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# WHAT WAS BREWSTER?


**Twenty-five year employees of Brewster Phosphate were honored in 1945. They were: (Front Row, Left to Right) Ernest Powell, Clarence Boyles, Nirham Peters, B.G. Brantley, Joe Bowman. (Second Row) Richard Ellison, Nat Solomon, Dan Davis, Isaiah Bonner, Crawford Hurst, Sam Johnson, Lee Borders. (Third Row) Charlie Croft, Green Hayward, Henry Jones, Leslie Reid, Roy Carlton, Tony Dickens, Paul Williams, W. H. Amos, Willie Bankston, Edgar Bivins, Bud Link.**

Gone now, Brewster was a "company town" created when a group of fertilizer companies formed the Amalgamated Phosphate Company in 1911 to mine a deposit of phosphate rock near a depot called Chicora on the Charlotte Harbor and Northern Railroad. The town was necessary because the location was over ten miles from any town and a workforce of over a hundred men would be required to operate the mine.

Mr. Benjamin H. Brewster of Baugh & Sons of Baltimore (his wife was a Baugh) was much involved in planning and building the mine, and on March 11, 1913, the railroad renamed the Chicora station Brewster; on that same date the Brewster post office was established. On May 19, 1914, the Polk County School Board officially approved the Brewster School, which operated in a company supplied building. Thus, the town of Brewster was created.

In 1961, the American Cyanamid Company, by then owner of the town and mine, did away with the houses and the depot, post office, school and town all disappeared.

# Brewster Black Quarters

***Twenty-fourth in a series on Pioneer Life***

*by Ray Albritton*

Brewster is now only a memory. It ceased to exist as a community about 1960. The residents were given an opportunity to purchase their houses and move them away. Some went to Fort Meade, some to Mulberry, many to Bradley and a few to rural areas. Most of the Black people in Brewster moved their houses to Bradley.

Leo Borders is one of the few remaining really old-timers from Brewster. His family moved to Brewster when he was only five years old in 1920. Leo has a wealth of stories about Brewster in the early years. He attended school in the segregated black school until he reached the eighth grade. He tried to go to high school in Bartow, but it proved to be too much of a problem. There were no school busses and the only way he could get to Bartow was to catch a ride with the early morning newspaper delivery truck. Getting home became a major problem. It was difficult sometimes to get a ride back to Brewster. After getting home late at night a few times, his mother put her foot down and ended his schooling.

Leo then went down to Boca Grande and found a job in a resort hotel. He made a good living there as a waiter and he supplemented his income by salvaging untouched food from the tables and selling it in the Black quarters. He could get a nickel for a piece of cake or pie. With pay being twenty cents an hour, this was a big help economically. In 1935, Leo came back to Brewster and started working for American Cyanamid.

When he was hired, he was issued three tools, an ax, a shovel and a hand stick and was told not to lose any of them. Everyone knows what an ax and a shovel are, but some may not be familiar with a hand stick. It was a stick about five feet long and two or three inches in diameter, made of hardwood. Some were made of hickory and others were made of ironwood. Sometimes they were used as pry poles, but the most common usage was carrying loads. At this time, machinery was scarce in the phosphate mines and labor was plentiful. In the mining operation, pipes had to be moved frequently. The laborers slid the hand sticks under the pipe and with one man on each end of the stick and enough sticks in service, they could move some big pipes for considerable distances. There was one caution, when the pipe was moved there was a lot of competition as to who carried the hand stick back to pick up the next length of pipe. The one carrying the stick could control the length of the stick that went under the pipe. He could get a big leverage advantage over his partner. Sometimes, the old-timers would warn a new employee to keep control of the stick.

