



No. 266

April 2015



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

## THE WHIPPOORWILL



THE SUN HAD SET. A WHIPPOORWILL CALLED. THERE WAS NO ANSWER.

SHE BEGAN THE RHYTHMIC TO AND FRO ROCKING IN HER WORN AND COMFORTABLE CHAIR. THE GENTLE TAP OF THE ROCKER ON THE WOODEN PORCH SOON SETTLED INTO A STEADY MOTION THAT EASED HER. IT HAD BEEN SUCH A LONG, TIRING DAY.

SHE LOVED HER FAMILY DEARLY BUT THIS BUSINESS OF CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN, GREAT GRANDCHILDREN AND KIN IN GENERAL FOR WHOM MANY SHE HAD NO CLUE AS TO THEIR IDENTITY WAS DIFFICULT FOR AN OLD WOMAN USED TO BEING ALONE MUCH OF THE TIME.



*Also in this issue:* **The Wedding of L. O. Morrow**

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*Domie Lewter*  
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# The Whippoorwill

by Glenn Grady



She eased into the familiar old rocking chair. The contours of the worn cushion embraced her tired body with a familiarity reminiscent of a caress between long married couples. Time and age, time and age, she thought. She was finally alone on the front porch. A single light illuminated the interior recesses of the old farmhouse and cast a faint light onto the porch and out into the yard. Her figure was but a shadow. It had been such a long tiring day. She loved her family dearly but this business of children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and kin in general

**“Do you want to know who you are? Don’t ask. Action will delineate and define you.”**

**Thomas Jefferson**

for whom many she had no clue to their identity was difficult for an old woman used to being alone much of the time.

The sun had set. A crimson tint smudged the horizon. A large pale moon was rising in the clear sky. Stars were faintly beginning to appear. A whippoorwill called. There was no answer. She began the rhythmic to and fro rocking in her worn and comfortable chair. The gentle tap of the rocker on the wooden porch soon settled into a steady motion that eased her. Her rhythm was as steady as the old upright clock on the mantle.

The family had begun arriving early that morning. With them came the now unfamiliar sounds of automobiles on the gravel driveway, of doors accustomed to repose peacefully, shut repeatedly, opened and urgently closed, children playing and chasing and exploring, both young and old excited voices, the long absent smells and sounds of quantities of food being cooked in the kitchen, and a thousand well intended yet nonetheless bothersome inquiries about her health, home, plans, and general state of affairs. There were only so many polite smiles and courteous answers she could muster. One of the few benefits of age is the right to withdraw in order to rest. She used the privilege unabashedly. Her bedroom was the sanctuary; it was only place in the old house visitors were not to enter.

The old woman rocked steadily now, she had eased into the famil-



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

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net

**Publisher - Cathey Carney**

Advertising - (256) 534-0502

Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney

Editor - Cheryl Tribble

Consultant - Sam Keith

Gen. Manager - Ron Eyestone

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iar pattern of gentle motion that relaxed her frayed nerves. Yes, the morning had been active. Dinner was served. All who desired ate way too much and later languished on the porch like fat house cats.

The next event was also stressful. Somehow everyone found a place in the several automobiles and drove the few miles to the old church. It no longer was used for regular services but nonetheless well maintained by the community. Today, the Buttram family day, it had been opened earlier and aired out for the occasion. Its peaceful dignity was once again alive with footsteps, voices, children and memories. The young saw the church somewhat like a museum. The old woman saw it as her life that had passed.

As she entered the church she saw it as it was long ago. Now she walked slow and required assistance to ascend the six steps she once ran up as a child. The church was again full of familiar people and sounds and colors. She sat at her family pew in her old place. She remembered who had sat where and how they looked and dressed and how they sang and walked and

talked. The Baxton family always sat right there with Mr. Baxton wearing a starched white shirt under his very clean overalls. Mrs. Baxton hovered close like a sitting hen with her bonnet and funeral home fan busily moving and accomplishing little, and their three daughters all stiffly starched in a row. She saw them all.

She remembered exactly where the upright piano sat and how the Widow Jones leaned slightly forward as she played and which notes were out of key and where the podium stood and how Preacher Henry stood behind it and how his head aligned with the picture of Jesus' open arms behind him. His voice was stern and mature but could softly coax the most determined unrepentant sinner into salvation. His descriptions of Hell remained with her to this day. Mercy, could that man ever pray! Here

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*Buddy Esslinger*



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was the spot where she and her sister had been saved. They had knelt side by side holding hands. The next year on the very same spot she had kissed her sister's cold forehead before they closed her coffin. So many had died. The old woman sat quietly alone where she once sat with her large family. She was the only one left.

Next was the visit to the church cemetery. The Buttram family section was one of the larger plots. The graves were well cared for. Here lie her husband, two children, their husbands and wives and no small number of their children.

Her family was in the next plot. Here lie her parents, sister, brothers and their wives. As she stood before the tombstones she tried to remember something about each - a smile, a touch a favorite dress, a hat, an event, a gesture, the smell of her father's overalls as he held her in his lap. Uncle Sid played the harmonica. His favorite song sounded like a train. Aunt Janie sang like an angel. Brother Elliott threw mud on her dress on the way to school one morning. Rachel's husband died in a sawmill accident and left her with two small children. It went on and on.

It was now time to go. The cemetery and church would soon regain its quiet isolation. The woman hesitated as they were leaving. Her niece noticed and asked if she was all right.

"Too much excitement for an old woman" she replied. "Let me rest a moment. Please go on, I'll be along shortly."

As soon as she knew she was alone she stood and walked unsteadily to a nearby tombstone separate from the Buttram and her family plot. She bowed her head slightly and spoke to it in a whisper. "Hello John. I have missed you so very much. I'll be with you again soon. Please be there for me."

She turned and slowly returned to the automobiles. A few minutes later she was resting in her quiet

bedroom.

The afternoon was still active but in a lazy satisfied sort of manner. It was if all had accomplished everything expected of them and waiting for a decent opportunity to leave. Once the first family made their announcement of departure and the hugs and the "see you next times" were exchanged, the rest followed shortly.

And now, finally, she was alone on the porch. The whippoorwill again called. Its voice was a plaintive cry in the darkness for its mate. There was no answer. The woman rested, rocked, and absentmindedly began to think of the grave she had visited. His name was John and he was the only man she had ever loved.

She and John had known each other since childhood. They had played together, attended church together, and attended the one room school for eight years. From the moment she could recall they were a "couple". Ever since she

understood the concept of the word marriage she had known John would be her husband. The first glances, the first touch, the first clumsy embrace, the first nose bumping unpracticed kiss; it was John. There could never be another for her.

The whippoorwill softly called again. The moon had risen above the trees and illuminated the night with its soft glow. She remembered a song she had learned from an old woman when she was a child. She hummed it softly:

*"Do you hear the  
whippoorwill?  
Do you hear the  
whippoorwill?  
Do you hear it crying in  
the night?  
Do you hear the  
whippoorwill?  
Whippoorwill I hear your  
cry. Whippoorwill please  
say goodnight, Whippoor-  
will."*




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As she remembered the song she thought again of John. Why now, she asked herself, after so many years? She allowed her emotions to flow and the intensity of her love returned as if it were yesterday. John grew to be such a fine looking young man. He had dark curly hair and soft brown eyes and an easy wide smile he never hesitated presenting. His frame was compact yet very strong. He walked with a rhythmic ease and was polite to perfection.

She began whispering to herself: "And he loved me. We both knew it. John asked me to marry him right here on the porch. I was sixteen and wanted so badly to marry him. That one evening, very much like tonight, I heard him singing as he walked up the driveway. He stepped into the light shining from the sitting room window where father was reading the Bible."

She looked into the now empty room where her father had sat. "John called to him, father answered. I didn't know it but he had asked and received father's permission earlier. John then walked up to me, with that wonderful smile, I was sitting right here, he took my

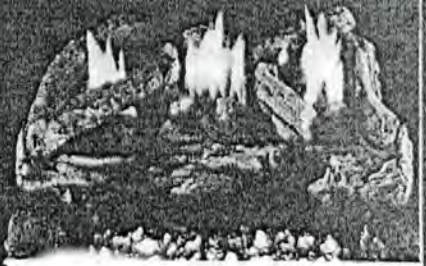
hands, and he asked me to marry him. Yes, I answered. Yes.

We stood here not knowing what to do. Father coughed a time or two and then Mother stepped on the porch and said I guess we need to plan a wedding." The song again entered her head.

*"He was lovely as the dawn.  
He was lovely as the dawn.  
The sunrise sparkled in his eyes.  
He was lovely as the dawn.  
Whippoorwill I hear your cry.  
Whippoorwill please say goodnight.  
Whippoorwill."*

*"We were married in the spring.  
We were married in the spring.  
It was the happiest day of my life.  
We were married in the spring.  
Whippoorwill I hear your cry."*

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***Whippoorwill please say  
goodnight.  
Whippoorwill."***

She continued whispering: "The wedding was in early May. Mother made my dress. John looked so handsome and dignified in his borrowed black suit and tie. It was the most beautiful day of my life. Both our families were there. The ceremony was simple and concluded with a solemn finality that insured the union was blessed by man and God. A buggy was waiting for us and we spent our honeymoon night at John's brother's house. He and his wife were conveniently "away" for three days. We moved into John's parent's home and were given a small room in the rear of the house. A section of land was marked out and plans for a house begun. John and two of his brothers began cutting timber for lumber and I worked in the house with John's mother and sisters. I had known them all since childhood."

The old woman sat quietly now, she rocked perhaps a little slower; it was full dark and she was tired. The moon had risen above the tree-tops and the stars shone brilliantly. A shooting star flashed across the satin sky. If she saw it she made no notice. The whippoorwill called again. There was still no reply. The winter of 1918-1919 arrived. It was

devastating to the community. Every family lost several members to the deadly flu virus.

She continued whispering: "We had just buried John's youngest brother and my dearest sister had just died. When I couldn't imagine it becoming worse it did. John became ill. The virus ravaged his strong young body. I cared for him as if he were an infant. Delirium set in. Late one cold December night he died. There was no Christmas that year."

*"But he died when winter  
fell.  
Yes he died when winter  
fell.  
I placed him in the cold  
dark ground,  
Yes he died when winter  
fell.  
Whippoorwill I hear your  
cry.  
Whippoorwill please say  
goodnight.  
Whippoorwill."*

"I moved back home. Time

**"Truth is, everybody's  
gonna hurt you - you  
just gotta find the ones  
worth suffering for."**

**Bob Marley**

passed, as it always has and always will. Somehow we survived that terrible year. Two years later Mr. Buttram asked me to marry him. He had lost his wife and two small children. He was older and a very decent man. We were married but

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not in the church. We had a good life together. John was never mentioned again. After his passing I returned here to my old home and have been here ever since. Time has passed."

The old woman again heard the whippoorwill call. This time however there was a distant answer. She slowed her rocking. There was another call and another answer. Now was the last verse to the old song.

*"I will join him come the morn.*

*Yes I'll join him come the morn.*

*No I just don't want to live alone.*

*Yes I'll join him come the morn.*

*Whippoorwill I hear your cry.*

*Whippoorwill please say goodnight.*


*Whippoorwill."*

The bird called and the answer came quicker this time. The old woman knew they had found each other. Her rocking slowed as she heard footsteps on the driveway. A shadow passed through the trees. Her old body tensed but from anticipation, not from fear. The shadow approached her. She stopped rocking and stood. The figure stepped into the light. "Hello John," she said. "I've missed you so. It's time to go."

The old woman was found dead in her rocker the next morning. There was a faint smile on her tired worn face.

