

I am proud that my children have had better advantages than myself, and I am so thankful to have these good children to care for me in my old age. They are a blessing to me, and I enjoy life every day that I live.

My trials were great, but I have a hope to eternal rest in the 'sweet by and by'."

January 10, 1996

### **It's Snow Snake Season Again!**

Back when folks were dinin' and dancin' at the ole Rink-A-Dink Club off the Greenfield road, near Westminster, there just wasn't much indoor plumbin' available.

As a matter of fact, there was a lot of things that don't matter that much to folks visiting down there. It was a building constructed of sheet metal, five - v tin placed horizontal on a concrete slab.

It suited the owner and operator, Herman W. "Foggy" Dickson, and most of his friends and customers who visited him.

Only thing was, on a cold and frosty mornin' things got sort of chilly down there. When the temperature fell, "Foggy" would call on Lee "Bozzie" Lyles, his erstwhile assistant, to throw on some more coal or wood in the big space heater.

There had been some weather sort of like the kind we've had here lately, cold, icy, and smattering of snow thrown in. It was winter. Some danced to keep warm. Some drank a popular brand of antifreeze. Others ate, drank coffee, or just wrapped up in the atmosphere.

On this particular night, it was droppin' down to the bitter cold range. It was gettin' late in the evening, and things began to slow up some. "Foggy" just sat patiently on his perch, observed and waited on any customers wanting service. All those gathered seemed to be enjoying the fun and witty comments that popped up every now and then.

Finally, one of the ladies doing some of the dancin' stopped and moved over to near where "Foggy" was seated.

"Mr. Dickson," she inquired, "Do you have a rest room down

here?" For a moment, "Foggy" looked sort of puzzled that anyone would ask such a question. Quick witted as he was, he offered a response without hesitation: "Yes mam, we've got the biggest one in Oconee County...27 acres...you can take any door!"

The woman looked puzzled for a minute, but before she could say anything, he added: "Please be careful out there tonight...those snow snakes are out in full force...they are more dangerous than a rattlesnake, copperhead or anything else. They are deadly dangerous and should be avoided. The peculiar thing is they can kill you without even biting you. They are bad news."

The lady looked more astonished than ever. It was clear she didn't understand the risk, and more importantly, she really didn't understand "Foggy's" explanation.

Finally, she said, "Well, sir, if they are out there tonight, very dangerous as you explained, will kill quicker than a rattlesnake bite, and they kill without even biting you...how do they do it?"

It was the opening for the punch line "Foggy" had been building up to and waiting for her to ask.

"Lady," he explained, "These snakes are invisible. You can't see 'em, but they are there. Be careful, they can kill quicker than a rattler. Don't ever trust them on a night like this. It's when they attack. An' the way they kill is...they jus' crawl up your tail and freeze you to death!"

The friends and fellow travelers at the Rink-A-Dink Club had a good laugh. The woman took the advice in a very good natured way. After all, it was one of "Foggy's" favorite stories that eventually became one I remembered.

January 24, 1996

### **If You Get The Flu Now...**

You're still going to feel terrible if you get a bad cold or flu. What we generally refer to as "flu" must be a different variety the "bug" that killed many during the 1918s. Or we've been told that. Most, nowadays, have access to some kind of antibiotic or drug that "wages war" against infection.

It wasn't always so. The late Dr. Wm. A. Strickland was around when a lot of people didn't make it through the epidemic of the early part of this century. There wasn't much to treat flu victims with when it ran wild throughout the country. Some tried mustard plaster poultices; others used camphor rubbing compounds; some tried a few shots of hard liquor mixed with rock candy for a cough; others just tried the liquor to feel better, cough or not. Then there was Vick's salve, a valuable -- and yet -- medication to relieve congestion and nasal discomfort. Onions were said to stave off disease, or better still, garlic. Perhaps the value was in the fact that no one dare get close enough to transmit harmful bacteria if you've been eating onions or garlic.

Of a cold, Dr. Strickland, often remarked that he could give some medicine, aspirin perhaps, or some concoction, that may help, but sometimes admonished patients: "I can give you something...it may help or it may not...you will probably feel better in about two weeks or either 14 days, regardless. It takes about that long for improvement."

His advice is equally as good now as it was then. In most cases you can gain some relief, but it's going to take about two weeks to begin to feel better. Or 14 days.

The old family doctors would travel miles through all kinds of adverse weather and roads to visit patients who were unable to move about. Often they went by horseback, buggy, wagon, T-model, or any means of transportation available. Many would spend the night with a sick person, if the situation warranted. The pay was small or none by those unable. Often payment was in the form of vegetables, meats or canned goods. Whatever could be bartered usually was.

The older doctors used the limited access to medications to the best of their ability, and were dedicated to the profession to a high degree. compared to the profession today, it was an entirely different world. There are still many good medical professionals who are equally dedicated and have access to remedies unheard of just ten years ago. It is, without question, a business that requires a high level of training that few are capable of attaining or are "willing to pay the price to practice."

Some use to believe that “black drought” or “castor oil” would cure darn near anything. My mother was a strong believer in “liver medicine.” That must have been something dreamed up by the devil to punish children who stepped “out of line.”

Doctor E. L. Shuler, retired, and the late Dr. H. R. Kuemmerer, handled many flu epidemics as did the late Dr. Wm. A. Strickland, Dr. T. G. Hall, and Dr. Furman Simpson, along with a long list of great family physicians formerly serving the community. This burden now falls to Dr. Billy Campbell and his staff on Main Street in Westminster. It is no picnic, I’m sure of that. Especially when everyone has a cold, flu or both, feeling badly and wanting immediate help the minute they walk in or are carried in. It is a challenge.

It must have some rewards beyond the obvious. It is a tough job.

January 31, 1996

## **Howard Played Game Of Life**

Frank Howard, a great man and great Clemson Coach, joined C. L. Smith and a few others in that Big Coffee Club in The Sky last week. He was nearly 87 chronologically, but always a man of quick wit and good humor right up to the end.

While I was no personal friend, I did know the man fairly well and appreciated his wit and honesty at all times.

He was a close personal friend to the late M.D., Cleveland who came to know Howard when M. D. (Marshall) was driving a bread truck every day. One of his daily deliveries was to Clemson. M.D. arose early as did Frank Howard who was a former farm boy from Alabama.

When the early morning deliveries were made to Clemson, M.D. once told me he met Frank Howard by some turn of fate. Coach Howard often helped unload the fresh trays of loaf bread from the Bond truck.

