

THE HUSKANAW

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"Country Doctor"

by Krista Ayers and Cyndy Powell

and then went to New York City, where he served his one year internship at Bellevue Hospital. During that time he gave special attention to surgical procedures, the phase of medicine he was most interested in.

He first practiced medicine in

Rocky Mount from 1879-1881, after which he moved to Robersonville. He was first married to Edela Edmondson. They had three children, none of whom lived past infancy. His wife also died on March 20, 1908. He later married Dora Mae Krider from

Spencer, North Carolina. She had come to Robersonville as a high school teacher and was, in fact, the first Latin teacher in this area. They were married in 1910 and had one child, named Mae. She still lives in Robersonville.

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Dr. Hargrove's first office was in a small building that is still standing on Main Street. He later moved into another building that he had built on the main street. It was the first brick building to be built in Robersonville. He shared this building with another doctor, Dr. Nelson, and also opened a dispensary in the same building. In front of the building, he laid the first concrete sidewalk in the town. Today, this building houses a beauty shop, flower shop, dress shop, and furniture store.

Dr. Hargrove was very active in civic affairs and in 1910 he met with a group of people in the Robersonville community to organize a stock company which would provide money to build a hosiery mill, furniture factory, cannery, and gas and electric power plants. The hosiery mill was built on the western side of town and was completed and ready for business in 1912.

Dr. Hargrove's medical practice was begun in the "horse and buggy" days, and he would sometimes drive a team of four horses, particularly when he made longer trips out of town. His practice took him over a radius of 15 miles around Robersonville.

He had many interesting experiences with his horses, but one of the incidents his friends loved to hear him tell concerned the time his horses jumped the bridge and started upstream at the crossing of Sam Everett's Creek. Another close call happened early in the morning when he was attacked at Collie Swamp. Luckily, he wasn't hurt in the fight.

Later, he bought an automobile, the first to be seen in Martin County. This little red, two passenger car created some excitement in its day! It was shipped in by freight, and a man came all the way from Chicago

"Is This the Longest Name in the World?"

We believe we have a good candidate for Ripley's *Believe It or Not*, or maybe even for the Guinness Book of World Records. A girl lived in the Robersonville area around the turn of the century, between Collie Swamp and Robersonville, whose name was:

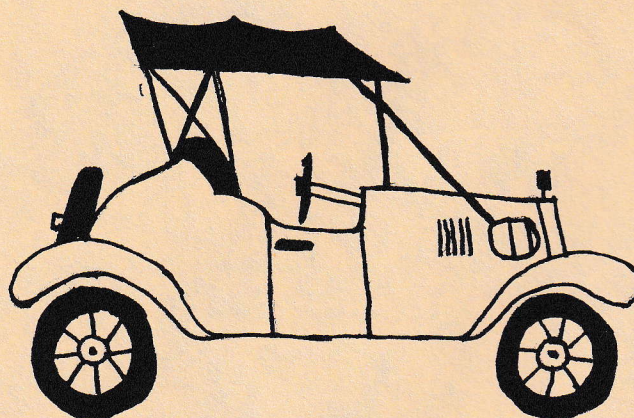
Orie Missy Liz Iny Hiney Piney Decliny Letha Lindy Descindy Bash Macarrie Kellybrew Wallace! They called her "Carrie" for short! Several of the other children in the family are reputed to have had equally long names, but this is the one remembered by some of the people who once knew her.

with it so he could teach the doctor how to drive it.

Dr. Hargrove was a member of the North Carolina Medical Society and the United Medical Society of the United States. He helped organize a medical society in Martin County in 1904 and served as its first president. He

was an active member of the Christian Church and served as chairman of the board for several years. He also served as director of the bank and was one of its early presidents.

Dr. Hargrove died in 1923 at the age of sixty eight.



Dr. Hargrove's "new-fangled Contraption".

"The Everetts Post Office Has A Birthday"

by Phil Stalls and Chris Jackson

The post office in Everetts was first opened on February 25, 1884. Prior to that, sometimes in 1881, the post office was located on Highway 64 near Collie Swamp, giving it the name COLLY. Its postmaster was James Augustus Whitley, a local man who won fame during the Civil War as being one of those who went farthest at Gettysburg.

This office closed on May 18, 1882.

The next office to open was called "WILSONVILLE" which began operations on August 23, 1882. It was moved into the town of Everetts, the name being changed to EVERETTS on February 25, 1884.

There have been at least three post offices in Everetts. There

was one across the road from where it is today. Another one was in Dillon Peels's grocery store which opened in 1906. The postmaster was James S. Peel, who held that office for more than 30 years. At his death, his son, Dillon, assumed the position of postmaster which he held for nearly 36 years. This 66 years of service by one family is



These are the drinks that were bottled in Everetts. They are Mission Grape and Orange, Gulf Cola, Nichol Cola, and Zimba Cola.



