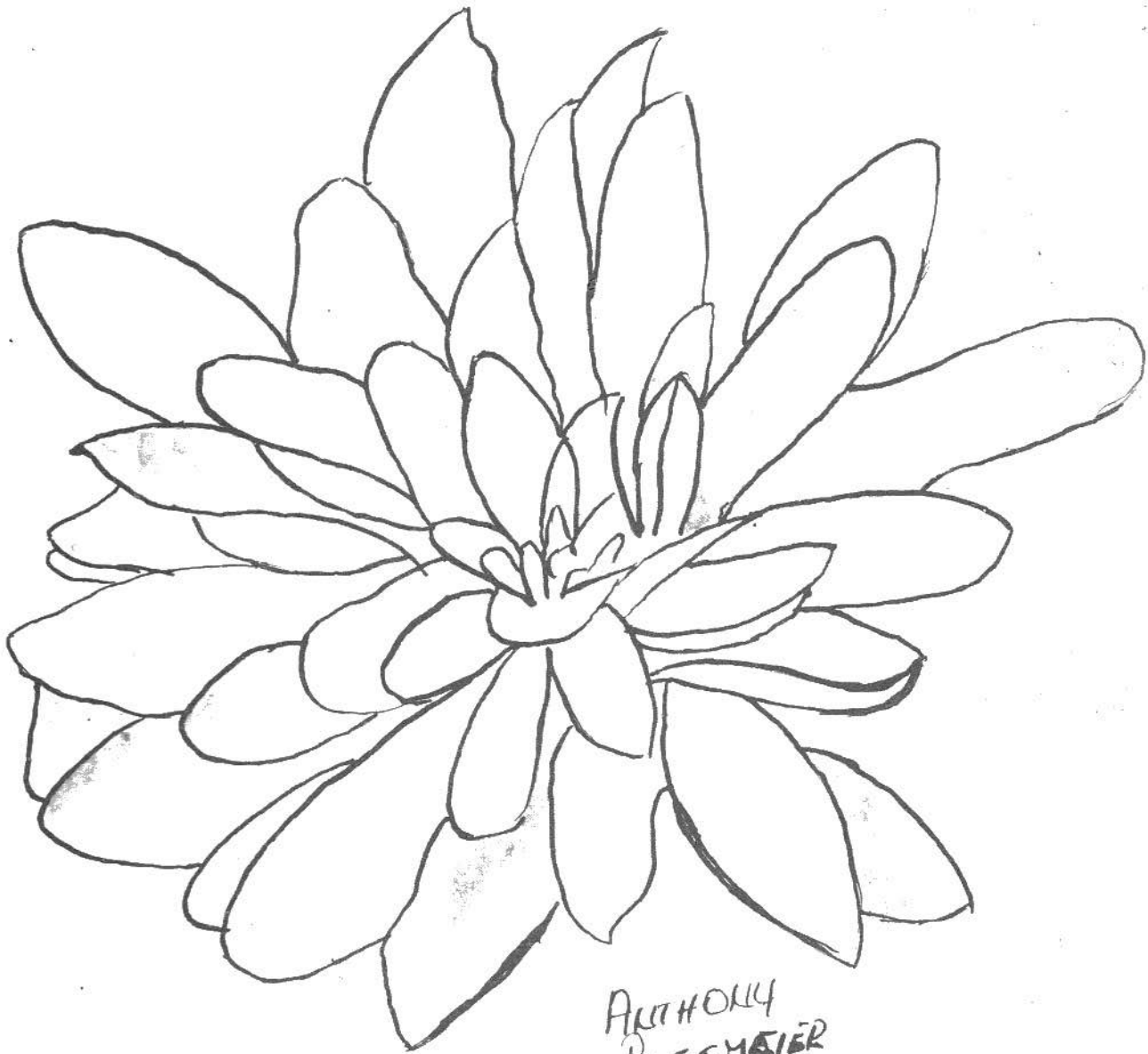


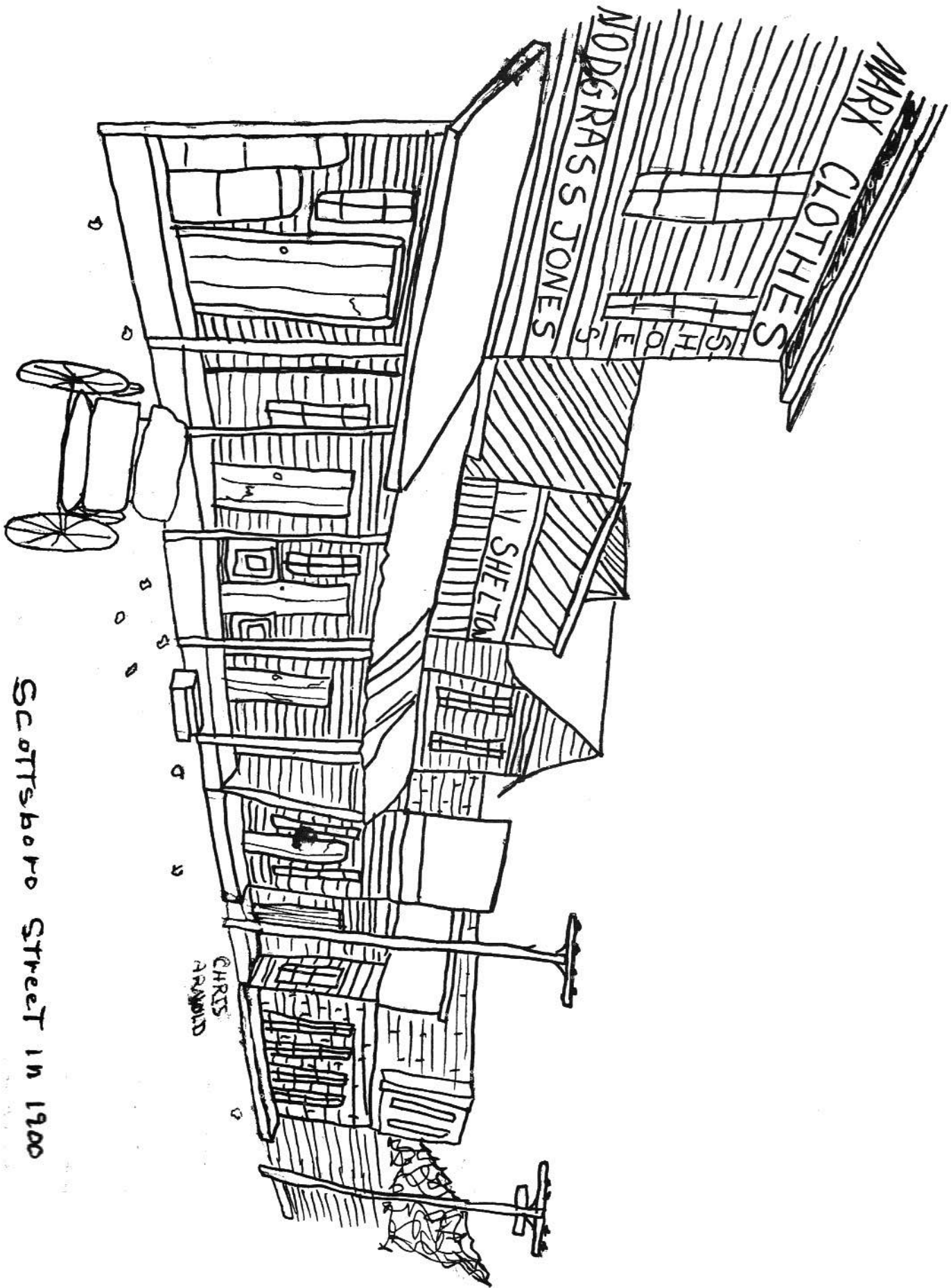
BOOK TWO

\$3.25

MULLEIN



ANTHONY
RUSSEMER



SCOTTSHORO STREET IN 1900

MULLEIN: A PROJECT IN CULTURAL JOURNALISM

*This Book has been Donated to the
Scottsboro ~ Jackson Heritage Center*

~ by ~

Rubilee Moore Smith

Copyright C 1980

Mullein thanks everyone who has helped us this year. To those people who have given us stories, we are especially grateful. Without you, we would have no book. A great big thanks to Mrs. Inez Proctor who has done so much. She went with us on two trips, she sewed, baked and potted plants for us.

To Mrs. Louise Moghani, we owe much more than a check. She has edited and typed our book.

Thank you all.

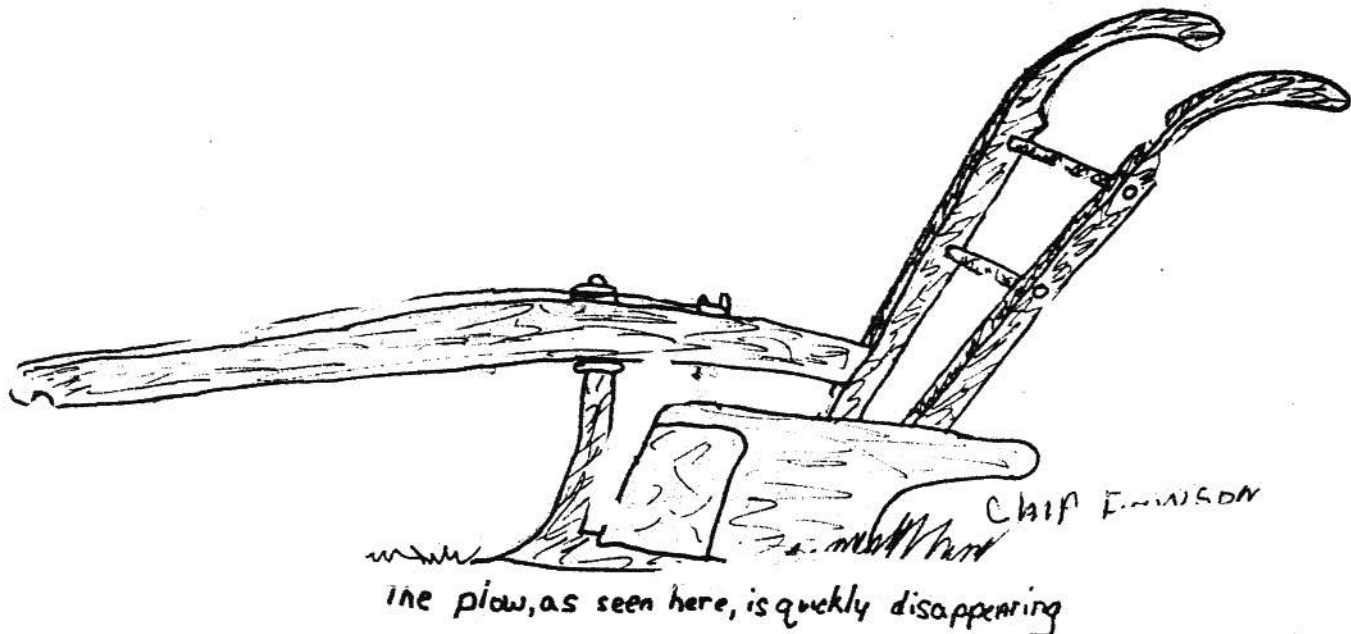


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MULLEIN AND HERBS

"Erb" or "herb"? Whichever, the H dropped or the hard H is correct. Erb is more common in North America while herb has wider use in England since no Englishman wants to be accused of cockery.

Mullein two - 1981 has added an herbal section. This will be a guide for the reader who wants to start an herb garden. This year also we are beginning a study of early schools in Jackson County. When interviewed, many old-timers tell us interesting anecdotes about the three-room school-house. We will pass along to our readers any information we can find about old-time area churches, schools, and stores.

We need the information which only our readers can supply. We may be reached or books may be ordered by contacting Mullein at:

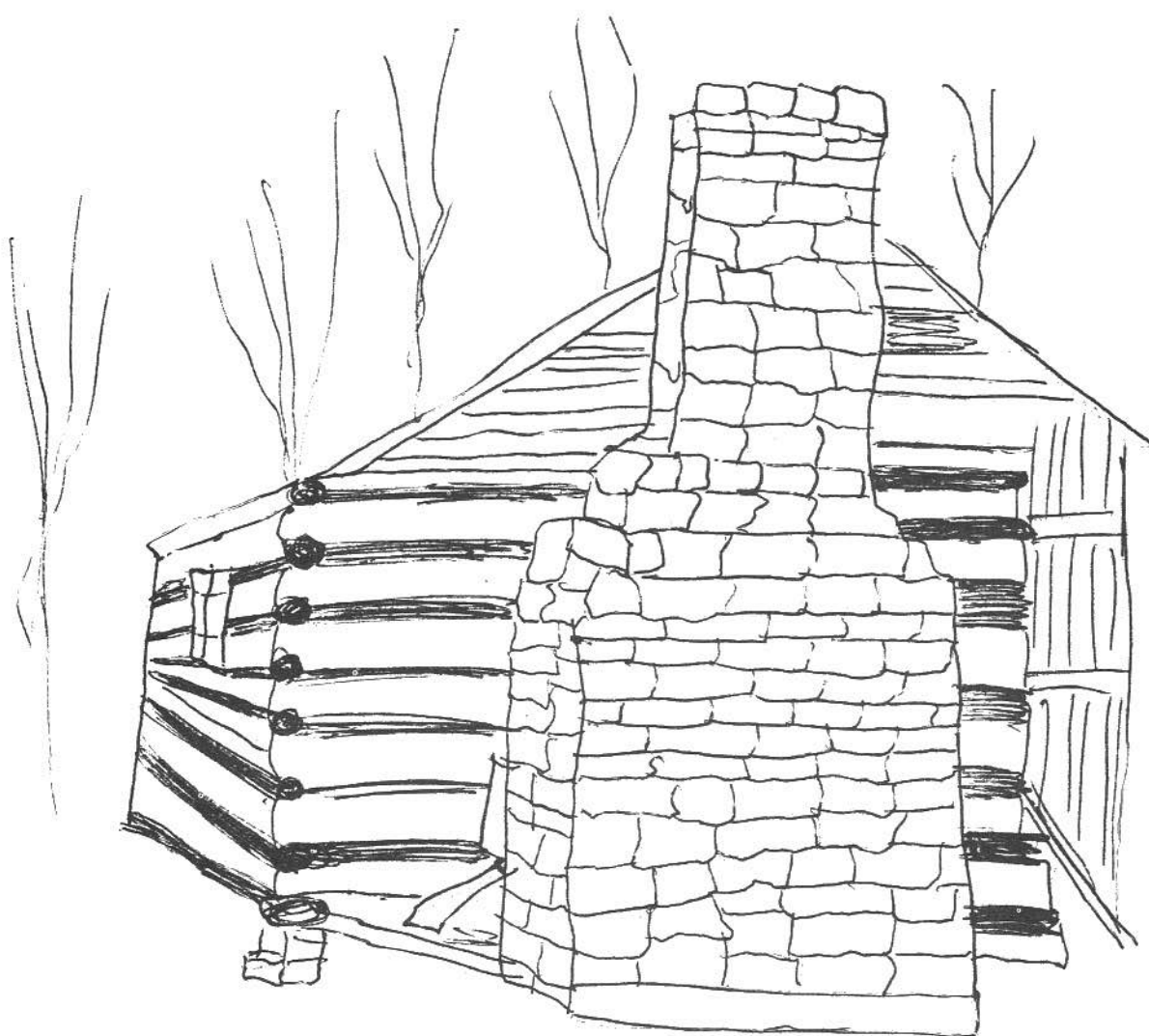
Scottsboro Junior High
1601 Jefferson Drive
Scottsboro, Alabama 35768

Telephone: 259-1204



FIRST MULLEIN

Pictured beside Scottsboro Girl Scout Cabin are:
(left to right) Patricia Potter, Marth Caldwell
(sponsor) John Sumner, LeAnn Hinds, Tony Weaver,
Gerald McQueen, seated front - Laurie Thomas,
Susan Arnold, Tabby Kendrick



CHRIS
ARNOLD

The Disappearing Farmer

by Toby Thomas

Mr. Harley was a farmer and his wife was a housekeeper. They lived in a little wooden house with a big farm around it. They didn't have any children. They welcomed friends and children always.

One day when Mr. Harley was working in a field in front of the farm, his wife was making lemonade. He stopped the tractor, and told her not to worry but to bring him some lemonade. She looked at him when she saw that he was getting off the tractor. She went to get the lemonade and turned again. When she looked again, she saw nothing. He and the tractor were both gone. She ran out there where she heard a voice from underground call out "Help". She dug furiously trying to find him but it was no use. She went and called the fire department. They dug all around but there was nothing. It was as if he had been swallowed up in the earth. **

A friend, Mrs. Nell Carter of Section, shared this poem commemorating our special area of North Alabama. She gave Mullen other poems and essays depicting native art and talent. Although we haven't met her in person we appreciate the things Mrs. Carter has shared with us.

Where Alabama Begins

In the northeast corner of this wonderful state,
You will find a county that ranks first rate,
It's High Jackson where Alabama begins.
The river and streams are a little more winding,
The mills of trade do a little more grinding,
The bonds of love are a little more binding
In High Jackson where Alabama begins.

Where the handshake is a good bit stronger,
Where the smile stays a little longer,
That's High Jackson where Alabama begins.
The sun shines just a little brighter,
The snows that fall are just a wee bit whiter
The bonds of friendship are a little tighter
In High Jackson where Alabama begins.

Where the skies are a little bluer.
Where your friends are a little truer.
That's High Jackson where Alabama begins.
On each mountain the breeze is blowing,
And the fields are full to overflowing,
And all the world should be knowing
About High Jackson where Alabama begins.

Back when the earth was in the making,
I think God knew fewer hearts would be aching,
In High Jackson Where Alabama begins.
Where there's more singing and less sighing,
Where there's more laughter and less of crying,
And one can have friends without half trying
In High Jackson where Alabama begins.

N.C.



PHILIP'S PLACE

Built in 1820
Moved and Restored
in 1979 -

We first heard about Phillip's Place from Mrs. C. She had gone there when the Jackson County Historical Society met in the cabin in the spring of 1980. We all liked the story she told. Mrs. C. called Bill and Carolyn Hall. They invited us up for Saturday, December 6. The day was warm and sunny. Five adults and ten seventh and eighth graders carried a sack lunch and we ate in the sun on the cabin's front porch. Bill Hall had a fire in the big room's fireplace and another one across the breezeway in the kitchen fireplace. He explained about how the cabin came to be moved. The Halls love the cabin and are happy to share it with young people.

We thank Bill and Carolyn Hall for their hospitality. How the owner raised ten sons in this cabin remains a mystery. But there is certainly a special spirit of good will about the place. The Halls gave us permission to use the picture and poem that they have printed as a memorial to their son. We have printed the story about the cabin as appeared in the Huntsville Times, December 28, 1980, with special permission from the editor. Melinda Gorham told the story too well to be changed.

Laurie Thomas

PHILIP'S PLACE

If this old house could talk, each log would present an individual story; for under the branches from whence the logs came, stories could be told of the last seven hundred years. The stories that we would hear from the logs, if they could speak, would be of lives of hopes, lives of fears, lives of toil, and lives of tears. They would probably tell the story of the bear, the cougar, the wild turkey, and the white-tailed deer; of the Cherokee, the Choctaw, the Creek, and the roaming buffalo. They would be proud, more than anything else, to tell the story of the warmth and the protection from the bitter cold that they provided when the house was first built in the 1820's by Peter Sells who had come to Sinking Cove from either Pennsylvania or Virginia.

This little structure was the central point of three thousand acres, of which one thousand acres were cleared by Peter Sells and his family. It is said that Peter and his wife, Hannah, had thirteen children -- three girls and ten boys. Legend has it that the boys together weighed a ton.

After Peter Sell's death, the acreage was divided between the thirteen children with James Sells left as owner of the log house. In 1873, the property underwent extensive litigation, and in 1879, the house and some one hundred forty-two acres of land were sold by chancery court to Benjamin Sells. He sold the house and his track in 1889 to Silas West, who with his wife, Martha J., lived on it until they sold it to A. J. Stubblefield in 1911.

A. J. Stubblefield died in 1918 and his widow, Zella, in 1934. Their children -- Charlie, Lester, Carl, Beulah, Stella, Summers, and Flossie Jackson -- held the house and acreage until 1943 when they sold it to Dave Jackson and his wife, Lucy. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson occupied the house until their deaths -- Mr. Jackson in 1947 -- and Mrs. Jackson in 1965. The Jackson children inherited the property and it was occupied until 1971, when Mrs. Otho Guess, a daughter, moved in. Mrs. Guess occupied the house until the late 1970's.

In January, 1979, a father and his fourteen year old son were hunting. They saw the old house and were overcome by the simplicity and symmetrical beauty. The two of them resolved on that day that they would preserve this antiquity because it must be one of the oldest log houses in the South. They would like to restore it in a place where they could see it daily, to know that it would be perpetually cared for -- to be able to look at it and think of the hunger, the privation, the regrets, that the old house had known.....but, more than anything else, to offer to the public its use.....that it might be able to hear the sounds of love -- of little children's voices once again.

