Pine Mountain Settlement School

"A Brief History"

Pine Mt. Settlement School which is located across the Pine Mt. about fifteen miles from Harlan.

In 1897 Miss Katherine Pettit of Lexington, Ky., while taking a trip through Bell, Knox and Harlan was persuaded to found a school in that section.

There were no schools for miles around so Miss Pettit decided to try to convince the need for a school.

She worked for the next twelve years at the Windman Settlement School and in 1911 she came to Harlan Co. in company with Miss Ethel DeLong (later Mrs. Jim) and in 1912 founded the Pine Mt. Settlement School.

The first school was held in the upper story of the local store and post office, while the ground was being cleared for the buildings. Supplies for them were
hauled for eighteen miles over very rough road.

The Big Log House was the first to be erected. Then the Tunnel House.

Gradually one building after another, until in 1828 the last building was erected.

The person most responsible for this school was Mr. William Creech Jr.

He made a generous grant of 43.6 acres of land to start the school and said, "I want all young'uns taught to serve the living God. I don't look after wealth for them, I look after the prosperity of our nation.

I have a heart and craving that our people may grow better.

I have decided I will send to the Pine Mt. Settlement School to be used for school purposes as long as the Constitution of the United States stands. Hoping it may make
bright and intelligent people after
The old log house where Mr. Creoch
lived is being taken care of; it
has some old relics which
were used by Mrs. Creoch: Her old
looms, an old-fashioned churn
with a wooden handle and dishes,
cans and several other articles.
There are at present six dwelling
houses besides the dining room
a large school house including
a library, Infirmary, Church,
Boys Industrial Building, Girls
Industrial Building, Laundry,
swimming pool and Play ground
and Baseball Court.
At The Boys Industrial Building
the boys learn to be mechanics
which will enable them for
future work.
The girls learn weaving, sewing
and cooking. The meals of the
school are prepared by the girls.
and all house work and cleaning is done by the girls.

Some of the girls are given training in nursing at the infirmary under the supervision of the Doctor and nurses.

Services are held in the stone chapel every Sunday morning and evening but the school is not under any one church.

As each boy and girl completes their education in the school, every effort is made to look after their future welfare by helping them to secure employment.

There are at present girls in New York which have secured work by the useful training they received at the Pine Mt. Settlement School.

Others are in towns near their homes.

Two women were interviewed, who were in the classes of the
First school in 1713, which say they were given the first step in life; and at present the daughter of one of these women is now enrolled in the school.

Last summer, a number of boys and girls, who were sent by members of the Kiwanis Club of Harlan to the Pine Hill School, was benefited by the mountain surroundings and training they received while there.
Harlan County is surrounded by three large mountains: the Stone, Big Black, and the Pine Mountain. The 300,000 acres contain some of the richest coal deposits in the world, and there are more than 100,000 acres of timber on the mountain sides.
The hills, that kept the early settlers and most prisoners for years, later brought prosperity to Harlan County.
At that time it would take a week or ten days to make a trip to the nearest railroad center for supplies.
With the extension of the F&K Railroad into Harlan in 1881 furnished means of transportation for the deposits of coal thought in millions of dollars and thousands of laborers.
The Black Gold (Coal) in the hills of Harlan had been discovered.
with out money, some came on the
train while fmany others came
on foot, to Durand to work and
dine.
All most over night the oil lamps
of carts and sleds disappeared, the
trains and automobiles taking their
place.
In January 1935 there were around
20,000 miners drawing their wages
every two weeks.
Syracuse, the second largest town in
the County, has the largest tipples
in the world, and a population
of 7,000.
It has one of the largest commissa-
ries in the Coal fields.
In addition to the splendid school
system it has churches, a modern
hospital, hotel, Post office and Bank.
Belaire, the next largest town
was founded in 1710 by the
International Harvester Co.
Today it is noted for its modern
Weather Lore

When certain kinds of flowers stay open all night, rain usually falls with in 24 hours.

If you find grass free from dew in the morning, look for rain before night.

If you see a cow trying to scratch her ear, it means it will shower or rain soon.

When a man's pipe smells stronger than usual, you may expect thunder storms.

When wood peckers are especially noisy, they are preparing to shelter their nests from rain which will follow with in 24 hours.

When a coal oil lamp or lantern sputters and makes a noise, rain will fall soon.
When geese are particularly noisy, you can expect rain.

A ring around the moon is a small sign of rain; an old saying "the bigger the ring, the nearer the rainin.

A clear sky with a slight greenish hue is an indication of approaching rain.
A song composed by a miner in Harlan Co.

The miners

The miner's work in under ground

To earn their daily bread

To clothe their wives and children

And see that they are fed

The governor sends the soldiers here

To guard them in the coal bank

The Captain and his army

Is standing by in rank.
inspired and perhaps provoked by the
remarks of news papers, radio coment-
mentators and out of Town friends
regarding Harlan Co. an eighteen-
year old girl & Lynch composed this
poetry in answer to these critics.

In bloody Harlan County-
The land of fear
That's all folks talk about
When they run out of here.
When you've got to admit
Do not a bad place
But I'm going to keep my mouth shut
Just in case.

For I do hate battles
Labor troubles and strikes-
Why can't we get together
and solve our dislikes?
you've read it in the papers
The troubles we've had
and all folks away from here
just consider us bad.
But really and truly
We're honest good folks.
Let's show other people
Harlan County's meant jokes.
Let's all pull together
Get rid of strikes and lockouts:
Help strengthen our morals
and discourage our doubts.
Yes, this is "Bloody Maxman;
The land of pearl."
Oh, since I am not thither
I am glad I am here.
The Virginny,

was born and raised in Old Virginny to Kentucky I did go counted those a pain young lady her name I did not know.

Her hair was of a dark brown color her cheeks were of a rosy red and on her breast she wore white lilies tears for her she often shed.

At my heart I love you darling to my door you're welcome in at my gate I'll meet you darling you're the one I'm trying to win.

I'd rather be dead and in my coffin my pale face turned toward the sun than to think of you my darling and to think about the way you've done.

I'd rather be on some dark blue ocean where the sun refuses to shine than for you to marry and think you must never be mine.
Here are your postals and your letter. Place them closely by your heart. But the ring you give me darling from my finger shall never part. Nature, nature fair young darling no fault to you. I sigh my mind is placed on rambling now I'll bid to you good bye.
Good bye Willie.

They say it is sinful to flirt
They said my heart is made of stone
They say for me to speak to him kindly
Or else leave the poor boy a lone.

I remember one night when he said
that he loved me deare than life
He called me his darlin' his own
And asked me to be his wife.

gave win my hand with a smile
in case I will have to say no

gave him my hand with a sigh
and said "Good bye Willie you can go."

Next day they found Poor Willie
Deep down in the stream by the mill
the white rose he had plucked for my hair
had flowed to the banks of the mill.

His pretty blue eyes They were closed
and lay his golden locks fair
and close to his lips he had pressed
the white rose he had plucked for my hair.
In Willie my darlin' come back
I will ever be faithful and true
Oh Willie my darlin' come back
I will ever be faithful to you.
Well met, well met, my old true love. Well met, well met said he:
I have just returned from the old salt sea
and its all for the sake of thee.

