



**My Early Life at Skyline Farms
on Cumberland Mountain**

I lived at Skyline from the time I was about two until I was fourteen when we moved to Scottsboro. I want to share those 12 years with you so that you may better appreciate the life you enjoy today.

Christine Paradise Sumner

April 27, 2022

GREETINGS MY FELLOW MOUNTAINEERS!

What a privilege to share memories of my time as a resident of Skyline Farms with you. It was some of the happiest days of my life and I have been determined to share it with others before I die. I was born in 1934 so I decided it was now or never. There will never again be times like we shared at Skyline Farms. Our descendants will never believe it.

I began writing my memoirs on Halloween night in 1994 and have been writing parts ever since. I'm sure there are repetitions but I am too old to go back and start correcting, so to leave nothing out I have inserted many snippets of my ramblings over these many years. I have had quite a life and I haven't even started on life after Skyline. We moved there about 1936 and moved away in 1948. Much happened in between, and here I will tell you part of it. Why don't you tell us your story, as well.

Foreword by Christine Sumner

I have so many good memories of my life at Skyline from about age 2 till I was 14 when we moved to Scottsboro.

My Dad drove a truck for the government when the project was being built and I can remember that truck though I was two years old. I remember the provisional shack we lived in until the project houses were built. I remember it was one room and I slept between mother and daddy in a double bed.

Daddy built a lean-to kitchen onto the shack and I remember it as well. He had not gotten the outside door hung so it was leaned up in the opening. One night that door came blasting down into the kitchen floor and scared the three of us to death. I remember mother saying, "Jesse, get up. Somebody knocked the door down!" Daddy did hurriedly get out of bed and went to see what was going on. It was two drunks daddy knew wanting to know if he had a drink. Now this happened at our dark shack, not a light on the place. What were they thinking!

I remember being happy in that little shack with my mom home with me all day to play with me and pet me.

Mother would make me rag dolls by getting a ball of cotton, put it in the center of a flour sack and tying a string around its neck and drawing a face on it. I called these dolls "Shakey" cause their heads bobbed. One day I guess I was tired of playing with Shakey so I promptly threw it in the open-door heater. Mom and aunt Maud Lindsay were sitting there by the heater and both were aghast at my actions! "Well, did you see that!" one of them said. I remember that and I was not yet three when my brother came along.

I wish I had asked my mom more while I could have. I think we moved from that shack to another and a Mrs. Rousseau lived next door and she made a quilt top for me.

The day we moved into the project house, daddy went there and built a fire and got the house warm while we stayed at Grandpa Clay's house. When he came for us and we entered the house my mother was thrilled. I remember her saying, "it's got cabinets!" It was the nicest house she and my dad had ever lived in and it was the only house that had two bedrooms upstairs. A Mr. Grover Phillips had helped build the house and possibly lived in it first but he built two extra bedrooms upstairs as he had a large family. Most of the

houses only had two bedrooms. I know one family with 8 children lived in one of those little houses. We were all glad to get one as they were still better than what we had moved away from.

Along with the house, there was a nice barn, smoke house, chicken house, garden and a covered well-house with a hand pump. Too, fruit trees had been planted and were already bearing fruit. I especially remember two Damson plum trees that would bear so much fruit that daddy had to prop the limbs up to keep them from breaking. Mother took total advantage of the fruit, making jams and jellies and canning many cans of the fruit itself.

I can remember the pork meat from the hogs we killed, was stored in the smokehouse and some of us would go out and slice off a slab for a meal. We always had plenty of pork and chicken.

The houses had no screen windows so flies abounded. It was so hot in the summer time we had to open the doors and windows. I remember they bought fly stickers that you hand in the ceiling and the flies would light on them.

We also had bedbugs as the walls were not tongue and groove, just planks, one on top of another. They bought some kind of stuff in lids that the bed posts were set in to help keep the bedbugs at bay. I remember having a fly sprayer and when the flies got too bad we closed all windows and doors, sprayed fly spray in all the rooms, went outside till we thought all the flies were dead before we opened up all the doors and windows again.

We had a Four o'clock flower bush at the front of the house and my brother and I thought we were suppose to go check on it every day at four o'clock! We would pull the buds that abounded and pop them against our foreheads but we always waited till four o'clock.

No matter how poor we were we always had delicious meals, platters of ham or bacon or both and a big platter of eggs for breakfast and meat and vegetables for "dinner and supper." If mother was sometimes too tired she would make hot "mush" that I loved with lots of butter and cold milk. It was my forerunner of grits and cream of wheat that I still like today.

Never feel sorry for those poor old folks that were the settlers of Skyline Farms. They were much better off than their counterparts in the valley still farming on "thirds and fourths."

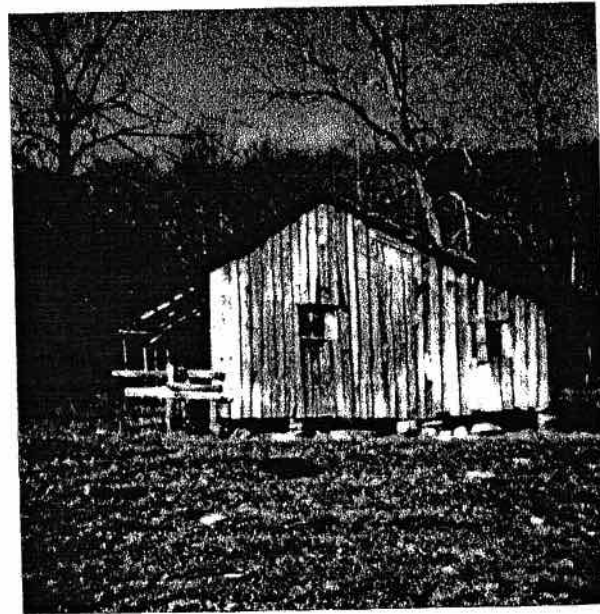
In thinking of my life at Skyline when I was so happy and without a care, I sometimes get nostalgic. For in a few years real life would set in and I would never again be the happy creature who roamed the woods picking honeysuckles or lying on a quilt in the shade of a big tree admiring the Seven-Sisters rose bushes that were abundantly growing in the yard all around me.

I am in the process of writing my in depth memoirs of my life at Skyline but in case mother nature over takes me before I'm finished I offer this short version for posterity.

Never be ashamed to say "I'm from Skyline," for our parents had the good sense to jump at a good deal when they saw it. It was an escape from the shacks and sharecropping that they had, no doubt, all experienced. Here they were offered 40 acres, a new home without cracks in the walls that had newspapers and cardboard plastered over the holes to keep out the northerly winds in the winter. My own dad, Jesse Paradise, told me he would get up in the winter when it had snowed, and sweep the snow out of the kitchen floor before mother could get up and cook breakfast.

Thank God for the warm houses with fireplaces, walls that didn't leak and a front porch for when you just wanted to sit a spell. It was a new beginning for many.

In the Beginning



First home of Jesse and Alma Lindsey Paradise
Lang Hollow. This is where they spent their
Honeymoon. Mother remembered this being
such a happy time. This picture was made
many years later. They were the last to live
there.



That Little House

*As we stood here on the hilltop
Looking down on that little house,
Thinking of the love we shared
Years ago in that little house.*

That little house holds many memories

*That little house now falling in,
That little house was our first home
When our life together first began.*

The chimney now all broken down

*The porch now falling in,
That little house holds memories
Of the love we shared therein*

That little house holds many memories

*That little house now falling in
It seems to be telling us now
It all started here within*

Our hair has now grown silver

*Our golden wedding day now past
We're looking down on that little house
That holds the memories of our past....*

Alma Lindsay Paradise

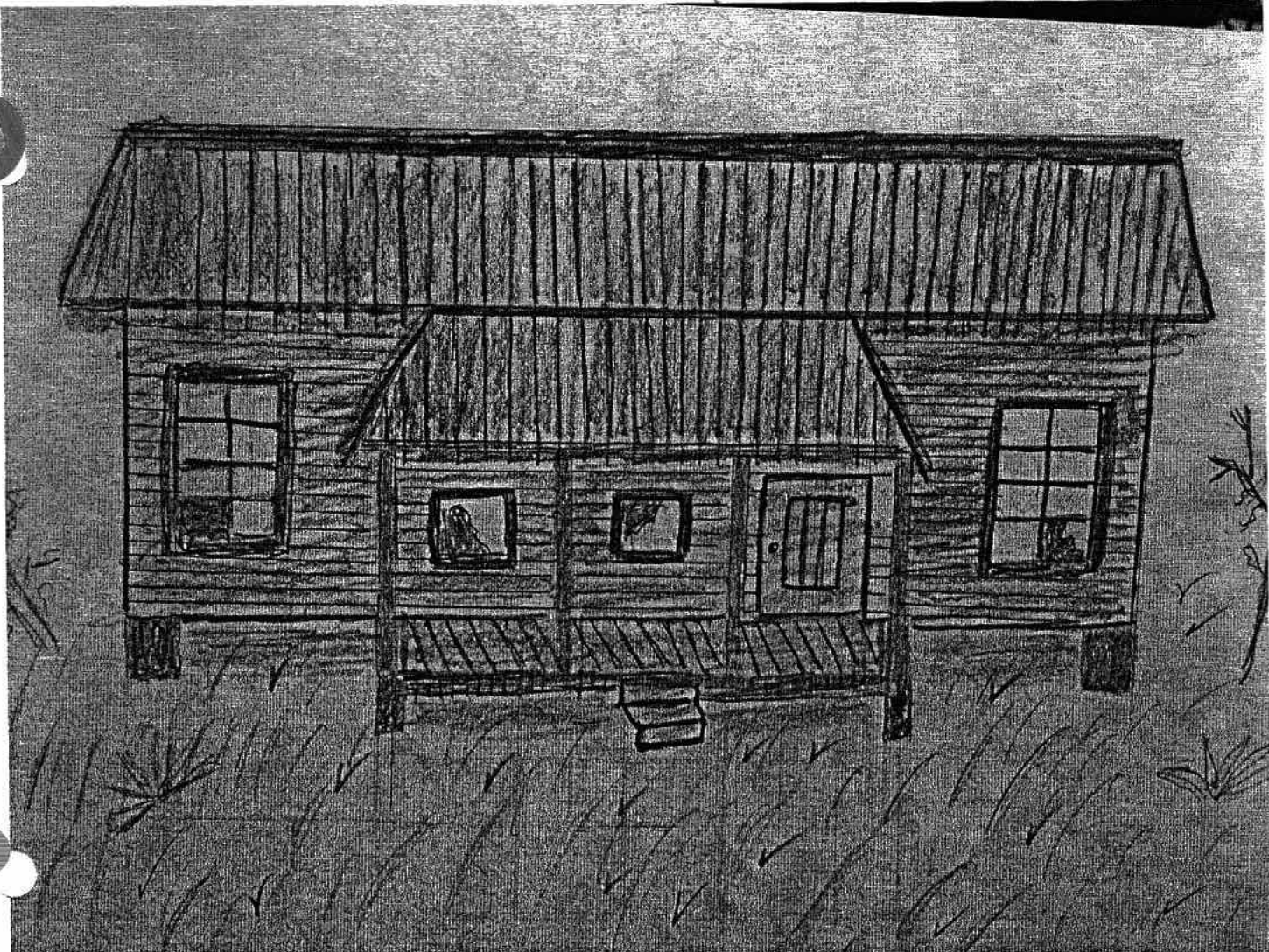
July 1, 1980



Front of house just before it was torn
down. Santa Bottom / Long Hollow.



Back of house where Christine Paradise
was born 5 April 1934. Many years
after it was abandoned.



My pitiful rendition of how I imagined the house I was born in looked in earlier years. c.s.

My grandparents, Ethel and Charles Ginn Lindsay (step grandmother), lived at Sauta, Jackson County, Alabama in the heart of the beautiful Tennessee Valley. Their farm was located on what was once the Indian reservation of Cherokee Indian Arthur Burns only a few miles from Sauta Cave where the famed Cherokee Sequoyah, according to historians, announced he had completed his Cherokee alphabet in the early 1820s. They give credit to the Sauta Cave itself but research has proved to me that the village was once called Sauta Cave (see Bellefonte mss by cs) so it could have been in any area of the little village, probably somewhere on the 620 acres that made up Arthur Burns reservation. Indian carvings could once be seen on a poplar tree down by the old Lindsay spring.

The ancient house where the Lindsay family lived was built by my great, great grandfather, Allen Robertson in 1861 just as the Civil War was starting. The house stood on a daffodil strewn hill overlooking the fertile farmland that my grandparents tilled from dawn till dusk each day to support the large family of thirteen children. Because of the commencement of the Civil War one room of the house was never finished. It was called forever the "work room" where seeds and other things were stored. Every room in the house had a name. There was the "big room" and indeed it was big for the day, the boys room, the little room, the pantry, the hall, which was truly a good sized room, I believe, was meant as a foyer as it was entered through a fancy door with side lights. During a historical survey it was determined this house was meant to be a fancy home with columns at the front door and other extras for the day. There was fancy crown molding and wains coating almost twelve inches wide. It has been altered over the years and the old workroom has been turned into a nice bath and bedroom.

During the war years Allen Robertson, an accomplished furniture building, built secret pockets under the house over huge cedar pillars that served as its foundation and that is where they hid food during the Civil War from the Union soldiers who were encamped nearby at the Larkinsville Depot, many of whom made regular forages through the surrounding countryside in search of food.

During one of their foraging trips to the Robertson home a Union soldier, in a fit of rage because he found no food, aimed his gun at Allen Robertson but at the last minute raised his gun and fired over his head into the house over the front door. The scar was still there when I was a child.

Though it has been a well-guarded family secret for over one hundred years, tradition is that a Union soldier did finally find the food's hiding place and was taking the family's last ham while "Aunt Mat" (Martha) who had been sitting at the spinning wheel followed him begging him to leave her family something to eat. When her cries fell on deaf ears she "ran him through" with a large needle she had concealed in her apron (per Ethel Lindsay). He was quickly taken into the mountains surrounding the house and buried.

✍

After the war, no doubt to the scarcity of money, the house was used as a stagecoach inn. After the War Allen Robertson's money was no longer any good so they were left in a destitute situation.


Because of this and other interesting stories about it, the old house always held a fascination for me as a child. And some of my fondest memories as a child center around the time I spent there each summer when school was out. There was a cozy feeling of warmth and continuity between those old walls that had sheltered members of the Robertson and Lindsay families for more than one hundred years. Charles Ginn Lindsay bought the farm from the Robertson family for about nine hundred dollars if memory serves me.

In the summer when I would spend a week there, I spent much of my time wading in the cool branch that rippled from a small cave behind the house at the foot of July Mountain. The little spring's mouth is where Granny kept her milk and butter to keep it cool in the summer time before electricity came through the valley. Water for household use was carried in buckets up the hill from the spring to the house. That spring and the branch running from it provided many hours of delight for me and various other grandchildren who waded the ankle-deep waters catching tadpoles or just watching them in wonderment as they darted in and out around our feet.

Sometimes I'd crack nuts and pick out the "goodies" for Granny to use in a cake or some other delectable dessert and as long as I can remember the place where we cracked nuts was atop two large rectangular hand-chiseled limestone rocks stacked one on top of the other at the edge of the yard. These old rocks had been there as long as anyone could remember but no one knew their origin until one day a man "from out west" came through the valley doing research on his family tree and told the family that a Mr. Sublett who became ill and died at the inn while on a stagecoach trip and was buried beneath the old stones. Mr. Sublett and I shared many house together there at those old rocks when I was growing up though I never knew his name until a few years ago.

Each week Granny would do the family wash under "the big tree" down by the branch to take advantage of the plentiful supply of water. The big tree, as the family, always referred to it, was an ancient black walnut tree under which Granny did her washing, rubbing the soil out of the clothes on an old rubboard. Although I never saw Granny use it, there was an old "battling rock" there under the tree where generations before her had done battle with the dirt in the large piles of clothes that had been worn in the dusty hot fields all day every day. If Granny couldn't rub the dirt out of the clothes she would boil it out in the big black pot of boiling water that stood ever ready nearby. Sometimes I would stand by the boiling pot with the punching stick and keep the clothes punched down under the boiling water so they would get the full benefit of the ritual and later I would help her hang them on the garden fence to dry in the hot summer sun.

The house was about a quarter of a mile from the main road where the mailbox was located and I was eager to check the mailbox every day just to get the pleasure of walking down that little country lane in the warm sun. I loved walking down to the mailbox every day plucking and eating wild plums along the way, savoring the juicers slowly as the hot sand slipped through the toes of my tanned bare feet. There was time for a lot of lazy contemplation as I sauntered along






that country lane listening to the bees as they went about gathering nectar for the honey they would make probably in my granddaddy's hives and I would occasionally pick wild flowers that abounded on either side of the lane. Sometimes I would catch a big June bug and hold it tightly in my hand till I could get back to granny's and find a string to tie to its hind leg then sit under a shade tree in the cool green grass holding the string while my June bug buzzed around my head. After a while I would feel sorry for him and set him free and watch him fly happily into the distance.

Granny has been gone for years now but she is never far from my mind's storehouse of memories. Some days of late I long for that old lazy walk to the mailbox; to see Granny sprinkling that bare wooden floor with water from her wash pan to keep down the dust before she swept; to see her in the back yard sweeping it clean each morning before she brought out her pan of corn, she had just shelled in the corn sheller attached to one of the tall wooden steps, calling to the chickens; to see her standing at that ancient wood-burning stove taking out a big pan of those delicious smelling cat head biscuits out of the oven.

There are times now when I feel her looking over my shoulder and seem to hear her whisper, "slow down take time to catch a June bug."

Maybe someday I will.

-christine sumner, February 8, 2016 copied from a much older part of a mss





Pictured left to right: Charles Ginn Lindsay, his second wife, Ethel and beside her is their youngest daughter, Virginia, behind Virginia unknown, next is Lora and her husband Tom Lindsay and in front of them is probably their daughter Lila Jean. Kneeling is Inez Lindsay Proctor and Annie May Lindsay Higgins. On the far right is Bill Lindsay, later of Stevenson and probably his son, Johnny, in his lap; next, I think, is Wesley Johnston and his wife, Margaret Lindsay, then Bill's wife, Mary Claire (McCrary) Lindsay, then young Ernest and Ben Lindsay.

The spring at the foot of the hill at the Lindsay home in Sauta. This is where the milk or other perishables were kept on a rock shelf just inside. It was the scene of many family reunions in the 1930s and 1940s every July 4th. Granddaddy built seats around the rock wall outside the spring and it was like sitting in an air-conditioned room. A cool branch ran out of the cave and meandered on down between the house and barn. Beside it was where the family wash always took place. At one time there was battling rock there under the big black walnut tree where women of another time "battled" the dirt out of the clothes. The Lindsay farm was on the Indian Reservation of Arthur Burns and generations of Cherokees probably used this old spring generations before the white man came. Arrowheads abounded in the mountain (back side of July Mountain) behind the spring when I was a child and we thought nothing of picking one up and tossing it as there were plenty there. No thought of keeping one. *christine*



Christine Paradise
age 6 weeks
Lang Hollow
1934



Alma Paradise
in her 20's - Skyline



Alma Lindsay Paradise & Christine Paradise ca 1935



Christine Paradise, Long Hollow/Sauta with her puppy.



Christine Paradise 18 months
Larry Hallaw
Born April 5, 1934



WE MOVE TO
THE
MOUNTAIN!

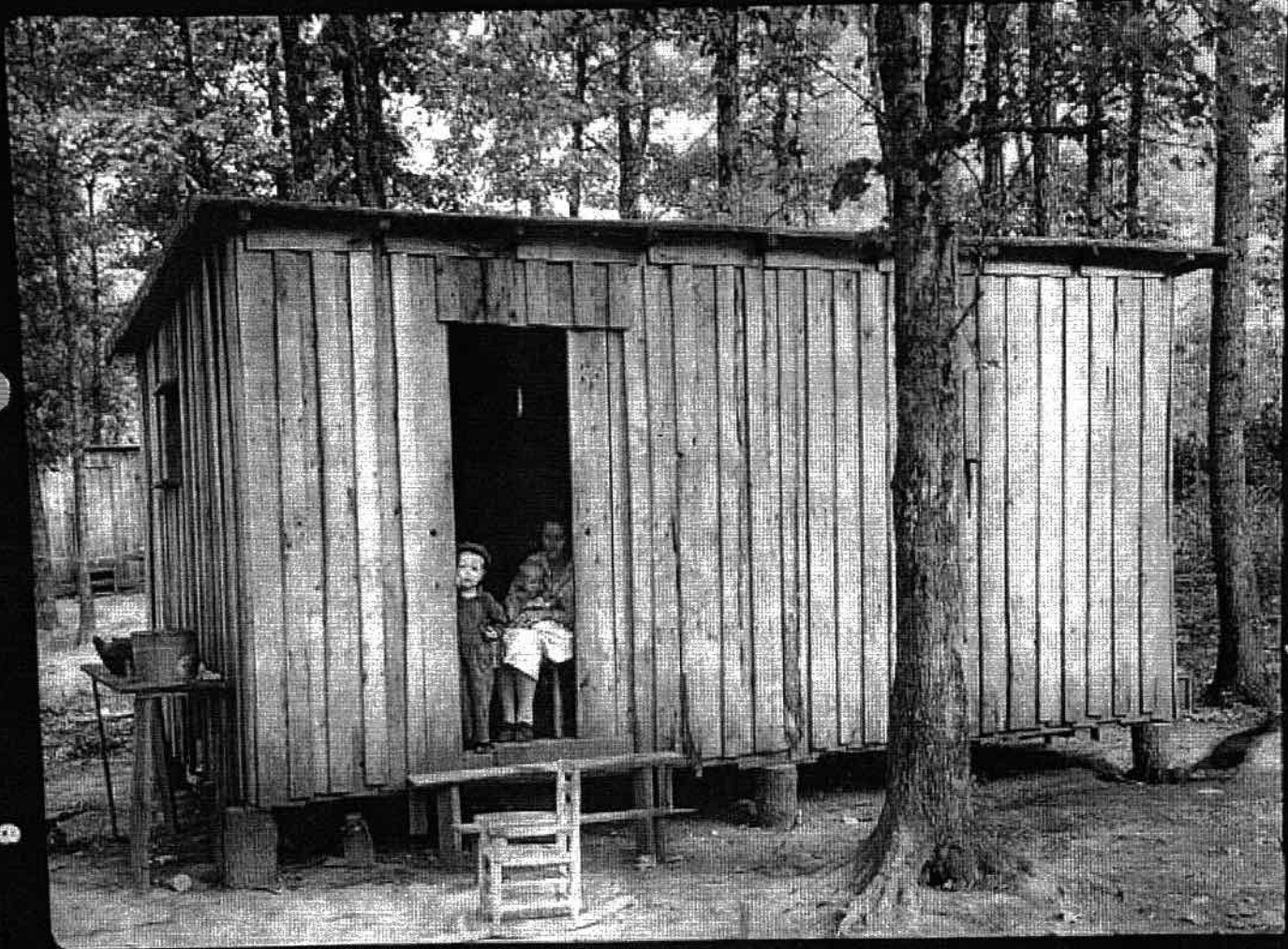


Our shack at Skyline. It looks bigger than some of the
others. Daddy built a lean-to kitchen. The truck he drove
is there in the yard. We even had a circle drive!cs



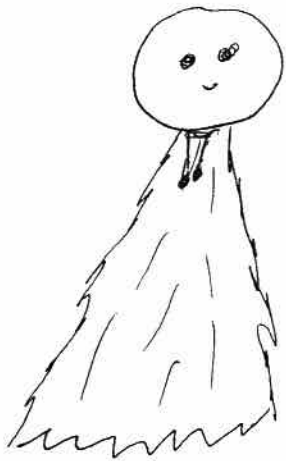
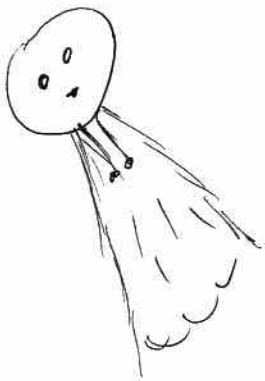
*Somebody actually lived in this shack
with planks missing from the walls!*

RA 478D

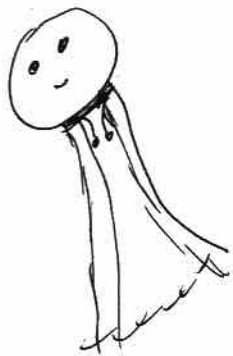


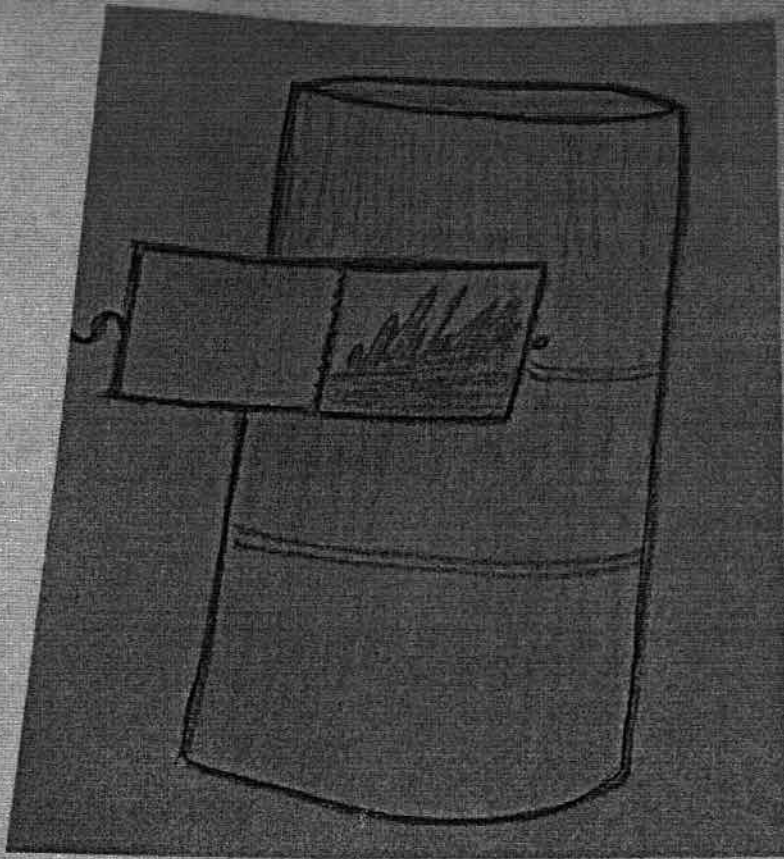
Angie Matthews Lee and her mother, Mrs. J. Lee

One of the shacks that preceded the project houses.



my mom made me flour sack
dolls





Oil drum heater like we used in
Skyline Shack



*C. Gustine Paradise across
the road from project shack
1937.*



*With Gracie
Winsten*

KICK A TIN CAN

Some years ago I decided I needed to leave a record of my journey *from there to here* for my children.

In writing the memoirs of my early life I have not adhered to any form or fashion. It has been written over a period of twenty or more years just as the thoughts hit me. I have treated it much like a journal and dated the nights I worked on it. My working name of it was "Just Ramblin'" as rambling on is just what it is. It may, at times, not be in sequence, but that is the way my mind works going at 90 to nothing as fast as I can type, just like I talk the same way. The following was written earlier:

"I started with a piece on Halloween Night in 1994. Today is September 14, 2018.

"I'll probably ad to this epistle from time to time...again, in no form or fashion...just as the spirit moves me. Sometimes I find I have been repetitious. Ignore it. I'm not going back and re-write. There's no time. I had written the piece on Skyline years before I decided to write more so much of it has been incorporated into the manuscript I'm working on, but I am including the piece anyway. I do not want the bother of editing and re-writing.

"In glancing over some of this I find much of it unbelievable but it is all the truth as I remember it, so help me. And much of it could be embellished. I may, indeed, do some re-writing one day when I have nothing else to do but right now it is after midnight and any re-writing and editing and proof-reading anything is out of the question! Read and enjoy!"

Just Ramblin', Christine Paradise Sumner, Halloween Night, October 31, 1994.

It has been said you don't know where you're going until you know where you came from. This is where I came from. Maybe it will help my children know where they are going.

Daddy was twenty-one and mother sixteen when they married on March 14, 1929, at Scottsboro, Jackson County, Alabama, just as the Great Depression was starting.

They first lived in a little house near Scottsboro where Benwood subdivision is located and then another little two-room shack in Saute Bottoms before moving into a small three-room shack on my Granddaddy Lindsay's place, on his farm.

Granddaddy Lindsay was dead set against mother marrying daddy. It was no secret he was riding a horse, selling moonshine whisky and drinking his part of it! When they married anyway he gave daddy a job on the farm and let them move into "the little house in the field," as it was always known.

The old three-room house was over one-hundred years old and it was little more than a shack. I was told that my great, great grandfather, Allen Fambour Robertson, built this little house and lived there while building the big house nearby where my mother was born. Many of my mother's siblings lived there when they first married.

Daddy said, in the hard winter months when it snowed, he had to sometimes get up and sweep the snow from the kitchen floor and build a fire in the old wood-burning cook stove before mother could get out of bed to cook breakfast.

When my grandparents estate was settled daddy tore this old house down for the lumber. He found an old hand-molded silver dollar on a rafter on the ancient porch. This coin was used before the American silver dollar came into use. He brought me a wooden peg, one of many, that had been used to put the old house together.

Daddy said that during those terrible years of deprivation he chopped cotton many days for twenty-five cents for every hundred pounds he picked. He also went back to making moonshine and selling it to help them survive. In fact, he had his own little moonshine still hid up on the side of July Mountain on granddaddy Lindsay's property and was ever watchful for the "Revenuers!" He would fire it at night when the smoke was less likely to be seen. I remember hearing him laugh

about having a rusty "worm" (whatever that was!) giving the whisky an orange color. He told his customers it was peach brandy and got a good price for it! In later years, daddy loved peach brandy and I always wondered if there was any connection to those early memories. Now he could have the real thing! Many times that was his Father's Day gift.

Mother's first baby, whom she named Dale, was stillborn in the little house on granddaddy Lindsay's place when she was about 17 or 18 years old. Its naval cord was wrapped around its neck. She said Dr. Rayford Hodges sat up all night with daddy drinking coffee by the fire till it was born. They were devastated. They had wanted this baby so much and mother had made him a lot of baby clothes. When I think of this young couple (daddy was about 21 or 22) alone with their dead baby it breaks my heart. There was no funeral home to call. You had to dress it yourself and maybe make the casket as well as in those days roads were muddy and hard to travel and especially when you only had a mule and a wagon.

Four years later on April 5, 1934, I was born shortly after President Roosevelt decided something had to be done about the economy. The preceding years, under President Herbert Hoover, had made paupers out of a large majority of the people in the South that had been *just getting by*.

So a government project was started on a strip of the Appalachian Mountains in Jackson County, Alabama, that was called *Cumberland Mountain Farms* and later called *Skyline Farms*. It was an experiment under President Franklin D. Roosevelt's "New Deal," and the first of only three its kind in the nation. The purpose of the project was to give people jobs and a decent place to live.

Years later, the people of Skyline were considered less important than their counterparts in the valley for some reason. Perhaps because it was called a "project," however, the people who participated in this project were so much better off than their friends in the valley still living in sub-decent shacks farming on "thirds and fourths."

Going back to the night of May 1, 1996, when I started "ramblin'" again.

(The purpose of my using this in the column is to get people interested in the Skyline Museum project. We need your help, financially, physically and your input if you or your folks were pioneers at Skyline and you have artifacts or pictures you could donate or let us copy. I would not borrow these treasures, I could come to

your home and copy. Someone bought the Rock Store and donated it for a museum, now it is our responsibility to fill it to brimming with everything Old Skyline. We wish people would write their memoirs but if you do not want to do that I will be glad to interview you on the telephone. However we do it, we need you!!! You can message me on FB and I will give you my phone number)

This is not an *attempt at a literary work!* My only purpose in writing it is so that people in another time will know about "the way it was."

Today I doubt that what we lived through would be believable. Many people living such lives today are those too trifling (as my mother would say) to work. Today you can "draw" if you are a mind to. I knew a woman who "drew" because she was disabled from "obesity and anxiety." Looked okay to me. Much more refreshed than I was on my knees fitting her free shoes!

In the years I talk about, everybody I knew was in the same boat. We didn't know we were deprived. It was some of the happiest days of my life. We had far more than most of our neighbors (due to the ambition of my parents). Even had a baby sitter/housekeeper during all my growing up years at Skyline. We never asked for, nor got, any help from anybody. We were on our own.

My Daddy

Today my daddy would be called an entrepreneur, but during the depression years it was called, "Trying to keep your head above the water."

Daddy was the oldest son of David Clay Paradise and his wife Minnie Lee Peek Paradise. His folks were all sharecroppers but it was not by choice because during those years there were no jobs to be found and for them "thirds and fourths" was a means of survival, though just barely and some years they nearly starved to death. They lived in somebody else's shacks most of their lives. Mother told me she had seen my grandmother Paradise sit her family down to a table with nothing to eat except cornmeal gravy. I have no idea of the circumstances but to me if I lived on a farm I would have raised at least potatoes and had a garden, but I don't know the circumstances. Perhaps they didn't have money for the canning jars.

Daddy enjoyed eating more than anyone I ever saw and ate with much gusto and was always overweight. I think those early years of privation and near starvation was the reason for his love of food for the rest of his life. He loved to cook and always cooked too much saying "you don't have enough if there is none left over."

Daddy, the oldest of seven children, only finished the first grade and part of the second in the little one-room school house in Sauta Bottoms called "McCutchen School," before he was made to quit school and work on the farm to help support the younger brothers and sisters. He said he would be in the field before daylight behind a mule and a plow whose handles were taller than he was and as the old mule pulled the plow it would jerk him off the ground, his bare feet dangling in the air.

He told me about seeing his mother string green beans by running a needle and thread through them and then hung them up to dry. When she was ready to cook them she would first soak them in water first. This is the only time I ever heard of this but daddy said they were called "leather britches." When they ran out of jars this had to suffice. I guess you could say this method was the forerunner of "freeze-drying."

All daddy's life he was painfully aware of his lack of formal education and always wanted us to go to college. He would tell me maybe he could help me then I could help my brother then he could help my younger sister. It was a pretty well thought out plan and would have probably worked but when I finished high school they were having a hard time making a living and I was anxious to have my own money so I went to work as a secretary at Liberty National Life Insurance Company and when I quit I had been promoted a few years earlier to office manager. If I had not already been going steady with Bill Sumner maybe I would have found a way. I really wanted to go to school.

It was my daddy's driving ambition that spurred me on for many years and perhaps even today. He was always thinking of a way to make more money. He could always think of ways to make money but never could manage it. He never had a problem getting business but he could never handle the money. He believed in giving a man his money's worth and always taught us to be honest in our dealings with other people. Mother was the manager and did a miraculous job of keeping us afloat during some bad years.

Paw-Paw Clay, we called our granddaddy Paradise, worked for the government on the Skyline project. They built a big building that was used as a kitchen where they fed the project workers and Graddaddy worked there in the kitchen earning him, for life, the nickname, "Aunt Marthy."

Their project house was about a quarter of a mile from ours. I remember my grandmother telling me of her dreams for that house. It was the nicest house she had ever lived in. But then my granddaddy had a terrible stroke that left him paralyzed, crippled for the next 29 years when he died. His whole right side was paralyzed and he could neither walk nor talk. My grandmother waited on him, along with my Aunt Mary Lou, Clay's wife, until she lost her mind when she was old.

I cannot say enough good things about Clay's wife, Mary Lou. She came to Skyline from Paint Rock Valley to get a job in the hosiery mill and boarded with us for a while and there she met Clay, my daddy's brother, and soon they married and lived with my grandparents. She had a hard time living there, she cooked, washed, ironed, worked in the garden, anything that needed to be done. She was a beautiful young girl, all bubbly and cute but the following years took their toll on her. I saw her cry more than once. She was caught and saw no way out.

Mother always called my grandmother Paradise, "Miss Lee." Her name was Minnie Lee but all the children called her "Mam." I remember when she acquired that name. Her youngest son, Ray, was about 12 or 13 years old and she called on him to do something. When he answered her with "what?" she got a switch to him for not saying "Mam?" and from then on he called her Mam and we all picked it up.

