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A Long Way From Frankville: Stories by Sam Granade (1918-2008)

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My name is Samuel Andrew Granade. I was born May 16, 1918, in our home about a hundred yards from the post office in Frankville, Alabama. The post office was located in a small rural store known as J.N. Granade & Co.

Samuel came from my father's uncle but had a deeper meaning. My mother's first son, Stewart, died as an infant. This broke Mother's heart. Being a deeply religious person, she began following the example of Hannah, who asked God for a son. She promised God, as did Hannah, to return him if He would but give her another boy. In due time I was born and Uncle Sam's name was used to say to those who knew that I was "asked of God."

Andrew was chosen because of Dr. Andrew Wood, who married my Father's cousin, and who, along with a mid-wife, brought me into the world. I was born in our home as were all my brothers and sister. There was no hospital anywhere near our little community. The doctor came from Millry, about fifteen miles away.

My Father and Mother were Jackson Napoleon and Julia Calhoun Granade. Papa's people came to the new world from France during the Huguenot persecutions. Mama's people came from the Isle of Skye in Scotland.

Frankville was named for Frank Granade who ran the first post office for the community. It was a pioneer community with no improved roads, no electricity, nor water works. One of the woods roads went to Peavey's Landing on the Tombigbee River which was our main access to the rest of the country and from which we received supplies for the store and our homes.

My Father supported his family by his interest in the store, which was run by his younger brother, while he farmed and traded in timber. He had started the store and gotten the post office for it, then took Uncle Pugh in and made him a partner to run the store and be the postmaster. My Mother had come to Frankville as the teacher in the one-room school, where I began my education.

Marriage to the school teacher who came from another community, sometimes from a considerable distance (say, 25 miles), was a continuing practice. Uncle Pugh married Aunt Minnie and Uncle Jim married Aunt Jeanie, both from Choctaw County. In addition, there were four cousins, Braxton, Hall, Floran, and Joel, who married school teachers (Floran married Elsie). It was said by people in and out of the community that the Granades only brought boy children into the world and when those children became of age, the Granades hired a teacher who would become the wife of one of them. I cannot think of a single person who married a teacher who came to teach at Frankville except a Granade.

The school was a two-story building. The second floor was used by the Masonic Lodge. The grown-ups cautioned us never to go upstairs and the door was always locked. However, our curiosity was so great we finally found a loose board in the stairs and secretly visited it several times. Our greatest disappointment was that we could never find the "goat" the men would accuse each other of having to ride.

Mama came to live in Frankville after teaching there several years. She and Papa were married at 8 o'clock in the morning in Jackson and spent the day in a buggy going to their new home. They had built the house and completely furnished it before getting married. The kitchen was fully filled and the smoke house full of hams, bacon, and sausage. They spent their first night in their new home. The next morning everything was available for a great breakfast. The only thing they had forgotten was salt!

The house in which I was born was not the same one where my parents spent their first night as husband and wife after riding 25 miles in a buggy. I was the sixth child in our family, so before I was born my Father had built a store and bought a house that had been built by Dr. Andrew Wood. It was conveniently located near the store and was adequate for a growing family. Their old house had been sold to Sally and Ed Pippin. Aunt Sally was Papa's half-sister.

Our new home was a "double pen with a dog trot in the middle." The "dog trot" had been closed at each end and a wing went down each side in the back having two rooms on each side. A walk separated the two wings. The right wing ended with the kitchen and a well was on the kitchen side of the walk.

There was a wide porch across the front of the house which

connected on the right side to what had been the Doctor's offices. On the outside of that addition, connected to the Clinic, was a large room that was the Frankville Post Office. When Papa built his store, the Post Office was moved into it. Uncle Pugh, Papa's younger brother and store keeper, was Post Master.

Around the rural homes of my early days were to be found a number of buildings. At the front of our house was one for the surrey and buggy; in the back yard were a wood shed, a smoke house, and an "out house" with Sears Roebuck catalogues and newspapers in a basket. There were also four holes up and down the seat.

Just outside the yard in the back was a chicken house and yard. On the right side was the garden with a drying rack for drying beef. The garden was about an acre in size and in season grew all kinds of vegetables.

Farther back was a long shed for the wagon and mowers and rakes and plows. At the end was a small house for various and sundry things. All this was in the lot where the barn was located. The barn had a large crib on each side for corn. Further back there were four stalls on each side. Over all this was a loft that would hold many loads of hay. On each side of the barn was a long shed. One side was for fattening out cattle or hogs and the other was for the milk cows which were milked morning and evening seven days a week.

The field just below the barn was our orchard. Pecans, pears, peaches, and apples were grown in abundance. There were two small groves of plums—one became a deep red and the other a deep yellow when ripe. Strawberries were grown in the garden but dewberries, blackberries, blueberries, mayhalls, scuppernongs (bullesis or wild grape), and possum grapes were gathered wild. Bee trees were cut for their honey but bee hives were also kept and "robbed" from time to time. Figs were also grown to be eaten raw and with which to make preserves. I now have nine trees that go back to those Persian figs in my yard.

All the fields had split rail fences around them for there were no stock laws and cows and hogs ran wild. Their owners were known by the markings (cuts) on their ears or brands on their rumps. Our mark was a swallow fork and an underbit in the right ear and a split and an underbit in the left. Even as a boy I had to learn to perform this operation.

Another thing of importance in the early rural home was a wash

place. Washing clothes used much water and needed to be readily accessible. Just across the cow pasture was a high bluff. From its base there flowed an abundant spring. Papa had this cleared out and a place several feet square dug about a foot and a half deep. This was curbed with cypress boards and white sand thrown in the bottom. On one side a low table was built long enough for four tubs. On the other side was placed a large iron pot on legs for the purpose of boiling water and the clothes. Clothes were washed with lye soap, boiled and then rinsed and wrung dry. They were then taken home and hung out on the clothes wash line to dry.

The soap most often used was home-made in a small iron pot by using "red devil lye," oak ashes, grease, and water. This was also used to scrub floors. A brush was made of corn shucks stuffed through holes in a board with a handle to it. Floors scrubbed this way became clean and white. Home-made lye soap was entirely too strong to use in bathing or washing the face or hands as we were taught to always do before eating. We had store-bought soap for that.

The syrup mill was just across the road in the corner of the cow pasture and behind the store. This consisted of a cane mill which squeezed the juice out of the stalks of sugar cane by passing them between two large rollers at the top. These rollers were turned by a large lever at the top which was pulled round and round by a mule or horse. The juice spilled into a barrel covered by a sack that served as a strainer.

The second part of the mill was a vat about four feet wide and ten feet long and eight inches deep placed on a foundation of laid stones about two feet high. The foundation was enclosed by a chimney at one end and left open at the other so wood could be placed under the vat and a fire maintained. A second barrel was located at the end of the vat near the chimney. This is where the juice was cooked and made into syrup. Cooking did not begin until there were two barrels full of juice ready. The vat was divided with flues all up and down its length. Juice was admitted into the vat through a spigot in the bottom of the barrel. It was worked down the vat by the cook, who skimmed the impurities off as it cooked. These skimmings were thrown into a trough made for the purpose. Finally the syrup came out the front end of the vat into a large container. It was then placed into cans or jugs.

The skimmings from the syrup, once aged to some extent, turned

into a type of alcohol. One year the hogs got to the vats one night and loved the taste of their contents. The next morning there were drunk hogs all about the syrup mill!

The grist mill was important in these early days. We had corn bread daily. We ate grits every morning at breakfast, with eggs; biscuits; and bacon, sausage, or ham. Every Saturday we carried a bushel of corn for meal and a peck of corn for grits to Uncle Pierce Elmore's mill. He was the husband of my father's sister, Aunt Maggie. "Uncle" Dan Grimes was the miller. He was a big, kindly man who always took the corn off the horse for me and put it back when it had been ground and was ready. During the time I carried the corn to the mill, I lived in constant fear that I would let it fall off and would have to wait for someone to come along and put it back, for I was not strong enough to lift it.

Now, let me get back to the fact that I was born in our home. This was common practice since there were no hospitals available. The nearest hospital to Frankville at this time was in Mobile, ninety miles away. The only transportation was a buggy or the steam boat (the "Jonquill" or the "Nettie Queen"). This meant fully two days traveling on either one.

Mid-wives, who were expert in their work, assisted women having children. Through experience and the instruction of doctors they sometimes delivered a child before the doctor arrived. I'm sure Papa, or someone, had called Dr. Wood on the telephone, which hung on the wall of the hallway, when it was learned he was needed. Still, he was twelve miles away at Millry and it would take him some time to go to Frankville.

The community into which I was born was warm, close, and most of them kin, either by blood or marriage. The immediate family was loving. My oldest brother, Stewart, had died as an infant from meningitis. Clarence Pugh (always called "Tiny") was the second child. Tiny died as a young man of 52 and is buried in Greenville, Alabama. Mildred Dickerson Granade Henderson Thompson, Tiny's wife, still lives in Greenville. Mary was the only girl in the family and being several years older than I, looked after me. She was my buddy and is buried in the cemetery in Leroy beside her husband, Irby Little. Charles Jackson was six years older than I and was the first of two Baptist preachers in the family. He is buried in sight of the Grove Hill Baptist Church which he served for 23 years. Elizabeth Donald Granade still lives in Grove Hill. Calhoun Koen was just older

than I. He was married to Sophie Powell Granade. "Hooney" died early and is buried in Leroy. Seven years after I was born John James first saw the light of day. I remember well his birth and at the request of his wife, Mary Byrd, conducted his funeral. This family remained loving and supportive of each other as long as they lived.

Grandma Calhoun (Amelia Chapman) lived in our house most of the time as long as I can remember. She had her own room and died in it. She was the widow of John Stewart Calhoun who died near Utica, Mississippi at the age of 31 and left Grandma, age 29, with three children. Grandpa was a Methodist preacher. Grandma returned to Clarke County, Alabama with her three children—they had both been natives of Clarke County—bought forty acres of land, built a small house and reared her children. Later, she bought a house in Jackson where there were schools and educated her three children all the way through "Jackson Agricultural College." These children, listed by age, were Bertha Calhoun Talley, Julia Calhoun Granade and Clarence Calhoun, known to us as "Uncle Brother."

Grandma owned the home in which Uncle Brother and Aunt Pearl lived but she seemed to prefer our house and she was a blessing to us. She was a small person in size but big in spirit. She always had time for us and was interested in everything about us. She received a small check each month from the Methodist Conference. We looked forward to this, as did she, for she always cashed her check, put aside a tithe for the church and bought a nickel stick of peppermint candy and cut it in equal pieces for the children. A nickel stick of candy sounds small today, but in that day it was very large and we loved it.

Grandma Granade (Nancy Jane Koen Granade) spent a great deal of time at our house. Grandpa Granade's place became hers at his death (I never knew him). Uncle Jim—Papa's youngest brother—came to live with her there when he and Aunt Jeanie were married. Grandma Granade and Grandma Calhoun were great friends. Grandma Granade died some years earlier than Grandma Calhoun and is buried in Frankville. She was Grandpa's second wife. His first wife died after bearing two children.

Grandma Granade was tall but very thin. She had black hair and high cheek bones which make me wonder if she had Indian blood somewhere in her ancestry. She dipped snuff, as was the custom with many women in those days. She carried a small snuff box in her pocket with a small sweet

gum stick which she wet with saliva and stuck in the little box of snuff and then put in her mouth. The little stick had its end chewed until it was a little brush of fibers about a quarter-inch long, while the rest of the stick was a handle. Some of the women wanted to conceal the fact that they used tobacco and would spit it out upon the arrival of company. However, there was always a telltale sign if a person was doing this; they were continually wiping the corners of their mouth to be sure there were no telltale signs left. Grandma Granade was a dear, dear person to us.

"Aunt Mandy" needs to be mentioned before leaving those who were a part of our household. She was Mama's much-loved servant and dear friend. She was as much loved as the actual family members. She and "Uncle" King Koen, her husband, lived in a house just across the cow pasture. Steps had been built across the fence so Aunt Mandy could cut across the pasture instead of going around by the road.

"Uncle" King worked for Uncle Sam Granade but Aunt Mandy worked for us from my earliest recollections. She went about her work humming all of the time. The only time I remember running away from home followed a switching Mama had given me. I was probably five or six years old, maybe seven, but no older. I'm sure I deserved the switching for she was loving and kind, but it was just enough to make me mad. I slipped off and went to Aunt Mandy's house; I loved to go there anyway. She looked at me, thought a bit and asked, "Where you goin'?" "I'm running away; Mama whipped me," I replied. She was very deliberate in talking to me. "What you goin' to have for supper?" "I'll find some berries or something," was my response. I really hadn't thought of supper. Later, "Where you goin' to sleep tonight?" I hadn't thought of that either. "I'll make me a bed of leaves and sleep in the woods," was my feeble reply. Aunt Mandy thought several minutes as she continued her sewing. Finally, she looked up and said, "Lawdy Chile, you better go home. You don't know what you are doin'." After thinking about it, I decided she was right and went home.

In later years we moved to Leroy. Mama wanted to take "Uncle" King and "Aunt" Mandy with us. For some reason beyond my knowledge, this did not work out and Mama never quite got over it. The next year we learned Aunt Mandy had contracted pneumonia and died. I still remember Mama sitting and quietly crying for her friend and faithful servant.

The community in which this family lived needs to be defined for the understanding of those who read this account. One woods road ran through the community. It was completely unimproved but sufficient, for it carried traffic of people walking, riding a horse or mule, riding a buggy, or riding a wagon. The first car came through soon after my birth. Aunt Mandy was hanging clothes out in the back yard when it came chugging and bouncing along. She had never seen a car and was frightened at what she saw. She ran in the house yelling, "Miss Julia, come look! Something is coming; there ain't nothing pulling it, nor nothing pushing it, but it's just going!" Soon after this Papa bought a Model T Ford, but kept the buggy and surrey for a time.

There were no markers or signs along the road. If a person needed directions he had to ask someone. A secondary road branched off in front of the store going east to Peavey's Landing. This road forked just past Uncle Frank's store and house. The right fork went about three miles to Peavey's Landing; the left fork went to "The Corner," a community where the Everetts, Johnstons, and Scotts lived.

The main road continued generally north to Sinta [Santa] Bogue [which locals pronounce "Sinnebow"] Creek, Silver Cross, and Bladon Springs. Uncle George lived across the creek in Silver Cross along with the Moores and others.

If you followed the main road south, you passed Uncle Sam's place and Grandpa's place. Further along you came to a fork in the road. If you turned right you went through Tree Forks and on to Millry. If you turned left you went south to Bigbee. Bigbee is the southern boundary of what I think of as Frankville, while Silver Cross is its northern boundary.

The people who determined the course of events in this community during my life there were four men known as "the Granade brothers." The first of these was Uncle Frank, who was pretty well off. He lived on the Peavey's Landing road, ran a store, did "advancing," and ran both a gin and a grist mill. He was probably the most prosperous of the four and by some was called a wealthy man. He had four sons by his first wife: Hall, Joel, Powe, and Floran. His second wife presented him with one son: "Little Frank," who died an early death. Powe ran a store and a turpentine distillery for a time but finally left Alabama and went to El Dorado, Arkansas.

Frankville's favorite story is connected with Uncle Frank. One summer afternoon following a heavy thunderstorm, a young lady showed up at his store. Though there had been a heavy rain, she was well dressed and completely dry. She asked for lodging for the night, which was not unusual in those days, and was given supper and a bed. She asked Uncle Frank for a job as a house servant and was given a job. It soon was learned that she was with child but nobody was ever told who she was or where she came from. She and Bill Rains married within a short time, even though it was common knowledge that she was pregnant. Uncle Frank built them a small house back of his and gave Mr. Rains a job. Soon, Matt Rains was born and lived out her life in that small house after her "parents" were gone. I knew Matt well but to my knowledge, nobody ever knew who her mother had been nor where she came from.

The only mention of her person or former life came while she was preparing to cook an unusually large Christmas turkey. She simply remarked, "I wish I had Mama's turkey roaster. It would hold this bird." To my knowledge, nobody ever knew the real truth unless it was Uncle Frank. If he knew, he never revealed the truth.

Uncle George lived across the creek and therefore in Silver Cross. To him were born four sons. The two oldest became dentists and practiced in Mobile. I never knew either of them. Kirven was the third and lived in Silver Cross. He farmed, tinkered, and ran cattle on the open range for a living. Braxton ran a small store off and on where you turn off the road to go to Uncle George's and seemed to look after his father. Parker Granade was also a son to Uncle George. I never knew much of him. He lived in Silver Cross some but seemed to be always on the move.

Uncle Sam lived south of our house and across the road. His two sons studied law and practiced first at St. Stephen's and then at Chatom when it became the county seat. Their names were James and Joseph. James gave Washington County the lot on which the courthouse is built. He also led in the establishment of Chatom State Bank and was its President and Chairman of its Board until his retirement.

The four old Granade men along with James and Joseph put up the money that made the bank possible. I inherited one share in this bank from Grandma Granade. This was sold when I went to college.

