



No. 265
March 2015



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

MEDICINE AND LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS



His name was Dr. O. J. Brooks. He was a jovial man who always had a smile and a hello for everyone. I became one of his special patients when I was very young - probably around four or five years old.

My mother had an old wringer washing machine. She used lye soap which she and my dad made at home as the cleaning agent. Well, one day I decided to treat myself to a glass of the washing machine mixture. I drank some of the stuff and became violently ill. Why I would do such a stupid thing I don't know. Just a kid trying something new, I suppose.

Also in this issue: **My Polio Story**

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Domie Lewter
Mac Lewter

Medicine and Life in the Old Days

by Jerry Keel

I grew up in Huntsville in the 1940s when the population was around 15,000. Then when you went to town most people walked. The majority of the businesses in Huntsville were centered around the Courthouse Square and the two blocks north on Washington and Jefferson Streets.

The square itself consisted of the J. C. Penney store, Woolworth 5&10, a few lawyers' offices, Wimpy's Grill, James Steak House, Harrison Brothers Hardware, a couple of banks, Montgomery Ward, Krystal and some more establishments that I can't recall. On Jefferson Street there were clothing stores, furniture stores, the Grand Theater, Double Cola bottling plant and the only Post Office in town. Washington Street had the Lyric Theater, S. H. Kress 5&10, the Jewel Shop

"I was so naive as a kid I used to sneak behind the barn and do nothing."

Johnny Carson

(Mr. Doodie Weinstein), W. T. Grant, Tom Dark's City Drug Store and others.

Back then everyone had time to talk. Many of the shop owners would stand in the doorway in hopes of luring potential customers into their stores. Everything moved at a much slower pace. Times were good (or so we thought).

There were not many doctors here at that time. Amazingly those that did practice in Huntsville (or at least some of them) would make house calls. They would come by your house with their little black bags and see the sick folks. They were a different breed than many of the doctors of today. For the most part they were gentlemen who truly subscribed to the Hippocratic Oath and who truly wanted to help people.

This is not meant to imply that today's doctors are anything less but some of the present doctors don't seem to be as concerned about their patients as the old guys were. Back then they were kind of like family. All the members of your family were known by their first names. They would sit around and talk and just visit for a while after the sick folks were taken care of. This could be attributed to the fact that since Huntsville was smaller the patient loads of the doctors were smaller. Today in order to see a doctor you usu-



Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, Al 35801

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net

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Advertising - (256) 534-0502
Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney
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L. Thomas Ryan, Jr.
Attorney At Law

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ally have to wait as much as a week. To see a specialist the wait can be three weeks to a month.

Our doctor was Dr. O. J. Brooks. He was a jovial man who always had a smile and a hello for everyone. I became one of his special patients when I was very young - probably around four or five years old.

My mother had an old wringer-washing machine. She used lye soap which she and my dad made at home as the cleaning agent. Well, one day I decided to treat myself to a glass of the washing machine mixture. I drank some of the stuff and became violently ill. Why I would do such a stupid thing I don't know. Just a kid trying something new, I suppose.

I began to have convulsions and severe abdominal pain. I also developed a high fever. Doctor Brooks was called and arrived at our house mid-afternoon. Of course I don't know what treatment he administered or any of the details. I only know what my parents told me later.


Doctor Brooks spent the rest

of the afternoon with me. When nightfall approached he told my mother to get him some blankets, quilts or whatever to fix him a place to sleep in a chair that was in the room where I was in bed. Of course, my parents objected but he told them he was the doctor and to just go out and not to bother him. Evidently he was very concerned about my condition and didn't want anyone interfering with him at that time. That wonderful old gentleman stayed by my bedside all night long doing whatever he could to help me.

When morning came my fever had broken and he declared that I was going to live. After a quick snack of breakfast and some coffee he left to go to his office and prepare for his patients. You just don't find that degree of dedication today.

For the next few weeks he would stop by our house any time he was in the neighborhood just to check on me. By then I had fully recovered and was back to my normal behavior. Sometimes my behavior

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was not the best in the world but I suppose I was just about the same as most kids my age.

At the time I had real light colored hair which I suppose was the reason he always called me "Cotton-top." After I recovered he changed my name to "Soapsuds." He would always put his hand on my head and mess up my hair with the greeting "How's my little Soapsuds today?" I was really fond of my hair and always took time to keep it combed just right. I always got mad when he tousled my hair.

Well one day he did his thing with my hair and I became angry and kicked him on the leg. My daddy grabbed me with one hand and his belt with the other. He was about to apply an attitude adjustment to my backside when Dr. Brooks grabbed his arm and told him not to whip me. He said he was wrong to mess my hair up when he knew I didn't like it and that was the reason I had kicked him.

From that day forward he never touched my hair again but he always called me "Soapsuds." What a man he was! People like him are hard to forget.

My dad, like so many men back then, liked to hunt for quail. The hunting was fun for the men but also helped to put meat on the table. Times were hard and meat was a luxury not often enjoyed by families who depended on wages earned working in a cotton mill for their livelihood. The birds were a real delicacy. My mother would batter the birds with flour and

fry them. She used the same process for fried chicken.

When we had chicken my dad would go out into the chicken pen and catch a chicken for the next meal. The slowest chicken would end up with its head on a chopping block and then "Good Night Irene". After dispatching the chicken the task of removing all the feathers was at hand. What a mess that was!

Back to the quail. Mom would make gravy to put on biscuits (which were homemade of course). Boy, you talk about good, those babies were wonderful. None of the family members appreciated all the effort she put into preparing the meals she served. We just stuffed ourselves and took all her hard work for granted. She was always glad to cook for us and do so many other things for us.

The doctors of today would be appalled at the way the birds

and chicken were cooked. Not only the birds and chicken but also all the other foods as well. Instead of using corn oil or some other healthy means of cooking, she used pure lard which was made from pork fat. Folks worked a lot harder then which was probably why the animal fat was not so harmful to their health.

The lard was purchased in five-gallon tubs or four-pound cartons. The flour used for battering the birds would turn out crisp and brown and simply delicious. Salt and fat were the ingredients most prized in cooking.

Back to Dr. Brooks. He also liked to hunt for quail. He knew my dad had a prized bird dog - a white male pointer with black spots. The dog went by the name "King" and he was a king as far as finding quail was concerned. Dr. Brooks offered dad \$300 for the dog. This was




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Maxine

in the mid 1940s and that was a bunch of money - a big bunch of money at that time. Dad told him he would think it over and let him know.

I had an uncle who was also a hunter. He did not have a dog of his own so he would borrow dad's dog when he wanted to go hunting. He would just stop by our house and take the dog whenever he wanted to go hunting. He was unaware that dad was about to sell King to Dr. Brooks.

Well, Uncle Jesse was a good man but he had an extremely quick temper like so many of the Keel men (me included). His fuse was so short it was almost nonexistent. Anyway, the hunt ended in disaster. Uncle Jess came back and told dad the dog had tried to swim across a small creek and had drowned.

We all felt that Uncle Jess had lost his temper and shot the dog for something he did or failed to do. He was very sorry but that didn't bring the dog or the \$300 back.

Another time he and dad were fishing for bass on the Elk


River near Athens. Uncle Jesse's bait became tangled up in some bushes on the river bank. This was the third time he had hung his bait and he completely lost it. He started hollering and jerking on the bait until all of a sudden it came loose and flew toward the boat. The bait hit him in the forehead.

The bait had two rather large treble hooks. Each of the hooks stuck in his forehead. Since there was nothing in the boat to use to remove the hooks the only thing to do was go back to Athens to the hospital emergency room. The doctor there used pliers to cut the ends of the hooks off. After the barbs were removed the hooks were backed out. So much for that fishing trip.

Ahh! Those were indeed the good old days (or were they?).

In the early days many times injuries were treated by old home remedies. I recall one such time when I was about seven or so. We had several peach trees in our back yard. My dad had nailed small pieces of wood into the trunks of the trees to be used as a ladder to reach the peaches

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that grew up in the tops of the trees.

One day I was climbing around in one of those trees trying to grab some of the good peaches up high. When I had a couple of good ones I jumped down from the tree. To my great pain and horror I landed on one of the pieces of wood that had fallen from the tree. Of course the nail that had fastened the wood to the tree was pointed upward. Since the nail had been exposed to the elements for who knows how long it was rusted. Thoughts of the bad things that could come from the rusty nail filled my poor little head.

The nail drove up into the heel of my foot. The pain was excruciating. I was running around in the yard screaming and crying. The piece of wood which contained the nail was flopping around as I ran. It might have been comical had it not hurt so bad.

My grandfather, who lived next door to us, heard me screaming and came to see what was wrong. He immediately pulled the nail out of my foot and sat me down with my foot elevated. He proceeded to go to a neighborhood store located a few blocks away for a gallon of

kerosene. At that time kerosene went by the name "coal-oil" and was often used to treat many minor injuries.

When Grandpa got back he got an old pan and filled it with the kerosene and placed my foot in it. Periodically he would lift my foot and squeeze some blood out of the nail-hole. He said he was squeezing the poison out. It must have worked because I never did have any problem with the foot. Today I would have had to receive a tetanus shot, some antibiotics and a trip to the emergency room.

Huntsville has come a long way since those grand old days. The old doctors who practiced their trades then paved the way for Huntsville to become the thriving city it is now. If they could see the modern medical facilities and equipment we have now they would be truly amazed.

I hope we never forget the people who lived here then.

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Theodore Roosevelt

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Seniors



A group of older folks were sitting around the Senior Center recently on a cold wintry day, talking about all their ailments while drinking coffee.

"My arms have gotten so weak I can hardly lift this cup of coffee," said one.

"Yes, I know," said another. "My cataracts are so bad, I can't even see my coffee. It just looks like a blur."

"I couldn't even mark an 'X' at election time, my hands are so crippled," volunteered a third.

"What? Speak up! I can't hear you!" shouted another.

"I can't turn my head because of the arthritis in my neck," said a fifth senior, to which several others nodded weakly in agreement.

"Every day after I take my blood pressure pills I get so dizzy!" exclaimed another.

"I forget where I am, and where I'm going," said another.

"I guess that's the price we pay for getting old," winced an old man as he slowly shook his head. The others all nodded in agreement.

"Well, count your blessings," said a woman, "Thank God we can all still drive!"



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GRANDMA'S KITCHEN IN THE 1940s

by Theresa Hanvey Fallwell

Back in the 1940s my Grandma cooked hearty meals from scratch every day. She fed her family and the farm workers that Granddad hired. Each morning, long before the sun came up, Granddad would stoke the coals from the night before to get the fire going and bring in firewood before he set out to the barn to milk. While the fire was growing, Grandma would go to the smoke house and cut large strips of bacon or ham hanging from the rafters for breakfast and for the entire day's cooking.

By the time she returned, the fire would be hot and several iron skillets would be placed on the stove for the ham and bacon now washed and ready to fry. Potatoes would then be sliced and biscuits made and placed in the oven. Then she might fry a dozen eggs to feed her family, and any others that lived with them including local school teachers.

After consuming this huge breakfast and just as the sun was rising, all the men would set out to do the day's chores including plowing, hoeing, harvesting, livestock care and fencing, to name just a few. Grandma and I would head to the garden to gather ripe produce before returning to the kitchen to wash the breakfast dishes. Dinner would then be

started by hauling out the three-legged, iron cook pots.

As soon as I finished breakfast Grandma would send me to the root cellar to retrieve onions, potatoes and turnips, as well as Mason jars of green beans, apples and tomatoes if the fresh produce was not sufficient.

With these ingredients, Grandma would fill to the brim several three-legged, 12 inch tall iron cook pots with all kinds of vegetable concoctions. Most of the dishes were simple, green beans with onions, new potatoes with bacon fat, cabbage with onions and ham hock, mixed greens with garlic and bacon, and tomatoes with left-over cornbread and spices.

