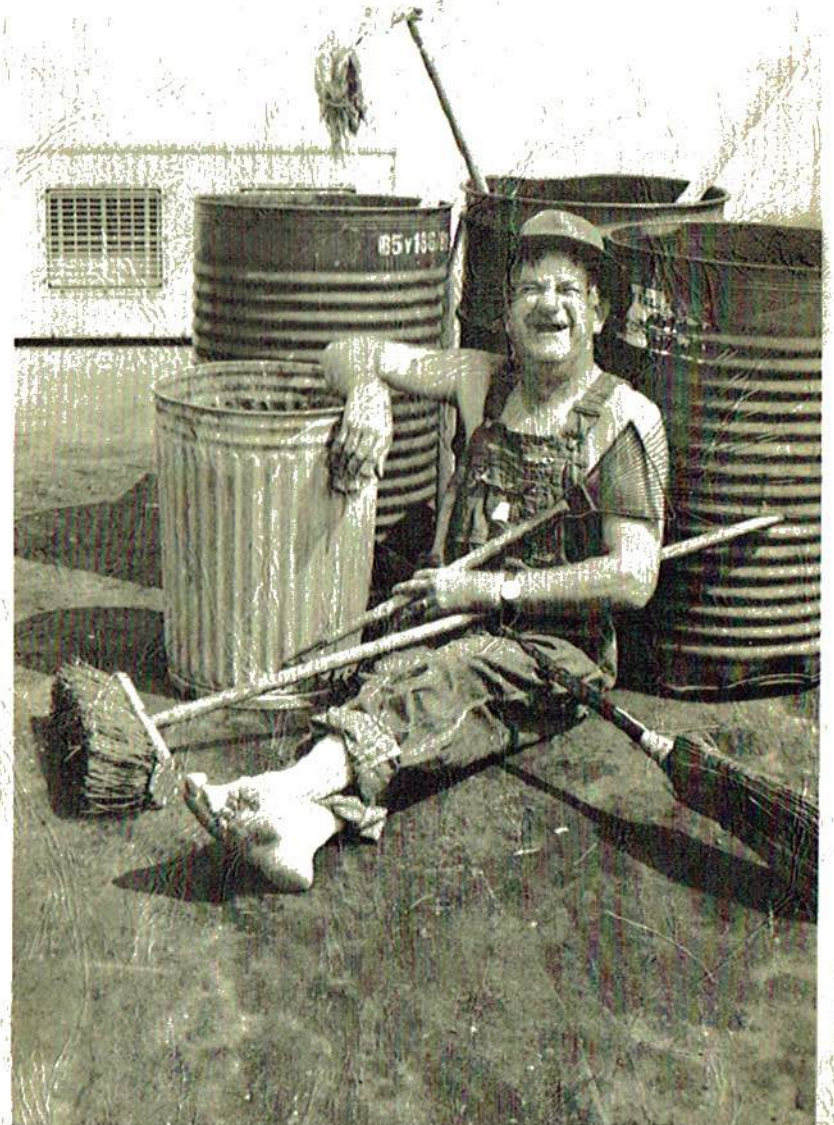


A Souvenir Of

FIRST MONDAY

TRADE DAY

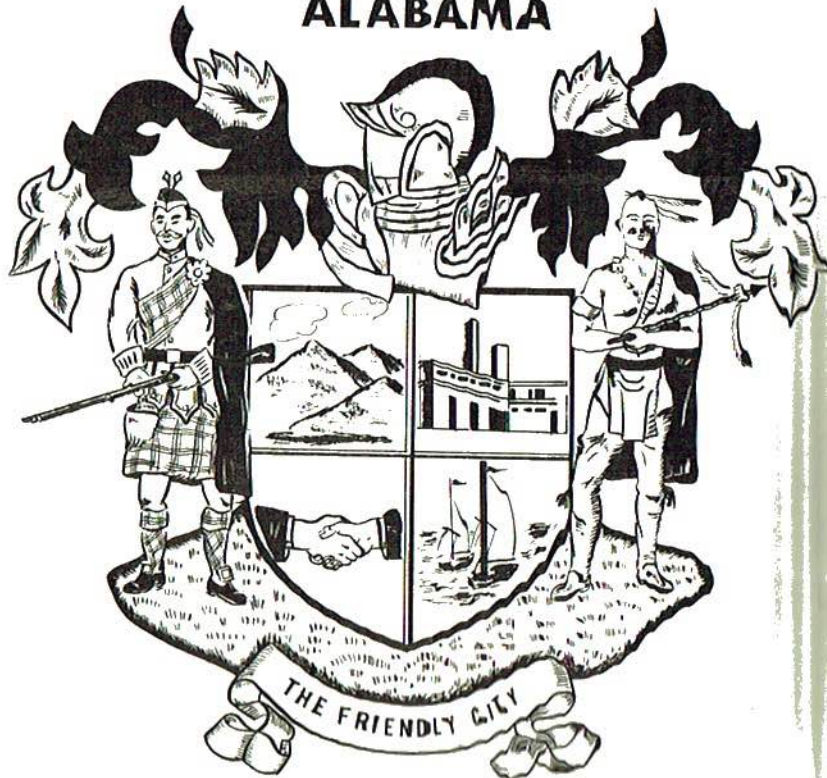
(Way Down Yonner In Scottsboro Alabammy!)



By *CHRIS SUMNER*

TO:

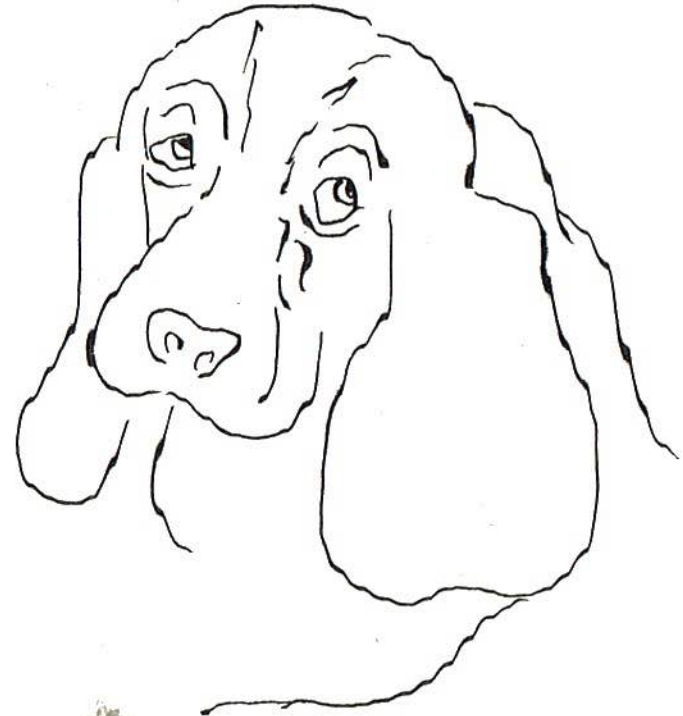
SCOTTSBORO ALABAMA



MOUNTAINS • LAKES • INDUSTRY

A Souvenir of **FIRST MONDAY Trade Day**
Way Down Yonner in Scottsboro, Alabama

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(Additional copies of this book may be ordered from the author at Route 5, Box 123, Scottsboro, Alabama 35768)

DEDDICASHUN

T'all th' hawg callers ever whars ish hear little ole volume is deddicated.....

KREDITS

Hit tak'n a hole lot uv folks doin' a hole lot uv things t'put ish hear little ole book t'gather an' we 'preciate ever wun uv 'em!

First, t'air ole man, Bill. He th' wun what thot thar orter be a souvenir uv First Monday in th' first place. Lots uv th' idies in hear air his'n. Thanks ole man, till yer better paid!

An' t'air younguns. Ann, she dun a lot uv th' printin' an' John he had t'give up goin' t' th' swimmin' hole sev'al times so's we cud work on this mess! Thanks younguns! Y'all th' best younguns we got!

Missus Joan Harbin, she dun a outstandin' job uv illustratin' th' thaing! Hit warn't no easy thaing a-drawin' what we uz a-tryin' t'say! Thank ye Miss Joan! You dun a good job!

Mister Randy Satterfield an' Mister Marvin Helms uv th' DAILY SENTINEL, thay burnt many a gallon uv midnite oil a-gittin' this thaing sot up an' shot (mabbe thay shuda kilt hit ded!). Thanks boys! Frum th' bottom uv air harts!

Th' rest uv 'em folks at th' DAILY SENTINEL, thay orter git a heap uv kredit fer puttin' up with us durin' th' ritin' an' th' printin' uv all this mess! We special want t'thank Mr. Jim Harkness, publisher an' editor, fer lettin' us use 'em fancy machines t'set hit up on!

An' last but not least, them folks what posed fer us! Well, y'all've seen ther pitchers! What more kin we say! 'Ceptin' "thanks fellars". Y'all shore got guts an' we shore glad ye have! Hit takes special folks what kin laugh at therselfs an' ever wun uv y'uns'll allus be special t'us. Y'all th' best danged hillbillies a boddy cud ever hope t'know!

We hope y'uns'll 'scuse enny misspelt werds! Hit warn't intenshunal! We dun th' best we cud! Reckin 'at's 'bout all a fellar kin do!

Well, jest back yer ears an' commence a-readin'!



Printed in th' U'nited Staits uv Americer an' publish'd neer TATER KNOB, Scottsboro, Alabammy, by PORE FOLKS, INC.

'BOUT TH' BOOK 'N HILLBILLIES

Now if'n after y'uns git thru readin' ish hear book, y'uns thaink we're a-makin' fun uv cuntry folks (better no'd as hillbillies), then y'uns got a-nuther thaink a-comin'!

Ain't no better folks no whar's, an' we mean NO WHAR'S, then cuntry folks as sum uv y'uns all ready no!! We cum frum a long line uv hillbillies an' dang proud uv 'it!

All us folks in 'ese hear parts is jest plain ole cuntry folks. Sum uv us 'mits hit rat out an' sum uv us won't atall!! Thays a few what git 'em a new pair overhuals an' ther first good pair shoes an' thay stick ther nose in th' air lack thay better'n ennyboddy, but we uz tawt t'jest overlook 'em, so y'all jest do th' same. We don't count them amongst air good hillbillies.

Sum folks thaink us cuntry folks is back'ards. Wal, if'n backards means jest bein' content t'be what we air, then guess y'cud say we 'bout th' most back'ard folks y'uns ever seen!

Thays sum what thainks cuntry folks downrite unfrinly. Wal, air pinion uv that is that if'n ye treat a fellar lack he uz yore equal he cain't hardly help bein' frinly lack. He jest use'ly unfrinly t'folks what looks an' talks down to 'im.

Yeah, cuntry folks is good folks. Thay ain't a-worryin' 'bout whether er not them big shots gonna invite 'em t'ther party er not. Wudn't go nohow! Got better thaings t'do! An' thay don't worry none 'bout bein' seen at th' rite places at th' rite time with th' rite people. He cud keer less! He don't even no 'bout th' Joneses, much less try t'keep up with 'em!!

Hit uz cuntry folks what tawt us sum purty good thaings when we uz younguns, lack th' Golden Rule an' th' say air prayers at nite; that fine clothes'n thaings don't make a boddy no better'n noboddy else. Sum folks jest a little luckier, works a little harder er owes more folks!

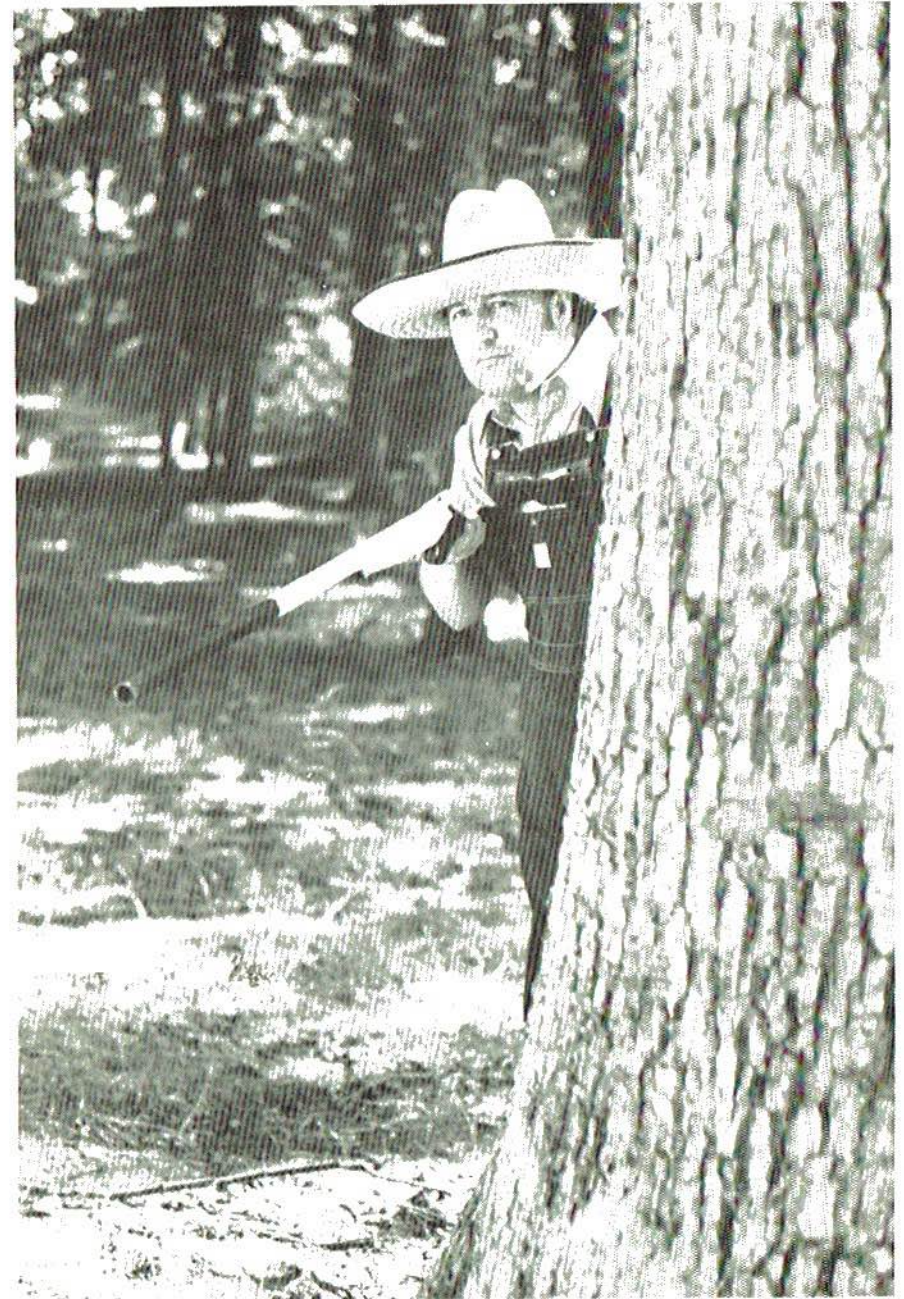
Hit uz cuntry folks what tawt us t'allus help air fellar man. Ain't noboddy so pore he cain't find sumboddy pore'n he is an' when he finds 'im he orter help 'im!! An' thay tawt us that if we thot we uz smarter'n sumboddy else (er no'd hit fer shore!) t'keep air mouth shet! If'n a fellar's smart, folks gonna no it 'fore he has t'tell 'em!

Hit uz cuntry folks what pointed out th' big dipper'n th' little dipper an' th' Milky Way t'us long ago in a clear, star-filled summer sky. An' thay tawt us t'preciate th' good thaings in life an' t'thaink God fer 'em.

An hit uz cuntry folks what tawt us t'be th'verry best uv whatever we air. An' we th' best dang Hillbilly y'uns ever seen!!! If'n we ain't th' best un we th' biggest un! Same thaing!

So don't y'uns thaink fer a minnit we're a-makin' fun uv cuntry folks! We're a-laughin' with 'em not at'em!Cause we wun uv 'em!

All th' folks in ish hear book is good hillbillies. Wudn't be in hear if thay warn't! Y'uns kin betche bottom dollar on 'at!

