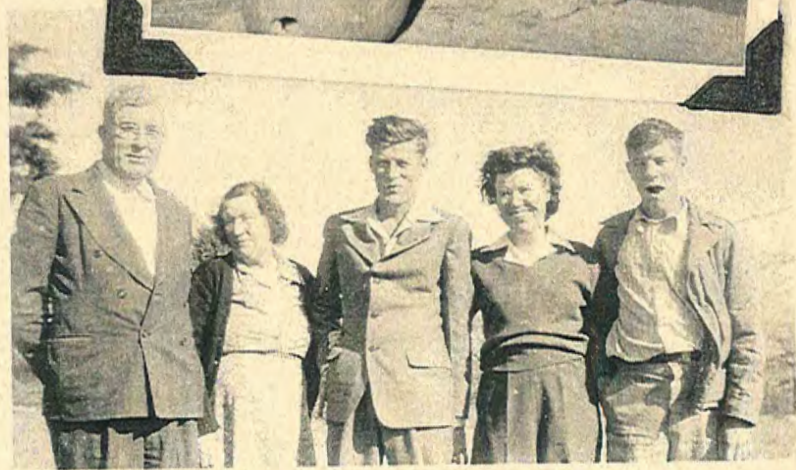




Excerpts from
Our Pages
Of Life





We write lest we forget. That statement, written by one of my writing students, has become the motto of this wonderful group of people who draw from their lives to give—often unbeknownst to themselves!—to others. The members of their audience (you, me, the faces unseen, many not yet born) have been given a special gift.

What a treasure you will discover in this volume (XXII!!) of

Our Pages of Life!

In story we can pass along the legacies too easily lost amidst our hectic lifestyles. Through story we can tell the generations to come of generations past—so that we don't forget.

We write to remember—that there is a past, that that past is a part of us, and that the past can be turned into a stepping stone, forging a link to a future and a hope. I believe that it's for that future that these students write. They write lest they forget.

They also write so that we will remember.

Read, remember, and enjoy the treasures in these stories as you turn the pages of this collection of memoirs.

✻ Joan Stear, USL
Fall 1998

Thanks to the Horizons Department at Lafayette General Medical Center;
Life & Letters, an intergenerational company;
and University College and the English Department at the University of Southwestern Louisiana
for their continued support of our efforts to write for the generations to come.
Kudos, too, to each of my students for capitalizing Fun—what a wonderful life,
what a wonderful group of friends!

FRONT COVER: (*clockwise, beginning at top right corner*) Al Bihm, ten years old, Mamou, Louisiana, husband of Peggy Bihm; Pat Straley, Halloween 1969;
the O'Brien family--father, A.J.; mother, Katie; brother, James; Pat O'Brien; brother, Bob--;
Pat E. "Le Compte" Mouton, Jr.; the Butcher family--(seated, l. to r.) Dan, Belle, Lawrence, Ruth,
(standing, l. to r.) Tom, Warren, Chester, Matt; Mildred Lally, circa 1920;
(*center*) Katherine Favrot with Daddy and Frisky



**USL LIFE WRITING CLASS
Fall 1998 • Thursday Afternoon Session**

Seated, left to right: Katherine Favrot; Pat O'Brien; Mildred Lally ••

Standing, left to right: Tom Butcher, Peggy Bihm;

Pat Straley; Joan Stear, Instructor ••

Missing from photo: Nada Breaux; Pat Mouton, Jr.



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**GRAMPY AND HIS MUSIC, or
MR. BUTCHER'S ONE-MAN BAND**

by
Tom Butcher

At an early age, Grampy started playing the trombone, taking lessons from various music teachers, most of whom were pianists. He became very proficient and when he finished high school, about 1914, he enrolled at Southwestern Louisiana Industrial Institute, (SLII), the forerunner to what is now the University of Southwestern Louisiana. The SLII band was directed by a well known professor, Dr. Sontag, and performed very professionally.

Grampy then went to L. S. U. in Baton Rouge, studying Electrical Engineering and pursuing his music, as well. He received the Fournier Award as the outstanding musician in the Band and also sang in the University Chorus.