**Alex McLain, Walter Lee Amos and Leo Borders in front of one of the houses moved from East Brewster to Bradley about 1960.**

**Leo Borders retired after 42 years of responsible jobs, most in the storeroom, at Brewster Phosphate.**

**Levi Wilcox and Leo Borders stand by one of the Brewster houses, now located in Bradley, as they talk about working for Brewster Phosphate Company.**

The first job Leo had was with the carpenters. In those days, there wasn't much structural steel. The washers and mine buildings were made of wood. Without the help of modern cranes, it was a big undertaking to get the heavy timbers hoisted up and secured on a construction job. Later on, Leo worked on a wide variety of jobs, including dragline groundman, storeroom, machine shop, crane car and cherry picker operator, plumber and welder. He worked at Brewster for a total of 42 years and 9 months. One of Leo's jobs was Financial Secretary of the Chemical Workers Local Union. The Local was split with a White Local and a Colored Local. I was Financial Secretary of the White Local. Neither of us knew much about financial record keeping, but between us, we managed to get the job done and stay out of trouble. During most of the time that Leo spent at Brewster, Black men were not allowed on any jobs except the very lowest paying ones. It wasn't fair, most of them were more skilled mechanics and operators than the White men that they were supposedly helping. It was only in the 1960s that Black men started being promoted to the jobs that they had been deserving for so long. John Spencer had worked in the Electric department since 1933 and was still only a helper. I was his supervisor and one of my happiest days at Brewster was the day I was able to promote him to electrician. There were lots of other Black men who were deserving of much better treatment, Deacon Amos, Big and Little Gary, Schoolboy, Bad Boy, The Ellisons Howards, Wilcoxes, Borders and Boyds. There are just too many friends among the Black population of Brewster to try to name them all. Any that have been left out, please forgive me.

Leo has a very good memory and has told me many stories about the days when Mr. Mead was manager at

**The Black Community Church was moved from the Red Quarters to East Brewster in the 1950s and to Bradley about 1960. The steeple has been removed. The building is no longer in use.**

Brewster. It appeared that Mead had a lot of pull with the Polk County Sheriff's Department. When a Black man was pulled over by a deputy the first question was, "Who's Nigger are you?" If the answer was, "Mr. Mead," he was told to go on back to Brewster and behave himself. According to Leo, the word got out and any Black man in the area that ran into trouble with the deputies claimed that they worked for Mr. Mead.

Another story was about Early Williams. One night a White Tramp came to Early's house and wanted to spend the night. When Early wouldn't let him in, he tried to force his way in. When he did, Early shot him in the head with a pistol. At that time, nobody left the Black Quarters for any reason after dark. The man lay dead on the porch all night. Next morning, someone went and reported what happened to Mr. Mead. He called the Sheriff's Department and they came out to investigate. Mead told them that he would bring Early in when the trial was due. They took Early's pistol and left. Later on, when the trial came up, the Judge listened to the complete story and told the Sheriff to give Early back his pistol and told Early that if anybody else tries to force his way into his house to shoot him, too.

It is hard to imagine anyone having the authority that Mead had at Brewster during the depression. Jobs were so hard to find that the employees would put up with almost any kind of treatment to keep a payday coming.

Once, when Mead was home at lunch, the big steam whistle went off at the dry plant and the youngest Mead baby work up crying. The whistle had been blowing for years at work starting, lunch, and quitting time. Mead went to the dry plant and told the operator not to ever blow that whistle again. When he was told that the people in Brewster depended on the whistle to keep time, he went to the commissary and told Mr. Bellamy, who managed the store, to buy a big order of cheap watches. All employees were going to have to keep their own time.

Wade Watkins was Mead's yard man. There was a cat in the neighborhood that was bothering the Mead children. Mead told Wade to kill the cat. The owner of the cat protested to Wade and Wade told him that he had killed the cat and he would kill the owner too, if Mr. Mead told him to.

The Mead maid lived in the Red Quarters behind the shop area. During wet weather the ground was flooded between the shops and the commissary. A wooden walkway was installed through the low place. One morning the maid came to work with one of her feet wet. Mrs. Mead asked her why her foot was wet. The maid told her that a White man had made her step off of the walk so he could pass. Mrs. Mead called her husband and told him what had happened. Mead went to the shop and called the man out and fired him on the spot. The man had two brothers working at Brewster and they were fired also. When they protested that they hadn't done anything, they were told that if they stayed in Brewster their brother would come to visit them and he didn't want to see that brother in Brewster ever again.

