

Harris Lee Parcus The Interview



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Harris Lee Parcus, the 2005 Interview

by Tom Carney

(Harris Lee passed away May of 2008, 3 years after this interview)

Some people have called him a gangster, while others called him the "Godfather of North Alabama". Despite the names, Harris Lee Parcus simply did what he knew best. He provided moonshine, beer and gambling to the people of Huntsville and Madison County.

During his heyday he ran an empire that made and sold thousands of gallons of moonshine a week, bootlegged almost half a million cases of beer a year and ran gambling games where tens of thousands of dollars would be won or lost on the throw of the dice or the flip of a card.

Many people might say Harris Lee was born into the business. His father, Audy Parcus, began making moonshine in the hills of Marshall County as a young boy. After an unfortunate shoot-out with revenuers, he wisely decided to move down river to Annie's Ditch, a community near Triana, where he met his future wife, 15 year-

"If you have a child, you'll notice they have two states - asleep or online."

Stephanie Troup

old Evella Suggs.

Audy's family consisted of poor farmers who never seemed to be able to get ahead. Try as they might, there was never any money left. One day Audy's Aunt Bell Patterson called a family conference. "We have to figure out a way to make money," she said. Then, turning to her husband she said, "I've been talking to Audy and in the morning I want you to take some of the men and go with him. We're going to make whiskey."

When Harris Lee was born in 1926, the family was already established in Madison County's moonshine business. During the period of the Roaring Twenties, money was pouring in so fast that often it was carried to the bank in over-stuffed shoe boxes. Then the Great Depression came along and almost put an end to the family business. Although they made good whiskey, people simply no longer had the money to buy it. Audy once spent a whole day trying to peddle his moonshine, but, regardless of the price, people couldn't afford it. At the end of the day he traded a half pint for a can of sardines and some stale crackers.

"Our Daddy wouldn't let my brothers and I around the stills and gambling," remembered Harris Lee. "I learned to make whiskey from my number one whiskey men, Junior Caudle and Hard Rock Walker."



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Harris Lee quickly earned a reputation as one of the best whiskey men around. Many people later said they could always tell Parcus whiskey just by tasting it.

"There are two kinds of whiskey," Harris Lee explained, "One is pure corn whiskey and the other is called wolf pot. This type consisted of wheat, bran, sugar, yeast and water. The recipe is 100 pounds of sugar, 100 gallons of water, 25 pounds of wheat bran to each 100 pounds of sugar and 1/4 pound of yeast. Moonshine stills were usually built in the woods close to the water. It was usually made at night because the fire was made really hot by burning old tires and this created a lot of smoke and the 'revenuers', as they were called back then, could follow the smoke and locate the whiskey stills which they would then destroy. After the fire got hot they would burn wood to cook off the whiskey. It took 72 hours to ferment. The first whiskey run would be sweet mash and the second run would be

sour mash. If you used rye instead of wheat it would ferment in 48 hours."

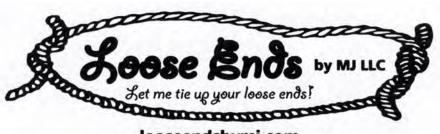
During WWII Harris Lee joined the Marine Corps where he and his good friend, Sisco Alan Purdy, spent 45 days straight on the front line in Okinawa in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Afterwards he was stationed in North China on garrison duty, where, like thousands of other young men, he had time to think about his future after he mustered out. Harris Lee never doubted that he would come back to Madison County and enter the family business. But he realized that in order to make serious money in the moonshine business, he was going to have to be much better organized.

Possibly one of his inspirations was his aunt, Laura Har-

"Talent hits a target no one else can hit. Genius hits a target no one else can see."

A. Schopenhauer





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din, known to everyone as Aunt Laura.

Aunt Laura had been involved in the whiskey business most of her life before she opened up a honky-tonk called the White Castle, at the intersection of Meridian and Winchester Road. She had a driver, E. Polo, who made weekly trips hauling beer and whiskey from Paducah, Kentucky, and the club featured live music two nights a week. The White Castle was a huge success, drawing many customers away from other bootleggers. Unfortunately for Laura, one of the bootleggers had paid off an official in return for exclusive rights to the area. After repeated warnings, the bootlegger hired a man to walk into the White Castle and shoot Laura in the leg. T. Hopper, a friend, drove her to the hospital but was ambushed and killed on the way back to the White Castle. As soon as Aunt Laura could walk, she went back to the White Castle where some of her family was waiting.

"Audy, get your gun," she said.

"Where are we going?" Audy replied.

"You'll know when we get there!"

Laura went straight to the office of the high official. Sitting on the edge of his desk she confronted him, saying she knew he was trying to put her out of business and that he was involved in killing her employee. "After today," she said, "you take care of your part of the county and I'll take care of mine."

"I knew they would come after me," she later said, "so I

When McDonald's opened an outlet in Kuwait shortly after the end of the Gulf War, the line of cars waiting to eat there was seven miles long. put men on the rooftop and O. Walker at the door. Sure enough they came and it was like the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral with everyone firing guns. The only person that got hurt was D. Taylor, a local attorney. After we ran them off they didn't bother me no more."

Aunt Laura provided a lesson that was instilled in Parcus from a young age. "You got to be organized."

After returning home, Harris Lee began working at a country store in Triana his father had purchased several years earlier. He intended to sell groceries and maybe a little moonshine on the side. The grocery business in Triana, however, was terrible. "Sometimes a whole week would go by," Parcus remembered, "and we wouldn't have a single customer."

With little income from the store, Harris Lee found himself depending more and more on moonshine to make a living.

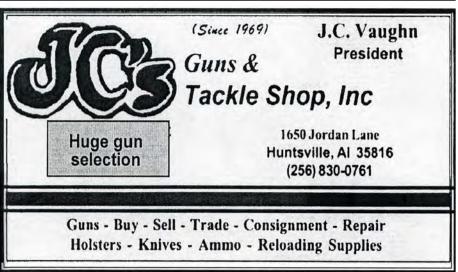
"I bought a 1941 Ford Coupe from Tom Farley." Parcus said, "It had a fake trap door and I could haul 100 gallons at a time. I was paying \$5 a gallon for it and selling it for \$10 a gallon. This was back around 1947."

Running moonshine on the back roads of Madison County was not a job for the fainthearted. Often traveling at speeds up to a hundred miles an hour in the middle of the night, with the law in hot pursuit, drivers learned to live by their wits. As Parcus tells it, one of the best ways to escape from the law was to "Turn your headlights off, shove the gas pedal to the floor and hope you could remember where that next curve in the road was."

Ironically, many of the oldtime whiskey runners later went on to become professional race car drivers.

Demand for quality moonshine soared and Harris Lee's





suppliers couldn't keep up with it, so he began running his own stills.

"Making moonshine isn't complicated but it requires a definite process. First, you have to pick out a location and then have the still built. It has to be close to a good water supply and you have to have a road or a trail to get to it. One of the most critical parts was the sugar. Large amounts of sugar were required and the revenuers kept an eye on anyone buying 100-pound bags. I used to buy it out of Atlanta by the ton and have it delivered. You had to have good still hands, people who knew what they were doing and would keep their mouths shut. You also had to have drivers to transport it and stash houses to store it in."

"At first I shipped the liquor in 5-gallon G.I. cans but later used gallon jugs I bought from Coca Cola companies. The syrup used to make Coca Cola came in the jugs and the business owners were happy to make an additional profit by selling the empty containers."

But after making the whiskey he had to get rid of it. Harris Lee did this by using the same techniques as General Motors - liberal credit terms, incentives and friendly persuasion. As more customers signed on, Parcus kept increasing his production. One still alone, located on Skyline Mountain, was turning out 2,200 gallons every five days, but it still wasn't enough. Oftentimes he had to send his drivers into Tennessee or Mississippi to buy an additional 500 gallons just to keep his customers supplied.

"Parcus was smart," said an old time deputy. "Whenever he had loads going into an area where he had not bought protection, he would hire some of the most beautiful women you ever saw. He would send them to a beauty shop, have their hair and nails done and buy them nice clothes. Then he would buy them new Lincolns or Cadilacs, have heavy duty springs installed and put them in business. The law never suspected an elegant woman, driving a new car, of hauling moonshine."



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Before long he was supplying almost every bootlegger in North Alabama and many in Tennessee, Mississippi and Georgia.

It was about this time that Harris Lee acquired the name "Godfather." Almost everyone in Triana worked for him and. like the Godfather in the movies, he showed a paternal interest in his employees and the community. If someone was in trouble they went to see Parcus. If a family had nothing to eat Parcus would make arrangements to take care of them. When there was a fight or feud he would order the offending parties to appear before him where he would render judgement. He would often buy hundreds of pounds of ribs or catfish to distribute to the community.

And, like the Godfather in the movies, he demanded loyalty.

"Once I was driving through Jackson County with three of my men and I made arrangements with the local law to haul us in for questioning. I stayed downstairs in the sheriff's office, drinking Jack Daniels, while they carried my men upstairs. They worked on them for two or three hours, asking questions about my business and threat-

ening them with jail time if they didn't talk. Finally one of the deputies came downstairs and said, "They're all right, Mr. Parcus. They ain't going to talk."

Parcus never explained what would have happened if they had failed the test.

With his whiskey operations prospering he began to invest in other businesses, some of which earned their own marks in Huntsville's folklore. Along with his father, he built the River Club with money he sent home while in service. The grocery store was converted and became the Chicken Shack, followed later by the Pine Villa. Many an old Huntsvillian can tell stories about going to the Chicken Shack or River Club on a Saturday night after all the other clubs had closed.

As people flocked to the afterhours nightclubs Harris Lee saw an opportunity for yet an other business. Many of these people wanted a place to gamble and he was happy to oblige them by setting up a house with poker and dice games. The joint quickly became a Mecca for professional gamblers across the Southeast.

Money rolled in faster than he could give it away, which is what he did in many cases. He was also attracting a lot of attention. "I never worried too much about the state or county law," Harris Lee remembered. "Most of them were paid off. It was the Feds you had to watch out for."

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cohol, Tobacco and Firearms (also known as the Feds or revenuers) began building a case against Parcus. Almost immediately their investigation ran into trouble. Harris Lee by this time had employed hundreds of people, but not one of them would talk.

The ATF tried to make a deal with one bootlegger who was in prison, saying they would let him out if he would testify. The man refused. Next they tried to set Parcus up by sending undercover agents to make buys. That, too, failed.

With no one willing to talk, the government had no way of determining exactly what Parcus's position was in the organization.

Unable to charge him as a major offender, the government indicted him several months later on "Conspiracy to distribute illicit liquors." At his trial he was found guilty and sentenced

to 3 months in prison.

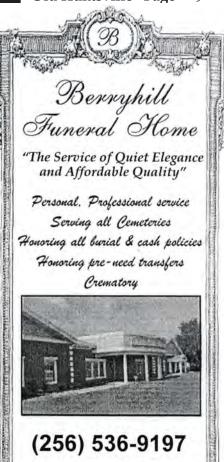
"Prison wasn't really that bad, but I wouldn't recommend it either," said Harris Lee. "Making moonshine wasn't considered all that horrendous like murder or armed robbery. A lot of the people in prison already knew my reputation so they left me alone."

When Harris Lee got out of prison he hit the ground running. Within weeks he had his businesses going full blast again with more demand than he could supply. He also got involved in another business.

"At this time, there were dry counties all around us and

"Time is like a river. You cannot touch the water twice, because the flow that has passed will never pass again."

A USMC Vet



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Madison County was the only place in North Alabama where you could buy beer and a lot of my customers started asking if I could supply them. We had this store here in Triana where the beer would be delivered, then our drivers would take it on to the bootleggers. Even the smallest bootleggers ordered a hundred cases at a time."

A relative of Parcus' remembers getting up in the middle of the night to help load the cars and trucks that were lined up waiting.

An F.B.I. report estimated that he sold 320,064 cases of beer in one nine-month period.

By this time Harris Lee's organization had grown so big that everyone in North Alabama, including the Feds, knew who he was. In 1963 he was once again indicted and sentenced to three years for conspiracy and racketeering charges relating to the sale and manufacture of moonshine.

