ISSN 1536-1667

Bits and Pieces

of Hardin County History

A PUBLICATION OF HARDIN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOL XXV NO. 2 MARY JO JONES, EDITOR SUMMER 2006

TREE ACCIDENT

A lawsuit involving one of the strangest accidents ever to occur in Kentucky was tried this week in the Hardin Circuit Court.

The plaintiff is Theda Sue Waldridge, of Louisville, administratrix of the estate of her former husband, Ernest Love, who was killed by a falling tree six years ago as he rode in an automobile on North Main Street [100 block] in Elizabethtown.

Love and three other Louisville men were en route to the Lincoln Trail school, where they were to work as painters on the school building then being constructed. It was to be Love's first day on the job.

As the automobile passed up North Main street from the Courthouse, a large tree, which was rotten at the root, in front of the then county jail [now a parking lot], gave way at the base, and fell upon the back end of the car, crushing it like an eggshell and inflicting instant death upon its two occupants. Two men in the front seat were unhurt.

The accident occurred on a Monday morning about 8:30 o'clock, May 26, 1952.

Love's estate asked $103,779 damages from the City of Elizabethtown. The estate of the other victim of the accident did not sue.

Jury late yesterday returned a verdict awarding the plaintiff $2,000 damages.

(Source: *The Elizabethtown News,* November 21, 1958.)

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DIAMOND JUBILEE
HARDIN COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Plans are now in the making for appropriate observance of the 75th birthday of the Hardin County Historical Society, which was organized on August 2, 1931.

The Elizabethtown News, Tuesday, August 4, 1931

HISTORICAL GROUP FORMED

Dr. D. E. McClure Named President of Hardin County Society.

Hardin County Historical Society organized Sunday afternoon at Brown-Pusey House.

Dr. D. E. McClure elected president, George Holbert first vice-president, R. T. Gentry second vice-president, Gerald McMurtry, secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. J. F. Albert was appointed chairman of committee on membership, Mrs. R. W. Cates on ways and means, Ben Allen on exhibits, Henry Hart on historic markers, Miss Virginia Beeler on program.

Forty charter members enrolled, and the time for charter membership was extended to and including the September meeting, and all joining by that time will be enrolled as charter members. After that membership will be had only upon invitation.

The dues for annual membership are $2.00 per year, and $1.00 for each additional member from the same immediate family. All charter members will pay full dues for the remainder of the year 1931, that is, $2.00 and $1.00 for such additional members; and the year will run after that from January to January. All dues are payable by the September meeting.

The regular meetings will be on the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 p. m. at the Brown-Pusey House.

A report was made on prospective markers to be placed by the Kentucky Progress Commission, by Henry Hart, chairman, and G. E. McMurtry, of Vine Grove.

There were a number from out in the county and several from outside the county in attendance, and much interest was shown.

It has been reported that a number of former residents are interested in this organization, and it is hoped that their names will be sent in to the secretary, Gerald McMurtry, by the September meeting in order that they may be among the charter members.

The Elizabethtown News, **Friday, July 31, 1931**

Hardin County Historical Society.

On Sunday afternoon the 2nd of August in the Brown-Pusey House, steps will be taken by a lot of enthusiastic citizens to organize a Hardin County Historical Society. We can conceive of nothing which would be of more value at present to the County and to future generations than the organization of such a society, and we trust that everyone interested in the history of Hardin County in its present bounds and also in the territory which was originally embraced in Hardin County will attend this meeting. Some five or more counties have been carved out of Hardin since it was originally created and these counties are equally interested with the citizens of the present bounds of Hardin County in the early history. There is hardly a county in the State that is more replete with historical associations than Hardin. Of course, it was the home county of Abraham Lincoln and Elizabethtown was the home town of his father, Thomas Lincoln, for many years previous to his removal to Indiana. There are many interesting facts in connection with the Lincoln family that might be gathered together by a historical society. It is also the county in which James Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States, practiced law, and where the celebrated Ben Hardin first settled to practice law. It is the home of John L. Helm who was sworn in as Governor at his home near town on his deathbed. It is the home town of Gen. Hardin Helm, brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, who was killed at the Battle of Chickamauga. It is said to be the home of Audubon, the great ornithologist, who moved from Elizabethtown to Henderson. It is the home county of the LaFollettes, the celebrated family of Wisconsin, and of the Simmons family who established the Simmons Hardware Company in St. Louis. It had many noted men who were in the Confederate army and there are many instances in its historical life that are well worth keeping a record of, including the residence of Gen. Custer and his battalion in this city for several years after the Civil War. The place where he had his headquarters is well indentified by some of the older citizens as well as the place where the barracks were of his troops. These are but a few of the outstanding and interesting historical facts connected with Hardin County. This, of course, will all be exploited by a Historical Society and in addition to these many other important things will be brought to light by such an organization. The News is 100% for the organization of the Hardin County Historical Society.