While those vegetables cooked, Grandma would decide on the meat for the day. Often it was chicken, several



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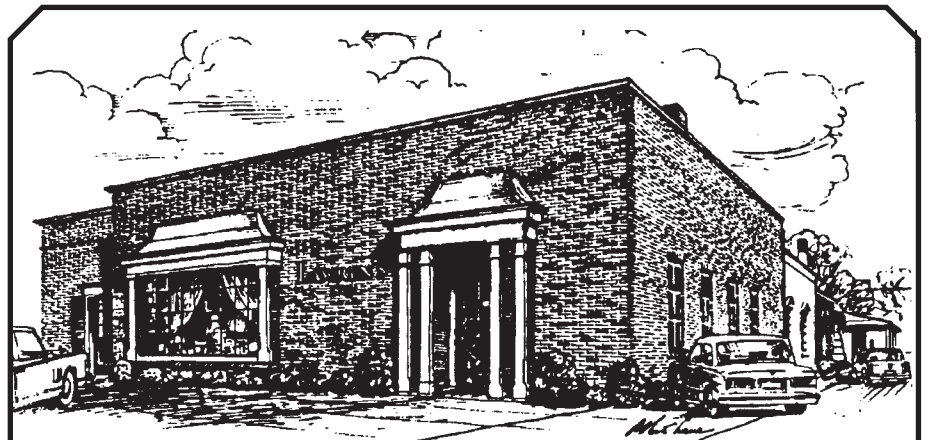
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chickens. My job was to catch the chickens and bring them to Grandma who would chop off their heads using a double bitted ax. I couldn't stand to watch as those chickens flopped around minus their heads.

When they were still, she took them inside and holding them by their feet dipped them in scalding water and pulled off the large feathers which were dried and stuffed into a bag for keeping. Next, she would roll up a newspaper, stick it in the stove to set it on fire, and twist and turn the chickens to burn off the pin feathers. After that she removed the entrails and dissected the carcass.


I never ceased to be amazed at the speed and power with which she managed that gigantic knife of hers. Chicken parts would then be battered with her special recipe of spices, flour, eggs and buttermilk before frying.

Once the chickens were frying she set about making several skilletts of cornbread and some kind of dessert such as rice pudding, pies with home canned fruit, cream pies made with milk from our cows, and sometimes the popcorn my Granddaddy raised to supply local theaters was turned into popcorn cakes.

At times, every inch of that iron stove cook top was covered with bubbling pots of food and the warming oven on top was filled to capacity. The aromas that filled that kitchen served to welcome all who entered.

At noon every day, the family and farm workers came in for dinner. Grandma always set out dish pans of hot water on the front porch for washing hands, and the men were expected to remove their dusty shoes before entering. We had two big tables which were usually enough, but during cotton picking season Grandma would set up boards on saw horses spread with a ta-

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blecloth to feed everyone. Once seated, Granddad said grace and Grandma started passing those three-legged pots of food around the table ladling each plate to overflowing. Once the pots had made a trip around, my job of passing the cornbread and fresh butter around began. That cornbread disappeared rapidly causing me to return to the kitchen frequently to replenish my tray. As the butter and sweet milk disappeared, Grandma would haul up more from the old sulphur well just outside the back door where it was kept cool. Grandma and I made repeated trips around the table until finally we could clear the plates.

Then it began again with desserts. I have seen her make 8-10 pies to serve workers at one meal. My job then was to pass around the clotted cream to top the pie slices. Once dinner was finished, the workers all adjourned to the front porch where Granddad sat in his swing reading aloud to everyone from the Progressive Farmer, Farmer's Almanac, the Bible, or a newspaper. He was a firm believer in education, and was well aware that many of his workers were unable to read. He often found materials that he thought were particularly timely such as crop techniques, medicinal treatments and war recovery efforts.

Grandma and I did not join the workers on the porch, but started the cleanup. Using two dishpans, we washed, rinsed, and dried the dishes, a time consuming task. Any remaining food was kept in the three legged pots to be used for supper. Following the cleanup, Grandma and I would eat our

lunch from whatever was left before going to the front parlor to listen to the radio. Stella Dallas and the Shadow Knows were her favorite programs.

While listening, she would comb out her hair that extended beyond her waist and wrap it in a chignon. Then she would comb mine. Since I was not particularly interested in her programs, she gave me a fist sized piece of petrified wood that she found when she was child growing up in Oklahoma that kept me occupied.

Supper time was a light meal. The three legged pots usually held leftover vegetables which were still warm although the stove was almost cold. With the leftover cornbread and cold buttermilk, the meal was sufficient as we went to bed as soon as the sun went down. Grandma always cut a fresh onion to go with supper as she believed that onion kept the night air from giving us colds.

Grandma was known in the Hurricane Valley community as a wonderful cook. She shared her larder with everyone who needed anything. Often after lunch, we would take plates of food to sick or old people in the community along with fresh eggs and handfuls of beautiful flowers and vegetables from her gardens. Eating at her table was always a culinary treat, and I have never been able to duplicate the tastes that she created

in those three-legged iron pots.

Now, I don't use bacon grease or ham hock as liberally as she did and, of course, that affects the flavor, but I think it was just her ability to put together fresh foods with love that made everything taste so wonderful.

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Happy Birthday to Our Beloved Dad

Dad, your girls wish you were here so that we could wish you a **HAPPY 82nd Birthday** on March 10. Dad we Love and Miss you so much.

I know you will be looking down on us and thinking what crazy gifts you were going to get - you were one of the coolest Dad's anyone would be lucky enough to have.

Dad we send kisses to you and we miss you every single day.

Rosemary, Dorothy, Angie, Lynn & Susan

AFRAID OF THUNDERSTORMS AND THE DARK

by Billy Stone

I think at one time or another, most of us youngsters were afraid of thunderstorms. Living in the country seems to have made thunderstorms larger than the whole world. I thought the storms covered the world and it was the wrath of God. I guess I was about six years old when I perceived that image of rain and thunderstorms.

When I was about eight years old, I made a trip with my Daddy all the way from Big Cove to Hazel Green. That was a long trip before we had fast cars, a four-lane highway over the mountain and Memorial Parkway. I remembered that it was stormy and it rained all the way to Hazel Green, so it had to be raining everywhere. Maybe I was like one of my friends that lived in New Hope. He said that he had never been out of Alabama but one time and he went to Birmingham then.

There was something about storms in Big Cove. It seems they would roll over Green Mountain from the southwest, down into the valley and cover the whole Cove. They would roll with the wind, thunder and lightning for what seemed to be hours. The lightning would streak for miles across the sky and it would light up the entire Cove.

On stormy nights, mother and daddy would gather all of the kids (six or seven at that time and I am the oldest of eleven) into one room of the house. If we had time, we would go to Archie Owens' storm cellar. Archie was our neighbor and his storm cellar was a hole dug into the side of a hill below his house. It had nothing but a damp, dirt floor, dirt walls, an old door and it was always cold inside. We spent

many nights in that storm cellar waiting for the storm to pass.

Before we moved next door to the Owens, we lived in several houses one time or the other in the Cove. On several occasions, we lived on my grandfather Papa Bird's place, or nearby. He would ask us to come to his house if it were stormy. Papa's house always seemed to be a safe haven for us during a storm. Most of the time, we had to walk across the fields or pasture to get there. Getting there before the storm came could be a definite challenge.

Sometimes at church revivals on a stormy night in August, many of the kids would get underneath the church benches. The lightning flashing, the thunder rolling, the congregation singing "Till the Storm Passes By" or the preacher preaching old time religion could be scary.

Thunderstorms were always a mystery to me. I think I was grown before I could get through a storm without some fear of them.

"In The Pines Where the Sun Never Shines,"

was a popular country song during the forties. It could give you a lonesome feeling during storms and wintertime. I would always think of the wind howling through the big, tall, pine trees on Pine Hill in the Cove when I heard this song. This song and a little fear would always magnify the storms to me. To me, thunderstorms, wintertime and the song "In the Pines" will always go together.

I was just as scared of the dark, as I was a thunderstorm. You can call me a coward, but I was little then and Big Cove was a long ways from the bright lights of

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Huntsville at that time.

Dark in the country is really dark! There is nothing scarier to a young kid than when it is dark and the dogs are barking, wild cats screaming and the hoot owls hooting.

On dark nights, walking down the road with just you and your imagination and a few shadows would make the hair stand up on the back of your neck. Sometimes you would feel like someone, or something was walking beside you. If you stepped on a stick, or bumped into a cat or dog, you would almost run out of your clothes.

On a full moon night in the country, it was dark to a person who was scared of the dark. Going to the outdoor toilet could be scary. The shadows in the trees were bigger and if the winds were blowing, the shadows would move around and look like a person, a ghost, or anything you could imagine.

My Uncle Lester and I were scared half to death one night because both of us were scared of the dark. Lester was only a few years older than I was and he was

not much help after dark.

One night we were going to our next door neighbor's house for a short visit. The house was on the side of a hill facing a big high bank, with a ditch across the road. My Uncle Otis Young from Huntsville was visiting mother and daddy that night and he knew we were afraid of the dark so he decided he would scare us.

He borrowed a white sheet from mother and slipped out the back door and up the hill on the high bank side of the road. When he got to the top, he put the sheet over his head to scare us. He could not see where he was going and he stepped off the side of bank and fell. The fall caused him to tumble down the hill.

Lester and I were several hundred feet from our house when we saw him tumble down the bank. We thought it was a ghost and Lester outran me to the house and almost tore down the front door getting inside.

Uncle Otis almost killed himself and I think my heart beat double-time for a month.

I think I had a good reason to be afraid of the dark.

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General Lee's Cake



For years we have heard references to a mythical dessert called the "Robert E. Lee Cake." This cake was, according to legend, prepared and served at a Richmond, Virginia hotel to honor the leader of the Con-

federacy.

The chef had served in Lee's command as a foot soldier and after the war went to work at a Richmond hotel where he quickly achieved notoriety for the dishes prepared under his supervision. In 1870, after receiving word that Robert E. Lee was contemplating a visit to Richmond and would stay at the hotel, the chef ordered everyone out of the kitchen, and began preparing a dessert befitting the stature of his former commander.

Robert E. Lee's untimely death prevented him from ever sampling the dessert prepared in his honor. Because of the legend surrounding it and its superb taste, the cake became a huge success, being prepared and served in restaurants all over the world. Strangely enough, as the years passed, the recipe became lost. For years people had passed the recipe down orally and no one had thought to write it down.

The recipe presented here was found in an Atlanta cookbook, dated 1884, and as far as we know, is the only one in existence. Certain parts of the recipe have been changed to allow for modern cooking convenience.

Ingredients for Cake

- 2 cups sifted plain flour
- 1/2 teaspoons cream of tartar
- 1-1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 8 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- Rind & juice of 1 lemon

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Ingredients for Lemon Jelly Filling

6 egg yolks
 2 cups sugar
 Grated rind of 2 lemons
 Juice of 4 lemons
 1/2 cups butter

Ingredients for Orange-Lemon Frosting

6 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
 1 egg yolk
 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 3 or 4 tablespoons orange juice (fresh, frozen or canned)
 Grated rind of 1 lemon
 Grated rind of 2 oranges

Instructions - Cake

Preheat oven to 325 degrees: grease and flour four 9-inch cake pans.

Sift flour, cream of tartar and baking powder at least three times. (Actually, the more the better, but no more than six.)

Separate eggs and beat yolks, adding sugar gradually until mixture is satiny and pale yellow. Stir in lemon rind and juice.

In a separate bowl, beat egg whites with a dash of salt until they form peaks. Gently fold egg whites and flour alternately (about one third at a time) into the egg yolk mixture. Divide evenly between the four pans and bake 20 to 25 minutes or until cakes begin to pull away from the sides of the pans. Loosen edges with a knife, invert on cooling racks and allow to cool, pans in place, while you make the frosting.

Instructions - Lemon Jelly Filling

Mix egg yolks with sugar, lemon rind and lemon juice in double boiler. Cook over boiling water stirring occasionally, continually stirring until mixture is smooth and thick. This will take about 20 minutes. Cool, then spread evenly between layers of cake.

Instructions for Frosting

Work butter until soft. Stir in confectioner's sugar gradually until smooth. Stir in the rind. Beat in egg yolk and lemon juice. Stir in enough orange juice to produce a spreadable frosting. Apply to sides and top of cake.



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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Our Photo of the Month winner for last month was a lady who called herself "Fran." She didn't give me her last name but identified the sweet young girl as **Lee Ann Lancaster**, the owner of that fun night spot Lee Ann's Bar & Restaurant off Church Street. Very odd. But we're so happy people keep calling to guess - some are more difficult to figure out but I got lots of calls on Lee Ann. Congratulations "FRAN"!

That **John M. Bzdell, Sr.** must sure be a special guy. His sweetie **Margaret Watson** and his daughter **Heather Luthy** threw him a surprise party recently for his 60th birthday - it was a total surprise. He says "I am a lucky man for my last 6 decades of life. It is like an amusement park ride, just keeps getting better and I really don't know why I am so blessed!" Happy 60th, John!