When Harris Lee returned from prison he found the various family businesses in disarray. The gambling had been shut down and the stills had been busted. What little beer was being sold barely justified the cost. There was a Federal investigation involving corruption going on in Madison County at the time and most people wanted to avoid being caught up in it. Political figures, who had once eagerly taken his money, wouldn't even return his phone calls.

Harris Lee solved the problem in the time-honored way.

"I met one of our elected officials at a restaurant here in

"The biggest deception of the past thousand years is this: To confuse poverty with stupidity."

Orhan Pamuk

Huntsville and told him my businesses were hurting. If I couldn't get permission to operate I was going to have to shut everything down. He said he was really sorry but there was nothing he could do."

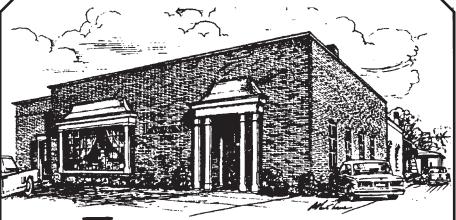
"I had this paper bag stuffed with hundred dollar bills and I laid it on the table. 'Just think about it,' I said. Then I got up and walked out, leaving him staring at all that cash money. I didn't have a whole lot of trouble after that."

"I think that second stretch in prison changed Parcus," said a retired law enforcement official. "He had always kept a low profile before but now he didn't care. Everybody was accusing him of being the Godfather and I think he just decided he wasn't going to hide it anymore. He



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"He knew we were after him but he didn't care anymore. He would have cookouts at his place in Triana and invite the Sheriff's Department, the District Attorney and even the F.B.I. I told him one time he was going to get caught but he just grinned at me and said, 'Catch me if you can!'"

In 1968 the Organized Crime Division opened an investigation into racketeering in North Alabama. They were determined to close the Godfather down. Based mostly on circumstantial evidence he was indicted, found guilty and was sentenced to five terms of five years each, to be served concurrently.

"I didn't have any hard feelings against the deputies," said Harris Lee. "They were doing their job the same way I was doing mine. I've always said if you do the crime you have be ready to do the time."

By the time he got out of prison, times had changed. People no longer minded driving a few miles to buy beer or liquor. The demand for moonshine was drying up and it had also become expensive to manufacture. High rollers could hop a plane to Las Vegas or play in some private club in Huntsville. For the first time in his life Harris Lee Parcus was getting completely out of the business.

Old habits die hard, however. Within a few months of being released from prison, old customers (in dry counties) began calling, asking if he could supply them with beer. Before long Harris Lee and his son were back in the beer-running business. This time it was not the

law that closed him down.

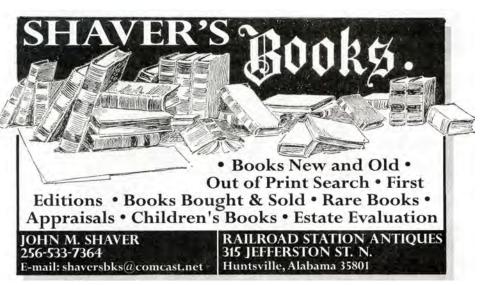
"Parcus was always extremely close to his family, especially his son who helped in the business," remembered a friend. "When that boy got killed, Parcus just lost all interest in the business. It wasn't exciting anymore and the money didn't mean that much. He just let the business fold up."

Harris Lee Parcus has been retired from the business for more than twenty-five years. The days when he had fleets of cars and trucks hauling moonshine and beer all across North Alabama are far in the past. The River Club is closed and one might be hard pressed to find even a checker game to gamble on in Triana.

And it's been years since he has made any moonshine. Although occasionally, perhaps at Christmas, somebody might bring by a gallon jug.

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* A Hatpin can be used for dipping cream candies quickly into the chocolate and slipping them off onto waxed paper.

* To Thin Chocolate that has become too thick, add to it a little coconut oil. Don't use water as it will cause the chocolate to grain.

* To Make Coffee Sugar place coffee beans in a covered container with lump sugar and leave until the sugar has absorbed the coffee flavor.

* A Marble Slab is recommended in the making of candy. One side should be kept exclusively for fondants and the other side for taffy. For fondant the surface should be dampened with cold water. Butter or grease should never touch this side. The other side for taffy should never be dampened but rubbed with butter or grease.

* If your candy tends to boil over, place a wooden spoon over the pan to break up the bubbles.

* Natural sugar contains only 16 calories a teaspoon and may be less harmful when used in moderation than some of the artificial sweeteners. Now there's another four-letter word associated with moving and storage.

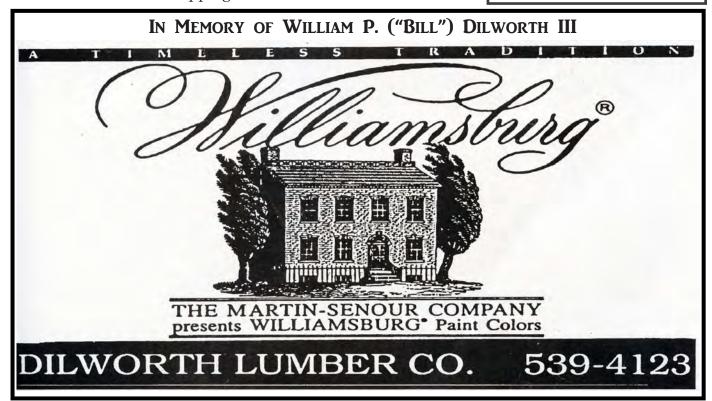
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My Memories of Lincoln Elementary School

by Terry Webb Toney, Al

On June 27, 2015, my wife and I attended the Lincoln Village / Lincoln School Reunion at the old Lincoln School building on Meridian Street in Huntsville. As we walked those sacred halls of learning, a flood of memories filled my mind. I'm sure many Huntsvillians have fond memories of their time at Lincoln, but I would like to share a few of mine with you.

In 1959, I entered my first grade year at the Lincoln Elementary on Meridian Street. Like most children who at the tender age of six years old had never been away from home, parents and siblings; that big green and white building put a fear in my little soul. However, after a little time there I began to make many good and sad memories at the old school. I had some great teachers like Miss Chapman, Miss Larkin and Miss. Dearman.

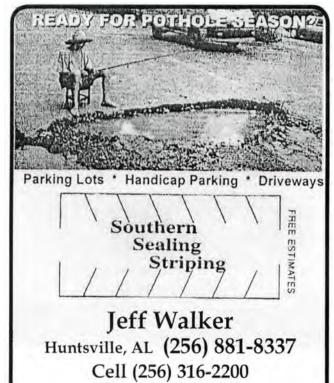
I remember my first Valentine's Day party, on Friday, February 12, 1960. The weather was to turn bad and the weatherman had issued warnings for an upcoming snow storm. They were predicting it to come fast and

hard. My grandfather, Hugh Patrick, took us to school every morning and brought us back home every afternoon. Well, as the reports rolled in of the snow to come, my grandfather decided to pick me and my twin sister, Sherry Webb, up early on this afternoon before we could have our party. Later that afternoon the snow still had not arrived and our teacher called our house to get my Mother and Father, Annie and Gilbert Webb to come get some of the goodies from the party she had saved for us. As it turned out we did not miss having a Valentine's party that day.

Of course the snow did come later that evening and totaled six inches!

remember one day when my teacher wanted me to go read for one of the fifth grade classes. It was common for teachers to show off smart students by showing them to older classes, to encourage the younger ones I guess. I learned to read quickly and before long I could read really well, so my teacher took me to the fifth grade class and stood me in the front and I began to read. It was not long and I noticed a girl close to the front snickering at me. I could not believe my little eyes, that girl was my older sister, Linda Webb. I do not know how I did it, but I managed to complete the reading and went back to my classroom.

I remember one afternoon on November 22, 1963 as my class came back from lunch, our Principal, Mr. Edward Anderson Sr., came over the intercom and played a live report of the shooting of our President, John F. Kennedy. At the time we did not know the President had died, but we learned that when we got





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00508041

home later that afternoon. I did not fully understand what all this meant to us, but I do remember the sad faces on my classmates and the tears running down the faces of our teachers. I do remember that I felt a great sense of loss.

In my sixth grade school year, 1965-66 I was honored to be one of the boys selected to be on the School Patrol. Miss Chapman was over this program and ran it like the military. There was no room for boys to play around under her watch. We were to behave while at school, at home and at church. My job was to flag cars every morning and again every afternoon. They call them crossing guards now, but it was flagging back then. We also patrolled the playground at recess. If anyone littered we got them to pick it up and if anyone got in a fight we broke it up. If we had boys who did not want to stop fighting we simply told them that we would report them to Miss Chapman. With that threat the greatest of enemies became the best of friends. Miss Chapman was not one to put up with such stuff.

I am now older and look back

at the things I was taught and all the friends I made while at Lincoln School. Friends like Dwight Clark, (who I have recently reconnected with) who remembers the good old days at Lincoln School. I feel that I am a better person for growing up in the time I did and attending the school I did. It was not only book learning - it was life lessons taught to us. We said the Pledge of Allegiance and said a prayer every day before school began. We were taught to love God, go to church, respect our parents and others, not to take what was not ours, work hard, to be honest, to help those in need and to respect our flag and this Great Nation.

I wish there were more schools like Lincoln Elementary School, so my grandchildren could learn the values we learned. It was a gentler time, a quieter time, a better time for people to live in. I often look back on those days at Lincoln School and long to relive them and do in my minds eye!

P.S. I would like to thank my wife, Rosemarie Bell Webb, for helping me to put my memories down on paper!

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Sampson, the Disabled Cat

by Judy C. Smith

It was a beautiful fall day and I was going to show my tea cup poodle at the dog show on Monte Sano Mountain. I had her bathed, clipped and red bows were on her ears to match her red collar, leash and stroller.

As M.D. and I were walking to the area to show

Maggie, I spotted a cat in a cage with several other just plain cats, but this particular cat stood out. White as snow and with beautiful blue eyes and he kept beckoning to me with his paw through the bars on his cage.

I said, "M.D., look he likes us and we really need a companion for Samantha." M.D. said, "Don't look; we aren't getting another cat."

Well I couldn't wait to get home and call Lynda Baker, my friend who is also a cat person and has several cats of her own. We got her cat carrier and headed back up the mountain. I was so afraid that someone might have adopted him before I got there but as luck would have it, there he was, just waiting for me to take him home to live with Samantha.

I had to fill out papers from SNAPS and we were on our way. At least almost. My plan was to keep him at Lynda's house while I could figure out how to convince

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M.D. that we needed another cat.

After three days, Lynda called and said, "Judy, Sampson has to come to your house plus I think he is deaf." What! A deaf cat? Oh no! What will I do now? We have a large house and M.D. never goes upstairs so my handicapped cat can live up there; however after several days I realized that wasn't going to work.

So I let Sampson send M.D. an email which said, "Mr. Smith, I saw your beautiful blond haired, blue eyed wife at the dog show last Saturday when she was showing Maggie. I kept motioning her to come over to the cage where I was held. So after you left, she came back and adopted me. I've been living upstairs for several days and I would really like to meet you and Samantha and come downstairs."

Well, I won't tell you what the email back said because it probably wouldn't be printed if I did. M.D. came home rather quickly. Sure enough, we found out that blue-eyed Turkish Angora cats are always deaf. If they have one green eye, then they can hear out of the ear closest to the green eye.

For a cat that wasn't supposed to be M.D.'s, he has now taught him sign language. He sleeps by M.D.'s side and jumps in the carrier when it is time to go to the lake. Samantha was somewhat excited about not being an only cat anymore, but sixteen pound Sampson has won the hearts of all the children. They try to whistle as loud as possible right by him to make sure he is deaf. When he does something he should not have done, you can scream all kinds of words and no reaction.

Tonight our new puppy was one inch from Sampson with her stuffed moose - barking at the top of her lungs for Sampson to play and Sampson just swatted at



Shoes, the puppy, and walked away. He loves to play with the laser light and M.D. has him jumping up the door and running around the den after it.

Better cut this short. M.D. is stomping his feet to get Sampson's attention (vibration) and doing the sign motions that means, "Bed Time."

In my next life I want to be a cat and have a nice man to take care of all my needs just like Sampson does. He is one lucky cat.