Mary Jo and World War II

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE)

Our plane was scheduled to take off at 10AM Sunday morning. At the airline terminal in New York I finally heard the bell ring announcing that my plane was loading. As I walked down toward it, I had a strange sinking feeling in my tummy, wondering if I was making a mistake, and if it were too late to turn back. But by that time, I had reached the plane, and everyone was scrambling for a window seat, so I began to think about getting a good seat, and to heck with whether it was the right thing to do. There were a good many passengers to Bermuda because, being a comparatively short hop, it was not necessary to carry much fuel, and each passenger could occupy only one seat. In taking off, we taxied around in the water for about an hour, and it was a big thrill to feel the plane leave the water. I saw the Statue of Liberty from the air–looked about as big as a straight pin.

About 3:30 PM the curtains were closed, and I knew we must be nearing Bermuda. (The curtains were not closed when we left New York.) We arrived at Bermuda just in time for tea, which was served at the airport, and then we were permitted to go outside and sit on the lawn while the plane was re-fueled. It was supposed to be only a two-hour stop, but we were delayed from hour to hour, until we finally left about 9 PM. Dinner was served soon after we took off, and then we retired on the berths which had been made up while we were in Bermuda. Kinda like a train sleeping car. No one undressed–I changed from my wool suit to my slacks and long-sleeved sweater and went right to sleep.

About 2:30 AM I was awakened by the voice of the steward saying, "You'd better wake up; we're coming in." I asked, "Coming in where?" because I knew our next stop, the Azores, was at least 12 hours away. The steward explained that we were arriving again at Bermuda; the plane had had to turn back because the waves in the harbor at Horta in the Azores were so high the plane couldn't land. A pleasant surprise, because I regretted not being able to stay longer when we left Bermuda. By 4 AM I was in bed at Belmont Manor, one of the better hotels on the island.

I was up at the usual time, as I wanted to see as much of the island as possible and, of course, go shopping. There were very few motor vehicles on the island, all of those belonging to the Army or Navy. Principal transportation was by boat or bicycle, or on foot. I went into the city of Hamilton, about ten minutes' ride on the ferry, and shopped at Triminghams, Bermuda's leading department store, where I bought a cashmere sweater. (Incidentally, I just read where Triminghams is closing after 163 years, leaving the island without a department store.) Back to the hotel for lunch.

At 3:30 PM we were told to be ready to leave the hotel in thirty minutes. We all hoped to stay longer, but really we were lucky to spend even one day in Bermuda. We were airborne by 6 PM and had delightful dinner flying over the Atlantic (a wonder to a country girl from Kentucky). We played bridge for a while and then went to bed. Slept good all night.

The curtains were not closed as we came in at Horta in the Azores. We flew over several small islands, then very close to the top of a mountain and then an abrupt dive toward the sea. We deplaned and were loaded into waiting cars and taken to the Pan American hotel where breakfast was served. I was impressed with my first glass of fresh pineapple juice–all I'd ever seen previously came from a can. The short stop in Horta was my first stop in a really foreign land. It was such fun to be driven from the plane to the hotel in a quaint foreign-made (to me) car, with native driver. The streets were crooked and narrow, and full of people on foot, ox carts, and bicycles, and the driver fairly flew, honking the horn every jump of the way.