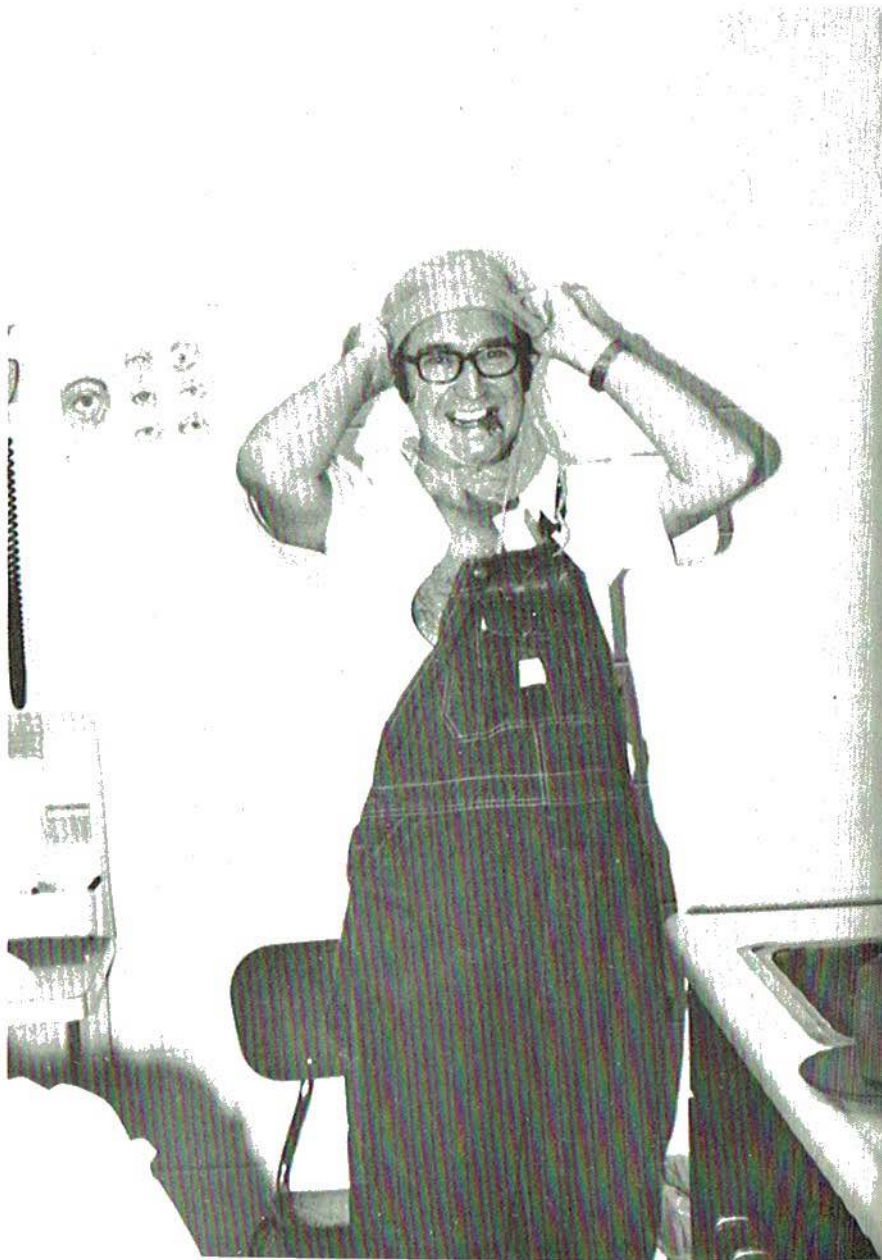
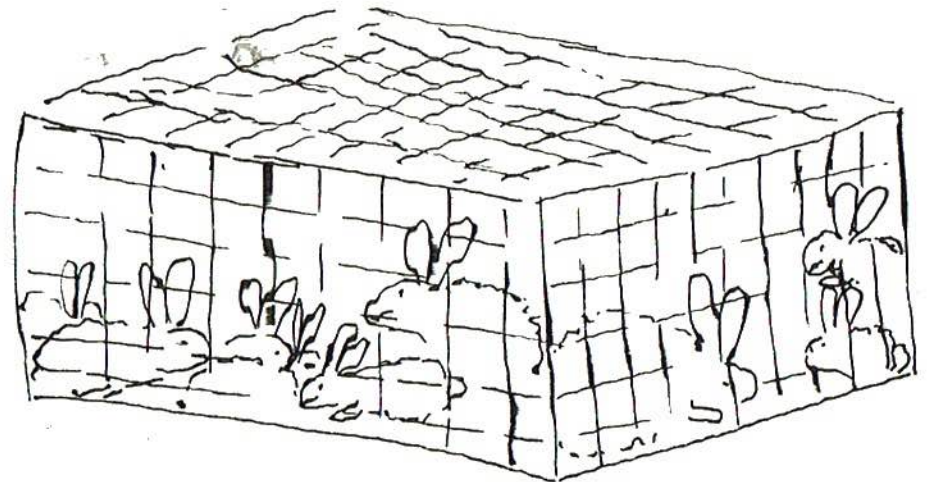


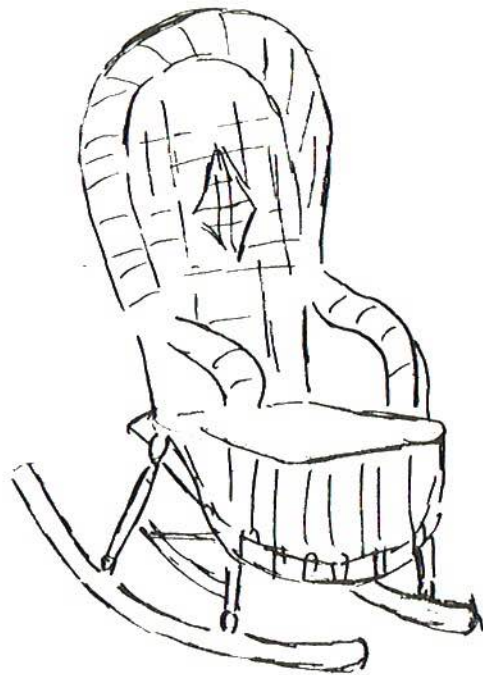
A Souvenir of--**FIRST MONDAY**--Trade Day, Way Down Yonner In
SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMMY

Y'know, hit jest 'curred t'us alluvassudden lack th' other day that thar jest mite be folks summers that'd never heard uv air First Monday in Scottsboro, Jackson County, Alabammy. So hit's fer them folks that these few little ole porely wrote werds is fer!

Now, y'uns in these hear parts mite be serprised ter no that everboddy don't no 'bout air First Monday. Y'uns jest sorter take hit fer granted but if'n you uz in sum feraway place an' menshunned "First Monday", lackly as not them city folks'd wunder what'n tarnation ye uz a-talkin' 'bout! But us in these hear parts 'as got one up on 'em city slickers! Yessiree! We no when First Monday is menshunned that hit means only one thaing...hit's th' first Monday in th' munth (uv cours')an' hit's also Trade Day in Scottsboro, Jackson County, Alabammy, rite on th' publick court house square jest lack hit's been fer many a yer!

Now, ain't nobody nos fer shore jest when th' ol' trade day commenced but Mr. Jerry Gist in his **STORY OF SCOTTSBORO ALABAMA** seems t'substantiate (now how'd y'all lack that big werd!) th' fact that hit mouta commenced 'roun' th' year nineteen hunnart 'er soon thar after.





"How
much
air
ye
ole
cheers?!"

On March 8, 1900, THE SCOTTSBORO CITIZEN, one uv air ole newspapers suggested:

"Why not have a day set apart each month in Scottsboro as a horse swapper's day? This would bring a big crowd to town and would be known as horse trader's day."

So hit seems lackly that at that date thar wuz no First Monday trade day in Scottsboro an' so's hit musta been commenced sumtime after this hear notice in th' paper.

Then hit uz 1904 'fore evi-dince wuz fount that thar wuz sich a-gatherin' on th' square, an' shore 'nuff, hit uz called "Horse Trader's Day!"

Then hit warent til 1925 er so that this day commenced bein' knowed as "First Monday." Farmers uz invited ter cum in ter town an braing ther vegetables, hosses, an' whatever thay mout want ter braing ter swap er trade.

Why, man! Thay'd braing them watermellerns in hear by th' waggin' loads! Thar'd be piles uv 'em jest as high as y'all cud see! Rat in th' middle a th' streets, an' they'd sell 'em, too! 'Fore th' day uz over everboddy 'n 'is houn' dawg'd be eatin' watermellern!

Well, ennyhow, that uz too fer back fer us ter 'member but we 'member purty fer back fer as First Monday goes!

Th' ole folks what commenced th' First Monday cud show these young upstarts t'day a thaing er two 'bout hoss tradin! No foolin! Ain't a man a-livin' that cud hold them ole timers a lite fer as hoss-tradin' uz conserved!

Yessireebobtail! Them ole fellars knowed how itasdone! If'n ye didn't watchhit, y'd go home without'n yer britches ner a belt ter holt 'em on with! (An it ain't no better t'day!)

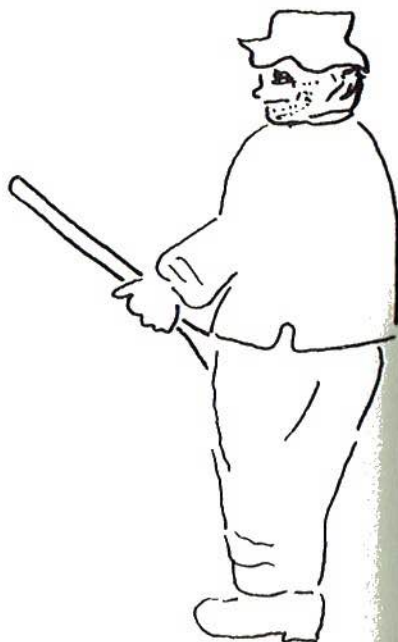
Sometimes Furiners cum in t'town an' rite stories 'bout air First Mondays; th' old'uns an' th' new'uns. Man, thay shore do paint hit purty! All romanick an' cuntrified! Thay jest tellin' hit lack thay think hit use t'be! Hit ain't no use 'n strangers comin' in an' tryin' ter tell 'bout th' ole First Mondays cause they cain't tell 'bout sumthin' they ain't never seen with ther on eyes!

Now we seen hit, frin', an' we kin tell hit to ye jest lack hit wuz! Ther ain't no comparison uv th' ones t'day ter them in yers gone by! Thar ain't noboddy that kin 'magin' how hit wuz lessen thay'd seen hit with ther on eyes! We seen hit frin' an' we gonna tell hit to ye jest lack hit wuz! Yessireebobtail! Them ole days wuz th' days shore 'nuff fer hoss-tradin' (an sum mules use-ly got swapped, too!) ..



"git him
off mah
heels,
Leroy! He
dun broke
mah shoe
strop!!"

"I'll give ye
a dollar fer
this thing.
Ofter be
worth 'at
t'clean hit
up."



Yep, in them days folks'd cum in hear frum ever hill 'n holler jest t'stan' roun' on th' street, chaw th' fat (an' ther favrite tobackky) spit'n gab! Y'wudna b'lieved hit lessen y'd seen hit! Beat all y'uns ever seen! Why thay'd cum in hear frum as fer away as Big Coon, Little Coon, Polecat Holler, Tater Knob, Shake Rag, Cedar Switch, Chicken Foot, Pore House Mountain, Salty Bottoms an' all parts narth, east, south an' west!

B'lieve us, Frins'! We no what we talkin' 'bout! Seems lack ever ole man, wommon an' chil' 'n 'is dawg wuz either a-chawin' (er a-dippin') an' a-spittin'!

Why, we kin 'member th' times when hit wuz nye impossyble fer us younguns ter git up th' street without'n gittin' spit on! Them ole wimmin'd stan' roun' on th' street a-dippin' an' a-spittin' an a-chawin' th' fat whilst thay'd hold a babe in ther arms (swappin' sides 'cassionally!) jest a-nussin' away, not keering one partickle 'bout whatas a-goin' on roun' 'em, an th' ole wommon never payin' no never mind to 'it, jest kep' rite on standin' thar, chawin' th' fat, spittin' snuff juice an' a-talkin' ter sum other ole wommon! Thay'd stan' thar fer airs! Jest a-chawin' 'n a-talkin'!

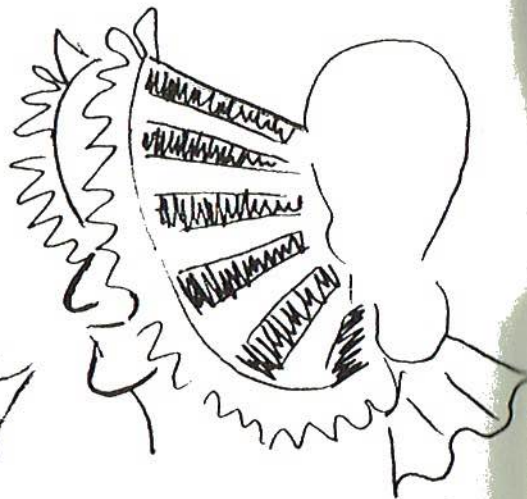
Hit allus 'mazed us chillern t'see them mommas standin' thar with ther dresses unbuttoned half t' ther waste, a-nussin' them younguns! An thay didn't limmit th' nussin' t' th' streets 'n th' court house loan! Nosireebobtail! Sum uv 'em wud taik ther younguns (sum uv 'em great big rascals, too!) t' th' court house toirlet which cud be reached by stares on th' outside a th' buildin'. Sumtimes if'n a fellar got th' urge, he had t'run over 'em nussin' mommas t'git ter whar hit wuz he needed t'git to! Lackly as not, sum uv 'em never got t'whar hit wuz thay needed t'git to cause hit shore wuz awful stankified in that ole toirlet!

In them days everboddy didn't have them two hunnart dollar a month car payments! No sir, thay'd ketch that ole school bus when hit started t'town! That way, thay cud git in sum extry visitin' on th' way. Now, this wuz most natural, y'see, cause them folks spent most uv ther time plowin' th' fields, milkin' ole Bossy an' hoein' th' cotton an' had no time fer sich tomfoolery 'ceptin' onct a month! Why, ain't no dout, sum uv 'em uz so pore thay uz a strainin' at nats'an' swallern lizzards, but man, y'better watchout when 'at ole

"Wal help
my time!
whar'd
y'all cum
frum?! Aint
seen y'uns
in a coon's
aige!"



"Shet up
now! we'll
git a
hamburger
in a minnit!"



trade day cum roun' evry munth!

Down went them hoes!

Off cum them aporns!

Out cum th' slickem!

Back went that hair!

On went th' Blue Waltz an' away thay'd go!

(Now if'n y'all don't no what Blue Waltz is an' ain't never smelt hit, thar ain't no use in air 'splainin' hit to ye at this hear late date!)

On th' way t'town, lackly as not, sumboddy wud strack up a tun' on ther ole gittar er commence a-saingin', "Gimme That Ole Time Religgion", an' thar'd be merrymakin' an' footstompin' a-plenty!

An' when y'got t'town thar wuz sumthin' fer everboddy! Them double future pitcher shows wuz a chil's dee-lite! Thar wuz allus two pitchers on at both th' local thee-aters. Man! Jest thaink uv hit! Two uv 'em! Thar'd be Hoot Gipson big as life! An' most lackly thar'd be one uv them reeel skeery shows 'bout monsters an' sich!

When y'd seen both th' ones at th' Ritz y'd stagger out'n th' street with th' sunlite purt nye blindin' ye an' hightail hit ter th Bocanita (Dodgin' th' spittin' all th' way!) whar y'd buy 'nother sack uv popcorn an' a big apple an' then settle down fer more'n two more airs of pu-ore heven!!

Course we uz too young ter do enny courtin' in them days, but manalive, them teenaigers! Thay'd be sum more courtin' goin' on in them dark thee-aters! Hand holdin'! Uh-huh! We're hear ter tell ye! Y'see them dark thee-aters beat th' far outta church socials fer as

courtin' went! 'Sides that, th' mommas an' daddys wuz outside doin' ther on thaing an' wuzn't lookin' nohow!

Now, them ole folks had more'n pitcher shows on ther minds! Yessireebobtail! Lack we said, sum uv th' ole wimmin stood roun' chawin' th' fat an' feedin' th' younguns, but not all uv 'em. Not by a long shot! Nosirree! Man, thar wuz a-flirtin' a-plenty goin' on by them grown folks! Yes, sir! Thar's been many a-thaing planned in them First Monday crowds that'd make them folks at them hifalutin' cocktail parties today 'shamed o'therselfs!

