

## Diary of Dr. P. C. Kelly 1870-1939, Part II

### History

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As has been said before, a teacher had to chastise a pupil just as a parent would in case he did not obey when he was told to. Most of the larger pupils chewed tobacco and I said nothing about it until one day I saw them chewing in the school hours. I asked them not to chew tobacco in school hours but they could chew outside on the playgrounds. After recess one afternoon, a young man seventeen years old sat chewing tobacco and spitting through a hole in the floor at his feet. This boy's name was Sam Justice, a relative of Louis King a giant of a man and the best educated of any of the board of trustees. He was also a very dangerous man as he had shot one of his neighbors recently and just barely missed killing him. This neighbor was also a dangerous man as he had killed another man and he was not afraid of anyone. This boy was, as I have said, chewing and spitting and when I said to him "Sam, throw your tobacco away until you get out and then chew." He paid no attention to me and chewed and spat right along, paying no attention to what I said. I sent out and got two or three switches and wore them out on him but he never did throw the tobacco out of his mouth. I dismissed that evening and went to my boarding place. The next morning I took my dinner pail and started for school. It was a foggy morning and as I neared the school building, I saw the young man whom I had thrashed and his older and larger brother coming to meet me. The older brother, walking with a green cane of good size for a club, and I was about to pass and I spoke saying good morning, whereupon, without saying a word, he brought the stick overhanded aiming to strike my hand. I was too quick for him, letting go of my dinner pail, I ran in under the stick and it only struck me a light blow on the shoulder. I grabbed the man (Bob Justice) and forced him down the rough bank of the road into a fence corner and, grabbing a rail with each hand, held him in the corner and asked him just what he meant by acting that way. His answer was a question. "What did you whip my brother for yesterday?" I said "Bob, if you will be quiet, I will tell you and I believe you will agree that he should have had a whipping." Instead of saying he would listen, he demanded in a very rough manner if I would ever do it again. My answer was "yes, if he needed it" and I threw him from me and we had it fist and scull up into the road and I secured his walking stick and we were striking at one another until I got a stroke in at the base of his neck and almost floored him. He said, "I want to quit now and do not want you to strike me again." I stepped back and picked up the cane and said "I ought to kill you, you damned son of a bitch eater and I will do so if you even make a pass at me." He did not and went off down the road with his brother.

A few steps toward the school building, I met his cousin driving a team and hay rack whom I heard afterwards made it sure to get there in time to see me get a licking and I afterwards heard that the brush was full of folks who had been asked to hide there and see me get a thrashing. As it turned out, I was cock of the walk. I went immediately to the schoolhouse and part of the pupils had seen the fight and scampered home. The rest I dismissed until next Monday as I did not feel like teaching that day (Friday). Monday morning I went at it again as though nothing had happened. Along in the afternoon, I saw people gathering around the schoolhouse from all directions and I did not know what was going to happen. The school house windows were up and two men walked up to the window and one of them looked in and smiled at me. This man was Robert Looney who was much of a drinker and a fighter and the other was a relative of the boy I had thrashed. I said to myself "I have two

friends in the crowd at least." The whole crowd of mountaineers began filing into the school room and I treated all alike, found them seats, and continued my teaching as though nothing unusual had occurred. I finally finished my work and started to dismiss the school. Before I did, I said "I see there are quite a number of folks have come in and I wondered if there was any special matter to be considered." Whereupon, this man King said to the trustee with whom I was boarding, that he wished he would start the business and he said "no, you are the one who started this and you state it yourself." King then said they were gathered there to investigate the whipping of the boy which they thought was unmerciful punishment. However, before King would state the business, I had to say the following: "Gentlemen, it seems very queer that you have all assembled here for some business and it seems that you are ashamed to state it. If that is the nature of the business, you are to be pitied. Just get up and state the whole matter and if it concerns me, I am ready." Whereupon King made the above statement as recorded. I said, "Shall I dismiss the pupils or shall I hold them here for the investigation?" It is my recollection that we decided to dismiss the smaller pupils and detain the larger ones. Anyway before the investigation started, I said to the pupils who were to be questioned. "Boys and girls, you have heard what the object of this gathering is and you also know what happened here on last Thursday evening. I only have one request to make in this connection and that is whatever you tell about the affair, let it be strictly truthful, even though it be against me. You will be on oath and for no reason whatever evade the truth."

