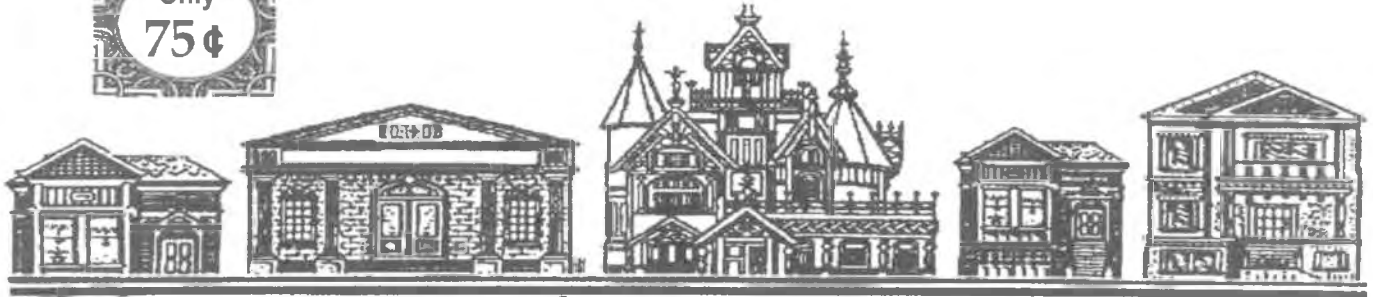




No. 260

October 2014



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



## Huntsville Jail Break!

When the Madison County Courthouse was built in 1966, officials boasted that by placing the jail on the top floors it was virtually impossible for any prisoner to break out. The jail had been planned as a model of efficiency and security.

If Craig McLarin had heard the boasts, he could not help but suppress a grin as he carefully fitted the hacksaw blade into a tiny crack in his cell's steel ceiling.

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# Huntsville Jail Break!

by Tom Carney

When the Madison County Courthouse was built in 1966, officials boasted that by placing the jail on the top floors it was virtually impossible for any prisoner to break out. The jail had been planned as a model of efficiency and security with the only access being an elevator and staircase that was tightly guarded at all times. Security within the lockup itself was provided by jailors who constantly patrolled the catwalks in front of the cells watching for anything out of the normal.

If Craig McLarin had heard the boasts, he could not help but suppress a grin as he carefully fitted the hacksaw blade into a tiny crack in his cell's steel ceiling. With one of his cell mates keeping a careful lookout McLarin once again began the ritual of slowly drawing the blade back and forth across the hard metal. Though only a week had passed since he first began sawing, already the rough outline of a circle was beginning to take shape.

Suddenly a sharp whistle

from a prisoner at the end of the cell block alerted McLarin of an approaching deputy. Jumping down from his perch of rolled up mattresses, he quickly grabbed a large pinup poster and taped it over the hacksaw cut. By the time the deputy reached his cell, McLarin was lying on his bunk, blankly staring at the picture of the curvaceous pinup taped to his ceiling.

The deputy paused for a second, contemplating the prisoner. "Boy, you can spend all the time you want looking at that picture but she ain't going to help you none!"

"Don't bet on it," replied McLarin almost nonchalantly. "She's gonna get me out of here someday."

Shaking his head, the deputy continued his rounds, leaving McLarin lying on his bunk thinking about the events that had placed him in his present situation.

Three years earlier, in 1974, McLarin had been at the courthouse purchasing car tags when, as he started to leave, he noticed another man about his own age who was wearing a military jacket with a division patch on the shoulder. McLarin was well familiar with the patch; he had been assigned to the same division during his tour of Viet Nam.

After brief introductions the two men began the timeless ritual of comparing dates of service and exchanging war stories. Invariably, the conversation



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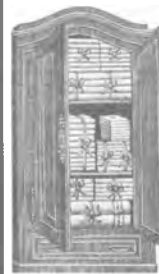
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turned to drugs, and when the stranger said he had some good "smoke," McLarin invited him to his house.

Anyone watching the two men sitting around McLarin's kitchen that evening, drinking beer and smoking, would have agreed the pair made an odd couple. McLarin was 25 years old, white and had recently been discharged from the Army. When his wife, who was also in the military, was transferred to Redstone Arsenal, McLarin followed and began working a series of low paying menial jobs. The other man, Eugene Bonner, was black, a college graduate, married and had two young children.

As the two men talked and got to know one another, the conversation turned to money. McLarin began boasting about powerful people he knew in the mob and how easily they made money. "Just one job," he said, "could put both of us in high cotton."

When Bonner expressed a mild interest, McLarin began spelling out the plan he had been thinking about for weeks.

"You've seen those homes in Twickenham," he stated. "Those people have fortunes tucked away in bank accounts. All we gotta do is grab one of those women, have her telephone her husband and make him pay \$40-50,000 ransom. Real fast and real easy and we'll be really rich!"

Several days later, late in the afternoon of September 6, 1974, McLarin picked Bonner up in his red Karman Ghia. McLarin had brought with him a .38 revolver and a military style K-Bar knife which he described as being "the same kind he used on missions in Viet Nam." After first stopping at a hardware store on Madison Street to purchase a pair of rubber gloves, the men then drove into the Twickenham neighborhood.

Neither man knew anyone who lived in the upper class neighborhood. Their plan was simply to find a house that looked as if wealthy people lived there.

Slowly cruising down Franklin Street, the two men decided on a large white house whose occupants appeared to be afflu-

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ent. Bonner waited in the car as McLarin approached the house and knocked on the door. Despite repeated knocking, however, it soon became apparent no one was at home. McLarin thought briefly of breaking in and burglarizing the home but quickly abandoned the idea as his thoughts returned to the original plan.

Returning to the car to get Bonner, both men then approached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Traylor. It had a new Cadillac parked in the driveway, which to both men was a sure sign of wealth. McLarin knocked on the door and when a lady answered, he asked if she needed her grass cut. She said "No" and shut the door.

While Bonner watched, McLarin made his way to the rear of the house where he found an unlocked door. Seconds later, after hearing loud screams, Bonner entered the home and found McLarin standing over Mrs. Traylor's bruised and battered body.

McLarin was visibly upset at the way his plan had gone awry. He had meant to simply kidnap the woman but when she resisted he beat her with the butt of his pistol. Now it was impossible for her to call with the ransom demand.

Thinking quickly, McLarin searched the woman's purse for her car keys and ordered Bonner to help him put the woman in the back seat of the Cadillac. With Bonner driving and McLarin giving directions, the men drove to Monte Sano Mountain where they turned off onto a dirt road near one of the television towers. While Bonner

watched, McLarin pulled Mrs. Traylor from the car and kept muttering to himself, "We can't leave witnesses."

Satisfied that Mrs. Traylor was dead, McLarin and Bonner then drove the Cadillac to a field near Automatic Electric where they abandoned it before walking to McLarin's home nearby.

The discovery of Mrs. Traylor's body by a group of hikers sent shock waves throughout Huntsville. The Traylor's were among Huntsville's most prominent citizens and well liked by almost everyone. Within hours police were combing Monte Sano Mountain looking for evidence, as well as questioning Twickenham residents about any suspicious people seen in the neighborhood.

At first it seemed as if the case would be solved quickly. Neighbors recalled seeing a red Karman Ghia parked near the house and several people told of seeing two "hoodlums," one

black and one white, in the area at about the time of the murder.

As the police dragnet spread across Huntsville, officers began questioning everyone who owned a Karman Ghia automobile. McLarin was stopped and questioned twice by the police. Even though a large military



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type knife was found in his car, the officers had no evidence linking him to the crime and were forced to let him go.

In an almost perverse way, McLarin seemed to glory in being the secret center of attention. He collected every word written in the newspapers about the case and often approached police officers asking about "how the case was going." Perhaps seeking to be closer to the investigation, several weeks after the murder he actually applied for, and got, a job at Traylor Island Music Company helping move pianos.

When several months had passed with no new leads, the case seemed to be at a dead end. McLarin, perhaps tiring of the game, had reenlisted in the Army and after a short period of training was sent to Italy.

Even if other people were willing to forget about the murder, Mr. Traylor, the victim's husband, had other ideas. On October 3, 1974, he placed a large ad in the newspaper offering a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the murderers.

Unfortunately for Bonner, he had made a mistake common to most criminals. He had confided in a friend, a woman, and now spurred by visions of making easy money herself, she called the police.

When arrested and faced with the prospect of the electric chair, Bonner readily gave McLarin up in a plea bargain.

McLarin was brought back from Italy and on May 13, 1976 was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Bonner, on the other hand, had been granted immunity and was never charged!

Normally, after sentencing, a prisoner would be transferred to a state prison, but in 1975 a United States District Judge had ruled that state prisons could not accept any more inmates until overcrowded conditions were relieved. Although this helped conditions in the prisons

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it also created overcrowding in the county jails. Many prisoners, like McLarin, were still sitting in the county jail a year after sentencing, waiting to be transferred.

For McLarin, however, this was an ideal situation. He had no intention of spending the rest of his life behind bars but he realized once he was transferred there would be almost no chance of escape.

By talking to other prisoners and spending hours watching the movements of the guards, McLarin began to narrow his possibilities. Escape through the elevator or stairwell was impossible; it was too well guarded. Going on sick call and possibly escaping from the hospital was quickly ruled out when he noticed the prisoners were heavily manacled whenever they left the jail.

In January of 1977 eight prisoners escaped by crawling through ventilation pipes and lowering themselves to the sixth floor where they escaped down an unguarded stairwell. All of the escapees were quickly captured and if McLarin had any hope of using the same method, his hopes were quickly dashed when heavy metal grates were welded over the ventilation pipes.

Three months later a prisoner by the name of William Cordova attempted the impossible. By tying bed sheets together he descended to a lower floor from where he made his escape. Like the other prisoners who had attempted to break out, Cordova was quickly captured, too. Jail security was greatly increased with jailors patrolling the cell blocks on a constant basis and, in case other prisoners had the same idea, the bed sheets were collected each morning.

McLarin watched Cordova's attempted escape with fascination. Regardless of the odds, McLarin realized this method was his best chance to ever get out of Jail. But first, he had to get out of a solid steel cell, escape the guards' attention, get to a window, find something to lower himself with and then get away.

Most people would have considered the odds impossible, but most people weren't serving life sentences for murder!

McLarin's first opportunity came when, lying on his cot one day, he noticed a little crack in

the metal ceiling. By rolling his mattress up and standing on it, he was able to examine it more closely. The crack was tiny, but maybe, just maybe, a hacksaw blade could fit in it! Calling his two cell mates into a tight huddle, he explained his discovery.

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His cell mates, Raymond Moore and Terry Baker, were only too happy to participate. Moore was awaiting extradition to North Carolina where he faced a long prison sentence and Baker was serving a lengthy term for the 1975 arson of the Diplomat Club here in Huntsville.

One of the cell mates owned a relatively new car which was still parked at a friend's house. Word was spread through the jail grapevine that the car could be traded for a hacksaw blade and two hundred dollars. Finally one prisoner was found who was about to be released and who agreed to the trade. A bill of sale for the car was made out and two weeks later a visitor to the jail delivered a Bible to the cell mates.

Hidden in the spine of the Bible was a 6 inch hacksaw blade and two twenty dollar bills. Evidently the "friend" had decided that McLarin was in no

position to argue about the rest of the money.

It was impossible to do anything in a cell block without every prisoner knowing about it, and though many of them preferred to simply serve their time, they were not adverse to helping someone else's escape plans. If for no other reason, it provided a welcome break from the everyday boredom of being in jail. McLarin was aware of this and soon gained the cooperation of many of the inmates.

Occupants of the cell next to McLarin provided the large poster used to cover the saw marks.

Whenever a jailor entered the cell block a loud whistle from those nearest the door would alert McLarin and his cronies, giving them time to hide the hacksaw blade and cover the cut with a poster. When the jailor left the floor, another whistle would signal the all clear. Another prisoner passed on the



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information that an electrical cable, being used in the renovation of a part of the jail, was stored in a room next to the cell block.

McLarin realized a crucial part of his plan depended on the jailers' attention being diverted. He had noticed for sometime, that due to the overcrowded conditions, the jailors were busiest on visiting days. Unfortunately visiting hours were on Sundays, and if an escape was made then it would be daylight outside with people coming and going on the streets below.

When McLarin broached his plan to his cell mates there was instant ridicule. "You expect us to climb down the side of the courthouse in broad daylight without anyone seeing us? You're crazy!"

"That's the beautiful part of it" argued McLarin, "Because if it's daylight no one will be looking for us!"

Reluctantly, and possibly after considering the alternatives, both men agreed to the plan. After a somewhat hasty discussion the following Sunday, May 22nd was picked as the date of the break-out.

On the appointed day visitors were heavier than usual and the guards, already overworked, were kept busy simply monitoring the visitors. At a few minutes before three in the afternoon, a prisoner at the end of the block sounded a sharp whistle signaling all clear and McLarin decided it was time.

Working rapidly, the three men piled their mattresses into a heap in the middle of the

floor. Climbing on top of the bedding McLarin ripped the poster from the ceiling and gave a hard shove against the metal, exposing a round jagged hole. McLarin went first, squeezing his body through the narrow opening and scraping raw flesh from his arms. Next went Baker, who was much smaller and had an easier time fitting through the hole.

Suddenly, just as Moore reached for the hole, a sharp whistle warned of an approaching guard. With no time to do anything else, and sure that he was about to be caught, Moore simply sat down on top of the mattresses and waited. Almost unbelievably, the guard walked right by the cell without even giving it a glance. In a matter of seconds Moore was through the hole and had joined his



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companions.

Silently the trio crawled across the top of the cell and lowered themselves onto the catwalk. From there they made their way to an adjoining room that was undergoing construction. All types of building material were scattered throughout the room but the only thing that caught McLarin's attention was the roll of electrical cable that another inmate had told him about. After breaking the glass McLarin began playing the cable out the window and down the side of the courthouse. The plan was to climb down 5 floors onto the roof ledge of the fourth floor and then break a window to gain entry to the courthouse itself. If everything went right, then it would be a simple matter of exiting through the elevator or staircase.