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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney

Congratulations go to **Nita Johnson** of Scottsboro, AL for being the first caller to identify our Photo of the Month for July. The little boy was **Emmett Sanders**, Madison County License Director for many many years. Nita remembered Emmett who is now retired, as she worked 25 years in the Madison County Sheriff's Dept. doing courthouse security, and is now retired.

The **Rison/Dallas Asso.** will be holding their annual reunion August 1 at 10am at the Jackson Way Baptist Church. You can find more information at www.risondallas.com or email at rd-board@risondallas.com.

In the June issue we gave you a recipe for the old Thomas BBQ special sauce that everyone loved. The caller said the recipe included butter but it does not. Here is the revised recipe: 2 cups water, 2 cups dark distilled vinegar, lots of black pepper (I'd use 1/2 cup) and salt. Boil this down til it is reduced a bit and to the consistency you want. Remember - NO BUTTER.

Bill Dilworth III was the retired owner of Dilworth Lumber Co. He was absolutely one of **Tom Carney's** favorite people



and Tom would love to go to Dilworth's and swap tales of the old days with Bill. Bill passed away July 1 at the age of 85. He loved nature and hunting and the outdoors, was a civic leader and had friends all over the country. He leaves wife Lorene, son Penn Dilworth (wife Angela); sister Sarah Thiemonge; nephew and hunting partner Jack Thiemonge (wife Chong Sook); niece Susie Thiemonge and cousin Glenn Baxter (wife Linda). We send our deepest sympathy to the family.

If you haven't tried some of the fresh pies at **Gibson's BBQ** you're in for a treat! This is REAL Southern baking!

So proud of WAFF-TV reporter Vincent Crivelli who stopped a crime single-handedly in a Huntsville grocery store parking lot. It was late at night and when Vincent came out heading for his car he noticed a woman screaming for help. He went over and pulled a man out of the car and held him until the police came to arrest the man, saving the woman. Crivelli thinks what he did is no big deal but we think he's a hero!

Gary Lee Jack was 75 when he

passed away July 9. He learned to drive a combine before he drove a car and was able to fix nearly anything that was broken. He was a funny, loving man who cherished his family. He worked for his sister Sonja Schrader at the Schrader family restaurants in Huntsville including Juno's and Old Heidelburg for the past 35 years. He is survived by son Kevin Jack (Stephanie) of Houston, TX; daughter Angela (Clay) of Spring Hill, TN.; sister Sonja Schrader and favorite niece Aunia Schrader McDonnell (Dave) of Huntsville.

I noticed a couple of really good hints recently on a home show and wanted to pass them along. Many home fires start in the kitchen - usually when someone is cooking food or heating oil and is called away and forgets that he/she is cooking. There are 2 items you have GOT to have in your kitchen at all times. First is a working fire extinguisher. They are very easy to operate and will put a fire out right away. But for an oil fire on your stove, baking soda works very well. This rep suggested keeping a med-large box of baking soda near the stove

Photo of The Month

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

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Hint: This little baby loves collecting memories and stories.



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not only to cook with, but when you pour it on an oil fire, the fire goes out right away because it's smothered. NEVER EVER pour water on a grease/oil fire - it will spread it. Also he said many people have a tendency to grab the flaming pan and bring it outside but oftentimes the oil & fire can splash out onto the person carrying it and cause major burns. If you have the lid handy just put it on the pan, to smother the fire - fire needs oxygen! Just a little bit of preparation and 1 box baking soda and 1 fire extinguisher. It just may save your house AND your life.

Rosemary Leatherwood of Ole Dad's BBQ in Hazel Green wants to wish her sweet daughter-in-law Missy Leatherwood a Happy Birthday!

Margie Feist is a resident at Redstone Village Retirement community for the past 10 years and she and her husband Bob lived there. They are very close and Margie plays piano and leads the nursing care and assisted living residents in song several times a month. Bob had been sick for some time and we were so sorry to learn that he had passed away Jul. 11 at the age of 85. Bob had a 30 year career in the Army then worked 10 more years for SAIC. Bob and Margie were true soulmates and were married for 62 vears. We send our condolences to her as well as son **Robert (Katy)**; daughter Patty Angles (Keith); six grandchildren and one great

grandchild with nieces, nephews and cousins.

There is a neighborhood communication system application that is being used in many of the downtown neighborhoods - Old Town, 5 Points, Twickenham, etc. It is called **NextDoor** and is very popular in most areas of the United States. The way it works is, you have an email address, someone in your 'hood completes the simple steps it takes to get your neighborhood set up on NextDoor. Once it's up and running, anyone in your neighborhood can become a part of it and get updates about what's happening in your area (lost pets, events, sales, etc.). These messages go either to your phone or your laptop or where ever you have them sent. You are kept up to date on what's happening in your area, including any crimes. It's like an instant 2-way communication that is free to everyone and your email address is kept private. If you're wanting to set one up in your neighborhood give me a call, I'll try to help you through it!

Be sure and mark your calendar for the **Annual Trade Day around the Square** Sep. 12, Saturday around the
Huntsville downtown Square
- it's sponsored by the Lions
Club (who make those great
brooms) and also you can find
those old issues of Old Huntsville Magazine that you might

have missed. The Golden K Kiwanis will have them available for just a donation!

Try to stay cool and watch out for people who may be suffering in this heat. And your outdoor pets need plenty of water!







Recipes from "Huntsville Entertains", compiled by the Huntsville Historic Foundation

Camembert Melt

1 (4.5 oz) Camembert Cheese 1/4 c. chopped pecans

1 t. butter

Slice off top crust of the cheese. Place pecans on top and dot with butter. Bake at 375 degrees for 7-9 minutes. Serve with good crackers.

Amanda Cole

Mocha Punch

1-1/2 c. coffee syrup

1/2 gal. chocolate ice cream 1/2 gal. vanilla ice cream 1/2 gal. milk

Coffee Syrup: 2 oz. instant coffee (powdered)

4 c. sugar

4 c. boiling water

To make coffee syrup, dis-

solve coffee and sugar in boiling water and chill. To make punch, pour coffee syrup over the ice cream in a large punch bowl and add milk. Break ice cream into pieces and stir.

Mrs. John Hoar

Ginny's Artichokes

1 t. butter

2 jars marinated artichokes, chopped

1/2 lb. cheddar cheese, grated

1 bunch green onions, finely chopped

4 eggs

Salt, pepper and Tabasco pepper sauce

6 crackers, crushed

Saute onions in butter. Beat eggs and add other ingredients. Spread mixture in a 8"x10" greased pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Cut into bite-size squares while warm. May be frozen and reheated before serv-

Gerry Penney

Crescent Roll-Ups

1 (8-oz.) can refrigerated dinner rolls

1/2 c. sour cream

1/2 t. onion salt

1/2 lb. bacon, cooked well and crumbled

Separate dough into 8 triangles. Spread each with sour cream; sprinkle with onion salt and bacon. Cut each triangle into 3 wedges. Roll each wedge to form small crescent roll. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 375 degrees for 15 minutes.

Jennie W. Ming

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1 T. chopped onion

1 T. oil

1 (8-oz.) can green beans, drained

1 small jar pimento

1 t. parsley

1 small can of mushrooms, drained

1/8 t. salt and pepper

Saute onion in oil in small skillet. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover and cook over medium heat for 10 minutes.

Lynn Berry Hereford

Lime Chicken

1 chicken fryer, cut country style

2 sticks butter

1 lime

Salt and pepper

Flour

Salt and pepper heavily and flour chicken pieces. Put in a glass baking dish 9x13. Cut 2 sticks of butter over the chicken. Fill dish 1/2 full with water. Squeeze 1/2 lime over chicken. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes, turn chicken and add remaining lime juice.

If water has cooked down,

add a bit more.

Bake for 20-25 minutes and chicken is beginning to brown. Serve sauce over rice.

Stuart McBride

Strawberries Romanoff

1 grt. strawberries, washed and hulled

1/2 c. sugar

1/4 c. orange juice

1/2 c. Cointreau

1 c. heavy cream, whipped

Chill whole strawberries tossed in mixture of sugar, juice and Cointreau for 3 hours. Spoon into champagne glasses and top with the whipped

Loretta Spencer

Easy Grasshopper Pie

Crust:

16 Oreo cookies 5-6 T. melted butter

Filling:

2/3 c. milk

16 regular marshmallows

1 c. whipping cream 4 oz. Creme de Menthe

Melt the marshmallows in milk on stove. Cool. Whip cream and stir into the cooled marshmallow mixture. Add Creme de Menthe to taste and color. To keep the bottom crust from getting soggy, brush the unbaked bottom crust with well-beaten egg white before it is filled. Pour into crust and chill at least 6 hours. Overnight is better.

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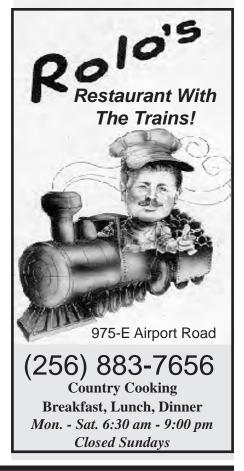
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Normandy

by Austin Miller



In June my son Christopher and I spent three days at Normandy, France. We visited the D-Day invasion beaches of Gold, Juno, Sword, Omaha and Utah. We also spent three days walking and touring Paris. The best part of the trip was spending nine days with Christopher who is a 2001 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and the last in a long list of our family to serve in the U.S. Military. In September he will be deployed to North Africa for a year, making the time with him even more special.

Two other Miller's on that list were James Curtis Miller, Sr. (Gib) and Mose Louis Miller, Jr. (my uncles). They both landed with the fourth Division, 22nd infantry regiment, at Utah Beach. To see the place they landed and fought in the hedgerows and now famous small towns behind the beach was a primary motivation for the trip. My father, Joseph H. Miller, also served in the 22nd prior to World War II.

The first place we visited was the American Cemetery at Colleville-Sur-Mer overlooking Omaha Beach. This has to be one of the most meticulously tended cemeteries in the world. The grass is cut daily, the crosses are cleaned with a solution to keep them white and you won't see a speck of trash anywhere. There are over ten thousand Americans buried there. It is where the Assistant Commander of the 4th Division, General Theodore Roosevelt Jr., is buried, the son of the 26th President of the United States.

The only thing that stands out about his tomb are the gold letters identifying him as a Medal of Honor winner.

The cemetery sits on a hill above Omaha Beach where the 1st Infantry Division broke





out and headed inland. Accounts of what that beach was like on D-Day are well documented. Bodies, parts of bodies and wounded littered the beach. Streams running back to the sea as the tide went out were filled with blood which tinted the water red all along the shore line. If you made it off the beach up to where the cemetery is now located it was only the beginning. There would be more days like this until you were killed, wounded or the war ended eleven months later. Very few made it to the end.

After the cemetery and a walk down to the beach and back, we drove a few hundred yards further to where the 29th Infantry Division came ashore. The situation for the 29th was as desperate and tenuous as it was for the 1st Division. If you saw the Longest Day you may recall this was the beach where General Norman Cota was played by Robert Mitchum. General Eisenhower said the eventual breakout at Omaha, that was in doubt for hours, was not the result of planning or leadership of the generals. It was individual soldiers deciding they didn't want to die on the beach. One would get up and push forward, then another would see him, then another and soon they were all moving off the beach. A factual tribute to the ability of the American soldier to improvise and overcome.

The next stop was Ponte Du Hoc. The top of the cliff was filled with mostly destroyed fortifications, craters and bunkers. The story is well known of how the 2nd Ranger Battalion scaled the cliffs from the sea to the top using sky hooks. We enjoyed a great view on a clear day and I was impressed that I could see both Utah and Omaha beaches. We went next to Utah where my uncles helped make history 71 years earlier.

The beaches and countryside around the beaches is unchanged since 1944. The one paved narrow road from the Utah Beach to St. Mere-Eglise, St. Marie Dumont and Carentan that the troops used in 1944 is still the only through road. The hedgerows are still bordering the pastures, apple orchards and fields. My uncles talked about the bloated dead cows scattered

throughout the countryside; I couldn't help but notice that cows are still grazing in those same meadows. There are no hotels, service stations or strip malls. Most every house had an American Flag flying in the yard,





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in at least one I saw, it flew above the French Flag.