In February, 1979, the little boy was fifteen years old, and his dream of restoring the cabin for his hunting friends became more alive each day. On March 3, 1979, the little boy -- Philip Hall -- was accidentally killed. Two weeks after his death, his father, William "Billy" Hall, made plans to complete their resolution. Every day, including Sundays, has been a work day for Billy Hall in restoring the cabin. The physical work on the cabin has been his only peace. The mother, Carolyn Hall, can now look through her window and see one of Philip's dreams completed -- thus, Philip's Place.

Gene Blake

Old Log Cabin in Stevenson

By MELINDA GORHAM
Times Staff Writer

STEVENSON — The log cabin at the foot of Cumberland Mountain has served many purposes since it was built some 160 years ago — a home for a family of 15 pioneers, headquarters for a distillery operation.

But it stands today as a memorial to a young man it hardly knew and to whom it owes its restoration.

In January 1979, Bill Hall and his son Philip discovered the cedar cabin while hunting in the Tennessee woods near Sinking Cove.

"Philip said, 'This is just what we've been looking for, Daddy,' and he wanted us to move it here to use as a place for him and his hunting friends to camp out," Hall remembered. "It was to be a four- or five-year project for us."

In March 1979, 15-year-old Philip, a football player at Stevenson High School, was killed in a firearms accident. But Bill Hall was determined not to let his son's dream die.

After Hall bought the cabin for some \$4,000, movers spent some four and one-half hours moving the historic structure the 17 miles from Sinking Cove to Stevenson.

Hall began to work every day, including Sundays, on the cabin in May 1979. In about eight months the house was a community showplace.

"Everything's original except the roof and windows," he said. "The hardest part was washing everything — I had to take up the floors and put them back. It took six cases of cleaner to wash the cedar on the walls."

Hall removed six inches of newspaper from the wall and found 1894 advertisements for patent medicine.

The early log house near Anderson in Franklin County, Tenn., had undergone very few changes since its construction, according to historic records.

The two-story building was built by Peter Sells in the early 1820s. Sells, born in 1787 in Huntington County, Pa., married Hannah McDonald of Virginia, and they made their way to the remote "Sinking Cove Fork of Crow Creek" in Tennessee.

Records show that at his death in 1856, Sells owned about 1,000 acres — much of which had been cleared by him — and 2,000 acres on the mountain.

According to legend, the Sells had 13 children and the 10 boys together weighed a ton. The children grew up in the cabin.

In 1857, William M. Sells, administrator of Peter Sells' estate, petitioned the county court to appoint commissioners to divide the estate among the children. After much litigation, including an appeal to the Supreme Court of Tennessee, the tract of land on which the cabin stood was owned by Benjamin Sells.

In 1889, Sells sold the land to Silas and Martha West, who sold the land to A.J.

Stubblefield in 1911. From there, the Wests moved to Dorans Cove, near Bridgeport, according to reports.

After Stubblefield and his wife Zella died, their children conveyed the cabin and acreage to Dave and Lucy Jackson in 1943.

In 1971, Mrs. Otho Guess, Jackson's daughter, moved into the house, and the house was occupied until a month before Hall bought it.

The walls of the house are of large hand-hewn cedar logs with hand-sawed floor joints and rafters put together with pegs.

An enclosed winding stairway leads from the living room to a large bedroom upstairs. A trap door in the living room ceiling is used to move furniture to the upstairs bedroom.

A "dog-trot" connects the house with a separate log building used as a kitchen, which reportedly once stood on the Tennessee Mountain and was used as part of the Sells' distillery operation.

The Halls furnished the cabin with antiques gleaned from family basements and flea markets.

"The walls downstairs were paneled with 12-inch-wide and 1¼-inch-thick black walnut that I had made into dining room furniture and wood carvings," Hall said.

The walls are of red cedar, and the beams in the ceiling are of yellow poplar.

"A most fascinating thing is the beams were marked with Roman numerals so they could be put back in the right order," Hall said. "I noticed that after I had to take them down to wash them."

"All sorts of initials are all over the logs," he said. "I also found an old Golden Wedding whiskey bottle in the wall."

A rope bed; chiffarobe containing antique hair combs, purses and clothes; quilting frame; trunk; and old-fashioned chairs fill the upstairs bedroom.

"The floor up here had to be replaced because it was so thin," Hall said. "It had been washed with sand all those years."

Red gingham curtains cover the kitchen windows, and old-fashioned utensils sit on the mantel above the rock fireplace.

"I understand this kitchen was a liquor room before the referendum," Hall said. "The liquor was stored here in 50-gallon drums."

Hall says he has become pretty adept at cooking beans, backbone, cornbread, and turnip greens over the fireplace.

Although the cabin has electricity, Hall has concealed the wires between the logs.

"I'm doing things I never had the patience to do before," Hall said. "If I hadn't had the cabin to work on, I think I would have gone crazy."

Hall, his wife Carolyn, and 13-year-old daughter, Gena, frequently invite church groups, friends and school classes to visit the cabin. The Hall's home is only a short distance from the cabin, which is "always open" to guests.

Realization of a Boy's Dream

"The thing I enjoy most about having the cabin is being able to have friends out here," Hall said. "I'm still working on it — it takes me away from everything."

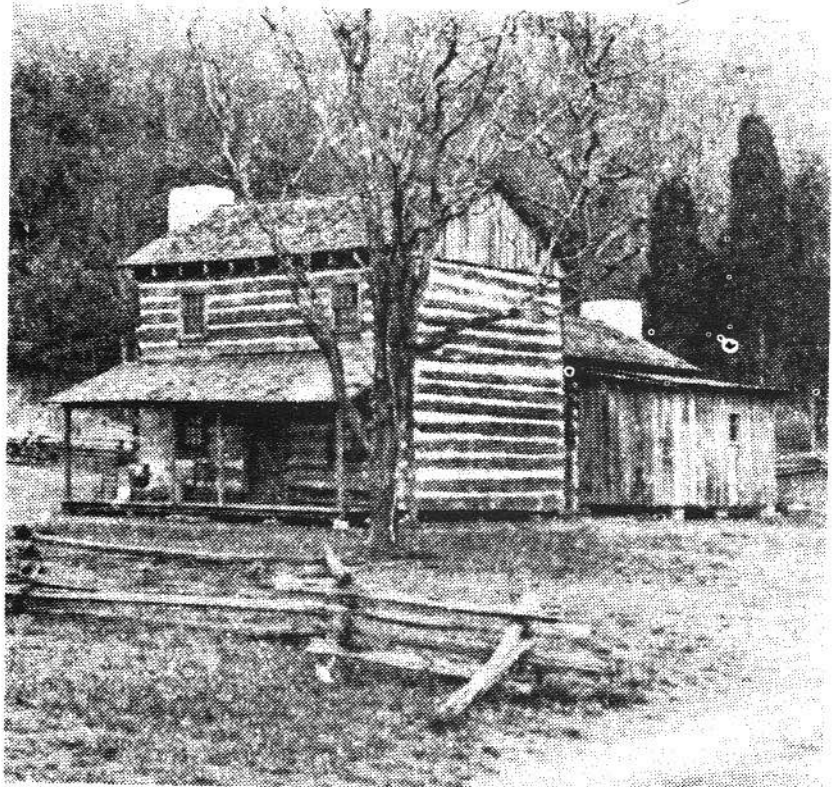
An old churn, chairs and church bench sit on the front porch now. A split-rail fence built by Hall shelters the yard along Alabama 117.

Hall, who grew up on a Bridgeport farm, believes his son would be pleased with the way the cabin looks.

"He was a good boy and loved the outdoors — he wanted to be a farmer. He'd raise corn and take it to town to sell on Saturdays," Hall said. "I could have left in the woods without a penny and he would have survived, because he loved to work with his hands."

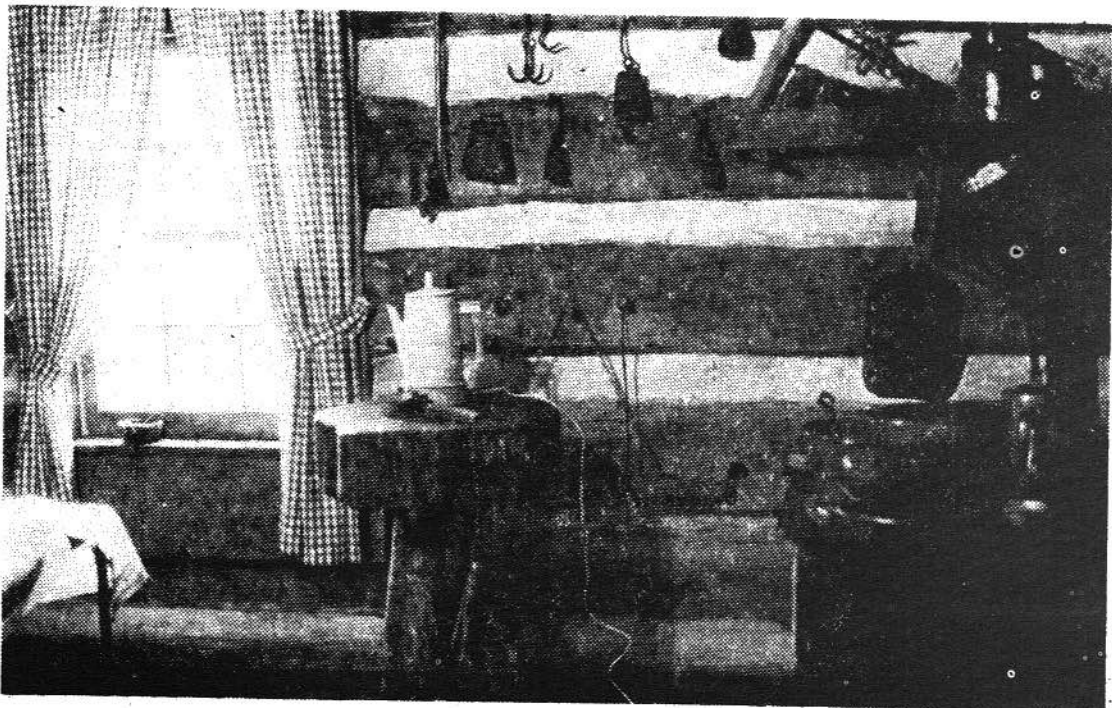
Hall is trying to secure Philip's cabin spots on the state and national registers of historic places; the structure is listed on the Tennessee register.

But above all, the cabin will remain — as a gold plaque beside the front door reminds the visitor — Philip's Place.



(Times Photo by Melinda Gorham)

LOG CABIN MOVED FROM SINKING COVE Restored Building is About 160 Years Old



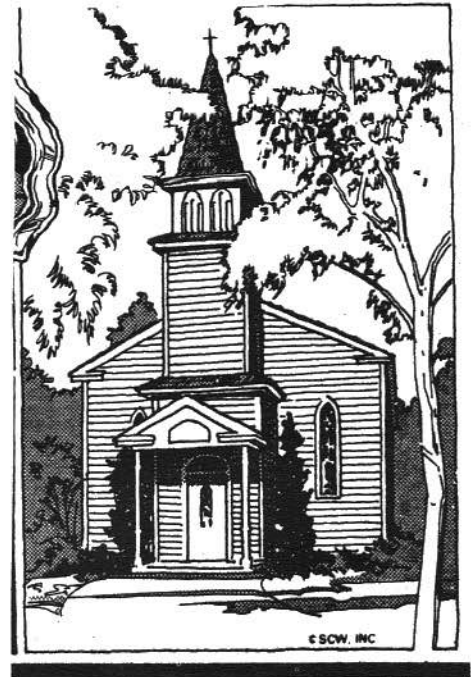
(Times Photo by Melinda Gorham)

The Huntsville Times

4

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1980

Scottsboro's own Lucille Benson of Hollywood, California shared with Mullein an incident from her childhood in Scottsboro. Kim Benson of Mullein staff corresponded with Miss Benson and was very happy when she received the following story from California.



MEMORIES OF MY CHURCH IN SCOTTSBORO

There are many lingering memories of the town you are brought up in. Many which never leave you and form a basic pattern that shapes the rest of your life. For me, being brought up in Scottsboro, when it was a much smaller town than it is now, is the old Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

It was a frame building on Willow street. It was not large, not really adequate for the membership then. There was a warmth - everyone knew everyone - and we went to Sunday School as well as church. We studied the Bible and the Catechism. I shall never forget my Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Emma Larkin. She was a wonderful person and her goodness was an inspiration to me. I received a faith to live by that has never left me.

There are many memories of funny things too. Actually I did my first acting - if you could call it that - in that sweet old church. As many of you know, I have made acting my career. But if anyone had ever seen me at age 6 - when I got up one Easter Sunday at the church to recite a poem - they would have seen little hope for a successful career. I forgot my poem midway and started to cry - cried the rest of the way through it. A very emotional performance. Then my sister, Mary Lee, got up to perform and she got the giggles and laughed through hers. When we got home I remember my Dad, John Benson, said to our mother - "Don't you ever let those kids get up and perform at Church again." But, of course, it never stopped me!

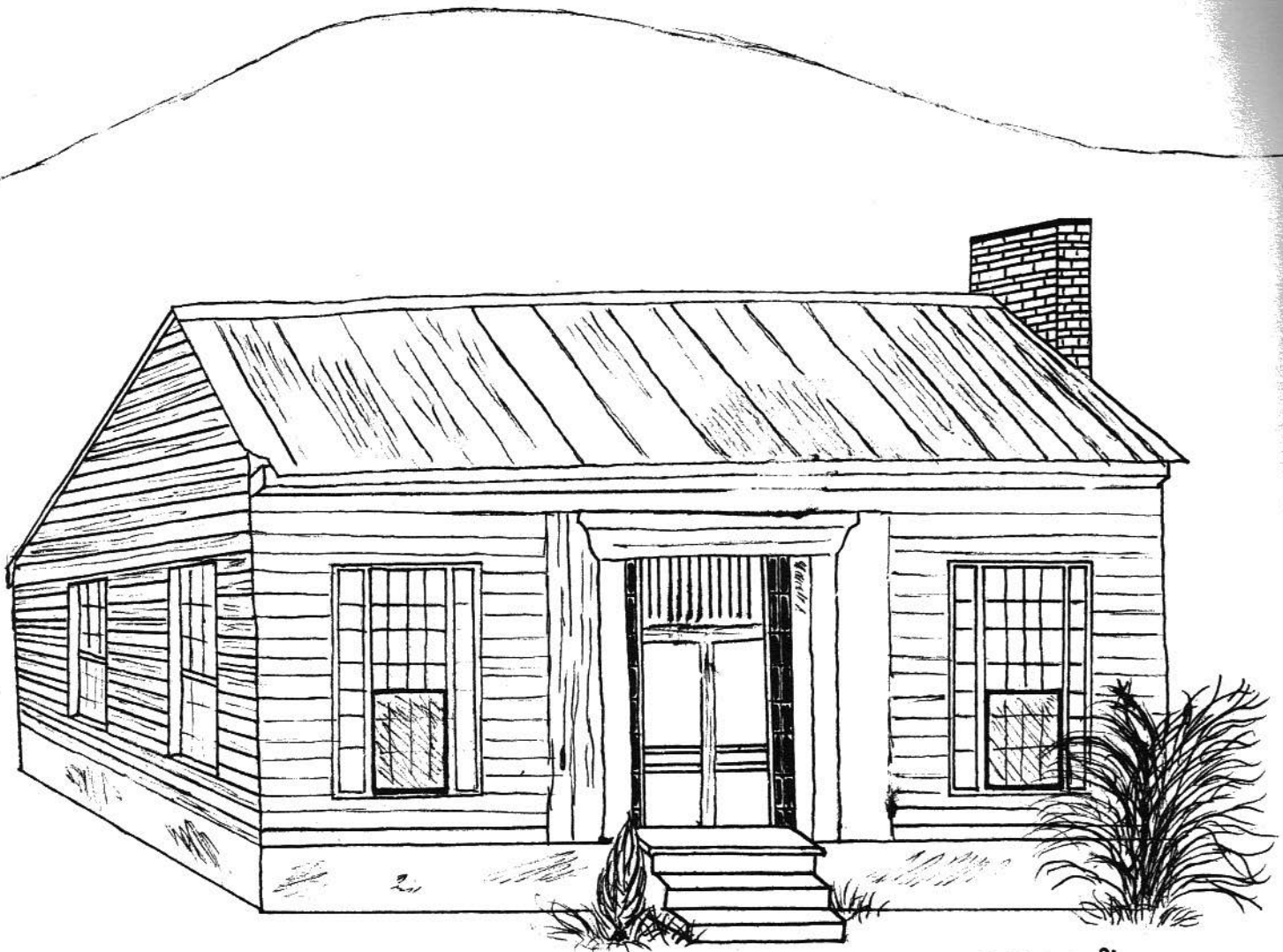
I also remember Uncle Jim Benson, editor of the Progressive Age - the weekly newspaper then - leading the singing every Sunday. Another fond memory was the Christmas pageant - the acting out the Christmas story. Uncle Jim, Mr. J.K. Thompson, Carter Hunt and other donned their bathrobes, draped a bath towel around their heads and became the three Wise men. It may not have been the greatest production in the world but it had a strong impact or I wouldn't remember it all these years.

So, I suppose what I want to say is - that a little girl who cried when she forgot her poem, wiped those tears away, and because of a dream and strong faith, went on to have a successful career as an actress on the New York stage and in California in TV and movies.

At the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Scottsboro, I was given a faith to live by that has sustained me and made my life happy and successful!



*Best wishes,
Lucille Benson*



DENISE 81
TRAHAN

LINDSEY HOUSE

Back on the Farm

by
Inez Lindsay Proctor*

(*Mother of Mullein staff member, Patrick Proctor)

I was born in the old, high-ceilinged half-open house known now as the Old Lindsay homeplace. It huddles against the mountain in the winter and cuddles close to the cool breezes that come from the cave-like spring of clear, sparkling water in the hot summers. Memories, both pleasant and unpleasant, roam through my mind as I relive the past. These were fun times for the houseful of children that were ever present in the Charley Lindsay family.

We were very poor in some ways, but very rich in others. Money was always a scarce commodity to our family, but love and understanding, in a close knit "Lindsay Clan" were ever present. Neighbors were few and not so near in those days, but we always managed to have enough brothers and sisters, related children who lived with us for months at a time, and sometimes neighboring children, to play almost any game we could devise. And devise we did, for few toys were bought in those days. We weren't the only poor folks who lived in this valley for almost everyone was in the same boat, so to speak, for I was a "depression days" child. Fun is easily come by with a houseful of children who are not only full of life but who have access to the whole outdoors and become second kin to Mother Nature herself. We lived on "Our Mountain (July)" as we called it, especially in the early spring, summer and fall. I'd love to show you our "Hog Rock" and "Garden Rock" on the mountain, but am afraid I can't climb as well as I did then -- so I will tell you about them instead.

The "Hog Rock" was a shelter for hogs that roamed the woods looking for acorns, chestnuts, and other tasty treats that they not only loved, but was survival food as well. It's a huge rock with a cavernouse-like lower side to it. The upper side is half-way buried in the mountain and access to the top can be gained by going around topside. Our wild goats also used the underside for a shelter on occassions. Many baby goats as well as litters of pigs were born under this natural haven. There wasn't a stock law then, so we, as well as all our neighbors didn't fence in our animals - we just let them roam at will. We had "marks" to identify our live stock, as each farmer did, which served the same purpose as Western branding. Hot branding irons were not used. We used a sharp knife to take a "crop off the left." This was done soon after the birth of any of our animals. (This means to cut a small part off the left ear). Neighbors could identify their stock this way for we knew each other "marks".

The "Garden Rock" I mentioned was so called by us because we could see plants, including a small cedar tree, growing on top of it. I never climbed it for it went almost straight up, but I remember two of my older sisters finally getting to the top one day. It was a hard struggle getting to the top but worse still was the matter of getting down. Toes had to be carefully inserted into cracks and crevices as they slowly inched backwards down it's steep sides. Clinging with fingers as well as toes was necessary. Mother and Dad would have passed-out if they had been there to see it. And I, as a child,

really did. Only fear of night catching them still on the top of that rock finally forced them to brave a decent, and the pleadings of us younger ones to come down, finally brought them down.

Speaking of the nuts that animals roamed the mountains in search of, brings back pleasant memories of the many times that we children searched the mountain for these treasures. I especially remember my oldest brother (then at home for one was married and gone) got up very early in the morning, and if we begged him hard, he would wake us up before daylight to go Chestnut hunting. (Wild chestnuts have since been killed by some kind of disease. They were much more tasty than tame chestnuts). We had to bundle up for it was frosty weather. If we didn't beat the hogs, either ours or the neighbors', we didn't get any nuts that day to add to our winter supply. We also collected the hickory nuts and walnuts that abounded galore on "our side of the mountain," but since those nuts have very tough hulls, we didn't have to outrace the hogs! We usually went on family trips, fun as well as work, for this was another way to add to our winter's supply.

Huckleberries, wild grapes, and what we called "black haws" were easily found on this mountain side and its edges if one knew where to look and we did. Many times we tramped the mountain for these prizes. We also knew exactly where berries, blackberries, dewberries, and raspberries grew in abundance. We carried them home by the bucketfuls (and stomachfuls!). These were juiced, jammed, and jellied, or canned for winter's use. (Mother was usually a companion on these foragings and this we enjoyed as well.) I still have her recipe for wine that she made for my Dad and his friends. Rarely were the youngsters allowed a sip but I still remember the tantalizing odor as well as the taste.

