

STANLEY F. HORN

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

An Interview with Stanley F. Horn

Conducted by Charles W. Crawford

Edited by Linda Brandt

Ronald C. Larson

Pamela S. O'Neal

Forest History Society, Santa Cruz, California
1978

Forest History Society, Inc.
P.O. Box 1581
Santa Cruz, California 95061

Copyright © 1978 by Forest History Society, Inc.
All rights reserved

INTRODUCTION

A list of the most successful Southerners during the twentieth century would certainly have to include Stanley F. Horn. Tennessee, noted for its strong and unique individuals, has few in its entire history who equal him. Although the South and his state have experienced great changes during his long life, he has remained, throughout all the transitory developments around him, one of the last and best examples of a Southern gentleman of the old school.

Stanley F. Horn was born on May 27, 1889, a member of one of the pioneer families of Middle Tennessee. In this area, characterized by pride and tradition, the legacy of the past was still vivid. Since his father died during Stanley Horn's childhood, much of his training and education was influenced by his mother. Well-educated herself, she instilled in her children a reverence for tradition and a love of learning. These traits have remained constant throughout his life.

Graduating at the age of seventeen from Fogg High School, the only one in Nashville at the time, Stanley Horn soon entered his life's work. After a brief period of employment at a telephone company, he began work on November 30, 1908, at the Southern Lumberman, an association that in a few months will have endured for seventy years. He entered service for Dan Baird, the pioneer lumber publisher who had founded the publication in 1881. The many hours spent by this young man listening to the reminiscences of "Uncle Dan" about the early development of the journal and quality in the Southern Lumberman was probably a factor in the remarkable consistency of purpose and quality in the Southern Lumberman that is still evident as it approaches its centennial. It is the oldest lumber trade journal in the United States, and quite possibly the oldest in the world.

Advancing rapidly in the management of the publication, Stanley Horn soon became editor, and, in 1917, half-owner. Although his editorial position in itself would have given him prominence in American lumbering, he also played an active role in leadership. Not content with merely describing developments in the profession, he became a major advocate of progressive change. An early opponent of the common Southern practice of burning the underbrush in woodlands, he also supported efforts in favor of reforestation and tree farming. Many lumbermen have received their first news about the numerous technological advances in their profession over the years from his accounts.

Much of his early work as a reporter involved attending the meetings of the various trade associations. His obvious interest and ability led to the development of a wide circle of friends. The respect he won from practicing lumbermen was such that he later was appointed an officer in several groups. Although modest, he became an outspoken advocate of the interests of lumbering, even when his opinions contradicted

popular views. He has an excellent record of being right in his assessments. For example, concerning his challenge to the theories of timber supply held by such respected leaders as Gifford Pinchot and F. A. Silcox, time has proven Stanley Horn to be correct: Southern lumbermen are now capable of maintaining a stable supply of timber. Few people have a more comprehensive and accurate knowledge of lumbering in the South than Stanley Horn.

But his interests and his successes are not limited to lumbering and trade publications. He is State Historian of Tennessee, an honor given to him for good cause. His ten books, widely circulated and frequently reprinted, have established his reputation as one of the leading authors of his state. He is probably the foremost authority on the Civil War in Tennessee. When Governor Prentice Cooper decided to reestablish the Tennessee Historical Society and reactivate the Tennessee Historical Commission in 1940, he turned to Stanley Horn for leadership. There have been few state historical activities since then that have not been influenced by this avid historian.

His literary interests, however, include many subjects other than history. An enthusiastic collector of books for more than seventy years, he now has one of the three finest private libraries in Tennessee. Even more extraordinary is the fact that he has read almost all the books he has acquired.

Stanley Horn is a remarkably well-educated person. He has a vivid and precise memory and a sense of gentle humor that is a delight to those who know him. The changes that he has witnessed are notable, involving not just lumbering but the nation: the first automobile, the first radio, the first airplane, television, atomic energy, and space travel. He has lived through five wars and the administration of seventeen presidents. Yet, although devoted to history and tradition, he does not dwell in the past. He is a working editor at the offices of the Southern Lumberman, and his ability to analyze probable future technological changes is the envy of many students and young professors. Becoming acquainted with Stanley Horn is an enlightening and educational experience. I hope that those who read these memoirs will share the pleasure that I experienced in compiling them.

Charles W. Crawford
Director, Oral History Research Office
Memphis State University

Memphis, Tennessee
May 5, 1978

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A work which describes the life and career of one of the men who had the greatest influence on the American lumber industry in the twentieth century cannot be produced without capable efforts by many people. This was certainly true in the preparation of the oral history memoirs of Stanley F. Horn. The greatest debt is to Elwood R. Maunder, who as Executive Director of the Forest History Society recognized the need for this book and had the vision of its publication almost two decades ago. It was the respect in which he was held in the lumber industry, as well as his persistence and patient negotiation, that finally brought the project to completion. I also have a personal debt of appreciation. Like many other scholars today, this writer received his first encouragement, and initial research grant, to study the forest products industry from "Woody" Maunder. Most of the books published during recent decades in the extensive bibliography of forest history have been influenced by this scholar and association administrator.

I am most appreciative of grants and gifts from Helen Weyerhaeuser of Tacoma, Washington, Alfred D. Bell, Jr., of Hillsborough, California, Batson Lumber Company, Natalbany, Louisiana, and Southern Tupelo Lumber Company of Ponchatoula, Louisiana, which made this work possible.

The same qualities of scholarship and helpfulness were contributed also by the always competent staff members of the Forest History Society Oral History Department: Barbara D. Holman, Oral History Editor, Pamela O'Neal, Oral History Coordinator, Linda Brandt, Oral History Editor. All gave successively of their time and effort in the editing, illustrating, indexing, and final production of the book. Elizabeth S. Calciano, although not during this time a member of the staff of the Society, gave valuable advice and counsel about the preparation of the manuscript. Encouragement and aid was also given by Harold K. Steen, Associate Director, and Ronald C. Larson, Oral History Coordinator. Preparing a book is probably always a task, but it is a much more pleasant duty with such an able staff.

The work of research in preparation for the series of interviews was aided by several people in Tennessee. Eleanor McKay made available material from her excellent Mississippi Valley Collection at Memphis State University and C. Lamar Wallis and Dan Yanchisin gave generous use of their extensive holding at the Memphis-Shelby County Library. The authoritative work of several Tennessee historians was most useful to an understanding of Stanley Horn's state. Special appreciation is due to Robert E. Corlew, Jr., of middle Tennessee State University, Frank B. Williams, Jr., of East Tennessee State University, and Robert M. McBride, Editor of the Tennessee Historical Quarterly. Assistance at Memphis State University was given by Barbara Wasser and Carol Laney of the Oral History Research Office. To my wife, Peggy, I am particularly indebted for assistance and support during the time this book was in preparation.

Charles W. Crawford

INTERVIEW I

June 19, 1976

Nashville, Tennessee

Charles W. Crawford: Mr. Horn, we'll start at any part of your experiences you care to talk about. It might be well to start out with something about our family, where and when you were born, and your experiences growing up and getting into school.

Stanley F. Horn: I can tell you that briefly. I was born May 27, 1889, on a farm in Neely's Bend, Davidson County, Tennessee, which had been in our family for several generations since before 1800, when the first of our family came out from Virginia. My mother had inherited this farm, and her folks had all been farmers. She later married Mr. Horn, whose family had also come to Davidson County as farmers, and lived in the country near Bellevue, which is near Nashville. My great-grandfather Horn got into politics and was mayor of Nashville in 1853; and was a member of the Board of Aldermen for many years. He was also active in Masonry, which was very much in vogue in those days; and he was the treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee for forty years, until the time of his death. There is a portrait of him hanging in the Grand Lodge here in Nashville. He is the only Masonic Grand Lodge officer whose portrait is hanging there except the Grand Masters.

CWC: What do you remember about your early childhood before you started to school?

SFH: Not very much; it was uneventful. We weren't poor and we weren't rich, but we always had enough to eat and enough clothes to wear and a few luxuries. When the Tennessee Centennial was held in 1897, we managed to go to that. My mother was widowed early, so we depended on her for guidance. She had been fairly well educated for a young person who went to school right after the Civil War. I never have understood how her family could afford to send her and her sister to private schools, but they did.

CWC: Do you know where she went to school, Mr. Horn?

SFH: Yes, she went to the Edgefield Female Academy, a private school operated in Nashville by a Mr. Weber, who came here from Germany and was primarily a music school teacher. He started this academy in Edgefield, then across the river from Nashville; now it's a part of Nashville. He had a big house out there and

took in a few student boarders. My grandfather Graves sent my mother's sister to the girls' academy down at Franklin, but my mother was not supposed to be old enough to go and stay all the time, so my grandfather drove her into Edgefield every Monday morning and then came and got her on Friday. She lived with Professor Weber and his family.

After I grew up, I was interested in the Civil War, particularly in Robert E. Lee. I went to the superintendent of schools in Davidson County and in Nashville and said, "I would like to give a picture of Robert E. Lee to every public school in Nashville. I will have it framed and present it to the school, if you would permit." He said he would. When I introduced myself and told him my name, he said "You don't have to introduce yourself to me. Your mother taught me to read." I said, "How was that?" He said, "Well, I was a little boy when she was going to my father's school and she taught me to read. We came here from Warrenton Springs in North Carolina, where I had been taught my alphabet by Miss Annie Lee, Robert E. Lee's daughter, who was a refugee there. So I got a good start intellectually by Miss Annie Lee and your mother's teaching me how to read."

CWC: Was your brother younger or older?

SFH: My brother was four years older.

CWC: At the time that you went to the Centennial celebration of Tennessee, you were about eight years old and your brother would have been about twelve. Do you remember anything about the Centennial?

SFH: Yes, we went frequently and would walk around looking at the exhibits and everything. One of the attractive features was to take a lunch in a shoebox, and in the middle of the day we'd sit on the lawn outside the Parthenon and eat lunch.

My brother could read, of course, before I could. My mother read to us from Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare, and others. She also read all of Miss Murfree's books about the East Tennessee mountains, which were written under the pen name Charles Egbert Craddock. Mother would get them and read them all out loud to us as they were published. It was very enjoyable.

CWC: That was the beginning of an education for you, wasn't it?

SFH: Yes, and my brother used to read the newspaper, and would often read to me. He was a partisan and he made sort of a partisan out of me. One of my first remembrances of this partisanship was when he read to me that [James J.] Corbett

was going to fight [Robert] Fitzsimmons for the heavyweight championship [1897]. I said, "Who are we for?" He said, "We're for Corbett." And all the rest of my life I hated that Fitzsimmons for winning.

When we started reading more seriously, such as the history of England, and about the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans, I said, "Which side are we on?" He said, "The Saxons." And then I hated the Normans. Strangely enough, when I got to be a grown man, I got a letter from a man up in Minnesota whose name was Horn. He was head of a big business up there and had the family history of the Horns. They came from England, he said, and over our family motto was nil desperandum. The coat of arms had a pennant, held in the bill of a bird, that said "Hastings," proving that they had fought at the Battle of Hastings. So brother had pretty nearly sized it up right—we were Saxons.

CWC: What else do you remember your mother reading out loud before you started school?

SFH: She would read to us from magazines. When I was very young, a family from New York moved into our neighborhood, and the young boy in the family subscribed to the Youth's Companion. I never had heard of that magazine, but he started to sell subscriptions to Youth's Companion to get a prize, so he came around and sold my mother a subscription. By that time I could read and I read everything in it. She had also subscribed to the Confederate Veteran, the magazine that was published for Confederate veterans, as the name implies. My grandfather Horn had been in the Confederate Army and after the war was a subscriber beginning with Volume One, Number One, of the Confederate Veteran. After he died, my mother subscribed to it for us, and we enjoyed that. We were reading something all the time.

CWC: What newspapers did you read at the time?

SFH: The Nashville Banner and later the American, which was the morning paper. Those were the only two newspapers published in Nashville. My brother later was sports editor of the Nashville Tennessean for many years. He was considered a good writer and was offered jobs to go to New York, but he didn't want to live anywhere except in Nashville.

CWC: How were the papers delivered to you?

SFH: By paperboys. Nashville wasn't very big at that time.

CWC: What part of the city were you living in then?

SFH: We moved to town when my brother got old enough to go to school because there were no schools in Neely's Bend. We lived in East Nashville. That was the only part of town that Neely's Bend people ever saw. They came to town, went through Edgefield, and went to the public square; but they never heard of the part of Nashville on the west side, or any other part of the city.

I also lived in East Nashville after I married. We lived for two years with my wife's parents because that was the custom in those days. We lived right across the street from a Mr. and Mrs. Scales. Their daughter married Andrew Benedict, the boy who had sold us the subscription to the Youth's Companion. His son is now chairman of the board of the First American National Bank. Somebody not long ago introduced me to Andrew and asked me if I had met Mr. Benedict. I said, "I knew Mr. Benedict before anybody knew him. Mrs. Scales brought him across the street to show him to Mrs. Williams the day after he was born. Didn't anybody meet him before I did."

CWC: Do you remember starting to school, Mr. Horn?

SFH: I hesitate to tell about that, since I started in the second grade instead of the first. We delayed about moving to Nashville because for some reason or other my mother didn't think Claude, my brother, was old enough to go to school. She didn't send him to school until he was eight years old, so he was only two years ahead of me when I got started in the second grade.

The day I started to school changed my life. We lived close to the school and I was old enough to walk to it by myself. The teacher in the lower grades was a member of the church and was our Sunday school teacher. There was a man who lived in the neighborhood, Dr. Gatewood, who was sort of a man of mystery. He was a medical doctor who didn't have a regular practice, but he would go to any poor white person and any poor Negro and give them help. He never would charge anything, and he wouldn't accept any paying patients. He was educated; he was a college graduate. He had two sons, one a year older than the other. He had coached them at home. Dr. Gatewood lived near Mr. Manlove, the principal of the school, and they were cronies. They had cooked it up to start the Gatewood boys in the fourth grade, since they were qualified to start there. But the principal didn't want it to look like he was playing favorites; so the day I started school, Mr. Manlove got up in front of all of us and said, "Is there anybody here who has been coached in advance and is qualified to start in the fourth grade? Please stand up and we'll examine you to see if you're qualified." Well, of course, that was a cut-

and-dried, put-up job, so those two Gatewood boys stood up. They were taken out and given a five-minute examination and then told to go back and sit with the fourth graders.

To make it look as if it was on the level and open to all, the principal asked if there was anybody competent to start in the third grade. Nobody stood up. Then he said, "Does anybody think they can start in the second grade?" Much to my surprise, I found myself standing up. I don't know why; I never was pushy, but it looked like it was raining soup and I wanted to get some of it. They were tickled to death. They took me in and gave me an examination. I could barely make most of the letters except q's and g's that went below the lines; I hadn't mastered them. I could read a few words, so the school officials said, "That's fine, you start in the second grade."

When we marched out of school that day—everything was regimented; we marched out by twos—I started out the gate and down the sidewalk with the boy who had been sitting by me in the second grade. I said, "What's your name?" He said, "Albert Williams. What's yours?" I told him my name and I said "Where do you live?" He said, "I live right down here on the corner. Come up and play with me sometime." I went and played with him, and made the greatest investment of time in my life because I became a close friend of his. We are still good friends. He's a retired lawyer and was a judge at one time. After I'd been friends with him for several years, it dawned on me that he had a little sister. I got to looking at her more and more, and finally I decided if I ever had a wife, then she was who I wanted. So that's where I met my wife.

CWC: How old were you your first year of school?

SFH: I was seven years old. Since I started in the second grade, I was graduated from the old Fogg High School when I was just barely seventeen years old. I took my last examination in high school when I was sixteen years old.

CWC: What was the name of that first school you went to?

SFH: Caldwell School. It doesn't exist anymore.

CWC: Where was it located?

SFH: East Nashville, on Foster Street, which doesn't exist anymore either.

CWC: What present Nashville landmark would be close to the location of that school?

SFH: That part of East Nashville was selected for the first urban renewal project. They tore down every house within several square miles and there's just nothing left.

CWC: Do you remember anything about living in Neely's Bend before you moved to Nashville?

SFH: No, but I often went back out there when I was a boy. On New Year's Day our old black mammy had my brother and me come out. She would bake a hen, and we'd go out there on the train from Nashville railroad station to Madison station and walk from there. It had the railroad station and a grocery and a blacksmith shop, and that was all. We walked down the Neely's Bend road two miles to the old house. Aunt Sue Bell, our old nurse, lived in a cabin on the place. We'd go there to eat this dinner, and then we'd play around until we had to walk back to Madison and get another train that would bring us back to Nashville late in the afternoon.

CWC: Was Neely's Bend on the river?

SFH: Yes, Neely's Bend was the name of the land in that bend of the Cumberland River. The original farm that I was born on had frontage on the river on both sides. Our farm had a steamboat landing, and before I was born, people traveled by steamboat; or, if they went by land, in a buggy or on horseback. It was two miles from our farm down to the Gallatin Pike and seven miles from there to the public square in Nashville.

CWC: Do you remember any steamboats on the river?

SFH: Yes, but not in my boyhood. My brother-in-law, Albert Williams, got a job teaching school in Ashland City and later became principal of the school. He married a girl from down there, and he later became principal of the high school in Smith County at Carthage. Soon after we married, my wife said, "Let's go up to Carthage to visit them and go on a steamboat; Papa said they always had mighty fine food on a steamboat." I said all right, but things had changed since Papa rode on the steamboats. We went up on the Henry Harley and the food was terrible.

At that time, raftsmen used to bring log rafts down the river from up around Celina to Nashville, and they'd go back on the steamboat to Celina. There were three of these raftsmen on the boat, and we all ate supper at the same table. One of them was Uncle Billy Hull, Cordell Hull's father. He was a rough old man. These other two were anonymous as far as I was concerned. Anyhow, they asked

me if I played cards, and I said, "Well, no, I don't make a practice of it." I didn't know what they wanted. They said, "We play cards to kill the time." I said, "Well, I don't play cards for money." They said, "We don't play for money; we just play for fun." So I played five-up with them, a game that is like seven-up except that it's played with five points, and if you turn a jack, that makes you a point.

We played partners, and the man who was my partner was a tall, cadaverous-looking man who shuffled the cards, started dealing, and turned a jack. After he'd done that three or four times, he said, "Ain't that funny? I turn a jack every time I deal." And Uncle Billy Hull, who was one of our opponents, said, "I believe I could, too, if I dealt out of my lap like you do." I thought, "This may turn into a fight," but nobody liked to tangle with Uncle Billy Hull, so they let it go. That was the extent of my steamboating.

CWC: Do you remember when the steamboats came to Neely's Bend?

SFH: The steamboats on the Cumberland went around the bends in the river, including Neely's Bend, and they'd stop at any landing. We had one on our farm, called Montrose Landing.

The original Mr. Neely was killed by Indians before 1800, and my great-grandfather Goodrich bought our farm from Mr. Neely's son. My mother inherited half of the farm that my great-grandfather had bought, and the other half was inherited by her sister. My aunt's half had the salt lick where Mr. Neely was killed by the Indians. His daughter was captured by the Indians, who were from Michigan.

CWC: Was that in the 1780s, during the Cumberland settlement days?

SFH: Yes. Her story was one of the famous Indian captivity narratives. They carried her through to Michigan in the dead of winter, and they took her with them to the French settlements at Fort Detroit. She made the acquaintance of a French family there who helped her leave the Indians and get to Fort Duquesne, near Pittsburgh, where she could join the stream of people coming in this direction. Hitchhiking, they now call it. And she did hitchhike down to Ingles Ferry, where everybody crossed the New River, which eventually helped form the Kanawha. At the ferry she caught a ride with a family that was moving to Kentucky. By the time they got to Kentucky, she and a young man who was a member of that family had fallen in love. He proposed and she married him and lived up in Kentucky. After several

years she visited what was left of her family down here, but she never did come back to that farm. That's the story of Neely's Bend.

CWC: That's very interesting. Now, what do you remember about your early years at school? What new subjects did you get interested in?

SFH: Of course, in the earliest years we just learned the basic principles. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and language, they called it then. I learned one thing that I've never forgotten: the possessive of it doesn't have an apostrophe. I missed that on an examination in the third grade. The question was, What must we remember about the possessive of it? I crudely expressed that I couldn't think of anything to remember, and I missed the question. It was the only one I missed, and it like to have killed me. So I never forgot about that.

Later, in high school, we had a course of study in the public schools I think was wise, although that is not the way they do it now. We read a little book about early days in Nashville. Then by the time we got in the eighth grade, we studied the history of Tennessee, and by the last year of grammar school, we studied the history of the United States. In high school, we studied what was called "general history," really the history of people in Rome, Greece, and so on. I think the average person ought to know that much, and if he wants to know more, there are places to go. I don't think my grandchildren, brought up in this house, could tell you much about history. That's not so awful of them, but they just don't seem to be interested.

CWC: Did you get interested in history then?

SFH: Before that, because my mother was very much interested in history and she drummed it into us.

CWC: Did you enjoy school?

SFH: I couldn't say that I did, but I didn't think it was terrible. My wife hated it. She still looks back on that as the most miserable part of her life.

CWC: Did you have any spelling bees or other contests in school?

SFH: Oh, yes. I don't think they called them spelling bees, but they would line the class up and they'd mark you up or down. If you missed a word, you had to go down. If you got it and the other person missed it, you'd go above him. We just called it marking up and down.

We also studied penmanship and drawing, but they don't have that anymore in the public schools. Nobody knows the art of penmanship now.

In the language exercises, all the schoolbooks we studied came from New England, and, of course, contained references that were familiar to New England schoolchildren, but not always to those in the South. When we reached the grades in which we were required to write compositions, we had a composition book that had suggestions and leading questions designed to be helpful. One of the assigned subjects was "The Snowstorm." I had never seen a snowstorm; I didn't know anything more about it than a sandstorm in the Sahara. When I referred to the supposedly "helpful" leading questions, I read: "Did the wind blow and whistle? Did great drifts form?" I wrote my composition on "The Snowstorm: I never will forget the snowstorm. The wind blew and whistled, and great drifts formed." That was the end of my composition, but it wasn't the last I heard of it.

I had an old writing table that had belonged to my great-grandfather. In a deep drawer were a lot of things he had put in there years ago—newspapers, receipted invoices related to his business. I had put some of my old schoolbooks in there, including this composition book. I gave the table to my son and he found my snowstorm composition in there. He framed it and gave it to me for Christmas, and my children and grandchildren have twitted me about it ever since. "The wind blew and whistled, and great drifts formed." That was my first composition. I certainly started right at the bottom with my first literary effort.

CWC: You did start with a short composition.

SFH: The mistake most young people who aspire to be writers make is that they want to write about subjects they don't know. Mr. Jim Baird, whom I worked for, knew I wanted to be a writer, and told me that he, too, had always wanted to be one. As long as he lived, he did write all the editorials for the Southern Lumberman. He said, "When I was a young man, I saw in the paper that Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, was coming to Nashville to make some talks and was staying at the Maxwell House. So I went up and waited on the sidewalk in front of the Maxwell House until I saw him come out the door. He was smoking a cigar and I recognized him from the picture I'd seen."

And Mr. Baird continued, "I went up and spoke to him, 'Mr. Watterson, my name is Jim Baird. I'm from the country up in Baird's Mills, and I always thought you were the greatest writer that I ever read. I want to be a writer and I want you to tell me how to get to be a writer.'" Mr. Baird told me, "Watterson took the cigar out of his mouth and said, 'Now, son, that's the simplest thing in the world. I'll

give you the sure-as-shootin' way to be a great writer.' And I said, 'Well, that's what I want to be.' And Watterson said, 'By George, have something to write!' And he put the cigar back in his mouth and walked away." Mr. Baird said, "Every time I sit down to write an editorial, I think about what Mr. Watterson said, and I ask myself, Have I got anything to write?"

He made that so forceful I got to feeling that way myself. I'd get that typewriter out, put a piece of paper in, and ask myself, "Now, have you really got something to write? Or are you just filling space that has to be filled?" That never produced any great writing.

I never did any writing that could be called great, but I drifted into something I never had the remotest idea of doing in the way of writing. There was a magazine called the Literary Digest that went out of business after they took a straw vote and predicted that Alf Landon would be elected president in 1936.

CWC: When did you first become acquainted with the Literary Digest?

SFH: It carried a page of "Topics in Brief"—pithy pertinent paragraphs, designed to be witty comments on current events, political and otherwise. They reprinted paragraphs from the Indianapolis News, the Detroit Free Press, many; and occasionally from the Nashville Southern Lumberman. After they started quoting my paragraphs in this magazine, I had as many as six in some issues.

CWC: How did you happen to get the job of writing the paragraphs?

Mr. Sam K. Cowan, an associate editor of the Southern Lumberman, had been writing eight or ten of these paragraphs in every issue, but he was lazy and didn't want to do anything he could escape doing, so he asked me. I wrote some trial specimens and he used one or two. Finally, he just said, "Well, you can write all of them."

As a result, I wound up elected a member of the American Press Humorists Association with some very distinguished writers who had columns in the metropolitan papers—New York and Chicago. Franklin P. Adams, who signed his columns FPA, was a member. He had an unpronounceable name that he dropped professionally and took the name Adams. And Burt Livingston Taylor, who wrote for the Chicago Tribune as BLT, was a member.

Another member was Kenneth Beaton, who had a syndicated column of dry wit in the Hearst papers, signed KCB. We were talking one day about how times had changed and I said, "I'll tell you another thing that's changed. There's not as

much tobacco being chewed now as there used to be when I was a boy.” Ken said, “Just as much tobacco being chewed, just ain’t as many white vests being worn.”

CWC: When did you start writing these paragraphs, Mr. Horn?

SFH: It was before the First World War, because I remember one of the paragraphs I wrote in 1914 for the Southern Lumberman said, “Kaiser Wilhelm says that right will prevail,” and I added, “So he’s getting disheartened, is he?” The Literary Digest and magazines in England copied it.

CWC: How did you find humorous material for your paragraphs?

SFH: I’d look at the daily papers and what somebody had said or done to see if I could hang something on it to give it a humorous twist. It got so they’d sort of pop into my head. I still see items when I’m reading the paper now, and I think what I’d write about them if I were still writing those paragraphs.

CWC: Did you ever do any writing for other magazines?

SFH: Here is a reprint of an article I wrote for the Atlantic Monthly entitled “Trees Grow.”* I’ll tell you more about that a little later. The only other prominent magazine that I wrote for was the Saturday Evening Post, and the only example that I have is something I wrote about the baseball business.**

CWC: Did you have a by-line on that story?

SFH: No, didn’t have a by-line. I didn’t want to get myself identified. By that time, I was editor of the Southern Lumberman, owned half of it, and I didn’t want to have some of our subscribers say, “Well, he better be tending to his writing about the Southern Lumberman instead of writing about baseball.”

In 1925 my then-partner in business and I bought the Nashville baseball club in the Southern League and operated it for several years—an interesting and, fortunately, profitable side activity. After we had been in the baseball business, I wrote an article advancing the idea that the scouts for the big league teams were overlooking a lot of fine ball players who were still playing in the minor leagues.

I was sort of proud of getting an article in the Saturday Evening Post because that is what all writers in that era tried to do. And I had an experience that few writers

*Stanley Horn, “Trees Grow”, Atlantic Monthly 166 (September 1940): 342-348. See Appendix A.

**Saturday Evening Post (March 17, 1934): 10, 44, 46-47, 50, 52.

have, I imagine. I was riding on a train from New York to Philadelphia the day that the Saturday Evening Post came out that had my piece in it. I hadn't seen it. Those hourly trains between New York and Philadelphia didn't have parlor cars in them; they were all day coaches. I went in and sat down by a man who was reading the Post. I was sitting there looking out the window. He turned to me and said, "Here's a damn fine article in this week's Post. Are you interested in baseball?" And I said, "Oh, sure." He said, "This is one of the best things I ever read." I said, "Who wrote it?" He said, "It don't say."

CWC: Did you know it would be your article?

SFH: He showed it to me, and it was mine. I didn't tell him I was the man who wrote it, but that's been one of my faults. I was interested in baseball, just about everything.

CWC: Why did you think that's been a fault?

SFH: I think I spread myself too thin.

CWC: Did you enjoy all these things you did?

SFH: Yes, I enjoyed them all.

Now I'll tell you some background on my article, "Trees Grow", that was published in the Atlantic Monthly. At that time it was being freely predicted that the timber supply in the United States would soon be gone. Even Gifford Pinchot, the first United States chief forester, soon after I went to work for the Southern Lumberman, made the statement that all the timber would be gone in twenty years. He had a chart with statistics to prove it. Later on, we had a head of the U.S. Forest Service, Mr. [Ferdinand A.] Silcox, who said that there ought to be federal control of the cutting of all timber, privately owned or otherwise owned, that a man ought not to be permitted to cut a tree down unless he got permission, like they do in Germany. (That's not the way they do it in Germany, but that's what he said.) So I wrote this "Trees Grow" article to refute that.

CWC: Did you simply write this and send it to Atlantic Monthly?

SFH: I wrote this voluntarily and submitted it to the Saturday Evening Post because I'd written for them before. Then the editor said, "Well, that's a fine article, but it's not our dish. We don't go in for that type of stuff. That's a think piece. You ought to submit it to the Atlantic Monthly."

I sent it to the Atlantic Monthly and they acknowledged receipt. I was just doing this on the side and actually had forgotten about having sent it to them until I was in Boston six months after that and happened to walk by their office one morning, which reminded me that I had sent this manuscript to them some time back. So I went in and asked the editor what had ever been done with it. He said, "We surely owe you an apology about that. When your article came in, we had already recognized that the timber situation might interest our readers. We didn't know anybody better to take it up with than the head of the U.S. Forest Service, Mr. F. A. Silcox, so we asked him to write an article." I didn't think that was the way to get a fair and impartial discussion of the subject. People in the lumber industry considered him a flannel-mouthed radical who had said that it should be against the law for any individual to cut down a tree without the permission of the federal government. "He says that all the timber will be gone unless the federal government regulates the cutting. We hadn't published his article when your article came in; and yours was diametrically opposite to Silcox's view, and Silcox holds such a position of authority, we hesitated about publishing an article when it was challenged like that. We submitted your manuscript to other people we thought were qualified to make judgment, and they said you were right and Silcox was wrong. So we just told Silcox that we were delayed in getting his article published. I don't know what to do. We have paid him, and now we're not going to print it. We'd rather just tell him we decided not to cover the subject than print a piece by somebody he might say wasn't qualified."

So I said, "Well, it won't kill me." The editor said, "We'd like to hold your piece awhile and see if anything develops." Soon afterward, Silcox died and the editor wrote me that they were going to print my article and not his. I said, "I'm glad you're going to use mine, but you've already bought his article. What are you going to do with it?" He said, "Wastebasket. We bought it, and we can do anything we want to do with it."

The story I tell now is that I had subscribed to the Atlantic Monthly for several years before that, but, when they bought my article, I realized their standards had got too low and discontinued my subscription. That's what's known as false modesty. [Laughter]

CWC: At the time you published this article in 1940, you had been writing for quite some time.

SFH: Yes.

CWC: But you did not start your career doing that well, I'm sure, Mr. Horn. When you

graduated from high school, what writing experience did you have?

SFH: I hadn't had any, except writing in the high school Echo.

CWC: Was that the school newspaper?

SFH: Well, more of a monthly magazine, publishing schoolboy-type fiction; now it makes my face turn red with embarrassment when I run across an old copy of the Echo. There was a boy who sat by me in school who wanted to write, too, and we wrote burlesque Sherlock Holmes stories. We had a hero named Herlock Sholmes. Makes me ashamed to think about it now.

CWC: Mr. Horn, don't you suppose that everyone who starts writing early and goes on to write other things, might be a little embarrassed to look back to where they started?

SFH: I suppose so. I was. When I began working at the Southern Lumberman, I started writing these market reports about the Nashville lumber market. I had to write grammatical sentences. Mr. Baird didn't go in for any fancy writing. I remember a personal item that I intended to be a burlesque. A local lumberman, Mr. Greene, had a home in Florida and that was very unusual then, so I wrote, "Mr. Greene has a home in Florida, whither he is wont to repair in the winter time to escape the rude blasts of Boreas." Mr. Baird simply marked it out and said, "We don't go in for that kind of writing." I was doing it as an exaggeration; I knew that those were just super-big words, but he said, "Just tell the facts. Don't try to get fancy about it."