They apparently became close friends and associates. Many grocery years later when M.D. founded a successful whole sale grocery business, he kept in touch with Howard. Once each year M.D. presented him a nice Texas style 10-gallon hat from Stetson. It became a tradition for many years. At the same time, they stayed in

touch, personally, by phone, letter or whatever. M.D. offered him comments and advice as the football season was in progress. But that's another story in itself.

Frank was a brilliant man. Not only as a coach, but in the academic world as well.

My brother, the late Bruce D. Hunt, was a young Clemson Cadet in the 1930s when Clemson College was really getting into football. In fact, I think Howard succeeded Coach Jess Neely who eventually went to Rice University in Texas after defeating Boston College in their first major bowl game - 7 to 3. By the way, James G. Brown was a trombone player in that Clemson band when they made the trip to the Cotton Bowl in the 1930s. Bruce Hunt may have been a year or so ahead of that class, but he remembered having an academic class under Coach Frank Howard. Back then, there were some requirements beyond football.

The thing that impressed Bruce was the fact the course was being taught in the old college building and had to be on a ground floor. The reason for the ground floor requirement was due to the fact that Professor (Coach) Howard chewed a lot of tobacco and had to spit somewhere. The windows in that classroom were opened when the Coach was chewing and he could spit out so long as it was the ground floor.

Frank was originally from a little place in Alabama called Barlow Bend. It was said to be about three "axle greasings" on the other side of Mobile, a farming community. Howard must have had everything the University of Alabama needed from a player where he not only became an All American but an academic scholar. He once told me that it was so "pore" down there where he came from that when someone threw a bone to a hound dog, he had to signal for a fair catch.

A lot of people who never played for the Tigers had a great appreciation for Coach Howard. He never lost the human touch and the ability to make pertinent comment with humor, no matter the event.

He knew how to play the game of life. He played it well. Now he and the late C. L. Smith are both looking down here grinnin'.

February 7, 1996

**Sometimes A Cat Needs Help**

This may be one of those stories like Dr. E. L. Shuler related. He was beginning an interesting yarn when his wife, Patsy, reminded him he had probably told the same story to the same party before. He replied, "This is like one Mrs. David (Beverly) Moon related: 'If you've heard it before, OK, I'm going to tell it again so you can enjoy it a second time.'"

One of the human biology professors at the University of GA in the 1940s told one joke each day just before his lecture. The class was big and taught via a public address system. He walked back and forth on a wooden platform with a microphone hung over his head. There were more than 450 students in the class. About 60 percent were doomed to fail from day one. It was graded on the curve. No roll call was taken. You either came, studied like hell, memorized every diagram and note written and passed or you failed. It was that simple. The professor knew his subject really well and usually told a good joke to get attention before class.

On this special day he told of a person who had a sick cat. In the process of trying to help the animal he placed a call to a resident veterinarian.

"I've got a sick cat," the owner explained.

"What are the symptoms?" the Vet inquired.

After relating several symptoms to the Vet, the cat owner waited for his diagnosis and suggestion.

After weighing the symptoms, the Vet came with a suggested remedy: "Give him a pint of castor oil."

The cat owner rather logically thought a pint of castor oil might be a bit too much for a small cat. However, he trusted the Vet and finally decided that the professional advice should be followed.

Little did he know the Vet misunderstood the cat owner in the beginning telephone conversation.

A few days later, the cat owner met the Vet walking down the street. The conversation went thusly:

Vet - "How is you sick calf?"

Cat Owner - "I don't have a sick calf."

Vet - "Oh yes, you called about one the other night. It was not a calf?"

Cat Owner - "No, sir; I called about a sick cat. It was not a calf."

The Vet was shocked, for he realized he recommended a pint of castor oil.

Vet - "Don't tell me, I misunderstood. Did you give your cat a full pint of castor oil?"

Cat Owner - "I did."

Vet - "Is your cat still living...that's enough castor oil to kill a small cat."

Cat Owner - "The cat is still living, but almost died, had it not been for three friends that came in to help him. Three other cats came over when they learned of his illness and treatment. It was they who helped save his life; One cat helped dig holes; one helped cover up holes, and the third cat explored new territory."

February 14, 1996

### **Baseball Back Then**

Brek Barker, Rabun County Attorney, likes to visit Willie Hawkins at his retirement home in Tiger, Ga., and talk baseball. Especially the way it was once played.

"Hawk" is now well into his 80s, and came from a family in Westminster where nearly every member played baseball on the park diamond at Beacon Mfg. Co.'s park where the Oconee Mountaineers played.

Players from the textile leagues were some of the best ever seen. Many graduated into majors. Some did rather well by prevailing standards at that time. Most who played textile baseball were content to have a job in the plant. There was little incentive beyond that. Every now and again a special player would be brought aboard the team during the playoffs for league championships. By and large, the majority of players loved the game, played because it was a fun thing to do, and competition was good.

Barker was asking "Hawk" about how tough things were among teams really "going after each other."

"I've seen the time when umpires at a game would carry a gun

for protection as a game was being called,” Willie explained. “Things were sometimes out of control...I will always remember one team member who became the victim of policeman’s blackjack during a game.”

Games were often very close and hard fought. No one wanted to lose and all fought like hell to keep from losing “Hawk” explained.

Tricks were used to win some games. Willie recalled one close game where the winning runner was on third base. Prospects of a hitter driving the winning run in were like Ole Dizzy Dean recalled, slim to none. The coach behind the runner on third used a psychology ploy that got his runner across the plate scoring the winning run. As the pitcher was getting set to pitch the batter at home plate the runner’s coach called out to him, “Let me see that ball!” The pitcher obviously thought it was a “legal” examination request. Apparently without thinking, he tossed the ball to the third base coach. The coach had no intention of catching the ball or examining it, nor was he acting in good faith. He simply let the ball go by him and sent his runner to home plate to score the winning run, according to “Hawk.”

Another trick involved a player who had a peeled potato (Irish.) It was in the shape of a baseball and was hidden somewhere in his uniform. At a critical point, the catcher with the hidden “potato ball” threw the fake baseball to the pitcher who let it slide by him and onto the outfield. The winning runner on base believed it to be the baseball and tried to score on what appeared to be an error. He was quickly tagged out at home plate by the catcher who had cleverly hid and produced the real game ball. It almost started a riot, Willie recalled, but the umpires were unable to determine anywhere in the rule books where an Irish potato thrown to the outfield was illegal.

Barker was amused by these stories and asked Willie if he knew anything about “Shoeless Joe” Jackson, renowned and controversial major league player from Greenville. “Hawk” said he slightly remembered him, but you’ll never make me believe he had any part of helping to “throw” a world series game between Chicago and Cincinnati.

