

the GROUNDHOG

VOLUME 5 - NUMBER 10 A Publication of the Mentone Area Preservation Association

JANUARY 1988

Cloudmont Ski Resort *Southern Comfort*



In *The Little House* series of books, Ma Ingalls is often quoted as saying "Nothing bad ever happens but what some good comes of it." If the paralyzing snowfall that smothered Mentone was a misfortune to some, it turned out to be a blessing to many — thanks to one of the most famous attractions in the South, Cloudmont Ski Resort.

Cloudmont brought over two thousand snow-seekers to Mentone and surrounding areas and a lot of businesses in and around Mentone, even as far away as Fort Payne, benefited from the Resort.

The Jones family was ready with a two-foot snow base made with their giant machines. Then when clouds of the white stuff fell onto every hill and tree for miles and miles, snow-fever hit a lot of people who braved the cold to enjoy the beauty and fun of the powdery slopes.

Because of Cloudmont, the Mentone Springs Hotel had more people than it has had in 50 years, the Log Cabin Deli did a bustling trade, Mentone Superette's sales were up as well as other businesses in Mentone.

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Town Hall Meeting January 28, 7 p.m.

Happy Groundhog Day, Feb. 2!

the GROUNDHOG

Volume 5 — Number 9

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Gourdie: Mentone's Ambassador To The Orient



グーディーズ (Made in USA)

Mentone's most unique ambassador made his first good-will voyage to the Far East in January. Gourdie, the famous brain-child of Sharon Barron, on a new adventure in which he plans to win over the hearts of the Japanese just as he has those Americans who have been fortunate to make his acquaintance.

Gourdie's fabulous voyage is under the sponsorship of Tanabe International Marketing Consultants, Inc., of Tokyo, Japan, in association with Kiddie-Land, which is the largest and most famous toy store in Japan. They are the trend-setters in the Japanese toy industry, and it is fitting that Gourdie go first-class all the way.

In addition, news of Gourdie's new residence at Kiddie-Land will be featured in one of the largest and best known weekly magazines in the whole country of Japan.

Gourdie took along several members of his family: an astronaut, a Super Gourdie, a Mime Gourdie, a Football Player and the super-chic Glitter Gourdie. It is planned for Gourdie's creator, Sharon, to make her debut in Japan before too long, but for now Gourdie is helping improve East-West trade relations and bring a new dimension into the lives of a culture based upon the natural and unassuming. That's Gourdie.

Little River Pollution Subject Of Discussion

"Does Little River Need Protection?" is the title of a panel discussion at the Mentone Town Hall Thursday evening, Jan. 28, at 7 p.m. In announcing the meeting, Mayor Rob Hammond says that many people have expressed concerns about Little River.

"Please attend and express your views on this important issue," he says. "This will be a good opportunity for us to better understand what would be involved in protecting the river."

Panel members will be Talmadge Butler, manager, DeSoto State Park; Dr. Doug Phillips, director, The Center for Environmental Research and Service; Jim Russell, administrator, DeKalb County Health Department; and John Strickland, Supervisor of Recreation and Grant Programs,

Alabama Department of Conservation.

In a letter to the citizens of Mentone urging them to attend the meeting, Mayor Hammond says that the Little River Canyon Preservation Act of 1979 created the Little River Preservation Commission to help protect the canyon and the three forks of Little River from the results of surface mining. This commission is no longer active.

Mayor Hammond hopes that as a result of this meeting there will be a strong core group in favor of protection and that this group will become more knowledgeable on this issue to work better with our legislature in seeking protection for the river.

Snow date is Thursday, Feb. 4, also at 7 p.m. at the Town Hall Meeting Room.

Park Director Shows Video To MAPA Members

Talmadge Butler, director of DeSoto State Park, showed a new promotional video to MAPA members on Jan. 5 in the new Town Hall meeting room. It was the first public showing of the film, and those present were asked for suggestions.

The 15-minute film was created by Channel 32 in Montgomery, WKAB TV. It will be shown to park visitors in the Country Store at the entrance to the site.

After showing the video, Butler spoke of some of the attractions of the 5,000 acre park. The film gave some of the history of the area and nearby attractions. It also showed offerings of the park, especially for visiting children. In addition to programs presented by the staff, accommodations were described.

Future plans Butler hopes to see implemented include a boat ramp, stone walls, access ramps, fixing and shoring up around the old fortifications, some access to a good view of the falls, and an observation area at the canyon.

Kathy Stiles Cooley To Speak To MAPA

The Feb. 2 meeting of the Mentone Area Preservation Association will feature as guest speaker a noted environmentalist from Birmingham, Ala., Kathy Stiles Cooley. Ms. Cooley is the founder and director of the Ruffner Mountain Nature Center which has thousands of visitors every year who come for seminars, programs, nature trails and wild flowers and animals that are the features of one of the nation's most beautiful areas.

Ms. Cooley and a neighborhood alliance worked with the City of Birmingham to save the Ruffner Mountain area from development, and it is now a multi-million dollar enterprise. The lessons learned there serve as guides to all who would seek to preserve wild and lovely areas here on the mountain.

There is an open invitation to all those interested in attending. This will be the second meeting in the newly-remodeled meeting place.

Snow Storm Blankets Area



The month of January has gone down on record as one of the coldest ever and also one of the snowiest. Beginning Jan. 8th, ten to thirteen inches of the frozen stuff fell on mountain and valley alike. Some of us could not get out of our driveways and the main roads as well as the secondary ones and especially the "pig trails" were impassable for the longest time in twenty years.

The morning of Jan. 9th dawned cold and frosty with white icing spread like snow-cream over the landscape and clinging to every pine branch and hardwood limb. Fence posts were works of art and the ordinary was all of a sudden extraordinary. When the sun at last burned the clouds back from the earth, it was as if diamonds had been ground into powder and mixed with the snow before it was used to ice the land.

Cloudmont Ski Resort had the most skiers ever recorded there, 1,200 in just two days. The skiers just couldn't stay away, and the winding road to the lodge was full of cars loaded with skiers eager to test the slopes. They were not disappointed, for Jack Jones and family had laid down two feet of homemade snow so that when Nature put on the finishing touches, it was beautiful.

The snow cover clung to the hard, cold ground as if loath to leave the mountain, but at last the sun overcame its reluctance and the earth began to emerge, sodden and dreary, from beneath the icy covering. Yet deep in the woods where the wind blows colder and the sun cannot warm, the snow lies still, a reminder of the deepest snowfall in two decades. Maybe it will be gone in time for the next one.

GROUNDHOG DAY February

2



From The Editor

By Mickey Strickland

There is a lot of dissent in our part of the country now over whether or not the Confederate flag should be allowed to continue to hang over the Alabama capital of Montgomery. That flag must be a thorn in the side of blacks to whom it is symbol of horror and repression, a constant reminder that there are still those who feel no remorse for a race of people treated worse than animals in order for a small group of people to accumulate large amounts of land and wealth. Each day it commands the most respected place in all the state; that is one more day hatred and division triumph. But there is another dimension to the glorification of the Confederate flag, and it is very much a part of the prevailing attitude of injustice still festering in the hearts of many in the South today.

I have heard that the Confederate flag is a symbol of the brave men who fought and died for "the cause," and that it means something to their memories. It surely is all that and more. It stands for something. It stands for the fact that wealthy landowners were able to induce poor farmers to fight for something the farmers did not own and never would.

Those poor souls did not fight and die for black flesh, they couldn't afford it anyway. And they did not spill their blood into the creeks and onto the fields for money, shelter, food or safety. Except for taxes the young United States needed to survive; nothing had changed that created a greater threat than had already been experienced by those who worked from daylight until dark trying to carve a home and farm out of wilderness. No, the Civil War was one great con game, and it is still being worked to this day.

The dirt farmers, storekeepers and mothers' sons who marched off to die did not even do it for glory. They did it because they had been pumped up to believe that the one thing they could call their own no matter how destitute they were was being threatened — their honor. And some bought the lie — lock, stock and barrel and paid for their innocence in flesh and blood scattered over thousands of miles. They paid in personal and public humiliation. They paid in self-respect, both their own and that of the South. And God help them, they are still paying.

Now, and since the time of the War Between The States, some southern whites are still clinging to that fallacy of Southern Honor. Rather than admit the truth, that it was a rich man's war fought with a poor man's blood, the old hatred and false pride lives on and lays waste the lives of the innocent along with the guilty.

The Confederate Flag is an important symbol, not one of pride, but one of manipulation and sadness at the loss of humanity. It belongs in a museum along with the other relics of a dead era. And until it is laid to rest, the ghosts of that four years of horror and subsequent years of disgrace will haunt the Southland, and there will be no peace.

MAPA Meeting

Director Bill Riedesel called the MAPA meeting to order at 7 p.m. in the new Town Hall meeting room. He welcomed guests Peggy Chafin and Grace Crow. Treasurer Harrell Jenkins reported that the five Alabama camps will furnish carpet for the room.

