

BOOK FOUR

MULLEIN



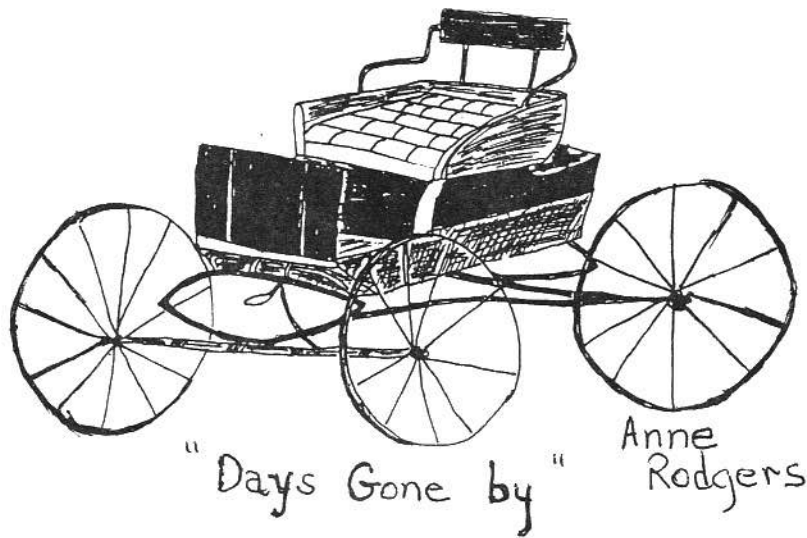
ANTHONY
ROSSMEIER

MULLEIN: A PROJECT IN CULTURAL JOURNALISM

Copyright 1980
1981
1982
1983

Scottsboro Junior High School
Scottsboro, Alabama

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	Page
Martha Caldwell	4 and 5
Lente Devotions	6
Heritage Center	7
Indian Cultural Heritage	8
Sagetown	11
Caves in Jackson County	13
My Heritage	17
The Tornado of 1932	20
David Leonard Precise	21
Miss Bessie Smith's Poetry	22
Miss Bessie Smith's Flower Garden	23
Things I Remember About	
Grandma's Old Home	25
Benham Underwear Mills Employees 1939	26
Benham Underwear Mill	27
Soldiers Marching-Marching	28

My Dad's Side	29
Living on an Island	32
A Way Of Life	33
Believe it or Not	35
Bootsie	37
The Singing Girl	38
The Pierce Cemetary	38
Good Old Days	41
Grandma's Kitchen	43
Grandma's Pharmacy	53
Superstitions	64
Uncle Jacks Finger	67
Our Old Dog Rattler	68
Farm Colony Assured in Jackson County	69
Times Gone By	71
My Little Red Corduroy Jacket	74
The School at Nat	75
News from Langston	77
W W 2 Troops on square, Scottsboro, Alabama	78
Hard Times of W W 2	79
The Soot in the Socks	80



MARTHA CALDWELL

---- As the Life of a Flower ----

I never dreamed one day I would use a book called MULLEIN to hold my paper to write about a little girl named Martha, the author of MULLEIN. She grew into a woman who loved beauty; she had a most brilliant mind, a teacher who left the world a better place because of her life. I spent 14 years in the same valley where she lived her early childhood. I traded at her father's store during the Great Depression. Her father's name was Ira Holley. Her mother, Annie Mae Griffith. Holley had a brother, Dr. T. A. Griffith a dentist in Scottsboro.

Allen Barnes
age 68

In Memoriam
Martha Holley Caldwell
1925-1983

Martha Holley Caldwell's tragic death by automobile accident, January 2, 1983, touched us all deeply. We remember her capacity for loving the beautiful, her generous sharing of thoughts, insights, and feelings; her ability to inspire those around her to creative expressions; her dedication to the Mullein project. We thank God for her life and the way she will continue to bless us through our memories of her.

Mullein: a Project in Cultural Journalism was conceived in the mind of Martha Caldwell in the summer of 1979. The Mullein project was launched believing that today's youth learn from the past, its history and folklore. Mullein was patterned after Foxfire, Inc., at Rabin Gap, Georgia. Like Foxfire, the Mullein project was a learning experience. Students learned cooperation through group activity; discipline through deadlines; techniques through creative writing, interviewing, taping, photographing, and marketing; facts, folklore and herbal remedies through research.

Mullein was dedicated to bringing alive the past through interviews with Senior Citizens of the North Alabama area. Like the useful mullein plant which grows unnoticed in our fields, so the folklore and nature's healing secrets are all about us. Mullein's goal was to collect and preserve the wisdom of the past and Southern folklore - that unwritten part of our history that is our culture.

It was this belief that led Martha Caldwell to dedicate her time, thoughts, and energies to inspire youth to become involved in the preservation of our cultural heritage. In gratitude for her dedication to this goal and in appreciation for her achievements, we dedicate this Mullein Book in her memory.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord henceforth."
"Blessed indeed," says the Spirit, "that they may rest
from their labors for their deeds follow them."

Revelation 14:13

Ruth Pepper
Ruth Pepper
March 7, 1983

Lente Devotions
1982
Cumberland Presbyterian Church

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Ephesians 3:17-19

Mother lived alone for seven years after Dad died. Sitting beside her in the kitchen eating a late supper one night, I was suddenly very much aware of Christ's presence. For many seconds I was still. My heart ached. She loved me and I loved being with her. Why could we only be together on visits? She wanted to live in her home and I wanted her to live near me so that we could be together often. But I admire Mother for her courage and fortitude, so I could say,

Thank you, Lord for this Lady.
Thank you Father, for sending me.

Mother looked up and smiled as I covered her hand with mine. I like to do that. I covered her hand with mine often as we sat in her church; did it when we sat together in the swing on her front porch. We held hands when we walked together in unfamiliar places.

This lady taught me the joys of motherhood. She taught me that there was something holy associated with being a mother. God chose mothers for a special place in Creation. It was she who taught me to cherish my home and family. I loved her.

When Jesus looked down from the cross and beheld Mary's anguish he asked John to take her home with him where she would be loved. Jesus trusted her to someone he loved. We can do the same.

"I know not how this saving faith
to me He did impart.
Nor how believing in His Word
wrought peace within my heart.
But I know whom
I have believed
And am persuaded
that he is able.
To keep that which I've committed
unto Him - against that day."

Martha Caldwell

SCOTTSBORO JACKSON HERITAGE CENTER

BEFORE

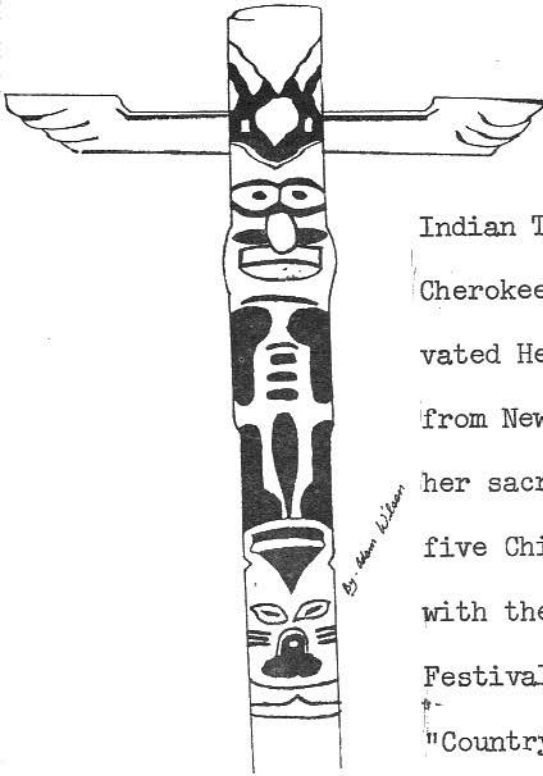


AFTER



The Heritage Center shows a remarkable transformation. The house wears a new coat of paint, new roof, and new capitals on its columns. Its windows, shutters, and steps have been repaired. The basement was renovated. The grounds have been landscaped. Opening Date of the Heritage Center is tentatively planned for July 4, 1984!

Indian Cultural Heritage



Our year began with an exciting reunion of five Indian Tribes (ours being the Cherokee, of course) at the Cherokee Fall Festival, the location being the newly renovated Heritage Center here in Scottsboro. Princess Minona, from New Jersey, entertained us with an hour of solitude in her sacred circle while she blessed the earth. Later, the five Chiefs blessed us with fertility for the upcoming year with their peace pipe smoking ceremony. People came to the Festival from all over to see the arts and crafts, even the "Country Rover" came, but more exciting were the faces of the boys and girls when the Eagle Dance was performed by the Creeks with real drums and rattlers. The day was filled with fun and really stimulated the upcoming year of our new Cultural Heritage Program we are so very proud of. We received a plaque for second place in the arts and crafts. We were proud of second place since our program was barely a month old here in the Scottsboro City School System.

Then, on the first weekend in October, Pat Rhyne and I attended the Fall Festival in Cherokee, North Carolina along with Dr. "Lindy" (Chief) Martin and others associated with the Indian Program from Sanford University. I had a great time with my 35mm camera- I even have a photograph of a LaCrosse team, which were all full-blooded Cherokees. The weekend was delightful. I felt as if I was a part of the Cherokee Tribe by Sunday.

The Festival is much like our State fair with the addition of lots of art and crafts and a bunch of real excited people. The festival consisted of clogging, Cherokee dances (Friendship Dance, Beaver Hut Dance, Happy Song Dance), a Cherokee fashion show, and we got to see and meet Ms. In-

dian America, who is a full-blooded Apache from Arizona and still speaks Apache and lives on the Reservation.

We went to the Oconaleftee Village which was off in the foothills, to the Museum of the Cherokee Indian, and washed our feet in the River for good luck. All in all, it was a very educational, as well as fun, trip where we made lifelong friends.

I shared all of my adventures and excitement with my students at Page Elementary where we began a study of Sequoyah, the man who linked the Cherokee culture to present day man. Without Sequoyah, we would know nothing about our culture. The play, "Better Than Gold" portrayed Sequoyah through his life and how he desperately fought for developing a way to communicate with the white man. The fifth graders performed "Indian's, American's" which contrasted the present day Indian to the ancient Indian.

The Cherokee descendants from Nelson, Brownwood, and Caldwell Elementary Schools were all exposed to a variety of arts and crafts, dancing, and singing. The year has been a successful one, in that, the children have become very proud of their heritage which is expressed in our motto:

We are a proud people,
Dignity is our heritage,
Courage and patience are our companions.
Remember, Oh! Cherokee
Our great God speaks to us
of
harmony with nature
and
Love for all mankind.

Lee and Lee Co., 1981

Susan Caldwell
Scottsboro City Schools



Cherokee Fall Festival

These persons at the Cherokee Fall Festival Saturday are looking over items made by students in the Jackson County Title IV (Indian education) program. Left to right are Florence Hibbs, Hollytree, Title IV instructor; Gerald Paulk, chairman of the festival

which was at the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center; Doris Cornett, Flat Rock, secretary of Cherokees of Jackson County; Dr. Lindy Martin of Birmingham, chief of the Eastern Band of Cherokees; and Jean Martin, Woodville, Title IV program.

Festival termed success

By **HOLLICE SMITH**
Managing Editor

An estimated 2,000 persons including many wearing Indian attire attended a historical event, the Fall Cherokee Festival, Saturday at the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center, according to Dr. Lindy Martin, chief of the Cherokees' Eastern Band.

It was the first time since 1838 that five different tribes of Indians gathered for a meeting, according

to officials of the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center.

They were: two groups of Seminoles from Florida, two groups of Cherokees from North Carolina, Choctaws from South Alabama, Cherokees from Oklahoma and Creeks from South Alabama.

The festival was sponsored by the Jackson County Historical Association, Jackson County Tribal Council of Cherokees, and the Heritage Center.

Dr. Martin said there were approximately 300 present who are regarded as Indians. He said to qualify for Indian status, a person must have at least one-sixteenth Indian blood and be able to trace the blood line back to tribal roles. He commented that Indians are the only people in the United States required to prove their nationality.

"SAGETOWN"



A pioneer log cabin is being reassembled behind the Scottsboro-Jackson Heritage Center as a part of the "Sagetown" area. This area when completed will provide the background for "living history". Students and visitors will be able to observe first hand crafts such as soap-making, wood-working, weaving, quilting, shingle-splitting, and candle-dipping. Another log structure will house a real blacksmith shop. History will come "alive" and students who see Sage town will be a part of the life of the past, where they can experience how their ancestors carried out these skills.

Logs which will be used in this construction have been dismantled and moved to the Heritage Center. They originally were two log cabins belonging to Jean Webb and Anna Ruth Dicus Campbell and George Dicus. The Dicus-cabin, which was located south of Paint Rock, Alabama, was a "two-pen" log structure with a dog-trot between the pens. Two large rock chimneys were located at each end of the cabin, and the fireplaces furnished heat. A kitchen was built later as a "lean-to" to the original cabin. A porch extended across the front of the cabin.

The Webb log cabin was located in what was once called Mitchell's Hollow. It was built in 1820 by Hugh Mitchell and his bride Sally Holland. Different Mitchell family members have lived in the cabin through the years. Claude Mitchell was the last family member to make his home there. Robert Webb bought the farm with the cabin in 1964. This log cabin was constructed as a two-story cabin, and had no dog-trot.

It will be exciting to watch the actual construction of Sage town during the coming months. Foundations must be rebuilt and the chinking between the logs redone. It is important that the restoration be done properly by trained craftspeople to ensure durable and weather proof structures. Don't forget to watch it HAPPEN!



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DICUS LOG CABIN IN PAINT ROCK,
ALABAMA, BEFORE REMOVAL TO THE HERITAGE CENTER

CAVES IN JACKSON COUNTY



In all its natural beauty, Jackson County boasts that one could see more than one hundred caves or caverns within its bounds. Perhaps the most unique of the caves in our county are the ones which still contain water which is slightly acidic. These water caves support an amazing array of wildlife. One such cave is inhabited by blind cave fish, salamanders, crickets, bats, and even plant life.

Russell Cave is by far the most well known of caves in Jackson County. It is now a part of the National Park Service, and is recognized as a site of Indian life about 9,000 years ago. Charcoal from Indian fires, tools made from animal bones, bones of animals they ate, spear and arrow points, and broken pottery accumulated layer by layer in the cave. These articles have been unearthed and examined. Located near Bridgeport, Alabama, this cave is visited by many school groups from this area.

Sauta or Salt Peter Cave was mined for salt peter by the Confederates during the Civil War, and remnants of this operation are still conspicuous only one thousand feet from the entrance of the cave. Salt peter was used in the manufacture of gun powder, and as much as 1,000 pounds a day were mined here. Dirt was dug in the cave by slaves and transported in carts pulled by mules. This dirt was rinsed in a large kettle of water

which dissolved the salt peter compound and left it in the solution. ▲
fire was built under the kettle, and the liquid was boiled with the ashes
of hardwood trees. The solution was cooled for 24 hours, and the salt
peter would crystallize and come to the top to be scooped off.

