

RAVINGS OF A MAD GRANDFATHER

OR

HOW IT WAS

BY

HILARY H. PEMBERTON

Dedicated to my children, William Preston Pemberton, Linda Sue Powell, Elizabeth Ann Ellingson, and spouses, my grandchildren, my great grandchildren, and future generations.

I have often wished that I had learned more about my ancestors while some of them were living. When young, if you think of them at all, you think, "Some day I'll ask some old person about them". Then sooner than you think, you realize that you are the older person and there is no one to ask. My children and grandchildren, in order to keep me occupied (I think) want me to write an account of my life which goes back to oxcart days up to the jet age. I have heard my father tell of making a trip to the Arkansas Black River Country in a covered wagon with some friends; including two of the Barton Brothers (I think Luke and John). They traded the horses for a yolk of oxen and came back home by ox power.

My grandson, Brent Powell, said if there were some things I didn't want to tell, I could use my own judgement. I have done that. And besides, there are many things I have forgotten!

I hope this account will provide some information and amusement for my family and friends who care to read it.

Best regards G.R. & Jean
Ailary

I was born February 1, 1905 in a concrete house about two miles north of Faith, Missouri. There was such a place near Curry Church where Uncle Jim (who was also known as Black Jim) and Aunt Millie Wall had a store and post office, a mill powered by a gasoline engine where people took their corn to be ground in to meal for cornbread, a blacksmith shop, stock scales, and a barber chair. They lived in a big house with a large family of girls and boys and always had a big table of food at meal time. Anyone who was there at meal time was welcome to share their hospitality. I often went there with father and mother to take eggs and butter and trade for groceries and family needs. I remember the shelves of patent medicine and the big wooden candy bucket on the top shelf. Uncle Jim would get a handful of candy and give every child some. One time he had cookies and said, "Now these are good. I baked them myself." Of course, they were from a bakery, but I thought he sure was a good cook. It was the first time I had eaten or seen anything but home made cookies. Aunt Millie was a James, cousin to Frank and Jessie, who with Uncle Jim, rode with Quantrill during the Civil War.

The Wall family had lived just across a small branch from my grandfather on the farm where I was born. Our house was made of concrete. The materials used in its construction consisted of oak wood for the frame and forms, rock, gravel, sand, and lime. The lime was made at the site by crushing limestone and burning it in a lime-kiln. It is now owned by Harold Pemberton. Uncle Jim worked for grandfather until he went into business and prospered. It was thought that the James Brothers helped him get established and sometimes visited there. Dr. Jim Helms' Father, and Drexel Lewis' Great Grandfather, had a shop in the Hickory Point area and replaced the shoes on Jessie's horse. Bud Helms told me about it. He said Jessie was very particular about how the shoes were put on and gave his father one dollar extra for doing it. In the same vicinity lived John Adams who told me he had let two men he was sure were the James Brothers sleep in his barn. They wouldn't go to the house and stayed by their horses. My Father saw a man thought to be Frank James at Faith on several occasions. He later saw him after his pardon when he was a doorman at one of the big theaters in St. Louis.

My father was a livestock trader, as were all of the Wall men, and many times I helped drive hogs to Faith to be weighed. Hogs were weighed in a big box. First, the empty box was weighed with a pair of stillards, or beam and pea, as it was sometimes called. Then the weight of the empty box was subtracted from the total. On one occasion, after the hogs were weighed, I got into the box and weighed a total of fifty pounds.

When I was about three years of age, I saddled my horse on the footboard of a wood framed cot. The saddle was an old cushion tied on by an old pair of my father's suspenders. When I mounted, the saddle turned dumping me on the floor and breaking my left arm. I said, "My old mule bucked me off". Dr. J.H. Helm (a cousin to my Grandfather Watkins and grandfather of Drexell Lewis) who had brought me into the world was called to set it and put on the splints to hold it in place. It had barely healed

when I broke it again a few inches below the original break. This time my older sister Phyllis and I were standing on a chair and both of us were trying to listen to the telephone (a wonderful invention which is used to this day, mostly by teenagers) when I fell from the chair. Mother told us not to move while she ran outside to ring the large cast iron dinner bell to summon father from the field. My sister was scared and said, "let's follow her", so we went out the door with my arm dangling. (I vaguely remember this.) Dr. John Benage and Dr. W.A. Von Grempe (Bluford's father) who were in partnership at Iberia were called. I recall them bending over me and pulling my arm. Mother said Dr. Von Grempe kept saying "poor little thing". My parents said I had been left handed before this happened, so I adjusted to circumstances and became right handed.

When I was quite small, I got mad at my father, grabbed his picture and broke it straight across, saying "I'll break Popie's old back". I think we still have it with some old pictures of my mother's (his broken back mended with tape).

When I was quite small my father suffered a severe attack of appendicitis which was usually diagnosed as "lock of the bowels". His condition worsened until it was decided to attempt to get him to a hospital in St. Louis. A barn or shed door was taken from it's hinges so he could be placed upon it to convey him to a hack that was to transport him to Crocker and from there to take a train for St. Louis. At this point the appendix ruptured and passed out through the bowel. This no doubt saved his life. He recovered, but his side bothered him at times for the rest of his life.

My sister, Phyllis, and I rode horses from the time we were big enough to sit behind dad and hold on to him. Mother used a side saddle as did all the women at that time. Grandpa Pemberton had a large buckskin horse that he rode on the farm and used to pull his one horse buggy. He would throw his saddle (cushion seated without a saddle horn and with saddle pockets attached) on old Charley and go get the mail about a mile ride to the mail box after a rural route was established. My sister and I would ride old Charley bareback around the place. We would often fall off, but old Charley would stand without moving until he was sure that we were OK. We led him to something that we could climb upon and remount. When I started to school at 5 years of age, I rode behind the teacher part of the time as it was about 2 miles and with two creeks to cross. The teacher was a kind neighbor who was very patient with me. I was so timid and shy that school almost scared me speechless. She said I would talk until we reached the school house and then refuse to say a word or go to my class. Sometimes I would, but I shall never forget her kindness to me. Her name was Mrs. Mae Allee.