Jack Jones was appointed chairman of the Rhododendron Festival, to be held May 21 and 22. Harrell Jenkins will be in charge of selling plants; Shurleen Forehler will arrange crafts exhibits, and Bill Riedesel will handle publicity.

Sammy Cash is arranging for the state board to teach a local class in fire fighting.

Charles McGehee led a round of applause praising Harrell Jenkins for his fine leadership and workmanship in fixing the meeting room. Ray Froehler won the door prize of Maggie Cordell's ceramic cream and sugar pitcher. Talmadge Butler, director of DeSoto State Park, showed a new promotional video about the park. Refreshments were served by hostess Shurleen Forehler and by Maggie Cordell. Ray Froehler made the motion for adjournment, seconded by Harrell Jenkins.

Condensed from the minutes of Jean McGehee, Secretary

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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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Our Town With Linda Brown

What a nice gift! A New Year! A whole new year with which you can do anything you wish. Why not use it to be nicer to everyone? Why not learn something entirely new? Why not smile more? Why not be more patient with those closest to you? Why not?

You never know where a solution to a problem is coming from. McGregor McGehee of Watertown, Mass., son of Jean and Charles, recently solved one of mine. I was looking for a copy of the ballad, **John Henry**. McGregor sent me a tape with two versions on it. Exactly what I needed. Thanks.

Now another need arises; Ovie Blalock is interested in old-fashioned square dance calls (not the more modern Western style). This begins with "a big circle left, circle up four in the middle of the floor," and continues with other calls. This is the kind of square dancing that Miss Elizabeth Lowe taught many of us at Valley Head High School. We wonder if she reads this publication and could help us.

We all admit that the snow was absolutely beautiful, but after a week of it we are all ready for it to go away. A few days of slower paced living may be good for us occasionally. My cabinets and closets sure appreciated the attention. Have you ever noticed that when you organize a space you can never find anything that's in there? Also, if you throw anything away you will need it soon. Just ask Sam Hammond and Catherine Bailey. Private joke; I threw away something very precious to both of them. Sorry.

Most all social functions were cancelled this month because of the weather. Even church services were cancelled for one Sunday. This should make us appreciate this freedom even more. What if our churches were closed by forces other than the weather? Would you have the courage to stand up for your beliefs? Didn't mean to preach, just something to think about.

Beginning in January, the Mentone United Methodist Church will have Sunday School at 9 a.m. and worship service at 10 a.m. This will continue for a period of one year.

I have a question — was that beautiful covering of frozen mist on all the trees during the storm period what people sometimes call hoarfrost? If you know let me know.

Linda Brown, Rt. 1, Box 271, Mentone, AL 36984,
205/634-4755.



MOUNTAIN WATCH

By JEAN McGEHEE

My old column in *The Groundhog* was titled "Leftovers," and that's what this one should be called. This is being written two days after Christmas, and the refrigerator is full of delicious leftovers. There are still tins of cheese straws and cookies, but they won't last for long.

Always I go all out for the holidays. I love the decorating and the cooking. One of the chores I disliked greatly after our sons left home was the annual stringing of popcorn for the tree. I gave up cranberries years ago after too many got squashed into carpets. But I love to see the popcorn on the tree. However, it was a bummer to string it after fingers were sore from the pine needles, and it took a long time by myself. A couple of years I tried to save it by putting it in plastic bags, but it generated bugs. Last year I got the bright idea to put it in the freezer. It works! It will last for years.

One of the best things about retirement is having time to plan and cook. My parents have been dead now for three and four years. But I feel especially close to Mother at this time of year. She made a fat scrapbook-cookbook in an old ledger, even indexing the recipes. Her notes beside many are messages to me still: "Charles," "the boys," "Joe," "all of us," and "Xmas" indicate her abiding interest in new recipes. This year I made sausage balls from her book and a peanut butter-raisin pudding, as well as our favorite old standards.

Jessie Whitehead wrote when Daddy died that although she didn't know him well, she thought the planting of flowers and shrubs in their yard along 117 was one of the finest of legacies. I agree. Despite the droughts, the yard remains attractive all year around. I know the Blackwells have benefited from it. I love seeing the toys down by the white metal furniture.

One of my favorite lessons from college was one I learned my freshman year in New Testament Bible class — that there was a mis-translation, and the angels' message should end with "Peace on earth to men of good will," instead of simply good will to everybody. This year when President and Mrs. Reagan and a little poster boy from one of the national drives lit the tree lights in front of the White House, I saw a large banner reading, "Peace to men of good will." It made me feel good because peace will never come when people bear ill will toward each other, that's for sure.

One of my favorite Christmas presents was the first we received — a cleverly designed scarecrow from Sharon Barron. It is basically two pieces of wood, cross shaped, with a cut-out plywood head on top, similar to Raggedy Andy. On his cap is printed "McGehee's Garden." Come spring, he'll be installed in the garden with an old shirt draped on his cross-bar.

This is the time of year for some of my best gardening — the armchair-recliner type. The new garden catalogues have arrived. Looking through them, I find it easy to forget the drought of the past couple of summers and to dream of wonders yet to come — optimism keeps us going.

I always wonder about ordering seeds and plants from Oregon or Vermont because of the difference in climate, but from both places I've had good luck. The Gurney catalogue from South Dakota is a fun one because it has all sorts of unusual items. I always try to plant one experimental or fun bed. A couple of years ago, it was peanuts. What the moles didn't get, Charles and I ate in one day — boiled. Cantaloupes, which I started as a fun bed several years ago, are now a staple. Clyde Crow was a consummate gardener, and he told me the reason I had such good luck with cantaloupes was that they liked a sweet soil — and loved the wood ashes. He must have been right: one year they climbed the fence and went up into the apple tree, now defunct.

Gary Gengozian, editor of the Fort Payne paper, wrote a long column one day recently about his liking his burning pit. He should be ashamed of himself for burning leaves. They make the best compost to be had — and all for free. They turn into leaf mold like that which keeps forests so lovely — even with no turning, shredding, or additions. All it takes is a year or so, and the worms and other processes of nature do the rest.

The Sand Mountain Electric Cooperative and our own town council came through beautifully during our recent week-long snow-in. Both the power and the water stayed on, which was not the case in previous ordeals with the winter weather. Mentone's Bobby Brown is to be commended, as well as town employee Leroy Snider, who was seen walking the route up to the water tanks one morning.

One of the bright spots about being cabin-bound was the challenge of using food stuffs on hand. Our ingenuity was tried and meals may have been even better than usual. Russell Stalvey's frozen corn was especially welcomed. A couple of years ago we learned the best way to freeze the corn: straight from the field, chop off both ends and wrap each ear separately in foil. Boiled or cut off, I don't think the most finicky eater could tell the difference from fresh. Some folks don't even do this — they just toss the whole mess into the freezer. We've also heard it's good micro-waved. A lady at the Chattanooga farmers' market told me once that okra was best frozen whole and unwashed, but I've never tried that.

Want The Hog?

through June 1988

THE GROUNDHOG is the official newsletter of the Mentone Area Preservation Association, and is given free to all members of that organization. To receive your copy, send \$5 to MAPA, P. O. Box 50, Mentone, Ala. 35984.

News From Valley Head

By Eloise M. Brown

The Sunshine Club's December meeting was a bountiful covered dish luncheon at the home of Gladys Stott. Present were Sue Cooper, Lila Schlicher, Gladys Cobble, Gladys Stott, Mae Card, Geraldine Hawkins, Evelyn Clark, Jean Jones, Billie Harper, Ruth Pickett, Vernitis Young, Addie Hall, Stella Pierce, Betty Brown, Pat Baurle, Bess Baurle and Eloise Brown. Gifts were exchanged and secret pals revealed. Eloise Brown was surprised by being elected queen of the year.

Recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Blackburn were Mr. and Mrs. Winford Crabtree of Mentone, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Crabtree of Ringgold and daughter Sheri of Signal Mountain, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gibson of Houston, Texas, and son Keith Gibson of Reno, Nevada, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Crabtree of Chattanooga, Mrs. Willard Mince of Fort Payne and Miss Linda Blackburn of Orange Park, Fla.

Geraldine Hawkins is recovering from eye surgery. Ms. Pauline Wright of Knoxville, Tenn., was a recent guest of her sister, Mrs. Barry Brown, and family.

Doris Carmichael, Adelaide Biddle and Eloise Brown attended the school of instruction and the Official Visit of the Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star of Alabama at the Fyffe Lodge Hall.

Holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lee were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Strickland and sons, Trevor and Buck of Mentone, Mrs. Tim Cox and Linda Strickland of Atlanta, Capt. and Mrs. Leonard Lee and Matthew of Virginia Beach, Va., Andrea Lee from Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Ky., Allen Lee from Emory University, Mr. and Mrs. Jackie Lee and David and Jason.