**"I have six locks on my door all in a row. When I go out, I lock every other one. I figure no matter how long somebody stands there picking the locks, they are always locking three."**

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# A Sad Case of Mistaken Identity

**Her eldest son, mourned as dead, is found alive!**  
from a 1923 newspaper

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

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

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

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

It was only a short time after he escaped from prison that he was captured in a western state and returned to Alabama where prison bars were waiting for

him, but relatives never learned of his fate. During the latter part of the year 1919, a message was received from a small town in Iowa by Mrs. Peters, Clarence's mother, informing her that a young man answering her son's description had been killed in a freight wreck and that letters taken from the pockets of the body bore the name "Clarence Peters, Gadsden, Alabama."

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

A small tombstone, purchased by the mourning mother and brothers, was erected at



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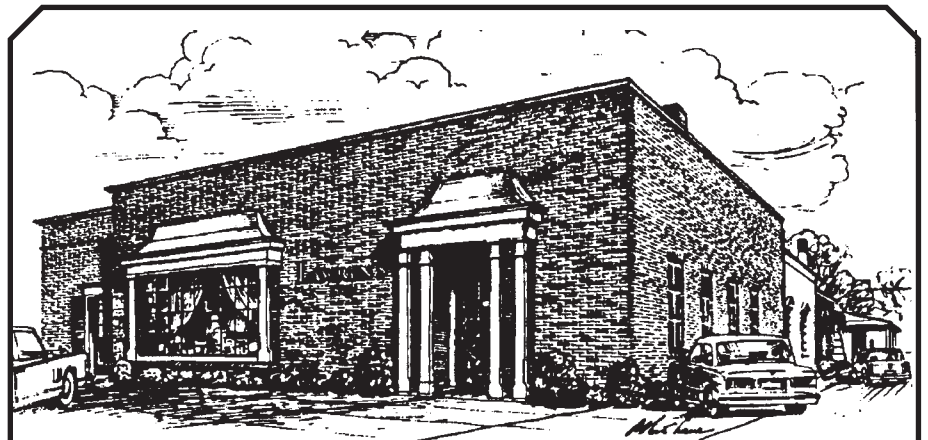
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**Dave Smith, Huntsville**



the head of the grave in Clayton Cemetery and Clarence, meanwhile, never knowing of the cruel joke played on him, served on in the penitentiary. He steadfastly refused to convey the news of his recapture to his mother and the incident was forgotten in Gadsden except to those dear ones.

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

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

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

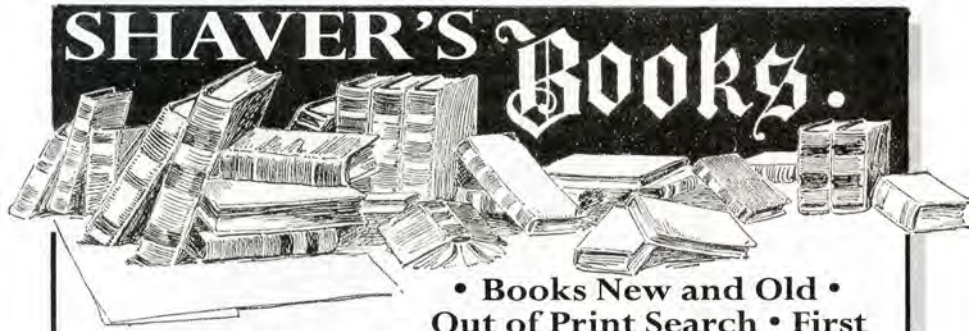
Since that time Peters has made his seventh attempt at escape, and was captured just before he made good in his efforts to gain freedom and to try again his fortunes in a free world.

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

Peters is still a young man, hardly 25.

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

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# Finding New Friends

by Gale Nichols

It was an early Sunday morning in Old Town, just after moving into my new home on Clinton Avenue, not knowing where to even start with my unpacking. I knew a strong cup of coffee on my front porch step would be a good place to plan it all.

Just as I sat down, I looked up into the face of a 6'5", broad-shouldered man, narrow at the hips and pretty salt and pepper hair, with a really deep voice. He held out his hand and said in a very Southern accent, "Hi. I'm Tom Carney and my wife Cathey and I live across the street." I returned my intro to him. He sat down on the step beside me and said, "I'm a writer."

I said, "Make any money at it?"

His reply was, "Pays the bills. See you later!"

The shortest, yet most enjoyable brief conversation I've ever had with anyone. Who knew at that point that our friendship would to this day be a treasured one, many years later. True friends make room for you to become their extended family.

Cathey was traveling with her job at Hewlett Packard

Co. several days during each week. I always knew that Tom, full of nervous energy, would be walking over to my porch sometimes 10 times a day with a cup of coffee. We would talk about everything, sitting there on my porch swing. Then out of the blue, he would just get up and say, "See you later." He just wasn't happy until Cathey would come home.

He was really "old school", you could see how much they loved each other. Tom still opened the door for her, told her how pretty she was, how much he loved her and he didn't care who was around when he did these things. Cathey spoiled Tom too, you could see a sparkle in her eyes when she looked at him. He was really funny and came up with the most original ideas.

To me it was a refreshing sight to be around them, because now people find it so easy to just walk away from a marriage, instead of sticking it out and fighting for the forever-and-ever days.

Tom passed away 4 years ago from lung cancer, he's gone home to the Lord. But even though we miss him ev-

ery day, we are all thankful for the fun times, stories and laughs he gave us.

Miss him yes, forget him, never.



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*Maxine*

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# Happy Birthday to Jamie!



Rosemary and Bill Leatherwood wish their beautiful daughter Jamie Woods a HAPPY Birthday on April 14. Jamie, you're my Best Friend... and I'm so Blessed to call you my daughter!!

Jamie you are such an awesome mother to Austin and Chase and a wonderful wife to Allen.... You make your Mom and Dad so very proud. No matter how much you have on your plate you always have time to help others in time of need. Can't wait til your PARTY!!

We Love You.

# HIDDEN TREASURE ON THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE

by Pat Carpenter

We've all heard the story of the daring Huntsville bank robbery by none other than the infamous Jessie James. How he robbed the bank atop the cliff at the Big Spring in downtown Huntsville, then, in order to successfully make his getaway, how he spurred his horse over the cliff and into the great spring itself! Truly, a story worthy of the legend of Jessie James.

The only problem with this tale is that it never happened. Now, it's true that Jessie's brother Frank was tried and acquitted in Huntsville in 1884 for an earlier Muscle Shoals robbery, but from all historical accounts, Jessie never set foot in the lovely Tennessee Valley town of Huntsville, Alabama.

Well, there's another tale (tall tale?) of robbery and daring that too was set in Huntsville. Yet there's been no mystical legend built up around it and hardly anyone remembers or knows anything about it.

It was the spring of 1966. April to be exact. Huntsville was no longer a sleepy Southern town, but it was still a fairly small city of, say 50,000 people. The space industry in Huntsville was a little more than three years away from its greatest glory; when Neil Armstrong and company would

blast to the moon aboard Huntsville's own version of home cooking, the most powerful rocket ever made, the Saturn V. It was also a time when the old Madison County Courthouse was being torn down to be replaced by a new modern facility that the architects said would be the envy of every other courthouse in the land. In addition, a new Mall had just been constructed in an old pasture at University Drive and Memorial Parkway.

For many years this pasture had been a favorite place for kids to go rabbit hunting. Now, it would be a favorite place to go "hang out."

This modern mall would be a boon to Huntsville and North Alabama for years to come. Its two anchor stores, Love-man's and J.C. Penney's, brought patrons in by the thousands daily. Business was good for the retailers and the

citizens were so happy to have this wonderful place to come and shop.

It was also, apparently, a place someone else was very happy to have around: A professional safe cracker!

In the late night hours of Sunday, April 10, 1966 burglars chopped a hole in the roof of Penney's. Dropping 20 feet to the floor of the room housing the heating and cooling equipment, the burglars then broke through a wooden door leading to the account-

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ing department. The intruders then went to the main floor of the store and availed themselves of a J.C. Penney brand electric drill, sledgehammer and other fine Penney tools which they used to open a large vault.

The desperados must have cased the joint well because they next entered a small second-floor employee dining room and chopped a hole through a wall, directly into the room containing the vault. Using their own cutting torch, the burglars burned a foot square hole in the bottom right corner of the vault door. The thieves took their cutting torch with them but left the other tools behind. Huntsville police dusted for fingerprints Monday morning, but it looked like the bandits wore gloves and left no trace of their identity.

A second, smaller safe was left intact inside the larger vault. Police said it contained only a few hundred dollars of

office money.

In estimating the loss, a store official said the vault contained about \$20,000 in cash and \$20,000 in checks and credit purchases. The scoundrels took only the cash in the main vault and left the checks and credit purchases scattered about the office and hallway.

Pointing out that the burglars were highly professional, detectives said that upon entering the store, they went immediately to the door through which they eventually escaped and cut off a heavy padlock in order to insure an emergency exit if they were discovered.

Huntsville police worked diligently on the case for many months but no new evidence or leads were ever discovered. The daring burglary was destined to go down in history as unsolved and the perpetrators anonymous masters of their craft - textbook professionalism at its insidious best. ...

It was a little over four years

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later and a curious tale began to make the rounds in North Alabama.

It was June, 1970 and an Athens, Alabama man was in Westminster, Maryland. He asked the local police where he could find a room to bed down. They sent him to the local Rescue Mission where he stayed for two days. While there he met an ex-convict who had done time in the Maryland State Penitentiary.

This ex-convict, upon hearing the man was from North Alabama, told him that he had met another convict in the Maryland State Pen who was, "one of the best safe men in Alabama." This "safe man" told the ex-con that he had burglarized "either a Penney's or Loveman's store" several years earlier in Huntsville.

After he had cracked the safe, the man took his share, which he said was \$12,000 and hid it in the construction site of the Madison County Courthouse.

When he went back to get his money a couple of days later, concrete had been poured over the place where it was hidden and he was never able to recover it.

The safe man supposedly had two accomplices.

The Maryland ex-con did not know the date of the burglary but Huntsville Police records show that Penney's in The Mall was broken into the weekend of Easter, April 10, 1966, after the store had

closed at 10:15 p.m.

Huntsville Police Department detectives, informed of this curious tale, were, of course, unable to confirm the whereabouts of the money, but did note that the story fit with the known facts of the case.

Pictures of the various stages of the construction in the corridors of the courthouse show that at the time of the break-in the cement columns around the ground floor of the building were being poured.

Is this story true? No one can be sure, but it does seem highly possible. We'll probably never find out, at least that is until the time comes when a new courthouse is needed to replace that "marvel of the 1960s."

Then, who knows, maybe the successful bidder for new construction will discover an extra \$12,000 bonus hidden in the bowels of the courthouse square.



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**William Shakespeare**



# JOHN HUNT, A HERMIT, FOUND DEAD

*from 1916 newspaper*

Alone he lived, alone he died - did Limestone county's man of mystery, whose charred body was found in the ruins of his cave home, east of Athens on the Nick Davis Road.

The recluse was called John Hunt, when he went to Athens a quarter of a century ago and bought 25 acres of land near Athens.

He dug his home, rather than built it. Into the earth he bored and excavated a large room, over which he built a roof and called it home. In later years he added two more rooms, both underground. Hunt claimed his grandfather settled Huntsville and from the family name the city received its name.

His pathetic death last week, under mysterious circumstances, brought to light the weird story of the hermit's life. Hunt had been a Federal Army man during the Civil War and he received a pension from the government. Together with the money he received from selling a few farm products, he eked out a meagre existence.

One of the strange features of the hermit's life, now being related by Athens people, is the fact that Hunt never sold a chicken, though he raised hundreds in the woods about his home. On the other hand, he treated them much as he would a human being. At noon he frequently rang a big bell to call them to be fed.

