



No. 238

December 2012



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



“I’ll Never Leave You”

A Christmas Story

The sharp sound of an ax cut cleanly through the morning air. Dressed in faded overalls, the old man was chopping wood. A few feet away from him was his wife, rocking slowly back and forth in her rocking chair.

It could have been some rustic scene from an old Norman Rockwell painting -- had it not been for the length of rope securely tied to the woman’s leg...

Also in this issue: The Christmas Present

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

Dornie Lewter
Mae Lewter

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"I'll Never Leave You"

by Tom Carney

Will Kendricks, hidden by the thick underbrush, sat patiently watching the scene in front of him. Across the small clearing, with the Tennessee River flowing in the background, an old man, dressed in faded overalls, was chopping wood. Every few minutes he would glance reassuringly at the shotgun leaning against a nearby tree. A few feet from him was his wife, rocking slowly back and forth in a rocking chair.

It could have been some rustic scene from an old Norman Rockwell painting had it not been for the length of rope tied to the woman's leg. Every few minutes she would get up and walk toward the woods, only to be brought up short by the rope. The old man would go over and talk to the woman and then taking her by her hand would gently lead her back to the rocker.

Suddenly the old man froze, looking straight at the woods where Kendricks was hiding. Grabbing his shotgun,

the man began yelling loudly, ordering the unseen intruder off the land. After firing a shot in the air as a warning, he ran to where his wife was sitting, and untying the rope, hurriedly led her into the house.

"He's crazy," thought Kendricks as he fled the woods. "He's absolutely crazy!"

Walking back to the road where his truck was parked, Kendricks began thinking about the events that had led to this bizarre confrontation.

Since the beginning of time the Tennessee had been a wild untamed river stretching from the Smoky Mountains, down through northern Alabama and up to the Ohio River. While the river provided food and transportation for the early settlers, it also became a curse for people living too close to it during the flood seasons. Rising flood waters devastated farm lands and often made travel on the river impossible.

In one memorable winter in the early 1900s, the Tennessee River near Decatur, Alabama, had swollen to a width of almost a mile.

As part of his New Deal, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in the early 1930s began construction of a series of dams throughout the entire length

"Old age takes away what we've inherited and gives us what we've earned."

Gerald Brenan



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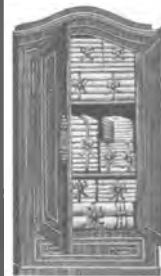
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of the river to provide flood control and also generate a cheap source of electricity. For a region of the country in the midst of the greatest economic depression it had ever known, the influx of jobs provided the only hope of survival for countless people.

In 1932, even before the location of Guntersville Dam was announced, the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority) began making plans to purchase the lands adjacent to the river. Though many landowners vigorously fought the idea of moving, they realized they had no other choice. Either they took what the TVA offered them, or their land would be taken by court action.

Much of the land was occupied by sharecroppers and arrangements were made to

find other landowners who needed farm hands, with the TVA often providing trucks to move the families.

By 1935, the TVA had acquired title to enough land, and construction of the Guntersville Dam was started. This was the largest construction project ever attempted in the valley. An entire town was built to house the thousands of workers employed on the project.

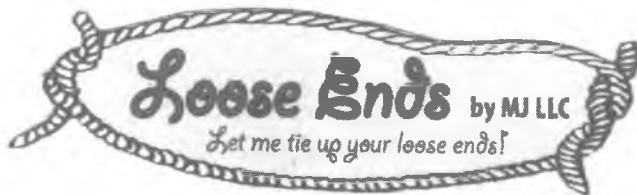
The village, known as "Dam Town," was built on the north side of the present dam and consisted of nearly a hundred buildings, complete with mess hall, hospital, school and barracks. Within a few short months, Dam Town had become a large community with its own stores and police force (hired by the TVA).

The planners in Washington had planned for everything, or so they thought.

Even before Dam Town was completed, the project began running into trouble. Although the landowners had been paid for their land, and the sharecroppers had been

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Maxine



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relocated to other farms, no one had given thought to the old people.

In a custom dating from Medieval times in Europe, landowners normally let long-time employees remain on the land after they got too old to work. Much of the riverbank was worthless for planting so if an old couple built a shanty and took up residence, the landowners simply looked the other way.

Removing these people from land they were squatting on was proving a daunting challenge for the TVA.

At first, officials visited each of the families trying to reason with them.

"We ain't got no other place to go," most of the people would reply.

The TVA officials had no answer. Unless the old folks had some sort of income, or relatives to take them in, the only alternative for them was the county poor house.

The TVA next tried to get the local authorities involved but the Sheriff, after being made aware of the old people's plight, refused. He pointed out to the TVA boys that it was "Gov'ment land," and he had no jurisdiction there.

In a few instances the TVA tried to use its own police force to forcefully evict the people. But after one case where they were met with gunfire, the ensuing negative publicity made them back off.

Next they tried to force the people to move by more peaceful means.

For many of these country people, with no way to travel to town, the rolling store was their only way to purchase supplies. The TVA police visited the rolling store owners and told them if they contin-

ued selling to the squatters they would be forbidden to sell their products at Dam Town or any of the other construction sites. Faced with the possibility of losing a major part of their income, the rolling store operators reluctantly agreed.

By 1937, only a handful of squatters remained. Progress on the dam had reached a point where it was imperative the people be moved, otherwise the whole project would be thrown behind schedule.

Will Kendricks had worked on the Norris Dam project in Tennessee and while there he had established a reputation for being able to solve problems in difficult situations. In one case where a family refused to move, Kendricks was able to win the family's trust and discovered they had a brother who lived in Chicago. After contacting the brother,

he put the family in his car and drove them to Chicago.

Kendricks had rightfully guessed the family did not have the money for bus tickets and would not accept charity.

When Kendricks arrived in Dam Town he first asked for a list of all the families remaining. Next he asked for a list of all the employees who might know the families. By ques-

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tioning the employees he was able to get a fairly good idea of the different situations and backgrounds.

Most of the cases were fairly typical of what he had dealt with before; poor elderly people who had no place to turn. Only one name, Moses Lamn, seemed to be different.

"He's crazy!" one of the workers exclaimed after being questioned. "I was just walking through the woods when he appeared and started yelling and waving his gun!"

Immediately a chorus of voices spoke up as other workers recalled meeting the old man. "He keeps his wife tied up all the time and won't let her out of his sight," one man said. "She seems all right but she stays in the house most of the time and no one's ever talked to her."

From the little information available, Kendricks determined the couple were in their late eighties or early nineties. They had moved to the riverbank about a dozen years before and had subsisted by growing a small garden and fishing in the river. At first the couple were friendly with their neighbors but as time went on, they cut off all contact. By the time the TVA began purchasing the land no one dared approach the old man for fear of being met with

a shotgun.

Early the next morning Kendricks drove to where the trail leading to Lamn's house began. After parking his truck on the edge of the road he began slowly walking up the narrow path, not knowing what to expect.

Reaching the edge of the clearing, where he saw Lamn chopping firewood, Kendricks stopped. Not wanting to startle the old man, he called out in a loud voice: "Mr. Lamn, my name is Will Kendricks and I need to talk to you!"

Immediately the old man dropped his ax and grabbed the shotgun lying nearby. "Get out of here!" he yelled. After firing a shot into the air he ran to where his wife was sitting, and after untying her, led her inside the house.

Lamn's actions only confirmed what Kendricks had already been told. The old man was probably a mental case.

Several days later Kendricks drove to Huntsville to talk to the Probate Judge. After explaining the situation, Kendricks asked for advice.

"Well," the judge replied in the slow Southern drawl that seemed to be typical of Southern judges, "there ain't much we can do. We can't make the old man go to the county poor



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farm if he doesn't want to. And if he's able to take care of himself and hasn't actually hurt anyone, we can't have him committed to a mental institution. There ain't no law against being eccentric or even tying your wife up if she don't complain!"

"It would be better," he continued, "if the woman was nuts. Then you could have her committed and the old man would probably leave of his own accord."

Kendricks returned to Dam Town and met with the project supervisors where he relayed what the judge had told him.

The news was met with a stony silence. The dam was nearing completion and in a few weeks the whole area would be flooded.

"You have ten days," one of the supervisors told Kendricks. "The day after Christmas we're sending our men in there to tear the house down!"

The next morning Kendricks returned to Lamn's cabin. Again he was met with shotgun blasts in the air and loud yelling. And again he retreated to the safety of the

nearby woods.

Every day Kendricks traveled to the cabin and every day was a repetition of the previous day. After about a week, and with time running out, he decided on a bolder course of action. He had noticed that Lamn always fired the shotgun in the air, rather than at him, so hopefully, the old man did not have any real intentions of hurting him.

Boldly, and without yelling to announce his presence first, Kendricks walked into the clearing to within a few steps of where the old man was working.

Sensing Kendricks' presence, the old man whirled around to where his shotgun was lying and while screaming at the top of his lungs, fired a shot into the air.

Though scared to death, Kendricks stood still, refusing to run.

Quickly the old man reloaded his shotgun and fired another shot. Kendricks remained motionless.

Realizing Kendricks was not going to run away, Lamn paused and looked at the young man intently.

"The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind."

William Blake



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"You don't scare easy, do you?"

Though petrified with fear, Kendricks was determined to stand his ground. "Look," he said. "All I want is to do my job and go home for Christmas. I don't want to hurt you or anyone else."

Trying desperately to keep the conversation going, Kendricks asked for a drink of water. Reluctantly, the old man led him to the porch and gave him a glass jar full of cold water.

While drinking the water and looking around Kendricks' glance fell on the old woman sitting at the other end of the porch. The first thing that captured his attention was the length of rope tied to her wrist and the other end tied securely to the porch railing. She was rocking back and forth slowly and seemed to be cuddling a doll made

from corn shucks.

Suddenly, Kendricks wheeled around and looked at Lamn. "She has Alzheimer's disease doesn't she?"

Kendricks had helped care for his grandmother who suffered from Alzheimer's and he recognized the symptoms.

"She's just having a bad day," Lamn reluctantly replied. Noticing Kendricks looking at the rope he explained, "If I don't do that she might wander off while I'm doing the chores."

Slowly the reality of the situation dawned on Kendricks. It was not the old man who had mental problems, but his wife. The man had been scaring people off the place to keep them from knowing. If the authorities had known, they would have had her committed.

Having gained a certain amount of the old man's trust,

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Kendricks began explaining why he was there. Another week, he explained, the whole place would be under water.

After listening to the young man talk for almost 30 minutes, the old man summed up his situation in several words.

"Ain't got no place to go. If I go to the poor house they will have her committed. We been together for almost seventy years and I ain't gonna let them put her in some place by herself."

"Please don't tell anyone," the old man begged with tears in his eyes.

Sleep was impossible for Kendricks that night as he lay in bed trying to decide what to do. He could go to town in the morning and get a judge to commit the woman and then her husband would have no reason to stay on the land. She couldn't take care of herself and her husband wouldn't be able to after they were evicted.

Another possibility was to simply say nothing and let the TVA forcibly evict them. Deep down in his heart, Kendricks knew that neither one was a real choice.

Giving up on trying to sleep, Kendricks decided to get dressed and drive back to the old couple's cabin. "There has to be another way," he kept telling himself.

As he approached the cabin the first thing he noticed was the faint sound of Christmas caroling coming from inside. Quietly he made his way to the window and looked in.