CWC: So you were essentially doing reporting when you did your first writing?

SFH: Yes. When I got older and knew more about the industry, Mr. Baird used to send me to write accounts of association meetings. That taught me how to put words together and produce readable articles.

CWC: Were most of the Nashville sawmills located fairly close to the Southern Lumberman office?

SFH: Yes, I rode the streetcar out to most of them, but I walked to the ones in East Nashville.

CWC: Would you tell how you finished high school and went to work?

SFH: I graduated in 1906 from the old Fogg High School, which was the only high school in Nashville at that time. That was the predecessor of the Hume-Fogg High School because in my day there were two schools on the same lot--a grammar school named the Hume School and the Fogg High School. I graduated there seventy years ago this month. I turned seventeen years old on May 27, 1906, and I graduated from high school on June 6, 1906.

CWC: Do you remember the graduation?

SFH: I remember it very vividly. The classes were relatively small then and we didn't use as much space as they have now. We had the commencement exercises on the stage at the old Vendome Theatre, which was the top theater in Nashville at that time. It had the visiting star players; you could see the best of them playing at the Vendome.

CWC: Do you remember how large your class was?

SFH: I should think about twenty.

CWC: And that was the only high school in Nashville then?

SFH: Yes, it was. A little later they built what they called the Central High School near the fairgrounds, where the students of high school age in Davidson County, outside of the Nashville city limits, went to school. At my graduation, we had a valedictorian and a salutatorian and a class historian. These honors all went to high scholarship people; I wasn't one of them. They read their papers. Then we all sang a song and had a boring talk by some member of the board of education--advice about how to conquer the world. We sang a chorus: "Tonight we stand/A happy band/But grief has touched our gladness/For we must part/And o'er each heart/There steals a thrill of sadness"--and so on. That was about the end of it.

CWC: You have a good recollection of that, Mr. Horn. What were you interested in during school? Did you take part in sports or have any hobbies?

SFH: I was ambitious to take part in athletics, but I wasn't good enough. But I was very much interested in the school's athletic activities. The boys who played on the football team, basketball team, and/or the baseball team were distinguished figures and to some extent idolized. The best I could do in the way of distinction was to get on the staff of the high school Echo and write occasionally for that.

Also, we had a literary club, the Quill Club, formed by our English teacher Mrs.

Armstrong to stimulate our interest in writing. One or two who came out of that class did go to work on newspapers and were writers to that extent.

CWC: What did you do in that club?

SFH: We met one day a month, I believe it was, and a half hour would be given over to discuss literary things. Mrs. Armstrong would read to us and we'd discuss what she'd read.

The boys were just at the recalcitrant stage, and we said, "Oh, we don't want to do all that sissy stuff. We won't have anything to do with it." We banded together when they elected officers, agreeing that none of us would accept any offices, and railroaded through a full slate of girls. That's the way we started off, but after two or three months, the president, a nice girl, died. By then the boys had come to recognize that we might as well take charge, so they elected me president to take her place. That was certainly a low-water mark in literary distinction, but that was my first deep feeling for writing. It stirred my ambition to be a writer.

CWC: Were there any teachers who especially influenced you, Mr. Horn?

SFH: Yes, I think Mrs. Armstrong. She taught us English and writing and history. She encouraged me to write, and I owe a lot to her.

CWC: About what grade were you in then?

SFH: In the high school. I was in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades.

CWC: Did you start making plans while you were in high school about what you wanted to do?

SFH: I wanted to be a lawyer, but I didn't come anywhere close to that.

CWC: Why did you want to be a lawyer?

SFH: I thought that was better than going out and digging a ditch. I don't know whether all young men are the same, but in those days you just took what job you could get, unless you did have a college education and were educated to be a lawyer or a doctor.

CWC: Did you do any part-time work or have any jobs while you were in high school?

SFH: No.

CWC: Do you remember any reading that you did during the high school time?

SFH: Just required reading like Silas Marner, George Eliot's other works, Milton's minor poems, Shakespeare, Dickens, and other classical writers. Mrs. Armstrong was an intellectual old lady and had an appreciation of those things herself, and she deliberately and continually tried to build up in us an appreciation of good books.

CWC: Did you become interested in reading and collecting books later or in school?

SFH: My interest in reading good books was due primarily to my mother's training, but Mrs. Armstrong's teaching awakened my interest in the possession of books. After I went to work and started earning money, I also started buying books. I still have the first book I bought and wrote my name in—a copy of Rasselas, Samuel Johnson's book. I bought that in 1908.

Then I read Dickens's books, like David Copperfield. Of course, Dickens was rated higher then than now, but that was in English class. And my mother had read us a lot of Dickens.

CWC: After you graduated from high school, what did you do about employment? Did you look for a job or did the school help you?

SFH: I knew that I wasn't going to be able to go to college, but I thought maybe some miracle might happen. In those days a diploma from Fogg High School entitled you to enter Vanderbilt. All you had to do was have a hundred dollars to pay the first semester. I had the diploma and I had a nickel to ride the streetcar out there, but I didn't have the hundred dollars. So I had to abandon that; I didn't get to have a college education.

Mr. Keyes, who was principal of the Fogg High School and lived near me, stopped me as I was walking by his home a day or two after graduation. He said, "Stanley, are you going to college?" I said, "No, sir, I'm not going to be able to go." Then he said, "Well, Mr. Blair Smith down at the Cumberland Telephone Company asked me to recommend somebody from the senior class. If you'd like to have that job, I will recommend you." And I said, "I would like it very much because I'm going to have to have a job." So he recommended me and I went to town to see Mr. Smith.

I found him to be a very suave, kind-hearted person; he was the auditor of the

company. He said to me, speaking low, "Would you write me a letter of application?" I thought he said, "Did you write me a letter of application?" so I said, "No, sir." He smiled and said, "I'm afraid you misunderstood me. I said, Will you write me a letter of application?" I said, "Yes, sir, I'd be glad to." And I sat down and wrote him a letter of application. So he said, "All right, we'll start you." He told me when to start work and he said, "We pay thirty dollars a month." Of course that sounds ridiculous now. But, thirty dollars! I had never had thirty dollars! So I quickly said all right.

Mr. Smith was a psychologist, I guess. About the second day I was there, he was walking around through the office, stopped behind my desk, looked at me a minute and said, "Horn, we made a mistake about your salary." I was alarmed, but he continued, "You aren't a thirty-dollar man; you're a thirty-five-dollar man." I went home and told my mother and she was pleased.

CWC: What was your work for the telephone company?

SFH: Some of the things we did were so silly it makes me laugh. Mostly typing. The Cumberland Telephone Company covered a big part of the South, all the toll lines. They had a complicated system of correspondence and record keeping. Another boy stenographer had made a copy of a list, quite long, of the material used in repairing the toll line between Mobile and New Orleans, which had been blown down in a hurricane. He had written this on a typewriter and copied it from other papers, and he asked me if I would let him read it to me to see if the copy was right. We did that and then he said, "Aw, what's the matter with me?" I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "That was the carbon copy I gave you. Of course there weren't any errors in it." We had checked the original against the carbon copy!

We were all young. At lunchtime we played tricks on each other. Mr. Smith, when he wanted to, could be stern. He caught on to the fact that some of us were going out to the washroom and washing up at a quarter to five, so he notified us all, "Your time belongs to the Cumberland Telephone Company until five o'clock."

CWC: Had you learned to type in high school?

SFH: Yes. That was the only elective course they had. For some reason there was a strong German influence in our education. German songs and German language were offered in the last year of high school. Up until then you took what they gave you, but in the last year you had a choice of German or stenography or

typewriting. I didn't see any use in learning German, so I took typewriting.

CWC: Where was the Cumberland Telephone Company headquarters located?

SFH: Down at the corner of Third Avenue and Church Street, where they are now, except they're very much larger today.

When I started to work, I was a typical boy of seventeen or eighteen years old. They had a time clock you had to punch when you arrived in the morning. You had to be there at eight o'clock, and you had a half an hour for lunch, then you punched out at five o'clock. After I'd been there a week or two, the streetcar broke down and I got there a little late. That afternoon they sent me one of those printed forms on which they reported every employee's time. It said: "You clocked in this morning at 8:01. Please explain why you were tardy." I thought, "That's ridiculous." I still had a little bit of high school senior in me, and I wrote this explanation: "I'm sorry I was unable to get here until 8:01. I will work until 5:01 tomorrow to make it up." I was called up to the timekeeper's office and he said, "Now, listen, you're in business now. None of that smart-aleck talk. We buy your time and we expect you to be here at eight o'clock. Never mind your smart-aleck comments. This is a business proposition. You aren't in high school anymore." Blunt talk—but I was never tardy again.

CWC: What year did you go to work for Cumberland Telephone?

SFH: 1906. I stayed there two years.

CWC: Did your work change any in that time?

SFH: No. It looked like I was in a blind alley. That's what I told Mr. Campbell, who was my sub-boss, and he said, "If you don't like your job, why don't you quit?" Not very diplomatic.

Mr. Smith, who was the head of the office, was very kind to me. I made out the salary checks on my typewriter for the officers of the corporation. When Mr. Smith looked at his salary check, he called me in and asked me, "Did you ever make out anything like this before?" I said, "No." He said, "Well, let me show you. This check is made payable to H. Blair Smith, auditor, \$350. Now I don't get that \$350 as auditor for the company. That comes to H. Blair Smith personally; I put it in my pocket. This check has my title on it, so legally that money goes to me as auditor. You haven't had any experience; you don't know that. But in the future make out all the salary checks without the titles." He was very nice, but he

did tell me the right way to do it. I often advise somebody that there's a nice way to do something and a crude way.

CWC: How did you happen to go to work for the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: Actually, it was entirely fortuitous. I decided that there was not much future to the job at the telephone company and started to look around. I answered an advertisement in the "Employees Wanted" department of our morning paper, and the advertiser turned out to be the Southern Lumberman, of which Mr. James H. Baird was owner and editor. My interview with him was short and decisive. Was I then employed? If so, why was I looking for another job? Could I use a typewriter? After I had answered these questions satisfactorily, he surprised me by asking, "Are you keeping up with the Night Rider trouble down at Reelfoot Lake?" I said I was reading all there was about it in the two daily papers in Nashville. "Not that we give a damn about the Night Riders," he was careful to inform me, "I just don't want to have anybody around me who doesn't keep up with what's going on in the world."

"This job," he went on, "will be office work most of the time, but one day of each week you will be expected to make the rounds of the sawmills and wholesale lumber yards in Nashville and write a 'Nashville News' column in every weekly issue of the Southern Lumberman." That settled it as far as I was concerned. I had enjoyed being on the staff of my high school monthly; and, amateurish and worthless as such writing was, it created in me a vague idea that I might like to make my living by writing. So, as soon as I learned that the job would give me a chance to write regularly and be printed in a magazine, my mind was made up. I wanted that job no matter what the pay. Mr. Baird offered to pay me seventy-five dollars a month, a welcome advance over the sixty dollars I had been earning; so I quickly accepted his offer and went to work for the Southern Lumberman on November 30, 1908, and I'm still on the payroll.

I remember the date because it was after Senator [Edward W.] Carmack was murdered on November 1, 1908, and I was still working for the telephone company. When I got off work and walked up Church Street, everybody was talking about it. The newspaper had just got out an extra. Senator Carmack had been killed by Duncan Cooper and his son.

CWC: Where was the Southern Lumberman office located?

SFH: It had its offices in what was then called the First National Bank Building on that corner where the J. C. Bradford Company is now. We were on the tenth floor.

CWC: What were your duties when you first went to work there? Do you remember what your first day on the job was like?

SFH: Honestly, I couldn't tell you. Some form of typewriting, I'm sure. Pretty soon I was assigned the task of preparing copy for lumber wanted and lumber for sale, so the printers could use the lists. Later I edited the classified advertising to correct capitalization and punctuation. Very seldom were the ads right when they came in. A man would send in a list of sawmill machinery for sale, for instance, and he'd capitalize words that didn't need capitalization, and leave out the capitals where they were needed. We always tried to have the Southern Lumberman at least grammatically and typographically accurate.

CWC: When you went to work for the Southern Lumberman, what other people were there?

SFH: Mr. Jim Baird was there; he owned it and listed himself as associate editor. His father, whom we called "Uncle Dan", was the man who started the paper, and his name was carried on the masthead as editor. But Uncle Dan didn't write anything—didn't do anything except sit and smoke natural-leaf tobacco in a corncob pipe, blow smoke on me since my desk was close to his, and tell me tales about his experiences as a member of [Nathan Bedford] Forrest's cavalry.

CWC: What was the older Mr. Baird's background?

SFH: Before he went into the Confederate Army, he had been working for his father in the sawmill at Baird's Mill; and when the war was over, he went back to work in the sawmill. He was a country boy, but in the army he had met a young Nashville newspaperman, Albert Roberts, who was what we would now call a war correspondent. He was writing letters back to the Nashville Banner, telling what the Nashville Grays were doing at Camp Campbell, where they were at first, and later about the battles they were in. Uncle Dan had the itch to write; but when he first started the Southern Lumberman, he got Mr. Roberts to do the writing. But Uncle Dan had to do it himself, so he started writing the editorials and did so for several years.

In the first issue he had an editorial about the scarcity of walnut timber, which was then very much in demand. The Singer Sewing Machine Company, one of the biggest users of walnut, had timber buyers who would come through the country and the woods and buy all the single walnut trees they could find. Uncle Dan wrote an editorial telling about how a man who had a hundred acres of land could plant many thousands of walnut trees and in so many years he'd have a hundred

acres of walnut timber worth a fortune. So you see, the Southern Lumberman was advocating reforestation in 1881, but the editor didn't take his own advice. I've often thought that if he'd done that, he'd have made more money than he ever made out of the Southern Lumberman.

CWC: What year did the Southern Lumberman begin publishing?

SFH: It was started in 1881 by Mr. Dan Baird. We are the oldest lumber trade paper in this country, and I think the oldest one in the world. There are two trade papers in England devoted to the timber business, but we're older than either of them. There were other lumber trade papers in this country that have fallen by the wayside. We bought two of them. The American Lumberman was the biggest, and after we became the owners of the Southern Lumberman, we started to buy it; but neither one of us wanted to go to Chicago to live, so we didn't. They've now changed their publication to a retail lumberyard paper, entirely different from the manufacturing and wholesale end of the business, which is our principal field.

CWC: Do you have a complete set of the Southern Lumberman from 1881 to the present?

SFH: Yes, and a duplicate set that we gave to the Tennessee Historical Society is in the State Library and Archives Building. That's where we refer people who want to write about the early days of the lumber business. We used to let the students come up to the office and use our files, but they would tear or sometimes cut the files, so we now refer them to the file that's in the Library and Archives Building. The librarian will make a photostat for a small charge, which helps save our files; that old paper's brittle. I look for items sometimes, but I know how to turn the pages over without tearing them.

CWC: Mr. Dan Baird started the business. Was he still working there when you came in 1908?

SFH: He was still at a desk there but he wasn't working. He had the title of editor and a desk and a pipe and a sack of smoking tobacco.

CWC: Was his son doing most of the work then?

SFH: Yes, Jim Baird was doing most of the writing; he wrote all of the editorials. We had correspondents, what they call "stringers," in all the principal points of lumber production and distribution, to supply us with current news. They'd write about the news in the lumber market in Louisville or New York or Baltimore or New Orleans, Montgomery, Houston, and other places in our territory. The

Southern Lumberman never ventured out on the West Coast.

CWC: What do you remember about Uncle Dan?

SFH: Nothing, except sitting and listening to him when he felt an urge to reminisce about his experiences serving under Nathan Bedford Forrest. That was an enjoyable part of my duties. I'd have worked for nothing to hear those stories.

CWC: So you actually go paid for listening to him.

SFH: Yes. Jim Baird was the boss there, and when the boss said, "You can listen to Pap's stories when he wants to tell them," why I knew what to do.

Then we had the foreman of the composing room, who had been in the British Army and had the Victoria Cross, and he was another elderly raconteur. He'd stop whatever he was doing, and sometimes stop what I was doing when I was in the composing room, when he wanted to reminisce. He'd come over and say, "I want to tell you what happened one day when I was walking down the Malecon in Havana...." And he's give me some long rigmarole about when he was in the British Army or when he was helping suppress the Arabi Bey insurrection in Morocco. He was an interesting character, too.

CWC: You were getting an education of sorts from these older men, weren't you?

SFH: Yes.

CWC: How long was Uncle Dan Baird there after you arrived?

SFH: He died within a few years; I don't recall exactly when.

CWC: Did you do any writing in those first few years?

SFH: No, not until Mr. Cowan wished off on me that job of writing those paragraphs in 1914.

CWC: How often were you publishing the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: We're publishing twice a month now; we published it weekly in the early days.

CWC: Did your writing change as you went along?

SFH: I would hope that it improved. I don't know; maybe it's getting worse. I write editorials now, and that's about all the writing I do.

CWC: When did you start doing the classified ad work for the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: I don't remember; that job didn't last very long, just until somebody else came in and we could make the new man do it.

CWC: What other writing did you get into after classified work and your humorous paragraphs?

SFH: After being assigned to call on the local lumber companies every week, I was also sent to report on various lumber association meetings in other cities from time to time. That job was a good way of teaching a person how to write grammatical sentences. I observed that a very large proportion of the successful writers were ex-newspapermen who had to grind out something every day. Writing about meetings of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, for instance, helped me in later years to write about the Battle of Nashville or other historical subjects.

CWC: Do you remember the first association meeting you attended and reported?

SFH: One of the earliest assignments I had was to go to a meeting of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association when Royal S. Kellogg was serving as Secretary.*

After the meeting was over, I asked if he could give me a copy of his report. He said, "Why didn't you take notes of it?" I said, "I did, but I'd like to publish it in full. I thought it was a good summary of conditions, and I'd like to get a copy of it from you." He said, "I haven't got any copies. I just have the copy I used, and I can't give you that." I said, "Well, couldn't you have a copy made for me so I could use it?" And Kellogg said, "I've got a lot of things to do besides making copies of papers for reporters." So there's no soft place in my heart for Mr. Royal S. Kellogg. I never asked him for another thing. I don't know much about him, except that he was an insufferable personality with a remarkably swelled head. But I want to make it clear that Mr. Kellogg was an exception to the rule. Most of the association secretaries, or managing directors, were friendly and cooperative in helping me to give free publicity to their associations—and to them.

* Typed transcripts of tape-recorded interviews with Royal S. Kellogg, conducted by Elwood R. Maunder, 1955, 1959, and 1963, Oral History Collection, Forest History Society, Santa Cruz, California.

CWC: Where was this meeting?

SFH: I don't remember. You're asking me about a period of fifty or sixty years ago, you know. I don't remember exact dates that long ago unless I can relate an event to a fixed date, like the war between England and Germany, but I don't always have guides like that.

There was a meeting of the American Press Humorists Association in New York that I attended. I remember that because we planted a chestnut tree in the grass plot in front of the City Hall when John Purroy Mitchell was the mayor of New York, and he came out and threw the first spadeful of dirt. We made a great to-do, of course, I could date that precisely. It was at that meeting I won a prize, a little silver bowl, for writing the best limerick. Frank Adams and one of the others had gone around and "extorted" some prizes from people in New York. I don't even remember what the limerick was, but I've still got the silver bowl.

CWC: In what cities were some of the first association meetings held that you reported on for the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: Oh, I went all over—New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington, St. Louis, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Toronto, Montreal, Jacksonville, Miami, Havana, Asheville, Louisville, New Orleans, Memphis, Houston, Dallas—or, as they used to say facetiously, Europe, Asia, and parts of Arkansas.

CWC: Did you travel by train?

SFH: No other way to travel for many years.

CWC: How did you handle your expenses on those trips?

SFH: I had to turn in an expense account when I got back. Before I went on a trip, I'd draw some money for expenses, say, fifty dollars, and that was charged against my account. Then when I got back, I'd turn in my expense account. If it was forty-five dollars, why they'd leave five dollars charged to me because I'd got the money and didn't spend it for the Southern Lumberman; so when they gave me my salary check at the end of the month, they took that much out. On the other hand, if my expense account amounted to more than fifty dollars and I had had to pay part of it out of my own pocket, then they added it on to my salary.

CWC: Did you enjoy this travel?

SFH: Yes, I was young and I loved it. I remember the first time I went to Chicago. At that stage of my existence I used to go to the YMCA after work every day and play basketball in the gymnasium. There was a boy named Mason who worked for the YMCA, and he used to play basketball there with us. Anyway, I went down to the train station in Nashville, and I was excited about going to Chicago. I got my bags on the sleeping car and was standing on the platform, hoping I'd see somebody I knew so I could tell them I was going to Chicago. I kept looking and, sure enough, in a few minutes here came Mason carrying a big suitcase. I said, "Hello, Mason," and he stopped and spoke to me. I said, "I'm going to Chicago." I thought he was going home, just to Greenbriar north of here, and he would be impressed by my going to the big city. I said, "Where are you going?" He said, "I'm going to Shanghai." [Laughter] I said, "Where?" He said, "Shanghai, China. I'm going over there as a missionary." So that cured me of too much curiosity about where people were going in an effort to show off that I was going on a longer trip.

CWC: You made various friends at these lumber association meetings, I'm sure.

SFH: Yes, that was part of the game. I made some real friends, and some business friends that I hoped could be helpful to me.

CWC: When did you become editor of the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: Well, Mr. Jim Baird was killed in 1915 in one of the most peculiar accidents that anybody ever had. He was run over by a train in the Union Station in Nashville. They used to set off local sleeping cars that got to Nashville during the small hours, put them on a siding in the station yard so that you could get up at seven o'clock in the morning and then get off. Mr. Baird had been somewhere, and after he got up, dressed, and started to go up into the station, he walked across the railroad tracks and was hit by a locomotive. He was knocked up against the switch bar, which fractured his skull and killed him.

By that time I was the advertising manager of the Southern Lumberman; I wasn't in the editorial end. Mr. Baird wrote all the editorials and a man named [S. Cecil] Ewing, who graduated from Vanderbilt about the time I started to work there, had the title of associate editor. He had the task of editing the copy, the news items sent in by our correspondents, and articles bought from free-lance writers.

When Mr. Baird was killed, his brother-in-law, Mr. Ed Martin, was made president of the corporation, and Ewing told him he'd like to be given a trial as editor of the Lumberman to take Mr. Baird's place. Ewing was given a chance. He was a nice fellow and a friend of mine. He just was an ineffective and dilatory

person; the paper was always late getting out when he was editor, and he had two or three people helping him. So Mr. Martin warned him he'd have to tighten up and work. He didn't improve, so Martin told him to look for another job, but Ewing didn't. Mr. Martin finally said, "You get all your stuff out of your desk by the first of next month because I'm going to tell Stanley to move in here and be editor of the paper." So that's the way I got to be editor.

CWC: What year was that?

SFH: Nineteen fifteen. Mr. Baird had another brother-in-law, Mr. Ed Barthell, a lawyer who married Mrs. Baird's sister. He was a successful lawyer in Chicago, specializing in timberland titles. There was a lot of timber being bonded in those days, and when Mr. Barthell certified that the title was good, the buyers of the bonds were reassured. In 1917 Mr. Barthell advised Mrs. Baird to sell the Southern Lumberman. He said, "This is no business for a widow woman to be in. You just can't manage it, and the boys are not old enough even to work there, much less to do anything. The best thing for you to do is sell it." She agreed and he tried to sell, but couldn't. In the meantime, as soon as Mr. Baird died and Martin got to be president, the only other man there of our equal in length of service was Mr. J. H. Whaley, business manager. To encourage us to stay off the job, Mrs. Baird sold each of us \$10,000 worth of stock in the company, to be paid for out of its earnings. When they found it impossible to sell to anybody else, Mrs. Baird and her brother-in-law agreed to sell it to us on long-time terms. We borrowed money to make a down payment, signed a lot of notes, and worked night and day. To make a long story short, Whaley and I managed to pay off the notes as they came due, and so wound up the owners.

CWC: Do you remember when you finally paid the notes off?

SFH: Yes, remember it very well, but we didn't have any celebration. Whaley and I got along all right and worked together without much friction, although our tastes weren't the same. He and I would go off on trips selling advertising, after hiring a man to do the drudgery work in the office. I could write the editorials anywhere, and we spent enough time in the office to keep things moving.

CWC: How long did Mr. Whaley continue as business manager?

SFH: From 1917 on. After we had purchased the company's stock, we had a meeting of the stockholders—that was he and I—to elect officers. He was four years older than I, and I knew he cared more about that than I did, so I asked him if he didn't want to be president of the corporation and he said yes. We had four officers of

the corporation—president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

CWC: Did you each have to take two offices?

SFH: Well, when you had to divide four offices between two officers, you couldn't be president and vice-president both, so we divided it president and treasurer and vice-president and secretary. I let him be president, so he had to be treasurer, and I was vice-president, so I had to be secretary. But we both owned the same amount of stock and we both got the same salary and the same dividends.

CWC: How long did he continue to serve?

SFH: Until he died, which was about ten years ago. Since then his son inherited his stock, and I became president, because that's what the corporation bylaws provided. So I'm now president and treasurer of the J. H. Baird Publishing Company, and also editor of the Southern Lumberman. I get mail addressed to Stanley F. Horn, president of the Southern Lumberman. Well, the Southern Lumberman hasn't any president; Southern Lumberman is a magazine published by the J. H. Baird Publishing Company.

A friend of mine asked, trying to twit me, "Why in the hell do you still call your company the J. H. Baird Publishing Company? Mr. Baird's been dead a long time." I said, "When we acquired it, we found out it cost fifty dollars to change the name of a corporation and we didn't care to waste fifty dollars that way."

[Laughter]

CWC: What sort of circulation did you have when you first started with the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: When I first started, about 5,000 or 6,000. Of course, our field is limited. It's not like a popular magazine with 210 million people in the country to sell to. The lumber firms are the only people—mostly manufacturers and industrial users of lumber—who subscribe to the Southern Lumberman. I think 7,800 is our circulation now.

CWC: Did you try to increase circulation?

SFH: Oh, we try to keep it up enough so that we can sell advertising. Of course, you lose money on circulation. The more you've got, the more you lose. You can't print a magazine for what you get for it.

CWC: But good circulation helps you get advertising.

SFH: Oh, yes.

CWC: When you took over, did you continue writing the editorials, stories, and reports?

SFH: I continued writing the editorials, but I did less reporting.

CWC: Did you have someone else do the reporting?

SFH: We have staff correspondents or stringers in all the important cities that have conventions. I no longer write the stories, but I go to a lot of the meetings. Just got back from one, but I have somebody else writing the story. If I go to the meeting, I go for the purpose of finding out what they're doing and building up the Southern Lumberman, not for the drudgery of reporting it. I feel that I have done my share of reporting.

CWC: What about the nature of lumber trade journalism then? Was it more personal than it is now?

SFH: Oh, yes, intensely so. I don't know whether it was just because they had that type of people. Mr. James E. Defebaugh, owner and editor of the American Lumberman, hated Mr. Baird and Mr. Baird hated Mr. Defebaugh. I'm sure Mr. Defebaugh thought Mr. Baird was an upstart because his paper hadn't been running as long as the American Lumberman. One of my first assignments was to go to a lumber convention and write it up. I looked at the advance program of the meeting and saw that Mr. Defebaugh was on the program. The meeting was going to be held in Chicago. So I said to Mr. Baird, "Did you know Mr. Defebaugh was on the program of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association meeting I'm going to?" And he said, "No, I didn't know that." And I said, "Well, how do you want me to handle it?" He said, "What do you mean, 'handle it'?" And I said, "I have to write a story of the meeting. What do you want me to say about Mr. Defebaugh?" He said, "Don't say anything about him. Leave him out. Don't mention him." I said, "I can't do that. That's a violation of the ethics of journalism. His name's in the program. Our story of the meeting won't be complete unless we say something about him." He said, "If that's the way you feel about it, give the scoundrel two lines and misspell his name." [Laughter] I never knew Mr. Defebaugh personally.

After Mr. Defebaugh died, the American Lumberman seemed to lose prestige. He was very largely its life. His son inherited the paper but he had no interest and he hired a man to run it. They finally sold the paper, it became devoted entirely to

the retail lumber business, went through one or two other changes, and merged with something else.

Mr. Baird also had contempt for Bolling Arthur Johnson, who worked for Mr. Defebaugh for several years before starting a paper of his own, The Lumber World Review. Johnson was older than I, and we got along fine because he was interested in history. Every time I went to a convention, we always got together to chat.

[Interview moves from Horn home to the office of the Southern Lumberman]

CWC: Mr. Horn, as you started working with the Southern Lumberman, you came in contact with many people in the lumber business. Would you tell a little about who they were and where they were located?

SFH: Of course, when I first became connected with the Southern Lumberman, I mainly came in contact with the Nashville lumbermen. I got to know them all very well and became lasting friends with most of them. Mr. Willis Farris, who is about my age, and whose family has been in the lumber business here for over a hundred years with a sawmill on the banks of the Cumberland River, is one of the old-timers still here.

CWC: When you first became acquainted with them, Mr. Horn, how did the lumbermen operate? Where did they get their logs and what kind of timber did they sell?

SFH: They were strictly hardwood lumber manufacturers and wholesalers. The sawmill operators got their logs mostly from up the Cumberland River around Celina, Tennessee, near the Kentucky line. The head of navigation on the river was in Burnside, Kentucky, a short distance the other side of Celina. After the trees were felled, they were bucked into logs, and oxen would haul them down to designated places on the river. When enough logs were assembled, they were made into a raft by fastening them together. Then, when the spring freshets came, these rafts were on the river banks. As the water rose, the rafts would float out and come to Nashville, where there were sawmills that would buy those logs.

CWC: What Mr. Horn is speaking of are a couple of metal spikes connected by a chain of five links, probably about five inches long. The spikes, which are rather wedge-shaped and also about five inches long, were driven into adjoining logs, and this would hold the raft together. They were pulled out after the raft had reached its destination.

SFH: Some of those raftsmen up the river got the idea that the Nashville sawmill operators were ganging up on them when they brought the rafts down and sold them at auction. The raftsmen thought the mill men decided in advance who was going to buy the next raft and what he would pay for it. They were particularly suspicious of one of the prominent sawmill operators because they thought he had worked up this scheme. So one time they brought along on the raft a fine walnut log, thirty-six inches in diameter. Perfect, no defects of any kind, except it was a little muddy on the ends where all logs get muddy from being dragged around.

The owner of the raft stopped at the suspect's sawmill and said, "Now you're a good man, and we've got the finest walnut log that every came from the upper Cumberland. We want to give you the first chance to buy it. You don't see many logs like this anymore. If you don't but it, we'll sell it to some of the mills down the river a little farther."

The mill owner swallowed that bait and made them an offer, and the raftsmen said, "No, that's not enough. We had to pay more than that for it." And he said fine, he would pay more. The man who told me this, the sawyer in that mill, told me, "That was the finest-looking walnut log I ever saw when they rolled it on the carriage, but the first time the saw bit into it, you never saw so many shingle nails in your life flying all over the place." The raftsmen had worked all winter on a big hollow poplar log, taking all the bark off, and tacking on walnut bark with shingle nails, plugging the hollow ends and covering them with mud. When they put that doctored log on the carriage and the band saw struck it, the sawyer said, "Nails and scraps of walnut bark flew in every direction. I never saw anything like it."

CWC: What kind of timber was floated down the Cumberland?

SFH: Hardwood, mostly. Of course, oak logs weren't good floaters, but the poplars were. When they'd make a raft that would float, the principal species used were oak and poplar.

CWC: Was that how most of the log supply came to Nashville?

SFH: Yes. But then the sawmills bought some logs from farmers who'd haul them in wagons.

CWC: Were any logs brought in by train?

SFH: No, not then, because the timber wasn't that far from Nashville.

CWC: Did the sawmills get any cedar then?

SFH: That was sort of a specialized item. I don't think they rafted that down.

CWC: I knew they had grown cedar around Lebanon [Tennessee].

SFH: Yes, and the Prewitt-Spurr mill at Nashville bought cedar timber and logs, specialized in it almost exclusively. They made cedar buckets and tubs and churns. I guess maybe they did get some of their logs by rafts.

CWC: Where was the main market for Nashville lumber when you started working for the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: The biggest market for hardwood lumber, then and now, was the furniture factories. In those early days, however, relatively few of the sawmills had direct sales contacts with the lumber-consuming factories. Most of them, especially the smaller mills, sold their output to or through wholesale lumber dealers, who kept closely in touch with the factories and were familiar with their lumber needs. The wholesalers provided an effective link between the sawmill operators and the lumber-consuming industries.