I could have married the Kings daughter,
I could have married her said he,
but I have forsaken the gold crowns
and its all for the sake of thee.

You'd better have the Kings daughter,
You'd better have her, said she.
For I have married the ships carpenter
and he keeps plenty of gold for me.

Will you for sake your gold my love
Will you for sake your baby, said he
Will you for sake your ships carpenter
and go a-long with me.

She laid her baby on a downy bed
And kisses she gave it these.
Stay there you sweet little baby
and keep your pappy company.
They had not been sailing very long. She hadn't been sailing but three weeks.
She threw her self on the cold cold floor
and there she began to weep.

What are you weeping for my love? Are you weeping for your gold said she. Are you weeping for some other man that you love far better than me.

I am not weeping for my gold, my love. I am not weeping for some other man said she. I am weeping for my sweet little baby that I never shall any more see.
I interviewed an old lady today who has lived all her life among the mountain people; she still used the old words and mountain sayings.

She remembers how her father and all the men made shoe strings from a ground hog hide.

"Take and ketch a ground hog. Kill it, skin it, and then soak its hide for a few days in water mixed with wood ashes. (Wood ashes were used as lye.)

Then lay it out in the sun to dry. And later the hair comes off. Take a barlow knife and cut right down through the hide. They shine to make good ones, they would last a life time.

They would make caps out of a goose skin, and peel off raw raw bark for strings to tie up many things.

We used to have two work hands that would work for twenty five cents a day and they'd work all...
work just like fightin' fire. I recollect we had one fellow stayed there and used corn and hope
with the crap for his bed and grub.
When Quinn's time come, he'd be right in the middle of a row of corn and he'd let out a bawl and out he'd come. Then a Jose dusky dark red set out on a little shed on a porch and he'd pick the beans and put his foot in the thistle. His pet for ill that us out.
Odd expressions she used. Break and run.
Here and set, come teamin' up the creek. Talkin' fastin' you could shake a stick make it back home a-fine dusk
tick.
'd es soon hunt for a needle
in a hay stack.
Here and yonder.
Pains just I come and go.
visited a mountain home asked
the old man and woman how
they were getting along.
The old man answered, "I am
just barely able to sit; been pretty
poorly all winter."
The little old lady said with
a twinkle in her eye that she
was half dead but that didn't
make no difference that she had
to go in a trot from day light
till dark.

Says the grand children comes to
see them but that they whoop
and holler till you can hear
them a mile, and gallop through
the house till we really hear
our selves talk.
The yarn. If we wanted some brown we'd get walnut bark and bile it down and stick in a hank and dye it brown.

For red we used slippery pine bark, for green we used sage grass, for red we used lillite dyes, for yellow hickory bark and we'd get maple bark and dye the prettiest purple you ever did see.

Later we'd work out in the field all day, reap and doer, and what was left was to be done before we went to bed, no matter how long it took us or how it took.

If many a time we'd be so tired that when we would be setting in front of the old big wood fire, one of us would say, "Let's get back up the fire; it's getting cold, and at the same time give a nod towards the pile of cotton, ain' it a shame to pull out a chunk?
fire so's to make away with some of the cotton. Pip knew what he was about and held up when he wanted the fire punched he'd do the punching.

Maw would set the rest of the winter and knit socks and stockings.

I can recollect the last dress I wore was made with the red thread running one way and a yellow going the other and last above was pretty.
Oh song balled.

Too late.

so you've come back to me you say
since time at last has made you free
and offered once again the heart
whose early hopes were found in me
and so you've come back to me
and say "Oh love is living yet
love tried through all these many years
have tried but vainly to forget."

Come close and let me see your face
your chestnut hair is touched with snow
Doe it is the dear old face
I loved so fondly years ago.

In me you must not take my hand
God never gives us back our youth
the love that once I had for you
was yours in perfect faith and truth.

Oh yes you know I love you still
is friends to friends and bless you dear
may we lead you through life's darkest paths
where the sky is all ways clear.
The same that on a winter's night
as when I kissed your perishish brow
Oh happy hour of truth and love
And it is all over now.
Monday Dec 5th 38 Across Pine mt.
Beech Fork - Bledsoe Ky.

Heard direct from the mountain people.
I'm turnin in on seventy five years old and peart as a cricket.
That boy is the very spit of his papa.
The dog got smack dab in front of me.

I hitched up with ya - meaning caught a critter - meaning a horse
Time piece - a clock
Little grain older - meaning a little bit older.
Better take a night with us -
(Better spend a night)
unk & bread - a piece of bread
House plunder - Furniture

mighty right give out.
How it is means to walk

Hungry - Hungry

To be shore - To be sure

That fellan went mount to a hill of beans.

Bass - Dance
Youngin - Children
shack -
make shift.
Yerbs - Herbs

The youngsters around these parts go chestnut hunting & brick sappin.
A man came to visit in home where I was. He said, "Pawdy, how are you comin' on these days?"

"Pretty poorly. I've been killin' fer the longest. I nearly plumb done with my rheumatiz."

"Can't you set down and rest a while? I guess I'd better get on up. I'll be about the edge of dark gin I get home.

"Little further down the road, maybe a little further down."

"Pass me over a slab of that meat."
Superstitions.

If snow lags on the ground a while think will be another snow soon.

If a person breaks a mirror, it means seven years trouble.

If your right eye itches, you will be made mad. If your left one itches you will be pleased.

If a child has small ears, he will be stingy. Large ears clever.

If a picture that has been hanging on a wall falls, there will be a death in the family.

If you see woolly worms crawling around in the fall and if each end of the worm is black and has a yellow center it is a sign of bad weather the first and last part of the winter and warm in the middle.
Superstitions.

If a dog lays down with his head hanging out the door, it means some one in the family will be leaving and will not come back.

If a rooster crows at midnight the number of times he crows will be the number of days until there is a death.

If the fire gets to poppin, snow will follow.

If you plant potatoes three or four days after the first quarter, you will raise good potatoes. When they are planted the new moon, they all go to top and planted old moon they go deep in the ground.

When you see the moon setting straight it's like a boat full of water. But if it slants the boat is leaking and will rain.
Wednesday Dec 7 '78

A man by the name of Benham was on a high hill hunting several years ago, when he was killed by a panther. He was found torn all to pieces and was buried on this hill. The people who lived near named the hill Benham's Spur. Later when the town was built it was called Benham.

The land along the river from Marlan extending north for about twenty five miles, was so poor that nothing could be raised on it. So the river was named Poor Fork; the small town was called Poor Fork; now it is called Cumberland.
By N. P. Davis an old man living on hill above the Poor Fork river.

Once there were three men all brothers. Their names were Breding, Come in to Harlan Co from Virginia Tosh. They were camping one night when they heard that there was a host out but soon they discovered that it was the Indians. One of them ran to a large rock covered with moss. He tore all the moss from the rock and covered his self with it. Another one ran under a cliff but was killed by the Indians. The third one was all so killed.