After enlisting in the U. S. Navy, he was stationed at the Naval Receiving Station, in Algiers, Louisiana, across the Mississippi River from New Orleans. While in the service of the Navy, Grampy and some of his friends, including H. C. Voorhies, his buddy from Grand Coteau, played in the "pit" orchestra at the Saenger and Orpheum Theaters on Canal Street. Movies in those days were silent, without sound, and the musical background was provided by an orchestra in the "pit" who played from musical scores sent to the local theater along with the film. All sound effects came from the orchestra, as well, including music, loud noises, explosions, and horses galloping, etc. In Lafayette, silent movies played at the Jefferson Theater, which stood, at one time, on Jefferson Street, across from the present-day First National Bank.

Warren, my older brother, says that Grampy took him to see the Saenger Theater when he was a small boy and pointed out the ceiling, which is decorated with a scene of the night sky, complete with stars that twinkle. It worried Warren when Grampy told him, "Look at that sky....I

hope it doesn't rain before we get out of here!" Of course, as always, he was just joking.

After World War I, after working for the Great Southern Lumber Co. in Bogaloussa as an electrician, Grampy returned to Lafayette to start an auto battery business, Dixie Electric Co., with his two brothers, Edwin and Jerry. He continued playing music to supplement his income and make ends meet. Various jazz orchestras in the area vied for his talents, including the Warren Lacoste Band and the Larry Mutz group, two well-known area dance bands. They were quite in demand and performed throughout South Louisiana, and as far as Galveston and Houston, Texas.

Grampy was one of the stars of the band. His act, besides being a jazz trombonist, was very popular with his fans. He would climb onto the piano, take his shoe off, and use his foot instead of his right hand, to manipulate the slide up and down while playing such favorites as "Up a Lazy River" and "Dark Town Strutter's Ball."

The Lacoste Band recorded at WWL studios in New Orleans in 1927 and had an opportunity to move to Chicago to go "big-time." But being country boys, they declined the offers and remained very popular for years in this area.

A boy of thirteen, I often accompanied Grampy to parades in Lafayette and area towns where he performed as a "one-man band." He wore various costumes, and his "band" consisted of a small bass drum strapped to his back, with the drum stick operated via a rope attached to one heel, which beat as he kicked his leg. It was equipped with a cymbal, which clanged each time the beater was activated.

Slung from his shoulders, in front, was a snare-drum which contained a battery operated pair of metal sticks, hooked to a battery driven doorbell mechanism. A button in the left heel of his over-sized shoes, made the drum "snare" when his heel came down on the street. Two squeeze horns were attached to the snare drum, as well.

Besides these three sound producers, Grampy played his slide trumpet or, sometimes, his trombone. The slide trumpet was made like the trombone, only about one quarter of its size. It looked like a trombone, but sounded like trumpet.

Pushing our yard wagon, which was camouflaged in various disguises to fit each occasion, was my job. Various costumes and make-up were used to fit the situation. For Mardi Gras, Grampy dressed as Pagliacci, the clown. His costume was made of white satin, the top being a loose-fitting blouse and pants to match, and he wore a cone-shaped hat. There were three red pompoms on the front of the blouse and one on his cap. The cart was decorated to resemble a circus wagon. We would visit Delhomme Funeral Home, which was located where the Don's Seafood restaurant parking lot is today. Francis "Digger" Delhomme, the undertaker, would apply the make-up in the embalming room....Grampy as the Clown, and me as a midget, (I was quite small then.) His face was painted chalk white and he had a big, red, bulbous nose. I remember that, once, while there to be made up, Digger brought us into the embalming room, and a Mrs. Collins, whose husband owned the old Collins Hotel on Cypress St., was laid out on the table. That room was the most convenient place to do the make-up as all the necessary supplies were handy. But, it was quite spooky, to say the least!

At other times, Grampy dressed as a Hobo, or an organ grinder complete with a monkey hand puppet for American Legion parades, and as Uncle Sam for the Fourth of July. His Hobo outfit consisted of an old army uniform and a pointed service cap. His face was made up with a big nose and rings painted around his eyes and mouth. His organ grinder outfit was that of an Italian peasant, complete with peasant hat, big moustache, baggy pants and oversized shoes.