CWC: Where was your first contact with the lumber-manufacturing industry, outside of Nashville?

SFH: In January 1910, Mr. Baird sent me down to Memphis to learn more about the actual operations in the lumber business. Memphis at that time advertised itself as "The Hardwood Capital of the World"—and that's just exactly what it was.

There were thirty-two sawmills in Memphis cutting hardwood lumber, with about half that number of hardwood lumberyards conducted by wholesalers as concentration yards for the product of small sawmills in west Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi. This made Memphis a place where many hardwood lumber buyers for the lumber-consuming industry in other parts of the country could find almost anything in native-hardwood lumber. I rented an office at ten dollars a month in the Randolph Building, in which were located the headquarters of what were called "office wholesalers," and I visited the local sawmill and lumberyards every day—riding the streetcars as near as they went to my destination and then walking the rest of the way. I wrote a weekly newsletter about lumbermen's activities and market conditions in Memphis; and I also tried to sell advertising—but I was more successful as a writer.

CWC: Were the mills using band saws then?

SFH: It was just about that time that band saws were introduced. Until then, most of the mills used circular saws. They took such a big kerf—as much as 3/8 inch kerf on one of the big saws—and the band saw with 1/8 inch kerf would save a lot of money and timber in the course of a day's operation.*

We had advertisements in the Southern Lumberman from all the band-mill manufacturers, introducing band saws, telling how superior they were to the wasteful circular saws. The circular saws were usually used by the small operators, since not so much investment was involved. A circular sawmill is a rather simple piece of machinery, a saw and a carriage, and maintenance was easier.

CWC: After you had been with the Southern Lumberman for a while, you started getting acquainted with lumbermen over a wider area. How did that come about?

SFH: One of the purposes of going to the association conventions was to widen your acquaintance. I got to know lumbermen from Maine to Texas. I used to go to the Northeastern Lumber Manufacturers Association meetings and, as I say, I served as toastmaster at their annual banquets, so I had good friends up there. Friends still send me maple syrup from Vermont.

CWC: Did you start going to these association meetings as a representative of the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: Oh, yes, that's the only way I went, originally. I never did any speechmaking except at the lumber meetings. I wasn't a professional speaker, strictly amateur, not charging any fee.

CWC: What was done at the association meetings?

SFH: The lumber industry always had problems and needs to discuss. There was usually a trade promotion campaign to put on, and they wanted to find out who would support it. There were sometimes arguments about the grading rules, whether they ought to be changed or left as they were. The size, the actual thickness, for instance, of what was called a two-by-four. Never was any actual problem here, a two-by-four was two inches thick and four inches wide, but that was the rough green size when it came from the saw. The official standard size is 1 d inch by 3 1/2 inches; that's the dry dressed size, not the actual size. When the

* Kerf: the width of cut made by a saw.

two-by-four comes green off the saw, it is two inches thick and four inches wide; but the public wants it to be smooth and dry, so you dress it down. You would have to saw it oversize if you were going to make it dress two-by-four, so the standard is less than that.

CWC: Did you sell advertising and subscriptions at these meetings?

SFH: No, we would sometimes try to sell an advertisement to somebody there with whom we had been corresponding, but we didn't go around putting the sales bee on everybody. We never solicited subscriptions. Lots of times people would come up and say, "I want to subscribe to the Southern Lumberman," but that was voluntary—no pressure.

CWC: Did you usually have a certain amount of copy about conventions in the following issue?

SFH: Yes. Now they've got so many associations that we could fill up the paper with meetings every time.

CWC: What associations were there when you first started?

SFH: There was the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, the National Hardwood Lumber Association, the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers Association, the Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, the Southern Pine Association, the Hardwood Manufacturers Association of the United States, and more.

CWC: Did they all have annual meetings?

SFH: Oh, yes; the meeting was the high spot of the year.

CWC: Did you try to attend all of them?

SFH: Yes, and I did attend most of them. It's just been in recent years, as I grow older, that I've cooled off to some extent—not quite so high-pressure as I once was.

I helped organize the Appalachian Hardwood Manufacturers Association way back in 1917, and I've been going to all its annual meetings for nearly sixty years, but I'm not going to the next meeting. I am at the place where I don't want to travel so much. There's no way to get anywhere anymore except to fly. I don't like to fly, and my wife won't. In the old days with the railroads, if you were

going to a convention in Chicago, you'd get on a train here at five-thirty in the evening, get into Chicago the next morning, and you hadn't lost any working time. Can't do that anymore.

CWC: That meant something like half a dozen trips a year, didn't it?

SFH: Yes, more than that. Of course, when I was young, I enjoyed a trip to New Orleans, New York, or Chicago. There was always something to do after I got there. On the other hand, a lot of meetings were held at smaller, out-of-the-way places, which might be more convenient for a regional organization but do not have any other great attractions.

CWC: Would they have meetings in those out-of-the-way places because of the lumbermen who lived there?

SFH: Principally because they were more convenient to the members. All association meetings, of course, were to some extent for the purpose of people getting together and socializing, as well as discussing the problems of the industry. Officially, they did handle the business of grading rules and trade promotion, but they had a good time on the side.

INTERVIEW II

Charles W. Crawford: Mr. Horn, let's talk about your learning to write, because you have done a good deal of writing about different topics and you had to learn somehow.

Stanley F. Horn: I feel that I ought to go back a little. My mother had never written anything, but she was educated in the schools that were available after the Civil War. She learned to love the classics, which she used to read to my brother and me—Sir Walter Scott and Shakespeare. When new books came out, she got them from the library, read to us, taught us to read and to admire good writing. My brother and I both wanted to write.

He became a newspaperman, and he wrote sports and was sports editor of The Tennessean for twenty-odd years until he died. My first actual experience in putting words together to make grammatical and cohesive sentences was in high school, by reading good literature in our English class. We had a teacher who accented the importance and beauties of well-written, as compared with slipshod, writing. I learned the mechanics by writing for the high school paper when I was on its editorial staff. I learned how to sit down and write, and how to meet deadlines, which is also important. That was one of the reasons I was glad to get a job, even a lowly job, working for the Southern Lumberman. It was a magazine printed every week, and I was going to be required to write something every week, which seemed to give me a handle on the writing profession, to see whether or not I could do it. I hoped that I could.

My mother had hoped that her boys could write. My brother really had a gift for it, and wrote more than I did since he was on a daily paper. I had two or three offers to go into newspaper work. The Philadelphia Ledger offered me a job on the editorial staff writing humorous paragraphs. I showed Mr. Baird their letter offering me a job and he said, "I don't think you'd like it. You don't want to live in Philadelphia. But go up there and try it, and if you like it, why, you can arrange to stay. If you don't like it, you can come back here. I won't hire anybody in your place until you tell me whether you'll come back or not."

CWC: When did you get those offers, Mr. Horn?

SFH: I went up to Philadelphia in August 1914, just at the beginning of World War I. I was, using the generic term, on the editorial page. The editorial page in those days was made up of editorials written by the paper's editorial writers, an editorial cartoon drawn by the cartoonist, and a short column of jokes conducted by a man

who was sort of a screwball. He told me he invented the “he-and-she” joke, but I told him I thought Adam and Eve did. I wrote what were just called “editorial paragraphs,” used as fillers in editorial columns and supposed to be facetious comments on matters of local or worldwide interest. I had been writing that for the Southern Lumberman; that’s how I attracted the attention of the Philadelphia Ledger.

I stayed there long enough to learn to like Philadelphia, but I had married in 1913 and we had just had our first child. I knew my wife didn’t like the idea of bringing the baby up to Philadelphia to live, so I made a deal with the Ledger to write the paragraphs for them and live in Nashville. So I was able to write for the Southern Lumberman and for the Ledger, too.

CWC: How long did you stay in Philadelphia, Mr. Horn?

SFH: Just a few months. I got a letter from the editor of Judge, a humorous magazine, saying that he had seen my paragraphs and, if I ever had any extras, they’d buy them. I sent him a few and the magazine took them all. The editor said that he would like ten a week and would pay five dollars apiece for them. Well, that was fifty dollars a week which was big money in those days to a young man, so I discontinued writing for the Ledger since I wasn’t getting that much money writing paragraphs for them to run every day. I wrote for Judge for years.

CWC: Did you receive this offer from Judge in 1914?

SFH: I guess it was around 1915 by the time Judge moved in with that offer. That fifty dollars a week was just like finding money for me.

CWC: How many years did you write for Judge?

SFH: I wrote for them until they finally gave up the ghost. They were the last one of the papers of that type to go out of business because The New Yorker put that type of magazine out of business. There was another named Puck which was a rival of Judge, and they both fell by the wayside gradually.

CWC: Were you always able to write ten paragraphs a week?

SFH: Yes.

CWC: How did you do that? It must have taken a lot of creative thinking.

SFH: Oh, I find myself doing it even now. I see something in the paper that's got a hook you can write some smart-aleck comment on. It's a smart-aleck job—second-guessing people.

CWC: The main idea of those paragraphs, then, was to comment on items that occurred in the news.

SFH: Yes. A great deal of what was written in the daily papers in those days was vulnerable. After you got the hang of it it's not very hard. Easiest way to make a little money on the side that I had discovered up to that time.

CWC: Did you receive many communications or comments about them?

SFH: No, I did all that anonymously.

CWC: Mr. Horn, most people learn writing, I suppose by actually doing it and making mistakes. Can you tell about mistakes that you made and learned from?

SFH: Of course, every budding young writer wants to write a novel. I never had any talent for writing fiction, so I didn't have any novel or short stories to show. Most of the successful writers, you will find, were newspapermen who had to meet a deadline. They learned the mechanics of writing fast. The hardest thing to learn, and nearly every writer will tell you this, is to sit down at the typewriter, put a piece of paper in, and actually get started. After that, why, it's not hard—if you have something to write.

CWC: Do you ever have difficulty starting your writing?

SFH: Nearly every time I sit down. I have to think, when I write my editorials for the Southern Lumberman, which is a trade paper. You've got to select subjects which will be of immediate, timely interest to your subscribers.

CWC: Do you prepare an outline before you write?

SFH: I never outline, except mentally, and I've written ten books.

CWC: Did you visualize the whole book before you started?

SFH: I'd make a list of chapters. I wrote one book about the lumber business* but most of my books were historical, and most were about some aspect of the Civil War. I wrote my first book under contract. I didn't write something and then hawk it around, trying to sell it.

CWC: What was that?

SFH: Boy's Life of Robert E. Lee.** Harper's had what they called a "juvenile list" of biographies of famous men. They decided to publish a life of Robert E. Lee for juveniles, and they told their salesmen who came down to the South to ask around among the booksellers if they could recommend anybody to write a book such as that. So there again, luck played a great part in my life.

CWC: Do you remember what year this was, Mr. Horn?

SFH: It was about 1935. Anyhow, the salesman was in Nashville and the bookstore lady here said, "Well, yes, I'll tell you a man to write the book." So he came to ask me and I said, "I have never written a book, but I have read everything I could get my hands on about Robert E. Lee, and I've been up to where he lived." So they gave me a contract to write it on a royalty basis.

CWC: How did you feel when you were first asked to write this book?

SFH: I was thrilled, and I didn't make any secret of the fact.

CWC: Did you have any doubt about being able to do it?

SFH: Well, it being my first book, I naturally wondered, but they accepted it, thought it was good, and ran it through six editions. When they felt it necessary to rotate the subjects on their juvenile list, they discontinued it.

CWC: Did they give you a long deadline?

SFH: Yes, but I don't remember just how much time I had.

CWC: Were you in touch with the publishers during the preparation?

SFH: Oh, I had no contacts at all. Now here's something I prize very highly.

* This Fascinating Lumber Business. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1943.

** Boy's Life of Robert E. Lee. New York: Harper & Co., 1935.

CWC: This is a letter dated April 12, 1935, from Douglas Southall Freeman, I gather, editor of the Richmond News-Leader: “I have taken first opportunity of going over Boy’s Life of Robert E. Lee and while I have not yet given it a critical reading, I must tell you that I am entranced with it. I think you have done your work magnificently and I shall certainly commend it for youthful readers.” His work about Lee was still in the future, wasn’t it?*

SFH: No, he was writing his four-volume Lee biography then. I met him right after that at the dedication of Stratford, after they restored it, and he made the principal address. I had never met him, but I introduced myself; my wife was with me. He was very cordial and said to my wife, “Your husband has written a mighty fine book about Robert E. Lee.” Of course, that didn’t cost him anything, but it helped me and pleased her.

Here’s a card I got from George McCanless of the state supreme court. He had been to Robert E. Lee’s house, pictured on the card, and wrote: “Sarah and I had a delightful visit to the museum. When the lady mentioned Dr. Freeman, I dropped your name. Thereafter we got red-carpet treatment. You are greatly admired there.” That was nice of George, wasn’t it?

CWC: Yes. George McCanless wrote this from Richmond in 1958.

SFH: Yes. Also, Gorssett & Dunlap bought the rights to a cheap edition of Boy’s Life of Robert E. Lee. That’s a sort of compliment to a writer.

CWC: Yes, sir, it is, if a book sells enough in hardcover that the publisher is willing to go ahead and sell rights to paperback reprints.

SFH: Now there’s a book I wrote about the Shenandoah, the Confederate cruiser, the only book of mine that was translated into a foreign language. This is the Swedish edition. I got a letter from the publishers one day that said: “As you doubtless know, your contract calls for 50 percent of any payment we get for any foreign edition of your book. We have sold the Swedish rights for \$1,500; our check for \$750 is enclosed.” That was manna from heaven.

CWC: A pleasant surprise. I notice that your book Gallant Rebel: The Fabulous Cruise of the C.S.S. Shenandoah, published by Rutgers University Press and dated 1947, has the dedication “To B.W.H.”**

* R. E. Lee—A Biography. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1934.

** Gallant Rebel: The Fabulous Cruise of the C.S.S. Shenandoah. Camden, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1947.

SFH: That's my wife.

CWC: Did you find that writing books became easier as you gained experience?

SFH: It did for a while, but when you get old, any kind of writing is a sort of drudgery. Sometimes when I was writing books, I would get my material together and go to Memphis, get a room at the Peabody Hotel, spend a week there and work ten hours a day. That's the way to get something done, because if you stay at home you're always getting interrupted. That's the only formula I had.

CWC: What did you take with you to Memphis?

SFH: That was the closest place that I could get a good hotel. I'd drive over there, with no particular attraction to Memphis except that I was familiar with the hotel. I took my typewriter and a satchel full of source books and notes and knocked it out.

CWC: What hours did you work when you were there?

SFH: I kept regular hours. I'd get up in the morning and have breakfast, and then get to work about eight o'clock and work in my room until noon. Go to lunch and walk around the block or go down to the river and walk back. Take an hour off that way, and then I'd work from about one o'clock in the afternoon to five o'clock. At that time there was a bell that rang somewhere at five o'clock in the afternoon, and I always quit then. Sometimes I'd work a little after supper, and sometimes I didn't.

You can grind out a lot of work if you stay at it without interruptions. I had many friends in Memphis, but I didn't call up anybody, and I never made known my presence there.

CWC: How many pages did you do per day, or did you try to meet a quota?

SFH: I didn't try to set a quota or stint for myself. If you do that, you're writing under pressure, and it shows. Old writers used to say, "It smells of the lamp." That means that you were sitting up at night late, working feverishly to get something done on time.

I had interesting experiences with many of my books. When I wrote Gallant Rebel: The Fabulous Cruise of the C.S.S. Shenandoah, I got a letter from an old lady, Mrs. Oliver, who said she had read my book about the Shenandoah and was delighted

with it: "The suggestion to send a Confederate warship out to the north Pacific to destroy the Yankee whaling fleet was made by my father, Captain Robert Carter. He was in the Navy Department of the Confederate States of America and he said, 'That's the way to hurt the Yankees, hit the pocketbook nerve. Go out there and sink all the whalers, and that will end the war quicker than anything you could do.' But the war was about over then anyhow. I knew all these officers that you mentioned in there, and you made them come alive. I could see them again. They used to visit here, where I now live in Shirley [the historic old showplace on the James River near Richmond]."

CWC: Did she write from Richmond?

SFH: Yes, from Shirley. She said: "If you are ever in Richmond, I'll be glad for you to come out and see me. I'd like to talk to you." So I wrote and thanked her: "It happens that my wife and I are going to be in Richmond next month, and I would very much like to come out and talk with you." She wrote back: "Well, that'll be fine. Telephone me before you come. I'm ninety-six years old, and some days I don't feel too good." I thought, "Well, I wonder if anybody feels very good when they get to be ninety-six." So we called her when we were in Richmond. She said she felt fine and to come on out, and she was sitting on the front porch waiting for us.

We talked about her father and her "Cousin Robert" [Robert E. Lee]. She said, "When I was a little girl, Cousin Robert used to come down here and lie down on that sofa, and the piano was right over there, and he'd make me get up and play the piano for him." I felt like I was closer to Robert E. Lee than I ever had been.

CWC: Since you published the book in 1947, perhaps you met Mrs. Oliver around 1950, so she would have been born in the 1850s.

SFH: She died soon after we visited. She took us all around Shirley and showed us the house, which has a flying staircase as an architectural feature. There was a place on the wall, oh, as big as one of those windows, that was lighter-colored than the rest. She said, "That's where my portrait of George Washington hung." [A life-size, full-length portrait painted by Charles Wilson Peale.] Everybody who knew anything about Lee knew about Shirley and this portrait. I said, "Well, what became of it?" She said, "I sold it. I didn't think I would ever sell any of the family things, but Mr. Rockefeller [John D. Rockefeller, Jr.], when the restoration of Williamsburg was getting started, came out to see me and said, 'I know your problem. You're getting old and you would like to see this house stay in the family, and you have a nephew you'd like to leave it to. But if you do leave it to

him, he won't have any money to operate a big plantation like this. I want to buy this portrait from you and then present it at Williamsburg to be hung in the restored capital, so it will be where more people will see it than would here. You can put the money in trust for your nephew and make it possible for him to live here.' And I did that. He paid me \$250,000 for it." I told somebody in the Williamsburg organization that and he said, "Well, she didn't want it to sound too big. Mr. Rockefeller paid her \$400,000 for it." Mr. Rockefeller was apparently a very generous person and very much interested in Williamsburg.

CWC: All of this was a consequence of having written Gallant Rebel, about the Shenandoah. What was your next book, Mr. Horn?

SFH: Somewhere along the way I wrote a book called This Fascinating Lumber Business.

CWC: I believe that was dated 1943.

SFH: Bobbs-Merrill Company had a series of books with that general title: This Fascinating Railroad Business and "This Fascinating" some other kind of business. This Fascinating Lumber Business was what they asked me to write.

After I had accepted their advance payment against royalties and had begun to write an outline, it dawned on me that what I knew about the lumber business was largely confined to operations east of the Rocky Mountains. I quickly realized that it would be necessary to make a trip out to the Pacific Northwest and acquaint myself with the production of the fir, redwood, and other species manufactured in that area.

I took a refresher course out there, looking at those big trees and sawmills. People were mighty nice to me. The Redwood Association assigned a man and an automobile to drive me up into the big redwood timber country. The lumber company that had a big sawmill at Scotia [Pacific Lumber Company] put me up at the company's hotel. I got cooperation from everybody there in writing my book.

This was long before the development of the chainsaw and other modern logging equipment. I was especially impressed, in fact fascinated, by the skill of the lumberjacks called high-climbers. They climbed 200-foot fir trees, lopped off the tops of the trees, and attached the rigging to convert them into spartrees for the high-lead logging system then in general use there. On a big redwood operation, I was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a logging superintendent who had been a high-climber. He was an exceptionally articulate individual, and gave me a

graphic description of the various moves of the fearless individuals who earned their pay (premium pay) performing the feats made possible by their skill, agility, and hardihood. He made it all so clear to me that when I got back to the bunkhouse that evening, I was able to jot down notes of what my high-climbing friend had told me. In writing that part of my book referring to West Coast logging practices, I was able to write such a clear description of this spectacular phase that I received a request from a prominent college textbook publisher. They wanted permission to use it in a book on composition as a model of good descriptive writing. This surprised and flattered me.

At the time the first edition of This Fascinating Lumber Business was published, during the abnormal conditions created by World War II, our War Department had first call on all lumber produced in the United States, plus all logging and sawmilling machinery, at prices fixed by the buyers. In 1951, I was asked by the publishers to produce the amended text for an updated second edition that would reflect the postwar economic climate. That edition, described as a “new, revised and up-to-date edition of a standard work on one of the nation’s largest industries,” had a good sale; but soon after its publication, Bobbs-Merrill was acquired by a firm that specialized in law books and promptly discontinued all the Bobbs-Merrill trade books. This Fascinating Lumber Business, therefore, is out of print. Copies are available only from dealers in old books—at a cost considerably higher than \$4.50, the original selling price.

CWC: Mr. Horn, I believe your second book was about The Hermitage.^{*} Do you remember any details about it?

SFH: That was an era when a lot of books seemed to be written about historic old houses, and nobody had written one about The Hermitage, so I thought maybe I should. Garrett and Massey Publishing Company in Richmond made a specialty of publishing illustrated historical books. I wrote the book and submitted it to them, and they published it.

CWC: How much preparation did you do for this one? Did you read other books they had published to see what they preferred?

SFH: No, I was already interested in The Hermitage, so I didn’t have to do much research. I’d been a member of the board of trustees of The Hermitage for years. It belongs to the state of Tennessee, you know. In 1889 it was turned over to the Ladies’ Hermitage Association, which was formed for that purpose. But the

^{*} The Hermitage: Home of Andrew Jackson. Richmond, VA: Garrett and Massey Publishing Co., 1938.

Ladies' Hermitage Association, at that time, couldn't legally hold real estate; so the board of trustees holds the title, and the deed of trust is from the state of Tennessee. The Ladies' Hermitage Association operates it as a historic house through their board of directors.

CWC: Did you have any problems in writing this book?

SFH: No, I didn't. The only problem was whether I could write a book that would be approved by the Ladies' Hermitage Association; and also I wanted to be sure I was accurate.

CWC: Did you find any difficulty getting time away from your work as editor?

SFH: Of course, when I started writing books I had the advantage in that I was my own boss, since I owned 50 percent of the stock of the corporation that prints the Southern Lumberman. I didn't have to ask anybody if I could get a week or a day off.

CWC: So the only real limitation was your being able to help get out the Lumberman.

SFH: That's right.

CWC: When you first started working for the Southern Lumberman, didn't you learn about writing from Mr. Baird? What mistakes did you make that he was able to help you with?

SFH: He told me to avoid what is called "fine writing" and to write simply and directly.

CWC: Do you remember what your next book was after Gallant Rebel?

SFH: The next book was in some ways a repeater. It was the Robert E. Lee Reader for Bobbs-Merrill in 1949.* The Lincoln Reader had been published, written by my friend Paul Angle, who was secretary of the Chicago Historical Society. I wrote to him that I was thinking about writing a similar book about Robert E. Lee called the Robert E. Lee Reader. To some extent, it would be an imitation of his style and title, and I wanted to see if he had any objection. He said he had no copyright on the title, so I wrote the Robert E. Lee Reader, which got the best reviews of any book I ever wrote.

* Robert E. Lee Reader. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1949.

CWC: What sort of material did you put in the Robert E. Lee Reader?

SFH: Mostly extracts from what others had written. Robert E. Lee's picture was on the front cover of the jacket.

CWC: Your writing became more rapid as time went on, didn't it? Were you able to produce books in less time?

SFH: Yes, and of course, in this book most of what I had to do was copy articles. I had to get permission for those that were copyrighted and then write enough original connective material to make the pieces hang together and constitute the life and career of Robert E. Lee. I started with his father, Lighthouse Harry Lee, and his tragic life.

CWC: I notice this splendid large book sold for five dollars when it was published in 1949. Book prices, like others, have increased.

As time went on, how did your writing change? Did it improve?

SFH: I like to think that I improved my style and that I am a better writer now than I was when I started—but that may be just wishful thinking.

CWC: What improvements did you try to make?

SFH: Improvements in clarity and cohesion. There hasn't been any dramatic change in my style; I feel it is a little more professional, smoother, than it was when I started.

CWC: What weaknesses, if any, did you find in your early writing that you tried to correct?

SFH: Mostly weaknesses of style. I especially tried to avoid inaccuracy in discussing historical facts. I wished to establish a reputation for accuracy, and I think I have done so. My early weaknesses were mostly weaknesses of style. Some people are better writers than others, and from that standpoint it's easier to read what they write and more interesting. Of course, some books are dull as dishwater, although entirely accurate.

CWC: One of your well-known books, Mr. Horn, is entitled Invisible Empire: The Story of the Ku Klux Klan 1866-1871.^{*} Why did you write it?

^{*} Invisible Empire: The Story of the Ku Klux Klan, 1866-1871. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1939.

SFH: That was my third book and I wrote it under contract with Houghton Mifflin in Boston, the last people in the world you'd think would be interested in the Ku Klux. But, there again, they had a salesman who covered the South. They told him to find somebody he thought could write this book, and he recommended me. They wrote and asked me if I would undertake it; I said yes, and they paid me in advance to make sure that I would.

It was a great disappointment to them that Invisible Empire didn't sell, but they had a selling problem, as most of the potential buyers of the book confused it with the then-active spurious Ku Klux organization which was in ill-repute—and, of course, had no connection whatsoever with the Klan of Reconstruction days.

Of course, writing a book about the old, original Ku Klux was difficult because it was a secret society, and members took an oath not to reveal any of the secrets. Most of the Klan members were dead by the time this came out, but I found that there were some who were still alive.

For instance, I went out to Murfreesboro because somebody told me I should talk to an old man who was ninety-some-odd years old, and it was common knowledge that he had been a member of the original Klan. He was a nice old man. I told him who I was and what I was doing. He said, "What made you think I'd have any connection with a thing like the Ku Klux Klan? Weren't they a lawbreaking organization that went around breaking the laws of the United States government?" I said, "I knew you wouldn't be engaged in any lawbreaking, but I thought maybe you might have known somebody who was who could tell you about it." He said, "Well, I did hear some things about it."

With that, he unloaded. He got to telling about how some carpetbagger from the North had come to town, a white man who was agitating the just-freed Negroes. They were in a very unusual situation because they had been slaves, and now they were free. "Well," he said, "the Ku Klux was going to run this carpetbagger out of town, because they knew he was causing trouble and there wasn't anything they could do about it. So they sent a man down who knocked on the door with the butt of his pistol, and the carpetbagger opened the door and said, 'What do you want?' The Ku Klux man told him, 'We want you to be on that 7:30 train that leaves tomorrow morning going north. Go north and stay there. Don't come back.' The carpetbagger said, 'I don't want to go anywhere.' 'You be on that train tomorrow morning,' the Klan member said, 'or you will wish you had.' Then the man who was telling me the tale said "I knocked on the door again and said, 'You

be on that train!” He wasn’t conscious that he had changed his pronoun. “So the carpetbagger says, ‘Sure enough.’ The next morning he was gone.”

I got a lot of information indirectly. A man who had run a local museum in Lewisburg died and his family sold me some of his stuff. One of the things I bought was a “prescript” of the Ku Klux. It doesn’t say Ku Klux; it just has three stars [***]. In it he had written the names of the officers. There was always some question about who the officers were. Everybody said Nathan Bedford Forrest was the Grand Wizard. Forrest said no, he’d heard about it, but he wasn’t involved. Well, he was telling a lie there. I’ll show you that prescript. It is the only documentary material I ever found that has the names of all the officers written down.

CWC: Now you are reading from the prescript.

SFH: “The revised and amended prescript of the order of the ***. This is an institution of chivalry, humanity, mercy, and patriotism, embodying in its genius and its principles all that is chivalric in conduct, noble in sentiment, generous in manhood, and patriotic in purpose.” That didn’t sound like the purpose as you hear it told by some others. “We, the order of *** reverentially acknowledge the majesty and supremacy of the Divine Being and recognize the goodness and providence of the same; and we recognize our relation to the United States government, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the Constitutional laws thereof, the Union of states thereunder.” Here’s what was written: “G. Wizard of the Empire, Forrest; Grand Dragon of the Realm, General Gordon” [not John Gordon]. The Realm is the state. Then there was the Grand Titan of the Dominion, the county, who was Joe Fussell; the Grand Giant of the Province was D. Thompson; and Grand Cyclops of the Den was Henry Man.

CWC: And that’s handwritten in the little book.

SFH: That could have put every one of them on the gallows if this had been found.

CWC: Yes, if it had been available at the time. I see why the people who had been old members of the Ku Klux Klan had been unwilling to talk. You were fortunate to find that prescript. You had to gather much of the material for your book, Invisible Empire, by talking to people, didn’t you?

SFH: Yes, I was fortunate to come along when some members were still alive. The finest writer in the world, ten years later, wouldn’t have had the privilege of writing it. I remember talking to one black man who had been the servant of a Ku Klux

member and told me he had helped the white man put on his uniform every time they went out on a raid. He was very interesting and I caught him just in time, because he died soon afterward.

CWC: How did you come to write The Army of Tennessee,* which followed Invisible Empire in 1941?

SFH: I knew Mr. Laurance Chambers, the head of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, and he and Meredith Nicholson came down here every summer. I got interested in the Battle of Nashville and wanted to write about it, so I asked Mr. Chambers if he would publish such a book. He said, "Well, that just doesn't take in enough territory. I'll tell you a book I would buy—one about the Army of Tennessee. Dr. Freeman said that was the one part of Confederate history that hadn't been studied and set out in a book."

So I wrote The Army of Tennessee because he said he'd publish it, and he did. But after two editions, Mr. Chambers said that they had saturated the market, and gave me back the copyright. As soon as this man out at the University of Oklahoma Pres heard about that, he asked me if I would let them publish it on a royalty basis, and I said yes. The published six editions, and it's still in print. When they got out the third edition, he said, "Would you object if I sent a copy of our third edition to Laurance Chambers?" And I said, "Yes, I would. I don't think that's a proper thing to do." He said, "Well, I just wanted to show him that the market wasn't saturated." I said, "Well, no use rubbing it in. He won't be here long anyway, and I wouldn't nag him about that." Mr. Chambers died soon after that.

CWC: Did you do any rewriting before you gave it to the University of Oklahoma Press?

SFH: No.

CWC: Mr. Horn, of all the books you've written, which do you like best?

SFH: Well, I think The Army of Tennessee is probably my best book. I compiled and edited one other book as a feature of our state's observance of the Civil War Centennial, Tennessee's War,† another compendium of extracts from what civilians, soldiers, and politicians said and wrote at the time. I did it for the Civil

* The Army of Tennessee. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1941.

† Tennessee's War, 1861-1865. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1965.

War Centennial Commission; and they turned it over to the Tennessee Historical Commission; and they gave it to the University of Tennessee Press.

CWC: What has the greatest value of your writing been to you?

SFH: Of course, you're bound to learn when you're involved in research. You'll stumble upon facts that you never suspected. I wrote that book about the Shenandoah after doing extensive work at the Navy Department in their files. I even got to read a copy of the ship's log. Henry Commager's review in the New York Tribune said the book wasn't accurate because that log wasn't in the Navy file center, but in the National Archives Building. I wasn't going to argue with him, but I wrote to the editor, not for publication, explaining that the log positively was in the file center when I did my research, although the Navy Department finally did move the records from there into the National Archives Building.

One of my good friends in the book world was Mr. Charles P. Everitt, a well-known proprietor of a rare bookstore in New York. I went into his office not long after that Commager review came out and he said, "That was a good book you wrote about the Shenandoah." I said, "Thank you. You wouldn't have thought so if you'd read the review in the Tribune." He said, "I did read it; Henry wasn't fair to you and I called him up and told him so." I said: "I thank you, but it is too late to do any good." But the next time Mr. Commager reviewed one of my books, he acted like a baseball umpire who misses a strike and gives you one later to try to even them up. He wrote a fine review on the next book of mine he reviewed—but I never learned to like him.