Because the hop from Horta to Lisbon required comparatively little fuel, the plane was again loaded with passengers. This time, they were Portuguese. It was explained that the air fare Horta to Lisbon round trip was about $80, the same as the fare by boat, and the boat trip required ten days each way.

About 8 PM we could see lights twinkling in the distance; 'twasn't long until we were circling over the city. You can't imagine what a thrill it was to me to be flying around above the city and all those lights, which ran abruptly into darkness as the land met the sea. There were seven green lights in the water to guide the plane in. Then I realized my plane ride was over, and what was to come next I didn't know.

We were two hours with the Portuguese customs and then cleared. The duty officer from the American Embassy was there and told us whom we should see at the American Consulate the following morning to arrange onward transportation. We were directed to a hotel, and I shared a room with Ruth Wolfe, who, like me, was headed to her first overseas

assignment: Luanda, Angola. (I was happy to be going to Rome.) Mr. Shockley, whom we saw at the Consulate the next morning, told us we'd probably not be leaving for several days, as the Portuguese commercial plane to Casablanca where we were going next, makes only one round trip a week, usually on Mondays (it was then Wednesday).

An account of my stay in Lisbon covers five typewritten pages in the letter I wrote to my family after my arrival in Rome. I'll spare you that, and tell you about our trip after that. The following Tuesday I left Lisbon on a Portuguese commercial plane. We stopped in Tangier for lunch and were in Casablanca an hour later. Our plane had frosted glass windows, so I didn't see anything during the trip. But at Casablanca, we saw American soldiers again–a lot of them. The airport there was said to be the largest in the world, and I well believe it.

I was "checked in" by the Army officials; also the French, but they didn't amount to much. I was billeted in the Atlantic Hotel, which was for transients " without any rank"–mostly women, nurses, a few civilian men, and some few Army officers. The high-ranking Army officers stay at the hotel where the Roosevelt-Churchill conference was held, while the lower ranking officers and the enlisted men stay in a camp outside the town, in tents, barracks, or something. I ate at the transient mess, about a block from the hotel, where the food was strictly Army–good, plain, and lots of it. The following afternoon I took a sure-enough "Cook's Tour" of the city. It was quite an education to drive through the streets and see the dirty, but picturesque, natives. Incidentally, the carriage upholstery had bedbugs, first I'd ever seen.

I checked in at the Air Priorities Office and was told that I should check the bulletin board at my hotel at noon and at 7:30 and 10:30 PM for my departure time. I did that the first night, thinking I'd get out either immediately, or in a week. By the second night, I had more interesting things to do.

Four of us girls went out with Navy officers. They had a big club there in one of the nice hotels. We were the only females there, as the local girls weren't allowed. We made the dates for 8 o'clock, thinking the 7:30 list would be published before that time. But it wasn't. We returned to our hotel about 11:15, and two of us were to be at the airport by midnight, and the airport was some 15 minutes from the hotel. Packing was going to be a problem, I could see, so I took my date up to my room and said, "Here, you do it." and he did a beautiful job in about ten minutes. Of course, he put a great deal of stuff in my barracks bag, which theretofore I had carried folded up, empty.

At one minute before midnight, the Navy officer and I arrived at the airport. I had been told to dress warmly, as the plane would be cold. We found the flight was to be delayed at least an hour, so the Navy went home and the Army took over from there! He was an Air Corps lieutenant colonel, on his way to Naples after three weeks in the States–business trip, he said. I began to recall all the stories about the 21-year-old Air Corps lieutenant colonels, because he was much younger looking than the Army lieutenant colonels I had known. Our flight finally left about 3 AM. It was quite cool. Even cooler ten thousand feet up, and I wished I had worn even more clothes!

It seemed so mysterious and secret– Here we were, in Africa, with a war going on, taking off into the night toward the enemy, in a big airplane. But I was protected on all sides by the Army. We had "bucket" seats–very uncomfortable–and the middle of the plane was filled with lashed-down cargo. I saw the dawn "break" over the mountains–quite a sight–and at about 7 o'clock we landed at Algiers. Breakfast, and then we'd be off again. But a problem with one engine delayed us several hours. We had box lunches about 1 PM, while flying over the Mediterranean. We hit a storm, and after a couple of hours rocking around among the clouds, we had one brief glimpse of Naples below.

