



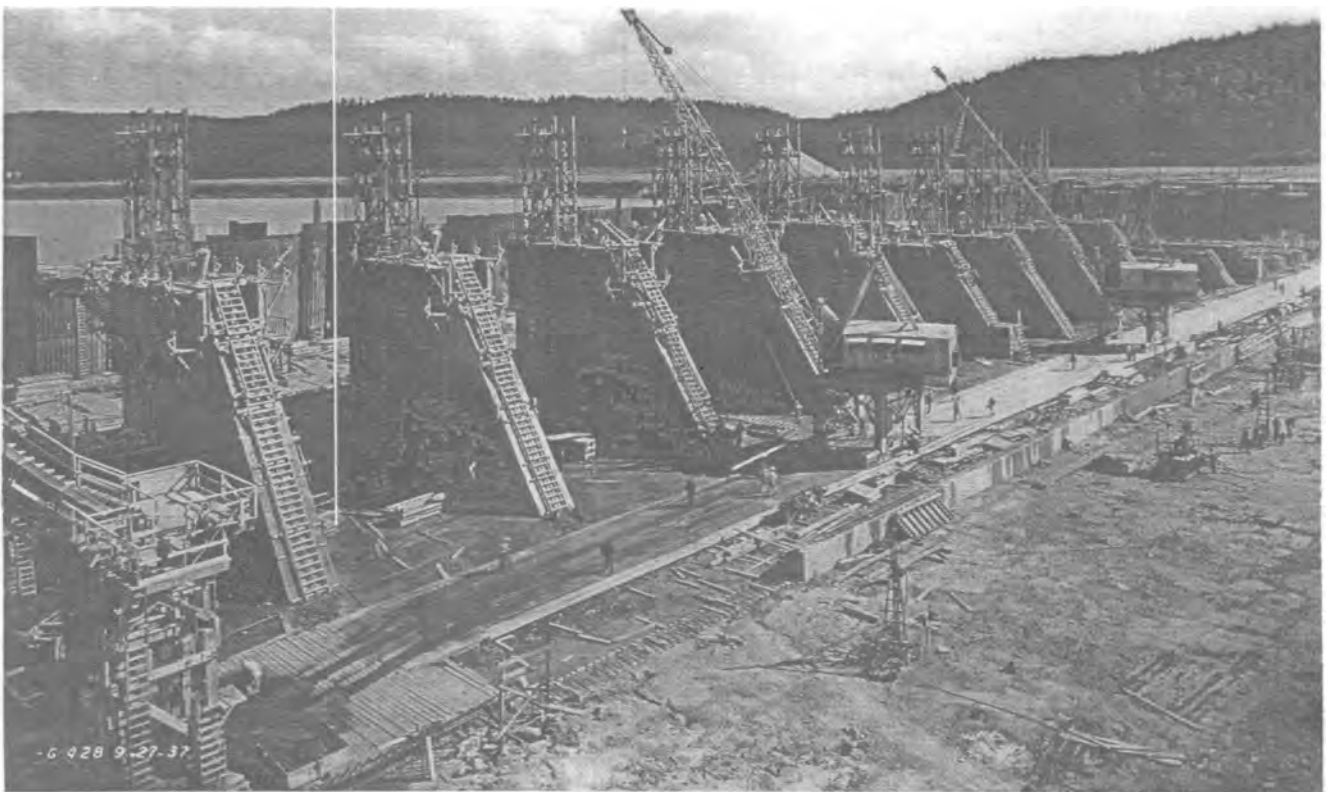
No. 233
July 2012



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

**Memories of a Teenager at
Guntersville Dam
1936 - 1939**



***Also in this issue:* Maysville General Store**

Lewter's Hardware Store



In 1928 our great-grandfather, D.A. Lewter, and our grandfather, J.M. Lewter, started the family business in a small store on Washington Street. They believed in offering fair prices, treating each customer with special respect and hiring great employees.

We are the fourth generation, proudly carrying on the same tradition.

While our prices have gone up slightly and we have a few more employees, we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family, doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with us.

**A Hardware Store....
The Way You Remember Them**

*Dornie Lewter
Mac Lewter*

222 Washington St - 539-5777

A Teenager at Guntersville Dam (and Some Later Thoughts)

by Eugene M. "Gene" Simonson

My father (Dad), Simeon Everly Simonson, was born in 1871 in Illinois. He moved to Luxora, Arkansas, in 1902. Mother was born in 1892 in Tennessee, and, as a schoolteacher, moved to Luxora about 1912. They were married in 1920. Financial reverses forced them to move, with five small children, to a farm in Clark County, Arkansas, in 1929. A sixth child arrived in 1930.

The Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) hired Dad, as a labor foreman, in late 1933 or early 1934. He helped to build three TVA dams: Norris, Pickwick, and Guntersville. The family stayed in Arkansas until December of 1934.

When Dad was transferred to Pickwick Dam, we moved to Corinth, MS, about 30 miles south of Pickwick. In the spring of 1936, Dad was transferred to Guntersville Dam and we moved there in June of 1936. I don't remember much about that move, except that the family traveled together in a black 1934 Ford, a car Dad had bought in late 1934, just before our move to Corinth. It was a lot of "togetherness" for eight

people in one car.

Our House at Guntersville Dam

Dad qualified for a house on the TVA reservation. The reservation included about 25 farmhouses; of these, 19 were rented to key employees. Our house was one of those 19. It was formerly the Willie Frank Irby home, which was a large, white, two-story, frame house with at least four bedrooms.

It was at the base of Grassy Mountain on (then) US Highway 241 (now US-431) at the junction with the newly built Guntersville Dam access road, about three miles from the construction "village" and about 3-1/2 miles from the dam site. (Hereafter, Guntersville Dam will be referred to as "the dam.")

We were delighted with the house—its size, location, surroundings, etc. While we did not have an indoor bathroom, we had a new, clean outdoor toilet. We also had electricity (but no telephone), two fireplaces, a stone garage with concrete floor, and running (cold) water, which was piped from an enclosed spring high up on Grassy Mtn. Just below the spring was a large, deep sinkhole. Excess water from the spring flowed into it, providing a very cold shower that my brothers and I, and other neighborhood boys, used often.

One wall of the sinkhole was a jumble of huge, fallen, lime-



Old Huntsville, Inc.
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, Ala. 35801

(256) 534-0502
Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net
Internet Home Page
www.oldhuntsville.com

Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 534-0502
Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney
Editor - Cheryl Tribble
Gen. Manager - Ron Eyestone
Copy Boy - Tom Carney (in memory)

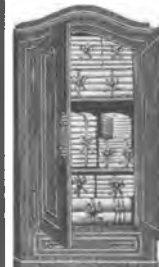
All material contained within is copyright 2012 and may not be reproduced or copied in any form without written permission of the publisher. Old Huntsville, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or content of solicited articles.

Printing for
Old Huntsville
HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY
provided by
Color Express
132 Jetplex Lane, Madison
256-774-3600

ELS

Professional Estate Liquidation

Did you inherit it? Collect it?
We can organize it, Price it &
Sell it for you.



Life Estates,
Personal Property,
Real Estate,
Downsizing,
Relocation,
Business Closings,
Divorce, Asset
Reduction

Belinda @ (256) 603-1166
belindabuford@yahoo.com

Pat @ (256) 797-0196
patj83@hotmail.com



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Telephone (256) 533-1103 Fax (256) 533-9711

ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,
WILLS, PROBATE

"No Representation is made that the quality of the legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."

stone slabs, with an overhanging ceiling. (Quite possibly, the sinkhole resulted from the 1811-1812 New Madrid earthquakes, which jolted several southern states several times over about four months.) The spring, sinkhole, and upper parts of Grassy Mtn. became some of our favorite places for the next 2-1/2 years.

The former Irby homesite, which became ours, included a barn just across US-241/431. Very soon after we moved in, TVA sent heavy equipment to demolish the barn. I remember little about the barn, but was fascinated by watching the equipment work. The barn roof fell almost intact and caused a huge rush of air and dust as it fell. Mother saw the potential of turning the old barn lot, with its built-in fertilizer, into a vegetable garden, which was a big success.

The barn lot included a concrete watering trough fed from the Grassy Mountain spring, providing unlimited irrigation for the garden. The water ran continuously and made a popular, often busy, car wash for workers at the dam.

The Construction Village

In addition to the above 19 farmhouses, TVA built an employee construction village. It was really a small town at the foot of Bishop Mtn. on the north side of the river, about a half mile from the dam site. There were 36 family homes (one to three bedrooms), six workers' dormitories, usually called "bunkhouses," for 360 workers, a staff/engineers' bunkhouse for 52 people, and a women's dormitory for 25 people.

The village also had a cafeteria, commissary, hospital, community building, and a gas station. It had a skeet range, a lighted softball field and a crude nine-hole golf course, with sand greens. (We used to turn on the ball field lights at night to play marbles, but the police would often chase us away and turn off the lights.)

"Nobody in football should be called a genius. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein."

Joe Theismann



Do you need to settle an Estate?
 Downsizing or moving to a smaller home?
 Clean out and organizing your garage or attic?
 Organizing and running your Estate-Garage-Yard Sale?
 Let us clean out - pack up - sell off or donate your items!
Get loose ends to tie up? Let Loose Ends help tie them up tight!
 Visit us on the website at: looseendsbymj.com
 Email: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com

MARY JIM AILOR
256-658-2718

WELCOME TO AUTHENTIC THAI CUISINE AT
THAI GARDEN



DINE IN OR CARRY OUT

All Fresh Meats & Vegetables
 No MSG - No Preservatives Used

Mon - Fri - Lunch 11 am - 2 pm
 Dinner 4:30 pm - 9:00 pm
 Sat - Dinner only 4:30 pm - 9:00 pm
 Closed Sundays

800 Wellman Avenue
 (In Historic Five Points)

(256) 534-0122



PLUMBING • AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING • ELECTRICAL • ENERGY

**SERVING THE
 HUNTSVILLE
 AREA
 SINCE 1884
 FOR ALL YOUR
 RESIDENTIAL**

**AIR CONDITIONING &
 HEATING UNITS
 PLUMBING
 ELECTRICAL
 ENERGY AUDITS**


256-534-0781



Ranked #1 in Alabama in Heart Surgery in 2012



5 Star Rated for 5 Consecutive Years (2008-2012)

According to  HEALTHGRADES



HUNTSVILLE HOSPITAL

Experience. The Difference.

huntsvillehospital.org
[facebook.com/HuntsvilleHospitalFan](https://www.facebook.com/HuntsvilleHospitalFan)

The community building was the hub of the village for both families and workers. Its lounge and combined basketball court/auditorium, where movies were shown once or twice a week, made it the indoor recreation center. Its library, classrooms, and auditorium made it an education and entertainment center.

With its "Mayor's office" (a Mr. R. F. Sloan), barber shop, post office (our P.O. box was 577), police and fire departments, it was also the "city hall." The Sunday school, of which Mother was a leader, Boy Scout Troop 74, and others met in the community building. The lounge had a large console radio - this was long before TV - and overstuffed leather furniture. We used to search the furniture for coins.

TVA razed the village in the 1940s. The site is now a shooting range for the Blue-Gray Rifle and Pistol Club.

Our Neighbors

We became friends with many of the 50+ families on the reservation. There were five families who lived near us on US-241/431.

(1) The W. C. Cablers lived just south of us on the same

side of the road. I don't remember his job title or if they had any children.

(2) The James Russell family also lived just south of us, but on the other side of the road. He was a personnel officer. They had two young sons, Jimmy, Jr., and a younger one born at the dam.

(3) The Herman E. Drake family lived just north of us. He worked in an office in the community building. Their children, roughly our ages, were Virginia Ann, David, Dorothy, and a younger one born at the dam.

(4) The J. H. Kirkland family lived farther north. He was the rigger foreman, involved in lifting and moving heavy loads. Their children, also roughly our ages, were Henry, Charles, and Virginia. Our families were close and shared outings together, like a picnic on Monte Sano.

(5) The last family to our north (near Hebron) was the George V. Miller family. He was a butcher at the commissary. They had four sons close to our ages - Jack, George, Bill, and Sam.

The older Kirkland and Miller sons were in Boy Scout Troop 74. We also played ball

CLOUD NINE

AMTA In-House Massages

Terese Stevens, LMT

Alabama License #992

Swedish

Neuromuscular

Deep Tissue

Phone 256/337-6989

Gift Certificates for All Occasions

In business 11 years!

Windsor House

Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

Our team approach to rehabilitation means working together to enhance the quality of life and by re-shaping abilities and teaching new skills. We rebuild hope, self-respect and a desire to achieve one's highest level of independence.

- *Complex Medical Care
- *Short Term Rehabilitation
- *Long Term Care

Our team includes Physicians, Nurses, Physical Therapist, Occupational Therapist, Speech Therapist, Activity Director and Registered Dietician

A place you can call home...

4411 McAllister Drive

Huntsville, Alabama 35805

(256) 837-8585

Licensed & Insured

Michael's Cabinets Inc.

Custom Cabinets & Countertops

2106-D West Ferry Way
Huntsville, Al. 35801

(256) 489-2427

Michael Clay * Jeff Worley

Over 30 years experience

Hartselle Indoor Flea Market

Hwy. 31 South Hartselle, Al. Sat. & Sun. 9-5

Come see us at Hero World Collectibles!

All Different types of T-Shirts - S.E.C. Merchandise.

All Styles of caps, wallets, jewelry, belt buckles, comics, purses, etc.

Thank you for your business with us this past year and God Bless you and your family.

with them and had other boyhood "adventures." The Cablers' house still stands, but ours and all the others are long gone. At our house site, by probing through several inches of leaf litter, it is possible to find the concrete front walk and the garage floor.

Schools

Children from Guntersville Dam went to two schools, as follows:

Hebron (grades 1-6) and Marshall County High School (MCHS) (grades 7-12)

Hebron was a new school, opening in September of 1936. It was made of brick, and modern in every way for the time, probably built by TVA. It was one mile north of our house, just above Walker Cemetery and across US-241/431 from Merrill Mountain Road. Only the circular drive, part of one wing (housing the Hebron Community Center), and the flagpole still exist.

MCHS was in Guntersville, 14 miles from our house and 17 miles from the village. We rode a TVA bus to MCHS. TVA had arranged for all 7th through 12th graders to attend MCHS,

but, on opening day of 1936, no one had told the bus driver, so he dropped us 7th and 8th graders at Claysville, on US-241/431, about three miles north of Guntersville. That error lasted only one day, but I still remember my first day in the 7th grade at Claysville School, which still stands.

MCHS was on a steep hillside above Guntersville. DeBow, a steep, narrow, winding, gravel street, led up to the school and, once there, parking was limited. For these reasons, our driver (Fred Dooley) usually parked at the foot of the hill on Lusk Street and we trudged up a steep concrete walk to the school. Invariably, there would be much groaning and complaining when Fred drove past DeBow on the way to Lusk Street.

The 14-mile (one way) bus trip became largely routine. Two events, however, added variety to the routine.

Raising the George S. Houston Bridge

This toll bridge was a two-lane, steel truss, one over the Tennessee River on the north edge of Guntersville. Some

SOUTHERN HOME & HEARTH, INC.
Since 1981



Broil King KEG Charcoal Grill

A body of double-walled steel with high-grade insulation between the walls creates a high-performance design. This holds temperatures at a narrow range for continuous, even heat. Consumers can cook low and slow and create moist, delicious BBQ any time of the year.

Southern Home & Hearth

2611 University Dr.
Huntsville, AL 35816

**256-534-1715 or
256-534-8199**

www.southernhomeandhearth.com

We do Lay-Aways

HALL BROTHERS MOVING

Huntsville's Choice for Local & Long Distance Moving

Experience - Efficiency - Integrity

- * Office Relocation
- * Records Storage
- * Guaranteed Pick-up & Delivery Dates
- * Owner on Every Job
- * Commercial & Residential
- * Licensed, Bonded & Insured
- * All Types
- * Free Estimates
- * Packaging & Crating
- * Antiques & Pianos
- * Load & Unload



539-5322



We Still Believe In Customer Service!

spans of this bridge had to be raised as much as 17 feet, to give enough clearance after Guntersville Lake filled behind the dam. This project took several months. For part of this time, all traffic across the river, including our school bus, crossed by ferry - an exciting trip for us. (That bridge no longer exists, having been replaced by two 2-lane concrete spans.)

Moving the Highway

In 1936, US-241/431 crossed the Honeycomb Creek valley just south of Cottonville. This valley was to be flooded by Guntersville Lake, so the road had to be moved to a higher level, which took several months. Traffic was moved to the new, higher road before it was finished. Our bus was often delayed by construction, including blasting, which was exciting.

Although they did not live on the TVA reservation, our bus picked up a few other riders along the way. I remember two of them, both pretty girls, in particular. One was Martha Whitaker, who lived in a unique fieldstone house in Cottonville. The other was Mary Ellen Siebold, who lived in a two-story house with tall, white columns just north of Guntersville. Both of those houses still stand.

I enjoyed my 2-1/2 years at MCHS (7th, 8th, and half of the 9th grades). Of several close Guntersville friends from those days, two stand out: Robert Hamil Williams (Bob H.) and Thomas Whitten Wright (Whit). Bob H's father was a city or county official; they lived in a small brick house at 1027 Gunter Ave., which still stands. I lost track of Bob H. when we left the dam.

