



### **BLUFF CITY SCHOOL**

I only attended the Bluff City School in the first and second grades before the school was consolidated with Prescott. I don't remember too much about my early school days there, so I recently asked my cousin, Betty Kirk Thomas, who is a few years older than me if she would write an article about her memories of going to school at Bluff City and Cale. She agreed to do it and I thank her for taking the time to do this.

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### **SCHOOL DAY MEMORIES**

**By Betty Kirk Thomas**

Grass burrs! Sand Spurs! It doesn't matter what you call them—they were the plague that greeted school kids returning to Bluff City School in the fall of 1943. They got in your socks, in your shoe laces, in the boys' pants legs. They had a whole summer to grow and multiply and grow some more and they were everywhere around the school house. After a week or so of student's feet stomping on them they would be beaten down but not gone for they thrived on that sandy loam soil and would return next year. It was war time and I doubt if anyone even thought of mowing them before school started.

It was my first time to ride a bus to school and I thought of it as a great adventure. I knew already several kids—kin to lots of them—from church so it wasn't like I was going into unknown territory. The end of the bus route at that time was Theo and the bus picked me up at my back door and then went on to wind through the Rocky Hill-Goose Ankle-Gum Grove areas and then on to Bluff City. It was a long slow trip over some horrible roads. The county roads at that time were poorly maintained and in many places were just two ruts in the sand or red clay in some areas. The red clay was the worst because it became slick in wet weather. I

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recall one time on the trip home from school, the bus slid into the ditch and would have turned over but for the bank on the side of the road. The “big” boys got out and built a fire in the middle of the road to keep us warm and Norma Jean Chamlee had a loaf of bread that she had brought for her lunches. She passed out the bread so we didn’t “starve” before we were rescued. The students who lived within a mile or so walked home since it was obvious the bus wasn’t going anywhere soon. Darkness came and we had resigned ourselves to having to spend the night on the bus, but my dad, Horace Kirk, and Warden Tunnel back-tracked the route looking for us. They towed the bus out of the ditch with their log trucks and we were none the worse for our adventure.

The bus had several drivers during the time I was in school ranging from Mr. McAteer to several high school students. I remember John Walter Alford and Cloys McAteer as being students who drove the bus. I also do not recall there being any discipline problems because of their youth—they were in the driver’s seat and therefore they were the boss. The young men took their jobs seriously and drove maturely. In later years I remember Caney Creek flooding over the bridges at Dill’s Mill. There were two little kids who lived there. Cloys, James Thomas, Bobby Joe and Dale Norman, and Daniel McMurry waded the water and carried the children across the creek and home rather than risk driving the bus on the bridges. There was also a second bus that came south on Highway 24 bringing the students from Terrapin Neck.

Because my house was near the end of the route, my school day was long. During the winter I was on the bus by “good daylight” and it was dark soon after I got home. The ride was cold in winter. I recall wearing two pairs of socks and my galoshes over my shoes to school and arriving with my feet and fingers so cold I could not feel them. We huddled together on the bus seats trying to stay warm. The benches ran the length of the bus—one long bench on each side with a “back to back bench” down the middle. I do not know if the driver had a heater or not—the heat, if there was any, did not make it beyond the driver’s seat.

After the war was over and the military men were being discharged, many of them would “catch” the school bus home from Bluff City. I remember relating to my parents who came home “from the war” on the bus today. Until they died my parents loved to relate one story. I told them “Thornton Green came home today”. They puzzled and wondered who I was talking about and finally figured out that it was Thornwell “Green” McCain. Some of the kids called him “Green” and others called him “Thornwell”, which I had heard as “Thornton”.

I had gone to Bluff City School the second semester of second grade. My folks had moved the house trailer that we lived in to the yard of the house across the road from the school for a couple of months and then moved it down the road to my grandparents’ yard. “Miss” Sarah Harvey was the teacher for grades one and two and was such a sweet lady. I just loved her. The heat for the classroom was provided by a monster heater in the corner of the room. It had to be fed wood constantly all day long and bringing in wood to stack nearby in the room was a chore that the boys handled. Once, first grader Rex Hildebrand had the hic-cups all day. He had been sent to the drinking fountain out at the water pump in the schoolyard several times and the hics kept coming back. Finally Mrs. Harvey told him to bring her a stick of wood. We

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students were horrified for Rex was a little fellow and we figured Mrs. Harvey would kill him if she hit him with that stick. He slowly walked over to her with that stick of wood and we held our breaths watching. She asked him, "Where are your hic-cups?" She had scared them out of the child—the rest of us, too!