Then the investigation got underway. King made the opening talk and was bitter against me and recommended that I be discharged at once. Mr. Carper was the next to speak and was just as strong for me as King was against me. Then it came Mr. Knight's time to speak and it had been the custom for him to agree with King in all school matters, as he was distantly related to king. However, Mr. Knight was considered a fine citizen and honest and square in his dealings with his neighbors. The situation now was one for me and one against me and as I thought a good chance that Mr. Knight would side in as usual with King, I admit I felt shaky. Mr. Knight began talking and talked for ten minutes and for the life of me I could not tell by what he said which way the chips were going to fall but at last he made this statement. "We hired Mr. Kelley to teach and govern our school and we expect him or any other teacher we hire to do it. It has been plainly proven that the young man flatly refused to obey what the teacher told him to do, which you all must admit was the right thing for him to say to a pupil. So I will say that if Mr. Kelley hit the boy a lick a miss, he must have hit at him and missed him. I am in favor of retaining our teacher as I believe he is trying to teach us a good school." It was settled to all appearances and I crowed a little I admit and told the children to come on to school next day. Whereupon, King became enraged and as I was sitting near him, he said "I would kill any damned man who slapped my child." I jumped to my feet and said, "Mr. King, your little boy and girl have been very nice pupils and I like them and they have given me no trouble or cause for chastisement but I want to say to you that if they had done so, they would have gotten the same treatment or punishment any one of the other pupils would get." This enraged him more and he said "I would have killed you". I had my hand in my pocket holding the handle of a no. 44 pistol which I fully intended using if it became necessary. Fortunately, King said no more and that was over.

Next day, Tuesday, near the close of the day, a very tall mountaineer whom I had never seen, rapped at the school house door. I opened the door and spoke to him and invited him in and seated him. I was about to start my work again when he said, "Mr. Kelley, I would like to speak to you alone if you please". I said "We have no private room here but if it will suffice, I will step outside with you." That was alright and we went outside. He said "Kelley, I am the Constable and I have a warrant to arrest you". I said to him, "Well officer, if you have a warrant and show it to me, I will make no resistance to an officer of the law and will go peaceably with you." He showed and read the warrant to me and said "Mr. Kelley, I have never before seen you but I know something of you and if you will

promise me that you will be here at this school house tomorrow morning at ten o'clock at your trial before the justice of the peace, I will not arrest you, although it is my legal duty to put you under guard until tomorrow to have you at the trial." I said "Mr (Wm White) there is only one thing that will keep me away" and he asked "What is that?" I said "Death". He let me go. In the morning I went up to the school house at the time designated and when I walked in, the room was crowded. I walked the full length of the room and no one said anything or showed me any notice. I sure felt like a nobody. After I sat down, the man who had been shot by King nudged me and motioned that we go outside. I followed him out under a great old beech tree that stood in the school yard. It was a gloomy day and drizzling rain. We stopped and I saw this man was very mad. He said to me "Kelley, I am your friend and if that Louis King even as much as starts to hurt you, I will kill him on the spot." He was carrying a great club in his hand and he brandished it over his head. This man's name was Lill Hall and as I have said before, he had killed a man by name of Peter Cooke and I believed he was telling me the truth as to what he intended doing in case King attacked me. I said "Lill, I know you are my friend and I appreciate friends now more than I have ever done before for I am not so certain I have many friends in this crowd but I want to not only ask you to do something but I beg of you not to do anything for me that would get you into trouble as you are a man of family and I am not and I assure you I am armed and think I am able to take care of myself." Nothing I said satisfied him. So we went back in and started the trial. The squire asked everyone about what had happened and when it came to my time to make a statement, I did so as deliberately as if it amounted to nothing and I said "I have given you a true and correct account of the whole affair." Then King made a speech condemning me for my actions and when he got through, I made a very short talk in my defense of what I had been forced to do. The squire immediately decided for me. This made King furious and he made a move to arise. I noticed Lill jump to his feet holding on to his club but nothing happened as King quieted down and court was dismissed. The devil was in me and I crowed considerably and notified aloud that school would continue tomorrow. Before I got off the school ground by some hook or crook, the officers notified me that I was under arrest again and that on the morrow I would be tried by a jury of six men. This rather alarmed me and I felt