I attended my first public sale when I was quite young. Albert Meredith (father's cousin) was the auctioneer. He held a short piece of a wood handle in the air and called the bids, ending with "fair warning, fair sale". The next day at home I decided to have a sale of my own. I found a stick to hold up and began selling things around the house and yard ending with, "fair morning, fair sale". My sister and I would visit the neighbors

(in our yard). There was Mr. and Mrs. Smokehouse, Mrs. Ashhopper and a big oak tree that for some reason was Mr. Casey. For the information of my young readers I will explain that a smokehouse was used to cut up the hogs when butchered, salt, cure, smoke and hang the meat. When meat was needed you took a butcher knife to the smokehouse and cut off the desired amount. An ashhopper was a V shaped container for wood ashes, much like a self feeder for animals and poultry. It was open at the top to catch the rain which would seep down through the ashes into containers placed below the V at the bottom of the hopper. This created lye which was used in making soap, cleaning and many household uses including the removal of the husk on grains of white corn when making hominy.

After attending church at Hickory Point, I would sometimes preach to the pigs and chickens or an imaginary audience. One time I kept using one word that appealed to me and said, "I don't know what it means, but it is such a pretty word that I am going to use it anyway". In baptizing, I would say, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son and Hole She Goes".

One time after I had started to school at the Spearman schoolhouse (a two mile walk) Dorsey Barton and I discovered a large wasp nest by the side of the road. My Uncle Wilbert from Oklahoma was visiting and was going from our house to grandfathers. I thought it would be great fun to stir up the wasps when he came along and talked Dorsey into helping. When my uncle drew near the wasps, we let fly with the rocks at the nest and one stung me which I well deserved. Uncle Wilbert was so sorry for me and I never told him what I had planned for him.

As I said, Mrs. Allee was my first teacher then came Fred Greenwood who became quite concerned when I failed to come in from play when the bell rang. He sent one of the big boys (I think it was Wilber Nigh whose son became Governor of Oklahoma) to find me. He found me some distance from the schoolhouse building mud dams after a rain.

My next teacher was Gilbert Watkins a cousin to my mother. He was an excellent teacher and I admired him greatly; especially for his moustache which he kept well groomed with twisted turned up ends. I remember the sinking of the Titanic and Perry reaching the South Pole. Also, being held up to view something in the sky that I think was Haley's Comet. I learned that our President was William Howard Taft and our Governor was Herbert S. Hadley. My hero was Theodore Roosevelt and I owned a teddy bear. The President and my hero were opponents in 1912 for the Republican nomination. Taft was nominated and Roosevelt formed the Progressive or "Bull Moose" party. This assured the election of the Democrat nominee Woodrow Wilson. By this time I was reading the twice a week St. Louis Globe Democrat and every newspaper I could find. I read books too, although there was much that I did not understand. I am afraid that I was considered to be lazy, as I did not enjoy work. Later in life, I learned that work is

very necessary and I learned to endure it.

My Grandfather Watkins had trouble keeping a pocket watch. I think they fell from his pocket and he plowed them under. Anyway, when I was about 5 years of age, my grandmother, mother and Aunt Clare got him a Christmas present of an oversize Elgin watch. He would take it from his pocket and hold it in his hand while talking. My mother gave this watch to me several years ago and a fellow worker at Fort Leonard Wood made a brass case and it is now a clock on my mantle. (It still runs). About this time I became interested in guns, although it was a long time before I was allowed to use one. My Grandfather Pemberton had a double barrel muzzle loading shot gun that hung high on the wall along with his shot pouch and powder horn. Once when my father was sick with the "grippe", (now flu) I went with grandpa to kill a squirrel to make squirrel dumplings for him. We soon saw one and grandpa fired. When black powder smoke cleared, I picked up the squirrel.

Willard Duncan, who helped dad on the farm, his brother-in-law Guy Wall and dad all purchased new shotguns about the same time and I remember watching them shoot the new guns at a paper target nailed to a tree in the barn lot. Dad's gun was a 16 gauge double barrel breech loader with a hammer for firing each barrel, made by Bridges Gun Works in St. Louis. I began using this gun when I was about 14 and my son Bill did also. Bill still has it along with Grandfather Watkins old single barrel gun.

My next teacher after Gilbert Watkins was Evelyn Livingston. Dad bought a farm on the old Iberia-Brumley Road. This was about 2 miles from the house where I was born, but nearer through the fields. I once carried a pig that Grandpa gave me in a gunny or tow sack from Grandpas. We moved to this new place in the fall of 1912 and Phyllis and I continued going to the Spearman school for awhile. A part of the new farm was in the Honey Springs District and Dad took legal action to get out of Spearman into Honey Springs District. This was accomplished and instead of crossing two creeks, we crossed dry ridges and woods on our way to school. So, when we got over whooping cough, we started to Honey Springs. Our first teacher was Oscar Houser, then came Wade Williams, Eunice George, Bertha McDowell and Clyde Wall.

This new farm had a strong spring and a small spring house where milk and butter was kept. It was no doubt used for drinking, cooking and wash water by early settlers and Indians. Legend has it that someone would stand in his doorway near this spring and see a tree that marked the place where he obtained lead that was pure enough to mold bullets from, but he never told anyone which tree. When Highway 42 was surveyed (I think about 1935) about 1/2 mile south of the old road, the surveyors said that their instruments went wild.

Peter Shelton (Spurgeon Shelton's father and Paul Shelton's grandfather) had an adjoining farm to the west and with his help Dad removed the old springhouse, diverted the stream from the spring and by hand excavated a space to build a large cement tank.

When finished and filled in the Spring, the water stood from about 2 or 2 1/2 feet at the upper end to 3 or 4 feet at the lower end where the water flowed over the top. At the lower end a cement partition was put across the width of the tank leaving a smaller storage tank for milk and butter. The bottom was filled with rock and gravel leaving the depth of water about 1 foot. A fairly large stone was placed at each end and a plank or board placed across from stone to stone slightly clearing the water level and creating a shelf for milk, butter and other items for cooling. A pine cover was made for the top which was hinged and could easily be raised and closed. This was refrigeration at its best and naturally it was my lot to keep it operating by making several trips per day before and after meals from the house to the spring and back. The distance was not far, but there was white clover to be walked through and where there was white clover there were honey bees. As I was always barefoot in summer, this created a problem. Many times I stepped on a bee creating a disaster for me as well as for the bee. I argued that it wasn't worth the trouble, but no one listened so I went on a hunger strike. I wouldn't drink any milk or eat butter, but everyone else did. No one seemed to feel sorry for me or be affected in anyway, so I continued to go back and forth, back and forth. Dads initials are still on the remains of the tank - L.P.P., May 1913. As my father always had a herd of cattle this provided pure cold water for them as well as for travelers on the road. There was a gate that could be opened to provide easy access from the road. This was known as "Pressies Tank". I am told that in later years, muskrats took over and their tunnels allowed much of the water to escape. The last time I was there the walls were cracked and broken, but the milk tank remained intact. There was still some water there, but was then a "hog wallow". About this time my younger sister Glennis was born and it was a blessing for the family.

