



THE SOUTH WILL RISE AGAIN!

After the end of the Civil War, people in the defeated Confederacy were desolate, seeking any means to restore faith in themselves. They were often told to take heart, that "The South Will Rise Again!" But no one really knew how, or when, that would happen.....

Also in this issue: Carl Tate, a Country Gentleman

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The South Will Rise Again!

by David Chamberlain

After the end of the Civil War, people in the defeated Confederacy were desolate, seeking any means to restore faith in themselves. They were often told to take heart, that "The South Will Rise Again!" But no one really knew how, or when, that would happen...

At least in one aspect, it has finally happened, and there is a definite Huntsville connection. Do you know what, or who it

The bloodiest conflict in American history, the War Between the States, claimed the lives of over 600,000 soldiers, and countless civilians. In addition, the infrastructure of the Southern economy and government was destroyed. Conquered and occupied by the Northern military, Southerners were crushed under the vengeful boot of Reconstruction.

For veterans of "The Lost Cause", this was a humiliating, emasculating ordeal that left their self-worth deeply damaged, their lives sadly adrift in an ennui of feeling unable to regain their sense of pride and

Don't let your worries get the best of you.
Remember that Moses started out as a

purpose, or defend their regional honor.

November 13, 1869. Less than five years after the war's end, Princeton and Rutgers played the first college football game. This inaugural season consisted of these teams playing two games. A third scheduled game was not played due to a dispute. Split wins resulted in the first national championship being awarded retroactively to both teams. A long legacy of controversy over college football and its "mythical" national championship commenced.

Football's gladiator-style combat was later seized on by young men of the South as a means of literally winning back their pride. Though played on a different field of battle, it often

proved just as deadly.

Early football was played without any protective gear, resulting in sheer carnage rivaling a small military skirmish for violence. In the flying wedge formation, primarily used on kick returns, the players locked arms in a V-shaped group and charged down the field, literally using heads and bodies as battering rams to block for the ball carrier. It was eventually banned. Remember, though, just a few years prior, some of these young men were bravely charging into a hell-hail of minnie balls and cannon grapeshot, so this was "fun" for them.



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Did you know that in 1905, nineteen players died from injuries sustained on prep and college football fields? Another 139 sustained traumatic injuries, including paralysis. Not to belittle any injury, but this kind of makes the current outcry about concussions seem a bit tame.

A call to ban the sport entirely was answered by President Theodore Roosevelt. He initiated reform that eventually led to the formation of the National College Athletics Association (NCAA). Reportedly, he was swayed into action by the fact that his own son was injured badly, while playing for Harvard. Without his intervention, one of America's favorite sports would not even exist now.

Averting disaster, the game has evolved into its present form. Over the years there have been many great college football teams and programs. Intense rivalries have developed, some into outright blood feuds. But none are more storied and accomplished than those of the University of Alabama and Notre Dame University. With

twenty-seven national titles between them, they stand above the rest as stellar representatives of the South and North, respectively.

Their rivalry, though they have played only seven times, is passionate. 'Bama has won more championships (15), yet the Fighting Irish hold the edge in head-to-head games, five to two. Of those contests, three decided the national champion.

Notre Dame and its famed coach Ara Parseghian were a thorn in the side of Alabama's legendary Paul "Bear" Bryant. Though he held winning records against every other program, his tally against The Irish was zero for four. Two losses to Parseghian, in 1973 and 1975, cost Bryant two titles. The only other coach he could not beat was General Robert Neyland, the University of Tennessee's greatest coach. He settled that score with two long winning streaks against the Vols in the seventies and eighties. As much as "The Bear" disliked Tennessee, you have to think he held a special enmity for Ara Parseghian and Notre Dame –







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sentiments against these two ancient rivals still held by Ala-

bama fans today.

Along with fierce national and regional competitiveness, there has always been controversy over just who was national champion of any given year. It was not uncommon for two or more teams to claim rights, as the champion was sometimes named before the bowl games. Also, methods of choosing differed year to year. Split titles were the norm, not the exception. Several systems have been devised over the years, but none have proved conclusive.

From 1869 to 1913, college football was really just the Ivy League playoffs. Teams like Yale (16 titles), Princeton (14 titles) and Harvard (8 titles) dominated, primarily because they were about the only ones playing. Thirty-eight of fortyfour titles says it all. This was a result of the fact that it takes a good deal of money to fund a football program; look at budgets today. Economic collapse in the South left hardly enough funds to keep the schools running, much less for new ven-

In the period 1914-1950, larger schools outside the East began to build programs and the field of play changed. Economic recovery allowed southern schools to compete. Georgia Tech, coached by John Heisman (recognize that last name?), got the first olive out of the jar in 1917, the first of two titles in this span. Alabama took the first two of its many titles in 1925 and 1926.

In December of 1932, in Knoxville, Tennessee, the SEC was formed. In 1939 Tennessee went a ten game regular season

"Love may make the world go 'round, but so will a big swallow of tobacco juice."

Isaiah Crow, age 90

without surrendering a point, the last time this feat was ever accomplished. Northern teams still dominated, but they were hearing footsteps...

With Tennessee's third title, in 1951, the Vols and 'Bama established themselves as flag bearers in the campaign for Southern football supremacy. Successful programs at Arkansas, Auburn, Georgia, LSU, Mississippi, Florida, Florida State, Miami and Texas followed, forming the vanguard of this "army". Alabama's unparalleled successes in the coming decades would establish the standard to which all programs nationwide aspired.

During an incredible sixtyone year run, southern schools have won thirty-three titles, compared to thirteen for northern schools, with another fifteen spread amongst schools like Oklahoma (6), Nebraska (4) and others.

Nine of eleven former Con-

federate states have titles, excepting only Virginia and North Carolina. Florida holds ten alone.

Nobody in the country can top the state of Alabama for football dominance. The University of Alabama has an unprecedented fifteen national championships, and the end is nowhere in sight under the

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guidance of Coach Nick Saban. With three BCS titles in four years, he is already being mentioned as occupying the same stratosphere as "The Bear". That is some rare air indeed.

Auburn University's titles in 1957 and 2010 make seventeen. No other state has as many.

In the Civil War, Alabama troops were known as "Yellow-hammers", because a feather from this bird in their caps distinguished them in battle. Years later, Alabama fans echo their southern pride with this cheer:

"Rammer jammer, Yellowhammer! Give 'em Hell, Ala-

bama!"

Historical sources also believe the "Rammer jammer" reference is to the prowess of Alabama's Civil War artillery batteries, and the act of ramming the charge and shot home before firing the cannon. Another fact is though the first official game was played by northern colleges, there is evidence southern troops first played the game in their winter encampments, whereas northern troops preferred, obviously, snowball fights. South or North, these melees were extremely violent forerunners of football.

The latest attempt to unravel the tangled football title debate is the Bowl Championship Series, or BCS. It has come close to settling the issue, with twelve straight pairings of the number one and two ranked teams in the title match-up. Impressive when you consider this has only happened eight times in the previous 129 years. But even the BCS will be scrapped in the 2014 season in for a playoff system. Good luck with that, if history is any indication.

One thing is for sure. Since its inception in 1998, Southern football teams have dominated the BCS. Tennessee won the first one and southern teams have twelve of the subsequent fifteen. Many argue reasonably Auburn should be awarded the 2004 title vacated by USC, giving the South thirteen.

The most impressive fact is the SEC has won nine of those, including the last seven in a row. On top of that, SEC teams from the state of Alabama have won the last four ('Bama in 2009, 2011, 2012; Auburn in 2010).

Finally, one game exemplified, defined and settled this intra-sectional rivalry for good. The fact now stands undisputed that the South is victorious in this aspect of its quest for regional redemption. It was played on January 8, 2013. Going head-to-head for the first time since 1987, Alabama and Notre Dame lined up to vie for the BCS title in the Orange Bowl. Though Notre Dame was undefeated and ranked #1, the Crimson Tide had fought through the gauntlet of a brutal SEC regular season, then a nailchewer of a conference championship game with Georgia, to a 12-1 mark and a #2 spot in

the polls. As we say in the South, "Bama had a lot tougher row to hoe."

On its first drive, 'Bama's offense exposed the weak underbelly of the much-heralded Irish defense, by bashing their way down field to a quick touch-



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down. The game was basically finished at that point. Too bad the real Civil War could not

have ended so quickly!

The Tide rolled 42-14, taking the fight out of the Fighting Irish with a single smashmouth blow. Welcome to the SEC, Notre Dame, where even our second-tier ranked teams gave Alabama a better game. commented Notre Dame would probably finish about eighth, had they competed in the SEC. Had this been a Civil War battle, it would be compared to the routs in resounding Confederate victories at Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Now for the final question: Can you identify the famous Huntsville native who is the connection between the Alabama-Notre Dame football rivalry, the BCS national championship, Southern football and the American Civil War?

Born two years after the first football game, he was the scion of a historic Huntsville family. In many ways this man embod-

Thieves who steal corn from a garden could be charged with stalking.

ied the set of ideals and images collectively known as "The American Dream". He started as a clerk for a local railroad company.

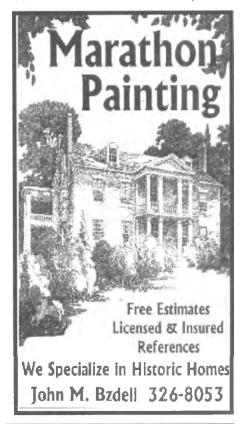
From there, during a long business career, he ascended to the presidency of a giant corporation, steering this company into the position of leader in automobile production. From the beginning, his life was filled with one achievement after another. In the days before cell phones & computers, he was quite the multi-tasker.

Besides his acumen for business, he was a multifaceted and generous individual. Relocating for business reasons to South Bend, Indiana, he was active there in city planning projects and the development of its parks and hospitals. He served on the Notre Dame University Board of Trustees and supported the YMCA and city beautifi-

cation projects.

Although making a home in South Bend, he did not relinguish his southern roots. A 600-acre subdivision, of which his grand mansion and estate was the centerpiece, was named Twyckenham, an Anglicized spelling in honor of Huntsville's first name. Apparently, he did not recall the Alabama history lesson that taught the name was changed to Twickenham, seeking to distance the city from its recently evicted owners!

Two years before his death, he lent his name to a major Huntsville construction project. Located downtown, this



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hotel used to dominate the city skyline. I remember my parents, learning their way around when we first moved here, using it as a navigation landmark. The most elegant hotel for about a hundred-mile radius, it was extremely popular in its day. Restored, today it is an apartment complex for senior citizens. You have guessed his name by now, have you not?

The name of this man was Russel Erskine. An accomplished athlete in his youth, in later years he was feared on the golf course. He loved all sports, but especially football. His brainchild was the Albert Russel Erskine Award, given to the national collegiate champion. In order to reach a final decision, a poll of sportswriters and a designated panel of thirty were components of the calculation process. This was a forerunner of the modern BCS method.

Let's see, trustee at Notre

Dame, from Alabama.... Interesting.... No wonder Alabama and Notre Dame have won so many titles between them... Just kidding... Better quit before I start another Civil War!

So there it is, the connection tying together all the convoluted elements of this confusing, but interesting, puzzle to Huntsville.

In a 360 degree reversal of the events of the Civil War, where early Southern success was followed by resounding, demoralizing defeat, you can certainly say it was "The Tide" that turned "the tide" of the college football battle... from early losses into ultimate, complete victory.

Alabama...."The Heart of Dixie"... cradle of the old Confederacy, again forms the centerpiece in this latest chapter in southern regional resurgence...