When Mead left his office to go to the mine, it was the duty of the telephone operator to call and warn the people at the mine that he was coming. The telephone switchboard operators were young Black men. The reason for this was because Mead couldn't curse out White women. Mead drove like a maniac, I am told, and it was the duty of the washer operator to watch for his dust cloud on the mine dirt road and report to everyone that he was almost there. When his car slid to a stop at the mine, everybody better be working or they would be unemployed in a short while. Once, Mead carried a small dog with him up on the washer. The dog jumped up on Mead's leg and Mead told him to lay down. When he looked around, the washer operator was laying down on the deck. Mead explained that he was talking to the dog.

Everyone was afraid of Mead. Even Jap Smith, a mining boss, was so afraid he wouldn't answer the telephone for fear that it might be Mead calling. John Spencer told me that when Jap was running the pit crew, who pumped the phosphate to the washer, he made life hard for his crew. There was a spring about half a mile away at the end of the mining area. The crew carried their drinking water from the spring. Jap would tell one of the crew to get a bucket of water. If he didn't know any better, and allowed anyone else to have a drink before Jap had his, Jap would dump the water bucket on the ground and tell the man, "Now go get ME a bucket of water." When the man returned, Jap would take a drink and dump the bucket on the ground again and say, "Now go get some water for my Niggers."

There are so many stories about Brewster in the old days and they are being lost every time an old employee dies. Leo Borders lived through most of the Brewster times and I hope to keep talking to him and writing his recollections. He probably knows more about the old times in Brewster than any person alive.

**Levi Wilcox retired from Brewster Phosphate Mine in 1986, ending 40 years of service. He started in 1945 as a switchboard operator. For years he worked on and around trains. The last ten years he was shift supervisor in the shipping department.**

# *"Over The Branch"*
# African American History Recovered
# 1849 - 1900

The first known Black Pioneers to settle in this area lived in a village called Minatti. It was located between Lake Hancock and Bartow. Most, if not all, were former slaves who escaped from Plantations in other states. These African American men and women lived in Minatti around 1818. Their arrival here predates the arrival of permanent white Settlers by nearly thirty years. *(They were called "Black Seminoles" and were captured or relocated by mid-1841, as were the Indians. Ed. note.)*

African Americans returned to the area around 1849, but, unlike the earlier journey, this time they arrived as slaves with white settlers. South Florida, or the Peace River Frontier, as the area was called, was largely a deserted wilderness.

The town of Bartow was known then as Peace Creek, Peas Creek, and later, Fort Blount. There were no roads, bridges, electricity or modern conveniences. Whatever Black population existed tended to congregate to the west of Bartow in the section called "The Negro Quarters" or "The Quarters" by the white population, and "Over The Branch" by the Black residents. The names "Over The Branch" and "Across The Branch" were used because the McKinney Branch separated the wooded area of West Bartow from the other parts of the settlement. Thus, this natural isolation inevitably caused "Over The Branch" to take on the appearance of a separate, self-contained, village which was home to mostly African American population.

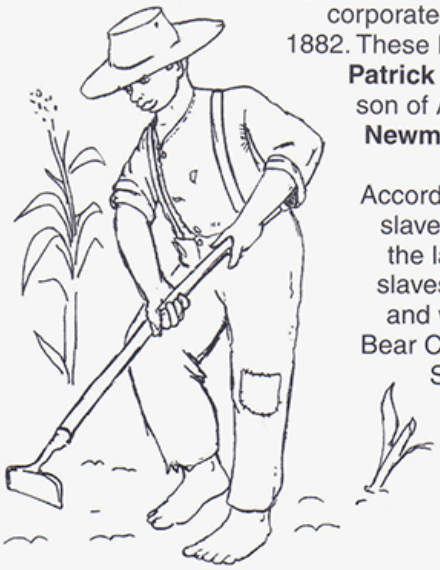
Although slavery of any kind is to be condemned, it is important to note that according to reports of reliable visitors to the Tampa Bay region, the system of slavery as practiced in this area was mostly devoid of the physical brutality commonly associated with slavery in other states. Most white families in this area were not wealthy and therefore did not own large Plantations housing legions of slaves. In fact, only one family in five actually owned any slaves. The few farms scattered throughout this area were mostly small family type operations.