Baker was first out the window. Climbing down, hand over hand, he paused at one point to look at the people coming and going out of the courthouse. As McLarin had predicted, no one seemed aware of the drama unfolding a hundred feet above their heads.

Next out the window was McLarin. Earlier he had noticed a group of people standing on a corner across from the courthouse. When he saw them waving, he automatically assumed they were waving at friends or loved ones in jail but as McLarin began the descent, to his horror, he realized they were waving at him! Clutching the cable with one hand, he frantically motioned for the people to leave. The people, evidently not realizing they were witnessing a jail break, turned and continued walking down the street.

Suddenly, while still about twenty feet to go, McLarin's hand slipped on the cable causing him to fall in a crumpled heap onto the roof of the fourth floor. Limping badly with an injured leg, he joined Baker who was searching for something to

break a window.

By the time they found a piece of metal pipe and broke the window, Moore was halfway down when he too slipped and fell, severely injuring his back and legs. This posed a dilemma for McLarin. The original plan had been to go to a friend's house who would provide them with clothes and transportation but now, McLarin realized Moore was in serious need of medical care and it would just be a matter of time before the police caught him and made him reveal the whole plan.

McLarin solved the problem by telling Moore, "You're on your own, pal! We'll help you get out of the building but then you are history!"

After breaking a window leading to the Grand Jury room, the escapees cautiously made their way to the elevator, with McLarin and Moore both leaving a trail of blood behind them.

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Once on the first floor McLarin abandoned Moore, telling him he was on his own.

Motioning Baker to follow him, McLarin then picked up a couple of brooms and a garbage can before walking casually out the door as if he was on a work detail. As they approached the street corner opposite the courthouse, McLarin paused and looked upwards at the jail he had just broken out of. Grinning broadly he waved at the prisoners watching intently from the ninth floor.

Earlier there had been total silence in the cell block as the other prisoners followed the escapees' progress. Suddenly, when they saw McLarin wave, pandemonium broke loose with every inmate trying to outdo the others in seeing who could make the most noise.

Minutes later, after someone reported the broken windows, the escape was discovered. Much to no one's surprise, none of the inmates in the cell block had seen anything.

Moore was recaptured within minutes when deputies followed a trail of blood to a house on Walker Avenue where they found him hiding on a back porch. Despite all efforts of the police, however, McLarin seemed to have disappeared into thin air. Descriptions of McLarin and Baker were immediately broadcast on radio and TV, but to no avail.

"How," everyone wondered, "could two prisoners get away while still wearing their prison uniforms?" When several hours passed with no results, most people assumed an accomplice had provided them with clothes and a ride out of town.

It is often said that, "Truth is often stranger than fiction," but in this instance, it proved

to be an understatement. For while police were spreading their dragnet across Huntsville, searching every nook and cranny, McLarin and Baker, still dressed in their prison uniforms, were sitting at the bus station casually drinking coffee and waiting for the next bus.

Though Baker was recaptured a week later in South Carolina, McLarin remained free for almost a year and a half. During this time, attempts to capture him proved to be almost a comedy of errors.

He checked himself into a Veterans Administration hospital and though his records showed "serving life imprisonment for murder" he was still admitted and no attempts were made to contact the authorities. He applied for, and received, a new drivers license under his own name and at one point even visited a friend in the penitentiary. Though he was stopped at least three times by the police, no effort was ever made to run a "check" on him.

In the end Craig McLarin met the same fate as many other criminals. He was turned in by a woman.

While most people remember McLarin for the cold blooded murder he committed here in Huntsville, criminals serving time in jail remember him in a different light. Even today when talk turns to escape, they call it "pulling a McLarin."

Craig McLarin is currently

serving a life sentence in Holman Prison.

All Bibles are thoroughly checked before being allowed in any of the cell blocks.

*(Originally published in "Old Huntsville" magazine, May 1998)*

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"IT'S COOKED IN THE PIT."

# The Night Bette Davis Played Huntsville

by Dex Nilsson



You didn't know that the famous actress, Bette Davis, once played Huntsville?

Maybe it's because there were 12 inches of snow that night, the roads were shut down and the place where she performed was supposed to be closed. Here's the story:

The 1959-1960 season was the 10th for the Huntsville Little Theatre and it was thought that there should be something special with which to celebrate it. In the mail came an announcement that movie great Bette Davis was going on tour in a show about poet Carl Sandburg. The group decided that spon-

soring a performance of it here in Huntsville would be a highlight of the season, and it was able to book the show, called "The World of Carl Sandburg," for February 1960.

Stars had been coming to Huntsville in plays for several years, sponsored by the Business & Professional Women, a forerunner of what is today known as the Broadway Theater League. Indeed, in December 1959, TV host Hal March appeared in "Two for the Seesaw," and also in March, Joan Blondell would star in "Dark at the Top of the Stairs." All such shows, along with those of the Little Theatre, were put on in the Huntsville High School Auditorium. Because of a scheduling conflict, though, the Bette Davis play was booked into the new Lee Junior High School Auditorium.

"The World of Carl Sandburg" starred Davis, Barry Sullivan and guitarist-singer Clark Allen. It was more than a poet-

ry reading, as Davis and Sullivan acted out the poetry, assuming dozens of characters and costumes. The idea for the show came from Norman Corwin, who adapted and directed it. He put the show together in the fall of 1959 in Maine, where Bette and her husband Gary Merrill were living. It was relatively simple to produce, and it was decided to tour the country with it before trying Broadway. It originally starred the couple, but Bette and Gary bickered constantly, and Gary was re-

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portedly drinking heavily - their marriage was nearing an end. On tour, Gary was replaced by "quick-study" Sullivan.

At this time, Bette Davis had made 68 Hollywood movies. She would go on to make 19 more, plus 14 for television. Her best known may be "Of Human Bondage," "Jezebel," and "All About Eve." The start of her horror movies like "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" was three years away. Barry Sullivan likewise had nearly 50 movies to his credit; he would go on to perform in 104 more, plus another 100 TV shows. He had most recently been directing episodes of the popular TV series, "Highway Patrol."

The tour happened in a caravan of cars and a series of one-nighters. Bette liked it. In November she commented that producer Armand Deutsch "set up our production that we never have to worry about new lights and

mikes in each town. Our own equipment travels right along with us." Back then, it was innovative.

The show eventually reached Broadway in September 1960 with Bette starring with Leif Erickson. He was no replacement for Gary Merrill or even Barry Sullivan, and the show got mixed reviews. Davis later said, "I wouldn't have missed that year for a million dollars. There's an excitement and challenge playing different places that you can't get in a single theatre."

Here, at the start of 1960, the Huntsville Little Theatre had great aspirations. HLT had formed an "advisory committee" to see how it could get a theater of its own, instead of performing in the 1,000-seat high school auditorium - big, but with quite limited facilities and restraining rules. The committee consisted of Mrs. William Bradley Baker, Edwin Bartee, Hugh Doak, Jr., Walter Eigenbrod, Emil Hel-

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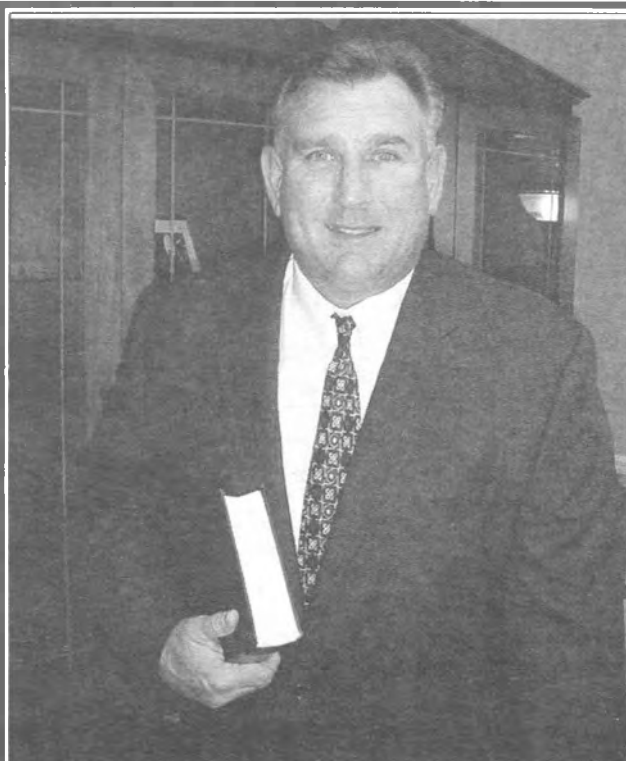
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lebrand, Mrs. Tom Jones, Jr., Dr. Alexandria Kates, Rev. Edsel Keith, Will Mickle, Harry Rhett, Jr., Mayor R.B. Searcy, Jimmy Taylor and J.T. Uptain. With the committee's encouragement in January 1960, Nancy Nilsson, HLT's President, addressed the City Council, saying that HLT would try to raise the funds if the city would give it land on which to build a 400-seat theater. Not much came of this particular request, except that it was the start of lobbying for a facility that later resulted in the small theater that's in today's Von Braun Civic Center.

Always the optimist, Nancy wrote a personal letter to Bette Davis, via the producer, asking if she and the cast would like a light supper after the performance, with a small group in a private home. Walter Eigenbrod on the advisory committee had volunteered to play host at his home, which was at 312 Williams Avenue. To her surprise, Nancy received a handwritten note back from Bette saying that they would be delighted. She remarked that no one ever seemed to ask them, and it would be wonderful to go somewhere other than back to a hotel.

Ticket sales were sluggish. As the Tuesday, February 16th date neared, about half the tickets were sold - about 500 or so - leaving HLT hoping that a last minute box office surge would keep it from losing too much money. But

then there was a problem:

The Huntsville Times headlines of Sunday, February 14 said it best: "Highways to Huntsville Blocked. Vehicles Stalled. Paralyzed North Alabama Fights to Keep Head Above Heavy Snow." Snow depths ranged up to 12 inches.

By Monday, it was worse. Temperatures dropped to a low of 8 degrees. Roads were deemed unsafe for travel, so Superintendent Raymond Christian declared that schools would be closed Monday and Tuesday. Forget box office sales. HLT didn't know whether Davis and troupe could get here, and if they did, whether they could even get into the school to

perform.

The troupe did arrive in the afternoon, checking into the Russel Erskine Hotel. Nancy got the school to open for the performance. The narrow streets to the school and the

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***On local police report***

school parking lot weren't cleared, and the auditorium wasn't too well heated - which is a nice way of saying it was cold. But 400 brave souls showed up and "The World of Carl Sandburg" went on as scheduled.

Afterwards, the cast and their car were led to the Eigenbrod home. The party was given by the advisory committee, who, with officers of HLT, were the only ones present. Jay Fryman, Bill Schwarz and I were the at-large members of the HLT board that year, and so we were at the party. Jay recalls that his car pulled up behind that of the cast and he was the first to meet Bette as she got out of her car, helping her, as he put it, climb over a snow bank. He also clearly remembers her white ermine cape.

Refreshments were served buffet style from the dining room table which had a fine floral centerpiece.

A Times article the next day described Davis' dress: black taffeta with a fitted bodice and portrait neckline. She also wore long white gloves and that white ermine cape.

Jay also recalled Bill Schwarz's wife, Pat, asking Bette how much longer the tour would last - it had been 15 weeks so far. It was to end on Friday, she found out. Pat remarked, "Well then you'll finally be glad to get home to Gary." Bette frowned and said, "My dear, you're too big a girl to think that." It would turn out that Bette would file for divorce from Gary in May.

I remember Bette sitting comfortably and relaxed in a corner chair, many of us seated on the floor at her feet. She was most gracious and talked for hours - in no hurry to fight the snow or return to the hotel. Sullivan, on the other hand, paced back and forth. We were all surprised how tall he was, and he had looked good on stage - but we also all recall that up close his face was wrinkled and pockmarked. His biggest interest was getting on - he was to play Nashville and Chattanooga and then leave the tour for an appearance on TV's biggest dramatic show, "Playhouse 90."

We kept apologizing for having only 400 people in at-

tendance, in an auditorium that could seat 1,000. Both Bette and Barry thought the audience was very responsive - one of the best to whom they had played.

And it was then that Bette Davis taught me something I have always remembered and put to good use. She said, "You worry only about the people who come to see you. If you have one person in the audience, you give that person your best performance. Don't ever worry about the people who don't show up."

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# Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*

Our cute little boy who was in the September issue Photo of the Month was realtor **Richard Van Valkenburg**. Most people called with incorrect guesses but the lady from Decatur who called was **Jerri Parker**, who said she knew Richard "back in the day"! So congratulations to Jerri, who is a retired school secretary.

**Denise Handley** is manager and **Deanna McGrew** is owner of the newly relocated Pearly's Natural Foods & Mercantile. Many remember going into Pearly's when **Myrna Copeland** owned it, but she passed away several years ago. Pearly's has any kind of spice, tea, essential oils etc. that you won't find anywhere else. Now Denise tells me they are stocked with homemade beer and winemaking supplies that are so popular now! So glad Pearly's is BACK. They're at 2818 Governors Drive just west of Alabama Flag.

Don't forget the **Liz Hurley Ribbon Run** (5K) to benefit Huntsville Hospital's Breast Center, to be held on Oct. 18th. To register your team now go to



[lizhurleyribbonrun.org](http://lizhurleyribbonrun.org).

Happy Birthday to that sweet **Diane Owens** of Huntsville who has an Oct. 25 birthday. I know husband **Ken** will make it a fun bash along with their pampered **Shih-tsu, Angel!**

Have you ever thought about learning to square dance? It's a great way to meet new people & lots of good exercise. If it sounds fun to you, call **Claudia Lively** at 256.881.0189.

Here is a great tip I heard while attending the **Better Business Bureau Fraud Summit** at Dynetics in Research Park recently. You know how sometimes you have a couple of bills to pay and want to drop them in a Post Office collection box that is located on the street? Well if you do that on a weekend or holiday or nighttime after the pickup, there are people who will "fish" for mail out of the mailboxes. They can then "wash" the checks and make them out to whomever they want.