For the Fourth of July parade, Grampy's satin costume was that of Uncle Sam....top hat, frock coat and trousers, all decorated with stars and stripes. The wagon was disguised as a rolling artillery caisson, with a cardboard rug roller representing the cannon.

The ingenious part of the whole rig was what was always hidden under the wagon decoration.....a battery- driven record turntable and 2 large concealed speakers! The device was powered by a six-volt automobile battery and played 78 rpm records of the U. S. Marine Band performing John Philip Sousa marches. Grampy played along with the records. My job was simple.....push the wagon and change the records! Folks were baffled, because they could not figure out how all this music was coming from a one-man band.

When using the clown disguise, we would play minstrel music such as Rastus Trombone, Lisa Trombone, Lassus Trombone, and other classics from the "Trombone Family" repertoire, especially written for trombone aficionados and minstrels. (Today, I'm afraid, minstrel music and the Trombone Family repertoire would probably produce a storm of protest by the ACLU and other civil rights groups!)

You can imagine the crowds this "act" produced, especially during Mardi Gras in Lafayette. There were thousands of people on the street and we would carry sacks of candy to throw to the onlookers between the musical selections. On one occasion, the candy was put to very good unintended use as there happened to be three Cajun Mardi Gras characters who began to harass us by making noise and generally disrupting our routine. Grampy took control of the situation by throwing handfuls of candy right on top of them. The crowd surrounding them immediately swamped them to get the candy, knocking them to the ground. The revelers decided that there might be a bar nearby where they could get more humane treatment.

You can imagine the fun and the excitement, a youngster, such as I, had in performing with Mr. Butcher's One Man Band! It was an experience which I shall cherish the rest of my life.



MY WAR CONTINUED

by
Pat O'Brien

We ate English food when we rode into Swindow. When we would go to the movies, we'd buy stuffed meat pies. They were good, but as I was Texas born and used to the spicier things, I always added lots of salt and pepper. Also we bought fish and chips that the vendors served in newspapers rolled into a cone shape. You could pour vinegar over the fish and chips. We missed American hamburgers but the fish soon became one of our favorite foods. One night we stayed at the Claridge Hotel in London. We had missed our meal, so we asked the porter if we could have something--anything--to eat. He brought us some cucumber sandwiches. Although Earlyn and I had never eaten such a strange combination before, our growling stomachs needed to be quieted. So we ate as if it were a feast.

When we first arrived in England, we were billeted in English civilian homes. Earlyn and I lived with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fooks for about four months. Troops were occupying our hospital site at the time. We bought bicycles and we'd peddle our way to our temporary headquarters where we exercised, marched and watched battle films. Our superiors did not let us get very bored.

The Fooks received one egg per person every week and real often Earlyn and I would walk downstairs and have the boiled egg for us served with bread. I told my mother how kind the Fooks were to us, and she would send them sugar. The British were more rationed than our folks back home. One time my mother sent us some corn to pop. It was so good, but we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Fooks were just taking a grain or two at a time. Earlyn and I taught them how to eat popcorn by the handful. They enjoyed it.

Our unit eventually did move to our hospital area. We really had to clean up after the soldiers. They had not had time for housecleaning since they were learning survival techniques--more important than a clean

place. We finally got it G.I. clean! I guess we had been in this new area for about six months when my mother sent me a package of pinto beans. We had been so hungry for Texas fare. We soaked the beans overnight. Earlyn and I got some salt pork from our mess hall. We borrowed a pot and put our beans on our coal stove. We let it cook all night and all day. Some one was always around to check. They never did get real soft, but they reminded us of our mother's cooking, a little bit of home as my war continued.



TRICK OR TREAT

by
Pat Straley

In the summer of 1969 we were settled in the country near Pemberville, Ohio, where I was in my second year of teaching first grade at Webster Elementary School. We weren't farming any longer since my husband was finishing his graduate work at Bowling Green State University.

Although we were away from our farm, we loved living in the country. We had rented a farm house only a few miles from my school and a short commute to the University in Bowling Green.

When October came, we were, of course, getting ready for Halloween, both at home and at school. Our three daughters, Jane, Susan and Peggy, were always a big help with my preparations. They would come in after school to help me decorate my first grade room with all the Halloween pictures and ornaments made by the children in my class; we added some of my own that I used each year, and of course, we had seasonal decor at our own house, too.

