

had the idea that the ladder should reach from the ground in front to near the top of the tower.

As he realized what was going through J. L.'s mind, he commented, "Why, there ain't enough ladders in Oconee County to reach from here to the top of the tower...you'd have to back them all the way out to the railroad to do that."

Then, he explained, "All we have to do is get up on the roof and use a standard ladder form there." J. L. heaved a sign of relief. The job of hanging the traditional Christmas star was accomplished.

A lot of the "Old Timers" at Beacon have gone to that "Big Plant" in the sky. Many of them made a special effort to keep this mill "going" when "going" was sho nuff rough.

Many years ago when Charlie Owen, Sr., owned the company, a favorite story unfolded. Mr. Owen, who spent a great deal of his time at corporate offices in Swannanoa, N. C., would sometimes visit the plant here. He had the reputation of showing up unexpectedly.

Too, he did not always dress in a suit, shirt and tie as many executives.

One day, while wearing simple sun-tan slacks and open shirt, Mr. Owen, suddenly stepped through a back door in a manufacturing space. A worker was busy cleaning lint and other materials from pipes and machinery.

"You always keep this place this clean," Mr. Owen inquired.

The worker didn't recognize the plant owner as he commented: "Hell, no, we don't have time to do this all the time...we're expecting some "big shot" company from the main office in Swannanoa tomorrow!"

Mr. Owen chuckled as he made his way on through the plant.

January 4, 1995

"Perception" Is Very Important

Sometimes we get "hung up" with words, phrases and clauses and forget what the mission was in the first place. It is easy to do. Then, again, there are a few terms it would be well to remember. "Perception," is one of them.

What really brought this about is a copy of an original silhouette that was hand-cut by George Hitt.

Who? You may ask.

George Hitt was an internationally known silhouette artist. He was born in Toccoa, GA, in 1913 and lived until 1958. His body was rigid except for slight movement in his shoulder joint and thumb. The original art called "Winter Journey" was cut without preliminary drawing and hangs together in one piece.

A historical marker at Henderson Falls Park, in Toccoa, was erected in his honor in 1984, by Stephens Co. Historical Society and Friends of George Hitt.

It reads: George Washington Hitt, 1913-1958. Artist, Humanitarian, Philosopher.

"An unforgettable personality whose courage shown with such crystal brilliance as to brighten the world about him and uplift the spirits of even those even more fortunate, but not fashioned of such heroic fibre. His is a name to remember when the going gets tough and the seductive voices of defeat sing their siren song," Rogers, *The Atlanta Journal*.

"Born March 31, 1913, his life was spent in Toccoa, Georgia. Despite crippling rheumatoid arthritis, he led an active, creative life as an internationally known silhouette artist, reporter and technical writer.

"His philosophy was 'No person is handicapped unless he perceives himself to be.'

"He received the Army-Navy E Award in 1945, the same year the U. S. Dept. of State distributed the story of his life abroad. In 1954 he received the national Who's Crippled Award. His delicate silhouettes depicted people and events, but his most beautiful were of nature. His feeling for comparison and sensitivity in artistic portrayal ranked him among the foremost silhouette artists of his day."

Greatness comes in many shapes and sizes. We are all different in many respects, but exactly what we perceive ourselves to be may be one of the human soul's best attributes.

While I never personally knew George Hitt, I do recall meeting him in the newsroom of the Anderson Independent. He had busi-

ness there and served as a reporter when Wilton Hall was then publisher.

A photo of him appeared in a 1984 issue of a Toccoa newspaper describing him as one of Toccoa's most famous sons. An Atlanta newspaper columnist wrote in the late 1950s that Paul Anderson, another famous native son, "doesn't know his own strength." Hitt, on the other hand, "doesn't know his own weakness."

Somewhere in there is a worthwhile lesson.

January 11, 1995

"It Was Another World" Back Then

The radio was tuned to 95.5, Athens, GA. Amongst country music, they throw in a bit of news and a dash of weather. On this day in 1995, the station announced that Tom Murphy had just been reelected Speaker of the House for the state of Georgia. It was a new record, 20 years as Speaker, the announcer emphasized.

This was of some interest to me. Not from a political standpoint, but rather, more personal. It has been almost 50 years ago when I first met Tom Murphy. It was a brief encounter, to be sure, but one that stuck with me. As a student at the University of GA, the GIs lived anywhere they could. Just after WWII, the campus was flooded with service personnel, just discharged and taking advantage of opportunity to attend college on the G.I. Bill of Rights.

All the old homes in Athens with any space to rent had them rented. Some were actually living in tents for a few weeks, it was reported. For GIs back home, ready to go to school with - serious intention of learning a few inconveniences were nothing new.

On Baxter Street one old house where rooms were fully rented to students, a lady affectionately known as "Ma Jones" did her part to help with the crush of new students. All were male renters in this particular home. There was a big back yard where one or two couples had managed to locate mobile homes or trailers as they were known then. It was here that I had first contact with Tom Murphy. He was a married student, but had no place for his wife and young son to live.

Somewhere, somehow, he managed to find an old school bus body and had it moved to the backyard of the Baxter Street home. The bare essentials were there, but just barely. I recall vividly how determined Tom and his young family were. The facility was their home for the moment and they made the best of the situation. His original home was in Breman, Ga. He was determined to graduate from Law School, which he did and the rest of his political venture is history.

Sometimes the GIs at the Jones house on Baxter Street would have a party in the back yard. Especially in the summer school session, when the fish were biting on the muddy Oconee river, a group would go fishing at night. We'd place "set hooks" along the bank, fish them into the night, and bring back a good catch of catfish. Then we'd go to a rather swampy area at night and gig frogs along the banks. Both these experiences were exciting at times especially when you'd catch an eel on a set hook or see a big water snake wiggling along the top of the water in the swamp at night when we were frog gigging.

I remember one fellow, a Geology major, Jack Rogers, from Lithonia, GA, who left his shoes in a muddy swamp one night when I shined a light on a big water snake slithering by him. His shoes were struck in the muddy bottom, just left them there with his sudden departure.

"Ma Jones" would cook the frog legs and catfish for us if we would do the "cleaning." At the first of the month when the GIs checks came in, we'd pool resources, order a keg of draft, eat catfish, frog legs and french fries in the back yard on Baxter.

You really never knew who would be there at those back yard parties, back there in the mid 1940s. Perhaps even a future Speaker of the House for the state of Georgia. It was great fun.

January 18, 1995

Interesting Events At Services

Down here in the buckle area of the Bible belt, religion isn't necessarily a form of entertainment. Or most didn't think of it in those

terms. It is, for the most part, intended to be a serious commitment of mind, body and soul. Hopefully, and respectfully, it is the only thing we can count on for spiritual life here and hereafter. That is not to preclude some moments of humor may occur at unexpected moments.

For several years we had the privilege of having my mother-in-law, Jennie Stewart Jones, formerly of Durbin Community, Fountain Inn, visit with us. She was a firm believer in Presbyterian faith. Not only did she believe, she practiced on a daily basis. She also had a keen sense of humor and shared a bit of fun with her children and grandchildren.