In recent years efforts were made to commercialize the site of Salt
Peter Cave as a restaurant, dance hall, or picnic area. Many people have
explored the cave. Some of those people littered the cave and left their
names painted on the rock walls.

In 1963 the Army Corps of Engineers surveyed the caves in Jackson
County for use as fallout shelters, and many were equipped for that pur-
pose. Salt Peter Cave was one of those caves. In this issue you may see a
copy of a map designating the location of these caves. This experimental
method to stock the caves proved fruitless since the high humidity rusted
the tins in which the food and water were stored.

In October 1980 the federal government purchased Sauta and its sur-
rounding 264 acres because it is the home of an endangered species of
both Gray and Indiana bats. For that reason, admittance to the cave has
been strictly denied to the public. Sauta or Salt Peter Cave is the cave
mentioned in our story "My Heritage" by Chris Rodgers in this issue of
Mullein.

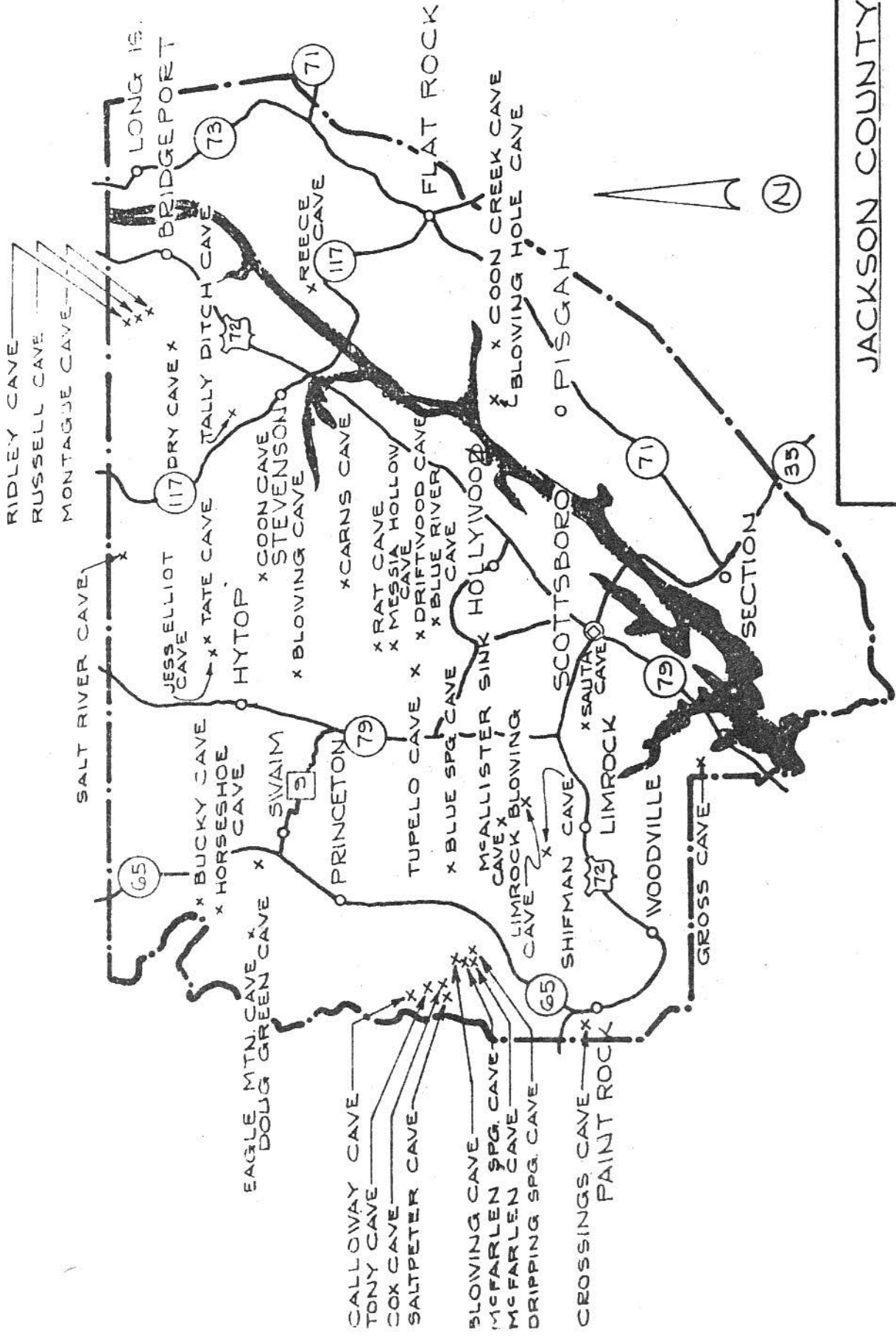
Blowing Cave, also known as Tumbling Rock or the Tupelo Blowing Cave,
is located at the head of Mud Creek. This cave offers the finest non-com-
mercial array of columns and stalagtite formations. To the "first-time"
caver, stalagtites and stalagmites are the most spectacular of all cave
formations. They are formed by centuries of deposits from water which
seeps through ceilings of caves. One large formation has been dubbed the
"Pillar of Fire" because of its color. There are several squeezes, those
passages through which the explorer must lie flat on his stomach and inch

through to the area beyond.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dolberry, owners of the Blowing Cave, said that the cave has been used in bygone days as a refrigerator because of its unusually cold blowing air. Milk and butter could be kept cold there as well as sides of meat during the warm summer months. Today, because of the many dangerous areas of the cave, the Dolberrys have sealed the entrance.

There are several guidelines to follow in cave exploration. It is important to carry at least two back up lights. There should be no fewer than four persons in a group--one member to stay with an injured person and two to return to the surface if necessary. To avoid falls, wear lug boots. Finally, the National Speleological Society suggests that you, "Take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints". Real cave explorers are called "spelunkers" from the term Speleology, the science of cave exploration.

It would be impossible to discuss each of the Jackson County Caves. Study the map and try to locate some of them. Follow the safety guidelines when you visit one which is open to the public. Mullein is indebted to David Bradford for his stories on caves which appeared in several issues of the Daily Sentinel in 1976. (November 5, 12, and 19, 1976)



JACKSON COUNTY
- CAVES -

MY HERITAGE

My heritage, according to my father, Bobby J. Rodgers, and my grandfather, Joe W. Rodgers, goes back to the early 1800's.

Two Rodgers brothers immigrated from England to the United States. They came overland to the Tennessee River, traveling down it to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

They lived there for a while, and one of them took an Indian maiden for his wife. The other brother contracted an illness and eventually died. The surviving brother took his Indian wife and traveled down the Tennessee to a thriving community known today as Langston, Alabama.

In Langston, there were three children born to the Rodgers family --- Joe, Charles, and Jane Rodgers. The livelihood of the Rodgers family was provided by monthly checks received from an estate in England.

About this time the Civil War began. The older Rodgers, Joe, was conscripted into the Confederate service to work in our own Salt Petre Cave. Rodgers supervised a group of slaves in the mining of salt petre, which was a vital element in the manufacturing of gun powder for ammunition. Toward the end of the war Rodgers was captured at the cave by Union troops under the command of General O.M. Mitchell and taken on foot to a stockade in Nashville, Tennessee. At the end of the war, Rodgers was freed from prison, given a cake of cornbread, and allowed to return home.

In 1875, approximately ten years after the war, Mr. Rodgers died. His wife and children continued to draw money from the estate in England. The oldest son was now 15 years old. The family moved back to the Indian mother's home in Chattanooga where she married a neer-dó-well. They returned to Langston to live. Mrs. Rodgers new husband began taking her money and beating her and the children to a point of great concern to the neighbors.

During one of these brawls the oldest son, Joe, in defense of his mother, inflicted a mortal wound on the step-father. Upon his deathbed the stepfather vowed that no more money would be coming to the family from the estate in England, since he alone knew the location of the necessary documents.

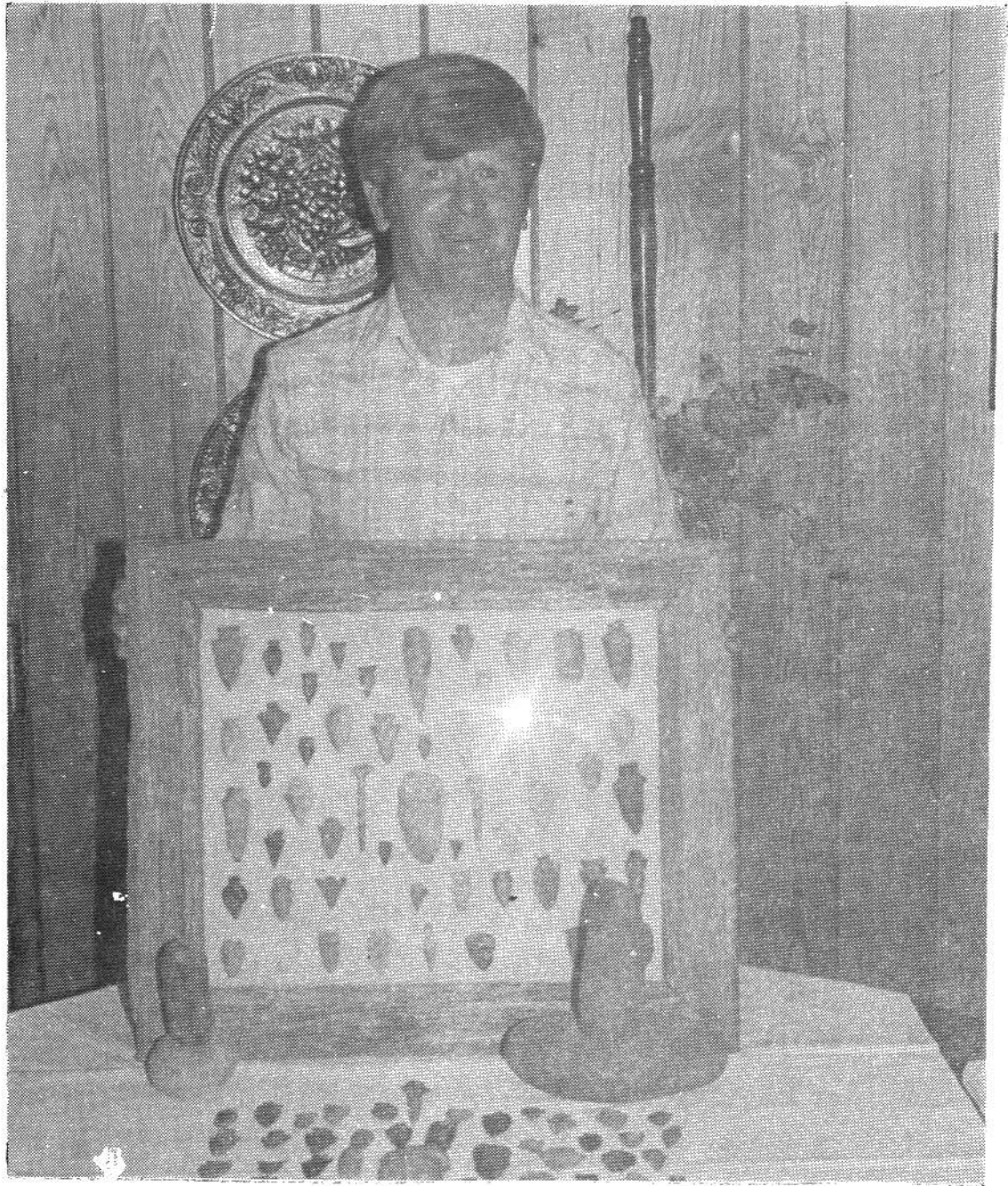
For fear of probable murder charges being brought against the oldest son, the family and close friends decided to abandon or forego any legal search for proper documents and quietly buried the stepfather.

The family lived in a semi-state of poverty with the son, Joe, marrying a half Indian girl, Jane McLemore. This marriage took place around 1885. Joe and his wife had seven children -- five boys and two girls. The oldest son became my grandfather, Joe W. Rodgers.

Around 1910, my great grandfather was killed when his arm was cut off in a cotton gin accident. He bled to death.

My grandfather married an Irish girl, Ida O'Linger, and they were the parents of my father, Bobby J. Rodgers.

This is my heritage.



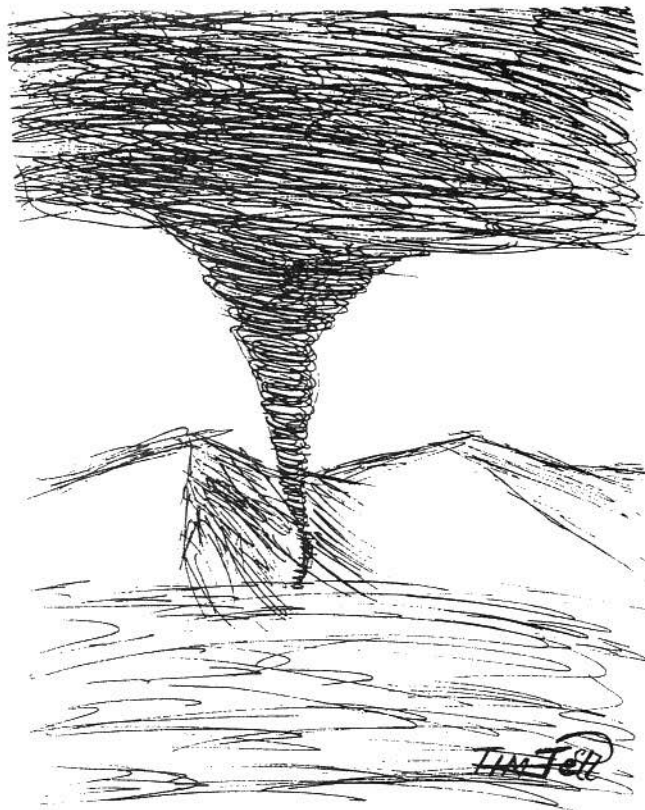
Roy McLaughlin of Boxes Cove has been collecting arrow heads for about ten years. He has become so involved in this fascinating hobby that his children Todd, Cynthia, and Jason McLaughlin, now share his enthusiasm.

Mr. McLaughlin has found Jackson County a good place for prospecting because this area enticed Indians to settle. It provided a mild temperature, ample water supply, tillable land and an abundance of game. There are approximately fifty varieties of arrowheads found in Alabama.

Many Indian relics have been found by Mr. McLaughlin. They are usually unearthed on plowed fields near a fresh water supply. He has grinding stones, stone drills, spearheads, tomahawks, and knives.

THE TORNADO OF 1932

(from an interview with
Mrs. Clarence Kirby by
Jan Mackey)



"Clarence and I were living at Temperance Hill. It was a terrible cloud. Clarence told me, 'Beth, I know that's a tornado cloud. I can see it! (He and Lester Durham stood in the highway and watched it.) Take the babies and go to bed and put pillows on your heads, and I did. So I didn't see any of it."

