



## President's Column: *Who wants to be a mean lawyer?*

By J. William Manual

Is it just me, or is everyone yelling at everyone all the time around us? No matter your politics, you have to admit that the tone of public discussion has gotten a good bit more angry, as of late. For us lawyers, at times that can seem like heaping additional conflict on top of an already contentious job. But does being a lawyer have to entail being angry or grouchy with our colleagues to be effective? I'd like to say NO (in a very calm, and nice way, of course).

Our duties as attorneys sometime feel like we are professional soldiers or boxers—fight, fight, fight for our client's side. The ACTUAL requirements of being a lawyer can be seen in the Mississippi Rules of Professional Conduct's Preamble: "As advocate, a lawyer zealously asserts the client's position under the rules of the adversary system. As negotiator, a lawyer seeks a result advantageous to the client but consistent with requirements of honest dealing with others." Please note that it doesn't say "win at all costs" or "use a finishing move on the other side." The Rule does ask us to be "zealous" but only if it is consistent with the rules and complies with being honest.

In my years of practice, I have unfortunately run into many lawyers who have interpreted

"zealous" as being (at best) impolite and (at worst) down-right jackasses. Mean-spirited speaking objections at a deposition that imply that an opponent is stupid or incompetent. Venomous letters accusing another lawyer of hiding evidence or (even worse) milking a case solely to generate more fees. Belittling an attorney because of a misstep or misstatement. Although I don't want to stereotype, many times these events have come from younger lawyers who apparently feel like angry language is the most effective way to get what they want.

Judges will constantly tell you that they despise hearing lawyers snipe at each other in court. One now-deceased wise judge used to always quote George Benard Shaw during lawyer squabbles: "I learned long ago, never wrestle with a pig. You get dirty and besides, the pig likes it." I'm not saying don't advocate your side of the case—just do it without personal insults and sarcastic asides. A truly effective advocate can slice you to shreds while never raising their voice or imputing the other side's character.

Besides, we all already know that our profession is one of the most stressful in the country. Why add to it by amping up

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## Upcoming Events

**February 19**

CABA Membership Meeting

**March 25**

CABA Golf Tournament

**April 16**

CABA Membership Meeting

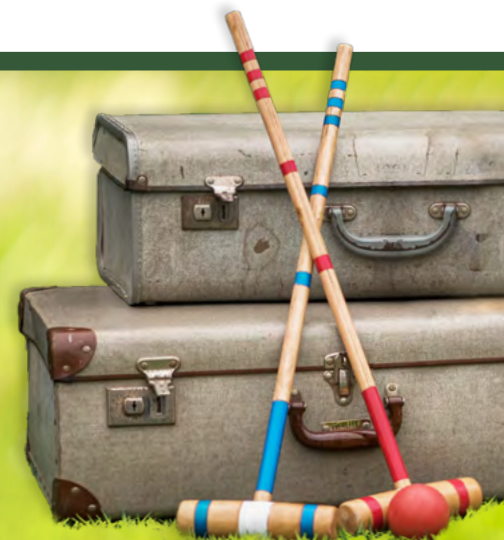
**May 16**

Judicial Dinner

The views expressed in the articles published are solely those of the authors and do not represent the views of CABA, its officers, directors, or staff.

## ARE YOU A NON-GOLFER THAT STILL LOVES TO SOCIALIZE OUTSIDE?

If so, you will love that this year we are introducing the First Annual CABA Croquet Outing on the same day as the CABA Golf Tournament. Haven't played croquet since you were 7 years old at your uncle's Independence Day Barbeque? No worries! No experience necessary. Participants will get an afternoon learning and playing this regal sport (while enjoying a few beverages) and then get to attend the social after the golf tournament. Details to come later.



the conflict for no reason? Some of my best lawyer friends are ones with whom I've done battle across the aisle. We can tackle both sides of a thorny legal issue and then go get barbeque for lunch afterwards. That's what real professionals do. Organizations like CABA also help with us by allowing us to

socialize in a forum where we aren't attacking each other. You get to know your current and future opponents as real human beings, not just angry words on a page.