I had seen pictures of a Sears automobile in the Sears Roebuck catalogue and wondered about such a marvel. My sister, Phyllis, and I were spending a week with Grandfather Watkins near Hickory Point and Watkins Store, when we were informed by telephone from the store that an automobile was there on the way to Ulman and would pass the house soon. We all put our chairs in a row in the front yard and waited. I then saw my first automobile, but as it was whizzing by so fast (about 10 miles per hour) I didn't get a good look. I had heard that J.A. (Alf) Eads, the telephone man at Iberia, had bought a big red Sterling automobile, but I had never seen it. In 1913, Mr. Eads obtained the Ford Agency and people actually began buying them. Even unto this day for a small fortune (not \$326.00) you can buy a Ford at Eads Motor Company operated by Alf's son Jim. Wonder of wonders that the next 3 cars I saw were together. They passed our house on their way to Brumley to attend a good roads meeting. One car was driven by Mr. Eads, one by George Osborn accompanied by L.F. Atwell and the other, I think by F.S. Ramsey. They had trouble getting through the mud in the road below the spring, but all three cars made it across. I kept score on the cars. I saw up to about 12 then lost count.

I well remember my first auto ride. Dad and I were walking home from Peter Shelton's when Dr. W.A. Von Grempe over took us on a rocky hillside and gave us a ride home. He had a 1913 or 1914 Model T Ford and it glided over the rocks much smoother than our Springfield farm wagon or our covered hack that was purchased from Groff and Hedge Hardware. I had gone with Dad in the wagon to get the new hack and rode in it tied behind the wagon all the way home.

This rocky hillside was the scene of an accident I had once while running Dad's saddle horse down it. Old Bob stumbled and fell throwing me over his head. I was barefoot and landed several feet ahead of the horse on my hands and knees sliding on the loose rock. The horse's knees were cut and bruised as well as my own. One side of the bulge on the saddle was damaged and a wooden stirrup was crushed. Dad didn't punish me for running the horse, but got the bottle of White Liniment (good for man or beast) and applied it to our cuts and bruises. It was like liquid fire and I wondered how the horse endured it. I had learned a lesson. I often used very poor judgment and would ride calves and steers. One time I was thrown from the back of a running steer and my head struck a fence post. I don't think the post was damaged, but I had a knot as big as an egg on my forehead.

About 1915, I saw my first train. My Uncle Elbert and Aunt Edith lived near Richland and our family, Ray Casey's family, Dan Walls family and the Arthur Miles family all went to visit them and attend the Richland fair. I don't remember much about the fair except seeing the train pass and the two automobiles that were gaily decorated and filled with girls that paraded on the fair ground. I wasn't interested in the girls (at that time), but the autos sure caught my eye. One was a Ford and the other a Maxwell or Overland. We all spent the night at Uncle Elbert's in one house. There were children filling the floors of every room, the hall and overflowing out across the front porch.

Father bought his first car in July 1917 and it wasn't long before his 12 year old son was looking through the steering wheel and driving it. The Model T Ford at this time sold for \$362.00 F.O.B. Detroit, but increased that Fall to \$382.00. No Fords at that time had self starters. A few years later for \$100.00 extra you could get one with electric starters. Tires were molded fabric and didn't last long on the country roads. Dr. Preston Thompson (named after my father) of Brumley, after finishing medical training, enlisted in the Canadian Medical Corps in order to get experience in the European War that started in 1914. He served his time and returned shortly before Americans entered the conflict in 1917. He said he had more experience than he wanted, but knew he would be called upon to go again. This proved to be the case, but between enlistments he passed our house in a "Jitney" driven by John Halsey. Having a punctured tire, they asked for a tube patching. Dad got it and we went out to the car. As we approached, the doctor said, "Press, that boy has adenoids and he has them bad". A quick diagnosis, but accurate. I often had tonsillitis and had to miss school frequently. Dr. Thompson said

bring him to Brumley and let me look him over. Mother & Dad talked it over and took me to Brumley where the doctor examined me in the back of his father's store. He said he could remove my tonsils and adenoids at home without any help, but they could get another doctor to assist him if they thought best. Dad talked to Dr. Duncan who examined me and said it should be done and a day was set for the operation. The dining room table was washed in boiling water and placed in the screened back porch. The two doctors arrived and after the instruments were boiled on the kitchen stove, they told me to get on the table. I climbed upon the table and heard one of them say, "His pulse is as regular as pig tracks", (I doubted this). Then came the ether and when I awakened I was in my bed. I was nervous for sometime and had a ringing in my ears for several years.

Sometime before this (about 1914) lightning struck our barn. It happened one Sunday when Grandfather and Grandmother Watkins were there. Their team of mules were in the barn as were our two mares. Grandpa, Dad, Phyllis and I were at the spring when this keen clap of lightning struck. We soon saw the barn was on fire. The men ran to the barn to get the horses and mules out. One of the mules was killed when the barn was struck. Grandpa cut the collar from its neck and they got the other one out, but were unable to get to the mares who perished in the flames. A new barn was erected which stood on the same spot for about 40 years and then it suffered the same fate. One instance where lightning did strike twice in the same place.

My sister and I sometimes rode to Honey Springs School which was named from a bee tree at the spring nearby, when the first schoolhouse was erected. The school building, where we attended, was made of concrete and had once been struck by lightning and repaired. The horse we rode, "Old Nell", was purchased from John Casey along with a light weight cushion seated saddle and fancy bridle. During hay harvest, we rode horses that dragged the hay shocks from the field to where the hay was put into hay stacks. There was someone to tie the rope around the shock for us. Later, when I was old enough to do a man's work, I would drive the horse with light rope plow lines, tie the drag rope around the bottom of the shock, and ride the shock in. Sounds like fun, but it was work too. Later I would operate the hayrake behind the mower after the grass cured, raking it and dumping it into windrows. The shockers then came with their pitch forks and made the hay shocks. After we had moved to the Tavern Creek Farm in the Madden neighborhood, Armyl Ambrose, a friend near my age, and I were dragging shocks. He started to tie on a shock and I was nearby doing the same, when I heard him say, "I smell wasps." I said get away from there and get another shock. I have heard that copperhead snakes when disturbed, smell like that. When we reported this to dad, he sent Elbert Condra with the hay rake to bring that shock in. Sure enough, when he got to where the stack was being erected, a copperhead snake was found impaled on one of the rake teeth.