My daughters made a big jack-o-lantern to sit on our front porch. Every year I put together a big scarecrow gentleman to sit on the porch by the jack-o-lantern and welcome halloweeners. We usually had plenty of small (and some not so small) trick or treaters. One of the family would be on hand to answer the loud call of "trick or treat!" We'd chat a bit with them and give an apple and cookies or candy to help fill their treat bags. Even though someone had to bring them, we always had many Halloween visitors--now almost a thing of the past.

Through the years, most of the children in my class and some parents would come to see the straw man and get a treat to take home. In all our Halloween celebrations, we had only one mishap, and I was the culprit. That year I was handing out big red apples and homemade cookies. On trick or treat night the first little boy came up to me, his treat

bag held open with both hands, I put the big peanut butter cookie in his bag and dropped the apple in, too. I was startled to hear the outcry, "You soma bits, you broke my cookie!" I was surprised--no, I was aghast! But I soothed his anger with a whole new cookie placed carefully in the bag.

After that experience I gave the treats directly into the children's hands, allowing them to fill their own treat bags. My daughter still reminds me of this first grader with the extended vocabulary.



A VERY HISTORIC DAY

by

Katherine Favrot

October 8, 1998, is a very historic day! Why? In the 209 years of our democracy only two presidents have been threatened with impeachment. Andrew Johnson escaped by one vote. Richard Nixon resigned instead of facing the inevitable. How will Congress vote today?

My own gorgeous second fall day started off as any other when I woke up at six, read the paper, took medicine at seven, bathed and dressed, ate toasties, and drank tea at nine. It was time I got busy with my chores of washing dishes, vacuuming, and dusting the whole apartment since Jan was coming to dinner at twelve before traveling to the East Coast to see the changing of the leaves Friday. Setting the table came next. Then it was, 10:45, time to put the tiny chickens stuffed with artichoke into the oven. The biscuits could wait until 11:45. The microwave would cook the delicious acorn squash and left over butter beans very quickly.

Jan knocked at 11:50, so I rushed to the door. "Hi Jan," I greeted her. "Come in."

"Hi Kat," Jan replied.

"I'm so glad you could come. Can you get this jar of figs opened to put on our biscuits?" I questioned.

"I'll try," Jan said. "Yes, here it is."

It was my turn to ask, "What would you like to drink? I have coke, water, lemonade."

"Water will be fine. I don't even need ice if it is cold," Jan answered.

After the plates were served and we sat down, said grace, buttered our biscuits, put honey on our squash, and began to eat, I asked, "Do you think today is as historic as the one vote that got Johnson out of impeachment?"

"Yes, and as historic as Nixon waving goodbye as he was leaving," Jan said. "He resigned because he had to, to escape impeachment."

"Do you think it ranks with Huey Long getting shot at the Louisiana capitol by Weiss?" I inquired?

"Maybe not that historic but important," Jan said.

"Perhaps it's not as earth shaking as December 7, 1941, 'the day that will live in infamy,' when I was out on the S.L.I. tennis court. Why we had a radio with us, I just don't remember. The bombing of Pearl Harbor would affect all of our lives for years to come," I commented.

"I was in high school all during WWII," Jan chimed in.

"I was also here and remember D Day June 6, 1944, when we prayed at the Catholic Chapel," I replied.

"We all did a lot of praying even though there were just two girls in our family," Jan declared.

"Were you allowed to listen to VE Day at school?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," Jan said, "we listened to the radio at home that night."

"May 9, 1945, Mrs. Anders, my student teacher supervisor, let us listen to VE Day when the Americans accepted the German surrender. It was a very historic day and a wonderful history lesson," I proclaimed. "I also heard MacArthur accept the Japanese surrender on the battleship Missouri Sept. 2, 1945. I was teaching school when the next two momentous occasions occurred, Nov. 22, 1963, JFK was killed in Dallas by Oswald. At least, it was before the days of suing teachers for

harassment and the like, and I could put my arms around all the crying children to comfort them as best I could. The same thing happened when the Challenger went down, and I could comfort the children before we went into the church to pray at a Roman Catholic school. We had a wonderful Irish nun principal. How about some Banana Foster ice cream for dessert?"

