor children stayed home. There were two others who enrolled, Maggie and Gladys Brown. They had had smallpox earlier and were therefore immunized. There was some gossip about Mag and Arthur taking a chance with their children. I don't remember how long we four pupils had the sole attention of our teacher, Miss Lockett Ford, but it was good while it lasted! Sometime later, after the community saw that vaccination did not cause the demise of the Everley kids, they obeyed the law and school returned to normal.

In this time period, Dad worked at the Rockport Coal mines which was owned and operated by H. L. Tucker. It is probable that after he recovered from typhoid fever or possibly after he returned from Akron that he worked there until the mines shut down. (I wonder if the mines folded in the 1929 crash.) Why didn't I ask more questions? I do



L-R: Jenora Lee, Jewell, and Wanda

remember that he was clerk weight man, which was a very responsible job. He would sometimes bring home rolls of cardboard containing the neatest columns of numbers and he would work on them at night. He was so adept at adding that he could add two columns at a time. (I thought he was so smart.) Remember, there were no adding machines or computers and since it was a record of what the pit miners loaded each day, it was a very responsible job. He was a very conscientious worker.

Then the mines closed along with the Rockport Bank. When the bank closed, we (Baun, Truman and I) lost \$27.00 in savings that Mom and Dad had started for us. I'm assuming that this closure was precipitated by the stock market crash of 1929 which resulted in the Great Depression. This affected us as well as all the United States.

Times were hard and one wonders how they managed. I can remember some of the things our parents did to keep us healthy and in school. They always had a garden and Mom would can everything she could for winter food. I can see her standing over the stove and processing vegetables in a four hour hot water bath. Then, to show how innovative she was, she ordered a pressure canner from Montgomery Ward for \$19.00. This was the first in the community and was such a blessing for Mom, timewise. What a long life that pressure canner had! I know that Truman and Teen used it and probably still have it. We always had chickens which was a source of eggs and meat. Sometimes when the hens did well, Mom would sell the eggs to the grocery and buy baking soda, salt, sugar, coffee and kerosene (for lamps). I remember one time when things were really bad, Dad said if eggs got down to ten cents a dozen then we could eat them.

One year Mom planned to have more chickens and she got an incubator. I don't remember if they ordered it or bought it from someone. Anyway, she placed the eggs in the incubator on trays and the eggs had to be turned every day. (Why, I don't know.) I remember when the little fuzzy chicks began to hatch, it was so much fun to look at them through the window in the front of the incubator. Mom had a brooder stove that was heated with



Back L-R: Mom, Maurine, Dad
From L-R: Truman and Baun

kerosene and a larger circular hood spread out from the heat source. Mom was so thrilled to put the fuzzy chicks in the brooder house with the brooder stove. All went well until one night it turned real cool and the little chicks crowded under the hood and many of them suffocated. As far as I can remember, that was the end of that enterprise! However, we always had chickens for meat and eggs. Then, in the spring the laying hens were culled and the delinquent ones were sold. (I don't know how they determined the non-layers.) This sale would usually prompt a mail order to Sears for yard goods (from which Easter clothes were made.)

Before I leave the subject of brooders and chickens, I'm going to tell what Loucinda shared when I was talking about incubators. She said they also had an incubator for hatching chicks. One day she found a nest of newborn baby mice which she put into the incubator. I forgot to ask what happened but I can imagine that Granny Whitlow took care of that project.

Another money project that Dad tried was growing strawberries commercially. There was a co-op that was formed in the county. Farmers were allotted a certain space and were assured of a market but were not assured of the price return. I know Baun and Truman can attest to the work required to plant, weed and mulch the plants. My greatest contribution came at picking time. I think the beginning price for picking was one and one-half cent per quart. Later one year, I picked at Uncle Mitt Barnard's for three cents a quart. I don't remember how the price fluctuated but one year we received \$6.00 for a twenty-four quart crate. We had to take them to Rockport to a central pick-up truck. That required a three and a half mile trip by mule and wagon.

The boys may remember how many years we grew strawberries for the co-op but I know they remember the hard hot work. The strawberries had to be graded. That was Mom's job. She did this as the pickers brought the strawberries to a shed under the peach trees. During the ripe season the strawberries needed to be picked every day but Dad would not pick on Sunday. Thus, Monday's grading was more difficult with fewer fancy grade berries which sold at a higher price. I know our youngsters can't understand how hard times were during the Depression and how it was necessary to work hard for such a little return.

I remember one year Dad had to borrow money from Grandma Barnard to get the winter supply of coal. We burned coal in the fireplace grates and in the kitchen stove for cooking. (No electricity or gas). Grandma Barnard said years later that Dad never failed to repay her with interest.

I can remember when Dad and Mom were so relieved that the State Legislature passed a law issuing free textbooks for elementary grade pupils. I also know that had the law not been passed our parents would have managed some way or other to supply our books.

Another thing that showed their interest in giving us a bit more than Ceralvo had to offer was a yearly subscription to the *Courier-Journal* which was published in Louisville. It would be delivered by our rural mail carrier. I may be wrong but I

believe a yearly subscription was \$3.75. Anyway we looked forward to the mail each day. Dad and Mom got the news, Dad had his baseball scores and we kids looked forward to Ben Webster, Andy and Bin Gumps, and Toonerville Trolley in the funnies. This helped to establish a habit of reading for each of us children.

As hard as it was, life went on. I don't think we realized how difficult it was then because so many of our neighbors were in the same situation. I think that brought about an awareness of the need to help each other. We bought flour in 24 pound sacks (hot biscuits every morning made flour necessary) which was packaged in printed cotton bags. Since the print designs were different, mothers would exchange them with each other in order to have enough of the same print for special sewing projects. They made pretty kitchen curtains and school dresses.

Bettye Arrives

In the year 1930, we had two happenings that brought a change in our lives. On April 2, 1930, our baby sister, Bettye, was born. At the same time a decision was made that Wanda (4 years old) would go to Uncle John's to live. Grandma Barnard had been caring for his other children since Aunt Ina's



Bettye

death. It was hard for me because I (11 years old) couldn't see why we couldn't keep both Wanda and Bettye.

Our Bettye was the prettiest little blonde, curly haired girl. She was so smart. I remember when she was quite young, that Mr. Lark Baker sent her an old McGuffey Reader by Dad. (Dad crossed the river at the Baker's when he worked at Martwick mines in Muhlenburg County.) She would want the book read over and over and then would say, "Understand it to me." She finally memorized the words and pictures and she would turn the pages and read every word. This tickled Dad and he would have her read to everyone.

Bettye could sing at a very early age. On one occasion when our church presented a play, she sang, "I'll be a Sunbeam for Jesus," between the acts. She was about three years old. Mom made her a yellow crepe paper dress and put a ring of tinsel on her blonde curly hair. She almost balked when her time came to sing and Melburn (Dad's younger brother), cajoled and begged until finally she went on stage and did a great job in her baby voice. The audience loved it.

I remember this, too. When the play was going on, I left my seat in the audience, proceeded up onto the stage to sit right beside my 'Aunt Nora.' I remember looking out at the audience and especially the "bright" lights. (I think they had some kind of a reflector behind the lamp and aimed at the stage - no electricity, you know.) This took place at the Ceralvo Church. Those of you who have been there know it is a comparatively small room, but in my child's eye, it might have been the size of Kennedy Center.