My Uncle John, who lived in Iberia and had a farm adjoining grandpas, bought a car in 1917 and began planning a better road across the Barren Fork Creek. The old crossing was about where the present Highway 42 bridge is today. A new road was made running about 1/4 mile north from the Elmer Barton house below the juncture of the two creeks and joining the Iberia-Brumley road going west around the Little Creek, also known as Pemberton Branch and shown on old maps as Elk Creek. The sign on Highway 42 now says Spring Creek. The trees were sawed down with 2 man cross cut saws and the stumps were removed by a stump puller, operated by horses. Years later, when Highway 42 went through, it followed the old route and both streams were bridged.

Elmer Barton also had a Ford as did Press Pemberton, Ray Casey and my Uncle Wade Pemberton. Another Uncle, Elbert moved from Richland to Kissee Mills in Taney County where he had a store. Our family and the Ray Casey family decided to visit them. After a lot of preparation, we started early one morning and reached Lebanon by noon. The roads were better down that way and we reached Springfield about 4 p.m. I had started out wearing my "Sunday clothes", but tired of them and at noon I had removed my shoes and put on overalls. We parked on the square and the men got out to inquire about the way to Ozark. Mother told me to stay in the car as she didn't think I should be running around in the big city barefoot in overalls. She made a grab at me, but I jumped out of the car and went along. She was mortified! We got to within a few miles of Ozark, when we decided to make camp across the road from a house after getting permission from the owner. We got out our quilts and blankets. All the kids were sleeping on pallets on the ground. It began to rain and the man came out and told us to come into the house and sleep on the big covered porch, which we did. The next morning when we were ready to continue our journey, the Casey's car refused to start. Dad was pulling it with our car. It still refused to start, but backfired and blew off the muffler, so we towed it to Ozark and found a garage. They found that the coils (four in number) were wet and would have to be put in an oven and dried. This was done and we started toward Forsyth. Somehow, we took a wrong turn and kept getting into rougher country. No houses, no people, no roads, except the trail we were on. At last, we met a wagon pulled by a horse and a white jenny. The man said we were on one road to Forsyth, but it was like climbing trees. Later was a sign lettered backward that said Forsyth and finally we did reach the town and proceeded toward Kissee Mills reaching there before dark. We found everyone very friendly and we kids had a wonderful time playing with several cousins, Olin Wolfe and others. Uncle Elbert took us fishing at the mill dam on Beaver Creek, but we didn't catch anything. The men and boys also went to White River, but no luck. Uncle Ray and dad bought some cattle while we were there and they were shipped to Crocker. The old town of Kissee Mills is now under water and I have been told that a good place to fish is over the site of the old mill dam.

We lived for six years at this farm, but it seemed to me that it had been forever. So

much had happened in those few years and time goes so slowly when one is young. During World War I, prices on livestock and farm products had increased greatly as well as land prices. Many farmers began to expand, selling their farms and trading or buying better or larger farms and going into debt, which was to be a disaster for them. My father had sold part of one farm to Willard Duncan and the rest of this farm to my Uncle Wade. He sold the farm where we were living to Matt Pemberton and bought the Bill Madden place on the Tavern Creek 4 1/2 miles south of Iberia. This was considered to be one of the best farms in south Miller County. The house stood between Madden Church and Madden Schoolhouse. Across the creek was a 40 acre tract of woods pasture. He bought an adjoining 40 acres of woods making an 80 acre tract of hill land. Albert Whittle and Owen Barnett contracted to cut much of the standing timber into saw logs and the Malmberg saw mill was set on the bank of the creek at the Madden ford. The 80 acre tract was fenced and a large herd of goats purchased and sent to Crocker by train. I helped drive them home and helped tend them. They were good brush killers and kept many of the sprouts from becoming trees.

I was 13 years old when we moved to the creek farm and when not in school, I was doing a man's work or so I thought. I had a few steel traps and rabbit gums and found time before school to ride across the creek and check on them. I sometimes caught a muskrat, skunk, opossum or rabbit. There was a long narrow spring fed natural lake that began just north of the Madden ford and was a short distance from the creek. The depth of the water in the deepest part was from 8 to 10 feet. Bill Eiffert, whose father owned the farm, had built a flat bottom boat that was kept tied to a tree on the bank of the pond or slough as it was called. This was a source of much pleasure to me and I tended my muskrat traps, fished and hunted frogs from this boat. I broke ground in the spring with a three horse riding sulky and sometimes a walking plow. Also operated harrows, discs and drags to prepare the ground for planting. On weekends (Sundays) the neighborhood boys would get together to hunt, fish or get on our horses to attend church at Madden, Pleasant Hill, Concord, Bethany or sometimes Iberia. Not that we were pious, but that church was about the only place to go and sometimes I am afraid we didn't go inside to hear the sermon. When I was about 17, dad said it was time I had a saddle of my own and I agreed. He said his father had bought a saddle for each of his sons and he would do the same (only one saddle to buy). Adams and Casey had two saddles made for sale in South America by Strauss Saddle Co., St. Louis. I chose the one with basket weave design and wide bulge in front. I started to build my fortune (?) with a sorrel mule colt when sold brought \$75.00. With this I bought calves and kept them until they were yearlings. My Grandfather Watkins sold me three really good calves once, but lightning struck and killed all three. This would have ruined me, but my kind Grandfather took pity on me and sent me a check for the money I had paid him. I had a small bank account and for spending money I wrote checks for one to three dollars and I didn't throw money

around as I now do (?).

My teacher at Madden School was A. Y. Johnston; an old time teacher and one of the best. I graduated from the eighth grade at age 16 and that fall entered the Iberia Academy. My sister Phyllis had already attended the academy one year rooming in town and when I started, we were to go from home each day in a one horse buggy. Later we changed the buggy for two horses and drove a team of saddle horses. After my sister graduated in 1924, I ordered a pair of saddle pockets from Sears and attached them to my saddle. They were World War I surplus U.S. Army. One side held my lunch and books, the other nine ears of corn for the horse. My first two years I played baseball on the second team under protest from my sister who wanted to get home earlier, unless there was some school event that night. My third year, I made the first team and played third base. My last year, I went out for football and played left tackle. Clarence Casey was our coach and we played five games without a loss; although, we tied with Jefferson City. I was short some credits in math and had attended summer school at Southwest Baptist College at Bolivar in order to have enough credits to graduate from the academy in 1925.