As soon as the one that was hid under the moss could get a chance he got away, going back to Virginia and got the alarm that the Indians were near.

So a lot of men got their guns and went back with this man
and killed several of the Indians. This was on the Trail of the Lonesome Pine. So this creek was named Breechings Creek.

This story is told of two men who came into the mountains of Harlan Co several years ago, from Whitley Co and later composed a song.

Two men named Putney came through Harlan Co with a horse they had stolen from Samuel Watkins Whitley Co.

They spent the night in the home of Abner Lewis on Poor Fork. There they stole a barrel knife and a paper of pins. Mr. Lewis had them arrested and taken before Judge J.T. Smiths. While they were being tried Samuel Watkins came in search of his horse.

They were taken back to Whitley Co and put in jail.
This is the song they composed.

Me and brother Tom come up in Harlan
To buy a drove of hogs.

The Harlan boys they captured us
Just like a parcel of dogs.

They took us down to J.P. Smith's
To answer for our sins
For stealing an a barlow knife
All so a paper of pins.

They took us down to J.P. Smith's
And Mile given us a trial there
Along came Samuel Watkins
The hunt of his yellin mare.

They took us back to Williamsburg
Which I knew they would not fail.
Here we are, God, love your soul.
Right in old Whitley Jail.

We stay there a couple of weeks,
Along with Polly Moore.
She made one of the grandest escapes
By cutting thru the floor.
Listen to me by a poor man: The men were working and as they worked they kept time with this song.

Roll on Johnnie, Don't ye roll so slow When the sun goes down, We'll roll no more.

Roll on Johnnie, Make up yer time For I am broke on this Railroad line I'll drive today, I'll drive no more The next 9 I drive, Be in Baltimore.
Three men went hunting.

Three men went out hunting and nothing they could find. They came upon a porcupine. As they went down the line,

the Irishman said he's a porcupine and the Scotchman said "Nay." The Frenchman said, it was a pin cushion with the pins stuck in the wrong way.

The men they went out hunting and nothing they could find. They came upon a toad frog. As they went down the line,

the Irishman said he was a toad frog. The Scotchman said "Nay." And the Frenchman said it was a Jaybird with the feathers blown away.
Hook and Line

Gimme the hook gimme the line
Gimme the gal they call Caroline
Chorus

Shout little Lula your cake's all done
You'll never git to Heaven you go so slow

I set my hook out to catch a shad
The first I caught was my old dad

I pulled so hard I broke the line
I love that gal they call Caroline
Dec 8, 1938

The chestnut Flat

Yerba and mutton talker is about all
me doctor with around here.

The first thing I knowed - meaning
the first thing I knew.

Oil - onions

I loved you rid mile back.

Little y shook beans and a hoby
y corn bread.

We raised a very good crop
I've been hankern to go fer the
longest.

Good Book says - Bible
Come in and take a cheer—meaning to come in and have a seat. make ye self at home.

I'm afraid I ain't aiming to be up and about no ways soon. A pore dusky dark— before dark

river—meaning cover riverbed— means a bed spread.

I've hardly got up written my cheer: my bones ache as bad. I

a pore crap plantin' time— meaning before time to plant crops.

I'm afraid we have about et up our seed taters.
Miss Virginia Reeves  
District Supervisor  
Federal Writers Project.

Dear Miss Reeves:

I am sending you today some material I have collected. I think I know how to go about editing it, but don't know just how to put it together to send to you.

How soon I am making a break—hope you can come to Harlan soon.

I have quite a bit more but not completed.

Yours very truly,

(Mrs) Lizzie Farmer
Box 4
县: Harlan  
区: No. 3  
城: Harlan  
肯塔基州

日期: 8月, 1938

Miss Virginia Reeves
Dirt Suppression Federal Writers Project

Dear Miss Reeves:

I went with Mr. Richards across the Pine Nut to Bledsoe Monday. Seen some real mountain homes but they are 20 per apart. However, I succeeded to collect some good material.

Most all of the country people visit know me as a Home Visitor and they think I am making them a visit to get them on Relief. I have a pretty hard time getting them to believe other wise and to get them interested in talking about some thing else.

I sure do enjoy my work.

Yours very Truly, Lizzie Farmer
Monday Dec 5 38 Across Pine mt.
Beck Fork - Bledsoe Ky.

Heard direct from the mountain people.

I'm turnin' in on seventy five years old and paint as a cricket.

That boy is the very spit of his papa.

The dog got a smack dab in front of me.

Kitched up with pin-meaning caught nitter-meaning a horse

line piece - a clock.

Little grain older-meaning a little bit older.

Better take a night with us.
Better spend a night.)
wink & bread - a piece of bread
some plunder - furniture
mighty might give out.
To be means to walk
Hungry - Hungry
is be sure - To be sure

That fellow won't mount to a hill
of beans.

Sasser - Sauces
youngins - children
shack - make shift.
Yerbs - herbs.
The youngesters around these parts
go chestnut hunting & Birch sappin'.
I went to visit my home. He said, "How are you coming on these days?"
Pretty poorly. I've been kilin' fer the longest. I nearly plumb down with my rheumatiz.
Can't you set down and rest a while? I guess I'd better get on up. I'll be about the edge of dark give me a lift home.
Little further down the road—meanin' a little further down.
Pass me over a slab of that meat.
Superstitions.

If snow lays on the ground a while there will be another snow soon.

If a person breaks a mirror, it means seven years trouble.

If your right eye itches, you will be made mad; if your left one itches you will be pleased.

If a child has small ears he will be stingy; large ears clever.

If a picture that has been taping on a wall falls, there will be a death in the family.

If you see woolly worms crawling around in the fall and if each end of the worm is black and has a yellow center it is a sign of bad weather. The first and last part of the winter will be warm in the middle.
Superstitions

If a dog lays down with his head hanging out the door, it means one one in the family will be leaving and will next come back.

If a rooster crows at midnight a number of times he crows will be the number of days until there is a death.

If the fire gets to poppin', snow will follow.

If you plant potatoes three or four days after the first quarter, you'll raise good potatoes.

When they are planted the new moon they all go to top and planted old moon they go to deep in the ground.

Then you see the moon settin' straight like a boat full of water. But if t' alteets the boat is leakin' it will sink.
Tuesday Dec 6th 38

milk gap - a place in the field to milk
new bars - a gate made to draw the
lue planks down, so the cows can
ass through.

hey jumped the broom meaning that
he couple got married.

Blue john - milk that has had the
ream separated.

ou dogger - corn bread

seed you - I saw you.

palavantin around - Running around
ou as a spy as a sixteen year
old - meaning that he feels good

topit means a meal barrel.
Wednesday Dec 7th

A man by the name of Benham was on a high hill hunting several years ago, when he was killed by a panther. The man was torn to pieces and was buried on this hill. The people who lived near named the hill Benham's Spur. Later when the town was built it was called Benham.

The land along the river from a line extending north for about twenty-five miles was so poor that nothing could be raised on it. So the river was named Poor Fork; the small town was called Poor Fork; now it is called Rumbleland.
The W. R. Davis an old man living on hill above the Poor Fork river.

