

Every town had its good roads disciple, the first citizen to tackle advanced measures, "Good Roads Kylie" he was called. Remember the day when he returned from a trip to Wayne County in Michigan where concrete roads were being experimented with. Fellow citizens were hard to convince, but this individual was adamant in his contention that concrete roads were in to stay and he was the first citizen to lift the town out of the mud. Previous to the permanent type of roads teams of horses were known to have dropped to their knees in mud hole and tons and tons of gravel and stone disappeared annually out of sight in the bog, which seemed to undermine the town. "Good Roads K" was an Irishman, could tell a joke well and could also flare up in a temper.

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Every town had its anonymous newspaper writer, a "character" who tried to conceal his identity behind fictitious pen names, but talked so much to the people on the street and at gatherings that he soon became well known. He could write well and was at times voluminous in its articles. At times he dipped his pen in spleen and vile but he was always expressive in his language. There was "Dr. B." and "J. P. D." and from time to time a different type of nom de plume appeared who was better known as "A.P." All these writers performed a task. They stirred up the emotions of the people either pro or con and kept up a constant agitation in civic politics. This "character" has gradually disappeared but at one time he kept local politics alive.

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Many towns have had their "Billy Sunday". Remember the good fellow who was hale and hearty when spending his money. He was in business for himself but gained local

distinction and became a "local preacher", organized Sunday evening sing-songs and conducted Bible classes. As the years advanced he took to writing articles of an historical nature and became well known for his recalling the history of municipalities and hamlets in the district. He was deep dyed in politics and no matter what the issue was always a champion of the cause of liberalism.

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Every town had its small market and market clerk. Neil Callaghan was a typical character as a market clerk. He was at one time a teacher and as market clerk he was called on many times to do the figuring for the farmers and their wives. The way he figured out weights and costs when operating the scales was almost canny, but he was always accurate and he was trusted. He was Irish and when he had a few leisure moments in his little office beside the weigh scales he occasionally broke out in song for the entertainment of callers who happened in to pass the time of day and incidentally warm their shins at the side of a long, old-fashioned wood stove. He worked for a mere pittance, but was happy. Neil was strict and honest and he was kind. A typical Market Clerk of yore.