While in the second grade I walked to school with the Walthall and Smith kids. They were a mixture of high school and grade school students. I felt safe and secure walking with the "big" kids until one afternoon I started home from school and everyone had "after school" activities except me. I had to walk home past the cemetery ALONE. I ran the entire way home.

Many family men were being drafted during the mid-1940's and their families were moving back home "for the duration". Our fourth grade class grew during that time and for some reason we spent half the day in one class room and then moved into another for the second half of the day. I do not remember the name of our "morning" teacher but do remember the afternoon teacher because I had her for fifth and sixth grades—Mrs. Maude Loe. She was a firm teacher from the old school—you misbehaved or didn't do your school work and you were punished. I lived in mortal fear of "getting licks" from her hickory stick. When she had us for fourth grade, she also taught fifth, sixth, and seventh (or part of it) grades. I don't know if the third grade teacher taught first and second grades. Mr. Joe Meador was our principal. I recall that he was a visible presence during recess. One time he had to get some kid's tongue loose from the flag pole—it stuck when he licked the freezing cold pole.

We had "all school" assembly regularly where a classroom was responsible for a short play, recitations, or some sort of entertainment. The assembly always included the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and songs. Among the songs I recall: "Old Black Joe", "My Country Tis of Thee", "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia". I remember writing a play that the teacher let us present at assembly. It had to do with a sick baby (played by a teddy bear) and Billy Joe Meador being the doctor—reluctantly. I wish I had saved a copy of it for I thought very highly of myself for having written it—I'm reasonably certain it would never have made it out of Union Township! As puny as our efforts were, we were encouraged to try things and our attempts were recognized by our teachers.

Until the school house burned in January, 1945, we had a cafeteria that served hot lunch each day in one of the high school area classrooms. The ladies of the community got together during the summer to can food that made up a large part of our meal each day. Thinking back on the size of the room, I wonder if the women prepared the food elsewhere and brought it there to serve. I do remember that we went classroom by classroom to eat, sitting at tables with the benches attached. I recall finding a hair in my peas one day and was trying to get it out and Donald Barlow yelled that Betty Lou had a hair in her peas. I was so embarrassed. Mrs. Essie Upton was one of the cafeteria ladies and she whisked my plate away. She brought me another and I found a small worm. I very carefully concealed it and ate something else—I was a picky eater in my youth.

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Recess was an important time of day. It was a time to visit the outhouse concealed behind the school house by a grove of pine trees (planted as a project by a class back in the '30's). It was embarrassing to have to ask to "be excused" during class and besides that, you had to walk way out there by yourself! Creepy to an imaginative nine-year old! We had a variety of things we did during recess—played games like "Drop the Handkerchief", "London Bridge", "Mother, May I", "Statutes", etc. In season we played softball with half the classroom on one team and the other half on the other. I can recall being chosen for a team only after everyone agreed that someone could "take my last strike". I was terribly uncoordinated. Other times I remember the girls gathering the straw under the pine trees and making play houses. We would get so involved we could hardly wait until the next break to work on them. I remember being on the end of "Pop the Whip" and getting slung half-way across the school yard. I guess that was my first physics lesson! Jump rope was an activity the girls enjoyed and jump board. That involved a board's mid-point being placed on a rock and someone standing on the end of the board. Someone jumped on the other end throwing the jumpee into the air where-up-on she came down and threw the other person in the air. It was good for at least one broken arm/season. There was one time when the high school kids decided to come and play the old games with us. I have no idea why but we were very impressed that the "big" kids would even give us the time of day. This was war-time and elastic was of very poor quality and I remember my underwear had a bad case of gravity creep due to the stretchability being nil. We were playing "Flying Dutchman" and whoever was "It" hit my hand and the big guy standing beside me. I recall holding on to his hand for dear life and my underwear through my clothes with the other. I think my feet never hit the ground and I was so relieved when recess was over and my underwear was still in place.