that I would not try to defend myself before a jury and wondered whom I could get to defend me next day. We were absolutely out of reach of an attorney on that short notice. My mind quickly remembered our old country doctor, A. W. Edgell, who was what we called a pettifogger before justices courts. It will be remembered that I worked for Dr. Edgell to get my start in school. So I went through the hills on horseback straight to Dr. Edgell's and got there after dark and he was away from home. I sat around the fire talking and waiting for his return until very late. He did not come so I was invited to go to bed as it was raining torrents. I think I was about to consent when the Dr. arrived and as well as I remember after so many years have passed, I told him my story and asked him to defend me. He agreed and said "I will be there at ten o'clock tomorrow." It may be that I laid down for a time and then rode back to my school. At any rate, I was at the school house bright and early next morning trying to pick out a jury to summons.

At the time I worked for Uncle Billy Vineyard and had gone to school there was trouble in our school between the teacher and a young man. Mr. John Epling was on the school board and I remembered that he stood four square for the teacher in that case and I suggested that he be summoned and that was about all I had to suggest but when the names were called, I found that with him was the name of John Jett, the man old Uncle Billy hated so bad and was going to get old Bill Ferrell and his jug of whiskey to help him to hate Jett. There were a lot of men summons that I knew nothing about. When they were empaneling the jury it so happened that Jett and Epling were left on which made me feel better. The others I left for my friends to agree who should be kept on. The trial began and the same testimony was given as at the former trials. After which, to my great surprise, I found that a Mr. Frank

King, a teacher and with whom I had been raised and who himself had just such a trial as I was having now, got up and made a bitter attack on me. Dr. Edgell brought it out that the boy willfully disobeyed me by the boy's own admission and then he turned to the jury and said "Men, you are all interested in schools and teachers. The object in hiring a teacher is to get one who will control and govern the pupils and it has been shown here that Mr. Kelley has endeavored to give his best to the district by controlling and governing the school for the benefit of all concerned. You expect this of any teacher you hire and would not it be great miscarriage of justice to condemn a man in this position to make an effort as Mr. Kelley has done?"

The justice asked that the room be cleared except the jury and himself. As we filed out of the door, this teacher King was outside, his nose bleeding quite badly, and Mr. Carper, the trustee, was walking by me and he said "Frank, has Kelley been after you too?" King never answered. In less than five minutes, we were called into the house again and an unanimous verdict for me was announced. I called the trustees together and said to them, "Men, do you really want me to finish this school of which there was twenty days yet?" They all answered that they did, except of course King who may not have been present as we know what he wanted done. I said "I want to stay here just to show them that I can but I must tell you the trust and it is this, the remainder of the school is spoiled and it will do you no good at all as I think you well know but if you will let me stay, I shall be only too glad to do it." I stayed. During that time, I was always concerned about my welfare and expected any minute that I might receive bodily harm as those who were against me were unscrupulous people and if they got advantage of me, it would be just too bad for me. I went armed with my big forty-four revolver in my pants pocket and many times I have seen suspicious parties coming toward the school house by a pathway which came directly to the door of the school. I could never tell whether they were coming into the house or going until they came right up to the door. When they got near the house, I always put my hand in my pocket and held my revolver in my hand with my finger on the trigger. Fortunately, none of them ever ventured up the steps.

The country post office was kept by the uncle of the boy whom I thrashed and I was forced to get my mail by going into his store where the post office was kept. One Saturday I was coming out of the post office and starting to my boarding place when I saw the big brother of the boy I had thrashed approaching, carrying an axe on his shoulder. I do admit that goose flesh appeared on me but I vowed I would die before I showed him I was afraid. So into my pocket went my right hand to the butt of my revolver and there it rested until I was safely past him a few feet. I glanced an eye backwards to make sure he would not attack me from behind. This is only one of the instances, for many of them occurred, but I came out whole and uninjured.