"They are too near and dear to me to be sold," he explained to curious visitors, who visited his dugout by the hundreds.

The recluse treated them all with civility, but never claimed their friendship. When he first moved to Limestone, the section in which he settled had few people in it. Later it built

up, but he continued to keep himself withdrawn from human companionship. Recently, Negroes passing by the hut found only the smoking embers left. A hurried investigation was made and in the ashes the body was found. It was buried by the people of the neighborhood in the Athens cemetery.

It is declared that Hunt willed his strange house to Limestone County.

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# Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Of course that beautiful young boy whose photo was in the March Photo of the Month was **John Shaver!** Our winner was **Carolyn Fanning**, who began working at the Huntsville Public Library in 1965 and worked with our friend **Ranee Pruitt** for 40 years. Carolyn and her sweet sister **Charlotte** love books and made many a trip to Shaver's Bookstore. Congratulations to Carolyn!

It was so good to meet **Carrie Brasher** last week while taking a tour of the Russel Erskine Apartments on Clinton Avenue. She is the Property Manager there and is a very knowledgeable, professional young lady who takes the time to speak with all the residents often.

If you've ever been grateful for the smooth flow of traffic in Huntsville and your ability to get through downtown pretty quickly, you've got **Richard Kramer** to thank. He was only 75 years old when he passed away in mid-February. He was Huntsville's first Traffic Engineer in 1964 and the youngest department head ever hired by the City of Huntsville. So many people loved him and he shared a wonderful life with **Norma Kramer**, his wife of 30 years. He is survived by his sons, **Christopher Kramer (Robin)**, **Anthony Kramer** and **Ryan Kramer (Carrie)**; stepchildren **Beverly Dezenberg (Gary)**, **Deborah Self (Mandy)**, and **Rachel Howard (Dominik)** as well as grandchildren and step-grandchildren and others who are so thankful Richard was in their lives.

Happy Birthday to **John Coleman** who knows lots of people in Huntsville and represents quite a few Long Term Care companies

in his work. John turned 65 on a Friday the 13th in March but he said it was a very lucky day and a great birthday!

We have a request recently to see if any of you readers have the recipe for that spicy hot red BBQ sauce that **Thomas BBQ** had. They aren't in business anymore but that recipe has to be around - it was chock full of pepper! Share it with me and I'll make sure all our readers get it.

Another birthday I missed was **Gale Nichols** who said she's remained at 66 for awhile now, she had a Mar. 13th birthday as well. Gale lives in Athens and says the ride to Huntsville now takes right at 45 minutes on Hwy. 72!

Kiwanis Club South is mourning the passing of club President **Paul Taylor Artis** who died at the end of February. In the Kiwanis he served as Governor and Lt. Governor. He was much beloved especially by his family who survive him: wife **Louise Artis**, sons **Barry Artis (Sandi)** and **Mike Artis (Karen)**, 7 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren. He will be missed always.

**Tanya Peters** wrote us recently about her Dad, **Leonard Monk**, whom we had written about a year ago. She writes: "Thank you for writing about my Dad last year. Sadly, he passed away Feb. 20th. He died peacefully with his daughters, **Mary** and **Tanya**, and wife **Anne**, holding his hands. He was an exceptional man who had 3 passions - his family, the Army, and animals who needed help. Even during his sickest days he insisted on adopting an older dog, a Beagle who was very ill,

from Huntsville Animal Services. The world is truly a better place because Dad was in it." We're so sorry to hear about your loss, Tanya, but how lucky you were to have known him all these years.

**Brandon Owens** of Tucson, AZ had a March birthday - we hope it was so much fun with wife **Susan** and sweet French Bulldog **Wiley!**

**Doug Raney** wanted me to pass along to our readers that there is a Facebook page called "Okinawa Brats that Live in Huntsville, Alabama." It is a combination of Okinawa and Huntsville memories and features five years of scanned "This Week in Okinawa" publications.

Happy Birthday to that sweet **Pat Riley**. Pat must be doing something with good vitamins or essential oils cause she looks half her age! We love you!

In the column last month I mentioned that **Eddie Allen** had a vintage milk bottle that had "Monte Say-Mo Dairy" engraved on it. **Sharon Brakefield** called us and said **William McClanahan** knows all about it! This dairy was called Monte Say-Mo (like in Mo Milk - get it?) and was located

## Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502

Hint: This little girl has a historic plaque to commemorate her birth in Huntsville.





at the site near the old Meadow Gold location by the Von Braun Civic Center. This was during the 20s, 30s and 40s. At some point it was known as Huntsville Creamery. There was also a Chapman Dairy - Sharon said her dad worked there in 1929 and she would LOVE any type of memorabilia from Chapman Dairies if any of our readers have that. Her Mom and Dad married in 1950 and then they both worked at the Dairy. Seems like there were several dairies at one time in Huntsville - maybe a good idea for a future article!

Happy April Birthday to my dear friend and Editor of OH - Cheryl Tribble! You're the Best!

It's so sad to me to drive by the Kaffeeklatsch at night and see it all dark. So many musicians have played there and still remember it. There is a great Facebook site that is collecting memories of the Klatsch - Tom and I met there and many other couples did as well. Maybe the Klatsch will be taken over by someone who wants to continue the long tradition! Want to say a special hello to Carol Record who took care of the Klatsch and booked such amazing groups for so many years. Carol felt it was time to retire and it's well-deserved!

Speaking of coffee, have you heard that the latest dietary recommendation of the nations top nutrition panel says that people could benefit from drinking more (4-5 cups a day) rather than less?

Of course it depends on your health and you for sure want to check with your doctor - coffee may not be the best for you but in general, it now gets good marks!

Glenn Brooks was someone who would help anyone who needed it. He was a Korean War Vet, a former Huntsville Police Detective and a U.S. Deputy Marshall. Afterwards he owned his own Investigative agency. Glenn was loved by many, and leaves wife Sheila Brooks, sisters Barbara Moyer (Dan); Becky Foster (Jacob); brothers Coyce Brooks, Thomas Brooks (Kathy), daughter Sheila Jones and son Jeff Brooks (Erin Lagrone).

We had another request. Jean wants to know if anyone has a certain recipe - here's what she says: "Most Huntsvillians remember the now closed Bon-Air Restaurant and Motel located at the corner of Pratt and Meridian Streets. They served a delicious Chocolate Chip Bread Pudding." If anyone has that recipe please share with us and I'll put it in an upcoming issue!

According to Marjorie Reeves, Dr. Timothy J. White, who is Site Director for Florida Institute of Technology (Florida Tech) is currently visiting Huntsville. Dr. White will be celebrating his birthday April 3 and the ladies of his life want to wish him a delightful birthday and year!

We send special greetings to Jim Jackson, who lived in Huntsville with wife Diane but recently moved to Indiana. They both miss Huntsville and it will always be their home. We miss you too!

Have a wonderful, WARM April. No More Ice!

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# RECIPES

## Everything Sweet

### Easy Cherry Pie

- 2 cans cherry pie filling
- 1 box yellow cake mix
- 2 sticks butter
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Butter an oblong casserole or baking dish with part of the butter. Spread out the cherry pie filling. Sprinkle dry cake mix over the cherry filling. Pour melted butter over the mix. Top with chopped pecans.

Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes. Serve with whipped cream on top.

### 7-Up Pound Cake

- 2 sticks butter
- 1/2 c. shortening
- 3 c. sugar
- 5 eggs
- 3 c. flour

- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 t. lemon juice
- 1 - 12 oz. 7-Up

Mix all ingredients in a large bowl, pour into bread pan that has been greased and floured. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour.

### Reese's Cups

- 1 pkg. graham crackers, crushed
- 1 lb. box powdered sugar
- 2/3 block paraffin
- 2 sticks butter
- 1 lb. jar peanut butter
- 1/2 (6 oz.) pkg chocolate chips

Mix sugar, butter, peanut butter and graham crackers. Mix well. Roll into small balls and refrigerate. Melt paraffin and chocolate together and dip peanut rolls into it.

### Peanut Butter Cookies

- 1/2 c. peanut butter
- 1/4 c. shortening
- 1/2 c. brown sugar
- 1/2 c. sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 c. sifted flour, self-rising

Cream the peanut butter and shortening together. Add sugars gradually, continuing til mixture is light and fluffy. Add beaten egg. Sift flour and soda together. Mix well. Drop mixture by teaspoonful on cookie sheet. Press down with tines of fork. Sprinkle more sugar on top. Bake 10-15 minutes at 350 degrees.

### Banana Pecan Bread

- 1-1/2 sticks butter
- 1 c. sugar
- 3-4 ripe bananas
- 2 eggs

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- 1/2 c. chopped pecans
- 2 c. plain flour
- 1 t. baking soda

Mix ingredients and bake in greased bread pan at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or toothpick comes out clean.

### Shoo-Fly Pie

- 1-1/2 c. plain flour
- 3/4 c. dark brown sugar
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/3 c. butter
- 1/2 t. baking soda
- 1/3 c. hot water
- 1/3 c. dark corn syrup
- Pastry shell

Stir together flour, sugar and salt. Cut in the butter til mixture is crumbly; set aside. Stir baking soda in hot water; stir in corn syrup. Pour syrup mixture in bottom of a pastry shell. Spread the crumbly mixture evenly over the top. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake an additional 30 minutes til firm. Serve warm.

### Old Time Popcorn Balls

- 2 c. sugar
- 1-1/2 c. water
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/2 c. light corn syrup
- 1 t. vinegar
- 1 t. vanilla
- 5 qt. popped corn

Butter sides of a saucepan. In it combine sugar, water, salt, syrup and vinegar. Cook to hard ball stage (250). Stir in vanilla.

Slowly pour over the popped corn, stirring just to mix well. Butter hands lightly and shape into balls.

### Southern Pralines

- 1 c. sugar
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 1/2 c. light cream
- 1/4 t. salt
- 2 T. butter
- 1 c. pecan halves

Lightly butter a sheet of aluminum foil. Combine the sugars, cream and salt in a large saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, to 228 degrees on a candy thermometer (or until mixture spins a thread about 2 inches long when dropped from a spoon.).

Stir in the butter and pecans. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, to 236 degrees or forms a small ball which flattens when removed from water. Remove from the heat; cool 5 minutes.

Beat mixture with wooden spoon til slightly thickened and candy just coats the nuts, but does not lose its gloss.

Drop candy by large spoonfuls onto the buttered foil or parchment paper. Makes about 18 candies.



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# Richard Kramer vs. Huntsville Traffic

by M. D. Smith, IV



Richard Kramer passed away at age 74 on February 18, 2015. There was a wonderful article in the Huntsville Times on Sunday, February 22, 2015 by Patricia McCarter that is worth reading. But this story is about "Kramer Taming Huntsville's Traffic."

He was hired in 1964 as Huntsville's first Traffic Engineer. That year was a year after our family branched out from WAAY-Radio into the TV business at WAAY-TV Channel 31. Richard and I were the same age. I met him a couple of times and talked to him on other occasions. Sometimes it was a problem, but just as often it was to pay him and the City Traffic Department a compliment. Often when I returned from a driving vacation somewhere else and was appalled at the horrible timing of traffic lights in those other cities.

One of the more recent occasions was a few years back after returning from Ft. Walton Beach, FL. I don't believe I have found a worse place for poorly and ill timed traffic lights anywhere I have been. Ill timed lights, non-synced lights and generally cycles that would tie up traffic for no reason at all. During rush hour there was as much to be avoided as Birmingham or Atlanta, and they have freeways. No, Ft. Walton has no freeways, but the lines can stretch for miles and thankfully more recently with GPS, I can avoid some of those clogged roads.