Mr. and Mrs. John Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. David Hulan from Hixon, Tenn., Dana Hulan from Atlanta, Susan Hulan from University of Alabama, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nelson and Keith Nelson of Fort Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thompson of Montgomery met at the family cabin for Christmas Eve luncheon.

Mrs. Johnny Lee has returned home from visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. James Lanter in Baton Rouge, La.

Jewel Smith of Fort Payne spent the holidays with Louise Wells.

Neal Milling, who is in service, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Milling.

Lila ("Tillie") Schlicher has had a lovely booklet printed — "Sacred and Everyday Life Poetry." It can be purchased at Downer's in Hammondville or Morgan's in Valley Head.

Eloise Brown received an Award of Merit from World of Poetry for her poem, "To A Good Book," and a request for authorization to publish it in the New American Anthology.

May 1988 be good to us all!

Jim and Cynthia Connor



James Norman "Jim" Connor and Cynthia Johnson became man and wife on Jan. 2, 1988 in a beautiful ceremony at St. Joseph's Episcopal Church in Mentone. The Rev. Bob Blackwell administered the vows before family and friends of the couple.

Jim is a well-known actor, musician and composer who has written such hits as "Grandma's Feather Bed." He hails from Gadsden, Ala., but now resides in Mentone. His parents are the late Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Connor of Gadsden.

Cynthia is a teacher of multiply handicapped children and is originally from Decatur. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jeff H. Johnson of Decatur.

Jim's best man was his son, Jason Connor, and Dorra Hutcheson served Cynthia as Matron-of-Honor. A reception was held on the ballroom of the Mentone Springs Hotel. The "Front Porch String Band" played for the wedding and the reception.

The newlyweds spent a few days at Lake Guntersville Lodge and are planning a trip to Switzerland to finish their honeymoon. They will reside in Mentone.

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In Memoriam

Annie Clark Smith 1905-1988

A much-loved and respected daughter of Mentone died just after the New Year of 1988. Mrs. Annie Clark Smith is survived by her husband, Howard Smith; six sons, Clyde, Onzie, Cleo, Wesley, Floyd and Hoyle. She also leaves three daughters, Mrs. Opal Flarity, Mrs. Jane Howell and Mrs. Marie Mann.

Her brothers are Joe Clark and Floyd Clark; and her sisters are Mrs. Ennis Ramsey and Mrs. Ester Ivins.

Mrs. Smith bequeathed life to 22 grandchildren, 27 great-grandchildren, and three great-great-grandchildren.

JAMES FLOYD "MACK" BLALOCK



One of Mentone's best-loved citizens died at Baptist Medical Center in Fort Payne on Dec. 11, 1987.

He is survived by his wife, Lula Blackburn Blalock; two sons, Roy Wayne Blalock and Carl H. "Buck" Blalock; five daughters, Doris Jean Wilson, Mildred Sue Watson, Carolyn Faye Kilgore, Anita Blalock Meadows and Cheryl Crane; one stepson, George Preston McGee; one brother, Joe Blalock; 24 grandchildren; two great-grandchildren; and several nieces and nephews.

"Mack" will be remembered as an honest neighbor, much-loved friend and dedicated worker. He was also a talented musician and avid hunter.

His wife, Lula, told of her husband: "He was a Christian who rededicated his life in the spring of 1970. He loved to visit the local churches. His old-time fiddle music was special to many people."

"Mack" had worked hard from the age of nine in timber and in the saw mill. He loved to garden after he retired from farming.

"He was not just my husband, but my best friend for sixteen years and twenty days."

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New Arrival!
IN MENTONE

Tommy and Cindy Harrison are the proud parents of a baby girl born Dec. 27, 1987. Melissa Danielle Harrison weighed at birth 6 pounds, 15 ounces. She is the granddaughter of Joan Carver and Tommy Harrison Jr. of Mentone and Linda Ellis of Mentone and Jimmy Pullen. Great-grandparents are Tom and Sybil Harrison and Mildred Carver of Mentone, and the late A. G. Carver of Rome.

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SKIING AT CLOUDMONT

(Continued From Cover)

A lot of people do not realize the impact that Cloudmont has on the economic situation in DeKalb County and other areas nearby. When skiers travel to Mentone, they stop and purchase gasoline, food and other items on the way. Before and after skiing, they venture into the surrounding communities seeking souvenirs, extra lodging, food and other commodities. In return for bringing all this business into DeKalb County, it is hoped by the Jones family that the road into the Resort will be eligible for upgrading and repair. Twelve-hundred people in just two days visited Cloudmont which has caused some stress to the road.

Cloudmont is one of 26 ski resorts in the southeast, each offering a unique kind of skiing. "Nowhere in the U. S. are skiers more dedicated than in the Southeast," said Uel Gardner, President of the Southeastern Ski Areas Association. "In fog or rain, I see them decked out in rain slicks or a trash bag with holes cut for head and arms. When school's out on snowdays and people can't get to work, they can still make it to the slopes. They're ready with snow tires, chains and anti-freeze." These dedicated outdoorsmen bring money with them, and they are willing to spend it.

Cloudmont began making snow in 1970 and expanded since that time to two one-thousand foot slopes with two "pony lifts" to take skiers to the top. As soon as cold overnight temperatures drop to 28 degrees or colder, Cloudmont turns on the snow-making machines. "We don't need snow to fall from the sky," Jack Jones informed **The Groundhog**. "We can make the same stuff right



here, and to a depth of several feet. We can't put it on the landscape however, and a snowfall makes the area particularly beautiful."

The initial fee for skiing at Cloudmont includes personal instruction by experts and hours on the glittering slopes. Even if one has never been on skis before, after a few hours of the American Teaching Method, sailing down the slope will seem like child's play. These are beginner-intermediate slopes and snow-grooming equipment is used to insure safety and predictability.

Cloudmont offers a variety of rental chalets along Little River or on the edge of Saddle Rock Golf Course. The Lodge, which sits at the foot of the largest slope, has a warm and inviting fireplace, and the Cloudroom situated nearby sells snacks, t-shirts and other items. There are wild and lovely trails that take one from the riverbank and an old covered bridge to the top of one of the highest peaks on Lookout Mountain.

Several television news programs featured Cloudmont during the rush recently, including Channel 9 from Chattanooga, Channel 19 from Huntsville and Channel 31 from Huntsville. This sort of coverage gives more publicity to Mentone also and introduces others to "Alabama's Best Kept Secret."

Not just in the cold of winter, but also the rest of the year, from season to season, Cloudmont Resort is a mountain attraction that brings good tidings to a lot of businesses and many workers who depend upon trade for their livelihood. It's fortunate that Cloudmont is not Mentone's "best kept secret."

The View From Cloudland

When Beverly Brown, director of the Chattooga County Family Development Outreach Program and Sue Elliott of the Chattooga Services learned that Mr. and Mrs. Bob Steele of Cloudland wanted to donate some toys to needy kids, they immediately drove a car to the Steele's Cloudland Aloe and Herb Center and Mini-Mall. Not in their fondest hopes did they envision the generosity of this couple.

It was soon evident that one car would not hold all the items that Bob Steele was preparing to send. So Jimmy Black Chevrolet-Oldsmobile and Ramsey-Hall Ford of Summerville donated the use of vans to haul the bounty.

"It's Christmas, that's the main reason," Mr. Steele tried to explain his heartfelt generosity. "We've been hearing that a lot of people are pretty hard up and a lot of them are not going to have much of a Christmas. Chattooga County has been good to me making a living and something I have always believed is giving something back."

The Steeles gave \$12,406 worth of toys and through this kind and generous act insured that many children would feel the joy of Christmas.

Clara Steele, Bob's wife, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Elliott and Cecil Deering helped load and unload the dolls, electronic games, caps, hats, jewelry, sunglasses, watches, water guns, doll furniture and other items.

Mrs. Brown said that one family with five children who had lost their home to a fire might not have had Christmas gifts for the children without the gifts from the Steeles.



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The Hitching Post

CROWS' NEST ANTIQUES
Jean Elrod — Bernise Crow



Farewell To An Old Friend

Terry G. Hutcheson

I sold my old house today. The pretty young real estate agent just called to tell me the buyer accepted. She was so excited, this being one of her very first sales and the house had barely been on the market a week. But I, instead of being elated at the news, am somehow melancholy. I feel as though I had just received word of a close relative's passing — That sort of loss which cannot be comforted by anyone or anything save the passage of time.

Everyone agreed that selling it was the best idea — Everyone except my mother who has trouble turning loose of anything she loves, a trait she instilled in me in my youth, more by example than instruction. Intellectually it really did make more sense. I had not lived there in over two years because of being away in law school. I tried renting it out to family, friends, and friends of friends. The results were not good. No one loved a house like the true owner. I made the decision not to return to my home town after graduation so I really did need to part with the old place. I can do that with my mind, but my heart sees things differently.