Mother knew all kinds of edible wild greens that grew on the farm early in the spring. These greens, wild and tangy, were tastier than the garden kind. They popped out of the ground as soon as the last snows were gone, or before, and certainly before gardening time. Wild lettuce and mustard, "poke salet" and others that I can't remember were collected. I was usually Mother's sole companion on these trips for I shared her love for these early spring greens. I also loved to be her only companion for this was one of the few times she wasn't divided a dozen ways for her attention.

Muscadine hunting took place in the fall. This wasn't a mountain trip but rather the edge of the mountain and a "bottoms" trip. (Bottoms means low-laying land, sometimes a little swampy-but always grown up with trees, vines, and bushes. Wild muscadines are about the size of a marble, first green then turning to a deep blue-black when fully ripe. A "young nose" can literally "smell them out" for the aroma is terrific! This was also a food, as well as pleasure trip. Muscadine jelly is really a treat. (And Mother's wine, too!)

There was another wonderful place on "our mountain that we called the Pot-Hole Hollow". But this was a different kind of treat from the others-beauty! There is a big pot-like sunken hole where wild ferns grow head high. (They still are there). There were wild white dogwood and red buds blooming early in the spring. The ground, in many places, was covered with violets and wild pansies. Here was also a beautiful white flower that we didn't know a name. May apples, and wild geraniums were also found on this trip. You should have

smelled the wild bush honeysuckle! (You could "nose" it out, too.) And our Dad told us Civil War stories about this place that chilled our blood as we looked and inwardly saw other scenes. This was the place that our forefathers had hidden their few remaining live stock when it was a known fact that Northern or Union soldiers were foraging the area for food.

Summers were spent working on the farm. We all worked hard growing cotton for sale and other produce for family's use. We all worked hard from sun up till sun down during the growing and harvesting season. The week was spent working - but Saturdays were only a half day's work. We quit the fields at noon so as to get ready for Saturday Night dates and Sunday School and church the next day. The house was cleaned, the yard swept and everything generally made to look better - (Mother always said "beaus didn't go where cobwebs grow)! Hair was washed, "Sunday" clothes washed and pressed, and sometimes we had time to bake a cake and pies for the next day. We hardly ever missed walking the mile and a half to the House of Happiness for Sunday School and Church. This place also was a get together on Friday nights for "plays" as we called these parties. We mostly square danced to the music of guitars, fiddles (violins) and banjos. We sometimes had pie suppers, box suppers, and ice cream suppers. This was a way for the young, as well as the young at heart, to have a social get together.

The House of Happiness not only furnished the community recreation and religious training but here was our school, also. Two teachers taught grade one through nine but best of all was the room full of library books. No other school, even Scottsboro, had this many books and I read many, many of them. We were allowed to check out all we could carry the mile and a half home which were read by adults as well as the children. Many pleasant hours were spent reading, for books were a great pleasure in my home. We also made many trips to the library in the summer. (We read during the hours' rest at noon and at night.)

Mother taught us, in a clever way to be gardeners. She had her big garden and each one of us was allowed to have a small space of our very own at the sides of the big garden. Here we could plant what we wanted, hoe and weed to our heart's content. How I loved my space that was about as large as my living room is today. How I loved to add my few vegetables with hers as she gathered them for the table. We eventually graduated into a full-blown gardener, knowing to be careful with each delicate plant. We also learned not to neglect our patch or there'd be no produce. As we grew and learned, we gradually helped her in the big patch, working with price along side her. If a family didn't work, there'd be no food, or a variety of food for the long winter, so work we did. (I find that still people must work if they plan to feed themselves.)

I must tell you about wash days for they were so completely different from the way we wash now. We took our week's dirty clothes to the spring or branch so we wouldn't have to carry water so far. After building a fire under a big black pot that had been filled with water, we sorted the clothes. Tubs were filled with hot water, white clothes washed first on the rub boards, then put into boiling pot of water. These boiled as we proceed to wash colored clothes, and finally work clothes (which we jeans and shirts like many folks wear today).

We used home-made lye soap, usually, but sometimes bought bar soap. This usually took all day as we only washed once a week. When I was small, I loved to play around the washplace. Sometimes Mother would let us wrap eggs or potatoes in wet paper, rake enough hot coals from under the pot over these, and bake them. Sometimes the eggs would heat too quickly and there would be a small explosion sending egg bits everywhere.

Going to school after the ninth grade was a very real problem for my family so not many of us ever graduated from high school. (few people did in those days). The main problem was that we couldn't get to high school in Scottsboro. There were no, or very few cars or trucks and certainly no school bus to travel in, and if there had been the roads were so muddy and rough in winter time that they would have been unable to make the trip. So most of my family had to quit after they completed the last grade at our little country school at the House of Happiness. Two of my sisters and I wanted very badly to further our education so our parents rented a room on Scott Street fairly close to Jackson County High School. My sisters boarded there and I went to Stevenson to live with my brother and go to Stevenson High School. All this time my Dad had been begging the County Board of Education to run a bus within half a mile of our house. The next year we got to stay home for the miracle of a bus and slightly improved roads let us be bussed into Scottsboro. It was almost impossible for the bus to be on time so sometimes we waited in rain, sleet, snow or anything else that happened, for the bus. I'll never forget the Ode Sherrels' family who always asked us to come into their home and thaw ourselves out by their big, roaring fire. Sometimes, I'm sure, they built it early so we could warm. (There wasn't a heater on the bus and we made about a twenty mile trip each way daily.) This was the closest a bus ever came to our house in those days for the road was just too rough to get any closer. Anyway, we were happy that it came that close. My younger brothers and sisters could get to complete high school. I'll always be grateful for my Mother's determination to educate us. She always said this was the best present she could give us for it meant that, as we grew up, we would be able to take care of ourselves. For me, it was, too, for I've been able to help make my living by helping to educate other children. (I turned out to be a school teacher). I remember being a little bit late one cold wet morning so I was running full speed on a rough path, when I heard the bus blowing. I fell on a slick rock, throwing my lunch and books in every direction! I jumped up, a little muddy, bloody, and tearful, gathered my books, (the lunch was ruined and we had no lunchroom) doubling my speed and catching that bus with my other sisters.

The children who visit our home always thought we should be afraid of the graves that were in our yard. There were at least seven, with one being covered with beautifully hewn rocks which were stacked one on the other in pyramid fashion. They soon learned that this was a nice place to sit and talk, and we sometimes cracked nuts to eat on it. We were allowed to do this if we were careful not to move or chip the rocks which we never did. (It's still there today by a beautiful magnolia tree). I have been told by older folks that the graves were there before the house, which is over a hundred years old, was built. So evidently our ancestors weren't afraid of ghosts, either.

Taking the cows and horses to the pasture and bring them back daily could have been a boring chore but we usually found many interesting things along the way. One thing I always remember was that the cows always walked single file and always the same cow was in the same place. There was a cow who got to be the leader by "might makes right" rule. The others also had their special number spot daily. Many flowers and bushes could be examined and berries, in season, sampled. But most of all I remember the snake eating another snake! We found to our horror and delight, a black snake eating or swallowing, a rattler! (Snakes can unhinge the jaw bones and swallow something bigger than it is.) This was what was happening. The black snake couldn't run away from us as we stared at it, for it took about three days to swallow, and digest the bigger rattler. The head went down first and last of all the rattlers on the tail were swallowed. I've never killed a black snake after this incident for clearly it is a friend.

We always had several pets such as dogs, cats, chickens, and even a pet pig, but best of all, I remember Big Billy goat. We owned several hundred goats that were allowed to mostly feed themselves on the mountain. They were wild and only came off the mountain to be salted. When they wanted salt they would come running, down the mountain, feet pounding so hard that we could hear them long before we could see them. I can remember Dad carrying a bucket of salt and wading among them, and spreading it on the rocks and stumps so the goats wouldn't fight over it. If you've ever seen two male goats, or billys, fight each other, you'll remember it. Rearing on hind legs, they clash their horns together so loudly it can be heard far off. But I love to remember Big Billy who was orphaned when a baby. We cared for him and petted him. Of course, little, cute, white baby goats, or kids, grow up, and so did billy! He was always in trouble. One day we missed him and after an intensive search, found him in the huge molasses barrel in the storage room. This wouldn't have been so funny except the barrel was nearly full of molasses! We could only see Billy's head sticking out of the syrup. We got him by his horns, pulled him out and took him to the yard. Dogs and chickens helped clean that sticky mess off as Billy just stood and looked embarrassed. (The barrel held 50 or more gallons).

Molasses making time was a fun time for us children but lots of work for the grown-ups. When the sorgum cane was ready to be harvested, the leaves had to be stripped from each stalk. The stalks were then hand cut, and piled into stacks on the wagon which was pulled by horses or mules. I loved to ride high on the cane to our mill near the barn. A horse was hitched to a pole which was attached to the mill. It went round and round all day (until exchanged) as green, sticky juice poured into a huge barrel. The molasses pan, full of the sweet juice, was over a big fire which boiled the water out of the juice until it was thick and amber colored. The smell was delicious as sticky steam rose in the air (and got into our hair) as the syrup boiled down into molasses. We got to taste it as it was run into big cans and stored away for our family's use.

Another place on the farm that I remember with pleasure was the spring; where we got our "running water". (Meaning we had to run and get it). We had a small reservoir on the side of our big wood-burning stove that was always needing more water so many trips were made daily to that spring. This job wasn't much fun unless there was snow on the ground and I got to wade through it to get

the water. Mainly, I remember the spring for other reasons. Very cool air came from it in the summer. This was our only source of "air-conditioning" so we made good use of it on hot, summer afternoons when we weren't working in the fields. We would get a book, a pillow and quilt and head for this nice place to relax and enjoy ourselves. There is a big rock directly in front of the mouth of this cave and just in line with the nice, cool, air. Stretched out on this rock with cool air flowing over us, we could read, or nap, to our heart's content. Sometimes the family just sat around and talked for we had several rock seats we'd built and a few wooden ones. We kept this area clean carefully, even the branch that always flowed from it, was kept cleaned out and beautiful. We planted day lilies, buttercups, and flowering spirea everywhere. This really made a nice "living room" for us on hot summer days. As we grew older (15 or 16) our boy friends came on Sunday afternoons, and this made a beautiful place to date. (The spring is still there with an electric pump in it now to furnish pure, cold water for my brother and his family. Most of the big beech trees are down or gone, but the cool air still pours out and the branch still runs. It is unkept now as the old house has air conditioning today!)

Now as to winter nights, which were cold and bitter, or so it seemed, since we heated the "Big Room", as we called it, with a big, open fireplace. (The kitchen was heated by our huge, wood burning cook stove.) After nightly chores, such as milking cows, "running for water", feeding the livestock, and cooking supper were completed, we sat around the fireplace in a semi-circle. We played games, talked, and listened as Dad and Mother told stories and jokes. We also hashed-out some of the day's problems here. Best of all I remember cracking nuts that we had so carefully gathered in the fall, popping corn over the fire in the long handled corn popper, and roasting chestnuts on coals raked from the fireplace. We also ate apples and pears that we had rolled in paper, put in a box and stored in a cool place for later use. I also remember that sometimes, as punishment, we had to pick out a quart of cotton seeds, or shall some peas before we could join in the fun. Sometimes the whole family shelled dried peas because we didn't have time to do this during the day. Studying was also done around a table with the older children helping the younger ones if Mother and Dad were busy. This was all done by the old kerosene lamp light mingled with light from the roaring fireplace.

Most kids today get more from one trip to the ten cent store than we got at Christmas. Appreciation was always written on each person's face as packages were opened very early Christmas morning. (We usually sneaked up at night and took a look!) The younger girls got dolls and a few articles of clothing and the boys got a wagon, B-B gun, (and later a rifle) which they shared and useful clothing. The older girls got cosmetics and things they needed to wear. I can remember "sniffing out" the apples and oranges that were hidden locked in a big trunk waiting for Santa to stuff in socks or a special box prepared for each child. There were also a few pieces of hard candy, gum, raisins, nuts, and such goodies tucked in for us to enjoy all by ourselves. We were careful to make it last for several days for these were treats that we seldom got to enjoy. One thing that was always plentiful at Christmas was cakes and other sweets such as chocolate and coconut pies. Mother and the larger girls baked them by the dozen! We had our own milk, butter, and eggs so this was not a great expense. We usually had a cake or pies to eat, but to have a choice of coconuts, chocolate, caramel and other kinds of cakes and pies was really an eye-popping time! (and stomach stretching). Then there was the mouth-watering boiled country ham, baked

chicken, and all kinds of vegetables (mostly from our well-stocked cellar under the house). The table fairly creaked with the weight of all these delicacies. Mother was a wonderful cook and all us girls were taught to help at an early age. I'm not saying that we seldom had a well laden table, for we did, but this was one season when food was a must in our family or it didn't seem like Christmas. (I'm still not used to cooking for just a few people and I do love to cook.)

My brother Ben Lindsay and his wife, Vera (and one sister, Louise) who live at the old home place, have modernized the inside of the house. (It even has two baths!) but the outside is left as rustic as it was for they like it that way. They own half the farm (the other half was sold) that our Mother, Daddy, and children worked so hard to own. The "Hog Rock" and "Garden Rock" are still there, and the younger generation still enjoy hikes to these "wonders". I still go to pick blackberries, "polk salet" and ramble around the old home place. My son, Patrick, who is thirteen, likes to search for arrow heads, and help his Uncle Ben cut wood, and follow him around the place. (He especially likes the ghost tale that he tells and vows is true!) Ben's daughters have homes on the farm and we love to visit them, but most of all I love to remember the "good old days when ---"!

If you happen to be in this area of "Long Hollow", just listen and look carefully. Many years have passed but you can still hear the roosters crow, the dogs bark, and the cows moo: you can still see the old weather-beaten home with wisps of smoke curling out the old rugged chimney and drifting, as ever, peacefully down the valley. You can still sit on the undisturbed rock-covered grave that rests peacefully by the big magnolia tree. You can also see and hear the running of little feet and the high trill of a childish voice, (but not by the dozen) as my brother has only one grandchild to bless his family). So linger awhile, dream a little, look and listen with the mind's eye and heart. You'll hear and see by-gone days when many young folks grew up there, (thirteen of us); were taught how to work, and worship; respect parents, law, country, and each other; knew instinctively how to have fun by roaming the hills and fields, climbing the trees or shaking them for juicy peaches, plums, apples, and pears; (and sometimes falling out), fishing and turtle hunting in the branch of cold water; playing till dusk was gone; (and sometimes having a good fight to settle a lingering dispute); hunting for the game in the field and mountains, and as night fell, gathering around the big wooden table that seated at least twelve, peacefully enjoying the produce of our many days of labor. For we're still on the mountains, in the fields, at the spring, climbing in the barn searching for eggs, and in the trees. We're all older now, but memories are etched, deeply and dearly, in all twelve of my brothers' and sisters' hearts. We're still a close knit clan and help each other in sorrow; rejoice with them in happiness - for aren't we still the Charley Lindsay family.

NOTE: I climbed the mountain this winter to get a picture of "Hog Rock" but didn't make it to the "Garden Rock" since it's almost at the top of the mountain! There are also pictures of the spring coming out on the mountain, the rock we used to lie on to read, the grave by the magnolia, and a picture of the house as it is today. These were made especially for this article.



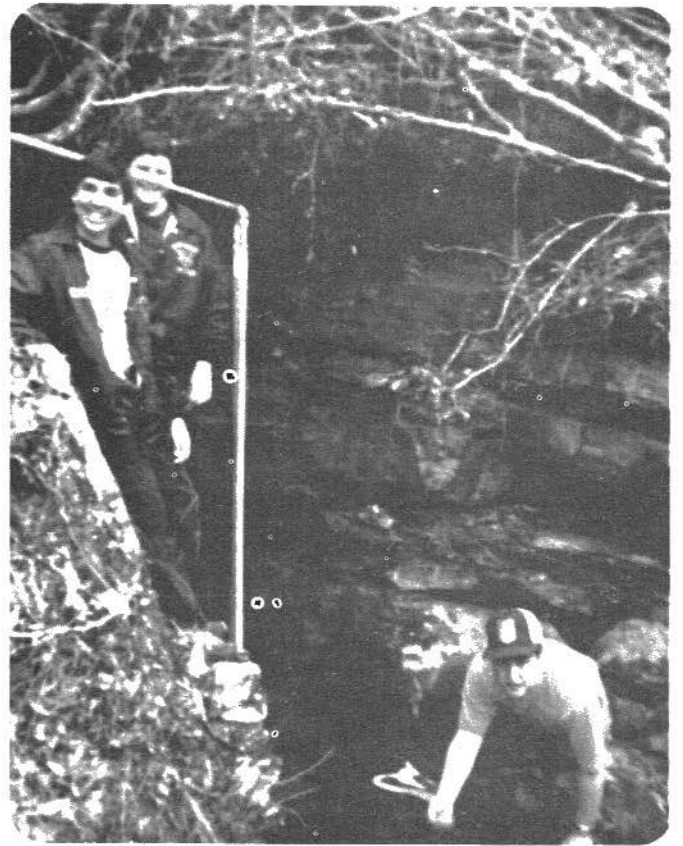
Big rock at
the spring
where we read
or napped

A Confederate
soldier's
grave

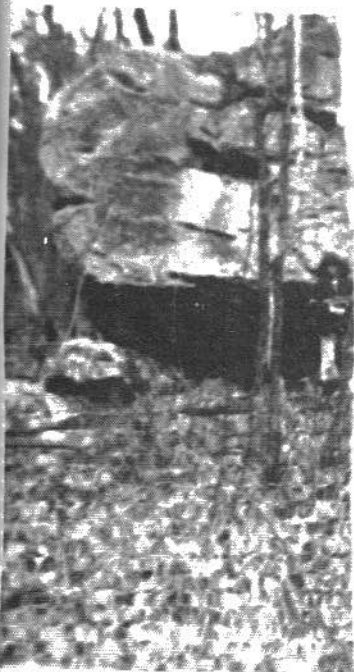




Hog rock where hogs sheltered
and piglets were born



Patrick Proctor, Kent and
Grant Wilson getting a
drink from the spring



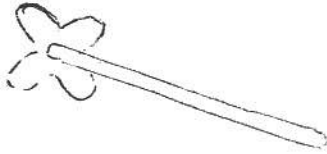
Homemade Wine Recipe

by Inez Proctor

This is my mother's wine recipe. It was probably passed down to her by her mother. She used wild or tame blackberries, grapes or muscadines. When I was a small girl, the law allowed each family to have as much as five gallons of homemade wine in their home. Mother usually made one "batch" for my Dad during the summer. It is also good to use by dampening a soft cloth with it then wrapping it around a homemade fruit cake. It will keep it moist without it moulding as well as giving the cake a good taste.

- 1 gallon juice - very strong
- 2 gallons of water
- 3 lbs. sugar per gallon of juice

Mix and let ferment about 9 days or until it quits bubbling (or working). Strain well, put into jars and seal. To make the wine stronger (meaning a higher alcohol content) add one teaspoon of sugar after it had stopped fermenting, put it into Cola bottles and cap by using a bottle capper. The lids or tops on the coke bottle must be on very securely or they will blow off.



Butter Making the Old Way

by Inez Proctor



Most "old timers" back on the farm made their own butter. Farmers always kept a few cows in order to have their own sweet milk, butter, cream, and buttermilk.

Cows were milked each morning and night by hand. If farmers wanted to have sweet milk, it must be kept cool in order not to sour. But if they wanted to have butter, then it was put into a container called a churn and left to sour. After it soured, it would next "clabber", and get about as firm as jello. It was now ready to be churned. A "dasher" which was made of two small pieces of wood placed like this (illustrations enclosed) was nailed on a stick like a broom stikc. This stick was placed through the churn lid which had a hole made in it and placed into the clabbered milk. Now the milk was ready to be churned. The dasher was lifted up and dashed back into the milk over and over. This usually took about an hour before fat or butter started separating from the milk. To know when it was making butter they had to peek into the churn ever so often or watch as a little would gather on the top of the lid. When they thought all the fat had turned into butter, they got a large bowl and spoon. Next the butter was dipped off the top of the milk which was now buttermilk. Cool water was put into the churn as the small amount of buttermilk was worked out with the spoon. A small amount of salt was added after all the water and milk was removed. Now the butter could be put into a butter mold and shaped into a pound or half pound size, sometimes in a round shape and sometimes an oblong shape.

