

COOKEVILLE IN RETROSPECT

By Gertrude Whitney
113 North Storey Street,
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After school days in Cookeville Miss Whitney was society editor of The Cookeville Press for a number of years, and was employed as an assistant in the post office for several years, during the postmastership of L. J. Garner and C. H. Whitney. Following the death of her father she was reporter on a Ft. Pierce (Fla.) newspaper. Observing the work of a "Travelers Aid", and, following a York Central station in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1916, where she served two years. Early in 1918 she was transferred to Petersburg, VA., to do war camp community work at Camp Lee, and remained there until after armistice the following November. After World War I Miss Whitney returned to Buffalo and was employed as field agent for the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which work proved to be particularly trying. Leaving Buffalo in 1921 she was employed in Nashville, Tenn., in work of a similar nature for ten years. Later, quoting Miss Whitney: "In 1932 I found an ideal spot and have since made Dallas my home. I have found many warm and appreciated friends here who have given me a big hand in my efforts to encourage and develop recreation in all the parks. This has been a stimulating and enjoyable combination of work and pleasure. Ill health has deprived me of this pleasure for the past two years."

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Dedicated to
MY FATHER AND MOTHER
Who made it possible for me to enjoy the happy life I lived in Cookeville
and to
PAUL WHITNEY AND DAN
Who have been my inspiration, in later years, as I have watched
their young lives unfold.

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COOKEVILLE IN RETROSPECT

1887-1913

With appreciation for friends and regrets for foes:

Because of the fact that I have no date to make this an authentic, historic, effort and also the fact that I have given away pieces of my "mind" so many times, that my memory has become impaired - I am writing this in lighter vein, endeavoring only to show the things that often give happiness when least expected. In writing this I find it difficult to think of anything unpleasant in connection with Cookeville during my days there. I think of them now, as one golden dream.

These fragmentary stories of how Cookeville grew from a little mountain town to a large and wealthy educational center, and what it has meant to me, are to serve as a testimonial of friendship and appreciation for the pioneers, and for those still carrying on so well in this wonder city.

I call it a wonder city because during my residence there for twenty-five years, they never had a severe epidemic of any kind, nor an accident involving many injured and some casualties; no conflagration swept the city, destroying many properties; no devastating storm leveled a large number of buildings and no major crime was committed there. Isn't that a wonderful record for nay city?

During that period of time I knew every man, woman and child within its boundaries - and it was said, I knew every dog by name.

"I want to go home-
To the dear old town
With its shaded streets
And the open square:
And the hills
And the fields
And the house I love;
And the paths I knew -
I want to go home.

If I can't go back, to the happy days
Yet I can live
Where the shadows lie -
Under the trees
And over the grass-
I want to be there
Where the joy was once.
I want to go home!
I want to go home!

A friend sent me a copy of the Herald recently and I went to pay tribute to all mentioned therein and to all, whether I recall their names or not, who in any way helped create this Magic City.

I recall hearing a number of years ago that the town was named for a Mr. Cooke (Richard) and perhaps was a near relative of our charming and popular teacher and musician, Ada Cooke - now Mrs. T. G. Settle. Mr. Cooke was a wealthy and influential citizen with business connections in Nashville.

The health foundation was laid by such splendid physicians as Dr. Gabbert, Dr. J. P. Martin, Dr. Webb, Dr. Hinds, Dr. John Martin, Dr. Henry Martin, Dr. J. F. Dyer, Dr. G.

W. Whiney, Dr. L. R. McClain, Dr. L. D. J. Ensor, Dr. W. S. Farmer; followed by Dr. W. S. McClain, Dr. Claude Martin, Dr. Harry Lee, Dr. S. D. Davis, Dr. Z. L. Shipley, Dr. Lex Dyer, of a younger generation.

COMING TO COOKEVILLE

When I was a small child living in Minnesota I remember on my father's return from a Southern trip one time, how he thrilled us with stories of a wonder place in the mountains of Tennessee. He referred to Cookeville, which was then a town of about 300 inhabitants. He saw possibilities of regaining his health there, and immediately began making preparations to move there, where the climate, water, and all essentials for longevity-prolonged his life some 25 or 30 years.

Memory of the little group living there at the time, prompts these stories - and I hope that they will hold some interest for those who remain, and for the descendants of those worthy pioneers.

"The Yankees," as we were called by the early inhabitants, consisted of my father, Col. C. H. Whitney, my mother, whom every one affectionately called "may", my 16 year old sister, Fannie, and my tom-boy self, 12 years of age. If I mention my people too often,

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please know it is not ego; but I lived with them - and knew them better than others.

Some have hurt me in the past - but that is forgotten, and for those I fought and those I loved, I have only words of praise and best wishes now.

We came by train from Minnesota to Sparta, Tenn., and overland, for lack of railroad facilities, from Sparta to Cookeville in September 1887. For a short time, while waiting for our furniture to arrive we lived at the "Reagan Hotel". Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Staley were proprietors. In a very short time my father became such a "Booster" for Cookeville, he completely lost his identity as a "Yankee."

For a year after our household goods arrived we rented the Matlock home in East Cookeville where the First Presbyterian Church now stands.

The mail was brought to Cookeville at that time via "Stage Coach Route" - a "hack" driven by Mr. Matlock - and how faithful he was to the trust and his duties. I believe this route reached from Sparta to Lebanon, covering all the country between. While I was living in Buffalo, N. Y., I met a man who knew Mr. Matlock as a stage coach man and who praised him highly. Mr. Matlock was always a welcome arrival in town, but with the coming of railway service his work was discontinued.

STALEY

The first family with whom I had nay contact in Cookeville was the Staley family - Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Staley, and three sons, Ike, Will and Fred - and these boys and I soon became good friends. Ike had stuck a nail in his foot and was inactive at the time, but Will and Fred were most active. Mother had just gotten me a new silk and wool dress, and when Fred challenged that he "could catch me" - I was in too big a hurry to make a detour around a patch of blackberry bushes; and came in with the new dress almost in ribbons. Mrs. Staley, with her ever read, helping hand, offered to mend it before my mother saw it, but alas, it was too far gone; and later I found myself much in Red Skelton's predicament - for "I dot a whippin' an' I won't dood it again," Mr. and Mrs. Staley were proprietors of the Regan Hotel - named for Mrs. Staley's mother, Grandma Regan, Mrs. Tina Reagan Yeargan and husband, Prof. S. B. Yeargan and baby daughter, Marie, were also living there at the time. I enjoyed this baby thoroughly,

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As I enjoyed her music later. She and her mother - both splendid musicians - have given me much real pleasure. I remember the Staley and Yeargan families with genuine appreciation. They both had an important part in the religious, educational, social, cultural and financial foundations of Cookeville.

REGAN

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Reagan - Mr. Reagan, a relative of Mrs. Staley, while not a hotel proprietor at the immediate time when we arrived in Cookeville, soon thereafter opened one of Cookeville's, best hotels - the Richelieu, across the street from the Regan Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Reagan and their family for many reasons hold very special places in my memory. Mrs. Reagan befriended me many times when I was particularly upset. My mouth still waters when I think of the good sausage she used to fry and pack down in large stone jars for future use. She always gave me a nice hot cake of sausage with a good brown biscuit, and sent me away very happy.

Charlie was one of the faithful route carriers when my father was Postmaster. Bob marked Alice Chapin. I never think of Alice but what I hear her singing, "A Spanish Cavalier," and I never hear that song but what I think of her. Their son, Chapin, delighted many with his piano playing in later years. Daisy Reagan Bennett, too, was a wonderful musician. Other members of this family, Lillian, Joe and Mamie all recall happy days to my mind.

CAPT. DILLARD

Living on adjoining lots to the Staleys was another of Cookeville's oldest and most highly respected citizens, Capt. Dillard, and attorney of much ability. His home consisted of a house and law office combined, and a gorgeous rose garden. His library was an ever ready field for research for coming lawyers - while the garden supplied roses - wonderful

roses - for various occasions such as weddings, parties or funerals. The roses he cultivated rivaled those grown by city florist and were given unstintingly for the asking.

HICKEY

Another old timer - the memory of whom dates back to my earliest days in Cookeville and one whose music as he played his

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flute at twilight - the notes now clarion clear as a whippoorwill's call, now sweet and low as a nightingale's song - is still as clear in my memory as when across the "divide" the plaintive notes would halt me in my play and I would stand spell bound and listen to "Mr. Hickey"! He always gave a message of hope and cheer and love. And I shall never forget the thrill it used to give me. The "divide" was the branch familiar to you all as it divided East and West Cookeville. His home was somewhere over beyond or back of the Glade Spring - just a cabin, but it harbored a white haired old man with a wonderful appreciation of good music, sentiment and romance-shared by his faithful wife.

DENTON

Esquire Holland Denton was a friend of Captain Dillard and like him, an able attorney. He was the father of Hon. John Denton, Mrs. Althea Denton Vaden, and Miss Cynthia Denton - and the step-father of Jere Whitson. This family was noted for the brilliance of its men and the beauty and charm of its women. Their home was located between the Dr. John Martin home and the Sue Quarles School. I believe the Herbert Carlen's owned it later.

CARLEN

The J. A. Carlen family is one of Cookeville's old substantial's! How well I remember what good neighbors they were to us when we lived in the Matlock house and they in their home across Main Street from where they live now. I can see you now, "Mammy Carlen", wringing your hands and begging me to "come down out of that big tree" where I had made a trapeze on a high limb which paralleled the picket fence many feet below. I usually came down when I was tired of playing up there-and-I'm sorry now, that I worried you then. In later years we were again neighbors and you were just as fine. Mr. Carlen and your sons and daughters all proved to be wonderfully fine friends. All have meant much to Cookeville. I shall never forget Walter's first day at school. He was a little fellow, he wept copiously, and used his shirt sleeve unsparingly. Nor shall I forget one of Fannie's first rail trips to Cookeville to visit her grandmother, Mrs. C. N. Wheeler. How train sick she was! And how abundantly you all have been blest since! Carlens and Rays, Whitsons, Richmonds, Colliers, and Cox, and Bockmans and the rest all deserve a place in "Who's Who", according to my way of thinking. Mr. Carlen for a number of years was a political incumbent in the court house.

