

Later, Dad moved us closer to Wooton, Leslie County, Kentucky, because he was a coal miner and needed to be close to his job.

In the early 1960s, Dad had a big farm in Garrard County, so we moved back-and-forth.

There was always excitement in our big family.

I miss those days gone by, but I have a lot of memories of Wooton. I took my two oldest children, Bradley, Jr., and Wanda Hopkins to Wooton, to see the school, before it was torn down.

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The Perils of Pauline

This incident happened during the dog days of summer in August 1941.

A neighbor of my family, when I grew up in the 1930s, was rearing their pretty 17-year-old granddaughter, Pauline Radcliff. Pauline's mother died when she was a baby, and her father was paying her grandparents a small sum of money each month to rear her.

Several days before the following incident happened, I walked by my grandfather's house with Pauline. We were the same age and attended school together. My grandfather was a cattle dealer.

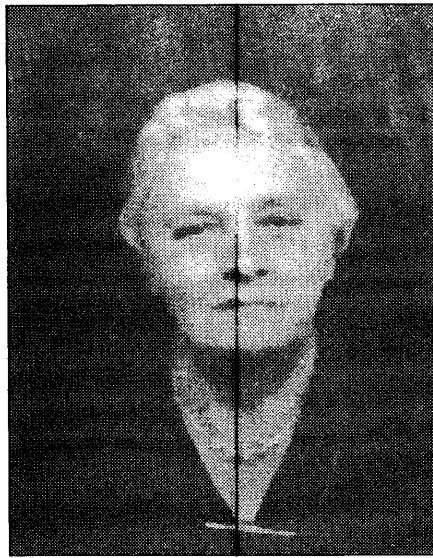
A few days later I was at my grandfather's house. He said, "I say, Frank, Pauline is a fine young lady and as pretty as a speckled pup."

I didn't know whether that remark was a compliment or not, but Pauline was pretty, and she did have a few freckles.

Pauline's grandfather's house was on a flat on the hill overlooking Sugar Camp Hollow Road.

It had rained constantly all day long, for several days, and the ground was saturated with water. In a break between showers, Pauline went to the outside toilet, thinking she wouldn't need an umbrella to get back to the house. While she was there it started another downpour of rain. Pauline remained in the outhouse for several minutes waiting for the rain to stop or slacken, so she could make a run for the house.

Just before the rain stopped, one side of the dirt wall holding pit beneath the toilet collapsed. The door side of the toilet slid down into the pit holding the



Howard W. Long, 19526 N. Dunlap, Dennison, IL 62423, shares this photo of his great-grandmother, Elizabeth Porter Vandiver Long, born 9/29/1862 in Washington County, Kentucky. Elizabeth was the daughter of James H. Vandiver and Frances Terlune Vandiver. Elizabeth lived in Lexington, Fayette County, Kentucky, for 70 years. The photo was taken ca. 1922, possibly in Fayette County.

door closed and making it impossible for Pauline to escape.

She was frightened and began screaming. Her grandfather heard her screams and ran to the toilet. He saw that she was trapped, and that he would need help in raising the toilet up or turning it over, so the door could be opened. He consoled her by saying, "Pauline, don't be frightened. Grandpa is going for help." He ran off the hill to the hollow road to summon help, hoping to find someone quick. Lucky for him, I was walking up the road, going to Dad's farm, in the head of the hollow, to check on several cattle he had in the pasture. Dad was fearful that a fallen tree or maybe a slip of earth had damaged his fences.

Walter Ray was coming down the road, leading a mule and carrying a chain. He was going to try to remove some logs and stumps that the high waters had washed down and were blocking the creek, causing a torrent of water to flow down the middle of the road.

Walter and I went to Pauline's rescue. We tried to lift the toilet up out of

the pit, so we could open the door, but to no avail. Pauline was crying, sobbing, gagging, and almost hysterical, saying she was going to smother to death in that confined space.

Every time we tried to lift the toilet, the bottom seemed to sink a little deeper into the pit.

Walter said, "I'm going off the hill and get the mule and chain. I think I can drag the toilet out of that hole."

I tried to console Pauline while Walter was gone. After he came back we secured the chain to the toilet and hitched the mule to it, but the mule could only slightly budge the toilet. The prospects of a quick rescue were not good.

Pauline cried out, "Oh please hurry! My feet are sinking deeper into this slime, and I'm getting sick to my stomach." "Walter! Let's try throwing one end of the chain over the toilet and hooking it to the other side. Maybe the mule can roll the toilet over so we can open the door." "A good idea," said Walter. "Why didn't I think of that?"

After hooking the chain on the other side of the toilet near the door, Walter slapped the mule on the rump with a leather strap, saying, "Getty up, Barney!" Barney dug all four feet into the ground and pawed his way forward.

The toilet rolled over and lay on its side by the pit, exposing the door. We opened the door and helped a tearful, frightened, dirty, and excrement spattered Pauline to her feet. Her grandmother threw an old quilt over her and helped her to the house. "That girl is sure in need of some hot water and soap," said Walter.

A few days later, I was walking up the hollow road again to check on my father's cattle. Pauline was standing in the lower side of her grandfather's yard looking down toward the road. She saw me and said, "Hello Frank!" and motioned for me to come to her." She met me halfway on the uphill path to her grandfather's house.

A slight wind was blowing, and I got a whiff of her perfume. She hugged me and said, "Frank! I want to thank you for saving my life. If I had stayed in that overturned toilet another minute, I would have died." I said, "You're welcome, but your grandfather and Walter Ray also deserve some credit." She said, "I know, and I have already thanked both of them." I said, "Girl, you sure do