I know Bettye could add many pages of her experiences in our home. I don't think that any of us three older ones ever went to school with Bettye. When she was two years old, I started to high school. When she was six, I went to college and Baun and Truman were in high school. Bettye never knew the rough and tumble of us older three, who were so close in age. As a result she had to play alone, almost like being an only child.

I have heard Mom tell the story of Bettye's make believe friends. One in particular was the washboard named "Boy." Some of you won't

know what a washboard is and it is sort of hard to describe. It was used to scrub our clothes when we washed. It was a wood frame with two legs and covered with corrugated metal. Bettye adopted the washboard when it wasn't being used on wash day. She named it "Boy" and would dress it up in Dad's clothes and walk and talk to him all over the yard. "Boy" was an important part of her young life.

About this time, (1935-36), Dad started working at the Martwick mines. Martwick was in Muhlenburg County and he had to cross Green River to get to Martwick. He had to walk to the river, cross over in a dingy boat and then walk to the mines at Martwick. He would cross the river at our mussel shell field to Lark Baker's landing (the man who sent Bettye the reader) and then on by foot to the mines. I don't know how many miles but it was hard and it showed a determination to provide for the family. When Green River flooded, he rode Rowdy or Bill (our mules) to Rockport (3½ miles), stabled the mule there and walked the railroad bridge and on to Martwick. I can't remember how long Dad worked there but I do remember some of what we considered luxuries he bought through the company store. This was the store run by the owners of the mines. The company paid in script which was redeemed by purchasing at the company store. This was another example of CEO's taking advantage of people who were desperate for work to support their families.

Anyway, in 1936 Mom and Dad decided to buy a living room suite and of course it was bought through the company store. It was pretty, a wine mohair with reversible cushions and were we proud when it was delivered! About the same time, Mom ordered a wine Aximinister rug on a time payment plan. They had ordered a cabinet Victrola the year before and what a gift that was! We didn't have many records but I know Bettye and the boys remember "Nickity, Nackity, Now, Now, Now", "I Scream You Scream We All Scream for Ice Cream" and I wore out "Blue Heaven" and "Love Letters in the Sand." This is just another example of how Mom and Dad tried to give us more than Ceralvo had to offer. Now, our "front room" had a pretty rug, a pretty living room suite, a library table, Victrola, a beautiful scenic print over the fireplace

and I must not forget the Aladdin lamp. This lamp was a real luxury compared to our regular kerosene lamps, and was used only on special occasions because the mantles were fragile and expensive.

I have to tell you of my experience with the "front room." I must have been ten or eleven and of course had to share the bedroom with whichever sibling was at home then. One day while Mom was at the postoffice, I decided it made no sense to have such a nice room being unused except when we had company. So - o - o I folded the little cot on which I slept and dragged it into the front room intending to have a room of my own! Well, you guessed it. That was not the purpose of that room in Mom's mind. And so back to the bedroom my cot went!

When I was in my first year of college (1936-37), Mom sent me two dresses made from material bought at the company store. Another memory was that Dad on payday would have chocolate kisses in his pocket and I can see Bettye rummaging in his pocket for the treat. *(They were striped peanut butter sticks and I loved them!!!)*

I don't know when Dad quit working at Martwick but changes in our nation as well as our family happened when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected president in 1932. Our nation, community and family was suffering from a nation-wide depression.

President Roosevelt initiated a lot of government programs to help the nation recover from the horrible depression. I know you have studied the reform actions in your history classes, but there were two programs that directly affected our lives. The Works Project (WPA) was one in which roads were built. Dad participated in this project by hiring out his team of mules. Joe Dennis, a cousin who was staying with us, took old Bill and Rowdy, along with a dirt scoop shovel and worked on building the road between Centertown and Hartford. For this Dad was paid \$1.00 a day. How much Joe was paid I don't know and I don't know how long the project lasted. This is another example of how difficult times were during the depression. Mom and Dad were always proud that they never received government aid without working for it.



Dad

I remember when I was a senior there was a government program which sent food into the Rockport school. It seems silly to me now but after riding a horse three and a half miles to school, I would often go without lunch because I was embarrassed to have the town kids see my biscuit sandwich. When Mom and Dad learned of this lunch program, they said maybe I could work helping to serve, and thereby have lunch. This I did, making sandwiches from what the kids called potted "poop" instead of potted ham. Just another example of Mom and Dad's philosophy "you work for what you get."

While I'm on this subject there was another program that President Roosevelt initiated that affected us. It was the NYA (National Youth Administration) which helped young people stay in school. When I was ready for college (1936), Mr. Lutz, our high school principal, talked to Mom and Dad and helped us apply for admission to the NYA program at Western Kentucky College. I was accepted into the program and my job was waiting tables in the college dining room. This paid my board but there were other expenses: \$75.00 tuition a semester, \$14.00 a month for a dorm room and there were books and other essentials needed. Now, the problem was how to finance this, but Mom and Dad found a way. They went to Mrs. Mattie Wood, who was a little more affluent than most in our neighborhood, and she agreed to loan me \$150.00. This arrangement was accomplished strictly on a business basis. A promissory note was made signed by Mom and Dad and at the same time an insurance policy was taken out on me as security that Mrs. Mattie would be paid in case of my death.



L-R: Truman, Marine, and Baun

Let me get my two cents in here. I don't know what government program it was but I do know that we got a "Pit Toilet" and it was built closer to the house. What an improvement over the cold "two seater" down the hill from the house. But, I was affected in this way: with disuse of the old toilet, it became my playhouse. By putting a plank over the seating holes and with empty cans gathered from the ditch, I had a great "pretend" store. Mom gave me one of the sample wallpaper books and even made me some cooked flour/water paste so I could paper the inside. What a playhouse! And what a mom!

It was a difficult time and hard for you to understand how really serious the Depression was in our national history and how hope was revived as President Roosevelt's programs began to show some signs of economic recovery.

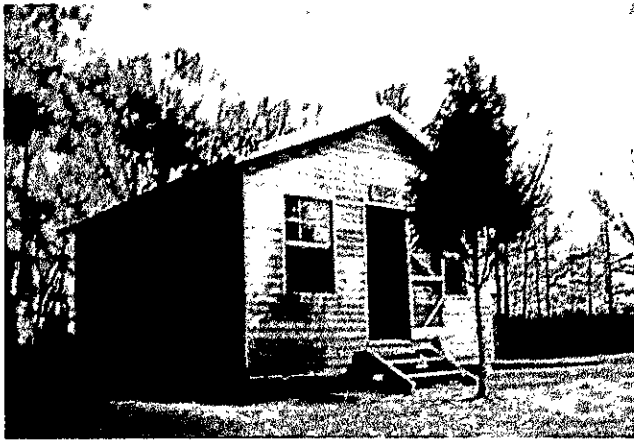
I earned a two year teaching certificate in 1938 and taught my first school year earning \$64.00 a month. Out of that monthly salary, I paid Mrs. Mattie \$50.00 on my note. I stayed at home since Hickory Ridge was close enough that I could ride Old Pearl. Now, Baun was graduating from Rockport and the same lending arrangement was made for Baun to attend Western. He can relate about stoking a furnace and other jobs enabling him to get his teaching certificate. Two years later Truman entered Western. I don't know if the same lending help from Mrs. Mattie was there or not.

Move to Louisville

By this time there was serious conflict going on in Europe. Hitler's German army was a real threat. Finally, on December 7, 1941, we were in a declared war that brought about many changes. Baun was drafted into the Army and Truman volunteered to the Marines.