It was always a pleasure to have her visit with us and share some of the stories she recalled. Tom Morehead often stopped by the house when Granny Jones was visiting. He, too, had more than a passing knowledge of certain parts of Scripture. When Granny would raise some point, Tom sometimes would issue a challenge, based on another passage offering a bit of contradiction. The two would then proceed to "make points" not unlike two skilled attorneys "going" each after the other. All in good competitive spirit.

Aline, Granny's youngest daughter, and her sister, Janice, who recently departed this earth, both had a lot of fun with their mother.

They enjoyed teasing her about quotes she had used in giving them advice. According to them, when they were small, Granny was trying to help them to understand the nature of a benevolent attitude. Especially during the holiday and Christmas season. "Remember, children, it is always better to receive than to give," she reminded. At every opportunity they would quote her this admonition. She denied having made such a "boo-boo."

At one of the more lively revival meetings in Durbin Community, probably 60 or more years ago, Granny said she was attending one of the old fashioned camp meetings. In the summer, usually about the middle of August, after the crops had been "laid by," there would "spring up" these camp meetings. Religious revival was the order of the day. It was good therapy plus these "brush arbor" meetings perhaps reached with spiritual messages to some who were never touched in a more conventional way.

Just exactly where this one happened was never clear, but Granny was there. Some of these meetings were emotionally charged. The preachers were skilled in exciting crowds that gathered in the evenings. The devil was a real force to be reckoned with, and ministers of the Gospels knew how to bear down and “move” people in a direction away from hell-fire and brimstone. They were selling “Salvation and Eternal Life.”

Every now and then one of the more excitable brothers would feel the urge to testify. With good intent and purpose, Granny remembered one who was caught up in the moment. He “hit the floor” and began extolling all the virtuous things that crossed his mind.

In closing, he made one final statement that impressed Granny: “I may not know how to read or write,” he admitted, “but thank God, I can spell my maker’s name...G-o-o-d!”

January 25, 1995

John Couch Sold Beef From T-Model

It pays to look at the obituary column every day. If, for no other reason, to see that your name isn’t listed yet. That, in itself, may be some consolation. Too, it is a reminder that you will also join the list at some point in time. As one grows older this fact becomes more than a passing event. Friends and acquaintances, as well as relatives, have often been involved in your life in some special way that causes you to conjure up memories once you associate experience with a person’s obituary.

So be it. The other day when I saw the name of Williams P. Couch listed in the obits, I had to think for a moment. Is this the young boy we often played with more than sixty years ago? Only thing was, we knew him more widely by the nickname, “Junebug.”

Where and how he got the nickname is not known. He lived with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Couch, along with his aunt, Sadie, and his uncle, Bebe, as I recall. Their home was about half a mile off the Long Creek road, near the Knitting Mill area, just above Brown’s dairy.

During the middle 1930s, it was tough on everyone trying to make a living on a small farm or anywhere else. "Junebug's" grandfather farmed the land as best he could with the help of his family. He also killed beef cattle whenever possible, and had a small slaughter house in his backyard.

To market fresh beef, Mr. Couch had a T-model Ford coupe he had converted to accommodate his need. He had torn away part of the rear body and built a wooden frame, complete with screen wire and a door. Once his fresh beef was ready for sale, he would load the T-Model and be on his way. "Junebug" often drove that T-Model. He probably wasn't more than 8 or 9 years old at the time. He knew how to drive and his grandfather rode in the right front seat as they peddled beef in Westminster.

Several years after the T-Model had been parked in Mr. Couch's back yard, I was in the neighborhood, visiting my grandmother who lived in the Knitting Mill area. I wandered over to the Couch home and got "in touch" with "Junebug." He was playing in the back yard near the T-Model. The car always did interest me, especially since I had seen "Junebug" driving it. While he was a few years older than I, there wasn't a great deal of difference in our size.

The tires on the T-Model had been flat for some time, but the car probably would have been in running condition otherwise. I looked in the vehicle, climbed in the driver's seat and was getting a feel of the "controls." Then, for some reason, I got out and was examining a flat rear tire, probably thinking that if we could get some air in these tires we might just try cranking it.

In a playful mood, I put my finger over one of the tire valves and pressed it down. At the same time, I made a hissing noise as if air was escaping. The tire was obviously already flat, but what happened next was totally unexpected.

Without warning, Bebe Couch, "Junebug's" uncle, came up from behind me and gave me one solid warp across the back and head with a big brushbroom. "I'll teach you to let the air our of paw's tires," he hollered as I tried to pick myself up off the ground.

Bebe was a big man physically, and strong as an oxen, but his mental capacity was limited. He may have been "about a half bub-

ble off,” if expressed in level terms, but he certainly wasn’t going to tolerate the appearance of anyone letting the air out of “paw’s tires.” I got the message and got out of there as soon as I gathered myself together.

This came back to me as I read “Junebug’s” obit.

February 1, 1995

“Blazers Of The Trail”

Sometime during the early 1900s, Westminster must have had aggressive promoters. A small booklet was published by Westminster Board of Trade. I recall seeing one of the originals, printed in black on white stock with illustrations featuring a linen-weave, yellow cover. It had been preserved in good condition. The Westminster News reproduced copies of the booklet, perhaps in the 1970s, both editorial and picture content. A few of these copies are scattered in the community, and probably some older citizens have copies of the original.

There was no exact date in the original booklet, but dates mentioned therein indicate it may have been printed between 1912 and 1920.

Under one section title, “Blazers of the Trail,” there is some interesting observations:

“The present publicity movement, in which this booklet is a prime factor, is undertaken by the Westminster Board of Trade for the purpose of introducing the advantages of this locality to a wide circle of first-class people in the hope of inducing them to make Westminster their home.”

A brief mention of some of Westminster’s industries and of the men who run them will serve the double purpose of showing that Westminster is a very live and up-to-date town, and will give the reader that intimate knowledge of our people and surroundings so helpful when you meet them face to face.

“Mr. W. P. Anderson, president of Westminster Bank, came to Westminster years ago, ‘simply to - exist.’ The climate proved too much for his ailment and he is today one of the keenest financiers

in the state and one of our most enthusiastic business men regarding the advantages of Westminster -- and he knows the inside story of our people's prosperity."

"Dr. J. H. Stonecypher is President of the Stonecypher Drug Co., and inventor of the famous Southern farm remedy 'Stonecypher's Horse and Cattle Tonic.' Dr. Stonecypher asserts that his company has not sold a bottle of chill tonic for many years, thus adding another authoritative testimony to the healthfulness of Westminster.

"Dr. Stonecypher is assisted by his brother, Mr. C. H. Stonecypher. Both came to Westminster several years ago, adding a large and prominent business to the town.

"The Oconee Marble Works is owned by Mr. C. E. Gray who has lived and made money in Oconee County most of his life and who couldn't be induced to leave Westminster under any circumstances.

"One of Westminster's largest merchandise stores is owned by Mr. J. S. Carter. Mr. Carter is also a farmer, a fruit grower and canner, Mr. J. H. Carter, engineer and machinist, takes care of automobiles and such other requirements that may come up in his line of trade.