There was a small tree sitting in the middle of the table, decorated with bits of tinsel and foil. Sitting in front of the tree was the old couple holding hands and singing the

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Christmas carols he had first heard on approaching the cabin. Every little bit the lady would hesitate and her husband would patiently coax her on the words.

Though Christmas was still several days away, remnants of wrapping paper were scattered about the table where the woman had opened her presents. She lifted her face to him and he kissed her on her cheek.

Unwilling to interrupt the peaceful scene, Kendricks left.

Early next morning as the heavy fog was still rolling across the Tennessee River, the peaceful quiet of Dam Town was interrupted by the loud ringing of a bell. "Fire," men shouted, "The Lamn place is on fire!"

Hurriedly getting dressed, Kendricks joined the men rushing out to the scene. By the time he arrived the fire had been extinguished, though it had completely gutted the rear of the house. After making sure the old couple had not been caught in the blaze, he began looking around the clearing for them.

They were nowhere to be found.

Although a search party was organized and spent two days in the nearby hills, no trace of the old couple was ever found.

Later on in the week, Kendricks made one final trip to the site of the burnt-out cabin. While walking around the clearing his attention was drawn to a nearby rock. Lying next to it and wrapped in cloth were several old, faded pho-

tographs of the Lamns along with their marriage certificate from almost three quarters of a century earlier.

Kendricks sensed that these things had been placed there on purpose, to make sure someone would find them, and maybe remember who they were.

As he stood looking at the old photographs, he became aware of a faint and soothing sound coming from the nearby hills. The sound seemed to permeate the clearing, finding its way into every corner and dark crevice. Maybe it was just the wind, or maybe it was his imagination, but Kendricks later swore, that just for a second, he heard what surely sounded like Christmas carols.

Years later when Will Kendricks was asked about their fate, he simply replied, "They stayed together. He never left her."



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Timeless Christmas Tips From Liz



- Fill your dining room with candles at different heights - try going with one color, like burgundy or dark green.

- For an eye-catching centerpiece for your dining room table, loop a wide taffeta ribbon around a wreath of greens and place on table. Intertwine with small white lights and in the middle put candles of varying heights.

- Make your own stairway greenery - just cut a large spray of greens, such as boxwood or magnolia - add a bow and wire it to the banister. Add a few Christmas balls to the greens and it will look great!

- Head off stress by sticking to your normal eating, sleeping and exercising routines as much as possible.

- Go to only those parties and events that you really want to attend. Don't feel obligated to go to a gathering you won't really enjoy.

- Shop early for those presents that need to be mailed away. Order your greeting cards and begin addressing envelopes.

- To keep warmer inside your home: vacuum radiator surfaces frequently; open your shades and draperies on sunny days and close them at night; and wear warmer clothing, layered, indoors.

- If you have a room where clutter seems to multiply, just get a couple of large, attractive wicker baskets and toss the clutter into the baskets for a quick

The Mona Lisa has no eyebrows. In the Renaissance era, it was the fashion to shave them off.

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- Want your kitchen trash can to smell fresh? Just toss a handful of good-smelling potpourri into the bottom of the can, then put in your plastic liner.

- Make sure your Christmas tree is fresh by using a knife to cut into the bark above the base. The exposed area should be green and begin to show moisture. Once you get home, cut about 1-2 inches off the base, strip away the bark an inch above the cut and immerse in water. If you've done it right, you'll notice that your tree is drinking a lot of water immediately.

- When gift-shopping, have a list of exactly what you're getting for each person. Then you won't find yourself hopelessly frustrated and wandering around the store with hundreds of other shoppers.

- Try to do your shopping during daylight hours - more thieves are lurking in parking lots at night, looking for easy targets to rob. Look confident and have your car keys ready.

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News of the Area - 1923

Firemen Not Active, but Ready

The Huntsville Fire Department hasn't had a run for a matter of nearly three weeks, not even a false alarm. However, members of the department are always ready and always prepared to respond to calls when they come.

Gurley Boy Drowned in River

While swimming in Paint Rock River Sunday afternoon, Leslie Thomas, aged 13, was drowned. The body was recovered and removed to the home of his parents in Gurley, where the funeral was held Monday afternoon. According to those who were swimming with young Thomas, he dove from the bank into the stream and never came up. They became frightened and called for help which was soon forthcoming and after a long search the body recovered. It is supposed the young man's head hit the bottom of the stream and rendered him unconscious.

Laughlins to Stay in City

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin will be glad to know that they will remain in Huntsville instead of moving to South Alabama as they had expected.

"The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belzer, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Belzer."

Seen in church bulletin

Arab Child Chews on Dynamite and Lives

Mrs. C. E. Brewster called frantically for police when she found her three-year-old daughter, Frances, eating the neighbor's dynamite. Police said the child was chewing on the end of a half pound when they arrived and removed it from her tiny hands.

Dr. McCown Very Ill

Dr. McCown, of Hazel Green, one of the best physicians in the county, is lying very low at the Huntsville Hospital, having been brought yesterday morning from his home. While suffering from a bad toothache, Dr. McCown called upon his son, who had been studying in Atlanta, to extract the tooth.

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The young man did so and all seemed to be going well until the close of the day when the jaw began to swell and grow worse. The doctor was then brought to the hospital.

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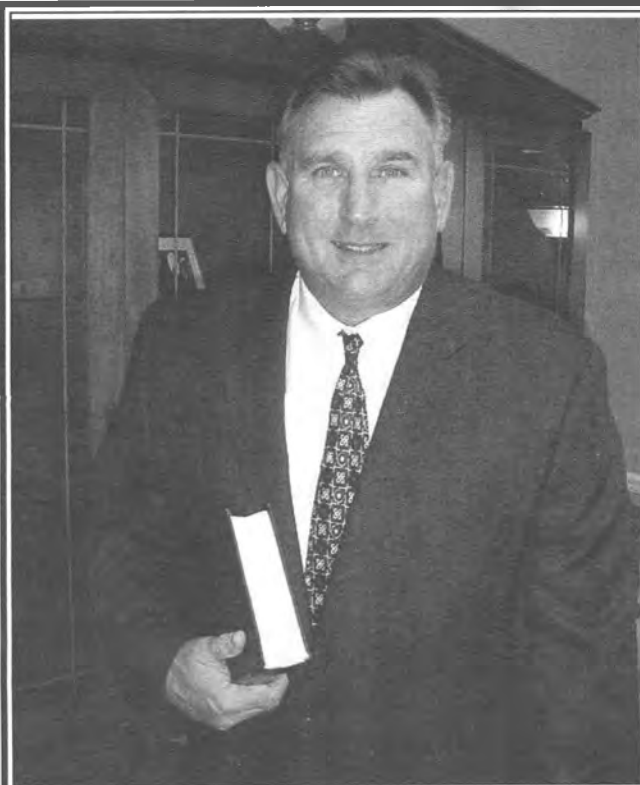
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The Best Gift I Ever Gave

By *Leo Wilcutt Larkin*

Daddy was a giver - it was hard for him to receive. Giving him a Christmas present was a yearly chore. For one thing, being a man, it was difficult to find something for him.

He was a mechanic by trade, and a family man with no hobbies. Then, when you finally made a selection and gave him his gift, he wouldn't open it. He'd always say in a teasing way, "I'll open it after Christmas," and no amount of persuasion would alter this.

The only thing I ever heard him say he wanted was a Santa Claus suit, and he said it more than once. My first child, his first grandchild, was born in September. Ah ha! I thought, I'll buy a Santa suit for him.

But, that was easier said than done. As I investigated the possible suits to buy, in 1964, there were none in stores or even catalogues in our area. "Well, I'll have it made," I thought.

I finally found a seamstress, Linda Davis of Hazel Green, who was willing to make it. The "department store looking-Santa" red material was more than my budget would allow, so I settled for red corduroy. Even the search through pattern books was fruitless.

Finally, we settled on a pajama pattern and used lots of imagination. When I started investigating the fur to trim the

suit, my heart sank as I priced the fur trim. Dunnavant's Department store was the only store that carried the fur trim. If I thought the red material was expensive, fur was totally out of sight.

But determined to not be defeated, I searched out the town for a substitute. In one of our local variety stores, there were bath sets with long fur (very popular at that time). Here it is, I thought.

I purchased two rugs for a good price and set out to cut them up to sew on the suit. "Looks almost as good as the fur trim that was so expensive," I reasoned. At long last the suit was ready and I picked it up from the seamstress, with many thanks, and lovingly wrapped it. I knew that the hardest part of my endeavor was still

ahead. Getting Daddy to open the gift early so that he could use the suit that Christmas would be a major undertaking.

I took the present to him and asked him to open it, explain-



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Casey Stengel

ing that he would need it now. He went into his usual excuses not to open his gifts, and he had a valid one now - it wasn't even Christmas Eve yet. I had to really turn on the persuasion and even partially opened it for him. Finally, he relented and opened the prized gift on which I had worked so hard. His face lit up with surprise and he said, "Well, I'll be damned." It was a dream come true for him.

A trip to a department store produced a belt and that year he had to make do with a Santa mask. He played Santa for a friend's children that year and by the next Christmas, Mr. Joe Sir, of Sir's department store in Fayetteville, Tennessee, had ordered a real Santa wig and beard for him. He paid \$50 for it.

Another child was born to us and Daddy played Santa many times. He probably wished, at times, that he'd never seen the Santa suit. His health had failed, but he put it on anyway.

When he moved away and couldn't be there for Christmas, we got someone else to play Santa. Not an easy job. Most people were intimidated and felt like they couldn't possible live up to the most famous of all legendary characters. Embarrassed, they hesitantly practiced their "Ho-Ho-Ho."

Now Daddy has gone, the boys are grown, and it's been many years since the Santa Claus suit has been used. It's beginning to look kind of sad. The fur has yellowed, and will have to be removed to clean it. I resolved to replace the "rug" fur with real fur trim as a future project. Wonder how much that stuff costs now? And, will the suit stand up to cleaning? After all, it's only 47 years old. The wig and beard have lost some of their thickness.

I remarried, thus acquiring five more children and ten grandchildren, and all were coming home for Christmas. "Good," I thought. "I'll have the belt of the Santa suit replaced." I had the notion that someone could play Santa for the little ones. We brought this to their attention and got no commitment from them; matter of fact, not even a verbal response. That old intimidation was there again.

When we look at old pictures, we look for the gloves; we can always tell which Santa is Daddy. He was Jim Wilcutt of Hazel Green.

And, I still believe it was the best gift I ever gave.

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



Congratulations to our winner for the November Photo of the Month - **Jerry Southerlin** of Madison called to identify the picture. **Margaret Poole** co-owns Lone Goose Saloon and welcomes dogs there of all sizes! Jerry is a retired Nasa employee and says his pooch enjoys visiting the saloon in the summer.

Susan Ayers (owner of Ayers Farmers Market) wants to wish her son a special Happy Birthday on Dec. 7. Because of the date (Pearl Harbor) he was nicknamed "**Pearl**" by his grandma **Jean Ayers** and that name stuck! They sure do love **Jessy Kelley**, who turns 20.

Larry Holmes was only 69 when he passed away in Madison. Larry was an expert at vintage auto restoration and had so many friends who will never forget him. He leaves daughter **Angela Holmes-Weaver** of Huntsville, two sons; **Michael Holmes** of San Diego, Ca and **Lee Cato** of Birmingham, Al; one brother, **Gerald Holmes** of Vista, Ca; seven grandchildren

and 3 great-grandchildren. We send our sympathy to his many friends and family.