Whit became a doctor, a general surgeon, in Huntsville; I regret that I did not know that until I read his obituary in the

"Huntsville Times."

Guntersville built its own high school on the south edge of town and MCHS was demolished in the early 1970s. Guntersville Elementary School now occupies the old MCHS site and DeBow Street, still narrow, is paved all the way up the hill.

Paper Routes

My older brother, Everly, from an early age, was very ambitious. In 1935-36, in Corinth, MS, he worked at a next-door greenhouse for 10 cents an hour. At the dam he had morning and afternoon paper routes. One paper was from Birmingham and one from Chattanooga. We considered him to be wealthy. At times, I delivered his papers, to include carrying his cash to make collections. On these occasions, I often treated myself to a generous ice cream dish, at his expense, at the soda fountain in the community building.

For part of our stay at the dam, I had a "Huntsville Times" route at the village and along US-241/431. It was an afternoon paper - five or maybe six days a week - no Sunday paper. It cost 15 cents per week.

I had 20 to 25 customers and cleared about \$1.75 a week, sending an equal amount to the "Times" office in Huntsville. My papers always came in a roll to the Post Office at the dam where I picked them up in the lobby just outside the Post Office.

I will always remember

one specific customer - not by name but by his address - Room 430 in Bunkhouse 4. He seldom had money to pay for his paper, but I often saw him playing poker; I'm sure there was a direct connection there. I probably lost money on him.

I sometimes wonder if I am the oldest surviving "Huntsville Times" carrier.

Bicycles

Soon after we moved to the dam, a man stopped at our house with a 26-inch (stolen?) bicycle that he wanted to sell. Dad bought it for \$2. We boys were delighted to have the bicycle, but Virginia Anne was upset that it was a boy's model.



Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

Family owned and operated since 1919

(256) 536-6654

Valley View Cemetery
open with 100 acres reserved for future development

(256) 534-8361



ISPP InterSouth
properties

"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"

Phone (256) 830-9160
Fax (256) 430-0881

- * Highland Office Park, Phases 1 & 2
- * Park West Center
- * University Square Business Center
- * 8215 Madison Blvd.

Visit us at www.intersouth-properties.com

We kept and enjoyed that bicycle for a long time, until Everly, who was learning to drive, backed the family car over it. I used that bicycle at times on my "Huntsville Times" route.

After a few months with his paper routes, Everly was able to buy his own bicycle. It was a Sears bike and came partly assembled in a cardboard box. Everly was immensely proud of his bright-red bike.

As extras, he had ordered a handlebar-mounted basket (for his papers) and a siren that mounted on the front fork and operated off the front tire. Before assembling the bicycle, Everly lovingly waxed all the painted and chrome parts. Of course, all us brothers were eager to ride his new bike, which Everly grudgingly allowed.

When Rush's turn came, he lost control of the bike while trying to operate the siren. He ended up in a muddy red-clay

ditch, badly bending the basket and the front fender. To put it mildly — and, bluntly — Everly was PO'd.

Boy Scouts

Boy Scout Troop 74 came into existence at the dam in early 1938, I think. Mr. L. D. Potts, a member of the police force, was the scoutmaster. Everly, Rush, and I quickly joined, but Lowden was not yet 12, the minimum age at that time.

We took scouting seriously, enjoyed it, and learned from it. We, including Lowden, continued scouting after returning to Arkansas in 1939. Eventually Everly, Rush, and Lowden became Eagle scouts, but Life was my highest rank. In Troop 74, Everly became the Senior Patrol Leader and later Assistant Scoutmaster.

Troop 74 had several patrols. Rush and I were in the Wolf Patrol, which included

all scouts that lived near us along US-241/431. Rush nominated me, and I was elected, as leader of Wolf Patrol. We liked Mr. Potts and he was an active scoutmaster; Troop 74 thrived. We met weekly in the community building and paid five cents a week as dues. Everly and Rush attended scout camp in the summer of 1938, while I spent most of that summer on our Arkansas farm with its "caretakers," Clingman and Mary Jester.

Part of each scout meeting was for each boy to rise and tell of at least one of his recent good deeds. At one meeting Everly announced, "I saved a boy's life," which he probably did. One of our scout friends, Jack Miller, couldn't swim, and he had gotten into deep water at our swimming hole in the Paint Rock River. Everly pulled him out.

To raise money for Troop

Don Broome Studios

- *Custom Framing
- *Artistic Nature Photography
- *Artistic Inspiration Disc

I have a full
frame shop
in my home.
No overhead

How can I help you?

7446 Clubfield Cir
Huntsville, Al. 35802

hm. 256-880-3497
cl. 256-656-1457

74, Mr. Potts arranged for us to sponsor the movie "Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn, at the community building. We got all (or most) of the proceeds from that showing and felt rich and important for doing it.

One of the requirements for a Hiking merit badge was to make a 14-mile round-trip hike or boat trip. Rush and I chose the boat trip. Our plan was to "borrow" a boat (skiff) near our swimming hole on the Paint Rock and paddle down to the Tennessee River and back. We had no real idea of distance or any other details of the trip.

We "launched" early one morning, paddled for hours, and got some distance down the river. Luckily for us, but we didn't appreciate it at the time, some of our friends—the Blackburns (father and son) — were coming upriver in a boat with a small outboard motor. When he learned of our plan, Mr. Blackburn insisted on towing us back upriver, which was almost more than the little

motor could handle. Somewhere along the way, the motor quit and Mr. Blackburn began working on it. (Outboard motors in the 1930s were notoriously fickle.) In the meantime, Bill, the son, fished and caught a nice bass. Eventually Mr. Blackburn got the motor started and delivered us to our starting point.

Left to our own devices, I'm sure now that Rush and I would have spent a long, hungry night somewhere on the Paint Rock. I'm equally sure that Mother would have spent a long panic-stricken night with visions of

"The secret to staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly and lie about your age."

Lucille Ball

Marathon Painting



Free Estimates
Licensed & Insured
References

We Specialize in Historic Homes
John M. Bzdell 326-8053

Salon Bella



Audra Wilson
Expert Hair Care

Booth Space for Lease - Great Location at Church & Pratt



1701 University Dr.
(corner Church and Pratt)
(256) 534-5002



LAWREN'S
809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table Linen, Cookware.

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath.

her two drowned sons.

In the 1970s my son Mike and I made the same trip, and other trips, down the Paint Rock river with a rented boat, a dependable motor, food, water, etc. Those were all pleasant excursions.

Caves

Of the many caves near the dam, three stand out in my memory. Honeycomb Cave, just up the river from the dam, is the largest of them. It was a major cave that would be under water after the dam was finished. It had to be plugged, as it was not known where water might leak, or in what volume, after the dam was finished.

Before plugging the cave, TVA opened it to the public for one last look. Having never seen a large cave, Honeycomb was impressive to a youngster like me. In exploring the countryside, we boys followed Little Paint Rock Creek down to the Paint Rock River. In that area, we found a series of small caves and greatly enjoyed exploring them. (In the 1970s, in separate trips, I took Mike and a teenage nephew, Eric, back to the same caves and relived some of my 1930s cave-exploring trips. But the caves were not nearly as big as they had seemed in the 1930s!)

Dad's main job at the dam was Malaria-control Foreman, directing his 10-12 men in draining swamps, and in other mosquito controlling measures. He was responsible for an area within a two-to-three mile radius around the village. He learned of a cave on the opposite side of the river and fairly high up on a mountain. Everly and I decided to stay overnight there.

Late one afternoon, after delivering Everly's papers, we "borrowed" a boat and paddled across the river. Following Dad's directions, we found the cave, and set up our camp just at nightfall. We had a long,

miserable night. Among other things, unknown animals, probably dogs, bothered us all night trying to steal our food. Other than a largely sleepless night, the trip was a success. (In the 1970s or '80s, on separate trips, I took a nephew, Ed (Everly's son), and my grandchildren, Laura and David, to visit that cave. There is now a trail, with a sign to Cave Mtn., that leads there from a TVA parking lot near the south end of the dam.

Accidents

Rush's Fall: Dad salvaged several lengths of 1/2-inch steel cable that had been discarded from heavy equipment. His plan was eventually to take them back to our Arkansas farm. We boys used one of them to make a cable slide — today it would be a "zip line." We attached one end of the cable about 30 feet up in a hickory tree behind our house, threaded a short piece of steel pipe onto the cable, and anchored the other end to a steel stake on the lawn. Holding onto the pipe and launching ourselves

*Now there's another
four-letter word
associated with
moving and storage.*

Easy.

PODS is a whole new way to move and store that's a lot less stressful and a lot more convenient. With **PODS**, you can take your time moving or storing your belongings. We deliver a **POD** right to your door, you pack it at your own pace and we deliver it anywhere coast to coast or to our dry and secure warehouse. It's that simple.

Consider it moving and storage on your own terms, without the time-constraints, deadlines or cursing.

PODS

Portable On Demand Storage

1-888-776-PODS

www.PODS.com

Ayers Farmers Market

GANDY'S MOBILE SEAFOOD WILL BE HERE!

GANDY'S MOBILE SEAFOOD WILL BE BRINGING GULF SHRIMP, GROUPER, RED SNAPPER, MAHI MAHI, TUNA LOIN, CRAB CAKES, BAY AND SEA SCALLOPS, ROYAL RED SHRIMP, SMOKED TUNA DIP, COLD WATER LOBSTER, SOFT SHELL CRAB, MUCH MUCH MORE!

Also FREE Corn Boil for all customers!

FRIDAY JULY 6 FROM 9-5

Huge Variety of fresh Amish Vegetables

WE HAVE EGGS, CHEESES, CANDIES, CANNED GOODS AND DELICIOUS LOCAL HONEY FROM BILL MULLINS AS WELL AS BINGHAM HAMS

Phone 256-533-5667

Open Mon-Sat 8am - 6pm; Sunday 8am - 5pm



Located at the SE corner of Governors & Memorial Parkway

from the tree gave a thrilling ride down the cable.

These rides continued for several days or weeks until Rush, for some unknown cause, fell from the cable and landed in a crumpled heap from 15-20 feet up. Mother took him to the TVA hospital.

His only injury was a dislocated left hip. He was bed-ridden at home for some time with sand bags (no cast) to hold his hip in place while it healed. He seemed to recover completely but, as it developed years later, there was permanent, painful damage to the hip. He had the hip replaced and, still later, at least three major surgeries on that hip. (Even though our house is no longer there, the hickory tree still stands.)

My Grass Blade Incident: In mid-August of 1938, several neighborhood boys gathered at our house; our plan was to go swimming in the Paint Rock River. One boy, Quincy Leonard, brought his dog. Mother insisted that we finish cutting the lawn before leaving. Someone had dropped a hand-held, swinging grass blade on the lawn. Instead of working, I was playing with the dog, rolling an inner tube at him. While running, I stepped, barefoot, on the exposed grass blade. My left foot slid from under me, just as if I had slipped on ice. The result was a deep, diagonal gash under my arch, from ankle to little toe. My accident, of course, disrupted the grass cut-

ting and the swimming plans.

Mother took me to the TVA hospital where I spent (what seemed like) several hours on the operating table while a Dr. Love repaired my foot. I still remember that he asked me, several times, to move my toes, evidently to match and rejoin the tendons.

I spent several weeks on crutches and recovered with no major setbacks. I started the 1938-39 school year at MCHS (9th grade) on crutches. Dr. Love did a good job; I still have a scar and "mixed-up" nerves in that foot, but never had any real problems with it. In fact, starting at age 59, I had a 26-year running career of 475 races. I don't run any more, but not because of that foot.

The Core Sample

TVA took hundreds of core samples (solid cylinders of limestone) to ensure that the dam site was solid and that it could support the dam and withstand

Allied Photocopy

Quality Reproductions
Black & White & Color



1821 University Drive

539-2973

Free Attorney Consultation for Bankruptcy

The Law Firm of

MITCHELL HOWIE

Legal Services - Probate - Estate Planning - Wills

256-533-2400

No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers.

EL PALACIO OF MEXICAN FOOD

"Sizzling Fajitas Are Our Specialty"

VOTED HUNTVILLE'S BEST MEXICAN RESTAURANT

Delicious Lunch Buffet Mon.-Fri. 11am to 2pm **EST. 1966**

Complete Take-out Menu and Banquet Facilities

Hours Mon -Thurs 11am - 9pm
Fri & Sat 11am -10pm *Closed Sunday*

256-539-6075 • 256-534-9161

FAX 256-536-4639

2008 MEMORIAL PKWY SW



O'LE DAD'S BAR-B-Q



Join us for a Fundraiser!

For Tickets CALL:

256-665-2869 or 256-604-9747

We will have an Auction with
Raffle tickets

Blue Grass Bands will be Performing
Fun for ALL the Family!

Bill & Rosemary Leatherwood, Owners
(256) 828-8777 - (256) 828-8778

O'le Dad's Bar-B-Q menu

O'le Dad's Main Course

- Pork plate
- Rib plates
- 1/2 Chicken Plate
- Ribs (Slab)
- Ribs (1/2 Slab)
- Whole Chicken

SPAGHETTI DINNER
FUNDRAISER FOR AUSTIN & CHASE HAV FUND
 Handicap Accessible Van



\$5.00 A PLATE

Lick Skillet Music Barn
Hazel Green, AL



July 28
Starting
5 p.m.



14163 Highway 231/431 North
Located in the beautiful city of Hazel Green

the water pressure against it. These cores varied from less than 2 to 48 inches in diameter. One 48-inch core, 36 inches high, became a display in the village, near the community building. We enjoyed climbing on it and playing around it. The core stayed in place for about 40 years after the village disappeared.

In late 1980, I bought the core (for \$10) from TVA, hired a crane, and moved the core to my lawn in Huntsville (total cost was just over \$100). When I moved to a retirement community in 2003, I gave the core to the community. It now sits on the Magnolia Trace campus, with a plaque that gives its history. The core weighs about 7,250 pounds.

Cars and Family Trips

We moved to the dam in June of 1936 in our 1934 Ford sedan. Dad had been there for some time before our arrival. During that time, he had visited the General Joe Wheeler home, about 15 miles west of Decatur. He was impressed with Miss Annie Wheeler, and wanted all of us to go there. This trip was our first one from the dam.

We all met Miss Annie, and she gave us a tour of the house and grounds. As a 12-year-old boy, I was more impressed with the house than with her personally. Since retiring in Huntsville, I have visited the Wheeler home several times, always recalling that first visit in 1936.

While not always family trips, we went to Huntsville occasionally. Four things stand out in my memory from those trips: (1) The Big Spring, with

its large trout (not the present-day carp and goldfish), (2) Seeing the newly released Disney film "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," (3) Visiting the old "Times" building downtown to get refill pages for my "Huntsville Times" carrier's record book, and (4) A two-family picnic with our neighbors, the Kirklands, from the dam. I remember when the Kirklands had a panic when someone lost, but later found, their car keys.

I don't remember exactly when, but Dad bought a new 1937, platinum gray DeSoto sedan in Huntsville. In the fall of 1937, we took a family trip to Florida, another extended period of "togetherness." We went as far south as Miami, with three

major stops along the way. We visited relatives on Merritt Island, which was then largely jungle — long before NASA and the Space Coast. Cocoa Beach was a lovely, deserted place that we all enjoyed. We visited our Uncle Rollo (Dad's brother) and family in Pahokee. He was a pioneer in growing winter vegetables in the Everglades, having gone there in 1920. It was bean-picking time, and we older kids got to make some money picking beans for Uncle Rollo.

While visiting in Miami, there were several large unfinished hotels (this was during the Depression) that, we were told, were being used to raise chickens. The highlight in Miami was Dinner Key, the Pan

Center for Hearing, LLC

7531 S. Memorial Parkway Suite C Huntsville, AL 35802
Phone (256) 489-7700



Maurice Gant, BC-HIS
Board Certified Hearing
Instrument Specialist

- Free Hearing Tests and Consultations
- Zero down financing with low payments
- Competitive pricing
- Service and repair of all brands and makes of aids
- Hearing aid batteries
- Appointments - Monday thru Friday from (8:00 am until 5:00 pm) and Saturday upon request

00508041

HEART OF DIXIE[®] Popcorn & Supply Fun Food Equipment & Supplies

We also carry equipment & supplies for Sno Cones, Shaved Ice, Nachos, Chips & Cheese, Cotton Candy, Funnel Cakes, Lemonade, Candy Apples, Hot Dogs, Deep Fryers, and **Much, Much More!**

Visit our showroom for the largest array of equipment and supplies in the South.

Perfect for Little League baseball - football games - basketball games - concerts - festivals - carnivals. Free delivery!!

Toll Free (877)828-3270 - Local (256) 828-3270 - Fax (256) 828-4393

191 Darwin Road - Huntsville 35811
www.heartofdixiepopcorn.com

"Laziness is nothing more than the habit of resting up before you get too tired."

Dennis Waldrup, Athens

American flying boat terminal for its fleet that served the Caribbean.

We crossed Florida on the Tamiami Trail, stopping at Seminole villages where we watched them dress bullfrogs that had been taken in the Everglades. They sold the bullfrogs in Miami.

That Florida trip was a tremendously broadening experience for six country kids. One big disappointment, however, for us boys, was not being allowed to bring home a baby alligator. Mother drew a firm line there.

