

Jan 1971

THROUGH THE YEARS

By request, this begins with what lead to, and from the little SanteFe school house near Temple Texas.....to date 1962.

It must have been October 1905 that a suprised opportunity came to me - Ada Vaughan - to accompany my aunt to Texas for a visit with my maternal grandparents, Mr. & Mrs Charles E. Bradshaw, who lived on a farm near Temple, Texas. I was to return to Kentucky with my aunt after Christmas but when I was asked if I would like to remain for a longer visit and go to school, I had to think about it for a while. Finally I decided I would like to stay and it was arranged for me to enter school and remain until the end of the school term. So with my young uncles, Finis and Cecil Bradshaw, I walked down to the little SanteFe one room school house and was enrolled under the guidance and instruction of Miss Madina Daugherty, the teacher.

I was impressed with her and looked up to her with worshipful admiration. I shall never forget. Some of the students I remember distinctly were Ella Nichols, her sister and brother Ennis, Gladys Thompson and Edith Bingham. The latter I remember well as she won over me in a spelling contest.

My impression of Texas was one of "Wide Open Spaces" with no trees. I had a tremendous fear of "Northerners", (the name they gave wind storms) horny frogs and tarantulas. I had moments of homesickness but I did a lot of growing up from October to April. I was on my own, more or less, or felt that I was, by being away from parental guidance for the first time and more or less indulged by my grandparents, aunts and uncles. "Iate it up."

Then the time came for me to return to Kentucky. Much ado was made as to whom would accompany me home. It was finally suggested I make the trip to Somerset alone, under the care of the different conductors I would have on the way. However this was planned, it was carefully made and the conductors did a wonderful job and treated me as if I was their sole responsibility: I was very much impressed by all this travel experience and attention and when I reached home it took a while for me to come down to earth. No one I knew had ever had such an adventure - says I. The memory of this visit with people I had come to know in this new environment, lingered with me for a long time.

I lived through my teenage years in our very comfortable farm home five miles from Somerset with my parents and five sister. Two sisters still live in Somerset, one in Danvill Ky., one in Lafayette Ind. and one in Cambridge Ohio,- the one that was in Springfield when I was there.

FROM THE BEGINNING

1880
In the late '80's, my maternal grandparents, with his family moved from Russell County Kentucky, to Belton Texas. My mother, Lavonia, was the oldest of the eight children.

In December of 1892, My father went to Texas where he and my mother were married on Christmas day and he brought her back to Kentucky, his bride.

I was born in Jamestown, Russell County Kentucky. Nov. 7th 1893. At that time this was a very remote section of Kentucky. ~~x~~ Forty miles from the nearest railroad at Somerset and fifteen miles from river transportation on the Cumberland river by steamboat, and no improved roads. ~~x~~

I was the oldest of three girls. Mary Wells - Mrs Earl Curtis Somerset, Lois - Mrs J. A. Curtis, Cambridge Ohio.

At the age of five and shortly after Lois was born, my mother passed away. Father placed us in a cottage with a nurse-housekeeper, Alice, who had lived with us for three years. This cottage was next door to my paternal grandparents who lived in Russell Springs, Ky. four miles from Jamestown. Alice had full responsibility with the grandparents to advise. She was very capable, loyal and good to us.

Father went to Somerset and went into business. After three years, he remarried, a widow with two daughters, age fourteen and sixteen. Mary Hayes - Mrs Chas. Oatts, Somerset and Clarine Hayes - Mrs Luther Shadcan, Lafayette, Ind.

Mamma was a widow fourteen years and had lived with her parents on a farm five miles from Somerset, until they passed away. When mamma and father married, they bought this 185 acre farm.

After things were in order, they came after us, including Alice and moved us to the farm where a complete new life began for all of us. - all girls. Two had never known their father and three had never known a real mother. I remembered more but being only five, all was so confusing to me at the time. Mamma was, I think, the most wonderful woman, wife and mother, I have ever known. She gave to us all the motherlove and guidance three little girls could possibly want and need. Her outgoing personality contributed so much for a happy marriage and for a happily integrated family life.

To this union was born a baby girl, Evelyn-Mrs Raymond D. Stigall, Danville, Ky. This was the tie that bound "us all" together. I was nine at this time. When I was twelve is when I went to Texas to visit my maternal grandparents. You know the most from there.

After high school, I attended Teachers College, Richmond, Ky. and afterwards taught six years. I ended my teaching career with marriage, a very happy marriage to Frank Waite, of Somerset. We lived in Louisville one year. After World War I Frank was associated with Standard Oil Co. Promotions came steadily and he was transferred to Glasgow, Ky. in the south central part of the state, 75 miles west of Somerset. He was agent for the company in that territory and later field representative.

We established our home in Glasgow April 1919. The twenties were almost perfect to us. A daughter, Mary was born to us in January 1922 which made our life more completely happy. We became a part of this small town. We established our home life and a circle of very wonderful and loyal friends that one does, in a much the same way in a town of 8000.