Now, back to Ceralvo. I think it was 1939 when Mom applied for and received the position of post-mistress of the Ceralvo Post Office. (It helped that she was a registered Democrat and a Roosevelt booster).

This was a good appointment for Mom. It boosted her self-esteem and she was so proud to add to the family income. She had a small line of



Ceralvo Post Office

groceries and she enjoyed the exchange of news between the grocery and postal customers.

In the meantime, there was a great demand for workers in war time industries, and Mom and Dad decided to explore work opportunities in Louisville. In July, 1942 Dad went to Louisville. *Also entering in the decision milieu was the fact that the Ceralvo school had been closed with a promise of bus transportation to Rockport. That did not materialize. I was not yet in high school and Ole Pearl was no longer around!*

I can still see Dad and Mr. Irles Duncan walking down 32nd street sharing a suitcase between them with a stick thrust through the suitcase handles. They had no knowledge of city bus services and walked many blocks from the bus station. (Fred and I were living in an apartment on 32nd St.)

Dad quickly got a job at Tube Turns and applied for a security officer job at Carbon Carbide Chemical. When this job came through, he left Tube Turns and worked as a security officer throughout the war and continued to work there after the war ended in 1945. Carbon Carbide sold to Rohm Haas and Dad worked there until his retirement.

Mom had the post office and it took some time to make a change to a new postmaster and to decide what to do with their home. In the meantime, Bettye came to Louisville and she enrolled in 8th grade at Parkland Jr. High School.

She and Dad had a small apartment near the school on Woodland Avenue. By Christmas of 1942, Mom had terminated her postoffice job, had sold their home and had auctioned off furnishings that they would not need in Louisville, and then she joined Bettye and Dad.

They began a new life in an apartment on Hemlock St. Mom got a job in the cafeteria of Carbon Carbide and worked there until the company was sold. Later on, Mom got a job at the Deaconess Hospital. *The summer that I was 16, I worked as a nurse's aide at the old Deaconess Hospital. At the end of the summer when I returned to school, Mom was hired in my place.* She really enjoyed working there. She shared a great rapport with her fellow workers and had a caring compassion for the hospitalized. I don't remember when she quit there but it was probably when the Deaconess closed and the new Methodist Hospital was completed.

They made several moves in Louisville. Housing was scarce since there had been no house construction during the war. They lived in an upstairs apartment on Hemlock and in 1944 they moved with us to a new 4-room and basement on Conestoga which cost \$50.00 a month rent. When Beverley was born in 1944, and Wanda came to live with them, they rented a house on Greenwood. Their next move was to buy a house on 32nd St.



Dad, Bettye, and Mom
Bettye off to college

They were in this home in 1945 when the war ended. There were several times that the company where Dad worked changed hands. At one time, it was Ford Bacon and Davis, two different times Carbon and Carbide owned it. Once, even the government took it over. All of these changes brought anxiety into Mom and Dad's life concerning the future of his job. Always at home, there was talk of returning to Ohio county. I was to begin my senior year and wanted desperately to complete high school in Louisville. With help from the counselor, I discovered that by going to summer school to earn an English credit I could graduate at mid-year. This I did and then was off to college in March of 1947. With me away at school and Wanda in an apartment in Louisville, Mom and Dad sold their home on 32nd St. and rented a basement apartment on Kentucky Street (from Layton Maddox). From there they took the upstairs apartment at Sis and Fred's home on Cypress Street and later on to Valley Station.

I wish I could remember dates but their next move was to buy a house and two acres on Fincastle Road in Valley Station. I know they were there in 1950 when Donna had polio because she stayed with them some while I was teaching. They were happy there. They enjoyed the large garden space, Dad grew vegetables to share with neighbors and they had chickens and shared eggs with us.



**TRAIN SMASHES CAR CARRY-
ING SIX**—Six members of the
Arthur Everly family escaped
serious injury when this auto was
struck by train early Friday near

Dec. 23-65
Louisville. The accident occurred
when the brakes of the car locked
causing the car to slide and
overtake on the train tracks. The

...Wreckage by AP Photo
approaching train struck the car
and crushed it aside. The passen-
gers of the car received but no
car cuts and bruises.

Speaking of eggs, brings a reminder of an incident that happened, the outcome of which was almost a miracle. Dad, Mom, three of my children and I (pregnant with Kenny) loaded up in their car and started to a Christmas program at Preston Highway Methodist Church (Gil & Bettye's church). Mom had packaged some eggs to take to Bettye. We never got to the church because as we came to a railroad crossing, the red lights were flashing, signaling an approaching train. Dad slammed on the brakes which caused the car to flip over onto the tracks. There we were upside down waiting for the 94 car freight train. We could feel the vibrations and hear the train whistle as it came bearing down on us. When it hit, we bounced for a short distance and finally were thrown off the rails and down an embankment. Our car caught on a utility pole guide wire and the driver's side door jarred open. The car was totaled, in fact an attending policeman said it was crumpled like a sack. Besides a few stitches, broken eye glasses and an ooze of egg yolks, we were OK and very fortunate. Dad said the Good Lord was there!

The move to Fincastle Road was a happy time for them because it was more like home at Ceralvo. Sometimes later, they decided to build a new home on one acre of their lot. They built a 3 bedroom brick home and lived there even after Dad retired but Mom could not get over the desire of going back home to Ohio County.

Move to Beaver Dam

They bought a lot (I believe from James and Auldrie Barnard) in Beaver Dam, and had a house built there using the same plan as their home in Valley Station. They moved, I don't remember the date, and that was their home until they passed away. They were next door to James and Auldrie, nearby was Aunt Carrie and Uncle Ed, Truman and Teen and Ronnie and this was good to be so close to kin.

They joined Beaver Dam Methodist Church; Dad and Ronnie gardened; Mom canned and pieced quilts. (She made each of us, including the grandchildren a warm comforter). They also did a lot of traveling. Dad had a nephew, Delmer Everly, who with his wife, Mary Jo, took them on several trips which they enjoyed. Also, Truman and Teen shared several trips with them. It was a good life.

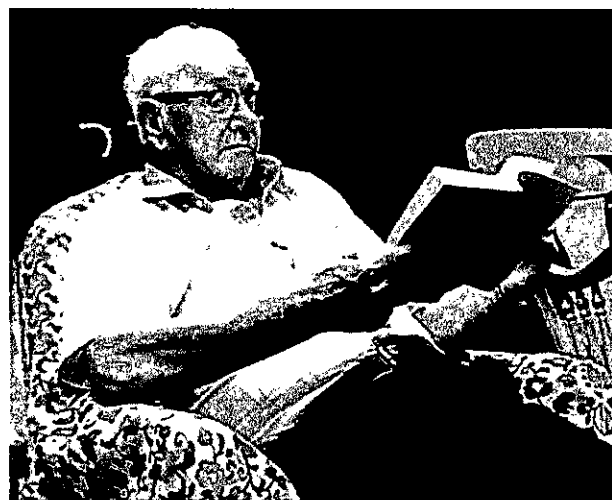
Another creative project was weaving rugs. They each had a loom. They built a room attached to the garage and turned it into a loom room. Can't you picture the two of them throwing the shuttle back and forth and making beautiful rugs. They gave rugs away and sold many for \$6.00. I heard Dad say that they had rugs in every state except Alaska. Dad continued weaving even after Mom passed away, but because of an accident with his lawnmower where he had lost a finger (I believe two fingers) he could not tie the end threads on his rugs. One day Auldrie went to the loom room and found Dad crying his heart out. She said, "Uncle, what's the matter?" He answered, "You can't imagine how lonesome it is with Mag gone. Besides, I can't tie my rugs." Auldrie hugged him and said, "Don't you worry about tying your rugs. I'll do that for you," and she did.