Eddie Allen had a question for our readers out there - regarding Monte Sano Hotel story in the February issue, it mentions a Monte Sano Dairy. But Eddie has a vintage milk bottle that has the spelling **Monte Say-Mo Dairy**. Got any idea why the glass bottles were spelled that way? Call Old Huntsville and let us know, we will let our readers know!

I love to talk with BBT Branch Banker **Jane Eller** when I go in to the Church Street location, I've never seen her without a smile on her face! She told me her amazing daughter **Amanda Acklin** is having a birthday in early March and just wanted to let her know how very much she loves her! Happy Birthday to Amanda.

Don't forget that on March 14 at 11:30 am on Saturday the 38th annual **Ellen McAnelly Memorial St. Patrick's Day Parade**

will take place. Watching and marching in the parade are free and it will take place downtown Huntsville. Check out their website for more information - www.huntsvillepatricksdays.com.

I had a good idea the other day. I wanted some good hot tea and I had a jug of that ready made tea with lemon. I just poured it into a mug, stuck a green teabag in it, heated it up and it was great!

The **2015 Dog Ball** called "Canine Royale" was just amazing this year in the South Hall of the VBCC. There were so many valuable items that were auctioned off, lots of pet lovers dressed up in their glitziest, hundreds of dogs both owned and up for adoption who paraded down the runway. It is the annual fundraiser for the Greater Huntsville Humane Society and got its start in 1990.

It just gets bigger each year and many dogs who need families are adopted from this event. Amazing job by Board of Directors **Karen Corp, Jerry Nutt, Larry Miles and Cindy Conrad**.

We saw **Ruff Russell**, a very large man in a dog outfit, standing there greeting folks with his co-hort, **Russ Russell** of Russ Russell Real Estate!

Huntsville City Schools Superintendent Dr. Casey Wardynski took time out of his day recently to speak before the **Golden K Kiwanis Club** to tell them about progress being made within the Huntsville School System. It was an icy morning and Dr. Wardynski had many other things going on, but he took the time to attend. It was very much

appreciated by the club.

A week ago while having a really good dinner at Ol Heidelberg on University Drive, we were taken care of by **Mary Jones** who has worked there for 24 years (this June). The restaurant got its start in that location just a couple of years before that. Mary is a delight to talk with and is so funny. The food keeps us coming back but having Mary as your waitress is just icing on the cake!

You know a good time to finally throw away those things that you've been hanging on to for years is when you're mad about something? Several ladies have told me that and it works!

It was SO good to hear from **Kathy Ogle** recently. She worked for years for **Dr. DeJarnatte** before his retirement - he was my doctor and I miss both of them. Her dear sister **Jerri Smith** of Huntsville had an early February birthday and Kathy wanted to send out special love to her!

Happy Birthday to **Dr. Cary Collins**, a really good dentist. He and his wife celebrated at Nick's Restaurant on Bailey Cove!

I was contacted by **Lori Ann McAulliffe** who asked that I

Photo of The Month

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

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Hint: This little guy knows many historians & local writers and alot about Huntsville's history.



make a correction regarding the ownership of the Alabama Bird Supply located on Byrd Springs Rd. The owner is **Chris Urban**, who was extremely helpful with my bird supply needs. His employee is **Tommy McAulliffe** (wife Lori Anne). I do apologize about getting the names mixed up and am correcting that here.

Lori also told me her parents, **Jim & Carol Garner** lived up on Monte Sano for 38 years and love reading about Huntsville's history. They are now living in Tennessee but still keep up with what's happening in Huntsville.

Elmira Lott Wilson loved her family unconditionally and prayed for them daily. When she married the late **Clyde J. Wilson** and moved to Huntsville in 1948, they started Wilson Lumber Co. with the motto that "The Customer is Always Right." Elmira passed away Feb. 13 at her home, at the age of 94. She is survived by her sons and their spouses; **Kenneth (Stella), Stephen (Lisa), Rick Wilson, Chris Wilson; daughters Carol Williams, Sue & Larry Landman, Ann & Johnny Redford and Charlotte & Tom Woo.** In addition she leaves grandchildren and great-grandchildren and many other relatives and friends who will never forget her.

Rosemary Leatherwood of Old Dad's BBQ in Hazel Green misses her Dad each and every day. He passed away in June of 2014. **Billy Richardson** would

have been 82 on March 10. He was a sweet, funny and kind man who is thought about every day.

Bill Leatherwood wants to wish his Dad a Happy Birthday too - he would have been 82 on March 17th, he is missed and loved by so many.

I meant to mention this in the February issue but I am so proud of our **mail delivery men and women** who make sure our mail gets to us no matter how cold, icy or rainy it is outside. I can't imagine the dedication it takes to do that day after day. Also, our **UPS and FEDEX drivers** who we see every day. Thank you for all of your hard work and we appreciate you - we sure don't tell you often enough!

I heard some GREAT news the other day - last month in "Old Huntsville" the **Ark Animal Shelter** ran a picture of an abandoned dog named "Roo" - named because his ears looked like a kangaroo's ears. He had been brought in to the Ark because he was dumped. Well a caring couple saw his picture & story in Old Huntsville and went to the Ark to visit with Roo. They just fell in love with him and he now has a forever home! Such good news in these days of all bad news!

Our hearts go out to the **Patel family of Madison** and to their Dad **Sureshbhai Patel** in particular. We wish him

a good recovery from his injuries and send good wishes and prayers his way, as well as to the whole family.

Stay safe during these really cold and wet days. It'll be hot before we know it and we'll want it cold again!

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Lisa Gregg's Favorites

Lisa Gregg of Old Town loves cooking for husband Wayne and here are some of her favorites!

Cheesy Artichoke Appetizers

2-8 oz. cans Pillsbury Crescent Dinner Rolls
 1 c. shredded Mozzarella Cheese
 1 c. grated Parmesan cheese
 1/2 c. mayonnaise
 1 - 14 oz. can Artichoke hearts, finely chopped
 1 - 14 oz. can chopped green chilies, drained
 Unroll dough, press on to jelly roll pan. Bake dough at 375 degrees for 10 minutes. Combine other ingredients and spread onto crust evenly. Bake for 15 minutes. cut into 4-inch squares and cut each square diagonally.

Seafood Dip

2 - 7 oz. cans medium size shrimp
 1 - 4 oz. can sliced ripe olives
 1 boiled egg, chopped
 1-1/2 c. sour cream
 1/2 c. salsa
 2 t. lemon juice
 1 pkg. Italian dressing mix
 Mix all ingredients well (drain shrimp & olives). Serve with Pita or bagel chips.

Squash Casserole

3 lbs. yellow crookneck squash
 1 lg. onion, chopped
 1/2 t. salt
 1/2 stick butter
 2 eggs, beaten
 8 oz. Cheddar cheese, grated
 1 c. milk
 1 pkg. seasoned dressing mix
 Boil squash and onion until

soft, drain. Add remaining ingredients and stir. Pour into greased 9x13" baking dish. Set baking dish into larger shallow dish of water. Bake at 400 degrees for one hour.

Beef Burgundy

3 lbs. beef stew
 3 c. carrots
 3-4 cloves garlic
 1 c. celery
 2 medium onions
 1 can sliced water chestnuts
 1 lb. fresh mushrooms
 Coarse-chop the above and place in oven-safe Dutch oven-type pot. Add beef. Pre-heat oven to 325 degrees.
 Mix together 3 T. flour and 1 T. each salt and sugar, pour this over the vegetables in the pot.
 1 lg. can diced tomatoes
 2 c. Burgundy wine
 Add tomatoes and wine to the

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pot. Place pot in oven and cook for 4 hours. This smells SO good while it's cooking!

Lemon Chicken

- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 T. olive oil
- 1/2 c. lemon juice
- 3-4 green onion stalks, chopped
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/2 t. pepper
- 12 t. thyme
- 6 chicken breasts
- 1 c. flour
- 1 t. paprika
- Salt and pepper to taste

Mix together in a small bowl the first 7 ingredients and set aside. In a large Ziploc bag add the flour, paprika and salt/pepper. Wash the chicken but don't dry. Shake each piece of chicken in the flour mixture one at a time, and place in baking dish.

Bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Turn the chicken over, add the lemon/green onion mixture and bake an additional 20-25 minutes.

Chocolate Chess Pie

- 1 stick butter, melted
- 2 eggs
- 1-1/2 c. sugar
- 1/4 c. cocoa
- 1 sm. can evaporated milk
- 1 t. vanilla extract

Mix all ingredients with mixer til frothy. Pour into deep dish

pastry shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Mama's Bread Pudding With Hard Sauce

- French Bread, cut in 1/2 rounds and very stale
- 4 c. whole milk
- 1 T. butter
- 1/2 t. salt
- 4 eggs
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 3/4 c. raisins (optional)

Beat eggs in mixing bowl. In separate bowl, scald milk in microwave but do not let it boil. Slowly pour hot milk into the eggs. Add all other ingredients and pour into a large 4-5" deep casserole dish, sprayed with Pam.

Start adding stale bread letting each one soak. Don't break bread up with spoon. Do NOT over pack bread. Stir gently and set bowl in pan of water. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees. Remove when firm and serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce

- 1 box powdered sugar
- 2/3 stick butter
- 1/4 t. salt
- 2-3 T. milk
- Bourbon to taste

Mix the sugar, salt and butter with mixer til creamed. Add Bourbon slowly til of desired consistency and taste. Do NOT store the hard sauce in refrigerator.



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THE STORY OF "MISS MARIAH" (WORLEY)

BRADFORD

by William Sibley

"The original story of "Miss Mariah" was printed in Old Huntsville magazine in May of 2012. Since that time, I have met several people who complimented the story, but some of these people have told me that I only scratched the surface, so the following story is a more in-depth account of an amazing lady."

William Sibley

August 26, 1889 was the day that Mariah Worley was born, the youngest of eight children, whose parents were Allison Woodville Worley and Rebecca Catherine (Moon) Worley, who lived in the Cave Spring community east of Owens Cross Roads.

Mariah became a public school teacher when she was a teenager. During those years in the late 1800s and the early 1900s, prospective teachers were required to take an examination and if that person "'stood" or passed the examination, he/she could earn a license to teach. Those teachers who were licensed in this manner were usually required to attend college or normal school during vacation from teaching or school, working toward a degree or upgrading their teaching certificate. That was apparently the process that "Miss Mariah" used.

While I was teaching at Owens Cross Roads School in the 1960s, Mrs. Mary (McLemore) Buford, my former Sunday school teacher, was a member of our faculty. Mrs. Buford and I were talking one day and I said to her that Mrs. Lola (Moon) Hatfield, whose children were attending our school, had been my first-grade teacher at Big Cove. Mrs. Buford said, "My first-grade teacher at Toney School was 'Miss Mariah' Worley, and today, she lives the life of a hermit."

That remark stirred my curiosity, and I asked my Aunt Stella Sibley, a long-time teacher, if she knew Miss Worley. Aunt Stella replied that she did know Miss Worley and had seen her in Huntsville recently and each had recognized the other although they had not seen each other in decades. Aunt Stella also said that Miss Worley was dressed the way people dressed in the 1800s.



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I learned from Aunt Stella that Miss Worley had a relative on our faculty, and that relative was Mrs. Lorene Glover.

My curiosity was really running high by that time and I asked Mrs. Glover about Miss Worley. Mrs. Glover said, "Yes, she is a cousin of mine and she has chosen to live like a hermit." Both Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Buford reported that "Miss Mariah" was a brilliant person, but that she was also a very private person. I learned from these two teachers that Miss Worley kept up with current events and could name all of the presidents of the United States and their party affiliations. She also knew the names of all the current United States senators and most, if not all, members of the United States House of Representatives.

A 1906 edition of the Gurley Herald reads, "Prof. A. S. Hodges and Miss Mariah Worley attended the teachers' institute last Sunday." All teachers were required to attend the annual institute, so this shows that "Miss Mariah" was teaching at the age of seventeen.

A 1909 edition of the Gurley Herald reads, "Miss Mariah Worley who has been teaching school at Toney, has returned home. We are glad to have her back." Miss Mariah would have been Mrs. Buford's teacher at some time between 1906 and 1909.