Y'd see an ole man grinnin' at sum purty youngthaingan if'n she grinned back--watchout!! Sumthin' wuz goin' on! Y'cud put that in yore pipe an' smoke hit! Why sum uv them ole men wud sneek into th' thee-ater whilst th' gals wuz a-tryin' t'watch th' show an' he'd try his dead level best ter make time with sum tender young thaing an' lack as not he'd make out, too!

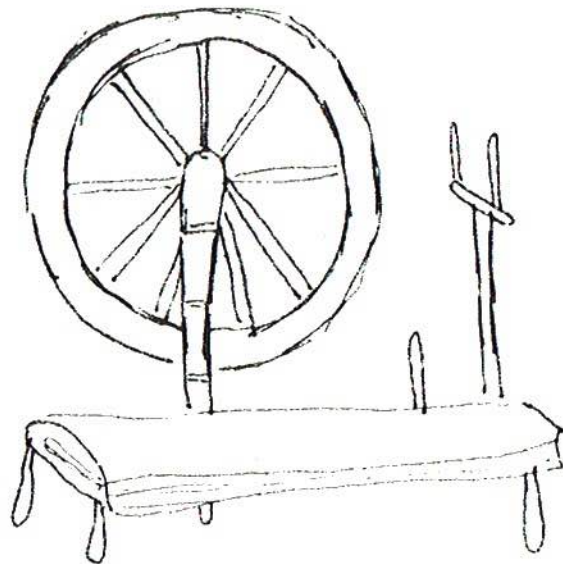
An' amongst th' crowd thar wuz allus that everlastin' everlovin', never-dayin' slickster jest as shore's trade day cum 'roun, out t'beat th' overhauls off'n ya if'n he cud! He wuz allus thar with his goodfernothin' stuff tryin' ter tell ye hit uz goodfersumthin' (but he ain't shore jest what hit is!). Thar ain't no doubt in air minds but that he's still thar today, cum First Monday, tryin' t'slick sumboddy outta sumthin'!



Everthaing 'bout First Monday wuzn't fun tho. Thar wuz th' pore ole beggars, sellin' ther pencils, er sumthin', er jest settin' thar on th' street, sum uv 'em without no legs atall, with ther hats in ther hands so's y'cud drap i n sumthin' as y'went by. We've shar'd air ice cream money with 'em more'n onct. An how air tender young harts use t'worry 'bout that ole blin' man we seen pickin' his gittar with a tin cup tied ter th' neck! Thar'd be sweat runnin' plum ter his shoe souls. Pore ole fellar! Wunder whatever happen'd to 'im?

An' by th' way, hit jest 'curred t'us that we ain't sed nothin' yet 'bout th' preacherman! Well, he uz thar allrite! Rite thar on th' court house loan a-preachin' hell-far an' damnation in that ole timey way! He'd holler 'n he'd sweat 'n he'd point that everlastin' fainger at folks that uz already skeert half out'n ther wits jest a-standin' thar listenin' to 'im! Yep! Fer's he uz conserved thay uz all hell bount fer shore! Use t,nye skeer th' pu-ore daylites out'n us younguns! Wudn't sleep good fer nye onto a week after sich reamins! Sumtimes that ole devil man'd git clear after us fer nites ter cum!

Now, whilst that preacherman wuz a-sweatin' an' a-preachin', th' younguns uz a-squawlin' till y'cud here 'em fer miles aroun'! We kin here 'em now jest a-hollerin'! Them preachers an' th' nussin' , squawlin' younguns, (pore little ol' fellars, all hot an' tard out) wuz jest as much a part of th' ole First Monday as th' gittar pickers, th' hawgs a gruntin', th' pigs a-squeelin', th' ole wimmin a-spittin' th' dawgs a-howlin', an man, how them ole houn'dawgs cud holler!



"Now if
you younguns
cain't keep
up with
me, I'll
taik y'uns
t' th'
cap!"



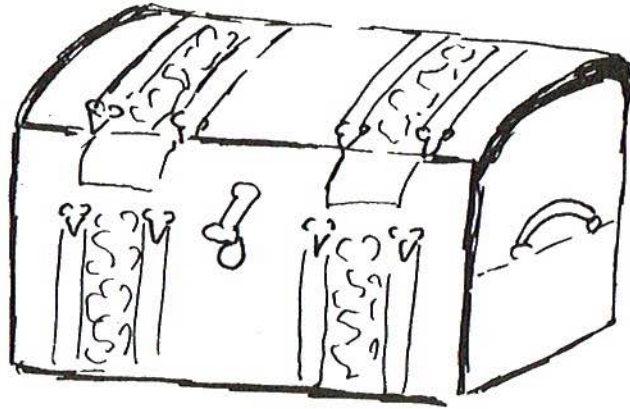
Yep! Thay uz all thar ! Rat thar on th' Jackson County, Alabammy, court house publick square in Scottsboro, jest as nat'ral as if'n they'd been thar allus an' warn't never goin' no place else!

Th' ole First Monday has changed sum over th' yers. Th' ones t'day is diffrant frum th' ones uv yestiddy, yet sum uv th' ole flavor still preevails. Them ole timers wud hitch ole Joe ter th' waggin', pile in his hawgs, dawgs, guns, an ole broke down cheer er two, an' mabbe them ole ducks that kep' messin' up th' back porch ever tim; his back uz terned, an' he'd braing 'em all ter town an' try t'sell 'em er trade 'em fer sumthin' useful he cud take home.

One fine ole fellar use t'git too much white lightnin' an' sumtimes git put in jail. Sumboddy wud throw th' raines over in th' waggin, slap th' ole hosses an' thay'd hed fer home--arrivin', uv course' without'n ther master who uz i n th' callaboose back in town! Onct th' ole fellar made hit clear outta town in 'is Waggin' only t' git a ticket fer reckless drivin' 'fore 'e got home! Shore 'nuff! Hit really happen'd! Folks in these hear parts kin tell ye hit did!

Yep, hit's diffrant t'day, but even tho th' traders cum in new streemlin'd campers, fancy stashun waggins an' converted busses an' spend sev'ral days insted uv one, hit's still First Monday!

Sumtimes y'kin still here th' strains uv a banjo summers over thar in th' distance; th' preacher, he's still a-comin' lack as not sumboddy'll be playin' ther gittar'n passin' th' hat. An ye kin still



here th' chickens, th' ducks, th' dawgs an' sumtimes th' hawgs. An' if y'uns want a poke bonnit, y'kin buy that, too. Er mabbe y'want a ole plow er a hoss-collar; er a ax han'le, a whittlin'stick, a coffee grinder, a rag doll, er sumthin' else y'see that stracks yer fancy. They got hit all rat thar!

Th' traders, thay feel rat at home! One good couple, a yer er two ago, brung ther pet chickin, kep' 'it rat in th' camper with 'em, in a cage, big as life! Shore 'nuff! Hit uz a-settin' up thar jest lack hit uz good as ennyboddy! Th' next mornin' when ish hear wommern warshed up' she up'n open'd th' back door uv th' camper, thro'd 'er dirty water out th' back door, jest lack she uz at home! Shoppers uz all over th' place but lucky fer them hit dit'nt hit none uv 'em!

They all feel at home when thay cum t'Scottsboro! We no thay do cause thay cum in hear frum ever part uv these hear United States jest t'trade, look, swap, shop, eat, an yeah, even spit a little! All ten thousand t'twenty thousand uv 'em! Thay buy everthaing frum aig beaters t'hoss shoes! Why hit's wuth th' trip down hear jest t'wunder 'roun th' square an' lissin to 'em! Hit's a real expernce y'uns won't lackly fergit!

.....Well, we've tried t'tell hit to ye jest lack we 'member hit an' if y'uns want t'no more 'bout how hit is t'day, why don't y'uns cum see fer yerselfs?! Hit's a tradition in air town that's caused many a tale t'be told. No dout, thar'll be more tales told in th' future, but 'member ye done heard hit first, jest lack hit wuz, strate frum th' hosses mouth!

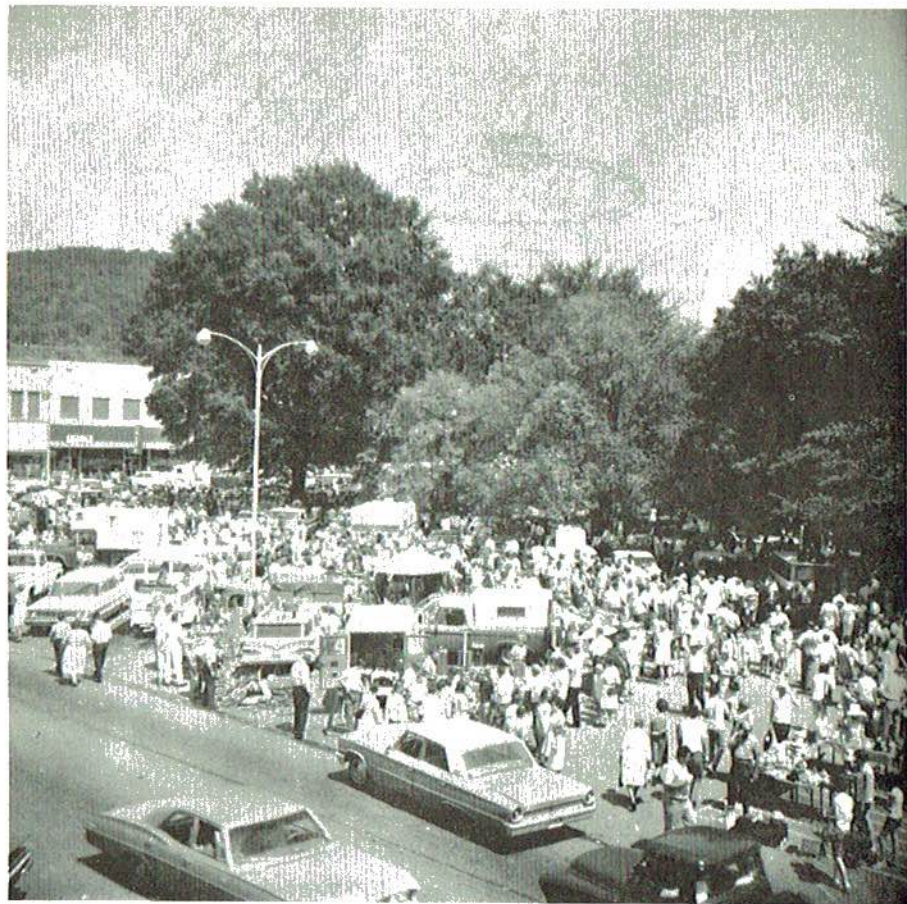


Yep, air ole First Monday is as much a part uv Scottsboro as th' butiful mount'ns an' lakes that surroun' hit, not ter menshun th' fine folks, hospittality an' recreashunal facillaties.

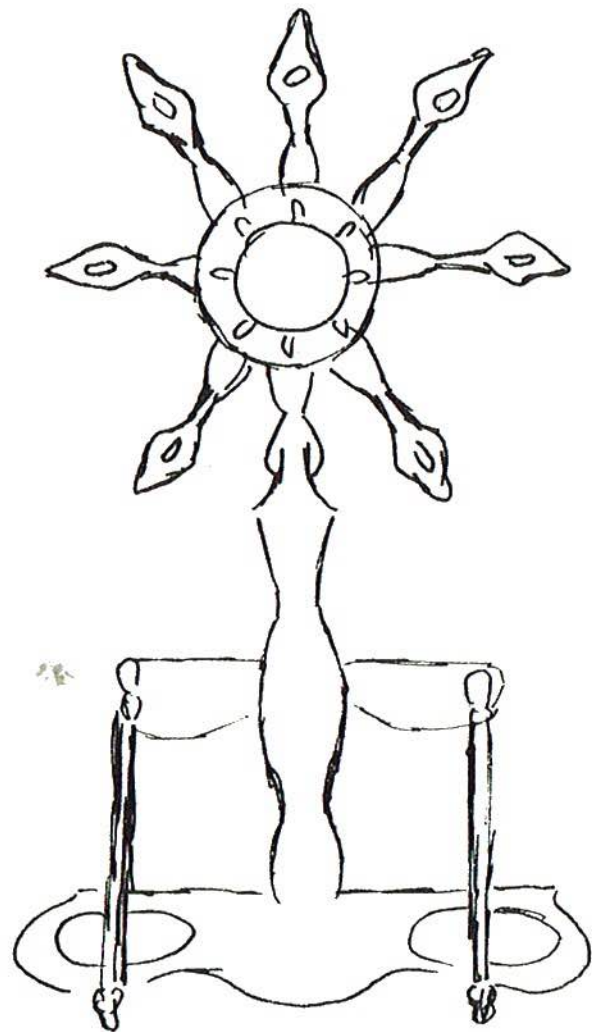
Nope! Thay cain't beat us nowheres fer's buty goes! Ain't no more butiful country ennywhere in God's world than thar is rat hear in ole Hi Jackson!

So when y'uns cum down ter enjoy air First Monday, why don't y'uns braing th' whole fam'ly an stay a spell! Braing yer ole camper er jest stay in one a air fine mortels! Be shore t'braing yer ole fishin' pole, yer golf clubs, sum walkin' shoes fer hikin' air fine trails, yer bathin' sute fer jumpin' in jest 'bout ennywhere's roun' hear, an' jest stay a spell an taik hit ALLLLL in, huh!

Y'all cum back agin, now, heah?! We awful glad t'have ye!

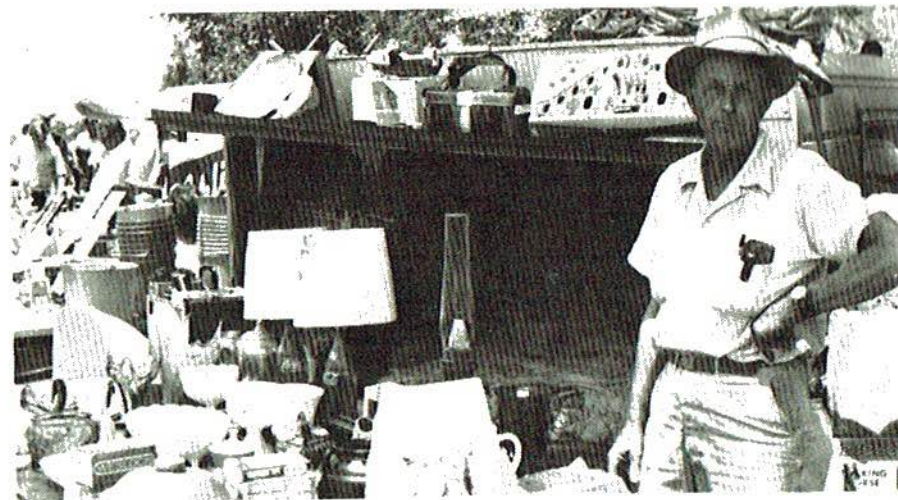


Yes, lack of it is!!





Now, folks, this hears one uv air favorite local First Monday people. His name's Jughead an' he sells goobers an' cold drinks on a coner uv th' squar'. He works awful hard on trade day. Why don't y'uns stop by an' see 'im. "Jug" plays a Frainch harp an' flops his ear in 'is spare time. Hear tell he 'peered in sum uv 'em hifalutin' cuntry an' western shows in 'em big cities! Jest as we uz a-leavin' after we made this pitcher, we heard 'im say, "Cocola is th' real thaing an' th' goobers air, too!"



bonnets lanterns
dolls glassware



Mister 'n Miz G.G. Moore uv old historical Kings Mount'n, N.C. allus cums t'First Monday. Say hospitality in Scottsboro jes' can't be beat!