Another lesser family trip that we took was to Chattanooga, TN, during one Christmas break. Again, we stayed with relatives. I remember sleeping in the car, as there were not enough beds for all of us. The highlight of that trip, for me, was Lookout Mountain, the Civil War cannon there, and looking down on the city and Moccasin Bend of the Tennessee River.

Again, I don't remember when or why, but Dad bought

a new 1938, bright-red, DeSoto sedan in Huntsville. It was the family car that took us back to Arkansas in January of 1939. With many problems (poor maintenance, gas and tire rationing during WWII, and several teenage drivers), it lasted through 1946.

Leaving and Returning to Guntersville Dam

In late 1938, as the dam neared building completion, many workers lost their jobs, Dad included. Some got transfers to other dams, and we had hoped to go to Kentucky Dam, still being built, but that did not happen. We returned to our farm in Arkansas in January of 1939.

The next time I was at the dam was in late 1954. I was in the Army then and en route to Fort McClellan, near Anniston, AL. I had deeply mixed emotions seeing that our house, the village, and many other familiar landmarks no longer existed. The dam, however, stood complete, nicely landscaped, and had been in operation for

West Station Antiques

Come visit us in Owens Cross Roads at the Historic Hornbuckle Garage on old Hwy 431.

Phone (256) 725-BOOK (2665)

**Books - Paper Items
Postcards - Linens - Quilts
Pottery - China - Glassware
Sterling Silver - Jewelry
Furniture**

*Visit us at our website:
www.gibsonbooks.com*

**3037 Old Highway 431
Owens Cross Roads 35763**

256-725-BOOK (2665)

**New Hours: Thurs - Sat 10 - 5
Sun - 1 - 5**



Cliff Hill

Attorney At Law

- * Social Security Disability
- * Personal Injury
- * Workers Compensation

"Helping You Is Not A Job - It's Our Mission"

929 Merchants Walk
Huntsville, Al

(256) 534-4502 Office
(256) 534-4503 Fax
(256) 233-3328 (Athens)

No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers.

about 15 years—and Guntersville Lake was beautiful.

I stayed at Ft. McClellan for about five years, had other assignments (including two overseas), returned to Ft. McClellan in 1971, was transferred to Redstone Arsenal in 1973, and retired in 1975, to live permanently in Huntsville.

Since 1971, I have deeply enjoyed many visits to the dam and its surroundings. While an active runner, I made several trips there for six to eight-mile practice runs on the access road between the dam and US-431. I took my son Mike, my grandchildren, and various nephews there; some of these trips included picnicking, camping, and fishing near the dam. My brother Rush and some of his family visited me at times. Rush and I both deeply enjoyed each other's company and the nostalgia connected with the area. My 2-1/2 years at the Dam were the happiest ones of my youth.

(Mostly) Pleasant Random Thoughts About Living at the Dam

Swimming: We swam in many places, but our favorite was in the Paint Rock River, just upstream from the present bridge on US-431. There were two holes close together there, both with rope swings. They were our introduction to swimming-hole swings, and we took the idea back to Arkansas with us.

Skiing: By making use of barrel and nail-keg staves as crude skis, we

spent many hours skiing down Grassy Mtn. above the spring and sinkhole, on steep slopes covered with pine needles. Hidden rocks and roots added excitement.

Picking Cotton: This gave us a few extra dollars each fall.

Camping: Mainly to earn Boy Scout camping merit badges, we camped in various places, often near the spring on Grassy Mtn.

Digging Worms and Seining Minnows: At various times, we dug worms and seined minnows from Little Paint Rock Creek to sell to fishermen worms at five cents a dozen and minnows about the same price.

Milking the Cow: The Monte Sa Mo dairy (not Monte Sano) delivered milk in glass bottles in our area but, for a family of eight, we owned a cow. There was much open grassland nearby, so we kept her on a 50-foot chain and milked her twice a day. We took that chain back to Arkansas and used it for a swimming-hole swing there.

Boating: There were many unlocked skiffs on both the Tennessee and Paint Rock rivers, which we often "borrowed." I don't remember any objection from the owners. At times, there were TVA(?) paddle wheel steamers on the

Tennessee, and it was a thrill to ride their waves. (We got yelled at once or twice for getting too close, especially behind the paddle wheels.)

We once built sheet-metal boats, taking the metal from a billboard on US-241/431. We used the boats on Little Paint Rock Creek.

Playing Baseball and Foot-
R.G. NAYMAN CO. INC.

RG N

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

General Contractors
Residential & Commercial
Specializing In
Fire Damage Repairs

"A Contractor You Can Trust"

533-9016



Cotton Patch Antique Mall

15664 Highway 231/431 North
Hazel Green, Al 35750

(256) 539-4788 or (256) 828-5562

We now have New Furniture as well as Antiques

Shirley & Rooster

Clark Electric Co.

Serving North Alabama and Huntsville since 1939

"No Job Too Small"

(256) 534-6132 or (256) 508-0403



"Wanted: Preparer of food. Must like the food business, be dependable and be willing to get your hands dirty."

Seen in recent job ad

ball: We had much open space for ball fields, but never had enough people for two full teams, or enough proper equipment—but we played our own kind of ball games. Our baseballs were usually homemade, wound with string around a suitable core, and our best baseball bat was a peavy (or cant hook) handle.

Building Model Airplanes: Many activities were seasonal, but model airplanes, made from balsa wood and tissue paper, were year round. My biggest one had a five-foot wingspan. The auditorium at the community building, with no wind, was our favorite place to fly them.

Playing Marbles: Marbles was a popular game for our generation. We played either "for fun" or "for keeps." I was a good player and won lots of marbles—except when playing with my brothers, when some kind of psychological block seemed to operate.

Roller Skating: We had no suitable outdoor place to skate, but the hardwood floor of the community building auditorium was perfect. Surprisingly, we were allowed to skate there with no objection.

Playing Golf: We first learned about golf at the dam. We had no clubs but could find lost balls on the course. One of our friend's father had clubs, so we used those at times. Also, we had an odd-shaped persimmon stick that resembled, and substituted for, a golf club. There was a large, low area on one fairway that flooded at times. Searching that water for balls gave us a little income—until Dad and his malaria-control crew drained it.

Building a "Clubhouse": For the site, we picked a sawdust pile behind the Russells' house. When finished, it resembled an out-house. The Russells never complained about it, but I'm sure that they didn't share our enthusiasm for it.

Buying Supplies at Butler Brothers' Store: Butler Brothers was a general store in New Hope, five miles from our house. The big, two-story, red-brick building still stands and has had several uses since being a store.

Final Thoughts: Our 2-1/2 years at Guntersville Dam were the best time of our youth. I'm sure that my five siblings, now all dead, would agree. For pleasant nostalgia - even regression to my early teens - I still like to visit the area and do so often.

If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it.



Murray Moving and Storage
201 Green Cove Road
Huntsville, AL 35803
881-0661

We are a family owned and operated business for 50+ years. We take great pride in moving your household and know that each piece and box is valuable to you. We treat each house as if it were our own. The secret to our success is to do the job right the first time. Most of our customers are repeat customers.

Call for a free estimate.

(256) 881-0661

For All your Real Estate Needs!

With Us it's all about You!

MARY ELLEN PETERS
Company

Search all homes For Sale at
www.MaryEllenPeters.com



256-797-0203

RE/MAX
ALLIANCE



- service above and beyond your expectations

Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



Congratulations to **Mary Beth Duncan** for correctly guessing the Photo of the Month for June - it was Attorney **Mitch Howie** and we had lots of calls on this one. Mary Beth is school librarian at Dawson Elementary and says that Mitch looks alot like his brother in this picture!

We failed to mention in last month's issue that the landscape mystery winner for May was **Jerry Jeffries** of Huntsville. The picture was of the stained glass window in the Kaffeeklatsch Bar on Jefferson Street. Jerry is a retiree of Chrysler Corp. where he worked for 37 years!

We were so saddened to hear of the death of **Marty Porter**, who died much too young at the age of 59. We send our deepest sympathy to his life partner **Charlotte Clingan**, parents **Martin C. and Alice Porter**, sister **Nancy Porter**, son **J. Andrew Porter** and wife **Kimberly**, sister-in-law **Lee Ann Lancaster** and husband **Ryan**, mother-in-law **Margaret Duffey** and the family and friends who will never forget Marty.

Ken Owens will be celebrat-

ing a July 31 birthday and we wanted to wish him the best with wife **Diane**!

A major study recently determined that drinking coffee is actually good for you, and that moderate coffee drinking could actually make you live longer! Good News!

Peggy Kling loved the Arts and the Symphony, and was instrumental in setting up the Huntsville Community Chorus. She was a sweet mom and grandma and passed away recently. We send our condolences to our City Councilman **Bill Kling, Jr.**, her son, along with Bill's wife **Tanjie**, as well as the rest of the family and many friends she made over the years.

Bobby Hayden will be the featured speaker at The Historic Lowry House on July 15 at 2:30 pm, Sunday. Bring your lawn chairs and beverage of your choice in coolers and come listen

to some really good old time stories!

A big Old Town welcome to **John Bzdell** and **Margaret Watson**, who recently purchased a home in the historic district and are so happy to be here. They just love the downtown Huntsville area. John has been in business as owner of Marathon Painting & Roofing for many, many years now.

It seems like we're losing so many young people, these days. **David Tripp** was only 29 years old when he lost his life in a car accident. His Mom **Christine Tripp** and Dad **Gary Tripp** with brother **Adam** are just heartbroken. We send our condolences to David's many friends, family and those who will never forget him in their lives.

Sending out a big Hello to **Lois Stephens** from us - she now lives in Cullman but grew up in Huntsville in Lincoln Village!

One of our readers had a question. He is with the **Alabama Trail of Tears Assoc.** and is investigating one of the routes used by "emigrants" of the Benge and Bell Detachments

Photo of The Month

The first person to correctly identify the youngster below wins a full one-year subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine.

Call (256) 534-0502

Hint: This sweet girl taught swimming, dancing, raised 8 children and cooked dinner for everyone each night, including the housekeeper who cleaned the house but couldn't cook.



Ruth's Nutrition

Let us Help Create a Healthier, Happier You!

Herbs - Vitamins - Massage - Reflexology
Natural Foods - Clinical Herbalist
Auricular Therapy - Magnetic Therapies
Electrodermal Testing - Children's Products



7540-P South Memorial Pkwy
Rosie's Shopping Center
Huntsville, Alabama

(256) 883-4127

Open Mon - Sat
info@ruthsnutrition.com

of the Trail of Tears. He learned that an account of the sighting of Indians traveling along Adams Street in Huntsville may have been reported. If anyone knows of this please contact us at 256.534.0502.

The Furniture Factory was really rocking on a recent Saturday night. **Greg Staggs** was the inside guitar player/entertainer with a crowd around him, and the band out on the patio (Rollin in the Hay) had folks up and dancing. There was a 1977 Lee High School reunion celebrating there and it was packed. **The new owner/operator is Mark Komara** and he has really revamped what many remember as the old **Jay's Lounge** from years ago.

Police tell us that the number one thing that deters home robberies is **other neighbors watching out for unusual activity** in nearby houses. Good Information to know!

Brenda Elders called to let us know of a very popular event coming up that has been going on now for 40 years! The **Rison-Dallas Association** will be holding its annual reunion on August 4, Saturday, starting at 10 am at Jackson Way Baptist Church on Andrew Jackson. It's a covered dish luncheon and those who would like to go are asked to bring something to eat. The event will go on til probably 3 or so. **The Fahrenheits** will be playing for the entertainment.

They are fire fighters in Huntsville and I hear they are really good. Brenda's class of '57 is the sponsor again this year and there will probably be over 200 folks there. Mark your calendar!

Even though he barely looks 55, **John Bennett** recently had a 65th birthday on June 3! His sweet wife **Suzie Nolen** loves him to pieces. Suzie and John are the folks who bring the crossword puzzle to you each month!

We were very sad to learn that **Nancy Mitchell Nilsson** had passed away. Nancy was 85 and wife of **John Dexter Nilsson**, and had done so much in her life. She was involved with Huntsville Little Theater, was feature writer for the Times, wrote her own plays which were very popular, was an actress - so much more than could ever fit in this little spot. We send our deepest condolences to her family and many, many friends.

Tom and Jane Barr are the delightful folks who have lived up on Monte Sano for a very long time and know so much about the history up there. Jane just let us know that they have a brand new great-granddaughter - **Lila Jane Barr**. Her proud parents are **Lacie and Adam Barr**, and her grandparents are **Debbie and Garry Barr**.

Glen and Jodi Sisk were a sweet couple that everyone loved being around, you just felt good being with them. I recently found out that Glen had passed

away in mid-April, at the very young age of 57, and was really sad to hear that. My deepest sympathy to wife Jodi and their family. He was the best.

Rosemary & Bill Leatherwood, owners of Old Dad's BBQ in Hazel Green, wanted to be sure and say happy birthday to their nephew **Christopher Rousseau** who will be 24 on Jul. 4, and to grandson **Chase Woods** who will turn 12 on July 10.

Stay cool during these extremely hot days and drink plenty of water! Watch over your older neighbors in this heat.

*Blinds, Shutters, Drapery,
Woven woods, Cellular,
Roman Shades & More*

**Your Total Window
Treatment Provider**



Bus: (256) 650-0465

Aesthetically Pleasing

Interior Window Treatments

Visit us at:

www.randsblinds.com



United Fire, Smoke & Water Restoration

America's Finest

24/7 Emergency Service

256-533-7163

www.united-specialist.com





RECIPES

Pure Summer Sweets

Apples & Creme

- 4 small, sweet apples
- 3 T. brown sugar
- 1 T. plus 1 t. butter
- 1/2 c. evaporated milk
- 2 t. vanilla extract
- 1/2 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/3 t. ground nutmeg

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Take apples and peel them, core and slice into 1/4" slices. Place slices in a shallow baking pan that you've buttered. Sprinkle with half the sugar and dot with butter. Combine the milk and vanilla extract, drizzle evenly over the apples.

Sprinkle with cinnamon, nutmeg and rest of the sugar. Bake for about 30 minutes.

Cherry Cheese Pie

- 1- 9" graham cracker crust
- 1- 8 oz. cream cheese, softened
- 1 can Eagle Brand con-

- densed milk
- 1/3 c. lemon juice
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 can cherry pie filling, chilled

In a large bowl beat cheese til fluffy. Gradually beat in the Eagle Brand til smooth. Stir in the lemon juice and vanilla. Pour into prepared crust and chill in fridge for 3 hours or set. Top with cherry pie filling before serving (good when mixed with a teaspoon of almond extract - makes the cherries taste better.)

Cathy's Crusty Toasted Coconut Pie

- 1/4 c. milk
- 1 c. coconut, sweet, flaked
- 3/4 c. sugar
- 1/2 stick butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 t. vanilla or lemon extract
- 3/4 c. pecans, chopped and toasted

9" pie shell

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees, as it's warming up place your unbaked pie crust in the oven. Spread your coconut on a piece of aluminum foil, put in toaster oven and toast til light brown. Cream your butter and sugar, using electric mixer, add eggs one at a time. Add milk, then the toasted coconut, mix well. Add the pecans and extract.

Remove pie crust, pour in batter and carefully return to oven, it will be rather liquidy. Bake at 350 for about 40 minutes, remove and cool completely before serving.

Granny's Squares

- 1 can Eagle Brand Milk
 - 1 c. chopped pecans
 - 1 c. chopped dates
 - 1 c. coconut, shredded
- Mix all ingredients together in a bowl. Pour into a 9x9"

**EVERY
MONDAY
IS FAMILY
NIGHT!**

Open for breakfast, lunch & dinner. Featuring a full menu and the best country breakfast in town!



**Gibson's
BAR-B-QUE**

Kids Eat Free!

Every Monday night Kids eat Free!

One child, 10 and under, eats free from our new kid's menu with each paid adult entree. Offer good for Dine-in only.

3319 MEMORIAL PKWY. SW 881-4851
Dine in or carry out & our famous breakfast
8412 WHITESBURG DR. So. 882-0841
Dine in or drive thru & our famous breakfast

YOUR HOSTS:
THE SANFORDS & HAMPTONS

square pan. Bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees or until edges along side of pan are golden brown.

Banana Bread

- 2 c. plain flour
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/2 t. baking soda
- 8 T. butter
- 1/2 c. brown sugar
- 2 T. honey
- 2 eggs
- 2 ripe bananas, mashed
- 1/2 c. chopped citron
- 1/2 c. chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter and flour an 8 x 4" loaf pan. Sift together flour, salt, and baking soda. Beat the butter and brown sugar in an electric mixer til thick and creamy. Stir in the honey, fold in the eggs alternately with the flour mixture. Fold in the bananas, citron and nuts.

Put the dough into the prepared loaf pan, bake in oven for 1-1/4 hours, and a straw comes out clean. Remove the bread from the loaf pan and cool on a wire rack. This is great slathered with real butter.

Sally Lunn

- 1/2 c. butter
 - 1/2 c. milk
 - 3/4 c. sugar
 - 2 c. flour
 - 2 eggs, beaten
 - 2 rounded t. baking powder
- Beat the butter to a cream,

beat in sugar and eggs. Sift flour with the baking powder twice, then add milk. Add to egg mix and bake in a greased 9 x 9" pan at 350 degrees about 25 minutes until done, serve with butter.