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Growing up with Aunt Annie

by Gale Nichols

Growing up as a child with a single working mother, (who passed away at a very young age) it was necessary a lot of times that I was dropped off on my Aunt Annie Price's doorstep. I'm sure that while raising four children of her own, I probably wasn't always a welcome sight. She never let me feel that way because whenever the Easter bunny came to see her children, I also woke up with an Easter basket.

She always made sure that God was a part of mine and her children's lives. She practiced what she preached - she helped with the sick and visited the ill that may not have close family members in Huntsville. I still, in all these years, don't know how she found the time. She gave of herself freely and asked nothing in return. She's truly an angel on earth.

As I approach my senior years, we would sit and talk about her selling one of her Mama's chicken's eggs for one piece of gum, and how she had to pick cotton, to have the money for a nickel movie. We laughed about the night before my wedding, when her house-keeper dumped my wedding cake, upside down on the carport. She took it all in stride though and held a reception for me the next day.

There aren't any awards or major recognitions for good people in this world but I hope that somewhere in everyone's life there is an Aunt Annie.



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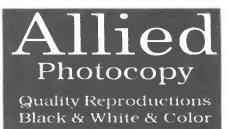
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A Real Country Gentleman

by Malcolm W. Miller

A long time friend and community leader, Justin Carl Tate, passed away January 7, 2013 at the age of 94, leaving behind his loving wife, Evelyn, of 68 years.

I had wanted to visit Carl and Evelyn for several months last year and as usual many things got in the way until December of 2012 when my wife and I stopped by to visit them. We had a wonderful visit, just like old times. They both seemed to be doing well and both seemed

to be very happy.

Carl mentioned to me that he had been reading the articles I had written for the Old Huntsville Magazine and he truly enjoyed them. He said he would like to write an article and send it in to the Old Huntsville as his life had been a good and interesting one. We told him we would come out the first of the year and he could dictate the story of his life to my wife. Then, the first of the year he was gone, taking with him a lifetime of interesting memories and stories.

He wrote poems for anyone celebrating a special occasion. When Evelyn and Carl would take trips with others, by the time they returned, he would have written a poem about everyone on the trip and given it to them.

One story he told us was how he, his brother and sisters lived with their parents in a two-room log cabin and he and his brother slept together on a straw mattress. The cabin had a lean-to beside it for a kitchen. Later on another room was added, around the time the younger sister was born. When it was cold you could see your breath inside the house. His family was poor, but they were

hard workers and a very good upstanding family in the community. He worked very hard in his formative years with his Dad and brother on the farm. His brother, Homer Tate, became the owner of Tate Farms in Meridianville.

Carl and Homer had good times with their sisters, Mildred Phillips and Katie Brown, and their host of friends in the

Riverton area when they were teenagers. He had many stories about this. Most of his stories were about the basketball games he played for Riverton. He was one of the best players. Being on a basketball team is one way of making many friends and good memories.

Carl and Evelyn were sweethearts in high school. He drove the school bus after he graduated and he was sweet on Evelyn at that time and would always let her out right at her door.

Carl proudly served his country in the Army Air Corp in World War II as a tail gunner on a B-24 Liberator bomber, flying 51 missions over Europe. In his living room he has a large picture of himself in his flight



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gear, a large picture of the B-24 Liberator bomber, a picture of his flight crew as well as a model of the Liberator. The picture of him in his flight gear looked like a very young man. It is amazing how many of the young men in the United States have fought and are fighting for our freedom. One wall is covered with awards and medals. He finished his service in the Air force in Courtland, Alabama. I find his service career very impressive. He definitely was a real war hero. Lewis Jennings, a friend, told us that Carl saw his best friend shot down during that time. Later he saw his friend and was shocked and thrilled to see he was still alive. Can you imagine such dedication and courage?

After he returned from the war he and Evelyn, his high school sweetheart, were married. Out of that union came a son Ray and a daughter Jan. Jan is now married to Herbert Harvill. Carl and Evelyn have five grandchildren and three great

grandchildren.

When we were both young men I was working at the Shoe Plant, General Shoe Corporation. I was playing with the Shoe Plant basketball team and Carl was playing basketball for the Hill Davis Supply Semi Pro Team. Two of the other players that I remember on the team were Jim Ben Gossett and Arlis League. Carl and I were guarding each other as we were both tall. I must admit, although I hate to, that the Hill Davis Supply Semi Pro Team stomped us.

Carl Tate's name is in the Madison County Hall of Heroes and he is also a member of the Madison County Athletic Hall of Fame, recognized for his bas-

ketball skills.

After Carl came home from the Air Force he was a distributor for the Pure Oil Company for many years until retirement.

During that time Evelyn was delivering mail. That is when I

worked in the same office with her and got to know the couple well. After Carl retired from the Pure Oil Company he delivered mail and continued to do so well into his 80s. Evelyn, Carl and I could tell stories about mail deliveries and trials with the job for an entire afternoon and more. We had to share with each other everything that jumped out of mailboxes when we opened them such as rabbits, wasps, snakes, frogs, etc.

The one thing in life that Carl enjoyed the most was singing about his Lord and savior Jesus Christ. He led the music at Flint River Baptist Church for 35 years prior to the 1990. He was very active in the church choir many years after that. He was also a deacon for many years and had a plaque for his dedication for that service. His singing and his works of the Lord have blessed and inspired many people over the years. He continued to sing until the end of his life and you can watch him singing on You-Tube, just go to YouTube and look up Carl Tate. He is singing "I Sing Because" and it is a wonderful, inspirational song.

He mostly sang at the Flint River Baptist Church, but was occasionally called upon to sing at other churches and functions. During his life there is no telling how many weddings, funerals, etc. where he blessed the people with his voice. The first time I heard him sing was at a funeral and I was very much impressed.

Carl Tate was a wonderful, generous and courageous person who will be missed by me, his family, his friends as well as many others.

God bless Carl Tate and his family and friends and the memories he has left for others.

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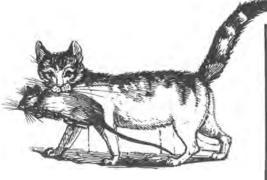
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The little cat recovered, and could not find ways enough to

show its gratitude.

One evening the lady had gone upstairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her, she got up and opened it, finding the cat with a mouse in its mouth. It had climbed up a pear tree which was nailed against the house. It laid the mouse at its mistress' feet and went away.

For more than a year the cat continued to bring its tributes to her. Even when it had kittens they were not allowed to touch this reserved share, and if they attempted to eat it the mother would give them a little tap that said, "That is not for thee."

After a while, however, the mistress accepted the gifts with

"His thoughts tumbled in his head, making and breaking alliances like underpants in a dryer without Cling Free."

English test entry by a high school freshman

a pleased look, and restored the mouse, which the cat permitted her offspring to take the prey, after it had served its purpose in her eyes.

Here was a refined feeling of gratitude remembered for years after, quite disinterred, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) toward her own offspring.

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Feeding the Kids

The Great Depression was devastating for Huntsville and Madison County. Times were hard and jobs were scarce. Many people, with no other way to support their families, began manufacturing illicit whiskey.

Sheriff Frank Riddick had received several tips of a moonshiner by the name of Tyler Moore making whiskey on Hurricane Creek. When he went to check it out, sure enough, there was Moore making all the preparations to run off another batch.

Mr. Riddick knew that Moore had a large family and would be in dire financial straits without the money from that whiskey, but he had no choice but to make the arrest.

Tyler appeared in court and was sentenced to six months.

Sheriff Riddick, feeling sorry for Moore's children, began stopping by their home every week or so to carry them groceries and to loan them money.

Six months went by and Tyler was released. Unfortunately, he went back to his old livelihood and was promptly arrested and sentenced again, this time for another six months.

Again, Sheriff Riddick provided food and clothing for the children while their father

was in jail.

Another six months went by and Moore was released. Less than a month later, the Sheriff received another tip and found Tyler back at his still working on another batch.

The following week, Moore appeared in court and was again found guilty. The judge was ready to announce the sentence when Sheriff Riddick spoke up and said, "Your Honor, could you make it thirty days this time? I don't think I can afford all those kids for another six months."

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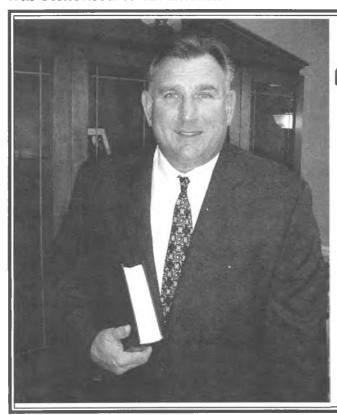
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TIMELESS HEALTH REMEDIES

If you can't sleep, try this:

* Take 1 tablespoon of honey every evening at dinner time, and you should have less trouble falling asleep at night. If a spoonful of honey doesn't do the trick, try a mixture of 3 teaspoons of apple cider vinegar and 1 cup of honey. Take 2 teaspoons of the mixture as you are getting ready to go to bed. If you still can't sleep after an hour, take 2 more teaspoonfuls of the mixture.

* A flayed and dried mouse, crushed into a powder and taken for three days straight, helps treat diabetes.

* To stop a nosebleed, bathe your

nose in vinegar.

* Give your colicky child mild ginger tea. It's great for digestion & gas problems.

problems.

* If you

* If you feel depressed, eat a lot of oregano on your pizza. Better yet, forget the pizza and just have the oregano. It is known to ease that down, depressed feeling.

* To cure insomnia, Mark Twain used to say, "Just lie near the edge of the bed and you'll drop right off!"

* An ointment made from white lilies and hogs' grease will help heal burns.

* If you have bad breath after eating garlic, chew on a sprig of parsley.

* If your husband tipples, add a very little bit of bitter almonds to all your dishes. Bitter almonds are said to prevent drunkenness.

* For a cough, make a syrup by steeping a stick of licorice in 1/2 cup very hot water. Wait until it's just cool

enough to drink.

* For a bad head cold, take a red onion, bruise it well and boil it. Add a little clarified honey and a big spoon of mustard, and when well boiled, breathe the fumes twice a day.

* Edgar Cayce used to swear that eating 3 almonds a day would prevent

any kind of cancer.

* If you need to stay awake and

don't want caffeine, mix a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a quart of juice - any kind with no sugar or preservation added. As soon as you feel sleepy, take a slug.

* Pinto's doing a number on your stomach? Prevent gas by doing this. Soak your beans overnight; throw away the water next day. Bring to boil with new water and an onion, throw away the boiling water and the onion, and add more fresh water and you'll be

pleasantly surprised.

* Old-timers swear by garlic oil for earache. Just puncture 1 garlic oil capsule and let the contents ooze into the ear. Gently plug your ear with a puff of cotton. The earache may ease considerably within half an hour or so.

* To purge the digestive system, make a syrup of crushed rhubarb, sugar and water. A strong man requires two ounces to cleanse the system; others need only one ounce.

* Bruised mint steeped in distilled water is a sure cure for hiccups.

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KELLER WILLIAMS

Advice to the Young "Safe Counsel, 1922"

Don't wait for 6 strong men to take you to church.

To the young folks, the amusements of their ancestors seem drab and dull. In order to be up to the minute they must dance the latest dances, know the newest jazz and wear the most extreme clothes. Smoking, gambling and drinking are excused in both

The modern method of dancing has done much to break down respect for womanhood. Modesty and decorum are flung to the winds. In their stead we have sensuality, coarseness and indecency. This evil can never be counteracted until parents realize the danger and do something to raise the standard.

