HUBCAPS
Capsules about Hub City life

Breakfast with Banker Betty

Betty Henderson of Laurel - bank officer, com-

munity volunteer and homemaker - changes her

identity every Friday morning and becomes a

short order cook. Her homemade biscuits have at-

tracted fellow employees to the Trustmark Bank

basement break room every Friday for almost 20

years. "Breakfast with Betty" includes a full

course of eggs, bacon, two kinds of sausage, two

kinds of biscuits, grits and orange juice. Fellow

Laurel Mayor Henry Bucklew met Elvis Presley

in 1956, the same year that Jay Leviton took the in-

timate and evocative photographs being displayed

at the Lauren Rogers Museum of Art in Laurel.

Bucklew has offered to lend a painting of him and

Elvis for display in connection with the museum's

"Elvis in 1956" exhibit. What's the opinionated

Miss Teen of America, Vicki Stringfellow of Hat-

tiesburg, is in Rock Island, Ill., this week to give

up her title. "It was fantastic and exhausting," Str-

ingfellow said of her year's reign. "I visited 20

states and three countries (Australia, Jamaica and

can Academy of Achievement this month in New

York City. She had dinner and conversation with

celebrities, including talk show host Oprah Win-

frey, a native of Kosciusko; Laurel natives Leon-

tyne Price, an opera star, and Doug Marlette, a

cartoonist; fashion designer Ralph Lauren; TV

personality Barbara Walters; and actress Audrey

Stringfellow and Winfrey had a serious conversa-

tion about Mississippi. "For her personally, it was

a bad experience," Stringfellow said. Winfrey grew

up in poverty, raised by her grandmother in

Kosciusko before joining her father in Tennessee,

where he challenged her to make something of

model which benefits Mississippi...and I asked

Oprah in a nice way why she didn't do more. I told

her how eager Mississippians are to have her

claim us more. I told her of the awesome power

she could have as a role model. Leontyne was very

excited about a Mississippian winning Miss Teen of

America. She performed for us. She was just in-

credible. She talked a lot about her experiences in

Stringfellow, the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs.

David Howard, was the first Southerner to win the

national pageant. She's enjoyed the experience, but

is ready to give up the title on Aug. 3. "Then my

life becomes my own again," she said. "I can

spend time with my family and friends. I'm ready

"Leontyne Price has done so much as a role

Her last big adventure was attending the Ameri-

Mexico). It's not just any year you get to do that."

mayor's favorite Elvis song? "I Did it My Way,"

Stringfellow gives up title

of course.

Hepburn.

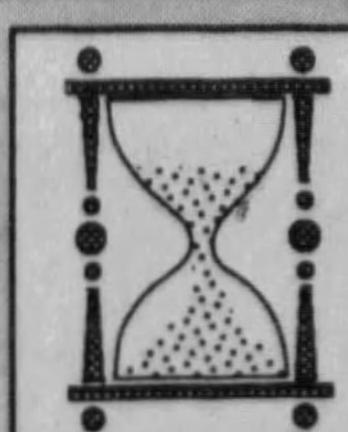
herself.

Mississippi."

for a vacation."

employees contribute to help pay for the groceries.

Elvis and Me, Laurel style



Mental illness: Pine Belt Mental Health Services is offering free classes for families of people with a mental illness beginning Monday from 6 to 7:30 p.m. Topics discussed will include "What is Mental II-Iness" and "How To Cope With A Mentally III Family Member," with emphasis on schizophrenia and bipolar disorder. Dr. Charles Main, director of Pine Belt, and Mrs. Marilyn Williams will be the instructors. For more information, call 544-4641.

- Ann Landers, 2D
- Dr. Beaman, 2D
- Recyclables, 2D
- 90210, 3D

Thermos of Hot Coffee got cold



HERBERT HARPER (from left), son Kevin and wife Judy of Hot Coffee

got a free vacation in Hollywood at Johnny Carson's expense, but

Herbert got bumped off the "Tonight Show." He made it to the dressing room and makeup, but never got to meet Johnny and Ed.

There was no 'Heeeere's Harper'

By ROBYN JACKSON AMERICAN Assistant Features Editor

Herbert Harper is probably the most famous guest the "Tonight Show" never

Harper, who owns Knight's General Store in Hot Coffee, in rural Covington County, was scheduled to appear on Johnny Carson's show July 18, but was bumped because the talk show ran out

South Mississippians who stayed up to watch Harper present Carson with a Thermos full of hot coffee and some pickled pig's lips were mighty disappointed.