Mom was busy at her machine on January 26, 1979 when she jumped up to see about some meat she had cooking on the stove. She never made it to the kitchen but crumpled to the floor when the femur of her leg broke. She was taken to the hospital and was x-rayed which confirmed a very serious break. She was put in a cast and traction. Despite all that was done, she developed an electrolyte imbalance. On February 16, her suffering ended and she left us. During the 3 weeks in the hospital, her thoughts

were of home. She worried what would happen to her quilt pieces and said, "You kids take care of Dad."

After Mom left us, Dad stayed in their home for 2½ years and continued to weave and always went to church and Sunday school. Truman and Teen checked on him and helped him when he needed it. Also, James and Auldrie were next door and were so good to him.

All of us kids visited him as often as we could. It was not unusual to find him sitting in his chair at the picture window with something to read in his hands. Oftentimes, it was the Bible.



Dad reading the Bible

He visited us kids often and would drive to Bowling Green and Louisville, making his "rounds" as he called it. He never learned to cook, except for cornbread flap jacks, bacon and scrambled eggs. He always bought the best bacon and had the best scrambled eggs even if they did swim in bacon grease. One time I said to him, "Why don't you go to the senior citizen lunches." He said, "I will when I get old." He was 84.

Despite his loneliness, he adjusted very well. In July 1981, Fred and I decided to take a vacation trip. We called Bettye to see if she would go if Dad would. She was glad to go. We called Dad and his response was "my bag is packed." We picked him up and left for a tour stopping off at Myrtle Beach, Biltmore House and other interesting places in the South. I remember as he stood looking

over Maggie Valley he said, "I'm so glad I got to see this" and when we would stop at lookout spots on the Blue Ridge Parkway, he would marvel at the beauty. One funny thing happened when we were in Gatlinburg Tennessee. We couldn't find motel rooms since it was the height of tourist season. Finally, a man told us to try some trailers that rented accommodations. We were successful in finding one that had two double beds, and we were glad to take that. For some reason, Fred did not care to sleep with Dad so Bettye said, "I'll sleep with Dad. I have slept with him many times." So that was the solution.

On our last two days, we noticed Dad did not feel well and he said his ear and head ached. We headed for home and stopped at Lexington for lunch on the last day. Dad had a fever and was suffering. While in the restaurant, he had to go to the rest room. Because he was a little tottery, Bettye said, "Dad, let me go with you." He answered, "Now, Bettye, just because you slept with me, you don't have to take me to the toilet." We had a laugh and was glad he was not too sick to joke.

We gave him a choice of going to Louisville to a doctor or to Beaver Dam to his regular doctor. He chose to go home. He soon got better from that illness but it was not long until he developed a prostate problem and was in the hospital in Owensboro. There, he developed blood clots and had to stay at the hospital for that treatment. Finally, he got to come home and one of us kids took turns staying with him. I remember him saying, "I'm running out of kids. What will I do then?" On the 21st of August, Bettye went home and Baun came to stay the weekend. Dr. Johnson had told us that if he got sick at his stomach to get him to the hospital immediately. It happened on the 23rd of August about 9:30 a.m. Baun and Truman called for ambulance service to come. When they were carrying him out on the stretcher he said, "Be sure you give my tithe to the church. It is in the vase in the window," and he said to Teen, "There is your birthday card on the table, Happy Birthday." Baun and Truman both were with him. As they wheeled him to the emergency room, Dad waved "goodbye" to them. Within 30 minutes he joined Mom in another home. He was laid to rest in Sunnyside

Cemetery in Beaver Dam along side of Mom.

He told me sometime during the 2½ years after Mom's death that he wanted the same funeral service as Mom's. We tried to fulfill that wish. The twelve granddaughters rendered the music and filled the choir space. Rita played the organ; Wilma and Treva sang the Lord's Prayer. Tears were rolling down their cheeks but they did a beautiful job. All the grandsons plus Greg and Mark were the pallbearers. I know Mom and Dad were proud.

Mom and Dad loved their children and their grandchildren, as well as their children's spouses. Loucinda, Fred, Martine, Gil, and Chet, though not blood kin, were always family.

After both of our parents were gone, we realized that we would no longer be going "home" for Christmas. The ten of us decided that each year we would get together during the Christmas holidays. We kept that promise until illness, weather or distance made it impossible during the past two or three years.

In addition we started a summer reunion with the extended family. The first one was held in 1996 in Owensboro at the school where Beverley was the principal. It has continued since then meeting at Hodgenville United Methodist Church.



L-R Back row: Baun, Loucinda, Gil, Bettye, Wanda & Chet; Front Row: Martine, Truman, Maurine & Fred

Anniversaries

Mom and Dad had over 61 years together. They were school sweethearts and withstood both the storms and good times of raising four "kids" and contributing to others, especially, Wanda.

On their 50th wedding anniversary (1968), their children and grandchildren honored them with a reception at Beaver Dam Methodist Church. All of their children and grandchildren, Wanda's family and many friends celebrated with them.

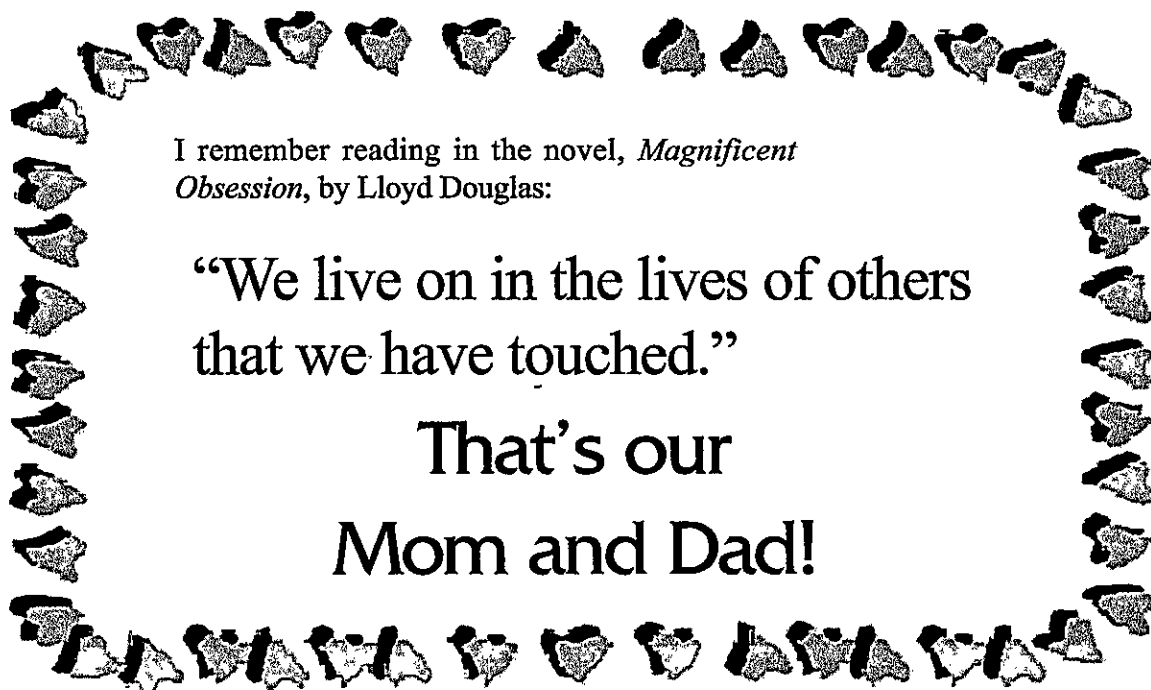


Golden Wedding Anniversary, 1968
Beaver Dam United Methodist Church

Ten years later as we began conversation about how we should celebrate their 60th anniversary, they requested that we go to the Ceralvo Church. It seemed appropriate to do this since they had gone to school and worshiped there for so many of their earlier years together. It was decided to have a covered dish dinner with friends and relatives attending. Many came to greet them and to enjoy the occasion.

