



No. 276

FEBRUARY 2016



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



The Lady in the Red Dress

Susan Baxter and Edwin Sharp were married five days after her sixteenth birthday.

Years later she would recall the ceremony. "While Brother Sharp was praying, a train passed by behind the church. Its whistle was blowing and I remember wondering where it was going. Suddenly I decided I wanted to just walk out of the church and go with it."

"I tried, I tried so hard but my legs would not move. I just didn't have the courage."

Also in this issue:

A Fifty Year Waltz and Counting

Lewter's Hardware Store



In 1928 our great-grandfather, D.A. Lewter, and our grandfather, J.M. Lewter, started the family business in a small store on Washington Street. They believed in offering fair prices, treating each customer with special respect and hiring great employees.

We are the fourth generation, proudly carrying on the same tradition.

While our prices have gone up slightly and we have a few more employees, we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family, doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with us.

A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

222 Washington St - 539-5777

Domie Lewter
Mac Lewter

The Lady in the Red Dress

by Tom Carney

As a young woman Susan would lie in bed, early in the morning while it was still dark outside, and wonder what it would feel like to be in love. She knew it would make her feel warm and giddy all over. She could even visualize feeling light-headed as she fantasized about an imaginary beau who would sweep her up in his arms before carrying her off to a never-never land where they would live forever.

Unfortunately, most times her dreams would be interrupted by the crying of a baby or the loud snores of her husband. As she pulled herself out of bed to begin preparing breakfast, she would once again come face to face with the stark reality of her life.

She was a married woman with a child, and love was something she would never know.

Susan Baxter was born in Huntsville in 1919, the daughter of a God-fearing man who made a living delivering coal

"You know it's going to be a bad day when your wife says 'Good morning, Jim' and your name is David."

David Carson, Athens

to homes around town. He and his wife were solid pillars of the community; never raising their voices, always paying their bills on time and attending church every time the doors were open.

The church they attended, Brother Sharp's "Welcome All Congregation", was located on the fringes of a neighborhood in Huntsville known as the Honey Hole, a notorious area where gambling, bootlegging and prostitution flourished openly with little interference from the authorities. The church was a small frame building that had probably once been a store but had grown into such disrepair, the owner was willing to rent it for the few dollars a month Brother Sharp paid.

The Welcome All Church was in many ways typical of the small independent churches that were currently a phenomenon of the southern culture. Part Baptist, part Holiness and part Pentecostal, the congregation usually focused on a charismatic leader who interpreted the "Word" according to personal "revelations" he received from God.

The services were conducted in the typical "Hell, Fire and Damnation" manner with all the women and girls sitting on one side and the men and boys on the other. All the women wore long black cotton dresses, with the hems brushing the top of their shoes, and their hair tied up in tight buns



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

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net
(Website) www.oldhuntsvillemag.com

Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 534-0502
Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney
Editor - Cheryl Tribble
Consultant - Ron Eystone
Gen. Manager - Sam Keith
Copy Boy - Tom Carney
(in memory)

"Old Huntsville" magazine is a monthly publication. Annual subscriptions are \$25 per year.

For subscription change of address, mail new information to the above address.

All material contained within is copyright 2016 and may not be reproduced or copied in any form without written permission of the publisher. Old Huntsville, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or content of solicited articles..

*Blinds, Shutters, Drapery
Woven woods, Cellular &
Roman Shades & More*
**Your Total Window
Treatment Provider**



Bus: (256) 650-0465

Aesthetically Pleasing

Interior Window Treatments
Visit us at:

www.randsblinds.com



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr.
Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Telephone (256) 533-1103 Fax (256) 533-9711

**ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,
WILLS, PROBATE**

"No Representation is made that the quality of the legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."

on top of their heads. The men wore white, long-sleeved shirts with the top button always fastened no matter how hot it was. Adornments such as hair bows or suspenders were frowned upon, and public displays of affection were thought of as being scandalous.

"The whole time I was growing up," Susan later remembered, "I never saw a husband hold his wife's hand."

The Welcome All Church was not as inclusive as the name might suggest. Brother Sharp taught that the world was a sinful place and that true believers should limit their contacts with outsiders. To have any social contact with someone not belonging to the church was considered improper. Children were sent to school for only a few years, just long enough to acquire a crude understanding of basic skills before being pulled out so that they would not be corrupted.

Despite Susan's meager education she became a voracious reader, eagerly devouring everything she got her hands on. As a young teenager she dis-

covered the "Dime Romance Novels", a popular series of romantic novels that sold for a dime. All the novels had the same basic theme; boy meets girl, boy and girl fall in love, boy and girl get married and live happily ever after.

Susan had to hide the novels, as her parents would not allow any book except the Bible in the house. The one time she was caught reading one she was forced to "confess and ask for forgiveness" in front of Brother Sharp.

The first inclination that her life was about to change came when she was fifteen years old. One Sunday morning as she was about to leave the church and walk home with her parents, her father told her to wait; Edwin Sharp, the son of Brother Sharp, wanted to walk her home.

Edwin Sharp was a young version of his father. Tall, rail thin, never smiling and always with a Bible in his hand if he was not working. At twenty-two years old, he was considered to be one of the most eligible bachelors in the church.

WELCOME TO AUTHENTIC THAI CUISINE AT

THAI GARDEN

DINE IN OR CARRY OUT
 All Fresh Meats & Vegetables
 No MSG - No Preservatives Used

Mon - Fri - Lunch 11 am - 2 pm
 Dinner 4:30 pm - 9:00 pm
 Sat - Dinner only 4:30 pm - 9:00 pm
 Closed Sundays

800 Wellman Avenue
 (In Historic Five Points)

(256) 534-0122

Since 1884

H.C. BLAKE CO
 INC.

PLUMBING * AIR CONDITIONING * HEATING * ELECTRICAL * ENERGY

SERVING THE HUNTSVILLE AREA SINCE 1884 FOR ALL YOUR RESIDENTIAL

**AIR CONDITIONING & HEATING UNITS
 PLUMBING
 ELECTRICAL
 ENERGY AUDITS**

256-534-0781

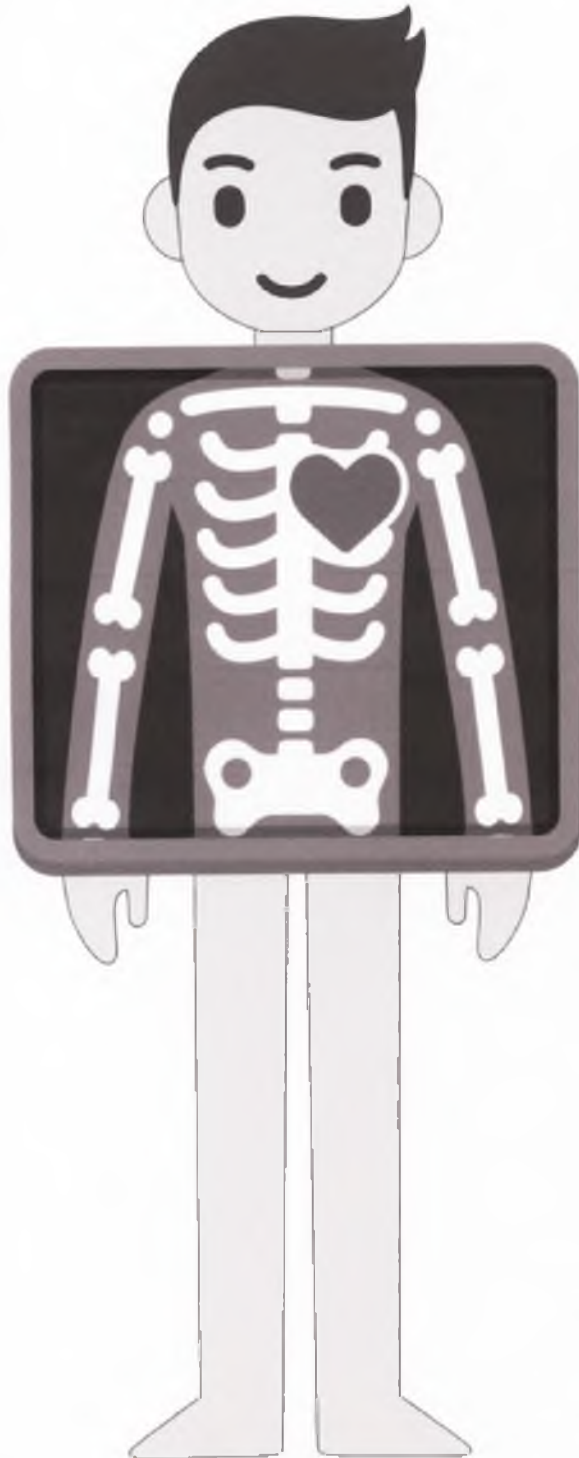

Loose Ends by MJ LLC
Let me tie up your loose ends!

looseendsbymj.com
e-mail: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com

Do you need to settle an Estate?
 Downsizing to a smaller house?
 Organizing and running your Estate Sale?
 Let us clean out-pack up-sell off or donate your items!

Got loose ends to tie up? Let Loose Ends by MJ help tie them up tight!

Mary Jim Ailor
256-658-2718.



Don't let February tick away without getting your heart checked.

Simple, low-cost screenings

- Abdominal Aneurysm
- Carotid Stenosis
- Peripheral Arterial Disease
- Blood Pressure

Vascular screenings available at Huntsville Hospital Heart Center for \$99. **Call today.**

(256) 519-8490



Heart Center

 HUNTSVILLE HOSPITAL

930 Franklin Street SE · Huntsville, AL 35801
(256) 539-4080 | theheartcenter.md

For the next several weeks Edwin walked Susan home every Sunday. There wasn't much conversation; they really didn't know one another enough to feel comfortable talking about everyday things and they had nothing else in common. Mostly they just walked in silence.

One afternoon Edwin and his father suddenly appeared at Susan's home. Her mother, quickly sizing up the situation, took her into the kitchen where they remained until the visitors had left. When Susan entered the room where her father was, he motioned for her to sit down.

"Brother Sharp's boy has asked for your hand in marriage."

One look at her mother, sitting with folded hands and a smile on her face, told Susan that her future had just been determined.

"I don't want to. I don't love him! I don't hardly even know him!"

Mother tried to be persuasive. "He's a good provider and he's a good God-fearing man. What else could you want?"

Susan burst out crying. "I don't love him. Can't you understand?"

The argument continued until finally her father put an end to it. "Love has nothing to do with it. Those books have put silly ideas in your head. You will do what we say is best for you!"

As impossible as it may sound today, Susan had little choice. She could either agree to the marriage and make everyone happy or she could refuse and become an outcast

among her own family and friends.

Susan Baxter and Edwin Sharp were married five days after her sixteenth birthday. Years later she would recall the ceremony. "While Brother Sharp was praying, a train passed by behind the church. Its whistle was blowing and I remember wondering where it was going. Suddenly I decided I wanted to just walk out of the church and go with it. I tried, I really tried but my legs would not move. I just didn't have the courage."

The next week was busy as the newly married couple moved into their own home and church members stopped by with wedding gifts. Edwin's mother Lula purchased a new clock for the bride. Susan was thrilled with the present until she learned its purpose.

"Edwin is just like his father," Lula explained. "He likes his breakfast exact - one

egg, one biscuit and two slices of bacon promptly at 6:15 every morning and dinner should be on the table at 6:00 sharp every evening. He needs a clean shirt every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday and he likes the collar starched."

This was followed by another fifteen minutes of detailed instructions of what Edwin expected from his wife. Completely overwhelmed, Susan blurted out. "But what if I don't want to?"

A puzzled look appeared on Lula's face. "But why would you not want to?"

Lula Sharp was a huge woman, probably tipping the scales at two hundred and seventy five pounds and with a heart just as big. Although her hair was snow white, her upper lip boasted a black moustache. She later confided to Susan that she had once tried to shave it but her husband had forbidden it, saying she was vain.




ISP InterSouth
properties

"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"

<p>Phone (256) 830-9160 Fax (256) 430-0881</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> * Highland Office Park, Phases 1 & 2 * Park West Center * University Square Business Center * 8215 Madison Blvd.
--	---

Visit us at www.intersouth-properties.com



(Since 1969)

J.C. Vaughn
President

Guns & Tackle Shop, Inc

Huge gun selection

1650 Jordan Lane
Huntsville, Al 35816
(256) 830-0761

Guns - Buy - Sell - Trade - Consignment - Repair
Holsters - Knives - Ammo - Reloading Supplies

"If you want to learn to love more, start with a friend you don't like."

Evan Troup, age 12

Despite the difference in age, the two women became friends of a sort. Susan called her husband Mr. Sharp, just as the other wives called their husbands by their last names. One day while washing clothes Susan asked Lula what her husband called her. Try as she might, she could not ever recall Brother Sharp calling his wife by any name.

Lula looked startled by the question but was too honest not to reply. After thinking for a long moment she replied, "Woman."

"What does Edwin call you?" Lula asked,

Susan did not have to think about the answer. "Nothing," she replied as she angrily sort-ed through the dirty clothes. "He never calls me anything."

Lula, perhaps remembering when she was a child bride, wrapped Susan in her massive arms. "Honey, you just have to pray. We all have our places in this world."

Years passed and Susan tried to become the dutiful wife. Dinner was on the table every night at 6:00 and she starched

the collars of her husband's shirts. A daughter, Lizzie, was born.

And every night Susan would lie in bed with a stranger, cringing at the thought of him even touching her.

One day when her daughter was about four years old, Susan was shopping and without thinking anything of it, purchased some paper cutout dolls. That afternoon when Edwin came home Lizzie was sitting on the floor cutting out the dolls and dressing them in various outfits. With hardly a second look he grabbed the dolls and threw them into the fireplace, saying, "She's got no business with such foolishness."

Suddenly a feeling of revulsion and hopelessness engulfed Susan. For a split second she saw her daughter's future. Her daughter would grow up to be just like her and it would be Susan's fault.

Grabbing Lizzie in her arms, Susan ran from the house. For hours she wandered the streets of Huntsville, her mind in a turmoil, trying to decide what

SOUTHERN HOME & HEARTH, INC.
 Since 1981



Stay cozy and warm this winter!

In Business for 34 years, we have the largest selection of gas logs, wood & gas stoves, mantels, wood & gas fireboxes/inserts, firescreens, glass doors and tools for all your heating needs.

Southern Home & Hearth

2611 University Dr.
 Huntsville, AL 35816
256-534-1715 or 256-534-8199
www.southernhomeandhearth.com
We do Layaways

ALPHA ESTATE SALES & AUCTIONS

EST. 1983

Let us help you liquidate or appraise your personal property including antiques, collectibles, fine art, furniture, jewelry, china, porcelain and more

www.alphaestatesales.com

Visit our Website for Upcoming Sales



Bob Baker, HSCA, Owner
Gary Lee Knight, Owner/Manager

Experience, Professionalism and Excellence is our Motto.



1214 Meridian Street (256) 536-3117

to do. Finally, hours after dark, Susan returned home. Her husband was sitting on the front porch waiting for her.

Without any preamble Susan put into words what she had just dared to think about before. "I want a divorce."

"That's impossible," he replied with a blank look on his face. "Why would you even think something like that?"

Susan tried to explain. "I just don't love you and I have never loved you."

When Edwin reached for his Bible, Susan fled to her daughter's bedroom where she made a pallet on the floor. The next morning when she got up he had already left.

That afternoon Edwin was late getting home from work. When he did arrive he was accompanied by his father and mother as well as several other members of the church. Brother Sharp motioned everyone to be seated and announced, "We need to pray for Satan to leave our sister."

Susan lost it. "Get out of my house!" She screamed. "Get out of my life! Get out!"

During the next several weeks Susan moved out. She rented a room in a boarding house and found a job. The

lady who ran the boarding house agreed to watch Lizzie while Susan worked. But, if she thought her troubles were over, she was mistaken. It was 1939 and divorces were almost unheard of.

She talked to an attorney about a divorce and was told it would be expensive and hard to get. Edwin was a good husband and it was doubtful the court would rule against him. "In fact," the attorney told her, "Edwin will probably get custody of your daughter if he tries. He knows alot of people in these parts."

Edwin must have been talking to the same lawyer. Several days later Susan returned to the boarding house to find that he had taken Lizzie. That afternoon she confronted Edwin and with tears in her eyes, begged him to let her have her daughter back.

His eyes were stone cold when he replied, "Come home, do the Lord's will and you can see her."

Edwin, his family and the congregation made it impossible for her to have any contact with her daughter, no matter how hard she tried. The only time she could see Lizzie was at church where she was sur-

"This employee is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot."

Seen on local employee review

Marathon Painting

Services including:

- *Exterior & Interior painting
- *Woodworking
- *Deck Cleaning
- *Gutter Repair
- *Pressure Washing
- *Handyman Services
- *Roofing
- *Doors
- *Drywall
- *Siding
- *Window Cleaning

(256) 326-8053

JOHN M. BZDELL

Free Estimates * References upon Request * Licensed & Insured

Windsor House

Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

Our team approach to rehabilitation means working together to enhance the quality of life and by re-shaping abilities and teaching new skills. We rebuild hope, self-respect and a desire to achieve one's highest level of independence.

- *Complex Medical Care
- *Short Term Rehabilitation
- *Long Term Care

Our team includes Physicians, Nurses, Physical Therapist, Occupational Therapist, Speech Therapist, Activity Director and Registered Dietician

A place you can call home....

