

# Old Convict Stockade in Tracy City, TN

By Jackie Layne Partin

A note in one of Grundy County's oldest newspapers, "*Mrs. Grundy*," June 25, 1903, reads, "*Quite a number of our citizens took in the colored foot washing at the 'Old Stockade' (emphasis mine) Sunday afternoon.*" Upon reading this short statement, my soul ached. There always seems something so dark, hurtful, hateful maybe, that pricks my conscience when I think about the convict stockade in Tracy City. I guess most people who read this know that I am white in color, and I assume that those readers who hear the term "old stockade" think of mostly black and some mulatto persons. Every shameful feeling that my own being can gather up, as in a chamber pot, gnaws at my soul when I think of those who came to know every inch of the stockade. Have mercy on those who found themselves in this seemingly God-forsaken situation. And a great deal of mercy is needed for those who came up with the idea of using convict labor in Tracy City's coal industry; all done in the name of the almighty dollar.

Aware of the negative reception in relation to certain transparent beliefs I wrote in the introductory paragraph, I probably will irritate some of my friends should I have any. I am used to the number one response about my view on the old convict stockade being, "Well, they took away our white ancestors' jobs and left us to go hungry! They deserved everything they got." Let me hasten to say that the "*they*" stands for the convict laborers leased from the Tennessee State Prison system between 1866 and 1896, to work the coal mines and coke ovens in Tracy City. Once again, I write with a resounding voice, "**The convicts did not want to be in Tracy City; never, ever, would they have wanted to endure the evil that was placed upon them here and in other mining towns.**" I really believe that the locals' anger was/is misguided.

Generally speaking, a stockade could be any structure to keep the unwanted out or the wanted in. As far as I know, there are no pictures of the two stockades that were said to be in Tracy City. Old timers speak, and Jim Nicolson wrote, of a stockade at the Heading, Wooten Mines. An excerpt from Nicholson's fine work is entered here:

*The coal mine here and the company store operated in conjunction with it were the property of the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Co., but had been leased by the U. S. Government to F. O. Howard and Co. A Mr. Benham seems also to have had an interest in the business, as the trading establishment is referred to as "Howard and Benham's store." It probably was located on or very near the site occupied today by the county garage. The **stockade** for the garrison had been built, according to Col. Wooster, "with reference to a defense of the store and buildings in the immediate vicinity...."*

Nicholson goes on to write: "*The stockade, however, provided no security for such other structures in town as the depot, the engine-house and the frame*

*buildings about the mines. The depot, by the way, was located farther up into the heading, perhaps by several hundred yards, than the depot of more recent times that burned in 1971."*

Although the above stockade was leased as a military stronghold, it may well have been used later for some of the convict laborers who worked the mines and many coke ovens now hidden by brush and rubble near the Heading at the Wooten place. (*For added interest, Thomas Benton Wooten, the man assigned as the founder of coal at that particular area, was actually killed in the mines by falling slate on Dec. 23, 1903.*) However, it is the large stockade which was built a few years after the end of the war near where the Grundy Lakes State Park is now, (2013), that will be the setting for this story. Approximate co-ordinates for this settlement are N 35° 16.212 W 85° 42.912. This structure was a prison to keep the leased black, mulatto and white convict laborers locked up, so that the next morning they would be present for the perpetually hard, torturous and abusive labor practices in the coal mines and coke ovens in the area.

An obligation and burden to talk about Tracy City's contribution to these atrocities has placed itself upon my shoulders ever since I saw a photo that I can no longer find. The photo showed a semi-circle of white coal miners standing in their best clothes, each armed with a rifle or shotgun. At the center of the photo, lying at the miners' feet was one black convict in his own uniform of stripes. Some folks doubt that I ever saw such a photo, but I saw it. I actually had a thin box in my hands that I assumed was empty because of the empty boxes around it. I was going to throw it in the trash during the cleaning of the small room at the Public Library where the Grundy County Historical Society had its operation for years. We were moving to a bigger, better building. A thought came to me to look inside to be certain that the box was empty. It was not; it held a panoramic view photo protected with thin styrofoam sheets. After a considerably, deep thought period of sadness, I then placed it in the "to keep" section of material. No one else ever saw the photo, and I have not seen it since.