February 21, 1996

## **Fond Memories Of Tribune Office**

Westminster's Tugaloo Tribune was an institution in itself. Under its founder, the late A. L. Gossett, it was a distinguished weekly newspaper. That tradition was carried on for years later by Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Felder, both now deceased. After successfully operating the newspaper, the Felders operated a printing company where the fine art of letterpress printing was a daily ritual. It is now almost a lost art.

The passing last week of Mrs. JeNelle Felder, co-owner and publisher, marked the end of a wonderful era. Perhaps the best of times and the worst of times were experienced by the Felders when they moved here in the 1930s.

I can almost smell the molten lead fumes from the model 5 Linotype pot as the pungent aroma mixed with printer's ink and stored newsprint stock along with other "tools" of the trade. My first recollection of such was when the Tribune was printed in an old frame building that stood where the Westminster Medical Clinic building now stands. Some steps lead up to that building. I recall very distinctly, at the young age of 6 or 7, sitting on the steps looking in as Mr. W. C. Felder, tickled the keys on the Linotype. The front doors were open in the warm weather. I can nearly hear the brass matrices falling into place in the machine "senate" or assembly. The precise timing of the machine automatically swung the little brass "mats" to a mold positioned in front of the melted lead pot and a plunger forced a line of type letters into formation. Then the rat-tat-tat of the little brass "mats" being automatically distributed back into a big, brass magazine to let them be used over and over again. It was like a miracle to a small boy who didn't really know what was happening.

Years later when Mr. and Mrs. Felder were operating the business in the building where Felder Printing was located on East Main Street, I was fortunate to become a "Printer's Devil." That was the term designated for a beginner.

It was there I learned discipline required to get the job done of printing a weekly newspaper plus commercial job printing. It was a

great, but demanding school. As I look backward now, it was probably the best training on earth for a youngster of 11 or 12 years old. A lot of different jobs were required with precision -- if you wanted to keep all your fingers and other body parts intact.

It was in this environment I learned some skills Mr. Felder shared but also the strength and kindness Mrs. Felder had in abundance as she toiled in the process. It was in this climate that Celeste Felder, daughter of the Felders, was exposed to the trials and tribulations of the business. She mastered many printing skills from her family and also has an outstanding family of her own. Three wonderful young adults and husband Eugene Wallace of Stone Mtn., GA, speak eloquently of their heritage.

Much of the spirit this family enjoys may be traced to a wonderful mother and grandmother, Mrs. JeNelle Felder. She was an artist who did beautiful oil paintings, a musician, talented violinist, a teacher and a great citizen who exercised a great, calming force.

It was my pleasure and wonderful opportunity to have been in the company of the Felder family at an age when I surely needed firm guidance and direction.

February 28, 1996

## **Politics And Ole Gene Talmadge**

The name-calling, fact-bending, innuendo, truths, half-truths, all the other adjectives and adverbs recent candidates in the Republican presidential primaries are using on each other are nothing new. It's only a new crowd doing it. Not that it will matter when all the chips are down and the last card falls. Who cares to remember? Does it really matter? Politicians of all stripes tend to do whatever they believe will get them votes and elected. It's what happens after election that concerns most citizens.

Ole Gene Talmadge was once a powerful politician who ruled in Georgia in the 30s and 40s. He cared not for urban voters in metropolitan Atlanta. The throngs in Dekalb and Fulton counties and others didn't bother Ole Gene so long as the county unit system was in effect. He knew the most populated counties only had six votes.

The smallest rural counties had no less than 2 unit votes. It doesn't take a Georgia Tech engineer to figure that three small counties with two unit votes each could counter Fulton or Dekalb. Ole Gene worked the farming counties and hinterland. He knew where his bread and butter came from and made no apologies for it. Thus he remained Governor about as long as he wanted. Perhaps he did a lot of good for people who needed it most at a time when no one was having an easy way to live.

It was years before Gene Talmadge came on the scene that Henry W. Grady was envisioning a "new south." One of the illustrations he used to urge fellow citizens not long after the Civil War ended centered around a funeral. In an effort to promote more enterprise, more industrial and business venture, more jobs for all and production at home, he wrote of a citizen who had passed. He described in detail where each item used at the funeral service was manufactured. The wood for the coffin, the metal for its handles, the nails in the boards, the cloth in the casket, the shroud, the glass cover, the vault, all were identified as to place of origin and manufacture. None came from the state of Georgia. In essence, Grady concluded: "About the only things Georgia furnished for the funeral was the man and hole in the ground." A point well made.

Ole Gene, years later, when the state was just beginning to make some forward steps, knew how and what to say to farmers and others who listened and voted. One favorite slogan was, "You ain't got but three friends in this whole, wide world: they are God, Sears and Roebuck and Ole Gene Talmadge." With his shirt unbuttoned and his trade-mark red suspenders in place, he snapped them and went on to the next stump meeting. Newspapers were potent political forces long before television.

Ole Gene went out of his way to make sure the powerful Atlanta newspapers were "again him." He didn't want them sayin' nice things about him so long as the unit system of electing a governor remained. He bet on the rural votes and won more often than not.

Years later when it was apparent the unit system was doomed because so many disenfranchised citizens rose up, Ole Gene was about through anyway. He handed the political reins over to his son,

Herman. He, too, was no slouch at the game. He won the governor's race one time when he accused an opponent, M. E. (Too) Thompson of squandering money on an island.

"Yeh," he said, "This man took \$600,000 of your money and bought an island off the coast of Georgia (Jekyll.) The only way you can get there is by airplane, boat or submarine!" When elected, Herman remedied that as he built a two million dollar draw bridge from Brunswick to Jekyll Island. All have proved, in time, to be worthy investments.

So goes politics.

March 6, 1996

### **Be Careful What You Ask For**

The late Jim McAllister was the kind of newspaper columnist that was easy to read. For the eight years or more he wrote for The Greenville News, I hardly missed his offerings. He knew a lot of people in the area. He had the knack for searching out those who had interesting stories to tell and the skill to retell them in print. He was no personal friend, though I knew him and felt we sometimes covered some common ground. One of the books he compiled was titled, "Down Yonder In The Carolinas." It was essentially some of his better columns, perhaps edited, and presented in anecdote or short story form. Several items in this book pertain to this area, some to people we have met or heard about from reliable sources.

One story, in particular, appealed to me for I heard essentially the same version from my father. I believe there is some message there worth reviewing. It went like this:

#### **"Don't Take Me To The Church"**

The old pump organ still has a beautiful sound. You listen to its mellow tones drifting around the living room of the parsonage in Oconee County and you can picture that fateful day long ago when it figured in one of the most bizarre happenings in Oconee's history.