Grandpa was the fourth of the Granade brothers. His name was

Napoleon (commonly called Nap) and he lived about a mile south of our place. Like two of his brothers, he had two wives. The first one bore two girls by him before her death. The first, Aunt Molly, married a Reynolds and lived at the Forks. The second, Aunt Sally, married Ed Pippin. They bought the place Mama and Papa had built and lived in just across the road from Grandpa. We had moved to the place Papa bought from Dr. Wood and where he built his store.

Grandpa's second wife was Grandma who came from Koenton, a small community located six or eight miles west of Frankville and named for her people. This union produced six children who became leaders in community affairs because most of their cousins left Frankville.

Of the second set of children, Papa was the oldest. Aunt Maggie was next and married Pierce Elmore. They lived just up the road from Grandpa, had a store and grist mill and farmed. Aunt Janie married Frank Elmore and lived down the road a mile. Uncle Pugh married Aunt Minnie and was taken in by Papa to run the store. Uncle Jim was the baby. He married Aunt Jeanie and they moved in with Grandma. Aunt Barbara married Richard Braun, a German immigrant who soon became a citizen.

Uncle Richard had jumped ship in Mobile after running away from home, where he was unhappy with the situation, about the turn of the century. He started farming and was a good farmer, but he got hands to work for him. He had the kind of technical knowledge that was rare around Frankville, and he got cash for things others didn't know how to or couldn't do. Electricity was a good example. He was the local Delco dealer. He sold families the whole system—Delco, wiring, fixtures, and bulbs, and installed it all. He'd build a little addition onto the house for the Delco and run the wiring. He sold Uncle Pugh a system, but he couldn't sell Uncle Sam or Papa. Uncle Pugh had the only other one in Frankville. Papa didn't get electricity until I was 19, the year before I left for college.

Despite his knowledge of and interest in electricity, Uncle Richard didn't fool with telephones. Nash Johnson started the telephone system, supplying the wires and equipment. We were connected to the outside world through Millry. There was just one line. If you picked up to make a call and someone was talking, you just hung up and waited. It was a "party line" and not very clear, but it surely was wonderful. Each phone had a different ring that you cranked when you called—ours was 2 longs and a

short.

Despite his years in Frankville, Uncle Richard was in many ways still a city boy. They used to tell a story on him that's a good example. Folks used to cultivate their crops together sometimes. Once they were eating lunch in Uncle Richard's field. When they were working like that they would take their lunch, or have someone bring it, and rest a bit. Someone saw a rattler and raised the alarm to kill it. Uncle Richard said "Don't kill it. I want to take it and show Barbara." They had to explain that it was poison and could kill someone, so if he wanted to show it to Barbara he'd have to do so after it was dead.

The activities of this community seemed to relate to these things—church, school, and family. The church, located in the fork of the road in front of the store, was attended by most of the community whether they were members or not. Sunday School was held every Sunday morning. Preaching was held one Sunday each month—the preacher coming from outside the community. Revivals were held yearly in summer after crops were "laid by." Usually, the revival started on Sunday and included "dinner on the ground" and lasted a full week. Baptismal services were held on the second Sunday, down at the swimming hole with the church in attendance. I was baptized in this fashion as were the other family members.

The deacons took up offerings for the church. They used a small basket attached to a very long handle to receive this offering. The worshipers never touched the basket. The deacons, by the use of the long handle, simply passed it in front of each person as they stood in the aisle. It was said that Uncle Sam was not generous in his gifts and that his brothers, when they had opportunity, would hold the basket in front of him extra long and if he did not respond as they felt he should, they would shake it and keep holding it before him. On occasion, the church would get behind on the pastor's salary. When this happened, the deacons would go to those known to be able and make up enough to pay him.

A song service was often held after dinner on the first Sunday of the revival. Always coming in late summer, the weather was very hot. People came in buggies, wagons, and on horseback. The horses were taken out of harness and tied to limbs in a grove of trees across the road from the church. Ladies wore corsets that fit very tightly and, I am sure, were very hot. One such Sunday during the song service, some boys observed a very

heavy lady go down behind the wagons, slip off her corset and leave it in a wagon. Being weary with the song service and wanting some excitement, they slipped the corset from the wagon and put it on a small mule. The mule didn't seem to mind but the woman was very upset when she found out what had happened. It is probably a good thing nobody ever learned who did it for if they had been church members, the church probably would have "turned them out."

It should be noted that these early Baptist churches maintained discipline over their membership. Papa was Church Clerk for many years. At Howard College a term paper was required in a Religious Education Class. I chose to write a history of the Frankville Church for this purpose. Papa still had the early minutes of the church, though we moved to Leroy when I was 12 years old. As I read these I learned two lessons: dancing, to a Baptist, was a cardinal sin and people who took part in dancing were disciplined by being "turned out" of the church. There was a man by the name of Scott who loved to fiddle for dancers. There was a period of time when the minutes of every church conference would have a reference to Mr. Scott. One month he would be before the church, and fellowship withdrawn for playing for a dance. The next month he would be asking the church for forgiveness and to be taken back as a member in good standing.

It may further be of interest to know that this man was grandfather to Jake Scott who played football at Georgia and was All-American. He then went to Miami and played under Don Shula and helped win the World Championship several years. He ended his career with the Washington Redskins.

Spending the day with kin was a spin-off of having only Sunday School three Sundays out of the month. Except for the necessary things like feeding the stock and milking, no work was done on Sunday. After Sunday School, two or three families might go home for dinner with us or we with them. This was great fun except for one thing. In those days, children waited until adults had eaten before getting dinner and under this arrangement I have watched many platters of chicken get down to wings, necks, and backs.

There were two other activities connected with the church that come to mind. Homecoming was held every fall and all the cousins who could do so, came for renewed family ties. There was always "dinner on the

ground."

Also, there were special called prayer services during the week for special things. Two such come to mind; special prayer for rain and special prayer that God would call a preacher out of the Frankville Church. It is of interest that there were six men called to preach in my generation out of Grandpa's family.

The school was across the cemetery from the Church. It was a two-story building. The Masons used the upstairs and had their own outside entrance which was always locked. I started school in that building with Cousin Elsie Granade as teacher. It must have been my first or second year in school when a meeting was held of the men in the community to discuss building a new school house. Papa took me with him to that meeting. He commenced it and directed its progress. I stood between his legs as he led the discussion of the need for a new school. After the discussion was over, Papa got up and went round the circle and asked each man "Do you believe we need a new school?" Every man in the circle answered "yes" except Uncle Richard Braun. He replied, "No, we have one." But the decision was made and the people built a new four-room school house with an auditorium at the back of the class rooms. I was too young to know the details but believe an agreement had been reached with the county that they would furnish four teachers if the community would build the building.

I had one small part in this activity. Papa sent me on the wagon with my oldest brother, Tiny (Clarence Pugh), to the mill for a load of lumber. The new school was located across the road from Uncle Sam's; the mill was Richardson's mill and was about halfway to Peavey's Landing. Tiny was twelve to fourteen years older than I and therefore almost grown. He was driving Betty, a gray, and John, a big black. Betty had the habit of not pulling unless she wanted to and would break the tongue out of the wagon if the driver insisted she pull. The road coming from the mill to the public road went up an incline and had high banks on either side. Since Betty couldn't turn to either side and break the wagon tongue, it left her vulnerable to the whip if she didn't pull, which she had decided would be her course. Tiny stood up on the lumber with an eight-ply whip and after half a dozen licks with it, she decided she had better do her part. That was the last time I ever knew her to balk and not pull her part.

If my memory is correct, the new school housed nine classes. There were two classes in three rooms and the first, second, and third grades in the other.

One other activity seems worthy of mention. The only fund raising activity of the school that I was aware of was the fiddlers competition held each year. People brought sandwiches, cookies, cakes, and other things to sell and people came to hear the fiddles, banjos, guitars, and harmonicas in this competition, as well as to see the buck dancers contest. Buck dancers were similar to tap dancers but not as refined. As a matter of fact, I remember a man being disqualified because he was declared to be a tap dancer and not a buck dancer. These competitions were held annually at many of the county schools as well as at Frankville. Judge Frank Turner, Probate Judge of Washington County for many years, was Master of Ceremonies at all of the Fiddler's Conventions I ever attended. I believe he was used in this capacity in all the schools over the county.

It should be noted that Box Suppers were held from time to time to raise money for the school. The women would fix a meal and put it in a box. These were carried to the school at the appointed time and auctioned off. The highest bidder got the box and the right to eat supper with the girl who prepared it. Needless to say, only the available ladies and men participated in this. The real fun in this was the men pushing the price of a box extra high when they decided to do so.

The other activity in the community related to family. In addition to "spending the day" dinners, there were several community affairs each year. A community barbecue was at least a yearly affair. A pit dug in the ground with net wire stretched across the top was the way it was done. Men would sit up all night barbecuing pork, beef, or chicken. The next day everybody would come with bread and vegetables and enjoy the feast. A good part of the afternoon would then be spent visiting with relatives and friends.

Every year in late fall or early winter there would be a squirrel dinner. The men would hunt early in the morning, then dress the game and cook it at a designated area. The same routine as the barbecue would follow at dinner and in the afternoon.

I recall one fish fry on the Coleman sandbar just up the river from Peavey's Landing. The men left after dinner and went in boats from the landing to the sand bar. They caught crawfish in the flats near the river to

be used for bait and set out trout lines and set-hooks and began catching fish and putting them in cages in the river. They cooked supper and spent the night. A wash pot had been carried in which to cook fish and hush puppies. Mid-morning, people began arriving. The fish were taken from the cages, dressed, and cooked. Those who came brought other goodies. Not only was the food good; the swimming in the river was also.

"Trot lines" would be more appropriate than "trout lines." Right or wrong, this is what they were called. They were made of heavy line 100-200 feet long. They would be tied to a limb overhanging the river or an appropriate bush at the water's edge. Beginning 10-15 feet from the bank, smaller lines would be tied to it at intervals, hanging down two feet, with a hook on the end, on which would be placed a crawfish. The large line would be unrolled, letting down the smaller lines with their hooks and bait, as far as it would go in the river. It would then have a heavy weight attached to carry it to the bottom. Trot lines were used to catch catfish, which are bottom feeders. Many times a cow bell would be attached to the line at the river's edge to send a message to the fishermen that they had a fish on the line. The fisherman would then "run" the line by letting it slide by the side of the boat as he "walked" it hand by hand. A set hook was a single line with a hook on it and a weight attached to the line 6 or 8 inches above the hook. This line was tied to a limb hanging over the water or attached to a pole which would be stuck into the bank so that it got to the water several feet from the bank.

Trips out of the community were few and far between for anyone, especially a young boy. I remember three in my life that may be of interest. The first was a trip to Jackson and Grove Hill. I was very young but remember Mama taking me and "Hooney" to see her mother and other kin and we traveled on the steam boat. I think it was the "John Quill" but could have been the "Nettie Queen." They both provided transportation on the Tombigbee. We boarded at Peavey's Landing and got off at Jackson where we were met by Uncle Brother. We spent a few days in Jackson and Grove Hill and went home the same way we came. I remember going to Peavey's Landing on a wagon with someone where we picked up freight for the store but this is the only time I remember riding a steam boat.

The second trip out of Frankville was with Uncle Pugh and Aunt Minnie. Cars had come into existence for our community by this time.

Papa had bought a Model T Ford, as had Uncle Pugh. Hooney and I had never been to Mobile and Uncle Pugh and Aunt Minnie were going on a buying trip for the store and took us with them. Mobile was close to 90 miles and cars ran slowly. We left at daylight and got to Mobile about 11 o'clock. Hooney and I were given a quarter each and turned loose in Kress's while Uncle Pugh went to the wholesale houses to place orders for the store. I had never seen anything as wonderful as a Five and Ten Cent Store in that day! We soon spent our money and went across the street to Beinville Square to play under the evergreen oaks until Uncle Pugh came. When he came, we went by the wharf where they were unloading bananas, bought a huge stalk of these and started home. I'm sure we had not been in town more than two hours but we had a long trip ahead. We stopped at Chickasaw at a place they knew and got a hamburger and a cold soda water. We then started up the road, eating bananas. I do not remember getting home. I believe it was so late I was asleep but I had some things to tell my cousins because I had been to Mobile.

The really great excursion out of Frankville was a trip to Panama City, Florida. Uncle Charles was a Methodist preacher and Mama wanted to visit Aunt Bertha, her sister, in that far-off place. I'm guessing it is 175 miles from Frankville to Panama City. There were five miles of improved road from St. Andrews to Panama City. There were no maps and no road signs as markers along the way. There were five children and two adults to ride the Model T Ford, along with luggage and food for the trip.

There were no restaurants nor hotels except in the major towns and they were few and far between. The loaded car would not pull real steep grades, like the bank on the east side of the Alabama river at Claiborne. So, when we got off the ferry, everybody except the driver walked up the road to the top of the hill.

Two other conditions could cause problems getting up steep hills. One was that the gasoline tank was located in front of the windshield and fed into the engine by gravity. If the tank became almost empty, it would not feed while going up a steep hill; the remaining gasoline would clear the drain hole. The other was that these cars operated with a clutch with a lining that had to be changed at intervals. If the clutch pulling forward was burned out, or even almost so, the driver had to use the reverse clutch and back up hills.

We left Frankville at daylight the first day and drove about half way, stopping only for emergencies and to eat dinner (which Mama had prepared). In late afternoon we stopped at a home. Papa went in, introduced himself, told the people his business and asked for lodging for the night. This was a common practice. I have known of overnight guests of this sort in our home. We were taken in, given supper, accommodations for the night, breakfast the next morning, and were soon on our way. We reached St. Andrews about dark. This was a problem, for lights on a Model T ran off a magneto and were poor at best. Fortunately, Aunt Bertha had become anxious about us and had asked the Sheriff to see if he could find us. He met us at St. Andrews. His car had better lights than ours, so we followed him into Panama City. The trip home was about the same thing as the trip down but I had some great things to tell my cousins. I had been to Florida.

Although I have indicated the ways Papa supported his family, it will be profitable to give a few details. J.N. Granade and Co. was a rural store started by him and run by his younger brother Pugh. It was a small store but carried everything you can think of in limited amounts. Its merchandise was brought up the river to Peavey's Landing by steamboat, then transported to the store by wagon. The store was the gathering place for men when they were not able to work in the fields or forests. We were forbidden to hang around the store, going there only when we had reason to go. Papa spent little time there except when there was a holiday or on Saturdays. It was an important part of his financial ventures but its day-to-day operation was mostly in Uncle Pugh's hands. He was also the Postmaster; the office was located in the front right corner of the building and separated from the rest by a wooden lattice-work wall.

Farming was also a part of Papa's concerns. In addition to his own place, he also farmed most of Uncle Sam's open land. I think this was because Uncle Sam had gotten old and both of his boys were lawyers, living at Chatom. Two unusual experiences happened on Uncle Sam's place. One day Hooney and I were going with Uncle King Koen to carry dinner to the hands. As we walked up the road, Uncle King suddenly stopped and told us to stay right where we were. He grabbed a large limb and killed a tremendous rattlesnake. I have killed some large snakes in my life but I believe this one was the largest I have ever seen. We carried

dinner on to the hands but on the way back Uncle King drug the snake all the way to the store to show him and to measure him. This took place seventy or more years ago but I believe that snake measured six feet and three inches.

The other experience on Uncle Sam's place was seeing my first airplane. We were hoeing cotton when we began to hear a great roaring sound. Charles, Tiny, and maybe Hooney knew what it was, but I did not. Charles kept saying, "It's the end of the world," until I believed him and joined him in kneeling in prayer for mercy. Presently, it came into view and they laughed at me for not knowing and becoming afraid.

Papa raised cotton, corn, beans, peas, peanuts, and all the things you expect to find on a farm. About this time the boll weevil came along and for a time, cotton was not profitable because the available poisons would not control the pests. Eventually he went back to raising cotton as the efficiency of control of the boll weevil increased. As a matter of fact, in later years, I carried many bails of cotton to the gin.

There were cattle and hogs to see about. Cattle ran wild on the open range until the state passed stock laws. Cattle used for beef were butchered locally to provide beef for the family. It had to be used fresh, or canned or dried to be kept for any period of time. There were also milk cows, which were kept in a pasture to provide milk and butter. I have milked many cows and had many to step on my foot while I was milking. The worst experience in milking was in the winter when the cows got cockleburs in the long hairs at the end of their tails. A whack on your head on a cold morning is most unpleasant. Occasionally a cow would kick at horse flies bothering them, hit the milk bucket and knock it all over the milker. I have had this happen a few times.

Hogs were kept in the early days to provide pork for the family. Slaughter days were long hard days. We killed hogs by having a man on either side holding an ear. A third man expert at the task would hit the hog in the head with an axehead (the blunt side, not the blade edge). A fourth man was standing ready with a very sharp knife and the skill of a surgeon who would immediately sever the jugular vein. A stream of blood as large as your finger would immediately start flowing and continue until the hog was completely dead. We never used the blood like the British, who made blood pies, but I recall a black hired man, Jim Harmon, who would catch a

double handful as it flowed out and drink it. Jim was a rough fellow. He got into trouble once when he and another man undertook a robbery. They caught Jim, and started beating him. They continued beating him until Papa and Uncle Frank made them stop and take Jim to the sheriff; they probably would have beat him to death, something they wouldn't have done to the white man who put him up to it.