Jazz music has done much to corrupt dancing and to make it impossible for young people to learn the more refined forms of dancing. At the same time it destroys all taste for the appreciation of good music. Jazz and immoral dancing are so closely related as to make it difficult to separate them. The dances take their names from the animals and low things of life. The music furnishes the vulgar atmosphere.

Immodest dress - for some strange reason too many of our modern girls seem to enjoy being called flappers. She glories in the lustful looks and vulgar comments which her appearance calls forth on the street. With bobbed hair, three coats of paint and powder, with plucked eyebrows, artificial eyelashes and carmine lips, with low-necked, short-sleeved, and generously peek-a-booed waist, with an abbreviated skirt and rolled down silk hose just meeting

pursues her ill-fated course.

If people turn to stare in horror-stricken amazement, she thinks her costume is a success; if she passes unnoticed, then something more must be done. Her sketchy costume cannot fail to arouse the passions of men and boys. To all outward appearances she is attempting to imitate the average age of the women who are arraigned in the morals court at 20 years old. And that accounts for the fact that the boy of today has learned more about vice and iniquity in 20 years than his father learned in a lifetime.

We see an increase of Burlesque or Leg Shows - Some of the so-called best people in the profession are using the shimmy shake in song, dance and pantomime. Barefoot dancing with naked limbs being shown through transparent nets, abbreviated skirts with flesh colored tights emphasizing the form and contour of the body by effective colored lights, are all a part of the nefarious business which escapes the ban under the guise of art.

We find ourselves wondering what this world is coming to.

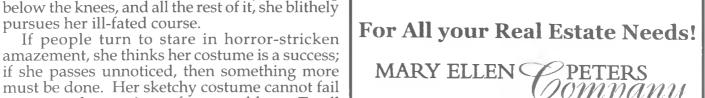


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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations to Stella Camp who was the first correct caller to identify the sweet photo of the month for February. It was none other than Ron Cooper of In Bloom at Five Points. Stella is retired from working at Firehouse Antiques and knew Ron from his days at Hartlex Antiques. She said his booth at Hartlex was the most beautiful and the way he arranged his products would make you feel like buying everything he had.

Ria and Ed Pulles are two of the nicest people you'll ever meet. They have lived at Redstone Village for a number of years and have many friends there. In the last couple of years Ed had not been doing well, and on Jan. 27 he passed away. His kindness and sense of humor will always be remembered by those who knew and loved him. He leaves wife Ria to whom he was married for 64 years; three daughters Mary, Jeannette and Joanne as well as 7 grandchildren whom he treasured. Our deepest sympathy goes to Ria and their friends and family.

Joan Dawson wants to send a special congratulations to her grandson Kristopher Lee Gast for completion of his courses at Calhoun Community College, where he graduated Cum Laude. Joan is



so proud of him. Her sweet husband **Bill** loves reading about the history of our area and especially enjoys articles on the Civil War.

Schuyler Hunter and Matthew Friedt are Endodontists located on Franklin & Governors, and Dr. Hunter recently performed a root canal that I needed. I try to normally avoid those kind of places but this was a necessity. Dr. Hunter did the work on my tooth and he was as gentle as could be, and as much as I was dreading it, there was NO pain! He's a really nice guy but the folks in his office were just as great to work with. Judy Loggins is the very efficient Office Manager; Connie Graviet is Dental Assistant and Susan Mason is the Dental Assistant who worked on me. They all turned what could have been a very unpleasant visit into one that was very pleasant and pain-free!

Rosemary Leatherwood wants to send out a very special birthday wish filled with love to her Dad Billy Richardson who turns 80 in March! Her husband is Billy Leatherwood, Jr. and his Dad Billy, Sr. would have turned 80 on March 17 and the family misses him every day. Rosemary also wants to wish her sister Lynn and husband Jerry a Happy 16th anniversary on March 16 as they celebrate at Pearl River Resort!

Happy Birthday to my friend Gale Nichols of Athens who has a March birthday! Also sending love & happy birthday wishes to Brandon Owens who's from Huntsville but lives in Tucson, AZ, with wife Susan.

Frank Ogle of Huntsville recently suffered a very severe head-on collision and has been recovering with the help of therapy and his sweet wife Kathy. I just wanted to tell you I'm thinking of you and sending love for a full recovery. Frank is one tough man!

I've recently joined the downtown YMCA near the Huntsville Utilities building and it's one of the best things I've done for myself. My back pain went away and I feel 100 times stronger. I highly recommend it. They have a location on Weatherly Road as well as downtown. On a recent cold, rainy afternoon I was on the treadmill moving along pretty fast and listening to some good Fleetwood Mac music with my headphones

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 writes some of the best stories of the Ryland community



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at full blast! Heaven!

I went to Wright Medical recently to take care of some business and was so impressed with their knowledge and professionalism. The lady I dealt with was Rebecca Easton and she took care of what I needed in a very short amount of time. While there Pam wanted me to let our readers know that Medicare payments for all diabetes testing supplies stand to be drastically reduced this summer. Check Google for this and keep up with what's happening because it WILL affect you if you are diabetic. Thanks to Wright Medical for the heads-up.

Robert Howell wants to send out a special Hello to his Hunts-ville friend **James E. Jenkins** who first got him interested in Hunts-ville's history 5 years ago!

William Sibley has a story in this issue about John Clan Grayson, the Father of Big Cove, which discusses the settling of a very young Madison County. William told me that the Grayson family is having a dedication of the family historical marker on Saturday, April 20 at 10:30 AM and they would love to invite any and all who would like to come. The event is going to be at the Grayson Cemetery which is located on the east side of Old Big Cove Rd., about 2 miles south of Sutton Rd. in the Big Cove community.

Many people remember "Be Bop" Reach who for years published a small magazine featuring local retailers. He was 72 when he passed away. Be Bop was a native of Talladega and a long time resident of Huntsville. We send our sympathy to his sister, Charlotte

Parkinson and his friends.

There are two passionate ladies who are working hard to set up a large pet rescue facility here in Huntsville. They named themselves the "Animal Rescue Chicks" and they are Melissa Utech of Scottsboro and Cheryl Bauman of Southern California. They are dedicated to saving abused and unwanted pets who are put down every year. Check them out on their site at www. SafeHavenCatsandDogs.com.

My friend **Butch Adcock** gave me a good tip recently, given to him by his dentist. As you get older your gums recede (not that any of us are there yet) which causes major dental problems. He recommended getting only the soft toothbrushes (not firm or medium) and brush your gums first, then your teeth. It sounded good to me and I've been trying it, and I think my gums feel better already!

John and Peggy Richard of Rise Real Estate want to welcome a new couple to Huntsville - Lester & Gerry Vaughan are here from Texas and already love Huntsville residents' great hospitality! Welcome to you!

Lorene Payne was one of those ladies who never met a stranger, and she was involved in many community activities as well as being a lifetime member of Central Presbyterian Church and the Junior League. She loved to sew and loved her club, "The Sew and Sews." She died in early February and leaves son W. Dave Payne (Kathy); daughters Lorene Shrout (George), Cynthia Geddes (Philip), 6 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren. We remember

her husband **Wendal Payne**, who preceded her, and was a longtime member of the Golden K Kiwanis Club. We send our deepest condolences to the family and friends.

With more and more people buying alarm systems and being very watchful for crime in their neighborhoods, the rate of crime in the downtown area is on the decrease. People are not afraid to call the police if they see something strange on their streets.

Have a wonderful Easter (yes it's in March this year) and please be kind to people who are going through some rough times with this shaky economy.







Recipes from the Great Depression

Cabbage & Sausage

1 package sausage 4 c. chopped fresh cabbage Salt & Pepper

Fry the sausage brown in a large frying pan, remove frompan and add the cabbage to the grease with the salt and pepper. Cover and cook on low heat til tender.

Arrange cabbage on a serving dish and garnish with sausage. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Bean Slew

1 c. pinto or red beans 4 c. water

1/4 lb. salt pork, diced

1 onion, minced

1 clove garlic, crushed Hot chili peppers to taste

1 t. cumin 1 bay leaf

1 t. sugar

Salt and pepper

Wash beans and soak overnight. Fry the salt pork, onions and garlic. Add to the beans with enough water to cover. Bring to boil. Add remaining ingredients and simmer til tender about 2-1/2 hours.

Potato Soup

Cut 1/2 lb. side pork into small pieces. Fry until crisp and crunchy, remove from pan saving grease.

Cut 6 medium potatoes into small cubes, cover with water, season and cook until done. A grated carrot and celery seed can be added for flavor.

Top with side pork and serve.

Glazed Carrots

1-1/2 T. butter 1/4 c. brown sugar

2 T. mustard 1/3 t. salt

3 c. sliced carrots, cooked and drained

Melt the butter in a frying pan and add the sugar, mustard, salt and carrots. Stir until well glazed.

Fried Potatoes

Homemade bread was torn into pieces, fried in with potatoes and called "Stretch Potatoes" for it made a shortage of one or the other two items stretch to cover the needs of the family.

Coffee

Coffee grounds were reboiled at noon and at night. On some special occasions, 2 small scoops of fresh coffee were added to economize.

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Escalloped Corn

1 can corn plus 1/2 c. corn liquid

3 T. cream

1 t. sugar

1 t. salt

1/2 t. pepper

2 T. flour

1 c. bread crumbs

1 T. butter

Cover bottom of greased casserole with 1/2 of the crumbs. Add corn, cream, sugar, salt, pepper, flour and rest of crumbs on top. Drizzle with the melted butter and bake in medium oven about 25 minutes.

Granny's Best Salted Peanut Cake

Mix together 1-1/2 c. sugar and 1 c. butter (softened)

Add 2 large eggs,

2 t. vanilla,

1-1/2 c. sour (butter)milk

Mix together 3 c. flour, 2 t. baking powder,

1 t. baking soda

(Ground salted peanuts)

Add to sugar mixture with 1 cup ground salted peanuts. Batter will be thick. Put in greased 9x13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and toothpick comes out clean.

When cool frost with a favorite frosting and sprinkle with remaining 1/2 cup ground peanuts.

Chocolate Cherry Cobbler

3 T. brown sugar

2 T. cornstarch

1 16-oz. can red tart cherries packed in water, undrained

1/4 t. almond extract

1/2 c. flour

1 heaping T. cocoa

2 T. brown sugar

3/4 t. baking powder

1/8 t. salt

2 T. butter

1/3 c. skim milk

1 t. vanilla

Mix sugar and cornstarch in pan, stir in cherries. Cook and stir until slightly thickened, 4 to 5 minutes.

Stir in almond, pour into ungreased 1 qt. casserole. Mix together flour, cocoa, sugar, baking powder and salt.

Cut in butter until fine. Stir

in milk and vanilla.

Drop dough by teaspoonfuls onto hot cherry mixture. Bake at 375 degrees until the flour mixture is no longer doughy, 20-25 minutes.

Serve warm with vanilla ice cream.

Browned Butter Frosting

2 T. butter

2 c. powdered sugar

1/4 c. skim milk

Brown butter in small frypan. Stir into the powdered sugar with enough milk to allow for easy spreading.

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LINCOLN AFTERTHE ELECTION

HIS VERY SAD LEAVE-TAKING OF HIS OLD LAW OFFICE AND NEIGH-BORS

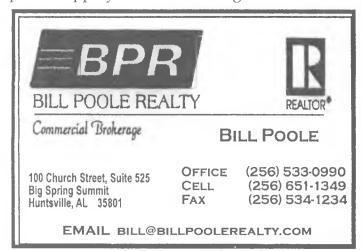
From 1895 newspaper

I was in 1860 a reporter on the New York Times and was designated as the one to go to the house of Mr. Lincoln. I did so, and subsequently, after the election, I lived at the house with him for four weeks prior to his going to Washington. When he went there for the inauguration I accompanied him.