So what to do with the mean lawyer on the other side? Don't wrestle the pig! Follow the teaching of Buddha: "Be kind to unkind

people. They need it most." Resist the urge to respond with an acerbic email. Take a break during the deposition or hearing to cool things down. Tell them you respect their position, but kindly disagree. Then invite them to the CABA Christmas Social or our next membership meeting! 🐷

# A MEMORABLE CHARACTER FROM ANOTHER TIME

By Linda A. Thompson



It has been said that the inventor Thomas Edison (1847–1931) dreamed of developing a “spirit phone,” one that could record the voices of the dead. If there were such a device, I'd take it to

Greenwood Cemetery and use it to locate the grave of Nancy Hill (1846–1929), a veritable street angel in the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Greenwood Cemetery is that twenty-

1900, and the city fathers had purchased other burial lands in areas farther west from town.

By the end of its first century, about five thousand souls from all walks of life had been buried in Greenwood Cemetery. There are governors, mayors, judges, lawyers, doctors, dentists, nurses, soldiers, teachers, merchants, brick masons, dressmakers, laundresses, prisoners, slaves, and paupers beneath the ground—white, black, men, women—and children and babies resting under stone cradles. These burial grounds have always been integrated as to every sort of Jackson folk, unlike many other cemeteries with fences separating certain categories.

Many of Greenwood's grave markers are

*Clarion-Ledger* obituary in 1929), JUICESPICE or JUICESPICY (early newspapers articles written during her lifetime), or (in more modern accounts, none of the earlier ones mentioning a pipe) JUICEPIPE.

Newspaper reporters in her time claimed this extraordinary lady didn't like the “Aunt Nancy Juice” nickname. She wanted to be called Mrs. Hill, her “proper name.” Hill was the surname of her husband Frank.

Nancy Thomas was born in Alabama, likely into slavery, about 1846. Census records indicate Frank Hill may also have been an Alabama native, and maybe that was where they met. One newspaper account said Nancy lived most of her life in Jackson. She and Frank were here at least by the time of the devastating 1878 yellow fever epidemic. It was said Nancy Hill was not afraid to go into homes where parents had died of the fever to gather up living children and foster them until relatives could be found.

By 1900, Mrs. Hill told the census taker she was a widow, although the census reported Frank lived nearby but not in the same dwelling. On various records, she was listed as a cook or laundress and he, a laborer. A 1912 newspaper article described her as a midwife. Nancy and Frank had some children of their own, and she bragged that she raised 108 in all. She was known as the person to whom mothers could bring their “children of shame,” because this charitable woman could always find good homes for them.

“*She was known as the person to whom mothers could bring their “children of shame,” because this charitable woman could always find good homes for them.*”

plus-acre green space in downtown Jackson, Mississippi, marked with funerary architecture and stone and iron sculpture within a landscape of old trees and roses and a white-painted “summer house” from the 1870s. The cemetery is nearly as old as Jackson itself, founded in 1823 as a place for all its citizens to be buried. Originally located beyond Jackson's western city limit (West Street) and known as the “city cemetery” and later the “old graveyard,” it was given its Greenwood name in 1900, at the suggestion of the ladies' auxiliary cemetery association. The cemetery was about full by

gone, lost to the ravages of nature, careless mowers, and vandals. Some graves never had markers, and some may have had them at one time—but of wood or native limestone unable to withstand the decades of sun and rain.

Among those residing in Greenwood Cemetery there is no paucity of exceptional characters. One such memorable individual was buried there in 1929. Her real name was Nancy Thomas Hill, but she had a peculiar nickname—one that newspapers spelled with variations—Aunt Nancy JULESPICE (Christmas spice?) (the version that appeared in her

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On January 4, 1908, an article in the *Clarion-Ledger* reported that Nancy Hill had been seriously wounded in a hunting accident and odds were against her survival. The reporter described her as a “Jackson celebrity in her sphere. She is personally known to all the older residents as a Good Samaritan, the mother of the fatherless and the protector of the orphan, whether white or black—the color of the skin making no difference to her, and it is said that she has raised more children and started them out in the world than any orphanage in the land.” The article ended with, “No doubt a crown of glory awaits her on the other side of the river.” The Good Lord had to wait. A small bullet had gone in her back, through her lung, and lodged in her breast, but she was skillfully attended by Dr. Harley R. Shands (a founder of the Mississippi Baptist Hospital) and a Dr. McLain. She lived to continue her beneficent work for another 20 years.