It's all part of **Identity Protection** and I am guilty of having dropped off bills at night many times in the past. The Postal Inspector who spoke said that we should always put the mail in before the pickup that is listed on the box, just to be safe. And never on Sundays or holidays. He also suggested NOT to leave the bills clipped to your home mailbox for the mailman to get - because the same thing could happen - someone could just remove the bills from your mailbox.

It just takes a little common sense and in these days we have got to do all we can to protect our families and our property.

**Phone scams** are on the rise also. If you see a number on your caller ID you don't recognize, just don't answer. If it's someone important they'll leave a message. Don't ever answer when you see your own name and number in the caller ID display - people are curious when they see that and it turns into another scam. Finally if you see an area code 976 - it's from Jamaica and don't answer that either. They won't be leaving you any

## 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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messages.

Also at the Fraud Summit they recommended always having a copy of what credit cards/ social security cards/ insurance cards etc. you have in your wallet - that way in case your wallet/purse is stolen you have an immediate record of what you had in there and can begin calling to cancel your cards right away.

Finally there's a new scam that's happening in parking lots - people will put what looks like a \$50 bill on your windshield, you don't see it til you get in your car then get out again to take it off the windshield, and people are waiting to rob you. If you see something like that just get in your car, lock your doors and drive away. When you get home you can check it out and it won't be real anyway.

Just keep an eye out for anything suspicious, keep your guard up and be careful.

RuthAnn Haymes was 87 when she passed away in Huntsville. She was a special education teacher who loved learning, and read a book a day. We send our deepest sympathy to her children, Mark Gordon Haymes, William Leonard Haymes (Demetra), Christianna Haymes Crittenden (Tom), and Riley Ann Lacy (Tim), along with 8 beloved grandchildren.

Special thanks to Charles at Mike's Wrecker Service recent-

ly who had to put my little '74 MGB on a flatbed trailer and take it to my repair shop, Pit-stop. It wasn't even raining and my car just stopped for NO reason. (British cars are bad about driving in the rain). Charles was so careful because it's an old car, and he took alot of pride in what he does. Thank you!

When you vote on Nov. 2nd please consider researching, and voting for, each candidate based on what they say they will offer **rather than pulling a straight ticket.** When you vote for ALL Democrats or ALL Republicans you might very well miss someone in the other party who has the experience and will actually do a better job. Whatever your political preferences are, your vote is very important and that goes for EACH candidate that you are voting for, rather than just a pre-printed list.

The Twickenham Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution held a really interesting event at Constitution Hall Village on September 17. That date was the 227th anniversary of the signing of our U.S. Constitution and at 4pm bells were rung downtown and were heard from homes all over Huntsville! In Huntsville, a few years after 1996, "Bells Across America" became a yearly collaborative project of the local DAR chapters: Hunt's Spring, Huntsville, Maple Hill and Twickenham

Town. There are approximately 400 ladies who are members of the local DAR.

A special Hello to Nina Beal of the Ark, a no-kill pet shelter that's been in operation since Nina started it in 1990. She works tirelessly for the animals. She and her team do SO much for the pets who don't have loving homes and there are many volunteers and donors who help her in her effort. Thank you Nina!

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# RECIPES

## Tastiest Bytes

### Water Chestnut/Bacon Wraps

- 1 can whole water chestnuts,
- 1 lb. bacon
- 1 c. sugar
- 1 c. ketchup

Cut each water chestnut in half. Cut bacon into thirds, wrap each piece of bacon around each half of water chestnut. Secure with toothpicks. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Drain the fat. Mix sugar and ketchup in baking dish, heat slowly til sugar dissolves. Add the drained wraps to the ketchup mixture, serve immediately.

### Tortilla Appetizers

- 1 6-oz. can pitted ripe olives, drained and chopped
- 1 4-oz. can chopped green chilies, drained
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

- 1 c. sour cream
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 5 - 10" flour tortillas
- Snipped fresh parsley, chopped cilantro and salsa

Combine all ingredients except tortillas, parsley, cilantro and salsa. Blend well. Divide evenly among tortillas and spread to edges. Roll up, wrap in plastic wrap. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. When ready to serve, cut rolls into 1/2 inch slices. Arrange the slices, cut side down, on serving platter. Sprinkle with snipped parsley and cilantro. Serve with salsa.

### Maryland Crab Cakes

- 1 lb. regular crabmeat
- 1/2 c. bread crumbs
- 1 egg, beaten
- 5 t. mayonnaise

- 1 T. parsley, chopped fine
- 2 t. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 t. prepared mustard
- 1 t. salt
- 1/4 t. white pepper

Mix all ingredients, form into small (3" diameter) flat cakes. Deep fry at 350 degrees for 2 or 3 minutes or broil til golden brown. This will make 6 cakes.

### Good Salsa Recipe

- 2 cans chopped tomatoes with diced green chilies
- 2 cans diced tomatoes
- 1 jar chopped jalapenos
- Fresh cilantro, chopped
- Garlic Salt (or crush a garlic clove and add salt)

Add and mix tomatoes in food processor. Add lots of cilantro. Add garlic salt, chop up jalapenos and add them to suit your heat register.

Optional - you can add a

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squirt of lemon or lime juice, or a medium sweet onion, chopped.

### Savory Rice Recipe

Melt 1 stick butter in a skillet and 1 cup rice. Simmer 7 minutes. Stir once or twice.

Pour rice in casserole dish, add a can of Campbell's onion soup and a can of beef consommé.

Bake covered at 350 degrees for an hour and 15 minutes. This is really good with ham or just by itself.

### Red Beans and Sausage

- 1 lb. red beans, dried
- 1 lg. onion, diced
- 1 clove garlic, diced
- 1 T. parsley flakes
- 3 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 lb. smoked or hot sausage
- 3 T. butter
- 2 T. Cajun spice

Rinse your beans, pick over them and discard stones. Fill a large pot with beans and water. Let boil for an hour, adding water as needed.

Add seasonings, onion, celery and spices. Let beans cook til soft. Add meats and butter, cook on low heat til creamy. Add Cajun spice to taste.

Serve over white rice with a good crusty homemade bread.

### Chicken & Cheese

- 4 boneless chicken breasts
- 4 slices Provolone cheese
- 1 tomato, chopped
- 1 bunch green onions, chopped,

- 3 t. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 T. soy sauce
- 1 t. garlic powder

Combine the last 3 ingredients as a marinade. Put the chicken breasts in, let marinate for 2 hours. Grill or saute the chicken til done. Melt the cheese over tops of breasts. Garnish with chopped tomato and green onions. Good with a side of sour cream.

### Millionaire Pie

- 2 graham cracker pie shells
- 8 oz. crushed pineapple
- 8 oz. Mandarin oranges
- 8 oz. Cool whip
- 1 can Eagle-brand condensed milk

- 1/3 c. shredded coconut
- 1/2 c. pecans, chopped
- Fresh lemon juice

Drain crushed pineapple and Mandarin oranges. Cut oranges in two. Mix ingredients except lemon juice. Add just enough lemon juice to thicken it, not enough that you can taste it. Pour into pie shell and put in fridge for several hours.



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# The Good Old Days

by Jerry Keel, Hazel Green

Each year when baseball season rolls around I think back to the days of my youth - when I was 10 to 12 years old and full of wonder about what tomorrow would bring. Back then there was never any question whether tomorrow would come. When you are that age you feel invincible.

The summer was full of excitement and fun. I lived less than a block from the Beirne Avenue playground, which was a magic place for a ten-year-old. There were big swings, sandboxes, monkey bars and horseshoes for all of the neighborhood kids to enjoy. The highlight for me was the softball field where you could run like the wind to catch a fly ball or try to reach the next base before you were thrown out.

There were four neighborhood playgrounds that I can recall. Beirne Avenue playground was my home park. We also played softball games at three other playgrounds. California Street park was located near where Huntsville Middle School is now. Mayfair park was in the McThornmor Acres neighborhood. Finally, Mill Street playground was located off Church Street close to Cleveland Street. Most of my friends and I were concerned about trips to Mill Street. Some of the guys there were sort of rough, tough characters who intimidated most of us. After we became better acquainted they all became fast friends and we began to look forward to playing there.

Today the kids who play Little League baseball or soccer are all ferried to the practice fields and the games by their parents in big new SUV's or family cars. Our means of transportation back then was by bicycle or on foot. Whoever had a functioning bike would double someone whose was broken at the time.

My family was poor but we didn't know it at the time because all of our friends were poor also. I enjoyed life like only a youngster with no worries or cares could. I could take an old broomstick and it would magically become a bat with which to hit rocks. It could also be a sword or a spear or even a rifle. The trusty

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broomstick's use was limited only by the owner's imagination.

All of the softball games were played during the daylight hours because none of the fields had lights. After a long bicycle ride we were usually thirsty and looking for a refreshing drink of water. Many times the fountains didn't work but we managed to get some water from one of the neighborhood houses.

Each playground had a supervisor who was supplied by the City of Huntsville. Those wonderful ladies served as nurses, referees in case of a disagreement between two or more of the kids, disciplinarians, teachers who helped anyone who had problems when school was in session, friends, substitute mothers and so much more. When game-time rolled around the supervisors would serve as umpires if there were no other adults or older kids around to serve in that thankless job. Many times an older resident in the neighborhood would call the games for us to give the supervisor a break.

The highlight for all of us was the monthly weiner roast and movie night at the playground. Mr. Jimmy Walker, who ran the RC Cola bottling plant, would graciously provide the weiners, buns, all the trimmings including marshmallows and the straightened coat hangers on which the weiners and marshmallows were roasted.

Another benefactor was Mr. Milton K. Cummings. Each summer he would rent a bus to take a load of kids to Birmingham and Nashville to see a professional baseball game. Mr. Cummings would pay for the bus, hire two or three men to serve as chaperones, pay for our admission and buy hot dogs and other refreshments while we were there. Mr. Cummings was a wealthy

cotton buyer who did not hesitate to share his good fortune with the underprivileged and poor kids.

Mr. Cummings also sponsored and paid for a football program for the older kids who liked to play football. They were called Cummings' Cotton Kids. That's another story for another day. That was just another example of the generosity shown by Mr. Cummings.

When we went to Birmingham to see the Birmingham Barons play ball in the old Rickwood Field, it was a wonderful sight for all of us who had never seen a professional baseball game. It was hard to comprehend a place as large as the confines of the ball



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park when you were a ten or eleven year old kid who had never been anywhere outside the city of Huntsville.

In Nashville the games were played at the park which was named Sulfur Dell. The thing that sticks out in my memory most of all was the right field section of the outfield. Evidently the builders ran out of room because when the right fielder went back for a fly ball he had to run up a steep hill. That probably served as a warning track for the outfielder. When he started up the hill he knew there was a fence close by.

Probably most of our time at both of the ball parks was spent running around the bleachers. When our hot dogs and drinks and ice cream bars arrived we did manage to stop long enough to enjoy them.

During the fall, before it became too cold, we all gathered at the playground to play football. There was always a big crowd of guys who liked to play football. A few I can remember were the late Bill Easterling, later a sportswriter at The Huntsville Times and author of several books. My brother Harold was always there. In spite of having polio when he was very young he could still hold his own with any of the guys. Harold could throw a football it seemed like a mile.

Richard "Reek" Wilson was another, along with Arthur "Ossie" Crowson and his brother. There were so many more but the names and faces have kind of faded as the years passed.

We had integration long before it was mandated by the Federal government. There was a black kid who came

almost every Sunday afternoon to play with the group of white guys. I never heard him called anything but Key. That might have been his first name or his last name but we didn't care.

He was a good football player though, fast and with a lot of evasive moves. Sometimes he would bring several of his friends but it was never black versus white. We simply enjoyed playing ball together. I never heard a cross word and never witnessed any kind of unsportsmanlike conduct

from anyone.

I recall one time I had just gotten a new pair of shoes. I was so proud of them because we rarely got new shoes. The brand name was W. L. Douglas and they were sharp. Well, I didn't want to take a chance of messing them up so I took them off and put them underneath some shrubbery. As I said before we were all poor and nobody got new shoes very often. Well, that day somebody else got a new pair of shoes and I went home in tears dreading to tell my parents that someone had stolen my new shoes. Fortunately for

*Woody Anderson*



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me they understood and didn't get upset too bad.

During football season at Huntsville High School the team practiced at Goldsmith-Schiffman Field. The team would dress in their practice uniforms and then jog down White Street past East Clinton School and on down to Goldsmith-Schiffman to have their practice session. I remember Coach Milton Frank and then Coach Buck Hughes. They were two fine examples of real Southern gentlemen although Coach Hughes could certainly get your attention with his deep, growly voice and a scowl that would wilt a flower.

My parents lived on the corner down from Goldsmith-Schiffman Field. During football season when there was a home game on Friday night my Dad would have to patrol outside to keep inconsiderate people from parking all over the yard. One night a guy blocked the garage door where our car was parked and then got mad when Daddy made him move. Some people would offer to pay but he refused everyone. He said if you let one car park soon you would have a whole yardful of cars making ruts and what not. The street in front of our house on Beirne Avenue and the one beside (Dickson Street I think) were both packed with cars. Back then football was THE sport and every game was well attended even if HHS didn't have a good team.

This is just a glimpse of how it was back in the good old days. Everything moved at a much slower pace then. People had time to stop and talk to each other. Most walked wherever they went, at least in our neighborhood. Probably the more affluent folks didn't walk alot but if they didn't, they sure did miss a lot

of enjoyment in talking and visiting with friends and acquaintances.

During the summer my Grandfather and I would sit around on his front porch under the shade of two gigantic maple trees and listen to baseball games on the radio. We didn't have television but we didn't miss it because we didn't even know what TV was. You just let your imagination take over and through the announcer's words you were there enjoying the sights and sounds of the game.

We had it made. Sitting in the shade with your favorite grandfather sipping from a glass of lemonade or tea, listening to your favorite sport on the radio, waving to the occasional pedestrian as he walked by and marveling at the sight of an automobile coming down the newly-paved street. Man, what a time we had!!

