

Buddy & Me
By Rose Bain

Besides attending family reunions on July 4th at Gary Springs--North on Hwy 25 say four or five miles, I can't remember our childhood games too much. Gary Springs was a hey day in it's day. Besides Sulphur water in the spring, there was also a big provilian--they had dances and other functions there. Some of the pictures I have looks like Buddy was about seven. We were too young to spread our wings much --I don't remember much but eating and taking pictures.

But when I was about seven to nine maybe, Buddy lived in Columbus, Ga. We explored--probably with Sis, Ellarine was too young, we found an interesting plot --actually more like a flower garden, fenced in. We needed to see just what was around so we climbed into the yard. Also there was a very interesting old home place, so we sneaked in a little closer when all of a sudden we were rudely told to "Get out of there", and it was not from a kid. We scrambled out of there. It was the famous St Elmo house.

The next thing I recall we both were living in Centreville. By this time we were young teens. Our Uncle Jack lived about three miles from the highway at Sixmile. I remember Aunt Hattie kept the milk cool hanging down in the well. They had two boys, Lowell and Billy who were both younger than we were and they were not as adventurous to wander out as Buddy and I. We would go up and spend the week with them.

One of the things we did was go out into the woods and climb a tree, both of us in the same tree so we could make it bend easily, and ride the top of the tree to the ground. On the way to the woods, across the road from Uncle Jack's, there was an old apple orchard. The trees had Horse apples, big tart apples. I do not know if there are no more trees or if Horse apples died out, but they were good. We had plenty of time, so we stopped by the apples and one was usually enough. One day we climbed a Pine tree, both of us and when we got to the top we began to swing the top back and forth to bend it to the ground, but instead of bending it, the top broke and down we came. I landed on my back and it knocked the breath out of me--I think Buddy thought I was dead.

Uncle Jack raised tobacco for his own use in the back yard. It was on the

way to the cotton patch. Buddy and I would go through the tobacco patch, tear off a piece of a leaf of tobacco and go to the cotton patch. There were lots of big wasp nest at the edge of the field, and on terraces in the bushes so we would get a long pole and poke the wasp nest to make them chase us and they would come after you with force. Some of you have walked in a cotton field. The running is not smooth. We ran cross grain of the rows, that would cut your speed down especially when you are trying to watch a swarm of wasp coming after you. When they came near we would fall down and they would fly over us --that is most of the time, that's why we got the tobacco. We would spit on the leaf and glue it to our sting. I remember I got stung in my eye brow once. We thought this was a fun game.

During the revival at Sixmile, back down at the highway --three miles we would get to ride in the wagon to church or else we would walk, run or whatever. Then after church we'd ride home, probably sleeping on some of that trip home. We enjoyed the other kids there also, I suppose Sis and Estelle were on most of those trips. The trip in the wagon was what we liked most.

One time we were at Uncle Jack's and we decided to go home before someone came after us. We decided we'd just walk home, we didn't know how far it was. We took what we thought was a short cut through the woods to help on the first three miles but it turned out not to be so short. Then we walked down the highway. It was twelve miles from Uncle Jack's to Centreville. Probably less than a mile from Centreville a dump truck stopped and gave us a ride to town. That was one we didn't forget soon and did not try to walk home from there anymore.

Granddaddy or one of our uncles had a cotton field close to the railroad somewhere. I remember we walked the railroad with our dinner in a syrup bucket. Several of us was going to make some money. I don't remember how much the others made, but the first day I picked about 90 pounds, the second day about 50 pounds and the third day about 30 pounds. I made enough money to buy some seersucker material and Mama Fair made a dress for me. That was the end of my cotton picking and I never picked again .

The railroad trussel was about a quarter mile behind our house. Buddy and I use to go down and walk the trussel across the river. One reason we would go down there was to smoke cigatettes. My granddaddy had a store

and he was always generous to give us candy and so forth. but not tobacco. I would take cigarettes and /or Ripple tobacco to smoke. I had a cigarette roller, and the Ripple so we went to the railroad. We climbed down on the bridge supports or pillars to make our cigarettes and smoke them. Sometime we'd walk the track and smoke. On this day we walked toward the depot, and it was a long way on the trussel before the bridge was level with the ground , it was a hundred feet high most of the way. Before we got to the end of the bridge a train was coming. We turned around to get back to the pier which of course was all the way back to the river. It was not easy running on the trussel because the crossties were spaced apart about as far as they were wide. Buddy beat me there. The train by this time was blowing their stress signal. We were scared. The bridge shook. I was only about ten years old, judging that my granddaddy died when I was eleven, so Buddy was twelve or thirteen. We made it . I had a dress on that day, I usually wore overalls, and I sat down as fast as I could because the bridge was shakey and I sat right down in tar. Mother's always have a way to find out things. Maybe this experience taught me not to smoke. I never acquired the habit. Either that or once two girls (Earl Dean Freeman and Mr. Charles Hollingsworth's daughter) and I tried smoking a cigar each and I was so sick next day, mother was afraid I was taking Polio and was going to call the doctor and I confessed.

We grew older. Buddy was a goodlooking, black headed, brown eyed fellow and Alpha (now his wife) was crazy about Buddy. Buddy had a blue cordory suit, and he whistled as he came down the hill, and across the bridge which was right at my house. Buddy was staying at Grandmother Cottingham's who lived on the Court Square in Centreville. I was also black headed, I whistled as I came down the hill and across the bridge coming from Grandmother's or from my friend Patty's and I wore a blue cordory suit. Everytime I came across the bridge dressed in blue Alpha would stretch her neck, her heart would flutter thinking Buddy was on his way. Oh, how disappointed she was to find out it was only me. But he was soon to come.

Ward Martin was a boxing enthusiast and Buddy liked boxing too. Ward had boxing gloves and would bring them to our house, cause then Ward was courting Sis. Ward and Buddy would box, and then they taught me to box. I was always a tomboy.

Buddy worked in Mobile at Brookley Field, and lived in Birdville, named

such because all the streets were names of birds. I transferred from Washington, D.C. to Brookley and lived with Buddy and Alpha for a period of time. Birdville was almost in sight of Brookley so Buddy and I rode bikes to work.

On week ends Buddy, Alpha, Sue, their daughter and I would go to Dog River and spend the day boating and fishing. If I had a date, they would go also. The river was a lazy river and a beautiful river. We spent many a day playing on the river.

.....and then after awhile Buddy went to school and seminary. But that wasn't and isn't the end of our relationship. We go to St. Rose for his special recognitions, and to visit any chance we get. We always enjoy their family when they visit us.