

Notes on a conversation with Miss Carrie Lee
Hathaway with Churchill Newcomb's
Comments in the margins.
F.S.S. about 1926?

Good!
Aunt Mayme tells me by the way that Captain Hathaway was one of
Morgan's Men, and was in college, in the army and in prison with her father. He
was the possessor of the most marvelous store of fine old whiskey that tasted like
devine syrup but had a most potent after-effect. He always offered the young ladies
a julip, but not the youngmen, as he thought the latter lacked discretion.

and lost her mother when very young.
He was simply wonderful to Miss Carrie Lee, and as she was the only
child, he took her every where with her. Miss L.C. says that John Fox, jr. was much
amused at her father and herself when he came on one of their fox hunts/that he
intended to write up as a story. (I have read one of his about stationary hunting). Every
time there was a halt in the chase her father would call in his sweet way: "Daughter,
daughter, where are you"; and then would appear to look over her horses girths.
(I wish you could have heard her imitation of him). John Fox had brought with him
an artist named Max Klepper; and every-time who had some trouble keeping up; and
everytime that Captain Hathaway would call "O daughter", John Fox would call loudly
with much English accent, "O Kleppah, O Kleppah."

Can be two
Give hell to the
stationary hunters.
Miss H. doesn't think much of stationary hunting as she calls it. I asked her
if the women every went on that kind of a hunt and she said that she had never heard
of it. She said that it seemed to be, however, in spite of the strenuousness of it,
an older mans sport- that few young men ever came on the hunts.

Put this
There was an old farmer at one of the hunts who refused to mount and follow
saying that he was "goin' from pint to pint" and watch, The second day out "Uncle"
Sam failed to appear to take up his perrigrinations. "Where is Uncle Sam?" I asked?

" Well, said one of my friends, "He said he was goin' from pint to pint, but I fear he has gone from pint to quart."

Captain Hathaway , besides ~~also~~ always taking Miss Carrie Lee with him would very often take several of her friends along too. As there were few rooms, they were ~~would~~ all pretty much crowd~~ed~~ up together, and you can imagine how they hated ~~these~~ ^{that} icy frosty arising before day light, which was necessary since they ~~ie~~ had about ten miles to ride to the casting ground usually.

~~Early-in-the-~~ Before daylight her father would come ot their door and say so cheerily, "Daughter", and to the disgust of her friends she always tried to answer as cheerfully as he called, and then take up the great task of getting the other Kentucky girls up and ready.

One morning they rode to a beautiful little river which had to be forded. The water had a skim of ice on it, the weeds by the edge were inches thick with white frost, and the sloping fields looked like jewels in the early morning light. I was so carried away with the beauty of it that I turned to one sleepy friend and exclaimed "O Betty, now dont you think its worth getting up to see?"

"Yes, ~~stad~~ the sleepy one, - "Once."

(She doesnt think this one should be printed, since some of the people are alive. But I have made it somewhat impersonal, and you could make it more so.)

During one of the years that General Roger Williams was president of the National, he received a letter from a lady in Alabama, saying that she wanted to come up for the field trials if his wife would chaperone her, if she could get mounts, and this and that. The general was terribly excited and talked of little else but the lovely young lady that was going to come, and of how fine it would be to

have her. Mrs. Williams read the letter, and said that knowing Roger's susceptibility she would most certainly be glad to chaperone the young lady. As Miss C.L. ^{and her} was getting off the train, however at the station at which the meet was taking place, she ran into Mrs. Williams waiting for the Lexington train.

"But Mrs. Williams, aren't you going to stay to chaperone the young lady? I asked.

"No, my dear. I've seen her; and Roger can chaperone her himself."

The charming young lady proved to be an unattractive female of about fifty who was very little of a horse woman, but was eager for the attentions of Kentucky gentlemen and how unmercifully the other men did tease the General about her. She nearly drove the men wild, too: the few young women who were in the habit of going on the hunts rode quite well, and the men had been in the habit of looking out for them, with little interference, however, to their sport. Not so this lady: everyday some poor man would find himself far behind the field and probably his favorite hounds, trying gallantly to protect this female. Colonel Jack Chinn found himself so situated one day and stood it as long as he possibly could, until he flung gallantry to the winds and his horse to the front of the chase, leaving the poor lady. She was furious, and said cutting things about Kentucky "gentlemen" and their mistaken reputation for fine manners. Col. Chinn took me aside and confessed to having left her, ending with these words, "She is a most charming young lady, my dear, but I am a GRANDFATHER".