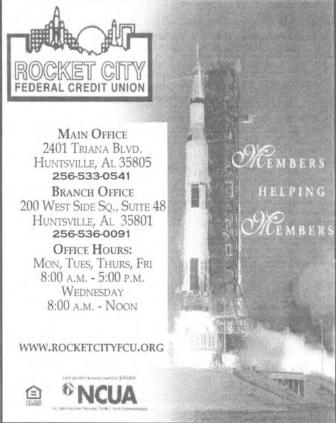
I had ample opportunity to study him in every relation of life. He was a magnetic talker, an excellent story teller, but above all a square man, to whom two and two made four all the time, and no amount of trickery could ever make it three and ninety-nine hundredths. He always said precisely

what he thought and nothing else.

I remember distinctly the night before he left his home in Springfield. It was raining hard. I saw him hunt up a lantern and then get a candle and put it into the glass case and light it. He took his old long overcoat, which I thought at the time a funny looking garment, but which I see all the dudes wearing now, and opening the door he went out into the rain and darkness. I followed him, and we picked our way through the unpaved slippery streets until we got to his office.







It was a very little office. There was a stove, some shelves laden with books, and a picture of a judge of the Supreme Court or of the Court of Appeals. I never went into a lawyer's office that I did not find a picture of a judge of the Supreme Court or of the Court of Appeals. There is always sure to be one or the other.

Well, when we got there he put his lantern down, and, walking up to a table and running his hand over the books there, he said, "Well, good-bye, old

friends."

He stood a minute in silence, then furtively wiped away a tear from his eye, walked out, locked the door, and home he went. That did not amount to much, but it showed that the man had a little sentiment about him. Opening the door, he went out into the rain and darkness. I followed after him.

The next day it was raining great guns, but everybody roundabout for 30 miles had turned out to see the President-

elect start for Washington.

I remember him as he stood just under the eave of the house wearing his old high hat and the water dripping down upon it from above. The crowd wanted a speech, and he gave it to them. It was brief and was about like this -- that for reasons beyond his understanding he had been selected to bear what he felt was a burden greater than that which had been put upon the shoulders of any citizen since this country was started, save possibly Washington, and all he had to say was: "If I have offended any of you, forgive me. I go to do my best. I ask your prayers. Friends and neighbors, good-bye. I hope to see you again soon."

Everybody cried, and the rain was really coming down, and he never went

back there again.



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Local News from 1895

Troubled Marriage

Ordered by the court not to molest his wife, Stephen J. Kennedy of Decatur, Ala. was jailed for heaving chunks of cheese at her.

The original court order was obtained when Mrs. Kennedy complained her husband was in the habit of locking her in the privy. The couple is reported to be having difficulties with their marriage.

Bridge in Bad Shape

The much talked-about Clinton Street iron bridge is in terrible shape today. It seems that the flood caught it propped on temporary supports, and knocked out the supports, causing the iron work to drop down a full eighteen inches and in some cases breaking the iron.

This shake-up twisted loose some of the top stones on the masonry. The foun-

"The romantic days just prior to marriage are like a snappy introduction to a tedious book."

Wilson Mizner

dation work of the masonry and the masonry itself seems all in good shape, that is with the exception of top stones which were attached temporarily two feet too low. In fact it will be liable to the same disaster at any time unless it is built up higher.

The Gates Opened

The opening of the toll gates on the turnpikes leading to Huntsville, heretofore owned by the Madison Turnpike company, is certainly a grand victory for the progress and enterprise of Madison County. The opening of these gates was hastened by the negotiation of the county bonds, W. R. Rison & Co. bankers becoming purchasers.

Our farmers, especially those who use the turnpikes, will certainly feel that quite a burden has been lifted from their shoulders.

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2-1/2 c. flour

1 t. salt

1 t. soda

Cream the sugar, shortening, eggs and vanilla together. Then sift dry ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture.

Roll into long rolls (4) and keep cool til morning. Slice thin and place on a floured cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 8-10 minutes.

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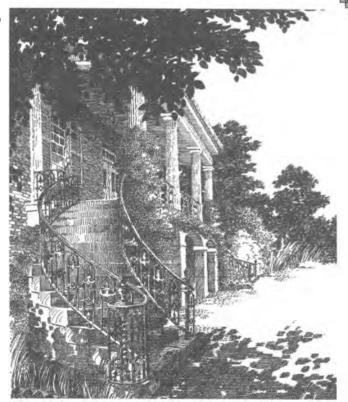
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HOW TO SELL TO A WOMAN



From "The Cosmetiste" printed in 1936

Salesmanship requires enthusiasm over your chosen branch of work, and to evidence this in a quiet, tactful way to the customer.

A knowledge of the person you are trying to sell to, is fully as important to you as the knowledge of what you are trying to sell. "Know myself, my goods and my prospect" should be your motto.

The blond is always interested in the latest developments, but the brunette prefers to stick to well established and proven things; rapid fire talk will confuse her. Cultivate her friendship, but for the blond, let the appeal be strictly business. Never argue, especially with one who has a bigger nose than yours, you'll get the worst of it if you do.

The woman with the pointed chin and the long finger nails wants beauty; money and price means little or nothing to her. The one with the square chin, especially if she has squat nails, can be interested in buying things for home use; her fingers

are just itching for work.

The round faced woman inclined to overweight, loves her ease, and appreciates what you do for her. But see to it she gets a full dollar's worth for every dollar she spends, if you want to continue with her patronage.

The fine-haired, fine-textured woman wants deft, delicate attention; while the coarsehaired, coarse-textured one wants more vigorous treatment.

Do not attempt familiarity with the woman with the high, thin nose; don't get chatty, she will resent it.

The person with the short upper lip is subject to flattery, the more so, the shorter the lip.

But the one with the long upper lip is sober in thought and does not like flattery.

The pouting lips are likely to express unpremeditated thought, say possible harsh things not really meant, but the indrawn lips indicate that the owner weighs the matter carefully before giving expression

to her thoughts.

Telling a customer her faults or commenting on her facial blemishes and scalp troubles will scarcely endear you to her; she knows about it. But if you tactfully speak to her about the specific lotion you have, and what it does, the chances are she will buy.



MUSINGS OVER A LOTTERY TICKET

by Steve Johnson

I left my business this morning in Huntsville, Alabama, to go to Elkton, Tennessee, to buy a lottery ticket. Huntsville is a bustling oasis of world class high tech jobs, NASA, and a large military base that provides good paying civilian jobs and helps support a thriving defense contracting industry. It is the home of the University of Alabama-Huntsville, a highly respected school. Elkton, Tennessee, is a wonderful rural, bucolic small farming community on U.S 31 near Pulaski. I went there to commit a crime.

Yes, I confess, I went to buy a lottery ticket, a crime in Alabama. Years ago, when we first moved to Huntsville from Leighton to open our business, I went up Hwy. 31 through this area a lot to pick up cans in Pulaski. The road was lined for miles with little taverns that mostly served folks from nearby dry Limestone County, Alabama, a legal cold beer. I used to stop at nearly every one going and coming for a cold brew or two. Huntsville was wet then, but I have always loved a honkeytonk, and I always will. Law enforcement was much more lenient in those days, too.

However, going to Tennessee to commit crimes such as buying beer and liquor, going to beer joints to party and hear live music, or God forbid, buy beer legally on Sunday has been a time-honored tradition for me since going up there with my dad as a little boy for that shameful purpose. To make matters worse, the places we went to for these nefarious purposes were populated by the same type of God-fearing folks I grew up around in Leighton and the Shoals area. So, what's the deal?

First of all, we all just ac-

cepted things the way they were. That being bootleggers selling beer and whiskey twenty-four seven, and country clubs and a handful of illegal bars for the white folks. The black people had some wide open joints in Sheffield and Tuscumbia. These clubs had some big time R&B acts pass through like Little Milton and even the Manhattans. They never bothered us when we went to them as teens to party. But if you dig a little deeper, there were other reasons this stuff was happening.

For one thing, a lot of people in the Shoals did not want to be seen in a club or associated with drinking. There were also big time crime operations there; and one of their big revenue generators was bootlegging. They were big and sophisticated, that is, the outfit that really ran the vice. They bought off local politicians and public officials. And, they were the real owners of the state line beer joints. They funded the dry bunch when they had the wet-dry elections in the Shoals, and laughed all the way to the bank.

The legal gambling in the state is run by a small group of savvy, politically connected fat cats, and they defend their turf ferociously. They don't want competition, and they keep it

out on a much higher level than the folks in the Shoals ever did. The same tactics: and the same results. Yes, there have been inroads made. Crappy Creek Indian casinos, dog and horse racing, and "charity" bingo. But to this day, if you go to a casino in Tunica or Biloxi, or a state line lottery ticket seller, you'll think you are at a WalMart in Muscle Shoals with all the Alabama tags.

At the end of the day, however, I'm ready for a change. I love lesus as much as the next guy, and he knows I am a bad boy at times. I like a cold beer, cinder block beer joints with loud country and rock and roll, and taking a chance at winning a little easy money. I don't like people forcing their world views and beliefs on me and mine. Nor do I like the folks who keep a little gambling tightly controlled so they make all the money. There are ten mom and pop convenience and grocery stores close to my house that would love to sell me a lottery ticket.

And, I'd still drive up to Elkton now and again, and rub shoulders and drink cold beer with some bikers, farm boys, and just plain old country boys like me. We'll all dream out loud about what we're gonna do when we hit that big jackpot.

I just wish I could buy my ticket in Alabama.

Musings Over a Lottery
Ticket
2012 Stephen A. Johnson
"The Highway Twenty
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STARS STILL FALLING ON ALABAMA

by Jim Green (1995)

November 13, 1833 began as any night, with the exception of a few shooting stars at about 11:00 o'clock. By midnight, the streaming parabolas were raining down with increasing intensity. From about 2 AM until 5 in the morning, the density was alarming. Bright streaks falling from the sky, hundreds and thousands of them. The vast numbers, estimated at 10,000 per hour, literally turned night into day. Frantic observers watched in restrained terror as they called to their neighbors to come outside and witness the phenomenon. The Huntsville Democrat later reported that the entire population of the city of 2,000 was out in the streets watching the spectacle. Indeed, some groups of them were still there at daybreak.

The hysteria began to subside, but the talk was incessant. People were bubbling with countless explanations while seeking a hearing for their hastily

formulated theories.

Unlike a supernova spectacle in the constellation of Taurus in 1054 which went unrecorded in Europe because they were in the dark ages, on that night in 1833, the stars fell and the people of Alabama saw and took note.

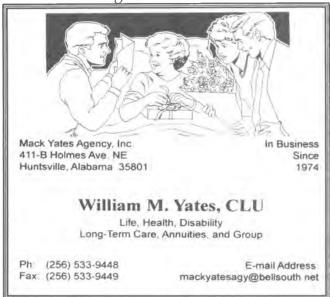
Some were pretty farfetched as accounts of reactions from the countryside began to drift in. Much commotion from the slaves had been reported from the Woodlawn Plantation in Lauderdale County. They prayed, shouted, and rolled on the

ground, moaning all the while that the day of judgment was surely upon them. The mistress of the plantation came out to read the Bible, only to find that it inflamed their agony more. The master of the plantation came out cussing and hollering for them to be quiet. Strangely, it had a calming effect. After all, they reasoned, if it was close to the judgment, surely the master would not take the liberties with the English language directly prohibited by one of the Ten Commandments.