Mandarin Orange Cake

- 2 - 11 oz. cans mandarin oranges
- 2 eggs
- 2 c. sugar
- 2 c. flour
- 1/2 t. salt
- 2 t. baking soda
- 3/4 c. brown sugar, packed
- 3 T. milk
- 2 T. butter

Beat eggs and drained oranges. Sift flour, soda & salt together, add sugar. Pour mixture into greased 9 x 13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Bring brown sugar, milk and butter to a boil and pour over the hot cake.

English Cream Dessert

- 1 pint heavy cream
- 1 c. sugar
- 1 packet unflavored gelatin
- 1 pint sour cream
- 1 T. vanilla extract

In a saucepan, heat the cream but don't boil. Add sugar and mix til dissolved, add gelatin and dissolve. Remove from heat and add mixture to sour cream. Stir in extract, beat til smooth. Pour into serving mold and refrigerate at least 4 hours. Serve with fresh summer fruit.



IN BLOOM
five points

Gifts - Cut Flowers

Plants & Accessories

Weddings - Parties

We deliver fresh
flowers locally
256-533-3050

Ron Cooper

Mark Kimbrough

504 Pratt Ave.

Huntsville Al. 35801

Rolo's

**Restaurant With
The Trains!**



975-E Airport Road

883-7656

Country Cooking

Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner

Mon. - Sat. 6:30 am - 9:00 pm

Closed Sundays

THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE



**MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS
NOW FOR YOUR SPECIAL
EVENT IN A
BEAUTIFUL SETTING!**

**CALL (256) 489-9200
FOR INFORMATION**



**1205 Kildare St.
Huntsville, Al 35801**

THE WAR RECORD OF ROBERT MCCARLEY DEYOUNG - 1861-1865

Submitted by Bob DeYoung, Jr.

Robert McCarley DeYoung was my Grandfather. My Dad, Robert L. DeYoung, Sr. was a barber for over 50 years. He had a barber shop where Humphreys is now and later moved to the Terry-Hutchens Building. I was one of the last babies to be born in the old Huntsville Hospital in December, 1924. I retired from the Arsenal in 1979 and now live on Monte Sano.

A transcript of the following brief War Record of Robert McCarley DeYoung was given to me with the request that a few copies be printed and bound into permanent form. Having the facilities for this type of work, I have gladly produced these remarks in printed form so this record may be preserved and perhaps handed down from generation to generation in the families of kin to Robert McCarley DeYoung.

I have undertaken to edit the copy to some degree, but if there may be some discrepancies in these remarks, we must remember that the "old soldier" was in his eighty-fifth year, and perhaps his eyesight was not as clear and his hand not as steady as the days when he "fell in" and marched for the eternal glory of this beloved Southland.

This, then is a little story of one of the many thousands of soldiers who fought a good fight and today, after all these years, their heroism stands out like a white shaft against a dark cloud in the sky.

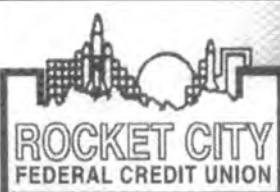
I have the high honor to be a grandson of this "old soldier". I am the proud son of Robert L. DeYoung, Sr.

And this is the month of May, being the fifth month of the Year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred six-two.

The War Clouds Gather

In August of 1861, the war was coming on. We met in a grove and had dinner and some speaking and then went out in an old field. Some of the men went through the crowd and opened a lane; one man had a drum, another a fife. They were to march two-by-two. When the drum tapped, the men were to fall in and march, up and down the lane, at the first tap. My brother, James DeYoung, and Miles Knight, stepped in and others followed.

The next day we met at Sharon Church where there was a school house and a level old



**ROCKET CITY
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION**

**MEMBERS
HELPING
MEMBERS**



MAIN OFFICE
2401 TRIANA BLVD.
HUNTSVILLE, AL 35805
256-533-0541

BRANCH OFFICE
200 WEST SIDE SQ., SUITE 48
HUNTSVILLE, AL 35801
256-536-0091

OFFICE HOURS:
MON, TUES, THURS, FRI
8:00 A.M. - 5:00 P.M.
WEDNESDAY
8:00 A.M. - NOON

WWW.ROCKETCITYFCU.ORG

Let's create a world owned to \$100,000

NCA
Member National Credit Union Administration



Cafe Berlin
APERITIFS

IT'S EUROPEAN!

964 AIRPORT ROAD - (256) 880-9920

field to drill in. Here we met and elected officers and drilled. After this we went to Spartanburg, South Carolina, to take the train from Spartanburg to Columbia, South Carolina, 100 miles.

For various reasons there were some left at home. The Captain sent me back to get them up, and when they arrived at Columbia they were sent to Lightwood Knot Springs, near Columbia, to drill and form a regiment. Now for a time it kept me on the run most all the time, day and night. A Union officer, Austin Dempsey, tried to make me stay with him, but he had no power to arrest me.

The regiment went to Koketaego for a short time, then went to Charleston. Captain Brockman had brought his peddling wagon with him, with his fine mules. The wagon bed was built high and light so you could not get wet. We were crossing a big river near the sea and the tide was coming in. Bill Staggs had gotten on one of the mules when they got scared and began to buck and he could have slipped off but didn't. We saw his head back up above the wave and someone got a long pole and pitched it to him and he grabbed it and they pulled him out.

Now all this time the sick men were in the wagon bed in the bottom of the river, but after a little the bed got loose from the wagon and came up, and the sick men came out of the bed like scared rats. But the wagon and the mules stayed there. A few days later they dragged them to the bank to get the wagon and harness.

On To Richmond

Now the regiment was called to Richmond, just before the seven days fight. It is hard to say who got the best of the fight, for at some places one would get the best of it and at the others it would go the other way.

Serving Fun Food and Great Spirits for the Best Customers in the World!



Check the Entertainment on our website www.leeanns.biz

Fax #256-489-9313

Behind the Red Caboose on Church Street

256-489-9300

15 TVs - 4 H.D. Wide
Private Conference Room

Food served inside and on the patio
Available for holiday parties

Huge Menu of Delicious Foods prepared by our own chef, including over 70 items & Daily Specials:

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Steak Philly | Fried Potato Cakes |
| Catfish Fillet | Calamari |
| Chicken Cordon Bleu | Pork Chop Nuggets |
| Monte Sano Chicken | Fried Mushrooms |
| Fajitas | Jalapeno Poppers |
| Cheese Sticks | Chicken Fries |
| Fried Zucchini | Corn Nuggets |
| Quesadias | |
| Chicken Philly | Sauteed Shrimp |
| Classic Club | Fried Green Tomatoes |
| Filet Mignon | Fried Okra |

Featuring Rudy Mockabee every other Wednesday
Karaoke with Brian every Tuesday night
Live Entertainment on the Patio
Tuesday - Saturday
Closed Sun and Mon



AVERBUCH
Realty Co., Inc.

7500 MEMORIAL PKWY. So. #122
HUNTSVILLE, AL 35802
BUS. PHONE 256-883-6600
FAX 256-883-6650

Steve Cappaert
Broker - Associate
CELL 256-651-7517

STEEVCAPPAERT@KNOLOGY.NET

I will not undertake to mention all the battles and places, but just such things as come to my mind at the time.

O. E. Edward was our Colonel. Mr. Gray was one of the Brigadier Generals; B. T. Brockman was Captain. They were all soon killed except Brockman. When the Army started to Petersburg, Col. Brockman was left in charge of the Army.

Col. Brockman and his men met us at Brandy. In a few days we moved to near Culpepper in a big piece of woodland, and they sent me with a load of canteens. I got water and filled them and carried them back to the lines and after that we marched all night. The Yankees were close behind us. We went across the road as soon as it was light and we marched on off.

We found some white oaks along the roadside and just before night we came to the Rapid Dan River. The water was up to the shoulders of the men. After crossing the river we went on to the Court House. We stopped and started camp near Kilpatrick. Crossed below us were the Yankees; they were advancing on Richmond below us and above us, advancing every way they possibly could, but we got into Richmond before it was too late.

Building Plank Road

This was in 1864, and we worked all winter building a plank road for the spring, but in the spring General Wade was in command, and we met him.

For seven days General Grant came in after General Wade was wounded and carried all the wounded soldiers out after Jackson said he could take them. They then placed General Stuart in command. He was a cavalry commander.

After we moved our troops to Orange County Court House we started building a plank road. We cut the logs in the woods and hauled them to the mill and graded the road. There was lots of cursing during this work for the boys said we might never get to march on it, but we did, and before we got to the end of it we met the Yankees and formed a line across the road and fought the Battle of the Wilderness.

The next battle was the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House. Now why do I say Court House? There was no other house in sight, just a few little pines in an old field.

After we had beer there a few days there was little fighting up to May 12, 1864. Some distance to the left of us the line was held by Virginians. That was when the Yankees charged and captured our men and works. Our Company, 13th Regiment Company B, and the 12th Regiment and others were

in a brigade and was ordered to retake them. We fell back to keep out of range of so many balls and got even with them. We used a Southern yell and into them we went and took them back,

Now the Yanks charged us all day and most all night. Their line was over a hill out of our sight, but we had plenty to shoot all the time. That is where General Grant said we will fight it out if it takes all summer. He hauled up barrels of whiskey and told the men to help themselves — then to go for us. Many of them were so drunk that (the Yankee lines were not in sight of our line) they came to the little hill in droves, many of them so drunk they fell over in our ditch. Then we would lay them

"I totally take back all those times I didn't want to nap when I was younger."

Ron Eyestone



www.LittleTobaccoStore.com

Cigarettes - Cigars - Snuff
Chewing & Pipe Tobacco

\$3.29 Copenhagen Original & Long Cut

\$1.85 Copenhagen LC Straight & Wintergreen

\$1.85 Skoal X-Tra

804 Wellman Avenue
Next Door to Thai Garden 256-520-6481

Low Prices

5 POINTS	PRATT AVENUE
HOLMES AVE	STAR MARKET
	WELLMAN AVE.

→

on the bank, as we had no room for them in the ditch. In a few minutes they would be shot to pieces by their own men.

Tree Cut Down By Minnie Balls

We were in that ditch almost 24 hours and I don't think any man thought of a drink of water or anything to eat, but the Yanks left first. A big tree stood on the side of the ditch, and it is now in the Museum in Washington, D. C. It was 22 inches through.

Now any unbelieving Confederate who does not believe this, let him go to Washington and see. This tree fell (was cut down by rifle fire) about eight feet from the ground. Our Colonel B. T. Brockman and his brother, J. K. Brockman, Captain, died of wounds here, and many of our men were wounded. We then moved down below the Court House and had one little battle before leaving that place.

I was detailed to help guard the wagon train, and the last wagon never passed until about daylight. Then we had not gone far before the Yankees commenced charging on us. We would get some of them and they would get more of us.

Southern Women Fed Us

We went up the river later on a boat by Port Royal to the Chesapeake Bay and on up the Potomac River to Washington. When the boat landed the Southern women came with

cakes and pies for us starving soldiers. The prisoners crowded to the front and others behind hollering... "Throw some over" .. and they did and so many hands grabbed for it that it fell down and was trampled underfoot.

Now we go back down the river to Point Lookout. Here we suffered untold misery. We were guarded by Negroes two days and white men one day. The Negro would holler out, "Look out white man, my old gun going to smoke at you!" And maybe he would kill ever so many men with one shot. And there was never anything done with them for shooting the prisoners.

I took the measles soon after I got there, I lay on the wet ground and the measles most killed me. Bill Bright was a great friend of mine. I met him at Port Royal and stayed with him until I took the measles and he stayed with me all the time I was sick. We were sleeping together and there came a high wind and blew water and sand on us. I didn't know what the trouble was, the cover got so heavy on me — the water and sand was drifting up against me.

Bill went to the doctor and brought him to see me, and he said I had measles. They sent me off to the hospital — they got up a boat load of the sick to send off. Bill went with me to the boat. He had time to tell me all he wanted to tell before I left. But he waited until I got on the boat, then he hollered out to me: "Bob, if you live to get home, tell them I am here and will die or rot before I will take an oath."

After the boat pulled out we went by Port Delaware and other places; we were eight days landing at the mouth of the James River and went up to Richmond. I stayed there a few days and pulled off my shirt to have it washed and they loaned me one and in a few days we had to leave to make room for the wounded coming in.

I had taken off that shirt because it belonged to the hospital. Mine had been misplaced and, sick as I was, I had nothing on my back but my little gray jacket. A woman gave me a shirt.

"Active Grandmother with original teeth seeking a dedicated flosser to share rare steaks, corn on the cob and caramel apples."

Seen in dating ad

**T-H-E
FRET
SHOP**

Guitar • Banjo
Mandolin

Sales • Instruction
Repair

309 Jordan Lane

Huntsville, AL 35805

Tel: (256) 430-4729

Fax: (256) 430-1081

Are you planning your wedding?

Check out our website for a variety of wedding related items!

www.lindasprinting.com - lprint@lindasprinting.com

**FREE
Personalized Napkins***

*Place an invitation order of 150 or more from the "Blue" album & receive 100 FREE Personalized Napkins.

Some exclusions apply. Expires: 8/31/12

256.534.4452

Toll Free:
877.534.4452

Fax:
534.4456

Linda's
**PRINTING
SERVICES
INCORPORATED**

On Way Back Home

I started home but was stopped near Petersburg as the Yankees held the line. But they didn't hold it long, so I got through. That was just before Lee left Petersburg.

I came on to Columbia, SC., and we stopped at a wayside hospital close to the road for breakfast and we all could not get in at one time. There was a long porch there but nothing to sit on, so I sat down, back against the wall and got to coughing and fell over. That was the last I knew until way in the night when I woke up in a dark room, and I didn't know where I was.

The next morning I was put on a train and sent to Spartanburg, SC. That morning I found a Negro who was going out in the country eight miles. He charged me \$8. (\$1 per mile). He put me out and I laid down on the ground. I was in sight of a white man's house and I got up and walked that far, but that man was not at home and he had no family, but had a number of Negroes. I got a Negro to take me home — that was just before the surrender.

Now we had nothing to cut our hair with and it was down to our shoulders, it was stiff and full of nits and lice. Our clothes were full of body lice; we had no clothes to change into and our skin was sore with nothing to put on it.

While everything seemed so bad, there is one thing that is little known. I have talked much with a class of men who were always good to us prisoners. They are what is called in the North, "servants". They are to the north what the Negro is to the South, except they don't buy and sell them. They only feed and clothe them; most of them can't remember when they were not servants.

I am now going on my 85th year and I still suffer from a wound I received at Spottsyl-

vania. This was a day or two after leaving the bloody angle; a stray bullet struck me on the head. I had a hat made of palmetto, and a band around it and a lining inside. I have bled most to death at the nose many times since that day. Now I can't walk alone.

When I joined the Volunteers I was put in Company B, 13th South Carolina Regiment and stayed with the same unit all during the war.

Reconstruction Days

I have been asked to make a statement of my war activities, and as it takes too long to relate it all, I now make some statements about Reconstruction Days.

I got home from prison just before the surrender of Lee, having been in prison at Point Lookout for four months guarded by Negroes, and they had killed many of our men without a cause. So now they were free. They did not have to work, but go in daylight and take what they wanted. Now if you said anything to them to insult them they would go and

tell the Yankees and they would come and get you and put you in jail.

Here I found they had killed and run off all the Rebels, as we were called.

L. W. Ralph and I had been in the war together and had married twin sisters, but we had not been near each other. Ralph and I went to live with a rich old man that called himself a Union man, nothing more, and we and our two women soon got on good terms with the old man and his wife.

One day the old man sent for me and our two wives and asked us if it was possible that Ralph could have been with the robbers that came through there, taking horses, during the war. We told him that it could not

Frazier Home Inspections Inc.

Inspections performed according to ASHI Standards
Johnny Frazier, Inspector
 AI License #HI-1047

Cell (256) 603-8430
 Home (256) 534-0277



Before you buy a home - have it inspected by a professional

Mark Magnant

256-539-1084 UAH degree
 mrmagnant@knology.net

Diagnosis and refresh of computers. Spyware & virus removal. Tutoring available. Senior Discount Available. In-home consultation and flexible schedules.

Computer Problems?

Senior Caretaker
Care for Seniors

Doctors Appts.	Light Meal Preparation
Beauty Salon	Medication Reminder
Grocery Shopping	4 Hour Minimum

Excellent References

Rai Harris 256-776-3923



**KEEPING HUNTSVILLE AS CLEAN & BEAUTIFUL
ON THE INSIDE AS IT IS ON THE OUTSIDE**

- ♀ A new locally owned company concentrating on small commercial cleaning of professional offices and buildings in and around Huntsville and the Downtown area.
- ♀ Proudly specializing in floor cleaning (vacuuming, wet/dry mopping, and vinyl, marble and hardwood floor care); surface cleaning and dusting; restroom cleaning and sanitation; kitchen cleaning and sanitation (appliance, dishes and flatware included); and trash removal.
- ♀ Offering: Monthly (Nightly), Weekly & Bi-Weekly Cleaning
Move-In & Move Out Cleaning
Annual/Bi-Annual Deep Cleaning
- ♀ Offering very competitive rates while maintaining a high standard of quality service and excellence.
- ♀ Taking pride in the cleanliness and beautification of the professional offices we service.
- ♀ We provide all cleaning supplies and the necessary equipment in order to improve and maintain the professional yet welcoming atmosphere of your office.
- ♀ Please contact us today to schedule an appointment for an on-site inspection of your office and free quote.