People were more honest and trusting then. A man's word was his bond. My father wanted to borrow enough money to finish having a new house built. Mr. E. P. Miller was a friend and also quite wealthy man who operated a feed and seed business on Meridian Street near the railroad tracks. The railroad crossing was known as Miller's Crossing. There was Mason Brown Ice and Coal Co. where the large 300-pound blocks of ice were frozen. The ice was delivered in horse-drawn wagons covered by heavy canvas to keep the hot sun from melting the ice. All the neighborhood

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**Mae West**

kids would follow along behind the wagon to get some ice chips when smaller blocks of ice were cut from the big ones. Every house had a sign with different weights printed on each corner. The signs were hung on the front of the house with the desired size block at the top.

Now back to Mr. Miller. It's hard to stay on one subject when you open the memory bank doors in your mind. So many wonderful memories come flooding out and they all demand attention. They all seem important and worth mentioning. When a memory pops up you have to pursue it.

Mr. Miller is still waiting so here goes. When my father went to pick up the money for the house he told Mr. Miller how much he needed, signed one piece of paper and left with the money in hand. Now if you borrow even a small amount you sign papers until your arm gets tired.

Alas, with progress comes change. People no longer have time to stop and just talk with their neighbors. We didn't know what we had. That's why we need to revisit the past more often - back to a simpler time when everything moved at a slower pace. However, I'm afraid those times are gone forever. It would probably be hard to find anyone who would trade our lives of ease and plenty for the hard times of the past.

About the writer — My name is Jerry Lee Keel. I was born in Huntsville on August 27, 1937. I attended East Clinton Elementary, Huntsville Junior High and Huntsville High School on Randolph Street. Graduated at the then-new HHS on Billie Watkins Avenue in 1955.

We had a Principal who was a retired Army Colonel with a doctor's degree in education. Dr. Jesse Burbage he was and he was tough. He wanted to run the school like an Army base which nobody liked. I went to work at the Huntsville Times while still in school. I worked there for 44 years and 3 months until major heart surgery put me out to pasture. It was a very stressful job but I enjoyed every minute of it. As for The Times, it became just another victim of progress.

But no one will ever take my great memories from me and it's good to go back and reminisce about days gone by!



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# Are You Lost?



A very zealous soul-winning young preacher recently came upon a farmer working in his field near New Market. Being concerned about the farmer's soul, the preacher asked the man, "Are you laboring in the vineyard of the Lord, my good man?"

Not even looking at the preacher and continuing his work, the farmer replied, "Naw, these are soybeans."

"You don't understand," said the preacher. "Are you a Christian?"

With the same amount of interest as his previous answer the farmer said, "Nope my name is Jones. You must be lookin' for Jim Christian. He lives about a mile south of here."

The young determined preacher tried again, patiently asking the farmer,

**Want to avoid a hang-over or bad headache the next day? Eat a few cucumber slices before going to bed and wake up refreshed and headache-free.**

"Are you lost?"

"Naw! I've lived here all my life," answered the farmer.

"Are you prepared for the resurrection?" The preacher by this time was getting really frustrated.

This last question caught the farmer's attention and he asked, "When's it gonna be?"

Thinking he had accomplished something, the young preacher replied, "It could be today, or it could be tomorrow, or the next day."

Taking a handkerchief from his back pocket and wiping his brow, the farmer remarked, "Well, don't mention it to my wife. She don't get out much and she'll wanna go all three days."

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# A Sad Case of Mistaken Identify

*Her eldest son, mourned as dead, is found alive!*

*from a 1923 newspaper*

Clarence Peters, of Gadsden, AL, after being buried in the family lot of a Gadsden cemetery and grieved as dead by a sorrowing mother, is not dead at all but very much alive.

A strange story, but true. It was in 1917 that Peters, alias Jim Holloway, was caught in Morgan County as a member of a gang of thieves operating in Decatur; and it was Peters who shielded his two comrades who were also captured, while five others of the "gang" escaped — and it was Peters who took a fifteen-year sentence, refusing to squeal on his pals and they went free.

Peters, still known only by the name of Holloway, began his prison sentence while still under the age of 20.

It was in 1918 that he escaped from the state prison and stayed at his mother's home in Gadsden three weeks before leaving for the West. His mother and brothers never knew that he was going under the name of Holloway.

It was only a short time after he escaped from prison that he was captured in a western state and returned to Alabama where prison bars were waiting for him, but relatives never learned of his fate. During the latter part of the year 1919, a message was received from a small town in Iowa by Mrs. Peters, Clarence's mother, informing her that a young man answering her son's description had been killed in a freight wreck and that letters taken from the pockets of the body bore the name "Clarence Peters, Gadsden, Alabama."

The body was sent to Mrs. Peters at Gadsden and grieved over by the mother and sons. The head and face were so badly mutilated that close identification was impossible. The size of the body and the color of the hair fit the description of Clarence.

A small tombstone, purchased by the mourning mother and brothers, was erected at the head of the grave in Clayton Cemetery and Clarence, meanwhile never knowing of the cruel joke played on him, served

on in the penitentiary. He steadfastly refused to convey the news of his recapture to his mother and the incident was forgotten in Gadsden except to those dear ones.

In 1922 Peters could no longer refrain from writing home and, under the name of Jim Holloway, he wrote his mother, inquiring of her son's whereabouts and feigning friendship with young Peters.

In the best way that a mother could she wrote thanking him for the interest he had manifested in her dead son, telling him of the calamity and encouraging him to turn his own life around so that he might have a bright future.

The tender words of the sorrowing mother touched Clarence so, and yet overwhelmed him with surprise over his believed death, that he immediately wrote the whole truth to his mother, and Mrs. Peters was soon clasping her son to her bosom at Banner Prison.

Since that time Peters has made his seventh attempt at escape, and was captured just before he made good in his efforts to gain freedom and to try again his fortunes in a free world.

He is in a sad plight at the prison, marked for bad conduct, and is scheduled for the long route of the sentence.

Peters is still a young man, hardly 25.

In the meantime there is a grave in Etowah, containing the mortal remains of some mother's son who has been wept for most bitterly by the Peters family even though his own loved ones are doubtless looking and longing for his familiar voice and footfalls, which they will never hear again.



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# Tips from Liz

\* To keep yourself from snacking at night, brush your teeth, turn off the kitchen light and tell yourself the kitchen is closed.

\* When you're upset about something, ask yourself, "Does it REALLY matter?" If it does, express your feelings to the right person; if not, drop it and move on.

\* If you drink wine regularly you may be eroding the enamel on your teeth. Brush twice a day and see your dentist if you partake often.

\* Tired of reading depressing news in the paper? Turn on your computer and go to the following URL (address or location): [www.positivepress.com](http://www.positivepress.com)

\* To break a cold as soon as you get the first symptoms, abstain from food for a day and a half, go to bed in a warm room, wrap well and drink plenty of hot liquids.

\* Cooked spinach is delicious with a hint of nutmeg and garlic.

\* To get ahead at the office, demonstrate a winning attitude, pride and self-confidence. Managers encourage and support employees who exhibit these qualities.

\* A good way to cure insomnia is eating two or three raw onions before retiring at night.

\* Protein deposits can form on the surface of contact lenses if you don't clean them regularly. If you develop an allergy to the deposits, you may have to stop wearing them for as little as 3 months or as long as forever.

\* A baldness treatment is ineffective if it's not nimoxidil or finasteride, the only two drugs scientists agree reverse hair loss effectively, according to 'Vitality' magazine. Also be suspicious if a company says its product is a secret formula. A product wouldn't be a secret if it really worked.

\* Limit the number of files in your office. It's easier and faster to look through one file with 20 pieces of paper than 10 files with 2 pieces of paper in each.

\* Patients with coronary heart disease have a better chance of long-term survival if they believe their family and friends will help them do daily tasks, such as taking medications and bathing, etc.

\* Starting your meal with a low-fat soup or salad will

help fill you up.

\* Melted butter is not a good substitute for softened butter when the recipe calls for a creaming step. Let the butter soften and then cream the ingredients well. Melted butter makes soggy cakes.

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# Music Evolvement

by Jim Webb

In talking with folks at "Old Huntsville" magazine recently about possible stories for the magazine, I made the remark that I had a list of 365 musicians/songs/tunes. Further discussion brought us to the conclusion that I could create a progression of a music list. That list would lead to my preference. This list of musical events were to be important to me at the time of experiencing what would be considered the most desired at that time. It would not be a historical essay of music available at that time

First, my family was not musically inclined although my 2 sisters took lessons. Only one of those pursued it to be able to play for church services. I took no lessons, having been told that I had no ear for that type of thing and would never play anything musical. At that time we lived about 10 miles north of Huntsville on Pulaski Pike at a place named Gladstone Rd. that now has disappeared.

My first attraction to music was when visiting with family friends, Roy and Fannie May Jones, who lived on Walker Street. Roy would talk about anything and did many things. He had a barber shop, a watch repair service and a drive-in restaurant at one time in the 5 Points area of northeast Huntsville.

On a particular visit, Roy was talking about a litany of things and at one point, a particularly powerful song came on the radio and took over the conversation. This was Sister Rosetta Tharpe with "STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING EVERY DAY". I still remember

that song with the passion and power in the delivery.

Another family friend named Lorraine Brosemer could play anything with great precision on a piano with sheet music. The music was good but not forceful and lively. To me, it just seemed dead. A high school friend, Bill League, who lived across the creek somehow learned to play the piano. Probably a mail order course or by ear. Whatever it was, it worked. His first performance at our house was FLAMING MAMIE:

"HOTTEST THING IN TOWN  
SHE HAD SKIN YOU WOULD LOVE TO TOUCH  
BETCHA 5 BUCKS YOU WONT TOUCH MUCH"

In those days, that was fairly risqué and defined his piano playing as having a life. This was in about 1945. There was a sad story in this in that he later lost an arm in an agricultural event and basically seemed to have a rough time.

He was usually accepting of his situation and went to some kind of convention up on the East coast someplace. He claimed that he encountered another piano player with one good arm



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October 11, 2014, 11:55 am LIVE; October 15, 2014, 6:30 pm encore

Star soprano Anna Netrebko delivers her searing portrayal of Lady Macbeth, the mad and murderous mate of Zeljko Lucic's doomed for the first time at the Met. Adrian Noble's chilling production of Verdi's masterful adaptation of Shakespeare's tragedy also stars Jose as the noble Macduff and Rene Pape as Banquo. Fabio Luisi conducts.



### Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro

October 18, 2014, 11:55 am LIVE; October 22, 2014, 6:30 pm encore

Met Music Director James Levine conducts a spirited new production of Mozart's masterpiece, directed by Richard Eyre, who sets the this classic domestic comedy in an 18th-century manor house in Seville during the 1930s. Dashing bass-baritone Ildar Abdrazakov in the title role of the clever servant, opposite Marlis Petersen as his bride, Susanna, Peter Mattel as the philandering Count they work Amanda Majeski as the long-suffering Countess, and Isabel Leonard as the libidinous pageboy Cherubino.



### Bizet's Carmen

November 1, 2014, 11:55 am LIVE; November 5, 2014, 6:30 pm encore

Richard Eyre's mesmerizing production of Bizet's steamy melodrama returns with mezzo-soprano Anita Rachvelishvili singing her sigr of the ill-fated gypsy temptress. Aleksandrs Antonenko plays her desperate lover, the soldier Don Jose, and Ildar Abdrazakov is the sv bullfighter, Escamillo, who comes between them. Pablo Heras-Casado conducts the irresistible score, which features one beloved and recognizable melody after another.



### Rossini's il Barbiere di Siviglia

November 22, 2014, 11:55 am LIVE; November 26, 2014, 6:30 pm encore

The Met's effervescent production of Rossini's classic comedy — featuring some of the most instantly recognizable melodies in all of o! Isabel Leonard as the feisty Rosina, Lawrence Brownlee as her conspiring flame, and Christopher Maltman as the endlessly resourceful charming barber, himself. Michele Mariotti conducts the vivid and tuneful score.



and it matched Bill's lost arm side. He claimed that they performed at the event.

At some point, a Grand Ole Opry performer came to Huntsville for a show and whatever auditorium was available required arranging chairs. The performer sensed that the place would not be ready and he raised a racket about people coming to hear him perform and he wanted them to sit and listen. His voice was not as strong as many but his passion was impressive and he went on to be the King of his musical segment until his death many years later. (A lifetime Super Star named Roy Acuff.)

His fans were legendary. I had a friend that moved to Nashville and somehow we met on the beach in Panama City Beach. We talked. When he got to where his friend managed to get him into Acuff's dressing room, he stood up at attention by the swimming pool before he could say Mr. Acuff. That's a fan.

When I got older, jazz came along and acquired some popularity. I never could enjoy that music. Blues and Boogie Woogie carved out a place that still lingers even if its popularity is heavily supported overseas.

There were numerous Boogie players back around the 20s with the premier American group consisting of Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson and Meade Lux Lewis. The Americans had some others

like Freddie Slack but the best were the three mentioned before. Some other players were located in various cities like Memphis, Chicago, New Orleans and others. Axel Zwingenberger, premier German piano Boogie Player, visited New Orleans to get acquainted with their contribution to Boogie. Mainly these were Professor Longhair, Big Joe Duskin, Allan Toussaint and Domino.

On the negative side: I was in Copenhagen once and adjacent to an auditorium. Charlie Mingus was playing that night and I decided to go even if he was a jazz person with vocal political behavior. That was a mistake. He aroused the audience to such an extent that the next morning the bellboy was so rude that I feared for my body if not my life.

As time went by, I was mostly dormant for any music. Then, I was given a



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computer address for a dance pair and Silvan Zingg (Swiss), a prominent piano player. He also conducts annual festivals where the world's players attend. The dancers and piano man were awesome with their energy. Since receiving that address, I have searched the net and collected 365 performers/bands/ plus some more not yet typed. This is not as bad as it seems. Dressing takes me at least a half hour and I generally have the computer playing music which can capture much over several years.

With all the searching, I have concluded that Jerry Lee Lewis has had more effect on the many kinds of music around the Boogie Woogie and Blues category. It may have started like this: Initially, there were no big business/recording studios and several guys were scheduled to audition and maybe record some - Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash, Mickey Gilley and maybe a couple of others. At that time it seemed to be a bunch of newcomers and Jerry Lee was first, he was really stewing.