Mrs. Inez Proctor's Old Home Remedies

1. To cure ringworm - use juice from black walnut hulls -
rub on broken out places.
2. Itch (or scabies) - Rub poke berry juice on itch bumps or boil
root and use the juice to rub thoroughly on skin.
3. Cough Syrup - Whiskey and lemon juice (or rock candy and whiskey)
Mix equal amounts and give 2 tablespoonfuls at bedtime.
4. Rheumatism (or Arthritis) - 1 pt whiskey, several lumps of camphor
Mix thoroughly and rub on sore joints or muscles.
5. Hot pack for sore muscles - Heat salt very hot and put in a heavy bag.
Apply to sore spot. Reheat as necessary.
6. Chest colds - Get a fannel or woolen cloth large enough to cover chest.
Rub Vicks salve, turpentine and camphorated oil into
material and put on chest. Also rub some Vicks salve on
back and neck thoroughly. Keep warm in bed.
7. Bee stings - Apply wet snuff or tobacco on sting. Do this several
times as it dries out.
8. Cuts and abrasions - Pour kerosene (coal oil) into or over wound or bind
with cloth wet thoroughly in this solution. Old timey
horse linament is also very good for cuts and abrasions.
9. Pleurisy - Dig wild butterfly or pleurisy root in fall of year. (It
grows alongisde most country roads and some people still
plant it in their gardens.) Beat it in about two quarts
of water. Simmer for an hour or more until about 2 cups
of water is left. Strain carefully. Give about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup to
sick person. Be sure patient stays in bed and keeps warm.
This can be given two or three times a day.
10. To stop bleeding (on body) - Use spider webs, or a handful of soot or
flour on wound.
11. Nosebleeds - Put folded piece of paper bag under upper lip. Apply old
metal to back of neck.
12. Snake Bite - Cut X-mark on bite. Mix kerosene 7 sugar together. Apply
to wound so it will stay open awhile and bleed. This helps
to bleed out some of the venom.
13. Hives - Give catnip tea to break out the hives on a baby. (Every new born
baby was thought to have hives in a few days after birth or it
might die!)
14. Measles - To break out the measles, give a tablespoon whiskey, go to bed,
and cover up. (If a person was taking measles, it was thought
to be very important to health to break out thoroughly.)

THE GHOST THAT WALKS

by Patrick Proctor

My Uncle Ben Lindsay still lives at the old Lindsay homelace which was built over a hundred years ago. There were already several graves on the premises when the house was built and there is estimated that about seven graves are under the house. (The house was built on cedar pillars which lift it about four feet off the ground.) At one side of the house are several graves, mostly marked with plain rocks, (no headstones as we have today). One grave was covered with hand-hewn rocks, stacked in a small pyramid.

My grandmother and grandfather, Ethel and Charley Lindsay always taught their children not to be afraid of the dead for they couldn't hurt anyone. But it seems as if my "Granny" got a little scared a few times of something that couldn't be seen, or so my Uncle Ben tells me! Here is the "real" ghost tale he told me.

"It was back in the days of brush arbors. In case you don't know what a brush-arbor is, I'll tell you. When a country preacher, or a traveling preacher, wanted to hold a revival, he would build, (or have built) a crude shelter where he could preach. It was built quickly by putting a few posts into the ground and laying brush on top. As I said, it was a very crude shelter.

Now back to my "ghost" tale ---- Dad had gone to Florida to see his sister, so mother and the children were at home by ourselves. Mother was always a little afraid when he was gone. She stayed home one night by herself, while we children went to the brush-arbor revival which was near our home. (We weren't small children, mostly in the early teen years).

When we got back from the revival meeting, Mother had gotten a pretty good scare. She said she had heard someone or something walking through the house. When it got to the room where she was, the footsteps stopped! At first she thought it was a person coming through the house, but when it got to her room and didn't appear, she knew it wasn't a real person.

The next night when we got ready to go to the revival, mother said one of us had to stay with her. I was the one to stay and thought it was a good joke. She had always taught us not to believe in ghosts so I gave her a good teasing.

A little later I got a book and lay down on the sofa to read. Mother was sitting in her chair also reading. Everything was "country-quiet" -- only the chirping of crickets and other night insects could be heard.

Suddenly I heard something! I hadn't been listening for anything or even thinking about what she had told about the footsteps the night before. As I've said before, I took it as a big joke. I pretended I was still reading but was actually listening intently at the sound of footsteps.

Someone or something came walking up the doorsteps and on into the house! It walked through the hallway, into the room next to it, and on to the same door where it had stopped the night before!

I stayed very quiet and kept pretending to be reading. Mother hadn't acted as if she had heard a thing, and also kept pretending to read.

When the steps stopped at the door, I waited for the door to open -- but it didn't. I had stood all I could, so jumped up to see something that was but wan't there! I then asked mother, who had by now put her book down, if she had heard anything. She looked at me in an odd way and said, "Now young man, I was just wondering if you were also hearing something! She had been hearing the footsteps just as I had, and just as she had heard them the night before. Still there was nothing there -- that we could see! We weren't really afraid but it was a sort of hair-raising experience.

As I said, Uncle Ben still lives in this old house and still gets a peaceful rest every night. He still isn't afraid of ghosts, for as my Granny taught him, ghosts won't hurt anyone.

Dream Life in a Cabin

I often think about how it would be to live many, many years ago. I can imagine living in a cabin. How it would be like in the winter, a nice warm fire and our chairs in front of the fireplace eating popcorn and telling stories. The trips we had to make walking to school and back. We carried our lunch in our lunch pail. The seating was two or three students to a desk; all grades in one room. The only heating we had was a pot belly stove. We had very few books. We wrote on slates with chalk. We also used our building as the church on Sunday. There were not many stores in the city. We did not go to town often. We had had a horse and wagon as our transport. Every morning we had to get up and do our chores. We had to make our beds. We had to get dressed and feed the animals. We had some chickens and a couple of horses and a dog. We had to collect the eggs at night.

Our cabin was not very big. My favorite thing about the cabin was the breeze way. I would just sit there for hours and watch the flowers and trees blow back and forth. And I would smell the good clean air. We did not have a lot of luxury, but we never did without food or love. Our family would come together at night and read the Bible. We would then say our goodnights, and then off to bed we went. The children slept in the loft, and the parents downstairs. Our mattress was stuffed with hay. We changed it every two years. Our clothes were sewed by hand except a very few that we got on sale for special occasion. Our father was a farmer. He grew most of our food. It was very pleasant back then. Our family was very close. It is a long time since then, but if I had my way I'd trade today for one of those sunny days in the cabin.

Note: Mrs. Clarence (Bertha) Kirby who wrote, "Living in the Country was Interesting" for Mullein in 1980, has written another interesting story for Charlotte Raulston. Mrs. Kirby has won a place in all our hearts with her gift of storytelling. This beautiful lady has opened doors for us into a warm, gracious, and loving home where gentleness and humor abided.

Life with My Grandparents

by Bertha C. Kirby

I can't remember Mama. She died March 27, 1980. Maggie Card Cunningham was only thirty four years old. I can't remember her parents taking me to live with them, Benjamin Franklin and Mariah Holland Card. I can't remember getting lost, and Uncle John Smith, a part Indian, finding me lying with arms outstretched on Mama's grave. He said when he asked me what I was doing, "I said, Loving my Mama". I can't remember having pneumonia, but I can remember being wrapped up and my being sent to play on the southside of the house and getting "ants in my pants".

Life was a happy loving experience then. Who could ever forget the huge walnut tree just outside the gate, from which a large strong limb hung a pole swing, enjoyed by young and old alike. To the left of the walk to the spring stood a sugar maple tree. In the spring of the year Grandpappy tapped the tree for sap which Grandmother boiled into syrup. Also she made maple sugar candy, poured into muffin rings to shape.

Who can ever forget the spring! I was told that William Holland, the revolutionary soldier, hewed out tall slender cedar trees to bring the water down to the large rock water trough, hewn out by his son, Sgt. James Holland from the War of 1812. From the water trough a life giving stream flowed to and through the pasture to the corn field and into the creek. Wherever the water flowed grew watercress in abundance because the watercress grows in running water.

Wash days, Aunt Nancy Polk Shelton came down the mountain to wash for us. Sometimes she brought her grandson, "Little Noah". He wore homeknit stockings of every color of the rainbow and I wore black ones. I would cry for the striped stockings, I thought his were prettier. Grandpappy cut a huge log just the right height for Aunt Nancy to lay the clothes on after she had wet them in the spring trough and soaped with homemade jelly lye-soap, carried in a gallon crock. Then she would battle them with a oar like thing, then rinse the dirt out, and lather them again with generous applications of jelly lye-soap and put the clothes into a huge black pot to boil.

When she had boiled the clothes clean, she would rinse them thoroughly and hang out the whitest, cleanest clothes you ever saw. When she was through with her task, she would ask Grandmother Card "Miss Kyrd, can I have a mess of "krisses"? She would gather all the watercress she wanted, not knowing that the watercress was filled with vitamins.

Grandpappy made an elongated log ash hopper with a shed over it for Grandmother to make the lye used in soap-making. The log was hollowed out and filled with hardwood ashes and placed on a rock or stand. One end was opened so that when the water was gently poured over the ashes, it would drip out the open and into stone jars. It was a strong lye solution made by regularly pouring water over the ashes. Grandmother and Aunt Nancy Polk made lye soap in the jelly form and stored it in large stone jars in the smokehouse.

It was always fun to go to mill with Grandpappy. He would shell a sack of corn, put it on his shoulder and we would climb the mountain to Uncle Polk Shelton's water mill to have the corn ground into meal. They had bees so we always bought honey home with us.

We were taught to show courtesy to people older than we be calling them uncle and aunt although they were not a "smidgenton" of kin.

Grandmother made her own yeast from hops. Every homestead had hop vines. They had blooms like a Morning Glory only always white. When the buds formed they were gathered and mixed with corn meal and made into patties. These were dried and put into jars to save. On baking days when the aroma of yeast bread whetted our appetite, we would rush into the house to be given warm fresh baked bread and butter, maple syrup or honey and sweet milk.

Have you ever eaten Jerusalem artichokes? In every old homestead garden a corner was set aside for the plants. In the end of the plants grew a potato-like growth. We would pull them up, rush to the spring to wash them, peel them and eat the nutty like growth raw.

We gathered walnuts, hickory nuts, hazel nuts and black haws on the side of the mountain. Grandpappy always grew popcorn and peanuts. We had apples, peaches and pears from early June to late fall. There was always plenty of fresh fruit: strawberries, dewberries, blackberries. You name them we had them. Yes, and raspberries! In the late fall of the year, Grandpappy gathered pears, winesaps and arkansas black apples for us to wrap and store for the winter months.

In the summer peaches and apples were dried. Oh, how good were dried apple or peach pies. Have you ever eaten corn meal mush made in a black pot hung over the fire on a cold winter night? Plenty of sweet milk with this makes a delicious meal. Sweet potatoes were cooked on a hearth in a cooker with coals of fire beneath and over the cast iron cooker.

Grandpappy would show us how Civil War soldiers cooked and ate. He would make up meal and water, pat our pones of bread and drop them into clean hot ashes. When the bread was done the outside was peeled off and the insides of the pones put into sweet milk and eaten. He would then remind us that the soldiers rarely ever saw milk. They ate the bread with coffee. He would wrap an egg in brown paper, crack the top and insert a straw to prevent explosion, and cook in hot ashes, all the while entertaining us with satires of The Battle of Shiloh and other battles. He made them sound like fun and we listened eagerly.

Pvt. Benjamin Franklin Card was not wounded but Lt. Milton Card, his brother, was badly wounded. There were four Card brothers in the C.S.A. and Great Uncle Andy, the youngest son, was a Captain in the Union army. So divided were the loyalties in a family.

Capt. (Andrew) A.C. Card was captured and brought before a C.S.A. Major. He asked Capt. Card what A.C. stood for? Uncle Andy always was witty. He replied, "Ace, I used to think, but now I think I have played the deuce"!

Grandmother Mariah Holland attended Bellefonte Academy. She stayed with her grandfather Major Thomas Jackson Wilson, her mothers parent. Grandmother had a grand piano. Aunt Leana played it, Aunt Jennie the mandelin, Aunt York the guitar, Uncle Will, the silver handled four cord, French harp, and from the youngest to the oldest, sang "When You and I Were Young, Maggie", that was Mama's favorite, "Little Joe", "I stood on the Bridge at Midnight", "The Good Old Summertime". Sacred songs like "Amazing Grace, "Whiter than Snow" and others were also enjoyed by all of us.

Grandpappy built the first out door toilet I ever saw. Some called it, The Necessity, some the Privy.

He laid two large cedar logs for sleepers across the spring branch in the pasture then nailed rough sawed planks from front toward the seating area for the floor. It was a small house.

I asked Grandpappy if he were building us a bridge to stand on at midnight? The finished house had one small circle seat.

When spring came we had to eat the Jerusalem seed candy. The seed mixed with molasses candy was eaten for worms. We took sulfur and some things else, 1 teaspoon per day, for spring tonic. We also drank sassafrass tea as a blood purifier.

As we played along the fence row where the lovely mullein grew we would break down the blooming stalk and say "If he loves me it will grow again." It invariably did curve upward and continue to grow. Also the love vine, we would turn around and pitch it over our shoulder saying, "If he loves me, grow". It being a parasite grew anywhere it landed. So we found fun and made merry with nature and what we had.

When it came time for me to go to school Papa came for me. He had to prize my hands from Grandmother's apron. He carried me crying to the buggy. I stood on my knees and looked back at my Grandmother and Grandfather crying aloud in each other arms.

It was always a treat to go back on the weekends to visit them. Two very tender loving people who made an indelible impression on my life.

My Grandmother's Angel Food Cake

1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon almond flavoring
1 pinch of salt
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
11 whites of eggs

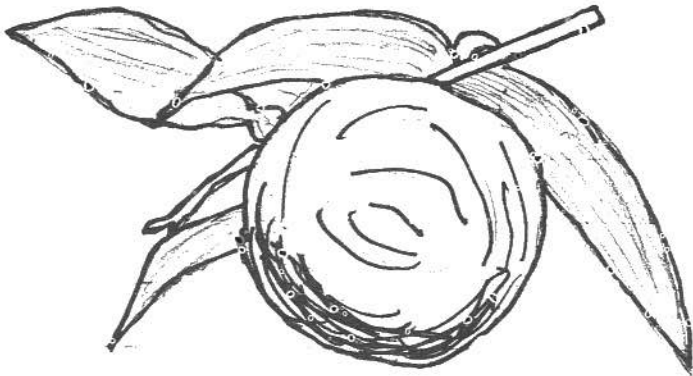
Beat egg whites stiff. Add salt. Beat in sugar and flavoring: fold in flour, pour in an ungreased tube cake pan. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees.

An Old Holland Recipe - Sour Milk Griddle Cakes

1½ cups flour
1 cup butter milk
1 tsp. baking soda
2 eggs
1 tbs. melted butter
½ tsp. salt
1 tbs. sugar

Sift flour, sugar and salt. Dissolve soda in milk, add flour mixture, drop in unbeaten eggs. Beat well. Drop by spoonfull on a hot greased griddle and brown on both sides.

Peach

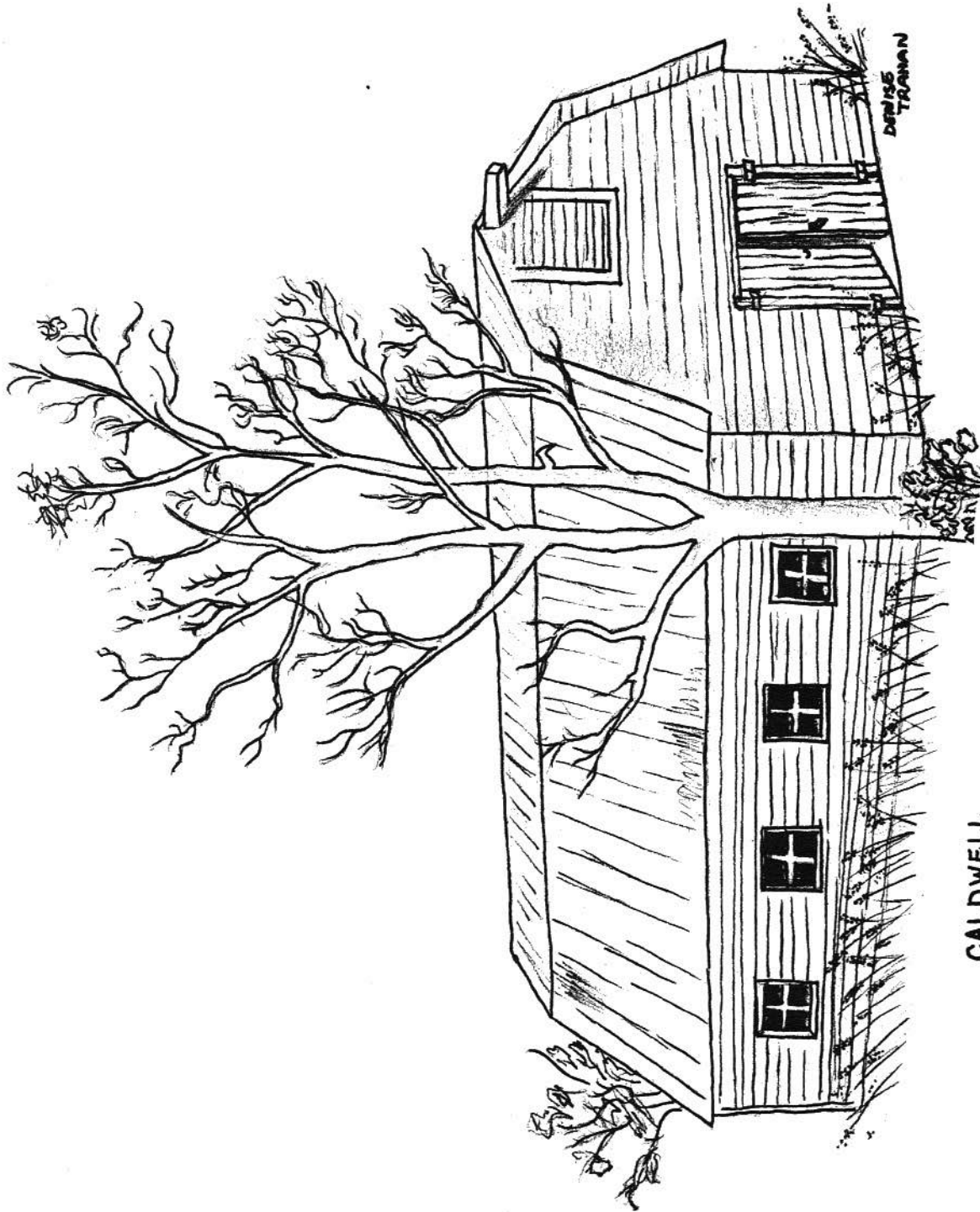


By Michelle
Bragg

Sage



Sanford Skelton



CALDWELL
BARN

MISS DAISY AND THE DAIRY

AND THE CALDWELL BARN

The Caldwell Barn stood on the homeplace of Miss Daisy Caldwell, and was built as a dairy barn by her father, King Caldwell. The skilled carpenter insisted that the barn be built well and so it was. Choice trees were cut from Caldwell timberland and hauled to the mill. The barn-loft pine flooring was built with finished, tongue and groove planks. The side walls were sealed with white popular. The loft was 36 feet by 54 feet. A hay track which carried the bales of hay to their storage place has been preserved. There was a silo on the premises where silage was stored. The cows also ate alfalfa hay and bought dairy feed.

After the death of Miss Daisy's father, she returned from a teaching position in south Alabama to manage the farm. She, with the help of her two younger brothers cared for the dairy. When only her youngest brother Albert, was left, two young high school brothers from Section, Latham and Rosco Ryan, came to live with them. She told how the boys would get up at 4:00 each morning. They milked the cows, fed the live-stock, strained and bottled the milk and loaded it onto the milk wagon. Returning home from delivering the milk, they dressed for school, ate breakfast and got to school on time. When Albert went to Auburn to study agriculture, the two Ryan boys and Miss Daisy ran the farm and dairy. Albert graduated from Auburn and went on to John Hopkins to study medicine. World War I was ending. Miss Daisy knew her brother would not come back to Scottsboro - she decided it was not profitable to keep the dairy operation so she closed the dairy and rented the farm. She closed the house in the early or mid twenties and went to work in North Carolina.

First, the barn was bought by Mr. Billy Jack Kirby and was torn away in March of 1972 to make room for the present Methodist church. It was not lost forever, however, because several local artists have preserved it. Mr. Kirby built a lake house with the loft area. He did not keep the loft popular ceiling, which was brittle, but he has rebuilt the second story in exactly the same structure. The tin roof is the same including the scissor trusts. The hay track was moved and restored. The lower parts were used to built several other out houses on Mr. Kirby's farm. In the process of taking down, Miss Daisy showed Mr. Kirby one long popular beam which was taken down and stored. This beam came from the first jail ever built in Jackson County.

From a tape of
Miss Daisy as told to
Sharon Childress



Students proud of publication



Miss Daisy Caldwell, pictured here with members of the first Mullein staff has always had education on her mind. After retiring from Home Management and Demonstration work in North Carolina, she returned to Scottsboro in 1952 to live at the old homeplace. Miss Daisy has been very interested in the Scottsboro Public Library. She and her family donated the land on which the library is built. She has also contributed funds to the library at several times.

This grand lady has touched many lives. She will always be a part of Scottsboro through her many contributions to its citizens.

Miss Daisy is also a real gardener. For years she has made a garden that was the envy of the neighborhood. The drawings of Downtown Scottsboro and Caldwell Mill picture Scottsboro as it was when Miss Daisy was a teenager. Today, nearing 97, she lives peaceably with her sister, Dorothy Huffman at the homeplace.

Those students who jointly produced the first Mullein pictured above from left are: Laurie Thomas, David Wheeler, Chris Arnold, Gerald McQueen, Susan Arnold, and Lee Ann Hinds shown with Miss Daisy Caldwell seated in the chair.