My granddaddy Paradise remained alert until the day he died but the only words he could utter was "Git th' beans." He was on his way to the Rock Store to buy seed beans when he had the stroke and someone found him lying on the side of the road near death. I remember mother had me tiptoe into his bedroom to see him before they took him to the hospital for they thought he was going to die. He had many small strokes after that and was in a wheelchair the rest of his life.

I remember my Paw-Paw Paradise was a very kind and gentle man. Even after the stroke he would smile at me when I went to see him. Before he got sick he always petted me. Every time he went to the Rock Store he would buy me candy and bring it back by as he went home. I was his first grandchild and he loved me and I loved him.

When Bill and I started dating and he was told that Bill was the son of Will Sumner and the grandson of Exum Sumner, he nodded his understanding. The Sumners had a gravel business and had worked on the "project." Bill's daddy was killed in one of the trucks as it wrecked coming around the big curve where the old fairgrounds once stood on the Old Larkinsville Road. When the wreck was mentioned in front of my granddaddy he nodded recognition and tried his best to talk about it but all that would come out was his same phrase, "Gitta beans." He could have probably been helped today with speech therapy as well as physical therapy but he had no access to such luxuries at that time in the early 1940s.

Praying for a miracle, his children heard that a faith healer was going to be in Chattanooga in the near future. Many of the family planned and took him to her.

I remember that sunny day very well. It was a big tent meeting and the healer was a big black woman who laid her hands on him and prayed over him and actually had him saying the names of his children, Ray and Clay, and a few other words but I think it was because she stood there and worked with him. If he had been worked with over the next months I believe he could have talked.

Eventually my grandmother lost her mind and would wander off from the house. Clay, Jr. had gotten the house when the government sold the house and he sold it and moved into a smaller one. They built my grandparents a small shack at the edge of my Uncle Oakland's yard. They lived alone there.

I went to see them one day and my grandmother was standing over the little heater putting pages of a catalog in the heater to keep them warm. Her mind was already getting bad but whose wouldn't?! My granddaddy just looked at me and sadly shook his head. This grieved me terribly. I came back to Scottsboro crying that day and the next day I had someone take them a truck load of wood for the small stove. I was young then and I have always regretted not doing more for them but I was young and full of myself and just didn't take the time. They had children all around them.

September 23, 2009. During my lifetime I have seen a lot of historical things take place. I remember the day President Roosevelt died and I remember where I was when I heard it. I remember Harry Truman being sworn in and hearing people fuss about him, not thinking he was suitable to be a president at all.

When Richard Nixon resigned as President Bill, Ann, John and I were in Panama City, Florida. It had rained the whole time we were there so we played Candyland and watched the Nixon story for days.

I was watching the TV when the first astronaut went into space and made a picture of the TV when John Glenn walked on the moon.

The day John F. Kennedy was shot I was working for Liberty National Life Insurance Company and had started to my car when I ran into Mrs. Bertha Kirby in the parking lot. "They've shot him!" she cried. We watched the news for days and I was watching TV the day Lee Harvey Oswald, the accused assassin, was shot by Jack Ruby. Ruby later died in prison of cancer. Rumors were that he knew too much and was poisoned.

I remember seeing Bobby Kennedy as he was shot in the kitchen of a restaurant and watched the ensuing news stories for days afterwards.

These things I also remember:

John Fitzgerald Kennedy's widow married Aristotle Onassis of Greece. John Kennedy Jr. was killed in a plane crash.

Ted Kennedy, brother to Bobby and "Jack", or John, died with cancer and was buried at Arlington Cemetery.

I remember the day Martin Luther King was assassinated and all the things leading up to it. I lived through the Selma march, Rosa Parks taking her seat in the front of the bus, the Montgomery bus boycott when blacks refused to ride the buses, walked or car-pooled. Those were some very brave, courageous people. So sad that Martin Luther King was assassinated. What a brave man he was. If not for him I believe segregation would have gone on for many more years. We need someone like him today.

Segregation was real when I was growing up. I remember the "whites only" restrooms, water fountains and how poor the local blacks were. The older women suffered from malnutrition. You could see it in their deformed legs and ankles. I remember coming to town on the bus from Skyline and blacks would be standing around on the streets and you could smell some of them before you got to them. No wonder, most lived in shacks with no indoor plumbing.

They couldn't get jobs except cleaning houses or cheap labor jobs. I remember when the mills started hiring them and I was so glad for them even though I lost my house cleaning help but I was happy for her.

If a black person wanted a sandwich they had to go in the back door of a restaurant or if they came in the front door they had to go to the back and wait for their order. They were not allowed to sit down in the restaurant. It was awful the way they were treated. If I had been black I would have been marching right along with them.

The first TV I ever saw was in the window of Hodges Drug Store on the square. It was a colored one and the color was so snowy and dim you could hardly tell what was going on but it was amazing anyway.

Our first TV was a black and white metal floor model. I wouldn't leave the house at night for days because I was afraid I would miss something. It was a while longer before the colored TV became an everyday thing.

Automatic washing machines and dryers, coffee makers, cell phones, digital clocks, digital anything came into being during my lifetime. Cell phones were magic!

October 2, 2009. Just sitting here in the swing in my sun room staring out across the cool, still waters of Roseberry Creek, thinking as I often do, "How in the world did I get here from there,"Little would I have guessed back when I was sitting in that outhouse flipping through last year's Sears, Roebuck catalog that one day I would be on first-name basis with Judges, lawyers and doctors and other important people (I thought then) in town. This occurred to me one day as I was getting into my car at the supermarket and yelled "Hey Boy," across the parking lot to a Judge I knew. And it occurred to me on the way home I had just called a Judge, Boy!

Back to the outhouse: (As Sears & Roebuck toilet paper goes, the tools section was much preferred, thinner sheets and much softer than the colored clothing pages).

Many times I would sit in the outhouse hoping somebody would wash the dishes before I got back but, as luck would have it, the dishes with the dried up food on them were usually still waiting for me! If Daddy cooked that day, flour would be

strung from cabinet to table to stove! Everything he had used was stacked up with dried food on them. He would mess up everything in the kitchen but he sure could cook some good meals.

I hated washing dishes, absolutely hated it but it fell my task quite often to do it anyway. I didn't growl about it as we just "did it" in those days. You didn't talk back! So I would dip my warm dishwater out of the *reservoir* on the old stove into a dishpan for washing and if there was enough water left, I dipped rinsing water into another dish pan. If not enough warm water I used cold water. The homemade lye soap was used for washing dishes as well as the clothes. You put a bar in the bottom of the pan and it would lather as you washed. I often let them *drip dry* or someone might come along with the drying towel and do it for me.

Talking about a *drying towel*, we called our washed and bleached *gu-anner sacks* everything from wash rags to sheets and pillow cases, bath towels, hand towels, bandages (tear a strip off and wrap it around a toe that had stepped on a rusty nail after you had poured coal oil (*quole oil-kerosene*) on it to keep it from getting infected).

Today I'm amused when I think about the times we would be short on sacks and have to go to *the rag box*! We didn't throw away anything. If it was worn out it went to the rag box, a great big old box that had once been used to salt down meat and it stayed full of rags. I asked someone once, "Did you ever try to take a bath with a piece of an old dress?!" Slick, very slick!

Quilt pieces also came from the rag box. The parts of the clothes that was still good was cut into patterns and pieced into quilt tops. We were never short on quilts. The women of the neighborhood would gather at each other's houses and quilt. The quilting frame would hang from the small living room ceiling and would be rolled up at night and let down again the next day. The quilting frame was four 1" x 2" pieces of wood, the best I remember. Holes were bored into the ends and a big

bolt held them together. When you finished with them they would be taken apart and stored until next time.

Sitting there in my swing, (that I had gotten mad at my husband and bought, along with two outdoor wicker rockers for over \$3,000), my mind sadly recalled those hard days for my parents on that farm yet it was the happiest days ever for our family. There were no "high-falutin" folks at Skyline. We were all poor as razor backs! You never thought of craving better things. What was, was. I wore one dress to school two days and another one the last three days. After all, mother had to wash in washtubs in the yard, rubbing them on the rub board, hang them on the line to dry, winter and summer, bring them in, separate the "rough dried" from the "wearing clothes." The next day was ironing day when mother would sprinkle the wearing clothes, put them in a pillowcase to keep them damp and as she sprinkled, the old "sad irons" would be heating in the fireplace or on the wood-burning kitchen stove. When we didn't have an ironing board, mother spread a quilt on the big old pine kitchen table and that is where she did her ironing. A certain old quilt was used for ironing and was known as the "ironing quilt," and was folded and used again next week.

But let me back up. After the clothes were rubbed clean on the rub board the white ones would go into the *boiling pot*, to boil the rest of the dirt out while the colored ones, that were *wearing clothes*, were rinsed in the rinsing tub and then starched in the dish pan of starch, either bought or homemade. Flour and water was mixed for the homemade and I think it was boiled to mix it well, then hung on the *clothes line* to dry. In the winter the clothes would freeze so hard on the line they could have *stood alone* they were so hard. Those didn't need sprinkling for ironing. They came in the house already *damp*. Let me say here that the colored clothes were always turned wrong side out to keep them from fading. We didn't have much but we took care of what we did have. That was the difference in my family and some other families on the mountain. We never expected to stay that poor the rest of our lives. My parents were very ambitious and taught us to take care of things because there was no money to replace.

Mother made her own lye soap for washing clothes and many times also for washing ourselves. After wash day her hands would be so chapped and red and I remember she would rub *camphor stick* on them. This came in a tube and all these many years later I remember exactly what it looked like. I ran across a tube in a thrift store recently and started to buy it but I wanted nothing to remind me of those days when we had so little. I think about it enough as I try to go to sleep at

night, how hard my parents worked and at the same time taught us how to live, to always be the best of whatever we were.

It was a given that as soon as you got home from school you changed clothes, putting your *school clothes* on hangers and hanging them on one of the ten-penny nails in the plank walls. There was only one closet and that was the *dirty clothes closet* under the stairs. Yes, we had an upstairs in that project house. The only one on the mountain. A carpenter had lived there first and had added two bedrooms in the loft area. You accessed the stairs from the back porch and when Mr. Bell came we kids had to sleep upstairs. Oh, mercy, how cold it was going first outside to go upstairs and the upstairs without a dab of heat except the chimney that ran through the littlest bedroom and gave it a little warmth. We would have five or six quilts on us! Mother would heat an iron in the winter and wrap it and put it in the bed at our feet. I remember we had a *pants quilt* made out of the men's old worn out wool pants and I loved that thing. Cold air was stopped cold. I remember mother showing me whose pants this square was and who's another one was. I remember one was from a pair that belonged to paw-paw Clay.

We could only afford one pair of oxford shoes for the school year and if we wore a hole in the bottom our mother would cut cardboard to fit in the bottom and repair them. If a tack started biting your foot, a borrowed iron shoe last and a hammer quickly fixed it. When it rained and your cardboard soles got soaking wet you just cut out another one from a shoe box or whatever cardboard you could find. I remember my socks being soaking wet sometimes when I would get home from school.

Today it pains me to think of how hard my parents worked on that farm. I remember as a young child, my brother and I would take water to daddy who was plowing in the *new ground across the holler*. He would be working so hard with sweat running down his sun-burned face and the old plow would hit a stump and jump off the ground and he would have to start again. New ground was exactly what it was. It was woods where daddy had cut the trees and seedlings and was trying to make a field out of it. Stumps were constantly burning. He finally got it in shape enough to turn it into a cornfield.

In the meantime mother would be cooking *dinner* on that wood-burning stove that she had to use 365 days a year, hot or cold, that was it. In the summer

months we would move the eating table and chairs out to the screened in porch. You see, nobody had a fan, air conditioning was unheard of. Sliding the windows up was all the air-conditioning you had and sometimes fanning with a funeral home fan that had been given out at church. It must have been over 100 degrees in those old country kitchens in the summer months with that wood-burning stove fired up.

As poor as we were, we always had bountiful meals. Meat and dessert at every meal unless mother was very tired that night and then we would sometimes have hot mush with butter and a glass of milk. Mush was the forerunner of today's grits. The corn was taken to the grist mill and ground, brought home and sifted to get the hulls out before it was used. The result was a coarse-ground corn that would equal grits. I loved mush with plenty of *home grown butter*. I love grits the same way today if I cook them myself.

We usually had fried chicken every Sunday. We had plenty of vegetables, canned in the winter and fresh in the summer. We always had a big garden. Dessert was often Jello with fruit cocktail and *real whipping cream*. (We had one old Jersey cow whose milk was about 1/3 cream)

Hog-killing day was an exciting day for me. Neighbors would come in to help daddy, water would be boiling in the yard and poles erected to hang the poor hog on but there was a lot of movement and excitement on that day. We had tenderloin for supper after every hog-killing. Daddy wanted the best part of that old hog he had been working on all day.

The hams were stored in the smoke house after being salted down or smoked. I was too young to remember the preserving of the meat but I know when we wanted ham we went to the smoke house with a knife and sliced off a chunk.

Perhaps the hardest part of hog killing day was trimming the fat and boiling it down and pouring it into a lard can for later use. Then you had cracklins leftover to use in making "cracklin' bread.

Living on a farm was a full-time job. There was the plowing and planting in the spring, gathering and canning in the summer and taking care of the stock in the

winter. We had nine cows, a mare, a horse and numerous hogs. We had a beautiful collie that would round up all the cows in the pasture and bring them to the barn at night. If one was missing she went back and got it. My brother and I would milk the nine cows sometimes and play with squirting the milk at each other and to the old cats that were always hanging around the barn. Sometimes we would have an old cow that would kick the daylights out of you if you touched her tits so daddy had to buy some *kickers* so she couldn't kick us.

Mother and daddy were always ambitious and found a way to make a living outside the farm. Mother sold milk, buttermilk and butter. Then when the mill opened up they rented the best bedroom to a renter for \$5 a week including *room and board*. I well remember Mr. Grover Bell who lived with us for a while during the week and worked at the hosiery mill. He would go home on weekends and come back Sunday night. \$5 would buy groceries for a week so this was a life-saver for them. I ran into Mr. Bell one day at Section sitting with Mr. Marvin Campbell and a few other men in front of a little grocery store and we reminisced about those days at Skyline. He said, "Jess never killed one chicken. We always had two."

Then mother and daddy got jobs at the hosiery mill, daddy first then mother. I remember mother telling me she went to work for \$9 a week. She paid a live-in babysitter \$5 of that so she had worked all week for \$4. But that was pretty good in the days of a bag of sugar for a quarter and other staples priced about the same. We had a our corn ground for meal, sugar cane ground into molasses, had our own meat and veggies so our grocery bill was not that much. A sack of flour, a sack of sugar, cereal for the kids, cool-aid. We raised our own popcorn so that made up our snacks. I loved popcorn, popped over the fire in a mesh *popper*, with a cold glass of milk.

Soon mother was making \$13 a week and I guess daddy was making about the same, anyway our lifestyle picked up and we could have a few extras. They were very good managers and I learned a lot from them. I don't know how in the world they got by on so little except they were not lazy and didn't mind working.

A big treat for us during the summer months was to borrow the neighbor's ice cream maker, flag down the ice man and buy a fifty-pound block of ice and

cover it good with toe-sacks to keep it from melting. I'm sure it was a four-quart freezer for there never was enough to fill me up. I always quit, hankering for another saucer full. We ate it out of saucers because we had no dessert bowls in those days and it was so amusing to me when I moved to Scottsboro and went to work on weekends at a restaurant, the older people who came in would order a "saucer of cream." I knew exactly what they meant. Actually, the restaurant served their ice cream in saucers, too, three scoops for a dime.

One pair of shoes per school year and when the soles got holes in them your mother found a thick piece of cardboard, cut it to size and inserted. When it rained and the cardboard got soaking wet we cut another and so it went till spring when we shucked shoes altogether and went *barefoot all summer*.

When I started this diatribe, for a working name I called it *Just Rambling* because that is how I wrote it over the years when I thought of something or didn't have anything else to do so that is the way I'm writing it today. I don't pretend that it is a work of art. Just a work of memory when a thought hit me.

Some years ago the Jackson County Board of Education decided to demolish the old Skyline School and build a new one. Actually, they were on the eve of tearing it down when I got the idea of writing a feature story on it to see if I could try and save it. The following is the first story I wrote that appeared on the editorial page of the Daily Sentinel. A lot of it is incorporated in my "I Remember Skyline" piece but I am typing it in its entirety as it contains information not cited anywhere else.

17

I Remember Skyline School

(Used as a guest editorial in the Daily Sentinel but the date escapes me)

"It is with a great deal of sadness and sense of loss that I hear of the plans to demolish the historic old Skyline School building.

"To those of us who lived there in the 1940s the old school building was the hub of community activities and holds many fond memories of days long past—a life time ago.

"It was here I started second grade—first grade was in a mattress-ticking partitioned warehouse behind the Rock Store as the original school had burned. I only remember the first day of first grade and that is because some young'un' cried for his mama all day and I wanted mine, too.

"Mrs. Lilah Beason was my second grade teacher. Other teachers I remember were Ola Vaught, Alice White Rudder, Alice Thomas Nichols, Winnie Sisk, Bebe Jones Fancher, Inez Lindsay Proctor, Chalma Fossett, principle, Cecil and Margaret Hodges (Cecil was also principle at one time), Dr. and Mrs. George Bouldin and a Miss Patterson whose first name I have long forgotten.

"The Bouldins had been missionaries in Japan for 34 years when World War II started. They were on a boat trying to get to America, along with many other Americans. They were not allowed to get close enough to our shores to land and Japan would not let them return. After many negotiations they finally set foot on American soil again. They came to Skyline to teach and sent the rest of their days there. Mrs. Bouldin, an accomplished artist and pianist taught piano. I took lessons from her.

"Another teacher I remember is Miss Elizabeth Watkins, also a missionary who had worked in Japan six years. She had to come back to America every six years to keep her American citizenship. She taught for a year at Skyline and when she returned to Japan she gave my name and address to some of her students in her English class and one of them, Mihoko, and I became pen-pals for over twenty-five years.

"In the beginning, all the students brought their lunch but then a lunchroom was built and parents were asked to can vegetables for the lunchroom and the children ate free. There were two little screened in sheds across the road from the school where some of the women met and canned under the cool of the big

shade trees. In those days that certainly beat firing up the wood-burning stove in the small kitchen on a hot summer day.

"At recess in the summertime, the girls played jump the rope and the boys played softball or would draw circles in the sand and play marbles. After school and at lunch time we would sit on the old rock steps and play games.

"I remember a community Christmas tree at the old school. Everyone came and put a gift ON the tree. It was a huge tree reaching toward the ceiling of the auditorium. Looking back, I'll bet half of those gifts were handkerchiefs for that was about the only "gifty" thing the Rock Store had to offer. I got 17 handkerchiefs out of 18 for my fifth birthday party. Tommy Barclay brought an Easter chicken filled full of candy. His mama was probably the only parent who had a car and could get down the mountain to town.

"There were square dances at the school on Saturday nights and church on Sunday. Daddy would be the caller at the dances while my mother and I watched from the sidelines. Daddy represented the dancers of old. He loved to dance and was always the caller. His brother, Oakland, also was a good square dancer. Their style was reminiscent of today's buck dancing. I think I probably got my love of dancing from my dad. In those days they danced—no lessons—just what came naturally—whatever the music dictated. No doubt there was a lot of white lightning being passed around at those dances for the bootlegger was just over in the holler. Later I understood why some of the women giggled and the men had red faces!

"Then there were "box suppers" held in the auditorium to raise money for one cause or another. Such fun to decorate the shoe boxes with colorful crepe paper and fill them with goodies to be auctioned off. A fun night and lots of money (for that time) was made.

"Eddie Arnold and the Blackwood Quartet performed in the auditorium one summer night. I sat right on the front row, all ten years of me, and a young Eddie Arnold grinned at me and it made my day!

"I remember playing Little Red Riding Hood in a play on the old stage in the auditorium as if it was yesterday (I probably got the part because I had a red coat, cap and leggings). Real pine limbs were cut and nailed to wooden stands to make a good hiding place for the lurking Big Bad Wolf!

"The only thing I ever stole was at Skyline School. In about the second or third grade a friend whose father was manager at the Rock Store, had me hold her Boston Baked Beans for her at recess and by the time she wanted them back there was only one or two left! My conscience has remembered this after all these years!

"I remember the six or seven-holers out back (way out back!), a his and a hers. Saw my first bad words on the walls of these old toilets.

"I had my first crush at Skyline School. I was madly in love with that nineteen-year-old Red Parks of Pisgah who taught and coached one year before returning to Howard College, now Samford University, to finish his degree. Red Parks organized the first basketball team at Skyline in 1947. I made a picture of them and want to have a nice copy made and present to the school.

"Some of my classmates and buddies at Skyline were Barnabas "Barney" Harding, Clara Nell Guinn, Pearline Sharp, Dorothy Sharp, Clara Mae Freeman, Agnes Holsomback, Joyce Hill, Earl Guffey, Charles Walls and his sister, Betty Sue, Harold Russell, Billy Ray Harrison, Wayne Tyler and many others too numerous to mention.

"Clara Mae and Agnes learned to speak pig Latin and we thought that was so cool. I learned it, can still speak it, thought that was a big accomplishment!

"One of my young friends got me in a heap of trouble once. She said the teacher told her we could go to her house nearby and play so we did. The teacher really didn't say it was okay and we barely escaped the paddle. I took the teacher a mess of ro-san ears the next day and for years Bebe Jones Fancher teased me about trying to bribe her.

"I learned to roller skate in the auditorium at the tender age of nine or ten. It seems the principle at the time had been in the roller skating business and had a bunch of skates he needed to get rid of so he conceived the idea of starting a skating rink in the auditorium on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons and selling

us his left-over skates. Of course, we loved it. They said, and we thought, Tot Jones and I were the cutest couple on the floor. I guess Tot was eleven or twelve.

"For many years we had movies on Saturday nights (no popcorn). This was on the old stage so the curtains could be pulled to shut out the light. Red Brakefield owned the business and Paul Miller of Scottsboro ran the projector.

"All the years I went to school at Skyline it was a dream that one day it would be a high school but that dream didn't materialize for me so my parents sold their business and moved to Scottsboro just after I finished the eighth grade.

"It seems my roots have always been tied to Skyline School. The most carefree days of my life were spent there at wiener roasts, parties, hayrides on Saturday nights with a few close friends. Some of the friends I made at Skyline remain my friends these many years later.

"Today when I'm sad or nostalgic I get in the car and ride and many times I end up on the grounds of Skyline School where I was once happy and carefree those many years ago.

SKYLINE SCHOOL

(the second piece used as another guest editorial in The Daily Sentinel)

"Since writing my recollections of my years at Skyline School many have come by to share their own memories with me.

"For instance, every year on the first day of May there was a grand Mayday celebration at the school. There would be a magnificent May Pole with vibrant streamers held by students as they weaved in and out and around. There were cake walks, fish ponds and lots of fun. It was an all-day affair with food, music and fellowship. I remember seeing movies made of a May Day Celebration by Mrs. George Reed, a teacher and wife of one of the Project supervisors. There is a snapshot of my brother and I made the same day eating ice cream cones.

"It seems to me there was a gazebo or pavilion of sorts on the grounds where Chester Allen's band and a square dance team practiced before they left for Washington to perform for Eleanor Roosevelt's tea party in the Rose Garden.

"There were All Day Singings and Dinner on the Grounds every year on the first Sunday in June. Singers from near and far would come to spend the day, their voices wafting through the raised windows. If there was no room in the auditorium and the windows were all taken you could hear the singing anyway. Tables would be set up end to end reaching half the length of the school building loaded with everything from friend chicken to homemade biscuits and cornbread.

"I remember going to school one beautiful cold winter day when every single limb and bush was iced over. With a brilliant Southern sun shining through the limbs it was a breathtaking sight to behold. Mrs. Vaught, our third grade teacher, took us outside to observe the grand spectacted and then she had us write a poem about what we saw. She thought my poem was worthy of the ninth grade hearing it so she sent me down the hall to read my poem to the principles class. What a shot of self-esteem!

"There was a little hole-in-the wall in the hall that had probably been a cloak room, that was used as a little store where students could buy school supplies. As one of the "clerks" I learned to make change.

"During WWII we had a patriotic play in the auditorium of Skyline School honoring those who had gone to fight for the freedoms we enjoy today. Every branch of the service was represented including WACS and WAVES. We all ordered our uniforms from Sears, Roebuck catalog. I was a WAVE and still have a picture to prove it. Margaret Hodges played the piano and we practiced for days songs like, "Let Those Casins Go Rollin' Along," and many more.

"By this time there were little flags with gold stars hanging in the windows of many homes at Skyline signifying that a son had given his all for the cause. If the star was blue it meant a son had gone to fight. Many young Skyline boys joined others giving their lives before it was over, "Over there."

"Other Skyline teachers keep coming to mind as I write. There was a Mrs. Bass who lived across the road from the school. I attended her son, Ralph's, birthday party and my good friend the year I was five was Betty Vandiver with whom I poured tea in the afternoons under a big shade tree in my yard or hers.

"Eunice Matthews was also an early teacher at the school. She lived at the "teacherage" near the school. (A project house that had been turned into a residence for teachers). My first experience in a real bathtub was at the teacherage when my aunt Inez Proctor lived there. Sure beat the fire out of that galvanized wash tub!

"Mrs. Ella Ruth Lambert tells me "the beautiful Miss Patterson" I mentioned was Mary Nell, a cousin of hers. She said Mary Nell's husband was killed in the invasion of Normandy and Mary Nell died of cancer in her forties.

"Another early friend of mine was Leon "Sonny" Kennamer, later a well-known photographer in Guntersville. The Kennamers lived near the Rock Store. I remember going home from school with Sonny one day and dropping a glass and breaking it on the kitchen floor. "That's one of my mother's favorite glasses," he said. I was really sorry about breaking that glass with the multi-colored circles and never forgot it.

"Of course, our heritage is tied to buildings (in answer to a letter to the editor about the school just being a building). It always has been. We all like to tread the halls once trod by our forefathers. My grandfather's house once used as a stagecoach inn was built before the Civil War. There is a bullet hole above the door still visible today, where, according to my granny, a Yankee soldier, upon hearing there were no more hams to forage, flew into a mad rage and shot above their heads. I can remember saying from time to time, "Granny, show me the hole where the Yankee shot and she would and I would marvel at it and feel such pride, even as a child, at being a part of that historic old house.

"So many loving memories come to mind of visits to that wonderful old house during the summers; waking to delicious smells coming from the big old kitchen—of watching Granny make biscuits in the ancient old pantry and later lifting them from the oven of the dependable old wood-burning stove. And each Easter we hunted

real boiled and dyed eggs among the hundreds of centuries old buttercups covering the yard.

"The house being torn down would never destroy my memories but then my children would have been deprived of the pleasure of visiting there, playing with

the cow, wading in the branch at the foot of the hill that I waded in as a child. Some things you have to experience to fully appreciate. How wonderful to be able to climb those many ancient steps and enter that historic old house all these 138 years later and to have been able to show my children the hole where the Yankee shot.

"Of course, our heritage is tied to buildings—Williamsburg, Monticello, The Hermitage—the list could go on forever. They were all saved because people revered their heritage and wanted to save the buildings for generations to come so that they could more ably appreciate their history.

"Preserving our history and heritage is my business. It is your business. It is the business of us all (the letter to the editor said it was none of my business)."

The old school building was renovated and still stands today and I like to think I had some small part in saving it.

Ramblin' Again.

"We always had a swing. It was either a car tire tied to a plow rope and hung from a tree or a toe sack stuffed with straw, tied at the top with rope which was then hung from strong tree limb. We'd straddle the sack and away we'd go for hours. I'll be that was more fun than the many things you buy today. They would go higher, too!

"When the first hint of spring came we aggravated mother to death asking 'can we go barefooted yet? Huh? Can we?' This would be our first question first thing each morning when it was evident that winter was finally over. She never let us go out with our shoes off till she was confident the ground was warm enough not to make us sick. She always made us go barefoot in the house for a few days first then an hour or two in the yard till the weather was very warm then we never put our shoes on again except for special occasions until it got too cold to go barefoot again.

"I couldn't stand the dryness between my toes after playing barefoot in the sand all day long so I would periodically run to the well pump and pump water on my feet.

"Some of the perils of going barefoot included stumping our toe and making it bleed, stepping on a rusty nail, a piece of glass, being stung by a yellow jacket. Kerosene was poured on open wounds and wet baking soda was applied to the bee stings unless you happened to be at the house of a snuff-dipping neighbor and then you got wet snuff packed on the sting. The snuff was always yukky (but I didn't know the word then) to me so as soon as the well-meaning lady's head was turned I would run wash it off.

"Kids don't have enough time now to go barefoot. Regretfully, they are always busy with one planned activity or another. Their sneakers today probably cost more than our family spent on groceries for a whole year. I can remember someone mentioning a hundred dollars once and I couldn't imagine so much money.

"My brother and I (my sister was still a baby) loved for it to rain. We'd run out into the rain from the front porch, run back to the porch then back into the rain getting drenched from head to toe. We could hardly wait for it to stop so we could go wade in the big sandy ditch that ran along the road in front of our house. I can still feel the cold water rushing between my toes and once more hear our gleeful laughter as we splished and splashed up and down the ditch getting our clothes even wetter. When we had exhausted ourselves or mother called us to supper, we'd head for the house and a dry change of clothes.

"I loved a rainy day. Loved to walk in it. It was even more exciting if there was a little distant thunder and an occasional clap of lightening. I would get out one of my favorite books and read or color the pictures or practice writing my name all over it or build a cabin with my Lincoln logs. "I still love a good downpour. All the more so if I'm home alone. A good roll of thunder now and then and a hot bowl of soup add much to the coziness of felling 'rained in.'

"When the hosiery mill opened at Skyline it was a Godsend to many families. Before my parents got jobs there daddy came up with the idea that the workers needed snacks. There was no such thing as vending machines in those days so he bought a big double-door electric refrigerator. My Aunt Maud Lindsay lived with us then and worked on a government job called the NYA for \$10 for \$10 a month.

Mother said Maud let her borrow the money to buy the refrigerator and she has always been grateful to her.

"He bought more cows, milk bottles and cardboard caps and started selling milk to the workers at the plant. He would buy big cans of chocolate malted milk powder and make chocolate milk to sell along with the plain milk. He bottled pint and half-pints. We all helped bottle it and daddy acquired two half-bushel tubs he would fill with ice frozen in the refrigerator and carry it a mile to the mill. I never appreciated how heavy one half-bushel tub filled with ice and bottles of milk were until years later. We had no car and daddy said a relative would pass him, walking with those tubs, and not stop and allow him to ride. That hurt him a lot. He carried the tubs daily rain or shine, snow or sunshine. We needed that extra money. Daddy was an entrepreneur. He would think of some way to make the extra money we needed.

"The mill workers were so poor they would have to charge the fifteen cents or a quarter until payday so daddy had to 'keep books' of how much who owed and go back on a Friday to collect. When he would come home with pockets full of change he would hold out a double handful of change and let us keep all we could hold in one hand. This delighted him. During this time he would get in the floor with us on his all-fours and let us ride his back. We tried to see how long we could hold on before being bounced off onto the floor only to get up and try again.

"The used bottles would be brought home and boiled in dishpans on the wood-burning stove to sterilize them. No such things as the health department inspectors in those days. There were no health laws, as far as I know, to govern us back then. If there had been they would have been hard-pressed to catch us as the roads up the mountain were almost impassable and the bootleggers kept the one phone line to the Rock Store cut!

"Finally Daddy got a job at the mill and hired one young man after another to work the farm for him, giving him 'room and board.' I don't know if they were paid any cash or not. I doubt it. There wasn't any. When we would visit my grandparents in Long Hollow, daddy would ask them if they knew any young men he might hire to help him on the farm. They usually knew someone. Two that I remember were D. William Brown and Franklin Paradise, a cousin of my Dad's. These boys came from very large families, had no chance for education and badly

needed jobs. They lived with us at different times and worked the farm and became a part of our family for a time.

"During this time I started First Grade in a warehouse behind the Rock Store because the schoolhouse had burned. I remember the warehouse being partitioned off into rooms with mattress ticking. The only day of first grade I remember was a youngun' cried for his mama all day and it made me very homesick cause I wanted mine, too.

"I only attended school two months in the first grade because of a rare illness that prevented me from walking. They promoted me anyway, letting me skip 'High first' and go on to second grade. I guess first and high first were equal to pre-school and kindergarten today. Anyway I skipped a grade. I had been taught a lot before I started to school. I could already read and write.

"When I was old enough to read I read a lot of books. That, too, has stayed with me. One of my favorite books back then was about a little boy boiling rice when his parents were not home. He boiled so much that it ran over into the floor and chased him completely out into the yard. I thought it was hilarious and read it over and over.

"I found that a book is a good place to get lost and visit a different world for awhile. I taught Frank Paradise (he worked for daddy and lived with us one summer) how to read from my Dick and Jane book and taught him how to write and his ABC's. Frank was one of sixteen children and he never had an opportunity to go to school and he was very eager to learn. We would sit in front of our fireplace and I would teach him his ABCs and then how to read my books. He later went into the Army and was able to write letters back home. Frank was a very handsome young boy, very clean and neat with dark black hair and eyes and beautiful white teeth.

"After mother went to work in the mill we had a live-baby sitter, house keeper because my parents had to work the night shift sometimes. Myrtle Anderson was our first housekeeper. She lived with us a long time and finally married an Anderton boy from Langston.

"We all slept upstairs when mother and Daddy were at work. I guess we felt safer and with ne more door between us and the boogers. Anyway, one night we were all in bed and something grabbed the stairway door, which was latched with a

screen door latch, and began to shake it. We were absolutely terrified. Myrtle, too. So she told us she would ease the front window up and on the count of three we, all of us, would yell as loud as we could scream, 'Mr. Shrader' (our neighbor who lived across the road). So that's what we did. Mr. Shrader sure enough heard us and came running. Our booger turned out to be an old cat who had put her paws under the door and rattled it!

"Another time when we were all almost asleep we heard the most bloodcurdling scream you can imagine. That thing screamed and screamed and we nearly fainted with every scream. We all just huddled there together shaking the bed till it hushed and I think we all slept in the same bed that night including fifteen-year old Myrtle. Some of the neighbors told us it was probably a 'painter' (panther) but daddy decided it must have been a hoot-owl.

"When Myrtle quit us they hired Edith Kindred. I had liked Myrtle but I didn't like Edith. She would have her boyfriend over after my parents went to work and it made me uneasy in a way I didn't understand. They went upstairs to the bedroom but I don't think anything happened 'cause I went up and checked on them but I had a vague idea what could happen if I left and it unnerved me. The boyfriend, Frank Murphy, tried to bribe me with a quarter but I wouldn't budge. Edith didn't last long after I told on her. (Frank Murphy was an exact replica of Robert Mitchem, the movie star, so help me. I remember him still).

"Another housekeeper was Gracie Anderson and I liked her. Gracie's brother was killed in WWII while she was living with us and he was the first corpse I ever saw. He looked so blue and smelled strange. I had nightmares ab out him and can see him yet all laid out in that tiny living room with a wine-ish colored net draped over the narrow wooden casket. His face was long and blue and there were splotches on it. His hands that lay across his chest were blue and his fingernails even bluer. I was scared to death of death and thought of it often during my growing up years. I don't remember any other corpses. Surely I must have seen others for children always went to funerals, too, but none stuck in my memory like that of Pvt. Anderson.

"When I was in first grade I became very sick. My parents took me to Dr. Rayford Hodges and he sent me on to the Children's Hospital in Chattanooga wher I was treated by Dr. Long, a short, pudgy little man I called, "Dr. Shorty." His diagnosis was something that sounded something like 'hemmo-ragge pu-purl.' He

said I could start hemorrhaging from any part of my body at any time. It was imperative that I stay in bed. I became so weak I could not hold my head up and couldn't hold anything in my hands. One day a nurse was feeding me and griped to one of her buddies, 'I've got one here that can't feed herself so I'm having to feed her.' There was a cookie on that tray that I wanted so badly and she wouldn't hand it to me. She took it away with the almost untouched plate of food. I have always remembered her unkindness to me and how badly I wanted that cookie. I wasn't eating much of anything else.

