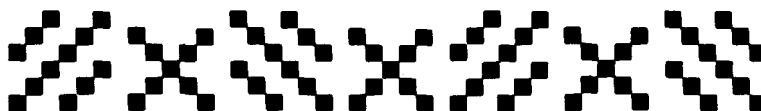


“Down in the Hills o’ Brown County”:
Photographs by Frank M. Hohenberger

*Lorna Lutes Sylvester**



In a recent study of the development of documentary photography in the 1930s, F. Jack Hurley credited the historical section of the Farm Security Administration, a part of Franklin D. Roosevelt’s New Deal, with creating a “portrait of a decade.” Under the directorship of Section Chief Roy Stryker the FSA presented in photographs the agency’s primary function of administering farm relief against the background of American life as a whole. The professional photographers of the historical section depicted, among many other things, black sharecroppers in the South, California’s migrant workers, drought stricken farms in the West, Chicago slums, small town life in Pie Town, New Mexico, and glimpses of the Midwest’s rural poor. The result of their work was an unprecedented photographic record of the milieu in which the governmental agency performed its duties.¹

Before, during, and after the existence of the historical section of the Farm Security Administration, Frank M. Hohenberger was producing a similar kind of photographic record of life in the hill country of southern Indiana—particularly in Brown County. Hohenberger would not have considered himself a documentary photographer, and in a technical sense he probably was not. Yet his pictures of the

* Lorna Lutes Sylvester, associate editor of the *Indiana Magazine of History*, was born in Brown County, Indiana, and has since resided in it or neighboring counties. Especial thanks are extended to the staffs of the Lilly Library, particularly Mrs. Wilma Etnier, and Indiana University Publications, Indiana University, Bloomington, for their help in the preparation of this article, which is the third in a series about Frank M. Hohenberger and his photographs. For the preceding articles see Lorna Lutes Sylvester, “‘Down in the Hills o’ Brown County’: Photographs by Frank M. Hohenberger,” *Indiana Magazine of History*, LXXI (September, 1975), 205-44; and *ibid.*, LXXII (March, 1976), 21-62.

¹ F. Jack Hurley, *Portrait of a Decade: Roy Stryker and the Development of Documentary Photography in the Thirties* (Baton Rouge, 1972), 54, *passim*.

people among whom he lived in Brown and neighboring counties and of their homes, villages, crafts, and work constitute a unique portrait of one segment of American life as it developed throughout four decades.

The Brown County to which Hohenberger came in 1917 retained much of the isolation and self sufficiency reminiscent of the frontier era in Indiana's history.² The rugged terrain with its V-shaped valleys and steep divides made travel difficult; with the exception of the narrow bottom lands along the major streams, the soil was unsuitable for agriculture;³ and the majority of the residents were poor, subsistence hill farmers who were still proficient in many of the same crafts that their pioneer ancestors had brought to the county in the midnineteenth century. Despite inadequate transportation facilities a few industries did develop—sawmills, tanneries, hooppole and broom making establishments, potteries. These were, however, generally small, dependent upon the county's limited natural resources, and related to the crafts or household processes of the residents.⁴

The apparent simplicity of this pioneer kind of life appealed to Hohenberger. Shortly after his arrival in Brown County he described Nashville, the county seat and his new home, to friends and scoffers who did not believe that he would continue to live there. It was, he wrote, "a village nestling in the valley of peace" where he had found the "restfulness that brings inspiration."⁵ The opalescent haze which softened the rough terrain, the rustic log cabin—or more often the dilapidated shack—crouched against the hillside,

² For a discussion of when and why Hohenberger came to Brown County, as well as additional information about him, see Frank M. Hohenberger diary, [66], Hohenberger Collection (Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington); Webb Waldron, "He Quit His Job; Took a Train—," *American Magazine*, CXVI (October, 1933), 104; Sylvester, "Down in the Hills o' Brown County," LXXI, 205-14.

³ Alton A. Lindsey, ed., *Natural Features of Indiana* (Indianapolis, 1966), 45.

⁴ Histories of Brown County are few. Of the ones which do exist, most are sketchy and incomplete; some are frequently biased or inaccurate. See Charles Blanchard, ed., *Counties of Morgan, Monroe, and Brown, Indiana* (Chicago, 1884); Genevieve Burger, "A Social and Economic Survey of Brown County" (B.S. thesis, School of Commerce and Finance, Indiana University, 1926); Ray Mathis, "A History of Brown County," (M.A. thesis, Department of History, Indiana University, 1936); Benjamin Wallace Douglass, *The New Deal Comes to Brown County* (Garden City, N.Y., 1936). For Hohenberger's own history of Brown County see Frank M. Hohenberger, *Down in the Hills o' Brown County* (privately printed, 1952).

⁵ Hohenberger, *Down in the Hills o' Brown County*, foreword.

the homemade quilts drying on the clothesline, the hooppole cutter, the fox hunter, the peddler who made periodic trips throughout the county—all were subjects Hohenberger could not resist. If the resulting photographs presented a life somewhat more idyllic than actually existed, they only occasionally descended to the pictorially romantic. The poverty, pain, hard work, pride, and stubbornness—whether Hohenberger intended it or not—were evident in his pictures too.

With the advent of the automotive era following World War I Brown County began to emerge from its pioneer confines. Residents began to realize that their greatest natural resource was the beauty of their hills and that tourism was their major industry.⁶ The changes, however, came gradually. As late as the mid-1930s local and county roads remained at best gravel, at worst dirt. Although Brown Countians might work in factories in neighboring counties, they still farmed, and they continued to can, quilt, make their own butter, and trade eggs for their groceries. Many families heated their homes with wood which they cut themselves, read by a “coal oil” light, and did much of their shopping from “Monky Ward” or “Sears and Sawbuck” catalogs. It took the economic and social revolution resulting from World War II to push more rapidly Brown County’s transformation to a modern society. The hundreds of tourists became thousands, new residents moved in, and the “natives” suddenly were forced to struggle to retain the rustic, peaceful simplicity of their former lives.

Hohenberger spent most of his time in Brown County from his arrival there in 1917 until his death in 1963. He saw the county through “flu” epidemics, “bobbed” hair, prohibition, women’s suffrage, the depression, the Ku Klux Klan, and two world wars.⁷ He photographed the changes which came to southern Indiana during his almost four decades in the area: automobiles bumper to bumper entering Nashville on an autumn day, the souvenir shops to which the tourists came, veterans in their uniforms, do it yourself mechanics fixing their cars at home. He also caught the static quality of the Brown County hills: the corner drugstore, the

⁶ For a sample of Hohenberger’s comments concerning the increasing influx of tourists to Brown County see Hohenberger diary, [123], [251], Hohenberger Collection.

⁷ Examples of Hohenberger’s comments concerning these items can be found in *ibid.*, [59], [59-61], [71-72], [119], [227], [263], [302-303], [306-13], [321], [338].

barefooted boy on his way to the fishin' hole, his female counterpart picking flowers in the fields, the Henry Cross road marker at Stonehead. Hohenberger came to Brown County in the first place, he said, because he had a hunch that there was something down there that he could do well. He was right, and he prospered.⁸

In differentiating between two styles of serious still photography, one author has written of the first: "There are those who insist that the proper use of the camera is to explore the inner reaches of man's mind, his ideas and his ideals."⁹ Hohenberger placed himself in this category when he stated: "I was interested in characters and types. . . . The thing that fascinated me was the way character stood out in the faces of these people. The job that interested me was to get that character onto a photographic plate."¹⁰ Many of Hohenberger's pictures, however, approach the second, or documentary, style of still photography—a style in which the photographer has "preferred to turn the camera outward and use it as a means of understanding man and his environment." In the hands of a mature artist "the documentary style of photograph may laugh or cry, or do both. It may teach; it may provide a negative reaction. But whatever else, a good documentary photograph is never neutral. It has a point of view."¹¹ Hohenberger was a mature and masterful artist, and few will view his pictures dispassionately. Historians, economists, sociologists, writers, museum curators—all will find his collection of photographs a priceless document of life in one small, "arrested frontier" area of the Middle West during the 1920s, 1930s, and 1940s. Those who lived in and who can remember the Brown County hills "back when" and those who would like to recapture this earlier era will find his pictures perfect illustrations for their memories.¹²

⁸ Waldron, "He Quit His Job; Took a Train," 104-105.

⁹ Hurley, *Portrait of a Decade*, vii.

¹⁰ Waldron, "He Quit His Job; Took a Train," 104.

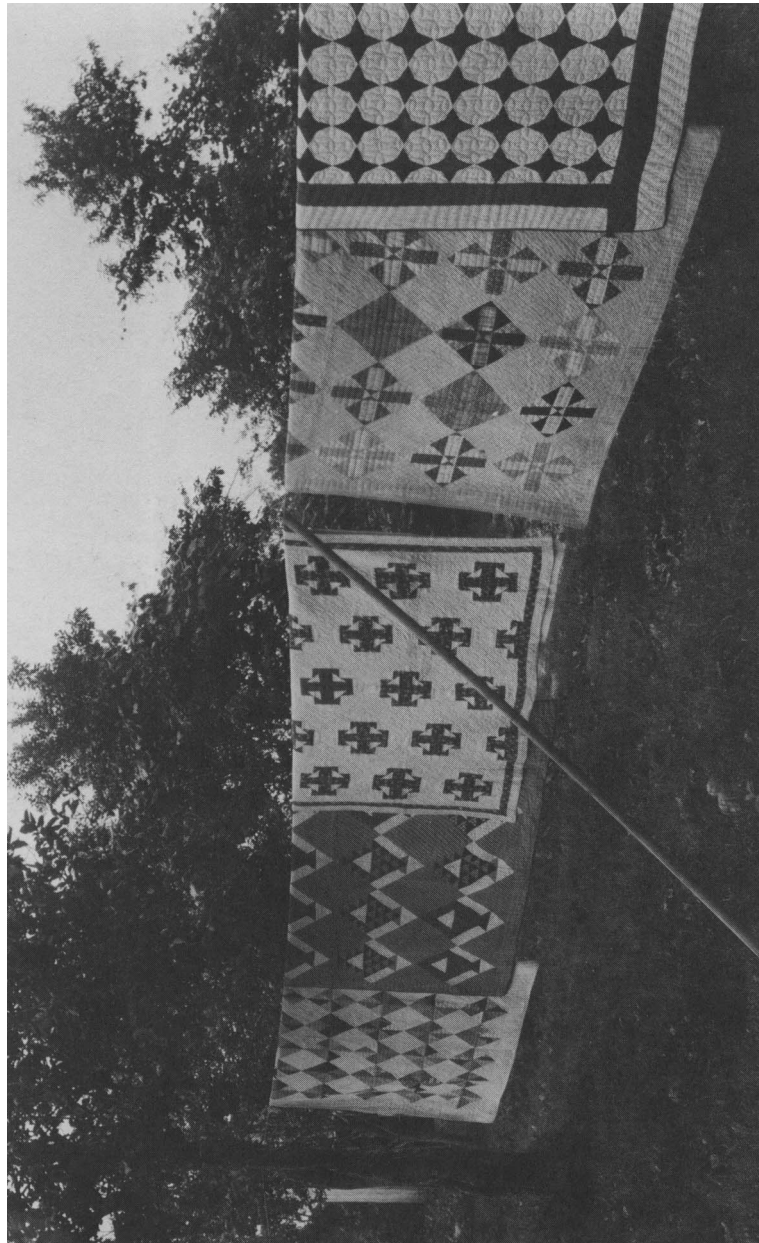
¹¹ Hurley, *Portrait of a Decade*, vii.