Rich Raleigh is an Old Town neighbor and one of five lawyers recognized as leading attorneys in the 2013 edition of The Best Lawyers in America. He works for Wilmer & Lee, PA and we are so proud of Rich!

Bobby Burrough was a dad, husband and grandpa when he died on November 16. He was 64. Bobby worked at Hewlett-Packard in Huntsville for many years and brightened up the day for many with his great sense of humor. We send our deepest condolences to his wife **Janice**, son **Robbie Burrough (Paige)**; daughter **Ashley Burrough**; mother **Sarah Gertrude Burrough**; sister **Betty Lovett (Paul)** and two grandchildren, **Kennedy** and **Katelyn Burrough**.

The Valley Conservatory's Lyceum Series presents

Handel's Messiah at First Christian Church in Huntsville, December 16th at 4 pm. Combined choirs of Oakwood University Church, Our Lady Queen of the Universe Catholic Church, Grace Presbyterian Church in Madison, New Market United Methodist Church and First Christian Church will be featured along with soloist **Suzanne Galer Wert (soprano)**; **Marilyn Mims (mezzo-soprano)**; **Shane Kennedy (tenor)**; and **Jeremy Howe**. Call 256-534-3131 for more information.

Kathleen Weinberg sent along a great tip when preparing food in a recipe. If the word "chopped" comes before the ingredient when listed in a recipe, then chop the ingredient before measuring. If the word comes AFTER the ingredient, then chop after measuring. Using the example of "1/2 cup chopped nuts," you would chop the nuts, then measure them. Using this tip could really make a difference in your finished product.

George Wells is a sweetheart and his latest venture is an Ebook that he has co-produced

Photo of The Month

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

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Hint: This little guy still has a lot to do with law & order



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with **Patsy Trigg** (of "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" fame). The name of it is "It's a Merry Christmas When Pigs Fly" and is a children's ebook. It's available on Bookbaby.com.

Ada Brown owned and operated Lee's Magic Tunnel Car Wash for 44 years. She was a loving Mom and grandma and great-grandma who loved history. Ada passed away November 4. She will be so missed by all who loved her.

Al & Rebecca Temple (of Rebecca's Clothing in Five Points) want to send out special love to their son **Jason Temple** and his beautiful family!

It was so good to talk recently with **Bob Phillips**, who works as a driver for Professional Carriers and he delivers mail & supplies to all 10 branches of **Redstone Federal Credit Union**. He has worked there over 7 years and loves his route - says that some of the best people he's ever met work at RFCU!

Can't believe that **Nathan Roden** is 33 on December 4, he looks much younger than that! Also, as you may remember, he was the young 18-year old teenager who was hiking on Monte Sano fifteen years ago (in October) when he slipped off the edge and fell 70 feet. He wasn't supposed to make it but he did, and we're so proud of him. His Mom, **LeeAnn Lancaster**, (of LeeAnn's Restaurant) says he's the best son ever, and she's so

lucky to have him in her life.

A couple more December birthdays are LeeAnn's sister **Charlotte Clingan** and her twin **Paul** - their birthdays are Dec. 20th. Happy Birthday to you!

So proud of **Cummings Research Park** for 50 years of business. I worked there for many years for Hewlett-Packard when **Alan Jenkins** was our landlord and thought it was beautifully landscaped and so well taken care of, it's only gotten better with age.

Years ago we published a story about "**Monte Sano Crowder**" that completely sold out of the newsstands. I knew he had been sick recently but was saddened to hear that he had passed away in late October, at 98. He was a very gifted musician and will be an important part of Huntsville's history.

For many who enjoyed the annual Dog Ball last year, which is the major fund raiser for the Greater Huntsville Humane Society, you will be happy to know that it is happening again this January 13th. Mark your calendars, and you'll see more about it in next issue!

Charles Lynwood Smith was one of the best veterinarians Huntsville ever had. He cared for animals for nearly 55 years, having begun his business here in 1950. His wife and love of his life was **Ann**, and they both ran the veterinary business together. Dr. Smith passed away as age

90 on November 21st, and we send our condolences to his son, **U.S. District Judge C. Lynwood Smith, Jr.** and his wife **Missy Ming-Smith**, as well as his grand children, his great-grandchildren and many other friends & family.

Please be extra careful this holiday season and Always lock your car up especially at night. Be aware of your surroundings!

Have a wonderful and warm Christmas & New Year's with your loved ones, and give an extra hug to your older neighbors who may be alone this season.

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A Very Sweet Christmas

Nutty Brown Sugar Bites

- 1 egg
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1/2 c. brown sugar
- 1/2 c. plain flour
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1/4 t. baking soda
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Stir egg, vanilla and brown sugar together. Add the sifted flour, salt and soda, then the nuts. Bake in a well-greased 8" square pan for 18-20 minutes at 325 degrees. When cool, cut into squares.

Comforting Rice Pudding

- 1 c. uncooked rice
- 1/2 t. salt
- 2" peel of an orange
- 3 c. milk
- 1 large cinnamon stick
- 3/4 c. sugar
- 1/4 c. seedless raisins
- 2 T. dark rum

Mix rice with 2 cups of water and 1/2 teaspoon salt in a 3-quart saucepan. Bring to a boil, stir once. Place orange peel on top of the rice, reduce heat, cover and simmer 15 minutes til liquid is absorbed.

Remove and discard the peel, heat the milk and cinnamon in a small saucepan til milk is infused with the flavor of cinnamon. Strain milk and stir into the cooked rice. Add the sugar and simmer for 20 minutes, or until thick, stirring often. Add the raisins and rum, simmer for 10 minutes. Serve hot.

When you reheat the rice, add just a little bit of milk to restore its creamy consistency.

Creole Pecan Pralines

- 3 c. light brown sugar
- 1/4 c. butter
- 1 c. cream
- 1-1/2 c. chopped pecans

- 1/2 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 t. ground nutmeg

Mix sugar, butter and cream and cook in saucepan til a small quantity dropped in cold water forms a soft ball. Add the chopped pecans and cinnamon. Beat until almost cold, then drop by teaspoons onto waxed paper. Let set, remove and store in airtight container.

Coconut Meringues

- 4 egg whites
- 1-1/4 c. sugar
- 2-1/2 c. coconut, shredded
- 1/2 t. vanilla
- 1/4 t. salt

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Lightly grease a cookie sheet. Beat your egg whites in a deep glass bowl until foamy, beat in sugar, continue beating until stiff and glossy. Do not underbeat. Fold in the remaining ingredients, drop mixture by

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heaping teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart onto your parchment-covered cookie sheet.

Bake for 20 minutes til meringues are light brown. Immediately remove from the cookie sheet and cool on rack. Store in a tightly covered container.

Red Hot Apple Pie

- 6 c. thinly sliced apples, peeled
- 2/3 c. chopped walnuts
- 1/2 c. cinnamon red hot candies
- 1/3 c. sugar
- 1/2 c. flour
- 2 frozen deep dish pie crusts

Toss together your apples, walnuts, candies, sugar and flour. Pour into a pie crust. Break the second pie crust into tiny pieces, toss with 2 table-spoons sugar and 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon. Sprinkle this over the apples. Dot with butter.

Bake in a preheated 375 degree oven on a flat baking sheet for about 55 minutes. Your candies should be bubbling over through the crumbled crust. Cool before serving, with home-made whipped cream of course!

Granny's Chew Bread

- 1 stick butter, melted
- 1 box brown sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten lightly
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 2 c. flour
- 1 can coconut, (3-1/2 oz.)
- 1 c. pecans, chopped

Add the melted butter to the brown sugar and mix well. Add the eggs and vanilla; gradually stir in the flour; add the coconut and pecans. Bake for 40 minutes at 300 degrees in a 9 x 12" greased pan.

Lizzie's Dale Nut Candy

- 1 lb. package dates, pitted
- 1 c. nut meats (pecans are the best)
- 2 c. sugar
- 1 t. vanilla

Boil sugar with 3/4 cup water until it spins a good long thread when you take a spoon out, add vanilla, then pour it onto the nuts and dates. Stir until very stiff. Turn into a wet clean cloth, cover and flatten out, patting gently with hands. When cold, cut in small blocks.

Sweet Dixie Cake

- 4 eggs
- 1/4 pint heavy cream
- 1-1/2 c. sugar
- 1-1/2 c. self-rising flour
- 1 t. vanilla or almond extract

Beat the eggs into a bowl and beat til light and foamy - at least five minutes. Add the cream, beat another 5 minutes. Pour in the sugar, beat well. Blend in the flour and extract. Pour in a greased tubular pan and bake for 50 minutes at 350 degrees. If using 2 8-inch cake pans, bake for 30 minutes. Dust with confectioners sugar or use glaze of your choice.



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THE PERILS OF SITTING ON THE LAP OF A BOW-LEGGED MAN

There is a case coming up in an Alabama court that will be of great interest to thousands of people who have long desired a decision on some of the points that will be developed.

It seems that a young man, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, is to be sued by the father of a young woman for \$50,000 damages for injuries that his daughter received while in his society.

The young people had been keeping company for some years, and the carriage of the young man was often seen in front of the residence of the lady. Last December he ceased visiting her, and since that time she has been an invalid, and has been treated for a spinal difficulty, and the father will go into the courts, against his daughter's wish, to have the matter of responsibility settled.

It seems that the young man is bow-legged, so much that it is considered dangerous for any one to sit on his lap, for fear they would fall through, but in this case he forgot the danger, and let the girl slip. The father claims that the young man, knowing how fearfully and how wonderfully he is made, should have adopted precautions, and in his complaint he will swear that on several occasions he has warned the young man that he should place a board across his lap, or someday his legs would let somebody through.

In his answer to the complaint the young man will say that his legs are just as nature made them, and that anybody who sits in his lap takes their chances. He further adds that if the girl had used all the precaution that one in so dangerous a position should use, and thrown her arms around his neck, as others have done, there need have been no danger, and while he sympathizes deeply with her and her family, owing to the alleged injury, he cannot consider himself responsible. Of course, there are two sides to every question and both sides will have their sympathizers.



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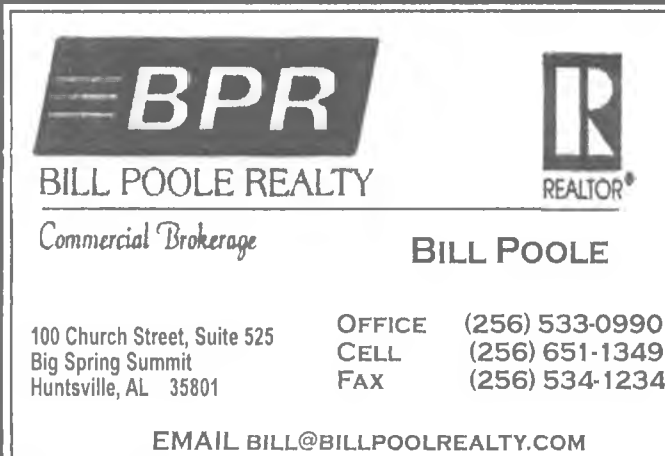
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While we do not wish to take sides on this question, there are some things connected with it that it seems a duty of the pious press to agitate. The country is full of bow-legged young men, going about seeking whom they may hold in their laps, and the wonder is that more such accidents do not occur.

There should be some law to protect girls from bow-legged men. We throw safeguards around our trapeze performers by compelling their managers to place nets under them, and why should we not provide by law that the bow-legged young man should string a hammock under his boomerang legs, to catch those who may lose their spring balance, turn a somersault and fall in the winter of their discontent. It would not be pleasant to the bow-legged young man to be compelled to carry a hammock when he went to see his girl, but it would be safer for the girl.