One only needs to go back to the end of the Civil War and ask the question, "What happened to all the black slaves who supposedly were given freedom? How did the men make a living for their families when many had nothing, absolutely nothing, to call their own?" Some went North; some managed to share-crop in the South often known as "*another kind of slavery.*" A good percentage of the men found themselves in a continuous flow toward Tennessee's state prison system. Look at a white woman; steal some food to squelch hunger; speak in the wrong tone to a white man; then the slavery purportedly to have ended in 1862 would once again be upon the black man. Of course, I am not so naïve that I won't acknowledge that some of these convicts actually committed crimes that warranted *some* prison time. Black or white, crime constitutes punishment, punishment but not appalling maltreatment.



**Convicts leased to harvest timber around 1915 in Florida (Courtesy of Wikipedia)**

**Unable to find a suitably representative photo of TCI's convict labors at Tracy City, I think the one to the left will represent in part the uniform of the black, mine laborers in our town.**

Rich white families in the South were petrified at the idea that they now had to shine their own shoes, wash their own clothes, rock their own babies and toil in their own fields. Former rich, white farmers, who managed to hold onto their land, now had to work that land themselves or pay hired hands. In the beginning of company coal mining in Tracy City (ca. 1857), most of the coal was dug by hired white laborers. In just three to five years, the Civil War disrupted the local mining, but the work at the mines in Tracy City started again after the railroad was repaired and other rebuilding was done. Later miners often organized for higher wages, better working conditions, and cash money instead of company scrip. They constantly looked for ways to put more money into their pockets instead of the coal company owners' bank accounts. When the Convict Lease System was instituted following the war, Tennessee Coal and Iron saw their dinner entrees preceded with Caviar and served with the finest wines of the times. A commoner, I, using common sense, made a list of the black convict laborer's plight:

- 1) Be arrested for a minor crime or for simply nothing; receive a lengthy sentence or even a life sentence in the State pen.
- 2) Be leased for pennies to the Tennessee Coal and Iron (TCI) to work the mines and coke ovens in Tracy City.

*"...In January 1871, free white miners in Tracy City struck for higher wages against the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company (TCI). TCI brought in convict labor as strikebreakers. The strike ultimately failed and was broken."*

(This quote was taken from someone online who only stated  
"submitted by midtowng".)

- 3) Keep this practice of convict leasing hanging over the heads of the white miners who wanted fairer wages, safer working conditions, and the removal of the convicts, their competition in the work place.
- 4) Taking the jobs of local white miners and replacing them with convict labor caused extreme anger to exude from the white miners. The black convict laborers lives were in danger not only from the elements, but from the white mine laborers of Tracy City.
- 5) Treat the convicts so badly that when one died, there was no feeling of loss; replace him with another from the endless supply at the state pen. However, be careful to not work a mule too hard; they were not so easily replaced—poor, poor mule; worthless, easily replaceable men.
- 6) Work the convicts to death. Old timers speak of the burials around Tracy City, but the coal company cared little for the lives or deaths of the convicts. For the weak ones, the sick ones, who could not carry on as the company wanted, beatings or other abuses were common.
- 7) All of the above set the stage for Grundy's perpetual feud between the companies and the coal miners. It also embedded racial issues that remain to this day in Grundy County, TN.

One of my sons once said to me, "Mama, you can't fight money!" To this year (2016) descendants of company owners from these very troublesome times in our county are still choosing Caviar and the best wines as their dinner appetizers while many miners went to their graves from black lung, cancers, broken bodies, death by falling slate, beatings, and death from exposure, both black and white. Those in the know tell me of the myriad of cases where the coal company literally stole families land throughout our coalmining years, but that is another story for another time.

Ike Woodward's papers left us these short bits of history: "*April Jan. 1894, miners' wages cut; Aug. Jan 1894, convict mutiny; Sept. 1895, colored church burns; same date, 50 convicts removed; Nov. 1895, 75 convicts brought back; Jan 1896, convict lease expires and all removed.*" Please remember when the miners' wages were cut in April Jan. 1894 that did not refer to all miners—the convicts were paid with ankle chains, beatings, minimal housing in the stockade and scant food supplies. Before you let your thoughts say that they were criminals, remember they probably were guilty of very little or nothing at all. Not one deserved the cruel baptism of abuse that covered not only their bodies but souls in the lease program.