You make a lot of new acquaintances in writing and stumble upon things you didn't know before. Sometimes you have good luck. When I was writing that Shenandoah book, my partner at the Southern Lumberman, J. H. Whaley, unknowingly helped me, rather as a matter of coincidence. He came from Edisto Island, right off Charleston, South Carolina, and we were down there once on business over a weekend. His sister had an oyster roast for us on the island, and one of the people I met there was a Mrs. Whaley, not my partner's wife. I asked her, "What kin are you to my partner?" She said, "Oh, I'm not a Whaley. My name was Grimball when I married Mr. Whaley. We're Mr. J.H. Whaley's cousins." I said, "Are you any kin to the lieutenant Grimball who was first officer on the Shenandoah?" She said, "Yes. He was my father." And I said, "Well, I'm proud to meet you. I'm thinking about writing a book about the Shenandoah, and right now, I'm getting all the information I can get about it."

She said, "I'd be glad to see such a book written." Later, she said to me: "I just happened to think that maybe you might like to see Papa's scrapbook." I said, "What's in it?" She said, "Well, it's a scrapbook he kept of clippings that appeared in the newspapers in Melbourne, Australia, when the Shenandoah spent about a month there making some repairs—and doing some illegal recruiting." I said, "Where is this—it sounds like something fine." She said, "It's up at my cottage."

We went up there and she showed it to me and I said, "This is just exactly what I need, because I haven't enough information about their stay in Australia." The Melbourne newspapers had written about the Shenandoah every day that she was there, as a great bone of contention developed about whether she was violating the neutrality law. I said, "I could use a lot of this material." She replied, "Well, take it along with you and use what you wish, and send it back to me when you get through." Now, you don't have many strokes of luck like that. But if you nose around enough, you will discover facts where you might not expect to.

CWC: Mr. Horn, you are still writing the editorials for the Southern Lumberman, I believe.

SFH: That's right.

CWC: Are you also doing other writing?

SFH: No, I think I've written more than my share of books already.

CWC: I don't know; as much as you have accomplished, I am not sure that you will not do a great deal yet. But, if you were to write another book about Tennessee, what topics do you think most need to be written about?

SFH: I don't know whether I'm competent to say what is most needed. I once flirted with the idea of writing a book about Tennessee that would be comparable in style, though not in the quality of the writing, to Trending into Maine by Kenneth Roberts.* I know I can't write as well as Kenneth Roberts, but his book about Maine was the kind of book I'd like to see somebody write about Tennessee.

CWC: Why did you like his book?

SFH: I thought it gave a highly interesting and well-balanced picture of Maine. It seems that nearly every time somebody starts talking about a state they either say it's the finest in the world or else caricature it, like the Okies from Oklahoma. But

* Kenneth Lewis Roberts, Trending into Maine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1938.

Kenneth Roberts wrote a book about Maine that makes you want to go to Maine, makes you feel that you'd be happy if you lived there.

People living elsewhere actually know little if anything about Tennessee. They know about attention-getters like the Grand Old Opry—but I was thinking of the romance connected with the early settlers of this state, the numerous difficulties they conquered, and the manifold problems incident to its establishment as the third state after the original thirteen.

For instance, the actual boundaries of the state, a source of uncertainty and controversy for decades, had been in litigation since the extension of the line between North Carolina and Virginia in Colonial times. That row went back to the time when William Byrd and his surveyors tried to establish the Virginia-Carolina line more than 200 years ago. He wrote a very interesting account of it: "The History of the Dividing Line betwixt Virginia and North Carolina, run in the year of Our Lord 1728." Of course, Virginians had a great contempt for North Carolinians in general, and their surveyors in particular. Byrd accused them of having faulty surveying instruments that located the line too far north, and they finally abandoned the effort to run the line. They were so far apart when they got out by Iron Mountain—that's near what is now Bristol—they all just agreed to go home.

How many people know the fabulous story of Reelfoot Lake—it's a sort of monument to the earthquake that created it; and then, in modern times, about 1908 they had the "Night Riders" down there, fighting about the fishing rights.

The mountains of Tennessee alone deserve a book; the rivers shaped its history; and so forth. I never clarified my ideas sufficiently to be able to decide exactly what I would write about, but it would be a book that I'd like to read—if somebody else would write it.

CWC: Would it emphasize the natural and historic assets of Tennessee?

SFH: Some of the interesting features that are not well known. Too many of the newspaper historical writers either try to write like The New Yorker style, hoping they'll get a call from New York; or else have to conceal their ignorance, which results from inefficient, superficial research—if indeed they do any research at all. Of course, it would sound arrogant to say (so I won't say it) that practically every feature article in the newspapers that has a historical background has flaws.

CWC: Yes, sir, I have noticed that. It's true that newspaper articles often have factual errors. On the other hand, historians, when they write, often are not very interesting.

SFH: I'm not like Hamlet, who said, "The times are out of joint. Oh, wretched spite that ever I was born to set it right." I don't feel that I was born to straighten out all the errors. I have learned to say "uh-huh" and let it go, if somebody tells me something that I know is historically inaccurate.

CWC: You have been able to set some facts right in about ten books you've written, which is a fairly substantial amount.

SFH: I realize that I'm a lot more interested in history than most people are. People you would stop on the sidewalk don't know or care about it.

CWC: Possibly you're more interested in it than many historians, to whom it's just routine.

SFH: A woman called me last week, said her son at school had an assignment to locate four historic houses. He'd located The Hermitage and another one that most everybody knew about. She said, "He hasn't been able to locate the Cunningham house." She was doing all his research for him, and that surely wasn't helping him any. Somebody, she said, told her that I would know about it. So I told her where it had been: up on what at that time was High Street, now Sixth Avenue, and occupied by the Hermitage Club in the old days. Unfortunately it has been torn down. She said, "Why did they call it the Cunningham house?" I said, "Because that's where Mr. Cunningham lived." She said, "Did General Grant ever live there?" I said, "Well, he didn't live there, but he was stationed in Nashville at one time during the war, and he had his headquarters in the Cunningham house." She said, "Now, when would that be?" She was writing this down. I said, "Well, he left there about 1862, the second year of the war." She said, "Now, what war was that?" I nearly fell on the floor. What war were they having in 1862? Well, that shows gross ignorance of the basics. There's something wrong if we spend so much money on education and turn out such a lot of uneducated people.

But I don't believe in historical fiction, because nearly all of it is slanted to the writer's point of view, and is too often more fiction than history. I once had a good friend who wrote historical novels, but they were short on accuracy. One time I cautiously mentioned that and he said, "I'm not a historian. I'm a fiction writer. I write a book to be entertaining; I'm not trying to write history. If history gets in the way of my plot, the history has to get out of the way."

CWC: Have you ever tried to write fiction or poetry, Mr. Horn?

SFH: No, I couldn't write fiction. You have to have a vivid imagination, which I don't seem to have.

CWC: How did you learn to enjoy poetry?

SFH: My mother loved poetry and read good poetry to my brother and me when we were young. I was raised on Scott's poems: I knew Roderick Dhu and Fitzjames before I knew who was mayor of Nashville.

When my wife and I made our first trip to England several years ago, we took a sightseeing trip into Scotland. The man who was in charge of the bus told us where we were going and what we were seeing. He stopped the bus at one point and said, "Right down there where the road crosses that little stream is where Roderick Dhu met Fitzjames." I said, "Will you stop here long enough for me to walk down there? Roderick Dhu was one of the first men I ever heard of." And he was kind enough to accommodate. I seemed to hear my mother's voice as she read to my brother and me Scott's dramatic account of that historic encounter, and I wished she could have been with me that day: "Fitzjames was brave, but to his heart, the life blood came with sudden start." Fitzjames popped off, "Where is that so-and-so, Roderick Dhu? I'd like to meet him." And Roderick Dhu said, "Have then thy wish. He whistled shrill, and he was answered from the hill. Instant from copse and heath arose, bonnet and spears and bended bows. These are Clan Alpine's warriors true, and Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu."* That must have set Fitzjames' cue in the rack, as the boys in the poolroom say. [Laughter] So when the bus driver said, "That's where it took place," I just had to see it.

In my school days I read poetry, and we learned poetry in the lower grades in grammar school, mostly New England poets because most of the "readers" were published in Boston. In the eighth grade we had a teacher who was interested in Poe, so we read his poetry and I liked what he wrote—including his essay on "The Poetic Principle." It opened up a wide new literary vista for me.

In grammar school they also required what was called a "declamation." You had to learn a poem and recite it on "Declamation Day." Thanks to that, we had to memorize some kind of poetry. Now when I'm out riding on the lawn mower, I recite poetry to myself, or sing.

* Paraphrased from "The Lady of the Lake" by Sir Walter Scott.

CWC: Well, that's a way to enjoy it.

SFH: "We were crowded in the cabin/Not a soul would dare to speak/It was midnight on the water/And a storm was on the deep." I remember that. Was that in your schoolbook?

CWC: No, sir, declamation is not taught now.

SFH: Well, I'm sorry for you—you missed an inspiring experience. "'We are lost', the Captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs." I remember one boy in about the fourth or fifth grade said that for a speech. He seemed to have studied his declamation more than his grammar, and the teacher flinched visibly as the boy went on: "Said the Captain's little daughter, as she taken his icy hand/Isn't God upon the water just the same as on the land?"

CWC: Some interests have been consistent throughout your life, Mr. Horn—writing, and books, indicated by the fact that we are now in one of the most notable private libraries in the state of Tennessee. What about the development of your book collection?*

SFH: I started buying books just about the time I went to work and had a little money to spend. Recently I ran across what was probably the first book I ever bought, Rasselas, the first book Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote. I saw it in a bookstore sale for a quarter, so I bought it and wrote on the flyleaf my name and the date: 1909. In our English class in high school we learned that Dr. Johnson had written such a book, but I hadn't read it. Then I bought other books when I could afford them. I knew Dickens's books—Martin Chuzzlewit and Pickwick Papers, and we had David Copperfield as a textbook. I did a lot of reading; but aside from Dickens I didn't read much fiction.

There are so many real and interesting subjects in histories and biographies, I don't get much satisfaction out of reading what some imaginative writer thinks might have happened—unless the writer is exceptionally talented.

CWC: What topics did you generally try to collect books on?

SFH: Mainly historical; but I don't want to crowd out fiction. I have collected what I consider outstanding writings because I admire the writers, like Joseph Conrad,

* For more information see Appendix C.

for instance. I have all of Conrad's English first editions, also most of Kipling's. And Kipling, it seems, is coming back into favor. He went downhill, but the critics are now giving him renewed attention.

I once thought that Conrad would probably be the best contemporaneous writer, that his books would be of lasting literary value. I don't know whether I guessed right or not. I thought the same about Galsworthy, that his novels gave an impressive picture of British life in his time; but later neither novelist was established as a writer whose fame would live forever. I still think Conrad's writing is in a class by itself and I enjoy rereading his superb literary artistry—like the closing paragraphs of his Youth.

CWC: And have they been some of your favorites?

SFH: Yes. I did have my Kipling books all up in the attic, but I got them all down recently, and I'm going to take something else out down here somewhere and put the Kipling works in so I can get to them.

CWC: More than sixty years is a long time to be collecting, but still you have been remarkably successful to get so much collected. Where have you pursued this interest?

SFH: Everybody has to have a hobby, I suppose, to squander their money on. I don't drink or smoke, so my vice is buying books.

What is generally recognized as the best old bookstore in Nashville, and one of the best anywhere, was right across the street from the building that housed the Southern Lumberman. I had an hour for lunch when I worked for the Southern Lumberman, so I'd get a malted milk, go across the street to Paul Hunter's Book Store, and spend my lunch time there. It was a paradise for book lovers. Hunter had a great knowledge of books and helped me appreciate which I ought to have and which weren't worth fooling with.

CWC: Where was the Southern Lumberman at that time?

SFH: It was in the office building on the southeast corner of Church Street and Fourth Avenue, and the company that printed it was down the street a few doors. Across the street, where the Life and Casualty Building now is, on the southwest corner, was an old building where Paul Hunter had his bookstore on the second floor. He was the man to whom I am indebted for most of what I know about rare books, especially early Tennessee history books and other early imprints.

When I was working on a relatively small salary, I was over there one day and he said, "I want to show you a book that you ought to buy." I looked at it and said, "Well, I'm not particularly interested in religious books." He said, "This is not any religious book." And I said, "Why is it entitled The Christian Advocate?" He said, "Because that's the first book that John Haywood ever wrote." I said, "I have never heard of it before." I'd heard of John Haywood by that time, knew his Natural and Aboriginal History was supposed to be the scarcest Tennessee book. But Hunter said, "This book's scarcer than the Aboriginal History. This is the first one I've seen in a long time, and it may be a long time before you ever see another one. You ought to buy it." I said, "Goodness alive, I can't pay fifty dollars for a book. I can buy ten books for fifty dollars." He said, "You won't buy ten of this kind of book for fifty dollars, but it doesn't make any difference to me. I can sell them as fast as I can get them. But I'll pay you that much for it if you ever want to sell it—and you out to be buying some of these scarce Tennessee books before they get scarcer if you expect to build up a good Tennessee library; you'll never regret it." So that was one of my wisest investments.

CWC: About what year was that?

SFH: Oh, that must have been in the late 1920s but before 1929, because after 1929 for several years I didn't buy any books or anything else I didn't really need.

CWC: And now you have a library filled with exactly what you want, don't you?

SFH: Just about. Except I've got very few sets of books. I buy very little of what the English booksellers call "library furniture," leather-bound books.

CWC: What percentage of the books that you buy do you read?

SFH: Oh, I read them all—or, rather, most of them. That's a question often asked me by visitors to my library: "Have you read all these books?" And I say, "Well, I haven't read the Encyclopedia Britannica, and I haven't read all of any of those reference books." A few of the books on my shelves are prized for their bindings or illustrations or because they were once owned by famous men—like presidents of the United States, for instance.

Some books I bought because of their exceptionally fine bindings, and my wife enjoys putting them where they can best be seen. This copy of Michaux's Travels to the Westward of the Alleghany Mountains has a fine binding, but it's also a

valuable book from a literary and historical standpoint—he came through Nashville, you know, in 1802. I’ve read it two or three times.

CWC: I assume you’ve read some of these books several times, haven’t you?

SFH: Yes, I reread Conrad’s books sometimes. I think his Youth was one of the most moving books of fiction I have ever read.

CWC: Why do you like Conrad’s books so well?

SFH: I think he wrote the kind of book that could reach inside and make an impression on you.

CWC: Have you hoped to do that with your writing?

SFH: Yes, but I never presumed to expect to be as good a writer as Conrad.

CWC: Has your writing been influenced by him?

SFH: No, his subjects were all fiction; I know I can’t write fiction as well as Conrad.

CWC: That’s one advantage of a long life, Mr. Horn, having the time to read as much as you have.

SFH: That’s right. The average person probably wouldn’t have had time to read these books, but I have read practically all of them. I’ve got about 4000 books in here.

Now, right along here, these are presidential books, association items, I haven’t one that was owned by George Washington, but this book belonged to John Adams, the second president. John Quincy Adams wrote books; and this book in Latin was in Thomas Jefferson’s library. That’s Andrew Jackson’s copy of the Constitution—maybe he didn’t read it much.

CWC: How many presidents are represented in your book collection?

SFH: I have almost all of them except George Washington and a few who were unimportant presidents who aren’t noted for the books they owned. Now, here’s Poems by George P. Morris. It has this fine binding and gauffered edges on the gilt with the inlaid presentation because it was presented to President Buchanan. I don’t reckon Buchanan ever looked at it.

CWC: It is a beautiful book.

SFH: Morris was a pretty good second- or third-rate poet. He wrote "Woodman, Spare that Tree."

CWC: Where else have you searched for books besides Paul Hunter's bookstore?

SFH: When I was in the advertising department of the Southern Lumberman, I used to go to New York and Chicago frequently and I got to know famous booksellers like Wright Howes and Mr. Charles P. Everitt. This is the Reid and Eaton biography of Andrew Jackson. Major John Reid started it and War Secretary John H. Eaton finished it.

CWC: That was the first biography of Jackson, was it not?

SFH: Yes. Reid died after writing the first three chapters, long before the book was printed. This is dated 1828; it's not a first edition. Eaton finished it, and this copy was presented to Jackson by Eaton.

CWC: You've also collected poetry, books about the Civil War, history, and quite a number of biographies. I know you've bought books, Mr. Horn, but do you also sell them? Do you trade or get rid of some?

SFH: I don't sell, and I don't do much trading now.

CWC: Is there any special category of books that you're looking for now?

SFH: No. But I would be delighted to have a book read or owned by Jimmy Carter or Jerry Ford.

CWC: You have a fine library as it is.

SFH: Here's Beverly's History of Virginia. That's a hard book to find. And here's Robert E. Lee's copy of a book about bees, written by a man named Weeks. Weeks on Bees; it has Lee's "R. E. Lee" signature on the title page. He, of course, spent a lot of time at Arlington after he married.

CWC: Did he do any beekeeping there?

SFH: Yes, apparently so.

This is a book that belonged to Felix Robertson, the first white child born in Nashville. He was a doctor, but this is not a medical book. It's an account of the two trials of John Priest on indictment for treason; a brief report of the trial of several other persons for treason; and an account of the resurrection in Bucks County.

Here is a book from the Robert Hoe library, printed in 1641 in London and beautifully bound by Riviere & Company. Hoe was a wealthy book-lover, and in his day his library was considered the best in this country.

I wasn't satisfied until I had an incunabulum, a book printed before 1500, and here it is. I haven't read this book; it's printed in Latin. Life of Diogenes, Laertius, printed in Venice in 1490—before Columbus discovered America, and soon after the first book was printed from movable type.

CWC: Fourteen hundred ninety, that's your oldest book.

SFH: Yes, it's collated and authenticated.

CWC: Mr. Horn, how many people do you know in Tennessee who have better collections than you?

SFH: I wouldn't be able to say.

Here are some books that are interesting for their bindings and illustrations—
Doctor Syntax books.

CWC: "The Tour of Doctor Syntax", a poem.

SFH: "In Search of the Picturesque."

CWC: Yes. Now, let's see, this is printed in London.

SFH: I don't know whether that has a date or not.

CWC: Beautifully illustrated. It is a remarkable collection, Mr. Horn.

SFH: Here are some books that belonged to Andrew Jackson, and here is a copy of the American Pocket Atlas, printed in 1796.

CWC: With the description of each state. There weren't many to describe then.

SFH: Tennessee got in by the skin of her teeth.

CWC: Could we now discuss the growth of forestry as you saw it develop from its early days?

SFH: My first impressions about the timber supply were formed soon after I went to work for the Southern Lumberman, when Gifford Pinchot, who was head of the U. S. Forest Service, predicted that all the timber in the United States would be gone in twenty years. As a man who had just got a job on a lumber trade paper, I wondered whether I had made a mistake. Maybe I ought to get into a field that had more enduring possibilities. But I soon discovered that the picture wasn't quite as bleak as Mr. Pinchot made it out after I started talking to knowledgeable people. There were a lot of sawmill operators in the South before 1920 who worked on the cut-out-and-get-out basis—the yellow pine people. In my contacts with lumber companies in the South, I found that many of them were operating on the basis that the timber would not necessarily ever run out.

The first large-scale application of forest management principles was by the W. T. Smith Lumber Company headed by Mr. J. Greeley McGowin, in Chapman, Alabama.* They had about 190,000 acres of timberland that they were cutting to provide logs for their sawmill. Mr. McGowin had three sons who had graduated from college; and he told the three who were associated with him in business that they were approaching the end of the timber supply, and that he was going to organize a wholesale lumber company for them in Birmingham because they would be forced out of the lumber manufacturing business by the exhaustion of the timber. They had a big planing mill building that was dilapidated and he said, "There is no sense in spending money building a new planing mill; it'll last as long as the timber. The ideal would be for the sawmill to fall down, and the planing mill, too, after we cut the last log."

Mr. McGowin died soon after that and left the young men: Earl, Floyd, and Julian (the other son, Nicholas, was a lawyer), with this property. They hired a professional forester, Les Pomeroy, to survey their situations, and told him, "We

* N. Floyd McGowin, Earl M. McGowin, Nicholas S. McGowin, and Estelle McGowin Larson, James Greeley McGowin, South Alabama Lumberman: The Recollections of His Family, oral history interviews conducted by Elwood R. Maunder (Santa Cruz: Forest History Society, 1977.)

are faced with the immediate problem of whether to rebuild the planing mill or not.” He said, after he had gone over their land, “If you will acquire 10,000 acres of adjoining timberland, let me divide it into ten operating units, and buy some logs for the next three years, you can soon be on a permanent ten-year operating cycle, dividing this 200,000 acres of land into ten cutting units which you will log every ten years. After you get through, you start around again. You’ll have timber forever.” That was contrary to prevailing thought, but with their open minds they said they would try it.

CWC: What year was this, Mr. Horn?

SFH: About 1940. At the end of the first ten years I asked whether they had really had as much timber as when they had started. They said, “We’ve got more.” They were the first big-scale operators in the South to put that sustained-yield principle into effect.

The Great Southern Lumber Company, which had the biggest sawmill in the world down at Bogalusa, Louisiana, had a mill that cut a million feet a day.** They just skinned the land off and harvested everything, finally decided that wasn’t the way to do it, and started reforestation. They had 50,000 acres of cutover land, just as bare as the floor, and they made arrangements to get a supply of seedlings, which they planted there. I have seen the land when it was covered with the original timber, and I’ve seen it bare; I’ve seen the seedlings planted, and I’ve seen where they were beginning to cut pulpwood, fifteen or twenty years ago. This is one of the companies that had operated on the clear-cutting basis. Most of the operators I know in the South who have done well, however, haven’t clear-cut their land; they’ve done like the McGowins, sustained-yield selective cutting.

It was on the strength of the knowledge that I gained about what was really going on, that I wrote the article “Trees Grow”, that was published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1940. While the calamity howlers were saying that all the trees were disappearing, the trees were all growing—every day, every tree was bigger than it was yesterday.

CWC: What was the mill in Louisiana that started early conservation work?

SFH: The Urania Lumber Company, headed by Mr. Henry Hardtner, in Urania, Louisiana.

** For more information see Michael Curtis, “Early Development and Operation of the Great Southern Lumber Company,” Louisiana History 14 (Fall 1973), pp. 347-68.

CWC: Were they mainly in pine lumbering?

SFH: Mostly pine, but they had some hardwood.

CWC: They started conservation work quite early, didn't they?

SFH: They were the ones who put in experimental plots. Henry Hardtner was a far-seeing man. He didn't hire a forester to do that; he just did it himself. He laid off plots with fenced netting to keep out animals, and created different conditions in each plot. Some he would leave open to deer, rabbits, and other animals, some he'd cut off the timber and reseed, or harvest a few trees and let the rest continue to grow. There were different factors then; one tract was protected from fire, one was protected from hogs, and so on.

The fatalistic view of the timber supply was almost universally accepted. An occasional southern lumberman with vision like Mr. Hardtner began early to think seriously about forestry in its practical aspects. Lumber operators had always generally agreed that it was not possible for an investor to wait for a tree to grow, but was that true in the South, with its strong soil, generous rainfall, and long growing season? Would a tree grow fast enough under favorable conditions so that the owner of a big tract of timberland could treat his timber as a crop, and harvest part of it every year in a never-ending cycle?

Hardheaded skeptics hooted at the idea and piled up convincing data to show that a preposterously large investment in vast acres of land would be required to provide enough timber annually for sawmills of average output. Hardtner was skeptical about their skepticism. He noticed in his own holdings where by some accident there had not been any fires for several years, an unusually heavy stand of thrifty young pine trees was increasing every year. In an abandoned cotton field adjacent to his land, trees had sprung in the furrows where windblown seeds from nearby pines had lodged and germinated. In an amazingly short time they were getting sawlogs from these volunteer second-growth trees in the old cotton furrows. Mr. Hardtner's logging superintendent told me, "Twenty years ago I plowed cotton where you see these furrows where the trees are now growing in."

CWC: Why was forestry work slow in coming to the South?

SFH: I think everybody who was supposed to be an expert had said if you cut it down, that is the end of the forest. That fatalistic premise had been generally accepted.

We had a contrary example right here in Middle Tennessee involving hardwoods, which were supposed to be slow-growing. In 1914, when the war started in Europe, the Farris Hardwood Lumber Company here in Nashville had contracted with the French government to fill big orders for walnut lumber, the preferred wood for gunstocks. Alf Farris told me later, "I bought and cut every walnut tree in middle Tennessee that was big enough to make a gunstock. Then, when the Second World War started and they came and talked to me about gunstocks, I said, "I don't think that we can supply them, but I will see if I can find enough standing timber of sufficient size." And I went out and found that was then a better stand of walnut than what we'd had in 1914. Trees that had been too small to use then had grown to merchantable size.

CWC: People didn't know that timber would renew itself so well?

SFH: That's right. I can show you a walnut tree that grew from a nut I planted thirty years ago and it's fourteen inches in diameter. They don't grow like weeds, but they grow fast enough to make it worth your while to plant them, considering the value of the timber.

CWC: Did the universities have much influence, say, the Yale School of Forestry?

SFH: There weren't very many schools of forestry in those days—Syracuse, Yale, maybe Michigan, and later, Georgia. The word got around mighty quick that the South wasn't washed up as a timber-growing place.

CWC: Did many of the companies not own their own land?

SFH: Most of the yellow pine mills did. A lot of the hardwood mills also owned land, but some bought logs from farmers and loggers, owners of small tracts of timberland. The several sawmills at Nashville got most of their logs from up the Cumberland River that were rafted down on the spring freshet. The loggers cut the trees down in the wintertime, rolled them to the banks of the river, spliced them together, and left them there. Then, when the spring freshet came, they could see it coming, and they would get crews on them and float them down to Nashville, guiding them with big paddles or rudders on the ends.

CWC: Did they try to plant any new trees?

SFH: Not in the hardwoods. The practical men didn't think you could grow hardwood timber, but it is growing down in Mississippi and elsewhere. Of course,

cottonwood grows like weeds, gum and poplar are fast-growing trees, and red oak grows faster than you might imagine.

CWC: What is most responsible for the development of forestry in this country?

SFH: Better understanding and higher value. In those days, the yellow-pine men said, "We don't give a damn if the timber grows back on this land or not. We'll go out West and buy some of their good timber; it's a drug on the market out there."

Fire was the main problem. Even if you clear-cut the land, if you prevent fire out of the cutover land, you'll get a new growth of seedling trees. When I first went with the Southern Lumberman, one of the problems they were always preaching about was fire prevention in the woods. On the other hand, the natives in the South would set fire to the woods to kill the snakes.

CWC: It took an educational program, didn't it, to convince people not to do that? Did the Southern Lumberman play a part in bringing about change? Did you try to promote change?

SFH: I hope we were of some influence in this respect. I made talks on the subject whenever I had a chance, and I wrote editorials in the Southern Lumberman about fire prevention.

At that time, of course, I wasn't as closely in touch with the West as I was with the South, but I knew the Weyerhaeusers were forward-looking people who ran a large and well-managed business, and I knew they were reforesting their cutover land. They came to the annual meeting of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association in Chicago in 1940—the same year that piece of mine appeared in the Atlantic. They were all excited about the term "tree farm" that they had attached to their reforestation on cutover lands, the Clemons Tract. When they came to the annual meeting of National Association that year, Fred Weyerhaeuser was just brimming over with what a wonderful idea this was for attracting public attention and promoting forestry by the use of that term. He recommended that the National Association appropriate the money to finance a nationwide Tree Farm Program to publicize what the lumber industry was doing in reforestation.

Later that year the National raised several hundred thousand dollars for trade promotion and a campaign based on the "Tree Farm" name to publicize what had been done, and to get more timberland owners to apply proper management practices. The board of directors adopted the plan enthusiastically—and then didn't know exactly what to do next. The Association Secretary, Wilson Compton,

called to ask me if I would consider helping them introduce the “tree farm” idea, as a paid consultant for six months. It was a brand new idea and they didn’t know where to find promising examples of it to get started. I said, “Alabama would be the place I would suggest. What the McGowins are doing is a history-making event in reforestation and the conservation of the forests—actually a big-scale ‘tree farm’—and, besides, Alabama heads the list of the states alphabetically.”

They offered to pay me a generous fee if I would oversee getting tree farming started in the South. They had hired a big New York public relations firm, Selvage and Lee, to handle their trade promotion. I took Mr. Selvage and the Association’s public relations manager to the W. T. Smith Lumber Company’s operation in Alabama to show them what we were talking about. One of the McGowins had enlisted the support of the state forester, and got the State Chamber of Commerce to sponsor the establishment in Alabama of the first certified Tree Farm Program. We arranged to hold the dedication exercise in Brewton, a sawmill town in south Alabama, and were to hold a planning meeting in Birmingham the night before the dedication to work out all the details. When I got the meeting in Birmingham I found that the state forester was indisposed, so I had to write the official definition of a “tree farmer”, who would display the now-familiar green “Tree Farm” sign—I also had to select the design for that sign. But the next day we had a well-attended dedication at Brewton—and that’s where and when the now flourishing, certified Tree Farm Program was born.

After we got started in Alabama, we did the same in Arkansas. Then the Southern Pine Association said they would sponsor the Tree Farm Program in the South, and I stepped out of the picture—but have continued to give the program favorable publicity in the Southern Lumberman.

CWC: The Weyerhaeusers started their program in 1940, didn’t they?

SFH: They started using the appellation “tree farm” in 1940. I think I gave those dates to Elwood [Maunder]. Their tenth anniversary was 1951, and their twenty-fifth, 1966.

Preceding the tenth anniversary celebration, the governor of Washington, the governor of Oregon, two lumbermen and I appeared on a CBS television show, telling the listeners about the Tree Farm Program. The Weyerhaeusers sent me a portfolio of photographs of both the 1951 and 1966 celebrations.

INTERVIEW III

July 23, 1976
Nashville, Tennessee

Charles W. Crawford: Mr. Horn, go ahead about the Southern Lumberman.

Stanley F. Horn: First, I want to emphasize that the name is a misnomer. It was all right at the time the paper started, in 1881, when the two or three trade papers, then published in the North, devoted to the lumber business derided the lumber that was being produced in the South—yellow pine, cypress, and hardwoods—as being of inferior quality. But we have a wide circulation and the Southern Lumberman is now read all over the eastern part of the United States and up to New England, also a substantial circulation in Great Britain and other foreign countries where there are consumers of the lumber manufactured in the South.

CWC: It was founded partly to defend the southern lumbering?

SFH: That's right.

CWC: Southern lumber is now accepted on a par with other lumber, isn't it?

SFH: The top authorities on timber supply, the U. S. Forest Service, are saying that the South will be the future principal source of timber in this country for the maintenance of the forest-products industries.* We have in the South a more favorable growing season, better climatic conditions. The big timber in the Pacific Northwest is already getting scarce.

CWC: Your circulation is no longer entirely southern?

SFH: No. We now have international circulation; but it is principally in the eastern part of the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains.

CWC: When you were employed by the Southern Lumberman, before you became the owner, were you loyal to it as a job?

* For more information, see The South's Third Forest . . . How It Can Meet Future Demands. A Report of the Southern Forest Resource Analysis Committee, 1969.

SFH: Well, of course. I thought in its field it was the best and that Mr. Baird was the best editor. A man ought to have that feeling about anybody he's working for, but I honestly think he was; Mr. Baird wasn't a very good businessman; he was always pinched for money. But he wrote editorials that would burn up his enemies and support his friends.

CWC: What about your trade association activities?

SFH: At the time I went to work for the Southern Lumberman there weren't as many trade associations as there were later but the idea proliferated rapidly once it got started—southern associations, West Coast associations, retail associations, manufacturers' associations, wholesalers' associations—all devoted to the lumber business. I went to as many meetings of those associations as I could. Originally, I was sent by Mr. Baird; when I became one of the owners and editor of the paper, I recognized that it was part of my business to keep up with them.

CWC: How did you get started serving as a toastmaster?

SFH: I don't know how in the world I ever drifted into that. I was always sort of timid when I was a boy and wasn't any hand to run out and push myself off on somebody. I presided over the proceedings after some annual banquet, and somebody liked the way I did it. So the word got around that I was a man who could serve as a toastmaster or master of ceremonies and that I didn't charge anything. Some of those associations just took it for granted that I was going to be the toastmaster, and I've acted in that capacity at two of the Weyerhaeusers' anniversaries of their Tree Farm activities—the tenth and the twenty-fifth.

I finally became the master of ceremonies at the annual banquets of the Northeastern Hardwood Lumber Manufacturers, which is held in Boston every year, and also for the Northeastern Retail Lumber Dealers Association, which held their annual banquets in New York. Eventually, there were more groups who wanted me to serve in that capacity closer to home, like Southern Lumber Manufacturers Association and National Hardwood Lumber Association.

The Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association was on a celebrated national publicity campaign in homebuilding magazines such as House Beautiful and House and Garden with the slogan "Cypress Will Not Rot", describing it as "The Wood Eternal". The campaign was launched through a Chicago advertising agency to put cypress on the map. Prior to that time, cypress was mostly used in the South, where it was recognized that cypress did have those qualities of durability—that is, that the heartwood of cypress never would rot.

CWC: This was very effective in developing sales, wasn't it?

SFH: Yes. Soon cypress lumber was being used all over the country. Architects and interior decorators liked it, even glorified what was called "pecky cypress", which was full of defects like wormholes or indentations where birds had pecked the trees but had an antique appearance. Now pecky cypress, which in earlier days was used mostly to hold flower beds together, appears as decorative paneling in expensive places. The Belle Meade Country Club in Nashville has a dining room paneled in pecky cypress and it is much admired.

When the local lumber company sent out the pecky cypress which the architect had specified, the contractor who built the Belle Meade clubhouse called them and said, "There's been some mistake here. You sent out a lot of rotten lumber that's not fit to use." They had to explain to him that it was "artistic."

Another of the industry organizations whose meetings I attended was called the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo.

CWC: That was a lumber fraternity, wasn't it?

SFH: Yes, its membership was, and is, restricted to individuals connected with lumber companies and lumber-trade papers. It was started by paper men and some lumbermen who had been to a lumber convention in New Orleans and because of a railroad wreck were stranded for a day or two in Gurdon, Arkansas, a very small town. There, inspired by Bolling Arthur Johnson, who was the representative of the American Lumberman, a well-educated and imaginative man, they decided to organize this fraternal association as a whimsical adjunct to the lumber industry.

CWC: It was a secret society, wasn't it? Just for the purpose of having fun?

SFH: Having fun, which principally consisted of the super-vigorous initiation of new candidates. I had to go through all that because Mr. Baird was the Scrivenoter, or secretary. The officers had fancy names, some derived from Alice in Wonderland—the chief executive officer was Snark of the Universe. But the Scrivenoter had the only salaried job--\$2,500 a year.

CWC: Do you know when the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo was founded?

SFH: About 1893. I got active in it in 1910 because Mr. Baird told me to go to a Hoo-Hoo Concatenation in Little Rock in connection with an Arkansas Retail Lumber

Association convention and join, so I did. Well, I won't go into the details about my initiation unless you want to hear them.

CWC: For the record, I think it would be interesting to know how the society operated and what lumbermen went through to get in.

SFH: Well, when I showed up at this convention in Little Rock and told the head man of the Hoo-Hoo, the Snark of the Universe, that my boss, Mr. Jim Baird the Scrivenoter, had told me to come over there and join, he said, "We'll initiate you at the meeting tonight. Of course, we can't show any favorites, but I ain't gonna subject one of Jim Baird's boys to the kind of initiation that we give everybody else. It's sorter rough." They had paddles that they paddled initiates with and subjected them to other indignities. But the Snark said, "We have to do something to show we're not giving you any preference. We hold the initiations in a place where another secret society has a lot of equipment to be used for that purpose, and they've got a cage about ten feet square that you can lock up candidates in to torment them. We'll put you in that cage, and you'll have to stand some ridicule, but you can see the other candidates getting beat up—and I promise you that there won't be anybody lay a hand on you. You'll just be a spectator. I don't want Jim to think that we mistreated you." So I felt appreciative when we proceeded on that basis.

There was an interval in the ceremonies of initiation when they took the candidates out to let 'em wash up. Before they brought them back the old members were strolling around, killing time. They'd come passing by and would taunt me or say something of a mock-abusive nature, but I thought, "Well, this is pretty easy."

But a retail lumberman and a sawmill man stopped right in front of my cage. The retail man said, "That last car of lumber you sent me was the lousiest car of lumber I ever saw." The sawmill man said, "What do you mean? What was the matter with it?" The retailer said, "Everything was the matter with it. It wasn't up to grade; it was short on the tally; anything that could be the matter with it, was the matter with it." The sawmill man said, "Well, you must be crazy. I tallied and loaded that lumber myself, and I know that it was all right and was what the order called for." The retailer said, "You mean to say I told a damn lie about it?" The sawmill man said, "Yes, that's what I mean." With that, the retailer pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and the sawmill man ran around to the back side of the cage and pulled a pistol out of his pocket, and they started shooting at each other, aiming through my cage. I was right in the middle of fire—there never was a man that got flatter on the floor. I got down like a lizard. It was like the Battle of Gettysburg—

bang, bang, bang—before they had fired all their cartridges, which were blanks, of course. They sure did give me an initiation. That was the way I got to be a full-fledged member of Hoo-Hoo, with an official number: 23839.

CWC: That's a memorable experience. What did the others go through in their initiations?

SFH: Oh, a lot of procedures designed to humiliate and inconvenience the candidates—paddling them, making them get down on their hands and knees, taking off their shoes and mixing 'em up with each other, pouring bird shot down the back of their necks. We kept all the initiation stuff in trunks at the Nashville office and sent it out to all the concatenations that were held.

Johnson wrote the Ritual, which he mendaciously said had been written several centuries before in Egypt—where the cat was worshipped—and had “cat” in every possible term or title: Custocatian, Concatenation, et cetera. I was finally a member of the Supreme Nine, a great honor in Hoo-Hoo. I never got to be Snark of the Universe, but I was Supreme Arcanober. I've got a button with a black cat on it; the symbol of the order was a black cat with his tail curled up into a figure nine, signifying the nine lives of the cat. The members were called “old cats,” and the initiates were called “kittens.” The annual meeting was held on the ninth day of the ninth month, beginning at nine minutes after nine o'clock.

CWC: How large was the membership of the Order of Hoo-Hoo?

SFH: Oh, several thousand. The order had financial difficulties after Mr. Baird died, but it survived and is still an active organization. I am a life member, from having been on the Supreme Nine, but I have not been active in it for years.

CWC: Did they meet in connection with lumber association conventions, when people would be together anyway?

SFH: Yes, they did that for a long time, but now they have autonomous local Hoo-Hoo clubs in various cities, which hold regular local meetings during the year. Originally they didn't have any definite purpose except brotherhood. A lot of people who joined would get mad when they had too vigorous an initiation, and wouldn't come back. [Laughter] But it's still going on with modified, more humane initiation ceremonies. They maintain the interest and activities of their members but their primary purpose now is to promote the use of wood.

CWC: Of the trade associations, which did you first see formed?

SFH: It would be hard for me to recall. As a matter of fact, that convention at Little Rock was the first I ever went to, and it as an association of retail lumber dealers.

CWC: What was the name?

SFH: Arkansas Retail Lumber Dealers Association. All the southern states—well, nearly all states—had state associations of retail dealers; and I helped start the Tennessee Retail Lumber Dealers Associations about forty years ago, I guess.

CWC: That would have been, perhaps, in the twenties?

SFH: Yes, and it's still going. The headquarters is in Nashville. The membership now includes not only retail lumber firms, but also retail dealers in building materials of all kinds.

CWC: Would you tell me what you did to get it under way?

SFH: Of course, I didn't start it single-handedly. Some of the retail lumbermen that I knew in Nashville, like Dick Norvell of Norvell and Wallace, and dealers in Memphis and other towns thought they ought to have an association and had a meeting in Nashville. Three or four people invited me to take part and give it publicity. Of course, that's one reason I was welcome at most of those meetings, because I gave them publicity in the Southern Lumberman.

CWC: Why was it decided to start one in Tennessee?

SFH: Just because other states were forming them, and we thought we ought to have one. The National Retail Lumber Dealers Association promoted those associations.

CWC: What was the advantage of having them?

SFH: Now that's a moot question. Somebody always suspected that they got together and fixed the prices of lumber; but that wasn't the purpose. They were interested in state legislation affecting the building of houses, more than anything else. Like the lien law that all the lumber dealers wanted, to protect their right to get paid for lumber they sold a man who subsequently didn't pay them.

CWC: Can you tell how that lien law worked, Mr. Horn?

SFH: The man who sold the lumber had a legal lien on it until the man who bought it, paid for it. Of course, that created problems about building material that had been incorporated into the building itself. Then it couldn't be physically reclaimed, unless the seller was like one local manufacturer of bricks and building material. He sold the bricks to a man to build a house and the man didn't pay him, so this brick manufacturer said, "Well, I've got a lien on 'em. I'll come get my bricks." The buyer said, "You'll have trouble getting them. I done built the house out of them." The dealer said, "I can unbuild the house." His family is still in business and one of them told me that he went out with some men with picks and shovels and started taking the bricks out of the side of the house. Said, "These are my bricks. You haven't paid for them; I'm gonna take 'em back." He hadn't got far with that before the man paid him. [Laughter]

CWC: How active was the Tennessee Retail Lumber Association?

SFH: Oh, it's still going on. It's bigger now than it was then.

CWC: Does it have annual meetings?

SFH: Yes. I have quit going to so many meetings, but when I was younger, I enjoyed going. Also it was easier to get to other places by riding the railroad. Ride to the nearest railroad station and then walk out to the sawmill; the sawmills were all generally on the railroad somewhere, usually not far from where the train stopped. I remember going down to Mississippi once when Mr. Baird sent me down there. He'd hear about somebody that had built a sawmill at, for instance, Belzoni, Mississippi, and say to me, "You go down and sell them an ad." So I went there and I called on them unsuccessfully.

Later on, I went back to try again, and the ticket-office man at Greenwood, Mississippi, said, "There's no such place as that on the line." I said, "Yes, there is." He said, "Well, you think you know more about it than I do?" I said, "If you don't know there's such a place, I do, because I've been there and I went there on the train." He said, "You didn't go from here." I said, "I went from the other end of the line," which was at Yazoo City. He said, "Well, if you think you know where it is, I'll sell you a ticket to the next station beyond there if you'll tell me what the name of that is," and I told him, and he sold me the ticket, and he said, "Now if you can get the conductor to stop the train where you say it is, some crossroads or switch, you'll be all right." So I did and that's the way I got to that place.

CWC: What was the first trade association higher than the state level that you were associated with?

SFH: The Southern Pine Association, which was the successor to the Yellow Pine Manufacturers Association that had been dissolved for "action in restraint of trade." But the pine manufacturers finally had a meeting down in New Orleans and organized the Southern Pine Association. That was in 1915, I remember very well, because Mr. Baird went to that meeting. Mr. Charlie Keith, president of a big sawmill firm, was the man who had drawn up the plan of organization for them. When Mr. Baird came back, I asked what they had done in New Orleans and he said, "Well, they organized." And I said, "Did they use Mr. Keith's plan?" And he said, "Yes, it was the best thing that was suggested and so they adopted it." Mr. Baird was killed just a few weeks after that, so that was my last conversation with him.

CWC: What do you know about the establishment of the Southern Pine Association in 1915, Mr. Horn?

SFH: Well, I wasn't there when they formed it, but I used to go to all their subsequent meetings. The big event was the annual meeting of such associations. Most of them were formed for the purpose of writing grading rules. You had to have uniform grading rules to conduct any business in such a commodity as lumber, so that was their primary purpose. If you bought a car of lumber, say Number One Common, a printed book of graded rules specified what Number One Common was, how many defects it could have, and so forth.

CWC: And it all had to conform to those specifications?

SFH: That's right. The Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, for instance, the organization that administers their grading rules, has just been turned over to the Southern Hardwood Lumber Manufacturers Association because they have inspectors to see whether the lumber comes up to grade.

CWC: Do the associations also provide official inspectors?

SFH: Yes, if necessary, in case of a dispute between buyer and seller. The National Hardwood Lumber Association, which has its headquarters in Chicago, is made up of manufacturers, wholesalers, and also some consumers of lumber, like furniture makers. They establish the official grading rules, and if they want to change the grades, everybody has to agree. They have a corps of official inspectors who can be called in to settle a dispute, but the original inspection is made by the shipper's inspectors and is reinspected by the buyer. The National Hardwood Lumber Association maintains a school in Memphis for the purpose of teaching

young men how to grade lumber. The graduates can generally get jobs; or, if you're a young man who's going to inherit your father's business, you would be sent to this school to learn how to turn those boards over and inspect them. A very interesting place.

CWC: Does the association pay the expense of the school?

SFH: The association maintains the school, but the students have to pay some nominal tuition fee, I think fifty dollars.

CWC: Do you know what Mr. Keith had in mind in establishing the Southern Pine Association?

SFH: He wasn't the only one who wanted to establish the association. But his having had experience with the previous association helped him to know what could be done and what could not. Still, at that time, the principal need was the establishment and administration of inspection rules for the grading of lumber.

CWC: How had this former association, the Yellow Pine Manufacturers Association, been set up, and what happened to it?

SFH: I don't know how it was set up. Just before I went to work for the Southern Lumberman, it had published, or had encouraged somebody else to publish, a basic list of prices for the various grades and sizes of lumber. It was not required that association members sell at those prices; they served as suggested guidelines. But what the Yellow Pine Manufacturers were doing was construed by the Department of Justice as being a "conspiracy in restraint of trade," and the association was dissolved. That was when I had just gone to work there and I didn't have any knowledge of what was going on. I was young, and didn't care.

CWC: How did they plan to avoid charges of price-fixing and monopoly in the Southern Pine Association?

SFH: They just didn't do any of those things that the government had said they couldn't do. They didn't distribute any price lists; or have anything to do with prices. And they were very, very strict about that.

CWC: Actually, of course, when lumbermen get together individually, they're going to talk about prices, I suppose. But not in an association meeting.

SFH: Naturally, when two persons are discussing the market, there's no law against their telling what their prices are—but that's not a "conspiracy in restraint of trade," which is illegal.

When the hardwood manufacturers organized the Hardwood Institute, they adopted what was called an "open competition plan," in which the association sent to its members the information about what they were actually selling their lumber for. I remember when they were discussing the adoption of this plan, one old sawmill man said, "Well, now, this may be all right, but it will blow as well as it'll suck. It might result in increasing prices, an indirect way of seeing prices go up, somebody trying to get a higher price for his lumber than he has been getting. But, on the other hand, if prices start down, it'll encourage him to sell his at a little bit lower price to undercut his competitors and get rid of his lumber before the price goes any lower. And that'll knock the bottom out of the market just the same as it'll build up a high ceiling for it." That was true, of course. But the U. S. Department of Justice charged that the "open competition plan" was clearly illegal in its result, which was higher prices.

CWC: Could you explain a little more about how the open competition plan worked?

SFH: Yes, reporting the prices at which sales had actually been made. Lawyers had told them when they organized, "That's not against the law. That's news. If I sell a car of lumber for so many dollars a thousand and tell you about it, or let somebody print it in the paper, you don't have to charge that price for yours; you might want to sell yours for less than that. But it will give you an idea of what's going on."

The court held that its basic purpose was to raise prices, and they issued a "cease and desist" injunction against the members of the Institute engaging in this activity. I went to all the hearings, up to the Supreme Court, and heard all the arguments on it. The federal government's attorneys said, "Regardless of whether it's technically within the law, the effect is to raise prices, and the desire to fix was there, and you have to stop it." The Institute said they weren't taking any action to affect prices; they were just telling people what the prices were at which the lumber had been sold. The government said, nevertheless, that might be true, but the intent was to control production and thereby make prices go up.

One of the pieces of the evidence that the government mentioned in support of their charge was that the Institute had circulated copies of an editorial I had written in the Southern Lumberman urging the lumbermen not to jeopardize the strength of the market by overproduction, because that inevitably would ruin the market. I said that it was an obvious and basic principle, set out by Adam Smith in

his “supply-and-demand” theory: If you had too big a supply and it exceeded demand, prices would go down.

I felt that I was personally involved in the suit, although I wasn’t a defendant. My editorial had been headed “Don’t Kill the Goose That Lays the Golden Egg.” The government’s lawyers quoted that as strong evidence that they were trying to control production—although, of course, they could not prove that the association had any connection with my writing it, because they hadn’t.

The government’s lawyer, in presenting the case to the Supreme Court, said, “It’s ridiculous to say that this is not designed to affect prices. These men are all supposed to be competitors—but they’re not competitors if they tell what they’re selling their lumber for. If you’re in a poker game, everybody has five cards; a player doesn’t lay his cards down in front of him and then insist on saying that we all are competing, because there can’t be any competition if you know what the other man’s got.” Our lawyer, I thought very cleverly, said when he got to that stage of his rebuttal, “That might sound like a good argument to you distinguished gentlemen on the other side, but evidently your lawyer’s knowledge of playing poker has been confined to draw poker. These men weren’t playing draw poker; they were playing stud poker. Four of their cards were visible, but the card in the hole was a secret. That is what these men were playing; they were willing to tell you what they got for their lumber, but they didn’t tell you who they sold it to, or exactly what kind of service they gave with it, and many other things that would help a man get the sale against the competition of somebody who had the same price.”

But the members of the court held that it was possible to have a meeting of the minds without any tangible evidence. This plan, the court said, evidently was designed for, or at least would result in, bringing about an equality of prices, and was therefore illegal.

CWC: Would you discuss the suit the government brought against the Southern Pine Association?

SFH: After the Southern Pine Association got under way, even though they religiously avoided any mention of prices or any action to control or affect them, the government took the position that the association did make efforts to reduce the production of lumber, which could have the effect of raising prices, and that that was a violation of the spirit of the law. One of the instrumentalities for carrying on that conspiracy, it was charged, was to publish what they called a “barometer” showing the total lumber production of association members; and also the sales

and shipments every week. That barometer was distributed to all the members of the association and was also sent to all the lumber trade papers. Most of them published it because it gave the best picture of the southern pine market.

So, the Department of Justice's suit against the Southern Pine Association included the trade papers which had published these barometers, charging that that was part of the conspiracy, but of course it was not.

We published it voluntarily as a means of giving our subscribers this information. When the Southern Pine Association arranged to hire extra counsel to defend themselves against the charges, they notified the trade papers that they would also defend them. The association appointed a committee to prepare its legal defense in cooperation with Mr. Keith, who was the president of the association, and the association's attorney, and a special attorney whom they hired for this particular purpose. They invited the trade paper people to designate a member to the committee to represent them, and Mr. Keith asked that I be that member, which was done.

CWC: Why did Mr. Keith select you?

SFH: I often wondered. I was the youngest and some of these old heads, who had been in the trade paper business long before I was, didn't like it. But I thought maybe Mr. Keith didn't like any of the old-time editors. My contacts with him had always been pleasant, but I had never thought that I was by any means any pet of his. I liked to think that maybe I was being recognized as a person who knew what was going on and might have a fresher point of view. Anyhow, I went to St. Louis, where the committee met for two weeks, and attended the committee meeting with the counsel every day. I seldom said anything—unless I was asked a question.

CWC: Do you remember when this was, Mr. Horn?

SFH: I can remember definitely when it was because it was a date that can easily be determined from history: Woodrow Wilson ended his administration as president and Harding replaced him. We discussed it that day—March 4, 1921.

CWC: Why do you remember the discussion?

SFH: Mr. Keith was a man of strong convictions and stronger language; he had a wonderful vocabulary of profanity, and used it freely. An exact quotation of his language on this occasion might foul the record.

CWC: I suspect he was proud of his views; we'll take a chance on that.

SFH: Well, every day at noon Mr. Keith took the members of the committee out to lunch at his club. He was a man who did everything according to the book, according to rules, regulations, and his plans. We left his office just before twelve o'clock so we could get to the club just after twelve o'clock. We went out the front door of the office building that particular day, and there was a bell in the church across the street that rang every day at noon. When it started to ring, Mr. Keith held up his hands and said, "Everybody stand still. Stop!" Somebody said, "What for?" He said, "It's twelve o'clock noon." We were still a little slow on the uptake, so somebody said, "Well, what about it? Suppose it is?" He said, "The son-of-a-bitch is gone." Then somebody said, "What son-of-a-bitch?" He said, "Woodrow Wilson. He is the supreme son-of-a-bitch of all time. We are now relieved of the burden of having him in the White House."

CWC: It had been under the Wilson's administration, of course, that the suit against Southern Pine was brought.

SFH: Yes.

CWC: Besides these hearings, where else did you go in connection with the suit?

SFH: Mr. Keith claimed that the judge of the federal court in St. Louis, where the trial was going to be held, should be disqualified because he had been judge in some previous litigation in which Mr. Keith was involved. In that case the judge had said that Keith was the ringleader of whatever it was, and that he was managing his illegal activity "from that bad eminence" which he occupied in negotiations. That was a quotation from Milton's Paradise Lost, about Satan's operating from that "bad eminence." That, said Mr. Keith, was equating him with Satan, and he thought that obviously disqualified the judge from giving him a fair trial. Our lawyer said, "Well, a judge is always slow to recuse himself, but we'll ask him to do so. To be on the safe side, however, we must prepare a defense; so if he says he won't recuse himself, we've got to be ready to proceed with the trial." So we prepared the defense we would make if the trial continued.

When we got down to St. Louis and the court was convened, our lawyer filed the application for the judge's recusal of himself and recited that when he had said Mr. Keith operated from "that bad eminence," he was equating Mr. Keith with Satan, who was described in similar terms in Milton's Paradise Lost. The government lawyer rose to oppose the recusal and started off by saying, "Your honor, I'm sure that when you used those particular words in describing Mr. Keith, you had no

idea of comparing him with Satan. You probably didn't recognize it as being a quotation from Paradise Lost." At that, the judge interrupted him and said, "I don't plead ignorance of the classics. What Mr. Keith says is true and I recuse myself." Then he got up and walked out.

So I said to our lawyer, "What do we do now?" He said, "We go home." And I said, "What about the lawsuit?" He said, "They'll have to send it to some other federal court. They can't try it in St. Louis. We'll just have to wait and see where they assign it." After about a month it was set to be heard in Minneapolis; but they didn't set any date—and they never did. The Southern Pine Association several times demanded a trial, and finally filed a plea demanding either give us a trial or dismiss the case. It was dismissed by the Department of Justice.

CWC: Did you go to Washington, D.C., with this?

SFH: No.

CWC: During the several decades that you have been connected with the Southern Lumberman, did you become personally acquainted with nationally prominent heads of the lumber manufacturing companies in the South or elsewhere?

SFH: Yes, looking back on my experience in those years, I count as one of the benefits I greatly appreciate the privilege of knowing those men regarded as leaders in the trade. Nashville at that time was the location of a large number of sawmills cutting hardwood lumber; so naturally, my first contacts and acquaintances were with the hardwood branch of the industry, not only in Tennessee but in the other states of the Mississippi River where hardwood lumber was manufactured and consumed. At that time, Mr. John B. Ransom was an outstanding figure in the hardwood trade, operating a big sawmill and a hardwood flooring manufacturing plant here in Nashville. He also served as president of the Hardwood Lumber Manufacturers Association of the United States, which had its national headquarters in Nashville during his incumbency.

As the name indicates, membership in this association was confined to hardwood manufacturers. There was also the National Hardwood Lumber Association, the members of which were wholesale hardwood dealers as well as manufacturers. Since both these associations sponsored grading rules for hardwood lumber, there was some friction between them. I attended the conventions of both associations and made friends among the leaders of both groups, but successfully avoided becoming involved in association politics.

Several decades ago the Hardwood Manufacturers Association was dissolved, leaving the official grading and inspection rules to the National Hardwood Lumber Association. At that time the leading spirits in the Hardwood Manufacturers Association in addition to Mr. Ransom were W. M. Ritter, Rufus VanSant, Sam Nickey, and Bob Carrier—all of whom I had the privilege of knowing, though not intimately. In later years leading figures in the NHLA were John McClure, H. B. Curtin, Earl Palmer, John Shafer, and, later, Jim Hamer, Howard Hanlon, Mike Millett, Jack Veach, and others.

I became editor of the Southern Lumberman in 1925, around the time the Southern Pine Association was organized. I attended all their annual conventions and other meetings, and thus had personal contacts with such “giants” in the pine industry as John Henry Kirby, Henry Hardtner and his brother Quentin, Mark Fleishel, Ernest Kurth, the McGowin family, Dick Warner, Bill Harrigan, and many others. The association’s leaders evidently considered me sufficiently knowledgeable about their branch of the industry, because they paid me a substantial fee to write a brochure entitled “The Southern Pine Story”, which is still in print.

Another active organization in those days was the Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, which had its headquarters first in New Orleans and later in Jacksonville, Florida. Mark Fleishel was active in this association, along with Rust Macpherson, and others.

In 1900 the National Lumber Manufacturers Association was organized. The membership was composed of the various regional associations devoted to the interests of both softwoods and hardwoods manufacturers. I attended their annual meetings, where I made the acquaintance of the country’s leading individuals in the production of lumber. Through these meetings I also came to know prominent men in other areas of the industry, such as Fred Weyerhaeuser, Dave Winton, and Leonard Carpenter. They helped lay the foundation of the Forest Products History Society by financing what was originally called the Forest History Foundation, of which I was honored to be named a corporate member. My contacts with the officers of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association at their annual meetings also resulted in an invitation to serve as Master of Ceremonies at their fiftieth anniversary meeting in St. Louis in 1952.

So, apparently, in spite of the regional connotation of the name “Southern Lumberman,” I did acquire a general understanding of the problems and accomplishments of our country’s lumber industry, and some nationwide status as a competent observer and commentator on the industry’s activities. As further confirmation, a few years ago the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., a

national organization representing the manufacturers of lumber, plywood, and other forest products, both hardwoods and softwoods, presented me their annual award for “Distinguished Service to the Forest Industry.”

CWC: Mr. Horn, you’ve certainly known some very interesting people. Could we talk about a few of them?

SFH: I got to know a man well who worked for the American Lumberman when I first started at the Southern Lumberman. I don’t think Mr. Baird would have enjoyed my fraternizing with somebody who worked for another paper, but Bolling Arthur Johnson was the man. He was a huge person who weighed well over three hundred pounds and had bushy black hair and a long black moustache—an impressive-looking person with a deep bass voice. You could hear him a block away. Johnson was a gourmand; he didn’t drink to excess, but he ate to excess. He finally died on a train going from DeFuniak Springs in Florida to Chicago. The man that he’d been staying with in Florida told me later that he told Johnson at supper the last night he was there, “It’s terrible for a host to tell a guest he’s eating too much, but you’re going to kill yourself.” And, sure enough, Johnson did die in his sleep that night on the train going back to Chicago.

Well, he and I had an interest in history and we became friendly, although I was a good deal younger than he was. We had a man working for us New Orleans who went with me once to a lumber convention in Chicago, and Johnson invited us out to his home to have supper with him and his wife. We went, and were astounded to see that he had a picture of Robert E. Lee in his parlor. (We learned later that Johnson’s wife had come from the South somewhere, but we didn’t know that then.) After we had left Johnson’s house that night, I said to this man from New Orleans, “I was surprised to find that Johnson had a picture of Robert E. Lee in his house.” He said, “I wasn’t surprised. He’s a natural-born copperhead. If he lived in the south, he’d have had a picture of Abraham Lincoln in his house.” [Laughter]

I enjoyed knowing Johnson. He finally quit the American Lumberman and started a lumber paper of his own. It was a one-man paper, but he knew a lot of men who bought advertising from him just to give him an income. He traveled around amongst the lumber firms and at association meetings, so I got to know him right well. He not only had an unusual appearance physically, but he had an interesting background. He went to the performance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau and traveled around the United States giving an illustrated lecture before he went to work for the American Lumberman.

I don't know whether I ever told you about our experience with "John Wilkes Booth."

CWC: No, sir.

SFH: It was almost unbelievable. There was a lumber meeting in Memphis about twenty years ago, where I encountered Johnson; and as soon as he saw me there, he said, "Did you ever read a book called The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth?" I said yes. He said, "It was written by a man named Bates, who lived in Memphis." I said, "Yes, I know it. I've read it—read it long ago." He said, "Well, what do you think about it?" I said, "Well, he says that John Wilkes Booth escaped and lived in Texas, where Bates knew him under the assumed name of John St. Helen and that he finally committed suicide. When this man committed suicide several years later, nobody claimed his body and the undertakers sent it to Bates because something in the man's effects indicated that Bates had been his lawyer at one time." Johnson was excited by this and said, "Do you know Bates?" I said, "No, I wasn't sufficiently interested to get acquainted with him." And he said, "Well, he lives in Memphis." I said, "I know it. Call him up if you want to go and see him." So he said, "Will you go with me if I make a date?" I said yes. So he went to the telephone and came back very much downcast, telling me: "Bates is dead. But I talked to his wife and she said she'd be glad to see us if we want to come out and talk about his book."*

So we went out there that night. Mrs. Bates had a big pasteboard suit-box full of documents, letters, and affidavits that Mr. Bates had collected when he got interested in the theory that John Wilkes Booth was not the man killed in the Garrett barn, that he escaped and lived in Texas under an assumed name. After living there peacefully for several years, the book said, he thought he was going to die and sent for Mr. Bates to come to what he thought was his deathbed. He had then told Bates that he was John Wilkes Booth, and he just wanted to confess that to somebody before he died. But he got well, moved up to Oklahoma, and told Bates not to tell anything about what he had told him when he thought he was dying, to forget it.

When he did commit suicide in Oklahoma, Bates wound up with the embalmed body of Booth—or whoever it was. I didn't know about the body, but I had read the book. I thought this was just another one of those postwar fakes who claimed

* Written by Finis L. Bates, a Memphis lawyer, and in 1907 privately printed in paperback by the Bates Publishing Company of Memphis. "Written for the correction of history."

to be Booth. But Mrs. Bates showed us affidavits in which people swore that they had said at the time that the man who was killed at Garrett's barn was not John Wilkes Booth because they knew him and knew what he looked like, and that the man killed in the barn was definitely not Booth. Johnson finally, after we sat there until about midnight looking at these affidavits and letters, and still hadn't looked at all of them, said, "We've got to go."

Earlier in the conversation, Johnson had said to Mrs. Bates, "I understood that Mr. Bates had Booth's body." She said, "We did have it, but it's being exhibited in California now." As we hadn't finished looking at the documents, Johnson asked her if we might come back the next night and finish looking at them. She said yes, so we did. When we started to leave that second night, she said, "You men are interested in that body, and I think it's more than just idle curiosity. It's out in the barn, and I'll get my son to show it to you." My eyes liked to have popped out when she said that, but we eagerly accepted her suggestion and went out to the barn with young Mr. Bates.

There was a stepladder out there, and this embalmed body of the alleged John Wilkes Booth was in a big coffin box up on a shelf. We took turns climbing up the ladder to look at the body; and, after reading all those affidavits, it wasn't hard to believe that just possibly it might be Booth's body. Johnson said he believed it was; said he felt of his leg and it was broken, also had a scar over his eye, same as Booth did. I saw the scar and also the apparently broken leg, but I did not examine them closely. In the taxicab on the way back to the hotel, after a long silence Johnson said solemnly, "By the Eternal, I have stood in the presence of John Wilkes Booth this night!"

When I got home and told my wife about it, she said, "Did you touch that thing?" I said, "No. I didn't put my hands on it." She said, "I'm glad of that."

Anyhow, the next day Johnson said to me, "We ought to buy that body. I believe Mrs. Bates would sell it for \$10,000." I said, "Well, I reckon so, but I don't want to pay \$5,000 for a half-interest in an embalmed corpse, so you can count me out." We dropped that. But when I saw Johnson at the Cypress Association in Jacksonville about a year after that, as soon as he saw me he said, "I want to see you; I've got something to tell you." I said, "What?" He said, "We ought to have bought that body of Booth's. Somebody else bought and they're exhibiting it around the country, making lots of money." I said, "Well, that suits me fine. I lost interest in it."

Then, I don't know what made me say this except that Johnson seemed so upset, I said, "I lost interest after I saw that piece in Harper's Magazine about the Booth case." He said, "What piece?" I knew he didn't read Harper's. I said, "Well, it said that not only was John Wilkes Booth not killed, but Abraham Lincoln wasn't killed, either. That was all a hoax. Abraham Lincoln had bungled the management of his war and was so very unpopular he just fled the country, and his friends told that assassination story as a coverup of his flight." Johnson said, "Where did he go?" I said, "Arabia." [Laughter] He said, "I never heard about that. I'll have to look into that." It happened that Johnson dropped dead on the train that night on the way back to Chicago after I told him that monstrous falsehood, and I wondered if that was marked up against me when he got up to Heaven and found out that I had manufactured that story on the spur of the moment.

