

the GROUNDHOG

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A Publication of the Mentone Area Preservation Association

Lowell Barron — Art Of The State

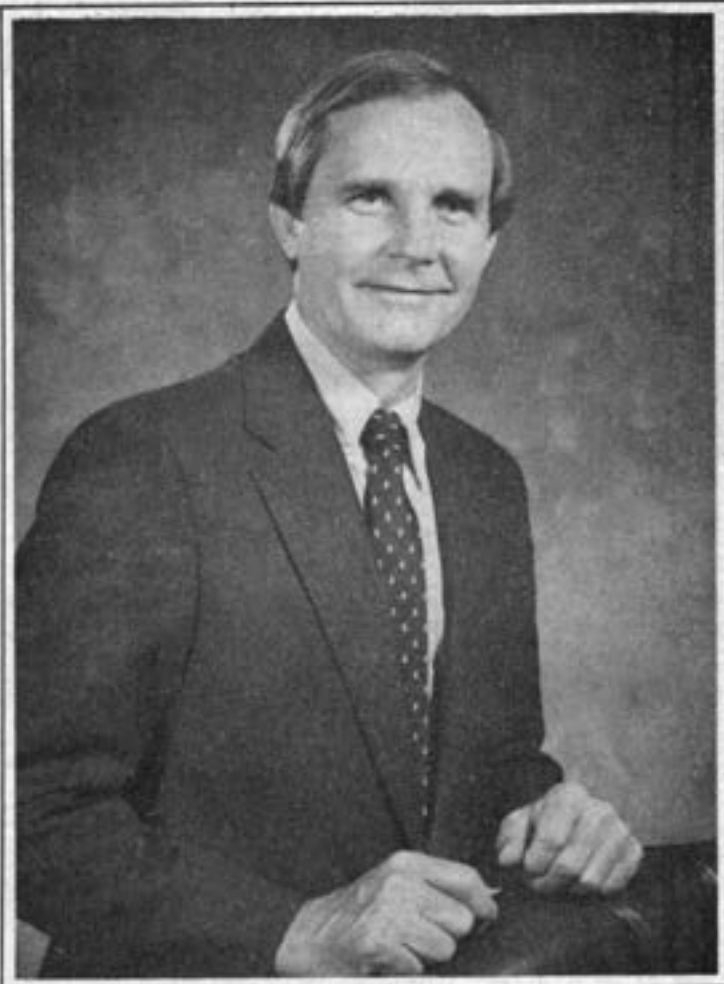
Senator Lowell Barron believes in the people and in their right to be represented fairly in the State Legislature. He feels a closeness with those who elected him and tries to never get very far from the roots that nourished him as a child living on a farm on the Jackson-DeKalb County line in northeast Alabama. He is an uncommon man with an uncommon mind and sense of dedication; to retain those characteristics in politics today is the exception rather than the rule.

Sen. Barron knows hardship, for his younger years were a struggle for survival in which a failed crop could mean hunger or even loss of the very land needed to sustain life. His father abandoned his mother when Lowell was only six. He and an 11-year-old brother made the crop that year, with the help of their mother Ollie and a pair of mules. "My mother had to borrow \$5,000 from the Federal Land Bank to buy out my father, and the yearly payment was almost more than we could make," Sen. Barron reflected. "But my mother had more faith than anyone I have ever known. Somehow, we always made it."

There were older sisters who were grown and married and a little brother still in diapers that year. The family raised hogs, sold the calves from their cattle and raised corn and cotton for market. "Every day we were up 'way before daylight to get the farm chores done before the day's work began. Then we worked until after dark."

When Lowell was in the first grade, his father kidnapped him from school and took him to the mountains of Tennessee where he kept him in a small shack for a month until his mother could locate him. "We stayed that month in a one-room cabin near a stream where we got our water. There was no electricity or plumbing. We lived on cheese and cans of pork and beans and worked all day in the cotton fields. I did not know where I was or what to do. I did not question the fate that put me there, but did what I was told."

It was a strange set of circumstances that reunited young Lowell with his distraught mother: "My father and I traveled only at night. One time, when a local store did not have what he needed, we took a transit bus to the next one in Lawrenceburg. In the process of fording a stream, the bus became stuck, and another one had to be dispatched to pick up the passengers. My dad's brother was the driver, and he was sympathetic to my mother. He told her that I was near Lawrenceburg, Tenn., picking cotton for a local banker. All in secret, she found out where I was and came for me. I will never forget the day a new car rode up to the field and two men and my mother got out. I ran to her, not knowing that I would not see my father again for many years."



Senator Barron remembers the legacy left to him by his devout mother: "My mother could not give me material things, never a dollar for school or help of any kind, but she gave me much more than money could ever buy. She lived by faith alone and taught me never to give up. I look back now and think 'What hard times,' but we never thought about them being hard then. She was the most positive person who believed that God would take care of us if we only believed. She never took any medicine of any kind, even had her teeth filled and pulled without anesthetic. We would be in the field right before a rain with lightning dancing all over, and she would say 'It's not going to strike us.' She taught me to work hard and believe in myself and that is what I have always done."

Sen. Barron remembers when, in the fall of 1948, the family first got electricity into their house: "We had our house wired for electricity months ahead of time in anticipation of the time it would reach our farm. We were picking cotton that day, where the Junior College sits now. We did not know the electricity would be turned on that day."

(Continued On Page 6)

MAPA Meeting

Town Hall

Feb. 7

PROGRAM:

John Strickland

Of Tarcog
"Grants"

Everyone Welcome

7 p.m.

In Memoriam

Funeral services were held Jan. 13, 1989 for one of Mentone's most beloved citizens. Calvin James Ledbetter was laid to rest at Bankhead cemetery after an extended illness. He was 58 years old and had lived at Mentone all of his life.

He was a member of the Mentone Church of God and supported many community and church programs.

Revs. Roger Stanford and Larry Haynes officiated, with Burt Funeral Home in charge of burial arrangements.

He is survived by his wife: Orene Smith Ledbetter, Mentone; daughters: Diane Blansit, Mentone; Sharon Cox, Henagar; two grandchildren: Sherry and Joey Cox, Henagar; father, Herman Ledbetter, Mentone; sister, Helen Frazier, Mentone; brother, R. C. Ledbetter, Grand Saline, Texas.

Pallbearers were John Dean, Terry Goodwin, Leonard Haney, Benny Salazar, Mike Raughton and Danny Raughton.

Honorary pallbearers were Hoyt Potts, Tommy Flarity, Bill Lawman, Roy Bain, Tom Harrison, Breman Raughton, Sam Whalley, Russell Stalvey, Benny Goss, Tim Raughton, Bobby Clark, Joe Gregory and Tullon Frazier.

The family of Calvin James Ledbetter wishes to extend heartfelt gratitude to all who gave so graciously of time, support and concern during the recent illness and death of their loved one. "Calvin was touched deeply by the caring shown him by so many. He remarked at Christmas that he never knew he had so many friends."

There are too many to thank to do so individually, but each one who shared part of himself with our husband, father, son, brother and grandfather will always have the knowledge that Calvin truly appreciated each effort, and his days were brightened by every ray of kindness.

The family of Calvin J. Ledbetter

The GROUNDHOG

Wishes You The Best In 1989

**HAPPY
NEW YEAR**

**Mentone's
New Police Car**



Local Resident Builds Better Mousetrap



Claude Coots and granddaughter Angie.

On Nov. 1, 1988 Claude G. Coots, a Mentone native, received patent number 4,780,985 from the United States Patent Office and since that time the world has beaten a path to his door.

The Electric Mouse Exterminator gained nationwide recognition with an article in the New York Times that included a cartoon illustrating mice with a death wish. From there, the Copley Press of San Diego, Calif., spread the word of the unique invention to 1,300 radio stations all over the world, including Australia and New Zealand. Since that time, Claude Coots has appeared on the radio to the delight of many live radio audiences and more stations have been in contact to arrange interviews. Even the tabloids are getting in on the action, with the *Globe*, a Florida-based rag sheet, setting up an interview as the *Groundhog* goes to press.

The Electric Mouse Exterminator is a perfect example of necessity being the mother of invention. Claude was having trouble with a persistent and sadistic gopher rat who became bolder and bolder in his forays into the house and cupboard. He tried in vain to kill or capture the wily

rodent using all the conventional methods on the market. The dirty rat had chewed a hole in the kitchen paneling. This meant war.

The idea of electrocution came like a light in the darkness to Claude G. Coots that fateful night. He hot-wired the mouse access hole, turned off the lamps and sat down to wait. After about 30 minutes, just when he had given up, he noticed a snout protruding from the hole. A quick check provided a cleanly-killed rat. The rest is history.

found at work and around the house. It worked. Now, the deal is being cut to bring this marvelous invention into the mouse-infested homes of all Americans. It should be available sometime in April, and sell for about \$10. Many safety features have been added, making the device dangerous only to voracious rodents.

Claude Coots is not one to let this special talent for the mechanics of extermination go undeveloped and more inventions in the same socket are currently in progress. We wait with "baited" breath to see what develops next.

Mentone Break-Ins

Mentone Police Chief Bill Willingham reported that there have been several break-ins in this area during the last several weeks.