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CAPT. CURTIS

When I think of Capt. Curtis and family, I think of active church work - an invalid wife and mother - a devout Christian; and surely a life that can best be summed up in this way, is approved of the Lord and very worthwhile. Their son, A. B. Curtis, is an attorney, enjoying life in Texas. They had two daughters, Mary and Elia. No need to comment on Mary Curtis Denny's qualifications and useful years as you know how splendid she was. I know nothing about Ella.

WHEELER

C. N. Wheeler was County Surveyor and as such established many landmarks for Cookeville. He also had a large circle of fraternal friends and lived for many years a valuable and appreciated citizen. Mrs. Wheeler, a lady of much refinement, was an invalid for many years and had many friends. Soon after moving to Cookeville, I remember hearing that there was a funeral at the City Cemetery - and seeing practically the entire population going - I went too; but being so fascinated by a beautiful young lady in all white dress and large white flower-trimmed picture hat, I lost sight of the object of my presence there, and to this day I am unable to recall whose funeral it was or anything else save that the lovely vision who took the spot-light for me was Nette Wheeler. She and I became good friends; and through the intervening years up to the present, she and her husband, Robert Goodlett, have proven loyal friends to me.

GABBERT

I would not do my finest feelings justice were I to fail to give my impressions of the Gabbert family, which consisted of Granny Gabbert, a son, Joel, and two daughters, Mary and Leah, whose name they pronounced "Lear", Dr. Gabbert having passed away some time before. The members of this family were all considerably past young when I was in my teens. Their home was between the old Christian Church and the old wooden jail. It was Lear's ever ready wit and humor. On Sunday mornings there was always a group of children coming from Sunday School for a cold drink out of the cedar bucket and a gourd dipper, which Miss Mary had placed there for them.

Sunday afternoons they held open house for cheering the sad

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And entertaining those who sought pleasure. Lear complained so much of being "so sick she was about to die," that when she really was stricken with her last illness, no one dreamed it was her last. All were genuinely grieved that she was gone, and all avowed the fact that she had done a wonderful service for her fellow men.

FREEZE

My earliest recollection of Maj. J. C. Freeze and his son, Alph - pioneer storekeepers - is hearing my father tell about going to their "general store" to get a "heel-tap: of tobacco, and of Maj. Freeze telling him to step behind the counter and help himself from the box. He did as he was bid, but instead of getting tobacco he took hold of a large black snake. He did not know that the Major kept the reptile to kill rates, nor did the Major know that it had curled itself up so comfortably for a nice nap. After that experience my father never indulged himself in "help-y'-self" advantages.

My experiences with Alph, the prankster son, were equally as disconcerting. He used to sit outside the door on slack days and when I would round the corner, he would give my bare feet and legs several keen little cuts with a whip and in mock sternness say, "You are too big to come to town barefooted!"

Mrs. Freeze and daughters, May, Effie, Sallie and Maggie, were equally as valuable as the father and son.

BRYANT

Right here I want to mention another father and son, who in the early days left a lasting impression of things worthwhile on my memory.

A. Bryant, then the County Court Clerk, I believe, had his office in the courthouse, and was truly the most fortunate of unfortunates, for while rheumatism had made it impossible for him to walk, his young son, Clay, carried him tenderly in his arms, placed him in the buggy, and took him to and from his work every day. I can see them now - father and son - going home together at the close of day. Clay has a splendid reward in his memory of this "service of love" well done. I believe his is now in the lumber business, prosperous, as he should be, and happy with his family. Mrs. Bryant, the former Edna Hogan of Cookeville, and their fine daughters - living in Nashville. Worth is still an attorney, residing in Cookeville. The two daughters, Clara and Flora Bryant

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Noonan - both had been non-complaining sufferers for years.

BOYD

A. W. Boyd, though small of stature, was held in great respect and highest esteem through his intelligence and legal ability and gentlemanly bearing. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge. Mrs. Boyd had a lovable disposition and their fine family of sons and daughters maintain the same warm place in the hearts of their fellow men, all following in the profession of their father, in education work or some other worthy field of endeavor.

No finer example of a truer friend and gentleman can be found than Judge Ernest Boyd. During my sixteenth summer, our music teacher, Miss Horde McGregor, took Ernest and me to her home in Lebanon for a vacation. He was a number of years my junior but we formed a friendship at that time that has since been marked along the way by little kindnesses, with one of such magnitude and so much appreciated in later years that it will always have a hallowed spot in my memory. I needed that kindness and he did not fail me. His mother, one of the Arnold descendants, has reason indeed to be proud of such a worthy son!

Miss Ova served the public in Nashville for many years; and as evidence of her popularity as consultant on dress materials, many customers would wait indefinitely to have her serve them. She was efficient, kind and pleasant. Other members of the family are equally as fine but have not touched my life quite so closely.

TOWN SPRING

The old town spring - a worthy rival of the "Old Oaken Bucket"! What a flood of memories rush over me at the thought of it! It was between the Curtis and Matlock property and in those good old days was an ever pleasant meeting place for the young people who always included it in their Sunday afternoon walks - for a cooling drink. Most of the drinking water in that part of town was carried from the spring, by hand, for family use. The spring was uncovered at that time and there was no protecting wall around it - just a little curb effect - And how I laugh when my mind goes back to the day when Mary Curtis, then a little girl, freshly dressed in white for Sunday school, was taking a final walk around the spring and fell in. When she was rescued she did not possess the dignity which everyone associated with her in later years. Other children fell in and the stone covering and house was built, to protect children and the spring. I remember, too, how we had to push back the leaves that had fallen in the spring on windy days before we

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Could "dip up" a bucket of water - but they were clean leaves and the water was refreshingly cool.

JUDGE MORGAN

Another thing that was impressed upon my mind soon after taking up our residence in Cookeville was the report, equal to a "city extra," circulated that D. H. Morgan and Miss Mamie Morgan, son and daughter of the very Honorable George Morgan, one of Cookeville's finest and largest at that time - were coming from Washington for a visit.

A wonderful reception was planned for their home-coming, and - as it appealed to me to meet such outstanding people - I attended the reception uninvited because of my youth. I met the Prince Charming and his lively sister and immediately fell in love with both. It

seemed to me I'd never seen a more sincere couple in my life and I wished for a Cinderella Slipper to lose that the Prince might find and return it to me!

Miss Ella Donelson, whose widowed mother was the second Mrs. Morgan's sister, lived in the Morgan home and was with the honorees that night. I met her and upon closer acquaintance I found that to know her was to love her, and I've loved and treasured her friendship through the years. Never once in all my experience has she failed me. She was Cookeville's first art instructor and is an artist of rare ability.

When Miss Ella's mother's brother, Dr. Trogden (dentist) moved to Cookeville, they moved to a residence on the lot where the old Z. T. Hinds' residence now stands - Dr. Trogden, Mrs. Donelson, Miss Ella, and little brother, Frank - and I shall never forget Dr. Trogden's squirrels. They never tried of milling around in their big cage and passers-by never grew tired of watching their activity.

BURTON

I believe one of the very first families of Cookeville as the Burton family. They were the parents of Charlie Burton and Mrs. C. C. Young. They owned large estates and they were a philanthropic people. I believe they owned White Plains. They must have been very indulgent parents for Charlie lived a life of ease without having to put forth any effort in order to have the things he wanted most. He maintained a hospitable home on the Square when we first made Cookeville our home. He, too, was a kind and

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indulgent father. His daughter Kate, and I immediately became chums, and we renewed our friendship a few years ago in her home in Oak Park, Chicago, IL. She became Mrs. Paty Ford while still living in Cookeville, and they have two charming daughters and a son married.

In thinking of the Charlie Burton home I can think of nothing more precious and lovable than their dear little daughter, Lula ("Bugger" she was affectionately called). She was the little child-wife of Dr. N. A. Neely with whom she ran away and married at the age of 13. Nannie Isbell and Havey Terry accompanied them and were married in a double ceremony at the same time. Even at that age she was an accomplished musician and looking much like a beautiful doll, entertained young and old every evening at her parent's home with her music. Dr. Neely, a number of years her senior, looked on and listened with pardonable pride. Their daughter, Dimple, was her mother's counterpart in many ways, being an accomplished musician and possessed of rare beauty and charm. She was married and moved to Atlanta after her grandmother Burton's death, and she was idolized by Mr. Burton. Later Dr. Neely moved to New Zealand, met and married Alice, daughter of a piano manufacturer and dealer. They returned to Cookeville to live and a daughter, Queenie, was born to them there. They were splendid, cultured people, beloved by the family and endeared to many who regretted to have them leave Cookeville.

DUKE

John Duke and family played an important part in the business and social life of Cookeville in the early days and I believe no more popular family ever lived there. Dora, now Mrs. James Mims, thorough her musical ability and lovable disposition emerged from one of my fiercest early rock throwing attacks as one of the best life-long friends I've ever known. I love her dearly. She has a fine family. Jessie married my cousin, Walter Wirt, together they moved to the extreme Northern part of Minnesota; and she has stayed bravely on up there since Walter's death, and has reared a splendid family of a boy and five girls. Mr. Mims was a railway mail clerk. The Mims family has lived in Nashville for many years.

John Duke was owner and proprietor of the best hotel in West Cookeville for years and at another time was one of Cookeville's most congenial postmasters.

"Hop" was an outstanding musician of his day. Blanchard, whom I remember for his complacency and disinterest of thing in

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general, so many times to other children's requests he would say, "No, I will just sit here and rock." And rock he did. He is now an active insurance man with a splendid wife, Nell Smith Duke, and son, Kenneth.

DR. L. R. MCCLAIN

Another of Cookeville's splendid citizens and physicians, and an immensely interesting character was Dr. L. R. McClain. He was a general practitioner. His individuality of hair dress created an interest that made people want to meet him; and upon knowing him, his ever ready source of with and scientific knowledge made people seek him out for their information, and they always left him enriched fro the contact. For many years he was secretary of the Odd Fellows Lodge and put so much into his associations there, that he had state-wide reputation as a peer in that organization. His daughter, Mary, married Lucien Clark, also a former Cookevillian; his son, W. S. McClain, an Osteopath of considerable gentle and skilled, has made a well earned success in his chosen profession. Mrs. L. R. McClain was a member of the original Cookeville Burton family and Mrs. W. S. McClain was a daughter of the North. They have proven their merit and have many admirers in Cookeville. Dr. Walter has been a lecturer and publisher also.