¹² All of the pictures which have been used in this article are located in the Hohenberger Collection in the Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington. No attempt was made to identify the subjects of all photographs. Captions and quotations were taken from the Hohenberger diary or from notations made on the pictures in the Hohenberger Collection. Quotations taken from the Hohenberger diary were selected because of their interest or seeming relevance not because they identified or described any particular person or picture. Entries from the diary have been standardized, and typographical errors therein have been corrected in order to make the captions more readable.



A MADONNA
OF THE (BROWN COUNTY) HILLS





A FULL LINE OF OLD TIME PATTERNS



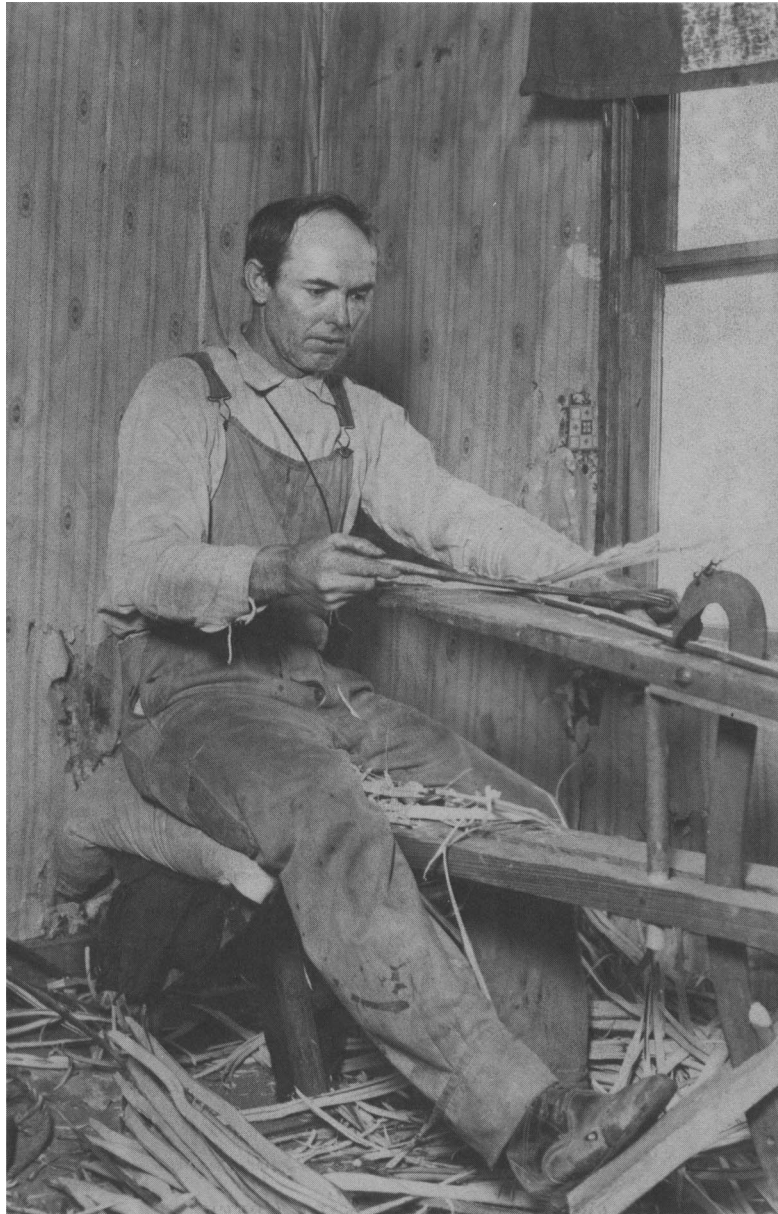




"Griffith and I visited Winfield Richards on Bear creek the afternoon of November 3/27. He is 80 years old and has panned gold on Bear creek, lick and the head of Salt creek. One young man picked up a piece that weighed to the value of \$11.25 and was offered \$25 by the state geologist, John Cox. Biggest piece ever picked up by Richards brought \$1.10. Always worked after a rain and made the trips with horse and buggy. . . . Richards a brother of Angeline Victor, of Indianapolis. Had rockers and sluice boxes. Found as high as five colors (meaning flakes) in a single pan" [470].



GOLD PANNER ON SALT CREEK,
WORKING THE ROCKER



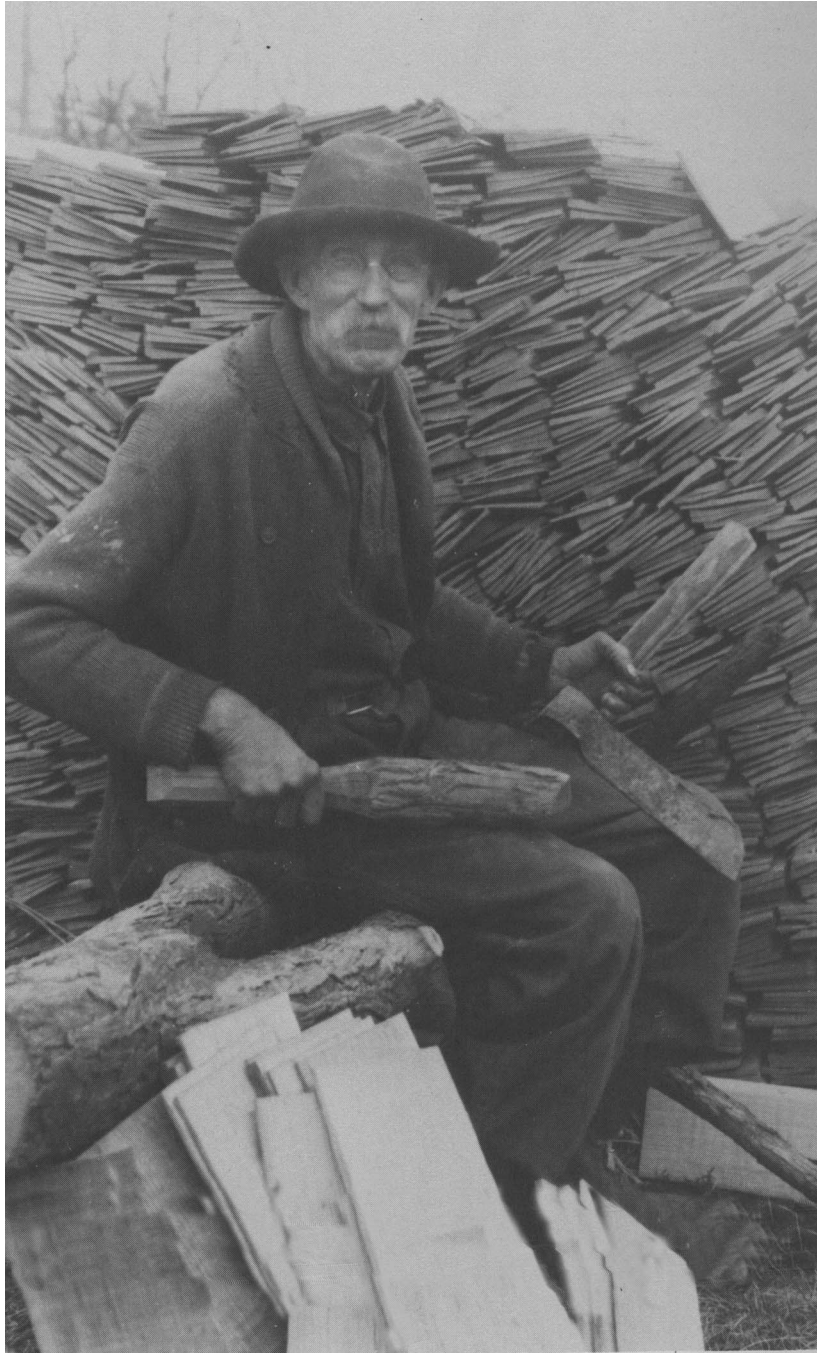
"Hoop-pole cutters busy now as this will be the last month before the sap runs. Can get all the shavings you want for nothing. Farmers haul more away than the town folks" [24].