Chief Willingham asks that all citizens be alert for suspicious activity and automobiles and to call him promptly.

Also, if anyone hears of televisions, microwaves, shotguns or other items being offered for sale by individuals to please let him know.

Chief Willingham: "The thieves have not been content to break-in and steal, they have, in many cases, vandalized the houses as well."

"I ask all the people of Mentone to assist me in the apprehension of these criminals. It is in the best interest of all citizens to stop this now. Also, if anyone is going to be away from their property for any length of time and would let me know, I will keep a close watch."

Volunteers Needed

Have you ever thought about being a volunteer in the adult education program, but you felt a little inadequate? Well, a willing spirit is the most important part. You will have an initial training period wherein specific procedures are techniques are introduced and practiced. Also, once a year the Northeast Alabama Area Adult Education Program offers an inservice program for volunteers. If you are a reasonably competent reader and are openminded and flexible in your attitudes toward instructing adults, you would make a great volunteer aide in the adult reading program. Often times when beginning readers sense that someone is really interested in them, it gives them encouragement and causes them to want to do their very best.

Volunteers are also needed in the GED program. The GED teachers need help in giving their students the individual attention they deserve. Volunteers are needed to work with the teachers as aides. If you have at least a high school education and would be interested in serving as a volunteer with the adult education program, you may call the Adult Education Office in Fort Payne at 845-0465, between 8:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.

Our Town

With Linda Brown

What a nice gift we all receive on Jan. 1. Another year to do all the things we meant to do last year. A year to meet new people and to become reacquainted with the ones we once knew. 365 days to help someone in need, love a child, pet a dog, speak to someone who is lonely and visit an older person. What will you do with your year? How much of what you meant to do will be left undone on Dec. 31?

This is the time of year in Mentone that everyone tries to just keep body and soul together. The weather is nasty, all of the summer people are gone and nothing is happening except the tasks of daily living. As I write this we haven't seen the sun in over a week. I think that the first settlers in Mentone were hardy souls to endure this weather long enough to build a town. I know that persons who live here year round are hardy souls. I've always told new comers who are thinking of building in Mentone to spend one winter here before they make the final decision.

Have you noticed how clean the sides of some of the city streets are? H. P. Goss has been cutting and trimming the under growth. The rain has him stopped for awhile but he will be back to finish the job when the weather is better. This looks so neat and clean that maybe it will be an incentive for everyone to keep litter and garbage in its place. Good job, H. P.!!!

Generally we don't think much about yard work in the winter, but this is the ideal time to really look and see if there are objects that need hauling off or maybe litter has blown in your yard that needs to be picked up. You might select the perfect spot for a flower bed now or maybe decide to replace the plants around your home. This is a good project to fill some of these winter days.

Look for the first robin and think S-P-R-I-N-G!!!

From The Editor

By Mickey Strickland

A friend recently gave me the opportunity to observe the workings of a large television network from the inside. I was given the grand tour of CNN in Atlanta and I was impressed. Not that I understand most of it, but I can appreciate the sheer volume of energy and know-how that it takes to keep a constant image on the screen.

I also added another dimension to my mental image of the founder of CNN, Ted Turner. Before, I had figured Turner to be a colorful genius, tinted with just a shade of crazy, and a whole lot tougher than nails.

When Donald Trump wrote his *Art of the Deal* about a man who manipulates high finance and big business to his advantage like a general plotting a war — and in the battle is his reward, the ecstasy of winning no matter what the cost — I drew a correlation between him and Ted Turner.

I saw Ted Turner as a riverboat gambler, a little bit Yancy Derringer, a little bit Rhett Butler with the cutting edge of General Patton; a Cool-Hand Luke playing his hand to the finish, laying his cards on the table and pulling off big bluffs, and more often than not, coming up with a full house. He would know when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em, and when the game was over and the chips fell where they might, Ted Turner would be at the end of the table, raking them in.

But there is more to Ted Turner, and it is what makes all the difference between him and men like Trump. Turner is filled with a genuine concern for the world and its problems, and unlike a lot of others, he translates compassion into action.

He is founder of the Better World Society which has for some time been bringing to television, programs about the environment and about threats to peace. The society's goal is to "enhance communication and understanding among the peoples of the world."

Now a new enterprise, "CNN World Report," is an effort to bring global attention to those things that should be of paramount concern to humanity — environmental, social, cultural. It is a weekly news program that presents features from over 100 countries around the world. The program airs on Sundays from 3 to 5 p.m., and at mid-night on Cable News Network. "CNN World Report," the first world-wide newscast, is a program designed to bring about a better understanding among the peoples of the earth in the hope that common concerns can foster common goals.

"CNN World Report" reflects the lives of the people who are the focus of the programs and is presented from the perspective of the participants and their culture. The features run the gamut from coverage of a judge's bloody murder in El Salvador to a children's festival in Turkey.

The participating broadcast organizations are under no restrictions except in the areas of length (each piece must be no longer than three minutes), basic technical standards, and if possible, English-speaking correspondents must be used. (CNN provides translation when needed). The pieces come to CNN in Atlanta via satellite or air freight. The most compelling characteristic of these programs is that they are put on the air uncensored and without editorial comment.

"CNN World Report" is part of the network's international programming and is fed to the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service.

Ted Turner also has a new environmental program in the works for CNN and it is obvious he intends to use every resource at his disposal to help bring about changes for the better.

Ted Turner needs the story of his life and times told, but unlike Donald Trump who lives for the deal, Turner prefers to deal in lives.

The book could be entitled *Luck of the Draw*, and I have just the person to write it for him.

MAPA Minutes

The Jan. 3, 1989 meeting of MAPA was called to order at 7 p.m. by director Jack Jones. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's report was also given.

Roy Matthews gave a report on the walking trail. A motion was made and carried to approve funds for the bridge to be finished.

Bill Riedesel led a discussion regarding the mowing of the parkway. He attended a county commissioner's meeting and the subject was tabled until their next meeting. Bill Riedesel will attend and invite others to accompany him.

The Rhododendron Club was commended for their "Adopt-A-Mile." Friends of Little River and the Environmental Sanitation Service were also praised for their work in cleaning up the roadsides.

The programs consisted of Jack Jones taping each member's "First Impression of Mentone" which will be kept for a historical record.

— Condensed from the minutes of Frances Rosario, Secretary



The Groundhog

Published monthly by the Mentone Area Preservation Association. First conceived on Groundhog Day, 1982, and organized April 6, 1982, for the purpose of preserving and protecting the heritage, natural environment, and other unique qualities of life in the Mentone Area. Chartered as a non-profit organization by the State of Alabama.

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How To Get A Groundhog To Your Home or Office

The Groundhog is the official publication of the Mentone Area Preservation Association. It is provided by them as a service to the community at large. Dues are ten dollars per year which will insure the arrival of the Groundhog to your doorstep, come rain or shine. For your very own copies send ten dollars to: MAPA, P. O. Box 50, Mentone, Alabama 35984.

* MAPA MEMBERS *

Time to Pay Your Dues:
Mentone Area Preservation Association Dues Are \$10.00 for one year and should be paid in July.

To MENTONE AREA PRESERVATION ASSOCIATION, BOX 50 in support of the objectives of MAPA, desiring to join with others in preserving and protecting the heritage, natural environment and other unique qualities of life in the Mentone area, I enclose \$10 for voting membership for one through June 1989

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

MOUNTAIN WATCH

By Charles White-McGehee

AN OPEN LETTER

TO MAYOR ROB HAMMOND

During the years when I edited *THE GROUNDHOG* there was frequent conversation between us which I thoroughly enjoyed. Sometimes I teased you about how subtly you may or not be using your college major in political science. Occasionally a "press conference" was held in which we posed to you questions about local issues and the state of the town.

Sometimes we disagreed, but constantly we shared a love of this town, each having come here to live as a matter of choice. In a way I have missed our conversations, yet I have always felt entirely free to pick up the phone for a chat or drop you a note with my views. It is in such a spirit that I pass along to you in this public sense some recent thoughts.

Anyone who has gone to the town council with a problem — and most problems seem to deal with finance — knows that the usual answer is "we don't have the money for that." In most cases this answer is correct and inevitable. Yet some crucial matters are at hand: law enforcement, street maintenance, fire protection, adequate water supply, and related matters.

A logical question is, "Why not raise taxes?" This is a questionable solution because we are a small town with a most limited base. Your problems, therefore, parallel those of President George Bush who says repeatedly, "No new taxes."

Solutions to local problems then cannot entirely be approached in sheer terms of finance. What other avenues are available? As mayor, you have certain powers. You can appoint committees or commissions to deal with categories of interest. Beyond powers as mayor, bestowed by law, you have the powers of influence. You are a symbol of this town's government and in a position to set some directions and perhaps guidelines.

You are mayor, or leader, not only of the Town Council, empowered with presiding at the monthly meetings of the council. You are leader of the entire community, both literal and symbolic. Although this community has a limited tax base, it is composed of some worthy organizations, who are making significant contributions on their own.

We well remember 1983, when the town approached celebration of its centennial, you appointed a special committee. This group was composed of the leaders of our various organizations. In preparation for a year-long observance of our 100th birthday, this committee met on several occasions, appointed sub-committees, charted plans, and functioned magnificently.