Now I feel compelled to share this story with the reader. This story was related to me by my husband, Grady Ward Partin. He is one of the "actors" in this event, so only he

can tell what happened. He had been invited to make some comments along with several others at the unveiling of the miner's statue in Tracy City because he had done the landscaping around the statue. The design necessitated little thought, but much, purposeful attention; items used were mostly raw rock, scrub pines and a few weathered pieces of timber scattered among chunks of coal and slate. The design was certainly not a bed of roses. Instead, it depicted the dismal situation of the miners, all true miners.

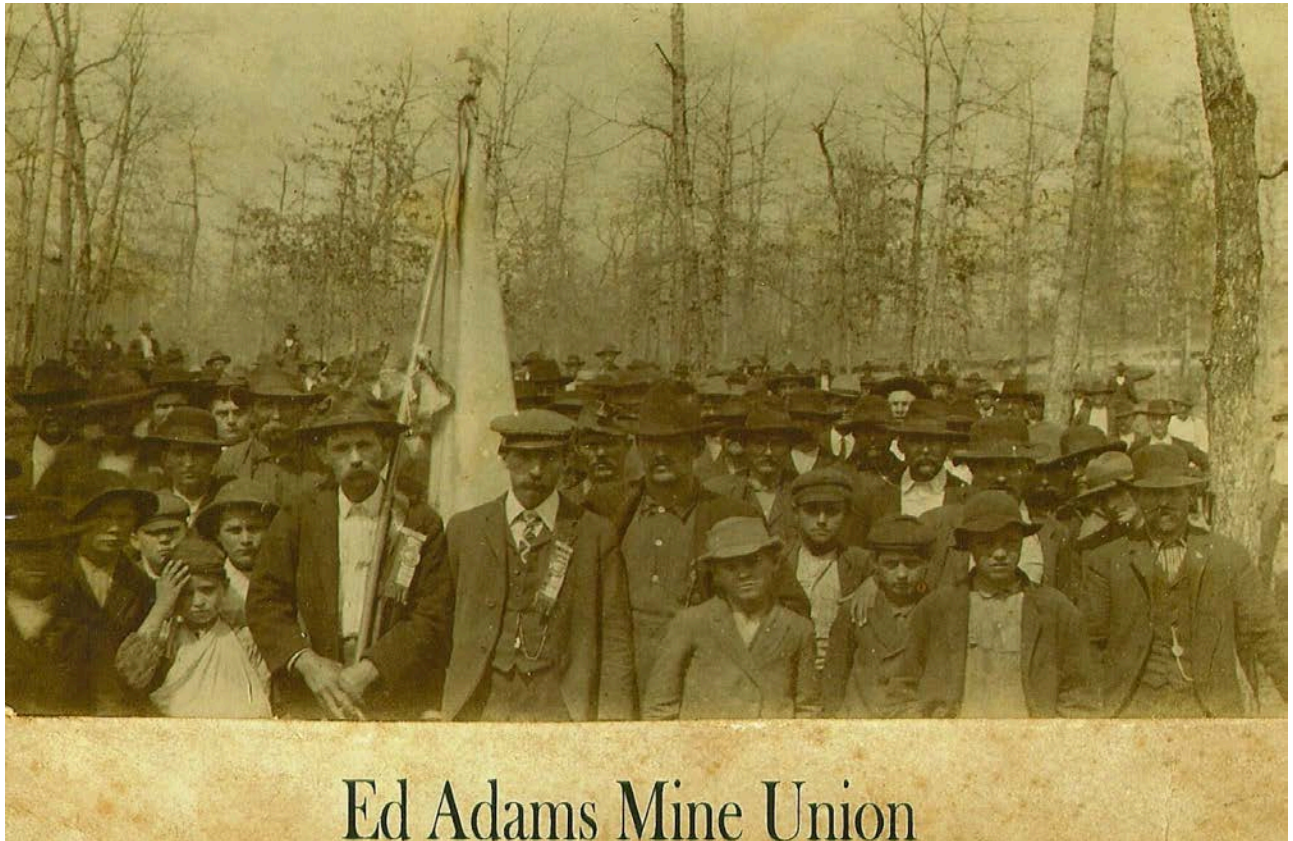
He sat on the grandstand with other speakers who extolled the virtues of the coal company. When Mr. Partin rose to make his comments, his eyes fell upon the faces of the old miners in the crowd who had worked their lives away underground. The wear and tear upon their bodies was manifested by the way they stood. He was reminded of the stories he had heard from old miners over the years. One story he shared with the crowd was from an old gentleman who had related that he had been treated worse than an animal in the mines and told that if he didn't like his job, he could get out of the mines, for there were hundreds waiting in line. The man told Mr. Partin that he could not quit because he had a wife and children to feed. Miners' faces in the crowd listening to Mr. Partin's comments responded by lifting their posture and allowing their faces to light up, happy that someone **remembered them** that day. Several years later, Mr. Partin met a lady who was not from Grundy County but was present at the unveiling. Her statement to Mr. Partin was that she was so thankful to have been present at the unveiling and hear him make the comments he made on behalf of the **miners** who went into the dark mines every day.