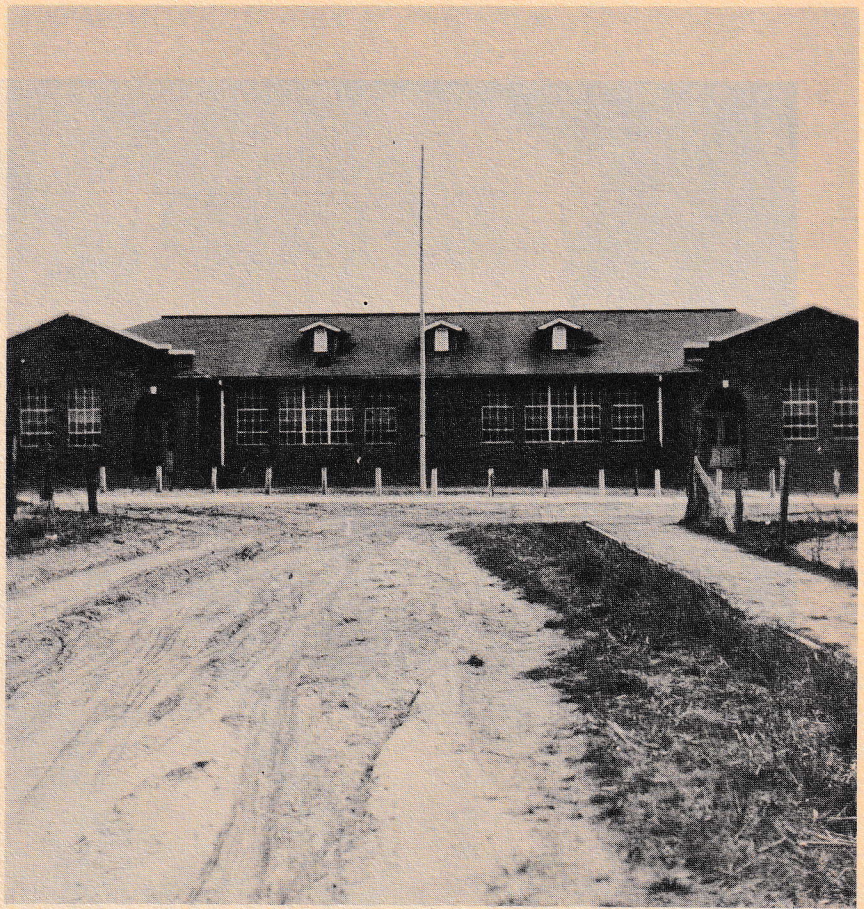
Old Everetts School ca. 1911.

a record that few have surpassed.

The third and final post office was located beside Mr. Tom Barnhill's store in Everetts where it is in operation today. The building in which it is located was once the bank of Everetts.

When Dillon Peel retired, Ben A. Jones, Jr. received an appointment to be postmaster. He was the first black to hold office of postmaster in any Martin County town since the days just following the Civil War. He was followed by Joe Hurdle and Jesse Cowan, who is the postmaster today.

In the early days, the post office had boxes inside like it does today. They handled one pouch of first class mail every day and approximately 3 sacks of packages. The post office today only has 1 sack of packages on the average. This year marks the 100th anniversary of the Everetts postal service.



First Brick School in Everetts ca. 1924.



The old "bottling" works in Everetts.



"Do you remember when a drink cost 5¢?" Zimba Cola.

"Did You Ever Hear Of Zimba Cola"

by Chris Jackson

The Everetts Drink Company was owned by J.T. Barnhill and Van Taylor and was started in the early 1930's. The plant manager was Clarence Faulkland. The company bottled four drinks,

grape, orange, Gulf Cola, and Zimba Cola.

Zimba Cola which sold for five cents, was the leading seller

and tasted much like a Royal Crown Cola. The company was in business for about ten years but closed after World War II when Coca Colas and Pepsis were once again available.

"Business As Usual!"

by Samuel Knight and Danny Bland

The Jones House is a two-and-a-half story frame structure dating from the first quarter of the nineteenth century. A chimney of Flemish Bond brickwork appears at each end of the house. All of the inside woodwork was done by hand.

This house was built between 1802 and 1830 by Jesse Fuller Jones on his plantation in the

Spring Green community of Martin County. According to local tradition, Jones was a physician who established the first hospital in Martin County. A small structure was built near his home which was used as an apothecary shop and a third structure, which was used for housing the mentally ill. Dr. Jones later sold his house and

farm to Reuben Taylor and he left the county to go to an unknown destination.