On that same trip home when I was still thinking about Ft. Walton traffic lights, I came upon one of these "One Stoplight Towns" on the



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route I take from Crestview to Andalusia, AL to hit the 1-65 interstate at Georgiana. That light changed red for a side street that looked like it was never traveled, barely paved, dusty and the light stayed red for 30 seconds (an eternity on a secondary state road).

When it turned green finally, I passed it and pulled over to the curb to time the green in the major traffic flow direction. Yep, it was 30 seconds. Who would do such a thing? Did they just take a traffic light out of the box and hang it up there and take the default timing? Probably so. I am sure they never heard of or wanted to spend money for the "in-ground sensors" that would tell a light that traffic is waiting on a side street and to stop traffic for a few seconds in the side street direction.

Floralia is just about as bad with 4 lights. But Richard Kramer knew from his young age playing with cars and stoplights and designing roads to keep traffic flowing. I remember well in the rapid growth of Huntsville in the 60s, 70s, 80s and right up til today, we had some of the best designed and stoplight-timed intersections I have encountered in ANY city in the U.S. and I have driven through 40 states and hundreds of cities.

Being not only a TV person who knew timing to the split second, but also a pilot where timing is extremely important or you might run out of fuel and someone has to come looking for your crashed airplane, I could appreciate time. I might witness a light in Huntsville on a school route I took during the car pool years raising eight kids and call the Traffic Department about it, and less than a week later it would be changed for the better.

Sometimes, the next morning as I'd pass at 7:45 am I would see a City of Huntsville Traffic Department truck parked near the intersection seeing for themselves how the timing could be improved. I bet you have seen the same thing. I am sure Richard was in that car or truck some of the time over the years.

Our neighborhood of Covemont dumps directly onto Governors Drive and the sensors on Covemont let traffic flow on busy mornings, and when the light changes, it appears to last between 5 and 15 seconds. If there is only one car, it better pull out soon or the light will change, but if there are three or more then the light stays on 15 or more seconds. That's "Good Timing."

Richard, thank you for what you did

for Huntsville Traffic during all those years, and training others to continue to do such a good job as our city grows. None of us ever calls to express appreciation to the Traffic Engineering Department nearly enough.

I for one, say to the Traffic folks, "Good Job."

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# My Journey

by Patti Moody



Holding a sign on an off-ramp in Atlanta, Georgia was not exactly what I thought I'd be doing at 50 years of age. I didn't think either that I'd be brutally raped, beaten, robbed and living in constant fear for my life. I didn't think that I was a serious alcoholic. I denied being in denial and thought I knew the Lord because I grew up in church and attended parochial school for 12 years. Oh, how I was so wrong.

I was born in New York on Long Island - had 2 brother and 2 sisters, raised on Long Island with great parents. I was hoping to have some success in modeling so at eighteen

and a half years old I began taking the Long Island Railroad into Manhattan. Walking from one audition to another, trying to build a portfolio, having to deal with rejections, was really hard at that age.

But I didn't give up and was hired by the Eileen Ford Agency.

I stayed there a year and switched to Wilhelmina, working with them for the next 9 years. My first job was for a tiny magazine in New York, then got a commercial which led to Germany and then Paris being photographed mostly for magazines, catalogs and advertising. Perry Ellis, Charles Jordan, Saks Fifth Ave - modeling shows in NY. It was quite the life and paid well.

I decided to stop modeling for a while and moved to Florida to help take care of my grandmother. While there I met

*Woody Anderson*



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My home in the woods by the railroad track

a handsome man on a golf course who was visiting from Seattle. We dated for a while then married in Hawaii and moved to Honolulu where he was from. I wasn't modeling at that time and my son Marc was born, the pride of my life. He is now 25 - working as a senior football coach in Oregon.

We were married for 7-1/2 years - my husband began having affairs and after that it was never the same. I turned to alcohol to help numb the pain I was feeling. I didn't want to leave because of my son. This lasted over a year and my son was now 5, I couldn't take it any longer. I just wanted to be a good Mom and take care of Marc.

**I know God won't give me more than I can handle. I just wish He didn't trust me so much.**

We then moved to Colorado and I bought my first home. On the outside everyone thought I was strong but on the inside I sure didn't feel that way. But with a little one to take care of, you have to keep going. I was binge drinking at this time, but able to hide it and still work and take care of my son.

I had started modeling again off and on in Colorado and was doing TV commercials.

I decided to move away from Colorado and to be near my parents who lived in Florida. I was searching for an answer I couldn't seem to find. I moved near my parents and rented a house with my son. I was on a TV show with Cheryl Ladd ("One West Waikiki") that was similar to "Quincy" if you remember that show. At this point I'm divorced, just

existing, taking care of son, not dating, no love in my life except for my son.

My Dad passed away unexpectedly and he had always

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Patti at her 60th birthday party

front teeth when I was attacked, raped and beaten up. I was too lost in the darkness to turn to my family, afraid of more humiliation and embarrassment.

I was literally at the bottom of the barrel and couldn't find my way up.

One day a precious young lady opened her car window and asked if she could buy me a sandwich. I was so cold, dirty, hungry and broken.

I accepted her invitation. Thus began the most glorious, awe-inspiring divine intervention I ever thought possible. Her name was Mary Brantley Nalley. Her name to me was "Angel".

She told me of the Holy Spirit talking to her and guid-





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been my best friend. It hit me terribly hard. I think I felt that I was beginning a downhill spiral at this point. It was a long process and didn't happen overnight. My ex-husband had visitation rights in the summer and at this particular time he took Marc to Honolulu where Marc had been born, and never returned with him.

This happening to me, soon after the death of my Dad, pretty much sent me into a depression that felt like the lowest of lows.

I went to Atlanta and had no money to live. I continued to spiral downward. I made my home in the woods. For four years I lived under a bridge and then beside the railroad track in Atlanta. They had become so familiar to me, it was my comfort zone, my home. Darkness was not just for nighttime, it was with me all the time.

I was so frightened, trusted no one and felt trapped in the bottom of a dark hole. I saw no hope for me, I saw nothing. I was diagnosed as legally blind and had lost my

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ing her to me. Her obedience and profound trust in our Lord is still a constant source of amazement to me. She introduced me to her mom, Cathy Maner. Now, just years later she is my best friend, one of the strongest, most anointed women I had ever known.

The young woman, Mary Brantley and her mom Cathy, finally convinced me to come to Huntsville to the Downtown Rescue Mission for their Recovery and Discipleship program. The Director of the Mission, Doc Overholt, and the staff there welcomed me with open arms. And here I remain today, walking in the light of our precious Lord.

Within a month of arriving at the Rescue Mission, Cathy began praying for my healing in so many different ways. I think she gave new meaning to prayer without ceasing.

Cathy called her doctor, Dr. Ken Moulterrie, who was kind enough to agree to come examine my eyes and see what he could do. He then called his associate Dr. William Mitchell who must have heard the urgent cry in Cathy's heart. He operated on my eyes for no charge. I could see! My life was forever touched. Cathy called her dentist, Dr. Lawrence Hendrix, Jr. - who fixed my teeth and did such a beautiful job, I loved to smile again.

I'll be forever grateful to the Community Free Clinic of Huntsville. Shotsy and her incredible staff of compassionate volunteers including Dr. Thomas Griggs who operated on my thyroid. Their service and skill reach so

many with patience and love.

My son Marc and family were brought back into my life as our Lord taught all of us the true meaning of love and forgiveness. I know now that my pride and blindness led me to the other side of the tracks and a fresh Hell every day. It went to the miraculous, profoundly impactful day when His hand had reached down into the slimy cesspool I was wallowing in and said, "It is enough."

The day He sent those women to me showed me the only true meaning of love.



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# Frustrated Warriors

by Charles Rice

On February 15, 1898 the battleship Maine blew up in Havana Harbor, Cuba, with a loss of 266 American lives. Rightly or wrongly - most likely wrongly - the Spanish government was held responsible for the disaster. Public opinion, flamed by fabulous and often fictitious newspaper accounts of alleged Spanish atrocities, demanded the United States declare war. A reluctant President William McKinley was virtually dragged into the conflict by hotheads in Congress.

The wave of patriotism that swiftly swept across the nation was unmatched since the start of the Civil War, and men both young and not so young eagerly rushed forward to volunteer. Attempting to salvage something from the situation, President McKinley called Alabamian Joseph Wheeler to the White House and asked him to lead the invasion of Cuba. Wheeler, a 62 year old former Confederate General, protested that he was too old for active duty. However, McKinley argued that he needed the Confederate hero as a symbol that North and South were now united. Little Joe finally accepted and put on his uniform once more - only this time in a less familiar shade of blue.

Alabama would recruit two white infantry regiments and one black infantry battalion for the Spanish-American War. To their disappointment, however, not one of the Alabama patriots, black or white, would ever fire a shot at the enemy. In fact, the closest the Alabama soldiers succeeded in getting to the fighting in Cuba was the debarkation camps of lower Florida.

There was understandable dissatisfaction with this, since despite President McKinley's

good intentions it would be mostly northern troops who would fight under General Wheeler, while Wheeler's own Alabamians were left behind. "It might have been an accident that the six regiments selected to suffer at Miami came from Southern states," wrote Sergeant Moses Koenigsberg of Mobile. But some of the Southerners wondered. In fact, the title of Koenigsberg's wartime book said it all: "Southern Martyrs".

Northeastern Alabama provided three companies for the Alabama white regiments. A fourth company became part of the black battalion.

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First to arrive at the Mobile troop rendezvous was a newly formed company from Decatur, haphazardly thrown together at a meeting on April 29, 1898. The would-be soldiers elected Osceola Kyle as their captain, and he promptly telegraphed Governor Joseph Johnston that night to offer their services. Called the "Joe Johnston Rifles," the company, 76 strong, arrived by rail at Mobile on May 1 and were mustered into the Army twelve days later. They became Company E of the 1st Alabama Infantry Regiment, with Osceola Kyle appointed major and W. E. Wallace replacing him as captain.

Next to reach Mobile were the "Huntsville Rifles," a militia unit that had succeeded the old "Madison Rifles" of Civil War days. R. L. Hay was their captain, but he soon resigned and was replaced by H. C. Laughlin. The Huntsville men arrived on May 3 and were mustered in as Company F, 1st Alabama Infantry.

The third white unit from northeast Alabama was a roughneck assortment who called themselves the "Jackson Volunteers." Wrote Sergeant Koenigsberg, "Attired in jeans and homespun, the Jackson County volunteers appeared at the Mobile rendezvous as one of the most realistically volunteer commands that reported there." Circulars had been posted across Jackson County inviting patriotic citizens to gather at Scottsboro for a meeting on

April 30. The company was then formed with Charles Quintard Beech chosen captain. The men from "High Jackson" became Company I of the 2nd Alabama Infantry Regiment. The "Jackson Volunteers" acquired something of a reputation for rowdiness and had more court-martials than any other company in their regiment, but this was only in keeping with their rustic character.

The African-American company, organized jointly by Captain John Sheffey of Huntsville and Dr. Andrew Boyd of Scottsboro, became part of the Third Alabama Volunteer Infantry (Colored). The black Alabamians, too, would be denied service overseas.

The Alabama white regiments were soon sent on their

way to the camp at Miami. However, the Florida site was by no means the pleasant resort city of today. In fact, it was little more than a sandy stretch of beach front studded with palm trees and sharp-pointed yucca plants. The Southern regiments were assigned camping grounds with little thought of sanitation.

The campsite had previ-

**When you get a bladder infection you know urine trouble.**

ously been declared unsuitable by Army Inspectors, but the Army had gone ahead and stationed the troops there anyway. Not surprisingly, many of the men would quickly fall prey to disease. The carelessness of the green soldiers made the situation even worse, since they simply dumped their refuse in convenient low spots not far from the wells where they drew their drinking water. "Had the troops at Miami been commanded by a wise and firm officer," wrote Sergeant Koenigsberg, "with any ordinary knowledge of sanitation, there would have been no reasonable complaint."