The writer Douglas A. Blackmon in his book *Slavery by Another Name: The Re-Enslavement of Black Americans from the Civil War to World War II*, (2008) ISBN 978-0-385-50625-0, p. 4 described the system:

*"It was a form of bondage distinctly different from that of the antebellum South in that for most men, and the relatively few women drawn in, this slavery did not last a lifetime and did not automatically extend from one generation to the next. But it was nonetheless slavery – a system in which armies of free men, guilty of no crimes and entitled by law to freedom, were compelled to labor without compensation, were repeatedly bought and sold, and were forced to do the bidding of white masters through the regular application of extraordinary physical coercion.."*

The **1880** Census of District 11, Tracy City, shows approximately 340 convicts leased from the State of Tennessee to labor in the coal mines and coke ovens. 232 of them were listed as being black; 51 convicts were listed as being mulatto, mixed race; and 57 white convicts were also in the system. Four of the laborers were females. Numbers like these showed the need for the larger stockade. The coal company was required to furnish the convicts with food, clothing and shelter, but those didn't seem to take precedence over assigned labor. Once the State prison system was privatized—became a prison for profit, and the coal company got its hands on the convicts, no one kept watch to see that certain

parts of the lease contract were honored; the coal company owners made their own rules. Let me hasten here to state my opinion and be redundant in my statement: **the convicts had no desire to come to Grundy County, Tennessee and work in the coal and coke mine settings. The white miners did not want them, but remember also, that the convicts did not want the white men's jobs.** The anger should never have been against the convicts, but against the coal company for participating in the Convict Leasing System. The loss of life held its greatest numbers in the convicts. Some white men were killed in their efforts to unionize, Edwin Rowlett Adams for one, and some company men, mine owners, were killed in the struggle. But the blame should never have been placed on the convict laborers.



**Edwin Rowlett Adams was killed in 1909. Although the shooting was declared suicide, the evidence did not allow for that decision. Ed's family has always declared that he was murdered by those against unionization of the mines. In this photo Ed is sitting on one of the horses in the background.**

Stories are told of farming being done above the lake area by the convicts to raise food. The lake was commonly known back in the early days as the Stockade Lake as seen in the following excerpt: *"September 10, 1896 – Tracy City News – Rev. J. O. Blanton baptized in the Stockade Lake last Sunday afternoon, John A. Tate, J. C. Lankford and Henry Kilgore."* It is quite possible that the four black female convicts were sent to Tracy City to do the cooking—hey, those women probably planted, hoed, harvested and cooked the items the