Upon landing, we civilians were told to report immediately to the office to have our passports and orders checked by an official from the American Consulate. From him I learned that my friend Martha Shelton from Fort Knox was at that time assigned to the Embassy in Rome (she had been at the Consulate in Naples). I was assigned quarters for the night in the Terminus Hotel, clean but not fancy. But that didn't matter to me; I was sleepy and interested only in getting to bed. I was scheduled to leave for Rome on an 8 AM flight, and I did–first time during the entire trip that I had departed on time. We flew over bomb craters, topless houses, Anzio–all the devastation of war. In less than an hour, Rome was below us. By this time I was so excited that I really don't remember how the city looked from the air. I do remember that someone pointed out St. Peters.

We landed; my passport and orders were checked. I called the Embassy and talked to the man whose name I had been given. He told me he'd send a car right out for me. I asked to talk to Martha. The man told me she was some distance down the hall, but that he'd send her to the airport to meet me. In several hours (really about twenty minutes), I heard Martha call to me. She took me first to the Embassy (in my traveling clothes–I wasn't very presentable). I thought we'd never arrive at the office. She told me it was on the second floor of the *Palazzo Margherita*, but when we started up those steps and I found that

the first floor was two flights up, I didn't know where to expect to find the second floor. We finally arrived on the second floor, four flights of stairs (126 steps. Quite a climb at first, but I soon became accustomed to it.

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ROME–THE ETERNAL CITY. I was there. Never in my wildest imagination when I was growing up during the Great Depression of the 1930's in Elizabethtown, Kentucky, did I *dream* I'd ever get to Rome, Italy!

The American Embassy was located in the *Palazzo Margherita* on Via Veneto. It was officially the Headquarters, Allied Commission, American Delegation, as diplomatic relations had not been resumed with Italy–it was still a conquered country. It was a glamorous place to work, or so it seemed. However, it was built for royalty, not an office building. There was a floor *between* the first floor and the second. Most of the "working" members of the staff were on the second floor, 126 steps up from the front door.

However, it was location, location, location that appealed to young, single females. It was in the same block, and on the same side of the street, as the Excelsior Hotel, which was the largest and finest hotel in the city and had been taken over by the U. S. Army as a rest and relaxation center for Fifth Army officers. Scores of young officers coming back from the fighting in northern Italy were there for five days. And word gets around–most of them knew before they arrived that there were young, single American girls working at the American Embassy just down the street. But more about that later. We need to talk about work first of all.

I was assigned to the "Code Room" which, as the name implies, was the center for the encoding of outgoing, and the decoding of incoming, the many messages sent and received by the Embassy each day. It was exacting work but not very stressful, as there was plenty of help. A pool of clerical workers was being assembled in Rome for eventual transfer to other offices in Italy as they were reopened. I understood my assignment would be the Consulate in Milan. Hours were nine in the morning until one in the afternoon, then three to seven in the evening.

I was given a room at the Atlantico Hotel which had been taken over by the U. S. Army as a "rest hotel" for nurses. It was located on Via Cavour, near the railroad station. Major Althea Buckins, ANC was in charge. I had a lovely big room (no charge, courtesy of the Army) and Martha and I shared a connecting bath. There were no dining facilities at the Atlantico. We were given permission to have our meals at the Army mess at the San Georgio Hotel, just a few steps around the corner. Each meal was 35 cents. I usually ate breakfast there, and sometimes lunch. But I hoped to have a date for dinner at the Excelsior. The food at the Excelsior was much better than the San Georgio, as it was intended to be a real treat to the officers of the Fifth Army who had been slogging around in the mud of northern Italy.

We were provided transportation to and from the Embassy, morning, noon and night. The two-hour lunch break seemed strange at first. However, I found that it was very convenient and enabled me to get more sleep at night. During my lunch hour I could bathe, dress and get ready for my date who would call for me at the Embassy at seven. Most of the men had a Jeep which they used to travel from and to the front and for transportation around the city.