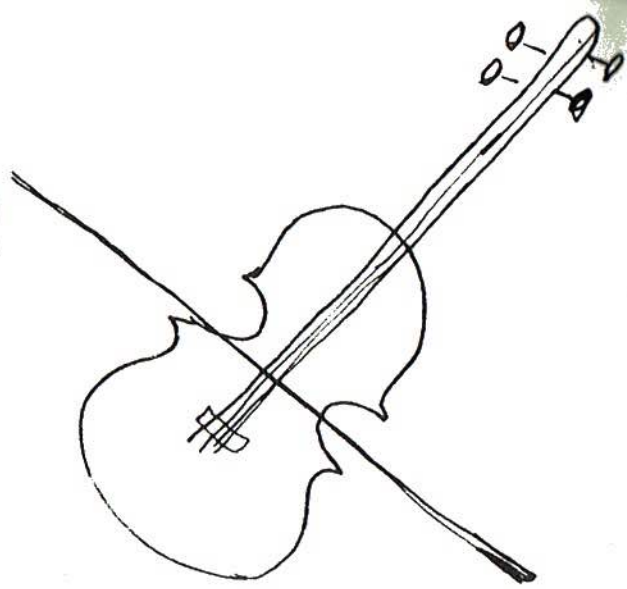
jars hoss shoes
Cheers jugs
apns Clocks



clothes
good lens
in rags

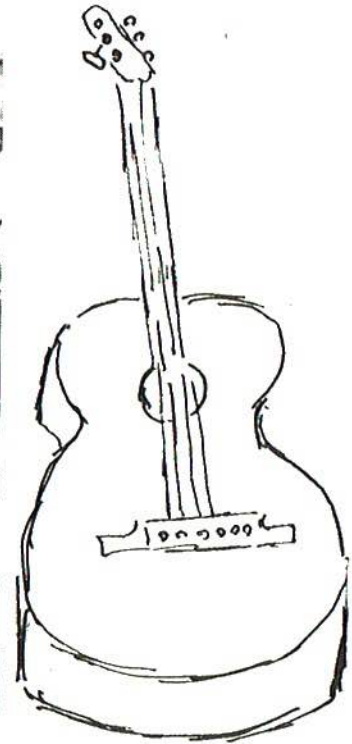


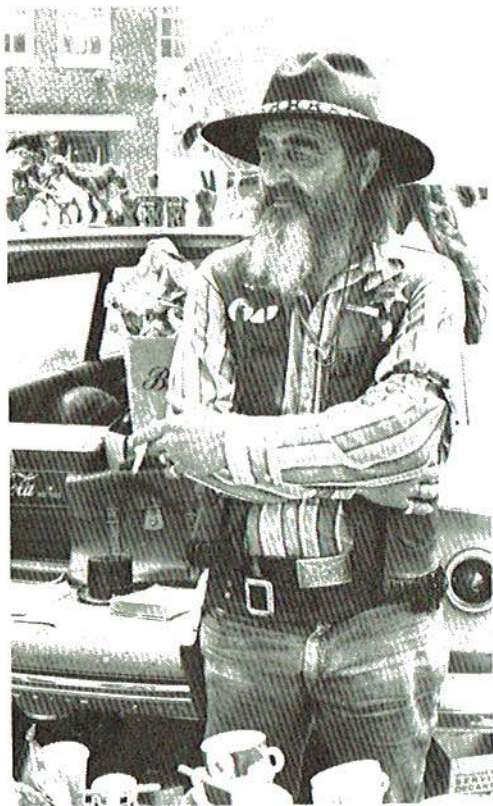
Pickin'
an' a
grinnin' on
th' court
house loan!



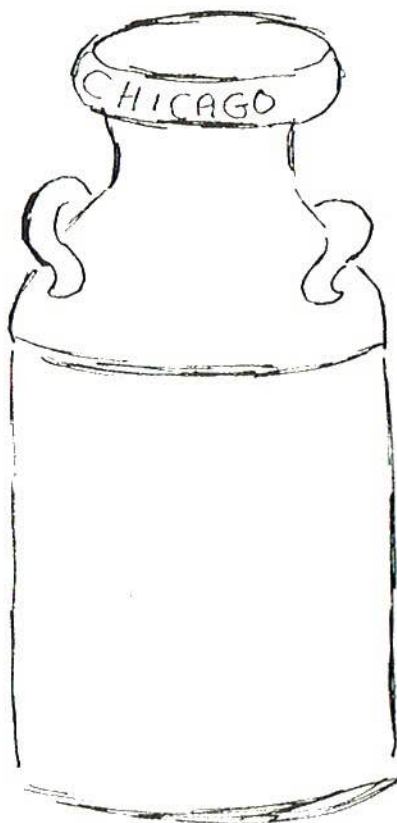
'At fellar on th' left is
Chester Allen what allus
usta cum t' First Monday.
He'd pick'n saing OLD
RATTLER an' bark so
loud hit wud make th'
houn' dawgs shamed uv
ther selfs!

Them folks on th' rite is
th' Wooten trio what allus
c u m s t' trade
day.





Russell M. Saffels, better no'd as Sheriff,
allus cums t'First Monday.



THE CHARLES RESTAURANT & CAFETERIA
Mr. & Mrs. Jesse Paradise, Owners



If'n hits good vittals y'uns want ye cain't beat 'em frash veg'tables
at th' CHARLES CAFETERIA! Mr. Paradise, he raises 'em (don't use
no pisons neither!) an' Miz Paradise, she sees 'bout cookin' 'em!
Frash from th' garden in th' summer an' frash from th' freezer in th'
winter! Hear tell thay sumtimes sells 500 er 600 pounds uv mashed
arsh taters on First Monday!! At shore is a lotta taters! Go on over
an' see 'em! Rat over thar on th' squar'!



'At fellar in th' middle thar is Willard Proctor wun uv air biggest local fleas!





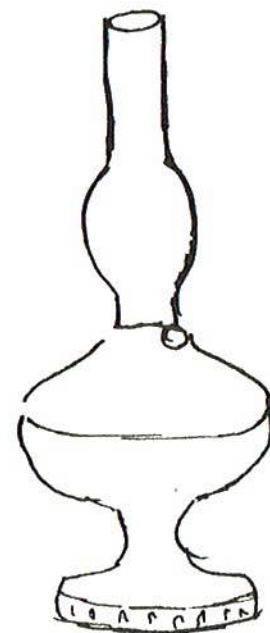
Looky thar! Hit's one a them chickin pluckers!
Leastwise, guess he kin pluck'em! He shore cud ketch
'em!



Now 'at fellar thar on th' rite is Mack Kennamer, one a air
local fleas. Y'all liablst t'see him enny First Monday jst
a-tradin' away. He got a store rat over thar on th' coner!



A hillbilly quilt!
Who'd a-thunk 'it!





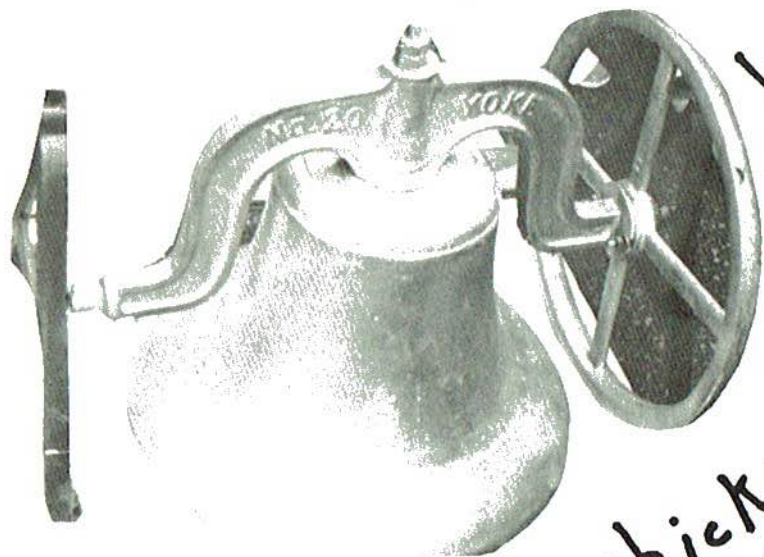
aperns

churns

dawg arns

Now ish hear ole stove use
t'warm sum pore souls feet.

warsh pots



fers

chickins

quecks

Ain't no tellin' how menny yers this ole
dinner bell call'd 'em t'dinner from th' cotton
patch..

rabbits

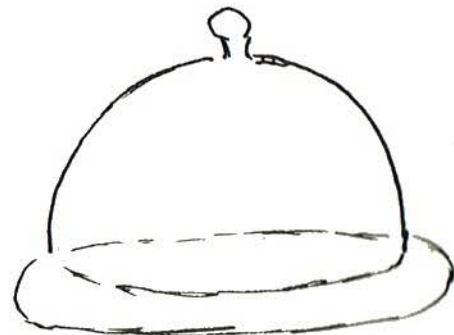
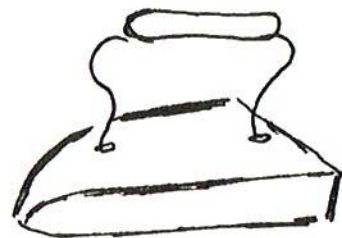
Smoothin' arns



Ish hear's sum local yocals an' fleas t'boot! Lookin' frum yer left
'at's Sam Fred Gross 'n 'is wife Margaret an' Miz Billielsbell. They
trade all th' time!

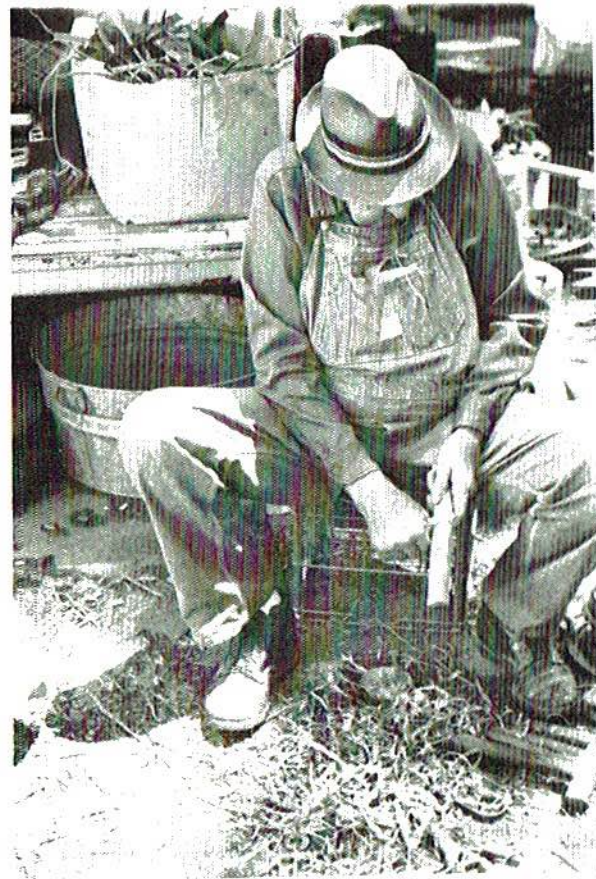


Now hear's two 'fessional fleas if thar ever wuz enny! They're Mister
'n Miz L.A. Mayfield uv Cookville, Tennessee. Mister Mayfield, he's a
retir'd highway patrolman an' thay jest travel frum wun flea market
t'another havin' a ball!





This little fellar 'cided he'd jest lay down an' res' hisself!



Whittlin'

Whittlin'

ah.

more

Whittlin'



Wud'je b'lieve

hit?!

Whittlin' sticks

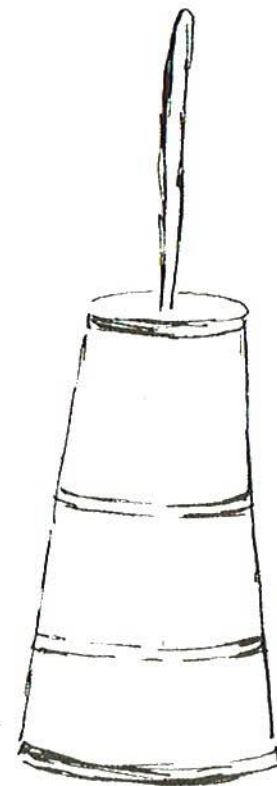
10 cents a piece!!

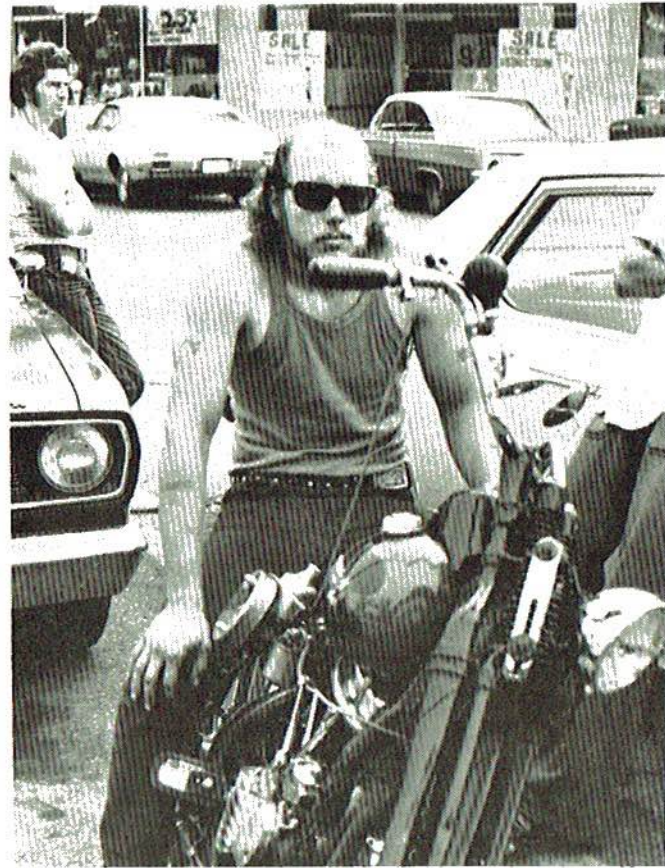


'At whittlin' sore looks lack fun! Dun bought us a whittlin' stick an' we gonna try air hand at 'it jest soon's we kin find a seat on wun uv 'em banches!

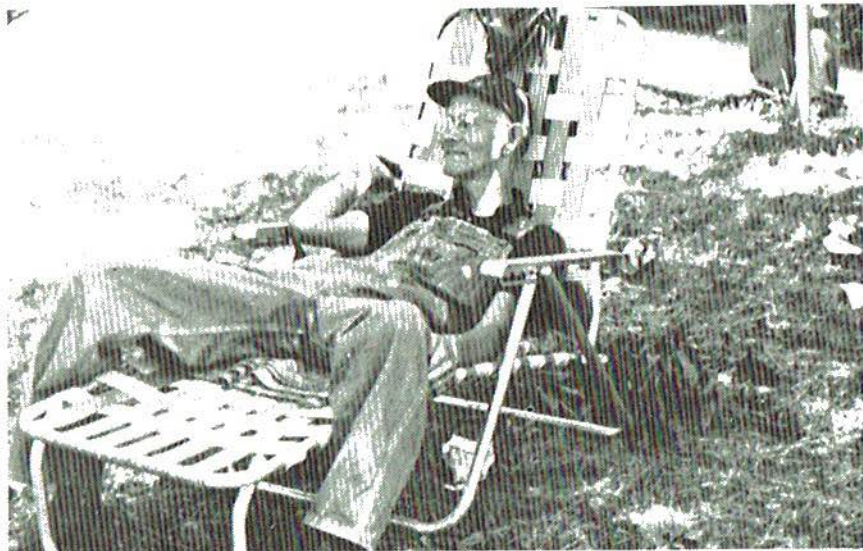


Th' preacher, he's still a-comin'!