I have been told by several people that Miss Mariah was a teacher at DeBow's Point School, also known as Grayson's Point School, located three miles southwest of Gurley. I have a 1909 picture of the student body at DeBow's Point School (with the teacher) of the one-room school, and I have been told that the teacher appears to be Miss Mariah.

I learned that Miss Mariah probably also had taught at Worley School, located at Lowe, Alabama, a postal pick-up and delivery station located near the point where Cave Spring Community and Berkley Community come together.

The late Margaret Connally, a historian of Gurley, told me that her husband, the late Ernest Connally, had learned from his father who was a student at DeBow's Point School, that the school was bounded on the southeast by Keel's Mountain, which put the school in shadow part of the year, and since they had

no electricity, classes had to be suspended many times each year.

In 1954, Miss Clara Ryan of Gurley wrote a letter to Miss Mariah, inquiring about how they were related to each other. Miss Ryan's family had a connection to my family so I was given a copy of the letter Miss Mariah wrote in response. Miss Mariah's cursive handwriting is unbelievably beautiful. One can look at her letter and tell that handwriting was taught as an art as well as a communication.

Miss Mariah's letter begins by telling Miss Ryan that she is happy to hear from her and continues, "We sure had a rough time here this winter..." She relates that her brother, John William Worley, who lived nearby, was "... nearly past going earlier. I keep 4 or 5 warm rocks in the bed with him at all times." She also said she visits him "4 or 5 times some nights and sit up some nights as much as 2 or 3 hours."

A Big Cove businesswoman who read the original story of Miss Mariah said, "Mr. Sibley, did you know that Miss Mariah had to cross a footlog each time she visited her two brothers?" Many times Miss Mariah crossed that footlog in the darkest nights.

Miss Mariah reports, "Yes, warm weather is about here. I've planted onions, cabbage plants, snap English peas and parsnips." She wrote that she planned to plant carrots and beets the next week.

John William Worley, Miss Mariah's brother, died Sept. 12, 1954, the day before his eightieth birthday. Miss Mariah had another brother, Joe Ben Worley, who lived

Lee



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near her, who died at the age of 83 in 1962, at the home of Miss Mariah.

Miss Mariah was married to a Mr. Bradford in 1922 and the marriage ended in divorce in 1923. She kept her married name until her death, but she always felt honored by being called "Miss Mariah."

At some point after her marriage, Miss Mariah began living the way people lived many decades earlier.

While I was teaching at Owens Cross Roads School, children would tell me very interesting stories about Miss Mariah and how they admired and respected her. One of those pupils was Paul Honea. Paul and his sisters and family loved Miss Mariah and she loved the Honea family. Recently I located Paul by phone. He now lives out of state, and we had a very productive conversation about Miss Mariah. Paul still recalls vividly his childhood years of being Miss Mariah's neighbor.

The story I got from Paul is as follows: Miss Mariah taught Paul and his sisters that God had a purpose for all things He created, and that no snakes should be killed (near Miss Mariah's house) except rattlesnakes and copperheads and only because those snakes are dangerous. Other snakes do away with rodents and other garden pests.

Miss Mariah knew the sounds of insects, birds, reptiles, etc., and could identify those creatures by sight and sound. She would not permit anyone to kill a spider at her home, insisting that spiders are more helpful than harmful.

Miss Mariah always had a

A dentist and a manicurist got married. They fought tooth and nail.

small herd of goats and she always drank goat's milk. Paul reported that he churned (using a hand-cranked dasher) many times so that Miss Mariah could make goat's cheese.

Miss Mariah made all of her clothes and her dresses were ankle-length. She wore only stout shoes. She had her own bee hives and robbed the bees herself and sweetened everything she could with honey, but Paul reports that she bought a bag of sugar occasionally and that sugar lasted for months.

Miss Mariah had an old

pump organ and would invite Paul and his sisters to listen to her music as she played the organ.

Paul reported that it was always difficult to do Miss Mariah a favor without her returning the favor. Each spring she would get Paul and his sister to climb into her attic and tear down the nests that the starlings built there. She was afraid that her house would become infested with mites. Paul says that after he and his sister had destroyed the birds' nests, Miss Mariah always would give them treats and at the bottom of the container, they would always find two quarters. When anyone did a

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favor for Miss Mariah, her reply was always "Much obliged."

Miss Mariah raised strawberries and blueberries and always shared those berries with the Honea family.

One day as my class was studying about farm foods and products, I asked, "Do any of your parents or grandparents make hominy?" One little girl reported, "Miss Mariah does."

Paul reports that Miss Mariah had a three-burner wood kitchen cook stove and that she heated the whole house with a fireplace. I personally have seen many short logs and stumps in her yard. A horseshoe-pitching friend of mine told me that he stopped at Miss Mariah's house and told her he would gladly split that wood for her. He said that she thanked him kindly but told him that she could take care of herself.

Miss Mariah did not have a well, but she did have three rain barrels and would catch those barrels full of water for drinking, cooking and washing. She always boiled out the impurities in the water. Paul said that his father and other men from the Cave Spring community dug a well for Miss Mariah, but the taste was not good and those men pumped water to Miss Mariah's house.

As Miss Mariah got older, her needs became greater and she felt that she was forced to get electricity (in the late 1960s) and had a telephone installed for emergency purposes. Miss Mariah was approximately 80 years old at the time.

Since writing this story, many people have contacted me to tell me that much more should be written about Miss Mariah. One of the first to contact me was Nancy (Hollingsworth) Chandler. I had known her when we were students at Madison County High School

and while we were both employed at the school.

When I answered the phone, Nancy said, "Bill, that is a very good story you wrote about Miss Mariah, but I wish you could have contacted me because I knew that lady very well." Nancy and her husband were both related to Miss Mariah. When Nancy and Harry were a young married couple, Harry wanted their children to meet "a lady like they have never met before." Harry and Nancy mutually agreed that their children, Lisa, Harriet and Harry (brother), should get to know their interesting cousin.

When all three of the Chandler children were young, they and Nancy paid a visit to Miss Mariah. That was during the hot summer, and Miss Mariah was cooking beans over an open fireplace. The children were fascinated to learn that their ancestors cooked vegetables in the same manner.

During that visit and on subsequent visits, Miss Mariah, Nancy and the children sat on stumps and ate homemade cookies and drank goat's milk as Miss Mariah told the children about adventures of their ancestors. Nancy says the children were completely captivated by those stories.

During another visit to Miss Mariah's house, she took Nancy and the children to a building at the back of her home in what one would consider a "storybook setting" and

showed them several beautiful baskets that were woven by her brother. Nancy was given one of those creations as an Easter basket and reports that she will never part from it.

While I was teaching at Owens Cross Roads School, several of my pupils told me that one of Miss Mariah's brothers had made bow-and-arrow sets and that those creations were much better than they could have bought in a retail store.

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Several months ago, I saw W.D. Patrick, a retired principal, in WalMart and he remarked, "Bill, I'm sure that was a very good story you wrote about Miss Mariah, but nobody could ever tell the full story of Miss Mariah, Joe Ben and John William."

I said to my friend, "Your brother Donald was one of the boys who told me the bow and arrow story." W.D. told me that Joe Ben had made bow-and-arrow sets for him also.

As we were talking, we were joined by Nancy Chandler and she related a new story to us about the time that Miss Mariah took her (Nancy) and the Chandler children to another building at her house and showed them a tarpaulin where she had spread her garden seeds. Miss Mariah explained to the children that her own seeds yielded greater crops than "store bought" seeds.

Margaret Earle (Buford) Mann, granddaughter of Mrs. Mary (McLemore) Buford, who both taught with me at Owens Cross Roads School during the 1960s, told me that she found Miss Mariah to be a very intelligent, brilliant and wonderful lady. Margaret Earle described some of her visits to Miss Mariah's house, telling me that Miss Mariah always had "the sweetest smile" when answering the door.


On one of her visits to Miss Mariah's house, Margaret Earle was accompanied by a relative who had some warts she wanted removed. After their visit, somehow the warts mysteriously disappeared.

Friends and acquaintances of Miss Mariah told me that Miss Mariah always used "new-ground" to plant her garden every seven years. This writer thinks that the reason is probably Biblical, but that is a guess. Margaret Earle reports that Miss Mariah was an organic gardener who never bought commercial fertilizer. Nancy reports that Miss Mariah never bought any prepared foods and always prepared her own foods from the gardens she raised.


For many years, Nancy and her husband Harry operated a cotton gin in the Berkley community. The gin was established in 1926 by Harry's father, J.N. "Nat" Chandler. As fewer farmers raised cotton, gins began to close, but the Chandlers continued to operate their gin and served farmers from Berkley, Big Cove, Lowe, Poplar

Ridge, New Hope, Horse Cove, Butler's Mill and Cave Spring.

When Miss Mariah had a bale of cotton to be ginned, she would send word to Harry to come to her home to pick up her cotton. Harry always obliged Miss Mariah, and would return her "ginned bale" of cotton to Miss Mariah's home and she would hold her cotton "until the price goes up." Nancy says that of all the farmers who used the



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Chandlers' gin, Miss Mariah was the only one who did not leave her cotton at the gin.

Miss Mariah had several chickens, and many of her neighbors bought eggs from her because they preferred "yard eggs" to "store bought" eggs. Miss Mariah became very uneasy after she had given some loggers permission to cut timber on the Worley place, fearing that she would be cheated. She sent word to Harry, who investigated the situation and assured her that the loggers were honest men. Nancy remarked, "She sent us the sweetest thank-you note."

Nancy reports that she and Miss Mariah were attending the funeral of a mutual relative or friend at the Bethlehem Baptist Church in Cave Spring and as she (Nancy) was walking into the church, Miss Mariah asked Nancy if she would sit with her

in the church. Nothing could have pleased Nancy more. Miss Mariah was all dressed up in blue that day, Nancy reported. She had sewed all of her clothes and dyed them blue, using dye made from berries on the Worley farm. Nancy reports that with the beautiful frock, Miss Mariah still wore stout shoes that she ordered from a Sears and Roebuck catalogue.

Following the funeral, Nancy offered to drive Miss Mariah home, but Miss Mariah informed Nancy that she preferred to walk. Mrs. Glover said that she had offered to drive Miss Mariah home from the Cave Springs Baptist Church only to be told that she (Miss Mariah) preferred to walk.

In her 1954 letter to Miss Clara Ryan, Miss Mariah goes back six or more generations in some of her explanations, and does that without the use

of modern family records. Her wisdom is unbelievable.

It is impossible to describe fully such a remarkable lady. I always wanted to visit Miss Mariah and I was encouraged to do so by her cousin, Mrs. Lorene Glover. She pointed out that Miss Mariah knew my people and would have welcomed me as a visitor, but I respected her wish for privacy.

After Miss Mariah's death on August 19, 1987, one week short of her 98th birthday, I realized I had missed a great opportunity by not going to visit her.

People will be talking about Miss Mariah in future years, telling their children and grandchildren about a lady who seemed to be a legend.

But those people will assure their children that Miss Mariah was a real person, and that they had the good fortune to know her.

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•**Hike 1**—The Hotel Loop—Meet at The Little Green Store, to Ella's Rock, to the Old Hotel Chimney, and back. Approximately 1 Hour—One Mile.

Saturday, February 21, 1:00—2:00PM.

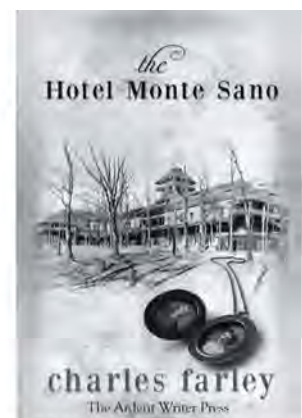
•**Hike 2**—The Fire Tower/South Plateau Loop—Meet at the Monte Sano State Park Office, to Lily Lake, to the O'Shaughnessy Home Site, to the Fearn Home Site, to the Fire Tower, and back. Approximately 2 Hours—Three Miles.

Saturday, March 7, 1:00—3:00PM.

•**Hike 3**—The Arrowhead/Natural Well Loop—Meet at Burritt on the Mountain Store, drive to the Trough Spring Parking Lot, to Abbey Rocks, to the Natural Well, and back. Approximately 3 Hours—Five Miles.

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NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE

Local Boy Gets Third Leg

from 1918 newspaper

Private John Kellogg of Madison County received a telegram last week informing him that he had been wounded, degree undetermined, while serving with the Army in France last month.