"August 21, 1924, Bowen Sims and I left here at 9:15 to have an interview with Joe Bohall and family off of the Story-Elkinsville road. Arrived there at 10:20. The road after we left James Wilkerson's was merely a path through the weeds. Tall grass in the center. Numerous creek fords, very topsy-turvy at places. Only one road to follow and you couldn't get lost and no need of worrying about having to turn out for another car. Drove right up to the big gate. At first one boy's head appeared, then we found Joe on the porch, and his wife came out to see who might be there. Finally Bill, the basket weaving assistant arrived and the crowd was all represented. Went to the old dingy looking stable where the workrooms were. At the left were several horses munching the hay and on the right was a cow looking rather inquisitive. Joe posed with baskets and then Bill pulled some splints through the holes cut in an old crosscut saw blade. 5 sizes of holes. White oak is used exclusively. Splints 6 feet long for small baskets and 7½ feet long for bushel size. They live on what is known as May Branch, where John Sherrill was born. Joe is a cousin of Sherrill's. Joe has been making baskets since he was a kid. Is now 53 years old. Probably learned the art from his father, James, who lived on the Muscatatuck in Jackson county a long time. Joe born in Brown county. He said William Lewis, of Walnut street, Indianapolis, was here at his house last Sunday to get some of the splints to experiment in furniture making. Joe has lived in this house for fifteen years. He never has any family fights but his wife said once in a while they do some loud talking. Joe was afraid we were making pictures to have others make fun of. Grover David said he at one time had 450 baskets in his loft and sold them the following tourist season. Joe brings in about 100 a month. The boy makes two small sizes and gets the splints ready in a day. The father makes his splints and two bushel baskets in a day. The timber is carried on the shoulders of the family from the hillsides. No superstition about having the women folks learn the art. It was decreed by the fathers that they would learn the sons only as they were afraid others would get next to the art and competition would mean drop in prices. Joe gets 60 cents for the small size. Jim Frost, Berg's father, west of town, also weaved splint baskets" [350-51].



“Joe Bohall and son Billie called on me the morning of August 29, 1924. He said about learning the trade that he wouldn't take no showin'. Said knowed for knew. Made baskets with two strips to start with. Henry Hovis an old weaver still alive—works some where between Houston and Freetown. 20 and 24 splints used in starting. Levi Bohall taught John Turpin on David's branch. In making the splints an ax, then a knife and finally a frow is used. Then a boy Joe made a basket and got a pair of boots with the money. It was made of hickory and he says it was a 'shiner.' Platting is hard on fingers. His wife used to plat. Anna Shipley was a basket weaver. Only one out of 600 who don't get their fingers hurt. When the splints or finished basket become dry and slick they are sprinkled in order to facilitate the weaving. . . . Lou Hovis was also a weaver—now dead. Splinters in fingers. Can pull 100 splints in an hour. Mrs. Bohall used to do that part of the work. He said he would have asked us to stay for dinner the day Bowen Sims and I were there but he didn't know it was so late. 'Wanted his pickter tuck' ” [352].

^



"ALEX MULLIS—Visited him in the afternoon of March 11/27 with Oliver Neal. He had 2500 clapboards ready for Governor Jackson's cabin. He furnished the lumber and did all the work for \$30. These were of black oak. He gave illustration of riving. Says he can make 2,000 a day. They are 26 inches long and from 4 to 6 inches wide. Has been making them for 40 years. Roofs with his shingles all along Gravel and Salt creek. About 16 to a butt. Tree trunks 2½ to 3 feet thru. Trees generally straight way up. No kinky wood will do. These trees were about 100 feet high. He made 10,000 in 4½ days for George Roush" [452].

"Dave Smith, formerly of Panther creek region, operated a shingle mill for a number of years, giving it up about six years ago when he moved closer to a regular highway so that he could operate a car and take his family out for a ride now and then. Old mill was bought at Franklin. Butts 16 inches long down to a few inches less were steamed and then sliced. Elm, oak and poplar used. Made in widths from 12 in. to 3 and 4. Turned out as high as 5,000 a day by himself. Horses traveled in circle to operate the tumble shaft, which in turn moved the cutting knife up and down. A gear shift was close at hand to be used when the horses got 'fractionous.' Shingles sold at \$2 a thousand when the timber was furnished by the customer and twice that amount was asked when the shingle mill man supplied the wood. Wood had to be cooked about three hours. Dave made his own vat. Two or three people could turn out an immense lot of shingles. One to look after the baling, horses, and steaming. Houses and churches in Nashville have some of the Smith shingles on them. Dave did the shingling if necessary. The Urich cabin has a roof that was put on 40 years ago. Dave says his shingles would go through thirty-five or forty years any time and it was no unusual thing for culls to answer the same purpose" [346].



GETTING READY FOR WINTER



Hoosier and his wife busy sawing wood for use in their stoves this winter.





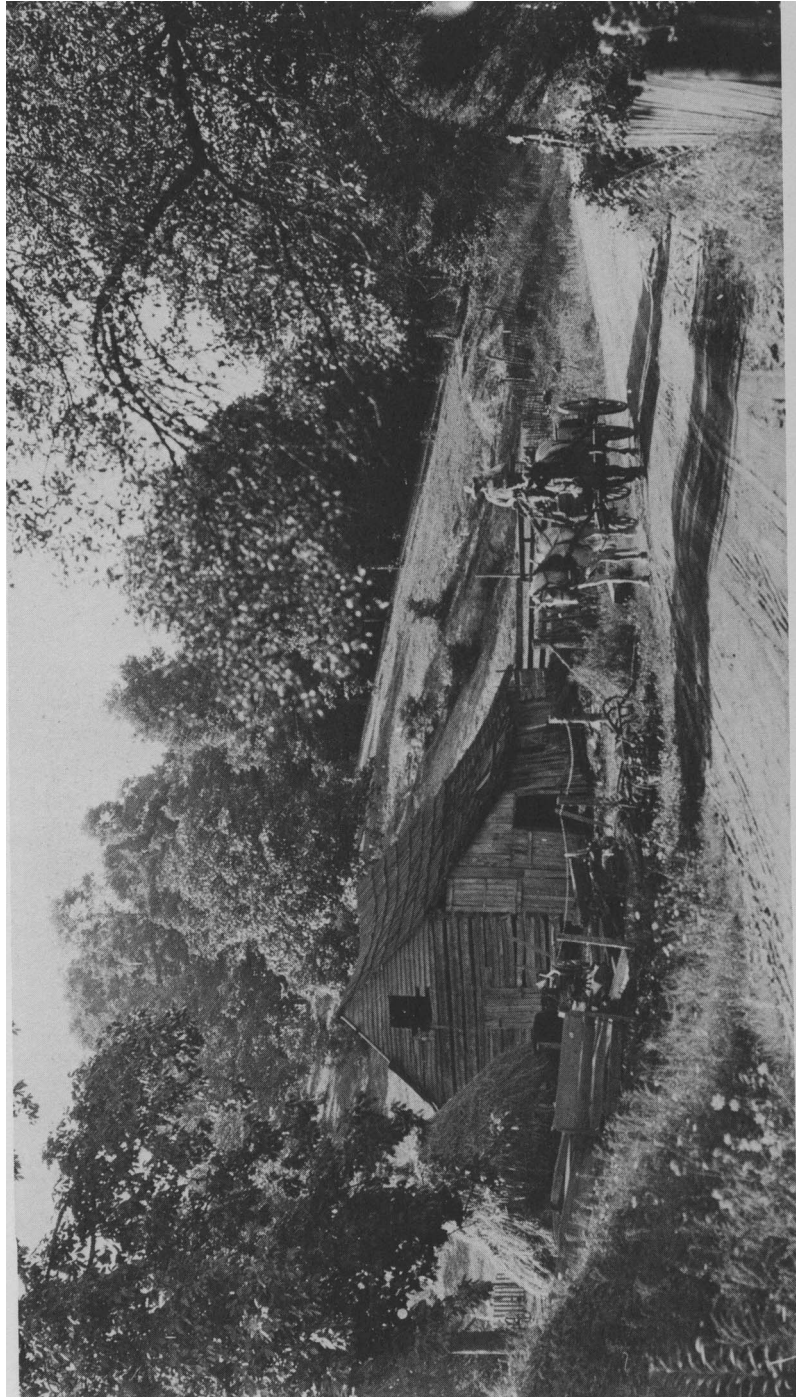
"August 25, 1924, I started up Clay Lick to visit Stant Smith to see how he made tobacco sticks. . . . Stanton D. Smith, 56, was born and lived in Brown county all his life. Has made thousands of clapboards and since tobacco raising is taken so well here he is now making a specialty of tobacco sticks on which to dry the weed. They are about four feet long and an inch by inch and a half. The present ones are being made out of black jack. White oak is better to split but rather scarce. An old mallet made out of the root of iron wood and a frow, a cleaving tool with handle at right angles, to the blade, combined with endurance, are the tools employed. While I was talking to Stant about how the work is done he split off 40 poles. The poles are placed in the ground on a slant and the tobacco split from the top to within a few inches of the bottom and placed crosswise of the sticks. A half dozen pieces are given room on a stick as a rule and then they are placed on a hay frame and hauled to the barn where they are placed on beams for drying. Stant never raised tobacco before and had to talk his wife into helping—he said she was as hard to break in to tobacco work as a colt is to harness. Stant says he can split 2,000 poles a day if the raw material is cut and on hands" [354].



A BROWN COUNTY TOBACCO FIELD



IN A STORYVILLE HAY FIELD



“Burt Thurman was sent a gallon of sorghum by an admirer from down here. He didn’t know the difference, as witness this: He wrote the donor to thank him for the fine honey” [239].