Once when they had got down to warm themselves about a fire the wait for the hounds to pick up the new scent was intolerably long. Everyone was desperate to be off; and when the signal came, they literally threw themselves on their horses. Alas, it was found that the Alabama female was as yet on the ground; and one man quickly dismounted

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general
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as the others moved off, and offered his hand for her to ~~mount~~ put her foot in, to
mount. The field was disappearing in the distance, but the lady drew herself up
with extreme hauteur and exclaimed, "Sir, no man has ever touched my foot".

Lord
My ~~God~~, then lady, "exclaimed the frenzied hunter" climb up my ~~back~~ BACK!"

in order

She was awfully fond of the old Colonel (Chinn) and said so many times;
and repeated the things the colonel had said of his hard times in early life and
his own pretty crude ways. - Of course you won't use that.) She said that Jack-Chi-
Phill Chinn had been so rotten later on in life; but she remembered a very fine thing
when he was young.
that he had done on one hunt. I think it was in the western part of the state, but at
any rate, some one, no one knew who, had let into the hunt a little country girl of about
twelve years, who, when the horses got going well in the hunt, was unable to hold
hers at all, and was simply paralyzed and wild with fear. Phil Chinn had fine hounds in the
hunt in which he was much interested. But he took the leash of one of his hounds,
tied it to the child's ^{horns} bridle, dropped back of the field, and took care of the child
during the whole day.

There is one picture of Mr. Wooldridge among a group of others; really
it is too funny, and I guess you have it. It was about that time that he had a hound
entered called Tar Baby; and as "Sam" was so much younger than most of the men, and
of such a dark coloring, ~~that~~ he was known everywhere as "Tar Baby". She gave an
amusing imitation of "Sam" under the influence of three days of likker, and his
effusive apologies for something that he hadn't done, the speech starting, "Ladees and
^{gentlemen} gentlemen---

Times must have changed- she was presented with the only brush of the meet, and the only one she ever saw at the kill, and it was a ~~grey~~. That reminds me-

She said her father was in prison (One of Morgans Men) with a professional gambler, who swore that he had never heard a chapter of the Bible. As it was the only book they had to read, they were discussing it. They read the passage in which is told the tale of Sampsons strategy of going out and ~~catching~~ ^{scot} the 300 foxes, and tying fire-brands to their tails. The man said he didnt believe it/ ^{"No such thing."} Sampson couldnt have, thats all,

"But man," they said, showing him the Bible, "Here it is." The gambler took the Bible, and read it and still looked unconvinced. After a few moments he looked releived, and ~~met~~, "I'll wager a hundred dollars they werent reds".

They weretelling this to a New Englander, and he laughed and said, "But they were reds". And when they wsked him to prove it he said tat every red fox has a black mark at the roots of his tail where the fire brands were tied....

At one meet a stranger from out of the state was grumbling about the situation: 'He'd like to know how they expected to have any sport-no decent hunters that could go any where to be bought or rented- they didnt know how to have a real hunt, etc. etc. until Col. Jack Chinn got a trifle worked up. He told the man that as his son wouldnt be there the next day, that he could use his horse if he cared to and that he might be able to get a little better ride.

The Colonels horse and the one he had lent the man ~~had~~ hunted to-gether; always, and on this day especially, when they were mounted the Colonel simply cut loose and WENT.: over stone walls, through bushes, and over the worst country you can imagine. At last they came to a stone wall, beyond which was a lone tree on a ledge.

"D ont take that jump? screamed the now-desperate stranger.

"yes I will, said the C ononel; And you will too."

"Oh no I wont" shrieked the man.

But the Colonel knew his horses, and said grimly, "Oh yes I think you will."

Over went the colonels horse as neatly as could be wanted and lit on the ledge but the man was so badly off that he was glad to be riding ~~the~~ his mounts neck as he took the bit and the fence and ~~lit~~ landed the unwilling man on the far side of the fence. When they got back to the ~~hatch~~ ^{gate}, the subdued stranger went from group to group telling the guests that that ~~Colonel~~ ^{man} had

telling them that that Colonel Chinn was just crazy.