Wartime influenced our clothing, for it was not plentiful. I remember that cloth was scarce and so few bolts of cloth would be available, it seemed that every female, both young and old, had dresses alike. The commercially made clothing tended to be of poor quality and sometime skimpily make. I saved my money once to order the dress featured on the front of the Montgomery Ward catalog. When it arrived, the dress only had one length of fabric in the skirt—thirty-six inches the whole way around the skirt, and was of flimsy material. I felt I had totally wasted my money and did not trust the catalog pictures after that. I recall my mother making me corduroy overalls that I wore in the winter, stuffing my dresses down into them instead of blouses. Frequently our dresses were made of cattle feed sacks. The feed came in one hundred pound bags, and the buyer from the family was instructed to check for holes and to see that the bags matched—I remember it took three bags for a dress for me. I've heard a lot of derision through the years about those feed bags, but the truth is, the fabric was often better than could be bought at the store—if cloth were available. When visiting, women in the community would often carry their "odd" feed sacks with them to see if some swapping could go on. I remember sugar sacks being woven of very fine yarn and they made nice blouses or slips. Flour sacks worked for clothing, too, in a pinch, but they tended to be coarser. Our problem with the sugar sacks was that our family of three did not have enough sugar coupons to get sacks large enough for clothing. The boys, in those days, generally wore overalls and cotton button-front shirts—tee shirts didn't come along until later. In high school we all wore

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blue jeans and shirts or blouses. I recall my mother making me new dresses at the beginning of school each year and I wore jeans. That led to many disputes!

The only problem with dress length in those days was if the dress was too long. The Dior look was in style and many girls wore their dresses all the way to their ankles. My mom wanted me to wear mine at mid-calf and that led to a lot of serious discussions, too.

Education was important to my parents and my mother diligently checked to see that I had done my homework each evening and gave out my spelling words each day. At nine years old I felt I was old enough to take responsibility for my school work and that I did not need daily parental supervision of every little thing. I had finally persuaded Mother that I did not need to bring all my books home every day and she had finally agreed with the caveat that my grades would have to remain good. I was so happy not to have to lug all those books home every night—then for no good reason at all, I unloaded my desk into my book satchel even including my ever-present library books, crayons, scissors, and bottle of paste, of all things. The school house burned that night. My Aunt Imogene Dewoody and cousin Charlotte were living in the teacherage next door to the school while my Uncle Ashley was in the Air Corps. Since Mr. Meador had a house in the community and did not need it, the school board rented the teacherage to my relatives. Even though she was a pre-schooler, Charlotte remembers the hot flames that consumed the building. I think it was finally determined that a faulty stove pipe caused the fire. I was heart-broken for I loved school and we had none any longer. I do not remember how long we were out of school before the school board came up with a solution. The two churches in the community were offered as housing for the remainder of the school year. I recall the elementary school went to the Church of Christ and the high school went to the Baptist Church. I do not know how the Baptist Church was configured at the time but the Church of Christ was just one huge open building and Bible classes were held in the four corners of it on Sunday. The seats were individual theater seating and three sides sloped down to a flat area in the center where the pulpit was located. This meant that our school classes were divided into different sections of the building and we had no flat area for schoolwork at all. I recall trying to write using the seat as a desk while I sat on the floor and the seat was too high plus the floor was slanting away from me. It was a very unsatisfactory situation plus the noise from the other students classes made it even worse. Later the classes were crammed into the teacherage—I recall my class was in one bedroom. The desks were placed next to one another three-deep meaning the kid sitting in the desk next to the wall had to displace two others to get out! I remember having a thin-walled small wood-burning heater in the room and it certainly made us warm enough! I also recall our stuffing our old papers in the heater and one morning Mrs. Loe lit it because it was cold. A mouse ran out! We were all screaming and jumping around and I landed on it—one dead mouse. It had to be an accident for I was too uncoordinated to have landed on it on purpose. For a moment I was a heroine to the girls and a chump who killed the mouse to the boys.