Mrs. Hill was known as something of a clairvoyant with supernatural powers. She read palms and predicted the future. People came to her for help finding lost articles, such as diamond rings or missing horses. There was more than one newspaper story mentioning that God showed her the way to the location of a pot buried on the banks of the Pearl River, the pot containing silver (one story) or gold (another story) coins that she put to good use.

Some believed Nancy Hill was an animal whisperer who could work special talents to cure sick livestock. She rescued more than one mule from the brink of death, and in later life she drove one about town behind a curious wooden sled while she gathered junk to sell. On May 21, 1907, an article in the *Clarion-Ledger* noted that Mrs. Hill “has dragged off and skinned thousands of head of horses, mules and cows, retaining and

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selling the hide for her services, she has found more lost and stolen articles of value than all the detectives in the State put together, and somehow or other has managed to make a fair living for the scores of orphan children that are constantly around her.”

Once Mrs. Hill filed charges in police court alleging that a boy had stolen eight chickens from her. The boy and the chickens were found and brought to the jail yard. After hearing Mrs. Hill’s story, the court and a crowd of spectators adjourned to the jail yard. According to the *Jackson Daily News* on July 14, 1919, “On entering the yard Aunt Nancy commenced a weird incantation. Her vocalization was unlike any other chicken call ever heard on earth. The chickens, all of them behind the jail, and unable to see their owner, made a frantic dash for the front, and soon surrounded Aunt Nancy.” The judge turned the chickens over to Mrs. Hill, finding she had proved conclusively that the chickens were hers.

There was a similar story when Mrs. Hill missed a goose from her flock, a tale repeated in the *Clarion-Ledger* on September 23, 1979. A neighbor told her a fat man on South State Street had taken her goose. Mrs. Hill consulted her friend Judge Wiley Potter and cajoled him into accompanying her to the fat man’s house. When they reached the house Mrs. Hill flapped her hands in the air and gave a loud call in goose-speak. A fine goose came from behind the house and joined Mrs. Hill for the walk back home. Judge Potter laughed and said “that’s just another case where possession is nine-tenths of the law.”

Mrs. Hill was a patriot. In anticipation of Armistice Day in November 1918, the old Jackson No. 1 Fire Company bell, which was made in 1854, was brought to hang in the front of the Old Capitol. The bell had originally been housed in the fire engine house on the north end of the Capitol Green but in 1894 had been taken to the home of Charles H. Manship on Fortification Street (where it is still displayed today). Mr. Manship, a former

Jackson mayor, was honored with the bell as a founder of the first fire company and its last living member at the time. To celebrate the end of the World War, Manship family members hired Mrs. Hill to ring the bell, and she pulled the bell rope all day long to



announce that “the boys were coming home.”

“Aunt Nancy Juice Pipe” was such a landmark in downtown Jackson that there was a postcard made with her image on it. It was reproduced in the 1981 book *Jackson the Way We Were: Old Postcard Views from the Collections of Forrest L. Cooper and Donald F. Garrett*, with text by Carl McIntire. The picture shows her in a formidable stance with a pipe in her mouth, sun glinting off high cheekbones, gloved hands, the right holding a double-barrel shotgun, with a glimpse of the Old Capitol building in the background.

Mrs. Hill lived a few blocks south of the Capitol at 720 Court Street where it ended at Commerce Street on the floodwaters of the Pearl River in those days. Today, Entergy Mississippi has a facility there.

Around 1890, Mrs. Hill had been allowed to build a house along the A. and V. railroad spur track that ran to the Standard Oil tanks at the intersection of Court and Commerce Streets. Standard Oil had invoked eminent domain and taken her property when they built their supply facility in her neighborhood in 1889. She built her own shanty from whatever material she could find—sheet iron, galvanized roofing, lumber scraps, skins, and flattened tin cans, and she lived in that house until it was destroyed by fire in 1926, when she was about 80 years old. After the fire, friends raised the money to build a new cabin for her on the same spot, with the permission of

*Continued on page 4...*

the Illinois Central that had taken over the A. and V. railroad.

In March 1929, on her deathbed dying of pneumonia, Mrs. Hill asked that she be buried "in the white folks' cemetery." She apparently meant Greenwood Cemetery, although her notion that it was a burial ground only for white people was incorrect. And she is there, confirmed by death certificate as well as newspaper.