The present owner, Freddie Powell, is a teacher at Roanoke High School. He has worked on the restoration of the house since 1979 and has done all the work by himself. This has included cleaning and refinishing the floors, wainscoting, painting,



The Jesse Fuller Jones House ca. 1802

and plastering. The only changes he made on the inside of the house were the addition of bathrooms and a kitchen. Other than those minor additions, the house is pretty much like it was 150 years ago. The restoration of the outside of the house was a long and difficult job since it required scraping off all the old paint and then putting on three coats of paint, all of which was done by Mr. Powell, and in the heat of summer!

The most unusual thing he found during the restoration of the house was an old syringe and needle that was hidden in one of the walls. It was very old and quite different from those in use today. He also found many old medicine bottles in the walls. There's no explanation for their being hidden away as they were.

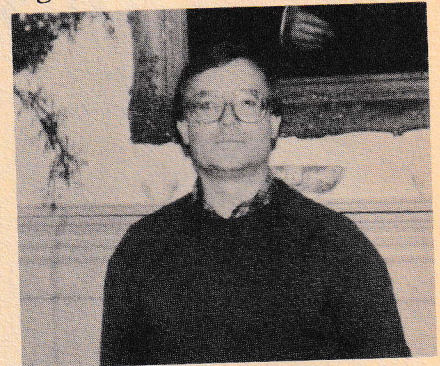
The old folks in the area tell many interesting stories about the house. One tells of the wounded soldier who was brought in from Fort Branch, which was only a short distance from there. He was badly injured and was brought into the house and put beside the fireplace to keep warm until the doctor could tend his wounds. He died there where they had put him and the dark stains on the floor are said to be his. No one has ever been able to remove them from the floor even though the boards have been sanded time and time again.

Late at night, Mr. Powell hears strange noises in the house. Sometimes it's just a knock, but then again it sounds like someone walking on the front porch. He has gotten up many times during the night to investigate, but there's never anyone there. Sometimes the doors will open and close by themselves — particularly the one to the attic on the third floor. Some nights he hears the sound of a chain clanking on the upstairs floor. There are times when he hears a baby crying in the house, which is quiet unnerving for Mr. Powell, a bachelor, who has no children! He has heard from old people in the community that a baby died in the house many years ago.

An interesting feature that Mr. Powell discovered in restoring the house was several metal rings with chains attached to them up in the attic. He was told

that Dr. Jones had these installed so he could restrain insane people who were brought to him for treatment. Could this account for the rattling chains?

Many of the stories surrounding the house are tradition, but



Freddie Powell, current owner of the Jones House.

who knows? It is certain that you can hear chains rattling, people walking, and babies crying. It makes you wonder if Dr. Jones is still having "office hours" and treating the sick folks again!



Bloodstains on the floor beside the fireplace where a wounded Confederate soldier died.

"Woods-Girl"

by Joycelyn Hyman

Mrs. Emma Williams Dupree was born near Faulkland, North Carolina, on July 4, 1900, and was reared there. Her parents, who were born into slavery, lived near Faulkland where they reared eleven children. Mrs. Dupree was the seventh child of a seventh child, and according to legend, she was born for good luck.

At an early age, she was

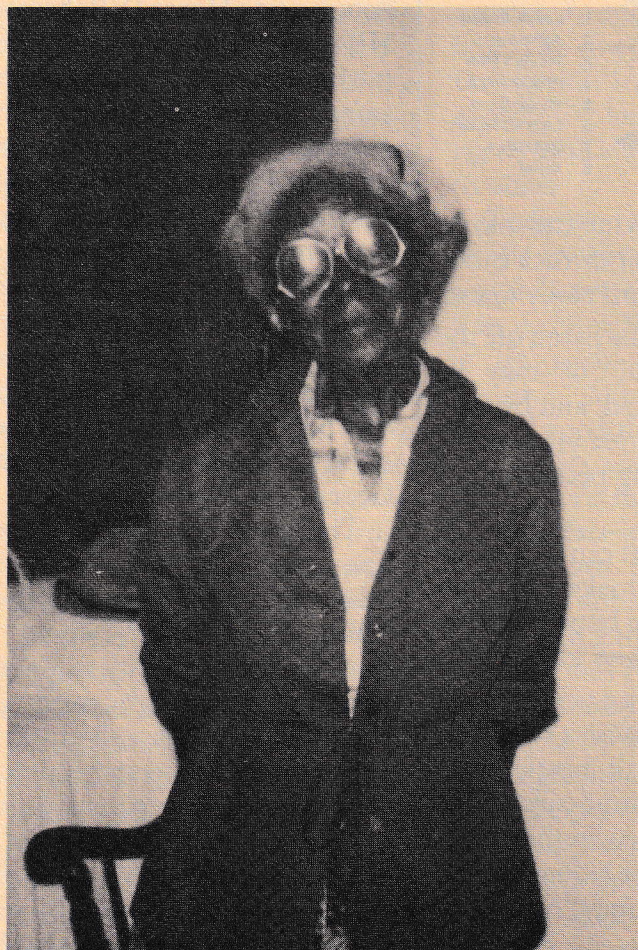
nicknamed "woods-girl" because she spent considerable time in the woods just looking for things. As she grew older, she would collect different plants and ask questions about them. She has always felt that her knowledge about plants comes from God.