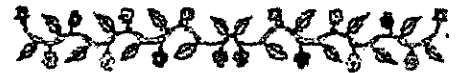


60th Wedding Anniversary, 1978
Ceralvo Church





Addendum Stories



Before I end these memoirs, I'm going to say something about "special days" at home in Ceralvo.

Wash Day

I think some of you, especially grandchildren would like to know what laundry day was like when there was no electricity or running water available. Wash day was a hard backbreaking day. Mom was adamant about being clean. She had her rules about us changing from our school clothes and putting on work clothes when we got home. This made it possible to cut back on washing and still be presentable at school. The same rule applied on Sunday, take off our Sunday clothes and change to everyday clothes as soon as we came home from Sunday School and Church. Nevertheless, there was a washing (we didn't call it laundry) to do every week.

According to the summer or winter, the procedure was different and both presented hardships. I'm going to describe each. Remember there was no running water. I know you can't conceive of not being able to turn on a faucet and have an ample water supply. Neither can you imagine not being able to have a washer and dryer for your laundry. We had a cistern (the supply of water depended on rainfall), so our supply of water was limited.

Thankfully, our neighbor, Mr. Ben Kimmel had a never failing well about 300 feet down the hill from our house. He was gracious to share the well with us. For years we carried water from that well for our household use before we built the cistern and even then the cistern did not supply enough for laundry. Besides sharing water there was a large iron kettle that was shared for boiling the clothes. Dad and Mr. Ben supplied wood for heating the water. Wash day was dependent on the weather, so Mom and Mrs. Ollie would have to check to see if and when they chose to wash, in order to share the big iron kettle.

On wash day, (had to be a sunny day) beds were changed and towels gathered. (We did not have a towel each day for each person. We shared).

Wearing clothes, work clothes, and Sunday clothes were bundled up in a sheet and carried down the hill to the well. The clothes were separated - the white clothes from the colored ones. There were two large zinc lined wash tubs, a corrugated washboard, and a supply of homemade lye soap. Next step was to dip water from the boiling kettle to the wash tub, put in the white clothes and scrub them on the washboard with plenty of lye soap. I can remember when the clothes had to be wrung out by hand and also remember when Mom ordered a wringer that helped make wringing the clothes much easier. It could be clamped on the tubs with large clamp screws. It had two large rubber rollers which was rolled by a hand crank that kids could and did turn.

White clothes were scrubbed and immersed into the water in the big iron kettle, to which a certain amount of lye and lye soap had been added. While scrubbing the colored clothes, the white clothes in the boiling water were punched with a large paddle, this supposedly broke the dirt loose (how could it fail?) Are you tired already? Next, the white clothes were put through two rinses. In one tub there was new clean water and in the other tub, water to which bluing had been added. When they went through these two rinses, they were ready to hang, except for those pieces that required starching.

Mom had a theory that starching helped keep the clothes clean longer, even though it made ironing more difficult. Starch was made by dissolving flour in water and heating to boiling. If it came out lumpy, it had to be strained. Next came pinning the clothes on the wire line that Dad and the boys had strung up our hillside. Mrs. Ollie used our clothesline because their cattle and horses had access to a large watering trough on their side of the fence. When dry, the clothes were taken down and carried up the hill to the house. They smelled so good and for sure no germs could survive the boiling and lye soap plus a dose of ultra-violet sunlight.

My memory of washday down by the well includes the smell of the smoke from the fire, the smell of the soapy steam and the taste of the gum

(which I tried to chew) from the nearby gum tree. But, my best memory is the fun of singing while turning the wringer. Mom taught us a lot of old songs like "Hangman, Hangman, Hold Your Rope", "Barbara Allen", "Billy Boy" and many church songs. Singing seemed to make the work go faster.

In the winter, washday followed the same procedure, except it had to be done in the kitchen which was very close quarters. First the water had to be hauled from Mr. Ben's well. This was accomplished by mounting a water barrel on a sled and old Bill or Rowdy pulled it uphill.

Water was heated in an iron oblong kettle that fit into the cook stove when the front burner plates were removed. The same back breaking scrubbing, boiling, rinsing, and starching was necessary. After the clothes were put through the wringer, they were ready to be hung outside (no clothes dryer). Mom would try to wash on warmer winter days, but I remember that some days when she would hang clothes out, they would freeze by the time she pinned them on the line. She said they would freeze dry and they did.

This is not the total story. There was ironing to do. Starched pieces were sprinkled and rolled up waiting for the hot irons. Notice, I said irons! We had two flat irons with iron handles and three with wooden handles that clamped on. They were heated on top of the kitchen stove and when just ready (you tested them by spitting on your finger, touching the iron and if it sizzled it was ready), the basket of rolled up clothes were attacked. We never had an ironing board but made an ironing pad on the dining room table. I remember how hard it was to iron a starched shirt with no ironing board.

When I think back to those days, I remember how willing Mom and Dad were to try new innovations that would make living easier. Two things relating to washday was a washing machine and gasoline iron that they acquired. The washing machine had rounded wooden splints in the bottom and a mounted basket made of the same type splints. The basket was hand manipulated with the clothes rubbing against the splinted surfaces. It didn't get the clothes clean enough for Mom and was a lot of trouble. She soon went back to the old method. I

wonder what happened to that washer. I must ask the boys if they know. Now, the gasoline iron had a very short useful life. It just didn't live up to all the expectations so, right back to the flat irons. In addition to it not being serviceable as hoped, it was dangerous since it was with gasoline. Anyway, it is a good memory that they were always looking for improvements and were willing to experiment.

Hog Killing Day

Another special day to remember was hog killing day. Every family in the neighborhood raised hogs for their meat supply as well as for a supply of lard. We always had two or three hogs fattened for that purpose. When I say fattened, the fatter the better for a good yield of lard and better meat. This is just the opposite of hog producers today who breed toward leaner and supposedly healthier meat. Lard was such an important item in our home cooking. Biscuits that were made fresh each morning required lard and much of our food was seasoned with lard. We never had heard of calories, cholesterol, triglycerides and did not know the danger of fats as we know today. Anyway, the hard work and the many activities of farm life burned the fat.

