REMINISCENCES OF FORMER NICHOLAS COUNTY CITIZEN

Ardmore, Okla., Nov. 24, 1923.

Dear Mercury:

I am feeling somewhat reminiscent this morning, and of course my mind turned back to old Nicholas, as I am the only Nicholas county person that is left out here since Uncle Bobbie Kinghorph left the county shortly after I wrote my last letter describing my meeting with him, which brought to a focus upon my old friends, Uncle Charlie Peterson and Horace M. Taylor, whose letters were appreciated by Uncle Bobby. It also brought response from a cousin in his in Georgia, which made Uncle Bobby feel young again, and to say he enjoyed The Mercury, still my letter and the clipping sent in their letters by Uncle Bob are and Uncle Charlie is only putting it mildly.

He had been gone to Alaska nearly for two years, but this morning, sitting at my desk, musing and meditating, where should I behold walking in but Uncle Bobby Kimbrough, of whom I wrote a few days ago. He was born in the old stone house above Bellevue 69 years ago, lived near Concord and was on Beaver creek in Nicholas county until a lad of about 11 years, thence going with his parents to Missouri, where he grew into young manhood, joined Price's army of Confederates, was with Quantrill's slashing cavalry, and then with Bill Anderson as a Ranger. Then with Price's last gridiron the Missouri army—last with Anderson's 400 report on the north side of the river. They were the 2,000 in the main army and Kimbrough made his escape to the south side, while Anderson and most of his classifiers 400 never came back, as the last most of them were killed, only a few making their escape. No quarter was shown and none asked.

Uncle Bobby, his father and brother joined the Confederates, being among the extra number who followed the father was from near Mobile, Ala., the brother from Shreveport, La., and Uncle Bobby had been serving a term in the Rock Island prison for a crime of which he was never ashamed. Though he often suffered the pangs of hunger while in prison and was not visited except by rumors and creeping things, the greatest suffering was for a chew and or smoke of tobacco, but no one gave him that his cravings might be gratified. He had become a slave to the habit and as one tried to satisfy his appetite until the weed was in its swinging, reflected in this letter, sent him some tobacco. After leaving the prison, Uncle Bobby decided, after his nine months of torture, that he had been a slave long enough and he said some things to me since. While relating, this, Uncle Bobby was asked by one standing near, "Being a Kentuckian, I suppose you held extra good cud."

He replied, 'I was born in Bourbon county, which has a reputation abroad; I was raised in Nicholas county, whose reputation was equally say better, having the Blue Licks and Hell's Half Acre therein, but I have never tasted it and I never saw a drop until I came to Missouri. Near my old home in Jacksonville is a man killed his wife if call you an name, though he gave them, for I would not bring a black at chance to desecrate, and for the comfort from the gallows, an old Gallows Hill, near Carlisle, and I'll be d—d if not me, it was the whisky given me by two other men, worth more one an enemy to whisky, and I have never tasted it."

Uncle Bobby's mother was Caroline Embree, daughter of Polly Kinney, of Bourbon county. His mother's mother was a Hocaday, a relative of Sam Houston of Tennessee, Cherokee Nation and Texas fame, from whom he received his middle name, Robert Houston Kimbrough. His grandfathers—between and himself—were all Nicholas men, born during the swoops of cholera in 1833.

About two weeks ago the colored Methodist church here was holding the West Oklahoma Annual conference. I heard Bishop Lane, whom we met at one time or other in the C. M. E. church at Carlisle, and I came in from the farm and got out of preacher to arrange to have him preach at our church. While he did not have the old time fire of forty years ago, I was surprised to find he was the best sermon I have heard since I heard him at an annual conference in Carlisle on Sunday afternoon, September 4, 1870.

Bishop Lane, were he found out I was from Carlisle, told me a story: Several years ago he was traveling in Kansas, and he was riding on Sunday, there, it was necessary for him to cross the ferry, got off the train and went to the ferry, got off the train and went to the ferry, got off the train and went to