His friends decided to play a prank on him. They told him to kick the stool/bench back, slam the key cover top hard, rake the key board back and forth several times, throw his jacket down and jump on top of the piano. Not having anything else to offer, his first performance with thousands in the audience, he did those things and the house went wild.

Many years have gone by and he has suffered glory and misery. In 1985, he was a performer in a fair in Vancouver. It never occurred to me that Linda Gail Lewis was his sister. She was awful to me. I saw her more recently and she now has a channel of her own and plays Jerry Lee's style. In an interview, she told that Jerry Lee taught her to play that way.

I saw Hank Williams, Jr. in a show in which he was telling of his childhood and when he got high enough to reach the keys, he started "pimking". His mother was having a fit about him playing boogie. Someone announced that if Hank, Jr. wanted to play that way, Jerry Lee was the teacher for him, with his mother's permission of course.

At that point in the show, Hank, Jr. sat down at a piano and abused and attacked it like Jerry Lee would. Played with fingers, feet, sitting backward, just amazing. There are many people mimicking his style. No one else has created such an impact on that kind of music in the past 50 years.

In the early part of last century, music was not of a good quality. Basically, people had an option to use radio and various flat disks and round tubes). Then the transistor and various other things called tape cassettes, Hi Fi and stereo.

Since those days, many and better quality electronics have emerged and there seems to be no end.



He broke into song because he couldn't find the key.

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# Old Town Band - Then and Now

by *Charlie Lyle*

Mr. D. C. Monroe came here from St. Louis to play at the Monte Sano Hotel. Mr. Monroe fell in love with a young lady here - he was so smitten, he sent the band home and decided to stay in Huntsville.

He formed his band in the late 1800's (80's & 90's). Also he became the leader/conductor of the Old Town Band. The Old Town Band got its beginning at Merrimack Mill Village. In those days the superintendent of the cotton mills tried to plan recreational programs for its workers. They planned movies, bowling alleys, a number of sports and a band.

When the cotton mills were on the decline, the band got down to nil, until Mr. Monroe took over. The band under Mr. D.C. moved its rehearsal place to Mr. Jesse Wilson, Sr.'s furniture store.

The band in World II was called the Over Draft Band. Even the members were too young or too old. Those young people were given the opportunity to play with the band if their high school band directors recommended them.

When Mr. Monroe came to Huntsville, he started his printing business known later as Business Equipment Co. It has been said that he had the best quality of printing than any other printer in the country.

The Huntsville Concert Band as it is now called, played

for many events such as military and social events. The band played for Victory in Europe as well as Victory over Japan known as VE and VJ Day. Celebrations were held mainly around the Court House Square.

The band rehearsals which were held at Wilson Furniture Company on West Clinton Street had an intermission. Mostly musicians took off to the Central Cafe. My favorite food was watermelon and shrimp cocktail when I could afford it. I just had to have a very ample amount of horseradish for the shrimp. A friend at the time said it blew out his sinuses.

The waiter some of the time was a black man named Scottie. Everyone loved Scottie. Scottie shuffled his feet but no wonder. He shuffled his feet because when a customer gave Scottie a tip, it was usually in the form of a snort of whiskey.

The pictures Mr. D.C. took are circa 1880's to 1890's. Others about the middle of the 1940 are which brings up the fact that Mr. D.C. was a terrific photographer. Most

all of the pictures of Old Huntsville were taken by him. If it wasn't for him, there would be very few pictures of Old Huntsville. The pictures are of old houses, yes, even Boogertown, Werhner Von Braun and Monte Sano Hotel are in the Huntsville Library, third floor in the Heritage Room.

I would like to thank Ms. Suzanna Leberman and the Huntsville Public Library for their assistance with this article. At this time I would like to thank also Gene Monroe, George Mahoney, Bob Wilson and others for research and making this article possible.

To conclude this writing, The Huntsville Concert Band is very much alive and well. My research tells me that a Ms. Frank Asquith is now the conductor.

How many bands have been in existence without interruption from the 1920's to present time or for 93 years?

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# Some Unusual Superstitions



- Don't throw your hair clippings out of an open window - that signifies bad luck to the thrower.
- If you kill frogs, your cows will "go dry".
- Tickling a baby will cause stuttering.
- To thank a person for combing your hair is bad luck.
- To allow a child to look into a mirror before it is a month old will cause it trouble in teething.
- A child will have the nature and disposition similar to that of the person who first takes it out of doors.
- If a person comes into your presence while you are saying bad things about him, and he puts his hands anywhere on you, you will die.
- Plant all seeds, make soap and kill meat on the increase of the moon. If done on the decrease, the seeds will not grow, the soap will not lather and the meat will shrink.
- If, on a cloudy morning, blue sky is seen sufficient to make a pair of pants, the sun will come out.
- Wasps coming out thick in the fall is a sign that winter is about to set in.
- Misfortune will come to you if you sell or pawn a wedding gift. Above all, never hock your wedding ring.
- If you work on the day of your wedding you will have to work always.
- It is very bad luck to sweep your house on Friday night.
- If rats cut your clothes, do not allow your kinfolks to mend them.
- When you hear the first dove of the spring, take off your right shoe and you will find a strand of the man's hair you are to marry.
- If you hear a screech owl it means instant bad luck - to prevent their cry, turn your pockets inside out and set your shoe soles upward.

- If you dream of a live snake, beware of enemies out to get you. If in the dream the snake is dead, your enemies are powerless.

- To see the new moon through clouds or treetops means trouble; if the disk is clear, good luck; if seen over the right shoulder, joy; if over the left, anger and disappointment.

- No person who touches a dead body will be haunted by its spirit.

- When your cat runs about the house and plays, that is a sign that there is a strong wind coming.

- Three successive cloudy mornings, it will rain on the third.

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Hercules was born with one ear, a right eye that was looking to the side, his nose was set to one side of his muzzle, a crooked tail and the vet thought he had hydrocephalus (water on brain). He is now almost 10 weeks old now and is amazing. Heike, my volunteers has done wonders with him. He does have an ear canal where the ear flap is missing. He has a tuft of hair God put in front of it to protect the canal. His eye is now straight looking forward as it should, and the opening in his skull cap (he had 2) have closed completely and his nose is where it is supposed to be. Is that amazing or not????

We love this little guy dearly. His mouth was so tiny he could not suckle. Heike & I got him to suckle his mothers milk because he had to have it for his immune system. We are so proud of him. He is a little fighter.

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# EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR VARICOSE VEINS

Varicose veins are a very common problem, affecting an estimated 40% of women and 25% of men. New minimally invasive techniques in vein management, along with insurance companies recognizing the need for treatment of varicose veins and their complications, allow patients who have not previously considered treatment a simple and relatively pain-free option.

Abnormal veins can appear as a bulging rope-like cord on the legs. Other symptoms of varicose veins include pain, aching, heaviness or tiredness, a burning or tingling sensation, swelling, pressure or throbbing, and spider veins. If you experience these symptoms and don't seek treatment varicose veins could lead to more serious complications, including phlebitis, blood clots, skin ulcers and bleeding.

Varicose veins occur when the valves in superficial leg veins malfunction. The superficial veins have one-way valves which allow the venous blood in the legs to return to the heart. When these valves become dysfunctional, typically caused by trauma, increasing age, pregnancy, and a family history of venous dysfunction, the valves may be unable to properly close. This allows blood that should be moving towards the heart to

flow backwards. This is called venous reflux and it allows the blood to collect in your lower veins causing them to enlarge and put the venous system under high pressure. Once a vein develops venous insufficiency it will always be abnormal and will only lead to the development of more abnormal veins and worsen.

In the past, venous insufficiency was typically treated with surgery using a procedure called vein stripping. This involved either multiple small incisions or a large incision leaving scars. Stripping can involve general anesthesia, treatment in a hospital, and multiple weeks of recovery. We now have minimally invasive treatments that are proven to be 98% effective in treating varicose veins.



**JAMES C. NIX III, M.D.**

A new procedure called EVLT (Endo-venous Laser Treatment) is now available and covered by most insurance companies. EVLT is a non-surgical, more effective treatment for varicose veins. The treatment is performed in the doctor's office under local anesthesia. The doctor uses ultrasound to map out the vein. He then applies a local anesthetic; patients feel very little pain. After administering anesthesia, a thin laser fiber is inserted through a tiny entry point, usually near the knee. The laser is activated as the vein is destroyed. The body will absorb the vein over the next 3 to 6 months.

Most patients feel an immediate relief of symptoms and can return to normal activity. There is no general anesthesia, hospitalization or scarring.

**JAMES C. NIX III, M.D.**  
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## *Do I have Varicose Veins?*

### **Do I have any of these symptoms?**

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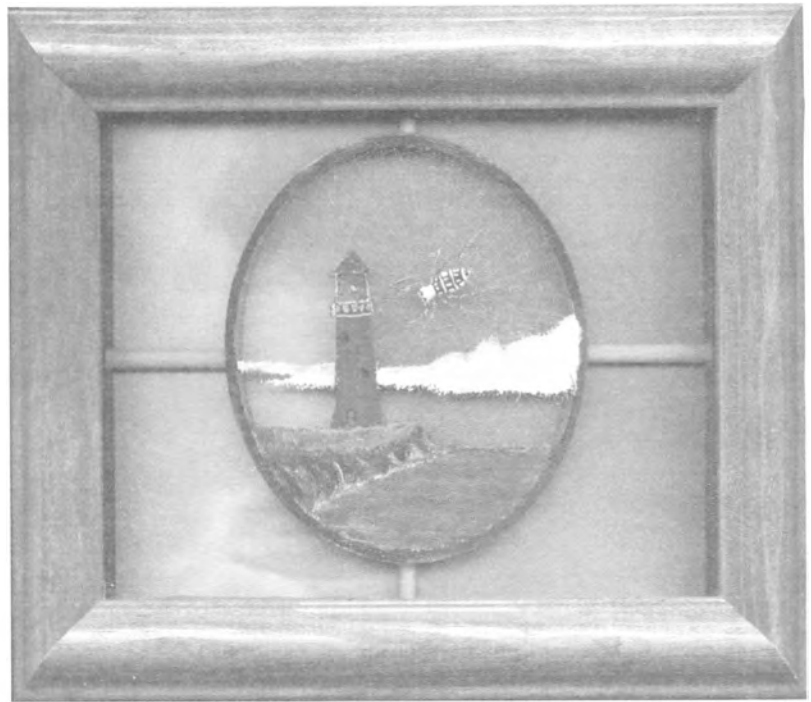
# Other Spider Web Artists

by Neida Stanley

"Here's a good one!" "Oh, this one is just right!" "She'll love this one!" The excitement of the girls and boys collecting spider webs in the early 1930s for Mrs. Anne Bradshaw Clopton revealed their pride in her accomplishment of painting pictures on the fragile cobwebs and their eagerness to help her. They collected the webs in Merrimac Village on cardboard frames she provided. All of them had seen her artwork and her studio; a small, cedar-lined closet in her home, but none had ever seen more than a peek of her at her work.

Among the children collecting cobwebs were two who had talents for painting pictures and yearned to paint on spider webs. They, Joyce Pedigo Esslinger and Charles Stanley, were determined to fulfill their desires. Each in his/her own time mastered the techniques and created their own works of art on the delicate spider webs..

Joyce started with her first painting at the age of 11 or 12; Charles, after retiring from his career at Redstone Arsenal, completed his first painting in the 1980s. It took many tries and failures to reach their goals; but, their determination, steady



by Charles Stanley

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hands, and good eyesight overcame the fragility of the cobwebs.

Neither Joyce nor Charles entered their paintings in many public showings. Joyce had one of her works selected for showing at a Southern California Art Show where it received a special display setting. Joyce lived forty years in California with her husband, Edgar. She painted her cobweb works on cardboard frames her friends helped her collect. They now reside in Alabama.

Charles collected his spider webs on small embroidery hoops. His only public showing was at the Merri-mac/Bradley Reunion held each June at the VBCC. He was scheduled, in December 2005, to be interviewed by a newspaper reporter in Fairhope, Alabama, a town known for its artistic flair and art appreciation.. An illness forced cancellation of the interview. He passed away on March 18, 2006.

Charles's and Joyce's works have amazed those who have seen them. In addition to their cobweb painting, both artists painted on canvas using the usual mediums - oils, acrylics and water.

Joyce's hope is the same as Charles's would be, i.e., someone who sees their paintings or reads about the "Spider-web Artists" will be inspired to carry on the art.



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# The Buried Treasure of Rube Burrow

by Emmett Ashworth

All my life my late father, B.E. Ashworth, told me stories of the night Rube Burrow and his brother Jim visited my great grandfather Bud Ashworth at his home in Royal, AL, about 15 miles south of Guntersville.

Along about dusk one evening in 1889, two strangers approached the house and asked permission to spend the night. As was the custom back then, they were invited in, fed a warm meal and given a place to sleep.

Later that night, the family was awakened by the sheriff at the front door, who loudly ordered that Burrow give himself up.

When Bud Ashworth went to the door to talk with the sheriff, the Burrow

boys made a hasty exit out a back window. The next day, the sheriff and his posse caught up with the outlaws about four miles north of the United Methodist Church. They were too far away for the posse's shotguns to harm them, so everyone just stared and hoped nothing would happen. Suddenly, one man with a rifle started shooting at the Burrows. Rube Burrow returned the fire and in the melee following, killed W.E. Woodard. The posse, after getting a taste of the Burrow's gunfire, decided the chase wasn't worth it and returned, chastised, to their homes.

The next day, the brothers were spotted walking into a heavily wooded thicket across from Grave's farm, carrying what appeared to be heavy saddlebags. A witness later swore that when they exited the thicket they no longer had the bags.

Rube never returned to claim what he had buried in the thicket. Soon afterwards, before anyone could question him about the mysterious saddlebags, he was killed in a fierce gun battle.

All my life my Daddy was convinced that the saddlebags contained

treasure from one of the Burrow's numerous robberies. Though we searched for years, no trace was ever found. Most people, by this time, had discounted the whole story, attributing it to mere folklore. Regardless of local beliefs, my father was so firmly convinced that it never entered my mind to doubt him.

