

Lifestyles



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Submitted photo

50th wedding anniversary

The children of James E. and Brenda Joyce Giles would like to invite family and friends to join in the celebration of their parents' 50th wedding anniversary. The celebration will be held Sunday, Jan. 28, 2007 from 2 - 4 p.m. at Chappell Hill Baptist Church, Gilbertown. No gifts please.

New arrivals!

Brooklyn Ciara Lolley

Derek and Shawna Lolley are proud to announce the birth of their daughter, Brooklynn Ciara Lolley, who was born at 2:21 p.m. on Jan. 9, 2007 at Riley Memorial Hospital, in Meridian, MS.

She weighed seven pounds and was 20 and one-half inches long.

Ciara was welcomed home by her brother Chandler, age 2.

Maternal grandparents are Tony and Kimberly Massengale of Butler. Maternal great-grandparents are Lorain Massengale and the late Ray Massengale of Wimberley, and Billy Ray and Maxine Turner of Butler.

Paternal grandparents are Tommy and Leisa Lolley of Butler. Paternal great-grandparents are Emma J. Beech of Chatom, the late Curtis Lolley, Ulmer McBride and Frankie McBride.

Mrs. Lolley is the former Shawna Turner.

Moore

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as we continue to grow the Choctaw County area," Moore said.

Moore has moved back to Butler from Tuscaloosa where he held a position as business manager at University Medical Center.

"We are especially proud to have Bob Moore as loan officer in the Butler office." Regional Manager Chris Doggett said.

Among other accomplishments, Moore has been a serving member of First Baptist Church in Tuscaloosa since 1993. He also serves his community as a member of Gideons International. He is currently transitioning his affiliations to the Choctaw County area.

Moore and his wife, Karen, have two grown children. He was educated at Patrician Academy and is a 1976 graduate of the University of Alabama School of Commerce and Business. His financial services career spans more than 25 years.

"I am looking forward to working with First United Security Bank and serving the banking needs of Choctaw and the surrounding communities," Moore said.

Established in 1952, First United Security Bank serves Clarke, Bibb, Choctaw, Jefferson, Shelby, Tuscaloosa, and Washington Counties through its 19 offices in Brent, Butler, Calera, Centreville, Coffeenville, Columbiana, Fulton, Gilbertown, Grove Hill, Harpersville, Jackson, McCalla, Thomasville, Tuscaloosa and Woodstock. Its newest office opened in March 2006 in Columbiana.

The bank holds more than \$637 million in assets, is a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation and is an Equal Housing Lender. First United Security Bank's holding company is United Security Bancshares, Inc. Its stock is publicly traded on NASDAQ under the symbol: USBI. For more information, visit the bank's website at: www.firstusbank.com.



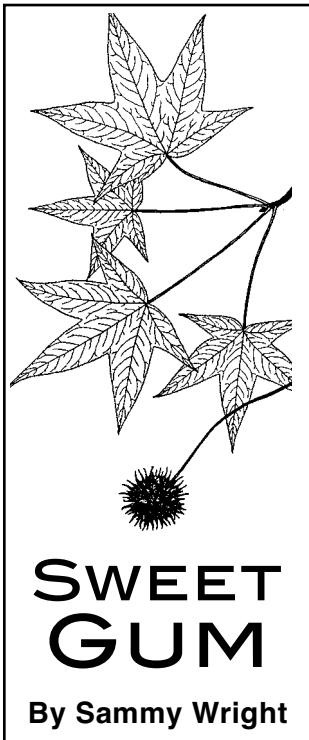
GILBERTOWN — This sweet-tempered little guy was thrown from a passing vehicle this week into the parking lot of a local school. Its obvious from the scars on his nose and face that the dog has been mistreated. We aren't sure what breed it is, or how old it is, but a good-hearted person is caring for the animal until a good, loving home can be found. There were some witnesses who saw the vehicle that abandoned the puppy, and when they are located they could be arrested and charged with cruelty to animals. Meanwhile, if you would like to adopt this little guy call the Sun at 251-843-6397 and we'll put you in touch with his caretaker.

"Does anybody want to give me a home?"

AT RIGHT -- This envelope, which is owned by a Choctaw County collector, was postmarked at the Land, Ala., Post office on July 31st, 1955 — its last day of operation — and was signed by Postmaster Mae Jewel Kelley. Note the 3-cent stamp. This type of envelope is known as a "Last Day of Service Cover" by postal history buffs and philatelists (stamp collectors).



Living in Land had its benefits



PART TWO

Perhaps every small town has its own distinctive features that make it a little different from other towns in the vicinity. Land was at the height of its productive years when Coy Kelley and his family returned from Waynesboro, Miss. The war was raging, and there was a shortage of lumber throughout the nation, so every foot that was sawed was needed somewhere.

The sawing and planing of the lumber produced a very distinctive sound, for the mills ran 24 hours. The whirring of the saws was tempered with the softer sounds of the planers to produce a melodious harmony of sounds, a symphony of industry. As long as those sounds were in the air, we knew that Hitler would be defeated, and Land would play its part in his downfall.

But there was another product of the mills besides the harmonious sounds, and that reaches of the Bogueloosa Valley. In July and August, that smell blended with the rich mellow scent of the caccumber blossoms on a tree beside the creek. The large blossoms could be seen from every part of Land. Even now, if we smell drying lumber or caccumber blossoms in any part of the country, we think of Land.

There were four other sounds that added a touch of disharmony each day, and twice at night. Those were the sounds of the trains that ran through Land on the AT&N line. A passenger train that we affectionately called the "doodlebug" went through Land each morning on its northward trip, and down each afternoon on its southward trip. The trains carried mail, and that was a mighty blessing to mothers who had fighting sons in combat. The postmaster, Mr. Willie Land, never cared for having time off, so he opened the Post Office every day of the week.