"It hit Uncle Frank Tinney's house. He had moved out of the Lesell Proctor house and moved into a house that was weatherboarded. It hit Aunt Josie's place and the breastplate killed four of the Manning family. It was a big old double log house. Uncle Frank Tinney's people were all holding hands. Velma said, 'I must get up and blow out the lamp or the house will catch fire'. When she did, it had already uprooted a tree. It blew her out against the tree. It tore a piece of weatherboarding off the house and drove a splinter into her hip. They had to swim to get across the water to get to Lesell's house."

Mrs. Kirby related how the tornado hopped and skipped around- hitting Paint Rock, Boxes Cove, Maynard's Cove, and the Tupelo area. "A shirt factory blew away at Paint Rock, and Bill Jones was killed, also Miss Bessie Smith's husband was killed."

" In Stevenson it blew a horse up into the loft of a barn. They had to blindfold that horse and make something to get it back down...it was so frightened. Anything anybody tells you about a tornado- you believe it

because it'll be true. All our family records blew away. When it hit at Campbell's, William Davis' Bible and the pension records in it were blown away. The next morning we went up there to see it. It was just terrible....it was unbelievable!!"

The Mullein Book has been very fortunate in that Mrs. Clarence (Bertha) Kirby has shared some of her experiences with us in each of our issues. We appreciate it. Now, these events of her life will be recorded and shared with others.

DAVID LEONARD PRECISE (My Grandfather)

When my "Pa" Precise was young, one of his chores was to drive the cows up to the barn. On one occasion, he was trying to drive the cows up and just as they would get nearly up to the barn, they would turn around and head back to the pasture.

Finally, he came up with the "clever" idea of tying all of their tails together and then drive them up the lane. The cows were pulling at each other and their tails were popping. His mama caught him and told him that if he did not get those cows' tails untied, he was going to get a whipping. Well, he tried and tried but just could not get the tails untied. So, he just pulled out his knife and cut the tails apart. He did not get a whipping.

Nancy Reed

MISS BESSIE SMITH'S POETRY



God gave a garden to us all
Although it be great or small
He gave the flowers and the trees
For us, the birds and the bees.

So we should thank the Lord above
For all the good things and his love
He cares for us both night and day
And guides our feet along the way.

I wrote this in sixty-five and
I am glad to be alive
God gives me strength to dig and sow
And grow my food and flowers, you know,
And I am happy as I toil all day
Especially when friends come my way.

Bessie Smith

Pa and Uncle Hillie had a row of bees
On a bench under the apple trees
But Uncle Dave was afraid of bees
When one buzzed around his head
He would run to the house
And crawl under the bed.

Bees didn't seem to bother me
It was kinda funny
I could go in where they were robbing them
And bring the boys some honey.

There was a boy that kinda liked me
And I liked him, too, you see
Uncle Hillie thought it would be funny
To take him a handful of bees
In place of honey.

But it only made him sore
And he didn't seem to like me any more
So that was the end of him and me
I scared off my first beau with a bee!

Bessie Smith

MISS BESSIE'S FLOWER GARDEN

Growing beautiful flowers is Miss Bessie's expression of herself in brightening the corner where she lives - at the corner of Thomas Street and Cedar Hill Drive. One must really have a "green thumb" to be able to produce such an array of flowers and vegetables. When asked about her gardening, Mrs. Smith said she received her know-how from her father, John Rousseau. "He was a real truck patch farmer. He would tell us, 'Take your time; hoe it right, if you don't hoe but one row a day .' I never hurried in my life, and I can't hurry now," related Miss Bessie.

On October 4, 1983, Miss Bessie (Bessie Leona Smith) will be 92 years young. She is still a busy, active person who may be seen working in her garden. Making beautiful quilts is her hobby through the winter months. She spends many hours piecing the quilts, and then puts up her quilting frames to do the quilting herself. Her favorite patterns are the Flower Garden and the Double Wedding Ring. At times she has sold them, but many of them go to her family. When she sits down to rest, she may pick up her tatting - an almost lost art. Miss Bessie's tatting borders the towels she gives as a gift to newlyweds.

As a young girl, Miss Bessie lived near Garth in Paint Rock Valley. Her parents were John and Laura Rousseau. In going to school she said she had "three miles and a half and two creeks to cross" to get there. When she and her family made a trip to Huntsville, they loaded in a wagon and traveled over the mountain. She remembers when there was only one car in Huntsville. If they were in town, and it came down the street, they all rushed to the window to see it!

When she was about twenty-one years old, Miss Bessie ran away to marry Joe Smith. Mr. Andrew Hart performed the ceremony. As a young couple, they lived first with relatives and finally out to themselves.

He was a farmer, and they raised everything. Four girls were born to them. They are: Pauline, who married Wallace Manning and lives at New Hope; Vivian, who married John Ardis and lives at Mobile; Marie, who married Horace J. Wilkerson and lives in Scottsboro; and Laura Nell, who married James Wallace and lives in Columbus, Georgia.

Tragedy struck the Smith family in the 1932 tornado which hit Paint Rock. Miss Bessie lost everything - "my house, my job, my belongings, and my husband". Joe Smith was on duty as a night watchman at the Hosiery Mill in Paint Rock when he lost his life. Miss Bessie described the storm as the sound of "a freight train with no headlights". She and her children were at home, clustered together in one room. The tornado "picked up our house and spun us around till we were all unconscious- dropped us on the next man- right close to the well. A hard shower came and brought us to". Her house was later built back by the Red Cross with the help of her friends.

After the storm Miss Bessie moved to Scottsboro to take a job at Benham's Underwear Mill and make her home. Her love of flowers is shown in the lovely ones she grows and shares with others. Through her lifetime she has jotted many of her thoughts down, and we share some of that poetry in this issue of Mullein. Visiting Bellingrath Gardens in Mobile to see the azaleas in bloom is a special treat for Miss Bessie, and only this week she made her eighth trip. This little lady is a member of the Broad Street Church of Christ and doesn't miss many of its services. Don't you hope you will be able to do as much as she in your ninety second year?

How I wish we could go back once more
And see Grandma's smiling face at the door
And hear her as she used to say
How glad I am to see you today
And see Uncle Hillie and Uncle Dave in the hall
Old Dan and old Rover laying down by the wall.

What would we give to go back once more
And see red roses growing by the door
And hear the buzzing of the bees
As they gather the honey from the old apple trees
And hear the birds as they sang so sweet
And the little chickens holler peep peep.

When we were very young and gay
We would play in a play house all day
Uncle Dave and Tom would go squirrel hunting you know
And leave us girls to cook or to sew
Although they would search ever holler and nook
Some times they would only bring us muscadines to cook.

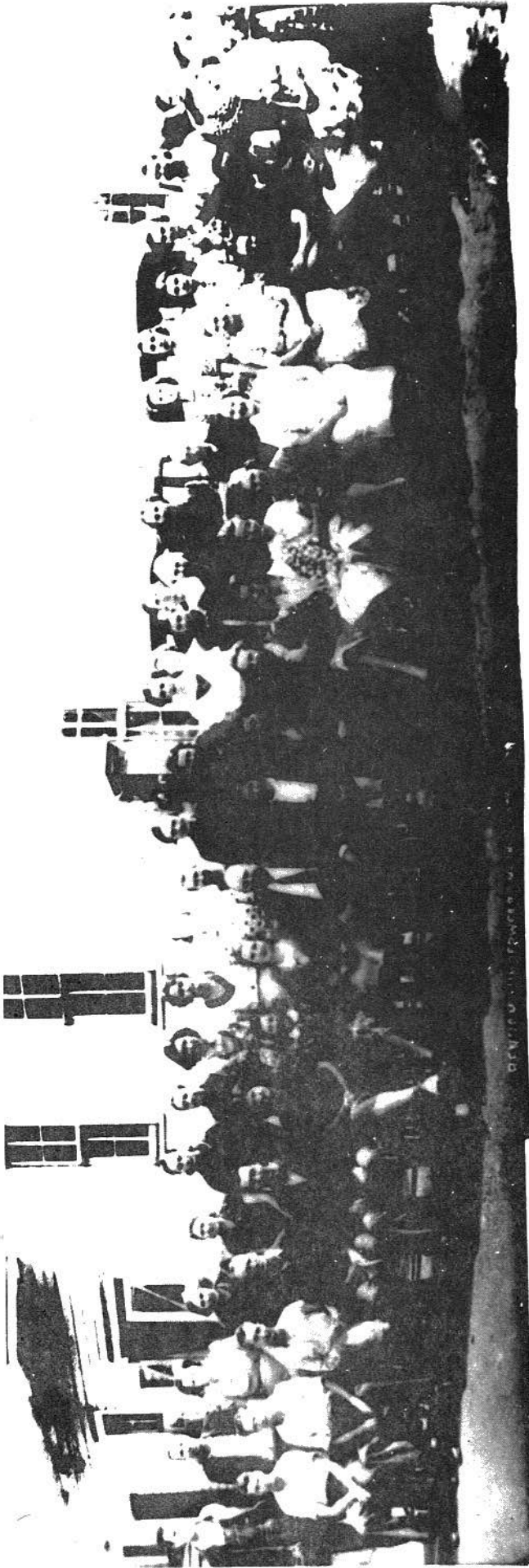
Early in the spring when it was still cold
Uncle Dave would go fishing in the old blue hole
When he came back he would say
Bess I saw some blue bells today
So down the creek I would run
Picking blue bells was a lot of fun
And I wonder as I shed a few tears
If they still grow there after all these years?

We would go through the orchard, shake on old peach tree
You, sister, our little brothers and me
And the fun we had as we walked along
We often sang on old love song
We knew so many and they are still dear to me
Although my age is seventh three.

We always went by where the heart leaves grow
In the good old days so long ago
But the sweet williams were our joy and pride
We would pick so many we looked like a bride.

In my memory I still can see
All these things that are so dear to me
Now these things may cause you to laugh or to cry
But I'll never forget them until the day I die.

Bessie Smith



BENHAM UNDERWEAR MILLS EMPLOYEES SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA
1939

Front, left to right: Hershel McCampbell, Lester Maynor, A.U. Geren, Clarence "Diddie" Allen, Bill McCutchen, Lucille Goolesby, Mary Lou O'Neal, Opal Dotson, Dayton Benham (owner), Inez Knight, Lela Ruth Wright, Jessie Mae Dawson, Ruby Baker, Ada Martin, Una Ray Johnson, Ethel Petty, Winnie Petty, Bernice Williams, Bessie Roberts, and Maude Harper. Some employees were out to lunch, and are not in the picture.

Back, left to right: Herman Wright, Lawrence Maynor, Rhoda James, Lola Bain, Vonnie Lee Sloan, Eula McBride, Docie Newby, Eva Cosby, Chesie Guffey, Sallie Barclay, Ada Morris, Gusta Guffey, Juanita Collins, Mabel Wright, Ruby Britt, Ethel Goff, Ida Ruth Kirby, Della Collins, Eula Blackwell, Nell Hartman, Mary Nell Petty, Betty Majors, Linda McCampbell, Louise Barclay, Lila Swaim, Paralee Tipton, Ola Mae Gayle. (Ricie Owens in left door)

These employees were identified by: Kathleen Wright, Eva Cosby, and Rhoda James (April 1983)

Benham Underwear Mill

Come and I will tell you about a place I know
A little old mill where the girls all sew
How I long to go back once more
and see Mr. Benham's smiling face at the door
and hear Mr. Sanford laugh and say
We missed you since you went away
And see Mrs. Owens come and go
As she patiently teaches the girls how to sew
And hear Lawrence day after day
Tell the girls they held their mouth the wrong way
The machines break down and they begin fussin'
Then he would ask them if they had give it a good cussin'.

The girls curse and the men swear
But they all go on and make underwear
And on and on the underwear goes
And where it stops nobody knows.

Through summer's sun and winter's snow
To that old mill we are bound to go
Because we all needed the dough.

Many come and many go
Many wish they were back, I know
For after all is said and done
We really had a lot of fun.

Then the Christmas tree all trimmed in light
We all gather around and get kind of quiet
The presents under the tree are really piled high
Something to cherish until we die.

Then Mr. Boles comes on to say
His speech on Christmas Eve day
We all begin to clap our hands and holler
Because we know we are going to get a dollar.

The sweet old maids that braved the weather
And held the underwear mill together
Are still there until this day
So I heard people say.

And the widows that learned to sew
Played their part, too, you know.

Written by an employee of the mill
That's just over the way at the foot of the hill.

Bessie Smith



Legend has it that there is still in existence today a landmark in Jackson County and the city limits of Scottsboro. This landmark is a natural road across the mountain in the community of Larkinsville, Alabama. During the Civil War it was traveled by both the Confederate and the Union soldiers.

In the year 1963 or 1964, my father, Bill Beard, lived at the base of this mountain about 300 feet from this old road. One night he lay in his bed unable to sleep. As he lay there, he could hear a faint sound on what seemed to be the old road on the other side of the mountain. As he listened, the sound came closer. It was the sound of soldiers marching and the beating of drums.

He listened as the sound came closer and closer. He heard them march on the old road until he heard them stop about even with his house. The sound seemed to turn and march in the direction it had come. He listened until the sound faded away. Until this day, the man cannot explain the sounds he heard that night.

Story by Scott Beard
Art by Michael Wood

MY DAD'S SIDE

One of my favorite people is my grandmother (mamma), Arietta Wood Graham. She lives in a small town in Kentucky. I have many family memories.

Mamma went to school in a three-room schoolhouse until she was in the fourth grade. She had to quit in order to help support her fatherless family. Being the oldest of her brothers and sisters, she had to help with the cooking, babysitting, house cleaning, gardening, and washing clothes.

The house she and my grandfather (pappa), William Louis Graham live in now is the original house for three of their six children. Of the children there are five boys and one girl. When growing up, they had to sleep three to a bed with two beds in one room.

Modern conveniences were unknown to Mamma. Her washing was done in a tub with a wringer. The water they used was drawn from a well that had to be cleaned about every two springs. Up until about two years ago when the children would go home for a Thanksgiving reunion, everyone would have to go outside for their necessities.

When my dad, Bruce Graham, was little, Mamma had beans growing up poles. Daddy would climb under the beans where there was an open space and play cars. One

day he was happily content playing and Mamma missed him. No one could find him. They looked everywhere. Then Mamma remembered that daddy liked to play under the beans. There she found him playing.

Pappa used to believe in "children should be seen and not heard." One day Daddy started laughing at the dinner table. Pappa asked him what was the matter and Daddy simply replied, "Nothing." Daddy said that he had never had a harder whipping.

When the grandchildren were little, we used to play "cops and robbers" in the barn in Mamma's back yard. The barn is falling down and the grandchildren are growing up so no more games.

At Thanksgiving the six children and their families go to Mamma's. We have a table full of good food. Everyone eats until they are almost sick. Then everyone sits around and talks.

In her spare time Mamma likes to play her harmonica, make cakes and pies, and listen to gospel music on the radio. Mamma puts out a garden in the spring. She uses every vegetable she plants for soup, gumbo, or just fresh vegetables.

Pappa can't get used to the "modern" things. He still washes his hands in a pan they used before they got city water.

I still enjoy going to the country to Mamma's and Pappa's. It's so quiet and peaceful there. If it isn't raining or too cold, Mamma and I go for long walks in the woods.