The Rev. David Duncan, pastor of Davis Creek Baptist Church between Seneca and Clemson, sits in the living room of the parsonage admiring the handsome organ and telling the oft-repeated story.

“He doesn’t want to use any names, he says, “because there are still some relatives around and he doesn’t want to hurt any feelings.” But it’s a true story. It really happened at a church in Oconee County back about the turn of the century.

There was a man living in Oconee then who never went to church. He was quite adamant about it. When he became seriously ill he told his family that he didn’t want to be taken to the church for a funeral. No. Never. ‘If you take me to church for a funeral lightning will strike the church and burn it to the ground.’

“Well, he did die. His body was taken to the church for a funeral. The family filed in, the organ started to play and the preacher began the service.

“Just then a violent thunderstorm broke over the area. Lightning struck the church, setting it on fire, and before the people could do anything it burned to ground. The only things saved out of the church were a few chairs, the man’s casket and the old organ.”

That’s the way Jim wrote about it in his book which was published in 1979. It wasn’t a terribly long time after that when he became ill and eventually passed. It was my pleasure to meet Jim and talk with him several times, but this story had particular interest to me, for it first was called to my attention by my father, the late C. R. Hunt.

It certainly did reinforce the “old saying:” Be Careful What You Ask For...You May Get It!

This book is filled with interesting, often funny stories. Some, many will certainly recognize and maybe can identify with the characters. He was a great writer about our culture. Maybe he’s somewhere in that “Great Newsroom In The Sky” pounding out another column and just smiling.

March 13, 1996

## Hittin' em Where They Ain't

One interesting aspect of the D-Day invasion of Europe was the element of surprise. Though the price was high, the casualties great, it could have been worse. Had the invasion happened where the German army expected, WWII invasion may have been an even greater disaster.

It has always impressed me the way our people seemed to be of one spirit and determined purpose during a period of national stress. Especially from 1941 through 1945, this was true.

While the need was there for troops and support, it was given by the masses, no questions asked. All seemed willing and even clamoring to get involved in helping.

"War Is Hell," General W. T. Sherman observed after he led his troops in the Civil War. I'm not sure if he said this before or after he began torching Southern cities. As one professor pointed out, "He got a little bit careless with matches over here around Atlanta." Not only there, but on down the way to Savannah and up to Columbia. One might wonder why there was some of the great and majestic colonial homes spared in the Madisonville, GA, area while Sherman was on his "hot" march to the sea. The story goes that some lady from the area had a rather unusual relationship with one of the high ranking Union officers. Whatever influence was available she apparently used it and was successful in saving the fiery destruction that would have wiped out everything.

Many interesting things happened during war, especially to those directly involved in combat. Each survivor, in most instances, has some really fascinating experiences.

Recently, a now-retired veterinarian, Dr. L. J. Steele of Stephens County, GA., was telling about an experience in the "battle of the bulge," during WWII. In an unusual situation, he and some of his men were able to save some fellow soldiers who had become surrounded by the enemy. He said he was particularly moved at a reunion of his company when one fellow came up, hugged him and remarked, "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't be here today."

Strange things happen during stressful situations. Some rise to

the occasion without giving the matter a thought. Whatever is the decent and right thing to do will be done with fear and risk subdued.

Apparently such was the case with Dr. Dan Strickland, also a retired veterinarian, who, incidentally attended the same school as Dr. Steele on the G. I. Bill after WWII, at the U. of GA. Both were excellent students. Back to the story. When Dan was serving aboard a destroyer during WWII during a fierce battle in the Pacific Ocean, ships were being hit by Japanese guns and planes. There were many casualties. Some sailors were trying to live as they swam away from sinking ships or had been blown overboard by explosions. They were swimming in burning oil slicks. Beside that, there were sharks in the waters. Without hesitation, Dan Strickland secured himself with a line, dived over the side of his destroyer and was able to pull at least six or more men to safety. All of this particular incident was spelled out in a Presidential Citation.

“Hittin’em where they ain’t” expecting to be hit apparently worked during wartime tactics a well. One “ole timer” baseball player explained his unusual ability to get on base using the same philosophy. It may have been Dizzy Dean or one of our own Oconee Mountaineers who made this observation.

March 20, 1996

### **Up A Tree, Strange Things Can Happen**

When a big tree or limbs thereof threaten a home or building, a lot of folks in these parts think of Larry Watkins, his son, Johnnie, a nephew, and sometimes his wife, Shirley. That’s because this whole family is skilled in tree surgery. They can prune back the big limbs or take down an entire tree. Whatever the customer wants or needs in the trimming business, Larry can usually get the job done.

This is no small skill. When one considers the risk of climbing a live tree with only metal leg spikes and a belt swung around, while carrying a chain saw and a long line, it is not a job for the weak of heart. Larry has been at this business a long time. He knows the limbs you can trust and those otherwise.

He seldom does a lot of talking when he's working. His son, and another associate who does some climbing, have a set of signals they use as a team. They depend heavily on each other to insure safety. Each has a job to do to help the "climber" who may be 50 or 75 feet up with a chain saw running. To remove big heavy limbs carefully and with a minimum of risk requires constant alert on all involved. One small misjudgment could spell disaster. Limbs react differently, sort of like people. Some are tough and strong and will fall in a predicted fashion. Others are highly likely to do everything except what is desirable.

Trees can take an odd turn or twist when the main trunk is being brought down. Many have been injured by not allowing for the unexpected as a big limb or trunk is felled.

There are other surprises, too. Larry explained one day he was high up in a tree ready to cut a limb when he noted it had a rotten spot on top. Just as he was getting his chain saw into place, he noticed a big hole in the rotten part of the limb. About that time, he also saw the forked antenna tongue of a snake. The rest you can guess, as he made a hasty retreat, giving the snake all the room he wanted in that tree.

Larry pointed out that while the snake in the rotten limb was a bit frightening, he said many times squirrels will be in the trees he is working with. Sometimes they become scared and come down the trunk of a tree or big limb without reservations. He pointed out it is not one of his favorite thrills to have a squirrel run over his body and back while hanging high in a tree with a chain saw running in one hand.

Also, he pointed out that even more exciting than the regular run of squirrels is flying squirrels. One time he explained his situation where he was "up a tree" getting ready to cut and was wearing a loose shirt. Suddenly a ground squirrel burst onto the scene and used Larry's back for a ladder. Climbing into his loose shirt, the little animal ran right down his back. He didn't explain exactly what happened, but he said that flying squirrel got his undivided attention immediately.