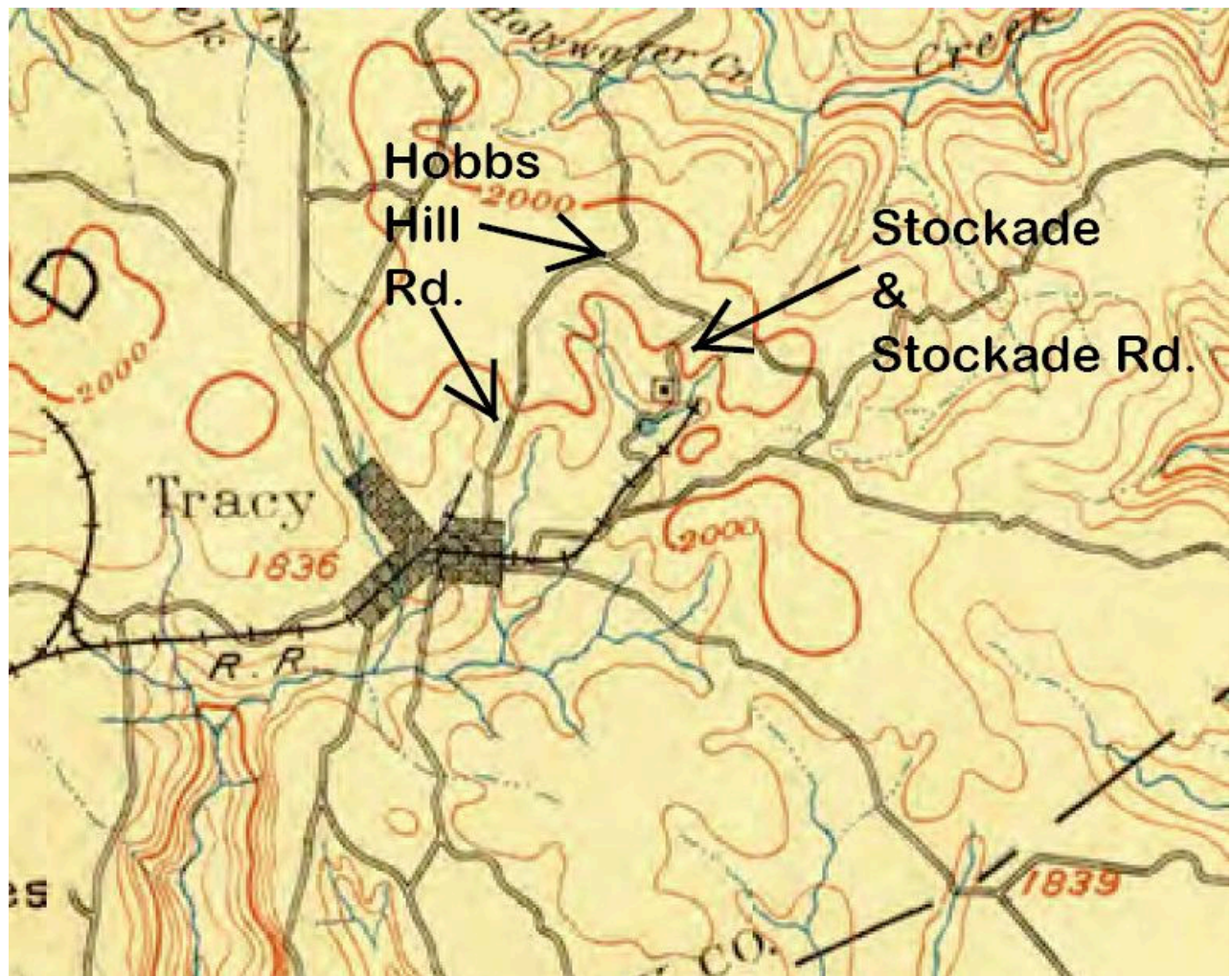
soil produced. The men were far too valuable in the mines or at the coke ovens to be left behind to cook.



**Stories have been handed down in the Bailey and Gross families that some of the boards or other items from the Old Stockade or Stockade buildings were used in the building of this old barn (3 photos) which stands off Hobbs Hill Rd., aka, the Old Colony Road on former Bailey land. The maple trees are all that is keeping the old barn on its feet.**

One old map that John Kunz shared with me showed the cleared area called the *"Old Convict Farm."* This land lay on a portion of the large piece of land that became known as the Andrew "Jack" Carrick property. The coal companies had no intention of buying food for convicts if they could conjure up a program where the worker worked the fields, the coal mines and the coke ovens and was only compensated with a morsel of food each day if he was lucky. Just like today, 2016, the whole setup was about money with no

thought of lives, physical pain, or dignity, summed up to equal the opposite of the Golden Rule.