4411 McAllister Drive
Huntsville, Alabama 35805

(256) 837-8585

Hero World Collectibles

Come visit us in the Limestone Flea Market

Located on Highway 72 between Athens and Huntsville

We have assorted religious, All-American and Dixie Outfitter T-Shirts, as well as SEC Merchandise. We carry assorted Wallets, Belt Buckles and Comics (some old).



New Year markdowns on Many unusual and Useful items you've got to have!

God Bless You!

rounded by his family.

Days, weeks and months passed. Susan attended every church service hoping for a chance to hold her daughter's hand or to tell her how much she loved her. In a perverse sort of way many of the church members seemed to approve of the arrangement. There was no divorce and it was clear to everyone that Edwin was still in control of his wife.

Susan had given up all hope when one afternoon she stopped at a used clothing store hoping to find something that would fit her. She had sorted through most of the clothes and was about to leave when she noticed a dress at the bottom of a box. It was bright red, made of a shiny, silky material with large bows on each shoulder. It was the kind of dress you would have expected to see in a burlesque show. For the first time in months a smile played on her face.

The next Sunday, Susan timed her entrance into the church perfectly. Brother Sharp was in his element, condemning everyone who did not believe like him to eternal Hell, and the congregation was on their second round of Amen's. Looking straight ahead, Susan slowly made her way down the aisle and took her regular seat.

Gasps broke out as the members gawked at the red dress. Never had the Welcome All Church been defamed in such a way. The congregation shifted their attention to Edwin who was sitting in his customary place staring straight ahead, his face almost matching the color of Susan's dress.

After the service Edwin confronted her, telling her that she could not dress that way in church. Susan looked at him coldly and said, "I want Lizzie and I want a divorce."

It became almost a dramatic comedy. Each week Susan



*Berryhill
Funeral Home*

*"The Service of Quiet Elegance
and Affordable Quality"*

Personal, Professional service
Serving all Cemeteries
Honoring all burial & cash policies
Honoring pre-need transfers
Crematory



(256) 536-9197

Don Broome Studios

I am an artist who has a complete frame shop in my home. I can help you pick just the right mats and framing for your work. No overhead means you save.

7446 Clubfield Cir
Huntsville, Al 35802

256-880-3497
256-656-1457

Call for an appointment

would show up wearing the red dress and Edwin would grow more flustered as the congregation whispered, snickered and pointed. At the end of one service a group of members actually approached him and demanded that he do something about his wife.

It was obvious that something had to be done, so Brother Sharp took matters into his own hands, announcing loudly that the next week he was going to preach from the Letters of Paul. Everyone knew what he meant. A woman was to be submissive to her husband and especially obedient in church.

The next week began like a repeat of the previous weeks. Susan, dressed in her bright red silky dress, made her way to the woman's section where she took her seat. Edwin was in his seat staring straight ahead and trying to ignore the looks and whispers.

Brother Sharp started off in good form. Quoting scripture, he explained how the Lord had ordained that everything in his kingdom had a place and a woman's place was to be subservient to her husband.

"At the end of time God will take his vengeance," he shouted, "and you had better be ready!"

Warming to his own words, he let his voice rise to a feverish pitch as he railed about women who adorned their bodies with fancy clothes, ribbons and bows. Suddenly, just as his voice reached a rousing crescendo, he stopped in mid-sentence while staring at the women's section.

Every face in the church turned to look as Lula Sharp,

the preacher's wife, reached into her bag and pulled out a small red bow which she carefully fastened to the shoulder of her dress. Titters of laughter broke out among the congregation as they struggled to keep their composure.

The following week Edwin agreed to the divorce, explaining that his father had had a revelation.

Nine years later, almost to the day, Susan met her true love. They were married and lived happily ever after until her death in 1992. Lizzie grew up to be a proud daughter of her fiery mother, and was the first in the family to obtain a Master's Degree in Education.

Susan never talked about religion except to say that her God had always been one of love, not of vengeance.



Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

Family owned and operated since 1919

(256) 536-6654

Valley View Cemetery
open with 100 acres reserved for future development

(256) 534-8361



LAWREN'S*
809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table Linen, Cookware.

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath.

"Don't ever take a laxative and a sleeping pill at the same time."

Henry Austin, Scottsboro

Fly Me to the Moon

by *Barbara Wilkinson Corazzi*

My father, Clarence Otway Wilkinson, was born in Tennessee in 1907. He moved to Huntsville as an infant and attended East Clinton School. As was the trend in those days, when he finished the 7th grade he had to quit school and help out at home.

He worked as a sheet metal worker most of his adult life. In the early 1950s he took a job at the Redstone Arsenal. Over a period of time he continued his education by taking classes in various fields, receiving a number of certificates including one in Electronics Technology.

In 1956 suggestions were requested in relation to a problem with the Saturn V Rocket vortex. The rocket was propelled by liquid fuel. The problem was, as the fuel left the fuel tank it created a vortex, sucking air into the engine, and the flow could not be controlled.

My father learned of the problem but did not know what a vortex was. He soon learned that vortex was a general term for a whirlpool.

He remembered when he was a child, while playing in the creek, small whirlpools would form at the sides of the creek and he would put his finger in the center and the whirlpool would disappear. He thought about this for a while and decided he might have a solution, but first he had to make sure his solution would work.

His experiment called for a simulated fuel tank. He used a gallon glass water jug and made a wooden stand for the "tank." He removed the bottom of the jug (don't know how) and installed a simulated finger made

of aluminum, shaped like a rocket pointing up. This simulation had four fins at the bottom for support. It worked well and NASA adopted the idea. He received a signed letter of appreciation and commendation from Dr. Wernher Von Braun and a monetary award.

The Saturn V Rocket was launched on Nov. 9, 1967 which went to the moon and was partly due to the efforts of my father.


He loved Huntsville and Monte Sano mountain. He loved to go into the mountain and sit under a tree with a good book,

most likely a Zane Gray Western. His dream when he retired was to move out West to prospect; unfortunately he passed away in 1973, never fulfilling his dream.

This story is written with the help of sisters Brenda and Diane and brother Ken Wilkinson, with great appreciation. Ken gave me many of the details since I have lived out-of-state for many years. Thanks, Brother.

The family is very proud of our father for his participation in this monumental event and so proud that he was our father.

SHAVER'S Books.



• Books New and Old •
 Out of Print Search • First Editions • Books Bought & Sold • Rare Books • Appraisals • Children's Books • Estate Evaluation

JOHN M. SHAVER 256-533-7364 E-mail: shaversbks@comcast.net	RAILROAD STATION ANTIQUES 315 JEFFERSON ST. N. Huntsville, Alabama 35801
---	---

Ayers Farmers Market

EAT HEALTHY WITH FRESH, LOCAL FOODS!

WE'RE OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK



Turnip Greens
Collard Greens
Bill Mullins Honey

256-533-5667

Open Mon-Sat 8am - 6pm; Sunday 8am - 5pm

Located at the SE corner of Governors & Memorial Parkway

Saving Chloe

by Lisa Abend

August 31, 2003 was a day that changed the lives of my husband, the kids and me. That was the day we found 6-month-old puppy Chloe. We found her trying to get off a highway after she had been hit by a car. We stopped to help and little did we know just what we were getting ourselves into.

After rushing her to a Veterinary hospital we found that we had a difficult choice to make. We could either take on full responsibility for the dog (which would include an estimated veterinary bill of somewhere around \$1,000 or we could relinquish her to animal control. With tears in our eyes we had to let the local animal control take over.

But, the story didn't stop there. Over the next few days, I stayed in contact with animal control to find out the status of this beautiful little dog who had stolen my heart out on that highway. I ended up finding out that the only injury she had from her accident was a broken front leg. Still, the veterinary bills were being estimated at far more money than my husband and I could afford, because on top of the broken leg she was found to be suffering from kennel cough, intestinal worms and Lyme disease. That was when I started looking at my other options.

I quickly learned the undeniable truth that many "no-kill" organizations just don't have the funding to take on the responsibility of an injured animal. Across the country there are thousands of animals a year that get put down and can't be saved that are completely healthy. Most organizations just can't realistically pass over a bunch of healthy animals in order to fund the care of a sick one. Also, when most people decide to adopt a new pet, they don't want to take on the responsibilities associated with a sick or injured animal, when they have many other healthy animals to choose from. This poor dog was quickly put on the un-adoptable list at the animal control facility and was slated to be put down.

I knew that if I didn't do something, she was going to die. I had looked at many options and had not yet found an answer when it came down to the last 48 hours before Chloe was to die. It was then that a co-worker suggested I send out an office-wide email telling the story of this dog and asking for any help that I could get. I was desperate enough to save Chloe, so I did just that.

Within just a few hours I had more than enough money to take care of her bills and ultimately save her life. Just hours before she was going to be put down, my husband and I went into animal control with the money and paperwork needed to adopt this beautiful dog. At the time, we were just planning on adopting her in order to save her from being put down and then we would look for a permanent home for her when she was healthier. We never thought we would keep her.

On September 30, 2003, nearly 4 weeks after we had found Chloe on the highway, my husband and I brought her home. That day was also the day that Hurricane Isabel came through where we live, and "Hurricane" Chloe stepped into our lives for good.

Before all of this happened, I was never really one to want a dog. I actually never had one before and now I can't imagine life without her. I never thought that I could feel such intense love for a little dog, but adopting Chloe has changed my husband, our kids and me. She has brought a light into our home that is indescribable.

The joy that she brings us is immeasurable and we would go through everything all over again. How lucky we are to have her for her lifetime.

Now there's another
four-letter word
associated with
moving and storage.

Easy.

PODS is a whole new way to move and store that's a lot less stressful and a lot more convenient. With **PODS**, you can take your time moving or storing your belongings. We deliver a **POD** right to your door, you pack it at your own pace and we deliver it anywhere coast to coast or to our dry and secure warehouse. It's that simple.

Consider it moving and storage on your own terms, without the time-constraints, deadlines or cursing.

PODS
Portable On Demand Storage

1-888-776-PODS
www.PODS.com

Southern Sealing & Services, Inc.

Parking Lots * Handicap Parking * Driveways

Michael Walker
Stephen Walker

Huntsville, Al (256) 881-8337
Cell (256) 316-2200

Email: southernsealing@comcast.net



O'LE DAD'S BAR-B-Q

"It's Cooked In The Pit."
 256-828-8777 or 256-828-8778

Proudly Serving You
for 20 Years

Health Rating 98

All foods are prepared and cooked on site.
 We cook with hickory wood to have that great taste. We do not cook with gas!

- Pork Sandwich
 - Chicken Sandwich
 - Turkey Sandwich
 - Grilled Ham & Cheese
 - Grilled Turkey & Cheese
 - BLT
 - Rib Sandwich
 - Chicken Fingers
 - Hamburgers - *Made Fresh Daily*
 - Cheeseburgers - *Made Fresh Daily*
- Hot Dogs
 - Slaw Dogs - *Red Or White*
 - Chili Dogs
 - Plate Dinners
Rib, Pork, Turkey, Chicken, Chicken Fingers
 - Ribs (Slab & 1/2 Slab)
 - Whole Chicken
 - Pies
 - Banana Pudding - *Made Fresh Daily*
 - French Fries
- Potato Salad
 - Baked Beans
 - Green Beans
 - Homemade Hushpuppies
 - Slaw - *Mayonnaise Or Vinegar*
 - Salads - *With Or Without Meat*
 - Kid's Menu Available & Much More!!!

Savory Brunswick Stew

Remember to pick up your Family Pack Special:

1 lb. Special - \$15⁰⁰

*1 lb. of Pork or Whole Chicken,
 1/2 pint slaw, 1 pint side, 8 buns, sauce*

2 lb. Special - \$28⁰⁰

2 lbs. of Pork, 3 pint sides, 16 buns, sauce

3 lb. Special - \$39⁹⁵

3 lbs. of Pork, 2 quart sides, 24 buns, sauce

Stuffed Potatoes

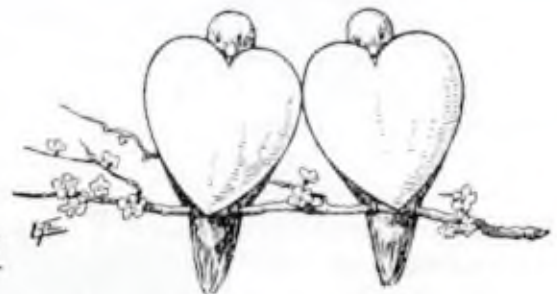
*Fork, Chicken, Turkey or Ham,
 with butter, cheese, sour cream
 & bacon bits*

Gallon Tea \$3.50

Gallon Lemonade \$4.50

**Happy Valentine's
 Day to your Family
 from Ours! We look
 forward to seeing you
 this Year.**

**Rosemary Leatherwood,
 Owner**



14163 Highway 231/431 North,
 Hazel Green, AL
Next door to Family Dollar!

Hours: Tuesday-Friday 10:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.; Saturday 10:00 a.m. - 7:00 p.m.

OUR STORY

by Leo W. Larkin

He was dressed in his tuxedo playing his violin with a group of classical musicians in the doorway of Parisian Department Store. They were playing their last piece as I walked up dressed in my jeans and checkered shirt, as he likes to tell it. Billy Joe Cooley, editor of the Huntsville News, was part of the small audience and suggested that all join him at the Picadilly Cafeteria. I went along, but I can't remember who else went besides this fellow who fiddled. Billy Joe and I carried on a lively conversation while this stranger was strangely quiet. Of course I told a hair-raising tale of my Kentucky kinfolk. (And here was this quiet man taking all this in.)

Later that summer, my son Shane Adkins and I arrived at the Gazebo Concerts at Big Spring Park to play in the concert. Here was the quiet man, without his tux and fiddle, operating the sound system. Humbly, almost shyly, he asked me what I needed in the way of sound.

The next year I arrived at the Big Spring Park with Shane to perform and, again, here was this guy named Bob Larkin. No longer a stranger, we conversed a little more freely. Shane and I performed, and Bob's intention of inviting me to join him and the staff and performers for supper was lost in my selling albums and tapes, along with conversing with the audience. Always a gentleman, he wouldn't intrude.

Later, we accidentally met in the mall and he asked me for a date. I couldn't go at that particular time and he said, "Well, how about January 6th?" - which was three weeks down the road. We were to go to the Commanding General's New Year reception at Redstone Arsenal, and then to a movie and dinner. I thought, "What will we talk about all that time?" I dressed to the nines and met the General. We stayed at the reception for ten minutes, listening to the harpist.

We returned to my home and I changed into my jeans. (It was four degrees outside.) We saw the movie, "Dances with Wolves," then ate at Red Lobster, finding that we had plenty to talk about.

Next he took me to a Chamber Music concert where I was bored to tears. During intermission Billy Joe Cooley greeted us with "Well, are you guys courtin' heavy?" I nearly went through the floor

with embarrassment.

At the end of the date, Bob asked me, "Well, are we courtin' heavy?" He told me he wanted to be serious but didn't want to get his hopes up. I spent 30 minutes telling him why I couldn't commit to a relationship. On our next date he asked me to marry him and literally put me into a state of shock. (He hadn't even held my hand.) I said, "What do you

Center for Hearing, LLC

7531 S. Memorial Parkway Suite C Huntsville, AL 35802
Phone (256) 489-7700



Maurice Gant, BC-HIS
Board Certified Hearing
Instrument Specialist

- Free Hearing Tests and Consultations
- Zero down financing with low payments
- Competitive pricing
- Service and repair of all brands and makes of aids
- Hearing aid batteries
- Appointments - Monday thru Friday from (8:00 am until 5:00 pm) and Saturday upon request

00508041

Each day is a gift.



ALL HOSPICES ARE NOT THE SAME. Hospice Family Care is Madison County's only not-for-profit hospice provider and was one of the first hospices to open in the United States.



HOSPICE Family Care
(256) 650-1212 • 3304 Westmill Drive
Huntsville • hospicefamilycare.org

want with me? I'm a country girl and you're sophisticated." I told him that I would pray about it. It threw me in such a state of mind that I lost my car in four parking lots that week. Two of them were small lots.

Bob included himself in everything I was doing, particularly hospital visitations and I saw his true character. Through a vision, Jesus revealed to me that this was the person he had for me. I accepted his proposal within a Valentine, and then it was his turn to go into shock!

I had spent many days seeking God's will with praying and fasting on Lake Guntersville. I always had a desire to be married there. We spent our three-month courtship bringing the music together and it was beautiful. Shane was excited and joined us, making a trio of the Classical-Country Connection.

We announced our wedding on the WAAY Too Early show at 5:30 a.m. and played "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You" with Bob on violin, Shane on guitar and me on harmonica.

Friends came from near and far to help with the wedding. We

were married April 6th at Lake Guntersville. I had a real country girl wedding. The dogwoods were blooming, and the redbuds were still hanging on, possibly just for us. It was a warm day, with a breeze, and the first weekend in nine weeks that it hadn't rained.

The ducks quacked, birds sang their melodies and woodpeckers hammered noisily. The water lapping on the shore accompanied all. My son Shane and Carl Williams furnished the ceremony guitar music. I proceeded down the winding brick pathway to Mother Maybell's "You Are My Flower". Bob then serenaded me with "You Light Up My Life," accompanied by Shane. (They had told me they were going to play "Frankie and Johnny".) Shane gave me away. My minister said it was like being in a storybook. Shane said it was a smash!

We are celebrating almost 25 years of marriage, living happily ever after and still playing beautiful music. We have played in the major cities of South Africa and in the high mountains of Peru. Our regular gig is Bennett Nurseries in the spring (April - May) and their October Pansy Festival.