"You oughta been standing behind the curtain; you talk about disappointed," Harper said Tuesday. He was back at work, entertaining customers with photographs and stories from his all-expenses paid vacation in La La Land.

"The only time I saw Johnny Carson is when he walked off the stage," Harper said. "When I was in makeup,

Doc Severinson was in there and that Gloria Estefan (one of the guests). They (the makeup staff) powdered my face a little bit. When they saw there wasn't much they could do with me, they turned me loose and I went back to the dressing room."

Talent coordinator Stephanie Ross rehearsed with him, he said, asking ask. Then she left him in the dressing room to watch the show on the monitor. Carson and sidekick Ed McMahan had a discussion about Hot Coffee (neither knew where it is located), and Carson mentioned that he was stationed in Jackson during World War II. He mentioned Harper by name several times,

building up the suspense. "About six o'clock (Pacific time), she

(Ross) said, 'Let's go, Herb.' " She took him near the stage to await his introduction, but he discovered about 10 minutes before the end of the taping

that he had been bumped.

"She said, 'Herb, you're not going to make it. I'm sorry.' And that was it." Harper's wife, Judy, and their 22-

year-old son, Kevin, who were in the studio audience, were sorry, too. "I know it happens to big stars and all, but to fly somebody out like that

and all," Mrs. Harper said. "We were

just sick. But we had a good time. They questions that Carson would be likely to treated us royally. We went on tours and they picked up all the tabs." "They spent a lot of money on us," Harper said. "We went first class all the way. The airplane was coach, but the Sheraton Universal (hotel) was the

nicest place you could stay. They didn't tell me what I could or couldn't eat. just signed the check."

The Harpers hoped he would be rescheduled for Friday night's show, but that didn't work out. They stayed in Los Angeles four nights, returning to Mississippi Sunday. They filled their days with sight-seeing and shopping and even visited with Mrs. Harper's pen pal

from Virginia, who was on her way to Hawaii to see her daughter. The Harpers rented a car and toured Hollywood, and they visited Universal Studios and went to the beach before returning to Mississippi, a little sadder but wiser.

Ms. Ross sent a letter of apology to Harper, with some autographed pictures of Carson. The package was waiting on him when he opened the store Monday. He's already framed the letter and photo, and they'll hang on a wall in the store with other stories about the store and uniquely named community, including the June 9 New York Times story that caught the "Tonight Show's" attention and led to the no-show.

Though disappointed, the Harpers are able to laugh about it. Mrs. Harper found her husband the perfect souvenir in a Los Angeles store.

It's a big blue and white pin that reads "Almost Famous."

MISS TEEN of America, Vicki Stringfellow of Hattiesburg, met a number of celebrities in New York City recently at the American Academy of Achievement, including fashion designer Ralph Lauren.

Some women object to 'Maybe I Mean Yes'

By Gannett News Service

Country music star Holly Dunn has dumped what might have been one of her biggest hits after some listeners said it trivialized date rape.

She deleted "Maybe I Mean Yes" from her act Thursday, and she's asking Warner Bros. to encourage radio stations and video shows to drop it in the wake of complaints that it is a sexist portrayal of fickle women.

Although Dunn insists the song is being misinterpreted, she concluded Thursday "maybe it's time to pull it."

The three-time Grammy nominee who co-wrote the song maintains it is "just about a date, very innocent. There's nothing sexual about it whatsoever."

Among the lyrics: "Nothin's worth having if it ain't a

little hard to get ...

"When I say no I mean maybe "Or maybe I mean yes."

"I've always considered myself a feminist," said Dunn. "I'm a selfsupporting businesswoman responsible for probably a dozen people's livelihood, so this took me very much by surprise."

Leah Aldridge of the Los Angeles Commission on Assaults Against

Women said "the song truly does send the message that women don't know

what they want."

Hattiesburg area country radio stations said Friday that they had not

had any complaints about the song. Eagle 103's Mark Christopher, music director, said the station would

look into whether they should quit playing the song. B95's Larry Blakeney, program

director, said, "We are going to discontinue playing that song."

Jim Lucas, KIX 102's program

director and operations manager, said, "We never programmed it (to be played). It was a decision our music department made. We claim to be a family station, so we just steer clear of things like that."

Eagle 103's Christopher said he was surprised (about the reaction to the song) because "the Forrester Sisters just came out with a song called 'Men' (and) they just really got down on men bad" and there was no adverse reaction.

American Features Editor Ann Brooking contributed to this report.