According to Mrs. Dupree, an inspiration from God first lead her to go searching in the woods

and to start experimenting with the different plants. Because of this inspiration, she always prays when cooking or preparing the herbs. It is also customary, she says, to pray for healings after medicines have been dispensed to the sick.

The medicines she concocts are made, she says, through the powers of God, and they are made to help people. For this reason, she does not charge for them. Some people insist on leaving money to help her in her work, but according to Mrs. Dupree, money is the root of all evil and it cannot buy anyone a ticket to heaven. For that reason, she says, money is not of much value. The money that is left as donations is used to purchase the lemons, rock candy, brown sugar, and other items that are used in making the medicines.

Mrs. Dupree says that on an average day she will see as many as ten people. Surprisingly enough, even doctors and other professional people will stop by her house to ask questions or to walk through her herb garden. In the past, Mrs. Dupree worked closely with Dr. Jenness Merrill on various cases. Her husband, John, was Dr. Merrill's driver and he would often stop by his home to pick up his wife to accompany the doctor on special cases. Mrs. Dupree has said time



Emma Dupree
at her home in
Faulkland.

and time again, "The doctors with all their book knowledge don't know everything. The Lord gave me this vision and gift and I'm going to use it whenever I can."

In the past 10 years, Mrs. Dupree has visited Washington, D.C., and many other interesting places. She has been invited to live in other areas besides Fountain, but the rural life is what she prefers. The country is where she started her work and where she wants to stay. Although she doesn't go out into the woods too often now, she likes to grow her own herb garden as well as her own vegetables. She says that foods today have so many chemicals in them that they are poisoning

honey, and lemon juice to cure rickets, rheumatic fever, colds, and diabetes.

4. Hollychokes can be picked from the bush and eaten whole or packed in rock candy for later use to calm nerves, cleanse the liver and kidneys and provide vitamins and iron.
5. Horseradish leaves and roots can be mixed with vinegar to lower fevers and high blood pressure.
6. Polk leaves can be eaten as spinach or leaves and roots can be boiled to make a tonic for soothing pains of bursitis, rheumatism, arthritis, to circulate the blood, as well as provide iron and vitamins for the body. The berries can be



our systems. She recommends certain herbs and natural foods to add to the diet which will help eliminate some of the poisons from our bodies. The following are some of the herbs used by Mrs. Dupree:

1. Peach leaves, bark, or the fruit can be mixed with sugar, honey, lemon juice or rock candy to clear the blood, liver, calm the nerves, and improve circulation.
2. Sage can be boiled with water or mixed in vegetables and meats to purify the blood, heal ulcerated stomachs, and add iron to the diet.
3. Berries of any sort, particularly from the Autumn olive tree, can be mixed with their leaves,

used to make wine and may be packed in sugar or rock candy to preserve until ready to use.

7. Maypops can be eaten off the bush like fruit or may be cooked, strained, and brewed as a tea to provide vitamins as well as to bring people out of comas.
8. Mint of any sort can be washed and boiled to make a tea that is good for the bone marrow, nerves, liver, and kidneys.
9. Boston pears (a prickly oblong pod that grows on a vine) can be stored in a bottle with whiskey or diluted turpentine over it, and consumed as a tonic to remove kidney stones, purify the kidneys, or to stop bleeding.

We design to make brief mention of our village so as to give it a place on the municipal page of history. Over a quarter of a century ago it sprang from nonentity and became incorporated; it merged from its pristine state when it lay bare except plantation cottages with the surrounding of wheat, corn, and cotton in common with this whole section of country. Here was the place of holding militia drills in conformity to law in those days, also for holding the polls of election of this precinct; all on the premises of the enterprising Henry D. Roberson. His fruitful orchard afforded means for traffic on such occasions. In process of time he entered on the mercantile line on a small scale which eventually grew to a higher scale of success. At length other stores were added and the population increased and soon our energetic H.D. Roberson used means to have it incorporated, including the neighboring farm cottages of his two brothers, William and George, and Staton Everett. The town then consisted of one street with a line of trees transplanted on each side now called Main Street, which is beautifully arched with extended elm limbs and boughs making a dense shade. His indomitable energy did not stop at this point; consequently he began using his energy and enterprise to get a railroad line through here by the way of Tarboro on to Williamston. Eventually he succeeded by

"Robersonville in 1903"

(This material was copied from THE WEEKLY NEWS, a newspaper published in Robersonville, dated July 31, 1903)

patient perseverance and it is said, when he saw the first engine speeding its way on this road he shed tears of joy, the outcome of a bounding heart of gratitude and self complacency.