I began dating Gertrude Hedge in 1923. We broke off a few times, but in 1928 the relationship was made permanent when we were married in St. Louis. I took the teachers examination at Tusculumbia in 1925 and in April, I was hired to teach the Madden District School. I believe there were 32 or 35 pupils enrolled in all 8 grades and it kept one teacher, what might be described, as busy. I, also, kept the wood heater going and swept the floor.

Early one Saturday morning we heard shouting from across the creek from some men on horseback who said a man was believed to have drowned in the flooded stream. I threw the saddle on my horse and galloped 1/2 mile up the stream, crossing to where they said it happened. Hamon Duncan and I arrived at the same time. We found the horses out of the water, but against a high bank. They had come unhitched from the wagon which was found farther down the stream. Hamon and I got the horses bridles and made them climb the steep bank. It seems Buck Lawrence and Wade Brumley had driven the wagon into the swollen stream in an attempt to cross. Buck said Wade could not swim and was holding onto his back. A small tree washed against Wade and carried him down stream. Buck managed to reach safety. The banks on both sides of the creek were soon filled with searchers. I rode for the rest of the day, but no one found the body until the next day when it was discovered about 3 miles down stream by Harry Haus and Ott Wall.

I had planned when school was out to go to Detroit or St. Louis to try to get employment at an auto plant or something connected with the automobile business. Others had the same idea. A friend and classmate, Ernie Humphrey, was going to drive to St. Louis. Orville Wyrick, (who was teaching Iberia Public School wanted a job

through the summer) Spurgeon Groff and I went with Ernie. Most of Highway 66 was not yet paved and detours were plentiful. Ernie's tires were not very good and we had several punctures. Once, picking up an 80 penny nail that took two stitches in the tire. We stayed in a hotel and the next day found Jack Thompson who was running a rooming house for his sister Mrs. Ace Grady. We rented rooms there and Orville and I were again roommates. We had been roommates the summer we were at Bolivar. Every morning we joined a crowd outside the Chevrolet and Fisher body employment office. If they needed a man or a few men, they came out and chose from the crowd. After about a week, Orville was called in and hired in the parts department at 39 cents per hour. This was a lot less than the assembly line paid, as most of that was piece work. Orville soon discovered that you worked 10 hours had supper and went back for 3 more hours. Thirteen hour days straight time. This was when they were behind with dealer's orders, but this was most of the time. Orville talked to the foreman about hiring me, but he said no openings now. After another week, I was ready to give up and go home. Orville talked to the foreman again and he said bring him in tomorrow and glory be, I was hired as a stock clerk. My first duties were to open, unpack and put away incoming parts and to keep the bins replenished for the order fillers.

Orville was to be married to Grace Martin, another teacher in the Iberia School, so he left me and returned with his bride to set up housekeeping near by until they returned to Iberia. I kept the room at \$5.00 per week, eating at lunch rooms or buying a lunch box from the wagon that appeared at the main gate each morning.

Bill Tucker, my pal from academy days whose home was in Detroit, wanted to get a job in St. Louis. He stayed a week with me and not finding work returned to Detroit. He was a brother to Preston Tucker of the revolutionary and ill fated Tucker Automobile. I wanted a car and on my way to work noticed a sporty late mode Ford on display at a dealers used car lot on Easton Avenue near Union Avenue. It was a 1926 Roadster about 6 months old and equipped with balloon tires, front bumper, glass windshield wings, oversize walnut lock steering wheel, foot feed, cowl lights and, of course, a starter and "ooga horn". The sign said \$265.00. I met the salesman Lester (or Leslie) Vincel and after trying it out offered him \$225.00 cash and he sold it to me. It was a good car and served me well for the next three years. Ernest's father, Anvil Humphrey, was working at the plant and moved his family to St. Louis, where they rented a three story house and took boarders from Iberia, so I left my room and boarded there until I married in 1928. I paid \$8.00 per week for room and board. There were 7 or 8 boys or men staying there all the time and I have often wondered how Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey endured us. We were working 7 days per week 13 hours per day except Saturday and Sunday when we worked 9 or 10 hours.

It was decided to put a night shift on at the parts department, and I was chosen to be night Shipping Clerk. Since I wanted to find out my duties, I worked the 10 hours

before I was to go on the night with Floyd Gales the regular Shipping Clerk. This gave me a 20 hour day to start. After that each shift worked a regular 10 hour period. My duties were to mark the weight as the boxes, crates or cartons came down the conveyor to the scale, put on the order number, number of pieces, and the route they were to go. Also, the stencils from Chevrolet Motor Company, St. Louis, and the dealers name and address. Put it on a two wheel truck and deposit it near the loading dock, keeping each order together. Next, when you had time, go to the billing machine and make out the bill of lading. This part I left to Floyd when he came on as I had to learn to classify freight. After a time, it was decided to go back to day shift with overtime and have 2 shipping clerks. Later a third was added. I had started at 39 cents. Later a 5 cents raise and reached 47 cents per hour. I think when I left in 1929, I was getting 52 cents per hour.

Gertrude's parents moved to Springfield, Missouri and she was attending college. She had graduated from Business College and taught commercial subjects at School of the Ozarks. We didn't see much of each other, but always arranged to visit Iberia for Encampment or picnic time and at Christmas. We had been engaged most of the time since 1924, but both of us dated others at times. We attended the Encampment about the first of August in 1928, and we decided she was to come to St. Louis and be married. Bill and Mary Hedge were going on a visit to Illinois and I was to meet them outside St. Louis. I asked for time off from work and one of my bosses said, "Why do you want to do that? You are doing fine and having a good time". Another said, "He has as much right to starve a woman as we do". So it was agreed that I should have leave. I didn't tell anyone else and on August 8th started down Route 66 thinking, "Well, she may have decided that she can't do any worse and may be on the way". Sure enough, about 50 miles down the road I spied Bill Hedges Whippet. Gertrude was dressed in overalls and I thought, "She is preparing for a life of toil and hardships". Glen Casey was with them going to St. Louis to visit John and Elsworth Groff. We had lunch at a roadside cafe and I am not sure what I had, but it tasted a little like nectar and ambrosia. Bill and Mary proceeded on their way and I took Gertrude to Ruth and Berry Livingston's house. We had been schoolmates and best friends for years. Ruth was surprised to see Gertrude and more so when she was asked to be a witness to a wedding. Gertrude changed from overalls to a dress; although, I told her it would still be legal if she wanted to be married in overalls. I drove down Market Street to the Criminal Court building as I felt a crime was being committed. We were directed to the Civil Courts building where we obtained a license and found a Justice of the Peace who was willing to do his part. We then took Ruth home and proceeded to look for light housekeeping rooms. We found some that suited us on Page Avenue and began our life together. Bill and Mary returned and we went down to buy our furniture wholesale as Bill was in the hardware business with his father. We bought a gas range and ice box at Simmons Hardware and the furniture at Butler Brothers. We rented a lower apartment in a four family building at 1902 Clara