"Mr. L. A. Tanney, conducts a cash general merchandise store.

"Mr. T. C. Peden has a very complete line of general merchandise.

"Mr. S. W. Dickson is the proprietor of a fine grocery and feed store.

"The Gaston & Kay Bottling Works look after Westminster's needs in soft drinks, soda waters, and so forth.

"Mr. P. Y. Pitts makes a specialty of green groceries.

"Mr. J. D. Witherspoon conducts a general insurance business, also taking care of life, fire and health insurance.

"Mr. D. B. Traxler, Traxler Real Estate Company, of Greenville, S.C., also has an office in Westminster in charge of Mr. Orr. The Traxler or Chauga Shoals and surrounding land are owned by the Traxler company. Mr. Traxler has settled a large number of people in and around Westminster, and is constantly in touch with a large number of prospective settlers.

"Post office is in charge of Mr. I. S. Pitts. There are five R. F. D. routes, one star route and offices at Long Creek, Oakway and

Fairplay, under Mr. Pitt's management.

"None of these men had over-much money when they, began business in Westminster, but they seizing the advantages of the natural growth of the town, have grown with her through demonstrating their commercial and professional traits along the right lines.

"You have more and safer opportunities for success than they had because they have done the pioneering with its attendant dangers, they have blazed the trail for you to follow, and in this booklet have laid Westminster's resources before you for your guidance and choice."

Wow!

February 8, 1995

Managing Pain, Up To A Point!

"They were giving out brains and he thought they said pains, so the "ole boy" said he didn't want any." Whoever said that may have had reference to a character Joe Hunt told about recently.

One of the "good ole boys" living a far piece back in the mountains was coming down the road in his trusty pick-up truck. Through some quirk of fate, he left the road at a high rate of speed and crashed.

After some kind soul "happened up" on the accident, the fellow was transported to a hospital emergency room.

An orthopedic surgeon examined the patient and determined he had several bone fractures. He explained surgery was needed to help the mending process. He also explained there would be a great deal of pain involved and suggested he be given anesthesia.

The "ole boy" listened carefully and then turned to his doctor and told him, "Go ahead and do what ever you have to do...don't worry about the pain."

While this was a highly unusual procedure, the doctor began the operation -- no pain killer needed!

After completing his work, the surgeon approached the "ole boy" and proceeded to commend him for his endurance. In effect, he said he had never seen anyone who could stand as much physi-

cal pain. "I really don't understand how you were able to absorb the shock and pain required for this operation," he explained.

The "ole boy" accepted the laudatory remarks in stride, and went on to explain, "What you did warnt bad atall...in fact that was only the third most pain I've ever suffered."

The doctor was amazed. "I can't believe it," he said, as his curiosity was mounting. If this was only the third most pain the fellow had endured, he certainly wanted to know more about other experiences.

"Let me tell you," the "ole boy" ventured, "about the time I was way back in the mountains on a hunting trip."

"During the course of the hunt, I happened, by chance, to fall into a big bear trap that had been set. It was well camouflaged and had a big steel trap sprung in the open position. Unfortunately, when I fell into the hole, this trap grabbed me in the most inappropriate and private parts of my body. I'm telling you... this was no picnic, the pain was severe to say the least...I really didn't think I would ever make it out alive."

The surgeon was impressed, but a question persisted, "If this was as severe as you say, and it must have been, but how is this only the second most pain you've ever endured?"

The "ole boy" had a ready answer... "the first most pain I endured was in that bear trap when I ran out of chain!"

Bob Grogan, my neighbor, and expert gardener, got home from the hospital last week after surgery. While Bob wasn't the victim of a bear trap, he did suffer quite a bit of pain -- the result of an operation and post-operative gas. This, too, is no picnic, for those who have had the experience. We're happy that Bob is home, improving, and looking forward to growing another bumper crop of tomatoes. He usually grows enough fancy tomatoes to feed about 20 families...which he freely distributes. The planting season is not too far away.

February 15, 1995

Ole Lewis Is Still With “The Dawgs”

A fellow with a dog named “Catfish” can’t be all bad. He wasn’t. Lewis Grizzard, a syndicated columnist in 450 newspapers, departed this earthly scene almost a year ago. His faithful dog, “Catfish” preceded him on this mission and probably met him at the “Pearly Gates” as one cartoonist illustrated.

A bonafide, dyed in the wool, bar-b-q eatin’ Southerner white boy from Moreland, Georgia he made no apologies for his way of life or the things he believed in. I never had the privilege to meet the man, but I felt that I knew him through his writing. So many things he experienced were traditions of the South that I could readily identify with. While he only lived 47 years, his wisdom and wit crossed generation gaps.

First of all he was a newspaperman. A reporter, a sports writer and later a columnist. He worked on small dailies and big ones. His “touch” was always the same. He never forgot where he came from and how he came to be where he was. It didn’t seem to matter what may have been popular at the moment, L. G. stuck with his own ideas and reinforced them with good, common sense.

The University of Georgia will never have another alumnus with more dedication to its cause. Particularly football. He lived and died with the fortunes of the “Bulldogs.” While he didn’t have much luck in the marital arena, he took the experience in great stride and turned out some great “copy” for the presses as a result.

He understood adversity and knew how to “roll with the punches.” He took his several heart operations in stride and turned the experience into book material. “They Cut My Heart Out and Stomped That Sucker Flat,” was the title of a book he wrote about having a heart replaced with a pig’s valve. After that he admitted he had a strange feeling each time he went into one of his favorite bar-b-q joints, where they were serving pork.

The Journalism department of the University of Georgia contacts all who have passed through their portals with periodic mailings. The last one I read had an interesting story by Grizzard’s fourth wife. The one he married just a few days before he succumbed to his

final heart operation. She explained her exciting relationship with Lewis and noted one of his final requests.

Her name is Dedra. Apparently she and Lewis had an ongoing relationship for some time prior to their marriage. He knew the final whistle was about to blow. He requested his remains be cremated and scattered over the hallowed ground of Sanford stadium in Athens. His wife complied with his wish and explained there was never a formal request made to the University for permission. Later she explained to Coach Ray Goff she had gained entrance to the stadium and scattered Lewis Grizzard's ashes along the 50 yard line. He was delighted.

No one ever had a more dedicated supporter of his efforts. The reason for not requesting permission for this final act, Dedra explained, there would be endless red tape involved. The deed was done and Lewis is still out there cheering for "The Dawgs."

His last book, "The Last Bus To Albuquerque," is a great one if you care for Grizzard.

February 22, 1995

Creative Reporting Allowed

At a time "BC" - before computers, newspaper plants, large and small, had a special sound and odor. The mixture of melting lead in the Linotype machines, in casting and stereotype departments, mixed with ink, lent peculiar aroma not duplicated anywhere else. The clatter of teletype machines, typewriters and line-casting equipment in the news and composing departments suggested excitement. Sometimes there were moments of drama, spliced in the longer periods of hum-drum, let's get the job done.

Long before the Anderson Independent was merged into a chain, there was a long-standing agreement with many of the smaller weekly papers in the area. In exchange for "spot news" coverage - stories and pictures, the Independent photo-engraving department would make engravings for pictorial printing in many smaller weekly papers who did not, for the most part have the luxury of this equipment. It was a good arrangement for those who participated.