The time spent going to school in a bedroom in the teacherage and moving into the new school building is hazy in my mind. The teacherage was so much better than trying to go to school in the church building and then to have a large classroom that would accommodate all our desks all kind of runs together. Mrs. Loe tried to teach us parliamentary procedure through a class

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club. It laid the foundation to all my memberships in all kinds of organizations throughout school and into adult life. Little did I realize at the time how important those lessons would be. She allowed us to help her build a terrarium and I recall a log cabin that the class—miniature of course, built where we learned history and things that the pioneers did for themselves, that taught us about our heritage. The only hole in my education that I mourned over was the library books that burned. Our library after the fire was so small it was pathetic. I remember Mrs. Loe went to the local wholesaler in Prescott and bought a small stock of tablets, note-book paper, and pencils and sold them to us when we needed them to earn a bit of money that went for books and I suspect that some of the cost of those books came from her salary. Alice Ann Starnes and I were huge Nancy Drew mystery fans. When she and I had enough money to buy a book, we always consulted to be certain it was not one that we had already owned. We tried to get Mrs. Loe to buy only Nancy Drew books but she explained that the boys needed books that they liked, too, so we became experts on the Lone Ranger and Tonto.

In the lower grades we always had a picnic and an Easter Egg hunt on Good Friday. The kids all brought dyed eggs from home. The teachers hid them before we got on site for the picnic and after we ate lunch we hunted eggs. Of course, there was always someone who brought at least one raw egg and there was the cracking of eggs on foreheads and the usual mess but a good time was had by all. There was one Easter that my mother insisted that I take guinea fowl eggs and since they were different, I was embarrassed. It turned out that they were so tough, the shells were hard to break and they stood up to the rigors of egg-hiding quite nicely. I think there was usually a softball game to finish the day.

There were always school programs at Christmas and at the end of the school year where all the elementary students took part. I suspect there were some who didn't, but we were supposed to. We had skits that we performed songs that we sang, poems were recited, and we were generally able to show off a bit for our parents and the community. They were big deals for us and we practiced and practiced for them. I recall that Bobby Grayson sang "Deep in the Heart of Texas" at one program and the rest of us were to sing the chorus and clap our hands at the proper place. Finally the director asked me to not clap—I was always about two beats off.

The new building smelled of concrete and mortar. I suppose the cost of building had a lot to do with the new construction but it was mostly concrete and tile blocks so no wonder it smelled like it did. I suppose the school board wanted as few inflammable materials used as possible. The new building had propane heaters, so no more monster heaters gobbling up wood all day for the boys to bring in. The building was designed to have two elementary classes per room and then a "homeroom" and a classroom for secondary school. Mr. May oversaw the older boys' work and they poured a concrete tennis court with basketball goals at each end. I think there was a team, but they always had to play at the other school's site. We grade-schoolers would get brave enough from time to time to ask for the tennis rackets and attempt to play and sometimes we would borrow the basketballs to shoot goals. It was nice to have one hard surface that we could do those things on. I remember the softball teams competing and they played on a field between the teacherage and the Bob Knight store. The whole school turned out to cheer our teams and the game had to be over before the buses went home.

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Sometime along the way Mr. Hillman May became principal and Mrs. Leila Barlow was English and mathematics teacher for the secondary classes and were my teachers during year seven of school. "Miss Leila" was a well-experienced teacher that had all sorts of math tricks up her sleeve for checking our work and she expected us to use those tricks. She loved memory work, too, and I recall having to memorize all kinds of poetry. Memorization is difficult for me and I really had to work at that. She was a demanding teacher and I remember to this day many of the things that she taught. She also attempted to teach me to play the piano and it was not her fault that I cannot play! She and Mr. Aubrey Barlow, her husband, did impart a love and appreciation of music even if I have absolutely no talent. Mr. May taught social sciences and spelling. It was the first time I had had a male teacher and I was terrified of him. I tried to keep a low profile! Having so many different ages and grades in the same classroom must have been akin to juggling chain saws. I remember well, how some of the older boys could distract the man and disrupt class completely. I do recall that he kept a rather large wooden paddle handy at all times. Mr. May was a representative to the state legislature and he gave many of us our first understanding of government.

The last year that Bluff City had a secondary school was my eighth grade year. Mr. May continued as principal and Elloene McBride was the English and math teacher. She was not much older than many of her students because at that time one could teach with only two years of college. I think she went on to become a very good teacher, but that was not an easy year for her. It speaks to her desire to become a teacher that she survived that year of teaching!

My dad learned that the school would continue the next year as an unaccredited high school. Since he and my mom had always planned for me to go to college, he transferred me to Cale High School. Later the Bluff City students went to Chidester High School instead of being unaccredited. The following year four of those students joined me at Cale and the high school students went to Prescott High School. In later years the elementary students, too, went to Prescott and the school district sold the building to the Church of Christ which has had services there ever since.