Avenue at \$35.00 per month. Three nice rooms and near my work. The furniture was delivered and we lived there for six months.

Most of the time I didn't work Sundays and sometimes a shorter day on Saturday. On Saturday nights, we would attend a neighborhood theater. When we came out the Sunday newspapers would be on sale and we would buy two copies; St. Louis Globe Democrat and St. Louis Post Dispatch and two giant candy bars. On Sunday, we could go to Forest Park and see all the sights. We had company too; Berry, Ruth and baby Lita Lynn, Orville and Virgie Ulman, Spurgeon and Florence Groff and other Iberia people. Gertrude's mother came for a few days and my folks came once. Gertrude's friend from School of the Ozarks, Cloe Owens, paid us a visit one weekend.

Gertrude's father, W.T. Hedge, Sr., who owned the hardware business in Iberia, thought that we should move to Iberia and enter the hardware business with him and son Bill Jr. Mr. Hedge still lived in Springfield, but being improved in health he sold his house about a year later and came back to his old home in Iberia. I had misgivings about making the change, but we decided to do so and in February 1929, we moved to Iberia and lived in Mr. Hedge's house until they came back to Iberia. Bill Press was born there and we all lived together for a time. Mr. Hedge had bought back the house where his son Bill, Jr. lived and we moved to it and lived there for about 10 years. I was paid \$60.00 per month from the hardware and we managed to live on this amount and save a few dollars. Gertrude went to work at one dollar per day at the Bank of Iberia and her mother kept Bill and later Linda and Becky through the day. I also milked their cow and we got our milk and butter as well as free house rent. Mr. Hedge subsidized all of his children for rent or it's equivalent and tried to be fair. His family always came first and he and Mrs. Hedge themselves lived with economy.

Then in November 1929 the stock market crashed beginning the great depression. The farmers and stockmen had already been hit by the drop in farm product prices at the close of World War I and already had their backs to the wall. Almost all who worked in the cities were thrown out of work and many began trickling back to the hills living in old abandoned houses, huts, or wherever they could find shelter. The merchants who had always given credit to good honest people now found that many accounts and notes could not be collected and they themselves found that they had a difficult time staying in business.

My wages were cut to \$50.00, but I was lucky to have a job. In the meantime, Mr. Hedge had sold us the house we lived in for \$900.00 and we had over \$500.00 to pay down on it. One town election I was put on the town board and made secretary and treasurer while my good friend Wes Condra was mayor. A few years later I was again elected and we were to meet that night at 7:30 to organize. When I arrived I found that I was the victim of a dastardly plot. They assembled at 7:00 and had elected me as mayor. No one wanted the honor. It was a big headache because all the complaints were

directed to him. I was assured that all I would do was preside at our meetings. One time I was called upon to make an arrest. A man wouldn't let the marshall arrest him. He lay down in the street and called for me to arrest him, which I did.

In April 1939, Iberia suffered a disastrous fire in which nine business houses, two residences and two other small buildings were destroyed. It started at the Adams produce building the site of several stores operated at different times by many old time merchants; including F.S. Ramsey, C.O. Short and Albert Vaughan. The underground tank at the gas pump in front of the store was being filled by the Eads tank truck, driven by Jim Eads, when two school boys came by and started to light a cigarette by striking a match where the fumes were coming up from the filler pipe of the tank (some say on a dare). The fumes caught fire and an explosion from the tank was feared. One of Adams' employees removed the hose from the tank spraying flaming gas over the front of the building. Jim ran for help and his father and Oral Atwell arrived and shut the valve. J.A. drove the truck and Oral worked the fire extinguisher as they drove out of town where the truck fire was soon extinguished. The fire threatened many times to cross main street. Weather boards on some of the buildings smoked from the intense heat and the Nixdorf building caught, but was quickly extinguished by the bucket brigade. The little pitcher mouth pump that had replaced the old pump in the town well on the southwest corner of Main and St. Louis Street, performed heroically as did the water supply in the hand dug well. Other pumps were being worked as well. I was stationed on the roof of the side room at the store and others were in the upstairs and dashing water up on the front. I was directly across from the Irwin and Perkins garage as it burned, and expected an explosion at anytime from their tanks. The M.E. Kinder two story concrete building slowed the fire and it didn't cross Highway 42.

In September 1939 our second child (a daughter Linda Sue) was born. About that same time we began hearing rumors that a big army camp was to be built in the woods near Waynesville. This proved to be true and soon hundreds were being hired to clear the forests and start putting up foundation forms for the buildings that soon followed. The main gate to the fort is about the spot where Wildwood Post Office and Store stood. I had often heard my father tell that a Mr. Williams, the proprietor, owned a mad stone and had treated many people who had been bitten by rabid animals. In fact, a distant cousin George Pemberton near Brumley, had a dog go mad and bite 3 or 4 of his sons who were taken to Wild-wood and treated with this mad stone. I have never seen a mad stone, but it was described as a sponge like organ taken from an elk or deer. When placed upon the bite it would extract the venom and fall off. It was placed in milk which turned green. It was then replaced on the wound. This was repeated until it would no longer adhere to the wound.

In 1941 troops, supplies and equipment were pouring in and many of the buildings were ready for temporary use. I had always thought I would like to work for the

government in a civil service job, but was afraid to take temporary employment. I wanted to get on the register and be appointed from it in regular civil service. Then came December 7, 1941 when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. My sister Glennis was teaching in St. Louis County and we had taken her to Crocker to catch a train to St. Louis. I pulled up to the curb in Crocker and Stanley Mace ran up to the car and said, "The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor and I have two boys that will have to go".