The Law of Gravity: Any tool, nut, bolt, screw when dropped - will roll to the least accessible place in the universe.

A story came in about 13-year-old Luke Pryor. He had been sleeping in the stables near the horses at the Pulaski Pike Race Track, when the stars began to fall. Many Tennessee Valley sportsmen had gathered for the annual holiday of horse racing, card playing and cock fighting. Now these men had been warned in numerous sermons by the fire-and-brimstone preachers about the evil of their ways, but paid no attention.

Luke told of being awakened by the commotion when in the midst of a wee-hour poker game, all hell broke loose. There was wild confusion as sportsmen, planters, sinners, and workers literally saw the light. Some gathered their horses and fled. Other white men confessed their sins and asked forgiveness. One man acknowledged that he stole a number of



CORRECTION

Mary Walton Johnson Dudley (Mrs. Robert E. Dudley) recently sent us a correction to the story we published in the January 2013 issue titled "The Stone Warrior" about the monument on the west side of the Huntsville courthouse. The monument was made by John Frederick Hummel who was her great grandfather. It was not Oscar Hummel who was his son and her grandfather.

We apologize for the error and thanks to Mrs. Dudley for sending the correction.

MONUMENT CONFEDERATE

Erected on November 21. 1905. a handsome monument was dedicated to the Confederate dead by the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter #1107 United Daughters of the Confederacy of Huntsville. and was unveiled with proper ceremonies in which many veterans of North Alabama participated. The unveiling of the Confederate monument attracted the largest gathering of veterans that has been seen here since the reunion of 1891.

The monument depicted a Confederate private with his musket at parade rest. The complete statue of Vermont marble stands over twenty-four feet high and cost \$3.000. The statue was designed by Mr. John Frederick Hummel, a local artist, and Mr. Jim Mott Robinson posed for the sculpture.

horses and confessed that he was planning to rob the Decatur bank. Loud prayers of terrified sinners were heard as they sought refuge under tables and other shelter while seeking forgiveness.

forgiveness.

Someone brought a large jug of coffee and some cups and directly the descriptions began to take a more rational flavor. By now, the less hysterical observers traced the radiant point near the sickle in the constellation of Leo. This did not suit the others who were more intent in pinpointing the meaning behind the sign that had been sent.

The meeting finally broke up. The world did not end as many had fearfully anticipated. But the falling star storm was said to be the main topic of conversation for many weeks

to come.

The newspaper, being the prime mass media in 1833, now had fuel for countless descriptions, theories, omens, and just plain wild tales. It was reported that the November star storm, soon to be called the Leonids, had been visible over almost all of North America. The scene in Huntsville had been duplicated in many cities and communities, but because of the weather conditions and earth alignment, North Alabamians and others in the Southeastern states experienced the most spectacular display of all.

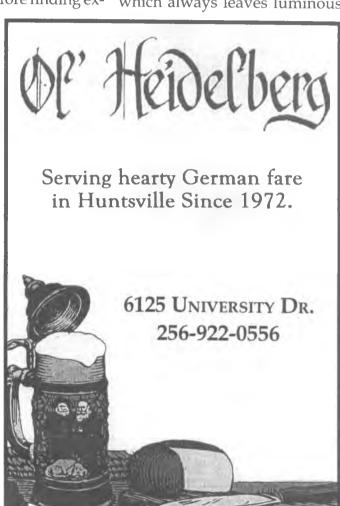
It made a lasting impression on the state of Alabama which was very much wide awake at the time. The merchants in Madison County were generally prospering. An insurance firm and the Triana Academy had recently been opened. Machinery was coming into use with the McCormick reaper to harvest the grain more efficiently.

It almost seems uncanny that the stars that fell over a large part of the eastern United States had such a special meaning for the people of this state, but the impression lingered for over 100 years before finding ex-

pression in Carl Carmer's 1934 book "Stars Fell on Alabama." Then in just a few months, a ballad of the same name by M. Parish and E. Perkins cemented this state's firm connection with the stars that fell that November night. Now some say that the special celestial event may well have pointed to the day when Huntsville and NASA would together make great contributions toward reading the stars.

It took some time for the scientific community to get to the bottom of it all, but they did and here is that story.

Following the meteor storm of 1833, many newspapers exposed theories and explanations which had come to them in torrents. A few of them edged remarkably close to the truth. A New York Journal of Commerce correspondent wrote that the meteor storm may have been caused by "the passage of the Earth through the tail of a comet which always leaves luminous



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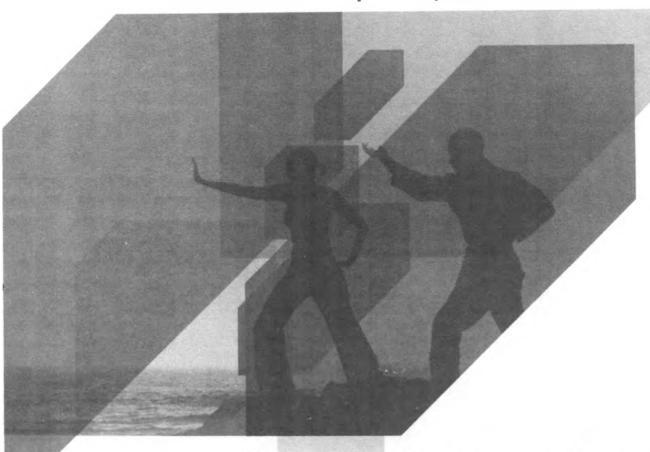
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matter for several million miles behind it." Another observer, Yale philosophy professor Denison Olmsted, noted that the radiant was in the sickle of Leo. It moved with the stars across the sky during the night, staying at a point fixed with respect to the outer cosmos rather than the Earth.

Here was proof that the shower's origin was independent of the Earth and its atmosphere. Olmsted's basic premises are essentially what we know to be true today. He declared that the meteors were part of a nebulous body revolving around the sun in an elliptical orbit and that the storm resulted in the Earth's passage through the swarm. As interest in the Leonid meteors picked up, many facts began to surface.

In 1860, another Yale professor, Dr. Hubert A. Newton, searched through Arab, Chinese, and European chronicles for earlier accounts of the Leonids. He found records of 13 great displays between the years 1799 and 1833.

An obvious 33.25 year cycle emerged and Newton confidently forecast that a great shower would occur in 1866. His prediction was verified when Europeans reported seeing 5000 counts per hour in 1866, 1000 per hour in 1867, and even some in 1868. Newton was unable, however, to determine the path of the orbit.

The key to the mystery lay hidden in the accounts which he had studied, but would be explained in 1867 by John Couch Adams of England. Adams found that the Leonid storms had crept forward an average of one day every 70 years from 902 to 1833. This was very close to the change in the calendar due to the procession of the Earth's axis. Mr. Adams was able to

> Some days you're the dog; some days you're the hydrant.

prove that only a 33.25 year orbit could account for the changing dates of the Leonid storms.

This indicated that the swarm followed a trajectory that carried it out to the orbit of

Uranus. The shape of the "cloud" also became apparent: it is a very long, thin ribbon. The ribbon is so thin that the Earth passes through it in just a few hours, but so long that the meteor storms can recur two or three consecutive years in a row.

Further study showed the Leonids to be almost identical to that of a known comet called Temple-Turtle. This identified once and for all the source of the 1833 extravaganza.

If it is cyclic, it will surely come again. The period of the cycle makes 1999 a candidate year. On the early morning of November 17 or 18, 1999, the most famous of all meteor storms is likely to blow across our planet once again. Although it is difficult to predict the part of the world that will receive the best show, stars will fall on Alabama again.

The astronomers may have taken away the mystery of that long ago night, but the mystique and romance still remains.

The people of Alabama will always claim an affection with the Leonids and should celebrate the wonder every 33.25 years when the stars will once again fall on Alabama.

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For the Love of a Cat

32

by Chuck Shaffer



The early morning sun filtered through the lace curtains of the open window across the room from the old bed. Tom's

eves fluttered once before he opened them, then closed again as he yawned and stretched. He turned his head on the pillow so that he could gaze at Sarah as he slowly came awake. He nudged her once, then gently again. Getting no response, he spent a few more minutes in the warm and comfortable bed just watching her. His beloved Sarah, though in her mid-seventies, still looked as beautiful to him as ever.

After a while he eased his old bones from the feathered mattress and headed downstairs. Walking slowly across the cracked linoleum floor of the kitchen Tom paused, trying to remember what had brought him into the room.

Breakfast! That was it! Well, Sarah would be down soon to see to that - as she had done for him every day of their lives together. Tom crossed the room to the heavy back door standing half open and inspected the back yard. All the spring flowers were just starting to bloom. Rubbing his shoulder against the door frame, his attention was caught by an industrious robin, flitting silently back and forth across the yard as she gathered twigs for her nest.

Turning his thought away from the back yard, he walked into the dimly lit living room and headed for his favorite chair. As he settled himself to wait patiently for Sarah to come downstairs and fix breakfast, he heard a familiar





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sound at the front door.

"Hello? Hello? Anyone home?" Lucille always said that as she came in, though she had been the Patterson family housekeeper for years and always knew exactly who was home.

"Good morning, Tom. Where's Missie Sarah? Is she sleeping in today?" Tom just blinked and shook his head, the years really seemed to be catching up with him lately.

Lucille hummed a cheerful tune as she crossed the
room and climbed the stairs
to begin her daily routine.
Tom's mind wandered peacefully back through the years,
and he must have allowed
himself to doze off again, because he awoke with a start
as Lucille came back down
the stairs with her old white
handkerchief pressed to her
tear-stained face.

"Oh, Tom! Missie's Gone! She's done left us and passed on up to Heaven!" she sobbed. As Tom's tired old mind tried to make sense of what she had just said, Lucille went to the telephone on the kitchen wall.

"Yes, Dr. Roberts, sir, this is Lucille out at the old Patterson place. Missie Sarah Patterson died in her sleep. Yes, sir, I'll wait here for you."

Hanging up the phone, Lucille stood motionless at the kitchen sink until her composure returned. She then turned around to see Tom still sitting in his chair, staring at her with a sad, questioning look on his face.

"The patient was in his usual state of good health until his airplane ran out of gas and crashed."

Seen on patient's hospital chart

"Poor old Tom," she said softly, "what are you going to do without Missie Sarah?" She went to the icebox and took out a pitcher of fresh cream. Pouring some into a saucer, she sat it on the floor and called, "Tom, breakfast!"

At the sound of his name, the big grey cat jumped from the chair and trotted into the kitchen, where he began hungrily lapping the cream.

Within minutes of finishing his breakfast, Tom was once again asleep in his favorite chair, awakening only occasionally to lift one eyelid and wonder about the strange people coming and going through his home.

The evening shadows were beginning to fill the room when Lucille appeared again. She already had her coat on, ready to go home, when she noticed Tom sitting, lonely, in his chair.

"Poor Tom," she wondered." What's going to happen to you now?"

As if reading her mind. Tom jumped from the chair and begin purring, while rubbing his body against Lucille's leg.

"Oh, what the devil," she thought as she scooped the big grey cat into her arms. "I reckon' us old folks just have to stick together."

"Let's go home."

"My advice to defensive players: Take the shortest route and arrive in a bad humor."