Downtown Huntsville Cleaning Company

256-694-0191

DowntownHuntsvilleCC@gmail.com

LICENSED, BONDED & INSURED

have been Ralph, for he was in the war in Virginia all the time.

Now soon after this we sold out what stuff we had and moved to Pulaski, Tennessee in Giles County. Here we found three East Tennessee men who had rented a large farm and hired about thirty Negroes from Mississippi. We hired to them just to help make cotton, but had been there but a short time when we got into trouble with them and they ran to town and reported us. Then we worked in fields in the day and lay out in the fields at night for a time, when Governor Center sent us a ticket to vote — then we were free men again. Which was August, 1869.

Crop Failure

Next year we tried to make a crop but did no good. The next year I went to Captain T. M. Topp, who had just finished a three year job running off railroads, and they owed him several thousand dollars. Now the first thing he did, he furnished me a good horse and money to pay my way and for me to go out and collect the money owing to him, without even asking me for any references of any kind. In due time I got back every cent of the money and good notes.

I stayed with him five years, and one day I said to him, "Captain, don't you sometimes do business in a loose kind of way?" And he said, "No."

"Well", I said, "Why did you send me off after so much money and never ask for any references of any kind?" And he said, "Why, your wife and children were here."

Later he sold out and moved to California.

I was soon elected a member of the County Court at Pulaski, Giles County, Tennessee, then Inspector of Bridges and Roads with another man, but he was out and helped me little. Then I was elected Tax Assessor and held that for one year and then moved to Alabama.

The reason I came to Alabama, a lady by the name of Mrs. Robinson was old and feeble and needed someone to be with her all the time to look after her big plantation. We corresponded several times by letter and she accepted me and my family, so we came by wagons and horses to Huntsville, Madison County, Alabama. Her son, Jim Robinson, moved to town and that was why she was alone. And afterwards he was burned to death in a fire.

I am now 85 years old and still suffer from a

"I love the sense of camaraderie when an entire line of cars team up on the road to prevent a jerk from cutting in at the front. Stay strong, brothers & sisters!"

Lonnie Jacobs, Scottsboro

wound received in the war. I am First Lieutenant of Egbert J. Jones Camp of Huntsville. A. J. Steger is Commander. We are the only two veterans to volunteer in the World War of 1918.

I am the only living man who joined the Egbert J. Jones Camp under the first Commander, George Turner.

R. M. DeYoung



Mack Yates Agency, Inc.
411-B Holmes Ave. NE
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

In Business
Since
1974

William M. Yates, CLU

Life, Health, Disability
Long-Term Care, Annuities, and Group

Ph: (256) 533-9448
Fax: (256) 533-9449

E-mail Address:
mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net



Bennett Nurseries

Come see us for a complete selection of trees, shrubs, flowers, bulbs, vines and plants for this area.

It's really hot outside - cool off with us and get some great gardening ideas for your beautiful garden!

7002 Memorial Parkway N.
Huntsville, Alabama 35810



OUR FIRST REMOTE CONTROL TV SET - 1974

By M. D. Smith, IV

It was 1974 and our old wood console TV set that we brought from our old house on Monte Sano was never quite right with the color after being moved. Being in the TV business at WAAY-TV, my parents thought we needed a good color TV set to see the "new" color slide and film commercials that our station had just started running.

They told me to go to Dunnivant's Magnavox store in the new shopping center simply called Dunnivant's Mall and get a new TV. It's the site of the Huntsville Medical Mall these days. Some new TV sets had this new thing they called a "Remote Control". After seeing how it worked, I got the least expensive console that had that feature.

Let me tell you about that remote. It was about the size of a remote today, but slightly wider and thicker. It only had four buttons on the top. They were Channel Lower, Channel Higher, Volume Up and Volume down. When you depressed a single button, it would "snap" and hit a tiny tuned metal pipe that vibrated at a certain sound frequency, and each time you "clicked" a button it went up or down one channel, or up/down in volume.

There were only 12 TV channels 2-13, but you had to click

the remote each time to go up a single channel. Click the volume buttons several times to go up or down in volume a good bit.

It was "state of the art" and NO batteries to go dead. It was strictly mechanical and a sound pickup in the TV turned each metal tone into a command.


But here is the twist. We had a little dog named "Sally" which had both an ID metal tag and a Rabies tag on her collar. It just so happened that the two metal tags jingled at just the right frequency so that every time she went running by the TV set, which she did often, her tags would change the channel. Sometimes several channels down.

The kids quickly learned what was happening and sometimes would call the dog from the opposite side of the room, just to hear me holler out, "Don't call the dog when I am watching TV!" I wanted to take one of the tags off, but my wife would not hear of it and said I should not be so

lazy as to need a remote control to change channels. I tried clear tape over one tag but that, nor anything else I tried was never more than a temporary solution.

Most young people understand remotes very well these days, but one without any batteries and four tuning forks inside is about as foreign to them as a wind-up 78 RPM phonograph player.

Yes, I also had one of them years before that.



Op' Heidelberg

Serving hearty German fare
in Huntsville Since 1972.

6125 UNIVERSITY DR.
256-922-0556

Star Market and Pharmacy

Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy

**Your Friendly Neighborhood
Pharmacy & Grocery Store**

Located in Historic Five Points
702 Pratt Ave. - 256-534-4509





Old-Fashioned Remedies about Babies

To determine gender of a baby:

- Slip off the wedding ring of the mother to be. Have her lay down, tie the ring to a piece of thread. A friend suspends the ring over the mother's stomach, if the ring moves in a clockwise direction it's a boy - counter-clockwise - a girl.

- If a baby kicks the right side of a mother, it's a boy. If it kicks the left, it's a girl. Also, if the mother always leads with her right foot, it's a boy.

- Drop a coin between the mother's breasts. If it falls to the left, it's a girl - to the right, a boy.

- If a mother wants a boy she should wear blue clothes and sprinkle poppy seeds on her windowsill. If she wants a girl, she should wear pink and sprinkle sugar on her window sill.

Other Baby Remedies

- It is said that wearing gold jewelry will prolong childbirth. Women who wear gold are advised to take it off until the baby is born.

- When the baby is born, place a knife under the doorsill of your home to protect it from the evil eye.

- If the child is born with its hands open, it will be generous. If it is born bald, it will grow up to be a brilliant scholar.

- A baby's nails should not be cut off before the age of 1, because it will become a thief. It's alright for the mother to bite the nails off, however, because this brings good luck.

- When brought home from the hospital, the baby should be carried through the downstairs to the top of the house before it is brought downstairs for the first time.

- If a mother gives away all her baby's clothes, she will soon find that she needs them for a new child.

- The first time you take the baby out for a walk, you need to give food to the first person you see on the street - this brings good luck to the baby.

- A child weaned in the early spring will become prematurely grey haired.

- If a baby walks before the age of 9 months, he will be successful in business.


- If a household pet likes to sleep with the baby, the baby will grow up to be loving and confident in life.

"Don't marry the one you want to live with - marry the one you can't live without."

Lacy George, Athens

Now Showing in **July 2012**

"An hour of stories and conversation to feed your soul."

The Talk of the Town 

SHOWING July 5th **I am the 99%** The unending struggle for equality **CLASS WARFARE**

SHOWING July 12th **A REASON TO LIVE** A story of hope from Rwanda

SHOWING July 19th **If Only...** Living with **Financial Freedom**

SHOWING July 26th **Practical advice from a man who had it all—and lost it**

SHOWING August 2nd **The Bible** Real? Relevant? Reliable?

LIFETREE CAFE

LATHAN UNITED METHODIST
THURSDAYS AT 6:30 PM
109 WEATHERLY RD.
CHILDCARE PROVIDED
LIFETREECAFE.COM
256 880.4069



BASIC RULES FOR CATS WHO HAVE A HOUSE TO RUN

by Harold Reynolds

Water (also known as Cat Solvent) would be really great if it wasn't so WET! Dripping taps are the best sources of fresh water in the whole house. Toilets are the next best, but make real sure that the water inside is colorless and contains NOTHING! Therefore, it is imperative that any sound of running water be immediately investigated in case a free drink may be obtained. The bathtub is the best place to lurk in the bathroom when a human is present. A plaintive meow or two and a bit of hopeful licking of the faucet usually will get most humans to turn on the tap for you. If the bathroom door is closed, demand entry noisily. The water dish is to be used only as a last resort in case the humans leave the toilet lid down thinking you might drown, and the tub and sink are both dry.

If a human has a sufficiently wide-mouthed glassful of liquid, immediately stick your face into the glass, as

far as it will go. If the opening is too narrow, dip your paw into the liquid, swirl it around, and give it the taste test. You may be pleasantly surprised to find real milk! In any case, if the liquid is good, continue to sample, but only while your human is distracted. Some of the best water is ornamented with those cold, hard cubes that bob up and down in the liquid when pressed slightly with your paw. If your human protests, lick the condensation on the outside of the glass.

Any small item is a potential toy. If a human tries to confiscate it, it is an especially Good Toy. Run with it under the bed, preferably a bed that a human can't get under. Look suitably outraged when the human grabs you and takes it away anyway. Watch carefully where it is put so you can retrieve it later.

Two reliable sources of toys are dresser tops and wastebaskets. The waste-baskets must, of course, be overturned in order for you to sift through for best selection. Below are listed

several types of cat toys.

1. Bright shiny things like keys, rings (specially those with much sparkle) or coins should be hidden so that other cats or humans can't play with them. They are best on smooth floors where you can zap them and watch them skid under stoves, dryers, etc.

2. Dangly or stringlike items such as shoelaces, cords, gold chains and dental floss also make excellent toys. They're favorites of humans who like to drag them across the floor for us to pounce on. When a string is dragged under a newspaper or throw rug, it magically becomes the Paper/Rug Mouse and should be killed at all costs. Take care, though. Humans are sneaky and will try to make you lose your dignity. Note that playing with shoelaces when the human is trying to tie them is special fun and appears to hamper the human.

3. Within paper bags dwell the Bag Mice. They are small and camouflaged to be the same color as the bag, so they are hard to see, but you can easily hear the crinkling noises they make as they scurry around the bag. Anything, up to and including shredding the bag, can be done to capture them. Note: any other cat you may find in a bag hunting for Bag Mice is fair game for a Sneak Attack, which will usually result in a great Tag Match.

4. Disdainfully ignore any-

Slinkard Woodcraft, LLC

Greg Slinkard

111 Benson Circle - Huntsville, Al 35806

Office 256.859.4020 - 256.653.1703

visit us at www.slinkardwoodcraft.com

thing that appears to be a store-bought cat toy. After all, in the old days, cats had to fashion their own toys. Store-bought toys are an affront to a "real" cat. However, if the toy looks a bit interesting you may wait til after the humans are asleep before you play with it, but very quietly so they don't know you like it.

Let's face it - humans are a very disorganized lot. They need constant supervision in order to get things done right and on time, such as feeding their masters (all cats are masters), retrieving lost toys, etc. Humans also need assistance in keeping their masters' home organized, They have to be continually reminded that things belong on the floor, not put up on shelves, bookcases, tables or dressers where accessing them may inconvenient for their masters.

It will be up to you to keep your household properly organized. Feel free to take items such as pens, buttons, socks, paper (such as the stuff they call "Tax Return"), and unsuitable toys and relocate them to better spots, such as the water bowl, under the stove or dryer, or down the hot-air ducts (humans always get really excited when you do this with their Tax Return). This should be done when the humans aren't around, as they will always interfere.

When the human discovers your handiwork, he will praise you with such expletives as "Damned Cat!" and "You little monster!" At this point it is best to find a good spot under the bed, until your human finds something else to get excited about.



"Dear Noah, we could have sworn you said the Ark wasn't leaving til 5.

Sincerely, the Unicorns."

The Pigeon with the Wooden Leg



Cher Ami was a military messenger pigeon during World War I. He delivered twelve messages from the Verdun front to his loft at Rampont during the war, but the flight following was almost hard to believe.

In October of 1918, a number of U. S. troops were cut off from support and were surrounded by Germans. Suddenly, a barrage of fire from French and American artillery began to fall on the soldiers.

One after another, the messenger pigeons were released with messages calling for help, but they were all shot down. The last carrier was Cher Ami, and the message attached to her leg said, "For God's sake, lift the fire".

When Cher Ami took off, he was almost immediately downed by fire, but managed to stay in flight. His breast was pierced by a bullet, but he managed to fly on. A third shot tore off his right leg, but the message was still attached to his left leg. The little creature flew on, until he arrived at Rampont and collapsed.

The message was relayed, the shooting stopped, and the Lost Battalion was relieved. A wooden leg was carved by one of the bird's admirers and Cher Ami became a well-known feathered celebrity.

Licensed - Insured - References

M S Masonry

Repairs
Pavers
Curbs
Walk ways
Blocks
Stone
Stucco

"No Job Too Small"

Michael Sylvester

(256) 694-2469



Alabama Coin & Silver

**BUYING - SELLING - TRADING
ESTATE APPRAISALS**

Charles Cataldo, Jr. Owner

Ph. (256) 536-0262

912 Bob Wallace Ave.

Huntsville, Alabama



We buy and sell rare coins and collectibles

Interesting City News - 1911

* Divorce sale - Ring & all other items cheap

* One Everett piano, bed stands, chairs, gas stove, air tight heater, one double set of harness, one saddle, one refrigerator, one kitchen safe and a few other house articles, also one lot cedar posts and kindling. Can be seen at my home on West Clinton Street.

* Tomorrow - the "real live" Buster Brown and his dog Tiger will be at our store giving his famous shows of fun and frolic for the children - free. We want every child in Huntsville to see him. Don't forget the time, tomorrow (Tuesday) all day. The Cash Store - Ezell Bros. & Terry Co. (saves you money)

* William Moore is being held here for charges of forgery and bigamy. He tried to commit suicide in his cell by eating the heads of a large number of matches. Women companions had returned from apparently on a mission to his mother to get help. The jailer discovered his plight and administered medicine. Before eating the matches he wrote a letter to his mother, companion and chief detectives.

* A local woman asserted that for months she had been abused and threatened by her husband. Mrs. Ethel Olsen, formerly of England, and later of Huntsville, sent a pistol bullet at her husband in a crowded street near the courthouse here late Sunday, missed him and powder-burned a passerby. She declares she fired to protect her face from a dash of muriatic acid which she charges her husband was preparing to cast at her. She was arrested and charged with assault with intent of murder. She tells a story of her husband's alleged cruel treatment of her and their children.

* Mayor R. Earle Smith stated today that no whiskey shall be sold in Huntsville while he is mayor. He stated that a few bottles may occasionally change hands but that there will be no general or even restricted sale, and that the law shall be enforced as it appears on the statute books.

* For sale - genuine O.I.C. brood hogs and pigs, just the thing for quick money and best meat producers. Address Bruce Moring, Ryland, Ala. or phone 522 Ring 2.

* The prettiest gasoline table lamp in the world is sold here by Harrison Bros., 214 Washington St. You can carry it from room to room with you, it is absolutely safe.

* For rent - The Alberta Taylor residence on McClung Street. The house is handsomely furnished and possession can be given at once. Rent is reasonable - apply to Mrs. E. E. Ezell

* West Holmes St. concrete bridge is nearing completion. Its opening to public travel has already relieved the West Clinton St. congestion.

* Deputy Sheriff Pierce late yesterday arrested Ike Lee of Dallas Village on a charge of an assault with a knife.

* Mrs. E. Y. Miller, of West Clinton St. was notified yesterday of the death of her cousin, J. W. Gills at Dyersburg, Tenn. to which place she goes tonight and will come into possession of \$5K in cash left to her by her cousin in his will.



FOR FASHIONS FINISHING TOUCH...

The little things really do count. Earrings, a belt, bag, hat or pin are the little things that complete the big picture of fashions.

New Summer items arriving Weekly!

Rebecca's

*Fashions & Custom Accessories
710 Pratt Avenue
539-3876*



Tenders!



Where the chicken is kickin'!

Dine-in or Carry-out!

Yes! We Cater!!!



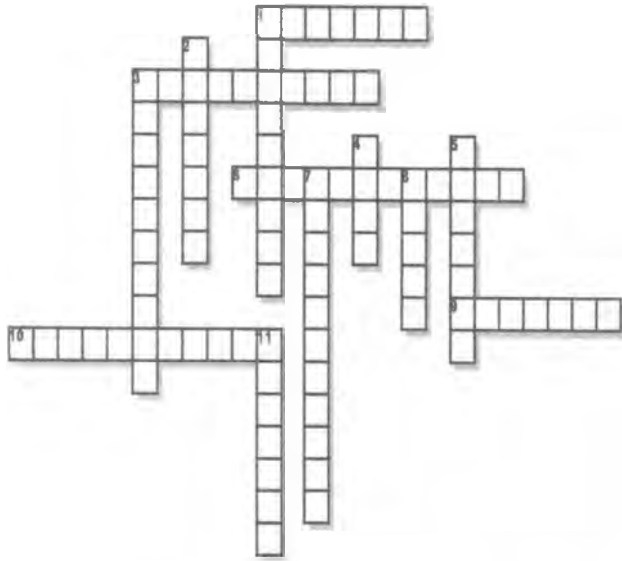
533-7599
800 Holmes Ave.
Five Points

464-7811
Madison

On Hwy. 20 - Across from Walmart

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!

THIS CROSSWORD PUZZLE COMES FROM
STORIES IN THIS ISSUE - GOOD LUCK!