I think even though the generation before us had to work all day and be extra good, it has helped us earn some of our values. I also think everyone should value the time with their grandparents and elders. They won't be here as long as we would like them to.

Kirsten Graham



Virginia Green, age 6, with her dog



"No place to go"

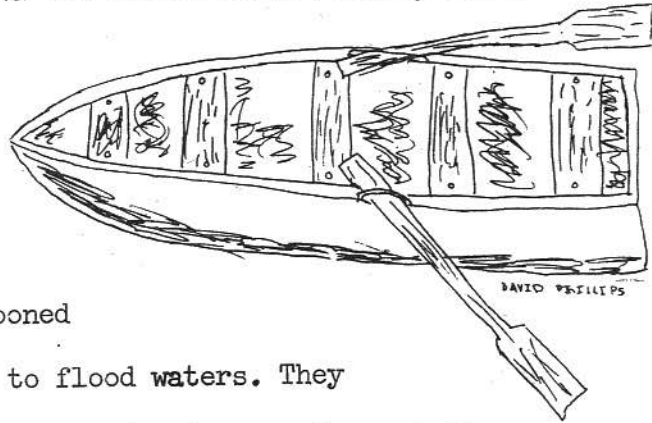


When my grandmother was eleven years old, she lived on Starkey Island on the Tennessee River for eighteen months. They raised cotton and hogs. There were only two houses on the island, and the other house was unoccupied at the time.

For their entertainment they watched the chickens go to roost in the large walnut tree that was growing in the front of their house. They had a ladder going up to the first limb of the tree so the chickens could get in the tree. The only way they could get to the store was to paddle a boat or skiff. When anyone came to visit, they had to yell out to the island until someone heard them. Then one member of the family would paddle out to get them.

Another thing they did for fun was to sit on a barge and catch minnows with green worms. Then

They threw them back. They were marooned on the island for fourteen days due to flood waters. They ran out of food and had to catch rabbits and eat eggs. As soon as the water went back down, they moved to Hollywood.



While living in Hollywood, the family worked in the cotton fields. My grandmother kept her smaller brothers and sisters. (She had nine.) Cotton pickers were paid 75¢ a day for a hundred pound bag of cotton. During the summer grandmother and her family picked blackberries and plums. In the winter they found walnuts and chestnuts. They moved about three times in and around Hollywood during this time. Everytime they had a fire, my great grandmother ran up and down the road yelling "fire"!

Now she is living a quiet life in Scottsboro. She has eight children, ten grand children, and two great grandchildren.

An interview with my grandmother, by Donna Jordan

A Way of Life

My grandmother Gladys Ashley Wilson's way of life was very different from the one I have today. She went to bed when the sun went down, and got up at daylight. The mattress she slept on was made out of flour sacks, and stuffed with corn shucks. They used the chicken feathers to make pillows. The quilts they owned were pieced and quilted by them, but they were not fancy. To keep warm she heated a flat stone, wrapped it in a cloth, and placed it in her bed close to her feet.

On wash day she and her mother washed clothes in a hot tub with a scrub brush. To take a bath she heated water on the stove, placed the tub near the "heater" and poured hot water in the tub. To iron they heated the flat iron and ironed fast. The cold would "get" it if you didn't hurry.

Each member of the family had one pair of shoes per year. If a hole came in the bottom, it was replaced with cardboard. If that cardboard wore out, then another piece would be put on. Dresses were made out of flour sacks.

On Sunday they always had fried chicken to eat. Grandmother ran all over the yard trying to catch one. When she did, she wrung its neck, held it up by the feet and plucked all the feathers off. It was singed with fire to get all the very small feathers off.

My grandmother worked in the cotton fields. She would pick the cotton and put it in a long sack which hung from her neck and dragged the ground. When the sack got heavy she had it weighed, and was paid by the weight. Sometimes she would get paid fifty cents a day.

For transportation they walked. They usually didn't get to go anywhere.

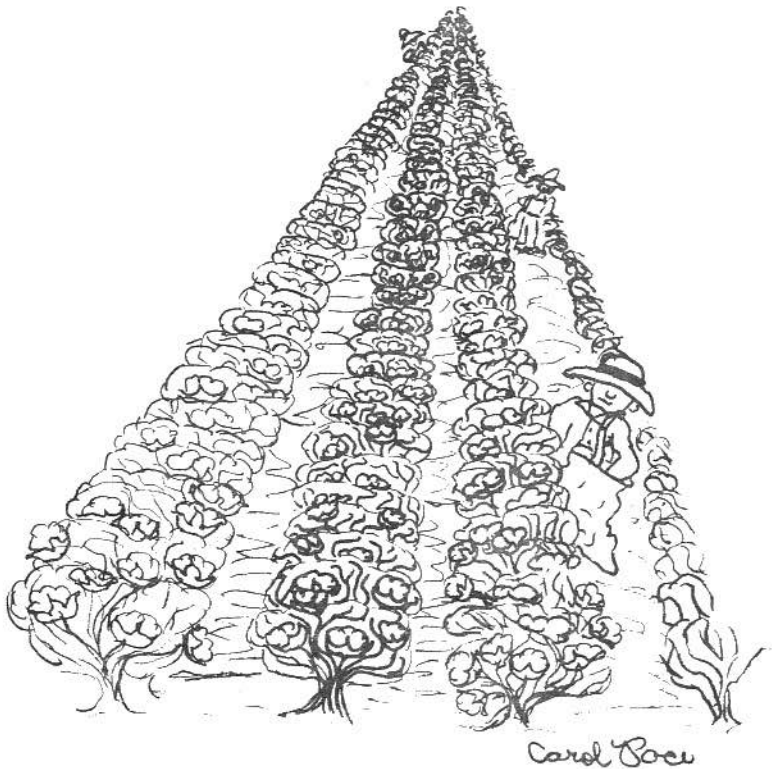
When some one's house burned down, everyone got together and built

a new house. They all pitched in and helped. There was no insurance.

If someone died, friends would sit up all night with the family. They washed and dressed the person, put him in a coffin, and placed the coffin in the living room. This was called "laying him out".

My life is a real contrast to Grandmother's. She carried her lunch to school in a syrup bucket--- I use a lunch box and a thermos. She brushed her teeth with a black gum twig--- I use a drug store tooth brush. She used an oil lamp---I turn a switch for light. This was the life of MY grandmother.

Lia Burchett



PICKIN' COTTON
IN
ALABAMA

Riddles

Round as a biscuit:
Busy as a bee:
The prettest little thing:
You ever did see.

Answer: Pocket watch

Rounder than a saucer:
Deeper than a cup:
All of God's rivers:
Can't fill it up.

Answer: Sifter

These riddles are in memory of my Uncle Hiens Hester.

Scott Beard

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

When I was a girl, I loved to visit an aunt who lived quite some distance from our home. To reach my aunt's house I had to walk down a red clay road called "The Old Federal Road." This road led to Spring Place, Georgia, which today is a very historic place. On my way down this road I had to go by the Treadwell family cemetery.

There were lots of scary stories about this cemetery because a very unusual thing happened there. After Mr. Treadwell died and was buried, a face appeared on his tombstone. This face looked exactly like Mr. Treadwell with his full beard and piercing eyes. It was said he was a very mean and unkind man. The face was so disturbing to his widow that she had the tombstone removed and replaced it with another. The same face of Mr. Treadwell appeared on the second tombstone just like before.

The face was not a shadowy image of Mr. Treadwell. In other words, a person didn't have to know what he looked like and try to make out a face in the lines and colors of the marble. A man's face could clearly be seen. Another strange and mysterious feature was that his eyes seemed to follow the person whenever he walked away.

After I married and moved to Atlanta, my husband and I took our three children and showed them this unusual tombstone.

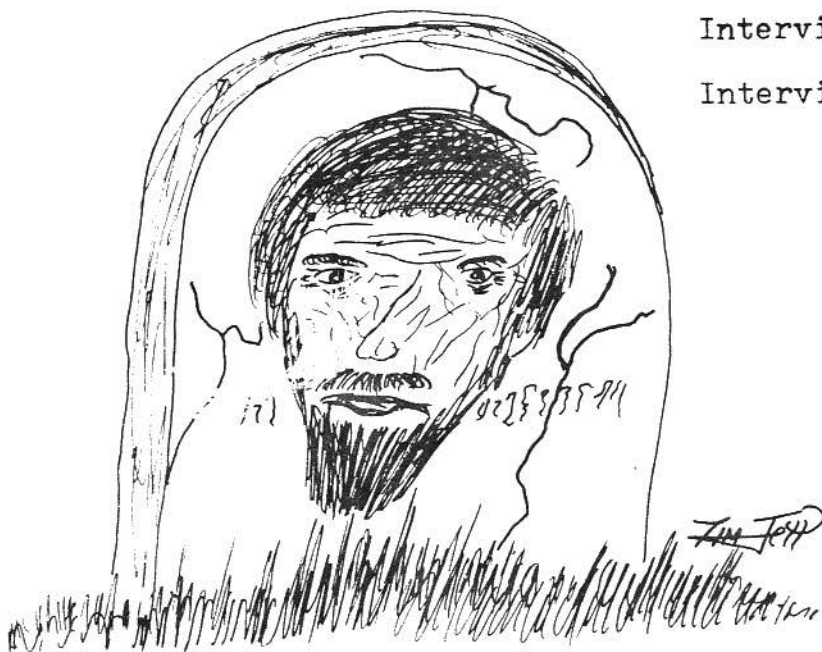
Several years ago an article appeared in "Ripley's Believe It or Not" cartoon in an Atlanta newspaper, giving the story about this tombstone.

The tombstone is no longer there. It was reportedly stolen by vandals.

This was one of the interesting events that I remember in my childhood that could not really be explained, but I saw it.

Interviewer: Leigh Ann Lane

Interviewee: Lee Jarrett
(My grandmother)



MY DOG'S HOUSE

One night about seven o'clock my dog kept coming out of its dog house- barking, howling, and running. I would tell him to go back in, but he'd run out again. After several times, my grandfather and I got tired of telling him to go in the dog house and shut up. So we went outside to see what was wrong. We took a flashlight and shined it inside the dog house. What do you think we saw? A six foot long rattlesnake which was biting the dog everytime he ran into his house! I ran in the house, got my 30-30 rifle and shot the snake into three pieces- and it was quiet again. (as told to Timmy Willmon by his step-father, Wade Hurst)

"Bootsie"

(An interview with Marie Whitehead, better known as "Bootsie", as she tells her childhood years.)

Bootsie was one of four children in her family. Her two sisters were Mary Frances (Shorty) Olinger and Shirley Diane Allison. Her brother was Donald Hershel Goolesby.

One day Don, Shorty and Robert, her first cousin, were babysitting Bootsie when she was still a small baby. The three of them soon tired of tending to her and decided to get rid of her. Don went to get a shovel and dug a hole for her. Robert held a flour sack as Shorty put her in and tied it. They put Bootsie in the hole, covered her over with dirt and then picked flowers to place on top.

About fifteen minutes later, Robert got scared and went to tell his mother. She went out in the field, pushed the dirt back and pulled the sack out. When she untied the sack, she found Bootsie sound asleep with her thumb in her mouth.

by Stacey Whitehead



Estelle Page Kennamer, grandmother of Melissa Latham

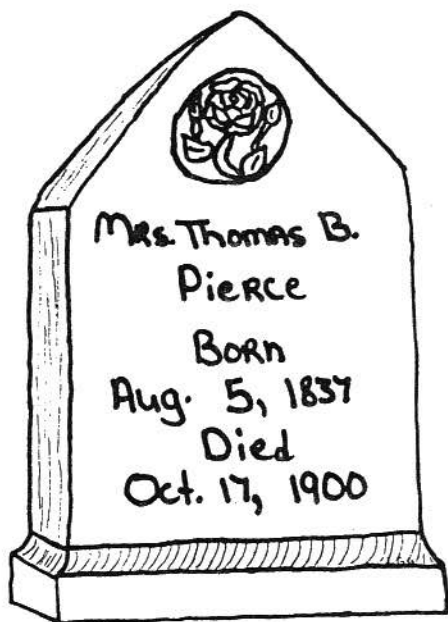
"Killing hogs at Woodville"

Coleman Page and Josephine Page, great-grandparents of Melissa Latham. (Mr. and Mrs. Page are also the grandparents of Wendell and Carlus Page.)

THE SINGING GIRL

One morning my great-grandfather Lawson Wise was walking to work around the Stevenson area. On his way he saw a little girl sitting on a brick wall singing "Nearer My God to Thee". He had a strange feeling that something bad was going to happen. He went home. That same day at his work they had a mine explosion and several men were killed.

Terri Phillips



THE PIERCE CEMETERY

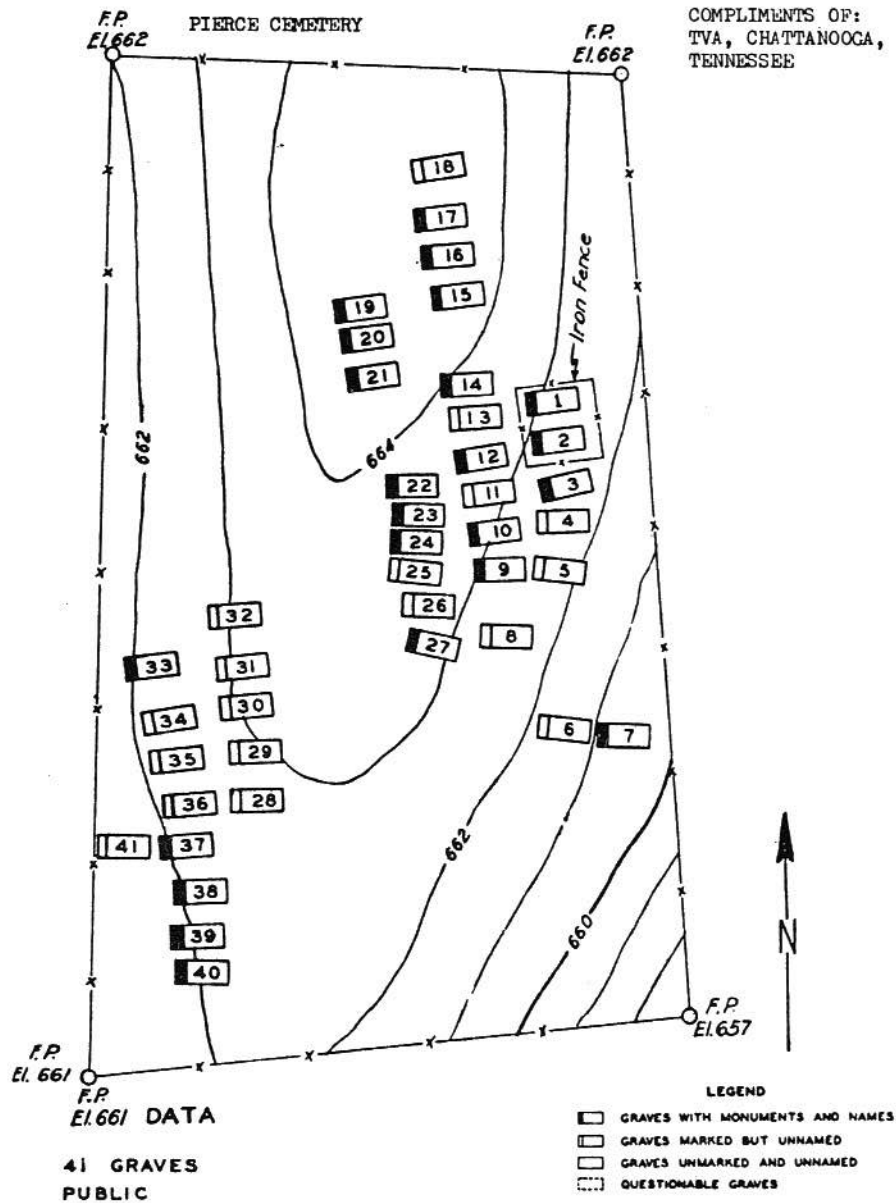
The Pierce Cemetery was started about 1840 by James Pierce. He was born in Bedford County, Virginia, on December 25, 1765. As a young man he and his parents moved to Sullivan County, Tennessee. He lived there until he was around fifteen years old. In the spring of 1780 James entered the service as a substitute for Henry Wagoner. He served under Captain Kyle, and marched to Long Island to fight the Creek Indians. He marched from Green County, Tennessee, through various pla-

ces to the Coosa River. After this James returned home and was discharged. In 1821 he moved to Jackson County, Alabama, where he lived until his death. James was buried up the hill from where his home stood. This cemetery is now called the Pierce Cemetery.