At the same time, you got to know personnel and learn how the routine work was done on the daily papers.

It was fun to see the writers handling the phones, doing re-writes, columns, marking and handling wire news, taking obit information, and getting the message set into lead type, ready for make-up and printing. In all this organized confusion, there would be moments of humor. Jim Blessing was one of the best state editors on the job. He had the patience of Job and the Wisdom that rivaled Solomon. He needed both. There were times when everything would "break" at once. And just about at the same time, one of his regular correspondents would appear on the scene.

I can "see" Jim now trying to bring it all together before deadlines as Ethel Vaughan, writer; from Oconee, dashes in with a late story, hand-written as she "spits out" information like a machine gun. All the while Ethel has her pet Chihuahua cuddled under one arm and is threatening to bite the state editor. Jim's got to be resting in a more comfortable "newsroom" in the sky, for he has served his "sentence."

Hank Acker produced a column featuring such characters as "Trash Can Annie," and often quoted "Colonel Quattlebaum." Both were real people but hardly the authoritative type, Hank projected. But who could tell? The man was a creative genius. At one point, there were some far-fetched reports of a "werewolf" in the Anderson area. The story kept popping up in the news columns. New evidence and sightings were being reported throughout the area, according to James R. Young. Hank loved to get involved in this sort of thing. The stories were really becoming more than speculation and "entertainment" when a halt was called. It seemed some of the cooks at local nearby boarding houses and hotels were refusing to stay long enough to prepare evening meals. They told employers they were going to get home before dark because the "werewolf" was on the loose.

Red Canup handled sports for many years at the Independent and was widely read and respected, especially when textile baseball was big in this area and northeast Georgia. "Slim" Hembree was the able editor for many years when the paper enjoyed a circulation of

more than 60,000 in a city of about 30,000.

It was a time when more creative reporting was not only allowed, it was expected.

March 1, 1995

Quoth The Raven, "Nevermore!"

Let me first admit I know very little poetry. It is at sometimes difficult for me to understand unless there is a literary scholar explaining. It's not that I don't appreciate poetic effort, but much of it has been beyond my immediate grasp of understanding. Yet, I know a high level of skill is involved in its composition. The folks who write that stuff are not dummies. Strange, perhaps, but far from being mentally impaired.

With that said, let me add I have always enjoyed hearing meaningful poetic recitation. As a student, I was privileged to hear such great ones as Robert Frost and Robert P. Tristram Coffin. They could literally keep an audience spellbound with poetic skill and delivery. You may recall Mr. Frost as he appeared at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy. A gentle man with flowing white hair, his presence lent a special degree of dignity and warmth to a ceremony performed on an extremely bitter cold day.

I recall hearing the same Mr. Frost lecture at Journalism School as he recited his "Birches" and "Fences" with equally spell-binding excellence.

I don't know how well he understood poetry, but a departed friend of many, Dr. Henry R. Kuemmerer, would sometimes exercise a high level of mental discipline as he memorized poetry of great lengths. He could, for example, quote quite flawlessly, "The Raven." Also another favorite was "Maude Muller." This was quite a long story in poetic form.

It was always a request of Sid Ballenger when he happened to notice Henry "waxing" in a poetic mood.

It was not possible to predict events on some of the exploring shopping sprees with Dr. K. I do recall one of the times we were visiting the Salvation Army surplus store in Greenville. I had picked up

a book of poems. Henry was standing nearby and I casually mentioned one of the selections in the book. Without hesitation, he began quoting, "The Spider And The Fly." In a rather loud, commanding voice, he began. Inez, the lady who was store manager at the time, stopped all trading activity while Dr. Kuemmerer gave a command performance before about forty customers and a pretty good audience of clerks. It was quiet enough to hear a pin drop in that old building, and I must say I think he enjoyed every moment.

All of this brings me to a new revelation. Having inherited one of the books from the late Marjorie W. Young personal library, I learned just this week that Edgar Allen Poe, famed author and poet who wrote, "The Raven," had an older brother, William Henry Leonard Poe.

In a little book published in 1926, almost 100 years after the Poe brothers were first noticed, authors Hervey Allen, and Thomas Ollive Mabbott, tell about him in, "Poe's Brother." William Henry Leonard Poe, the elder brother (by about two years) was also a poet. He did not live long enough to show whether he too, like his younger brother, might have attained to fame. His work, however, indicating as it does a similarity in temperament and attitude, will, in view of the history of his famous brother, have decided although secondary interest.

It should be pointed out that there was also a younger sister. Some attention is given her in this volume. Sadly, both Poe brothers departed this world without knowing just recognition. It happens that way to a lot of artists...they have to die before they become famous.

March 8, 1995

Difficult Now, Impossible Takes Longer

My dad was a great admirer of George Matthew Adams. He read his articles and often quoted him. He also regularly read the punch-line musings of "Aunt Het" and "Hambone" because they contained wit and wisdom. They were the product of Robert (Bob) Quillen, editor and publisher of the Fountain Inn Tribune. These two char-

acters became syndicated and had wide audiences. In today's so-called "politically correct" atmosphere "Hambone" would probably be considered "racist" and "Aunt Het" a figment of the "anti-feminist" movement...whatever that is. Both were wonderful fuel, lifting spirits of those who struggled in the earlier part of this century.

Visiting a few moments with Max Glymph in the Mariner Rehabilitation facility near Seneca recently was a refreshing experience. His philosophy/ in the face of difficulty is inspiring. While no one can empathize with the recovering struggle of a stroke victim unless you've been there, there are signs that reflect attitude. A sense of humor, a determined attitude, the support of family, friends and therapists exhibit a positive approach. Max seems to have the idea that he will handle this matter like a professional I once knew. He had a sign station over his work that read: "Difficult Jobs Done Now, The Impossible Takes A Little Longer."

Max still likes to tell interesting stories, some about his fishing expeditions, or others that "just happened."

One, I've heard him mention concerned his father-in-law, the late and highly respected Rev. M. J. Stansell, Baptist Minister.

It seems this church member had the misfortune to lose his mate and was in a recovering status. His wife had passed on several years before and now he was considering marriage once again. This time, the woman of his affection was quite a bit younger. Maybe twenty years or more.

Max said, he happened to be at Preacher Stansell's home when the man came to discuss the matter. "They were on a porch, and I was inside a room, nearby," Max explained, "But it was impossible not to hear what was said."

"Usually," he pointed out, "A man has already made up his mind when he decides to discuss such things."

Preacher Stansell, in an effort to be completely honest with the man, pointed out there was a considerable age difference.

"Yes, I understand that, Preacher, but you know I've just now begun to hit my prime."

Max said he always considered Preacher Stansell a wise man, and his answer reaffirmed his belief.

“Yes Sir, I know you have, but the problem will be in the future; what are you going to do when she hits her prime?”