THE DRS. MARTIN

This family of doctors has a very warm spot in the hearts of all the older Cookevillians, for who living here has not had occasion to call on them morning, noon or night to alleviate their suffering! I first knew them when the eldest doctor, father of Dr. John and Dr. Henry, had retired and they were carrying on in the same splendid way set by their father. I used to go to the home of the senior doctor and his wife to play with their two

lovely, orphaned grandchildren, Mattie and Molly Shores. I loved them both and we had great times together. Dr. John was especially successful in the treatment of typhoid, for even though there were numbers of isolated case, he kept it from reaching an epidemic at any time and many living there now, I dare say, owe their lives to him. Dr. John's home was a meeting place for the young people where evenings of music with Daisy at the piano and Dr. Claude or Joe either at the piano or playing some other instrument. Dr. Claude proved later that he had the Martin possibilities of a great doctor.

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Dr. John's wife, Lillie Crutcher Martin, was a sweet and lovable hostess for their children's friends. She, Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Fannie Algood, were all daughters of "Ma" Crutcher, a real pioneer.

Dr. Henry was equally as successful as his brother, but specialized and studied the use of more modern equipment. His first wife, Lou, of the musical Shields family, was a devout church worker, one of my first Sunday school teachers there. She was popular with grown-ups and had a splendid influence on the young people. Dr. Henry's present wife, Mrs. Hettie Gordon Sims Martin, is equally popular and beloved.

DR. SHIPLEY

You and your wife were such good neighbors to me when we lived on Walnut Street after my mother was gone. Being ill a great deal at the time I had ample opportunity to learn what a good doctor you were, notwithstanding your son's doubting. When I think of your family I always think of the time when Alex was sick and I asked him how he felt. He replied, "To myself, I feel better, but to Papa, I don't." What a tight spot Alex is in now if, being an M. D. himself, he cannot agree with the Doctor. Congratulations and good luck to Dr. Zeb, Dr. Alex and their fine wife and mother, and to the relatives; to the Herbert and Maude Hughes family, too. I appreciated them as good neighbors and splendid musicians also.

DR HINDS

One of Cookeville's oldest and most highly respected families was the Hinds. Old Dr. Hinds, who for years had been one of the leading physicians of the upper country, had retired from active practice but was still a resident and familiar figure about town, he and his wife and two sons and two daughters. I remember each for some special reason. While both Dr. Hinds and wife were very frail looking, they really were of the sturdy type and gave one the impression of strength. Their eldest son, Dr. Zina Hinds, was much like his father and was a pharmacist of unusual conscientious ability and care, which gave the public much confidence in him. The first recollection I have of a Post Office in Cookeville was of Jim as Postmaster at the widow handling out mail with a cherry comment on each piece. He was assisted by his sister, Miss Emma, later Mrs. James. I always think of her when I see unusually

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Pretty writing for she always taught writing during the summer; and what a pity the younger generation does not have such instruction as she used to give! And again I think of her lovely dimples that made her face so attractive. Miss Mary was a great reader and an enthusiastic writer of song verse and lyrics.

DR DYER

Dr. Jeff Dyer was one of the founders of the health unit of Cookeville and, like Dr. L. R. McClain, seemed to be versed in all its branches, and was a successful practitioner. He lost his first wife and later married Miss Avo Goodpasture. This union and his gown sons, Quimby and Lex, and daughter, Gertrude, formed a congenial and happy family. Quimby was interested in newspaper work and politics, and later became a real estate and insurance man. Lex is a doctor in his own right. Gertrude married Thos. Southworth, photographer.

I never think of Lex but one thought comes uppermost in my mind. When I was his neighbor girl, he incurred my displeasure in some way and I threw a rock at him and cut a gash in his scalp. My mother having been unsuccessful in breaking me of this rock throwing habit, gave Mrs. Dyer permission to punish me - but - she never caught me - I let discretion be the better part of valor, and sought another route home. I remember your sister, Gertrude, and her precious daughter, Elizabeth, with more pleasure than the rock throwing episode. Lex, congratulations on a son in the armed service.

DR. WEBB

We used to call Dr. Webb a "Baby Doctor," but if he were living today, he would be known as a wonderful "Pediatrician." Many babies of those old days owe their sturdy bodies and sound teeth to Dr. Webb. He was a devout member of the Christian Church.

Crit had planned to follow in his father's footsteps but just before entering college, he lost his father, and unselfishly assumed the responsibility of two sisters, a young step-mother, and some small half brothers. Their success in life shows how well he discharged his duty to them. I knew him again a few years ago and found him to be the same high class fellow.

DR. WHITNEY

Dr. George Whitney, my father's brother, was a surgeon of

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much experience and success in the North and East, and practiced for a while with Dr. Jeff Dyer after moving to Cookeville soon after we went there, but on account of his own

poor health, soon had to retire from active practice. He was my favorite uncle and always called me by one of two names, either "Comie Almanac" or "Mustard".

ISEBELL

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Isbell were among the first hotel keepers in Cookeville. Their building faced the square. Their fine family of sons and daughters have all proven their worth and good heritage. Jim, a prosperous lumberman; Mary Ann, deceased wife of G. W. Nackles; Hattie, now Mrs. Will Wade; Myrtle, Mrs. John H. Whitson; Lillie, married and living in California; I know nothing of the two youngest children, Jewel and Charlie, but how I laugh when I think of Hattie, a little, timid girl in Miss Sue Quarles school - whom we had to bribe to speak a piece one Friday afternoon, paying her with a beautiful doll. Add speaking of dolls - a thing that worried me tremendously in those early days was the fact that children were not allowed to play with their dolls, but instead, the dolls were hung on the walls and they had to admire them from a distance.

CAPT. WALTON SMITH

I think "Captain" could not have been an honorary title conferred upon him, but must have been won on the field of battle, judging from his poise and commanding dignity of bearing. He was an attorney of much ability. He was soldierly, scholarly, and a gentleman, and immediately commanded the respect of everyone. He owned one of the finest homes in Cookeville at the time I knew him. His family, consisting of his bright and entertaining wife and precious little mother-in-law, Mrs. Black; son, Rutledge, and daughter, Elva Cecil, later Mrs. Thoman. The son and daughter need no introduction - they being as much a part of Cookeville later as Captain Smith and his wife were in the early days. All have had a wonderful influence in building a better and bigger Cookeville.

BROWN

A one-man furniture factory! Mr. Brown owned and operated this factory, single handed, making substantial and attractive splint-bottomed chairs for Cookeville and the country "round about." He lived in a little log cabin near where the railroad now runs, and I

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would say about half-way between the railroad station and T.P.I.

How I used to love to sit under the big apple trees outside his door and watch his nimble fingers weave the lovely bottoms or seats! One day when I went over there, and he presented me with a small, armed-chair - beautifully splinted - my joy knew no bounds! He had made it especially for me, and I prized it, used it, and kept it for many, many years.

His good works really lived after him and his memory was perpetuated through the chairs he made. I'm sorry I am unable to give his given name - oh yes, I know; it was Isaac!

FORD

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Ford were very unusual people; alert, active intelligently interesting, always; and the splendid family they left has been one of Cookeville's finest heritages. Who having known this family but what treasurers the memory of each and keeps abiding faith in them all.

Misses Cora, Sallie and Nan all meant much to me. Each inspired me to bigger and better things. I envied them all.

Mrs. Fannie Ford Denny was the eldest member of the family, a lovable character, indeed. T. D. is one of Cookeville's substantial business men and enjoys the distinction of being the oldest native-born citizen of that city. Tom's splendid wife was called "Sister Belle," which showed the esteem in which she was held by everyone. Jim, a cattleman, married my cousin, Nell Wirt.

I still have in my possession a dress that Miss Cox made for me, a pink velvet princess, and how well she fashioned it! I have kept it as a reminder of happier days, and I am more careful of it now that I was then. It was made with a lovely train, my first; and when I came to a mud hole the first night I wore it, it did not occur to me to lift the train - result, Miss Cora cut the ruined train the following day. To me the most appreciated part of a new dress was the fact that I would go to this home for the fittings and enjoy this interesting family. I loved and admired them all. Mr. Ford took much pride in his garden, and any day in his later years could easily have posed for "The Man With the Hoe." I believe he was in such surroundings in his last hour - his house in order, and ready to go. Mrs. Ford was a great reader and possessed of exceptional intellect.

Judge T. L. Denny and his family made a very special place

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for themselves in Cookeville. The judge in legal matters was master of almost any situation. I believe there was no resident of Cookeville who ever displayed more civic pride. Two of the best residences at the time I lived there were accredited to his pride - houses and surrounding grounds.

His wife, Fannie Ford Denny, was one of the most lovable characters I have ever known. She had one of the most wonderful suits of brown hair I ever saw; when unconfined it touched the floor, nay laid on the floor. I always think of that when I think of her. They had a real family of lively children, four girls and two boys - all valuable citizens. For those still alive and prospering I rejoice, and for those who have lost their dear ones I sympathize.

Dr. W. B. Boyd, minister and educator, combining them most effectually, became a member of this family when Nan became Mrs. Boyd. I have admired him for his qualities that made him a success in every undertaking. After severing his connections with Dixie College, he and Mrs. Boyd moved to Milligan where, as Dean of Milligan College, he gave a lasting influence for good to the boys and girls he taught. Mrs. Boyd's influence there was felt as a factor in refinement too.

I believe Dr. Boyd is still helping young people in some similar capacity somewhere.

D. L. DOW

Church man, chorister, businessman and owner of large milling interests. He was originally the owner of the residence where Mrs. A. Algood now lives, which he built to replace the small cottage which the Algood Carlen's bought and remodeled later. He and his family spent many happy and useful years in both those places. Hon. John, his son, is still a valuable member of Cookeville society. He has served in business, as teacher, postmaster, and representative in his state legislature during the building of the city. Willis, another son, now retired, was a successful lumberman and merchant.

ARNOLD FAMILY

The financial foundation was laid by Judge Wright and Esq. Jesse Arnold, assisted by such younger men as R. L. Farley, Mackie Shanks, Fred Staley and Oren Cameron - if my memory serves me correctly. This foundation sponsored a wealthy city.