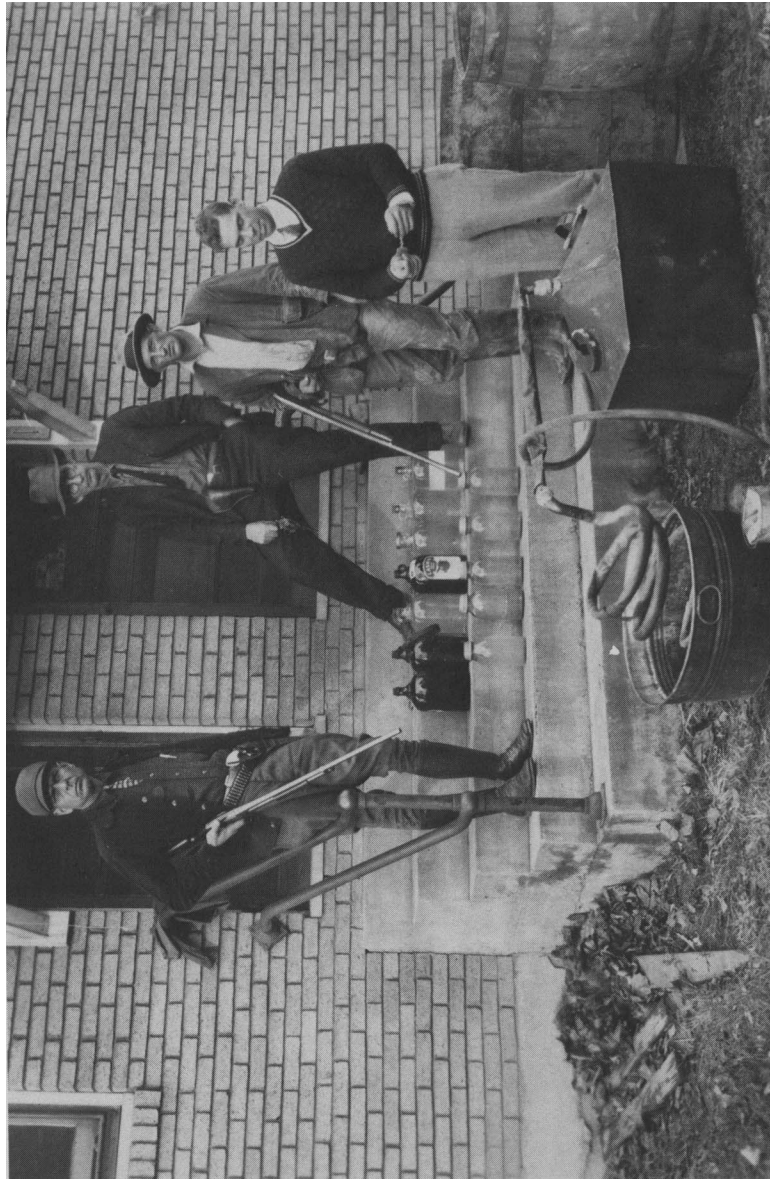
"Had long been wanting a picture of a real still and Oliver Neal told me he would let me know as soon as he located a specimen. Wednesday evening, July 21, 1926, he told me had the still for me and we would leave next morning at 7 to photograph the same. He and his son Fred called at 6:40 and we were on the way a few minutes later. Followed the regular Weed Patch road to the old building at the crest and then went over past the old Smith house. Meandered down a very winding road to the right for about a mile and a half. Nothing but a Ford could have followed the road. Very short curves and trees right where you didn't want them. We alighted near an old shed, locked the car and started along a very narrow path. Followed it for a quarter of a mile and then Oliver darted off the main road. Here he said is where I discovered the path to the still. My first clue was some spilled water near the old well, about which something later. The 'Y' off the path had a limb across it which was almost normal, being bent just a trifle and possibly a few leaves were withered. We sidestepped as best we could down the steep bank, over logs, having a care for snakes, and when we came to the first resting place Oliver said, now don't talk and maybe we can catch the hen on the nest. A little farther and Oliver must have cracked a limb for he attracted the attention of the operator fixing the fire. He might have seen my light colored shirt, too, for he started to take to his heels through the narrow ravine and just then Oliver let go with a round of shot. He said he hit him in the back but we didn't know. He was asked to stop but he said he couldn't, and then Fred said give him another and help him. Oliver yelled again to look out for the other fellow or he would run into his arms, but he went on and disappeared in the dense thicket, probably 250 feet from the rim of the hill. Oliver said he was [name deleted] and that he had been warned. The still was about five rods over the state reserve line. Showing a caution that spoke of 'smartness.' [Name deleted] evidently got home unusually early that morning and his wife no doubt wondered why. He found out that it was customers' day, I am sure. The still was located on the Black land and was a complete outfit. I brought home an extra coil, and we didn't disturb the outfit at all. Rather felt lenient and emptied the full quart can and also the water can that was running over. Water

in the barrel was carried from the old well at least a half mile away. The water in the well was almost stagnant and of a dark color—tadpoles were playing in it, and that is the quality of water used to make the liquor, which, I must admit, was quite clear after the distillation. The weather was unusually hot by the time we got out of the valley. Fred led the procession to the old well with the gun, looking for snakes everywhere, and he missed a black one at his feet which I spied. He made his getaway very easily. His slippery body was out of striking distance in the twinkling of an eye. Oliver a natural born detective. The old well possibly a hundred years old. . . . Officers hunted three hours and then couldn't find the still. Oliver helped them out and when he got right down to the still he put his hand on it and said, 'Boys, this is a still.' Fred Neal says the operator must have peeled the bark from all the trees in his flight" [433].

"*WHITE MULE*—A native said the only thing that would keep him from making it was not knowing how" [359].

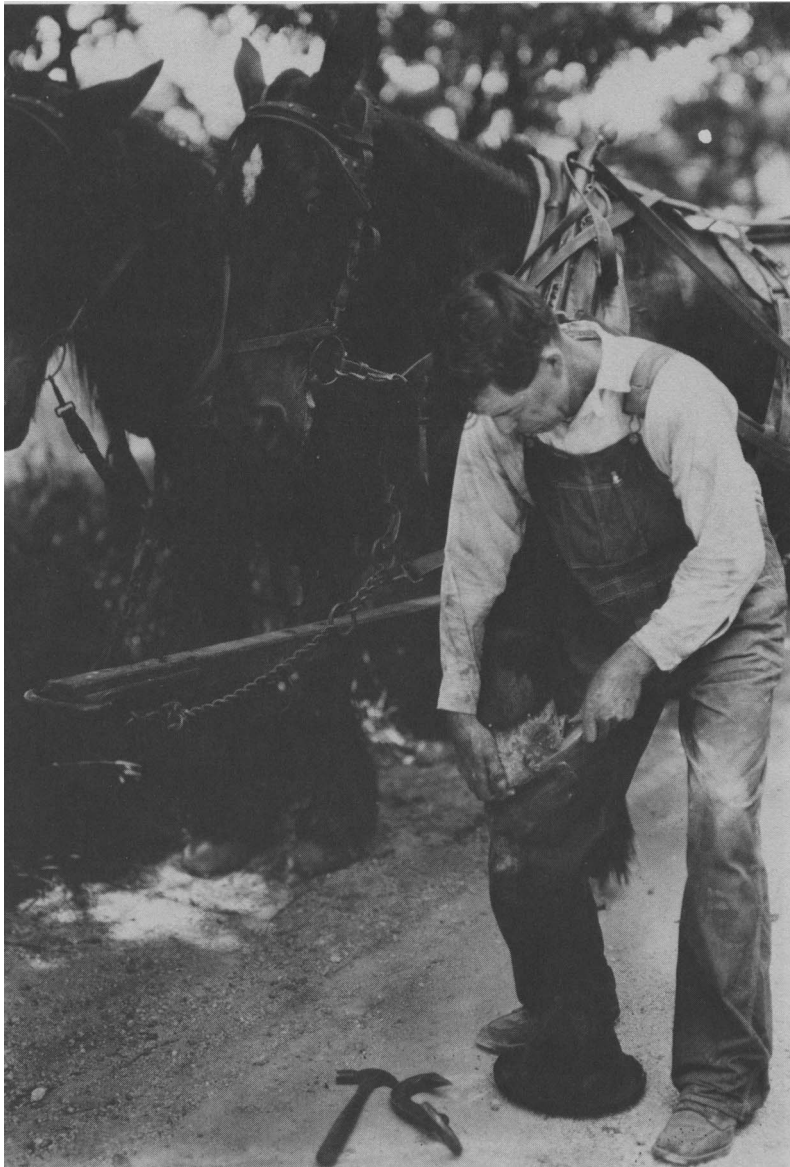
"Lon Kennedy says the new way to make liquor and dodge the revnooers is to take a pumpkin, cut out the top and then remove the fillings. Insert two-thirds sugar and one-third water, and let set after you put the top back on. They say when it begins to ferment that it can't be beat for real liquor. Pumpkins will be scarcer for Hallow'en" [403].

"Ever since several stills were rounded up here folks don't seem to be so particular as to who helps them on with their overcoats" [292].





THE OLD HACK

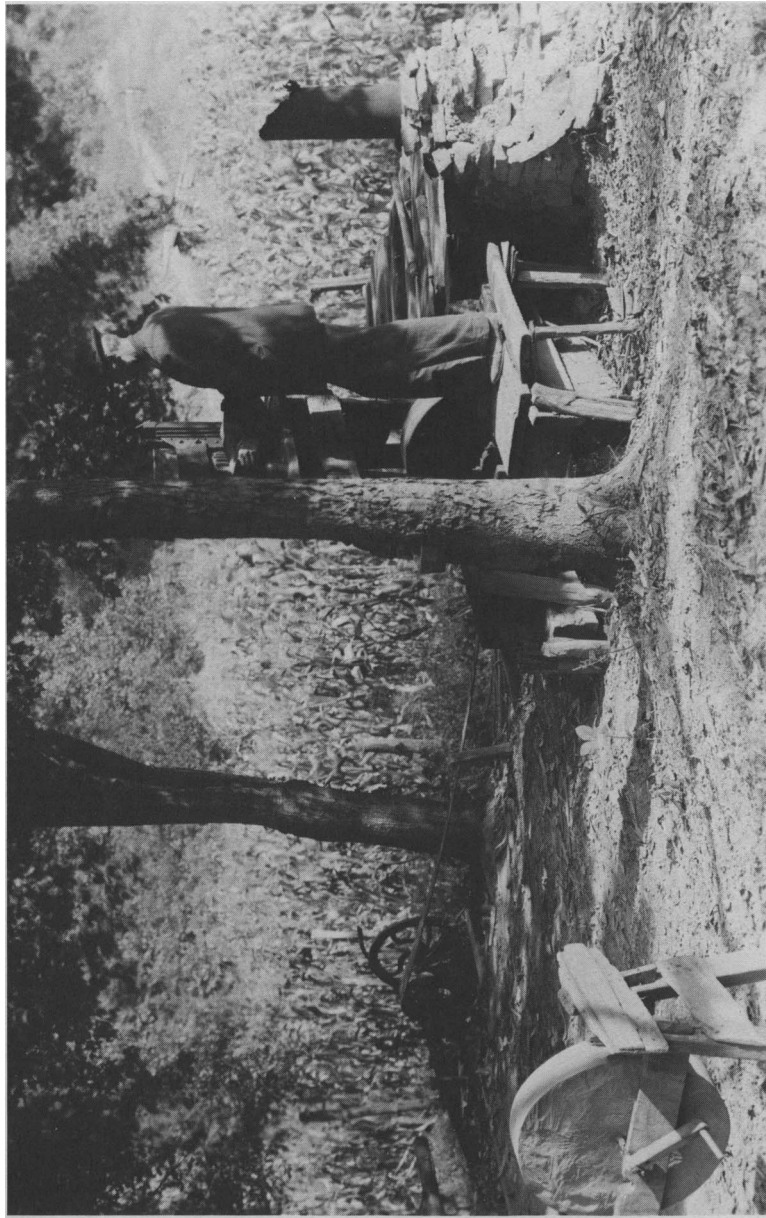




HENRY MOBLEY, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH,
AND HIS ASSISTANT