1901 Map Courtesy of Ralph Thompson

We have all seen photos of the **clothing** that the convicts wore. A quote from the *Grundy County Herald*, September 2, 1976, written by our County Historian, William Ray Turner, reads: "Old miners, years ago, told me of hearing the convicts being whipped for not doing the work required of them – their daily "task," it was called. More prisoners died at the Tracy City stockades than any of the other operations carried on by T. C. I." Whether death came by inhumane beatings, uncontrolled disease or illnesses brought about from inappropriate clothing and minimal shelter for the seasons, many convicts did die here. In 1880, Drs. B. P. Key, W. E. Bailey and J. S. Walker had offices in town, but no one seemed to actually be assigned to care for the hundreds of convicts until July 1893 when Dr. William Barnes was appointed to be the stockade physician. This was several years after the convicts came to our area. Knowing descendants of the Drs. Barneses (father and son), it seems improbable that they would have ignored the needed care of anyone, regardless of color. However, these good doctors more than likely did all they could to alleviate the pain brought upon



these men, but when dealing with the company owners and the government, a true mix, there was only so much one could do.



**Coke Ovens Near the Stockade Area**



**Hershel D. Curtis will celebrate his 99<sup>th</sup> birthday this year (2016). When he was ten years old (1927), he worked at the coke ovens in *Coalmont* (not shown) His job was shoveling out the burned coal/coke, and loading it into the train cars. In the summer, it was harder because of the heat. That job lasted about a year, but as bad as it was for a ten-year-old**

**boy, he at least was free, unshackled, and had a family to go home to. He rode a mule from Pryor Ridge to Coalmont each day.**

There is no doubt that a stockade existed in Tracy City. It is believed that the stockade area was based near the old Lone Rock Tipple. Common sense would tell one that the convicts and the coke ovens had to be near enough to “hold hands.” (*Here is another bit of information for the avid history buff: Joseph James Sanders built most of the coke ovens – not the convicts. Who made the brick for the coke ovens is another study.*) I have not been able to find a photo of the structure itself, but my assumption is that there may have been several smaller buildings involved, and one large structure for the convicts’ housing or to be used as a prison yard. Little evidence remains of that part of Grundy’s ugly history – hand-dug wells possibly dug by convicts, trenches on level earth that seem to come together at corners, a lone daffodil, and of course, the Stockade Lake which is called by a different name now. According to William Ray Turner, Grundy County’s Historian, over time, portions of the lake group were known as Henderson Ponds, Hedron Lakes, Loone Lake, and of course, the Stockade Lake. Once believed to have been the property of Grundy County, Mr. Turner advised those who needed to know that the property belonged to the State of Tennessee. Thanks to that happening, the environment around the old Stockade Lake became immaculate with strict rules for the care of the flora and fauna. It now makes us all proud to live near.



**A hand dug well where the old Lone Rock Stockade is supposed to have stood**

According to the 1880 Census record of the Tracy City area, John Simpson, an extremely well-known and respected man, was the local prison warden in **1880**; James O'Neil was the Assistant Warden. Prison guards were Samuel W. Payne, Turney Sims, William Myers, George Roberts, W. B. Pattie, Harris Hobbs, Marshall Keith, M. A. Lewis, W. N. Allen, W. F. Merritt, McNary Waller, Thompson Maupin, John Wood, Felix Jones, Frank Owen, J. W. McSweeney, A. B. Merritt, and J. A. Cheatam. These names from our past seem to be surnames that I have no reason to believe would have taken part in abusive mistreatment of any human, but someone did. We all know the saying, "There's a rotten apple in every barrel." Two of the bosses at the coke ovens were William Russ and William Barlew. I do get a negative vibe from old man William "Bill" Barlew's name. Maybe his work with the convicts made him a bad dad since his sons were always causing trouble in Tracy City that radiated out into the public from Smokey Row.

I have searched diligently for the deed showing to whom the stockade land may have been sold, but below is the only deed that I can even find the mention of the stockade. That doesn't mean it isn't available but only indicates that I am not smart enough to find it.