West Station Antiques

*Come visit us in
Owens Cross Roads at the
Historic Hornbuckle Garage
on old Hwy 431.*

Phone (256) 725-BOOK (2665)

**Books - Paper Items
Postcards - Linens - Quilts
Pottery - China - Glassware
Sterling Silver - Jewelry
Furniture**

*Visit us at our website:
www.gibsonbooks.com*

**3037 Old Highway 431
Owens Cross Roads 35763**

256-725-BOOK (2665)

**New Hours: Thurs - Sat 10 - 5
Sun - 1 - 5**



Cliff Hill

Attorney At Law

- * Social Security Disability * Personal Injury
- * Workers Compensation

"Helping You Is Not A Job - It's Our Mission"

929 Merchants Walk
Huntsville, Al

(256) 534-4502 Office
(256) 534-4503 Fax
(256) 233-3328 (Athens)

No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers.

My Life with Bonny and the Importance of Keeping It Simple

by Steve Gierhart

You know, some of us guys are just a little slow to wake up. Our hormones are in control of our lives though their hold declines as we enter middle age. I'm 64 and still like to believe the lie that I'm part of that age group, at least until I have to apply for Medicare. Or maybe it is simply the fact that experience makes men smarter, able to somehow rationalize our way around the ... oh, let's get it off the table ... that deadly sin of lust, at least lust under the wrong circumstances. You know what I'm saying guys. Sex can mess up love. And for men and women looking for not only fun in the sack but companionship, a guy, especially an old guy, has to learn new "tricks."

I've been in love multiple times in my life. I remember the first ones, the middle ones and especially the last one. My wife. Bonny.

We both tried marriage and failed. Divorce is a real bummer, especially with children in the mix. The lack of companionship seems to kill a lot of marriages. By companionship I mean the positive kind of relationship in which both parties not only enjoy closeness but distance. They enjoy fun but also quiet. In short they take pleasure in lives of intimacy built on an ability to depend on each other. The one-sided relationships fail but not the two-sided ones.

In 2000 Bonny and I were both divorced and professionals, she as a software engineer at a local defense company, and I as a busi-

ness manager for a project office on Redstone Arsenal. We met first in the safe confines of a class for older singles at Trinity Methodist Church. I was a greeter that Sunday morning of our encounter, but she stood out with a bright smile. I remember the shortness in my breath and the tingling stand of the hair on my arm at her warm handshake.

Over the course of several weeks we talked a bit and socialized a bit more inside our class. However, the tipping point occurred at Ruby Tuesday's. It was both humorous and memorable. My daughter, Erin, was only thirteen at the time and was with me that November Sunday. We arrived a few minutes after class, but by noon the "after church" crowd was in full force. Tables were at a premium and our class had close to a dozen munchers, so we opted to use the bar stools instead of waiting for a large table.

Erin and I sat together and were soon joined by Bonny and an older gentleman from our class. He was clearly struck with Bonny. Most of his conversation was directed at her. As the meal progressed, Bonny inched closer and closer to me as our classmate got friendlier and friendlier. She would talk to Erin

Neals Pressure Washing

WE CLEAN IT ALL!

Painting Home Repair

256-603-4731

Licensed & Insured

Proud Member of  the BBB



LEE'S MAGIC TUNNEL CAR WASH

256.533.5620

2318 MEMORIAL PKWY. SW

www.leesmagictunnel.com

as well as me and that was relaxing. I knew Erin felt out of place with a bunch of old geezers and geezerettes. It was in those moments of closeness, whether forced by our classmate or by hormones, that we exchanged business cards.

I held on to that card. Finally, within a week of Christmas, I called her at work and suggested lunch. She picked O'Charley's where we enjoyed a first quiet lunch date. We opted for a movie that weekend, Mel Gibson's "What Women Want". We went to our seats, only to find two of our friends from our singles class sitting in back of us! Of course, the word spread but we did not mind. That first holiday season was momentous. We went to a New Year's Eve class party and then visited her family afterwards. It snowed that day and Bonny asked me to come to her house to watch New Years bowl games. We walked in the snow on her farm in Brownsboro with her huge and friendly dog, Jodie, she holding my arm, and both of us feeling very comfortable with each other. We knew there would be more.

We did not rush, but enjoyed the little things. She had picked a large number of apples from the old tree in the yard earlier in the year, so we peeled apples as we talked and began to discover each other. Like most couples, we enjoyed a lot of similar things, but importantly, family was significant for both of us. And where we were different, we let it be. Bonny did not shy away from saying what she thought, but neither did she interfere with the things I enjoyed, such as fishing and football. She understood if I had to spend time with children or grandchildren, or if I wanted to go to a movie she did not care about.

Not rushing is an important part of developing a companionship. We spent three years enjoying each others' company before I asked her to marry me. In 2004 we flew to Costa Rica where we stayed at an all-inclusive resort on the Pacific Ocean. There we wed on the beach on May 9. It was hot, blast furnace hot, but that week was special, whether we walked through a rain forest or took a dinner cruise on the ocean. We even rented a car and drove through small villages and up a volcanic mountain where we bathed in a hot mud pool.

No matter how good the memo-

ries are, they will not preclude relationship fatigue. However, the mutual realization of the safety and enjoyment in true companionship always maintains the flame. Bonny and I have stayed together for over fifteen years, married over eleven. She is more than my Valentine, and that makes February 14th extraordinary. I know she will be there next February 14 and many more after that. That is love. Bonny is the one I turn to when I am happy or when I am sad. She does the same for me.

Helping home buyers and sellers in
Huntsville for the past 30 years!

MARY ELLEN *PETERS*
Company



Re/Max Alliance - (256) 797-0203
Homes@MaryEllenPeters.com
www.HuntsvilleNeighbors.com

HEART OF DIXIE[®] Popcorn & Supply Fun Food Equipment & Supplies

We also carry equipment & supplies for Sno Cones, Shaved Ice, Nachos, Chips & Cheese, Cotton Candy, Funnel Cakes, Lemonade, Candy Apples, Hot Dogs, Deep Fryers, and Much, Much More!

*Visit our showroom for the largest array of
equipment and supplies in the South.*

Perfect for Little League baseball - football games - basketball games - concerts - festivals - carnivals. Free delivery!!

Toll Free (877)828-3270 - Local (256) 828-3270 - Fax (256) 828-4393

191 Darwin Road - Huntsville 35811
www.heartofdixiepopcorn.com

**"My wife is such a bad
cook, in our house we
pray AFTER the meal."**

Rodney Dangerfield

Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



We had SO many people call to identify the sweet boy in last month's Photo of the Month. Of course it was ex-judge **Danny Banks** and I had no idea so many people remembered him from being just a little guy. But there is only one winner and the first correct caller was **Frances Clowdes**. Frances is retired from working for the government and said her daughter helped her figure it out. **Donna Brodie** is her daughter and between them they guessed it, as they both knew Danny years ago. Congratulations Frances!

Margaret Wlodarski was a beloved Mom and Grandma who was one of the first members of Faith Presbyterian Church. Margaret was a funny, feisty, honest lady who would tell you the truth if you wanted to hear it or not! She was an amazing cook. She passed away in early January at the age of 89. She is survived by daughters **Mary Sabine Wlodarski**, **Ferne Wlodarski**, **Beverly Wlodarski** and son **Frank Wlodarski**, his wife **Amy** and their sons **Schuler** and **Coleman**.

I just wanted to say thank you to the **Postal Carriers**, the **UPS**

and **FEDEX drivers** and the **contractors** who were hired to get everyone's packages delivered to them over the holiday season. I remember sitting in front of a fire on Christmas Eve, all cozy, and having mail delivered that night. It was raining and blustery and I'm sure those people would rather have been home but they were out doing their job. I for one appreciate you very much, and by the way, Old Town and the Historic District area has the best **UPS driver EVER**. His name is **Orlando King** and he been working this route for 29 years. He's the **BEST!**

Don't forget the annual **Greater Huntsville Humane Society Dog Ball**, scheduled this year for Feb. 5 at 5:45 pm in the South Hall 2, Von Braun Civic Center. From 5:45 til 7pm there is a social hour which includes visiting with the dogs who will walk the runway, dinner is served at 7pm and the show begins at 8:15. The name of the event this year is "PupArazzi" and there are prize drawings for attendees for two tickets, one being a \$2,000 gift

card and the other, tickets to the 2017 Westminster Dog Show. Call **Jill Gardner** at 256.881.8081 for more information.

I met the nicest people recently when **Jim "Winnie" Walden** came to the office with grandson **Jameson**. Jim's wife is **Nancy Walden** and she worked on my teeth many years ago as a dental technician, and I always looked forward to see her.

There are so many loved ones that we've lost over the years, during the holiday season including Valentines Day. It makes the season not quite as festive for many of us. With those people in mind, I've hidden a **very tiny heart** somewhere in the magazine, the first one who finds it and calls to let me know where it is, wins a years subscription to the magazine!

LeeAnn's Bar & Grill is now open on Mondays! They used to be closed for Sunday and Monday but now they're open Mondays. I've eaten at LeeAnns - it's really good and you get lots of it!

Happy belated birthday to **Oscar Llerena**, who had a birthday on Dec. 24. He lives in Miami but loves Huntsville and

Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502

Hint: This little guy on the right knows alot about newspapers and good eating.



Free Attorney Consultation for Bankruptcy

The Law Firm of

MITCHELL HOWIE

Legal Services - Probate - Estate Planning - Wills

256-533-2400

No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers.

went to Huntsville High - class of 1966. He and wife **Maria** have been away for many years but Oscar loves his good memories of Huntsville.

Frank Riddick was a name that many recognized. He was a highly respected Probate Judge here for 18 years before retiring in 2000. Before that he worked for the Army Missile Command on Redstone Arsenal and at Teledyne Brown in Huntsville. He was a native Huntsvillian and loved discussing the history of this area. Frank passed away at the age of 86 at the end of December. He leaves wife **Barbara McDaniel Riddick**; son **Madison County Commissioner Phil Riddick (Rebecca)**; daughter **Teresa Chilek (Greg)**; two sisters, **Miriam Dendy** of Huntsville and **Min Nash** of High Point, NC; and grandson, **Steven Riddick** of Huntsville. Judge Riddick was one of those larger-than-life people whom, once you met him, you never forgot him.

This must be proof that riding a Harley motorcycle is good for your health. Huntsville resident **Ben Harris** will turn 103 on Feb. 8 and he was riding his Harley until he was 98!! That is amazing and we want to wish Ben a Happy Birthday! His wife **Mary Harris** sent this to us and she's SO proud of him.

The People's Law School gives everyday folks an opportunity to learn about all aspects

of the law, and each Monday evening a different lawyer instructs the class for eight weeks. We were happy to hear that the classes are completely full and some have waiting lists. A very valuable service that is also affordable - so rare these days.

"Thank you for being my friend" is something that **Robert Madison** would tell you, even if he just met you. Robert worked for **Cecil Ashburn** for many years and **Tom** and I loved getting together with him to catch up. Robert was a hardworking, sweet and funny man who loved his family. He passed away after a long fight with cancer, on December 26th. We send our deepest condolences to his stepdaughters **Donna Frost** and **Sheila Brady**; ten grandchildren; fifteen great-grandchildren; his sister **Betty Madison**, brother **Calvin Madison** and nieces and nephews. Also good friend **John Ashburn**. He was a really positive person who will be so missed.

Russell D. Watson will be 94 years old this month. He's called "RD" and has lived in Huntsville since the 1950s. He has been married to his sweetheart **Genell** for over 50 years. They still live in the first home they ever bought. Russell is a huge short wave radio enthusiast and has friends all over the world from his ra-

dio conversations. His daughter **Margaret Watson** who loves living in Old Town sends special love to her Dad on his birthday!

Have a warm and safe February and this is a good time to start planning what you're going to put in your garden!

RUTH'S
NUTRITION
Solving your health puzzle

A health food store with more!



Ruth's Staff is knowledgeable & courteous. We know how to take care of customers. Come see why our shoppers keep coming back!

(256) 883-4127

Locally Owned and Serving Huntsville for nearly 50 Years.

7540 South Memorial Parkway
 Rosie's Shopping Center
 Huntsville, AL

9:30-5:30 M-F; 9:30-2:30 Sat.

RuthsNutrition.com



United Fire, Smoke & Water Restoration
America's Finest
24/7 Emergency Service
256-533-7163
www.united-specialist.com



Making It Sweet

Shoefly Cake

- Mix:**
 1 c. Molasses
 2 c. hot water
 2 t. baking soda
- Sift:**
 4 c. flour
 2 c. light brown sugar
 2 t. baking soda
 1/2 t. salt
 1 t. cinnamon
 1/4 t. nutmeg
 1/4 t. ginger
 1 c. butter

Mix the water, molasses & soda in a bowl, set aside. Sift dry ingredients into another bowl, cut in butter til crumbly. Spoon out 1-1/2 cup crumb mixture for topping. Stir molasses mixture into remaining mixture just til blended. Batter will be thin.

Pour into a 13 x 9 inch baking pan. Sprinkle reserved crumbs on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes.

Funeral Pie

- 2 c. golden raisins
 1/2 c. sugar
 2 T. flour
 1/2 c. pecans, chopped
 3 T. lemon juice
 2 t. grated lemon peel
 Prepared pie shell

Soak raisins in 2 cups hot water til they are plump and have absorbed all or most of the water. When cooled, stir in remaining ingredients - make sure there are no lumps from the flour - and pour into a prepared, unbaked pie shell. Bake at 400 degrees for about 45 minutes.

This is called Funeral Pie because it was taken to the families any time someone died. People always came to the home to "pay their respects" and no one ever came empty handed. This pie was always a big hit.

This was easy to prepare and tasted good, too.

Wedding Cookies

- 1 c. powdered sugar
 1 stick butter, softened
 1 t. vanilla
 1 c. flour
 1 c. finely chopped pecans

Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Mix well. Shape into small one-inch balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 20-25 minutes. Remove from pan and roll hot cookies in powdered sugar, allow to cool on waxed paper, then roll in the sugar again. Store in a cool, dry place.

Ice Box Tea Cakes

- 2 sticks butter
 2 c. sugar
 2 eggs
 2 T. vinegar
 2 t. vanilla
 Pinch salt
 1/4 t. nutmeg
 4-1/2 c. flour

Gibson's
BAR-B-QUE
 A HUNTSVILLE TRADITION SINCE 1956

SOMETHING NEW IS GOING ON AT GIBSON'S!
We now offer a Meat and 3 Special

YOU CHOOSE ONE MEAT AND 3 SIDES - INCLUDES A DRINK OF YOUR CHOICE - \$9.89

AVAILABLE AT BOTH LOCATIONS!

This is in addition to our traditional menu that includes:

One Pound Family Pack
 (for 4 People)

\$19.00

Two Pound Family Pack
 (for 8 People)

\$36.00

Three Pound Family Pack
 (for 12 People)

\$52.00

3319 MEMORIAL PARKWAY S.W.
256-881-4851

8412 WHITESBURG DR. S.
256-882-0841

2 t. baking powder
 1 t. baking soda
 Cream butter and sugar well. Add beaten eggs, vinegar, vanilla, salt and nutmeg. Stir till well blended. Sift the flour, baking powder and soda. Add to the creamed mixture and mix well. Chill at least one hour.

When chilled, shape into two rolls about 2 inches in diameter and about 12 inches long. Wrap each roll in waxed paper and chill. When ready to bake, slice thin and bake on greased baking sheet at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes, till golden brown. Store in a dry, cool place.

Peanut Butter Cookies

1 c. flour
 1 t. baking powder
 1/2 t. salt
 1/3 c. sugar
 1/3 c. butter
 1/3 c. brown sugar
 1/3 c. peanut butter
 1 egg
 Sift dry ingredients. Cream butter and beat in all the other ingredients, add to the flour mixture - dough will be thick. Drop by rounded teaspoons onto an ungreased baking sheet, flatten tops with a fork. Bake at 350 degrees for 10-15 minutes, don't overcook.

Spiced Pecans

1 egg white
 1 t. cinnamon
 1/2 t. ea. allspice & nutmeg

1 c. sugar
 2 T. water
 1/2 t. salt
 2 lb. pecan halves
 Mix all ingredients, except for nuts, in a large mixing bowl. Stir in nuts till well coated. Pour in a single layer onto a buttered baking pan and bake at 275 degrees for 50 minutes, stirring often to break up.

When cool, store in an airtight container.

Lemon Squares

Crust:
 1/2 c. butter
 1/4 c. powdered sugar
 1 c. plain flour
 Mix all and pat into a nine-inch square cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes, set it on the counter and let cool. Now make your filling.

Filling:
 1 c. sugar
 2 eggs
 1/2 t. baking powder
 2 T. lemon juice
 1 t. grated lemon peel
 1/4 t. salt
 1 T. plain flour
 Cream the sugar and eggs together well. Add remaining ingredients and pour onto the cooled crust. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Be sure to not overbake! Let cool and cut into small squares. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve. These will disappear quickly!



IN BLOOM
five points

Gifts - Cut Flowers
 Plants & Accessories
 Weddings - Parties

We deliver fresh
 flowers locally

256-519-8898

Ron Cooper
 Mark Kimbrough
 601 McCullough Ave.
 Huntsville Al. 35801

Rolo's
 Restaurant With
 The Trains!