Once there were three men all brothers, their names were Breeding, Came in to Harlan Co from Virginia. They were camping one night when they heard that they thought was a hoot owl but soon they discovered that it was the Indians. One of them run to a large rock, covered with moss. He tore all the moss from the rock and covered his self with it.

Another one run under a cliff but was killed by the Indians. The third one was all so killed. As soon as the one that was hid under the moss could get a chance he got away, going back to Virginia and got the alarm that the Indians were near.

So a lot of men got their guns and went back with this man...
and killed several of the Indians. This was on the trail of the Lonesome Pine. So this creek was named Breeding Creek.

This story is told of two men who went into the mountains of Harlan Co. several years ago, from Whitley Co. and later composed a song.

Two men named Putney came through Harlan Co. with a horse they had stolen from Samuel Watkins Whitley Co. They spent the night in the home of Abner Lewis on Poor Fork. While there they stole a halsaw knife and a paper and pen. Mr. Lewis had them arrested and taken before Justice J. B. Smiths. While they were being tried Samuel Watkins came in search of his horse. They were taken back to Whitley Co. and put in jail.
This is the song they composed.

12 and brother Tom come up in Harlan
o buy a drove of hogs.

the Harlan boys they captured us
just like a parcel of dogs.

They took us down to J. P. Smith's
A answer for our sins
or stealing or a barlow knife
or a paper and guns.

They took us down to J. P. Smith's
And they gave us a trial there
Long came Samuel Watkins
In I hunt y. his yaller man.

They took us back to Williamsburg
Which I knew they would not fail.
Here we are, God love your soul
eight in old Whitley jail.

We lay there a couple of weeks
Along with Polly Moore.
I made one of the grandest escapes
By cutting thru the floor.
Given to me by a foreman: The men were working and as they worked they kept time with this song.

Roll on Johnnie, Don't ye roll so slow
When the sun goes down, We'll roll no mo'.

Roll on Johnnie, make up yer time
Fer I am broke on this Rail Road Line

I'll drive today, I'll drive no more
The next I drive, Be in Baltimore.
Three men went hunting.

The men went out hunting and nothing they could find.

They came upon a porcupine, they went down the line.

The Irishman said he's a porcupine.
The Scotchman he said "nay" and the Frenchman said it was a pincushion with the pins stuck in the wrong way.

They went out hunting and nothing they could find.

They came upon a toad frog.

They went down the line.

The Irishman said he was a toad frog.
The Scotchman he said "nay" and the Frenchman said it was a Jay bind with the feathers blown away.
Hook and Line

Gimme the hook Gimme the line
Gimme the gal they call Caroline
Chorus

Short little Luke you cakes all dough you'll never git to Heaven you go so slow

I set my hook fer to catch a shad the first I caught was my old dad

Pulled so hard I broke the line lose that gal they call Caroline
ee 8, 1938

Chestnut Flat

Perks and mutton tallow is about all we doctor with around here. A small piece of asbestos around child's neck and it will keep if disease.

He first thing I knew — meaning he first thing I knew.

Oinons — onions

Loved you rid mule back.

Little of chuck beans and a hobbie corn bread.

He raised a very good crop.

We been hankerin' to go see the longest.

Good Book says — Bible
one in and take a cheer—meaning come in and have a seat.

take you self at home.

I apered 9 ain't amnin to be up and about no ways soon.

fore dusky dark—before dark

mess—meaning cover

over—meaning a bed spread.

I'm hardly git up witen my feet; my bones ache as bad.

fore crop plantin' time—meaning fore time to plant crops.

I apered we have about it up our seed taters.
History of Harlan County

Collected from old records and interviews with old settlers.

Harlan County was formed from parts of Floyd and Knott in 1819.

Area is 432.0 square miles. The first white family, Samuel Howard (4006) came from Virginia in 1796.

Others who soon followed were Burkhearts, Brittain, Farmer, Gilbreath and Daylows.

3624 acres of timber known as Kentucky Corp has been deeded to Kentucky for research in forest and recreational.

The first coal dug from the mountain was by Green Jones who had a negro man named Turner to haul it in a small wagon.

The first freight train came through Harlan to Beulah in 1870.

The first county highway was built in 1870.

There is 150 miles of road in the county.

Ninety per cent of the people are...
mericans, four per cent were negroes. The first county seat of Harlan Co. was Mount Pleasant, where in 1835 preparation for a court house was made.

The first court was held at the home of Samuel Hoons and court was ordered to be held there each session until a place for the seat of justice could be fixed. The town was changed to Harlan in 1912 by Kentucky general assembly.

Mount Pleasant was just in the woods town in 1819 until 1870 when growth began with the cutting of timber.

The real Harlan of today dates from the beginning of the coal mine operation in 1906 and the coming of the rail road in 1916.

Harlan has since built paved streets, attractive brick homes, water works, police and fire dept.
20,000 Courthouse, 7,500 Post Office, 5 Bank, 2 Theaters, Hospitals, churches, schools, large stores, whole sale houses and many other things to make Harlan a modern twentieth century town.

In Harlan County there are five Camps, Lumber Mills and a large observation Tower 100 ft high on top of The Rise Mt.

Records show that the population of Harlan Co. in 1842 was 736. in 1910 was 20,000. In 1920-31,016 in 1930-64,647 and it is estimated that there are around 73,000 people in Harlan now.

In 1821 the County Court was instructed to lay off the County in school districts and a County Commissioner was appointed to keep a record of the school districts and take a school Census. The record of the first school taught in the County was on
Hanks Creek, where people lived closer together than in any other part of the county.
George Barklow, one of the first pioneer settlers, was the teacher. He had two sons, one was a minister and the other one became a school teacher.
In 1838 there were three schools in the county with an attendance of 164.
In 1850 Andrew Burns taught the first school in Hallsboro Town. In 1867 George Blackburn moved from Tennessee to Hallsboro and taught school in the old Court house. Interviewed an old lady today, she is 75 yrs. of age, remembers the Blackburn as her first teacher.
In 1870 an act was passed by the General Assembly to cause Hallsboro to build school houses.
In 1874 there were 38 one room school houses with one door.
The window and a dirt floor in 1876. The County Exam. No. J. S. Inspector condemned all school buildings and after a tax was levied on property owners there were 30 good school buildings in 1701.

The schools were three month schools with two weeks given for odder public. These were called tree schools.

The first private school was the Harlan Academy in 1871 built by Presbyterian people. Miss Mary McCarney who had all ready done pioneer work and Miss Delota Osborne were the teachers.

They first taught in an old building which was burned in 1893. A new two story brick was built in 1894.

The Pine Hill Settlement school was founded in 1903.

