

MULLEIN



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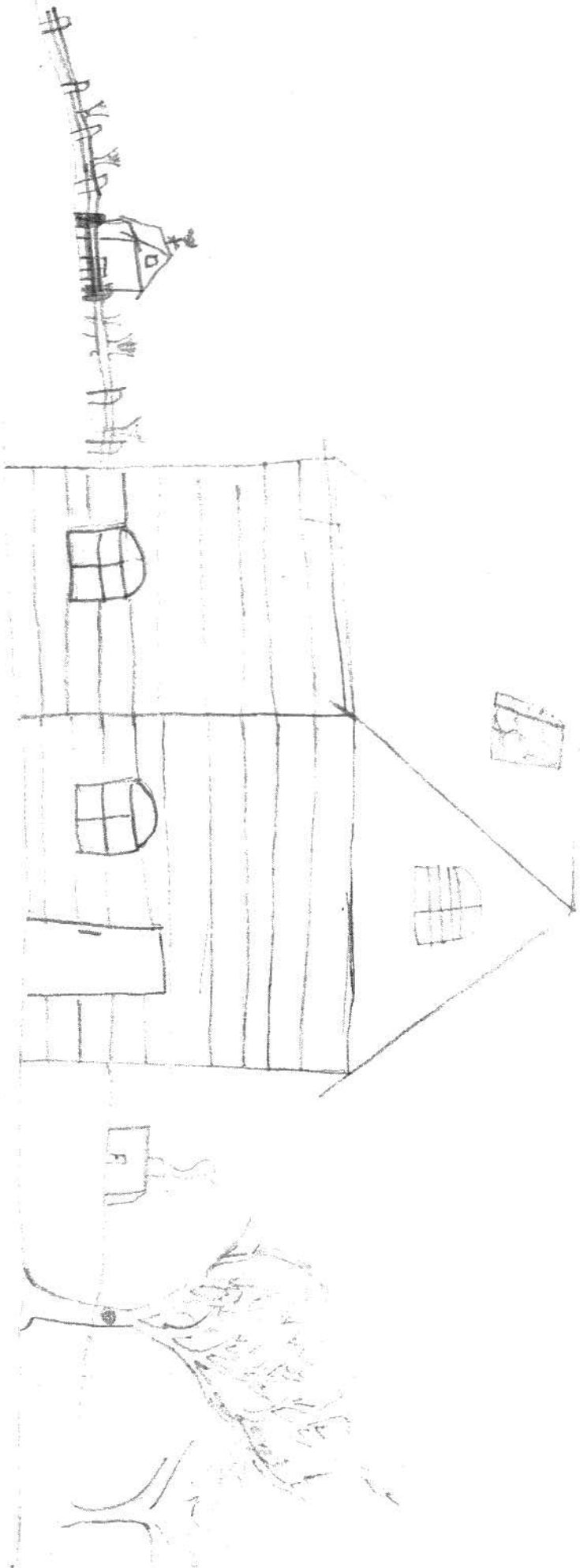
MULLEIN: A PROJECT IN CULTURAL JOURNALISM

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1981
1982

Mullein again thanks everyone who has helped us prepared our third edition. Thank you, Parents, for lending us your treasured pictures. Thanks to all our new friends whom we have interviewed for sharing with us. A big thanks to Mrs. Regenda Stubblefield for helping all day with the Garden Center at the Junior High Attic sale. And a special thanks to Mrs. Anderson and the people in the library for helping us in so many ways and to Mr. Durham for his support.

Thank you again, Mrs. Louise Moghani. We love you. You have typed and edited our second book.

A very special thanks to Randy Satterfield for all his help with the pictures.



By Dad
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MULLEIN IN THE DECADE OF THE EIGHTIES

Mullein THREE - 1982 has added a cartoon. "Leg-O-Mutton" and Taffy have made their debut. Please share your humor with us.

We have also added a section on quilting. We want to tell about your pretty heirloom quilts. We are happy with your response to our requests last year. We want to continue gathering stories about old schools, churches, businesses - the country store, home-life and entertainment. If you have a story to share with us, we will be happy to come for it and print it in our next issue.

Mullein is happy to print a copy of the first picture of the future SCOTTSBORO-JACKSON COUNTY HERITAGE CENTER. We want our readers to know that this is an initial step in a long range plan. Great efforts are being made to preserve our heritage and the lore which surrounds this area.

We may be reached or books may be ordered by contacting Mullein at:

Scottsboro Junior High School
1601 Jefferson Drive
Scottsboro, Alabama 35768

Telephone: 259-1204



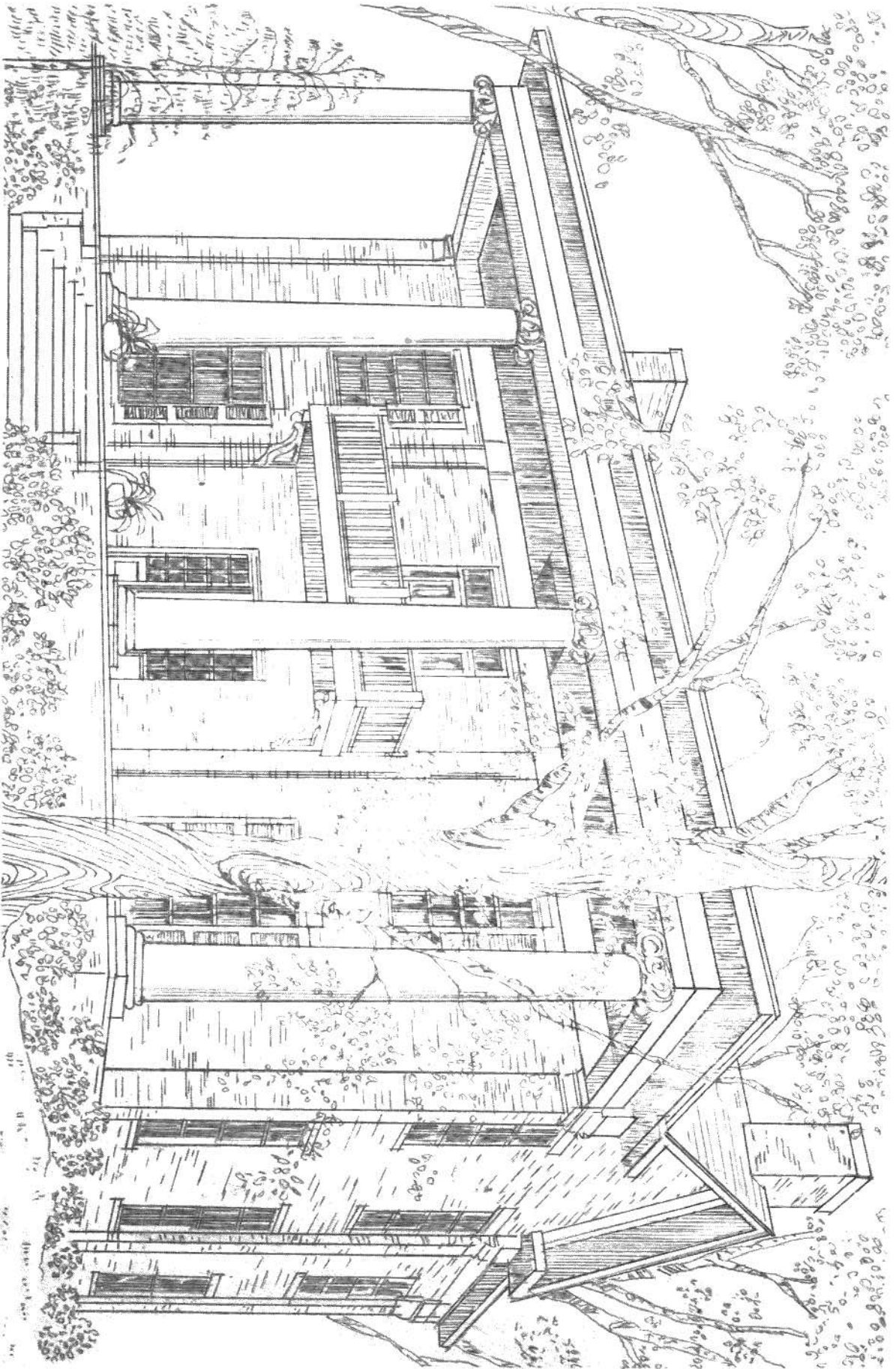
First Monday Art Sunday 1981. Left to right are Jason Allen, Mrs. E. V. Stroh, Gerry Powell, Lee Ann Marshal, Virginia Woosley and Patrick Proctor.



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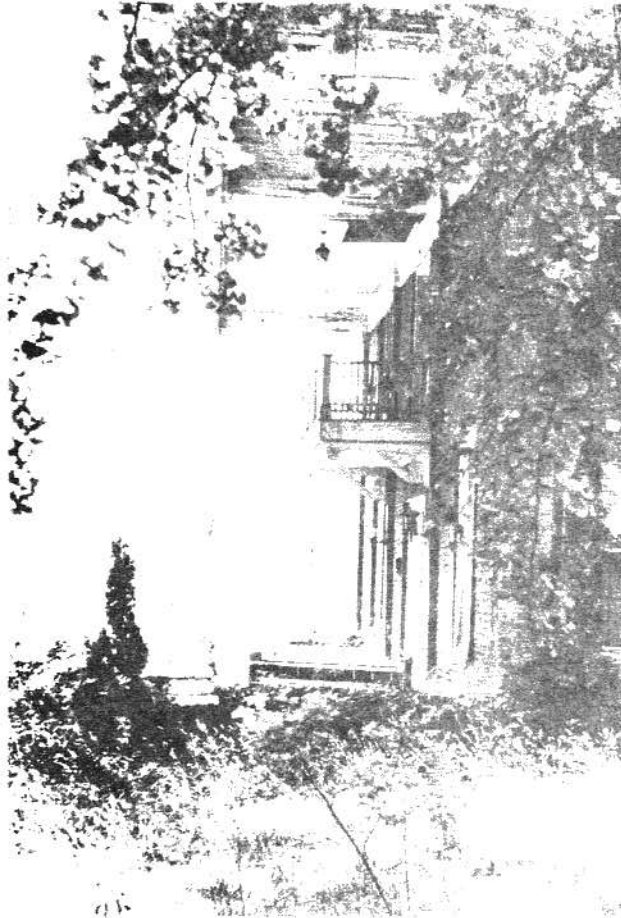
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SCOTTSBORO/JACKSON HERITAGE CENTER

PREPARED BY THE SCOTTSBORO MUSEUM COMMISSION WITH ASSISTANCE FROM THE TENNESSEE VALLEY AUTHORITY

BROWN-PROCTOR HOUSE



The simple but elegant Brown Proctor house, with its neo-classical revival porch and pillars, typifies one aspect of the romantic Southern tradition. Learning citizens of Scottsboro have owned the house since it was built in 1881. It is, therefore, appropriate that the house will become a focal point of the Scottsboro/Jackson Heritage Center. The Brown Proctor house has been placed on the Alabama Register of Landmarks and Heritage, is listed in the *Alabama Tapestry of Historic Places*, and has been nominated to the National Register of Historic Places.

All elements of the Scottsboro/Jackson Heritage Center will be designed to bridge the past, present, and future for the citizens of northeastern Alabama. Through the collections and other exhibits, area citizens can develop a greater appreciation of their past and an informed awareness of the present. The museum is programmed for local and regional historical artifacts and large exhibits. Materials relating to the Cherokee Indians and other ethnic groups will be presented. Genealogical records and oral history tapes will be housed in the museum, along with other historical documents and research material.

The Brown-Proctor house is an appropriate location for important historical materials since its owners have been actively involved in shaping the history of Scottsboro and the State of Alabama. About 1880, three members of the Brown family, who were among the founders of the Episcopal Church in Scottsboro, built similar houses within a block of each other. Completed in 1881 by John A. Brown, the Brown-Proctor house was advertised for sale in 1882:

Mr. John A. Brown having fully made up his mind to disengage himself from a multiplicity of oppressive cares and responsibilities, and on a count of failing health, to pursue a business demanding less physical exertion as well as mental wear and tear, offers for sale, and is determined



This photo of the Scottsboro-Jackson County Heritage Center showing progress made so far on

THE COURTHOUSE OF 1868-1871

Situated on Mary Hunter Avenue near North Houston Street is a one-story utilitarian brick structure once known as Judge Tate's law office. The structure is now more correctly referred to as the Courthouse of 1868-1871. This early courthouse was a key building in the history of Jackson County. When the county seat was moved from Bellefonte to Scottsboro in 1868 there was no courthouse in Scottsboro. The county rented this new brick structure for use by the Probate Judge. A courthouse on the public square was completed in 1871, and the county records were then moved to the new building. The Courthouse of 1868-71 is listed in the *Alabama Tapestry of Historic Places* and has been nominated to the National Register of Historic Places.

To preserve the historic courthouse, display it to its best advantage, and increase accessibility, it must be moved from its present location to the two-acre site of the Heritage Center. The courthouse will blend architecturally with other structures on the site and will present an additional facet of Jackson County history. The porches, which are later additions, will be removed in the moving and restoration process.

The Courthouse of 1868-71 has a simple interior which allows flexibility in reuse. Initially, reference materials related to the laws, government, and public affairs of the region will be housed in the building.

If a larger space becomes necessary for the legal collection, this building could become the centerpiece for the proposed auxiliary exhibit building. The new building will also house the 1936 pumper fire engine, the first of its kind in Scottsboro and the county. The pumper has been donated to the museum by the Scottsboro Fire Department.

It is anticipated that the Courthouse of 1868-71 will be secured as a gift to the Heritage Center. Professional services, such as house moving, are being solicited by the Museum Commission. Funds will be needed as indicated in the budget to repair the courthouse, construct a new foundation, install electricity and a heating/air conditioning/atmospheric control system, assemble the collection, and furnish the building.



First Mullein staff, October 1979: Susan Arnold, Patricia Potter, Martha Caldwell-Sponsor, Gerald McQueen, Tabby Kendrick, LeAnn Hinds, Louise Thomas, Tony Weaver.

SAGE TOWN

"Sage Field" and "Sage Town" were frontier names for what became known, with the c. 1850 settling of the prominent Robert T. Scott, as Scott's Station, Scottsville, or Scottsborough. Mr. Scott donated land to the railroad for the site of the depot and station houses. W. Jerry Gist states in *The Story of Scottsboro* (1968) that the Memphis and Charleston Railroad began stopping for passengers and cargo in March 1856.

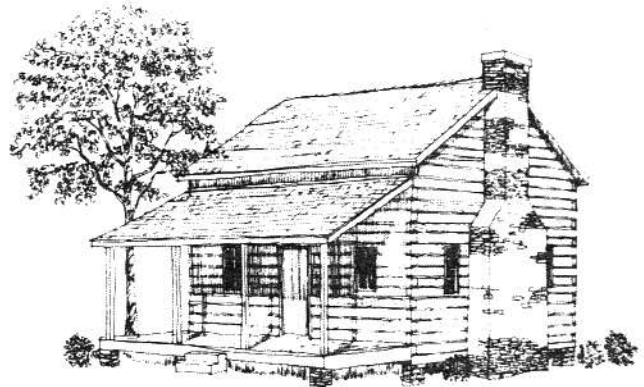
Frontier Sage Town was probably a cluster of log houses of folk architecture built primarily by farmers. Folk houses were often very simple adaptations of the common Georgian or Federal style with balanced facades, central or end chimneys, and full-length porches. Log houses were built in both medieval Scandinavia and medieval Germany, and adapted by European settlers to American frontier conditions and needs. Many log houses were not the rustic log cabins pictured in popular literature, but were relatively substantial one, one and one-half, or two-story squared log structures. Log houses are to the South what the saltbox is to New England.

Several log structures will be located in Sage Town. A log dwelling will provide a demonstration area for old crafts, such as soap making, with the surrounding yard planted with a kitchen garden and fruit trees. A second log structure will house a blacksmith shop. Many other crafts—such as wood-working, weaving, and quilting, as well as shingle splitting and candle dipping—will be demonstrated in special programs. Additional log structures will be located in Sage Town when they are available.

While the log structures will require little in the way of modernization, except perhaps a few electrical outlets, they will have to be moved and restored.

Foundations must be rebuilt and the chinking between the logs redone. It is important that the restoration be done properly by trained craftspeople to ensure durable, weatherproof structures. Once restored, the buildings must be secured.

The costs of moving the structures and restoration are outlined in the budget for Sage Town. Costs of furnishings and support for indoor and outdoor exhibits are also included.



Not pictured were David Wheeler and Tony Weaver.

VISIONS OF OLD SCOTTSBORO

Scottsboro hasn't always been the way it is today.

As you know Scottsboro was named after Robert Scott, a land owner who once lived here. Some of you may not know but Mr. Scott's grave is located on a hill overlooking the bypass near Sizzler Steak House.

In the early days transportation was alot different than today. They taveled by horse or horse and buggy. Like a car you had to park your horse and buggy to a hitching post. There were hitching posts in front of stores and in front of every house.

In school they studied five main subjects, reading, writing, arithmetic, history and geography. Each grade had it own room and I guess it could get pretty crowded. In school the first thing they did was to go to the auditorium and have chapel. The school was and is located where Page is now. There was also a school where Piggly Wiggly is located now, this school was Scottsboro Elementary School.

The way the girls dressed for school was a dress apron, and bonnits. Their hair styles were either plaits or curls. Their dresses were made of calico or some sort of similar material.

One of the many things the children liked to do was to go to the circus. The circus would come every summer and the families would go to watch it. The name of the circus is Ringling Brothers Circus.

The house of the people were one of their most prized possessions but there was only one thing wrong, there was not any indoor plumbing or no indoor light. There was no electricity heat or air conditioning. For electricity or lights they had lamps. For heat they burned coal. They got their water from a pump.

Some homes had telephones hanging up on the wall. The telephones were not dial telephones, first you had to ring the operator then she would connect you to the other party.

They didn't have dentist or doctors offices back then but they did have a dentist and a doctor that would come to the people. The dentist would come once a month and when he came he would pull teeth or just look at their teeth and if they needed a doctor they would call him and he would come.

Around the square there were many shops and stores. Listed are a few of the many, a food store, Paynes drug store, Rosson's Millanary shop. Paynes drug store has been there since the late 1800.

Many things have changed over the many years like the Methodist church was where the post office is now. The first of the first side walks was built by my great grandfather Russell Tilferd. If you ever walk around the square you can still see his name signed in the old sidewalks. As I said, Scottsboro has not always been the way it is today.

Andrea Schmoller

(Through the eyes of Mrs. Syd Telford.)

EARLY DAYS AROUND SCOTTSBORO

An interview with Mrs. Nannie Clemons

In the early days, children had to walk to school. They had to do their school work on little chalkboards. Their entertainment was to have singings at church in front of an old wood burning stove. They would also have dances and parties, swap candy at candy pullings, and play dominoes.

My grandfather was a farmer. The pay was very little. There were other jobs too. Some picked cotton for hire. Their pay was very small. Almost everyone was a farmer in and around Scottsboro in the 1800's.

The school Mrs. Clemons attended was the old Campground School, and a small school called Huckleberry Hill. The Campground School was located in the present county park area about two miles from Randal Chapel and on the old Section Ferry Road. Grades 1-8 were taught by Miss Pansie Caldwell, who drove a horse and buggy to school. Mrs. Clemons rode to school with the teacher.

When TVA bought the land, a group of men including Mr. Roy Beard, Hall Smart, Harry Beavers, Jim Johnson, and Hugh Boyd Judge and others borrowed a truck from Mr. Cleve Childress and tore down the building and brought it across the creek to County Park area where it remained for many years and served as a church. Sunday school was held there regularly. There were twenty two old hickory school desks which seated two students with a desk in front taken from the building. The building itself was destroyed by fire one Sunday afternoon. This was a large school and many students attended.

For hobbies and, for necessity too, the women would sew and knit, piece quilts, and embroidery.

The post office was very unusual, compared to ours these days. It was in a man's home. In his work room were boxes with people's names for holding the mail. The man who delivered the mail was Rev. Thomas Parks from Column, a place just off Bob Jones Avenue and Wynn Road. He would go around town for just 25 cents a day just to help the people in the community. Rev. Parks married many local couples.

In town there was only one hotel. The name of the hotel was the Harris Hotel. It was very old at that time. There was only one drug store in the town called W. H. Payne. It is still in Scottsboro today on the square.

Jennifer Risner



*Column
was on
Clemons
Road
which is old
Section Ferry
Road.
ABC

THE SCOTTSBORO HOSEIERY MILL BAND

The Hosiery Mill Band was believed to be Scottsboro's first band. The band was made up of employees of the Scottsboro Hosiery Mill. The mill once occupied the buildings between the corner of Willow Street at Houston to Railroad Avenue.

The owner of the Hosiery mill was Mr. Claude Spivey. During the Great Depression, when other companies were going out of business, Spivey managed to keep the mill operating.

One citizen of Scottsboro, Mrs. Pearl Gist worked at the mill in 1929, when she and her husband were first married.

Spivey came to Scottsboro from east Tennessee. He was also voted for "The Man of the Year in Scottsboro" in 1929.

The director of the band was Mr. John Hayes. Hayes was from Huntsville, Alabama, and was said to be one of the leading band directors of his time.

The band practiced each evening on the courthouse square gazebo. The people of Scottsboro would gather around and listen to the wonderful bands music.

Mrs. Porter Derrick went to school with and dated the friends of, or grew up with many of, the members of the Scottsboro Hosiery Mill Band.

Merrie Reed

THE DAILY SENTINEL, SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1981, PAGE 5



Played to crowds on the square

Scottsboro Hosiery Mill Band, we have learned, once entertained many as they practiced on the courthouse square. The photograph, said to have been made in 1928, was taken in front of the old Jackson County Courthouse, according to some of our readers. Only four persons remain unidentified. Those in the photo are believed to be from left: (Seated) J.C. Jacobs, James Daniels, Piggy Watts, Alvin Kennamer, Bill Jones, Exum Summers, Elton Kennamer,

Harvey Henshaw and Kenneth Butler; (second row) Claud Spivey, mill owner; Ed Kennamer, Mr. Dill, Quintard Beech, two unidentified men, then Roy Carpenter, Bill McCutchen, Mr. Godfrey, Pete McCutchen, John Hayes, band director; (third row) Unidentified man, Mr. Osborn, Wiley H. Butler, unidentified man, Billy White, Donald Ambrester, John McCutchen and Carl Brannum.

7

Merrie Reed's family supplied the SENTINEL with the picture of the band.

DAYS GONE BY

by Bertha Cunningham Kirby

Our pioneer forefathers and their families had to improvise, as did beloved southerners after the North used the scorched earth method. They had to go back to the most primitive methods, as I shall record for you.

Before we had undertakers when a person died, the neighbors bathed the corpse and put on clean clothes. Clothes were saturated with camphor and lain over and under the body. A cloth was tied under the chin and over the top of the head to close the mouth. A silver coin was placed on the eyes to close them.

Chairs were placed near a window and rough sawn planks laid on the chair backs and a sheet over the planks. These were called "cooling boards".

Papa was born January 17, 1861. When he was about seventeen he was sitting in the window near a corse. When the body relaxed, the person expelled gas from the mouth making a groan while at the same time gas escaped also from the other extremity.

This scared Papa so badly that he jumped out of the window and ran all the way home. He had to pass through a graveyard on the way. He had heard his colored Nanny tell about a ghost out there that she had seen. She said, "It 'riz right up and it 'riz' right back down." Paper looked neither to the right nor left as he passed through that graveyard!

Grandpappy Benjamin F. Card was a carpenter and made coffins for people. The frame work was rough sawed lumber, narrow at the head, broadening at the shoulders, and for hips and abdomen made to order, sloping down narrow for the legs and feet. Women carded cotten to line the coffin and a black material was used for the outside while the inside was lined with bleached domestic. When the body had cooled, it was placed in the coffin and left open for viewing. Wakes were held; neighbors sitting up all night. Songs were sung, food was furnished for those who sat up and pots of coffee were consumed. The day of the funeral, the coffin was carried to the graveyard open, so loved ones could take one long last look.

Preachers gave long, long eulogies and some scripture was read. Songs were sung, mostly in the old Scared Harp song books. Then the top was nailed down securely and the coffin lowered into the hand dug grave. Just above the coffin was a ledge that held planks put crosswise above the coffin. Then the thud of dirt being shoveled

into the grave was heard. When finished, an elongated mound was marked by a limestone head and foot stone. This remained until the rocks could be hewn to completely cover the grave.

In the Holland graveyard, William Holland and wife, Martha Sherrill, graves were covered with hewn rocks thus, side by side the larger of the graves, widely enlarging the grave space. They were buried facing the East so that on Resurrection Day they could arise facing the sun.

His son, Sgt. James Holland, who fought under Gen. John Coffey and Gen. Andrew Jackson in the War of 1812 with the Tennessee volunteers lies there. They fought in the battle of New Orleans. His grave has an 1812 marker. His wife, Myra Davis lies beside him. She was the daughter of W. M. Davis, who fought under Gen. La Fayette. Their graves are like the parents. Then a son, James Madison Holland, twenty-one, who died single lies next. His was the walled up grave with a slab of sandstone on top of the grave.