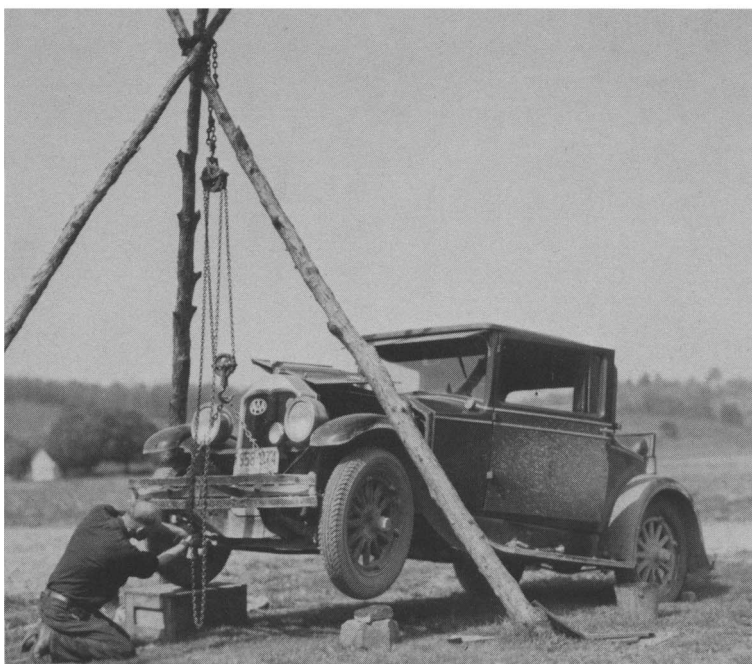
SETTING A TIRE

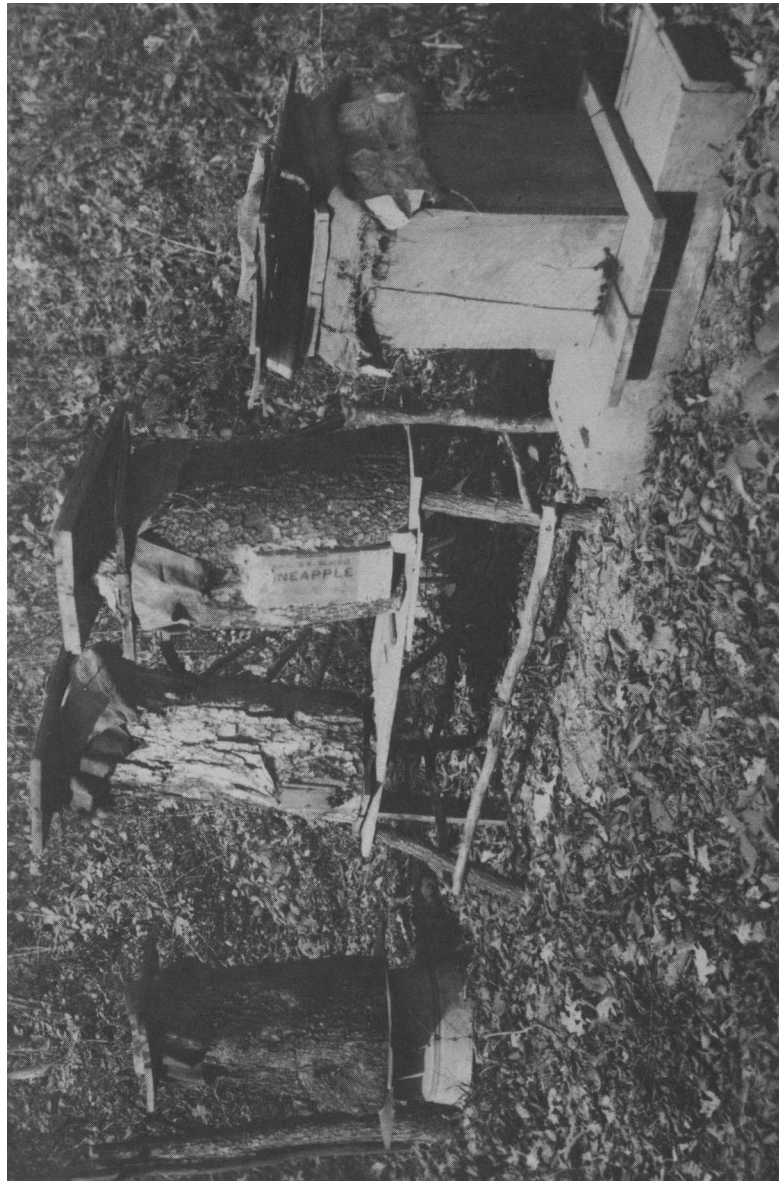




ALEX MULLIS PUTTING ON AN EDGE AT THE GRINDSTONE

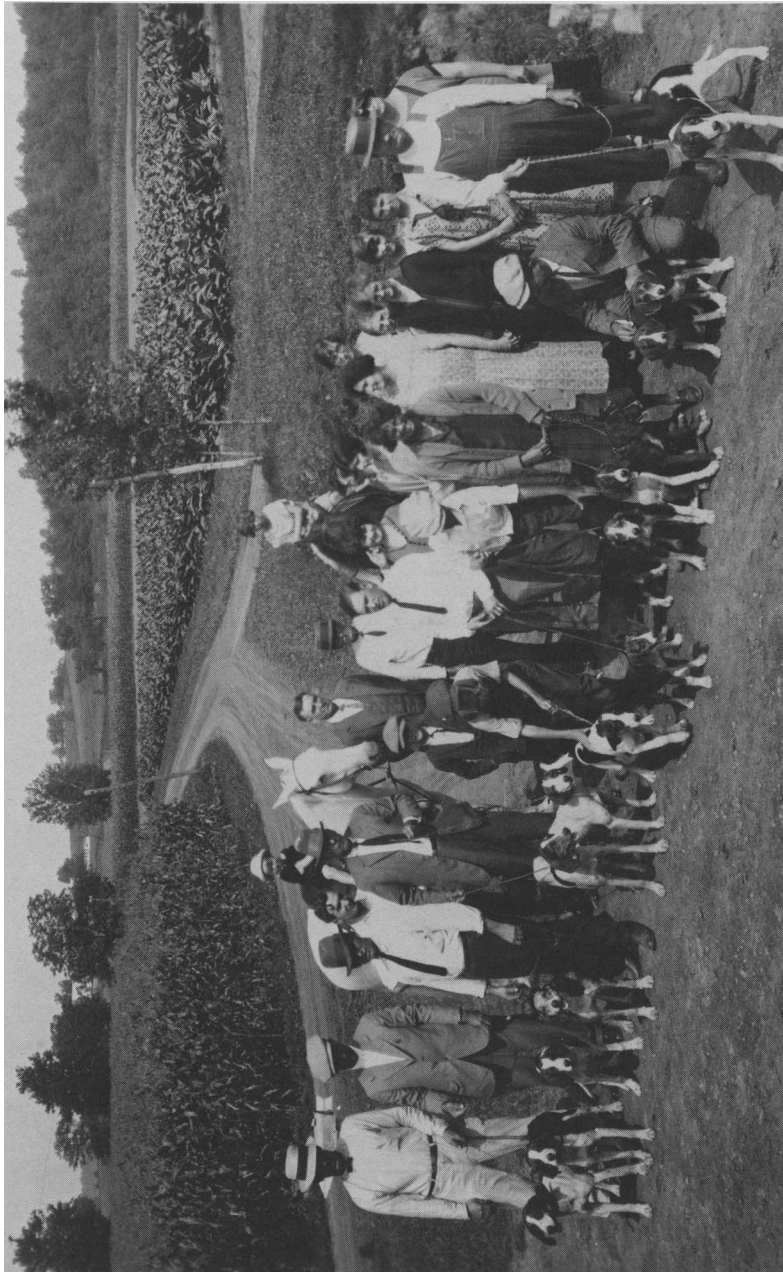






HOME MADE BEE GUMS ALONG STATE HIGHWAY 46—
EAST OF BLOOMINGTON

"*NED PEDRO*—Aged 54, called at the studio upon invitation January 20, 1928, at 1:15. Wanted to interview him as to his bee-hunting experiences. He was born about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile west of Little Sampie David's place on the Weed Patch hill. His father, Frank Pedro, was also a bee-hunter, but Ned never took up the work until four years ago. 'I got after 'em four years ago,' he said. Learned the business from Bill Harden. Generally found the black bees watering at some branch or creek. When they got ready to go they would 'fizz' and away they went—sometimes only a hundred feet away, other times $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile off. Beeches housed the most of them, but they were found in gums, hickory, black jack and occasionally in a maple. Found 7 or 8 in one year. Following the bees from the watering place was called 'coursing them.' Generally at the creeks in dry seasons. Don't have any idea what way they are going—they go quick. If a long distance to their nest they fly high before they make a straight shoot. Other times a slanting trail to their hives. After the hunter locates the tree he reports to the owner of the land. If he refuses to let the finder cut the tree the former can prevent his cutting it, also. That was the law in them days, Ned said. I get fooled occasionally. Cut a tree and find the bees have just begun building up a place. Located a hive on the state land owned by Duncan then. Carson Aynes helped, but they got stung so badly they had to give up the job. Occasionally Ned would burn some rags. Would seldom get money for the honey—preferred to give it around to the neighbors. Like to hunt 'em—would rather do that than cut the tree. Can be found from June to September, but occasionally see the bees working on the outside of their homes as late as December. Even located one in January. Saw one on a Xmas day at Dough Ball hole in a sycamore. Didn't cut it. Nick Roberts didn't care about the land selling, he just wanted the honey—and that's the way he explained why he cut a fine tree. . . . Got stung pretty often but I generally used soda, salt or tobacco juice—preferably the latter, to get rid of the hurtin'. In explaining the habits of bees Ned asked—'You know how bees is, don't you?' Squirrels eat the honey if they can get into the hole, which is generally a small one. Some times the entrance to bee homes is at the root of the trees and occasionally as high as fifty feet" [476].