975-E Airport Road

(256) 883-7656

Country Cooking
 Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner
 Mon. - Sat. 6:30 am - 9:00 pm
 Closed Sundays

THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE



**MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS
 NOW FOR YOUR SPECIAL EVENT
 IN A
 BEAUTIFUL SETTING!**

CALL (256) 489-9200

**TAKING RESERVATIONS FOR
 WEDDINGS, MEETINGS,
 REUNIONS AND RECEPTIONS.
 CALL FOR INFORMATION**

**1205 Kildare St.
 Huntsville, Al 35801**

1860 Law and Order in Huntsville



- No fireworks were allowed in the city in 1860 without the consent of the Mayor, who specified when and where they were to be exhibited.

- A person was permitted to burn a stove pipe or chimney fire only when the roof was wet from rain or covered with snow.

- A fine of from \$5 to \$10 was assessed upon any individual who carried an unguarded candle or lamp into a stable, or who kept ashes in barrels, boxes or wooden vessel of any kind. The punishment in case of such violation was "any number of stripes, not exceeding 39, at the discretion of the Mayor."

- If an individual failed to obey an order of the Mayor, as head of the fire department, the fine was \$20.

- All persons attending a fire, and not a member or any company, were required to assist the firemen, if called upon, or pay a fine of \$10,

- Whenever a fire was discovered by a policeman, or he heard an alarm, it was his duty to cry Fire, to ring the city bell, and to make known the place of the fire. He then proceeded to the blaze to help extinguish it, or to keep order.

- Officers and members of the fire companies were exempt from paying the city poll tax for work upon the streets.

- The community bell, a vital factor in the life of the community back in those days, was rung by the police every two hours. This was one of their standing duties, and could not be overlooked under penalty.

- Water rates were based on the assessed valuation of property. The owner of a dwelling house valued at \$1,500 or under, \$5 per year; \$2,000 and over, \$10; more than \$8,000, \$15.

Luciano

a fine italian restaurant



NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN ITALIAN FOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES

Reservations Accepted
256-880-9920

Sunken Garden Room seats up to 45 for Private Parties - Call now to Reserve

Re-Opened and Operated by the Original Owners

** The Schrader Family *
Since 1963: Serving a Rich Variety of European Fare*

964 Airport - Huntsville, Al

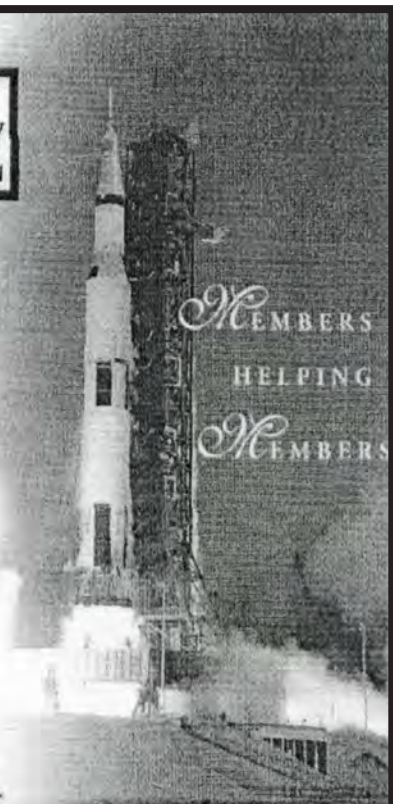


Main Office
2200 Clinton Avenue
Huntsville, Alabama 35805
(256) 533-0541

Branch Office
200 West Side Sq., Suite 48
Huntsville, Alabama 35801
(256) 536-0091

Office Hours
Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri
8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Wednesday
8:00 a.m. - Noon

www.rocketcityfcu.org



- The charge of each private bath or bath house was \$3 per year; on dry goods or grocery stores, \$10; private boarding house, \$20; hotel or tavern, \$50 and two percent of the value of the rent; eating house, \$10; doctor, dentist or lawyer's office, \$5; each steam engine of not more than three horsepower, \$15, and \$3 for each additional horsepower.

- Sunday was the "day of rest" in Huntsville in 1860. To insure this, an ordinance was inserted in the code to notify residents that "no person shall in this city do or exercise any worldly labor on that day under a penalty of \$5 for each offense."

- All businesses except hotels, boarding houses and apothecaries were required to close on Sundays. Barbers could keep their shop open until noon,

- A fine of \$1 was assessed upon any person who bought goods or commodities of any sort on Sunday. An exception was made in the case of sickness or necessity.

- No sports, public exercises, exhibition or game was allowed on Sunday. Violators were subject to a \$5 fine. A similar penalty was required of any person who loaded or unloaded a wagon, or drove horses, cattle, sheep or swine through the streets, except in case of necessity, on that day.

- "Bawdy houses" or "houses of ill-fame" were banned. The ordinance further read that "all public prostitutes, or such persons as lead a notoriously lewd and lascivious course of life, and all persons not being lawfully married, who shall cohabit or live together as man and wife, shall pay a fine of not less than \$25."

- Billiard saloons, Jenny Linds, bagatelles and other table devices were required to be closed at midnight under \$20 penalty. So were saloons and ten pin alleys.

- If a person erected a frame building on the public square, or within 300 feet of its boundaries, he was fined \$50 for each day the structure was allowed to stand, either in process or after completed.

- Quantities of more than 25 pounds of gunpowder had to be stored in the powder magazine, under the lock and key of the Constable. The charge for this service was 20 cents for a 25 pound keg; 15 cents for 12-1/2 pounds, any smaller package, 10 cents.

- A tax of \$1 per head was levied for each hog more than six months old and for each

litter of pigs found at large in the city limits.

- Whoever galloped or ran a horse or any other animal used for the saddle or gear within the city limits, except in case of emergency judged by the Mayor, had to forfeit \$1 for each offense.

- A tax of 50 cents per head was levied annually on dogs.

- Kite-flying was banned as a misdemeanor.

- It was specified also that a \$5 fine would be assessed upon any person who hitched an animal to a shade tree, the box of a shade tree, a fence or railing, except the iron fence around the courthouse. This rule also applied inside the cemetery.

- Bathing in the Big Spring branch within less than 300 yards below the dam, between the hours of 4 a.m. and 10 p.m., constituted another misdemeanor.

- No interment was permitted in the cemetery between sundown and daylight without the consent of the mayor. All graves had to be at least four feet deep.



CAREFREE LIVING

MAXWELL PLACE SE
BRICK CONDO, GARAGE, QUIET
AND CONVENIENTLY LOCATED

213 BEAUCHAMP

\$189,000



CALL PEGGY &
JOHN
RICHARD



(256) 603-7110

SINCE 1972

TEAMRICHARDREALTORS.COM

The Story of Rusty

by Cathey Carney



Marilyn had been married for about five years when she and her husband divorced. It was a bitter time in both their lives, and a year dragged on until, both miserable, they decided they couldn't live with each other any longer. The fight over possessions was lengthy. Marilyn got most everything, even their beagle, Rusty.

At the time Rusty was about four years old, but still acted like a puppy. He was a friendly, outgoing dog and especially loved going after anything that was thrown to him and bringing it back. His coat was shiny, his eyes bright and expressive. He loved both his "parents" immensely.

When Marilyn and her husband began having troubles, Rusty was sometimes caught in the middle. He was the victim of a broken glass one drunken night after an especially bad fight and had to be taken to the vet's with cuts. He cringed at the shouting and got to where he hid under the bed when he heard yelling.

The divorce finally over, Marilyn got over her grief fairly quickly and began to date other men. She worked during the day, so the long walks she used to take with Rusty at night became very infrequent.

And Rusty began to try less and less to get her attention. He didn't run to meet her at the door anymore. He began to eat less and

less and seemed a little listless. Marilyn noticed all of this but was so caught up in her new and exciting life that she just didn't take the time to pay attention to him. He got to the point where he spent a lot of time just sleeping. His eyes were no longer bright but had a dull glaze over them, His coat became dry and dull. He gave up, and in just a short while, he died.

Marilyn could not forgive herself for her neglect. She had realized that something was wrong, but didn't do anything about it. She couldn't bring him back. The sweet animal who had lived only for his owners'

attention died because of the lack of it. Marilyn cried herself to sleep for weeks. She asked me to write this story because someone out there, who may not be paying attention to their pet, may still have the chance to show love and give it the attention it deserves.

Your cats and dogs have feelings and memory, just like you. They will love you no matter if you punish them or hurt them. They need you to take good care of them, and especially to show attention to them. Most of all, they need your kind words and touch. Please don't make the same mistake Marilyn did. Show your pets your affection for them every day. You surely won't regret it.

Woody Anderson



HUNTSVILLE, AL
(256) 539-9441

LOCATIONS ALSO IN
MADISON AND FAYETTEVILLE

"HOME OF RED CARPET SERVICE"

WWW.WOODYANDERSONFORD.COM

FOR OVER 50 YEARS, OUR COURTEOUS, FRIENDLY SERVICE HAS NEVER GONE OUT OF STYLE

Offering Personal Concierge Services to help you through your busy days!

Including:

- Pick Up and Delivery*
- Complete Auto Detailing*
- Car wash and Wax*
- Oil change & other services*



1911



BPN

BUSINESS PREFERRED NETWORK
EST. 1989

Valentine's Day - 2000

by Malcolm W. Miller

Lois and I were introduced by a friend at a singles Christmas party one week before Christmas 1999. We had both gone to this party because the holidays are tough when you are living alone. I had lived alone for quite sometime and I had actually had a can of chili for my Thanksgiving dinner that year. A couple of my brothers had invited me for dinner; however I just didn't feel like I fit in because they had such wonderful families.

Lois and I went on our first date Christmas night that year. Lois was off work that week because of Christmas, but I was still cutting hair and holiday weeks are always very busy so I did not call her until a week after we met.

We dated a few Saturday nights after that and then on Valentines Day 2000 we went to at Mr. C's for dinner and wine and I sang the following song to her. This was a very special song that I had written just for her because she seemed like such a special person.

*When just a child each Christmas was
a magic time for me,*

*Though often disappointed when I
looked under the tree.*

*Through life I have learned that clouds
are followed by the bight sunshine,*

*I found this true on Christmas night
1999.*

*Words cannot express the thrill I get
when you smile at me*

*And when you say you love me I wonder
can this be.*

*But you have showed me in so many
ways that lets me know you are mine.*

*We found true love on Christmas night
1999.*

*The future looks so bright for us in the
new millennium.*

*We don't know what it holds for us as
it has just begun.*

*One thing I know for certain will continue
for all time*

*Are the memories made together on
Christmas 1999."*

Since that Valentines' night we have been totally inseparable and several Christmases and Valentines have passed. Many memories have been made in the past fifteen years.

I mentioned to her later that a couple I knew had married in Las Vegas and all of a sudden she had me making plane reservations. Five months after Christmas 1999 we married in Las Vegas, May 25, 2000.

Things were romantic there, Elvis was on every corner wanting to marry us, but we chose the Clerk in the court house because it was only \$35. We both are very tight with what money we have. There was a lady from Alabama there that was waiting for her daughter to be married. She signed our wedding certificate and loaned Lois her bouquet to hold while we were being married.

We flew over Hoover Dam while we were there and landed at the Grand Canyon where we toured and had lunch. This was all a very enjoyable and fun time.

Since then we have lived through heart attack (Malcolm), a few surgeries (Malcolm) crushed arms and elbows (Lois) a house fire (both of us), and a new hip (Lois). These things have made our relationship stronger as we have had to help each other through these tough times.

This May 25 we will have been married fifteen years and we are hoping for many more years together.



Lee



Ann's

Behind the
Red Caboose
on
Church Street

256.489.9300

**We have entertainment! Check out the
schedule on our website www.leeanns.biz
as well as our Facebook page**

- * Private Conference Room
- * Half-Off Prices Wednesday Evenings on Appetizers
- * 24 TVs for Watching your Favorite Sports
- * Game Nights

**We Cater - Call us with your order and
we'll deliver your favorite food to you
at the time you need it!**

***Serving Great Food and Spirits for the
Best Customers in the World!***

Closed Sundays

OUR STORY

by Sherrill "Buddy" Esslinger and Sandra Esslinger

In February 1956 I began working for NASA. It was the start of my federal career of 38 years. Then in the summer of 1957, my cousin and I bought an unfinished 14 foot Run-A-Bout boat. We finished it that summer, natural finish on top with red and white on the sides. The motor was not powerful, over time we upgraded to a much more powerful outboard motor.

We had lots of fun on Whitaker Lake, over at another cousin's cabin. I did not date much prior to this time, but in the summer of 1957 my cousin became acquainted with a young lady, Joyce Lee, whose parents owned a cabin on the same lake.

He asked her if she had a friend who would like to meet me. That turned out to be this beautiful brunette, Sandra Bradley, whose family were good friends of the Dismukes, parents of my cousin's date. Sandra was a junior at Phillips High School in Birmingham and worked at Edward Chevrolet on a school DO program.

We had to introduce ourselves to each other and that started a long and happy relationship. We dated off and on for 2-1/2 years. I was driving back and forth from Gurley to Birmingham. This got to a point where I was going to Birmingham every other weekend to every week. Sandra's Mother said I could stay at their house, they had an extra bedroom. Which made it nice not having to go back home late at night. Let me say there was no "hanky-panky" going on. On Sunday we would all go to Sandra's church then

we would either go out to eat or go back to her Mother's for lunch.

I had given Sandra my class ring and we were going steady. Then I met this other girl at work that I wanted to date and asked for my ring back. Sandra told her mother that the only ring she would ever accept from me again would be an engagement ring. Needless to say I came back to dating Sandra.

COMPUTER PROBLEMS?

Thorough Diagnosis and repair of computer Problems. Spyware & Virus Removal. Tutoring Available. In-home Consultation and Flexible Schedules.

MARK MAGNANT

UAH DEGREE

256-539-1084

Senior Discounts Available

CALL MARK FOR HELP - MENTION THIS AD FOR A 10% DISCOUNT!



Each day is a gift.

ALL HOSPICES ARE NOT THE SAME. Hospice Family Care is Madison County's only not-for-profit hospice provider and was one of the first hospices to open in the United States.



HOSPICE Family Care
(256) 650-1212 • 3304 Westmill Drive
Huntsville • hospicefamilycare.org

The funniest thing happened Christmas of 1958. Both girls I was dating gave me luggage. I didn't know if they were trying to tell me to pack up and go or stay! We still have both pieces and have used them through the years.

On our dates we would go to the drive-in movies, (that is a thing of the past) and we got popcorn and coke or we would get a hamburger. In the winter time, we would take a blanket to wrap up to stay warm, and had oranges or popcorn. We respected each other; I can say that was how our parents brought us up to be!!

On one of our dates in 1959 when we were going to a drive-in movie, we were crossing the railroad tracks when I asked her if she would like to become Mrs. Esslinger, needless to say she said YES!! We continued dating and finally set a date, March 5, 1960, to get married. Now here is the way we finalized everything. We got our marriage license in Madison County, married in Jefferson County, in a Baptist Church by a Methodist Minister.

We lived in Huntsville; the first apartment did not last but a month because of huge roaches. The next apartment was upstairs on 1021 Pratt Avenue. We were so tired of moving from our apartment to this one, we both plopped down on the bed and it fell apart. Our new neighbors downstairs hollered and ask if we were all right. We were both embarrassed.

Our third apartment was a duplex on 408 Ward Avenue. We lived there till we built our home on the farm where I was raised and moved in December of 1965 and we are still living there today.

This is what a blind date can turn out to be. We have been blessed with 3 daughters and 6 grandchildren.

“People who complain about their taxes can be divided roughly into two categories - men and women.”

Joy Dement, Grant



RAY PFEIFFER
Investment Executive



ACU Investment Services offers you comprehensive financial products and services to meet your needs.

Ray Pfeiffer is committed to offering you the one-on-one attention you deserve.

Schedule an appointment today!

**Alabama Credit Union's
South Huntsville Office:
4769 Whitesburg Drive; Suite 102
Huntsville, Alabama 35802**

256.382.6192 | RPFEIFFER@ALABAMACU.COM

Securities and insurance products are offered through Cetera Investment Services LLC (doing insurance business in CA as CFGIS Insurance Agency), member FINRA/SIPC. Advisory services are offered through Cetera Investment Advisers LLC. Neither firm is affiliated with the financial institution where investment services are offered. Investments are: • Not FDIC/NCUSIF insured • May lose value • Not financial institution guaranteed • Not a deposit • Not insured by any federal government agency.

Cetera Investment Services registered office: 4769 Whitesburg Drive; Suite 102, Huntsville, Alabama, 35802
© 2014 Cetera Investment Services LLC 13-0903 01/14

Don't Let Your Allergies Control your Life!



**Huntsville Welcomes Allergist
William J. Freeman, M.D.**

Board Certified Otolaryngology with
44 Years Experience

**Pollen - Dust - Mold
Immunization**

**Nose, Eyes, Sinus, Lungs & Skin Allergies
Psoriasis, Eczema, Hives, Angiodema - most respond**

(256) 924-8311

**All Insurance Accepted - 10 Minute Testing with NO Needles
2400 Bob Wallace Ave. SW, Suite 101, 35805**

The Life of Mrs. Lola Haney

These memories of Mrs. Lola Haney were recorded in 1995 by Julia Haney, Mrs. Haney's great-great granddaughter.

I was born in 1898, in a two room log cabin near Paint Rock. My Daddy grew cotton and tobacco. One of my earliest memories is my Mother carrying me to the fields and placing me on a blanket in the shade of a tree while she helped Daddy in the fields.

By the time I was 6 or 7 years old, I had to help in the fields, too. Daddy made me a cotton picking sack out of old pillow cases and I helped pick cotton. My other job was fetching water for the field hands. My cousin and I were both expected to pick a certain amount of cotton each day. One day, realizing we didn't have enough, we decided to put some heavy rocks in our bags to make them weigh more.