Black slaves most often worked side by side with white owners mainly for mutual protection and to promote higher productivity. Slaves, such as Prince Johnson and others, who possessed special skills were valued very highly and were likely to be allowed to work unsupervised.

The system of slavery was such that many bondsmen in this area may have been allowed to complete their daily tasks in time to tend to personal chores such as gardening and improving living conditions for their families. Some owners may have even allowed slaves to hire themselves out and keep a portion of the earnings, while paying a percentage to the owner.

Black slaves like Prince Johnson, Andy Moore, Stepny Dixon, Squire Newman, Tony Tucker, John Sexton, and others may have worked under such a system. This may have given them the opportunity to gain a certain measure of independence. As a result, when freedom eventually came, these individuals were better prepared to care for themselves than those in other parts of the South who labored under a more restrictive system. This may also explain how Andy Moore, Prince Johnson, Tony Tucker, and others were able to establish large farming operations shortly after freedom came in 1865.

As strange as it many seem, race relations in the Peace River Frontier during the period of slavery from 1849 to 1865, appear to have been less harsh than the period following the end of the war. The creation of vigilante groups, coupled with increased opportunities elsewhere enticed many freed men and women to move to other places. During the period of the late 1860s and 1870s, there were perhaps only twenty-five Black families living in all of Polk County. Stout hearted Pioneers like Andy Moore, Prince Johnson, and Tony Tucker remained in the area.



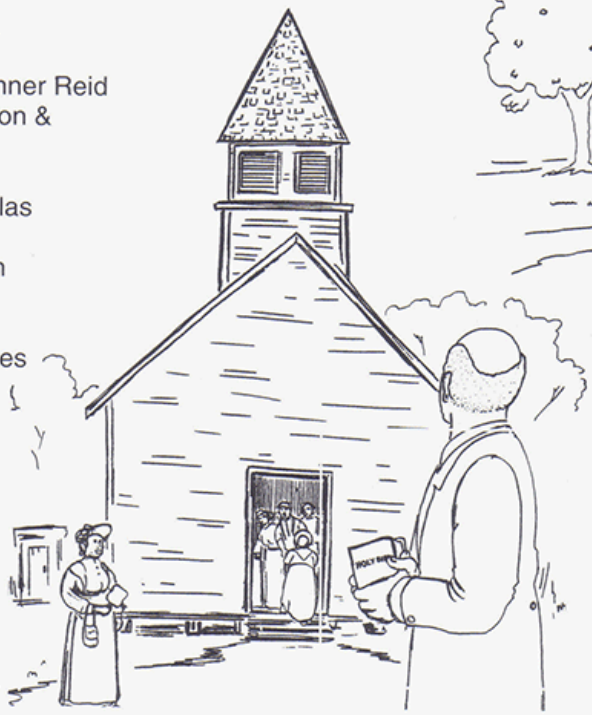
At least four former African American slaves, along with 18 White men, voted to incorporate the City of Bartow in 1882. These Black Pioneers were, **Patrick Moore** (who was the son of Andy Moore), **Squire Newman, Tony Tucker** and **Prince Johnson**. According to tradition, while slavery was still the law of the land, a group of black slaves began to fellowship and worship in 1856 near Bear Creek in the vicinity of Stephens Elementary School - in West Bartow. Although they were few in numbers, they were united in their desire to worship the Lord.

Worship services, in all likelihood, were held outdoors or in someone's cabin.

This form of group worship continued for about thirty years - until the late 1880s, when Ned Green and others arrived with the railroad and the newly discovered phosphate mines. In 1886, Ned purchased one acre of land for "the purpose of constructing" The Providence Colored Baptist Church. This church eventually became the present day First Providence Missionary Baptist Church - located "Over The Branch."

The first twelve (12) African American couples to get married in Bartow during the first full year of freedom in 1866 were...

