

**Times Remembered**  
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## Old School Buddies

I saw some of my old grade school buddies, Linda, John and Junior Estes at the grocery store on Friday. I had not seen them for a while. You know . . . time passes and you hardly see anyone like that, but when you go to the grocery store you see relatives, friends,

and it's like a reunion. That is the great thing about small towns.

I hardly recognize some people with their masks on for COVID-19, but I did recognize several. We reminisced about the good times we had in the late 50s and 60s at Hargett School.

I lived right on the city limits of Irvine, Avery Hollow Road, but I had to go to school at Hargett Elementary. Back then we had to walk down a gravel road to catch the bus. Every morning and afternoon, I walked about a half-a-mile to and from home to Elliott & Witt car dealership on Highway 89 to catch the bus. Back then bus stops were consolidated ever so often; the bus didn't stop at every little drive and pick kids up . . . we had to walk about a mile to catch the bus.

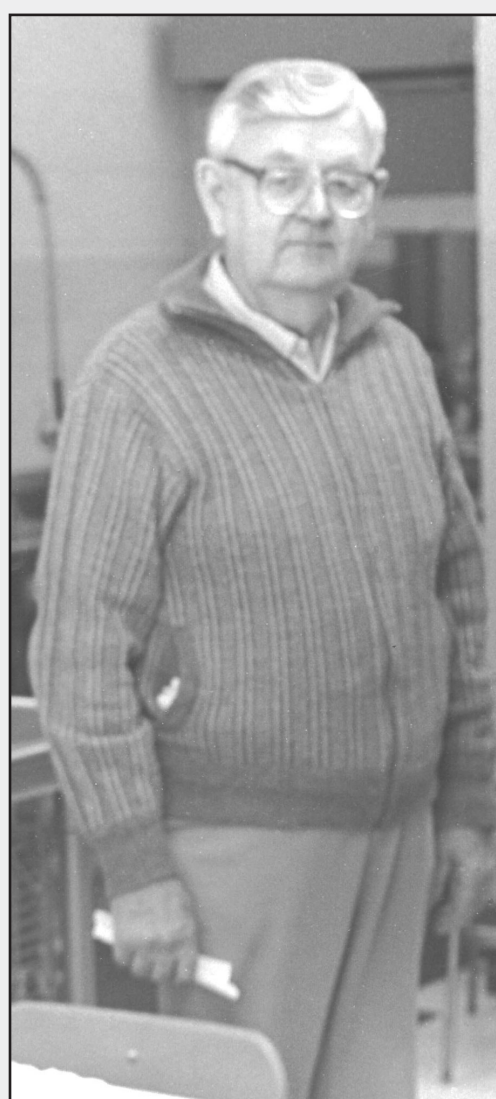
We met at Elliott & Witt dealership about 6:30 a.m. to catch the bus. The Estes family came from Wall Street, the Horns and Rawlins from Sweet Lick, and the Dawes came from Grindstone Hollow. We all tried to get to the bus stop first and get in line to board the bus first and sit where we wanted to. We pushed and shoved while waiting, like kids normally do, until the bus arrived. Someone yelled, "Here comes the bus." Mr. Billy Witt was driving. Man, he

seemed to stay in a bad mood; someone said he worked for the railroad too, so I guess he was sleepy. But he never seemed to have a kind word for us.

I wanted to sit in the back of the bus where all the 8th graders sat; they didn't like us first and second graders around. Sometimes Mr. Witt would have to call them down they were so noisy. Soon they got assigned to a seat; that was good enough for them! (Ha Ha)!

At the time the school buses ran two routes each morning and evening. My route was the North Irvine run, and the second run was the Spout Springs run. We had to stay at school in our rooms until our bus got back from the first run. I didn't like that; I was afraid that I wouldn't get home, and I'd cry. They would take me to my sister's room. Of course, she was older than me and she would get mad at me for acting like a baby.

We also had a very strict principal, Mr. John D. Witt. He patrolled the halls after the teachers went home and monitored the kids who rode the late buses. He roamed the halls with his paddle in his hand ready to hit somebody on their butt who was out of their seat. We had to sit at our desks until our bus



**Hargett principal John D. Witt**

came back to get us. The boys didn't sit; they would have one boy watch the hall where the door was open. He could see through the crack to see where Mr. Witt was located . . . and if he was on the upper hall they did their shenanigans.