We have known a careful young man, who was bow-legged, to lay a pressboard, or a sewing machine leaf, across his lap before he would let a girl sit down; but for every one man who is careful, there are hundreds who never think of the other hearts who are liable to ache.

Inventors have studied in vain for a device to protect people from bow-legs, and doctors who straighten cross-eyes have tried to straighten bow-legs, but nothing seems to avail. Hundreds of women and girls as they read this will shudder at the narrow escapes they have had from falling through bow-legs, and they will unite with us, in the hopes that the law will protect them. Of course there are some who would never fall through, though the legs are bowed twice as much as they are, but many are so careless they are never to be safe.

1889 Newspaper





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Christmases Past

by M.D. Smith

I remember our very first Santa Claus show after we bought the Channel 31 TV station in November 1963 (just before Kennedy was shot) and we needed revenue after 5 days with no commercials.

My father had done a Santa show at Channel 6 in Birmingham when he worked there and he (and I) were gung-ho to do one on our station, WAAY. We got a full sponsor, the Toy Department of Montgomery Wards.

Our artist and handyman, (Howard Troutman), whipped up a throne kind of chair out of plywood, and because we were black and white in those days we always painted sets and props in shades of gray so we could tell how it would look on the air, and painted it a medium gray. It was pretty plain with square wood arms about 5" wide on each side of the chair. It had a square top.

Well, the manager of Wards came to the station to bring some toys for the props and took one look at our Santa Chair and said, "My God, it looks like a friggin' Electric Chair!" Actually, he was right. We just had not considered anything but the TV look.

So we very quickly got a whole lot of red corduroy, foam rubber and handfuls of big brass furniture tacks. We enlarged the top to

make more of a throne, wrapped the red corduroy with foam underneath it all over and tacked it down with all the upholstery tacks.

It did look 200% better and when the manager came back, he was pleased with that look. Certainly for the kids who were live on the set, it did look much better to them to see Santa sitting on a big red, cushioned THRONE instead of a "gray electric chair." That chair is still around and I have several good photos of Santa in that very chair.

Now, fast-forward from 1963 to 1981 on the Channel 31 TV Santa Show:

When my third son Brent was a young kid in 1981 we had the Santa show on TV and I got him on it. When he was on Santa's knee and was asked what he wanted, he had this very long involved list that unrolled and was about 3 feet long.

Santa took one look (knowing TV air time was short) and said tell me 3 things and I'll keep the list and see what I can do. That satisfied Brent and as

he was leaving, as was custom, kids often said what they'd leave out for Santa and the Reindeer. Brent said, "And Santa, I'll leave you a beer and some pretzels when you come."

Santa had a funny look on his face but then he smiled, said thank you and hurriedly got Brent off his knee. (I think one of his older brothers put him up to that).

And you know, Brent insisted that we DO leave what he'd promised or Santa would be mad. So we actually DID leave a beer and pretzels on a paper plate. We also left some milk and cookies to satisfy the younger children before we all went to bed.

The next morning, when the kids went to see what Santa left, there was some cookie halves left, partial glass of milk, but ALL the beer was gone and just an empty can left with one pretzel.

After assembling toys, games, stockings and much more on Christmas Eve, I think Santa felt he got one of the best presents of all that night, even if the original had to be swapped for a cold one in the fridge.

Santa even left a thank you note.



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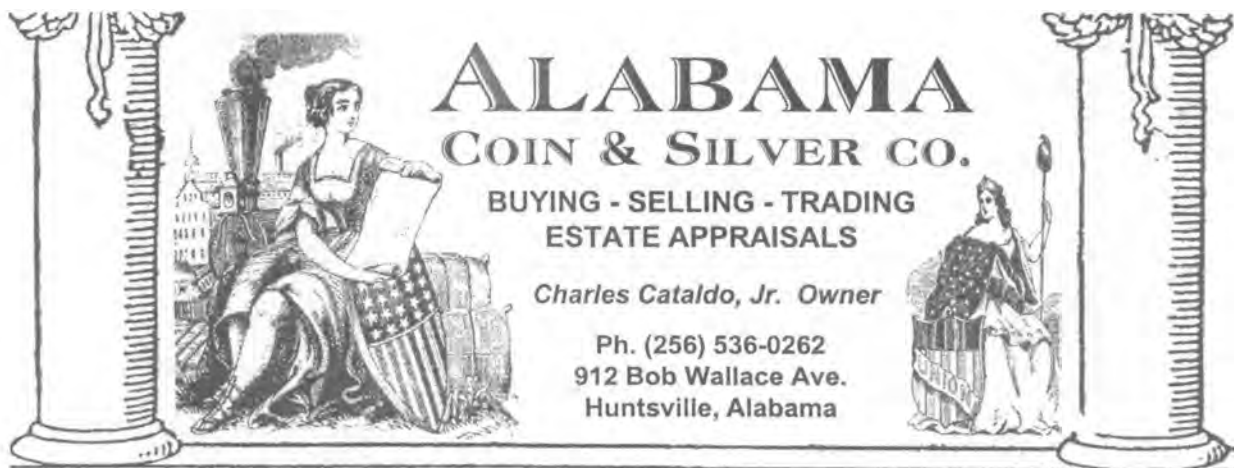
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CITY NEWS FROM 1923

Harris leaves Halsey Grocery Co.

Walter L. Harris, who has been associated with the W. L. Halsey Grocery Co. of this city for several years, leaves with his family tomorrow for Fayetteville. He will represent the Trigg-Dobbs Co. R. B. Searcy has succeeded Mr. Harris as city salesman for Halsey Grocery Co., and has already assumed his duties.

Autos collide at Church and Holmes Streets

An automobile wreck occurred last night at the corner of Church and Holmes Streets when a Standard Oil truck driven by S. H. Bice and a taxi owned by A. E. Overton collided in which the car of Mr. Overton was slightly damaged. None of the drivers were injured too badly.

Three Drunks in City Court

Three cases were docketed in City Court Saturday morning. Wm. Jordan appeared and pled guilty and was fined \$10. The other two defendants, Will Ikard and John Kennedy of New Hope, forfeited their bonds and \$10 by not appearing.

Other News:

- Mr. John Rison Jones and children are indisposed at their home on West Holmes Street.

- Hotel Twickenham will be

the scene tonight of one of the most spectacular dances of the winter in celebration of St. Valentine season, with the Grace Club as hostess.

- Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Rice,

White Street, have as their guest the former's sister, Mrs. S. A. Grizzard of Wilson, OK.

- Mr. and Mrs. H. Wind of Cincinnati, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. Wind, of Franklin Street.



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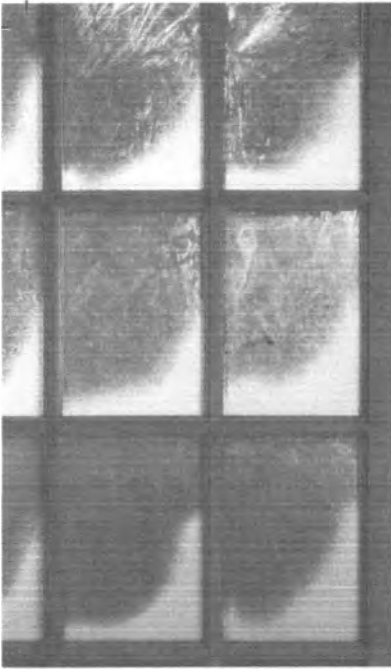
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Albert Einstein, 1932



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THE VIOLIN

By Thomas Frazier



The night was cold and blustery, with a touch of snow in the air. It was a night unfit for mortal or beast, so when the old man with the beat-up violin case walked in and sat down in front of the wood burning stove to get warm, no one paid much attention. On a night like this, everyone was welcome to share the warmth of the old bar. It was a week before Christmas and everyone was feeling low. Joe and Laura, sitting at the table in the corner, were depressed. No money, no gifts to give their relatives, it didn't look like it would be a very cheerful Christmas. Benny, who had just lost his job, was sitting at the bar, carefully trying to nurse one beer to make it last as long as he could. Even Kathey, the bartender, was lost in thought, wondering how she would buy presents for her children and pay rent at the same time.

The old man might have sat there forever without anyone paying any attention to him if he had not picked up his violin and begun playing. Softly and quietly, so low that it took the customers a few moments to realize where the music was coming from, he began. It was obvious to everyone that the old man and his violin had seen many years together, maybe a concert stage or maybe even a symphony orchestra.

Softly and hauntingly the music poured forth, filling the room and finding its way into every dark corner and crevice. With his head bowed and his fingers dancing softly on the strings, the old man and the instrument seemed as one. It was the music of the gods—music that would make an angel cry.

The customers stared at the old man as his music began to envelop them with its warm, haunting melodies. The music seemed to gently beckon to them and pull at them until fi-

nally, unable to resist, they were caught up in its magical melodies and transported to a time and place where everything was perfect and the only tears shed were of joy. Riding on a crescendo of love and passion, the violin carried the customers to a place where time had no meaning and Christmas was in your heart forever. Maybe it was because of the tears in the patrons' eyes, but for whatever the reason, no one saw the old man leave...

...Just a short story about an old man, his violin, and Jay's Lounge—a completely meaningless story...unless you had been there.



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Wreath Making from an Old Homemaker's Book

There is a world of material out in the fields waiting for you to collect to make beautiful natural bouquets and wreaths. Look for material in fields, along roadsides, and in yards and gardens.

Some items that work very well are:

- Fall leaves
- Wheat and oats
- Reeds and grasses
- Dried hydrangeas
- Sunflower heads
- Bittersweet
- Money plant
- Dried delphinium
- Crab apple branches

Look for materials that vary in texture. For instance, try using baby's breath with pampas grass, bittersweet, and small dried sunflowers. Have one basic color scheme in mind. Use mostly natural shades, but add color here and there.

Look for plants that have different shapes and sizes. Frail feathery fronds can work as well as heavy pods.

It is really easy to make a beautiful dried wreath for your door. Just buy a straw form that you can find at any craft store. Gather dried wheat, grasses, colorful dried flowers and even some dried sunflower heads. Take a few strands of the grasses at a time, overlapping them as you go, using wire to attach them to the form.

Continue until you have

enough of the dried material on the form, then add the sprigs of colorful dried flowers in among the grasses.

Wire several small sunflower heads at the bottom of the wreath. Some good materials to use, in addition to the wheat and pampas grass, are foxtail and blue larkspur.

For a beautiful table arrangement for fall, take an ironstone pitcher and use marsh weeds punctuated with a branch of crab apple. A fresh-cut amaryllis, dried artichokes, and sticks tied with twine can add a sophisticated look.

One afternoon's walk in the fields can give you an abundance of weeds and material that you can dry and use all winter long.

For beautiful corn husk flowers, saw an ear of Indian corn about two inches from the base some kernels, will fall off. Fold husks back up around the corn and trim to the length of the ear.

Shape the husk "petals" with scissors as desired. Wrap the base with a wire stem.

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CHRISTMAS AND THE LAST CAROL OF THE YEAR

by Michael Rhoden

Christmas. There is a quiet and, at the same time, a cacophony that goes with that name. It can bring an excitement untold to children, it can bring a melancholy so blue to some adults, it is joy and deep tragedy all at the same time. It is the greatest holiday of all.