When he contacted the authorities to tell them he was home on leave and was perfectly well, he was ordered to report to the military hospital in Augusta, Georgia to be fitted for an artificial leg.

If the authorities have their way, Mr. Kellogg will be the only man in Alabama with three legs.

Lacey's Springs Woman Starves to Death While Sleeping

from 1904 paper

Mrs. Sallie Rutherford of Lacey's Spring was stricken with what was labeled "inflammation." She fell into a coma and her jaws were so tightly locked that no food, liquid, or solid could be administered to her.

Known as "The Sleeping Woman," her case attracted national attention and physicians from all over visited her. After 57 days without food or water, Mrs. Rutherford awoke and quietly asked for something to eat. Alas, she was unable to digest any food that she ate, and after lingering a few more days, she died of starvation.

An Unfortunate Situation

from 1901 newspaper

After January 1, 1902 I will begin to close out my entire stock of old whiskeys and brandies for cash only. Persons wishing to purchase a gallon or more of these fine goods should avail themselves of this opportunity. Will positively allow credit to no one in the future. To the creditors who have placed me in this unfortunate situation, I say good riddance and may you reap what you deserve. W. E. Everett, Propr. Huntsville Hotel Bar.



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Aunt Thelma Parks

by Bob Everest

My family never lived in Huntsville, but we often went there to visit my mother's only sister, Aunt Thelma, when I was a child.

Aunt Thelma was the most unconventional person I have ever met. She was born in 1900 and lived all her life on a small farm about five miles outside of Huntsville.

She never married, saying "there ain't a man on this earth I could put up with for very long."

One of her passions was fighting roosters. She never fought them herself but every Sunday morning she would inspect her roosters, telling her hired-hand, Rufus, which ones to take and how much to bet. She would then go to church and pray for the sinners.

Aunt Thelma never learned to drive and always depended on someone else for a ride. In 1934 she decided the time had come to learn how. She sent Rufus to town with a wad of cash and instructions on exactly the kind of automobile she wanted.

Rufus was pressed into service as a driving instructor. The lessons quickly proved disastrous. She would yell for the car to stop, blow the horn

instead of shifting gears and turn the steering wheel in the wrong directions.

Finally, after several weeks, Rufus informed Aunt Thelma that he did not believe God ever intended for her to drive. He also threatened to quit if he had to give another driving lesson.

The car was consigned to the barn and once a month Rufus would drive it to the front of the house where Aunt Thelma would sit in it and wave at the neighbors who passed by.

Once a month Rufus would wax the car and once a year he would change the oil, even though the longest trip it ever made was to the front drive-

way.

In 1987 Aunt Thelma died and I went to Huntsville to settle her estate.

Most of her property was sold or given away but I had one item shipped to my home in Arizona where it remains as one of my prized possessions.

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The Gentry Brothers

by Austin Miller


The Gentry brothers grew up in the Ryland/Maysville communities. Their names were Frank, Jim Tom and Marvin. In the thirties they were well known local baseball players. I never met Frank but most people said he was the best player of the three. Independent baseball and basketball teams were very popular and well attended in Huntsville and Madison County in the thirties. Until Redstone Arsenal came to Huntsville the only jobs available for most people were at the shoe plant, Martin Stove, John Blue, the cotton mills, store clerks and cotton farming.

The Gentry's as well as my people were sharecroppers. Sharecroppers farmed land that belonged to a landowner, did all the work and got half of the crop for use of the landlord's house and land. It was a life of poverty and hard work. There are few jobs worse or paid less than picking cotton by hand.

Jim Tom graduated from Central High

School in the late twenties. This was quite an accomplishment; very few sharecroppers in those days went beyond the eighth or ninth grade. Working in the fields was necessary for survival of the family and children didn't get to go to school when there was cotton to plant, chop, plow or harvest. This meant that most children didn't get to start to school until after Christmas each year and had to leave at planting time in April or May, giving them about three or four months of school. My father was an intelligent man but he was 20 years old in the ninth grade when he quit school in 1931. Somehow Jim Tom made it to graduation.

I doubt if there is anybody alive today that went to Central High School. It was a high school from 1917, until it burned in the spring of 1931. A new school opened in 1933 but it was a junior high and only went to the ninth grade. The remaining three grades finished at Madison


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County High School in Gurley. It was always a sore spot to the people around Central that Madison County High was built at Gurley. You can see their point, Central is situated in a key location in the northeastern part of the county and with the school at Gurley, children from several communities had to be bused to a distant location about a mile from the Jackson County line.

After Jim Tom graduated he was employed by Dallas Mill and played second base for them. All the Mills had a team and played each other in tough competition. Jim Tom was a star and gained a reputation as one of the best baseball players around. In my growing up years, I saw him often. When he left his job at the Mill he farmed in Ryland. I would see him at the Ryland gin, at school events, Central ball games and at the Ryland store. He was a man that attracted attention wherever he happened to be.

Jim Tom married a lady from a prominent Madison County family named Florence Andrews. They lived all their married life in a white frame house on Old Gurley Road about half-way between what is now Moore's Mill Road and Shields Road. The house still stands. They had four children; Jerry, Florence, Jimmy and Edna. Jerry's bio-

logical father was Frank but he was raised by Jim Tom and Florence whom he considers his real parents. I was in school at Central with Florence and Jimmy; Florence was a cheerleader and Jimmy played basketball. I don't know Edna but she currently lives behind the old house where she grew up. Jimmy lives close by and Florence lives in Decatur, Georgia. Edna is a retired teacher and Jimmy and Florence are retired from Bell South/Southern Bell (AT&T).

Jim Tom was elected to the Huntsville-Madison County Athletic Hall of Fame in 1990. His information sheet said he was a legendary hitter and second baseman. It also said he was the first to hit a home run out of the new Optimist Park. There is a cartoon on his page showing a ball sailing over the fence and a boy yelling "that one is headed to the Fagan Springs Poorhouse mister." An ar-



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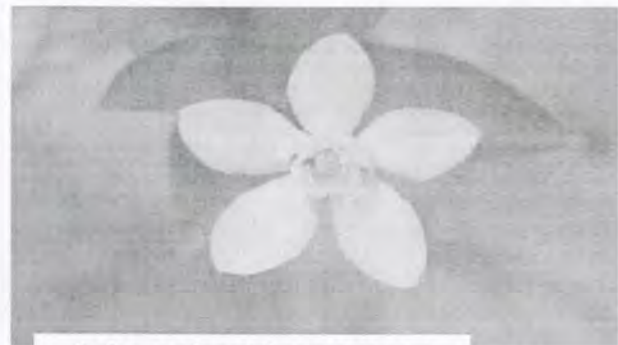
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ticle written in 1990 by sports writer John Pruitt in the Huntsville Times, said "the truth is, Jim Tom Gentry is one of the finest baseball players whoever took the field in Madison County or in northern Alabama. And that includes professional, semi-pro or amateur." According to Mr. Pruitt, the legendary Hub Myhand said he was one of his favorite players of all time. He quoted another Huntsville legend, Cecil Fain, as saying "he was the best local player he ever saw."

I didn't see Jimmy for over fifty years until recently at Andrew Jackson Way Baptist Church. It's also where I met Jerry for the first time. They come there for an exercise class in the church's gym and I come to walk on their inside walking track. The church is generous enough to let non-members use their very nice and modern facilities. I am Methodist but I can tell you that I am enjoying getting to know the people of Andrew Jackson Way.

I may not have met Jerry before but I heard of him all my life. The Gentry baseball gene was passed down to him. Central didn't have a baseball team when he was there but he played for Madison County High during his three high school years. He was an outstanding pitcher and I heard about his baseball feats during all my years at Central and Gurley. Somebody always had a story about trying to bat against Jerry Gentry. A few days ago I couldn't believe that I was sitting on gym bleachers talking one-on-one with Jerry Gentry. Jerry lives in Huntsville and is a retired State Farm insurance agent.

Marvin was a pitcher. He never stayed with one team long because he hired out to play for the highest bidder. He was well known all over North Alabama and Southern Tennessee. It was quite a feat to get paid to play baseball during the Depression when money was so scarce.

I met Marvin in the early sixties when he worked in Herman Hall's grocery store at Cedar Gap. I often stopped to get a soft drink and talk. He

was opinionated, a jokester and said what was on his mind. But I loved talking to him and listening to his stories. He always wanted to match double or nothing for whatever I bought but I instinctively knew there was no way I could ever win against that wily old fox.

The Gentry brothers were once household names in Huntsville and Madison County. But their time as well as the times of their contemporaries, passed long ago. Most could not play baseball as well as Frank, Jim Tom and Marvin but others were outstanding basketball players; many others were good but not outstanding.

Players like the Gentry's were celebrated because they were the best and entertained with their skills, giving a little respite from the burden of hard times suffered by most people in Madison County during the thirties.



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NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK

by Jane Barr, June 2013

Jane's mother-in-law mentioned trying to join the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR). She thought the collection of letters and photographs, plus information from her grandparents, would be sufficient. During the 1930s she had a cousin living in Washington, DC. The cousin agreed to look into the matter. Jane's mother-in-law was busy raising a family and the cousin tried but could get nowhere with the paperwork, so the matter was dropped.

When Jane's mother-in-law mentioned the matter she would always look sad. When Jane's in-laws passed away she got the collection of letters, photographs, books, furniture, items dating the 1700s. Jane took the information and categorized it filling 13 (thirteen) three-ring notebooks. Jane sent a letter to the Daughters of the American Revolution asking if she could get her mother-in-law into the DAR and place a marker on her grave. The answer: NO! Only a living person could join.

Jane then thought of the Sons of the American Revolution (SAR). Maybe her husband, Tom, would like to join when he retired. And so the years went by. Fast forward to this past week. Tom is retired and perhaps would be interested.

Jane looked in Google, for the umpteenth time, and there was another link! The family, mostly buried in one cemetery outside Cincinnati, Ohio - the Union Cemetery, Batavia, Ohio - had been visited by Jane and Tom several times. The family had assumed Jesse Glancy, who they knew fought with Washington and Lafayette during the Revolutionary War, was buried in the old, overgrown section of the cemetery.

But wait a minute! Once again on Google there was up-dated information. Jesse was buried in a cemetery 20 miles from Batavia! Jane googled the Rapp Cemetery and there was Jesse! Jane quickly printed out a map of the area, it showed the Rapp Cemetery on Highway 132, across the Little Miami River, north of Owensville, Ohio. Jane printed out Jesse's

tombstone from Google.

First stop, Grant Animal Clinic to drop off their dog for a few days. Tail wagging Hank was OK with the arrangement. With mini-motorhome checked out for gas and food away they went. Up the interstate east to Chattanooga and Knoxville then north into Kentucky. First night campground, Ft. Boonesborough State Park, just south of Lexington. It is the site of Ft. Boonesborough, founded in 1775 by Daniel Boone. Adjoining is a replica of the original fort. Passing the fort the sign read Closed. Ok, they can check it out later.

The next morning the fort was still closed, they were too early. They were on a mission so they continued around Lexington heading north. They drove through the Central Kentucky Bluegrass Region, past horse farms sectioned off with miles of rock walls and roads not named after famous people but after famous race horses! The sun was shining, the traffic minimal, they drove on a two-lane scenic road, Kentucky State Road 68 past Civil War battlefields not realizing how important the state of Kentucky had been. On they went past farmers in the field who had exchanged plow horses for horsepower. Roads cut through shale, now made understanding the miles of stacked walls, walls made from accessible shale rock.

North they went across the Ohio River toward the familiar town of Batavia where most of Tom's relatives had lived for generations.

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Map in hand Jane co-piloted "OK, we are on Highway 132, just go through Owensville on Highway 50 and continue north on Highway 132. We need to cross the Little Miami River."

Now Jane has to tell you, what is printed on a map as River may be a stream or even into a concrete drainage pipe! "I think we just crossed the river." Jane exclaimed, as they drove over a small stream, barely noticeable from the two-lane road. "The map shows the Rapp Cemetery on the right. Just go a little slower, please." Up the hill they go, around a bend, up and up, and around another bend. Still, nothing in sight. Then, there was a man holding a flag. The car in front of them came to a stop. Highway repairs.

Just as they were about to turn around Jane said "Let's go a little further, around the next bend, we've come this far." Moving like a slithering snake the car in front of them went around the construction and they followed. "Ok, let's turn around. We've gone way too far, according to the map."