Several years afterwards, I was talking of this trouble with a fine old citizen and he asked me if I knew that my father had heard that this Bob Justice had almost killed me with a club and that my father rode horseback to his place, which was just a mile from the school, and was swearing vengeance on this fellow and had a gun in his foot for him. I told him that this was the first I had ever heard of it. The old man said he had never seen my father mad before but he was so mad that he was white in the face. "I verily believed that he would have shot this fellow had he come up on him. I told your father that you had beaten the whey out of this Justice and that seemed to fix it alright with him and he returned home and so far as I know he never mentioned it to anyone." I know he never did to me.

After this great affair, I supposed that my reputation was ruined as a teacher and announced that I was through with teaching and was quitting.

A month or so rolled by when I began to get calls from everywhere to teach their schools. I persisted in my belief that I was going to quit. However, in the late fall months, I got restless and thought if I could make a few dollars I would take a school if I could get it. I went to the Secretary of the Board of Education of Geary District, Mr. George Moore, who was also studying law. I asked him if he needed a teacher and he replied, "Yes Kelley, I have a school but I actually am ashamed to take any teacher to it." We immediately started out over the mountains by only a pathway and wound over the mountain and down into a valley known as Little Pigeon Creek. We first stopped at little Josiah Moore's, as he was a trustee, and we got him and started down the valley to a Mr. Townsend's. On our way down the run, I saw what I believed to be a new hog house when one of the directors spoke up and said to me "Here is our new school house, it is not finished yet." I went in with them and found it to be a log structure with clap board roof with planks for a loft and this filled with hay and bench seats of rough lumber all around the wall and no other seats or desks. I remarked that this would do very well. We went on down to the mouth of the run where Mr. Townsend lived and for the stench, I thought we would never be able to get to the house, but we finally got there and secured the school.

Referring back to the time one Philip Ellis borrowed the \$18.00 county school order from me and vowed he would sell everything he had or repay me at the time I needed it. I went to him and told him that I was going to Hamlin Lincoln County to go to school to Mr. Josiah Hughes, my old teacher, at two other schools. He vowed by all the gods that he would send it by the time I would need it. I went and secured a place to board and paid my tuition and got ready in general for the term and Mr. Hughes would not accept me in his room as I wanted him to do and sent me very much against my will to the upper department which he said suited me best but I contended that I was too dumb and backward for that department. Finally, he broke my objections down and I was entered in the highest class students that were in the school. I nearly feel out with Hughes over this outrage as I termed it. However, after getting located there I found that I was averaging up with the best of them to a fair degree and ahead of some of them so my anger at Hughes cooled and I thought better of him as he seemed to know best where I belonged.

Days and weeks rolled by and so did the time when I should have had my money from horse-trader Ellis. I write and pled for the money but nothing came of it. My funds were all but exhausted and as Mr. Hughes was always so kind to me, I went out with him on a walk one day and broke the news to him that I was going to have to leave the school. He was surprised and asked my reasons for so doing and I told him I had my own private reasons for so doing and that it was best for me to do it. He would not be satisfied with that so he asked me specific questions. "Don't you like the school and it's professors?" I said yes, the best in the world and that I thought I was getting on just fine. "Well then why do you quit just as you are getting on so well in every way?" I said "Well, Professor Hughes, I suppose in fairness to you I must tell you the truth. I am out of funds with which to discharge my room and board bills." I told him the Phil Ellis story and he said it was a shame for a man of his experience to take such advantage of a young man struggling to better his condition in the world. I agreed bitterly with him and said "Professor, I regret having been forced to do this worse than anything that ever happened to me."