Across

- 1 The mayor stated that this shall not be sold in Huntsville.
- 3 More kisses begin with this.
- 6 He said Norman Einstein was a genius.
- 9 His flight relieved the Lost Battalion.
- 10 Take this off until the baby is born.

Down

- 1 They gathered in August, 1861.
- 2 If you're a dedicated one, you can share a steak.
- 3 The farmer's third job.
- 4 The greatest invention of all mankind.
- 5 They dwell in paper bags.
- 7 Ralph and Deyoung married them.
- 8 She could change the TV channel.
- 11 Lie about this to stay young.

GLASS

For Any Purpose

PATTERNS
FOR—

- Table Tops
- Dressers
- Radio Tables
- Desks
- Mantles
- Counters
- Etc!

All edges ground
and polished.

Call 364 and let
us make you an
estimate.

Huntsville Glass & Paint Co.

(Original ad from Jan. 30, 1940)

Offering

**Historical Quality
Restoration Glass**

Serving our good customers
for 70 years

**256-534-2621
2201 Holmes Ave. NW**



Open Mon-Sat 10am - 6pm

For Kids of All Ages!

BROWSE THROUGH HUNDREDS OF OLD-FASHIONED
TOYS AS WELL AS MODERN ONES!

(256) 213-7069

Ask About our Frequent Buyer Program
for Great Savings on Incredible Toys

 "Like" us on Facebook-
Love us in person!

TheToyPlaceDowntownHsv.com

Directions: Located at 110 Cleveland Avenue
between the Dog Park & Furniture Factory. From
Pratt Avenue go South on Church Street then East on
Cleveland - we're on the left after the railroad tracks!

ANDY JONES

by Steve Johnson

I just received word of the death of Andy Jones, one of the first people I met when I moved to Huntsville and an old running buddy. Andy was one of the many people I've met here that had the world handed to them on a silver platter, and chose to just let it slip away. In the Shoals, very few people had any money, and the ones who had it did not hang around with us river rats. That said, he was at one time a good friend and I am hurting for him.

I can't really remember where I met Andy. He was a tall and lanky guy, nothing special, but he was good at a lot of stuff. I mean pretty good. And lucky. Tennis, where he could dominate the net, basketball where he, I have to admit, had a little skill. He was a scratch golfer, and we always had the best looking honeys in town as caddies. Any damn board game, it did not matter, he usually won. The chicks swooned over him; it used to make me crazy.

We started hanging around some and discovered we had many of the same ideas about sports, hanging out on the road somewhere, and wagering on horse and dog racing. We used to go to Greenetrack and to the big dog track in West Memphis, Southland, before Tunica and other Mississippi casinos stole their thunder. And of course Birmingham, where the Birmingham Race Course started out as a horse track. Like most gamblers, we usually lost.

Once, however, at the track in West Memphis, we got in just before wagering ended on the first race. I pulled my numbers out of the air, as it was too late

to handicap the race. It paid about seven hundred dollars. Another time, I bet the wrong page on a horse race at Birmingham Race Course and won over six hundred. Andy was a world class sandbagger, so if he won I probably never knew. But I rarely ever beat him at much of anything, except the most important thing.

Andy got a taste of that West Memphis crime and justice once when we went to the dog track there. I was going to Memphis to a bottle show, and Andy was going to hang around the hotel that morning. I told him to keep his eyes on his betting cash at the hotel, as the people that ran it would rob you any way they could.

They got Andy's while he showered, and that was one of the main things I had warned him about. It ain't rocket science at a hotel to know who is showering in their room.

Citizen Andy went to the

office to complain. The person working the desk informed him that their brother was a cop. Did he really want to do that? Thank goodness he did not. He did complain nonstop and won every race he did not have the money to bet. I

didn't need any help losing mine.

As I crossed the Arkansas Bridge toward Memphis, a helicopter was circling downtown.

Old Huntsville
HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Celebrating twenty years of stories about Huntsville and Madison County

A Subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine makes the perfect gift for yourself or a loved one!

\$23 a year, a new issue each month.

**Send check & address info to
716 East Clinton Ave.,
Huntsville, AL 35801**

AVON

SINCE 1896

CREATING BEAUTY FOR OVER 100 YEARS!

EARN EXTRA \$\$ - BECOME AN AVON REP TODAY!

SERVING HUNTSVILLE AND SURROUNDING AREAS

CALL OR EMAIL ME FOR A FREE BROCHURE

AVONLADYELIZABETH@GMAIL.COM

ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.YOURAVON.COM/EBURKS

(256) 585-1193

ELIZABETH BUTLER BURKS
INDEPENDENT AVON REPRESENTATIVE

As I turned onto the street that went to Cook Convention Center, I encountered three heavily armed Memphis Police officers. They asked me where I was going, and I told them. On the approach, I realized they were rioting at the big jail downtown.

It was a sight to see, with mattresses being thrown out the bars, smoke billowing out of some of the cells, and screaming that was just insane. Some guy was being dangled by his feet through the bars, and was just wailing. Guys were walking around the parking lot where I was watching the show hawking weed. There were two or three different groups of chicks doing really just unreal chants in support of their incarcerated heroes. They jeered the evil police. Jimmy Carter would have been proud.

We went on a road trip, on a lark, west on U.S. Highway 64 out of Pulaski, Tennessee. We went through Lawrenceburg and continued on through towards Waynesboro. On the way, we stopped at a little beer joint somewhere between here and nowhere. It was a cinder-block building, and had a pool table and a jukebox blaring a pretty good mix of country and rock. Andy, by the way, sometimes shot a pretty good game of pool.

The owner was a pretty nice seeming guy with a baseball cap and ponytail. He and I struck up a conversation while Andy and the owner's wife, who looked pretty good, started shooting the rock. An uneasy feeling crept up my back as I watched her ogle Andy. The owner seemed almost as oblivious as Andy, who as far as I know had no equal as an ignorer of fine chick's advances.

It wasn't him I was worried about as much as a crowd I had partied with many times, just not there. Every gulp of beer was a little more off the fuse. Andy wound up beating nearly

everybody in the bar, which just seemed to make her want him more.


My worry was all for naught as we drank all the beers Andy won and the regulars accepted two free spirits, just of another stripe. It got pretty intense, believe me, but I think the fact that Andy did not know or care seemed to back them off. We hit the road back to Huntsville and lived to tell about it.

The next big adventure was to New Orleans. Robert Palmer and a couple of guys from the band Duran Duran had hooked up and made a killer album. They called themselves the Power Station, and we were big fans. They had a show booked in the Big Easy, out at U.N.O., and we decided to go after I read about the show in Rolling Stone. Neither of us were flush at the time, but we felt we had enough to pull the trip off. New Orleans was as close as they were going to get to Huntsville.

We set out in my old Corolla and had a pretty easy trip down. We got there and took a room close to the French Quarter in a pretty nice place. We went out to U.N.O. to get our tickets the next day and realized that I had read the show date wrong. We were a couple of day's early, which should have not really been that big a deal.

We had a little incident on the way in on Lake Pontchartrain that set the tone for the trip. We stopped at a little deli on the way in that an older middle easterner and his young, beautiful wife ran. We went in and ordered and she was all over Andy, who could have cared less, and ignoring me. It kind of hurt my feelings, and it definitely hurt her old man's.

When we left, she came running out of the deli with a small bag stuffed with clothes. Finally Andy grasped the situation and started yelling for me to speed off. She had the back door open



DANNY ATNIP
CONSTRUCTION

156 IMPORT CIRCLE • Huntsville, AL 35806

256-852-1221

FIRE AND WATER DAMAGE REPAIRS
ADDITIONS AND REMODELS



Pest Problems?

Use what the Pros use to get rid of
termites, roaches, ants, spiders, mice,
snakes & fleas.

Get your supplies today!
(256) 533-6754

3804 Governors Drive M-F 7-5, Sat 8-Noon

and was trying to get in. He shoved her out and we went on our way. If you had been there and seen it with your own eyes like me, you still would not have believed the scene.

We hunkered down at the hotel after paying for the first night. When we realized we were gonna be there longer, I called the front desk and luckily was able to get the room for two more nights. On day two, we set out looking for the Jefferson Downs horse track in nearby Kenner. We saw a flier in the lobby, needed a little action, so it seemed the thing to do.

You may have heard about the track, as they had a big stink years later when a jockey started the race on the third turn in heavy fog. He won a little too handily, and got caught. No such luck for me, as I got at least as good a pig swiggling as anyone else ever got there. It looked good when we hit the parking lot, as it was full of cars and the aroma of some mighty good Cajun cooking.

It was as hot as hell, however, and it was a sad sight to see cars packed with small children in the parking lot. Sometimes I forget the priority is numbers, the more kids the bigger the check to squander on important things like the track, and worse. They had a nursery in the track that charged a dollar a head for the session. It was mostly empty.

The races started and we started losing, and badly. We were pounding the beer and enjoying the good food. A local detective with a heavy Cajun accent struck up a conversation with me, and enjoyed the story I told him about the trip down.

He wound up saving my ass, and I'll always be thankful for it.

On or about the sixth race, they offered a wager where you picked the winners for three straight races. It had a carryover jackpot, and was up to about twenty-four thousand, and cost twenty-four bucks to wager. I was running low on cash, and it seemed like a pretty good risk. I made my wager and it started

out real good. The first two races were pretty tight, but my horses won. I felt like a Tex Avery character, with oversized eyes and big dollar signs in the middle.

The third race in my bet started out like a dream come true. My horse led from the start, and by the third turn was blowing away the field by twenty lengths conservatively. The jockey had not gone five

Perfect Turf

Professional Turf Care Company

256-704-5687

www.PerfectTurf.net

P.O. Box 4994 Huntsville, AL 35815

"Because You Deserve It"

**President - Jerry O. Smith
State Certified Applicator**

Application Programs

- Weed Control
- Fertilization
- Insect & Disease Control
- Fire Ant Control
- Tree & Ornamental Care
- Grub Control
- Grow-in Programs
- Athletic Programs

*Ask About Our 52 week
Fire Ant Guarantee*

VISIT OUR SPACIOUS SHOWROOM TO GET IDEAS!



Unique Sinks & Faucets

- Plumbing Supplies
- Pipe & Valve fittings stocked
- Kitchen & Bath Hardware



Quality

- Cabinet Hardware
- Door Hardware
- Schlage - Baldwin

In Business Since 1963

Park Supply Co.

4736 Commercial Drive. (256) 837-4036

"I disagree with Kay Jewelers. I would bet on any given Friday night more kisses begin with Miller Lite than Kay."

Frank Letson, Arab

lengths from the pole when he fell off the horse as pretty as you please. My whole life passed before my eyes and then some. I was on a mission to get my hands on the jockey.

I was almost to the top of the double layer of chicken wire they had between the viewing area and the track when someone grabbed my legs and pulled me back. It was the cop, and he was getting a kick out of watching me. He knew what had happened I guess, and let me leave the track. With my tail tucked between my legs. Andy was as stunned as I was.

We got a box of fried chicken on the way back to the hotel, and that about tapped me. We still had a day to kill, so we decided to go downtown the next day. It turned out to be the best day of the trip. On a lark, we went in the tallest building we saw, and got on the elevator and went to the top floor. We walked into the first office we came to, and asked the receptionist if we could see the view. She said sure and we walked right past a bunch of suits having a business meeting to a huge panoramic view.

I hope you can see this someday. The city is below sea level, and the view seemed to stretch on forever. You could see the Mississippi empty into the Gulf and ships waiting to load or unload in the ports. Also, the marshes and the levees that kept this old city from going back to whence it came. It was a sight for sore eyes, and the friendliness and laid back attitude of these people was very nice.

We went into another tall building, and got a different view. Then we hit the streets again and window shopped. It was a pretty neat bunch of stuff in a city that was doing pretty well from oil and natural gas at the time. Then we happened up on a Rolls-Royce dealership. It had the old fashioned big plate glass windows, and a powder

blue Corniche as the main display. I talked Andy into going in for a look see.

The car was a beauty. I opened a door and marveled at the feel of the leather seats and the teakwood dash. Here we were, broke as hell, in a city that put people like us in jail for vagrancy, fawning over and pawing around a Rolls. Andy was scared and demanded we leave. Then a salesman appeared and said, "I need to sell a car today, let me put ya'll in this one." In a moment of sheer inspiration, inspired by the gallows of the New Orleans jail, I told him my papa had died in Picayune and I was going to use part of my inheritance to buy one of these here Rolls-Royces.

The next thing I knew, we were tooling down through the French Quarter, me at the wheel. The salesman and I were yucking it up in the front seat with some badass rock and roll blaring on the radio. The gas

hand was steadily dropping as we cruised, and it rode like a tank, but hey, it was a Rolls. It was way beyond surreal.

As we drove along, chicks were preening and waving, and

Neals Pressure Washing

WE CLEAN IT ALL!

**Painting
Home Repair
256-603-4731**

Licensed & Insured

Proud Member of
the BBB



QuickCare

"When Minutes Matter"

- Colds, Flu, Fever, Coughing**
- Sore throats, ear aches**
- Sinus infection**
- Sprains, strains, fractures**
- On site X-Ray**
- Cuts, burns, lacerations**
- Headaches and Migraines**
- Bladder or kidney problems**
- Flu shots & Vaccinations**
- Other Urgent Care Needs**



**Hours Mon-Sat 10am - 8pm
Sunday 12 pm - 6pm**

We take Blue Cross Blue Shield & Medicare. 2 medical doctors on staff, as well as 2 nurse-practitioners

717 Pratt Avenue, in Propst Drugs at Five Points

Phone 533-1268 Fax 1-800-450-4931

www.quickcareofhuntsville.com

hiking up their skirts. People were staring and getting the hell out of my way. I barely had two nickels to rub together, and no idea how we were going to make it home. And I could have really cared less. I glanced at Andy in the back seat, and he had a look of fear and angst frozen on his face. The salesman bought us an eighty dollar meal in the Quarter, big money at the time, and it sure beat the fried chicken we had been living on. We were about starving.

When we got back to the dealership, the salesman gave me his card, and I assured him I would be back as soon as the estate settled. We nearly hit the door running, and went back to the hotel. The front desk was calling as soon as we got to the room wanting their money. I haughtily told them I would be down to pay later, and we never heard another peep out of them.

That night, it was finally show time. Andy told our hard luck story to a beer vendor, and we drank free Dixie beer all night. When it came time for the Power Station to play, some punk that had hair like a rooster came out to sing, and said Robert Palmer had quit the day before. The crowd was enraged, and the kid came off as a poor imitation of Rod Stewart. It was a fitting end to the trip.

We headed back to Huntsville the next day, tired, hungry, and broke. Or so I thought. The car had about a half tank of gas. When we hit Birmingham, we were running on empty. Somehow, we made it back to Huntsville. Andy asked me to stop at a gas station west of Madison. He didn't know I was looking, and pulled a folded up twenty out of his billfold to buy a bag of chips. It went way past enraging me.

That's just how he was, and a lot of his buddies, too. I had never been around people like that. Pretty soon after that, I decided to let these type people and my old lifestyle go. They

were not going to change, but so what. I was, and I did. I finally realized that it's okay to have fun, but that's not what life is all about.

I rarely saw or spoke to Andy for many years before his death. He would call when something newsworthy happened in Leighton and he saw it on the local media. I believe he was truly amazed at how far a hick boy had come. He just could not figure it out. But I would not have traded my upbringing for his. Mine gave me toughness and direction, and a sense of fair play. His, which I am certain was a good one, ended sadly. At least I out lucked him on something

Andy is buried in the cemetery right across from my house. I can see his plot from my writing office. People have asked if this bothers me. It does not. A good gambler knows the only sure thing in life is death. Andy just gave up on life, and it was a terrible loss of a person who could have pulled off almost anything.

I guess we just could not see, or ignored the demons that plagued Andy. I know one thing for sure, however. Andy Jones is right where he wants to be.

May he rest in peace.

From "The Highway Twenty Chronicles" by Stephen A. Johnson (2010)



Storm Shelter Sales



Tornado Safe Shelter
Keeping you Safe

For Information
Phone RUTH
(8am-8pm)

1-888-701-2284
Local & Toll-Free

Durable Designed Storm Shelters Huntsv
FEMA Qualified - BBB Accredited Company

Your Full Service Garden Center

Full line of shrubs, trees,
perennials, herbs
and annuals.

Including hard to
find items. Family
owned and
operated



EarthTouch

8515B Whitesburg Drive South
Huntsville, Alabama
256.880.3808

The Farmer and the Deputy

by John Holden

As the sun was setting toward the west on the small farm in North Alabama, dust could be seen flying in the air. A farmer riding his tractor with a plow in tow was clearing his field for the upcoming planting season. He had worked his day job from 6 AM to 3 PM for a local construction company. Once he quit that job for the day he drove as fast as could to get home to start his second of three jobs. He was a typical southerner working six days week, sun-up to sundown while taking Sunday off for church and family. It was the way he was raised and the way he planned to live.

On this particular day he had been plowing for an hour or so and making good progress with no problems from the old International tractor. He was in a hurry because the spring rains had kept him out of the fields for the past three weeks. He needed to get the plowing finished so he could start planting. He had cotton, corn, and soy bean seeds that needed to get in the ground if he planned to harvest anything.

The farmer was working the same fields his daddy had

farmed and his daddies' daddy had farmed. He hoped to keep the tradition going by passing on the farm to his kids. They were a hard working bunch and he did not want to let them down.