*"Beginning at an iron stake at T. C. I. and R. R. Co. Corner, thence South 1 deg. 45 min. west 100 feet to another iron stake, T. C. I. Company corner, which is a short distance south of the Hobbs Hill Road and west of the Hobbs Hill Road and west of the **old Stockade Road**; thence south 89 deg. East crossing the Hobbs Hill Road, 264.4 feet to an iron stake with an oak pointer; thence north 39 deg. And 9 min. west 649 feet to a stake with blackgum pointers; thence south 77 deg. and 5 min. west 238.9 feet to a stake with red oak pointers; thence south 1 deg. 45 min. west 587.3 feet to the beginning passing through a tool shed about forty feet north of the beginning corner, and also passed a short distant east of Jack Carrick's land, containing eight acres by the same more or less, and is a part of the tract of land conveyed by Tennessee Land Company to B. S. Roddy by deed dated August 4, 1938 and conveyed by said Roddy to us....."*



**Cornerstones left for us, the researchers, to ponder**

Occasionally a convict managed to escape from the stockade or while working the coke ovens. One such instance played out when Lucetta (Sanders) Adams, daughter of George Carroll "Dick" Sanders, was home alone on Hobbs Hill. The escaped black convict got under her house trying to hide till dark. One of the floor boards in the house was loose. Out of fear, (*whether founded or unfounded*), Lucetta stood on that plank the remainder of the day holding an ax for protection until some of the men folk came home. This story was related to a great-grandson of Lucetta by one of her daughters.

Another bit of information is taken from diary notes of Marie (Stamm) Kunz and reads as follows:

*"Coal miners strike – long – company contracted with penitentiary in Nashville for prisoners to work mine. Built stockade to keep prisoners in – all black – story told to Homer by John Ross (sp. – jp) – put up ladder, overtook guards – rounded up prisoners – loaded on 2 coal cars and took them off – where? Traitor in bunch, tried to get miners to bail out, ended up hanging him."*

There is no positive way to look at the convict stockade at the Stockade Lake in Tracy City, notwithstanding that the coal companies saved many families from starvation, not only in our county, but in many other counties and states. However, the bad always seemed to overshadow the good in this long, unforgettable saga in Grundy County's coal mining history. One only needs to read the causes of death on certificates or read some old

*Mrs. Grundy* newspapers. Remember, there are no death certificates for the fallen convict laborers who were restrained in the Stockade and buried around the mining environment when death knocked at their door.

Bits of positive activity can be found with statements like this one: *“Professor Dillion will preach for Chaplain Blanton at the stockade prison Sunday afternoon next.” (Tracy City News, June 20, 1895)* This was one year before the convict leasing system was written asunder.



***“Believed to be where the Lone Rock Stockade stood”***

***The name “Lone Rock” may have come from Melissa Rock which stood west of Grundy Lake # 1. The lone rock was probably named for Melissa (Campbell) Bailey, wife of Newton W. Bailey, and parents of John W. Bailey. John owned land near the lakes.***

I walked this area several times at which visits I could see several trenches. At least one was rather large and there were several smaller ones. Drainage corners, extending and crisscrossing corners, could be seen. One lone yellow daffodil still managed to put on a show; it probably had not been there since the 1870s, but I like to believe it blooms each year for the tortured souls whose lives were stolen from them in the name of the dollar for the coal company owners. All of these trenches are believed to be left from the old **Lone Rock** Stockade and exterior buildings that were burned, or (*“on August 13, 1892, free miners in Grundy County tore down the TCI stockade in Tracy City – Wikipedia*), after the white miners rebelled and removed the black convicts in 1892.



**Melissa Rock is possibly the namesake of Lone Rock Coal Mine or Lone Rock Stockade.**



**Melissa Rock Outcroppings**

I figure I don't need to tell you that my writings are unconventional, but they do come from my heart, my mind, my saved up memories. Uncle Dave Macon left us this song to ponder concerning convict labor, so I enter it here.

**"Buddy, Won't You Roll Down the Line"**

*Way back yonder in Tennessee, they leased the convicts out,  
They worked them in the coal mine against free labor stout.  
Free labor rebelled against it, to win it took some time,  
But while the lease was in effect, they made 'em rise and shine.*