Turning their mini-motorhome was not an easy task, the road was narrow but finally they turned into an open area in front of a sign "Majestic Farm." They had just turned when a man drove past, up to the gate. Tom jumped out and headed toward the gate. Jane watched as Tom showed the man the map they had been using, printed from Google.

As Jane watched the man turning the map over and over, not sure which direction it should be; then he lit up! By then he and Tom had walked over near Jane. "I see you are from Alabama! I have relatives who own a boat marina in Mobile. I grew up around here, I know where that cemetery is, come on, I'll take you there."

Miracle of miracles! They backtracked past the construction, around one bend and another, turning down a narrow side road then up a hill. As they approached the top of the hill (Koestner Knoll) the man slowed up and pointed. There was the sign "Rapp Cemetery."

As they were thanking him he said his father owns Majestic Farms and he thought it great that they were looking for ancestors.

Jane got out her paperwork with photographs of Jesse Glancy's tombstone and his son William's tombstone. The Cemetery was on the side of the knoll. Jane was still recovering from hip replacement but she was determined to not only find Jesse but take a photograph of Tom standing beside the tombstone as proof for the SAR requirements. Fortunately William's stone was tall, unfortunately it was at the farthest section of the cemetery. Tom went among the scattered tombstones, some standing many time-worn and fallen. When he reached what looked like William's he called out to Jane, "I found it."

By then Jane was sitting on a piece of fallen stone, no name was visible but Jane knew whoever it belonged to it was OK for she was having a really hard time walking on the hillside. She got up, and with Tom's help made it to the back of the cemetery and William's stone. Getting Tom's picture beside the stone Jane turned around and stopped. There was Jesse!

Jane read the inscription carved many years ago into the tombstone:

"In memory of Jesse Glancy who departed this life Sept. 16th 1831; aged 75 years.

The aged Patriot's soul has fled. His mortal part rests with the dead. The early friend of freedoms laws. Bore arms to vindicate her cause."

Jane was sure her mother-in-law, Florence Glancy Barr, was smiling down from Heaven!

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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.

Do I have Varicose Veins?

**Do I have any of these
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Pain, Aching, Swelling,
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Pressure, Burning, Tingling,
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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.

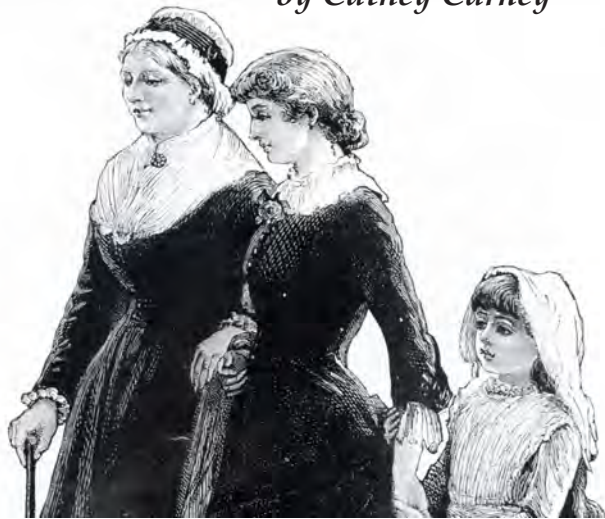
Most patients feel an immediate relief of symptoms and can return to normal activity. There is no general anesthesia, hospitalization or scarring.

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NOTHING IS PROMISED

by Cathey Carney



20 years ago, a man in his late 60s died in Huntsville of heart failure. He left behind a wife, 3 children and 5 grandchildren. For many years, he worked for a high tech company, and they lived comfortably in a nice home with two cars. His kids were grown, with jobs and families of their own.

He was very thorough when it came to his job, but not so much when it came to important communications with his family. He thought it was too early to make up a will, so he didn't have one. He had always taken care of the monthly bills, so his wife didn't have a clue regarding what amounts he paid, from what account, etc. He thought he'd live well into his 80s, at least.

Without going into detail, when he died, he left a nightmare for his family. He had a couple of life insurance policies, but since he didn't keep good records, receipts, or a logical filing system, it took months to uncover exactly who those companies were.

The Human Resources Benefits people at his place of employment were very helpful trying to assist the family, but it took a long, long time. The

wife, grieving for the loss of her husband, was trying to arrange for his burial, while at the same time thrust into the details of learning how to write checks for their mortgage and utilities. A checking account that was overdrawn. Past due credit card notices. Unknown passwords for online banking and finances. Trips to the banks, credit unions, Social Security, veterans offices, phone calls that led to hours on hold, then nowhere - that was the legacy this man left for his family.

We never think that we might not be around tomorrow. But the sad fact is, all we actually have is today. Tomorrow isn't promised to anyone.

If you were to die tomorrow, are all your affairs in order? Do you have a will? Do you

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have a Power of Attorney in case you can no longer make decisions for yourself? Do you know where you are to be buried? Have you shared with your wife or husband how you pay the bills; where your important papers are; if there's a safe deposit box; if there are accounts anywhere other than the bank, etc.? What other wishes you may have for transfer of property, cars, etc.?

The time when my Dad, Chuck Owens, first created a "Family Affairs" document, it was many, many years ago. It listed the important contact phone numbers for all his insurance policies, military pensions, Social Security, Medicare, names & phone numbers at Thiokol where he worked, what income would stop when he died, what my Mom would continue to receive, what banks they used, names & numbers of people at the bank & credit unions, etc. He had living wills for both himself and Mom. In addition, he chose to preplan and prepay his funeral and my Mom's, so that the family wouldn't have to make all those sad decisions when the time came. He wanted a military funeral and even specified the phone number to call to get that arranged.

When all that information was put to paper, Dad held a meeting with the family. He wanted my brother and I to know everything that was in it, and ask questions about it. I remember being very reluctant, years ago, at the first meeting because none of us want to think about Dad and Mom not being with us anymore. I was still young, and young people are about the business of living, not dying.

Dad held that annual meeting for the next 12 years, without fail. Phone numbers, accounts, banks etc. changed (and

updated in detail) to an extent, but not much. We always had the very latest information, including his Power of Attorney and their wills.

When Dad passed away, he had the moving military funeral he wanted. Maple Hill was already prepared for the funeral and visitation, and it all went so smoothly.

We used his Family Affairs document until it took on the consistency of cloth. We used the phone numbers, the account numbers, the addresses, the people's names, the wishes he had for Mom. All of it. Dad would have been so proud about how well his document worked, and how everything just fit into place. He wanted to make sure he took care of his family even after he was gone. His wisdom prevailed even after he passed away.

And to us, that was the legacy he left: even after death, still showing how very much he loved us.

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William Lusk, Injured Last Night, Is Dead

Young Man Falls from Running Board of Car

Sustained Fracture of Skull

from June 11, 1920
Huntsville Times

Funeral Services on Thursday Afternoon from Kildare

William Cecil Lusk, aged 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lusk of Kildare, died this morning at 9:30 following injuries received last night when he fell from an auto driven by a friend, Coyle Ray, which resulted in his sustaining a fractured skull. Funeral services will be conducted

from the family residence at Kildare Thursday afternoon at 2:30 with Dr. John Milford officiating. Interment at Maple Hill with Poole and McCaleb in charge.

It is understood that last night young Lusk was standing in the Texas filling station on Meridian Street when young Ray came along in a Ford Roadster and Lusk asked him for a ride home. The car was evidently filled with passengers because it is said that Lusk got on the car and crouched down on the running board with one arm over the door of the auto.

It further appears that after going down the street (a distance to King and Meridian Streets) that young Lusk started to light a cigarette. It is reported that another car came along and Ray was

forced to turn aside to let it pass by. The swerving movement caused Lusk to lose his balance and fall backwards to the street, striking his head on the curbing.

He was rushed to the Huntsville Hospital and medical attention was summoned. It was determined that Lusk had sustained a very serious fracture of the skull.

Surviving are his father and step-mother, (the former who has been for many years an employee on the McCormick estate at Kildare); two brothers, Harvey Lusk of Chicago and Horace Lusk of Huntsville; and one sister, Miss Mabel Lusk of this city.

William Cecil Lusk was my grand uncle, who died at age 17.
Linda Quinn



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Tweetie's Pet Trivia



1. It pays to be a lap dog. Three dogs (from First Class cabins!) survived the sinking of the Titanic - two Pomeranians and one Pekingese.

2. A Beatles hit. It's rumored that, at the end of the Beatles song, "A Day in the Life," Paul McCartney recorded an ultrasonic whistle, audible only to dogs, just for his Shetland sheepdog.

3. Wow, check out those choppers! Puppies have 28 teeth and normal adult dogs have 42.

4. Chase that tail! Dogs chase their tails for a variety of reasons: curiosity, exercise, anxiety, predatory instinct or, they might have fleas! If your dog is chasing his tail excessively, talk with your vet.

5. Seeing spots? Or not... Dalmatian puppies are pure white when they are born and develop their spots as they grow older.

6. Dogs do dream! Dogs and humans have the same type of slow wave sleep (SWS) and rapid eye movement (REM) and during this REM stage dogs can dream. The twitching and paw movements that occur during their sleep are signs that your pet is dreaming.

7. Pitter patter. A large breed dog's resting heart beats between 60 and 100 times per minute, and a small dog breed's heart beats between 100-140. Comparatively, a resting human heart beats 60-100 times per minute.

8. If your dog's acting funny, get out the umbrella! According to a Petside.com/Associated Press poll, 72% of dog owners believe their dog can detect when stormy weather is on the way.

9. It's not a fever...A dog's normal temperature is between 101 and 102.5 degrees Fahrenheit.

10. Is something wet? Unlike humans who sweat everywhere, dogs only sweat through the pads of their feet.

11. Here's looking at you. Dogs have three eyelids; an upper lid, a lower lid and the third lid, called a nictitating membrane or "haw," which helps keep the eye moist and protected.

12. Americans love dogs! 62% of U.S. households own a pet, which equates to 72.9 million homes.

13. Move over Rover! 45% of dogs sleep in their owner's bed (we're pretty sure a large percentage also hog the blankets!)

14. Why are dogs' noses so wet? Dogs' noses secrete a thin layer of mucous that helps them absorb scent. They then lick their noses to sample the scent through their mouth.

15. Yummy! Dogs have about 1,700 taste buds. Humans have approximately 9,000 and cats have around 473.

16. Watch that plate of cookies! A dog's sense of smell is 10,000 - 100,000 times more acute as that of humans.

17. It's not so black and white. It's a myth that dogs only see in black and white. In fact, it's believed that dogs see primarily in blue, greenish-yellow, yellow and various shades of gray.

18. Did you hear that? Sound frequency is measured in Hertz (Hz). The higher the Hertz, the higher-pitched the sound. Dogs hear best at 8,000 Hz, while humans hear best at around 2,000 Hz.

19. Express yourself. Dogs ears are extremely expressive. It's no wonder! There are more than a dozen separate muscles that control a dog's ear movements.

20. While the Chow dogs are well known for their distinctive blue-black tongues, they're actually born with pink tongues. They turn blue-black at 8-10 weeks of age.

21. Why do they do that? When dogs kick after going to the bathroom, they are using the scent glands on their paws to further mark their territory.

22. No, it's not just to make themselves look adorable. Dogs curl up in a ball when they sleep due to an age-old instinct to keep themselves warm and protect their abdomen and vital organs from predators.

23. Breathe easy. In addition to sweating through their paw pads, dogs pant to cool themselves off. A panting dog can take 300-400 breaths (compared to his regular 30-40) with very little effort.

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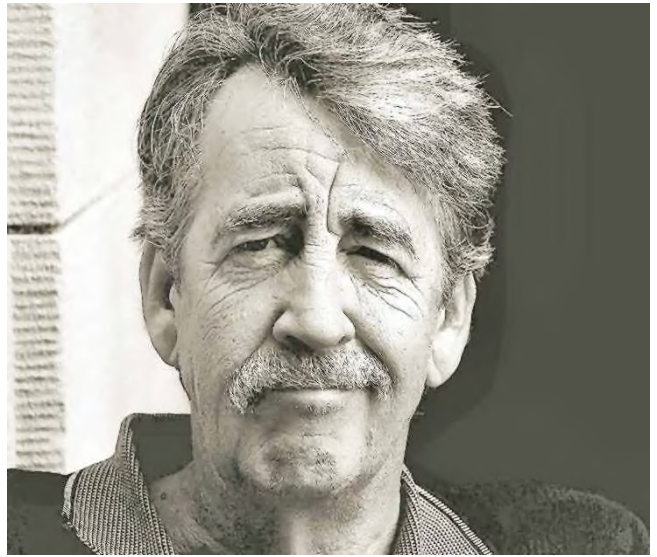
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Across from Books A Million

From the Desk of Tom Carney

“Account Paid”

by Tom Carney



When Bragg's Grocery on Hurricane Creek closed in 1993, it was the end of an era. The old store had at one time been the center of the community, with housewives gathering inside to trade gossip while their husbands sat outside on the bench talking endlessly about the weather and whittling on ever-present pieces of cedar.