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Judge Wright became an invalid soon after we moved there and has been deceased many years.

Mr. Arnold was a member of one of Cookeville's real pioneer families, who meant as much to the city as nay other one; and even though I never knew his parents I would not fail to mention those I did know and admire. Mr. Jesse Arnold, banker, and wife, had four daughters, and he had two widowed sisters, Mrs. Avo Douglass, who had three sons and two daughters - Mrs. Ova Goodpasture, the mother of a son and three daughters - each with their splendid families active in the various adventures arising in the building of a modern city. I should like to mention the children of each member of these families, for I knew them all and loved them all - but you living in Cookeville today, know them, perhaps as well as I did. To each living descendent I wish health, and happiness and prosperity.

Mrs. Douglass was known by everyone as "Ma" Douglass; and especially noticeable was the affection of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Chas. Douglass (nee Nina Early) for her. Charlie was Mrs. Douglass' eldest son and brought his bride from Nashville to Lebanon by train; and, with a horse and buggy completed their wedding trip from Lebanon to Cookeville. Later, after the coming of the railroad. Mr. Douglass at different times was

station agent at Cookeville, Lebanon and Algood, prominently identified in each city. While living in Algood, Mrs. Douglass was always associated with Cookeville's social and cultural interests and shared her husband's business popularity. I am indebted to Nina for many courtesies and happy days.

I knew Earl Sloan in later years in Nashville, and I do not recall ever knowing a finer young man! A gentleman - attentive to business and happy with a charming wife and little son.

MERCHANTS

The mercantile foundation was pioneered by J. C. Freeze and son, Alph, Jere Whitson, A. P. Barnes, C. C. Fowler, S. Pincus, Mike Moore, W. D. Sloan, P. M. Smith, T. J. Gregory, J. D. Morgan and others.

Catering to the needs of the inner man were J. G. Duke, Fate Isbell, John Braswell, L. P. Gillem, Geo. Glover, Potter Greenwood, J. D. Morgan, Jim Noonan, J. M. Deweese, Bill Brown, Denny Brothers, Parker Judd, Wirt McDonald, W. B. Loftis, Bee Fox, and many others no less worthy. The Maxwell brothers and Luke Shanks were wholesale grocers supplying the Upper Country's retail trade.

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SMITH

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Smith were two of Cookeville's finest citizens, Mr. Smith a success in the business world, and Mrs. Smith socially popular. Their three daughters made their home a happy place to visit. They were neighbors of ours - their home place a large, spacious dwelling adjoining "Oak Dale", and how many good times we have had together - all of us!

I should have hated Edna, for too many times my parents said, "Gertie, what makes you act so? Why don't you behave like a lady the Edna Smith does!" But I didn't hate her, I loved her and admired her - and still do. Her lovely daughter, Eleanor Guthrie, shares my esteem.

Alma - "Pussy" I always called her - and how I loved her! She was a musician and gave much pleasure both with her voice and piano as does her daughter, Eleanor Haggard, now. How beautifully Alma accompanied Eleanor when she sang!

Lura was not so musical herself but always had a worthy substitute in the form of a good canary. We always spent a pleasant hour listening to him sing and admiring him, and discussing birds in general of which she had interesting knowledge. Edna was a reader, and today when I hear "Little Boy Blue" I hear her giving it as only she could, and I always weep - while "goose bumps" cover me. I love the whole family of P. M. Smith, Dr. Guthrie included (pardon me Edna). He is a very important member of the family

with friends and relatives alike. My mother always said he was the nicest guest she ever had - always agreeable and helpful in every way. My father's last wishes before death were confided to him.

FOWLER

C. C. Fowler and family - how much they, too, have meant to me! I shall always treasure the memory of them all. They are the same high type as their relatives, the P. M. Smiths; Mrs. Fowler and Mrs. Smith being cousins. Florence was always wonderfully kind to me, especially when I faced the greatest sorrow of my life in her home. Mr. Farley was most considerate at that time and was a good friend of my father.

Lizze has always been and still is a true, loyal friend. I love her quiet dignity and gentleness. Mr. Fowler was one of Cookeville's pioneer merchants for many years before moving to Ada, Indian Territory. In Ada he continued merchandising, while his sons opened a gents' furnishing store in Quinton later.

I visited the Fowler family in Ada before Oklahoma was a

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State, and how I enjoyed them - especially when the four Fowler boys, their cousin, Stanley Chastain, and Lizzie had their orchestra practice at home or when Lizzie played the "Flatterer" or "Forgotten" so beautiful.

When I returned to Tennessee Mr. and Mrs. Fowler and Lizzie went with me, to visit Florence and Mr. Farley. The many interesting incidents of that trip still keep my memory green with pleasure. Mrs. Fowler was the dynamo of the fun and she and I were both too busy having a good time to sleep en route.

Mr. Thornton came soon after and claimed Lizzie for his bride and took her back to I. T. to live. He is still a splendid influential citizen of Ada - but I contend he did us a dirty trick taking her away from us.

I owe this family a debt of gratitude I can never repay.

SEVEN TIMES A BRIDESMAID

Seven young ladies formerly of Cookeville, all now happy wives living in other states are responsible for my spinster estate. Not that each one robbed me of a "sweetheart" - I never had that many - but there is an old saying "seven times a bridesmaid - never a bride" and well - "I dood it," and I am grateful to them all for my independent status now.

"OAK DALE"

My father had been land agent for a Northern railroad in Minnesota, and saw great possibilities in Cookeville real estate, and especially in the section lying West of the "Branch" beyond which I believe there were only four buildings - a small log house owned by R. B. Capshaw; Washington Academy; the large two-story home of Hamp Moore which was purchased from him alter by Capt. Crawford who remodeled it into a beautiful home, later selling to Bynum Greenwood. C. S. Jenkins later built a fine home on the lot where the Moore garden had been. The other place, known as the "Hitchcock Place," consisted of a small log house surrounded by forty acres of orchard and woodland, and was located in and on the extreme Western boundary of Cookeville. My father purchased this property and remodeled the three or four-room, one-story building into a large two-story dwelling - quite modern in that day. He later subdivided the land into lots and established a subdivision, retaining ten acres for our home place which we named "Oak Dale" for the large oak trees in the front and back of the house, and shading the cool spring by the branch in the pasture lot.

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Time was when "Oak Dale" and its many festivities, presided over by my mother was the synonym of pleasure and happiness. And - "How Green Was My Valley," then.

The years have been long since those happy days and I, like the Apostle Paul, have learned how to be abased, and how to abound. How to abound and how to suffer need.

AFRAID IN "THE WOODS"

A memory of the long, dark stretch of woods through which I had to pass from the Hamp Moore place to "Oak Dale." One day when I had thoughtlessly over-stayed my time in East Cookeville and was compelled to go home alone is still a very disconcerting recollection. How frightened I was at the dark eerie shadows, the weird sougning of the trees, and the screech owl's terrific call! It seemed as if I ran through miles of woods lying before me and behind me. This road or path, has been replaced by the main street connecting East and West Cookeville, while the trees have given way to beautiful residences, hotels, stores, city school, railroad station, and a Federal building. This memory is the basis for my statement that there were only four buildings in West Cookeville at that time. To the right and left of this stretch through the woods, there were isolated dwellings in the outlying wooded sections, of course.

WIRT

My mother's brother, A. Wirt, and his family moved to Cookeville a few years after we did and some members of the family have lived there ever since. His son, Elmer, was the cousin of my heart. We had much in common and were thoroughly congenial; his son, Ralph, has inherited his father's place with me. Elmer was an actor, spending a number of years on the stage, he was a newspaperman, and a politician, serving as state representative one time and in that capacity lent valuable assistance in the locations of T. P. I.

"Uncle Al" had the first jewelry store in Cookeville and was succeeded by Melvin Borden. He was a hunter and sportsman and loved, more than anything else, his big game hunting in the woods of Northern Minnesota. He was his own taxidermist and had many rare specimens as trophies of his trips.

Elmer's wife (nee Katie Dimond) was a devout Christian and devoted mother, her splendid character leaving a lasting good influence on her family of two girls and four boys. Before moving to Tennessee from the North, she was active in church work, her rich contralto voice being heard in the church choirs where she attended. After coming to Cookeville much of her time was taken raising her family and giving loving, tender care to her invalid mother-in-law through long years of suffering. To know Katie was to love, her, and those who knew her best loved her most. I shall never forget a letter from Elmer after Katie's death and the marvelous tribute he paid her as a Christian, wife, and mother. She was modest and unassuming, but a rare jewel.

PENDERGRASS

What good times we used to have - didn't we, Nell? How patiently poor Sam sat and listened to our talk-fests, when, I'm sure he wished we were radios instead of mere women! I always called Roselle "Teddy" and she in turn called me "Taddy." And I am sure you two were no prouder of her than I was. I always felt so welcome in your home and appreciate you all for everything you have been to my family. Speaking of family connection, Nell, I want to remind you that your sister, Nette Huddleston, has a very happy place in my memory, as I recall our school days together. Your comedian brother, Howard, is a pleasant memory, too. I trust you and Sam are prosperous. You deserve the best.

WILSON

Guy and Clarence Wilson - two brothers - owned and operated the "Marble Yard," known now as monument works, and much skill and art are shown in their monuments. They were young business men when they first came to Cookeville, but their business was established on kindness, and fairness and personality; and they lived to see Cookeville a thriving city, which they had helped build. Both had a keen sense of humor and were entertainers of rare merit. Each married a young lady beloved and admired by all Cookeville - one a teacher in the city schools, and the other a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Arnold. Mr. Robert Womack was their assistant for many years and he and his wife were valued members of the business and social set.

PINCUS

Mr. & Mrs. Sam Pincus and family were among the early residents of Cookeville - and I recall with much pleasure this Jewish couple and their three fine children - two boys and a girl - Dave, Minnie and Joe. They were not possessed of much

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Worldly goods at the time, but with integrity of purpose, and indomitable will, and unbounded faith, and good will for their fellowmen Mr. Pincus, with the assistance of his capable wife, established a business that prospered from the first; and their sons were taken into the venture, adding wonderful personality to the business which made them financiers, even before they removed from Tennessee to Texas.

