

C. M. Craig GENERAL MDSE

Rabbit Hash Ky.

AIG C



Oldest store and "town hall" in Rabbit Hash is Craig's Grocery, which is about 125 years old.

They Call It **RABBIT HASH!**

Names of Rabbit Hash, Ky., do not know how or why their community got its name either.

The tiny village—38 people and a few dogs—is off of the main Boone County roads on the riverbank across from Rising Sun, Ind. It is so small it isn't even mentioned on most maps any more.

Founded in the early 1800s, it one time had a population of almost 100 according to residents. But the 1937 flood washed away almost half of the community—leaving only two general stores, the only business there now, and 14 scattered houses. About half of the houses have electricity.

"City limits" of Rabbit Hash, according to one native, are the "Martin Wilkenson place on the south and the water table on the north." (The water table is a culvert.) It's about one mile between these points, but there is plenty of room for five farms visitors count within the community.

"Uncle Sam" Wilson, oldest man in the village who has lived on the same farm all of his 84 years, believes the name Rabbit Hash grew out of the food served most often at a tavern located there many years ago.

It was once named Carleton, according to Charles Bodie, who at 78 years of age still farms 150 acres of rich bottom land just outside Rabbit Hash. Apparently the Post Office Department asked that the name be changed to avoid confusion with nearby Carrollton. Whoever renamed it picked a new one that wouldn't be mixed up with any other.

Another legend of the name is told by neighbors, Mrs. Minnetta Stephens, a former schoolteacher, and Mrs. Gene Wingate. They believe the name grew this way:

One Christmas farmers were gathered around the tavern talking about what food they would have for the holiday. It had been a very bad year and there was little if any food available. One man said he had been lucky enough to shoot a wild turkey; another said he'd caught a few fish. Everyone had reported except one man, who happened to be the wit of the community. When asked, he shivered. "Rabbit hash."

—Enquirer Photos by Bob Free



Friendly Robert Lunsford jokes he plans a school to teach a "higher grade of ignorance." Then he points to a friend "who can pass without a test."



A widow, Mrs. Mattie Hodges, 83, has lived alone in a tiny house in Rabbit Hash for about 15 years. Mrs. Hodges keeps busy making quilts in wintertime.



B. W. Clore (right) keeps the village's unofficial records in a small notebook. Deaths as far back as 1823 are written down to settle discussions.



Center of the town is shown in a view from inside automobile. Stores are in background. Former doctor's office (right) has been deserted 20 years. Left side of road is completely empty, since 1937 flood took out six houses.



Martin Williamson place, which marks south end of the community, is built high on a hill. It is home for three kids: Jerry, 14; Kenny, 9, and Darlene, 5.



John Lusterberg, a construction worker who drives about 40 miles every day to work in Cheviot, lives in a comfortable house at village's northern end.

They Call It RABBIT HASH!



Clayton Ryle (right) and W. J. Craig, owners of the two stores in Rabbit Hash, stand in center of village.



Darlene Williamson, youngest child in Rabbit Hash, is just learning to blow bubble gum. She is 5.



Oldest resident, "Uncle Sam" Wilson, 84, was "born and raised" on the same farm. He lives alone now.

(Continued)

They Call It RABBIT HASH!



Frank Wilson lives in the "old Carleton place," probably the oldest house. It is log beneath clapboards.



Reck used for mail when Rabbit Hash had a post office 42 years ago now holds small items in store.



Mrs. Cliff Stephens drives bus which takes Rabbit Hash's five children to Hamilton Landing School.

(Continued)

They Call It RABBIT HASH!



David Wilson, 19, takes five women from Rabbit Hash across the river every day to work in Rising Sun. A ferry which once operated was destroyed in the 1937 flood.



On her daily walk to the grocery, Mrs. Gene Wingate waves to her neighbor, Mrs. Minnette Stephens. River is shown in background. Cornfield is on riverbank.