CWC: I think he appreciated practical jokes, too, didn't he?

SFH: Yes, he did; maybe he and St. Peter had a good laugh.

CWC: The Southern Lumberman has been published under the same name since 1881?

SFH: That's right.

CWC: Therefore it is the oldest lumber paper in existence now, and you will celebrate its hundredth anniversary in five years.

SFH: I'm sure the anniversary will be celebrated; I hope I'm here to take part.

CWC: I think that there's a good chance, Mr. Horn, a very good chance.

SFH: Most of my relations with practically all of our competitors as I was coming up were friendly. I couldn't see being on bad terms with people just because they were competitors.

CWC: Did you ever exchange material with them?

SFH: No, but they did lift some of our news stories sometimes. Jack Dionne, who ran a paper called the Gulf Coast Lumberman in Houston, Texas, joked about it. He would lean over me when I was reporting a meeting and say, "Be careful what you're doing; I don't want no errors in my paper when I copy this." He and I were good friends all his life.

[Mr. Horn is looking at a list of names submitted for discussion.]

I told you about Henry Hardtner. Dr. Schenck was the man who started the Biltmore Forest School.*

CWC: Was he a forester?

SFH: Yes, probably the first professional forester in this country. He was a German, had a bristling moustache like the Kaiser. Very competent in his field. But when World War I came in 1914, he went back to Germany. The young men who were students in the Biltmore Forest School which he founded, in Asheville, North Carolina, thought very highly of him. Mr. Vanderbilt, who built his new home, Biltmore, there at Asheville, had hired Schenck to take care of the forests. The story was that Mr. Vanderbilt got up on the front porch of the old Battery Park Hotel and told Schenck that he wanted to buy all the land he could see from there. He wanted to be able to own everything that he could see—and I think he came close to doing that. But, on the other hand, people told me what a nice fellow Mr. Vanderbilt was, how popular he was with the natives. Must have been. He brought Schenck there, and that was great; and he financed the Biltmore Forest School there. I later got to know those men who had been in the school, but by that time Schenck had gone back to Germany, so I never did have any personal contact with him. But I know he had a great influence.

CWC: Was his influence mainly in the forestry school?

SFH: Yes, that was it entirely. Few people knew much then about forestry, and there were very few professional foresters.

Of course, there were the McGowins at Chapman, Alabama, whom I told about earlier. Several decades ago, Mr. Greeley McGowin and his brother, who were natives of south Alabama, bought the W. T. Smith Lumber Company that was already in operation at Chapman. Mr. McGowin was a fine lumberman, and I knew him and his wife and his children—four boys and a daughter. Mr. McGowin's oldest son was Floyd McGowin, who graduated from the University of Alabama. Floyd had said he wanted to go to New York and take a course in

* For more information see Carl Alwin Schenck, The Biltmore Story: Recollections of the Beginning of Forestry in the United States, Ovid Butler, ed. (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society, 1955). Reprinted under the title of The Birth of Forestry in America: Biltmore Forest School, 1898-1913 (Santa Cruz: Forest History Society and the Appalachian Consortium, 1974.)

literature at Columbia. Mr. McGowin said, "If you want to go to New York for a year, that's all right. But at the end of the year, you come back here. You're in the lumber business."

The next year, his next son, Earl, graduated from Alabama and became a Rhodes scholar. I think Mr. McGowin may have felt that Earl shouldn't have any advantages that his older brother didn't have; anyhow, when Earl went to Oxford, Mr. McGowin arranged to have Floyd go also, as a paying student. They occupied a room at Pembroke College that Dr. Samuel Johnson had occupied when he was a student there, and both became devoted Johnsonians. When they left to go to Oxford, their father told me, "I want to subscribe to the Southern Lumberman for them while they are over there." I said, "Mr. McGowin, they won't read the Southern Lumberman over there." He said, "I don't care if they read it or not. I want it to come in there every week to remind them that they're still in the lumber business."

When they got back, I was at the first association meeting that Floyd went to, and he looked me up and introduced himself. I knew who he was by sight. He said that his father had told him to look me up and ask me to introduce him to anybody he wanted to meet. So Floyd and I got to be close friends. All of them—Earl and the younger brother, Julian, who was very much interested in forestry—became my friends. The fourth son, Nicholas, wasn't interested in the lumber business, so he became a lawyer and is now practicing law in Mobile.

CWC: What do you remember about Mr. McGowin, Senior?

SFH: He was a fine man with a very fine wife; both of them personable and extremely intelligent. Mr. McGowin was highly regarded in the trade. He may not have had the vision that his sons later displayed, because he thought they had just about cut out all their timber and would have to move on or go into some other line of business. He was an active and influential figure in industry association affairs, of character and integrity second to none.

The Kelloggs of Louisiana, hardwood people, were good friends of mine. They were a remarkable family—five brothers, prominent in the lumber industry for many years. Lawrence, who died recently, had been president of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. His last surviving brother, Walter, retired from active business a few years ago, and died last year.

John Henry Kirby, for many years head of the Kirby Lumber Company, was a prominent executive in the southern pine industry, a generous philanthropist and

an outstanding individualist. He had some extravagant ideas, and he was in financial difficulties more than once, but he was a recognized leader of the southern pine industry as long as he lived. I can't help feeling kindly toward him; he was always mighty nice to me. I was a very much younger man, relatively unimportant, but he always remembered who I was, and had something pleasant to say every time I saw him. Very cordial. Some of the other prominent lumbermen, like Mr. R. A. Long of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, for instance, couldn't remember any small fry. He was an austere "big shot." Mr. Kirby was a genial man with an attractive personality, and he was a highly intelligent man of strong principles. He was a dyed-in-the-wool constitutionalist, and he was against the way the country was being run.

CWC: What attitude toward government did most of the lumbermen you knew have?

SFH: I think Mr. Kirby was probably more articulate than most, but I think they all agreed with his conservatism.

Ernest Kurth was a wonderful man; a top-ranking lumberman in Texas. Ernest had a cancer in his throat removed and replaced with an artificial throat that he had to pump up when he wanted to talk. He talked like a man writing a telegram, just enough words to convey the idea. But it didn't slow him down; he did more after he suffered that affliction than before. He organized the Southland Paper Company as soon as it was discovered that paper could be made from southern pine, and the company has been notably successful.

The Watzeks, the Crossetts, and the Gates families all operated in Arkansas. Fred Reimers was in Louisiana, had a sawmill down at Natalbany. The Dantzlars were down on the Gulf Coast; I knew them well. They're still there, have great holdings of timberlands.

CWC: What do you remember about the Dantzlars?

SFH: They were originally lumbermen, but they had vision about the value of acquiring land, even cutover land. It's a very wealthy family now. One of them is now in the export pine-lumber business in Florida; another married a girl from Nashville and I see him here occasionally. They are not operating lumber mills now.

Cap Eldredge, of course, was a forester in the U. S. Forest Service.* I knew him better by correspondence, because we used to have articles written by people in the Forest Service and the experiment stations, and he was in charge of the Forest Survey conducted by the Forest Service in the South. He was a great influence.

CWC: Mr. Horn, for a while I'd like to talk about accomplishments incidental to your publishing career.

SFH: Well, the Civil War Round Table was originally called the Chicago Civil War Round Table. It was started by Ralph Newman and Otto Eisenschimmel and two or three others who thought the Chicago Historical Society wasn't paying enough attention to the Civil War. So they broke away from the historical society and started this Round Table to be concerned exclusively with the Civil War. Ralph Newman was running a small bookshop in an office at that time. He didn't have many books, but he had an ambition, energy, and intense interest in books about the Civil War—he was an excellent merchant. When the Second World War came, he knew enough influential people to get in the Navy quick, and was assigned to the Coast Guard Station in Chicago. His wife kept the office open, when he was out of the Station, but a large part of the time he was back in the bookstore, and that's when I first knew him.

After the war was over and he started back with his bookshop, whenever I wrote a book about the Civil War, he would invite me to come up and autograph copies. After I quit writing books, I didn't have any more close contacts with Ralph; but I was invited up two or three times to talk to the Chicago Civil War Round Table, and they made me an honorary life member. Early this year they wanted to give me a "distinguished award" and have me make a speech accepting it. And I said, "Well, I just can't make a trip to Chicago. There's no way to get to Chicago from here. I don't like to fly, my wife doesn't like for me to fly, and I don't want to drive up there." I don't think they liked that, so they gave the award to somebody else.

CWC: But you are a life member?

* See pages 1-100 in Inman F. Eldredge, Elwood L. Demmon, Walter J. Damtoft, and Clinton Huxley Coulter, Voices from the South: Recollections of Four Foresters, interviews conducted by Elwood R. Maunder (Santa Cruz: Forest History Society, 1977.)

SFH: Oh, yes, they didn't take that away from me. I'm not writing any more books, so Ralph's no longer interested in me.

CWC: Did you go to many Civil War Round Table meetings?

SFH: I don't go anymore. There's no Civil War Round Table in Nashville; but I used to go with the Chicago club on some of their trips down around Richmond; that's easy to get to. I've been with them at these battlefields around Nashville two or three times, to Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Shiloh, et cetera. I've enjoyed being a member of the Civil War Round Table. Just a few months ago, about six or eight members from various parts of the country congregated in Louisville, hired a small bus, came down here, and had made arrangements with me to go around with them to the battlefields of Nashville and the battlefield of Spring Hill.

CWC: And you were their tour guide here?

SFH: Yes, and I've taken lots of people around our local and regional battlefields, including General William Westmoreland. He was the commanding officer at Camp Campbell, which is near here; he wanted to find somebody who knew about the battlefield of Nashville.

CWC: Where do most of your requests come from to show people around the battlefield?

SFH: They come from groups and from individuals. Not very long ago, a lady with her young daughter looked me up and said that her grandfather was in the Federal army in the battle of Nashville, and somebody told her that I could tell her where the battle was fought, also where her grandfather probably was during the battle. Fortunately, I did. She knew what his command was, and I knew where they were on the battlefield, so I spent half a day taking her and her daughter over to show them the rock wall where her grandfather's outfit was stationed. She never even said thank you.

CWC: Do you get requests from the city of Nashville when visitors want to be shown around?

SFH: Yes, oh yes, all the time. But, as I say, whenever it is young people, I stop whatever I'm doing to take them out.

CWC: Do you like working with young people?

SFH: I like to encourage them to be interested in history; and, if they want to look at the battlefield, I'll show it to them. And I've appeared on television programs about the Battle of Nashville and similar subjects.

CWC: You have studied the entire Civil War. Have you gone to all the battlefields?

SFH: Yes. When I was writing about Robert E. Lee, for example, I went to all the Virginia battlefields. You can tell sometimes, when reading a book or an article, that the writer never saw what he was writing about.

CWC: There's no substitute, I'm sure, for having seen the place.

SFH: I knew Otto Eisenschimmel, who was a prominent Civil War scholar. My first acquaintance with him was through the McGowins. He said he never found anybody who could show him the battlefield of Nashville. He had been to Nashville once or twice on business, and people he asked about the battle here had always taken him out and shown him Fort Negley. Well, that didn't have much to do with the Battle of Nashville, and Otto knew it. That was one of the federal fortifications for the defense of Nashville, after the city was captured early in 1862. The big guns at Fort Negley were fired during the Battle of Nashville, just like the Chinese, whose theory is to make a lot of noise even if the battle is not in range of your guns. But Otto wanted to be right on the spot. So I could show him those places around here and he delighted in that. He made several trips down here. I liked Otto.

CWC: You have also been active, Mr. Horn, with the Tennessee Historical Society. How did that happen?

SFH: The Society was started way back in 1819, and was incorporated under a charter in 1840. During the Depression, however, a lot of groups fell by the wayside and the Historical Society was one of them. In 1940, when Prentice Cooper took office as governor of Tennessee, he wanted to see the Historical Society revived and the Tennessee Historical Commission revitalized; so he appointed a new secretary for the Commission, and it developed into a valuable and respected agency of the state.

Then Governor Cooper told me he'd like me to try to revive the Tennessee Historical Society; and, by what authority I don't know, he made me president of the Society. The Society, an independent, privately operated organization, had just faded into complete inactivity. It had a minute book of past meetings but there was no money in the bank. They had, and still have, the \$10,000 bequest that

General Thruston (a federal soldier who married a Nashville girl) left when he died. But they didn't have any membership list, so I just had to build one. I enlisted the help of Pink [J. Pinckney] Lawrence. I made him chairman of the membership committee, and he worked hard at it; I couldn't have brought the Society back to life without his energetic and competent help.

Robert Quarles had been secretary and he was a slow mover, but he had more history in his head than there was in the books about the Historical Society.

CWC: Who else worked with you in rebuilding it, Mr. Horn, besides Mr. Quarles and Mr. Lawrence?

SFH: Well, Vernon Sharp, Sam Fleming, and one or two other people who were friends of mine and had an interest in preserving the state's history. It was slow, but we kept going. The Society has a big membership now and seems to be doing well, but in my old age I've quit going to the meetings.

CWC: So you took the Society, which had no members as far as you could find, and built up the membership until it now has, I believe, more than 3,000 members.

SFH: I don't know how many it has now; we could ask Pink. He's responsible for a large percentage of those members, and he brought influential, well-to-do people in.

CWC: There's always the problem of finding interesting topics. You've been a member of the Society for a long time, haven't you?

SFH: Yes, I'm a life member. I bought that membership when I was trying to get it back on its feet.

CWC: And you were the first president after the Society was reorganized under Prentice Cooper.

SFH: Yes.

CWC: How long did you serve?

SFH: I discovered that, in the past, the Society's presidents served for the duration of their lives. I was the seventh president in a hundred years. After I had been president about fourteen years, and showed no signs of dying, I had the bylaws

changed to provide that a president could be elected for a one-year term and could be reelected for a second term, but that was all.

CWC: That was in the 1950s?

SFH: Must have been. But I have been elected president since then for a couple of terms. During the Civil War Centennial, when I had been appointed chairman of the Tennessee Civil War Commission, the Historical Society elected me president for two terms, which I greatly appreciated.

CWC: What did you aim to do, other than increase membership?

SFH: One aim was to resume publication of the Tennessee Historical Quarterly; also to build up the Society to where it would have some influence in creating and sustaining greater interest in Tennessee's history, and try to have a good program at every meeting. We had some excellent papers read.

CWC: What sort of programs did you try to arrange?

SFH: They were provided by the program committee, but I worked with them. Naturally, we wanted the papers to relate to the history of Tennessee. Also, we hoped they would be interesting enough to make the hearers want to come to the next meeting. By request, I read a paper entitled "Twenty Tennessee Books." Somebody on the program committee had asked me if I'd write a paper on the "Twenty Best Tennessee Books." I said no, there's the factor of personal interest and opinion involved. I might write on the twenty best, and you might write on the twenty best, and we'd both be right. "There are nine and ninety ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right." That's what Kipling's man said, I believe. So I said I would write on "Twenty Tennessee Books," and I did, and it was printed in the Quarterly.

CWC: But you did not designate the best.

SFH: No. I said, "If you have these twenty books, you've got the beginning of a pretty fine Tennessee library." Later on, somebody I guess was hard up for a program and asked me, "How about writing a piece on 'Twenty More Tennessee Books'?", so I did. That's all I've done on that subject.

We had a program about Nashville during the Civil War, and one about Dr. Hudson, who was a physician during the Federal occupation of Nashville and lived out in North Nashville at the edge of town. He was a Confederate

sympathizer and had an underground system for escaped prisoners from the Federal prison here. If you could get to Dr. Hudson, he'd get you through the line and out of town.

Mr. mother's uncle, John Goodrich, was in the penitentiary. He was a Confederate scout who had been captured. He must not have had much judgment about things like that. He had his Confederate uniform under his saddle, and he had on a blue uniform, coming into Nashville. Naturally, he was sentenced to be executed, and awaiting his hanging was put in the Tennessee State Prison, which was being used as a political prison during the Federal occupation. In there with him were two young Nashville men who had been captured trying to get through the Federal lines, to get out of Nashville and go join the Confederate Army. One of them had a big knife and they cut a hole in the wooden door of their cell, made their way to Dr. Hudson's and got away. So I worked all that into my paper as one incident about Dr. Hudson. He also smuggled pistols to the soldiers.

INTERVIEW IV

August 11, 1976

Nashville, Tennessee

Charles W. Crawford: Mr. Horn, what are some of the changes that have occurred in lumbering since you became associated with the Southern Lumberman in 1908?

Stanley F. Horn: Well, in 1908, I remember these statistics, of any tree that was felled for the production of lumber, only 33 percent actually got made into lumber. When the tree was cut down and bucked into logs, and the logs hauled to the mill, there was left on the ground “woods waste”—the top of the tree, the limbs, and the stump—25 percent of the volume of the original tree. After the logs with bark were taken into the sawmill to be reduced to boards, there was another 37 percent reduction from the bark, sawdust, slabs taken off the sides of the log, the edges taken off the sides, and the ends that were cut off to reduce them to uniform lengths. In those days all the lumber was seasoned by air-drying, exposed to the sun and rain, resulting in degradation in the quality of lumber that amounted to about 5 percent seasoning waste, a total of 67 percent wasted. So the net volume that was made into lumber was 33 percent of the original log.

Technologically speaking, the American lumber industry in 1908 had come a long way during the two hundred years since Captain John Smith’s sawyers laboriously hacked out the first flat boards in Jamestown in 1608 and laid the foundation for the lumber industry in the United States. During the years I’ve been connected with the industry, it has fortunately made even greater progress than during its first two hundred years, so much so that today the manufacture of lumber approaches the status of an exact science.

Even the growing of trees is now on a scientific basis; that is, the trees that are grown by the manufacturers of lumber and other forest products. In addition to improvements in the methods of harvesting the trees and transforming them into lumber, reduction and utilization of waste, there is tremendous interest in the practice of reforestation by the application of scientific forest management. In the 1920s people with scientifically inclined minds began to study whether there could be some improvement in existing trees or whether there was any possibility of producing a new breed of trees. In 1949 the Committee for Southern Tree Improvement was organized, which resulted in the establishment of extensive seed orchards for developing strains of superior southern pine trees—trees of superior quality and superior size, in a shorter time. That resulted from the basic

research in selecting and setting aside the superior seeds developed from the cones gathered from the trees.

In 1970, the latest year I have any statistics for, thousands of pounds of such superior seeds were planted for the production of more than 125 million improved southern pine trees. This was the result of the continued efforts of research and action programs acting cooperatively with the forest products industries, the U. S. Forest Service, forestry departments of the universities—all seeking the common goal of providing more wood and shorter rotations to maintain a supply of timber for future generations.

In that connection, I would like to emphasize a feeling that I had even before I went to work for Southern Lumberman and learned something about the growth of trees. The tree is a marvelous chemical laboratory. Of all the plants, it is perhaps the most efficient converter of solar energy. Sunlight falling on its green, chlorophyll-bearing, leafy surfaces brings about, through the mysterious process of photosynthesis, a fusion of moisture and carbon dioxide molecules of air to produce in the tree the raw sugars and starches that are the staff of organic life. Now our research chemists are investigating the makeup of wood, in an effort to develop its greatest usefulness.

I believe I have talked about the changes in logging methods, getting the logs out of the woods and to the mills; and changes that have been made in the manufacturing processes. Changes have also been made in the seasoning of lumber through scientifically designed dry kilns, which can reduce the moisture content of hardwoods or softwoods to any desired percentage of moisture, making it possible for the softwood grading rules to be based on moisture content—it must be less than 19 percent to make a material that can be efficiently used.

I've also talked about the effect on the Southern lumber industry of the coming of the paper industry to this region. It created a greater drain on the timber supply, but it has also created a market for chips, so sawmills are now able to make more from wood that was formerly wasted. Chips from those sources now constitute about 25 percent of all chips that are reduced to pulp in the Southern paper mills.

CWC: What has been done about the wasting of tree roots?

SFH: That's such a recent development it's hard to say exactly what the ultimate utilization will be. The Southern Forest Experiment Station at New Orleans, operating out of its branch field laboratory around Alexandria [Louisiana], has devised a machine of tremendous strength to pull the tree up by its roots and chip

the root system, as well as the aboveground tree. If it proves practical on a big scale, this can mean a great increase in the supply of timber for commercial purposes, since it has been determined that chips made from the roots of the trees have the same chemical constituents as those made from the aboveground tree.

CWC: Do you suppose this practice will ultimately deplete the soil, since it does not leave any organic matter to decompose?

SFH: That point has been raised by some of the environmentalists, who are on the constant lookout for things they think do have a deleterious effect on anything; but it is my opinion that it will be a long, long time before this becomes a serious problem.

Similar to that root chipping development for logging small trees, there is now a machine called a "feller-buncher," which has a pair of power-driven sharp blades like greatly magnified pruning shears that will cut the tree off at the ground, like a pair of scissors cutting a rosebush. The machine then takes the branches off and an associated machine will pick up a bunch of those small trees with gigantic grapples and carry them to be loaded on trucks or maybe on trains to be shipped to pulp mills. That's one of the many things that are being done now, that I have seen developed, and that everybody would have told me, in 1908, was impossible.

CWC: What other feats being done now would have been considered impossible in 1908?

SFH: I think we've already gone into the development of logging equipment like crawler tractors and rubber-tired skidders that get logs that were inaccessible in the past. Also, there is a lot of difference in the treatment of wood now. By introducing the proper chemicals under pressure, you can make the wood last, nobody knows how long. Such material used in the construction of bridges and crossties for railroads has been in use for fifty or sixty years and is just as good as new. A similar procedure is used in treating wood to make it fireproof.

CWC: Mr. Horn, you've had two-thirds of a century to see accomplishments that once seemed impossible. In 1976, do you have any guesses about what directions forest-products use will take in the next two-thirds of a century?

SFH: I don't feel inclined to go out on that limb, because there are too many factors involved in speculating about what will become of the lumber industry. It would be hard for even the most daring prognosticator.

One of those factors is the increase in the use of particleboard, materials like Masonite, which are already competing vigorously with lumber and plywood. Basically they are chewed-up wood held together with adhesive and rolled out into sheets. I remember once I was at a lumber convention where one of the speakers said, as a sort of joke, "The time will come that we won't have any more sawmills. They'll just cut the trees down, chew 'em up and glue the pieces together, and make the boards that way." Makes you hesitate to laugh about almost any prediction.

I've learned while getting old that you can't shrug off even the most fantastic suggestions. After I've seen television and airplanes become commonplace, railroad passenger trains practically put out of business, I would hesitate to say that anything is impossible. In my youth that was a common metaphor: "You couldn't do that unless you could fly through the air," or, "Why, that's as impossible as going to the moon." [Laughter] That was the ultimate impossibility.

Of course, everybody knew that you couldn't send a telegram without wire. The wireless telegraph, as they called it when Marconi invented it, was one of those earthshaking changes that all the wiseacres had labeled as unthinkable—not to mention nuclear power.

CWC: Your life has encompassed the invention of radio, the automobile, the airplane, television, atomic energy, and space travel, hasn't it?

SFH: Yes. When I was in high school chemistry class, we were taught by the textbook, and our teacher, Mr. Patterson, that all matter was divided into twenty-six elements—gold, silver, tin, and so forth. I don't know why I ventured such a radical suggestion, unless I was just trying to make a smart-aleck comment, but I said, "Mr. Patterson, do you think they'll ever discover any other elements?" And he said sneeringly, "Don't be silly, Mr. Horn. I just got through telling you that all matter is divided into twenty-six elements. How could they find any other elements?" All my schoolmates laughed at me and my ignorance. Now I don't know how many hundreds of elements there are.

CWC: Do you remember your first sight of an airplane?

SFH: I remember when I was going to high school, the automobile, or "horseless carriage," had only recently been developed. Barney Oldfield, who was then the champion automobile racer, had built an automobile they said would go a mile a minute, and he was barnstorming around the country in exhibitions. He came to Nashville, where we had a mile racetrack for horse racing, and said he was going

to drive his car around this track in sixty seconds. Well, we were high school seniors, and there's nobody better informed than a high school senior, who said, "Well, you know he can't do that. The machine would fly all to pieces going a mile a minute." So those of us who could muster fifty cents to buy a ticket went to the racetrack to see him. He did it, and we watched in silent amazement, like "Stout Cortez's" men. I think of that often when I get out on the highway, or when it was legal to go sixty miles an hour, why, that was just slowing down traffic. People blowing horns at you to get out of the way.

So I didn't give much thought at that stage of my life to the possibility of flying, because it was generally conceded that it couldn't be done. The first airplane I saw was, again, at the racetrack here. Some flying star came to exhibit his flying machine, as they were called at that time. He claimed it would get off the ground, go up in the air, turn around, and come back. The speed at which he traveled wasn't a matter of any great importance; the fact that he could do it at all was.

CWC: Do you remember where that was?

SFH: Out at Cumberland Park, the present Fair Ground, at the racetrack. He didn't fly from here to some other place; he just went up and came down. When I was younger, there were occasional balloon ascensions here. They were great adventures we could understand, because we knew how to make a paper balloon and put hot air in to make it rise, but it generally caught fire. We didn't want to ride in the balloon but we'd go to these exhibitions. The balloon usually came down where it decided to; the man riding in it sometimes landed in a tree.

CWC: Do you remember when you saw that first airplane?

SFH: I think that was about 1910. In my souvenirs I ran across recently—I was throwing away a lot of stuff that used to seem important—I found a postcard that my wife-to-be sent me when she was visiting in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1910; there was a man, a barnstormer, flying around the country just to exhibit that the machine could fly. She thought it was sufficiently unusual and interesting to send me a postcard showing it.

CWC: Do you remember what that first plane looked like?

SFH: They were biplanes. Looked pretty clumsy, compared to what they have now. Of course, the man that was driving it was exposed to the elements. I don't remember the first plane I ever rode in, but that was considerably later, when they had commercial planes. I never was very enthusiastic about flying because it still

seems unnatural. I remember some vaudeville man had a standing joke that always got big laughs, "Flying is for birds, and there ain't no feathers on me."

My skepticism has been replaced by an unwillingness to doubt anything. I wouldn't be bold enough now to say there wouldn't come a time when a man could fly by himself and not have to go to airport and get in a machine or vehicle that's been built especially for flying. Do you think you could ever fly from here to Memphis, like a bird?

CWC: I think, Mr. Horn, that's only a little more unlikely than some of the other events you've seen in your life.

SFH: The older you get, the more reluctant you are to make any firm predictions—or to question any.

CWC: Do you remember when you heard the first radio?

SFH: Not exactly. I remember that a man I knew had a son who was fourteen or fifteen years old, and he could make a radio that was tuned with a "cat-whisker." You could hear music being broadcast from Pittsburgh; that was the only station you could hear anything from at that time. So I got this boy to make a radio for my boy. Let's see, my son was born in 1914 and he was ten years old in 1924, so that's about when I heard my first radio.

My son became so interested that, as he grew up, he developed into a shortwave or ham operator. By the time the Second World War came, he had married and had two children. He wanted to get into the war, but he was told not to volunteer; they'd draft him when they thought it was time for a man with two children to go. And he was drafted. When he went to the classification center, the classifier said, "Sure ain't gonna have to worry about where to send you. You go to Camp Crowder. That's where they train the radio operators." So he went to Camp Crowder in Missouri, and when he finished their course he was assigned to an Army transport carrying troops from Boston to Brest in France. He served as a radio operator until he was promoted to the rank of Battalion Sergeant Major of the ship's military personnel, which he said was the best job in the army. He was an enlisted man, wasn't an officer, but he had a bed to sleep in on the ship.

CWC: Do you remember the start of World War I?

SFH: Oh, yes, I remember it very well.

CWC: What were you doing?

SFH: It was just a few days after the war started, August 1, that I had been offered a job with the Philadelphia Ledger on the editorial page. The Ledger had a correspondent in Europe, so we had dispatches from him every day. I was getting close to the war, reading about the troops in Belgium. That was right at the beginning of the European war.

CWC: What service did you perform for the government during World War I?

SFH: Well, I was not in the Army or Navy, but I was in a sort of an unofficial position. It was sanctioned by the War Department as an adjunct to the Secret Service—what they now call intelligence. They had an undercover network all over the country, I understand. But here in the outskirts of Nashville, the DuPonts had built for the federal government a smokeless powder mill to manufacture gunpowder. It was said to be the biggest industrial enterprise in the world at that time, except the Krupp plants in Germany. They had 56,000 men on the payroll at this powder plant here, and they were recruited from everywhere. They had put in effect the “work-or-fight rule” that nobody could be idle during the war. The plant was so big and had so many people on its payroll that Nashville was just turned around. The streets were full of strange-looking people; of course, no local young men were around. There was an influenza epidemic, and people were dying in large numbers out there at the powder plant. Big truckloads came to Nashville undertakers every day. I’d look out the window of my office and see ‘em go by. A harrowing sight.

CWC: Nashville then was not a great deal larger than 56,000 was it?

SFH: Yes. Nashville at the time of the war had over 100,000. The War Department had the idea that there would be efforts to sabotage the powder plants, and they watched everybody who bought a railroad ticket for Nashville. Our organization here was notified when the train would arrive in Nashville with a stranger, and somebody was assigned to go to the station when the train unloaded and observe what the man did, where he went, and so forth.

I remember one man I had to shadow, if you want to call it that. He was obviously of German extraction, and thus a potential alien enemy. He might have had a firebomb in his pocket and might have headed for the powder plant. Well, I followed him, feeling like Sherlock Holmes, up to the Hermitage Hotel, and it developed that he was the new hotel chef, hired in New York. He probably never heard of the powder plant.

Some of our men were assigned to guard the warehouses along the railroad, hunt down draft dodgers, and so forth. It wasn't thrilling or dangerous work, but it salved the consciences of people like me who thought they ought to do something about the war and weren't able to get in the Army. I couldn't have got in the Army if I wanted to. The only surgical operation I ever had in my life I had right at that time, and they had all they could do with people who were whole and healthy.

CWC: To whom did you answer in this intelligence work?

SFH: A local man who was a prominent lawyer; to whom he answered, I didn't know. We weren't told too much.

CWC: You did receive orders from them, though?

SFH: Yes.

CWC: How did you fit that in with your work?

SFH: When we got in the war, in 1917, my colleague and I bought the Southern Lumberman. I was my own boss; I could take off if I wanted to or had to.

CWC: Did you have to take much time off?

SFH: No, I didn't. As a matter of fact, I doubt whether we did any very effective work. I didn't know, still don't know, how many others there were.

CWC: You weren't introduced to the others?

SFH: No. I knew two elderly men who went out every night and guarded some factory in South Nashville that was making some kind of war material. Another friend, who had a boat on the river here, helped organize a branch of the Coast Guard to patrol the Cumberland River. They operated under the military, had uniforms. But no foreign agent ever wanted to do much about the Cumberland River.

CWC: What did World War I do for lumber sales?

SFH: It put an end to the exportation of lumber, just like turning out a light. That greatly disrupted the ordinary commercial lumber business in this country. But the war created such a great increase in the general use of lumber that it didn't

hurt the industry very much as an operating business. Before we got in the war, the government started building cantonments, they called them then, or barracks, in connection with the “preparedness program.” That took a great deal of softwood lumber, and walnut lumber for gunstocks. A lot of the prominent lumbermen, too old for active military service, left their businesses and went into the Army and Navy to handle the purchase of lumber needed for the war effort. Their practical knowledge and experience was a tremendous help.

I knew the man who was in charge of buying hardwood lumber for the Navy and handling requisitions from the Navy purchasing agents, most of whom had a very meager or no acquaintance with the lumber business. As an example of some of the wasteful things that resulted from their ignorance, my friend told me he got one requisition for a very large quantity of white ash lumber, eighteen feet long. He told his superior Naval officer that was not a standard length in the hardwood lumber business; white ash lumber eighteen feet long was not normally manufactured or carried in stock. But the Navy man said, “Well, can it be manufactured?” and the lumberman said, “Yes, it can be done. Somebody will have to go out and find white ash trees that are big enough to make stock that long, and that will increase the cost.” But the Navy officer said, “That’s what I have been instructed to get, and that’s what you’ve got to get, regardless of the cost.” The lumberman said, “Well, what are you going to do with it?” He said, “I don’t know and I don’t give a damn; it’s none of your damn business. You just get the lumber.”