The great affection of the people at Normandy for the Americans was obvious even 71 years after the battle. St. Mere-Eglise and St. Marie Dumont have numerous markers touting the feats of individual U.S. Soldiers. The most famous one is John Steele of the 82nd Airborne Division who landed by parachute and got hung up on the side of the town church steeple. He had to hang there, unable to move, and watch the slaughter of his fellow soldiers as they floated down and landed in the church yard below. A mannequin of trooper Steele suspended by his parachute hangs year around from the same spot where he was stuck in 1944.

One evening we visited St. Mere-Eglise for supper and saw no other tourist the whole time we were there. It was very peaceful and quiet. No birds singing, no dogs barking, no car horns blowing and no cars parked on the street. About the only people I recall seeing were the two men in the sidewalk cafe that cooked and served our food.

Casualties were relatively light at Utah but it was not a stroll; those that came ashore in the first two hours of the invasion had a one in three chance of getting killed. The prevalence of markers for the 4th Division at the cemetery

"In wine there is wisdom. In beer there is freedom. In water there is bacteria."

Chuck Saunders

dated June 6th bears this out. Any break they got at the beach was paid back many times in the hedgerow country. Movies like "The Longest Day" and "Band of Brothers" make the towns look much grander and more impressive than they are in reality. For example in the "Band of Brothers" when Lieutenant Winters of the 101st got shot in the foot at Carentan it appeared that he was in a large town with big buildings, when in fact the real spot is located at the

edge of town among scattered small ordinary buildings.

Our guide knew the owner of Brecourt Manor, located outside St. Marie Dumont. This is where Easy Company of the 506th Parachute Regiment (Band of Brothers), led by Lieutenant Richard Winters, took out the four 105 howitzers shelling Utah Beach. Brecourt Manor is an ancient house and farm owned by descendants of the family that lived there in 1944. We walked from the house through two pastures to get to the long trench where the



guns were located. You could see the channel at Utah Beach from the pastures.

Lieutenant Winters received the Distinguished Service Cross for the action and the other men on the mission received a Silver Star or Bronze Star. In the movie Winters was told by Lieutenant Nixon that maps he found at one of the gun sites gave enemy positions for all of Normandy. In reality they only gave gun positions for that sector.

Uncle Gib came ashore at 6:30 A.M. in the first wave. He had a long way to travel from the landing craft to the shore. We saw the tide out like it was when he landed (the invasion was planned for low tide) and it looked like at least a quarter of a mile to the water. Now the area at low tide is a rich oyster and muscle harvesting site. Uncle Gib fought back and forth

through the Hedgerows and small towns until July 12th when he was hit by a German 88. His good friend Ardith Byro from Malta, Illinois was killed instantly. It was about two days before they could move him to a field hospital. He talked in later years about lying on the ground unable to move getting bitten by mosquitos. The field hospital was located at a site off Omaha Beach with an airstrip across the road. The airstrip was used to fly the wounded to England.

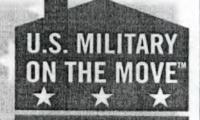
In 2015 wheat was growing in both fields with a scattering of red poppies in the wheat that added a stark splash of beauty. There was no sign left of the hospital or airstrip. Uncle Gib was flown to England from that strip and spent a year in hospitals in Britain, New York and Daytona Beach, Florida. He was wounded in an apple

orchard near Raids which is about the size of Maysville. It was not possible to find the spot but I got a good sense of what the area was like. There were so many casualties in the area that the road through Periers, Sainteny and Raids became known as the "Corridor of Death".

Uncle Gib survived his wounds, stayed in the Army and retired in 1960 as a Chief Warrant Officer. We know that the Commander of the 4th Infantry Division, General Raymond Barton (played by Edmond O'Brien in the Longest Day) was almost killed by German artillery in the vicinity of Raids. It is almost certain that since Uncle Gib was responsible for communications he had close and regular contact with the General. Combat can forge strong bonds. Uncle Gib and General Barton had a friendship that lasted until the General died

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in 1963. A personal friendship between a General and a Sergeant is not a common occurrence. I don't think they became friends but Uncle Gib also knew the 4th Division war correspondent, his name was Ernest Hemingway.

Uncle Louis went ashore on June 7th or 8th and followed the same path as Uncle Gib until July 12. After that he went on to St. Lo, Cherbourg the Hurtgen Forrest and the Battle of the Bulge staying in action until the end of the war. He received a Bronze Star at the Hurtgen Forrest and survived the war with little more than a scratch. He got out of the Army after the war and returned to Ryland, soon married and lived the rest of his life in Huntsville.

During the summer of 1944 our family at home included my grand-parents, my parents (Joe and Elsie), Uncle Robert and Aunt Boots, Uncle Paul, Uncle Malcolm, my cousin Faye and me. I was three years old.

Uncle Frank was in the Army. Uncle Paul went to the Army in 1945 and would later serve from 1950-1953 as a combat medic and Prisoner of War in Korea. Uncle Malcolm joined the Navy in 1945 and served on a ship in the Pacific.

Aunt Bertha, Uncle Gib's wife, was notified when Uncle Gib was wounded, she in turn notified my grandparents. As you can imagine they were all very upset and worried. But there was one Miller who was glad to hear the news. Uncle Louis knew this was his brother's ticket to life and survival of the war. He was in a position to know that getting evacuated from the front was akin to being taken out of hell.

This had to be a tough time for the family back home, one

son was seriously wounded and the other was still in Normandy in the middle of some of the fiercest fighting of the war. In 1942 the land in Ryland our family worked and called home was sold to a new owner so we had to move. Our new home was a tenant farm northwest of Huntsville at Jeff Rd. and Burwell Road. Ryland is the place all Millers consider the home of their roots and it was a sad day when we had to leave. Fortunately we were able to come back after two years. My brothers and I now own the property where we





moved back to in late 1944. In 1973, Uncle Gib bought property adjoining ours and enjoyed many peaceful years of gardening with his brothers. It now belongs to his sons, Howard and Jimmy.

There is a building on Utah where the 4th Division came off the beach headed inland. It was there in 1944 and both uncles couldn't have missed seeing it when they walked by. The building now houses a restaurant with very good food. I thought I ordered a ham sandwich but instead got the ham and no bread. The ham was so good I didn't miss the bread. When we finished eating our guide told the owner in French that I had two uncles in the invasion. He announced this in French to his customers and they all stopped eating and looked at me. The owner handed me a marker and through our guide asked me to write their names on the wall. I did this with all in the restaurant watching. This was my highlight of the trip! Seventy one years after they were there, the names James C. Miller and Louis Miller are now written on the wall over a door at the only restaurant at Utah Beach. It is the only building on Utah except a museum built a few years ago.

We spent the afternoon of our last day, before returning to Paris,

on Utah walking the beach, exploring what was left of the German bunkers, taking pictures, talking and trying to soak it all in. The weather was perfect with a blue sky, no wind, no humidity and a temperature of about 70 degrees. I felt a little reluctant to leave but we finally did and went to St. Marie Dumont for supper. We ate at a sidewalk cafe enjoying the great weather and the beauty of the town. All the small vil-

lages we saw had a church in the center of town, like a courthouse square in our country. We saw a middle aged couple walk by holding hands and several young people later come in to the restaurant next to us. After eating we walked around the church and streets to read about a dozen markers telling about individual soldiers of the 82nd Airborne and the battles that oc-



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curred in the town. In one store window I took special note of a big sign that said "We love the 4th Infantry Division". It was hard to picture what this peaceful town must have been like in June, 71 years earlier. We stayed until dark and drove to Caen for the night. The next morning we caught a train back to Paris.

Both Uncle Gib and Uncle Louis lived their last years in Huntsville on Wellman Avenue only a few houses from each other. Uncle Gib lived to be almost 95. Uncle Louis died at 68. When Uncle Louis died, Uncle Gib said to me, "I can't stand to look down the street toward his house, you know he and I were in combat together!"

For me this was a trip of a lifetime and I will be forever grateful for the time spent there with my son. I was not much interested in the few monuments or museums. My interest was in the landing zones, the towns, the roads, the countryside and what it must have been like for soldiers and civilians alike in the summer of 1944.

I don't believe you could go there without being haunted by the death and maining of so many young men. It makes you realize that war is a horrific thing and should always be the

last possible option. There are over 10,200 American soldiers buried at Colleville-Sur-Mer and another 5,000 or so at the American cemetery in Brittany, which we visited. This does not count those sent home or buried at other American cemeteries in Europe.

Any way you look at it there is no way of mitigating the tragedy of so many young men that had to give up all their tomorrows; not to mention wives, children, parents, siblings and friends that lost them forever. When I think about Normandy and my excitement about visiting there, I have to keep this in mind.

"Cry with someone. It's much more healing than crying alone."

Regina Britt

"A free society is one where it is safe to be unpopular."

Adlai Stevenson



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"OLD FUZZY"

by Malcolm Miller

My good friend Avon Everett's two daughters, Joyce and Carolyn, along with granddaughter Lauren have opened up a restaurant in the old Ryland store building; the name of the place is "Laurens" named after the granddaughter. Some of us are now calling the place "The Ryland Cracker Barrel ". The reason I mention this is it ties in with the story I want to relate. You see there is a wall in the store covered with pictures of many Ryland residents most of whom have passed on. Among those pictures there is one of me and Old Fuzzy taken when I was maybe eight years old.

Old Fuzzy was my dog given to me when I was born by a family friend. For the first fourteen years

of my life we were inseparable.

You see growing up in the nineteen thirties, as I did, life was hard all around. There was no money for toys and things to play with but I always had Old Fuzzy, incidentally his real name was Shep but he was always Old Fuzzy to me. When I was too small to work in the fields I spent many happy hours playing with him. I would pretend he was a mule and have him pulling a make-believe plow or pretending we were battling lions or tigers. When I got big enough to venture to the creek he was always there looking for snakes. He hated rattlesnakes and I dare say he killed dozens of them during his lifetime. He would dart in and out until the snake struck then he would grab the snake and start shaking and wouldn't stop until there was only pieces of the snake left.

During those hard times possum hunting was very popular and Old Fuzzy was the best possum dog in the community. I wasn't big enough to go along but many nights during late fall when the persimmons were ripe some of my older brothers and their friends would head for the mountain and bring back a fat possum or two. I can still remember my Mama putting a big possum on the table surrounded by sweet potatoes. I don't think I could eat one now days but back then the only way you got fresh meat was by catching a possum, killing a chicken, a squirrel,

a rabbit or even a ground hog. Of course, we had fresh pork once a year usually in the middle of November when we killed hogs so you see possum hunting back then was a popular sport and also provided much needed food for our large family of seven boys and Mama and Daddy.

I have heard folks say you shouldn't give a child a dog or cat because when something happens to the pet the child would be upset but I believe that having a pet and eventually losing it helps prepare a person for things to come. In my eighty years I have lost my parents, five brothers and most of the friends

that I grew up with.

As I grew up Old Fuzzy grew old and slowly lost his ability to get around, then one day in the fall of nineteen forty one when I came home from school I was told that Old Fuzzy was laying in the edge of the cotton field dying. I went out to where he lay and placed a coat over him until late that night. The next morning he was dead.

I guess not many people remember the great singer Red Foley. His greatest hit in my mind was the classic song "Old Shep". The last line of the song says: "If there is a heaven where good doggies go, Old Shep

has a wonderful home".

That certainly holds true for Old Fuzzy.





My Great-Great Grandfather Occupied North Alabama

by Kelsey Jordan

I come from a long line of Northern roots but, one of my ancestors came to North Alabama during the 1860's. My great-great-grandfather Elias McKinney was born in 1842 in Ohio to Henry McKinney and Sarah Lewis. He enlisted in the Union Army at the age of 28 on October 14, 1861 for a period of 3 years. He was assigned to the Ohio Infantry, 46th Regiment Company B as a Private.

During his service to the Union Army Elias spent most of his time on the Franklin-Nashville Railroad Campaign. Elias fought and was wounded on April 6, 1862 at the Battle of Shiloh. He recovered and returned to duty in time to take part in the Siege of Corinth, Mississippi on April 30th of the same year. From Mississippi

his regiment traveled into North Alabama, they passed through Florence, spent some time in Decatur, and they traveled through Huntsville, they finally settled in Paint Rock, Alabama in October 1862. In Paint Rock a group of Confederate guerrilla fighters attacked the Union troops and ended with 9 of their own dead and others wounded. From December 1862 until May 1863 it is believed he was stationed in Scottsboro, Alabama along a main railroad and trade route. Next, they headed up and through southern Tennessee.