Within weeks of arriving in Miami, however, the death toll in the camp would climb to more than twenty. Most deadly was the dreaded typhoid fever. The Alabamians were "so far removed from the theater of active operations that they were not even issued ball cartridges," noted Sergeant Koenigsberg. Yet they suffered their casualties just as much as the soldiers at the front.

The war with Spain lasted less than three months. Nonetheless, it marked the beginning of United States as a world power. America emerged from the war with an empire stretching from the Philippine Islands to Puerto Rico, and the country would never be the same.

This was little consolation to the three men from Jackson County and the one from Decatur who died of disease in the camps of Florida. Probably hardest to bear for Alabama's frustrated patriots was the fact that they had not had the opportunity to prove themselves in battle. It is hard to feel like a hero when you didn't even get to fire your weapon.

Nevertheless, Alabama's Spanish-American soldiers earned our respect and gratitude. They had stepped forward to give their very lives for their country. They had suffered silently with patience, while the eyes of America turned elsewhere.



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# ESSENTIAL OILS, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

by Lisa Gregg

Essential oils, or aromatic oils as they were once called, have been used extensively throughout history. Their uses varied between cultures from ritual purposes, religious ceremonies, food preparation, cosmetics, medicine and even currency. Historical and archaeological evidence suggests that essential oils have been an integral part of humanity for centuries. The Bible contains many references to aromatics such as frankincense, myrrh, cinnamon, spikenard, and rosemary. The Egyptians used essential oils as cosmetics, medicines, and embalming agents.

The Greeks and Romans used them for therapeutic massages, personal hygiene, and to promote health. During the black plague of the 15th century, it has been written that those closest to aromatic oils were virtually immune to the plague's deadly effects. Throughout history, essential oils have played a prominent role in everyday life.

Today, there is mounting evidence through clinical studies done around the world that essential oils are quite effective for a myriad of health issues, including anxiety, depression, pain, infection, nausea, and hormone imbalance. Essential oils, simply put, are the aromatic compounds or volatile liquids extracted from leaves, flowers, roots, bark, or other raw plant material.

The oils are most commonly obtained through steam distillation. Some can also be expressed, either mechanically or cold-pressed. Many oils on the market today are manipulated or adulterated in an attempt to enhance the scent or increase production and, therefore, profitability. Pure, therapeutic quality oils — not the perfume grade kind — are very concentrated and can be from 100 to 10,000 times more potent than their dried counterpart. They are powerful, yet gentle remedies that can be used to correct physical ailments, emotional imbalances, and even spiritual awareness.

Generally speaking, there are three common application methods used with essential oils: topical, inhalation, and ingestion. When administering topically,

the oils may be rubbed onto the skin, either at the direct site of concern, on various pulse points along the body, or on the soles of the feet, using a Vita Flex chart, to target specific organs or systems. A carrier oil, such as coconut or olive oil, may be used

when attempting to cover or massage a larger area, or when an essential oil, such as oregano or cinnamon, is considered too "hot" for the skin undiluted. Once applied to the skin, essential oils penetrate the tissue and enter the bloodstream quickly. Essential oils may also be inhaled in several simple ways. A drop can be placed in a cupped hand, palms rubbed together, and the hands then cupped over the nose while inhaling deeply.

There are also various home diffusers on the market today that atomize a microfine mist of essential oils into the air which can remove airborne germs, toxins, and odors. The inhalation method is very effective with respiratory issues, but once breathed in and transmitted



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to the limbic system, can also influence sleep, mood, blood pressure, and hormone balance to name just a few. Many pure, therapeutic grade essential oils may also be ingested, or taken orally. This method allows for more precise dosing and bioavailability, however the many safety precautions that must be adhered to probably make it the least used approach. Those essential oils that are ingestible can be added to a liquid such as milk, water, or honey and consumed, dropped into an empty vegetable capsule along with a carrier oil and swallowed, or dropped under the tongue and held there until absorbed. In certain cases, ingesting essential oils may increase the risk of drug interactions, stomach irritation, or liver toxicity, so seeking the advice of a healthcare professional would be advisable.

There is a broad range of therapeutic ability and healing power in pure essential oils and a plethora of resources available from which to gain knowledge. Some of the most useful and widely used oils today include lavender, tea tree, peppermint, clove, eucalyptus, wintergreen, and citrus oils such as lemon or orange. Lavender has strong antiseptic properties.

It promotes tissue regeneration and speeds wound healing. According to University of Miami researchers, inhaling lavender has been found to increase beta waves in the brain, suggesting heightened relaxation. Tea tree oil is a powerful antibacterial, antifungal, and antiviral and is a good choice for infections, gum disease, and many skin conditions. Because of its abilities as a digestive tonic, peppermint is commonly used for nausea but is an effective appetite suppressant as well. Peppermint has been found to lessen headache pain and aid in mental focus and attention when inhaled.

As the most powerful antioxidant oil, clove is highly effective in cardiovascular health and antiaging. It is also an anesthetic and because of its ability to numb, was used in the dental industry for years. Eucalyptus is both a mucolytic and expectorant; excellent for respiratory and sinus infections and as a decongestant. Wintergreen is an exceptional analgesic and anti-inflammatory. It is very useful in aiding with the pain and discomfort of arthritis, pulled muscles, and nerve pain. Citrus oils are rich in Limonene, which has been studied extensively for its ability to combat tumor growth.

Citrus oils, such as lemon or orange, are excellent antidepressants and good immunity boosters. Care should be taken when using topically on exposed skin, as they are very photosensitizing.

The chemical structure of essential oils can rapidly penetrate cell membranes, travel throughout the body, and enhance cellular function. Our modern world is only recently beginning to understand what the ancient world, without the aid of laboratories, electrical equipment, and high technology, knew so well.

With pure essential oils, nature's medicine, so many are finding relief from disease, infection, pain, and mental struggles. Their therapeutic potential and healing powers are enormous and only just beginning to be understood.

Resources:

Surviving When Modern Medicine Fails, A definitive guide to essential oils that could save your life during a crisis, Second Edition; by Dr. Scott A. Johnson

Essential Oils Desk Reference, Sixth Edition; Compiled by Life Science Publishing

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# Earl Adcock

by Malcolm W. Miller

From the day I was born until I was in the middle of the ninth grade at Central School, our family lived in the Ryland Community. Although we were sharecroppers and moved to about three different farms in the area during that period of time, I was still able to go to the same school and have the same friends.

All this changed, however, on January 1, 1942 for that year my Daddy rented the Will Darwin farm on Bob Wade Lane in the Meridianville Community. This was a very drastic change for me. I will never forget the first person that befriended me in my new surroundings. His name was Earl Adcock, and to this day, although I only knew Earl for a short period of time, he still stands out in my memories as one of the kindest, friendliest people I have ever known. Earl's parents ran the neighborhood store and that is why we no doubt met so soon. He stuck right with me when I enrolled in the new school. He helped me over the rough spots involved in the adjustment to new surroundings. He was a good friend when I really needed a friend.

As I was fortunate to begin to know Earl better I realize that there was something wrong somewhere. In the foot races, basketball games and all the rough house things that teenage boys engage in it seemed as though Earl was always dragging along behind or standing off to the side just watching. As a result many of the boys picked on him and called him lazy. Earl really never seemed to mind and was a good sport.

Finally, it was discovered upon a doctor's examination that Earl had been walking around all this time with a fractured or dislocated hip. Although he must have been in tremendous pain, as far as I know, he never complained to his parents or to me, one of his closest friends, or to others.

It seems that once his injury

was made known Earl was never the same again. He soon became deathly ill and by the time the doctors discovered his serious kidney disease it was too late to save his life. To the best of my memory, Earl still didn't complain although his body was wracked with pain. I shall never forget the night I stood outside Earl's bedroom window and watched him breathe his last gasp of life. I cried there in the darkness as any fifteen year old boy would who had witnessed his best friend suffer and die.

I still remember the thoughts that ran through my head as I walked down the dark gravel road toward home. I wondered why it was that God saw fit to take the young life of such a good person, one who was always trying to keep some of the others and myself out of mischief, such as stealing water melons, throwing rocks on the roof house tops, and all the things country boys of that time were known to get into.

As I look back on that night of my friend's death I still wonder why it had to happen. I like to think of what type of man Earl would have become. I feel that with all the patience and understanding he had for others, he would surely be a great caring man had he lived.

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The family ate together at the table. But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor.

When he grasped the glass, milk spilled on the tablecloth.

The son and daughter-in-law became very irritated with the mess.

"We must do something about father," said the son.

"I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating and all the food on the floor."

So the husband and wife set up a small table and chair in the corner of the kitchen.

There, Grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner.

Since Grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl.

When the family glanced in Grandfather's direction, sometimes they saw a tear running down his cheek as he ate, sitting alone.

Still, the only words the couple had for him were

sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food.

The couple's four-year old son watched it all in silence.

One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor.

He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making, Joey?"

Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I'm making a little bowl for you and Mama to eat your food in when I grow up."

The four-year-old smiled and went back to work. The words so struck the parents so that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks.

Though no word was spoken, both knew what must be done. That evening the husband took Grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table.

For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled.

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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 symptoms?**

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Heaviness, Bulging Veins,  
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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# Growing Up Yankee in Alabama

by Kelsey Jordan

I'm a Yankee by blood and a Southerner by choice. My mom was raised in Nebraska, my dad was raised in Green Bay and I was born in Phoenix, Arizona. We moved to Huntsville back in February 1995, I was 4 going on 5. We lived in a subdivision near the Huntsville International Airport, my parents still live there.

Back then the neighborhood was surrounded by cotton fields and wetland swamps for us kids to explore until the street lights came on and we had to shuffle back home for dinner. Well, the cotton fields and wetlands are long gone replaced by new modern homes; I feel bad for the kids who won't get to explore such areas anymore. Huntsville is much different now than it was back 20 years ago.

Growing up we lived off Zierdt Road and we were considered to live "out in the country", we were even past the suburbs. The only things near us were the airport and Redstone Arsenal. I remem-

ber our trips to Walmart, the closest one was the one on University Drive. I never minded going along because if I was good I'd get some McDonald's that was located in the back of the store. In fact we had to go to University Drive and the Parkway for most of our shopping then. If your parents bought in bulk you better find something to entertain you for the ride all the way up North Parkway to the only Sam's Club (it's now Gander Mountain).

Even the "run" places have changed. There's still the Carousel Skating Rink, the Iceplex, and Kid Space off of Airport Road. We all had birthday parties at the Fun Zone, now it's the 88 Buffet.

And when we wanted to go to the movies we didn't have the Monaco or Rave, we had Madison Square Mall or Hollywood 18 on North Memorial Parkway. The Hollywood had the better arcade games. As far as malls go you had 2 choices: Madison Square or the old Parkway City Mall. It seemed like a requirement for all kids in Huntsville to go on field trips to the Space and Rocket Center, before they had all the fun rides and before the full scale Saturn V was built.

We also went on many field trips up to Burritt on the Mountain, I remember we used to play hide-and-seek around where the old Monte Sano Hotel stood, that was before I knew the history of

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Every kid I know used to love going to downtown Huntsville. I'd beg to go into Harrison Brothers Hardware so I could get a piece of candy and watch the cashier use the big old register. It still fascinates me!

We'd run through Big Spring and John Hunt Park, other kids would feed the ducks, not me, I'm still scared of them. We'd go see plays at the Von Braun Civic Center in the Playhouse and every year we'd go see the Nutcracker. We may not have had the Huntsville Havoc but we had the Huntsville Channel Cats. Every Friday during hockey season me and my parents would eat dinner at Rosie's Cantina on University Drive and then go see our Channel Cats play.