The hog carcasses were then scalded in a barrel of scalding water, taken out and scraped until all the hair was gone. The insides were then removed and almost all the parts used. The intestines were cleaned and used as casings for sausage. The fat was cooked out and used as lard. Most of the rest was smoked dry in the smokehouse after being packed in salt for a period of time. Smoked ham, bacon, and sausage were wonderful to the taste.

In later years, we raised hogs to be carried by truck to Mobile and sold to Haas-Davis for slaughter.

Perhaps the most important part of Papa's activities related to timber. There was an abundance of original growth everywhere except in the fields where it had been cleared for farming. Clearing was at a minimum in my time, though I saw enough to know it was hard, back-breaking work. Large trees were cut, rolled together or carried by handsticks by men, and set fire. I have heard Papa say he believed he had burned at least a million feet of the finest timber that grows in this process. These "new ground" areas were often planted in sweet potatoes which were left in the ground for hogs to root up in late fall and winter. This would fatten them for slaughter and they in turn would root up many of the roots. Most of the stumps had to be left and worked around until they rotted out. This took years.

Most of Papa's dealing in timber had to do with logging for Richardson's mill, located about half-way between our place and Peavey's Landing, or rafting timber to Mobile Lumber Company. If he was logging for Richardson's, it was done on either low, light-wheeled wagons pulled by oxen or two-wheeled carts pulled by mules or horses. The carts carried one log at a time. The wheels were high and the axle had a bow in it. We backed the cart over the log, then lifted the tongue. This action lowered the bow to be attached to the log. The tongue was then lowered, lifting the end of the log and making it easier to pull.

By far, the most of Papa's logging was rafting down the river to Mobile. Logs would be cut, gotten into Sinta Bogue Creek and floated to the river's edge where they would be made into big rafts by tying long saplings across the top with wire to hold them together. High water was often used so that it was easier to get the logs out of the woods and to the river. In winter, especially, when the waters were high, men would be carried to logs where they would leave the boats and ride the logs, often herding several logs along with them. When the raft had been formed, a long blade, or paddle, was attached to the stern and a man would spend two or three days riding it to Mobile, being carried by the current.

It was out of this type of logging that I had one of my most memorable experiences. Papa was forming a raft of timber to go down the river. His handy man, John Files, came in early one afternoon and said to Mama, "Miss Julia, Mr. Jack said tell you he had gone to check the raft 'fore he come home. He be on after a while." Darkness came and Mama became alarmed. She sent me to get John and then get Uncle Pugh. "Your Daddy is lost in that swamp," she said. The water was up so there were no recognizable guides and in the dim light Papa had lost his way. Quickly I ran and got John and Uncle Pugh and all of us went down to the landing. We first gathered leaves and limbs and started a big fire. This was in the days when men communicated with each other by hollering. In the fields early in the morning and late in the afternoon you could hear them hollering as they worked. John Files had the reputation of being the best hollerer in the country. When we got the fire going good, John began hollering. You could hear his great voice rolling across the swollen flood waters. After a short time there came a faint reply from the darkness and my heart rejoiced for Papa was safe. After that reply John seemed encouraged and began a sort of continuous tune. He was "hollering him in," he later said. Presently, I heard a paddle hit the side of the boat and in a few minutes the boat glided in to the landing. Papa told us that as it was getting dark and he realized he was lost, he decided the best thing to do was to tie his boat to a limb and wait for the sun to use as a compass. He had laid down in the boat and gone to sleep.

Small amounts of timber were removed in the ways I have indicated but the majority of the original stand was not removed until sawmills built railroads through the country and cut the timber and hauled it away. I

remember the old timber before it was cut. There was no underbrush, so a horse could easily be ridden through it. Some of the "yellow pine," as it was called, would be sixty feet tall before there was a limb. It was beautiful indeed. Papa contracted some of the road bed for the railroad that cut our area. He bought extra mules, slip scrapes and hired extra hands to build it. I served as water boy a short time.

How did a boy occupy himself in these early days? First, even small boys were kept busy with chores assigned to him. Everybody worked. I milked cows, fed other stock, carried wood for the kitchen stove and, in winter, for the fire places. In summer we worked the fields along with grown men. So, there was not all that much idle time to play. We did break yearlings both to ride and work. We made small wagons with sweet gum wheels and stove wood axles. We made a "flying Jenny" in the cow pasture by cutting down a persimmon tree and dressing down the top of the stump to form a six-inch peg two or three inches in diameter. We then cut the top out of the tree, leaving just the straight trunk. Finally, we bored a hole in the middle of the trunk so that it would fit over the dressed-down peg on the stump. This we greased with axle grease before dropping the trunk into place on the peg. We nailed a board to each end of the trunk to make seats. With a boy on each end of the trunk and a third one to push it around, it would literally fly. The pusher did not run around pushing; he gave a hearty push to each end as it passed him. If you were riding, be careful not to fall off for, if you did, the other end would hit you before you could get out of the way. We hunted in winter and fished in summer to put food on the table. Also, in summer, the creek was often visited at dinner to cool everybody off.

Little did I know as I approached my 12th birthday that all of this was coming to an end. I knew Papa had been buying land in Leroy, 20 miles down river, and had bought a house across the road from the High School. Little did I suspect that I was to leave the home where I had been born and go to one very different. I didn't suspect I would leave all my cousins and friends and go to a place where I knew nobody, go to school at a new place and with a new teacher and join a church where I had never before worshipped. This was the first really traumatic experience of my life.

The Leroy Years

Between Christmas and the beginning of the New Year in 1929 we moved to Leroy where "the children could finish High School before leaving home." Tiny and Mary had boarded at Chatom and finished High School. Unless one has experienced such a move, under the same conditions, it would be difficult to imagine what it was like.

The move was made by wagons. All of Papa's kin seemed to furnish a wagon and driver. There was simply no other way to do it. I cannot remember anything about how it was arranged, nor even today how it could have been done, for Leroy was 20 miles and that is a good day for a pair of mules pulling a loaded wagon. It must also be remembered that all the furniture, all our personal belongings, plus the cows, hogs, and chickens had to be moved. All I can remember is that it was a caravan of some proportions going down the road.

Well, I do remember one other thing about the move. Everybody had to spend the night. As we sat around the fireplace, the affairs of the day were recounted and plans for the next day were discussed. It was a busy time and everybody had a job for the next day. There was one more load that had to be gotten but it seemed there was no one to drive the team. Finally, Papa turned to me and said, "Boy, (he always called me boy) would you be afraid to drive that wagon from Frankville by yourself?" Mama immediately objected: "Jack, he's just a child." Mama called me a child and I was almost twelve! In those days a boy would never admit fear. That was unthinkable. "O Mama, I'm old enough, I can do it." The decision was made. Papa said, "Uncle Frank will put you on the wagon early. You will be driving Betty and John. If it will help your feelings, you can take Bob with you." Bob was my dog. During my growing up years we had a number of dogs, but Bob was my favorite and came at an important time in my life. Dogs were not just pets; we used them in hunting and in handling hogs and cattle. We also had cats that came nearer being pets, but they too had a purpose. They kept rats away. Two or three stayed in the barn for that purpose. But Bob was the one I would want as company on my trip from Frankville to Leroy. "There will be a sack of corn on the wagon. When you cross Lisas and Toiler Creeks, stop in the creek and let the mules drink. When you think it's noon, pull off the road, take your team out and give half the corn to one and half to the other.

When they have eaten and rested, hitch them back up and come on home. You can do it."

The second morning after that, Uncle Frank Elmore had me on the wagon at daylight and on my way. I tried to do just like Papa told me. At Lisas Creek I let them drink, when I thought it was dinner time I fed them, I let them drink in Toiler Creek and started for the home stretch. My only regret was that Bob had to fight a dog at every house. In late afternoon I drove up to our new house in Leroy. I had driven that team 20 miles by myself. Papa was doing something at the woodshed when I drove up. He came up to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Boy, I'm going to call you 'man' from now on, because you have done a man's job today." I was so proud I didn't know what to do.

Leroy was to challenge me as I had never been challenged before. Monday after our move I reported for school at the grade school, just below the Methodist Church and across the road. It housed grades one through six and this was the last year it would be used. A new school for these grades was being built just up the road from our house. When I reported for school, Cousin Elsie Granade was not my teacher. And my class did not have five cousins born the same year I was born. As a matter of fact, I knew nobody at school. As I look back, I must admit I was received in a friendly way even if by strangers and a strange teacher. The next year the building was deserted by the school system for the new grade school was finished.

The next year I went with my class to the High School. It was a big, two-story frame building with an Agriculture and Home Economics building behind it. This school was just across the road from our house. We even went home for dinner each day while the others ate sack or box lunches. Joe Palmer was principal of the High School. He had just finished Auburn and had come back home to teach. He looked like some of the older students and played touch football with the boys at recess and noon. He had a board especially prepared to be used in discipline and he did not hesitate to use it when needed. So, it was in this school I worked on an education for the next six years but probably majored in football and baseball under John D. Simpkins, and was captain of the football team my last year.

A special word should be said about football. Coach Simpkins came

from Jackson. He had gone to Auburn and played football there. His first year was my first year in High School. I must not have weighed much over a hundred pounds, but I wanted to play, so he issued me a uniform. Though I didn't make the first team until about the 9th grade, I "lettered" six years. Each year we played Jackson, Grove Hill, Thomasville, Citronelle, Chatom, Millry, Silas, Butler, and Murphy of Mobile's "B" team. To begin with, we didn't have enough men playing to have a full scrimmage. As I recall those first years there were fifteen to eighteen boys playing. However, as long as Coach Simpkins was there we had winning seasons. The football banquet at the end of the season was a highlight for the school every year. I played baseball every year also. My position was 2nd base and substitute catcher, but my first love was football. There were nineteen students in my class that graduated in May, 1936.

Leroy was an entirely different community from Frankville. I had left a community where almost everybody was kin. In Leroy, very few people were kin. Leroy was a farming community—"row crop." There were six stores there—Pearson's, Glover's, Johnston's, Gordy's, Tomsett's, and Robert's. Leroy had a gin, a grist mill, and a feed mill. This was in addition to twelve grades of school.

Leroy was also just across the river from Jackson. There was a railroad (The Southern) within 2 1/2 miles of our house that ran from Mobile to Selma, with connections to any place one might wish to go. The State had just built a bridge across the Tombigbee. You could cross it for fifty cents in a car. There was an improved (not paved) road all the way to Mobile. Trucks had come into being and could go to Mobile with a load in two or three hours. In a year or two, a bus carried students as far north as Silver Cross and as far south as McIntosh to and from school each day. This greatly increased the number of students in the school. They came from 25 miles north and 25 miles south. Leroy had become the hub for the east side of the county.

The first Sunday we were in Leroy, we joined the Baptist Church. There have been few times in the life of the church when its membership grew so rapidly. Seven additions in one Sunday was something to brag about in a church that size. The Leroy church was different from the Frankville church in about the same ways the two schools were different. They were all strangers to me and none of them were my kin. The services

were about the same. There was Sunday School at 10 AM and once a month there was preaching at 11. At night there came to be BYPU and an evening service.

There was one big difference in the spiritual life at Leroy. They had a Methodist Church as well as a Baptist Church and when preaching was held at either church, most of the people from both churches attended. All the young people attended BYPU at the Baptist Church every Sunday night. Members of either church seemed to hold office and take part on the program but we always used Baptist literature.

A bi-vocational pastor by the name of Adams served the Leroy Church when we went there. He was a master carpenter during the week and was known as a church builder. If a church needed a new building, they called Brother Adams as pastor. He built churches all over Clarke and Washington counties, including Frankville and Leroy. He had one minus and one plus to me. The minus was the length of his sermons. Under his preaching, I determined that if God ever called me to preach, I would always stop on time. The plus was Brother Adams loved children. In those days there weren't many pieces of chewing gum (store-bought). The alternative to us was sweetgum resin. Pine trees produced a resin that was refined into turpentine and shipped to Mobile and used in making paint. This was unacceptable as gum because of taste and effect. By cutting a small area of a sweetgum tree, you could get a resin that was almost acceptable as gum. Anyway, we chewed it to some extent. However, it was so sticky and wasn't really pleasant to chew so it was not used very much. Store bought gum was a real treat, and Brother Adams on occasion would have pieces of store-bought gum and would give it to children.

The young people at Leroy were a real blessing to me and helped me get over my homesickness for Frankville. There was quite a large number of them and the older ones (and their parents) gave good leadership. There was no commercial entertainment, so we had to create our own. There were no movies, few radios and TV didn't come along until after World War II. We played games, sometimes inventing games to play. We had parties in homes with simple refreshments. At parties we played progressive dates, where a boy asked girls for 10-minute dates and went walking; we wrote love letters to our imagined sweethearts and read them aloud; we played "fruit basket turn over." In this game, everybody sat in a

circle around the room. Each had a number but there was one seat fewer than young people. The person without a seat would call two numbers and try to get one of the seats when those two changed. If one desired, one could yell "fruit basket turn over" and one had a much better chance of getting a seat, for everybody had to change seats. There were a few homes where we were allowed to dance to the music of a piano—though ours was never one of those homes! We played tennis on a court where the grass had been hoed off and went swimming at Bassetts Creek and had watermelon cuttings in summer. Barbecuing chicken was a popular party, for every home had an abundance of chickens, home-grown. Some would bring chicken and a sauce. These would be cooked by the boys over a pit. Charles was the expert chef. Some would bring bread, some potato salad, some tea or lemonade, some would bring sweets for desert, etc. The party was held around the cooking and eating.

The school board gave permission to fix a tennis court back of the grade school. The court was laid off, posts placed in the center for the net, the area carefully hoed to make it smooth and the lines laid out. We secured a net and four or five rackets and spent many afternoons there in summer after crops were laid by. On occasion we would picnic or go to the creek after the games to refresh and cool off. I do not remember a single person out of this large group of young people who turned out badly.

The Great Depression hit just about the time we arrived in Leroy. This affected everybody and for many it was a tragedy. Many people who were paying for a house or a farm lost these to their creditors. I heard Papa say more than once that for two years he would have done just as good or better if he had simply done nothing. Fortunately, we did not lose our home nor our farm. I was not old enough to know anything about our financial status but old enough to know we had nothing to spend except for necessities. Everybody seemed to be in the same condition. There were five families living and farming on our place. I have always felt proud that Papa, unlike many, would not take what was legally his of the crops in the fall if they were needed by the tenants to have a living. The Depression didn't last just a few years or so. Our country didn't get out of its clutches until after World War II.

During this time, people would wander all over the country looking

for something to do to make a living. One summer afternoon a heavy thunderstorm came with much lightening. A man got out of it by getting under a tree in a field in front of the Garvis home. Lightening hit the tree and killed him instantly. The men got together, built a rough coffin out of wood and dug a grave in the cemetery by the Baptist church. He had no identification whatsoever on him so they poured a cement marker with the date of his death on it and the words "Unknown name." This can be found in that cemetery to this day. Papa, a deacon, read from Psalms 23 and John 14:1-6 and had prayer. This was the funeral service. The people sang "When I Can Read My Title Clear" and were dismissed by another deacon.

Prices for things grown on the farm went to almost nothing. Lint cotton was 5-10 cents a pound, cattle 5 cents a pound, hogs 3 cents a pound. There was no sale at all for timber unless someone had reserved some of the original growth and it was very cheap. So, we had plenty to eat but no money. As a matter of fact, many banks closed and people lost whatever they had in them. Fortunately, Chatom State Bank and Jackson Bank and Trust Company stayed open.

The Depression made us do anything to make a nickel. I would saw and split house wood or stove wood for $.50 a cord. Every 4th of July we would pull a wagon load of watermelons and carry them to Jackson to the ball park under the hill by one of the three big mills located in Jackson. The small ones would sell for a nickel and the very best would sell for a quarter or fifty cents each. The largest mill had a big commissary. They did much of their logging with mules and therefore needed feed. We hauled several loads of corn and sold to them for fifty cents a bushel—but you had to get your money by buying out of their store.

When I came to my senior year in High School, I decided I wanted to follow "Tiny," who had studied agriculture at Auburn. The economy had eased up a little and I was offered a scholarship to Auburn. Even though I accepted the scholarship, I had misgivings about it. I could not be satisfied with my decision. I felt God wanted me to preach. It became an obsession with me. Finally, I promised the Lord I would follow wherever he led. Not until then did I find peace about it. So, I turned in my scholarship to Auburn and decided to go to Howard.

A story that indicates the relationship of the boys in the family

occurred when Tiny went to Auburn to college. The following summer we were eating watermelon standing around the back porch one afternoon. We always had an abundance of melons and pulled the ones to be used each day early in the morning and put them in the shade so they would stay cool, being out of the sunshine. Since they were plentiful, we never did more than split a melon in half, eat what we wanted, and give the rest to the hogs. The hogs ate rind and all. As we ate, Tiny began "impressing" his younger brothers that he had been to college and "showing off." He began squeezing seeds between his fingers and hitting us in the face with them. I knew he was making a mistake. I saw that Charles had finished eating the heart of his half-melon and was making juice back into the rind of the part that was left by mashing up the pulp. Tiny failed to notice him and made the mistake of turning his back. When he did this, Charles made a hat for him out of his half-melon full of juice and ran! It wouldn't have been so embarrassing but Tiny had lost his toughness while away from the strenuous life we lived and he couldn't catch Charles. In spite of such happenings as this, we were a loving, caring bunch of brothers.