There's nothing special about the house. It's really rather ordinary, much like all the other houses in the neighborhood. You wouldn't pick it out of the crowd, but it was home to me for over thirteen years. Looking back over that span of time, my mind races to a thousand everyday happenings that are crystal clear in my memory. I remember each detail with such clarity that it's hard to believe they happened so long ago. I suppose the parting sparked the memories.

It seems like only yesterday that I was discharged from the Army and was working third shift as a deputy sheriff. We were newly wed and this house was our first real home. We were as proud of it as if it had been a palace. Later, this was where we prepared a nursery for our new born daughter. She had blue eyes and blonde hair and warmed the house with joy and love. In the spring we planted fruit trees and laid out the vegetable garden, symbols of durability and renewal. Fall came and brought the first chilly winds and somehow we lost the magic. Slowly the warmth left us and we parted ways. She took the daughter. I kept the house, empty except for memories and bitter tears.

The passing years brought other vegetable gardens and more fruit trees. There were some great times because I was blessed with plenty of faithful friends. I gave a barbecue party when I graduated from college and cooked eight huge pork shoulders on the pit I had built in the back yard that summer. I remember staying up all night minding the fire. It was quite a chore, but I had good counsel and companionship in an old country fellow I had befriended years before. Before the party was over, 273 people had eaten their fill.

But there were many lonely times spent in the old house. Countless sad songs were written and sung in front of the big black wood stove. If I were to be fair and honest, the bad times outnumbered the good times by a great margin. There were days and nights filled with despair and loneliness. Sometimes I would be so overwhelmed with my plight that the house became more cell than sanctuary. I always endured these bouts and somehow spring arrived just in the nick of time.

One time spring came in late January. I had cooked a big pot of chili, built a nice fire in the stove and fixed up the house to entertain a young lady I had invited over for supper. The chili must have been mighty good and the fire cozy and romantic because she was the last girl I ever entertained.

We fell in love in that old house and in time she became the bride I carried across its threshold.

Looking back and remembering, I realize that the old house is just a neat stack of wood and brick with no heart and soul of its own. It is wholly dependent on the people who enter it and live there for its vitality. Although I'll miss it dearly, I must remember that what I mourn for is not the old house, but the memories of the times I spent there. Farewell, old friend.

The Cookie:

A short story by Howard Cash Marsh

Author of THE KEEPER'S REIGN

She removed the cookies from the oven and placed them upon the rack to cool. The chocolate chip aroma filled the room and escaped into the countryside through the open window. The cooling breeze ruffled the curtains while she washed the remaining few bowls and spoons.

It had been almost a full week since she had had the misfortune of having the flat tire. It was not that it had been late night, nor that it had been drizzling rain, but she based her misfortune solely upon the awkwardness of the circumstances under which they had met. He had been so nice to have changed the tire for her, and nicer still to have not complained of getting muddy and soaked. She had been so infatuated with his looks and impressed by his politeness that she had completely forgotten to ask him his name.

She wondered where and who he was, and was feeling quite silly at the apparent emptiness within (as they had only experienced such a brief encounter). These thoughts and others of romantic origin were interrupted as the mocking bird landed upon the window sill and stole one of the cooling cookies. It surprised her but she was glad to share and felt quite elated that the bird would risk such a feat for one of her cookies.

The bird flew directly from the sill to a holly tree a short distance away and perched. He held the cookie and surveyed the house and surrounding yard. Though the woman never bothered him, and neither did the beagle which napped in the shade next to the front porch, he had to always be alert for the cat. He adjusted his grip on the cookie and dropped it. It fell to the ground through the prickly leaves and landed unbroken.

He launched into the wind and circled once before descending in a spiraling arc to the cookie below. He never had the chance to retrieve the stolen delight before he was again airborne. From the corner of his eye he saw the dreaded yellow blur streaking toward him.

The beagle awoke from the noise and noticed his second favorite quarry and immediately began the chase. He was never tired of giving the cat a real good run and especially enjoyed the cat's apparent disgust at the whole idea. His nose vacuumed the smells and each exhale became a melody of expressive joy.

The path of the fleeing cat went over the woodpile and under the picket fence, through the garden and into the lush pasture. There the beagle's nose quickly discerned the fresh scent of the rabbit from that of the cat, and he forgot the feline in lieu of his ancestral heritage and changed directions. He ran for the edge of the pasture where the wild blackberries grew in an entangled web of grass and rusty barbed wire.

The rabbit managed to stay ahead of the trailing dog and bounded onward to keep out of danger. His flight would cross a dirt road and eventually end at his burrow, but the circle would give them both the exhilaration their evolution demanded.

The old pickup truck slowed to a stop and the two men grinned and spat tobacco juice into the dust before getting out. The beagle never had a chance to escape the net as he left the underbrush in pursuit of the bunny. For a matter of seconds he was apprehended and securely tied in the bed of the truck in spite of his frightened struggle to escape.

The ride was long and bumpy and the strange noises and smells of the city filled his sensitive ears and nose. The two men parked the truck in front of a dirty saloon and entered it laughing. The frightened dog started chewing on the tethered ropes in hopes of gaining his freedom.

She answered the phone the next day and was quite relieved at knowing her dog was safe, but puzzled at his being picked up by the sheriff at the county seat over forty miles away.

She opened the door an hour later and the sheriff handed her the dog.

"I traced your name through his vaccination tag." She was unable to respond, for her heart was melting because the sheriff was the same man who had helped her change the flat tire.

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COUNTRY JOURNAL

Bernise Crow

To tell of this trip is like unfolding a Cinderella fairy tale. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I would go to Paris, France or Valencia, Spain. But Homer and I did, and went all on our own without the aid of a tour group. The travel agency in Fort Payne gave us some very good advice and helpful information about the hotel accommodations and the weather conditions. That helped us about deciding what kinds of clothes to pack.

We left from Nashville, Tenn., with American Airlines all the way on Monday, Nov. 9, to O'Hare Airport in Chicago and from there straight to Paris. We arrived at Orly Airport at 12:00 midnight our time and the sky was rosy with the first rays of dawn. We had gained, or lost, about seven hours. People there were going to work. We had reservations with a hotel in the Best Western chain, made through Best Western in Fort Payne. It was a nice hotel, near all the main attractions we wanted to see. As we rode in a cab to the hotel, we were enjoying every inch of the way, seeing all the interesting buildings. They are beautiful old stone and marble constructions made to last, not something modern and cheaply made to sell. We had not expected to see such a fantastic, beautiful city. Our thoughts were just of the Louvre, Versailles and the Seine River. It was so like going back in time. Here in America we are so young in comparison to European art and culture that has endured for many centuries. The atmosphere was exciting, the people were beautiful and very helpful. Neither of us knew a word of French except "bon jour, merbeaucoup and auvoir." It would have made a good comedy to watch Homer trying to communicate with someone who could not speak English. He said he got very good at using sign language. It was fun. Most people in public places such as restaurants and post offices spoke pretty good English.

We took comfortable walking shoes and warm casual clothes because we intended to see as much scenery as possible. We took a wonderful trip on a tour bus to Fontainebleau, the Autumn chateau for the kings of France. There were thousands of acres there for the king and his men to hunt.

The building holds many priceless treasures of art and decorations. Every king dwelling there added some of his style but Francis 1 probably did more for it than any of the others. He placed a library of the best books in all of France and they are still there in one very long hall. Napoleon left there to go in exile to Elbe.

Several children of royalty were born there. There is no way to describe the beautiful paintings, sculptured wood paneling, and gorgeous chandeliers. The gardens were exceptionally well-planned with good walking paths and fountains.

We also went to Versailles, another residence of the kings, and if it could be possible, more lovely. History seemed to come alive to us. I wished we had brushed up on history before going. The Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens is one of my favorite books, and here we were in the bed-chamber of Marie Antoinette which had a small door overlooking the kings chambers, Louis XVI. The magnificence of Versailles was born of very artistic, spiritual and political power of France and it's kings in the 17th and 18th centuries. When one sees the elaborate

style of living the royalty enjoyed while the average person was hungry, one can see why the French Revolution was bound to happen. The king's life then was regulated precisely according to the laws of etiquette, however, there was certainly no privacy for him. He belonged to the people. As we walked from one grand room to another, it was hard to imagine anything more beautiful. Some of them were so lavish I heard myself gasp. What a joy it would be to live in that grandeur, if just for a day. The murals painted on the ceilings were astounding. Here again were all those lovely, formal, well-manicured gardens.

Then we spent a day at the Louvre where the Seine River flows nearby. This is also a home of former kings — now it houses only the greatest artwork, paintings and sculpture. We walked until we were exhausted and then sat for awhile. There were plush seating areas in the middle of the long corridors where one could rest. We looked until our eyes ached. I would close mine awhile and make a new start. Of course, we saw the original Mona Lisa — Leonardo DaVinci's masterpiece.

