

Medical Society Holds Meeting To Discuss Paralysis Epidemic

Jackson County Medical Society met in the County Health Office Thursday, July 9th at 7:30 p. m.

Meeting was called to order by Dr. M. H. Lynch, President. The meeting was held for the purpose of discussing with Dr. W. H. Y. Smith of the State Health Department the present outbreak of poliomyelitis in Northern Alabama.

The County Medical Society voted unanimously to back Dr. G. E. Newton, County Health Officer and the State Health Department in their present effort to control the spread of poliomyelitis. They advised the parents to keep their children away from any public gatherings. They advised against public gatherings even for adults during the present outbreak.

The following physicians were present; Dr. M. H. Lynch, Dr. Rayford Hodges, Dr. G. E. Newton, Dr. S. P. Hall, Dr. J. W. Boggess, Dr. D. W. McCrary, Dr. J. L. Prince, Dr. Wm. C. Williams, and Dr. Fain Webb, Dentist.

Meeting adjourned at 9:30 p. m.
G. E. NEWTON, M. D.
Secretary and Treasurer,
Jackson Medical Society

July 16, 1936
Jackson Co. Sentinel
Progressive Age
Bridgeport News

FIRST CASES OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS IN JACKSON COUNTY

In the past two weeks we have had two cases of poliomyelitis (Infantile Paralysis) to develop in Jackson County. These cases are not contacts of each other, one being on the mountain near Dutton and the other near Stevenson. They are considered sporadic cases and not of the epidemic type.

It is not unusual for one or two cases of paralysis to develop in the county this season of the year, as we have from 50 to 60 cases each year over the State. These are the only cases we have had in Jackson County this year, and with the present cooperation we believe that new cases will be prevented.

G. E. NEWTON, M. D.
County Health Officer.

Oct. 8, 1936
Bridgeport News
Progressive Age
Sentinel

COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT TO CONTINUE ITS PROGRAM

The following program on Health Education will be given by the Jackson County Health Department at the various places listed by the use of moving pictures and lectures. Beginning February 29th through Friday, April 1st. The program will begin each day at 10 o'clock and is free of charge. Every body is cordially invited to attend, and secure the benefits provided by these programs. Moving pictures are shown of the activities of the County Health Department, diptheria, hookworm, malaria, screening, sanitation and drainage. These pictures are very interesting and we trust that we will have large audiences at each showing. The following is the schedule.

Long Island school, Long Island,
Tuesday, March 29th, 10:00.

Kyles No. 1 school, Scottsboro Rt.,
Wednesday, March 30th, 10:00.

Aspel school house, Aspel, Thurs-
day, March 31st, 10:00.

Flat Rock school, Flat Rock, Fri-
day, April 1st. 10:00.

M. H. LYNCH, County

The Stevenson Sentinel, February 25, 1932

Meanwhile Dr. J. N. Baker, State Health Officer has again warned the people to stay away from public gathering and not to migrate from place to place. He also advised the use of the newly discovered spray in putting a check on the spread of Infantile Paralysis.

Notice
to use
spray

Ray Crow, Alabama WPA director was authorized by Washington Wednesday to enroll thirty-one unemployed trained nurses to assist health authorities in their fight. Crow also was given funds to purchase 66 dozen atomizers and 2,200 pints of the picric acid-alum spray to spray the hundreds of WPA workers in Alabama. Other reports say that none who have used the spray and came into contact with the disease have caught it.



"Uncle" Garl and "Aunt" Ella Hulvey, both played a part in the lives of most people in Hog Jaw Valley. "Aunt" Ella was midwife for most babies born in the Valley. "Uncle" Garl delivered the mail on a mule and provided guidance for most young men in the Valley in work and hunting.

Υ CHAPTER TWENTY ONE Υ

EVER BEEN TO A TICKING PARTY?

Probably not—and if you did, you may think it concerned bugs. You could not be more wrong, for it was one of the ways the County Extension Service through its Home Demonstration Agents (ladies) helped rural America move toward a better life. County agents (men) provided farmers with information and techniques on better farming practices.

The ticking party was usually held at the home of one of the ladies in the community. Its purpose was to demonstrate the best techniques for making bed ticking for the home mattress, pillows, etc.

The last party I remember was held at the home of Mrs. Lettie Smith, at Moore's Spring, behind Harris Chapel. This would have been about 1936 to 1938. The idea was to select a strong, cotton material (sold as ticking material) to be shaped into the desired object e.g., mattress, pillow. It would then be "filled" with whatever material was available. Goose down feathers was preferred. Corn shucks or pine straw could be used. Cotton was a poor choice as it would lump.

In nearly every school the assistant county agent would attempt to organize a 4-H club (Health, Head, Hands and Heart), and at Long Island School in the 1930s we had one.

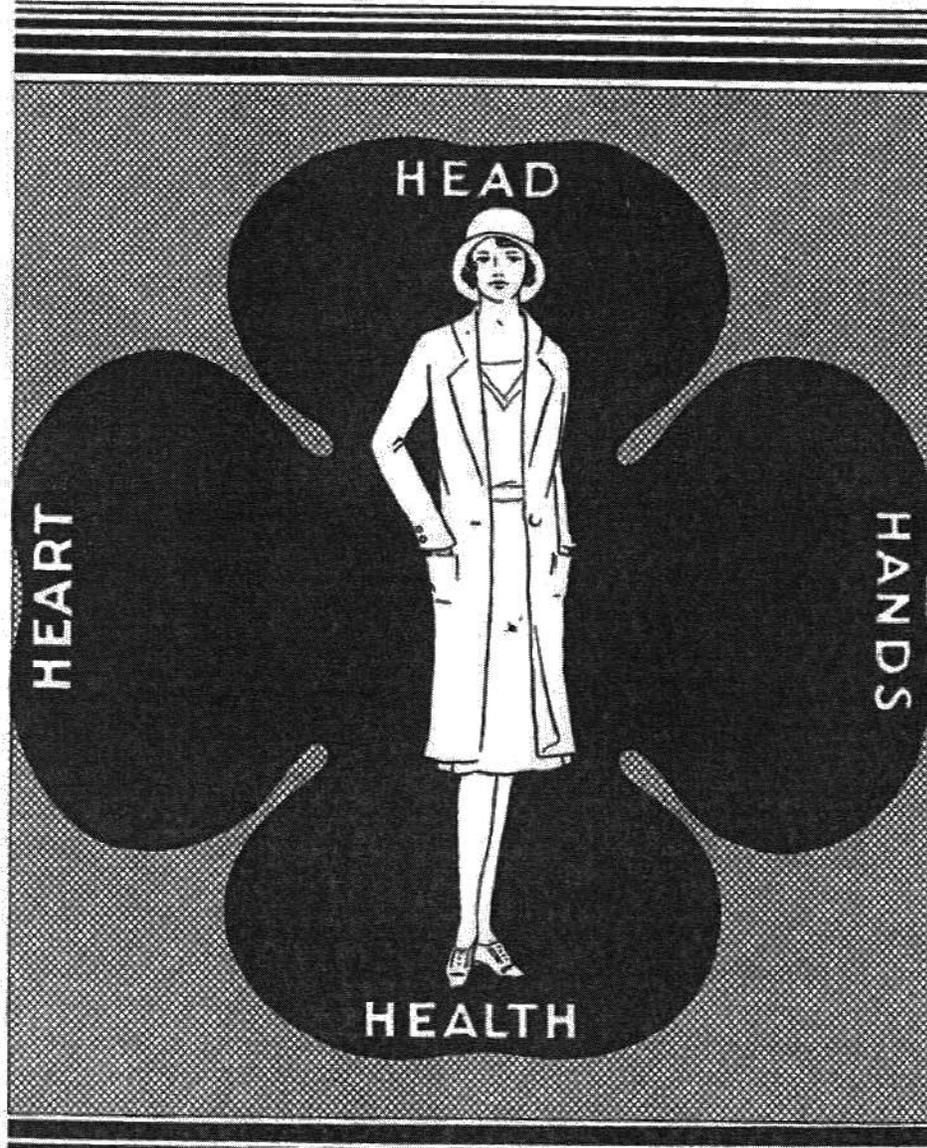
The boys were encouraged to have a 4-H project. The project was usually to raise a calf, pig, or flock of chickens. Girls usually selected sewing, canning, or gardening. Everyone was given a record book to record weight, age, feed, cost, etc.

Judging contests were held at the county and state levels to recognize outstanding performance. Clubs stressed leadership and community participation. After Pearl Harbor in 1941, the extension service made a strong effort urging young people to do those things that would help

the war effort.

I had a pig project, but I also recall the home demonstration agent coming to our room at Long Island (5th grade) showing us the proper way to set the table. In another session, “How to peel an Irish Potato” without cutting away the part with minerals and vitamins.

SCHOOL COSTUME *For 4-H Club Girls*



COTTON IN HOG JAW VALLEY: THE ECONOMY THAT ONCE WAS

When the first pioneers moved into Hog Jaw Valley and other coves and valleys of the Tennessee River Valley, they sought the rich soil which had washed down the river from Tennessee and other Eastern uplands and deposited along the riverbanks. Corn was their first choice for the rich bottomlands, but as the demand and price for cotton increased, it became the “economic engine” for Hog Jaw Valley and the towns along the river.

The cotton grown in our valley and the upper South should be distinguished from the great deltas of the lower South that are far more adapted to cotton production with its larger fields, longer fibered cotton, and twice the yield. That area is known as the “cotton belt”.

Our cotton is referred to as “upland cotton”. The cotton fields were located adjacent to the mountains and ridges whereas corn was planted in the richer soil along the river and creeks. (The term is “river bottoms”).

Kenamer in the “History of Jackson County” says the higher price of cotton in 1817, caused a great influx of immigrants to the Tennessee Valley and the price of land rose to higher levels than ever before. He goes on to say that cotton gins, recently brought in, made raising the staple crop more profitable.

The farmers needed to settle along the river in order to ship their products to market. If a road did exist, it was poor at best, so shipping by river became necessary. Long before the steamboat carried the bulk of baled cotton, flat-bottom boats, crudely constructed affairs, with pitched seams could carry 50 to 100 bales to market. The boats were broken up and sold as scrap lumber at the end of the journey. (Saxe-Weimar, Travels Through North America)

After the flatboats, boats later were constructed with a central keel—hence the name,

“keelboats”. They became popular because of their durability and larger capacity, and their ability to carry durable goods on a return trip upstream.

The shoal, shallow outcroppings of rock or sand in the river in the Tennessee River at Florence, Alabama, was a serious impediment to any river transit between Knoxville and Mobile or New Orleans. These cities were the principal cotton markets at that time.

For our valley, and for the local market centers at Bridgeport, Stevenson, and Scottsboro, advancement in transportation facilities was made in 1828 when the little steamer, “Atlas”, crossed the shoals at Florence and began to ply the Tennessee and Holston rivers between the shoals and Knoxville, Tennessee (Southern Advocate, February 14 & 15, 1828).

At the shoals and market centers, the cotton economy caused warehouses and other facilities to be constructed, and towns and cities grew at these points.

As references are made to “bales” of cotton, one should know that these are 500-pound bales (more or less). They are bales of “lint” cotton. The seed having been removed at the gin. The bales of lint are then compressed, bound by steel bands, and partially covered with burlap fabric.

A gin is a combination of machine driven “whirling knives” that separates the “lint” from the attached seed. It also removes other trash, (broken) leaves and bolls, which are seedpods that open to reveal the cotton.

As cotton is picked from the field, it is usually stored in a barn or empty corncrib until there is about 1300 to 1500 pounds of “seed cotton” (containing the seed). This amount is accumulated before it is hauled to the gin. A wagon and team could usually haul one bale to the gin.

The late Marion Loyd, in his story of the J. R. Loyd family, recounts that he and another man who worked for the Loyd Gin Company were given hand-hooks and told to stack the 500-

pound bales three high. Marion said, "That was the hardest work I ever did."

A bale of cotton is the product that is shipped to the market where it is sold to cotton mills, which manufacture the cotton fiber into thread or cloth garments.

In the 1920s and 1930s, Hog Jaw Valley's cotton fields supported many families. "Cotton money" was especially valued by the families for it was the first money to come into the family in the new year. While "cotton picking money" from the labor of picking cotton was appreciated, the real money came from the sale of the first bale, usually in September. Children looked forward to that first sale, for it enabled their parents to prepare a large order to Sears and Roebuck (a mail order company) for shoes, overalls and school supplies.

Joyce Harman of Scottsboro gives an excellent account of cotton picking in the book, "Heritage of Jackson County". Her account of "cotton picking" in Scottsboro was the same as ours in Hog Jaw Valley.

"Cotton picking started in late summer or early fall depending on the weather, most work days were from daylight to sundown. Some mornings when the dew was on the cotton, one may get a later start. Sometimes you picked cotton down on your knees. The "picker" pulled the pick-sack, which was a six-foot canvas sack, and when a hole was worn in the sack dragging it on the ground, it was patched. The picker packed the sack until it was full. Then it was carried across the shoulder to the cotton wagon where it was weighed on cotton scales and emptied into the wagon. The cotton pounds were recorded in a notebook".

"It was fun to get a ride on top of the cotton field wagon to the house at the end of the day. Dinner was often carried to the cotton field and was eaten sitting on a full cotton sack. (On the farm, "dinner" was the noon meal "supper" was the evening meal)".

“When the number of pounds had been put into the wagon sufficient for a bale, Daddy took it that night to the gin in Hollywood where it was sold”.

“When our cotton patch was all picked and we were waiting for more of it to open (the bolls), we picked for the neighbors. This was how we made extra money for new school clothes and other things that were needed”.

Some of the rural school districts designated “cotton picking vacation,” each fall (ours did). This meant that the school would convene in late July or early August. A “vacation” was declared from September to mid-October to pick cotton. The “vacation” was essential, as children were needed to harvest the cotton crop.

In the deep South, before cotton harvesting became mechanized, slaves, in many cases, were used for harvesting cotton. With “upland cotton” as in Hog Jaw Valley, farms were small and the size of the family often determined the number of acres that could be planted to cotton. No record of slaves in Hog Jaw Valley exists.

After the wagon was loaded in the field with some 1500 pounds of “seed cotton”, it was hauled to the gin where a 500 pound-bale of “lint” cotton was formed. The farmer was then given a choice for the disposition of the seed, some 800 pounds. He could take it home for next year's seed to plant, he could sell it to the gin operator, or take it home and sprinkle it with soybean meal to become an excellent protein rich diet for his milk cow. The seed was usually “cracked” for this use.

Most of the cotton from Hog Jaw Valley was ferried across the Tennessee River and hauled into Bridgeport where the J. R. Loyd family operated a general store and cotton gin. They bought cotton and seed, which they resold on the cotton market.

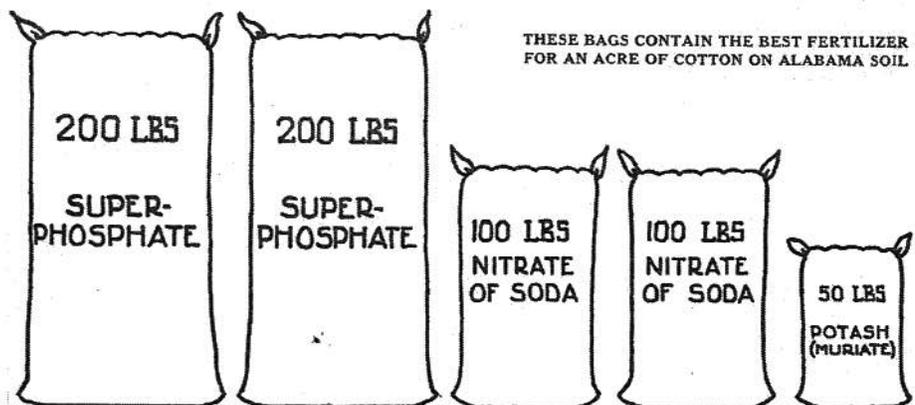
The story of the cotton economy cannot be told, however, without one knowing of the

governments attempt to control cotton production in the 1930s. The government's goal was to obtain a better return for the farmer in Alabama and other southern states. The first name for this government unit was called the "Commodity Credit Corporation" or "CCC". It is now known as the Production Credit Association, or "PCA". This first group should not be confused with the "Civilian Conservation Corps" or "CCC" which was a part of the Roosevelt's "New Deal" to provide jobs for young men in the 1930s.

Below is part of my father's contract from 1934, where he agreed to reduce his cotton acreage by 40%. Of this "acreage reduction program," my professor, teaching a course in cotton production at Auburn University said, "It took the "CCC" to teach the Alabama farmer how to produce cotton". The farmer simply increased the fertilizer on fewer acres and produced the same amount of cotton.

How Shall I Fertilize My Cotton?

THIS QUESTION means that you want to get the biggest returns from each dollar spent for fertilizer and that you want to spend the number of dollars that will bring you the biggest returns per acre. To answer it we must go to the Experiment Station of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn. The Experiment Station "got the answer" by conducting experiments year after year, under all conditions existing in Alabama, and on all soil divisions of the State. Here it is:



Below is a contract from 1934 whereby my father, and all cotton farmers, agrees to cut cotton acreage by 40 percent. The agreement was fostered by the Federal Government Department of Agriculture. The agreement was later amended to control 'pounds sold', not acreage.

Form No. Cotton 1-B
 UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
 AGRICULTURAL ADJUSTMENT ADMINISTRATION
 PRODUCTION DIVISION
 November 29, 1933

(THIS COPY TO BE RETAINED BY THE PRODUCER)

State Ala. County or Parish Jackson Serial No. 793

1934 AND 1935 COTTON ACREAGE REDUCTION CONTRACT
 Pursuant to the Agricultural Adjustment Act, approved May 12, 1933, as amended

The undersigned, Gordon Hepbrae
(Type or print name above—same as signature)

post-office address 2 Long Island, Ala.
(Rural route number) (Box number) (Post office) (State)

hereinafter referred to as the "producer" owns a farm consisting of 1800 acres,
(Type or print character)

situated 6-5 from Long Island
(Miles and direction) (Town)

on River Road, in Jackson Ala. of XXX township,
(County, Parish) (State) (Township, Beat, Ward)

OR

described as the XXX of section XXX
 township XXX range XXX from XXX
(Miles and direction) (Town)

in Jackson County, State of Ala. (hereinafter referred to as "this farm"), hereby offers to enter into a contract with the Secretary of Agriculture (hereinafter referred to as the "Secretary") upon the terms and conditions hereinafter set forth and subject to such regulations or administrative rulings (which shall be part of the terms and conditions of this contract) as have been heretofore or may hereafter be prescribed by the Secretary relating to 1934-35 Cotton Acreage Reduction Contracts. This offer shall become a binding contract when accepted by the Secretary.

The Producer shall:

I. PERFORMANCE BY PRODUCER

- Reduce the acreage to be planted to cotton in 1934 on this farm by not less than thirty-five percent (35%) and not more than forty-five percent (45%) below the base acreage¹ (provided, however, that the total reduction of all producers offering to enter into 1934 and 1935 Cotton Acreage Reduction Contracts within the above-named county or parish shall not exceed forty percent (40%) of the total base acreage of such producers); and hereby rents 46 acres of cotton land equal to 40 percent of the base acreage to the Secretary for the year 1934. Reduce the acreage planted to cotton in 1935 on this farm by an amount not to exceed twenty-five percent (25%) below the base acreage, said amount, if any, to be prescribed by the Secretary and said number of acres is hereby rented to the Secretary for the year 1935. The acres hereby rented to the Secretary are referred to hereinafter as "the rented acres." All undertakings herein of the producer are covenants which shall run with the land and shall bind all future purchasers, lessees, tenants, and encumbrancers of this farm or any part thereof. The rented acres and this farm shall be posted in such manner as the Secretary or his authorized agent may direct. This contract shall apply only for 1934 unless the Secretary shall, not later than December 1, 1934, proclaim his purpose of continuing the Cotton Acreage Reduction Plan for 1935. This proclamation shall state the percentage of reduction which will be required hereunder for 1935. The Secretary shall not be required to give any notice to the producer other than public proclamation, which proclamation shall be given to the general press, and copies mailed to each county committee.
- Not grow cotton during 1934 and 1935 on land owned, operated, or controlled by him unless such land is covered by a 1934 and 1935 Cotton Acreage Reduction Contract, except as provided in regulations or administrative rulings.
- Not include in the rented acres waste, gullied, or eroded land. The rented acres shall be tillable land suited to the growing of cotton and shall represent in productivity a fair average of the cotton land on this farm.
- Not increase on this farm in 1934 above 1932² or 1933³: (a) The total acreage planted to crops, including the rented acres; (b) The acreage planted to each crop for sale, designated in the act as a basic commodity, except as may be permitted under the contract between the producer and the Secretary; (c) The number and kind of livestock designated as a basic commodity in the act (or a product of which is designated) kept for sale (or the sale of a product thereof).
- Use the rented acres only for: Soil-improving crops; erosion-preventing crops; food crops for consumption by the producer on this farm; feed crops for the production of livestock or livestock products for consumption or use by the producer on this farm; or fallowing; or such other uses as may be permitted by the Secretary or his authorized agent.
- Permit access by any authorized agent of the Secretary to this farm and to any records, regardless of where located, pertaining to the production and/or sale of cotton on or from this farm and expressly waives any right to have such records kept confidential.
- Endeavor in good faith to bring about the reduction of acreage contemplated in this contract in such a manner as to cause the least possible amount of labor, economic and social disturbance, and to this end, insofar as possible, he shall effect the acreage reduction as nearly ratably as practicable among tenants on this farm; shall, insofar as possible, maintain on this farm the normal number

¹ Strike out word or words not applicable. If no printed word is applicable, write in appropriate word.
² Members of, or Delegates to, Congress cannot participate in the benefits of such contracts because of the provisions of title 18, section 204, and title 41, section 22 of the United States Code.
³ Managing state tenants, as defined in note 7, page 2, may join with the owners in signing contracts as provided by paragraph 12.
⁴ The base acreage shall be that figure, expressed in acres, which results from dividing the total number of acres planted to cotton on this farm during the years 1928-32, inclusive, by the number of years in the period 1928-32, inclusive, in which cotton was planted on this farm.
⁵ Indicated in table I.