Using chain saws can be a risk in itself. Larry, son, Johnnie and

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Using chain saws can be a risk in itself. Larry, son, Johnnie and

wife, Shirley, are skilled in this department. I've seen them in action and they know where and how to use them. This is no small skill. Anyone who can handle the trials, tribulations and risks of tree surgery certainly has my respect and admiration. It's no Sunday School picnic!

April 3, 1996

### **A Lot Of Fun And A Gracious Lady**

J. Walter Duckworth was a natural comedian. He provided a lot of fun and laughter for a lot of people. He had the ability to see some humor in most anything, no matter how serious. Since his passing several years ago, only the older generations remember him personally. His kind and gracious wife, Nettie, was an enduring person. For many years before her recent passing, Nettie was the victim of a stroke and was in a comatose state for a long time. I recall her good nature and her kind understanding...especially of Walter and sometimes, me. It was my privilege to visit and partake of many homecooked meals at the Duckworth home located just to the rear of Coneross Baptist Church. It was a fun place to go with seldom a dull moment.

The recent passing of Mrs. Nettie Patterson Duckworth cannot help bringing to mind some interesting events. When she was in good health Nettie enjoyed fun as much as anyone. Even when she was the basis for the humor.

Walter sometimes came by the newspaper on his way home from work at Oconee Mill. On one occasion, we discussed a planned practical joke and decided to test a new theory on Walter's wife, Nettie.

Walter attached himself to a phone line extension and listened while we executed a plot. With Nettie on the phone line, I posed as a telephone technician:

"Mam," I inquired, "How long has that phone line been out there at Coneross?"

Nettie: "I really don't know exactly, but for several years," she replied.

“Well, that is the reason I am calling. According to our records, that line had been installed for 28 years and 6 months. I’m sure you must have some problem hearing over it sometimes, that is what this call is all about,” I emphasized while Walter listened on the extension.

Caught slightly off guard Nettie replied, “That time may be about right, but I don’t know for sure.”

“We are going to remedy the static problem you sometimes have on that Coneross phone,” I explained, “But we will need your cooperation for about 20 minutes.”

“Well,” Nettie answered, with little or no hesitation.

“What I want you to do, Mam, is go into your kitchen, get a brown paper sack and tie it securely over the phone receiver...and leave it for about 15 or 20 minutes...for we plan to ‘blow out’ that line and we don’t want dust and stuff going all over your house when we put the pressure on the line.”

Again Nettie answered, “Well.”

With that, Walter hung up his extension and said, “Let’s go.” We jumped in my car and made our way to his home at Coneross. When we arrived there were several other cars in front of his home. Some ladies and Nettie were having cookies and tea in the living room.

Walter said, “We’d better go to the back door.”

We did and entered through the kitchen area. Very quickly Nettie came in from the living room and inquired: “Walter, where is your truck?”

“Well,” he explained, “It broke down at the river bridge and Jack just happened to come along and picked me up.”

Then Walter went on to explain, “I’ve got to call down to Jim Smith’s garage and get a wrecker to pull it in.”

With that statement, he made as if to locate the phone in a small hallway passage.

Nettie threw up her hands and exclaimed, “Walter, you can’t use the phone now...they are blowing out the lines.”

We both looked at the phone at the same time. Nettie had it neatly tied in a brown paper sack with the string in a bow knot with the

receiver hanging over the back of a nearby chair.

Walter laughed until tears streaked down his cheeks and lay down on the kitchen floor.

Nettie said she and the other ladies were discussing the procedure and all agreed that none had heard of it previously. Things were going pretty well until Walter kept laughing when one of the ladies said they were just waiting for "stuff" to start hitting that sack.

With that remark, Nettie picked up a broom as Walter and I made a quick exit out the back door. Later, Dr. Julius Earle heard about the event and asked Nettie for all the details when she visited his office for consultation. Later, I received a statement for \$150 for treating Mrs. Duckworth's nerves.

Nettie was a great lady and certainly a good sport to contend with a pair of practical jokesters. Maybe she and Walter are both looking down at the human condition today and having another laugh.

April 10, 1996

### **"Skull And Bones," Richmond, VA., Etc.**

Dr. David Garland Johnson recalled the other day his 35th year anniversary of graduation from Dental College is coming up soon. For 32 years he has had a practice in Westminster. He said he plans to attend a class reunion in Richmond, VA, where he attended Dental College

The mention of Richmond, VA, triggered a few memories that city in 1945 just as WWII was winding down. As a young sailor stationed at Camp Perry naval base in Williamsburg, 50 miles down the road from Richmond, I used every opportunity to visit each time liberty was given.

There was a bus line nicknamed "the blue goose" that hauled navy personnel from Williamsburg to Richmond. A ticket, round-trip, cost \$1. A round-trip purchase was required before boarding a "blue goose." The "goose" fleet was actually a group of old school buses that had been activated and painted light blue. They worked fine for this short-haul purpose. You could catch one on the weekend about every hour.

The first stop for the “blue goose” in Richmond was near the Medical College of the University of Richmond. Conveniently located nearby was a “greasy spoon” type restaurant known as the “Skull and Bones.” Outside was a featured neon sign, all in white, a very distinct skull and crossbones. It always reminded me of what Otis Mason said about one of his drinking acquaintances. Otis noted: “He would drink almost anything if it didn’t have a “skull and crossbones” label attached.

In addition to a lot of Confederate history, Richmond had several places sailors would gather. One was a sort of restaurant-bar place where you could eat, drink and be merry for a few hours. The place was owned or managed by an Italian fellow who had a beautiful marble counter with a rather elaborate mirror arrangement buffet behind the counter.

In the Richmond area, there was also a Navy electrician's school. Many of these sailors would also gather at this popular spot. At the end of the elaborate marble counter was an old-timey ice cream freezer that held about six containers of dip ice cream. The top covers were round, heavy-duty cylinders with a knob handle.

As sometimes happens, sailors from the electrician's school and, those from the Camp Perry navy base, had disagreement. Over what issue was never really known or mattered. A fight broke out in this place with stuff flying through the air like missiles. A mirror behind the marble counter was cracked and the Italian manager almost went berserk. Sailors were pouring out of booths alongside the wall and a regular free-for-all ensued.

Fortunately, I was able to make my way clear to the door without getting caught up in the main action, but a ship-mate, Leonard Head, from Jacksonville, FL. jumped up on the ice cream freezer, grabbed two lids, one in each hand, and was smacking any passerby. It was sorta like watching a band member playing symbols...only with a head appearing between the two every now and then.