And during baseball season we'd get all the neighbors together and go to Joe Davis Stadium to watch our Huntsville Stars play.

Now kids sit inside and play video games all day and all weekend. I may not have kids yet but some of my friends do and I'll drag their kids up to Monte Sano Mountain for an afternoon, or to the skating rink, the Iceplex, the VBC for special events, Kid Space, Big Spring Park and John Hunt Park, to the Constitution Village and Early Works Museum.

I'm sure they get tired of me trying to tell them the history and stories I remember

about growing up in Huntsville, I've had at least one roll their eyes and another say "I didn't think you were that old!"

Well, I'll be 25 this year and I just wish these kids could have grown up in the same Huntsville I did but until then they will have to keep hearing me and my history lessons.

There are many other stories I have but that is for another time. I'm a Yankee by birth and Southerner by choice and I wouldn't have it any other way!

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.

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"I wish I had a twin so I could know what I would look like without plastic surgery."

*Joan Rivers*

# MY ALABAMA MEMORIES

by Ruth Bell Kolodgie

I was born and raised on the Bill Popejoy farm in Gurley. My school was Madison County School, and its property was connected to the back of the farm so I feel I was raised in cotton!

Some of my classmates were the Millers, the Broomfields, Watsons, Powells, Herfords, Boyles, McMullens and the Bufords just to name a few - the graduates of 1967. Our principal at the time was Mr. Mansfield. In the warmer months he would often come to my class and tell me that Luk (my dad) needed me to come home right away so that I could help work in the

fields. I had to take the sixth grade over.

We didn't know about the space program, we were never told about it and no one in Gurley talked about it. I just remember being out in the fields working and hearing (in 1962-1963) these loud rumbles over the mountain to the northwest of us, and we had no earthly idea of what it could be.

My granddad Albie and grandmother Maimy Bell had a small farm about a mile east of Gurley, right off Highway 72, some of it was mountain-side and backed up to Paint Rock. Papa would cut timber off the mountain and this would allow him and Granny to get the little extra things for

themselves and 8 children.

He sold his timber at the end of every year. He farmed with a pair of mules for 72 years and passed away at the ripe old age of 100. He and Granny and people like them were the salt of the earth.

My husband and I have now lived in Florida for 50 years. I have two sisters living and a slew of cousins there in the Gurley area.

On December 17 my husband and I came back to Huntsville to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. I always wanted to meet Tom Carney but by looking at the picture in the magazine and reading his stories, I feel like I know him, and know how much he meant to so many people. I loved my time in Alabama and have many good memories there.



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# Tweetie's Pet Trivia

## CAT TALES FROM AROUND THE WORLD



\* A man who fell out of his wheelchair says his cat apparently called 911 for help. Rodgers said he got the cat 3 years ago and tried to train him to call 911, but was unsure if the training ever stuck. When police arrived, Tommy the cat was lying on the floor next to the phone.

\* A cat was reunited with his owner after six years. Colin, a tomcat, disappeared from Emma Phillips' home in Barkingside, Essex, in 1999, and lived as a stray until a woman handed him to pet rescue charity PDSA. He was identified by the microchip embedded in his neck.

\* Czech Airlines had to fly a cat home on an empty plane after the animal escaped from the cargo hold. When workers couldn't find the cat, officials decided it was imprudent to allow the passengers back on board, so the plane had to fly back to Prague. It was then dismantled, Airlines spokeswoman Jita Novotna said, and the cat was finally removed.

\* Cats helped to search for survivors in the World Trade Center destruction.

\* A suspected burglar was caught in Egypt after stepping on the tail of a pet cat as he sneaked away. The cat's screech awoke his owner, who went after the burglar. The home owner was stabbed in the chest, but was able to phone the police, and the burglar was eventually arrested.

\* A 10 week old kitten survived 17 days without food or water after stowing away in a lorry traveling from Israel, a 2,000-mile trip.

\* A cat called Schimmy refuses to eat anything but Chinese take-out. His owner, who eats Chinese take-out 5 days a week, had started giving Schimmy a small bowl of leftover shrimp or chicken chow mein each night, and Schimmy now refuses to eat anything else. The vet said "It is strange but not at all harmful to him."

\* A cat survived a 120-mile drive through Belgium stuck under the hood of a car. The cat had crawled underneath the hood and got stuck in the engine compartment.

\* A tortoiseshell kitten, named Flowerpot after the contents of the crate she was trapped in, survived for more than a month inside a crate on a ship traveling from Malaysia to the UK.

\* A Canadian cat that was lost was found by a woman 4,000 miles from home. The woman who found the cat was able to call his owners from the information on the cat's ID tag.

\* Boris, a smart cat, almost managed to order 450 cans of its favorite food on an internet shopping site while its owner wasn't looking. His owner had ordered 6 cans - apparently Boris didn't think that was enough.

\* A Siamese cat named Musya took over the mothering of two 2 week old wolf cubs from a Russian zoo after their own mother failed to produce enough milk.

\* Bonnie the cat, upon discovering that two men were stealing pet food from her owner's Derbyshire warehouse, attacked them. The burglars were scared off, after loading just a few bags of food into their vehicle.

\* A cat named Felix by his RSPCA rescuers survived a several-week journey from the Middle East to Britain inside a shipping container by lapping condensation from the walls.

\* A pet cat in Wisconsin survived being tumble dried for 10 minutes. He sustained badly burned ears and fluid on his lungs, and his tail needed to be amputated. He had crept into the dryer unseen, and the dryer was turned on.

\* In Gulfport, Mississippi, a cat was blown onto the roof of a shop, then fell 60 feet into an oak tree during Hurricane George in 1998. In an interview in May 2001, Ron Roland, Big Boy's caretaker, said Big Boy has never left the tree - he eats, sleeps and eliminates in the tree. He climbs from limb to limb for exercise.

\* Two cats saved their owner in Switzerland after scratching at his bedroom door until he woke up. When the man got out of bed to see what was going on, the living room was already filled with smoke and the TV and curtains were on fire. Firefighters were able to save the home.

\* A UK couple was reunited with their beloved tabby after recognizing its picture in a local newspaper. Oliver disappeared when owners Diana and Roger Gerry moved in 1993; they were reunited in 2001, when Mrs. Gerry saw a picture of the cat, (who had recently been rescued by the RSPCA after being found on a doorstep), in her local newspaper.

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# From the Desk of Tom Carney

## AN OLD MAN'S LAST HURRAH

by Tom Carney

"Kind of like squirrel hunting," the old man thought as he shifted position again, while cradling the shotgun loosely in his arms.

He had been waiting, hidden in the shadows of the overgrown hedge row for most of the night. "Few more hours ain't gonna matter much," he thought as he spit out a long stream of tobacco juice, narrowly missing the dog laying at his feet.

"Dog's getting old, too."

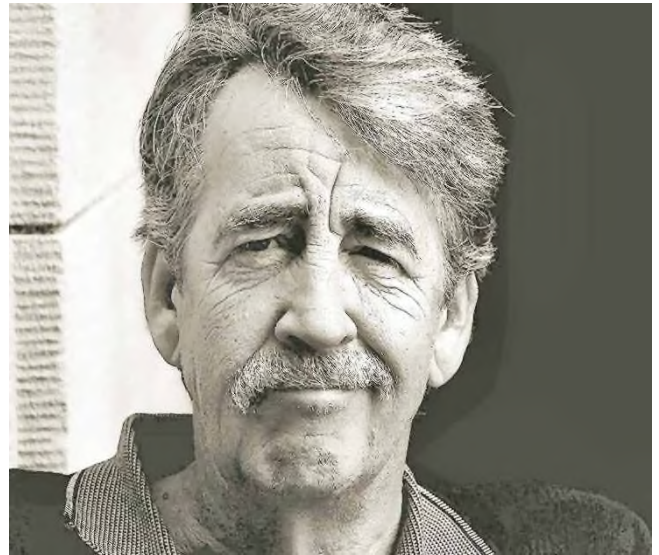
Suddenly the hairs on the dog's neck stiffened as it became aware of a car pulling into the gravel drive, the driver's face illuminated by the electric sign of the motor lodge.

Pausing only long enough to make certain it was the prey he was after, the old man slowly stood, his arthritis making it difficult for him to move fast. Calling softly to the dog and checking the shotgun one last time to make certain it was loaded, he headed for the motel room he had seen the driver enter.

Doobie Sinclair, or Ol' Man Sinclair as most people called him, had just celebrated his 87th birthday. Slightly irritated and not feeling good, he replayed the day's events in his mind.

"Bunch of damn foolishness," he thought. "Bossy women running around telling me how young I look. Hell, I ain't young, I'm an old man. The whole pack of them acts like they been out in the sun too long."

"Just sit right there Grandpa and don't move," the young blond-



haired woman said as she patted him once again on the side of the head. I'll get you a plate with some cake on it."

Sinclair winced inwardly as he moved his head out of the way. "She pats me like a dog one more time and I'm gonna bite her damn hand off. People think just because I'm old, I'm supposed to be treated like some yard dog."

"Happy birthday, Grandpa," the young man said as he entered the room. Rushing across the room, he bent and kissed his grandpa gently on the cheek.

"Got you a present," he whispered as he bent closer while opening his hand to reveal a plug of chewing tobacco.

"Dennis, you give me that tobacco!"

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You know that Grandpa ain't supposed to have that!" As if to emphasize her point the blond woman jerked it out of the old man's hand, placing it on the mantle.

"Now Grandpa, just you don't worry, I know what's good for you."

Silently, Sinclair sat and watched his brood of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren as they gorged themselves on his birthday cake. "Only fit one in the bunch is Dennis," he thought, "and they're gonna sissify him too."

Suddenly his attention was directed to Dennis, who was sitting in the corner whispering to his wife.

"Good thing about being old," the old man mused as he watched his favorite grandson, "is people think you're deaf too."

"Honey, I'm sorry. I just stopped to have one drink, and I didn't mean to get into any gambling. It just happened."

"How much did you lose?" His wife asked, growing angrier by the second.

"Honey, now don't worry..."

"How much?"

Reluctantly and with an anguished look on his face, Dennis finally confessed. "All of it."

"Three hundred dollars! Dennis Sinclair, I've had it! I'm walking out this door and if you don't have that

money back by first thing in the morning you can forget you ever knew me!" With that she rushed out of the room, slamming the door so hard it knocked a picture off the wall.

Sinclair watched as she stormed out of the house. "Better off without her whining, but still \$300 is a lot of money."

He already knew what had happened. The men down at the store where he played checkers had been talking about it all week. A tinhorn Yankee gambler was hanging out in the bars and hustling people in card games. He was staying down on Meridian Street. Sinclair grimaced as he thought about it. His grandson was a good boy, but when he had a couple drinks he was easy prey for any smooth-talking hustler.

"Come on Grandpa, time to go to bed," said the blond headed woman as she made a big show of patting him on the head.

Sinclair laid silently in bed

for a long while, waiting for the house to grow still. When almost forty-five minutes had passed since hearing the last sound of any movement, he quietly eased out of bed, groping for his overalls which were lying on a chair next to the bed. Cautiously, being careful not to make any sound, he made his way to the mantle in the living room.

Biting off a large chew of the tobacco, he stood still for a long moment, savoring the rich taste of the nicotine. "Only damn present I got that a man can enjoy and they want to take it away from me, too."

Casting his eyes about the darkened room he let them settle on his grandson who was sleeping on the couch. "Good boy," he thought. "At least he understands."

Abruptly he reached up above the mantle and took down the shotgun hanging there. Then silently, he made his way to the front door and after closing it gently behind him, whistled softly for Dog.