1. Nathaniel Redd & Charlott Morgan
2. Andy Moore & Tanner Reid
3. Solomon Carrington & Jane Williams
4. Simon Jackson & Electer Ann Douglas
5. Stephen Dixon & Sarah Washington
6. James Parnell & Menirva Bishop
7. Patrick Henry Jones & Hannah Jones
8. Joseph Sexton & Hanna Shaw
9. William Jones & Hariet Island
10. Nelson Blair & Willis Jarkins?
11. Charles Brown & Eliza Jackson
12. Buck Jones & Queen Ann Taylor



It is believed that these couples formed the nucleus of the families that gave birth to the early church in West Bartow (Over The Branch).

In addition to worship service, the first school for Bartow's Black children were held at Providence Colored Baptist Church (modern day First Providence Missionary Baptist Church), beginning perhaps during the 1870s.

The city of Bartow is blessed to have at least five (5) Churches that have served as a beacon for all of God's people for over one hundred years. These 100 year old places of worship are - The First Providence Missionary Baptist Church, Saint James A. M. E. Church, The Mt. Gilboa Missionary Baptist Church, Burkett Chapel Primitive Baptist Church, and The Good Hope Missionary Baptist Church located in Gordonville.

Classes for Polk County's black children continued at First Providence until around 1887 when the city of Bartow appropriated "five hundred dollars to construct a school for Colored children."

This eventually led to the construction of a wooden, two story school building located on modern day Polk Street. Several classrooms were located on the first floor, while the second floor housed a large, open auditorium


or community hall. Old-timers report that theatrical performances and movies were presented on the second floor in the community hall. The school building was located near the present day Highway 60 overpass. Back then Polk Street was actually a narrow dusty wagon path called "Brittsville Street." It was named for a white developer, William H. Britt.

During this same period (perhaps around 1890s) another school for Bartow's black children was constructed in East Bartow. This school was on modern day 3rd Avenue near Magnolia Street. This school was supported by St. James A.M.E. Church. Church member, Mrs. J. A. Wiley, served as one of the first teachers, and may have served as Principal as well.

The well-known Union Academy opened its doors in 1897, thus becoming the fourth (4th) Elementary School for Bartow's black residents. However, U.A. was the first High School for blacks in Polk County.

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***Credits for "African American History Recovered"***

*These pages contain excerpts from a coloring book prepared by The Neighborhood Improvement Corporation of Bartow, Inc. (NIC), Clifton Lewis President. Information for that book was provided by Odell Robinson, Lloyd Harris, Hal Hubener, Canter Brown, Jr., and a host of community residents. Illustrations by Lloyd Harris. Funding was provided, in part, by a grant from The Florida Humanities Council.*

# Stephen Carter of Carter Road

*by Betty Sands*

The earliest record of this family of Carters in this country was about 1652. They were English and settled first in Virginia and then spread to North and South Carolina and finally to Georgia. This first Carter was Thomas. Thomas Jr. and his wife, Arabella Williamson, had five or six sons, and of these Moore was the predecessor of Jacob, Isaac, Jessie, and Ausburn.

Ausburn and Mildred Roberts Carter were the parents of Stephen. Most of these people were planters with large land holdings. Stephen Carter was born in Ware County, Georgia, in 1875. He was the second of nine children.

Stephen left home at an early age, probably while still a teenager. We don't know where he went first, but believe he was in western Florida. Eventually he went to south Florida around Lake Okeechobee, and finally to Fort Meade, Florida, in about 1902. Steve was now about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old and was staying at the Fort Meade Hotel. There he met Bertha Anne Lebo and married for the first and only time. Steve said several times that Bertha was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Bertha's parents, William and Maggie Lebo, either owned or ran the Fort Meade Hotel. (I have so far not determined which.)

Steve was working for Standard Pebble Company and the couple lived at Christina, Florida, the company established small town. Steve and Bertha had seven children. After the fifth child, about 1918 or 1919, they move to the farm and grove on what was later named Carter Road. They had forty acres and later bought fifteen more. The first acreage had about thirty acres in citrus and the last fifteen they planted in Texas Pink and Ruby Red grapefruit. These trees were among the first red and pink in this area. When Steven died, he had put in three hard days helping pump water to these trees. He had a massive stroke from too much work, too much worry, and too high blood pressure.