John Newton Holland and his wife, Huldah Wilson, were in hewn stone graves with a sandstone slab on each.

In the old Holland graveyard lie seven generations and only one person not blood kin is buried there. Johnny Hudson's great aunt Lucy's sweetheart is there. She dropped rose among the dirt as the legend goes. Now the graveyard is covered with wild roses. She never married, and when she died from old age, she was buried beside Johnny's grave.

The John Newton Holland family and Caleb Hudson families were good friends. Great Aunt Lucy Holland and Johnny Hudson were engaged to be married. The Hollands and the Hudsons packed picnic baskets and rode across the Davis ridge to Robertson Spring to fish. A beautiful carp refused to be hooked. So Caleb Hudson told Johnny to climb up a tree and shoot the carp. As his daddy handed up the gun a twig caught the hammer and Johnny's abdomen was blown open. It was a sad procession back to Maynard's Cove. Great Aunt Lucy persuaded the Hudsons to allow Johnny to be buried in the Holland graveyard.

Uncle William Davis, "Uncle Bill," Holland is buried next to Aunt Lucy - then Uncle Dock and Aunt Hannah Holland's family. Mary Ada Hall and Timmy, her husband, children and grandchildren are in lower part of graveyard. Next row - my mother, Sarah, Margaret Card, borned January 24, 1866, and died March 27, 1900, wife of Harrison Macon Cunningham. Three younger children of grandpappy and grandmother; then Benjamin Franklin Card, Pvt. in 55th Infantry of Tennessee Volunteers, C.S.A., borned 1839, died 1904, and Marian Holland Card, born 1846, died 1919, who have lovely markers placed by Uncle Jim M. Car. Aunt Bernie Card Campbell had a baby girl, Maggie Carl Campbell, buried there.

The first car I ever saw was driven by Garnett Andrews for Uncle Jim M. Card. It was driven up the lane to the old homestead of Sgt. James Holland, now the home of Mariah Holland, his granddaughter and her husband, Benjamin F. Card. Now the lane has grown up and no one can drive up there.

Calhoun and Lizzie Cunningham's youngest son, Joseph Humphrey, had meningitis.

Grandmother Nancy Macon Cunningham had load of irish potatoes. Washed and peeled and scraped packs of freshly scraped irish potatoes were put on Joe's back and neck. As soon as the potatoes turned dark fresh packs replaced them. In a few days Joe's fever cleared and he recovered. He finished elementary, high, and college and became a C.P.A. He only died two years ago of a heart attack, age 72.

May each of you have a Happy Prosperous New Year. Bertha Cunningham Kirby, Mrs. Clarence B. Kirby - January 6, 1982.



Our gracious friend Mrs. Clarence Kirby has again written for Mullein and given us a picture. We love you.

Mullein DOLL LADY

Mrs. Lethia Welch

This little friend of Mullein is still happily dressing dolls and naming them. In two weeks she had turned a pitiful Rag-muffin into a beautiful doll. Found Art is no new business to Mrs. Welch. Her days are filled with it. This year she has not been well physically, so she has pieced twenty quilts. This spring, though, she has a garden planted and is enjoying her creative life style.

Mrs. Welch will be seventy five May 15. We are going to have a party.

Recently she told some of us about the time in 1913, when she was five or six and her baby brother was born. She said there was a winter storm raging that night. A big fire was going and when she got up next morning her oldest sister was cooking breakfast. Remember there were six children in the family at that time. The doctor was there and had been there all night. His horse was in the barn. They told her to go to her mother's bed and see her new baby brother.

Four years later when her youngest sister arrived, Mrs. Welch's father took the seven children in a buggy to a neighbor's house in the middle of the night. They knew what that meant, a new baby. The family was so proud of this baby girl. A new baby always brought happiness. Although there wasn't alot of money then but there was alot of love.



The picture, made in 1975 shows Mrs. Welch at the neighbor's house in Cleveland, Tenn where, as a little girl she borrowed hot coals and took them home in a $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon syrup can.

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER

This old log house, with a rock chimney at each end and the dog-trot in the center belonged to my great great grandmother, Mr. & Mrs. John Riley. The house was located in the Garland-Riley Cove area and was occupied until well in the 1970's.

My grandmother told me about how she liked to visit the old home-place as a child.

Aunt Mahalia and Uncle Bill never married and they resided in the house as long as they lived. Grandmother remembers visiting them often when she was young. She explained that there was a large kitchen at the back where Aunt Mahalia let her cook to her heart's desire.

To the right of the house in the back were located a tool house, a grinder where all the tools were sharpened, and a buggy house, and a grove of pecan trees.

On the left of the house and to the back was the fruit house, which contained wooden boxes filled with cotton seed, where the canned goods were buried in the wintertime. The wheat house was close by the fruit house, and here is where all the grain was threshed. The smoke house was at the back also. This where tow hollowedout troughs on each side of the room held the meat when salted down. These troughs were later bought by Mr. Lawrence Brown, who moved them to Fox Ridge Farms on the Old Larkinsville Road, to be used as a watering trough for his horses.

At the back of the house was a huge garden area, approximately one acre. Located just inside the gate on each side were the herb beds, parsley, dill, garlic, sage, catnip, and etc. which every household grew. Family food was home-grown and each garden contained herbs for medicinal purposes. Today in Grandmother's yard is a large red peonia which was supposed to have come with great, great grandmother, who rode a horse up into Tennessee to her parents' farm for it.

Every homestead was located near a spring. The spring house was built over the spring and located down the hill and to the front of the main house. The wash place and ash hopper were near the spring. Off to the left was the barn where the stream provided water for the stock. The sheep house was located on the barn side also.

The homestead was peaceful and quiet and none ever thought of being unhappy.

Laura Gross



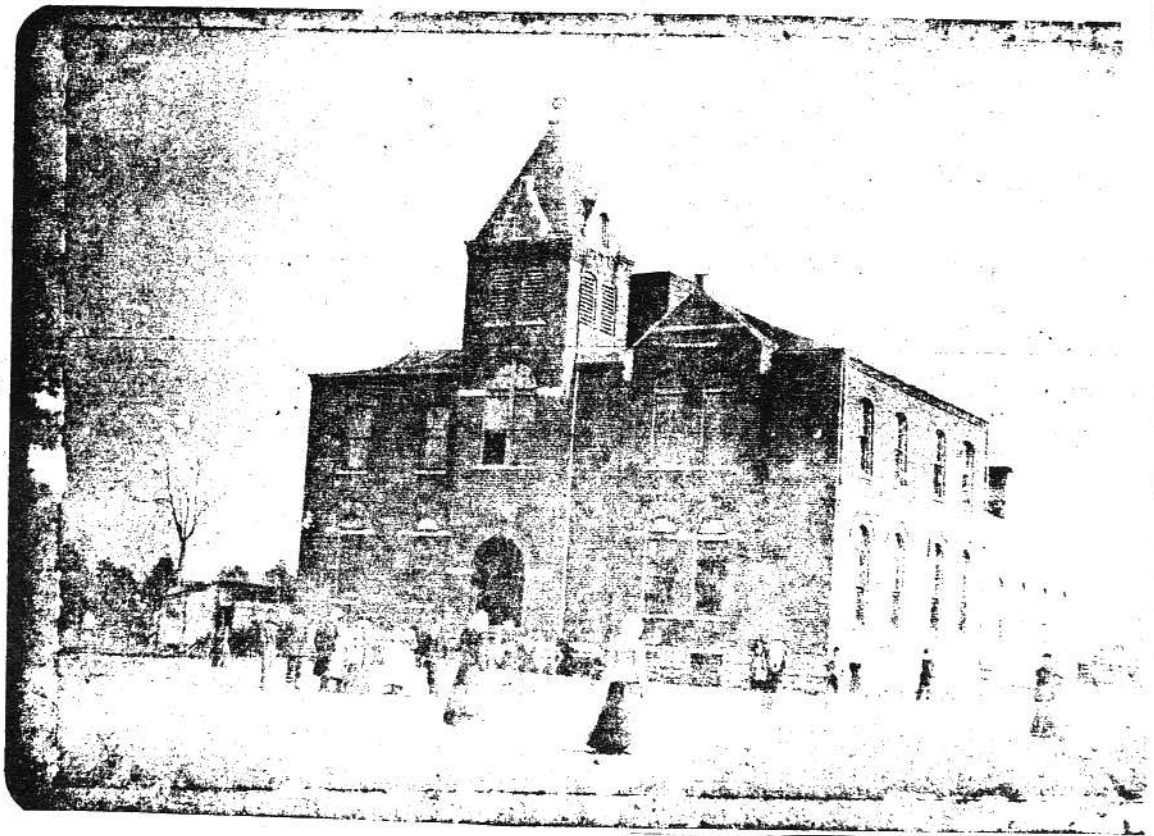
OLD SCHOOLS IN SCOTTSBORO

Scott's Academy the first school to be conducted in a building devoted to instruction exclusively, was located north of the railroad at the base of a bridge still known as Tater Knob. It burned to the ground in 1883.

The Scottsboro college and normal school was erected in 1888 as an auditorium added to the main building which was built on in 1890. The school accomodated all students from the first grade all the way through high school level and college level.

The Scottsboro college and normal school was to replace the Scottsboro Academy which had burned. Sometime during the 1920's the front part of the original building was torn down and replaced with wings making the whole structure in the shape of a "T".

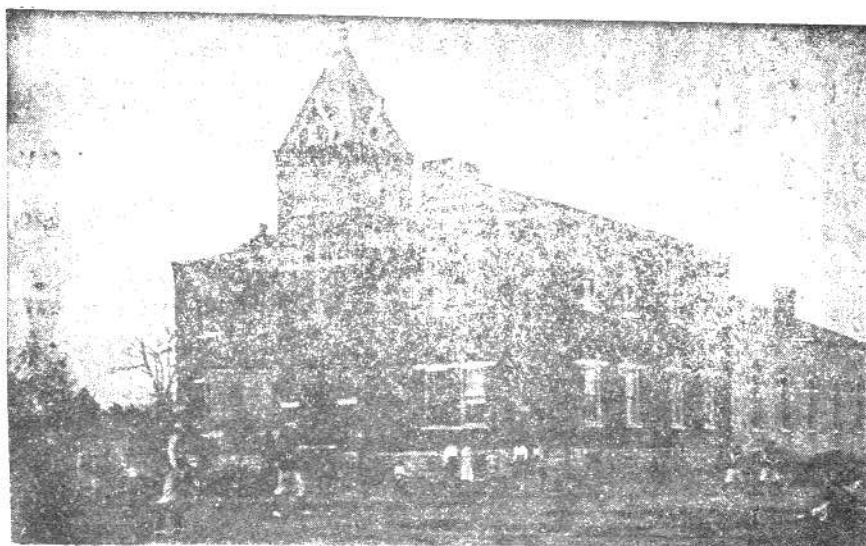
Laura Gross



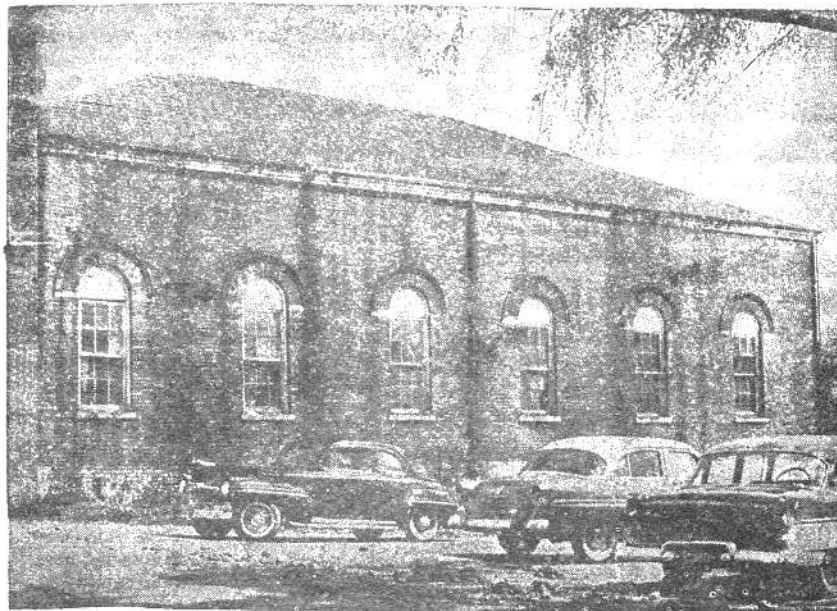
Scottsboro College & Normal School

Jackson
County
High
School
Scottsboro

Old Landmark Falls, Progress On The March In Scottsboro



SCOTTSBORO COLLEGE AND NORMAL SCHOOL—1888



GIRLS' GYMNASIUM

By Daisy Keeble

A 68-year-old landmark, the girl's gym at Scottsboro High School, is soon to be torn down to make way for a \$150,000 new gymnasium and band rooms and their related facilities.

The old building was erected in 1890 as an auditorium added to the main building which was built in 1888. The school was at that time known as Scottsboro College and Normal School, and accommodated all students from the first grade, through high school level and college.

This structure, built on land donated by Bob Skelton, was to replace Scott Academy which had burned. Scott Academy, the town's first school had been located near the foot of the mountain known as "Tater Knob".

In 1894 the name of the college was changed to Tri-State Normal College, which it remained until

1897. Then it became known as Scottsboro Baptist Institute and was owned and controlled by the Baptist Church. Later the Methodists controlled the school for a while.

During Governor Comer's term an act was passed by the Legislature providing for county high schools, thus the school became the Jackson County High School and remained so until all schools of the town were taken over by the city. The school became officially known as Scottsboro High School at the beginning of the 1957-58 term.

Sometime during the 1920's the front part of the original building was torn down and replaced with wings making the whole structure in the shape of a "T". Several years later all of the original school was torn down with the exception of the auditorium, which had by that time been converted into class-

rooms. At that time the gymnasium, a separate structure built in the 30's was used for assembly and graduation exercises. The new building erected was ready for use by 1940 and is the main part of the present school.

During all these changes the old auditorium remained standing, its use later changed to that of a girl's gym. The structure must now be removed in order that the new facilities may be built on that site and connected to the main building by a covered passageway.

The new gym will have a seating capacity of 3,000, will have dressing rooms, storage rooms, and a spacious band room.

Construction is expected to begin shortly after the end of the school term and is expected to be completed by late fall. Local labor will be used under the supervision of Leonard Patterson.

PROGRAM
 ...OF..
 ELOCUTION AND MUSICAL
 RECITAL,
 THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1900,
 IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Duet—"Qui Vive Gallop,".....Misses Ella Clark and L. Hawkins.
 Recitation—"Two Maidens,".....Misses Glenn and Lottie Patterson.
 Class Recitation—"When the Cows Come Home."
 Music—"Little Schottische,".....Miss Annie May Ratliff.
 Recitation—"Ruggles' Dinner Party,".....Miss Bernice Robinson
 Recitation—"Polished Boy,".....Miss Annie Lou Lynn.
 "Love's Dreamland Waltz,".....Miss Minnie Barkley.
 "Rudolph"—John Fricke.
 "Scene From Leah, The Forsaken." }
 "Leah"—Mary E. Knight.
 Music—"Lichuerette,".....Miss Velma Clark.
 Recitation—"Yes, I am Guilty,".....Miss Ella Clark.
 Music—"Fresh Life,".....Miss Edith Fricke.
 Recitation—"Two of Them,".....Miss Lottie Patterson.
 Recitation—"Marmion and Douglass,".....Miss Lallie Robinson.
 Piano Solo—"Whispering Winds,".....Miss Gus Gaines
 Recitation—"The Tables Turned,".....Miss Glenn Patterson.
 Pantomime—"Coming Through The Rye."
 Motion Song—"The Waves,".....Miss Ethel McDaniel, Annie
 M. Ratliff, Velma Clark, Glenn and Lottie Patterson.
 Duet—"Alpine Storm,".....Misses Gus Gaines and Lena Hawkins.

THE ONLY YOUNG MAN IN TOWN.

CHARACTERS.

Judah Brown.....John Green
 Matilda Dix.....Miss Annie Lou Lynn.
 Widow Barnaby.....Miss Mary E. Knight.
 Francinia Barnaby.....Miss Ella Clark.
 Hannah Staples.....Miss Lallie Robinson.
 Isabella Smith.....Miss Bernice Robinson.

ONE OF THE FIRST SCHOOLS AND
BUSES IN JACKSON COUNTY

This story is told from a little girls viewpoint about the Centerpoint School and one of the first school wagons or school buses.

When I was a little girl, I went to Centerpoint School. There were about 40 students in the entire school. We had a nice old school maid or teacher. She taught all the classes from 8:00 to 4:00 in the afternoon. The students were from an age of 6 to 20 years of age. In the winter, we heated with a wood stove and everyone froze. When we were all out of wood we would go to the mountain and pick up limbs and branches. The big boys would cut the wood so it would fit into the stove. Our parents cut wood and hauled it to school.

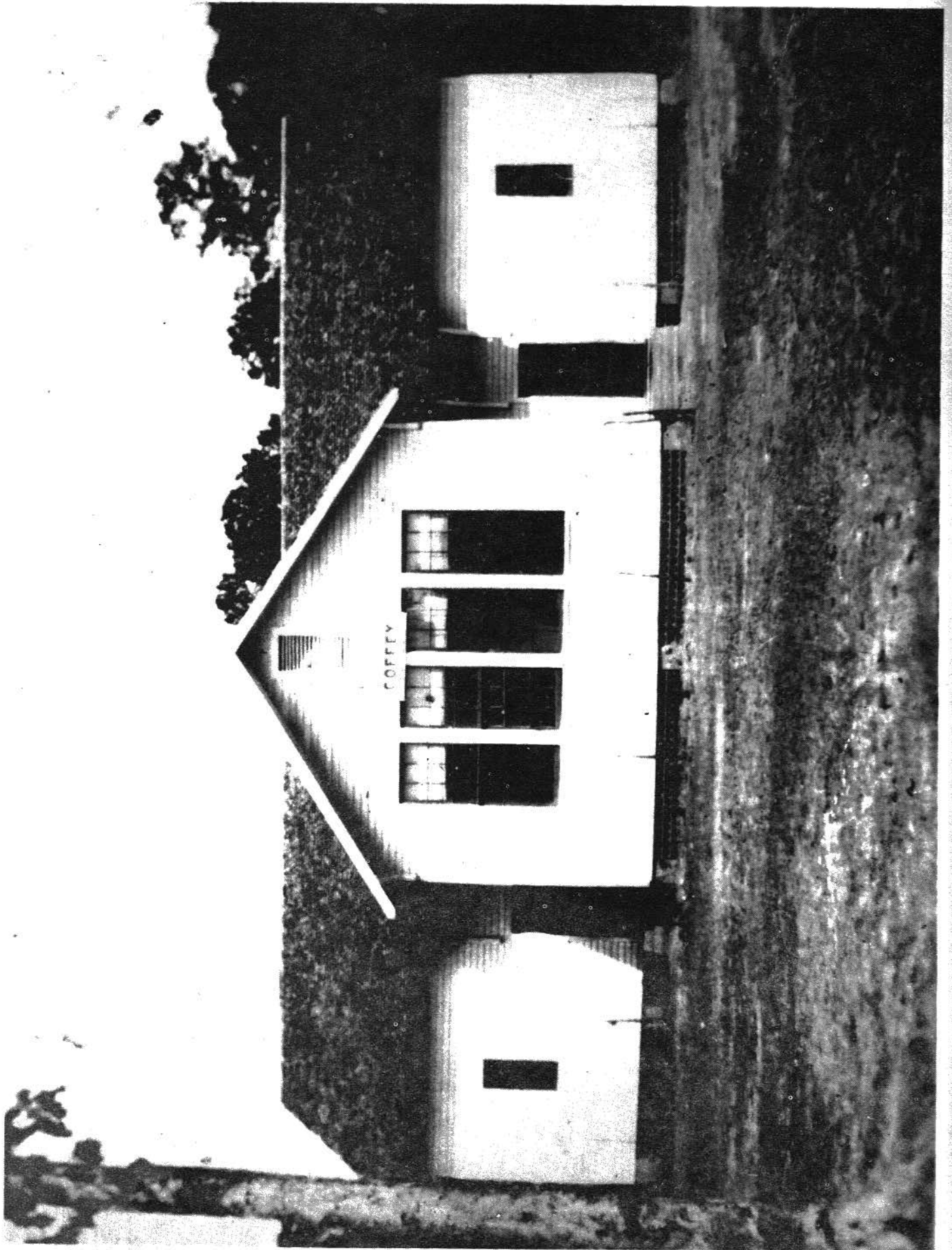
Our drinking water was from a bucket and dipper. We got the water from a spring near by. The building was also used for church services on Sunday. There was a big church bell at the school. The bell rang at 7:00 to let everyone know to get ready to come to school. Three or four years later the school house burned. Then they consolidated the school with Scottsboro city schools. Since the children had been walking to school and it was too far to walk to the city schools, so they got together the first school wagon or school bus.

The school wagon was pulled by two big horses. The seats in the wagon went long wise not crosswise like today.

Laura Gross



Pikeville
School



COFFEE SCHOOL

Coffee Elementary School, where my parents attend in the early 1930's was a two teacher school located between Section and Dutton. The school was built with three rooms, as were many Alabama schools of the era so that if the enrollment increased a room was available. Heavy folding doors divided the two larger classrooms which, when opened, made a large auditorium. The third room was used as a play room on rainy days. The small windows provided light for the cloak rooms.

Each room was heated by a large iron stove. Aladdin lamps lighted the building when entertainment, such as a box supper, fiddler's convention, or a play was held at night.

All the children walked to school and brought their lunch. My grandfather was a trustee.

Jimmy McGee



Scottsboro Basketball 1920

These basketball players were members of the Scottsboro 1920 basketball team. The players are, from left to right, William Skelton, Warren Brusster, Cecil Word, Claude Garland, Howard Camp

and Jim Campbell. In the background to the right is Carter Hunt. That reminds us that it won't be too long until high school roundball action gets underway.

SCHOOLS LONG AGO

Long ago it was terribly hard as for transportation, there were no buses so most children had to walk to school, and it was especially hard when it was cold or raining or snowing.

Schools were little and very cold during the winter and very hot in the summer.

For most children had to work hard after school also, here are a number of things to state that fact: work in fields, churn butter, milk cows, feed the animals, or work in the garden. The children back then always had something to do.

Everyone brought their own lunch to school. They didn't have all the different kinds of food we do now, so most children then carried vegetables to school for their lunch then.

Then, the children used slates instead of paper and they used feathers dipped in ink for pencils.

Instead of just using the books for the year like we do, they bought theirs, and they didn't have as many subjects as we do now.

They couldn't be bad and get away with it as easy as we do today. For the punishment was harsh. Some schools used some dunce hats as to show that that person had been bad that day. The teachers were harsh long ago.

Then, they didn't have mini courses to choose from like we do today.

And they didn't have lockers to keep their books and school supplies in like we do.

They couldn't waste things as we do today because things were hard to come by.

Johnnia O'Bryan

SCHOOL OF THE 1800's

Students had to buy their own books. After being used one year the books went home and saved until the next child in the family needed it. Ten years went by before new school books were bought. So the books were put to hard use.

Sometimes it would take a year before enough pioneers would build a school. The school's were not very big at all. They were build just large enough for fifty children. It was about 30'x35', with a few feet added on to make a cloakroom. The cloakroom held all the coats on wooden pegs, as well as all the other clothes. The children had to wear because of bad winters. Children had to walk several miles through bad winter weather to get to school.

The desks were made of stationary wooden benches. The newer city schools had modern furniture. Every two children shared a bench and desk. There was an ink well in the center for learning to write with pen and ink. A shelf under the desk held books and the kind of junk all children have always collected in school desks. The bench seats flipped up, so the children could stand at their places during the morning exercise period. Outside was a yard for recess and two little outhouses, one for boys and one for girls.

A teacher had to be a widow. This was so that she could give all her time to the students. A woman teacher was paid \$4.26 a month. A man teacher was paid \$35.45 a month. School didn't cost much - \$1.00 each quarter.

Because the teacher got paid so little she stayed with the people, she would stay with each family a month and go to another family.

School began early in the morning in the north and south. Long before the children arrived, the teacher had arrived and aired out the room. And had the heating stove in the center of the room crackling with a warm fire. The youngest sat nearest to the fire. The room was no warmer than 6^o degrees, although if the weather outside was freezing, it was right to allow the room to reach 70 degree for just the first half hour.

School always began with a prayer, and some teachers added a song. Many older people who never had a chance to go to school learned to speel at spelling bees or attending classes taught by traveling teachers.

So you can see how different the schools of the 1800's are to the schools of today.

Charles Fouch

BEECH GROVE SCHOOL

One room located in a farming community at Thorn Hill, Tennessee in Graumer County is Beech Grove School. It was also located near Clinch River. All eight grades went there. One teacher taught the whole school.

There were benches up front for classes to be held on.

The school had to very quiet when a class was up front. Arithmetic spelling and reading classes met every day. Geography and English were three days a week. History and other subjects were held every other two days. Water was carried from a spring. Every one had to bring their own glasses. A dipper was used to dip water from the spring. A big stove that used wood was our heater. The school was kept clean by the pupil and teacher. Every one did their share of keeping the building clean. We sat two to a desk.