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THE STORY OF JOHN CLAN GRAYSON, THE FATHER OF BIG COVE, ALABAMA

by William Sibley

John Clan Grayson was born August 19, 1770 in Fencastle, Virginia. His future wife, Sarah "Sally" Carter, was born June 2, 1776 in Montgomery County, Virginia. Later, the two counties merged into Montgomery County. John's parents were John and Barbara Grayson. Sally's parents were George and Mary Carter. John and Sally were married on Oct. 23, 1792, with Richard Whitt performing the ceremony.

The United States was a very young country during the early married years of Mr. and Mrs. Grayson. During the two administrations of President Thomas Jefferson, new lands were added to the United States, including the Louisiana Purchase, which almost doubled the size of the United

States.

There were those lands known as territories, which belonged to the United States, but which had not met requirements for statehood. One such area was the Mississippi Territory, which had been ceded to the United States in 1802. Treaties were made with the Chickasaw Indians in 1805 and with the Cherokee Indians in 1807, and in that year, Congress made appropriations to carry those treaties into effect, authorizing the surveying of the lands of the Mississippi Territory.

"America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves."

Abraham Lincoln

In 1807, John Clan Grayson was a young man, only thirtyseven years old, but thoroughly educated in the skill of land surveying. He learned that jobs would be open in the territories for people who were trained in his skills. Seth Peace, who was in charge of surveying new lands, sent a team of surveyors to present-day Madison County, Alabama in 1807, led by chief surveyor, Thomas Freeman and his assistant, John Clan Grayson. The job of

the survey team was to mark out boundaries 📺 of a new county that would be known as Madison County, Alabama of the Mississippi Territory. It would be 1808 before James Madison would be elected President of the United States and 1809 before he would begin serving

When Mr. Grayson accepted his new job and told Mrs. Grayson about it, one can imagine Mr. Grayson saying, "I have accepted a new job and I will be going on a long trip that will take me to a place called Alabama."

Sarah probably replied by saying, "Where is Alabama and will you be taking the children and me with you?"

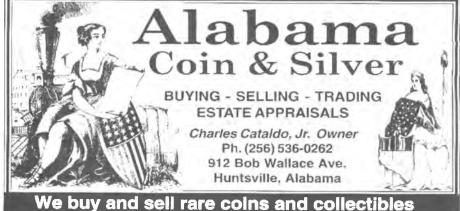
It was at that time that Mr. Gravson told his wife that she and the children would be moving to east Tennessee and that he would be surveying lands in the Mississippi Territory for a new county and that he would come to pick up the family at the completion of the job.

At the time Mr. Grayson accepted his new job, he and Mrs. Grayson already had a large family, probably eight children. Those children were George, Mary "Polly," twins John and William, John Cullen, Robert, Charles, and Jackson. Notice

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that two children were named John. Charles, who was born in 1801, died as a child, and the twins died in 1806, so it appears that there were five surviving children when Mr. Grayson decided to come to Alabama.

With all of the preliminaries out of the way, the survey team came to Alabama, arriving in 1807 in present-day (2009) Madison County, Alabama. The survey team immediately constructed a bunkhouse on the east side of Old Big Cove Road, a few hundred yards north of present-day Terry-Drake Road, near the Grayson Family Cemetery

When communicating with his family in east Tennessee, Mr. Grayson told them that he was surveying a large valley, which he called "The Big Cove," and the name stuck. As of the writing of this story, the community of Big Cove is more than two-hundred years old.

The survey of Madison County began in June of 1807 and was completed in December of 1807. At the completion of the survey, Mr. Grayson immediately traveled to east Tennessee to bring his family to his favorite spot of Madison County, the valley he called "The Big Cove." Mr. Grayson and those accompanying him on the trip back to Alabama brought several pack horses that were loaded with tools, implements, and bridge-building equipment.

There is no doubt that the children asked repeatedly, "Are we there yet?" It also became more apparent that the family saw fewer and fewer people as they traveled to Big Cove. The children probably realized that they were the only family who would be living in the community and possibly would have no childhood friends.

One can imagine the broad smile that came over Mr. Grayson's face when the family could see the home he had waiting for them, which was the bunk-house that had been home to the survey team. The Graysons settled into their new home in 1808, the same year that more settlers came to Big Cove. Mr. Grayson had been a resident in 1807, and apparently he was Big Cove's first settler. Among the other 1808 settlers were the Wrights, Childresses, DeBows,

Brazeltons, Cobbs, Peevys, and possibly others.

John Clan Grayson became the Father of Big

Cove and Mrs. Grayson was Big Cove's First Lady. As the father of Big Cove, Mr. Grayson immediately began taking leadership roles. In 1810, he was appointed as a Justice of the Peace, and in that role, he performed many marriages of Big Cove's earliest families. Also, in 1810, Mr. Grayson was commissioned as a Captain in





the Mississippi Territorial Militia, and was promoted to the rank of Major in that group in 1813. Between 1809 and 1815, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson entered seven tracts of land in Big Cove. Their children entered lots of land in the 1820s and 1830s, and succeeding generations entered more land in the Big Cove community. In 1812, the Mississippi Territorial Legislature chartered the Green Academy for boys, which the HUNTS-VILLE DEMOCRAT described as "a handsome school located east of Huntsville." Mr. Gravson served on the first board of trustees of that school.

In 1813, Mr. Grayson served on a Madison County Grand Jury. It was also in that year when future President of the United States, Andrew Jackson, and David Crockett came through the Huntsville area on their way to the war at Horseshoe Bend. Some of the Graysons are convinced that Messrs. Jackson and Crockett visited Green Academy to recruit the older Grayson sons who were

students there.

Mr. Grayson served on several juries in Madison County, and one of those juries involved a murder case. As is the case of many leaders, Mr. Grayson himself appeared in the court both as a plaintiff and defendant. In 1812, Bennett Claugh was charged with stealing a brindle steer, valued at ten dollars, which was the property of Mr. Grayson. The court ruled in Mr. Grayson's favor and the Sheriff was ordered to bring Mr. Claugh to justice, but the man could not be found.

In 1815, John Gandy sued Mr. Grayson for assault, claiming that on November 13, 1814, Mr. Grayson committed assault and battery on him, beating and wounding him. A jury found Mr. Grayson not guilty. It is thought that Mr. Grayson had to use some of his military authority in dealing with Mr.

Claugh.

In 1817, the Grayson family and other Big Cove families saw their community become a part of the Alabama Territory, and in 1819, they were there to see Big Cove become a part of the state of Alabama.

Later in the 1800s, Grayson's Ferry would serve as a crossing point between Big Cove and Owen's (Owens) Cross Roads. During the middle 1800s, Samuel Green, a Big Cove resident, was overseer of Madison County Road No. 81, described as "the Twelvemile Post Road to Grayson's Ferry." Madison County Road No. 82 was described as "the route from Grayson's Ferry to Vienna". Vienna was a contemporary name for New Hope. Located in the vicinity of Grayson's Ferry is Grayson Island, it was an uninhabited natural land formation. In 1823, Mr. Grayson served on a committee whose job was to explore a route from Big Cove to the Huntsville area by way of Webster's Gap.

It was a very sad day for Big Cove's citizens when they learned that Mr. Grayson died at 5:00 p.m. July 29,1826, at the age of fifty-six. Big Cove had lost a true and dedicated leader. Mrs. Grayson, his beloved wife of thirty-tour years, died at 9:00 p.m. September 13,1838, at the age of sixty-two. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson are buried in Grayson Family Cemetery on the east side of Old Big Cove Road, on the Grayson Plantation, a land that the Graysons loved as much as the O'Haras loved Tara in GONE WITH THE WIND. The deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Grayson did not end the influence of this couple, who eventually were the parents of thirteen (some researchers insist there were fourteen) children. Their influence is still being felt in Big Cove and elsewhere in Madison County.

Among the accomplish-

ments of Grayson descendants, one can find ministers, educators, physicians, merchants, judges, attorneys, members of the Alabama Senate and the Alabama House of Representatives, high levels of the military, delegate to the Alabama Constitutional Convention, Convict Inspector, etc.

During the swine flu epidemic of the World War I era, Big Cove was not spared from that awful time of death and uneasiness. People were dying so fast in the community that relatives were unable to make preparations for their burials. The Grayson family let citizens of Big Cove bury their victims in Grayson Family Cemetery.

At the 2009 Grayson Family Reunion, which was held in Big Cove, Graysons from many states were present. Some of those relatives came from as far away as Wisconsin. The citizens of Big Cove feel very fortunate in knowing that John Clan Grayson could probably have settled in any part of Madison County he wanted, but he wisely chose Big Cove.





- To strengthen your eyesight, many oriental herbalists believe that chewing a very small piece of ginger after each meal can help improve one's eyesight, as well as

helping your digestion.

- For some reason, the full moon has a direct effect on diabetics. Check your calendar and when you see that there is to be a full moon, be EXTRA careful and conscientious with your diet and medication during this time.

- Some foods that are especially good for diabetics are: Legumes (chickpeas, black beans, black-eyed peas, fava beans, lentils, pintos); bulghur wheat instead of rice; wheat bran; fruits and veggies, especially broccoli and whole grain cereals.

- If you're alone and something gets lodged in your throat, do the following:

1.) Make a fist with one hand and place the thumb side against your abdomen

2.) With the other hand, grab your fist and press your fist in and upwards in sharp,

thrusting moves.

Another method is to press your abdomen forcefully against the back of a chair or a railing, forcing air out of your lungs and the object will be expelled.

- To heal a small cut without scarring - take the skin from inside a raw egg and place it, wet side on the cut. You will heal

quickly with no scarring.

- A classic remedy to relieve gout is cherries. Eat four ounces of fresh Bing cherries every day. If it's not in season, a good alternate is cherry juice or concentrate (at health food stores) - have one tablespoon 3 times a day. Frozen, canned or cherries in a jar is OK too. Or try strawberries - these and cherries have a good effect on gout as well as arthritis pain.

- Another arthritis aid is to have a cat sit on your knees, or wherever you have pain from arthritis. Legend has it that cats do the

same thing as Chihuahuas do.

- Get out of a mild depression by getting into gardening. Indoors is good too, but with spring upon us outdoor is best.

Growing plants can give you a new appreciation for life and a chance to bury your unhappiness.

- Those who have been through a trauma such as a loss of a loved one often find that writing in a diary can be very helpful. At least once a day, write down your innermost feelings, don't censor yourself, let it all out on paper. This is said to really help in the healing process.

- Exercise is good for everything. A good brisk walk can make you feel good about yourself almost immediately. You'll be very surprised at the good results.

- Smoker's cough can be helped by doing the following: Take six apples, remove core, skin and seeds. Slice the apples into small slices and put them in a pot, add 2 cups of honey. Cook these over low heat til it has a syrupy consistency. Let cool, then put in a jar and refrigerate. Take two teaspoonfuls of the mixture between meals and whenever you feel a cough coming.

- When tempted to smoke, eat an apple or an orange instead. Drink freely of water and eat fruit and vegetables, and the smoke will begin to taste bad. Continue doing so and living well, and soon the appetite for smoke will lessen and finally disappear. Find a strict vegetarian who smokes, if you can. Do not attempt to taper off, it usually results in a long period of agony and fails at last. Remember what tobacco does to you.



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* To get your hair re- ice. It works every time. ally clean, massage one tablespoon of baking soda into morning? Try this. Upon it while shampooing. Rinse well.

* To improve and preserve your eyesight, get your left earlobe pierced. Buy a gold earring and wear it. It seems that the area of the lobe where it would be pierced is the same acupuncture point that affects eyesight.

* If you're in a very warm room and feel faint, run cold tap water over the inside of your wrists. Ice rubbing will do the trick as well.