Robersonville is situated on a branch of the A.C.L. Railroad running from Rocky Mount to Plymouth. It is located between all points of interest being only 12 miles west of Williamston, our county seat; 20 miles a little northeastwardly from Greenville, 21 miles east of Tarboro, and about 24 miles northwestwardly from Washington.

Our town was incorporated in 1872 and given the name that it now bears. For many years the town remained in an almost dormant condition, and its growth was marked by but little advance. In 1899 or 1900, an era dawned in our history unprecedented, and as if by magic the town began to assume proportions that were almost beyond conjecture. Real estate began to advance and buildings were erected in almost every direction.

Several large tobacco warehouses went up in close proximity and the profitable business done by these led to the erection of others until now we have 3 large warehouses.

Martin is one of the banner tobacco counties in the state and produces some of the finest tobacco of any county in the state. This industry has been a great help to the town, at the same time enabling the farmer to get good prices for his tobacco

at a home market. There was something near three million pounds of the yellow leaf handled here last season, and the prospects for an increased sales this season is a foregone conclusion. Tobacco is, and will probably continue to be one of our greatest staples.

Our town is well governed, the officers being chosen by the people at primary elections and that choice ratified at the general elections. The administrations of our municipal affairs is the order of cleanliness and no town can boast of cleaner politics or a greater freedom at the ballot box. The town has always been Democratic in politics with few exceptions. Our motto is "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."

There is no town in this section of the county where the young people have a better time than they do here. It is true that there is no such thing as "High Society", but for general all 'round good time, this town has few equals and no superiors in this part of the country. It may not be a fact worthy to boast of, but we are glad to say that society is not so restrictive here as it is in other places of like size. The only requirement necessary for an entree into the best society here is that a man shall be a high-toned gentleman, and unless he possesses this requisite, he cannot hope to mingle with the young people of this place. Neither money, influence or position will take one through if

he is lacking in the qualities that go to make up a gentleman in the highest sense of the term. The young people have their own peculiar methods of enjoying themselves, the most of which are original. They do not pattern after other towns, but select those things that are best suited to the tastes of those interested.

The young ladies of the town, while they are not so numerous as we would like, are as genial and as accomplished as can be found anywhere. The quantity is more than made up in the quality. They are unselfish and ever true to the home boys, and whatever else may be said of them, they are sincere, true, noble, and innocent, and their elevating influence is felt and appreciated by the people of the community.

*He died there where
they had put him
and the dark stains
on the floor are said
to be his.*

While there are no belles or heiresses among them, yet the highest tribute that was ever paid to women may be said to all of our—that is, they are ladies in the highest sense of the word. If one carries himself straight and has the innate or acquired qualities of a gentleman, he cannot fail to enjoy himself in this town!

A tree must be judged by the fruit that it bears. A town must be measured by what it is doing. What do we find in Robersonville today? In the first place, we find the mercantile business in a flourishing condition. When you enter a store house, you encounter polite and accommodating salesmen, and when you enter the office you find the proprietor at his business. Dil-

ligence and service have gained for the merchants, success. In the second place, we find a tobacco market, second to none in this part of the state. It is in better condition today than ever before, and why, because we have hustling businessmen behind it. In the third place, we find a carriage factory that ships from this town about six jobs per week the year round, besides what is sold directly to customers here. A businessman behind it, a man who will treat you right and give you your money's worth in a job. In the fourth place, we find three good hotels that are full to overflowing. In these we have all the modern conveniences generally found in a town of this size, and something to tempt the appetite and a good place to sleep. In the fifth place, we find a brick factory where you can get the best brick at reasonable prices. If you want a good drink of any kind, you have four saloons to select from. If you want something to eat you can find it at the market.

If you want a shave and a shampoo, you can get them at the barber shop. If you get sick, you have the advantage of the best doctor in Eastern Carolina, a man who is well read and full of experience. If you want a fine rig to go driving, you have only to step down to the livery stables, where you will be fitted out in the best style. If you get hungry between meals, you can get all the barbecue you want at the warehouses. If your shoes need mending, you can get a good job here. If you want a horse or mule, you can always find them at the exchange stables. If your cart or buggy gets broken, we have a man here to fix it for you. If you get in a tight place, we have a lawyer who will be sure to get you in tighter! In fact, most all industries generally

found in a town are represented here and all of them are in a flourishing condition.