We had fifty to sixty pupils each day.

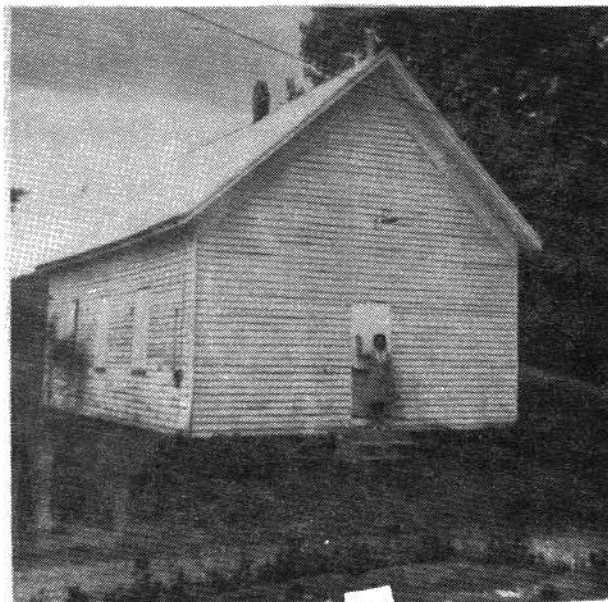
In 1934, many families had to relocate so the school was closed after a few years. The ground and school had been given to the community by the Riddle family. After the school was closed it reverted to the Riddle family. Today it is used for the families reunions. It stands today much the same with its five rows of desks. There was also a bell with a rope tied for ringing to start and end sessions.

The teacher in the area boarded near by. We also took our lunches in buckets.

Back then the first year at school you had a book called primer. It was much like the school on "The Little House on the Praire". But remember the time it was built was 1880.

So you can say, I have a great story about the school my great-grandmother went to and then my granny, her daughter, also went.

This is a great thing to hand down to my family someday. My great grandmother is dead now but I still thank her and my granny and you for letting me share this.



Alisha Sanders

MEMORIES OF HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

My grandmother, Raye Woosley, went to Jackson County High School. The school building was located on College Avenue and is now know as Page Elementary. When she started to high school she was eleven years old. She had never changed classes before then, and she was scared to death. She was in occupational guidance. She said that is was fun but kind of hard too. At that time, Mr. C. P. Nelson was principal. According to my grandmother, he was very strict. He was so strict that there were never any people wandering in the hall at any time. When he spoke in the auditorium there was not a sound to be heard. He demanded their best behaviour.

The subjects that were taught were occupational guidance, science, math and history. Then a good, hot lunch cost fifteen cents. If you did not like what was on the plate, you could buy a hot bowl of soup for five cents. The cafeteria director was Mrs. Alma McCutchin.

You could go to a ball game for ten cents and you could get into a movie for ten cents. At a little drug store called Reed's where Western Auto is now, you could buy a cooke and a hotdog for ten cents.

At Christmas time everyone would draw names. They would exchange gifts the days before school was out for Christmas. You could get a very nice gift for about twenty five or fifty cents. On Christmas eve in the community the church youth would get together and go Christmas caroling. And at Halloween friends would get together and go trick or treating in groups. They would always come back with a bagful of candy and other treats.

The popular dress for the girls was skirts, sweaters, bobbysocks, and penny loafers. There was absolutely no pants to be worn by the girls at any time. At that time you could go to a general store and trade your old books for a good second hand book. And it saved lots of trips to the public library.

Out of the whole school there was one coat closet for the students to use. There was never any violence or stealing around the school. As one can see, times have really changed. But did the world change for the better or for the worse?

Virginia Woosley

(Virginia has become more aware of her grandparents since she has been collecting folklore.)

THE LOYD HOUSE IN BRIDGEPORT

On Sunday, October 25th, 1981, I attended the Bridgeport historical tour of homes. One of the homes on the tour was the home of David and Virginia Loyd.

The Loyd House is located on Battery Hill in Bridgeport, Alabama. Most of the houses on Battery Hill were built in the Baltimore style, because the town was settled by northern people who wanted to make a waterfront city.

This beautiful house was built in 1890 by a Mr. W. W. Whitaker.

The house contains many very old pieces arranged in a modern way. On entering the house one sees the original winding staircase. Also some of the furnishings that belonged to Mr. Loyd's grandparents. For example, the brass bed first belonged to Mr. Loyd as a boy and later used in the room occupied by his mother as long as she lived. In one room they have a quilt that was made in 1920 by Mr. Loyd's aunt. It is quilted and has the state flower in each square. This is excluding Hawaii and Alaska, because these two states were added to the union later. The quilt is very beautiful.

There were originally nine fireplace in this house. There are not that many today, however.

When Mr. and Mrs. Loyd decided to remodel their house they contracted with Mr. Russell Martin. They started remodeling in 1976 and are presently estimated at being 80% finished. The house is really three stories because the basement opens out onto the terrace and pool area. Many interesting changes have been made. For instance on the main floor, the door that leads to the shower entrance is a very old door that came from a First National Bank building. The grounds are landscaped beautifully which adds to the house's charm.

Jill Wynn

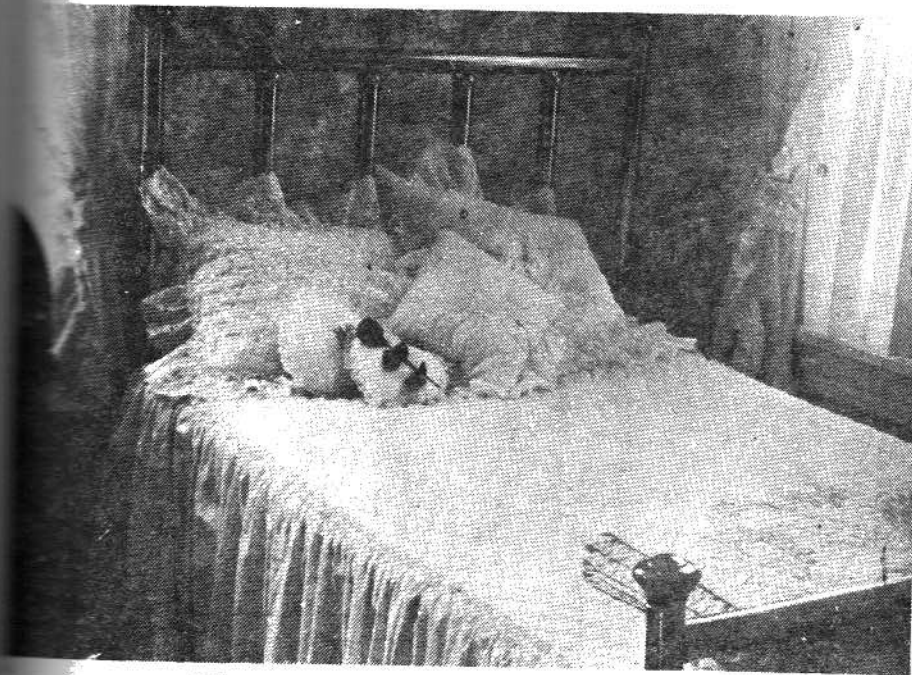




The Loyd house made
me realize the charm
and beauty in restoration.
J.W.

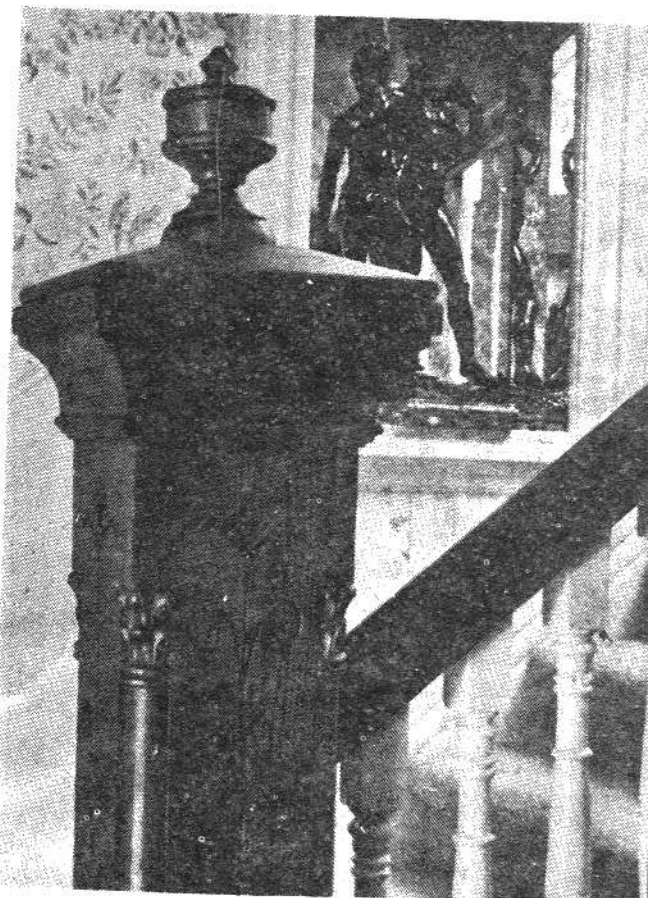
Greets former teachers

Mrs. David (Mary Virginia) Loyd greets Miss Edith Money, one of several former teachers and Fortnightly Book Club members visiting the Loyd home last Thursday. The beautiful old home which they recently restored sits atop Battery hill in Bridgeport.



Treasure from the past

The brass bed and the old radio above are among the many old family treasures the Loyds have blended throughout their home. The bed was David's first, and is located in the room his mother occupied for many years.



Entranceway

OLD TIME ENTERTAINMENT

In the old days entertainment for young people was quite different than modern times. Young people went to silent movies. Children would roller skate, being pulled along by the ice wagon. The ice wagon was a wagon that carried ice from house to house. On hot summer days the ice wagon meant relief and pleasure to families. Often the children would gather in one child's home to sing along with a "player" piano. The way the punched paper roll turned was easy. You pumped the pedals at the bottom of the piano. This caused air in small bellows to start the piano linkage to the keys as if they were played by hand.

They had dancing too. Some of the dances they danced were the "Two Step", "Fox Trot", "Charleston", "Polka", "Black Bottom", etc. and the music was a rather fast tempo. They also had the waltz music. People also went to a stage dancing place where there was live entertainment. There were people singing and telling jokes and dancing. The dancing was ballet and tap.

Sports was a common things for boys and girls. In a friendly neighborhood boys and girls would play volleyball and basketball together. At school though the girls would play baseball at one place and the boys played at a different place or time. They did not have boys and girls playing together.

Betsy Diaddigo

THE OLD JAIL

This story is about the old jail which was on Appletree Street. It tells about the old jail, my mom and what her brothers and sisters did and also about my grandfather, Lawrence Sebring and what he did.

It was in the early 1950's and Lawrence Sebring, my grandfather, was elected Sheriff of Jackson County. His duties were to keep the law and order in the county. Whenever there was any kind of trouble, anywhere in Jackson County, that needed his services, he went or would send someone to take of it.

The living quarters of the jail were downstairs. Uostairs was the calls for people who disobeyed the law. My grandfather had one office upstairs and one office downstairs.

There was a man who carried the prisoners' meals to them. On Sunday my grandmother, Daisy Sebring, made a special breakfast for the prisoners. She wanted Sunday breakfast to be enjoyed. Wives and relatives were allowed to visit the persons in the jail. The jail was heated by an old wood burning stove and in the summer the windows were opened.

When first Monday came my mom, and her brother and sisters would walk to the square which was a hop and skip away because the jail was practically on the square. I would have loved living so close to the square. There were two movie houses on the square, the Bocanita on Laurel Street and the Ritz on Broad Street.

Also, at that time, where the Piggly Wiggly and Lays are was this school in which grades 1-6th were taught. Where Page School is now was then a county high school. These two schools were the only two schools in Scottsboro.

SKYLINE

I lived at Skyline for seven years, but my grandfather for most of his life.

The story he has told me is true and factful. I hope you will find his story enjoyable as well as interesting.

Georgette Jones

MULLEIN people are sorry to report that Georgette's grandfather died in January, 1982.

My grandfather is eighty-two. His full name is George O. Jones. He has been married to my grandmother, Lily May Jones, for fifty-eight years. They have eight children, five boys and three girls, all grown.

My grandfather helped to "build" Skyline. He helped build the houses on the mountain. He also helped to build a road up to the top. He moved into the third house built.

The government gave a loan to the people so that they might get a start on Skyline.

When my grandfather moved on Skyline he was given a mule, sugar, flour and coffee to help him get started. He was only given the things he only necessarily needed.

The people were also given small plots of land, forty to sixty acres, on which they would live and farm.

Skyline has only one school which recently had another building added and a gym and the old building was repaired.

There are several small stores one of these small stores is the "Cumberland Mountain Feed Store" which is better known by the "Rock Store." The Rock Store no longer sells feed, it is now a small grocery. It is a few steps down below the school.

Clay Paradise, my cousin, was the only one on the mountain who ever finished paying the federal government back the loan that was given to the people to buy their plot of land.

My grandparents still live at Skyline. I have one uncle dead. I have an uncle in Scottsboro, I also live in Scottsboro. The rest of my grandparent's children live at Skyline.

This is the end of my story. This is only but one of the stories told on Skyline.

SKYLINE MOUNTAIN

Skyline mountain is a big place. It is covered with wild deer and some say there are big bears on the mountain. I have not seen any, but I don't really look for any.

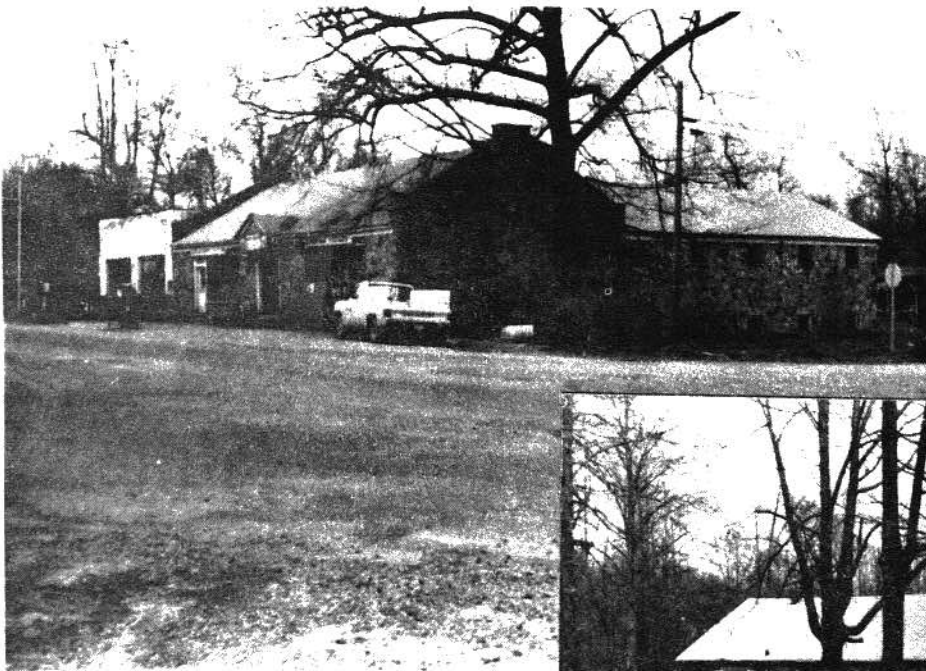
The stores are still small and sell bologna and cheese and crackers. The stores used to sell and swap goods and food. Back in the old days when the men would come back from hunting they would buy bologna and bread and eat it in the store just the way I do when I return from hunting. I think Skyline is the best place around here.

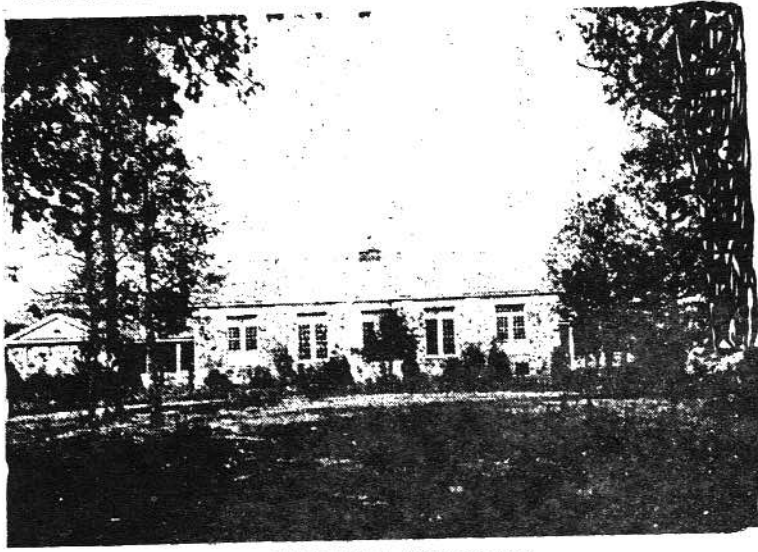
Some of the houses are just alike and some are very different, especially the ones which have been built in recent years. Some are brick and some just wood. Many of the wood houses were built by the federal government during the 1930's depression. The stone school building that is there today was built in the 1930's, but it has been added to.

The mountain area is beautiful and full of wild life ranges. The deer will stand by the side of the road. Drivers have to be careful or they may hit one. Coons, rabbits, snakes and birds of all kind roam the mountain. It is so pretty in the Walls of Jericho area. No one is allowed to shoot there.

The people who live in Park-Rich valley or Skyline, are good people who have a fierce loyalty to their own. They won't take any smart mouth.

Gaynell Thompson





SKYLINE SCHOOL

Skyline Jr. High School is located on Cumberland Mountain about 16 miles northwest of Scottsboro. The building has 10 classrooms, a gymnasium, office, library, kitchen, dining room and a central heating system. The building is made of beautiful sandstone veneer.

The vocational building has been converted into apartments and is now being used as a teacherage. The janitor also has an apartment there. The veterans have a large workshop with power tools in one side of the building.

The school now serves the communities of Pleasant Grove, Wininger, Ballytown and part of Hytop.

Members of the faculty are principal, C. L. Fossett; first grade, Mrs. Julia Weed; second grade, Mrs. Maggie Bouldin; third grade, Miss Bonnie Kennimore; fourth grade, Mrs. Lura Duke; fifth grade, Mrs. Gussie Spears; sixth grade, Mrs. Ethelent Woodall; seventh grade and coach, James Hawkins; eighth grade, Charles Spencer; ninth grade, G. W. Bouldin.

The trustees are D. L. Harrison, H. H. Waldrop and I. N. Potter. The janitor is Cecil Potter. The two bus drivers are S. B. Manning and Ralph Hilliard.

National school lunch program and serves type A lunches without milk. The principal, C. L. Fossett, is manager and the assistants are Pauline Potter and Lucille Holt. About 50% of the children enrolled eat in the lunchroom.

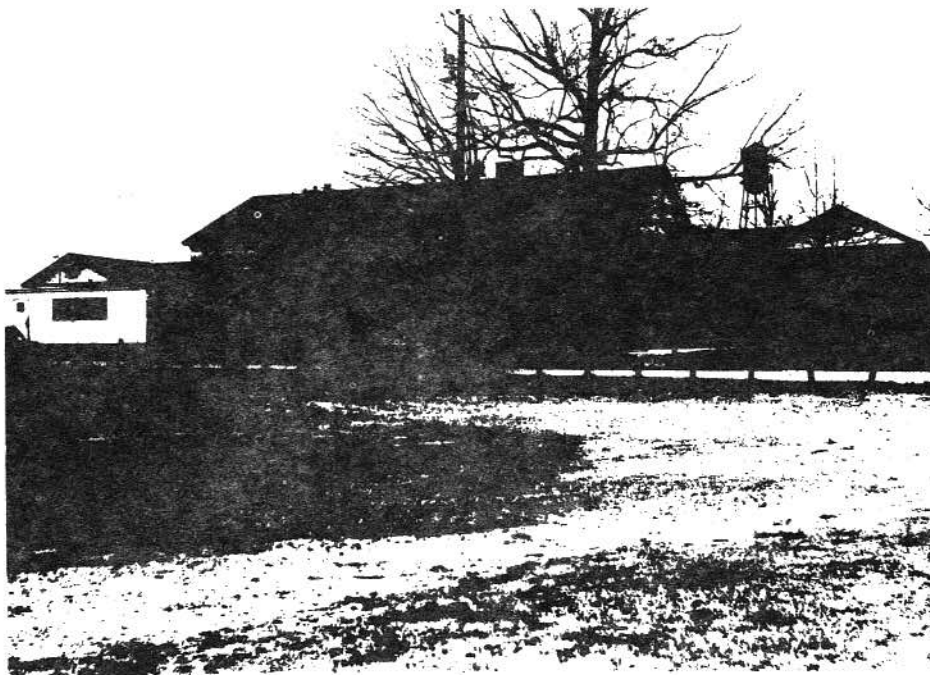
The school has a large enrollment. There are 53 in the first grade; 40 in the second grade; 45 in the third grade; 38 in the fourth grade; 33 in the fifth grade; 29 in the sixth grade; 37 in the seventh grade; 34 in the eighth grade and 22 in the ninth grade. The total enrollment is 331. 75% are transported. The average daily attendance is 306. About 95% live on farms. When the pupils complete the 9th grade, they are transported to Jackson County High School by F. A. Ziegler's bus.

The school has a P.-T. A. organization. The school sponsors a 4-H Club and a basketball team.

The school has very little equipment. It has a movie projector, two sets of encyclopedias and a library of out-dated books.

The needs of the school like all other schools in the county are many, such as new roof, painting, indoor toilets, better teaching materials, such as maps, globes, charts, visual aid, and playground equipment.

the year of 1949



MY GRANDMOTHER'S SCHOOL

My grandmother, Edna Stubblefield Clark went to school at Little Mountain in Winchester, Tennessee. She went there in the 1920's and 1930's. She got to school by walking three or four miles up and down the mountain. School started in July and was out in March. They got out in March in time to plant the crops. School began at 8:00 and was out at 4:00. Their school was one big room with a wood heater. One teacher taught all of students. The total people that went to school was 15. They carried their drinking water about a mile. They had 30 minutes in the morning for recess. A hour for lunch and 30 minutes in the afternoon for recess. They would carry their lunch in an eight pound lard bucket. You had to carry your own lunch or do without, unless someone gave you something. Sometimes for lunch you would have ham and biscuit and other things. During their lunch period they would wonder off and pick up chestnuts and hickorynuts. Sometimes they would wonder too far and couldn't hear the bell when the books took up. Then when they had to go in late, they would get a paddling.

My grandmother carried her books in a 25 pound flour pack. They rung the bell with their hand. If they went to school 30 days in a row, they would get a 10 cent present. If they didn't miss a word on the spelling test they would get a gold star in their spelling book. When you had homework, you did it by a kerosene light.

At Christmas they would string popcorn and put it on the Christmas tree. They did this for decoration. When they had to use the bathroom, they would use it under the bluff.

Lisa Brandon

MY GRANDFATHER'S SHOP

He has a blacksmith shop he has been in the business since 1918. His shop that he has now is 40 years old. It is located on Sand Mountain. Some of the tools he has are listed here: furnace, vice, anvil, big hammer, big drill, saw, grinder, tire shrinker and a knife for shoeing mules.

Lisa Lusk

TAKE TIME

Take time to live, it is
the secret of success.
Take time to think it is
The source of power.
Take time to play, it is
the secret of youth.
Take time to read, it is
the foundation of knowledge.
Take time for friendship, it is
the source of happiness.
Take time to laugh, it helps
to lift the load.
Take time to dream, it hitches
the soul to the stars.
Take time for God, it is
life's only lasting investment.

SAND MOUNTAIN - HODGE COMMUNITY

Many years ago there was only one post office in the area. It was * known as the Fern Cliff Post Office. My great grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Cahttin Farriar was post master. The post office was in a large two story house, and on the stairs there were blood stains. Older people said that someone was killed in this house, but no one seems to know who it was. This large house stood until just a few years ago, when it was burned down. It was located between Dutton and Section on a bluff road which is now called Section Bluff Road.

My greatgrand parents then moved on up the road about a mile from this place where they homesteaded a farm of one hundred acres. They built a six room house on their farm and part of their house is still standing. All of my great grandparents children were born in this house. The older child would be ninty five years old if they were still living. So I would say this house is close to one hundred years old. It had a hall in it and one of those old timey type telephones. This house had three fireplaces in it. This house was located in a small placed called Hodge.

Hodge Community was named after a Mr. Hodges. This small place had two grocery stores, a Baptist Church, and a school which went to the sixth grade. One interesting thing about this little place called Hodge is that it had a big tree right in the middle of the road. When the road was paved, the State Highway Department cut this big tree down. There was a rock wall built on one side of this large tree. This is where the people in the community all met and did the gossioing. The rock wall had been torn down earlier. One of the store buildings has been torn down, but the other one is still standing. The school house is still standing, and a family lives in it. The Baptist Church is still there. It is a very neat and attractive building. It has been remodeled at different times, and Sunday school rooms have been added on to it.