(1)

16-1191

Typical weight tickets and price paid.

LOYD GIN COMPANY (Not Responsible for Fire or Theft if Left on Yard)
 J. R. LOYD, Owner and Manager
 GINNERS, COTTON & SEED MERCHANTS

BALE No. **917**
2417

Bridgeport, Ala. 10 - 16, 1942

Ginned for John Cooper Tenant

From Farm of John Cooper Farm Serial No.

Address County.....

Gross 4480 Lbs. Driver On Wagon

Tare 1300 " Driver Off Truck No. B/C

Net S/C 1180 "

BALE WT. 663 " Grade.....Staple.....@..... Amt. \$.....

Gross Seed Wt. 663 " Cotton Sold Left on Yard

Net Seed Wt. 517 " Warehouse No. Taken

Seed Taken 146 " Ginning \$..... Due Paid \$.....

Seed Exchanged for Meal " Rate of Exchange Lbs. C.S.M.

Seed Sold/Left " @..... Amt. \$.....

GINNER RETAIN YELLOW COPY. BUYER OF COTTON AND SEED OR WAREHOUSEMAN RETAIN WHITE COPY. FARMER OR SELLER HAVE BUYER FIGURE ON BACK OF BLUE COPY, GIVING YOU A DETAIL OF THE TRANSACTION FOR YOUR RECORD NO DUPLICATE OF THIS TICKET WILL BE ISSUED

Check No. Amt. \$.....

LOYD GIN COMPANY

By..... Weigher

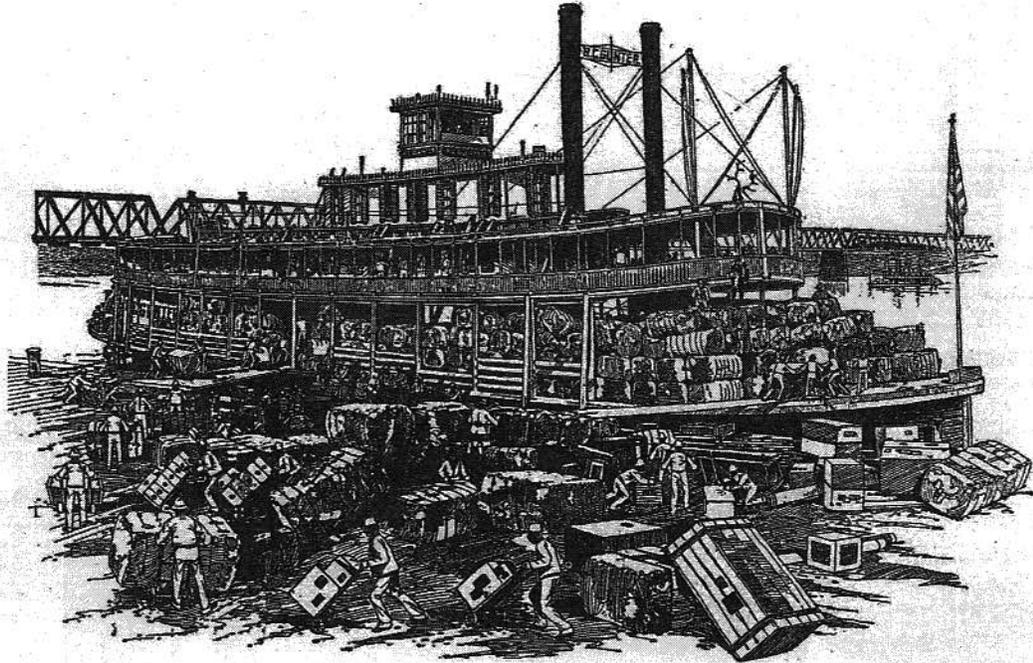
LOYD WAREHOUSE COMPANY
 BONDED COTTON WAREHOUSE

COTTON STORED, BOUGHT AND SOLD

M. Gordon Hembree, John + Sam Cooper

BRIDGEPORT, ALA. 194...

W/H NO.	GIN NO.	GROSS	TARE	NET	GRADE	PRICE	AMT.
5455	2088	486	20	466	54 M 31/32	20.95	97.63
5462	2098	525	20	505	M 5/16	22.15	111.86
	503						
	545						
	<u>1048</u>						
<u>O.P. Acker</u>						TOTAL \$	<u>209.49</u>



Loading Cotton at Bridgeport

Sold to Gordon Hembree 06541D
 HOLLYWOOD, ALA.

Gasoline not Sold for Illuminating Purposes

Bought of **ALABAMA OIL CO.** 7/14 1943
 OF HOLLYWOOD

Form 54-D

10	Gals. DIXIE	-	-	at	19	1	90
110	Gals. SUPER FUEL	-	-	at	10 ³ / ₄	11	83
5	Gals. BLUE FLAME KEROSENE	-	-	at	10		50
	Gals. DIXIE GAS OIL	-	-	at	250		24
	Gals. DIXIE MOTOR OIL	-	-	at			
10	Gals. DIXIE PENN	-	-	at	60	6	00
	Lbs. DIXIE GREASE	-	-	at			
	Lbs. DIXIE GREASE	-	-	at			
Received above goods in good order,				Received Payment		20 47	
<u>Gordon Hembree</u>						DRIVER	

REG-FORM-AMERICAN SALES BOOK CO., INC., ELMIRA AND NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Typical farm gasoline and fuel ticket from the same period. Note: Gasoline about 20.5 cents and tractor fuel (diesel like) 10.75 cents and kerosene (coal oil) was 10 cents per gallon.

THERE AIN'T NO MO' MOLASSES

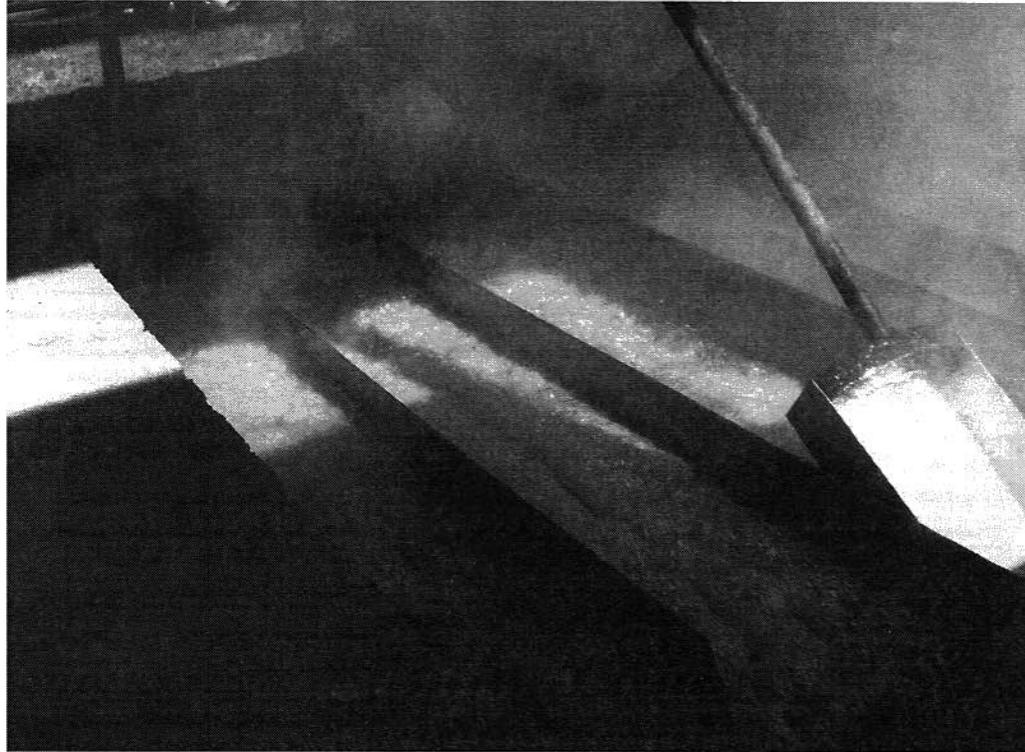
Just as cotton has disappeared from Hog Jaw Valley, that great sweetener, sorghum molasses, is no longer on most farm tables. In the earlier days, most farmers planted a small field to Blue Ribbon Cane. This was the variety of cane planted for processing into sorghum molasses, and it is similar to the sugar cane planted for processing into granulated sugar. The cane stalk is crushed while still green and emits a sap that can be cooked to a thick consistency to make molasses. It is a nutritious food, and when poured over hot buttered biscuits or corn bread is an excellent dish. At our house, we often poured it over hot cooked pumpkin each fall as part of our breakfast meal.

Every southern cook knows a recipe for gingerbread calling for a cup of sorghum molasses. Growing the Blue Ribbon Cane or any of several varieties is similar to growing corn. The difference was instead of an ear of seed, the seed of the cane was at the top of the plant. The leaves of the cane must be stripped from the stalk while still green, and the cane stalk is cut and hauled to the processing mill.

The mill is a combination of processing equipment. One piece is two iron rollers closely geared together to crush the stalk when fed between them. A mule or oxen walking in a circle at the end of a long pole powers the rollers. As the green stalk is crushed, the juice is piped from the mill into a large flat pan placed over a hot fire. This pan is about four feet wide and ten feet long and about four inches deep. It is divided into narrow channels, which permit the juice to be moved slowly along the length of the pan.

The movement of the juice by an experienced cook allows the juice to be cooked to become molasses. It is then poured into half-gallon syrup buckets, ready for the table or the

market. Our farm operated such a mill, and Mrs. Ella Hulvey was the skilled cook who presided over the cooking process.



The Progressive Farmer magazine, about 1927, carried an article written by Minnie Snodgrass Hodson who told of a banquet held during the Civil War when the Union force had barricaded most of the Southern ports. The meal she described contained “toasted corn and okra seed sweetened with molasses.” This story is told in the book “A Pictorial Walk thru Ol’ High Jackson” Limited Centennial Edition, Scottsboro, 1868-1968, by Walt Hammer.

These are molasses recipes which were often passed down from grandmothers to daughter, to grandchild. While it is called molasses, it is technically “sorghum syrup”. True molasses is made from sugar cane and is bitter and used in animal feed; sorghum syrup is made from “cane” and is sweet.

GINGERBREAD

½ c. sugar	½ tsp. salt
½ c. butter and lard mixed	1 ½ level tsps. Soda
1 c. molasses	1 tsp. cinnamon
1 egg	1 tsp. ginger
1 c. hot water	½ tsp. cloves
2 ½ c. sifted flour	¼ tsp. nutmeg

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and molasses. Add dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Add hot water. Beat until smooth. Bake in greased, floured pan (fairly shallow pan) at 350 degrees for about 40 or 45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or raisin sauce.

From Grace Perry in Larue County Kitchens of Kentucky

MOLASSES CAKE

½ c. shortening	1 c. granulated sugar
2 whole eggs	½ c. dark molasses
2 c. flour	1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. nutmeg	1 tbsp. cinnamon
1 c. boiling water	1 tsp. soda

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Gradually add molasses. Sift flour with salt, nutmeg and cinnamon. Add gradually to the shortening mixture, beating constantly. Add boiling water. Add soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water; mix thoroughly. Batter will be very thin. Pour into cake pan. Bake at 250 degrees for 45-60 minutes or until cake begins to pull away from sides of pan.

From Ester Mattson in The Pilot Club Cookbook MCMLXV

MOLASSES CRISPS

¾ c. soft shortening

1 egg

2 c. flour

½ tsp. soda

½ tsp. ginger

Sugar for rolling

1 c. sugar

¼ c. molasses

½ tsp. salt

½ tsp. cloves

1 tsp. cinnamon

Cream shortening and sugar together then add egg and beat well. Stir in molasses and mix well. Sift dry ingredients together and add a little at a time. Dough will be soft. Shape in 1" balls and roll in sugar. Bake at 350 degrees until brown for 10-12 minutes.

From Amy Nell Van Dyke in Twickenham Recipes, 1978

MOLASSES PIE, STEAMBOAT STYLE

½ c. brown sugar

1 ¼ c. molasses

4 eggs

4 tsp. corn meal

2 tbsp. butter

1 tsp. vanilla

Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Mix brown sugar and cornmeal and stir into molasses. Melt butter and add to mixture. Combine molasses mixture with eggs. Add vanilla. Pour into uncooked pastry shell and bake at 375 degrees until filling is firm, about 45 minutes.

From Kathryn Tucker Windham in Treasured Alabama Recipes, 1964

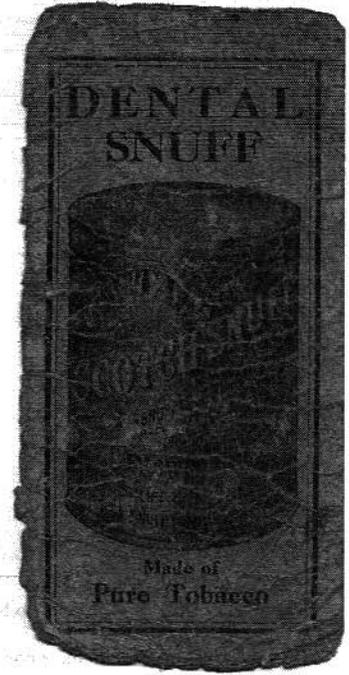
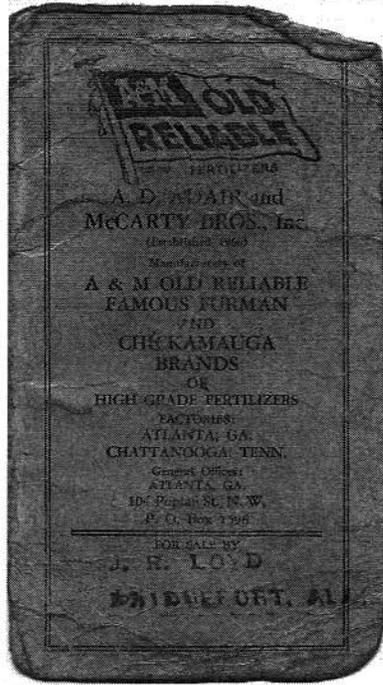
DAYBOOKS—THE RECORD OF A PAST GENERATION

Do not talk to your children about “daybooks” which your grandfather kept because they are not likely to know what they are. You will need to explain that “daybooks” are a small record book designed for placing in the shirt pocket next to a sack of Bull Durham smoking tobacco. These books were for recording a farmer’s daily transactions such as barrels of corn sold, pounds of cotton picked, field hands paid, or the canning items his wife wanted from the general store.

These daybooks were usually given free to farmers by the general store where he traded. The fertilizer company or other suppliers usually provided them to the general stores. Some farmers kept daily records and would later transfer them to a more permanent farm record book. However, many farmers relied on the general store or the local banker to keep the only written record of his farm operation. In the 1930s during the depression, this record was probably only a record of his debts.

However, some “daybooks” were more extensive than a farmer or merchant’s daily transactions. Mrs. Ann Chambless reporting in the October 2005 Jackson County Chronicles said John E. and George W. Caperton operated Caperton’s Store in 1850 at Pleasant Grove, just south of Hog Jaw Valley, and kept “daybooks” for other purposes. James Gibson Caperton was Justice of the Peace for that area, and they used their daybook to record all of the legal notices being served on the local residents. Mrs. Chambless also gleaned another interesting item from their 1839 issue of the daybook. They had recorded a “receipt” or recipe for making vinegar using four gallons of rainwater, two quarts of molasses and a half gallon of corn whiskey.

This shows some of the daybooks. They show the wear and tear of being carried in the shirt pocket. The sweat and stains are apparent.



Dec 22, 1938
 Account in full
 on your account
 recd \$10.75 in cash
 for 8 m. horse
 and wagon
 Charles Hervey

Judge fertilizer by producing power, not price alone.
 W. H. Hession -
 Corn Ten Bu - 10 -
 James Brown
 May 18, 1935
 160 lbs
 Corn 12 bu -
 11 shells 91 lbs

ENTERTAINMENT IN THE VALLEY

If a time machine could transport the present youngsters back to Hog Jaw Valley and the days of the 1920s and 1930s, what would they find for entertainment? Believe it or not there were many ways to be entertained.

At the schoolyard, if one could be found, boys would be introduced to the game of marbles. The earliest marbles would be made of clay, a ball about one-half inch in diameter. It was not long, of course, before marbles were made of glass. Color and design often made them a work of art. Many collectors treasure them today.

In an article written for the North Jackson Progress in 2009, Dale Crawford describes the marble game often played on the schoolyard at lunch or recess as follows. He says two or more shooters would smooth a bare spot on the ground and draw a simple circle. The marbles were placed in the middle of the circle. The shooters would take turns trying to knock his opponent's marbles from the circle by shooting them "out" with his "taw", a choice marble for "shooting". There were many variations to this game.

Indian artifact hunters along river and creeks of Hog Jaw Valley report finding many "gaming stones" at former village sites. Archaeologists say Indians played a similar game called "chunky". The Indians selected a smooth round stone that was often polished to high gloss. The stone was then tossed or rolled down a marked course on the ground. The stone stopping closest to a select spot was declared the "winner".

Pitching horseshoes also became a common game for both men and boys. This game probably became popular because the equipment was readily available. Horses and mules needed to be re-shod every six weeks; some of the worn iron shoes were removed intact. It was a simple

matter to drive a stake (usually iron) into the ground, walk off a few feet and pitch toward the stake. A “ringer” meant the shoe landed and circled the stake. It counted the most. Being close was counted but for less points.

In the 1930s many general stores and most city parks had a space set aside for horseshoe contests. It was a few years later before manufacturers alert to the popularity of the game were manufacturing “pitching horse shoes” for sale. These were heavier than normal horseshoes with “cleats” added to make them stick to the ground where they landed.

On the schoolyard, young girls found jumping rope a fun activity. It usually involved four or more girls. Two would swing a rope, some 15 to 20 feet long and it was swung in a large loop. The other girls would take turns entering the loop and timing their jumps to the swinging of the rope.

The box supper described elsewhere was an activity that involved older girls and was fun for the entire community.

Square dancing was a social activity usually reserved for the fall and winter after the crops were harvested. The dances were participated in by all ages. Parents would often encourage their teenage or younger children to participate, and they would become their partners in some dances.

If a couple decided to host a dance, they would first have to engage a caller—usually a man somewhat experienced at calling the “pattern“, for the dancers to follow. Next came locating some musicians who would play for the dance. If available, a “fiddler” and two guitar players were sufficient. Invitation was by word of mouth.

After supper the guests were to arrive, if too hot, maybe later in the evening. The largest room available was cleared of all furniture to make room for the “band” and the dancers. In the adjacent room quilts were spread along the wall to make room for babies and smaller children.

Older brothers and sisters were designated as baby sitters. Parents would look in after each dance “set”, a completion of a dance pattern designated by the caller, to be assured that everything was going well.

Older children were selected to bring fresh cold water from the nearby well or spring. No ice was available in Hog Jaw Valley until years later. The men would often make a trip to the barn where a pint of corn whiskey was usually hidden in the cracks of a log crib. Dancing would continue into the early morning hours if the following day's work was light. The trip home was made by lantern light.

For the family living in Hog Jaw Valley, the Tennessee River was nearby. Other families lived at the foot of Sand Mountain where hunting was a few feet away. In that environment, hunting and fishing were natural forms of recreation for all ages, especially men and boys. Farm work came first; but by early fall when crops were “laid-by” (no longer needing hoeing or cultivation) and before cotton picking, there was time for fishing—too early for hunting.

There was always “pole fishing” from the river or creek bank. A more serious fishing was “trotline fishing” in the Tennessee River. This type of fishing required a boat and a trotline, which was strong cotton cord, strong enough to withstand the current of the river. Along the trotline each 18-20 inches was tied a short-two foot piece of smaller cord and a baited hook. Providing bait for the trotline was the real work for this type of fishing. One approach was to dig worms, usually around the barn. Another technique was to search the shallow creeks for crawfish, minnows, and frogs. When these “favored baits” were expended, “cut-bait” was always available. This meant cutting smaller fish into chunks to be placed on the hooks.