George Matthew Adams said: “The difficult tasks to be performed are not the ones that mean physical and mental labor, but the ones that you dislike, or the ones that you do not love. There are unpleasant angles to nearly every important job to be done in this world, but there must be an overall love for doing each, else precious time and effort are uselessly wasted I shall never forget noting a sign above a construction that read: Builder of Difficult Foundations. That man must have loved that calling, else he would not have made a point of advertising the fact.”

March 15, 1995

Are You Listening Out There?

If you are local and listen to WGOG in the morning, you probably hear George Allgood. A great entertainer, announcer, musician, comedian, or just about anything the occasion demands.

George sounds as if he has fun just doing his job. That's the most desirable arrangement, if you have a choice. Doing what is fun and getting paid for it is about as ideal as you can get.

He always refers to Miss Henrietta Brandt as the “official guru” of Oconee weather. She gives the report each morning as the county's official recorder of precipitation, high and low temperatures as of the day. But more than that, he often is not bashful about expressing a personal opinion about people and events. Having been a school teach is almost instant participation as listeners try to be the first with an answer. It was of special interest to me this week when the question posed was, “Who published the first Keowee Courier?” There were several interesting answers, some that were partially correct, but George said he was using Mary Cherry Doyle's, “History of Oconee County” as his guide. A lady, Ruby Blackston, gave the correct answer he accepted when she identified Col. Elliott Keith.

Jerry Alexander called and explained that the first Keowee Courier was published near the Keowee River in 1849, before

Oconee was formed from part of the Pickens district. It wasn't until 1868 that the paper moved to Walhalla. There have been reports that one place the paper was printed in its early years was near where Bethel Presbyterian Church now stands. Evidence of odd pieces of handset type, leads and slugs have been found in this location.

Also, Ashton Hester, present editor of the Courier, called and explained that there were actually six persons identified in issue No. 1, Volume 1, listed as publishers, but apparently Col. Keith, must have been among them or perhaps the first editor. Ashton also explained the Courier has been at its present location on Short Street for about 100 years. Except for a period during the Civil War when paper was scarce, the paper has managed to be published on schedule.

I must admit I did not know the answer to George's question about the Courier, but one thing I recall reading in the first issue was the first obituary reported. It seems two men went turkey hunting on the mountain, one with an artificial turkey caller, and the other a bit trigger happy. As a result of an expert call, the other hunter mistook his hunting partner and fired on him. This was the first obit reported in that 1849 edition.

March 22, 1995

An Abiding Faith In Our System

There was no doubt in my thinking several years ago when I first discovered OSHA. There was a rude awakening to all the "things" wrong with safety aspects of operating a very small printing business. OSHA, the initials which stand for Occupational Safety Hazard Administration, made its legal and bureaucratic status known throughout the country. It seemed more like a bad dream or a joke, at first until I realized it wasn't. Here was government telling you what changes must be made in your mechanical, electrical, and chemical systems in order to comply. Some were stupid, to say the least. For example, it was reported OSHA used 364 pages in a manual to describe a common step ladder.

Apparently, someone somewhere got the message that high cost of some requirements were putting people out of business. Some of

the less intelligent regulations were relaxed. It came too late for those who folded in the process.

What brings this to mind is construction now underway in Oconee County of various collection points for our waste. It has been my belief that installation of green boxes for citizens to dispose of refuse was one of the better things county government provided for tax dollars. While there are continuing litter problems over the county, green boxes have been serving the vast majority who make an effort at proper disposal of trash.

Hopefully, when the green boxes are “phased out” in favor of the new collection points, there won’t be wholesale dumping on private and public property.

Humans are creatures of habit. We tend to do the same things over and over again. Both good and bad habits persist without real effort to change. It stands to reason many will not avail themselves of proper waste disposal if it requires a little extra effort. Hopefully, the new system will work and even better than the green boxes, but this is not yet proved.

While we all must realize we have a personal stake in protecting our environment, these rules must be reasonable and workable. If not, we all lose. Clean water, clean air, clean surroundings are worthy goals. It takes personal effort on the part of all to keep an eternal vigilance on what we are trying to do.

There may be things that need to change to make our system better. One contractor recently pointed out that dumping stumps of trees cannot be legally done to prevent erosion. Instead, they must be transported to the landfill, where a fee is charged for the privilege. Filling in eroding areas with stumps has long been one way to keep our land from washing away.

While no system is going to be perfect and work to advantage of every single citizen, as long as there is room for common sense and reason, the government and the people who make it happen will come to terms.

An abiding faith in our systems is necessary. Even when they are obviously in error. Eventually, enough people will require any corrections necessary.

March 29, 1995

Who Is Really Going “Half Steps?”

It doesn't normally upset me to read about new approaches to age-old problems. There is a point where a real bonafide drunk learns he/she is allergic to alcohol. Whether or not the individual can muster courage to attack the problem is another question. Some do and are successful. AA or Alcoholics Anonymous has been a vehicle which has helped addicted back to productive living.

Now, here comes a new idea that suggests the old tried and proven AA 12-step program may not be the answer, after all.

A Michigan organization, identifying themselves as some kind of “Moderation Management” team or MM, are suggesting that maybe it's OK for the drunks to just keep on drinking out of control, if there are limits. According to a report in “Newsweek” their rules for sobriety are: “Like Alcoholics Anonymous with its 12 steps, Moderation Management has steps, guidelines and limits.”

“MM Limits - Do Not Drink Every Day: MM suggests that you do not drink more than three or four days per week.

“For Women -- Do not drink more than three drinks on any day, and no more than nine drinks per week. For Men -- Do not drink more than four drinks on any day, and no more than 14 drinks per week.”

What a break! This could be the very thing that every “hung-over” drunk has been praying for -- a real system and a way to keep on drinking!

But wait a minute! Maybe this bright idea was not a gift from a Superior God of the Universe, or a Higher Power. “Most moderation programs have codes of conduct much like AA's 12 steps -- but without spiritual references. Drink/Link, a seven-year-old-program in Northern California, teaches people not to drink more than one drink an hour. MM suggests abstinence for three or four days a week,” according to the article.

This whole new concept is the product of Audrey Kishline who, by the way, has written a book: “Moderate Drinking: The New Option for Problem Drinkers.”

Whatever the reasoning behind this experiment, please be fore-

warned that anyone who has become allergic to alcohol, and is a serious and fully dedicated “drunk” of the first magnitude had better not play with fire, lest you get a new one burnt all over again.

Whatever noble and good intentions of MM may be, this kind of approach can spell disaster for those in need of help and struggle to find a way.

Medical science has long recognized alcoholism as a disease. It is both physical and mental anguish all wrapped together that affects entire families -- not just the individual. For 60 years AA has been effective in tackling the problem for those who truly want and need help and are willing to submit to 12 reasonable steps of discipline. It has worked for millions when everything else failed.

If we could all drink responsibly, there wouldn't be any need for AA. Show me one “drunk” who believes MM's “half-steps” are the answer, and I can show you one who's heading for disaster on a downhill slide!

April 5, 1995

Fluoridation Is Important Item

For more than 35 years Westminster has had the benefits of fluoride in our water system. It is a proven health care preventative measure that has the blessings of the American Dental Association as well as the American Medical Association. It has proved to be one of the best ways to prevent dental deterioration, cavitation, abscess, loss of teeth and generally expensive and painful procedures. There is adequate real and scientific evidence to support these claims. Any dentist or doctor can supply tons of supporting documents.