Leonard was finally knocked off his convenient stand on the freezer and lost his navy cap in the melee. Going back to get it, because his name was stenciled there-in, someone hit him right in

the mouth with his very own hat as he reached the door. What a stroke of luck! By then we could hear sirens and saw visions of Shore Patrol. It was time to go!

April 17, 1996

### **Living Legacy In Long Creek**

If you pass through the Long Creek area, you will surely catch a glimpse of Oconee's apple orchard efforts. Many have contributed to make this area the state's foremost producers. Among those who were always striving to grow and do a better job was the Moore family. It is part of the history of the region and continues to be a day to day battle with the elements and soil. One of the most distinguished among this family of pioneers was Hercial Moore who recently succumbed to a longtime illness.

It was my privilege to know Hercial personally for a number of years. While he graduated from high school in Walhalla, he attended Westminster High for a while and was a member of David Stribling's agriculture class.

He always had an unlimited supply of energy it seemed until recent years when he became ill. Even then, his problems were pushed out of the way as he struggled to keep on keeping on.

It was particularly interesting to hear former Mayor Julian B. Stoudemire of Walhalla comment that he always remembered Hercial as a man who was often involved in trying to help someone with a special problem. I know this was a true assessment. He often took on the trials and tribulations of those working with him as he sought solutions to complex problems. Many times he was of great help and certainly didn't seek any special recognition for deeds rendered.

Hercial had a "quick mind" which perceived almost any situation and often could offer a working solution. It was more than 35 years ago, one day at The Westminster News, we had purchased a new paper cutting machine. It must have weighed at least two thousand pounds or more. In a wooden crate, it was shipped in by truck. The truck, when backed up to the big side door opening of the

building, was parked at an angle which meant there was about a 15 degree grade uphill to unload.

Just why Hercial Moore happened on the scene at that moment, when we were scratching our heads for an idea, is anyone's guess. But there he was, in his familiar pickup truck, with someone riding with him. I don't recall the other man's name, but both men jumped on the project as if it were a personal challenge. In short order, Hercial borrowed a piece of equipment, a forklift, and helped with the unloading. It was a source of great relief.

His family, and especially his two sons, Howard and Steve, are a living legacy, well-trained in the Moore working tradition. They know the job is never easy, but they have had the advantage of a father's guiding hand of experience. It will serve them well as they carry on.

It was privilege to know Hercial Moore and to share some of his ideas. He was not bashful about the things he believed and stood for. At the same time, he kept an open mind to reality. He was a great citizen whose presence will be missed, but tried very hard to make this area a better place.

April 24, 1996

### **Animals Have Personalities, Too**

It's no small wonder that humankind becomes infatuated with animal pets. It's not hard to do. Children learn early in life that a pet is often a most reliable friend. In this part of the country, dogs and cats are perhaps the most popular, but variations are almost endless.

I've never been particularly fond of pet snakes, but a lot of them are kept as such. Kirk Reid of C & C Appliance Center in Seneca recently told of an experience he and wife, Ginger, had with their son's pet snake. It seems the reptile had his own special cabinet where he was supposedly kept. For some reason the security system failed and the snake was loose in the house. No one knew exactly where to look, but you can bet Ginger had them looking for this escapee. Now what started out as a small snake had grown considerably over the months of feasting on a live diet of rats and mice.

This reptile was now about 6 or 7 feet long. It was some type of constrictor. Rather than biting to kill its prey, it resorted to choking or constricting. This was of some concern, too, since there was no guarantee when and where such an animal might be given to a fit of hunger and start squeezing on whoever was handy.

The search went on several days without any positive results. Finally they decided to try the attic space above the ceiling tile. There he was living freely in new-found space. To illustrate the strength of this animal, Kirk said it was a test of strength once he got a hold on the snake. He didn't want to come down from his newly found hiding place and put on quite a show of real strength. Once removed, the snake wrapped himself around Kirk's arm and really put a squeeze on him. He said he had to get someone to help unwrap this tight fitting snake in order to return him to his quarters.

As for Ginger's reaction to the whole episode, she declared that this whole thing has got out of hand and the only solution is for the snake to go. Kirk said he didn't have a lot of objection to that solution either since this growing snake is consuming rats on a more regular basis. They are obtained from a pet shop at about \$7 or \$8 each. Who would have thought rats were bringing such a price to feed pet snakes?

It wouldn't matter if rats were selling for a thousand dollars each if Aline Hunt had to deal with them. If there is any one thing she fears, it surely must be mice and rats. Recently we were visiting in the Richmond, VA, area and staying at a rather nice hotel in the downtown section. About 2 a.m. in the morning, I heard this blood-curdling scream, almost in my ear, it seemed. Wide awake and alert, I felt a great jolt of relief when I learned that it was only Aline who said she had seen a rat in the room. As it turned out, the "rat" was nothing more than a suitcase handle that frightened her as in her mind it must have triggered something very real.

Enough about snakes and rats. Our children and we have owned several cats and dogs. One that I was particularly fond of was a little brown dog of mixed breed. He did have some spitz and feist characteristics, but for the most part was gentle. 'Brownie' was his name, and we all liked him. In fact, some of the family said I was

more than fond of him. "Why?" one asked, "is 'Brownie' so special to you?"

It was like this, I explained, "I can come through the door early or late, drunk or sober, angry or happy, mad, glad or sad, and 'Brownie' is glad to see me. He likes me unconditionally, for that I am grateful." 'Brownie' went to dog heaven a long time ago. He was a real friend.

Jim and Mary Sullivan run Jim's Repair Shop on Blackjack Road where they do a booming business in engine repair for garden tractors, lawn mowers, etc. Their shop usually has a plentiful supply of cats, and more often than not a new litter of kittens. Recently, they added a beautiful Dalmatian pup.

He looks just like someone slung a bottle of black ink on him, but he has a really nice personality and seems to fit right in the group along with Jim, Mary and daughter, April, who is studying for a medical career.

Jim said recently a customer brought in a new lawn tractor for some work. He said the tractor had been stored in a good building for the winter, but the owner found a litter of kittens when he opened the hood. "Surprise, surprise!"

May 1, 1996

## **Birds Said To Be Eating Regular**

It's always a fun visit with Rachel Ann Hunt in Gold Canyon, Arizona. That's a community in the greater Phoenix area. It is relatively small compared to several nearby cities that make up the complex.

Looking from her apartment, the Superstition Mountains are clearly nearby. This is the range of rugged mountains that were supposedly the hiding place for a large cache of gold. It has been the site of many expeditions for those seeking fame and fortune and makes good copy for newspapers and television.