**CHORUS:**

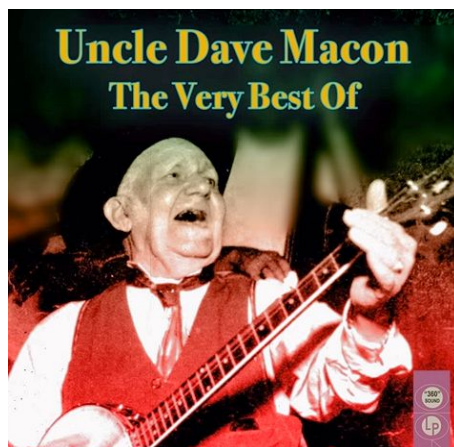
*Oh, buddy, won't you roll down the line, buddy, won't you roll down the line,  
Yonder comes my darling, coming down the line.  
Buddy, won't you roll down the line, buddy, won't you roll down the line,  
Yonder comes my darling, coming down the line.*

*Every Monday morning, they've got 'em out on time,  
March them down to Lone Rock, just look into that mine.  
March them down to Lone Rock, just look into that hole.  
Very next words the captain says, "You better get your coal."*

*The beans they are half-done, the bread is not so well,  
The meat it is burned up and the coffee black as heck.  
But when you get your task done, you'll gladly come to the call,  
For anything you get to eat would taste good done or raw.*

*The bank boss is a hard man, a man you all know well,  
And if you don't get your task done, he's gonna give you hallelujah.  
Carry you to the stockade, as on the floor you'll fall,  
Very next time they call on you, you bet you'll have your coal.*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vxq43M128YU&ab\\_channel=UncleDaveMacon](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vxq43M128YU&ab_channel=UncleDaveMacon)



My thanks go to the memory of Uncle Dave for his exposure of how the Lone Rock mines and coke ovens' owners abused their fellow man. This was not just happening in Grundy County. Another bit of the song that I could not understand was the chorus lines. By searching, I found that a young, healthy man was chosen to roll his mule-pulled wagon down the line sometimes running on top of the ovens that were built back to back, **quickly** so the convict laborers could feed their ovens from the hole in the top and begin the process over. This young man became known as their "darling." Remember the convicts got no scrip or pay for their labors, but if they got their quotas, they didn't get a beating, and hopefully did get a bite of "grub" at night. It is my understanding that once the convicts were placed in the hands of the company owners, State rules went out the window. The coal companies made up their own rules, and no questions were asked.

While recently searching for the burial grounds of the black convicts who died here, I felt so bothered that some of those newly freed human beings found their demise in our county. I have been told that some were just buried around the Lone Star stockade area, some on the hill above the (Wooten) Heading which is now an extension of Rutledge St. once called a disparaging word for people who were not white. One **unsubstantiated** story was that a few were just thrown into the coke ovens, especially, if the boss was quite displeased with their work ethics or an argument ensued. I will never know, but there is One who does.

I will now relay a story that took place in my own life and is one I will never forget. This story demonstrates the perpetual racial prejudice in our county that many think was brought down from the convict labor usage in the 1870s, 1880s, and 1890s, and the prejudice has never been broken. Several years back, I was coming out of the grocery store with my buggy full of my monthly supplies. As soon as I pushed through the front entrance, I noticed one of the drink machines to my right was being restocked by a young, handsome black man in a company shirt. As I carefully rolled my basket off the thin walk onto the pavement, my eyes and ears realized that three young men were speaking rather loudly to the vendor. I immediately stopped my buggy because what I was hearing were threatening and hurtful words. I studied the faces of the three well-built young men who had shaved their heads and wore bandanas; I reckoned that they might have once been little fellows that I had watched grow up in the local school systems. I figured if I knew them that I could move around behind them and speak to them about their behavior. Many young people had listened to me in the past and made the right choices. People who know me would say, "That's Jackie. She'll get control of the situation."

When I did not recognize them, I decided that the best thing I could do was take my stance and listen to the name calling, threats, and ridicule, then if anything happened, I would be a witness for the vendor. After several minutes, the manager of the store came out and appeared as though someone had told him trouble was brewing. Once I saw that he had things under control, I went to my vehicle to unload my buggy. I was embarrassed that our young people could be so ugly toward anyone simply doing his job and doing a good one at that. The vendor never raised his voice or made a move in their direction. If



the white coalminers' mutiny against the black convicts that happened well over a hundred years ago was still causing this kind of trouble for our county, then we all need to be put in a "stockade." However, I have faith in the people of this area and believe that I have seen some change for the better since the incident at the grocery store.

For comments or corrections, please email me at [jackiepartin@blomand.net](mailto:jackiepartin@blomand.net) .