"To this day I remember how hateful those nurses on that floor were to me because I couldn't do anything for myself. I was a small child away from home in a strange place, sick, very weak, scared and alone except for the short visits they would allow mother during visiting hours, the only times she was allowed to see me. It makes me sad to think about it now. "When I told mother about the cookie incident she reported it to the doctor and I was moved to another floor where the nurses were a little nicer.

"This was just a week or two before Christmas about the year 1940. I was in a room on the third floor and just below my window was a house with a brightly lit Christmas tree in the living room and up on the mountain behind the house I could see a brightly lit star. I would lay in bed at night and gaze at that tree for hours and I was so homesick I could hardly bear it. I kept wondering if I would be home for Christmas. At that tender age I thought Santa Claus would not come to see me if I wasn't at home.

"I don't know how mother and daddy paid for all this. Mother stayed in a house next door with one of the nurses who worked at the hospital for a dollar a day and come during visiting hours each day and read to me from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' She was so precious and loving to me during this time as she was for all of my life.

"Across the hall from me was a girl who sang songs all day long. Over and over she sang, 'Gonna Lay all My Troubles Down by the Riverside.' I never hear that song that I don't remember that little thirteen-year-old girl in that hospital room across the hall from me in Children's Hospital in Chattanooga, Tennessee. We carried on conversations all day long but couldn't see each other. When they wheeled me out of my room when I left the hospital we saw each other for the first and last time.

"Recently, I gave a talk at a Kairos Outside Weekend and I chose 'Riverside' as my talk song. Each speaker chooses the song they want sung before they make their talk and this one was on the list.

"I did get home before Christmas but I couldn't walk. Mother slept with me in the bedroom heated by a fireplace and she would heat irons in the coals, wrap them in cloths and put to my feet each night to keep me warm.

"On Christmas Eve night I woke mother in the middle of the night and asked her if Santa had come yet. She sleepily said yes and that she would go see what he had left. She brought a big beautiful baby doll and laid her in my tiny arms and we both drifted back off to sleep. Today I can only imagine how exhausted she must have been but there was no trace of it in her voice to me that night or ever.

"Some of the teachers came to see me and brought me a scrapbook, scissors, paste and a lot of magazines to cut pictures from. I learned much later they had brought me a box of chocolates but I couldn't have them.

"I spent hours while in bed cutting and pasting pictures in this scrapbook which I still have though it is pretty ragged as over the years when I was doing a project in school and needed magazine pictures I would pull down my old scrapbook and tear one out so I just about demolished it.

"I remember that pictures of the Dion quintuplets were always in the magazines. Five little girls that looked alike fascinated me and I would cut out all the pictures I found of them and paste them in my scrapbook. They were born about the year I was and their lives were so commercialized that their pictures appeared constantly in a lot of magazines. That scrapbook became very important to me and it has survived all these years. .

"I slowly began trying to walk again and after a long time I was back on my feet. Mother worked hard with me determined I would walk again. I still remember that when I tried to lift my leg it felt like my foot weighed a ton and I could barely move it from the floor. Taking care of me must have been an exhausting job for mother in addition to all her other chores. I had to be held up on both sides while I painstakingly tried to move my legs. I don't know how long it was before I was walking again but mother never gave up on me and worked with me

long day after long day and each day brought a little progress. It was a real milestone when I could finally lift my foot off the floor unaided.

"At Skyline, children were not permitted to ride the school bus unless they lived at least two miles from school but mother got special permission for me to ride because I had been sick. She bought me a red coat, cap and leggings to keep me warm. Mr. Claud Black, the school bus driver, was so kind to me.

"Later, when I was again walking to school, we liked to stop at Pole Branch, just around the curve and down the hill from the house, and spit in the water and make a wish. It was said if your spit made a cracking sound your wish was suppose to come true. There was a rock wall with a ledge on top along the bridge that spanned Pole Branch and some days I would sit on that ledge and spit till my mouth was bone dry.

"While we were at the project house Daddy dug a spring down in the pasture near the public road so our cows would have plenty of water and it would not have to be pumped from the well and carried to the barn. That spring supplied our cows with plenty of water as long as we lived at the project house and was still running many years after we moved from the mountain to Scottsboro. Every time I rode to Skyline I would check on the spring.

"Now the way daddy knew where to insert his shovel and start digging is interesting indeed. He used a 'witching rod' (sometimes called a witching stick) to find water. The witching stick daddy used, mother just told me, was a 'with' he broke from a peach tree. (I imagine 'width' was shortened to 'with'. (Didn't matter what it was called when they used one to stripe your legs the name was immaterial!))

"The witching stick had to be forked on one end or the whole stick forming a 'y' according to mother. To use it, you walked with the stick end pointing forward holding a fork in each hand and when you came to a place where there was water underground the stick would bend down toward the ground. Sure enough! This is the truth and witching stick and the expression 'witching for water' were as common as was killin' hawgs and chopping a chicken's head off with a pick ax. I experimented with a witching stick myself and it works.

"Just outside the fence of our pasture was a beautiful blooming plant that the folks in those parts called 'poison ivy.' I have since learned it was probably mountain laurel but indeed it was so poison to any cow that grazed it, it would kill

her. We lost several cows that ate poison ivy. Losing a cow in those days must have been devastating to my parents and I can remember losing several.

"Every spring we would go pick big bouquets of this beautiful bush we called poison ivy. There was a lot of ivy between our pasture fence and pole branch as well as holly trees and honeysuckle bushes. I loved the honeysuckle and always went hunting for these bushes in the spring and would bring home beautiful bouquets. "During the Christmas holidays we would go cut a bunch of holly branches and decorate the house putting it over the pictures on the walls and the mirror over the mantel. I would string holly berries to string and decorate the Christmas tree along with strings of popcorn. The berries were usually turning black the next morning but I was proud of them anyway. They looked festive with my strings of popcorn and paper chains.

"Mother came from a close-knit, hard-working family, a family of many traditions. You didn't go to my granddaddy's table without first washing your face and hands at the washstand that stood nearby. I always thought maybe this came down through generations from older, more prosperous members of the family who once, 'dressed for dinner.'

"I remember going to the Lindsay home often and eating at the big wooden table. The children always sat on a bench down the back side of the table near the wall. The older folks would eat first. While granny was getting the meal ready we would set the table, turning the plates upside down and then getting peach tree limbs and, with one child at one end of the table and one at the other with the leafy limbs, they would continually fan the table to keep the flies away. There were no screen doors nor screen windows and it was so hot all windows and doors were kept open.

"My grandfather Lindsay's mother was Mary Ann Jones of Winchester, Tennessee. Mary Ann was a graduate of the prestigious Mary Sharp College and a member of a very prominent family. His sister, Lady Willie Lindsay, was a prissy, dressy, sweet little old lady who loved to tell about her ancestors. How I wish I had listened to her. My brother, Winston Joy, was named for a son of hers named Joy. She wrote poems and, no doubt, when this son was born he was such a joy to her she named him Joy. My brother hated the name all his life.

"Every time we had a reunion at the Lindsay home, Aunt Willie would corner anyone who would listen to her and tell them about 'my grandfawtha' or 'my grandmotha.' All these many years later I wish I had listened to her.

Back to Ramblin' on Halloween night, October 31, 1994:

35

"Mother's first baby was born in a little house on my grandfather Lindsay's hundred sixty-seven acre farm. This baby, whom she had named Dale, was stillborn in this house when mother was only seventeen or eighteen years old. The naval cord was wrapped around his neck and he choked to death. Mother said Dr. Rayford Hodges spent the night at their house that night sitting by the fire drinking coffee with daddy while he waited for her baby to be born. I cannot imagine the devastation mother and daddy must have felt at the death of this first little baby. Mother wanted his so much and had made lots of baby clothes for him. She grieved for him for years and every time I heard her speak of him it was with great sadness. I cannot imagine facing the death of this baby before daylight all by themselves in that lonely old house sitting with only an ancient kerosene lamp for company. They were all alone with the dead baby when the doctor left. They laid him to rest in the old Robertson Cemetery on a hill above the Lindsay house. Years later we placed a tombstone at his grave along with ones for mother's mother and her Robertson grandparents.

"Mother's Robertson great grandparents are buried here but no one knows where their graves are located. My aunt Maud Cotton, mother's aunt, showed us where her parents were buried and her family helped pay for the tombstones.

"Four years later I arrived on April 5, 1934, born in this same little three-room house/shack; a little blond-haired girl with curls all over, according to my mother. She adored me, loved dressing me up and playing with me. Those were some of the happiest days of her young life, I think. She finally had a precious baby of her very own to love and take care of.

"Daddy said during those terrible years of deprivation he chopped cotton for twenty-five cents a day and picked it for twenty-five cents a hundred pounds.

It was about this time President Franklin D. Roosevelt decided to start the project on the side of a mountain called the Cumberland Mountain Project. Daddy and mother were approved to take part in this project and daddy got a job with the government driving a truck helping build the project on the mountain. Provisional shacks were hurriedly set up for the workers and their families to live in until the project houses could be built.

"When people started moving to Skyline Daddy moved almost all of them on his own time with little or no compensation. Most of them had no way of paying him. One man gave him two dollars and a churn. That was the only pay he ever got. They didn't have it. Daddy said he sometimes moved everything a family owned in the cab of that small truck.

"My first recollection of life was at that little shack at Skyline when I was probably about two years old. I was in our back yard just outside the kitchen door picking up wood chips for mother to use for 'kindling' to build fires in her cook stove and heater. Daddy had a big chopping block there in the yard and I guess I had seen mother picking up chips for kindling. What makes this memory stand out in my mind is remembering mother's voice as she bragged on me telling me how smart 'Mommy's little girl' was. I can still remember the ride I felt because I was doing something to please my mother. I can see the scene today; mother standing in the door at the top of the four wooden steps to the kitchen smiling down at me. I even remember that I had on a tiny red and white checked dress (called aprons in those days) with a small collar and a tab at each side that buttoned to the dress. I was holding this little dress up in front and gathering chips in it.

"The next recollection I have is at this same little shack. My brother was a tiny baby and mother had to go to the makeshift shed that was used as a barn, to milk the cow. The baby was crying and mother was trying to get me to rock him in the cradle and I didn't want to. A little hickory switch persuaded me, however, to rock my brother till she went out the door. I then went to the door and watched her go to the barn and stool there 'squawling' right along with the baby till she milked the cow and came back up the hill to the house.

"One day mother, one of my aunts, Maud I think, and I were sitting by the homemade heater that had been made from a big oil drum. A door had been fashioned from a square of metal cut from the side of the drum and then hinged back to it so that it opened and closed and this was where you threw the wood. On

this particular day I decided to throw my homemade doll 'Shakey' (so-called by me because her head flopped around) into the heater! Mother and my aunt, though surprised, seemed to think it was funny that I had just burned my doll! I think the doll was made from a white flour sack. A string choked off a head at the top which was stuffed and a face was drawn on it. They were easy to make and I remember mother making them for me randomly as one wore out----- or was burned!

"When we lived in the shack waiting for the big house to be ready, I was sleeping with mother and daddy one night (only room for one bed) when we were awakened by a loud banging on the back door which had not yet been attached to the new make-shift kitchen wall; it was just leaned up against the opening. These two men were drunk and calling Daddy's name. When the door hit the kitchen floor it scared me to death! Mother jumped up and said, 'Jesse, wake up! Somebody's coming in the back door!' Daddy got up to see what was happening and discovered it wa two men he knew and they wanted to know if he had any whisky (he was known to imbibe from time to time). One of the men was "Stubby" Anderson, so called because, well, he was short and stubby!

"That's all I remember until I was about three years old. At this time we moved into our new "project" house. I well remember the day we moved. I don't know what month it was but it was about 1937 or 1938 and it was cold enough to need a fire. Mother, my brother and I stayed at my grandfather Paradise's house just down the road until Daddy could get a fire going in the fireplace to warm the house. There was great expectation in the air as we eagerly waited to go to our new home.

"Mother was so proud of this house. I was only three but I still remember hearing her exclaim, 'Oh, it has cabinets!' as she examined the kitchen. I remember them carrying a kerosene lamp from room to room examining everything. Downstairs it had a small living room (which was used for a bedroom for a long time for we had no living room furniture, 2 bedrooms, one of them a tiny one taken up by a staircase, a kitchen, a screened-in back porch and a nice front porch supported by knotty cedar posts. There were two additional bedrooms upstairs. One of the men who helped build this house and later lived in it had a large family so he had built the additional bedrooms to accommodate them.

"I remember the roaring fire that night and how happy my parents were. It was the first decent house they had had since they married. We now had a four-

bedroom house, such a far cry from the two and three-room shacks they had lived in all their young married lives. "In addition to the house, it had a new barn, a smokehouse, a chicken house, a concrete-floored outhouse with a 'bought' wooden seat and lid attached to some kind of composition bowl. Our well was under a hip-roofed 'pump house' supported by cedar posts and had a concrete floor. We had a hand-operated well pump while our contemporaries were still pulling it out of the well with a long bucket or carrying it from a spring nearby.

"All the other wells had been operated by lowering a long bucket into the well on a pulley and when it was full you turned a crank and pulled it back up, put it over a water bucket and released the water. You can imagine our delight when we needed water all we had to do was put our bucket under the pump and raise the handle up and down! Such a luxury!

"In the corner of our new kitchen was our wood-burning cook stove. It had 'warming closets' about 36 inches above the stovetop where the leftovers were stored after a meal. This would be your snack until the next meal was ready. I have eaten many leftover scrambled eggs poked inside a biscuit taken from the warming closet. I remember also making onion sandwiches with a cold biscuit if all the eggs were gone. You would slice the biscuit open and put a big slice of onion in it. That was sure enough good, believe it or not! Another of my favorite snacks was to open a pint of mother's canned sweet pepper relish. It was good all by itself.

"The stove had a reservoir on the side where you kept water that would stay warm for an hour or two after the fire went out. This was handy for washing dishes, or in the winter for washing your hands or to use for bath water. You had to build a fire in the 'fire box' on the side of the left side of the stove and wait for the stove top and oven to heat up before you could cook. There was a thermometer on the over door to tell you when the oven was ready. There was a small rake used to rake out the ashes into an ash box just below the fire box before you built each fire. A teakettle of water was kept on the stove in case you needed to add water to something you were cooking. Mother always kept a 'stove rag' to clean the top of the stove, a habit I have also adhered to.

Under the window on the right going from the living room was a small wash stand where the water bucket with a dipper and the wash pan sat on. Everybody drank from the same dipper and it was used to dip water into the wash pan to wash

your hands. To the left of the water bucket a nail was driven into the wall to hang the sack cloth hand towel on. There might have been an occasional thin terrycloth towel but most of the time we used 'gu-anner' sacks that had been ripped open, washed and bleached for towels. I seem to remember only one terrycloth towel from those days and it was shite with green stripes. Probably came out of a box of washing powder. It was used till it was paper thin then it went into the rag box. Nothing was thrown away. There was a nail over by the stove where the drying towel hung. Beside it more nails for the commonly used two dishpans, one for washing and the other for rinsing (called 'ranchin' by many). Many people also hung their iron skillet by the stove as well as their other cooking utensils but I don't remember if mother did this or not. We had a section of built-in cabinets.

"On another wall in the kitchen sat our Hoosier cabinet (so named for Mr. Hoosier who built the first ones in the early 1930s). It had an enameled work-top where mother rolled out her big old delicious biscuits every morning, cutting them out with a baking powder can that had a hole punched in the bottom. On the left side of the cabinet was the 'flour barrel' where you dumped your flour. This barrel was about 16 or 18 inches tall and tilted out from the top so you could pour your flour in. It probably held about 25 pounds of flour. At the bottom of the barrel was a built-in sifter. When you needed flour you simply placed your pan under the sifter and turned the crank. Beside the flour barrel were double doors that opened into shelves where the dishes were stored. These cabinets were short and under them was another storage space hidden by a roll-back door (similar to today's appliance garages). This space was used to store condiments, coffee, sugar, etc. Under the cabinet was a large door used to store the cooking utensils and beside that was three drawers. The first two were used for flatware, etc. and the double-sized bottom one was where the meal was stored. It had a sliding lid to keep the meal (that had been ground at the local grist mill) clean. The designer of this little kitchen cabinet had thought of everything. Even the top was used to store odds and ends. All in all it was quite the efficient little cabinet.

"All the project houses were stained with creosote either brown, green or gray. Ours was brown. Grandpa Paradise's was green, so was the Cox house on one side of us and the Shrader house across the road. We had a tin roof and I absolutely loved it when it rained and it came beating down making a cozy feeling

above our heads. I loved to read when it rained. I would pull a 'straight chair' up to the window so I could see and read one of my favorite books.

"Our long pine kitchen table was given to mother by her parents when she married along with an iron bedstead that would be a treasure today. A long wooden bench ran along the back side of the table for the children to sit on and cane-bottomed straight chairs were placed around it for the grown-ups.

"During that era everyone used oil-cloth tablecloths, mostly red checked or blue checked. I liked the red-checked best. We would use up all the design and then some more before it was discarded for several more yards from the Rock Store. The kitchen floor was covered with a patterned linoleum which, by the time it was replaced, showed no sign of the design that had once proudly graced it.

"In the hot summer months the kitchen table, along with the bench, water bucket and wash pan, was moved to the screened-in back porch where it was cooler. There was no air-conditioning or fans and you had to build a fire in the kitchen stove to cook the meals and it would be so hot in the summertime that you would almost roast.

"Everyone's kitchen boasted of a five-gallon slop-bucket where all the scraps were raked to feed the hogs. Then there was a wash-stand where the water bucket and wash pan were kept. Homemade lye soap was the soap of the day and when that ran out it would be Lifebuoy or Ivory. Lifebuoy gave the school miniature bars of soap and charts to give the children. You brought them home and your mother pasted a gold star in the proper block each time you washed your hands, brushed your teeth, etc. and some kind of prize was awarded the ones who had the most stars...probably a big old bar of Lifebuoy (I vividly remember the orange/red bar of Lifebuoy).

"Everyone used the same wash pan to wash your hands. When you finished washing your face and hands you took the water to the back door and threw it out and let the next fellow use the pan until everybody was nice and clean. Sometimes you would hit the old chickens that were usually pecking around in the back yard, with the dirty water and they'd jump around and cackle. At mealtimes there would

be five pans of water thrown out the back door. About the time the old chickens would settle down, here'd come another pan full!

"The Saturday night bath, taken behind the kitchen stove, was a reality! It was the warmest place in the house. Our 'bath tub' was a galvanized tub mother did the wash in. Mother would put the washtub behind the warm stove and use the water from the kettle on the stove, two big dishpans of water she had heated and the water from the reservoir. You 'spong bathed' during the week and hit the washtub on Saturday night. I remember catching the 'itch' in school once and during that time I hit the wash tub every night using a bottle of stuff called Citicide. That was an awful smelling kind of stuff but the itch cured up in no time.

"An indoor bathroom was only a thing to dream about on a slow day. I never took a bath in a real bathtub but once until I was about 14 years old. It was the old washtub or nothing. I spent the night with my aunt Inez Proctor at the 'teacherage' once and took a bath in the wonderful bathtub. What a luxury!

"The commode was way down yonder in the back yard! In 99% of these outdoor closets was always last year's Sears & Roebuck catalog. I remember sitting there and reading it till I was ready to tear out a sheet. I never liked the clothing section, too slick! The tool section was softer! Last year's issue would usually last until the new one came in.

"There was no such thing as indoor plumbing for poor families. You pumped water from a well, lugged it into the house, carried it from a spring nearby or pulled it out of a well with a well-bucket on a pulley. All water had to be heated on the cook stove, used and then thrown out the back door. I still remember how the old chickens would cackle and scramble when here would come another big pan full of water.

"Wash rags" were just that-rags. I still remember the feel of the slick material from last years worn out clothes on my skin! When we needed a rag for anything it was to the rag box we would go. When we had wrung the last vestige of wear out of anything in the house we didn't throw it away. It went into the rag box.

Fading Memories

The older I get the more precious the memories of my childhood. Has it really been that long ago? Actually, it seems only yesterday.

One of my favorite memories was waking to the smell of coffee perking and bacon frying in the morning. Lying in my bed at night with flames in the fireplace casting shadows that danced on the wall.

Lying on a "pallet" under a big shade tree after lunch just listening to the birds, looking through a book or taking a nap.

Walking through a pasture past big rocks jutting out of the ground, the faint smell of manure, a fallen log here and there, the peace and quiet;

My mom putting a cool cloth on my head when I had fever and keeping me tucked in;

Playing in the corn crib, my siblings and I throwing cotton at each other; Watching the farm animals, especially the horses, mares and colts. Walking barefoot down a country road in the blazing sun. Brushing my teeth with salt and soda;

The first day of spring when it was warm enough to go barefoot. Wading in the ditch that ran in front of our house after a spring shower. Going to my Granny Lindsay's for a week every summer. Walking to her mailbox about a quarter of a mile down a country lane, eating wild plums along the way....not a care in the world.

"I remember brushing my teeth with toothpowder and when we had none we cupped our hand and mother poured baking soda and salt into it and we dipped our toothbrush into this and brushed away. Come to think of it, we held the toothpowder in our hand also.

"Gu-anner" sacks were used for everything. We slept on sheets, dried our hands, laid heads on pillow cases, dried the dishes, lined our quilts with gu-anner sacks. I had been an adult for a long time before I learned that the gu-anner sacks were actually guona sacks. We bought fertilizer in them, washed and bleached them, unraveled the seams and you had a nice big square, clean gu-anner sack and it was ready to take on the meanest job you could find for it.

"We had a 'clean clothes' box where all the clothes were dumped when they were taken off the clothesline until ironing day. If we needed something we prowled through the clean clothes box. There were no drawers to put the 'linens' in.

"Furniture was minimal. Usually a bed in the bedroom. There might be an old tossed-away dresser whose drawers had been stuck for years but we didn't have much to put in drawers anyway.

"There was a fireplace in the living room as well as in the adjoining bedroom with a common chimney. You reached the back bedroom by going through the first bedroom off the living room. That was my parent's bedroom.

"There was only the little closet under the stairs where we threw our dirty clothes. Actually not having clothes closets presented very little inconvenience for we didn't have many clothes to put in a closet. A big nail in the plank wall would hold what we had.

"To reach the upstairs bedrooms you had to go out on the back porch and turn left. Kind of cold getting to these little rooms in the raw winter months. This was the only project house on the mountain with four bedrooms and an upstairs. The chimney ran through the small front bedroom upstairs affording a small amount of heat but the other one was miserably cold. We piled on quilts until we could hardly move and mother would heat the old 'smoothing irons' in the hot coals of the fireplace, wipe them clean and then wrap them in thick cloths and put them to our feet at night to keep them warm.

"There was an old iron bed in the front bedroom upstairs and a chest of drawers whose drawers had long ago quit cooperating. The rag box completed the 'bedroom suite.' The other upstairs bedroom had a newer brown bed made of tubular metal. I don't remember anything else in that bedroom.

"I loved sleeping in the living room with a fireplace before it became a living room. It was the warmest room in the house. I would lie in bed and watch the shadows from the fire dancing on the walls and imagine the shadows were shapes resembling this or that. Someone showed me how to use my hands to make a fox face shadow on the wall by placing my hands together, using the thumbs for ears and moving the two pinkies for the mouth. There were other shadows but too much time has passed for me to remember. I liked the fox best. I've never since had a more cozy feeling than I had lying in that bed under homemade quilts watching the smoldering fire die down, getting sleepier and sleepier and the next thing I knew I was awakening to the delicious smell of bacon frying and coffee perking. As far as I was concerned life couldn't get any better.

My nighttime comfort was short-lived, however, when we began taking in boarders during the rough years. I was roused from my warm little bed by the fireplace to one of the cold bedrooms upstairs. My parents had bought living room furniture by this time. The boarder got the best bedroom for, after all, he was paying \$5 a week for a room and meals so he deserved our best. That \$5 a week helped our family through some very hard times. Mother also sold milk and butter and eggs to supplement their meager income from the farm.

I remember Mr. Grover Bell, our boarder I liked best. He was known to imbibe from time to time but he would come in and go straight to his bedroom and go to bed. He never bothered us with his drinking. I remember his giving me nickels to spell Mississippi, rhinoceros and hippopotamus. Someone had taught me to spell them this way, 'h-i-p; hip; p-o, po; hippo, p-o-t, pot; amus. And Mississippi was 'mi-crooked letter, crooked letter, I crooked letter; crooked letter; ippi. He loved to hear me spelling these long words. "Mr. Bell's widow is now (2002) in the nursing home. She is about 95 and her son Randy, stays there with her almost day and night.

"The walls of the project houses were raw planks nailed horizontally. No walls were painted. At one point Daddy decided he would paint the living room walls. He was told he would have to paint all the pine knots on the planks with

silver paint so they wouldn't burn through the wall paint. Well, daddy painted every goll-danged pine knot in that living room with silver paint and that was as far as he went. The rest of the wall was never painted until years later. I'm sure the silver paint took all the available money but those silver pine knots all over the living room walls bugged me till the walls were finally painted a pale green several years later. From time to time someone would ask what all those spots were and I would explain that you had to paint all the knots with silver paint before you could paint the walls. The answer was always, 'Oh.'

"I also remember mother fixing lunch for the manager of the hosiery mill and his secretary as there was no place to buy lunch. She would get out her good tablecloth after we had lunch and set two places for them. She told me recently that she was paid \$1 a day for these meals. That was \$5 a week and that would buy a lot of groceries. My parents had uncanny ways of thinking of how they could make just a little more money to get by.

"There was no electricity on the mountain. We used kerosene, or coal oil as it was called by our neighbors, in the primitive lamps. Quiniss Fossett, a good old Skyline boy himself, and I have had some good laughs about the way coal oil was sometimes pronounced 'qull oil,' or 'c'oil.'

"Everybody had a small one gallon oil can that was taken to the Rock Store and filled and kept on hand for the lamps, to start fires, to pour on a nail wound in the foot, to rub on to kill chiggers and other various and sundry uses. It was a staple in all homes and when the lid got lost we would, a cousin recently reminded me, stick a 'tater' on the end of it. Most people only had one or two oil lamps and you had to carry one from room to room. When supper was finished you carried the lamp into the living room. Even at that young age I loved to read and I remember sitting within inches of this lamp at night when I wanted to read. We had no car and would sometimes run out of oil and the store would be closed before

we became aware of it. I remember tearing strips of rags from the rag box and coating them with lard and standing them up on a lard can lid and lighting them and this we used for light until we could get some oil for the lamps and my children wonder why I wash aluminum foil, dry it and put it away to be used another day.

"I remember when electricity came to the mountain. This was the most miraculous thing I had ever seen! Pull a string and the whole room would light up! Can you imagine that! Going from carrying an oil lamp that gave little more light than a candle and lighting lard-drenched rags for light to just pulling a string and lighting a whole room! Not just one room full of light but any room you chose to light up! I remember running from room to room pulling strings that hung down in the center of each room. It was indeed a miracle to us all!

"Our backyard had no grass and was swept clean from time to time just as granny Lindsay's had been. This was a good place for a game of marbles since you had to draw circles on the ground. I was never very good with the game of marbles so I left that game to the boys. Thank goodness there was no TV then. Just look at the memories I would have missed.

"I always looked forward to spring and the first appearance of the June bug. I would take a quilt to the yard, spread it under a shade tree, catch a June bug, tie a string around its hind leg and lie on the quilt in the cool shade of the tree and let him buzz around my head. Sometimes I would take a wash pan of soapy water and blow bubbles until my mouth was chapped and sore from the lye soap. There are days now that I long for that old quilt and a shade tree and a June bug wouldn't be so bad either.

"There was a number of children in the neighborhood and it was usually at our house that they gathered to play some of the popular games of the day. We had few toys but there were all sorts of fun games that we played; hide and seek, ante-over, kick the tin can and others I have now forgotten.

"Kick the tin can" was played this way: You set a tin can on the ground and whoever was 'it' would kick it or hit it with a long stick as hard as he could sending it a long way down the yard. As soon as it was hit everybody but 'it' scattered in all directions and hid as fast as they could. It was 'it's' job to find you. There must have been more than that to it but, after all, that was 60-65 years ago. I think the first one that 'it' found had to be 'it' next time.

"Ante-over was played across the top of the house using a rubber ball so as not to damage the roof. Two teams were chosen and one got on each side of the house. The side with the ball would yell 'ante-over' and the other side would yell 'let it come over,' and the ball would be thrown across the top of the house. There was

more to it but memory fails me. I think someone grabbed the ball and ran around the house trying to tag as many off the other team as they could before teams exchanged sides of the house.

"There were all sorts of places to hide when we played 'hide and seek,' behind the outhouse, the smokehouse, the chicken house, the chimney corner, in the smokehouse, in the outhouse and maybe as far as the corn crib.

"We had a big 'four o'clock' flower bush under the front bedroom window that produced small pods before the blossoms opened. We loved to pull the pods from the bush and pop them on our foreheads. After lunch (we called it dinner), we would start asking what time it was and as it neared 4 o'clock we would get ready to sit on the ground around the bush and pop pods. Since its name was four o'clock we thought we had to wait until that time to harvest the pods. Too, by four o'clock the searing sun had made its way to the back of the house leaving our prized bush in the shade and the ground was cool to our young bottoms.

"During the winter months we would play Chinese checkers, checkers or Rook. I got pretty proficient at Chinese checkers and would love a good game today if I could find someone to play with me. One of the housekeepers taught me to play solitaire with the Rook cards and I would play for hours and that game, too is still a favorite of mine only now I play it on the computer.

"Sometimes mother and daddy would play rook with some of the neighbors. It was a popular game in the neighborhood. I can remember the rook cards were sometimes worn very thin.

"Everyone used window shades at the windows. Sometimes they would order cheap lace panels from Sears & Roebuck for the front room. During WWII everyone was asked to use dark green shades so if the enemy flew over he could not see lights. Those old dark green shades were so depressing to me although I was not yet familiar with that word. Unfortunately, that would come later.

"Most of the women's and girl's everyday clothes were shapeless 'print dresses,' that is, made of cotton print material or printed feed sacks that had been ripped open, washed and ironed. We all wore feed sack dresses. We would even go to the store with daddy to buy cow feed and select the sack we wanted. They were all printed in different patterns and if you could find two matching ones a dress could be made.

"It was wonderful when the vegetables started coming in. We would have corn on the cob or fried corn, fried squash, okra, fried green tomatoes breaded in corn meal, fresh stewed baby potatoes that we would 'grovel' out from beneath the potato vines with a fork before the potatoes were ready to be plowed up. Mother would sometimes cook baby potatoes and English peas together. Of course, everything was seasoned and fried in 'hawg lard' or bacon grease and the word cholesterol had never been heard of.

"We always had plenty of chicken and pork. We could have chicken and dumplings, fried chicken or chicken and dressing at will and the smokehouse was always filled with slabs of bacon, hams and 'fat back' which was delicious in a big pot of pinto beans or turnip greens.

"Much of the 40 acres assigned to mother and daddy was wooded so daddy was continually clearing 'new ground' as I have said before. To clear the land he would cut the trees and saw them into firewood and then try to destroy the stumps by burning them.

"One spring day I remember my brother and I taking him water to some new ground he was clearing over behind the house. To get to the new ground we had to go through a cool, damp hollow with clumps of green moss, honeysuckle and wild

violets. We would sit on a stump and watch as daddy tried to plow through the roots and wild growth in that 'new ground.' Finally he would take a break, drink his water and let the old mule, rest. There would be green stumps smoldering randomly around the field. The land didn't look like it would ever be fit for growing anything but weeds. Sometimes he would come to the house for a hot meal and take a nap on the front porch before returning to the field.

"When I think of daddy going into the woods and trying to make a field fit for planting out of a plot of land overgrown with trees, briars, weeds and roots it makes me so sad. It makes me even sadder to think I never felt comfortable in telling him how I felt.

"We had a big old robust mule that daddy named 'Shorty' because of his short, muscular body. Shorty was a good plow mule but he hated the mare, horse and colt that shared the same barn and 'horse lot' with him. Shorty hated the little colt and never missed an opportunity to try to kick it. One day he went after the colt and its mother ran her head under it and threw it over the fence to the outside so Shorty could not get to it. That was, indeed, an exciting day! We told the story over and over.

"When I wrote for the Birmingham News I wrote a short article that appeared in *Alabama Amblings* about daddy and Shorty. I never showed it to daddy. I've always asked myself why. I didn't show it to any of the family. How I wish I had shown this to daddy. He was old then and this would have made him proud but I just didn't know how to show it to him and didn't know what to say. There had never been a word of affection between the two of us even though I knew he loved me but he never told me nor had he ever put his arms around me so it was awkward for me to act sentimental in front of him. The article I wrote appeared in the Birmingham News under "Alabama Amblings," titled "Fond memories, but also a sadness."

by Christine Sumner, news correspondent:

"Well, it's that special time of the year again. Planting time.

"About this time every year when the trees are budding and the buttercups are blooming, fond childhood memories of other springs and planting times come rushing back.

"We looked forward to planting time with anticipation after the long, cold winter months.

"How well we remember those times in the country and that old mule (a short and powerful creature called 'Shorty') daddy hitched to the plow each early every morning!

"Each planting time brought new adventures. We'd follow along behind daddy and Shorty, bare toes digging into soft earth, sometimes finding an arrowhead or a nest of tiny rabbits. We'd take the rabbits home and feed them with a medicine dropper until they were strong enough to make it on their own.

"Occasionally daddy would stop to let Shorty rest and to take a drink of water from the jar we'd brought him, while we sat contentedly on a stump nearby drinking in the fragrance of the fresh plowed earth and the sounds of 'gee' and 'haw' of neighbors in fields nearby.

"This was uncomplicated happiness.

"Today as we pass plots of ground being plowed by fine tractors or garden tillers, the absence of mules and children is conspicuous.

"There is a lot to be said for today's modern farming methods but there is a sadness, too, for an experience today's children will never share."

"The first living room suite, a wine-colored velour couch and chair, came from Rough and Tumble Furniture Company in Scottsboro. There was also a *library table* and two half-moon end tables that were popular at the time, and a magazine rack.

We were moving on up but that did away with one of the cozy bedrooms with the fireplace. "Before we went to bed at night during the cold winter months we would heap ashes over the coals to keep them alive until the next morning so that all we had to do was stir the live coals, add a little kindling and some wood and soon you had a big blazing fire. But it was still cold crawling out of bed in the mornings in a room with no heat.

"We use to pop popcorn over the fireplace in a long-handled screen wire popcorn popper. I loved hot popcorn and cold sweet milk and that remained one of my favorite snacks until I learned I was allergic to dairy and grain!

"For dog arns (andirons) we used iron wagon wheel hubs. These were about twelve to eighteen inches long and hollow in the middle just right for baking potatoes. We would wrap sweet potatoes in wet brown paper torn from paper bags and place them inside the dog arns to bake. Somehow these potatoes were sweeter than the ones baked the conventional oven of the wood-burning stove in the kitchen. I think it had something to do with *I can do it myself* thing.

"We were all so terribly poor but all of us were in the same boat so I guess we never gave it much thought one way or the other. We had parties at each other's houses, candy-breakings, hayrides and wiener roasts. Church, held in

people's homes, was another form of entertainment for the young people. Looking back we weren't so poor after all.

"Somebody had a flat-bed truck. Maybe it was Mr. Guffey or Hook Wade. Anyway if there was church being held anywhere within reason that truck went to church with the back end filled with straight cheers and people. If there wasn't enough chairs the others would sit on the edge of the bed with their feet hanging off...all the way down the mountain. Sometimes church would be in a tiny building not big enough to accommodate us all so we stayed in the yard or sat in the window. Few of the young people were interested in church anyway, it was just the excitement of riding down the mountain on the back of a truck sitting in a straight 'cheer.'

"We always had cats and dogs. The cats multiplied and the dogs had fits. There was always a new litter of cats for us to pet and we loved them. We had a bad old rooster once that loved to spur the little kittens in the neck and kill them.

Probably one of the 'game roosters that we boarded from time to time for a gambler (a little more income). These roosters were mean old things. I was scared to get out in the yard with them! They just as soon spur you as to look at you and I was the object of their malice more than once. We tried not to make them mad but they seemed to have been born mad!