Back to hog killing. The weather was a determining factor as to when to kill. The temperature could not be too warm or too cold. Past experience helped in making the best choice for the right day to kill. Usually, one or two neighbors would cooperate and work together because it was an important event for a food supply. Preparation began by heating water in a large iron kettle. *The big iron kettle - what a necessary piece of equipment! Used to boil clothes on wash day, to heat water for scalding the hogs on hog killing day, for making lye soap, for rendering lard, and even making apple butter!*

Next, the hogs were shot and bled by cutting their throat. They were hauled to the site and scalded in the hot water in a barrel, experience again kept the water temperature so that the hair could be scraped off with knives. Then, the hogs were hoisted by block and tackle to an elevated frame, and a sharp knife ripped open the belly and the entrails rolled out into a tub. Internal organs, and

including the liver, pancreas, heart, spleen, lungs, kidneys and bladder, were removed. We never ate the lungs or kidneys, but the liver, pancreas and heart made great eating.

I remember one time Joe Dennis, a cousin, took the bladder, washed it thoroughly and filled it with air and we played ball with it.

The tub of entrails was carried into the kitchen and then Mom's work began. All along the intestines there was a deposit of fat that stripped off quite easily and this was done immediately. What a smell but she knew just how to strip off the fat, and if she did puncture a gut, she would tie it off with a string. When she finished, the remains were discarded. The collected fat was thoroughly washed and put in the kettle on the stove to render. Now, this sounds "yucky" but all fat was rendered since lard was so important for winter uses. Strange as it may seem this lard had no semblance of its source.

Now, what happened to the hogs left hanging? They were taken down and the participating neighbors took their hogs home to finish. Dad took ours to the meat house where it was laid out to cool overnight. The next morning Dad blocked the hog separating it into hams, shoulders, bacon, ribs, jowls off the head and loins off the backbone. During this process, there would be a lot of lean trimmings which were ground into sausage. The fat was cut into small cubes to be rendered into lard. The head and feet were severed from the body and set aside for further use. (I'll describe later). This was a special time for us kids. My mouth waters now when I remember Mom's fat biscuits, loin or sausage and gravy. We were always glad for her to share liver with our neighbors who hadn't killed yet, because we weren't so "hep" about liver.

Rendering the fat was finished and stored in tin lard cans - the cracklings that remained were sometimes ground and used for seasoning or kept to make into lye soap (another project made by adding lye to the fat, using a formula that had been handed down from generations).

Now, the sausage making began. We had a sausage mill mounted on a large plank and the mill was turned by hand crank. The pieces of lean

trimmings were stuffed in the mill and ground by turning the crank. (This was a good job for energetic kids). Next, the ground meat was seasoned with sage, hot red pepper, salt, and black pepper. All of this was thoroughly mixed by hand, and then a sample was fried to see if the seasonings met expectations. I can hear Mr. Food saying, "Ooooh, it is so-o-o good." There was usually more than we could use. Mom would can or stuff some of it in homemade cotton bags. The bags were then hung along side of the hams and shoulders which were being smoked with hickory smoke out in the meat house.

The hog's head and feet remained. This was definitely Mom's work! The eyes had to be gouged out, tongue removed (this made good eating when it was skinned and boiled), teeth had to go and the hard hooves had to come off the feet. All this required a lot of scraping and cleaning in hot water, and finally, it was ready to be placed in a large pot to cook.

I have no idea how long it took to cook so that the bones and skin could be removed, but Mom knew and would remove it when ready. When the pot had adequately cooled, she separated the bones and gristle by hand. As this was completed, she added much the same seasoning as for sausage - sage, salt, hot red pepper and black pepper. After she had mixed it thoroughly, she put it in a large crock and weighted a plate on it to press out as much fat as possible. The next morning after skimming off the fat, she turned the crock over and there was a big block of souse (some called it headcheese but since it contained the feet, we called it souse). This delicacy made great sandwiches and when Mom dipped it in batter and quick fried it, it was really good. It was always funny to me but Mom would cut off the snout when the head was cooked and she sliced it and considered it a real treat. I could always see that part rooting around in the dirt and didn't share her taste for this special cuisine.

Other Special Events

There were other special days like the entire family going in the wagon to Uncle Mitt's to pick wild blackberries. The Fourth of July was always special. We would nearly always get a hundred pounds of ice and make ice cream and enjoy iced tea. Mom really knew the secret of good homemade ice cream. Another good memory was when we all went to the mussel shell field to chop out corn and Mom took bacon she had fried for our lunch. Then we would go swimming in Green River before going home.

I also remember outings to the woods in the fall to hunt and pick up hickory nuts. Then I remember some rainy days (when no farm work could be done) the three of us would go fishing. (Mom loved sitting on the riverbank with a fishing pole in her hand.) All three of us would ride on old Bill or Rowdy. Riding behind Mom I was always afraid I would fall off as the mule climbed the hill.



Mom, waiting for the big one to strike!

Trivia Stories

Before I bore or tire you too much, I'm going to add some trivia stories about Mom and Dad.

If you ever wondered why Mr. Irles Duncan always called Dad, "Eggs", this is the story. Ceralvo, at one time, was an important river port, and farmers from miles would bring their cows, hogs, chickens, etc., to ship to market on the boat. In the spring when hens were culled for sale, they

would bring crates of hens for shipment. The crates or maybe coops is a better term would have air space between the slats that young boys could get their arms and hands through. Many times the hens would lay eggs and this was the time for young boys to reach in and get the eggs. Dad was probably twelve or thirteen, and this day he got several eggs and hid them under his cap. This was so nobody could see them and all was OK until a competitor smashed his cap and eggs streamed down into his hair and face. For years the boys in the community called him, "Eggs". Mr. Irles did so as long as he lived.

Another story that was not discussed much and when you hear about it, you will understand why. When Dad was a young man, before he married, he joined what was called, "The Possum Hunters." This was sort of a vigilante group that sought to remedy injustice. Their purpose was to punish men who abused their wives and children. They would rout them out of their houses, take them to some isolated place and whip them. Dad participated in one such episode. He then checked out of the group. He decided that kind of justice was not for him. I don't know how long the Possum Hunter organization lasted but you can well imagine how it would get out of hand. Dad was not proud of ever having joined the Possum Hunters.

I want to tell of a "boo-boo" of Dad that created more than a ripple in our house. There was an auction somewhere in the area and just as Dad rode up on old Rowdy, he heard someone bid \$90.00, and before he dismounted he called out \$100.00 and became the owner of a saw mill. When he came home and Mom learned of his hasty purchase, there was quite a confrontation. She reminded him independence. At this time Green River was flooded and they were marooned from the barn where their sheep and cows were housed. Since the barn was on a high level, the area between the house and barn was flooded; hence, they had to go by boat to feed the animals and milk the cows. They were crossing to the barn by dinghy boat when Grandma noticed that Mom had a bulge on the side of her jaw. Immediately, she said, "Mag, swallow that cud right now." There was nothing Mom could do except to swallow. Grandma was hoping that it

he had no logs or trees and just what was he going to do with a sawmill and besides the \$100.00 could do much in providing essentials for home and kids. Dad got the message and either sold it or turned it back to the owner. The lesson: never bid on an unknown article.

Mom had a funny story. Before Mom married, she and Grandma Barnard lived alone in the big house. They had to manage closely to achieve would make her sick, but it didn't. Neither did it dull her taste for tobacco. We found a block of tobacco when we went through her clothes after she passed away. We had to laugh at how she thought nobody knew that she sneaked a little chew every once in a while.