Mrs. Marth Caldwell, student sponsor, of Mullein at Scottsboro Junior High School is pictured with Miss Daisy Caldwell and Susan Arnold.

THE APPLE EATERS

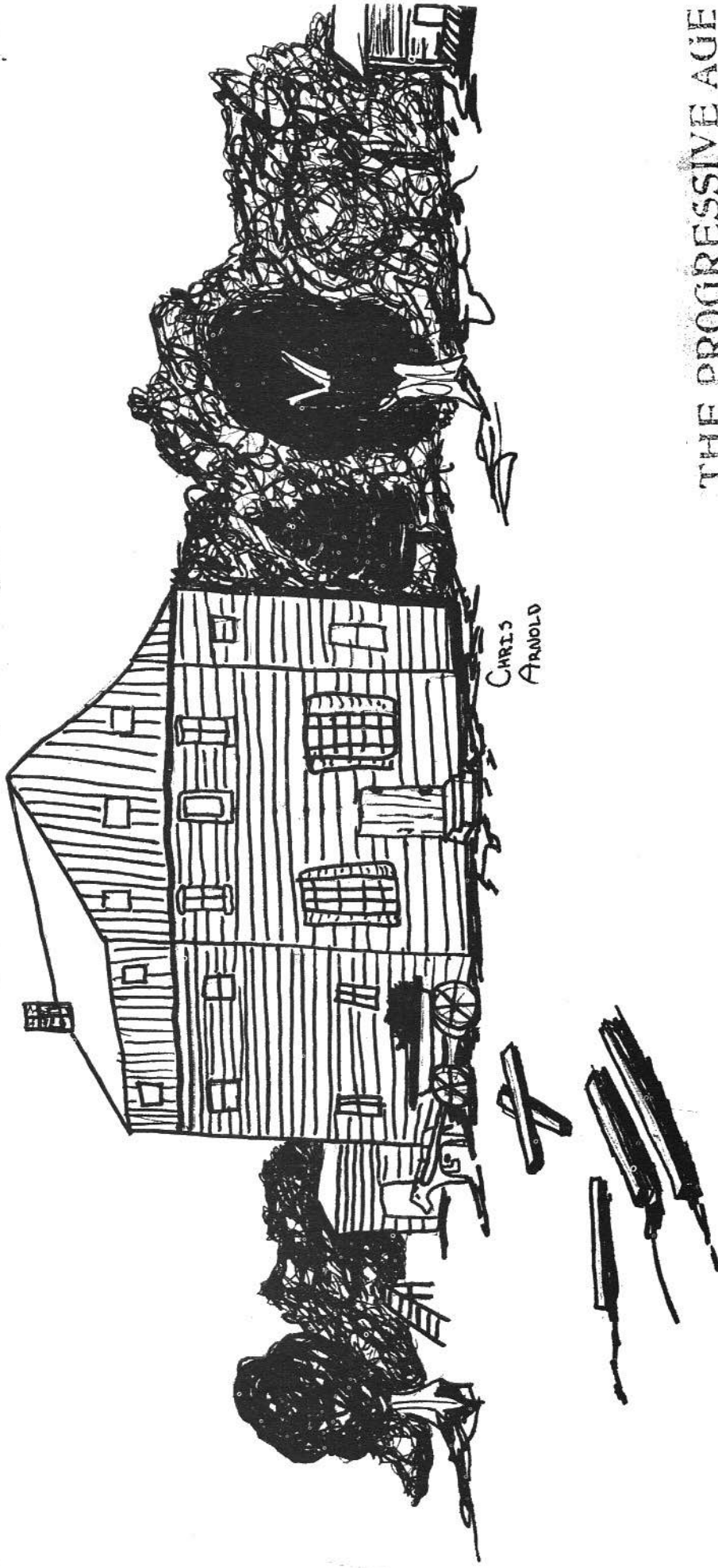
My mom and her younger brother were always eating granddad's green apples. Granddad kept telling them not to pull the green apples. They would get the stomach ache from eating green apples, he said. One day while granddad was plowing, Jay and mom climbed the apple tree.

Jay said, "Dad said don't eat the apples. We can hold them and eat around them." So that is what they did. When granddad saw what was going on, he had to admit it was clever. But they go a whipping any way.

by: Penny Doyle

JACKSON COUNTY MILLS,

E. H. CALDWELL, Manager.



THE PROGRESSIVE AGE

“PET” “PRIDE” and “SENTINEL.”

There was once a flour mill in Scottsboro located on the branch where Gist's Studio now stands.

The mill was built in the summer of 1898 by N. H. Snodgrass, who operated it a short while and then sold it to E. H. Caldwell. Mr. Caldwell added to and improved the mill in many ways and brought it up to a high standard of efficiency. The flour mill machinery was of a 40 barrel capacity daily.

The grain for these two machines was drawn from the surrounding county in quantities sufficient to keep the mill running the year round, and on double time in the fall at harvest time. The wheat grown was of a very superior quality, averaging 57 pounds to the bushel.

The building in which the Jackson County Mills was located was a substantial three story frame, covered with corrugated iron. The building and machinery represented an outlay of over \$7,000.00.

The entire output of this mill was disposed of in Jackson County and nearby counties. Flour, meal or bran was traded to farmers for their grain on such a liberal plan as to get their trade and good will at all times of the year.

Flour from the Jackson County Mills earned an enviable reputation among its customers, many of whom would use no other and would go many miles to obtain their favorite brand.

The mill gave steady employment to four men the year round, while during the busy harvest season the force was doubled and the mill operated night and day.

The output of the Jackson County Mills was based upon the popular brands of Pet, Pride, and Sentinel. These names were household words with many families in this and surrounding counties.

Many mills of every kind were established throughout the South at this time. The impact of such industries did much to bring out the undeveloped South. If anyone could tell us why the name of Pet, Pride and Sentinel were chosen for brand names, Mullein would like to know. This information came from an old Progressive Age. Mr. E. H. Caldwell was an uncle of Miss Daisy Caldwell whom Mullein interviewed about the Caldwell Red Barn.

MULLEIN DOLL LADY

Pictured here is the Mullein book's "Doll Lady", Mrs. Lethia Welch and her great grandson, Michael Arnold. This picture of her little house tucked away in the foothills of Larkinsville, shows the stone chimney which has an Indians name carved on the inside. She told the boys who built the chimney to leave the name on the outside of the chimney, but it did not fit, so today it is on the inside of the chimney and no one can see it. We only have "Little Mama's word for it".

This little lady lives a busy life, she works on dolls, makes quilts, spreads and other nice handmade stuff. She has two cows and one calf in the pasture around her house for company.

Some days after it rains, she goes out looking for fossils. Where her house stands, it must have been under water at one time. "Little Mama" has asked me to mow her lawn this summer. I will enjoy a day with her.

by: Mike Arnold



Note: Mr. Jim Moore, great grandfather of David Wheeler of Mullein staff, was one of the very first people to be interviewed by Mullein. To our sorrow, Mr. Moore died in Chattanooga on March 8, 1981. He was 93 at death. In the first Mullein, printed in 1980, Mr. Moore's story about his 20 years as a river boat pilot was printed.

In late October of 1980, a group of Mullein people went to his home in Scottsboro and made a movie of him. He told us many things about himself as a young man. We were especially interested in what he said about Jesse James. At first Mr. Moore's daughter, with whom he was living said that he may have been wrong about the James boys around Huntsville.

Since then, however, we have read from another source that the James boys were in the north and western areas of Alabama. So, we have decided that from Hobbs Island, Mr. Moore was probably remembering correctly what he told us.

Mr. Moore's River Excursion

(as told to David Wheeler)

Mr. Baugh and I started to Chattanooga and we picked up a boat but when we got down the river so far, the river got rough and we couldn't travel with that boat. We found a bigger one so we just left ours and took the other fellers where we could run and we went on through the rough water. We got down to a certain stage there, so we thought we would come back out in the town and get us a little something to eat. And we went out there but we couldn't get a coke cola or nothing to drink in that store there at Stevenson. No, it was Bridgeport is where it was, first place we stopped. We went back to the river and we couldn't drink that river water and we decided we'd slip out in the side of the town where we could find a well and draw us a drink.

Then we found a place there and we went there. Just as we got there, there was a big cat sitting there on the well bucket, just setting there, up on the stull of the well and that thing jumped on Jim and he stomped it and that thing hollowed so you could hear it a mile, and just fighting him like everything. We had to make that thing get down two or three times there and finally we got shed of it. We found a rock there, I cut down on it with a rock and he did too and we idelled it and it left us. Then we got away from it and we went on and on further. Well, we still couldn't find nothing to drink nor nothing to eat, and we just had one quarter when we left. One quarter was all we had but coke cola was cheap then and you could get them for a nickle a piece. Thats all they charged you. So we could get two coke colas and have money left.

So went on then and we run into Scottsboro there, thats the first place we could find a drink of any kind. They didn't have no coke colas there in Scottsboro, not a one. We looked in the Frigidaire when we went to Bill's one of them Baughs' house there and we get us something to eat.

When we got to Hobbs Island at Earl Beardens, well, we went to picking cotten there for him and we was supposed to get money. We picked 27 hundred

pounds and we didn't get nothing for it and we never got nothing to eat. They didn't have nothing but old burnt up syrup. These old reminin syrup and then burn up, you know-they was 7 or 8 years old. People just threw 'em away. Them Gun's had a place so we stayed there and I told Jim, I said, "Listen, I'm gonna slip down here to Earl Guns to the gravel plant and see if we can get a job."

He said, "All right".

Well, we found the gravel plant and he said, "I'll give you a job", but says, "now I'll tell ya, I want you fellers to understand now what I am a talking. Listen close, somebody has been in a habit of picking up the lantern and running off with it". They'd set the lantern out to given them light and somebody would slip up there and pick it up and throw it away so they could get in here as they please. He said, "Don't care who it is if it is me or anybody else, you stop 'em."

I said, "well now, I'll tell you, with no doubt, Mr. Gun, you are now talking to the right ones. Now if you come out or anybody else new, don't you ever come down here." I said, "You are like to get killed". Well, sure enough we were there three nights and here come Earl Gun down there. You know he had come to get some gas for his car. He slipped up there so easy to get the light so we wouldn't know it. He never more than went to touch that lantern and we had a pile of river rocks there, you know, so we cut down on him and broke that lantern all to pieces and oil burnt there on the ground.

He hollered , "This is Earl Gun". So we cut down that much more.

"Move out, ~~We~~ told You". He pulled away from there.

He went in and told Buck, "Don't you ever go down there to that place now. We got the right men there now. Why I went down there and they like to killed me if I hadn't go away".

We filled ole Earl up with rocks, we hit him with a rock, we busted him wide open. You could hear him hollering just as loud as he could. He hit that road a flying and left his car there. We kept it till the next morning for him.

"Why didn't you fellows stop?"

"We mean exactly what we said. We are working for you and we're doing just what you gave us orders to do. The next man that comes up here we'll kill em. He better not come, we'll give you fair warning, you better tell your other brothers not to come up." "But", I said, "these fellows thats gambling in here and slipping in here and gambling on the boat down there. (They had a boat that hauled gravels, and they would gamble all night there, to keep a light up in there, you know, destroy their stuff around there,) we put an end to it." "Dog, we had them too scared to do anything. And me and Jim would go in and sleep till 3:00 o'clock and jump up and build a fire in them boilers and things to build up steam and had everything fired up and the steam up to about 100 pounds. And nery a thing sliped off and we slept

in there every night. Didn't miss a night from that on. Slept all the time we was there.

Gun said, "I'll tell yeuens has been here. You cleaned this place up."

"Well, I told him, "if I hire to a man I do exactly what he says." I said, "And dog, I always keep the dippings of guns and ev erything else and when I tell him anything, he better heed to it. I'll kill him. I'll fire on em. I'll shott a shot and just maybe glance him." "But", I said, "the next one that comes out I'll kill him." Man, he got all scared, I just laughed about what Ole Earl Gun did after that. I sure learnt him a trick.

He sure laughed about that. "Well, you told us if any of us ever come, don't let nobody in here." Says, "I want youens to keep all of em out of here." Says, "youens is the boss of it of a night. And I mean I want you to keep them out."

"All right," I says, "we'll shore keep em out. Don't you believe it?"

It wasn't no time till we had the place cleaned out. So, I walked up there to Earl Gun's daddy there. He run a store and he say, "You shore did learn them boys something."

I said, "Why is that?"

"Why", he says, "they're scared of their shadows. They're afraid to move. I laughed and told em, I been telling youens you'd be learnt some sense sometimes. Just letting anybody do as they please with your things and youens going doing nothing and mixing up with them and gambling too."

So I guess we stopped the gambling there on the boat. And the old man Gun was mighty proud too.

(Borned March 10, 1888
Died March 8, 1981)



JESSIE JAMES

by Mr. Moore

When my father, Bose Moore was in the Civil War, I was old enough to remember Jessie James, Frank James and their father being in there robbing everybody. Well, one time Jessie James was there a talking, you know, and a fellow come along there saying, what's you name, what's you name"? I was up big enough to listen, you know, and one man said, "This is Jessie Jamie". The fellow then throwed him the money down there and he had, I think, eight hundred dollars there in a sack. If he hadn't been afraid of a name, he would have got by with it. Jessie James was just standing there talking to another fellow and the man was done passed by. But he happened to hear him say Jessie James and he said, "Oh, here you take this" and he threw him the sachel and then went on. Jessie James was all over in here. That's where he located in all these places. He went up on those mountains and could see for miles around. He learnt all those places. So one woman there, they went to her house. They had to have something to eat. Well, this woman just had a little food there, you know, and they went in they said, "What about something to eat?" And she commenced to crying, and they said, "you need not cry".

And she said, "why, I ain't got but a little. I'll stave to death if I cook all the food up now, that's the only chance I got to live."

So they said, "Don't worry lady, we'll help you get plenty". Well, when she cooked that up she was still crying. So Jessie James said, "You got any notes out on your place here?"

The woman said, "Yes, that's what a worrying me, I won't be able to pay it out and he'll take my place and I don't know what I'll do." So James says, "You don't worry about it". So they says, "What's this fellows name?" And she told them and showed them the notice. Jessie said, "I'll give you plenty of money here, we are going to make our lodging here and you need not worry about nothing. We'll give you plenty." Well when they started off she didn't much believe them, you know, she started crying. And Jessie said, "Don't you cry and don't you open that pocket-book and be sure to keep it hid, so nobody won't see it. You keep everything right there and don't open that pocketbook." So when she did open it they had given her several thousand dollars.

"We'll be back to see you and if you need more we have plenty."

Well, they slept up in the loft. They said they didn't want to sleep down there where anybody could see them. And thats the way Jessie James done. He went about helping the poor.

Mr. Moore: Reminiscing a Day in School

We had a one room school back then. The building was rented and we had all the grades in one room. Well, one year they were going to have a spelling bee. So the teacher said we would have to say the word and then spell it. So the teacher said the word is grasshopper. So a little girl raised her hand. And the teacher said, "What do you want, sister?"

And the girl said. "I can spell that."

And the teacher said, "you can, then come up here."

That little girl come up there and the teacher said, "Get up on the table". They set a table up there for her to get on so she would be up high. The teacher said, "Alright, let's hear you spell it."

The little girl commenced a spelling grasshopper, and then said the word again. The teacher turned around and said to those scholars "youens let a little girl like that come up and beat you a spelling." He said, "That beats me, why I'd be ashamed of myself. Don't youens let it happen no more. You better get that spelling so I'm going to give youens your lessons small enough so that I know youens can get it and give you time enough, and if youens don't get it then I'll give your lessons over. Then I'll let you do it three times. If you don't get it then you'll be tore up." And, boy, she whopped the fire out of about six there. They used a big hickory to whop them with. She had three of them in her office in the corner about 3 foot long. She shore busted the hide on them, believe me. One old boy there cussed her and old Alley Hudson busted that hide.

Most of the time the children didn't go to school because of work. They had to work most of the time. All those kids that were put out on the farm to make crops, they couldn't go to school because they had to work the land. They had to make a living. Why, it was pert near starvation times but everything was cheap. People didn't pay much money when they hired you, about 8 and 9 dollars a month. That is all they would pay you for a months work. But they would board you. They would give you your bread and your nights lodging. They kept the hands they had, you know. But back then the best cloth was just eight to ten cents a yard. Everything was cheap, corn was thirty cents a bushel. Gasoline was fifteen cents a gallon.

All the young boys that were not needed at home hired out to a family with a big farm. Mostly the girls in a poor family worked the crops and let some of the boys when they became grown hire out.

NOTE: Nestled in the hollow of July mountain this old house has been a home to several families. It now belongs to Sharon Keller's grandfather. Keller, Sharon, and Vanda Willmon made the pictures and wrote the story.

The Keller House

The house belongs to Julius Keller. It is located in the Long Hollow area about three fourths of a mile off the road at the foot of July Mountain.

The old house was once a one room log cabin with stairs going to the loft. There is a window with a wooden shutter by the chimney. Someone that has lived there nailed a ladder to the side of the house and to the window. That one room of the house is about 125 years old or older. It is made of cedar logs. The fireplace is huge, so it must have been used for cooking by the person that built the log cabin.

Mr. Keller bought the house almost 50 years ago. By that time, other rooms had been added to the log cabin and it was covered with weather board. He lined the fireplace with rocks on each side to make it smaller. There wasn't any electricity in the house when they moved there. They used oil lamps for light and kept their milk cold by putting in the spring. When it came time to do the family wash, they carried the clothes to the spring. After the house was wired for electricity, they fixed a place at the spring for a washing machine. Everyone that has ever lived there has carried their water from the spring up the hill to the house. The spring never goes dry, even in the driest weather.

The old wagon is over 50 years old. It took two horses or mules to pull it. It was used by the family for transportation. It was used in the fall to take bails of cotton to the cotton gin. It was used to haul corn from the fields to the barn. It hasn't been used for many years.

About 15 years ago, the family that lived there had 6 children. One day, some of the children were playing around the spring when one of the little girls looked down at the ground. She was standing with a coiled copperhead snake between her feet. Some of the other children called to their father to bring a rifle. He shot the head of the snake and it between her feet.

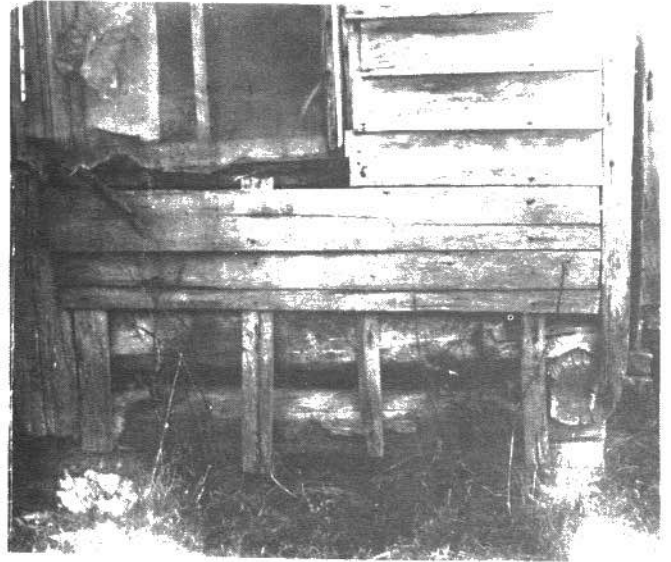
Several different families have lived there in the past. Some of the people that spent their childhood years living in the old house, playing around the spring, and on the side of the mountain, like to go back to visit the old place.

The old house has not been lived in for 8 or 10 years.

PICTURES OF THE OLD HOUSE



This is the old house with July Mountain in the background.



At the bottom of this picture you can see the logs where the weather board has been pulled away.



Here you can see the logs under the window by the chimney. The shutter in the window will swing in and out. Also, notice what is left of the ladder under the window.



The old wagon is over 50 years old

BY: SHARON KELLER
VOLDY WILKON

Three Pages of Early Settler Recipes (by Sharon Keller)

In the days of the early settlers, they had no fine white sugar and no glass jars for canning. Instead they used stone jars and made up barrels of sorghum molasses to use as the "sweetening" for the wild fruits which grew near their log cabin home. Blackberries were washed and boiled down to a thick jam using one-half berries and one-half sorghum. Wild plums ripened next. Sometimes these were seeded, sometimes not. No water was added. They were put in enough sorghum to cover, stirred often, and cooked down to a thick butter. Sometimes a few spices were added. When early wild grapes ripened in the fall, they were gathered and washed, then put in a big stone jar in layers with just enough sorghum to come in contact with all the grapes. After being stored in a dark, cool place for a few weeks, the grapes were eaten as a preserve, or were used to make pies.

Dried Beef Comanche Indian Method

When you kill a beef, leave some for drying. Cut meat in long, thin strips, and hang it up on a pole to dry. Then pound the meat almost but not quite, into a powder. Children like to chew these strips.

Leather Britches

This holdover from pioneer days is also known as "shucky bean."

Wash and dip green beans in boiling hot water. With a needle and waxed thread, string beans as close together as possible and let hang inside the house until beans are dry. If stored in clean bags, beans will keep several months.

To cook, soak over night in soft water. Discard water and place in boiling salted water with bacon. Cook until tender.