During this period, both my grandmothers died. This had a great effect on me since they were both so precious to me. Grandmother Granade died first and was buried in Frankville. Grandmother Calhoun died later at our house and was buried in Grove Hill.

Also, I would like to note that a few years after we moved to Leroy, Uncle Frank Elmore and Aunt Jamie bought a place and moved down with their two sons. A little later Uncle Jim Granade and Aunt Jeanie bought a place and moved their family down. This gave me some cousins once again to play with.

Another evidence of the Depression came when I graduated from Leroy High School. Charles and Hooney were both at Howard. Papa said, "Son, we've got two boys in school and there is just no way we can send three. I'll give you forty acres of land and a pair of mules. You farm one year and take whatever you make and go to school the next year." So I farmed a year. We had the worst drought in history and I got almost nothing for my year's work, but through the help of the Good Lord I went to school the next year—September, 1937.

<u>Higher Education, 1937-1942</u>

The first Saturday in September, 1937, my trunk, suitcase, and other belongings were loaded onto the pickup truck that served as our family transportation and Hooney and I headed for Birmingham. I had been there the year before to visit Hooney on a weekend and see a college football game. Charles and Calhoun had lived in a basement apartment, along with three others, just across the street from Howard College on the old East Lake campus. It faced 2nd Avenue South and was between 76th and 77th streets. The boys' dormitory, Renfroe Hall, was located on this block along with "Old Main" and the other buildings. The girls' dorm was located two blocks further out and across 2nd Avenue in front of Ruhama Church and was named Mamie Mill Smith Hall.

The apartment into which I moved had five occupants and had been named "Eta Beta Peanut Butter." You see, we did light housekeeping and our name kept us abreast with the fraternities. My roommate was Charlie Barnes, a senior. A second full bedroom was occupied by William Weaver and Herbert Howard, both seniors. There was a third small bedroom with one bed in it which was occupied by Kleb Lucas, a pharmacy major. The apartment had one bathroom and a small kitchen with an eating area. Someone cooked breakfast and supper five days a week. Kleb did not eat with us because of his schedule. He slept in the afternoon and early evening and kept the drug store at the Tutwiler Hotel open from 11 PM until 7 AM.

All of the men found jobs except William Weaver. Herbert worked at a store downtown from 2-5 PM, I worked at a bookstore from 2-5 PM and Charlie worked part-time at a Chevrolet Parts Division. All of us were trying to get through college and got little or no help from home. The effect of the Depression was still being felt.

Going away to school was another emotional experience much like our move from Frankville to Leroy. I was family- and home-oriented and got homesick in the worst way. I stood this as long as I could (probably close to two months) and decided to go home for the weekend. I started out Friday catching rides to save money as long as I could stay ahead of the bus. When it caught me, I caught it. Papa, Mama, and Mary were at the crossroads to meet me. Papa and I shook hands. It was unmanly to hug a man in those days. But I hugged Mama and Mary. I said to Mama, "I've come home to die. I'm never going to leave home again." However, after

a good visit and a few of Mama and Mary's meals, I was renewed and caught the 2 PM bus on Sunday and went back to Birmingham.

Much that I experienced was new to me for I soon learned Leroy High School had not prepared me for college as had some of the larger city schools like Murphy in Mobile, Phillips in Birmingham and Lanier in Montgomery. I had never had a foreign language nor a science course. I didn't know what diagramming a sentence was all about at all. Dr. Thomas taught Greek and I took four years of it while at Howard. He taught me a little Greek but a great deal of grammar as he dealt with the relationships of words. He, of all my professors, probably taught me most of the basic things. I enjoyed Dean Burns in English literature, especially Browning's works. I also enjoyed Dr. Chapman in Bible and Religious Education. He opened my eyes to many things. While I was not the smartest of students nor did I have the background, I was determined to succeed, and somehow wound up being chosen for Trident, the top honor society.

A great blessing came to me in the spring of 1938. The Hope Well Baptist Church in Morgan Association had gotten my name from a college friend and invited me to preach for them. I had never preached before but did not hesitate to accept their invitation. I was not ordained but was licensed to preach. This was a small rural church five miles west of Hartselle, in a little community called Long Bottom. I rode the bus up Saturday PM, was met by Arthur Sandlin, a deacon, rode his wagon out to Long Bottom and spent the night with him and his family. During both services I was to lead singing and preach. I have no idea about my sermons but they must have been acceptable for they called me as pastor. My salary was $6 per Sunday and the church was half-time. In addition they gave me eggs, potatoes, peanuts, and other produce I could take home on the bus. The main thing was that I was a pastor and still not grown.

Two things of real significance happened during my short time as pastor of Hope Well. The first concerned Harry Wiggins, a young man my age. He had a mother and two sisters he was trying to support on a farm. His father had died a short time before I went there. Harry was not a Christian but was a fine young man and was doing his best. I began telling him how much my faith in Jesus had meant in my life and how my reliance on God had sustained me. That summer, I asked my brother Charles to hold our revival. He had just finished Southern Seminary and was pastor at

Beatrice. The revival started on Sunday with good services. Monday morning we had just finished the song service and I was about to turn the service over to the evangelist. The front door and all the windows were open, for it was hot. I looked up the road leading to the church and saw Harry coming in a run. When his foot hit the first step he called "Mama" so loudly you could have heard him a mile. He ran on in saying, "Mama, I been saved. I know I have." I encouraged him to tell everybody about it. He had been plowing at his house at least a mile away. He said, "I got to thinking about God as I plowed, so I stopped my mules and knelt between the plow handles. I said, 'Dear Lord, I know I'm not much but I'm something and I want you to save me.' And, Mama, he did, I know he did." You can understand this broke up the service. I don't think Charles ever preached but it started a real revival. I don't mean there were a great number of conversions but God was felt in every service.

The other thing of significance was the beginning of a building fund and a plan to one day build a new house of worship. The church was a small frame building that had never been a really good one. It was small and in need of much repair. We started the "Lord's Acre" plan where a person would dedicate a plot of land and whatever it produced that year would be given to the building fund. Also, the church owned six acres of land around it. Half of this was good land and in cultivation. The men got three acres of cotton allotted for the church and worked it on Saturday. This, too, went into the building fund. I was not there to see it, but in a few years they built a nice brick church with a fellowship hall and some Sunday School classrooms on it.

In the summer of 1938, a second opportunity of service presented itself. A friend, Layfette Walker, invited me to go with him on Sunday night and preach at the Harmony Baptist Church in Calhoun County. I did not realize it at the time, but I was preaching a "trial" sermon. At the end of the service, the church called me as pastor at a salary of $20 per Sunday on a half-time basis. I was now a full-time pastor (in two churches) and was twenty years old and not yet ordained. Harmony Church was across the mountain to the east of Anniston. The community was Choccolocco. The church stood within a hundred feet of the railroad and it never failed that, during every sermon, a train would pass and blow for the crossing just above the church.

Two things stand out in my mind about Harmony Church. The first was the revival in 1939. After accepting the church I began a personal program of witnessing. Choccolocco was a much larger place than Long Bottom and there was a large group of young men fairly close to my age. I would spend Saturday and Sunday afternoon walking over the community and visiting the people. I especially talked to these young men, for they were not professed Christians. I asked Charles to be our evangelist that year in the hope they would accept Jesus as Saviour and join the Church. Charles came Saturday and stayed through Friday night. We had fine services, great crowds, but not a single decision. I was hurting Friday night, for the things I had worked and prayed for had not happened and the revival was over. I called the deacons together and suggested that we have a Saturday night service and try to keep the warm spiritual atmosphere alive through Sunday. Charles went back to his church Saturday. That night the people came back as usual and I preached. When the invitation was given there were 17 young men and boys who made professions of faith. They were baptized the next afternoon in the pond in front of the Caffey house. I believe this to be the largest number I ever baptized at one time.

The other thing that sticks in my mind about Harmony Church was a building program. The building was a nice one, and large for a rural church, but it had no fellowship hall nor classrooms for Sunday School. The biggest problem lay in the fact that we could not build onto the back because of the railroad. Gordon Riddle came up with the solution: jack the building up and excavate enough to put another story under it. This was done and not only did the Sunday School grow but the church had a place to meet socially. I was afraid it would hurt the looks of the church but, when finished, it was most attractive.

That fall the First Baptist Church of Alexandria, just north of Anniston, wanted me as pastor. Reasoning that having both my churches in the same county would be advantageous, I resigned Hope Well and accepted Alexandria. The thing I remember most about this church was the salary basis for the pastor. The deacons explained that it was to be half of the offerings on preaching Sundays. I suggested they set a definite amount so that I would feel free to preach on stewardship and not be afraid the people would think I just wanted more money. "No, this is our way," was their simple reply. I followed my usual routine of visiting on

Saturday and Sunday afternoon and the first Sunday my half was $60. The next Sunday it was $60 again and the deacons held a meeting. After they had talked, they asked me to meet with them. They said that they had decided I was right about preaching on stewardship and that they should set the salary at $30 each Sunday I preached. This suited me fine and we had a good time at Alexandria and Choccolocco until I finished Howard College in the Spring of 1941.

These bi-vocational churches were only a part of my religious activities during my college years. During these years there were a revival and a two-week Vacation Bible school in each church. I was responsible for leadership in these activities. Also, study courses were a big thing with Baptist people during this time. Local associations and the State Convention Sunday School Department used volunteers to teach them. I was anxious for knowledge and experience, so I volunteered whatever time I had available for this purpose. I taught "Outlines of Bible History," "What Baptists Believe," "Building a Standard Sunday School," and others. How many weeks I spent at this I do not know.

Campus life for me at Howard was not like that of the average student. My weekends were taken by my churches and this in turn added to my load during the week. The time I used besides class and preaching preparation was mostly related to BSU and Ministerial Association activities. BSU had "morning watch" before classes every morning. This was a prayer service and a brief devotional by a student. They also sponsored socials now and then and I attended when I could. The Ministerial Association met once each month. I served as its program chairman one year and its president one year. We had a social once a year and could bring a date.

My senior year a young lady from Montgomery transferred from Judson to Howard. Her name was Rubilaw Ray and I thought she was the cutest little thing I had ever seen. This greatly increased my social life my last year.

My biggest problem was that the 5th Sunday each quarter was the only weekend I had to push my claims on her life. We did date with another couple once in a while or go to a rare movie. However, progress was made on this project as time passed. A bond was forming that would end in marriage that has lasted 54 years at this writing.

There was never any question that I would go to Seminary nor was there any question that it would be Southern Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. So, in the Spring of 1941, I finished Howard College and in the Fall I entered Southern Seminary. I moved into Mullins Hall where I would make home for the next two semesters and soon began classes. I stood in awe of the older men in my first year. Dr. John R. Sampey from Ramer, Alabama was a legend. He was President but also taught some classes. Dr. Hershel Davis was also a legend in Greek and New Testament studies. Dr. Cyle M. Yates taught Hebrew and Old Testament. My first class was under Dr. Yates and I left it marveling at how much there was to the Old Testament that I had never heard about. Dr. Weatherspoon was a great blessing in Homiletics, Dr. Sid Staley in Church History and Dr. Goener in Missions. All these old men opened truths about my faith I had never heard before.

It was a Sunday morning (December 7, 1941) that something was to happen that would change the course of my life and our world. The Japanese attacked our naval fleet at Pearl Harbor—and destroyed it. This marked our entry into World War II. Everyone was upset and the country began preparation for war. It was not long before I realized that even though they would not draft an ordained minister, I, too, must become a part of the war effort. Since I had not completed my theological training and had only student pastorate experience, I was not sure I would be accepted as a chaplain. I went on with the 1941-42 year at Southern Seminary but in the Spring of 1942 began the process of making application for commission as a chaplain in the U.S. Army. Things were so confused in those days that nothing happened quickly. First, I applied for and eventually received the approval of the Southern Baptist Convention. The Foreign Mission Board had been designated by the Army as the sponsoring agency. Having passed this part of the process there followed about four months of waiting.

In the meantime, I was busy. Davis Cooper was the head of Sunday School work for the Alabama Baptist Convention. He had employed me for the summer to travel over the state and, while teaching a study course in an association for a week, work up one to be held in as many churches as I could enlist for simultaneous effort at a later date. So my summer was full and I was paid $100 per month for my work.

When the summer ended and I had heard nothing from the Army, I returned to Louisville. Upon arrival, I found a letter from Mama containing orders from the Army to report to Brookly Field in Mobile for a physical exam, preparatory to entering my military career. So, back home and to Mobile I went. When I walked in the Doctor's office, he looked at me and said, "You are accepted." He did listen to my heart, take my blood pressure and temperature, and look down my throat, but that's about all. With this done, I received orders to "report in uniform to Chaplains' School at Harvard University in Boston, Mass." This was my first real experience with the army but much more would follow.

My World at War

"Reporting in uniform to Chaplain's School in Boston" proved quite a chore to a person who didn't know what a uniform consisted of and who was as limited in travel experience as I was. It turned out that Chaplains' School was at Cambridge and not Boston anyway.

The first step was to go to Montgomery for a last short time with Rubilaw where I could buy a uniform. With my orders I could buy at the BX at Maxwell, which was cheaper. The things they didn't have, I got at Fannin's, downtown. I then went to Birmingham planning to change into uniform and send my civilian things home. When I got off the train I met Herman Cobb, a college friend who was staying in the "Y" downtown. He invited me to change in his room and volunteered to pack my "civvies" and send them to Mama. Having become a soldier, I got on the train for Boston and Chaplains' school.

I arrived in Boston, along with about 10 others about a week before our term opened. This gave us time to see the sights of our beginnings as a nation. Eventually our term started and for a month we studied military courtesy, how to march, how to salute and who to salute, map reading, and other things of great importance. Let it be noted that I am a graduate of Harvard University; I did it in a month, and I have a certificate to prove it!

Our next stop was Fort Dix, New Jersey. There, for a few days, I was in a Chaplains' pool awaiting assignment. I was sent to New York Port of Embarkation and assigned as ship's chaplain aboard the H.F. Alexander, a converted luxury liner. This would be my home until August, 1943.

While in New York, we had ample opportunity to go into town.

Rubilaw and I had already decided to marry at the first opportunity. However, I began thinking about all the boys at Maxwell and in Montgomery and decided that if I sent her a ring it would help protect my interest. So, I asked a friend at the Port Chaplain's Office where I should go to buy an engagement ring. He told me that the best jewelry store in New York was Tiffany's. We went into town and I went to Tiffany's.

A man in a dress suit with a flower in his lapel came over to me and asked if he could help me. "Yes sir, I'm looking for an engagement ring," I replied. "Just a moment," he said and carried me to a case filled with rings. He showed me one that was the biggest, most beautiful ring I had ever seen. I admired it but knew I couldn't buy such a ring and asked to see something less expensive. I didn't even ask the price of the first one. Finally, I settled on one with a very small stone in it, had it wrapped for mailing, and sent it to Rubilaw who received it on December 8, 1942. It must be a good ring, for Rubilaw gave it to Ray (I had given her another one) when he and Ronnie were engaged, and Ronnie gave it to Stephen (she too had gotten another one) when he and Misty were engaged.

Our first trip was to carry troops and supplies behind the assault of North Africa. I had never been to sea on a large vessel. We traveled in convoy, for German submarines were roaming the Atlantic almost at will. This means we had naval escorts as well as firepower aboard our vessel. Battleships, destroyers, and aircraft carriers were never far away. We went through the Straits of Gibraltar to Oran, North Africa. Our troops and supplies were unloaded and we spent Christmas Eve and Christmas day in port.

The day after Christmas we left North Africa in convoy, came through the Straits of Gibraltar, and started the long trip home. Convoys traveled very slowly so we did not arrive in New York until January 13, 1943. An occasional submarine alert was the only excitement.

On the way home, I decided to call Rubilaw and talk to her about getting married. There was always a question about getting leave for any reason. Without giving thought to all we would have to do, and especially all Mama Ray would have to do, I called on Wednesday, January 13, 1943 and suggested that we get married provided I could get a leave. I had applied for the leave but had been told it would be Friday (January 15) before I would know whether or not I would get it. I wanted to get

married on Monday, the 18th! Only a young, anxious, unthinking soldier in the midst of war and with only a 10-day pass would suggest such a quick wedding. In addition to this, I was so anxious to see Rubilaw, I suggested she meet me in Birmingham Sunday afternoon and ride to Montgomery with me. I know Mama Ray could have killed her prospective son-in-law!

Finally it was decided. We would be married at 8 PM Monday in First Baptist Church Montgomery and Rubilaw would meet me in Birmingham. It was then Friday and both families had to be notified of the event, wedding dress had to be bought, a license had to be secured, a wedding band had to be bought, a reception had to be arranged, and a rehearsal scheduled. I'm not sure Mama Ray ever completely forgave me for all I put her and her daughter through but, gracious lady that she was, she never mentioned it.