When I started to Hargett School I was in the 2nd grade and Mrs. Lillian Isaacs was my teacher. I went to Stump School my first year, but it closed the next year after 1st grade. Great Aunt Nell was my teacher and she didn't cut me any slack. She would paddle you in a heartbeat. I believe she wrote the book on strict rules.

Our playground games were softball, jump road, bridge (with a rope), and skating on the hills around the school when it snowed. Those hills were a solid sheet of ice; especially when water was poured on them and frozen. Skating was so much fun!



**Bus drivers Burgin Tuttle and Dillard Stevens with transportation director Thaddeous Worrell**

## The Doe Creek School

by Haynes Miller Stamper

An indenture was made the 11th day of September, 1871, between Andrew Campbell of Estill County, Kentucky, of the first part, and the trustees of the Common School District No. 38 of the second part, one acre, more or less, of land lying on the waters of the Big Doe Creek.

This deed was signed by A.D. Campbell and wife Elizabeth, and was the beginning of a school that was to go on for ninety years before progress decreed that the one-room schools should come to an end. With its passing in 1961, we lost more than a school. We lost that friendly, sharing, neighborhood spirit with which it was built.

For it was a community project, furnished and built by the people of Doe Creek to be used for both a school and a meeting house; whether a box supper, a political rally, or a church gathering. At least three United Baptist Churches were organized there -- one soon after the house was completed with Abel Bryant as the pastor until his death in 1903.

In 1885, my great grandfather, John Shelton Crow, bought a boundary of timber on the headwaters of Doe Creek from Calip Moore. To get the land cleared, he gave the logs for the new schoolhouse. His son, Jonah Crow, married in June 1886 and settled on the land, cut the trees and hauled them to the sawmill, a short distance downstream. Green Lunsford helped with the sawing of the logs into lumber. Others who gave of their time, money, and labor, were: John Lunsford, Hiram Rodgers and his son Comodore "Commie", who later served as the school census taker, Will Alcorn and son Charlie, Sam Congleton who also served as as census taker, Jim Congleton, Ancil Campbell, Dillard Centers, Francis Reed, Butler Benton, and probably many

others that were not named to me.

It was a large building with three windows on each side and two doors in front, with steps. Inside, a raised platform, or stage, ran the width of the back with the step running the width of the stage. This step was used in my mother's day (1902-1910) to stand on for the spelling lesson. A recitation bench stood on the stage at each side for others classes, with the blackboard on the wall behind the teacher's desk. There were no paper or pencils and very few books. Every lesson had to be memorized, including arithmetic problems.

In front of the stage was a long hand-hewn bench for the chart class. Directly behind this bench was a large wood burning stove in the center of the room, and beyond the stove was the middle row of seats, shorter, with attached desks for the smaller boys. A similar row was on the right side for the larger boys, and a long row on the left was for the girls of all ages. A water shelf to hold two buckets and two dippers, was built between the front doors. Twice a day, water was drawn from the well outside and passed around the room by the larger boys. The older girls took turns sweeping the unpainted the unpainted oak floor that was oiled in summer to keep down the dust. The school term started when the crops were 'laid by' and stopped when the weather got too cold. This was usually in October for the younger children, while the older ones went on through November. The teachers my mother remembers are: Bertia Congleton (1902-1903), Walter Centers, Coleman Benton (1906), Walter Cox, Luther Park, and Maggie Broaddus. The ones I remember best were Bessie Benton Cox and Mitchell Cole. I hope these two have a special place in Heaven for the years they had to suffer at Doe Creek School.

## WATER RECREATION SAFETY

Water and electricity don't mix!



*Staying safe while near the water is simple - but these tips can be easily forgotten*

### POOL SAFETY:

- Use battery-operated appliances or waterproof covers for electrical appliances so you can avoid the risk of electrical shock
- If someone in the pool feels electricity, don't dive in. Use a non-metal shepherd's hook to pull him/her out of the water

### RIVER/LAKE SAFETY:

- Avoid swimming or getting in the water near boats plugged into shore power or docks with electrical services
- Fishing on a dock or boat? Keep a distance of at least 10 feet between your pole or boat and nearby power lines
- If someone in the water is shocked, turn off the power source and use an insulated device to attempt to remove him/her from the water

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