No teenager likes the idea of changing schools and I was no different. I was comfortable with the people I knew at Bluff City and I really wasn't terribly thrilled at changing to another school. I had cousins that went to Cale and Topyy Kirk, a senior, assured me that I would like it. The Cale bus came by the front door a lot later than the Bluff City bus had come by so that was a plus. I climbed on the first morning and was aghast at the bus. It has the same seating arrangement as the Bluff City bus but this one was very pre-war and homemade. At one time the seats had batting in them but the top material had worn out and the batting had gradually worn away, too, right down to the boards. The side windows had no glass, just a canvass curtain weighted down at the bottom by a 2x2 so that when the bus turned a bit, the canvas curtain swung out and the rain and cold air blew in. I was not off to a good start, but Topyy had saved me a seat and she introduced me around. (The next year the school district bought two

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brand new buses which had cushioned seats although they still went lengthwise and windows that went up and down!)

I had attended a singing school that Mr. Aubrey and Mrs. Leila Barlow had taught at Cale a couple of years before and I remembered some of the kids and they remembered me and welcomed me to the school. The first impression I had of the building the first time I saw it was that it was exactly like the Bluff City school house that had burned. I learned later that there had been three buildings alike built about the same time in the county. To my delight I discovered they had a home economics cottage, a vocational shop building, and a brand new gymnasium, too. The first six grades occupied the west end of the building two grades per room and the library and seven through twelve grades were around the auditorium. My class at Bluff City had dwindled to only eight in number and the Cale class had about twenty, if my memory serves me well. Anyway it was a big step for a country girl.

When I began teaching school in Texas I was surprised to learn that the school text books were furnished by the state through high school. At Cale one “spoke for” one’s books from a student who had the class the year before and since it was my first year at Cale, I had not “spoken for” my textbooks. Students and teachers and some parents all helped me to get a full complement of the texts I needed. There was a problem with my algebra book. It was well-used and had come completely unstitched. It still had the covers and all the pages, but every time I dropped it the pages flew all over and I had to reassemble the book and, of course, I dropped it a lot. Finally, one day my teacher, Mr. Martin, the coach, handed me a wide rubber band to put around it, and then I only had to keep it from getting knocked off the desk. Small wonder I never developed any affection for algebra—the “bookkeeping” was too difficult.

I was so happy to have a real library. Compared to most it was very small, but to me it was magnificent! By the time I graduated I had read everything in it except the reference books and had done a turn-through on most of them. I recall stepping into the library at college and wondering how on earth I was going to be able to read all those books by time to graduate. I didn’t even try.

I remember Mr. William Nash was the principal, Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller was our English teacher, and Mrs. Madge Burgess taught home economics. Mrs. Fuller would teach me English every year except my junior year when she taught elsewhere. She was an excellent teacher and gave me a good foundation for higher education. Mrs. Burgess was a woman who did the best anyone could with what she had available. When I compared my well-equipped five kitchen units and six electric sewing machines available to me when I began teaching, to the collection of mis-matched dishes, flatware, and beat-up and bent cookware she faced, not to mention two kitchen stoves that stood with no cabinets and two treadle sewing machines to try to teach a class of between twenty-five and thirty ninth and tenth graders, I don’t know how she did so well. I recall her area supervisor coming to Cale and announcing to our class that she was going to demonstrate to Mrs. Burgess how she should teach our class. Well, she wasn’t our favorite teacher, but she was “our” Mrs. Burgess and that woman was insulting her! The woman proceeded to write a recipe for “Spanish Rice” on the board and told us to memorize it—then

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erased it! She asked for volunteers for different groups and I chose to set the table—I knew how to do that for my mother had taught me and I wasn't sure I understood what else was going on—just that I knew people did not treat people the way that woman was treating our teacher. We finally got everything together and served the dish to a few students—there was not enough for everyone. I was able to avenge my teacher about eighteen years later: I was writing my thesis for my Master's degree and my advising professor confided in me that she had been offered a position at an eastern university. I asked if S. L\_\_\_\_\_ was still head of the department there. My professor asked how I knew her and I told my story. She said, "Why I would never want to work for someone like that! I cost Dr. L\_\_\_\_ one of the best foods and nutrition professors in the country and incidentally I never eat Spanish Rice. After the year teaching at Cale Mrs. Burgess became a home demonstration agent for the county, later transferring to another county.