Southern Indiana fox hunters, members of their families and their hounds, ready to trail one of the stealthy animals.

FOX MEET

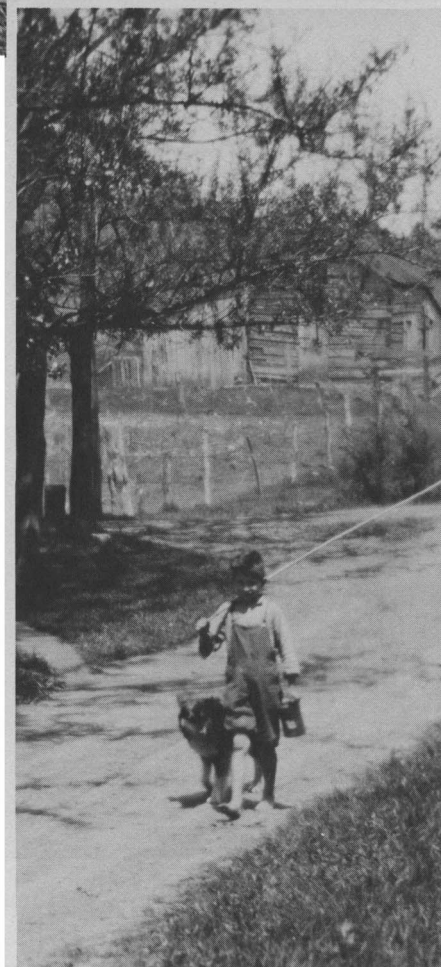
"Some of the attractions—Boxing match, Indian medicine show, horse and mule sale, movies, dance" [401].

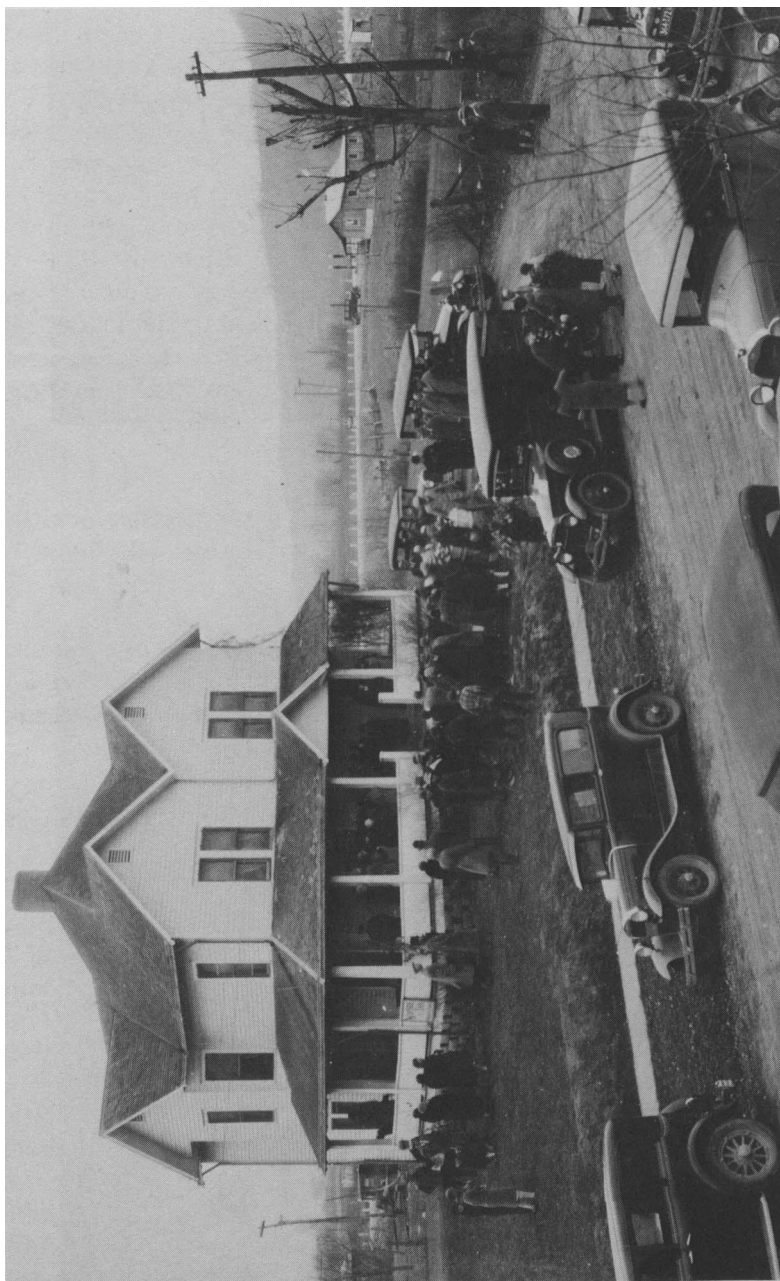
"At the Duncan school race it was quite overcast and an outsider wanted to know if the sun ever shone here, and if it did, where in the hell did it come up at—he was lost" [401].

"Ed Volland was hunting foxes on the ridge across from his Greasy creek home and finally shot an animal who was able to run quite a ways and he followed a man whom he thought picked it up, to the Wash Barnes cabin. When he got in the house Fred was putting on his shoes as though he had just got up. Some deceit, they say" [306].



“Oliver said when he went to arrest an old man on David’s Branch for hunting on Sunday the fellow said, ‘Yes, I know it’s agin the law, and besides I used to be a warden under Sweeney, of Columbus.’ He wanted Oliver to release him, saying: ‘Let’s forget this and go and have some watermelon.’ A little later he caught Jesse Mathis and Louis Selmier, both hunting on Sunday. Jesse said he was never known to do anything wrong but what he got caught at it. When he started for Selmier Oliver had to shoot once to cause a stop. When the two met Oliver asked him why he run, and Louis said he wasn’t running—he just couldn’t keep his feet still. Then Louis wanted to know what Oliver wanted. The first thing the warden asked for was a chew of tobacco. Then they were both told to come to town, but first get their dinner. Oliver was at the hardware store to greet them and Jesse told Oliver that he had been thinking things over and decided he hadn’t been hunting—it was the dog. But you done the shooting, didn’t you? inquired Oliver” [404].





"*BURRYINS*—More turn out to them than do folks in the city to movies" [204].

"Told about woman being buried from the Yoder vicinity who wanted quilt she had made, also photos of father and mother in coffin with her. Then a heavy bundle was included. There was a mystery about this. Later Mrs. Yoder found out that it was 6 8x10 window glass. It seems that at the rear of the house was a small window sash containing this glass, through which the dead woman at one time saw her father and mother shaking hands. She couldn't remember which pane the vision appeared in so she had all the glass removed and buried with her. Old man Richards on Bear creek had such a spouting of blood at the nose when he was embalmed that it was necessary to place a book under his head in the coffin. Later the heirs thought that the book included was a record of deceased's finances, and nothing would do but open the grave, etc. Result, it was congressional record" [148].

"*URIAH SNYDER*—When asked on the street about his dying said 'I couldn't go away and leave all you folks here!' " [147].

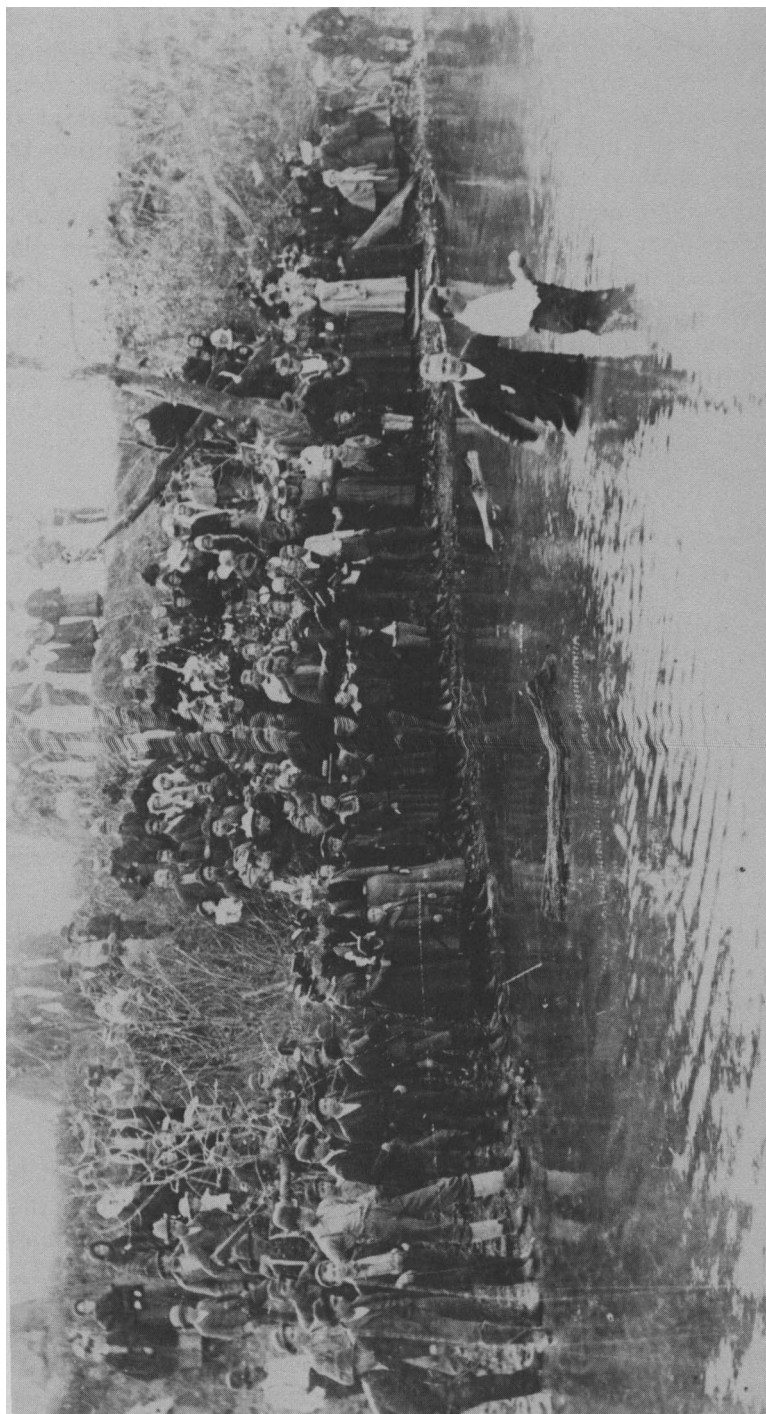
"Dick Coffey tells about a recent death. The man's almost last request was that they sell the cow and pay Dick Coffey for funeral. He told the widow not to do that as she would later find a way to pay" [297].