What brings this matter to my attention this week is what appears to be a request upon the part of the City of Westminster to discontinue adding this valuable ingredient in our water supply as has been done for many years.

A copy of a letter, furnished to all dentists in Oconee County, from DHEC, seems to confirm this request: Addressed to Ms. Anne Ables, Supt. of Water Treatment Plant, City of Westminster, dated March 13, 1995, the following is reprinted:

“Dear Ms. Ables: I have received your letter dated March 2, 1995, in which you request permission to discontinue feeding fluoride into the potable water supplying the City of Westminster. The Department of Health and Environmental Control (Department) recommends the use of fluoride in potable water, but it is at a system’s own discretion to determine if fluoride is to be used.

“The Department grants permission to stop adding to the potable water supplying the City of Westminster. As we discussed during our phone conversations, the city will have to inform all the local dental professionals, the local hospitals and any business operating dialysis machines, and all master metered systems served by the Westminster Water Plant that the City will be discontinuing their fluoride feed. The Department also recommends that a public notification be made to let the city’s customers know that the fluoride will discontinue.”

“The Department recommends strong consideration be given to continuing the use of fluoride. The Department further recommends that a period of time be given for public response to determine if the customers of the City concur with the City’s decision.”

“If the fluoride feed is discontinued, please continue to monitor fluoride in the finished water. The fluoride data will be reviewed by the Department and in sufficient time fluoride monitoring will be omitted, at the Department’s discretion.

“Also, if the fluoride feed is discontinued, efforts must be made to prevent potential finished water contamination at the location of the fluoride injection point.

“Please let the Department know if and when the fluoride addition will stop. Should you have any questions or concerns, please call 803-734-6096. Sincerely, K. C. Price, Environmental Engineer Associate, Surface Water Supply Permitting & Technical Assistance Division.”

At this point, it is difficult to tell if the Commission of Public Works or any of their supervisors are actually in favor of discontinuing fluoride in our water system. Probably not, but whatever or whoever initiated the response to Ms. Able’s inquiry, the people on

the city's water system can not be ignored in a health matter this important.

It would be well for all citizens interested in continued good dental health to contact elected city officials and commissioners to express an opinion. This is no time to be playing with your health.

April 12, 1995

Another Interesting Snake Story

Ever since Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, snakes have held the attention of mankind. Especially when there are unusual reports about their activities.

This week, Harry Freeman, a local builder who works with his brother, Homer and nephew, Lane, along with other team members of Phil Batson's Construction group, related an interesting snake story. The event dates back some years, according to Harry, and originated with Hayes Jackson, a long-time employee of Henry Miller at Sheldon & Miller's Furniture Store.

It was during bitter cold winter months as Hayes was assisting with a timber cutting operation in Sapphire Valley, N. C., area. In the due process, a big, tall oak tree was felled. It was hollow inside due to aging. Surprisingly, according to the report, this big timber rattler was hibernating inside the hollow tree. The weather was so cold, according to the report, a big timber rattlesnake was frozen stiff and showed no signs of life. It was completely stiff, sort of like a walking stick, but yet snake, no less. The men had a fire going to keep warm in between the cutting and someone placed the frozen snake near the fire. Before long, the serpent began to thaw, and was revived from winter sleep. Just exactly what happened to the snake after that was not known, but it's a good bet that those timber men didn't keep it around for a pet.

These early warm spring days are already arousing snakes in this area since a few have been crossing the roads. Most native to Oconee are not poisonous, however some are, and if you are not expert in "snake handling" it's best to assume they are better left alone. Few seldom attack unless they are provoked, and most peo-

ple don't want to get involved in "provoking." Many have a fear of two kinds, big ones and little ones, while others are afraid of live ones and dead ones. There are a few religious cults here in the South that have put a literal interpretation on certain Bible scripture pertaining to serpents. While I am not well versed in this part of "The Book," it's probably just as well, for I don't think there's any way I'd be tempted to "take up a serpent." Especially a poisonous one. I'm afraid I'd just have to hitch a ride on a fast freight for hell, if this were a requirement for salvation.

A friend of mine pilot/instructor, Dr. Pickens, an OB-GYN specialist at Stephens County Hospital in Toccoa, GA, is a real reptile enthusiast. He has collected snakes, lizards and alligators, among other things and often gave demonstrations to interested groups. Many years past he ordered a nice, big boa constrictor, for one of his children. His little son, about 4 years old at the time, and a smaller baby sister came to the Toccoa Airport to pick up the snake which had been flown to Greenville and thence to Toccoa from Texas.

An elderly gentleman, Mr. Pierce Short, of Clarkesville, GA, about 75 years old at the time was standing with his back to Dr. Pickens when he opened the box with the big snake. The little boy and his sister were really excited about this new pet. When Dr. Pickens unwrapped the snake from the sack in the box, he laid the nine footer across his shoulders.

At that point, Mr. Short turned around, saw the snake and was nearly frightened out of his wits. He bounded out the door of the old office and onto a deck about four feet high. Without hesitation, he leaped off the deck, and ran like a young track star until he was safely across runway 9/27, before he stopped to get his breath.

I will always remember this scene and pretty well shared Mr. Short's sentiments about this snake handlin' business.

April 19, 1995

Picture Collage Creates Interest

A collection of pictures in a frame on the wall of a screened porch at Hartwell Lake attracts attention of first-time visitors to the old cabin home.

The pictures were gathered over a period of time and have no particular significance as a collection. As individuals, the story may be different. Each, in some special way, serves as a reminder of the past, with certain events being associated with photos.

For example, there is a picture of Bill Burley of Walhalla, sitting in one of three barber chairs on the porch. Bill had many humorous experiences while operating Midway Grocery between Walhalla and West Union. His nearby neighbor, Viola Hetdrick, kept him busy part of the time. One day she walked in to Bill's store and handed him a big, brown paper bag with a number written in big letters across the back.

Bill, accustomed to the unusual, looked at the bag, and inquired, "What's this for, Viola?"

"It's a number you may need, sometime," she explained.

"Who's number is it, and why do I need it?" Bill asked.

"It's the governor's telephone number," Viola explained. "If you are having problems getting anything done that involves city, county, state or other business, it's always good to have the governor's number handy," Viola told him.

Bill said she was dead serious about this matter, too. It really didn't make much difference what adverse situation developed, Viola would simply pick up the phone and call the governor's office in Columbia.

Apparently, there was no hesitation on her part about going directly to the "top" when a problem cropped up.

Bill said he knew this was a system she used often, for a local official confirmed the fact by a file that was kept by local law enforcement. There must have been some rule by policy in effect that dealt with any and all calls to the governor's office.

Whether or not Viola ever reached the governor, in person, was beside the point. Each call was referred to some local law enforce-

ment office for investigation and a written report was required as to disposition. Thus a big file was collected over a period of time regarding Viola's communication with the governor's office.

This photo of Bill often reminds me of interesting, true stories, I've heard him relate.