On the day of the funeral, March 21, 1929, the *Clarion-Ledger* related that Nancy Thomas Hill "will be interred in Greenwood cemetery this afternoon, arrayed in a white robe, in a white coffin, with white pall bearers, white preachers and white undertakers officiating." Dr. W. A. Hewitt, pastor of the First Baptist Church, conducted the ceremony, and the assistant pastor, Alvon H. Doty, sang a tribute. Wright

and Ferguson funeral home led the procession. Pall bearers were prominent businessmen: Mayor Walter A. Scott, R. E. Kennington, J. M. Hartfield, T. M. Hederman, Dr. Julius Crisler (who signed her death certificate), Isidore Dreyfus, Jake Baxter and R. H. Green. There is, unfortunately, no extant marker to memorialize the grave of the legendary Mrs. Hill. 📌

## CABA October Membership Meeting





By Chad Hammons<sup>1</sup>

A fringe benefit of practicing creditors' rights law from Jackson is the regular opportunity to travel across Mississippi to hearings or foreclosures in small towns spanning the state from Gulfport to Corinth and all points in between. As a lifelong Mississippian, I'm proud to say I have actually touched foot in all 82 counties, and have been to court in most of them. (Like the great white whale though, Paulding still eludes me, even though I've had numerous hearings in Bay Springs).

Over the past few years, I've had the chance to get pretty familiar with east central Mississippi, and have burned up the roads around Carthage, Philadelphia, and Forest, foreclosing on defunct chicken farms and other real estate, for a bank client. Fortunately, the bank takes these things seriously, and sends one or more representatives with me to the sales on the various courthouse steps.

Their assistance is both substantive and procedural, you might say. Once we complete the sale and record a deed, we waste no time in getting somewhere to sample the local cuisine. My client reps tend to be pretty good at showing me out-of-the-way places wherever we might be, and turning lunchtime into an episode of backyard cultural tourism that my friends with the Southern Foodways Alliance not only approve of, but envy.

There is little doubt that each of these establishments could be considered as a "perfect example of its kind," to borrow a phrase from my old sociology department chairman Larry DeBord, quoting the novelist Harry Crews. In

this vein, people familiar with the foodscape of rural Mississippi are no doubt aware of the prevalence of gas station restaurants, where you can order a hot plate lunch at a walk-through line and sit down in a booth with a Styrofoam glass of tea, for under \$10.00.

The ultimate example of this genre is **Duett's** in Sebastopol, the little town in the corner of Leake and Scott counties, between Forest and Philadelphia on Hwy 492. Owned by Steve and Geraldine Duett, it is a large gas station and convenience store, with a large food line and seating area to match—both of which are needed to satisfy the customer demand. Steve is an excellent grillmaster, and puts those talents to use on Fridays with either chicken or ribs, to complement the universal Friday staple of fried catfish. I have also been told the chicken and dumplings on Thursday are a house specialty.

The customer demographics at **Duett's** are quite interesting. The crowd was a microcosm of Mississippi ethnic diversity when I ate there a couple of months ago: white, African-American, Choctaw, and Vietnamese customers were all present, all eating the same type of food, all trying to make it through the lunch hour, before getting back at it to finish the day.

Another diamond in the rough is **Urban Country Kitchen** in Walnut Grove, just off Hwy 35 between Forest and Carthage, owned by Ms. Kashia Zollicoffer. I posted on Facebook about this joint after eating there several months ago. From what one of my bank sources tells me, it took 6<sup>th</sup> place in a Hell's Kitchen competition several years ago. It's another walk-through place, serving up heaping helpings of soul food in quantities that someone my age doesn't need to consume.

And if that isn't bad enough, Ms. Zollicoffer

or her assistant will bring out your choice of dessert before you finish your initial round of gluttony. "Sinful" is the word that comes to mind. I've also been told that you don't know what a neckbone is until you've sampled the one here. I haven't had it, but if I do, I will make a supplemental filing on this issue.

The final place I want to mention in this installment is a restaurant my banker boys turned me onto about 5 years ago, that I had passed probably hundreds of times without ever noticing. I'm willing to bet the same goes for 99% of the people reading this. It is called **Maydro's** and is located on the eastern edge of Scott County, at the intersection of Hwy 25 and Hwy 13. If you get to the Pearl River, you've gone about 100 yards too far. **Maydro's** is owned by Robert "Pedro" Gill and is technically known as **Maydro's Seafood Kitchen**, because it serves up a nighttime seafood buffet Thurs-Sun.