Mom and Dad took seriously the Biblical slogan of, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Mom had a preference for peach tree switches. Not only was that her preference but you usually had to go and choose one. It had to be serviceable, not too little! We three older ones got our share of the peach tree. Since we were so close in age, we seemed prone to get into a lot of trouble. (*No wonder it never bore any peaches!*) Dad's belt or razor strap was usually his main method for correcting bad behavior. Bettye can tell you how he resorted to the coal shovel when trying to correct a very stubborn girl. I won't elaborate any further on that. Their methods of discipline would be questioned in today's society but their motives were from the heart.

But let me tell you the story. Sis was sick and Mom was trying to give her a dose of chocolate quinine. She balked in a big way. Wouldn't open her mouth. I cried and begged, "Sis, it isn't bad. It tastes good. Please take it." Dad picked up the shovel to give her a swat and she, by flailing her arms, knocked the spoon of medicine out of Mom's hands. And guess what? The spoon landed in the slop jar. That was the end of that episode. Sis won! And I guess she got well without the medicine.

Mom always had a penchant for culture and I know she was disappointed when none of us four developed any musical talent. They bought the Victrola, a guitar and Mom had her pump organ from her early girlhood. She could play the organ a little by reading from shaped notes. She had attended a music school when she was young. A

man who taught shaped notes came into Ceralvo for a brief time. I'm sure she could have become quite accomplished had every hour not been spent in dutiful service to family and others. Dad could sing well and his tenor stood out in church and prayer meetings. Mom could play a few songs on the harmonica and guitar. She entertained grandchildren with her rendition of the Spanish Fandango on the guitar. My brothers became the vocalists. They sang in a quartet. I remember when Truman sang in a radio quartet. I learned to carry a tune (most of the time). Mom and Dad were so proud that many of the grandchildren became accomplished musicians.

Education was always stressed by our Mom and Dad. School was emphasized as a privilege and a blessing, only sickness was an excuse for absences. Respect for teachers was instilled in us and if there was an altercation at school, we received the same reprimand when we got home. We were fortunate to live about 300 yards from our Ceralvo Grade School. For high school, it was a 3 ½ mile trek to Rockport High. Old Pearl, a large pony was the trusted transport for us three older kids. I rode her two years, then when there were two of us in high school, we drove old Pearl to a buggy. It was fun most of the time. But it was hard work to unhitch the buggy, stable the horse and go on to school. We were not late very many times and I remember Mr. Lutz (principal) saying he wished the town kids would match the country kids on tardiness. (I have wondered since if we smelled horsey but nobody ever suggested that).

We were always encouraged to learn and means were provided for us even when times were difficult. I remember one time Mom made a grammar box which shows how hard she tried to make us aware. It worked like this: Every time we heard another say "ain't", we would write his/her name and put it in a box that sat on the mantle. After a week, if you didn't have your name in the box, you got a penny. This didn't last long because there was too much arguing and denial, but it did make us more aware. Now, "ain't" is totally accepted but I cringe a little every time I hear it! My Kevin always pointed out to me that it is in the dictionary.

Dad was an avid baseball fan and played a lot in his younger years. I remember when the baseball World Series was being played that we saved the energy in our battery operated radio in order to hear the games. It was a practice after we had dinner (our main meal in the middle of the day) that we would rest for a while. During the Series that rest time for Dad and the boys stretched longer than usual. The boys loved baseball and were good players but Dad had a notion that playing on Sunday was wrong. Since the games were nearly always played on Saturday and Sunday in our rural community, the boys didn't get to play competitively. Dad mellowed in his later years and watched baseball on T.V., even on Sunday. When I chided him about his changed attitude, he just grinned. When he was 84, there was a bunch of little boys playing ball in the lot next to his house. He went out to watch and finally said, "Let me show you how to hit." He took the bat, and the little pitcher fanned him out. I shall never forget the expression on his face when he dropped the bat and went into the house to watch T.V. It was as if, "This is the end." He watched baseball the Saturday night before he left us on Sunday. I'll bet he and Mr. Irles are up there talking about their baseball days, even now.

Mom and Dad always enjoyed playing games. We had Rook, Flinch, Dominoes in our home. We never had so called 'playing cards', because they were associated with gambling and were verboten. After they retired they became adept at Scrabble and spent many hours playing with James and Auldrie. When you visited them, they always challenged you to a game of Scrabble. I never won a game with them and Dad would say, "And you are a school teacher?" with a twinkling smile on his face. They were always ready to play with their grandchildren and I imagine most of the 18 have good memories of playing Pig or Mule.

I suspect that every one of those 18 grandchildren also knew exactly where the delicious chocolate chip cookies, which Mom and Dad baked, were kept. And they were sampled often! Their grandchildren (and greats) held a special place in Mom and Dad's heart.



The babies were always dear especially to Mom — that I know for she was there to help care for our five during the first week of their lives. She gave them their first baths and she rocked and sang them through many long colicky nights. Much love was expressed as they held them in their arms, played with them and, as they grew older, even 'fed them cookies!'



When I think about our Mom, I believe she would have been a true feminist of today. I think of several things that showed she was a little ahead of the customs of the community and was not afraid to express herself. One instance was when she and Mrs. Belle Duncan were the talk on the rural telephone lines because they "bobbed" their hair. That's the expression that described the cutting of their long hair. They survived the gossip and soon other neighbor ladies sported "bobbed" hair.

When my memory strays to those "ole days," I think of the evolution in our transportation from walking to the automobile. It seems to me we always had Rowdy and Bill. They were plow mules as well as wagon trained and we rode them. I can't begin to describe how rough old Bill was in a full lope! Then there was Pearl, a large pony that Dad bought when I started to High School. She was as stubborn as a mule but served us all well. We also had a buggy and a surrey (although it did not have a fringe on top). It was fun because we could all five ride at the same time and it was much easier riding than the road wagon. However, I don't want to malign our road wagons. I remember one year our Ceralvo School went to Hartford (6 or 7 miles) to the school fair in a road wagon. Someone decorated the wagon with yellow crepe paper strips

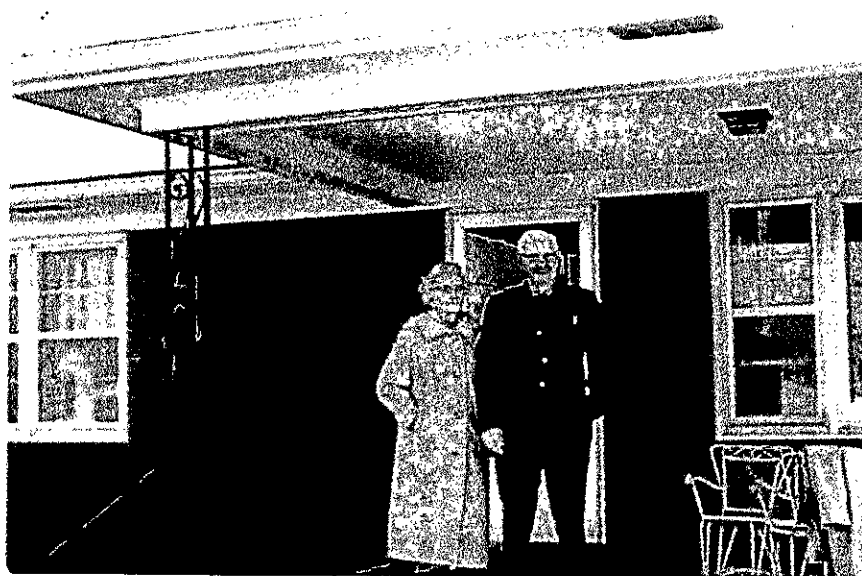
and a wagon load of kids endured and enjoyed the long and dusty trip. We even had a school song that we sang:

Chick-a-Lok, Chick-a-Lok, Chow, chow, chow
- Boomer Rock, Boomer Rock, Bow, Wow,
Wow. Look all around and in between and you'll
see a _____ of the Ceralvo team. Rah, Rah,
Rah.