FEET DRIVEN MODEL T

When grandfather was about sixteen, he was driving his new model "T" down the road. Everything was fine except he was driving with his feet. Two police caught him. They knew him and his father so they brought him home.

The police said to his father, "Doc, if we catch him driving with his feet again we are going to put him in jail".

Doc said, "don't worry, you won't". After the police left, Doc took him into the house and wore his pants out. Grandfather never drove with his feet again.

by: Laurie Thomas

Lady Cake

One of our oldest Southern cakes, this recipe is about 160 years old. It can be used with confidence.

4 egg whites	2 cups flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda	1 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup butter	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
nearly 1 cup of milk	peach or almond flavoring

Let the egg whites warm to room temperature before using. Sift flour, measure, add soda and cream of tartar, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar, and cream until well blended. Add flour alternately with the milk. Add flavoring and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 3 greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake at 325 F for 15 minutes, then increase heat to 350 F and bake 10 or 15 minutes longer.

Stack Cake

In pioneer days before sugar was plentiful, stack cake was made with molasses as the sweetening agent. Guests came to the big wedding dinner with a thin layer for the bride's cake. Every bride took pride in the height of her stack cake.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening	1 cup sugar
1 cup molasses	3 eggs
1 cup milk	4 cups flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda	1 teaspoon salt
3 cups thick applesauce	

Cream shortening, then add sugar. Add molasses, mix well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add milk alternately with the dry ingredients. Beat until smooth. Place mixture about $\frac{3}{8}$ inch deep in six 9-inch greased, floured pans. Bake at 375 F for 18 to 20 minutes.

When cool, stack up layers, using applesauce generously between layers.

Old Recipes

These recipes are taken from an old cookbook. Most of the recipes have a brief story with them.

Walnut Icing

The black walnuts should be hulled when the shells begin to turn dark in spots. After being hulled the walnuts should be dried well and stored. In 3 weeks they should be shelled.

1 cup sugar	1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 cups walnuts (ground up)
1/2 teaspoon Black walnut flavoring	

Cook sugar, milk and salt to soft ball stage. Remove from heat, add walnuts and flavoring. Mix well. Frost cake.

Hickory Nut Cake

1/2 cup butter or margarine	1 1/4 cups sugar
2 eggs, separated	2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups sifted cake flour	3 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt	3/4 cup milk

The large scaly black hickory nut is the best for good nut meat. The hulled nut should be cracked in 2-3 weeks.

Cream butter or margarine. Slowly beat in sugar and cream well. Add beaten egg yolks and whites. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into two greased 8-inch cake pans. Bake at 375 degree F for 25 minutes. Top with caramel icing.

Caramel Icing (with Nuts)

2 cups sugar	1 cup milk
3 tablespoon butter	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup hickory nuts	

Dissolve sugar in milk and cook to desired consistency. Do not stir while cooking. Add butter or margarine and let cool without stirring. Add vanilla and hickory nuts and stir. Spread on cake.

NOTE: This story was brought to Mullein by Richard Ivey and is printed just as it was told to him by his Grandmother, Mrs. Marie Nall. This heart-warming account of yesterday's schools reveals the high regard the students had for those dedicated teachers and the loyalty they felt for the school

My Grandmother's Early Schooling Down South

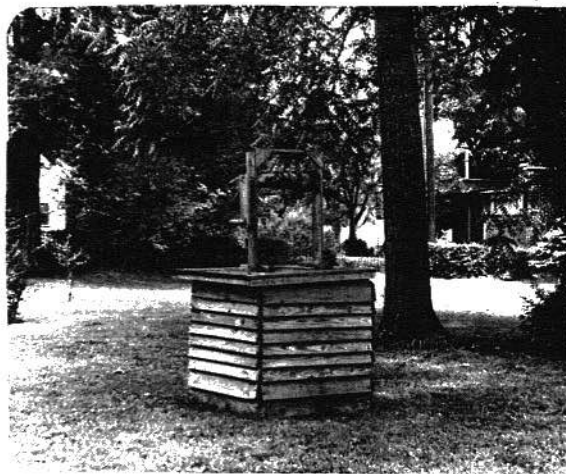
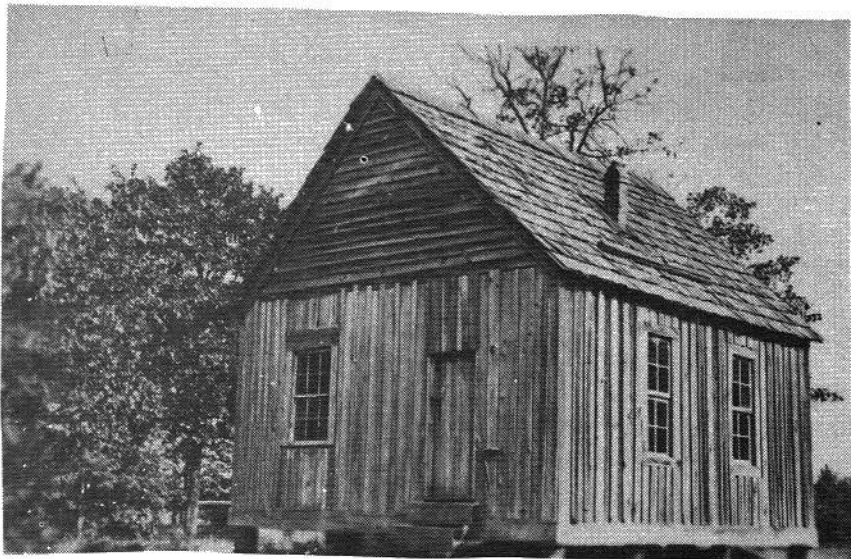
The schools in the 20's and 30's are some of my fondest memories. All of us shared what we had; we divided our paper, our lunches and books. The teachers were dedicated and loved to teach and made very little money, but the days we went to school and the long walks home, breaking the ice in the mud puddles, small fights on the way home, admiring glances at your best boy friend, and then getting home to help do all the chores is memories that youth of today will never have.

Each little community had a small school, mostly one room and was taught by one teacher. All the students walked to school; some as far away as five or six miles. The teachers were not highly college trained. Most times the communities just heard of one and contacted her or him and they came and stayed with different people in the community. It was a real bragging situation if the teacher stayed at your house. Some families happened to have a spare room and enough food that the teacher did not have to move from place to place. They were very poorly paid often five dollars to ten dollars a month. All the children brought sack lunches, mostly cured meats and biscuits, sweet potatoes, syrup cake and etc. We never had anything to drink except water, and outdoor restrooms. We cleaned the rooms, and the school grounds ourselves. The floors were oiled instead of painted. We had a well for water, once ever so often the county health officer came to school and examined everyone, gave shots, checked the children for head lice, which was common then, and also for "itch" and for other things which he found. Punishment and discipline were very strick then. If one of us got into anything, we were punish before the whole room, and then when we got home the punishment was worse. Sometimes we could keep our parents from knowing this.

Most of the grades were the same as now, but when there was a one room school, it was hard on the child and the teacher, for manybe she had two first graders, none in the third and fourth, etc. No one got much learning. It was mostly reading, arithmetic, geography, and history. We had basketball for recreation, gave box suppers, small school plays, and most of us studied out of the same book as our parents were not able to furnish books for all of us. One pencil and tablet had to last us a long time. The books were simple. There were just paper report cards until the 20's, signed by your teacher then late in the 20's schools begin to grow, have more room, but still wood heaters and more teachers, better trained, and then the buses came.

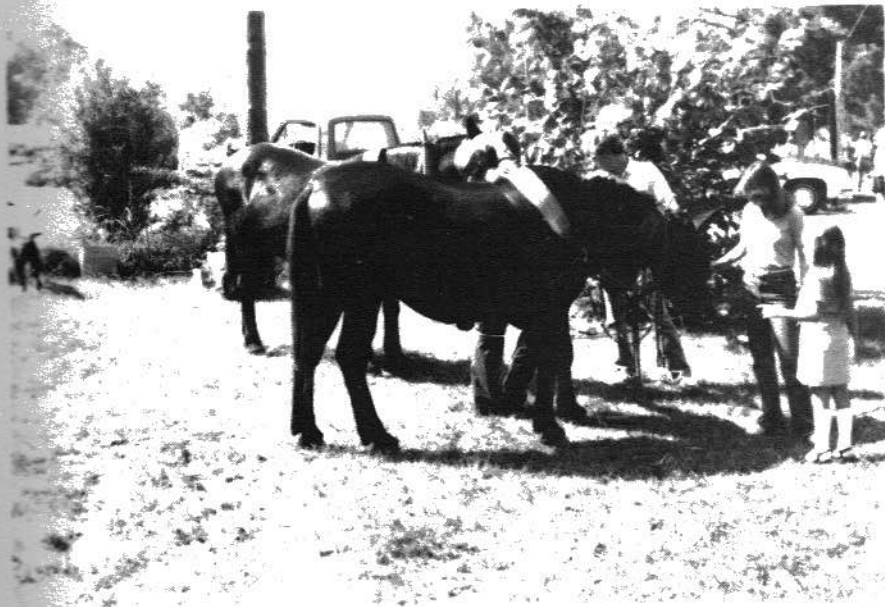
Each grade put in a separate room, discipline changed, lunches changed, more subjects to choose from, typing, music, language, dancing, and ultimately our graduation. But all in all, the most beautiful days are those of the little one room school, where there was love, companionship with each other, sharing our

lunches, fussing to see who got to dust erasers for our teacher today, and those walks home with the romps with all the kids. All of us were one. I wonder if when you are grown, Richard, if you can look back and those days will mean the same? I know each of us have our own memories, but closeness in school and family was dear in those days, if learning was meager. A few of those old schools are still standing, much loved by all who came through the doors. I wonder were all those dedicated teachers are today? Some have gone to their reward, others old, but still loved by all of us.

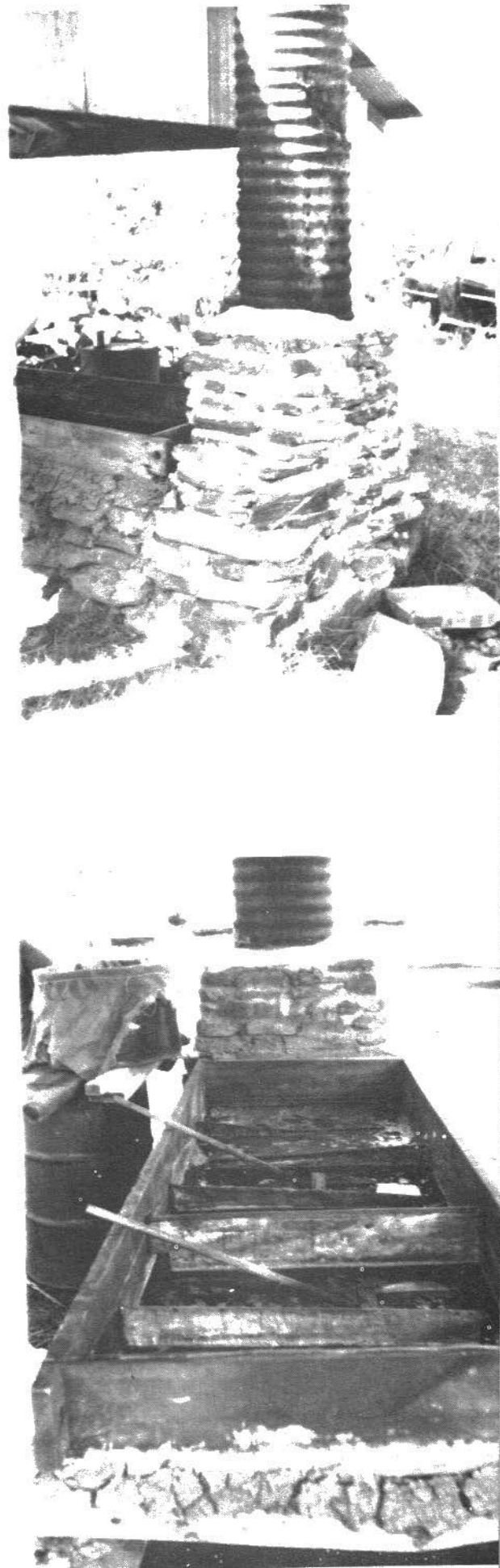


Old School water well.





Syrup making is
big business in
Jackson County.



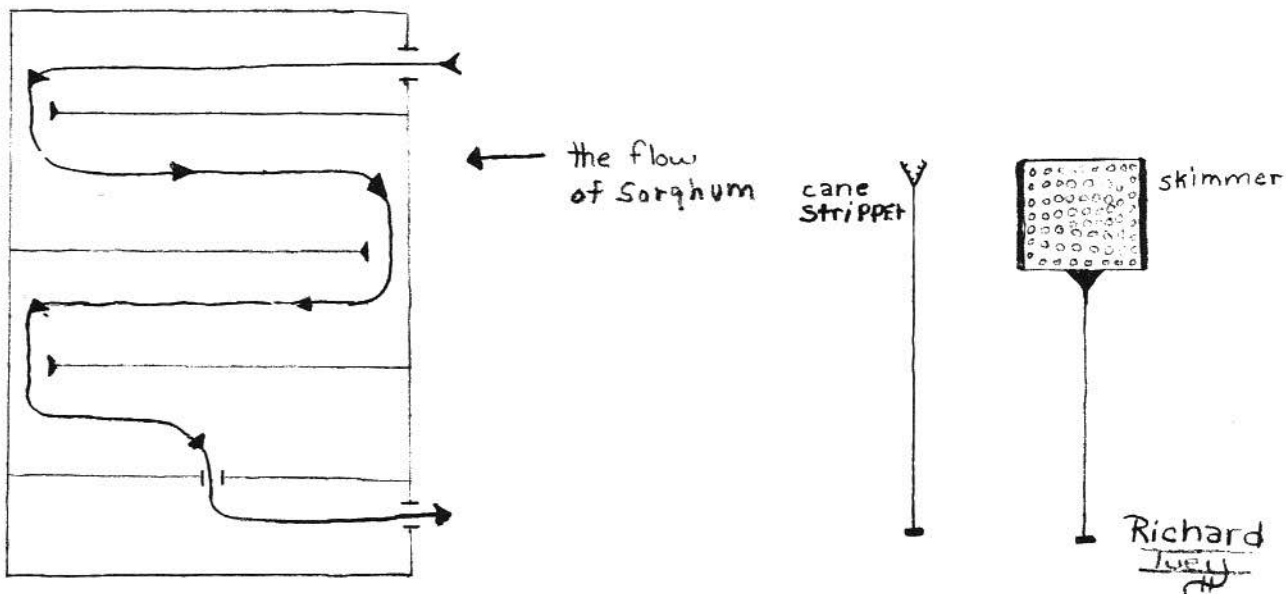
Sorghum Making

Not too many years ago, sorghum making syrup was highly prized as a sugar as many of us did not have sugar or the money to buy it. Now the mills have changed from mule drawn hand fed mill to gasoline engines and etc. But years ago the cane was crushed by rollers pulled by horses or mules. A man sat near the rollers and fed the stalks into the mill by hand. The rollers crushed the juice from the cane. Only a few people in the community owned mills and he ground the cane for all his neighbors, and they paid him in syrup which he used for his own use, or traded it for other foods he could manage to trade for. Those who helped the farmer harvest his cane were also paid in syrup. Most small community mills turned out 45 to 50 gals a day. About April the ground is ready for planting the cane. And the seed which was saved from the year before is planted about the middle of May. All through the summer the cane is cultivated and it grows until it is ready for harvest in late September or October. At harvest time, the owner's family goes through the fields stripping the leaves from the stalk with cane strippers and cutting off the heads of the stalk. Sometimes the leaves are saved and mixed with corn stalks and used as cow feed. The farmer saves the best red seed tops for his next year seed and sorghum crop.

This job done, the farmer goes through the field and cuts the stripped stalks off the base using a sharp hoe, or mowing blade and stacks them in piles to be picked up immediately by horse and wagon. This cane is rarely left long as it dries out easily, therefore the stalks are taken to the mill as soon as possible.

The horse is usually hitched to the mill about 5 o'clock in the morning. The stalks are pushed into the grinder or cane mill as the horse or mule pulls the mill around and that turns the rollers and the cane is pushed through and the juice flows out and is drained into barrels. The bright green juice flows out of the grinder into a trough and down to the burlap covered barrel. It is then taken to a boiler where it is poured through several layers of cheesecloth into a boiler. The boiler is filled to within two inches of the top for each batch of syrup. No more juice is added until that batch is completely cooked down and poured into storage containers. When the juice begins to boil, a dark foam forms on the top. A hand made tool called a "skimmer" is then used. The skimmer is about a 8 inch piece of square metal attached to a broom handle. It has small holes in it so juice will drain through and leaving only the foam on the skimmer. The skimmings are discarded, mostly buried. (Lots of times dogs and other animals feed off the skimmings, and lots of times these skimmings were used for the farmer and his neighbors supply of moonshine for the winter). The juice has to boil for 3 to 4 hours. It is kept to a rolling boil by controlling the heat under the syrup pan. This pan holds about 80 gals and from the 80 gals of juice you get 8 to 10 gals of syrup. The juice turns from a bright green to a caramel color as it cooks and thickens. When the syrup has cooled long enough, the boiler is lifted off the roaring fire logs and lifted up and the syrup is scraped to one end of the pan with a wooden homemade laddle. It is then dipped out of the pan and once again poured through a cheesecloth and into a large container and into smaller ones for storage.

Some cookers are slightly different. The evaporators are made into sections and tilted slightly with the exit and about 3/8 inch higher than the entrance end. This pan has gates or bars that allows the syrup to pour from one compartment to another. The arrows show the flow of the syrup and how the syrup is slowly forced to the high end of the pan by the pressure of the oncoming syrup and heat.



The cane juice is heated to a boiling point in the first two compartments. In the third compartment, the impurities left in the juice are found to be on the surface when they are skimmed off by a man with a skimmer. In the fourth compartment the juice is boiled to the proper thickness for syrup. A cut off gate at the entrance allows the operator to admit the juice at a controlled rate. The syrup is ready to be drawn off vat 4 when the bubbles rise from the bottom are about two inches in diameter, and burst in the middle. Then pan 4 is drained off into jugs and more juice flows in to go through the same process.

This process no ways compares to the modern way. It is the real syrup making of our grandmothers' and grandfathers' day. There are few mills like this now. My grandmother and grandfather have one on their farm in south Alabama.

The process for making sugar cane is nearly the same only you do not save seed as from sorghum. You save the whole cane stalk. You dig it up before frost damages it, bury all your stalks in a seed cane bank, cover it with about 4-6 inches dirt, and leave covered until planting time next year, laying stalks end to end down your cane row. Then cover 6-8 inches deep if planted in March to prevent frost if it comes up early.

Marie Nall's Wild Meat Recipes

Quail in the Ashes

- 3 Quail
- 2 cups cooked wild rice
- 8 thin slices fat salt pork and bacon

Rinse and dry the quail. Fill cavities with wild rice and close with small skewers. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap each in the slice of pork, then wrap securely in aluminum foil. Bury packets in hot charcoal ashes in a barbeque pit, fireplace or outdoor campfire. Let roast 30 minutes, then check for tenderness. Be sure to keep birds covered with hot ashes throughout cooking. Serves 4.

Granny Nall's White Squirrel Gravy

- 4 grown or old squirrels
- Plenty water to cover squirrels in heavy pot
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 stick margarine

Cut up squirrel in 4 pieces. Add to water, covering well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Boil slowly until squirrels begin to tender. Remove all pieces of squirrel from squirrel stock. Roll each piece heavily in flour, gently drop back into boiling stock. Add the margarine and cook slowly until squirrel is real tender and stock is thickened to gravy. Serve over hot biscuits.

Raccoon

The best way to cook a coon after cleaning is to have the coon whole after gutting and leave it soak all night in cold salt water. Parboil the coon for a little while and then take out and fill the cavity with sweet potatoes (baked). Then bake until it is brown and tender.

Venison Marinade

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 3 cups vinegar | 1½ teaspoon dried sage |
| 1½ teaspoon thyme | 3 teaspoon dried mint or |
| 6 tablespoon minced onions | 3 tablespoon chopped fresh mint |
| 6 cups olive or vegetable oil | |

Soak the herbs and onions in the vinegar overnight. Combine the mixture with the oil and pour over venison turning to coat all sides. Cover and let marinate overnight or longer, depending on toughness and age of meat. Makes 9 cups. Remove when ready to use and cook as desired.

Marie Nall's Desserts

Sweet Potato Pudding

1 tablespoon flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	3 eggs
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon grated orange peel
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mashed cooked potatoes	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons butter	whipped cream

Mix first 3 ingredients and spices in a bowl. Beat in eggs. Stir in orange peel and potatoes, then add remaining ingredients except whipped cream. Mix well and pour into buttered $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour and 15 minutes at 325 degrees. Serve warm with whipped cream.

Indian Pudding

3 cups milk	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup yellow corn meal
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon	

Heat oven to 300 degrees. In large, heavy saucepan, heat milk until bubbles appear around edge of pan. Stir cornmeal and molasses slowly into milk. Cook about 10 minutes or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, mix in sugar, salt, ginger and cinnamon.

