

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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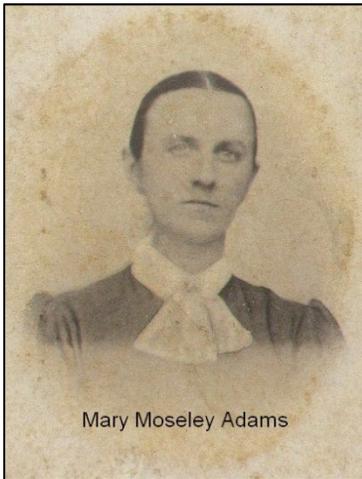
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**“UNCLE PLUG” ADAMS  
(1858-1941)**

Albert E. Adams, known as “Uncle Plug”, was one of the well known early citizens of Bluff City. He was the son of Samuel Ebenezer Oliver Adams and Jane Wallace Adams. His first wife was Mary Moseley. The couple had two children, Walter and Beulah. Mary died in 1896 at age 35. About two and a half years later, Albert married Lucy Davidson.



Mary Moseley Adams

Albert and Lucy had about 92 acres of land at Bluff City located on what is now Hwy. 299 just past the water tower at the top of the steep bluff from which Bluff City gets its name.

I don't know how he got the nickname “Uncle Plug”. I suspect it may have had something to do with a plug of chewing tobacco, but that's just a guess on my part.

Mr. Adams was also known as “the terrapin man of Bluff City”. He found a terrapin on his farm in 1886 and marked the shell with his initials and the date. He also found it and marked it in 1904, 1906, 1923, and 1926. In 40 years it was never found more than 300 yards from the location of the

first marking.



This picture of Albert Adams and his second wife, Lucy was taken by C. H. Dome, a photographer in Prescott. I love these old photos. You can see that the couple dressed in their finest clothes for the picture. I can't imagine traveling 20 miles for a photo at that time dressed in clothing such as this and still look presentable for a photo. Perhaps the couple spent the night at a hotel in Prescott or maybe the photographer traveled to Bluff City to take photos. Many of these old photos have chairs such as the one Mr. Adams is sitting in, so I think the picture was probably made in the studio at Prescott or perhaps the photographer brought along his props to the various communities for picture taking sessions.

Mr. Adams' daughter, Mrs. N. B. Hall of Hot Springs, surprised Mr. Adams with a birthday dinner on his

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76<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1934. The following poem was published in the county newspaper:

### **LINES TO UNCLE ALBERT**

We are gathered here on this day  
To dear Uncle Albert, a tribute pay.  
Of years he's lived quite fourscore  
And we hope he'll live to see many more.

No place we go gives us more joy.  
A trip down here is without alloy.  
We always feel so welcome here,  
He and Aunt Lucy are always so full of cheer.

When we were tiny tots at mother's knee,  
A trip down here filled us with glee.  
For we knew with Uncle "Plug" on hand,  
We'd receive the best in all the land.

To Uncle and Aunt and Miss Bettie too,  
We pledge to you our hearts so true.  
We love you dearly with love sincere,  
And hope to meet here again next year.

Dear Uncle, as you older grow,  
May the Lord on you his riches bestow.  
And with our hearts all full of love,  
We hope to meet some day in the world above.



The Miss Bettie mentioned in the poem probably refers to Bettie Davidson, sister of Mrs. Adams. I also have this picture that was labeled "Betty Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Adams". The name probably should have been Bettie Davidson. She was living with Mr. and Mrs. Adams at the time of the 1940 census. I am assuming Bettie is the lady on the left and Mrs. Lucy Adams is on the right with her hand on Mr. Adams' shoulder.

It was reported in 1935 that the Bluff City FFA boys were planning to build a log chapter house on land donated by Mr. Albert Adams. The location was to be on a site overlooking the old bluff from which Bluff City gets its name. Plans called for a fine swimming pool and picnic area to be constructed later. As far as I know this project was never completed, but it lets us know that Mr. Adams owned the land overlooking the old bluff at that time. The steep hill on Hwy. 299 past the water tower was once known as the "Plug" Adams Hill.