But Rembrandt is my favorite and I spent more time in the wing of the Dutch masters than in any of the other areas. What wonderful works of quality. But we did not see a Van Gogh. That week we were there was when one of his originals sold for such a fabulous price at Sotheby's in New York.

The entire basement of the Louvre is full of famous sculpture. Homer enjoyed that more than I. The paintings are my first love. We could have spent a week in the Louvre alone.

Of course, we saw the Arch De Triomphe, built to honor victories of French wars. It sits at the end of the Champs-Élysées. France's unknown soldier is buried there.



Paris - l'Arc de Triomphe

1815

The Eiffel Tower is a famous landmark of Paris. It was erected entirely of steel on the occasion of the World Fair in 1889. It is huge — 1050 feet high. It weighs 7000 tons. There are elevators that stop on three levels. On each of the floors are bars and restaurants. It was a cool day when we were there and we would have had to stand in line about an hour to get on an elevator so we didn't ride. They say the view of the city from the Tower is magnificent.

We rode the Metro quite a bit. We preferred not to drive anywhere. The Metro is their subway. That was fun for us. We had never been on a subway train.

The food was good, but was exactly as good as our Southern fare we are used to eating, like cornbread, turnip greens, and black-eyed peas. We loved the fresh open food markets on the streets near us. The wonderful fruits were very tasty. It made me wish I had an efficient apartment so I could have cooked. We bought some kind of apple that was the best we ever ate. The grapes were plentiful and much larger than our varieties.

We spent six days in Paris, and needed a month. We hope to return, maybe in the Spring. The French people were very friendly and helpful, contrary to what we had heard. They made us feel most welcome.

We were a little disappointed at the high prices of everything. But with the recent stock market plunge in the U. S., our dollar is not worth as much as it was. Had we gone last year, the prices would have been half of what they are at present.

We had a wonderful time, but we couldn't shop like we would like to have done. A good dinner cost us about \$70.00 — we ate anyway — bon appetit and tune in next month for the details of our trip to Valencia, Spain.

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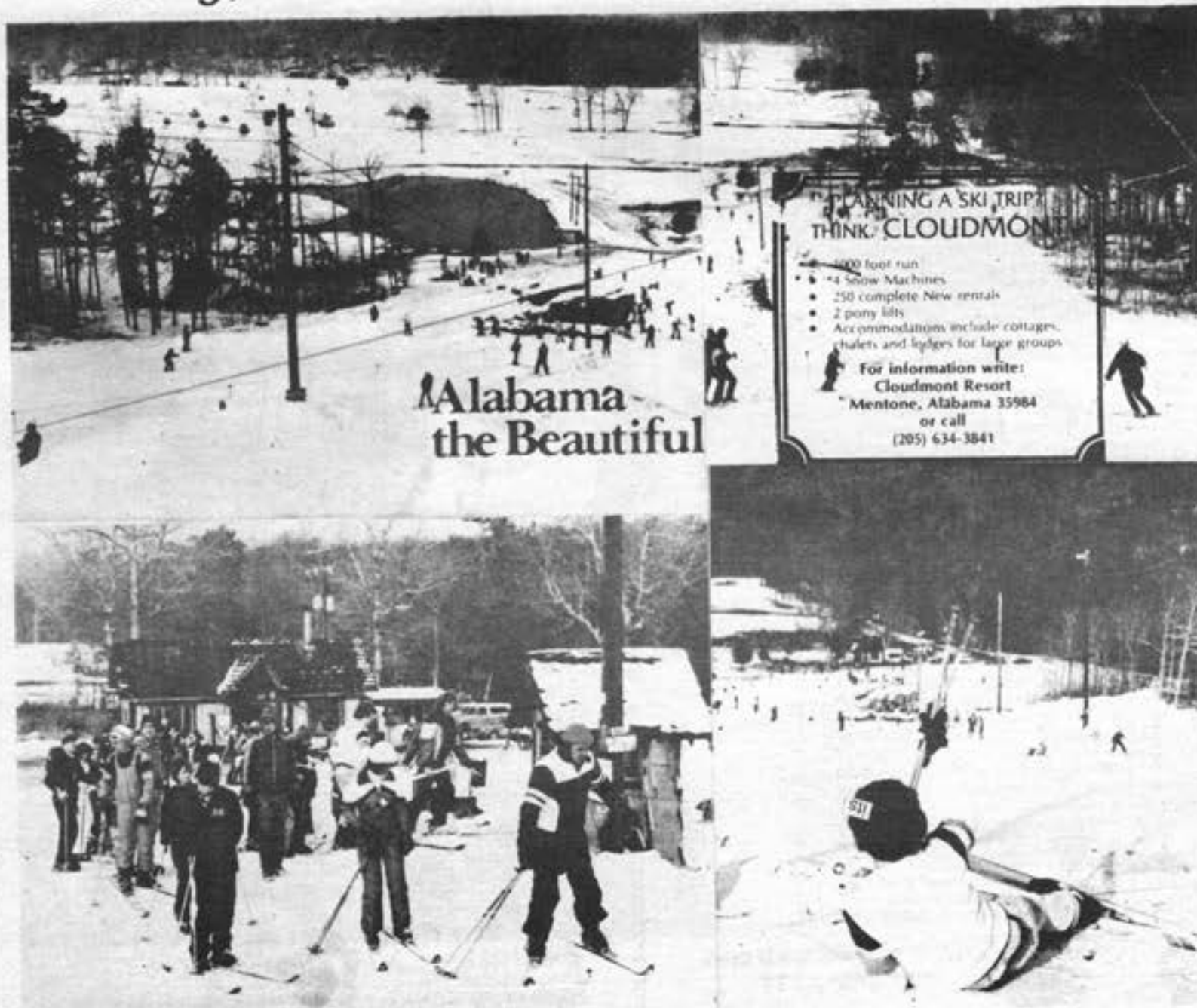
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Mentone Arts And Crafts Guild Formed

The Mentone Arts and Crafts Guild held its first meeting on Dec. 15, 1987 at the Mentone Springs Hotel. Officers were elected, and goals determined. John Hildebrand, who is a sponsor of the group, agreed to display items made by members and to promote their work in return for a commission on each piece sold in the Hotel. The objects will be displayed in such a way as to best display their unique qualities.

Art shows, theatre productions, musicals and craft shows are planned in order to allow each member of the Guild a chance to promote their own style and talent. Tickets to each presentation will be sold so that the artist, the Hotel and the Guild may benefit.

The World Book Dictionary defines a guild as "an association of people for mutual aid or for some common purpose." This is an apt description of the Mentone Arts and Crafts Guild, for it is hoped that through an alliance of those interested in promoting the talent that is so abundant in this area that everyone will benefit.

Many projects were discussed, such as "Art at the Falls," and "Music in the Park," and it was agreed that the regular meeting would be held on the third Tuesday of every month at the Mentone Springs Hotel, beginning at seven o'clock.

Send ten dollars along with this completed application to:

The Mentone Arts and Crafts Guild, c/o Mentone Springs Hotel, Mentone, Ala. 35984. If possible, please send a picture(s) of your work.

The Mentone Arts and Crafts Guild is a non-profit organization of artists and craftsmen and supporters of the Arts who have formed an alliance for the purpose of promoting the work of individuals in the Lookout Mountain Area.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP TO THE MENTONE ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD

Name _____

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State _____ Zip _____

ART OR CRAFT CATEGORY — Describe your work.

Fine Arts: Paintings, drawings, sculpture, photography, mixed media.

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Mentone Springs Hotel

Continues It's Revival

Renovation of the Mentone Springs Hotel is continuing under the direction of John Hildebrand and Mary Katherine Gray. Since they took possession in September, the pair have completed the guest rooms on the first floor. New floors were laid, new wiring run, insulation installed and each room was painted. In addition, heat has been installed in both the west wing and the ballroom.

The hotel has also gained a "Resident Artist" in the person of **Lucy Mitchell**. Lucy came to the hotel from Cleveland, Tenn. Educated at the Harris Advertising Art School in Nashville, Tenn., and the Central Academy of Art in Cincinnati, Ohio, Lucy has won many awards and participated in many shows during her 30 year art career. Her many awards include "Award of Excellence" from the Anderson Society of Arts (1975) in Anderson, Indiana, a "third place award and special mention by the judges" in Exhibition South '77, second place award, Pensacola Arts Festival (1978), second place award, Art Happening '78, St. Louis, Mo., and Honorable Mention, Coco Beach Art Festival (1978).

Ms. Mitchell was the sole participant in a showing by the Pendleton Art Gallery of Pendleton, Indiana, in 1970. Her work was also selected by The Cultural Association for the promotion of American Graphic Arts in France under its "American Painters in Paris" for display at the Paris Convention Center, Paris, France.