"No, thank you. I couldn't eat another bite. I hate to eat and run, but you have to go to the post office and class," Jan said.

I replied, "Bye. Have a nice trip. I'll see you when you get home."

I had to get to the Post Office to mail bills and mail an "overnight" to Dallas. I also had to get to Writing Class on time.

On the way home, I stopped at the Drug Emporium for milk and bread, and I accidentally found the tea biscuits that Jan likes. I bought two boxes for her and stopped at her apartment to give them to her. After she opened her door, I said, "Put these in your overnight bag for your trip."

"Oh! Kat. Thanks. This is a very historic day!! Congress just voted to continue impeachment proceedings," Jan said.

What a day!!! I guess we'll have to wait until November 3rd now to see if the agony of impeachment goes on. Have a wonderful trip. Bye," I said as I left.

Of course next day, the 9th of October headline was, *Impeachment Inquiry OK'd.*



THE KINGFISH COMES CALLING

by
Pat Mouton

The year was 1928. Huey Pierce Long was our new governor. The "Kingfish," as he was fondly known by both his friends and enemies, took this name from George "Kingfish" Stevens of the famous radio show, Amos and Andy.

In 1930, my parents, my baby sister, and I moved to St. Martinville because of the Depression. We moved to Lafayette in 1931, living with my father's parents, Judge F. Vavasseur Mouton and my grandmother, Tante Clarisse. My grandfather's brother, who was known as Nonc Felix, was the Clerk of Court of Lafayette Parish and had been in his position for over twenty years. In those days, the Clerk of Court controlled all of the votes in Lafayette, Vermillion, and St. Martin Parishes.

One night in the spring of 1931, we hurriedly ate our evening meal and prepared to greet someone really special. We sat on the front porch as the sun started going down and with the stars glittering in the night sky. On the porch were my grandparents, my parents, my baby sister and of course, me. A big car drove up to the front door. Two men jumped out of the front seat of the automobile and ran to the back door and opened it up. Out of the car stepped the Kingfish walking to the house. The bodyguard stayed in the car and Huey took off his straw hat, shook the hands of my grandfather and father, and kissed the hands of the ladies.

The ladies retired into the house, and my mother then brought the governor a tall glass of lemonade, just made. I was left to stay on the porch. The Kingfish sat down in a rocker and set me on his ankle to let me "ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross" on his leg. Here I am playing with the Governor. Wow!

I was told to tell the men goodnight, and many years later I learned that the Governor thought so much of my father and grandfather that he wanted them to help him get elected United States Senator. My

grandfather called up Uncle Felix who came up immediately. He promised Huey to deliver the parishes he controlled and my grandfather also went with the Governor. My father, as I was also told later, looked Huey in the eye and said when he died they would have to screw him in the ground as he was too crooked to lie straight.

Huey was elected United States Senator in 1931, and he never stopped trying to get my father to come in with him. He told my father he had only to ask and the Kingfish would see that he got what he wanted. He even got a new attorney, John Fournet, who later became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to work on my father. My father was a man of principle, truth and honesty. The morning that Huey died, his office called my father, inviting him to a party planned for that night in Baton Rouge.

Every time I hear his song, "Every man a King." I still see the night I rode the Governor's leg, "to ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross."



OUR FIRST BABY

by

Nada Breaux

Our travels were coming to an end and our way of life was soon to change forever. After traveling about nine thousand miles around the beautiful country of America with the road company of "Allegro" over a seven month period at the cost of \$10.00, we prepared to drive to Louisiana for the birth of our first child. We drove through the Blue Ridge Mountains along part of the Sky Line Drive which was a wonderful experience for me. I had never been at such an elevation since I was on holiday in Switzerland at the age of fifteen. It took us three days to reach Crowley where we planned to spend the next seven weeks until our baby arrived. It was due on July 25th according to the last doctor I saw in Chicago. The next few weeks were pleasant but hot--very hot. Maman's house was bounded on one side by a paved street and on the other by a dirt road. In those days there was no air conditioning, only an attic fan which drew in all the dust from the dirt road, so the furniture needed dusting every day

Roy vocalised daily. Sometimes he was happy with his voice, sometimes not. I grew larger by the day and more uncomfortable. During the days we drove around and visited and in the evenings we played bridge or bourree. The June days passed and it seemed to get hotter and hotter. On June 24th Dr. Faulk checked me out and said I was fine. He was a family friend and had brought Roy into the world. I asked him if there was any chance of our baby coming early as I did not want Roy to return to New York without me and I was not due until July 25th. "Everything is fine," Dr. Faulk told me. "Come back in two weeks and we'll take a picture." That night I had a few little pains which I attributed to a bumpy car ride and the fact that I had washed the car that afternoon. Maman had fussed at me like an old hen. About 5:00 a. m. on the 25th I had to wake Roy.