"No, I'm not," said the Colonel when he heard it, "And don't you ever day that we have no mounts here in Kentucky."

She says the Colonel was willing to risk his neck any time in order to have his joke.

I don't know whether you can y- polish these up and change them a out enough to do any good, but if you care to, I hope you will. If you want me to have the old horn and its funny pictures photoed, I will- they are treasures.

And I have a good picture of the Captain-Hathaway- who seems to have always worn kid gloves, and yet hunted with the roughest as well as with his own kind. They never apused in the chase that he didnt call to his daughter to find where she was, and to dismount and examine her girths and those of her friends. They once rode to Naatural Bridbe before it could be reached by rail, stopping in the homes of the mountain people. Miss Carrie Lee spends her time now in painting, and writes amusing verse for her fríends- very deaf and absent minded. *was painting as she talked to me & was so absent minded she hardly knew what she said.*

Misses Mary & Lil "Robinson", Lady Orrent & Rose of the Pendleton used to hunt too, as well as Miss Nannie Bate Dillake.

Since you like to use names in Articles —

Sail thru this away. When you are through with it, put it
away. It will be a good time later, and always a
source of pleasure.
J. L. N.

Extract from an article in Coach and Saddle, Dec 1900.:

" A score or more ladies were present, and always well up in the first
flight on their thoroughbreds.

Colonel Roger Williams of Lexington presented the brush to Miss Caroline
Leland Hathaway of Winchester, Ky. who has never missed a meet of the association
in years and is one of the hardest as well as one of the best horsewomen in Ky.

Extract from Courier-Journal of Nov. 26, 1899.

Among the ladies who rode to hounds were among many of the ^{re}representative
of the most wealthy and aristocratic families in Kentucky. There was not a lady rider
present from any other state. Mr. Lister Witherspoon and Miss Ellen, his daughter, of
Versailles, Mr. W L. Graddy and wife of Versailles, Captain Leland Hathaway and daughter
of Winchester, Miss Pearl Trigg of Glasgow, Senator ^{John} Bennett of Richmond and his neice,
Miss Laura Bennett, Miss Theodosia Nelson of Winchester, and ...and many women of Irvine
and Estill counties. ((That meet must have been at Estill Springs) In that same
paper I was amused to note that a New Englander was making a speech in favor of having
some of the National meets somewhere else than in Ky. so that national interest might
spread more quickly; and he spoke of the fact that there was actually a growing interest
in fox hunting in New England.)

Also in this same paper is the following:

The Walkers are probably the most noted fox hunters in Ky. excepting Col. Trigg
of Glasgow and Capt. Leland Hathaway of Winchester. Col. Trigg's illness preventing his
attending the meet he requested his daughter Miss Pearl to wear his hunting hat which
has not missed a hunt of any importance in this state in 39 years. Miss Pearl adorned
the hat with ^{her} father's many medals and ribbons and wore the hat on the opening day in
obedience to her father's request. Miss Trigg is an excellent horsewoman and never misse

an opportunity to follow the hounds.

Another enthusiastic rider is Miss C. ^{Carrie} Lee ^{Hallway} of Winchester, who, with her father, is invariably the first into the chase and the last to give it up.

She is probably the most expert ^{woman rider} ~~horsewoman~~ in Ky. No fence is too high, no gulley too wide for her when in hot pursuit. She assisted her father as master of hounds after the first day of the meet.

(By the way: Nancy Didlake tells me that Miss Carrie Lee, who was indeed a fine rider, could never drive a horse—simply a failure at it. Absent minded I suppose.)

A typical Southern remark: she said she didn't remember when she began riding, but she remembers ~~once~~ that once when she was seven her girth slipped and she went under the horse, and the reason that she remembers that was because she had stopped by one of the negro cabins on the place and had a two-year-old pickaniny in her lap, and two slightly older ones on behind...

At one meet, as they were all looking at the hounds, some one turned to her and said jestingly, "Miss Carrie Lee, where are your hounds?"

"They're all in the Land of Promise," ^I ~~she~~ ^{laughing} said. "Do you know that every year since I have been coming here the men have been promising me some hounds, and I have never gotten one of them".

To her horror and amazement, when she got home from the meet she found six little pups awaiting her.