



ESCAMBIA ECHOES  
May 16, 1983

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Escambia County Executive Board

Annual Membership Dues - \$7.50

MEETING: Tuesday, May 24, 1983  
TIME: 7:00 p.m.  
PLACE: Thomas E. McMillan Museum  
TOPIC: Cornerstones - Plaques

We are honored to have as our speaker for May Mrs. Evelyn Weaver Jernigan. She is a native of Brewton and a valued member of our Historical Society. She has always been interested in history and particularly history of our area. She is a member of the First United Methodist Church, Order of Eastern Star and American Legion Auxiliary, as well as our Society. She has files of several cemetery records which she has researched herself. She collects interesting items which are rich in family history. She is a charter member of our Society and has served as Secretary. Always willing and able to serve us in any way, Evelyn has worked long and hard on our May program. We hope a large crowd will be present to enjoy the fruits of her labor.

DUES ARE PAST DUE - \$7.50

Statements will be going out soon to the 50 members who have not paid their 1983 dues. If you have not paid yet, get your check in and save us some postage. We need your support.

MEMORIALS: Dr. Robert Hunt Cochrane by Ms. Sallie M. Davison.

Recently a dyed-in-the-wool Alabama football fan wrote a column describing the agonies he suffers during the Alabama Crimson Tide's football season.

He said his wife tried to convince him it was "just a game" and then he went on to relate how he wished he was back in the den during the 1973 Alabama-Notre Dame game instead of in the stadium so he could hide behind his couch and peep out once in a while. He suggested there might be some shock treatments or an organization called Football Fools Anonymous to help bring about a cure.

Like his bng-suffering wife, I, too, live with one who rejoices and agonizes over the Crimson Tide. I was caught unaware years ago when I was dating my handsome soldier and should have found out the first time we attended an Alabama football game. He forgot all about me at kick-off and only was aware of me again when the game was over and we stood up to leave Legion Field. I was puzzled, but love is blind and since he became his attentive, loving self after the game, I forgot all about it.



It came back home to me during the first year of our marriage when football season rolled around. The wonderful Saturday afternoon movies, the downtown window shopping, long carefree walks and visits to the ice cream shop came to a grinding halt, for my groom sat transfixed in front of his radio.

If the going got rough for Alabama, he clinched his fists, moved to the edge of his chair, gritted his even, white teeth and his bright smile turned into a scowl.

"Go, go!" he would scream and if something good happened, he would jump for joy, rattling the dishes on the shelves in the tiny apartment. If events turned in favor of the other team, he groaned in pain.

I am the only child of a man who loved baseball, but Daddy had never been so demonstrative over the Birmingham Barons, even when it looked like they might wind up in a pennant race. I was totally confused and quite unequipped to deal with my husband's behavior. How could just a game turn such a sweet, loving, level headed guy into the trembling wreck hunched over the radio?

At first I tried to console him, but he responded with glazed eyes and a stony stare, so I retreated, feeling hurt and neglected. To make matters worse he didn't even notice.

I soon realized his agony was of his own making and I couldn't help, so I left him to his misery or ecstasy, whichever the case might have been. As the years passed I quit taking his Alabama football addiction as a personal affront and busied myself with other things while he sat at the edge of his chair and listened to the games on the radio or watched them on television.

As was natural when our son was growing up, he began to assume the same attitude toward Alabama football as his father and his interest was just as intense, maybe even more so. He has admitted to developing stomachaches in anticipation of the kick-off and has been known to roll on the floor and hide his eyes when Alabama is engaged in a crucial play. Both he and his father keep an ample supply of Alka-Seltzers which they drop into a glass during station breaks and rush back to the front of the television to gulp down while the game goes on.

Once when they were watching an Alabama game in the presence of my nearly deaf grandmother, they got so caught up in the play that they urged the team on with loud cheers. Grandmother was startled by their outburst and shook her head in disgust when we told her they were only shouting encouragement to their team.

For years now, before football season I have heard my husband and our son agree that they aren't going to get excited over Alabama football, they aren't even going to keep up with it. But as the time approaches, they slip right back into the same old pattern--pounding heart, sweaty palms and queasy stomachs.

If the people who live with these football nuts haven't organized by now to bring about a cure, it's pretty certain that something called Football Fools Anonymous couldn't succeed.

Forget it. There's no cure.

--Bylines  
by Nina Keenam

HEADSTONES AND HERITAGES by McFarland and Shelton is available. Persons wishing to order may submit \$18. to cover cost of book and postage to Escambia County Historical Society, P. O. Box 276, Brewton, Alabama 36427.



One of our charter members has always been full of wit, wisdom and charm. She adds a unique touch to every event, serious or funfilled. This is the account she gave about announcing her engagement.

### Letting the Cat Out of the Bag

In June 1915 Mrs. W. A. Crook (Mrs. John Leigh's mother) gave a party in her home. Invited guests were asked to tell in rhyme, why they had or had not married. Because most of my friends had married soon after finishing high school, at the age of 26, I thought I was and old maid. My rhyme announced my engagement.

In a large brown bag, Ms. Lily Tippin held Mrs. Hallie Tippin's cat. The announcement of my engagement was tied around the cat's neck. When the cat was let out of the bag, my engagement was read to the group.

"Why I've wandered through this world alone  
without the love of man  
Is a secret that I blush to own  
But if I must, I can  
Why my life is incomplete  
I've not known this love so sweet  
It's true, but sadly thrilling  
I have just found "Barkis willing."  
You hadn't expected it quite so soon  
Its a secret, but I'll share it.

Time: The latter part of June  
The victim's name is Garrett.