So, Rubilaw bought a wedding dress on Saturday. Mrs. Merritt and Aunt Lois Lynn were helpers in every way. Papa Ray was a real soldier in it all, and as always did what was his to do without complaining. It was such a nice reception you would never guess it was put together so hurriedly.

I caught the train Saturday in New York and started the trip home. I got to Birmingham Sunday afternoon and met Rubilaw. Needless to say, the trip was made in a day coach—there was no such thing as a sleeper for a solder during the war. Rubilaw informed me that we were to go to the church upon arrival in Montgomery for the rehearsal. Our train was two hours late, so they had the rehearsal without us and the church was dark when we got there. Rubilaw and I met Dr. Durham, who was acting pastor during Dr. Tripp's absence, and Charles, who performed the ceremony, at 5 PM before the wedding was held at 8 PM on Monday. They gave us our instructions at that time.

Monday was a nightmare. January 18, 1943, was Governor Jim Folsom's inaugural day. I had to get a marriage license, buy a wedding band, attend a 5 PM make-up rehearsal at the church and be married at 8 o'clock. I got the license at the courthouse but by that time the parade for the inaugural had started and I couldn't get across the street to the jewelry store. Police were everywhere to see that people stayed out of the streets and didn't interfere with the parade. Finally, the parade was over and I got the ring. My shopping was over. All that was left was to meet at the church at 5 o'clock for a short time and prepare for the marriage.

The wedding was at 8 o'clock and was a beautiful affair. Only Tiny and Mildred, Mama and Papa, and Charles, who performed the ceremony, were my family who were able to attend. The church was filled with Rubilaw's family and friends. Following the wedding, we went to the Ray home on South Street for the reception. Only one bad thing happened. There was a heavy rain falling about the time the wedding ended and lasted through the reception. Well, a second, lesser thing also. I put my dress cap down at the Ray's and Rufus filled it with rice. I didn't notice and put it on, throwing rice all over me. Two days later, a piece of that rice fell out of my cap.

Rubilaw and I had decided to go to Birmingham for two days, but Tiny (my best man) insisted, in view of the weather and the late hour, that we take the room they had at the Jefferson Davis hotel here in Montgomery. We accepted his offer and in Papa Ray's car lost those who followed us and went to the hotel. When we got there, to our amazement, we found Rufus in the trunk! To this day I don't know how he arranged it or knew we were not going to Birmingham for the night.

Our second night was spent in the Tutwiler in Birmingham. Joy Young's was our place of choice to eat. It was just across the street from our hotel. After two days in Birmingham, we returned to Montgomery.

We went to Leroy by bus to spend a few days with my people. Home has always been a special place for me and I needed to see my people. It had been a long time, including a Christmas time, since I had been home. In addition, only the five members of my family mentioned above were able to attend the wedding.

After a few days in Leroy and Montgomery, it was time to head back to New York—10 days is a short time! Rubilaw was working for Delchamp's as a bookkeeper at the time and asked for an additional week to go to New York with me. This would give us another week together and give her a chance to see the Big Apple. We got a room at a nice hotel and I could come in and spend each night with her. While in port, I had little to do anyway, so my commander was good to me and gave me a great deal of time off. We went to Rockefeller Center and saw the Rockettes, and the play "Arsenic and Old Lace" among other things. Soon, her vacation time was up and I sadly saw her to the train and moved back to the H.F. Alexander.

Duty called and I made another trip to North Africa. The second voyage was almost identical to the first. We carried troops and supplies to Oran, North Africa. However, we had gotten several steel plates knocked loose on our ship and were taking water badly. We made it back to Gibraltar and the ship was placed in dry dock for several days. I didn't even know there was a city at the base of the Rock of Gibraltar and that the whole thing was controlled by the British. When I learned we would be there a day or so, I put in to get permission to climb to the top of the Rock. A British sergeant was sent as my guide. I didn't even know the thing was fortified. I was cautioned to stay in the path behind the sergeant for there were land mines here and there. However, we did climb to the top of the Rock. You looked north to Spain, east to the Mediterranean Sea, south to North Africa, and west to the Atlantic. It was a sight I shall never forget. We came back down and in a day or two our ship was sea worthy again and we came back to New York.

When back in New York, the first thing was to call Rubilaw and see if she could come up for a few days. It was beyond question that I could go home. It was agreed that she would come up for a few days. I got a room in a nice hotel near the station and stayed with her at night instead of going to Staten Island where I had a room. I called to be sure of the hour of her arrival and when her father answered the phone, I asked to speak with her. He told the operator that she had gone to the train station to go to New York. This told me what I wanted to know, so I canceled the call. Pop decided I was sailing and wouldn't be there and rushed down and got Rubilaw off the train. After she called, we set a second date and I made arrangements and met the train at 8 PM on the appointed night. Rubilaw was not on it. I met trains until 10 PM, and finally asked the station master about the next possible connection coming from Montgomery, Alabama. Being told 8 AM the next day, I went to the hotel and went to bed. The next morning at 6 AM, I was walking in the station looking at passengers and Rubilaw saw me. She had been there since mid-night. In addition to these two tragedies, she was nursing a low grade fever and had a breaking out that our ship's doctor decided was measles. He advised complete bed rest and gave her an ointment to apply. By the time she had to return to Montgomery, she could travel, but this was not the best visit we ever had. It does illustrate some of the problems of being together with a war in

progress!

In early spring we left New York on the third trip, this time to be gone almost six months. We carried troops and supplies to North Africa (Algiers). Having discharged our troops, we headed for Glasgow, Scotland to pick up British troops headed for South Africa. We had just cleared the Straits of Gibraltar and were running fairly close to the coast of Spain when we were attacked by a German bomber. It made two passes at our ship, missing each time, as our guns fired again and again. Very quickly a Spitfire (British fighter) appeared and this was the last we saw of the German plane. This was my first taste of actual enemy action, other than torpedo alerts, and it was not a good experience. Torpedo alerts came any time our equipment indicated a submarine in our vicinity. Often our escort ships would place us on alert and a few times I have seen a destroyer throwing depth charges into the ocean and you could hear and feel the discharges of these when they went off.

We were not in convoy for this trip. This may have been because the H.F. Alexander was a very fast and maneuverable ship, though I really don't know. We soon came into view of England and stayed close in for protection. We sailed around to the River Clyde and up it to Glasgow. When we learned we would be in port a few days, several of us decided to see just a little of Scotland. We took a train to Edinburgh and saw the sights. Back in Glasgow, after services aboard ship for the crew, I went ashore to go to church. My grandfather had been a Methodist minister, so I found a Methodist Church and went to the service. I arrived early, went in, and took a seat. That's the way we do in America. A nice man came over to me and said, "This pew is owned by a member of the church. They may have a pew full and not want you in their pew. That's just the way it goes over here. All the pews are owned. I would be delighted to have you sit in my pew and worship with us." I thanked him, accepted his offer, and worshipped with them. I had never run into this before, nor since.

Soon we sailed down the river; I stayed out on deck, looking at some of the most beautiful countryside I have ever seen. The journey was different down the coast of Africa because we were traveling alone and our gun crews were constantly in their place. We stopped at two or three ports just long enough to discharge or pick up a few people but our destination

was Durbin, just past Cape Town and the Cape of Good Hope. We discharged our troops at Durbin and after a few days started back up the coast, just as we had done coming down, and stopped finally at Casablanca to pick up a load of German prisoners to bring to America.

We crossed the equator both on the way down the coast to Durbin and on the way back. On the way down we had an initiation that seemed to be a tradition with the seagoing people. I was the first to be initiated on our ship. They washed me through a canvas tunnel with a water hose. Afterwards they gave me a certificate that I still have that I have been initiated into the Court of King Neptune, and a "short snorter" dollar bill. I was then made scribe, or secretary, for the ceremony.

There was a destroyer that had joined us on this day—or maybe it was an escort for the day. They too had an initiation which I watched for a time. One sailor tried to escape the initiation by getting out on one of the three big 16-inch gun turrets. When they went after him, he worked his way out onto the barrel beyond their reach. In a few minutes that gun began going straight up and the sailor slid down the barrel into the arms of his pursuers. I'm sure they gave him a hard time but we were too far from them to see it.

On our trip up the west coast of Africa, we ran into the worst storm I have ever experienced. Our great ship was tossed about like a leaf on the water. The waves would almost go over the entire ship. At supper, rails were in place around the tables to keep china, silver, and food from sliding off. Actually, few people ate much supper.

Also, we stopped at Senegal and picked up native troops trained by the French. There were huge blacks who fought with a big knife like a machete, and they fought only at night. They did a native dance for us on the boat deck which was quite interesting. They were headed to North Africa to join General Montgomery and the British in pushing the Germans out of Africa.

Upon arriving in New York, I found two sets of orders—the first to report to Chaplains' School at Harvard University and the second to report for duty with the 13th Airborne Division at Ft Bragg, NC. I reported to the Port Chaplain that I had already attended Chaplains' School and asked for advice. He told me to report to the 13th and that he would take care of the mistake with Washington. So, I reported to the 13th and was

warmly received. I was assigned to Division Artillery, given a room to live in, and told to be at Pope Field at 2 PM for glider rides. Being a good soldier I reported at 2 PM as ordered and got my first view of an Army glider. We loaded my jeep in the glider and with my driver sitting in the jeep and me sitting beside the pilot we took off, being pulled by a C-47 with a 300-foot nylon rope holding us to the plane. Until you have done this, you have never really lived. We flew over Ft. Bragg reservation until the rope released from the plane and the pilot had to find a place to land with a 300-foot nylon rope still attached to the nose of the glider. Miraculously, we landed safely, got the jeep out, and drove back to Pope Field. My CO, General Molitor, was having a fit. That night, I decided to volunteer for parachute duty and go to Ft. Benning, GA for training. This was the only way out of glider duty and I was not going to battle riding a glider! I rode gliders again, but only until I could become a parachutist, and this would follow soon.

In case you question my desire to stay out of gliders, let me tell you a little about them. They were nothing but aluminum tubing with canvas over it. The floor where a jeep was driven and each side where personnel sat was plywood. During the invasion of Southern France, the parachute units jumped at 4 AM before day. They took the areas and cleared off the landing sites for the glider units that came at 2 PM. The glider units lost more men in the flight and landing than did the parachutists in their jump, fighting and clearing off the glider sites.

Parachute School in Ft. Benning, GA, made me question my decision. Our people went to Ft. Benning in August, not the most pleasant month in South Georgia or South Alabama. The area we were in was called "the frying pan"—a good name for it! The barracks had black felt siding and no finish on the inside. We had to "dog trot" six miles every day, get to where we could do 5 push-ups, and learn to pack our parachute and how to handle the chute when we were harnessed to it. We made five jumps, one each day the last week we were there. After the first jump I went to the office and had the $100 per month I received for jumping ("jump pay") put in war bonds. This money bought land in Conecuh County in later years.

I had not had a leave since my wedding so I now applied for ten days to see my wife and people. This was granted. I got to Montgomery and to

Leroy for half that time and received a call from Col. Harris, our Executive Officer. I had orders to attend Chaplains' School at Harvard University! I explained that I had been to Chaplains' School and that Chaplain Howard at New York Port of Embarkation was to have gotten that straightened out —I had his word on it. I was told I had better go to Boston because they were raising a fuss about it. So, I lost half my leave and had to make a long, hard, useless trip. Upon reaching the school I reported to the Executive Officer that I had been to Chaplains' School a year ago. I'll never forget how he started out, "Where have you been? You have been to the Chaplains' School a year ago? You wait right here. I'll be right back." It was always funny to me how the higher officers in the Army never accepted blame for such things nor ever apologized for their mistakes. When he came back he just said, "The Ole Man said go on back to your unit." And, I did. This is what we called a "SNAFU."

I began looking for a place to live and soon found a small upstairs apartment in Fayetteville which was just outside the area of Ft Bragg. This was to be our home until our Division moved to Camp Mackall, NC. After getting my good wife with me, I settled down to being a chaplain. Incidentally, we also bought our first car—a 1941 green Chevrolet. Gas and tires were hard to come by, but because of my military status, we got by just fine.

Early in 1944, the Division moved to Camp Mackall and we moved to Southern Pines to live. We lived first in a room with Col. H.G. Long from Alabama and then found a little house where we lived to ourselves until I went overseas. At some point I also went to Ft Benning, GA to parachute school. After that I never rode a glider again. I was asked how many times I had jumped out of an aeroplane? My answer was, none, but I had been pushed 21 times. It is a better way than riding a glider.

At Camp Mackall we settled in and prepared for combat. I remember few things about this experience except our maneuvers. The parachute units were to jump at 10 o'clock at night and make our way to the assembly area. We had flown out of Aiken, South Carolina, rendezvoused at Charlotte, North Carolina, and come in formation into our maneuvers area. We were flown by pilots who had arrived late and who received inadequate instructions. Parachutists jump according to lights controlled by the pilot. I led the "stick" out of our plane. When the

red light came on, we stood up, hooked up to the static line and checked our equipment. On command I stood in the door ready to jump with all the men behind me ready to follow. The green light flashed on and we jumped five miles from the jump zone and into a creek swamp full of heavy timber. We had been instructed that should such a thing happen, we would not cross the creek except at a safe place. All of us came down through trees. I feared at first I had broken a leg on a tree limb but thankfully this turned out to be false. Since I was leader of the "stick," I assembled the men—very quietly and in black darkness. Instead of a bright moonlight night, there were thick clouds overhead and we had no stars or moon to go by. We had flashlights but were in enemy territory and were ordered not to use them. I decided the only course of action was to rest as best we could until daylight and use the sun as a compass. We did this and started at daylight to try and find our assembly area. By mid-morning we found it, and also found that about half of the unit had been scattered in the same way. The rest of our exercise went as it should have gone. I suppose all's well that ends well.

Right after Christmas and in the first few days of January, 1945, we received orders sending us to be a part of Germany's final defeat. I knew this would eventually come, but I had no idea of the trauma involved in leaving your wife, six months pregnant with our son. Pop came to Southern Pines to drive her home where she would bear our child alone and take care of him until I could get back. And, of course, there was the thought that I might not get back. I have had an undying debt of gratitude in my heart all these years for a wife who took this responsibility without complaint. She has told me she cried all the way to Montgomery, but she never let her man see a tear she shed. I don't believe I could have stood it had she done so.

So, as Rubilaw went to Montgomery, we went to Brooklyn, NY, and boarded a transport where I had begun my service and headed for Le Harve, France. We had scarcely gotten out of port when this message came over the ship's loud speaker: "Chaplain Samuel A. Granade please report to the troop commander's office." When I got there, the Sergeant Major of the H.F. Alexander was there and in charge of things. The ship had not been assigned a chaplain, so I was chosen to serve on the trip over. This really was no burden and I got a private state room for my quarters

and some other good things like a place at the Captain's table. By this time, the German fleet of submarines had been destroyed and their air power reduced greatly, so we went over without being in convoy.

After landing at Le Harve, we were transported to Lucky Strike, one of the tent camps set up near harbors and named for cigarettes. When processing was complete, we spent two days in "40 or 8s," railroad cars that would carry 40 men or 8 horses, going to three towns that would serve as our base camp until we finished our part of the war effort in Europe: Sens, Joigny, and Auxerre. My unit was in Joigny until after the war ended and I became Division Chaplain. I then moved my things to Auxerre. All or parts of the Division were in bivouac around air fields, ready to be committed at a moment's notice most of the time. This made my job like a circuit rider. I went from unit to unit all over France, then occupied by our forces, to hold worship services or to do other things related to my work. Two assignments that I was to personally be involved in never took place and I was glad. First, there was a bridge across a main river on the way to Berlin that was important to our advance. It seems the Germans had determined to blow it up as they retreated. So, we were assigned to jump on either side of the river and take it before it could be destroyed. We were loading into planes to do this when word came that our tanks had overrun the Germans and taken the bridge intact. The second involved one of the major Belgian cities. Our people had learned that the Germans had determined to destroy it on the last day of the war in Europe rather than surrender it. Again, we were loading planes to jump outside the city and take it quickly when we received word that they had already surrendered. You can imagine our relief!

I was anxious about the birth of my son during these days. Mama Ray had promised to send me an air mail letter the very day he was born. The time of his expected birth passed, and still no word. I was traveling from unit to unit during this time. Late one afternoon I came to an air field where one of our units was bivouacked. In this unit was Sgt. Yarbrough, a boy from Millbrook, just across the river from Montgomery, who showed me a clipping from the Montgomery Advertiser that his mother had sent him that read, "Born to Chaplain and Mrs. Samuel A. Granade, a son, Samuel Ray Granade." The date was April 5, 1945. I still have the clipping. Needless to say, I performed my duties and rushed back

to base camp to get my mail. By the way, Mama Ray's letter came a week or so later. The Red Cross sent telegrams informing overseas personnel of the birth of children. The telegram they sent me never arrived.

When the war in Europe ended in May, we soon moved back to our base camp. Our Division Chaplain, Ingram by name, was older than most of us and had a great deal of military service. Since his war was over, he decided to retire. I was moved to Auxerre and became Division Chaplain at the age of 27.