What a wonderful trip, long and dusty but a nickel pop and a five cent hamburger made it a great day!

My memory of the road wagon was the trip to the summer revival meetings. Even as rough as they were, I usually fell asleep on the way home which was long after dark. A special treat occurred when Mr. Jeff would invite us to ride with his family in his rubber tired wagon. That felt like floating on air!

It was a great day when Dad bought a car. It was not a new one but such a step forward. Our next car was Shasta (she-has-to) a used '29 Pontiac. Shasta has a long and interesting story all her own which will remain untold. After the war when cars became more available, they bought a Chevrolet coupe. This was shortly after Bettye left for college. From then on they always had a car and updated it regularly.



Mom and Dad at their Beaver Dam home

Dad: "The Weaver"

What memories and what changes we have known. I don't want to forget to include Dad's favorite poem, "The Weaver." He memorized it and would recite it when asked. I know he did so at a church group meeting and I have a picture of him reciting it at one of our Homecomings. *We gave a copy of this poem to Brother Bill Price who used it as a basis for Dad's funeral eulogy. I am reminded of it at least once a year when the choir at the church I attend sings it.*



Dad at the loom

The Weaver

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me
I cannot choose the colors
He worketh steadily
Oft' times, He weaveth sorrow
And I, in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper
And I, the underside.

Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are so needful
In the Weaver's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern, He has planned.

Mom: "The Inventor's Wife"

Mom had a favorite poem that she memorized when she was a young lass, but I do not have a copy of it to include. It was the "Inventor's Wife." It was quite humorous and when she recited it, she would substitute Dad's name instead of the inventor. She would get laughs when she recited it at church groups and other meetings.

Mom had a great love for verse and had committed several poems to memory over the years. I can remember being her 'coach' as she memorized her part for the ceremony at Eastern Star. Perhaps you have heard her recite "The Raven", "What a tangled web we weave..." or "Lives of great men all remind us..." ,etc. But I'll bet there is not a one of you who cannot remember her recitation of "The Inventor's Wife". You remember she always substituted the name 'Arthur Everley' or 'Bijah Brown' and often she would get to a certain spot and would say "Now that's where I get mixed up" but would pick it up and go on to the end. Well, I hunted and hunted and finally found a copy of it and now I will include the complete poem for all to read.

The Inventor's Wife

By Mrs. E.T. Corbett

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job.
Humph! Job hed nothin' to try him!
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown,
folks wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials, indeed! Now I'll tell you what
-ef you want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me
a spell, for I'm an inventor's wife.
And sech inventions! I'm never sure,
when I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't been "improvin'" it
and it mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once,
that would keep itself a-rockin':
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and
wasn't his head bruised shockin'?
And there was his "Patent Peeler,"
too - a wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault - it never stopped
till the apple was peeled away.
As for locks and clocks, and mowin'
machines and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em
but they don't bring in no cash.
Law! That don't worry him - not at all;
he's the most aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there,
and whistle, and think, and plan,
Inventin' a jew's harp to go by steam,
or a new fangled powder horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to
school and the weeds is chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company,
he warn't like this, you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart,
but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any picture then,
And he had sech a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would
come when I'd rue my weddin' day;
But when I've been forced to chop wood,
and tend to the farm beside,
And look at Bijah a-settin' there,
I've jest dropped down and cried.

We lost the hull of our turnip crop
while he was inventin' a gun;
But I counted it one of my marcies
when it bu'st before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm."
It ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits,
ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder if "Bijah's crazy,
he does sech cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit?
—'Twas full of wheels and springs;
It had a key to wind it up, and a clock
face at the head;
All you did was to turn them hands,
and at any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and
bounced you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so
you couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete,
and he sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't mor'n got into it when
—dear me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whirl!
I heered a fearful snap!
And there was that bedstead, with
'Bijah inside, shet up jest like a trap!
I screamed, of course, but 'twan't no
use, then I worked that hull longnight
A-trying to open the pesky thing. At
last I got in a fright;
I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I
thought he might be dyin';
So I took a crow-bar and smashed it
in.—There was 'Bijah peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to git out agin. That
was all very well to say,
But I don't b'leve he'd found it
out if I'd left him in all day.
Now, sence I've told you my story, do
you wonder I'm tired of life?
Or think it strange I often wish I
warn't an inventor's wife?

I'm going to include a tribute to Mom which I wrote some time ago. I think it includes a lot of her many contributions to the family and others.

Special Tribute to Mom

Picture with me a lady whose hands were rarely
ever still

Reach with her, for her crotchets work creating
something beautiful as she rested tired bones..

Smile with her as she cut, arranged and sewed
beautiful quilts for her children and
grandchildren.

See her hanging out line after line of clothes that
had been scrubbed on a washboard.

Hear a knock at the door at any time, night or day,
and see her prepare to go to a birthing or to
someone who was ill and in need.

See her hold out her hand to those outside her
immediate family who were in need of love
and with whom she shared her goodness.

Sweat with her as she worked the garden and
canned hundreds of jars of food for the family.

Share with her words of wisdom as she talked with
her children of values and challenged them to
greater horizons.

Listen to her as she played the pump organ and
sang, "My Faith Looks Up To Thee." or as she
entertained her grandchildren with "My Old
Kentucky Home." on the harmonica and "The
Spanish Fandango" on the guitar.

Look at her rapt audience as she recited "The
Inventor's Wife."

Laugh with her as she played "Pig" with the children
or as she won a game of "Flinch" or "Scrabble."

Hear the shuttles bang back and forth, as she wove for
hours and produced beautiful rugs.

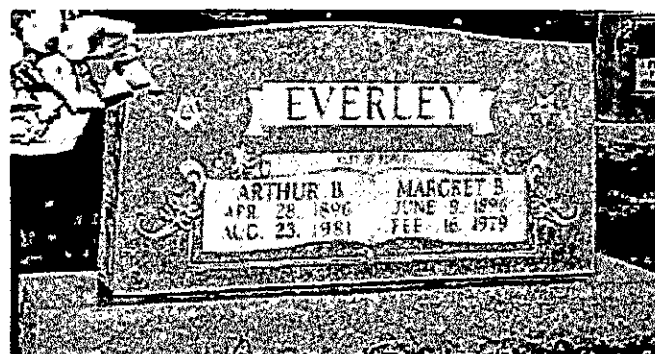
Visit with her on a Saturday afternoon when she took
her hand clippers and barber scissors to trim the
hair of kin and friends, both young and old.

Cry with her when she didn't quite live up to her
expectations of herself and pray with her as she
resolved these frustrations.

Work with her as she planted and cared for her
flowers because she saw God's wonder in all
things that grew and believed that work was a
God-given directive to the strong.

Feel her joy as she worked hand in hand in a
partnership with her husband for more than 60
years, overcoming the bad times and loving the
good times.

Add to all of this a great understanding of life and
love and you know our mother, Mrs. Margret
Everley, who left us on Feb. 16, 1979, with
beautiful memories.



"Rest in Peace"
Sunnyside Cemetery
Beaver Dam, Kentucky

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