The results were little short of inspiring. A new vitality seemed underway. We had fun facilitating the various events. Looking back we now know that Mentone has untapped resources. Let's give consideration, Rob, to a broader, more permanent utilization of such a structure composed of community leaders. To avoid routine of repetitious meetings, it could schedule quarterly sessions or gatherings for specific purposes.

These leaders would first share information about what their groups are doing, discuss municipal needs and how they could be approached, and look to the future, to build the kind of Mentone the majority of us want, to maintain those qualities which cause us to love it so much, to meet our common needs.

Such a commission should not overlap the function, duties or powers of the town council. In some ways it would assist the council in its work, perhaps doing research about grants, drawing up alternate plans, broadening the base. It would not be a forum, where people came merely to talk. It would be a working group, a broader base of leadership, because these are persons of proven leadership chosen by their organizations.

Since beginning this letter, Rob, I have begun watching "The Power Game" on Alabama Public Television, based on the book by Hedrick Smith. Perhaps you also have been observing this series which cites a major development on the Washington scene. It contends, and seems to prove, that because of the power and influence of the media, the lobbies and pressure groups, the staff and appointive officials, a vast amount of power has shifted to non-elected leaders, away from the congress and president.

It's a long way from Washington to Mentone. Yet there may be some similarities worthy of consideration. At the last MAPA meeting Director Jack Jones began recording an oral history of Mentone. Speaking into a microphone, the old-timers present gave their earliest impressions, their family backgrounds. Relative newcomers told what first attracted them.

Typical comments of the newcomers were those of Art and Betty Harris. In an earlier visit, they saw a town that seemed almost deserted: empty buildings, a deteriorating Mentone Springs Hotel. In 1984 they returned, seeing to their surprise a revitalized community. What they saw caused them to buy a house and become permanent members. Many of these changes and improvements were brought about by private organizations and groups.

Mayor Hammond, if you were to appoint such a commission as I propose, it would at present be composed of the following leaders: Crafts Festival, Linda Brown; Rescue Squad, Leonard Shigley; North Lookout Mountain Fire District, Marty Griffin; Fire Department, Hershell Pruitt; Rhododendron Garden Club, Betty Johnson; Mentone Area Preservation Association, Jack Jones; Friends of Little River, Desmond Disney; Lookout Mountain Camping Association, Dick O'Ferrall; American Legion, Howard Carson.

The recent vitality of Mentone is yet preserving its character as "the best little town in America." What we have done is an example for other small towns with minimal tax base. By establishing such a committee on a permanent basis, Rob, you can make history which will be remembered for years to come.

The Lookout

"Atop Lookout Mountain"
CLOUDLAND, GEORGIA
(404) 862-2515

Alabama Celebrates A Birthday

From The Governor

Last month an event took place in this state which many people were not aware of. This event happened 169 years ago on Dec. 14, 1819 when Alabama became the 22nd state to join The Union. This birthday of our great state was not highly publicized but should not be forgotten.

The history of Alabama is complete with brave pioneers and war heroes. The first Europeans to explore our beautiful rivers, lakes and mountains were from Spain in the early 1500s. The French made their first permanent settlement in Mobile on the bay with the English settling in the northern area of the state in the early 1700s. By the end of the French and Indian War in 1763, France ceded the entire region to England. In 1814, General Andrew Jackson broke the power of the Creek Indians. And in 1861, Montgomery, Ala., was the home of The Confederate States' first capital.

Since this time of settlement and wars, Alabama has proven itself as a great state through the people who have been born here. Alabama has a list of famous natives like: Hank Aaron, Paul "Bear" Bryant, George Washington Carver, Nat King Cole, Helen Keller, Joe Louis, Jesse Owens, George Wallace, Booker T. Washington and Hank Williams.

The events which have taken place in our great state and the people who call Alabama home are incentives to keep working to make our dreams for Alabama come true.

What about the state of Alabama today? We have dreams for better health care, for more jobs, and for a better quality of life.

Since I became governor, I also have pursued relentlessly my dream of making Alabama's education system one of the best. The goal of Alabama's explorers and leaders were to make this territory or state the best in the world. My goal is as equally clear.

In education we need basic, fundamental improvements in the whole structure. That is why I will continue to pursue my dream of raising the standards for our schools and demanding that educators be more accountable for producing students who can compete globally. I want to build a new frontier for education, a system that rewards good schools for progress and sets new high standards for performance for educators and students. I believe the people of Alabama are convinced our schools are not going to get off the ground if we simply keep spending more and more money on those old ideas.

Those who oppose fundamental reforms of education in Alabama are powerful, but so are the opportunity for the future. As we celebrate Alabama's 169th birthday let's make our dreams for a better education system in Alabama's future come true.

1988 has been a wonderful year for the state of Alabama. Our economy has continued to grow at a record rate as more and more Alabamians find good jobs. We have made strides in health care, hazardous waste control, education and highway improvements, drug abuse and crime control and so many other things. Despite the adversity we faced during the legislative session of 1988, it truly was a year of progress in Alabama.

I have been very pleased with the economic progress we made in rural Alabama this year. Our Rural Development Task Force has helped to create 250 jobs in economically distressed counties, and I have high hopes the task force will make an even bigger impact in 1989.

1988 was a banner year for tourism in Alabama. Our new tourism campaign, "Alabama: The State of Surprises" helped us to double the number of inquiries from tourist across the world, and it is clear tourists are flocking in record numbers to see the beauty of our state.

We created about 1,400 jobs this year with my executive order which made tax-exempt industrial bonds available to companies that could not get seed money back last spring when the legislature failed to pass a bill that I sought. But business and industry were the winners when the legislature passed that bill in the special session, and Alabama's economy will continue to improve because of it.

With our education summit of 1988, we came very close to passing through the legislature our Quality in Education Act despite strong resistance from some in the hierarchy of education. The program calls for tougher performance standards for students and educators and more accountability from school systems, and it's one that I will pursue again in 1989. We had some success at education reform in 1988 despite the failure of the bill in the legislature. Our efforts have put education reform on the agenda in Alabama, and we forced the State Board of Education to approve resolutions calling for higher standards.

I am extremely proud of our efforts to bring down Alabama's infant mortality rate. This year we put more than six million dollars into the state Medicaid program to offer more services for poor mothers and babies. In addition, we are entering what I have called the Year of the Child. This program will promote the increase of day care slots for children of working mothers and more investigators who will probe reports of child abuse.

This year we passed a tax on the sales of illegal drugs, giving the state a chance to collect millions of dollars from the ill-gotten gains of drug dealers while giving authorities a chance to prosecute drug dealers on tax evasion charges. The ABC Board agents who began working drug cases on my order have confiscated almost \$62 million worth of drugs and made more than 1,300 arrests. We will continue the war on drugs in 1989.

1989 will be the year of the Alabama Reunion, the year of tax reform, and the year of welfare reform. We will work again for education reform and crime control as we make all our efforts under the banner of the Year of the Child. 1989 will be a year to remember in Alabama.

Five Point School: 1954



Doris Maynard, Glenn Maynard, Brenda Maynard, Wilma Maynard.



Wilma Jean, Doris, Leta, Linda, Dewey, Glenn, Austin, Alfred.

Alabama Gives Away Funds



During the Alabama June Jam Press Conference held on Jan. 10, 1989, the Alabama Music Hall of Fame was one of the 172 recipients receiving June Jam funds. Accepting the check for the Alabama Music Hall of Fame was Executive Director Jimmy Durham and board member Buck Borders. Back row, presenting the check was Alabama band members, Jeff Cook, Teddy Gentry, Randy Owen and Mark Herndon. This donation was made in the name of Percy Sledge and Pat Upton.

Sharing The Dream

By Mickey Strickland, Editor

On Monday, Jan. 16, I decided to celebrate my birthday with the memory of a very special person. Dr. Martin Luther King would have been 60 on Jan. 15 and the city of Atlanta, especially the Martin Luther King Historical District on "Sweet Auburn" Avenue, renewed faith in the principles and ideals for which he lived peacefully and then died violently on that tragic day in 1968.

The day of the 16th awoke from a rain-threatened sleep to promise of cold wind and bright sun reflecting from the surfaces of the azure pools that accent the courtyard of the Center in downtown Atlanta that bears the name of American civil rights' most beloved leader. Not exactly knowing Atlanta like the back of my hand, I and my companions drove for an hour just trying to find the center and the nearby Ebenezer Baptist Church where a memorial ecumenical service was being held. Crowds began to arrive early, and soon the street was packed with faces turned expectantly toward the church. Barricades were up to control the crowd and Atlanta's finest were out in force, as well as private security people in droves.

The area took on a carnival atmosphere as vendors and hawkers plied their trade in souvenirs and food. There were also tables set up by activist groups trying to communicate through speech and literature the credibility of their cause. From militant Socialists to women's rights advocates, the persuasive sell was on. I listened as objectively as I could, now and then interjecting a comment. Though I was in total agreement with some, others made me feel uneasy. I am always supportive of those who would strive for greater equality for women and other minority groups. Perhaps that is why I identify so strongly with the civil rights movement and Dr. King — we are all in the same lifeboat and in the last few years, the vessel has begun to take on water.