The passenger trains stopped at the upper crossing two blocks away, but people still met in the Post Office building because there was time enough to reach the crossing after the trains blew their whistles. One day a politician and his driver came to the Post Office, and the candidate

started delivering a speech. The people listened to him attentively until an approaching train blew its whistle. The people left quickly, either at a fast walk or in a run. Their dogs were right at their heels.

"Looks like the dogs around here learned from the people," the driver said.

"I was thinking just the opposite," the startled candidate replied. "Maybe the people learned from the dogs." When the election came up, the candidate was soundly defeated, and we believe that Land played a part in his defeat.

After Coy bought his mill and set it up in a tract of timber, Annie Grace stayed at home with the children. We went to see Mrs. Beatrice Robinson, Annie's niece, about this article, and most of the information about Annie is from her. Of course, we were able to see Annie's perfect manner of dress and learned that she was a seamstress who excelled in perfection. She made her own clothing and also sewed for the community.

We talked with several seamstresses and learned a sobering fact: to a seamstress, there are no such things as scraps. There are only pieces of cloth that are shorter than other pieces. If the time ever comes when a piece of cloth is too short or small to use, it is sewn into a quilt, so the word scrap does not exist among seamstresses. A needle in the hands of an experienced seamstress is the same as a wand in the hands of a wizard.

Annie made a garment for every infant who was born in Land and presented it as a gift. We are writing here about a giving person. Beatrice carefully explained the care that Coy and Annie gave to her when she was staying with them, especially during her teenage years. Consider her words: "I realized in later years that I took the place of the girl that they never had."

Annie was a very special person to Beatrice, and always offered her kindly and friendly advice. "Everything Coy and Annie told me was a help during my teenage years," Beatrice said, "for they were very protective, and I appreciated their concern. By the way, Aunt Annie made the best corn bread in the world. She had a way of mixing cooking oil into her dough, and the bread was always perfect."

The accompanying photo of Coy shows a part of old Land. Notice the tin-roofed building behind him and to his left. That was the shop where all the equipment and trucks that belonged to the Nettles Lumber Co. were repaired and maintained. Two special types of equipment should be mentioned because they were unique in Land. They were Hysters, motorized vehicles that were over 12 feet in height.

Their method of operation was rather strange. Workers stacked lumber from the dry kiln into stacks of the machine and straddled it. He then moved small, narrow platforms within the



sides of the machine to the lumber. The platforms went under the lumber and the driver raised them. The stack of lumber seemed to float in the air. Lumber was carried to every part of the yard by the machines.

Those machines and the other vehicles were kept in top order by Mr. Hearn, the shop mechanic. The boys in Land had a standing agreement with Mr. Hearn that we can tell about now. Occasionally he would find an inner tube that could not be repaired to fit the requirements of a truck because of its weight. Mr. Hearn patched the tubes and gave them to the boys in Land to use as floats in Bogueloosa Creek during their swimming sessions. Even small-town Land had its benefits.

Behind Coy, and to his left, is the dirt road. Notice the A-Model Ford that is parked beside the road. The house behind the car is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz. Notice the two persons on the porch. They are wondering about the camera because a camera was a rarity in Land. The lady of the house, Mae Schwartz, became one of our best friends for a special reason.

The Methodist Church came to Land in 1888, and we were of that persuasion. However, Mae was a Baptist. She walked by our house every Sunday on the way to Bogueloosa Baptist Church where she taught Sunday School. She always asked us to go to church with her, but we had our own services at Land. Then the Methodist Conference appointed a "circuit rider," a preacher who also preached at Camp Springs and Wimberley. The next Sunday when Mae asked us to go to church with her, we went, but only under the condition that she come to Land that afternoon. She did, and after a few weeks, the preacher appointed her to the position of Sunday School teacher. For the next two years, Mae taught in both churches.

Our grandfather owned some acreage across from the Schwartz house that he rented out for a few days each summer to a traveling road show. The performers pitched a tent and staged several rather corny skits. Consider this

gem: one of the actors had just returned from a trip to New York, and a female actress asked him about the journey. "I hear you went to New York," she said. "Did you go by Buffalo?"

"No," he quickly responded, "I went by train."

The show did have two monkeys that were tied on a platform in front each night. One night, a kid threw one of the animals a moon-pie, and the other monkey snatched it. That led to a big fight as the monkeys cursed each other in monkey language. The loud ruckus brought out a bunch of dog's, and one of them jumped onto the platform.

Acting in unison, the monkeys discarded the pie and joined forces against their common enemy. They grabbed the dog's tail and placed it in their mouth. One good chomp from each monkey and everyone in Needham knew that somewhere in Land, a dog had met its match.

We have some more pictures and will tell some more about Land later this year. For now, just know that there was a little girl in Land who became very ill. Our mother was a firm believer in the curative value of hot chicken soup as a balm for sickness. We always thought that the stories about the soup were just old wives' tales, but only until recently. A medical doctor wrote an article that describes the value of chicken soup in keeping the air passages open during the winter.

So we took the chicken soup and walked with our mother up the railroad to Land, even while knowing full well that our mother would use the occasion to elaborate on Emily Dickinson. What ma was really trying to do was turn us on to Emily, and it worked, for we have loved Emily all our life. When we reached the railroad, ma started quoting: "I like to see it lap the miles, and lick the valley up; and stop to feed itself at tanks —"

After mother finished feeding the baby, Annie Grace stopped by with a sock doll that she had made. The doll's dress was made of short pieces of cloth that had been saved from one master piece. When Annie placed the doll in the child's lap

The little girl smiled.