Ms. Mitchell works in a number of mediums including water colors, oil, and pen and ink. She does portraits in pastels, conte and charcoal. Works such as "Still Life with Blue Plate" and "Iris and White" are among those selected as prize winners at various exhibits. Many of her works are now on display and sale at the Mentone Springs Hotel.

In addition to living and working at the hotel, Ms. Mitchell is assisting the management in its attempts to attract other artists and craftspersons who are seeking a place to live, work and/or sell and display their work. With its ballroom, lobby and long halls, the hotel provides a perfect setting for display. And, with many unfinished rooms, the hotel offers a select few individuals an excellent opportunity to trade their assistance with the renovations in return for a quiet and comfortable place to work and display. Shows for individual artists are scheduled to begin in the spring of 1988. Persons interested in living or displaying their work at the hotel should contact either Lucy Mitchell or John Hildebrand at P. O. Box 122, Mentone, AL 35984 or at 205-634-4259.

The Hotel has also begun accepting antique furniture, pictures, arrangements and other crafts for sale by consignment. These items are displayed in their proper setting throughout the renovated sections of the hotel.

Also, the hotel has begun accepting reservations for use of the ballroom and lobby for private parties, receptions and meetings. Heat has been added to the ballroom, and the facilities are now available 12 months of the year and have recently been used by one family for its annual reunion, by one local couple for their wedding reception and by several individuals for private parties such as the Alabama-Auburn Football Victory Party.

It is hoped by John Hildebrand that these and other events will gradually bring the Hotel back to its original position of prominence as the center of Mentone's social and cultural affairs. Income generated by these events as well as the generous donations of individuals and companies is being used to further renovate the building.

S.T.O.P.

(Save the old place.)

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THE FORESTER SISTERS



The Sisters are helping to find the cure for arthritis. Kathy is shown here with Melissa Sines, the poster child. (Photo by Billy Weeks)

Articles From The Turn Of The Century

By Emma J. Smith

Women As Voters

The following contribution from Mrs. Emma J. M. Smith, of Nightingale, Ala., will be read with interest by those who are in sympathy with the woman's movement:

"Much has been said and written on this subject both for and against. Many points brought out as to why she should or she should not have the ballot. However, all the reasons I have ever heard given against it were just like so many air castles when the searchlight of common sense was turned on. In the first place, a woman is a citizen; she is subject to both the laws of God and man. 'Tis true, Adam was made first, but God in His great wisdom knew that Adam wouldn't amount anything by himself, so He made Eve for a helpmeet. And how faithfully she has filled her mission history tells a part. I think the broader-minded people will bear me out in saying that woman has proven herself capable of any position she has yet aspired to, and that, too, in spite of the fact that (comparatively speaking) only a few years have gone by since she was admitted to colleges.

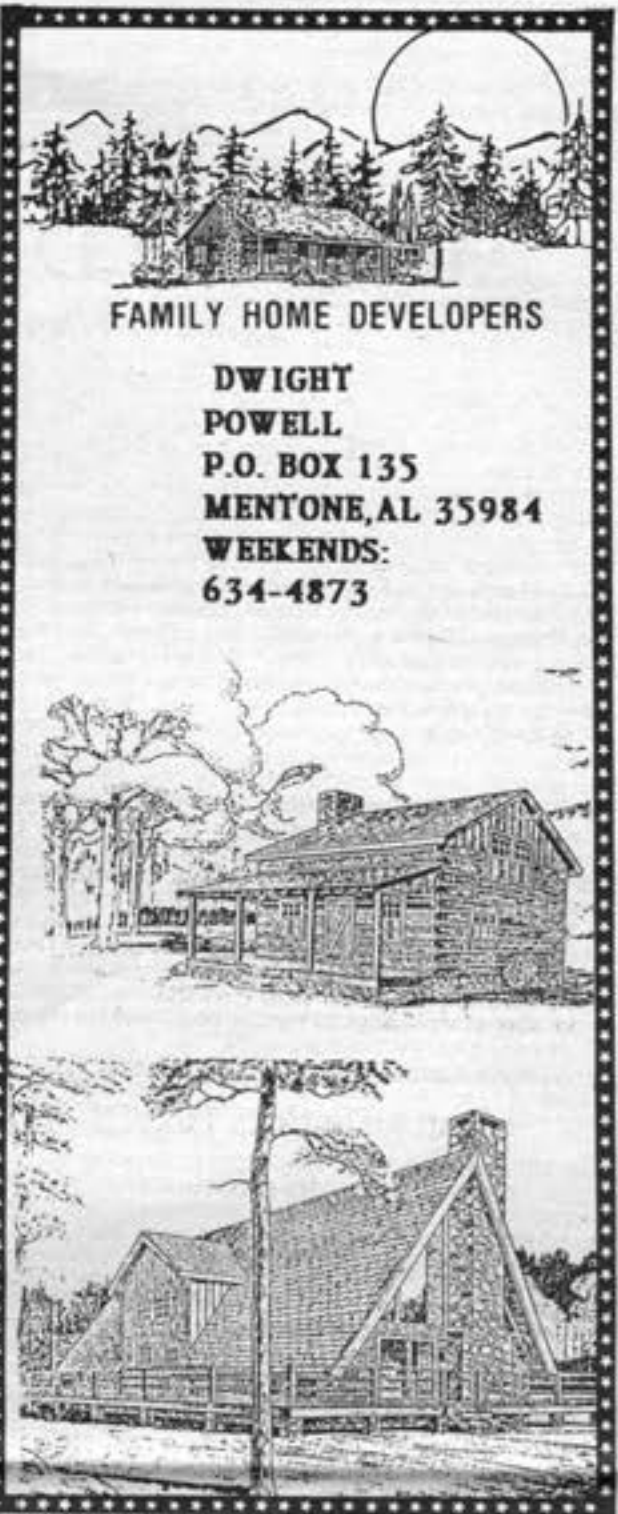
"The positions it has taken years of training to qualify men to fill have been filled by women just as well, and that, too, in so short a time, you might say, after her emancipation. I am well aware that there are two classes opposed to granting woman the ballot. First, the intelligent men and women belonging to what is termed the 'old school,' who still retain the ideas in common of a century ago when it was looked upon as unladylike for a girl to whistle, climb or jump, when it was thought unnecessary to educate the girls because, as they said, 'the girls would marry and get somebody to take care of them, but the boys must be educated, for they would have to make their own living.' The other class opposed to women voting is the very ignorant, who don't know any better and have never stopped to consider this question; who haven't enough intelligence to see that mere sex shouldn't be a barrier to the ballot. But the bugle has sounded and all this hue and cry of women wanting to have a voice in the making of laws which govern them and their loved ones! Woman, hitherto too submissive to the powers that be rises up demanding a voice as a citizen. All this shows one that there is a reason and there needs to be a general clean-up in the political field. That after her home, so dear to

every pure woman's heart, has been swept and garnished there is still more to be done. And it is in defense of this home that she asks for the ballot. her home is her port, and within its sacred precincts she has fought many battles, unseen by man, unextolled by the press. Yet, all the same, she has fought bravely on. God gave woman the power to bear and rear sons and daughters. Shall man deny her the power of a voice in the framing of laws to safeguard those dear ones? As well to rob the lioness of her teeth and claws, leaving her young a prey for other beasts of the jungle. The best years of a mother's life are spent in bearing and rearing her children. She is constantly fighting a battle the world at large knows nothing of. She carefully inculcates the pure and right principles of living. It is her lifework, and she is willing to struggle on for the children's good. There comes a day when the loved ones step out of that home into the hustling, busy world to come face to face with life in its different phases, and alas! too many are lost in the whirlpool of destruction, made possible by the laws that mother had no voice in the making. Yet she grieves as no one else can. One man says, 'I wouldn't want my wife at the polls among a lot of men.' That man was casting an insinuation on his wife and did not have sense enough to know it. A lady is a lady anywhere you find her and as such always commands respect. Besides, if a voting place is so corrupt as to be unfit a lady I think it is time to clean up. Don't you? Some, talk eloquently about a woman's sphere and say her sphere is within her home. I'll admit home is the most beloved spot on earth to all true women. Yet if woman had never exerted an effort outside of this sphere just think what humanity would have lost. Her sphere is the whole world. Given an opportunity, she will keep pace with man. Give her a chance, an equal chance with man, and you will see her throwing her purifying power against the evil which robs her of her young. Give her a chance! We see what conditions are without her. Now, we will see if she can't help to clean up and make this land blossom as the rose.

"Respectfully,
"Mrs. Emma J. May Smith"



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The following is an article reprinted from a 1928 *Progressive Farmer* magazine. A Mrs. Sadie Shrader of DeKalb County wrote the piece which she called an "Old Times Letter."