Early one summer morning in 1991, an employee of Hiwassee Land Co. was clearing this particular land using heavy equipment. Oftentimes he had found unusual objects buried in the ground, so it was not particularly a surprise when he encountered what appeared to be large pieces of leather. Turning his bulldozer off, the man climbed down for a closer look.

Entwined in the roots of a tree were the remnants of two saddlebags, bulging with gold and silver coins. Also found were the remains of what was once bundles of "Federal Greenbacks."

Though the claim was contested by many people, the court, after a lengthy court battle, awarded the treasure to the bulldozer driver.

And thus ended the saga of Rube Burrow's foray into North Alabama.



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# Tweetie's Pet Tips

## What to do About Feral Cats in your Yard?

*"Cats are bad enough - the thought of a feral cat gives me goosebumps."  
Tweetie*



fice supply stores. Or, set chicken wire firmly into the dirt with sharp edges rolled under.

- Artfully arrange branches in a lattice-type pattern or wooden or plastic lattice fencing material over soil. You can disguise these by planting flowers and seeds in the openings. You can also try embedding wooden chopsticks, pinecones, or sticks with dull points deep into the soil with the tops exposed eight inches apart.

### What is a feral cat?

A feral cat is a member of the domestic cat family but is just not socialized. These cats live outdoors, usually near homes, but are not social with people and other animals and therefore are deemed as "wild." Believe it or not, these cats have been living near us for more than ten thousand years. They generally live in "colonies" and have strong social bonds with other colony cats.

### Keeping their Numbers Down

The most humane way to deal with these colonies is the Trap/Neuter/Return method. The cats are caught in humane traps, taken to a vet who neuters and vaccinates them, then returns them to the colony. If there are some of these cats who are more socialized and can be adopted out, they are. This is probably more likely to happen in a larger city than Huntsville, but we have our share of feral cats and the goal is to prevent any unwanted kittens as well as rabies.

### Solutions for Some Problems

#### Cats are digging in my garden.

Explanation: It is a cat's natural instinct to dig and deposit in soft or loose soil, moss, mulch, or sand.

- Scatter fresh orange and lemon peels or spray with citrus scented fragrances. Coffee grounds, vinegar, pipe tobacco, or oil of lavender, lemongrass, citronella, or eucalyptus also deter cats.

- Plant the herb rue to repel cats, or sprinkle dried rue over the garden.

- Use plastic carpet runners spike-side up, covered lightly in soil. They can be found at local hardware or of-

- Obtain Cat Scat™, a nonchemical cat and wildlife repellent consisting of plastic mats that are cut into smaller pieces and pressed into the soil. Each mat has flexible plastic spikes that are harmless to cats and other animals, but discourage digging.

- Cover exposed ground in flower beds with large, attractive river rocks to prevent cats from digging. They have the added benefit of deterring weeds.

- Establish a litter box by tilling the soil or placing sand in an out-of-the-way spot in your yard. Keep it clean and free of deposits.

### Cats are sleeping under my porch or in my shed.

Explanation: The cats are looking for a dry, warm shelter away from the elements.

- Physically block or seal the location the cats are entering with chicken wire or lattice once you are certain the cats are not inside. Be sure to search for kittens before confirming that the cats have left—especially during spring and summer, prime kitten season.

- Provide a shelter (similar to a small doghouse). Or, if they are feral and part of a nearby managed colony, ask the caregiver to provide a shelter for the cats. Shelters should be hidden to keep the cats safe, and placing them in secluded areas can help guide the cats away from unwanted areas.

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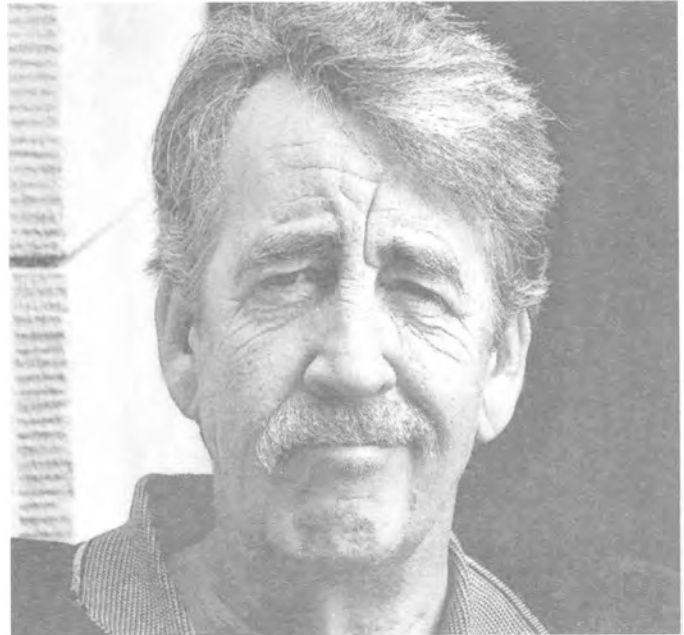
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# From the Desk of Tom Carney

## On Writing

by Tom Carney



Most people think writing is easy. Buy a typewriter and a dictionary and you're on your way down the journalistic path to fame and fortune.

A few writers, if they are lucky and become well known, may get a review in some other publication, or possibly, receive a few letters complimenting a particular story. For a writer, that's the ultimate accolade.

But for most of us, it is a life of anomaly, sitting glued to a word processor day after day. Your throat becomes parched from too many cigarettes, your back is killing you and you are fighting a constant deadline. The commas become periods, and Joe Blow appears on your screen as Joe Bleu, while the copy editor stands behind you screaming, asking if you ever heard of "spell-check."

A writers life is a strange existence.

You see an old couple, possibly in their nineties, dancing at the Officers Club. Their joints are crippled by age and their heads are snow-white. They move slowly about the dance floor to the melody of an old-time waltz.

And you sit there, nursing another drink, marveling at the years and the love this couple must share. You go home late that night, it's always late when a writer gets home, and try to recapture some of those feelings on a piece of paper before the hangover sets in. You

don't think about the fact that a hundred thousand people will probably read the story; you just want other people to feel the same emotions you did that night.

Even the best of writers, deep down in their hearts, are never sure if they do this well.

And you wonder if it's worth it. Does anyone ever read these stories?

**"She doesn't really sag;  
she's only gravitationally  
challenged."**  
  
**Jenni L.'s husband**

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Several months ago I wrote a story about the closing of Bragg's Grocery on Hurricane Creek. It was a short nostalgic story dealing with people who used to trade at the old store. Most of the people I mentioned are long dead.

I had almost forgotten about the story when late one afternoon a strange car pulled into my drive-way. An elderly, well-dressed lady got out and walked over to where I was standing.

After I introduced myself, she asked, "Please could you say something to my mother? It would mean a lot to her." The lady explained that in the story I had mentioned her father's name, who had been dead for almost fifty years.

Walking over to the car I opened the door and introduced myself to the old woman sitting there. Her face was wrinkled from almost a century of living and on her right hand was a wedding ring that must have been as old and worn as its owner. In her other hand she clutched a copy of the story I had written. She looked like she had been crying for a while.

Slowly she turned her head to look at me, and looking at the story, said in low, soft voice, "Someone remembered his name."

Is it worth it? Yes, it's worth it.



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# C.S.S. Dunbar: The Ship that Wouldn't Die

While many stories have been written about the Civil War and the Tennessee Valley, few have ever touched on the naval campaigns that took place on the Tennessee River.

One ship, the C.S.S. Dunbar, while prowling the Tennessee River both above and below Huntsville, would become a symbol of hope for the Confederacy.

The grim horseman of war visited North Alabama in the summer of 1861 and the broad Tennessee River would soon be swept clean of the beautiful paddlewheel steamboats that still hold so fond a place in our folklore. Ugly smoke-belching gunboats would take their place, becoming objects of fear instead of admiration. The South had little to oppose the Union might on the inland waterways.

Nevertheless, one ship that tried valiantly was the C.S.S. Dunbar, an unlikely warship but one that proved almost indestructible.

The Dunbar was actually Northern built, having been launched at Pittsburgh in 1859 for the upper Ohio River trade. The attractive sidewheel steamer measured 164 feet by 27 feet and displaced 213 tons. An extremely maneuverable vessel, the Dunbar could be turned within her own length.

In 1860 the Dunbar had been purchased by a group of businessmen in Paducah, Kentucky. This brought the future gunship to the South.

With the outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South, the South was in an extremely vulnerable position. While the pre-war North had been forced to build railroads for commerce, the South had been able to rely heavily on the fine rivers which served the region. Now, however, those same rivers provided excellent invasion routes deep into the heartland of Dixie. The Confederacy did what it could to defend itself.

On December 24, 1861 the Confederate Congress appropriated half a million dollars to purchase eight steamboats for alteration to gunboats. In charge of the task was Confederate Isaac N. Brown, a man who would prove a thorn in the side of the Union throughout the four long years of war. Lieutenant Brown went to

Nashville, the riverside capital, where he inspected a number of steamboats for selection. He bought three at Nashville; one of them was the Dunbar.

Since Union troops had already crossed into Kentucky and would soon seize the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, Brown had to work fast. Thus the Dunbar and her sister ships went to war little changed from their peacetime appearance. The Dunbar was still painted a cheerful white and none of her passenger cabins appear to have been removed.

Brown did finally manage to add two 12-pounder rifled cannons to the Dunbar, tech-



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nically making her a gunboat. However this light armament would not allow the Dunbar to challenge the powerful Union warships. In fact the Dunbar's best defense would always be her speed.

The Union fleet wasted no time in raiding up the Tennessee. The Lexington, Conestoga and Tyler promptly headed upstream, destroying Confederate Army supplies and even civilian riverboats whenever they found them. The Dunbar "flew like a deer before a pack of hounds, giving warning to all boats and points above and below Huntsville along the river to Florence," reported the Huntsville Democrat. Nevertheless, the Union gunboats managed to capture the unfinished gunboat Eastport, one of the Dunbar's sister ships, at Savannah, Tennessee.

Then the invaders pushed on as far as Florence, Alabama, where Muscle Shoals and the Memphis & Charleston Railroad bridge brought them to a halt. As Confederate officials quickly realized, the Shoals were as good as a fleet of warships when it came to defending the upper Tennessee River. The Union gunboats simply drew too much water to go any further.

Florence, the first Alabama city to be taken by the North, was panic-stricken when the Yankee fleet came into view at 2:30 p.m. on February 8, 1862. The Federal ships found three riverboats busily unloading

Confederate Army supplies at the city's wharf.

Though the southern captains quickly set fire to their ships, the invaders nevertheless managed to salvage a large amount of food and lumber.

A worried delegation of Florence citizens approached the Union sailors with a plea that they spare the town or at least allow time for the women and children to be evacuated. The Federal commander hastily assured the citizens that his men meant them no harm and even of-

fered his own "noble protection."

One day earlier, Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston had sent orders to cut a single span of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad bridge at Florence to allow the southern riverboats to escape further

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upstream. However, the stockholders delayed until it was too late. "This selfish action cost us the loss of seven steamers, and one gunboat nearly finished," commented the Huntsville Democrat's correspondent, "And I am afraid, the damage cannot be repaired in this campaign. Fifty bridges like the bridge at Florence should have been destroyed to prevent the loss of the boats, as the Southern Confederacy could well afford the loss of the former and not the loss of the latter. General Johnston understood it so; yet private interest weighed in the scale against his orders and the good of the South and prevented it."

One of the main goals of the Union Navy had been capturing or destroying the swift sailing C.S.S. Dunbar. However, the elusive warship was nowhere to be found. Even though a man by the name of Hyde (a tailor by trade of Florence), "turned traitor and told the Yankees what he knew of the Dunbar in return for a quantity of the captured bacon." The Federal fleet simply could not find the southern ship.

The northern gunboats searched along both shores of the Tennessee River and sent their launches prowling up the smaller streams as well. The Dunbar seemed to have vanished from the earth! In reality, the skipper of the Dunbar had simply been too slick for the smug Yankee commander.

Captain Gus Fowler, a riv-

erboat man of many years experience, had run the Dunbar up Cypress Creek, just about thirty miles below Huntsville. Fowler had then scuttled the Dunbar. The southern ship sat on the creek bottom, only her superstructure showing above the water. The Union warships retreated without finding their prey.

The Union ships made several more attempts to locate the Dunbar. Lieutenant Commander LeRoy Fitch led the Union fleet up the Tennessee River in mid-February. He spotted some Confederate cavalry along the river, but he found no sign of the Dunbar. Another expedition in late March had no better luck.

Finally, on April 21, 1862, two weeks after the battle of Shiloh and after the Union Army had captured both Huntsville and Decatur, Lieutenant William Gwin of the U.S.S. Tyler located the Dunbar. Her white upper decks were spotted gleaming through the leafy river vegetation. Since Gwin had no way to raise the sunken steamer,

he set fire to her. The Dunbar burned to the waterline.

Although the Yankees believed they had seen the last of the Dunbar, they were quite mistaken. In the fall of 1862, Confederate General Braxton Bragg marched into Kentucky, forcing a hasty Union retreat from North Alabama. Desperate for river transportation to support Bragg's campaign, the Confederates turned for help to a cavalry officer: Colonel (later General) Philip Dale Roddey. A native of Moulton, Alabama, Roddey himself was a long-time riverboat captain. Earlier

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that year, Roddey had burned his own steamer rather than let the Yankees have her. Then he had led his friends and neighbors, many of them also steamboat men, to join the Confederate army. Somehow, Roddey managed to refloat the Dunbar and pump her out. By January of 1863, Roddey's mechanics were at work repairing the water damage to the engines.

Though Colonel Roddey soon had the Dunbar back in operation, the proud steamer was a sorry sight indeed. Her superstructure was almost completely burned away and her smoke stacks leaned at a worrisome angle. Nevertheless, the steamboat men turned horse soldiers managed to rebuild the twin paddle-wheels and erected a sort of "open air" pilothouse with ropes attached to the rudders. The engines and firebox were exposed to the elements. The battered ship must have been a strange sight; yet it did run. Moreover, the Dunbar was still faster than almost anything on the Tennessee River.

Like the mythical Phoenix, the Dunbar had arisen from her own ashes.