I have mentioned Captain Harlow and Sergeant Moses as very valuable to me in my work because they always saw we had good music. Dave Moses assembled and trained one of the best men's choruses I have ever heard. Lt. Vick Knight was head of our overseas radio and, when President Roosevelt died, he wanted a memorial service in music for broadcast the day of the funeral. He got the ear of the General and sold him on the idea of having a group of artillerymen, on their way to the front, pausing to sing a memorial to their fallen Chief. He wanted it to be religious music for the most part for it was a religious service. He wanted "Home on the Range" worked in for it was the President's favorite song. He furnished the wording that moved it along and it was held in a railroad station "somewhere in France." By the way, there was no chaplain present. They recorded it and played it the night before the burial. It was a beautiful service, and I have an old 78 disk plus a modern tape in my possession. The BBC picked up the broadcast, had it flown over, and played it the next day. NBC, in America, picked it up and played it. Sergeant Moses got a letter from his mother later, telling him she had heard such a service on NBC and said, "They did 'Sweet Hour of Prayer' just like you used to have our choir do it here in Decatur, Illinois."

Time hung heavily on our hands after the war. There seemed no sense to training when most of the men were looking forward to getting out of the army soon. Our fear was that we would be kept in Europe and used for occupation forces. However, in mid-August we received orders back to the States to be resupplied for use in a massive attack on Japan. The unit returned to the cigarette camp near Le Harve to be processed for debarkation.

I was left behind as a part of the rear echelon to see that all the details were cared for before leaving. Six or seven of us were to close

camp and fly to Le Harve. We were to leave the day before our division boarded ship for home. When we got up that morning, it was pouring down rain. At the breakfast table, the pilot of the C-47 that was to fly us said, "You men can do what you want but I'm going to take off on that mesh steel runway whether it's raining or not." I quickly added my nickel's worth and said "If that plane takes off, I'm going to be on it." Needless to say, the others joined us, for none of us wanted to stay in Europe. When the pilot got the engines revved up and we started down the runway, the wheels threw up sheets of water like a boat's spray, but we managed to get safely up and to Le Harve.

The day we sailed, the war with Japan was over. The dropping of the atomic bombs had brought them to their knees and it was over. We were scared to death they would stop our sailing, but it did not happen and we were on our way home.

We landed in Brooklyn and were transported to Ft. Dix and from there were sent by train to Camp Gordon, GA. Because of the post-war turmoil, they were not prepared for us and we received a month's leave. My next stop was Montgomery, where I would be reunited with my sweetheart and for the first time ever, see my new son. All of this was a once in a lifetime experience. Rubilaw met me at the train station around midnight. After fond embraces we went home. I wanted to slip in and see Ray asleep in his bed, trying not to wake him. My sweet wife would have none of that. She went in the bedroom, got our son and brought him out. Of course he woke up and of course he cried; who wouldn't at such a time of night? He was wonderful and I still think so.

I had a full month of free time. Later, we were given a second free month because of the turmoil at the end of the war. The area we were to occupy was not ready. I believe this was the best and longest vacation I have ever had. Finally, we returned to Ft Bragg at the end of October, 1945, and settled in to finish duties begun four years ago.

First of all, the 13th Airborne Division was deactivated and became the 82nd. I was soon chaplain of the oldest and best known of the airborne divisions and was finally discharged from it on July 4, 1946. General Chapman, our former commander, had retired and was replaced by General Jim (Jumping Jim) Gavin. All the men were trying to get out and go on with their lives, but the regular army people were trying to keep

everybody they could. They needed men with experience. I held the rank of Captain though my job called for a Lieutenant Colonel. One afternoon an Executive Officer came over to my office for a visit. He wanted to know my age—27 years old. How long have you been in? Four years. "You have a great career ahead of you and you are mighty young. If you will promise to stay with us, I'll go back to my office and send your promotion papers in today." I thanked him for his interest and graciousness, but I was not regular army and had not completed my education. Anyway, I felt called to be a pastor. He could not believe I would turn him down but I promised him another Division Chaplain in a month and it worked out about that way.

We lived in Southern Pines during those days and had a car-pool to and from Fort Bragg. We lived in a house on Pennsylvania Avenue. It was not the best house in town, but it served the purpose. It gave Rubilaw and me a chance to learn to live together and with our son during this time. Nothing much was happening, so I was glad when they sent me to the discharge center and, though I had a month of leave time, I officially left the army July 4, 1946. We went home (Montgomery and Leroy), visited our family, and prepared to go back to seminary.

Finishing My Education

After a couple of months to relax after Army days, I went back to Southern Seminary in Louisville, KY. I had been accepted for my second year working toward a ThD degree in theology. Dr. John R. Sampey had promised those who left and went to war that they would be accepted back with open arms. I was accepted back, but, because I had been there a year, I should have been given an apartment for my family. However, Dr. Sampey was dead and I was not even given a single room. So I found a room a few blocks off campus and started to school with my wife and child in Montgomery. This lasted the first semester. After Christmas an apartment became available and we were together again. This was much better.

Soon after going back after Christmas, Ray began running fever. The Doctor said his ears were infected and gave him a shot of penicillin. That was a painful shot for a little boy not yet two years old. After the shot he would be free of fever for a week or ten days and it would come back.

After the second shot, Ray knew what was coming when we started to the hospital. It broke my heart to take him, but it seemed the only thing to do. The doctor told me that as soon as the semester was over to head for warm sunshine and it would clear up. The day I finished my last exam, we had everything ready and headed for home. When we hit the Alabama line, we hit warm sunshine and the fever left and did not return. However, we had been offered the use of Mrs. Lee's cottage at Grayton Beach and spent a month there. Ray never again had such trouble.

At the end of the first year, we came to Montgomery and I went to work for Folma and Flynn in construction. It didn't matter that I was not a carpenter; I had a saw and hammer and could drive nails. Anyway, I had a wife and son who must be fed. So, during the summer of 1947 I was a construction worker.

The first of September found us back in Louisville for my last year in seminary. Our main activities outside of school and housework were, we went to the Wild Boar (a nice cafeteria downtown) on Saturday nights and took long walks with Ray in the park just across from the Seminary on Sunday afternoons. Our apartment was in Judson Hall. It had one bedroom, a living room, bath, kitchen, and eating area. There was no refrigerator in the kitchen but an ice box to which ice was delivered each day.

The time passed quickly that last year. Near the end of the year, Mr. Gaston Bozeman from the Evergreen Baptist Church in Conecuh County, Alabama, came to Louisville interviewing students in the search for a pastor. After talking with him, I invited him to our apartment to meet Rubilaw and Ray. We visited for a time and were invited to visit Evergreen and to preach for them. They invited me to be their pastor, and on June 1, 1948, we moved to begin twenty-five years of service as pastor of that church.

<u>The Evergreen Years</u>

June 1, 1948, we moved into the old pastorium, across the street from the church. To its north lay the old church, which had been condemned by the city but was still used by the Baracca Class and the Masonic Lodge. The Lodge had part of a 99-year lease left and therefore had the right to use the upstairs. The old home was much like our home in Leroy, except

that at one time it had been neglected and termites did a great deal of damage, especially to the floors. There were places in the floor that you could see termite runs all the way through. This made it chilly in winter. The deacons assured me that, in time, a new pastorium would be built. We were happy in the home but did look forward, at some point, to living in a new one. There were other, more urgent things that needed to be done first.

I look back on the Evergreen years and I see them as project years. The first project was to do a number of things to the church itself. It had been through a period of a long pastorate where the pastor, much loved, died of old age. This was followed by two very brief pastorates that were less than they might have been. There were several things that had to be done to preserve the building and several things that needed to be done for appearance sake. Evergreen was named for the water oaks planted literally all over town. These trees are beautiful until they begin to deteriorate in old age. This happened fairly early in dry, unwatered places. There were several of these in front of the church and by the old church across the street adjacent to the pastorium. These badly needed removing. A drive needed to be poured in front of the church as well as a walkway from the street to the church. This was done first because it didn't cost much and everything had to be paid for as it was done. The church leadership and the pastor believed in this and it was followed through the years.

The church desperately needed a new roof. Ordinary roofers could not do this work because of the design and the kinds of work to be done —metal work was required in covering some of it. Mason Roofing Co., from Beatrice, was chosen to do the work. He came highly recommended and was close by. The fact that we had a continuing building fund and that the people were more and more pleased meant we could proceed right away. The people were impressed with the new roof, so we were ready to proceed with painting the outside woodwork on the building. Earl Clyatt, church member and in charge of the paint work at the local bus works (Southern Coach Company), was made chairman of the paint job and the men of the church were challenged to do the work. Scraping and preparing the wood was done by those who were not painters. Surprisingly, a number of men could do an acceptable job of painting. I scraped and sanded as did a number of young men my age. Mrs. Mary Nielsen was

chairman of a committee to select the color. The paint was bought in five gallon cans. The committee kept Earl busy for a time until they were satisfied with the color. As soon as the committee left, Earl mixed every gallon of the paint so it would be exactly alike. I wondered to Earl if he shouldn't mix just one can. "They might want to change." Earl looked at me and smiled, saying, "I know what I'm doing, Preacher." Sure enough, an hour later one committee member came back. "I'm sorry," Earl said, "it's all mixed and some of it's already on the wood." Before the day was over the whole building looked beautiful. The next morning everybody thought it looked beautiful, or kept their mouth shut.

Repair and refurbishing the inside of the building was more complex than doing the outside, so we proceeded on a different basis. The church had a coal furnace that had almost burned it down. At the time, it had been patched up and was still used. Rufus Rushton was put in charge of making the building secure and strong. Timbers that were needed were put in and a company was hired to refinish the inside, including putting new carpet in the auditorium and refinishing the pews and pulpit furniture. A new gas furnace with a blower on it was installed. A kitchen was put in the basement, the floor refinished, and a cover placed on it so it could be used as a fellowship hall. A divider was put across it so that on Sundays a nursery could be held in one side and a Beginner's department in the other. Mrs. Clarence Miller was nursery superintendent for as long as I was in Evergreen. When this was completed, the building was in good condition and looked lovely. Bigger things were in the future, but they included a new building and money must be raised before we could begin.

Though the building was now beautiful and in good condition, there was still one thing that needed attention. In the heat of summer the auditorium was the hottest place I have ever seen. And, in those days, men never went to church without a coat. Air conditioning was just beginning in homes and public buildings. I think it was Clarence Miller who began looking for an answer to this problem. Several companies were contacted to make suggestions as to how it could be done. We finally decided to install a large unit at the side entrance on the north side even though it would be a little noisy (I found it very noisy while I tried to preach, and the distraction took some getting used to!). Money was raised to pay for it and it was installed much to the delight of the people—especially the men.

This was the first church in our area to air condition its auditorium that I know about.

Rubilaw made two or three trips to New Orleans to Oschner's Clinic with some health problems our second year in Evergreen. My presence was required on the second trip, which came in September. While we were gone, Conecuh Association was held; in my absence, they elected me moderator. I served in that capacity for twenty-three years. I had many duties in the Association because there were times when I was the only resident Baptist pastor. I held funerals all over the county because of this. This also gave me the chance to lead in Associational projects. I will not try to date these but simply list them in order. First, Eugenia Ellis was asked to serve as associational missionary. I will not try to list her accomplishments but, to me, her best contribution was in the area of youth rallies held on Saturday nights in the various churches. This understandably helped many young people along the way. Second, the Association purchased and refurbished a house on Belview Street to serve as home and office for the missionary. Third, we built a new home with adjoining office and book store at the corner of Rural and Williams Avenue. This combination was operated by Ed and Elizabeth Everage.

At the church, a financial drive had been going on to raise enough money to build an educational building which would connect on the north side of the church. When this was successful, Mr. Charlie Jones was asked to serve as a committee of one to get the job done. He hired Rufus Rushton with a building crew and soon the work was done. At about the same time, Coston Bowers suggested we could easily have another department by putting a floor in the educational part of the old building. Heretofore there had simply been a balcony-like walkway off of which the classrooms upstairs opened. The church adopted and accomplished this, which gave us a fully departmentalized Sunday School. This even moved the Baracca class to the new building, and they became a part of our regular Sunday School. The Masonry, however, continued to meet upstairs in the old church.

The Baraccas were the only class for adult men in the Sunday School. Efforts were made to enlist younger adult men but to no avail. Finally I said to them something like this, "I'm not going to enlist a single person you reach but there is a huge number of young men up to my age you do

not reach. I'm going to start a Pastor's class for them for they need the church and the church needs them." The first year we enlisted about thirty, the second year our enrollment was about fifty and then we started a young adult department with them.

As we provided space and new organizations we grew in numbers. Instead of 100 in Sunday School, we were now running 300 or better. This created a problem in parking. So, we made a deal with the Masons to buy the remaining years of their lease. We then had the old church removed, leveled off all the area across the street from the church, and made a parking lot out of it.

At some point, I became involved with another project. Myrtle Hutto was a member of our church who lived on North Main Street just before you cross the railroad. I went to see her one cold, rainy afternoon. The old home was about to fall down. Pans were placed here and there to catch the rain that came through the roof. Myrtle was an old maid whose parents had long since died. She was sick and had no heat in the fireplace. I appealed to our deacons for us to do something about the house. They felt we should not do it as a church but urged me to lead in doing something, all the people helping on a personal basis. I carried John Reid to look at the house and tell me what to do. It was very small and in terrible condition. He walked around it, thought a moment and said, "Burn it down and build another. It's the best, cheapest way." One lady gave Myrtle a place to live while we did the work. A man drew a house plan with a sitting, eating, and working area on one side. The other side was a bedroom and bath. This was about the size of her present house. I have never done anything where people were as eager to help. People gave money, Ed Smith gave the electrical work and plumbing, and he and his two sons put it in. One fellow gave the roof. Sonny Price sent a truck to the site with the lumber needed. I hired Tom Grace and "Red Man" Pierce to do the work, and in no time we had Myrtle back in a nice little house.

I grew up supportive of and active in the denominational life of both Alabama Baptists and the Southern Baptist Convention. Before I left home for college, I was elected Superintendent of Washington Association's Sunday School organization. I attended the meetings of the Association, State Convention and SBC all my ministerial life. As a result of this, I knew the people involved and they came to know me and my

involvement. This was strengthened before I finished my education by my volunteer work in teaching study courses. This was a popular thing for Baptists in my early years. This spirit of cooperation among Baptists was also strengthened by the spirit at Howard College and Southern Seminary, and the friendships I formed in those schools.

As a result of this, I was elected a member of the State Board soon after I became a pastor in Conecuh county. I served on this Board several times and became its chairman for one term. I also served several years on the Executive Committee of that Board. I was elected a member of the Board of Directors of the Baptist Foundation for a time. I was elected a Trustee of Howard College/Samford University and served there until I became an employee of the State Convention. The State Convention made me chairman of the committee that handled the purchase of the land for the Boys Camp at Shocco Springs and the same committee (Sam Granade, Chairman, Richard Crowe, and Amos Ledbetter) handled the things related to the building of the boys and girls camps at Shocco Springs. The most exciting part of that story was the opposition of my long-time acquaintance and good friend John Jeffers. He opposed the land purchase, asking when we were going to have our first hunt up there on all that vacant land. I finally told them "I don't care what you do about this, but I'll tell you this. If you don't buy that land, I'll buy it myself and you'll pay through the nose when you realize you've made a mistake and have to come to me to get it!" Well, that was ugly, but that was the way I felt. And I would have done it, too. But once they saw that I was willing to "put my money where my mouth was," the opposition vanished and we went ahead and did it.

The assignment that opened my eyes most was that of serving on the Executive Committee of the Southern Baptist Convention. Almost all the business of the Convention goes through that committee. I served two terms on it. Another blessing in serving on that committee was making some friends in other states (each state had two members). One of these was Noble Hurley from Dallas, TX. He was a hunter and fisherman, as am I, and we visited each other several times. He always complained that I would never let him kill one of my turkeys! But, let me get back to the Evergreen Church.

The church voted to sell the old pastorium and build a new one. The

middle lot on the north side of McMillian before it reaches North Main was secured. Again, Mr. Charlie Jones was designated as a committee of one to get the job done and Rufus Rushton was hired, along with a crew, to build the house. This time Jack Newman supplied the lumber from his mill in Florida. Soon we moved into a nice new home with Tal and Mary Stuart as our neighbors across the street. The house is a one-story house with a full basement, opening at ground level on the west end. We spent many happy days in this new house.

For some time the church had wanted to begin a mission in the Pecan Street area. For some reason there were a number of people down there we were not reaching. The Evergreen Heading Company offered us a lot at the end of Pecan Street for that purpose. We accepted the lot and started with a tent revival on the site. A number of men assembled on Saturday to erect a large tent we had rented for the occasion. It had a large pole in the center to hold it up and, when stretched out, covered a large area. There were poles about five feet high all around the edges with a rope from each pole to a stake to hold it in place. None of us had ever put up a large tent and were wondering how to get that big center pole up and in place. One of those helping was Wayne Frazier, a football player at Auburn who made All-American center the next year. I said "All of you get around the edges and hold it in place and give me Wayne and we will go under the tent to the pole and raise it." Wayne was young and strong as a mule, so we crawled under the tent to the center pole and raised it up and put it in place. This was a major achievement. We then put a portable pulpit stand in place along with rows of chairs and a piano and were ready for services. Joe Youngblood, pastor at Cedar Creek Church, was the evangelist and we had a good revival that week. After the revival, the Bowers family offered their home for Sunday School and worship in the morning and Training Union and worship at night. Since I had to serve the mission and the church, the mission worship services were held early so I could be back at the church for the regular services held there.