* To keep from falling asleep while driving, chew

* Feel sluggish in the arising, place your hands a little above your waist, just below the ribs. Gently squeeze the right hand, then the left - do this about a dozen times each side. This is a liver massage and in a few weeks you should notice a big difference in your energy. Also, try to limit heavy starches and sweets.

* To improve your memory, eat 6 raw almonds a day. Many say this really works.

* Tapping your nails on table-tops will make them grow faster.



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Tweetie's **Pet Tips**

* Keep your indoor pets dry and free from cold drafts.

* Put out an old towel or soft blanket for a cat or dog if he has to be outdoors.

* Have sturdy insulated dog houses for outdoor dogs.

* A well-fed pet helps fight off colds - feed good and healthy

* Pay attention to your pets - they can get very depressed in the winter, just like you.

* Leave plenty of fresh water

for your cat or dog.

* What if your pet had only 3 months to live - would you treat him/her any differently? Treat your pet like that everyday, and you might try it on your significant other, as well!

* A little bit of vegetable or olive oil in your pet's food can do wonders for its coat - also try a vitamin E capsule pierced and dropped on the food daily. This may also help with hairballs with your cat.

* Don't make your dog walk on icy cold pavement or asphalt. The pads of her paws are not made out of steel. If it is too cold for you to walk barefoot, then chances are that it's too cold for your pet.

The Human Dog

The following may be controversial, but I thought it was interesting, it comes from "Dog Breed Info Center: The Human Dog" written by Sharon Maguire. The biggest mistake dog owners can make with their dogs is to treat them like humans. The human race is such a kind, compassionate species that we tend to look at our canine companions as little humans, when in reality, they are canines and have a very dif-



ferent thought process.

This is what differentiates mankind from other species in pack societies; there must be a specific order, from the leader on down to the last follower. Everyone has a place. The leaders are the strength of the pack, while the followers need the leader to guide them.

Dogs have an instinct to constantly test the being above them

and an instinct to know they will always be tested by the below being them. Instinct tells them that if there is not a strong being in charge, their life and the lives of the rest of their pack are at stake. This primal instinct keeps the pack secure and happy.

Dogs have the instinct to want to have rules to follow, and limits as to what they are allowed to do. When dogs live with humans, the humans become the dog's pack. For the relationship to succeed, humans must become the dog's pack leader.

The mistake is made when the humans in the pack only give the dog love, and overlook the other needs of the dog. To a dog, constant affection without rules and limits goes against every grain in its instinct. While dogs enjoy being given affection, it does not satisfy the animal and it is not what makes them well balanced, stable-minded, secure and happy.

So just giving a dog affection does not make him happy - his instincts need to be satisfied. You need to provide proper emotional stability in order to achieve this, and showing you have an orderly pack with rules to follow is what the dog needs. Giving your dog affection is important for the human, and enjoyed by the dog, but must be done at the correct times.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Story of J. Emory Pierce

His name was Jacob Emory Pierce. With nothing but a dream he founded a newspaper that would forever change the lives of thousands of people.

If he had been alive today, many people would have called him a con man. Others would have called him an ego-

tistical eccentric.

He was all of these things. He was a newspaper man.

Emory Pierce was a vindictive man, and shrewd. He was controversial around the turn of the century, and still is in some circles. There was one thing for sure, and disputed by none—nobody messed with

Emory Pierce.

The publisher of one of Huntsville's early newspapers learned that lesson the hard way in 1909. Exact details have been lost with the passage of time, but it appears that the publisher made the mistake of writing an editorial with which Pierce disagreed. It had to do with whether livestock should be permitted inside the town limits. Pierce, whose parents owned a small dairy on Meridian Street, showed up at the newspaper office to voice his displeasure. The publisher, instead of trying to placate him, added insult to injury by giving him the bum's rush out the front door.

A second such article, even more strongly worded, appeared in print the following week. To say that Emory Pierce was angry would be an understatement. The whole

matter was a small thing, the kind of thing that most people would have forgotten in a few days. But Pierce was not like most people. During the next several months he tried many ways to heap revenge on the publisher.

I.E. Bradshaw recalls hearing his father tell the story:

"Everybody in Huntsville watched the feud. The arguing went on for most of the summer and then all of a sudden Pierce stopped his efforts. This kind'a dumbfounded everybody 'cause that wasn't in character with him. What nobody knew was that Pierce had lined up a couple of investors and was going to open his own newspaper. It's hard for people today to understand, but Pierce could talk the horns off a billy goat"

"He would say, 'Boys, y'all put the money up and I'll be your partner. Together we'll

get rich!"

"Well, it seemed like a good deal. Pierce would be the working partner and these other boys would pay the bills. He figured their finances would be in the black in a few months. They rented this building down there on Washington Street, right up from the

old Yarborough Hotel, bought a press and hung out a sign. A couple of weeks later he came out with his first issue."

That was the start of the

Huntsville Daily Times.

"Everyone was excited about the newspaper and thought Pierce had forgotten about his feud with the other publisher. They should have known better."

"Pierce didn't have any advertising salesmen, so he did it all himself. You have to remember that all the businesses in town were used to advertising with the other paper."

"My father told me that Pierce called on every business in town and offered free ads if they would not run in the other paper. Sure enough, it didn't take long before the Times was jammed full of advertisers and the other paper was hurting financially. They had also learned not to mess with Emory Pierce. The bad thing about this whole thing was that the Times was in a bad financial way, too. All the ads were free and no money was coming in. The investors called a meeting with Pierce and told him that they could not afford to put any more money into the paper."

"Pierce agreed to buy out

"I have flabby thighs, but fortunately my stomach covers them."

Cybil Abel, Athens

his partners for a few pennies on the dollar, rather than let the

paper fold.'

The following week Emory Pierce became the founder, sole owner, and editor of the Huntsville Daily Times. He immediately stopped the free ad practice, after having almost bankrupted his competition.

Furthermore, he raised his ad rates far above those of his competitor. The new paper became an instant success and Pierce, despite his sixth-grade education, quickly became an effective editorial writer. He blended into the journalistic ilk perfectly, considering that worthwhile writers are an eccentric breed.

He had always worn his hair longer than the norm for the era, so as it began to turn gray, he let it flow to shoulder length. He bought a black Stetson hat and it became his trademark.

Edmond Duffy, who went to work for the Times in 1924, recalls going to work each morning and seeing Pierce walking down Holmes Av-

"There used to be a streetcar line running down the middle of Holmes and sometimes Pierce, wearing his ten-gallon hat and swinging his cane, would purposely walk in the middle of the track. The streetcar conductor would have to almost stop the car and ring the bell furiously before Pierce would step out of the way. This went on for several months and finally one morning Pierce, in an agitated mood, turned to the exasperated conductor and said, 'Would you stop ringing that damn bell! If I'm not mov-

"No person will make a great business who wants to do it all himself or get all the credit."

Andrew Carnegie

ing fast enough you can get out and walk, too!'

"When I first went to work there they were still on Washington Street. Huntsville was just starting to build up at that time and it was his dream to have the tallest building in town. He bought land for a new building and had already dug the basement when his financial backers changed their minds. That big hole in the ground was there for several years and everybody called it Pierce's Folly. He finally went to Nashville to find new funding for the building."

"Anyway, he got the money and they started construction. Things were going along real good with Pierce boasting to everyone he met that he would soon have his office on the top floor of the tallest building in

"The construction was almost finished when a major bombshell hit, taking the wind out of his sails. Another skyscraper was under construction, the Russel Erskine Hotel. Plans called for it to be the same height as the new Times building.

"Pierce was livid. Angrily he ordered the workmen to add another floor on his building. The elevator shaft was already in place and couldn't accommodate the extra floor, so a stairway provided the only access to the top floor. The Times Building was finally completed and, true to his boast, Pierce had his office on the top floor of the tallest building between Nashville and Birmingham."

"Unfortunately, big bills come with big buildings and they kept coming in every month. Advertising revenue was down and expenses were up. Everyone knew Pierce was having trouble financially but he refused to admit it to himself."

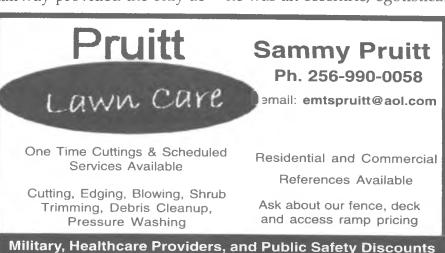
"Pierce was a tyrant to his employees. We used to get paid every Saturday morning, says Duffy. One such payday morning we were all waiting when Pierce walked in. 'Boys,' he said, 'I'm going to do you a favor. If I pay you today, all you are going to do is spend it ... so I'm not going to pay you

"He abruptly turned and walked out. We were speechless! Of course, we eventually got our money, but after that we lived in fear from week to

week."

But even with this type of tactic, Pierce still could not generate enough revenue to pay all the bills that piled up. Within a few years his business bit the dust.

With the foreclosure of The Times, Pierce lost everything. Although everyone agreed that he was an eccentric, egotistical



character, he was also an exceptional newspaperman and had become a prolific writer.

Too proud to remain in Huntsville, he moved to Memphis where he started a small regional paper called the Ten-

nessee Valley Booster.

The whole nation was in the throes of the Great Depression and newspaper revenues were hit hardest of all. With Pierce's small quarterly paper floundering, there was no way he could compete against the big dailies for the few advertising dollars available.

Ever the consummate salesman, Pierce decided to create his own market. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had already announced the TVA program. To the small farmers it was seen as a salvation. Pierce, instead of calling on businesses for advertising, called on these small farmers.

Pierce was a sharp dresser and an eloquent speaker. Calling on a farmer he would spend a few minutes talking about hogs, weather, or whatever. Eventually the conversation would always turn to the TVA and invariably the farmer would begin praising it.

This was Pierce's cue.

"Friend," he would say, cleverly choosing his words and their timing. "This is your lucky day. I am here to make sure you get your shares of Tennessee Valley... Authority has been given to me by the state of Tennessee and I am the only man living that can legally sell these shares. Now for the small sum of. ..."

The farmers, illiterate for the most part, would gladly shell out their savings for what they thought were shares in the

The Good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose. But the mosquito comes close.

TVA project. What they got in reality was advertising in the Tennessee Valley Booster.

It wasn't long before Pierce's new found prosperity attracted the attention of a young ad salesman with the Memphis Appeal. "How," he wondered, "can Pierce be selling so much advertising." The young salesman got several copies of Pierce's paper and decided to call on the accounts and try to sell them advertising himself.

"Advertising?" the farmers angrily spat. "We ain't bought no advertising. We bought stock in TVA!"

The next day Emory Pierce, the former Huntsville Daily Times publisher, was a resident of the Memphis jail. A top floor cell, ironically. He had become fairly affluent by this time, so it came as a shock to everyone when he refused to post a mere thousand dollar bond in order to gain release. "I have committed no crime," he announced, "and I refuse to refute that fact by posting bail. I will stay in jail until I am tried." After ordering that his typewriter be brought to him, he settled down in his new home for the next few months. Strange as it may seem, he continued to sell "advertising" and publish the paper from his jail cell.

When his case was finally called, the courtroom was packed with angry farmreporters ers, and salesmen. The first person to be called was the young trouble-making salesman, who related his findings. Next, the prosecutor asked one of the farm-

"Did you buy what you thought was stock in TVA?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you identify the man who sold you this stock?"

"Yes sir," he said, pointing

at Emory Pierce.

"May I see the stock certifi-

The farmer reached into a pocket of his overalls and pulled out a crumpled piece of paper. "Your Honor," the lawyer said triumphantly, "I would like to enter this into..."