'Hopalong Dork' is no match for a snorting horse

Recently a woman I know named Michelle came into the newspaper office with a big ugly wound on her upper arm. Realizing that she might be self-conscious about it, I said, "Michelle, what's that big ugly wound on your upper arm?" Sensitivi-

ty is the cornerstone of journalism. It turned out that Michelle had been bitten by a horse. It was her own horse, and it bit her while she was trying to feed it. This is a typical horse maneuver. Horses are the opposite of dogs, gratitude-wise. You give a dog something totally wretched to eat, such as a toad part or a wad of pre-chewed Dentyne, and the dog will henceforth view you as the Supreme Being. It will gaze on you for hours with rapt on her notebook was 'Frosty,' an imagiadoration and lick the ground you walk on nary horse that she loved much more than and try to kill the pizza-delivery person if he comes anywhere near you.

Whereas if you spend hours grooming a horse and lugging its food and water around, the horse will be thinking: "Should chomp on this person's arm? Or should I merely blow a couple gallons of horse snot into this person's hair?"

I don't trust horses. "Never trust an animal with feet made from the same material as bowling balls" is one of my mot-

Western movies when bad guys would tie the hero up, and his horse would trot over and untie the knots with his teeth. A real horse would size up the situation; and stomp on the hero's feet.

I don't blame horses for being hostile. I myself would feel hostile toward somebody who was always sitting on me and yanking on my lips. But what I don't get is, how. come they're so popular? Especially with

Now you're probably saying: "Dave, you're just bitter because in fifth grade you had an intense crush on Susan Cartoun and you wrote 'Sue' on your notebook inside a heart, but the name inside the heart you, despite the fact that, if Frosty ever had the chance, it would have got imaginary snot in her hair."

Yes, it's true that I am a little bitter about that. Also I have not forgotten my first experience with a horse. I was 9 years old, at a farm, and I attempted to ride a pony. "Pony" is a misunderstood word. Many young people, having grown up watching the "My Little Pony" cartoon show, believe that a pony is a cute little pasteltos. I never believed those scenes in colored critter with a perky voice and a



nurturing personality and a 1973 Farrah Fawcett hairstyle. Whereas, in fact, a typical pony is the same weight as an Oldsmobile Cutlass Supreme but with no

controls or moral code. Anyway, following my sister's directions, put my foot into the metal thing hanging down from the pony (technically, the "fetlock"), and instantly the pony, not wishing to be boarded at that time, trotted briskly off, with my leg attached to it. I attempted to keep up by bouncing next to it on my other leg, like the famous Western cinematic star Hopalong Dork, but finally, in a feat of astonishing equestrian skill, fell down backward and got dragged across the field with my head bouncing gaily behind amongst the cow doots.

could tell the pony enjoyed this im-

mensely. It couldn't wait to get back to the stable and tell the other horses via Snort Language.

"You should have seen his hair!" snorted the pony. "He'll need to shampoo with industrial solvents!"

"Next time," snorted one of the older horses, "try stepping on him. It's like dropping an anvil on a Hostess Twinkie."

"And the legal authorities can't prosecute, because we're horses," snorted

So I stayed off horses altogether until 20 years later, when I was courting my wife. We were in the Rocky Mountains, and they had rental horses, and she wanted to ride one. Naturally she loves horses. As a child, she used to ride a neighbor's horse bareback, an experience she remembers fondly even though she admits the horse would regularly try to decapitate her by running under low tree branches at 27 miles per hour. I don't want to sound like a broken record here, but why is it that a woman will forgive homicidal behavior in a horse, yet be highly critical of a man for

leaving the toilet seat up? Anyway, I was in Raging Hormone Courting Mode, meaning I would have wrestled a giant snake to impress my wife-to-be, so

I let her talk me into getting on this rental horse. It turned its head around and looked at me with one of those horse eyeballs the size of a mature grapefruit, and I knew instantly what it was thinking. It was thinking: "Hey! It's Hopalong Dork!"

So while my wife's horse trotted briskly off into the scenery, looking for low branches to run under, my horse just stood there, eating and pooping, waiting for me to put one leg on the ground so it could suddenly take off and drag me to Oregon. So I sat very still, like one of those statue generals, only more rigid. I'd say we moved about 11 feet in two hours. Next time I am definitely renting the snake.

Fortunately my wife's horse was unable to kill her, and we got married and lived happily ever after, except that she keeps saying that she wants us to go riding again. I don't know what to do. I think maybe tonight I'll fix her a candlelight dinner, give her some wine and put on some soft, romantic music. Then, when the moment is just right, I will gently but firmly bite her upper arm.

Dave Barry is a Pulitzer Prize winning humor columnist for the Miami Herald.