Soon, money was in hand to build. We drew the plans so that it could be built a unit at a time and that each would fit the other and look right at the end. The unit consisting of auditorium, office, and a few classrooms was the first unit built. We moved in and named it "Bower Memorial Chapel." Soon Doyle Brown was called as my associate and his

duties were serving the Chapel. Doyle moved on and the second unit was built, providing considerably more educational space and a fellowship area with a kitchen. At about this point, a new pastor was called and the Chapel was organized into an independent church with the understanding that the Mother Church would undergird it until they could manage their own finances. This agreement was honored for several years.

In 1957 the United States Supreme Court handed down a decision that was to have a great effect on our nation. It ended segregation in the public school systems. One result of this decision was the birth of private schools in small towns like Evergreen. One of the tragic results of this was that many young mothers went to work outside the home to help send children to private schools. This in turn created a great need for day care for children. So great did this need mount that one Sunday I preached a sermon on Christ's love for children. In that sermon I said I hoped God would let me live to see a day care in our church. Others declared themselves of the same feeling and before long such a system became a reality in the church. This school is still in operation and has provided many children a very needed service.

In 1963, when Ray graduated from High School, we took a trip to Mexico. We had tried through the years to let him see the United States during vacation trips. This was an effort to let him see another nation. We entered Mexico at Brownsville, Texas, and followed the old Pan American highway down the east coast and on to Mexico City.

Three things stand out in my mind about our trip in. First, we had been warned that we must bribe Mexican officials or we would never get across the border. I had said I would not pay a quarter to get into Mexico —I'd show them! Well, at the crossing we filled out papers and had everything in order and were given seats in the corner of a big room. We sat there an hour. Others came and went right on across. Finally, I swallowed my pride, called the official over, gave him a quarter, and in five minutes he called us and we went on our way. Second, we spent the first night in a small town in a motel recommended by our travel agent. One of us went to the bathroom and when we flushed the commode, it wouldn't stop running. I got the man at the desk, who came with assurances that it was nothing and could be quickly fixed. He took the lid off the tank, fiddled inside a moment, and then water started spewing everywhere. He

came out, drenched, to say "She broken down!" Soon he had it fixed and we had a good night. The third thing came the third day when we started up the mountains and into the interior and Mexico City. It became the steepest, highest, scariest road I have ever seen. There were no guard rails, the road was very narrow, and it seemed you could see a mile straight down. I became sick from the height and Rubilaw had to drive.

Our tour agent advised a guide using his car for the trips we would take while in Mexico City. We picked up Al Palimeno at the city limits. He drove us in town to our hotel and we parked our car. After seeing the driving in the city I decided it was nice to use a guide and his car. For one thing, I could never tell who had the right-of-way at an intersection. Finally, I asked Al about how to tell who had the right-of-way. His answer was "You pray, you blow your horn, and you go." We spent several days in the capital city, taking side trips and seeing a bullfight. I pulled for the bull in the bullfight. I was not aware they had pyramids as in Egypt but was impressed. Guadalupe was also an impressive place. One afternoon, Al took us to the main amusement park in town. The main attraction was to get on a boat in a very dirty slough and take a ride. The boats were decorated with flowers, were handled by a man with a sculling paddle, and jostled with other boats with bands and singers on them who serenaded us. After a few days, in which Al took us to a small, English-speaking church to worship on Sunday, we began our journey back to the USA. We stopped at several places indicated as interesting by the travel agent and crossed back to the USA at McAllen, Texas.

In 1965, Jimmy Ray was stationed in Germany with the NATO forces. Mrs. Ray, Rubilaw, and Ray went over and spent a month touring Germany, the Netherlands, France, and Italy. Ray was 20 at the time and came home with a red beard. It didn't match his hair at all.

At some point in all these projects, the church began to feel the need for additional Sunday School space and for better fellowship space. This resulted in building the second educational building, joined onto the first on the east end. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Croom had lived in Washington, DC, for many years but had retained their home in Evergreen. When he retired from the Agriculture Department, they moved back home. Mrs. Croom was an invalid and received a great deal of attention from me and others in the church. Mr. Croom had said to me that his prayer now was that God

would allow him to live long enough to take care of his wife as long as she needed him. Time passed, and Mrs. Croom died. Unless my memory fails me the very next week Mr. Croom died. None of the Croom family still lived in Conecuh County, so the home was given as a memorial gift to the church. In response to their generosity, the church named that second building "Croom Hall."

When "Croom Hall" was finished, we had used up the available land the church owned. About that time the Weathers property, 200 feet wide, going all across the back from street to street, and joining the church property on the east side, came up for sale. $30,000 was a lot of money in that day but when compared to moving the church to a new location, it was a small amount. There was little opposition to buying and it was soon a done deal. The tremendous old Victorian house on it became a youth recreation center until being torn down to make room for the new recreation center. That building was not built while I was pastor but it was planned and a great part of the money for it was raised. My vision for it had been a full-time recreation center for all ages with a full-time director, but this never happened. By the way, Paul McMillan and his sister Lib shared a smaller house on this property until their death. They had rented it for years from the Weathers and we allowed them to stay for their last few years.

On June 1, 1968 the Evergreen Church had a "Sam and Rubilaw Granade Day." They invited our family and friends and simply took over the morning service for the occasion. The highlight was a gift of a trip to the Holy Land. This had long been a desire of ours. Lamar Jackson was taking a group to the Holy Land that year and we joined it. We went to England for a few days, then crossed the channel to France and spent a few days in Paris. There we enjoyed a special dinner in the restaurant in the Eiffel Tower, overlooking the city at night. The next stop was Israel, where we spent about a week seeing Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, Jericho, the Jordan River, the Sea and city of Galilee, and much more. From Israel we went to Lebanon, and with Beirut as our base made several side trips. Our next stop was Greece where we visited Athens and Corinth. In Italy we visited Rome and several other of its famous cities. From Italy we flew to Switzerland where we joined some of the others who had broken away from the group and flew home together. It was a wonderful three weeks.

The 1940 census showed Conecuh County to have about 28,000 people in a mostly agricultural county. The 1970 census showed that the county had 14,000 people. Evergreen was a town of about five thousand throughout the 25 years we spent there. It turned to industry to maintain its size. It lost its two cotton gins but gained two good sewing factories. Plants like Knude Nielsen Co. grew and Poole Truck Line became important. I always felt at home in Evergreen, for I was close to my rural background and had enough education and experience, especially during army days, to be accepted. My lifestyle of doing my work and hunting and fishing to relax was about normal. Fellowship with the men was one of the good things for me. One of my best memories is baptizing a large number of men fairly well along in life like Joe Brooks and Coston Bowers. I had some opportunities to go to other churches, but every time we were in the midst of one of the projects and I felt that if I left it would harm the work. So I stayed on. As a matter of fact, I had come to feel that the Good Lord would let me spend my life in this good place.

In the early '70s, the State Convention created the office of Church-Minister Relations and George Bagley convinced me I was the man to do the ground work and get this office accepted. So, in 1973, after 25 years, I resigned to come to Montgomery and go to work for Alabama Baptists.

Fishing has always been one of my favorite things. In Evergreen, I was in a nest of fisherman. Any time I had was spent hunting or fishing with some of the men. I wanted a boat of my own. People had just begun pulling their own boats and launching them. I wanted to build one out of my own timber and built by my own hands—well, mostly by my own hands. Dallas Pugh was my chief helper. Mr. Patten had a fine shop and made a place for me to build my boat and use his tools. I had cut and cured some cypress and some choice oak with which to make the frame. Odel Pugh had a boat exactly like I wanted. I borrowed it as a pattern to go by. The boat was put together with glue and brass bolts and screws. When the frame was complete I took two pieces of marine plywood, one for the bottom and one for the sides, and secured them with glue and brass screws. I then put a sheet of fiber glass over the outside and finished it with a special marine paint. I had a 10-horsepower Johnson motor and Rubilaw gave me a trailer. I used this boat for about thirty years, put many a bass in it and kept it in good shape. It never leaked a drop. In 1983, I

replaced it with an AlumaCraft from the factory in Arkadelphia to replace it. I kept the old boat a few years and finally gave it and the motor to Glenn Eubanks, associate pastor in Monroeville FBC, while I was interim pastor there in 1992. Glenn had three little boys and I wanted that boat to be used to help that family in their growing-up years. I spend many days fishing with the men of the church. Some of them were Dallas Pugh, E.B. Horton, Clarence Carrier, Walter Carrier, Robert Key, Truman Hyde, Johnny Nielsen, Jack Newman, and Joe Brooks. My father-in-law, Rufus Ray, fished with me on occasion.

Before leaving Evergreen, I need to mention two other things of importance. The first is that Ray gave us the daughter we had always wanted and through their union, two fine grandsons. He and Ronnie fell in love during high school and finally wound up at Samford University together. Ray finished at mid-term of their senior year and they married at Christmas. I have performed many marriages but none more beautiful nor meaningful than theirs. Nor have I ever performed one under such pressure. Unsure that I would be able to make it through the ceremony, I asked my brother Charles for backup. He wore his "wedding suit" and had his ceremony in his pocket. We used the same ceremony, and had since college days. I told him that if I got into trouble, I'd just look at him and he could step right up and continue as if nothing had happened. It was reassuring to see him sitting near the front, his lips moving soundlessly as he kept up with me in the ceremony. The second thing is that much of Evergreen became as meaningful to me as my family. To this day I follow with great interest the things that affect their lives. Had we not stayed in Montgomery to help Mama and Papa Ray have the best quality of life possible after my retirement, and had not they lived such long lives, we might have gone back there to live out our last days.

I feel I must not leave Evergreen without a further word about hunting and fishing—my ways of getting away from the strain of my work. I bought two small places that furnished hunting but they were as nothing compared to three other places. Mr. W.K. Horton lived about a year after I went to Evergreen. He was a church member at New Bethel, located on the Horton plantation, but I visited him on his front porch in Evergreen from time to time. He told his son, E.B., to take that Granade preacher turkey hunting. From this introduction, E.B. took me turkey hunting every

year on the plantation. E.B. and I became hunting and fishing friends and, until his death, I had hunting privileges down there. I have never seen a place with more abundant game in all my life.

The Stevens' plantation was the second place. The elder Mrs. Stevens, Ray and L.M.'s mother, gave Dr. Rob Stallworth and me a key to her gate and the privilege of hunting turkey in the spring. He and I hunted, together and separately, for many years until her death. It was excellent hunting and we killed many fine turkeys down there. I believe it was in Stevens' plantation that my son, Ray, killed his first turkey.

C.T. Ivey owned a fine place about five miles west of Evergreen. One day he offered it to me, since he nor Bill, his son, liked to hunt. It wound up as a small hunting club of four as the years passed. I hunted turkey, and later deer to some extent, for almost forty years. In 1993, though I killed the limit of turkey, I got out of the club because it became difficult for me to walk long distances hunting turkey. In May of that year, I had open heart surgery and have done little hunting since.

Important Postscript:

On August 29, 1972, Ray and Ronnie presented us with our first grandson, Stephen Riley Granade. Stephen graduated from Ouachita Baptist University in May of 1995 and two weeks later married Misty Dawn Clark. I had the honor and pleasure of performing the ceremony. They are now in Durham, NC, where Stephen is in graduate school, working toward a Ph.D. in Physics and Misty is working to help support the family.

On June 23, 1976, they presented us with a second grandson, Samuel Andrew Granade II. Andrew is a junior at OBU, majoring in music and history. He is not yet married, though he shows great interest in a special friend named Joy Shupe. Both these young men are as fine as they can be and are a joy to us.

Rubilaw went to Arkadelphia to help when both boys were born. She had been there the week of Stephen's birth when I arrived with a trailer load of shrubbery and landscaped their new home. I called myself planting a tree for Stephen. When Andrew was born, I went after a week and this time simply worked in the yard a week.

I must tell of our move to Montgomery and into our first home. We had a month to try to find a place but were not successful. We wanted a

nice place in a good community and close to the Baptist Building, if possible. Finally, we rented a house on Arlington Street and moved in with a year's lease. We would use the year to find a house to buy and fix up. Rubilaw must have looked at a thousand houses. Finally, we found a house on Bankhead Avenue that was not what we wanted but one we could make what we wanted. We had to completely redo the yard and house. All new shrubbery had to be planted and the house completely redone. We retained Harold Nichols, architect, told him the things we wanted to do and went to work. Tom Grace, chief carpenter, Leland Grace, helper, Leon Majors, helper, and a black Baptist preacher, Mason, were employed to do the work. They built a porch on the front. A pull-off joined the driveway between the street and house, for parking, and a bricked walk led from it to the porch. The house was completely revised and a new heating and air conditioning system installed. A screened-in porch on the north side was doubled in size and made into the dining room. This addition was extended to include a large storage room and a two-car carport. A spacious patio was built between this and the southwest wing of the house and made accessible from the den. The front bedroom got a bay window on the front of the house and a wall to close it off from the hall and make it a private room and bath. We built a fireplace in the den to make it warm and cozy. All of this does not describe all we put into our home, but we feel we now have a lovely house, in a good neighborhood, with some lovely features to it. It fits us just fine and is really a part of our lives.

Until retirement, my recreational life suffered in Montgomery. I tried to work in some leisure time but it was nothing like Evergreen. I had always followed Auburn football, and almost went to school there. Auburn was just an hour's drive on I-85, so Rubilaw and I began buying four season tickets to football home games each year. We would take friends with us to repay social obligations. Like so many going to these games, we took a picnic lunch and a cooler of soft drinks. Those tickets were not as costly then as they are now. However, it got to the place where obligations caused us to miss so many games that we stopped buying the tickets.

My hunting and fishing also suffered because I had left my hunting and fishing places and partners. I finally learned that Ralph Halbrooks loved fishing and began fishing with him. Ralph is a natural outdoorsman. I had the equipment and could handle the boat, and in those days could

still catch as many bass as the man in the front. Ralph and I fished the Alabama River from above Montgomery, where it becomes the Alabama, to Selma and beyond. There were several launching ramps up and down the river. Ralph and I knew and used them all. Some of the best fishing I have ever known was in the river and its tributaries. Ralph and I brought our share of them out through a period of twenty-five years.

Dr. J.R. White loved to fish, and I took him fishing a number of times after his retirement. He was a fair fisherman and good companion, but Ralph was my regular partner after coming to Montgomery.

Working for Alabama Baptists

George and Helen Bagley spent a weekend with us in early 1973. George preached for me Sunday morning and in the afternoon spoke to dedicate the new Associational home, office, and bookstore. That weekend he invited me to meet with the committee seeking a director of the newly-created department of Church-Minister Relations. I told him that I felt I was a preacher and pastor and doubted I could do the work he wanted done. He replied, "I know you are a preacher and pastor. That's why we want you. You will preach to far more in your position with us and will serve more preachers as their pastor than you serve here." To be honest, I doubted what he said, but as I thought about it and prayed about it, decided I should accept his invitation. This resulted in my resignation as pastor in Evergreen to become the first Director of the office of Church-Minister Relations in Alabama.

Alabama was the fourth state to establish such an office; North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia were the first. Baptists had always been so jealous of their independence and autonomy, they had never considered that some help could be provided churches and pastors without violating these two foundational beliefs. There was no written material on how this assistance might be offered without getting into the position of the convention running the affairs of the church.

My first effort was to try and convince pastors and churches that the director and the office could be trusted to uphold Baptist beliefs, especially those that related to the independence and autonomy of the local church. I tried to do this in several ways. I wrote a number of articles for the *Alabama Baptist* and other publications. I spoke everywhere I was invited to

speak. In September and October of that first year, I spent the entire time visiting Associational meetings and was given a brief time to speak in every one I visited. I continued to speak wherever I was invited and to preach in our churches every weekend as long as I served.

As quickly as I was able to do so, I wrote a little booklet, "From Pastor to Pastor," that set forth one way a Pulpit or Pastor Search Committee could successfully work. It was widely accepted and is still in use by that office. I invited all the ministers (pastors, music, education, etc.) to file a biographical form with the office, which we could share with churches requesting them. I invited churches to request names of prospective staff members for vacancies they were seeking to fill. In response I would send at least five names, not just one, if I had them. I met with committees time and time again, when invited, to discuss procedures. I got specific information on individuals when requested to do so. We arranged counseling services over the state for ministers and their families—and for churches. I suppose I should mention that I had an office at the Baptist Building and kept regular hours (8-5) as time permitted.