By this time, the good man was much wrought up and said to me "you are not going to quit". I replied that I surely was and that I was compelled to do so was my only reason. He said "You do not have to quit, I have money and will finance you through and you can teach school and pay it back to me when you are able." I flatly refused, saying that it was very kind of him and that as I was penniless and saw no way of paying the money back, I could not accept. He argued that it was easy and that after I got out of that school, I could go to a different county than where I had taught where they paid higher wages and I could easily pay it back to him. I said, "and another thing, there is no certainty in

life and I might die before I got a chance to pay it back". What did that noble hearted friend (the best I ever had) say to me. "Well, if you die, I will give it to you". Then we had a hearty laugh and I accepted the most generous offer with instructions that when I needed money to come to him and just say so and I surely would get it. He gave me ten dollars on the spot and with all my objecting, I felt like a millionaire and as good as if the money was my own. I conserved this ten dollars so closely that my good friend thought it was a long time that I did not require more money. He took me a walk one evening and finally said, "you must have gotten your money from Ellis as you do not ask me for more". I replied that I had not gotten it as yet but that I had a little left of what he had let me have and he said "I wish I could make money go so far". However, he forced another ten onto me. It was ever thus, I never had to ask him for money but he would always ask me if I wanted more. This was a great relief to me and I decided that Professor Hughes was not just an ordinary human but more like a super human and, to this day, I think the same.

Poor Professor, he was always proud of me as I did in later years rise in the public opinion and held a very important state office. However, I must not end the story for it is but partly told. Lest I should let it go by, I will say that this splendid man who had been kind and generous, not only to me but to everyone he had contact with, committed suicide in his later years. It was a shock to me as well as the entire county in which he lives as he was well to do and had worlds of friends. In fact, I do not know of a real enemy. Why should such things have to happen, I do not know. At any rate, he has earned a place in my heart that will not fade out and I am sure I speak the sentiments of thousands of others he has benefited. Let his fine soul rest in peace is my last wishes for him.

After my school was out at Hamlin, I left to come to Charleston to attend the Institute and Mr. Hughes asked me to hunt up a nice hotel for myself and that he would join me later in the same hotel. He urged me to go to a reasonable priced hotel but that it must be well kept and clean and respectable. I arrived in Charleston and immediately looked for a nice hotel. On one of the nicest streets in the city overlooking the great Kanawha River (Kanawha Street) I spied the great sign over a hotel "SAINT CLOUD HOTEL". This name took me in completely and I suppose I thought that a hotel with such a name was alright and as the terms were not unreasonable, I took quarters for myself and Mr. Hughes. Finally, that evening or the next evening, the Professor came in and I proudly told him I had secured quarters for him with me. I noticed that he did not seem to look pleased and finally we sat down together and he told me that I had made a mistake and I was some surprised and then he began pointing out the many little things I had not noticed. For instance, the food we ate was not extra well cooked and, while on the surface looked clean enough, the Professor did not approve. We then went into the bedrooms and he pointed out that the bedding was not as clean as it should be and I got to taking more notice and saw that I had been mistaken and admitted it. He left the hotel very promptly and I as soon as I could get away. I regretted this very much and for a long time I felt that it did not raise me in his estimation. However, he never tried to make me feel that way as he was ever kind and jolly with me and guided my steps as nearly in the right way as he could.

I received a good teacher's certificate and found a school and, as soon as I could, began to teach. Finally, my school ended and I had some money in my pocket. I immediately boarded a train to Hurricane, a town below Charleston, where Mr. Hughes was teaching. When the train rolled in, I looked up at a house on the hill and could see the professor's bald head as he was very bald of head. I was so anxious to get to him that I did not realize that the train had not made a complete stop. I stepped off only to be thrown to the ground but no serious damage was done to me. I hurried to the house and rapped at the door. He was so glad to see me that he literally pulled or dragged me into the room. He sent out for a sack of fruit and we began to talk over old happenings and I could not help stopping in the middle of it all to say that I have got some money for you and want to pay

you before I die and you then would have to give it to me. He laughed heartily as well as I did myself. We had a great time and I was able to pay him within a very few dollars of what I owed him. I departed next day with much of a good feeling. After securing the Little Pigeon school with its hog house school building, I prepared to go at the prescribed time of beginning. This indeed was among the mountaineers and I secured board at Josiah's Moore's, who lived in a log house with only one room in it, possibly ten by twelve with a fireplace in it and we used it for living, dining and sleeping room. There was only the old man and his wife. They had very crude ways of cooking. The diet usually was corn pone made without soda or baking power and fat meat with potatoes cooked with it and some milk and butter and plenty of fruit and sometimes beans and cabbage. The old lady was a very neat old person and scrupulously clean, having the nicest whitest of linens and the house, if it really could be called a house, was always clean. Back in each corner of the room stood a bed in each corner and under it was a trundle bed which the old man and woman pulled the trundle bed out from under me and slept by me every night. At any time, I could have easily laid my hand on either one of them.