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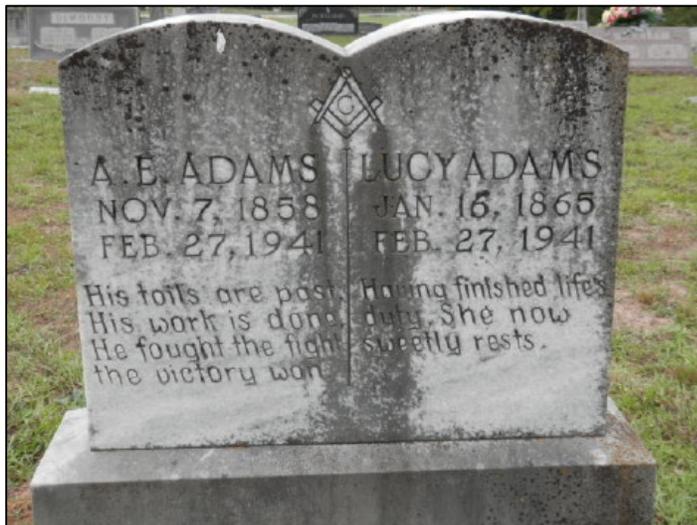
It was reported in the Bluff City local news column in 1937 that Mr. Adams had rented his farm and gone into the lumber and stave business. Mr. Adams was 79 years old at that time which seems to be a little old to be starting a new venture, but maybe that was easier than farming.

The year 1937 was filled with changes for Mr. Adams. He gave up farming and also began to sell off some of his land. I found a deed record from 1937 which shows that Mr. Adams sold 12 ½ acres of land to D. E. Harvey. This small piece of land is situated in the deep valley between Hwys. 299 and 24. It was also reported in 1937 that the A. E. Adams home was destroyed by fire. I don't know if he rebuilt or moved into another house after the fire.

I also found a deed dated April, 1940 by which Mr. and Mrs. Adams sold 80 acres to A. C. Moore. This parcel of land is the remainder of the old Adams farm. Mr. Adams would have been 81 years old by that time. This land included what I remember as the Dent Starnes place. Mr. Dent's wife, Mildred, was a sister of A. C. Moore who purchased the land from Mr. Adams.

### A Sad Day in 1941

In late February, 1941, the long winter days were being replaced by signs of springtime. Some of the early spring flowers were beginning to bloom and farmers were anxiously waiting for planting time. Mr. Adams was 82 years old which was considered to be an aged person at that time. On February 27, 1941, his wife, Mrs. Lucy Adams, passed away at the age of 76. Six hours later the same day, Mr. Adams also passed away. It is quite unusual for a couple to die the same day of natural causes.



I'm sure the loss of this fine couple was a blow to the community. I'm sure that most everyone in Bluff City gathered in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery to pay their last respects to Uncle "Plug" Adams and his wife, Lucy.

The Masonic symbol on his grave marker tells us that he was a Mason—probably a member of the Corinthian Lodge No. 448 of Bluff City. These are just a few of the facts I have uncovered regarding the life of Albert E. Adams. The

words on his tombstone pretty well sums up his life—"His toils are past, his work is done; He fought the fight, the victory won". Lucy's epitaph reads "Having finished life's duty, she sweetly rests".

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Today, when you drive up the steep hill on Hwy. 299 into Bluff City near the water tower and look down into the valley, think of Uncle "Plug" Adams who spent most of his life at that location. Albert E. Adams was one of more prominent men in the early days of Bluff City.

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### **APPLE PFANNKUCHEN**

I found this recipe on the Blind Pig and the Acorn web site and decided to try it. It is so simple that even I could make it. If you want to try something a little different, you might give it a try.

2 Tablespoons butter  
6 Tablespoons plain flour  
2 eggs  
6 Tablespoons milk  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 medium apple, chopped  
2 Tablespoons sugar  
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

1. Chop apple. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. While oven is heating, put 2 tablespoons butter in a glass pie plate and put in the oven to melt.
2. Whisk together the eggs, milk, flour, and salt until smooth.
3. Once butter is melted, throw the chopped apple in the pie plate with the melted butter and sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon.
4. Pour the milk-flour mixture over the apples and bake for 20 minutes or until it's puffed up and golden brown.