Another picture is of Henry Kuemmerer doing one of his favorite things. He is shown with a huge table of food before him. No one I've ever known seemed to enjoy eating any more than Dr. Kuemmerer. While it was probably not the most healthy exercise he enjoyed, it surely must of been one of life's purest pleasures. It was just over a year ago, that Henry departed this earthly scene, and there's yet a lot of people who miss his presence daily. Jim Spearman told me an interesting story that involved Dr. K. and a patient that he never related to me previously. That hilarious tale will have to wait a while until I can figure out a reasonable way to "handle it."

A picture in this group also shows Jim Hunt standing on the balcony of a hotel in Daytona Beach, FL. It was a few years later when Jim and Randy Smith were students at Embry-Riddle U. at Daytona they rode down this same beach where Randy observed a rather healthy female sunbathing. He remarked, "Look over there Jim, the ocean has washed a "baby whale" up on the beach."

According to the report, the "baby whale" threatened to whip both of them on the spot.

April 26, 1995

More Old Photos And Memories

Just two or three characters were mentioned in the collage of pictures in last week's column. There could probably be volumes written about just about any one of them.

One of the most interesting and intelligent subjects is a fellow named Lacy High, a technical representative from a firm in High Point, N. C., known as Alderman Studio.

At one point in recent past "we" were fortunate enough to have the responsibility of printing packaging labels for Beacon Mfg.

Company. At that time, the company was said to be the “world’s largest blanket manufacturer.”

The labels were often produced in full color, known as process color in the printing trade.

The beginning of the label was the production of a blanket or bedspread sample. That sample was then placed in the hands of expert photographers, namely Alderman Studio. It was their representative, Lacy High, who had the product placed in a room scene setting of furniture placed by artists and decorators. The room scene bed was not actually a bed at all. It was a framed wooden box. Decorators and assistants often spent hours or days simply getting every wrinkle out of the subject and placing it in the most favorable light.

This may sound like a simple procedure. It was not. Sometimes the texture of the product was such that it required all the skill and imagination of all the experts the manager could muster. I recall one subject in particular that had objectionable wrinkles that practically defied every effort at adjusting.

Finally, someone suggested, “Let’s just wet that sucker and see what happens.” Like magic, the wrinkles disappeared, the photograph was a shot of a wet bedspread, color separations were made from the photo transparency and reproduced beautifully on a label with other artistic embellishments.

Lacy High knew the business of photography from one end to the other. He understood cameras and lighting as no other I’ve ever known. He could explain in his eastern North Carolina drawl the most difficult and technical aspects of his trade in terms that even I could understand.

Alderman Studio was said to be the world’s largest still camera studio in the world at one time. Years ago the company had in excess of 200,000 items in their warehouse inventory just to make their photos more appealing. They could call up antiques from the past as well as “rolling walls” of just about any description, along with flooring with usually all the furniture in the scene, was for a particular manufacturer. It was, and probably still is, an amazing place. A Georgia Tech graduate by the name of Sid Gayle was the

CEO during this period 25 years ago. He knew how to make the wheels turn. Making commercial pictures for catalogs and magazines for furniture manufactures was the primary business, shooting room scenes of textile products with furniture already in place, was simply a natural by-product.

Sid was sharp enough to hire intelligent people with unusual skills. Lacy High was one of his "right arm" assistants.

Unfortunately, Lacy moved on to that "great studio" in the sky several years ago. Since childhood, he suffered a rare heart disorder. An operation left him suffering pain with no end or relief. He finally passed on after another operation as he was unnoticed by a nurse in the recovery room when he, in a waking moment, accidentally knocked his oxygen hose loose.

May 3, 1995

Old High School Buildings Stir Memories

The old Westminster High School buildings on College Street continue to stand erect. Worn, somewhat battered with the elements bearing down through the years, but for the most part, intact. Vandals long ago broke many of the windows which are now boarded. There is still some activity in the roof overhang where time has taken its toll...this time it's pigeons who have found a nice parking place.

For a while, fake owls were in place on parts of the old buildings and the pigeons took notice. It kept them away for a while, but now they just fly by the owls and go on about their business of roosting and raising more pigeons.

Every now and again, I venture into the structure to see if the "Satan worshipper" vandals have been visiting and to check on security and conditions in general. Since most of the goods stored there by Dr. Kuemmerer were sold at his final estate auction last year, much of the breaking and entering has ceased. Too, parts of the buildings have been used recently in a training program for local deputies and law personnel.

It's almost like stepping back in time to wander down the halls of old Westminster High School. You can almost see Mr. M. B. Self moving ever so gently about the building, or Mr. Tom Mabry, or maybe G. K. Summerel. The classrooms are not the well-kept quarters they were in the 30s and 40s, but the presence of teachers is almost real. Mrs. S. F. Reeder would be holding study hall and maintaining the library at the rear of the room. Upstairs Miss Rachel Bruner would be conducting home economic classes and not far down the hall Mrs. Sara Johns would be drilling students in commercial typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, etc.

Sam Ferguson, custodian, janitor and general handyman at WHS, was the only black man on the staff for many years. He not only did his job with great ease and consistency, but he was a friend to the students as well. He love to play ball with them when time permitted. Sam had the ability to pitch a baseball with speed and accuracy with either hand. I think there is a "two-cylinder" word for that human condition called ambidextrous. Anyway Sam was that way and a great guy.

It's almost possible to hear Mrs. Minnie Peden lecturing students when you walk past her old classroom. She was not bashful about her subject matter and was always urging her students to learn basic grammar and literature appreciation. At the same time, she demanded discipline. It appears that present conditions prevailing at most public schools today have relaxed disciplinary requirements through policy and court actions. This one item is greatly responsible for learning impairment. Unless the staff is allowed, or indeed, required, to maintain a class of disciplined students, you can bet learning is going to be accidental at best. There was a time in the not so distant past when teachers had the authority backing and more importantly, the full support of parents. This old-fashioned, time honored and proved method of "getting attention" may have to be revived.

There were many great teachers in the academic halls of WHS. Only a few have been mentioned. There was James G. Brown, E. E. Bryant, Tom Anderson, Leon Hendrix, George Wilson, Bob Gettys, Mrs. Enoch Breazeale, Mrs. Grace Foster, Dorothy Stambeaux,

Clarence Butts, John Townsend, just to name a few.

I was fortunate to have lived at a time when we were so well blessed.

May 17, 1995

He's Back In The Garden

Bob Grogan, one of the champion tomato growers in town, is back on the job again. After a rather serious operation a few months back, he has recuperated enough to get his plants in shape. Bob and Tom Morehead once had friendly competition going about gardening. Bob said Tom was almost impossible to beat when it came to growing things, especially tomatoes. One year the competition got so tight, one of them actually tied a tomato to the vine in an effort to make it appear his crop was the first to produce.

Both Bob and Tom retired from Dunlop where they began working shortly after the plant located here. While Tom has gone on to that Great Garden in the Sky, he is yet remembered as one of the best in the business. It was a lot of fun to hear the stories each would tell about the other's efforts. However, this year, Bob has had to depend on his wife, Evelyn, to help with the gardening. It appears things are moving along rather well, considering the fact that Evelyn has undertaken some new fertilizer techniques. Having a load of horse manure delivered was not in his scheme or plan for this year's production. This surprise innovation is supposed to bring new life to the soil, however, Bob continues to have some reservations about this development. Time and weather will soon tell.