I used to have Christmas all figured out. As I was growing up, my family did Christmas differently from the traditional way. There were no gifts on Christmas morning. We would split Christmas eve and Christmas day between my grandparents' houses. Christmas eve was spent at my Ma and Pa's house (my father's family). Their house was on the curve right down the road from our house. That was where Santa would visit me. For some reason, I got special treatment and Santa got to me before anyone else.

I had it figured out at Ma and Pa's that if, at a certain time, I went to the bathroom that I would come back and there would be a floor full of gifts. It always happened that way. We would eat that table full of food as a family, then sit around as everyone watched me get antsy. Then when I couldn't stand it anymore I would run to the bathroom. And when I came out...Santa had come. It was

amazing! They would make me wait until everyone else opened their gifts, then they would all watch me and take pictures of me squealing in delight.

Ma and Pa's house was warm and smelled of pies and coffee and corn bread dressing. We would sit around that living room and I can still hear the laughter. I can still feel the warmth of that gas heater in the living room, I can smell the smell of Pa's pipe puffing out Sir Walter Raleigh. Another family lives in that house now. But,

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I am sure it is still warm and full of laughter.

Christmas day we would take the journey to Paint Rock Valley and Granny and Granddaddy's house, my mother's family. It was a small white house on a hill, and with that side of the family, you did well to find a place to sit on the floor during Christmas lunch. The house was full of uncles, aunts, and cousins. Fried Chicken, Pinto Beans, and Ham was on the menu for Christmas day. There was a counter full of cakes and pies. The house was loud with voices and children's laughter, then when we ate you could hear a pin drop.

For me, the best part of the day was when Granddaddy would hand out little envelopes with money in it to all the grand kids. It might have been five dollars, it might have been one dollar. But, it was from Granddaddy and he took pride in what he had to give. I took pride in taking it from him.

We would wind out the day taking a long walk to the natural spring or up in the hills behind their house. And then it was the journey back home listening to Christmas music on the radio all the rest of the day and dreading when that last carol played at midnight. I would listen intently the rest of the night because I knew that when that last carol played, and my heart would sink as I fell asleep, Christmas was over for the year. I would fall asleep knowing it would be another year before it came again.

But, the thing about Christmas is this. It's not just a holiday. It's not just about gifts. It is about THE gift. The gift that was given in a cattle stall. The gift of a beautiful baby. The gift that would change the world forever. Salvation. True love. The spirit of Christmas.

The last Christmas carol

will play on the radio this Christmas at midnight. But, if we try really hard, we can carry the love of Christmas with us the next day and the next. I think that's why we save the celebration of the birth of Jesus for right before New Years. There are many reasons, I know. But, no matter what you believe, we can carry the light of that star over the manger in our hearts and in our lives throughout the new year and beyond. It stands for true hope. It stands for true love.

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SILENT NIGHT

By Bud Cramer

As Christmas draws near, the words of Longfellow echo in the heart of mankind: "I heard the bells on Christmas Day. Their old, familiar carols play. And wild and sweet, the words repeat of peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

Christmas and all the glorious entities that go with it are meant to strengthen family ties, enhance charitable values and promote goodwill. It is a season that is mystical to children and sentimental to elders. A time, we like to believe, is joyous to all. A spirit, we want to believe, is felt in all homes across America.

Unfortunately, this holiday season is not celebrated by many. They are the homeless, the poor and the abused. Each year as Christmas approaches, my heart aches for the many children who are abused, neglected, exploited and missing. We too often close our eyes to the plight of abused children in our society. With more than 2.5 million child abuse cases reported each year, we can no longer be blind.

As a former District Attorney, I have seen many children leave their abusive homes and struggle to testify against their violators. While their stories are very similar, there is one I remember often during this holiday season.

It was just a few weeks before Christmas when Suzy was taken from her abusive parents and placed in foster care. The social worker who helped Suzy

remembered the day she retrieved the seven year old child from her classroom.

The sounds of Christmas carols could be heard down the school hallway. All of the students inside the second grade classroom were singing "Silent Night", except for a pretty young girl with long blonde curls sitting on the first row of seats.

She smiled shyly and looked at the other children as they belted out the Christmas song. Young Suzy was afraid to sing or speak. The elusive, socially-withdrawn child was a victim of physical and sexual abuse.

S u z y ' s teacher had suspected a problem of abuse for months, but had no actual proof. One day, Suzy confided to her about the secret games her step-father played at night. Mrs. Hig-

gins immediately notified the right authorities who discovered Suzy's step-father was a previously convicted child molester. The timid child then told counselors at the Children's Advocacy Center in Huntsville about her abusive stories by demonstrating her father's "secret games" with model dolls. The evidence was overwhelming. Suzy's step-father was arrested and Suzy was ordered into foster care.

When the social worker

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entered Suzy's classroom, the caroling stopped. Mrs. Higgins nodded her head approvingly at the woman and then walked to young Suzy's desk. "Suzy, this nice lady wants to take you on a trip," said Mrs. Higgins. The frightened and confused girl started to shake as she cried out for her mother.

The young girl was removed from the classroom and from her abusive home that day. Yet, her trauma was not removed, only multiplied. Suzy felt more alone and scared now than ever before. She was faced with the shock of being taken out of a familiar, yet abusive home and placed with strangers in a new environment.

Suzy's foster parents were exceptional. Ben and Carolyn Jones had two children of their own, but still had much love to share with the new addition to their family. Yet they, like many foster families, faced recession with little money. Determined to give Suzy and their teenage sons a wonderful Christmas, the Jones family improvised. Instead of fancy and expensive tree ornaments and glittering lights, they laced their cedar with trinkets made from love and colorful tinsel.

The Joneses accepted donations from community organizations to buy Suzy's presents. They bought her a lovely, wooden music box for Christmas, knowing how Suzy had loved to sing before her step-father abused her. They hoped to break through her security wall of silence with music.

On the night of Christmas Eve, the young girl was awakened by a loud noise in the living room. Santa, she thought. She got out of bed and walked slowly to the room. Her eyes grew larger as she saw a plump old man wearing a red velvet suit and hat laced with white fur. His silhouette glowed in the brilliance of the fireplace. Suzy hid behind a chair and watched the man as he placed presents around the Christmas tree.

Suddenly, the intruder turned to face her. Suzy looked very closely at the man she thought was Saint Nick. Without saying a word, the stranger gave her a gift and said, "Merry Christmas, my child."

She tore off the red ribbon and festive Christmas wrapping paper to find a beautiful music box. When she opened the lid, the wooden box began to play "Silent Night."

As Suzy listened to her favorite carol, the bearded man began telling her how Christmas carols served as powerful sources of recognition. "The songs foster Christmas like the Jones family fosters you," said Santa. "Whenever you feel sad or frightened, listen to this music box for comfort and remember you are a part of the Jones family as Christmas is a part of this song."

The little girl looked up at the stranger with big brown eyes and watched as he left the room. Unlike Saint Nick, this Santa could not escape up the fireplace. He had to hurry out the front door and run down the street to return his disguise to a neighbor who portrayed Santa each year for the children at the local hospital.

The next morning, Suzy joined Ben and Carolyn Jones and their two sons around the Christmas tree to exchange gifts. When asked about the special gift she clutched to her heart, the young girl smiled and showed them her music box. As the music played, young Suzy began to sing for the first time in two years.

Suzy's wall of silence was finally being torn down. With the strength and support from her foster family and continued professional counseling, she was on her way to recovery. This young crime victim would soon learn to cope with the violent acts her step-father committed against her.

Many children, however, are not as fortunate. They are forced to battle the traumatic effects of child abuse alone. We must hear their cries and we must open our hearts. While we may never be able to give these children back their innocence, we must try to give them back their lives.

Now, when Christmas draws near, the words of Longfellow ring with meaning. Peace on earth, goodwill to ALL on this special holiday.



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The Reason for the Season: Childhood Memories

by Sonya Teague

The busy, bustling season is upon us. Shoppers eagerly await the sales in the newspapers. Some shoppers have been purchasing items since the beginning of summer. Actually, some shoppers start shopping the day after Halloween. Some brave souls get up early and shop on Black Friday. One year, I braved the cold, endured the crowds, stood in line but never again. Small personal gifts, stocking stuffers, can be purchased anytime of the year.

My Dad would wait until Christmas Eve to take me to J.C. Penney's to pick out my Mother's gift. Well, no pressure there, everything's picked over, when you wait until the last minute. One year, I waited until Christmas Eve to shop, not a good idea. I had a long shopping list, I had to substitute a lot of gifts that year.

The holidays are a special time, and invoke many wonderful childhood memories. Families travel long distances to visit loved ones and friends. I can remember traveling to my maternal Grandparent's house to eat



a wonderful meal prepared by my Grandmother, aunts, and cousins. The men would watch TV, stand outside on the porch and smoke, or read the paper.

The town they resided in was very small. They didn't have a red light, and only a few stores. These were small family-owned businesses. I joke they rolled up the sidewalks at dark.

On the way to my relatives house, we passed very few cars. It was because the travelers were already at their destination or we had had a late departure on our journey.

My paternal Grandparents lived next door to us, so naturally, they were involved in the gift selection. I believe my next door neighbor Grandparents, not the over the river and through the woods Grandparents, had a voice in the selection of Christmas presents. It wasn't that we hardly ever saw our

"My wife and I were happy for 20 years. Then we met."

Rodney Dangerfield

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out of town Grandparents, it was easier to run next door. I can remember one Christmas, my sister had received an Easy Bake Oven from Santa. I had received a washing machine. I can remember my Grandparents had found the lid to my washer on their steps in the snow. They said Santa had dropped it in the snow.

I wonder if Santa was trying to tell us something by getting us toys that resembled common household appliances. I can remember talking my parents into letting us open our presents early on Christmas Eve.

It was a let down, getting up the next morning with crumbled wrapping paper and discarded ribbon all over the floor. Our eagerness to open our presents early had not left us one package to open. Only empty boxes were left. We loved our new roller derby skates though. We never again wanted to open our presents early.

Sometimes, if we were really good, my parents would let us open one present on Christmas Eve. Usually, it would be candy or a pair of pajamas with plastic bottomed feet.

I can remember my Mother telling me she was glad to receive anything for Christmas. She told me she usually received candy, a doll, a tea set, and some fruit as a young girl.

We drew names at school, or would bring a boy or girl a gift. I always looked forward to our Christmas parties at school. Christmas vacation was always welcomed by children and dreaded by parents, much like summer vacation.

Sometimes, our church would select a family, and we would visit them and take gifts and food. Years later, a local church would visit my Grandmother and present her with a fruit basket. She looked forward to it every year.

The local congregations, in addition to the fruit baskets and Christmas plays, would have a live nativity scene. I can remember my

"The Senate just sits and waits til they find out what the president wants, so they know how to vote against him."

Will Rogers

Grandparents taking my Sister and me to the drive-thru Christmas display at Huntsville Memorial Gardens on Hwy. 72. They would take us to Christmas Card Lane on Holmes Avenue. We would just drive around and view all the Christmas lights and decorations.

As we gather this holiday season, we need to remember who and what we are celebrating, the birth of our Savior.

So, while you are shopping, eating a meal, trimming a tree, or watching a game--remember who the season is all about--Jesus Christ.



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The Slow Death of Pine Hill

by Billy Stone

Today, my wife Patricia and I traveled through Big Cove to see my mother. She has lived in the same house over fifty years. As we traveled to her home "almost down in the Cove" and "almost up in the Cove," I had to pay close attention to our turn onto the road to Mother's house.