The thirties with the depression, reverses and sorrow, I like to forget to some extent. Frank lost his health and lost the fight to live and Nov. 1938 he passed on after our twenty short years together.

Mary graduated from high school in June 1939 and entered Centre College, Danville, Ky., the following September, and I went to work. For three years I was receptionist and secretary in the Public Health Office. When Mary went to Washington, I felt the need of a change. I had a friend who was State Park Director. She offered me a job and if I had known at the time all the work it would involve, I might have refused but it proved wonderful for me.

The State had built a beautiful lodge of stone structure at Cumberland Falls State Park in Eastern Kentucky and the Park Director asked me to be Asst. Manager. This involved many things mainly, the buying and planning of food, director of dining room and kitchen personnel, acting hostess in the evening as well as taking care of correspondence. In fact two of us did everything there was to do to manage at all. We had a night clerk who slept in the daytime and the draft finally got him, then we were alone with the help we could keep. The lodge was open the year round but of course May to November was the rush season.

What made the beginning so difficult was that the consensus ~~of the~~ in the office of the state treasurer, with gas and food rationing, that it would be a losing proposition to open this lodge but the Park Director persisted and through the Governor's influence, she won, and I had the job. I was given a station wagon, a gift from the Governor and no limit for the gas I would need for state business. With this privilege and responsibility, I made contacts with business concerns, banks, Chamber of Commerce and other local people, for names of people who might work, sell, hunt, fish or gig for frog legs. I practically lived in this station wagon on the road in the early morning with a little negro boy by my side and he was tops as a roust-a-bout.

You remember we had food rationing and we had no points at first. We were 18 miles from Corbin and truck service for deliveries were limited of course, because of gas rationing. Anyway I found all the roads through those beautiful hills of Eastern Kentucky and most of all I found myself.

After the first year and we were better organized, I had the opportunity to meet and know more of the people who came and went through the summer and fall seasons each year. This was what I liked most, and thought I would be doing most when I went but I think it might have been better the way it was.

It was a wonderful place for Mary to come for her vacations with me and to have family and friends come from all around. When Olaf returned to Boling field from Paraguay where he was assigned for 9 months, He and Mary came down to talk wedding plans as he thought he might be transferred, which he was, to Tucson. They were married November 1943 and were in Tucson 18 months. I took leave of absence Nov. 1944 and went to Tucson for the winter. I was a wonderful vacation and visit with Olaf and Mary. Dave was born Dec. 1944 and we were so happy for a boy. I came back to C. F. the following April and Olaf and Mary to Wilmington Del.

During the summer of 1945 the pendulum of time ticked my way. Out of the blue, I was offered a position at Wittenberg College as housemother of Gamma Phi Beta Sorority. About the same time a group from the Un. of Kentucky were down and talked to me about the same situation. Also there was some pressure to take over the Governor's Mansion as hostess. I centered my thinking on the college offers and after considering the pros and cons of both offers, I chose to go to Wittenberg. My sister Lois (Mrs J. A. Curtis) and her husband lived next door to the Sorority house in Springfield, Ohio. My three years there were very good ones and I think influenced me to further my education in the field of personnel and guidance which led me to go to OSU in Columbus September 1948.

When I left C.F. to go to Wittenberg I had to make different arrangements at home in Glasgow. So I was fortunate to be able to rent the first floor of my home to the high school principle and his wife - she was one of the grade teachers/. They ate at the school cafeteria, went home on weekends and home for the summer. When I went to Columbus my summers were no longer free except for the month of vacation which was too short time to divide with the family and home, so in 1950 I closed my home in Glasgow. To give up the key to my front door was a strike that hurt but by this time I was more realistic to see it had to be done. I was at OSU until 1956 at which time there was offered to me, when I was here during Spring vacation, the position I now hold. namely-

Residence director,
Charlotte Fowler Residence
Bellin Memorial Hospital School of Nursing
929 Cass Street
Green Bay, Wis.

FOR FURTHER ELABORATION, I WOULD LIKE TO ADD, FOR PATIENCE

This farm life was a wonderful place to "grow up". We had fun and we had chores, each to his own. We climbed trees, rode horses, went swimming in the Cumberland River not too far away. We had our own tennis and croquet courts and drove five miles to high school.

When we were older, our home was a social center for moonlight lawn parties, house parties with picnics, and steamboat trips down the Cumberland in the evenings. Chaperones were much in order at that time - better said, a must and accepted one. No other thought was considered.

With so many daughters, mamma and father were on the list most of the time and liked it. We did too.

I feel so guilty by burdening you with all of this but this is "My Old Kentucky Home" I think of when I hear it sung, especially by Perry Como or Bing Crosby.

From your bureau of information-about me.

'Til we meet,