**The Fort Meade Hotel was located at the NE corner of Orange Avenue and Broadway in Fort Meade. It was built by Seth French in 1883-4 as the "French House." In October 1885, it was sold and renamed "Fort Meade Hotel."**

Steve had a tractor for the farm, but he also had an old mule named Kate. She was used to plow the garden and to pull a water barrel on a sled. This was for when it didn't rain. The boys hoed and pruned the orange trees, and the girls helped in the house. Of course, at that time, clothes washing was done outside in a huge iron pot over a wood fire. Housework was no snap in those days.

**This picture was taken February 14, 1904 when Stephen Lester Carter and Bertha Anne Lebo were married in Fort Meade.**

The neighborhood on Carter Road was spread over several miles. There were the Willys, Houghtons, Klines, Hubbards, O'Cains, Twisses, and Bryans (and probably other families) who lived there. Many of the neighbors got together for fish frys and picnics. The get-togethers were mostly at Highline (High Tension) Pool. This was a good swimming hole as well as a good picnic area. There were huge pots of hot oil for frying fish and hush puppies. Swamp Cabbage and pots of Chicken Pilau were also often part of the day's meal. Everybody brought his specialty dish. Sometimes those gathered would dance a little or tell stories. Bertha loved to dance.

Steve brought the first fingerling bass in a bucket from another pool to Highline. Over time he caught back his share. Steve loved to hunt and fish and his sons did, too. He has grandsons, great-grandsons, and two great-great-grandsons, who are avid hunters and fishermen.

The summer special occasion was a cane grinding. This was another "Everybody come on over." A mule or horse walked in a circle most of the day to operate the cane grinder which extracted the juice. The juice was cooked in several large shallow iron pots until it cooked down to a thick liquid. Everybody drank a little juice and the

**A group of children pose in front of the Christina School in 1912. Front row: Myrtice Fulgham, Lawrence Frye, Glen Bagget, Level Martin and an unknown. Second row: Johnnie Bagget, Maggie Carter, Lillian Fulgham, Myrtle Carter, Inez Clark, --- O'Kane. Third row: Laura Burson, Evelyn Clark, Anna Mae Fields, Ethel Lunn, Lester Bagget, Harold Clark. The tall girl and boy in the back row are not identified.**

**This family gathering was held in 1928-29. Front row: Daisy Carter, John Ed Hart, Lester Carter, Frank Carter. Top row: C. B. Hart Jr., Alice Hart, Roxie Lebo Hart, C.B. Hart, Steve Carter, --- Lebo, --- Lebo and Bill (W. F. ) Carter. Middle row: William Lebo, Maggie Lebo, George Lebo, Bertha Lebo Carter, Maggie Carter Jackson, R. Ivan Jackson, Myrtle Carter and Stella Carter.**

**This picture of Mrs. S. L. Carter, standing in front of a four year old ruby red grapefruit tree, was used on the cover of Citrus Mutual magazine.**

children chewed the cut up cane while waiting for a taste of syrup. Again, everybody brought food and made a day of it.

Steve Carter was my grandfather. My mother was Maggie, the oldest child. We went to the farm every Sunday for dinner. This was a large noon meal which sometimes required two sittings to get everybody fed. After dinner, everybody who could find a bed would lie down for awhile. The men mostly sat on the front porch in rocking chairs and talked or smoked.

Grandmother was a great cook and made the best candied sweet potatoes I've every eaten. She also canned tomatoes, corn, green beans, and other crops they grew on the farm. She baked biscuits and cookies in an iron stove. (My memory may be faulty, but I seem to remember everything cooked on that old iron stove seemed to taste better.) This family didn't have any picky eaters. Food was a necessity, but Grandmother made it all seem like a treat.

I spent every minute I could at the farm. My brother and I stayed there frequently in the summer and every chance we got in the winter. I was allowed to roam all over the farm, and I climbed every tree and all the hills across the road at the old phosphate dumps. There were small wildlife and occasional snakes encountered, but over all it was a safer world then.

There was a small creek that ran through the farm. Along the creek, under the trees, there were violets in the spring. They were mostly purple, but there were a few white ones. In the summer and fall, there were golden rod, blazing star, and some kind of tall daisy.