**"If you don't see what you're looking for, you've come to the right place."**

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"About midnight," he reasoned after looking at the stars. "Take my time and I ought to be there about two o'clock, just in time for the bars to close."

He knew he had the right man after seeing him enter the motel room. Flashily dressed, alligator shoes and with hair all slicked back.

Awkwardly, his joints stiff from crouching so long, the old man approached the door and knocked several times.

"Who the hell...?" The gambler jerked open the door and after taking a long look at the old man standing there clutching a rusty shotgun, burst out laughing. "What's the matter, old man, someone take your sugar tit?"

Things were not working out the way Sinclair had planned. All he wanted to do was talk to the gambler and persuade him to give Dennis back his money. Now the man was laughing at him. The old man started to say something but then thought better of it. "Just get it over with it," he thought as he squeezed the trigger of the shotgun, sending hundreds of pellets into the tinhorn's legs.

Careful not to get blood on his overalls, the old man reached down and pulled the wallet from the man's pocket. Counting out exactly \$300 and then counting it again to make sure, he stuffed the bills into his pocket and started to leave when he noticed a bottle of Old Forrester whiskey sitting on the table next to the bed.

"What the hell, he ain't gonna drink it tonight," he thought.

As quietly as he had left, the old man made his way back home, pausing only long enough to place the bills in his grandson's pocket. The sun was just beginning to peek over the far end of the cotton field as he pulled his overalls off and got back in bed.

Just in time, too, he thought as he heard the sound of his granddaughter entering his


room to check on him. Suddenly the feet turned and ran from the room.

"Ma," the granddaughter shouted, in a voice calculated to raise the dead. "Grandpa's been drinking again!"

Peeking out of the corner of one closed eye, he watched as they gingerly picked up the nearly empty bottle and prepared to consign it to the trash heap.

"Damn fool women," he thought, "won't let a man be a man!"

Mr. Sinclair was arrested the following week for attempted murder and readily confessed. Despite his protestations, he was turned loose after spending less than a day in jail when his family insisted he had been home asleep all night.



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**"I have come to the conclusion that dryer lint is the cremated remains of all my missing socks."**

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# A Different Name

by Charles Rice

Names are simply convenient labels we use for people and things. Nevertheless, one must take care to avoid confusion. And such was the case with our century-old Huntsville Hospital.

During the War Between the States, our city was occupied at different times by Union and Confederate troops. It was the common practice of both sides, while in our city, to designate whatever city building they used to house their sick and wounded as the Huntsville Hospital. In late 1863, the Union Army built a frame building in Fagan's Hollow. This one was officially known as, you guessed it, Huntsville Hospital.

The old hospital on Fagan's Hollow burned just a few years after the Civil War. Nevertheless, to a generation of our city's residents, Huntsville Hospital meant that old structure built by the hated invaders. "What? Put me in that Yankee place? No way!" said the old-timers.

When the ladies of Huntsville finally succeeded in creating their public hospital in 1895, they wisely chose to call it the Huntsville Infirmary.

For its first 31 years, the city's medical facility carried this old-fashioned name. Finally, in 1926, the directors decided the old Union hospital was far enough into the past to have been forgotten. That year the name was officially changed from the Huntsville Infirmary to Huntsville Hospital.

**"The word 'Trousers' is an uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom."**

*Jed Bale, age 9*

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# Floyd Hardin

by Nolan Myrick



I wanted to write a little about Floyd Hardin. I was 11 years old when he came to Huntsville. I lived at 1312 Beirne Avenue in northeast Huntsville. I got my hair cut at 5th Street Beauty & Barber Shop, now Andrew Jackson Way. Clarence Carroll owned it and he cut my hair until Floyd showed up.

Things sort of changed when Floyd got there. There were a lot of happy times then. I let Floyd cut my hair from then on. When Floyd didn't have anyone in his chair he would say to customers who were waiting, "You can come over here and I'll cut your hair." Some people would say, "I'll wait for Clarence." Everyone had their favorite hair cutter. I was one of the first to want to wait for

Floyd, instead of Clarence. He always gave me a quarter when he cut my hair, then I paid him \$1.25 for his work. Floyd cut my hair until I got married, then my wife started doing it at home.

Floyd married Helen Thigpen. They used to take me with them when they first started dating. Helen went to church at 5th Street Baptist and I did as well. We were all like a big family and I felt so comfortable there.

We also went fishing on Moores Mill Road, over by where Joe Poar had his catfish ponds. One time after I moved, Floyd came to my farm and fished in my pond. I remember him at the Lincoln County Fair. The day he bought my dinner at the fair,

Grady Reeves was with him. Floyd loved handing out dollar bills to young kids - he was just so much fun to be around.

I can say Floyd made me a better person. When I got my farm up in Hurricane Creek, I cut a lot of firewood. As I came to town in the evenings to deliver the wood I drove down Andrew Jackson and blew the horn when I passed the barber shop. Whenever Floyd was standing outside he'd wave at me.

I left Huntsville about 40 years ago. Recently I took my grandson Boone to meet Floyd. The last time I saw Floyd he told me that if I ever needed a haircut he would do it for free as long as he was around.

I surely do miss him.

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**"The answer to this last question will determine whether you are drunk or not. Was Mickey Mouse a cat or a dog?"**

**Overheard when a driver was pulled over by a State Trooper for speeding**



# EASY GARDENING TIPS



Since we're in gardening season, here are some of my favorite (and mostly original) planting tips.

\* When you need ivy for potting and will be needing quite a bit of it for window boxes, planters, etc. - buy a hanging basket of it - you will find the length you need to use, as well as the shape for hanging - and there are usually 10-20 plants in one basket!

\* That grey Spanish moss that you buy in bags looks beautiful when tucked around your plants in containers or window boxes - it also helps keep the moisture in. Leave part of it hanging for good effect.

\* Miracle Grow - the powdered form that you use with your sprayer - works great on all plants and really makes a difference in growth and blooms.

\* Don't plant trees that will grow large too close to your home - the roots will crack your foundation years down the road.

\* Anyone can make a beau-

tiful color bowl of flowers - start with a "Spike" plant (available at nurseries), put in right in the middle, then fill in with smaller flowers around the Spike, then finish with hanging ivy or other plants that hang and balance out your taller plants.

\* Silver plants make a striking contrast in flower beds - in fact, some herbs like curry have a really pretty silver color.

\* To make spiders and other critters find homes somewhere else, just spray them with the cigar/cigarette juice you mixed up and stored. They hate it.

\* When you're working in your garden and don't want to be bothered by mosquitoes, rub your exposed skin with a sheet of Bounce before you go out.

\* Have you noticed that when you water your garden after a dry spell, you become surrounded by insects? That's because they get thirsty, too, and are just trying to get a drink!

\* Run your fingernails along a bar of soap before you start digging in your garden, and

they'll be much easier to clean.

\* To mow a sloped lawn buy a pair of golf shoes with spikes for added traction. Always mow crosswise and not up and down.

\* Plain old table salt will kill grass in your sidewalk cracks.

\* Find an area in your garden where you can bury your vegetable and fruit scraps. You will soon have dark, fertile soil.

\* Do you lose your small garden tools in the grass? Paint the handles a really bright neon color and you will spot them more easily.

\* Lazily curving planting areas around your home will generally look better than straight lines.

\* To keep the "goo" from your pruning shears, spray first with vegetable oil - it'll slide off.

\* If you have small indoor plants you want to water slowly, take a paper cup and punch a small hole in the side near the bottom. Push it down about 1/2 inch into the soil and fill it with water. This will work for your larger outdoor plants as well.

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# OUR DAY - SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1917

by L. O. Morrow

The first rays of light were coining through my window as I awoke. There was work to be done. Three acres of corn to plow and the crop would be laid by.

The maiden that was to become my helpmate for life would be waiting at 2:00 p.m. to go with me to the preacher's and say "I do."

The first of the week had been wet. I'd been to Jasper Monday and got the license to marry Ada Emaline Roberts. The license cost \$1.50. I came back by Cordova and gave the taxi man \$5.00 to take us to the preacher at 2:00 Sat. I had \$3.50 left.

It was 12:30 when Father and I got to the house after plowing

the corn. I had one and a half hours to wash up, shave, dress and meet Ada. I'd just got my tie knotted when the taxi came. Ada lacked just minutes when we arrived.

Ada came out in a blue dress that made her face look whiter, her cheeks glow and her lips redder. Surely the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen.

We came by and picked up Gertie Barnett, one of Ada's buddies. As Ada and I sat on the back seat of that T-Model and I held her hand, I was on cloud nine. But this day of days was destined to be marred.

The preacher, Rev. Sam Hunter, lived off White House Road. To get there a long hill was to go up. The road curved to the right around the side of the hill. About half way up that T-Model came uncoupled. The brakes (rear wheels only) were on front of the drive shaft, so if the axle shaft broke you had no way to stop it. High bank on right, high fill on left. Before I could speak, Bill Walton, the driver had cut right

which caused the rear to ram the bank. Each of us got our feathers ruffled up, no one hurt but dirt in our eyes and dust on our clothes. Walton walked part way to Cordova (4 miles) and came back in an old Caddillac. Gertie, Ada and I walked on 1/4 mile to the preacher's house. Mrs. Hunter said he is out there plowing cotton, I'll send for him. Well, he was all sweaty and dirty and had to bathe and change clothes. He came with his Bible, looked at the license and Ada and I stood ramrod straight. When he got to the important place we said "I do."

Some of the Hunters' neighbors were there and they wished us a long and happy life. We bade them goodbye and rode the Caddillac back to Father and Mother's. Supper was almost ready. An assortment of country vegetables, smokehouse ham, apple pie, cake, milk, coffee or tea.

Well, \$3.50 wouldn't buy much of a honeymoon. Ada said let's go out to the Barnett's

# HALL BROTHERS MOVING

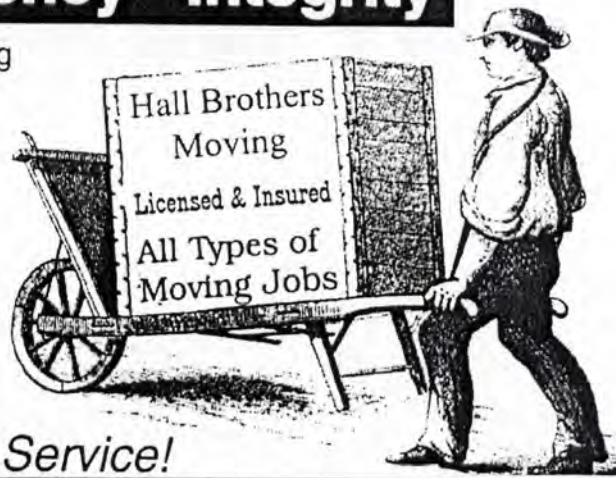
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a little while. We chatted for an hour I guess when Ada suggested we'd better go.

The room across the hall had been my room. I was tired and ready for bed. I hadn't stopped plowing from sunrise till noon or rested much in the afternoon. I started shedding my clothes. Ada was out of hers, in her gown so fast my eyes couldn't follow her. She had changed and got in bed quicker than I could peel a banana. I too rolled into bed to find myself trapped. Ada said "to have and to hold." I could feel her heart beat. Such a thrill I've never known before or since.

The sun was high Sunday morning when I felt a hand on my forehead and a voice said we'd better get up. Soon after we had eggs, ham, biscuit and coffee. Bent Garner came. He wanted me to haul coal for him with horses and wagon. The pay \$3.00 per day. I said yes and the battle for bread was on. Sun. evening Ada and I walked through woods and field to Cane Creek and back. 50 years later, (I retired in 1967) we began an 8 year honeymoon that had everything that Saturday night and day had. 1975 brought the near fatal heart attack that disabled my helpmate but only made our love sweeter.