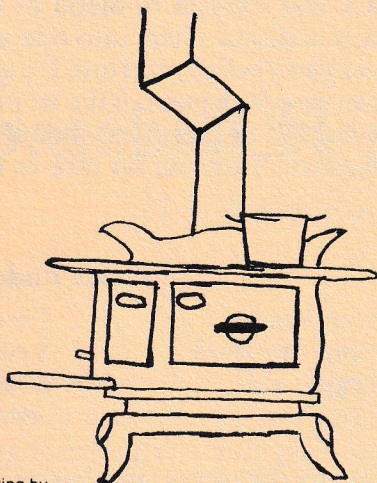
We can only judge the future by the past. According to this criterion, what will Robersonville be three years hence? We know that within that time the business interests have increased four-fold. The moral condition has improved to a greater extent than ever the most sanguine dared hope. Intellectually, the town has made greater strides than along any other line. If these conditions continue to improve for the next three years as they have for the past three, we may reasonably expect to see a town bordering somewhat on what is commonly known as a model town. For sometime past, the people have been united in most all of their efforts of progress, and this is the secret of their success.

It is a well known fact that a town is and is going to be just what the people make it, and no more. Robersonville is going to be just what the people make it. So long as they remain united in their efforts and keep selfishness

in the background, they may expect to continue to achieve greater things. With the progress that we are now making, three years hence, we see in Robersonville, factories and enterprises that we do not now dream of, and increase of business and commerce that will be startling, a population of 2,000 enterprising and industrious people, paved streets, electric lights, and waterworks, and all those things that go to make a decent and hustling town. Someone may say that these are only dreams of imagination, air-castles, that one gust of wind will blow away forever, but if we are to judge the future by the past, and this was the proposition that we started out with, these things will be a reality. With the enterprise and push that we have here, they cannot but be. It is hard to down a working man and a Christian, and it is just as hard to down a hustling town. Robersonville is destined to be the leading town of the county and is sure in the near future to wield an influence that will be felt throughout this section.



The George O. Roberson Family. One of the early families of Robersonville.



drawing by
Samuel Knight

Ole' Time Recipes

"Perfect Biscuit Pudding"

Combine $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of milk and 2 slightly beaten eggs; pour over 2 cups of crumbled day old biscuits. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of raisins. Toss lightly to blend. Spread the mixture in greased 8x8x2 inch baking dish. Set the dish in a shallow pan on an oven rack. Pour hot water around it 1 inch deep. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) about 35 to 40 minutes or until a knife that is inserted halfway between the center and outside comes out clean.

Betty Ross

Old Fashioned Molasses Cookies

1 stick margarine	$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of molasses	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup of egg, beaten	2 teaspoons soda
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	

Mix together and drop by spoonfulls on greased baking sheet. Bake in 350 degree oven.

Margaret Moore

Bread Pudding

4 cups milk	6 eggs
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup honey	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 cups (about 10 slices)	1 teaspoon vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ inch dry bread cubes	Nutmeg (Optional)

Warm the milk and honey together. Prepare bread cubes, removing crust. Place in two quart buttered casserole. Beat egg slightly with salt. Add

to bread cubes with honey mixture and vanilla. Sprinkle top with nutmeg. Heat oven to 300 degrees. Bake 50 to 60 minutes or until done. May be served warm or cold.

Margaret Moore

Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies

$4\frac{1}{2}$ c. sifted flour	1 c. butter
1 tsp. salt	$1\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar
1 tsp. soda	2 eggs
1 tsp. baking powder	1 c. sour cream
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg	$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dry ingredients alternately with sour cream, mixing until smooth after each addition. Blend in vanilla. Wrap in waxed paper and chill until firm enough to roll. Roll on floured board to about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick; cut with large cookie cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet; sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 375 degrees 12 minutes or until browned. Yield: 5 dozen.

Ellen Meeks

Molasses Cookies

2 c. flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cloves
2 tsp. soda	$\frac{3}{4}$ c. shortening
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt	1 c. sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon	$\frac{1}{4}$ c. molasses
$\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. ginger	1 egg

Sift together first six ingredients. Thoroughly

mix shortening with next three ingredients. Beat until light and fluffy. Beat in flour mixture just until mixed. Refrigerate until easy to handle. Heat even to 350 degrees. Form dough into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch balls. Place 2 inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake 15 minutes. As cookies cool they become crisp.

Ellen Meeks

Old-Fashioned Tea Cakes

- | | |
|---------------|------------------------|
| 1 c. butter | $\frac{3}{2}$ c. flour |
| 1 c. sugar | Cinnamon and sugar |
| 3 eggs | mixture |
| 1 tsp. nutmeg | |

Cream butter and sugar together. Add eggs, nutmeg and flour. Beat until well mixed. Form the dough into three rolls, 2 inches around, chill for 3 hours. Slice in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. When done sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.