The Ambassador encouraged everyone on the staff to learn Italian. Therefore, we were given time off during office hours for lessons. Madame Marchi came to the embassy, and I had a one-hour lesson twice a week. I never became proficient–I could ask directions on the street, communicate with my maid, and get what I wanted to eat. Most of the waiters in the Army messes seemed to know more English than I did Italian.

Social life with the Fifth Army officers was very hectic. With only five days to spend in Rome, with all modern conveniences and excellent food and plenty to drink, they "lived it up" for every minute of the time. They slept some, but wanted to spend every day sightseeing in Rome and then party all night. We could party with them, but we had to work during the day. We spent every week-end seeing the sights of Rome again and again.

It was heart-breaking, too, to hear that someone had been killed in combat after we'd seen him only a week or two before.

Civilian women could enter the Excelsior only with a registered guest. Such women, whether they be Italian or American, were not allowed above the ground floor of the hotel. It was a good rule. Musicians at the Excelsior played such tunes as *White Christmas, Sentimental Journey, Lili Marlene* and *Come Back to Sorrento*, that I particularly remember.

It was fun to walk down the street and hear American soldiers speculate as to our nationality. They didn't think we were Italian, but what were we? When their eyes got down to our shoes, they knew. American leather pumps were very different from the Italian cloth shoes with cork soles.

The pace was too hectic. I welcomed the opportunity for a change. It soon came.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

LUCINDA B. HELM

December 23, 1839 - November 15, 1897

Lucinda B. Helm is a name prominent in the history of Southern Methodism. Miss Helm, a daughter of Governor John LaRue Helm, was a native of Elizabethtown, born at the Helm House, now 100 Diecks Drive.

As they were growing up, the Helm children often had night schools in a small way for their servants. On Sunday afternoons, there would be a "Sunday school," led by Lucinda, and at their prayer meetings they would get her to come and read the Bible for them.

As a young girl, Lucinda's sweet face, winsome manners, and intelligence made her much sought after and admired. She was a firm believer in God. However, she placed no narrow restrictions about a religious life, but at the same time stood firm in her Christian principles. She was fond of horse-back riding and shooting parties, but refused to dance or engage in any games that to her seemed inconsistent with a Christian life. At the age of eighteen, she quietly made up her mind to join the Church.

Lucinda and her sister Mary remained at home, unmarried, and took care of their mother until her death on Christmas morning, 1885. Following Mrs. Helm's death, Lucinda went to Louisville to live with her older sister. She felt that the city offered wider opportunities for church work.

Miss Helm was instrumental in the organization of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in 1876. However, she felt there was much to be done at home. She recognized that there needed to be Methodist missions in the evangelization of our cities. Why send missionaries to China, she reasoned, when there were thousands of unenlightened Chinese on our own West Coast?

One of her pet projects was the building of parsonages for new churches, in order to make the assignment there attractive for young ministers and their families. This led to the founding of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Church, South, now a part of the United Methodist Women's Missionary efforts. In 1890 she was named the first General Secretary of the Woman's Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Miss Helm was a prolific writer of both periodicals and books. When she wrote her book *Gerard,* she gave the Church Extension Society the first proceeds.

Miss Helm died in 1897 and is buried in the Helm Family Cemetery near her birthplace.

The Methodist church on West Dixie Avenue used from 1901 until 1957 was known as *The Lucinda B. Helm Methodist Episcopal Church, South.*

M. J. J.

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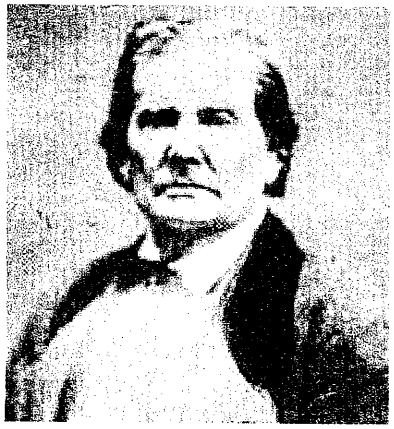
THOMAS LINCOLN -- THE SHIFTLESS FATHER MYTH


Thomas Lincoln

Thomas Lincoln has been one of the most maligned persons in the history of the United States. Historians have certainly not been kind to him, portraying him as a shiftless man who never provided very well for his family. Folklore and tradition describe Lincoln as a vagabond, ignorant, shiftless, shadowy figure migratory, illiterate, worthless squatter. They have portrayed him as typical of Southern white trash, lacking in energy, devoid of responsibility, and a general failure in life.