May through July 1863 Elias was stationed in Knoxville, Tennessee. From Knoxville they traveled towards Georgia to seize Atlanta. On their way to capture Atlanta they passed through Mission Ridge, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Noonday Creek and finally arrived in Atlanta in July 1864. On May 29th, 1864 on their way to Atlanta they fought in Dallas, Georgia where Elias was wounded in the back. The type of wound it was is unknown. Elias stayed in the Georgia/Tennessee area until his enlistment period was terminated in Chattanooga, Tennessee on October 26, 1864. During his service he was wounded twice, once at Shiloh and another time at an unknown battle in Georgia.

After he was mustered out of the Union Army he returned to Ohio, he married Miss Rachel McCandless in 1865 but by 1872 he was remarried. It is

unknown what happened with his first marriage. On June 12th, 1872 Elias married Miss Matilda Ann Johnson. In October 1877 my great-grandfather, Francis Marion McKinney was born; he was followed by siblings Minnie Ann (1878), Myrtle G (1882), and Alice whose birth year is unknown. Elias McKinney passed on April 28th, 1915 in Ohio.





THE GOVERNOR AND AUNT EUNICE

by Fob James

Several years ago during my first term as Governor, I had occasion to spend several days in Huntsville attending a series of meetings. The second day I was



there I awoke early with a ravishing hunger. As I lay there thinking about it, I remembered Eunice's Restaurant, a place I had visited many times before and which was well known for its ham and biscuits.

Quietly getting dressed, so as not to awaken anyone, I slipped out of the hotel room and, after sneaking by the guards stationed in the hall, caught a ride with a taxi that was waiting out front.

Eunice's had not changed very much. The autographed pictures of many famous people were still on the walls, and the coffee pot was still brewing. Trying to be as incognito as I could, I quickly hugged Aunt Eunice, slipped into a back booth and ordered breakfast. I was halfway through my second biscuit when I noticed this elderly gentleman staring at me. Every few minutes he would turn excitedly to his companions and, after pointing at me, would engage them in a spirited conversation.

"Oh well," I thought, "I should have known I would be recognized."

Deciding to make the best of it, I hurriedly finished my breakfast and walked over to shake hands and introduce myself.

"I'm. .. ," I began.

"I know who you are!" The old gentleman exclaimed, with a grin on his face. "You're that TV fellow who announces the wrestling programs on TV every Saturday! Can I have your autograph?"

Suffice to say that the gentleman got an autograph and Aunt Eunice never let me live it down.
We'll miss her.



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Cat 7ales



- A cat adopted a bird which hurt itself when it fell out of its nest in Brazil and cannot fly. The cat, called Chiquita, has reportedly raised the bird as if it was its mother in Porto Alegre, Brazil. The cat's owner named the cat Chiquita and the bird Pitico. Mrs Souza said: "Pitico has even started to eat meat, because the two of them only eat together. But Chiquita uses Pitico to help her catch other birds, it is really unbelievable!"

- A farmhouse cat has adopted a chicken after she became the only survivor of a fox attack. Tiny chick Gladys was brought into the house by its owners when many of its nest-mates were killed by a fox. Snowy the cat took over the job of looking after the traumatised chicken and now the pair are inseparable.

- A cat has been reunited with its owner after six years. Colin the tomcat vanished from Emma Phillips' home in Barkingside, Essex, in 1999. Colin lived as a stray until a woman handed him to pet rescue charity the PDSA.

- A Birmingham woman has been reunited with her missing cat - after nine years. Gilly Delaney was distraught after hearing her beloved pet Dixie had been killed by a car in 1999. So it came as a big surprise when RSPCA officers turned up on Mrs Delaney's doorstep with Dixie 9 years later. The officers who scanned Dixie's microchip returned her after they found her wandering less than half-a-mile away.

- A woman whose cat had gone missing a few hours earlier was astonished find out that it had made an impromptu appearance on a weekly live UK political debate program. That week "Question Time" was

being recorded at a community college in Newquay, close to where owner Jackie Ellery lives. She was wondering where Tango the cat had got to when he walked unnoticed into shot behind the host and his panel of MPs. "My friend phoned me to say, 'Have you seen your cat on the telly?' And there he was," said Ellery.

- Central Illinois mechanic Dana Underwood spent 90 minutes tearing apart the dashboard of a van belonging to an animal shelter before finding a kitten. Shelter workers tried on their own to reach the kitten for more than a day before calling on Underwood. And the good luck didn't end there for the kitten, now named Dash. Someone at the dealership adopted him on the spot.

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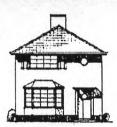
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A Story of **New Market**



People in New Market have noticed that one of its handsomest young men has suddenly grown bald, and dissipation is attributed as the cause. He went to a church social the other week, took three charming girls out to the refreshment table, let them eat all they wanted, and then found he had left his pocket book at home, and a deaf man that he had never seen before was at the cashier's desk. The young man with his face aflame, bent down and said softly:

"I am ashamed to say I have no change with me -

"Hey," shouted the cashier.

"I regret to say," the young man repeated on a little louder key, "that I have unfortunately come away without any change to —'

"Change too?" chirped the deaf man. "Oh, yes, I can change a five if you want it."

"No," the young man explained, in a terrible penetrating whisper, for half a dozen people were crowding up behind him impatient to pay their bills and get away. "I don't want any change, because—"

"Oh, don't want no change?" the deaf man cried, gleefully. "Gleeged to ye. Tain't often we get such generous donations. Pass over your bill."

"No, no," the young man explained, "I have no funds —"

"Oh, yes, plenty of fun," the deaf man replied, growing

tired of the conversation and noticing the long line of people waiting with money in their hands. "But I haven't got time to talk about it now. Please settle and move along."

"But," the young man gasped

out, "I have no money."

'Go Monday?" gueried the deaf cashier. "I don't care when you go. You must pay and let these other people come up."

"I have no money!" the mortified young man shouted, ready to sink into the earth, while the people all around, and especially the three girls he had treated, were beginning to snicker and chuckle audibly.

"Owe money?" the cashier said. "Of course you do: \$2.75." "I can't pay!" the youth screamed, and by turning his pocket inside out and yelling his poverty to the heavens he finally made the deaf man understand. And then he had to shriek his full name three times while his ears fairly rang with the self-stifled laughter that was breaking out all around him; and he had to scream out where he worked. and roar when he would pay, and he couldn't get the deaf man to understand him until some of the church members came up to see what the uproar was, and recognizing the young lad, made it all right with the cashier. And the young man went out into the night and clubbed himself, and shred his locks away until he was as bald as an egg.

from 1892 newspaper



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SHORT & SWEET

MEMORIES FROM OUR READERS

Gale Nichols, Athens, Al

Six children born to Horace and Axie Parker in Toney, Al scraping out a living after the Great Depression. Three girls, three boys. My Mom Dottie was the oldest girl and her sister(my Aunt Annie) was next. My Aunt Annie told me she also got into trouble because she followed my Mom into so many escapades. Dottie could find lots of ways to have adventures, especially when they were very little.

So my Mom told her little sister, "Let's go get us a piece of Bubble Gum." Of course no one had any money to spare. Dottie came up with the perfect solution, or so they thought. She caught one of my grandmother's best hens and the idea was to sell this hen in order to get the bubble gum.

So they stuffed the protesting chicken into a burlap sack and off they went. My grandmother stopped them in their tracks before they even got to the road, and asked them where exactly were they going. When they told her they were going to sell the hen in order to get bubble gum, my Grandmother told them the hen was her best sitting hen and that would not be happening. So the lucky chicken got released, the two girls got sent to the house and Dottie began planning their next adventure.

"The earth, our home, is beginning to look more and more like an immense pile of filth."

Pope Francis

Ira Honea, Louisville, KY

My name is Ira E. Honea, better known as Gene Honea. I grew up in Huntsville and lived on a cotton farm near Owens Cross Roads, AL.

As I got older I wanted something better for myself. I took off and went to West Huntsville were I found work and started working at a Hardwood Mill. I worked there for 2 years, then I received a letter stating that I got drafted in the Army.

I did my tour of duty for two years and came back home. I needed to find a job, I had heard that work was good up north so I hopped in my car and headed out. I ended up in Louisville, KY. I was told that Phillip Morris was hiring.

I got a job there and when I was looking for a place to live I came across a man who rented efficiencies. He rented me a room with a handshake, (back then things were done on handshakes).

He had 2 bulldogs that I took care of occasionally. One time I remember him going away for the weekend and he had left White Castle Hamburgers to feed his dogs. I was so hungry that I ate some of them, too.

I've lost my mind and I'm pretty sure my kids took it.

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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, achiness, 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.

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A new procedure called EVLT (Endo-venous Laser Treatment) is now available and covered by most insurance companiés. 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.

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JAMES C. NIX III, M.D. 204 Lowe Ave. SUITE 11 HUNTSVILLE, AL 35801 256-885-6001 The man realized when he came home that I was broke, no money to buy food and not much of anything and he took me under his wing and helped me. I promised to pay him just as soon as I got my first paycheck which is exactly what I did! I worked at Phillip Morris for 30 years, I made a lot of cigarettes back in those days! My how time flies! I love Louisville but I still think a lot about Huntsville, I still love that town!!

Thank You, Gene Honea

Charlie Lyle, Huntsville, AL

It all started in 1943. I bought a bugle from my friend Gordon (Brick) Warden. I paid Brick a whopping fifty cents for the horn. I learned all of the military (Boy Scout) bugle calls and was staff bugler at Camp Westmoreland. For two summers I played all the calls from first call to call to quarters - taps.

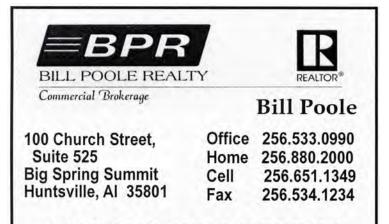
About a year later I bought my first trumpet from a guy named Tommy Gibson in the amount of a war bond (\$18.75). I played my first ad lib solo at the annual Huntsville-Athens football game at the half-time show in 1943. The tune was to "The Little Brown Jug".

About this time I lived in the apartment house on a lot where the Episcopal Church's children's playground stands on Gates Street, next to the Huntsville Clinic on the corner.

The next move was to 432 Newman Avenue. Traditionally there was the Locust Street and Newman Avenues.

We rented a house between

John Arthur Holmes and a Ms. Vincent; others were Gordon (Brick) Warden, Pizitz's, Ashford Todd, Vrezzy Barron, Gene Monroe, the Guys, Jimmy Elkins, the Millets, the Harlesses. Just around the corner were the Robert Lowry's and the Billy Laxton's on California Street which ran out of pavement at this point.



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A Page from the Past Taken from 1993 issue #36 of "Old Huntsville" Magazine

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taken from 1855 Huntsville newspaper

'General Garth', the veritable Iron Horse, made his entree into Huntsville on Saturday October 13 last in the midst of a delighted crowd of all sorts of people. He pranced along, puffing and snorting up to the Railroad Depot, where he neighed for joy and the noise raised emotions of pleasure in the hearts of all our citizens. In plain language the track layers reached the Depot and the Locomotive passed up to it at that time. Crowds of eager, curious gazers have been in attendance upon them during the past week, anxious in fact that the Railroad was coming and has come to town. A bright future, we think, is ahead for Huntsville, if our people will only properly use the advantages the road opens to them to draw trade, industry and population to it.

The passenger and freight train will commence making regular trips from Tuscumbia by next Monday. On the upper end the track layers are about two miles this side of Larkinsville. We hope the two forces will meet by 1st January next, and give us a railroad connection with Georgia, South Carolina as well as Nashville and East Tennessee.

Will not our Lincoln County friends join us here with either a branch road or turnpike? This is the market for their supplies.

What Do You Really Notice?

Lisa Beamer on Good Morning America - If you remember, she's the wife of Todd Beamer who said 'Let's Roll!' and helped take down the plane over Pennsylvania that was heading for Washington, DC back on 9/11.