Pour mixture into buttered 1 quart casserole. Bake 1 hour. Spoon into serving dishes. Top with whipped cream if desired.

Alabama Pie

4 eggs	1 cup sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoon flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
1 cup raisins	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar for merangue	

In a heavy saucepan, cream the sugar, flour and salt together with the soft butter. Beat the egg yolks and add to first mixture. Blend in the milk and raisins and cook over low heat until thick. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Cool to room temperature, pour into baked pie shell and top with merangue.

Make merangue by beating the 4 eggs whites until soft peaks form, then beating in additional $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Pour over pie and brown.

Old Fashioned Sorghum Cookies

2/3 cup shortening	1 cup sorghum
1 cup sugar	3 eggs well beaten
1/4 cup hot water	5 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt	3 teaspoon soda

Cream shortening, sorghum, and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Combine dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture along with hot water. Add more flour if needed to make a sticky cooking dough.

Drop by teaspoonsful on ungreased baking sheet one inch or more apart. Bake in moderate (350) oven for 10 minutes. Makes about 100 cookies.

Old Fashioned Sorghum Icing for Cookies

1/4 cup melted butter	2 tablespoon milk
2 cups sifted confection sugar	1 teaspoon, vanilla
2 tablespoon sorghum	

Combine butter and sorghum, blend well, add half the sugar, stir well. Add milk, vanilla and remaining sugar. Beat until smooth. Spread on cookies.

Bird Nest Pudding

Add to two cups sour milk one teaspoon soda and one of salt, 1/2 cup butter or lard, flour enough to make a dough thick enough to roll out as a crust. Roll dough, cut in squares about 4 inches square, put about 2 heaping tablesppons of cooked and seasoned apples in middle of square, fold each corner and place in pan, until your baking pan is closely filled with small squares. Bake in moderate oven (350) about 30 minutes. Serve bird nest dumpling in small serving dishes topped with chopped pecans or whipped cream.

Corn Cob Syrup

Boil thoroughly 15 red clean corn cobs covered in water for about two hours or until you have about one pint of liquid. Strain. Add two pounds of brown sugar. Boil until the desired thickness is obtained.

Fried Cucumbers

Peel off the skin and slice length wise and put in cold water, for about 1/2 hour. Wipe dry, dip in beaten egg, then meal, seasoned pretty highly with pepper and salt. Fry in hot lard, drain and eat hot. You may like to squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on each slice.

Rum Pound Cake - A Christmas Delight

1 cup fine chopped pecans	½ cup cold water
1 pkg, yellow cake mix	½ cup cooking oil
4 eggs	½ cup rum

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease 10" tube pan or 12 cup Brendt pan. Sprinkle nuts over bottom of pan. Mix all cake ingredients and pour batter over nuts. Bake 1 hour. Cool. Invert on cake platter. Prick top and drizzle glaze over top and sides. Allow all glaze to absorb. Use all glaze.

Glaze for Rum Cake

1/8 lb. butter	¼ cup rum
1/2 cup sugar	1/8 cup water

Melt butter, stir in water and sugar. Boil about 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in rum.

Yeast Biscuits

3 tablespoons Crisco oil
2 cups self-rising flour
1 cup water
1 pkg. Fleishman yeast

Measure flour into bowl. Add yeast to cup of warm water. Let set about 3-5 minutes to begin to activate. Add yeast mixture and 3 full tablespoons crisco oil to flour and work in a soft dough. Add only enough extra flour to roll out biscuits. Let stand about 10 minutes after rolling into biscuits. Bake at 350 degrees until brown. Make 12 small biscuits.

Watermelon Pickles

4 pounds watermelon rind	2 quarts cold water
1 tablespoon slaked lime	2 tablespoon whole allspice
1 quart cider vinegar	4 pounds sugar
10 2-inch pieces stick cinnamon	

Remove all pink pulp from rind. Peel outside peeling from the rind. Weigh. Cut in 1-inch circles or cubes. Combine cold water and lime. Pour over rind. Let stand one hour. Drain. Cover with fresh cold water. Simmer 1½ hours or until tender. Drain. Tie spices in a cheesecloth combine vinegar 1 quart water and sugar. Heat until sugar dissolves. Add spice bag and rind; simmer gently 2 hours. Pack rind in clean hot sterile jars. Fill jars with boiling hot syrup. Seal.

Makes about 12½ pints.

Green Pea Hull Jelly

Save about as many pea hulls to make 3 handful of hulls and boil in clear water for about 15 minutes, stirring occassionly. Strain.

3 cups strain pea hull juice
1 box Sure Jell
4 cups sugar
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice

Add all ingredients. Bring to a boil and boil rapidly for 4 minutes. Pour into jars. Cover with parafin or seal. Let cool and store.

Purslane (Pussley, pigweed)

The weed or vine is very common in all gardens and cultivated fields. It grows in a small bush like vine with radiating stems, with small green leaves and has small yellow flowers that bloom only when the sun is shining. Purslane is very rich in Vitamin C and the whole stems and leaves can be eaten, but the young tender ones are the best. The young growth can be added to soup if you do not have okra or other vegetables to add. It has a distinctive turnip or broccalli taste.

Pussley Casserole

Gather young tender leaves and sprouts. Wash good, cook, drain and chop medium fine. Have about 2 cups after cooked. Boil 4 eggs, chop or slice. Crush about ½ lbs. crackers. 1 can condensed mushroom soup. Mix and season to taste. Bake about 20 minutes, top with grated cheese if desired. No one will ever know this is a garden weed if you do not tell them. I've had people eat three servings thinking they were eating expensive broccali or asparagus.

Quince Honey

1 quart (2 pounds) sugar
1 pint water
3 quinces

Grate quinces. Boil sugar and water and add grated quinces and let boil 20 minutes. Seal in jars. (Pear honey is made the same way).

Schools of the past have left lingering memories of hard but happy times in the minds of the people interviewed. One great difference is the absence of physical conveniences. Another difference is the concept of learning. Students were not compelled to attend schools until some-time in the early 1900s.

Those who did stay in school despite bad weather and inconveniences did so because they wanted an education.

Dedicated teachers worked to educate the youth. Teachers were underpaid. As a rule their life was a good example of character building. They received the esteem and respect of the whole community.

School functions were the main form of entertainment. School plays, box suppers, and musical events like the old time, Fiddlers Conventions were also the chief ways to raise money. Today many of these old events are being revived.

Living in the Olden Days

In the olden days people went to school and they carried their lunches in lunch pailies. They carried corn bread, butter, biscuits and sausages and home made syrup, cakes and tea cakes, boiled eggs and baked potatoes. They walked to school or rode a mule or horse. Girls had three dresses, one Sunday dress and two every day dresses they wore to school. They had a one room schoolhouse and one teacher. They divided groups up - 1st to 5th and 6th to 12th grade. The teacher had the groups studying different things. The older students helped the younger ones.

The school house was also the church house, all in one. They all went to church in a wagon and they got home about 1 or 2 o'clock during revival meeting times.

Living in the old days was very different from now. All we have to do is to put the clothes in the washer and then in the dryer. But people used to wash once a week on a wash board and carry water from a spring and heat it in a pot. Then they would boil their clothes, then hang them on the line to dry. Then they would carry them in and iron them because they were very wrinkled after rubbing them on a rub board. The irons were heated on the stove or at the fireplace. If the heavy iron became soiled, it could be cleaned by rubbing it across a green cedar bough. The women ironed in early summer mornings to keep cool.

Cooking in the olden days was very different from now. Now we turn on the stove, but they use to have to get wood to build a fire. Then they would have to wait till the fire got hot and then put the food on. They would cook beans all day and they were very good. They raised all the meat and eggs they had to eat. When they wanted milk they would not go to the refrigerator and get it, they would go to the spring where they were kept cool.

by: Paul Angles

A TEACHER FROM THE FIFTIES

(From the teaching memories of Angie Hargrave's Grandmother.)

Twenty-one years ago when I started teaching school the faculties were not too different from what they are today, except all class rooms were self contained.

The children, however, are another story. Television was not as universal and the programs were far different. This accounts for extra knowledge and extra problems too. Parents held a different attitude toward discipline and toward the schools. Life in the classroom was more the basics of education and morals.

Many country schools had more rustic facilities. Some even had coal stoves and few had air conditioning. Most rural schools had a split term, six weeks in the summer, six weeks out to allow the farm children to pick cotton. And about the last of October the school term would start anew.

School teachers were much the same as today. The profession has always bred a few master teachers, most every teacher a good teacher, but few who should have never entered the professions. Their service was usually short because as today, dedication is happiness for a teacher.

When I was a child in school there were buses for the children who lived a long ways from school. By the time I started teaching a policy had been made that all children rode the bus for safety.

Long after I started teaching the schools were segregated. We had a few black children in the early sixties and our first black staff member in 1963. She was a special teacher because it took a while to get the parents reconciled to a new way of life.

LADY HUNTER

Once there was a woman who liked to go hunting. She liked it better than anything. One day she decided to go hunting. She came upon a squirrel and promptly took a shot at it, but missed. The squirrel dropped the nut it had in its mouth. When the lady reached down to pick up the nut, she saw a stick under it. It was a strange looking stick. She pulled the stick up and below the stick was a place that looked like it had been dug in before. So the lady pulled out her pocket knife and she started to dig. She dug up a box, and opened it. Inside the box was a treasure that pirates had left.

by: Ricky Frazier

Boxes Cove Methodist Church

Sam Jones, a Methodist peacher from Chattanooga, Tennessee came to Boxes Cove Community in 1916. With the help of the people in the community, they build the little Methodist Church there. Then they decided to start in this building having school also. Mrs. Henry Robinson was the teacher. They had a three months school, with about seventy-five enrolled in the one room building. School started the first day of June and ended the last day of August, but in the winter months they taught private school for the ones that could afford it. Grades were taught first thru the six and later in years, they had an extra teacher, so they taught through the tenth grade becoming a junior high school. School started at 8:00 a.m. and dismissed at 4:00 p.m., Monday through Friday. Today it is a Methodist church with several members. Rev. Walker Hall and Rev. James Pace are the pastors. The pictures show the church as it is today, nestled among the trees. Across the road, in front of the church is a quaint small well-kept cemetary. Some graves date back to the 1700s. Several family plots are enclosed with a fence.

Told by: Bonnie Pace
to Donna Hambrick



AN OLD SCHOOL

Frankie Morris went to school years ago. Here is how he described the school.

Some schools were a long ways off so some kids had to walk three miles to get to school. Their school was usually in short periods because parents needed help on the farm. The grades only went through seven grades. Only the rich people sent their children through ten grades. Then everyone thought it was a priviledge to go to school. One of the things that made people dread school was the distance they had to walk.

The school was not as good as our schools today. Usually it was a one room building with a potbellied stove. The kids in the back were cold and the kids in the front were hot. All they had to work with was a chalk board and a slate tablet or a tablet that had lines on the pages and had to last a very long time. They studied geography, math, history, and spelling. School started at 8:00 and ended at 4:00. During breaks they passed a dipper and bucket of water around to everyone. They had two recesses before lunch and one after lunch. Each usually last 30 minutes. When lunch came some would go to the spring where they had left their lunch if they wanted to set the lunch pail in the water to keep it cool. The students had benches for desks and the teacher had a stand. They had oil lamps and old wooden floors which had to be mopped with an oil mop to keep the dust down.

by: Frankie Morris

as told to: Toby Thomas

GRANDDAD AND THE BILLY GOAT

when I was a boy our neighbors had a billy goat. It was a mean old stubborn, billy goat. It never stayed in the owners yard. It always came in our yard because the grass was greener. When it got too hot it went and lay on our covered proch. In the summer it was nice and cool on the porch. One day Billy was on the porch and would not move no matter what I did. I acted like I was going to hit him. I screamed at the goat, but nothing worked. Finally, I got a small piece of brick and hit him in the head with it. This made old Billy really mad. He got red hot. He ran me around the house. I ran through the back door into the house. This did not stop old Billy. He ran through the screen door, too. I ran out the front door and so did Billy. We ran to the creek. It had been raining so the creek was strong. They had a log across it. I ran across and then pulled the log across from the other side. Old Billy ran right into the creek. He didn't get out for a couple of days. Luckily the shallow end had a steep bank.

A STICKY SURPRISE

Paul Bradford remembers his father's story about the big surprise in the school lunch pail.

Taking lunch to school in a syrup pail was common practice during the twenties and thirties. I had my syrup bucket like all the others. One morning, hurrying to get off to school, I rushed by the kitchen table, picked up my lunch, and stepped out into the cold winter air. I had a good walk to make so I lost no time in stepping along the side of the road and through the pasture. My bucket didn't feel any different from any other morning. I sat it on a shelf in the cloak room and forgot about it.

Along about 11:00 my stomach started growling but I knew I could wait the ten more minutes for the bell to ring. When the teacher rang the bell, all the boys made a break for the cloak room. When the weather was as cold as it was today we sat in our desk to eat. We would take everything out and maybe trade for something different if we could.

I raised the lid and put my hand inside to get my sausage and biscuit. I knew mother had fixed them for me. She always fixed me two sausage biscuits and a fried pie, and may be a surprise.

I had my surprise all right. Instead of my fingers closing over that biscuit, it sank into some sticky mass. It was syrup all right. I pulled my hand out and watched the syrup drain off my fingers.

THE RUNAWAY

When my mother was a little girl she got mad at her mother. She got so mad that she said she was going to run away. She packed all her clothes and started walking. She walked about two blocks, but then she decided she would go back home. She tried to go in the back door but it was locked. Mom rang the door bell. Her mother came to the door. Her mother saw her and said, "You look like one of my daughters."

My mom said, "But I am."

Her mom said, "no, my daughter ran away". Mom started crying, so her mother let her in. My mom never ran away again and she has told this story to all of her five daughters.

by: Laurie Thomas



The
Old
Country
Store

Birmingham News Sunday July 27, 1980

SAND MOUNTAIN BOOSTER

September 17, 1979



It was only yesterday

DO YOU KNOW who, where or when? This picture is believed to be of a store in Henagar, or somewhere on Sand Mountain not far from Henagar, during the 20s or 30s. The BOOSTER publishes this excellent and interesting photograph in the hope that some of our readers may recognize who these peo-

ple are and when and where the picture was taken. It is certainly a part of rural America of an earlier era. The stove with its long, L-shaped stovepipe, was typical of stores 40 years ago and is now making a comeback, due to the energy shortage.

MULLEIN RECIPES

(Compiled and edited by Donna Hambrick)

Various people gave us recipes. Some compiled and edited are very old, some not so old and are being used today.

Meal Soup

1 cup of milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of meal
dash of salt and pepper

Cook until thickened. Eat with a green salad made with fresh onions and a glass of cold milk.

Brooksie Hambrick
(Mother of Donna Hambrick)

Gruel Soup

1 quart of water Small chunk of butter
Meal to thicken, Salt and black pepper to taste.

Very much like meal soup or corn meal mush. It was eaten by old timers for supper.

Brooksie Hambrick

Lamb Pie

1 cup sliced onion $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pimentos
2 cups lamb stock $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced green pepper
2 cups cooked lamb cubes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced potato

Mix all together and cook until thickened.
Pour hot into a cooked pastery shell. Dot with fresh mint leaves.
Cover with uncooked pastery shell - seal edges. Make fork pricks in top of pastery. Cook in 375 degree oven until top shell is brown.

Brooksie Hambrick

Hominy

To make hominy, we took about 2 gallons of shelled corn and placed about 1 quart of ashes in bag and placed in washpot to boil until the husk began to come off. Then remove corn and wash until all the husk comes off and left corn kernels clean. We put a mess in pot and cook with ham bone and season to please. Very tasty.

LeAnn Hinds great grandmother

Syrup Pudding

Make as a sheet cake. Use 1 cup syrup, thicken with meal, 2 eggs, about 1 cup buttermilk. Put enough soda until sound changes when stirring, use butter about size of an egg. Mix well. Bake until done. May be eaten while hot with cold milk or cream poured over top.

LeAnn Hinds great grandmother

Whole Wheat Pastry

1 cup white flour	3 tablespoon water
2 cups whole wheat flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat
$\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoon salt	

Mix fat into flour mixture until firm and crumbly. Add water and shape into a roll. Roll to $\frac{3}{8}$ " thickness and place in pie shell. Also good for dumplings.

Stephanie Deerman

Popcorn Balls

1 quart molasses (approx)
2 or 3 gallon popped corn (approx)
Pinch of salt

Cook molasses to almost a hard ball stage. Pour over popped corn while it is still hot. Stir until all corn is coated well. Put butter on hands and shape molasses-coated corn into balls. (A tablespoon or so of butter may be added to molasses as it cooks.)

Sorghum Molasses Pie

1 cup sugar	1 tablespoon butter
2 cups molasses	Juice 1 lemon
3 eggs	Pinch of nutmeg

Beat eggs. Add sugar, butter and molasses. Beat well. Add lemon juice and nutmeg. Bake in uncooked pastry shell till golden brown.

Ruth Wynn to Stephanie Deerman

Old Fashion Egg Pie

5 eggs	1 cup sugar
3 cups milk	

Beat eggs thoroughly, add sugar. Blend with milk. Pour into a pie pan lined with uncooked pie shell. Sprinkle with nutmeg and bake in oven at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Mrs. J. C. English
by Tammy Satterfield

Poor Man Pudding

2 cups cooked rice	1 cup raisins
3 cups hot milk	1 tablespoon butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses	1 teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg	

Mix rice and hot milk, add molasses, nutmeg, raisins, butter, salt. Bake in a buttered pan at very low temperature for about one hour. Serve with cream.

Ruth Wynn to Stephanie Deerman

Popcorn Balls (Makes about 25 balls)

About 3 gallons popped corn
About 1 quart molasses
Slightly salt and butter corn as it is popped

Cook molasses to softball stage. (Test in cold water) Remove any unpopped corn. Pour hot cooked molasses over corn stirring corn as you pour. Let cool until it can be handled. Put butter on hands. Press gently until balls will stick together. 2 cups of parched peanuts may be added if desired.

Cracklin Bread

2 cups Cornmeal 1 cup cracklins
1 tablespoon salt

Mix above with hot water to make into dough thick enough to shape into small pones. It's better to use cracklings with the least fat. Bake in oven at 400 to 450 for 45 minutes.

Told by Ruth Wynn

Pumpkin Spice Bread

2 eggs 1/3 cup water
1 teaspoon soda 1 3/4 cup flour
1/2 cup cooking oil 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg - 1/2 t. cinnamon
1 cup pumpkin mix 1 cup nuts-optional

Beat eggs, mix in oil and water. Stir in pie filling mix, flour, sugar, soda, salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Stir in floured nut mixture. Mix well, pour into greased and floured loaf pan. Bake at 350 for 45-60 minutes. Let bread cool in pan. Nuts may be added if wanted.

Brooksie Hambrick

Whole Wheat Honey Bread

2 pkg. active dry yeast 1/2 cup soy flour (optional) (I use)
2 1/2 cups warm water 1/2 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup nonfat dry milk 1/2 cup cooking oil
 powder 1/2 cup honey
5 1/2 cups whole wheat flour 1 egg

In a large bowl dissolve yeast in warm water. Stir in dry milk powder. Add all purpose and soy flour. In another bowl beat egg, add oil and honey. Add to yeast mixture. Beat at low speed in electric mixer for 3 minutes. Knead in remaining flour to form a still dough. Continue kneading 8-10 minutes until dough is smooth and elastic. Place in slightly greased bowl. Turn to grease. Cover - let rise 1 1/4 hours in warm place - double. Punch down - halve. Cover for 10 minutes. Shape into two loaves. Place in 2 greased 8x4x3 loaf pans. Let rise for 45 minutes. Bake in 350 degree oven until done. Remove from pan and cool on wire rack.

Martha Caldwell

Bran Muffins

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups all purpose flour	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Kellog All Bran
3 teaspoon baking powder	1 egg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1/3 cup shortening
2 tb diced candied orange peel	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

Stir together flour baking powder, peel, and sugar. Set aside. Stir together cereal and milk. Let stand 2 minutes. Add egg and shortening. Beat well. Add flour mixture, stirring only until combined. Fill 12 greased muffin pans cups. Bake at 400 about 25 minutes. Yield 12 muffins.

Banana Loaf

1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup light brown sugar
2 eggs, well beaten	2 cups flour
1 t. vanilla	4 T sour milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts, chopped	1 stick margarine

Blend all ingredients adding nuts and margarine last. Pour into loaf pan. Bake at 325 for 1 hour.

Blueberry Muffins

2 cups flour	3 t. baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ t. salt	1/3 cup sugar
1 cup milk	1 beaten egg
3 t. shortening	2/3 c. blueberries

Mix dry ingredients together, cream, add eggs, shortening and sugar. Add flour and milk alternately. Stir in blueberries. Spoon into muffin tins. Bake at 425 for 20-25 minutes. Yield 12 muffins.

Patricia Hammonds

Snow Balls

3½ c. vanilla wafers crumbs	¼ cup butter of margarine melted
¾ cup sifted powdered sugar	1 cup chopped pecans
½ cup Dr. Pepper	Icing - Flaked Coconut

Mix vanilla wafers crumbs, butter, sugar, pecans, and Dr. Pepper. Roll into very small balls using a fork to dip balls into icing and then roll in coconut icing.