When we made the turn, I noticed the big field where the house sat, that my daddy was born in, looked like a war zone with big mounds of dirt everywhere. Then I thought, "Sure hope they didn't upset the Native Americans that could be buried there. Who knows - they could be there - they came to Big Cove first."

Then I looked toward the morning side of Green Mountain and commented, "How beautiful the mountain was this time of year (autumn)." Knowing that Green Mountain has always been part of the beauty that lured people to Big Cove - even in 1808 when John Grayson was the first white man to settle in Big Cove - the thought occurred to me, "Could they tear down Green Mountain?"

Suddenly we arrived at my mother's house in the shadow of Green Mountain and glanced once more to the big bluffs that I use to play on as a kid. My, how time flies. After a short visit with my mother we continued to the Green Valley Cemetery where my daddy is buried. I let him know how much I miss watching him open his Christmas gifts and grinning like a kid as he received his first present. He would always hold up each gift and show it to all of his eleven kids, grand kids, and great grand kids.

On the way to the cemetery, I noticed something else that broke my heart. On my way back home, I got a better look; Pine Hill was dead, stumps from the pine trees were everywhere.

The Hill is where my daddy lived with his mother, his daddy, and his brother. My daddy was also born on the farm that is part of Pine Hill. During Christmas, daddy would tell us about his mother stringing popcorn together to decorate the Christmas tree. If he was lucky, there might be an orange, an apple or some licorice candy (which he loved) under the tree. His mother would prepare corn mill gravy (sawmill gravy) and fried rabbits for Christmas breakfast. However, he was the type of person who was thankful for any gift or meal he received for Christmas.

As I sit here with sadness in my heart, I must report to you that they tore my Pine Hill down. No, Pine Hill was not mine literally,

but, it was mine in my memory from the time I was just a kid old enough to remember anything about Pine Hill. Pine Hill was the place where my brothers, my friends and I would go to jump the terraces on our new bicycles that we received for Christmas.

The name Pine Hill was given to the hill because it was covered with big, tall, pine trees. It had one big, lonely, oak tree on the very top of the hill. Each tree seemed to have its own personality.

In the late afternoon, on Pine Hill, the turtledoves would be cooing, the cows mooing, the whippoorwills whistling, the hoot owls hooting, the crickets chirping, the frogs croaking; the sounds on the hill made the best harmony. On a cold, windy, day the trees seemed to sing a lonesome song and their harmony

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was beautiful. There is nothing like a tin-roof house surrounded by tall, pine trees, on a rainy day. Pine Hill had both.

"In The Pines Where the Sun Never Shines," was a popular country song during the forties. It could give you a lonesome feeling during storms and wintertime. I would always think of the wind howling through the big, tall, pine trees on Pine Hill in the Cove when I heard this song. As I grieve from the slow death of Pine Hill, I decided that I would write the Hill's obituary in a poem.

THE OLD PINE HILL DIED

There was always a gentle breeze blowing through the old pine trees.

In the summer, it helped cool the sweat from a hard day's work.

In the winter, it would almost make you freeze.

The rainy days on the Hill were like a gentle, peaceful slumber.

There was a feeling of belonging, to the people that lived there and labored.

It would wrap its arms around them as if they were its children.

It provided them shelter from the storms that sometimes surrounded them.

There was always a cow mooring, a turtle dove cooing, and a hoot owl hooting.

The Hill had its sounds and every dog knew them, even a jingle bell from the one that could afford them and some that couldn't.

There was laughter and there was sadness on the Hill.

There was always someone leaving and an empty spot to be filled.

Now the old farmhouses are gone and there is no more laughter from a joyous Christmas, just silence.

There are no cows mooring, just a lonesome dove crying.

The terraces now are gone that held back its soil. It's all washing away and there is noth-

ing left but the memory of those that tried to save it with their daily toil.

The gentle pines are just a few. There is one old oak tree trying to blow away the blues.

If I could go back, I would wrap my arms around it and breathe a new life through its soul.

I would give it a Christmas gift that would make it live forever and never grow old.

I would put a gentle breeze through the tall pine trees. I would give it laughter that is now deceased.

My memory of Pine Hill is so vivid because of the many nights I stayed with my Uncle Holbert Stone and family that lived there. I have no ill will toward the people that

now live on what is left of Pine Hill - I just hope they see the beauty of Big Cove and Green Mountain from that site and

have a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

My dream was to live there and sit on the back porch of my memory, swing, and maybe string some popcorn.

I only wish that someone would put a monument on the top of what is left of Pine Hill that said, "THIS HILL ONCE STOOD TALL AS THE PINE TREES THAT COOLED IT IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY."



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The Christmas Present

by Tamra Holder

Did you ever hear the term "The truth is stranger than fiction?" Believe it or not, this actually happened! This story was told to me by John Holder.

It was Christmas of 2002. I was headed to see my friend Laddy at his house in the country for a visit and skeet shooting was the planned activity. It was unusually cold for a December day on Brindlee Mountain with temperatures in the low twenties. My friend's house sat on a hilltop over looking a three acre pond with a small dock. On this particular day the pond was frozen over and there was a hint of snow in the air.

We decided to shoot skeet from the hilltop over the pond. The skeet thrower was one I had gotten when I was fifteen. For twenty plus years it was still in good condition. We took turns shooting and throwing for each other for the next hour. I outshot him, knocking more clay skeet out of the sky than he did. He could out hunt me when it came to deer but when it came to shooting a shotgun there was no competition. I am sure he would disagree about the shotgun analysis but it was the truth.

"I make my practices real hard because if a player is a quitter, I want him to quit in practice, not in the game."

Bear Bryant / Alabama

Now Laddy owned a yellow lab named Payton who was well trained and did what he was told. While we shot skeet, Payton laid on the front porch and ignored the blast of our shotguns. Laddy decided it was time for Payton to get off the porch, looked in my direction and said "This is going to be funny, watch this!"

He picked up a golf ball, looked toward the pond and tossed it. The ball bounced down the hill and bounded off the dock onto the ice. He then looked at Payton and said, "Fetch!"

The dog sprinted for the

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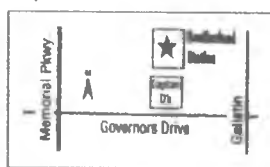
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pond. All the while my friend grinned at me and said "Watch this." The dog ran to the dock and dove off onto the pond. Sure enough the dog hit the ice with a bang. My friend just laughed while the dog got up and continued to chase the ball, slipping and sliding, to the middle of the pond.

Payton reached the ball in just a few seconds, slipping and sliding all the way. He caught the golf ball and wagged his tail in triumph while Laddy continued to grin. In a split second the grin turned to terror as the sound of ice cracking ripped through the air. Payton fell through the ice and began to swim around the hole trying to find a way out. I looked at Laddy and said, "Now what are you going to do, Einstein?" He just stared for a second as he thought what he should do. He finally dashed off into the house.

A few moments went by and he reappeared dressed in his thermal hunting suit and a half inflated rubber boat that he threw on the ice. He jumped in and used a paddle to push himself out to where the dog was. After a few attempts at pulling Payton into the boat, he managed to haul the dog's wet body over the side. All looked well until the ice that the boat sat on cracked. Now the boat was barely afloat with the weight of a grown man and dog pushing it down into the icy water.

I yelled "Where's a rope? Garage? Barn?" He replied "I don't have a rope!" I looked at him in amazement. No rope on a farm, are you kidding

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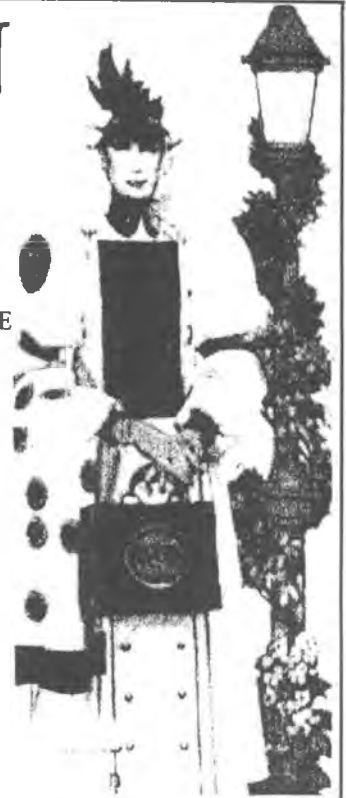
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me? I ran around the house and the barn hoping to find a garden hose, anything that I could toss out to him! No such luck!

I even considered backing the bass boat into the pond if all else failed. Now that would be a good line for Jeff Foxworthy: "You might be a redneck if your friend has to put your \$10,000 bass boat in your three acre pond to rescue you and your dog before freezing to death!"

With no luck finding something to throw, I came back to the pond to check on my friend and his dog. At that point, he said "Hurry up! Water's gettin' in the boat!" I muttered to myself and went back to the house. I heard a truck pull into the driveway and was relieved to see our good friend, Rob. I hastily described the situation and asked him if he had a rope in the truck. "How did he..." Rob began. "Don't ask," I replied.

Half puzzled from the predicament our friend was in, the puzzlement changed to a sly grin. He explained

that he had asked Laddy if he could borrow a rope the other day. When he learned the boy did not have one, he decided to do something about it. Lo and behold, Rob pulled a brightly wrapped Christmas present out of the truck and ripped it open, revealing a brand new one hundred foot rope.

We quickly uncoiled the rope, threw it out to the half sunk raft. We then pulled the shivering dog and master back to shore. We spent the next couple of hours watching Laddy and Payton huddled up next to the roaring fire we built in the fireplace in the den. The story is still told today when we get together with friends. Of course Laddy just rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

"I think that's how Chicago got started. A bunch of people in New York said, 'Gee, I'm enjoying the crime and poverty, but it just isn't cold or windy enough. Let's go west.'"

Richard Jeni

Holiday Rum Cake

- 1-1/2 c. pecans
- 1 yellow cake mix
- 1 pkg. butterscotch pudding
- 1/2 c. water
- 1/2 c. oil
- 1/2 c. light or dark rum
- 4 eggs

GLAZE:

- 1 c. sugar
- 1/4 c. butter
- 1/2 c. water
- 1/4 c. light or dark rum

Pre-heat your oven to 325 degrees. Toast & chop pecans. Grease bundt pan, and spread pecans on bottom of the pan. Mix cake mix, pudding, water, oil, rum and eggs for 2 minutes, pour into pan. Bake cake for 50 minutes.

Meanwhile boil sugar, butter and water 3 minutes in large sauce pan. Cool and add rum. While cake is still hot, pour glaze over it while it is still in the bundt pan. Cool cake in pan, remove to serving plate.



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Madison County's First Newspaper

The first newspaper published in Madison County was the "Madison Gazette", founded Oct. 19, 1813. Only one copy, with that date, is known to be in existence. It is preserved in the American Antiquarian Society, Worchester, Mass.

The Gazette was a small, four-column paper, 11-1/2 inches by 18-1/2. The motto of the paper was "The Press is the Cradle of Science, the Nurse of Genius and the Shield of Liberty."

The longest lived of all newspapers in Huntsville's history was the "Huntsville Democrat", founded in 1822. During the Civil War its name

was changed temporarily to "The Daily Huntsville Confederate."

When Northern troops occupied Huntsville, the paper was forced to flee the city. As the press struggled to stay ahead of the invading Northern troops, the paper was printed in various locations throughout Alabama and Georgia.