"One dog or another was always 'having a fit,' or going mad. They sometimes had to be shot. We were warned to stay away from mad dogs for if they bit you, you would get hydrophobia and die. My Uncle Jonce Paradise told me that my great uncle John Robertson, a brother to my grandmother Lindsay, was bitten by a mad dog and, indeed, did get hydrophobia. Uncle Jonce said he was so pitiful—that he went mad and had to be chained until he died. There was no medical help for this in those days.

"I was going across the road to visit our neighbor, Mrs. Shrader, one day and to get there I had to step over a ditch. This day just as I stepped across the ditch I looked down and there was a big old snake and I was barefooted! I didn't know any bad words then but if I had I would have let 'em fly! Scared me to death!

"There were a few drawbacks to going barefooted. One of us was always stumping our toe, stepping on a rusty nail, a piece of glass, a yellow jacket or worse. Kerosene was poured on open wounds and wet baking soda was applied to bee stings

unless you happened to be at the house of snuff-dipping neighbor and then you got wet snuff packed on the sting. The snuff was yukky (but I didn't know the word then) to me so as soon as the well-meaning lady's head was turned I would run wash it off.

"I loved a rainy day. Loved to walk in it or carry an umbrella. It was even more exciting if there was a little distant thunder and an occasional clap of lightening. I would get out one of my favorite books and read or color the pictures or practice writing my name all over it or build a cabin with my Lincoln logs. I still love a downpour. All the more so if I'm home alone. A good roll of thunder now and then and a hot bowl of soup add much to the coziness of feeling 'rained in.'

"When daddy started bottling and selling milk to the workers at the hosiery mill my brother and I helped milk the nine cows. We milked in galvanized buckets and carried it to the house where it was strained by stretching a clean flour sack over the top of a big jar and pouring the milk through it. Sometimes the old cow may have flicked bits of manure in the bucket with her tail and sometimes a cow hair or two would find its way into our bucket. I never drank raw milk again. The very smell nauseated me. Bill tried to fool me once by pouring raw milk into a milk carton but I smelled it before I got it to my mouth.

"When walking to school from the project house we liked to stop at Pole Branch as I have already mentioned. The next house on the left past the Branch was the George Barclays and the house on the right was Mr. Houston (pronounced 'House-ton'), next on the left were the John H. Jernigans and next on the right was Pop Ross, manager of the Skyline project. Next to the Rosses were the Vandivers where my best friend when I was five, Betty Vandiver, lived. Her dad also worked for the government. Across from the Vandivers first was the East family and next door was the 'teacherige' where some of the school teacher's lived. Next on the left was Sam Evans, manager of the Rock Store and across from him was the home of my friend, Leon Kennamer. The Basses lived next on the other side of the Rock Store. Mr. Bass also worked for the government. I went to Ralph's birthday party there. Mrs. Bass was a school teacher.

"Betty Vandiver and I were 'best friends' when we were five and played at each other's houses often. I saw my first typewriter at her house and attended my first tea party there. Her mother set up the small table and chairs under a big shade tree in the front yard and served us pimento cheese sandwiches, a roll of



Christine Paradise picking bouquet of honeysuckle in the Spring.

jaw-breakers and Koolaide. Maybe there was something else but I don't remember. It has been so many years ago.

"At the first signs of spring I eagerly awaited the blooming of the wild flowers that grew on our place. I had a choice of holly, honeysuckle, violets, dogwood, mountain laurel. I can still imagine every inch of the pasture I walked through to get to the woods where I picked mostly honeysuckle and brought the fragrant pink bouquets home to mother. There was a huge gray rock that jutted up out of the ground and a number of small ones that felt warm to my bare feet as I pondered unhurriedly along.

"Isn't it funny the things you distinctly remember from childhood as if it was yesterday. Those warm rocks in that old pasture are one of my favorite memories. Jurdy Dawson, who later married Pete Michaels, worked with me years ago before she married and at that time she lived with her family on a big farm up above Hollywood. I once mentioned to her that one of my favorite things when I was a child was walking through the pasture on a warm day. She said, 'We have a big old pasture with big rocks. You come up one day and we'll go walking. I took her up on her invitation and it brought back so many memories of my childhood, walking through that green pasture among cows that were grazing here and there. This was some time before I married in 1960 and I haven't walked through a pasture since. There has been many times in my life that I have longed for a cool green pasture with a big warm gray rock to sit on and just sit there and listen to Mother Nature for a while.

"Christmas was always so special to me. Our parents made it so. Santa never let us down and mother would bake for a week or two before the big day. There was always a chocolate cake, an applesauce cake, a coconut cake, egg custard pies, chocolate pies, chocolate fudge and lots of fruit and nuts. My brother and I would crack hickory nuts with a hammer on the hearth and pick out the goodies with a bobbie pin for mother to use in her baking. She would also let us crack the fresh coconut with the hammer and drink the coconut milk before she peeled and grated it to use in her baking.

When it was time for Santa to come Jean and I would hang one of mother's stockings on the mantel and my brother would hang one of daddy's. They were always filled with fruit, candy and nuts. We always had a big Christmas and our parents loved it as much as we did. On Christmas morning whoever woke first yelled

"Christmas Gift" and we had to give them something. Daddy would yell, "its Christmas kids, wake up." He would help mother cook the Christmas meal. We always had enough for several families. Daddy always had a fresh boiled ham plus chicken and dressing. There were no turkeys at Skyline.

"When I was old enough to read I read a lot of books. That, too, has stayed with me. I have always found that a book is a good place to get lost and visit a new world for a while.

February 10, 2002. Another fond memory of springs past was the week I spent with Granny Lindsay every summer. She loved me and I knew it.

There was something special about that big old rambling house that had withstood time for more than one hundred years. It started out as a wonderfully built Southern home for Allen Robertson and his family but before he could finish it the Civil War started and one room, called the "work room" was never finished.

There was something so permanent about the old house. My grandfather, Charlie Lindsay, bought the house and farm from my great grandfather Robertson, his father-in-law. During the Civil War the family added to their income, which was nil, by turning the house into a stage coach inn.

Stage coaches would stop there and the passengers would eat supper and spend the night and probably breakfast the next morning and be on their way. A Mr. Sublett died there one night and is buried in the yard under two long slabs of limestone. We didn't know who was buried there as we sat on the stones and cracked hickory nuts and black walnuts but a relative came through the valley once and told them the man buried there was an ancestor of his.

The family suffered during the Civil War. The soldiers took every piece of meat and all the food they could find as well as food for their horses. They were camped at Larkinsville and made frequent trips to the surrounding area to gather food for the soldiers and horses. They came to the Lindsay house one day and not finding any meat shot over the door where they were standing. On one trip to the house a soldier made a pass at "Aunt Mat" and she ran a long needle she was using through him. Terrified at what she had done she gathered family members to help her drag him up the hill in the woods and buried him. Another side of the story

says that the soldier was reaching up to cut the last ham the family had and she ran him through with her needle.

When I would spend the week there in the summer there would be no one but Granny and me and I loved being the center of attention. I loved walking to the mailbox each day down the little country lane picking and eating wild yellow plums along the way, savoring each juicy morsel slowly as the hot sand slipped through the toes of my tanned bare feet. I loved watching the heat dance around the hot sand in front of me as I plucked at a wildflower now and then or stop to watch a rabbit scamper off in another direction as I approached. I could hear the buzz of bees as they went about gathering nectar for the honey they would leave in my granddaddy's hives and the sound of some farmer in the distance hollering "gee or "haw" to his old mule telling him to turn right or left or whatever they told mules and I could smell the smoke as the farmers burned piles of winter debris and cleared their fields for a new crop.

Sometimes I would catch a June bug and hold it tightly in my hand till I could get back to Granny's and find a string to tie to its hind leg then sometimes lay in the cool grass under a big shade tree and watch my June bug fly round and round my head until we were both tired and I would turn him lose.

I especially loved the cool spring at the bottom of the hill and the branch that ran from it between the house and the barn. I loved catching the tadpoles and minnows, putting them in a jar, watch them swim around awhile and then gently pouring them back into the branch.

I loved the little branch that rippled out of a small cave from under July Mountain and that is where Granny kept her milk and butter. There was always a cool breeze coming out of the cave. The spring provided water for the family. For over one hundred years children, as well as adults, would go down the hill and fill their bucket with water and bring it back to the house to be used in drinking, bathing, cooking and watering the chickens.

It was wonderful waking in the morning to the smell of ham or bacon and eggs cooking and a big pan of her biscuits in the oven. After breakfast every morning she would fill the enamel wash pan used for washing hands with water and sprinkle all the floors to keep the dust down as she swept. When the floors were swept, the beds made, the breakfast dishes washed and put away she would sweep

the back yard and feed the chickens. The routine never varied. When she finished with the morning chores she would start "dinner," the noontime meal. There was always big platters of food, fresh vegetables, fried chicken or baked ham, corn on the cob all prepared in her pantry down the side of the kitchen where she kept her canned food and prepared her biscuits.

60

In those days every plank in the old house was original and every room had a name, the boy's room, the big room, the work room, the hall, etc. The house remained just as it was before the Civil War started. Wainscoting 10 or 12 inches wide around the rooms, crown molding. It would have been a grand house if it had ever been finished but there was no money after the war.

When the men were around I loved listening to stories about the Civil War, how the family had hid their meat in secret pockets under the house atop the tall cedar pillars the house sat on. Mother remembers playing under the house that stood several feet off the ground. She said they cut up antique beds and used the partial posts for "cats" and would throw rocks at them and knock them down.

Monday was wash day and this chore took place under a big black walnut tree down by the branch. I can still smell the burning cedar Granny would pile around the big old iron wash pot to boil the white clothes in to bleach them after she was through rubbing them on the rub board. It was my job to keep them punched down in the pot as they boiled. We always had too many clothes for the clothes line so we'd hang some of them on the garden fence. I loved the smell of those sun-dried clothes, especially the fresh sheets at night.

Not far from the place where Granny did the wash was an old "battling" rock where her predecessors had "battled" the dirt out of the clothes worn by generations past.

They had a "two-holer" for there had been 13 children in the family and in this toilet two could go at once!!! Only one I ever saw.

Their family was very industrious. They had all kinds of fruit and nut trees, fig trees, pear, peach, plumb, and apple. Black Walnuts, scaley-bark hickory nuts, pecan trees.

I loved Granny. She has been gone for years now but she's never far from my mind's storehouse of memories. Sometimes I long for that old lazy walk to the mailbox, to see granny sprinkling that old bare wooden floor or see her with her pan of shelled corn calling to the chickens or standing at that old wood-burning stove taking a big pan of cathead biscuits out of the oven. There are times now when I can feel her looking over my shoulder and I seem to hear her say, "slow down, take time to catch a June bug."

How to Pluck a Chicken

Well, before you can pluck him you have to catch him!

We always had fried chicken for lunch on Sunday, two of 'em. But before we could start 'dinner' we had to first run the old chicken down. I can hear daddy now saying, 'head 'er off, young'uns,' watch it! She's gettin' away!

We would finally catch the old chicken sometimes by laying down on it till daddy could get to us and pick it up. Then he would grab it by the neck and start whirling it around and around trying to break its neck. When that was done the poor chicken would flop around on the ground till it was dead. The real humane way to kill a chicken is to lay its head on the chopping block and, with an ax, chop its head off. This was a bloodier mess as it would flop all over the yard leaving a bloody path in its wake.

I tried to wring a chicken's neck once and the more I slung him around the more he squawked. Daddy finally had to finish the job for me.

Now you got a dead chicken so take him in the house where a big boiling pot of water is waiting on the kitchen stove. You grabbed his feet, dunked him in the hot water for a few minutes, pulled him out and laid him on newspapers (or some kind of paper) and proceeded to pull out the big feathers, throwing away the big stiff ones and saving the soft ones to use in a pillow later on.

But he's not ready yet. Never in your lifetime could you pull every feather off the old chicken so you tore some sheets (you got it) from a Sears & Roebuck catalog, twist them and light a match to the end and 'swinge' the little feathers that were left, off.

Now you wash him and proceed to cut him up. All I could ever do was cut off his legs and wings, rip open his stomach and pull all that stuff out and then someone else would have to take over. I could really make a mess of the breast and pulley bone.

My mother could fry the best chicken I ever ate in that iron dutch oven she used after filling it half full of hawg lard. Daddy's favorite parts of the chicken was the back and wings which was always a mystery to me as that's nothing but breaded bones. I liked to help with the frying so I could grab the liver while it was still sizzling. We children fussed over the pulley bone as it was said to bring good luck. We would each clutch a side of it under the table and pull till we broke it and the one who got the short side made a wish and it was said to come true. I'm sure we didn't wish for much in those days.

I remember the day World War II started. It was on December 7, 1941. My daddy had his ear to the battery powered radio and I remember his exact words, "the SOBs have bombed Pearl Harbor!" I didn't know what that meant but by the tone of his voice I knew it had to be bad. Soon the rationing started. Coffee, sugar, gasoline. I don't remember what else but those were the ones that were most important to us. Our cereal would have to be sweetened with molasses and I hated that taste so I would put a tiny bit in mine. My parents drank coffee and I think they cut the portions in half. You had to have a ration book and they Nylon hose were also rationed and that was what was manufactured at the hosiery mill. The workers were allowed a pair now and then and I remember daddy getting \$7 a pair for them which was a lot of money when you were making \$20 or \$25 a week.

One thing I have always remembered was wanting to go to a play at the school but it cost a dime and I didn't have one. Daddy wasn't home and mother had forgotten to get it from him before he left. I was supposed to go with the neighbors across the road and when they called me from the road I had to tell them I couldn't go and I cried because I wanted to go so badly. The kids were imitating the teachers and I thought that would be really funny. I remember looking in the yard in case someone had dropped a dime. I looked everywhere but I just had to listen to how funny it was the next day at school. I learned to save my dimes when I was older.

After we bought the grocery store across the road from where we lived we moved into the apartment behind the store for convenience. We had a good

Coca-Cola



*In front of Jelly's Store that we caught later
Me Ben Selby & his grandson, Duane Hall and a friend -
given to me by his granddaughter, Patricia Porter*

business. We sneaked bananas and candy bars all the time so once daddy bought us a whole bunch of bananas and told us we could eat all of them we wanted. I didn't eat bananas for years afterwards.

This house had a big back porch that reached all the way across the back of the building. It was made of sandstone and the well was on the porch! No more drawing water in the rain and, too, it was convenient for washing the clothes.

I remember working people coming in and buying a dime's worth of cheese and crackers or bologna and crackers. We would slice off about a half-inch of one or the other and give them 2 four-cracker pieces to put it between. They'd usually wash it down with a Pepsi or Double-Cola.

There were several men in the neighborhood who loved to imbibe and they loved Vanilla extract. They would come in the store and buy it and when mother caught on she wouldn't sell it to them. But if they caught me there alone I would sell them all they wanted, money was money.

Our store was the gathering place for young people. We had horseshoes beside the store and there was usually a game going on or maybe someone would bring their guitar and we would have some pickin' and singin.' "In the day," the first thing you would learn to play on the guitar was 'Wildwood Flower.' We had a neighbor, I. J. Davis, that wanted to play the guitar so badly and he would sit at the store for hours and practice Wildwood Flower. He finally got it and we all rejoiced!! I. J., his sister (Inez?) and brother, John, lived in one of our little houses across the road with their aging father. John went into the navy and I lost track of them after we moved off the mountain.

Most of the people on Skyline were so poor. Even though we had a store and both my parents worked we would still be considered poor today but in those days people thought otherwise. We would come to town every Friday night and eat hamburgers and go to the movie. We had a good living and were enjoying it. Then the mill closed.

Poor folks in those days and the years following the depression had only bare essentials like beds, a kitchen stove, an old wooden table. Mattresses were sometimes made of corn shucks or cotton from the fields. Most of the beds were iron that had been handed down from one generation to another or dragged out of

the barn. When a child married the parents tried to chip in and give them the bare necessities to start "housekeeping."

Most of the early homes at Skyline had four rooms. There was usually one or two beds in the front room with pretty embroidered bedspreads. One of my favorite things when I was a child was sleeping in the front room with the fireplace after the lamp had been blown out and watching the shadows on the walls of the dancing flames from the small wood-burning fireplace. I would lie there in my warm cozy bed and make shadows with my hands on the walls until I put myself to sleep.

The old "sad-irons" were heated either in the coals of the fireplace or on the top of the kitchen stove. Most of the poor people didn't have an ironing board so they would put an old quilt on the end of the kitchen table and do the ironing there. Naturally burns would appear in the old quilt so the same one was used each time for ironing. Sometimes a gu-aner sack was used over the quilt to make for smoother ironing surface and an old rag would be nearby to wipe the iron on if it had been heated in the fireplace.

My parents had let people charge their groceries from payday to payday and when the mill closed there were no more paydays. We had over \$6,000 on the books and that was when you could buy a house for \$1500. It was a lot of money and my parents never collected from but one person. It broke them. Mother had ordered kids overalls and charged it on their grocery bill when she saw the need. Anyway, they sold everything and we moved to Scottsboro.

Here I sit alone today in the big house I always wanted and it means little to me as all my family is gone and there is no one to enjoy it with me. First daddy, then my brother, then mother then my husband, then my precious son. Ann lives five hours away so here I sit by myself and the house means little to me anymore. I have a beautiful grandson that I wish I could have watched grow up and wish I could see him more now but at my age I'm afraid to drive to Greenville, S. C.

Well, today is another day so let's kick those memories around some more. Daddy loved waking us up on Christmas morning, yelling, "Get up, kids! Santa Claus has come!" He loved celebrating Christmas with us as well as when it snowed. We'd hear the same greeting, "Wake up, kids! It's snowing!"

"One of the things I remember most about those early years is how cold I was every winter. We all huddled around that small fireplace trying to keep warm but the room was so cold and the only warmth you felt was on the side turned toward the fireplace. When it was extremely cold we built a fire in the cook stove as well and closed all the kitchen doors and stayed in that room where the big iron stove put out a lot of heat. The women wore cotton stockings, many rolled down below their knees. They all had big red and blue circles on their legs from sitting too close to the fire. Silk hose were saved for Sunday if you were fortunate enough to afford them. That was before the time of nylons. The silk stockings and early nylons, as well, had seams down the back that you had to make sure were straight before going out somewhere. I remember hearing women asking, 'are my seams straight.'

"Mother was home with us all the time during those early years and I could say my ABCs by the time I was three and reading long before I started to school. Mrs. George Reed, who taught at Skyline School, use to come pick me up and take me to class with her and have me read for her students.

"Mother always kept us spotless and clean and dressed us in nice starched and ironed clothes even though she had to wash our clothes on a rub board, rinse them, boil the white ones, wring them out by hand and hang them on the line to dry. Not to mention ironing them with irons that were heated in the fireplace or on the kitchen stove and long before there was an ironing board in the house the kitchen table and a folded quilt in quarters served the purpose. "Mother would wash my hair holding my head over the wash pan, pouring clean water over it to rinse it. She would towel dry it and have me sit in front of the open oven to finish drying it. All my early school pictures show me looking neat and my hair shining. I don't know how she managed it.

"I remember that many of the children were not clean and neat, though it wasn't their fault. Most of the boys wore overalls and high-top brown lace-up shoes. When a hole wore through the soles of the shoes we would insert a piece of cardboard over the hole or if no cardboard was available then several folded sheets torn from an old Sears catalog had to do. Most of the kids I went to school with were in the same boat. None of us had money but looking back we had more

than most as mother and daddy would always come up with a way to make some extra money. I remember three eggs were worth a dime and I have bought many three-eggs worth of candy from the rolling store.

"You could take chickens or eggs to the Rock Store and exchange them for food or other supplies. It was known then as the 'co-op.' If you didn't have any money you could run an old chicken down, tie his legs together, take him to the store where he would be weighed and put in a chicken coop right there and you could get his worth in groceries! Unbelievable? Yep.

"Mrs. Lilah Beason was my second grade teacher. She lived in Scottsboro until her death a few years ago. Almost every time she saw me she would tell me how pretty and clean I always looked and the cute dresses (mother made) I wore to school and then she would go on to comment on how poor and dirty some of the children were. There is an old saying that water is free but there were those who seemed to think it was rationed. Mother let nothing stop her from being proud of her children and she wanted the best for us. She loved to see us looking our best and she was not lazy as some were. She sewed for us, kept us and our hair clean. It wasn't a question. It was a fact to her. She was such an example for me.

"I remember that year I was in Mrs. Beason's second grade class when it would come time to eat lunch all of us would get out our food, usually scrambled eggs and biscuits left from breakfast and wrapped in newspaper or brown paper bags left over from the grocery store.

"One day I noticed there was a boy and his sister who would sit there with nothing to eat. I started sharing my lunch with them and when the teacher told my mother she started fixing enough for them, too. The boy's name was Rayford Chambers and though I can still clearly see his sister's sad face I cannot recall her name. I took their lunch until they were able to bring their own. These children were not 'project' children. I remember that their mother was a widow and they were on 'Relief' as Welfare was then called and they got some apples at the first of the month and they brought me two each saying their mother told them to give the apples to me because I had been bringing their lunch. I have often wondered what happened to those two children. It was so sad. "I think seeing those children sitting there empty-handed while the rest of us ate was a lesson that has guided me for the rest of my life. I cannot bear to see someone, especially children, *deprived. If I know about it I try to help. I have helped many needy children over*

the years and I will continue to do so as long as I know of a need. I always identify with them. There is nothing within reason that I would not do for a child in these circumstances for I remember how hard it was back in my own childhood, however, I never felt deprived. I had loving parents and a good home and everything I needed. I didn't see others who had more than me for we were all needy. Perhaps that is why I always saw to it that my children had more clothes than they needed, not just adequate, but lots of them. I taught myself how to sew when Ann was born and eventually I could mix patterns, make long dresses, Easter dresses, smocked and she was one well-dressed baby and little girl. I never wanted her to know the humiliation of not being dressed as good as anyone else.

"I have read you are judged according to how you look and dress and I know this is true in schools. At my age now, 70 today, (re-writing on my birthday, April 5, 2004) I think nothing of what I wear. People who actually know me don't care what I have on and the Lord doesn't care either. I don't worry about the others for I know what is in my heart is worth far more than what is on my back.

"I have mentioned that mothers were asked to can vegetables for a lunchroom. After a while the canning stopped and we paid a quarter for lunch. If you were chosen to help in the lunchroom you could eat free. (It was also a good way to get out of class).

"Although life on the farm was very hard it also had many advantages. We raised almost everything we ate and mother canned hundreds of jars of fruits and vegetables from the garden every year. We had a fruit orchard and always had

49

plenty of peaches, apples and Damson plums. The limbs of the two plum trees had to be propped up with 2 x 4s to keep them from breaking under the weight of the huge plums that covered them each year. They made delicious plum preserves and jelly.

"We raised Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes. We would sit around the fireplace in the early spring and cut up the potatoes for planting. These potatoes, called "seed potatoes," were specially selected to be used for the spring planting. I remember the instructions to 'be sure each cut piece has an eye on it.' The potatoes rooted from the eyes.

"In addition to the things we raised on the farm we picked blackberries and huckleberries in season and mother canned them. I remember when they went out to pick berries they covered up from head to toe to try to keep the 'chiggers' off but they usually got chiggers anyway, I remember the tiny bugs left large red whelps and kerosene was used on the skin to kill them.

"Sometimes mother made jam or jelly from the berries and sometimes she would just can the berries to be used later in cobblers or to make hot jam on a cold morning to go with the pan of homemade biscuits. I remember she would put butter in the jam while it was hot and it was delicious.

"We raised and mother canned peaches, English peas, butterbeans, corn, green beans, bunch beans, shelly beans, cabbage, okra, beets, carrots, tomatoes, squash, turnip greens, onions, vegetable soup mixture, tomato juice, jams and jellies, chow chow, sweet pepper relish, applesauce, pear preserves, blackeyed peas, fig preserves, hot pepper sauce, turnip greens, grape jelly, turnips, hominy, cucumber pickles, dried peaches and apples in the sun, stored them in clean flour sacks and hung them in the smokehouse.

When the season was coming to an end in the fall and there were lots of green tomatoes left on the vines we would pick them and wrap each tomato in a sheet of Sears & Roebuck catalog and store them in a box we would slide under a bed and we would have ripe tomatoes most of the winter.

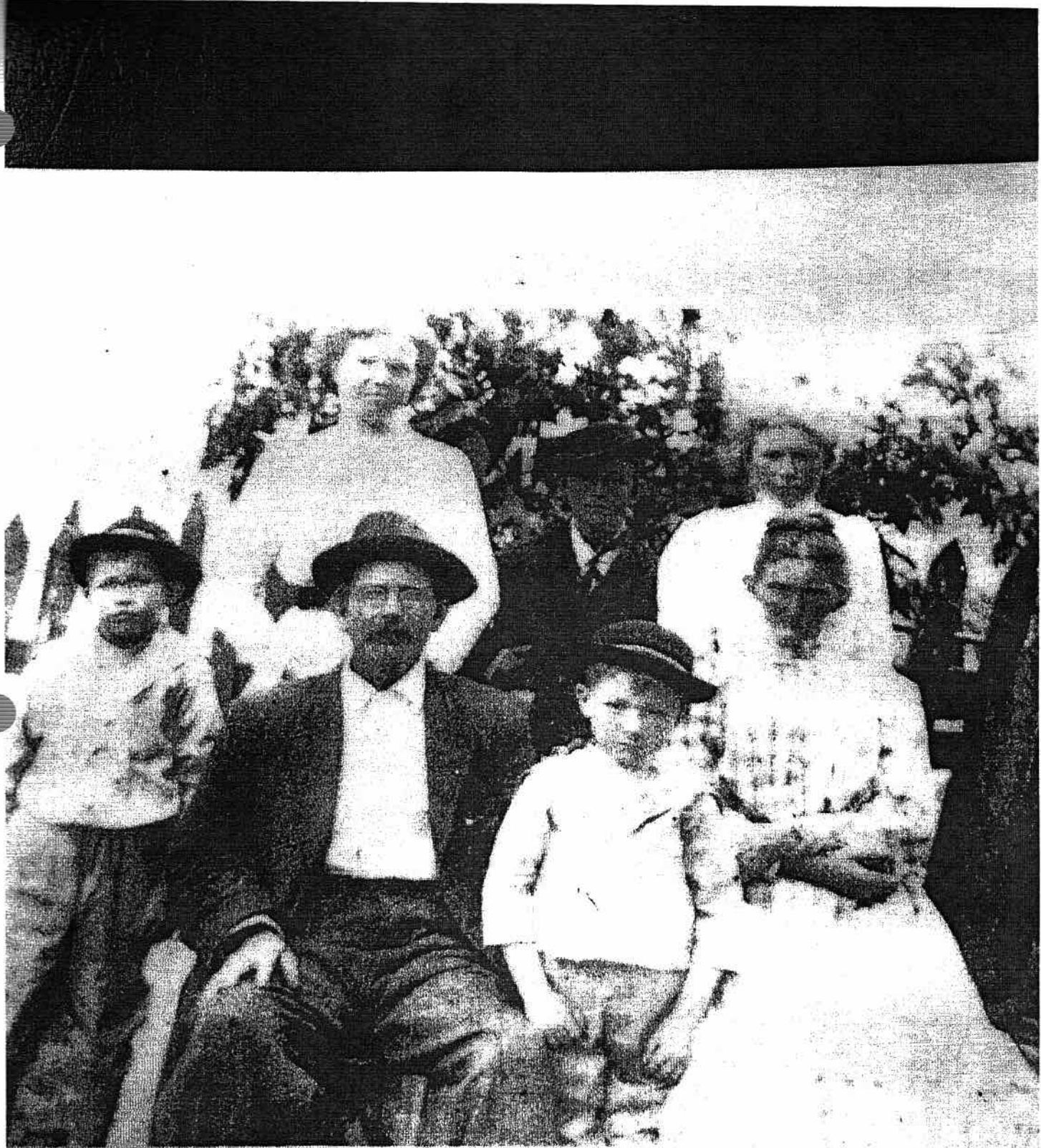
The children's chores every night was to bring in the stove wood and fill the bucket and reservoir with water for the next day. This all sounds so hard and primitive but how I long to spend one more night in an old farm house with quilts piled on me till I can hardly move and wake to the smells of ham or bacon frying and mother and daddy talking in the kitchen.

Mother and daddy always washed the breakfast dishes and on Sundays she would wash and he would dry and as they worked they would sing some religious song. I remember "Precious Memories."

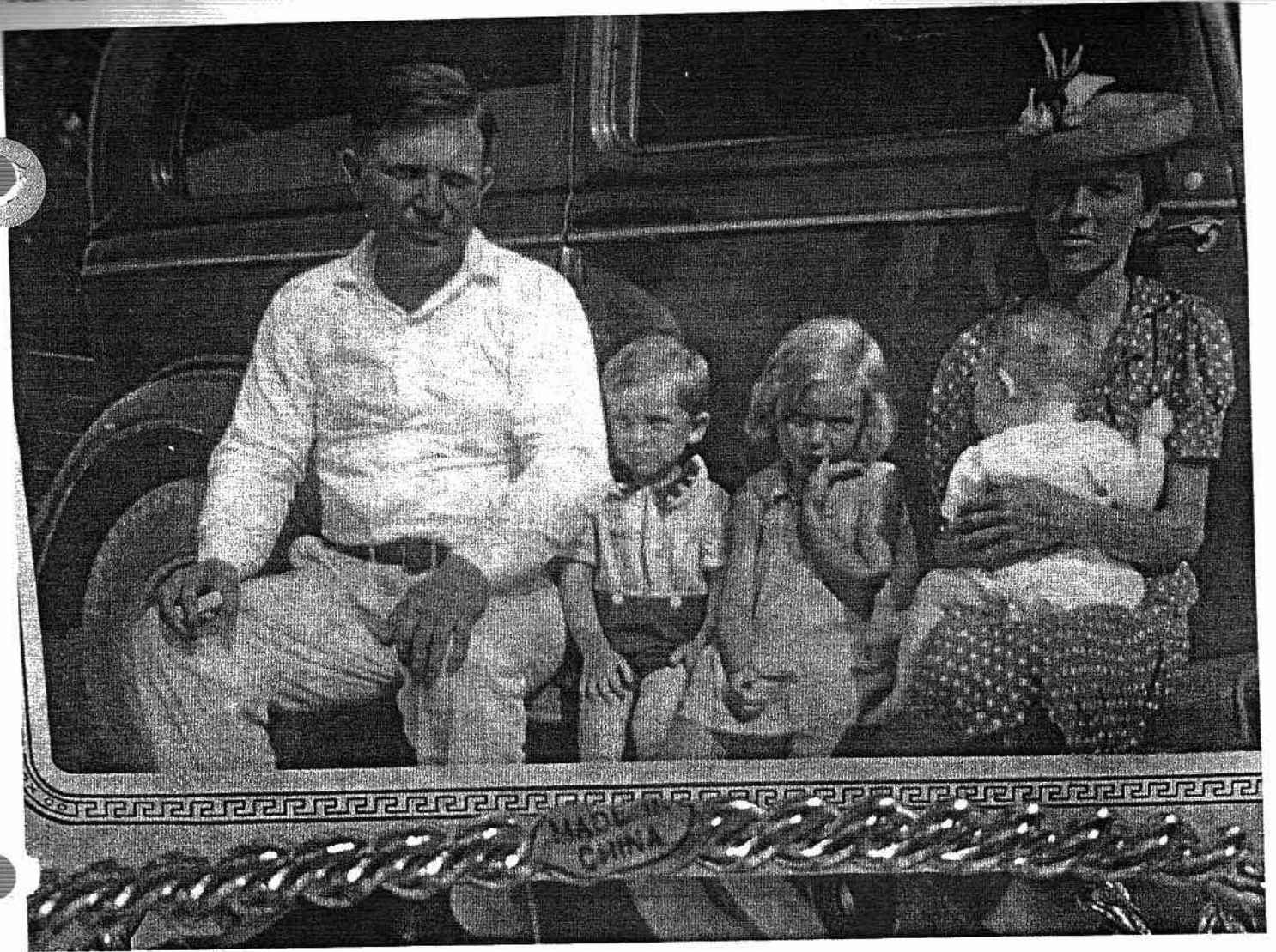
"I loved kraut-making time. The adults would shred the cabbage and I would get the job of keeping it punched down in the churn in which it was being fermented. When the churn was full clean cabbage leaves and a flat rock that had been scrubbed clean, were placed on top. The rock was to keep the cabbage weighted down.



My Family

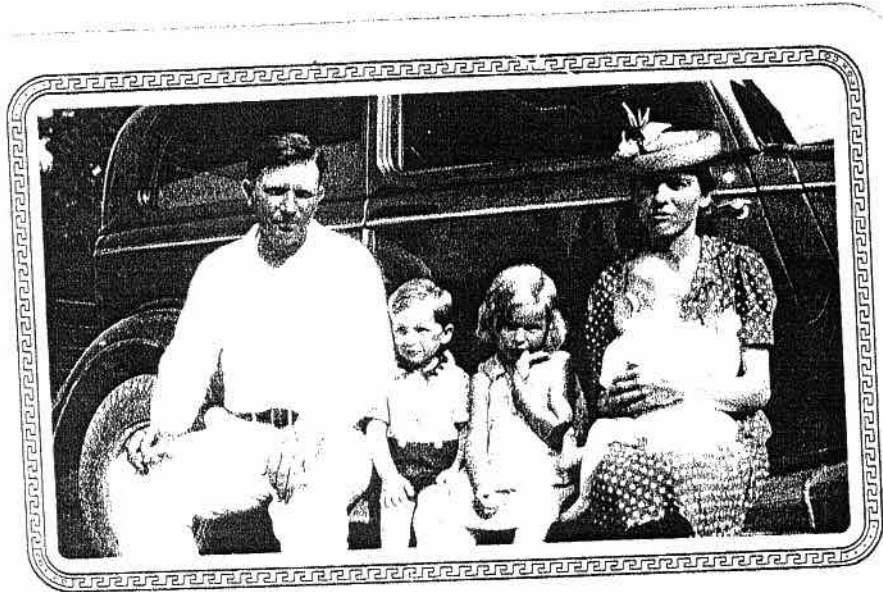


about:blank EARLY Paradise family - DAVID Paradise and wife Mary Jane ~~Stanley~~ - tall girl in back
 Rosa M. Delaney - beside her Fra M. Downs Lucy Pennington 1/2

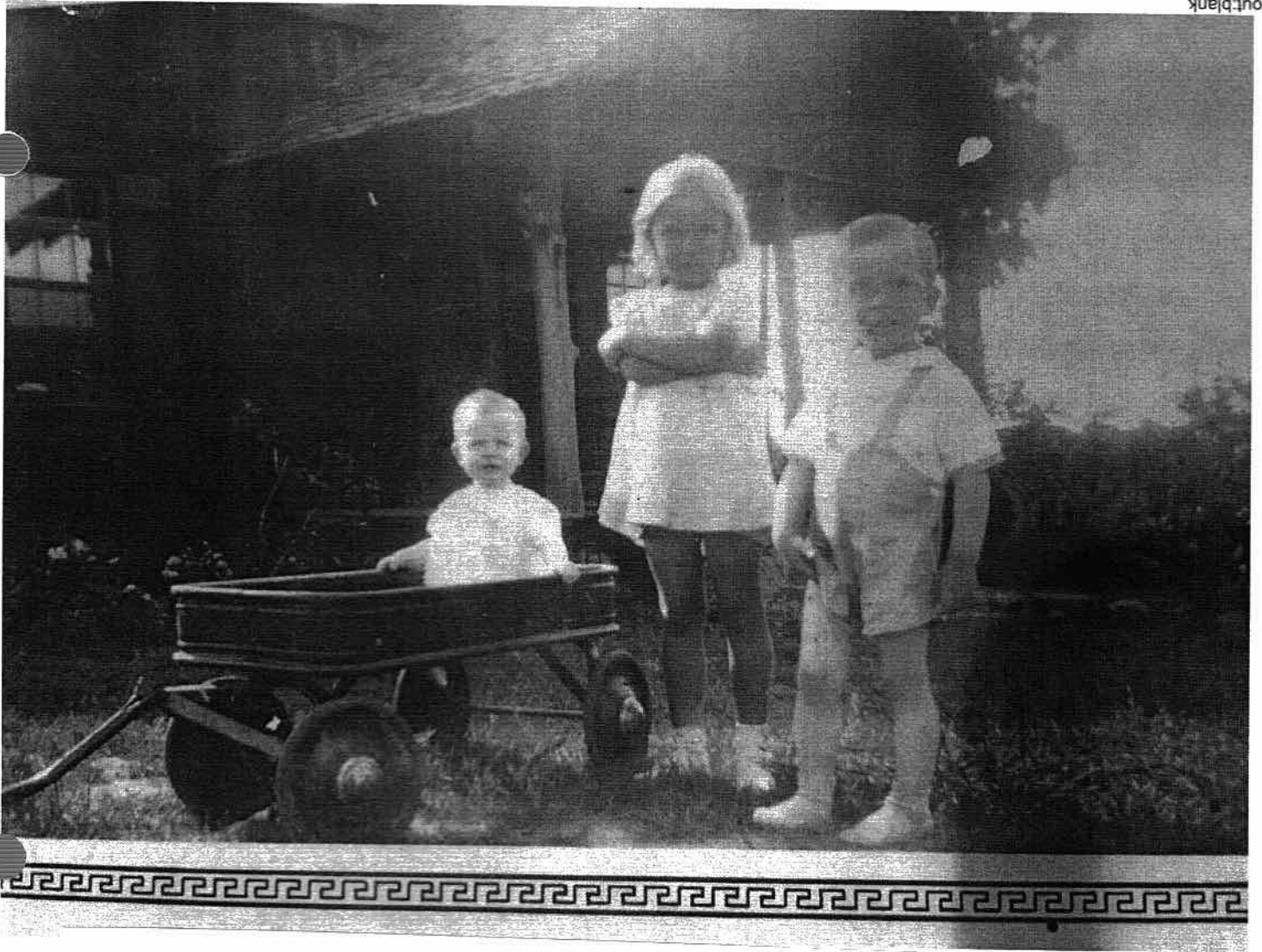


My Family

*L to R - Jesse Paradise, Winston, Christine, Alma +
 in her lap Shelby Jean - c.s. Made in front of
 our Project Home. c.s*



Jesse and Alma Paradise, Winston,
Christine and Jean on Alma's lap.