Icing - 2 cups of powdered sugar into mixing bowl, add 2 tablespoon butter, 1/3 cup Dr. Pepper, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Rubv Franizer to Donna Hambrick

The Thrifty Millionaire

There is a millionaire, lets call him John. Here is the story that my cousin, Joe, told me. When John was young he and his brothers and sisters were left some money by their parents. His brothers and sisters were older and greedy. They got some of John's money. John invested what money he had left in farm equipments and loaned some of it out to people to receive as interest. As the years past his money grew. He always remembered how his family treated him. He tried to keep his possessions away from them. After about 30 years of saving and working, he became a wealthy man.

The story goes that one time he went to buy some tractor equipment. He picked out what he wanted and wrote a check for it. It cost him around \$30,000. The manager told John that he would have to check with the bank first. While he was gone, John left and took his money with him. At the store the man called John's bank. He asked the banker if John had \$30,000. When the banker told him that John was rich, he almost fainted because by now John had taken his money somewhere else. One reason why the man didn't believe John was rich because he was wearing old clothes that day. He is a farmer. He owns plenty of land, however by looking at him, he appears to be poor.

John still remembers how his brothers and sisters treated him.

by: Toby Thomas

REMEDIES

(Compiled and edited by Laurie Thomas)

Colds and Sore Throat

1. A poultice made from wilted mullein leaves and a dash of dried mustard when placed on the chest will help a chest cold.
2. Eat onions, which have been baked and contain all the juices, three times a day for a cold.
3. A bit of asphodity moistened with whiskey and placed on a cloth and inhaled will keep off a cold.
4. For sore throat gargle with a cup of warm water to which has been added three drops of kerosene.
5. A glass of hot water, lemon juice, or vinegar and two tablespoons of honey will cure a sore throat if drunk every two hours.
6. When taking a cold, put on warm clothes, drink plenty of hot liquids, get in bed and stay there.
7. Rub vicks, camphorated oil, and turpentine onto a warm fannel cloth which will cover the chest area. - Patrick Proctor
8. Drink hot mullein or sassafras tea for a cough. - Tammy Sanders
9. Eat an onion boiled with sugar to aid a cough. - Tammy Satterfield
10. Stopped up nose: make a warm salty water solution. Pour into the cupped palm of your hand. Sniff up each nostril separately, holding one side of the nose.

BURNS AND CUTS AND STINGS

1. Place mullein leaves in hot water for five minutes, then place over a 1st or 2nd degree burn. Cover with a cloth.
2. Open a stone bruise with a steril@razor. Apply RoseBud salve and wrap with steril@cloth. - Tammy Satterfield
3. Pour kerosene over a cut. - Tammy Satterfield
4. Rub honey directly on a cut. - Tammy Satterfield
5. Apply wet tobacco or snuff to a sting. Repeat until redness disappears. - Patrick Proctor
6. Pour kerosene over a fresh wound. - Patrick Proctor

MISCELLANEOUS

1. For gall bladder trouble: take a spoonful of pure corn whiskey and Black Draught.
2. For constipation: eat a few pieces of dandelion leaf daily.
3. For Yellow Jaundice: scrape a black cows horn, boil all the scrapings and drink it. In three days the jaundice will be gone.
4. For a sprain: raw egg will cure a sprained leg if a poultice, made from the slightly beaten egg is placed over the sprain.
5. For hiccups: place a paper bag over the mouth, then breath into the bag and inhale.
6. For an ear ache: put two to three drops of luke warm castor oil or sweet oil in ear.
7. For Rheumatism: 1 pint whiskey, several lumps of campher. Mix thoroughly and rub on sore joints or muscles several times a day. Better if heat is applied.
8. For ring worm: use juice from black walnut hulls. Rub on ring worms.
9. For bed wetting: a teaspoon of honey at bed time will many times prevent bed wetting.
10. Poison ivy: cut a piece of bark as large as the hand from a sweet gum tree. Boil with two cups of water for five minutes. Set aside to cool. Bathe the infected area. Take two tablespoonsfull three times a day.
11. Tired aching eyes Peel an Irish potato, slice thin. Wash face. Lie down on clean cool bed. Lay a slice of potato on eyelid. Repeat.

DEPRESSION

1. To cure depression and general listlessness take St. John's ointment.
2. You may hunt some wild violet blooms, make a tea out of the boiled blooms and drink it.
3. For a fretful child: catnip tea will produce sleep. Make the tea by boiling a quarter cup of leaves in a pint of water for four minutes. Strain and give a quarter cup to small child.

The following remedies were brought to Mullein by Angelea Williams.

WARTS

1. Grandma use to say when you have a wart on your hands or body, you should take a dirty copper penny and rub the wart till it would hurt and in seven days to a week the wart would go away. (Beware of infection)

UPSET STOMACH

2. Mother would say when you have a fever in the stomach take rock candy mixed with rye whiskey. A teaspoon every three hours, five times a day, would make the fever go away.

ACNE

3. Melt new snow at room temperature, let stand for two weeks, then wash your face daily with this snow water for acne.

EARACHE

4. Warm sweet oil to put in the ear for an ear ache.

BOIL

5. When you have a boil or risen, take the white inter-lining of an egg shell, lay over the sore and it will draw to a head.

MUMPS AND MEASLES

1. A strip of salt meat placed on neck eases the ache from mumps.
2. Use the grease from hog jowl to rub on neck - cover warm flannel cloth to ease the ache of mumps.
3. Take oil out of sardines and rub on jaws for mumps. Cover neck with warm cloth.

These are several old timey remedies to break out measles.

1. Drink hot tea made from whiskey and lemon juice.
2. Drink ginger tea to bring out measles.
3. To make measles pop out, boil corn shucks and have the patient drink the liquid.
4. Take a tablespoon of whiskey ⁶⁷ get in bed, cover up well. The heat breaks out measles.

LeAnn Hinds, who compiled the recipes in the 1980 Mullein - our first, sent us these recipes. LeAnn moved from Scottsboro in July 1980 to Sylacoga, Alabama.

COLD

1. We used mullein tea which you just put the leaves on in water and brought to a boil; strain and sweeten with syrup. Give a tablespoon full as needed for cold or cough.

TOOTHACHE

2. We used Hart leaves for toothache. Put leaves in boiling water, take out and place in cloth and place on jaw.

COLD

3. We used yellow roots for sore throat. Put roots in water, bring to a boil. Take a small amount and gargle.

SOUR STOMACH

4. Black snake root and rattlesnake root was used for sour stomach. Bring to a boil and take a small amount.

COLD

5. We used about 4 drops of turpentine on tablespoon sugar, taking a little bit at a time for cough.

SPRING TONIC

6. We used sassafras tea, wash roots of red sassafras, boil a good while, strain and sweeten with syrup. Drink in early spring for purifying your blood.

7. Alder tea also used for spring tonic; use the tags or blooms, and boil for 3 minutes; pour water off and sweeten with syrup for spring tonic. 2 cups water to handfull of blooms.

EARACHE

8. We used an earthen ware jar, filled with boiling water and placed our ear over hot steam for earache.

9. If you'd like to try a hair rinse, boil just 3 to 4 tablespoons of dried mullein blossoms in a pint of water for 20 to 30 minutes, strain the blooms out when the mixture is cool. After shampooing pour or brush the rinse through your hair repeatedly until the desired shade is reached.

10. A fresh leaf when wrapped around a bleeding finger makes a fine emergency bandage.

11. Mullein leaves make great doll blankets. They are soft.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

by Stephanie Deerman and Donna Hambrick

Save the syrup from sweet pickles and use it instead of cider when making mince pies.

To remove a tar stain soak it with pure lard, then remove with turpentine. Do not use soap as it sets a tar stain.

To reheat biscuits put them into a wet paper bag, tie up tightly and heat in the oven.

Do not 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.

A pinch of salt and teaspoon of cold water added to the white of an egg will make it beat stiff more quickly and produce a lighter, fluffier result.

Be sure that the iron frying pan is thoroughly dried before being put away. If this matter is neglected you are liable to find it rusted when you come for it again.

The tiling of a fireplace should occasionally be washed with soap and water.

If the inside of a saucer, used under a flower pot, is coated with paraffine, water will not seep through and discolor the windowsill.

If the burners of the gas stove become clogged, remove them and boil them in a strong soda solution - one fourth pound of washing soda to two quarts of water. Wipe them dry, brush the openings with a stiff brush, and put back into place on the stove.

Mirrors may be cleaned with paper moistened in cold water to which a few drops of vinegar or kerosene have been added. The paper should be squeezed almost dry. Follow this by a brisk rubbing with dry soft paper. This gives a fine luster. In cleaning mirrors always be careful to prevent water from getting through to the back.

If battery acid is spilled on a rug or on clothing moisten with a little water and sprinkle generously with a baking soda, is done at once the acid will not make a hole in the fabric.

To clean wallpaper mix two pounds of ordinary flour with water to form a stiff dough. Form the dough into balls. Rub the wallpaper with a ball of dough, working until the dough becomes dirty.

To remove match scratches on paint, rub with a cut lemon.

Wise Old Sayings

(Compiled by **Tabby Kendrick**)

1. Spare the rod and spoil the child.
2. Cleanliness is Godliness.
3. Don't put all your eggs in one basket.
4. Don't count your chickens before they hatch.
5. I never expected to see the day when the girls would get sunburned in the places they do now. - Will Rogers
6. Love grants in a moment what toil can hardly achieve in an age. - Tony's Scrap Book
7. No man is good enough to govern another man, without that other's consent. - Abraham Lincoln
8. As you measure to other's its measured to you. - Tony's Scrap Book
9. (We trust, sir, that God is on our side), was a statement once made to Abraham Lincoln. And he replied, "It is more important to know that we are on God's side." - Tony's Scrap Book
10. Don't worry when you stumble. Remember a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down. - Tony's Scrap Book
11. If you have occasion to criticize a mule, do it to his face. - Speakers Desk Book
12. Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why? To find one good, you must a hundred try. - Claude Mermet
13. Hope is a poor man's bread.- George Herbert
14. When a fellow needs a friend he often makes a mistake and gets a wife. - Speakers Desk Book
15. A critic is a legless man who teaches running. - Channing Pollack
16. Everyone has a guaranteed cure for a cold except the doctor. - Speakers Desk Book
17. A wise man, like the moon, shows only his bright side to the world. - Speakers Desk Book

PEOPLE NOW

Mullein brings you a lot of interesting things not just plants.

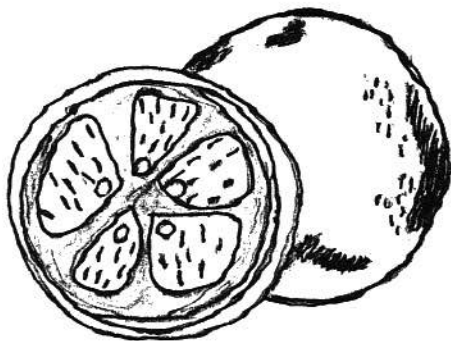
This is a true story and it took place in Scottsboro.

One day Lucille Phillips of Section who is a cancer patient, was on her way to Huntsville for treatment when she and her daughter stopped to eat. They left the restaurant and forgot Mrs. Phillip's purse, which had \$600 in it. She needed the money very badly to pay for her medicine. When she came back to get it, it was gone. She was worried, that is, until a small seven year old girl found it under a tree. When she found it only \$70 was missing. The woman said, "I thought I never would see that money again"!

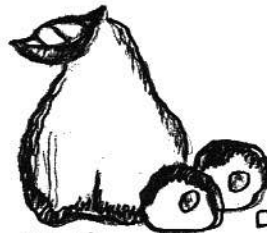
Herbs



Basil

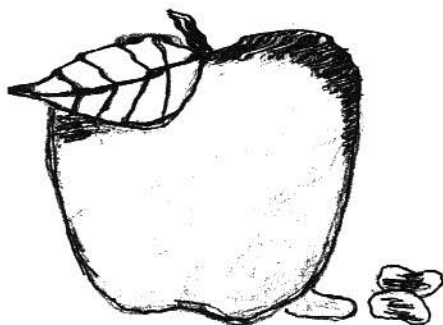
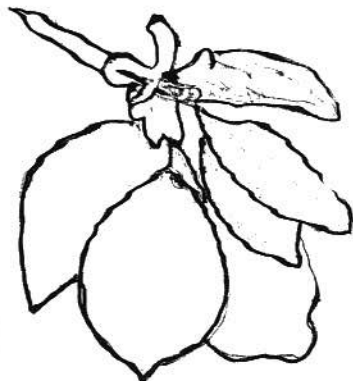


ORANGE

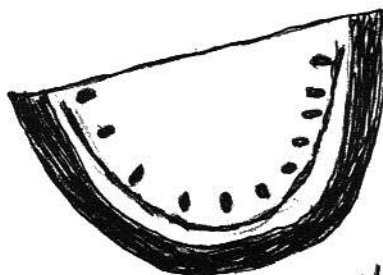


PEAR

olives

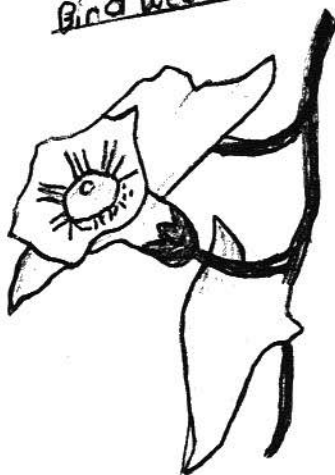


APPLE

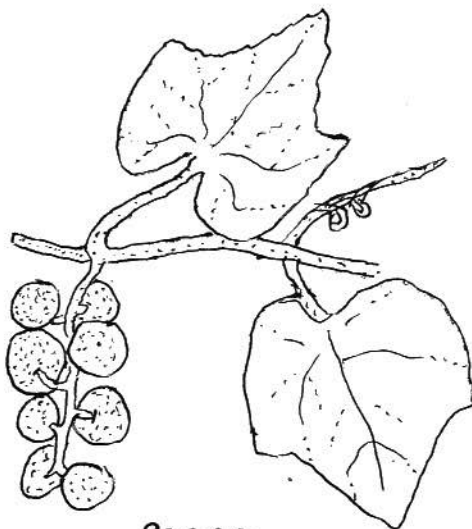


WATERMELON

bind weed



TOMATO



grape

Drawings by Sanford Shelton

MY HERB GARDEN

I am planting an herb garden this spring. My husband and I chose a sunny well-drained area on the west side of our vegetable garden. Our grape vines separate the vegetables from the lawn. Along the grape vines at the top of the slope are our prized jonquils. We have made a bed 2 yards by 14 yards here. We built the one retaining wall the height of three cross ties. The bed is filled with top soil, to which we need to add some sand. We are going to make a narrow brick walk down the bed beside the jonquils and place flat stones about in the area for standing.

We already have CHIVES blooming beside a green parsley bed. Always cut the long leaves on the outside edges to keep plant shaped properly. Then there is the dark green stalks of GARLIC besides the asparagus. These plants will probably be transferred later to the new bed. Probably we will leave the PARSLEY because it is more protected from sun and cold wind where it is. Only the leaves are used in foods. It blends well with other herb and maybe used with both meat and vegetable dishes. The roots and seed are used for medicinal purposes. Try sprinkling fresh chopped parsley leaves on soup or juice. We want to plant THYME along a portion of the wood edge. This culinary evergreen herb can be harvested for fresh use anytime of the year.

ROSEMARY is a much desired herb, and thrives in the mid and lower south. The plant can be used in landscaping as an accent piece because it matures to a height of 3 to 4 feet. The leaves are green but have an appealing gray cast due to two white bands on the underside. The aromatic scent and flavor is due to tiny oil glands which dot the surface of the leaves. Sometimes it is best if temperature should fall below five degrees, to put some plants in a container so it can be plunged in the earth in summer and moved to a protected area in the winter.

SAGE grows to be a large accent piece also. The grayish green leaves and purple blossoms make it attractive. To control the growth, stalks may be broken and hung to dry. Everyone likes the fragrance of the drying sage.

LAVANDER is a fragrant plant for the garden. To harvest, cut the stems just as buds begin to open. Hang in a warm dry place until crisp. Strip off leaves and flowers and store in air-tight container.

MINT is very common in southern gardens. It grows best in a cool shady area and if kept cut back can be very attractive. The leaves are used as a flavor for iced tea. Chopped mint leaves flavor carrot dishes and are favored as a must when cooking lamb roast. Mint jelly is also popular.

BERGAMDT is also a plant that I will move to the new bed. It is fragrant and great for cutting. It is a member of the mint family and the leaves are often used as flavoring for fruit cups and preserves.

NASTURSHIMS will be planted along the edge of the bed. The yellow flowers are attractive and the buds and young leaves flavors salads.

ORRIS known for its violet-scented root which is used in dried form as a fixative to reinforce other fragrances when drying and storing. It has large white flowers with lavender veins and yellow beards. Orris blooms in early spring.

DANDELION - the weed with the yellow bloom and a puff ball which dots the lawn is really very rich in vitamins A, B, C, and D. The roots may be dried and used to flavor. The green leaves may be used in salads or cooked. Plants may be cultivated by transplanting from the lawn. Blooms should be plucked so as to produce more leaves to harvest.

FENNEL - easily cultivated. Almost every part of the plant is edible. Chopped leaves flavor soups, fish and salads. The bulb may be grated and cooked to spice a dish.

CHERVIL closely associated with the parsley family in looks and flavor. A popular bulb famous in French cooking.

Most herbs should be harvested just as the plant begins to bloom because plant oils are at a peak. Plants of the mint family are most aromatic when in full bloom. All plants should be dried rapidly.

With the herbs, we also have plenty of room for a carrot bed, cucumbers and peppers.

Martha Caldwell

CONCLUSION

The second year of Mullein with the 7th and 8th graders has given me a chance to see what two years of history gathering experiences can do. Individually and collectively we have broadened our horizons. Some of the students have gained a new insight into local history and culture as well as a step into geneology. Family pride accelerated. Next in line was a sharp curve upward in self confidence. The way some students catch on to family history is encouraging because family breakdown and the loss of national pride have been major causes for social unrest in our country today. One of our long range goals is rural and urban unification in the sense that each is Jackson County and each is U.S.A. We stress the importance of each inity in our culture. Another long range goal is to lessen the flow of native migration out of Alabama. If we can retain our young citizens whom we have educated, we can develop and preserve the Southland. Native Alabama pride runs deep. Many farms are still owned by descendents of the first land owners. We love the farmland and forests, the rivers, the streams, and the peace and privacy they provide. While the economy of the state is behind in the eyes of many, there are many of us who wish to control the urbanization caused by the southward shift of the industrial north

The immediate goal of Mullein, of course, is the collection and preservation of southern folklore - that unwritten part of history that is our culture. Our students and their parents are the resources for Mullein. The possibilities of their infiltration is unlimited. The people who have helped us are our friends. Several parents have enjoyed the trips and the things we have done to make Mullein function. In the interim the students are learning how to sell their product. They interview, using notes or tape, and in the process of transcribing and proof reading, they are using grammar and writing skills. The art of conversation and discrimination, along with the skills of association and recall are used daily. We have not had many opportunities for public speaking but we hope to grow in that area in the future.

Photography, either as a hobby or a profession, can stem from Mullein. We had a photography workshop scheduled for this year. Unfortunately the lack of funds prevented it. Hopefully, we can stimulate more interest and will have the workshop next year. Such training is badly needed. Also needed badly is video-tape equipment!

In the fall, a group of us taped and filmed separately a story by Mr. Jim Moore. The filming left much to be desired. We have one or two shots that can be used. Mr. Moore was, shall we say, priceless to us. He was 92 and a great story teller. Unfortunately he died January 5, 1981. He and others like him have stories to tell us of an era that will be gone forever when they are gone. Time is limited and the price is high.

Mullein people throughout Scottsboro Junior High have engaged in several fund raising activities. I think we have had good experiences through it all. Some of you interested your parents who also helped.

This year you have:

1. Sold Mullein
2. Had a table at First Monday Art Sunday in September
3. Bought and helped sell Mullein T-shirts
4. Had a booth at the November Arts and Craft Festival
5. At Attic Sale on April 11
 - A. Sold books, T-shirts and cookies
 - B. Operated a garden center
6. Donated and planted monkey grass at Scottsboro Junior High during beautification week. (The monkey grass was left from the Attic Sale)

Your work is appreciated. We thank the parents who have helped us on work days, and/or worked, sewed, and sold for us.

Thank you, teachers, Mrs. Pepper and Mr. Durham for being concerned.

On April 17, I attended the 33rd English Teachers' meeting at Livingston University, where a noted folklorist, Dr. Charles K. Wolf and Dr. Frank R. Ginann, both professors at Middle Tennessee State University, Murfresboro, were the speakers. Dr. Wolf presented the film "Raw Mash", which he and two friends filmed and edited. The filming took place on Monteagle mountain and is an excellent picture of ballard singing and mountain folklore.

Martha Caldwell



This is a picture of the Benson home
In Langston. It was the home of some
of Miss Lucile's ancestors.

THIS BOOK PRINTED ENTIRELY BY THE STUDENTS AT JACKSON COUNTY
TECHNICAL SCHOOL AS A LEARNING PROJECT.