The Pierce Cemetery is located in Section 17, Township 5 south, Range 5 East, in what is now known as Lakeview Shores Subdivision. There are about forty known graves there, but many graves are not known. Some of the graves had been marked originally with wooden markers. They are all now gone, and the graves cannot be identified.

Very few people know of this cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Clemons, who live close by the cemetery, work on it. They have put many hours of hard work into cleaning up the graveyard, setting some of the markers up again, and putting a marker on a member of their family's grave. The cemetery is located on a high hill and has an excellent view of the Tennessee River and Sand Mountain.

Story and art by:
Lesley Gentle
December 2, 1982



- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Pierce White | 21. L. H. Gamble |
| 2. Celia A. White | 22. F. M. Stringer |
| 3. Robert G. White | 23. D. A. Stringer |
| 4. Parks (Infant) | 24. J. K. P. Stringer |
| 5. Parks (infant) | 25. UNKNOWN |
| 6. Elizabeth Parks | 26. UNKNOWN |
| 7. Lva Parks Clemens | 27. John A. Dickerson |
| 8. James Pierce | 28. _____ White |
| 9. John A. Pierce | 29. Mattie White |
| 10. Solomon B. Pierce | 30. Dolly White |
| 11. Mrs. Solomon B. Pierce | 31. John White |
| 12. Samuel M. Parks | 32. _____ Talley |
| 13. Mrs. Samuel Parks | 33. Mattie White |
| 14. Virginia E. Parks | 34. Hattie White |
| 15. Caroline Pierce | 35. Kittie White |
| 16. John A. Pierce | 36. William White, Sr. |
| 17. Thomas B. Pierce | 37. Addie White |
| 18. Mrs. Thomas B. Pierce | 38. Marcellous A. White |
| 19. Robert L. Gamble | 39. Syrena White |
| 20. John I. Gamble | 40. J. H. White |
| | 41. William White, Jr. |

EDITOR'S NOTE: Can anyone identify unknown graves No. 25 and 26 or the given names of Grave No. 28, _____ White and Grave No. 32, _____ Talley? Please call 259-5286, if you can.

This Pierce Cemetery is located in Section 17, Township 5 South, Range 5 East, is now known as Lakeview Shores Subdivision.

Good Old Days?

My grandmother, Eva Ivy Taylor, was born September 29, 1915, before the great depression. She lived along with four brothers and three sisters in a two story house in Monrovia, a community between Huntsville and Athens, Alabama.

The life of a child was very different then than it is now. For one thing there were no immunization shots. When my grandmother was a little girl, she had many dreaded sicknesses. She had pneumonia, whooping cough, and worst of all, diptheria.

In the winter, when any of the kids were sick, their mother would heat up a brick and wrap it in a towel. Then the brick was put under the sick child's feet to keep them warm. A few of those are a mustard plaster, made up of lard, turpentine, and dry mustard. Grandmother's mother would dip a cloth in this mixture, squeeze it out and then she would spread it over the sick child's chest. Another cough remedy was one teaspoon of sugar and a few drops of kerosene. Their substitute for a cough drop was some sugar in a small piece of cloth tied with a string to suck on. There was a door in the ceiling of the first floor. When it was opened, the warmth from the first floor could go up to the second floor.

For fun and entertainment, Grandmother jumped rope and shot marbles. She played with celluloid dolls and cupid dolls. The celluloid dolls only cost ten cents. She also dressed up corncobs and clothespins. They made playhouses under the trees. She made toy cars out of spools with no thread. During the summer they swam and fished. On Sunday Grandmother and her family went to church in the morning, then spent the day with another family and at night they went to church again then came home.

Even though she had lots of fun there were still chores and school. Grandmother had to slop the pigs, feed the chickens, gather the eggs, wash the dishes, and of course keep her room clean. Before winter she and her family canned several hundred jars of vegetables. They stored their food in the cellar. Grandmother also picked cotton. When they were finished picking it, the cotton was weighed and loaded onto a wagon that took it to the gin. Her mother always made her wear a dress and black stockings and bloomers with lace-up shoes.

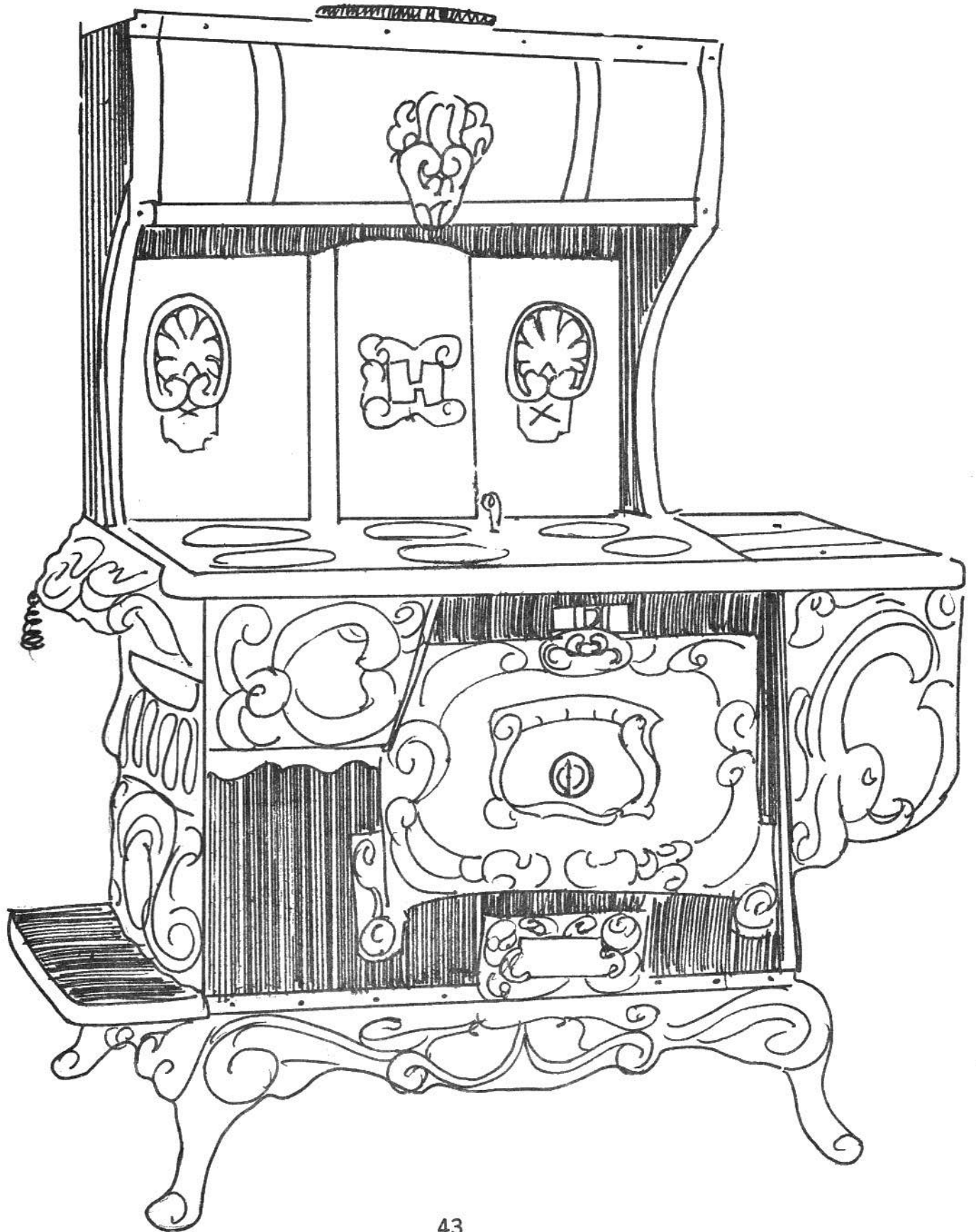
Grandmother walked a mile and a half to school. There was a pot bellied stove in each room. There were usually two grades in each room. The bathrooms were outside the building. They didn't have lunch boxes so Grandmother's lunch usually consisted of biscuit and sausage or a sweet potato, and hard boiled eggs wrapped in a newspaper tied up with string. Every once in a while the superintendent, Mr. Butler would come visit the school. When a student saw Mr. Butler coming in his big, bright car he would tell everyone else to hurry and clean up the paper off the floors and get prepared. Everyone would sit still and listen to the lesson while Mr. Butler would just sort of stare around at everyone. You see, the students were in a way scared of him.

When Grandmother's parents bought their first car, it was a T-Model Ford. When they wanted to visit her grandmother Whiteside in Jacksonville, Alabama they took a train from Huntsville to Hobbs Island (near where the Whitesburg Bridge is now). When the train reached the Tennessee River the train car was unhooked and loaded onto a ferryboat. They crossed the river on the ferry until they reached Guntersville. Here the train car was hooked onto another train which took them to Jacksonville, Alabama.

My grandmother says this, "Some people call those days the good 'ole days but I like the way it is now!"

Marcy Bailey

Grandma's Kitchen



GRANDMA'S KITCHEN

Cooking in the rural south has always been characterized by thrifty frugality and the use of items readily available. Homemakers spend long summer hours, canning, jellifying, drying, and preserving the numerous fruits and vegetables they have labored over in the growing season that their families may have good wholesome food during the winter. Most of the recipes of this area from earlier times can be made from a few simple ingredients. The dishes also were characterized by less refined sugar and more natural sweeteners such as honey and molasses or sorghum. The recipes given here have been collected by students from parents and grandparents and are examples of the kind of food served in an earlier era but still just as delicious today.

Old-fashioned Apple Pie

Denise Stephens

2 Cups Flour	6 or 7 large cooking apples
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon cinnamon
2/3 cup lard or shortening	1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons cold water	3 tablespoons butter, cut up

Mix flour and salt together. Add lard and crumble with fingers into flour. Add water. Work with your hands quickly to form a ball. Add more water if necessary. Roll out pastry for 2 crusts.

Peel and core apples and slice thinly. Put in a bowl. Add 1 cup sugar and the cinnamon. Mix thoroughly. Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry. Add apple mixture. Sprinkle butter over the apples. Put the second pastry circle on the pie. Trim excess pastry. Bake in a pre-heated oven at 375°F for 10 min. Lower heat to 350°F and bake for 30 minutes. Brush pastry with a little milk and sprinkle with some sugar. Bake 10 more minutes.

Molasses Cookies

Bobby Cooksey

3 cups New Orleans molasses	1 egg
2/3 cups butter	1 teaspoon ginger
1 cup milk	Enough flour to make a soft batter

Mix ingredients and place in muffin tins. Bake 20 minutes at 350°F.

SOUR DOUGH BREAD RECIPE

Melvin L. Butler

Sour Dough Starter- regulate every 3 to 5 days. Take out of refrigerator, and feed with the following:

3/4 cup sugar
3 T. instant potatoes
1 cup warm water
Mix well. Add to STARTER.

Let starter set out of refrigerator all day. This does not rise or bubble. Take out 1 cup to use in making bread and return the rest to the refrigerator. Keep in refrigerator (covered). In 3 to 5 days, feed again.

If you are not making bread after feeding, give away one cup or throw it away. Starter must be fed every 3 to 5 days as described above.

SOUR DOUGH BREAD

1 cup starter
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup corn oil
1 and 1/2 cups warm water
1 T. salt
6 cups bread flour (Pillsbury Bread Flour in brown & white bag)

In another large bowl (greased), put in the dough, turn over in oil, cover lightly with foil or saran wrap. Let rise overnight. Next morning, punch down with fist, divide into 3 parts, knead each part into 3 greased loaf pans, brush with oil. Cover these with foil or saran wrap, and let set for 6 to 12 hours. Bake on bottom rack of oven at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Brush with butter while hot.

by John Swieder

Jam Pie

Leslie Winchester

1 cup sugar
1 cup jam (any flavor)
1 tbsp. butter

3 egg yolks, beaten
2 teaspoons flour

Mix flour and sugar. Add other ingredients. Mix well. Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake slowly. Cover with meringue made from the 3 eggs above. Brown and serve.

*

Tea Cakes

Cynthia McLaughlin

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten

1 teaspoon lemon or vanilla flavor
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs and flavoring and milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients and mix well. Bake at 400°F. for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from baking sheet as soon as taken from the oven.

* This recipe from 79 year old grandmother.

Lemon Cake **

One cupful of butter, three cupfuls of white sugar, rubbed to a cream.

Stir in the yolks of five eggs well beaten and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cupful of milk; add the whites and sift in as lightly as possible four cupfuls of flour. Add the juice and grated peel of one lemon.

"Robert E. Lee" Cake **

Twelve eggs, their full weight in sugar, a half-weight in flour. Bake it in pans the thickness of jelly cakes. Take two pounds of nice "A" sugar, squeeze into it the juice of five oranges and three lemons together with the pulp; stir it in the sugar until perfectly smooth; then spread it on the cakes, as you would do jelly, putting one above another until the whole of the sugar is used up. Spread a layer of it on top and sides.

One, Two, Three, Four Coconut Cake **

1 cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 cups flour
4 egg whites

1 teaspoon cream of tartar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ small coconut, stirred in at the last

** These recipes are from a copy of a cookbook dated 1879. No cooking directions are given in the recipes for temperatures since a wood stove did not have a thermometer.

Citron Cake **

1 pound flour	2 pounds citron*
1 pound sugar	2 pounds grated cocoanut
3/4 cup butter	2 pounds almonds
12 eggs	1 teaspoon grated mace

Mix as for pound cake, adding fruit, cocoanut and almonds last.