The first night I stayed there, I had the scare of my life. One of the men from the other house that stood only a few feet away, went out in the night carrying a lantern and when he returned, he got scolded terribly. Telling him that he might have been shot down any minute carrying that lantern. They told me that they never knew when an enemy was hiding out to get a shot at any of them they might catch off their guard. One fellow particularly were they on the outlook for. Name Bill King. They talked as though it was absolutely dangerous to meet this man in the road. I did meet him on the road one day after that and was scared for fear that he would attack me in some way. Everything turned out alright. They made a business of talking feuds and would bring out the clothing of relatives who had lost their lives in the many feuds, showing me where the bullets went through. I soon had the friendship of the entire neighborhood. At Christmas time, I stayed right there with them and the old man Moore, who was the mildest, softest talking man I ever knew and who never swore an oath, sent to Charleston and got a jug of whiskey and during the day became somewhat tipsy and, of course, did nothing very bad but his conscience hurt him and he thought he had committed a very bad act before the teacher of the school. The next day he called me to one side to apologize for his rudeness and said "The reason I got tight yesterday is that Henry (his son) and his grandchildren had not in all their lives seen him drunk and he thought it would be nice to show them how he acted. I was dying to laugh and did as soon as I got a chance. They were very proud that I would stay with them all Christmas day.

Another happening that day was that this old man's son-in-law, Marion O'Dell, a giant of a man, was there and he had been a renter on a farm over the hill belong to Sam Noe and he accused Noe of cheating him in some way and got gloriously drunk and was leaping up to get the gun off the rack and go and kill old Sam Noe. They took him down time and again from the gun and he became so unruly that they asked me if I could quiet him. I did not believe I could, he was so much larger than I was. However, I said I would try it and I walked up to him and said "Marion, I want to go for a walk and I wish you would go with me. " This seemed to please him and he came staggering along by me and I made the walk as long as I possibly could, urging him to go with me to many places that I otherwise would have avoided and finally we went down to the barn. In the barn we were rummaging around and found some women's undergarments hidden out there and we made quite a question surmising just what it meant. Finally I tired out and I thought he was getting drunk enough to get him to the house and bed so we went to the house and into the small room and was standing right near my bed and I saw my opportunity, I made some excuse to turn myself quickly and in doing so, I purposely hit against Marion's shoulder and the blow was aimed so as to direct the force of it toward the bed and down he went sprawling onto the bed. There he stayed and slept until when he woke up,

he was sober again and remember very little of what had happened.

I taught this school to a very successful ending and on the last day of the school it rained torrents and the streams rose so high that it seemed almost an impossibility to get to the school. The old lady with whom I boarded was so determined that she was going, that she told all of them that she would go if she had to wade the water up to her neck. She went but as to how deep she waded, I never knew. Every family in the whole school district came and brought lunch and what a time we had. It came near time we had to close the school and as I talked before the school as to what a nice time we had had during the term, I saw little heads drop forward and the tears dripping from the eyes and it touched me very much. The first thing I knew I was weeping with them. Afterwards I felt very ashamed that I broke down and cried with little children. It is a fact that those little mountaineer children all but worshipped me. It was one of the most interesting schools I ever taught. The little mountain children ordinarily look uncouth and rough but when dressed in their calico dresses as they were all dressed, the little girls looked so sweet and were really good pupils and anxious to learn all they could. They all loved to come to my school and there was one family that was so poor that they could not furnish shoes for all the family. I remember at one time there came a heavy sleet and covered the ground with ice. One of the boys of this family came barefooted for nearly one mile to school, so eager he was to be there. That year was a very great success and they always wanted me to come back to teach but I did not return until after some years had elapsed and they had built a new frarne school house and after a lot of the girls and boys had grown up to man and womanhood. They were great for courting in school and a young man who had not gone to me to school but wanted to come over every noon and corner one of the girls.