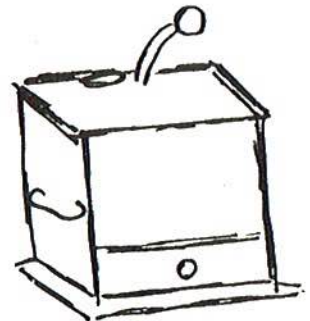
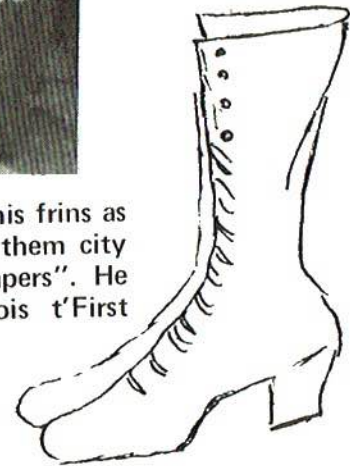
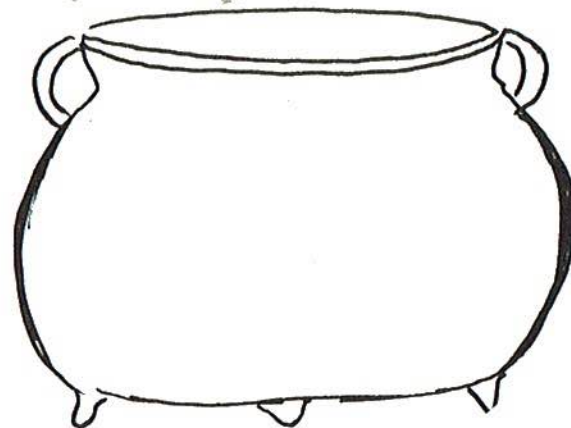




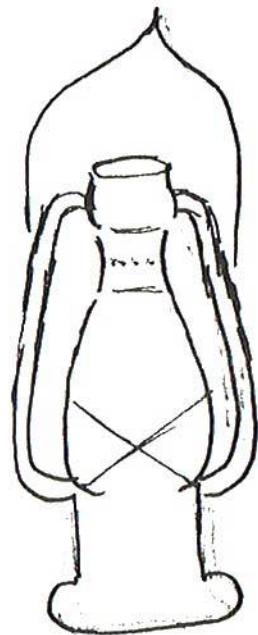
"Wal, help
my time!
ye'll jost
run up
on
ennyboddy
in
Scotchbun
wontche!"



Now, ish hear's Rick Lappi, better no'd t'his frins as
"Pappy Lappy". He presi-dint uv wun a them city
motor cycle clubs called "Th' Grim Reapers". He
rode 'at hawg all th' way from Illinois t'First
Monday!



Now man he got hit made! Purty as a pitcher! Jes' relaxin'
away rat on th' court house loan!

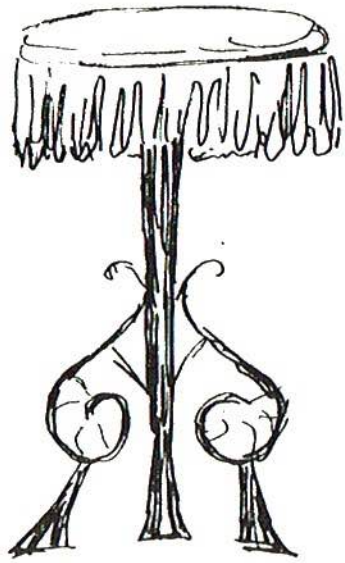


Now, hear's sum fellars
what been a-comin'
't'First Monday since
wee back yonner!
'At'n air on yer rite is
Mister George Olinger
uv Woods Cove an' th'
wun on th' left is
Mister Paul Angles uv
Route 2, Scottsboro.

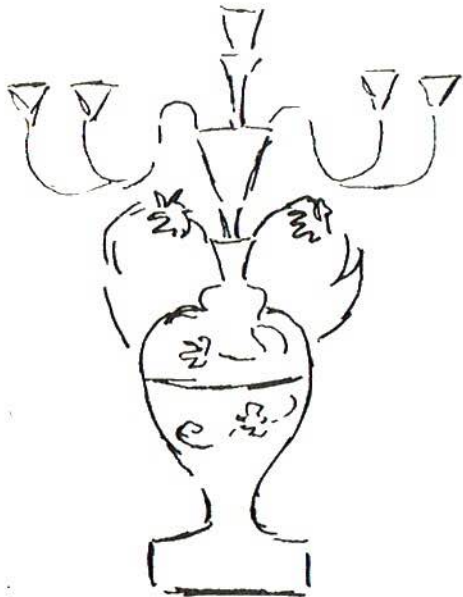




Well, ferever more! Look who's cum t'First Monday! Cawt 'im rat thar at 'is chicken house jest as he got dun tradin' on th' squar'! 'Sides cookin' chickin he kin saing, too!



Y'all pull up a cheer an' set a-spell!



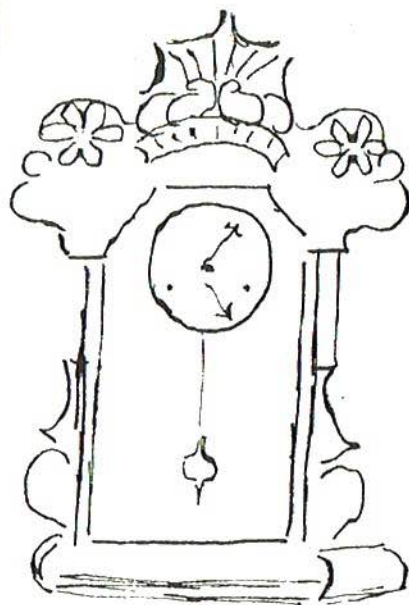
Fer as buty goes ye jest cain't beat ole Hi Jackson!



Wal, hear's th' swimmin' hole, whatche waitin' fer!



'Em little hillbillies jes' enjoyin' th' far outta wun a 'em hikin' trails at th' county park!



Howdy!!!



Now that y'uns been aroun' th' square an' tak'n in air **FIRST MONDAY**, c'mon an' say **HOWDY** t'sum uv air fine folks!

HONORABLE JOHN T. REID, MAYOR
City of Scottsboro, Alabama



First we want y'uns t'meet air fine Mayor uv th' town! He's jest 'bout th' nicest Mayor a town ever had! We no'd 'im mite nye ever since ole Shep wuz a pup an' ain't never onct seen 'im when he wuzn't smilin'! Why he's dun more fer this town then Barnum dun fer Bailey! He's brung 'nuff induss'try in hear t'work th' hole state uv Alabammy! An he ain't quit yet! He's still after 'em!

The Mayor, he's jest as glad t'have ye as we air! Lissin to 'im! He'll tell ye so!

"Welcome to FIRST MONDAY!

"We sincerely hope you will enjoy our Friendly City where you will experience Southern Hospitality at its finest!

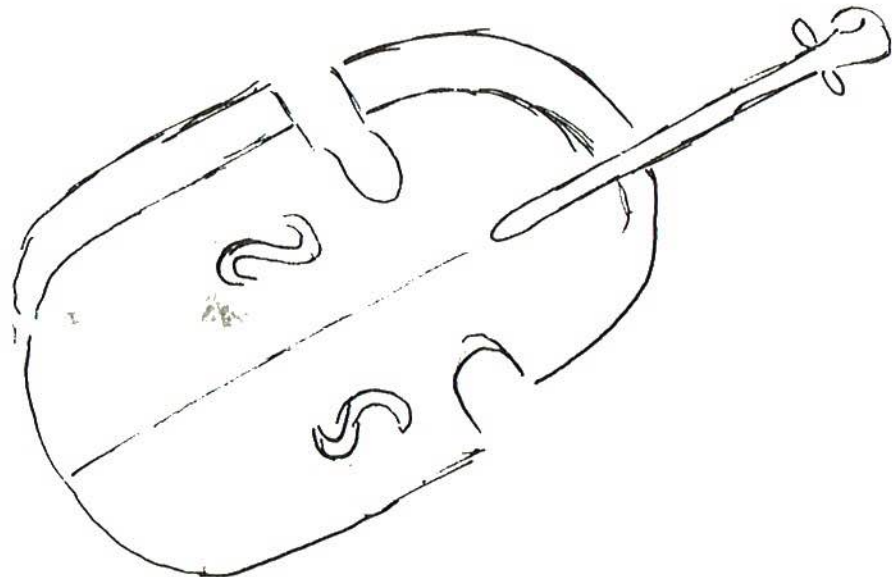
"We hope you will visit us again when you can spend a week or so!

"You will find that our recreational facilities are among the best to be found! Boating, fishing, swimming, camping, hunting and golf are counted among our wonderful opportunities for sports and pleasure.

"Goose Pond Colony, a multimillion dollar resort is being built on Sauta Lake near Scottsboro. There is nothing like it in Alabama. It is intended as a recreational development for families and it's facilities will range from camping to botanical gardens! So keep us in mind when you're planning your next vacation!

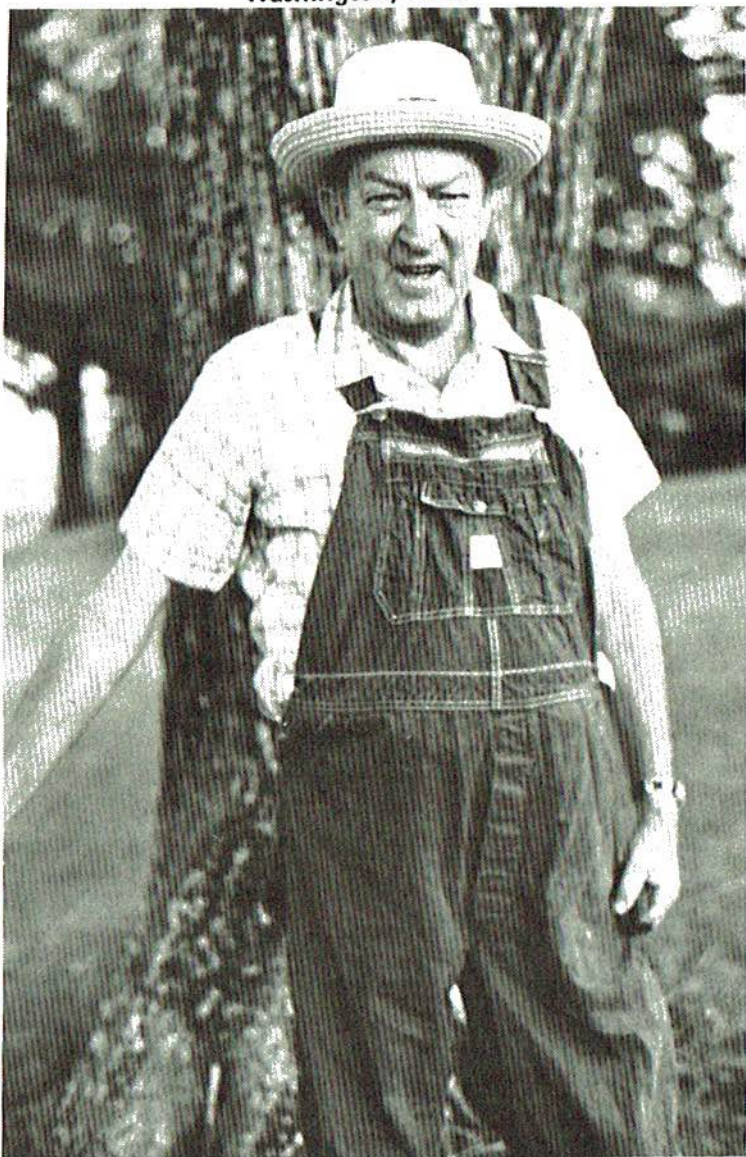
"Again, we hope you enjoy our FIRST MONDAY and hope you will return again and again!"

John T. Reid, Mayor
City of Scottsboro



Now warn't that purty! Shore wish we cud talk lack that! C'mon now an' meet sum more uv air fine folks!

HONORABLE ROBERT E. JONES
House Of Representatives
Washington, D. C.



Did y'uns ever see a finer ole plowboy then this'n hear?! He jst stopped plowin' fer a few minnits t'let th' ole mule rest when we drapped by out thar at 'is farm on th' old Larkinsville road. He got a fine piece uv land out thar good farm house'n all! Mr. Bob, he a fine fellar! Hard worker, too! 'Sides plowin' in 'is spar' time, he on 'bout 22 diffrunt committees wee off up thar in Washin'ton, D. C. Been a-knowin' Mr. Bob many a yer an' ain't never ast 'im a favor an' been refused. Y'uns kin rite 'im a letter an' his ainsers will meet hit on th' way back to ye! Shore 'nuff! Beats all y'uns ever seen!

Wal, git back t'ye plowin' Mr. Bob. Sorry we disturbed ye!

MR. BOB WORD, JR., President
Chamber of Commerce
City of Scottsboro



I want y'uns t'looky hear! Ain't this jst 'bout th' purtiest fellar y'all ever seen! His name's Bob Word an' he's jst as fine as he's purty, too! Allus has been!

This fellar's s'many things we don't no what t'tell ye 'bout furst!

Wal, t'commence with, he's air Presi-dint uv th' Chamber uv Commerce an' h's either prasi-dint er pass prasi-dint uv half th' other things in town! We cudn't commence t'tell ye all uv 'em! Ain't ot 'nuff paper! He's a jack uv all trades if y'uns ever seen air'n! Amongst his b'ness innerests is counted theaters, popcorn, vendin' machines, lumber, mortels, an' lawd only nos what else!

Y'uns'll be most innerested t'no he owns a chunk uv th' Hollyday Inn Mortel. Thay tell us, (tho we ain't seen hit with air on eyes) that thay even got indoor toirlets in 'at thaing an' a swimmin' hole rat thar in th' back yard! So y'uns stay with 'em when y'uns cum t'visit air First Monday!

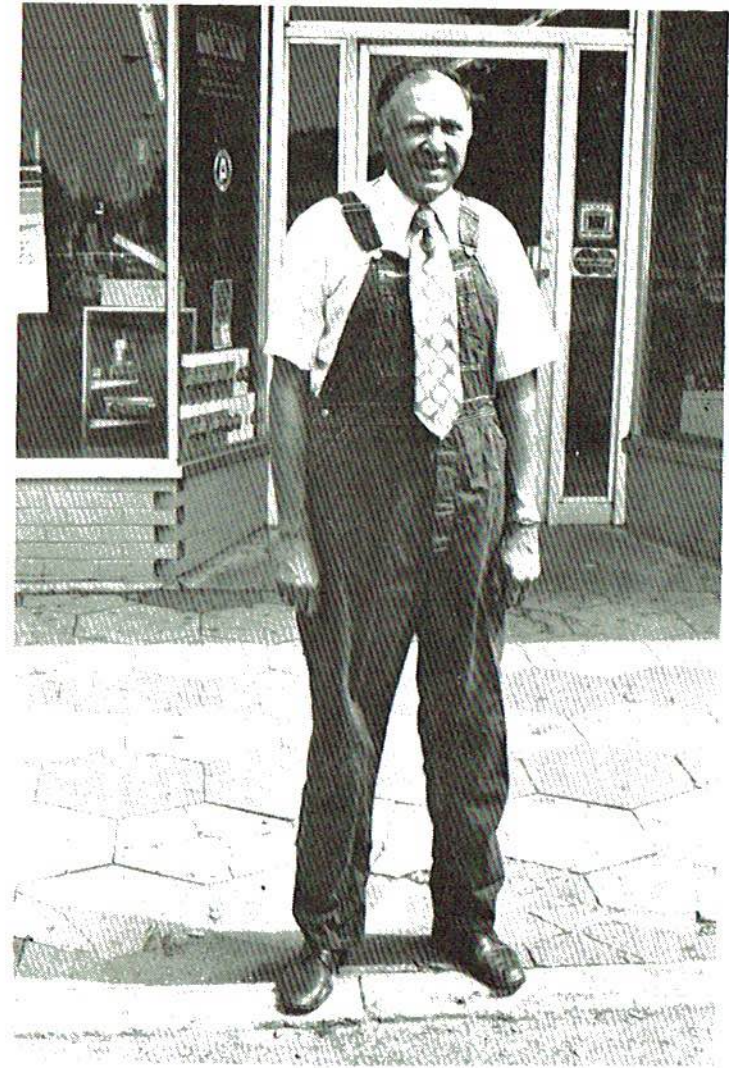
MR. H. E. HARBIN, JR.
Harbin Motor Company
Past President, Chamber of Commerce



Les' run out cheer t' th' crick an' see if'n th' fish is a-bitin' t'day! Look lack we cawt Mister Buddy Harbin 'bout t'baite his pole out thar in 'is back yard on Roseberry Crick! We been a-tryin' t'tell y'uns ish here's th' best place in th' wurd for fishin'! Now mabbe y'uns'll b'lieve us! You better be careful now, Mister Buddy! Y'cud shore draw back a nub if'n that thaing ever got holt uv ye!