Toward the end of the war, the Confederacy was collapsing so fast that oftentimes the publishers were forced to actually print the paper with the press still loaded on a wagon while fleeing from city to city. The paper would then be smuggled into Huntsville where it sold for 10 cents a copy.

The only known copy of the "Wagon Paper" is in a private collection in Huntsville.

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A PENITENT DOG



Dog stories have become so common that they bear as much credibility as "fish stories," but the following is so well vouched for as to leave no possible doubt of its truth.

A lady in Huntsville owns a very intelligent dog named Jeb, of whom she desired to have a picture. She accordingly took him to a photographic gallery, and with the assistance of the artist, endeavored to make her pet take and keep a suitable position before the camera. The jittery dog however was not in an accommodating mood that morning, and, after repeated trials, the attempt to conquer him was abandoned in despair.

"Go home!" the lady said, at last, pointing to the door. "You are a bad, naughty, naughty dog!" The culprit changed instantly his saucy manner, and, dropping his tail between his legs, slunk away in confusion. All the rest of the day he seemed to realize that he was in disgrace, crouching in corners and wearing a shamefaced air. The next morning he was missing, not having come home at all the night before. All search failed to discover him.

About noon he reappeared at his mistress' doorstep, much elated, and fastened to his collar was a very handsome photograph of himself. Upon investigation, this is what was discovered.

When the photographer had

"There's nothing wrong with you that reincarnation won't cure."

Jack E. Leonard

gone to his gallery to open up that morning, there at the door was the same pooch who had refused to pose for any picture. It appeared that it had been waiting patiently for quite some time. As soon as the door to the gallery was opened, Jeb dashed upstairs to the same room they had been in the day before, and immediately leapt upon the chair on which he was supposed to pose, and did so now.

Seizing the opportunity, the artist made his preparations with all possible speed, and the result was the delightful picture which the four-footed penitent had taken home, a peace offering of love to his mistress.

From 1915 newspaper



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Tweetie's Pet Tips

Merry Christmas to Everyone from Tweetie!

- Exercise is a must!

There is only so much exercise your parakeet can get inside of its cage. It should be taken out regularly to run and fly around. Rooms with hardwood or linoleum floors afford the easiest clean-up. Be sure all doors and windows are shut and curtains closed (birds may fly into windows and injure themselves).

- Get the Right Perches

Cages usually come with a couple boring perches. These should be replaced because they don't meet your bird's needs. Bird feet don't get a proper work-out unless perches vary in diameter. You can buy natural tree branch perches or plastic perches that have fat and thin spots. Perches with a sandpaper finish are also good for parakeets.

- Toys, toys, and more toys

Parakeets are playful creatures and like shiny toys; toys that make noise, objects that they can move around, and anything they can poke, move, or grab with their beaks and feet. Rotate the toys from time to time to keep them feeling "new" and also to not over-clutter the cage.

- They love Karaoke

Parakeets like to chirp, but really like to sing. Turn on your itunes and see what songs or genre of music really gets them singing. If you're away at work, consider leaving a radio on at a moderate volume for them. Your parakeet could be the next American Idol!

- Keep a variety of food and treats available

Parakeets, like many pets, like to have a variety of treats to nibble on. Many pet stores have different types of biscuits, clip on sticks, and bird seeds. Consider keeping a few types on hand and even using one type of treat as a "reward" when training your parakeet and earning its trust.



- Handle your parakeet gently

Most are shy and having a hand reach out to them can be scary. When you and your parakeet are getting to know each other, be careful to never grab him.

- Build and maintain trust


It can take months to build but once it does, your parakeet will perch on your finger. You can coax by gently nudging your finger against its lower chest. As time goes on, your parakeet will be happy to see you since you're the one feeding him, playing with him, rotating toys, and giving him all these great things to do.

- Keep the cage clean

Scrub the perches, clean the bottom, and when needed, wash the whole cage. It's amazing how much mess one little bird can make in a day. Clean the cage every day, maybe even twice a day if you have two and wipe down the surfaces at least once a week to keep the perches free from old droppings. This will help keep your bird healthy.

- Keep your parakeet warm

A parakeet doesn't like temperatures below 70 degrees. Keep him in a room where there aren't any drafts, no cooking fumes, and away from anything that could vibrate his cage. Your parakeet may like to see the sun, look out a window, but his cage shouldn't be right against it because it can be really chilly at night for him.



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From the Desk of Tom Carney

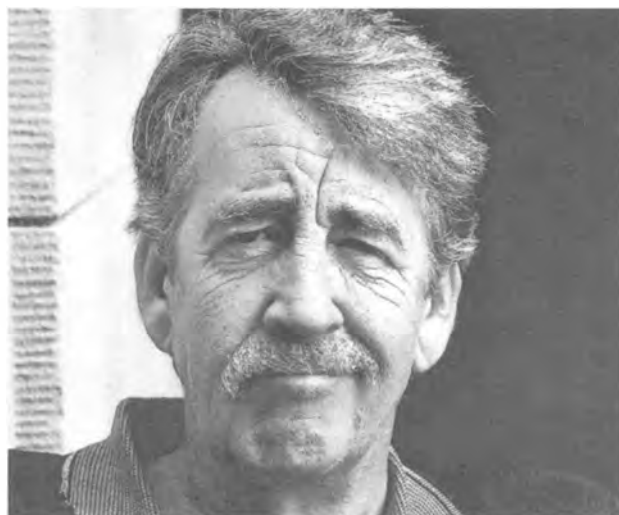
The Mystery Lady of Keel Mountain

by Tom Carney

For years, tales and legends have persisted about Keel Mountain, some with a basis in fact, others with none. Stories about Indian chiefs, hermits, and outlaws all make an appearance when groups of friends gather around a roaring fireplace on a cold wintry evening, but perhaps no story is as strange as the one we present here:

No one knows for certain where Eleanor came from; we don't even know her full name. According to legend, she made her first appearance around 1850. Farmers and travelers alike stopped to stare at the young woman trudging slowly up the road pulling a hand cart loaded with her few meager possessions. At every house she would stop and ask if, perhaps, they might have work for her, and possibly a place for her to sleep. People would later say that even though she always had a faint smile on her face, there seemed to be an aura of sadness hanging over her.

A short while later, those living in the community heard that she had taken up residence in an old abandoned hut at the foot of Keel Mountain. She made no attempt at farming and rarely, if ever, had contact with other people. She never visited the local store. People



had no idea how she managed to survive.

Immediately, rumors began to spread about the peculiar woman living in the broken-down hovel at the foot of Keel Mountain. Woodcutters and hunters told stories about passing by her place and seeing deer, raccoons, and other wild animals following the woman around as she went about her chores. The animals seemed to have no fear whatsoever of this strange but gentle lady. She was seen feeding deer by hand. The closer you got to her place, the louder the birds got. When at her place, they all appeared to coexist in a peaceful kind of

harmony. It was rumored that the animals protected her from harm, and would let her know when strangers drew near. Other people claimed that it was Eleanor who protected the animals.

The rumors might have eventually died down, had not two young men decided to go torch-hunting one night. There used to be a clearing on the top of Keel Mountain where deer would congregate and feed at night, and it was there the men decided to try their luck.

Quietly picking their way through the woods, they stopped at the edge of the field. Their hunch had been right; a

"It gives me a headache to think about that kind of stuff. I'm just a kid. I don't need that kind of trouble."

Kenny, age 7, on love



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whole herd of deer were feeding in the clearing, with one huge, solid-white buck standing guard. Suddenly, for no explainable reason, the buck's head jerked up and every muscle in his body went tense. The rest of the herd immediately took flight, while the white buck stood perfectly still.

In the last second before the white buck was about to flee, the young men raised their rifles and fired. Dropping their rifles and racing to the spot where they had last seen the deer, they came to an abrupt stop. The buck had vanished; no tracks, no blood-trail, nothing. It had completely vanished. The only evidence of anything ever being there was a blood soaked shawl lying in the spot where the deer had disappeared.

The young men were at first puzzled, and then frightened as the idea began to sink in that, perhaps, they had shot a person. But no, that was impossible. They both agreed they had seen the white deer fall.

Returning home, the men told their families what had happened. Quickly, the neighbors organized a search party just in case there was a person lying on the mountain, wounded. As the search party fanned out across the mountain, it quickly became apparent that something was different. There were no birds in the trees, no deer running in front of the search parties, not even a fleeing rabbit. It was almost as if all the animals had deserted Keel Mountain.

After searching for most of the next day and finding nothing, the men finally gave up. Coming down from the mountain, they decided to stop at Eleanor's house and get a drink of water. It would also give them a chance to satisfy their curiosity about the strange woman about whom they had heard so many rumors.

As they approached the house, they shouted out a hello. No answer. They shouted again. Still no answer. The house looked like it was deserted. The door was hanging off of its hinges, and most of the roof had long since disappeared. The men were about to leave, when all of a sudden, a huge white buck walked out of the woods.

It was later said that the deer just stood there, looking at the hunters.

Several of the men raised their rifles and shot at the buck. The animal just stood there calmly, watching them. Other men began blasting at the buck, which stood motionless while the deadly barrage was taking place, until finally it slowly turned around and walked back into the woods.

Some of the men in the group were the best rifle shots in the county, yet they could not hit a deer standing only fifty feet away. Others in the party who were standing off to one side later said that when the men began shooting at the deer, they could see bark flying off the trees directly behind. It was almost, and they said this very hesitantly, "like the bullets were passing right through the deer."

In the late fall of 1923, John Ingrams was returning home from a hard day at work. As

he approached the foot of Keel Mountain, in the midst of a freak snowstorm, he was suddenly forced to slam on his brakes. Standing in the middle of the road, directly in front of his car, was a woman. Leaving his car, John approached the spot where he had seen the woman a few moments before. The woman had disappeared. No sign of her could be found anywhere. The only sign in the fresh snow was a set of enormous deer tracks. Being curious about the strange tracks and the disappearance of the woman, John followed the tracks a short piece up the road to where a bridge crossed the stream. The bridge was gone, it had collapsed. Amazed and confused at the good fortune that had saved his life, John was about to return to his car when his attention was drawn to the other side of the stream. Standing there calmly, not moving a muscle, was the largest buck he had ever seen ... and it was pure white.

No one has ever been able to explain the strange facts surrounding the woman, and while almost everyone living near Keel Mountain has seen a white deer at some time or the other, no one has ever seen or heard of one being killed.

Maybe it was something that could not have been harmed by mortal man.

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The Mystery of 6654

Huntsville was in the grips of one of the coldest winters on record when in February, 1906, a stranger appeared at the Huntsville Hotel and requested a room.

The stranger, an elderly man, was dressed in summer clothing and carried no luggage. He asked for a room for two weeks and paid in advance with cash.

He also asked that no one, not even the maids, be permitted to enter his room. Instead of signing his name to the register, he wrote the numbers 6654.

The following morning he began a routine he would follow every day for the next two weeks. Eat breakfast at the hotel, walk three blocks to a barber shop where he would request a shave, sit on a bench in front of the Courthouse for the rest of the day until finally returning to the hotel for dinner. This routine was followed faithfully every day.

At the end of two weeks, the stranger disappeared. The manager of the hotel, worried about the man's strange behavior, finally entered the room. The room was exactly the way it was when the stranger had rented it. The bed had not been slept in, sheets not even turned down, and there was no sign anyone had been in the room since it was last cleaned, two weeks previously.

Adding to the mystery were six envelopes lying on the bed, addressed to different individuals around town. In each envelope were five one hundred dollar bills.