Mrs. Pincus and daughter established a reputation for hospitality that made them the envy of many who were less popular. Each member of the family, as I knew them, bore a reputation for truthfulness, generosity and fairplay. I do not recall ever hearing one of them knock or say a disparaging word of anyone.

Only in one thing did Mrs. Pincus need sympathy - and I gave mine wholeheartedly when she told me that she had to cook eggs five different ways at a time in order to please each member of the family, but judging by her smile when she told it, she did not feel unhappy over the task!

I shall never forget Minnie with her lovely, blonde curls - freshly shampooed before starting for school each morning. She is a lovely child developed into a wonderful woman - intelligent, kind and courteous.

LEWIS AND FANNIE GARNER

How much of my life in Cookeville was woven around them and their family! In the post office where Mr. Garner was Postmaster and Fannie and I assistants for four years, our association was close and congenial. Everyone living in Cookeville at that time knew the interesting Garner children; Irma, the eldest, as a child survived falls from the upper porch of their hotel home across the corner of the square from the post office; and again from Window Cliff on a picnic day - she was an unusually smart and attractive young lady and met her future husband while in college in Nashville.

John went modern to the 9th degree for it was not unusual for him to appear on the public square sans clothing for his early morning outing when a child. The family moved to Nashville later. Their three girls, other than Irma (Mrs. Frank Manning) were Bernice, Audrey Gertrude and Jo. All developed into interesting and smart business women. Audrey was my namesake but her sweet, gentle dignity made her very unlike me. Bernice is much like her father, and Jo like her mother. Fannie has always been in a class by herself with a keen sense of humor and sentiments expressed in her own original language. Both Mr. and Mrs. Garner had

(pg. 27) many friends in Cookeville, and Nashville profited by Cookeville's loss. They had an older son, Ernest, of whom I know nothing. I believe John has enjoyed New York's bright lights for a number of years. Mr. Garner was a quiet, unassuming man, and popular. He is now deceased.

SPEAKMAN

Mrs. Frances Speakman, one of the old settlers, had an insight into the successful treatment of many diseases and near diseases. For instance a baby suffering from thrash in the mouth, got immediate relief after its mother contacted Mrs. Speakman in its behalf. I had played with the proverbial toad and as a result had some thirty warts on my hand, and seeking Mrs. Speakman, found her ability adequate - for within a week I awoke one morning to find I had not a single wart. She was a very remarkable woman of the old school type - possessed of many good qualities. Her granddaughter, Lucy Embry, is a worthy descendant of both the Speakmans and the Embrys, combining the skill of one and the education of the other. The last time I saw her she had a number of degrees and was a teacher of high standing.

JOE H. JARED'S FAMILY

This family did not come to Cookeville as "Pioneers" but lived there quite long enough later to endear themselves to everyone.

Joe Jared - three daughters to whom I am indebted for much happiness are Hallie and Mary. For the joy you gave my mother with your readings, Hallie, I want to thank you. How she did enjoy your Casey numbers! And for your kindness to me, I am grateful and have it in my "Book of Memories."

And you, Mary, forgive me; each time I read a Herald, and see your name, I can censure myself anew - for, when you were so ill in Nashville and I lived not far from you, and thought each day I would surely go to see you; and when night came, I realized I had stepped aside from pain and did not want to see you suffer - you, whom I loved and appreciated - I failed! I can see you now as I saw you on the street, many times before your illness, with your three beautiful children (all so unlike). Then, again, I am grateful to you two girls and Flossie for a very pleasant day Miss Goodwin

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And I spent in your Buffalo Valley home before any of you were married and while Bennett was still with you. Miss Goodwin is still remembering the wonderful dinner you prepared. Mary; and my memory is still singing with the songs you sang. Flossie interested us both with her display of fancy needle work. Hallie's devotion to Bennett during his long illness, after his tragic accident was marvelously touching and, for him, I know Bennett Travis must be her joy - Nancy too, must be precious. And Flossie, how I should love to see those twins! And your sister-in-law, "Sweetest girl I know," Mary, my love to her.

Your father was always an interesting character to me. I always laugh when I recall hearing how he went to the barn when you lived on Washington Ave., and found one of his younger sons doing something he disapproved of and by way of reprimand, said, "Aren't you a hell of a boy!" The boy countered, "And - Ain't I got a hell of a daddy!"

Joe Jared was a live wire, fine business man and generous friend and father.

ALCORN

Recently I read an article "Team Work in a Tank" in Popular Mechanics Magazine; and while, for years, directing activities on playgrounds, we always found and stressed teamwork and sportsmanship in every game. When I think of them now, as being real dividend paying, the General Alcorn family comes to my mind immediately. Never in my life have I seen such teamwork, such sportsmanship, carried on to a greater and finer result than in this family. I have quoted them and their fine system many, many, times - telling how, when the eldest finished school, she began helping the next younger, and when she had finished, the two began helping the next younger, and so on until all had either college or musical degrees. This fine family spirit was their heritage from splendid, substantial, worthwhile parents.

Mamie, now Mrs. R. C. Watson, was one of Cookeville's outstanding musicians, having graduated from an Eastern Conservatory of Music, and being an unusually pleasing interpreter and performer of good music.

GREGORY

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Gregory carried on extensive business of many kinds in West Cookeville's early days. Mrs. Gregory inspired

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me in my young ladyhood; she thrilled me with stories of her girlhood home with its wonderful Marchionel rose bush completely covering the porch. She amazed me by what one frail, little woman could be - a housekeeper, a homemaker for four little daughters, manage a general store, and oversee the workings of an axe handle factory - and made a huge success of it all. With it all she kept in touch with the best literature, art and music of the day and with her dynamic personality was an attraction in any group. Mr. Gregory was no slacker, but had so many interests they divided responsibilities. He was a live wire, as any one would know seeing him walk from one place to another.

JERE WHITSON

I am quite sure the Jere Whitson family did not live in Cookeville when we moved there - and I do not remember just when they came - but I do know that it was not long until Mr. Whitson was identified with every movement for the building and advancement of this growing city. He purchased the Capt. Curtis property near the "Town Spring" and after living in the frame house for some time, replaced it with their beautiful new home - one of the city's show places at the time. This home practically kept open house 365 days a year for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitson and their sons and daughters entertained their friends with various hospitalities, including their Sunday dinners with will never be forgotten by the hosts who have "gone home" from church with them to share their bounty. Many times I have enjoyed that privilege; and treasure many pleasant memories of different members of the family. Mary Alice, you were wonderful to me when you were a young lady and I appreciated you then as I do now; and your dear mother - how kind she always was. This family now combined with a number of Cookeville's oldest and best - the Carlens, Lowes, Isbells, et als, is indeed worthy of the name "pioneers."

Mrs. Whitson's niece, Linnie Moore, now Mrs. A. A. Staley, was an attractive and popular member of this household for many years after her mother's death. She, her husband, and son have been valuable members of Washington society for many years.

Both A. P. Barnes and Sam Pendergrass were associated in business at one time or another with Mr. Whitson - each later establishing lucrative businesses of their own.

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FERRELL

The Ferrell family, while not of the earliest pioneers, came in the "near pioneer" class, and contributed three splendid sons who helped very materially in making Cookeville the city it is.

Will, a dentist - Ed, a civil engineer - and Leo, a photographer. All ranking high in their professions - worthy sons of worthy parents. Their sister, Pearl, was one of my early associates - but passed away early in life.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferrell were splendid citizens and while I am not able to recall what his business associations were, I know they were both highly respected.

ALGOOD

So many fine things come to me when I think of this family, I want to list them individually. First, Mr. A. Algood, General as he was known, being Attorney-General when I knew him first; and while a small child I looked upon him with awe, I appreciated him for his sterling worth, integrity, and kindness of heart; and how we all admired his judgment in the choice of his lovely bride, Lula Williams. She made their home one of refinement and beauty, adding also her splendid musical ability. Little Virginia came, a lovely little flower transplanted to Heaven in just a few short years; then Rosalind came to help make their grief less poignant - and what a blessing she has been. I had the pleasure of seeing her two beautiful children when I was in Cookeville last.

And Miss Kate! I always thin of her as part of this family. Wasn't she a wonderful combination of joyous life and beauty! My mother loved her, too. Her early morning

walks in the summer often led her to Oak Dale where they enjoyed coffee and home-made doughnuts together.

Mrs. Algood, how I used to love to hear you sing, "Miss You, My Darling, I Miss You." Mr. Algood's mother has left an impression of much refinement and culture too, and with thinking of her home, a large square piano with real ivory keys and mother of pearl trimmed comes up before me and even I can feel the pangs of envy I suffered for it. Felix Brown (music dealer of Cookeville then and for a long time thereafter) negotiated a deal between Mrs. Algood and my father, and I became the proud owner of that piano later; and years later still, it passed from my hands in exchange for a more modern upright model.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Mrs. Algood, were frequent visitors in Cookeville and were always popular and enjoyed.

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Henry Algood, a brother of the General was one of Cookeville's splendid pharmacists in the very early days. He and his wife, Frances Crutcher Algood, a sister of Mrs. C. Burton and Mrs. John Martin, were always popular and had many friends. Gen. and Mrs. Algood were devout Methodists, as were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Algood.

LAWYERS

The legal foundation was established by such men as Judges Geo. Morgan, T. L. Denny, Capt. Dillard, H. P. Davis, Walton Smith, A. W. Boyd, R. B. Capshaw, Attorney-General A. Algood, Thomas Finley, law partner of Mr. Algood. This worthy array helped the citizens "stay within the law," in one way or another for years, and later was augmented by such splendid legal talent as D. H. Morgan, Judge E. H. Boyd, Worth Bryant, J. R. Douglass, Linnie Bullington, V. E. Bockman, Judge O. K. Holladay, Judge H. D. Whitson, Judge Sam Edwards, O. C. Conatser, Sevier Barnes and Griffin Smith, now Chief Justice of the Arkansas Supreme Court.

Sheriffs Chas. Bradford, Geo. Moore, Gen. Alcorn, R. L. Jared and Bob Rash made Cookeville a safe place to live, while Bill Dabbs and Bood Choate kept order on the streets at night. All did a good job for which every one was grateful.