On April 10, 1942, Billy Junior Hedge who had been trying to get a job at the fort, said the day before they were calling for sheet metal workers. So Billy, Arch Hammack, Chester and Raymond Catron and I went to see. They said I could see the shop officer and directed me to the wrong shop where they directed me to another wrong shop. They said some new shops were opening right across the hollow, so I struck out for there. At the first building I ran into Oral Atwell, Dorsey Willis and Elmer Adams who had been hired as mechanics. They directed me to the shops officer who was Capt. Munger (a colonel when he retired). I showed him my civil service rating and he sent me back to the employment office to be hired. On the way back I met the other boys and told them where to go and to see Capt. Munger. They all were hired and five of us took turns about driving for sometime. Dorsey, Oral, Billy, Withero Shackleford started the car pool. Gas and tires were rationed and I didn't want to drive if I could pay for a ride with someone else. However, it was difficult to keep a load together as some were being called for military duty or changing jobs constantly. I continued to drive my Studebaker and always had plenty of riders. At first there was very little to do in the shop and I tried to keep busy cleaning the work benches, sweeping, etc. I also wrote requisitions and ordered the body parts for our department. I signed everything H.V. Clouse and he said I wrote his name better than he could. I told him I had no trouble in cashing checks with his signature. Train loads of vehicles to be repaired began coming in as well as trailers and other equipment to be assembled. We had been put on hourly rates with time and a half for overtime. I began working long hours, but I was making 92 cents per hour plus overtime.

In January 1941 our second daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was born. Our neighbor, Professor Shultz, had built a fieldstone house, one of the few houses in Iberia with a bathroom and running water. He decided to leave the Junior College here and go elsewhere. He told me about his plans and asked me if I knew anyone who would buy his house for what it cost him to have it built; \$2500.00. I thought it sounded like a good deal and we had the money, so I sent for Gertrude who was at her mothers to come home as we had something to discuss. When she got home I told her about it and we talked it over. She said we would go over there and look at the place and she would let me decide. I told Mr. Shultz that I may have found him a buyer. He said, "This quick"? We looked and talked and Gertrude began to get cold feet. She went home and told me to do as I thought best. We soon closed the deal and began making plans to have a kitchen

and porch built on the back before we moved. After this was done and we moved in, we rented our old house for \$15.00 per month.

The war wound down to a close in 1945 and in 1946 the fort was put on a standby basis and only a housekeeping crew was left. The personnel office notified me if I was interested in going to Ft. Francis E. Warren in Wyoming to get in touch with a major who had been our shop officer at Ft. Wood. I thought this was a little too far from home and I was planning on going into business of some kind for myself. Mr. Hedge had sold the hardware business to W.T. Jr. and Mary's husband Clyde Bilyeu. After a time Bilyeu was forced out to make room for Bill's sons. Clyde and I decided to go into the hardware business together if we could find a suitable location. Redus Rowden had put up a new building for a cafe and wanted to put in a pool hall. He said if we could buy the Roark Cafe and pool hall he would take the fixtures we didn't want. It was an excellent location, but cramped for room. We made a deal with Mr. Roark and the deed to the property was made that night while we let everyone play pool free. Clyde and I went to Hancock and purchased the counters and a show case from the old Alexander store and with Charley Hawkins, who had a power saw, we began to make the shelving and display tables. We bought some sheet metal tools from Mert Skaggs at Crocker and scales from Joe Warden along with lumber for shelving and tables. About this time Oscar Wilson finished a big new brick building. He would never tell what it was to be used for, but now he said he was putting in hardware and had his barn full of goods. This caused the "Sentinel" to announce that Iberia was to have three hardware stores which they did for sometime. It was a problem to find enough goods to stock a store at that time. The war had been over for a year, but the scarcity of goods remained for sometime. Manley Humphrey, a long time hardware salesman, helped us a lot. He was at that time with Tiemann Hardware, St. Louis. He told us several places to get certain things. Witte Hardware supplied some and Butler Bros. Harold Newcomb at Crocker bought goods from Belknap at Louisville and told the salesman to come to Iberia to see us. He did this and they became one of our best suppliers. Also, West Plains Hardware began calling on us and in frequent trips to St. Louis. I found quite a bit at Mississippi Valley Hardware and Banner Hardware Company and others. The rural electrical program had started and there was a big demand for electrical supplies as almost everyone wanted electricity and buildings had to be wired so they could be hooked on the lines as they came through the country. At first supplies were hard to come by, but an electrician told us about Capitol Supply in Jefferson City. They started in business in the back of Bordeaux Hardware Store wholesaling electrical supplies. We got in touch with them and they supplied us with almost anything needed and we became one of their best customers. They sent trucks as far south as Houston (Texas County) and said they sold us more than anyone south of the Missouri River.

After being on a standby basis for four years Fort Leonard Wood was reactivated in

1950 and I wanted to go back in government work. We decided to hire Clyde's wife Mary to work in the store for me if I went back to the fort. I went to the shop and consulted my old friend Bill Green who had been in charge of the motor pool and maintenance shops during the stand by period. I signed up and was sworn in again (this time to stay 20 more years until I retired one day before my 65th birthday). Those were busy days for me as when I got back from work I stayed in the store until 8 or 9 o'clock at night (the usual hours for merchants at that time). Then on Saturday, the big day when everyone came to town, I worked all day.

About 1951, Clyde suffered a stroke and was unable to continue in the business. I used my annual leave and built up time to look after the business for about a month. Hirsty McKee came in after he got in from his mail route and helped me for some time. Gertrude got in touch with our son Bill Press who had returned from Korea and was stationed at Evansville, Illinois. He said if we bought Clyde's part of the business he would like to come back to Iberia and run the store as soon as his enlistment was over. We made a deal for Clyde's part and hired John Bond to work in the store with Gertrude who quit her work at the fort. The three of us operated the business in this manner until Bill was discharged from the Marines. He came back, and after John left, operated the business with my help for four years. He suffered from sinus trouble and decided to go to a warmer climate on the sea coast. I told him to go ahead and I would sell or close out the business as I wanted to continue my work at the fort. Bill then left for Florida and went to work for Chemstrand Corp. Lillian, Bill's wife, was teaching in the Iberia school, but resigned and Gertrude, Linda, Becky and I took Lillian and daughter, Sherri, to Florida.