Roddey's men had repaired the Dunbar with no time to spare. In late February 1863, the Union fleet returned to the river. The enemy gunboats came as far as Florence, no doubt seeking the resurrected Rebel steamer. Just days before, Roddey had managed to negotiate the tricky Muscle Shoals passage. Union Lieutenant Fitch claimed the Dunbar had been able to cross the Shoals because she drew only 23 inches of water. This hardly agrees with the five foot draft the Dunbar required before the war. However, the loss of her superstructure might account for part of this. Also, Roddey had been helped by a fortunate rise in the river water. That, plus some hard hauling on ropes, was sufficient to move the Dunbar safely out of reach of her would-be destroyers.

The Dunbar was soon back in the service of the South. Her presence was invaluable at this time because the Union Army had destroyed the strategic railroad bridges across the Tennessee River before retreating. In March, 1863 reports reached the Union Army that the Dunbar was busy transporting Confederate cavalry across the river at Decatur, to pursue Gen. Grenville M. Dodge's Union raiders.

Later that year, the Dunbar would prove her worth during the fighting for Chattanooga. The born-again steamer rushed back and forth between Chattanooga and the rail-head at Bridgeport, Alabama, bringing both men and material at top speed.

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In fact, the Dunbar was kept so busy that there was no time to replace her superstructure. The topless steamer must have looked something like a high speed flatboat as she puffed her way along the river.

In August 1863 Chattanooga fell to the Union Army and the Dunbar was at long last captured. The plucky southern ship was found "lying tied to the wharf apparently useless," her engines having been disabled by a chance shot during a Union artillery barrage. A northern report described the Dunbar as "a sidewheel boat without her upper works."

Upper works or not, the Dunbar's role in the war was far from over. Only this time, she would be serving the cause of the North.

By October, 1863, the Dunbar's machinery had been repaired, and the swift ship was winning the praises of her new owners.

"The Dunbar is a powerful ship," wrote a Union officer on November 1, "able to ascend the suck without warping. She can carry 350 tons of freight." The suck was a strong whirlpool below Chattanooga that was the terror of most riverboats. However, the Dunbar was able to make the journey between Bridgeport and Chattanooga in just 24 hours.

Later that month the Dunbar would be employed catching Confederate torpedo rafts sent downstream to destroy the Union pontoon bridges across

the Tennessee River. Then on November 23, the Dunbar would be used to ferry the Union Army across the river to attack the Confederates on Lookout Mountain. "The rebel steamer Dunbar," said a Union report "repaired at the right moment, rendered effective aid in crossing, ferrying over some 6,000 men."

No matter which side she served, the Dunbar was always a most valuable ship.

While the men from the North might have praised the Dunbar, it appears that they did not quite know how to use her. In January 1864, the Union sailors ran the Dunbar aground. Her draught, a Union officer explained, was "too great for the up-river navigation" — a problem the Confederates had never complained of.

Perhaps the Northern sailors overloaded the Dunbar in their haste to bring supplies to their Army. Or they may have replaced the superstructure, thus increasing her draught. Whatever the reason, a report on February 12, 1864 noted that the Dunbar had been wrecked.

Evidently convinced that the Dunbar was unusable, the northern men stripped the ship of her machinery and placed it in another hull.


The new U.S.S. Dunbar might have carried the same engines, but it was not really the same ship. Built in the shipyard at Bridgeport, the new hull measured 175 feet by 27 feet and was also a twin paddle sidewheeler. Eleven feet longer than the old Dunbar, the new vessel would necessarily have taken longer to turn. However, the new Dunbar ably performed her job of hauling supplies for the Union Army now threatening Atlanta. She would serve the Union Army until the war finally came to an end.

With the return of peace, the North had no further need for ships such as the Dunbar and the steamer was auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Reportedly, the Dunbar spent the rest of her days as a floating sawmill.

It was a sad fate for an old warrior that had meant so much to both sides during this most tragic of America's wars.


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From 1898 newspaper

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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. But 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 coarse-haired, 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 it.

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.



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# Curly Putman, A Master Songwriter

by Malcolm Miller

Some time back I gave Jerry Brazier, (owner of Jerry and Bill's Barber shop where I worked for many years) a box of barber tools and parts that I had accumulated over the years since I was no longer able to cut hair.

A few weeks later when I went to his shop he said that I had given him something I might want to keep. When I saw it I did indeed want it. It was a very old letter in pretty bad condition but when I saw Tree Publishing Company letterhead I knew it was from my good friend Curly Putman. Ironically the date on the letter was June 2, 1964.

In the letter Curly said he couldn't use the songs I had sent but to send him some more. Most importantly he said that he was still trying to write that big hit. You see up til this time Curly had been struggling; however lo and behold a few months later he wrote "Green, Green Grass of Home" and the rest as they say is history.

It was first recorded by Johnny Darryl, then Porter Wagner, Jerry Lee Lewis and finally the biggest hit by Tom Jones.

On January 8th I had a long talk with Curly and he said this particular song had been recorded five hundred times and in every known language.

This was only the beginning for this tall, somewhat shy man from Paint Rock Valley. His songs were recorded by many, many of the legends of country music. He wrote Dolly Parton's first hit "Dumb Blond", Tammy Wynette's "Divorce", T.G. Shepperd's "Do You Want to Go to Heaven". The list goes on and but the greatest of all was a song by George Jones that was named the number two country song of all time: "He Stopped Loving Her Today" co-written with

Bobby Bradock.

Life wasn't always easy for Curly. When he got out of high school at Princeton he joined the Navy, and after his hitch in the Navy he met and fell in love with a pretty lass by the name of Miss Bernice Wilson. Like many couples back then they went to Iuka, Mississippi and got married. Another musician buddy of mine, Lamarr Cox and his wife Laneva drove them there.

The first time I ever saw Curly, he was traveling with a member of the Grand Ole Opry, I



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believe it was Bradley Kincaid. Later on he joined Slim Lay and Hap Wilson's band along with the late and great guitar picker Maurice Ramsey. Carolyn Gossett was the girl singer for the band.

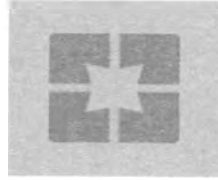
Curly really worked hard trying to support his family, and by now they had two sons. He had several jobs; shoe salesman, storm door and fence salesman and a stint working in Slim Lays record shop. I even tried to get him a job with the Huntsville Fire Department by talking to a city councilman I knew, all to no avail.

As I look back over the many years I have known Curly I truly believe that all these jobs and hard times only prove that Curly Putman was a man destined for greatness. Now he can look out over his sprawling twenty-five acre estate near Lebanon, Tennessee with pride because he overcame many obstacles and finally reached the top rung of the ladder of success.

And friends, the best could be yet to come for he told me that at age seventy-seven he has started writing again. With him writing again we may hear some real country music over the airways.

I, for one, am certainly ready for it.

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# The Dreaded Gold Star of World War II

by Patsy Sloan Stallings

My family lived in a very rural area of Madison County in 1941. It was south of Hobbs Island in a place I called Gunn Hollow. My sister Effie and I, and two of my brothers, Phillip and Doug, lived with our parents at the end of the road. My two older brothers, Buddy and Gene, were in the military serving in the Panama Canal Zone. They had joined the Army in 1938. Buddy got out and came home and Gene was sent to Europe when World War II started.

Being Mama's firstborn, I'm sure Gene had a special place in her heart. I know she had one in his. With some of his first Army pay he sent her a large barrel of Homer Laughlin china. For the first time we all had matching plates. It was wonderful.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, fear and outrage spread across the country. I was scared, but I didn't understand why. I just knew the grown-ups were uneasy. I was eight years old.

Daddy took a job at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville and soon we moved into town. Every available space was rapidly being filled. Our new home was a space in the back of a grocery store building on West Clinton Street. The area was called Brogtown. The store had closed and gone out of business so recently that cakes and pastries were still in the glass cases in the big area of the store. This was not a part of our living quarters, but we were allowed to play there.

Later we moved to a house on Johnson Road in West Huntsville. We rented the house from a man named Eldridge. It was new and had no water source, so Daddy

dug a well in the yard. He said if you got down in the well and looked up you could see the stars in the day time. I tried it when the well was about three feet deep, but I didn't see any stars. I didn't try when it got deeper. I was scared.

Immediately many things were rationed and you had to have stamps for every purchase. This included food, especially sugar and coffee; shoes, gasoline, tires, etc. Each member of the family was issued these stamps and if you had visitors, they brought their own stamps. (Two things I remember about the food was that the eggs had a funny taste and we called them "cold storage eggs." Also, we had margarine which was in one pound blocks. It was white and you got a little package of orange powder which had to be worked into the margarine to make it yellow to resemble butter. Later on, the coloring came in a little bag and was liquid. This was easier to work into the margarine.)

We didn't own a car, so the shortage of gasoline and tires was not a problem for us. My sister Effie's boyfriend, Ralph Schrimsher, came to our house on horseback to visit her. They married soon after the war started and Ralph joined the Army.

Effie followed him from one camp to another all the way from Alabama to Indiantown Gap, PA to San Diego, CA. Ralph was shipped out from there to Australia (I think). Effie and Ralph survived the war and are still living today.

When Effie came home from California, she joined the WAACs (Womens' Army Air Corps). She looked wonderful in her uniform. She spent her service time in Coral Gables, FL. There was a long cylindrical thing called a "rat" that she put around her head and tucked her long blonde hair around to keep it off her collar - this was Army regulations. The women who worked in the factories wore their hair in cloth bags which were called snoods.

There were no silk stockings. When you could get stockings of any kind, they had a seam up the back. In order to look as if they were wearing stockings, the girls covered their legs with pancake make up (applied with a wet sponge) and drew a line up the back of their legs with an eyebrow pencil. The young ladies' skirts were worn well above their knees.

Everyone wore hats. The women's hats were small and close fitting. The hats the men wore were felt with a brim pulled down over the right eye.

There were people who walked around in the street with microphones and cameras. They interviewed people about their thoughts on the war and made candid photos of you as you walked by.

We were introduced to synthetic fiber materials. One of the first was nylon. My brother-in-law, Ralph, sent us a piece that he said was part of a parachute. We made some blouses from it. We loved the feel of the cloth.

We had an unusual tax which was payable in tenths of cents. In order to do this, we had tokens. It took ten one-mill tokens to make a cent. If you bought a popsicle, it cost a nickel and a one-mill token. We also had five-mill tokens.

The mail to and from people overseas was called V-mail. It was photos of the actual correspondence. The mail from the

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war zones was carefully edited to conceal its origin. The editing went so far as to delete even slang words.

Every night all the windows had to be "blacked out". Curtains had to be closed which allowed no light to show. This was in case enemy aircraft was flying over. There were air raid wardens patrolling the streets. They were mostly old men.

Almost every window had a star displayed. This proclaimed that someone in the family was in the military service. A blue star was for a living son or daughter, when the star was changed for a gold one, it was a sign that the person had been killed in action. We had a battery powered radio - used primarily for listening to the news. When the battery ran out, it was very hard to get a new one so it was conserved as much as possible. However, I remember listening to "The Shadow" and "Stella Dallas".

There was a general feeling of

patriotism, camaraderie, family ties and closeness with our community. Everyone stayed busy doing something for the war effort. Almost every family had a "victory" garden. Whatever yard space you had was converted to raising vegetables. We collected tin cans, cut the ends out, put the ends inside the cans then flattened them out. This was one way of recycling.

Our school programs were geared to patriotism. We pledged our allegiance to the flag and sang the National Anthem every morning - with gusto. We saved our pennies and bought ten-cent war stamps and pasted them in a little book. The front of the book said if we put \$18.75 worth of stamps in the book, someday it would be worth \$25.00.

We went to the movies in the school auditorium every Saturday evening. This was at Joe Bradley School in West Huntsville. One part of the program was the newsreels about the war.

They always had the admonition "Loose lips sink ships." We didn't know exactly what that meant, but we knew it was bad.

Everyone had a horrible dread of the men on bicycles in Western Union uniforms bringing the yellow telegrams. Ours came in May of 1945. A man named L.L. Gunn brought it. He had been our mailman several years before. I thought he brought it so it wouldn't be delivered by a stranger. If so, it was a kind gesture.

Mama and I were at home alone when he came. Her anguished cry is something I will never forget. I still cry every time I remember it. Gene was twenty-six years old. His body was buried in Belgium and two years later brought to the United States and now lies in Maple Hill Cemetery with our parents. I have his Purple Heart medal and the flag from his coffin but I don't know what happened to the Gold Star.

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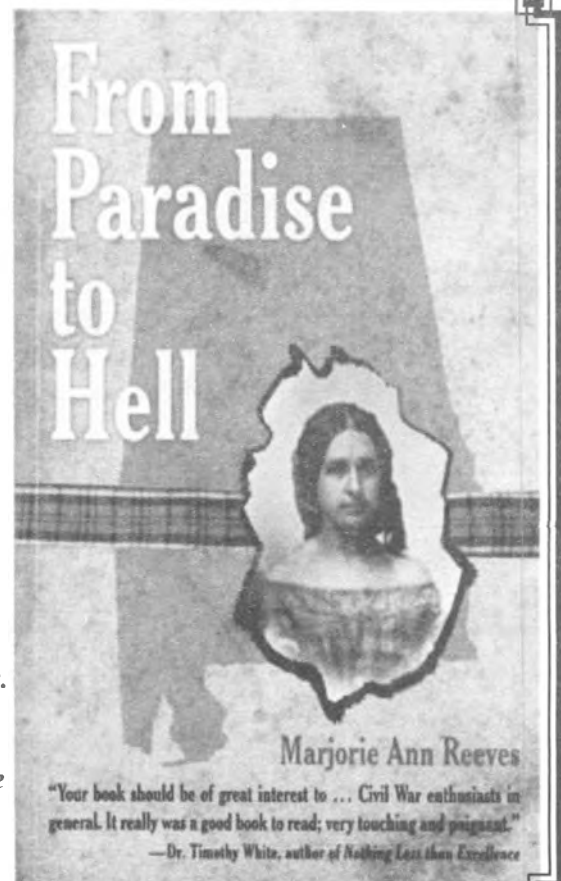
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# Ten Minutes to Live

by Judith C. Smith

It is January of 1996 and an ice storm is predicted, so I'm getting prepared - buying groceries, fires laid in both the playroom fireplace and den fireplace, gloves, mittens and boots ready for the boys to use when they go out to play. Can't think of anything else that I should do except pick up my husband from Crestwood Hospital where he is recovering from his hip replacement. I have even gassed up my red four-wheel drive truck and backed it into the driveway just in case we should need it.

