



TUA is honored
to be named
Business of the Year
by the
Tullahoma Area
Chamber of Commerce

Rural Route 4 Pocket Knives

When I was a kid on Rural Route 4 and Mama B would wash my dirty jeans, she would usually find three things in my pockets: my big, multi-colored marble; a lucky buffalo nickel; and my pocketknife. All were important to me, but none more so than my pocketknife. It went where I went, whether to school, to the woods, or to town.

Back then, all boys carried pocketknives. Some were hand-me-downs from their daddies or granddaddies that had been in the family for a long time. My first knife was a hand-me-down, an old Barlow that Daddy Grand gave me one afternoon after he had cut the twine off several bales of hay he was feeding to the cows. Every time he pulled that knife from his pocket he complained about it, muttering to himself that it had outlived its usefulness. So, he finally gave it to me. I was thrilled and about ran all the way to Pa Burgess' house to show it to him and to ask him to teach me how to sharpen it with his whetstone. I had seen Pa sharpen his knife with that whetstone until it was so sharp that it would cut hairs on my arm, and he could peel an entire apple without breaking the peel.



Phillip Burgess

Fight FOG: Dispose of Oils Properly

Fats, oils and grease (FOG) are as bad for sewer pipes as they are for arteries. FOG clogs sewer pipes and causes blockages that result in costly sewer backups and overflows. These backups and overflows can cause health hazards, damage home interiors, and threaten the environment.



Too often, grease is washed into the plumbing system, usually through the kitchen sink. Grease sticks to the insides of sewer pipes both on your property and in the streets. Over time, the grease can build up and block the entire pipe.

Fight FOG by disposing of it properly. Let it cool, then pour it into an old coffee can, plastic bottle or milk carton. Seal it and throw it away!

Watts Happening

(Continued from front)

One summer day, after I had sold a few watermelons to folks passing by Rip's Needmore Grocery, I had money burning a hole in my pocket. I decided to buy me another pocketknife. The following Saturday, I accompanied Mama B on her weekly trip to the Piggly Wiggly; and after I did some serious begging, she agreed to drop me off at the hardware store. By the store's counter was a glass display of knives of every kind! The kind the farmers who gathered around the pot-bellied stove at Rip's Needmore Grocery used on their farms for cutting twine or cutting a chaw of tobacco. Multiple rows of Buck, Case, Barlow, Old Timer and Schrade brands.

My eyes gravitated toward a two-blade Case with a bright yellow handle. "Nah," I thought to myself, "Too fancy." I asked to see an Old Timer that had four blades. "Too heavy," I muttered, "and it would be too hard to carry in my pocket." Next, I asked to see a Schrade that had bone handles. "Now that's a fine knife, son," said the hardware salesman, "durable and holds an edge for a long time." But for some reason I passed it up. I knew I didn't want another Barlow so I pointed at a two-blade Buck and asked to see it. The minute I held it I knew it was for me. It was just the right size, and it had an attractive brown handle.

The salesman wrapped my purchase in some fine tissue paper and returned it to its box that had been stored inside the display case. I worried that I didn't have enough money but was relieved when the cash register rang up less than I had in my pocket. I would even have enough left over to get a dime's worth of chocolate-covered peanuts and a Coke at Lynn's 5 & 10 before Mama B picked me up.

That Buck knife served me well – throughout elementary and high school. It helped me win many games of mumble-peg while playing at recess behind the pump house at Douglas Elementary School. And it went with me on countless camping trips, helping me trim kindling and skin catfish and descale bream for the campfire.

I still have that childhood knife. It's well over a half-century old. And its blades are still sharp, thanks to that old whetstone that Pa gave me so long ago, when little boys and pocketknives were inseparable.

Philip Burgess' book, "Rural Route 4, The Good 'Ol Days Were Never Better," is available on Amazon.



Drinking Water Week²²

There When You Need It

Save the date: May 5, 2022

TUA will perform annual fire hydrant flushing in April. Flushing will be performed between 11 p.m. and 3 a.m. on the dates shown. Water discoloration and low pressure will likely occur in and near flushing areas. Please do not wash clothes during this time.

Fire hydrant flushing is an essential maintenance operation for the water distribution system. TUA appreciates your patience during this necessary inconvenience.

If you have questions, give us a call at 455-4515.