"Dennis and Duard's father wanted to be buried upright so that all his bones would fall in a pile" [228].

"Mrs. Carson, who had that day buried her husband in a wooden coffin decided that she wanted a metal one and had the body disinterred and brought to the house while a six-horse team went through the mud, knee deep, to bring over a metal casket. She and a husband, boy and a dog occupy prominent place in the hill cemetery, near Bessire's" [222].

March 6, 1922, Dick Coffey had a funeral over south and it was necessary to take two horses and two mules to pull the hearse. Some one remarked that it must have been a Democrat, for they don't allow them on Republican funerals" [222].

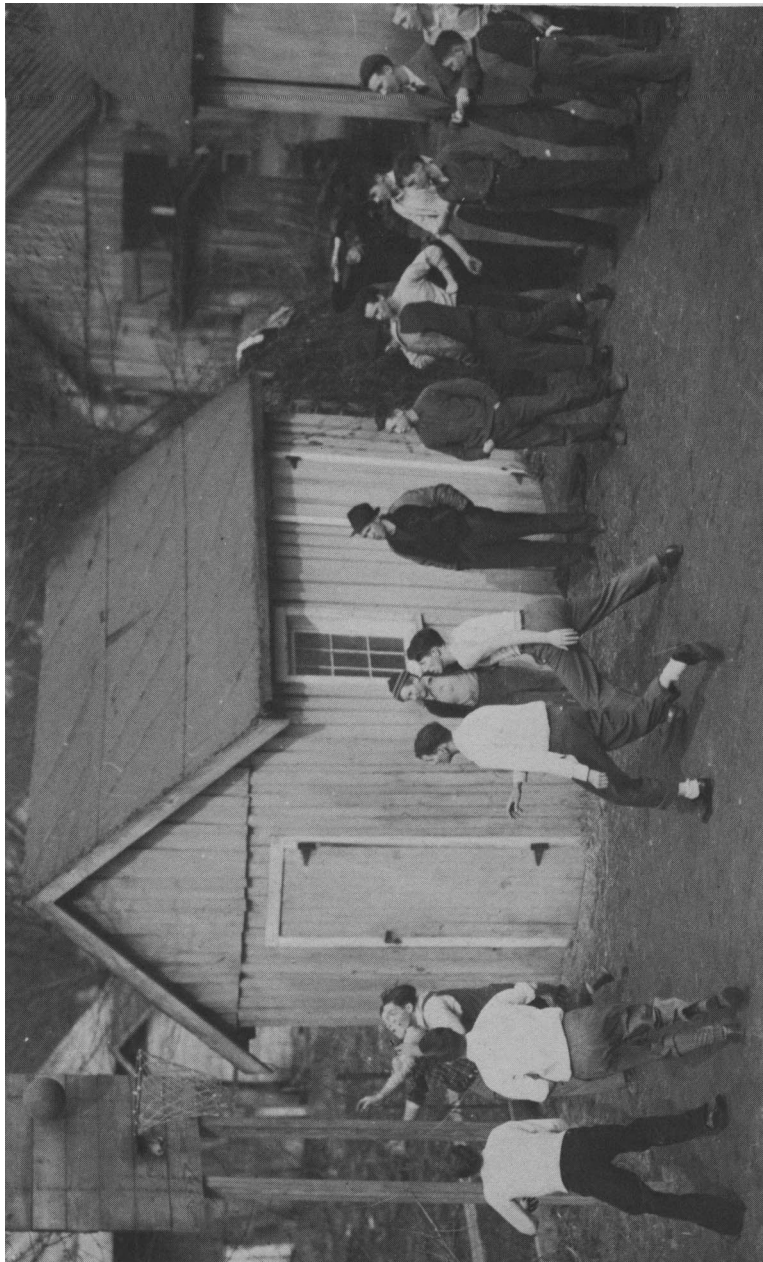
"Mr. Grattan died Friday morning and as he did not wish to be embalmed he was buried the next day after dinner. Some town wag suggested in connection with the hurried 'plantin' that he had been here long enough anyway" [218].



"*BAPSOUZED*—That's the latest expression of a baptizing in Brown" [219].

"Baptism, story of children with family of cats. Immersed all but old Tom. Girl couldn't get him under. Boy said, sprinkle him and let him go to hell" [12].

"Joe Wayman worried about his brother who is ill. Wants him baptized. Putting him under water will save him according to Joe. Doc Turner remembers when they put Sam McLary's daughter under water through a hole in the ice, over at Pine Bluffs. She was a hopeless invalid and they just carried her over to the spot and put her under water in the rocking chair" [379].



BASKETBALL PRACTICE NOT FAR FROM VILLAGE SQUARE

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THE HELMSBURG BAND IN 1923



1918

January—Mrs. Susan Weddle-Genolin, prominent Nashville lady, arrives in France as nurse with Base Hospital #32. Brown County subscribes \$1,011.50 to Armenian-Syrian relief fund.

February—County's first war conference held at the court house Friday, 15th.
School at Christiansburg, Van Buren township, first to organize War Savings Club in county.



March—John M. Crouch, aged 19, first soldier from this county to die in service. Was with Pershing's troops in France. Death resulted from lung trouble March 15.

Activities of local Red Cross society brings membership up to 109.

April—Fourteen drafted men leave for Camp Taylor.

Brown county third over-the-top in Liberty Loan campaign—exceeding its \$10,000 quota by about \$3,000.

Red Cross society organized at Helmsburg, the 10th.

May—Big Red Cross Drive for \$1,000 results in a subscription of \$1,856.84.

June—Thirteen more leave for the service June 15, followed by nine others the 24th.

July—Twenty enlisted men report at Camp Taylor the 25th. Artie Moore killed in action July 18. First Brown county casualty.

August—Sixteen Brown County men inducted into the service during the month.

September—John Thomas Barger, from near Nashville, severely wounded in battle.

Elder J. W. Street, left the 15th for Y.M.C.A. work in France.

Private Ray Griffin killed in action July 19. News just received. Second to give his life, from Brown county.

John R. White, Camp Deevens, Mass., succumbs to the Flu September 29. Second to die of disease.

John Crouch, the first to die of disease, March 15, was a brother-in-law of White's.

Ralph Brown wounded in action, Sept. 22. Aged 23.

October—Sergeant Charles Sturgeon, aged 28, died October 11, in France, from effects of being gassed.

November—Dewey Miller, aged 20, severely wounded in action, November 18.

Louis E. Scrock died of wounds received in France.

Signing of the armistice cause for great celebration Monday afternoon, the 11th.

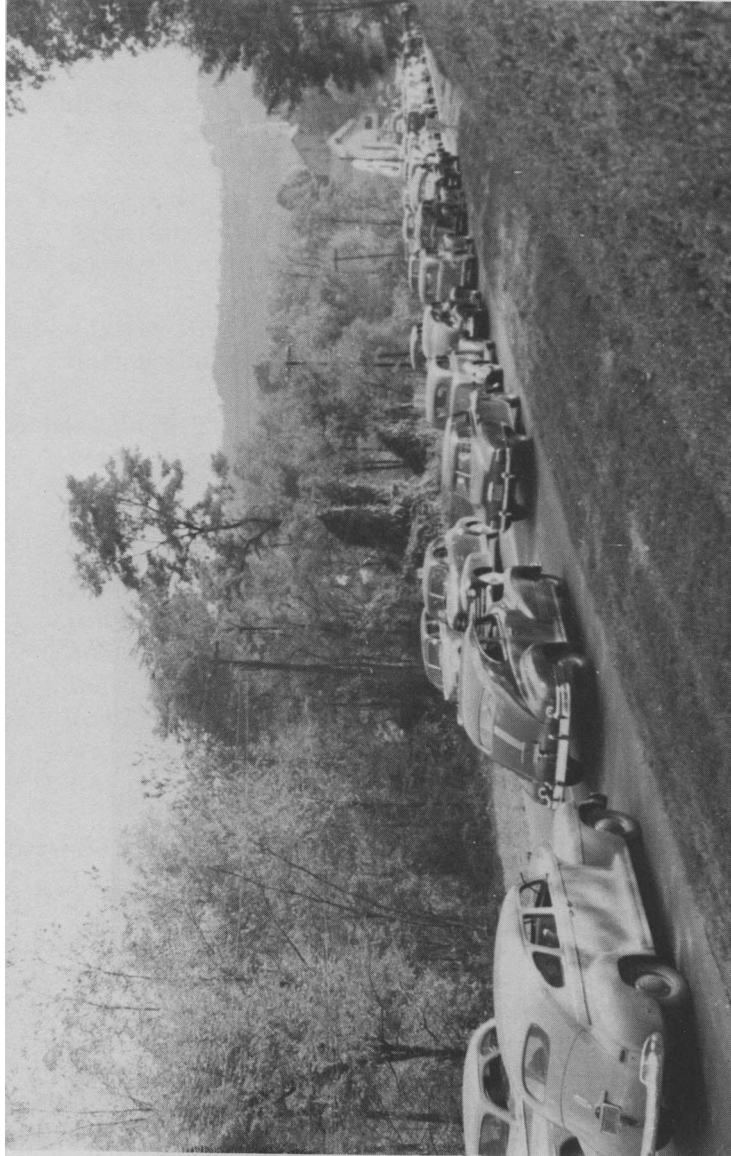
Oddy Crouch, aged 23, died of influenza at Camp Caster, November 15.

December—Claude Tipton died at Camp Sherman of the Flu.

Inducted into the service from this county—189 [71-72].



"STONE HEAD MONUMENT—Leonard Wheeler told me that the stone had fallen into the creek at one time and laid there for ten years. Wes Polley, a road contractor came along and dug it out. Hill Coffey of Nashville retraced the lettering and it was placed on a cement pillar. [name deleted], said to have been drunk, shot the nose from the face" [338].