Now the kids and pets are fed and in bed, M.D. is in bed in some pain. I take this time to get into the hot tub, relax and read a book.

Four hours later I wake up to dead silence and total darkness. We have lost power and I'm really cold. I look out the window to see white glistening snow and ice everywhere, the red truck was covered.

I get my son Martin and his friend Richard, who was spending the night with us, up along with M.D. who was on crutches, and we head for the garage to start the generator that was kept there. We get it started, run extension cords to the fireplace blowers, the fridge, a small microwave and of course a TV set.

I put our two parrots, one a blue fronted Amazon with a vocabulary of a four year old and a good talking African Grey, beside the fireplace. They are warm weather birds and don't fare well in cold

climates.

The power went out at 2:50 AM. By the time I had gotten the plants off the sun porch, taken care of the birds and M.D. it was 4:30 AM. Owen, our ten year old, and I headed for bed in the guest bedroom just over the garage.

At 7:30 AM, I wake up with the worst headache I've ever had. We get up and M.D. tells me he also has a terrible headache.

M.D. sends me down to the garage to check the generator and put more gas in it. Everything seems okay so I fix the kids and M.D. some breakfast. Owen and Warren go one house up the street to Creighton's, their brother's house. He isn't home when I call but when he gets back he calls me to tell me the boys are asleep in his bed. I still don't

put two and two together. My daughter Allison was with her dance team to dance in Atlanta.

After folding clothes that were dried and left in the dryer overnight, I call my sister Melinda in Atlanta. She doesn't answer but I leave her a message telling her that I know something is terribly wrong with me and if anything should happen to me to please look after Allison.

I lay down on the downstairs couch for a few minutes then realize that M.D. is in bed and might need help. As I walk up the stairs I know I'm in big trouble and call out to Owen who is in the den watching TV.

"Call 911 quick", I tell him but he doesn't hear me. I start walking down the hall towards the master bedroom when all of a sudden I pass out. I could hear the phone ringing as I'm losing consciousness. It was Creighton wanting to borrow my red four wheel drive truck.

When he came in the front

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door he saw me on the floor. He immediately picked me up and put me on the bed. The phone was laying beside me - I came to long enough to press redial calling the last number dialed.

Someone said "Judy you aren't making any sense. I'm calling 911."

I got up and passed out again in the hall.

Creighton could hear the sirens of the fire truck, ambulance and rescue truck heading into our neighborhood. He picked me up and was waiting at the curb when the ambulance arrived. M.D. was helped into the ambulance with his crutches. Snow and ice everywhere.

Upon arrival at the hospital, blood was immediately taken out of our arteries, carbon monoxide level was so high we were both put in the only two hyperbaric chambers in Huntsville for an hour and a half. Still the doctors were unsure of our conditions and we were transferred upstairs to be on oxygen and watched overnight.

The only two beds available were on the maternity floor. Nurses kept coming in to check on us and telling everyone this is the couple who nearly died of carbon monoxide poisoning. We would hear the babies crying as the nurses bought them to their mothers. M.D. said to me, surely they won't mistake

you and bring one to you.

Later the next day we were released from the hospital after the hazardous fumes people had checked out our house. Carbon Monoxide will kill you or at least affect organs causing damage to the heart, lungs and kidneys. My beloved blue fronted Amazon parrot died one year later of liver disease, our poodle's kidney failed the same year and a shelter dog's heart stopped. There is no hyperbaric chamber for pets.

My eight children were very fortunate to have had such excellent care for their parents as they would have been orphans. I write this to warn people to never put a generator in their garage. When the power came back on, the heating system sucked the carbon monoxide into every room in the house and that is why the pets as well as the people were affected so drastically.

So people please put your generators as far from your house as possible. For me and my family, if we ever lose power again in freezing weather, I'm calling a cab and staying at the Embassy Suites until the power comes back on. You can rest assured there will be no generator near my house. Thank God for Creighton coming in to borrow my truck and saving us. And for Dr. Nimeroff who said "Judy do you want to live another year?" I said "You bet", then he said "You and M.D. are getting into the chambers now". While there, an elderly lady who lived in Mayfair and her two dogs were brought into the hospital. They couldn't be saved.

I thank God everyday for sparing us both. Winter's coming. Watch the placement of your generators.





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## Notes from M.D. Smith IV regarding generators and CO Poisoning

*Regarding Judy's story "Ten Minutes to Live" about our experience, I wanted to add the following:*

There's an important lesson here since CO (Carbon Monoxide) causes damage to organs in pets (and people) that may not kill them right away, but can shorten their lives. That was the reason for the Hyperbaric Chambers for us. We probably would have survived getting there at the hospital and getting on oxygen, but the CO in our blood would be slow to come out. Organ damage would be happening all the time, so quickly getting pure Oxygen under pressure (like scuba diving) it pumps out the CO very rapidly. The short stay in the hospital was to do other tests to make sure there was no damage to organs and no trace of CO in our blood.

It was a hoot being on the Maternity floor at Huntsville Hospital and fortunately they had a semi-private room with 2 empty beds so we could both be together. They drew blood quite frequently from both of us, and we suffered together from all the tests and no sleep overnight from the nurse interruptions.

The house was completely aired out (the heat had come back on before we left for the hospital and with the forced air and the cold air return right next to the garage door sucking in the CO from the garage, increased the CO many times over). We sure were glad to get home.

OK, more on this update. The generator was in the garage near the doors, which have large slits not sealed to the outside and there were no entrances into our home from the garage but the single door. It was cracked open large enough

to get one orange AC cord through the door. **That was mistake #1.** If I had not been on crutches, I would have sealed the crack in the door top, side and bottom with duct tape --- OR, run the cord through a window and shut the window on the cord with padding like an old blanket to seal where the cord comes into the house. But I didn't. There may have been some small gaps in ducts coming into house from ceiling in garage as well.

So over the rest of the night into early morning, some CO got into the bottom floor of the house (3 story house) where the door went into the 2 car garage. I sure thought there'd be enough ventilation to keep it aired out. But it didn't and the garage was FILLED with CO. THEN, the power came back on. I was upstairs, had taken pain pills for the hip replacement and I remember that I was just glad to see lights and hear the heat/AC system come on. The cold air return (there are two, one on the main floor and one on the bottom floor) was right next to the cracked basement door going into garage, and when the system came back on, it literally sucked all the CO out of the garage, directly into the cold air return, and distributed it neatly around the 1st and 2nd floors of the house. The top floor has its own unit, but no one was there because it was so cold. We had wood heaters on the bottom and middle floors.

The heaters forcing air up two chimneys further added to the "suction" pulling CO into our house from the cracked garage door.

At that point, shutting off the generator would not have done much good, but I think it continued to run as well.

Wikipedia has the following to say about Carbon Monoxide poisoning:

*"Symptoms of mild acute poisoning will include light-headedness, confusion, headaches, vertigo and flu-like effects; larger exposures can lead to significant toxicity of the central nervous system and heart, and even death. Following acute poisoning, long-*

*term 'sequelae' often occur.*

*Carbon monoxide can also have severe effects on the fetus of a pregnant woman. Chronic exposure to low levels of carbon monoxide can lead to depression, confusion and memory loss. Carbon monoxide mainly causes adverse effects in humans by combining with hemoglobin to form carboxyhemoglobin (HbCO) in the blood. This prevents hemoglobin from releasing oxygen in tissues, effectively reducing the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood, leading to hypoxia. Additionally, myoglobin and mitochondria! cytochrome oxidase are thought to be adversely affected.*

*Treatment of poisoning largely consists of administering 100% oxygen or providing hyperbaric oxygen therapy, although the optimum treatment remains controversial.*

*Oxygen works as an antidote as it increases the removal of carbon monoxide from hemoglobin, in turn providing the body with normal levels of oxygen. The prevention of poisoning is a significant public health issue. Domestic carbon monoxide poisoning can be prevented by early detection with the use of household carbon monoxide detectors. Carbon monoxide poisoning is the most common type of fatal poisoning in many countries.*

*Historically, it was also commonly used as a method to commit suicide, usually by deliberately inhaling the exhaust fumes of a running car engine. Modern automobiles, even with electronically-controlled combustion and catalytic converters, can still produce levels of carbon monoxide which will kill if enclosed within a garage or if the tailpipe is obstructed (for example, by snow) and exhaust gas cannot escape normally.*

*Carbon monoxide poisoning has also been implicated as the cause of apparent haunted houses; symptoms such as delirium and hallucinations have led people suffering poisoning to think they have seen ghosts or to believe their house is haunted."*



# On the Home Front

by Lillian W. Dale

The following memoirs were originally published in 1899, describing home life during the Civil War.

"Shall I tell you of some of the "makeshifts" to which we were driven during the war? Well, one of the hardest things to come by was sugar, and by the second year of the war it was impossible to buy even the commonest brown sugar in the South. My grandmother possessed a loaf of white sugar that she treasured very carefully and only used on extra occasions, and when the war was over she still had a small piece of it.

The best substitute we had for sugar was molasses, or sorghum, made from Chinese sugar cane. It was used in coffee and all kinds of desserts, and when one got used to it, did not taste so badly. Preserves were made by cooking berries and fruits in sorghum molasses, and as all the essentials were plentiful, we made them in large quantities.

Cake was also made with sorghum. In the South we do not think it is Christmas unless we have boiled custard for dinner. One Christmas we had no sugar for even this favorite delicacy; so we decided to make it with sorghum. It was of a rich, golden color, and certainly the prettiest, if not the best, I ever saw.

Real coffee was almost as scarce as "hens' teeth," and many things were tried as substitutes. Grandma had a sack of coffee when the war began, and she divided it into small quantities, and hid it in various places, so that if some of it was found and taken she would not lose it, so by this means we usually had our coffee, part Rio and part Rye, without the "O." Some of our neighbors used parched corn, okra, sweet potatoes, etc.

Another thing very hard to procure was salt, and that was indispensable. Part of the time during the war it was impossible to buy it for love or money. Then it was that those who owned old smoke-houses with dirt floors were considered very fortunate. The dirt floors were dug up for a depth of several feet, and the dirt put up in hoppers. Water was then poured over it, and, as it soaked through, it was put in kettles and boiled down till it made a dark-looking salt that answered very well to preserve meat. None of the animal stock liked it.

Many times was our house searched, on various pretenses, by the Yanks. Sometimes they were looking for Rebels supposed to be in hiding there - sometimes for arms, etc.; but whatever reason they gave for doing so, everything that

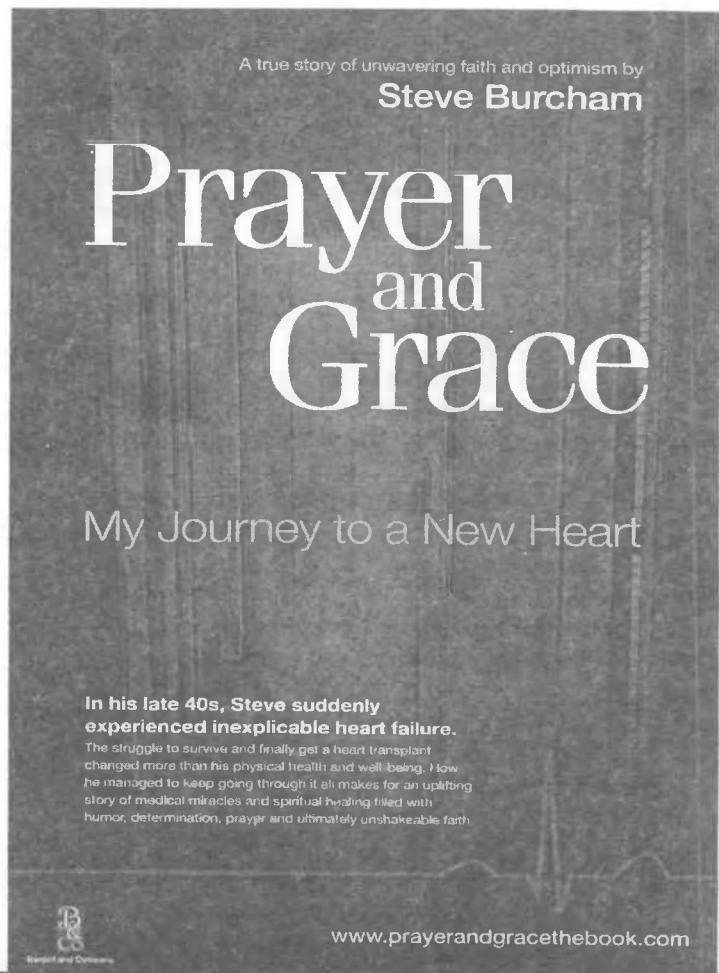
attracted the fancy or the stupidity of the searchers always disappeared with them.

At the beginning of the war my father wore a handsome overcoat of the style known as a "Lord Raglan," with wide sleeves and big pockets. As the Yanks always appropriated such articles of wearing apparel, it was kept in the darkest corner of the darkest wardrobe.

New Year's day, 1863, was one of the coldest days ever known in the South. One of the Federal Generals, Hatch I think it was, was quartered in our town with his command, and they roamed over the country for miles. As we lived only a short distance from town, they almost crowded us out of the house, in order to get to the fire that very cold day. Their invariable salutation on coming in was, "It is rather coolish today." In order to keep warm I put on my father's "Raglan," and filled the pockets with silver spoons and other valuables; they threatened to take it from me.

We all wore homespun dresses in those days, the work of our own hands, and sang with great enjoyment."

"Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear."



"Prayer and Grace" is available on Amazon, Barnes & Nobel and at The Dwelling Place bookstore on the campus of Asbury Methodist Church in Madison. Contact Steve via email at [stephenburcham@bellsouth.net](mailto:stephenburcham@bellsouth.net)



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