Russ Griffin



The two pictures show rural scenes of the early 1900's. They are not related to the above article.

MY MOTHER'S SCHOOL DAYS

When my mother was growing up things were a little different than they are now.

There was a grammar school in the Hodge Community that she went to school in the 6th grade. There wasn't any school buses to transport her to school. She had to walk to and from school. She said that was one of the coldest roads she walked on, facing the north every day. She remembers very well one day she and her baby brother were waiting for school to start, and it started to rain real hard. They got wet through and through. The teacher sent them back home to change clothes, and when they got back home, her little brother told their mother that was a crooked rain.

There was no lunch room at the little 6th grade school. There was a small store near the school. It was a real treat for the children to have a dime to get to stop at the store and get a Pepsi cola and a moon pie.

After she finished the 6th grade at Hodge Elementary School, she went to Dutton Jr. High School. She would have to walk to Hodge store every day and catch the bus down there. She says she remembers real well how hard the 7th grade was for her. She said it was the hardest grade for her. This school went through the 9th grade. After the ninth grade she had to either go to Pisgah High School or Jackson County High School. There were only three high schools in the county at that time: Pisgah High, Jackson County High and Bridgeport High.

They begin to change by the time she started high school. The buses would come by the house and pick her up. They had a lunchroom, or they could walk up town and eat. She said she ate at Hodge Drug store most of the time. It was located on the square at that time.

It was quite a change for my mother to go from Junio High to Jackson County High School. There was so many new people to meet. The people from Section and Masidonia alike went to Jackson County High School plus the students already over there. It took sometimes to learn all the people in your classes.



Russ Griffin

HODGE SCHOOL

Hodge School is located on Sand Mountain, two and one-fourth miles northwest of Dutton. The first six grades are taught here.

The trustees are Homer Roberts and Dan Headrick.

The teacher is Mrs. Flora Burkhalter.

Hodge School has 42 students on roll with an average attendance of 39. There are 8 in the first grade; 7 in second grade; 6 in third grade; 3 in fourth grade; 10 in fifth grade, and 3 in the sixth grade.

This school needs playground equipment and library books.

This picture shows the King family in Mount County in a picture taken about 1914.

Charlene Hawkins shares this picture of her ancestors.



TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Though the world has really changed
some people are still aware,
That when these things are gone,
they will never reappear.
Some people still love the old simple life,
that all of us have left behind.
Compare today to yesterday.
What would a nickel buy?
Long ago, a good hot lunch,
today a piece of pie.

As far as dress, we can see
A drastic change has come to be.
We went from hoopskirts and socks
To designer jeans and no socks.
Now you can see how times have changed,
Just take a look around town and see
For the children of tomorrow will
never know
About the times that we loved so.

Virginia Woosley



Charlene Hawkins contributed
the picture of the lady standing.

EARLY PIONEERS OF WOODVILLE

Jackson County was created by an act of the state legislature then in session at Huntsville on December 13, 1819. It is therefore one day older than the State of Alabama.

Woodville is the oldest town in Jackson County. The four oldest towns in the county were Bellefonte, Baldwin, Woodville, and Larkinsville. The first two towns have long since passed into history.

Even before the Cherokee Indians ceded to the national government the land on February 27, 1819, men came and occupied it for years without a shadow of a legal title to it. Everyone knew that the only right they had to this land was that they had selected it and built a house and cleared a farm on it.

It has been said the first white men to see the present site of Woodville in Jackson County were a party probably from North Carolina. No one knows just who came first to see this part of the country.

In 1821-22 or so, Decatur County, Alabama, was established by the Alabama Legislature. This county embraced land as far South as what is now called Blount County. Woodville was the county seat. Decatur had been a Revolutionary War Admiral. Decatur county was abolished about 1825 because it did not contain 900 square miles.

The government put the land in Jackson County up for sale in 1830. There were several families already living there among the Indians. The pioneer had very few conveniences. They settled back in the coves or on the mountains and built log cabins. Sometimes they built two rooms of logs with an open hall between and a chimney at each end of the house. The chimney had a large wide fireplace where the cooking was done. The families carried water to use from the gum spring down near the creek.

For the light, they used tallow candles, pine knots and a wide thread laid down with one end in grease.

If the fire went out one would often have to go to the nearest neighbor, and that was sometimes quite a distance, for a chunk of fire or a few coals to start it.

These pioneers, both men and women, rode horseback. Sometimes they would travel in an ox wagon. The pioneer settler had very little opportunity to get an education except the experience acquired in the course of life.

One of the chief qualifications of a teacher was that he could use the switch briskly. They had no lead pencils, no paper, and only a few books. Some had slates and slate pencils to write. To erase anything on the slate one often spit on the slate and rubbed it out with his hand.

There was not a school house or church house erected in old Woodville. There are no records in the earliest days of the pioneer settlers having any doctor other than some old person who would prescribe a remedy of barks and roots, perhaps pull a tooth, or bleed a sick person.

Paul Butler

FARMING OF LONG AGO

Farming of today is so much more easy compared to years ago.

My dad was raised on a farm. They did not have power machinery to do the work. They had to do it all by hand.

They farmed the land with mules to pull their plows. The entire family had to work the crops. They had to work long hours. They hoed the cotton and corn to keep the grass and weeds out. They didn't have poison to kill the grass, weeds and insects.

Farmers could not cultivate lots of acres of land like they can today. With tractors, corn pickers and cotton pickers one farmer can take care of two or three hundred acres now. But when my dad farmed they could only take care of about 40 acres.

Harvesting the crops was a big job. People worked from early in the morning until night picking cotton and gathering corn.

Most of the farmers grew most of the vegetable and fruits for their families. They didn't have freezers for storing their food they had to can it all.

They raised their own hogs for meat. They would wait until the weather was cold in mid winter to kill them. The farmers salted their hams and bacons down and kept it in a smoke house.

Today people have big trucks on the farms, but when my dad farmed, they used a wagon, pulled by two mules. They had to move the corn and hay to the barns by wagons. When they picked the cotton they had to haul it to the gin by wagon. It would take several hours to do that.

There was no electricity on the farms either. The farmers had to milk the cows by hand. The ones with a dairy had it much harder than of today.

Jimmy McGee



THIS HOUSE, in what was once downtown Sylvania, is known as the Chris Crawford house. It is among the earliest houses in the Sylvania area still standing. Crawford, who grew up along the deep creek ravine north of Sylvania, returned to Sylvania after a number of

years as a school teacher. He went into business with Sam Igou in 1917 in a building that had formerly been Hicks, Stone and Igou. Crawford was postmaster from 1919 until 1933. In the early 20s he traded the M. B. Bell home to

George Keith for this house. Rev. Joe Bethune, postmaster 1917-19, once lived in the house. It has not been determined who built the house and when, although it is believed to date back to the 1880s or 90s.

Pencil sketch by Brownly Stephens

SYLVANIA STORY

Recalling the fiery night that Sylvania almost burned down

Part 5—A Series

By BROWNY STEPHENS

It was election night on the first Tuesday in November, 1930. The election has been held in a room of the Sylvania Hotel that sat at the corner of the main east-west street (now county road 59) leading to Fort Payne and Henagar to the east and north, and Dutton to the west, and the road that ran south past the Masonic Lodge toward Chavies.

(Chavies was the main settlement to the south, being located on Town Creek near the brow of the mountain on the Fort Payne road. It would be a year before E. E. McCurdy would build his home—which is now the Front Page Deli—at what he felt would be where

two major highways of the future, 35 and 75, would cross. This house is recognized as the start of Rainsville, now the largest city on the mountain north of Albertville.)

The Sylvania Hotel was a large building (later a service station was built there, which now is occupied by a TV repair shop). At the north end it had two stories with several rooms upstairs and downstairs for roomers and boarders. A one-floor section connected onto the two-story part, making it a "T" at that end, and connected to a one-story part on the south end, creating an "L." There were also rooms in the middle, connecting sections. A porch ran the length between the two end sections. A guest at the hotel had to walk down the porch from his room to the south-end

section, which housed the dining room, kitchen and living quarters for the manager and family, M. J. Anderson (brother to Mrs. Sam West), and his wife Leatha Francis Baxter Anderson.

Drummers (traveling salesmen of the period) stayed at the hotel, as well as teachers at Sylvania School. Also, teachers who attended the summer "Normal School" in order to get teaching certificates often roomed there. Many took meals in the dining room.

Audrey Lee Anderson (now Mrs. Jess Moore, who lives between Henagar and Ider) provided the description of the hotel. Her parents ran the hotel and she remembers that her mother cooked meals and Audrey ("I was the only girl then") set the tables. Although she was

Continued on Page

'I watched it (hotel) burn it was the most horrible thing I had ever seen'

(Continued from Page 1)

small at the time, she recalls those days and will never forget that election night in November 1930.

That was the night the hotel burned and for a time threatened to destroy downtown Sylvania, which was a major shopping area until the 50s.

"I was on the porch with my mother that night after the counting of the ballots was over and everyone had left. The porch ran all across that end of the hotel (south end as well as the east side of the dining room section). I heard a commotion and jumped off the porch and ran around the corner. I could see smoke pouring from the downstairs room next to Crawford's store." She thinks that is where the election was held.

"I ran around and shouted to Mother that the hotel was on fire."

The fire spread so fast through the frame structure that the Andersons had no time to save anything. Audrey, who was getting ready for bed, was wearing only her nightgown. She remembers that someone had to push her mother off the high back porch to make her leave when the flames got close.

"I laid down on the ground and watched it burn," Mrs. Moore recalls. "It was the most horrible thing I had seen in my life."

There was no fire department then, and no water except from wells. A big well was on the back porch of the Pat Baxter (her grandfather) house on the southwest corner from the hotel. No doubt this supplied some water for bucket brigades that were formed.

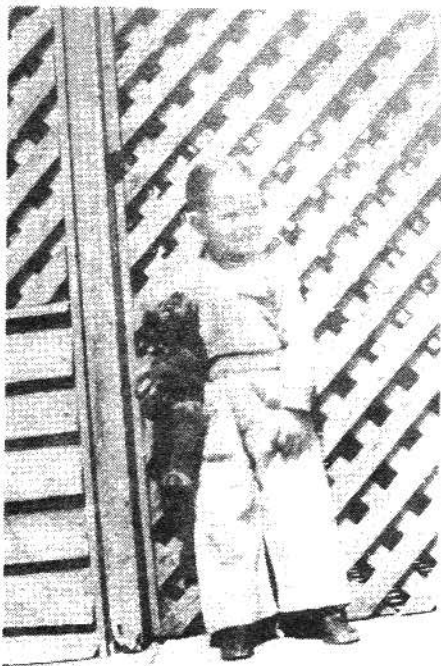
"We thought granddaddy's house was going to burn, too. People climbed on the roof and poured buckets of water on the roof and walls, which were very hot," Mrs. Moore said.

There was danger, too, that the C. C. Crawford general merchandise store might burn, too. A daughter of Chris C. Crawford, Christine (now Mrs. Coy

King) remembers that fiery night.

"I don't know how the fire did not take Daddy's store," she said. "The walls and the roof got so hot they were smoking. We all thought it would burn. I remember seeing Daddy sit down and cry when it appeared there was no hope."

People climbed on the roof of the two-story Crawford building, too, hoisting up buckets of water to try to cool down the timber. Christine remembers how her step-mother, Emma Colvard



THE WELL on the back porch of the Pat Baxter house in Sylvania used to be behind this wooden trellis. Michael Shirey, son of Hobert and Lena Baxter Shirey, is pictured standing next to the well sometime in the 30s.

Crawford, who had a small baby at the time, climbed up on the roof and "worked harder than anyone, pouring water and doing everything she could."

When the wind blew toward the east, it fanned the hotel's flames and heat into the Crawford store. When it blew west, it did the same thing to the Baxter home. Apparently the wind did not blow toward the north because no one remembers water being poured on Oscar Culver's or Pat Baxter's general merchandise stores across the street, or the large dry goods store next door owned by Avery Williams. But these buildings fell victim to changing times in later years and all are now gone. An old service station building stands where Baxter's store was and a small postoffice building that Tom King had in the 30s for the postoffice replaced the Williams building. King's building has also disappeared.

After the fire, Mrs. Moore remembers that Lena Baxter (now Mrs. Hobert Shirey of Fort Payne) came over and took her and her four brothers to the Baxter house, where they stayed that night. She said a county commissioner named Frank Whiteside "bought us kids some clothes the next day because we had lost everything."

Audrey Moore has a letter of recommendation dated August 15, 1918, signed by "A. C. Kirby, sheriff" that states that her father, M. J. Anderson, served as "deputy sheriff the past 12 months" and was "sober, industrious and trustworthy."

She remembers a drummer who stayed often at the hotel was "old man Buckles."

Christine remembers that Hugh and Hanna Gilbreath owned the hotel before the Andersons. Mrs. Gilbreath ran it, doing the cooking and serving of meals and housekeeping. "She was a big woman and a hard worker. Mr. Gilbreath was a little man who never seemed to work much. He was a very religious man and used to light the candles down at the church. They had a lot of children." A daughter, Mrs. Arnold (Beatrice) Smith lives at Fort Payne now.

SYLVANIA, ALABAMA

Sylvania is a very small country town in DeKalb County, Alabama. It was one of the first towns in Alabama after the Civil War. My grandfather, Mannon Jay Anderson and family settled there in the winter of 1917. In 1921, he purchased the first school there and made it a motel for travelers and traders. In 1931 it burned, it was the most tragic thing that ever happened there. Since then, there has been a grocery store in its place. Sylvania is a great place for farming. Many farmers and cattle traders have settled there. Sylvania has the population of 1,520 people, which is good for a small town that it is. Sylvania has a very large public lake that is 12 miles squared. It is a good town and a great place to live. Sylvania has one school for kindergarten thru twelfth grade. It has a very good football and baseball team. The only businesses there are a grocery and furniture store plus a service station. My grandfather's home and farm is still standing and so is my great-grandfather's home and farm.

Brian Anderson

Christine and Coy King (he's a son of Sylvania postmaster Tom King) presently live across the road from the building where her father, Chris Crawford, had his store. The back part, which had two stories, is now missing. The front part is now a residence.

As she stood in her yard looking across the street recently, Christine recalled that several more store buildings once stood east of the Crawford building. Pat Baxter had his first general store in a building next to the Crawford store. He later moved to the corner across the road from the hotel. A small building next to the Baxter store was where Gordon White operated an auto parts and repair shop. Just to the east of that Gordon's father, Bradley White, had his grist mill (where David Hillian's Beauty Shop now stands), and had a gasolene station there, the first in Sylvania.

The first Baxter store building and Gordon White's building did not appear on the map of downtown Sylvania of the 1910-50 era that was printed in an earlier issue. Also, the Avery Williams dry goods store was not on the map. Christine King thinks a man named Bart Garmany also sold dry goods, and his store may have been in the same building as Williams. Bart Garmany could neither read nor write, she says, but was a good businessman and made money.

BIG COON AND THE SWINGING BRIDGE

My research paper is going to be on Big Coon where my father and his family grew up and played on the swinging bridge for entertainment during the summertime and played in the creek.

Big Coon is a small community in Jackson County. Big Coon has an old swinging bridge. It was built over 45 years ago. Lonnie Wilkerson has kept up the bridge. It often needed repairing. It is shaky, torn up and dangerous. Despite the fact it is dangerous the children still played on the old bridge.

Not many people live up at Big Coon, this is because the only way to get to their homes is by fording the creek or crossing the bridge. They are both dangerous. Most residents of Big Coon park their cars on County Highway 53 and walk miles to their houses. This problem has been solved for now they have a new concrete bridge.

Mrs. Hawkins is a widow who built a seventy thousand dollar home at Big Coon five years ago. She had them put up telephone lines for her when she moved up there. She often many times drowned. That problem is no longer feared. Thanks to the new bridge.

The creek that runs under the Swinging Bridge is fed from McCrary Spring at Big Coon. The spring is so clean and so cold because it is running down from the mountain.

Big Coon is owned by several people. They and their close friends and families are allowed to fish and hunt at Big Coon. The game is good so lots of hunters and fishers had to cross the swinging bridge. My dad has killed two deers at Big Coon. It is so peaceful and beautiful and clean.

If you have never seen a swinging bridge before, I hope someday you will be able to walk across one or see one. Big Coon has a lot of memories for people. It certainly does for me.

Jill Wynn

THE CHANGING TIMES

In the old days, people had to walk everywhere - to school and to the store, etc. They got their water from a well and used a bucket to carry it to the house. They had a wood heater and would go to the woods to cut the wood. We are very lucky these days. They used kerosene lamps which had to have the globe cleaned often of smoke. The people had to milk cows, and churn the butter. People would sell the butter and eggs for things which they didn't grow at home. They didn't have a lot of gainful employment back in the old days. They worked where ever they would find it. They worked on farms not at factories like we do today.

I think we are a very, very lucky group of people. This paragraph should show you how much times have changed.

Elaine Brownfield

THE HOUSE THAT WAS BUILT TWICE

When my grand daddy was a little boy he lived on a 25 acre farm near the Tennessee River. The farm was about 40 miles from Paducah, Ky. The log cabin was built in 1936 on that farm.

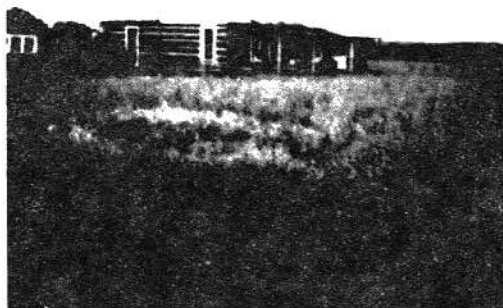
In 1937 the Tennessee River flooded. Water came 3-4 feet into the peoples' houses. Paducah Kentucky was almost runied by the flood.

In 1933, TVA had been established by the government to help control floods in the Tennessee Valley. TVA decided to buy the land around the Tennessee River and build a dam. They bought everyone's land. They paid my grandfather \$1800.00 for his 25 acres. TVA told him he could keep the buildings. They cut all the timber down along the river. When they finished you could see for miles and miles up and down the river bank.

During the bad cold winter 1941, soldiers from Camp Tyson were conducting balloon maneuvers on the new TVA property. My grand daddy had left his barn, planning to move it the next summer. The soldiers tore down the barn and used the wood as firewood, and the tin roof as wind breakers. The next summer my grand daddy came back to move the barn and it was gone.

My grand daddy bought 110 acres of farm land 15 miles away. He paid \$1100.00, which was \$200.00 less than the TVA paid him for four times as much land and a lot better farm land. Since TVA let him keep the house, (lumber, nails, and glass were so expensive), he decided to move the whole house. Nowadays they move houses on diesel trucks and trailers, but then they only had wagons to move them. So my grand daddy got up early one morning and numbered the pieces. He and some good neighbors and friends took the house apart, being careful not to lose, damage or mix up the pieces, and loaded it on the wagons. They rode 15 miles and stayed over night with some relatives. The next day they put it back together, piece by piece, being careful not to lose, damage or mix up any of the pieces. They even used the same nails that were taken out. When they got it back together, it was exactly the way it was before. Years later more rooms were added and it was re-modeled. Recently it was restored to the original log cabin and is furnished with gouthier antiques.

Troy Farmer



THE HOUSE OF FOUR GENERATIONS

My great-great-great-granddaddy named James Porch moved from West Virginia. He bought a 250 acre farm and built a log cabin on the land. The cabin had one upstairs room, a long hall, and an open fire place. Four generations of Porchs' were born in the old cabin. They made or grew everything they used on the farm. They grew wheat, corn, peanuts, tobacco, and every kind of vegetable you can think of.

The women raised chickens and traded at the country store for the things they could not grow like: sugar, coffee, baking powder and soda.

Every year they would make new straw mattresses out of the wheat straw, they grew on the farm. Wheat was an important crop.

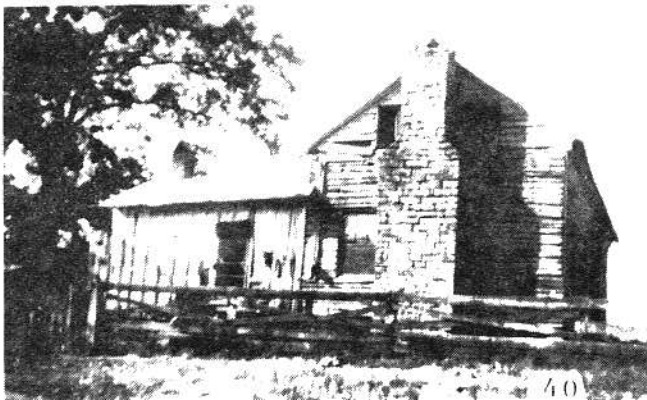
They also had horses, cows, hogs, and chickens. In the fall the people would go together and kill hogs. They would smoke what they could and divide up the fresh meat. Hog killing day was an important event which took several days to complete. The meat was cut into hams, shoulders, side port for bacon, ribs and lean strips ground into sausage. There was always enough fresh meat for the neighbors. The hams and shoulders were packed in salt for four to six weeks before being smoked into cured hams.

The women would get together in the spring for geese picking. While two women cooked a huge dinner, the other women picked the geese. They did this by putting the geese between their legs and ripping the feathers out. These were for feather mattresses and pillows. Then later the women would go to another house and pick their geese. The geese had the whole summer to grow the feathers back before winter. The women did this every year.

They had many old home remedies. They made a salve to go on the chest for a chest cold. It was made of mutton tallow which is fat that was cooked out of a goat, "asfidity", a drop or two of turpentine, and a drop or two of coal oil.

A remedy for a cough was a teaspoon of sugar and a drop or two of turpentine mixed together. For rheumatism they used clay mud poltice made of vinegar and red clay and they tied a ring around the swollen part. It took the fever away.

This old log cabin has been standing for over 200 years. Although it has not been restored, the very 200 year old cabin still stands today, and is in a good of shape as it was when it was built.



Charles Porch

THE PEACOCK FEATHER DUSTER

Once upon a time a long time ago, as told to me by my grandmother, Burnidean Farmer, my great grandfather, Willy Olive, had a farm in Henry County. In the mornings his boys always fed the livestock on the farm. One morning his boys were feeding the animals and a peacock came strutting down the horsestall. It had flown in the night before. They went in and told their dad that a peacock was outside. He came out to look. Their dad said to leave him alone and give him some food. So the boys did that and the peacock stayed for many years there on the farm with the hens and the roosters. Every year he lost feathers, and when he did they would pick them up and save them in a certain place.

One morning they went out to feed the animals. The peacock had flown away the night before. He flew away like he had flown in, quietly and unexpectedly. They looked everywhere but they could not find the peacock.

Over the years they had collected many feathers. They took all of them to town and had them made into a duster. It was very beautiful. It had many colors in it. My grandmother used it when she was a small girl to dust with. It was burned in a house fire about 1968. It with many other things of sentimental values were burned. This is a true story.

Troy Farmer



WASH DAY IN THE SUMMER
HOW TO HEAT THE HOUSE AND
COOK THE MEAL

How life was during the 1920-1930's.
Mark Linder's grandmother, Mrs. Elna
Cook, shared her life with Mullein.

Families would draw tubs of water out of the well or pump or you had to haul the water from the spring in a big wooden barrel on a slide (kinda like a big snow sled) pulled by a mule to the house. They stopped the sled near where the bench was, that held two big, big tin wash tubs.

To get the water hot, we used a big big old iron pot, that you sat on three rocks or bricks near the wash bench. You would build a fire under the water of the big iron pot so we could use some in the first tub where we washed clothes by hand on a wash board. This was a 12 x 18 inch wood frame that a rippled piece of aluminum was fit into. By hand we would rub a bar of soap on the clothes we were washing, then rub them up and down on the ripples part to clean each piece.

The ones that did not come clean were put into the iron pot and boiled with old Red Devil Lye a powerful cleaner, and some soap. Everything in the wash was rubbed many times on this washboard, boiled, then rinsed in a clean tub of water in the other tub on the bench.

It was an all day job to wash clothes long ago and every woman had a sore throat and knuckles often bleeding by the end of the day.

We used a stick to poke the clothes in the boiling pot of soap and lye. We also used the stick to take them out to put them into the rinsing water .

Then each piece of clothes was wrung by hand. At the end of wash day every muscle we had hurt.

To dry, they were pinned on a long clothes line. They had to be taken down and many of them ironed then, as everything was made of cotton cloth and it wrinkled terribly not like cloth today. Wash day in winter was the same except the water was heated on kitchen stove and boiled in a copper pot.

To heat the house or cook a meal in Virginia where I grew up, everyone used wood to heat in the winter and to cook every meal. The men cut the wood and got it to the woodpile. Everyone helped bring in arms full of wood everyday. It was stacked on the porch for the heater as we needed it.

Most time all the wood was split into small pieces for the old fashion kitchen stoves that often had six eyes on the top, a water tank on the side made of cooper held on two iron racks up against the side of the stove so it would get hot.

Some stoves had a back that fit on back of the stoves with a box like top of aluminum which had sliding door on the front so food could be kept warm for those who didn't get to eat at meal time. This was two and half feet higher than the stove and called a warming closet.