The citizens of Pine Hill School will be entertained next week.
An old man named Fairley who is ninety years of age lives on Watts Creek in Harlan Co. He says there is a cliff near his home where it is said there are hidden treasures. When he was a small boy strangers came through the mountains and hunted for days. It was to find a keg of gold that was said to have been hidden by a man named Swift who traveled through the Daniel Boone Trail. And as it was told, the keg of gold became too heavy for him to carry. He loaded it on his back and never looked back after he left. However, he had told no one where he could find the gold was hidden but Mr. Fairley says it was never found. He says this very place is where Swift's mine is supposed
to be.

When a boy we found several
treasures hidden in and under
his cliff, such as vessels, beads,
knives, etc.

For many many years strangers
came on that creek and camped
for weeks, hunting and digging
in the mountains and under
rocks.

Mr. Turley says, "I was a little
feller then, but I seed one with
my own eyes."
Story of a Bear Hunt Told

by Mrs. Philly.

Back when I was a boy there came a awful big snow. The bears had been seen in the mountains where we lived and it was a sight of meat for them to graze on so one day we came pretty close. We got back up him and struck out them days we had bear dogs. So the past day we run him all day and started out bright and by the next morning and so till we had run him eight days. His feet got to bleeding and we struck his trail hot and heavy.

We run him in under a lift. Couldn't get one see through or shoot, at a Time. Finally one of us cracked down.
in him with a shot and cut him loose. Then dear dog nailed him and there they went yoped up together. Safety first, likely split till the bear broke loose and over that cliff he went, rolling and kicking. When we got to him he was dead. We drug him in and I hope to die if that bear didn't weigh seven hundred pounds.
"Dance footed Damsel"
This is one of the very oldest dances in the mountains of
Klan Co.
The boys and girls would go 3 miles to a dance.
The music was a fiddle and
wooden jews harp.
First, the ones that had on
dresses would dance to the tune
of "Ole Dan Tucker" singing
"Ole Dan Tucker
Tell in the fire
Kicked up a clump
Fit out o' the way
Ole Dan Tucker I
Come to late
To git your supper.

Another one
Was bein' here
Since I've been gone
We spent Jimmy
With her night esp on..."
then the ones bare feet would break out and dance singing
Summar, Summar jumped the stile.

The old man who was being interviewed says —
"Me and "Ticky" Jim Howard went to ever one of em that
one along and them bare
footed dances beat any thing
you ever seed.

Then on Sunday we would
rang up and go to meetin,
walkin eight or ten miles.
We would pack our shoes
and just afore we got to the
meetin house we set down,
sowed up on a log and
put on our shoes."
There was a man named Mr. French who was living closest to us up on the Pine Flat.

He was a "big brag," all ways bragging that it could ride any little (horse) that he ever seed.

So one day he was on a trail in a hoss and was told that it was "scary" and would be liable to throw him. Mr. French wanted to try it out so he told his wife whose name was Jean to take an old sheep skin which they had and go down the road a piece and when he went to pass by ride on the hoss to sort him shake the sheep skin and he would now them whether the hoss was scary.

Away went French trotting along down the road and all at once out come Jean and shook that sheep skin with all her might. The hoss jumped and threwed
reached over in the corn field. He got up after so long a time and holstered out, Jane! I told you to sorta shake the sheep skin and sorta not.
Turkey Fork.
Turkey Fork is a branch on the line mountain, having three prongs at the mouth of the fork, shaped like a turkey's foot.
The small country school and church are called the Turkey Fork School and Turkey Fork Church.

Puck Saddle Branch.
This is all so a branch in the line Mountain. The gap in the mountain is shaped like a Puck Saddle and as the branch begins in this gap it is called the Puck Saddle Branch.

Susan Hollow.
Several years ago the Susan Lumber Company brought some timber which was in this hollow.
Buffalo Rock is a large flat rock on Watts Creek on the side of the Pine Mountain.

In this rock is the print of a Buffalo's Track as if it had been like soft mud when he stepped on it.

Knoty Rock is about one hundred feet high and can be seen for several miles. It is located on the mountain above Watts creek.

Jacks Gap Rock is a large rock in the gap of the Pine Mountain and said to be one of the highest rocks in Hardin County.
There is a very old man who has spent most of his life living in a very remote section of Martin Co. and I'll tell you in a hollow.

The story is that before the county there he lived was settled there were bears, panthers, and buffaloes. Here is a story he told.

One day as boys were setting around and I heard a panter singing. When they are in a good humor they sing. So we called up our three dogs, took over to the foot of the mountain. The dogs wouldn't hunt as hard as their feet would take 'em, till they got to him.

The "panter" wouldn't budge a inch but let right into them dogs and when us boys got close enough to see what was goin' on, there dogs and the panter was wrapped up with each other right in the middle of a briar patch.

Finally, they got to rollin' and
Tumble and that the panther tryin' to git a lick at the dogs with his feet. He git loose and split right into the creek want deep and there be set.
The dogs was at the end of their row so us boys lit in on him with rocks till we finally killed him.
The measured six foot long must have been a old resident. 
Early History of Harrison Co.

The first county school taught in Harrison Co. was about eighty years ago. Its name was McCulley and so it is told he could barely write his name but he knew his letters he A.B.C.'s and could spell a little. He lived about three miles from Pleasant (as it was known then) and on the opposite side of the river from the "big road." The schools in the county were three month schools and the teacher had to go to Mr. Lakes home to be examined. If they could write their name spell and read a little he would write them out a certificate and they could go anywhere in the county and teach school.

One day a man went to Mr. Lakes to be examined and the river was "past fordin" so that he could not get across. He called to Mr. Lakes who came
it and sat on the rail fence, the
erlier on the river bank on the
opposite side and examined him.
He had him to spell a few
words and then told him he had
passed the examination to go ahead
and get him a school.

Sheriff

These days as it was told long
the sheriff never carried a gun,
but when he went out over the
mountains to collect taxes he
carried saddle bags with a rope
inside.

If he came across any one
violating the law he “tied”
them and drove them him to be
tried by a judge.

He all ways went on foot (missing
walked) and the taxes were some
times paid with “sand” or what
ver they happened to possess.
Mountain Sayings.

Brand new means any thing is real.

Work is so severe it persists a body last night to death.

He haunt help her self many bits his is no count these barks for my thing.

Nebulous a person who is not able to mist on her self and who a feeling sad.

aint write a sick.

He peered to be well as ever when she was struck.

Meaning a man taken sick suddenly.

That France heads up in the gap of the mountain.

Pursed up meaning prayed.
ed a snake curled up: meaning
w a snake coiled up

and girl been Talkin': a very old
ession used for counting
itched up: a bucket of fresh
ater: meaning fresh water

he pears like the gets worse
ey day: meaning worse

be got a soon start this morning
it were just a breakin' day.

Didn't pay no mind to is: meaning
pay any attention.

walked backards and forards to town
meaning to and from town.

had a tech g. asthma, been troubled
a sight to the world here g'late
with it.
Superstitions:

- A person with curly hair or a red-streaked person has a high temper.
- If your back itches, you will loose money.
- Crying in your sleep while dreaming indicates good luck.
- If you dream of snow and rain falling together, you will not live long.
- If you dream of a hollow log, it is the sign that your brother or sister will soon die.
- If you will pull three hairs from your head and send them inside a letter to the boy you love, that boy will be your future husband.
- Carry grains of corn in your pocket and you will never have cramps in your legs and feet.
Hang a horse shoe on your door with the toe nailed down and you will not be bothered with witches.