My little sister, Jean in the wagon, me, and my little brother Winston in front of our colony house. Note the cedar shingles, the knotted posts supporting the porch and to the bottom, extreme left, the four-o'clock bush that fascinated my brother and me. It seems to me it may have bloomed in the late afternoon. I know we waited till four o'clock to go check on it every day and would pull buds off and pop against our heads. *christine ca 1939*





Winston Paradise, brother of Christine Paradise and Jean Paradise





Christine Paradise, 5th Birthday with big white cake made and decorated by her mother. We always had birthday cakes. April 5, 1939.

My Table was made by Mr. Horster



Minnie Lee (Peek) and David Clay Paradise at Skyline. Sweet people. Grandparents of Christine Paradise. Minnie was the daughter of James Wiley and Frances "Fannie" Elizabeth (Lewis) Peek. James Wiley was born in Habersham County, Georgia in 1850.



<https://outlook.live.com/mail/0/inbox/id/AQMkADAwATY0MDABLWl0NABILWM2MWUtdMAcLTAwCgBGAAAD8luizALPVk%2BdNR9HGid81QcALIL3c...> 1/2
So many times I lay on the bed where the fireplace was and made this very shadow.
es



Edith Paradise and teacher Winter at Skofine School
grounds eating cones of ice cream. May Day or July 4
1938 or 1939



*Christine Paradise, Aunt Maud Lindsay and
Winston Paradise in front of Paradise Colony House*



*Winston Paradise
Behind Skyline School
Ca. 1942-43*



Winston Paradise and J. W. Ott at Skyline with their puppy's ca 1945/46



Maud Lindsey was on the dance team.
She lived with us at Skyline and worked
for the ~~WPA~~ NYA.

My Daddy

My daddy was a good man and would have been a rich man if he had had any education. Truth is, he had to quit school in the second or third grade to help make a living for the growing family. As the oldest, he was at the plow before daylight and stayed there till dark. He said he was so small the plow would jerk him off his feet. All he knew growing up was hard work in the fields of one tenant farm or another.

After he and mother married he could always think of a way to make extra money. Before he went to work in the mill he got the idea of selling milk to the workers at their lunchtime so he bought one cow at a time till we had 9 cows and my aunt Maud, mother's sister who lived with us and worked for the NYA program for about \$10 a month, let him have \$10 to buy a refrigerator. It was a big double door frig that had been sprayed with a mingled taupe color but it worked fine and with its double doors was big enough to hold all those bottles of milk we bottled. Daddy bought big cans of malted milk powder so he offered pints and half-pints of plain or chocolate milk. He sold the pints for a quarter and the half-pints for 15 cents. We didn't have a car so he walked and carried two half bushel tubs of ice and milk to the mill every day. The workers were so poor they would have to charge it till payday so he kept books on each of them and collected on Friday.

At that time there was no such thing as vending machines. I can remember him coming home with pockets full of change and holding out a handful and gave us all we could hold in one hand.

When we were little, I remember him getting in the floor on all-fours and riding us on his back. We would see who could stay on the longest before he could buck us off. Those were good days.

He loved my mother and was always buying her things when he could afford it. I remember him bring her a new dress home more than once. I remember particular one that had a bunch of cherries pinned to the shoulder. Funny the things that stick in your memory.

Before he died he had each one of us a picture enlarged and colored of mother at about the time they married. I treasure it.

I never saw daddy without him looking as if he just stepped out of the shower, with his hair combed and his face shaved and shiny clean even after he was so disabled he couldn't walk he was always neat and clean but in so much pain he could hardly stand it. I never saw him needing a shave.

Looking back, I wish I could re-live some of those times. I was still working when both of them died and never had the time I would like to have had with them.

It did my heart good to see them build a nice brick home and retire with a good bank account. They deserved it and worked hard to attain it.

I'm now older than he was when he passed away. Time passes so quickly.



Jesse Paradise



Jesse Paradise



FEB 65

Jesse Paradise & Ann Amund
ca 1964-65



Weston Paradise



Jesse & Alma
Paradise

On June 18, 1983, Daddy, Jesse Paradise, was in the Intensive Care Unit at Huntsville Hospital, Huntsville, Alabama. He had been very ill and on a ventilator for a week or more. One day when I went into the unit he had been taken off the ventilator and was very agitated and excited and motioned for me to come nearer the bed.

"I want to tell y'all my mystery. There's two worlds. I've seen them both. Y'all gonna think I'm crazy....

I've got to tell you something cause I want you to know. I've been through the world from beginning to end. I've seen everything I've ever done. Jesus is real! He's right with you here on earth! He showed me how to breathe!

"There was this highway. I've seen the mystery of the world. Oh! It's so pretty. Everything's so beautiful! Now I didn't see Jesus face to face but He was there. He's here on earth now. It's a mystery! There was a big cave," he said, "and a big bright light (at the opening of the cave)."

I couldn't understand much of what he was saying and I couldn't find anything to write on except an envelope in my purse. He took my pen and tried to draw me a picture of what he had seen. He was so excited (and I got goose bumps).....Christine Sumner

DADDY

Jesse Paradise

While In ICU Huntsville Hospital

By Christine P. Sumner





This is in addition to part of this that I have already recorded on an old envelope, the only thing I could find to write on when he started talking. He had been unconscious for several weeks:

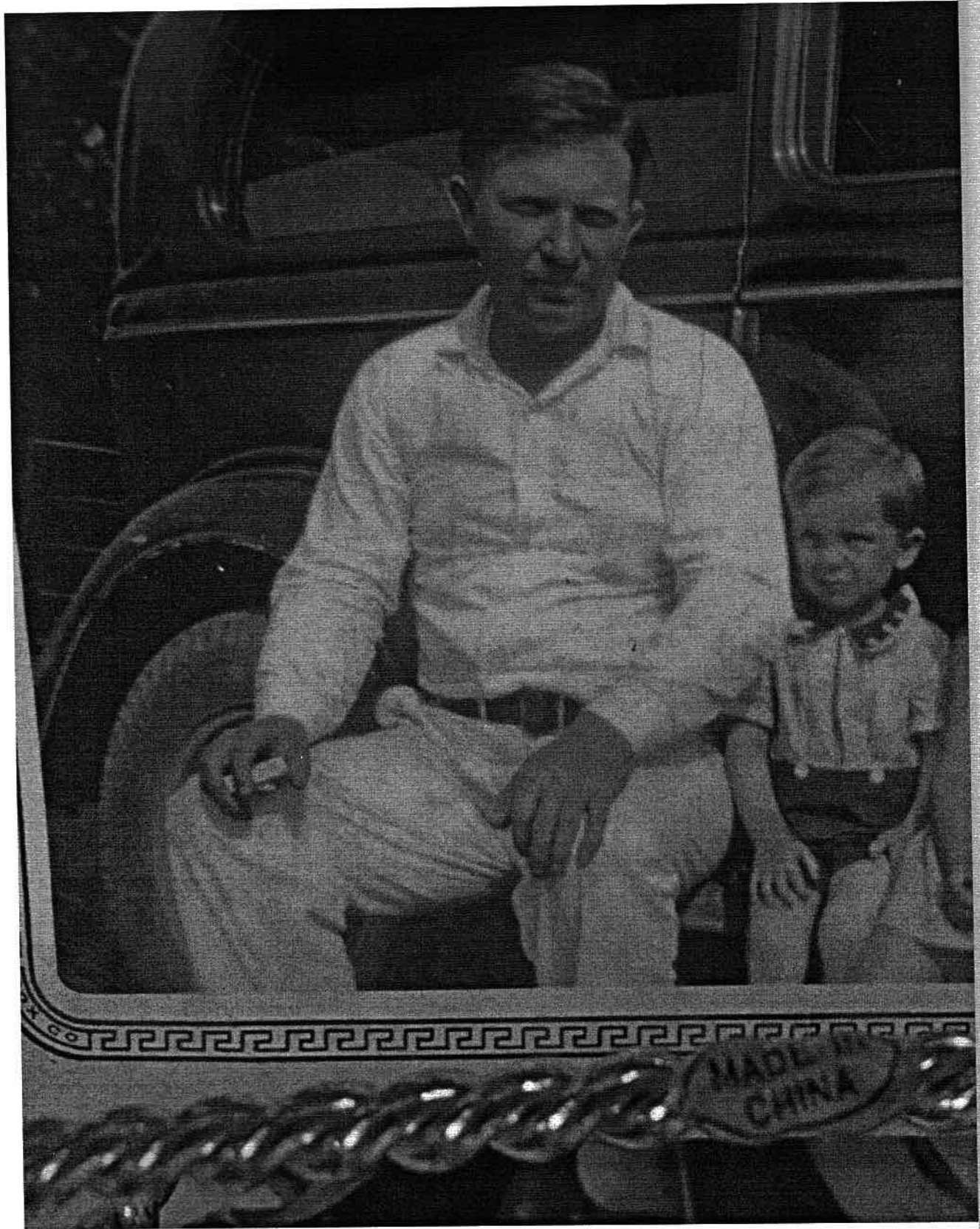
"I've been in another world! Do I look any different!" Mother said, "No," and he said, "I feel different. Most beautiful place I've ever seen..saw..looked like a big field of crystal shining and Christ was there and he helped me to breathe. He had on blue clothes. God and Christ were walking in front of him and they were burning up the world. Looked like they were going up Sand Mountain. Christ said to God, 'this is it and he said, 'no, look up there,'" and it looked like a big square & He started tearing it off. He tore off four layers and on the 5th layer had the number 600 ^ 66."

He said he was in a cave and could see a beautiful light most beautiful light he'd ever seen. He said, "Oh,ooo! I cant tell you."

He had called me to his bed and said "Ive got to tell you'll what I've seen.

(I will find the other part to put with this. I just now found it in my Paradise file.

IMG_5151.JPG  Download  Full screen  Print  Save to OneDrive



Jesse Paradise + Winston Paradise ca 1959. 05

Christine Sumner
Eulogy
at
Funeral

MY MOTHER
By Christine Sumner
April 2, 2004

My first remembrance of my mother was when I was very small. I must have been about two and a half or three. I had gone out in the back yard and picked up chips of wood in my little dress tail for her to use as kindling to start a fire in the wood-burning cookstove in the tiny lean-to kitchen.

I remember the pride I felt when she bragged on me and seemed so happy that I was helping her. My next memory is of her getting a hickory switch to me and making me rock my baby brother in the cradle while she had to go to the make-shift barn to milk the cow.

Mother's father, Charles Ginn Lindsay, demanded manners, discipline and compliance. You didn't go to his table without washing your hands and combing your hair. And you didn't reach for the food. You asked politely for someone to pass it to you. And you didn't jump up from the table and run. You asked to be excused. Mother demanded no less of us teaching me to set the table correctly with the silverplated flatware that her sister, Maud, had given her. It was only brought out on special occasions and we had a good tablecloth for when we had company but an oilcloth served us well for everyday.

I remember her washing my hair over the washpan in our kitchen and having me dry it by the oven of the wood-burning stove. My hair was shiny and clean in every picture I have of me when I was young. Many times my "shampoo" was lye soap she had made herself. Years later I had a friend who used lye soap to wash her hair as she said it made it nice and shiny.

I remember her tucking me in each night in the cold bedroom where I slept. She would heat the "smoothing iron" in the hot coals of the fireplace, wrap it in cloths and put it to my feet to keep them warm. Our only heat came from two fireplaces.

The most outstanding memory of my mother was the courage she always showed in the face of extreme privation and the encouragement she always gave me. She was very ambitious, as was my Dad, and

always encouraged me in anything I chose to do. How well that served me in the years to come. But the best lesson I learned from my mother was to be moral. She had very high standards and expected no less from me. I tried to never disappoint her.

I remember how safe I felt in my mother's home. I always knew she would take care of me and that I could depend on her. Through the years of my adulthood it was my mother I would go to when I was hurt. She would try to soothe me saying, "honey, that's just their way. They don't mean to be mean." No matter how I argued I couldn't change her mind. She believed in the good in everybody. It was a lesson that took a lifetime for me to accept.

Mother was a provider. Her children always came first. She deprived herself all the years she was raising the three of us. She sold eggs, milk and butter. She took in boarders for \$5 a week including meals (he got the bedroom with the other fireplace. We slept upstairs). She served meals to the hosiery mill manager and his secretary as there was no café on the mountain. I remember her feeding us and then getting out the good tablecloth for them. Sometimes she would put a bouquet from the yard on the table. She did whatever she had to do to survive. That lesson also served me well in the years ahead.

After we moved to Scottsboro in 1949 she had to go to work. She would walk for two miles or more to a mill to work each morning and then again when her work day was over. She never failed to come home and see that we had a hot meal on the table at night. It must have been so hard on her. I don't remember many times when I saw her sit down and rest. She would get up in the mornings and make breakfast for us even though most of the time we didn't eat it. It was there, nevertheless, just in case we were hungry. How wonderful it was to awake every morning to the smell of bacon, sausage or ham cooking and coffee perking. It smelled like home.

I can remember hearing her and daddy singing as she washed the dishes and he dried them. They would choose an old religious song from their younger days and they would wash, dry and sing.

In short, my mother's home felt like home. It isn't the material things our parents give us but the foundation to build our lives on that are

important. My mother gave me a good foundation. Sometimes I have not used it wisely but I believe "raise a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." I feel my mother did a good job in raising me. She means everything to me. She is where I come from and where I am going and where I have been in between. I always knew she was there waiting in case I needed her as I did many times throughout my life.

I love my mother. Christine Sumner, April 2, 2004



^{KPR} ^{TI}
Alma Lindsey
age ca 14



Allyn Lindsay Paradise

Mother all dressed up as Easter - Probably 1950's



*My precious mother, Alma Lindsey Paradise, age
about 80. es.*

*When you're discouraged and feeling very low
Find someone who needs a helping hand
Or a friendly smile, a pat on the back
Or just a kind hello.*

*When they look at you
and you see the sparkle in their eyes
You'll see how much it really meant to them
You'll be lifted up so high
You can climb your highest mountain
And conquer your own stormy winds*

*You may not be able to carry all their load
But you may be able to help them to the road
That might lead them to the Lord
Then you'll feel so happy you might say
"thank You Lord for that discouraged day
It made me realize there are others I can help
And forget my own troubled day."*

*Just draw your curtains when you arise
And see the sun rising in the sky.
Open your window for the early morning breeze
And see the dewdrops on the evergreen trees.
See the beautiful colors in the flowers in bloom
The trees bud forth and grow*

*Seeing this beauty you will have to know
That only God could dress them so
Knowing this when you're discouraged
Ask God to lift your load and give you strength
To help others climb their rough and rugged road.*

By Alma Paradise,

By Alma Lindsay Paradise

Alma Lindsay Paradise
The story of my life
Age 82
About 1995

I was born in Long Hollow, Jackson County, Alabama, March 10 in the year of 1913. I was only 10 months old when my mother died. I was the seventh of her children, five girls and two boys. My oldest sisters were about twelve and fourteen years old, Annie May and Pearl. They took care of me for about two and a half years.

My uncle Ernest Lindsay and his wife, Frances, who lived in Houston, Texas, wanted to take me when my mother died. At first daddy didn't agree, then he gave in. I know he must have had a hard time trying to farm and take care of seven children. My sisters and brothers heard them and talking and were terribly upset. When daddy came in from the fields the next day, tired and wet with sweat, he found them all gathered on the front steps crying over me. He stopped and asked, "What's going on here." They said, "You're giving our baby away." He said, "Hush your crying, daddy won't give our baby away, we'll make it some way." And we did.

He got married again when I was about two and a half years old. (Her name was Ethel Whitaker) and she was a hard working woman. She was only 18 years old and daddy was forty. She and my sisters were more like sisters than step children.

Then they started a new family and there was little time for me but we all made it. They had four girls and two boys. We were a close family and helped each other and loved each other. We hardly knew the difference in the half brothers and sisters. We loved each other. The most trouble and misunderstanding was about our grandparents. We only had one grand parent on our mothers side and they only had one on their mothers side. All our grandmothers were dead before any of us were born.

My granddad (Robertson) would walk across a little ridge and through a field to come to see us. One day we saw him coming across the little sandy field and started running to meet him. One of my full sisters said to a half sister, "He's not your grandpas,". (To which) the reply was, "He is too my grandpas," she said crying. We felt the same way when their grandpas came. Our granddads treated us all the same when they came and they were very special to us. Their granddad always sang songs to us and we loved to hear him sing. Our grandpa petted and humored us.

My dad used to hum with his lips and then he would sing:

"Old Dan Tucker was a mean old man, he whipped his wife with a frying pan, he combed his head with a wagon wheel and died with a toothache in his head. Clear the track for old Dan Tucker, he's too late to get his supper,". And a lot of other funny songs. We took it time about sitting on his knees while he hummed and played the harmonica and the (Jews harp?).

Part 2

I was always nurse maid to the little animals that needed special care. Sometimes little goats lost their mother mostly from loose dogs chasing and killing them. I fed the little ones on a bottle until they grazed and learned to feed themselves.

When the brood sows had their little babies there would always be a little runt or two that could not stand on their feet or get to their mom to nurse. They were so weak they could not take a bottle for a day or two. They were so little I would use a shoe box fir a bed. I warmed milk and

fed them with a medicine dropper. I set the box on the hearth of our big fireplace and put warm rags in it to keep them warm. In just a few hours they would be up and squealing.. I kept them separated from the others a few days and then put them back with their mother. They would eventually catch up with the others.

Part 3

As we grew older we all helped on the farm. We grew about everything we ate. Even our snacks came from the farm. We had peanuts, popcorn, walnuts and hickory nuts. In season, daddy made molasses so we made popcorn balls, candy with nuts and peanut brittle. We had fun when we made candy that had to be pulled (taffy?). It would be a light color when pulled long enough. We pulled in long pieces then laid it on a long piece of wax paper then blocked it in about 1 1/2 inch blocks and put nuts on each block and when it was hard we broke in blocks.

We had every kind of fruit trees, apple, plums of different kinds, peaches, pears, grapes, blackberries, strawberries, cherries, mulberries and raspberries. Daddy bought sugar by the 100 pound bags to make all kinds of jellies, jams and marmalade's.

We had a big cellar under the floor. It was filled each year with both kinds of potatoes, onions and all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables and meats, pickles, jellies and jams.

Our smoke house was full of smoked hams and shoulders, also side meat for bacon. We had our own milk and butter and whipped cream any time we wanted it. My step mother sold enough chickens and eggs to buy staple groceries we couldn't raise, from the rolling store.

We didn't have electricity but we had a big spring of water running out of a small cave. It was a blowing cave and was our refrigerator and in the inside mouth of the cave was a wall of rocks like shelves where we put our milk and other goods in containers and it kept them as cold as any refrigerator and had no bills to pay.

We had two big fireplaces and our wood from the mountain made our heat and also wood for the cook stove. The stove was a large one with an 18 gallon copper reservoir to hold hot water which would heat to boiling. I can almost see my step mother standing at that stove cooking up all kinds of good things to eat. She was one of the best cooks in the county. I would wake in the morning smelling and ham meat frying, hot biscuits and red eye gravy. What good eating. Nothing like it.

We were all called when a meal was ready and whether we were hungry or not we had to come to the table and before we left it we were eating, too. We took turns washing dishes and cleaning the kitchen.

On Sundays we always had a lot of company. We didn't have to run to the grocery store for something for lunch, we just went to the smokehouse and cellar. After lunch when the weather was hot we all gathered at the spring, enjoying the cool air and eating watermelon and home made ice cream and we kids wading in the stream (that ran out of the small cave) chasing minnows, moleycraws (?) and crawdads.

Part 4

Getting to school was our biggest problem. We lived about three miles from the school house at Larkinsville. (Of course) we didn't have a car. We had to walk a long time until daddy finally got able to get us a rubber tired buggy. Man, that was a treat. It had a top and a dashboard and peepholes for the driver and for the lines to go through. We had a wool, rubberized lap

robe. You could button it up to the dash when it was raining and it would keep us dry. When it was really cold we had a big lantern we lit and put it under the lap robe and it kept us warm.

We had a big sorrel colored mare that was real gentle. The road was a rocky road across the ridge. The mare was beautiful. She had a long pretty mane, when we got across the long rocky ridge and hit the pavement she would throw her head back and let her mane fly and would lope till we got to the barn where we kept her during the day. The barn belonged to our granddad and joined the school campus. They made some steps right over the fence where we could walk right over the fence. The school, at Larkinsville, had a big ole potbellied stove for heat.

When we got to school, with cold hands and feet, the heat would make them hurt so bad and for a while we could not do much studying. I only finished the tenth grade.

Part 5

As a teenager, I helped Miss Augusta Martin at the House of Happiness, a home for abused children and orphans. I helped cook enough for a few days, clean and work in the clothing room unpacking clothing and hanging them up. I wasn't paid but she would give me clothing.

We had a large family, nine girls and four boys. Six of them were half sisters and brothers. (Whole sisters and brothers were, Bill, Tom, Louise, Maud, Annie May and Pearl. Half sisters and brothers were Ben, Ernest, Mabel, Margaret, Virginia, Inez). When any one of us got sick, one of the girls went and stayed and helped out until they were well, usually that was me.

Pearl, one of my oldest sisters was expecting a baby. Pearl got German Measles and had her baby premature. She also had pneumonia and kidney trouble. I was only fourteen years old. I went and stayed with her. We didn't have a hospital with incubators to keep the babies in, in this kind of case. I took care of this baby in their home. I kept hot water bottles in bed with him and kept him (Jack Gidden's) wrapped in warm blankets. I gave him castor oil each morning to keep him from dehydrating. I gave him warm water with a teaspoon full of red Karo syrup. He would not take but very little milk. He slept well. He started growing and at three months he was a found plump normal baby. I also helped with the older children.

I was holding my dad's hand when he passed away. I nursed my husband's grandmother Peeks when she was Bedfast and dying. Also his mother and dad when they were dying. You could say I helped bring babies into the world and held the hands of the older ones as they went out.

One of my most memorable times as a help in time of need was when I was sitting with my little five-year-old nephew, Roy Duane Johnston at the Hodges Hospital. He had a ruptured appendix and gangrene had set up. The doctor had already taken him off all medications. He was throwing up pure green poison and was unconscious. His dad and mother had a special nurse with him at night. His mother and dad had gone home to sleep awhile at a cousins house. The nurse said to me, "I don't know if you know that the doctor has given him up. He took him off all medications about four o'clock this morning and said there is no chance for him. I said to her, "I have given salt water in this kind of case...vomiting every few minutes, one level teaspoon full of salt in a twelve ounce glass of tap water, no ice or anything cold. Give three teaspoons every fifteen minutes until the vomiting stops. The nurse said, "I will get the glass, spoon, salt and tap water if you want to try it." I started giving it to him. He only took it five times until the vomiting stopped and he regained consciousness before his mom and dad came back before daybreak. His dad leaned on the foot of his bed and Roy said, "daddy, don't do that you make me hurt." His dad ran to his side. You could see the happiness on his and his mother's face. When the doctor came in he could hardly believe he was better. He put

him back on medication after the vomiting stopped. The salt kills the poison. He got well but he couldn't walk for several months and is married and has four children and three grandchildren. A doctor had given me the remedy. You don't give any other water in between times. Usually five or six times given will stop the vomiting and it kills the poison. He got well but it took about a year to be strong enough to walk again.

Part 6

I fell in love when I was sixteen years old with a boy who was nineteen years old. We went to school together. I started dating him when she I was fourteen years and old. I never dated anyone else. We got married when I was sixteen. My parents didn't approve of our marriage. I was determined to make our marriage work and so was he.

It was in time of a terrible depression, March 14, 1929. He had a job working on a farm for \$1.50 a day. That was from sun to sun, not eight hours as we have now. We lived in a little two-room house. One room was long enough for the kitchen and dining area. His mother and dad gave us enough things to start housekeeping. My dad did buy us a stove and I had a few things. No one in those days was able to give showers or gifts. I had two large pigs I raised from runts, ten hens and one rooster. I set two hens at a time so all the chicks would hatch at the same time. I put all the chicks with one hen and reset the other one and she would hatch another setting of eggs. I would have plenty of eggs and chickens to eat and would sell enough for yers and eggs to buy our groceries. We raised a garden and got by fine.

After my parents got over us getting married, they let us move to their farm and make a share crop. We bought a cow and had our own milk and butter. We made pretty good crops for about four years. Things were so cheap we didn't have much left out of our crop at the end of the year. Just barely enough to buy a few clothes and a pair of shoes. It was in a derp depression, no one was able to help each other.

Part 7

The government started a farm project. It was in a big wooded area, just trees, rubbish and rocks. We applied for a forty acre farm. They had a house and a storage house (each farm had a house, barn, smoke house and outhouse). We all had to clean up the land. The government hired people to clear the land and saw timber into building material to build the houses for the people. About the time the people got the land cleared and ready to make a living on they changed to a resettlement project and sold the farms to strangers.

While there we sold milk. My husband bought one cow at a time until we had nine cows. He paid for them in monthly payments from the sale of milk and butter. We made malted milk as well for sale. This disqualified us for a farm and because we rented land (from another farmer). We had enough money to pay cash for our house but they said because we didn't make the money on the project farm we were disqualified. We had rented some project land and sub-rented it out on the halves. We made about \$2500 and we bought a nice six-room house and eleven acres of land and three little rent houses for \$2500. It was almost a new house (and the only one on the mountain that was not a project house. It was a pretty White House, French doors into the dining room, a nice little sandstone retrace at the back of the living room).

(Back to the project house)...We got by fine. We had a good well and a hand pump (when living on the farm they had no well and had to hand carry their water from my granddaddy's spring about a quarter oof a mile so a well at the back door with a pump was a real luxury. The well was under a nice pump house with a concrete floor and an octagon-shaped roof...ca).

I spent most of my time visiting and helping the sick. We didn't have a doctor and nurse at that time on the project, After we got a doctor he would come and get me to go on OB cases. I helped bring little ones into the world and held the hands and bathed the faces of older people as they were dying. My sister Maud Lindsay lived with us and kept our three children while I helped others. We never went hungry but many did.

A Lansdale, Pennsylvania, company put in a hosiery mill and gave a lot of people work. My husband and also my sister got a job. (Maud got a job with the NYA..school). My husband was a mechanic and fireman in the throwing department which did the winding the thread off the skein onto a spool for the knitting machine. He made pretty good then but that wasn't much at that time. A days work would not amount to what people make in one hour now.

They brought in a manager and other head men. They had a secretary and I made lunch for the manager and secretary every day and made a little extra money. I kept a boarder also. We stayed on the lookout for ways to earn money.

(Back to selling milk..cs). We we also sold malted milk and plain milk in pints and half pints at the mill (they bought a huge commercial refrigerator for \$10 and we all helped bottle the milk in the early bottles with the cardboard lids. Daddy iced the milk down in galvanized half bushel tubs with ice cubes frozen in the refrigerator and carried them about a quarter off a mile or more—we had no car—to the mill as they were having their break. No automatic drink machines at that time. He sold the pints for a quarter and the half pints for fifteen cents and even at those prices he had to charge it till payday when he went back to collect. He would come home with pockets full of change and would hold out a big hand full and let us keep all we could hold on one hand—cs). He made pretty good money with it.

Part 8

Our Private Lives

When we married we were both virgins. We were not able to go on a honeymoon. We stayed with his mother and daddy the first few days (she told me they had to sleep in the bedroom with his parents that first night—cs) and then we rented a little house and he worked on the farm of the owner of the little house for \$1.50 a day from sun up until after sunset. We were very happy. I got pregnant and carried the baby until it was a full grown baby. I had a dream before the baby was born. I thought it was dead and they were digging the baby's grave and dug into my mother's grave and they had to move over from that lot and dig another grave. It all happened as I had dreamed except it wasn't mother's grave but at the foot of her grave.

It was a beautiful little boy. It was almost four years before I had another baby. It was a beautiful little blonde-headed girl. We had began to think there would not be another baby. We were so happy with our darling little baby girl. Two years later we had a precious little boy baby and two years later another beautiful little baby girl. This was our family and we were so proud of all of them. The oldest girl was named Christine. The boys name was Winston Joy and the other girl was named Shelby Jean. They were all precious.

Part 9

I have lived a quiet life before and after marriage. I have never. Taken a drink of alcohol nor used drugs. I never have used Gods name in vain. I've never had an affair with anyone. I've never stolen anything. I have never cursed nor committed adultery. My husband has been dead almost eleven years. He died June 15, 1984. I've never remarried. Before he died we had become very prosperous.. We first owned a grocery store. Then we sold our place at Skyline and. Moved to Scottsboro and bought a restaurant and made very good money. Over the

years we owned three restaurants. In our later years we built a six room, two bath brick house and had banked our money That helps me out now that I am 82 years old. I can be independent as long as I can keep my health. I lost my son January 9, 1995. My two daughters are wonderful to me. They see that I have everything I need. They are married and they each have a son and a daughter so I have two granddaughters and two grandsons and I am expecting a great grandchild in April. I can hardly wait. All my grandchildren are grown and married. It's been a long time since we have had a baby in the family, about 26 years, I believe.

Recently, I had a bout with cancer. I never panicked or started thinking I was at my rows end. I kept going, doing my housework and going to church. I never missed but a Beverly few Sundays or Wednesday night bible study. Everyone was wonderful to me, especially my daughters. I took chemotherapy treatments six weeks and skipped three weeks, then six months once a month. My biopsy showed negative then. I had another biopsy that showed negative. I did a lot of praying and my family did too,. Also my church family. I never was a bit nauseated and my hair didn't come out. The good Lord was so good to me.

My sister, Louise, that lived with me about ten years, had a real bad stroke about a year ago. She is 84 years old. I go every day and feed her. She is helpless and can't feed herself but is getting better. Her doctor told us she wouldn't live over two to five days, that there wasn't anything he could do. It has been almost a year and she is talking now sand can move bitch arms and is beginning to use her hands. I am working her hands and arms, workoing. Her arms up and down and working her fingers. She is getting a lot better but her legs are drawn up. I don't suppose she will ever walk again. My prayers are that she will.

Part 10

My daughter, Christine, and her husband, Bill Sumner, Re both in separate businesses. He has Atlas Glass Company and she has a bridal registry and gift shop (Ann's Fine Gifts..cs). Jean and her husband, Kenneth King, own a deli and they are doing well and live in Scottsboro. Also all four grandchildren doing well. Ann Sumner, Christine's daughter is an attorney, her son a musician. Jean's daughter, Melissa, is a registered nurse and her son, Tommy is a supervisor at a granite company.

I live alone the way I want it and am happy. I've been well blessed.
THE END.



Alma Lindsay Paradise
age 75 or 80.



Jesse and Alma Paradise



*3rd on front row Alma Paradise
Behind her Victoria Paradise
seated just on left
2nd from left standing Ms. Page
workers at Hosiery Mill*



First Jackson Women Jurors

Among the first women called for jury service in Jackson County are, from left, Mrs. Alma Paradise, Ruby Parton, Mrs. Ida McKenzie and Mrs. Kate Barclay. They were called for the week of Jackson County Court, Civil Division, that began Monday. Discussing the operation of the courts with them is Judge John Haislip.

(Times Photos)

The Huntsville Times

Tuesday, December 13, 1966

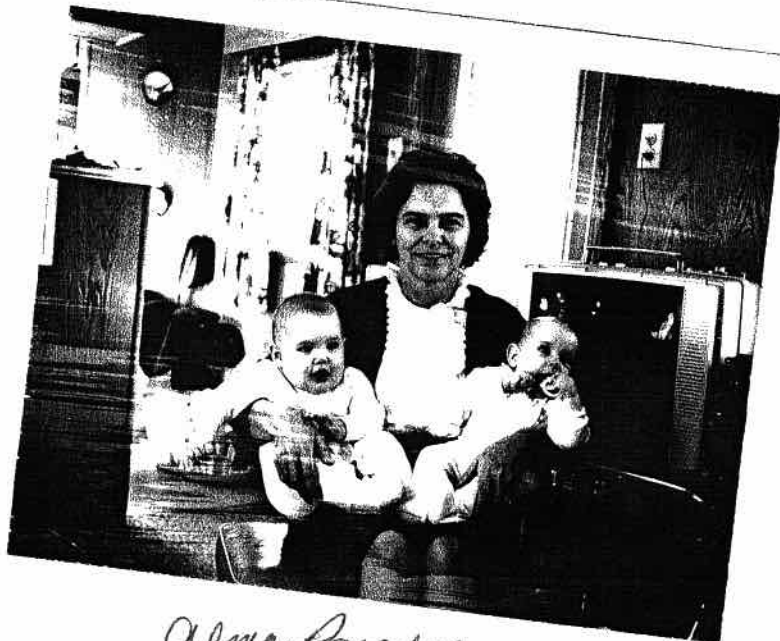
My Mom was one of the first women jurors when the law changed allowing women to be on juries



JUN 10
Alma Lindsey
holding 1/2 sister
Margaret



Alma Paradise



Alma Paradise
Johnny Rexy Ann Susan



Leonard, Bobby Joe & Mabel Ashley
Lived at Sheyline. Mabel was
Mabel Lindsay, half sister to Alvin
Lindsay Paradise. She worked at
our store while mother and
Daddy worked at the Hosiery mill.



Jesse and Alma Paradise 50th Wedding Anniversary

Sunday night
March 1, 1981

Dear Mother and Daddy,

I never seem to be very good at words except on paper and there's so many things I've felt that I never got around to saying.

Whatever I am or will ever be I owe to you. You always encouraged me to better myself and ^{taught me} that through hard work and faith anything is possible.

Daddy, I'll always be grateful to you for getting us off the mountain so we would have better opportunities. Maybe we would have eventually left anyway but we might also still be there.

I know you've both worked so hard to give us things when we were growing up and so many times did without the bare necessities so that we could enjoy a few luxuries; like the evening dress that meant so much to me and, Mother, you went to the bank and borrowed \$50.00 so I could have it. I remember how hard it was for you to pay that note and even though I've never mentioned it I've never forgotten it and I've always appreciated it.