Ellen Meeks

Brunswick Stew

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 chicken | 3 cans green peas |
| 3 cans tomatoes | 3 cans butter beans |
| 3 cans whole grain corn | Catsup to taste |
| 1 hog head | Hot pepper and salt |

Cook hog head and chicken (In separate pots.) Remove bones and tear into pieces. Place meat back into chicken broth and mix all vegetables. Cook slowly for about 1 hour. Add a dash of sugar. Cook until thick, but stir to keep from burning.

Ruth Powell

Apple Brown Betty

- | | |
|--|---|
| 6 cooking apples - sliced, cored, unpeeled | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice or cinnamon |
| 1 cup toasted bread crumbs | Pinch of salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice | 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine |
| 1 cup granulated sugar | |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg | |

Put in a glass baking dish (8"x9") a layer of apples, alternating with bread crumbs and sugar that has been mixed with seasoning. Pour melted butter over apples. Save some bread crumbs and sugar for top. Bake in oven at 425 degrees for 35 minutes.

Mrs. N.W. Slade

Pound Cake

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 cups butter | 5 cups sifted cake flour |
| $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| 8 eggs (2 cups) | 1 teaspoon ground mace |

Cream butter; add sugar gradually, beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Sift together dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture, a few spoonfuls at a time. Mix just enough to blend in flour mixture after each addition. Pour into one greased and floured loaf pan (9x5x3) and one $1\frac{1}{2}$ qt. tube pan; or pour into two loaf pans. Bake in preheated very slow oven (275 degrees) for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Cool for 5 minutes. Turn out on rack to cool.

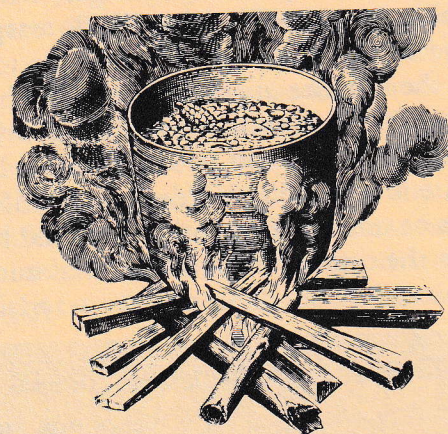
Mamie Locke

Molasses Pudding

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar |
| 1 cup molasses | 3 cups sifted flour |
| 3 eggs | 2 tablespoons vanilla extract |

Cream the sugar and butter. Add molasses and mix thoroughly. All the well beaten eggs and vanilla. Then add flour and beat until well mixed. Pour into a 8x12 inch well greased pan. Bake at 300 degrees for 1 hour.

Ruth Powell



Apple Dumplings

Seal whole apple in square of pie crust. Sprinkle spice and brown sugar on apple before sealing. Boil 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, cinnamon. Pour this over the apples and bake for one hour at 350 degrees. Do not cover the pan.

Elizabeth Roberson

Sweet Potato Pudding

- | |
|--|
| 5 or 6 grated raw sweet potatoes |
| 3 cups sugar |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ sticks of melted butter |
| 3 tsp. vanilla flavoring |

Mix all ingredients and cook in 300 degree oven for about 35 minutes.

Irene Caudle

Early Baseball History In Williamston

(The Enterprise, Tobacco Edition, 1943)

The Rules of Spaulding found its way to Williamston and the boys were studying it, trying to get on to all the new rules. The book was very interesting as it contained pictures of the players in the big leagues, uniforms, and bats, and almost everything pertaining to the game. This book was passed around from player to player as only one was available and it was in great demand. Balls were scarce, sometimes a progressive merchant would order a half dozen, and the boys would take up a collection among the people of the town to purchase one or two of them and a few bats. When a bat was broken, it was not thrown away, but was saved to be wrapped with twine and made good as new. All the suits were homemade, usually of white cotton flannel with blue or red stripes down the legs, really too beautiful and delicate for the purpose.

A catcher's mask arrived and created much interest, but there was no breast plate or protector. During these times, the catcher used an oversized driver's glove into which he had placed a cut of tough steak and he cut off the fingertips of the gloves so it would not interfere with his throwing, but even when taking all this precaution, his hands were often swollen almost twice their natural size.

Mr. Dennis S. Biggs was the patron saint of the game. The ball players were mostly poor boys, but they were true blue, and "Dennis" as he was called by almost everyone, came to their rescue with the finances. He was a public spirited man, popular with all the people of the town and the funds the ball team could not raise, he would supply. He did not play, but got lots of fun out of the game.