Shore bet thar's gonna be a big fish fry on th' crick t'nite! Hit'll take more'n wun warshpot t'cook a mess a fish Mister Buddy gonna ketch with baite lack 'at! Mister Buddy, when he ain't a-relaxin' an' a-fishin' in 'is back yard, he's a-sellin' them new-faingled hossless carriages y'uns allus a-hearin' a bout! Thay may try t'fool y'uns with them names, Pinto, Mustang, Maverick, an' all sich as 'at but don't let 'em fool ye! Them sleek thaings he sells beats th' far outta them buggies we usta ride in! See ye later, Mister Buddy! Be shore ye don't mess up on ye hushpuppies!

MR. BROOKS WOODALL
W. H. Payne Drug Store
On The Square



'Ish hear fine ole fellar a-standin' hear in frunt uv his drug store's Mr. Brooks Woodall. He's a dandy if y'uns ever seen air'n! Go on 'in say howdy to 'im! He won't bite ye! He's rat thar on th' coner. Y'uns cain't miss 'im! Hit's possyble he jest mout still have a jar er two uv ole docter Payne's Each 'n Tetter oint'ment layin' roun' thar summers! Th' good ole docter use t'make hit hisself rat thar in 'at same store over a hunnart yers ago!

Brooks, he uz a member uv th' borde uv edjucation fer a long time so y'uns kin see whay we never larnt t'read 'n rite no better.

MR. BILL STEWART, Supervisor
Goose Pond Colony Golf Course



Wal, bless my soul, if'n hit ain't air frin' Mr. Bill Stewart off down hear nockin' 'at little ole ball roun' lack he got good cents! Ish hear fellar's what's 'sponsible fer them fine greens at th' Goose Pond Colony. Now don't nun uv you hillbillies grab y'uns lard buckets an' head out down thar! Hit ain't collard ner turnip greens we tawkin' 'bout but th' new golf cours' at th' Colony! Hear tell he uz a baseball player 'fore he got innerested in 'agry sumthin' er nuther. They say he got th' finest greens in th' South but all we kin think uv when we see all 'at fine grass is, "Man! What a fine cow pasture that'd make! Got sev'al ponds rat in th' middle an' all!"

Jest as we cum roun' th' curve we thot we seen 'im tak'n a swaing at 'at little ole ball with a ball bat! Guess he uz tard a-messin' roun' with 'em sticks!

MR. CARL COOK
Carl Cook Body Shop

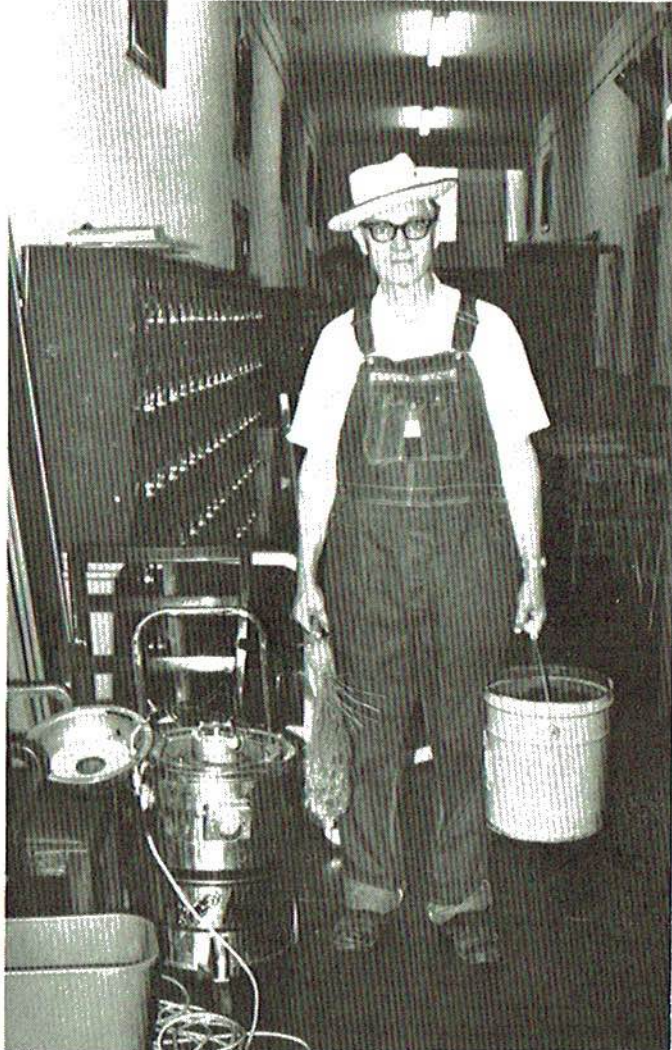
and

MR. TOM WALDROP
State Farm Insurance



Wal, do tell! If thar ain't Pa'n Geraldine! Mite a no'd Pa wud tag along if'n Geraldine 'cided t'cum t'First Monday! He don't let that gal out'n his site fer a minnit (an' hit's prob'ly a good thing, too!) Geraldine, she jest ain't got no morals, that gal! Chases men all over th' place! Good thing she got sich a devoted Pa t'look out after her welfare! A gal lack 'at kin shore git in a heap o'trubble!

MR. WENDALL PAGE, Principal
Scottsboro Junior High School



Les' run over hear t' th' Junior Hi School fer a minnit an' meet hit's principal. Yep! 'at's him all rite, rat over thar with 'em overhuals on an' at mop bucket in 'is hand! Look lack he ain't got no time fer visitin' t'day! Must be 'is janitorin' day!

Mr. Page, he usta be air teacher wee back yonner. We no'd we'd git 'im wun uv 'ese days! Shore glad we cawt 'im with 'is mop bucket! He uz mitey tough on us younguns! He warn't air Ainglish teacher tho, so don't blaim him if'n we ain't spelt everthaing rite! We had a good hi school Ainglish teacher, Miz Erin Davis, she wuz. Don't blaim her, neither. She tried her dead level best t'teach us sumthii!

MR. BILL BRADFORD, Owner
Old Hickory Smoke House



Wal, by now, we no y'uns've seen sum mitey straing things in air town but y'uns ain't done yet!

'At fellar a-sottin' thar a-grinnin' is Mister Bill Bradford what got a smoke house rat over thar on th' publick squar! Shore 'nuff, he has! Hit ain't zactly lack th' wun we usta go out an cut a slab uv ham meat out uv but hit's a smoke house jest th' same! Hit's a little faincy-er then th' wun we usta have; rawt arn all roun' th' frunt'n all. Hit's bigger'n airs wuz, too, but hit has t'be big cause thay sells 'at cow meat by th' truck loads! What th' city folks calls "hole-sailin' " hit. Bill's a fine ole cuntry boy! He 'nuther wun uv them hillbillies what owns a chunk uv the Hollyday Inn. If y'uns stays thar ain't no tellin' who y'uns mite run into!

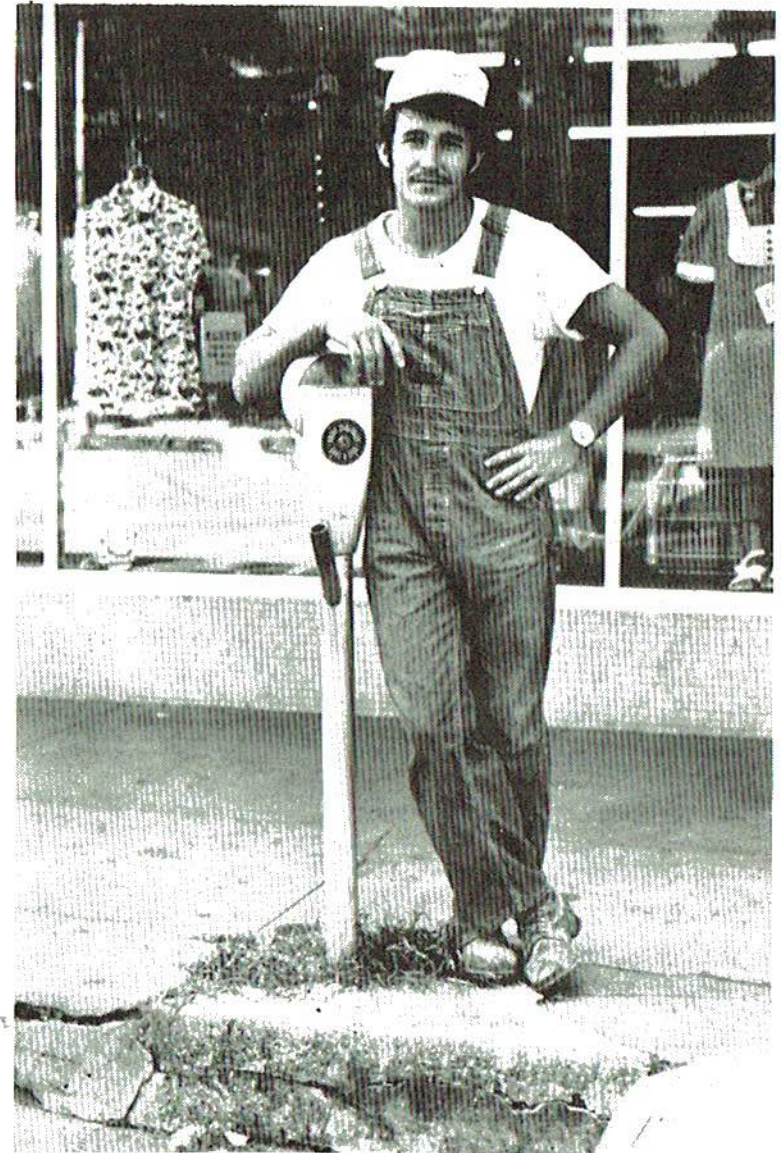
MR. SAM GANT, JR. In-Coming Chairman
Jackson County Commission



Les' rn out cheer now, t'Shake Rag'n meet Sam Gant Jr. Say "Howdy" t' th' folks, Sam! Sam jest howdied 'is way in t' th' awfice uv Chairman uv th' Jackson County Commission. Sam's a fine 'un! Why he don't even no th' 'lection's over! He jest keeps on a-speakin' t'folks 'n bein' frin'ly lack! He don't no hit ain't "in" no more t'speak t'everboddy! In Sam's spare time he preaches an' farms rat cheer at Shake Rag. Him an' his wife Kathleen, thay fine folks!

Pollytickin' ain't nothin' new t'Sam. His late gran'pappy pollyticked all over th' county on a hoss sum years back! Wuz famous fer hit and wun th' 'lection, too! He'd hed out frum Shake Rag, ride th' hoss up San' Mount'n an' pollytick all over th' place! Shore 'nuff! Rilly! He dun 'it! When he uz a-goin' t'pollytick in sum feraway place lack Paint Rock Valley, he'd tote th' hoss in 'is pickup truck t' th' hed uv th' valley, unload 'im an' commence a-pollytickin' lack noboddy's b'ness! His name wuz George Sam Gant an' he uz a fine 'un jest lack 'is gran'son!

MR. ROBERT DAWSON, Student
University of Alabama



Wal, if hit ain't air little frin' Robert Dawson! How's ye Pappy, son? He still puttin' out fars? We no'd Robert here ever since he uz a-toddlin' roun' in diapers! His pappy is Mister Porter Dawson, air local Far Chief.

Robert, he goes t' th' Uneyversity uv Alabammy way down thar in Tuscalucy. Don't thay dress fine down thar! Good overhuals' work shoes'n all! Robert, he don't miss First Monday when he's in town! See ye later son! Keep up ye studies now, so's ye'll be a smart hillbilly as well as a good un!

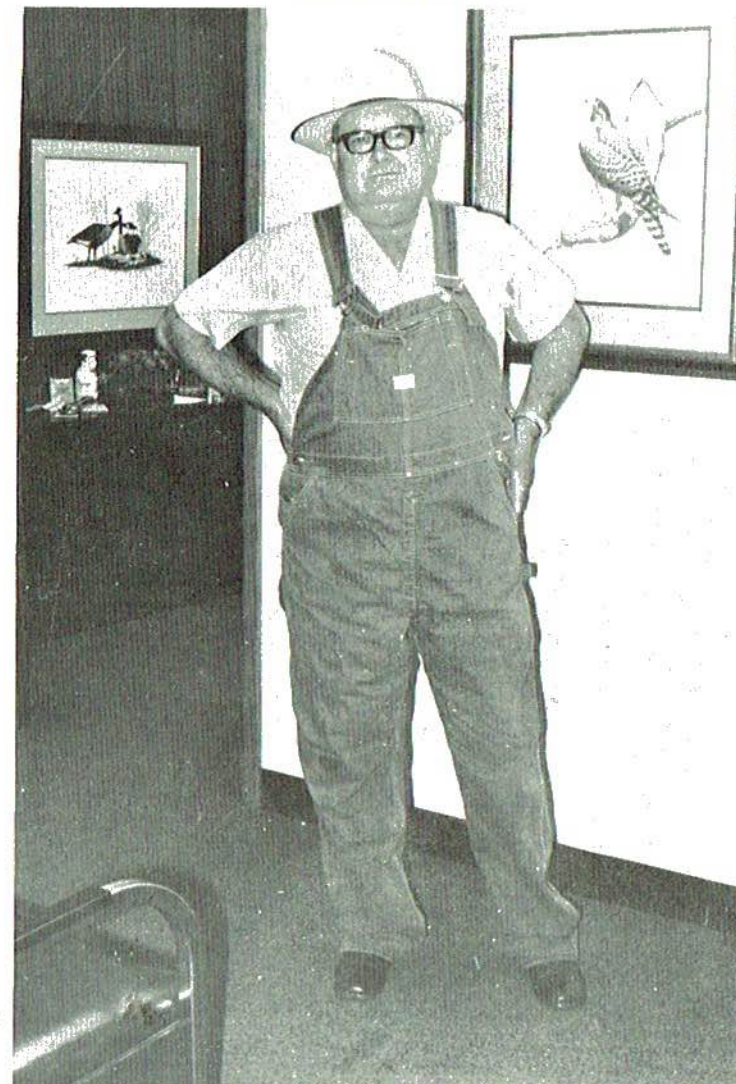
MR. B. W. KENAMER, Manager, WCRI Radio Station
Police Commissioner, City of Scottsboro



Y'all c'mon in hear at WCRI raddio stashun now'n meet air fine local Dee Jay, Mister Benny Kenamer. Look at 'im! Man, he serious as all git out 'bout what hit is he's a-doin'! Don't y'all make no racket now! He on th' air! He fixin' t'spin a platter 'fore his poplar show, PARTY LINE cum on. Man, everboddy roun' hear an' his houn'dawg lissins t'that show! Why, thay sell more junk then y'uns do on First Monday! Rilly thay do! Ast annyboddy! Now, lissin t'this! Y'uns won't b'lieve hit, but lissin ennyhow! Mr. Kenamer here's air Po-leece Commissioner on th' side! See thar!!! Told ye y'uns wudn't b'lieve 'it! Don't blaim y'uns neither! Hit is awful hard t'b'lieve!

Y'uns've heard that ole sayin' 'bout gittin' th' boy out'n th' cuntry but ye cain't git th' cuntry out'n th' boy? Wal, ish hear's th' best case y'uns ever seen, b'yon' enny dout! He a awful good ole cuntry fellar tho! Shore is! Wun uv th' verry best in 'ese parts! Jest as honest as th' day's long! Y'uns cum back 'nuther time when he ain't s'busy. He be glad t'have ye!

DR. CARL COLLINS
Scottsboro Clinic



Wal, guess who ish hear is?! No, hit ain't Junior Samples!! No sich thing! Hit's air own fine ole cuntry docter! He got a awfice on Parks Street next door t'them craisy Hodges brothers! If y'uns git sick whilst yer hear, y'kin find 'im at th' clinic hear er if'n ye feel ye cain't make 'it to ye feet, jest give 'im a call! He'll jump on 'is hoss an' be thar in no time flat! Case yer stayin' at th' Hollyday Inn, he mite be rite thar! He owns a chunk uv that thaing 'long with sum more uv air good local hillbillies.