I remember so many good things about growing up; especially Christmases. That was always so special because you made it so. I remember the fire crackling in the fireplace and Daddy saying, "Get up, Kids! Santa Claus has come!"

And every time it snowed I remember Daddy waking us up to say, "Get up Kids, it's snowing."

We all had had times, too. Everybody does. That's life. But the good times are the things we remember and appreciate.

I remember how comforting it always was to have you near me, mother, when I was sick. You were always there taking care of me and putting cold cloths on my fevered forehead. Just having you there made me feel better.

I guess what I'm trying to say is, "I love you both dearly," and I never seem to be able to say it but I want you to know it just the same. I know I don't show it very often and I wish I had more time to spend with you. Maybe one day I can if I can ever sell the store.

I love, you
Chris

Tuesday, November 22, 2005 • The Daily Sentinel

and sons-in-law, Jean and Kenneth King of Scottsboro and Christine and Bill Sumner, both of Scottsboro; grandchildren, Tommy A. King of Fort Payne, Melissa Pierce of Huntsville, John William Sumner of Scottsboro and Ann E. Sumner Coleman of Greenville, S.C.; great-grandchildren, Jessica Pierce of Huntsville, Haley King of Fort Payne and Parks Coleman of Greenville, S.C.; and sisters, Inez Proctor of Scottsboro and Maude Lanier of Scottsboro.

Mrs. Paradise was preceded in death by her husband, Jesse Paradise; son, Winston J. Paradise; sisters, Annie May Higgins, Pearl Giddens, Louise Lindsay, Margaret Johnson, Mable Ashley and Virginia Lamons; and brothers, Bill, Ben, Tom and Ernest Lindsay.

Mrs. Paradise was a member of Broad Street Church of Christ, was a member of Tidence Lance Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution and a past member of Daughters of 1812.

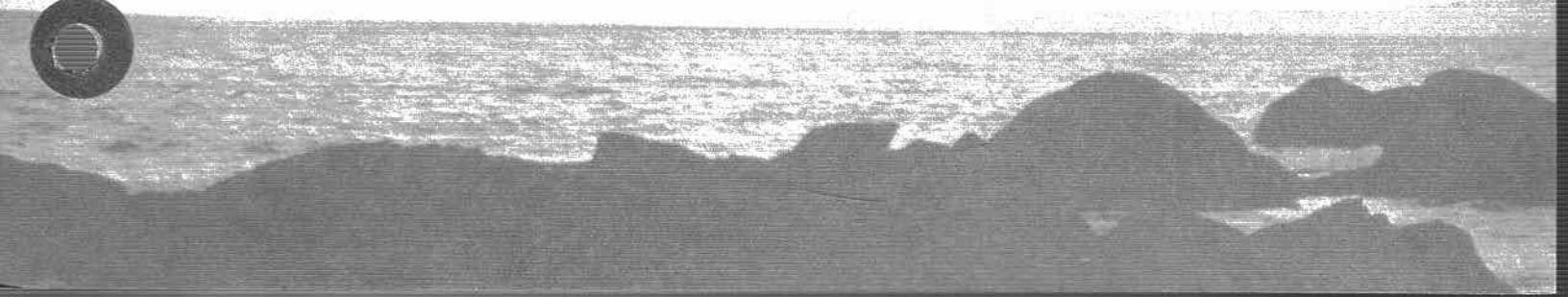
**ALMA LINDSEY
PARADISE
SCOTTSBORO**

Alma Lindsey Paradise, 92, of Scottsboro, passed away on Monday, November 21, 2005 at Jackson County Nursing Home.

Funeral services will be held on Wednesday, November 23 at 11 a.m. at Scottsboro Funeral Home Chapel with Mr. Nesbitt Sanford officiating. Burial will follow in Cedar Hill Cemetery.

Mrs. Paradise is survived

PIONEERS



The Government Contract
Skyline Farms
Route 1,
Scottsboro, Alabama
August 22, 1944

A Dream Comes True

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

Skyline Farms
Scottsboro Rt. 1, Ala.
Aug. 22, 1944

IN REPLY REFER TO

Mr. David Clay Paradise, Jr.,
Scottsboro Rt. 1, Alabama

Dear Mr. Paradise:

I have been instructed by the County FSA Committee to notify you that you have been approved to buy a farm at Skyline as per your application with a \$150.00 down payment.

I shall be glad to help you work out your future plans on the buying of your farm.

Sincerely,

Edron A Childers

Edron A. Childers
Community Manager

I hereby certify that the aim and purpose of the Skyline Farms project has been fully explained to me and I agree, as one of the families on the Skyline Farms project, to comply with and be governed by the following regulations:

1. I will make every effort to meet fully and promptly all financial obligations as follows:
 - a. Rental or contract obligations.
 - b. To meet my share of cooperative obligations including medical association payments as developed.
 - c. To so manage my farm operations that within a period of _____ years an operating goods loan will not be necessary.
- II. I agree to secure all my financial aid through government sources, and not entangle myself with outside obligations without discussing same and securing approval of the project manager.
- III. I agree to conduct my farm and home operations under supervision of farm and home personnel according to plans recommended by the Farm Security Administration, and also take advantage of suggestions as offered by the vocational teachers, extension agencies, nurse, and other personnel, with particular emphasis on the following:
 - a. Keeping farm and home record book.
 - b. Keeping home and surroundings neat and clean.
 - c. Keeping up terraces, fences, buildings, and cooperating with soil conservation program.
- IV. I will personally operate my farm without subrenting of land or undue hiring of labor except seasonal.
- V. I will refrain from the excessive use of intoxicants, drugs, or anything else that will interfere with the success of the program.
- VI. I will make every effort to measure up to the moral and social standards of the project, and participate in and support programs for the up-building and betterment of my family and community.
- VII. I understand that the above standards are required for success of the Skyline Farms Project and if I am unable to meet these standards, I agree to leave the project peacefully and on my own account within 60 days after notice.

Husband

Wife

WAR FOOD ADMINISTRATION
FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION
QUITCLAIM DEED

Skyline Farms
Unit 3

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

THAT the United States of America, for and in consideration of the sum of Two thousand nine hundred and no/100 Dollars (\$ 2900.00), does hereby
remit, release, quitclaim and convey unto David Clay Paradise, Jr.
and Mary Lou Paradise, his wife, with the right of survivor-
ship but not as tenants in common

all its rights, title, claim, interest, equity and estate in and to the following described lands lying in the County of Jackson, State of Alabama, to-wit:

A lot or tract of land in Section 8, Township 3 South, Range 5 East, Jackson County, Alabama, in Skyline Farms Project of Farm Security Administration, United States Department of Agriculture, described as follows:

"Beginning at the northeast corner of Section 8, Township 3 South, Range 5 East, said corner being situated in the centerline of Spur No. 1 off of Winchester Road, and thence running S 86° 20' W 20.00' to a point on the west right of way line of the said Spur No. 1 Road, the point of beginning of the tract hereinafter described and thence leaving the said road right of way line and running S 89° 26' W 291.45', thence N 88° 41' W 13.70', thence S 88° 25' W 334.95', thence N 87° 16' W 876.60', to the east right of way line of Cumberland Mountain Highway, thence running along the east right of way line of the said highway S 04° 56' E 417.25', thence S 04° 39' E 200.37', thence S 04° 36' E 61.56', thence S 04° 48' E 708.84' to the point of intersection of the said east right of way line with the north right of way line of Spur Road No. 3 off of Cumberland Mountain Highway and thence leaving the east right of way line of Cumberland Mountain Highway and running along the north right of way line of

(Description concluded on reverse side)

Subject, however, to such easements and rights-of-way upon, across or through the above described lands, as heretofore have been granted by the United States of America or its predecessors in title, for the construction, operation and maintenance of public utility systems, streets, roads and walks, and reserving to the United States of America

all of the interest of the United States in the oil, gas, coal and other mineral rights of whatsoever nature upon, in or under the said lands, together with the usual mining rights, powers and privileges, including the right of access to and the use of such parts of the surface as may be necessary for mining and saving said minerals, except that the said grantees shall have the right to mine coal for their domestic use on the property.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same unto the said grantees and unto their heirs and assigns forever, with all appurtenances thereunto belonging.

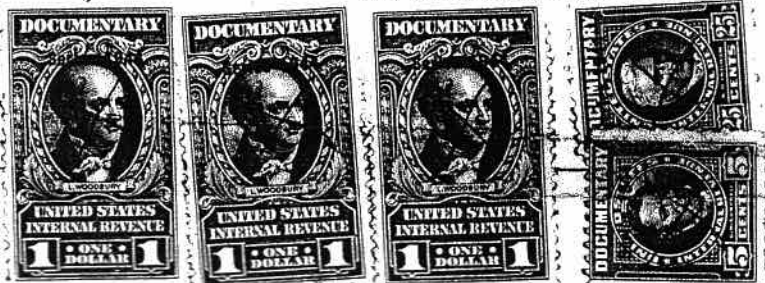
This conveyance is executed and delivered pursuant to and in accordance with authority vested in the War Food Administrator as set forth in delegation of authority dated March 13, 1944, appearing in Federal Register dated March 16, 1944 (Vol. 9, page 2840), which authority was, by said delegation of authority delegated by the War Food Administrator to the Administrator of the Farm Security Administration, and was redelegated by the Administrator of the Farm Security Administration to Regional Directors of the Farm Security Administration by redelegation of authority dated April 27, 1944, appearing in Federal Register dated April 29, 1944 (Vol. 9, page 4523).

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the said United States of America has caused these presents to be executed, this 1st day of January, 1945.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of:

Virginia Franklin
Francis R. Greer

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
By Tex Harrison
Regional Director, Region V, Farm Security Administration,
War Food Administration.



STATE OF ALABAMA }
COUNTY OF MONTGOMERY }

ances thereunto belonging.

This conveyance is executed and delivered pursuant to and in accordance with authority vested in the War Food Administrator as set forth in delegation of authority dated March 13, 1944, appearing in Federal Register dated March 16, 1944 (Vol. 9, page 2840), which authority was, by said delegation of authority delegated by the War Food Administrator to the Administrator of the Farm Security Administration, and was redelegated by the Administrator of the Farm Security Administration to Regional Directors of the Farm Security Administration by redelegation of authority dated April 27, 1944, appearing in Federal Register dated April 29, 1944 (Vol. 9, page 4523).

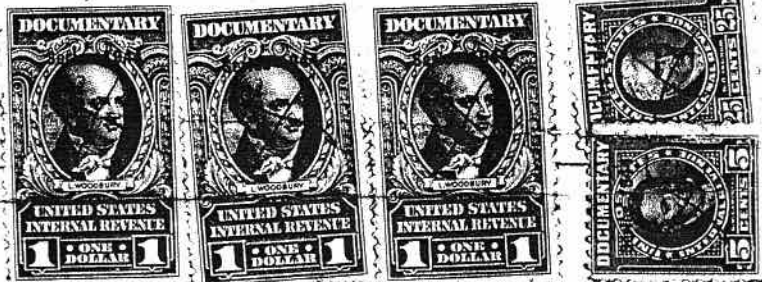
IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, the said United States of America has caused these presents to be executed, this 1st day of January, 1945.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of:

Virginia Franklin
Francis F. Greer

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

By *Fox Harmon*
Regional Director, Region V, Farm Security Administration,
War Food Administration.



STATE OF ALABAMA
COUNTY OF MONTGOMERY

I, Elizabeth R. Blackmon

a Notary Public in and for

said County, in said State, hereby certify that Fox Harmon, whose name as Regional Director, Region V, of the Farm Security Administration, War Food Administration, is signed to the foregoing conveyance, and who is known to me, acknowledged before me on this day that, being informed of the contents of the conveyance, he, in his capacity as such Regional Director and with full authority, executed the same voluntarily, on the day the same bears date.

Given under my hand and official seal, this 27 day of January, 1945.

Elizabeth R. Blackmon
Notary Public

(Notarial Seal)
My commission expires: My Commission Expires Dec. 2, 1947

(Description continued from first page)

Spur No. 3 N 89° 53' E 1078.75', thence leaving the said right of way line and running N 04° 29' E 625.82', thence N 89° 53' E 105.40', thence S 35° 03' E 561.40', thence S 00° 30' W 161.70' to the north right of way line of the said Spur Road No. 3, thence along said right of way line N 89° 27' E 381.85', thence N 85° 14' E 229.00', thence N 55° 50' E 58.30', thence N 21° 04' E 19.60', thence N 14° 36' E 24.90', thence N 00° 33' W 152.20', thence N 01° 15' W 517.70', thence N 01° 21' W 562.96' to the point of beginning, containing 65.270 acres, more or less."

The above unit was carved from Tract No. 1.

The State of Alabama } Probate
Jackson County } Court

I, J. S. BENSON, Judge of Probate
heroby certify that the within instrument
was filed in this office for record on the
13 day of Febry 1942
at 2:15 o'clock P. M., and recorded
in book 40 of Deeds
Page 433 and the following Tax
Paid, Viz:

J. S. Benson
JUDGE OF PROBATE

Fee \$ 1.25
Tax \$ 3.00
4.25 Paid
mail

First Families who lived between Money's Store and the Rock Store

By Christine Paradise Sumner

I remember most of the families that lived between Money's Store and the Rock Store because that was the area I was most familiar with.

Going from Money's Store on the South side of "town" (that store was located on the left just as you turn to go to the City Hall) to the Rock Store on the *left side of the road* were:

I don't remember the families in the first two houses but the next one, up on a hill, was Mr. *Ben Campbell*. Mr. Campbell's daughter, *Maggie*, married *Sam Evans* and had *Louise* who married a *Teat* and lived at Rainsville most of her married life. Sam Evans was an early manager of the Rock Store and lived "catty-cornered" across the road from the store on the corner of the main road and the one that went to Fork Mountain.

The next building after Mr. Campbell was the one they called "*the Kitchen*" where meals were prepared for the first workers laboring on the Project. My granddaddy, *David Clay Paradise* was one of the cooks that labored there and it earned him the name "*Aunt Marthey*" that stayed with him, with the old timers, forever. I remember walking by the Kitchen after it was abandoned and before it was torn down. I knew it was "the kitchen" but I never knew its purpose.

The next house was *Jonce Paradise*, my great uncle and his wife *Aunt Sallie Hart Paradise*. Their children were *Wallace, Willie Mae, Mary Ruth, Stanley, Sarah "Sadie," and Aubrey "Bo."* *Wallace* married *Grace Freeman*, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Will Freeman* and they had *Billy Joe* and *Milton*. *Willie Mae* married a *Hammons* and had children, among others, *Jane, Wayne and Gary*.

The next house was *Monroe Cox*. They had a daughter, *Louisa (called Lou-I-sa)* who married *Willis Brown* and a son *Franklin* who was killed in WWII. *The Cox house was green.*

Jesse Paradise and his wife *Alma Lindsay* lived next after the Coxes. Their children were *Christine, Winston and Jean*. *Christine* married *William Parks "Bill" Sumner, Jr.*; *Jean* married *Kenneth King* and *Winston* never married. *Their house was brown.* This house had been lived in before and the man, Mr. *Grover Phillips*, had built a nice little square, shingled shed with cedar posts over the well pump and added two small bedrooms upstairs so there were 4 bedrooms in this one house.

Then around the curve past Pole Branch was the *George Barclays*. *Mrs. Barclay* was the Project nurse and I think *Mr. Barclay* worked for the government. Their children were *Jimmy, Leroy and Tommy*. I heard that *Leroy* was later a doctor. *The Barclay house was brown.*

Next was Mr. *John C. Jernigan (or Jarnigan)*. Their children that I knew were *Donald, Maxine and Jo*. Their home was back off the road and up a hill. *Their house was green.*

"Pop" Ross lived in the next house. The Ross's had a cute little guest house out in the back yard. I don't know of any children. Their house was white, the only white Project house I remember but then, he was the boss. (On second thought, the *teacherage* was also white)

After the Ross house was the *Vandivers*. I don't remember the parent's names but their daughter, *Betty*, was my best friend when we were 5 years old. Her mother had a tea party for us once under a big shade tree in their front yard. It was the first time I ever had pimento cheese. I think Mr. *Vandiver* worked for the government. *Their house was green.*

Then the *Sam Evans* house just before you get to the road to Fork Mountain.

Then beginning at Money's Store on the **right side of the road:**

First was the *Crawford (or Crofford) Edmonds*, called "Croff." Their daughter, *Opal*, and I were good friends. *Their house was brown.*

The next house on the right was the *Herbert Greens*. Their children were *daughter, Stanley, Phillip, son, daughter.* *Their house was green.*

The David Clay Paradise house was next. Their children were *Jesse, Oakland, Veda, Vesta, Augusta, Clay and Ray.* *Their house, too, was green.*

"Hound" Shrader lived in a green house next on the right of the road across the road from the Jesse Paradise's. They had *Virgil, Kathleen and Roy.*

The next house, too, was around the curve from Pole Branch on the right side of the road. Mr. *Houseton*, pronounced "*House-ton*," a cabinet-maker lived there. My parents had him make me a little table for part of my Christmas once. *His house was brown.*

Next were the *B. J. Easts*. Their children were *B. J. Jr.* and another son. *Mr. East* eventually died with T.B. and his wife and children moved back to her parents in Birmingham. After the Easts moved, the Cecil Hodges lived there and when they moved the *C. L. Fossetts* lived there. *Mr. Fossett* was the principal of Skyline School. *Their house was green.*

The next house was the *teacherage* where some of the Skyline teachers lived. *This house was also white.* Maybe someone else lived there before it became a *teacherage*. *The teacherage* may have been the only house on the mountain with indoor plumbing unless some of the government employees did, as well.

And the last house before you got to the Rock Store was the *Kennamers*. I don't remember the parent's names but their son, called *Sonny*, and I were good friends. *Sonny* later lived in Guntersville and became a well-known photographer. I think their house was brown.

If memory serves me, I think the first house after the Rock Store was the *Bass family*. *Mrs. Bass* taught school and *Mr. Bass* worked for the government. They had a son, *Ralph*. I remember attending a birthday party for *Ralph* when very young and *Mrs. Bass* may have been one of my teachers. They may have had two sons. *They lived in a green house.* I cannot remember which came first after the *Rock Store*, the *Basses* or the "*Cannery*."

After the Bass house was *Wes Ott*. He had two sons. *J. W.* married *Helen Duke* and they lived their life in Scottsboro and were avid golfers. *J. W.* was a brick mason.

The Project houses were either *green, brown or grey*. Nothing in between. The barns, smokehouse, chicken houses and outdoor toilets were all painted to match the house. They were actually "*painted*" with *creosote*, not actually paint.

The memories of my living there even at the old age of 88 years old (I don't feel that old!!!) are still fresh on my mind. It has made me a little sad recalling so many memories of my life there "*but I wouldn't take nothing for my journey now.....*"

11:12 PM

96%

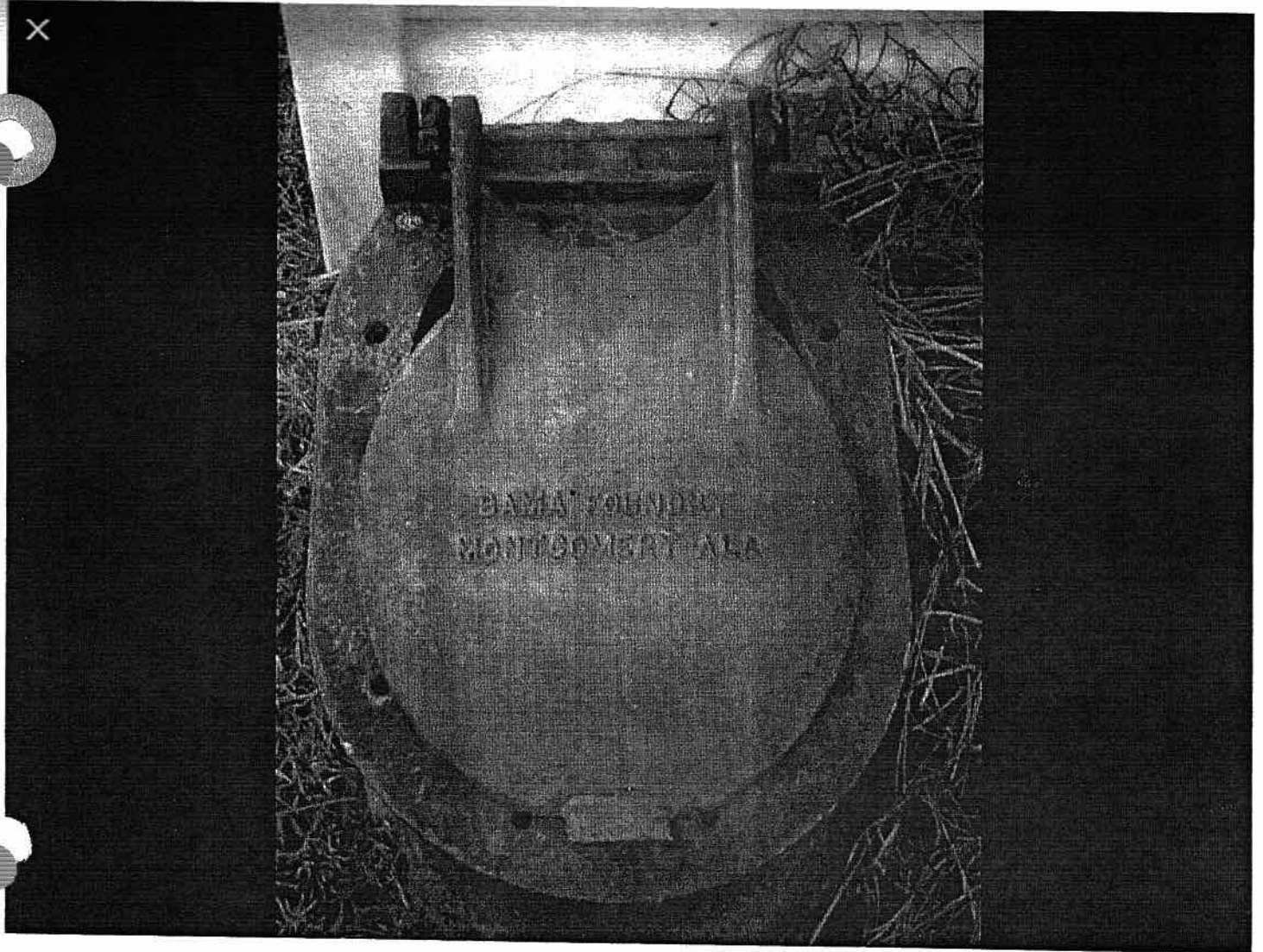
Antique Cast Iron Piece from Bama Foundry



News Feed Friend Requests Marketplace Notifications More

The "comode" that was in every skyline outdoor

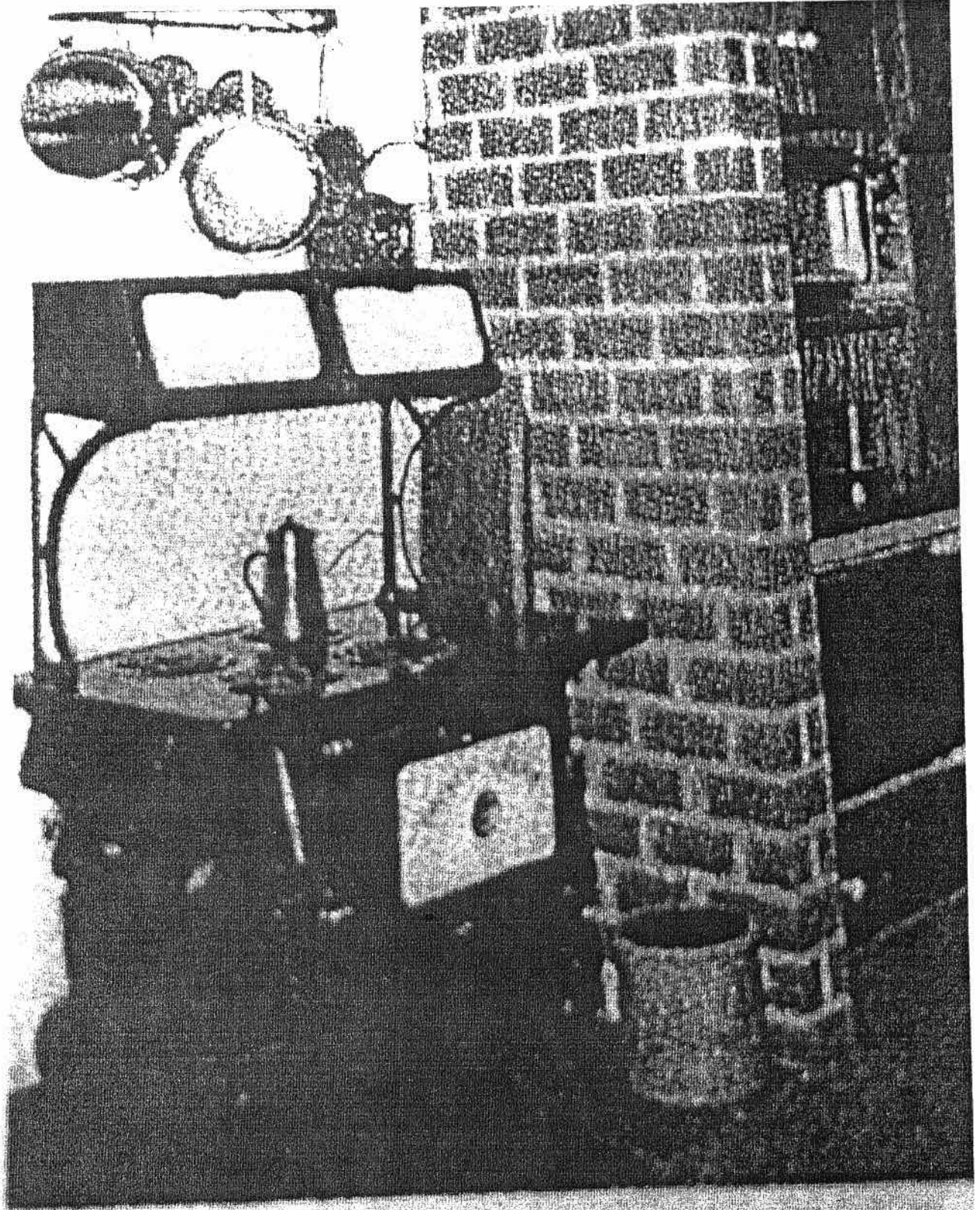
"Loo-kroom!" It did have a concrete floor & room
for last year's Sears, Roebuck catalog! It did have
a wooden seat. We poured lime in it from time to time, c.s
It had a nice seat and lid in wood.



Bama Laundry provided the "comodes" for the project toilets. This is an exact picture of one sans wooden seat and wood around the lid.



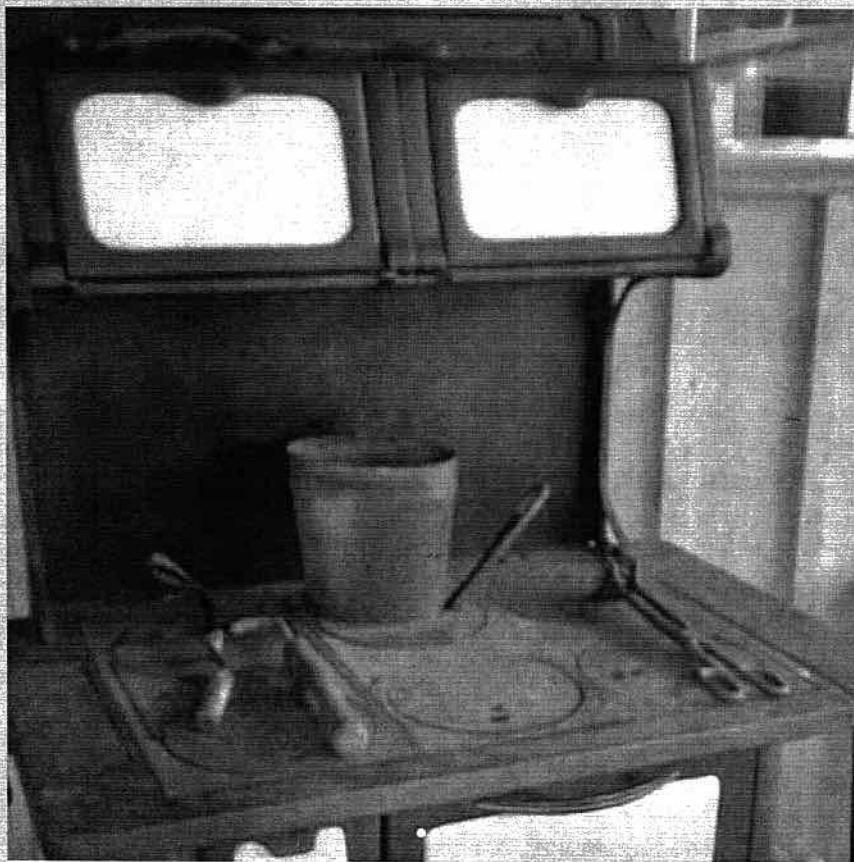
a "homemade" one. Very primitive compared to ours at the project house!



see in the "before" cozy, dried
 porch. Now, the weary boy

All the early Skyline residents had one of these stoves. 05

Antique wood cook stove Exellent condition



An iron cook stove like we all had.

MAJESTIC OWNER

Read Carefully

DIRECTIONS

for the proper
INSTALLATION
OPERATION
and **CARE**
of YOUR

Majestic
ESTABLISHED 1888  WITH A REPUTATION
Range

You have purchased the finest Range it is possible to build — now insist on its proper installation to assure the utmost in economy and performance for which the Majestic Range is constructed.

**KEEP THIS BOOKLET,
READ CAREFULLY
Do Not Destroy**

The Manufacturer cannot be held responsible for failures if these directions are not followed.

Majestic
ESTABLISHED 1888  WITH A REPUTATION
MAJESTIC MANUFACTURING CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

FORM N280

*Instructions for how to care for your
iron stove.*

*The fire box was on the extreme left, warming closet
above. Water closet on extreme right to keep
filled so you had warm water when you
needed it. The oven had a little thermometer on
front to tell you how hot it was. I just
happened to find this little instruction book for
the stove. I thought it interesting enough to
include also etc*

POINTS WE WISH TO IMPRESS ON MAJESTIC RANGE USERS

This Company desires you to have the best possible service from your Majestic Range.

Having shown confidence enough to buy a Majestic Range, you should allow us to advise you just how to get the longest and best service from it.

You can only get proper service with the proper chimney and connections and YOU will have to furnish the chimney. You will save time, trouble and temper by following suggestions as outlined in this booklet.

All Majestic Ranges are alike, made of the same tested materials, by the same skilled workmen in the same factory—the best that can be made.

Any Majestic will work perfectly indoors with a proper chimney, or outdoors with six joints of seven-inch pipe without a chimney.

No Majestic Range or any range made has any draft in itself.

Blaming a range because the chimney doesn't draw is like blaming the automobile for not running when you give it no gas.

— 2 —

A GOOD FLUE IS IMPORTANT

The PROPER FLUE is at least 8 x 8 inches inside. It should extend straight up at least 20 feet from the pipe opening to a point well above any surrounding trees or buildings. It should be clean, smooth and tight inside without any openings other than at top and at pipe opening for range connection and should be closed about 12 inches below that opening.

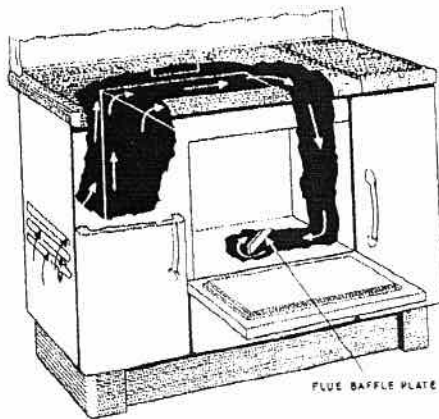
A pipe damper should always be installed in the pipe at a point convenient to the user about 62 inches above the floor; this damper to enable the user to cut the draft pull to the minimum for holding a continuous fire and steady heat.

All pipe connections should be tight. See pages 11 to 17 for suggestions.

A PROPER FLUE MEANS ECONOMY AND PERFORMANCE

— 3 —

3.60



The above illustration will show you that the heating of a range oven depends largely on the chimney flue. You will note from illustration that air enters draft-door in front of range (or it may enter end draft, or ventilator draft) passes through the fire (where it is heated), over the top of oven, down the right-hand side of oven, underneath the entire oven bottom (*note the flue baffle plate so placed under the oven as to compel the heat to go around it, thus distributing the heat under the entire oven bottom*), out the back, through the pipe, into the chimney flue and out at top.

It will not do this unless the chimney flue is strong enough to draw it around, and if it does not do it, the oven will not heat properly on the bottom, and you must look for the trouble in the flue or connections. (See pages 11 to 17.)

The chimney may be TOO STRONG and draw air through the range faster than it can be heated.

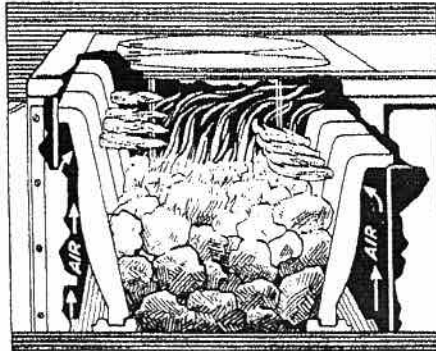
This frequently happens when wood is burned and can be remedied by placing an ordinary pipe damper in first joint of pipe.

When starting a fire *open the direct damper (also called oven-damper)* by turning knob to indicator "OPEN" located on right-hand side of range, this allows the air to go directly from the fire into the pipe. When fire is well started, close this damper to indicator "CLOSE", this throws heat around oven.

BEFORE STARTING FIRE

1. See that grates are in the right position—the slotted sides are for coal. Turn over one-half turn for burning wood.
2. If your range has a reservoir fill it with water *before* building a fire and *keep filled with water*—never let it go dry.
3. Take out the ashes regularly. Always keep ashes cleaned away from below (and above) the grates. Full ash pans cause grates to warp and burn out in a short time.
4. Put a light film of household oil on the range top, smoothing it out with a wad of paper. This burns into the pores of the top plates and keeps an even hue or color in the top. It will also burn out grease spots.
5. If your range is equipped with a water-front or coil, be sure water is connected and turned on *before* fire is started.

How to Properly Fire New Modern
Insulated Majestic Ranges for
Economy and Performance



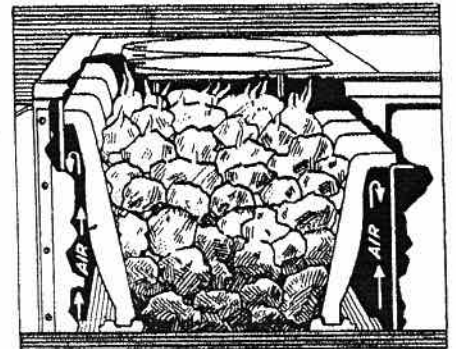
Proper Fire

Note how the air enters the firebox through the holes in the linings—forms combustion with the smoke or gases—and makes a solid sheet of flame around the oven. (See illustration on opposite page and note results when over-feeding fuel.)

HOW TO START THE FIRE. First apply loose crumpled paper on grates—then dry kindling wood, and a thin layer of coal broken up about the size of an egg. See that damper in pipe is open. Open left end draft slide full, also oven damper at rear right end of range. Light the paper at both ends of the firebox. As soon as the fire is well started, close the oven damper and keep closed at all times except when fire has died down and needs extra draft

— 6 —

to pick up quickly. Regulate the fire and heat desired by operating the left end draft slide and the pipe damper. Feed only a small amount of fuel at a time, always spreading it evenly across the full length of the firebox and first always break up the fuel into pieces the size of an egg.



Wrong Over-firing

Note how the purpose of the scientific construction is defeated when range is over-fired. Smoke and soot roll across the top of the oven and deposit in the flue space. Costly and no performance.

**JUST A WORD ABOUT THESE
NEWER MODERN RANGES**

Keep in mind that your New Majestic is a decided departure from the old type or conventional coal and wood range. It embodies the latest modern improvements to give you lasting beauty, better performance and more economy.