* Citron is a large light green to grey fruit which grows on a vine like a watermelon. It looks like a watermelon, but is almost impossible to cut or break. As a child, I saw citrons every summer because they came up volunteer from the season before. My mother made preserves from them, but I don't remember ever having a Citron Cake. We now find citron in the candied fruit section around Christmas to be used in fruit cakes.

T. McGriff

Porcupine Ice-Box Cake

Angela Evans

1 lb. unsalted butter	18 tablespoons powdered sugar
2½ tablespoons cold strong coffee	1 lb almond meats
12 egg yolks	vanilla and almond extract

Cream butter, add sugar and beaten egg yolks slowly a tablespoonful at a time. Add the coffee very slowly, then vanilla and almond extracts. If mixture seems too thin to spread, add a little more sugar. Cover layers of split lady fingers or sponge cake with above, keeping enough to cover cake on all sides. Stick almonds into cake and sides. Place in ice box overnight. Slice it the way the lady fingers are laid to resemble layer cake.

Yeast Foam Cake

Angela Evans

1 cake yeast	1 cup warm milk
1 cup eggs (well beaten)	4 cups flour
1 cup granulated sugar	1 lemon, juice and grated peel
1 cup soft butter	1 scant cup raisins

Break yeast into cup with a little sugar and warm water and let rise. Cream butter and sugar, and all ingredients. Let rise to double size in baking pan. Bake 1 hour at 350° F.

Soft Gingerbread

Bret Sumner

3 cups sifted whole wheat flour	1 teaspoon ginger
1 cup raw sugar	1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 cup oil	1 teaspoon cloves
3 eggs, well beaten	½ teaspoon salt
1 cup sour milk	1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon soda	

Soft Gingerbread Cond't

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine sugar, oil, eggs, sour milk and molasses. Beat in dry ingredients and bake in greased and floured 8 x 12 pan for 30 to 40 minutes at 350° F, or until firm when touched with finger tip.

Bread Pudding

Bret Sumner

2 cups whole wheat bread crumbs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup raw sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 cup milk	1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs	1 tablespoon butter
1 cup nuts	1 teaspoon soda dissolved in
2 cups raisins	1 tablespoon hot water

Mix all ingredients well and cook in a double boiler for 2 hours or steam in pudding molds. Serve with lemon or vanilla sauce and or whipped cream.

Bread Pudding

Jason Pendleton

5 biscuits	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	2 eggs
2 cups warm milk	2 tablespoons butter

Crumble biscuits into crumbs. Add sugar, warm milk and beaten eggs to mixture. Melt butter, add and then add the vanilla. Pour in a buttered dish and bake at 350° F for one hour.

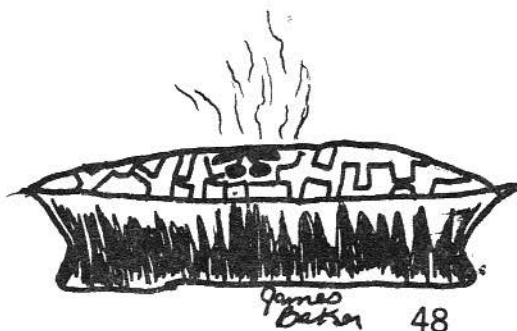
Egg Custard

Amy Hancock

This recipe has been in my family for 4 generations.

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweet milk	2 tablespoons flour
1 cup sugar	2 teaspoons vanilla
4 eggs separated	Baked pie shell

Bring milk and egg yolks to scalding point. Add dry ingredients. Cook over low heat till thick. Pour into baked pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Put on top of pie and brown. Makes 2 custards.



Angel's Pudding

Ashley Elliott

Beat four ounces of sugar and two ounces of butter together. Add flour - four ounces sifted, a pint of thick cream and the beaten whites of four eggs. Flavor with vanilla. Bake in tart pans and cover with very stiff meringue.

Oatmeal Cookies

Kenya Latham

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla

1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
3 cups quick oats
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream shortening and sugars. Mix in eggs and vanilla. Sift flour, salt and soda. Fold into creamed mixture. Stir in oats and nuts. Roll into small balls and place on a greased cookie sheet. Flatten with a fork. Bake at 350°F for 10 to 12 minutes or until golden OR make refrigerator cookies by forming dough into rolls 1½ inches in diameter. Chill throughly. Just before baking, slice ¼ inch thick and put on baking sheet.

Old Fashioned Egg Pie

Sandy Woods

5 eggs
1½ cups sugar
3 cups milk

Mix ingredients. Put in uncooked pie shell. Shake a little nutmeg on top. Bake at 350°F for 30 minutes or until it is done.

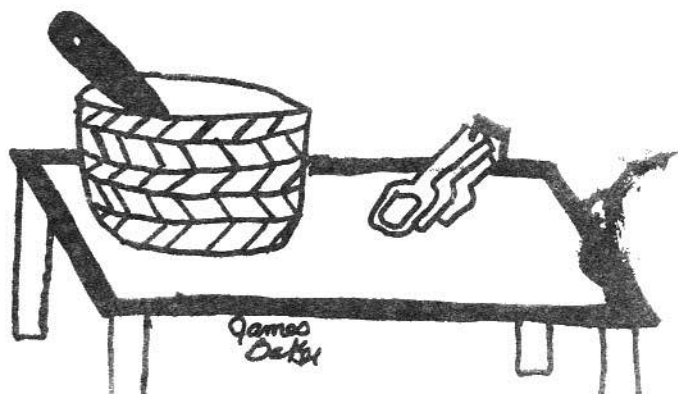
Buttermilk Icing

Shannon O'Neal

2 cups sugar
pinch of salt
1 cup buttermilk

Combine all ingredients in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil. Turn to low and cook to a medium ball stage. Remove from heat, add 1 teaspoon of soda and ½ cup margarine or butter. Beat until icing reaches a spreading consistency. If too stiff, add a little canned milk or cream.

Good on white cake, jam cake or devil's food cake.



Radha Reddy

Sassafrass Tea

Dig up the roots of the sassafrass bush and wash. Cover with water and boil to secure sassafrass liquid. Use two quarts liquid, adding 1 cup of sugar for every $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of liquid.

Connie Gates

Grandmother's Grape Wine

3 gallons of grapes
1 yeast cake

1 gallon of water
4 cups sugar

Mix ingredients and let sit for 10 days. Strain it with a rag. Add 3 more cups of sugar and let it sit for 10 more days. Strain and put in glass.

Bobby Cooksey

Wine from Grapes or Other Fruit

Mash the grapes and set away in a crock for sixty hours. Then press and strain. To three quarts of juice, add two pounds of sugar and put into jugs. Keep enough out to fill up the jugs as the wine ferments. Do not put into bottles, but leave in jugs until after it ferments in the spring. Have a cheesecloth tied over the jugs. When finished fermenting, bottle and cap.

Janie Taylor

Ole Timey Dressing

$\frac{1}{2}$ of 8 inch skillet of egg corn bread
3 cold biscuits
1 medium onion
3 ribs celery
2 boiled and chopped eggs
1 teaspoon pepper

chicken broth, hot
sage

Add salt and pepper and sage to taste. Crumble bread and biscuits and add chopped onion, celery and eggs. Mix well. Pour hot chicken broth over mixture and mash with a potato masher. Add more broth until the mixture will pour into your pan. Bake in moderate oven. This is the secret of good moist dressing.

Tammy Wilborn

To make muscadine wine, take two gallons of muscadines, wash and remove the stems and crush them. Put them in a churn and add one gallon of sugar and two gallons of water. Set it in a warm place and let it ferment for two weeks. Next, strain the juice and add another gallon of sugar and let it set for two weeks. Then strain through a cheesecloth and put in bottles.

Kevin Berry

Cracklin' Bread

Prepare corn bread by using 2 cups of corn meal, 2 teaspoons of salt, 1 cup of buttermilk, 1 teaspoon of soda, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of baking powder. Mix one-half cup of crackings into the mixture. If it is too dry, use some lukewarm water to make the consistency for corn bread. Put in hot oven and cook until brown.

Corn Pones

1 Pint corn meal	1 tablespoon lard
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	Milk
1 teaspoon baking powder	

Mix together meal, powder, salt and cut in lard. Add enough milk to stiffen the batter. Form into pones with hand (or add some milk and drop from the end of a spoon), and place in a greased pan. Bake in oven about 30 minutes.

Butter Rolls

3 cups of flour
1 cup of water
2 tablespoons shortening

Blend and make a dough. Pinch off about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of dough and roll out on a board about the size of a saucer. Put two tablespoons of butter and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of sugar and 1 teaspoon of vanilla on it. Roll up into a ball and place into a deep cooking pan. Repeat until 4 or 5 rolls have been made or dough is used. Pour milk over the rolls and let the milk cover rolls. Bake at 400°F until brown.

Amy Hancock

Hominy

Shell corn off the cob. Put corn into a wash pot and cover with water. Add wood ashes and boil until the husk comes loose from the cob. Remove from the pot and wash in clean water until husk is removed from all the corn and is clean.

Kathryn Haralson

Corn Pudding

1 Tablespoon butter	2 egg yolks
1 T. Sugar	2 cups corn
1 Tablespoon flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
2 egg whites	

Melt butter, add sugar, flour and milk. Heat until mixture reaches boiling point. Add slightly beaten egg yolks, corn, salt and pepper. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve at once.

Angela Evans

Turtle Soup

1 turtle	$\frac{1}{2}$ bunch celery	*Dice all vegetables
1 onion *	1 cup tomatoes	
$\frac{1}{2}$ cups peas	salt to taste	
1 tablespoon pearl barley	pepper to taste	
1 carrot	parsley to taste	

Wash the turtle, cut the skin loose from under the shell. Skin legs and neck and remove all fat. Save the liver. Cut up and wash. Cook 3 hours in 4 quarts of water; when tender, lift out the meat and add the vegetables and barley. Add seasonings. Cook until vegetables are tender. Chop meat and add to soup.

Brown Sugar Syrup

1 cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups water

Add sugar to the water and bring to a boil. Boil for 3 minutes. This makes a very good syrup for waffles or griddlecakes.

Dandelion Greens

2 lbs. of dandelion greens	salt
1 lb. butter	Pepper

Dandelions should be used before they blossom, as they become bitter after that. Cut off the roots, wash the greens carefully in several waters. Place in a kettle, add a little boiling water and boil until tender. Salt just before cooking is complete. When done, lift them into a collander, press to drain off all the water and chop. Add butter, salt and pepper to taste.

GRANDMA'S PHARMACY

Just as cooking in Grandma's day was primarily made up of ingredients easily found, so too was the medicine of her day. Roots, bark, herbs and household items were used extensively to treat the sick. We know today that many of the things used in an earlier day are the bases for many modern medicines. Great-granddad used to chew foxglove for his heart and today we know that foxglove is a base for digitalis, a very important heart medicine. Following are remedies gathered by students from parents and grandparents.

5 dry mint leaves - boil in water, let cool, strain out leaves.
Add a dab of brown sugar, a dab of honey and a pinch of whiskey. Stir and drink to bring down fever.

dab = 1 teaspoon pinch = 1 ounce

My Grandmother says she has used this on me when I was a baby and it worked.

Chris Myers

Athlete's Foot

Shannon O'Neal

Step in fresh cow dung.

Sore Throat

Bake onions in an open fireplace; then tie them around your neck. Gargle with honey and vinegar. Gargle with salt water.

Sores

Put butter around the sore, so a dog will lick it. The dog's saliva will cure it.

Chapped Hands

Rub pine resin on them.

Nosebleed

Lie down and put a dime on your heart.

Place scissors, point up, on your neck.

Chigger Bites

Make a mixture of butter and salt to stop the itching.

Rub chewed tobacco or snuff over the bites

Spider Bites

If bitten by a black widow spider, drink liquor heavily from 3 P.M. to 7 P.M.

You won't get drunk, you'll be healed.

Poison Ivy

Use a mixture of buttermilk or vinegar and salt.

Rub the infection with the inside surface of a banana.

Slice open a green tomato and run the juice over the affected area.

Croup

Cheryl Roach

Put 2 drops of turpentine and 2 drops of coal oil and some sugar in a teaspoon and swallow it.

Swelling

Get a mullien leaf and put it in a rag. Beat it with a hammer until a liquid begins to come out. Then put it on the swelling.

Sprains

Dig up some red clay mud and add vinegar. Mix this until it is soupy. Put it in a rag and put it on the sore area. This will ease the pain.

Worms

Tammy Johnston

For pinworms - a teaspoon of sugar with 3 drops of turpentine
For stomach worms - eat pumpkin seeds.

Cough Syrup

Mix whiskey, lemon juice and honey. Drink as needed.

Boils

Make a scraped potato poultice

Fever

Make a tea from goldenrod root.

Diarrhea

Mix corn starch and water. Drink.

Toothache

Vanilla flavoring or salt will work.



Skin Rashes

Sulfer and lard work well.

For ulcers in the mouth, chew yellow root.

To keep down infection of a pulled tooth, boil red oak bark and use as a mouthwash.

To cure warts, take a piece of meat skin and rub it over the wart, then put the meat skin under the doorstep.

To prevent catching harmful germs, people used to tie asafetida in a cloth and tie it around their neck. Every time a person that had been sick came near them, they would put it in their mouth and chew on it.

For a cough syrup, crust peppermint candy and put it in white lightening and let it dissolve. Take as much as needed.

Ashley Elliott

For indigestion, drink a cup of hot water one-half hour before meals.

Strong tea is constipating because it contains tanic acid.

A cup of hot water taken before each meal and on going to bed is a relief for constipation and stomach aches.

If, while cooking, hot grease should splash in your face, rub on flour, then apply alcohol until it stops burning. Good for all acid burns also.

Sandy Woods

For bed wetting, use a teaspoon of honey at bedtime.

Ear wax will cure fever blisters on the lips

One should drink sugar mixed with water for the hiccups.

Joy Davis

For bowel trouble, use Red Oak Bark Tea. First, peel away the outside bark until you reach the inner green. Then soak in cold water.

For a cold, use a tea made from rats vein. Rat's vein is a green plant that grows about four or five inches high and is found under pine trees. This is found mainly around the area of Blue Spring Cove which is three and a half miles north of Larkinsville. Rats vein was used by my great-grandmother when she was a young girl in Blue Spring Cove during the 1800's.

Leah Strain

A bad cold may be averted by a warm bath and a rub down with eau de cologne after it. Whiskey may be used if the other spirit isn't available. When chilled, have something warm to slip on outside the usual nightdress.

The sick should not be tempted to eat by means of rich and unwholesome dainties. An invalid, weakened by disease, should never overtax his stomach any more than his muscles.

The boy who begins the use of tobacco or liquor early is physically ruined or greatly injured.

There is no better tooth powder than camphorated chalk. The camphor is purifying and the chalk kills any acid there may be about the teeth.

Amy Hancock

For an earache, get warm ashes out of the fireplace and put them in a clean cloth. Place in your ear.

Cough

Boil rabbit tobacco. Add corn liquor and sugar. Boil to make a syrup.

Colds

Boil cherry bark and add honey to it and boil it and make a thick syrup.