Take a fifty cent piece in the bottom of a churn and the witches will not bother the milk.
In 1920 a teacher of the Pine Mountain Settlement School, Miss Alice Parsons was killed as she walked across the mountain alone. There was at that time a Convict Camp on the mountain with several convicts working a road. They were not very closely guarded and it was the public opinion that it was a negro convict who killed her.

A song was composed by Henry Robinson who was a cripple. Several of the song ballads were sold all through the mountain section.

Here is the song copied from an original song ballad.
Death of Lena Parsons. 

Lena Parsons was a teacher at the Pine Mountain Settlement School. She was killed on the mountain where she was treated with great care. She was returning from a visit to her parents and her home. She was walking across the mountain just going all alone.

So she left the railroad station. She was feeling bright and gay, thinking her journey would be happy. She was crossing the Pine Mountain, protected and with out fear. But then she met a beastly person who for murder did not care.

But friends at the school didn't know that she was on her way and so they were not expecting her on that fatal day. The next day they heard that she had started on the trail. They said they surely must find her with out fail.
soon a searching party
there for to go out and find
that might be the reason
at she was one day of bind
and they were the match troubled
and to each other did say
that they were a fraud
on Luna had met found play.

They climbed the mountain
they scattered here and there
so see if they could find Luna
laying dead any where.
Then after more than a days search
by the party was made
they found her body
mole by a murderer. It had been laid.

Then the news of the death has echoed
into the state. The people were very sorry
for poor Luna's fate.
Then from many different places, the
people did money I send
that the criminal might be found
and the right defend.
Bee Hive. (By a very old lady and paick)

When I was a girl we lived on a chunk of a farm across the per side of the Pine Mountain. We alius had bee hives and papa said I could 'hite em' better. The rest of the family so I got out goin' to the field when it was time fer the bees to swarm. They would come me at the house to watch em. Pap made the bee gums out a poplar tree; they were about two and half or three foot high and holled out on the inside. Then here was a cross piece tacked right in the middle. We alius kept three or four main and ready. When we had a swarm I would grab a dishpan and give me a stick a go to beatin' on it for dear life. Sometimes if they was much of a bunch I could get a cow bell and ring it, fallerin' em a long till they...
would finally settle on a limb of
and some times but would be
right smart piece from the house.
I'd go and watch em 'til Pap come.
He would git one of the new
bee guns and take it out to where
we kept our other bee guns that
had bees in em and set it on
big flat rock, raised a little
around
Then we would go to the tree
here the bees were settled and
at off the limb and carry
it to the new bee gun. If
I'd follow him a long with a
sheet which I would spread out
under the edge of the bee gun.
Pap would ease them bees off
a little at a time on that sheet
and pretty soon they'd start goin'
in, under,
then we 'robbed' our bees
'tally ho' rap do that too.
We would tie a cloth over our ears and wrap rags round our hands and arms. Then we'd git us some rags and wrap around a stick and set into a fire, just enough to make a smoke. Then we'd smoke them bees till we could reach in above the nuc piece and git out the honey. We never went below the cross piece for fear we would starr the bees. Some times I would git stung and have to break for the soda, but pap allus said I was the best hand he had. To hire the bees or rob them any one.
mountain superstitions

If there is three rainbows in one month, it is the sure sign of a long day spell.
you will have as many sweet dents as freckles on your nose.
If you bring a cow bell in to the dining room, you invite evil spirits.

Then a young man wears his hat on the back of his head he is trying to catch a sweet heart in egg laid on Friday will cure the crop.

If a girl looks in to an old well on Friday, she will die an old maid.
wear a red woolen string tied around the toes and it will cure toe-itch.
a stop nose bleed, place a dime against the palate of the mouth and hold it in place with the tongue.

Ground hog grease is a sure cure for tonsillitis.

to dream that you are robbed is a sign that you will receive a gift.

to dream of breaking your spectacles is a bad dream and you must be wary of strangers.

If a child who never seen its father can be a "Witch Doctor."

If a person plants an ever green tree, he will die when ever the tree is large enough to shade his grave.

person who cuts their wisdom teeth after twenty will live to a ripe old age.
If a girl, when reading a newspaper accidentally turns two pages at once, she will marry a beggar.

It is the very worst luck, for a horse to nicker near the door of your home.

If you will carry an extracted tooth in your pocket, your other teeth will not decay.

If you see a star fall on Wednesday night, you will get a whipping before the week is out.

Three drops of Coal Oil (Kerosene) poured down a child's neck will cure the Croup in a very short time.

Elm bark will cure ills.
If you see a hen catch a June Bug and can make a wish before she swallows it. That wish will come true.

If you wish to secure happiness tie an old pair of shoes and throw them at the head of a stream running west.

If a house creaks and pops without cause it is a sign that it is haunted or that evil spirits are there.

If a person will pick his teeth with a splinter from a pussy willow, he will never have the tooth ache.

Feed a cat ginger bread and it will make it catch mice.
to cure cramps the person must wear a piece of lead around his neck.

Tea made from madten leaves will cure Tonsilitis.

If a person starting out on a journey meets a chief make will send good luck.

If you say "Thank you" to a person giving you flower plants will cause them to die.

When you borrow a knife and it is handed to you again, you must return it the same way: If not your friend ship will be cut in to.
Mountain Sayings.

'Un garden truck haint done no good. It haint had much of a chance. Just a little stalk on her face. This is a very old saying and is used sometimes; stalk meaning face powder.

He lives on up and up; powder on the duff; meaning a hill.

She had 'nt much movin cleared de door when you come; meaning rent out the door.

Evee hauled him with a peach tree limb; meaning whipped him.

Them two boys yoked and went in fer a fight.
The first six plane seen by two mountain women told by an old man who at that time lived near them.

"These two women were sisters—guess you would call them old maids for they was jist in purty old and Mary one of 'em had even been tied up to a man. They lined up on the side of the mountain and had never seen aught much. They didn't know there was such a thing as a airplane. They had a jersey calf they thought a right y. So one day one of 'em was out pickin' around and she kept hearin' some thing a buzzin' and hummin' above her.

She kept listenin' till finally it come in sight. She was scared stiff as a board. When she sorter come to her self she up an hollered as loud as she could to her sister and says..."
"Run for your life Dal that thing is plumb out of breath and is rilling about as the world. Let it the calf in the stable in-far it falls on it and kills it. They both started out running to the calf one of em got hold of a rope that was around its neck so here they went one pulling and one pushing until they got it in to the stable.

Then they sat down on a rock both of em pantin for breath and as the air plane passed on, one of em looked at the tother and says I hope I never live to see a thing like that no more."

Religion in Harlan Co.

The Hebrews of Harlan County are very religious, and one of the first things they did when they settled here, was to find a place where they could worship. At first the Bible was taught in the same log house where school was taught.

