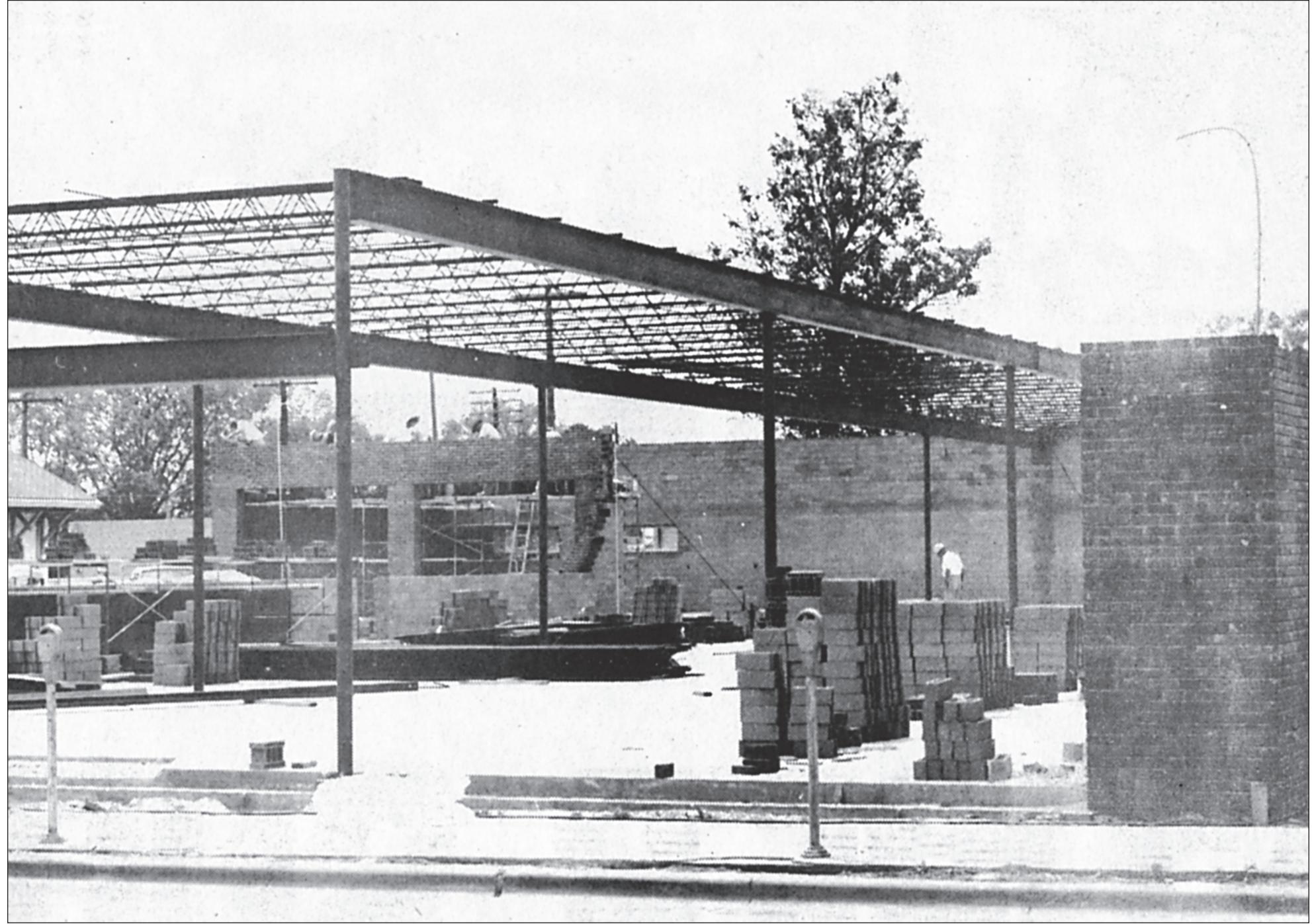


## HISTORY & FOLKLORE



**From Illustrated Press of Liberty County, Thursday, May 3, 1962 –**  
**Paul Moore's tremendous new Western Auto store rises on**  
**Liberty's Main Street. Builder Jimmy Smith can be seen on**  
**floor near the rear wall.**



**From Illustrated Press of Liberty County, Thursday, February 28, 1963 –**  
**Liberty boys, 12 years old, made a man-sized effort toward a 50-mile hike**  
**last Saturday. They departed from the courthouse at Anahuac at 7 a.m.,**  
**Saturday, February 23, and walked 22 miles down the road toward Liberty**  
**before heavy rains stopped them at Gene Worthy's home. Standing (l-r):**  
**Zane Turner and Jack Willoughby; kneeling: Cullen Wells, Donny Darbonne**  
**and Harold Yarborough.**  
– W.R. Johnson photo

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Informally Speaking –

## Kitchen Sounds

by Homer Smith (1995)

Early one morning not too long ago, I was sitting in my big, easy chair, awaiting the bell from the oven to sound, which would announce that breakfast was ready. The newspaper lay unfolded by my chair, but I had decided this might be just the right time for one more short nap. This early morning "take it easy" time is one of the rewards that come with retirement.

Much to my surprise, I began to listen to the sounds coming from the kitchen. The first to catch my ear was a grinding noise denoting that the turntable in the microwave was in use. Then the high-pitched "ding" which meant it had completed half of its appointed chores and it was time to turn the bacon for the other half. Bacon is usually a rare treat since we have cut way down on those awful, sinful, fatty foods.

There were gurgling and dripping sounds from the coffee pot, running water from the faucet, crackling from the water heater, then all of a sudden a loud "pop!"

I jumped up to see what had happened. It was time for the can of biscuits to be opened.

After settling back again I heard the garbage truck outside "squeal" to a stop, load up our two garbage containers and then compact all this into the back of the truck.

Pretty soon the school bus stopped. You could hear the "whish" of the brakes.

After hearing these two large vehicles over some years you can tell the "whish" from the "squeal" so you know which is which.

Settling down again I heard a thumping and banging, then a very long buzzer noise coming from the back of the house. I jumped up again in time to find out that the clothes in the washing machine had gotten lopsided. It was just telling us that some adjustment was needed for it was out of balance.

Now, that was a steady buzzing sound. The next buzzer was a lower pitched noise. You could tell right away from this one that the dryer had just completed one more load of clothes.

By the time I was fairly awake and the humming sound coming from the oven finally brought the good news that the biscuits were done.

I could go into an elongated tale of various smells from the kitchen also telling us what food was being prepared. These days, however, with so much effort put into dieting, some days it's difficult to smell breakfast cereal.

My grandfather always knew that it was time to eat by the sound of the rooster crowing or hen cackling. We've come a long ways since then.

Wouldn't it have made more sense to have the oven sound like a rooster instead of a buzzer. The dryer could just as well having sounded like a bird singing outside to pretend the clothes were hanging on the line.

To say the least, it would have been easier to nap through. With these modern inventions you just have to get used to the new sounds coming from the kitchen.