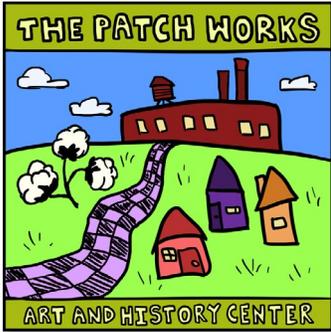


# THE TRANSCENDENT MOMENT IN YOUNG JACOB'S LIFE

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**For Chapter Eight, we humbly ask for your indulgence,** as we proceed to veer off on a massive tangent and explain the significance of the number 8. (We can actually hear your eyes rolling.) It's kinda cool, y'all! Really! So... just... please... there's a reason...

In Jewish symbology (i.e.: kabbalistic teaching, something Rab Madonna knows ALL about), there are two important numbers: 7 and 8. Most everyone with a Judeo-Christian background (especially Jewish)



might remember how the number 7 applies to all sorts of biblical stuff.

Let's see, um... CREATION... um, the number of emotions we're supposed to get all "Dr. Phil" about (love, fear, compassion, ambition, humility, bonding and receptiveness)... the gosh darn colors of the rainbow... the diatonic musical notes (okay, not

very biblical)... sabbaticals... and a bunch of super-religious moments that codified Judeo-Christian morals and spiritual beliefs but are too much to get into right now... or ever.

**Essentially, 7 symbolizes something in its perfect, and completed state. Even the menorah – when it ain't Hanukkah – has seven branches.**

So, what about 8? Hooooo daddy, 8 is smokin'. 8 is when something transcends the natural order and goes beyond its limitations. Perfection + 1 = Mega-Awesome! 8 is what we might aspire to (but, dude, we'll take "7" ANY day of the seven-day week).

8 is why your Jewish friend gives you an \$8 check. Hey, don't get all judgy! Sure, that check will buy you bupkis, but it \*just\* might help you reach "Biz Hundert un Tzfunsik!"

Anything with an 8 symbolizes those superlative, mind-blowing moments (as if creating a universe in seven days ain't enough). Example: the aforementioned Hanukkah celebrates how the short-handed Maccabees expelled a Greek juggernaut from the Second Temple, only to discover a single shot of sacred oil remained. Who knew a bissel oil could last eight days! It's why the menorah grows an extra, flaming limb for the holiday. But here's another fav example: traditionally, an itty-bitty baby boy's dingle-dangle gets snipped on the eighth day after his birth, something that really cries (oof) "supernatural covenant with G-d!!!" Hey-yooooooh. We'll be here all week! Keep the tip.

So, armed with this knowledge, we assail Chapter Eight, in which – coinkydinkly! – we'll be addressing THE transcendent moment in Young Jacob's life: the founding of our Mill. And to hammer home our point about Number 8's relevance, we'll draw many flimsy conclusions that may not be accurate but should be entertaining. Maybe. We hope.

Lessee... first, Jacob was born in 1842. 1842 has a big and obvious "8."

Clearly, lots of Mega-Awesome happened during the 1800s (which is convenient for our argument). Also, if we abbreviate his birth year as '42...?  $4 \times 2 = 8$ . Our collective spine starts to tingle...

Jacob embarks for the USA at 18 years old in 1861 (add each number of "1861" and divide by two = 8). His uncle – Jacob the Elder, with whom Young Jacob lives as a recently arrived American (eight letters!) – was born in 1818. Double whammy! (FYI, check out that guy's history: Elder Jacob was a land/property owner in Cincinnati who wanted a beer so badly that he clung onto a brewery for years, even as it repeatedly failed. Elder Jacob eventually had an entire subdivision named after him... in 1888... on the land once occupied by his defunct brewery.)

In 1864, Young Jacob scoots down to Nashville, by then a major hub for the Union Army (remember the importance of choo-choos?). 1865 rolls around, and Young Jacob diverts to Cartersville (some say as a result of conscription into the Union Army; others say because he finagles a pass that allows him – as a civilian – through Union roadblocks).

Jacob's first business partner is a freed slave named Mose White. Together, they open a trading post, which becomes so successful that they outgrow their log-cabin locale. Mose and Jacob thus build a bigger store: the first-ever brick structure in Cartersville. In 1867, they relocate to Atlanta.

Although "Atlanta" exudes a quintessence of perfection with its seven letters, Jacob seeks Mega-Awesome. In 1868, he cofounds **Elsas, May & Company** (add the letters and ampersand; divide by two...).

**At this point, Mose's story becomes frustratingly murky.** Sources mention that he continues working with Jacob, but no details. Instead, attention turns to Jacob's new partners: Isaac May, Morris Adler, and Julius Dreyfus – all German Jewish immigrants. [NOTE: Some historians wrongly declare 1872 as their first year doing business. Since 1872 still works in our schtick ( $1 + 8 + 7 + 2 = 18$ ), who are we to argue???

The Fab Four open **The Southern Bag Manufactory**, operating out of the Old Slave Market House (oy!) on the corner of Pryor and Mitchell Streets. The company produces paper and cotton cloth, bleaching and finishing the materials for bag manufacturing. Sales are booming! Jacob eventually restructures his various businesses (he runs at least three others, one of which – **The Star Store** – sells jeans).

**"And what year was that?" Glad you asked!** 18-freaking-81. Now THAT'S a palindrome that really knocks this rock-solid, number-8 theme outta the **Atlanta Crackers'** ballpark. No matter how you slice it, we got us some 8's. Yessir, in 1881, **Fulton Cotton Spinning Company** was born. Location: the site of the now-nonextant **Atlanta Rolling Mill** (add those letters together... you get 18).

We have now successfully proven – by using an irrefutable scientific method of number-8 symbology – that, like Harry or perhaps Voldemort, Jacob was destined to do great things. **He also had 8 children. Meh. That was probably just a coincidence.**