At present there are large churches in Harlan, Lynch, Benefield, Cumberland Estates, and two or more in every mining camp in the County. Every denomination is represented down to the Liberty Holy Rollers.

Harlan County has about 200 churches at present. The "Bottle snake Religion" has caused quite a bit of excitement through out the County. This was first brought about by the Holy Rollers across the Blue mountains.

A preacher from another state
was visiting in the neighborhood where a Revival Meeting was being held by the Holy Rollers. He preached the "Rattle Snake Religion" to them. In the meantime rattle snakes were brought in to the church by some of the mountain people and a demonstration made by handling the snakes.

Of course they were bitten by the poisonous snakes but they would not receive medical attention. Their arms and hands would be swollen from the bites. No deaths were ever reported but very much suffering.

Finally the "Rattle Snake Religion" was brought in to Court. Some of the worshipers of the church was afraid to go near the church while the Rattle snakes were being handled as a warrant was taken and they
The Body was brought before the County Judge of the Sussex Co. Court.
He called the case, but informed him very seriously that no rattlesnakes were brought into his Court Room.
They had brought them in a box, were left in a car.

Funerals

Years ago it was the custom that when a person died, their funeral would be preached months afterwards. Some times a year later.
The date of the funeral would be set and by "sage wise methods" the time would be scattered over the country.
In that day, people would come on miles and miles.
The close relatives of the person whose funeral was being preached would come for several days and the dinner would be served on the ground to every one present.
Harlan Co. The Home of Black Gold.
(Coal)

Harlan County is surrounded by three large mountains: The Stone, Big Black and the Pine Mountain. The 300,000 acres contain some of the richest coal deposits in the world, and there are more than 100,000 acres of timber on the mountain sides.

The hills that kept the early settlers and most prisoners for years later brought prosperity to Harlan County.

At that time it would take a week or ten days to make a trip to the nearest railroad center for supplies.

With the extension of the Ry R. & Road into Harlan in 1871 furnished means of transportation for the deposits of coal brought in millions of dollars and thousands of laborers.

The Black Gold (Coal) in the hills of Harlan had been discovered. Men and women, rich and
with out money, some came on the rain while many others came on foot to work and live.

All most ever night the oil camps, cans and wells disappeared, the rains and automobiles taking their place.

In January 1939 there were around 20,000 miners drawing their wages every two weeks.

Ypsilanti, the second largest town in the county was the largest trolley in the world, and a population of 7,000.

It has one of the largest commissaries in the coal fields.

In addition to the splendid school system it has churches, a modern hospital, hotel, Post Office and Bank.

Benham, the next largest town was formed in 1868 by the International Harvester Co.

Today it is noted for its modern...
school. It is considered one of the best high schools in the state. It is the gift of the company on whose ground it stands. There are playgrounds, a gym, auditorium, and library. Forty percent of the graduates from the high schools in Harlan County go to college.

Most of the teachers are college graduates and Harlan boasts that its teachers are the highest paid county school teachers in the state. There are eight Grade A high schools in the county each with its football team and high school band.

In the heart of the Cumberland, is the 80,000 acre fish and game preserve. Also at Smith Key in Harlan is the fish hatcheries at a cost of $10,000, which has been stocked with bass.
The first white child born in what is now Hardin County was Nancy Turner Dunwoody, born in 1745 on Claver Fork at the mouth of Yoacum Creek near the present town of LeVanta.

Her parents, William and Susan Bailey Turner, pioneers having come from Henry Co., Virginia in 1742, and settled at the above named place.

Her grandfathers, Curry Bailey, Revolutionary patriot, was said to have been the first white settler in the county before Kentucky was made a state.

Having come across the Black Mt. by way of Little Rome Gap, down Bailey's Creek and settled at the mouth of Bailey's Creek, the creek being named for him.

On March 3, 1814 Nancy Turner was married to John Crawford, a son of Berry Dunwoody, Revolutionary soldier who was with Gen. Clark on his expedition to the North West. After their
carriage they began housekeeping at a place, which later became the mill town of Curwood R.

This place, a bronze tablet has been erected by the Mountain Trail chapter D.A.R. honoring Handy J. Turner and others.
Weather Lore

Then certain kinds of flowers stay open all night, rain usually falls within 24 hours.

If you find grass free from dew in the morning, look for rain before night.

If you see a cow trying to scratch its ear, it means it showered.

If a man's pipe smells stronger than usual, you may expect thunder storms.

When wood peckers are especially noisy, they are preparing to shelter their nests from rain, which will follow within 24 hours.

When a coal oil lamp or lantern sputters and makes a noise, rain will fall soon.
When geese are particularly noisy you can expect rain. A ring around the moon is a sure sign of rain. An old saying "The bigger the ring, the nearer the wind." A clear sky with a slight greenish hue is an indication of approaching rain.
song composed by a miner in Turlock Co.

The miners, he miners works in under ground to earn their daily bread, to clothe their wives and children and see that they are fed. he governor sends the soldiers here to guard them in the coal bank, the Captain and his army is standing by in rank.
exposed and perhaps provoked by the
smarks 9 news papers 7 radio com-
mentators and out 9 town friends
regarding Harlan 23 an eighteen-
year old girl 7 Lynch composed this
poetry in answer to these critics.

His Bloody Harlan County—
the land 7 fear 7
that 9 folks talk about
him 7 am out 9 here
and you 9 got to admit
not a bad place
but im going to keep my mouth shut.
just in case.

For I do hate battles
over Troubles and strikes—
my can 9 we get together
and solve our dislikes?
you've read it in the papers
The Troubles we've had
end and all parts away from here.
Just consider us bad.
But really and truly
We're honest good folks.
Let's show other people how Connecticut can't joke.
Let's all pull together and rid y strikes and lock outs.
Help strengthen our morals and discourage our doubts.
Yes, this is bloody serious.
The land of fear.
But since I'm not either
I'm glad I am here.
These are very old mountain song ballads and are copied from old ballads just as they were written. The pages are yellow with age and the writing dim. Given to me by an old lady who lives on the Pike Mt. She says "The Death of Floyd Frazier" was composed by a man by the name of Regley, more than fifty years ago. Some of these songs are sung at gatherings of the mountain folks. Says she, wouldn't take a war pension for them.

Mrs. Tanner
Ole Virginia

was born and raised in ole Virginia
Kentucky I did go
counted there in a fair young lady
or name I did not know.

Her hair was of a dark brown color
Her cheeks were of a rosy red
And on her breast she wore white lilacs
Tears for her I often shed.

It my heart I love you darling
so my door you're welcome in
It my gate I'll meet you darling
you're the one I'm trying to win

I'd rather be dead and in my coffin
My pale face turned toward the sun
Than to think of you my darling
And to think about the way you've done

I'd rather be on some dark blue sea
Here the sun refuses to shine
Than for you so many
And think you must never be mine.
Here are your postals and your letters,
Place them closely by your heart
But the ring you give me darling
From my finger shall never part.

Nature, nature fair young darling
So pure to you I sigh
My mind is placed on rambling
Now I'll bid to you good bye.
The Death of Floyd Frazier

One all you people from very nashen
I listen to my wopul song
I'd bear the eychumants
which happen not very long.