One of the champion trotline anglers in our area was Albert Hughes who lived in Bridgeport. His father, Meredith Hughes, ran the Reese's Ferry on the Tennessee River for many

years. Albert's technique for his trotlines was to bait his hooks with "chicken guts" which he had obtained from the grocery men in Bridgeport. The catfish in the river loved them. His fishing was good enough to produce a small income in the spring and summer. Serious trotline fishermen would "bait-up" in the late evening and sit around a campfire all night. They would "run" their lines every two hours, re-bait, and remove their catch. The mosquitoes along the river could make this a very long night.

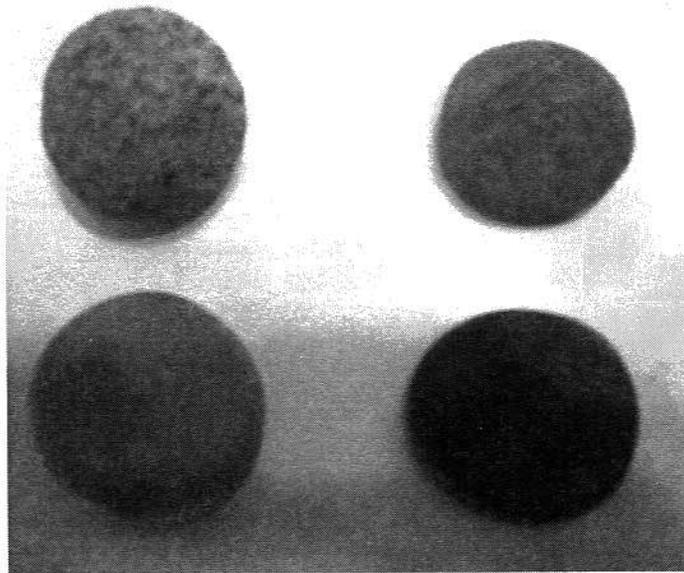
Baseball was an occasional entertainment whenever one could find time for a game. Buck Lawson and his brother managed the Long Island baseball team. His mother made a point to go to the games always having some colorful comment to make.

I must add that when Buck was 10 years old, an infection in one of his legs wouldn't heal and the leg was amputated (on the kitchen table). He managed to overcome his handicap and although a peg leg was made for him, he designed his own way of getting around. He fashioned a crutch, which he used in an odd way. Instead of using it on the side where the leg was lost, he walked with it across and to the front of his only leg. Although disadvantaged, he was of great help on the farm. If there was a time when I couldn't drive to pick him up, he walked across the ridge to work in the Valley. He learned to drive a John Deere tractor that was equipped with a hand clutch. Buck was well known in the Valley because he always had a smile along with his pleasant, positive personality.

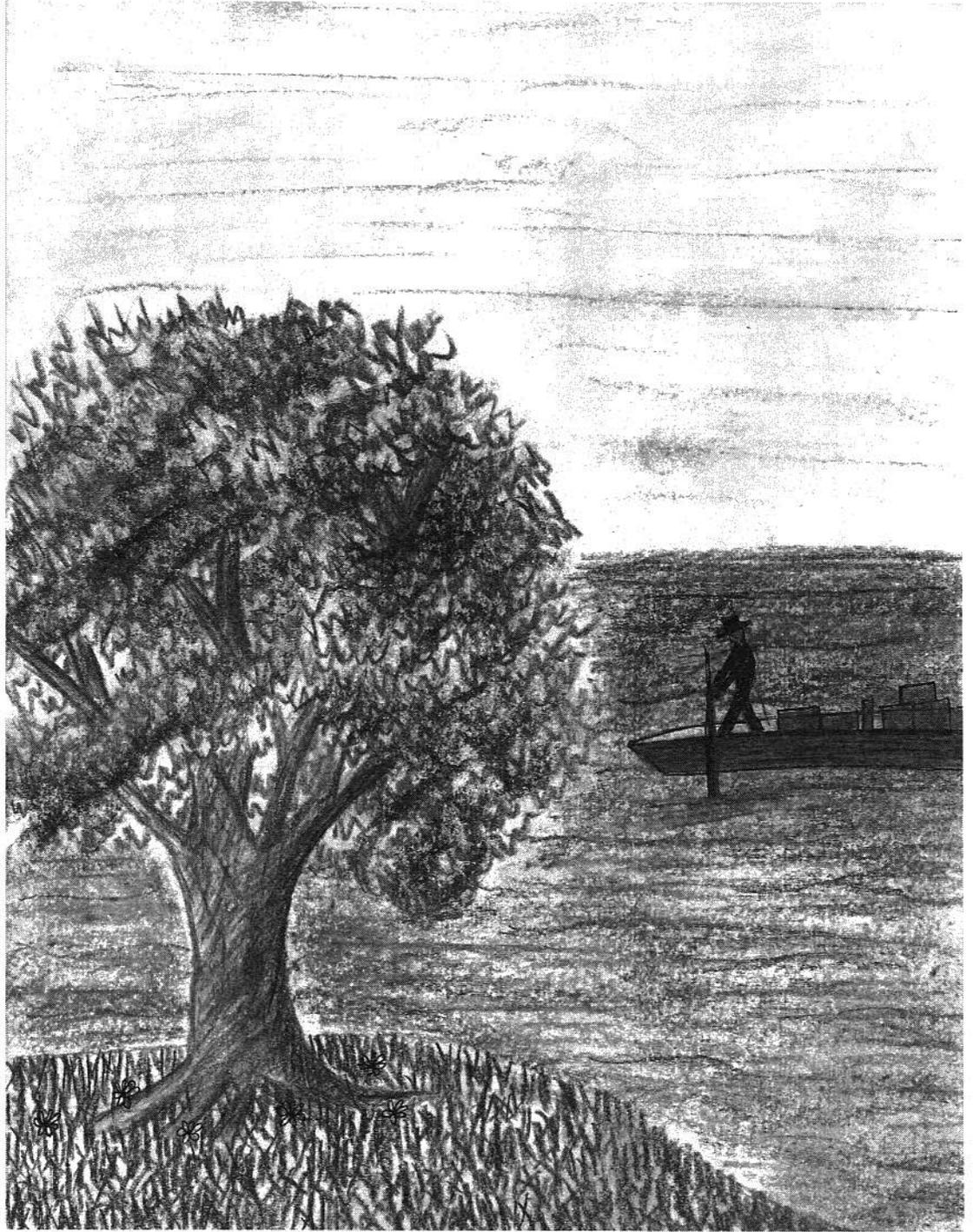
Other types of entertainment always included picnics, candy pulls, quilting parties, weddings, corn shucking and shooting matches. Decoration Day was always a special day at Harris Chapel as was mentioned in an earlier chapter.



Long Island baseball team. Buck Lawson, right back row. His brother Duddie, front row left with the mitt.



Picture shows artifacts of chunky stones used in a marble like game by the Indians.



Trotline fisherman sketch by Lyndsey Jordan

THE ESSENTIAL OIL

It was called “coal oil” back then, but it is known as kerosene now. It was an “all-purpose” oil used by rural farmers in Hog Jaw Valley and most of rural America. It was sold by every general store, gasoline station, and hardware store in America. Yes, even the rolling stores carried it for customers. Before electricity was in general use, coal oil or kerosene was primarily used to fill the oil lamps that lighted homes and churches. In Hog Jaw Valley, Harris Chapel had wall brackets in which kerosene lamps with a flat base, rounded to fit the bracket, were used for night church services.

The farm lantern that was used for late-night chores at the barn was filled with kerosene. Kerosene filled lanterns were essential for any mobile vehicles used at night when they were first introduced. This included such vehicles as wagons, carriages, and automobiles. The kerosene signal lantern used by the early railroaders is well known.

However, the “all purpose” name for kerosene came from it being used for such things as rubbing your wrist and ankles when going berry picking to keep down chigger bites, or treating your child's scalp when he or she came home from school with head lice. Yes, the treatments smelled for a little while, but they were effective. Bedbugs called for using a swab soaked in kerosene and wiping it along the seams of the mattress to kill the bugs. This treatment was effective as it coated the insect with oil and it died.

If you happened to slice open your finger while sharpening your knife, you were instructed to plunge the finger into a can of coal oil to stop the bleeding. Old coon hunters will recall that splashing a little coal oil from the lantern onto a pile of sticks to make quick campfires. Kerosene is far less flammable than gasoline, and is considered a reasonably safe “quick starter” for a fire.

David Holman who lives at Bryant said that his mother would add to a spoon of coal oil, a little turpentine and sugar and give it to him as treatment for almost any complaint.

Kerosene is now distilled from crude oil and is generally referred to as kerosene. It got the name "coal oil" because it was first identified as an oil which seeped from layers of coal. In Great Britain it is known as "paraffin oil". So called because it becomes a solid similar to the paraffin used by cooks for sealing jellies.

It is known worldwide as a solvent, heating fuel, motor fuel, and jet and rocket fuel. Majorette and Hawaiian "fire dancers" use kerosene as a "safe" fuel for their torches.

Your grandfather or grandmother could probably add to this list of the "usages" for the old time "coal oil" or kerosene.

∪ CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN ∪

THE OPEN RANGE IN HOG JAW VALLEY

There is no record of an old fashioned range war in our valley during the 1930s, but it could have happened. During that time, it was acceptable to the farmers in the Valley to open their gates in the fall and allow their livestock to range free. In fact they looked forward to that time, for it made winter-feeding much easier.

The “open range” as practiced in Hog Jaw Valley produced no particular problems, but the “open range” from the 1900s into 1930 helped the spread of the Texas Tick Fever. The spread of this disease was only curtailed through the technique of bi-monthly “dipping” of cattle as required by state law. This technique is outlined in the chapter on “dipping vats”.

Cattle and hogs foraged for food in the harvested fields. Some corn and grain was always overlooked by harvesting crews, and some was trampled by the mules moving through the fields pulling a wagon. The ranging animals were generally confined by the Tennessee River on the west and Sand Mountain to the east. Island Creek stopped them to the south, and homes populated by people generally confined them at the north end of the Valley.

This open range informal agreement was welcomed by most farmers for two reasons. It made winter-feeding a much easier task, but during the depression years of the 1930s, cash strapped farmers were relieved from having to buy winter feed.

However this open range idea created two other events—one bad, one good. Bad because the housewife who often did the milking had to go into the fields to drive her family milk cow to the barn for the evening milking. Farm milk cows were generally milked twice a day, morning and evening. If a cow was nursing a young calf, it was turned out with the cow. The milk production was divided at milking time—one-half to the young calf, and one-half for the family. This was the

usual procedure with milk producing breeds of cattle. With beef bred cattle, the calves were allowed with the cow full time.

The other event provided a great fun time especially for teenage boys. It meant round-up time. Most of the round-up in the spring was done on foot, but a few horses were required to keep the “wild ones” in the herd. The round-up of the hogs usually introduced another event—the wild hog hunt. It was not uncommon for some old sow to give birth during the winter months and after foraging in the field she would escape to the mountainside with her litter and forage for acorn and nuts. She often would forage at night and her pigs would grow into 100 pound or more hogs. They were not only foraging in the mountains, but in the spring the hogs would come into the newly planted fields and do considerable damage. This meant a wild hog hunt. Trapping was one alternative, but a hunt with the dogs and rifle was a sure way to rid the valley of the scavengers and more fun for teenagers. As the Valley became more populated, and WW II took the young men to war, farmers were often short of labor and too busy for a roundup or hunt, Fencing and cultivated pastures then became a new way of life and the open range in Hog Jaw Valley became a part of our history.

Υ CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT Υ

DIPPING FOR TICKS

Just east of Long Island School along the road was a “wet weather” spring where the older school boys were sent for drinking water to supply the school. There was no tap water in the 1930s. Across the road from the spring was an old cement vat that was filled with water, sticks, and trash—obviously abandoned. Of course, as boys we were required to explore it. The vat was deep enough to swim a cow. It was about three feet wide, 20 feet long, and inclined at one end. Someone told us it was an old cattle-dipping vat. Now it's mostly forgotten, but it has a real history. In the early 1900s Hog Jaw Valley and most communities across the South, were required to dip their cattle. It was part of the Cattle Disease Eradication program.

Mr. John Kennamer in his book, “The History of Jackson County” (1935), says that in 1903 the State of Alabama passed a law that allowed each precinct to vote “approval” or “disapproval “ to allow livestock to run “at large”—no fencing required. However this made raising livestock hazardous because it caused the spread of a disabling disease called “Texas Tick Fever” also called “Spanish Fever”. With this disease, cattle lost weight, became infertile, dropped in milk production, and in some cases died. The seriousness of the problem is summarized by the 1908 “Year Book of Agriculture”, which stated that over a million cattle shipped east were quarantined for Texas Tick Fever and scheduled to be slaughtered.

Many people attributed the spread of the disease to the large cattle drives from Texas in the late 1800s where the cattle shipped east were carrying these ticks and the disease. Kennamer makes this statement: “Through the efforts of Charles A. Cary of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, a tick eradication law was passed in March 1907 by the Alabama State Legislature. Jackson County did not take up the eradication work until 1912.

In his book "Cattle in the Cotton Fields", author Brooks Blevins describes Dr. Charles Allen Cary as the "most influential non-cattleman in Alabama cattle industry and perhaps the single most important figure in regards to southern livestock raisers". Later Cary was named dean of the fledgling College of Veterinarian Medicine at Alabama Polytechnic Institute. He held this position until his death in 1935. During his lifetime, Dr. Cary lobbied for milk and meat inspection and is the architect behind Alabama's tick eradication laws.

Under the direction of the State Livestock Sanitary Board, dipping vats were dug. Dipping solution to kill ticks was recommended to every precinct in the county. Under the regulations, the cattle were to be dipped in the solution every two weeks during the summer and fall seasons; thus the woods and pastures would be practically cleared of ticks.

Dr. John Vaughn, retired Veterinary School professor from Auburn University, said the vat was filled with a liquid solution containing arsenic that killed the ticks. I'm told a man was stationed at the back-end of each vat and armed with a long pole. It was his job to "duck" each animal's head as it passed along thus ensuring a complete "dip".

This dipping requirement was seriously opposed by some cattlemen to the extent that many vats were dynamited. It became so serious that it was referred to as the "Dipping Vat War" by some newspapers.

USDA Bulletin 1057 issued in 1926 lists several dip solutions which could be used by farmers to fill their dipping vats. Under the heading "Arsenical Dips", the bulletin listed the properties of the substances used in the dip. It began with "white arsenic", caustic soda, lye (a grade of soda to make lye soap), sodium carbonates, and pine tar. The bulletin recommends mixing small quantities (5 gallons) in iron, glass or crock containers as the solution corrodes, zinc,

tin or solder over time. In later years, brand names became reliable and permissible for farmers to use.

Supervision of over 137,000 dipping vats was conducted by the Department of Agriculture inspectors in 1907. Failure to comply with this program could result in a county or district being “quarantined” for all cattle movement. It took nearly 30 years to rid the South of this problem.

Dr. Vaughn tells an interesting “side-story” concerning the investigations of Texas Tick Fever. In the late 1800s, Doctors Kilburn and Curtice, researchers working for the US Bureau of Animal Industry at Purdue University, developed the data that proved insects could carry a disease organism from one infected animal to a healthy animal. This idea led researchers to other diseases such as malaria, yellow fever, typhus, and Rocky Mountain spotted fever—some of the worst diseases throughout the world all spread by insects.

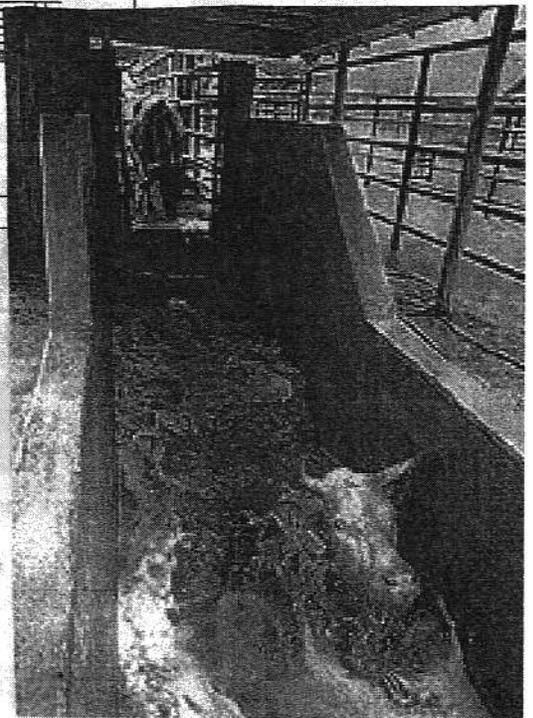
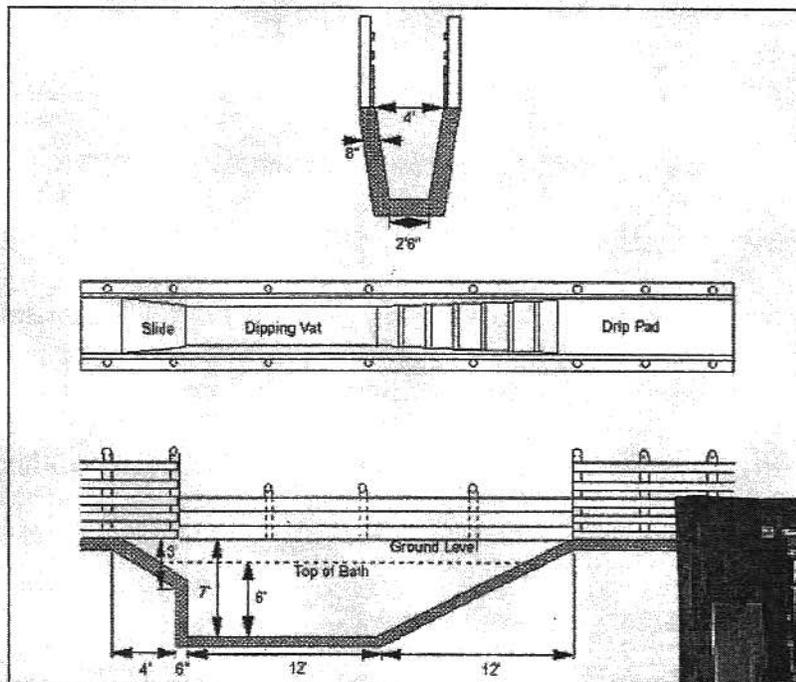
Some archaeologists in the Southern states have made the old vats a part of their historical exhibits at some city and state parks. In the Long Island community, the Bynum family, who lives nearby and owns the old field, confirms the old vat still exists.



In Long Island, this old vat is along Co. Rd. 93 just above the site of the First Baptist Church and the old school site.

Cattle Dip Vats

Vats typically consisted of a long, narrow subsurface trough with concrete walls that extended about 3 feet above the ground that were filled with chemicals to remove ticks.



(Diagram and photo provide by USDA)

A MAD DOG STORY

In the 1920s and 1930s and maybe long before, the cry of “mad dog” brought fear and panic to most people in America. This was certainly true in Hog Jaw Valley. The term was applied to any dog thought to be ill or exhibiting foaming at the mouth.

While dogs are commonly thought to carry rabies, the disease can be transmitted by any fur bearing animal or human according to veterinarian authorities. The disease often has disastrous results. In dogs, death usually occurs within seven or eight days. If bitten, humans are required to take a series of painful shots as treatment.

In July 1936, the county newspapers, *Scottsboro's Sentinel* and *Progressive Age* and *Bridgeport's News*, carried this story:

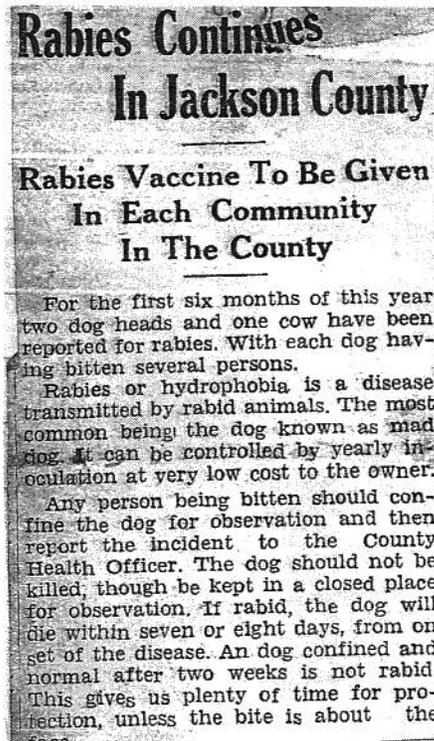
Rabies continues in Jackson County. They announced that the rabies vaccine would be given in each community in the county. The article said that two dogs and one cow have tested positive within the past six months. This account was reported by Dr. C. M. Newton of the county health office. He went on to say a competent person would be in each community in the near future to give the rabies vaccine.

It was not long before a notice that our county vet, Dr. Robert Gentry, would be at the general store in Long Island to vaccinate all dogs. This program to give rabies shots may have been voluntary at first, but a state law was enacted in 1939 requiring “all cats, dogs and exotic pets must be vaccinated if over three months of age”.