For road warrior purposes though, it is open for lunch on weekdays. The go-to specialty is the hamburger steak with onions, and a side of house fries. "Larapin," as my friends from northeast Mississippi used to say, when describing delicious food. One note of warning though: they do not want you spitting in the sink in the rest room. They have a sign that tells you so, written on cardboard and taped on the wall.

One of the takeaways from this column should be that a steady diet from these establishments probably would not be good for your waistline or your cardiovascular health. They are worth visiting though, to get off the beaten path and to experience Mississippi on the front lines. What may not be good for your cholesterol level will be good for your intellect and soul. As in all things, moderation. ➡

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# CABA Fall SOCIAL

EVENT  
PHOTOS  
*below!*

This event was held on September 27, 2018  
at Fine and Dandy



# » On Computing

Focused on the Contemporary Lawyer



## Apps to Consider for Fall...



By Joel Howell

Windows still doesn't do everything. Here, with particular thanks to Tech Connect, are utilities that will make your Windows 10 (and lower) experience easier.

[WiFi Password Revealer](#) is a free download.

If you travel regularly, this utility is a light in the dark. It saves and lists WiFi passwords from different networks that you have accessed on any of your devices. As a bonus, it also displays the security authentication and encryption methods for each network.

[Sandboxie](#), a free utility might very well be the most cost effective on the list. It acts as a buffer between applications and Windows by effectively acting as a "sandbox" for the application to run in. This prevents malicious codes and spyware from hijacking and manipulating Windows.

[Seer](#) This utility palpably reduces file review and search time by allowing users to preview compressed copies of files without having to open them. It works for all file types: audio, video, and documents. Seer is available as a plugin and is similar to the Mac feature QuickLook.

[CCleaner](#) This cleans out Windows' background files, including cache and log, at your discretion, providing additional storage. CCleaner also has the capability to clean out background files and passwords on web browsers.

[Recuva](#) Also from the makers of ccleaner and is free as well. We've all been there. You accidentally deleted a file and it's not in the Windows trash or recycle bin. This utility "recuvas" file that have been deleted from hard disk drives, flash drives, memory cards, and

other storage mediums with a supported file system. It organizes the success of salvaging deleted documents by color with green being the most successful outcome.

[Speccy](#) Even one more freebie from the ccleaner folks, this utility allows the user to identify the technology of their computer by assessing and then providing a breakdown of the "specs." Speccy categorizes and provides technical details about the mother board, CPU, RAM, the operating system, and all other computer components. This utility allows for proactive problem solving by displaying issues with different components before they occur. It also has a feature that allows the user to save and send the diagnostic reading. *Spectacular.*

[LockHunter](#) This free utility can unlock files or folders that appear to be locked. It's an effective enhancement to the Windows utility.

[Unblocker](#) Another free utility that also lets you get rid of files that Windows otherwise wants to hang onto.

[KeyFinder](#) This is another cost and time effective utility. It functions by generating a list of licensing keys for applications, like Microsoft Word or Office, allowing you to transfer them to other computers. To install the application on another computer, click the name of the app in KeyFinder, copy and save the text file and then proceed to installation.

[Everything](#) The most current versions of Windows have a search tab but Everything distinguishes itself by providing previews of the sought after files. This is a great option that allows enhanced search capabilities without upgrading Windows. 🚀



Questions or comments?

Drop me an email: [jwh3@mindspring.com](mailto:jwh3@mindspring.com)

# CABA CHRISTMAS *Party*





# CABA CHRISTMAS Party

Event Photos Continued



# SIGNS THAT YOU MADE AN IMPRESSION AT THE FIRM CHRISTMAS PARTY

*(and that's not good)*

By Terry Rushing

So, the holidays have come and gone, and so has another Firm Christmas Party, as far as you remember, anyway. We've all been warned not to commit the obvious faux pas—don't get eggnog-hurling drunk; don't hit on someone else's spouse or date; don't wear clothes that are too revealing. Every year, though, someone forgets and commits one (or more) of those very sins. And then, sometimes, lawyers and their significant others do things that are just...well...weird. If you are guilty, the good news is that you've stood out; even in a large firm, you now have name recognition. If you committed the last sin, you even have body-part recognition. The bad news is, unfortunately, the same thing.