She said it's the little things that she misses most about Todd, such as hearing the garage door open as he came home, and her children running to meet him.

Lisa recalled this story: "I had a very special teacher in high school many years ago whose husband died suddenly of a heart attack. About a week after his death, she shared some of her insight with a classroom of students.'

"As the late afternoon sunlight came streaming in through the classroom windows and the class was nearly over, she moved a few things on the edge of her desk and sat down there.

"With a gentle look of reflection on her face, she paused and said, 'Class is over, I would like to share with all of you, a thought that is unrelated to class, but which I feel is very important. Each of us is put here on earth to learn, share, love, appreciate and give of ourselves. None of us knows when this fantastic experience will end."

"It can be taken away at any moment."

"Perhaps this is God's way of telling us that we must make the most out of every single day." Her eyes, beginning to water, she went on, "So I would like you all to make me a promise. From now on, on your way to school, or on your way home, find something beautiful to notice."

"It doesn't have to be something you see, it could be a scent, perhaps of freshly baked bread wafting out of someone's house. or it could be the sound of the breeze slightly rustling the leaves in the trees, or the way the morning light catches one autumn leaf

as it falls gently to the ground. Please look for these things, and cherish them. For although it may sound trite to some, these things are the 'stuff of life'. The little things we are put here on earth to enjoy. The things we often take for granted."

The class was completely quiet. We all picked up our books and filed out of the room silently. That afternoon. I noticed more things on my way home from school than I had that whole semester.

Every once in a while, I think of that teacher and remember what an impression she made on all of us, and I try to appreciate all of those things that sometimes we all overlook.

Take notice of something special you see on your lunch hour today. Go barefoot. Or walk on the beach at sunset.

Stop off on the way home tonight to get a double dip ice cream cone. For as we get older, it is not the things we did that we often regret, but the things we didn't do. Don't have regrets.

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Tweetie's Pet Trivia

Warm Weather is Here: It's Time to Protect Against Ticks

Recommendations from the CDC

From May through August, people get tick bites and tick-borne diseases more often than any other time of year in the United States, but many may not know they are at risk.

Each year, nearly 30,000 confirmed cases of Lyme disease are reported to CDC, but a recent national survey reported that nearly 20 percent of people in areas where Lyme disease is common were unaware that it was a risk. And even in those areas where the disease is common, 42 percent of individuals reported taking no personal preventive measures against ticks.

Other key tick-borne diseases include Rocky Mountain spotted fever, anaplasmosis, and other diseases in specific areas of the country.

Nearly 95 percent of Lyme disease cases occur in 12 states: Connecticut, Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Wisconsin.

More than 60 percent of Rocky Mountain spotted fever cases occur in five states: Arkansas, Missouri, North Carolina, Oklahoma and Tennessee. Babesiosis occurs in some of the same areas as Lyme disease and anaplasmosis, mainly in the Northeast and upper Midwest.

Reducing exposure to ticks is the best defense against Lyme disease and other tick-borne infections.

CDC recommends that you:

• Avoid areas with high grass and leaf litter and walk in the center of trails when hiking.

• Use repellent that contains 20 percent or more DEET on exposed skin for protection that lasts several hours. Parents should apply repellent to children; the American Academy of Pediatrics recom-

mends products with up to 30 percent DEET for kids. Always follow product instructions.

• Use products that contain permethrin to treat clothing and gear; such as boots, pants, socks and tents or look for clothing pretreated with permethrin.

• Treat dogs for ticks. Dogs are very susceptible to tick bites and to some tick-borne diseases and may also bring ticks into your home. Tick collars, sprays, shampoos, or monthly "top spot" medications help protect against ticks.

Bathe or shower as soon as possible after coming indoors to wash off and more easily find crawling

ticks before they bite you.

• Conduct a full-body tick check using a handheld or full-length mirror to view all parts of your body upon returning from tick-infested areas. Parents should help children check thoroughly for ticks. Remove any ticks right away. Shower immediately.

The most common symptoms of tick-related illnesses can include fever/chills, aches, pains and rash. Early recognition and treatment of the infection decreases the risk of serious complications, so see your doctor immediately if you have been bitten by a tick and experience any of these symptoms.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

Howard Weeden

We are all too familiar with fictionalized accounts of Southern women. But for 100 years appreciators of Maria Howard Weeden, known to the world as Howard Weeden, have kept her life, her works and memory of a true Southern lady alive. A plaque on the Federal-style house, located on Gates and Greene Streets in Huntsville, attests that it is "the home of poet-artist Howard Weeden."

Born on July 6, 1847 in the very house that stands today, Howard—as she chose to be called, adopting the family name of Scottish ancestors as her given name – was tutored

as a lady.

Her father, Dr. William Weeden, died before she was born and left the family with the beautiful town home, a complement of servants, plantations, properties and other real estate from which the family's income and life

style was derived. Early in her life 🗗 she demonstrated a talent for drawing, and received lessons from a local portrait artist – Mr. William

During the Civil War, when Huntsville was occupied by Federal troops, the Weeden House, known as "As-pen Place," was taken over by the commander of the occupying Army. Mrs. Weeden and her daughters Kate and Howard were forced to move into the adjacent servants' quarters.

As family members were in the Confederate Army, the relationship between the family and the Federal officers, who had taken over the house. became intolerable. The family, feeling as prisoners and hostages in their own home, fled Huntsville with their servants accompanying them and went to Tuskegee in South Alabama. There, Howard met Dr. George W.F. Price and his daughter, Elizabeth Price, who became a lifelong friend, supporter and biographer of her life.

At the Tuskegee Methodist College for Women, Howard studied painting and developed her exquisite talent in watercolor.

After the War, the Weeden family returned to their family home in Huntsville. What was valuable in the home had either been stolen or destroyed.

With the family fortune gone, Howard turned to painting to help provide needed income for the family. Howard conducted art classes for young ladies and

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produced hand-painted greeting cards and placards. This work further contributed to the development of her particular and unique, largely self-taught style. She also wrote poetry and her works were published under the name of "Flake White" in the Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper.

In the late 1800s Southern writers became recognized — especially with their stories of old plantation life. Howard Weeden read these stories and not only emulated the art of the day, she surpassed it. She was adept at drawing flowers, animals, decorative designs and portraits.

While attending the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, she saw the unflattering sketches of Negroes by the leading illustrators of the day. Seeing this challenged and inspired her. She began to paint portraits of blacks accurately and with dignity. It was a style unusual for any era.

Due to fragile health and modest finances, she was unable to travel and so used local people around Huntsville as her subjects. With delicate care, using a brush with only three hairs, she recorded for posterity, both visually and poetically, the character and dignity of the vanishing race of ex-slaves.

She chronicled her subjects in watercolor with the accuracy of a portrait photographer and the sensitivity, simplicity and feeling of a painter. But Howard Weeden went one step further—she wrote words to her pictures.

Her "Mammies" were not caricatures, but real as the beloved persons themselves, as a few lines taken from "When Mammy Dies" attest:

"We're always young till Mammy dies, but when her hand no longer lies, as once it did upon our head, we feel that youth with her has fled."

Uniquely blending pictures and poems, she illustrated the gaiety, the sadness, the real lives of people with more than dramatic technical skill—it was genius. In her poem "The Worst of War" she relates in sixteen lines more than the horror of war—she captures the utter sadness, loss and personal tragedy felt as the ex-slave recalls taking the riderless horse of his slain young master and officer back home:

"Iled his horse back home where they sat expectin' him, and I saw Missis' and Master's hearts when they broke, an' that was the worst of war."

The verses, she said, wrote themselves out of the Negroes' own words.

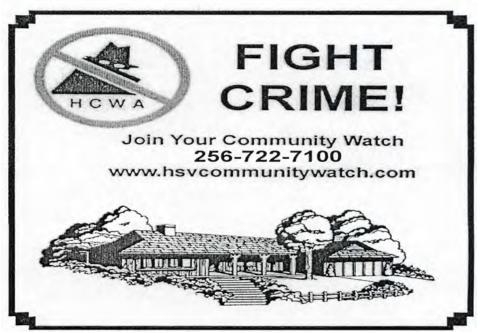
As the reputation of this refined, gentle woman grew, orders came in from all over

the world for her works. In 1898, her little published book became the premier Christmas gift. She had to do all she could to meet the demands with what her pervasive ill health and near-sightedness would allow.

Praises came from near and far. Joel Chandler Harris, referring to the highly popular and published Southern writers of the day, called her the "best of us all. ..."

Extolling the virtues and realities of black people, she demonstrated her own uncommon, gracious brilliance. Pertaining to the ex-slaves she painted and wrote about, The New York Times Book Review of December 30, 1899 stated, "She revealed the whole race."

On April 12, 1905 she died at her home. But Howard Weeden passed on a treasure of extraordinary published works, which include: "Shadows on the Wall" and "Bandanna Ballads" published by Doubleday and McClure in 1899; "Songs of the Old South," and her last book, "Old Voices" in 1904.





A Servant's Heart

by Hugh Michaels

Some people in this great county simply live from day-to-day doing nothing. Some have little aspirations to do anything. Others work hard from day to day and enjoy life. They simply love to work and see things accomplished. They are the kinds of people who our televisions and newspapers should write and talk about. We hear and read about the bad things but rarely are told about the good things. We should show appreciation for the good deeds that are done. The hard working people are the ones that make our country great.

One man in north Alabama who has shown by his accomplishments he deserves a "pat on the back" is Floyd Hambrick, Jr. of Section, AL. He deserves a "thank you from the bottom of our hearts". Floyd has served our country in many different ways.

He excelled as a basketball official in high school 36 years. His expertise of the game and his determination to be impartial was well recognized.

He made the game more fun to watch. His reputation as a referee and the way he performed was a factor in his being elected Probate Judge of Jackson County.

No task is too small for him to carry out. Floyd has been very busy for the past six months as he supervised the completion of a large, new facility located on Blake Bottom Road. This has been a very difficult task but he has done an outstanding job.

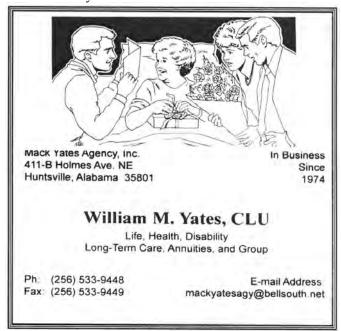
He has conducted many Masonic graveside rites. This is the last way that he can show

reverence to a fallen brother Mason or Shriner. The work he has done in his lifetime is a true reflection of the type of man he is. Floyd is a devoted Christian and belongs to the Section United Methodist Church.

Floyd was the Probate Judge of Jackson County for 18 years. He served it well.

He was a member of the Armed Forces and served the Army during the Viet Nam conflict. Floyd was a past Commander of the Scottsboro American Legion.

His travel through the Masonic and Shrine Kingdom began in a small place in Jackson County call Princeton. It was on October 13, 1977 when Floyd hit the ground running through Masonic and Shrine Kingdom. He was honored by being elected as Worshipful Master in his own lodge, Holly Grove. His leadership lasted two years - 1966-1967.





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Thank you for Your Business! Some of the organizations to which he has belonged were:

1. Cahaba Shrine-Huntsville 2. Jackson County Shrine-Scottsboro 3. Scottsboro Masonic Lodge 4. Eastern Star-Scottsboro 5. Fort Payne York Rite-Fort Payne 6. Scottish Rite-Huntsville 7. DeMolay Club - Scottsboro 8. Jackson and Dekalb Counties Squire and Compass Club. There have been numerous other clubs and organizations which have benefited from his membership. Perhaps the most important position that he has been associated with has been Potentate of the North Alabama Shriners. He served as Potentate in 1999 and is the present Potentate.

Floyd's wife, Carmen Janice Hambrick, passed away recently; four children and 3 grandchildren. SHE WAS HIS RIGHT ARM AND HELPED HIM EXCEL.

On 22 August 2015 at 11:00 a.m. the temple will be celebrating 45 years as a fraternity in Huntsville, a great time is planned. Great entertainment will be provided. There will be plenty of food and fellowship.

This luncheon will give the people attending an opportunity to see what Shriners is all about. There will be a former patient who has been treated by the Shriners in attendance.