Sore Throat

Rub tar on a clean towel and wrap it around your neck.

Shannon O'Neal

Bleeding

Place a spider web across the wound.

Use a mixture of soot from the chimney and lard.

Bloodbuilders

Make sassafras tea, using the root of the plant.

Colds

Boil pine needles to make a strong tea.

Eat a mixture of honey and vinegar.

Eat onions roasted in ashes. (Good for children)

Eye Ailments

Put a few drops of castor oil in the eye.

Headaches

Tie a flour bag around your head

Smear your eye brows with crushed onions.

After a hair cut, take some of your hair and plant it under a rock and you will have no more headaches.

Hiccups

Take a teaspoon of peanut butter.

From a book dated 1879

For freash cuts, varnish them with common furniture varnish. This remedy has been known to prove very efficacious.

For coughs, colds, bronchitis and diseases of the chest, mix a syrup of horehound and tar.

For a cure for cramp, wet a cloth in spirits of turpentine and lay it over the place where it hurts. If the pain moves, move the cloth. Take five drops spirits turpentine at a time on white sugar till relieved.

For an Eye Water for Weak Eyes, use one teaspoonful laudanum, two teaspoonful: Madeira wine, twelve teaspoonfuls rose-water.

For a remedy for poison oak, make a strong decoction of the leaves or bark of the common willow. Bath in it frequently .

Remedy for Asthma, Sore Throat or a Cough - cut up two or three bulbs of Indian turnip, put the pieces in a quart bottle, which is filled up with good whiskey. Dose, a tablespoonful, three or four times a day. It is especially desirable to take it just after rising and just before going to bed. Wonderful cures of asthma have been effected by this remedy, and many persons living near the writer have tested its efficacy. The bottle will bear refilling with whisky several times. Great care must be taken in procuring the genuine Indian turnip for this preparation, as there is a poisonous plant much resembling it.

Mrs. M. L. (Lynchburg Co., VA)

A Good Liniment

One egg beaten light, half a pint spirits turpentine, half a pint good apple vinegar. Shake well before using. Good for sprains, cuts or bruises.

Liniment for Rheumatism

Half an ounce gum camphor, half an ounce saltpetre, half an ounce spirits amonia, half a pint alcohol. Old-fashioned liniment, good for man or beast.

Earache

Crack open a peach seed and take out the kernel. Mash and place in a clean cloth. Place in the affected ear.

Upset Stomach

Make a tea from the root of the yarrow plant. Drink as needed.

ChickenPox

Take the affected person to the chicken house and let a "settin" hen flog the person. I just remember being threatened with this remedy, not actually having it done.

Radha Reddy

Pneumonia

Fry onions in animal fat. Mix with cornmeal. Make a poultice to put on a person's chest.

Abcess

Make a paste from honey and flour. Put it on the abcess to make it burst.

(Courtesy of Mrs. Margie Allen)

To get a splinter out, take the lining from an eggshell and place it on the skin where the splinter is located. This should draw it out.

For mumps, rubbing sardine juices on swollen area will cure it.

(Courtesy of Emma Gravitt)

A dill pickle with salt will usually stop coughing.

For a sprain, make a paste of a dirt dobber's nest and vinegar. This will make the swelling go down.

For a stomach ache, warmed salt placed in a bag and laid on ones stomach will cure it.

To break out the measles, one should drink strong whiskey.

Madhair Reddy

Angie Matthews interviewed her grandfather, Ben Matthews, for the following remedies.

Kerosene and sugar mixed together is good for a cough.

Mustard plaster on the chest is good for a bad cold.

Let chickens fly over the one with chickenpox and it will transfer the pox to the chickens.

Cricket's nest around the neck is good for teething pain.

Blow pipe smoke into the ear for an earache.

Rub warts with a dirty rag and then bury the rag.

A dime under the nose stops a nosebleed.

Marc Austin

For Colds

One teaspoon of kerosene mixed with sugar.

For Wasp Stings

Put snuff on the sting to draw out the poison and reduce swelling.

For Stuffy Chest

Cover the chest with Vicks salve and wrap with handkerchief, then go to bed.

Terri Phillips

Sore Throat

Take yellow root which grows on Cumberland Mountain and make a tea.
Gargle with the tea.

Apply leeches to mouth ulcers.

Warts

Anyone with warts should rub rocks on the warts. The rocks should then be tied up and thrown away. The next person to pick them up will get the warts you lost.

A piece of string tied around a wart will get rid of it.

Rub castor oil on a wart to remove it.

Nancy Reed
From Grandpa Winniger

A remedy for colds and pneumonia used in the old days was to take an outing cloth and grease it with hog lard. Put coal oil or kerosene on it. The hog lard keeps the coal oil from blistering. This cloth was applied to the chest.

Freckles

Shannon O'Neal

Buttermilk and lemon juice mixed together and put on freckles will remove them.

Missy Garner

Acne

For acne, put buttermilk on the face and let it dry overnight. Wash the face the next morning and it will be very soft.

Bruises

For a stone bruise, split it with a razor blade, put "Rosebud" salve on it and wrap it in a clean white cloth.

Headache

If one will rub vinegar on his forehead, his headache will go away.

Heartburn

Hold a new nail in the mouth and do not swallow for a few minutes.

Indigestion

One should drink warm soda to relieve indigestion.

Insect Bites

Purex is sometimes used to remove the poison of a bee sting.

For wasp stings, cut an onion in half and rub it on the area of the sting.

Put motor oil on areas infected with ticks and fleas.

Connie Gates

Arthritis

Let a honey bee sting you.

Nosebleed

Put a piece of lead on a string and wear it around the head or neck.

Hiccups

Table salt (1 teaspoon) will cure the hiccups.

Radha Reddy

Sedative for a Baby

Boil an onion and give a few drops of the water the onion was cooked in to make a baby sleep.

(Courtesy of Mrs. Margie Allen)

We may be tempted to think sometimes that life today is easier than in earlier times because of the labor saving devices and all the commercial cleaners available to us for household chores. Read on for a list of wonderful, workable household hints that will make your life easier today.

Angela Evans

A little water on the popcorn before it is popped will make it fluffy.

To toughen glassware or china when new, place in cold water, bring gradually to a boil, boil for four hours and allow to cool slowly with the water. Hot water will never subsequently crack it.

A little mustard rubbed into the hands after peeling onions will remove the disagreeable odor.

A pail of water in a freshly painted room will help remove the odor.

A few drops of paraffin will usually remove odors and grease stains from the kitchen sink.

Pieces of gum camphor placed near books on the shelf will protect them from mice.

To keep the metal tops of salt shakers from corroding, cover the inside with melted paraffin. While the paraffin is cooling, the holes may be opened with a pin.

Add a little baking powder to flour in which you are going to roll chicken or other meat for frying. This insures a fine crisp coating.

Don't leave a spoon in a saucepan if you want the contents to boil quickly. The spoon will carry off much of the heat and delay the cooking.

To keep a loaf or layer cake fresh after it has been cut, wrap a large slice of fresh bread in with it before putting it away. The bread will dry out, the cake will remain fresh and moist.

Sandy Woods

According to my interviews, nothing is better for hair than rain water with egg whites and lye soap.

To wash hair well, take one ounce Borax and one-half ounce camphor powder and dissolve in one quart boiling water. Let cool. It is now ready for use.

To get rid of dandruff, wash the hair with raw eggs and quinine water.

To get rid of freckles, put banana peels on your face and lie in the sun.

The following hints were taken from a book entitled Household Science and Arts by Josephine Morris, copyrighted 1912. This book appeared to be a well used school home economics text book from an earlier day.

I. Pupil's Costume

- Cap to cover the hair entirely.
- Apron, cotton material, to cover the dress entirely.
- Towel
- Holder

II. Personal Habits in the Kitchen

- Dress - A tub dress is an ideal kitchen dress; its best substitute is a large all-over cotton apron.
- Hands - No rings should be worn; the hands should be washed and the nails thoroughly cleaned before beginning to cook. After touching the face, hair, handkerchief, or anything not pertaining to the cooking, the hands should always be washed.
- Hair - The hair should be completely covered by the cap and all loose locks tucked in.
- Towel - Each pupil should use her own hand towel for drying her hands. Never use the towel for dusing or for drying dishes.

III. Mistakes to be avoided by Pupils in the Kitchen

- Cluttering utensils on the cookery table, or articles in the room
- Soiling any dishes when a few could be washed and used again.
- Using the dishcloth for anything but dish washing, such as for wiping spots from the floor.
- Wasting time looking in the cookbook for recipes often used. These should be copied and hung in plain sight near the cookery table.
- In sweeping use alternate sides and corner of the broom, so that it may wear evenly. Wash frequently in hot, soapy water, and hang them to dry.
- Dry mops should be washed and boiled (on the day when family washing is done), rinsed well, and dried outdoors.
- Dust the walls and highest articles first, going regularly around the room.
- A refrigerator should be thoroughly cleaned once a week. It should be examined daily to make sure that no bit of food, however small, is left to spoil, or mold.
- Hot food should never be put into the refrigerator. No food with a strong odor, such as cabbage, onions, or bananas should be placed there.

When someone in the house is sick, do not take the ashes out of the fireplace until the person is well.

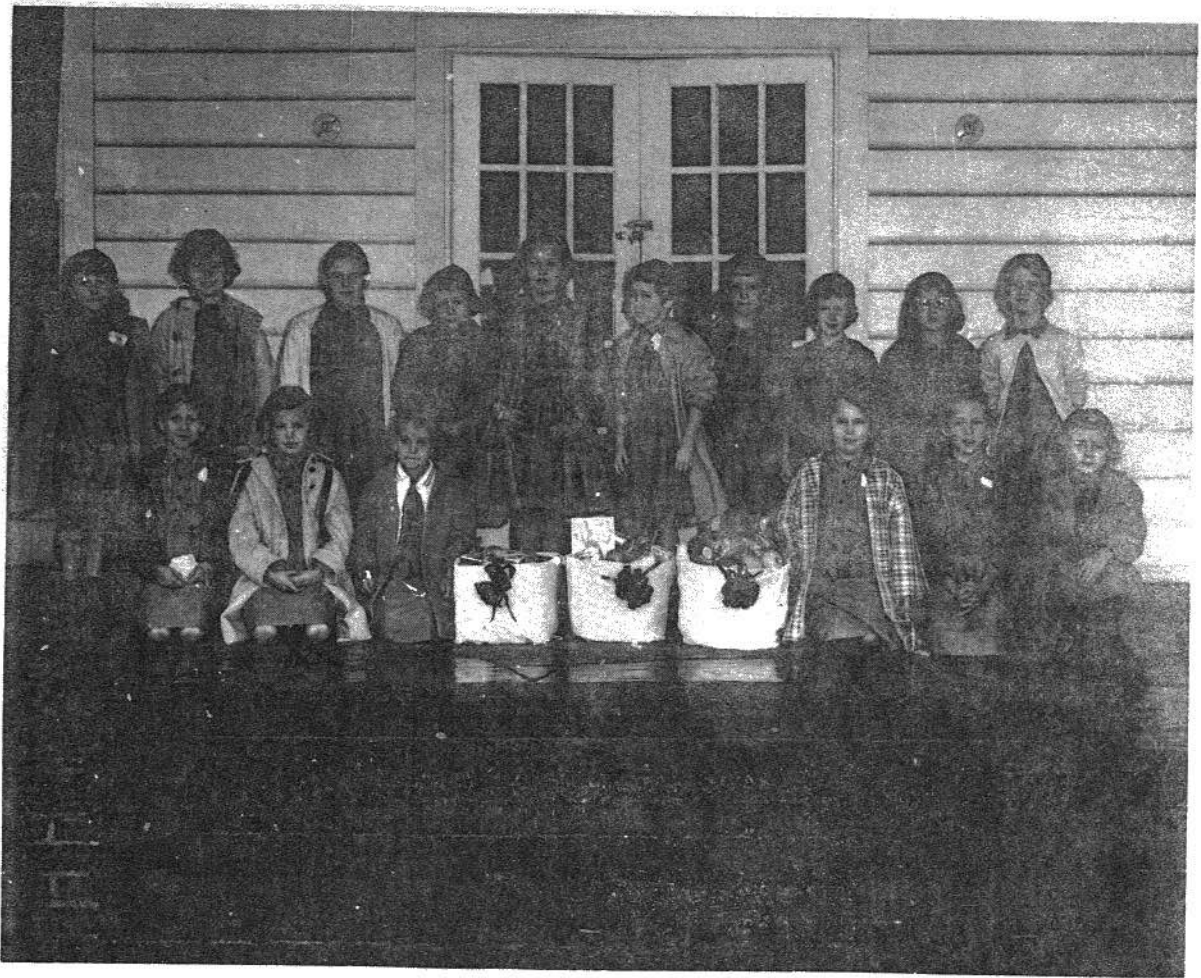
If a row is missing when planting the crops, someone in the family will die.

Pictures should not be taken of a pet or it may die.

To get rid of freckles, wash your face in stump water every night for nine nights. The freckles will then disappear.



Carol Pace



GIRL SCOUT TROOP 21

Front row, kneeling, left to right: Glenda Potter, Gwen Sheppard, Nora Lee Ledwell, Suzanne Sloan, Nancy Henshaw, and Sharon Boozer.

Back row, standing, left to right: Darnell Pace, Pam Campbell, Janice Gentles, Margaret Smith, Virginia Gardner, Linda Bankston, Anita McAnelly, Nancy Hammer, Ann Forrester, and Becky Brandon.

These Brownie Scouts are pictured in front of the "old" recreation building on Parks Avenue. They are about to deliver baskets of food to needy families at Thanksgiving. Date is 1957-8. You will recognize many of them. Today they have families of their own.....their daughters may be Brownie Scout age...



HONOREE ARRIVES AT TEA--Miss Will Maples, honored at a tea Tuesday afternoon by the Girl Scouts, is shown as she arrived at the refreshment table. Miss Maples was the first Girl Scout leader in Scottsboro and several of the women who were in her troop attended the tea. (B&W Studio Photo)

MISS WILL MAPLES ORGANIZED THE FIRST GIRL SCOUT TROOP
IN SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA- NO. 1 on March 22, 1935



Girl Scout Cabin, originally built by Miss Will Maples' donation, moved to present site

UNCLE JACK'S FINGER

When my grandmother, Mae Taylor, was a little girl about ten years old, her brothers Jack and Gene Moore were playing with their father's sharp hand ax to cut some small twigs. As Jack was putting the twigs on the log for Gene to chop, he didn't get his hand out of the way in time and the ax cut off his ring finger. When he saw his finger lying on the log, he picked it up and put it in his pocket.

My grandmother saw what happened, but didn't say anything. She waited until supper to see if Jack would tell his mother about his finger. Instead, he just kept his wounded hand in his pocket. After supper, my grandmother took Jack's mother into the kitchen and told her what had happened earlier that afternoon. She was very angry that she had not been told sooner. She asked Jack to bandage his cut finger and to give her the part he had cut off.