— 7 —

Modern insulation, scientific flue construction, fast heating top and new improved firebox design are all intended to give you this better performance on *less* fuel — so **DO NOT FIRE** this New Majestic as **YOU WOULD YOUR OLD RANGE. NEVER PERMIT RANGE TO GET RED HOT.** When top of range is red hot it means many inside parts are also red hot—this destroys the inside enameling on the range.

Too much fuel or over-firing can only result in more fuel consumption and generally unsatisfactory service.

NEVER fill the firebox above the holes in the linings. Feed and evenly distribute a small amount of fuel at a time and use the foregoing directions.

When heat is desired in the kitchen, the oven door should be kept open.

The small lid on the range top enables the user to more accurately control the heat in the oven. If the oven heats too rapidly, this small lid can be tilted to slow the oven down. If a long continuous slow oven heat is desired the small lid can be taken off or tilted to secure accurate temperatures. This small lid can also be removed entirely when the fire is banked for the night.

The side doors are held closed by two catches, top and bottom. To open or close these doors they must be lifted up slightly to engage or disengage the catches. The doors slide up and down easily on piano hinges.

OVEN DOOR THERMOMETER

The oven door thermometer is a guide in baking; but, because of the variation in thickness of metals they do not all record the heat alike, nor can they be made to record temperatures accurately.

For accurate oven temperature we recommend the temporary use of a regular mercury oven thermometer which can be purchased at any retail housewares store at a very moderate cost. Place this thermometer on the bottom of the oven in the right front corner and after a few days of baking you can determine how your oven door thermometer records the heat in the oven of your range.

CARE OF RANGE

Never allow cooking top plates over firebox to become red hot. Over-firing is very injurious to your range. A red-hot top means red-hot inner-linings, and oven — this destroys the enamel—enamel, no matter how thick, can not withstand red-hot heat. Why burn more fuel than is necessary when a small amount of fuel will give best cooking, baking, and roasting results.

The cooking top is of a special alloy metal. *Never clean with water, particularly dishwater, which might contain salt.* Be careful not to spill salt on the range top while cooking. It is best to clean the top after each using with a small amount of household or light machine oil and occasionally apply paraffin while plates are warm to bring out the lustre.

Outside enamel finish should only be cleaned with a damp or soapy cloth while cold. *Never wash enamel while the range is hot.* Water or dampness applied to warm porcelain enamel may cause checking or crazing of the finish. All outside enamel is protected from intense heat by thick rock-wool insulation and is easy to keep clean and bright.

The flues of your range should be kept clear of soot at all times to insure the best cooking results. This new modern range will require less attention if you use good fuel and do not over-fire. To clean the flues, remove lids or range top and brush the ashes and soot from the top of the oven into the right end flue space. Next scrape or brush the end flue clean. Remove the soot clean-out door just under the oven door and scrape all accumulation from both sides of baffle strip, and reach scraper in to back flue opening, cleaning thoroughly. If there is an excessive amount of soot, pipe should be taken down and it, as well as the back flue, should be cleaned.

Do not burn GREASE or GARBAGE in the firebox, as it greatly lessens the life of the linings and the grates.

WHEN RANGE IS NOT IN USE

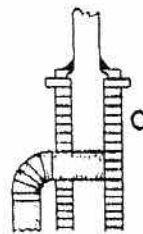
When the range is not in use it can deteriorate much faster than when being used. Moisture and corrosion will eat out metal parts rapidly if not protected. All flues should be thoroughly cleaned and a good grade of machine oil applied to all metal parts, inside and outside, and the range should be kept in a dry place.

HOW TO CONNECT A RANGE TO A FLUE THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG WAY

MOST IMPORTANT.

THE PROPER FLUE is at least 8 x 8 inches inside, smooth, clean and tight. It must have only one seven-inch opening (for the range pipe) and must not extend more than 12 inches below that opening. Must be at least 20 feet high above the pipe opening and higher if necessary to fully clear any surrounding trees or buildings, and must be open at the top without arch or cap.

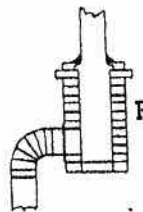
A PROPER FLUE MEANS MONEY SAVED ON YOUR FUEL BILL, AND LONG SATISFACTORY SERVICE.



Wrong

Sometimes the stove-pipe is pushed through pipe-hole and up against the back wall of flue allowing no chance for flue to draw the air through pipe.

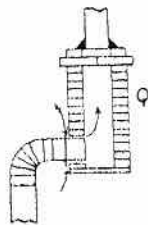
(See Illustration O)



Right

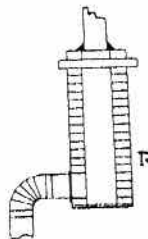
The pipe should not go any farther than just through the front wall.

(See Illustration P)



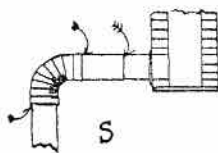
Wrong

Sometimes the hole entering the flue is larger than pipe, leaving an opening where air enters flue. A thimble covers this defect so it is not noticeable, but does not improve the condition, as a thimble does not fit tight enough. (See Illustration Q)



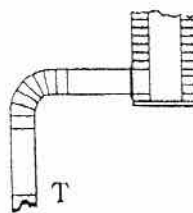
Right

Cement the opening around pipe, and fit thimble as tight against wall as possible. (See Illustration R)



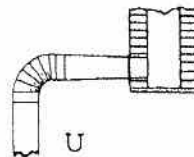
Wrong

Sometimes the joints of a stove-pipe do not fit together tightly, or the pipe doesn't fit perfectly tight over the collar on range. (See Illustration S)



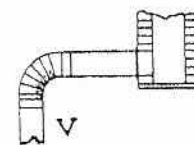
Right

Use only pipe that fits tightly, or if nothing else, tighten the joints with stove putty, and see that the pipe fits tightly over collar of range. (See Illustration T)



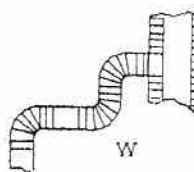
Wrong

Sometimes the pipe-hole is only six inches and the pipe is reduced from seven to six inches. (See Illustration U)



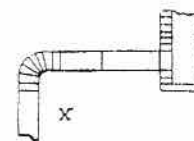
Right

The pipe should never be reduced a particle. When flue hole is too small, cut it out to the proper size with a chisel. If a six-inch opening would admit sufficient draft, the pipe collar on range would have been made for six-inch pipe. (See Illustration V)



Wrong

Sometimes there are too many bends in the pipe, or the pipe is higher at some points than the pipe-opening. (See Illustration W)



Right

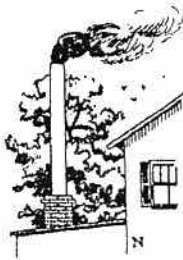
Use as few elbows as possible, and have the pipe raised just a little from elbow to flue-opening. (See Illustration X)



Wrong

Some chimneys do not extend high enough, the surrounding buildings and trees forcing the wind down the chimney.

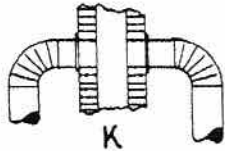
(See Illustration M)



Right

It should be made higher than anything immediately around it.

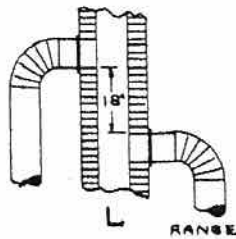
(See Illustration N)



Wrong

Two openings should never be made into a flue directly opposite. Oftentimes a range is connected to one side and heater to other—it won't work.

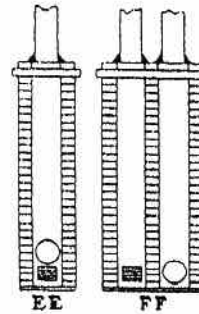
(See Illustration K)



Right

Range pipe should be at least 18 inches below heater pipe opening and test should be made to assure at least .045 inches draft pull on range side.

(See Illustration L)



Wrong

Some flues have a vent opening in them, used to carry the fumes from the kitchen.

(See Illustration EE)

Right

This vent should be closed perfectly tight. If a vent is required, it should open into a separate flue.

(See Illustration FF)

HOW TO DETERMINE THE DRAFT PULL

To determine draft pull, use any good draft tester. First build fire in range to develop at least 150 degree heat in first joint of pipe. Drill 3/16 inch hole in first joint of pipe below the pipe damper and apply Draft Tester with oven damper closed and left front draft open half way. This range requires a minimum draft pull of .04 inches but will work better on .05 inches.

DOWN DRAFT

If the Draft Tester indicates a down draft, or low draft, an extension should be put on top of chimney on outside high enough to create a sufficient and constant draft pull.

TRADE MARK FOR
REPAIR PARTS



Should you ever need new parts, insist on genuine Majestic parts. All genuine original Majestic repairs furnished by us will show the above mark as a guarantee to the user against pirate repairs.

BEWARE of "made for" and "will fit" parts.

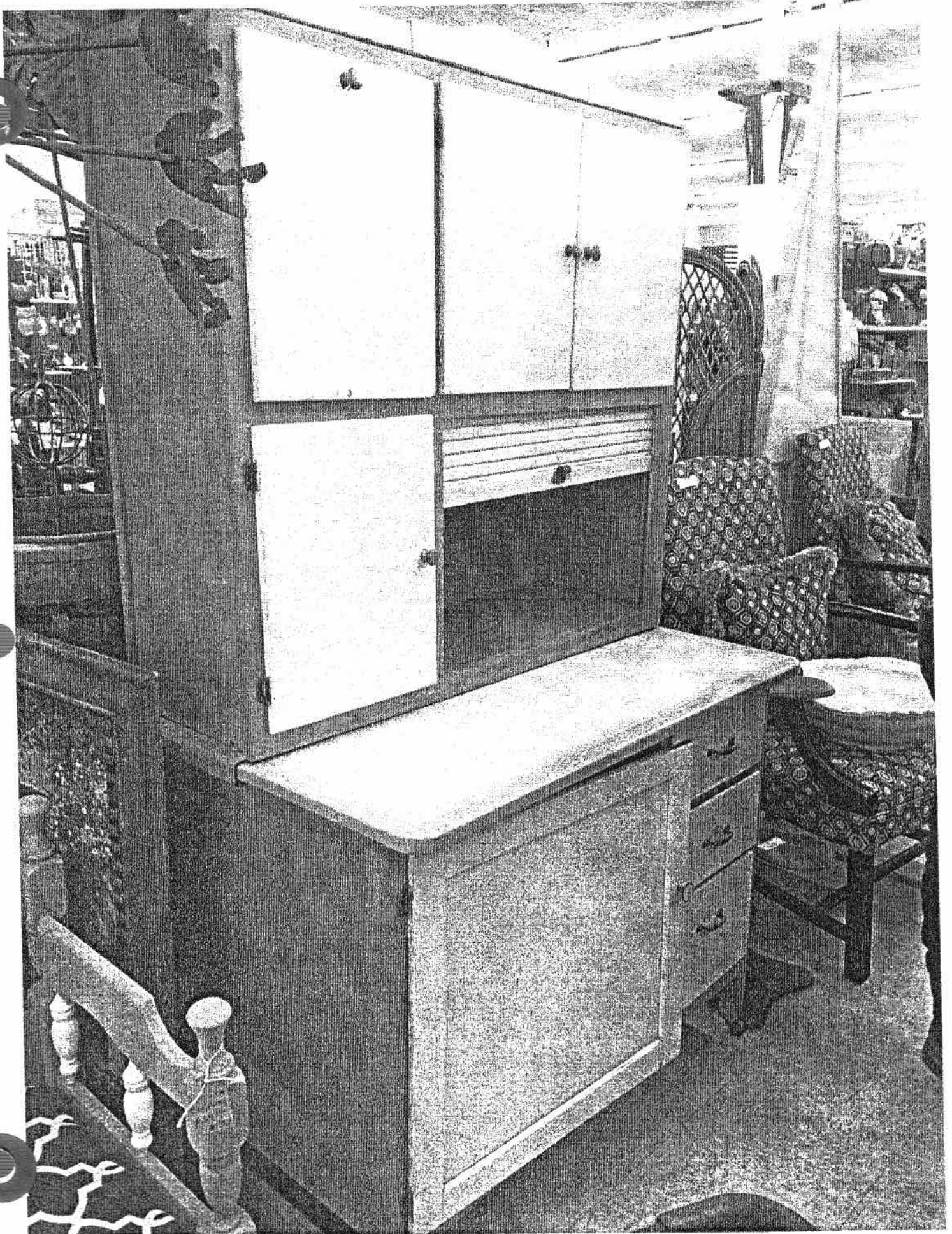
Genuine Majestic repairs made from the original patterns by the Majestic Manufacturing Company not only fit perfectly, but will give lasting satisfaction. So many times you will hear a user say, "The original genuine grates in my Majestic lasted so many years — now I have to purchase new grates every year." That user is evidently a victim of "made for" and "will fit" parts known as pirate castings.

Insist on genuine Majestic parts. You can identify them by the above trade mark.

WE THANK YOU

For your confidence in us and for reading this booklet. If you will follow these suggestions and instructions your Majestic Range will give you many years of satisfactory service and cooking pleasures.

MAJESTIC MANUFACTURING
COMPANY
ST. LOUIS



<https://outlook.live.com/mail/D/inbox/id/AQMkADAwATY0MDABLW10NABILWM2MWU1MDACLTAwCgBGAAAD8IuizALPVk%2BdNR9HGid81QcALIL3c...> 1/2

This Hoosier Cabinet is an exact replica of the one we had in the 1930s in the Project House. green & cream. I bought this one for the Project House ©5

One of my fondest childhood memories is that of the country "rolling store," or "the peddler," we kids called him. The Peddler came around every Thursday in the remote farming community where I lived as a child. In those day much bartering was done with chickens and eggs so if cash was short, and it usually was with everyone in those days, the late '30s and 40's. We would ransack the chicken house before time for the Peddler. If we could find three eggs we cold exchange them for ten cents worth of candy....a real treat. If we couldn't find any eggs in the nests in the chicken house then we would check out old turned over rusty buckets or a patch of tall weeds they might have chosen for a "home away from home." Regardless of where we found them we always managed to come up with at least three eggs every Thursday to meet the Peddler. We would hear him blowing his horn as he came down the road and we would gather up our eggs and run to meet him. When he stopped we would climb up in his school bus type truck and make our selection. It surely was a bright spot in a country child's day.

Sometimes we wouldn't have to look for eggs if the "scrap iron man" had come by that week. We always kept a little pile of scrap iron handy for the old fellow who would often come by to collect it to add a little extra income for himself. Not one old plow point, horseshoe or other items of iron escaped our scrounging. Every piéce we could find would mean that much more money we would have to meet the Peddler.

SETTIN' HENS. As all country folks know, when you lived in the country in the old days before paved roads and a car for everything you "made do." So if you wanted chicken for your table you raised them. You started from scratch. First you selected about a dozen fresh eggs. Then using a black lead pencil you marked all these eggs and parked them in a nest under an old "settin' hen." You marked them to distinguish them from fresh eggs in case another hen happened to deposit one in the wrong nest.

I can see the old hen now after her babies had hatched out in the yard clucking to them as they followed her about picking at chicken feed, corn or table scraps that had been thrown to them from the kitchen door. Little did they know that we'd be peckin' at them as they were passed around the table one Sunday at noon!

RIDIN' IN A STRAIGHT CHEER. Did you ever ride in a straight "cheer" on the back of a truck without sideboards as it zoomed down the mountain goin to meetin.' No? Then what a treat you missed! Either coming to town to a movie, watching a movie on the school house stage with the curtains pulled, having a hayride or wiener roast on a Saturday night the only other entertainment the young people had was to go to meetin.' Virtually no one had a car and those who had trucks were those who used them to make a living. Some serious parent would furnish their truck, that hauled logs during the week, to attend church at some distant place and everyone was welcome to ride on the back of their truck. Of course it had no sideboards so more logs could be loaded for the haul to the saw mill so many of the older people would bring a straight

chair and sit on it on the truck bed as the truck sailed down the mountain. Mostly the young people sat on the side and back with legs hanging off, chewing gum and giggling and flirting but this sinful action presented a problem for the very pious women of the day so they would bring a straight chair, or cheer as they were commonly known, and line them up across the truck bed and have a seat with some of the extra men joining them. What a sight this common and accepted practice would have been to some city slicker if, by chance, he just might happen along. This hilarious sight might have even made it to the New York Times. A lot of the time someone would break out in a Christian song and all would join in making each trip a joyous occasion to be looked forward to.

Many times meetin was held at someone's home. All the overflow sat in open windows, on beds or on a rock in the yard. A crowd riding on the back of a log truck was a common sight in those days of no cars especially during the summer when "protractive meetin" was going on. If there was a meetin anywhere within twenty-five miles whoever had a flat-bed truck cranked it up and anybody in the community that wanted to go just hopped on as he came down the road (of course, he would stop for you!) It is safe to say that very little spirituality was in the minds of the young people who "went to meetin." It was purely for entertainment, the joy of riding in the truck and the opportunity to visit and flirt in the yard while preaching was going on.

COAL OIL LAMPS. Did you ever try to read by a coal oil lamp. The light amounted to a small candle yet that was it or nothing. Many children got their lessons before dark or they had to squint their eyes and sit under a lamp fueled by kerosene or coal oil (often called quole oil). Few of us would find it worth the effort today to read a book by that meager light yet it was as common as mosquitos in those early days. There was usually one for the kitchen and one for the living room or if there was only one you carried it from one room to another. If you had to go to a bedroom you took the lamp from the living room leaving them with the light from the little fireplace if it was winter, with nothing if it was summer till you got back. The little one-gallon kerosene can with a corn cob stuck on its spout was taken to the store along with the grocery list. If, by chance, you ran out of kerosene one night you had to "make do." I remember using a rag slathered in lard and laid on a lard-can lid and lit like you would a candle. That was the light for the night until the little coal oil can could be walked to the grocery store about a mile away to be refilled the next day. Kerosene was also used to start fires in the fireplace by soaking the kindling the kids had picked up in the yard where the wood was chopped, in the oil before wadding up and sticking a few pages out of the Sears and Roebuck catalog under the kindling. A little coal oil on the kindling assured you of a full-blown fire in just a few minutes.

Now if you were rather prosperous or had a good crop that year you could buy an Alladin lamp. Those lamps gave off so much light you could actually see all the way across the room instead of three feet in front of you. Folks who could afford alladin lamps were really plowing in tall cotton! We had such a lamp. I remember what a treat that lamp was. It had a "mantle" in the center that could be shattered so you had to handle them carefully. These lamps held more kerosene than the ordinary lamp.

I remember when electricity came to our community. Wow!!! You just pulled a string and the whole room lit up! And there was a string in the center of every room. Something beyond our

little country hearts dreams! We kids ran from room to room pulling the strings lighting up the whole house to our delight.

Fanning Flies (by cs August 10, 1987)

In those early days window screens were unheard of and "fly catchers" were a common commodity in the country home. (a long narrow sticky paper that flies would lite on) It fell the children's chore to keep the flies fanned off the table until mother could get the whole meal ready. We would go to one of the fruit trees nearby and break two long limbs with a lot of leaves and a child would stand at each end of the table and swing his limb over the table until everyone was ready to eat. The tables were always set with the plates upside down to keep them clean until we were all seated, the kids on the bench (banch) behind the table. In the summertime we usually moved our table and chairs to the screened in porch off the kitchen to have our meals away from the big iron wood-burning cook stove.

It was a given that the windows stayed raised all summer. There were no fans and a fire was built in the kitchen two or three times a day to cook the meals. And it was so hot that the nightly breeze was needed so we could sleep.

It all sounds so primitive but today how many families sit down together and have a good home-cooked meal with vegetables every day applying the table manners they had been taught by their mother. You never left the table without asking, "May I be excused, please." You never asked for a dish to be passed without first saying, "pass me the potatoes, please." Or it was sometimes said, "thank you for some potatoes." Everyone always sat down to eat together. There was never an "eat and run" attitude. It would never have been allowed. There was no TV to grab a plate and run and sit down in front of. And before you were allowed to sit down to eat you washed not only your hands but your face as well and combed your hair before coming to the table. And it was the common thing to say the blessing before we ate. This was painfully appropriate for many families who had barely enough to eat. Those of us who did had a lot to be thankful for. Manners were taught from the time you were old enough to have your own chair at the table. When the meal was over we didn't jump and run. We asked, "May I be excused, please." It is a pity that all that got lost when both parents had to go to work to put food on the table.

WASHING DISHES. It was customary in those days for the girl children in the family to wash the dishes after meals. How I hated to wash dishes, pots and pans, wipe the stove, wipe the table, dry the dishes and put them in the cabinet. Many times I would go to the outhouse with a book if one was handy if not, I would read and re-read last year's Sears and Roebuck catalog (that was there for an entirely different reason!) and I would sit hoping against hope that mother had done them by the time I was bored with my reading. Sometimes it worked, most of the time it didn't and there would be cold and dried out food on dishes that had been waiting for me to leave my library! I particularly hated to do pots and pans! Have you ever tried to wash a gravy skillet after it has been setting on a warm stove for an hour or two! Yuk! I hated anything to do with washing dishes and cleaning the kitchen but I particularly hated it after Daddy had been cooking.

He loved to cook and was very proficient at it but he left nary a clean dish in the kitchen plus the flour strung across the cabinet and floor. He had never heard of the phrase, "clean up as you go," oh no, that was my job and I hated it!


The only good thing about washing dishes was the wonderful meals that preceded it. My mother was a wonderful cook. No canned biscuits, no Jiffy cornbread. All made from scratch. The warm dish water was taken from the reservoir attached to the cook stove. It was always kept filled for warm hand washing or for washing the dishes or for the Saturday night bath.

We did some fine eating in those days. Food-wise we never knew we were poor. There were some mighty fine meals served on that long country pine table with the bench behind it. There would be slabs of ham from the smokehouse dripping in red-eye gravy, or a couple of chickens from the yard full that was always present. There was always dessert with real whipping cream from several of the cows in the pasture. And different from today there was always enough food for anyone who unexpectedly dropped by. There was no scarcity of food at our house ever. My parents were very industrious. These days of most food coming from the supermarket with huge price tags it would be a good idea to have an appointment for a meal before you drop by. Actually people don't drop by unannounced much anymore. It was common practice in the old days and they were always invited to come eat with us if we were eating. Daddy thought we didn't have enough food if we didn't have leftovers.

OUR COUNTRY GROCERY STORE. We had a country store in the 1940s that was the community meeting place as well as the place to replenish your larder. It was common for a good farmer who could hardly get over the roads with his mules and wagon to come in and buy a "barrel" of flour (100 pounds), 100 pounds of pinto beans and a 50 pound can of lard. Other commodities that shared high priority on his list would be coal oil, baking powder, baking soda (sodey), tobacco, salt and sometimes a hoop of cheese. He raised his own milk, meat, butter, fruit and vegetables. I remember one particularly tall, lean, tanned farmer with his hat and long overcoat on cold winter days loading his groceries on his wagon (waggin) and heading for home over roads even mules almost feared to tread.

There was a young fellow (fellar) who lived across the road from us named I. J. Now I. J. was a fine young man, one of the finest, and he wanted to play the guitar (gittar) the worst you ever saw. Every Sunday some of the young men in the neighborhood would gather at our store to practice the guitar and there would be I. J. watching every move they made with either hand. He'd bite his lip, grab a cord and plunk! Sounded more like a dead thud! He would re-position his fingers andplunk! Again and again. Same sound to his total consternation! All the boys that were learning to play their first song always selected "Wildwood Flower," as their first little tune. I heard it till I could hear it in my sleep including all the missed cords. I. J. wanted to learn Wildwood Flower so badly he could taste it but no matter how hard he plunked it just wouldn't come! He would worry the boys to death wanting them to teach him how to play it. Then one day he ran to the store with his guitar flying behind him, "Listen to this," he said excitedly. Sure enough! He had almost, not quite, but almost perfected it. We were excited for him! He almost had it! "There's a church in the valley by the wildwood....." We moved from the mountain

in 1948 but it will always be in my heart.




Most, if any, of the houses had no closets. No need for them as we had few clothes to put in them anyway. Ten-Penny nails were driven into the wall and I suppose each one had his own nail, but that is where the clothes hung. We were lucky in that we had one closet under the stairs and it was used for our dirty clothes closet. I don't know what everyone else used.

In addition to fly spray and fly strips, rat traps were also a staple. These houses were certainly not varmint-proof and we fought them constantly; the bedbugs, the flies, the rats but my mom was ever watchful and trapped them before they could do any harm.

Mother saved Octagon soap coupons and swapped them for dishes. I remember that floral pattern and a few years back found some plates in a thrift store and bought them. And certain other things came with cups or bowls in them, like cereal and it seems that some brands of flour had "premiums" in them. It was not a big priority anyway.

I lived through all the above and had a happy childhood. There was no being ashamed of your house and furnishings, what little you had for everyone had about the same thing. We were lucky because my mother had been raised in a good and industrious family, knew how to cook, sew and we always looked nice because our clothes were always clean and appropriate. She made me many cute dresses, smocking the baby dresses.


As my mom had to wash our clothes by rubbing them on a rubboard we had to be careful about getting dirty. I wore the same clothes two days and another outfit the next three days. When I got home from school I changed clothes and hung what I had worn on a nail to be put back on in the morning.



What memories. It's as if this was another world, another life and it was another place.

As I type this I have become acutely aware of how good the Lord has been to me. From an outdoor toilet and kerosene lamps to an eight-room house on the lake with three and one-half baths, a beautiful sunroom from which to watch the sun set, a Lexus automobile and a husband who was a good provider and business man.

Because of my upbringing, I can empathize with people who have nothing and the Lord has continually put them in my path for He knows I will help them if I can. I promised Him a long time ago if He would send them to me I would do what I could and I have kept that promise to the best of my ability and will continue to do so.





SCHOOL

DAYS

Remember Skyline School

CHRISTINE SUMNER Guest Editorial

It is with a great deal of sadness and sense of loss that I hear of the plans to demolish the historic old Skyline School building.

To those of us who lived there in the 1940s, the old school building was the hub of community activities and holds many fond memories of days long past – a lifetime ago.

It was here I started second grade – first grade was in a mattress-ticking partitioned warehouse behind the Rock Store as the original school had burned. I only remember the first day of first grade and that's because some young'un cried for his mama all day and I wanted mine, too.

Mrs. Lilah Beason was my second grade teacher. Other early teachers I remember were Ola Wright, Alice White Rudder, Alice Thomas Nichols, Winnie Skunk, Bebe Jones Fancher, Inez Anderson, Proctor, Chalma Fossett, Principal Lura Duke, Margaret Edges and her husband Cecil. My mother was principal and a beautiful Miss Patterson whose first name I've long forgotten. And well do I remember teachers Mr. and Mrs. George Bouldin.

The Bouldins had been missionaries in Japan for 34 years when World War II started. They were on a boat trying to get home, along with many other Americans (probably on a Japanese boat). Anyway, they were not allowed to get close enough to our shores to land and Japan would not let them turn. After many negotiations they finally set foot on American soil again. They came to Skyline School and spent the rest of their days there. Mrs. Bouldin, an accomplished artist and pianist, played piano.

Another teacher I remember was Elizabeth Watkins who was a missionary that came home from Japan six years to maintain her American citizenship. She stayed a year at Skyline and when she returned to Japan she gave me my name and address to help me of the Japanese students in my English class and we became

pen pals, one of them for more than 25 years.

In the beginning all the students brought their lunch but then a lunchroom was built and parents were asked to can vegetables for the lunchroom and the children ate free. There were two little screened-in sheds across the road from the school where some of the women met and canned under the cool of the big shade trees. In those days that certainly beat firing up the wood-burning stove in the small kitchen on a hot summer day.

I remember a community Christmas tree at the old school. Everyone came and brought a gift that was put on the tree. It was a huge tree reaching halfway to the ceiling. In looking back I'll bet most of those gifts were handkerchiefs for it was about the only "gifty" thing the Rock Store had to offer. I got 17 out of 18 gifts for my fifth birthday party. Tom Barclay brought an Easter chicken full of candy. His mama was probably the only parent that had a car and could get down the mountain to town.

I remember square dances at the school on Saturday nights and church on Sunday. Daddy would be the caller while mother and I watched from the sidelines. In those days they danced – no lessons – just did what came naturally – whatever the music dictated.

Then there were the box suppers held in the old auditorium. We would decorate shoe boxes with colorful crepe paper and fill them with goodies and they would be auctioned off for one cause or another.

Eddie Arnold and the Blackwood Quartet performed in the auditorium one summer night. I sat right on the front row, all 10 years of me, and a young Eddie Arnold grinned at me and it "made

my day."

I remember playing Little Red Riding Hood in a play on the old stage in the auditorium as if it was yesterday. (I probably got the part because I had a red coat, cap and leggings.) Real pine trees were cut down and stands nailed to the bottoms making good hiding places for the lurking big bad wolf.

The only thing I ever stole was at Skyline School. In about the second or third grade a friend whose father was manager of the Rock Store had me hold her Boston baked beans for her at recess and by the time she wanted them back there was only one or two left! I've remembered that all these years!

I remember the six or seven holers out back (way out back!)... a his and a hers. Saw my first bad words on the walls of those old toilets.

At recess the girls would jump rope and the boys would draw circles in the sand and shoot marbles or play softball. After school and at lunchtime we would sit on the old rock steps and play games.

I had my first crush at Skyline School. I was madly in love with that 19-year-old basketball legend Red Parks from Pisgah who coached one year at Skyline before returning to Howard College, now Samford University. I made a picture of Red and his 1946-47 basketball team that I've always meant to have enlarged and present to the school. It is still on my desk.

Some of my classmates and buddies at Skyline were Barnabas "Barney" Harding, Clara Nell Gunn Harding, Pearlina Sharp, Dorothy Sharp, Clara Freeman, Agnes Holsomback, Joyce Hill, Earl Guffey, Charles Walls and his sister Betty Sue, Harold Russell, Billy Ray Harrison, Wayne Tyler and too many others too numerous to name.

I remember that Clara and Agnes could speak pig Latin and we thought that was cool. I learned it and can still do it.

One of my young friends got me in a heap of trouble once. She said the teacher said we could go to her house only minutes away and play so we did and the teacher really didn't say okay and we got in trouble big time, barely escaping the paddle. I took the teacher a mess of rostin' ears the next day and for years Bebe Fancher teased me about trying to bribe her.

I learned to rollerskate in the auditorium at the tender age of 9 or 10. It seems the principal at the time had owned a skating rink. He had a bunch of skates he didn't know what to do with so he came up with the idea of selling them to us and turning the auditorium into a skating rink on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons. They said (and we thought) that Tot Jones and I were the cutest little couple on the floor! I guess Tot was about 11 or 12.

For many years we had movies on Saturday nights (no popcorn!). This was on the old stage so the curtains could be pulled to shut out the light. Red Brakefield owned the business and Paul Miller of Scottsboro ran the projector.

All the years I went to school at Skyline it was a dream that one day it would be a high school, but that dream didn't materialize for me so my parents sold their business and moved to Scottsboro just after I finished the eighth grade.

It seems my roots have always been tied to Skyline School. The most carefree days of my life were spent there or at wiener roasts, parties or hayrides on Saturday nights with a few close friends. Some of the friends I made at Skyline School are my friends these many years later.

Today when I'm sad or nostalgic I get in the car and ride and many times I end up on the grounds of Skyline School where I was once happy and carefree those many years ago.

Preserving heritage is everyone's business

BY CHRISTINE SUMNER
GUEST EDITORIAL

Writing my recollections of my years at Skyline School in *The Daily Sentinel* on Sept. 1 many have called or come by to share their own memories with me.

For instance, every year on the first day of May there was a grand May Day celebration at the school. There would be a magnificent May Pole with vibrant streamers held by young students as they weaved in and out and around. There were cake walks and fish ponds and lots of fun. It was an all-day affair with food, music and fellowship. I remember seeing movies made at a May Day celebration by a Mrs. George Reed, a teacher and wife of one of the project supervisors. There is a snapshot of my brother and me with ice cream cones made the same day.

It seems to me there was a gazebo or pavilion of sorts on the grounds where Chester Allen's band and square dance team practiced before they left for Washington to perform for one of Eleanor Roosevelt's tea parties (in the Rose Garden?).

Then there were the all-day singings and dinner on the grounds held each year on the first Sunday in June. Singers from near and far would come to spend the day, their voices wafting through the raised windows (there was no air conditioning and I don't remember any fans) so if there was no room in the auditorium and if the windows were taken you could hear the singing anyway. Tables would be set up end to end reaching half the length of the school building and loaded with everything from fried chicken to homemade biscuits and bread.

I remember going to school one winter day and every single limb and bush was iced over.

With a brilliant Southern sun shining through the limbs it was a breathtaking sight to behold. I can see it still in my mind's eye. Mrs. Vaught, our third grade teacher, took us outside to observe the grand spectacle and then she had us write a poem about what we saw. I got to go down the hall and read my poem to the principal's class. What a shot of self-esteem!

I remember a little hole in the wall in the hall (probably had been a cloak room) was used as a little store where the students could purchase school supplies. I learned to make change there.

During World War II we had a patriotic play in the auditorium of Skyline School honoring those who had gone to fight for the freedoms we enjoy today. Every branch of the service was represented including WACS and WAVES. We ordered our uniforms from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. Still have my picture made in a WAVE outfit. Margaret Hodges played the piano as we practiced for days songs like "Let Those Casins Go Rollin' Along" and many more. By this time there were little flags with gold stars hanging in the windows of many homes at Skyline signifying that a son had been lost in the war. If the star was blue it meant a son had gone to fight. Many young Skyline boys gave their lives before it was over over there.

Other Skyline teachers and students keep coming to mind as I write. There was Mrs. Bass who lived across the road from the school. I remember

attending her son Ralph's birthday party. My good friend the year I was five was Betty Vandiver with whom I poured tea in the afternoons either under a big shade in my yard or here.

Eunice Matthews was also an early teacher at Skyline School and I believe she lived at the "teacherage" near the school. My first experience in a real bathtub was at the teacherage. My Aunt Inez Proctor lived there. Sure beat the heck out of that galvanized washtub!

Mrs. Ella Ruth Lamberth tells me the beautiful Miss Patterson I remember was Mary Nell, a cousin of hers. She said Mary Nell's husband was killed during the invasion of Normandy and that Mary Nell died of cancer in her 40s.

Another early friend of mind was Leon "Sonny" Kennamer, now a well-known photographer in Guntersville. The Kennamers lived near the Rock Store. I remember going home with Sonny one day and dropping a glass and breaking it on the kitchen floor. He said, "That's one of my mother's favorite glasses." I was really sorry about breaking that glass with the primary colored circles and never forgot it.

Of course, our heritage is tied to buildings. It always has been. We all like to tread the halls once trod by our forefathers. My grandfather's house, once used as a stagecoach inn, was built before the Civil War and there is a bullet hole above the door still visible today where, according to my granny, a Yankee soldier, upon hearing there were no more hams to

forage, flew into a mad rant and shot above their heads can remember saying from time to time, "Granny, show me the hole where the Yankee shot and she would and I would marvel at it and feel such pride even as a child at being a part of that historic old house."

So many loving memories come to mind of visits to that wonderful old house during summers. Memories of waking to the wonderful smells coming from the big old country kitchen - of watching Granny make biscuits in the ancient pantry and later lifting them from the oven of the dependable old wood-burning stove. And each Easter we hunted, boiled and dyed eggs among the hundreds of centuries-buttercups covering the yard.

The house being torn down would never destroy my memories, but then my children would have been deprived the pleasure of visiting there and playing with the cow wading the branch down at the foot of the hill. Some things you have to experience to fully appreciate. How wonderful to be able to climb those magnificent ancient steps and enter that wonderful old house all these 138 years later and to have been able to show my own children the hole where the Yankee shot.

Of course, our heritage is tied to buildings - Williamsburg, Monticello, Hermitage - the list could go on forever. They were all saved because people revered their heritage and wanted to save buildings for generations come so that they could meaningfully appreciate their history.

Preserving our history and heritage is my business and your business. It should be the business of us all.