A \$25.00 fine was imposed for failure to vaccinate. The state issued tags to prove vaccination. At our home at the lower end of Hog Jaw Valley, the task of getting our dogs together for the trip to Long Island was assigned to my brother, Bill and me. “The dog must be

collared and leashed, and may be muzzled if required.” In the 1930s most farm dogs had never seen a collar or leash, and being muzzled was never heard of.

An old leather belt with a new hole, became a collar, a short length of a plow line became a leash (for non-farmers, a plow line was a half-inch thick, cheap cotton rope used on the harness of mules for plowing). As soon as we walked out the door after breakfast, every dog on the place disappeared. As every dog owner knows, the dogs seemed to know when something “no good” was in the air. We finally found them under the corncrib. After much coaxing and tugging, we got them on the wagon for the three-mile trip to Long Island and the vet. I think the charge was 50 cents per animal. The service was much appreciated by most families for they knew rabies was a terrible disease.



**Rabies Continues
In Jackson County**

**Rabies Vaccine To Be Given
In Each Community
In The County**

For the first six months of this year two dog heads and one cow have been reported for rabies. With each dog having bitten several persons.

Rabies or hydrophobia is a disease transmitted by rabid animals. The most common being the dog known as mad dog. It can be controlled by yearly inoculation at very low cost to the owner.

Any person being bitten should confine the dog for observation and then report the incident to the County Health Officer. The dog should not be killed, though be kept in a closed place for observation. If rabid, the dog will die within seven or eight days, from onset of the disease. An dog confined and normal after two weeks is not rabid. This gives us plenty of time for protection, unless the bite is about the

Υ CHAPTER THIRTY Υ

OUR RESIDENT VET

The humans in Hog Jaw Valley had to go to a nearby town for their Medical treatments, usually Bridgeport, Alabama, or South Pittsburg, Tennessee, but the animals in our valley had their own veterinarian to treat their ills.

Harley J. Searcy who had moved into the valley in 1921 from Stevenson, Alabama, began to treat our animal population and became known as our resident veterinarian. Before Stevenson, he lived in Bedford County, Tennessee, having moved from Arkansas according to “The Stevenson Story” by Eliza Mae Woodall. While in Tennessee, he met and married Miss Georgia Glenn who had been named Miss Bell Buckle in her hometown of Bell Buckle, TN.

“Mr. Searcy,” as he was called by his friends and clients, was also called “Dr. Searcy”. Though he was not professionally trained, he had worked as an apprentice for a veterinarian in Arkansas and Tennessee.

The Searcys moved into a large two-story house at the foot of Sand Mountain near the road that comes from Long Island and goes up the mountain. The water supply is a well-known spring adjacent to the house. (I'm not sure who the previous owner was. Maybe, he purchased it from my grandfather. My father, Gordon Hembree, said he was born in the Searcy house and lived there until he was age nine.)

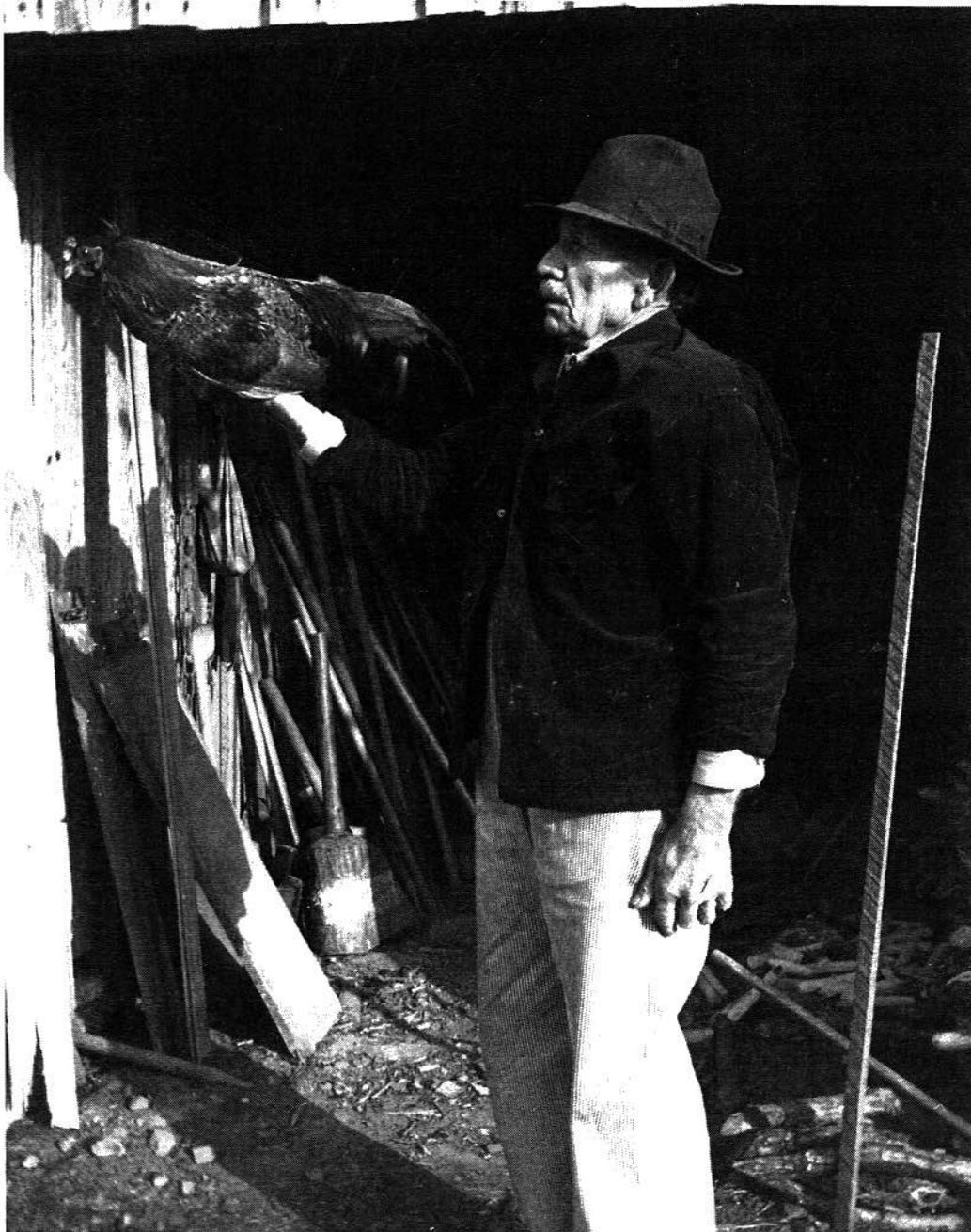
According to Clinton Smith whose family lived nearby, Mr. Searcy was gregarious and a neighbor who loved to talk. Clinton says his family was always invited to the annual sheep shearing at Mr. Searcy's farm. Not many sheep were raised in Hog Jaw Valley so that was a special event.

Clinton also tells the story that Mr. Searcy was a fun-loving man and liked to joke with

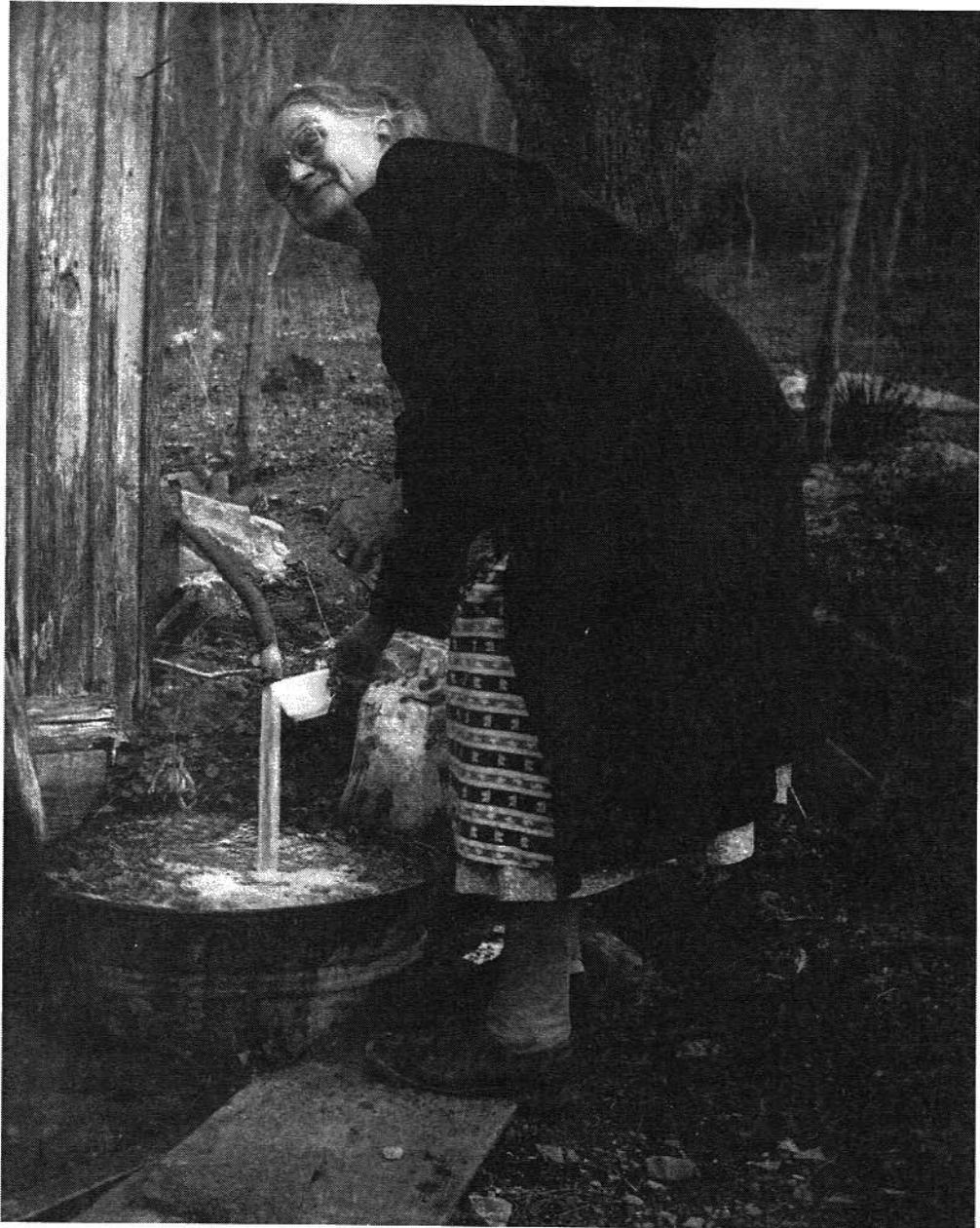
friends and neighbors. He invited Clinton's father and his family to dinner one fall. He served the dinner with an excellent meat dish that evening. Mr. Smith complemented his hosts on the excellent tender and tasty meat. Mr. Searcy explained that meat was a by-product of his work that day, castrating a neighbor's herd of young pigs. (The local restaurant often lists this type meat dish as "pig fries" or "lamb fries"). Clinton says his father didn't appreciate the meal.

On the serious side, Mr. Searcy was known to read his veterinarian text books each evening. Charles Head who is a dedicated bottle collector tells the story that after Mr. Searcy's retirement, Mr. Searcy dumped his old half-empty medicine bottles into a sinkhole on the farm. Sometime after Mr. Searcy moved, Head says he climbed down into the sinkhole and recovered the old bottles and sold them to Jim Phillips who is a retired pharmacist in Bridgeport. Head said the medications indicated that Mr. Searcy used the latest known treatments for his patients.

Mr. Searcy and his wife reared seven children in the valley. They were Atwood, Gaynelle, Juliette, Harley Jr., Frank, Charlie and Ruth. His son, Atwood, was a rural mail carrier for many years. His granddaughter, Elaine, and former neighbor, Clinton Smith, supplied most of the story concerning "our resident vet". Mr. Searcy was born in 1877 and died March 7, 1954. He is buried in the city cemetery in Stevenson, Alabama.



Our resident vet, Harley Johnston Searcy often called, Mr. John Searcy is shown standing in his work shed showing his pet rooster.



Mrs. Georgia Glenn Searcy, wife of our vet, Harley J. Searcy is shown catching water at the family spring, one of the best in Hog Jaw Valley. Mrs. Searcy was born in Lewisburg, Marshall County, TN and was voted "Miss Bell Buckle" just prior to her marriage.



Mr. & Mrs. Searcy host a family dinner. In addition to their children and grandchildren is grandson, Bob Searcy, a former classmate at Long Island School standing behind Mrs. Searcy. A business associate, Charles Snoddy and his wife, Jean are standing behind Mr. Searcy. Jean Snoddy supplied the pictures for this chapter.



These are some of the bottles collected by Charles head when he climbed into the sinkhole where Mr. Searcy dumped them after retirement. They are now part of the "Old Bottle" collection of Jimmy Phillips, retired pharmacist in Bridgeport.

Υ CHAPTER THIRTY ONE Υ

THE WALKING LIBRARY OF HOG JAW VALLEY

In Hog Jaw Valley, he was called “The Bookman”, or sometimes “The Book Peddler”. We later learned that his named was Boyd Adams and he was our local librarian. This was in the early 1940s before World War II. Libraries, where you check out books for pleasure reading or academic studies, were virtually unknown to the younger generation of rural North Alabama, including our valley that was isolated by the Tennessee River and Sand Mountain. There were no paved roads and very few cars.

Horace Smith Moses, director of libraries for the Madison Counties Library wrote an article for the Huntsville Madison County Library entitled “The Most Unforgettable Character I’ve Met”. He wrote: “It began with a bill from a local harness shop (you know, saddles, bridles, and such) for a dollar-fifty to hand stitch a book bag.” His assistant assured him it was being done for “Old Man Adams”. “Who pray tell is ‘Old Man Adams?’” Mr. Moses wanted to know.

In a later visit to Jackson County near Bridgeport and the northern boundary of the Jackson County, some 70 miles from Huntsville, Director Moses recounts his first meeting with “Old Man Adams”.

“At last we drove up a steep lane which ended in the yard of a neat ‘dog-trot cabin’. (Wikipedia defines dogtrot house as historically consisting of two log cabins with a breezeway or dogtrot between them under a common roof. Typically one cabin was used for cooking and dining while the other is used for private living space such as bedrooms.) Miss Powell, my assistant, reached across and pressed the horn button on the steering gear whooping it up to let him know we are here. A moment later, I met ‘Old Man Adams’”.

“Boyd Adams strolled out to meet us. Here was the most impressive sight I had yet envisioned in the South. He was in his middle 50’s, a heavy six-footer, ruddy complexion, a shock of reddish hair, and the clearest blue eyes ever, shaded by a veritable batch of eyebrows. His hand, as he offered it, seemed at once gentle and bone crushing. It made me mighty happy we were coming as friends.”

In Hog Jaw Valley, this was the man who strolled into our front yard carrying on his back the “hand stitched book bag”, designed to carry 40 books. We were accustomed to seeing backpack peddlers; men who traveled rural roads carrying an assortment of items in their backpacks: items usually needed by the homemaker in those days such as needles, thread, vanilla extract, tonic water, and various other small items.

Instead of the usual, Mr. Adams’ backpack contained books. He explained to us that the books were available for free and that he would come by each month to exchange them for new books. It was a new and wonderful idea for the young people of our valley. Our summers were filled with boredom and farm work, and the chance for something new was indeed wonderful.

I mostly read Zane Gray’s western stories, but at Mr. Adams’ urging, I read Jules Verne’s “20,000 Leagues under the Sea”, one of the great classic adventure stories of all time. I have been a fan of adventure stories since then.

Moses says Adams’ daily hikes were 15 to 20 miles per day, often over mountain trails and dirt roads. According to Moses, Adams’ answer to small boys who asked the question, “What’cha peddlin’, Mister?” was “I’ve got a tonic for lonesomeness, and it’s good for bone-heads too”.

Alexander Boyd Adams was born March 12, 1891 and died June 6, 1947. He was married to Madge Cloud of Jackson County and built a two-room “dog-trot cabin” on the Rocky Springs

Road near Bridgeport. He and Madge reared five children. In later years, he boarded up the dogtrot for an additional room. Mr. Boyd Adams is buried in the Adams' plot in the Rocky Springs Cemetery that is not far from the old "Home Place".

This story, except for the personal memories comes from Jodeen Blazer Brown of Cartersville, Georgia, and Glenda Phifer, a great-granddaughter of Boyd Adams. Mrs. Brown, reared near the Adams' home, is an acclaimed artist and has painted many of the scenes in and around Bridgeport.

Horace Smith Moses, who wrote "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met", also wrote several children's books published by the Houghton Mifflin Company about 1941. Among the books are "Here Comes the Circus" and "Circus Words".

Miss Brown and I are proud to be related to Boyd Adams, "The Walking Library of Hog Jaw Valley".

*This photo of Boyd Adams shows him as he may have looked
when he greeted his supervisor, Horace Moses, in the early 1940s.*





This photos shows the abandoned log cabin built and occupied by Boyd Adams—The Walking Library of Hog Jaw Valley. The cabin is in the Rocky Springs community near Bridgeport, AL. In later years the “dog-trot” was enclosed to accommodate the growing family. (Photo compliments of Ernestine Beck Roulston)

∪ CHAPTER THIRTY TWO ∪

5¢ MOVIES AND THE TOM MIX CONNECTION

The Long Island School became a movie theater in the late 1930s when a traveling projectionist with a portable generator arrived to show movies. This was, of course, before homes and schools were wired for electricity.

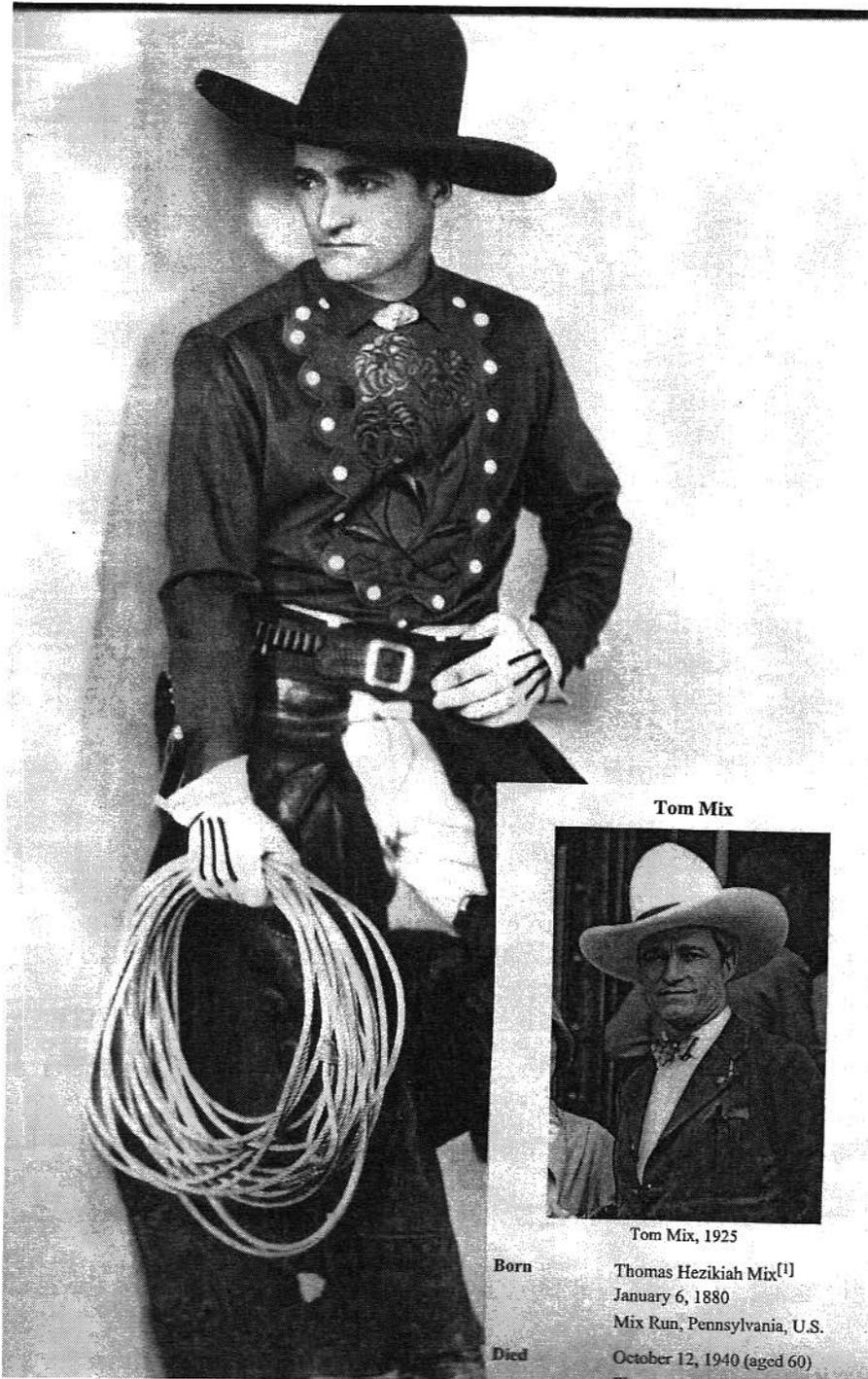
The projectionist and entrepreneur was Roy E. McCloud who lived in Bridgeport, and who visited many of the local communities to show his movies. He later became an electrician for the TVA steam plant near Bridgeport. Clinton Smith of Hog Jaw Valley says he worked as Mr. McCloud's assistant at Long Island and Clinton suggested this story.