When Daddy got home from the gin he took a belt to both of us. We learned later that the rocks had tore the gin up.

Daddy also raised honey bees. After he robbed the hives every fall he would take the honey to Huntsville where he would trade it. We also dug ginseng to trade in town.

Going to town was always a big event for us. The night before Daddy would load the wagon with crock jars full of honey packed with straw so they wouldn't break. The next morning we would get up before daylight, and after Daddy had hitched the wagon up, we would start for town.

Late in the afternoon we would get to Huntsville Mountain (Chapman Mountain). The road going up the mountain was washed out most of the time and very steep. There was a doublehitch station at the foot of the mountain where people could rent another set of mules to help pull their wagons up the mountain. Our wagon wasn't that heavy and we always made it up with our own mules.

Our first stop in town was at the Big Spring. All the people from out in the county camped out there when they went to town. Daddy had a piece of canvas he would make a tent out of, and that's where we spent the night.

One night it came up a terrible storm and Daddy took me and Mother

Money will buy a fine dog - but only kindness will make him wag his tail.

FOR FASHIONS FINISHING TOUCH...

The little things really do count. Earrings, a belt, bag, hat or pin are the little things that complete the big picture of fashions.

Unique and Beautiful Apparel and Accessories for You!

Rebecca's
Fashions & Custom Accessories
710 Pratt Avenue
539-3876



Your next move should be to Oxford Townhomes



Choose from large 2 and 3 BR townhomes or 1 BR garden style apartments in a great central location. Lots of living space with private fenced patios, storage rooms, and access to an on-site Business/Learning Center. Best of all, we're a NO SMOKING community.

**2516 12th St. SW, just off Bob Wallace Avenue
Call/e-mail today—256-536-1209 * Alabama Relay 711
oxfordtownhomes@comcast.net**



to the hotel to spend the night. He had to go back and stay with the wagon to make sure the honey wasn't stolen. Once someone stole a dog from someone camped next to us and there was almost a shooting before it got settled.

The next morning we would hitch the wagon and take the honey up to Harrison's. Daddy and the man who had the store would always argue and shout for what seemed like hours and finally they would make a deal. We got paid in half cash and half trade-out. Next we would look up a man by the name of Foster, who always bought our ginseng. He didn't have a store or an office, but was always hanging around the Courthouse Square. He would look at it real carefully and if he liked it, we would go to another place where they would weigh it. I think we got paid by the ounce and it was always in cash money.

While Daddy got supplies, Mother and I would go shopping at the other stores. I still remember the first store-bought dress I ever had. Before that they were always made from scratchy flour sacks.

When we got done we would always meet Daddy in the Courthouse yard. He had already taken the wagon and mules back to the Big Spring and he would always spend the rest of the day talking to the other men who were also waiting for their families to finish shopping. I never knew for sure but I always suspected the men were drinking whiskey.

Someone later told me they had deer in the Courthouse yard back then but I don't remember it. The only thing I remember

about any animals there is stepping in mule droppings and Mother washing my shoes under the pump. There were lots of pigeons too. I remember you could throw a piece of bread on the ground and hundreds of pigeons would fight over it.

They hung a man once while we were in town but I don't remember his name. Daddy made me go back to the wagon and stay while they went and watched. There was a preacher holding a revival at the Spring on the same day but more people were interested in the hanging than getting saved.

Once Daddy carried us to a hotel for dinner and we had oysters. Daddy liked them but Mother and I got sick. Most times, however, we just ate at the Spring whatever Mother had cooked.

The next morning, before the sun came up, we would start for

home. On the way we always stopped at the creek again and had crackers and cheese that Mother had purchased in town for lunch. Going to town was fun but after being gone for three days, it was always good to be back home.

It's hard to believe, but now you can make the same trip in a couple of hours.

Op' Heidelberg

Serving hearty German fare
in Huntsville Since 1972.

6125 UNIVERSITY DR.
256-922-0556

**"I'm not a complete idiot -
some parts are missing."**

Frank Little, Arab

ATEC Pest Problems?
PEST CONTROL SUPPLY COMPANY

Use what the Pros use to get rid of termites, roaches, ants, spiders, mice, snakes & fleas.

(256) 533-6754
3804 Governors Dr.
Mon - Fri 7am - 5pm
Mention this ad and get 10% first treatment.

Tips from Earlene

* When your gray hairs are becoming more obvious and you have a couple of weeks to go before you have it colored, part your hair in a zig-zag rather than a straight line. The grays will be much less obvious!

* Aloe lotion has good results with arthritis sufferers. Just rub the lotion onto the spot that hurts and the pain will be diminished. Be sure and buy a lotion that is at least 70% aloe (like you find in Garden Cove on Pratt Ave.).

* If you like mushrooms, buy them sliced rather than whole - you don't have to wash them as they are pre-washed. The whole ones need cleaning.

* There is lots of news lately about the dangers of microwaving food in plastic as the ingredients in the plastic may leech out into your drink/food, etc. Buy ceramic or microwavable glass containers to put your food in, don't heat it up in the plastic container.

* If you must drink tap water out of your sink, only drink from the cold side as the hot side has more lead in it.

* You can use your favorite face lotion as a cleanser. Just rub the lotion onto your face at night, then scrub with a washrag that you've dipped in warm water. Clean!

* Many folks have trouble sleeping (especially now with economy worries). Some tips:

* Keep your bedroom colder at night - most people sleep better in cooler temps.

* Warm milk and honey does the trick for many people - your grandma was right!

* Take a hot shower right before going to bed.

* Reading a book or magazine works with lots of people in getting to sleep, especially if your book is boring.

* I found that when I slept on my stomach with my face pressed into the pillow, I had more wrinkles in the morning. And some didn't go away! So now I sleep on my back, so the wrinkles can move away from my face towards my ears - no more fine line wrinkles!

* Our small businesses are really struggling now. Instead of spending your money at the big box grocery, restaurant & clothing stores, why not shop at the locally-owned stores such as Star Market, Rebecca's, Propst, Lewter's, etc.? They really need our support now!

* Don't forget the birds during winter - it's harder for them to find food and they would appreciate some seeds/bread from you.

In just two days, tomorrow will be yesterday.

GLASS
For Any Purpose
PATTERNS FOR—
**Table Tops
Dressers
Radio Tables
Desks
Mantles
Counters
Etc!**

All edges ground and polished.
Call 364 and let us make you an estimate.

Huntsville Glass & Paint Co.

(Original ad from Jan. 30, 1940)

**Offering
Historical Quality
Restoration Glass**

Serving our good customers for 70 years
**256-534-2621
2201 Holmes Ave. NW**

“Go to a large department store men’s fitting room, drop your duds to your ankles and yell out, ‘There’s no paper in here!’”

How to have more fun in your retirement years

Little Tobacco Store
www.LittleTobaccoStore.com
Cigarettes - Cigars - Snuff
Chewing & Pipe Tobacco

\$2.00 Grizzly
\$2.00 Copenhagen
LC Straight, Wintergreen
\$3.76 Pall Mall
\$4.45 Marlboro Special Blend
\$4.33 Winston
804 Wellman Avenue
256-520-6481
Next Door to Thai Garden

Low Prices

A map showing the intersection of Holmes Ave and Wellman Ave. A star icon is placed at the intersection, with an arrow pointing to it from the text 'Next Door to Thai Garden'. Other nearby locations marked include 5 Points, Pratt Avenue, and Star Market.

AREA NEWS IN THE 1800s

Innocent Amusement Turns into Melee on the Square

from 1871 newspaper

About 3 o'clock yesterday an event happened near the Square which has led to much amusement for the local wags.

A very small colored woman, returning from a shopping tour, was carrying a large old stove, that must have weighed at least 200 pounds, on top of her head. It balanced there as nicely as if it had been on its legs.

A gang of astonished vagabonds loitering in front of the courthouse gazed upon the walking human freight car in bewildered simplicity, when a big burly man, carrying only the four stove legs and a section of pipe, came up behind her.

The man was evidently the husband of the little woman carrying the big stove and he saw the group of men staring at the woman. When one of the vagabonds offered to help the lady with her burden the husband threw down his load, rushed into the crowd and began to beat on two of the men, thinking that they were "flirting" with his wife. The two men were shaken up a bit, but hastily beat a retreat, a little wiser for the experience.

A Young Alabama Lady Goes Insane from Bleaching Her Hair Blond and Lands in the Insane Asylum

from 1888 newspaper

In Birmingham, Gertrude Palmer, a good looking German girl apparently about seventeen years of age, passed through this city Sunday afternoon, en route to Tuscaloosa. She was under guard, being accompanied by her two brothers and Dr. J.D. Thompson, a prominent physician of the above named place.

"Many dead animals in the past changed to fossils, while others preferred to be oil."

**Seen on 4th grader's
science exam**

The unfortunate girl was a raving maniac, and was on her way to the state insane asylum at Tuscaloosa. Her insanity was caused by the excessive use of Blondine, a chemical preparation which she used to dye her hair. She had used such a quantity of the stuff that it worked through her skull and affected the brain.

Her mind was completely deranged and she became so violent that it was necessary to confine her to a room to keep her from attacking and injuring any members of her family. She had lived near Cullman, Alabama and the news has caused shock and disbelief to many of the ladies who were considering changing to the blond color.

Illicit Romance Discovered

from 1883 newspaper

The young wife on Randolph Street who had been receiving secret notes from a neighboring man (not her husband) when he would leave them in the woman's back garden has been discovered. It seems that the woman's husband was taking a walk on the street when the unfortunate "other man" was in the act of leaving his most intimate note and he was caught in the act. The future is not certain for this bold Lethario.



"Neat and Affordable"

Interior and exterior painting

Home repairs and Remodeling

Wallpaper Removal and Sheetrock repairs

We are more than a painting company.

We listen to our customers and assist them with their projects.

Licensed and Insured

**Call for 5% off interior painting, good
through February 29, 2016**

256-683-0326

Call for a Free Estimate

***Thank you for your Business.
We wish you a prosperous 2016!***

3313 Highway 53 - Huntsville, Al 35806

Thoughts of Home

by "Aunt" Eunice Merrell, 1998

During the almost half century that I have been in the restaurant business I have seen literally hundreds of thousands of people come and go. I have watched the high and the mighty, the rich and the famous, share tables with people who could barely afford to pay for their meals. I have watched as politicians poured coffee for house painters and I have watched as many of my customers grew up, got married and brought their children and grandchildren back to visit with me.

Some of them went on to become famous and wealthy while others chose a different path and ended up in jail or in disgrace.

The one thing all these people had in common though, was their heritage and the love of the city they called home.

Huntsville has a certain mystique about it that is hard to describe, even if you have lived here all your life. Most cities are characterized by their buildings and attractions, but Huntsville is different. While we have our share of historic antebellum homes and tourist attractions, it's the people and their stories that make Huntsville the unique place it is.

When I first entered the restaurant business there was no such thing as television. People would come in and sit around for hours drinking coffee and catching up on the news. Once the current events were exhausted, people would tell tales about the old days, of people they had met and of things that had happened.

These stories were the one thing that everyone shared. We all had tales about forefathers who fought in the Civil War, of bootleggers, moonshiners, crooked politicians and of people who picked cotton and went on to become millionaires, I remember once when Huntsville elected a sheriff as a joke. Few people from out-of-town ever believed the story though, because in reality it was almost unbelievable. That's probably when the tradition of the "Liar's Table" began in my restaurant.

After World War II, Huntsville began to change. Thousands of people began moving here and cotton fields became subdivisions. For many of these people, it was the first time they had ever lived in the South.

I remember when the German scientists first moved here. Many of them could barely speak English but within a few years it was common to hear them say "y'all." Of course, it was still with a German accent!

Regardless of where people came from, Huntsville has always had a way of adopting them. Huntsville's history became their own and the stories and legends became a part of their heritage. These people adopted our customs and became our friends and neighbors. Within a few years so many newcomers had moved here that it became almost a rarity to meet someone who was actually from Huntsville.

Times have changed. Huntsville has grown, but the

people are still the same. While many have different accents and different places of birth, they still sit around the restaurant arguing about current events. And when that subject is done, they always come back to the stories from Huntsville's colorful past when we were just a small cotton town.

In recent years Huntsville has seen a resurgence of interest in its history. More and more stories are being printed and occasionally you will see a piece on the local television stations. Legends that have been lost for over a century are now becoming commonplace in our folklore.

Recently I asked one of my customers, who moved here from St. Louis, about his fascination with our local legends. After pausing in deep thought for a few minutes, he replied, "Because they're about my new home."

*Hampton Cove
Funeral Home*

**Simple Cremation
Starting at \$895.00**

**Simple Cremation
With Memorial Service
\$1395.00**

- Simple Cremation
- One hour visitation prior to Memorial Service
- Memorial Service

*Does not include a memorial package or cash advance items such as, but not limited to obituaries, death certificates and flowers

**Helping families honor the lives
of those they love**

256-518-9168

**Hampton Cove Funeral Home
6262 Highway 431 South
Hampton Cove, AL 35763**

The Louis Anthony Citrano Family

by Dr. Sam Citrano

Louis Anthony Citrano was born in Cefalu, Sicily (Italy) April 12, 1895. He was the oldest of four children: three boys and one girl. His oldest brother, Anthony (Tony) Citrano immigrated to the United States; the younger brothers John and Vincent Citrano remained in Sicily, his sister Marie immigrated to Argentina. Vincent died in Sicily at the age of 21.

Louis immigrated to the United States and entered through the port of New Orleans, Louisiana in 1907 at the young age of 12. He traveled alone and was about to be refused entry until he could explain that he came to be with his Aunt Mary and Uncle John Cicero. From New Orleans they went to Birmingham, Alabama and finally arrived in Huntsville, Alabama in 1910.

Louis married Zina Maranta on February 9, 1918 at the Cathedral of St. Paul in Birmingham, Alabama where she was from. They had five children, two born in Birmingham and three in Huntsville. Unfortunately, Zina passed away February 16, 1935 shortly after the last child was born leaving Louis to raise the five children alone, he never remarried. As a widower he raised his children to love the Lord and serve the Church. He also learned to cook and maintain the household.

Louis Anthony Citrano was a self-made man. He opened the Guarantee Shoe Shop, a shoe repair business located in downtown Huntsville on Washington Street behind Saint Mary of the Visitation Catholic Church around 1918, across the street from Lewter Hardware Company. He was a shrewd business man and became involved in real estate.

He built his home on Walker Avenue and two adjacent

houses of stucco about 1927. The houses are all part of Old Town. Louis was a charter and lifetime member of the Elks Lodge #1648. In his spare time (which he didn't have much of) he took up fishing as his hobby and a way to, somewhat, relax.

Louis and Zina's fourth child was born on Valentines Day in 1926, it was a boy. They named him Sam Jim, better known as Sam. During his high school years Sam was drafted by the United States Army because of World War II. He served in World War II for two years and spent 18 months in Germany fighting under General Patton. After service time he returned to Huntsville to finish high school. Sam eventually went off to study and become a dentist. He was the 13th dentist to set up a practice in Huntsville in 1955. He practiced for 54 years before retiring in 2009.

Louis Anthony Citrano passed away on February 16, 1979 surrounded by the family he loved. All deceased members of his immediate family are buried in Maple Hill Cemetary. All of Louis' immediate family are deceased except for Sam and his youngest sister Mary Jane.



Frazier Home Inspections, Inc.



Inspections performed according to ASHI Standards

Johnny Frazier, Inspector
AL License # HI-1047

Cell (256) 603-8430
Home (256) 534-0277

Before you buy a home, have it inspected by a professional.

Business conventions are important, because they demonstrate how many people a company can operate without.

Tenders!



Where the chicken is kickin'!

Dine-in or Carry-out!

Yes! We Cater!!!



533-7599
800 Holmes Ave.
Five Points

464-7811
Madison

On Hwy. 20 - Across from Walmart

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!

TIPS TO LIVE BY

* While driving, when you're stopped at a light and it changes to green, take just a second to look both ways - Huntsville has many more drivers now and they're all in a hurry, a second may save your life.

* Experts say you sleep much better at night by turning your temperature down below 68 and use blankets for warmth - put on a pair of socks to keep your toes toasty.

* If you have steps from your home to the outside, get some of those self-sticking sandpaper treads to put on the edges - even if you just have a couple of steps - it could save a bad fall.

* When you're feeling down, help someone else. You can volunteer at an animal shelter or help your neighbor. You'll be surprised at how much better you feel.

* We've all done a load of wash that had a Kleenex in the pocket - it gets everywhere on the clothes when we pull them out of the dryer. To get rid of that just throw in a couple of fabric sheets (Bounce, etc.) in with the load and dry again - the flecks will come off your clothes.

* For those of you who haven't tried Airborne yet - it is available at drug stores & grocery stores - a tablet you throw in a cup of water and drink down at the first sign of a cold - it will stop it in most cases and at least will cut down on the cold's duration.

* Change your attitude if you can't change your circumstances - it might make a difference and you'll be in control again.

* I had a 20 pound vacuum cleaner that was getting harder and harder for me to push around and carry. So I did a bit of research to try to find the best light vacuum cleaner. I found a

7 lb. Oreck Platinum Vacuum cleaner at the shop on Airport Rd. and it's the best thing I ever did - my back doesn't hurt and it's easy to carry around. Plus it really has great suction! Ask for Mark. Love the light weight.

* When you think about it, manufacturers should be working on many items that are light and easier for us older folks to carry around - gardening supplies (think light lawn mowers), pots and pans that are lighter, etc. but still good quality.