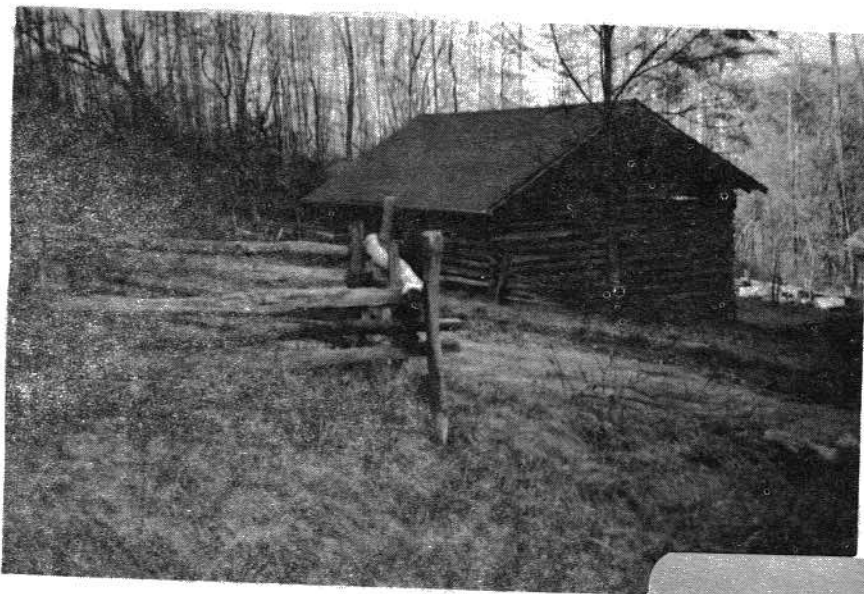
Many times in the winter the tea kettle and water bucket in the kitchen were frozen so one would start the fire and go back to bed until the room got warm. Then everyone got up and would put more wood and get the stove hot enough to cook a breakfast of meat, eggs, and hot biscuits. Most every morning the kitchen was the best place to be. But you had to always put wood in the stove so you could cook a meal.

It was the only heat ever used in the old time kitchens, so it was a job for mother to cook three meals years ago.

The dishes were washed by hands and dried by hands. There was no running water - no electric lights.

Everyone used the old kerosene lamps. They were used in every room if everyone wished to read or study they got another lamp.

Everyday these lamps had to be filled with kerosene (an oil) and usually the globes of glass top had to be washed and shined, so it would give a good light at night.



Gran and Mark Linder



MY GREAT GRANDFATHER

My great-grandfather, Wheeler Grant Dye, was born on May 10, 1886 in Birchwood, Tennessee, located near Cleveland, Tennessee. As a young man, he came to Alabama, met, and married his future bride, Frances Lee Higgins. They made their home in the community of Aspel. Here they raised three daughters and one son .

Granddaddy said back in the 1930's there was an incident that occurred which he thought I would like to hear about.

The story goes like this. There was a man by the name of Mr. Swinford, (Great grandfather doesn't remember his first name). One day Mr. Swinford had gone up into the mountains which ran behind my grandfather's farm. On this particular day Mr. Swinford did not return. The people of the community began to search for him but Mr. Swinford could not be found. After the man had been lost for a long period of time, Granddaddy had a dream one night. In this dream granddaddy could see Mr. Swinford's body in a big "sinkhole". The next day he mentioned his dream to Mr. Horace Verhine, who was logging up in the mountains. Granddaddy said it was as if Mr. Swinford was calling to him for help.

Mr. Verhine began looking into some of the holes in the mountain. It was in one of the "sink holes" that he did find Mr. Swinford's body. He had been out along and fell into the hole.

Another happening Granddaddy remembers is this: When his children were growing up, there were reports of people seeing a lady dressed in white, who would walk down the road during the night.

One night around 2:00 AM, Granddaddy's first cousin heard a slight noise on the outside. Upon opening the door, she saw a young woman in a long white dress walking down the road. She said the woman was not anyone who lived in the community. People always wondered who she was and where she came from.

Granddaddy said he has seen lots of changes in Jackson County and Scottsboro over the fifty years. He has also seen lots of changes in our government.

When I was little Granddaddy would recite the following to me:

"Come said the wind to the leaves one day,
Come to the meadow with me and play,
Put on your coat of red and gold,
For Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

There were other verses but he can't remember them like he used to. Granddaddy has been very active for his 95 years. He lives with my grandmother and grandfather Woodall now. Up until three or four months ago, he would walk about three blocks to the store every day. He hasn't been feeling too well the past few weeks.

I just want to say this about Granddaddy: "He is a very, very special person, whom we all love dearly. I hope Granddaddy has many more years of good health and continues to have those same wonderful loving personal ways he gives to one and all."

MY GREAT GRANDMA

When my great grandma, Mrs. Lola Mae Pierce, was about two years old and the year was 1899, she and her family went to Oklahoma. In Oklahoma, her father, John Frazier owned a general store.

Often she and her friends would gather cow chips to burn as wood. Sometimes when it would rain they would dig up prairie dogs and play with them. One day she and her friend, Silver England, were going to town. Grandma was following Silver through town when she accidentally went into a saloon. Grandma had always been told never to go into a saloon, so they got out of there real fast.

There was a man who lived down the street from them who had a dog. The dog would go to town and get what the family needed like the mail. The man would tie a list on the dog's collar and the dog would go and get the mail in his mouth, or he would get meat and never eat the meat. Grandma used to ride on the dog's back. He was a big family pet.

Then a few years after they came back to Albertville in the early part of the century a cyclone flattened the town. (April 24, 1908)

She and her younger brothers and sisters were outside playing when she looked up and saw a black smoke over the town. She jumped up and said, "Albertville is burning". But it was not a fire, it was a tornado. She told her father but he told them it was a cyclone. She put them all in bed with her and their new brother, Howard, who had been born nine days earlier. They begged their father, John Frazier to come inside but he watched the cyclone from the porch.

Somewhere in another part of town, her Uncle Bud watched the cyclone in a very different way. He was tied to a tree. He Uncle Bud had had to use crutches for a long time. He was outside when the storm came, and he didn't have time to get inside, so he took a swing from a tree and tied himself to the tree. When he saw his house blown to the ground, he untied himself, dropped his crutches and ran from the tree to the house. He had been a cripple, but he walked without crutches that day and every day after until the day he died.



Jennifer Lang

MY GRANDMOTHER, MRS. LOIS PARADISE

My grandmother's name is Lois. She has lived around Scottsboro all of her life. She is seventy years old and she says that Scottsboro has developed and changed over the years. When she was younger in the fall she hoed and picked cotton. She has cut and hauled wood. She has plowed in the fields. She said she churned, and has made many pounds of butter, and gathered many, many eggs. She made lye soap. They had sorghum molasses.

Most people were poor back then. She had to walk to school. They had a one room school. She says that things have come a long way and they are a lot better now.

My Grandmother's Remedies:

When someone got hurt or sick they did not run to the doctor. They used kerosene for cuts and stumped toes. There was a weed called nightshed that they would take and cook down and form into a salve. She says it would cure anything.

Cough Syrup - She used hickory bark, cherry bark, and the play mullein. She put it into a pot and boiled it down with water and added honey sweetness.

Sassafras Tea - She took sassafras roots and boiled it and then sweetened it for a spring medicine.

Teacakes - She took homemade sorghum, flour, eggs, lard and mixed them together and made teacakes for her family.

Susan Paradise

THE WRIGHT FAMILY

A four lane highway from Scottsboro to Huntsville now winds through a farm where the stage coach road from Huntsville to Chattanooga used to be. A little further down this highway stood a log building which was used as the relay station. The stage coach carried the mail and also passengers along this route.

Two brothers by the name of Wright moved from North Carolina to Alabama shortly after the Indians were removed from the area to reservations in Oklahoma.

One brother homesteaded the land that lies at the foot and proceeds up the mountain. A log house was built near a spring that provided water all year round. The other brother moved across the mountain to homestead. He chose a farm which is now named Wright's Cove, near Cathedral Caverns.

On the Wrights land a log house was built and still stands. It is estimated to be over 200 years old. My friend's grandfather's great grandfather attended school in the log house. It was the Aspel Community School house in those days.

Janet Mertz

MY PAPA

My Papa was fifty-four years old when he died. He operated a construction business for about twenty years. He was my mother's daddy. Mother told me this story.

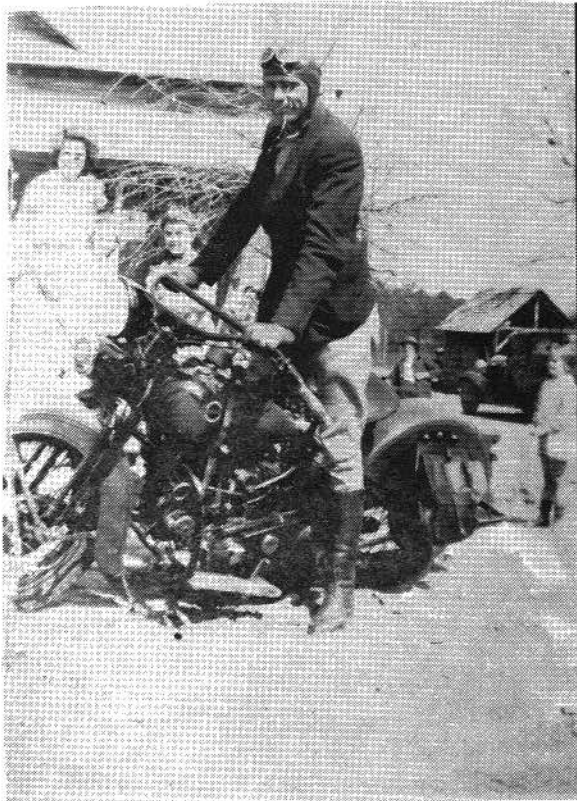
When Papa was young he liked to ride a motorcycle. That's what he liked to do for entertainment. Second he liked to fish. He always said he could catch the biggest fish in the river. He liked to go deep-sea fishing in Florida.

Papa could also take warts off people. No one would tell how he did this because if they told, the wart would come back.

Mother said he always had time for her and her sisters even though he worked long hours.

Papa was killed working in a basement September 25, 1968. The pictures shows him on his motorcycle.

Tammy McCombs



A LITTLE GIRL GROWING UP IN JEFFERSON COUNTY, ALABAMA

I was born in a very small log cabin. My parents had to bring water from a spring for drinking water and for my mother to use in cooking. She took the clothes to the spring to wash them. When I was two or three years old my dad had a well dug in our yard so we could draw water out of the well with a pulley. We had a chain with a bucket on it, that we would let in the well and when it got full we would pull it up. Boy, in the winter times it was hard to draw water, because the chain would be frozen and it would burn out hands. We would have two or three wash tubs full and two wash pots to boil our clothes in.

When I was about five years old, my father had another house built, so we could have more room. We heated the house with a war morning heater and Mama cooked on a wood or coal stove. She cooked all of her life on a coal stove.

We had chores to do. My sister and I had to bring in the wood, coal and water at night time, so in the morning we didn't have to do it.

We had a cow. We had our own milk and butter. When the cow didn't give milk we would have to walk about two miles to get milk and butter. We didn't have to buy eggs because we had chickens.

My mother would set her milk and butter in the water drawn from the well to keep them cool in the summertime. We didn't have an ice box yet. When we did get an ice box, it was a brown wooden box. We would have to put ice in it to keep things a little bit cool. When we got that ice box we were really happy. After that we got a white ice box, a better one. The ice truck would come every day to bring ice. What a thrill it was to us to have an ice box and the ice man come with the fifty pounds of ice. If we forgot to empty the pan under the ice box we had problems with water all over the place. But daddy drilled a hole in the floor and put a pipe on the ice box. Then water would run as the ice melted and we didn't have to place a pan under it anymore.

When I was small we didn't have a car, so we had to walk where ever we wnet. We had to walk about two miles to school. In the wintertime the ground would be frozen. Our feet and hands would be frozen when we got to school. We would have to warm up by the heater before we could begin our lessons. The teachers were very good to us for all of the children had to walk. There were few rides and no buses. But it had to be a very rainy or cold day before we could miss unless we were sick, which was not very often.

I remember the first car I ever saw and rode in. My uncle bought it and he let all of us kids have a ride in it. I can't remember what kind it was. It was so wonderful to ride in it even for a little while. My daddy had a horse and wagon and that was what we were used to riding in, or walking.

After school when my sister and I got home, if our cow wasn't giving much milk, we had to walk about two miles to get milk and butter. Then, we had to bring in the coal, wood, and water. After supper we would wash the dishes before we studied.

It wasn't all work and no play at our house, though. We had some very good times. In the summertime we would play Hopscotch or ball on Sunday afternoons after church. All the boys and girls would gather at our house. There would be horseshoes and marble games. Everyone could play what they wanted to play. In the winter my mother would let us play in the house. One of the games I liked best was Blind Man's Bluff. We were always careful not to break anything in the house.

My daddy was a very good storyteller. He would gather all of us children around him and he would tell us some very good stories. One of the best was how they (his parents and their children) would travel in their wagon, and how they would camp out. He told about how they would gather berries or nuts, whatever was in season at that time. He would always end up by telling us about Snow White, and I would always cry for poor Snow White being so mistreated.

If Daddy wasn't telling us stories, he took us walking in the woods. We would gather Sweet Williams, Violets, and Honeysuckle. We also hunted hictory nuts and walnuts. Those were the only nuts we had until Christmas. At Christmas we had other nuts and fruit. We always had a Christmas tree at our church. Santa Claus would come and give each child a gift and a bag of fruit. We always had a Christmas play to help us know the meaning of Christmas. This is just a little bit of my life as I grew up.

Michelle Franks

(Mrs. Kathleen Franks of Birmingham
is Michelle's grandmother.)



FOLKS

If you and your folks
Love me and my folks
Like me and my folks
Love you and your folks
There'd never be folks
Since there ever was folks
Who ever loved folks
Like me and my folks
Love you and your folks.

(Passed down from Brownfields to Brownfields)

Elaine Brownfield

MY GRANDPA

When I was a young boy starting to school we walked to, and from school about 7 miles each day. I went to a school with 6 grades, all in the same room. The one teacher had to watch and teach all six grades. We had a pot-belly stove. We had to keep wood or coal carried in to keep warm. We took turns each day, two different ones would go and carry water for everyone to drink.

When I was going to the 7th grade, they started a bus so junior high kids could go to Hollywood. I attended school there about six months. * If the bus broke down there was no phone, so there was no way to call for another bus. I remember once it broke down so we had to walk all the way up the mountain.

But the first school I went to in the summer and we went barefooted. We picked cotton in the fall. School turned out. We got one pair of shoes a year so we saved them for church and wintertime. And also in the summer vacation we picked cotton to buy clothes and shoes for winter. Also I can remember when we had no electricity. We had a radio that run off a battery, but did not get to listen much because we had to save the battery. Sitting by a kerosene lamp, we could read and do our homework. I remember when they came by blasting and digging holes for poles to put the wires for electricity. Then the first night they turned on the power and we turned on a light it was like looking at the sun on a bright sunny day. Before we had electricity, we used to put our butter and milk in the spring to keep cool. We always had to go to the spring and bring up the milk and butter. There was no ice, except once or twice during the summer Dad would bring home a block of ice. We would put it out in a sawdust pile and it would keep for a few days. Usually on the 4th of July, Dad would bring home a big block of ice. For the next two days we would make home made ice cream. It was once a year thing if you were lucky. I remember the first time I came to Scottsboro. I came to go to a cowboy show. I was about 13 years old. I ate my first hamburger at the Rock Cafe. Hamburgers cost about 10 cent and cokes were 5 cent. That's what I remember about the good old days.

Carried Venable



three generations of the Henry Woosley's family.

Bellefont is near Hollywood, Alabama. My mother was born in Bellefont in a two room house. Part of the house still stands but it can't be seen from the road. Near the house is a spring where my mother used to carry water from the spring to the house. We went back to the house about two months ago and we found some old coins and a bucket which was used to carry milk - a milk bucket. There was no electricity. My mother used candles and coal-oil lamps to light the house. We have one of the old lamps that they used. The old barn and rail fence are gone now but an old wagon is still there.

In the old town there still stands the remains of the old hotel and stables. Mother used to walk to Hollywood to school.

There was a candy store and a general store and a church not long ago. My mother said she would never forget where the old church was but now she can't find it because when the TVA started building the nuclear plant they tore away the biggest part of the town. I like to go up there and walk around where the garden used to be.

Brian Bynum

— THE DAILY SENTINEL, SCOTTSBORO, ALABAMA, —

☞ Way Back When ☞

By CARMEN WANN
Family News Editor

The picture of downtown Scottsboro in 1929 has traveled the nation-almost around the world, according to Frank Smart, native of Jackson County. It has been in Arkansas, Chicago, Ill. and California.

Smart, a young man at the time the photo was taken, had come to Scottsboro to sell the oxen (steer) to a man for \$200 (could buy a lot in those days) --the man was taking them, he recalls, to Coon Gulf to log. The oxen, Smart learned, were used five years by this man, then sold in Chattanooga to another man for \$300 to be placed in a zoo.

Smart said he had used these same oxen to drag logs for lumber--some of this lumber was used in building the Scottsboro Hardware Store, where Smart later worked for 32 years before retiring.

Scottsboro Hardware was located in the building now occupied by Cato's on the corner of Broad and Laurel Streets. When Smart started working with John Clopton and Boyd Turner. At the time the store was closed it was owned and operated by Dalton Gentry.

Smart remembers "Way Back When" downtown Scottsboro was a trade area--farmers brought their animals to town to trade--First Monday was then "Horse Trading Day"--not as it is today, antique dealers and new merchandise.

Smart was born and lived in the same house for over 60 years at Boxes Cove, located at the foot of Cumberland Mountain.

Back then, said Smart, there was mostly agriculture, corn and cotton were the biggest crops--there was no soybeans grown then. "You could buy a pair of overalls for \$1 then. Dress pants had to be made to order until the first dry goods store opened." Today a pair of overalls or jeans bring a better price than most dress pants.

"There were no ready-made dresses, women bought the fabric and made their own," he added.

Back then the people produced most everything they ate, such as chickens, eggs, pork, and vegetables. Corn meal was ground at the local grist mill (there was little white flour for biscuits, main bread was made from corn)

What people produced was traded at the local store for other staple goods needed.

Smart said farmers in this part of the country at that time only raised enough meat to eat. There was no electricity, no

Life was slower, there was little to do, no where to go and no way to get there

refrigerators--and meat had to be smoked down and placed in smoke houses to preserve.

"We had no where to go and no way to go without a mule, everyone stayed at home and did more visiting weekends. I squirrel-hunted ewvery rainy day," recalled Smart.

People got up with the sun and went to bed when the sun went down. Breakfast was early and was hardy--fresh eggs, ham, chicken and corn bread (biscuits were a rarity).

It was not until Mr. Howland (father of Bob Howland) opened his dry goods store that ready-made goods came to Scottsboro.

"But, those were good times, when you didn't have to lock doors," said Smart, "there were no screens on windows or doors. When you went somewhere on Sunday you never looked to see if the doors were locked."

Downtown Scottsboro in 1929, where Smart is pictured with his two oxen, was not paved at the time. He doesn't remember how many stores there were at the time, but he identified Payne's Drug Store in the far left of the photo, and of course, the courthouse behind him. He remembers, on the left, is where the old Bocanita Theatre was once located (Lorch's Jewelry now occupies this building). The photo was made in August, 1929.

In our next Way Back When, we will travel back with John A. Hall who also has many vivid memories of the 78 of his 86 years, in Jackson County.

MRS. TALKINGTON

I interviewed my neighbor, Mrs. Mary Talkington. She is 80 years old. She was born and raised in Boxes Cove. Mrs. Talkington says * that when she was a girl, times were hard. She had to get up and feed chickens, gather eggs, hoe and pick cotton.

They had no cars then and had to walk everywhere they went. They had to walk to school. School was only in session for three months. The building was used as a church also. Mrs. Talkington had a little dog named Chance which would follow her to school, and the teacher would try to get him out of the building with the broom. Chance would grab the broom and wrestle it.

When she was about sixteen a group of girls and boys would walk a mile to go to a party. Also, after church on Sunday they would all go to one person's house and play games until church that night.

She, her husband, and her children had the first radio in Boxes * Cove, and everyone would come and listen to the Grand Ole Opry on Saturday night.

Susan Paradise

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Downtown Scottsboro in 1929

One of our readers, Frank Smart (pictured with oxen or steer) shares this early photo of downtown Scottsboro taken

streets--and farming was the major means of income in Jackson County. Paine's Drug Store is visible in the far

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL BRIEF
BY
WILEY T. SNODGRASS, SR.

I was born - under the threat of WWI - in a house on Broad Street, Scottsboro, Alabama, approx. one hundred yards north of the present City Hall. This house was to become my permanent address for the next forty-five years.

I am the youngest of four boys and one girl. My parents are the late Toplar "Top" Morris and Mary Jane Little Snodgrass, Sr.

My mother kept house while my father supported his family by working as a farmer, dairy worker, and practical veterinarian (a doctor of animals). This was the status of my family, when the War, the Recession, and early signs of the Depression came.

My older brothers gave up farming and sought public works. This act left my father without help on the farm. In 1925, he gave up farming on a large-scale and confined this operation to "Truck-Patches".

During this period, he accepted a "Bid" contract which consisted of transporting the United States Mail to and from the Scottsboro Post Office and the Scottsboro Railroad Station. This position only paid \$50.00 per month. In addition to this duty, he delivered "Special Delivery" mail within the City. He netted approx. \$15.00 per month from this duty; also, he was janitor of the Post Office Building, for \$10.00 per month.

My father accepted these jobs during the 1925/1926 period, when the Depression clouds were hanging low across this nation. I was ten years old, at this period, and I had already learned how to work. I became my father's helper, before and after school and during school vacations. I delivered "Specials". And, while my father rushed the First Class Mail to the Post Office in a T-Model Ford car, I followed with bulk of mail in a horse drawn wagon.

In 1928/1929, the low hanging clouds of depression released the greatest down pour of economical crisis in this century.

Subsequent to this crisis - in the early 1930's - due to governmental economizing programs, my father's mail-carrying job was "let out for bids"; and my father was underbitten. Thus, in the middle of the depression, he had to return to "Truck-Patching", and to an occasional case of "stock-doctoring".

Times - during this period - were hard. We had very little money. We raised our food, such as vegetables, hogs, eggs, beef, milk and butter. When my father went on stock doctoring calls, he brought home food for pay. Folk just did not have very much money to spend. We had enough food to eat, but I went to school wearing patched, faded overalls and work shoes. My mother made the soap with which to clean our clothes and home.

Being reared in a Christian home, I never lost faith in life. I saw plenty of suffering during those years. There were "soup-lines" for the very needy. Most folk were financially unable to secure adequate medical care. Death rates and sickness were high.

Many students "dropped out" of school. Too many youths showed signs of undernourishment. The banks were closed. Land and home were auctioned off, leaving many families homeless. Everywhere, folk were in despair. But, with the coming of "The New Deal", the slogan of the new president - the Late Franklin Delano Roosevelt - and through his programs, the flood waters of the depression began to recede. It was long, hard way back. But, when the leadership of a great statesman and humanitarian, this nation - the greatest nation on earth - rallied.

By the time that the depression had receded, I had finished junior high school. This was the highest school that was available to my ethnic group within forty (40) miles. I was forced to drop out of school.

In the mid 1930s, I entered the (then) A&M Institute, (now) Alabama A&M University, Normal, Alabama, registering in the 10th grade, as a part time student. Although, I was an honor student for the next two years, I dropped out in 1936 to accept an offer of employment with the Tennessee Valley Authority. I dropped out because of financial problems, or insufficient funds.

I remained with the TVA until June, 1943. In June of 1943, I was placed on leave without pay status to enter military service.

During my tour of duty as a soldier, I traveled in three continents and crossed seven countries. I saw service in North Africa, Italy, France and Germany.

In early 1946, I returned to the States, I returned home, and I returned to work for the TVA, having been honorably discharged from the Arms Service with the rank of Sergeant; and with the Good Conduct Medal, Four Battle Stars, and the WWII Victory Medal.

Only once did I leave the TVA for a short period to be at home. During this period, I operated a Dragline, Ditching machine, for the Broadway Construction Co., Inc. Scottsboro, Alabama.

In 1951, I again went back to TVA and remained with that agency until failing health forced me to retire, March 24, 1975.

During my employment tenure with the TVA, I worked myself up from laborer to supervisor. Prior to my promotion to supervisor, I was a labor representative for 14 years in the Prestigious International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers Union. I remained a member of this union until I retired.

For more than two years, I have lived under the shadow of a terminal health problem. This predicament has afforded me much time to think and to reflect upon my life.

As I reflect upon the major mistake I made in life - dropping out of school - I search for words to offer to the youth in an effort to warn them against dropping out of school.

Following are excerpts from an address I delivered to the ninth grade graduating class of 1964 and to the adults who - along with me - received the "High School Equivalency Certificate" at the J. F. Drank Junior High School,

Stevenson, Alabama, May 20, 1964:

"Never before in the history of the world have opportunities been so great for the learned. Never before has the qualified been in such demand. So with this view, may we take this occasion to make an appeal."