A big favorite of the movies shown was a Tom Mix Western. Westerns were always a favorite of early movie fans, but the Tom Mix Westerns may have been "specials" because the older fans considered him a "local boy".

Tom Mix was born in Pennsylvania; one of his early jobs was with the Penn-Dixie Cement Plant at Richard City, Tennessee. Richard City is just south of South Pittsburg, Tennessee in Marion County, just a few miles west of Long Island.

Tom was hired as a herdsman to care for the plant's livestock. He may have been involved as a local lawman also. The story is also told that he followed a local young lady from Marion County to Hollywood. In the "History of South Pittsburg" Martelia Cameron says a young starlet, Jobyna Roulston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Roulston went on to star as the leading lady to Harold Lloyd well known comedian of that era. Tom didn't get the girl either for she married Richard Arlen, another movie star. However, Tom Mix starred in 350 films and was a pallbearer for Wyatt Earp.

At Long Island School, the price charged at the door for the movie was a nickel.



Tom Mix



Tom Mix, 1925

Born	Thomas Hezikiah Mix ⁽¹⁾ January 6, 1880 Mix Run, Pennsylvania, U.S.
Died	October 12, 1940 (aged 60)

Υ CHAPTER THIRTY THREE Υ

A COLLECTION OF GOLD STORIES

While there appears to be no written record that Hog Jaw Valley ever experienced a gold strike, two widely circulated newspapers carried stories of a gold strike on streams flowing from Sand Mountain. Both, Island Creek, Glover Branch, and numerous small streams, originate at the base of Sand Mountain and flow into the valley before emptying into the Tennessee River. In May, 1895, the newspapers, "Scottsboro Citizen" and "Chattanooga Times" carried stories concerning the discovery of gold in Jackson County and visits by mining experts and geologists.

South of Hog Jaw Valley along Sauta Creek near the boundaries of Jackson and Marshall Counties, a gold mining company was formed by local investors. Rumors of gold flourished among the citizens of the county until June of that year when Alabama State Geologist, Macaulay, published a report denying any gold existed in North Alabama.

History books record that in 1540 Hernando DeSoto, the Spanish soldier and explorer, entered Alabama looking for great riches—gold. He is thought to have visited Long Island in the Tennessee River adjacent to Hog Jaw Valley. In their book "In and Around Bridgeport" Flossie Carmichael and Ronald Lee report he crossed the Tennessee River at the Old Creek and Cherokee Crossings at the foot of Battery Hill in Bridgeport. Any reports that he found gold have never been confirmed.

Much later, in 1935, John R. Kennamer reported in his book, "The History of Jackson County" that Indians from Coosada, a settlement founded in 1784, panned gold found in the sands of the Tennessee River. He reported that they stored the gold in hollow joints of river cane and traded it to the white settlers for guns and knives.

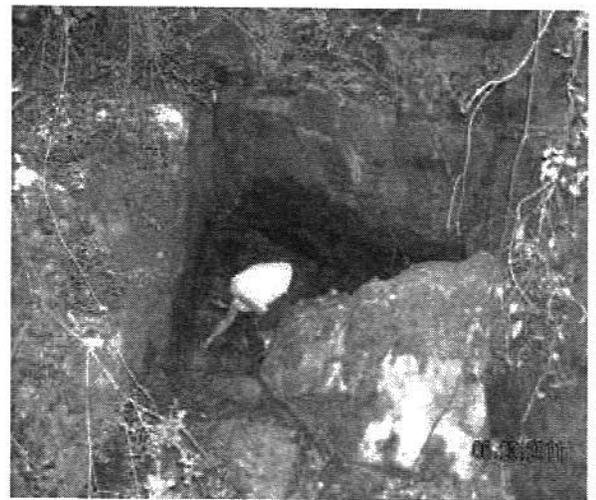
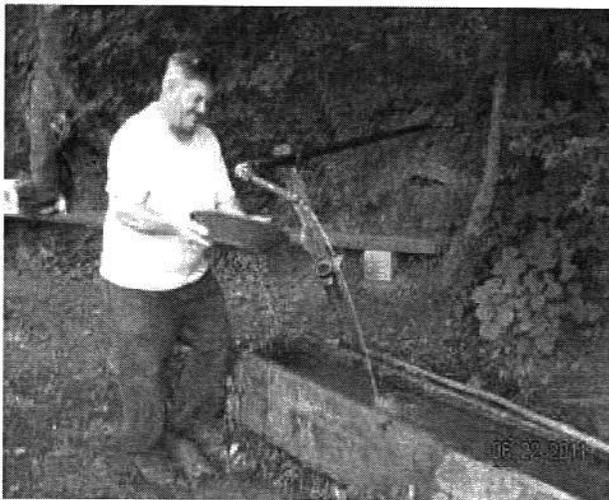
Other than the rumors in 1895, no other gold strikes have been reported in Hog Jaw

Valley. Although, I must tell you that the citizens of the valley have always circulated stories of buried Indian gold, but if anyone ever found any, they kept it a good secret.

However, let me relate these stories for your consideration. The Chattanooga Times in a report dated May 4, 1895 for Guntersville, Alabama printed this report from their correspondent. "The gold excitement seems prevalent from this section, many wild reports are being received daily from the May gold mines near here. Nothing more than an ordinary placer mine however has been discovered."

Writing in the Scottsboro Daily Sentinel in 2004, staff writer Chastity Brown was interviewing Rowland Matthews of the United Cherokee Nation concerning the Cherokee heritage of Jackson and Marshall Counties. Matthews said Creek Chief Calvin McGhee told him in 1970 that his grandfather told him that if the white man knew where to dig they could make wagon wheels out of the gold that the Cherokee had hidden.

My brother Bill who lives in Jacksonville, Florida, says my gold story needs more investigation, and he consulted a gold prospector who lives in his town. The prospector gave Bill



These two pictures are of Brian Morris and his wife, Sue, prospecting for gold in Hog Jaw Valley. They are friends of my brother Bill from Jacksonville, FL.

this report, "Gold is not shown in exact areas because the land is private and access is a cut off to gold prospectors, also the Tennessee River is too deep for easy access for prospectors. He says the gold field in Alabama is 100 miles long and 50 miles wide in an area called the Upper Piedmont, encompassing the counties of Chilton, Clay, Clyburn, Coosa, Elmore, Randolph, Talladega, and Tallapoosa. The prospector says most gold is in the form of lost treasures from war time and mostly buried."

The computer report called "Timelines in Alabama" reports a gold rush in Alabama in 1835. The gold rush was concentrated in the east central hill country, and peaked the next year.

Here's "A Gold Story" taken from Mrs. Wilson's Book, "One Moore Family".

William Caldean Moore served as a Confederate soldier in the Civil War. The story is told in his family that he was captured by the Union Army and held prisoner, probably in Chattanooga. He escaped and floated down the Tennessee River in a keg to the southern point of Long Island. There he hid in a cave in Sand Mountain and was never recaptured. This cave was called the Balt T. Moore Cave (Wilson: I have never known why). The cave was visible from the point of the island where I was a child; I think that the entrance has since collapsed. It was reputed that barrels of minted gold were hidden in this cave. Some people say that the Indians hid it there, while others contend that it was gold from a train robbery, hidden there and abandoned. I have never known the true story or what happened to the gold. William Caldean Moore died April 10, 1911, and is buried in the Ebenezer Baptist Church Cemetery in Bryant, Alabama.

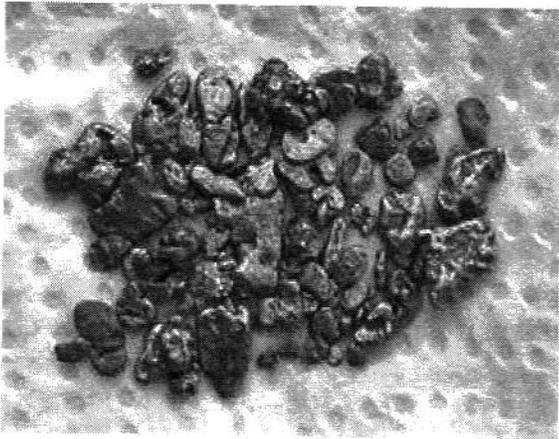
(Author's personal gold story: While squirrel hunting in my teen years along top of Cedar Ridge, the wooded ridge extending down from Sand Mountain below Reeses's (Bridgeport) Ferry, I came upon a hole in the ground (about room sized, some four to five

feet deep) with a noticeable carving on a nearby tree of what appeared to be a snake. When I mentioned it to some old timers, they told me this story: Gold was supposed to be hidden there by Indians or Civil War troops that were in the area. They said gold prospectors from Sand Mountain had dug the hole next to the tree carving. To rush the job, they planted a charge of dynamite in the hole and when it did not explode promptly they were afraid to start re-digging. Time passed, they dispersed. No one has ever dug in that hole again. I guess it is still there.)

In an interview Donald L. Jenkins, who lives at the Tennessee/Alabama state line near Nickajack Cave, told me this story: Four Cherokee men came to "Pete" Graham, road commissioner of Marion County, Tennessee, and asked to dig at a site they identified as an old Cherokee burying ground. This was several years ago on land owned by Mr. Graham.

They were given permission to dig provided Deputy Claude McAbee would be allowed to monitor them. The men dug for two or three days and when the hole was some twelve feet wide and twelve feet deep, the Indians wanted to take a "break". They asked Deputy McAbee if there was a store nearby to get something to eat. When he answered in the affirmative, they gave him some money to go for lunch. On his return, the Indians were gone, and at the bottom of the hole was an impression where a pot had been removed. Jenkins says the site exists today and a slight mound marks the spot. He says the site was filled in by the TVA who now owns the area around the Nickajack Dam Reservoir.

Gold was discovered in 1820, East of Sand Mountain at Dahlonega, Georgia, in the foot hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. There was enough gold mined to induce the federal government to establish a mint there for a while. If you discover an old gold coin, with a "D" mintmark, for Dahlonega, you have really struck gold.



Above photo from Public Domain.

Photo on right of Cave Springs along Co. Rd. 91.



∪ CHAPTER THIRTY FOUR ∪

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TO A BOX SUPPER?

Probably not, as these were “fund-raising events” held at a local church or school during the 1920s and 1930s. The wives and young single women of the community were expected to prepare a “highly decorated box” containing a meal for two people to be auctioned off during a “festive meeting” held in the church or school building. The money raised at the auction was for books, desks, paint, or whatever was needed at the time.

In addition to fund-raising, these events served as a social function for the community. Everyone usually attended the event. The husband was expected to buy his wife's box as his contribution to the church or school.

The fun part of the event was when a “certain young man” was “sweet” on a “certain young lady”. Of course, there was always a rival boyfriend in the audience. The “word” was always out which decorated box was the young woman’s contribution. A “bidding war” ensued to the delight of the adults present. A local man, gifted as auctioneer, usually presided at the event and held the auction. The couples, of course, were expected to share the contents of the box.

The “box” usually contained fried chicken, boiled eggs, and a “favorite recipe” of apple pie or chocolate cake. Sometimes the bidding reached \$.75 to a \$1.75—at that time; a day’s wages on the farm was \$1.00 for a grown man and \$.75 for a teenage boy.

This event gave young people of marriageable age an opportunity to “date” within the community. A trip to town and a movie was often impossible or rare. A “date” often meant being invited to the girl’s home and sitting on the front porch swing under the watchful eye of her parents. In Hog Jaw Valley and most rural communities, homes with “parlors” were rare or

nonexistent in the 1920s and 1930s.

With changes in lifestyles, a growing economy, and state funding for schools, “box suppers” have become a part of our history.

Bridgeport News 11/3/21

Box Supper

There will be a box supper at the City School building under the auspices of the City School on Saturday night, Nov. 12, 1921,

The proceeds are to go to purchasing a modern library. We earnestly solicit the cooperation of the entire city.

Remember the date!

J. Fletcher Wade,
Supt. City Schools.

Υ CHAPTER THIRTY FIVE Υ

SHIPPING CORN BY RIVER BARGE

The early settlers who moved to Hog Jaw Valley chose farms near the river, for not only the “rich bottom” land, but they also needed a means of transporting their crops to local market. Of course, flatboats and keelboats were the first water crafts available for commercial transport. In 1828, the steamboat “Atlas” passed over the shoals of Muscle Shoals, Alabama and made a successful trip to Knoxville, Tennessee. By 1835 steamboats were regularly making the trip from Decatur, Alabama to Knoxville and bringing a new era to the people in Hog Jaw Valley and others farming along the river.

In January 1888, the newspaper Stevenson Chronicle reported, “The steamer ‘Gunter’ came yesterday laden with 800 bags of cotton and 20,000 sacks of corn”. Barns or corncribs dotted the riverbank for two reasons. Corn was the favored crop for the “rich, river bottom land”, and for the farmer, it was convenient to make a short trip to a nearby barn. Remember the mature ear of corn required hard work by hand long before mechanical corn pickers were developed. It was hauled by a mule drawn wagon or an ox cart for storage. A long trip to a barn was not practical.

In the 1930s in Hog Jaw Valley, farmers contracted with a “Sheller” to come to their farm in the late fall. The sheller operator would arrive with his crew and a mechanical sheller and “set-up” at one of the barns. The crew consisted of three or four men. The sheller was usually towed in by a tractor that also provided the power for the sheller, it was usually belt driven. The “shelled grain” was “bagged” into a sack that was pitched onto a slide leading down the riverbank and onto a barge. The steamboat moved the barge up river to the next stop or Chattanooga, Tennessee, our closest market. The Mountain City Milling Company was the principle buyer of corn in our area.

In 1937, the corn from our farm was moved up river by the "gas boat", Daisy. Since steamboats had to be refueled by wood or coal at various intervals and fuel was not being readily available, gasoline or diesel as fuel was more practical, hence "gas boats". As time passed, shipment by rail began to replace river barges. Difficult weather and flooding made access to the river a problem for the farmer. Also, it was easier to load a railcar than a river barge. Mountain City Milling Company requested a railcar be shuttled onto a siding at Long Island and the farmers in Hog Jaw Valley began shipping corn by rail.

Of course, by the late 1930s and into the post war years when better roads became available, it was simpler to shell the corn directly into the bed of a truck, no bagging, and haul it directly to the mill without further handling. Mechanical augers moved the grain quickly and efficiently at the mill.

(Author's personal story: In the mid 1930s when I was about eight, I was allowed to accompany dinner as it was delivered to the crew shelling on the riverbank near Island Creek. The farmer's wife, assisted by neighbors, provided dinner for the sheller crew. I remember Mother packing cornbread, beans, and potatoes (usually no meat, it was too early to kill hogs and no refrigerator was available for other meats). The dinner was packed into a #2 washtub. A "keg" of water was always available at the sheller. A quart of corn whiskey hidden in the crib was not unheard of.

The shelling ran late into the evening and I got hungry. One of the crew parched me some grain in a metal shovel over a small fire. It tasted great.)

W. D. BLANKENSHIP, MGR.

HIWASSEE RIVER NAVIGATION CO.
TOWING, FREIGHTERS, AND DEALERS IN GRAIN
710 SPEARS AVE. PHONE 6-8203
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

RECEIVED OF Gordon Hembree Long Island the property described below, in apparent good order except as noted (contents and condition of contents of packages unknown), to be shipped according to conditions of this Bill of Lading shown below, on board the Gasboat Daisy to be delivered at Mountain City Mills

Consigned to Mr. G. Incline

12-18-1934

NO. PKGS.	LOT	ARTICLES	WEIGHT Subject to Correction	RATE	AMOUNT
120	a	corn			

Corn by River Barge

Chattanooga, Tenn. Jan 31/34 1934

Gordon Hembree

Shipment of _____ to _____ Long Island, Ala.

MOUNTAIN CITY MILLS

SM-12-91-TARGET

CAR INITIALS	CAR NO.	INV. WT.	OUR WT.	Loss Wt.	Gain Wt.	Price	LOSS AMT.	GAIN AMT.	TOTAL
	Lot 1	214 Sax	23520			59			247.80
	Lot 2	105 Sax	11140			59			117.37
	Lot 5	395 Sax	44600			59			469.89
	Lot 4	108 Sax	11220			59			118.22
	Lot 5	36 Sax	3770			59			39.73
	Lot 5	76 Sax	7960			59			83.86
	Lot 6	95 Sax	10240			59			107.81
	Lot 7	273 Sax	29920			59			315.23
	Lot 8	221 Sax	23780			59			250.54
	Lot 9	106 Sax	11200			59			118.01
									Total
									1868.53
									Less \$100.00 Advanced Mr Duffy Less Switching 2 Cars 19.80
									119.80
									Our Check
									\$1748.73

This was my father's inventory for his 1933 crop year. He sold it in 1934. Note: The number of sacks each weighed a little over 100 pounds. He was paid 59 cents per bushel. Fifty six pounds of corn is considered a bushel. A \$100 was advanced to Mr. Duffy, the train conductor. A \$19.80 charge was for switching the cars (switching is placing the car onto a siding, a short track) convenient for loading just off the mainline.

THE GRISTMILL

Our gristmill in Hog Jaw Valley was run by H. C. "Haz" Dial and located about midway of the valley, it was not powered by a water wheel as were most early gristmills. The stream of water running down our valley was probably inadequate for a water-powered gristmill. Haz Dial, or maybe his father, chose an early engine that used kerosene fuel to power his mill.

This type of engine had a single piston requiring a large heavy flywheel to drive the piston to its next cycle. The power is transferred to the mill by belt or piston. Mr. Dial's engine used a belt. This type of engine was used by various mills in those early days. Later, the engines were often converted to gasoline as a fuel which made it much easier to use. Before this type of engine, many mills were powered either by hand or by a mule.

It was probably the task of every teenage boy who lived on a farm in those early days to take a bushel of shelled corn to the gristmill about once a week to be ground into corn meal from which cornbread was baked. I know that my brother, Bill, and I, the older two sons, were sent to the corncrib each Saturday morning to shell about a half-bushel of ear corn into grain. We then loaded the sack of corn onto a mule for the two-mile trip up the valley to Dial's mill. We would wait while the corn was ground. Mr. Dial would then use a small scoop to take out his "toll" from the filled meal bin and re-bag our cornmeal for the trip home.

Marion Loyd, whose family lived across the Tennessee River from our valley near the Western mountain range (Summerhouse Mountain), relates this story in his family genealogy book, "The History of Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Loyd":

"During the Civil War his grandfather (age 10) was returning from the gristmill with a sack of cornmeal on his horse when Federal soldiers threatened to kill his horse unless he

told them where the rebel troops were hiding. He would not tell them and they let him go. He returned to the gristmill instead of going home."

John Robert Kennamer Sr. records a similar story in his "History of Jackson County". He tells the story that his mother had the last horse on the place taken from her by Union troops while carrying corn to the mill. She was left with her sidesaddle and her "turn" to walk home ("Turn" is a southern term for an undefined unit of corn meal.)

Corn meal for baking cornbread was the staple for most families' noon and evening meals. To my knowledge, wheat for grinding flour for biscuits was never grown in Hog Jaw Valley. This product was usually bought from the general store.

Livingood and Raulston in their book "Sequatchie" say, "Ketner's Mill in Sequatchie Valley in addition to grinding wheat and corn, would add "carding" to their services (a step in processing cotton and wool)." These writers go on to say, "Mills sometimes became a social center for the rural communities."

Ralph Mackey, historic researcher in Jackson County, says Aaron Whitehead ran a gristmill near Long Island and sold groceries.



This is the old engine salvaged from the site of Haz Dial's gristmill.



The millstone above is used in a landscape. It is similar to the ones used by the Dial Gristmill.

The stones were prepared for grinding by skilled stone chippers.

Υ CHAPTER THIRTY SEVEN Υ

THE FIRST ROLLER COASTER IN HOG JAW VALLEY

Well it really wasn't a roller coaster and it really wasn't in Hog Jaw Valley, but it must have been a thrilling and scenic ride.

The Pierce Mining Company of Bryant constructed a tramline to carry their coal from the top of Sand Mountain to a site near Reese's Ferry where it could be dumped into a river barge on the Tennessee River. This was around 1907.

The tramline was a pair of steel rails extending from over 1,000 feet elevation down the mountain to the floor of Hog Jaw Valley. Two men would ride a small homemade device down the tracks for the thrill of the ride. Mr. Shadrick at the Whitwell, Tennessee Coal Mining Museum said the coal miners on the Whitwell Mountain rode a similar device which was clocked at speeds approaching 60 miles per hour.