* Security cameras are being ordered by many more residents these days - they are very affordable. You probably only need about 4 cameras and most are

easily installed. That way you can see who is at your front or back doors without opening the door. Just extra security for you.

* People who are trying to lose weight have a hard time with the thousands of diets that are out there now. The most successful losers are the ones who eat what they always have, just less of it. After a while you just won't want as much.

* Many suffer from arthritis especially in these cold days. Two fish oil caps daily have really helped many people, and it's good for your heart too!

* Good reason to quit smoking - it controls your life. Don't you want to be in control?

SCOTTY FIX IT

LET ME HELP YOU WITH ANY TYPE OF HOUSEHOLD REPAIR JOBS!

- * PAINTING, 1 ROOM AT A TIME OR WHOLE HOUSE
- * PLUMBING INSTALL & REPAIRS
- * WATER DAMAGE TO ANY PART OF YOUR HOME
- * ELECTRICAL REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

(256) 503-2922 OR
(256) 539-7348

15 YEARS EXPERIENCE
LICENSED & INSURED

EMAIL SBSMITH@HIWAAY.NET
VISIT WWW.SCOTTYFIX.COM



**Express Wash
Includes a
Free Vacuum**

256.532.2107



Lee's Express Wash
1220 Memorial Parkway NW

www.leesmagictunnel.com

Shampoo and Set

by *Houston Hodges*



My mother underwent a sophisticated and delicate advanced procedure yesterday aimed at restoring her self-image. She got a "Shampoo and Set" and I was allowed to watch this for the very first time in my entire life. It was quite a privilege to be allowed into a specially equipped chamber with all kinds of mysterious devices and machines

The person in charge — called The Operator — was extremely capable; she showed her advanced level of competence by talking constantly as she worked, about subjects totally without reference to what her fingers were doing.

Two others were undergoing similar procedures, seated in the chamber in various stages of completion. They seemed to be quite content, regardless of the extreme measures which were being applied to their heads. They appeared to be immobilized or perhaps tranquilized by large plastic globes like helmets which came down over their heads and hummed to keep them quiet.

After the hair was sensuously scrubbed, lathered, and rinsed, Myrt the Operator combed it smooth as spun silver, placid in her fingers. Then she skillfully chose a requisite amount of hair and spun that swath around a hollow plastic tube, fixing it with a cunningly designed aluminum clip. There seemed to be a specific order to the process, as her fingers knew exactly the number of rolls which were required.

Once done, the roll-bedecked head was placed beneath the dome, which hummed it into

tranquility, while The Operator turned her attention to other applicants.

When the dome stopped humming, Myrt The Operator turned to my mother again; like lightning her fingers retraced the rolls, removing the blue cylinders. Then with some specialized instruments, she touched, combed, lifted, patted, smoothed; then nodded with satisfaction.

You should have seen my mother smile as I wheeled her back to her room, to the admiration of all we passed.

We have something called a Permanent ordered in two weeks. It's something like an advanced degree, I think.

Rev. Houston Hodges is on the staff of the Big Cove Presbyterian Church in Hampton Cove (all are welcome). Rev. Hodge's writings appear on the Sundial Writers Corner on WLRH-FM (89.3).



Finally time to downsize and simplify your life in 2016



Call me today for a FREE consultation on how we can sell your home and get you moved to something smaller with less upkeep and more enjoyment.



Darryl Goldman, REALTOR®
 WEICHERT, REALTORS® - The Space Place
Phone: 256.520.1771
 darrylgoldman@gmail.com
 U.S. Army Chaplain (RET)

ACTIVE DUTY?
 RETIRED MILITARY?
 WOUNDED WARRIOR?
 DOD EMPLOYEE?
You get cash back at closing!



FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS THIS JUNE

by Johnny Johnston

December 20, 1957 at about 4:00 pm I entered the small kitchen and approached Tommie Brown. I said "Mr. Brown, Barbara and I want to marry and we would like your blessing." Her mother started crying and shook her head yes but Tommie was not that easy. He said, "I have no objection to you but I wanted my daughter to finish her education. Above all, I want my daughter to live in a Christian home". I took that to mean "OK" and gave her the engagement ring. We were married in June of 1958.

Mr. Brown was a man of conviction. He stood only 5'7", never more than 140 lbs, a controller by all means, one of the leaders of his church and a Deacon for many years. He lived to see 3 grandchildren and 5 great grandchildren all baptized into the Baptist Church along with two grandsons-in-law.

Barbara and I had met in Huntsville while she was visiting her Aunt Roberta Shockley about six months earlier. After I met her I was often on the road to Concord, TN where she lived with her sister, her mother and father.

My first time to visit Concord, Tommie had leased a cabin in Gatlinburg for the summer. I was invited for the weekend which was to be my first visit to the Smokey Mountains. After all I was only 19

when we met, she was 18.

We married in the Crighton Memorial Baptist Church which is now the First Baptist Church of Farragut, TN. Standing room only, just a handful was there to see me, all the rest for Barbara. After the wedding we held a reception in the basement. My car was not touched by Barbara's many friends; they later said they didn't know me well enough to decorate my car.

Our Pastor was afraid of my Mother. Mother resented the fact that people at the Huntsville airport and Barbara called me Johnny. She cornered the pastor before the ceremony and told him, "If you call him Johnny he won't be married, his name is Dalton." Rev. Capps went thought the written text and changed all the Johnny's to Dalton, except the last which he missed. Mom was furious and had a few words with him, as I understand.

The old Church building was next to a railroad and we were interrupted by the train whistle. Did you ever stand silently on a stage for five minutes waiting on a train to pass while your knees are knocking and you wanted to get things over with? Seemed like an hour!

I was employed with Eastern Airlines in Huntsville, AL, where we moved in June 1958. Barbara had no idea what was in store for us with Eastern. We were transferred in 1960 to Atlanta, in 1962 back to Huntsville, in 1965 to Redstone Arsenal, in 1966 to Houston, TX, in 1968 to San Antonio, TX, in 1969 to St. Louis, in 1978 to Chicago (she had said please never move me to Chicago). I also spent considerable time at the home of-

fice in Miami, FL. It all ended well when in 1983 we were transferred to Huntsville, AL.

Before the marriage my third trip to the Brown home was a little different. When I came over from the motel where I was staying, I found that Mr. Brown had left me the lawn mower, a can of gas and instructions where to mow. We dated for one year before we married and each trip to Tennessee I found chores lined up for me. My future father-in-law intended to keep me busy. I remember moving dirt, painting, tuning engines, cleaning cars and that was just in Knoxville. The family had a farm in Baker's Cross Roads which was the residence of Barbara's grandparents along with 50 or so cows, a mare, a mule and lots of fences. Many times I would arrive in Knoxville just to have Mr. Brown say, "We are going to the farm for awhile, there's some work that needs doing." Sometimes Barbara went with us, sometimes she didn't, but I learned a lot about working on the farm and I learned a lot from Mr. Brown. I enjoyed being with him.

My first trip to Bakers Cross Roads was December 26, 1957. We had been engaged for one week. That is when I learned Mr. Brown had three brothers, two sisters and a bunch of nephews and nieces. They all gathered at the farm for two weeks each Christmas. I learned how close a family could be, about 2 dozen people camped at the house, did all the cooking there since it was 15 or so miles to the nearest restaurant. Talk about being picked on! Barbara was the

Star Market and Pharmacy

Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy

Your Friendly Neighborhood Pharmacy & Grocery Store

Located in Historic Five Points
702 Pratt Ave. - 256-534-4509



first of her generation to become engaged. Every joke they could think of was pulled on me. At supper time I learned all the men ate first along with Mama Brown. That particular night was a little special since Barbara and I were told to eat at the first sitting.

A few years ago I did a story, published in Old Huntsville, of cooking and meals at the farm. How the brothers would sneak into the kitchen, find the best chicken parts, and hide them in a special place until mealtime when they would sneak their choice onto their plate.

Starting in 1987, all the family gathered at the farm for reunions. We served as many as 250 people during some of those reunions which were always held the last weekend in July. The farm was later designated a 100 year farm by the State of Tennessee, meaning it had been a working farm and in one family for 100 years. We did all the cooking, breakfast and dinner under a pavilion on site. Got really good at it, we did! Mr. Brown passed away in 2005, the reunions kind of died with him. All that generation has passed away now making two generations that have passed since Barbara and I married.

Our son Rick was born in Alabama, educated in Texas, Alabama and Missouri. He lives in Huntsville and is married to Signa from Tallin, Estonia. Martee, our oldest daughter, was born in Atlanta, educated in Texas, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, and Kansas. She got married in Knoxville to Tim who was born in Nashville. They now live in Nashville. Rebecca, our youngest, was born in Missouri, educated in Missouri, Illinois and Alabama. She married Chris in Alabama who was born in Missouri. They met in Alabama and now live in Nashville. I didn't plan it that way, I guess Eastern Airlines did!

Barbara's father was with TVA starting during the time they were building many dams throughout the southeastern part of the United States. They moved constantly. She must have attended more than a dozen schools before graduating high school at Farragut in Concord. Her classmate, Eddie Ford, helped build the community of Farragut as Mayor. It has grown to a fairly large town. Concord has not.

Barbara has a younger sister who came to Texas to visit in 1968. We were transferred a short time later, however Diane is still there almost 50 years later. She has a sister 26 years younger who lives in Nashville.


If you have read about all the

moving and work history you will wonder why Barbara has stayed with me for 58 years. I don't know. She is so much fun to pick on. When she comes home from the hair dresser I usually look at her and say "Couldn't get waited on?" Her hair by the way is always beautiful.


I have done a lot of speaking over the years. Early on I introduced Barbara as "My first wife". She got me back one night at a reception when I heard her introduce our children as "From her husband's first marriage". While in St. Louis, "Miss Transportation" was in my office and I was required to escort her to the many functions including the first ball thrown for the St. Louis Cardinals. Barbara never got jealous!

When Barbara was pregnant with our son in 1958, a tornado took the top off our apartment with her inside. I was working. An ice storm in Missouri flooded the lower level of our home while I was out of town. She called me out of a meeting in Charlotte and told me about it. I must have still been thinking of the meeting when I said "What do you want me to do?" That was the wrong thing to say but since the St. Louis airport was closed there was no way to get home, besides, I was to fly from Charlotte to Miami that afternoon. I came home "cautiously" three days later, ate cold beans and slept on the couch.

Do you think that Barbara, after reading this, and I will still be married in June?



BPR
BILL POOLE REALTY
Commercial Brokerage




REALTOR®

Bill Poole

**100 Church Street,
Suite 525
Big Spring Summit
Huntsville, Al 35801**

**Office 256.533.0990
Home 256.880.2000
Cell 256.651.1349
Fax 256.534.1234**

EMAIL BILL@BILLPOOLEREALTY.COM



Alabama Coin & Silver


BUYING - SELLING - TRADING
ESTATE APPRAISALS

Charles Cataldo, Jr. Owner
Phone 256-536-0262

Just East of Whole Foods

900 Bob Wallace Ave., Suite 122
in the Central Park Shopping Center Next to Quizno's

We Buy and Sell Rare Coins and Collectibles



Ringling Brothers Circus Goes Up in Flames - 1916



What started as a day of merriment for people attending the Ringling Brothers Circus here quickly turned into tragedy as flames swept the compound.

Over 600 people were on the circus grounds on October 28, 1916 when a fire, apparently caused by a carelessly discarded cigarette and

fueled by high winds, swept through the grounds.

The main damage was concentrated near the stock pens where the immense quantities of fodder had been stowed for the livestock. The baggage horse tent burned to the ground.

The stock handlers, who had been prepared for such an emergency, immediately began blindfolding the horses and leading them to safety.

Although there is no report of human injuries, 40 horses burned to death in the conflagration. Scores more were severely injured. People were doing all they could to allay the suffering of the animals.

Several Huntsville doctors were pressed into service in an attempt to save the injured animals but in many cases it was too late. Shots rang out

through the day as more of the animals were put out of their misery.

A spokesman from Ringling Brothers circus stated the show will continue its run here in Huntsville with no interruption of scheduled shows.

The handlers of the animals were especially devastated because they had formed attachments with these beautiful performing animals.

The fiery blaze, along with the heavy smoke, was seen all across the county.

Citizens in New Hope, upon seeing the heavy smoke, immediately raised a contingent of volunteers and dispatched them to Huntsville. The loss was said to be approximately \$25,000.



AUCTION

ANTIQUES~FURNITURE~COLLECTIBLES~GLASSWARE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 2016 @ 4:00 P.M.

No Buyer's Premium

**MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
ACCEPTED!**

B & W AUCTION

356 Capshaw Road
Madison, AL 35757
(256) 837-1559 or (256) 837-8377

Climate Controlled
Smoke-Free Facility

BUILDING WILL BE FULL!

MULTI-ESTATES SALE INCLUDING MANY LOTS "STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOP"! LOCALE ESTATE & CONSIGNMENT LOTS AS WELL! OUR BUILDING IS ALWAYS FULL!

ANTIQUES, FURNITURE, COLLECTIBLES, & GLASSWARE - ABSOLUTE/NO RESERVES!! Oak/Mahogany/Maple/Walnut Dining Room & Bedroom Pieces, China Cabinets/Breakfronts, Sideboards, Several Chests & Tables, Chairs, Dressers & Chests, Beds & BR Suites, Sofas, Dining Room Suites, Bookcases, Occasional Tables & Stands, Glassware, Advertisement Items, Old Tools, Toys, Radios & Radio Equipment, Pottery, Crocks & Jugs, Picture Frames & Mirrors, Tray Deals, Lamps, Lots of Smalls, and other Miscellaneous & Unique Items. **Check out our pictures & listings at the website below—you won't want to miss this sale!!!**

For pictures, listings, details, and directions, log onto www.auctionzip.com ~ Auctioneer I.D. #5484. Call us for questions, inquiries, and seating at **256-837-1559!!*

Wilson Hilliard, ASL #97

Bill Ornburn, ASL #683

PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

I want to introduce myself. I am Angel, a very opinionated seven year-old female Shih-Tzu. I will be taking over the Pet Tips column. My friend Tweetie passed away last month, and I just hope I can do the great job he did.



Valentine Love for your Dog

Nothing says "I Love You" like a new Kong toy filled with peanut butter or an afternoon on your lap while you watch TV. Do things to show them we value them as part of our family. So read on for some fun and thoughtful ways to celebrate your love for your canine companion this Valentine's Day.

1. What dog doesn't love a treat? Fabulous treats are available to order online, from cakes and cookies to "doggie wine" (broth in a bottle). Or find some recipes and bake treats right in your kitchen (your dog will most likely be right there with you, waiting). Make sure these items are made in the U.S.A.

2. Surprise him with an extra walk, or a trip to his favorite dog park or trail — especially if you haven't been there for a while.

3. Read any good dog books lately? Curl up together on the couch with a book or a great dog movie. Together time is precious, and often hard to find with our busy schedules. He'll love the attention.

4. Does he need a new coat to keep warm this winter, or a nice new collar or bandana? Add a pretty charm to his collar, and while you're at it, check his tags to make sure they are still readable and reflect your current contact info.

5. Healthy teeth and gums help keep your whole dog healthy. Consider a dental check-up with your vet, and have her show you how to brush your dog's teeth. Be sure to get the special paste made for dogs (human toothpaste is toxic to pets). February is

National Pet Dental Health Month, after all.

6. How about a day at the spa to make him feel special? Many options are available, like do-it-yourself facilities in pet stores, specialty salons and even mobile grooming vans that come right to your house.

7. Get him a new toy, make a big deal of opening it and then play with him. Lots of Valentine-themed toys are available, or buy a new Kong, fill it with peanut butter, and watch the happiness unfold. By the way, when you buy Kong, get the special cleaning brush that

goes with it; otherwise you'll never get that peanut butter residue out.

8. Many pet owners forget to check their pet's beds when doing laundry. He might need his bed washed before putting that new toy or treat on it and he'll love it if the washing and drying fluffs it up a bit.

9. If you have a disaster preparedness kit for your family make sure you have one for your pets.

10. Make sure your pet is micro-chipped - this is one of the best ways to ensure you will be reunited if you and your pet become separated or he gets lost.

11. Take your pet with you when you go to the bank, drive-in restaurants etc. - many banks have dog biscuits for their canine customers and your friend will start to look forward to these trips.

12. Leave a legacy by making a donation in his name to an animal rescue group or shelter. Check around and find the organization that feels right to the two of you.

13. Many pet-oriented websites have opportunities for you to post a photo or story about your pet. Consider posting something to share the love you have for your special friend with all the world. Happy Valentines Day!

Renfroe Animal Hospital and Bird Clinic



When He Really Needs You.... We Offer Quality, Professional Care for the Pets You Love

Phone 256-533-4411

Hours by Appointment

1012 Mem. Pkwy. NW

Across from Books A Million

From the Desk of Tom Carney

"A Love Story"

"April 11, 1862: On the morning of April 11, General Mitchel's division took possession of Huntsville. There was no opposition, only a few sick and wounded Confederates in town. They entered at daybreak, first taking possession of the railroad. The Southern was just coming in, having on board 150 Confederate soldiers, some wounded, going home on leave. The train endeavored to make its escape but was fired on by two cannons. All aboard were taken prisoner. The well soldiers were confined to the depot house and the wounded remained in the railroad cars."

This is how Jane Chadwick, writing in her diary, described the events of that day, thus marking the beginning of one of the strangest legends in Huntsville's history.