I admire Dr. King's ability to see the total picture, the overview of struggling humanity no matter the gender or culture. He tried to unite diverse groups with the common bond of the fight against poverty and prejudice. He spoke for many and had planned a "Poor People's March" on Washington but never lived to lead it. He was a non-violent man of astounding courage in a time of unspeakable violence and bitter cowardice.

Finally, the time had come for Rev. Jesse Jackson, Mrs. Coretta Scott King, Attorney General Thornburg and other dignitaries to emerge from the church. There was no way to get close enough for pictures with the barricades and guards, but Grailin Young, Southeastern Bureau chief of CNN, graciously consented to allow me to accompany him and his crew to the inner sanctum of the rear of Ebenezer Baptist Church where the action definitely was.

News crews from major networks were all vying for choice spots as the current movers and shapers of civil rights filed out of the building into waiting autos.



Mrs. King and Rev. Jackson.



CNN's Jeff Levine Interviews Sen. Sam Nunn.

Coretta Scott King has the kind of face that seems frozen in dignity — as is sometimes the case when tragedy and struggle leave internal scars but no outward marks. She is cool and careful, always the lady with a mission, never wavering nor failing.

Jesse Jackson plays the crowd, ever ready to shake a hand, raise a finger in greeting or to acknowledge loud cries and strong voices calling him to "keep the dream alive." Eager people pressed themselves to the fence, pushing their young ones up and over just to let this pope of the people bless the child. He is no Martin Luther King, but there could never be another just like him.

I took as many pictures as I could, hanging close to the CNN crew so that some of their credibility would include me. All too soon the moments were over, marred only by Attorney General Thornburg's easy refusal to "not discuss business" on such an occasion.

I pressed through thousands of excited, happy people as I walked the 10 blocks back to my car. I thought of the Dr. Martin Luther King Center and how it is the perfect resting place of the body of the man whose name is synonymous with struggle for dignity. He gave a lot of people the first pride they had ever felt; he gave them honor, and the knowledge that they were in the right no matter what power said they were less than human.

I felt a sense of purpose, but a sadness also. The last years have gnawed away at the foundations that were poured in blood and tears during the tragic yet soaring times of trial by fire. I cannot believe that Martin Luther King would have stood still for this, and I also do not believe that as long as his spirit is carried forth in the hearts and minds of people such as I met that day, that the dream will be allowed to die with him.

Dr. King's most-remembered speech was before a much larger crowd than the one in Atlanta: the time was 1963 and the place was Washington, D. C. Over 250,000 people from all avenues of life stood to hear him speak the words, "I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood — I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character. This is our hope."

Just five short years later, Dr. King was dead, felled by a bullet from one white supremacist's gun with many fingers on the trigger. But the dream did not die. Maybe it has become tattered and a little forlorn, but it will always be a ray of hope in a dark world — sometimes shining brightly, sometimes barely glowing, but always there.

1988 Final Holiday Closeout!

S-10 in Stock
Used Trucks
Used Cars
Trucks and Blazers



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With Eloise Brown

Eloise Brown, Sunshine Queen of 1988, crowned Betty Brown 1989 Sunshine Queen. The Club met for their Christmas Party at the beautifully decorated home of Billie Harper. Eloise Brown gave the Christmas Devotional. Secret Pals were revealed through the giving of gifts. A bountiful buffet was enjoyed by all. New Sunshine Queen, Betty Brown, was crowned and those present were Gladys Stott, Bess Bauerle, Vernice Young, Billie Harper, Gladys Cobble, Ruth Pickett, Jean Jones, Maureen Hammond, Geraldine Hawkins, Jewell Palmer, Mae Card, Willie Mae Palmer, Evelyn Clark, Leona Chadwick, Heather Harper and Chrissie Norman.

A Tribute to Roy Cobble:

Roy A. Cobble, a long-time hosiery executive, died June 16 at the age of 75. With three older brothers already in the hosiery business, Cobble began his career in Fort Payne, Ala., at Fort Payne DeKalb Mills Inc. He went on to form his own company in Fort Payne, Sara Lee Hosiery Mills, before moving to Chattanooga, Tenn., and founding Scenic City Hosiery Mills.

When his older brother Joe Cobble died, he became vice president and general manager of Cobble-Muse Hosiery Mills, Inc. of Chattanooga from which he retired.

Roy Cobble is survived by his wife, Gladys Cobble, of Valley Head, Ala., three children, Mickey Cobble of Chattanooga, Tenn., Rebecca Cobble Stott of Valley Head, Ala., and Donald R. Cobble, former executive vice president of Kayser-Roth Hosiery, and now of Chapin, S. C. We still feel the loss of this Worthy Gentleman. (The above was taken from the Magazine "Hosiery News" of Charlotte, N. C.)

Christmas was a time of families gathering together with joyful happiness. Where was I? I was at B.M.C. DeKalb. No, I am not going to bore you with details of my surgery — sufficient to say — it was rough. I actually thought I could sneak off to the hospital and back before anyone missed me. I didn't want anyone to know, especially the children. I didn't want anyone to worry or to dim anyone's happiness at Christmas. I should have known better. Due to the fact that I had two good stubborn doctors, Dr. Sturwalt and Dr. Alex Walker, who wouldn't let me say no, I'm sure my life has been extended. I know Dr. Walker worked extra hard to do a good job. Dr. Steve Isbell was good too, as well as the rest of the team. The hospital personnel were so considerate and those nurses on second floor surgery — I can't say enough about them! They worked so hard, day and night. They were so sweet and thoughtful. They were all beautiful in every way. My family, friends and neighbors have all been wonderful. I can't tell you how much your cards, gifts and flowers, visits, calls and every kind and thoughtful deed has meant to me, especially the love and prayers. I'm kinda glad the secret couldn't be kept. May 1989 bring us all a strong hope and faith for good health and better days.

Black Leaders Meet With Gov. Hunt

Gov. Hunt met Jan. 4 with Southern Christian Leadership Conference national president Rev. Joseph Lowery and state SCLC president Rev. John Nettles.

Gov. Hunt already has sent his rural development task force into three counties with heavy black populations and has named 13 counties with heavy black populations as enterprise zones, qualifying them for tax incentive programs to generate economic growth. Rev. Lowery proposed that black leaders submit suggestions on other efforts that could be made in Alabama, and Gov. Hunt agreed to accept such a report.

Alabama's unemployment rate has dropped more than three percent since Gov. Hunt took office, and the governor predicted strong improvement in the future for both blacks and whites.

"Whether it is infant mortality or whether it's crime or drugs or economics... their goals and mine are the same as far as economics, and that is more jobs, more opportunities and more entrepreneurs," Gov. Hunt said at a news conference Jan. 5 concerning the meeting with the SCLC leaders.

Gov. Hunt said unless blacks in Alabama make progress, the state as a whole will suffer.

"There is no way that Alabama can ever progress and have the kind of economy and be able to do the things that we want unless the blacks in Lowndes County, for example, have the same opportunities that people in Jefferson or Madison or other places have," Gov. Hunt said.

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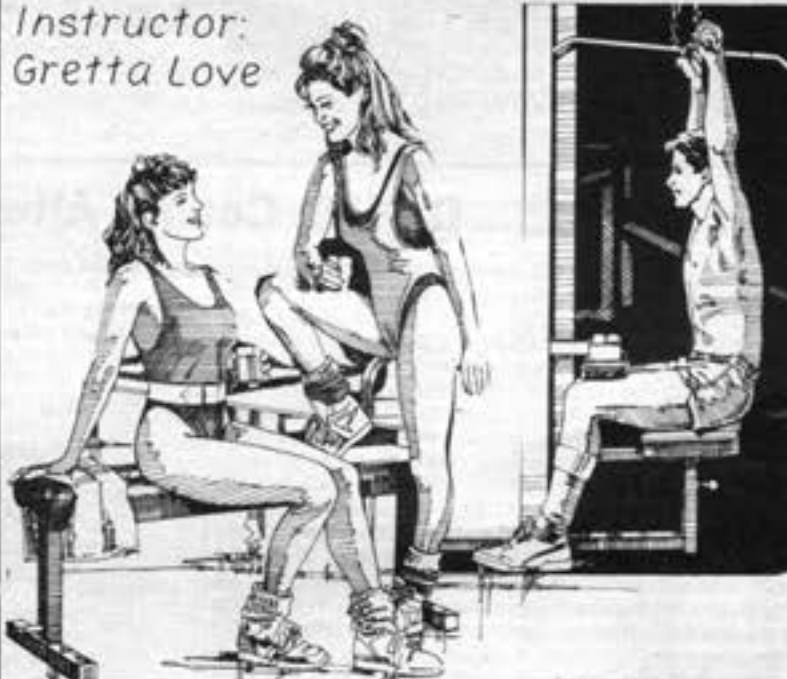
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Senator Barron

(Continued from Cover)

When we rounded the bend in the road, I thought the house was on fire. We couldn't have had over two or three 50 watt bulbs, but they gave the brightest light. It was my duty to fetch the mail, and as it lay in the opposite direction, someone else beat me home and got to pull the chair on the light first. I cried and cried over that. One of the best things about the newly-installed electricity for the Barron family was that now they had light to read by late into the night. The youngsters took full advantage of this opportunity.