PART OF A SUNDAY PARADE ALONG
STATE ROAD 135. LAST OCTOBER.

NASHVILLE HAD ITS GREATEST AUTO TRAFFIC
IN THE HISTORY OF ITS TOURIST SEASONS SUNDAY





NASHVILLE



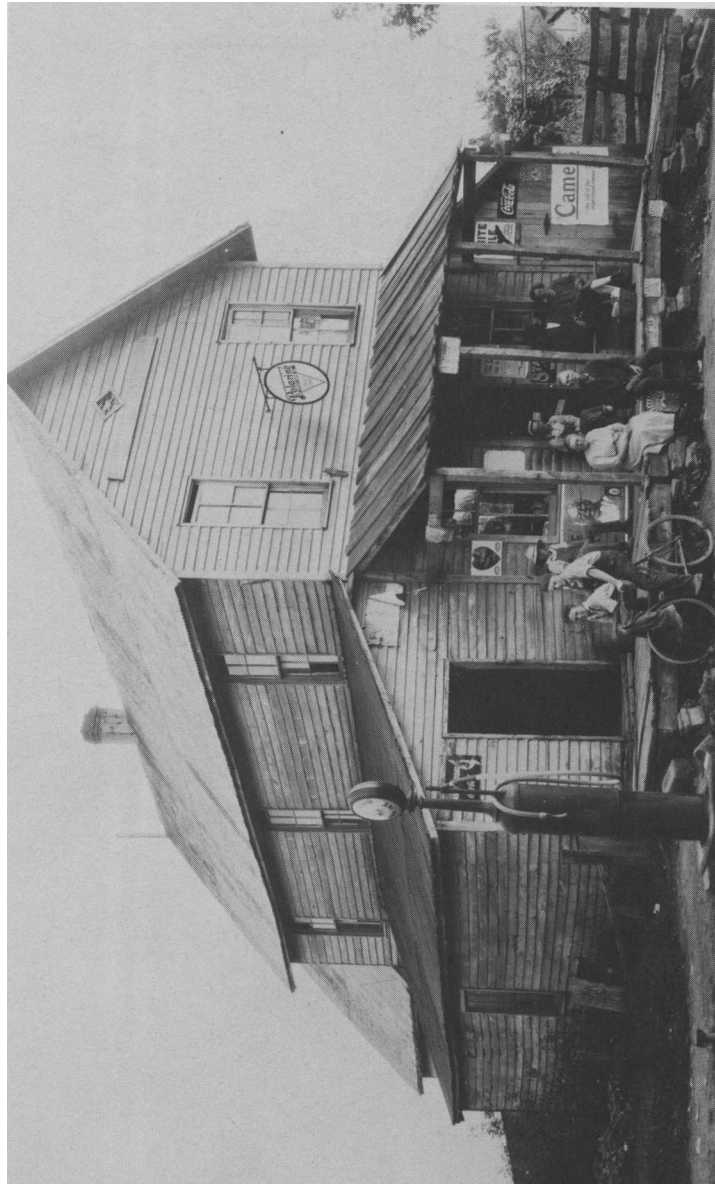
NASHVILLE



THE CORNER DRUG STORE

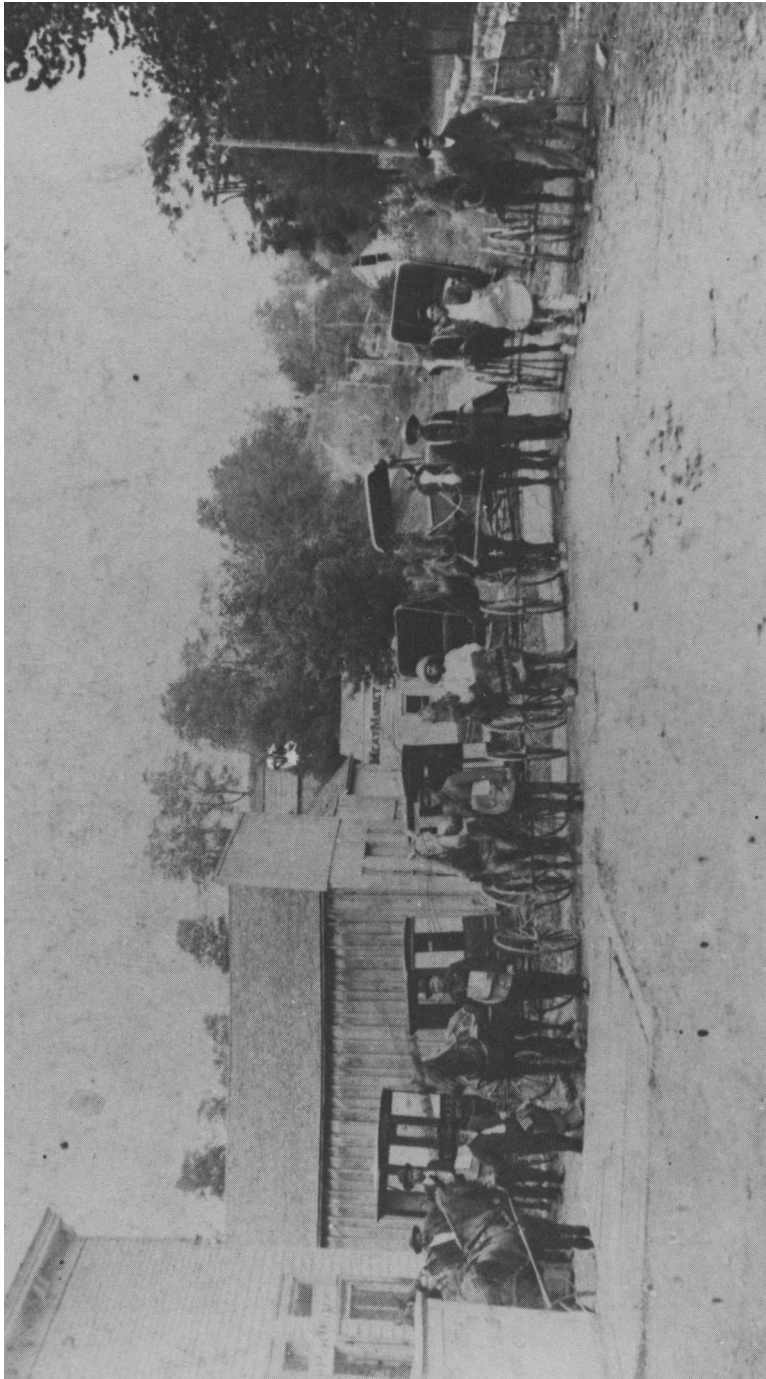


"The bazaars of the orient have nothing on Nashville" [236].



A LANDMARK—JOHNNY WALKER'S STORE AT SPEARSVILLE

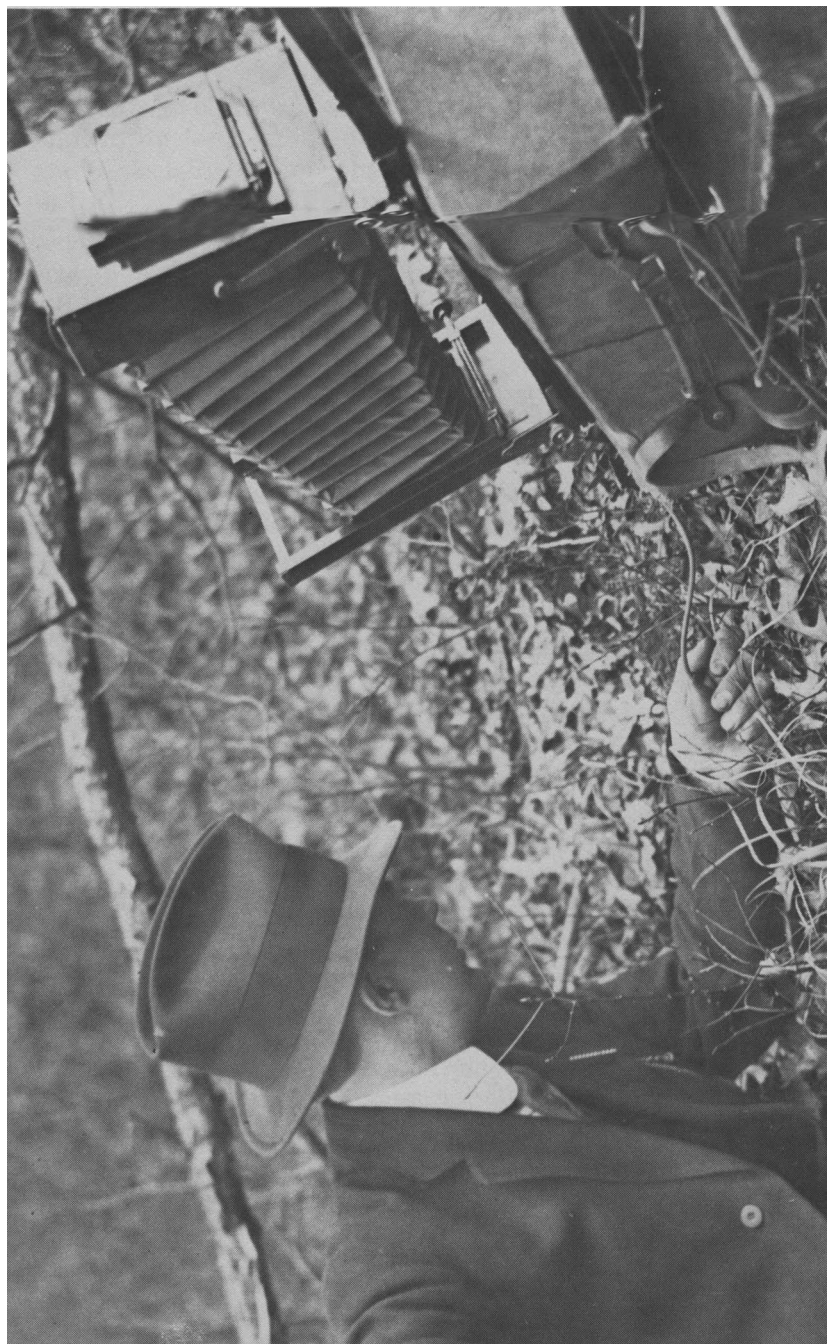
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THE MAIL SERVICE



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FRANK M. HOHENBERGER