You can drizzle syrup on it, sprinkle powdered sugar on it, or eat it plain.

Pfannkucken is a German word for pancake. It is also sometimes called a Dutch Baby. Germans like it as a dessert, but it can be served at breakfast.

There are many different recipes for this on the Internet. Some have other ingredients like brown sugar, nutmeg, or baking powder. Some call for more eggs. Some suggest serving it with ice cream. It sounds like you can pretty well adjust the ingredients to suit your taste and serve it with whatever you like.

We made it like the above recipe and did eat all of it for breakfast. I wouldn't want it every day, but it was not too bad. It was a welcome change from our usual breakfast fare.

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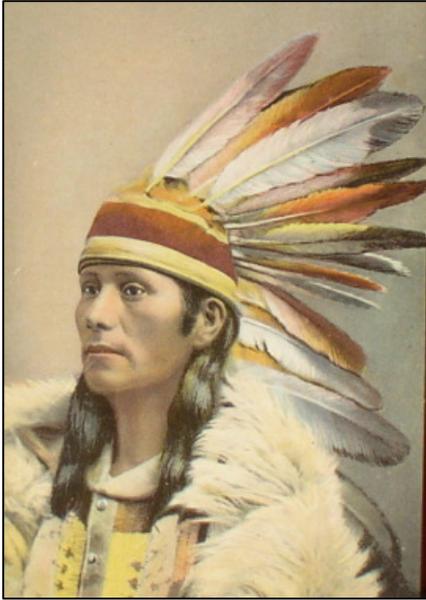


This picture shows a group of well-dressed young people taken at Cale in the early 1900s. The building appears to be someone's home, but it is quite large and looks like an extension may have been added to the original building. I think I see a lady standing in the doorway behind the girl's head, but I'm not sure. Can you find the old man with a white beard in this picture? *(photos from Helen Paulette Weaver)*



This picture was taken at the same location. Notice that three men have identical sweaters. Also notice the stick of firewood on the shoulders of the two men in the back row. Notice how the men are posed for this picture (position of their arms and legs). Some are looking straight ahead, some to the right, and some to the left. This is a very unusual picture. I wish we knew more about it.

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This Indian was pictured on a very old postcard belonging to Mr. Claudie White of Rosston. The card identified him as Standing Wolf—Cheyenne. I have seen this picture offered for sale on the Internet as a poster or framed painting. I tried to find out more about this painting or some information about Standing Wolf but I had no luck.

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### COMMENTS RECEIVED ABOUT THE LAST ISSUE

Thank you for the issue of the chronicle. My daddy had several children when his wife died and he later married my mother who was a lot younger than he was. Then they had 5 of us. My halves were a lot older than we were. I had a half-brother who was wounded in the attack on Pearl Harbor. I cannot remember which ship he was on. I remember Mama talking about how Daddy sat for hours at a time trying to hear more news on the event and not knowing whether my brother was dead or alive. It was several weeks before he heard from him and that he had indeed survived his injuries. I cannot imagine how it would be for a parent to not know and just to have to sit and wait for news. (so unlike now when news goes around the world in a matter of seconds.)—*Yvonne Munn*

The Arizona Memorial was dedicated 30 May 1962. I was there with the Ole Lady, in dress whites, she in number ones. Hot as the inside of a destroyer fire room. Sweat running down everywhere and all hands soaking wet. Sitting in the sun. And they talked on and on, all the USN Honchos and local Pols had to get in the pitch. Finally, it was over and then wait for the brass to clear out and then more wait for a boat back off Ford island to the Naval base. Interesting sea story, now.—*Dave Cummins*

This was such a special issue, Jerry. It was so touching to read those letters from Pearl Harbor. Thanks for the picture, too. I have never been to Hawaii and couldn't quite understand how the memorial straddled the ship without touching. All those brave men - so sad.—*Irma Hamby Evans*