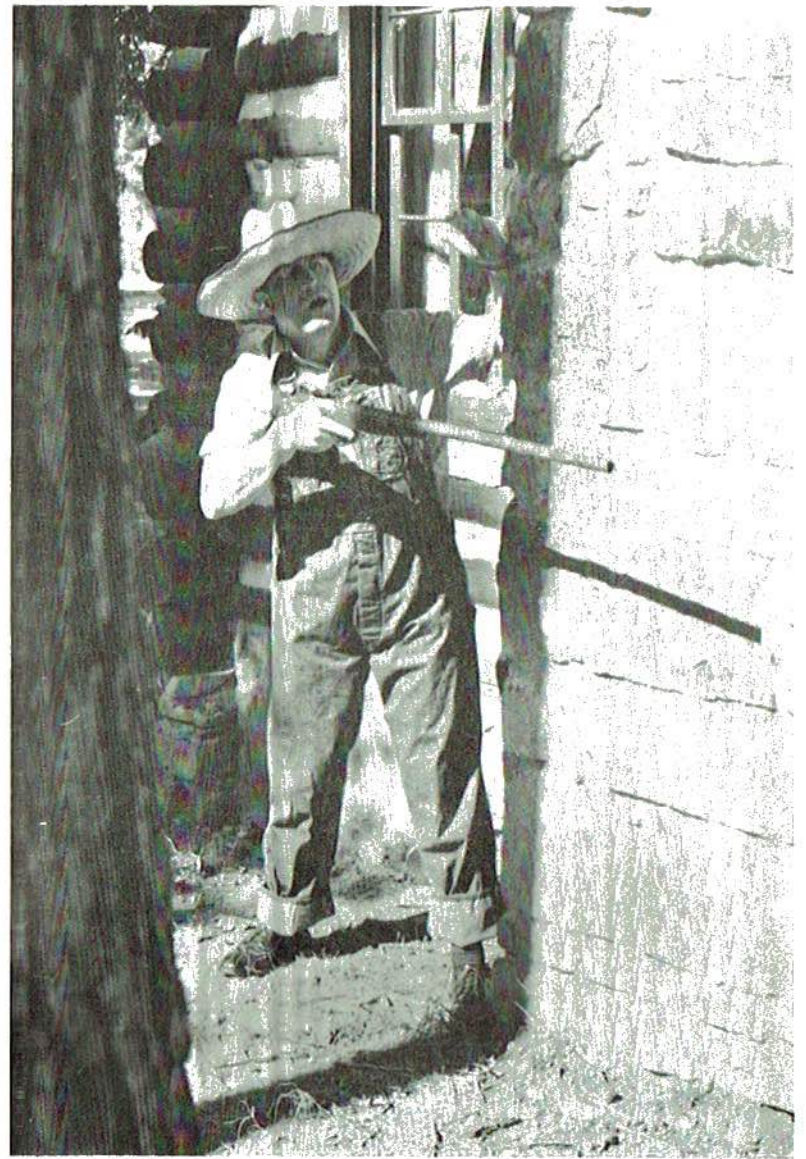
What time docter Collins ain't a-docterin' sumboddy he's a-goose huntin' er up thar summars a-flyin' roun' in 'at big airplain uv his'n!

MR. MARION B. (BARNEY) HARDING
 Chief of Police
 City of Scottsboro



Wal, I do de-e-dar, iif'n yonner don't cum air po-leece chief! Hi, Chief!

Look lack he ain't got no time fer fool ishness! Wunder what hit is he got tree'd?! prob'ly wun a them moonshiners over'n th' holler! Shore wish he had time t's ay "Howdy" to y'uns! We'd lack fer ye t'meet 'im! He wun a th' best lawmen en ny whar's roun' hear! Why, jest this pass yer he wuz runner-up fer th' best dang lawman in th' holl' stait! He been th' a dozen er more uneyversities an' sich an' tak'n all sorts uv co-urses an' trainin'. An, man! You tawk about a posse! Y'uns ont'er see th' wun he got! Why, thay so modern thay d'uv q'wint r'edcin' hosses! Wu'd na b'lieved hit iif'n we hadn't seen 'it w'ith air on'eyes!



Y'uns cud look th' world over an' ye wudn't find a more honest, fair, frin'ly, witty, nutty, craisy, goodfernothin' po-leece chief no whar's!

Naw, we jest a-funnin' ye! He a good ole fellar! No'd 'im ever since we u z pups an' toted dinner buckets t'gather way back yonner.....at least a yer er two ago!

Y'all b'have when y'uns cum t'town, now, ye hear?! But if y'uns do n't, we cain't think uv a nicer fellar t'lock ye up!

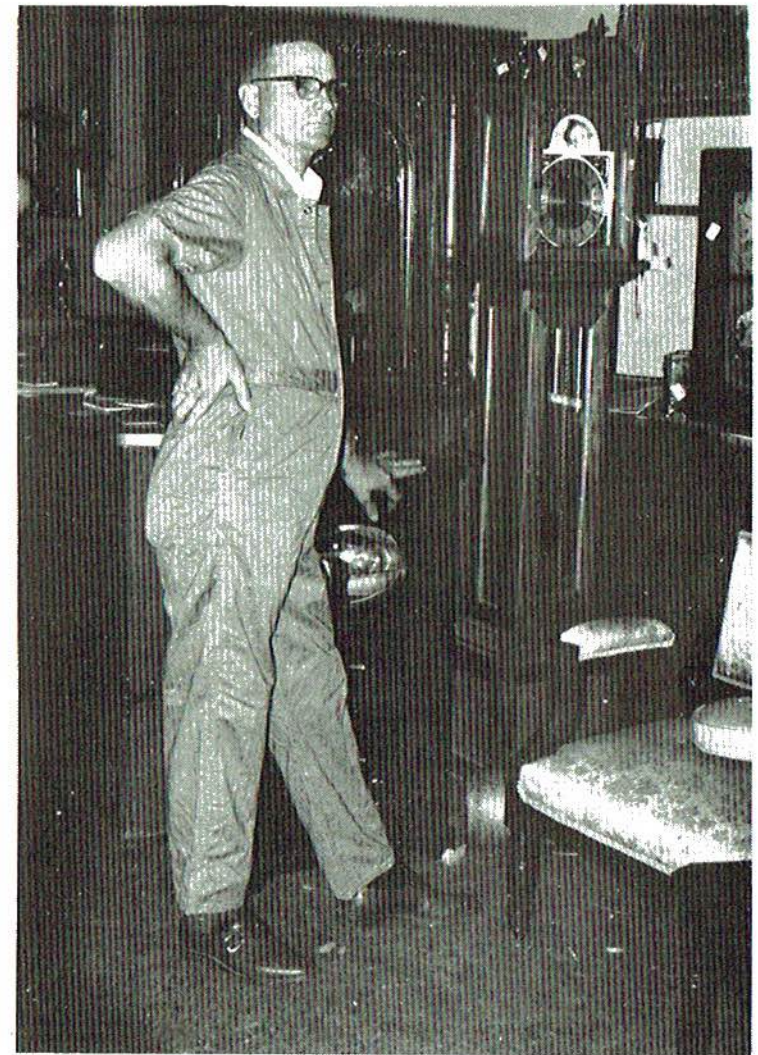
MR. M. G. DEAN, Principal
Caldwell Elementary School



Now lookit this'n folks! Ain't this jest 'bout th' meanist lookin' ole man y'uns ever seen! Jest as we uz 'bout t'go in th' awfice door, a youngun cum a runnin' out'n th' door lack th' devil hisself wuz after 'im! Cain't blaim th' pore chile! Plum skeered th' pu-ore daylites out'n us, too! Reckin he uz gonna nock 'em out with 'at baseballbat an' use th' broom t'sweep 'em up! Shore did look 'at way!

Jest as we uz a-leavin' we heered 'im mumble sumthin' 'bout this uz what all work an' no play wud do t' a fellar! Shore has messed this un up but good!

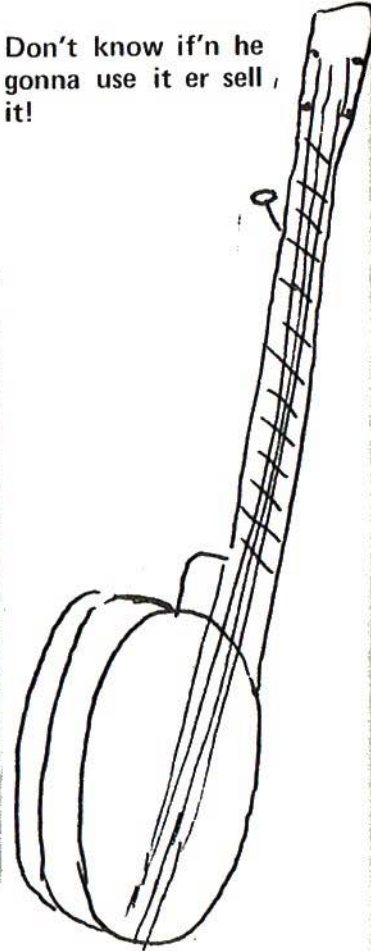
HONORABLE R. I. GENTRY, Judge of Probate
Jackson County



Hear cum de Jedge! Hear cum de Jedge! Wal! Son uv a gun! Jest look who we dun run into! If'n hit ain't his honer, Mr. Bob Gentry, air frin'ly Pro-baite Jedge! Rat thar in 'is fine anti-que store on th' coner! Ish hear's wun uv th' finest ole fellars y'uns ever seen! Don't let that mean look fool ye! Look lack sum young hillbilly dun got 'is dander up this mornin! He th' onlyst Pro-baite Jedge in air county's histry t'ever be 'lected three times in a row! Fore he run fer Jedge he uz th' local hoss docter! An' a dang goodun, too! Ast enny farmer in 'ese hear parts! Sides bein' Jedge'n hoss docter, he's wun uv th' biggest fleas in 'ese parts. He don't never miss First Monday! He buys all sorts uv junk but he rilly got a thaing 'bout ole clocks! Bet he got hunnarts uv 'em! Sum uv 'em rill dandys! Why don't y'uns go over thar an' see all 'at mess he's drug home with 'im!



Don't know if'n he gonna use it er sell, it!

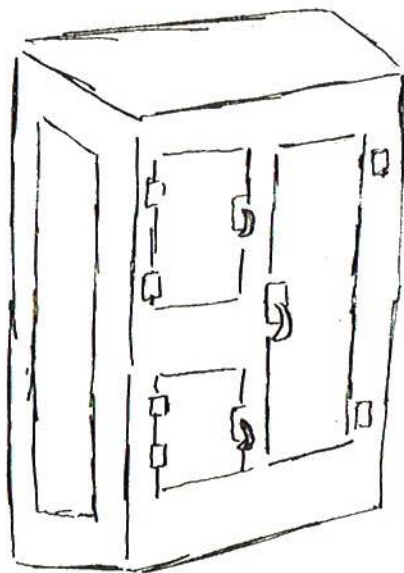


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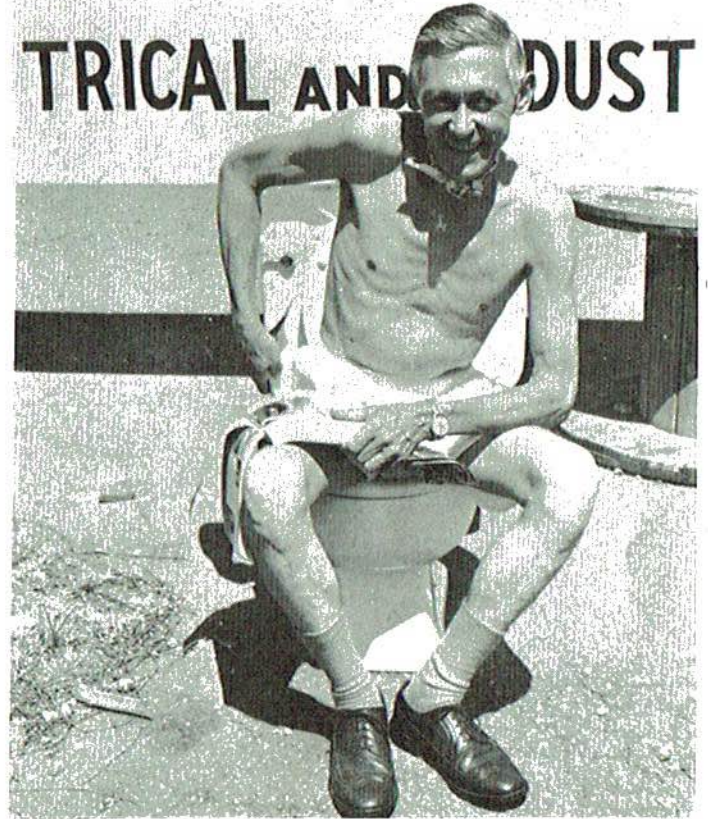


Son of a gun! He gonna use hit!



MR. R. M. STARKEY, JR., Owner
Hi Jackson Wholesale Electrical & Plumbing Company

JACKSON
E SUPPLIERS OF THE
TRICAL AND DUST



Don't this beat all y'uns ever seen! Rat out cheer in th' yard. too! Jest goes back t'what we told y'uns 'bout Mister Benny Kennamer, ye kin git th' boy out'n th' cuntry but ye cain't git th' cuntry out'n th' boy! Reckin Bubs jest got s'usta goin t' that little ole house out'n th' back yard, he jest cain't brake th' habbit!

We kin member th' times when we uz a-visitin' 'im out thar side uv th' crick, we'd havee t'cross a footlog t'git t'his little house an' he allus had two buckets uv corn cobs handy, wun uv red 'uns an' wun uv white 'uns! Look lack he dun traded them ole cobs fer 'at ole Sears an' Rareback catalog we all member s'well!

Man! You tawk 'bout fine cuntry vittals! Bubses ole lady, Gracio, she th' best dang cook in 'ese parts! Why, thay cook fish'n hushpuppies out thar by th' crick by th' warshpots full! We dun sum mitey fine eatin' with 'em folks!

'At shore did look lack 'nuther wun uv air good frins' when we drove up, Mister C. D. Presley, he wuz! Reckin he uz bashful an jumped'n run when he seen us a-comin'! Shore wisht he'd a-staid fer a minnit! He a exeprt on fine vittals hisself!

MR. BILL WANN, Clerk
Jackson County Circuit Court



Lawdy goodnes'! What in thunderation is 'at! Must be wun a them Indian spirits thay allus talkin' 'bout that wunders 'round out thar at Joneses Cove!

Y'uns no uv cours' that hit uz hear in Jackson County that th' great Indian Chief Sequoia 'nounced th' alphabet what he'd invented. But that uz over a hunnart yers ago! Cain't 'magin' whar in th' wurd this un cum frum! Look lack he skeered t'death 'bout sumthin'! Wud be sort uv a shock t'an' ole Indian spirit t'cum back t'ole Hi Jackson fer a short visit after bein' gone fer so long! We'll be seein' ye, Chief!

DR. JOE G. CROMEANS, Chief of Staff
Jackson County Hospital



Wal, bless his hart! What dun happ'nd t'pore ole docter Cromeans! Look lack sumboddy he uz a-cuttin' on dun jumped up an' mixed hit with 'im! Cain't say as we blaim 'em! If'n he started torge us with a knife lack that'n we'd try air ded level best t'give 'im a dost uv his on medicine, too! Must a been sum misunnerstandin' cause docter Joe, he a good fellar, good natur'd an' all. We're shore he never mint no harm! Docter Joe's wife, Merry Ann, she hail frum Music City, USA, better no'd t'y'uns hillbillies as Nash'ville, Tennessee! Man, at ole gal kin saing COTTON FIELDS lack noboddy's b'ness an' sell chickin fat all at th' same time! Beats ennythaing y'uns ever seen!

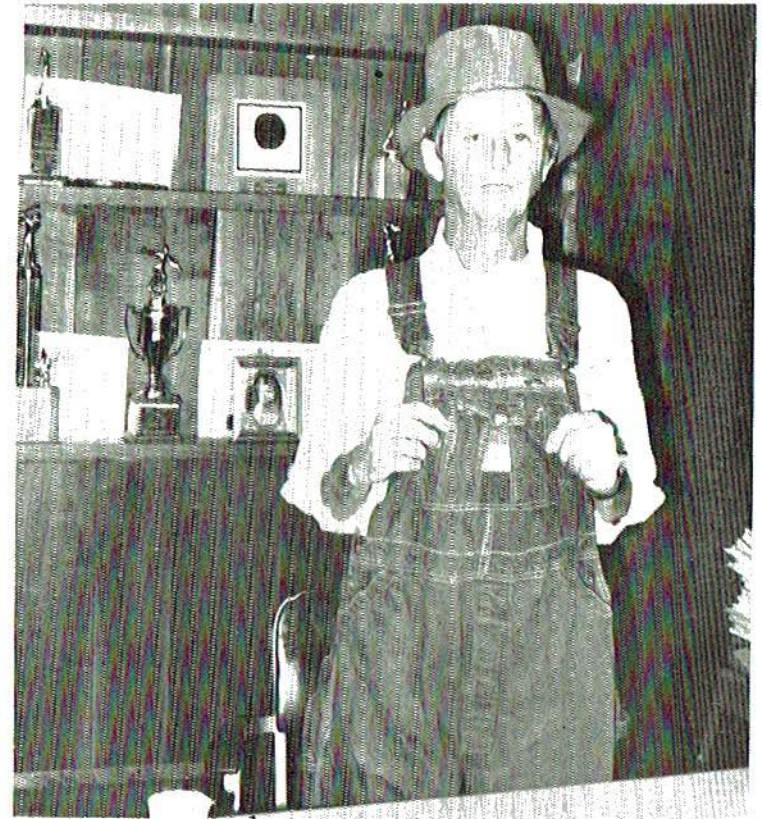
Shore sorry 'bout ye mishop docter Joe. Shore hope ye kin patch ye'self up!