The family home was heated with a wood stove, and food was cooked with the same fuel. There was no indoor plumbing or refrigerator. Water was drawn from a dug well with a windlass, and milk and butter were lowered into the water to keep cool in the summer. It was quite a chore in those days to keep enough wood for the house. My broiler and I cut wood every evening with a cross-cut saw and as we were so small, it took all we could do to keep the woodbox full.

Lowell Barron put himself through his senior year of high school and through Auburn University by working as a barber. Mr. Posey owned a barbershop in nearby Rainville, and I approached him about teaching me the trade. He was willing, and before long I was working every weekend in his shop. Flat-tops were in at the time and the price of a haircut was one dollar for adults and 75 cents for children. When I came home from college, I would fill in for various barbers so they could have a day off. I was so fast that I could make over \$60 in a day. That money would last me several weeks. It was hard work, but I stayed with it and before long, I lent money to friends who would pay me back with interest.

The choice of course of study in college came about when Lowell overheard someone say that the druggist in Rainville made more money than anyone in town. I decided then and there that I wanted to make that kind of money, too. While serving an internship in Gadsden at Lane Drugs, Lowell came home for the weekend. He was married at that time to the former Sharon Mayo. He realized that there was a need for a drugstore in Fyffe, his place of residence. I called a banker on that Sunday and told him what I wanted to do. He would not discuss it with me on Sunday, but told me to come in on Monday. I got the five thousand I needed.

The first two years were lean ones, with little money for stock. I would keep a sack behind the counter and when someone would buy something in a box, I would take the bottle out and ask them if I could keep the container. Pretty soon, I had enough empty boxes lined up behind the full ones to make it look like I had full shelves. I learned then that people just don't like to buy from a store that is not well stocked.

It was not long until the store was full of the real thing because Lowell executed a series of brilliant moves that put him in the catbird seat. I went to Floyd County Hospital and talked a young physician, a great fellow, into moving to Fyffe. Then I negotiated with the city and arranged for a clinic to be built. As the only druggist in town, I made a lot of money. But I never forgot those rough days and always tried to treat people like I had wanted to be treated. I would go the extra mile, and as is often the case, I paid a price for such dedication to my business. In the process, I neglected my family too much.

Lowell has two children from his first marriage, Shala, age 20 who is in college, and Lowell Ray, age 17, who lives at home with his father and attends high school at Fyffe, Ala. Last year, Senator Barron remarried and now has two new children, ages 6 and 7. When asked about his second marriage he responded, "I am very happy and look forward to the time I have with my family. My children, Shala and Lowell Ray and the two new additions to the home, are my pride and joy."

During that time, Lowell served on the city council and as mayor of Fyffe. He also began a highly successful construction business that continues to this day. "I have been criticized for my business interests, but I was into this long before I was Senator, and the housing I build does not involve state funds, only federal. I have always been very careful about conflict of interest."

Lowell's first contracting venture did not turn out so well, however. He bought an old house, hired someone to renovate it, and lost \$3,000 when it sold. "That was the steepest bluest I had felt in a long time. I decided I should do the next one hands on. I built a new house, digging the septic tank and doing other heavy work with my hands, and made \$1,100 profit. I would work on it after I got off from the pharmacy in the evenings."

Having learned from the start that he did not like losing money, Lowell knew the time was right to make it. "I bought 10 acres at Fyffe and opened a subdivision. It was so successful that I bought another 30 acres and did the same thing. Then I took another risk — I put up everything I had and purchased 100 acres for \$100,000. An old merchant came to me and said, 'Boy, you've lost it now, you'll never even get your money back.' I have gotten it back many times over."

Sen. Barron owns apartment complexes throughout Alabama, but feels most proud of the ones he has built for the elderly. "I love old people. They always do what they say they will. The day the rent is due, they will be there early with it. They have a great amount of integrity and loyalty and I admire that. I am often invited to get together at the different apartment complexes and I go as much as I can. Providing them with homes is probably the most gratifying thing I do."

In 1982, Lowell decided he could help his town more from the state legislature. "I had been mayor of Fyffe for 12 years, and had done all I could do from that office. I wanted to do more, and I knew I would take more power than I had." The 1982 election was a hard one. "I was only well-known in my hometown of Fyffe, but I wound up leading the ticket with just over a 100 votes and gained a run-off with the incumbent, James Lemaster. The third candidate joined forces with the Lemaster camp. I was a novice, and as the contest raged on, it became a bitter one."

Lowell decided to take his campaign to the common man and see if it would appeal to those he felt closest to. "I never wear a suit on a campaign when I'm out with the people. I want to let them know that I am one of them, that it is by their trust that I represent them."

"One day at first Monday in Scottsboro, Ala., I came around the corner of courthouse square to the whittler's bench. The old man seemed receptive to me, so I struck up a conversation with him. An old gentleman from Dutton I knew to be a Mr. Deerman said, 'Son, where you from?' I said, 'Sir, I was born on a little farm in the edge of Jackson County over toward the college plowing a mule.' I threw the mule in to get folksy with this old man in overalls. Mr. Deerman stopped his whittling for a minute, looked up at me and asked, 'Do you know a lot about mules?' 'Yes Sir,' I replied. 'I know a good bit about mules. I used to plow with mules. He said, 'Well then, let me ask you this. Why does a mule sweat more behind his ears than he does in front of them?' I thought and thought, and finally said, 'Mr. Deerman, I just don't know.' 'Why it's simple, son,' he broke up the crowd with laughter. 'It's because there is more mule behind his ears than in front of them.' That took me down a peg or two."

After months of campaigning and with \$62,000 of his own money invested, it came down to the wire on election night. "The night the election returns began to come in, I trailed by about 1,000 votes all evening long. I became very dejected. Some of the campaign workers tried to pick up my spirits, but I just couldn't feel as winning. Finally, all the boxes were in except for three, and we were behind 488 votes. We waited until midnight, and still the results were not in. In a half-hearted way, I asked someone to call the courthouse and find out which boxes were still out. They told me Mentone, Powell and Rainville. I jumped straight up in the air and said, 'We've won this election.' I have some good friends and workers in all those places, and by the time the count was in, I had made up those 488 votes and had gained another 300. This incident endeared me to Mentone and all the places that supported me. The other guy got almost no votes in Mentone, so I know where my friends are."

Then in 1983, the unthinkable happened. A judge had ordered redistricting to be done so that more minorities would be represented. "The Democratic Party, my party, decided it did not want me to represent it. They threw me out, after that hard and expensive and emotionally draining election, and ran David Stout in my place. I had served less than a year, and the feeling I had was so horrible. I almost had no options — it was too late to run as a Republican, and too late to qualify as an Independent. I took a few days off and went away to get it all together and to decide what to do."

Lowell Barron came back from that trip with a lot of people on his side. The injustice of the situation struck a chord in those who heard of it, and there was a groundswell of support for him to try to win on a write-in ticket. Roy Sanderson, my campaign manager, and Glen Brudner, now the Secretary of State, and I, all got together to plan strategy. We decided to not let anyone know of

our plans until the last minute so there would be an element of surprise. We had the commercials cut, got the advertising ready to go, and laid the groundwork in total secret. I did a lot of research and found that write-ins were almost unheard of at this level. The only other one I could find was Strom Thurmond in South Carolina in the '40s. I said to myself, "You've already lost out if you don't try, so why not put up \$20,000 more and see if you have a chance?" This is where the faith my mother gave me, helps me to have the courage to go on. She taught me to believe in myself, and I could accomplish anything."

Sen. Barron was told he did not have time to cut a television commercial; the election was only days away. He called David Carroll who worked at channel 12 in Chatsanooga and was from Bryant, Ala. They made the commercial in three days. An employee of the station did a wonderful job with the art department at UTC furnishing the actors. An announcer from Nashville was brought in, and a scene right out of the basement of special interest politics was set up. The commercial depicted a smoke-filled room full of representatives from the most powerful groups in the state of Alabama. "In reality, I had been kicked out of office with just the same sort of back room deal, and I thought it very appropriate." When the spot was done it aired on Huntsville, Chatsanooga and Birmingham stations to an appreciative and understanding audience.

Finally, just eight days before the election, Sen. Barron announced his candidacy. "I took the other camp totally by surprise. They did not have time to mobilize and to counteract my movement. At first they laughed, then the laughing stopped."

The mechanics of a write-in vote were enough to make a weaker, less determined individual give up, but Lowell Barron felt he had been wronged, and he also felt the people should get what they were promised when they had voted him into office the year before. "We only found one man in the whole district who knew how to handle a write-in vote on the voting machines, the custodian at the Jackson County courthouse. There were no instructions anywhere. We sent a photographer over there with a local attorney to make pictures of him going through the process. Step three was so intricate, I was really worried about it. We photographed it in detail, made up brochures, and sent one to every voter in this district. It was a good move."