Rachel has a great job with a "child development" center she helped to set in motion in Phoenix about eight or so years ago. Previous to that she had an experience with the beginning of the

company when it was first established in Casper, Wyoming. She is in an environment that is a challenge every day. Working with children, helping them learn and develop new skills is a thing she seems to enjoy and appears to have the skill and patience required.

Dealing with parents is sometimes another matter, she admits, and there are times when employees have their problems for attention. Generally, however, it appears Rachel has found a niche that gives both freedom and challenge to make every day interesting. At this particular center, which is specially designed for child development, there are usually more than 200 enrolled. This varies some with the season, but not a great deal since many of the clients are employees at nearby plants.

Rachel does not have one of those nine to five jobs. Usually it begins about 4:30 in the morning, getting ready to open the doors and be in a cheerful mood, ready or not, about 6 a.m. Children are left off while parents or caregivers make their way to work. It is a fast moving world with traffic moving at a terrific rate, even in the wee hours of morning.

When Aline and I have visited daughter Rachel, she has always spent a lot of time taking us to places we like to see. Especially is she good at knowing where the best "thrift shops" are located. Also the malls and restaurants that serve great food. For a change of pace, Rachel volunteers part time help at a church affiliated "thrift shop." Too, she volunteers with the Maricopa County District Attorney's office where she has been an assistant to one of the family court judges.

Not only does she love the challenge of work, but has recently taken up golf lessons. Golf is big business in Phoenix. When the "snow birds" come for the warm winter climate, it is difficult to get a tee-time on many public courses. It slacks off in summer when the Arizona sun bears down, and the "birds" return home for a few months.

While life styles in Phoenix are not so different from those down here, in what use to be the South, there are many characteristics reflecting true desert Southwest. It is, in many ways, beautiful country but can be terribly harsh to the unprepared. This is, after all,

where Barry Goldwater, hails from and more recently, J. D. Hayworth, who once appeared as a nearby TV sportscaster in the greater Greenville area. This is not to imply that Goldwater and Hayworth were ever on the same frequency.

This article started out to be about birds and bird feeders. Recently on a visit with Rachel, we blessed her with a bird feeder. Actually, we bought it and hung it on her patio without permission. We did, however, provide a block of sunflower laced feed. There was some question as to whether the birds liked it.

Since then, we have learned that birds in Arizona are no different from those in South Carolina. They all love sunflower seeds. In fact, Rachel has reminded us, it is beginning to be a real economic and logistic problem.

Somehow, we've got confidence this problem will be solved. Birds in Gold Canyon, Arizona, will continue to eat well and regular.

May 8, 1996

## **Crazy Like A Fox**

Each time I think of the strange items Dr. Henry Kuemmerer collected, I am further convinced that anything has value. If you can afford to buy most any kind of "junk," keep it long enough, you can probably turn it for a good profit.

The recent auction by the world famous Sotheby's of Jackie Kennedy O.'s worldly items is an extreme case, but the fact remains most anything will sell at an auction. Most of the time for a good profit.

What brought this to mind is the need for a typewriter repair. IBM has long been considered a "leading" typewriter. That is, before computers took over. I had one of the older strike-on models. It served a good purpose but was needing attention from cleaning to repair. I carried it to an older repair shop...one that, at least, knew what the machine looked like...and to my surprise, the man, probably in his 60s, said the machine was so old that he didn't work on them any longer. Too, he didn't know of anyone who could.

All of that set me thinking. Maybe Henry wasn't so crazy when

we combed the country for yard sales, flea markets, etc., and made a habit of buying any old typewriter, adding machine, ancient book-keeping equipment, calculator or nearly any kind of office equipment. By now, we have a generation, or several who don't know what earlier models looked like. When you can buy a hand-held electronic calculator for \$10 or less, no one hardly bothers with older equipment. Unless, of course, you are old and attached, then it all makes sense.

We are living in an age of material convenience, but haven't progressed very far in civic morality. The ability to appreciate has been diminished while we've seen unprecedented technical advances. It is rather sad.

There's no way to place an accurate value on things today. Consider what a hospital may charge you for just one aspirin tablet, especially if you are an admitted patient with medicare and insurance, you will certainly be enlightened.

Therefore what appears to be "junk" to some may be treasure to others. It all depends. If you are attending an auction and there is a buyer with money to pay, an item will sometimes bring several times its worth on the regular retail market. Desire and ability to pay often dictates what sells and for how much.

Each spring about this time, for many years, we and Dr. Kuemmerer would make a weekend tour of nearby mountains. Mainly, we'd be looking for shops with bargains or roadside yard sales. If there was anything we could haul, more than likely we'd bring it back. I distinctly recall one trip in the Waynesville, NC, area where we happened on a closed plant building that had been converted into an indoor flea market. Some fellow there had a big collection of old adding machines and calculators. This got Dr. K's attention, and before I knew it, he made a deal with the man for the entire lot. We loaded old machines into every nook and cranny of the car, brought them back, and very carefully unloaded them. The good doctor loved this kind of "wheeling an' dealin'."

Who is to judge what this kind of "junk" may bring on the market down the road a few years? If you have a place to keep things,

the ability to collect and haul, you may be a winner.

Doctor K. could have been sorta “crazy like a fox.”

May 15, 1996

## **Loss Of Control Is Great Fear**

Recently someone conducted a survey to determine what fears are most prevalent in our lives. Not a complete surprise, the one most feared thing according to the survey was the fear of speaking in public. This is understandable. Not everyone is a gifted public speaker. Some gifted public speakers can hold an audience spell-bound, but have little substance in the message. Others have a message but lose it in delivery, style, etc. There are some who can put both together and get the job done...be it entertainment, instruction or whatever is needed.

While public speaking can be a feared challenge, it can, by training, be overcome. Many have done so effectively and used their talent to good advantage. There are those who have overcome all kinds of fears and presented themselves in a most creditworthy way.

It has been my observation that public fears we have are not necessarily the most important in daily living. One that seems to stand out in my observation and experience is the fear of loss of control.

As an individual who must answer to himself and his God, first of all, if one loses control of his own personal habits, there is a consequence. It is this sort of thing that can lead to disaster. For example, no one starts drinking with the hopes of becoming an alcoholic. It just seems to happen to some people some time. It has been estimated that of all who partake of alcohol approximately 10 percent will eventually become addicted. Now don't misunderstand this message. I'm not writing an essay on the evils of drink. Although, it may sound that way, this is not my mission as one who has violated all the rules of reason and taken to “preaching.” My point is control. When drinking, eating, or whatever the problem, is out of control, there is a problem.