"First, may we appeal to the adult. There are many of you here in this audience who have placed school foremost from your minds, yet today's new frontiers are offering you new job opportunities, if you will avail yourselves with a high school certificate. Most of you, possibly all of you can obtain this qualification. The precedent has been set; study at home, go to night school, accept the help that the Boards of Education and your teachers are ready and willing to give."

"Second, may we appeal to the young adult and to the teenage drop out. Many of you just simply quit school. You are yet young with a longer life expectancy. Yours is a more serious problem. Go back to school. If you will not go back to regular classes, then study at home, go to night school, a vocational training school. Get that high school certificate. The day is here when a high school certificate is a must; when competition is keen; when that certificate may be the deciding factor as to whether you go up or whether you go down."

"Finally, the one that touches me the most, is an appeal to you who are still in school stay there. A high school certificate will help you get a promotion. It will qualify a young adult or a teenage drop out to enter college or a trade school. But, by the time you reach either age group, it can help you very little."

"A final word to the graduating class, a final word to the young people; only by staying in school and studying, today, can you hope to meet the challenge of tomorrow."

Here is a very touching story. It is one that has sentimental values to me. It is said that there was a certain man who was going away on a long journey. This man had one son. He called his son before him in the presence of the boy's mother and laid out before him a hammer, some nails, and a board. He said, "Son, I want you to be good while I am away but if you are not good each time you do wrong your mother will drive a nail into this board." The little boy thought for a moment then looked up to his father and asked, "Father, if I be good later can Mama pull the nails out?" The father replied, "Yes, son, but the prints of the nails will still be there."

I stand before you and tell you that years ago I let the hammer of contentment drive a nail of school drop out into the board of my life. Since then that nail has been withdrawn but as long as I live the print of that nail will remain. The ghost of wasted years, broken down dreams and lost opportunities will cross and recross my vision.

I say to the graduating class and to the young people in this audience there are no nails nor nail prints in your lives yet and as you sit there under the sound of my voice, I pray to God there never will be.

MR. WILEY SNODGRASS

Mr. Wiley Snodgrass has lived in Scottsboro for 66 years. (All of his life). He was born in 1915. On the 3rd of January, 1982, he will be 67 years old.

Mr. Snodgrass belongs to the United Methodist Church right now. He used to write for NAACP. He started writing publicly in 1965. He would like to see more of what we are now doing in the public schools. Through speeches and newspaper articles, he continues to advise pupils in school to be upright and to work toward what they want, and don't let anything stop you. He walked to school every day. They didn't have electricity in schools then. Getting an education was harder and much more challenging. The area schools didn't have electricity until 1933 when TVA brought in electric power.

Mr. Snodgrass retired in 1975. He has always liked to write. He writes about religious things, and often writes for the local newspaper.

He was one of four children, one daughter and three sons. The old house had no electricity for heat. They used a wood stove for heat. Mr. Snodgrass is the youngest of three boys and one girl. His parents were Morris Toppler and Mary Jane Snodgrass, Sr. His father was a good farmer. Their mother made their soap to clean their clothes. He started working for TVA in June of 1943. He says we take it for granted (how life is now) because we don't know what it was like then. He gave us two or three articles on life in the old days. Mr. Snodgrass helps the Day Care Center. He wrote a letter to the government and the government gave what he asked. When his daughter was going to school he didn't see any racial disturbances in the school.

I am very grateful for having interviewed Mr. Snodgrass. He took out time to talk about the old days. He gave the school two or three articles.



WILEY SNODGRASS SR.

'My most memorable Christmas'

"My most memorable Christmas was in 1945 when I returned to the States from World War II.

"Having departed from the ETO on Dec. 11, 1945, I arrived in the States on Dec. 21, 1945, arriving at Pier 15, New York, N.Y.

"I was honorably discharged on Dec. 27, 1945, at Fort McPherson, Ga., and I rejoined my family in Scottsboro on the following day. After almost three years of living in war-torn countries, climaxed by eight stormy days at sea, I went up on deck to witness the salutes from ships already moored in the New York harbor, and there over on the coast of New York I saw these words: "Well Done. Welcome Home!"

"This is the most memorable Christmas through which I have lived."

presented on the next page. He is very interested in seeing kids like me do things like this Mullen project. He said when someone does something good, let them know you care. Try to encourage people that are older, don't let them feel like they haven't done anything in life. Let them feel great about themselves. This is what is most important.

Lisa Grayson

FROM THE OLD COUNTRY TO AMERICA

This story was told to me by my grandmother. It is about how my grandmother came to America from Czechoslovakia. Grandmother was born in 1908 and came to America in 1920. Her father had a hard time finding work in Czechoslovakia so he came to America to find work. But he did not have enough money to bring the whole family with him. So he left my great grandmother, my grandmother, and my grandmother's sister in the small village name Prauge, Czechoslovakia.

Due to the bad economic times in Czechoslovakia, my great grandmother had to move in with her mother (my great, great grandmother) who was a widow. It was a very hard winter in Czechoslovakia. There was very little food, jobs and a very severe flu epidemic was in progress. Shortly before spring came, the flu epidemic took many lives. Two of which were my great, great grandmother and my great grandmother leaving my grandmother and her sister almost like orphans since their father was in America.

The next three years was spent traveling from one home to another for my grandmother and her sister. Some of the homes were relatives and some were just friends who would take in children to care for, for a short period of time. No one family had enough money or food to keep the children indefinitely or even together. During this period my grandmother said she had to tend geese for one family to help pay for staying there. This tending geese was quite a job, because many of the geese were as big as she and they have a tendency to bite. One day my grandmother said she became interested in watching a group of children play in the next field, the geese got away and went into a field of corn. By the time she got them all together, several of the geese had eaten so much of the corn, they got sick. The family she was staying with reprimanded her for the carelessness. This was but one of many incidences with various families.

News traveled very slow in those days and it was well over nine months before her father learned of her mother's death. Also at this time a war was on and her father could not obtain passage for her and her sister to this country. The children remained in Europe for two more years before the father was able to obtain both the money and the passages for the children to come to America.

Botsey Diaddigo

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

1932 was the peak year of the most devastating depression in the history of our country. The depression had begun in 1929 when thirteen million Americans were out of a job. ABC news ran a two hour documentary about conditions then. The program was aired January 29, 1982, on the eve of the 100th birthday of the man who led this country back to health. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was so honored on the fiftieth anniversary of his election to the Presidency.

I can't help noticing the parallels in our country today. Many of our student's grandparents spoke of conditions in 1930's. Patricia Morgan brought two old pictures showing a country saw mill in Cullman county. Notice the similarity of a picture in the Huntsville Times dated January 7, 1980. Alabama has the second highest unemployment rate in the nation.

Martha Caldwell



DOUBLE SPRINGS, Ala. — Winston County's official jobless rate hit the near-Depression level of 22 percent in January, and the 22,000 people of this forested, northwest Alabama area built on logging and mobile-home building are showing the signs of hard times.

- Bankers and other financiers repossess some large items like logging trucks, then begin accepting any regular payments — no matter how small. Townspeople say that's because they can't sell the "repos."

- In October, a big-time contractor from outside opens a branch in the county seat of Double Springs to install heating and air-conditioning units in new and existing homes. It closes in January without installing a single unit.

- Strange names join familiar ones on steadily climbing welfare rolls. They are the names of girls who married "up north," officials said, and who have now come home — sometimes with their men, sometimes not.

- Eligibility interviews for food stamps are booked a full month in advance, and even "emergency" cases must wait their turn until an appointment fails to show. Few wait more than two days.

- A 50-year-old logger, the half owner of his business, commits suicide several days after Christmas. He's not the first, and like they did in at least one more case since winter began, people say financial worries finally "just closed in on him."

- And in the midst of it all, like a scene out of sync, angry men stand in the cold rain on picket lines in front of a once-booming company that reorganized itself in receivership and, at the same time, organized away their union.

THOSE ARE ALL elements of the Winston County story, and telling it in the gray of deepest winter seems fitting, like telling ghost stories at night when the mood can frighten as much as the story.

Like those who live here, one tries to believe that the logging and mobile home economy will somehow cycle back to green in spring when nature revives the Bankhead National Forest that covers most of the

But for Haleyville, Double Springs and the rest of Winston County's towns, it just isn't springtime yet. County welfare director Dale Hendrix said this week that he thinks the 22-percent unemployment figure is understated.

"I'd say we're closer to one out of three," Hendrix said as he wearily leaned back against a wall in his small office in the courthouse annex. "I've been sitting here for 25 years, and I can't remember it being this hard."

Hendrix is tired, because he is wrestling with the problems of a new computer system the state is buying to keep up with the food stamp rolls. He knows the irony of buying such things in hard times, but experts tell him the computer is the only way to keep from drowning in the paper work.

THE COUNTY HAS certified 150 new families since December, and Hendrix said the program has grown steadily since last spring, skipping the normal drop that comes with good weather. The number of families on food stamps now stands at 1,075 in a county with an official "work force" of 8,390 people.

Last year at the same time, only 800 families needed food stamps to survive.

But Hendrix said Winston County is still strongly in the Republican camp, at least as far as the national politics of the moment are concerned.

"They still believe in Reagan and think we have to sacrifice," Hendrix said. He tells the story of a mechanic friend who has steadfastly supported Reagan as his business of repairing mobile-home haulers has evaporated.

"And they still cuss this program," he said. "People will say to me on the street that old so-and-so is just no good, that he wouldn't work if there was a job."

But Hendrix said the hardships are real, and they are caused in large part by the mobile-home manufacturing plants that have reverted to half-time production schedules where employees work one week and are laid off the next.

THERE ARE 30 such plants within 30 miles of Haleyville, according to a spokesman for Dolphin Homes, a large builder known for recently hiring former presidential brother



(Times Photo by Tony Triolo)

IDLE LOGGING YARDS REFLECT COUNTY'S ECONOMY

LIFE DURING THE DEPRESSION

The depression was awful. My grandfather ran a rolling store during the depression. That was an awful time for both grownups and children.

My grandfather remembers driving down the old country roads and little children would have eggs in their hands to trade for a piece of candy. So he would stop and trade with them.

Then ladies would come out and trade hams and chickens to get some cloth to make dresses and clothes for their children.

My uncle used to like to ride in the rolling store because when they stopped he could play with the little children along beside the road.

My grandfather told me that one time my uncle got on the rolling store and hid. My grandmother didn't know where he was and had the whole neighborhood out looking for him. My grandfather didn't discover it for three hours when they were going over the bridge and my uncle got up and said, "Oh, Boy! the big long bridge". My grandfather then had to take him all the way home and miss his route for the day.

It was hard times during the depression, and I think that everyone who lived back then during it was affected by it and will never forget it.

My next door neighbor's father worked on a railroad before and after the depression.

She told me one day her brother was running down a hill and jumped five feet on a broken bottle. He ran home and his foot wouldn't stop bleeding. It bled steadily for about twenty five minutes. Then the mother called the lady next door who said she could stop things from bleeding. She came over and put her hand on his foot and said some magic words. The wound stopped bleeding and never bled again.

Amy Bedsole

MY GRANDFATHER IN THE DEPRESSION

Life during the depression was harsh. It meant standing in bread lines or hunting for jobs unsuccessfully. It also meant doing without many things you couldn't afford. "I Willis Henry spent the most of my life in the 1930-1933 depression."

"My first job during the depression was working on a farm. My job was to open the gates for the cows and bulls so they could graze in the pasture. I could not leave the gates, so I had to stand there. For this tedious task, I got paid five dollars a week."

"The part I hated most was opening it for the bulls. I was scared that the bulls would attack me, so I hurried and ran behind the gate and hid so they wouldn't attack me."

"What did I do with the five dollars?"

"For the five dollars I received a week on this job, I had to help support my family. We raised almost all the food we ate, but still had to buy such things as clothes, shoes, sugar and other things. Sugar at this time was really a good treat. We seldom had candy, cookies, cakes and other good sweets."

"My clothing consisted of two pair of overalls, a couple of shirts, and a pair of shoes. Therefore, we had to wear the clothes three or four days before being washed. There were very few people wearing fancy, expensive clothes."

"Laundry was done in a wash pot in our back yard. My mother had to make a soap called lye soap. We used it in the pot to wash our clothes and other articles also. It was very very strong and had a smell that was terrible. The soap was so strong that the clothes that came out would practically stand up by themselves. Boy, how I hated to wear those stiff pants and shirts, and all the other clothes."

To amuse and entertain ourselves we had to play games with all the children in and around our neighborhood. We played such games as tag, and stick ball. We played them so many times it got boring doing the same things all day long. The reason we had to play these games was that we didn't have too many toys to play with.

In the 1932 election, President Hoover, the President when the depression started, lost by a landslide to Franklin D. Roosevelt. In the campaign, Roosevelt promised action to end the Great Depression. President Roosevelt began the action with a plan called the New Deal. It was a plan of continued public works projects to provide jobs, relief for the farmers, and the regulation of banks. The New Deal helped relieve the hardship of many Americans. But hard times dragged on until World War II speeded up the economy.

President Roosevelt was the only President to be elected more than twice. This is due to the way he handled the depression.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

The Great Depression was a world wide business slump in the 1930's. My grandfather said he worked all day for 50 cents. They were better off than most because they lived on a farm and at least had vegetables and would butch hogs and have pork and biscuits and gravy. They also ate lot of popcorn. He said the whole family had to live together in the old homeplace.

He said he had to shoot a man one time for breaking into his meat for breaking into his meat curing house. He said he would have given him some gravy on bread as that was what they were eating if he had asked.

He said Grandmother's soles had fallen off her shoes soles had fallen off her shoes one winter and they didn't have the money to buy her any. Then one day he was walking to Scottsboro and cut across a cornfield and there between the rows laid two dollars. It was all faded and weather beaten, but it made him so happy that he went straight to town and bought Grandmother a dress and shoes and still had 50 cents left over.

Grandfather said they finally lost all their farm tools and animals to people that owned larger farms and had enough to buy everyone's tools at a small price. Some rich people did not take advantage of the poor ones and left them their farm tools and animals.

My uncle says he can still remember taking their last farm mule to this rich man that didn't need it, but had loaned them some money and as they could not pay it back, he took all their tools and livestock and left them one old milkcow. This man owned alot of property and became rich off the depression.

My Grandfather lost all his money in the Great Depression and just in the last five years has he started using banks again. He said that anyone who lived through the depression was never the same. He said if you've ever lost everything and didn't have food, besides clothing, you would understand Why all people his age are careful with their money. Always in the back of their mind they are afraid of another depression.

Tracy Wright
(As told to her by her Grandfather)

MR. HUGH BOYD JUDGE

by: Granddaughter - Gina Judge*

My grandfather has lived in Scottsboro for all of his 72 years. He is one of seven children. His mother died when he was four and they went to live with his grandmother, Sally Little, a Cherokee Indian. (~~Not to be~~)

He attended the old Campground School. We had a pot-belly stove and it took two boys carrying in wood all the time to keep it going. Once the school building caught on fire. The neighbors came to help us put it out. We were running with buckets of water from a nearby spring where we got our drinking water. We got it put out, but not before one of them men caught afire up in the loft."

"We had to walk to school, rain or shine. We went sometimes to Campground and sometimes to Randall's Chapel School."

"You've got good schools. You don't have to walk. Don't kids yoursevles, boys and girls, your education means something. I learned the hard way. I remember once I worked two years to get the job I had at a chemical plant. And here comes a man who walked in one day and got a similar job." I asked the foreman how he could do that when I worked two years to get it. The foreman asked me what kind of education I had. The man had been to collage two years. "There'll come a day when some fellow will walk right by your and get the job if you don't get an education." "You've got qualified teachers. You get your education."

"I remember when young folks used to go to ice cream supper and dances out at the House of Happiness. My girl friend was out there. They'd have a party on Saturday night, and Sunday School and church on Sunday. Folks was strict then. I remember a crowd of us used to go to the Linsey House after a party. Mr. Lindsey had seven or eight girls. And we'd be setting out there watching the stars and Mr. Linsey would come and knock on the door. Them girls would get up and we'd get up. We'd go one way, and they'd go into the house."

"I remember when I lived with my grandmother. I slept in a room that wasn't sealed. The house had a tin roof. One thing about it, after I'd run all day and if it rained I could really go to sleep with the rain on that roof."

"I'll never forget my grandmother. She cooked on the fireplace a lot. Cooked in a Dutch oven. I remember I was baptized over in the Tennessee River about sixty years ago. I've had some close calls but I believe my faith and the Lord was with me. I went through World War II. I was in France."

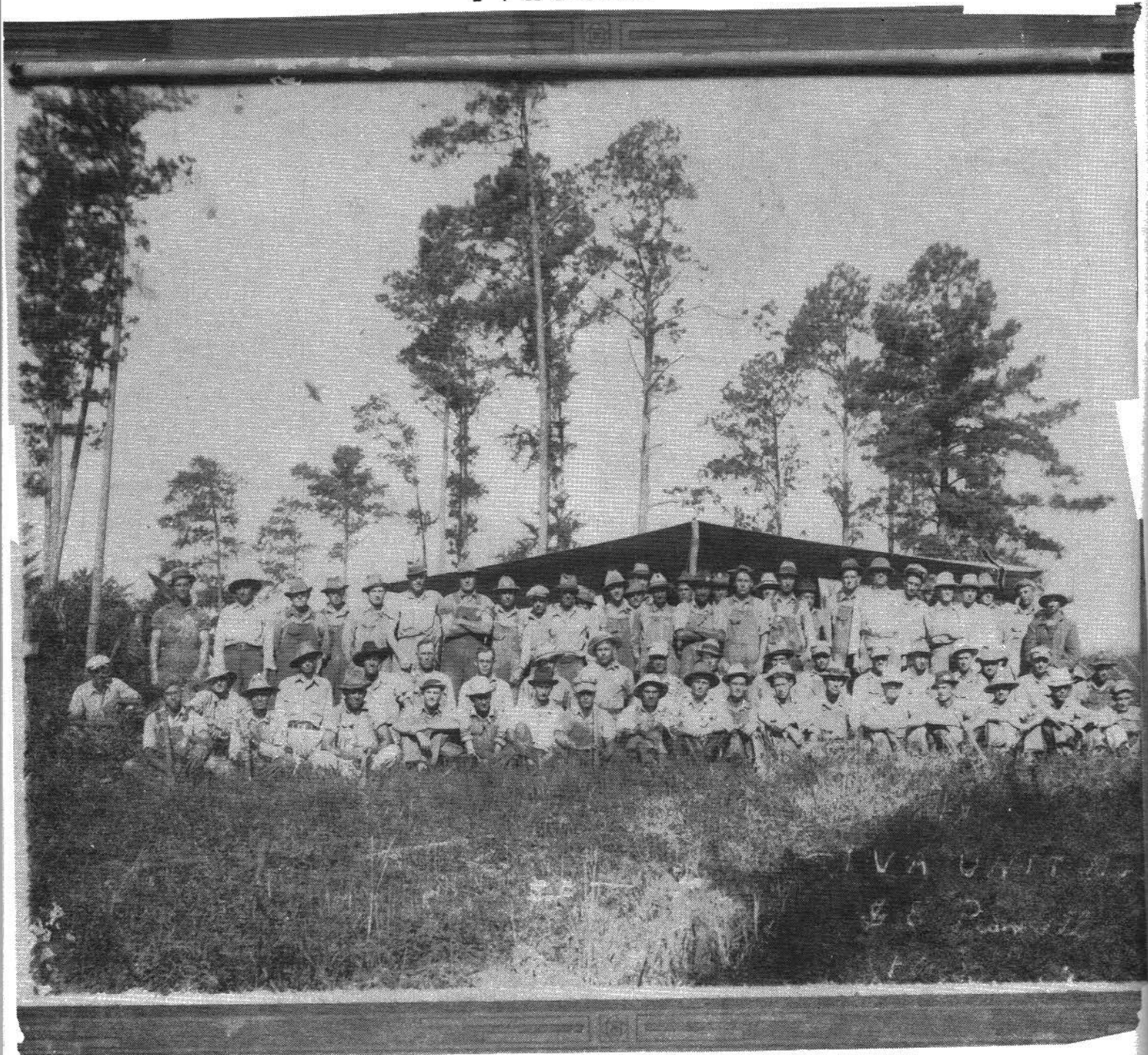
"I was born in 1910 and I remember as a boy I used to pick blackberries and sell them for 10 cents a galloon. I remember we used to have our home made overalls and our shirts made out of sacks and dyed with hickory bark. I've got a picture here of me and my brother in our overalls and our stronger-than-law shoes. You just about have to burn those shoes to get rid of them. They wouldn't wear out. As a young boy I worked for 75 cents a day plowing and the man would give me my dinner. As a young man, I worked during the depression with the WPA and the TVA."

* Transcribed from an interview



upper left: Mr. H.B. Judge in France in WWII. Upper right: Mr. Judge and his brother in the home-made overalls and the "stronger-than-law shoes"
Bottom: Grandmother, Sallie Little, and Nellie and Ruby Gatis.

T V A Picture



W P A Picture



Both are area pictures in the early 1930's at the beginning of the Roosevelt Administration. Mr. Judge is in each group.

THE WAY IN THE OLD DAYS

In 1921 when my grandmother was starting school way back in the country, she went to school where they used a big pot belly stove for heat and the boys had to chop and bring in the wood for the day.

Each morning the first boys to school started the fire. Usually they had one room and one teacher who taught all classes but she always had two or three grades in each room. The school would only have four rooms. Often one room was storage for wood - books, and broken desks, the old, old kind.

Sometimes my grandmother would spend a school night with a friend. This friend's father took the children from that area to school in a covered wagon pulled by two mules. He then came back for them when school was out. They had hard benches to ride on in the wagon.

If my grandmother's folks went to visit or went to the country store they rode in a Model T Ford car that had to be cranked to start. It had no top, so in the wintertime they would take a quilt along to wrap up so they could stay warm.

Years ago the country stores had cookies in a big foot square box with a square top, something like plastic you could see through. Usually there was four kinds of cookies in a rack and you bought them by the pound. Mostly fig newtons, vanilla cream, chocolate and giner snaps. Canides were in a glass jar. They were bought by the piece of the pound. The stores too heated with a big pot belly stove and always had several cane bottom chairs for folks to sit in.

The meats only fat back or ham or salt fish were wrapped from a big roll of brown paper on a stand at the end of the counter and tied with a string that came down from a box hung in the ceiling.

All the country stores carried food for people, and food for all the animals that you had. You could buy chicken feed, hog feed, and mule feed.

They had shoes and leather boots, clothes, cloth on bolts for the ladies to sew as there was very little the country lady didn't make at home except men's overalls and heavy coats and winter underwear. They had home made soap, all kinds of medicine, as there was no such thing as a drug store.

Years ago in the country everyone cooked on a big "Home Comfort" cast iron kitchen stove or a four eyed black cast iron stove. In front of all stoves was a door that opened to put the wood into the stove. At the time the top of the stove got hot from the wood, the oven also got hot, so you would bake biscuits, pies, cakes, corn bread or whatever. Recently I tried to cook on one of these stoves at a mountain cabin. Ha, Ha. Every once in a while the stove would start to get cool because I'd forget to put the wood in it. The "Home Comfort" also had a hot water reservoir, a metal tank along the left side with a top that gave you hot water to wash the dishes.

Everyone bathed in a big round wash tub, maybe twice a week. All other baths were a sponge bath. To take tub bath was to start with the youngest child, then the next and so on. Hot water was added in between until the whole family had taken a bath.

In the winter time we would cook a pot of dry beans usually every other day. We raised the butter beans and black eye peas but bought pinto and navy beans by the 100 pound bag each fall.

A hunk (3x5 inch) piece of bacon or ham was always cooked with these dry beans. Maybe for some meals we would cook in an iron skillet some corn bread.

You soak in cold water over night most dry beans - next day pick beans out of this cold water. Put beans ham or bacon in large pot, add cold water to more than cover. Cook at low heat until beans are soft and meat is done. You may have to add more water as they cook. Have some juice or water when done. O.K.

A FISH FRY - SUMMER ONLY

There were no large rivers where we ever lived so in the small brooks would be such fresh water fish as bass. So we would take 1/2 flour - 1/2 corn meal, salt and pepper in big brown bag. Some biscuits left from dinner. A big skillet and lard and knife, go to the creek. Us kids would run in the water knee deep below where a fire had been built on the dry ground and my father and uncle would go up steam and gig. They used a 4 prong shar instrument which they would jab into the fish to catch them.

When enough were caught for everyone to have a serving they were cleaned and washed in the river water, put into brown bag, floured and fried in the iron skillet and hot grease.

If any bull frogs were found they, too, made good eating. Only the big back legs were eaten. These were fun times.

LYE SOAP MAKING AND SOME RECIPES

Many years ago most country folks had to make or grow things to survive. So every farm had many hogs to supply their need for meat such as hams, fat back, bacon, sausage, and their lard to make bread and cook with. But even when they cooked the scrap fat and all the lard fat to make lard there was cracklings left so about every six months someone, usually a colored Mammy, would gather all the stale - moldy - left over fat scraps and put it in an old iron pot out in the yard and put some water, enough to cover. The meat scraps and too, this added cans of Poison Red Devil Lye (a granulated powder product that would dissolve everything to a liquid). Then a fire was built under the pot. This mixture was slowly cooked and stirred for an hour or more until the bubbly mess began to thicken. The paddle for stirring was like a small boat paddle.