I loved going to school at Skyline. Meeting and playing with my friends five days a week was a joy. I don't remember ever complaining about going to school except when I would tell a fib that I was sick when I had not had enough sleep the night before.

The only time I remember ever stealing anything was when I was in about the third grade. A girl who always had snacks when we didn't asked me to hold her Boston Baked Beans one day! Hold them! My mouth was watering from the start! Every few minutes I would ease one out and eat it! I did this till there were very few left when I gave her back the near empty bag but she didn't say a word.

I went home with Louise Evans quite often for lunch. She lived just across the road from the Rock Store where her dad was the manager. Her mother, Maggie, was always sweet to me. They would pick me up on Friday nights sometimes and take me to the movies with them. We always went to the dime store before the movie. I bought my favorite paper dolls on one of these jaunts, Rita Hayworth, that I played with till I just about wore her out!

The Evans had a little one-seater coupe and Louise and I would take turns riding in the back window. I remember one night when they brought me home my family had already blown out the lamps and gone to bed when we got back to my house and we had just seen a vampire movie! They let me out at the road and waited till I got to the porch but I was scared to death and ran all the way to the front porch that night. Mother got up, lit a lamp, and met me.

I remember cutting pictures of furniture out of the Sears catalog to use in my playhouse. Oh, what imaginations I had as a child. I could make something out of nothing and pretend all day.

One of my really good memories was when mother bought me a little child size iron skillet and she would give me something of my own to cook in it. I would go to the back yard, build a stove from four bricks making a square, build a little fire, go in the house for mother to give me something to cook and then I would go back, put my food on the fire and sit patiently by while my food cooked again. What memories. They make my heart hurt. I still have the skillet. It has escaped from the things that have been stolen out of my house!

I loved flowers and every spring I would go to the woods nearby and pick bouquets of wild honeysuckle and add violets when I found them. It was heaven to me to be alone in those woods with the sounds and sights of Mother Nature and a fragrant bouquet in my hand. I guess I was, and still am, a loner at heart. I love having time to think. I love the peace of quiet time. I'm not a joiner. I'm not into somewhere for coffee every morning. I have always been a voracious reader and nothing could make me happier than being at home with a good book that I abhorred putting down.

I can feel the solace now being in my house at Skyline, the beds all made, the windows and doors open letting in a good breeze. Nothing like it before nor after.

I had some wonderful friends at Skyline as a teenager. Boys were friends as well as girls. My male friends at school were Charles Walls, Earl Guffey and Harald Russell and, of course, I loved Barnabas Harding who was always full of fun and he never changed. We have been good friends in our old age though we don't see each other often. He and his beautiful wife, Kathy, live in Huntsville and Barney is having trouble with his eyes.

This bunch so enjoyed each other's company, joking and being silly together. I wanted to say "hi" to them in my old age and I found Harold Russell in Birmingham and had a good conversation with him. I have never found Charles Walls but Earl Guffey and his wife live in Decatur, I hear, so I hope to cross paths with him one of these days.

As I got older, friends were added. Jo, Maxine and Donald Jarnigan, Tempie Wilborn, Doris and Inez Wells, and sometimes Chink Utter would join our group for a wiener roast, hay ride or whatever we could think of to do on Saturday nights. A good, congenial group and I will always remember them. Doris worked at the local hospital in years past and I got to see her pretty often but I never saw any of the others except Maxine and she was still as pretty as ever.

Today at age 88 I seldom bring up my long ago memories when I was so young and carefree with my whole life ahead of me. If I could have seen some of the heartbreaks that awaited me I would have turned and run.

One of my favorite families at Skyline was Ruby Clines and her family who lived in one of our little rentals almost right out our back door. I loved going to her house. There was always a pot of pinto beans cooking on the heater and she was always happy and so were her children. I liked her brother, Carl Phillips, who played guitar and was always a happy person. I later learned he had made it in Nashville only to learn a short time later that his tractor had overturned on his farm in Hendersonville, Tennessee, killing him. It made me so sad. The article called him a country star and I was so proud of him and to know I knew him when. I knew Carl's older

brother, Joe Phillips, and he played an instrument as well. I believe a mandolin.

I could type all day remembering Skyline but time nor space does not permit. I have started my memoirs of my life starting at Skyline and many things since then. I hope I live long enough to finish it.

I made this picture with a little bit of cancer

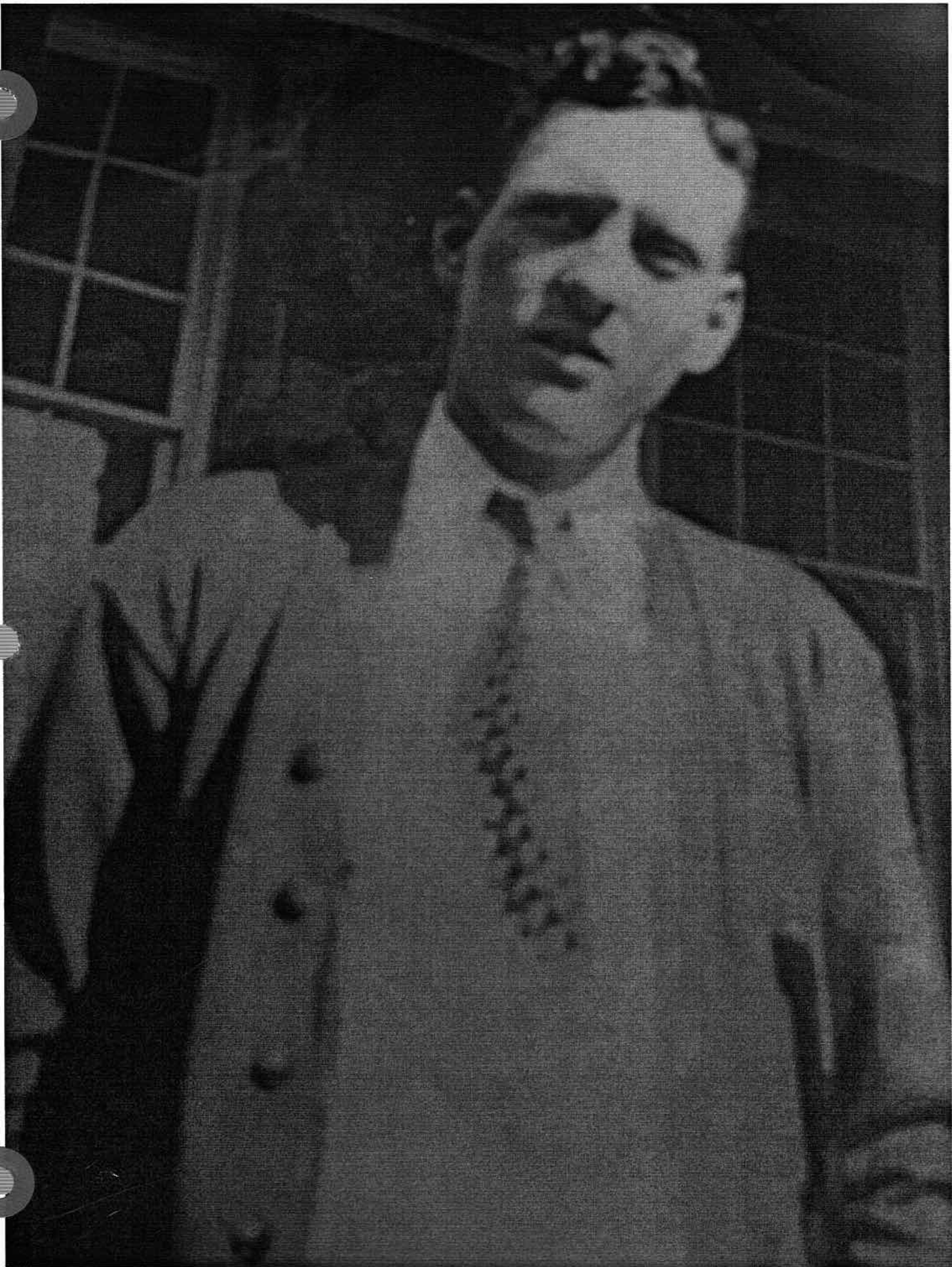


Charles Waller, Doc Wainwright, Doug Wainwright, Carl Woodrop, Kralley, Harold Russell

OR 1946-47

<https://outlook.live.com/mail/0/inbox/id/AQMkADAwATY0MDABLW10NABILWM2MWU1MDACLTAwCgBGAAAD8luizALPVk%2BdNR9HGid81QcALIL3c...> 1/2

1947-48 Basketball team. Stogler. Herald "Red" Parks coach, Standing, 1 to R Earl Huppert



→ Now Stanford Community. Where he was 19 & teaching a year at Skyline. cs

<https://outlook.live.com/mail/0/inbox/id/AQMkADAwATY0MDABLWJ0NABILWM2MWUwMDACLTAwCgBGAAAD8JuizALPVk%2BdNR9HGid81QcALIL3c...> 1/2
 my first big crush! Harold, legendary Roger basketball star. Went to Howard
 Park College

3/18/22, 7:51 PM

8:19 AM

iPad

Search in Skyline Farms Herit...

A QUOTATION FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. M. C. COUCH, PRINCIPAL OF JACKSON COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL, TO MR. C. L. FOSSETT, PRINCIPAL OF SKYLINE SCHOOL:

SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA, APRIL 30, 1949

DEAR MR. FOSSETT:

I JUST WANT TO TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO TELL YOU WHAT A VERY FINE CLASS OF BOYS AND GIRLS YOU SENT US LAST YEAR. MANY OF THE PUPILS YOU SENT US ARE DOING EXCELLENT WORK, AND ALL ARE DOING WELL.

IT IS A PLEASURE TO RECEIVE PUPILS AND WORK WITH A SCHOOL TURNING OUT SUCH FINE BOYS AND GIRLS. THIS CAN ONLY MEAN THAT YOU AND YOUR TEACHERS ARE DOING A VERY FINE JOB.

(SIGNED) M. C. COUCH.

THE PRESENT ENROLLMENT OF THE SCHOOL IS 331, AND THERE ARE NINE GRADES TAUGHT BY THE FOLLOWING TEACHERS: - MRS. JULIA WEED, FIRST GRADE; MRS. G. W. BOULDIN, SECOND GRADE; MISS BONNIE KENNEMORE, THIRD GRADE; MRS. LURA DUKE, FOURTH GRADE; MRS. GUSSIE SPEARS, FIFTH GRADE; MRS. ETHELENE BLACK WOODALL, SIXTH GRADE; MR. JAMES H. HAWKINS, SEVENTH GRADE AND COACH; MR. C. EDWIN SPENCER, EIGHTH GRADE; MR. G. W. BOULDIN, NINTH GRADE; ALL ABLY DIRECTED AND ASSISTED BY OUR VERY COOPERATIVE PRINCIPAL, MR. C. L. FOSSETT.

SKYLINE HAS AN EXCELLENT LUNCHROOM IN WHICH A LARGE MAJORITY OF THE STUDENTS AND ALL THE TEACHERS TAKE THEIR NOON MEAL. MR. FOSSETT IS ABLY ASSISTED IN THE LUNCHROOM BY MRS. SAM POTTER AND MISS LUCILE HOLT. MR. MCGAHEE SMITH IS DOING A GOOD JOB AS JANITOR. THE SCHOOL BUSES ARE DRIVEN BY MR. RALPH HILLIARD AND MR. S. B. MANNING WHO DO AN UNUSUALLY GOOD JOB OF GETTING THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL SAFELY AND ON TIME.





School Days
1947-48

Christine Paradise



School Days
1948-49

Christine Paradise



School Days
1948-49

My good friend, Sue Grace, at Skyline school.



**Me, about age 9/10 with my hair rolled on my Prince Albert hair rollers!
(Prince Albert tin cans were cut in slits and wrapped in paper and used for
hair rollers) c. 8**



School Days
1947-48

Christine Paradise
ca. 8th grade Skyline



School Days
1941-42

Christine Paradise
2nd grade Skyline
Mrs. Lyleh Pearson, teacher.



Christine Paradise
Skyline



School Days
1947-48

Charles Walls



School Days
19 - 45

*Christine Sumner
(Parade)
at Skyline School*



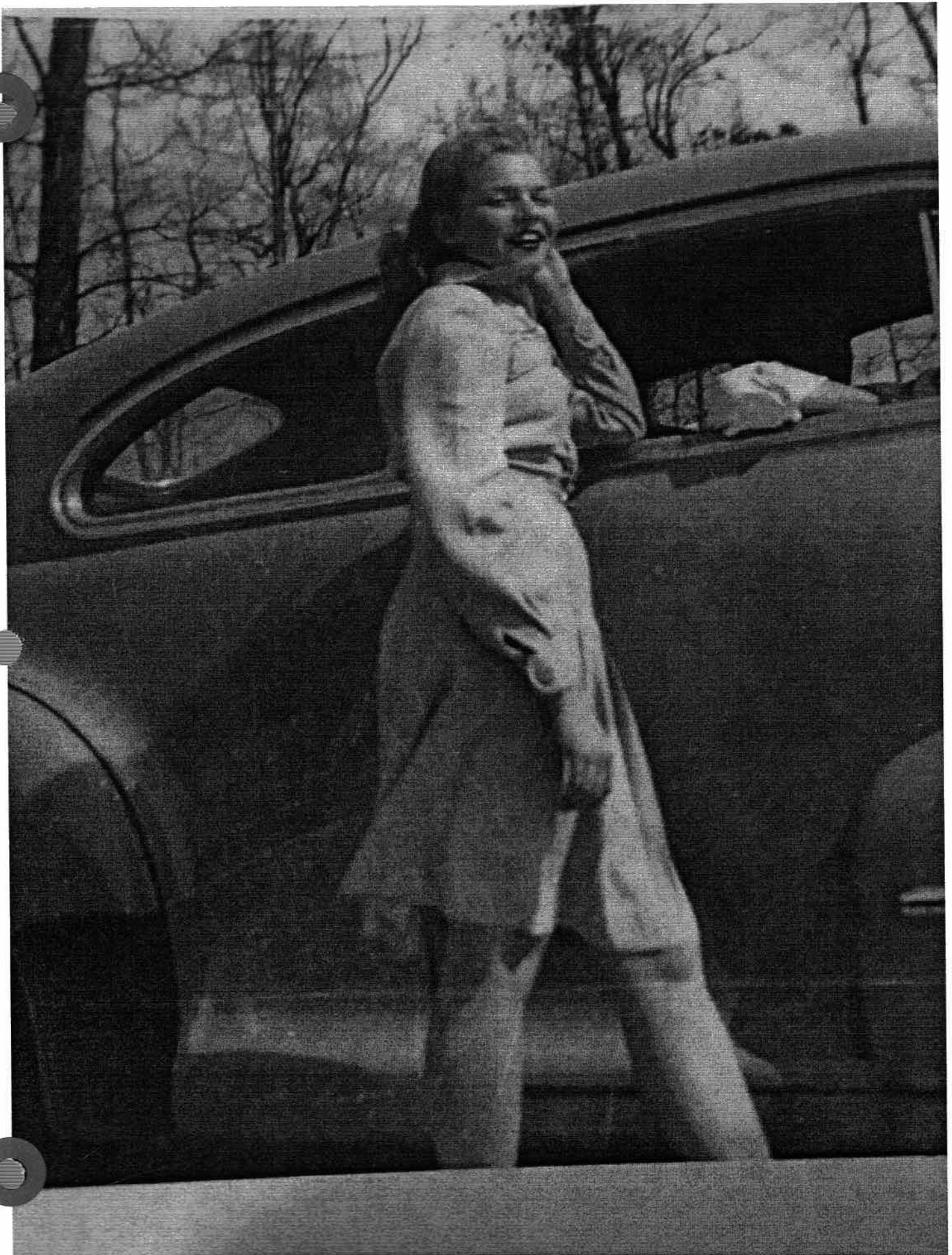
Justin Paradise
Earl Jeffrey
Skyline School
1947



Christine Paedue + Charles Walls
Styline School ca 1947



Christine Padden & Earl Kuffey about 1947 ages about 13 + 14 - cs



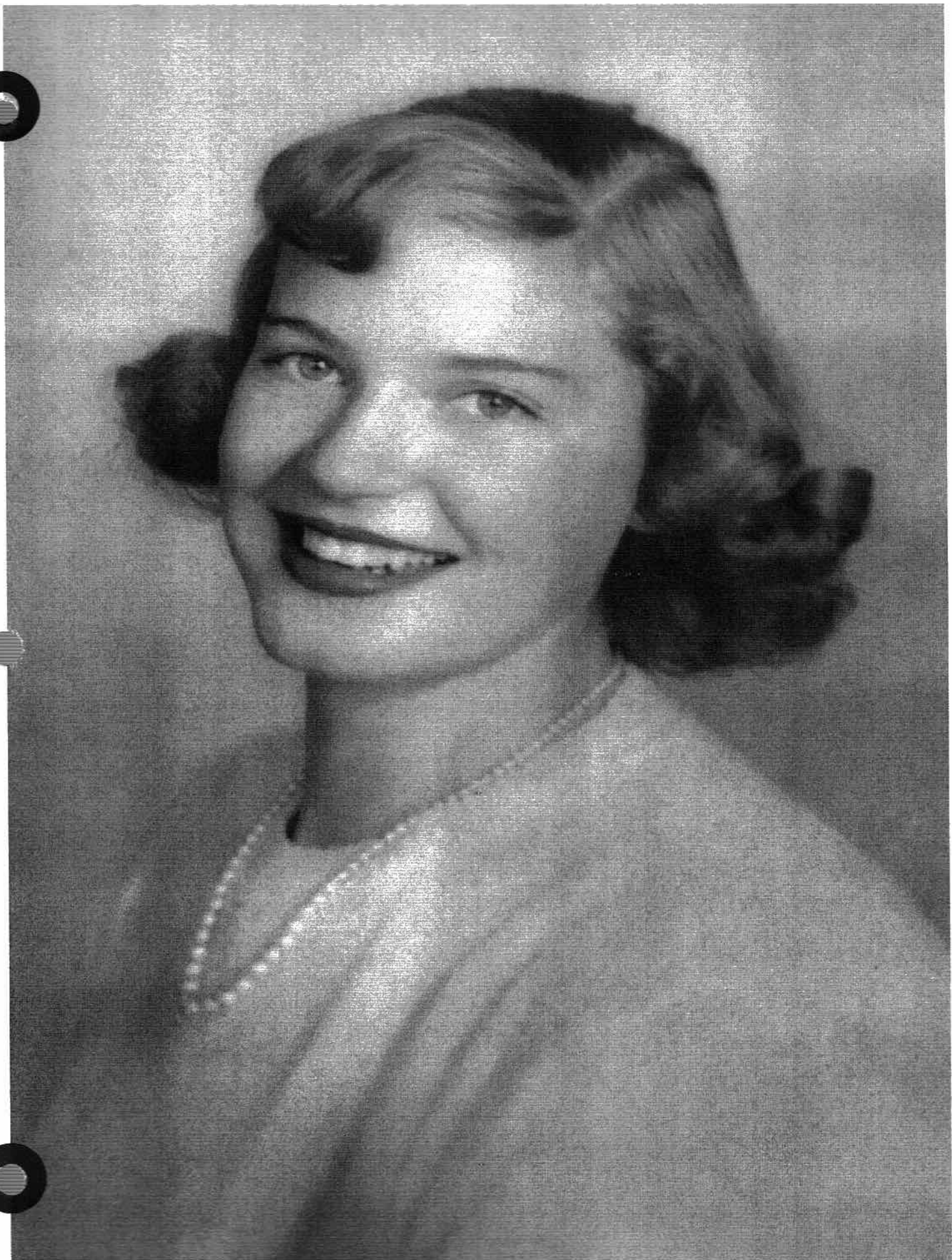
Christine Sumner, 3/17 in front of our stall



*Christine Paradise
2nd grade, I think
so ca. 1942. On second
thought I think this was
3rd grade, Mrs. Ala Vaughn
teacher*

*Viola Gentle, my friend.
ate my first chocolate
gray at her home*

Miss Elizabeth Watkins was my seventh grade teacher at Skyline. She was a good friend of the George Bouldins and a missionary in Japan. The missionaries had to return to America every seven years to keep their American citizenship. She was teaching during her year back in America. I imagine her friends, the Bouldins, got her the position. Anyway, she returned to Japan the next year to teach and she gave my name and address to five of her students. I got letters from all of them and two of them and I kept up a correspondence for months and then one of them got a job as an airline stewardess and dropped off but Mihoko Osaki and I corresponded for the next ten or fifteen years. It was a most interesting time for the both of us. We exchanged gifts rather often and in the meantime learned a lot about our countries. We were still corresponding when we both married but then came babies and we gradually lost touch. She had married an Australian and moved to Australia and had a little boy named Howard and I had a little girl named Ann Elizabeth and not too long after that we lost touch. Years later, I wrote to her at her home address but my letter was returned.



My High School Graduation Picture 1952



My sweet friend at Skyline School, Vera Mae Arnold,

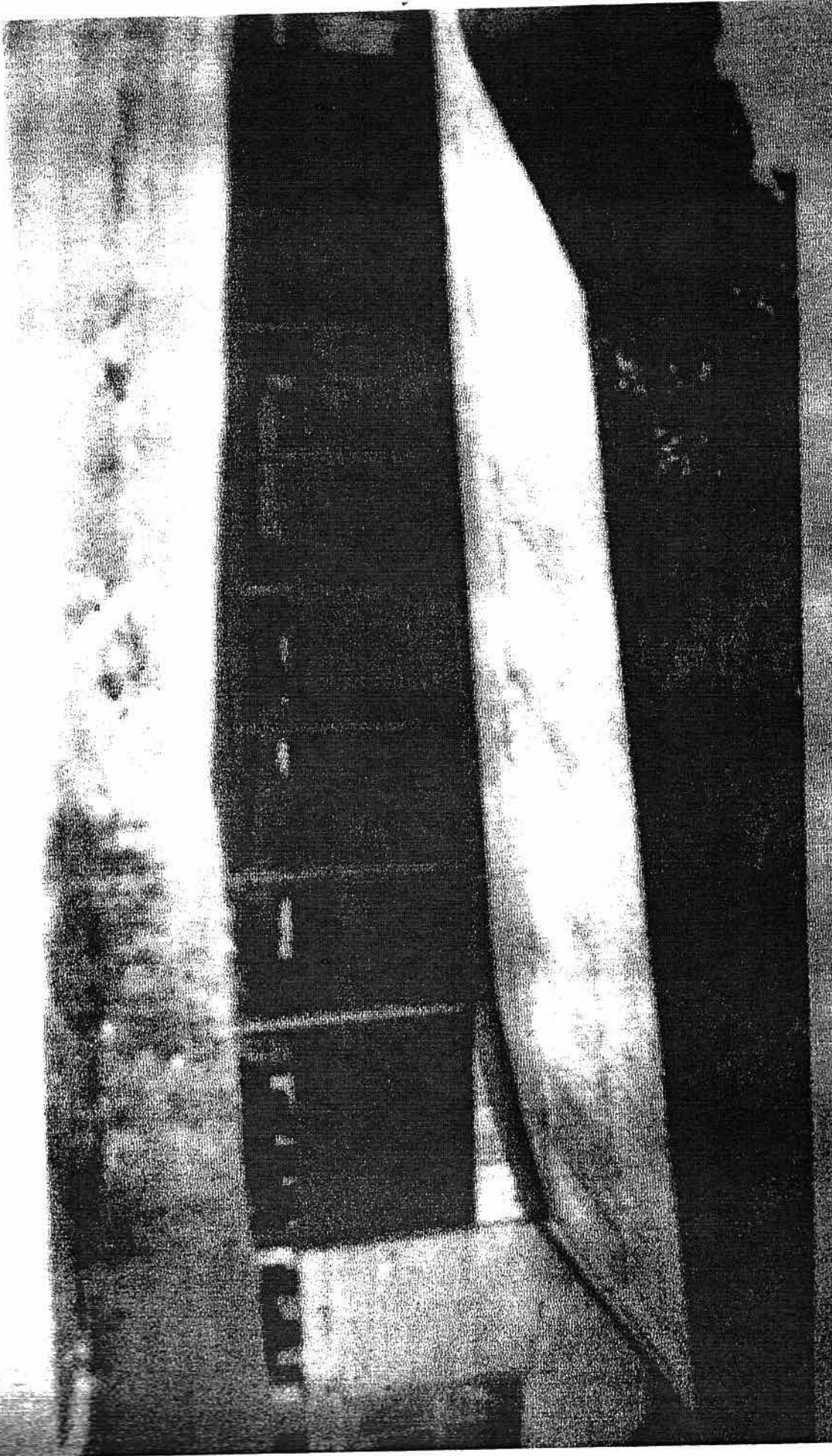
+ William

AMBITION

Until many years after Skyline Farms was settled, the school only went to the ninth grade and I'm sure there was no high school at Paint Rock Valley in the 1940s. So two young students who were bent on getting an education would walk from Skyline to the foot of the mountain every day to catch the school bus and then get off the bus at the foot of the mountain when school was out and walk back up the mountain.

Those two young people were Grady Paradise and Edith Green. Edith was the daughter of the Herbert Greens who lived across the road from Grady's family, my Uncle Jonce and Aunt Sallie Paradise. The family says they never missed a day rain or shine. Grady was very smart and many times taught his algebra class in Scottsboro. He later went to Mount Berry School in Georgia where he was captain of the football team for three years. He was the first casualty of World War II from Jackson County. Bo Paradise said he was a fantastic brother.

Image used by the Skyline Heritage Association for storage



Christine P. Sumner 2010

Photo Courtesy of Skyline Heritage Association

Christine Paradise tended 1st Grade in this warehouse 1939-40



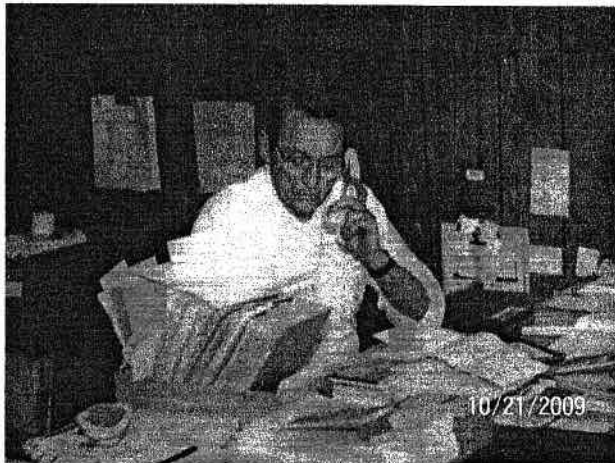
A
LOVED
ONE
LEAVES
US

In Memorium

William Parks Sumner, Jr.

August 7, 1929—October 17, 2009

Husband. Father. Civic Leader. Business Man...



Bill Sumner at his desk at Atlas Glass Co. Circa 1982

William Parks (Bill) Sumner, Jr., 80, passed away at his home on Saturday, October 16, 2009 sometime before daylight. Bill was a lifelong resident of Scottsboro. His mother and father, William Parks Sumner, Sr. and Fay Beatrice Thompson were married in August of 1928, his daddy was killed in a truck wreck in April of 1929 and Bill was born club-footed in August of that same year. His mother took him to Birmingham in an A-model car to have his feet corrected while she stayed with an uncle that lived there. In those days surgeons knew very little about this kind of surgery so it had to be done over several months later leaving him with one leg shorter than the other and deformed feet and legs. He learned to walk with his legs in plaster casts. His handicap always made him self-conscious and left him with a lack of self-esteem.

His mother being left a widow at such a young age during the depression was a terrible hardship for her. She and Bill lived with her parents and she was the sole provider for the family. At one time she worked in a dry goods store in Scottsboro for one dollar a week and later worked for three dollars a week.

We all come into this world dying one day at a time but that knowledge is little comfort when it's your mate of forty-nine years. No matter how you try to rationalize it, it doesn't seem quite real.

You turn around to tell him something and he isn't there.

You see some good chocolate candy and your first thought is, "Bill would like that," and almost simultaneously you remember he's not there any more.

You see a can of salmon and remember the patties you were going to make for him. Too late.

The phone rings and you wait for him to answer it and then you remember.

You think of some incident you want to share with him but it's too late.

You think, "I'll have Bill see about that next week," but there will be no next week for him.

You won't be seeing him again.

Was there anything left unsaid...did he want to tell you something but never did.....were there things on his mind that died with him. All these things and a million more keep obsessively running through my mind over and over. That is, until tonight.

The time for regrets and "what if's" is over. We cannot dwell on things past nor things left unsaid or undone. The time that counts is now. The past is past and we must move on. Death is a given. It comes to us all. The all-important thing is to make every moment count. In the grand scheme of things all the pettiness, jealousy, envy, anger, hatefulness, is time wasted, time that could have been used to glorify Him, to improve our own lives or those of our family.

When this day comes to us all we need to know we have treasured each day as if it was our last.....and who knows, maybe it was.

Christine
October 21, 2009

Thank you for sharing this day with our family. We do not mourn or grieve on this day because we know that our beloved husband, father and friend is happy beyond our wildest dreams here on earth and at peace after several years of pain and agony.

Christine, John and Ann

"Dad was generous,
sometimes to a fault,
and never turned down
an opportunity to help
someone in need"

Ann

William Parks Sumner, Jr.

Throughout my life my Dad supported me in everything I did from sports in my childhood to music in my later years.

When I was a child competing in Punt, Pass and Kick competitions my dad would spend hours with me in the yard chasing down wild kicks and passes until his ankles would swell up until he couldn't walk the following day. Of course, he never let me know how he was hurting. It wasn't until I walked by his bedroom door one night and saw him sitting on the edge of the bed, his face wrinkled with pain and his feet soaking in a bucket of hot water that I realize the sacrifices he made for me on a daily basis. And so it was for the rest of my life through the good and the bad, through happiness and sadness my father was always beside me.

That is where he will be for the rest of my life. I will never know another love like the love my father had for me.

I love you Dad
John

Continued from front page:

At fourteen years of age Bill went to work at Elmore's Five and Ten Cent Store at four o'clock in the morning building a fire in the big furnace so that the building would be warm when the employees came to work. This was during WWII when everything was rationed and he remembered long lines of people waiting when the doors opened in the morning for rare dips of ice cream as it became available. He said fights would break out and the police would have to be called to quell the riot. He remembered that at the end of the day he would have ice cream above his elbows from dipping cones long hours at a time for the eager customers who continued to line up all day sometimes the lines reaching down the sidewalk with the sound of the Andrews Sisters in the background belting out songs like "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola." He worked at a service station during high school.

A lifelong business man, Bill's first business venture was the soda fountain at the old bus station in downtown Scottsboro in the '50's when he was still a youngster. There he learned much of his business acumen that would aid him in the coming years. He owned and operated Bill's Shoes downtown for many years. He later established Atlas Glass Company from which he retired after twenty five years due to ill health. Not being willing to sit at home he would get up early every morning and go to the family furniture store where he spent the day greeting old friends and doing light bookkeeping.

He married Christine Paradise on July 16, 1960. A daughter, Ann Elizabeth Sumner, was born August 23, 1964 and a son, John William Sumner was born January 6, 1967.

Bill was past-president of the Scottsboro Lion's Club, was nominated Lion of the Year 1969-70, was a member of the Downtown Renewal Committee when downtown Scottsboro was completely revamped. He was a past president of the Downtown Merchants Association and a member of Fellowship United Methodist Church. He came from a long line of Methodists including his mother, his grandmother and great grandmother who were all members of Randall's Chapel United Methodist Church when it was still a small congregation.

His ancestors included many pioneers of Jackson County who came here when Alabama was still an Indian Nation including John Parks who homesteaded several sections of land including many acres along the river and the vicinity which now includes Jackson County Park and surrounding sub-divisions.

Bill was a shy and generous man that few people ever knew really well but he had a great sense of charity and always encouraged his wife to help others even when their available funds were almost nil. No one ever knew he was buying medicine, vitamins, paying doctors, giving a car to someone in need. He loved his children and grandson to distraction. They were his world and he was so proud of them and was always there when they needed him. He will be sorely missed by all who loved him. He leaves his wife Christine Paradise Sumner, daughter Ann Elizabeth Sumner Coleman, her husband Steve Coleman, grandson William Parks Coleman, all of Greenville, South Carolina, son John William Sumner and his wife Valerie of Scottsboro, and a very special friend and protégé Michael Scott of Scottsboro.

Dad didn't wear his heart on his sleeve. As a matter of fact, he did a great job hiding the fact that he was a truly loving, giving, and thoughtful person. He was very stoic, "gruff" even, on the outside. But, I knew him differently.

It wasn't easy being him. He grew up without a father and with a mother that was anything but "warm and fuzzy". He had a birth defect that even now, cripples children for life. He fell in love and married a woman whose light shone so bright that he never really knew how to deal with it. He lived with the guilt of buying John a mini-bike for the last 30+ years.

Before I left town to go to law school, we could sit in a room and watch television for hours and never say three sentences to each other. However, leaving town actually brought us closer together. The only way we could connect was by telephone...and you *have* to talk when you're on the telephone with someone. So, at the age of 27, I actually began carrying on conversations with my dad...that is, until he got tired of talking, which he always clearly gave away by saying "your mother's right here, you want to talk to her?"

Dad provided fodder for family jokes for many years. He was so OCD that he drove us all crazy with his little quirks: 1. all medicine bottles had to be turned upside down at all times 2. His closet door had to remain ajar about 6 inches and the light bulb unscrewed (so it wouldn't stay on all the time) 3. He put everything "up" where no one else could find it (we still haven't found that hole punch he put up in 1978!) 4. He insisted that his water glass stay out on the table all day with a coaster placed on top (I'm assuming to keep the dust out!) 5. Wearing the same, two, \$5.00, short-sleeved, white cotton shirts with a band at the bottom for YEARS 6. Hoarding all new clothes in the top of the closet so he could keep wearing those darn shirts! (didn't really know about this one until a couple of days ago when we discovered the stash of clothes with tags on them... clothes we had all been giving him for YEARS. While we teased him unmercifully about these things, and he even laughed with us most of the time, he had to keep doing them...he was OCD!

Dad was an intelligent man without a college education but with real world business acumen that more than made up the difference. He loved reading the news, watching the news and talking about the news. Greta, Glenn and Bill gave him his daily dose of the "right" kind of news. But, even though he had to have his news, he also loved good old rock and roll music and a really good action movie.

Dad also loved NASCAR and loved collecting model cars. Many of you may remember when he had the glass company he had a huge glass case with tons of these little cars...that was a drop in the bucket. He had an entire closet full of those cool little cars (and bigger cars, and trucks, and vans...) and never tired of getting a new one as a gift.

I would venture to say that until eight years ago, however, none of us realized the love he was capable of until Parks was born. Dad was already 71 years old when his one and only grandson and namesake came along. I will never forget handing the baby over to him for the first time. He had not held a baby for more than 30 years and Parks was so very tiny. Dad chuckled and looked very uncomfortable...for the first few seconds. After that, he snuggled in and never hesitated again to get close to his grandson. Parks was the light of his life these past eight years and he considered him the most unique, smart, intuitive, and insightful child that had ever graced the planet. I just happen to agree. Parks loved him too. He has been very upset that doctors have not yet found a cure for cancer. He has held fast to his wish to be a robotic surgeon for the past year now and has put forth several common-sense-based hypotheses for curing cancer. For several months now, cancer and his Papa Bill have been the prominent topics for Parks both at home and at school. He is a deeply caring little boy and wanted nothing more than his Papa Bill to be cured.

I told Parks Monday night that God had decided that it was time for Papa Bill to come to Heaven and live with him and that Papa Bill had agreed. We all know that he is happy, hanging out at the race track, drinking Cola and putting everything up for all of the other, less OCD, angels.

Ann Sumner Coleman

October, 2009

"It is the will of God and Nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life; 'tis rather an embryo state, a preparation for living; a man is not completely born until he be dead: Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals?"

-Benjamin Franklin
22 February 1756

Just the Beginning

Do not fear me, do not dread me

Do not feel sorrow for those who embrace me .

You have experienced me before and will experience me again

I am not the end

I am the beginning

Life is the middle, the education, the trial, the tasks and the work

Death is but the re-birth of the soul, the beginning of the deepest joy, happiness discovered and all encompassing...

Until we enter this life again.

Ann Sumner Coleman