I advertised the business for sale, but had no buyers. So for about a year I would open the store on Saturdays and nights after I got in from work and sell at reduced prices. I sold the stock of bolts, pipe fittings and rope to Aubrey Robinson who had the Western Auto Store and the stock of horse shoes to a blacksmith at Richland. A country store owner bought the fishing tackle and some show cases. Finally in April 1957, we had an auction sale and disposed of the rest of the goods. We had two auctioneers and I served as clerk and Gertrude as cashier.

We made about two trips each year to Florida while Bill was there and got to see a lot of the south. We would go different routes in order to see more of the country.

The fort was made a permanent installation in the early fifties and we soon were graded for permanent appointments. My grade was in the 90's as body repairman. Later I took a pay cut in order to have the management of the Auto Glass Shop where I stayed until the day before my 65th birthday. When I retired, I was given a send off at the shop with a cake and presented with a rod and reel from fellow workers. I have now been retired for 21 years.

Way Back Yonder

SEPTEMBER 1, 1938

More than 100 friends of County Agent and Mrs. W. D. House gave a basket dinner Saturday evening at Riverside Park in their honor, on the occasion of their leaving soon for Blue Springs, where Mr. House will have a position with the Certified Dairy, owned by his father-in-law, C. E. Adams.

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Remains of Confederate Soldier killed in skirmish disinterred.

In Memoriam: William Shelton Watkins.

That another chapter, though short it be, has been written against the life of one of the county's pioneers, this tribute is a fitting memorial and a reminder to the generations, of the spirit, type and life of a true pioneer.

William Shelton Watkins was born in Virginia on May 14, 1829. He grew to young manhood on the family homestead and learned the carpenter's trade, together with stone cutting, construction, and general mechanical work.

In 1849, he started from his native state, on the Atlantic coast, to California, on the Pacific coast. The impelling motive was the discovery of gold in California. The journey required more than six months time, such emigrants encountering many and grave dangers.

Arriving in the "gold region" in late 1849, with pick and shovel, he did his own prospecting, discovered a lead, which he worked all alone for four years, when it "played out". With his acquired gold he returned by way of Cape Horn to Virginia in 1854, to find that many of his relatives and neighbors had "gone west" into Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and other places "West". He, too, set out to visit his emigrant people and find for himself a suitable location. Late in the year 1854 found him in Missouri, but intending to go on into Colorado.

While visiting an aunt, Mrs. Margaret C. McCubbin, nee Watkins, she persuaded him to settle at once and quit his search for some ideal place. He began to enter and buy land in what is now the Hickory Point community. Watkins post office is located on his original farm. He gave twenty acres of the land to the formation of a public school and did much of the work of erecting a log building for a school house. The Hickory Point Public school still holds forth on the twenty acre tract donated for that purpose.

Early in 1855 he was married to Miss Mary Jane Livingston. They became the parents of James Bolen, Bird T., Perry M., Emmet G., and Laurretta Watkins, the latter being now Mrs. W. G. Irwin of Iberia.

In the seven years immediately preceding the Civil War, he became possessed of some 240 acres of land, fenced much of it with rails hauled from a timbered area, erected a large dwelling, barn, and other buildings. He set an orchard of more than 200 trees, of various types and kinds, of his own grafting and budding, from stock, scions, and buds brought overland from Kentucky. The tools used at the farm work were of wood of his own workmanship. Plows, harrows, a cane mill, a wagon having solid wooden wheels, reap hooks, a grain cradle, spinning wheel, a weaver's loom, tables, chairs, and many other necessary utensils of pioneer life were used. He stocked the farm with cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, and a yoke of oxen. He also had a large apiary.

Then came the great Civil War, which for a time, threatened to rend Missouri into two vast warring camps. Through the influence of one of his "right-hand men", he decided to join the cause of the Southern Confederacy and after secreting the remainder of his unused gold, consisting of one larger and

four smaller nuggets, and having refrained from giving any clue as to its location, on October 20, 1861, he started on horseback, along with others, under Captain William R. Wright, to join General Sterling Price, who was at the time operating with a large Army between Springfield and Lebanon.

Small units of one side or the other were actively operating in many communities. One of these antagonistic units was encountered on the second day out near Richland, and a skirmish ensued. Being unequaled, a retreat was ordered. In this retreat the subject of this sketch was seen to fall from his horse, a fractious, and just then, a much frightened steed. From the shock of the fall he failed to arise. A rifle shot from one of the pursuing unit, and known by one of his comrades to have been fired into his prostrate body, ended his earthly career. His body was later retrieved, returned to his family and interred just beyond the yard fence from the family home.

The years passed. The time came when members of the G.A.R. Miles Carroll Post No. 111, Iberia, Mo., interviewed members of the family relative to a removal of the remains from the farm field to a cemetery not far away. As there was some opposition, the removal was not then accomplished.

In recent years, the American Legion, Fremont Watkins Post, Iberia, became active in this matter and on Saturday, August 27, 1938, the remains were disinterred after a lapse of seventy-seven years. In the fast dissolving bones of the head was found the large leaden bullet which struck out his life.

An adventurous spirit of the true pioneer mold; of the type whose lives have been worthy of emulation, and whose scions should be worthy of the blood of their sires. Thus, is closed another chapter in the life book of another worthwhile life.

The 1925 race up Courthouse Hill

Several weeks ago pictures of the steps from the riverfront to courthouse hill in Tuscumbia were printed in the paper. Those pictures prompted this letter from Hilary H. Pemberton of Iberia.

The recent article and pictures of the steps leading from Tuscumbia's downtown to the Courthouse reminded me of a foot race up the hill in 1925.

Most of the county school teachers and would-be teachers were in Tuscumbia for teachers' examinations. I was in a group that had started up to the Courthouse when an argument began regarding the quickest way to reach the hilltop. Some thought it would be by taking the steps, while others thought it would be by taking the path that ran alongside the steps.

We decided to settle the question with a foot race. Orville Wyrick and Berry Livingston, who often ran races on the Iberia Academy Athletic Field and were very evenly matched, were chosen as the victims. Orville to take the steps and Berry the foot path.

The signal was given and they were off (away off). The result was a victory for Berry and it was agreed that the path was the quickest way up to the Courthouse.

If anyone remains unconvinced, I suggest that they contact Berry and Orville as to whether they want a rematch 63 years later.