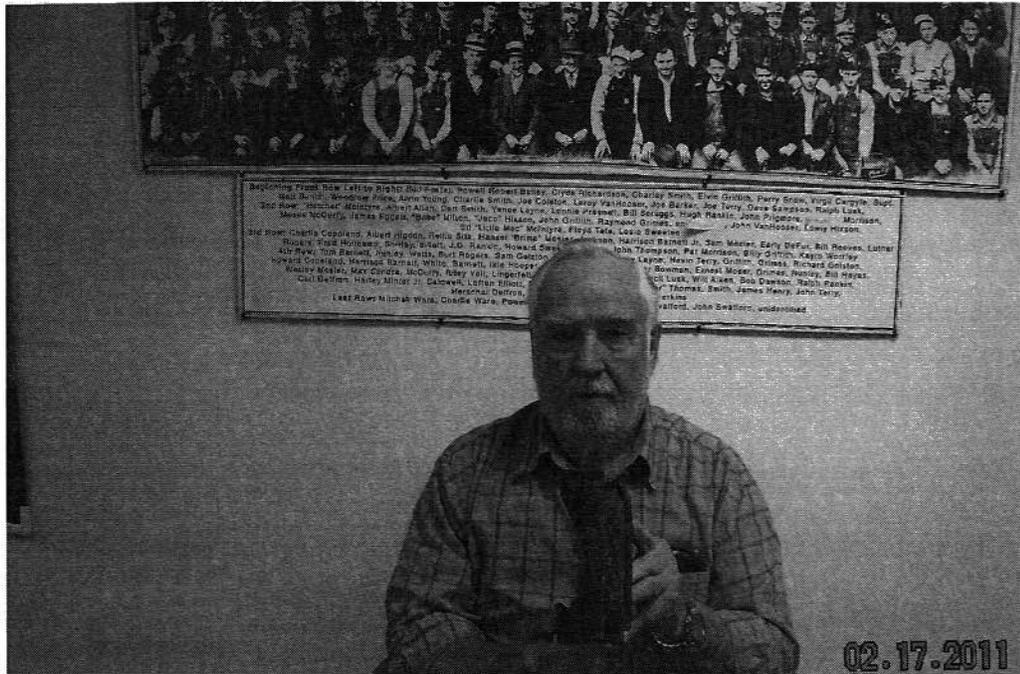
The "sport" was apparently developed by miners up and down the Appalachian mountain chain including the Cumberland plateau in Marion County Tennessee, and the mountains which extended into Jackson County, Alabama.

Here's how Lewis Wendell Page, Sr. described the device and the thrilling ride down the mountain in his book "The Belmont Mines of Jackson County" (1999).

For the trip down the mountain, some of the workers restored a very dangerous practice known as the "horseshoe bed roller ride". This quick ride required two men. Each man had a stout plank about 6 to 8 inches wide and 15-18 inches in length. A small mule shoe was nailed to the front edge of this plank with the open end extending as far as possible below the bottom side of this plank. On the bottom side of the plank near the back end, a nail-on bed roller was fastened. The mule shoe and the bed roller had to be securely fastened.

At the top of the incline, the two planks were set on the incline rails. These rails were three feet apart. The mule shoe at the front would straddle the rail and serve as a guide. The roller would contact the flat surface of the rail. The two riders would sit on the top side of the plank and link their inside arms together. Each rider would cross his feet and let the "V" straddle the rail and leg's length in the front of the plank. Each rider must wear shoes. The ride down could be slow or fast. The shoes in front were the braking system. This ride was not for the fainthearted. Some of the more daring riders were hurt on this ride. Some riders attached a mule shoe at both ends of the plank for additional safety. The two riders must travel at the same speed. For the next ride down, the plank had to be taken (toted) up the mountain to the top of the incline.

(Author's note: For the young readers, in the 1920s & 1930s, steel household bed frames came equipped with steel rollers for ease of moving. These were probably salvaged for the device. The clues to this story were supplied by Glenn Bailey who lives at Bryant, Alabama. His home is near the old Pierce Tram Line.)

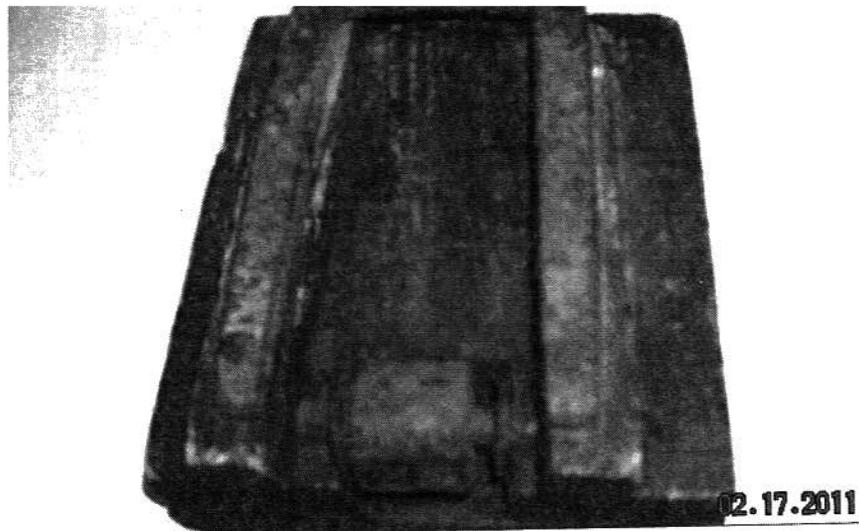


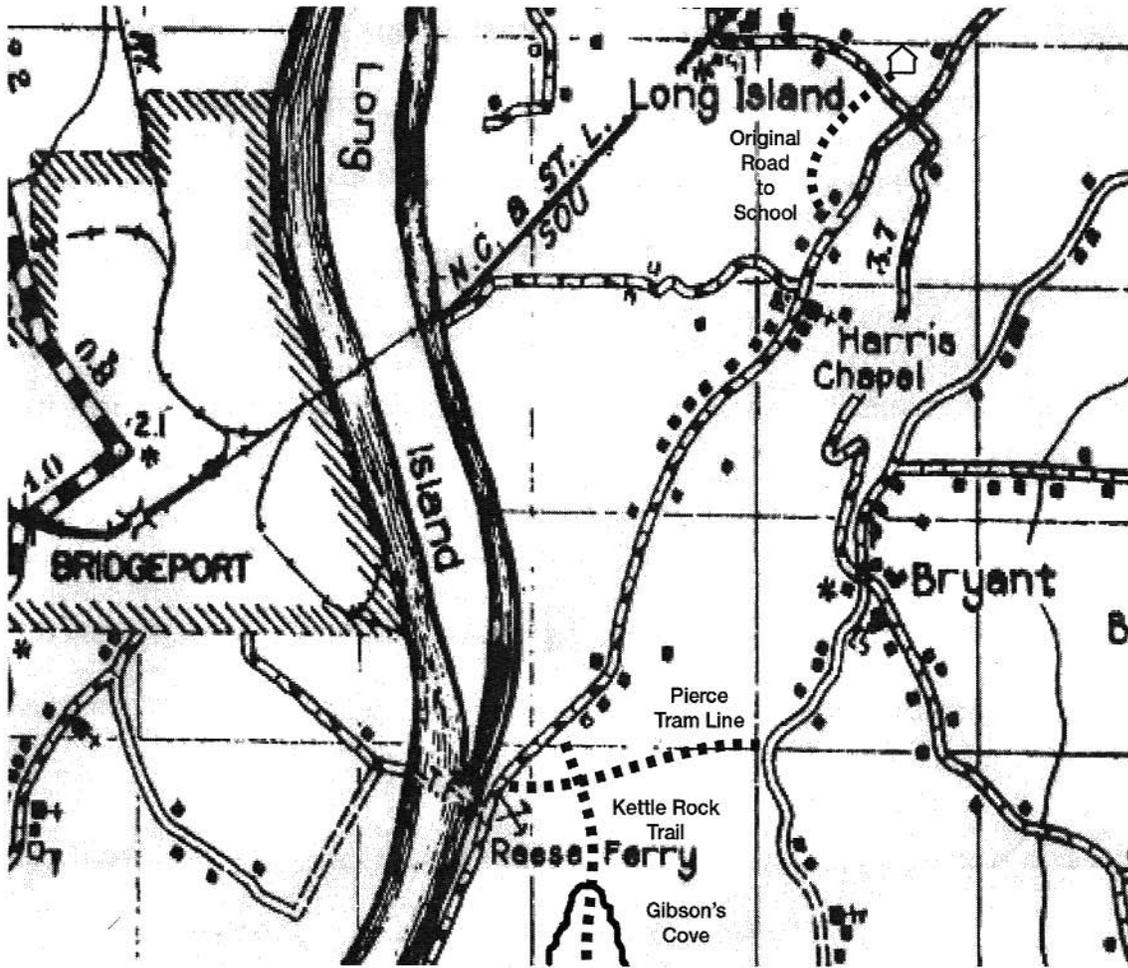
John T. Shadrick, manager of the Coalminer's Museum, Whitwell, TN.

He is shown holding a "railbird" devise used for a ride down a tram rail.



The underside of a "railbird" is pictured below.





Please Note... Lines for original road to school, Pierce Tram Line and Kettle Rock Trail to Gibson's Cove. Additional sites indicated in the introduction.

(Author's Note: I have attempted to collect the memories of some of the people who lived in Hog Jaw Valley. They have recalled some of their childhood experiences which impressed them most. They were to choose a picture and I have exercised limited editing.)

∪ CHAPTER THIRTY EIGHT ∪

JAMES MARION HOWARD

Other than the overall history of early settler in Hog Jaw Valley, A “sketch of the early life of James Marion Howard” is about all we have. The sketch was written by J. M. Howard and abstracted by Ann B. Chambless for the Jackson Co. Chronicles Vol. 10, 1998.

James Marion Howard was born March 16, 1842, to Joshua and Marena (McClusky) Howard in Hog Jaw Valley near where they had been married in 1835. He had 13 brothers and sisters. His first memories at age 4 were of his mother crying at a boat accident while the family was moving to Texas; a few months later they were back in Alabama.

At age seven, he says he was in school about two miles from his home. This was at Harris Chapel in Hog Jaw Valley or some other nearby building. The property for Harris Chapel was not deeded until 1870. The Long Island school was not built or opened until 1928. His teacher was John Montgomery, an Irishman. He tells of using the “blue back speller”. Mrs. Chambless says the 1850 census for the Hog Jaw area shows “John Montgomery” age 55 born in Ireland. He was a “school teacher”.

Writing of his boyhood days, Howard says, “It was very common to hear riddles, ghost stories, and tales of snakes that would wrap around people, among them the black racer. One day while coming home from grandmothers, I saw one of those black racers. His head was high and he was coming right at me...I used my legs to perfection.”

He continues, “I now went to school about two months to Sidney Price, I studied

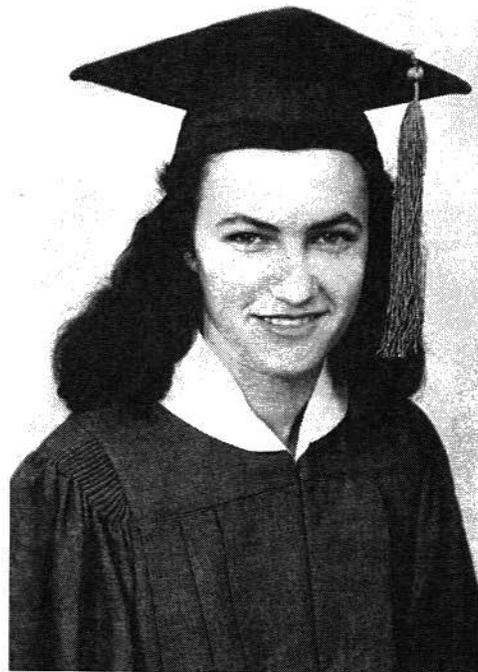
McGuffey's second reader and the speller." Mrs. Chambless added, "Sidney Moore Price was 24 at the time of the 1850 census and living in the home of his father, Alexander Hamilton Price."

After this, Howard worked for the railroad, which was under construction from Nashville to Chattanooga. He drove mules hitched to dump carts. The tracks in and near Hog Jaw Valley ran from the Tennessee River through Long Island, onto Shellmound and Nickajack Cave area. He says men he knew in his boyhood days were names identified with early families of the area: James, Prices, Glasscocks, Glaziers, Pyburns, Christians, Harris', Cunninghams, Hembrees, and Choats.

In his boyhood days, he says his games were marbles, cat, bullpen, town ball, foot races, jumping, turning handsprings, walking on our hands, and breaking young oxen. James Marion Howard was the right age for the Civil War and a large part of his story deals with the terrible conflict between the Union and Confederate troops. He talks about his personal survival after the surrender of General Lee. After his discharge on June 30, 1865, he traveled over some of the railroad tracks he helped to construct. From Nashville, Tennessee, he stepped off the train at Carpenter, Alabama, Jackson County (now Long Island).

He says his parents were now living near Blanch in Cherokee County. From Carpenter, he walked home.

(Author's Note: This would have been about 50 miles across Sand Mountain into Lookout Valley. From the date of his discharge, he was five weeks getting home. Howard came back to Jackson County near Stevenson, tried farming, teaching school, married, and was the father of 14 children.)



Photos from "Stray Bullets Have No Eyes".

(Author's note: Their son, Allen Haggard, of Chattanooga, TN., wrote this story of Albert and Evelyn Colvin Haggard. He is the author of "Stray Bullets Have No Eyes", an excellent account of how his father survived and remembered four years of combat in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, and Germany.)

In Hog Jaw Valley, a small cove (Gibson Cove) is nestled behind a ridge east of Bridgeport Ferry. A field runs from the ferry about a mile south to Raccoon Creek or Island Creek as the old timers called it. My father planted corn in that field behind a mule during the Great Depression, and even when they became old, my parents talked about good times they had here. My father always referred to those lean times as, "the good old days". Dad and Mom are gone now, but sometimes I still go there and try to catch a glimpse of the life they lived and the times that most have forgotten. I once read a marker dedicated to the settlers who passed through the

Cumberland Gap. Never have I read more true words, "They dreamed of the life we live. They lived the life we dream".

Thirteen families eventually settled in the cove. In those days, people did not stay in one place too long. As my father put it, "It was like fruit basket turn over. Even in the cove, folks moved from one spot to another."

Grover Haggard moved his family into a rundown plank cabin. As the oldest of three boys, my father, Albert Haggard, worked to help make the cabin livable. The cabin was located on a hill at the base of Sand Mountain on the eastern side of the cove. Dad's job was to carry buckets full of water from the nearby wet weather creek so his father could mix mud and grass to chink the holes in the cabin walls. Many years later I stood on the hill with my father where that cabin once stood, and I could see his eyes gazing into the past as he said, "This is the biggest little hill I ever climbed in my life."

Those were strong words from a man who had hiked up Hill 1250 in Italy. Even after all the strenuous labors and travesties that came along with a five year combat career in World War II, he still remembered the exertions of a small boy toting heavy buckets of water in the hard times just so the family could survive.

Charlie Colvin lived in another cabin a few hundred yards west of Grover's cabin. His eldest daughter, Evelyn, and Albert became friends. In their spare time, they played jacks together. Times were hard and there was no money, and spare time was scarce. Those rare moments were cherished.

Everyone was expected to work, even the children. As a small boy, my father followed a mule behind a plow as he prepared the mile long field between Bridgeport Ferry and Island Creek for the spring corn planting. The women hiked from the head of the cove to the bend in the creek

where they washed clothes on washboards. The “wash place” became a community gathering spot where news was exchanged. (This “wash place” was along Island Creek about one-half mile east of the Tennessee River.)

The people who lived in the cove were self-sufficient for the most part. They raised cattle, geese, chickens, and hogs. Their beds were made from goose feathers, and their food came from the land. They made their own soap, and what they could not raise, they gathered from the land around them, muscadines, hickory nuts, and squirrels. Ammunition was scarce and cost money, so when the report of a gun sounded in the cove, everyone knew that supper either was on the table or had gotten away.

Charlie and Kate Colvin had two sons and three daughters. A third son died as an infant and was buried on the hill behind Harris Chapel. Albert Haggard remembered when the child died and said, “It was a sad day in the cove for everyone.”

Charlie Colvin owned the Bridgeport Ferry and was partners with his brother in ownership, of the South Pittsburg Ferry. Charlie named the tug on the Bridgeport Ferry after his eldest daughter. The name painted on the tug read, “Evelyn C”.

The children in the cove attended Long Island School. It was a three-room schoolhouse that sat near the railroad track. The seats were made of wood and were attached to a wooden desk. When I was a teenager, my mother took me to that school which had been long since abandoned and was in quite a shambles. She searched for hours looking for a desk that might have my father’s initials carved into it. She told me that he was the kind of rascal who would do that. Failing to find the desk personalized with his name, she settled for the best one she could find and then ordered me to help her load it in the car. Thinking that she was going against everything she had ever taught me about taking something that does not belong to you, I followed her orders

without question, and even picked up two books out of the back room for myself. One of them was a very old book about two kids who took some very interesting trips in a biplane. The book was published in the 1930s, and I wish I could find it today. One month later, the old school house burned to the ground, but the old school desk sat in our house for years afterwards.

The children in the cove were moved to a school in Bridgeport. To make the trip, they had to cross the Tennessee River on the Bridgeport Ferry. They would hike across the ridge to the ferry, then cross the river where they were picked up by a bus, and driven the rest of the way.

By today's standards, it was a long walk. However, back then it was only a part of life. The ridge was steep in places and rocky everywhere. Cedar trees were the main attractions, as they love rocky ground. The next main attraction was the flat rocks and one flat rock in particular became known as "the love rock". Every day after school, it was the highlight of the trip for the girls to visit this rock to see the notes that had been carved into the face of this rock with soft sandstone. "Who loves who?" The last time that I visited this rock with my father he admitted with a sly grin, "I left a few notes here myself."

People in the cove were poor, but did not know it. As my father told, "Everyone was in the same shape. We didn't feel sorry for ourselves." They did not have any money, but they had food, for the most part, and they were happy by their standards.

There were lean times and my father often went to school with nothing but a piece of cornbread or a glass of warm milk for breakfast. By the time he got home, he was praying that his mother had milked the cow again. There were no school lunches for kids in those days and if you did not bring it with you, you did without. At suppertime, the family cat would stick its head up over the table and my father often considered ways of killing the rival who wanted to share his meager supper.

One day they had a foot race at the school and my father won the race. The ground was covered with frost and he had no shoes. His family could not afford them. I do not know if he was good, or if his cold feet prompted him to move so fast. Any way you look at it, the teachers were so impressed that they pooled their money and bought him the first pair of shoes he had ever owned in his six years on this earth.

The cabin my father lived in was made of planks and had a tin roof. The roof kept the rain out well, but he was always confused as to how the snow somehow drifted in. There was no insulation and their only heat was a single fireplace. He would hover before the fire on cold winter nights, constantly turning around to warm a side not exposed to the fire. There was no indoor plumbing. They got their water from the mountain streams or from the creek when the streams dried up. There was no money for a well, and there was the outhouse for everything else.

One night a tornado roared up the valley (1932) and my father remembered trembling in fear as the plank house bowed in and out as if it were a living creature struggling to breathe. After that night, he carried a deathly fear of storms for the rest of his life.

Each day after school, the boys would play cowboy using the young calves in the fields on which to practice. As they whooped and hollered trying to outride their rivals, the girls would rush over the ridge to check out the love rock. One day while crossing the ridge, a frog hopped across the trail in front of the girls. Right behind it was a rather large snake. The girls shrieked in horror, but the snake would not be detoured from trying to catch his supper as the frog hopped for his life.

Evelyn became sickly and fell behind in school. School became secondary with some families when times became hard. Albert dropped out of school after the third grade and became a full time farmer.

Charlie Colvin sold the Bridgeport Ferry and bought a Model-T Ford. One day the car

stalled on a railroad track and he could not get it started. A train was coming and he ran for his life. The car was totaled in the crash, but somehow the windshield survived. The railroad then made Charlie pay for the damage to the train.

With all his money gone, he did what any frontiersman would do. He made the best of things and went on with his life. Kate always wanted a window in her cabin, so Charlie cut a hole in the wall and stuck the windshield from his Model-T in the hole. Mama was happy, and life would go on. In 1990, I revisited that cabin. There were two walls still standing and they were in the process of falling down, but the windshield was still there in the north wall of one of them. The glass was long gone, but the frame was still there complete with windshield wipers.

Pranks were often played by the kids, mostly the boys. One day the man who operated the ferry was late for work. Some of the boys pulled the lifeboat off the ferry and tied it to a tree on the shore. Then the boys loaded the kids onto the ferry and crossed the river to meet the bus. That afternoon they had to face the ferry operator who was understandably upset because he had to row across the river to retrieve his ferry.

My mother also laughed when she remembered a teacher who had no teeth. She said that all the kids loved him, but the boys could not resist playing a joke on him. The unfortunate man brought an egg sandwich to school every day for lunch. One day, the boys put a dead frog in his sandwich. He took a big bite out of it before he discovered the prank. He just shook his head and said, "Why do you boys do this to me?" The boy responsible for this prank later became the county judge.