An Indian Daughter of the Confederacy

Listen to What "Grandma" Dollar Says at the Age of 101 Years

By MRS. SADIE SHRADER
DeKalb County, Alabama

About nine miles northeast of Fort Payne, Ala., lives one of the most interesting persons I have ever known, a kind and friendly Indian woman, now more than 101 years of age. She is a widow, without children, and her name is Nancy Callahan Dollar. "Grandma Dollar" she is commonly called, the "Grandma" being a pet name of affection as well as of respect.

She enjoys giving reminiscences of her long and checkered life to those who come to listen. Some of these I have taken down and woven into this "Old Times" letter. I first asked Grandma Dollar to tell of her childhood days and this is what she said:—

"I was born on Sand Mountain eight miles east of Coftown, Ala. My father was an Indian named William Callahan; my mother was half Indian and half Irish. They named me Nancy. The children were fond of play. One of the games we played was 'dog and fox.' We liked also to pitch 'quoits' as we called them, a game similar to pitching horseshoes. I never went to school. Father was a great hunter. He killed game for our meat, and the others of us raised the corn and potatoes.

"On one occasion Father killed a very large deer but he failed to eat any of the meat. He seemed to be very, very sad. Mother asked what was troubling him. He did not wish to tell her, but Mother could not rest until she had learned the cause of his deep trouble. 'I cannot eat my meat,' he said. 'I fear my three poor little children in South Carolina are hungry. I have a wife and three little children in South Carolina and I was forced to leave them there.'

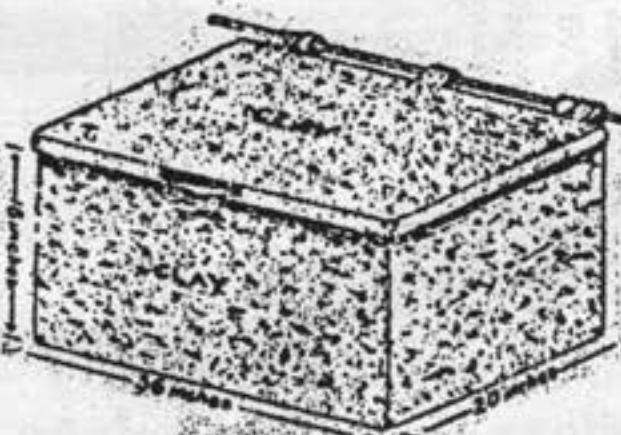
"Go and fetch them," said Mother, 'there is room and plenty to eat.'

"So Father set off and was gone some time. When he came back home we were overjoyed at having some more little brothers and a sister to play with us. Mother seemed just as glad as her children did. She had a big dirt oven full of potatoes baked and the ham of a deer. The poor children were almost starved."

Of course, those of us who had never heard of a dirt oven wanted to know about it. Grandma Dollar then gave an interesting account of that time honored institution among Indian housekeepers.

The dirt oven was made of red clay softened to a mortar and it was patted inside and out with a pater. It was boxshaped, about 36 inches long, 20 inches wide, and 18 inches high or deep. The lid worked on an iron rod run through the clay hinges.

Perhaps a rude drawing will explain the way it was made and fitted with a lid. At the arrows it was first made of wood. When the oven was burned to harden the clay, the wood burned away leaving holes for a rod of iron. Also the wood burned from under the door, leaving it so it could be lifted.



THE DIRT OVEN

The dirt oven was so convenient that it was put to many uses, such as drying charcoal to make powder, and baking several pumpkin custards at one time. Meat and potatoes also were baked in the oven. It was used outdoors with a shed over it. The food was put into the oven, and the fire was then built on and around it.

The favorite meats of those old dirt oven days, said Grandma Dollar, were wild turkey, deer, and fish. The vegetables were cabbage, pumpkins, and corn roasted with the shuck on. The cake was sweetened with molasses. "Johnnie cake" and hominy were common every day foods. Now let Grandma Dollar go on and tell us about her new mother and their great big family of children.

"Casie was the name of Father's other wife," said Grandma Dollar. "She seemed well pleased with her new home. No quarrels arose between her and my mother. She helped Mother with the crops and children, and Mother was just as good to her. The care of the children was a great big thing, for there were 26 of us in all. Among Mother's children were three sets of triplets."

Grandma Dollar explained that among the Indians the chief could allow a man to have two wives. There was a white neighbor, she said, by the name of Victor, who was allowed by the chief to have two Indian wives. He had many horses and cows, and the two wives, Hettie and Charlotte, made cheese to sell to the Indians and white people.

Grandma next tells about the removal of the Indians from their happy hunting grounds in Alabama and how it was that her father's family was not carried off with the others:—

"I was just a little girl when General Jackson drove the Indians from Alabama. My father did not go. He loved his home state so well that he hid in Saltpeter Cave, and was left behind when the others were carried away. Soon we moved to Georgia."

Grandma Dollar was asked why it was that her father left his beloved Alabama, after having hid in the cave to escape being carried away. She then told in her simple and quiet way this exciting story, which reflects in a strong manner the temperament and character of her father:—

"One morning we heard something screaming. Thinking it was a panther, Father called the children and the dogs into the house. Looking out through a crack, he saw a white woman running with her baby. Thinking some hostile Indians had killed her husband, he opened the door and let her in. He asked her what the trouble was. She would not tell, but kept crying.

"Father collected three or four white men and started for the home of Mr. Jukes, as that was the name of the white woman's husband. When they got there, they did not find Mr. Jukes. In the horse lot was found some blood and the fresh tracks of a horse. By the tracks, on the bushes, were drops of blood. The men followed on and came to a little creek, the tracks and drops of blood showing the directions. They soon came to a big thicket of thorns and briars. It was easy to see that the murdered victim had been pitched into the thicket. They looked and found the dead body of a foot-peddler that had been in the community the day before. They continued to follow the tracks of the horse. At last they came up on the horse at a little store. Father was of a quick temper. He at once accused the rider (who was none other than Mr. Jukes) of being the one that had committed the murder. Jukes was very angry and began to curse Father and say that he guessed it was him. Father could not stand it; so he made for him and bit off his nose and one ear before the men could stop him. Then Father was afraid that the Jukeses might burn his house, so he moved to Georgia.

"In Georgia I got work to do hauling goods from the village of Marthaville, as Atlanta was then called, to the country stores near our home. One of the stores was kept by a man named George Pass, another by a Mr. Porter, father of Thomas Porter, to whom I was afterwards engaged.

The distance was 30 miles. I was 21 years old and hauled for 15 or 20 years. Among the goods I hauled were molasses, meat, salt, cans of powder, lead, gun caps, shoes, dishes, wagon tires, and cards. At Marthaville, Kyle Brothers (from whom the goods were bought) had Negroes who helped load, and the storekeepers at home helped unload. I used a covered wagon. It was called a tar-pole wagon — had wooden axles with a noatch in the hub to allow the linchpin to work through. Tar was used for axle grease. I still have the hammer I used to knock the linchpin out with when I wanted to take off the wheels and grease my wagon.

"I first had two mules named Sam and John, the next time Beck and Jack. I hitched and unhitched and fed them myself. The roads were very rough. I lost one of my mules and then quit hauling. In all the years I hauled, I was never robbed or molested on any of these trips. I had to work very hard to keep the children in something to eat, as there were so many of them not able to work, and one of the mothers was dead."

Grandma Dollar's wonderful constitution and vigor, which in her younger days gave her such great capacity for hard work and long endurance, are still evident in her alert features, good health, and erect bearing. The picture taken of her standing on the day she was 101 years old shows her in truth to be as "straight as an Indian."

But her marvelous constitutional vigor has been shown also in another way: she has been thrice bitten by poisonous snakes — two of the times by copperheads and one time by a rattler.

The war between the states brought to Grandma Dollar, as it did to others, many unhappy events. She tells of some of them as follows:—

"I was about 35 years old when the war broke out. My father had to go. He was a very brave soldier and was in the army two or three years before the big battle of Atlanta and Sherman's march to the sea. I remember mighty well the day the army got to Atlanta. Father had sent me word not to come for goods, but to stay home and help with the children. The cannon 30 miles away roared so I shall never forget it, though I should live another hundred years. Father was killed during the siege. The city was burned and Sherman went on cutting his way through our cornfields, which were in roasting ear. So making the living all fell on me. I had been promised to marry to Thomas Porter. He had been killed in the army, too. I was so broken up I remained single 40 more years.

"Then when I was about 79 years old, I married Mr. Nelson Dollar, a white man. He died 4 years ago, leaving me all alone with no one to love and care for me. Yes, child, my brothers and sisters are all dead.

"Another race has taken our fields, our forests, and our game. Their children now play where we once were so happy. My father's hut was enjoyed by all.

"The trouble with the white race is that they lay up so much for old age that they quit work at 50 or 60 years. When they stop working, they get out of touch with nature; all wear shoes in summer which keeps them from God's good earth; then they begin to fail, and soon they are dead."