I had told him kindly that after school hours, I had no objection as to how much time he spent with the girls but asked him not to come while school was in session. He came right back next day and I went up to him and asked him not to come any more. I said "Phil, I mean every word I say. I asked you yesterday kindly not to come and now I am demanding that you do not come." He took offense at that. He lived just across the little creek that ran by the schoolhouse and soon after he went home we heard shots over there and I asked some of the larger pupils what it meant and they told me it was Phil (Cutlip) practicing with his revolver so that he could shoot at me. However, he never bothered me any more. This same Phil and a man by name of Henry Moore, during my first school, were found early one morning inside of the schoolhouse engaged in a bitter quarrel. When I came in, it looked like war in earnest. I was scared but I mustered up courage enough to say to them, "Boys, this is my house and I am a friend to you both and do not want trouble, but as you are in my house, I must ask you to go outside and settle your differences. I cannot allow it in here." They at once stepped outside and in some way settled it for the present time.

Another amusing incident occurred at this last term of school I taught there. A family lived up on the mountain by name of Mullens and among the rest of the children was a little long white haired boy about five or six years old that came to my school. He was very reticent and did not want to talk very much. One day in the early part of the term, Sammy came up missing and we all turned out to hunt him as there were beautiful clear pools of water in the stream and I feared he had fallen into one of them and possibly drowned. However, one of the boys came by dragging little Sammy behind him who was all wet and I asked where he had found Sammy and he replied that he found him in a deep pool of water wading around. Poor little Sammy thought he would be about murdered by me in the way of punishment and sat down on the steps of the schoolhouse and would not budge another step. Of course I asked why he did this and, in possibly somewhat of a scolding tone, and he would not utter a word. Finally, I thought I would appeal to another side of his nature and I suddenly said in a very kind voice, "Sammy, how deep was the water?" He immediately answered and showed me on

his body how deep it was and said proudly it was way up to here. After that I could get him to talk all I wanted him to and took occasion to say to him, "Sammy, I do not care for your being in the water but we were all scared for fear that you might get drowned". I also told him of the great danger of a small boy getting in too deep. I found that he acted just about like any normal human would under the circumstances and especially so if one had been raised up on a high mountain where there were no beautiful clear pools of water as there was there in the valley.

During the term of my first school there, it was customary for the teacher to visit each family and stay all night if possible. In this mountain neighborhood there existed a great jealousy as to the attitude of the teacher so if I went to stay all night with one family, I had to go to all. The children all were asking me to go to their house and stay all night so I told the school one evening that I wanted to go to see all of them (what a lie) and that I could go to only one place each night so I had set aside the next week to start. I would go to one place each night until I had stayed all night with every family and it took fine and they all agreed to that. I must say that every family tried to be ever so nice to me but I had many hardships that week or more getting around. There was only one family that it was just impossible to stay as they had no beds and no chairs in the house and I do not think they had enough to eat. In West Virginia, forests there grows hollow trees and these trees were often cut and sawed off in three foot lengths for bee gums and this was what these people used for chairs. They would roll them up to the table and sit down on them and then plant their two feet on the floor to prevent the log from rolling.

At the trustee's home, the one I thought I could not get to the house for the smell, was one of the worst places that I had to put up at. They treated me royally as they were able but that smell was there to stay and they built up a rousing fire in the one fireplace they had and it was very comfortable so far as warmth was concerned. My bed was made right by the fire in one corner and when I turned the covers down there was a certain stickiness and stiffness that told me children had slept in the beds and under these covers whose hands had been conveying bread and sorghum to their little hungry mouths and after doing this, just went to bed without washing their hands and faces. They probably wiped on the bedding leaving a smear. I kept warm until early morning when the fire died down. I froze until time to get up and build a fire in the morning and then I warmed up. I was certainly glad when I could say that trip was over. I do not mean to say that these people were not kind to me and wanted to treat me the very best but in some instances, they failed. However, I have the most kindly feeling toward all these people as they did the very best they knew to make it pleasant for me.

(continued in Part III)