Floyd Frazier is we present
and sort to bee
Thim for Killin a insant woman
Which this world may plainly see.

He Kill Ellen Flanery
and hid her in the wood
He made a quick return
to wash a-way the blood.

He crept on to his cabin
and like there all nite
After his crime was hidden
from every body's site.

He had five little children
Door to door they run
Lookin for their mother
Yet no mother ever come.
t last the little harts grew hungy  

in aeful inite to see  

them rise in the monin  

to cry and monn and weep.  

The zoom did pass away and monn, dilcon  

the people, they did, Jather  

to see what was done.  

They searched all round her eade,  

round and around  

at last Joseph Williams found her dead  

lying on the ground.  

They carried her to her eade  

and there not long to stay  

and on to the glane yard  

until the judgement Day.  

This young man was rested  

and rushed in to jail  

the jury found him guilty  

and did not low him bail.
I knew that he killed her and all that he had done. Think his crime is dangerous, he has a risk to run.

They took him down to Pineville and put him in a cell. Think the crime he committed will send his soul to hell.
Goodbye Willie.

They say it is sinful to flirt
They say my heart is made of stone
They say for me to speak is kind
I else leave the poor boy alone.

Remember one night when he said
I loved me dearer than life
I called me his darlin' his own
And asked me to be his wife.

Gave him my hand with a smile
In sure I will have to say no
Gave him my hand with a sigh
And said, "Goodbye Willie, you can go."

Next day they found poor Willie deep down in the stream by the mill's white rose he had plucked for my hair ad flayed to the brinks of the mill.

Is pretty blue eyes. They were closed
And lay his golden locks fair
And close to his lips he had pressed
The white rose he had plucked for my hair.
Willie my darling come back
will ever be faithful and true
Willie my darling come back
will ever be faithful to you.
Well met.

Well met, well met, my old true love.
Well met, well met said he.
I have just returned from the old salt sea
And its all for the sake of thee.

I could have married the kings daughter
I could have married her said he,
If I have forsaken the gold crowns
And its all for the sake of thee.

I'd better have the kings daughter
I'd better have her, said she
I do I have married the ship's carpenter
And he keeps plenty of gold for me.

Will you for sake your gold my love
Will you for sake your baby, said he
Will you for sake your ship's carpenter
And go along with me.

She laid her baby on a downy bed
And kissed she gave it three
Stay there you sweet little baby
And keep your pappy company.
hey had not been sailing very long
we hadn't been sailing but three weeks
she threw her self on the cold cold floor
and there she began to weep

hat are you weeping for my love?
hat are you weeping for your gold said he
hat are you weeping for some other man
hat are you doing far better than me.

am not weeping for my gold my love
am weeping for vs other man said she,
am weeping for my sweet little baby
hat I never shall see more see.
interviewed an old lady today who has lived all her life among the mountain people: she still uses the old words and mountain sayings, says she remembers how her father and all his clan made shoes from a ground hog hide. Take a ground hog, skin it and then soak it in a hill for a few days in water mixed with wood ashes (wood ashes were used as dye). Then lay it out in the sun to dry and later the hair comes off. Take a barlow knife and cut right down through the hide. Then shave to make good ones, they would last a life time. They would make caps out of a moccasin skin, and peel off some raw back for strings. We used to have work hands that would work for twenty-five cents a day and they would
work, just like fightin' fire.
I neeched to had our yelling
traged there and need corn and horses
with the czap for his bed and
pub.

When gook and live come, had
right in the middle of a
row of corn and held it out
in hand and out he'd come.
Then she dusty dark red
set out on a little shed in
porch and he'd pick the
tanger and put this past fer
ill that us out.

Old expressions she used
break and run.
Neat and set,

some learn up the creek.
Talk faster in you could shake a stick
make it back home a fore dusty
dark.

I is soon hunt fer a needle
in a hay stack
these and I yander.
Paris just come and go.
visited a mountain home and asked the old man and woman how they were getting along.

The old man answered, "I am just barely able to stir. Been pretty poorly all winter."

The little old lady said with a twinkle in her eye, "That she was half dead but that didn't make no difference that she had to go in a trot from day light till dark.

Says the grand children comes to see them but that they whoop and holler till you can hear them a mile, and gallop through the house till wekin' time and hear our selves talk."
The Old Spinning Wheel.
(By an old lady who used one)

Back during the many years gone by, the old spinning wheel was put in use by most every family for all the clothing needed made at home.

Most every family kept a bunch of sheep. We had a big drove of sheep. Some time come to shear the sheep and the boys would roll em in to the barn yard. Then we would take turn about shearing em. For it was awful hard work. We had a big poke to put res wool in. One of us would ram the wool in the sack till we got a sack full. Then we'd take it to the trenches and wash it and rinse it till it would be white as snow.

There was a great big rock that we would toss it on to dry.

As soon as it was dry we would pick out the burrs and pull it apart. It was then carded.
was done by the use of a small wheel where it was worked into a thread by the spinner. They were I, two of us, my sister could card and I could spin to beat the band.

I would set in a chair with my feet on the treadle, and run the wheel as hard as it could go, making thread and singing so loud so I could never stoppin' all day.

After the thread was spun on the spinning wheel, we would reel it up into hanks. The wheel was jined so that when you would reel up 144 threads, a spring in the reel would pop and you'd know then you had enough for a "cut." We had to have four cuts to make a hank; then we would get out and gather up something to color
the year if we wanted some brown we'd get walnut bark and boil it down and stick in a hank and dye it brown.
You red we used spruce gum bark for green we used sage grass, for red we used chromatic dyes for yellow hickory bark and we'd get maple bark and dye the prettiest purple you ever did see.
After we'd work out in the field all day, rap would close up what he had to do and we went to bed, no matter how long it took us or how hard it is to do, many a time we'd be so tired that when we would be settin' in front of the old big wood fire one of us would say to the other, "Punch up the fire to settin' cold and at the same time give a nod towards the pull of cotton which for him to punch out a chunk.
fire co's to make way with some of the cotton. Pip knew what he was a
ne'er do well and he'd say when he wanted the fire punched he'd
be the punchin.
man would set the rest of the winter and knit socks
and stockings.
I can recollect the last dress
gown was made with the
old thread rasslin' one way and
gal per giving the tother end.
but I shore was party.
Too late.

So you've come back to me you say
since time at last has made you free
and offered once again the heart
those earthy hopes were found in me
and so you've come back to me
and say "Oh love is living yet
we tried through all these thirty years
have tried but vainly to forget"

Come close and let me see your face
your chestnut hair is touched with snow
less it is the dear old face
loved so fondly years ago.

In me you must not take my hand
Oft times I give you back our youth
the love that once I had for you
as yours in perfect faith and truth.

So yes; you know I love you still
as friends to friends God bless you dear
may we lead you through lives darkest path
where the sky is all ways clear.
The same that on a winter's night
is when I kissed your festering brow
On happy hour y trute and lore
And it is all over now.