The fact that "crime doesn't pay" was first sent home to me when as a child I went on my first chinquapin hunt with a group of school children and while passing a lonely spot, was told that it was the "hanging ground" where two young men had paid with their lives for a crime they had committed a number of years before. Even at that age my very soul revolted at the thought of "capital punishment." And I shall never forget how the sight and the story of that spot spoiled the day for me.

CAMERON

"The song of the shirt" speaks to me of Maude Cameron of earlier days. I do not know her married name, but I feel I want to tell a little episode that will show her unselfish loyalty to her four brothers. I was inviting friends to a party one time, and when I pressed her to attend, she explained that it was impossible, as it was necessary for her to "finish a shirt" for one of her brothers for the morrow. Her father being deceased and her mother an invalid, Maude had assumed the duties of the home - every detail. I congratulate the boys on this splendid sister, and I might congratulate her on her brothers.

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SCHOOL DAYS

The educational foundation was so well laid out that the present generation is still reaping the benefits, as evidenced by the number coming out of some of the nation's institutions of higher learning with their degrees.

Among the teachers who developed this foundation I recall with much respect and admiration Prof. Washburn and his lovely daughter, Miss Angie, Professors Hayes and Harris, Prof. S. B. Yeargan in "Washington Academy" days. Later the Cookeville school replaced the Academy and a few worthy instructors there who come before me are Lizzie Pursley, now Mrs. C. L. Hayes, Graeme McGregor, now Mrs. R. Smith, Kate Carr, now Mrs. Guy Wilson, Willie Barnes Hatfield and Prof. Hatfield, Prof. and Mrs. S. H. Proffitt, Prof. N. J. Finney, Ernest H. Boyd, later County Superintendent of schools, and his sisters, Vallie and Allie Boyd, Miss Molly Mooneyham, Mrs. Adcock, Kate Walling Shanks, Joel Barnes, Elizabeth Cox, now Mrs. Algood Carlen, Nannie May Love, now Mrs. Ben Stegall, Mattie Ragland Boyd, Annie Myers and Bess Alcorn.

These buildings were located on the large wooded campus where now stands a modern building - the junior high and city schools.

A few years later Dixie College opened its doors for more advanced training. I think the site north of town was given by Jere Whitson and perhaps some others. Beautiful buildings were soon erected and Dr. W. B. Boyd made president. This college operated successfully for a number of years when some of the leading citizens saw the need of a state school and eventually succeeded in having the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute located there. This has been a real stepping stone for many young people in that upper country.

Prof. S. B. Yeargan's Select School, and Miss Sue Quarles Preparatory School laid many valuable stones on which the younger generation stepped to reach a goal. Of course, there were many others who assisted in this fine task.

School days were always hectic ones for me, for I was more interested in fun than in the three R's.

I recall one incident - a fair example of those days for me. I never was very smart, but I always hated to be "showed up," and after a fellow student "turned me down" in spelling, I, being a firm believer in give and take methods, "turned her down" in open combat after school. This escaped both my teacher and parents.

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Alice Birdwell Herrod will bear me witness that she and I gave Prof. Washburn no great pleasure when we were his pupils in old Washington Academy, "but we won't talk about that."

In those days when I attended Miss Sue Quarles school, recreation was an unheard of term, but the sink hole across the road with its pliable tree - stretching over it and lending its suppleness for a "ridy-horse" - provided a wonderful playground and equipment rivaling the modern "Johnny" merry-go-round, bars and slides now used on school grounds. This ridy-horse was capable and trustworthy, often carrying a large number of boys and girls at one time, to a wonderful fairyland combining all the essentials for going round and round, up and down, or flying through the air.

CULTURAL

The cultural side was always emphasized in Cookeville, music and art being taught almost as soon as children knew their alphabets. I was amazed at the proficiency with which children were near artists before entering school. I learned the majority of them had their early musical foundation laid by Mrs. Laura Walder. Who was not proud to have studied under her? I know I was when I had her instruction a few years later, although the raps on my knuckles when a mistake was made were not so welcome at the time. You all remember that part of her teaching I am sure.

My first piano instruction was from Miss Laura Copeland, now Mrs. Bilbrey. Other music teachers were Miss Z. Martin, Miss Fannie Gross, Mrs. S. B. Yeargan, Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Alma Smith Haggard, Mrs. Lula Williams Algood, Mabel Cannon Ramsey, Daisy Reagan Bennett, Misses Ova Boyd, Gertrude Mason, Mamie Morgan, Mamie Alcorn, Jennie Kate McClain, Horde McGregor and Nette Wheeler. They were capable of getting good results.

Cookeville's social and cultural life would not have been complete without Miss Laura, her music and her store of knowledge, gained through much reading. One hour spent with her in her home always put one in touch with the finer things of life. How I love the memory of her hospitable vine covered porch! Another thing that always held my interest in that home was Miss Laura's father's shop where he fashioned lovely things in leather, and how I did enjoy watching him handle his tools, whether repairing a shoe or making a saddle - "hand tooled" in intricate design! I never knew your mother, Miss Laura, but I have heard many wonderful things about her that account for many of your fine qualities.

I wonder if you remember how in the midst of a music lesson

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I would seize a pillow and start a fight that could only be stopped by you playing and singing "The Better Land for Me." I have a copy of the poem before me now, and love it for the memories it revives. I have always loved the finer things of life and yet it seems I often found them the hard way - in the front line trenches so to speak.

COMING OF THE RAILROAD

Major Moscrip, a civil engineer, my father, and a number of prominent business men seeing the great need of a railroad for Cookeville and the upper country lying between Nashville and Knoxville, set to work to secure one, and in a short time had accomplished this; and a railroad known as the N. & K. railroad was serving the upper country. Maj. Crawford was president of the Haute, Ind., and New Castle, Pa. For a great many years there was a great deal of rivalry between East and West Cookeville but with the coming of the railroad, and the station located in West Cookeville, these differences were soon overcome.

David and Ed Dorman, father and son, ran the N. & K.'s first train up the mountain. Joe Barbee was also an engineer on that road.

Hugh Swarthout was one of the first station masters - if not the first at Cookeville.

Darley Vandivort, assisting Superintendent Stewart in the office was a valuable worker.

J. R. Gollithan was a conductor, as was his son-in-law, Jap Holladay. Later, when other trains were added, Hugh Rout, who had married Carrie, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Dorman, was also connected with this road.

The Tennessee Central later took over the road and is still serving the section well.

I. W. McCluen, Harry Kiersey, Haskel Jared, Bill McCluen and Jap Holladay have served this line in various capacities.

After leaving the railroad Ed Dorman opened a machine shop adjoining his home place and engaged in business for himself. He equipped it with modern machinery, and with first-class workmanship served the public in a high class way. His repair work always unexcelled. Mrs. Dorman still resides in West Cookeville.

Marguerite Hendrix, how well I remember going to the home of your grandparents, "Pa and Ma" Dorman, to get my first glimpse

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of you! You were so little and helpless then - but what a tower of strength you must feel now with the splendid position you have so efficiently held so many years - and you "Major" son! How splendid he is - he always has been splendid as I remember him, and how proud you must be of him, the progress he has made and the service he is giving! I have appreciated your many kindnesses to me; your splendid contribution to Dan and his birthday each year has meant much to us both.

I trust "Oak Dale", now your home, may mean as much to you as it has to me!

Remember me to your brother, Carl. For him I have a very grateful memory for serving as "lookout" when he was small to keep me posted on my father's whereabouts in order that I might negotiate my goings and comings to the best advantage, for I had a propensity for leaving the home base, any hour of day - rain or shine - much to his displeasure.

CAMBELL MORGAN

No actor in Hollywood's movie colony was ever a greater hero to anyone than "Uncle" Campbell Morgan - reuener par excellence - was to me! How I thrilled to his tales of how he had lain prone on his stomach in the mountain woods all night waiting for "shiners" to start their first "run" in the early hours before dawn. He usually caught them and as evidence that it was no easy task, displayed many scars where he had been wounded in such encounters. I have a most interesting picture of him, gun in hand, with other weapons nearby, together with a fine display of his night's vigil. His brother, R. P. Morgan, brought much money into Cookeville through his wholesale produce shipping to New York. This used to be one of the largest chicken markets in the country. Two days in Cookeville held great significance for the farmers in the old days. "Chicken Day" in West Cookeville and "Mule Day" on the Square. Another member of this Morgan family was J. D., salesman, merchant, all around business man, and friend of everyone.

A. P. BARNES

I am mindful of the fact that I have not written a story about this outstanding and popular Cookeville family, and am hastening to do so, at this time, in order that I may pay my respects for a former merchant and an ex-mayor of the city.

Mr. Barnes was prominently connected in business and political circles

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for years - enough that he should almost be classed a pioneer.

Although I did not live in Cookeville at the time he was mayor, I am informed some wonderful civic projects were perfected during that time. His splendid family of two daughters and two sons, were an asset to the group of young people a number of years ago; Ethel, now Mrs. Chas. Darwin; Mattie Lee, wife of Lieut.- Col. John A. Mitchell;

and Jere B., the Beau Brummel son, much in love with the girls, and much loved by them in the old days. I have wondered many times if he is a Benedict - now a happy married man? I have seen mention in the Herald of Zeb's little daughter and wondered who her mother was before marriage.

Mrs. A. P. Barnes was a home-loving mother when I knew here, preferring to stay by her own fireside, ordinarily, to going any place except church.

Mr. Barnes, a fancy stock enthusiast, was manger of the Putnam County Fair for many years.

I congratulate the entire family on the success they have made and the benefits they have brought to Cookeville.

THE RUTLEDGE SMITHS

Major Rutledge Smith, newspaper publisher and editor, railroad executive, better business man, financier, after dinner speaker and entertainer par excellence. Mrs. Graeme Smith, wife, mother, speaker, teacher, friend and dynamic personality.

My earliest recollections of you two, taken separately, are of such contrasting natures, that I scarcely know what to say - but - as a little girl I recall going to the home of Capt. Walton Smith to see Elva Cecil, and how frightened and angry I was when her brother, Rutledge, chased us all over the place with his newly acquired gun. Up to that time I had associated Maj. Smith, with a flute or piano rather than a gun, and the shock was terrific! Your grandmother Black soothed my ruffled feelings by playing the piano for me, while your mother reassured me, and joined you in laughing at me!