The pains were getting worse. He called the doctor about six o'clock and drove me to the hospital. Roy was told to go and get some

coffee and then he could watch the birth. Twenty minutes later someone told him he had a fine girl born at 7:30 a.m. For me it was a wonderful feeling, and Roy was so proud. Eleanor Susannah was four weeks early.

I stayed in the hospital for a week. One did in those days. There was no air conditioning, and I was perspiring all the time. Every time anyone came to see me I started crying. I could not understand why, but I suppose it was post-partum depression. After a week I was back at Maman's house with the nicest black nurse to help me. Her name was Antonia Hawkins. I don't know what I would have done without Tony as I had never had anything to do with babies and Susannah had both colic and diarrhea. Tony showed me how to nurse Susannah and how to bathe her and calm her down. For two weeks I led the life of Riley reading, writing, resting, receiving visitors, playing bridge, and enjoying our baby.

All that came to an end when we left Crowley to drive to Manhattan with our three week old baby girl. She slept well when we were driving but when we stopped for the night she was wide awake. When we reached New York, we went to our old apartment on West 123rd Street in the edge of Harlem. Our renter moved out for two weeks so that we could stay there while waiting for our new apartment on Long Island. Those two weeks were a nightmare. We had Susannah in a laundry basket which I had to cover with one of my grandmother's veils to keep the flies off as there were no screens in the windows. The laundromat was across the street. I had to wait until Roy was home to wash the diapers. During the night I would put the diapers in the kitchen sink to soak. One night I went to add a diaper to those in the sink and found a mouse swimming around. At 3:00 a.m. the mouse was still swimming, but by 6:00 a.m. it had drowned. I was so thankful at the end of two weeks when we moved to our nice apartment on Long Island.



THE END OF WORLD WAR II WITH JAPAN

by
Mildred B. Lally

My husband, Jack, was a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy and served as the Flight Surgeon for the Low Pressure Chamber on the Naval air base in Corpus Christi, Texas, during World War II. Previous to this position, he served in the same capacity at the Naval air base in Pensacola, Florida. If my memory serves me right, the planes were not pressurized as they are today. The low pressure chambers were used in order for the pilots to acclimate themselves to the high altitudes required as fighter pilots.

During this time, we knew that eventually Jack would be assigned to an air craft carrier some where in the Pacific Theater. The war with Japan raged on, and we were very fearful of when those orders would be issued.

One night we were sitting in the living room listening to the radio, when all of a sudden, it was announced, the war with Japan was over! My husband, Jack, was so overjoyed with the news that he slammed his fist down on the small delicate end table near his chair, and it crumbled in pieces.

I kept lamenting about this pretty little table that was now destroyed, mainly because the table did not belong to us. We had rented the house furnished and had promised the landlady that we would take very good care of her house and its furnishings. Jack could have cared less about my concern and felt my concern was misplaced because the end of the war with Japan was far more important. A short time later it was announced that the previous announcement was a mistake and that the war with Japan was not over. In the midst of this great disappointment, I was still very worried about the broken table. After all, it was in splinters. Jack reassured me that he would ask one of the corpsmen to repair it and not to worry about it. He did as he promised, much to my relief.

Soon after this event, the dreaded orders arrived. Jack had received orders to report to California in order to serve on an air craft carrier headed to the Pacific Theater. This period definitely was not a happy time for us. We began making plans for me and the children to return back home to New Orleans, LA. We had one son, Jackie, just over a year old, and an infant baby daughter. Mildred, whom we nicknamed Squeakie. The Navy came and began packing our belongings, and we loaded the car. We packed the baby mattress, blankets, and baby supplies across the back seat, so that the babies could sleep comfortably while we traveled all night. We could make better time and it would be easier for all of us.