It is always difficult to determine the motives for any abuse which is heaped upon an individual. However, in this case, the impression was largely a creation of William Herndon, and other historians have been only too willing to continue the myth.

There can be no mistake about the reason Herndon gave Thomas Lincoln such a bad name. He wanted to start the President down just as low as possible, to make the contrast between his early life and life at the White House stand out to the greatest extent possible.

Herndon wanted Abraham Lincoln to "rise from the ashes," so to speak, and one way to do this was to denigrate his parents.

Thomas Lincoln was the son of Captain Abraham Lincoln, a well-to-do Virginia planter and Revolutionary War soldier. The family migrated to the Kentucky country in 1782. When Thomas was only ten years old, his father was massacred by an Indian raiding party near their home in what is now Jefferson County, Kentucky.

The widow Bersheba, with her five children, moved to Washington County, Kentucky, shortly after the death of Capt. Lincoln. There apparently wasn't much left of his estate, after settlement, but that is really immaterial as far as Thomas is concerned. At that time, the estate would have gone, under the English law of primogeniture, to Mordecai, the oldest son. Thomas was the youngest son. In the same neighborhood also lived the Rev. Jesse Head, who was a skilled cabinet maker as well as a Methodist preacher. It may be reasonably assumed that Head could have taught Thomas his trade.

When he was old enough, Tom Lincoln left home and went to work. The first record of him in Elizabethtown is in 1796. During that year he was employed by Samuel Haycraft, Sr., a miller, in the building of a mill in Elizabethtown on Valley Creek. Haycraft paid about Tom about $150 for this work.

Lincoln was in and out of Hardin County for the next few years. However, in 1803 he bought a farm of 238 acres near Mill Creek for which he paid cash, 118 pounds, about $575 in American dollars at that time. His mother Bersheba and her two daughters with their husbands migrated westward to Hardin County. His mother, her daughter Nancy Ann Brumfield and her husband William Brumfield made their home for a time at that Mill Creek farm. Evidently the home there was large enough to accommodate this extended family.

It is apparent from the records that Thomas Lincoln made his home on his Mill Creek farm or in Elizabethtown from 1803 until he purchased the 300-acre farm on the South Fork of Nolin in December, 1808.

As a carpenter and cabinetmaker, his services were in great demand as more and more pioneers came to settle in Elizabethtown and Hardin County. It is of record that he did the joiner's work on the Lincoln Heritage House in Elizabethtown's Freeman Lake Park. It can be assumed he was hard working and thrifty, because after his marriage to Nancy Hanks on June 12, 1806, he was able to build a log house on one of the town lots he owned in Elizabethtown. It was just such a log house as most pioneers erected and lived in at that time.

As a man of good standing in the community he served several times on the jury. In 1803 he served as a guard for prisoners. In 1804 he was one of the petitioners for a section of road north of Elizabethtown. He served as a patroller in the northern district of the county in 1805. It is apparent that he was performing his civic duties as well as being about the business of making a living. In 1807 he won a law suit for recovery of wages due him for preparing logs for construction of a saw mill.

That Thomas Lincoln was a skilled cabinet maker is attested by the many fine pieces of his furniture still in existence. A corner cupboard which bears his initials and dated 1814 is in the J. B. Speed Museum in Louisville. He made other types of furniture such as daybeds, chests of drawers, mantelpieces, tables, sugar chests, etc.

In the year 1814, among ninety-eight residents of Hardin County listed in the same tax books as the father of the President, only fifteen persons are shown to have possessed property of greater value than that of Thomas Lincoln. In 1809 when his famous son was born, he owned two farms totaling more than 500 acres, two town lots in Elizabethtown, and two horses among his other property.