When cooked it became a light brown substance sometimes white if the fat was good, that when cooled floated on top of the pot. It was poured into pans and then cut into pieces about 2x4 inches and used for washing clothes on the old fashioned wash board. In the bottom of the iron pot was a soft dark brown soap that never hardened so it was put in an old crock and used in buckets of water to scrub floors and put into the iron pot with the work clothes to clean them. Even if people bought Octogan or OK soap from the store it too was brown.

Mark Linder

FAMILY WASH

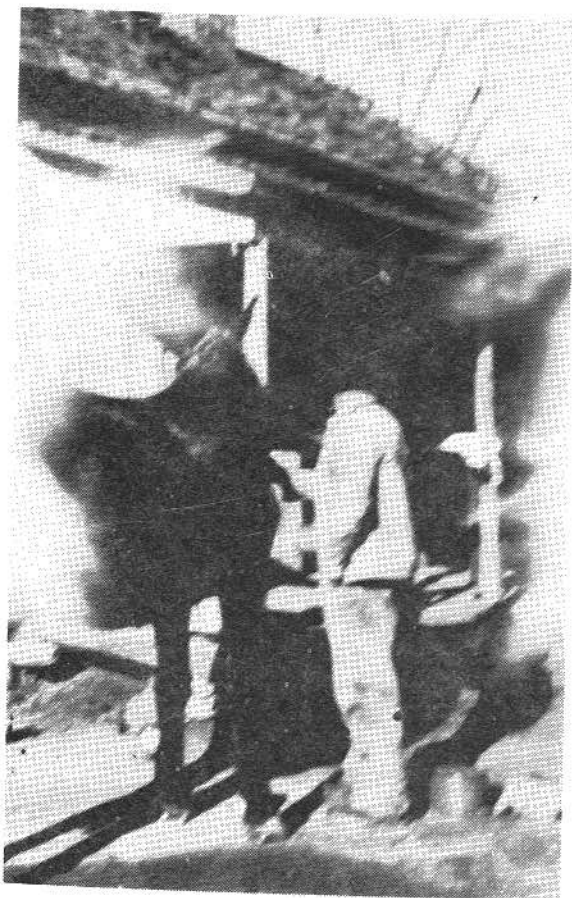
The picture below is of my greatgrandmother Davis. She was born May 10, 1894. She lived in Section, Alabama, in a small community called Davis Town. The picture shows how she did the family wash. First she had to draw the water out of the well. Then the clothes were washed in the wash tub by hand and then rung out by hand.

You can see how she would rake leaves and wood up around the wash pot and build a fire to boil the clothes to make them white. The black iron pot was found on every farm place. It was used for boiling the clothes each week. It was also used for rendering lard at hog killing time.

Greatgrandmother would rinse the clothes twice and sometimes three times in clear water and hang them out to dry. You can see how the family wash was hard work and was a day's work. The children helped get the water and the wood for the fire.

Some of the people got their water from a well. Some carried theirs from a spring. Many times the wash place was by the spring if it was close enough to the house.

Stacy Stubblefield



MOUNTAIN EPISODE DISRUPTS AREA



Picture taken in 1924 in New River, Tennessee in the vicinity of Knoxville.

Sheriff Byrd Daugherty and his two deputy sheriff sons were shot and killed as they attempted to raid a revenuer's still in the mountains of east Tennessee. The area was located above the penitentiary which has been built near New River.

On a clear day when Sheriff Daugherty and his sons answered the call to rid the area of a moonshiner's ring little did they realize they were making their last raid. So the story goes - they surprised the men so completely that they came out shooting. Such a hail of gunfire ensured that it's surprising more people weren't killed.

The shiners fled into the mountain woods. They were forced to flee into the woods because the only road out led to the penitentiary. How long it took to bring the people responsible for the murder of Sheriff Byrd Daugherty and his two sons to trial is unknown by us. We do know the killer was wounded which made him easier to trace.

The picture shows Sheriff Byrd Daugherty (center) and his two sons (left and right) as they were being buried. The whole town of New River was disrupted by the three deaths for several months. We know that the person responsible for the murders was captured and served time but did not die behind bars. According to legend, he or another man in the area was so mean that once when people had been stealing his turnip greens that he poisoned the greens. His son ate the greens by mistake and died.

Sheriff Daugherty only served one four year term as sheriff.

Mr. Richard Lawson, who gave Mullein the picture is age seventy six and lives in Scottsboro with his daughter. He worked for forty-six years before retiring at the age of sixty two. Mr. Lawson went to work Southern Railways at the age of sixteen. There he worked for thirty-five years traveling throughout Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee.

After retiring from Southern Railway, Mr. Lawson worked eleven years for a construction company. Richard Lawson contributed his active long life and good health to steady jobs and interesting business and being a peacemaker. He had tried to mind his own business.

Mr. Lawson and his wife (who died around 1978) have fourteen grandchildren and sixteen great grand children.

This story was told to John Knight and Mrs. Martha Caldwell by Mr. Richard Lawson.

LIFE OF LONG AGO

I guess it was about nineteen-twenty back when I was a little younger, instead of huge supermarkets we had small country stores.

The stores were arranged so you could stand in the middle of the room and see everything they had.

We bought our groceries by the pound, we bought coffee and sugar for about ten cents a pound. And we got our fruit for a nickel a dozen.

I bought a dimes worth of cheese and crackers and we had enough to make our lunch for a whole week.

Our post office was entirely different from today. Instead of having a postman go from door to door, we had to go down to the post office to get my mail.

I can barely remember, but as I recall it stamps were just three pennies and postal cards were only a penny.

Jobs wasn't exactly easy to get. Matter of fact they were darn hard to get. Our pay was very lousy. We only got twenty five cents a day.

We worked in coal mines and on railroads for ten hours a day.

Many times the jobs were shut down, and left many people broke. But everyone was so happy to get their jobs back they often went to the nearest bar and had a wild and crazy time.

The church were usually made of wood with either a cross or steeple on its roof.

We didn't have any TV or radio so far our entertainment we went downtown and watched a dancing floor show of ladies.

We payed two bits or a quarter to see them.

Told to John Knight
by Richard Lawson

TRIPPLE HANGING IN SCOTTSBORO 1885

In 1886 a Henry Porter came from New York to die from what he and his friends thought as a lingering disease. After staying here a few months breathing pure air of Jackson County his health began to improve. He then bought land and built a nice resident on land called Porter's Bluff across the river from Stevenson.

Soon after this, Mrs. Porter and her niece Susan B. Standish converted the Porter house into a boarding house for girls. After this happened, on March 25, 1893 on a Sunday evening fire arms were heard outside the house. Three men came barging in and demanded \$500.00. There wasn't any money in the house so the men set fire to the school. Mr. Porter and the family had to flee in darkness to keep from being killed or roasted alive.

According to the Chattanooga Times none was hurt, but Mrs. Porter ran down the mountain barefott and in her gown. Fright and exposure resulted in total blindness of this fine woman.

Shortly after the crime had taken place, George Smith, George and Asbury Hughes and George Grayson were arrested and put in jail. They stayed in jail until June of the next year when the trial was to take place.

The jury's verdict was that George and Asbury Hughes to be hanged and George Grayson to go to the penitentiary for life. Before being hanged the two asked to be baptized by inversion.

After they were baptized they each had last words.

George Hughes says, "Gentlemen, I want to call your attention to some facts. I have been treated badly, I have been convicted and I am innocent. If you hang me, you hang an innocent man. I hope I will meet you all in heaven."

Smith then said, "I want to say I'm innocent. I have done things but not this. Live religiously and do right. Goodby."

Then Asbury Huges says, "I am an innocent man as God as my witness. I didn't set fire to the Porter House. My advice to all young men is to stay home and not go out at night."

Then they were hanged.

Tami James

A COON HUNTING MONKEY

Many, many years ago, there was a man named Clyde, he was my daddy's great uncle.

Uncle Clyde was the sharpest shooter in the county. Why he could shoot a coon out of a tree with his eyes closed.

One year there was going to be a coon hunting contest, but Uncle Clyde did not have any dogs, so his brother Marcel called a man he knew and told him what he needed. The man said he would be there tomorrow. The man drove up in the yard with a cage in the back of the truck and pulled down the tailgate, and there was a big black ugly, hairy monkey sitting in the truck. Uncle Clyde did not know what to say. Finally he said, "What is this?"

"It is a monkey", Marcel said.

"What's that monkey for?" Clyde said.

"It's for the hunting contest", Marcel said.

"You mean that's what I am going to enter with?"

"Sure!", Marcel said. "Instead of using three dogs, we will use one dog and the monkey."

The next day they went to register for the contest. The people that registered them needed to know the name of the dogs. Marcel said, "We only have one dog and a monkey."

The man said, "What! a monkey?"

"That's right," said Marcel.

"Well, you can't do that," the man said. So he went and got the man in charge. He looked in the rule book, it said nothing about using a monkey. They were not disqualified.

In one week the contest would begin. The monkey started training. They went coon hunting that night. When June came the dog treed a coon, they let the monkey off the leash. The monkey went up the tree with a flashlight in his left hand and a pistol in his right hand. He went out on each limb and finally shot the coon out. Sometimes he just shined the light on the coon and Uncle Clyde shoots him out.

Well, the day before the contest they were packing to go. The next day they left and went to the place where the contest was to be held, and set up a tent. The next day they got out and fed their dog and monkey. That night was the hunt. They hadn't gone far when Old June treed. They let the monkey off the leash and up the tree he went. He shined the light on the coon and Uncle Clyde shot him down. Then about one hour later June treed again. Up went the monkey and down went the coon. After awhile they stopped to rest and fed June and the monkey.

Then all of a sudden June took off running; she had treed again. This time they let the monkey go up with the flashlight and pistol. He went out on each limb shining the light. The coon had topped the tree, the monkey came down, thumb cocked the pistol and shot June. Marcel said, "Look what that things done. What did he do that for?"

"There's one thing that the monkey doesn't like, besides a coon. Its a lying coon dog."

Howie Edwards, Jr.

THE MAN AND THE HAT

Once there was a man who had a passion for hats. Always he had loved hats. Even when a boy he was the first to get a sun hat in the summer or a snow cap in the winter.

One fall he had a new Stetson. The fellows in the drug store were the first to know. Of course they like the hat but they just hated to be bombarded with the same thing every day. It was always something like "Say, fellows, do you really think I made a good purchase on this hat?"

They decided to really have some fun. They bought a hat exactly like the Stetson, only a size larger.

The next day when their friend came in the drug store and hung his hat on the rack, one of the fellows quickly exchanged the Stetson for the larger sized one. When the first fellow was ready to leave, he reached and out on his hat. But it didn't fit right. He had to adjust it. He kept on turning it. It just didn't feel right. He walked out on the sidewalk still adjusting his hat.

The men inside were laughing. They waited two days before the hat man showed up. But when he came back he placed his hat on the rack.

Quickly the fellows made the change -- this time they put his own hat back on the rack. When our friend announced that he had to go, the guys in the back began to be mighty tickled.

When the fellow put the hat on, he took it right off and looked it over carefully. Something must be wrong? This hat felt like his hat. He didn't say that, but that's what he felt. Of course the guys had to leave the room.

This kind of changing went on for a few weeks. Then finally the hat man went to the doctor.

"Doctor, you have got to tell me what's happening. I'm afraid something terrible is wrong with me. My head swells. It seems to swell one day and go back to normal the next."

A TRICK ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT

On a Halloween night in 1949 a group of boys from Woodville decided to play a trick on an old man and his wife who lived in the country.

The man and his wife had gone to town to a meeting. The boys thought the time was right to play the trick on this couple.

The trick was to take the old man's old timey wagon apart and put it back together on top of his barn.

Some of the boys stayed in town to watch when the man left so they could warn those back at the barn. When the couple left town the boys began blowing horns to alert the boys back at the barn. The boys had been working fast on top of the barn. They were trying to accomplish the trick and they barely did it.

The man and his wife got home when the boys were about to leave. These boys took off faster than lightening. The man hopped in his truck and took off after the boys. He caught them in a big field. The man scuffled with one boy, but the other boys helped him get away. While the scuffle was taking place, some of the boys let the air out of the man's truck tires.

The boys got away and the man never knew who put the wagon on top of his barn. Needless to say the boys were scared to death awhile after that.

Paul Butler

THE STRANGE VISITOR

This family moved to an old and creeky house and when they got there it was dark. They soon set up their beds and went to bed. But, a little while after they went to bed they heard the front door open. Something came in and went around their beds dragging chains. When it left the man said, "If it comes back I'll ask it what in the name of the Lord does it want." A short while later it came back dragging all the chains around the beds. So the man said, "What in the name of the Lord do you want?" The ghost told him that there was some money buried out in the apple orchard.

So the next morning early, the man and his family went to the orchard to find it. They started digging as soon as it came day light. And they dug around four apple trees. They found a treasure. And the ghost never came back.

Pat Morgan

THE OLD DAYS

A way back in the good old days when my mother was a little girl there were tales of a ghost walking around. So one night my mother's friends were over to spend the night. Everyone was out sitting on the porch when they heard something behind the house. Well, now they were scared. There was a grave yard just above their house and them talking about ghost didn't help much either. They had all their friends scared stiff. They couldn't even move they were so scared.

"Well, lets see here now," papa says. "What happened next" "Oh, yea, I went behind the house to see what it was but it was just the wind blowing against the big trees. I went back in front and told them not to be worried that if something got them it would let them go for they were so mean as rattle snakes".

Pa teased us all the next day. And since my friends were staying the whole week I thought we could go to the big pond and sleep that night and have fun. So it got dark and we went to the pond as if we weren't scared at all. (The pond is behind our house about a mile away). We all sat down and had coke and candy. Then we all went out to get firewood. But while we were out looking someone or something put the fire half way out. When we got back it was out cold but it was still smoking a little.

None of us had any matches so that meant one of us had to go get some matches to fix the fire.

So everyone looked at me. I shook my head and said, "No, it was your idea not mine. If you want some matches you go and get them. I can't walk any more." So we sat there just looking and I said, "I guess I'll have to go get the matches, won't I?"

Everyone said, "yes." I got up and left. I could hear them laugh as I went out of sight. After I left a big white thing came near camp. It watched them eat and laugh but would not come out of the weeds. It left just as I stepped on the front porch of the big white house.

Mama and Daddy asked, "Where is everyone else?"

I said, "Down by the pond." Papa asked what I was doing back there when everyone was down at the pond. And he asked if I was alone or if one of the girls was with me. I said no one was with me and we needed some matches.

He said, "What do you need matches for?" I told all about what happened and Daddy said, "Well, here, hurry back to the pond and make a big fire so I can see it."

I said, "OK", and left. But when I stepped off the big white porch the white thing followed me back to the pond where all of us were. When I got there it was really cold, so we fixed the fire and we all lay down. We talked for an hour or two. Finally we went to sleep. And when we were asleep

the big white thing walked up the hill toward the grave yard and gave a big howl. We all jumped up and we all saw the white thing, but it was so far away we couldn't tell what it was. I said, "It is probably Daddy trying to scare us." I kept telling the girls over and over that this is what it was but they wouldn't believe me. They all put their sleeping bags against mine and we settled down. It seemed to be 12:00 but it was just 11:00. We all went back to sleep but we all woke up about two or three times to see what was out there, but I don't think the white thing came back.

The next morning as soon as it was daylight, we all ran home. When we got there we all went straight to my room and stayed there.

We all told Daddy and he said we all were just imaging things, that we should stay in the house and not sleep outside at the pond.

The next night the white thing came down the road screaming for help. Dad went outside to see what it was. He said it was a big white thing coming down the road from the hill and that it was a lady. Dad said it was probably a bunch of kids, but all of us were very, very scared.

Gaynell Thomson

HOWDY PICKLE

My neighbor used to make delicious home made pickles in the summertime.

The young boy who lived across the street loved home made pickles and would turn up after every new batch for some samples.

One year the boy's mother told him not to go over across the street begging for pickles.

It just happened that a new batch of pickles came out that week. The windows were open and a boy's nose will lead him sometimes.

Of course our young man had to go over and see the new batch of pickles. He went into the kitchen where several pots and pans of pickles were waiting on the kitchen table. The kitchen was filled with the spicy aroma of fresh made pickles. It was tantalizing.

After walking around the table twice and eyeing the pickles, he sidled up to the table and said, "Howdy, Pickle!"

Ham Caldwell

MRS. PATTERSON AND THE WASHING MACHINE

The story I am writing is about Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Patterson of Section, Alabama, who are young at the golden age of 92.

This story is about Mrs. Patterson's first washing machine. She had some little boys, a girl, and a husband to cook, sew, and wash clothes for. She had always scrubbed the clothes over the rub board and then put them in boiling water in the wash pot to boil for a long while. Then when they good and clean from boiling in the pot with the home-made lye soap, she would rinse them in cold water and hang on the line to dry.

But one good day when her husband had gone to work and she had all those heavy overalls hanging on the line something happened to change things for Mrs. Patterson. Mr. E. K. Bergman from Scottsboro, drove up in his truck. He stopped and talked to her about how hard it was to wash her clothes and all of that. He pointed out to Mrs. Patterson that he had just the thing to help her, a Maytag washing machine in the back of his truck, and he knew she really needed one.

Mrs. Patterson said, "yes, it is hard work but we don't have enough money for the washing machine."

Mr. Bergman said, "Now! Now Mrs. Patterson, I want to leave this washing machine here for a week and I want you to wash all your clothes: your quilts, your curtains, your rugs, and anything that needs washing. In a week I'll come back and pick it up at no cost."

"He unloaded that washing machine and had not even got down the road when I started washing. I washed everything in sight and I loved it!"

That evening Mrs. Patterson's husband came home and she told him all about the wonderful machine. He didn't say too much about the washing machine. But when Mr. Bergman came back the next week he bought Mrs. Patterson the washing machine. Mrs. Patterson was a happy woman. She said she used it for many years. When they got electricity Mr. Bergman came back and took off the gasoline powered motor and put on an electric motor.



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FEATURES

Never Requires Oiling—ACTIVATOR—One-Control Wringer—Quiet Operation—Gravity Drain Hose.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson could tell us many, many stories that are really interesting.

Mrs. Patterson told about how she loved and raised her children, even though they had a big family. They never had any trouble when the children were small and after they grew up. When they were little she would set them under a tree while she sometimes worked in the field picking cotton with Mr. Patterson.

Mr. Patterson ran a mercantile store. He was also a carpenter. He built the house he lives in now, and has built houses all the way from Section to Arab, Alabama. He built the present Woodville School. He served as Mayor of Section and Mrs. Patterson served as his secretary.

Tracy Wright

WORKING IN THE COTTON FIELDS

Twenty five ago in Leighton, Alabama, Dwight Lowry worked on his Grandfather's farm. This farm was about 75 acres of cotton and some other crops.

In the spring they had to prepare the ground before planting. When cotton got knee high, they had to chop and hoe it and have the grass weeded out by hand because they didn't have a weed tiller.

About the 4th of July they "laid crops by" (quit working - all hoeing was stopped.)

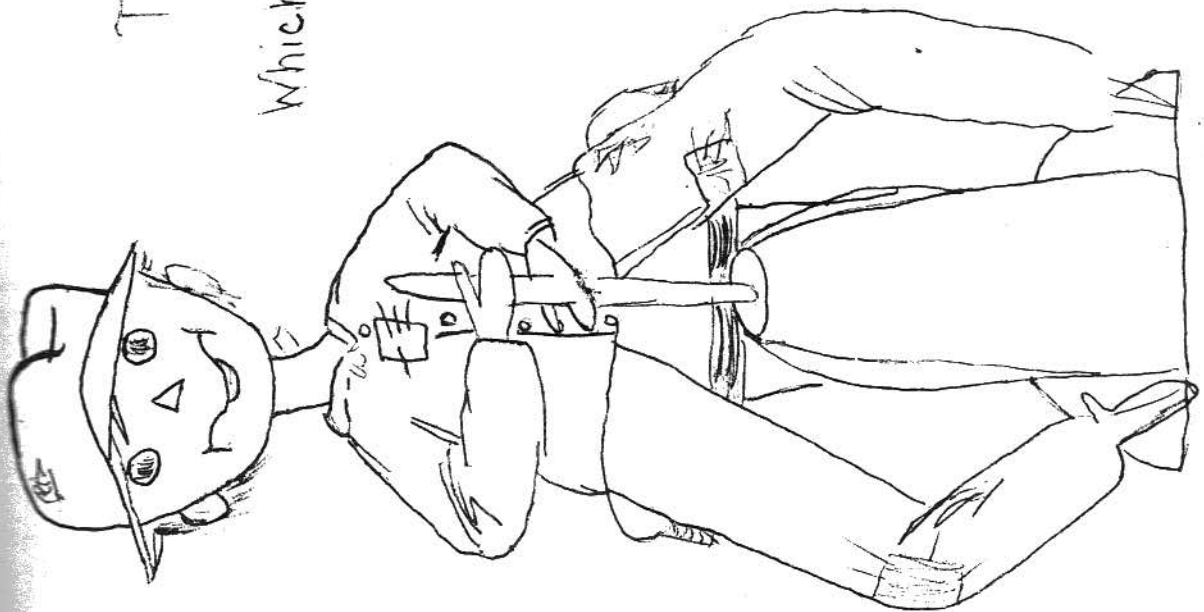
Around the 15th of August, cotton opened up.

In September, they picked the cotton. They didn't have cotton pickers so they carried a bag over their shoulder and put the cotton in it. Then they weighed the cotton. Mr. Lowry said he could pick 250 pounds a day. He worked from 6 in the morning to 6 at night and took an hour break for dinner. He sometimes took his lunch out in the fields with him.

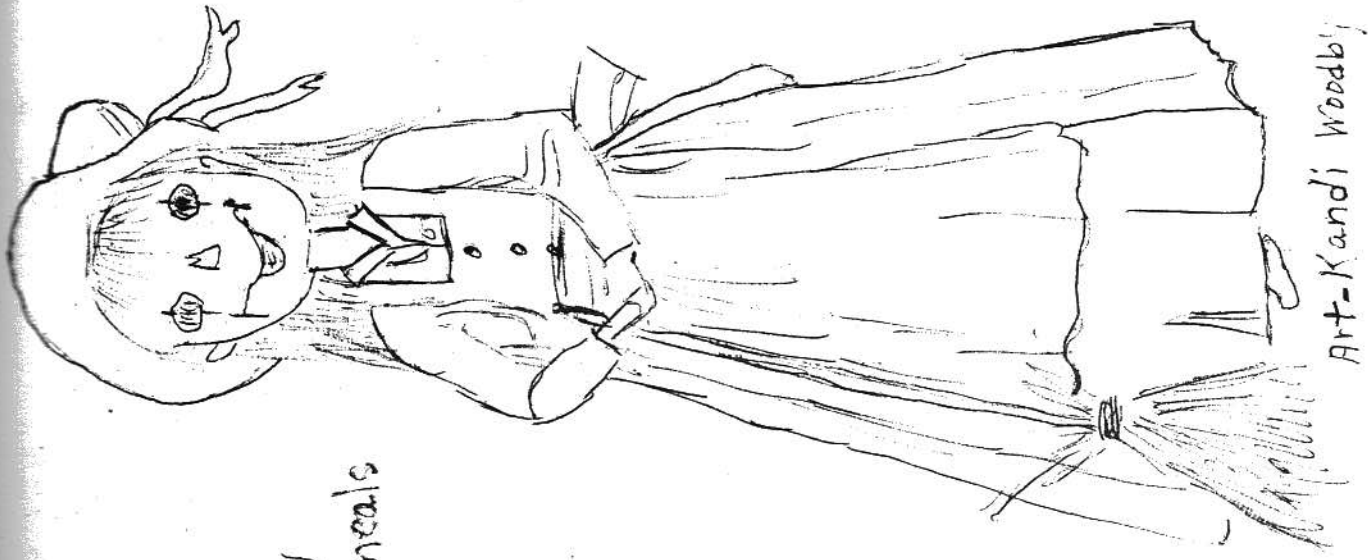
Mr. Lowry said farm work was fun, but hard. Hard because they didn't have the type of machinery we have today. Mr. Lowry said they had to do everything, but the plowing, by hand. They had tractors to do their plowing.

Alabama is known for cotton.

Karen Lowry



They churned milk
into butter and had whey
which they ate with their meals
about every day.



Art-Kandi Woodby

RECIPES - REMEDIES - BITS AND PIECES

This section of Mullein was compiled and edited by Colleen Barrier, Amy Bedsole, Tina Sanders, Susan Paradise, Charlene Hawkins, Shelia Shelton, Virginia Woosley, Robin Jordan, Clara Bolt, Pat Morgan and others.

Kandi Woodby is responsible for the art work. Unfortunately, she moved to Florida at Christmas.

MAKING BUTTER BY CHURNING

My mother told me among all things she was taught when she was young, she could remember making butter the best.