Jack was in the house gathering the remaining belongings, and I was putting the last items that I had gathered into the car. The radio in the house had been packed and gone along with our personal possessions.

Suddenly, we began hearing church bells ringing, sirens and horns blowing and Jack ran out to me in the yard. We both were leery about the possibility of the war with Japan being over. We rushed to the car to listen to the radio, and what do you know? Again they were announcing that the war with Japan was really over!!

Hiroshima, Japan, was bombed with the first atomic bomb on August 6, 1945, and three days later Nagasaki was also bombed. World War II formally ended at 9:08 A.M. on Sunday morning on September 2, 1945.

While driving all night, we could not get any kind of service, because each town that we went through was wildly celebrating the War's end. All night long we listened to the jubilant celebrations going on at Times Square in New York City!! The ride back to New Orleans was filled with joy, one I shall always remember.



LIVING WITH HAZARD

by
Peggy Bihm

Soon after Al Junior had his own apartment, he bought Hazard, a Doberman puppy. My son quickly learned what it was like to be totally responsible for a creature. He had to feed, walk, train, and clean up after him. When Hazard was about a year old, Al Junior had a job that required him to be gone several days at a time. Guess who inherited Hazard?

Al Junior said he would pay all of Haz's expenses if we would just take care of him. He even volunteered to build a fence around the backyard. With some misgivings and all the conditions met, but with Al Jr.'s pleas, we agreed to keep Hazard. We had owned dogs over the years as the children grew up, but we had never owned a house dog that weighed over a hundred pounds.

Hazard looked more like a Great Dane. He always reminded me of Marmaduke, the cartoon character. He had a mouth like an alligator, a bark like a lion, and a temperament like a lamb. He was also sly as a fox, but we all learned to love him.

Hazard enjoyed being in the backyard in good weather while we were at work, but regardless of the weather, he did not like to be outdoors when anyone was in the house.

At night he slept at the foot of the bed of anyone who left their bedroom door open. Liz, our youngest daughter, liked for him to sleep in her room, especially in stormy weather. During these times, she usually invited him to sleep in the bed with her. We were never sure who was comforting whom.

Hazard and my grandson, Tillman, were very good friends, but when they first met we were afraid that Hazard might hurt him. We soon learned he was gentle as a lamb.

We had an old sofa in the family room that Hazard was allowed to be on. Once when our second son Chris was home from college, he was lying on Haz's sofa watching TV and taking a nap. Hazard kept looking at him and whining. He finally walked over to Chris, nudging him as he whined, usually his sign that he wanted to go out. Chris got up off the sofa to open the door, and Hazard jumped on the sofa. Is this not sly as a fox? Chris and Tillman would play hide-n-seek in the house with Haz. Of course, Haz always found them.

Hazard had a hearty appetite. We bought dog food in fifty pound bags. We never fed him table food, but he was always on the lookout for our scraps. One time he ate a five pound roast. One night I had baked two large sour cream pound cakes and set them on the dining room table to cool. Before going to bed, I went to wrap them. They were gone with not a crumb in sight. I called Hazard in my stern voice. He came ambling into the dining room with his head hanging. He knew he had done wrong. I banished him to the backyard for the night.

Haz would get out of the backyard whenever possible, running over the neighborhood, barking his ferocious bark with his alligator mouth. Several times over the years, the dog catcher was called to pick him up. The first time they shot him with a tranquilizer, but they quickly learned he was all bark and no bite. If we noticed him missing from the yard, we would get in the car to look for him. When we spotted him, we learned to open the car door and call his name. He loved to sit on the back seat of the car and bark at anything that moved.

One night, Haz got out. We could not find him but figured he would be back soon since it was getting cold. He did come back about an hour later. We talked to him and then went to bed. He whined off and on during the night. Al said he would take him to the vet in the morning, that something was wrong with him. About five AM, I let the dog out. About five thirty Al went to check on him. He found him lying on the back patio dead.

That same morning, we called all of our children to tell them of the death of our beloved dog. Al and a friend buried him in the backyard. I

still think of this wonderful animal and how much love and entertainment he gave to us over the eight years of his life.