Emily McClung was at the depot that morning when the cannons opened fire on the train. Her fiance had been wounded at the battle of Vicksburg and was coming home to recuperate when the train was captured that morning. She watched with terror as the blue-coated invaders herded John and the other prisoners to the depot at the points of bayonets.

John and Emily had been childhood sweethearts for as long as anyone could remember. People used to tease their families that if John ever got lost, all they had to do was to find Emily; John was sure to be close by. When the war began John enlisted into the Confederate Army, postponing their plans for marriage. When Emily received word that John had been wounded and was coming home, she immediately started making plans for their wedding.

Years later, people would talk about how sad it was to watch Emily standing off at a distance, staring at the depot with tears in her eyes while John would stand in the window helplessly looking back at his love.

The other prisoners, upon learning of John and Emily's plight, began conspiring to help John escape. Word was passed to Emily that she should be waiting across the road from the depot at the stroke of midnight.

Late that night, John put on a Yankee officer's uniform and while the other prisoners created a loud commotion he walked boldly out the front door. Walking slowly at first in order not to draw attention to himself, he made his way across the road.

But upon seeing Emily waiting for him, John, unable to wait any longer, began running toward her, with his arms spread. A Union guard, seeing what he thought was a fleeing prisoner, ordered John to halt. When John continued to run, the guard opened fire. After firing the first round, the guard noticed another figure across the road. The gun roared again, leaving both Emily and John lying in the road, dead.

The Union soldiers placed their bodies in an empty railroad car until they could make arrangements to bury them. The next morning, a burial detail went to remove the bodies, but they were gone. A guard had been posted all night and it



would have been impossible for anyone to approach the railroad car unseen.

An alert was sounded, but the bodies were never found.

1884 - People waiting to buy tickets at the depot told of seeing a young couple walking and holding hands late one night. The man was dressed in an old-fashioned Federal uniform. When the couple were approached, they disappeared.

1890 - A man by the name of Dilworth buys the property and builds a lumber supply store. While building the store he experiences problems with his horses. Regardless of how well they are fenced in, the horses refuse to spend the night on the property. Every morning, upon arriving at work he would find the fences torn down with the horses standing across the road trembling as if in terror.

1909 - Police are called to the lumber yard. Neighbors had called and complained of a loud party, with people dressed in Confederate uniforms. One man was supposed to have been dressed in blue, escorting a beautiful young lady. The police could not find any signs of a party.

No one has ever been able to offer an explanation for the curious events surrounding this legend. Maybe there is no answer.



Steve Cappaert
Broker - Associate
651-7517 Mobile


AVERBUCH
Realty Co., Inc.



7500 Memorial Parkway South #122
Huntsville, Alabama 35802-2297
Business 256/883-6600
Fax 256/883-6650
stevecappaert@knology.net

My Sweetie's Granny

by Susie Parton Bryant

Most of my stories that I have shared with you and Old Huntsville have mainly centered around my childhood, my brother Steve and my precious Daddy. Well, this one certainly begins the same way, but ends somewhat differently as a new person and a new family is introduced into my life.

One day in the early summer of 1975, my Daddy had taken us to The Mall on the Parkway and University Drive for something that I presume had to be important. Because the only time we went into town (not to sound too old) was usually on a Saturday and this was in the afternoon. We were walking through the mall toward the Woolworths store.

Fast forward to now: I did a Google search to try to find a little history on Woolworths and at about what year it came to find a home in The Mall. Seems that most of the first stores to occupy the mall opened between the second and third week of March of 1966. This I can't be 100% sure of since I would have only been one year old in 1966.

In my internet search I came across a man who stated that he had gone to Woolworths store with his Dad many years ago. He had noticed that the atmosphere was very pleasant and that the employees were very kind and helpful, but most of them seemed to be of Social Security age.

So, my being a ten-year-old at the time would explain a lot about my experience. Daddy strolled around the store for a while and then he headed toward the restrooms. They were located right in front of the toy department. Daddy said, "You kids stand right here and I'll be right back."

Well, it so happens that right in front of the restroom there was a bin about the size of a regular kitchen table with four sides and about 2 inches deep and it was full of small wind-up toys, cars, balls and

plastic animals. Of course my brother and I had to check this treasure chest out.

I don't recall being too rowdy but it wasn't out of the question, and of course it would have been totally Steve's fault. From out of nowhere appears this little old lady and she told us that we couldn't play in there. I thought, this has got to be the meanest lady in the whole world.

In 1975 Woolworths had employed Ms. Lorene Pendergraft. And believe you me, she was very diligent about maintaining order in her department. I don't know if she was over the toys, but it was like she was the toy department Gestapo. She was very serious and we were terrified. We stood there frozen waiting for Daddy to emerge from the restroom.

In 2002 is where Miss Lorene and my paths crossed again and a new person and family became a part of my life. I discovered that Miss Lorene was that little old lady whom I had encountered those many years ago.

I also met her handsome, blue-eyed grandson, Mike Bryant. We have now been married for 10 years and between us we have four children and six grandchildren. We own and operate Bryant HVAC Services.

Happy Valentine's Sweetheart, I love you very much.

Miss Lorene worked for Woolworths til 1990. She was 92 years old when she passed away January 2009. She certainly was not the meanest little old lady in the world, but in fact was very kind and loving. She loved her family and we loved her.

TAKE THE
HARD WORK
OUT OF
HOUSEWORK

Magnesium RS

SWIVEL-STEERING BAGGED UPRIGHT

Meet the lightest, full-powered,
swivel-steering upright vacuum
cleaner we have ever made



360 swivel
2 speed switch
Less than 8 lbs.

ORECK clean
home
center

1010 Airport Road (Across from TJ Maxx)

Huntsville (256) 883-2525

Mon - Sat 10am - 6pm



Alabama News in 1911



Girl 5 years old Chews Tobacco in Court - Birmingham

Grace Murphy, a five year old child, while sitting on the lap of her father in the criminal court, where he is on trial for the killing of J.T. Myrick in the western part of the county several months ago, startled spectators by taking a big chew of tobacco, which was offered her by her parents.

The mother of the child who was sitting just to the rear of the husband and father in the courtroom, with all five children of the pair, admitted that her little daughter was used to chewing tobacco and did not think anything of it. The little girl herself laughed when she heard inquiry being made about her chewing.

The father took the big chunk of tobacco out of his pocket and deliberately handed it to the little girl, who bit off a piece and began chewing on it.

“Dear God - my brother told me about how I was born but it doesn’t sound right. He’s kidding, right?”

Kid’s note to God

Husband carved Wife's outline on her Mattress - Mobile

According to the story of Julia Forst, who is suing for a divorce, her husband John G. Forst used her as a model of his experiments in sculpture, but his methods were very objectionable to her.

"My husband was in the habit of sleeping with a razor under his pillow," she said. "One night he came in late, took the razor and with it cut the outline of my figure out of the mattress and left me lying on an island of excelsior with only a tiny margin about me."

"I woke up during the procedure and he told me that if I moved he would cut my throat. he has hidden his knives and I live now in fear for my life."

Mother saves Babe at Risk of her Own Life - Gadsden

Mrs. Charles Marcus, aged 20, was horribly burned at her home in Gadsden as she was dressing her baby in front of an open grate. Her dress became ignited but the mother coolly laid her babe on a bed in the room and then ran into the street, literally swathed in flames. Her death is momentarily expected as it is thought she inhaled the flames.

Luther Smith who came to her rescue was badly burned about the hands and arms and is suffering intensely. Smith saw her plight and ran to her rescue and succeeded in smothering the flames with his bare hands and tearing away a part of the burning garments. Almost her



Roger's Shop

ROGER L. ERICKSON

**3309 Panorama Drive SE
Huntsville Alabama 35801**

viking@rogersshop.net

WWW.rogersshop.net Cell 256-509-3559

Building or repairing things, that no one else will do.

Specializing in old lamp repair

See the Huntsville Times article link on the front page of WWW.rogersshop.net
If you can't find anyone to fix or build something -- I'll take a look at it for free.



Green Land Turf LLC
Fertilization, Weed Control, Insect & Disease Control

256.701.0831

- * Grub Control
- * Fire Ant Control
- * Disease Control
- * Tree & Shrub Programs
- * Flea & Tick Control
- * Fertilization

www.GreenLand-Turf.com

**Thank you for
Your Business!**

entire body was burned from her knees to her head, according to the physicians in attendance.

While she seems to be suffering comparatively little, the physicians say she will probably live only a few hours and will certainly not recover. She was a widow and care for the baby is being found.

Of all the Fish Stories, This is the Fishiest - Decatur

A new method of fishing is practiced by James B. Holland, of Limestone County. Neither bait nor tackle of any kind is used in fishing by Mr. Holland, but instead of tackle and bait he takes his dog fishing with him, as well as a bucket and a pocket full of small gravel.

The dog sits on the creek bank while Mr. Holland sits up in a tree and drops the gravel one by one into the water. The fish are attracted by the fall of the gravel onto the water and come to the top. As the fish come to the top the dog sees them and quickly jumps into the water and catches a fish in his mouth. He swims to the bank and deposits the fish into the bucket.

When enough fish are caught this way the dog carries the fish home for Mr. Holland and deposits them in the house.

E. H. Walker, late State Immigration Commissioner and Editor of the Limestone Democrat, vouches for this story and says that Mr. Holland is a man of untarnished veracity, and that Mr. Holland will make a sworn statement to this fact that

No wife can endure a gambling husband, unless he's a steady winner.

he caught fish in this manner. He will be happy to show any one interested if they go with him fishing one day.

Boy's Injuries Will Prove Fatal, Explosion at Sligo Mines - Gadsden

The two men and one boy who were badly scalded when the boiler of the Sligo Coal company at Sligo, (a station on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway between Attalla and Boaz) exploded. They were bruised as well as scalded. The men will probably recover from their injuries but those of the boy are thought to be very serious. He was burned about the face and upper body.

The men are Arthur Poe and Tobie Strickland. The boy is only 14 and is the son of the operator of the mine, J.M.. Smith.

Burglar Makes Woman Get out of Bed - Dothan

Compelled to get out of bed at the point of a pistol and follow the intruder around the house in the light only of a dim lantern, Mrs. W. H. Whisnant was then felled by a blow from a burglar's fist.

Her husband, awakened by the sound of a falling body, found the woman unconscious. He, thinking she had fallen against the furniture while walking in her sleep, succeeded in bringing her around after a time. Then she told him of a light flashed into her face, the appearance of the burglar and the subsequent happenings up to the time she was struck.

The burglar secured \$12 and escaped. No arrests have been made. There were no witnesses and it was late at night.

Big Ed's Pizza
Pizza like you remember it!

Family-Run Eatery with local beer on tap serving up pizza, calzones, salads & subs

Hours: Monday Closed
 Tues - 4pm - 10pm
 Wed - 11am - 10pm
 Thurs - 11am - 10pm
 Fri - 11am - 11pm
 Sat - 11am - 11pm
 Sunday - 4pm - 10pm

Kitchen Closes 30 minutes before closing time

(256) 489-3374

Proudly Serving You for 55 Years
 visit us at www.bigedspizza.com
 903 Memorial Pkwy. NW, Huntsville Al 35801





laced with hope. Perry moved with his Army group to Sicily, then Naples, Italy and finally to Pusan, Korea where he trained for invading Japan, when WWII suddenly ended.

On Dec. 30, 1945 the Army discharged Perry along with tens of thousands of other GIs and told them to go on home, back to their families. Perry made it back to his parent's modest Dallas Cotton Mill home on O'Shaughnessy Avenue in Huntsville, AL and very quickly got an old gangster-looking Chrysler coupe, grabbed his cousin "Little Preacher", then made a dash north over the Tennessee line and into the Belleville Country Store. There was Jessie, a bit nervous, sitting atop a picnic table behind the cash register awaiting the man with whom she had shared a few personal letters, but of whom she had never seen a photo. The two men entered the country store where Perry immediately recognized Jessie, since he had a photo of her.

They sized each other up, jumped into that old jalopy and drove to Jessie's girlfriend's place; then the four of them went cruising until dark. The goose bumps, the thrills, the small talk chatter and laughter kick-started the romance begun a few letters back "Somewhere in Africa". Perry soon told her he knew

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA

by Joe Zullo

Dolly's brother was married to Ruth and knew Ruth's sister, Jessie. Perry was in the U.S. Army, stationed in North Africa in 1944. His North Africa tour would take him from Casablanca, Morocco to Oran, Algeria and then to Tunisia. Perry had once seen Dolly's friend Jessie at a distance, but Jessie had never seen nor talked with him. During this time period, Dolly contacted Perry and gave him Jessie's name and address and suggested he write to Jessie.

That was the "pen-pal" beginning of letters across oceans and continents barely after the combat of George Patton's and Erwin Rommel's epic North African tank battles. Jessie read his letter with wonder and wrote back, and Perry did the same. Their hand-written letters carried a country-tone; simple with questions of events back home such as the fair and folk's names common to them, and were dated a day in 1944 and simply stated, "Somewhere in Africa". Their tone was inquiring with desire, asking with a want to be personal, bridging trust and promise levered by simple small-talk

"It's my cat's world. I'm just here to open cans."

Karen Maroon, Huntsville



256.534.4452
Toll Free:
877.534.4452
Fax:
534.4456

PRINTING SERVICES
INCORPORATED


Social • Commercial • Promotional Items

We can fulfill your printing needs
Serving Huntsville Since 1985



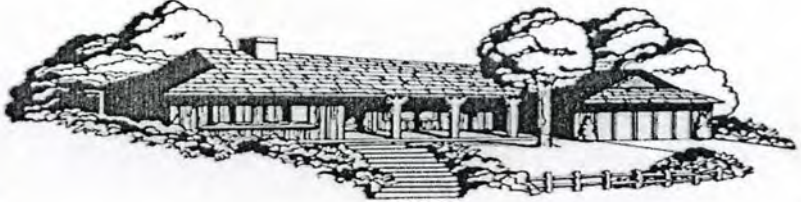
www.lindasprinting.com
linprint@lindasprinting.com





FIGHT CRIME!

Join Your Community Watch
256-722-7100
www.hsvcommunitywatch.com



from reading her letters that she was the girl for him. She like-mindedly responded to his sweet talk. You know of course that love is in the air, out there, everywhere, you simply need to open your heart's window, catch hold of its power and let it carry you.

Each Friday, twenty-one year-old Jessie would finish her city job at the Fayetteville Cotton Mill, gather her clothes from the room she rented, then make her way to her parent's dirt farm that was back a ways in Shield's hollow. Perry would drive-up to Jessie's parents' every weekend thereafter, stay the night in a separate room and kindle their relationship. Like all the surrounding farmers, folks were poor, but hardy, caring and extremely hard workers in those days outside of Fayetteville during war-era times. Perry's and Jessie's romance bloomed in its simplicity. It was basic boy meets girl, over time and distance with the seriousness that war presses. A time when feelings swell, fond hearts spark youthful wanting and hoping, and excitingly develop loving feelings that take on the skies color of infinite blue and feeling the sun's relaxing warmth on a white sandy beach.

Five months later, Perry was driving Jessie to Dekard, TN. when he pulled-over, opened a red velveteen ring box marked Rose Jewelry Huntsville, AL., looked her in the eye with the same sparkle showing from the diamond in his hand, and asked her to marry him. "Yes," easily swooned from her lips.

A few weeks later, on the Saturday morning of June 8, 1946 they walked alone into the Huntsville courthouse and were married in a simple, civil ceremony. They drove-up to Tennessee to the Shield's farm to celebrate, then later drove back to Huntsville where they spent their single honeymoon night at the Maple Grove Motel on Meridian Street.

On the following Monday, Perry had to go back to work at the Dallas Cotton Mill, so that morning Jessie kissed her husband good-bye, and she went back into the room at Perry's parent's two bedroom home where they romantically lived for the next six months. During that time, Jessie began working at the Dallas Cotton Mill in a separate area from Perry.

After six months, Perry's aunt was selling her tiny home on McKinley Avenue in Five Points, but Perry and Jessie did not have the necessary fifteen-hundred dollars. However, a friend, who happened to be a judge, bought the home and promptly sold it to Perry and Jessie at an affordable mortgage payment. They reared 2 children in that home, have had countless dinners for their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, celebrated 47 wedding anniversaries, and created a life now rich with memories.

Perry succumbed to Alzheimer's in 2004. A strong-

ly principled and independent Jessie, from that era known as the "WWII - greatest generation" still resides in that tiny home on McKinley Avenue, and believe it or not, at 92 years of age, still has all her marbles and talks of Perry with a love borne out of simple letters from "Somewhere in Africa".

Mary's Rugs

New Rugs Arriving Daily

Huge Selection of rugs:

Round Rugs, Hexagon,
all shapes for any room
in your house.



Just Arrived! Choose
from *Hearth Rugs*
in colors to fit in
any home!

Rugs as small as 21" x 34" (washable)
up to 11 ft. x 14 ft. - a rug for everyone!

Rectangle Rugs and runners in all sizes

Open Sat & Sun 9-5 -
We are Located in the East Wing

Located at Limestone Flea Market, between
Huntsville and Athens on Highway 72

William M. Yates, CLU

Life, Health, Disability
Long-Term Care, Annuities and Group



Ph. (256) 533-9448

Fax (256) 533-9449

In Business since 1974

Email us at mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net

Mack Yates Agency, Inc.

411-B Holmes Ave. NE Huntsville, Al 35801

"A permanent set of teeth consists of eight canines, eight cupids, two molars and eight cuspidsors."

