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August 31—Joe Caldwell has Judge Pownders
September 7—Paul Lee
September 14—Greg Kiddy
September 21—David Payne
September 28—Officer Installation

Over the past few years we have had many fundraisers, but Taft and I will never forget the first time we were personally involved—The Kiwanis Horse Show! We were worked to a frazzle by the late Rex Hamilton and the late Percy Hedges. We all worked like mules in setting up, running the show and then tearing it down. We took in several thousand dollars and ended up netting around \$200.00. By almost unanimous votes, the club elected to try a pancake breakfast. (This fun fundraiser has been written about before on these pages.) We still consider this one of our principal fundraisers.

Our third big fundraiser came about a year later. Taft and I co-chaired a Brunswick stew. We got Bill Shipman to cook up 55 gallons of stew all one Thursday night. I think that was the night that all the stray cats in Corinth came up missing. We priced the tickets at a dollar each and sold hundreds of them. We were hoping that our tactic of allowing those buying tickets to participate would result in the buyer not feeling an obligation to actually come to the event, thus producing pure profit for the ticket sale, but such was not the case. We had an overflow crowd at the Friday afternoon affair. Some idiot (probably me) came up with the idea for us to deliver quarts of our homemade Brunswick stew for phone in orders. When Taft and I woke up to the fact that we had hundreds of people clamoring for the stew, we sweetened the original 55 gallons of stew with a 100 gallons of water---giving us 155 gallons of pure, undiluted homemade Brunswick stew. (This last statement for those of you who are not mathematically inclined.) We were still running out of stew. I got 50 quarts and put in my station wagon to deliver while Dr. Fayette Williams was wringing his hands. Dr. Fayette had sold three tickets and was worried that his customers would not be served. I hit out to deliver, thinking that I would miss the impending riot when we ran out of stew. When I got back, everything was calm. Taft and Bill Norman had gone to King-Norman Wholesale and got all of the canned Kelley's Beef Stew and six Kiwanians were in the back of the kitchen at Corinth High School cafeteria opening cans of store-bought stew as fast as they could. Another six were heating the stew about 30 seconds and the rest of the club members were serving. We made a ton of money at that event but I don't recall having another stew. We actually couldn't get anybody to chair the thing and Taft and I graciously retired from active fundraising management. (We later inherited Percy and Rex's job in catching tickets at the annual pancake breakfast because those two ole boys were not as dumb as they looked and me and Taft ain't neither.)

Brought to you by yr ob'st sv't, Bilroy X. Caruth, who now limits his exposure to Brunswick Stew to eating