The first thing you do is milk the cow. Then the milk is strained through a strainer. Some of it is put into a churn. After that you set the churn by the fireplace or some other warm place, turn it occasionally until the milk has clabbered (becomes sour and breaks up and separates.) Then you put the special stick or dash in, you churn it with an up and down motion until the butter comes to the top. After the "butter comes" or forms, you take it out of the churn. Then you pat it with the top of the dasher until it gathers together. This is called "gathering the butter." Next you lift it out with the dash and put into a bowl. Sometimes cold water is poured over it. Then you work with a paddle until all the liquid is pressed out. You are now ready to put it into what is called buttermold and form a pound or half pound mold of butter with a design on top. The butter is very delicious on hot bread and it looks pretty when served from a pretty butter dish.

Liz Hodges

GINGER BREAD

1 cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
1 egg
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Add 1 cup hot water and pour in a pan and bake.

Mrs. Henry Ferrick's recipe born 1791 in Virginia and moved to Alabama in 1819.

Laura and Rachel Grosse's great-great-great-great-grandmother.

BANANA BREAD

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
2 or 3 bananas crushed
2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon soda

Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven

HAM CROQUETTES

by: Lisa Lusk

1 cup cooked ham, finely chopped
1 egg well beaten
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs

2 cups cold mashed potatoes
1 egg, beaten with
1 T water

Blend and chill, shape into patties, roll in crumbs. Chill, fry in deep fat, drain.

CRANBERRY BREAD

2 cups flour
1/2 t. salt
1 1/2 t. baking powder
1/2 t. soda
1 cup sugar

2 t. melted shortening
1/2 cup orange juice
2 t. hot water
3/4 c. nuts, chopped
1 c. chopped cranberries

Grate rind of 1 lemon and 2 oranges. Sift dry ingredients together twice. Mix melted shortening, egg, juice, and hot water, combine both mixtures. Add cranberries, nuts and rinds. Put in a greased and lined with wax paper loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 10 minutes. Refrigerate 24 hours before serving.

OLD FASHIONED TEA CAKES

by: Raquel Porch

1 egg
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup shortening

1 t. vanilla
2 1/4 cup flour
3/4 cup sugar

Mix all and chill. Roll out thick. Cut with glass. Bake at 350 degrees for 8-10 minutes.

APPLE PUDDING

by: Shelia Shelton

Peel and slice apples as for a pie; put in a layer of apples; bits of butter, sugar to sweeten and a sprinkle of flour (about 1 tsp.) fill in a pan half full having apples about 2 inches deep. Make a batter as follows:

1 egg
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sweet milk
pinch salt

2 T melted butter or oil
1 t. vanilla
3 t. baking powder
1 cup flour

Mix as for cake, pour over the apples. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with hand sauce or whipped cream. Serves six.

SIMPLE SALLY STEW

by: Howie Edwards

1 pound stew meat, cut small	3 c. canned tomatoes
3 carrots, sliced thin	3 t. Worchestershire
1 green pepper, diced	1 T garlic salt
1 large white onion, diced	1/2 t. pepper
2 potatoes, diced	3 T of minute tapioca

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Add last 5 ingredients to the canned tomatoes and then put all ingredients in a greased 2 1/2 quart casserole, cover and bake at 400 degrees for one hour. Serve over buttered rice or noodles.

(Taken from old cookbook)

MUSCAT WINE FROM RAISINS

by: Charlene Hawkins

4 boxes (15 oz) seeded muscat raisins	3 lbs. sugar
4 quarts of water	1 cake yeast

Take 2 gallon jugs with wide mouths. Divide water into even portions for each jug. Divide the ingredients likewise. Place them in each jug. Be sure water has been previously boiled to kill all of the bacteria. After water has cooled, all into the yeast. Divide between the jugs. Then the other ingredients, all the sugar, divide between the jugs. Put caps on the jugs and shake vigorously. Loosen caps and let seep for one week. Shake well each day. When bubbles have stopped, about 7 days, strain wine through muslin cloth. Place wine back in jugs. Squeeze the pulp left behind when wine strained by placing it inside a piece of muslin cloth and twisting. Divide between two jugs. This is concentrated and will greatly add to the strength and flavor of your wine. Now place caps on loosely. Next day wine can be consumed. It will be cloudy but its full flavor and strength will be evident. Now tighten caps and let set in cellar for a few weeks so wine will clear. Then using an automatic syphon draw off the wine from the top. We recommend the use of a hydrometer. It will insure the strongest results with the richest flavor and greatest alcoholic strength. Flavor is rich, robust and hearty. It will actually increase in strength with age.

(Taken from very old cookbook)

GRANDMOTHER'S TEA CAKES

1 1/2 cups of cold water
1 1/3 cups of sugar
3 eggs
1 tablespoon of vanilla flavoring
8 tablespoons of melted butter
Add flour to make dough stiff

Mix all ingredients together in a bowl. Then fold the flour until the dough is stiff. Place on a flowered sheet and knead slightly. Roll thin; then cut out with drinking glass. Place in greased pan. Bake until golden brown.

Stacy Stubblefield

LOAF BREAD

Yeast was in a cream cake form. It is used to make the mixture rise.

For 2 loaves -

2 pkg or cubes yeast	1/2 cup warm - 110-115-water
1 3/4 cup milk scalded	7 - 7 1/2 cups of flour
then cooled lukewarm	3 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoon lard

Mix yeast in 1/2 cup 110° water set aside. Sift flour, salt, sugar. Mix in lard. Add yeast, dissolved mixture & milk - Mix this into flour. Grease top of mixture and put in big bowl that is warm. Place in warm place at least 85°. Put wet towel over bowl. In about 1 hour if dough has doubled in size, smash down, work lightly, then make dough into two pieces. Roll in your hands. Make longer than wide, put into loaf bread pan, let rise again. When nearly double in height, bake at 425° for 30 minutes or so. When nice and brown and bread has drawn away from the sides, take from pan. Cool - eat. In order to keep loaf bread soft, we had a tin box or can about 15x25 round type that kept things moist. There was no waxed paper or way to enclose things then. Look at the loaf bread in bakery shops. Every woman either had to make biscuits or loaf bread years ago because there was no such thing as a loaf of bread in the stores.

BISCUITS

1 1/2 cup flour*	1 tablespoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda	1 pinch salt
1/2 cup buttermilk	1/3 cup shortening lard

*All flour years ago was plain often home grown and ground at local grist mill. We had flour by the wooden barrel - size of small oil drum of today.

Mix flour, make hole in middle and lard and mix thoroughly. Again make a hole in mixture - add milk, baking powder, soda, salt. Mix until it does not stick to your hands. Put on wooden bread board some flour and roll with rolling pin or take balls of biscuit mix in your hand and pat into biscuit size. Put on greased bread pan like our cookie sheets, bake for 10-12 minutes. Even then old stoves had no heat indicator so you watched them until ready.

APPLE DUMPLING

by: Shelia Shelton

1/3 cup shortening	1 egg
3/4 cup sweet milk	1 T. sugar
1 t. salt	flour to make soft dough
4 t. baking powder	

Roll dough 1/4 inch thick, cover with slices of apples chopped slightly and bits of butter, roll like a jelly roll and cut in pieces about 1 1/4 inches thick; drop into boiling sauce and bake 30 to 40 minutes.

The Sauce:

1 cup sugar	4 T sifted flour
3 cup boiling water	4 T butter
4 T cinnamon or nutmeg	

Mix flour dry with sugar; add butter and then hot water; let come to a boil; put dumpling down in sauce on the cut end and cook in sauce, sprinkle nutmeg over them. This dumpling is also good baked dry and served with hard sauce. Makes 12 large dumplings.

JELLY MERRINGO

by: Shelia Shelton

1/2 glass of firm jelly	1 egg white
Pinch of salt	

Into a bowl place all ingredients and with a good egg whip. Begin to beat just as though you were whipping cream or eggs. Keep beating until quite stiff and it will hold its shape. Use some as whipping cream.

(Taken from a very old cookbook)

BOILED CUSTARD

by: Janet Mertz (From her grandmother)

2 cups milk	1/2 t. nutmeg
2 eggs	1/8 t. salt
1/4 c. sugar	

Beat eggs, add sugar, salt, and nutmeg, then add milk. Bring to a boil then cool.

RECIPES MY GRANDMOTHER USED

by: Clare Bolte

MINTS

1 box powdered sugar, sifted
4-5 teaspoon corn starch

5 tablespoon melted oleo
2-3 tablespoon diluted warm
canned milk

Mix well until smooth and firm. Divide into portions for various flavors/
colors. Work in flavor/color; kneed like dough on wax paper. Mold and place
on wax paper.

SOUR CREAM COOKIES

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup butter
1 cup sour cream

1 teaspoon soad
pinch of salt
nutmeg

Mix together eggs, sugar, butter, sour cream, soda, and salt. Season to taste
with nutmeg. Mix very soft with flour. Spread on board and use big donut
cutter. Bake in moderate oven until brown. Sprinkle with sugar while still hot.

WHITE FRUITCAKE

2 pounds - candied fruit
(any combination of cherries,
pineapple, citron, figs or peel)
1 pound shelled walnuts or pecans
1 cup grated coconut
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring
1 teaspoon lemon flavoring

2 cups sugar
1 cup butter
3 cups flour
8 whites of egg
2 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup wine or fruit juice

Cut up fruit and nuts; soak over night in 1 cup wine or fruit juice. Make
batter of butter, sugar, flour and baking powder; then add flavorings and egg
white. Add fruit and nuts. Bake at 225 degrees for two and a half hours. Makes
about six pounds.

OLD HOME REMEDIES

These old remedies were used back in the olden days, when there were hardly any doctors. If the people didn't know any remedies and a doctor wasn't around, they would either wear it off or die from a sickness.

1. COUGHS - Make up some cough syrup consisting of lemon juice, honey, and whiskey; or peppermint candy and whiskey.
2. FLU - One good dose of quinine; cover up and sweat off the fever.
3. TOOTHACHE - Take a draw off of cigarette and hold smoke in your mouth; or soak cotton in turpentine and put on the tooth.
4. CONSTIPATION - Take a dose of Black Draught Laxative.
5. PNEUMONIA - Rub chest real good with turpentine and place stick and a warm hot iron on chest.
6. EARACHE - Blow smoke down the ear.
7. NAIL IN FOOT - If you stick a nail in your foot, you'd soak it in kerosene; tie a piece of fat back meat around it; or cut up an Irish potato and put on it.
8. WARTS - Go out under the leak of the house, pick up a rock, rub it on the wart then put the rock back where it was, the way you found it. When the rains came down on the rock and washed it away your wart would disappear.
9. BEE STINGS - You could spit snuff on it.
10. A CUT - You could either get some soot out of a chimney or soda and put on it.
11. CHEST COLD - If you could afford it, use Vicks salve; but most times you would just wear it off.
12. RING WORM - Rub the juice from a green walnut on it.
13. LICE - Comb your hair real good until you get all the knits out and then burn them.
14. NAUSEA & VOMITING - Mix up flour and water and then drink it.
15. RATTLESNAKE BITE - Tie a rag up past the bite and cut an X across it. Then get somebody to suck the poison out of it, but they shouldn't have any sores in their mouth; then give them a dose of sulfur and lard.
16. KIDNEYS - Take one teaspoon of sugar and 3 drops of turpentine to flush the poison out of your kidneys.
17. RABIES - If you were bit by a mad dog they wasn't much you could do for anybody, but just tie them to a bedpost to keep them from passing it on to someone else; then they suffered terribly and died.

GRANDMOTHER CURES!

My grandmother can cure almost anything. She cures everything from the common cold to curing meat. Some of the things my grandmother cures are listed below.

1. Pumpkin
Split the pumpkin, remove the seed, slice the pumpkin into half inch strips and hang on a line to dry in a warm, dry place. When dry bag up for storage.
2. Porkmeat
Pack the meat in salt for several weeks. Be sure it is covered well. Remove after six weeks, brush away the salt. Sprinkle heavily with black pepper, put in cloth sacks and hang in a cool place.
3. Nail Puncture
When someone stuck a nail in his foot, she simply poured kerosene on the wound. Then she made a poultice of buttermilk and washing powder and placed over the wound for twelve hours.
4. A rising
She split open a leaf from a plant called houseleak and laid it over the rising or she made a poultice of scraped Irish potato and laid it over the rising.
5. She sometimes made a poultice of strong bacon grease and laid it on a swollen injury.

My grandmother was smart. She can cure a lot of other things too, like beans, peas, apples, and other fruits and vegetables also diseases.

This concludes my story about my grandmother's cures.

Eric Brownfield

1. ARTHRITIS - Drink a mixture of honey, vinegar and moonshine. Make a tea from either the seeds or leaves of alfalfa. Drink powdered rhubarb dissolved in white whiskey.
2. ASTHMA - Suck salty water up your nose. Keep Chihuahua dog around house.
3. BURNS - Make cream of lard and flour, Linseed oil will draw the fire out, scrapings of a new white potato will draw the fire out.
4. DIARRHEA - Drink a tea of red oak bark. Drink blackberry juice.
5. HEADACHE - Bind wilted beet leaves on the forehead.

by Mike Proctor

REMEDIES

1. HIVES - Catnip tea was made to make the hives break out on a new born baby.
2. WASP STING - Use home made tobacco; chew and put on sting.
3. MEASLES - Sweetened whiskey was used to make the measles break out.
4. BLOOD PURIFIER - Make a tea out of sassafras roots. Drink tea to purify the blood in spring.
5. BLOOD POISONING - To cure blood poisoning, place red clay dirt and vinegar on the place. When dry, replace with same.

by Janet Mertz

1. CHEST COLDS - For a cold they would make a hot poulices out of mastard and Vicks salve. They would wrap up your chest to cure a common cold.
2. STINGS - Use snuff and heads of matches watered and put on stings.
3. HEAT RASH - Use baking soda and also parched flour for heat rashes.
4. WARTS & CALLUS - Use castor oil to rub them often.
5. SKIN IRRITATIONS - Olive oil was used for minor irritations to the skin. Baking soda was used to purify the skin.
6. TOOTHACHE - Put vanilla extract on a piece of cotton and let it set for 30 or 40 minutes or longer.
7. BLACK EYES - Put a piece of meat on it and leave it on for two or three hours.
8. FEVER - People put a cold rag on their head and lay next to a fire with a dozen or more blankets on them for about an hour or until fever was gone.
9. MEASLES - People would feed you hot juices or soup and put you into a very dark and warm room for two or three days until measles were gone, without a bath or getting out in rain.
10. TEETH CARE - Use baking soda and salt mixed together with a little water to brush.
11. HEADACHE - People would rub a solution called linament on top part of the head above the eyebrows. Also they kept a rag tied around the forehead.

by Rhonda Nippers

1. CHEST COLD - You add a little turpentine, a little beef tallow, a little mustard, a little camphorated oil, a little Vicks salve, Rub on cloth; heat, put it on your chest.

by Pat Morgan

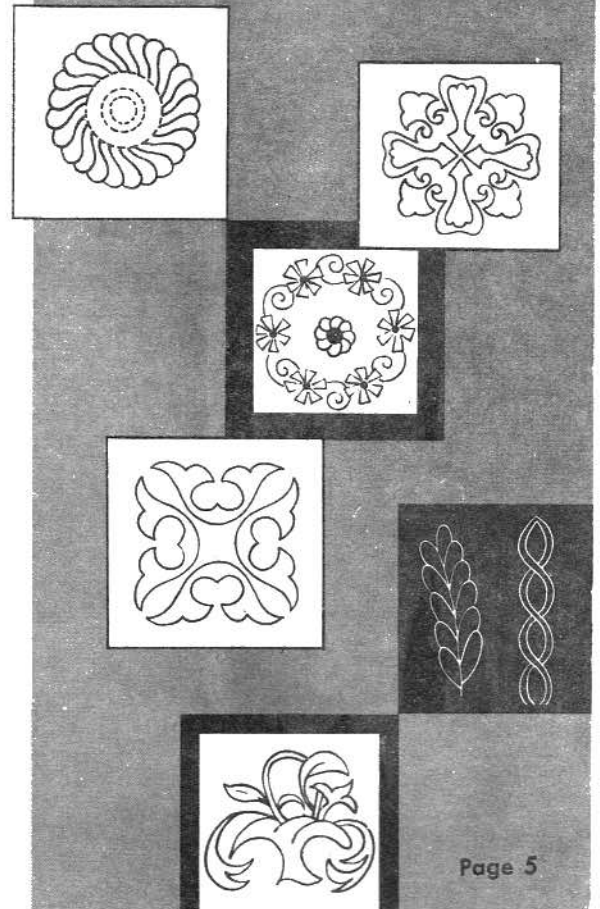
Mullein is beginning a section on quilting. We were inspired by the beautiful quilt in the David Loyd house. Mrs. Fred Gross came to our aid when she send us the old quilt patterns that were used by her mother. Mrs. Sam. Riley and her grandmother. Some quilting tips taken from a 1931 Farm Journal follows.

Laura Gross

QUILTING AND QUILTING DESIGNS

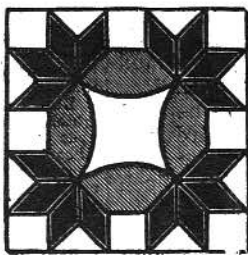
The fine quilting you are about to begin will make the difference between a beautiful hand crafted article to use with pride or just another piece of bedding. Start at one end of the quilt and work thru to the other end, keeping the fullness that develops ahead of the work. Use small, firm running stitches thru all three layers, following the outline of the pattern. Fill in large sections with your choice of many patterns. Remove pins as work nears them.

Diagonal lines crossed form beautiful diamond patterns, or you might choose a combination of circles. Where you use large plain blocks alternated with pieced or appliqued blocks, carefully trace the quilting pattern before starting, to assure a uniformly accurate design in each block. Several favorite designs are shown here; however, don't hesitate to try your hand at designing that will truly be your own.



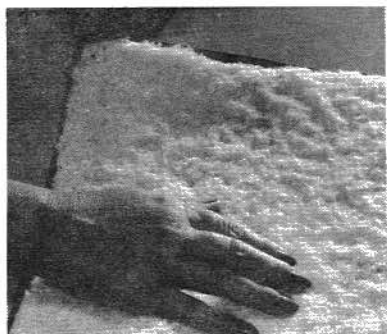
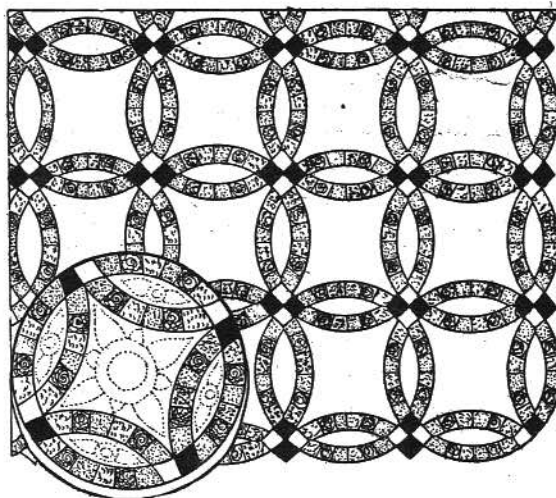
The present flair for quilt-making is one of the most practical and interesting fads that women have lately indulged in. Old quilts make a history in themselves. We shall probably never go back to the days of our grandmothers, with their fairy-stitches and carefully planned color schemes. But approximately the same results can be obtained in less time and with less work by modern methods.

Instead of weighting our quilts down with four or five pounds of cotton, we depend for warmth on light, fleecy wool blankets, and use the lovely handmade designs in coverlets. If these are carefully finished up on the wrong side, they can be used even without linings. But usually a better way is to line them with some soft color harmonizing with the main color plan of the top, or with white. Between top and lining only a pound of smooth cotton is spread, just enough to make the quilting stitches look prettier than they would on a flat ground. Often the alternating blocks of plain material are stamped with a pretty design for quilting before they are set into the top. The same may be done to fill the plain spaces in the "Wedding Ring" design. They are much easier done before blocks are set together.

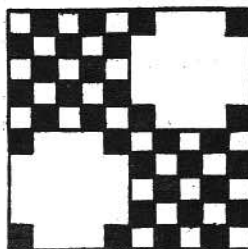


Old Favorite Quilt Patterns

Left: Hands All Around.
Right: Double Irish Chain. **BOTTOM**
Below: Double Wedding Ring.



Carefully smooth fine quality cotton batting over lining fabric.



The three patterns given here are universal favorites. The "Hands All Around" design, set diagonally alternated with plain blocks, and with a 6-inch border, makes a quilt 70x90 inches. Twenty blocks of the "Double Irish Chain," with a 6-inch border, makes a quilt 72x92 inches. The "Double Wedding Ring," also, an all-over pattern,

makes a quilt 74x98 inches.

Materials ready cut for any of these patterns may be had for \$3.98. These are selected for the proper colors, placed in packages and labeled. Plain color choices, such as are used for the patterns in the two small cuts, may be selected from the following list: Rose, pink, yellow, orange, blue, green or orchid. The white foundations are of good quality soft unbleached muslin. The "Double Wedding Ring" colored blocks are cut from six harmonizing small-figured prints, with plain colors for corner blocks. Be sure to select desired colors for the plain color designs.

Patterns, with full instructions for cutting and making, are 15 cents each. A booklet containing 50 patchwork, applique and quilting designs, will be sent for 15 cents. Booklet and any one pattern will be sent for 25 cents. Address orders to Pattern Department, SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST, Nashville, Tenn.



MY HERB GARDEN

I have to report in all honesty that our herb garden was not a whooping success. To begin with, two ties are slightly awry. That happened when the big truck moved them as the top soil was unloaded. I wanted someone to straighten the ties but nobody could push a ton of dirt. Al B. has suggested a way, however. So maybe.

Our Lavender plants died, but I have replaced them. I left two outside and brought two inside. All four were healthy and remained so until January. The hard freeze took the ones in the garden. Possibly, during Christmas Holidays I watered the ones in the pot and the small hanging basket too often. I miss the pretty hanging basket, and the fragrance. I only pressed the leaves. I still enjoy the fine fragrance of the dried leaves, however. I still have a tiny bit in a jar. The ROSEMARY is small but hearty. This was the prettiest spring ever for the LILACS. The SWEET SHRUB is covered with little Mauve sweet bulbs.

The CHIVE bed is turning purple as more little blossoms appear each day. I have transplanted several plants. Last year I saved a tiny glob of chive seed and plan to plant them this year. That planting will be an experiment along with my Christmas tree seed. A friend gave me a lovely card which contained a package of seed for my very own live tree. I have planted some seed but will try others in different situations. The GARLIC bed is just right. The SAGE stood the weather in fine shape and is also covered with little purple blossoms. I enjoy breaking the stems and hanging them to dry.

We had large sweet carrots until Christmas from the herb garden, and have more growing this spring. I am replacing the PARSLEY and also adding CHERVIL AND RHUBARB. The FENNEL plant grew tall and full and shimmered in the fall sunlight. I used the golden branches in a large dry arrangement. I have noticed FENNEL is added to many new recipes. I have moved the plan outside the bed and to the north end where there will be less sun and more room, although the bed is sunny all day. The BERGAMOT bloomed well. The pink and the white YARROW is growing steadily. The pink needs to be replanted.

CONCLUSION

The third year of Mullein has taught me that even with high hopes and top student participation we sometimes run into problems. We all start our with enthauism but when we live the regular, routine school year we get tired and bored and things seem unexciting. We have stuck together, however, and our kids are really great to help after the new has worn off. It means a lot to see their smiles and willingness. I appreciate you.

I believe the ones who have benefited the most are the ones who developed a closer relationship with an elderly relative. Three of the students who wrote for Mullein have lost a grandparent or great grandparent.

Note what one girl, who later lost her grandfather wrote: "The good old days' as Grandfather recalls, 'had its good time and its bad'. 'I wouldn't go back for anything. There are many things I would make different but there are some joys of being old. I admit I would like to be young and healthy again instead of getting old and dying'."

"I can tell my grandfather is old; not because he is wrinkled but by watching him. He just sits and stares and lets his mind wander. He doesn't laugh like he used to. He barely even talks now. He used to love to call people on the telephone, but now when it rings, he just looks at it and waits for someone else to answer it.

I guess everyone has to age sometimes. I guess I'm already missing him because we were so close. But sooner or later he will be gone and I have to let go. What worries me most is when...."

I see the absence of our art program at Junior High has left its effect on Mullein. There were very few students interested in drawing. WE missed their help in getting this copy together.

We have not made any trips this year. It just hasn't worked out that we could. I want Mullein staff to be able to attend a folk filming workshop so that we can learn to capture some of our activities. We need to film our interviews.

We had a booth all day at First Monday Art Sunday. People who worked or brought things to sell at the December Arts Festival were: Raquel Porch, Liz Hodges, John Knight, Dan Allen, Colleen Barriar and others.

Thanks to all of you who brought pictures and stories. If we haven't used your picture of your story, we will next year. We want a section on cave.

And a special thanks to my husband, Hamlin Caldwell, who has been a tremendous help each year. You make it possible for me to do the extra.

Martha Caldwell

THIS BOOK PRINTED ENTIRELY BY THE STUDENTS AT JACKSON COUNTY
TECHNICAL SCHOOL AS A LEARNING PROJECT.