Zachary Mitchell, a young man of Rainsville, Alabama who was sadly burned several years ago, will be in attendance. 86 percent of his body was burned. He lived to overcome this tragedy and through the help of Shriners he has excelled. He has finished high school and college. Zachary spent 9 months in a Shriner's Hospital in Cincinnati, Ohio. He is now a Shriner.

Floyd is very proud of this accomplishment, and a very deserving man will be honored.

Costs will be \$10.00 each. Proceeds will go to the Shriners to be used for their projects. All Shriners, Masons and families and friends are invited. You can purchase tickets from Shrine Lodge @ 1226 Blake Bottom Road, or contact Hugh Michaels 256-694-8467 or Drew McKay 256-527-8929.

Deadline for purchasing tickets is AUGUST 20, 2015.



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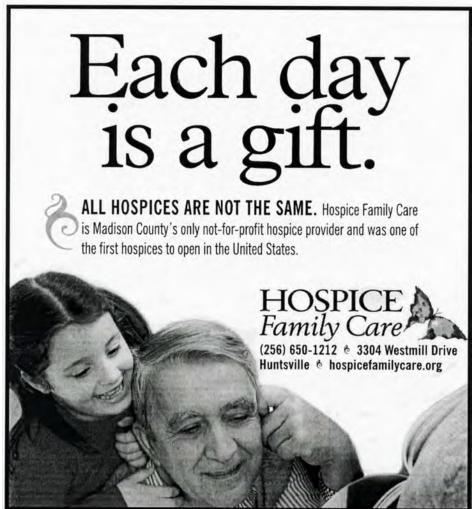
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Local News from 1907

- I wish to learn of the whereabouts of my folks. My father was named Dickson; brother name Edmond Anderson; sisters named Polly, Dinah and Rachel Anderson. Sister Polly married a man by the name of John Anderson. I came from South Carolina when I was 19 years of age and stayed 2 or 3 years in Green County, Alabama, then went to Lee County, Mississippi, near Carona. I left there the 2nd year of the war and went to Corinth, from there to Cleveland, Tennessee, where I joined the Federal Army and served three years and have been in Huntsville since I was mustered out. Write Milton Anderson at Huntsville, care of the Journal.

- On Saturday last, at New Market in this county, a young man, George Norris, raised a difficulty with another young man, Bud Powers, and the Town Marshall William Mullins tried to arrest him. Norris drew his knife and resisted arrest. Mullins struck Norris with his stick; and a young man, William Fuqua, threw a stone at Mullins, striking him on the head and knocking

him senseless.

Attempts were made by other citizens to arrest Norris and Fuqua, but they drew their guns and the citizens being unarmed, they made their

escape. Parties have been out hunting them, but to no avail, and it is supposed they have left the county.

- Near Huntsville on Sunday last, a boy killed his father. The facts, as told to us, are that the boy left the house of his father, Hawk Houston, and went to the farm of Mr. Wm. R. Day. Hawk went after him and told him he intended to whip him when he got him home.

The boy got home first, and seizing a shotgun, fired the load into his father's heart. It is stated, almost

incredibly, that the father, although shot and badly bleeding, drew a revolver and fired twice at his son as he ran off.

The boy escaped and at last accounts had not been seen.

"Of course I don't look busy. I did it right the first time."

Sam Keith, Huntsville

"If you run, you'll only go to jail tired."

Overheard at recent speeding arrest

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Ingredients Cake

- l cup canola oil
- 2 cups sugar
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- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- l teaspoon vanilla
- 4 cups chopped and peeled Delicious apples
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Cream cheese Frosting:

Have all ingredients at room temperature.

- 1 pound confectioner's sugar
- 8 ounces cream cheese
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1 cup pecans, chopped



Cake: Combine oil and sugar. Beat in eggs. Sift together dry ingredients and add to the egg mixture. Bake in a 13 x 9-inch pan at 325 degrees for 55 minutes. Cool and ice with cream cheese frosting.

Cream Cheese Frosting: Have all ingredients at room temperature. In a large bowl beat sugar, cream cheese, and butter until whipped and smooth. Add vanilla and stir in pecans.

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Remembering When

by Billy Joe Cooley



"I got lost on my first day at school and stood in the Monrovia School yard screaming, staring straight ahead and not knowing that my brothers were standing on each side of me. Our Principal, Mr. Wilburn Douglas, must have thought I was strange, indeed."

Clifford Hodges, 66, was telling us about a few of the things that have made lifelong impressions on him. We were sitting the other day in his office at the pest-control company that bears

his name.

"The first of each month our family would get into a horse-drawn wagon and ride to D.E. and J. O. Kelly's store in Jeff to get groceries. The Kelly's would give each of us kids a piece of candy and a soft drink. In those days we referred to soft drinks as 'dopes' or 'soda water.' We traveled over Highway 53, which was a gravel road then."

All the changes that have taken place since he was born on June 28, 1927 have been fascinating, he notes, especially the modern conveniences.

"Our windows had shutters instead of screens. And every Nov. 15th was hog-killing day across North Alabama. We had a large family so we usually killed eight hogs."

He recalls that several neighbors would bring their hogs to a single location, spending the day at butchering

the animals.

"Best way to get rid of those kitchen odors - always eat out."

Phyllis Diller

"Growing up in Harvest High School where Mr. Eugene Smith was principal was a learning experience. He later tutored me for the tests I had to take to get my pest-control license."

Clifford, at 16, hired on as a ticket-taker and usher at Lyric Theater downtown. Then, at 17, he became a soda jerk at Twickenham Pharmacy.

"I also plowed with mules on the Kelly Burwell farm, Rt. 1, Harvest. He owned the first car I ever saw. The first tractor I ever saw was owned by Walker Tuck, also at Harvest."

"I remember seeing deer penned in the yard of the old county courthouse and I hurried to become the first customer on the day the Gibsons brought their barbecue business here from Decatur. I still buy their barbecue regularly."

On Sept. 2, 1945, Hodges opened his pest con-

trol company.

"On that day I also bought and framed a copy of The Cleveland News to remind me of what was going on when I went in business. The paper was full of postwar stories."

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An Old Man's Revenge - July 4, 1923

I, John Thomason, knowing that my remaining days are few, take pen in hand to render my last will and testament.

I ask that Horace Cauthron, my good friend of thirty-two years, be the executor of my wishes. He is to be paid the normal fees as is customary for such situations,

He is to pay all debts owed by me from funds on deposit with the Bank of Scottsboro.

To my wife, Mary, who has remained steadfast at my side for sixty-three years I leave a lifetime of memories and love along with my sorrow at the many times I have caused her anguish.

It is my hope that the good days will heavily outweigh the bad days.

In addition, I leave her our home and farm, with all its furnishings, implements and livestock that she might live her remaining days in a comfortable manner in which she deserves.

In addition, I leave her all my stocks and bonds currently on deposit with the Chattanooga Trust Bank, in addition to any other monies due my estate, that she may continue to derive income from such.

For my oldest son, John, I leave the amount of ten thousand dollars to be paid up on the tenth anniversary of my death, or on the occasion of his

mother's death, on the condition he visits her every week and continues to maintain the relationship of a loving son.

If he fails to do so, the money shall be given to a church of the executor's choosing.

For my son, Perry, who has caused his mother and I so much grief for so many years, I leave the amount of three thousand dollars which is in a metal box, buried on the farm in a location known only to me.

If he can find the money it is his to keep. It is my hope that after weeks of grubbing in the dirt he will realize the folly of chasing dreams.

In addition, a sum of seven thousand dollars shall be paid to him only after the completion of ten years full-time employment, in a manner consistent with the morals of the community.

If he fails to do so, the money shall be given to a church of the executor's choosing.

John Thomason



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ing, purring and eating. I am an active guy and will entertain you a lot. My pastime is relaxing in front of a window watching the birds. I prefer to stay indoors because it is a safe haven for me. I assure you I am a happy fellow and you will have a lot of fun with me. I am staying at the Ark right now. If you are interested in a great companion, please call the Ark and ask to meet Tigger. That's me.

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BIG COVE'S BASEBALL TEAM his young IN THE ROARING TWENTIES

by William Sibley

During the 1920s, leading up to the Great Depression, times were very hard and citizens needed some good, clean entertainment to help them cope with those hard times. Many communities formed baseball teams, and Big Cove was one of those communities.

My father, Romie Sibley, played on a Big Cove team that was managed and coached by my maternal grandfather, William Henry Sadler. Naturally, both men told me about the games they won, making Big Cove proud of them. But their team, as I understand it, was not anything to compare with the team of 1925, which will be discussed later in this story.

My father and Louis Broad were members of an early team before 1925. Both men were practical jokers. One day at ball practice, a young "giant of a man" showed up in an expensive baseball uniform and carrying an expensive baseball glove. He asked Granddaddy Sadler if he could try out for the team, and his wish was granted. The coach and all the team members discovered that the young man could neither hit nor catch a ball, but my father and Louis talked Granddaddy Sadler into letting the man "pinch hit."

When the young man came to bat, my father and Louis Broad went up and down the first and third baselines, moving the spectators back, telling them that a former big league player was coming to bat and any foul ball could put the spectators in danger. The opposing coach was very unhappy about the situation and had his pitcher walk the young man intentionally.

Also, on the early team before 1925, Louis Broad had a brother, Burritt, who was on both teams, and Louis was also. Louis had confided in my father that his brother,

Burritt, and wife, Mayme Lou (Buford) Broad, had

had their first disagreement. The team was playing a game at the home of John Broad, father of Louis and Burritt. Mayme Lou had stayed at Mr. Broad's home, refusing to watch her husband play ball.

Louis took himself out of the game and went to his father's home and put on a dress and bonnet that belonged to Mayme Lou, and carrying a suitcase, he walked by the ball game.

Burritt saw Louis, and thinking that his wife was leaving him, he took out running after Louis. Louis had confided in my father that he was going to pull that prank, and all of the spectators rolled in laughter.

The baseball team on which my father played had a game with a similar community at Gurley. The team had to travel several miles from Big Cove to Gurley, riding in wagons pulled by mules or horses.

John Haislip, a successful merchant in Gurley, invited the Big Cove team to eat a meal at his house. Mr. Haislip had lived in Big Cove in earlier years, but after moving to Gurley, he had held office (mayor, I think) in the Gurley Town Council. He probably knew everyone on the Big Cove team and wanted to be a good host to the players.

My father said the Haislips had tea for dinner, and he noticed that their driver looked at the tea, trying to discover what the drink was. Mrs. Haislip asked each of her guests, "Do you want sugar in your tea?"

When she asked the driver, he replied, "No, thank you." My father watched as the driver took his first sip of tea and he (my father)





punched the ball player sitting next to him, to look at the driver, who squinted. The driver apparently had never tasted tea before.

As the Big Cove team was traveling home, the driver asked, "What was the drink we had today? It was as bitter as quinine." Everyone in the wagon got a good laugh out of that situation, because my father had told them about the tea. The teams before 1925 had some humorous times, but the 1925 team members were very serious about their games. A 1925 picture shows the coach, Tate Drake, and players Louis Broad, Mervin Broad, Burritt Broad, Harry Broad, Alton Medley, Roy Parker, Walter Drake, Latham Miller, Tom McGinnis, Ben Parker and Kirby Lyle.

A man who is now (in 2015) in his late 80s told me a very interesting story about Big Cove's 1925 team. The man was an outstanding athlete at Madison County High School in the 1940s and a player

on the school's baseball, basketball and football teams. He told me that several years ago he had met a man who was a well-known teacher and a coach of some Mill Village teams of Huntsville. The Mill Village coach asked the athlete if he had ever heard about Big Cove's good baseball team and was surprised to find out that the man had heard stories about the team.

The Mill Village coach told the following story:

He and his players had heard that the Big Cove team was good and they needed another game to complete their schedule, so they contacted Coach Tate Drake, who accepted the invitation.

Big Cove went to bat first and the first three players were on base with no outs. The Mill Village coach knew he was in trouble. Mervin Broad was the clean-up batter, and he got a grand slam, making the score 4 to 0, with no outs.

The coach said he was very worried until his team went to bat and Big Cove was on defense. Harry Broad, Big Cove's pitcher, was a very small man, and when the Mill Village coach saw Harry, he thought all of his players could hit home runs. The coach was in for a surprise. He said, "That little man threw that baseball hard enough to knock leather off the catcher's mitt."