As the farmer neared the end of the field he noticed a rabbit at the edge of the woods. He thought if he only had his shotgun with him he would have supper for the next night.

Oh well, no gun and no time to wish for one. He turned the tractor to make a 180 degree turn and started back the way

"Dear God: Please put a another holiday between Christmas and Easter. There is nothing good in there now."

Ginny, age 8

JUNE CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

ACROSS:

- 2. J. EMORY PIERCE
- 5. BROKE WIND
- 8. MILL VILLAGE
- 9. READ OLD HUNTSVILLE
- 10. DOUBLE COLA
- 13. SULFUR AND GREASE

DOWN:

- 1. MISS MONROE
- 2. JIM BRITT
- 3. OLD GARBAGE CAN
- 4. KEN AND DIANE OWENS
- 6. PREACHER BATTLES
- 7. JALAPENOS
- 11. AYERS
- 12. HOUSEWORK



Holistic Pet Food & Spring Plants

Locally Owned!
Big enough to serve you, small enough to care.

AVAILABLE NOW!

- Chef Jeff Herbs
- Seeds by the ounce & pound
- Mulch, topsoil, sand & stone

256-534-5637
2215 Holmes Ave. - Huntsville
www.ctgarvins.com



BILL POOLE REALTY

Commercial Brokerage

BILL POOLE

100 Church Street, Suite 525
Big Spring Summit
Huntsville, AL 35801

OFFICE (256) 533-0990
CELL (256) 651-1349
FAX (256) 534-1234

EMAIL BILL@BILLPOOLREALTY.COM

he had just come. In the distance along the main road the farmer noticed a reflection. As he drew closer, he stared and finally realized it was car coming up the main road. Who could that be out here in his neck of the woods? He shook his head when he finally determined a siren was on top of the car. It was a sheriff's car. He thought, This cannot be good.

The car stopped on the main road right in the direction of the tractor. The farmer thought, Today of all days. I don't have time to chew the fat with this man! As the tractor finally neared the car two deputies got out of it. One deputy started for the tractor while the other one milled about. As the farmer pulled to a stop the first deputy yelled, "I need to talk to you." The farmer yelled back, "I don't have time to stop and talk. Get on if you want to talk to me. I have to have these fields plowed before next week." The deputy finally agreed. "Where do I sit?" "No sitting on this tractor. You will have to stand on the hitch between the tractor and the plow." The deputy hesitated and the farmer yelled at him, "It will be dark soon. Get on!"

The deputy stepped up and the farmer popped the clutch. The tractor jumped forward and the deputy almost fell off. He yelled at the farmer to slow down. The farmer yelled back, "Either hold on or get off." The deputy thought, "I ought to shoot

you and then I could get off."

Communication between the two men was hard with the sound of the tractor engine and the noise from the plow. The deputy yelled at the farmer that rumors have been flying around about him at the general store. The farmer just shook his head and said, "That's all they are is rumors. I

keep telling you guys that was Daddy. I'm not like Daddy."

The two men argued back and forth the length of the field. The farmer was really starting to get annoyed. Once he reached the end of the field where he normally slowed down to make his 180 turn, he stomped on the left brake and hit the accelerator at the

SPARKMAN MARBLE AND GRANITE

HUNTSVILLE'S OLDEST FAMILY OWNED
MONUMENT COMPANY SINCE 1892

1111 WELLS AVE.
HUNTSVILLE AL 35801
256 534 ~ 0971

*Huntsville's Freshest Sandwiches
to Grab 'n Go or Sit-A-Spell!*



Specializing in
**Deli Lunches &
Box Lunch Catering!**

*Open for Lunch
10 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.*

Call Ahead for Pick-up Orders
256.489.DELI

500 Pratt Avenue
(Next to Habitat for Humanity)

"Without question, the greatest invention of all mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but it does not go nearly as well with pizza."

Dave Berry

same time, spinning the tractor around on a dime. The deputy was holding on tighter than when he started and was barely able to stay on the hitch. If he had fallen he surely would have been killed by the plow. He shouted at the farmer, "You tried to kill me!" "I told you to hold on. I'm in a hurry to get this work done and you are the one that decided to get on. I didn't make you." The two men continued to argue while they headed back toward the car.

While the two men argued the other deputy had decided to stroll along the woods near the road. He had hoped to talk to the farmer since he had known him all his life but the other deputy always tried to take charge. Whatever, he could be in charge. As he walked along the edge

of the woods he could hear the sound of the tractor getting closer. He turned to look.

The tractor came to a sudden stop. The deputy lunged forward and in one swift move jumped from the hitch. He stared at the farmer for a second and cussed the man in the seat. He swore all the way back to the car.

The farmer just sat there staring but not at the deputy heading to the car but the other deputy near the woods. They locked eyes as if in a trance with each other. Then the sound of a horn honking and cussing coming from the car broke the trance. The deputy started back to the car and the farmer just shook his head. The deputy arrived at the car and got in. In a split second the car spun around and off it went down the way

it had come.

The farmer sat there for a second and then began to turn the tractor back around to head off in the opposite direction. He began to hum thinking how lucky he had just been. Had the deputy gone another twenty yards down the edge of the woods he would have found his still. He would have surely been off to jail that day but good fortune shined on the farmer that day allowing him to keep his third job as a moonshiner. He came by it honest like his Daddy the moon shiner and his Daddies' Daddy the moonshiner.

If the world were a logical place, men would be the ones who ride horses sidesaddle.



AUCTION

ANTIQUES~FURNITURE~COLLECTIBLES~GLASSWARE

SUMMER SALE DATES

 ★ NO PHONE BIDDING! ★
 ★ MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ★
 ★ ACCEPTED! ★

B & W AUCTION
 356 Capshaw Road
 Madison, AL 35757
 (256) 837-1559 or (256) 837-8377

 ★ CLIMATE-CONTROLLED ★
 ★ SMOKE-FREE FACILITY ★
 ★ BUILDING WILL BE FULL! ★

OVER 600 LOTS! BUILDING WILL BE FULL!! EDDIE FROM PA WILL BE HAULING FOR THESE DATES, PLUS OTHER LOCAL ESTATE ITEMS!!!

SATURDAY, JUNE 30th @ 4:00 P.M. = Eddie from PA hauling for this sale, plus local estates, haulers, & consignments. Lots include Furniture, Collectibles, Glassware, Advertising, Tools, and **MUCH, MUCH MORE!**

SATURDAY, JULY 28th @ 4:00 P.M. = Eddie from PA will be back again for this date, plus local estates, haulers, & consignments. Lots include Furniture, Collectibles, Glassware, Advertising, Tools, and **MUCH, MUCH MORE!**

**For Pictures, Details, and Listings log onto www.auctionzip.com and enter the Auctioneer I.D. #5484 on the home page.*

***For questions & inquiries, call 256-837-1559 or email srodncindy@knology.net. Please include "B&W" in your subject-line to ensure prompt response.*

Wilson Hilliard, ASL #97

Bill Ornburn, ASL #683

Charles Thorpe, ASL #392

Tweetie's Pet Tips

10 Canine Commandments

Tweetie wants to point out that most of these could apply to cats, too.



1. My life is likely to last 10-15 years. **Any separation from you will be painful to me.** Remember that before you buy me.

2. **Give me time to understand** what you want from me.

3. **Place your trust in me.** It's crucial to my well-being.

4. Don't be angry with me for long, and don't lock me up as punishment. You have your work, your friends and your entertainment. **All I have is you.**

5. **Talk to me sometimes.** Even if I don't understand your words, I understand your voice when you're speaking to me.

6. Be aware that however you treat me, **I'll never forget it.**

7. Remember before you hit me: I have teeth that could easily crush the bones in your hand, **but I choose not to bite**

you.

8. Before you scold me for being uncooperative, obstinate or lazy, **ask yourself if something might be bothering me.** Maybe I'm not getting the right food, or I've been out in the sun too long, or I'm getting older and my heart is weak.

9. **Take care of me when I get old.** You too will grow old.

10. **Go with me on difficult journeys, if my life has to end.** Never say "I can't bear to watch," or "Let it happen in my absence." Everything is easier for me if you are there.

Please remember that I love you, unconditionally.




*Berryhill
Funeral Home*

Huntsville's Newest & Most
Modern Facility

*Personal, Professional service
Serving all Cemeteries
Honoring all burial & cash policies
Honoring pre-need transfers
Crematory*



2305 Mem. Pkwy North
536-9197



(Since 1969)

J.C. Vaughn
President

**Guns &
Tackle Shop, Inc**

1650 Jordan Lane
Huntsville, Al 35816
(256) 830-0761

**Huge gun
selection**

**Guns - Buy - Sell - Trade - Consignment - Repair
Holsters - Knives - Ammo - Reloading Supplies**



A Pioneer In Natural Products
Since 1868, Offering a
Complete line of Natural and
Organic spices, extracts,
Home care & personal products.

Independent Watkins Associate

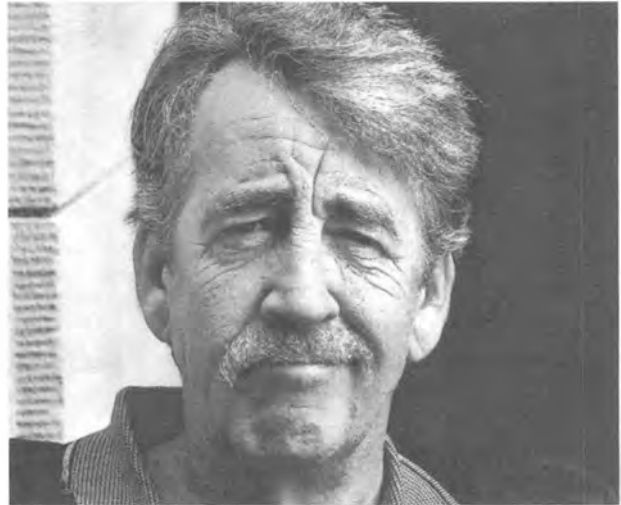
Janie Denis
Associate No. 380303
(256) 520-2110

www.yesicanvanilla.com

From the Desk of Tom Carney

Bloody Bill Quantrell

by Tom Carney



The Civil War was over. Men who had once watched their comrades-in-arms die on a thousand bloody battlefields were now faced with the task of rebuilding their homes and plowing the fields that had lain fallow for almost five years.

For most men, their service to the Confederacy was a point of pride. Even the lowest private would spend hours rehashing past battles and remembering, and political careers would be built by men with the prefix of Captain or General added to their names.

A few men, however, wanted to forget. They knew that even the mention of their names would make the Yankees start scurrying to place nooses around their necks. The Tennessee Valley, with its strong anti-Union sentiment, was a perfect place for such a man to take on a new identity and hide.

One of these men was William Clark McCoy, a Methodist minister who was ordained here in Huntsville. During the Civil War he had become synonymous with bloody massacres and terror. While few people recognized the name McCoy, everyone had heard of his real name, William Clark Quantrell.

Our story begins in 1857 on the Kansas border. An undeclared border war had been raging for several years between Unionists and Southerners. Bands of outlaws, Union sympathizers calling themselves Redlegs and operating under the guise of pa-

triotism, murdered and pillaged the countryside. In this conflict there was no middle ground, you were either for them or against them. A choice either way made you eligible for a bullet in the back and your home burned to the ground.

It was into this conflict that William Quantrell rode in the summer of 1857. Quantrell was a native of New Jersey whose older brother had moved to Kansas several years earlier. Shortly after Quantrell arrived, the two brothers decided on a trip to California. The first part of the trip was uneventful until they reached Cottonwood, Kansas, and made camp for the night.

Late that evening, after supper was finished, a group of Redlegs approached the camp. At first the brothers were not alarmed, strangers were always welcome in their camp. Suddenly, without warning, the leader of the group pulled his gun and began firing at the hapless brothers. Quantrell was severely wounded, his brother dead, and all their worldly possessions stolen.

According to legend, Quantrell lay there for three days, near death, guarding his dead brother's body. Finally an old Shawnee Indian stumbled across the camp, helped bury the older brother

and carried Quantrell back to his home where he nursed him back to health.

It took Quantrell almost a year to completely recover his health and the whole time he had but one thing on his mind; vengeance for his dead brother. During this time he listened and learned. He learned that the group of Redlegs that had ambushed him were part of an outfit operating under the leadership of a notorious guerilla chieftain by the name of Jim Lane.

Quantrell grew a beard, changed his name, and began making friends with the guerrillas. Now known as Charles Hart, he was quickly accepted as a member of the band of cutthroats. He enrolled in a company that contained all but two of the men who had murdered his brother. Enlisting as a private, he was soon promoted to an orderly, and as his leadership skills became evident, was advanced in rank to the position of sergeant.

Before long, Redlegs began to disappear. First one or two would be found hung, or maybe with a bullet in the back of the head. Then it got to the point where scarcely a week would go by without another dead body being found. Men began to whisper about the unknown Judas in their

midst. Even the bravest men were terrified.

One night about a year after he joined the band, Quantrell was sitting around the campfire listening to the men speculate on the identity of the assassin. One man brought up the story about the time he and a group of other men ambushed two brothers on Cottonwood River.

"It's a funny thing," he said, "all those men are dead. I'm the only one left alive."

"Not for long," Quantrell said as he casually pulled the trigger on his pistol, sending the Redleg to burn in Hell.

William Quantrell was a wanted man now, with a price on his head, dead or alive. Word of his exploits galvanized Kansas and Missouri and it wasn't long before he began attracting recruits for his own private army. Jesse and Frank James, their homes burned by the Redlegs, joined as did Kit Dalton, Cole Younger, and many other young men thirsting for vengeance.

Although it has never been verified, rumor has always persisted that Quantrell was commissioned a Colonel in the Confederate Army. This, however, is highly unlikely due to his tactics. Quantrell's army, fighting under the black flag, did not take prisoners.

His most infamous deed was the August 21, 1863, raid on Lawrence, Kansas, where he and 273 of his men captured the city and put one-hundred and fifty of its citizens to death.

On May 10, 1865, Quantrell and his men took cover from an afternoon thunderstorm in a barn belonging to a Mr. Wakefield. Coming from the opposite direction was a column of 120 Union soldiers commanded by Captain Edward Terrell. The Union soldiers, seeing the fresh footprints leading to the barn, decided to investigate.

Immediately shots rang out. During the furious gun battle, most of Quantrell's men were

able to make an escape, leaving only five men behind, two wounded and three dead. Captain Terrell, upon questioning the two wounded men, was shocked to hear one of the men confess his identity as that of William Clark Quantrell.

The man purporting to be Quantrell was badly wounded. He had suffered gunshots to the shoulder in addition to a broken back. Anyone could tell that the man was mortally wounded.

"Please," said the man, "leave me here in peace to die."

After checking the man's wounds, the Union Captain agreed to the wounded man's request. Calling for his men to mount up, the officer led his men back to town, satisfied that he had caused the end of Quantrell. Unfortunately, his commanding officer was not as happy.

Angry at the fact that his men had left Quantrell to die in peace, the Commander sent another squad of soldiers to recover the fallen chieftain.

By most established reports, Quantrell died about two weeks later of his wounds while being held a prisoner in Louisville, Kentucky. Before dying he was supposed to have been converted to the Catholic faith and made a full confession. His remains were buried in a local graveyard with no marker.

The burial marked the beginning of a mystery that continues

to this day. No one who had ever known Quantrell stepped forward to identify the body. The only proof the soldiers had was the wounded man's own statement. Even the confession and the account that he had converted to the Catholic faith began to lose credence once it was pointed out that William Clark Quantrell was a Methodist.

Even the local newspapers hesitated to identify the person as being Quantrell. The Louisville Times, May 14, 1865, reported:

"Captain Twirl and his company arrived here yesterday from Taylorsville. They brought with them the guerilla who bears the name "Quantrell". It is not the Quantrell of Kansas notoriety, for we have been assured that he was at last account a Colonel in the rebel army under Price. This prisoner was shot through the body in a fight in a barn near Taylorsville on Wednesday last. Several others were killed at the barn, but what their names are we have not been able to ascertain. The prisoner brought here is confined to the prison hospital and is in a dying condition."

Adding further to the confusion is a newspaper article dated June 7, 1865, that throws the whole question of a confession into doubt.

"It will be remembered that a guerilla calling himself William Clark, Captain in the Fourth

Pruitt

Lawn Care

Sammy Pruitt

Ph. 256-990-0058

email: emtspruitt@aol.com

One Time Cuttings & Scheduled Services Available

Cutting, Edging, Blowing, Shrub Trimming, Debris Cleanup, Pressure Washing

Residential and Commercial References Available

Ask about our fence, deck and access ramp pricing

Military, Healthcare Providers, and Public Safety Discounts

Missouri Rebel Cavalry, but generally supposed to be the infamous monster Quantrell, was wounded and captured on the 10th of May and placed in the military hospital of this city. He died of his wounds yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock."

If Quantrell had confessed, why did the paper still identify him by the name William Clark and state that "he was generally supposed to be Quantrell?"

And so, for the lack of a better answer, the military authorities buried an unidentified body and wrote a finish to the bloody chapter of William Clark Quantrell.

Or so they thought. When Quantrell's mother had the body exhumed to move it to a family plot, the corpse was discovered to have red hair. Quantrell's hair was black.