A number of years later my music teacher (Miss Horde McGregor) took Ernest Boyd and me to the McGregor home in Lebanon for our summer vacation. It was then I met your Graeme. I was impressed by the lovely old southern home, and the beauty of her two sisters, Misses Eudora and Sally Ashe; but when I saw her, serious eyed, sitting out under the stars, and calling each by name, I was amazed that one my own age could think so deeply.

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Of course you remember how proudly you and I escorted blind Senator Gore to his graduation exercises, during that visit, at your home. In your marriage you have taken on some of the other characteristics, making a very happy combination indeed.

You both have gone a long way and I understand the same is true of your children, I have a pleasing memory picture of your baby, Albert, astride the big black family horse with his Grandfather Smith, and what a striking picture they made! Another picture - that baby, a man; a soldier; returning from the first World War brought, not gold - not silver -

to his mother, but rare laces, handmade, and valuable. How well he knew his mother; and how well he remembered her!

Your Cookeville home on Washington Avenue, with its many large rooms and spacious, shaded grounds in later years, was always such a happy meeting place for social gatherings, young and old alike partaking of your gracious hospitality.

And how you coached the younger generation in correct form! You were Cookeville's "Emily Post" in those days, Graeme.

Celebrities were frequently entertained there, and Cookeville guests invited to meet them. This constituted a rare opportunity and was enjoyed by many - I for one.

LEE

This family was not one of the real pioneers, but in later years became a very vital and appreciated part of the community. Capt. Lee was a wounded Confederate soldier. I shall not say "disabled" for though he lost a limb during an encounter, he was too much independently active to be called disabled. He made friends through his sunny disposition and information on political and world affairs.

Ms. Lee was equally as popular and their large family of sons and daughters added much to the social and business life of Cookeville. Miss Josie, now Mrs. Frank Richmond, is the only member of the family still living there. Her popularity has never waned.

Nora was possessed of extraordinary mind and was politically inclined and successful. She served as engrossing clerk of the state senate a number of years before his sister, Miss Willie, now Mrs. Jennings, served in the same capacity.

Grace (Mrs. Jesse Read), the beauty of they family, was possessed of much charm in addition to her pretty face, and a great deal of musical ability.

Nora and Grace were responsible for my sixth and seventh

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Appearances as bridesmaids, with the results mentioned elsewhere.

Harry was a graduate of the medical school of Vanderbilt University - valedictorian of his class, I believe, and gave promise of being a great doctor, but instead of living in a large city where there was opportunity for advanced research, etc., he chose a small town in Middle Tennessee for his home.

Bob married one of Cookeville's most beloved daughters, Marietta Holladay. Both were musical and both I believe are now deceased.

They left a son, Fowler; and Nora left a daughter. There are three members of this family of whom I know little.

MRS. H. C. MARTIN

In the days when she was Mrs. Sims, a young widow, with a small son and smaller daughter, she came to Cookeville and assumed the responsibility of telegraph operator for the railroad at the Cookeville Station; she and I used to do some wonderful foot-work when we were out waling and train would whistle unexpectedly for signals in repassing through. She and I have laughed many times over the narrow escapes he had, tho' at the time she was left in a state of near collapse over the experience. During her years as operator Mrs. Sims, now Mrs. H. C. Martin, was particularly fortunate in that she was never responsible for an accident of any kind.

She was a dear friend and I wish her every good. I claimed her daughter, Myra, as half mine, and feel that I helped do a pretty good job in rearing her.

Myra, you dear, don't forget you and Marie McCluen Brent have promised to sign at my funeral! - when I die.

Percy is living in Lovell, Wyo.; is married and has three children. He is Postmaster at Lovell, and shares with his relatives, Frank Sims, in interest, the breeding stock on the Buffalo Bill farm in the "Platinum" silver fox industry at Cody, Wyo. I noted in a Wyoming paper recently that five of the foxes had been sold for \$9,000 this year. Percy was always a bright boy in school and was an appointee to West Point a number of years ago.

J. R. GOLLITHAN FAMILY

I have mentioned Mr. Gollithan in connection with his services on the railroad and because of the many happy hours spent in their home, the guest of his interesting wife and daughters, I want to attend to my love and appreciation for them. Often I used to say

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to my mother, "I need 'pepping up' and I'm going down to see 'Sis' Gollithan," I always called her "Sis" - I do not know why - but she was so full of vim and vitality that she inspired others and always gave the desired "pep". For good humor and happy helpfulness she had no peer. They had four daughters, Annabel, the oldest, now deceased, I believe, Ruth, Minnie Dixon and Clara; Clara being much younger than the others, made Minnie the baby for many years, who added much to the interest of the home. I shall never forget how she used to explain that her name was "Minnie Ditton Dotton." The last I knew of Minnie she was active in church work in Nashville.

THE COX FAMILY

In the early days it was a real event when the Misses Cora and Clara Cox of Gainesboro, visited in Cookeville. They were not only musicians of ability but charming guests as well. Miss Cora married Mr. Lucas and moved to another state, while Miss Carla married John Epperson and moved to Algood - and became so completely identified with Cookeville musical, literary and social groups that she was always considered one of our own. They frequently visited their relatives, the Ford family in Cookeville. Mr. and Mrs. Epperson's home in Algood was always open to Cookeville young people; and their sister, Lizzie Epperson, was charming co-hostess at all times. Their daughter, Elise, developed the same musical ability and charm as her mother. Since her marriage to Dr. Howard they have lived in Cookeville and are real assets to social, musical and professional life there, I am told.

The Cox girls' brother, Jas. N. Cox, and his wife moved to Cookeville after their marriage and immediately became important members of church, musical, social and business circles. Mr. Cox was associated with his brother-in-law, S. Hayden Young, and through them the offices of the Gainesboro Telephone Co. were brought to Cookeville. This has proven an important link in the development of Cookeville and the surrounding country.

Mrs. J. N. Cox, formerly of Sparta, immediately became a member of the musical coterie. When I think of her, I immediately am conscious of how I used to rejoice when, as "Little Mary Young," she used to visit in the home of her uncle, Charles Burton, and gave us such rare musical treats. She and her cousin, Lula, were an ever popular drawing card for a pleasant evening in any home.

Mr. Cox' father was an outstanding attorney and his mother a woman of unusual mental attainments. A character eccentric,

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originality of speech, dress and actions, admired and respected by everyone.

"Western Union" had nothing on the services of the Gainesboro Telephone Co., when Opha Boyd (sister of Mrs. Hayden Young) or Willie Kiersey were on the switch boards. Both were efficient and immensely popular. I met Willie and her husband, Mr. McGee, in Nashville a few years ago and noted they looked prosperous and happy and very proud of their fine family. I was glad to see Willie again. She was not only a good operator but a splendid tennis player, always popular on the Oak Dale court in the old days.

CHURCHES

Cookeville has always been a deeply religious city, but as I remember in the early days they had few regular pastors for their three good churches, tho' there was usually a "Protracted Meeting," as we called revivals then, in progress at either the Methodist Christian or Presbyterian church.

The earliest pastors I recall in the Methodist Church were Rev. Jarvis and Rev. Smotherman; I'm not sure which was first. Rev. Nackles, Tinnon and Craig followed and I'm sure there were others. Rev. Nackles also served the West Side M. E. Church as pastor for some time when it was erected later.

I recall in the early days that Brother Larimore, Elders Harsh, Harding, Srygley, and E. G. Sewell held meetings for weeks and weeks in the old frame Christian Church on Washington Avenue.

Rev. Goodpasture held many meetings at the old Presbyterian church, across from the telephone exchange and later the Rev. J. T. Price was pastor there for some time.

In later years Dr. W. B. Boyd pastured the Christian congregation in their new brick church on Broad St.

Judge Edwards, newly ordained minister, assumed charge of the new Baptist Church in West Cookeville.

Jeff Wall, known as the "Rodeheaver of the Mountains", went from blackface minstrel to Gospel singer with his talented wife, Vera, as accompanist. He and Frank Collier were organizers and directors of an especially fine choir and orchestra in the new brick Methodist Church on Spring Street.

The Presbyterians and Baptists had good choirs; the Church of Christ had wonderfully well directed and sustained congregational singing. I can hear Mrs. Shields Martin's lovely, strong, alto

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Voice even now. All of these churches had good Sunday School attendance.

Cookeville has been such a popular resort ever since the foundation was laid that it is a common saying "once one had visited Cookeville, they always want to come back."

NEWSPAPERS

Among early newspaper publishers in Cookeville, the first I think of was Mr. Joe Gore who published "The Press" in a small building on the North side of the square. He was followed by R. Smith, who was assisted by his wife, and later the plant was moved to the old Christina Church building on Washington Avenue, where Mrs. Smith and Griffin Smith put out a good paper. The Press was discontinued, I believe, when Mr. Smith and Griffin entered broader and more lucrative fields.

Another Democratic paper was published by E. L. Wirt and son, Ralph. It was called the Putnam County Herald and is still coming from the press.

A Republican paper was entered in the field by a splendid citizen, John E. Oliver, and his capable wife, and I think Frank Carr was associated with them. Their publication was called "The Mountaineer" and was an excellently gotten out sheet.

W. S. McClain and Q. Dyer were also in the newspaper business at times but I do not remember their connections.

The Herald as you all know still exists under new management and Keith Ford as society reporter does a fine job of it, and I have found much pleasure in reading her accounts of various functions. I think I never read a finer account of a beautiful wedding than hers was of the union of four such splendid families as the Maddux-Carlen wedding. The Cox and Carlen, and Maddux and Adcock families all have a very warm place in my heart.

J. W. RICHARDSON

Mr. Richardson was a warm friend of my father's, and after his death, disposed of some of our furniture for me. Among other things was a large walnut dresser - marble topped - and walnut bed which my uncle, a cabinet maker, had made, and, speaking of the dresser reminds me the marble slabs were removable and my mother often used them to mold her candy on. I have wondered so many times what became of that suite of furniture! I remember Mr.

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Richardson sold it and delivered the cash to me but I never knew who bought it. It really makes no difference, but I have wondered. Mr. Richardson was kind in helping me in sales and collections. He had formerly been a merchant in Cookeville, later becoming active in real estate and the development of various properties, in connection with his insurance agency.