.....as written by L.O. Morrow

*I found this story that my Grandpa (Papa) had written about his wedding day, when he married Ada Roberts Morrow, my grandmother. They lived in Walker County (Cordova) AL. My Grandpa was a master auto mechanic and could tune a car by ear. He used to wear a brown paper bag rolled up as a cap - to keep the grease or oil from getting in his hair. While living in Cordova he was a mailman, taking care of a rural route there for 43 years. He was so lonely after my grandmother passed away of a heart attack in 1981. He died in 1984.*

*My dad was Olis Eugene Henley and we moved to Huntsville in 1958 to work on the Arsenal. He also worked with Billy Harbin. He passed away in 1991. My mother was Virginia Lee Morrow Henley and she died in 2010. I had two brothers and one, Michael Eugene Henley, worked for TV & radio stations and his radio name was J. Michael. I now live here in Madison County with my family.*

**Zandra Jean Henley Tyree**

## Vidalia Onion Casserole

1/2 c. butter  
4 lg. Vidalia onions, cut in rings  
6 oz. crackers, butter flavored, crushed  
1/2 lb. shredded Cheddar cheese  
3 lg. eggs  
1 c. milk  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Paprika

Saute onions in 1/4 cup butter. Combine remaining butter with crumbs. Set aside 1/4 crumb mix for topping. Pat balance of crumbs onto bottom of casserole.

Spread with onions and sprinkle with cheese, salt and paprika. Combine eggs and milk and pour over ingredients. Top with crumbs. Bake for 35-40 minutes in 350 degree oven.

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# WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY IN HUNTSVILLE....

by Jan Williams



The Doctor came to our house to see us when we were sick instead of us going to his office. Dr. E.V. Caldwell was our doctor.

A piece of candy was 5 cents; it cost 10 cents to get into the movie. Bubble gum was 1 cent.

At Kresses or Woolworth's 5 and 10 Cent Stores you could actually buy something for 5 or 10 cents.

We had the Lyric, Grand and Elks theaters downtown. They used to say if you went to the Elks Theatre, you had to carry two sticks - one to prop your seat up and the other to beat off the rats! Roy Rogers was King of the cowboys and his wife, Dale, was Queen. Roy's horse was "Trigger." Other popular cowboy stars were Gene Autrey, Lash LaRue, the Cisco Kid and his side-kick, Poncho, Gabby Hays and Fuzzy St. John.

At the Lyric, the most popular theater, we had the Kiddy Club on Saturday mornings with Grady Reeves, the MC. Yo-yo's were popular.

Donald and Daisy Duck, with Huey, Duey and Luey, along with Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Goofy, Pluto and Pop-eye (spinach), were our favorite cartoons.

At school, Blue Horse was the kind of paper we bought for our homework.

Our TVs were black-and-white, no color. On Wednesday nights we watched the Gillette Calvacade of sports. Sunday evenings we saw The Ed Sullivan Show...and remember the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, I Love Lucy, Dick Clark?

Instead of computers, we used dictionaries, World Book

Encyclopedia and the newspapers to gather our information.

We had one telephone in the house and it had a cord on it attached to the wall. Our telephone number was 882-J and instead of a dial tone, you heard the voice of an operator saying "Number Please."

Our school year always began the day after Labor Day, on Tuesday, and we got out the following Friday for the County Fair. We had 2 days for Thanksgiving (Thursday and Friday), 2 weeks for Christmas, and one week in the spring for "Spring Vacation" or as we called it, AEA holiday. School was out the last of May and we had 3 months for summer vacation.

Our punishment for doing wrong in school...stay after school, write 100 times "I will not...", stand in the corner of the class room with your nose in the corner or go stand in the hall. We bought our school books at T. T. Terry's on the south side of the Square. Their logo over the

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door? "GREAT IS THE POWER OF CASH".

Summer consisted of swimming at the City Pool downtown, where we learned to swim, playing at the East Clinton School playground and the YMCA where we played basketball and swam.

For our medicine we used Tom Dark City Drug or Organ and Sparks Drugstore. We ate out at Steadmans, Snowwhite, Zesto, the Alabama Cafe, City Cafe, Russel Erskine Hotel....Mexican, Greek, Italian? I don't think so!

Our first integration experience? When the German rocket team, came to Huntsville at the Redstone Arsenal. Their children came to East Clinton School. We had no idea who they were at first. They tore up our "educational curve" as we were in the 4th grade and they knew things we would not learn until high school!

Our teachers at East Clinton: 1st grade Miss Coons; 2nd grade Miss Matlock; 3rd grade Miss Baker; 4th grade Miss Bessie Russell; 5th grade Miss Walker; 6th grade Miss Johnston; 7th grade Mrs. Alice Nance, (I fell in love with her, she was the youngest and best looking teacher I had ever seen! The others were older ladies and "old maids").

Good times? They were GREAT times.

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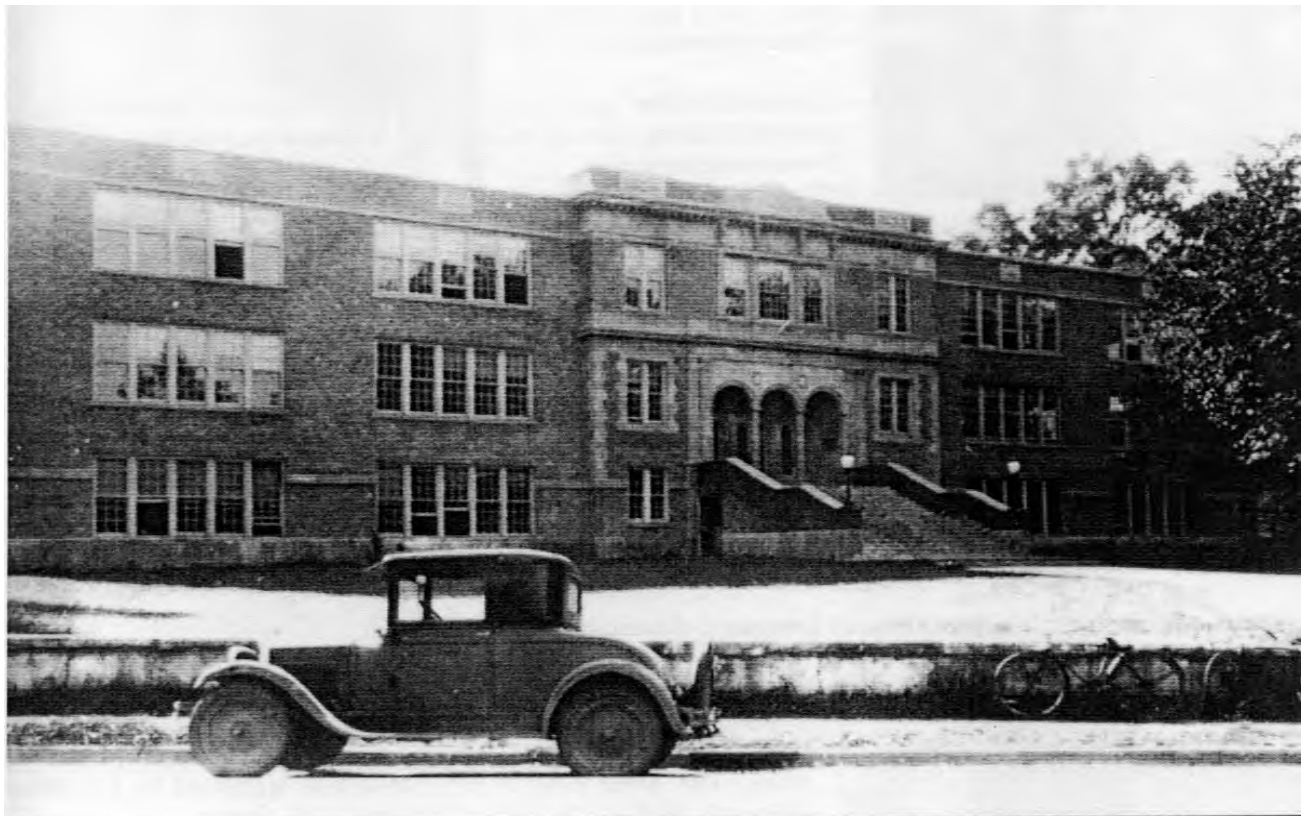


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# Aunt Virgie's Beauty Shop

by Rob Zimmerman (1995)



During one of my many summer visits to Huntsville, Uncle Jack and I had gone to Aunt Virgie's beauty shop, Virgie & Virginia's (they did all of Huntsville's blue hair) at the corner of Madison Street & Lowe Avenue (then a dead end), to clean up so Aunt Virgie could come home early.

While Uncle Jack and I were inside doing our chores, someone stole his golf clubs from the trunk of Smokey (a Volkswagen in which the trunk was in the front). Uncle Jack decided we should ride around downtown Huntsville to see if we might spot someone with his clubs.

When we got to the old Dunnavants Building, there a man was on the sidewalk with Uncle Jack's clubs (every golfer knows his own clubs by sight). At the same time, a Huntsville police patrol car pulled up behind us. Uncle Jack and I got out and Uncle Jack explained the situation to the officer. We walked up to the person alongside the officer.

The officer asked this rather seedy looking fellow "Been playing golf long?" The man replied, "Yeah, for some time now." The officer asked him what his handicap was and the man replied, "Oh, my left leg hurts a little sometimes!"

Uncle Jack got his clubs back right there on the spot and the officer let the man go, telling him not to come near the beauty shop ever again.

Uncle Jack must have had some political pull back then. He was friends with the Mayor, the Sheriff and was on Dr. Von Braun's staff at NASA. He even got a small roadway named for me, Robin Lane, just off the corner of Drake Avenue and Whitesburg Drive.

It was common for new roadways to be named after family members of affluent Huntsville people even before then. Some examples are White Street, Monroe Street, Russell

Street, Lowry and Beirne Avenues and so on. Robin Lane started out in 35801 but is now in 35802. Huntsville, like other towns and cities, at one time had no zip codes. Then one, then two and so on.

Now there are countless zip codes with the plus zip four extensions that take you right down to the very house you live in.

My Grandmother used to tell me when she and PaPa lived on Sivley Road, it was way out in the county then. Now it crosses Drake Avenue just below Whitesburg. Redstone Arsenal, where my Grandfather was a civilian guard, was a thirty minute ride from the house. My

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Grandfather had made a career change from being the operator of Falls Mill in Salem, TN when they moved to Huntsville.

She also told me in my youth how no one would drive out to "The Mall" on University Drive (now known as "The Fountain") to shop because it was just too far out.

Don't you know that if she was alive now, she would really be flipping out! She saw everything from horse and buggies to men landing on the moon.

Now, I can't tell you about Uncle Jack and not tell you about Aunt Virgie. During one of my summer trips to Huntsville, I wanted her to streak my hair (that was the new "In" thing).

After getting Mother's permission, Aunt Virgie sat me down in her chair at the shop, put a rubber skull cap on, pulled hair through it with some sort of hooky type instrument, bleached it and put me under the drier.

As I had alluded to earlier, Aunt Virgie was a very good-hearted person. She (for years) had let this man who was a deaf/mute come into the shop a time or two a week. He would walk around showing people a little card that read "Please help me with your spare change, I'm a deaf/mute."

The little old blue hairs would dig into their purses

and fork over the coins and sometimes even dollars. As the man worked his way around the shop he finally got to me. He flashed his card at me. When I stood up to get him money out of my pocket, he took one look at my hair, jumped back and said "Holy Moses!"

Needless to say, Aunt Virgie never let him back in the shop again.

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