On election day, as the results began to come in, it was obvious that Lowell Barron had done the impossible; he had won big. In an election in which around 7,500 voters usually turn out, 13,000 cast their ballots. "I was worried about certain areas. I had good friends there, but they would not leave the party and support me. It hurt me a lot, but I understood. Still, I was really concerned because they had worked so hard against me. In spite of his fears, Lowell Barron got to keep the seal that was rightfully his, and the voters proved once again that they like the underdog and do not like injustice."

The campaign was a tough one, it took all the resources Lowell Barron could muster just to keep going in the face of impossible odds. Night after long, weary night he met with anyone who could get a group together, sometimes not finishing up until almost midnight. As the campaign neared its end, he began to feel as if he were living in a dream. The days began to be indistinguishable from one another, and fatigue was a constant companion. Then, at the last meeting before the election the next day, having lost 14 pounds and with very little sleep, Lowell Barron stepped before a crowd that greeted him with such an outpouring of love and support that it was like coming alive again. "I stood before those people with tears in my eyes and told them a story that they could strongly identify with: There was an old wise man sitting on a mountain and all the people knew him to be a prophet. They came to him and he would tell things that were to come. One day, some local boys decided to prove the old man a fool. They captured a bird, and one of them held it tightly in his hand. 'I will ask the old man if this bird is dead or alive, and if he says alive, I will quickly crush it and prove him wrong. If he says it is dead, I will open my hand and let it fly away, again proving him wrong.' The cruel boys approached the old man and asked him to tell them if the bird were dead or alive. He answered after thinking for some time, 'If I tell you it is alive, you will kill it to prove me wrong, if I tell you it is dead, you will release it. Son, I do not hold the fate of that bird in my hand, you hold it in your hand.' And with that, Lowell Barron told the people that he was like that bird, and they held a fate in their hands. The applause was thunderous."

Lowell Barron had touched a chord in the hearts of the people that night, and he continues to do so until this day with his attitude of understanding and empathy with those who have faith in him and they do hold his fate in their hands. He would not have it any other way.

(First of Two Parts)

DeKalb County Alternative Education Program

Adult education classes have gotten off to a great start, but it is not too late for you to join. You can join an adult education class at any time, and it is totally FREE. All it costs you is your time and effort, but the rewards are great. The personal satisfaction you will receive is invaluable, and receiving the GED will be a stepping stone to many other advancements. After passing the GED Test, you can go on to college, technical school, or the armed services. It opens doors to employment, civil service or advancement in your present job.

The classes are offered FREE in your area by the Northeast Alabama Area Adult Education Program. Classes are designed to help you improve your skills in English, math, science, social studies, literature and reading, and they help you prepare to pass the GED Test. You may attend even if you have a high school diploma and just want to brush-up on your skills. A GED Certificate is equivalent to a high school diploma. Anyone 18 years of age or older may enroll in the classes. Special assistance is also available for the non-reader.

All you need to do to enroll is to attend the class most convenient to you. For further information, you may call one of the numbers listed below or you may contact your local board of education or the Adult Education Coordinator in Fort Payne at 845-0455, between 8:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Classes will be held at the following locations:

DeKalb County Public Library
(Fort Payne)
Wednesday
9-12 Noon
Phone: 845-0455

Moon Lake Elementary School
(Mentone)
Thursday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 634-4113

Crossville High School
Wednesday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 528-7859

Rainville City Hall Annex
Monday
9-12 Noon
Tuesday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 638-6331

Ruhama Junior High School
Tuesday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 845-3577

Geraldine High School
Monday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 639-2142

Williams Avenue School
(Fort Payne)
Tuesday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 845-0455

Henagar Junior High
Monday
6-9 p.m.
Phone: 657-4483

COUNTRY COOKIN'

WITH NOUR BERN KILGORE



BUTTER PECAN CAKE

3 tablespoons butter or margarine (butter's better)
1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
2/3 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 eggs
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup milk
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla extract
Cream cheese — pecan frosting

Melt three tablespoons butter in a baking pan. Stir in pecans and bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Cool. Cream softened butter in a large mixing bowl. Gradually add sugar, beating until light and fluffy and sugar is dissolved. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine flour, baking powder and salt; add to creamed mixture alternately with milk, beginning and ending with flour mixture. Stir in vanilla and one cup of the pecans, reserving remaining pecans for the frosting. Pour batter into two greased and floured nine-inch cake pans.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool layers in pans 10 minutes, remove from pans and cool completely. Spread top and sides of cooled cake with:

CREAM CHEESE FROSTING WITH PECANS

1 (8-ounce) package cream cheese
1/2 stick butter or margarine
1 (1-pound) box powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Remaining 1/2 cup toasted pecans
Beat cream cheese and margarine until smooth. Add vanilla, sugar and pecans. Spread on the cake.

CHOCOLATE SYRUP CAKE

1/2 cup margarine, softened
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
1 cup self-rising flour
1 large can Hershey's chocolate syrup
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
Pinch of salt

Cream margarine and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add eggs; mix well. Beat in flour, chocolate syrup, vanilla and salt; pour into 10-inch Bundt pan. Bake in preheated 325-degree oven for 30 minutes or until done. Cool thoroughly. Spread icing over top and side of cake.

ICING

1/2 cup margarine
1/2 cup cocoa
12 to 15 marshmallows
1/2 cup (scant) milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 box powdered sugar
1 cup chopped nuts

Combine margarine, cocoa, marshmallows and milk in top of double boiler; cook until marshmallows are melted, stirring constantly. Add vanilla; stir in powdered sugar until smooth. Add nuts; beat until desired spreading consistency.

APPLE CRISP

1 1/2 pounds (about) apples, peeled, sliced (5 cups)
2 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon ground ginger
1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg
1/2 cup quick oats
1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/4 cup corn starch
1/4 cup corn oil margarine

Place apples in 10 x 6 x 2-inch baking dish. In small bowl stir together 2 tablespoons sugar, ginger and nutmeg. Sprinkle over apples; toss to coat evenly. In medium bowl stir together oats, brown sugar and corn starch. With pastry blender or 2 knives cut in margarine until coarse crumbs form. Sprinkle over apples. Bake in 375 degrees F. oven 35 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve warm. Makes six servings.

OLD-FASHIONED GINGERBREAD

1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup molasses
2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
1 1/2 teaspoons soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 cup hot water

Cream butter; gradually add sugar, mixing well. Add egg and molasses, mixing well.

Combine dry ingredients; add to the creamed mixture alternately with the hot water, beginning and ending with the flour mixture, and beating well after each addition.

Pour batter into a lightly greased and floured 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes or until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean.

Of Heroes And Omelets

By Charles White McGehee



Rudolph Stanish.

Once I compared my hero Rudolph Stanish to Beethoven, whom he greatly admires. Down the passages of our lives, heroes have a way of progressing from the Jack Dempseys and Babe Ruths to the FDRs and Thomas Wolfes. The eminent mythologist Joseph Campbell defines the hero as one who sets forth, does mighty deeds, and through these finds illumination.

No giant of the battlefield, writer of eternal sagas, or composer of symphonies, Rudolph Stanish is a maker of omelets. Although he can make four omelets a minute, he does not strive for spectacular speed. Each of his omelets is a work of art. The Guinness record was set by Howard Helmer at Disneyland on July 14, 1978 — 217 omelets in 30 minutes. Rudy could exceed this record any morning before breakfast if he so chose. Chances are he would look condescendingly upon the showmanship involved when Madame Romaine listed 683 different omelets for her Manhattan restaurant.

In his heyday, back in 1968, Time Magazine (Jan. 5, 1968) called Stanish "a veritable chef d'oeuf," the best omelet maker in the land, maybe even the world. At the time he was moonlighting on weekends from his regular duties as chief chef at Wall Street's Goldman, Sachs brokerage firm. Regularly he starred at parties given by Mrs. Richard Rogers, Claire Booth Luce, Mrs. Paul Mellon, Mrs. John Hay Whitney, and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

During the summer of 1968 my wife and I visited the Ralph Pattons at Gramercy Park in New York. Before we departed on Sunday morning after a round of plays and restaurants, Pat made omelets for us. "What the secret?" I asked. As a near-vegetarian I have been a devotee of omelets since childhood. Once I committed the ignominy of ordering a cheese omelet at Antoine's in New Orleans.

"It's this pan," Pat said, "the finest on earth." Proudly he displayed a heavy cast-aluminum 10 inch Rudolph Stanish omelet pan manufactured by Manhattan Bridge Company. That Christmas, Ralph Patton sent me a Stanish omelet pan, along with a Stanish cookbook. There was a foreword by playwright Edward Albee. A Stanish admirer, Albee wrote that although in the book complete instructions are given for the gentle art, Rudy constantly says, "Watch me, watch me!"

I began practicing, not quite getting the knack. I'd lie awake at night, mentally practicing the method: rotate the pan in one circular motion, simultaneously swirling the fork in the opposite direction — like patting the head and rubbing the stomach at the same time. Again and again, I thought, "If only I could watch Rudolph Stanish make an omelet — just one."

A year or so later, the gods of heroism smiled in my favor. At the time I was minister of the Unitarian Universalist Church in Jacksonville, Fla. A story on the social pages of the local press announced that at the annual Symphony Ball, the famous Manhattan chef Rudolph Stanish would appear, under a tent, serving guests some 500 omelets in less than two hours.