My lumberman friend finally did get in touch with the Navy officer who originated the requisition, and he said, I’m a lumberman and I’ve been in business a long time and sold a lot of ash lumber, and I’ve never heard of anybody wanting to buy boards eighteen feet long. What in the world do you do with it?” The Navy man said, “It was just a matter of economy.” The lumberman said, “Economy, hell! All that had to be manufactured especially for you and cost a lot more than if you’d just ordered a standard size.” The Navy man said, “Yes, but I saw that the ash was for boat oars, and a boat oar is nine feet long. They had been buying ten-foot lumber and throwing away a foot of every board, so I ordered eighteen-foot boards, which could produce two nine-foot oars without any waste.” But, of course, the value of that one foot of waste was less than the unusual cost of the eighteen-foot boards that had to be especially made-to-order—a very expensive form of economy.

But nobody spending the government’s money seemed to care anything about wasting it. When the War Department built the powder plant at Nashville in 1917, a purchasing agent came up to our office and said, “They’re gonna build a big

powder plant out in Jones's Bend (that's right across the bend in the river from Neely's Bend, where I was born). He said, "We've got to buy a whole lot of lumber and we'll need a lot of tally books." A tally book is used for recording the footage when a load of hardwood lumber is shipped. "I'm told that you manufacture the Hoo-Hoo Tally Books." I said, "Yes, we do." He said he wanted to buy a thousand. I said, "We don't have any large quantities like that in stock. It takes only one sheet in a tally book to tally several thousand feet of lumber. A book will last you a long time unless you're checking in a hell of a lot of lumber." He said, "That's what they told me to get." I said, "Well, we haven't got that many." He said, "Can you make 'em?" I said, "Sure, we can do it." "Well," he said, "You make 'em. When they're ready, let me know and I'll have a voucher issued to pay you for 'em." So we made them, delivered them, and were paid for them.

When he started to use them he found that they were not what he wanted. "You can't tally anything except hardwood on them," he said. I said, "Yes, that's what the Hoo-Hoo Tally Book is made for." But he said, "They ain't any good for me. We're buying pine lumber, and I want some tally sheets like this"—showing me a sample—"can you supply this?" I said, "Yes, we can print as many of them as you want," and he said to print him a thousand of those tally sheets, and we did. He had already paid us for the Hoo-Hoo Tally Books, so I said, sadly, "Well, you send back the Hoo-Hoo Tally Books and we'll refund your money." He said, "Oh, hell, no. Can't do that." I said, "Well, you can use them for memorandum books or something." He said, "No, I want to get them out of the way. I'm gonna have 'em destroyed." I said, "That's terrible. Don't do that. I'll give you back your money." He said, "I can't do that. You can't get any money back into the U. S. Treasury. I'd have to admit that I made a mistake about it. There's no way for money to get back in. You just forget about that. We'll throw the books away." There's no telling how much of that kind of waste went on during the war.

CWC: What happened to lumber prices under this surge of buying?

SFH: Well, the government put controls on the prices; there wasn't the opportunity or danger of profiteering.

CWC: Had prices gone up before controls were put on?

SFH: They would have gone up, of course. Lumber prices are like those of every other commodity, responsive to Adam Smith's law of supply and demand. There again, the Office of Price Administration was in the hands of people who were not familiar with the lumber business; but they set the price at which you had to sell

your lumber to them. During the war the production of lumber was a problem because of the scarcity of machinery and mill supplies. The need for equipment to prosecute the war was the number one problem; the government bought everything they needed, regardless of anybody else's needs. For instance, they bought all the Caterpillar tractors and of course that crippled effective logging operations. Also, labor was scarce, what with all the men going into the Army.

I never will forget one meeting of the Southern Pine Association in New Orleans during the equipment shortage. A sanctimonious old New Orleans lumberman was asked to give the invocation and he turned up with about two typewritten pages. I consider myself a Christian, was raised up that way, and I was taught never to deride anybody's religion. But it was ridiculous to listen to this man's prayer to the omnipotent God, telling Him at great length what to do. It made almost everybody laugh, and I could not suppress a smile, when he said, "Thou knowest, oh Lord, of the scarcity of Caterpillar tractors." I thought it likely that the Lord probably knew about that before that lumberman told Him.

INTERVIEW V

August 12, 1976

Nashville, Tennessee

Charles W. Crawford: Mr. Horn, I would suggest that we discuss today your activities in various kinds of sports. Would you tell something about your experiences in baseball?

Stanley F. Horn: In Nashville, the baseball park was located only three or four blocks from the heart of the business section. People could walk down there from their offices in a few minutes. The baseball games started at four o'clock in the afternoon in the summertime, and you could leave your office at a quarter to four and walk down to the game before the umpire said, "Play ball!" My partner in business at that time and I were baseball fans, so we went practically every day; eventually we and a friend of ours bought the franchise and found ourselves in the baseball business.

CWC: When was that?

SFH: In 1925. It happened that the businessman who owned the Nashville club at that time decided he had had enough of it, and wanted to sell. So my partner and I took in a man with us who put up most of the money and we bought the club. Our monied partner said he didn't want to have anything to do with management. We made an agreement that, whenever any of us grew dissatisfied and wanted to get out, we would sell our stock to the other participants, who wanted to buy it at the same price we paid. After we became owners we paid ourselves salaries and did not pay admission to the games; and we had a place near the entrance reserved for us to park our cars, so we enjoyed going to the games—especially when we had good-sized crowds attending.

We had four profitable years; but as the baseball season was coming to a close in 1929, we decided that we'd had enough of baseball. It was to some extent diverting our attention from our real business, so we asked the third partner to buy our stock, and he did. We got the money from him in September 1929. If you're old enough to have been alive at that time, you'll know that in October 1929 the bottom fell out of the stock market in New York, and things have never been the same since, as far as the financial situation is concerned. The man who bought the club kept operating it. He thought the Depression was just going to be temporary but he lost \$100,000 the first year.

CWC: What did you call the team?

SFH: Their nickname was the Vols, the Nashville Volunteers. That was before the University of Tennessee picked that as their athletic nickname.

CWC: What league were they in?

SFH: Southern League. It was Class A, next to the majors, and it was a profitable business in normal times. Our income was all in cash, and we didn't have any bad debts. There was a rule of thumb in the baseball business that if you could get a total attendance equal to the population of your city, you could break even. We had more than that attendance every year we were in business; and we sold two or three ballplayers to the major leagues. Nowadays, when a ballplayer is sold it runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars and the players get big salaries. But in our day there was a salary limit in the Southern League. The total aggregate salary of all the players on the team couldn't exceed a certain sum fixed by the league rules, applying to all the clubs. If you hired two or three men and paid each of them \$600 a month, you had a lot of men you couldn't pay more than \$250 a month.

The games here in Nashville were played in the baseball park, officially called Athletic Park, in North Nashville, down on the corner of Fourth Avenue and the railroad. It was located in what had long been known as Sulphur Spring Bottom, but Grantland Rice, when he was sports editor of the Tennessean, dubbed it "Sulphur Dell", and the name stuck. It happened to be right on the location of the sulphur spring known in the earliest pioneer days as the Big French Salt Lick, the reason for the settlement of the city of Nashville, because it attracted animals. Buffalo, deer, and other wild animals beat a path to these salt licks, and the "long hunters" came out here to hunt where the game was plentiful. A French trader in the seventeenth century established a trading post here so he could trade with the Indians who came to kill the game and had furs to trade for guns, tomahawks, calico, and other things. So it had historical significance, which might have attracted me to owning that spot, because maybe I was more interested in history than I was in baseball.

Anyhow, we bought it and built a new grandstand. On opening day we had John Trotwood Moore, who was State Historian at that time, come down and dedicate it with appropriate ceremonies, and the Historical Commission's official marker is there now. Mr. Moore didn't know or care anything about baseball, but we gave him a box seat and he stayed for the game and tried to appear interested. I was sitting in the box with him and he asked me, "How many of the boys on your nine

are native Tennessee boys?" I said, "Eight." And hoped that monumental mendacity wasn't registered up there where they're keeping the books. As a matter of fact, our team was made up of all sorts and conditions of men, professional baseball players of widely varying classes, nationalities, and places of origin. We actually had only one or two Tennessee boys on the team; but Mr. Moore probably thought that these were just nine Tennessee boys who lived in Nashville or hereabouts, who were out playing a game of baseball against some players who lived in Birmingham. He applauded vigorously when one of the "Tennessee boys" hit the ball, even if it were only a pop-up fly.

CWC: How long had the team been called the Vols?

SFH: Oh, I don't know. When I was an interested fan going to the games, I didn't worry myself about the origin of those nicknames that seemed by tradition to be attached to all professional baseball teams—the New York "Giants," the Chicago "White Sox," the New Orleans "Pelicans."

CWC: But they were the Vols when you bought them?

SFH: Yes, they were. Finally, the Southern League just broke up. Minor league baseball was one of the victims of the Depression.

CWC: Who were the two men in this activity with you?

SFH: My business associate, J. H. Whaley, and a very controversial character, Rogers Caldwell.

CWC: He was one of the most famous men in Tennessee in the twentieth century.

SFH: That's right. Anytime I'd tell anybody who knew about his political and financial notoriety that I had been in business with Rogers Caldwell—well, he had a lot of nonadmirers—they were apt to laugh and say, "Well, how much did it cost you?" And I was always glad to say, "Rogers was a man whom we found 100 percent honest in his dealings with us, and he did exactly what he said he would do. When we said we wanted to sell our interest in the team, he bought it; he paid us cash for it; there wasn't any trouble about it." He was very much interested in baseball as a sportsman. When he became the sole owner, he started buying expensive castoff players from the big leagues to come and play in Nashville. But that wasn't the way to win. Most of the ones the big leagues would sell were just about washed up and couldn't even win in this league.

The only Nashville player who was sold to the big leagues and became a star was a man named Cuyler, who was a top-bracket outfielder for Pittsburgh in the National League for several years. My brother was a sportswriter on the Nashville Tennessean at that time and he had a mania for giving ball players nicknames. When Cuyler first came here, my brother asked him how he spelled and pronounced his name. "It's spelled C-U-Y-L-E-R and it's pronounced 'Kyler.'" And my brother said, "C-U-Y spells KY?" And he said, "Yes." So my brother said, "Well, we'll just call you 'KyKy.'" And that name (KiKi) stuck to him all through his baseball career.

CWC: Did you travel with the Nashville team?

SFH: Only once.

CWC: Where did you go?

SFH: Mobile. It was soon after we had bought the Vols. I was going to a lumber convention in New Orleans on business for the Southern Lumberman, and our manager Jimmy Hamilton said, "The club"—he always called it the club, not the team—"is going to Mobile a day or two ahead of when you're going to New Orleans. Why don't stop off in Mobile? Go down with the club and go out for the game there and see them play." So I said all right.

On the way out to the park the first day we were in Mobile, he said, "I've got an extra uniform in the trunk. Why don't you work out with them? You can borrow a pair of shoes from Benny Frye because he's breaking in a new pair." We had a utility player who had a glove for every position, so I borrowed a glove from him. I told Hamilton, "I'm not going to make a monkey of myself working out with the team, so I'm not going to take any batting practice. I'll just go to the outfield at batting practice, but I'm not going to run and try to catch any flies. I'll go out there and try to stop any ball that comes to me and chat with the players when they are not catching flies." So I went out to left field where two of our pitchers were, Benny Frye and Fred Johnson. I told them, "Don't you pay any attention to my being out here. I'm not going to interfere with you. I'm not going to run into you, and I don't want you to run into me. I'll not chase any of these flies. I'll try to stop anything on the ground that comes right at me; otherwise a fly ball is all yours."

When those flies came out to left field, I'd wave at them as they went over my head. After that had been going on for a short while, some batter pulled one down the left field foul line, over towards the bleachers on that side. I went over and picked up the ball, and in the bleachers was a spectator, evidently a rabid fan, who

had come out early to see the professionals practice. He was obviously outraged at the way I was playing, and didn't hesitate to tell me so in strong language.

Fortunately, there was a wire fence between the bleachers and the field. When I went over to pick up the ball, he came down to the fence and began abusing me, as he came towards me, shaking his fist at me, denouncing me with a great volley of foul, profane epithets. He said, "Damn if you ain't the lousiest outfielder ever I seen in the Southern League!" I laughed because I couldn't help thinking that he must believe the league's going to the bad if a man like me can get a job as a player. I just walked off and went back up to the bench and left him there shaking his fist. The players kidded me about that for a long time.

CWC: Why did you decide to buy a share of the Vols?

SFH: A real estate dealer was trying to sell the team for the owner, who wasn't particularly interested in baseball. This dealer came to us and told us what a fine chance it was to make money; that we could buy it and take possession of the property, hoping to pay the balance out of what we earned. So, since we were interested and able to make the down payment, we decided we would buy the team. After two or three years we paid ourselves salaries, and the years up until the time we got out were profitable. We made some money, but it was too much of a diversion from our central activity. We didn't have any premonition, of course, of the financial collapse that in a few weeks would come. It was just luck that we decided to sell the month before the Depression started.

CWC: What has been your interest in baseball since then?

SFH: Not very active. I follow it, but I don't know anybody now who is in the game. In those days I followed the big league games because the box scores were carried in the newspapers.

I was always interested in athletics, although when I went to high school I never could play anything well enough to play on a team. I didn't have any talent myself, but I was interested in prep school athletics and used to go to all the high school games and got excited about that.

At the time I went to work for the telephone company, there was a City League in Nashville composed of teams of amateur and semi-pro baseball players that were supported by business firms. The telephone company had a very fine team in the City League, and the players were all employees. There were some others like me, working for the telephone company and interested in baseball, who couldn't play well enough to play in the City League. But our City League team had a second

team that used to play the other second teams in the league, and I was a substitute on the second team. That was the extent of my activity in organized amateur ball—just barely got my foot on the bottom rung of the ladder.

I enjoyed even that minimal participation, wearing a uniform; but my only real thrill was one day, when through a fluke, I was playing on the L. & N. Railroad team in a City League game, substituting for some man who didn't show up. There was a pitcher on the opposing team, the Cheek-Neal Coffee Company team, named Fred Toney, who lived here in Nashville out on the White's Creek Pike, a big strong country boy who had a terrific fast ball. He finally went to the big leagues, and played with the Cincinnati Reds, and later with the New York Giants. He figured in one of the famous games in big league history; it went nine innings, no hits, no runs on both sides. Fred was pitching for the Cincinnati Reds and a huge man named "Hippo" Vaughn was pitching for the Cubs. In the tenth inning, the Reds got a hit off Hippo and worked it around to score: and as Toney had already pitched ten innings of no-hit ball, his team won the game from a pitcher who had pitched nine innings of no-hit ball, which is also an example of good pitching. Toney was a great pitcher, but he was also a victim of his appetite for alcoholic beverages and was back on his White's Creek farm in a few years.

The reason I mention Toney's name was that on the day he was pitching for Cheek-Neal, I was terrified that when I went to bat, I'd get hit by one of his famous fast balls. The first time I was at bat, I sort of crouched down and the ball hit my bat accidentally and went sailing over the second baseman's head. I ran down to the first base, amazed at my luck, and a seedy-looking man, the only kind that would be a fan of the City League games, came over and said, "Nice hit, kid, nice hit." That was the most undeserved praise that I've ever had in my life, and it was the highest point of my athletic life. I made it through that game, but I didn't get any more hits. Nobody else ever wanted me to play for them.

CWC: That fan's praise was quite different from the fan in Mobile.

SFH: I was joking with somebody not long ago, "At least I hold preeminence in one field." And he said, "What?" I said, "I have been recognized and publicly acclaimed as the 'lousiest outfielder in the Southern League,' and so I'm at the top of that bracket. Nobody has ever brought up a claim superior to mine."

CWC: What about your golf?

SFH: I was just good enough to keep on hoping I would get a little better. I had a sixteen handicap and our par was seventy-two. That indicated that I ought to

shoot an eighty-eight, but I didn't shoot eighty-eight very often. I was more likely to shoot a ninety-two, so I just decided to stop, about thirty-seven years ago. I said to myself one day, when I was so tired I had to sit down and rest before I changed my clothes, "This has been my last game of golf."

CWC: Then you just stopped playing golf at the age of fifty. When did you start playing golf?

SFH: Soon after my partner and I bought the Southern Lumberman. We had more leisure than when we were working for somebody else. He couldn't play anything very well, either, but we used to go to the ball games together. Golf was just coming in, not as widespread as it is now. There was a nine-hole course called the Noelton Country Club on a big tract of land that belonged to the Noel family. It had been farmland and now it's a residential section. We could go out to that course, play nine holes, have lunch, and not be away from the office for more than an hour or so. That's the way we started playing. It was really a lot more fun playing on a nine-hole course; it was not a very hard course; and we were playing with a lot of other people who were also playing for fun, not expecting to make very high scores.

It was at the Noelton Club that I had the unusual experience, as I was approaching the ninth tee, of seeing a man swing his club and hit the ball toward the ninth green, which was about 190 yards; and, by the time I got closer to the tee, his caddy was hollering, "It's in the hole!" I went up to the golfer and said, "John, I'm glad I happened along at this time; that's the first time I ever saw a man make a hole in one." He said, "That wasn't no hole in one." I said, "Why, I was looking right at you. You hit it and the caddy says it went in the cup." He said, "Yes, but I missed the ball on my first swing. I was shooting two at that time."

CWC: Did you play there all your career?

SFH: When we first started we didn't play anywhere else. Then we both joined the Belle Meade. The Belle Meade Club was the outgrowth of the old Nashville Golf and Country Club, which was right near where I live now. Colonel Luke Lea, who had just bought the old Belle Meade plantation of 5,000 acres as a real estate speculation, gave the club 100 acres as a gift, if they would agree to move the club there, build a \$100,000 clubhouse, and change the name to the Belle Meade Club.

CWC: Do you have an interest in fishing?

SFH: I never did go fishing around here any. It seems like you always have to go somewhere else to fish. Also, I never went in for trout fishing. I couldn't cast; that involved more skill than I had. We used to fish off the Gulf Coast, principally for Spanish mackerel. Once or twice I went out to the snapper banks for red snapper.

CWC: When did you go fishing in the Gulf?

SFH: Oh, in the early 1920s.

CWC: How did you get out into the Gulf?

SFH: We knew a man who had a sawmill at Mobile and was an avid fisherman. He owned a boat and kept it on Perdido Bay with a professional fisherman who lived there. When this lumberman wanted to go fishing, he'd just call up the fisherman and tell him he was going to be there on such and such a day and go out and fish himself.

He was a man of very violent temper and strongly held views and he was an unreconstructed rebel. He flew a Confederate flag on his flagpole at his mill, which was right on the Gulf waterfront. The United States flag also was on the flagstaff, underneath the Confederate flag. The Coast Guard came around and told him he had to discontinue using the Confederate flag. He fumed and cursed. They said, "Well, you can either do it or just find yourself in the federal penitentiary for violating the law." So after that, he didn't have any flags at all on his flagpole.

But he was a generous old man. We used his boat any time we wanted to. There was a little town there in south Alabama, right close to the water between Mobile and Pensacola, that had a comfortable little hotel. We used to drive down, stay at that hotel, and get up early in the morning to go out fishing in our friend's boat. We always caught plenty of fish—mackerel, redfish, and so forth. That's about the extent of my sport. I never did go hunting or shooting.

CWC: Did you learn to shoot as a boy?

SFH: I could shoot a rifle, but I just never could hit anything with a shotgun. I had a Winchester .22 repeating rifle when I was fifteen or sixteen years old. I was a good target shot with that, but I never did go quail or duck hunting.

CWC: Many people around Nashville did, didn't they?

SFH: Oh, yes. Of course, Nashville's also a center of fox hunting activity and interest, but I never did enjoy horseback riding.

CWC: I expect you did some riding for the purpose of getting places early in life, didn't you?

SFH: Yes. But as for going out to ride horses for fun, galloping across the fields just didn't appeal to me.

CWC: Did you take part in any other sport besides baseball, golf, and fishing?

SFH: I played some basketball and enjoyed that, but I was never on any teams in high school. Most of the boys in the senior class who were on the baseball team were friends of mine. The chief attraction of being a member of the high school team was that you got to go on trips out to the nearby small towns to play teams from the other local high schools and boys' prep schools—Branham and Hughes at Spring Hill, Old Man Mooney had a school at Murfreesboro, and the Castle Heights second team. Castle Heights wouldn't waste their first team's time on the likes of us. I couldn't even think of playing football because I wasn't big enough, and I couldn't play baseball well enough to make the high school team. But my friends on the baseball team, including the captain, created the job of official scorer and elected me to that position so I could go on the trips and enjoy those train rides.

CWC: Evidently you were popular with the members of the team.

SFH: Enough to get that job. High school boys didn't get many trips then on the train.

CWC: Would you ride out in the morning and then come back in the afternoon?

SFH: Yes, and eat at a country town hotel. You had to sign the register at the hotel when you went in to eat dinner, you know, and we all signed, "George Washington," "Robert E. Lee," "Teddy Roosevelt," "Jim Jeffries," and so on. Great sport; we thought we were very, very witty.

CWC: Travel was not expensive then, was it?

SFH: Oh, no. Three cents a mile maximum. I think we got some sort of club rate.

CWC: And the meals were inexpensive then, too, I suppose?

SFH: Fifty cents. These were country hotels. Later when I traveled for the Southern Lumberman and went to various small towns in the South, I found that they all had a standard rate of two dollars a day for a room and three meals—fifty cents each. Easy arithmetic. If you came after supper and left before breakfast, it was fifty cents; and any one meal cost you fifty cents.

CWC: Was the food good?

SFH: Well, to a boy of sixteen or seventeen years old, any food away from home is good. I don't suppose I would consider it good now.

CWC: What did they serve?

SFH: I don't remember much of anything about that—didn't care. [Laughter]

CWC: Do you remember anything about the high school baseball games?

SFH: They didn't make any stir in history. None of the ball players on our high school team ever made professional baseball, but some of the private boys' schools like Castle Heights always had some good athletes who later played professional baseball. Professor Bowen's school had a young man named Barr as a student, but he lived up at Bristol, Tennessee, so the boys called him "Bristy" Barr—everybody had to have a nickname. He was about nineteen or twenty years old, a husky boy, a fine athlete. Two years later he was playing in the outfield for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, the world's champions.

My brother-in-law Albert Williams went to Bowen with Barr; a year or two after we had graduated, he said one day, "Did you see in the papers that the Philadelphia Athletics are going to play here on their spring training trip?" Big league clubs used to come through the smaller cities and play their way back up to the opening days in their leagues. He said, "You know, Bristy Barr is playing with the Athletics and he's coming to town with them. Let's go up and see him." I said, "Well, I don't know him." He said, "Well, I do; I went to school with him. He's gonna be at the Tulane Hotel tomorrow, coming in there late tonight. Will you go with me?" I said, "All right." So we went.

The hotel clerk told us what room they were in. The baseball teams always had two men in a room, you know. We went up; Albert knocked on the door, and Bristy opened it. He knew Albert and said, "Hello, Williams; how are you? Come on in and sit down." The other man in the room seemed to be sleeping soundly in spite of the noise we made. But Barr said, "Come on in and talk." So I said,

“Won’t we disturb your roommate? Who is that?” And he said, “That’s ‘Chief’ Bender. You ain’t gonna disturb him. You’d have to take a sledgehammer to wake him.” I felt like saying, “Well, this is something! Here I am in the room with Chief Bender.” I had read that Connie Mack said Chief Bender was the greatest baseball pitcher who ever lived, that if he had a game where his life depended on it and he could select the pitcher, “I would have Albert pitch it.” Connie didn’t call any of his ballplayers by nicknames; he called them all by their first names, like a father. Everybody else called him Chief, but Connie called him Albert.

Well, the Chief finally woke up enough to be introduced, and we shook hands with him. I figured that was a gala day because I had met Chief Bender. You can see that, even in my youth, I was on the fringes of the sporting world, and I am still interested, to a much lesser degree.

CWC: You had a part in that world as a baseball owner, Mr. Horn; not everyone has done that.

SFH: Yes, I met a lot of well-known baseball men at the annual meetings of the National Association of Professional Baseball Clubs. The main object of the meetings was for the major and minor league club owners and scouts to buy and sell players. Of course, I am abbreviating my description of those transactions, saying we were “selling” a man, when all we were doing was selling his contract.

CWC: It wasn’t just like the slave trade then?

SFH: No. This business of calling them “wage slaves” is ridiculous. The player just signs a contract to play for you and not for anybody else that year.

A lot of old ballplayers would also come to these meetings just to mingle with old friends. The meetings were held at various places from year to year. The first one I went to was at Asheville, North Carolina, and also one at Dallas, Texas.

In 1908 the Southern League race narrowed down to the last day, and the New Orleans team was playing the Nashville team in Nashville for the championship pennant that day. They were almost in a tie for first place. Whoever won that game would win the pennant. I was courting my wife then. In those days they still had the traveling theatrical organizations of high-class actors who came to Nashville. Two or three weeks in advance of the last day of the season for the baseball club, I had invited my girl to go to the matinee on that particular day, when Chauncey Olcott, the great Irish tenor, was going to sing. My girl’s brother—he was a baseball fan like I was—went to the baseball game that day, and

I took his sister to the theater and sat there with her and listened to Chauncey Olcott sing—but I must admit that my thoughts occasionally wandered to the baseball park. Between the second and third acts, Olcott came out of the wings and stood in front of the curtain and said, “I know a great many of you people are a whole lot more interested in what’s going on down at the baseball park than you are in this, and I thought you’d like to know that Nashville beat New Orleans and won the pennant.” [Tumultuous applause!]

When I took my girl home that evening, her brother was waiting on the porch to say, “Well, you missed the finest baseball game ever was played in the Southern League.” And I said, “Yes, I’m sorry I missed it,” but in my heart I was glad. Somebody asked me two or three years ago how I happened to miss that great event in local baseball history; and I said, “Well, I had to decide whether to break my engagement with my girl and go to the ball game, or let the big ball game be played without me and go to the matinee with her. I decided to go with her, and I still think that I made the best decision.” One of my friends said he thought that was the greatest tribute a man could pay to his wife.

CWC: Yes, to miss a game like that meant a great deal.

SFH: At that time, I could have said, “Well, we can’t go to that matinee this evening; we’ll go some other time.” But if I had said that, she might have said “no” instead of “yes” when I asked her to marry me sixty-three years ago.

CWC: You have lived in interesting times in Tennessee, and as a newsman you must have kept with the events. Do you remember what Tennessee was like during the Scopes trial in the 1920s?

SFH: I didn’t pay a great deal of attention to that. I had too many other personal interests, I guess. I was raised up in a God-fearing religious family, and I hadn’t examined thoroughly the evidence as to whether we are made by God Almighty, or whether we evolved from some lower primates. Instinctively, my sympathies were with William Jennings Bryan against Clarence Darrow, who humiliated and abused him, and made a laughing stock of him. My only reaction to the trial was that it became just a personal debate between the two lawyers, and that Scopes was just a local schoolteacher who had let some people put him in the ill-advised position of being the litigant.

Going back a little, one of the interesting by-products of my being in the baseball business was to make the acquaintance of Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis, who at that time was the official head of organized professional baseball. What made me think of it was that Judge Landis and I talked about many topics, including Clarence Darrow.

I had to go to Chicago to see Landis about a baseball player whose contract we sold to the Cleveland club in the American League. It was about lunch time, and the Judge took me to his club. During our conversation it developed that he was an admirer of Andrew Jackson, thought Jackson was a great Tennessean and a great American. Of course, I thought so too, and we sat there and talked about Andrew Jackson until three o'clock. He had asked me so many questions about Jackson that I felt free to ask him about the imbroglio he had with Babe Ruth the time he fined Ruth \$5,000 and suspended him indefinitely. He told me with great gusto about how firm he was in penalizing Ruth.

Darrow's name came up when Landis said that he was a friend of one of the families involved in the Leopold-Loeb murder case. Clarence Darrow was the defense attorney in that case. I said, "Well, he must be a wonderful lawyer." And Landis said, "Well, he's smart and tricky; and if the judge doesn't watch him in the early stages of a lawsuit, Darrow will ask some innocent question and get an answer in the record that will support some otherwise insupportable trick that he's going to pull on you later. I soon caught on to that, and when he was practicing in my court, I wouldn't let him get any of those tricky things in the record. In devising a defense for Leopold and Loeb, Darrow came up with the idea that neither of the two young men had a criminal mind, but that when they got together they made one criminal mind. That was a far-fetched theory, of course, but it was enough to keep them from being executed and the families were satisfied."

All I knew about Darrow was what Judge Landis told me. Darrow was Bryan's intellectual superior, I think. But I hated to see an atheist browbeat an old Bible-belt man, so I didn't follow that debate very closely; I thought I knew who was going to get the worst of it.

CWC: This is an unrelated question, but why was the Judge called Kennesaw Mountain Landis?

SFH: His father was in the Yankee army and was wounded in the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, just before Landis was born—that's the way he explained it to me.

CWC: Did you know him in the 1920s?

SFH: Yes. When we bought the ball club, I invited him to be at our opening game and sat in the box with him. He claimed to be a baseball fan, and it was based on the supposition that he knew a lot about baseball that he was given the job of baseball czar. We were playing New Orleans that day and we sat right behind the New Orleans club's bench. Some of the New Orleans team were playing the pepper game—bunting the ball back to the pitcher—that they play as a warming-up exercise, just to get loosened up.

One of the New Orleans pitchers was in the game, and Landis turned to me and said, "That tall man out there, his face looks familiar to me. I believe I've seen him somewhere." And I said, "You sure have! That's 'Death Valley' Scott, who pitched for the Chicago White Sox for several years." "Oh, yes," he said, "I knew his face was familiar." Scott had been a famous pitcher in the American League, but he was making a last stand as a pitcher for New Orleans. As we continued talking, one of the players popped a ball over towards the grandstand and Scott came over to pick it up. He wasn't thinking much about spectators, but I suppose he knew Landis was there—all the players did—so as he approached he looked in our direction. Old Landis shouted, "Hello, Scott!" Scott's face lightened up like a new moon and he said, "Hi there, Judge." He glowed at being recognized by an old Chicago fan! It made Scott feel good and it didn't hurt anybody, so I guess it was all right for the Judge to pretend that he recognized him.

CWC: You have known a lot of interesting people, Mr. Horn, both in Tennessee and in the nation. Who were the most interesting Tennessee governors you've known?

SFH: That's a hard question to answer, because some of the most interesting ones might not have been the best.

CWC: Well, I didn't ask you which ones were the best. [Laughter]

SFH: Approaching it from that angle, during the time that I was personally acquainted with governors I think that Austin Peay and Prentice Cooper were the best two governors. Probably Prentice was better than Peay, but they were both men of intelligence and unimpeachable integrity.

Peay had a sort of aloof attitude that repelled some people. I saw him up in Virginia soon after he had ended his time as governor; ran across him in the Jefferson Hotel lobby where my wife and I happened to be in Richmond on a vacation trip. It was summertime and Governor Peay was also on a vacation trip

with his wife. I said to him, "I'm glad to run across you up here, so far away from home. I guess you're glad to have a vacation after what you've gone through." He had suffered a lot of offensive abuse from opponents. He said, "Yes, my people all come from Virginia, and I thought maybe I'd better come up here and establish the legitimacy of my birth. All my opponents in politics didn't hesitate to use words that made it appear that I was a woods colt." [Laughter]

Actually I never had much direct contact with him. My brother-in-law Albert Williams was interested in politics as he was growing up, and he was a supporter and came to be a friend of Peay. I think it was in his administration that Albert became superintendent of public instruction, as they called it then. He held various official appointed jobs; the only job that he was elected to was judge. He had been appointed a judge up in Smith County when Cordell Hull was appointed Secretary of State. So Albert carried out Hull's term and then ran for judge up there and was elected on that circuit. He knew all these politicians and it was through him that I knew Peay, and I have known most of the governors since then.

I also knew Governor A. H. Roberts. We had a man who worked for the Southern Lumberman whose brother down in a West Tennessee county had killed a man, had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. His brother came to me and said, "You know Governor Roberts, don't you?" And I said, "Yes." He said, "Reckon you could get him to pardon my brother Jack?" And I said, "I don't know. I never tried to get anybody pardoned." He said, "It's a long story, but it seems to me there was really some question as to whether Jack was guilty of murder or whether he killed the man in self-defense." Anyhow, I went to see Roberts about it, and told him about this case and what the circumstances were. I said, "I want to talk to you about a man I want to try to get pardoned." I had no experience in this, so I said, "How do you go about trying to get the governor to pardon somebody?" Well, Roberts said, "First thing you have to know is what his reasons are for hoping or expecting to get a pardon." I said, "He just doesn't want to go to the penitentiary." He said, "Well, that's the basis of all of them, I reckon, but most have some more plausible approach than that." So I then told him the background.