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The boys thought about this time they had about the best team in the area and they decided to invade the sister town of Washington, also a great ball town, and three times the size of Williamston. For a month or two this was the topic of conversation among the fans. "On to Washington" was heard on all sides and never were fans or a team so sure of victory. The team was an excellent one all right. Sam Harrell was the pitcher, Will Robertson the

catcher. Pat Gardner and maybe one or two out of town boys and four Crawford brothers, Henry, Asa, Tom, Kader, and Ben composed the team. The fans went over in wagons, leaving here about three o'clock in the morning, while members of the team went in buggies. Dennis furnished three of them himself!

After the usual practice, warming up by both teams, the game started. Williamston was first at bat. Some time prior to the game, the Kuglers had moved down to Washington from Philadelphia and they brought with them a man named Toy. So this day, Kugler and Toy formed the Washington "battery." Using the curve, in and out, drop, etc. Kugler had the visitors nonplussed. They could not touch the ball and the team went down in humiliating defeat.

In the course of a few weeks, Washington came over here and a record-breaking crowd was on hand to witness the game. The visitors brought over the same team and incidentally the same battery. Kugler was almost invincible. Henry Crawford managed to make a run, but the score finally wound up nine to two in favor of Washington.

On two occasions Kugler struck Henry Crawford with a pitched ball and the crowd seemed to think it was done internationally. Feeling ran high

intentionally. Feeling ran high against the Washington star and a few small injuries occurred, but no one was seriously hurt. When Henry scored, the fans went wild and the cheering could be heard a mile or more away. Kugler's superb pitching with his wide curves, ins and outs, revolutionized baseball in this section, and after that game, all the pitchers mastered the curves, etc.

About the turn of the century Charlie Mizelle, a Martin County man who had been in the army at Fortress Monroe, had become a good catcher, and with his friend, a fellow named Todd of Bertie County, came here and got the boys together and with Todd pitching the team won many tight and interesting games.

Halifax had a good ball team

on account of college boys from that county, and so did Edenton. Williamston played them winning some and losing others. Once Dennis engaged Petty and LeGrand to pitch and catch a game against Edenton. They were from Davidson College, but the game was lost.

One hot July day, Dennis Biggs took the team to Scotland Neck. The young man who played centerfield for Williamston that day recalled that before the game, the team went and visited a wine mill and as a result they entered the game "full of confidence and bravado." Along about the third inning, a batter on the Scotland Neck nine hit out a high fly. The ball went almost out of sight. The lad, Closs Roberson, running from afar, saw two balls and caught the wrong one! The "real" ball

tapped him in the center of his forehead! The stories from that point are conflicting. One stated that the lad had to be taken from the field. The other said the bat boy ran out where the lad lay with a bucket of wine on his arm and as soon as the victim smelled the aroma from the bucket, he arose as if he had been touched with some magic wand!

The town was growing all the while and the time had come for the lovers of the sport to find another baseball field. Among the names of the boys who had played at this old field were the Crawfords, Harrells, Biggs, Hassells, Robertson, Popes, Clarys, Lambs, and Watts. Among the patrons of the game, those dependable and staunch supporters who never missed a game, were Harry Stubbs, Dennis Biggs, and Will Ellison.



One of the early baseball teams in Robersonville. This picture was taken about 1900. Only 4 of the players have been identified. Standing up on the right is Judge Calvin Smith. Next to him is Henry C. Norman. On the middle row, in the center is Harvey Roberson and next to him is H.H. Pope. The man on the front row with the "Snow Hill" shirt wasn't a regular on the team, but due to his good reputation as a pitcher, they paid him \$2.00 to pitch the game for them!

"What Is Huskanaw?"

The word "huskanaw" comes to us from the Tuscarora Indians who once lived in this area. It had to do with a "coming of age" ceremony for boys (and sometimes girls) between the ages of ten and fifteen. It was a very severe test that was used to single out those individuals in the tribe who might become leaders and priests.

The boys were kept in a house that was located in an isolated part of the forest for several weeks. While they were confined here, they were allowed to have only small amounts of food and

water. They were given a bitter liquid to drink that had been brewed from intoxicating roots and berries. This drink made them go raving mad at times and caused them to have weird visions and hallucinations. Gradually the drink was reduced until the boys were back to normal again; that is, those who had survived, for many times the boys did not live through the ordeal. John Lawson was told by the Indians he encountered that this rite was necessary to keep their youth under control, to prepare them for the hardships

they would endure in their lifetime, and to get rid of the weaker members of the tribe who could not contribute to the welfare of the tribe.

Since the Huskanaw Swamp, now called Collie Swamp, is located in the Robersonville area, we wanted to preserve its name through our magazine. The group of young people who have produced this magazine are "coming of age" as well, so we thought it would be appropriate to use this name for our publication.

Elizabeth Roberson, Adviser

Notes and Autographs

Cover by Samuel Knight

Significance of the Cover Design

The cover design is made up of patterns used by the woodland indians, of whom the Tuscarora were a part. These designs were used in beadwork on their clothing and moccasins.