The first year in this office I was given a special assignment for the Leadership Conference held each year at Shocco Springs. Since I was not related to any particular group, I was assigned to be the convener for the Deacons' Conference. A leader had been assigned from the Sunday School Board in Nashville for the conference but I was to preside. As it turned out, many preachers attended. As I recall, the conference lasted two or three days. As we continued, I began to notice something I had never experienced as a pastor. There was a feeling close to hostility between the pastors and deacons. Each side seemed jealous of its position; they were not workers together with God, but competitors before Him. I noted all this and thought about it and wrote Dr. Bagley a memorandum, telling him what I had observed. I suggested that we begin a state-wide Pastor-Deacon conference majoring on the following points: 1. Biblically define the place of the pastor; 2. Biblically define the place of the deacon; 3. Say in every possible way that we are partners in the Kingdom work; 4. Do everything possible to encourage a spirit of fellowship between the two groups. My memo quickly came back and on it Dr. Bagley had written: "I agree. Add this to your job assignment."

The next year we had the first State Convention-sponsored Pastor-Deacon Conference at Shocco Springs. The response was great and several people suggested that the wives be added to future conferences. The next year the first Pastors, Deacons, and Wives Conference was held and the crowd overflowed Shocco's space. Because of job realignments, Billy Nutt's division was added to the sponsorship. He and I worked together on this conference until I retired. Also, Associations began having such conferences all over the state. This conference is still held each year and is still popular. As these conferences spread, I was often asked to speak at them. I have also spoken at many since my retirement.

After the first few years, the Ministers' Division of the Sunday School Board in Nashville sponsored a semi-annual meeting of the Directors of the Offices of Church-Minister Relations in the various states. This number came to represent all the old-line Southern states. The purpose of this meeting was to share experiences and offer fellowship in the work. We soon came to have one of these meetings each year in the various states. It was helpful to meet and share so that we could profit by our failures and successes.

Another activity that proved very helpful in ministering to the needs of the young men, was visiting the various seminary campuses where Alabama had students and where there were students from other states interested in coming to Alabama. Each year I visited Southern Seminary, New Orleans Seminary, and Southwestern Seminary. I also visited Baptist Bible Institute in Florida each year. On a few occasions I visited Southeastern Seminary but soon found our young people didn't attend there in sufficient numbers to warrant a visit. The purpose of these visits was to interview graduating students and receive biographical information on them to be shared with those churches interested in their services.

Dealing with as many churches and ministers as I did, it was inevitable that I deal, at times, with those in conflict. I was asked to attend business meetings of this sort as an observer and on occasion I was asked to serve as moderator. Many men got into trouble with their churches and desperately needed another place to serve. Sometimes I could help them and at other times I failed. It always worried me when involved in conflict.

My services were sought almost every weekend. Many times I would supply at both services for a church without a pastor and hold a conference

with the committee in the afternoon. When I joined FBC here in Montgomery I told J.R. White, "I won't be in church much but I promise to tithe." His reply was, "That's perfectly alright. Just send your money." The years serving Alabama Baptists were busy and fulfilling. However, time was running out. The time had come to retire and leave these duties to younger men. So, on the last day of 1983, I stepped into retirement.

The Retirement Years, 1983-

It is likely that most of us approach our retirement years with apprehension. I feared I would have nothing to do but hunt and fish. And while I like both, when that is all, life is not full. So, every invitation I received to preach, teach January Bible Study, hold a revival, speak at Shocco Springs or other conferences, I accepted. 1984 soon became one of the most productive years of my life. Rubilaw and I could find no time for ourselves. In addition to the above things, I served as interim pastor continually until 1993, when I had open heart surgery. There were fifteen of these interims, one following the other, during this time.

I found this to be a crucial time in the church's life and one where there was great need. The need is simple but very real. The people need to hear the simple gospel and they need to be loved. I continued to have a few revivals, conferences and Bible studies but the main emphasis became being an interim pastor. From the standpoint of ministering to people and service in the Kingdom, I have come to think of those ten years as my best.

When retirement time came there was the question of where we would live. We discussed that and decided we should stay where we were. We had our home here, many friends were here, Rubilaw's parents were still living and needed some attention from us, and there were reasons why we should not go to any other place we might want to go. In looking back I believe we made the right choice.

Life gives us many joys and satisfactions. It also has sadnesses and sorrow in it. The sorrows of my retirement years have grown out of the loss of my brothers and sister and her husband. They have not all come during retirement but have multiplied during this time. Tiny went first, then Calhoun, Irby, John, Charles, and Mary, in that order. It is sad to lose your brothers and sister but there is joy in remembering the good, close life

we had together and to remember the assurance that is ours of renewed fellowship and love with them through eternity. There is glorious hope in the future. But back to 1983.

In the fall of my last year as an employee of Alabama Baptists, Hepzibah Church in Troy wanted me to help them until they could find a pastor. I agreed to do this and served them until the Spring of 1984. They called a pastor and I moved on to Mt. Hill Church, located just west of Sellers, AL. This church wanted me to become pastor, as did almost all the interims I served. I declined the offer but continued to serve them for a year and a half. The committee just seemed to drag its feet but they finally found a good man.

Crestview Church in Prattsville had lost a pastor and was waiting for me when Mt. Hill called their pastor. Most of my service to this church was preaching on Sundays and conducting prayer meeting on Wednesday nights. I made good friends in all these churches. One in the Crestview Church was Mr. Phillips, who was a deacon and who kept bees. He kept us in honey for the time I was their pastor.

When Crestview called a pastor, the Parkway Church in Auburn wanted me. This was a college and college-town church. The leaders for the most part were connected with the University, and the membership included many students. Pete Turnham, State Representative, was a deacon. He insisted I come by his house for coffee every Sunday night and remains a good friend to this day. I stayed in Parkway for six months and found it a warm and loving church.

The Sunday after leaving Parkway I started with Capital Heights Church in Montgomery. This church had someone to see to the pastoral work, the educational work and the music; I was almost exclusively the preacher. They had a well-attended mid-week prayer service because they served a good meal before the service. This church had an outstanding Christmas program which was held in the Lee High School Auditorium each night for a week before Christmas. When they called a pastor, the Cloverdale Church, here in Montgomery wanted me.

The Cloverdale Church is a beautiful church with outstanding facilities. Its location gives it great visibility, yet, it has never seemed to reach its potential. They have some fine leadership and some wonderful people. I have served this church twice and have always found them

gracious. Since serving as interim, I have been back several times for special services.

First Baptist Church, Greenville was the next to seek my services. Tiny is buried in Greenville and was chairman of the committee to build their auditorium. His widow, Mildred Thompson, now lives there and is a member of the church. The pulpit committee recommended a man to the church after a several months' search but the church turned him down. As was to be expected, this caused feelings to run high. After a time the committee resigned. A new committee was elected in early fall and began work. At Christmas, I had been serving the church a year and the new committee had been working since fall so I felt safe in volunteering my services to Alaska as a summer missionary. I really didn't think I could stand their cold winters. Rubilaw and I were to go to Calvary Church in Anchorage for June, July, and August. As this time approached, I told the deacons of my plans and suggested that Charles Martin be asked to fill out the time. I had hardly gotten to Alaska when I received a message saying they had called Paul McClendon as pastor. I had served them 18 months.

Janell Rose, church secretary at Calvary Church in Anchorage, met us at the airport. She and her husband James, who worked for the Postal Service after retiring from the Air Force, were really our hostess and host. We lived in the pastorium, which was nice and comfortable, and enjoyed our time in Anchorage.

Calvary was a nice large church building just outside Elmendorff Air Base. Most of the people were military or had come to Alaska with the military. Most of my duties consisted of preaching, but we had a fine VBS with many of the children coming from military families.

We saw some of Alaska. We went to Denali, the ten-million-acre park in which Mt. McKinley is located. The scenery was beautiful and the animals interesting. James Rose took us on trips around by car but there were few roads. Most travel was done by water or air. He also took me salmon fishing but I did not catch one. We went to Portage to see the glaciers calving. We went to Kotzebue, an Eskimo village up north on the Arctic Ocean, and came back by Nome, a gold mining town. All in all the weather was pleasant and the scenery was beautiful. Alaska, by the way, is 2 1/2 times the size of Texas. It doesn't have but two or three hours per day of darkness in which to sleep, but we enjoyed the summer up there.

On two occasions I helped Benton Church for a very short time but they have a schedule, cooperating with the Methodists and Presbyterians. The Baptists have the first and third Sunday morning service, every Sunday night and prayer service every Wednesday night. The Methodists have every second Sunday morning and the Presbyterians have every fourth Sunday morning. There are some fine people in Benton and their spirit of cooperation is good.

Mt. Hedron West, in Elmore county, used my services a short time. I simply preached for them on Sunday and led prayer services on Wednesday night.

When we returned from Alaska, Monroeville FBC wanted me just as preacher on Sunday. They had a staff to do everything except preach, so this was my task. This is a fine church and I enjoyed preaching for them. The nature of my place with them made it more like a revival spread over a period of several months. They are a lovely group of people and I remember them fondly.

Antioch East Church in Greenville was the last interim I have had. This fine rural church has one of the warmest spirits I have known. I fit there real well because of my background. We had a good experience together for several months and I still hear from several of the members of the congregation.

Soon after this church called a pastor, I was sent to a heart specialist who did an arteriogram and found I had some blockage in my arteries. He told me he could eliminate this by a "simple procedure called the balloon." In May, 1993, he did this simple procedure and split an artery. This led to immediate open heart surgery. The surgery called for four by-passes. In about a week I was home again. Since that time I have supplied the pulpit on many occasions and spoken at Shocco several times, but have been more and more limited. I am grateful I can still go about and do the things a person almost 80 should do.

Rubilaw and I have taken two nice trips besides the trip to the Holy Land and to Alaska which have already been noted. She really loves to travel and on three occasions had gone without me—to Russia, to China, and another trip to England on the Queen Elizabeth II when she flew back on the Concord. The year before retirement (the summer of 1983) we joined Paul and Virginia Stewart in a celebration trip to England and

Scotland. We wanted to see some good plays, which we did, in London. Stratford was on the agenda where I bumped my head twice on the short doors to Anne Hathaway's cottage. York was a favorite city and I remembered how severely it was bombed during World War II. Its cathedral was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. We spent a day or so in Edinburgh but I was interested in going on to the Isle of Sky from which mother's people came. After going there I learned why they left. It was so cold, barren, and desolate. Globas Tours did a good job of letting us see the countryside and important places in Scotland and England. It was an enjoyable trip for all.

On January 18, 1992, we celebrated our 49th wedding anniversary. We noted the next one would be the big 50th one and began planning what we would do to celebrate it. We decided that instead of a big party, we would take a nice trip. Rubilaw had always wanted to see the places where the 13th Airborne had base camps in France. She wanted to see first hand the places I had talked about. We worked out an arrangement with Harold Anderson and a company he represented for a trip to England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. The plan allowed us to see Wales, Ireland, and Scotland but break away from the group in England and go to France. We were met at the airport in Paris by an English-speaking driver with a car who took us to Sens, Joigny, and Auxerre. It was amazing to me how little had changed in those towns in almost fifty years. After seeing all the sights, we went back to the airport in Paris, spent the night, and the next day returned to London to rejoin our group for the flight home. It was a fitting way to observe fifty wonderful years together. We are now halfway in the 55th year.

When retirement came I could see the need for a "hide away" in Evergreen so I could spend more time down there in hunting season. I considered buying or building a small, simple house for the purpose but backed away because of the fear of vandalism. Finally, I bought a travel trailer from Ed Everage and put it up down at Truman Hyde's barn. J.W. Weaver ran wires to it from Truman's source of electricity at the barn. We ran water from his pump, installed an underground sewage system, and I was in business. I used this for several years but was never really satisfied and finally sold it to Ray. For a couple of years I stayed at the motel, then Johnny Nielsen let me stay at their camp or in a rented house they had for

visitors. I knew this was an imposition on them, so was unhappy with it. Several friends invited me to take a room in their home for this purpose but I knew this would never do. Finally, Estelle Smith offered me a little house in her back yard that Tal had fixed for his mother and father in their old age. It was one bedroom and bath, a sitting room, kitchen, and dining area. It was now used for storage and her sewing. But she didn't want me to pay anything for it. This would not do. Finally, we agreed that I would pay utilities, keep the place up, put a refrigerator in it and install a hot water heater, and she would use it for her sewing when I was not there. This has turned out to be the solution. I have used it for several years. I do not use it as much as I did, but I still like to go down and go to the woods and sit around and watch for a deer or turkey.

Finished 3 PM August 22, 1997

ADDITION #1

I had grown up knowing and knowing about Granddaddy and Grandma Granade. Also, they were buried in the cemetery at Frankville where we worshipped, and visited in later years. However, none of the family, with the exception of Mother, had ever seen Granddaddy Calhoun. Neither had we ever seen his grave for he was buried outside a small town in the western part of Mississippi named Utica.

It bothered me that her father was buried at least 250 miles from home. He was only 31 when he died and was left over there. Grandma, with her three children, had come back to Clarke County, Alabama to make a home and a life for herself and her three children. She first bought 40 acres of land between Grove Hill and Jackson on which to live. Later, she bought a house in Jackson so her children could have an education. Jackson Agricultural College was located there and I now have Mama's "sheepskin" showing she was a college graduate. Uncle Brother married and went to work in Jackson and lived in Grandma's home. She lived with us until her death in 1932 and was buried in Grove Hill where most of her people lived. It still haunted me that Grandma was buried there, never having gone back to her husband's grave. You see, travel of that distance was impossible in those days.

As a matter of fact, it bothered me that we knew that he was buried in a family-type cemetery on the Tom Collins plantation. We really didn't know where he was buried. Small cemeteries of this sort were to be found in many places in those days. There was one located on our farm in the woods, just outside the field. When I was a boy, people had long since stopped using it or keeping it clean. I do not remember the names of those buried there. With this in mind, I asked Sam Cope, the Evergreen undertaker, about moving graves. "How long has he been dead?" he asked. "Just a little over 100 years," I replied. "Well," he said, "I have moved a lot of graves like that and you should know you will find nothing to move. Take the marker and place it where you want it and put one in its place."

With this information in mind, I talked to my brother Charles, pastor of the Grove Hill Baptist Church, and began a consideration of going to find Grandpa's grave and bringing the marker back and placing it on the vacant plot next to Grandma. On May 15, 1986, Rubilaw and I spent the night with Charles and Elizabeth. Early the next morning we left for Utica to find the Tom Collins plantation and Grandpa's grave.

As we drove the next morning, Charles asked, "how are you going to find the Tom Collins plantation?" My answer was "I'm going to park in Utica and inquire about it until I find it." We drove into the little town and parked where everyone could be comfortable. As I got out of the car, a man parked just below us and got out. I introduced myself to him, told him I was looking for my grandpa's grave located on the Tom Collins Plantation, and told him that Grandpa was a Methodist who died in 1883 and was buried in a family cemetery out there. "Would you know about that place?" He thought a moment and said "It's a few miles up the road and Tom Collins lives there now." He gave me directions and we started looking accordingly. We found the house just before dinner but nobody was home. Down the road was a country store where we were told "Tom's gone to take his wife to the doctor. They will be back pretty soon." It was noon, so we drove back to Utica to find a place to eat. The bus station turned out to be the only place serving the public in town.

After dinner, we went back to the Collins place. I went in and introduced myself to Mr. Collins and told him my business. No sooner than I had finished telling him my business than Mrs. Collins came in and asked "Who was your Granddaddy?" "Rev. John Stewart Calhoun, who

was buried over here in 1883." "He's buried right past the field back of the barn" was her reply.

Mr. Collins opened the gate to the pasture and, pointing to the woods across the field, said "That's the cemetery." The woods had grown up all about the graves. The cattle had knocked over many of the headstones. The weeds and bushes had grown up since last it had been cleared but the graves were easily found. We got out of the car and I entered the cemetery where the fence had been broken down. The first grave I came to had been knocked over and was lying on the ground with the lettering next to the ground. I had carried a mattock and short-handled shovel just in case. I got the mattock, prized up the top enough to get hold of it and stood it upright. Still legible in spite of time's wear and dirt was "Rev. John S. Calhoun. Born Feb. 1, 1853. Joined Mississippi Conference 1878. Died Feb. 12, 1883."

I had found my grandfather's grave the very first one! We had a prayer of thanksgiving—just the four of us.

I walked across to the Collins home and explained that we would like to take the headstone, have it fixed and cleaned up, and place it by the grave of Grandma in Grove Hill, Alabama. He offered no objection, so I went back, dug up the base and Charles and I placed both the stones in the trunk of my car to bring them home. After the undertaker in Jackson cleaned the stones and set the holder in place, we invited the family to a short memorial program at the cemetery. After opening comments, Charles read a short sermon Grandpa had written on the 23rd Psalm and I had a prayer. I felt we had done a good thing. Grandpa and Grandma were now side by side.

Daddy wrote this from his home in Montgomery, AL. As dementia began to claim his mind, he and Mother moved into assisted living at Wesley Gardens on Taylor Road in 2005. He was there a short time, then transferred to John Knox Manor, which had a secure wing. At nine in the morning on January 19, 2008, the day following his 65th wedding anniversary, at John Knox Nursing Home, Daddy died of pneumonia.

S. Ray Granade, Arkadelphia, AR, 15 July 2015.