I wrote Mr. Stanish, would he be so kind as to have dinner with my wife and me prior to the Symphony Ball? Jean would serve her beef stroganoff to him and his assistant. Perhaps he would make omelets for us, in order that I might watch. Afterward we would drive them to the ball. Immediately came an acceptance.

Stanish arrived from New York with plastic bags of ingredients for the omelets: chopped tarragon, parsley, and chives; sauteed bacon bits and grated Swiss cheese. Wonderstruck, I watched as he made our two omelets. "I never eat eggs," he said. Then came a suggestion. "After an hour or so, when I really get started, come back out to the tent. I'll leave word at the gate for them to let you in." We felt we could not afford the extravagant price of the Symphony Ball tickets. We were loath to be gate crashers, but this was too great an opportunity to miss.

So I stood just behind Rudolph Stanish as he with speed, rhythm, dexterity, and thoroughness made omelet after omelet, scrambling the eggs with a fork, blending in the herbs and bacon, then deftly applying the grated Swiss cheese, tilting the pan, sculpting the omelet with his fork, rolling it gently onto the plate, which he handed to the next person in line.

During this 15 second performance, his assistant Robert Flynn was rotating two other pans, having one always ready. It was all executed with glittering class, each omelet a fulfillment of rhythm and illuminating grace. Later I was inspired to deliver a sermon entitled "Watch Me," in which Stanish's philosophy of the omelets was called "a basic assumption of reality — that example is one of the greatest forms of teaching."

Our church scheduled 14 neighborhood dinner-discussion meetings to explore future directions. Boldly I volunteered my services to make omelets for each of the dinners, on separate evenings. The dinners were a success.

Bravely, I took my show on the road. For each of the monthly occasions, Marion Ranson, a retiree, served as advance technician — with burners and ingredients ready, eggs all cracked and beaten, for my arrival at Saturday evening dinners, which were a prelude to Sunday morning pulpit appearances.

All went well at Gainesville. In Tallahassee, as I tossed off omelet after omelet, a young lady asked my wife, "Does he do this for a living?" At Savannah, I set my all-time record of 59 omelets, about two a minute, far beneath Rudy's four.

Retired from Goldman, Sachs, Rudy lives at Yukon, Pennsylvania. Now 75, he does not perform professionally, only for benefits. Recently he made 317 omelets for a hospital near Yukon.

As each of my two sons set forth into his own world, I ceremoniously presented him with a Rudolph Stanish omelet pan, a book of instructions, and a note: "Treat gently this gift, develop your skills, use it only for omelets, and it will on many occasions light up your life and bring joy to others."

Valley View

With Eloise Brown

Eloise Brown, Sunshine Queen of 1988, crowned Betty Brown 1989 Sunshine Queen. The Club met for their Christmas Party at the beautifully decorated home of Billie Harper. Eloise Brown gave the Christmas Devotional. Secret Pals were revealed through the giving of gifts. A bountiful buffet was enjoyed by all. New Sunshine Queen, Betty Brown, was crowned and those present were Gladys Stott, Bess Bauerle, Vernitice Young, Billie Harper, Gladys Cobble, Ruth Pickett, Jean Jones, Maureen Hammond, Geraldine Hawkins, Jewell Palmer, Mae Card, Willie Mae Palmer, Evelyn Clark, Leona Chadwick, Heather Harper and Chrissie Norman.

A Tribute to Roy Cobble:

Roy A. Cobble, a long-time hosiery executive, died June 16 at the age of 75. With three older brothers already in the hosiery business, Cobble began his career in Fort Payne, Ala., at Fort Payne DeKalb Mills Inc. He went on to form his own company in Fort Payne, Sara Lee Hosiery Mills, before moving to Chattanooga, Tenn., and founding Scenic City Hosiery Mills.

When his older brother Joe Cobble died, he became vice president and general manager of Cobble-Muse Hosiery Mills, Inc. of Chattanooga from which he retired.

Roy Cobble is survived by his wife, Gladys Cobble, of Valley Head, Ala., three children, Mickey Cobble of Chattanooga, Tenn., Rebecca Cobble Stott of Valley Head, Ala., and Donald R. Cobble, former executive vice president of Kayser-Roth Hosiery, and now of Chapin, S. C. We still feel the loss of this Worthy Gentleman. (The above was taken from the Magazine "Hosiery News" of Charlotte, N. C.)

Christmas was a time of families gathering together with joyful happiness. Where was I? I was at B.M.C. DeKalb. No, I am not going to bore you with details of my surgery — sufficient to say — it was rough. I actually thought I could sneak off to the hospital and back before anyone missed me. I didn't want anyone to know, especially the children. I didn't want anyone to worry or to dim anyone's happiness at Christmas. I should have known better. Due to the fact that I had two good stubborn doctors, Dr. Stinwalt and Dr. Alex Walker, who wouldn't let me say no, I'm sure my life has been extended. I know Dr. Walker worked extra hard to do a good job. Dr. Steve Isbell was good too, as well as the rest of the team. The hospital personnel were so considerate and those nurses on second floor surgery — I can't say enough about them! They worked so hard, day and night. They were so sweet and thoughtful. They were all beautiful in every way. My family, friends and neighbors have all been wonderful. I can't tell you how much your cards, gifts and flowers, visits, calls and every kind and thoughtful deed has meant to me, especially the love and prayers. I'm kinda glad the secret couldn't be kept. May 1989 bring us all a strong hope and faith for good health and better days.

Black Leaders Meet With Gov. Hunt

Gov. Hunt met Jan. 4 with Southern Christian Leadership Conference national president Rev. Joseph Lowery and state SCLC president Rev. John Nettles.

Gov. Hunt already has sent his rural development task force into three counties with heavy black populations and has named 13 counties with heavy black populations as enterprise zones, qualifying them for tax incentive programs to generate economic growth. Rev. Lowery proposed that black leaders submit suggestions on other efforts that could be made in Alabama, and Gov. Hunt agreed to accept such a report.

Alabama's unemployment rate has dropped more than three percent since Gov. Hunt took office, and the governor predicted strong improvement in the future for both blacks and whites.

"Whether it is infant mortality or whether it's crime or drugs or economics . . . their goals and mine are the same as far as economics, and that is more jobs, more opportunities and more entrepreneurs," Gov. Hunt said at a news conference Jan. 5 concerning the meeting with the SCLC leaders.

Gov. Hunt said unless blacks in Alabama make progress, the state as a whole will suffer.

"There is no way that Alabama can ever progress and have the kind of economy and be able to do the things that we want unless the blacks in Lowndes County, for example, have the same opportunities that people in Jefferson or Madison or other places have," Gov. Hunt said.

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DeKalb County Council On Alcoholism And Drug Abuse

The DeKalb Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse has many services to offer the community. The local office works closely with community leaders to provide the kind of direction and assistance needed in an area where drug addiction and alcoholism are on the increase and already drain the resources of the local governmental and corporate support systems.

The local office provides information and referral services to alcoholic and drug abusers, their family and friends and employers.

There is a concentrated effort to stimulate community concern about alcoholism and drug abuse as a public health problem and a public responsibility.

The Council consults with physicians, nurses, social workers, educators, clergymen, public officials and other professionals who desire current, reliable and factual information about alcoholism and drug abuse.

The council makes available educational material, provides programs and support sessions in cooperation with schools, colleges and all civic groups who wish to participate.

The local office is an information, referral and training resource for individuals and their families, professional groups and others concerned with the problems of alcoholism and drug abuse.

The DeKalb Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse deals on a daily basis with treatment centers for alcoholics and drug abusers, making referrals and doing extensive follow-ups. Attendance at self-help programs for the individual and his family is encouraged and supported.

Court referral personnel employed by the state of Alabama attend each court session in DeKalb County in

order to evaluate convicted DUI and Defensive Driving Offenders for DUI (level I and II), and Defensive Driving Schools provided by the local Council.

Alcoholism is regarded as one of the nation's three major health problems. Millions have become its victim. The alcoholic person is sick, the victim of a progressive illness, requiring mental, physical and spiritual help.

Skid row isn't where you find most victims of alcoholism. Many are still living — and suffering — in their own homes. Many have gone far enough down the road of alcoholism to lose their homes, their jobs, their families, their self-respect. They're reaching out for help.

Alcoholics are professional people, government officials, tradesmen, executives, skilled craftsmen and workers. Like all diseases, alcoholism cuts across all lines . . . touches every segment of society. Chances are, alcoholism is found in your own family — or in another family close to you.

In industry and in business, the cost is incalculable — right here in our own area. Alcoholism causes prolonged and repeated absenteeism. It retards efficiency on the job. It impairs industrial productivity. All employees know this is all too true.

In broken homes and other family disruptions, the cost is high, too. Every day, the disease called alcoholism takes its toll in family relationships in the Cherokee, Etowah, DeKalb area.

With proper help alcoholics can recover. There are many hundreds of known recoveries in our area.

C.E.D. Regional Council on Alcoholism and the Alabama Alcoholism Association are neither "wet" nor "dry." Alcoholism, not social drinking, is our concern.

New Medical Center For Veterans

The \$26 million expansion of the Veterans' Administration Medical Center in Montgomery is an important offering from the American people to the nation's veterans, Gov. Guy Hunt said.