I understand Mrs. Richardson has a nursery school - and that is "right up my alley," since I have dealt with young children in parks for years and enjoyed it more than most anything I ever did, especially was my contact with Mexican children interesting when I worked at their park one year - next to that park in a wealthy residential section gave me most pleasure. But a park in an industrial center all but finished me and I was glad when I left that one.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

I do not recall who was responsible for bringing the power for and the installation of electric lights in Cookeville, but I certainly was indebted to them, for, up to that time, my one laborious home duty was cleaning and filling the lamps and trimming the wicks. And how I hated that job! It was almost impossible to have the chimneys shining brightly enough and the wicks trimmed expertly enough (so there was no smoke) to satisfy my father.

In recalling the many picnic spots near Cookeville where we spent many days years ago, I think of Burgess Falls, and the power there; and I know that must be the force operating this boon to the whole surrounding country. And somehow I feel that Frank Collier was the master electrician who did the installing in Cookeville - still I am not sure - anyhow when I recall how we traversed the muddy streets in the dark, in the pioneer days - I feel a public vote of thanks is due someone for the lights.

Other as picturesque but less profitable picnic grounds and spots for adventure, around or near Cookeville was the cave running under Cookeville starting beyond the Susan Quarles School, east of town, and terminating somewhere near the T. D. Ford home.

There was "Window Cliff" which was always popular, too; Pilot Knob, the closest ground, a nutting place; "Standing Stone," near Monterey, used to draw large crowds each summer when the "Red Men," a fraternal organization, had their excursions up there. "Bee Rock" furnished a view of the hills beyond and the peaceful and picturesque valley below, on the same excursions.

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"MILFRED"

When we moved to Cookeville my sister, Mille, remained in Minnesota to complete her school work there, and joined us the following spring. That winter Fred H. White came and claimed her for his bride, and they returned to Minnesota, Mr. White having large interest in both Minnesota and South Dakota.

At almost the last minute before their departure, I begged to go with them, and Fred said, "Let the 'Kid' go if she wants too." From that day I was "the Kid" to him. I remained with them for two years. And after my parents' deaths I returned to their home, which for a number of years, had been in Cookeville. Fred bought the flour mill in West Cookeville from R. W. Allen who was moving to Indian Territory, and soon after returning to Cookeville to live Fred bought the Uncle Jackson, Davis farm, adding the Parkinson, Judd, Cumby and Stephens places; converging all these adjoining places into one, he had a 600 acre farm which they named "Milfred" by combining their names - and moved from the Davis place to the Stephens place; and after remodeling and adding to it, used it as their home place. Being a little over one mile from town it became a pleasure ground for young people from the town to gather for parties, picnics, tennis, dancing, etc. Many college groups from Nashville were frequent visitors to the college daughters and son of this family. I was always made to feel that "Milfred" was my home to the extent that it never occurred to me that I was an outsider. I believe no one was ever shown more consideration and kindness than I was in that home. Especially do I want to mention Marie and Whitney. I shall always feel grateful to them for many, many things.

I have not see Gertie nor Ada in twenty or more years, but while I was in their home they were wonderful to me, and while Helen did not come into the family until I was gone -

her help with our little boys will never be forgotten. She often kept them for weeks at a time - she and Whitney.

My sister has been a mother to me and I appreciate her more than I am able to tell. As a very little girl "Bee" furnished much entertainment for me. I have not seen her in years. This home burned some twenty (more or less) years ago, and they moved to Florida to live. Whitney built a cottage on the site of the old home and he and his wife and daughter live there now.

Shortly after my sister Mille's marriage, another sister, Fannie, went to Columbia, Tennessee to attend the Atheneum and study art and expression. She and James T. Snodgrass of Crossville, were

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Married and made that their home for many years. Their daughter, Mary, now Mrs. E. A. Krug, of Texas, like Marie and Whitney White, has been a real blessing to me. She has four beautiful and talented daughters.

Charles Edward, whom we called Ned when he was small and who used to entertain many in Cookeville with his piano playing - is an insurance man living in Hollywood with his wife and two children, Chas. Metcalf, 17 years of age and Rita. Chas. Metcalf is an exponent of exercises for developing a body beautiful, and is a perfect physical specimen as was shown in a full page picture of him in the "Physical Culture" magazine about a year ago.

Miss Goodwin was never a resident of Cookeville, but since we formed a partnership and have lived together twenty-seven years, she has the same status in regard to old friends and old memories that nay "in-law" has, and it is with pleasure that I tell my Cookeville friends how much she has been to me through all the years; and now, is serving as eyes to see with, ears to hear with for me. She has done everything humanly possible to add to my comfort and happiness; and converses about Cookeville as interestedly as if she had lived there many years. I wish you all knew her better.

PAUL WHITNEY-GOODWIN

Although he has never lived in Cookeville, I cannot close without mentioning Paul Whitney-Goodwin, whom Miss Goodwin and I adopted when he was a tiny baby, giving him our names, which we hyphenated, for his surname. From the day we took him to this very minute he has been our pride and pure joy to us! He is now 17 years old and is over six feet tall. He graduated from high school at 16 years, with a B-plus average for the four years, and a "Linz Award" for scholastic attainment in his senior years, and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in Band. He has served as one of twelve counselors for two seasons of three months each, for the Variety Club Camp at Belton, Texas, where 500 underprivileged boys 8 to 12 years of age find health and happiness each summer.

He is now working for Dallas' largest law firm and doing university work at night in S. M. U. High School. He will enlist in Naval Reserves before his 18th birthday in April.

DAN WHITNEY-GOODWIN

Dan, whom we also adopted when he was a baby, is now 16 years old, and has one year more in high school. He has always

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Been the wit of the family and his childish sayings are pleasantly recorded in my Book of Memories. He did high school work in his junior year and worked after school as assistant instructor in the Oak Cliff Branch Y. M. C. A. Craft Shop. He is an enthusiastic employee of the Interstate Theatres, Inc., being located at the Palace Theatre in downtown Dallas at present.

MRS. NANNIE MAY LOVE STEGALL

While not a permanent resident of Cookeville-at one time there was a teacher employed in the school who has meant so much to me that I think of her as a member of my family. I speak of Nannie May Love Stegall. Indeed she has done for me and been as close to me as a sister and I think of her family as my very own. She has a son named Whitney for me and another named Goodwin for my very close associate and friend, Elizabeth Goodwin. Whitney has been in charge of CCC work, and he and Goodwin are in the Armed Service now. She also has two splendid daughters, one connected with the TVA, and the other in U. T. Miss Nannie May Love, as she was known before her marriage, and by many in Cookeville, is remembered affectionately. She has always given a wonderful influence to children with whom she has come in contact. Mothering our boy, Dan, an infantile paralysis victim, for a number of years - making him strong with outdoor life and plenty of milk and health building foods. We owe Mr. and Mrs. Stegall much that can not be repaid in dollars and cents.

Later: Goodwin Stegall graduated in Chemical Warfare Jan. 29th, and is a 2nd Lieutenant now. Recently he visited his parents in Rockval and returned to Baltimore to remain until sent out. Whitney Stegall is in the Signal Service Corps. He has a few more weeks in O. C. S. May Love Stegall is assistant director in USO program and is stationed at Pensacola, Fla., after a training course at Columbia University, New York.

APPRECIATION

So many have shown me kindnesses along the way that I am going to list a few and comment briefly.

Minnie Crawford Barbour, a helpful kindness at the county fair to my mother made us both very grateful and happy.

Gertrude Denny Dillard, a letter of congratulation and cheer - it did me good.

Sallie Sloan (nee Douglass) was never too busy when a young lady to play the piano for me.

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Julia Neal's sympathy, extended years ago in her sweet childish way, touched me deeply. I loved her mother, too.

Mrs. Herbert Hughes' neighborly friendliness - and musically talented family's contribution to my pleasure.

Mrs. R. B. Capshaw - her gentle kindness and forbearance day after day as I went to her home for a music lesson.

Dorothy Gregory's precious baby ways bridged over many tire-some days during an illness I had.

Birch Wilcox's unfailing kindness to my mother day after day; and Birch's, Solon Gentry's, Oakley Massa's and Robert Moscrip's helpfulness in the post office.

Miss Gertrude Mason, a voice teacher, gave me a very pleasant memory, which I have treasured through the years, when she sang "Does Jesus Care," in chapel exercises at school her first day in Cookeville.

From Rev. J. T. Price, Presbyterian Pastor, a letter of condolence and words of praise for my father at his death. I appreciated that so much.

Nan Ford Boyd sent me a beautiful red rose wet from a spring rain, on a dreary, busy day in the post office. I still have the rose in its withered state; and I copied it when fresh, with water colors to decorate a card on which I had written a couple of verses describing the joy it gave to me. I have given the cards to many "shut-ins" since. It has brought me sunshine and joy.

Bro. Craig, when pastor of the Methodist Church, gave me such a kind reprimand once when I was boasting about some "streak of luck" I had. He said, "Don't say luck - say God." That was so like him, and I treasure the rebuke.

Mrs. Robert Greenwood, as being as especially congenial, helpful and pleasure giving friend when she was Viola Simrell and I, then as now, was Gertrude Whitney.

I recall with much pleasure John Burton's kindness to children when I was small, and with much regret his sad plight in later years. He always had money to spend for the children, for candy, watermelons, etc., but as he used to say in his last days, "I have seen better days gone by - loan me a dim", the use to which he would put the dime made it

unkind to give it - though he never refused to help the children. How clean he always was, and how nice he always kept his hair! He was a born gentleman.

I could almost include every person in Cookeville in this kindness list, but I must close.

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"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us
That it ill behooves any of us
To say aught against the rest of us."

"They think I have forgotten the roads and the hills,
The fields and all the friends I used to know;
Because I go not back - that my heart will
Forgetfulness, and yet this is not so.

"They do not know, in spirit, that I walk
The steep hill roads, the fields, the rutted lane -
That in a hallowed reverie I talk
To those I love - I hear each voice again.

"For I have made the past, a soothing rhyme
And going back again might break the spell;
I like to keep it thus, unchanged by time
The same glad world wherein I used to dwell."

THE END

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