The story is told about some patients supposedly being treated for mental deficiency at a hospital. As two of them wandered about the grounds, by chance, an outsider came rolling a wheelbarrow down the street. It was loaded with manure. The inmates observed!

"What are you going to do with that wheelbarrow of manure?" one of them inquired.

The outsider answered, "I'm taking it down here to put on my strawberries."

"My god, man, you ought to be in here with us," the fellow

noted. "We're using sugar and creme on ours."

Another story in the same vein concerned a man who had a flat tire on his vehicle near an institution for the mentally disadvantaged.

In the process of changing his tire, he placed wheel lug nuts, in a hub cap. As the tire changing was taking place, somehow the man accidentally turned the hub cap over with the lug nuts. They conveniently went rolling into a nearby storm drain. Retrieving them was out of the question.

An inmate nearby noticed the troubled man. He appeared to not know which way to turn next.

"Why don't you," the patient observed, "Just take one lug nut off each of the other three wheels, fasten on your spare tire with them and go to your nearest auto service station and buy enough for all the wheels?"

The motorist was astounded at this bit of logic.

"Man, that is a brilliant idea," he noted, "And I would like to know why a person with your ability to reason is contained in a mental institution?"

"Fellow," he answered, "They have me confined here simply for being crazy...not for being stupid."

May 24, 1995

EAA Plans Memorial Day "Fly-in"

R. W. Moore of Toccoa, GA, looks a little bit like the famous defense lawyer of Atlanta, Bobby Lee Cook. The resemblance is not only physical. R. W., like Bobby Lee, can darn near talk the 'horns off a goat,' however R. W. is a promotion man as opposed to being an attorney. For years he was the advance man, the General Agent for the famous Tommy Scott's medicine show. Now he's retired and has taken up several new projects.

He's always been an airplane enthusiast and has license as a pilot. It was he who founded the Foothills EAA chapter in Toccoa. The EAA stands for Experimental Aircraft Association. It is, indeed, a big association with the world's largest display each year in August at Osh Kosh, Wisconsin. Planes from way back when

from all over the world show up for this event. And so they do, too, for local events such as the coming Memorial Day event for this weekend at Toccoa.

R. W., estimates 150 planes to be visiting Toccoa Airport over the weekend of May 27 and 28. This event is the third year of the "fly-in" and coincides with the 50th Anniversary of the end of WWII. Some 14 "warbirds" are expected to show...among them the North American P-51 Mustang, the North American AT-6 "Texan," and the Boeing Stearman PT-17 "Kaydet" from the Air Superiority Group in Smyrna. Japanese, Chinese, German and Czechoslovakian airplanes of World War II vintage will also be included in this years "fly-in."

The "fly-in" has continued to grow since its inception in 1993. R.W. explained, "In 1993, we had 80 airplanes and 3,000 people came to see them. In 1994, we had 100 airplanes and 5,000 people. This year we expect 150 aircraft and estimating some 10,000 people will attend."

A huge amount of literature promoting the event has been distributed, and participants will have an opportunity to sponsor "fly-bys" during the "fly-in." In exchange for sponsorship, sponsors will have the opportunity to ride in the planes during the "fly-bys."

Sponsorships are still available for the PT-17 to and from Atlanta. Sponsors of these trips will have the opportunity to either ride from Atlanta to Toccoa on May 26 or from Toccoa to Atlanta on May 28.

R. W. said these rides will be exciting and one you are not likely to forget anytime soon.

One repeat sponsor from 1994 has been identified and plans to bring P-51 Mustangs to Toccoa as well as the AT-6.

For anyone desiring more information about the Memorial Day weekend "fly-in" events, you may contact R. W. Moore in Toccoa at (706) 779-3446 or FAX 779-2302.

If you've ever been in the Wal-Mart in Toccoa, you may have seen this famous promoter. He wears a beard, just like Bobby Lee, and more often than not he's talking, often about airplanes, and promotion of EAA. The organization is especially helpful to young

people who want to get involved in aviation. It is also an expensive matter for the older generations who have dedicated themselves to restoring and showing antique aircraft of the past.

Someone once said, "The only difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys." However, you don't have to buy one to come to the show this weekend and have fun!

May 31, 1995

More Than One Required...

Herchel Ridley, an independent contractor, has been in the carpet-laying business for a long time. He and his efficient help are skilled in their trade. They are, therefore, in demand throughout a wide area. Herchel and his wife have lived in this section for several years and presently make their home off the Coffee Road just off Long Creek Highway.

Besides being a skilled carpet man, Herchel has a keen sense of humor. He recalls many interesting events involving local people and most of them have some funny aspect.

Recently he was in the neighborhood plying his trade in between breaks he recalled a few stories.

One involved a fellow named Hugh Langston. Hugh, was a red-haired, sort of short, stocky-built man. He often came to town and visited various businesses up and down Main Street Westminster. He lived, with his mother many years off Long Creek Highway. He would work at odd jobs whenever the moon was right or the notion struck him, but was not burdened with full-time employment.

According to Herchel, at one point, Hugh was employed back in mountain woods with a local saw-mill crew. What his specific job was is not clear, but apparently, some of the workers just called on him any time they could reach him.

The "doodle-bug" mechanism that carried the saw dust away from the cutting blades had malfunctioned. Someone noticed Hugh was standing close by and summoned him to climb the big saw-dust pile and help with the matter. No sooner had he helped straighten out this problem when another developed.

Another of the regular crew members hollered for Hugh to come help straighten out the next crisis. He again answered the call. As expected, something is always going wrong around a saw-mill. Again Hugh was called upon. He dutifully answered and believed he had things under control when once again a crew member asked him to go over and assist with the "off-bearing" of slabs.

Finally, Hugh realized things were getting far out of control. Suddenly, he stopped and gathered some of the regular help around him.

"Listen," he said, "I know I am good at this business...I have been around here helping with just about anything and everything that has gone wrong...and I know I am good, but I'll just be damned if I can run this saw-mill by myself!"

When Herchel and his carpet crew are busy, they don't have much time for a lot of conversation. They absolutely do not stand on any ceremony when there is carpet to be laid. Bob Grogan could hardly believe the speed and skill which they exhibited in a recently installed job at his home. In the house by 7 a.m., moving furniture, and getting the new materials ready, cut, in place and fastened, nearly an entire home was completed by 3 p.m. the same day.

The same over here with a much smaller job of laying some indoor-out-door on a couple of porches. Three hours and the work was complete.

Skill and experience certainly count, but to paraphrase Hugh Langston, Herchel said, "I'm good, but damned if I can do all by myself!"

June 7, 1995

Events Of Past Still Linger

When W. T. (Mac) McClure had a Chevrolet Dealership on the property just above The News office and operated an Amoco service station on the back side, now Windsor Street, some memorable events took place on the land.

One thing I recall as a small boy, was a parachute jump. It must have been in the 1930s when the event took place. A team, consist-