At groundbreaking ceremonies Monday for the first new construction on the VA Medical Center in nearly a half-century, Gov. Hunt said Alabamians should not forget the sacrifices of those who fought to keep America free.

"I think that everyone understands the importance of this facility and this expansion and how that it will be able to give the finest medical care to so many wonderful and deserving men and women of this country who have given of their time and talents and bravery to defend this country," Gov. Hunt told the crowd.

Gov. Hunt joined other dignitaries, including VA Administrator Thomas Turnage, to turn the first shovels of dirt for the construction of outpatient and clinical facilities. The expansion, which will include space for ambulatory care, admissions, clinical laboratory, radiology and pharmacy, will be completed near the end of 1990.

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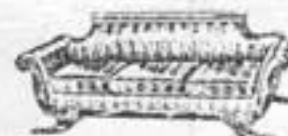
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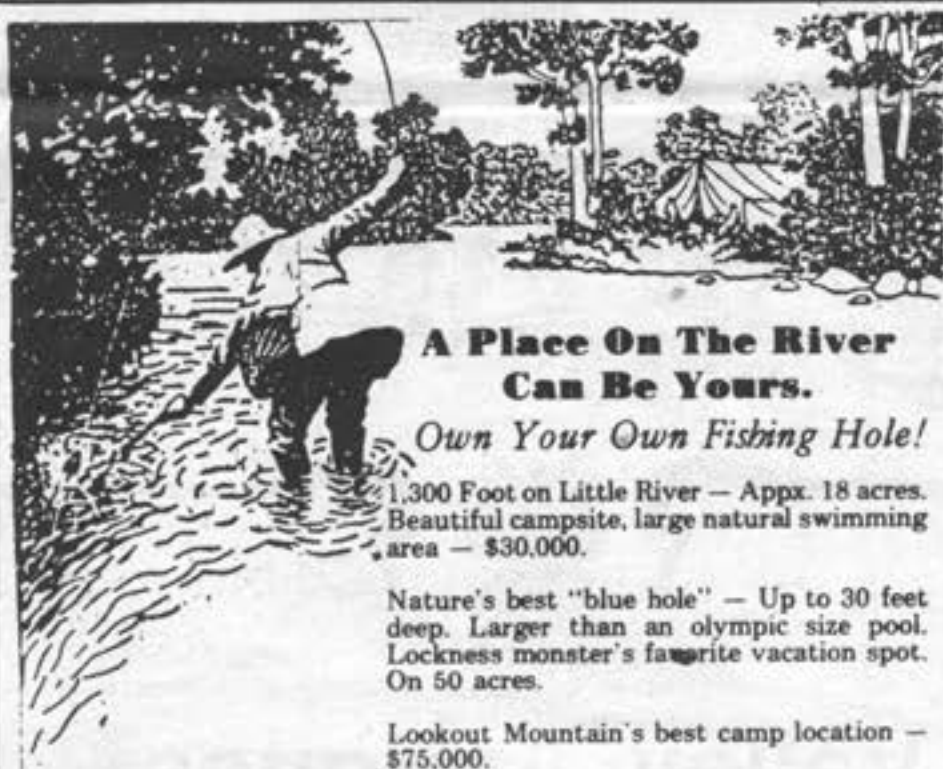
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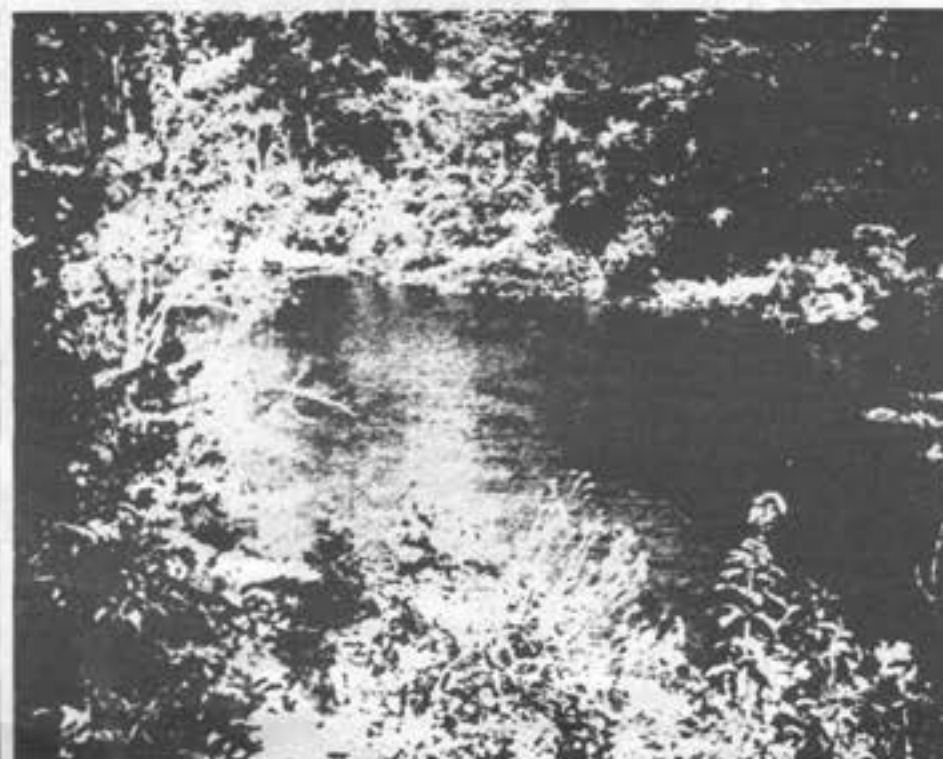
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June Jam

(Continued from Page 8)

The concert drew 54,000 fans and generated \$347,000 for charity.

For June Jam V, Alabama was joined by Willie Nelson, Charlie Daniels, John Schneider, Mark Gray, the Forrester Sisters, Restless Heart, Gary Morris and Mel Tillis.

The fireworks show was expanded for June Jam V. Dick Clark productions filmed portions of June Jam IV and V and condensed the tape into a one-hour CBS special on the group and on Fort Payne.

So out of adversity, the concert has expanded, drawing bigger crowds each year, generating a television

special and providing \$1.46 million for more than 600 charities.

The event is preceded by a week-long celebration in Fort Payne with a beauty pageant, street dance, parade, golf tournament, fishing tournament, softball game, arts and crafts, gospel singing, gem and mineral show, and a competition night.

But the local band is still the center of attraction, and the focal point is a locally produced, hometown benefit concert staged by a group dedicated to giving something back to the community.



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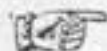
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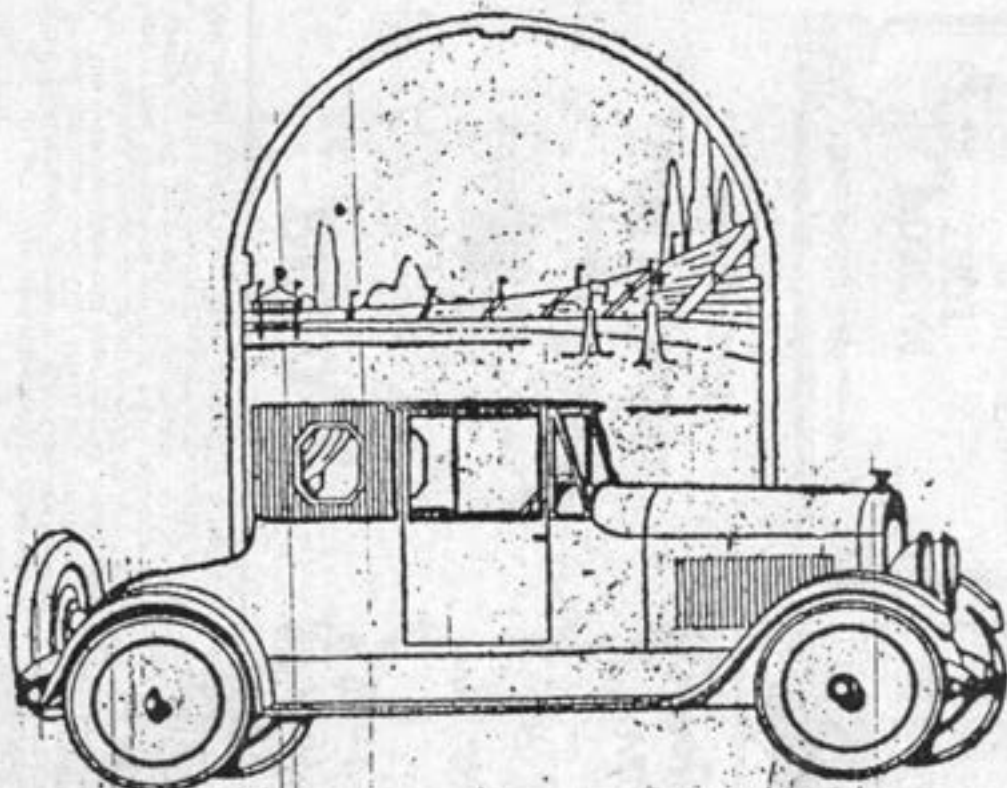
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