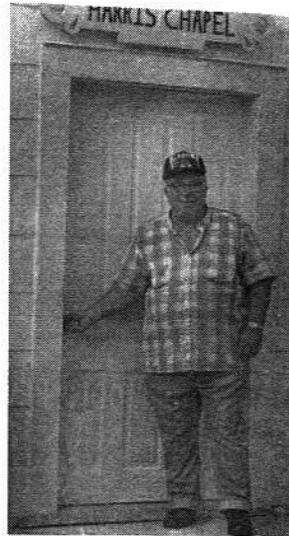
World War II brought many changes to our country and one of them was the end of the Great Depression. Young men went off to war, and those left behind found jobs and moved out of the cove. Evelyn picked cotton and wrote letters to servicemen in her spare time. Albert joined the

army at the age of 17 to feed himself. After Pearl Harbor was bombed, he volunteered for the airborne and fought with the 82nd Airborne Division in Europe and was in every battle the 504th Regiment fought. He never answered Evelyn's letters. He later said, "I was never good with words and never expected to come back anyway. We were all going to die and I knew it. It may not be today, but there would always be another battle tomorrow and I had outlived my luck."

Somehow, he did survive against all odds. Wounded once, he was one of only three survivors of his original company of one hundred and fifty men. When he came home, he looked up the young girl with whom he had once played jacks. He found her working in a drug store in Rossville, Georgia. She was no longer a girl, but the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen. Three months after his return from Europe, they were married and together they raised three children. They retired to a farm on Sand Mountain overlooking the cove where they had grown up. Somehow, the very sight of that cove in Hog Jaw Valley seemed to give them comfort as they remembered, "the good old days".

Υ CHAPTER FORTY Υ

CLINTON SMITH



*Clinton lived near the old home place in Hog Jaw Valley
near Harris Chapel on County Rd 91.*

From my interview with Clinton Smith. He related his strongest memories of growing up in Hog Jaw Valley. They were not of his childhood years of growing up in the valley, but of getting out of the valley after high school and securing a job.

He was born in November, 1931 at the family home at Moore's Spring. He was the youngest of nine children born to Albert and Lettie (O'Neil) Smith. His older brothers were twins, Dock Lee and Albert Jr., next was Robert Russell who was called "Ped". Clinton says he was mentally handicapped and lived to age 46. Nannie Bea, Willie Mae and Yvonne were girls who came next. The later boys were Floyd (Pete), Calvin, and Clinton with whom my brother and I attended school, first at Long Island and then for high school in Bridgeport.

One of his memories, and I guess for all of us, was the first school bus in the valley. It was a pick-up truck with a homemade wooden bed. We often helped push the old truck up Carpenter Ridge.

In May 1950, after high school, until November of that year, Clinton looked for a job. Of course, there was nothing in Hog Jaw Valley to attract a new high school graduate.

His sister, Yvonne was married and living in Washington, D.C. and was concerned for her baby brother. She wrote that the FBI was advertising and needed employees. She sent him \$20.00 and said, "Come to Washington".

Clinton said he walked to South Pittsburg (at least a 6-hour walk) and paid \$17.75 for a bus ticket and rode 38 hours to D. C. He says the Washington papers carried 25 pages of want ads. He was hired by the FBI and worked there for 33 years before moving back to the Valley. Working through adversity was a pattern for the Smith family. Clinton tells the story of his father moving from Texas in a covered wagon and surviving Scarlet Fever along the way. At Long Island, he became an agent for the railroad. At that time, the family lived in a shack with a dirt floor; the first four children were born there.

The family managed to save \$2,000 that was used to buy the 40 acres which became the Smith Farm at Moore's Spring. The purchase was made from Dick and Betty Williams. Dick Williams is recognized as one of the original contributors to building Harris Chapel School and Church.

The Smith family lived as other families lived on small farms during the Depression years of the 1930s. Clinton recalls the family relied on the garden for vegetables, and they picked wild berries when they were available. For meat, they had hogs, chickens, and wild game. Clinton says his dad was a crack shot with a rifle. Their hog lot had been the campsite for the Union soldiers before they climbed Sand Mountain and into the Battle of Chickamauga. He said his family was constantly hounded by artifact hunters for civil war relics.

Clinton said growing up in the valley was hard but normal for all the children living there.

The hard part was leaving for opportunity. After his years in Washington, he moved back to the Valley and the farm his father and mother had saved so desperately for years ago.

(Author's note: Clinton Smith succumbed to a bad heart June 7, 2011 and was buried in the family plot in Harris Chapel Cemetery.)



Albert Ross Smith and his wife, Lettie Virginia O'Neal Smith, parents of Clinton

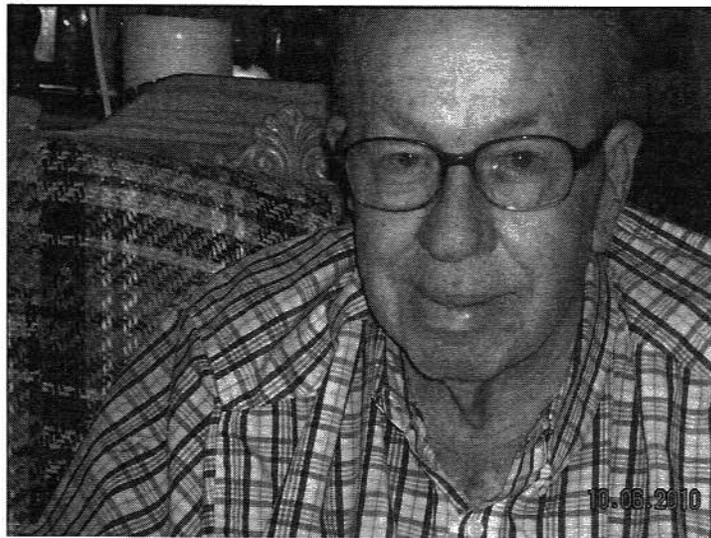


Photo of Clinton Smith in his home taken by the author.

ANNIE HULVEY YOUNGSTROM



Annie Hulvey Youngstrom lives in Dothan, Alabama. Her husband, Ernest, now deceased, and Annie have three children, two girls and a son.

Momma and Daddy moved to Hog Jaw Valley in 1933, when I was a baby. The family included four older children Shurrel, James, Almond, and Grace. Daddy logged timber and farmed; he was a sharecropper on the Hembree farm for fifteen years. He also delivered the mail, a Rural Route three days a week in Hog Jaw Valley and in Island Creek Cove. He delivered the mail on a saddle horse, rain or shine. He had no car.

I went to school at Long Island, riding a bus; I went to Bridgeport School when I was in the sixth grade. Long Island School was closed about three years after I started at Bridgeport. We crossed on a river ferryboat. On the farm, I did everything from milking cows, cutting wood for the fireplace, picking cotton, hoeing cotton and corn, pulling corn to gather the crops, carrying water for the house as well as the animals. There was no running water or electricity in any of the

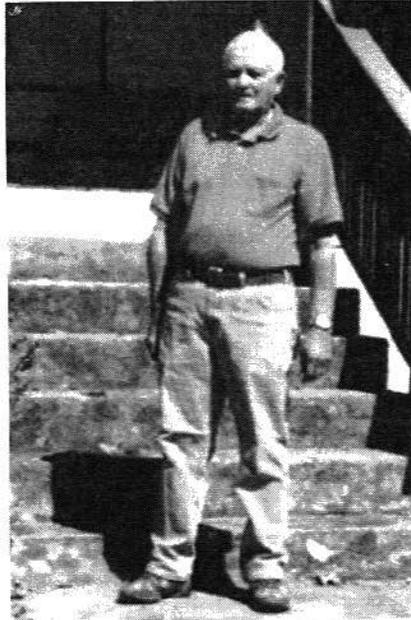
farmhouses and we used outside toilets. Inside plumbing arrived after I married and moved to town. We all worked on the farm. Momma had three children after I was born. They were Dexter, Billy and Betty. Grace was home helping Momma cook and care for the smaller children. She did not do much outside work. Momma washed our clothes on a "rub board" and hung them on lines to dry.

We walked to Harris Chapel in Hog Jaw Valley, to attend the "Church of Christ". During the summer, we went in the wagon for a revival night service. I have seen several wagons parked by the church during revival. Ollie Stone was postmaster at Long Island Depot until it closed around 1960. I knew all the families in the valley by helping daddy deliver the mail.

We moved from the cave spring house along Count Rd. 91 in Hog Jaw Valley to Tennessee in 1949. Dexter was killed accidentally in 1958; Momma and Daddy built a house back in Hog Jaw Valley in 1959 and lived there until their deaths. As of now, Billy, Betty and I are all that is left of the eight children.

∩ CHAPTER FORTY TWO ∩

BILL HULVEY



Bill lives in New Hope, TN near the South Pittsburgh bridge over the Tennessee River. He and his wife, Clara Reeves Hulvey have two children and three grandchildren who live nearby. Bill is retired after working 40 years.

I was born on August 2, 1937. My parents were Garl and Ella Hulvey. My Mom and Dad already had several children; my oldest brother was 17 years old when I was born. I went to school at Long Island School. Some of the teachers there were Ella Glover, Beulah Stone, Lois Hicks, and Rita Rorex. Each year there would be a break in the school year (some may call it Fall Break today). However, our break was to allow children to help pick cotton. Sometimes it was to help our family, sometimes to pick for someone else. When you picked cotton for someone else, the wages usually were \$2.00 to \$3.00 every 100 pounds of cotton picked.

Life in the valley consisted of farming and logging. My Dad was a sharecropper. When I was big enough, I would help with the planting and harvesting. My Dad also owned his own sawmill and sawed lumber as well as farmed. For about 18 years, he delivered mail on horseback.

My Mother was a midwife in addition to taking care of things at home. She would leave

no matter what time it was to deliver a baby, and sometimes she would be gone for days. During that time, the going rate to deliver a baby was \$10.00.

We lived on the Hembree farm where we sharecropped. We used mules and horses to till the ground and to plant cotton and corn. When my oldest brother was discharged from the army after World War II, he bought our first tractor. My Dad never would drive it. He actually bought two tractors of his own later, but he would not drive one himself.

At 21 (1958), I went to work in Chattanooga at Harriman Manufacturing. At Harriman, we made plows for farm implements. Then I went to work at U.S. Pipe and Foundry. At U.S. Pipe, I tested fire hydrants and assembled water valves. I retired in 1999 after approximately 40 years working. The last 27 years was at U.S. Pipe Company.

Presently, I live on a farm at South Pittsburg, which is a cattle farm not far from Hog Jaw Valley where I grew up. I have been married for 50 years to Clara Reeves Hulvey and we have two sons, Robert T. Hulvey and Mark A. Hulvey. We have one granddaughter and two grandsons who live within 1.5 to 2 miles from us.



"Uncle" Garl Hulvey plowing cotton using a cultivator drawn by a horse and "Old Joe", a mule—in the 1930s.

∩ CHAPTER FORTY THREE ∩

BETTY RUTH HULVEY HUDGENS



Betty as a child with her pet pig.



Recent photo of Betty with her husband.

Living in Hog Jaw is surely something to remember. My dad was a farmer in summer and a logger in winter. He worked very hard as everyone did who lived there. My mother was a worker, also. She helped with the farming as well as delivering babies in the community. She had 10 babies of her own and I am the 10th one. When we woke up in the morning, she would already be gone and we children never knew where she would be. Daddy would be cooking breakfast, but one thing we knew for sure we were a close and happy family.

As the youngest of my siblings, I did not have to work as hard on the farm as the older ones. I was born September 22, 1939. My brother, Dexter and Bill and I had goats. The boys built a sled for the goats to pull and we would ride in the cart.

At Long Island, we had a pretty white three-room schoolhouse. I went there 1st through 6th grade. After the 6th grade, we crossed the Tennessee River by ferryboat to start the 7th grade. My teachers in the Valley school were Mrs. Glover, the Postmaster's wife, and Mrs. Hicks. They both lived on Sand Mountain now called Bryant, Alabama. We also had a Mr. Higgins in 5th and 6th

grade. He was a big tall man. Rita Rorex took his place. She was such a joy, with a great personality and everyone loved her. She had beautiful red hair that shone like the sun and was a big help to me. Mrs. Ada Bynum was also our teacher and she was one more precious woman who became like a second mother. Her family was our family. My brothers, Dexter and Bill, felt the same way.

When we were transferred to Bridgeport, we had to cross the Tennessee River by ferryboat. On windy days, I was scared to death, as the water would wash over the boat getting you wet. The school bus did not cross with us. Often we had thick fog and we would get lost in the fog and have no idea where the boat would land. Needless to say, I stayed close to Mrs. Hembree. She was such a wonderful lady. I looked up to her and she helped me grow up. Everyone loved her. Sue and Ann, her twin girls and I were very close as they were only one year older than I was. We grew up together; I loved them as family. My mother and Mrs. Kathleen were best of friends, and my mom helped her in her home a lot.

I think back to when I had to pick cotton with those long, long rows. I would tell myself I would never marry a "clod hopper" (a farmer). I often would have to help pick blackberries and blueberries. I hated that job because I was scared to death of snakes. I looked more for snakes than picking berries. I also wanted to do everything my brother did. Especially play ball. I even got to play on their team.

(Author's note: Betty said she continued to play after moving to Dothan. She played until the age of 56 and was a member of a team winning the state play offs for many years.)

(Additional author's note: My mother, Kathleen Hembree, taught in Bridgeport so she rode the ferry across the river with the children who were being sent there.)

Υ CHAPTER FORTY FOUR Υ

BILL HEMBREE



Dr. William L. Hembree is a dentist in Jacksonville, FL. He has an office at 2948 Park St. and has been in practice for approximately 55 years.

My first memories of Hog Jaw Valley are of being in the front yard under the elm and maple trees. I recall “Old Polly” our dog and I remember seeing our old Ford roadster at the end of the walk. I remember seeing the rumble seat, but I do not recall ever riding in the car. Guess it was sold before I got very old as all I remember riding in were farm wagons pulled by two horses or two mules, and later my personal chariot pulled by two goats. My recollections of life on the farm in Hog Jaw Valley are not confluent, but in bits and pieces. I will jot down a few of them.

I recall walking to school (at Long Island) and occasionally riding a horse to school. It was about 3 miles from home to school. We tied the horse in the shade across the road from school to await the end of the day. I remember a great deal about the schoolhouse and its three rooms, three coatrooms, and two outdoor toilets (one for boys and one for gals). My first teacher was Mrs.

Lyde. "Coonie" Lawson and I went to the outside outhouse one day; we were gone 50 minutes (playing across the road). When we got back to the classroom, Mrs. Lyde gave each of us 50 licks with her paddle. In fact, I got a whipping almost every day for something until my mother, Kathleen, decided that John, my older brother (then called "Buck"), should report to her each time I got a whipping. She would then proceed to give me one at home that night. I guess that helped me straighten out my act, as I did not get so many after that, but still more than my share as long as I was at the Long Island School (I went to Bridgeport in the 7th grade).

We eventually got a bus (sort of). The "bus" was a pickup truck with a homemade shelter on the back. We entered over the bumper. The roads were mud and gravel and sometimes we had to get out and push when it rained. When I finished the 1st grade, I was put in the third. I thought I was so smart, (smart-alecky, I guess) that I never had to do the 2nd grade. Maybe Mrs. Lyte just wanted to get me out of her room as soon as possible (she had 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grades in her room).

Sometimes the teachers roomed at our house, and sometimes they rented a little house in Long Island. I recall Mrs. J.V. Outlaw and Miss Eliza Mae Briscoe living there. We were privileged to spend the night at their house on rare occasions. Their house was between the big houses, Gentry and Ladd's, whose houses were big two-story houses with lots of rooms (about 8 each) and always a path (no one had running water). All the water at Long Island was supplied by wells dug by using a pick and shovel. Water was then pulled up using a rope (or a small link chain) and a pulley, one bucket full at a time. Pumps were unheard of until, when I was in about the 5th grade, the school had a well drilled and installed a hand pump. Unfortunately the water was so full of sulfur most of us did not drink it unless we were "dying of thirst". We carried a water bottle in our lunch box. Oh yes, everyone brought his or her lunch. Mine was peanut butter on crackers, or potted meat, or pineapple sandwiches. I recall one of the poorer kids (we were all

poor, just different degrees) brought cold biscuits with stewed tomatoes. Soggy? You know it!

We played baseball, hardball, and as I remember that is about it, no basketball (would not bounce on the gravel), no football (no equipment). We really did not need much exercise as we got plenty walking to school, working in the fields, and doing chores, like milking the cows, feeding the horses, slopping the pigs, gathering the eggs, and a dozen other chores. Oh! Did I forget cutting firewood and stove wood? We had no gas, no coal, no electricity, no running water, but we did have two fireplaces, and one cook stove. My mother was reported to use more stove wood than any other housewife did in Hog Jaw Valley. Guess who got to cut all that wood? Buck (John) and I, for several years. My dad was not one to stock up on wood so every Saturday Buck and I took the mules and wagon somewhere on the farm and cut trees, I mean real trees. After we “felled” the tree, then we had to cut it into manageable pieces, loaded it on the wagon, coaxed “old Joe” and “Nig” to pull the wagon home. Then we had to cut it into about 10” lengths for the stove and 24” lengths for the fire places, fortunately we only heated one room (besides the kitchen) in winter so firewood was less demanding than stove wood. However, it had to be ash for the stove with cedar kindling and oak or hickory for the fireplace. In winter, we only had three warm rooms, the kitchen with the stove (actually toasty), the dining room (tolerable) and the living room with the fireplace (we burned on one side and froze on the other). You could feel the cold air coming through the floor cracks. When we got ready for bed on winter nights, we could heat a small blanket to take to the frigid room where we slept; that would warm your feet until you got comfy under 2-4 homemade quilts. Mother and the nearby ladies quilted on certain nights. They had a quilting frame suspended from the ceiling in our living room a lot of the time.

Most of the farm wives dipped snuff, but mother never indulged. Buck and I tried it a bit, using cocoa and sugar as a substitute for the finely ground tobacco, but that ended when I

substituted the real things and Buck almost strangled and almost strangled me. He and I had our engagements of fisticuffs, wrestling, clod fighting and cob fighting, but he always won until, but that is another story, for later.

In the summers, mother usually kept Aunt Lucille, her sister who had cerebral palsy (really badly deformed), and her father, Dr. J. P. Lasater, retired dentist and a tough old bird, especially when he could whack us boys with his walking cane. He had a stroke and was a semi-invalid. We probably made life worse for them, particularly Aunt Lucille, as we teased her a lot. In fact, I have often regretted not being a lot kinder to her, but kids do not know from nothing. She is shown in the picture with my sister, Sue.



Sunday was a big day in Hog Jaw Valley, especially at our house, up early as usual, do the chores, feed hogs, horses, cows, milk cows, catch a couple of chicken, watch Dad wring their heads off, help mother pick the feathers off, and then get ready for church. We had bathed on Saturday night (for real) in our #3-washtub. We put on “dress” clothes while Dad hitched the mules to the wagon as mother dressed, then into the wagon, John “Buck” driving, mother in middle of the springboard seat, me on other side, Ike and Sam sat on the plain board seat behind. Off we went at about 3 mph to Harris Chapel (about 2 miles up the gravel-dirt road). Of course, mother had baked the unleavened bread and brought the grape juice (no wine for Church of Christ Christians); then listen to Brother Bedford Beck from Bridgeport preach hellfire and brimstone for about three quarters of an hour, do the sacraments (for those saved souls), and then home

behind “old Nig and Joe”. Mother Kathleen would then hit the kitchen on the run and the rest of us doing little chores like peeling the potatoes, shelling the peas and generally getting the dinner going. There were usually 12-20 for Sunday dinner; Aunt Sam and Uncle Milt, Aunt Emmaline and Uncle Ellis and crew, or who knew until they showed up. “Butch” Couch did an excellent story on “Sunday dinner at Aunt Kathleen’s”. After a hearty meal of chicken, three or four vegetables, cornbread, homemade ice cream and cake, all the younger set (us) rode calves, horses, and generally messed around while the “old folks” sat in the front yard under the trees swapping gossip. Shucks, with a little breeze and a lot of shade, who needed air conditioning? John and I played high school football (10, 11, 12 grades). He played more than I did as he was fast and quick, whereas I was more slow and clumsy. Therefore, he was a star and I was a lineman, but we shared the drudgery of all day at school, football practice until dark, then a long three mile hike home across two railroad bridges, down through the fields (bottom’s) of mud sometimes, and then homework (after chores, of course). That will keep one in shape.

I remember when it rained on weekends, we would sit around in the corn cribs and shell corn, of course, there were a few tall tales told (I’d say lies, but I don’t want to upset anyone) while we were shelling corn. A lot of it went to mill (Haz Dial’s mill a mile up the road) and was later consumed by the family in corn bread, corn fritters, cornmeal dumplings, and the rest was fed to the chickens. We had lots of chickens as we had no beef to eat, just chickens and pigs, but good!

When I was about 13 or 14, we got a tractor. It was a big old 12 HP International that started on gasoline and ran on tractor fuel (diesel, I suppose). This was a big step up for the Hembree family. That meant less following the back end of a team of mules plowing. You know one foot in a furrow and one on solid ground, lots of sweat for both you and the mules.

I don't remember why, but I wound up doing a lot of night driving (oh yeah, the tractor had lights, inadequate but lights). One night I dozed off plowing the riverbank and almost drove into the big deep ravine. I never told anyone as I was too embarrassed. Luck is with fools and children, I guess. I'm not saying which is applicable!