He froze in mid-sentence as he stared at the crumpled certificate. The judge, sensing that something was wrong, asked to see the paper. The judge slowly put his glasses on, and smoothing the paper in front of him, began to read. The certificate was an expensive, beautifully engraved piece of work. But, it was also a receipt for one month of advertising in the Tennessee Valley Booster.

The case was dismissed and Pierce never explained why he chose to spend the summer in jail. Not long afterwards, Emory Pierce died of a heart attack in Tupelo, Miss. A friend said that losing the Huntsville newspaper was what really killed him.

"One of his proudest possessions," the friend said, "was an old calling card that read: Jacob Emory Pierce, Publisher, Huntsville Daily Times."

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Huntsville Scuttlebutt in 1923

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- Wanted: Good cook. Phone 629 or see Mrs. June Martin, Lowe

Avenue

- For Sale - one flat top mahogany finished desk. Call and see. 427 White Street.

- 119 arrests were made by the Huntsville police department during this month. Arrests for violating the Sanitary laws, 21, led the list. Stock at Large coming next with 16 and drunks, 14 coming in third on the list. There were 12 arrests for traffic law violations and eleven for affrays, the balance were scattered among a large number of other causes.

The total fines that were assessed amounted to \$1,398.25,

collections being \$1,053.25.

- Chris Sterit, one of the best known farmers of this county, lost control of his car here this morning; plunging into an excavated lot and turning over with the driver pinned under the wreck. Sterit was rushed to a hospital and the attending physician says he is probably fatally injured.

- During the heavy electrical storm of Wednesday night a barn belonging to James Bryce, New Hope, was struck by lightning and destroyed together with its contents of feedstuffs and farm machinery. The damage will reach approximately \$2500 with

no insurance.

- In Florence, Ala. Keeton, an 18-year old boy, was struck on the head with a pick handle by Morris Nickols, age 16 at Wilson Dam last night and died at a local infirmary today. The two boys were employed on the night shift at the dam. The fracas that resulted in the death of Keeton arose over an attempt on his part to throw water on the younger boy, according to a statement of the foreman in the adjoining section.

- Daniel Healy, young man of Scottsboro, coughed up a bullet that has been lodged in his throat for 3 months. It was badly needed as evidence in the trial of Huntsville's Peter McLean for murder. Physicians had feared to operate but now won't have to.

- Colonel Lee Fearn Irwin, 83, Confederate veteran, former Assistant Postmaster and for many years Commercial Editor of the Mobile Register, died here in Huntsville Tuesday. He was active in his newspaper duties up to a month ago.

- A woman here claimed in court that her husband left her for another woman. He left her with seven children, and told her that

he had found the love of his life in Decatur, Alabama. The newest love is a widow and has 6 girls and 4 boys. It seems husband the enjoys being a father, but the latest news out Montgomery claims that this same gentleman has 4 other wives, all thinking that he is faithful to the one. Men in Huntsville are shaking their heads.

- Jeremy Stevens has been convicted of stealing his neighbor's hogs in New Hope - he said he was just trying to feed his 8 children and has no money. It is heard his wife left him 10 months

ago with the children.

- Mrs. W. I. Thompson has been appointed Truant Officer of Huntsville, succeeding Mrs. T. A. Rankin who recently resigned the position. Her duties will be to see that no child of educatable age is kept out of school for other than valid reasons.

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Memories of the **Great Depression**

- The Great Depression was a character building experience. Children learned early to be responsible and were expected to help in any way they could. Everyone had to pull his own load. Parents were respected they were firm in their teachings. (JW)

- Gift wrap was removed with the utmost care (adults admonished children to be careful) so that it could be carefully smoothed and put away for another use. This was before the era of scotch tape, which sticks the packages shut and tears the paper. Ribbons and ties were also saved. Some families ironed them. (Jonathan)

- My husband made everything we needed. The homemade crib was painted white and lasted through six babies. Orange crates were used wherever we needed storage and

shelves. (Mary Lee)

- Doing laundry was an all-day job. Water for the tub came from the spring, and a copper boiler was used to boil the clothes in and for the rinses. I used bluing in the last rinse and the white clothes came out fresh and clean like snow. (Betty)

- For children there was so much

fun to be had in the 1930s. Part of it was coming up with your own inventions and ideas. There was great satisfaction in this. One could always show the neighbor children what new thing one had for them to have fun with. (Agnes)

- Myrt Hauglund, of Lacys Spring recalls curling up in a big old tire while someone else pushed it and sent it on it's way. They got mighty daring in this game and never gave a thought

to the river close by.

- In the spring we drove through the countryside and Mother would point to certain weeds and we would pick them. These weeds were put in the attic to dry. Later if one of us had a cold or other ailment, Mother would gather a few of these weeds and cook some tea, and we'd drink it. It tasted terrible, and sometimes she would put a little honey in it. But I will admit we were well and ready for school the next day. (Gerilyn)

- Gifts? Yes, there were gifts. Mostly from the heart. Rarely was a

material gift given. (Charles)

- All that was needed to build a well-constructed scooter, (which had to withstand wild rides down the big city hills), was a piece of scrap 2x4' lumber, part of an orange crate, and a dismantled roller skate (which would provide the front and rear wheels). The boys used their bodies to maneuver the machine around corners and past parked cars. After a few close calls they became very expert and daring in this skill. Scraped knees and ripped trousers brought severe reprimands at home and were dealt with according to the risks involved.

Whenever anything came loose or wore out, they simply hammered it together again using nails salvaged





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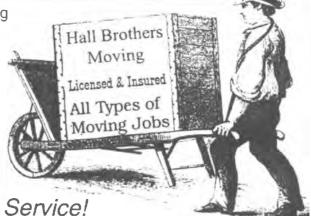








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from scrap pieces of wood and in no time at all they were back on the streets again. (Robert)

- The best hash was made out of potatoes boiled with the jackets on, although any leftovers of cooked potatoes will do very nicely. It was the custom in the 1930s to always have a pan of boiled potatoes with the jackets on. They kept well and were always ready for a quick meal at any time of day. I believe potatoes helped keep us alive.

Big, old, cast iron fry pans are favorites for this "quick fix" meal, but any pan will do. The fry pan is heated with shortening added. Lard was used in those days. Potatoes were chopped in a bowl (generally using an old tin can), chopped onions were added, meat left over from another meal was either chopped fine or ground, and added to the above. It is fried brown on both sides, covered with a lid, until a crust is formed. It makes a meal few can resist, now or then. (Sara)

- In 1933 things weren't exactly rosy in Scottsboro. As a matter of fact, some days my father would set all four of us little kids on the fence rail outside with red stocking caps on our heads. He said he thought the woodpeckers would see us and come to feed us.

One evening he came home from looking for a job and said to us, "Look, kids, if you don't eat supper tonight I'll give you each a dime." (Do you have any idea how much candy you could buy in 1933 for a dime?) We agreed. We went to bed that night and put our dimes on the orange crates, our dressers.

Unknown to us, he went to the basement and took our dimes while we were sleeping. The next morning when we went upstairs he said. "Well, boys, what are you going to buy with your money?" We told him we couldn't find it. He said, "Just for losing your money you don't get any breakfast." (Lloyd)

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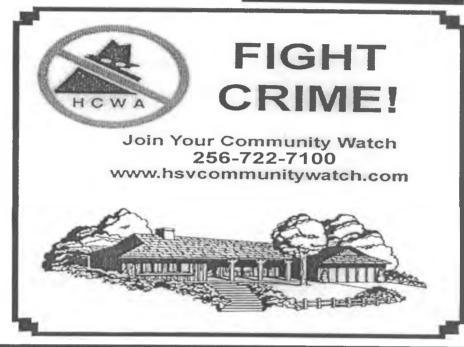
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Civil War Veterans held a reunion at the site where Alabama entered the union. This is the present location of the Alabama Constitution Hall Village.

Photo June 1938.

Courtesy of Fred B. Simpson "A Walk Through Downtown Huntsville, Then and Now"

True Southern Culture

by Michael Rhoden

If you were actually born in Alabama, or basically anywhere in the Southern U.S., you probably cringe when you hear one of the major news

venues discuss "Southern Culture." It's kind of like the cringe I get when someone from the South is being interviewed during a disaster on television and the reporter seems to find the one person who has not been down from the mountain in a very long while. I hate the disaster happened. But, I see the interview and I see the toothless, crazy haired, twangy person answering the questions and I just ask myself certain questions and then try to avoid the answers.

The South, not just Alabama, but the South in general has a deeply rooted and maligned culture. Yes, we are flawed. We have sinned. We have seen our sin and asked for forgiveness.

We cannot escape our history and we should take the good and the bad in that history and learn from it and go on. Many people in the media and politics would like

"When a man opens a car door for his wife, it's either a new car or a new wife."

Prince Philip



those sins to be all the rest of the world ever see. After all, it makes for a good story, makes for a good movie, reminds us of those sins, and heaps tons of guilt on us.

1963,

Being born in I grew up in a time of change. I'm thankful for that. I remember many turns in history and attitude during those times. Having part of my family come from the New Market area of Madison County and part of my family from the mountainous Paint Rock Valley area of Jackson County, I heard many diverse and honest views about those turns from within my familv. There were many racial comments that I heard my family members make, not all of them digestible, but I never knew any racist hearts.

I believe there is a difference between racist words and true racist hearts. There is true hate in people and that is true evil. Then there is just habit and repetition that is bred through generations. As Southerners, we have to fight both. We are nothing if not human, we all make mistakes, we all bleed the same blood, and we all come from the same God.

There may be certain people within our own culture that would like to remind us and make us feel guilty over and over again for their own reasons and their own passions or politics. But, we are not all bad and our culture is not all about the sins of our past. In fact, our culture is rich and delicious,

I believe that true southern culture, and really any culture, is rooted not only in



its location and its people, but its food. Look at the differences between the North, South, East, and West regions of our country. One of the biggest differences you will find is in the food. People believe in different ways and they eat in different ways.

When my cousin moved from Huntsville, Alabama to Mansfield, Ohio and married while there, the family he married into did not know what Pinto Beans and Grits were. He had to teach them. He knew well because he and I shared many a meal around my Grandmother Rhoden's table.

I will always remember the way that my family and I would walk into my Grandparent's house on Rube Robinson Road and the first thing I smelled was coming from the kitchen. I was led as if by magic to the kitchen, and I mean LED. Fried potatoes, hot cornbread, turnip greens, fried chicken, pinto beans, fresh green beans, cole slaw, iced tea and coffee; that table was covered.

And Ma, as I called my Grandmother Rhoden, always had to have something sweet. One of her favorites was homemade fried fruit pies (in season) or homemade chocolate covered tea cakes.

Her food represented what we were as a family.

"When the white missionaries came to Africa, they had the Bible and we had the land.

They said "Let us pray."
We closed our eyes. When
we opened them, we had the
Bible and they had the land."

Desmond Tutu

And we ate every last crumb.

The Southern Culture is, in large part, enmeshed and deeply buried in its food. We are rich, we are deep fried, we are baked, we are barbecued, we are spicy, we are warm, and we are sweet.

And be us white, black, red (or whatever we call ourselves racially), we are soulful!. I sometimes think that war, and any racial problems we may have as a nation, could be brought to peace

over a skillet of hot biscuits, country ham, butter, and molasses. It just works.

Call me naive, that's alright, but I think that many of our problems could be brought to an end if we could just shut up, open our hearts and our souls, and sit down together and eat with each other. Soul food is called SOUL food for a reason.



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