The family of the man Jack killed were insistent that Jack be convicted of murder and stigmatized by being locked up in prison. In a compromise agreement between opposing counsel, Jack was convicted, went to the prison office, and signed the register of incoming convicts, whereupon Governor Roberts delivered his pardon and Jack went home without having actually been incarcerated.

Did I tell you that I once drove Roberts down to Ashland City to make a talk at the high school commencement?

CWC: No, sir.

SFH: Albert Williams in his younger days had been principal of the high school in Ashland City, and when he got to be the state Superintendent of Public Instruction, he still had a warm feeling for the high school. So he got Roberts to agree to go down and make a talk at the commencement exercises one evening in June. Albert didn't have an automobile at that time and I did, so he asked me if I'd drive Roberts down there.

CWC: The governor did not have an automobile?

SFH: No, that governor didn't. I said I'd drive him and Albert said, "We're going down a little early, and we're going to have supper that night at Lit Pardue's." Lit Pardue was a power in politics around here although he never held office. He was a lawyer in Ashland City, and his wife was my wife's first cousin.

Anyway, we were going to eat supper at Lit's and go on to the school and have the ceremony, and then we were going to spend the night at Lit's house and drive back the next morning. All of that, I thought, had been arranged. A heavy rain that day had made Marrowbone Creek rise where you had to drive across it, just two or three miles outside Ashland City. Ordinarily there was no problem fording the creek at that point, but because of the high water, Lit had come out across the creek to meet us on the Nashville side. He said, "I came out here to stop you before you drive across because you can't see where to cross the water. The water's not up over your hubs if you drive over here; but if you drive too far over on this side, you'll be in water that'll stop your engine. I'll drive across where it's safe, and you follow me. When you go home, you'll know where it is."

We had supper at Lit's and went to the commencement. I said to Governor Roberts, "What time do you want to get up in the morning?" He said, "What do you mean, What time do I want to get up?" I said, "Well, we're going to spend the night at Mr. Pardue's and drive to Nashville in the morning, and I wanted to know what time you have to be there." He said, "Oh, we've got to go back tonight." I said, "That wasn't the way I heard it. Albert said he thought you were going back the next morning. Mr. Pardue and his wife have already arranged a room for us." He said, "I can't help that. I've got to go back tonight and that's all there is to it." He was very arbitrary about it, and I had to cross that creek in the dark. That

incident lowered my opinion of Roberts because he never seemed to care that he had upset the Pardue family and their arrangements.

CWC: He served as governor from January 1917 to 1921, and he was followed by Governor Alf Taylor. Did you ever meet Alf Taylor?

SFH: I guess Gordon Browning was the governor that I first knew, because Albert was a great friend of Browning. This was about the time when I was trying to get something done about saving the Carter House at Franklin, and nobody seemed to be interested. The federal government wouldn't buy it and consider the possibility of making it a park or monument. It developed that the only way to save the house was to get the state or some private party to buy it. I got a six months' option on it. Most of the people in Franklin weren't particularly interested because they thought the owner was asking too much for the house, \$20,000. Wasn't worth over \$10,000, but he was going to sell it to whoever wanted to buy it. There was a possibility that he was going to sell it to a filling station, which would have been terrible, I thought, considering the significance of the house in the Battle of Franklin. The Carter House was one of the only buildings in Tennessee I knew of that was right on the battle line. There were, and still are, bullet holes in the house.

I wasn't getting very far with my project to save the house. I didn't know anything about politics, so I said to a man I knew was familiar with how to get things done politically, "How do you get the state to appropriate money to buy a thing like that?" He said, "You have to have a bill passed by the legislature and have them make the appropriation and then have the governor sign it. If you have any plans along that line, you'd better hurry because the legislature is going to adjourn in a couple of days. It's right at the end of the session." He finally said he'd write the bill and introduce it. He didn't think there would be any opposition to it in the legislature.

I talked to Governor Browning and he said, yes, he'd sign if it was passed. He asked how much money was needed, and I said, "The owner wants \$20,000 for it." He said, "Do you think it's worth that?" I said, "I think it's worth more than that as a historical building that ought to be preserved. As a piece of real estate to put a filling station on, it might not be worth that much. Anyhow, that's what the man wants for it. He's got the house; it's his, and he won't take any less than that for it. If we're going to buy it, we've got to pay him \$20,000." Browning said, "Do you think we ought to do that?" And I said, "Yes." He said, "Is it in good repair?" I said, "It's in good repair except that built on the back is a modern one-room addition that ought to be taken off." He said, "Get a bill written appropriating \$30,000, that'll give you \$10,000 to spend on it, and I'll sign it." So the bill came up

the very last day of the session. A friend of mine named [William] Estes happened to be the state treasurer, and he took over the responsibility of seeing that it was passed and signed by the governor.

Prentice Cooper was on the Historical Commission at that time, and we were appointed a committee, Cooper and I, to go down and notify the man who lived in the house that we were going to exercise the option which I had signed over to the State of Tennessee. We went down and knocked on the door and the man came to the door. I told Prentice, "You do all the talking. You're a big man; you can impress him." So Prentice told him we'd come down to exercise this option. Mr. Turner, the owner of the house, said, "Oh, I can't do that now. My wife's sick." Prentice said, "Well, we don't want the house now; we just want to buy it. We don't want your wife to move out sick; you just stay there as long as she wants to. But we want to exercise the option and we've got to do that now because it has pretty near expired."

I don't think the old man had had any other firm offer, and he was really anxious to see it done, so he said, "What do you want me to do?" Prentice said, "We want you to refer us to your lawyer and let him write out the deed to the State of Tennessee for the consideration of \$20,000." Then he sort of hemmed and hawed and Prentice said, "Who is your lawyer?" and Turner said, "Frank Gray—whenever I need a lawyer."

Anyhow, Prentice got Mr. Gray to draw up the deed. Gray's mother was at that time the head of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Franklin. When Browning asked me, "Suppose you get it, what are you going to do with it? Suppose the state gets it, what are they going to do with it?" I said, "We'll fix it up and open it to the public, like The Hermitage. The state owns that, but they turned it over to somebody else to operate." He said, "We haven't got anybody like that to turn it over to." I said, "We can follow the model of the Ladies' Hermitage Association." He said, "Will you do that?" And I said yes.

Prentice and I then got Mrs. Gray to have a meeting of the directors of the local Daughters of the Confederacy. We met in her parlor and they all agreed that it would be great to have this given to them for their benefit, and they agreed to take charge of it. That was the culmination. Later on we spent the \$10,000 for putting the house back like it had been.

We had the benefit of some member of the Carter family who was left there in Franklin. Old Dr. Carter was then a Franklin dentist, and his father had been a boy during the war. He told me his father had got up on the top of the house and sat

up there before the battle. One of the Yankee officers said, "You better get down off there. There's gonna be some shooting around here in a little while." Anyhow, we had contacted other people who had lived there, and the current Dr. Carter showed me all around the house. General Cox had been the federal officer who had his headquarters in a tent in the front yard of the Carter House; and he, after the war, had drawn a measured plan of the house and ground, showing where all the buildings stood—he was an engineer—so we knew which room ought to be taken off, and which had been moved and ought to be put back. The house had unusual "step eaves," the architect called them, cut-stone steps instead of straight point eaves. The stones had been taken off the eaves and were alongside the front walk from the gate to the front door, so we put them back exactly like they had been. That's the reason I was so outraged when they were talking at the Historical Commission recently about spending \$10,000 for an "architectural survey" of the Carter House. I said, "You couldn't spend \$10 for such a survey. There's nothing to do now. It was surveyed by two architects as soon as we bought it, and put back exactly as it was at the time of the battle."

CWC: You talked to people who were there during the battle, didn't you?

SFH: Yes. The family had been down in the basement and one of the old women who were still alive told me, "There were a good many Yankee officers down there with us." [Laughter] I never did comment about that.

CWC: How close did the Confederates come to the house in the attack?

SFH: Oh, within forty or fifty yards, I guess.

CWC: The bullet holes are from small arms, I believe, aren't they?

SFH: Yes, from rifle fire, and there is one cannonball hole.

CWC: Of course, Prentice Cooper was also a governor. Did you know him better than most governors?

SFH: Prentice was a great friend of my son-in-law and did all he could to help him when he was practicing law and Prentice was governor. I think Prentice was an excellent governor, one of the best governors we have had during my lifetime. He was honest and offended a great many people he came in contact with. But he also made a lot of friends and many people admired him as governor. I would have been glad to see him as our permanent governor.

CWC: Did you have any other contact with Gordon Browning during his governorship besides the purchase of the Carter House?

SFH: I didn't have much else to do with him. I didn't ask any favors of the politicians. That time I asked Governor Roberts to pardon Jack Kirby was the only time I ever asked any of them to do anything for me.

CWC: Do you remember Governor Henry Horton?

SFH: Yes, I knew him. Horton wasn't a man of any great ability, but he was a man with whom Colonel Lea had a great deal of influence.

CWC: Colonel Luke Lea who owned the Tennessean?

SFH: Yes. My brother-in-law was a friend of Horton's and he was Commissioner of Finance, I believe, in Horton's cabinet.

The Tennessean supported Horton, of course, and published a picture of him out feeding his chickens to show that he was a farmer and thus influence the farm vote. The Banner jumped right on the picture and said the Tennessean couldn't have shown anything more suitable. Everybody who lived in the country knew that was women's work, that the women in the kitchen always fed the chickens. That was just about Horton's speed, they said, he was probably qualified to do that. [Laughter] I think he regretted ever having let the Tennessean take that picture.

CWC: Was there any association between Rogers Caldwell and Colonel Luke Lea?

SFH: Oh, yes, politically they were very close. I'm not qualified to give impartial comment because I was a friend of both of them.

CWC: What happened to Colonel Lea after the Tennessean was placed in receivership?

SFH: Well, he wound up in the penitentiary. His political enemies here in Tennessee said they were going to get him, and they did. He was indicted in North Carolina and charged with conspiring to borrow more money from the Asheville banks than he was justified in borrowing. I remember hearing some man say, "Well, if they put people in the penitentiary for doing that, everybody I know ought to be locked up. I would be."

CWC: That was during the Depression, wasn't it?

SFH: Yes. The president of the bank in North Carolina that Colonel Lea borrowed the money from was also indicated with him for conspiracy. A lawyer who was friendly to Colonel Lea at the time told me, "Lea just got lynched in North Carolina. They acquitted the banker that lent Lea the money, and convicted Lea for borrowing it. You can't have a one-man conspiracy; it's a legal impossibility. But they were going to convict Lea, and it didn't make any difference now. He had become the token of the financial collapse in North Carolina."

CWC: What happened to Colonel Lea after that?

SFH: He went to the penitentiary and served his time. One of his boys died, and his wife had already died. He later married his wife's sister. He had such hard going, I guess he was relieved when he died.

CWC: Did he return to Tennessee after that?

SFH: Yes, and he tried to get into some activity. He went to Chicago to try to start a business. I asked somebody who knew Colonel Lea about that and he said, "Whenever Colonel Lea called on anybody, he'd give 'em a card and say, 'My name is Luke Lea. I was a colonel of an artillery regiment in the First World War; I was in the United States Senate; and I've also been in the penitentiary in North Carolina. All that you either know or you can find out, so let's just proceed from there. I'm now a civilian; I've served my time in the penitentiary. I have no political office, but I'm in business.'" He had a winning personality, but people who hated him did so with the greatest violence.

CWC: Why did some people feel this dislike for Colonel Lea?

SFH: I don't know. As I say, I'm not an impartial judge. When the United States entered World War I, he organized the 114th Field Artillery and, as colonel of the regiment, took them to France. The regiment was in the war under fire, but the politicians who hated him said they were just off somewhere in the rear. I knew a lot of men who were in that regiment, and they told me they were under fire.

CWC: Did Rogers Caldwell ever get sent to prison?

SFH: No.

CWC: He had a banking empire that failed in the early thirties, didn't he?

SFH: Yes. I don't know how Rogers saved anything out of the failure—he was so heavily involved. He had built a fine home out on the Franklin Pike, modeled after The Hermitage, where he entertained lavishly. He spent money freely, living on a fashionable and extravagant scale, with a stable of thoroughbred horses. But he lost practically all his wealth, and he and his wife—they had no children—bought an old house in Franklin, fixed it up, and lived there on a modest scale. His wife died there, and he died in a hospital. He had enough money to live on; I don't know where it came from. He didn't live any more like that in that big house with limousines and servants.

CWC: What happened to the Tennessean after it was put into receivership?

SFH: Well, Lit Pardue was appointed receiver, and he operated it until it was sold. Some bonds that were held by one of the banks here were put under the control of the Federal Reserve Board—or some political bank in Washington—and the Tennessean was finally sold to a hand-picked buyer. I was told that Jack Garner, the vice-president under Roosevelt, engineered the deal. Anyhow, Silliman Evans, one of Garner's political cronies, was sent down here to operate it. Evans didn't know much about publishing a newspaper; but Evans was smart and learned fast, and operated it successfully until he eventually acquired its ownership.

CWC: Can you tell about your own family, Mr. Horn?

SFH: The forebears of both my mother and father came to Tennessee about 1800 from Virginia, where they were farmers. They continued to farm in Tennessee, and I was born on a farm in Neely's Bend, near Nashville.

My brother was all the family I had. I didn't have any other brothers and no sisters. But I have a son and a daughter. I was married in June 1913 and my son was born in December 1914. My daughter was born in 1916.

CWC: And your son lives in Nashville, where he is associated with the Southern Lumberman?

SFH: He lives in Williamson County. He has a law degree, but he is working with the Southern Lumberman.

CWC: Your daughter is living with you now?

SFH: Yes, and she has two boys with her. Her two daughters are both married. One of them lives in Concord, Massachusetts. A third son is going to the University of

Tennessee in Knoxville. As I think I said the other day, I feel great sympathy for people of that age who are trying to congeal their ideas about the question, "What do I want to do?" And then, to find the means of doing it is another great task.

CWC: How did you like their dilemma to Longfellow's statement? What was the phrase you used?

SFH: You mean that quotation from Longfellow's poem, "Standing with reluctant feet/Where brook and river meet"? His poem called "Maidenhood" starts off, "Maiden with the deep brown eyes/In whose orbs a shadow lies/Like the dust at eventide/Thou whose eyes outshine the sun/Golden tresses wreathed in one/As the braided streamlets run." It's a long poem that has been set to music. When they had vocal music in the public schools, we had a songbook in high school with a lot of songs like that in it. It's the first place I ran across this particular poem by Longfellow, although I'm familiar with a great many of the others.

We studied "Evangeline" and "The Song of Hiawatha" in the eighth grade. I don't believe there's an eighth grade student in Nashville today who ever heard of either one of them.

CWC: Your education certainly included studies that are not usual now. But this theme from Longfellow is one that you read in other places, is it not?

SFH: Yes. Shakespeare, I think in A Midsummer Night's Dream, wrote of the myth that on midsummer nights in the moonlight you have an opportunity to go back to that fork in the road and take the other branch. One of the famous short stories of O. Henry—who was a popular writer in my youth—was entitled "Roads of Destiny." The plot had a man go back and take "the other road"—and both roads led to the same place! J. M. Barrie, I think it was, wrote a popular play called Dear Brutus which, of course, derived from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar where Caesar said, "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves that we are underlings."

CWC: You have had children or young people in your household a great deal of the time, haven't you?

SFH: Yes. We built this house a little more than fifty years ago and moved into it from the house on Cedar Lane that we bought when we first started housekeeping. I bought the land on which this house stands about fifty-five years ago.

CWC: That would have been about 1921.

SFH: Yes. In 1924 we got an architect, started to build, and finished it in 1925. It's built of stone masonry. When we moved in here in 1925, we had been married twelve years. My son was eleven years old and my daughter was nine.

Before my children were grown, my brother died. His wife had already died, so we raised their two children.

CWC: You have really brought up three sets of children in your household?

SFH: Yes, by that time my daughter was married and began to have children. She had five, and they all lived here. Oh, we've had a house full of people for a long time. Whenever the rare occasion comes now, my wife will say, "Well, nobody here but you and me."

My niece, Claudia, I sent to the University of Mississippi (where she wanted to go) and she is now happily married in Pascagoula, Mississippi. My nephew, Huston, I sent to Vanderbilt. He developed into an excellent writer and became an associate editor of Sports Illustrated in New York. A few years ago he felt that he had a call to the ministry; resigned his job and went to the Episcopal Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is now an ordained priest on the staff of All Saints Episcopal Church in Pasadena, California.

CWC: Who was your architect and what did you want in your house?

SFH: Donald Southgate was our architect. I had gone to high school with Don; he went on to college. His father was an engineer and he wanted to be an architect; he developed into a very fine one. I've had visiting architects praise this house; I don't know enough about architecture to know what is worthy of praise and what's not. My wife had definite ideas about what kind of house she wanted. This room we're sitting in now was added on after the end of the Second World War because my library had outgrown the room we had assigned to the books.

CWC: So you essentially have a two-room library now.

SFH: Yes, but we think of it as one room. This part and that broad circular window there were designed by Edwin Keeble, who was another prominent architect here and a long-time friend of mine. Don Southgate had died, so during the Second World War, I said to Edwin, "I know it's impossible to build anything now, but we want to build an addition here and we need a big window there where that door is." My wife told him just how she wanted it to look. So he said, "Well, when the

war's over, there's going to be a tremendous amount of building going on, and I won't have time to do anything except something bigger than this. I'll draw the plans now and make you a present of them; but I won't have time to have anything to do with the construction; you'll have to work that out for yourself. We did. But we don't use those French doors leading out onto the terrace anymore. We keep them locked because it's a lot of trouble in the summertime to put up screens. We planted those magnolia trees and boxwoods and grass so we can look out that window and see green in every direction—even in the winter. The house suits us fine; there's nothing I would add or subtract from it.

CWC: Was this land in the city when you bought it?

SFH: Oh, no, it was in the country. I bought it as "acreage," nearly sixty years ago. The city has since grown around it. The city limits were extended to the middle of Bowling Avenue (Golf Club Lane, it was then called), which this house fronts on. Ben West was the mayor then, and he was a friend of mine. He had been in my brother-in-law's law office when he started practicing law, before he got into politics. He wanted to extend the city limits of Nashville, but the people who lived in the area he proposed to annex didn't want to be subjected to city taxes. But Ben was determined to enlarge the city. His last action as mayor was to extend the city limits just far enough to take me in, to the middle of Bowling Avenue, from West End Avenue up to here. That was about thirty of forty years ago—I don't remember exactly.

When we residents found out they were also going to change the name of our street from Golf Club Lane to Bowling Avenue, we really got agitated. All our magazine subscriptions and other mailings, and our bank accounts came to my home on Golf Club Lane. Everybody living on the street signed a petition asking that the name not be changed—but they went ahead and changed it anyhow. It was my first personal contact with what Hamlet recognized as a situation that might make you want to take your own life to escape "the insolence of office."

CWC: How big is your place?

SFH: Six and three-tenths acres.

CWC: And on that you have a number of species of trees, I believe.

SFH: A good many, sixty-some-odd, but that includes some fruit trees we don't have now. Fifty years ago I had a lot of future to look at. We planted an orchard up there that had sixty-three trees—seven rows with nine trees in each row. My wife

saw me one day paying a man whom I had hired to spray the peach trees and the apple trees in the spring. She said, "How much did you pay that man to spray? Why don't you do that?" I said, "I don't know how to do it. I'd have to get a sprayer, and the stuff to spray it with. I'd rather hire somebody to do it." She said, "What'd you have to pay him?" I said, "Seven dollars and a half." I remember she said, "You give me the seven dollars and a half and I'll buy you more apples and peaches than you'll ever get off those trees." We quit spraying the orchard and it began to go downhill, so I became more interested in other trees.

I had a walnut tree growing down by the roadside that had extra big walnuts. The green walnuts were about the size of tennis balls, and I wanted to plant some of them. One of my forester friends said the size of the nuts you plant does not affect the size of the nuts the trees will bear. He said, "You might get big ones; you might get small ones. They don't come back from seeds very well."

On the seventh day of December, 1941, that was a Sunday, about the middle of the day I got me a basket of those big walnuts and I went out there in my orchard and planted a walnut in the ground between every two fruit trees. Just stomped it in the ground with my foot, without any cultivation or formal planting. When I came back in the house, my son, who had a radio then, said "The Japanese have just dropped a bomb on Pearl Harbor." That's the day I planted them and they never got any attention. When they came up, they should have been weeded around and lower branches pruned off, but not until the end of the war did I ever think about them. My son was in the war and that's what I thought about.

CWC: That was almost thirty-five years ago. How large are they now?

SFH: Some are big enough for sawlogs, and some didn't come up. Squirrels ate some, and about half of the trees lived. Two do have big nuts on them. But when I finally got to where I could make plans, regardless of the war, I trimmed off the dead branches and haven't done anything since. One of those trees is, oh, about fifteen inches in diameter, bigger than a whole lot of sawlogs that the walnut companies are now sawing.

CWC: How did you select your other trees?

SFH: Many of them were here when we bought the lot. When my wife and I decided that we wanted to build another house with more space around it, farther out than where we then lived, we had a real estate dealer drive us around and show us plots of ground that were for sale. Driving by here, my wife said, "That's a pretty lot, with all those big trees," and he said it wasn't for sale. It belonged to a man in

Chicago who had gone there from Nashville and planned to come back and build a house here after he retired; so we just stayed on where we were living. Finally, the man in Chicago, whom I knew, said he had decided he wasn't coming back to Nashville and would sell. I bought the six acres from him, and made my wife happy. It had big trees; and now have about, oh, five or six of them.

Meanwhile, a lot of those smaller trees are just volunteers. We planted those magnolias. Some trees, like sugar maples and black locusts, throw so many seeds you'd be living in a thicket if you didn't mow 'em down.

CWC: What are your largest trees here now?

SFH: The biggest was a hackberry. Before it was recently struck by lightning and killed, it was fourteen and a half feet in circumference.

When we bought this property, these trees hadn't had any attention, and so I hired some "tree surgeons" to fix them up. They said, about that big white tree, "I wouldn't spend any money on this if I was you. It won't live very long because it's hollow." Well, that tree is one of the few old-timers left. The fact that the tree was hollow didn't matter because the inside of every tree is dead; the living part is only around the outside, just under the bark, in the cambium.

CWC: When you write about trees, are you usually writing about the ones on your place?

SFH: Not usually. It depends on just what you are talking about. If I'm writing about their commercial applications, of course, money makes the mare go. I recognize that trees are beautiful. But if somebody didn't cut some trees down for lumber, they would eventually die; and you wouldn't be able to make furniture, wall paneling, paper, or other useful items. You can't imagine a world that didn't have wood. As ornaments, I'm glad to have them around me. And I think they affect the climate; it's cooler where trees are in the summertime. But I don't decry the harvesting of mature trees for utilitarian purposes.

CWC: You understand both the conservationists and the lumber producers. I believe I saw some rabbits and squirrels on this place, not to mention redbirds and other feathered friends. Is there any other wildlife?

SFH: Every once in a while we'll have a covey of quail; a mama quail will decide one of those hedges is a nice place to lay her eggs, and we'll see her out running with her little birds, but that's very seldom nowadays. But we still see an occasional 'possum—and there are plenty (too many) rabbits—they will eat all your tomatoes in the garden.

CWC: What is that small log cabin on your grounds?

SFH: It's a story-and-a-half structure, with a steep little inside staircase that takes you up to the attic, where people used to sleep in the old days. It was half of an old double log house that was over on the Hillsboro Pike and was torn down several years ago so a man could build a fine house on that site. He gave this log house to a colored man, if he'd take it down and haul it away. I saw the man doing that, so I bought this half of it from him, and then got some men to bring it over here and erect it where it is now.

CWC: Now what historical background did it have?

SFH: It was the home of General Isaac Roberts, who was a Brigadier General in Andrew Jackson's Tennessee militia that went down in Alabama in the Creek Indian War. It was in Roberts's brigade that some of the soldiers said that their term of enlistment had expired and they were going home. Jackson told them that if they did, he would pursue them, bring them back, and execute them, which he did. Then he cashiered General Roberts because Jackson thought he shouldn't have allowed such insubordination to develop in his brigade. Roberts came back to Tennessee and moved to Maury County to live the rest of his life.

I have another smaller log house that I now use as a toolhouse; I originally used it as a smokehouse, because that's what it was when I bought it. It is built out of Tennessee red cedar logs, and it was a smokehouse on a farm down in Williamson County. When I bought it, they used an expression that was popular around this part of Tennessee: "Now, this house was built in North Carolina." In other words, it was built before 1796, before Tennessee became a state, while it was still part of North Carolina.

CWC: Tell me about some of the other small buildings you have around your place.

SFH: At the time we built this house and moved into it, you could hire servants. So we built a garage for two cars, and adjoining it a servant' house consisting of a bedroom, a small storeroom, a bathroom, and a porch to sit on. We started off hiring a colored couple, which was the custom in those days; the woman was the cook and the man was a yardman and a houseboy. But, of course, you couldn't now; so many are on unemployment compensation—and welfare of some other kind—and don't need to work anymore. We have a cook who works when she wants to; she showed up one day this week. Sam, the elderly man who works in

the yard, just works one day in the week, Friday. He doesn't get here until about nine o'clock and knocks off in time to catch the bus to ride home.

CWC: How much have working habits changed since you started working?

SFH: They've changed entirely, as far as hiring is concerned. A friend of mine has a wife who is a sort of semi-invalid and not able to do any housework. They have a houseman to move furniture and do all that kind of housework and clean, and he gets a hundred dollars a week.

CWC: Have the labor costs in the lumber industry gone up similarly?

SFH: Oh, skyrocketed! I remember when they first put in the minimum wage, a man who had a big operation down in Alabama said, "This will be the end of the lumber business—thirty cents an hour! You can't make lumber and pay help thirty cents an hour." I said, "You'll just have to sell the lumber for more." He said, "Well, it will be so much more, people won't buy it." The price of lumber did increase, of course, but people still bought it. The price of lumber had to go up when the cost of labor increased. In the early days when I was working for the Southern Lumberman, before they had all this wage regulation and welfare, you could buy common lumber for about \$10 a thousand, but the price of all grades of lumber has gone up because the cost of everything that the sawmill operator does has gone up—not only wages, but the cost of sawmill and logging equipment and stumpage.

CWC: Even with higher wages, have sawmill owners had trouble locating labor?

SFH: Yes, labor's scarce because... I don't like to criticize welfare, because I think it's fine to live in a country where nobody's hungry or suffering for want of food or a place to live; but everybody who will face the facts knows that it's been subjected to the grossest irregularities. I know a man who had a woodworking plant in West Virginia where he was making finished wood parts for furniture. Up there in West Virginia they had not only federal welfare, but the state has what the people call the "Happy Pappy" law, where they pay money based upon how many children you have. If you have a good fertile wife and could get one every nine months, you'd soon be in clover. This man told me that he had so much trouble with his workers quitting, he went around to their homes and talked to them all personally to see if he could get them to come back to work. He told me that one man to whom he talked was sitting on his front porch in a rocking chair, listening to the radio. The employer said, "I wanted to see if I couldn't get you to come back and start working in the mill again." The former

worker said, "No. You can't get me to work in the mill; I can't afford to work a week for you for nineteen dollars." And my friend said, "Well, you talk like a crazy man. Nobody ever asked you to work for nineteen dollars a week. I was paying you ninety dollars a week when you quit." This was ten or fifteen years ago, before wages got up as high as they are now. The workman said, "Yes, you were paying me ninety dollars for forty hours a week. I get seventy-one dollars that I draw for welfare and sit on the porch here and listen to the radio. If I went to work for you, I wouldn't get but nineteen dollars more than I'm getting now for doing nothing." My friend said to me, "That was about what everybody told me, and I realized that was basically the difficulty, whether or not they could express it as well as he did. So I decided to shut the damn plant down." And he did. He sold all the machinery and quit.

CWC: Do you think that has been a problem general to the lumber industry?

SFH: Yes, I know it has. That's one reason why the machinery manufacturers have spent so much time and talent and imagination perfecting equipment to do tasks that used to be done by hand. I subscribe to the publication of the International Woodworkers' Association, the labor union out West. In the last issue an editorial discussing the energy crisis said that industry and government were very much concerned about energy and were seeking new sources of energy. But, the article said, if they really wanted to solve the problem, they'd stop using expensive, energy-consuming, labor-saving machinery and put more people back to work.

I thought that was the most obvious sophistry that ever was. In the first place, the members of the union wouldn't work for the wages they used to get if you went back to running your business by hiring them. The reason the employers were forced to inspire the machinery manufacturers was because they couldn't hire anybody at reasonable prices. I think there should be welfare programs to take care of the poor, the infirm, the aged, and those who are willing to work but can't find employment. I also think, however, that such a program should be carefully administered to relieve the distress of the worthy, but also to screen out the unworthy, able-bodied drones and fakers.

CWC: And you think these undeserved welfare payments have made it difficult to get labor?

SFH: Yes. I think there must be some system of discouraging applications for such payments, regardless of the actual need. I think the bureaucrats themselves don't want the outgoing payments to shrink, they want them to expand; their own welfare depends on having a big welfare department.

CWC: Over the last two-thirds of a century, have you noticed a change in the labor force?

SFH: Yes, I think there's a definite shortage of able and willing workers, regardless of unemployment statistics.

CWC: Lumbermen have to deal constantly with the government, don't they, in labor, taxation, Social Security, occupational health and safety?

SFH: Yes, but it works only one way. Bureaucrats always seem to take the side of the complainant if there's any controversy. They always seem to see it as the downtrodden employee versus the unprincipled employer.

CWC: Have you noticed much tendency, on the part of the lumbermen you have met, to be concerned by these problems?

SFH: They all resent it, I know that.

CWC: Do you know if any have gone out of business because of it?

SFH: I know that my friend in West Virginia did, because he told me so. Closed down his business, surrendered his charter, and sold his machinery. He just said to hell with it. He told me. "I don't have to have any more money. I've got enough to live on without having to go around begging people to work for me."

I remember when they first put in the wage-and-hours law. I was in a lumberman's office down in South Carolina. He was one of the nicest fellows that ever lived—an honest man. He sent out word to me, saying, "I'm tied up here now. You come in and sit down someplace and I'll soon be through." When he came in, he was obviously very much agitated. He exclaimed, "This is the damndest thing I ever saw! I've been standing here two or three hours paying off my labor for penalties because somebody made a complaint that I didn't pay overtime on some work one day. A small bookkeeping error had been made." The government had decreed that he would have to pay all his employees the small sum involved, with interest. And he said, "I could swallow that. I made a mistake and I'm being penalized for it, maybe because my bookkeeper is too careless. But the wage-and-hour man stood there and told every one of those people as I paid them, 'Here's something that you ought to know. In addition to what he is paying you now, you can file proceedings in the civil courts against your employer and collect damages from him for having taken advantage of you.'

Now that's going too far, when the federal government tells my men who work for me to sue me." And I think so, too.

CWC: This has been a developing problem that the lumber business has had to face.

SFH: If they can buy a machine that will save having to pay somebody to turn a log over, they're going to buy it.

One story in connection with this made me laugh. In the sawmill when the sawyer wanted to turn the log of the carriage, he used a piece of machinery that was really just a big steam valve with a piston with a big prong on it, to turn the log and present a fresh side to the saw. That used to be done by a strong man with a peavey or a cant-hook—strictly manpower. But when this steam-driven log turner was introduced, some so-called witty sawyer said, "Why this is just like having a steam nigger." The machinery firm in Michigan that was its first manufacturer advertised a "steam nigger" in the Southern Lumberman, and that came to be the generally accepted and used name for that piece of machinery.

CWC: The lumbermen today have to be able to deal with the government. They have to handle red tape, more bookkeeping, more legal problems, more business management than before.

SFH: That's right. The labor union article I spoke of was evidently written by an educated man, and he ought to know that to stop using all laborsaving machinery and depend on man's labor alone would not be the solution to the unemployment problem. You'd go back to medieval times—the rowboat and the galley.

CWC: Thank you, Mr. Horn, for all your time during this series of interviews.

SFH: You're quite welcome. It has been an interesting experience.