According to the Mill Village coach, the final score was 15 to 0, with Big Cove getting the victory. The score could have been worse, considering how many runners were left on base. The coach also admitted that he had planned for the game to be a practice game and did not want to run up the score and embarrass the Big Cove team.

It has been almost 90 years since the Big Cove Team of 1925 shocked the Mill Village team, but we Big Cove residents still like to talk about it.

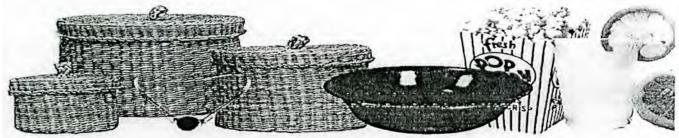
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How to Stop Smoking:

- When tempted to smoke, eat an apple or an orange instead. Drink freely of water and eat fruit and vegetables, and the smoke will begin to taste bad. Continue doing so and living well, and soon the appetite for smoke will lessen and finally disappear. Find a strict vegetarian who smokes, if you can.

Do not attempt to "taper off," it usually results in a long period of agony and fails at last. Remember what tobacco does to you.

How to get rid of that Head Cold:

- Soak a handful of rosemary tops in warm water til soft. Combine with a pint of hot cider, 1/8 tsp. of cayenne pepper and 1/8 tsp. ground ginger. Drink the liquid while hot.
- Make a tea from ginger and honey. Make a thyme tea for sore throats.
 - Use a mustard foot bath

to clear a clogged head. Add one tablespoon dry mustard powder to a foot bath of 2 gallons hot water. Soak feet in the bath for 15 minutes.

- Fill a shallow bowl with honey and add 2 cloves. Make 6 cuts in a lemon and soak it overnight in the honey. Squeeze the remaining lemon juice into the honey and take teaspoons of the mixture when needed to relieve cold symptoms.

How to Sleep Soundly at Night:

Take 1 tablespoon of honey every evening at dinner time, and you should have less trouble falling asleep at night. If a spoonful of honey doesn't do the trick, try a mixture of 3 teaspoons of apple cider vinegar and 1/4 cup of honey.

Take 2 tsp. of the mixture as you are getting ready to go to bed. If you still can't sleep after an hour, take 2 more teaspoonfuls of the mixture.

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Brittany, We Miss You! Reminiscing on a Life Cut Short

by Jerry Keel

Some of the things we take for granted don't always turn out like we think they should. It is generally accepted that parents should be buried by their children, and it usually works

out that way.

But occasionally the opposite happens. When a child is taken it seems much worse than when an older person passes away. We generally assume that the elderly person has lived a more or less full life, their bodies are old and tired, sometimes wracked by pain or disease, sometimes their mental faculties are not as sharp as when they were younger. We make all kinds of rationalizations about why it is more acceptable for the older person to leave this world.

The hard part about a young person being taken is the heart-break and grief we all feel. In addition to this we tend to wonder why a young life should be snuffed out and just what kind of person the youngster would have developed into had they been allowed to live until adult-hood.

Some say God just wanted an especially gifted young person to become one of His angels and be at His feet to dance and sing in praise of the one true living God who made Heaven and earth and all that is contained therein. Others think God is protecting them from some of the perverted minds which exist in this world. How often we hear of young girls and ladies being molested, abused, raped, tortured and killed by some sick-minded person.

In either case we must stop and think about how much better off a young person is if they happen to die while they are innocent and untainted by the demons who roam this earth. We know without a doubt that these youngsters will end up in Heaven with God and Jesus and all the angels who have gone before. Sometimes we feel it is unfair and wonder why God made the decision to call the young person home. We just have to accept the fact that God is in charge of all the things that happen and that all things work out for the best for all who accept God as the supreme ruler of the universe.

My granddaughter Brittany Keel was sixteen years old and a junior at Hazel Green High School when she left us. She was to sing at the worship services at Bethlehem Baptist Church in Hazel Green on Sunday, May 21, 2006. Brittany attended church there for several years and was active in many areas of service to her Lord Jesus Christ. She went to bed around 9:00 on Saturday night. Sunday morning her mother, my daughter Angie, went into Brit's room to wake her up so she could get ready to go to church.

She found Brittany unresponsive on her bed when she tried to wake her up. After several attempts to awaken Brittany her mother called 911. When HEMSI arrived they immediately called for the MedFlight helicopter to transport her to the Huntsville Hospital Emergency Room. After her arrival at the hospital many efforts were made to resuscitate Brittany but all their work was in vain.

Of course we were shattered



and overwhelmed with grief when we realized that this beautiful, wonderful, God-fearing child was no longer with us. So many thoughts go through your mind at a time like this. Disbelief that this could happen gives way to the realization that it is true and she will never go to her

earthly home again.

Then comes the barrage of thoughts about how this could happen, why did God allow it to happen, why a young lady with so much potential and so much to offer the world should have her life cut short. Then the anger toward God for taking her so early in life consumes you for a while. Finally the total weight of her death comes upon you as you realize once and for all that she is gone never to return. No more pretty face, pretty smile, happy laugh, beautiful singing voice, kind, gentle angel-onearth person. All this is gone. Nothing but memories left.

Oh, but what memories she did leave! So many times she helped her friends who were contemplating doing things they would regret. She was the voice of their consciences telling them to stop and think before they did whatever they were thinking about. She was like God's emissary to all her

friends.

Bethlehem Baptist Church had an Expressive Worship dance team called "Broken." Brit was one of the leaders in this ministry and as such she touched many young lives. She was a living example of just how important Jesus could be in anyone's life. Not just the young ones but many, many adults were touched by her dedication to the work of spreading the Gospel of Jesus, the "Good News" about how rewarding your life can be if you choose to serve Jesus.

In the summer months Brittany would take her Bible, get on her bike and ride around the subdivisions near her home. When she saw someone working outside she would stop and ask them if she could talk to them about Jesus. Most young folks are too busy having a good tme to be concerned about talking about Jesus. Brittany was an exception in this and many more ways.

Her visitation was scheduled at the church from 5:00 until 8:00. When the Hazel Green Funeral Home team arrived a little past 4:00 to get everything set up there was already a crowd there. Everyone was anxious to pay their last respects to a true child of God. The line of people who came to see Brittany eventually went outside the church and the length of a football field into the parking lot. The 5 to 8 visitation ended up being a little after 4:00 until past 9:30. So many tears were shed, so many smiles were apparent, so many broken hearts were evident — not just family members but anyone who knew Brittany Keel.

Even though Brittany is gone her light still shines after nine years. Her birthday is August 11th. She would be 25 years old now if she were still here on earth with us, but in Heaven she is still the beautiful angel of 16 just as she was when God called her home.

Some say you eventually get over the death of someone like Brittany. I can tell you from experience that you never really get over something this traumatic. The best you can hope for is just to be able to cope with it. Some days it's not so bad but others are still heart-breaking when some vivid memories fill your heart and your mind. First the tears start to trickle down your cheeks then the full force of it hits you and the heartwrenching sobs take control of your body.

After the sobs subside and most of the tears have been dried my mind goes back to the early years of this child's life. She was such a joy to be around. Always a big smile on that beautiful face. She was the typical fun-loving teen-ager until the subject of Jesus came up. She immediately became serious as she talked about how wonderful life could be if we would just let Jesus take control.

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Many nights she would sit outside her home on the driveway and enjoy looking at God's handiwork. The stars always held a special fascination for her. Perhaps the stars' close proximity to Heaven was what drew her attention to them. She wanted so desperately to serve God and Jesus in any way she could. Her ministry through the dance team and singing songs of praise to her Lord Jesus was the highlight of her life. She sang a song named "We Fall Down" at church on one occasion. A video was made of that service and at her funeral the portion which showed her singing the song of praise was replayed.

To see her image on the big screen and to see her lying in her casket was just about more than we could endure. We were unable to go back in the Sanctuary at church for a month or more. A playground was built at the church and was dedicated to the memories of Brittany and two more young ladies who also passed away near the same

time.

Brittany and her big sister Kristen were very close and loved each other dearly. They were friends as well as sisters. Sometimes a sibling rivalry develops between sisters but these two girls never had any problems with this. Kristen was married and moved to Florence. Brittany never missed an opportunity to go see her sister. They laughed and joked and hugged and just enjoyed each other's company.

When Kristen received word of Brittany's death she was devastated. To know that your little sister was no longer alive was almost inconceivable to her. Her husband rushed her to Huntsville as quickly as possible. I can only imagine the anguish she felt on the long ride here from

The time spent waiting for the funeral was an agonizing time for all of us. It took a while for us to realize that Brittany was really gone, that we would never see the beautiful smiling face again. The light in her eyes had been extinguished here on earth but we all knew they were still twinkling as she beheld all the glory and wonders that surrounded the throne of God in Heaven. What a joy it will be when we all can join our departed loved ones and friends in that wonderful place. Now is the time for us all to begin making preparations to be able to join them alongside the Most High God in Heaven.

Brittany's sister became pregnant and was blessed with a beautiful baby girl. She wanted so badly to name her after Brittany but felt she just couldn't. Earlier she had a cat that she wanted to call Brittany but she couldn't do that either so she called the cat "Sister." The baby girl's name still presented a challenge for Kristen. So after much thought Kristen came up with the perfect solution. Brittany was born on August 11, 1989. Her middle name, which she never used, was Celeste. So

Kristen's little girl became August Celeste.

It turned out to be a very fitting name because August soon began to exhibit many of the character traits her Aunt Brittany had. When asked a question she couldn't answer she would shrug her shoulders and, with palms turned outward, she would smile and say "I don't know." Almost like a picture of Brittany when she was younger. That and so many more things she did were a constant reminder of Brittany. No wonder she became the apple of PawPaw's eye!

I would like to encourage anyone who has children or grandchildren to always remember to let them know how much you love them. We never know when our time to leave this old earth might come. Love your God and Jesus Christ, love your spouse, love your children and love your parents and friends as if each day is your last day on earth.

Who knows? It just might be.





TIPS FROM LIZ

- If you burn your tongue, sprinkle some white sugar on it for fast relief.
- A good way to restore hair and prevent baldness is to mix a tablespoonful of honey with a jigger of vodka and the juice from a medium onion. Rub it into the scalp every night, cover, sleep, awaken, shampoo and rinse daily.

- For thicker eyelashes, apply castor oil to them each night.

- To help diminish puffiness under your eyes, stop eating salt.

- Osteo Bi-Flex is an overthe-counter pill that really helps with the pains of arthritis - helps

lubricate your joints.

- If you have a yard that gets sun nearly all day, you can't go wrong with a Zoysia grass, called Meyer. The sod will give you a lush lawn nearly overnight, and it will kill out weeds since it's so thick. Best part of it, you can get rid of your gaspowered lawn mover and buy a light aluminum push mower (we got ours from Lewter's and love it!) to mow your Zoysia with. No oil, no expensive gas, and it's so quiet!!

- If a tick has embedded itself in your skin, get clear nail polish and drop two drops on the insect. It will release its grasp and back out. GET IT and kill it! Then just wipe the polish

off your skin.

- Keep potted geraniums around your back porch where you sit - mosquitoes hate them!

- Take your pills standing up and keep standing for 2 more minutes. Take them with at least 1/2 cup of water, while standing this will give the pills a chance to move quickly along, instead of staying in your esophagus where they may disintegrate and cause heartburn or nausea.
- If you have acid indigestion, try chewing a teaspoonful

of dry rolled oats. Swallow slowly, they soothe the acid and neutralize it.

- After you've eaten one of those heavy, rich meals that leaves you miserable, try this for relief. Take a hair brush or soft comb and brush the backs

of both your hands for about 4 minutes. It will relieve that sluggish feeling.

- If gout is causing alot of pain for you, stop eating red meat, sugar and white flour. Many sufferers have sworn by this.

- If you're in a warm room and feel faint, just run cold tap water over your wrists for fast relief. Ice cubes rubbed on the wrists also work.
- An irritated or clogged gallbladder can make you feel sluggish and tired, even first thing in the morning. Each morning, take 3 tablespoons of fresh

lemon juice in half a glass of warm water, a half hour before breakfast. Try this for a week and see if it makes a difference in your energy level.





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