I have tried to remember my teachers and can't remember all of them. Mr. Charles Allen was our principal for my tenth grade year and his wife was my geometry and biology teacher. I recall that she was quite ill at the beginning of the school year and a substitute teacher was brought in. We learned in geometry to solve everything by "hypothesis" from the substitute. When Mrs. Allen was able to take over our classes, she was very surprised, to say the least. We had to start geometry all over. Mrs. Allen must have done a good job for I loved geometry and always felt it made so much sense. Mr. Horace Kennedy taught history and Miss Barfield taught Home Economics about that time. Mr. Lynn Tarkington was our principal my last two years of high school. He was probably the best educated teacher I had in my entire public school experience. He tried very hard to broaden our horizons and raise the aspirations of the students. Coach "Cotton" Oliver taught English my junior year and he sponsored our junior play. Since I made good grades he gave me the female leading role—he didn't know I don't memorize worth a hoot. If his hair hadn't been white already, it would have been by the time we presented the play. The week before we were to give it, he told me not to come back to school until I knew my part. Finally everything clicked and not only did I know my part, but everyone else's. Mrs. Fuller sponsored us for the senior play but she was not as tolerant. Two weeks before we were to present the play, she told me, "Learn it!" and I did.

Basketball was our main sport. If all the boys in high school had gone out for football, we wouldn't have been able to field a team. There were junior basketball teams and the senior teams. I "went out" and made the team because only twelve girls went out all three years of high school. I was an excellent bench warmer and could yell for our team as loudly as anyone. When we traveled to other schools, there would be either a junior boys' or a junior girls' game and then the two senior teams would play. Our teams won some and lost some and we all had a good time playing. We played softball in the spring and I liked playing it—was still the last kid picked but had to take my own last strike and sometimes I actually hit the ball. The rest of the team was extremely tolerant. There was one softball game trip I recall very well. We were to play Bodcaw and the boys all got on the bus with cuds of chewing tobacco. Coach got on the bus, looked at the boys and said there would be no spitting out the windows! We had a busload of very green-faced young men by the time we got to Bodcaw. We lost the boy's game,

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but won the girls. I remember the boys participating in a track and field competition my last year of school but the girls did not enter.

The fall of 1949-1950 school year we had a surge in school population. The high school students from Rosston came to Cale rather than going to Willisville. I recall our class had twenty-eight students in the early fall. Of course, that number declined as the year progressed. We had high drop-out numbers during those years. The young men dropped out to go to work and some to go into the military for the Korean Conflict was cranking up about then. Some girls dropped out to go to work but most left because of marriage. Like Bluff City there was little to do at Cale to make a living if you did not farm or work in the timber industry somewhere, so once the students dropped out, they were usually gone. I remember one girl in my class that married and insisted that she was going to finish school. That lasted a couple of weeks and we never saw her at school again. Looking back and after the experience of being an educator myself, I wonder how many of the drop-outs were due to learning difficulties that were not recognized? The next year the Rosston students had the option of coming back to Cale or going to Willisville. Most went to Willisville but a few continued at Cale. I remember that Abb Mormon from my class drove the “little” bus for the Rosston students.

Our senior class had an even dozen graduates: Emily Benton, Bobbie Jane Garrett, Madeline Glass, Mary Fern Glass, Elsie Hicks, Gilbert Huskey, Betty Lou Kirk, Glenda Loe, Earlene Mathis, Abb Morman, Bobby Joe Norman, and Sara Bell Ratliff. The valedictorian was Betty Lou Kirk and Earlene Mathis was Salutatorian. We all went out into the world in different directions having had the benefit of caring and encouraging educators. Out of the lot I know of three who became teachers, one nurse, one career military, one police chief, and one county sheriff. That doesn't mean the others were not successful at whatever they chose to do—I just don't know what they did. I know of five who have died and we mourn our loss.

In later years the county schools were consolidated and the Cale School closed. The buildings were all torn down and a community meeting building and park are now on the site. There is a “all former students” reunion each year the Saturday before Memorial Day at the park.



## WHAT IS IT?

Here are two tape measures. The one on top is a normal type measure. What is the bottom tape measure used for?

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## RAINFALL FOR FEBRUARY

6.6 inches