George B. Jones



BARBECUED BEAN CASSEROLE

1-pound ground beef
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/4 teaspoon black pepper
 1/2 cup Catsup
 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce
 2 tablespoons vinegar
 1/4 teaspoon Tabasco (optional)
 1 (1-pound 12-ounce) can pork and beans
 Brown beef and onion; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into 1 1/2 quart casserole dish; bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

COCONUT POUND CAKE

3 cups sugar
 2 sticks Oleo
 1/2 cup Crisco
 6 eggs
 3 cups flour
 1 cup milk
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
 1/2 teaspoon almond or coconut flavoring
 1 can Angel Flake coconut (3 1/2-ounce)
 Cream Oleo and Crisco; add sugar gradually. Add eggs, 1 at a time, beating 2 minutes after each. Add flour alternately with milk; blend in flavoring and coconut until well mixed. Pour into tube pan; bake at 350 degrees F. for 1 1/4 hours or until done. **DO NOT** preheat oven.

SWEDISH PINEAPPLE CAKE

2 cups white sugar
 2 cups plain flour
 2 eggs
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1 1/2 teaspoons soda
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 3/4 cups chopped nuts
 1 can crushed pineapple and juice (20-ounce)
 Mix all together by hand. Pour into a 13x9-inch ungreased pan; bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. **DO NOT OVERCOOK.**

FROSTING

1 (8-ounce) package cream cheese
 1/2 cup Oleo
 1 box confectioners' sugar
 Chopped nuts
 Mix all frosting ingredients with mixer. Spread while still warm. Sprinkle with nuts.

MYSTERY HOT PUDDING CAKE

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 3/4 cups sugar
 2 tablespoons cocoa
 1/2 cup milk
 2 tablespoons shortening, melted
 1 cup chopped nuts
 1 cup brown sugar, packed
 1/2 cup cocoa
 1 1/4 cups hot water
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 A rich tasting fudge dessert. Easy to make and very inexpensive. The sauce forms a pudding over the cake while baking. Sift together into bowl flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa; stir in milk and shortening, melted. Blend in chopped nuts. Spread in 9-inch square pan. Sprinkle with mixture of brown sugar and cocoa. Pour over entire batter 1 1/4 cups hot water. Add vanilla to hot water before pouring over batter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Makes about 9 servings.

During baking, cake mixture rises to top and chocolate sauce settles to bottom. Invert squares of pudding on dessert plates. Dip sauce from pan over each serving, or the entire pudding can be inverted in a deep serving platter. Serve warm, with or without whipping cream on top.

BAKED APPLES IN CARAMEL SAUCE For electric frypan

6 to 8 apples
 Coconut or raisins
 1/2 cup water
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup white sugar
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon or cloves
 2 tablespoons butter
 Wash and core apples; fill centers with coconut or raisins. Combine remaining ingredients in frypan. Set temperature control dial to 275 degrees F. Bring mixture to boiling point. Add apples. Baste with syrup. Cover, with vent closed, and simmer until tender, approximately 15 to 25 minutes. Baste often with caramel sauce.

FRESH APPLE CAKE

1 1/4 cups corn oil
 2 cups sugar
 3 eggs, well beaten
 3 cups plain or cake flour
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon soda
 2 teaspoons vanilla
 1 cup chopped pecans
 3 or 4 medium red delicious apples
 This cake needs to be prepared at least 3 days in advance of serving. Combine first 3 ingredients in order given above. Next peel, core and chop enough fresh apples to make 3 cups (3 or 4 medium apples) and add to mixture; also add chopped pecans. In separate bowl sift (3 or 4 times) 3 cups flour, salt and soda. Add to apple mixture; stir well and add vanilla flavoring. Grease 11 x 14-inch pan; cover bottom with wax paper. Pour cake onto the wax paper and put in cold oven and then set oven at 325 degrees for 45 minutes.

ICING

1/2 cup Oleo
 1 cup light brown sugar
 1/4 cup evaporated milk
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 Heat Oleo and brown sugar over low heat, then add evaporated milk; let come to full boil. Remove from heat and cool, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring; pour over cake.

TASTY FRIED APPLES

3 medium size tart cooking apples
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 Peel around the center of apples a strip about 1 1/2 inches wide. Cut apples in quarters, then slice each quarter in 3 or 4 sections. In heavy skillet, put apples; sprinkle sugar and add margarine. Cover and cook on medium heat. Cook 10 to 15 minutes; uncover and cook 10 to 15 minutes until apples are tender and transparent.

APPLE BROWNIES

1 stick margarine
 1 cup sugar
 1 egg
 1 cup flour
 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
 1 cup cut-up apples
 1/2 cup walnuts or pecans
 Cream margarine and sugar; add egg. Next dry ingredients; then apples and nuts. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan; bake 40 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool, then cut into squares.

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New Owners At Mountain Top Market

Frances, David and Rachel Battles are the new owners of Mountain Top Market, located in the old McGee building.

The Battle family purchased the grocery store — gasoline station, tune-up shop from Betty Key on Jan. 12 and are open for business seven days a week.

Rachel Battles is the former Rachel Prestwood, daughter of Alvis, local electrician and plumber.

The Battles family requests that everyone stop by and say hello.

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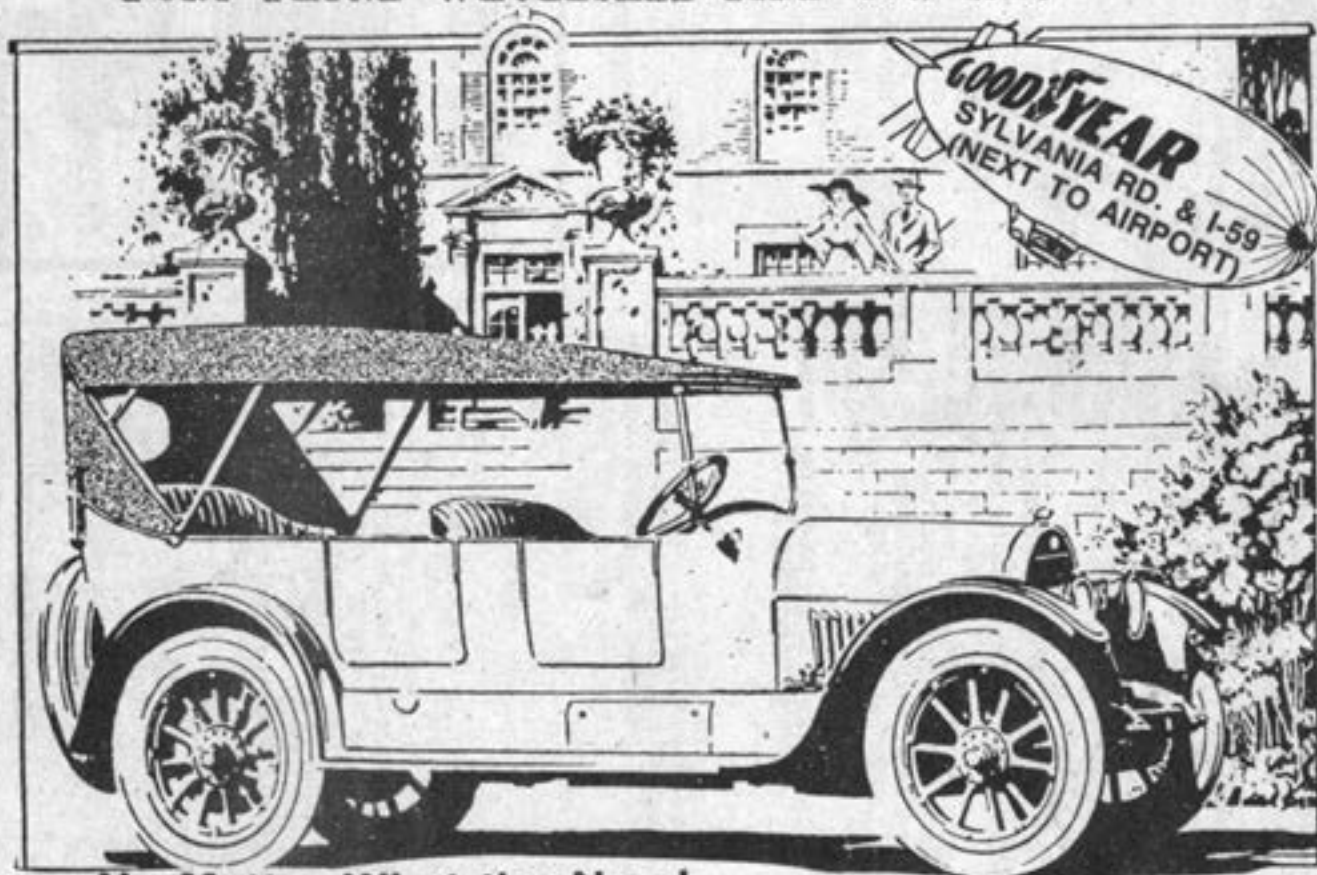
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