With the store closed, the only thing that remained was a stack of old ledgers from a bygone day, when people would charge their purchases and pay when their crops came in, or maybe when times got better. These yellowed account books contained, in many cases, the life stories of many people who called Hurricane Creek home.

There was Bob Ashburn. He charged a pair of shoes that cost \$2.65. That same day, he purchased a shirt for 75 cents. Looking back at an old calendar, we see that the day was a Friday.

Had he just gotten paid? Or, maybe he was buying new clothes in order to court someone special.

Bill Matthews, the following day, bought 12 yards of cloth and 10 cents worth of snuff. Wonder if the same person used both?

Charlie Fears must have been a hard-working man because most of his purchases were for farm implements and seed. Two days before Christmas, in 1937, he was back in the store buying apples, candy and oranges, probably for Santa Claus.

Henry Tucker stopped at the store for 50 cents

worth of gas on Christmas Eve. Louise Jolly was in the store the same day settling her account. Bob Langford seemed to have not been in the Christmas spirit that year as the only purchases he made on December 24 were tobacco, snuff and coffee for a total price of 65 cents.

The first of the month must have been a busy time at the store.

Old-timers called it “check-cashing day,” as

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that was when they received their government checks. That must have been a popular day for the children too, as almost everyone purchased candy when cashing their checks. Among the people cashing checks was Bill Smith, who also paid his insurance premium (51 cents) at the same time.

Gus White must have been a carpenter, or maybe he was adding on to his house. In January of 1938 he purchased 500 feet of oak boxing, 50 posts and 25 feet of lumber. The lumber was 2 cents a foot.

Macaroni was obviously a popular food. Besides tobacco, coffee and candy, it was the product sold most often. The Walton family purchased macaroni four times in three weeks.

Alvin Blackwell probably didn't travel very far when he was young. His average purchase of gas was only 50 cents. That summer he also charged 19 cents worth of fishing tackle.

The community didn't need a restaurant. On almost every page were listings such as "Logan Honey, lunch - 20 cents."

You would have to guess that the Robert Harris family suffered from sickness that winter. Among their

purchases were aspirins, salve, iodine, Black Drought, castor oil, alcohol and salts.

The week before Christmas, Mr. Harris added a French harp, stationery, tablets, apples and a coconut to his bill.

Perhaps the most poignant entry in the ledgers is the account of an old man who purchased cotton seed in anticipation of making a crop that year. The man was poor with no way to pay until the crop came in.

Several weeks after the purchase, the old man died, leaving no family, belongings or money.

The next day someone, in old-fashioned, meticulous handwriting, had carefully entered "Paid" to the old man's account.

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- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tbsp. turmeric
- 1 pinch cayenne (start with this and add more to taste...the more you can handle the better)
- 1 tbsp. raw honey (can add more or less to achieve desired sweetness)

Directions:

1. Add all ingredients (except honey) to a pot and bring to a boil.
2. Once boiling reduce heat and let simmer for about 10 minutes.
3. Add honey and stir, adding more if necessary.
4. Pour tea through a strainer and drink while warm.

**"Most men are brainless,
so you might have to
try more than once to
find a live one."**

Angie, 10, on finding love

The Rolling Store

by Malcolm Miller

When I was growing up in the nineteen thirties and early forties we were pretty isolated. The tenant houses we lived in were usually a mile or maybe three miles from the nearest general store.

If we needed coal oil for the lamps or ran out of basic items we used back then, we either had to walk to the community general store or ride a mule. However Papa didn't want us riding the mules much especially after they had pulled a plow all day.

Our main connection with the outside world back then was the rolling store. I can almost still feel the thrill I would get when I would hear the peddler, as I called him, honking his horn as he approached our house. It was a large truck and the enclosed back was filled with shelves and bins with all kinds of things that country folks needed back then. There was a large chicken pen attached to the rear end along with a large metal container of coal oil.

For you young whippersnappers coal oil is what they call kerosene these days. It cost ten cents to fill a gallon jug and even at that we had to use the lamps sparingly because even dimes were hard to come by in those days.

Since money was so hard to come by Mama would trade chickens and eggs to the peddler for the things we just had to have. This seemed to be a great idea to me so one day I heard that horn blowing and I

got a bright idea, I was probably three or four years old by then. I grabbed up an arm load of kittens and ran as fast as I could to meet the peddler; I was going to trade those kittens for all the candy I could eat.

I believe this particular peddler was Mr. W.D. King and he really got a laugh out of me trying to trade the kittens.

Mr. King would bring special things that he didn't normally carry on his truck some- times such as material for making clothes and even shoes.

We had other rolling stores come by in later years. I remem-

ber J.D. Carrol and also Bill Clardy and some of these really went modern and had ice cold soft drinks on their trucks.


I still remember running from the cotton field just in time to catch the peddler if I was lucky enough to have a nickel on me and getting an ice cold Double Cola. I don't think I have ever tasted any

thing as good as that was back then.

As time passed and more people had cars and trucks to get to town or at least to some community store, the need for the rolling store slowly faded and finally no longer existed.

But you know these days when I drink a Double Cola they just don't taste nearly as good as they did on those hot summer days back then when I got them from the rolling store.

I will always have fond memories of those hard times when little pleasures meant so much.



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Government Experts Verify Chittim Wood Found Growing on Monte Sano

Supposed to be growing only in Jerusalem.

from 1912 newspaper

Local lumbermen have samples of the famous Chittim timber which has been discovered by government experts in Madison County, in the vicinity of Huntsville, and much discussion about the same is being indulged by the lumber people. The timber found is not very extensive, the forest of the same being but sparsely built up. The timber is supposed to be growing only in Jerusalem.

It will be remembered that interior work of the great temple at Jerusalem, told of in the Bible, was built of dense Chittim wood. It was not believed that there was any of this timber anywhere. Government experts in looking over the Alabama forests investigated trees which natives were calling Chittim wood and they have pronounced it the real article. The timber, of course, will be preserved, and an effort made to bring about a growth. The samples of the wood on hand here are prized highly.

Here Chittim wood has been known to exist on Monte Sano since Huntsville was laid out in town lots nearly a century ago. Chittim wood was first hauled to town and sold as firewood. For the past twenty-five years local mechanics have been working it into walking canes, gavels, police clubs and many different kinds of furniture.

The Smithsonian Institute sent representatives here during the early nineties to investigate the wood and extent of growth, and now have a block on exhibition in the Institution at Washington.

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MY POLIO STORY

by Judith C. Smith

The summer of 1946 struck fear in every mother's heart in Florence, Alabama, including mine. I wasn't allowed out of the house except to go to Sunday School and Church on Sundays. Everything was going as planned for the summer, or so my parents thought. My baby sister was due to arrive on or about August 23rd and I was so excited because I had been praying for a baby sister for some time. We had already named her Melinda Allison Chandler. Allison was to honor Charles Allison Simpson, my mother's father.

However I put a real jinx into my parents plan when on July 4, 1946 my mother found me screaming with a high fever and curled up into a fetal position. My father had gone fishing and there was no way to get in touch with him. This was way before cell phones. So I cried and Mother rocked me until Daddy came home.

Upon seeing me he scooped me up and the three of us ran to the car and straight to the only hospital we went. Upon arrival the nurses took me from Daddy's arms and strapped me to a gurney, up the elevator and into an operating room we went.

Although I was only four and a half years old, I can still tell you what it felt like to be

tied down and have a spinal tap with nothing to deaden the area prior to starting the procedure. Unbelievable pain.

The test came back positive, I had polio. I was then put in a large room with children with varying degrees of the disease, some in iron lungs, some in regular hospital beds, and some like me in baby beds. You see I was so humiliated, having to sleep in a baby bed, because my parents had long since moved my baby bed into the nursery awaiting the arrival of my sister to sleep in it. I was to be a big sister and all of a sudden I was a baby again.

The swish-swish of the iron lung still rings in my ears to this day. I had to lie flat on my back, no pillow, and my feet up against the footboard of the bed. I was put in diapers along with

other children my age because one just wet oneself and had to be there soiled, as there were not enough nurses to take us to use the restrooms.

I was lucky enough to have a therapist to exercise my arms and legs twice a day. My neck, back, left leg and both ankles were affected. I remember her smiling and making me laugh. We played games like "Peek-a-Boo" and "I Spy".

Our meals were served in the hall on solid doors placed on concrete blocks, children sat on the floor. We were taken to and from meals stacked in wheel chairs. Scrambled eggs were served every morning for breakfast and they tasted horrible. To this day I heave when I smell them.

My parents could only see me through a window five to six

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"Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?"

Carl Peterson, Madison

feet away from my bed, looking from the outside of the building into the inside. No toys were allowed to pass to or from the hospital.

One day one of the nurses put me in a wheel chair, along with several of the other children and took us to get into a whirlpool tub. When I tried to stand up, I collapsed. You see I weighed less than thirty pounds and was becoming weaker and weaker as the days went by. I was so scared that I never looked into the sack attached to the headboard of the bed until the day I was released from the hospital to find it full of toys. I was petrified of the nurses and certainly wasn't going to ask any questions for fear of having something horrible happen to me again like another spinal tap.

One day, Mother and Daddy brought me a doll. I named her Francis. She had blond hair and was wearing a pink dress and coat, with black patent shoes and a purse to match. (I still have Francis to this day. She is in a box along with a million memories from yesteryear.) I finally had something that I could hold and call my own. I talked to Francis making up all kinds of stories about what we would do whenever I was allowed to leave the hospital. I would tell her of all of the fun things we would do whenever I was allowed to go home. My imagination would go wild. I would pretend to be riding in a gray convertible.

The man across the street from where I lived had a convertible and on Sundays he would take us for a ride. It was so much fun to ride down West Bluff Street in Florence, Alabama with the wind blowing through my hair. Childhood

memories do come flowing back to me, because on days when it isn't raining, I like to take my convertible out for a top-down drive. Just the feel of the wind rushing through my hair makes me feel rejuvenated and alive, the same as it did when I was a child.

During this time I couldn't touch or feel my parents' arms around me. There was no one to say "I Love You" or kiss me goodnight, just a mean old nurse that stripped me of my clothes, put me in diapers and left me all day to lie in my own waste.

Finally the day came when I was going to get to go home. I slipped Francis to Mother and Daddy that morning, with the instructions to take her home with them and then come back for me that afternoon. Years later my father told me that they drove immediately across the river and threw her overboard, then raced to the toy store and bought another doll just like Francis to have waiting for me when I got home. The chance of the polio germ being brought home from the hospital with me and giving it to the new baby was more than they could stand.

I was one of the very fortunate children, I made a full recovery. One of my father's daily routines was to place me in a bath of hot water. He had a thermometer and he was instructed to have

it reach 107 degrees. The heat was to help my muscles.

The Sister Kenny Method was also used on me. That was to heat woolen pieces of material in a steamer, they were taken out with tongs and wrapped around my arms, back, and legs, then white sheeting enclosed the woolen wraps.

The tears are rolling down my cheeks tonight as I write this, as they did my father's cheeks every time he placed me in the tub, saying "Sugar, I'm so sorry, but I have to do this."

The reason I have taken the time to write this story is to urge all mothers to vaccinate their children against this dreaded disease, their child may not be as lucky as me. In India, polio strikes children every day. I wouldn't want any child to go through what I went through the summer of '46 in Florence, Alabama.

GOD saved me, will he save your child?

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Excitement in Langston, Alabama - the Story of Billy, Hugh & "Popeye"

by Hugh Michaels

The small town of Langston, Alabama in Jackson County has forever been a place where the citizens were law abiding and peaceful people. During the 1940s there were three young boys who were determined to change this. These boys were

just looking for some excitement. Their definition of excitement was just a little tarnished. They were not looking to damage anything that couldn't be repaired. They were just looking for a little excitement.