MR. J. C. JACOBS, Executive Vice President
 MR. JEP MOODY, Vice President and Cashier
 J. C. Jacobs Banking Company



Les' run up hear t' J. C. Jacups Bankin' Cump'ny now an' meet two uv th' finest ole hillbilly bankers, y'uns ever seen! Now at furst glaince y'uns mite think thay uz Mut'n Jeff but thay ain't, thay Jake'n Jep! At'n thar on th' left is Mister J. C. Jacups an' 'at little un thar on th' rite is Mister Jep Moody. 'Ese hear boys is two uv th' finest ole farm boys y'uns ever seen! Rilly! Y'uns kin tell by jest lookin' at 'em thay jest plane ole cuntry folks lack we air! Nicest fellars y'uns ever seen! Onlyst thaing y'uns kin do t'git 'em riled is t'devil 'em 'bout ther overhaults! Then y'uns got a fite on ye hands!

MR. E. R. HEMBREE, JR.
 Hembree Insurance & Real Estate



Cum rat over hear crost th' squar' an' meet Mister Ed Hembree (an' fer goodnes' sakes, don't call 'im "Eddie Ray!" He hates!) wun a air faver-rite folks! Ish hear little devil's th' workin'est wun human y'uns ever seen! Why he cud work th' teeth rat off a cross-cut saw! Seems t'thrive on 'it! An' man, hit's shore paid off! Hit takes a hole passel uv folks a-workin' fer 'im jest t'keep all 'em inshorance polycies rote!

Ed, he been in s'many uv air civic clubs'n thaings, we cain't begin t'tell ye 'bout all uv 'em but we no he uz presi-dint uv three er four thaings at wun time! Worked hard at all uv 'em, too! He's a pass presi-dint uv th' Chamber uv Commerce an' has been all over with th' Mayor (plum t'New York City!) a-talkin' t'big cump'nys 'bout comin' t'air town. An' he on th' Board what gittin' us 'at fine recreashunal center at Goose Pon' Colony!

Ed'n us, we go wee back....plum back, in fack, to a lij' ole yellar '36 Ford convertible. He uz a drivin' 'at convertible when th' rest uv us uz a-walkin' (an' at's how we ended up 'bout half th' time a-ridin' in 'at thaing, too!) Ed's fine folks! Don't let 'at ole sofistokated exterior fool ye! When th' chips is down, this fellar's a frin' ye kin count on! (jes' lack when 'at ole yellar convertible wud brake down, ye cud allus count on 'im t'hitch us a ride home!!)

MR. NORMAN GREDE,
Safety and Security Supervisor
Revere Copper & Brass, Inc.
President, Scottsboro Golf & Country Club



'Fore we tell ye 'bout this feller, we better do a little background work so's ye kin rilly 'preciate 'im more.

Ye see, hit's lack this. 'Bout 4 er 5 yers back we got this big 'luminum plant down th' road a piece frum town an' with hit cum a hole passel uv dam'yankees! Yeah! Bigger'n life thay wuz! An' most uv 'em wuzn't jest yankees; thay had t'be dam'yankees!

Now, guess y'uns no that th' diffrunce 'tween a yankee an' a dam'yankee is that a yankee is wun what cums fer a little while an' then goes on back home an' a dam'yankee is wun what cums an' stays!

Wal, th' wuns we got wuz all dam'yankees lack this'n hear! He dun moved in an' look lack he gonna stay a-spell! But he's a good un tho. Never that we'd live t'see th' day we'd be a-sayin' sich a thaing 'bout a yankee, specially wun what uz still a-livin' an' breathin'! But this'n hear's wun uv th' finest ole fellars y'uns ever seen! Why he acks lack we jest good as he is! Frin'ly all! He jest pitches in lack he wun uv us! Him'n his wife, Arlene, thay fine folks! Jest nice as ennyhillbillies we ever no'd!

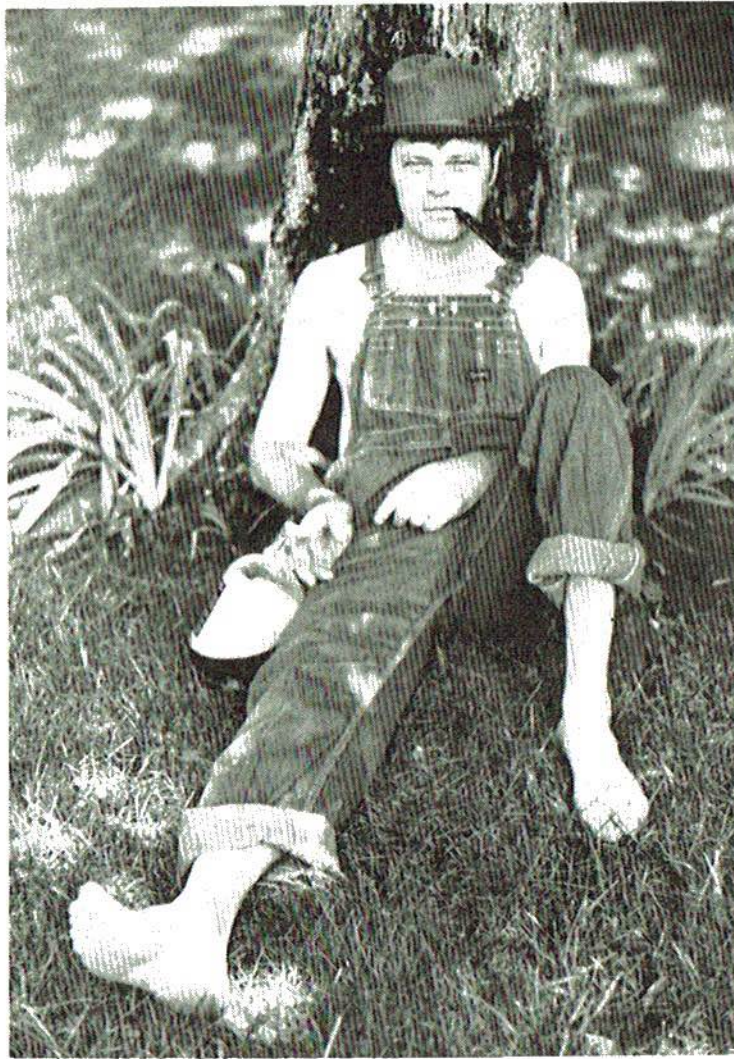


'At pitcher uv Norm in 'at sute uv clothes wuz made down thar in 'at faincy awfice uv his'n, bout th' time he cum hear. That other'n we jest made th' other day.

Now a werd uv warnin' t'all you yankees what thinkin' uv movin' in on us, y'all be shore'n git a good look at what's gonna happ'n to y'uns! We ain't a-sayin' ye ain't wel'cum but we did think we orter give y'uns a fair warnin'!

Y'uns beat us onct, but never agin! Ole Norm 'cided if'n he cudn't beat us he mite uz well jine us! So y'uns gonna have t'do th' same thaing!

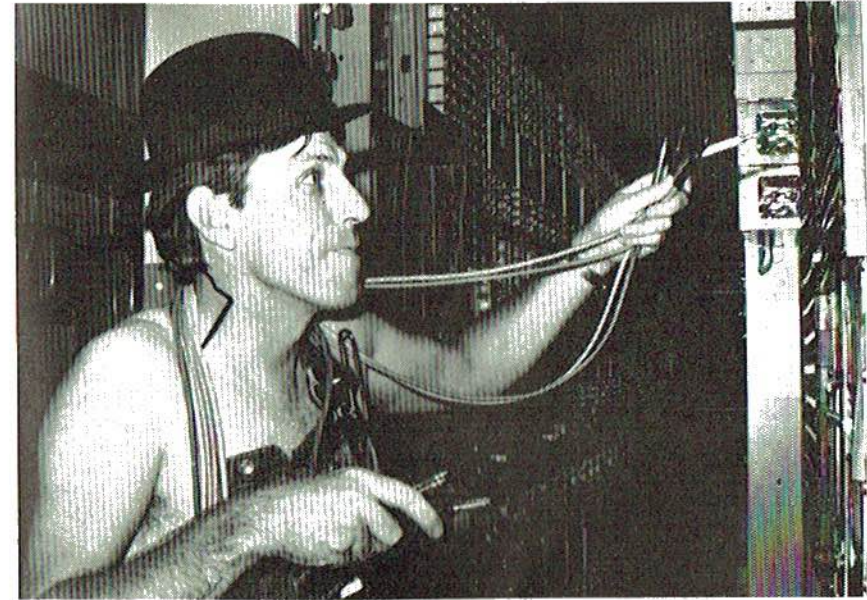
MR. HERBERT GLASS, Pharmacist, H & H Pharmacy
Recreation Commissioner, City of Scottsboro



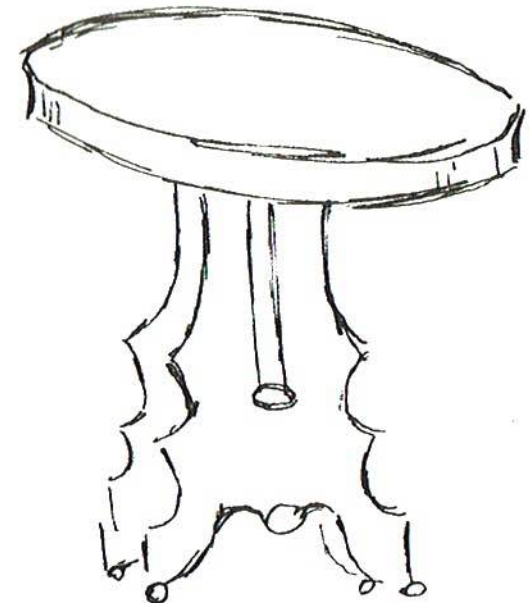
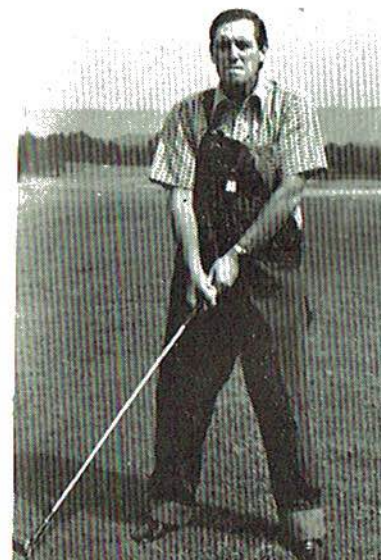
Cum on down hear now an' meet air fine Recreashunal Commissioner an' local pill pusher. Mr. Herb Glass. Thar he is! Rat over thar under 'at big ole tree! Hi, Herb!! How 'bout a slug frum yore ole jug?! Got 'nuff fer cump'ny? Jest look at 'im! Have y'uns ever seen a finer pitcher uv a recreashun commissioner? He havin' a ball! He think when he wun th' seat uv Recreashun Commissioner, he 'posed t'do all th' recreatin'! He have more fun then ennyboddy, Herb does!

Whew! At shore wuz mitey pair'ful stuff in 'at jug, Herb! Hit dun terned blue! Shore hope th' chief don't cum 'long hear til ye finish hit off! We jest a-funnin' Herb a little. He doin' a fine job! Gonna git us a new city park'n all. Keep up th' good work, Herb! An do taik hit easy on at mean ole stuff ye got thar!

MR. TOM RONEY, Manager
General Telephone Company
Scottsboro, Alabama



We want y'uns t'looky hear what thay dun dun t'pore ole Mister Tom Roney, what's th' manajer uv th' Gen'al Tellyfone Cump'ny! Thay dun aggavated 'im s'much a-callin' 'im 'bout them blasted tellyfones not a-workin' rite that he dun gone plum stark ravin' mad! Thay orter be shamed o'therselfs! He's sich a nice fellar! Hit's a shame he dun gone off 'is rocker!



He 'cided t'jest fergit hit all an' go nock a few holes!

MR. R. L. HODGES
Local Drug Pusher



Now, 'fore we innerduce ye t'these next folks, ye gotta promise not t'tell 'bout enny straing' goins' on ye mite run into. Ye see, thay local drug pushers an' cud git in a heap a trubble!

C'mon down hear t' H & H Pharmacy on Parks street an' meet them craisy Hodges bruthers! Thay rill kar-acters if y'uns ever seen enny! That'n thar on th' rite is Mister Charles an' 'at other pore ole fellar is Mister Levi. Wal, boys, look lack y'uns fergot ye 'posed t'sell th' stuff, not take hit! Look lack hit'll take a miracle hitself t'braing 'em back frum th' trip thay're on! Them two ain't got a lick a cents! We no'd 'em all air lif' an' thay ain't never been no'd t'have a lick! Jest look at 'em! Y'don't have t'take air werd fer hit!

MR. CHARLES HODGES
Local drug pusher



'Ese boys allus had th' awfulest tastin' coffee y'uns ever put in yer mouth! An' 'at ain't all! Naw! Thay ackshully brag about hit! Shows ye how much cents thay got! World's Worst Coffee, at's how thay advertize hit an' thay hit th' nail squar' dab on th' hed!

Wal, boys, we gotta be a-goin'! We be a-stoppin' by later t'see how y'uns a-doin'. Shore hope everthaing terns out okay fer y'uns ! (.....but hit'll shore be a miracle! Don't see how pore ole Mister Herb Glass puts up with sich a mess!)

'AT DAILY SENTINEL BUNCH



We no'd he uz a gonna ketch 'em sooner er later! Looks lack hit uz sooner! 'At bunch uv riters don't do nothin' but sot aroun' a-hossin' hit up whilst them other pore ole folks works lack dawgs! Look at 'em! Aint thay pityful?! Y'uns kin reddily see whay thay so many mistakes in th' paper sumtimes with sich as this a-runnin' hit!

A-lookin frum yer left in at top pitcher is Mister Jim Harkness what's th' editor'n publisher an at'n he's 'bout t'hit with at nub is Jim Robertson. Em a-slouchin' roun' on th' counter is Peggy Morgan, Hilde Rung an Randy Satterfield.

Them pore ole things in at bottom pitcher is Tom Underwood, Tommy Kennamer, Marvin Helms, Jerry Hall an Joyce Johnson. We uz jest a funnin' 'em a little! Thay th' best dang folks a-boddy ever worked with! Cain't think uv a bad thing t'say bout none uv 'em (but then I ain't got no time fer thinkin' rat now! I gotta git this mess done!)

Yores truly.
THE BILL SUMMERS
A Fam'ly Po'trate



Ish hear's air lif' ole fam'ly! 'At's muh ole man Bill thar on th' rite an cours' at big ole pityful wommern with 'at bonnitt on's me! An 'em two little uns is muh boy John an muh girl Ann.

Now fore enny uv you younguns commence a-laughin at pore ole me y'uns better thank twict fore y'uns stick 'at pint size di'munt on ye fainger! Jest goes t'show ye what a few yers married life an two younguns'll do to ye!

We shore have enjoyed a'visitin' with y'uns an hope y've enjoyed a meetin' sum uv Scottsboro's fine ole hillbillies! Y'uns cum back agin when ye kin stay longer an rilly git acquainted better! Y'uns are shore wel'cum enny time! Y'uns kin allus find me'n Bill over thar on th' squar' at BILL'S SHOE Cum by t'see us! We kin shore fix y'uns up!