What brings the matter of control up at this time has been expe-

rience, first hand, in recent years, with some more elderly citizens who have had to relinquish some control over their daily lives.

This does not always involve losing everything, for there are those who suffer some health problem and must be dealt with for their own safety. It sometimes involves removing an elderly mother or father from a home that has been maintained for half a century or more. This loss of control is near devastating for all concerned, but is a must in cases where age and dementia or other health concerns must take precedence over individual wishes.

If there is any great fear of growing old, it surely must involve the possible loss of control and independence over life's daily challenges. It is near impossible to explain to one in need of more adequate health care why a move from home is sometimes best.

I've observed those who could not adequately conduct their lives as usual and the absolute need for help while there was resentment every inch of the way. I've also noted that some, in a move to better conditions, have long since forgotten how difficult the first step was into a different mode of living. Some never can cope with change, but eventually accept whatever is to be.

With more strong-minded, independent citizens, it is nearly impossible to rationalize any change from daily habit and routine. "This is the way I've done this and lived this way for all these years why should I change now?" You have probably heard that over and over if you've ever dealt firsthand in trying to help someone cope. Where there is adequate help and facilities, it is naturally better for all concerned to never have to forcibly insist on an adult leaving home. Unfortunately, this is not always the case.

It is here where the loss of control is the fear an aging person seems to fear most. It is also the most difficult part a care-giver must understand and try to cope with. It ain't easy and never will be.

May 29, 1996

## **Vim Herb Remembered**

The name may have been placed somewhere in your memory bank if you are over fifty-five or sixty, but there's a lot of folks around who remember Vim Herb.

It was patent medicine concocted by "Doc" Durham of Anderson. When I was a youngster, well over 60 years ago, nearly every home had at least tried Vim Herb. I don't know if it was supposed to be good for moles, colds, sore toes and guaranteed to not cause rip, ravel or tear, but it was a popular medication.

Bill Prevost, capable Trust Officer for James R. Young of Anderson, reminded me the other day there are some fans of Vim Herb who continue to have the building on South Main you can see where the original home of Vim Herb was located. A lot of folks were dedicated to using it. It may yet be on the market for all I know, but its popularity has dwindled.

While it was only a theory of mine, it seemed that Vim Herb was more of a laxative than anything else. However, some said this, and maybe other patent medicines, contained a rather high level of alcohol. This was merchandised when the label laws weren't nearly so particular as nowadays. Thus a rather high level of alcohol would not necessarily appear on the label.

If that were the case certainly there were teetotalers at the time who wouldn't dare touch "demon rum" but but felt no compunction about a health shot of patent medicine laced with alcohol. Surely, it must have been a prescription to make one feel better for the moment, even if later effects were surprising.

Since many ailments, either real or imaginary, respond to suggested treatment, it is quite likely Vim Herb had no trouble finding a niche in the market. I can recall very well how many homes wouldn't dare keep a medicine cabinet unless Vim Herb was on hand.

The promotion and success of Vim Herb was not missed by others who sought a share of the market. Suddenly, with great fanfare, Hadacol appeared from the swamps of Louisiana. Generally, it appeared to have about the same qualities as Vim Herb. Maybe an

extra dash of alcohol was “sloshed” in the vat just for good measure to the consumer, but Hadacol took off like a bat outa hell.

There were tractor-trailer loads of the stuff moving up and down the main highway arteries of the South. There was promotion like no other patent medicine in recent history. At one point, the old Atlanta “Cracker” baseball stadium was rented for an event that featured Mickey Rooney, popular actor, and the price of admission was one or two box tops from Hadacol.

All kinds of jokes began to arrive along with various patent medicines. I recall Jack Dillard telling about some woman who was having trouble with her stomach. She testified before an audience that “Only after taking two bottles of Hadacol she was cured and will now put her stomach up against anyone’s.”

Another fellow, Jack reported, had a peg leg. Some problems were encountered and he decided to try Hadacol. After only two bottles, that peg leg grew a sprout!

Hadacol, as best I recall, was the property of one Senator LeBlanc, from Louisiana. He apparently knew the market stand, and for a healthy 20 million dollars (when it sho nuff counted) he sold Hadacol, lock, stock, and barrel. In a short while later, no one had heard of it or ever cared, it seemed.

I was discussing this phenomena with James R. Young and Bill Prevost in Anderson, when someone wondered about the name, Hadacol.

Mr. Young said someone suggested they Hadacol it something, so they just agreed on Hadacol.

June 12, 1996

### **Strength, Courage And Hope**

James (Jimmy) DuPre, retired Supt. of Education and now a member of the County School Board, once remarked, “If I were in a difficult position in a distant place, needing help, not knowing which way to turn, or what to do, there is one person I could call upon and feel sure that he would do everything possible to help.” He was referring to Roy B. Strickland. I, too, share that point of

view, and know first hand, that this was one man you could depend on when the “going got tough.”

In recent months Roy has had health problems that may have already “done a lesser person in.” Not so with Roy. Not only has he and his family standing with him overcome tremendous odds, he continues his battle on a daily basis. Sometimes one hour at a time. Roy is a competitor in every sense of the word. He doesn’t entertain negative thoughts and ideas. He is quick to tell you he is “doing alright” no matter what. He’s that kind of man.

It would take many chapters to begin telling about the things Roy has been able to accomplish during his professional life. He has served in nearly every position a professional teacher, coach and educator experienced during the last 45 years or so. Generally, he has been successful in all endeavors. He has great compassion for the professional teacher that goes one-on-one with students each day. He had shown even more understanding and compassion for students themselves. Not a “yes man” to every little innovation that happens along., Roy has the courage to speak his mind, no matter what others may think of convictions. There are probably some who believe he has been a “thorn in the side” of the County School Board every time they present a budget. Think what you may, this man has been on both sides of the fence and knows the ropes as well as anyone. He is against excessive spending on administrative “crap” that has little or nothing to do with the student product. This is no secret and never has been. It’s just one example of where and how he has “hung tough” when a lot of fellow travelers weren’t hanging at all.

The political battles, as a member of County Council, have been many. New problems every day are presented to Roy, other members and the Supervisor. It isn’t always a win-win situation when the chips are down and decision time is at hand. Roy Strickland has been there whenever we needed him and has shown the kind of faith, courage and conviction needed to keep reality in perspective.

Not only has Roy worked in the educational field for much of his professional life, he has also earned a living as a steel worker, welder, a textile plant worker as well as several other jobs. This