There were no organized sports like baseball, softball or golf to occupy their time. The only pastimes they had were swimming in the gin tank or in the Tennessee River, or fishing from the banks of the river. Billy Lawhorn, Royce "Popeye" Taylor and Hugh Michaels decided to change the reputation of this place. They would put Langston on the map. This would be done through some acts of extreme

excitement. Their acts would surely occupy their time. Some of the actions taken were:

1. Somehow the gas tank of the local school bus was filled with corn. This was done in an effort to stop the bus from running.

2. Watermelons were snatched from a farmer who never suspected that these boys would do such a thing.

3. Chickens were snatched from the farmers' chicken houses if the critters strayed too far from the farmers' homes. They were easy bait for the boys. They would take the frightened chickens to an isolated location and sell them to a peddler who was selling products to residents of Langston. The unsuspecting peddler would pay about \$1.25 per chicken.

4. Rooftops of houses, covered with tin, were bombarded with rocks. This was done at night so the residents would be abruptly awakened from a good night's sleep.

5. Milk cows were switched from one barn to another. The

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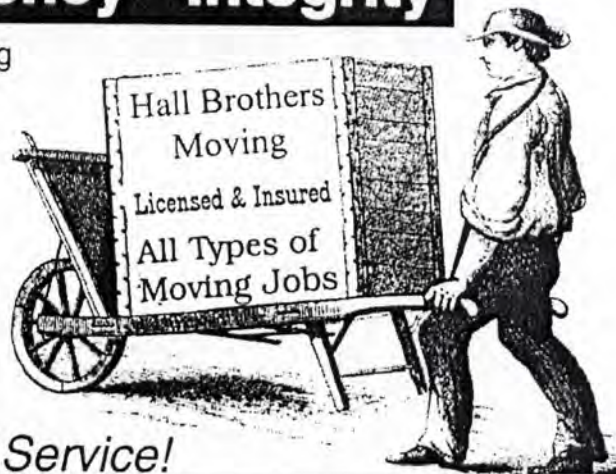
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startled farmer would find another person's cow in the stable of his barn.

On one occasion, a tenant was working in a nearby field and observed the trio searching for watermelons. The tenant raised his hoe, as if it were a gun. The brave boys raced a distance of 5 miles non-stop, thinking they were about to be shot.

People of Langston never made an effort to find out who was doing these things. Perhaps they didn't want the boys' parents to know. The families of these boys were highly respected. Why would any person desire to disrupt a perfectly peaceful place like Langston? WHERE WERE THE PARENTS?

Billy Lawhorn was the captain of the crew. Billy would dream up ideas for the team. It was "Popeye" who would do the dirty work. Nothing stopped him. Hugh was the Chaplain. It was Hugh who found a way for the boys to escape, if danger was near.

"Popeye" was the nickname given to Royce. He was aptly named. His nickname came from the comics in the local paper. His parents operated a grocery store and the community thought highly of them. He rarely came back to Langston as he traveled extensively after serving in the Air Force. He died in the boxcar of a freight train, somewhere in Texas.

Billy's dad was rarely at home during Billy's childhood. He worked in construction and had to travel most of the time. Billy had a difficult time growing up but turned out to be a fine individual. Langston was proud of him. He retired from TVA, and died several years ago.

Hugh's Dad was a Deputy Sheriff. Hugh served in the Air Force during the Korean War. He graduated from Jacksonville State and retired from Civil Service after 37 years.

It was through the efforts of Hugh, who encouraged his friends to change their lifestyles. What would have happened if these boys had ever been caught? How would they ever be able to live it down in Langston, Alabama? These boys were in church every Sunday morning and were very well liked.

Thank God, the pranks performed by these boys never changed Langston. Our town never gained notoriety for these actions. Langston today is still a place of

peace and harmony. Unlike many other locations these days.

The names of Billy, Hugh and "Popeye" are forever etched in the annals of Langston, Alabama history.

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Some Unusual Superstitions



* If you laugh before breakfast, you'll cry before bedtime.

* If you spill make-up or face powder, a quarrel with a friend will ensue.

* If you have a sty, you can get rid of it by ringing a friend's doorbell, then running away.

* If the bubbles formed on the surface of a cup of coffee float in your direction, money is on the way.

* If you have a bad cough and want to quit, take a large dose of laxatives - you'll be afraid to cough.

* If you have a house guest and sweep the room within an hour of his departure, very bad luck will come to a good friend.

* Straws tied in a cross and placed at the four corners of the bed will ward off nightmares.

* Should a bee fly into your home, expect a visitor soon.

* Bees remaining idle for a long period of time are said to indicate that war is coming.

* To find a future husband, a young girl should twist the stem of an apple for each letter of the alphabet. When the stem finally breaks, the last letter spoken is the first initial of her true love's name.

* A bride will have bad

luck if she looks at herself in a full-length mirror after getting fully dressed for her wedding.

* If a maiden holds an apple sliced into 9 pieces and stuck on the point of a sharp knife over her left shoulder on Halloween, she will see the image of her future husband in a nearby mirror.

* If a person's death is reported in error, he or she will gain an additional ten years.

Rules for Bathing in the Early 1800s

1. Bathe one hour before breakfast, or what is much better, one hour before dinner.

2. The stomach should always be empty when we bathe.

3. Never take the cold bath when the temperature of the body is below the natural standard.

4. To prepare the tepid bath, which is the best in

a warm climate, the rule should be this: Bring the water to that temperature which feels neither hot nor cold to the arm, or some part of the body usually covered, and after entering the bath raise its heat to that point which imparts the most agreeable feeling.

5. We should take exercise before and after the warm bath; the importance of this is every day evinced where bathing is practiced.

6. After leaving the water, the body should be briskly wiped with a coarse towel, and immediately covered with sufficient clothing to excite or preserve the healthy temperature.

7. We should never remain long in the water; from ten to fifteen minutes is sufficient.

8. Every second or third day is often enough to take the bath.

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DR. BURRITT AND WATERCRESS

by Charlie Lyle

Most everyone has heard of Dr. Burritt and his museum. Dr. Burritt was an odd fellow to say the least.

One day my parents and I were taking a trip to Monte Sano on a Sunday afternoon. We decided to pay him a visit. He loved to show off his house to everyone. He said that his house was absolutely acoustically correct. He had a piano or keyboard that could be heard in virtually any place in the house.

The doctor was extremely pleased that his house was insulated with straw which

he had been advised against using. One night there was a huge fire on the top of Monte Sano and you could see it for miles. The townspeople were stunned but exclaimed, there goes Dr. Burritt's house with his straw insulation. Dr. Burritt immediately built another house.

The doctor raised goats. His handyman delivered goat milk to townspeople. He claimed that the milk was good for ulcers. He married into a family of great wealth, as I recall, a tobacco fortune. This is how he got his wealth.

It is said that his ashes are in an urn at the gateway to his property.

He wanted people to think he was a prosperous farmer and had a live-in lady house-

keeper.

Huntsville was not a town of much population, in fact, Decatur and Gadsden out-ranked us most of the time. It was not a "hot spot" on the map.

Huntsville was known nationally for its watercress. It seems as though the ponds out in northeast Madison County for some reason, had the perfect water temperature and other factors to grow watercress in abundance.

The owner, Mr. Dennis, was sending watercress, which makes a fantastic salad, all over the country. He was sending it to prestigious hotels and restaurants such as the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City and many others.

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Suicide Before Dishonor

by Mike Hall

Suicide is the outward manifestation of one's deep inner pain. Perhaps this is what Drs. Dement and Lowery were thinking as they quickly made their way to the cell where the prisoner lay bleeding.

Though the winter of 1886 had been relatively mild, the Huntsville jail was cold. All jails are cold, the doctors had decided. Cold, damp—no matter how attentive the jailers are to maintaining the building, the floor of a jail cell was always cold.

George T. Foote had been arrested earlier in the week and was being held for trial in the murder of a man known only as Phillips.

Phillips' charred body had been discovered in the ruins of the Calaboose (a small jail) at Gurley's Station. The initial investigation revealed that Phillips had been murdered and the Calaboose set ablaze in an attempt to make Phillips' death appear accidental.

Local citizens, when questioned, described the victim as a "harmless old citizen." Two men had been arrested in the case. Each were said to have known Phillips and were aware of the fact that he was thought to have money on his person. Each of the suspects had implicated George Foote as having been involved in the murder and in the burning of the Calaboose at Gurley's Station.

As Drs. Dement and Lowery entered Foote's cell, they found him lying on the floor bleeding profusely from a horrendous gash on his throat. Somehow, the forty year old prisoner had smuggled a horse fleam (a long dagger-like

instrument veterinarians used to sever the artery of a horse needing to be bled) into his cell and used it to slash his own throat.

It was no surprise to the doctors that a killer would attempt to kill again. But the man whose throat they were hurriedly stitching was no killer. The fact that Foote had been driven to take a life was obvious. That he could stand accused of inflicting pain upon anyone other than himself was beyond their comprehension. For doctors Dement and Lowery, the surprise was not in Foote's attempted suicide. The surprise was that he had been incarcerated in the first place.

The Foote family name had denoted wealth and prominence for centuries. Their's had been a family of firsts. Richard Foote had been one of the first settlers of colonial Virginia. The Footes of England had been one of the first families to lose their wealth due to the War of the Roses. The substantial character of the family had taken them from poverty to riches in the new

colonies of America.

George Foote was born and raised seven miles south of Athens, Alabama. His parents, Levin and Margaret Foote, had provided George with every advantage their wealth would allow. As a young boy, he had been raised in the midst of culture and refinement. In 1861, Alabama seceded from the Union. At the age of fifteen, George was one of the first to join the group of young men taking their place in the Confederate Army. For four long years, George Foote served with distinction.

Upon hearing of the charge against Foote, a former comrade-in-arms stated, "It is absolutely untrue! George Foote was too brave a man to murder anyone. I am for him and would acquit him if every man in Gurley swore to his guilt. I remember well when our army was retreating from Corinth, Mississippi. I was a wounded soldier and was left, at midnight, in a cold rain. George Foote came to the platform that I was lying on, took off his rubber coat and spread it over



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me. He gave me half a loaf of sour bread - all he had on this earth, and rode off with the retreating army in his shirt sleeves. That kind of a man don't murder or burn."

In 1864, after a long illness, George's father Levin died. There was no will and everything but the original homestead was sold to pay off Levin's debts. Margaret would die five years later.

Like so many others returning from the war with no marketable skills, George soon fell prey to alcohol. A journalist of the day wrote, "He was an easy victim to the habit of intemperance, but never, even in drunkenness, did he forget the instincts of a gentleman, or fail to lift his hat and show every courtesy to a lady."

It was only after his attempted suicide that Foote began to relate the events leading up to his arrest.

In an interview, later published in The New South, (a Huntsville, Ala. newspaper) Foote, when asked the reason for his attempted suicide, stated, "I prefer dying to putting the strain on my name as a murderer. I am not guilty and had no more idea that Phillips was murdered than you have. I was drunk waiting for the last saloon to close... I don't know what else. I don't know who killed Phillips. I only remember seeing Childress set fire to the Calaboose while

Seward stood guard over me... and this seems like a dream (Childress and Seward were the other two men accused of Phillips' murder). For God's sake, don't let the world think I am a murderer; they may hang me, kill me, do as they will with me - even cut the stitches and let me die. But, tell the people no blood is on my hands. I was drunk, knocking around in the darkness. Those two scoundrels found me, after men had gone to bed, and tried to put their crime on me. They could have had no other possible use for me. They could have murdered me or done anything else to me."

It soon became apparent to all that the only thing George Foote could be charged with was public drunkenness. In fact, his inebriated state had almost become the pathway for a perfect crime. After examining all the evidence, investigators pieced together the following:

On the night in question, Childress and Seward robbed and murdered Phillips. They left the scene long enough to find Foote, whom they had already

spotted wandering aimlessly through the darkened streets in a drunken stupor. They then led Foote back to the scene of the crime, where Childress set fire to the Calaboose while Seward stood guard over Foote.

The events that unfolded after Foote's arrest could only be viewed as those of a man sorely grieved to have tarnished his family's name.

On January 22, 1886, the Grand Jury reported to the Circuit Judge that the evidence was not sufficient to justify the indictment of George T. Foote. The Sheriff immediately discharged Mr. Foote who, upon release, left for his home in Limestone County.

Suicide is the outward manifestation of one's deep inner pain. In the case of George T. Foote, it was the key that eventually unlocked the door to his freedom.



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