Later checking revealed that none of the individuals knew the stranger. They also had no idea what the money was for, or what the numbers 6654 stood for.

Another Huntsville story that has never been explained.

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Sauteed Tilapia Fillet: For the healthy minded a nice boneless fillet seasoned with dill and lemon. Served with your choice of two sides.

BBQ Ribs: Mouth watering goodness guaranteed to make your tongue slap your brain crazy! Served with BBQ sauce and two sides of you're choosing.

BBQ Chicken: Hickory Smoked for just the right length of time, served with BBQ sauce or white sauce and two sides.

Cuban Sandwich: Thin sliced ham and smoked pork butt served with cheese, mustard and pickles on a toasted hoagie roll. Messy but worth it! Served with one side item.

Smoked Boston Butt: Slowly smoked, tender and juicy hand pulled, served with BBQ sauce. Served with two side items.

Black Angus Hand Pattied Burger: Black Angus lean ground chuck, cooked to order, and served with lettuce, tomato and onion, on a toasted bun. Add cheese and bacon if you like at an additional cost. And served with one side item.

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ALABAMA ASSOCIATION FOR JUSTICE PRESENTS: The People's Law School for 2013

When: January 28, 2013 - April 9, 2013, Monday Nights 6:30 p.m. - 8:40 p.m.

Where: City Public Safety Building, Courtroom A, 815 Wheeler Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801

For More Information, Contact:

BRINKLEY & CHESNUT

Attorneys at Law

307 Randolph Avenue

Post Office Box 2026

Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Telephone: (256) 533-3333 allen@huntsvilleattorneys.com

Schedule for Spring 2013

January 28, 2013	Charles L. Brinkley – Tort Law Mayor Tommy Battle — City Government
February 4, 2013	Bill Baxley – 1963 Birmingham bombing Judge Chris Comer - Court System
February 11, 2013	Phil Price - DUI Law John Brinkley, Jr – Criminal Law
February 18, 2013	Connie Glass – Elder Law Perry Shuttlesworth – Nursing Home Law
February 25, 2013	Josh Hayes – Roll on 18-Wheeler Mike Wisner – Tax Law, Fighting the IRS
March 4, 2013	Charles Boyd – Social Security Law Jim Richardson-- Insurance Law
March 11, 2013	George Moore – Workers Compensation Matt Glover – Industrial Accident Investigation
March 18, 2013	Ed Gentle – Mass Torts Kerri Riley – Employment Law
March 25, 2013	Richard Chesnut – Real Estate Law Bob Prince – How Insurance Companies defend claims
April 1, 2013	Joan Marie Dean – Divorce Law Charles Edgar – Private Investors
April 8, 2013	Derek Simpson & Barton Warren — Trial Techniques Allen Brinkley – Graduation

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More Moonshine Stills Raided

Whiskey Makers Fall to the Law after Desperate Shootout

Messrs. T.G. Hewlett, Joseph W. Ellett, John Latham and T.A. Thurston made a raid into Blount County last week. They moved on Jere Cornelius at his home seven miles southeast of Blountsville. Latham and Hewlett went up to the house while the other two flanked on the outside.

Cornelius snapped his gun at Hewlett and then ran out and broke for a thicket. He encountered Ellett and shot at him, missing him. He reached the thicket and when Hewlett approached he was making ready to shoot. Hewlett got in a shot before he could and let him have it in the belt. The shot, which would have either wounded him seriously or killed him, was caught by a belt which Cornelius was wearing, and it did not hurt him to amount

to anything. Cornelius surrendered as soon as Hewlett shot.

W. Washburn, Hendricks, Brazeale, R.E. McAnally, James Putnam and John Hand were likewise arrested and all of the parties were brought to Huntsville. Washburn, Brazeale and McAnally were discharged upon an investigation. Putnam gave bond and Hand and Cornelius were put in jail.

Putnam had carried a barrel of apple-brandy to Cullman to fire the throats of the Teutons. Cornelius, at the time he was arrested, had a double-barreled shotgun, two revolvers and a pair of brass knucks. He told them that they could kill him but they couldn't scare him a "damn bit," and the boys say that he wouldn't scare worth a cent.

from 1878 newspaper

"He was a wise man who invented beer."
Plato

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Shooting and Stabbing in Hazel Green



One person shot blind, another was stabbed by his own brother.

We learn of two serious difficulties in the Hazel Green district, last week. On Tuesday night, a Mr. Talent shot William Weaver in the head, the ball passing through the only good eye Weaver had, leaving him totally blind.

They were in a quarrel at Key's Mill, and it is said that there was a good deal of whiskey around. Talent was arraigned before Justice Fowler and after an investigation was discharged. Weaver was alive when last heard from and may recover.

The second affair was between two brothers by the name of Holloway, in the same district four miles from Hazel Green, last Friday, in which Gabe Holloway was cut in the abdomen by his own brother. There was a game of cards going on and Gabe Holloway was trying to induce his brother, who was engaged in the game, to quit playing and go to work, whereupon his brother grew angry, according to our information, and cut him. He is in very critical condition.

from 1878 newspaper

Tips from Earlene

- If you've smashed your finger in a door, get your significant other to grate some onion and add a teaspoonful of salt to the onion. Apply it to your finger and you should feel relief immediately.

- For hoarseness or laryngitis, stir a mixture of 2 teaspoons onion juice and 1 teaspoon honey. Take 3 spoonfuls every 3 hours.

- Another remedy for hoarseness is to boil a pound of black beans in a gallon of water for an hour. Drain the water, and drink 6 ounces of the liquid an hour before each meal. Next, see our remedy for "Flatulence."

- For gas or flatulence, mix a teaspoonful of baking powder with a cup of water. Drink all at once. Or make some peppermint tea, and sip it slowly. And now you can call me names for recommending the black bean remedy for hoarseness.

- Try a low-fat substitute for whipped cream by dropping a ripe banana and the white of an egg in a bowl, beat with mixer on high til stiff.

- Store ends and heels of bread in a plastic bag in the freezer, to use later when you make garlic/onion croutons.

- If your cookies have become

hard, cut a couple of pieces of orange or lemon peel to put in the cookie jar with them.

- I knew that hair spray works really well when you're trying to remove ballpoint ink stains from clothes and wallpaper, but was very dubious about leather. My favorite wallet had a roller ink pen mark on it that I just couldn't get off with soap, so I tried the hair spray. Guess what? It worked like a charm, just required a little rubbing.

- Iron your ironing board cover occasionally with heavy starch to help keep it clean and smooth.

- For an unusual health tonic, try mixing a teaspoonful of honey with 1/2 teaspoonful of garlic juice.

- Peppermint tea is not only soothing, but it will help you digest your food and get rid of that nasty indigestion after your meal.

- No one knows why, but an excellent remedy for premenstrual tension in women is to take 2 capsules of garlic daily. You can buy them now with no smell or after effect.

- Regarding garlic, 2 capsules a day are also known to help soothe painful arthritis. Also, try rubbing a freshly cut clove of garlic right on your painful joints.



FIGHT CRIME!

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Ring Them Bells!



Members of the Golden K Kiwanis Club of Huntsville will be Salvation Army bell ringers on Saturday, Dec. 15, at the Walmart store on Drake Avenue & South Parkway. Come by and make your contribution for this good cause!

Other Youth Activities Golden K Supports

Alabama Science Fair * Everybody Can Play Playground * Blount Hospitality House
Boy Scout Troop 400 * Toys for Tots * Children's Advocacy Center * Downtown Rescue Mission
Second Mile * Court Appointed Juvenile Advocate * Huntsville Achievement School
Huntsville/Madison County Library * Madison County Special Olympics
Veterans Memorial Museum
Scholarships for Alabama A&M & Oakwood University & Calhoun Community College

Golden K is on line at www.GoldenKHsv.org

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golden K kiwanis

Instructions for Giving Your Cat a Pill



1. Pick your cat up and cradle it in the crook of your left arm as if holding a little baby. Position right forefinger and thumb on either side of the cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth pop pill into mouth. Allow cat to close mouth and swallow.

2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind sofa. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.

3. Retrieve cat from bedroom and throw soggy pill away.

4. Take new pill from foil wrap, cradle cat in left arm while holding rear paws tightly with left hand. Force jaws open and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth shut for a count of ten.

5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from garage.

6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, holding front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get spouse to hold head firmly with one hand while forcing wooden ruler into cat's mouth. Drop pill down ruler and rub cat's throat vigorously.

7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy new ruler and repair curtains. Carefully sweep shattered Danube Figurines from hearth and set to one side for gluing later.

8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with cat's head just visible from below arm pit. Put pill in end of drinking straw, force cat's mouth pen with pencil and blow

pill through drinking straw.

9. Check label to make sure pill not harmful to humans, drink glass of water to take taste away. Apply band-aid to spouse's forearm and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap.

10. Retrieve cat from neighbor's shed. Get another pill. Place cat in cupboard and close door on neck to leave head showing. Force cat's mouth open with dessert spoon. Flick pill down throat with rubber band.

11. Fetch screwdriver from garage and put door back on hinges. Apply cold compress to cheek and check records for date of last tetanus shot. Throw tee-shirt away and fetch new one from bedroom.

12. Call the Fire Department to retrieve cat from tree across the road. Apologize to neighbor who crashed into fence while swerving to avoid cat. Take last pill from foil wrap.

13. Tie cat's front paws to rear with garden twine and bind tightly to leg of dining room table and find heavy duty pruning gloves from shed. Open cat's mouth with small spoon.

Push pill into mouth followed by large piece of ribeye steak. Hold head vertically and pour half pint of water down throat to wash pill and steak down.

14. Get spouse to drive you to emergency room. Sit quietly while doctor stitches fingers and forearm and removes pill remnants from right eye. Call furniture shop on way home to order new table.

15. Return home and observe cat in middle of living room playing with last pill and piece of steak before chewing and swallowing them.

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Anna Netrebko and Ambrogio Maestri in L'Elisir d'Amore

The Metropolitan Opera, Live in HD 2012-2013

The Metropolitan Opera's Emmy and Peabody award-winning series of live performance transmissions returns to movie theaters across the United States this fall! The seventh season of The Met: Live in HD begins with Donizetti's L'Elisir d'Amore on Saturday, October 13 and will feature 12 live and 12 encore presentations through May 2013.

All live events take place on Saturdays. In addition to the live events, encore performances will be exhibited on select Wednesdays after the respective live event*. The full schedule of events follows below.

Don't miss the chance to experience the excitement of the Metropolitan Opera, including interviews and behind-the-scenes features exclusive to the Live in HD series, all at your neighborhood movie theater!

Tickets are available at Regal's Hollywood 18 box office or online via FathomEvents.com - Hollywood 18 Theatre at 3312 So. Mem. Pkwy., Huntsville, AL 35801

PRICING Adult \$24, Senior \$22 and Child \$18.
+Prices vary by location

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12/19 - La Clemenza di Tito ENCORE

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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. **Yankee Bands in Dixie's Land - Music CD** by Olde Towne Brass \$15
6. **Huntsville Sketchbook - over 100 color paintings** by local artists \$25
7. **True Tales of Old Madison County - back in stock** - by Pat Jones \$7.95
8. **Remembering Margaret Mitchell** by Huntsvillian Lucille Thompson Love \$18
9. **Changing Huntsville 1890-1899** by Elizabeth Humes Chapman \$10.00
10. **Lost Writings of Howard Weeden** by Fisk & Riley \$20.00