No document detrimental to the character of Thomas Lincoln has ever been found, and the image that evolves is that of an industrious, sober, honest provident family man. He was a victim of land laws and insecure land titles. Without much question, this is the primary reason he decided to go further west and made the move to Indiana in 1816.

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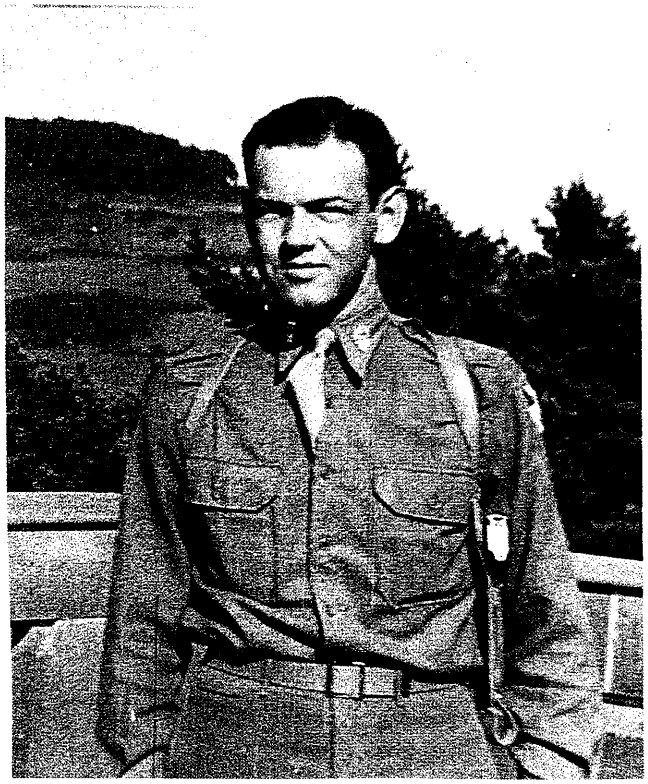
LUNCH WITH GENERAL PATTON

As told by Colonel James A. Jones, USA-Ret.

It was the early spring of 1945. The war in Europe was winding down. My assignment as second lieutenant was platoon leader in an infantry company in the 28th Infantry Division. (I had been promoted to first lieutenant, but I didn't know it; the orders hadn't caught up with me!) I had been wounded in action on March 7th and spent the next three weeks in the hospital. Finally, I was released from the hospital and was taking part in general occupational duties in a rear area.

My job was to supervise soldiers collecting abandoned weapons and other materiel from battlefields in France to equip French army units being prepared to return to action. While busy with these duties, I received a call to go to 28th Division Headquarters, pick up my records, and report to Headquarters, XXIII Corps. I had no idea why I was being summoned to Corps Headquarters; I just followed orders.

I reported to the personnel office of XXIII Corps and was told to cool my heels until lunchtime. At the appointed time I was directed to the dining room of the Commanding General, Major General Hugh J. Gaffey, where I enjoyed lunch with the general and his staff. Following lunch, I again sat around, doing nothing, for some time. Finally I told the personnel officer that I had more to do than sit idly around an office. He released me to return to my unit, saying words to the effect that "if we want you, we know where to find you." I think I knew by that time that I was one of several candidates being interviewed for the job as aide-de-camp to the Commanding General.



James A. Jones - 1945

A few days later the Adjutant General, 28th Division, telephoned me and told me to clear my present position and report to the Commanding General of XXIII Corps. Thus began a pleasant and exciting assignment which, unfortunately, ended with the death of General Gaffey in an airplane crash at Fort Knox on June 16, 1946.

I had many memorable experiences while working with General Gaffey. One of

these which stands out in my mind was lunch with General George S. Patton. Our headquarters at that time was in Fritzlar, Germany. General Gaffey had served as Patton's chief of staff and also had commanded the 4th Armored Division which relieved Bastogne during the Battle of the Bulge. Patton and Gaffey were friends of long standing.