Almost two years later our story takes another bizarre twist. A young man by the name of William Clark McCoy appeared as a Methodist circuit rider in the Tennessee Valley. According to the story given at the time, McCoy was an ex-soldier who had served briefly with Quantrell and then later joined Stonewall Jackson's army as a courier. At the end of the war he learned there was a reward offered for members of Quantrell's band, so instead of returning home, he made his way south to Alabama where he became a minister.

A search of all the records would later reveal no William Clark McCoy serving with Quantrell or Jackson. Even more confusing was the fact that years later his wife, before her death, admitted there was a \$50,000 reward offered for the capture of her husband. Quantrell was the only member of his group who had a price on his head at the end of the war.

Rumors surrounded McCoy as to his real identity from almost the first day he moved to the valley. Photographs of Quantrell had been circulated through-

out the country and there were thousands of ex-soldiers returning home from the war who had fought with Quantrell or had seen him. Surprisingly, no one at the time thought it was strange that the man once known as "Bloody Quantrell" was now seeking salvation through religion.

After accepting the Methodist faith, McCoy became an active worker in the church. One of the anecdotes about McCoy handed down through generations had to do with his helping raise money for a church. The church was having a picnic along with games and contests. One of the contests was a shooting competition with the winner receiving a freshly baked apple pie. Unfortunately, even with the low entrance fee of 25 cents, the contest did not generate much interest.

Some of the local men, having heard the rumor of Quantrell being in their midst, and noticing the brace of pistols he wore underneath his coat, appealed to McCoy to try his luck. Maybe if the crowd saw him entering the contest it would encourage other men to do the same.

At first McCoy refused, but after many appeals to his charitable nature he finally agreed.

The crowd grew silent as

he approached the firing line. Twelve bottles sitting in a row at a distance of thirty paces was the target. Slowly he pulled one pistol and, after carefully taking aim, hit the first bottle dead center. The second shot came a few seconds later and another bottle

**Five Points
Hallmark Shop**
Gold Crown Hallmark Store



Hermitage Pewter
Collegiate Glassware
Ugly Dolls
Switch Flops
Archipelago Products
Corinthian Bells &
Chimes

(256) 534-5854
716 Pratt Avenue in
5 Points

John's Jungle Gyms



Forts - Gyms - Swings - Slides
4008 Holmes Avenue (256) 837-4761

disappeared. As the gun began to feel comfortable in McCoy's hand again, the crowd watched with amazement as his body went into a crouch, firing at the bottles so rapidly that it was impossible to tell one shot from the next. Moving so fast that his hand seemed to be a blur, he dropped the empty pistol and drew the other one. This time, instead of shooting with one hand, he threw the blazing gun from hand to hand as bottle after bottle exploded into a thousand pieces of glass.

People later said that after McCoy had finished firing, he stood there for a long minute, staring at the spot where the targets had stood, and as he slowly turned around to leave, reached down and unbuckled his gun belt. Though he taught all of his children to become expert marksmen, and gave occasional shooting demonstrations, he never strapped on a gun belt again.

During this time McCoy had been ordained as an elder in the Methodist church here in Huntsville. According to legend, when McCoy signed the notice appointing him a minister, he signed with the name William Clark Quantrell. The Bishop then penciled in the name "W.C. McCoy" and kept the papers in his personal collection.

Word of his eloquence began to reach the church superiors and in almost an unbelievably short period of time he began to advance in his newly chosen career. Besides serving in the pulpit of churches in Guntersville, Birmingham, and Decatur, he was appointed the editor of the Christian Advocate in 1886, and served as financial agent for Southern University.

Even with the good work that McCoy was doing, rumors persisted as to his being Quantrell. Neighbors and friends tried to get an answer from him, but McCoy, a man of God, refused to give any information about his

past. As his children began to grow older, they also heard the rumors. In a youthful attempt to learn the truth, his children questioned him about where he grew up. He refused to talk about it. They asked him about his family and again he would not talk. Finally, exasperated, they asked him if he really was Quantrell. McCoy, by this time one of the most respected ministers in Alabama, refused to either confirm or deny the stories.

McCoy's son, Dr. J.H. McCoy, who at the time he related this story was a Bishop in the Methodist church, told about an incident that seemed to confirm, to

him, his father's real identity.

The sons had heard the rumors about their father being Quantrell and they had also learned that Quantrell had a tattoo of an Indian maiden on his left forearm. Their father, however, always refused to take his shirt off. Even in the hottest part of the summer he would not roll up his sleeves. One hot August day McCoy and his sons were working in a field next to a cool, flowing creek. Late that afternoon the boys suggested a dip in the water to cool off. "Go ahead," McCoy said, "I'll be along directly."

After the boys had finished

B & B Silver

Specializing in Handmade Turquoise Jewelry





**Located in the Hartselle Indoor
Flea Market - Booth 300**

Hwy. 31 So, Hartselle, AL ** Open Saturday & Sunday 9-5

Brookshire Health Care Skilled Nursing Facility

4320 Judith Lane
Huntsville AL 35805
(256) 837 1730 Fax (256) 430 3287

*Committed to Compassion
Striving for Excellence
Serving Responsibly*



Our Team Includes:

Physicians, Nurses, Physical Therapist,
Occupational Therapist, Social Worker, Speech Therapist,
Activities Director and Registered Dietician.

Short term rehabilitation, long term care, & complex medical care:

Whether the need is for short term rehabilitation,
or whether you would like to make Brookshire Health Care Center
a home for you or your loved one,
we look forward to hearing from you.

their refreshing dip, they dressed and went in search of their father, who in the meantime had disappeared. Walking down the creek they found their father with his shirt off, bathing in the creek. Seeing the tattoo of an Indian maiden on their father's left forearm, the boys began to ask questions.

McCoy, becoming highly agitated, quickly put on his shirt and told the boys, "Now listen to me, you haven't seen a thing, not a thing, you understand?"

One evening, while still a pastor at Haneys Chapel, near Gunterville, he read in the newspaper that Frank James was being held prisoner in the Huntsville jail. Summoning his brother-in-law to accompany him, he told his wife, "I must go to Huntsville and see Frank James."

After arriving in Huntsville, they quickly received permission to talk with the prisoner. The Huntsville city jailer at that time and McCoy's brother-in-law both verified what happened next.

As the door to the cell opened, Frank James was sitting on an army cot idly glancing through a book. Looking up and seeing that he had visitors, he started to speak, and then fell silent with a look of astonishment on his face. "Bill," James cried out. "Everyone said you were dead!"

McCoy asked the other men to step outside so they might talk in private. Again, true to his character, he refused to ever reveal what they talked about. Later, when his wife questioned him, McCoy simply chuckled and replied that James had said, "If you can become a preacher, anyone can."

The years wore on and more people stepped forward claiming that Reverend McCoy was

really Quantrell. He finally admitted to knowing and having been friends with Jesse and Frank James, the Younger brothers, and numerous other members of the outlaw band, but he still refused to give an answer to the question that was on everyone's mind.

William Clark McCoy died in 1891 in Decatur, Ala. His children, knowing that their father kept a collection of old papers, wanted to settle the matter of who he really was. They were too late. Their mother, upon his death, had burned the papers. While she readily admitted that McCoy was not his real name and that there had been a \$50,000 reward for his capture, she refused to reveal his real name. "I promised your father to never talk about it" was all she had to say.

McCoy's children and grandchildren, some of whom went

on to become noted professors, judges, and pastors, traveled thousands of miles, spent untold hours poring over old records, and interviewing countless people in order to establish a genealogical record of their family. In all of their research, the only thing they could establish was that no such person as William Clark McCoy existed before 1866. The only records are those that he chose to give.

Even these records present a puzzle. In the course of twenty years, he listed four different places of birth and four different birthdays. Was the quiet spoken Methodist preacher really the bloodthirsty William Clark Quantrell? Although his family believes it to be so, possibly no one will ever be able to prove it conclusively.

The one thing that we can be certain of is that his name was not William Clark McCoy.

You can tell how big a person is by how much it takes to discourage him.

RICH JUNK



Everything USED!

- * Scales
- * Cash Registers
- * Safes
- * Locks
- * Keys
- * Something you might need

Email for information:
richjunk@att.net

or call Jim at
(256) 316-2666
or (256) 852-7727

Southern Sealing & Service, Inc.

Specializing in sealing & striping. We do parking lots, handicap parking and driveways.

Call for free estimates
Cell (256) 316-2200
Ofs. (256) 881-8337



Jeff Walker, Proprietor



The Historic Lowry House 2012 Storyteller Series



July 15, Sunday, at 2:30 PM

Bobby L. Hayden was born in Huntsville, AL. He attended Alabama A&M where he earned his degree in History & Industrial Education. While serving in the military he was a White House Honor Guard, participated in the funeral services and stood first duty at the site of President John Kennedy's grave. He has been very active in our community as a speaker and historic researcher. "History" comes Alive in the stories Mr. Hayden tells of "Ole" Huntsville.

Admission: \$5 - Seniors & children 12-16 \$3

Bring coolers, snacks & beverage of your choice
Bring chairs or blankets to sit on

For more information call 256.489.9200 or email: thelowryhouse@knology.net
The Historic Lowry House, 1205 Kildare Street, Huntsville, AL 35801
On Kildare Street, South of Oakwood Avenue

Floyd Frazier and the Maysville General Store

By Austin Miller

I have known Floyd Frazier since he transferred to Central School from Rison in 1955. He came in the ninth grade to a class of all girls and one boy. The boy was Larry Hawkins. Floyd made it two boys and about twelve girls. Larry and I, as well as most of the girls, started at Central in the first grade in 1947. Some of the girls were Nina Steger, Shelby Jean Kilpatrick, Martha Robinson, Marie Osborne, Margaret Burnum, Doyce Brooks and Janice Wilbourn.

Another girl, Joyce Acuff, was also in the ninth grade class but she didn't start with us in the first grade. Joyce and Larry dated through high school and later married. They are now retired and live in Moon Town. The reason I was not in this class in the ninth grade is because I failed the eighth grade. I was not alone because all the boys except Larry failed. In the summer of 1956, Central sent only two boys to the Madison County High School class of 1959. In the almost hundred years of Central's history this was the first and only time that happened.

When Floyd's family came to Ryland they moved in the old Tipton home place on Wall Road. I don't ever remember being in the house but it was the home of my great grandmother, Mandy Tipton. My mother spoke of going there often when she was a girl. I don't know when the Tipton's sold the property but I believe it was before Floyd's

family moved there.

The house was totally destroyed by the Ryland tornado of April 1974. The move to this location probably had a greater impact on Floyd than any other one thing in his life. He was neighbors with the Charles McBrayer family. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McBrayer, three sons; Charles, Larry and Ruben as well as a daughter named Lee.

The story is Larry and Charles thought that Floyd was coming over to visit them when all along his real purpose was to see Lee. It worked. Floyd and Lee were married on June 29, 1962. In June of this year they quietly celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Floyd and Lee are both well known all over Madison County and I do believe that they are friends with almost everybody in town.

After Floyd retired from Intergraph several years ago, he and Lee bought the Maysville General Store. It quickly prospered and Floyd and his proprietorship of the store became embedded in the fabric of the Maysville community. After Ryland grocery closed in 2004, the Maysville Store became an even

more significant part of the glue that holds together the Ryland and Maysville communities. It became the only place left where you could still go six days a week and almost everybody that came in would know your name. It is also the only place left that old timers from the area can go and expect to see people they have known since childhood. Such places, especially general stores, are almost gone from the American scene.

Floyd was in his element running the store. I think it was his calling in life. He told me once that running the store was not a job, it was an enjoyable hobby. Even so, it is no minor feat to make a small country store highly competitive against giant chain stores in Huntsville like Walmart, Lowes and Home Depot.

As they say, all good things come to an end. Floyd retired from the store at the end of June. It is likely that somebody will buy the store and it will continue to operate. But the flavor will change and it will not be the same. The new owner will no doubt be successful but he or she will have some big shoes to fill. To me, to Floyd's friends and his many customers, it seems like the end of an era.



REGAL
VALUE
DAYS

Great big movies. Nice small prices.

Additional 3D or IMAX up-charges may apply. Holidays may be excluded. Only at participating theatres. See RegalMovies.com for complete details.

Regal Entertainment Group's
Hollywood 18
Presents
\$6 Tickets
All Day Monday-Thursday
Plus additional benefits with
your **Regal Crown Club Card!**
For more info call the box office
at (256) 883-1101 or
go to www.regmovies.com

Remembering East Clinton School

By Nolan A. Myrick

The other night I saw on television that the city of Huntsville plans to sell East Clinton School. I want to tell some of what I remember about the school and what it means to me.

In 1950 I was 6 years old and had all my shots and was ready for first grade. I was a short, fat scared boy who wasn't ashamed that his mother was taking him to his first day at school. They knew I was coming and were ready for me. Mrs. Baxter was going to be my teacher. I have remembered her for about 61 years. She taught me to respect other people and how to count to 100.

My next teacher I remember was Mrs. George, my third grade teacher. She lived on Pratt Avenue and had 2 boys: Rusty and Julian. I remember Rusty because he won a Donald Duck bicycle at the Lyric Theatre uptown. Mrs. George lived across the street from the Strong family, as best as I can remember.

We all walked to school each day. Mason Daniels, my next door neighbor, was older than me and it was his job each day to make sure I made it to school.

The next grade I remember was the fifth grade and Mrs. Henshaw was my teacher. They had some kind of dance at school that year. I told Mrs. Henshaw I was a Baptist and I wasn't going to dance. Somehow our preacher, M.G. Wilson, got a hold of it. The next thing I remember I was on the Slim Lay program on the radio. He asked me some questions and I answered them. The end was I didn't dance.

My next year was one of the best. It was the sixth grade and I got in Mrs. Howard's room. She lived up on Randolph somewhere. Every year she took her class to the Smoky Mountains, on a Trailways bus. I remember the bus broke down in Copper Hill, TN. We sat beside the road a long time until we got another bus. We spent the first night in Bryson City and went on to Cherokee the next day. Going to the Smokies changed my life. I still read about the Smokies, especially Cades Cove.

Mrs. Woods was our principal and I spent a lot of time with her. I would go in the restroom and wet paper towels and wad them up and throw them up until they stuck to the ceiling.

I also got bit by a squirrel on Holmes Ave. one day while on school patrol. I caught the squirrel and Mr. Garrison at the health dept. sent it to Montgomery to see if it had rabies. It came back negative and I was all right.

I also learned to play the coronet at East Clinton. The band director was Mr. Page and we met every Tuesday and Thursday in the new lunchroom.

From where I sit up here in Tennessee, East Clinton seems a long way off. I took some of my grandchildren down to East Clinton to play on the swings. Time goes on and some of the best people I know in Huntsville went to East Clintonmy friends.

Shoe Peg Corn Casserole

- 1/2 c. chopped celery
- 1/2 c. chopped green pepper
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 1 can French cut green beans, drained
- 1 can shoe peg corn
(white "Niblets" corn)
- Salt & pepper to taste
- 1/2 c. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1 c. sour cream
- 1 stick butter
- 1 stack Ritz crackers

Mix first 9 ingredients and put in 9x13" casserole, buttered. Crush Ritz crackers and mix with melted butter.

Cover top of casserole with cracker mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.



Fight Crime!

Join your Community Watch
www.hsvcommunitywatch.com



Railroad Station Antiques

315 Jefferson Street
Uptown Shopping In Downtown Huntsville

Open Daily 10 - 5 Sunday 1 - 5

Located in the historic three-story, 23,000 square-foot Lombardo building and featuring over 80 dealers

Whether you are looking for antiques, the perfect gift, or the right picture to hang on a wall - you will find all of them at Railroad Station Antiques. Located Downtown at 315 Jefferson at the corner of Monroe across from the Roundhouse.

Books at Shaver's include:

You'll find New, Autographed Hard-to-Find and Out-of-Print books including topics such as:

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Alabama | Grand Ole Opry |
| Antiques | Kathryn T. Windham |
| Architecture | Local Authors |
| Art | Madison County |
| Aviation | Poetry |
| Cemeteries | Railroads |
| Children | Southern Literature |
| Civil War | Space |
| Cotton Mills | Sports |
| Decorative Leather | Tennessee |
| First Editions | Tennessee Valley |
| Fishing & Hunting | Theology |
| Genealogy | World War II |

AND MUCH MORE!!!

Railroad Station Antiques - (256) 533-6550

Shaver's Books - (256) 533-7364 Email shaversbks@comcast.net

Shaver's

Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. **1861 Civil War Map of Huntsville** (with historic points of interest) \$4.95
2. **Growing up in the Rocket City: A Baby Boomer's Guide** (over 200 Photos/illustrations) by Tommy Towery \$15
3. **Historic Huntsville: (2002 edition)** by Elise Hopkins Stephens \$18 (new price)
4. **Huntsville Entertains - History & Recipes by** Historic Huntsville Foundation \$12
5. **Changing Huntsville 1890-1899** by Elizabeth Humes Chapman \$10.00
6. **Lost Writings of Howard Weeden** by Fisk & Riley \$20.00
7. **When Spirits Walk - North Alabama Ghost Stories** by Jacque Reeves \$16.95
8. **Clara: Huntsville 1892 - Historical Mystery for Middle School** by Wanda Vaughn \$7.99
9. **Remembering Huntsville: 131 Vintage Photographs** by Jacque Reeves \$16.95
10. **Historical Markers of Madison County** \$18.95