Granddaddy kept some bee hives for the honey. He said the bees didn't like him; he nearly always got stung robbing the hives. Grandmother helped, but I don't remember her ever getting stung. One of Granddaddy's favorite sayings if someone lost a fish or missed a squirrel was, "You're not holding your mouth right." Maybe the bees had already heard that one.

Grandmother raised chickens, turkeys, ducks, and guineas. Guineas make a terrible racket. I had read in some book about "guinea under glass" that was supposed to be such fancy eating. Surely somebody made a mistake. Grandmother used to say that turkeys were the dumbest critters God ever created. This was usually after running them out of the middle of the road where they were arguing with a car over the right of way for the second or third time that day.

One year there was a goat on the farm. He was quite friendly and followed my brother around like a puppy, but just for so long. Then my brother had better hope there was a tree or large bush that could be put between himself and the goat. I don't know whatever happened to that goat.

I don't think Steve ever ran for public office, but he did take an active part working to elect Roy Gladney for County Commissioner and Spessard Holland for Governor of Florida. In one particular election in about 1937 or 1938, which their party lost, Steve, Roy Gladney and another man, possibly Gordon Hayes, were buried in effigy on a street corner in the middle of Mulberry. They may have lost that one election, but Mr. Gladney was elected to the Polk County Commission eventually and served many years. Steve was a good politician, he never met a stranger and he liked everyone and most people liked him.

Steve and Bertha's children scattered far and wide. At one time one was in California, one in Nevada, one in Tennessee, one in Illinois, and one in Virginia. Over the years all but one came home. There are only two left now.

I don't go down Carter Road anymore. My childhood paradise is gone. It's been built up, manicured, polished, paved, and divided, subdivided and cut into lots and made into mounds and holes for golfers. The creek went dry and the wild flowers are gone. I just don't go there anymore.

# HISTORY IS ALIVE AND KICKING!

An editorial in the Tampa Tribune on April 4 stated that the future depends on history lessons. We agree and commend the organizations that have supported the many exciting activities relating to history that have occurred in Polk County recently.

The Lakeland Ledger has two weekly columns about the history of the county. In addition, they recently published a commemorative with a history of the paper, politics and entertainment.

The third annual Gathering of the Florida Humanities Council attracted 270 people to Polk County to view our folk art and architecture and learn about the citrus, phosphate and cattle industries. They also had a chance to hear folk and gospel singers and to see the renovated courthouse where a program on Black history was presented. The Florida Gathering moves around the state and was previously held near Lake Okeechobee and at Homosassa.

Kathleen Heritage Days, sponsored by the Kathleen Historical Society, was held March 28 with exhibits, food and fun.

Members of the Fort Meade Historical Society continue to work on the former school which they are renovating to use as a museum. They are selling bricks, applying for grants and contributing many volunteer hours.

Polk County Women's History Coalition honored outstanding women from local organizations including Mary Frances Dewell, Polk County Historical Association's past treasurer.

Historic Lakeland recognized the owners of 10 historic homes, commercial buildings and institutions that have restored their buildings during the past year.

Ray Albritton discussed his book in one of Dr. Canter Brown's informal "conversations" at Tampa Bay History Center.

Clifton Lewis, president of the Neighborhood Improvement Corporation, has been appointed to the Eco-tourism and History-tourism committee which is being formed to promote Polk County sites other than commercial attractions.

Polk County Historical Association's monthly programs continue to be an excellent source of information about the county. Dr. Thomas Christian's talk about Stonewall Jackson, his great-grandfather, was videotaped by a high school teacher. We hope that students will be able to tape future programs.

The memorial to James Henry Mills, WWII Medal of Honor winner, was dedicated Monday, May 25, 1998, Memorial Day.

Researchers of genealogical and historical materials should take advantage of the new hours at the Polk County Historical and Genealogical Library. It is open Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. On Thursday, the hours are from 9:00 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. and on Saturday from 9:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Karen Prough and Pat Evans continue to make improvements at Homeland Heritage Park. Plan a visit and enjoy the peace and quiet of a rural setting.

Eden Wilson and Cindy Cable need more volunteers to ready the historic courthouse for the museum opening scheduled for September 19, 1998.

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