As the war in Europe was winding down, action in the Pacific theatre was picking up. Senior career officers were being offered command assignments elsewhere. General Gaffey was offered command of the Armor Center at Fort Knox. However, as a combat commander, he had aspirations of an assignment to lead an armored division to conquer the Japanese then occupying China.

He determined to discuss his options over lunch with General Patton whose headquarters at that time was located in Bad Tolz in the Bavarian Alps, one of Adolph Hitler's former retreats. General Patton invited Gaffey to come for lunch in order that they might discuss matters in detail. As Gaffey's aide, I always accompanied him, handling travel arrangements.

Our flight to Bad Tolz was uneventful, arriving in mid-morning. General Patton took one look at me and immediately dispatched his aide with me to the Post Exchange to procure service ribbons to which I was entitled but was not wearing. He made some remark about my needing to appear in "proper uniform." I enjoyed lunch with Generals Patton and Gaffey and General Patton's staff. Time came for our departure.

At that time there was a severe shortage of fuel in Europe. We had, however, left Fritzlar with sufficient fuel for the round trip, and no more. Upon our return to the airport at Bad Tolz, we found that the fuel in our airplane had been removed by personnel at the field, and we were told that no fuel was available. It required action by General Patton, whose aide personally came to the field to ensure that we were furnished with sufficient fuel for our return to Fritzlar. As we landed, the "low fuel" lights were flashing.

That is just one of the many memorable occasions that came during my association with General Gaffey. By some stroke of fate, I had not accompanied him on his final flight.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

On June 12th, I had the opportunity to attend and be the master of ceremonies for the tribute to Thomas Lincoln held at the Leaders Club in Fort Knox. It was on this date two hundred years ago that Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks. Since the 1930s, a mantel made by Thomas Lincoln has been on display in the Lincoln Room. Very little recognition had been given to Thomas Lincoln. Through the efforts of some of the members of the Society and the Hardin County History Museum, this tribute and reception was conducted. Carl Howell delivered an informative speech on Thomas Lincoln. Major General Robert Williams, Commanding General, was presented a framed picture of Thomas Lincoln to be placed in the Leader's Club that included information about the history of the mantle in the Leader's Club. The general was also presented The Lincolns on Mill Creek by Gerald McMurtry, one of the many books that the society has available for sale.

The Hardin County Historical Society now has its own website. For many years the society had a link, courtesy of the Elizabethtown-Hardin County Heritage Council Website. Hopefully, more people will be able to contact us via the internet. We are looking for our book sales to increase. Speaking of books, we recently received several new copies of Haycraft's History of Elizabethtown. Visit our website at www.hardinkyhistoricalsociety.org.

Inasmuch as this is the 75th year of existence for the Hardin County Historical Society, we want to recognize those members with the longest years of membership. Be thinking about the number of years you have belonged to the society. I look forward to seeing everyone at our next dinner meeting on July 24, 2006.

Kenneth L. Tabb

ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEXT MEETING

The Hardin County Historical Society will meet Monday evening, July 24, 2006, at the STATE THEATER GALLERY, 209 West Dixie Avenue, in downtown Elizabethtown. The buffet dinner, catered by Back Home, will be served at 6:30 PM. The price is $7.50 per person.

The program will be presented by Hugh Ridenour of Hanson, Kentucky. He will relate the saga of the Green family dynasty of Falls of Rough and share Kentucky's culinary past through an heirloom recipe collection rescued from the pantry of the Greens' 1839 mansion. Carolyn Ridenour joins her husband for this journey into a bygone time when food preparation required perseverance and talent, and setting a fine table was a social necessity. Green family dining items will be displayed.

This program will complement "Key Ingredients," a Smithsonian exhibit on American food traditions that has been brought to Kentucky and will be on display at that time at the Hardin County History Museum.

For dinner reservations, telephone Mary Jo Jones, 270-765-5593, by NOON, FRIDAY, July 21. If you find later that you can attend, phone Mary Jo, as there are occasional cancellations. On the other hand, if you make a reservation and DO NOT ATTEND OR CANCEL, you will be billed for the cost of the meal unless it is taken by a late-comer as indicated above.

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