There are obvious signs that, between you and your firm, the thrill is gone: fresh paint on the sign at your parking place or new locks on the door. Sometimes the signals are more subtle. One of the most poignant books I've ever read was *A Sensitive, Passionate Man* by Barbara Mahoney. Her husband, a Harvard law school graduate, was working for a big Wall Street firm when his ultimately fatal alcoholism began to manifest itself. She described the firm's New Year's Day party perfectly, noting the telltale evidence that something was amiss when every partner they spoke with began quickly to look over their shoulders and smile at someone else.

If your memory of the evening gets a little hazy after the tequila shots, you may have missed those subtle cues that, for you, the party is over. There's still time to pick up on the message, though, and start updating that resume before the axe falls. You might have screwed the pooch at the firm party if you did *anything* that would have been worthy of an honorary membership in the Delta Tau

Chi fraternity at Faber College. Here are some indications that you did just that:

1. You wake up under the piano, wearing a senior partner's mink—and nothing else.
2. A partner stops you in the hall Monday morning, with "Here's your nametag; it *somehow* got stuck to my husband's shirt while you were dancing."
3. You enter the break room, and suddenly the conversation turns to the Rule Against Perpetuities.
4. A runner drops off several boxes of old files in your office, saying "I was told we could start storing these here."
5. One of your lawyer buddies sticks his head in your office to say, "So, we were wondering, where did you meet Fifi (or Buck), anyway?" "Man, it must have hurt to get *that* tattoo!" "I've never heard the Hallelujah Chorus on a harmonica before." "Do you realize whose shoes you threw up on?" "*Dude*, I wouldn't have posted that on Instagram!"
6. Your most dangerous rival stops by to say, "Hey, Mr. Senior Partner sent me in here to get all of your AT&T files."
7. Everyone in your usual Lunch Posse begs off to work on timesheets.
8. Your mentoring partner sees you looking at a dealership website and says, "You know, you might not want to buy a new car right now."
9. Your secretary tells you, "The hotel called; they were finally able to get your panties out of the pool filter." Or
10. The Most Senior of all Senior Partners stops by to hand you one of your hubcaps and say, "My wife wants her parrot back."

If any of these things have happened to you, it's over my friend. Aggressive networking is in



order. Until you get an interview (preferably with a firm either totally disconnected from, or bitterly at odds with, your soon-to-be former employers), you'd better move back in with your parents and try to get your college bartending job back. And now for a personal, and true, firm Christmas Party story. My old law firm had a wonderful tradition of throwing a large party every holiday season, where lawyers, staff, and their families were welcome. All of the children who attended received a gift from Santa, played, every year, by the newest male associate. The first year that we attended, my son was two or three years old, and Santa was played by...well, never mind; he's now an Assistant United States Attorney and doesn't need this notoriety. At the end of the evening, Ira announced that he needed a potty break before we got in the car, so his Dad dutifully took him in the men's restroom. They came out with my husband doubled over laughing, and Ira as white as a sheet. Apparently, the Santa costume was pretty hot, so Darren (oops) had also ducked in the bathroom to change. And that was when "Santa took head off in bathroom." What a trauma! I blamed Darren for every bad decision that Ira made after that, except going to law school. I guess that one's on me. 📌

# MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE LAW LIBRARY HOURS

## SPRING 2019

### **January 2—January 8**

Monday—Friday . . . . . 7:00 am—5:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday . . . . . CLOSED

### **January 9—May 9**

Monday—Thursday . . . . . 7:00 am—midnight  
Friday . . . . . 7:00 am—7:00 pm  
Saturday . . . . . 9:00 am—7:00 pm  
Sunday . . . . . noon—midnight

**Final Exam Hours to be posted at a later date.**  
*Hours subject to change without notice.*  
*For more info call the Circulation Desk at 601-925-7120*

## EXCEPTIONS

### **MLK HOLIDAY: January 21**

Monday . . . . . CLOSED

### **SPRING BREAK: March 9—March 18**

Friday (Mar 8) . . . . . 7:00 am—5:00 pm  
Saturday & Sunday (Mar 9–10) . . . . . CLOSED  
Monday & Thursday (Mar 11–14) . . . . . 7:00 am—5:00 pm  
Friday—Sunday (Mar 15–17) . . . . . CLOSED

### **EASTER: April 19—April 21**

Friday - Sunday . . . . . CLOSED

### **GRADUATION: May 10**

Friday . . . . . 7:00 am—5:00 pm



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