Uncle Jack was very young and insisted that he keep his finger with him. His father told him to do as he was told. Jack's mother took his finger, wrapped it in a cloth, and buried it the next day. She did not know Jack was following her. When she left, he dug up the finger and stuck it back in his pocket. Later that night, Jack put the finger under his pillow.

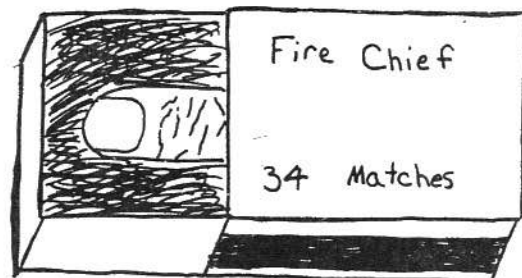
When his parents confronted him the next morning at the breakfast table, he said, "It is my finger and I want to keep it with me always." They told him he could not, placed his

finger in an old match box, and buried it in a place unknown to him.

Sometimes, I visit my Uncle Jack in Kentucky, and he always tells me about his boyhood. I can't help it-- I always look at his hand with the lost finger!

story by Janie Taylor

art by DeWayne Watson



OUR OLD DOG, RATTLER

My Grandmother Dickerson had a dog named Rattler. He was a red bone hound dog. They had had him about twelve years, and he was a very good dog.

One day my grandmother made a big pan of biscuits. After everyone had eaten, there was one biscuit left, and she left it in a pan on the open oven door of the stove. Rattler came in the house and was hungry. He licked all the crumbs out of the pan but left the biscuit. Of course grandmother gave him the leftover biscuit. In those days you didn't waste any food.

Rattler always went to church with the family, and waited outside until services were over. One night they were coming back from church in the wagon. Rattler always followed the wagon. He darted out from behind the wagon, and a car hit and killed him. There were few cars back then.

They took Rattler home, and buried him in the yard. The children put flowers on his grave and cried, for he would surely be missed.

by Penny Loper

FARM COLONY ASSURED IN JACKSON COUNTY (1930's)

The Skyline Project was composed of about two hundred farm families, anxious to be self-sustaining and more than willing to work. The colony was located on Pierce Development Company land. A three year lease was granted to the County Rural Rehabilitation Corporation. At the end of this time the homesteading family had the option to buy their land. The project was a cooperative venture with each person helping build the houses and clearing the land for other people. (The Skyline Project was one of the New Deal Projects by President Franklin Roosevelt to put the people to work during the depression).

Colonists were made up of Group I and Group II families. Group I families were given land, homes, and money for a crop. Group II were to receive only subsistence. Men were given work for which they were best suited. As a result of his work, each man was to receive a home and 40 acres of land. The worker was charged with the cost of building his home, the land, and his family's grocery order.

Houses were allotted to men solely on their merits. No matter what his job was, each man was rated equal with other men. All lumber used in the homes was cut at sawmills operated in the colony. The size of the home was based on the family size. The house had no water, electricity, or plumbing.

There were many activities in the colony such as the May day Festival, Community Fair, baby contests, food and canning exhibitions, ball games, and the annual June singing.

In 1937 the colony elected officials to govern themselves, and life was pleasant. A recreation hall was built where square dances were held weekly. One group of dancers, pickers, and singers became so famous they were invited to sing in Washington, D.C. by Mrs. Roosevelt. Their expenses were paid by the President's wife.

The first Skyline School was built of wood and heated with oil drum heaters. Benches and tables in the schools were built by nailing planks to log legs. By 1936 the enrollment had grown so much that the government built a new sandstone school. It was the only school in Alabama that taught home economics and agriculture courses to Jr. High students.



A real tragedy happened to Skyline in 1941 when their new sandstone school burned. When classes reopened, potato sheds were used as a school. A new school was built on the same foundation, and is still in use today as an elementary school in Skyline.

However, the Skyline Colony was not a success. It seemed that the government would recover on the average homestead \$2,500 less than invested. While many debate the cause of its downfall, others say it furnished jobs, a good school, and much needed medical care.

story by Mara Moseley from notes of Mrs. Joyce Kennamer
picture from Mrs. Ola Vaught, former teacher at Skyline

"TIMES GONE BY"

I attended Section Elementary School in the 1920's. The school and community were given this name because every sixteenth section of land in the state of Alabama was set aside for a school district.

The facilities were primitive compared to your modern schools today. Ours was a big, wooden structure with very high ceilings and big tall windows across one side of each room. The only heat was from a big wood burning stove. We did not have a lunch room. We carried our lunch from home in a lunch pail. Most of us lived on farms and grew what we ate. A typical lunch usually had some of the following: ham or sausage in biscuit, home-ground peanut butter and homemade jelly sandwiches, a baked sweet potato, fresh fruit in season, winter stored apples or pears, and boiled hen and guinea eggs. The boys liked to brag that they could crack the hard guinea egg shells on their forehead. One dug well, a bucket, and one dipper provided our drinking water until our parents raised the money to install a hand pump so water could be pumped into individual fruit jars or cups. I was very proud of my little tin cup which folded up in its lid like a telescope. It had little blue flowers painted on it.

The method of teaching was different from today, but our teachers were well-qualified and dedicated. Each teacher taught two grades in the same room. One grade would occupy the front of the room to perform assignments while the other grade would sit in the back of the room preparing for their turn. Those failing to be prepared had to remain inside during recess or after school until they learned their assignment.

One English project was similar to your Mullein book. Students were asked to dramatize one of the reading assignments or a favorite book. The one judged to be the best was performed for the community.

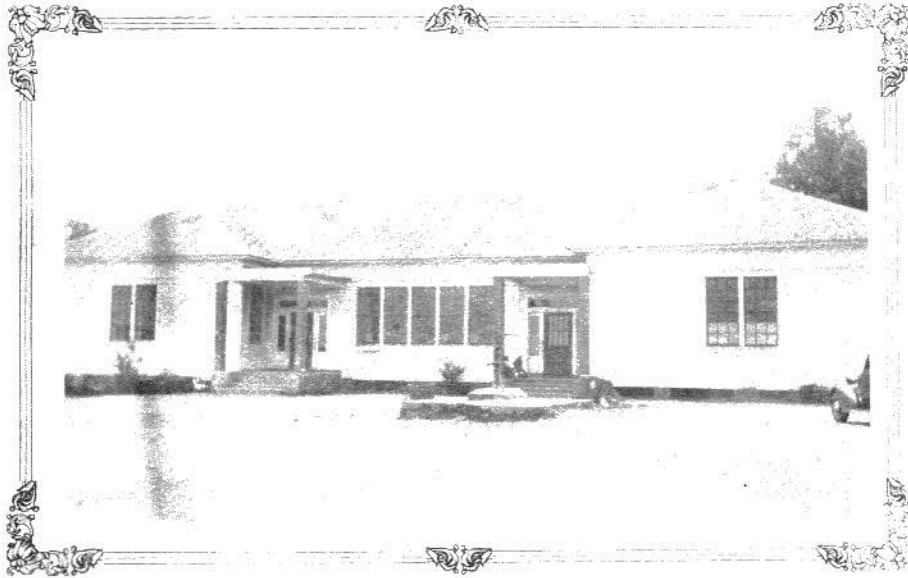
Our auditorium was two big classrooms with the folding doors between them pushed open. We had regular programs for the parents. Spelling Bees and Multiplication Table contests were popular. We didn't have ballet recitals, but we had Charleston contests, and piano and expression recitals. At the close of the school term we had an operetta involving all the students. These were very colorful and seemed "royal" to us. The costumes were made from crepe paper and very elaborate. Kerosene lamps were placed all the way across the edge of the stage with a shield the height of the lamps between the stage and the audience to "spot light" those on the stage.

Our Physical Education program was a twenty minute recess morning, afternoon, and during lunch hour. Our gym was a level spot of ground with two goal posts for a basketball court. When the girls played, they had to play with the court divided in three sections. Two forwards played in one end, jumping center and running center played in the middle court, and two guards on the other ends. Other games played were jump rope, marbles, jack stones, and various versions of tug of war. The game I remember most vividly was "crack the whip". I was in the third grade and flattered to be asked to play with the older students. I joined hands with the last one in line without knowing what the game was. As many as twenty boys and girls would form a long line holding hands to run top speed across the campus and then suddenly make a sharp "S" curve. When the "S" curve was made I was thrown into the air tumbling across the campus and had to be taken to the doctor's office near the school. I never played that game again unless I could be next to the leader.

In 1930 only nine grades were taught at Section, and there was one teacher for each grade in separate rooms. A county bus transported the other grades to Jackson County High School which is now Page Elementary. This was the beginning of the great depression, and finally all schools closed because there was no money. Parents met with Mr. I. J. Browder and worked out a budget for parents to pay four dollars per student to

keep the school open. This was a great sacrifice by the teachers to teach and also for the parents to pay. Four students from Section shared the cost of transportation, and Judge Jim Money secured a pass from Governor Bibb Graves to cross the B. B. Comer Bridge without paying a toll. Without the pass it would have cost twenty-five cents for the car and five cents for each student both ways. A very small class graduated in 1933, but without a prom or banquet, or annual, or any other luxury. We had a simple program when our diplomas were awarded, and we were so happy to graduate that we didn't mind any of the deprivations.

interview of her grandmother,
-by Amy Williams



Section Elementary School on May 20, 1939. This school stood where the swimming pool is now.

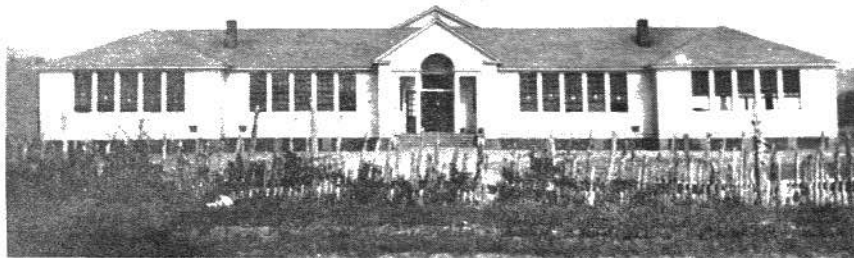
My Little Red Corduroy Jacket

Interviewee: Eva Latham

Interviewed by: Melissa Latham

"When I was about six years old, my mother bought me a red corduroy jacket. It meant the world to me. My parents were not rich, but they had enough income to feed and put shoes on four children. Extra things were very special to us."

"The school I attended was a frame building with a pot-bellied stove to heat it. Everyday we took time out for a recess period. One day as we returned from recess and hung up our coats to get back to our lessons, the teacher hurriedly carried us back outside. When she had all the children safely outside, we looked back to see smoke coming out of the building. The school was on FIRE! I pleaded and begged the teacher to let me go back in and get my jacket, but she refused. Tragically the school burned to the ground.....with my little red corduroy jacket!!



The school Mrs. Eva Latham attended was the Woodville School. It was built about 1924, and burned in December, 1948.

THE SCHOOL AT NAT



Of all the schools in Jackson County the school at Nat had one of the most interesting backgrounds. It was located on Cumberland Mountain about seven or eight miles from Woodville, Alabama. The logs used to construct it came from the early well known Green Academy which had educated many young people in the early 1900's.

Green Academy was built and run by the Missionary Association of the Congregational Church, and most of its teachers were from the north. According to John R. Kennamer in his History of Jackson County "anyone finishing the work here was prepared to enter college and make good". The tuition per pupil was \$1 a month. The school building had to be enlarged and more teachers added after the first year. (1890) Mrs. W. I. (Ike) Floyd stated in an interview in the Jackson County Advertiser that she had a job at the Academy drying dishes to help pay her tuition. In later years the Green Academy disappeared from sight. Today no one can officially point out its original location.

Several well known Scottsboro teachers began their teaching careers in the one room log schoolhouse at Nat. Mrs. Ola Vaught reported to us

that it was her first teaching assignment after leaving Florence State Teachers College. She was hired for a six weeks summer session. No school was held in the winter because the building had no heat. Mrs. Vaught had to ride a mule up the mountain to get to the school, and boarded with the families of the students. One of her interesting experiences was informing her students about "pineapple". She took lots of pictures from magazines of pineapple to show them how it looked, and a can of pineapple to open and let them taste it.

Mrs. Vaught was followed by Mrs. Lucy Gold Butler and Miss Bernice Wallace in teaching the children at Nat. We have not been able to identify the young man who also served there as school master.



MRS. OLA GAYLE VAUGHT
PICTURED WITH HER CLASS
OUTSIDE THE NAT SCHOOL
IN 1928



NEWS FROM LANGSTON, ALABAMA
(1930-31)



GIRLS AT LANGSTON SCHOOL

Left to right: Kathleen Campbell, Mary Evelyn (Sis) Vaught, Sara Vickers, Cleo Tanner, Mary Frances Morgan, Lillie Mae Davis, and Flora Mae Davis.

(Pictures submitted by Ola Vaught)





LANGSTON BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Kelly Vaught, Floyd Vaught, Otto Smith (Principal and coach), Marvin Lands, Bob Taylor.
Front row: Ed Nunn, Paul Campbell, John Cabiness.



World War II troops on the square in Scottsboro, Alabama


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THE HARD TIMES OF WORLD WAR II

My grandmother was eight years old when she lived in Anniston, near Fort McClellan, Alabama, during World War II. Often there were air raid warnings at night. When a siren would sound, everyone had to turn out their lights and pull down their black window shades. Planes would fly over, and they never knew if it was American planes or enemy planes. Another siren would sound an all-clear.

During war time, if a man or woman in uniform got on a bus, people would get up and give them their seat. These people in uniform were respected because they were fighting for their country, the United States.

The people found many items scarce during the war. They had ration books with coupons for sugar, coffee, shoes, and gas for cars. Many people could not buy gas or tires for their cars, so they had to ride the bus, train, or taxi cabs for transportation. Chocolate candy and bubble gum were hard to get and only received during Christmas.

In her classroom at school, the kids would bring empty toothpaste tubes and newspapers to be recycled for the war effort. They would collect soap, toothpaste, and other small articles to be put into Red Cross boxes to be sent overseas. These boxes were about the size of a small shoe box.

When the war was over, sirens, whistles and horns blew. People shouted, laughed, cried, hugged and kissed each other because they were happy. Finally their loved ones were coming home.

Kenny McGee

THE SOOT IN THE SOCKS!

Long ago churches had "Foot Washing Day." This was when people washed each other's feet like the disciples used to wash Jesus's feet and called it "Foot Washing Day." One Sunday when it was the preacher's turn to get his feet washed, he took off his socks and saw that his feet were black. Later he found out that his children had put soot in his socks. The children were punished because of the embarrassment they had caused their father.

Story told by: Mrs. Emma Gravitt

to Radha Reddy

A GHOSTLY BRIDGE

It has been told that a man was once killed in a car accident on a Saturday, near the B.B. Comer Bridge. After this accident occurred, word got out that when a car got to the place where the man was killed, the car's motor would die. The man who was killed would then appear in a white gown, walk around the car five times, and then disappear into the woods. Immediately afterward, the car's motor would start again.

Connie Gates

THIS BOOK PRINTED ENTIRELY BY THE STUDENTS AT JACKSON COUNTY
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