I almost left out the main reason I joined the Navy on my 17th birthday. It was the cotton patch. There is (or was) nothing pleasant about growing cotton. When it gets about six inches high, it's time to hoe. Try digging out Johnson grass, crab grass, cocklebur weeds all day long in late May at about 90 degrees in the shade, and trying to keep the hoe sharp with a file. Boy, that's fun, and it has to be done again a few weeks later. Come late August, it's time to pick the stuff. You think it is nice and puffy, but you don't know that all the bolls have 3-5 sharp thorns on them and a host of stinging (known as the pack saddle caterpillar) caterpillar worms under each leaf. You drag that sack along hoping you are doing great until time to "weigh in". Some hot shots could get up to 200 pounds per day in scrubby Alabama cotton. I never broke 100. Best I ever did was 94 pounds, and I started just after day light so some of that was probably dew wetness. Flying off aircraft carriers and fighting the Japanese looked like a picnic to me, by comparison. Yes, I grew up during WW II.

In spite of all the trials and tribulations, we had a lot of fun growing up in Hog Jaw Valley in a family of six kids. In fact, it was so enticing that in later years I decided the ideal family for me to raise was six kids. That lasted until I had a couple, then I backed off.

We hiked the mountains (Sand Mountain, an extension of Lookout Mountain), hunted rabbits, squirrels, birds, and ducks. No deer or turkeys were left in Hog Jaw Valley back then. Thanks to the Hulveys, Goins, and Waldens, we got to know the wilds around Hog Jaw Valley. Our dad wasn't much on hunting with kids, but our Uncle Ike filled in on weekends when he

came down from Chattanooga; he also brought candy, which was definitely in short supply in Hog Jaw Valley.

We learned to swim in the mighty Tennessee River. "Life guard" you say; I never met one until I joined the Navy. No one taught us how to swim. We just did it. It's a wonder we didn't lose a few kids here and there. I'm still astounded that my parents, Kathleen and Gordon, did so well with so little and with so many hurdles to overcome in Hog Jaw Valley.

SAM HEMBREE



Sam retired from the US Navy as a Captain. He has four children, several grandchildren in addition, four great-grandchildren. He and his wife, Dee, live in Palm Beach Gardens, FL.

Some of my earliest remembrances of being a farm boy growing up in Hog Jaw Valley were how big the farm fields seemed to be. Although we were the landowners and all of the other families that lived near were our sharecropper families, I did not really feel different. We worked the fields and handled the animals right along side of the other family adults and their kids. We did not own an automobile so we drove a wagon with a team of mules or horses just like everyone else. We drank the spring water from the same gourd dipper that hung by the spout and when we worked in the fields or baled hay we all drank from the same jug of warm water.

The Metcalf's, the only close neighbors not one of our sharecroppers had a lot of kids older than I. "Old man Metcalf", with his big mustache, could us more cuss words than any sailor. I recall one day when I was helping him to plow vegetables in his big garden using a single mule and a 'Gee Whiz', a small plow. I was fascinated by his colorful language. The old mule would

not stay in the middle of the row and would step on and damage some of the plants. Mr. Metcalf, (we called our elders, mister), would start yelling at the mule and cussing a blue streak. I still smile just thinking about it. He sounded as natural cussing that mule as anyone just discussing the weather or politics. He also used the same language on his kids, or even me, if I crossed him or didn't move fast enough. Most of the neighbor kids were afraid of him.

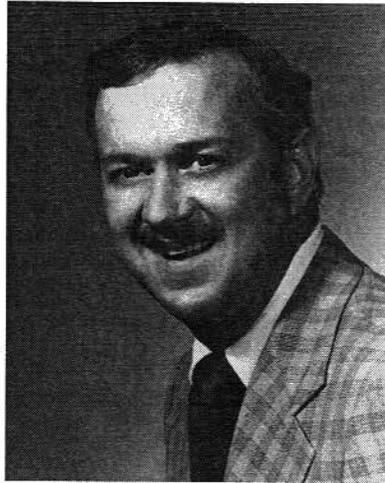
Hunting was something all young boys growing up in the valley wanted to do. I remember getting a BB gun at about 9 or 10 years old and using it to kill birds and field mice. We would even use baby Jay birds for target practice because the Jays would really do damage to our cherry trees and we thought wiping out their young would help eliminate the threat to our cherries. I was finally allowed to use our old twelve-gauge double barrel shotgun at around age 12. The first time that I fired it, under the supervision of an older brother, I did not brace for the strong recoil and ended up on my butt. Squirrel hunting was my favorite hunting. We did not have a deer or wild turkey in the valley during the 1940's and 1950's when I was growing up there. The squirrel hunting primarily was still-hunting. Still-hunting required one to go into the woods before dawn and find a large rock bluff with hickory trees, we waited for daylight. Before it was light enough to see well, I would hear a squirrel start to rustle a tree limb and my excitement would start to build. As the morning grew lighter, more squirrels would start to move and they would sometimes start to bark at one another. Most of the time they would not be in the trees around me and I would have to wait and hope that they would move to my location. I was using a .22 caliber rifle, so it required a clear shot. Two squirrels would be enough for our breakfast, and that number was easy to get if I hunted in a different location on each trip. Time spent waiting for the dawn's light to bring the trees and the valley below into view gave me a pleasant serenity and happiness that I continue to feel when I go there in my mind.

I remember many tragedies that occurred in the valley and made a lasting impression on me. They still lurk in my memory. A young mother and a little girl drowned when a rowboat tipped over and they couldn't swim. They had to drag big hooks in the water to recover the bodies. A boy about my age was killed when a tree fell on him while cutting timber.

A playmate of mine (when we were six or 7), dropped out of school in the seventh grade and got married. She had three children by the time I graduated from high school. One Thanksgiving Day, one of our sharecroppers, who had a wife and three small children, froze to death after getting drunk and falling while coming down the mountain trail after an early snow storm. We had to help his family through the winter by cutting firewood, taking care of animals, and sharing potatoes and canned goods. They moved away in the spring.

Life for the most part while growing up in the Valley was hard work but a happy time. Caring for all the animals, horses, cows, hogs, chickens, dogs, and cats taught me respect for the role they played in our prosperity and well being. I made "spending money" during my high school years by raising 300 baby chicks and selling them as dressed fryers to the prosperous town folks in Bridgeport. They could afford the newest home appliance - a deep freezer. Electricity did not come into Hog Jaw Valley until 1949 so we did not have a freezer. In December of 1949, during my senior year in high school, I won a raffle for a new deep freezer that continued to operate for over 35 years in my parent's home in Hog Jaw Valley.

IKE HEMBREE



Ike lives in Rock Hill, SC with his wife, Gayle. Their one son is in the military serving as Operations Manager in US embassies throughout the world. Ike is retired from a career as a dental laboratory technician.

Just imagine being born the youngest of four brothers. I am sure they picked on me, yes really! Buck, the oldest, and I became a “team” in frequent corncob fights. These occurred every time we went to the barn to feed, water or harness the horses. We did this chore twice a day, sun up and sun down.

I was born early in the depression years, December 23, 1933, what a Christmas present! We lived on our farm in Hog Jaw Valley. Farmers probably lived better than some others did during those desperate years. We had a garden, orchard, wild berries, and some wild game such as rabbits and squirrels. My brother Bill once brought home a snake and we ate it too, saved the skin as well. Our cows provided milk and hogs provided meat.

Going to school when I was six was a problem. The Long Island school that my brothers attended, had closed and students now were attending Bridgeport schools on the far side of the Tennessee River. The bus picked up students from Long Island and Bryant then came down Hog

Jaw Valley collecting students along the way, including my family. We were unloaded at the Bridgeport (Reese's) ferry for the trip over the river.

We crossed on the barge, pushed by a small tug which was cold, sometimes wet, especially during the winter months. Once on the Bridgeport side, a school bus was there to take us for the three-mile trip into the schools. My mother often occupied us as she taught in the Grammar School.

At the farm, one of my jobs, along with my brothers, was to carry water from the spout. The pipe installed from a spring high up on Sand Mountain to a wooden water trough on the road in front of the house provided access. We carried water to the house, some 100 yards, until about 1951 when the older brothers and I piped it into the house.

The spout and trough had many uses, to water the mules and keep milk, melons, and other items cold. In one end, the trough had a wooden lid and corks plugged the holes to keep it full of water.

Some of my playmates were the Hulvey children. One day while we were playing, I fell through a large hole in a metal road culvert. My left leg sustained a serious cut causing a large amount of muscle damage to the area. My Mother and Grover Haggard carried me to the railroad bridge, and then walked across the bridges over river and the long island. They took turns carrying me to the doctor. Getting emergency medical attention in Bridgeport made for a difficult situation. I had numerous injuries and a black widow spider bite that required considerable care, but thankfully, my Mother and Daddy always seemed to find the resources to get help.

One of my fondest memories was growing up near the Metcalf family who lived across the lane from us. I would help Ma Calf in her garden. She always said, "You have to do a little work in you garden everyday even is it is just to pull a weed or two!" I loved to go to their house for

lunch. The food was always good and I always learned a thing or two. She had a feather bed, good sleeping, but it was very “deep” when one jumped into the middle of it.

I remember Mr. Terry, the man who lived at the end of the lane. Across the big ditch was a footbridge or logs with a big tree at the end of the bridge. My brother Sam and I would go “call on” Mr. Terry but we had to hide behind that big tree and call to him otherwise we might be shot. He was a spooky sort of fellow with a big gun and he was a “good shot” with it!

One night our milk cows got out of the pen and traveled down the lane to his house. Our favorite old cow was in his yard. He shot four times and the cow fell back on her behind. Mr. Terry came around by the road to tell our dad he had killed a man. We went with him and found the old cow shot in the head four times still on her behind. (“I told you he was a good shot with that gun!”)

Mr. Terry was such nervous type people that if he was in bed and heard a strange noise he would just roll over and shoot through the wall of his house. One time he shot all his canning jars he had lined up in a row on a shelf on his porch. We boys always knew we had to identify ourselves or we might get the same treatment.

My favorite uncle was Uncle Milt who was mother’s brother-in-law, married to her sister, Sammie Elizabeth. He was a railroad conductor who rode in the caboose to keep count on all the cars, e.g. coal cars, where they stopped, for dropping off certain cars for unloading, etc. He let me ride with him one day and that was a real treat. There was one thing about Uncle Milt, he was a nice talking man, but if he got upset about something, he would let loose with every bad word he knew, say them all at one time, then he was done for a while. He was a fun person.

My Uncle Ike was my favorite paternal uncle who lived in Chattanooga. He and his wife, Virginia, and son, Mel, would come for occasional visits. Because he always brought us treats,

those visits were very special. He would bring a sack of candy, make little piles on the table and go down the line pointing and saying, "This is yours, this is yours, etc." He loved to play poker and taught us the game. Some of the names he used, "Six-Toed Pete", "Whores, Fours & One-Eyed Jacks", but his favorite was, "The Road Game".

He taught me to drive in his 1941 Buick Coupe—two door, straight stick. I took my driver's test in a 1951 Mercury that belonged to a teacher friend of my mothers and her husband—I passed! At that time, all cars were straight shifts and one had to take the drivers test in that type vehicle—no exceptions. Uncle Ike always said I was the scariest driver because I did not keep my eyes on the road or my mouth shut. Of course, that just demonstrates how excited I was to learn to drive.

Speaking of driving, how do you think I did my courting when I was old enough? I had to walk to the ferry or get dad to drive me in the truck (before dark), cross the Tennessee River by ferry then walk to Aunt Sam and Uncle Milt's house. Sweet-talking Aunt Sam into letting me use their car took a lot of work but she did give in occasionally. She always gave me a lecture on safety and etiquette before I could leave to go on a date with a girlfriend. Spending the night at their house was a certainty when I got back from my date because it was dark and the ferry was closed. I made the trip back to the farm early the next day to do my chores.

While in high school, I decided I should have a project to make money. I fixed up a field and bought some hogs. When I sold them, I bought a team of large grey horses. Their names were "Dan and Nate". When I finished high school, I left them with Dad, who had helped me purchase them.

My friends in high school were Bobby Williams, Bill Hall, and Tooter Moss. I had purchased "Old Dusty", a Tennessee Walking horse. My friends came to the farm and we had a great time riding along the mountains, creeks, and river bottoms. We once tried to harness "Old

Dusty” to a wagon for a trip to a local dance. “Old Dusty” did not care for the idea since he had never been “in-harness”.

I look back and consider those years in Hog Jaw Valley on the farm, “a vast learning experience”.



The old barn/corn crib is still in use along County Rd. 677 in Hog Jaw Valley at the Hembree home place.

SUE HEMBREE HAGGARD



Sue lives in White House, TN near Nashville with her daughter, Cathy. She often visits her other daughter, Sue Ellen, who lives in Georgetown, TX. Her husband, Donald Haggard, died in 2006. Her twin sister, Ann died in 2007.

I was told I only weighed about two and a half pounds at birth. Our neighbor, Betty (Ma Calf) Metcalf, kept me wrapped in her heavy sweater in front of a fire in the fireplace, rubbing my body to help circulation and keep me warm throughout the night. They were not sure I would live through the night as I was so small. My twin sister Ann weighted about 3 pounds. We were born September 25, 1938, at the farm house with midwife, Ella Hulvey, assisting. Mother did not know there were twins, a big surprise to her and Daddy.

We (Ann and I) had fun “keeping house” on the mountain where large rocks were flat and smooth, so we swept them clean with a broom and pretended we were keeping house. We had fun doing this.

We also had a large playhouse built by our older brothers, Bill and John. Ike and Sam would play house with us. We had a play stove and dishes to set up a table, so we could serve the boys crackers and peanut butter with tea to drink. We swept the floor (dirt) and hung curtains at

our windows (two) and I think we had a door also. We did have fun on the farm.

Buck and Bill got a chemistry set for Christmas one year. The chemistry set contained directions for a delayed fuse. Buck & Bill wanted to wire our house for electricity, playfully, of course. They attached a delayed fuse to a firecracker, and wired it into our playhouse. We were inside the house listening to the radio. They were inside the house when the firecrackers exploded and scared us to death. Mother immediately whipped the daylights as the two older boys being guilty parties.

When I started to school at Bridgeport, we rode a bus about one mile to the Bridgeport ferry (had to cross the Tennessee River), then we caught a bus on the other side and rode to school. In the afternoon, it was reverse back home. Whether it was a sunny, rainy, or it was snowing, we went to school. When it snowed and the bus could not meet us, Daddy would take us to the ferry; we would then cross in the wagon pulled by two mules, Nig and Joe, and go on to school. Many times, we walked to the ferry when it snowed or if the bus was broken down. We would cross the ferry and walk two miles on to school. We also had trouble getting to school when the river was out-of-banks (flooded), because of too much rain! Then we would have to go to Long Island, about three miles away, by wagon, and catch a train. Mother would flag the train down and we would go to the train station in Bridgeport then walk on to school, about a mile. Our mother was a first grade teacher at Bridgeport. We rarely missed a day of school. In later years we would catch the bus at the end of the lane and be dropped at the ferry. We rode the ferry across the river and were picked up by a bus on the Bridgeport side of the river then continue seated comfortably on to school.

I used to help Daddy outside a lot, even to milk our cows. We had several cats that loved to get some milk while we milked the cows. We would squirt the milk into their mouths. It was

fun trying to squirt it into their mouths! We kids would do the same to each other, fun! I loved helping Dad outside.

In the winter, Daddy killed several hogs for our meat. All the children had to help in some way or another. Ann and I helped Mother in the kitchen getting this meat ready for sausage, tenderloin, and other cuts. We would grind the meat to make sausage, cook the patties, and can them in jars. Mother made very good sausage. We did not have electricity until about the mid 1950s, so we cooked on a cast-iron stove, heated by wood until electricity came to Hog Jaw Valley. Mother would prepare a big breakfast after hog killing time, cooking brains from the hogs, scrambled in eggs. I did not much care for that dish.

We had to “render” the fat from the hogs to make lard to cook with (same as Crisco shortening now). We built a fire in the yard, put a large iron pot over this to heat, and added the fat to it to melt and cook. It was stirred with a large wooden paddle until the lard “rendered”. The lard was then poured into large 5-gallon cans and covered for future use. We made cracklings from the skin left from “rendering” the lard (same as bought fried skins, but better); these were so good in homemade corn bread. You can still buy “cracklings” in the store.

We raised our own chickens which we would kill when they grew to frying size. Daddy or Mother would “ring” their necks, beheading them. Then we had boiling water ready to dip the chickens in to soften the feathers so they could be “plucked out”. We washed the chickens and prepared them for cooking or freezing. Before we had electricity, we would only kill what we needed for a meal. Before the 1950s, all we had for light to do anything at night (cooking, our school homework, getting our bath, and readying for bed) were oil lamps. We had two or three of these lamps, which we carried from room to room as needed.

We had to heat water (carried from the spout) on the wood burning stove for taking our

baths at night (the tub was a round tub, galvanized). The washtub was in the kitchen where it was warmest. The only heat in the house was from fireplaces heated by firewood cut and carried in from outside. Our water came from a spring about a quarter mile up on the mountain by pipes to a spout near the house. It is still in use today. We had buckets that held two and a half gallons that we filled and carried to the house for our daily use (drinking, cooking, and all other uses). The brothers later put a large tank on the side of the mountain, ran pipes to fill it from the spring, and piped it into the house, so no more carrying water. To this day, people come to get water from the spout! It is so good. Some of the pipes that come from the spring have been there since the late 1800s.

Our family had a garden as we were growing up, so we always had good fresh vegetables. We would help Mother and Daddy plant, gather and prepare them for cooking and eating. We also did our own canning and freezing for winter meals. We had a large orchard of apples, peaches, cherries, plums, and grapes. We put these away for future eating also. Under the kitchen is a cellar. We kept vegetables and our canned goods there as it prevented them from freezing in the winter. Daddy and my brothers did the farming. They planted fields with corn, cotton, and hay. The hay was baled in square bales and stored in the barn until used. It was hard work for all, but we worked as a family.

We always had a big dinner on Sundays, with a great time had by all. There were the family and many friends to enjoy the meal that Mother, with the help of all, would cook. There were always fried chicken, mashed potatoes with gravy, green beans, carrots, beets, corn, and homemade biscuits. We had cake, pie, or both. Later there was homemade ice cream. A watermelon would be cooling in the trough at the spout. After the kitchen was clean, the adults would gather in the front yard to enjoy the outdoors. All the children would go to the orchard for

ball playing, horseshoes, or any other games.

The Hembree home place is shown in the picture. The house was built in about 1893 by Vince Ladd. My grandfather, I. S. Hembree, purchased the house in 1912.



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The following list of books, pamphlets, and assorted material was read or perused to tell the story of Hog Jaw Valley in those earlier days. In some cases, I have used a direct quotation. I have attempted to give credit where it applied within the written text. If I have overlooked giving credit where due, I extend my apologies.

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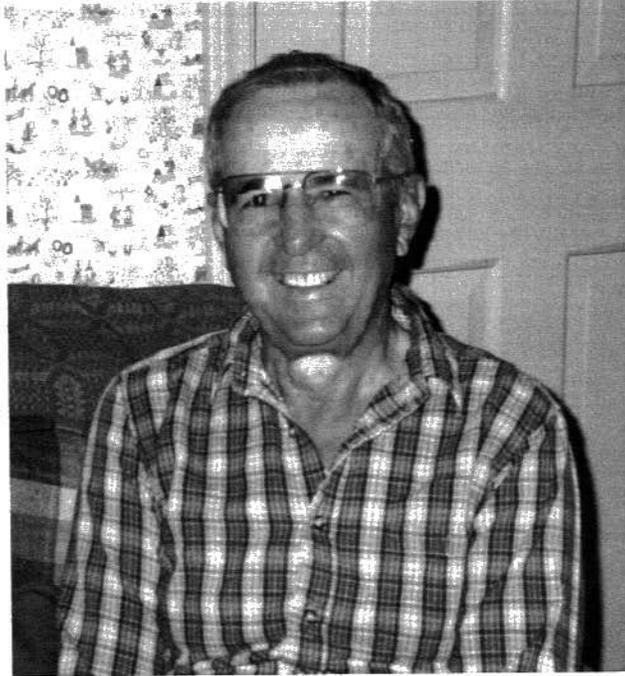
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MY VALLEY, MY HOME

The Hi

Valley



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John (Buck) Hembree was born in 1926 and reared on a farm in Hog Jaw Valley. He attended the rural school at Long Island through the 8th grade until the school closed and the students relocated to Bridgeport. He graduated Bridgeport High School in 1944. John joined the Air Force in September 1944 and served in the Philippines and South Pacific. After his military service, he returned to Auburn University and graduated in 1950. There he met the girl who became his wife. They have been married 62 years. John was recalled for military duty during the Korean conflict from his job at North Carolina State College (now University) where he was an Assistant Editor with the Extension Service. After a short period of farming the family farm in Hog Jaw Valley, he became an agent for State Farm Insurance in Chattanooga, Tennessee and finished his work career of 36 years with State Farm as an Agency Manager in Lexington, Kentucky. He and Betty have three children, Rebecca, Wade and Lynne, as well as five grandchildren.