Seen on middle school science exam

A Trip to Town

by Mildred Thomas



The residents of Lacey's Spring and other points south of the Tennessee River were somewhat isolated from civilization for years, until the C. C. Clay Bridge was built in 1931. Before the bridge was built, the only way people could get to Huntsville and Madison County was by ferryboat at Ditto Landing.

Before there was a bridge across the Tennessee River, the postman and his horse or mule rode a ferry to the north bank, then went on to the train station at Farley to send off a sack of letters and pick up any mail coming in. Man and beast would then take the ferry south across the river and deliver their route.

At one time, Mr. Bill Thomas rented Hobbs Island where he grew cotton and corn. He would take his farming equipment and mules to the ferry, cross the river, then go down Hobbs Island road to the island. When he got to the island, he would ford the Little River to the island where the animals and equipment would stay until the first stages of the plowing were complete.

Mr. Bill would do this two or three times a year. He and his sons, along with some hired hands, would board a large canoe type boat, (they called it a Yawl), at Johnston Landing and paddle across the Tennessee River to the

island. They worked in the field all day, then paddled back to the other side before daylight's end. It was a hard life, but it was the only life we knew.

At this time a railroad ran from Huntsville to Whitesburg. Our train was transferred from the rails to a riverboat where it was carried to Guntersville.

Mrs. Berta Kay of Lacey's Spring was a large landowner and very nice lady. She thought it would be a nice gesture to take a truckload of youngsters to see a movie in Huntsville. The C. C. Clay bridge had just been built and at the time was a toll bridge. I think the toll was about a nickel. Mr. Nat Hough was the toll bridge keeper. Mrs. Kay furnished a truck for about fifteen to eighteen of us kids and paid the toll for all of us to go over the bridge. Buford Garrett drove the truck.

The old truck was a ton and a half that was used to haul cotton and do work around the farm. It had high sideboards and we all stood up in the truck like cattle

- singing songs, laughing and telling jokes. We had a lot of fun.

We parked at T. T. Terry's and walked to the Elks Theater that was on Eustis Street behind the Schiffman building. My sister Ebb, who was four years younger than I, had never been to the city before. So when she saw street lights for the first time in her life, she didn't know what to think. She was so amazed that she just wanted to look at the pretty lights. We almost got lost from the others while I was trying to get her to come along!

Mrs. Kay bought everybody's ticket to get into the movie theater. I don't remember what movie we saw, but we had a wonderful time. On the way back home, about halfway between the bridge and what is now Hwy. 36 (which wasn't there then) the truck broke down. We had to walk at least two miles to get home.

The evening was one of the wonderful memories of my childhood and of a wonderful lady, Mrs. Berta Kay.



Beauty

The Ark named me Beauty. I know you will find this hard to believe, but I was found during the Christmas holidays. I didn't have on a collar and had no microchip. The Ark tried so hard to find my home.

I am a collie girl and I'm only 2 years old. Everyone thinks I am beautiful. Did you know if your pet goes missing, it can't call your cell phone, 911, a taxi, or catch a bus?

Our only hope of getting back to our family is the identification you put on our collar, or if we have a microchip. It is hard to believe but most animals that come into shelters are pure breed animals. How I wish animals could talk and tell you how we went missing from our family and where they live.

I guess I'll be another one of the homeless animals until I find a new loving home. When you come to the Ark, will you ask to see Lassie? Oops, I mean Beauty. That's me.

**139 Bo Cole Rd.
Huntsville, Al 35806**

Hours Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 4 pm

**The Ark
A No-Kill Animal Shelter
256.851.4088**

1917 Want Ads



Lost - bunch of keys on ring, finder return to 216 West Holmes Street and receive reward.

Old Fashioned Teeth Wanted - Don't matter if broken. I pay one to ten dollars per set. Send by parcel post and receive check by return mail; L. Mazer, 2007 S. 5th. St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Lost - Red Muley Cow; burnt place on back; finder return to M. M. Maynard, 312 Humes Ave., Dallas Mills, and receive reward.

Good Cook Wanted - Must be able to milk. Apply at Employment Office, Southeast corner of Square.

For Rent - Large commodious house on Adams Ave. is furnished and has large garden space; two nice sleeping porches. Apply to Mrs. M. S. Harris, Adams Ave.

For Sale - Or will trade for Ford Touring Car. Rebuilt car with racing body, two seats, 40 gallon gas tank, new tires all around, four extra tires. Engine in "A No. 1" condition. Let me hear from you. Address Exchange, care of the Mercury.

For Rent - two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Mrs. S. P. Metcalfe. Phone 131-1

The real test of a friendship is to have the same ailment your friend is describing and not even mention it.

Left by mistake at Mrs. T. W. Pratt's residence - one serge skirt. Owner can have skirt by describing same.

Bargain - 4 room house in good condition; \$500 or will trade for livestock. 80 acres of land \$800. Contact A.J. Hewell at the Market.

For Sale - 2 hogs and 4 chickens, 1 mule and assorted furniture and enough wood for a season of heating. Getting a divorce and don't have any need for these items. Contact the paper and ask for M. Mercer.

Found - heavy wool blanket and 4 pairs of socks - by side of road on way into town. Calls can be made and items must be identified to claim.

Our Advertisers keep "Old Huntsville" going.

Please take a minute to stop in and say you saw them in the magazine. We couldn't do it without you!



Licensed - Insured - References

M S Masonry

Repairs
Pavers
Curbs
Walk ways
Blocks
Stone
Stucco

"No Job Too Small"

Michael Sylvester

(256) 694-2469



The Story of the Upside Down Hill

(originally published in "Old Huntsville" magazine in 1991)

by John Crow

The year was 1959. Fidel Castro became the Prime Minister of Cuba, "Tom Dooley" was a popular song, and I had come to Huntsville. My father and I were staying in a boarding house on Adams Street until he could close on a home and bring my mother and sisters down from Ohio. I had come down that summer with Dad to get squared away at Huntsville High for my pending junior year and to try out for the football team.

That summer I learned that Southern boys take their football seriously, that I resented being called a "Yankee" (I had lived most of my young life out West or in Tennessee), and through the auspices of my soon-to-be best friend, discovered what surely must be one of the all time great mysteries of the universe.

"Minus" Mullins was the football team manager. We called him "Minus" because at that time he was so small. His real name was Bob and he had sort of an impish, con-man quality about him. He was always cooking up some scheme or another designed to make a quick buck.

Well one day after practice we were sitting around at Gibson's Barbeque drinking iced

tea. I forget exactly how the conversation got started but I was telling Bob about some of the wonders I had seen in my travels out West. Bob got this sort of far away look in his eye, hunkered over closer to me, and in a low, serious voice said, "John, I bet you a dollar that I can show you a wonder right here in Huntsville, Alabama that you'll have to agree is the greatest wonder you've ever seen."

I'll have to admit I was pretty leery of what was taking shape but I could tell Bob was serious and that look in his eye was downright scary. I figured I couldn't lose and I was awfully curious. "OK, show me," I said, a little smugly.

We got in his '58 Chevy and headed north on the Parkway and took a right on Governor's Drive. We headed toward the mountain and then veered left onto Big Cove Road. Now you have to remember that back then the area around the Big Cove turnoff was mostly rolling, sloping, grass-cov-

ered hills and the traffic wasn't anything like it is now.

We traveled up Big Cove just a little way, it seems, then Bob started to slow down. He began

neighborhood card & gift

in Five Points

Formerly Marie's Hallmark

Archipelago Botanicals

Lampe Berger

Lindsay Phillips

Natural Life

Kitras Art Glass

Carruth Studio - Stone

Home and Garden Accents

Jim Shore

Lots of gifts & cards for your favorite Pet Owner!

(256) 534-5854

716 Pratt Avenue in Five Points

"It's amazing how grandparents seem so young, once you become one."
Janet Watson, Hampton Cove

The most certain thing about the future is its uncertainty.

It's never too early to be responsible.

Our Family Care Programs free families from emotional and financial decision-making when numbed by the loss of a loved one.



LAUGHLIN SERVICE

Funeral Home & Crematory, Inc.
2320 Bob Wallace Ave. S.W.

John Purdy, President
Loretta Spencer
Sarah Chappell

(256) 534-2471

www.laughlinservice.com

Serving Families since 1868

Locally Owned and Operated
Now in our 3rd Generation

Steve Hannah, Pre-Planning Specialist
www.preplanning.info/laughlin

looking from side-to-side then stopped, backed up a little, then stopped again. He put the car in neutral and with his foot still on the brake said, "We're on a hill going up, right?" Well we were definitely on a hill, granted the spot where we were at was not a particularly steep grade, but it was definitely a hill.

"Bob, you know darn well we're on a hill."

"OK," he said, "When I let my foot off the brake we'll start to roll back down the hill, right?" "Right," I said, not hiding my smirk. Bob let his foot off the brake, and I swear, instead of rolling backwards down the hill, the car rolled up the hill for a short distance, then came to a stop.

"Whoa, do that again!!" I said. Bob put the Chevy in gear and backed up (down) the hill a short distance, then repeated the performance.

"Bob, that's the strangest thing I've ever experienced." "Yeah, it's weird alright. Let me show you something."

He reached over and opened the glove compartment and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "Read that," he said. I unfolded what appeared to be a piece of an old comic strip section from a Sunday newspaper. Someone had written a date on it that now was very faded, nineteen fifty something.

When I read it I could feel the hair on the back of my neck start to rise. It was a very old "Ripley's Believe it or Not" strip. You remember when it was in color in the Sunday comics. Well it showed this car on a hill and a man scratching his head and little question marks coming from his head and said something about the upside-down hill in Huntsville, Alabama.

"Bob," I said, "This is really something. Imagine, we're on a spot in 'Ripley's'."

"Yeah," Bob answered, "Don't it beat all you've ever seen?"

"It sure does," I replied. Then I saw his eyes light up and he said, "John, you owe me a buck."

Well, I begrudgingly paid Bob and armed with a marble and a carpenter's level, all that summer I'd go back and try to unravel the mystery of the upside-down hill. I never could figure it out. I do know that the level would show "down" but the marble would roll "up".

I had forgotten about this incident until a couple of weeks ago when I was thinking about my old friend. Bob's been dead over twenty years now. Little did we know that summer would be one of the few left when we still had our adolescent innocence. The sixties, Nam, the seventies, careers, family, all the changes and stresses of adulthood, almost caused me to forget that first summer in Huntsville.

I guess in memory of old Bob "Minus" Mullins I tried to find that spot on Big Cove the other day. I can tell you this, if you try to stop your car on Big Cove Road today the odds are you'll get run over, and to walk around there with a marble in your hand is just plain suicide. I've never found that spot where down is up. I sure would like to, though.

I'd also like to know more about the "upside-down hill" and its history. Perhaps one of you gentle readers out there could let "Old Huntsville" know. I would be grateful. There's a new generation out there that could use a simple wonder to marvel at.



Eczema and Psoriasis

Homeopathic Cure

Very Effective

Testimonials Available

M.D., Board-Certified Physician

(256) 924-8311

SCOTTY FIX IT

LET ME HELP YOU WITH ANY TYPE OF
HOUSEHOLD REPAIR JOBS!

- * PAINTING, 1 ROOM AT A TIME OR WHOLE HOUSE
- * PLUMBING INSTALL & REPAIRS
- * WATER DAMAGE TO ANY PART OF YOUR HOME
- * ELECTRICAL REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

(256) 503-2922 OR
(256) 539-7348

15 YEARS EXPERIENCE
LICENSED & INSURED

EMAIL SBSMITH@HIWAAY.NET
VISIT WWW.SCOTTYFIX.COM



A FIFTY-YEAR WALTZ, AND COUNTING

by Ted Roberts



It was only a Junior Congregation Dance at Beth El Emeth Synagogue, celebrating the Sunday school graduation. But in Memphis, Tennessee on a Saturday night in 1946, what choices did a 16 year-old have except for the picture show. And if your date liked popcorn with the movie, an evening at the Rialto Palace could set you back 25 cents. The Synagogue Dance was free.

But Betty Grable and Ty Power awaited us at the Rialto Palace. The Junior Congregation Dance, on the other hand, featured Rhea Mendel and Marsha Klodkin with a supporting cast of the Sunday school graduating class. I'd seen that show. Then I reminded myself that alongside the dance floor, there'd be a short oilcloth covered table with plates of sticky donuts and sugar cookies. The equivalent of free popcorn. Whatta bargain. So, I went to the dance in the synagogue basement.

Good idea. Because, besides Mendel and Klodkin and the crowd of extras who had overindulged for years on sugar cookies, there was a new star in the constellation of cuties that moved and grooved on the synagogue circuit. And as the poet says, she was a dove with dove's eyes.

"A great benefit of being over 60 years old, people don't view you as being a hypochondriac anymore."

Karl Peterson, Madison

Around, between and behind the Sunday school graduating class, I watched her cautiously. I was so stunned by this newcomer that every platitude known to smitten suitors leaped into my consciousness all at once, headed by "Where have YOU been!!" This was the evening star peeping between the clouds of the Sunday school graduating class.

But nothing about our first meeting would have inspired Jackie Collins or Danielle Steele. It was more of a Louisa May Alcott moment. There was the usual third grade dialogue, which was beneath us since we were almost in high school and should have done better.

"Hi." "Hello." "Wanna dance?"

"I guess."

Not exactly zingy. But my radar screen lit up and my heart shrieked, TARGET! TARGET! TARGET! Easy does it, I thought. Remember the patient tortoise won the gold: not the herky-jerky hare.

I remember trying to impress her with my maturity and adult conventionality by remarking that the dance floor was slippery because only an hour ago the basement floor, which we called the social hall floor, had been the dining room floor. And it still retained smidgens of

Kiwanis Club of Huntsville
GOLDEN K

The "Oldest Paperboys" in the
U.S. want to say "Thank you".

When you buy a copy of
"Old Huntsville", 100% of that
money goes to the Golden K
Kiwanis Childrens' Charities!

GOLDEN K KIWANIS CLUB OF HUNTSVILLE WAS
CHARTERED BY KIWANIS INTERNATIONAL 27 YEARS AGO.

DURING THE LAST 24 YEARS, ALL MEMBERS HAVE
DISTRIBUTED OLD HUNTSVILLE MAGAZINE IN HUNTSVILLE
AND MADISON COUNTY, RAISING MORE THAN \$650,000
FOR LOCAL YOUTH PROJECTS.



spilled tomato sauce. "Gotta be careful, you could slip and turn your ankle," I remarked. (Fifty years later I made her the same speech about getting out of the tub - only this time I worried about her hip.)

Six or seven couples glided across that treacherous tomatoey floor. The jukebox watched and churned out hymns to romantic love, not lust. Inside, we bubbled like an agitated fifth of champagne. But the culture alchemized lust into something mildly civilized: like the Hoover Dam tames that rampaging river into a force that lights our lamps.

So we danced carefully, under the baleful eyes of armies of chaperons. Only two dance forms were available to us: the hi-speed frenetic jitterbug, definitely not for lovers or talkers; and the walk-to-the-music-around-the-dance-floor. Great, if you weren't Fred Astaire. And perfect for lovers because it allowed hand holding and back touching. It was also OK to let your eyes flame with passion - if you knew how to do it without looking goofy. The walk-to-the-music was my choice since it also allowed me to show off my conversational skills about slippery dance floors and other hot topics that fascinated the young ladies of the dance circuit.

The two-armed torso clutch was only practiced in dimly lit dives. Definitely out. After all, this was the synagogue basement.

Looking back fifty years to that dance in the basement of the Beth El Emeth Synagogue, I marvel. I was wise beyond my years. Somehow I knew this was a marathon not a hundred-yard dash. We've danced demurely now for more than half a century. May it continue.

"My dog wasn't feeling well, so I tried his food and got sick too."

Local Employee's excuse for missing work

Cheesy Potato Soup

4 slices bacon
1 sweet onion, chopped
1 carrot, chopped fine
3 c. potatoes, sliced thin
1 t. garlic powder
Salt and pepper to taste
1 c. water
1 c. Cheddar cheese, shredded
3 c. milk
1/2 c. cream

Cook bacon in sauce pan til crisp. Remove, drain and keep for later. In the bacon grease, saute onions and carrots. Add water and potatoes and simmer til potatoes are tender. Add the seasonings and milk, heat to boiling point and add cream.

When serving sprinkle the crumbled bacon and top with cheese.

When Comfort and Dependability Matter



**North Alabama's
Oldest Heat Pump
Installing Contractor,
and Servicing Company**

Rollins Air Conditioning Co.

Huntsville-Madison County, Alabama

*To Learn How Defective Air Conditioning
Systems Installations can Lead to Allow-
ing Potential Disease-Carrying Rats into
one's Home, please go to our Website:
rollins-airconditioning.com*

*Please read fully each of the
different buttons as they are
displayed on the website.*

*Our State of Alabama
Certificate Number is 83980*

256.859-1747

*Ask us about our free, 10-year all parts
and labor warranty for your new system.
Call today.*





Remember the old Lowe Mill factory from years gone by? What was once a cotton mill and later a shoe factory is now a wonderful home for the arts that the whole family can enjoy.



With 125 Art studios, restaurants, galleries, a theater, and classes for all ages, there is certainly something for everyone at Lowe Mill ARTS & Entertainment!



**Many Upcoming Events you need to know about!
Go to www.LoweMill.net**

OPEN Wed & Thurs: 12-6pm, Fri 12-8pm, Sat 12-6pm

LOWE MILL ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

2211 Seminole Dr. 35805 | 256-533-0399 | www.LoweMill.net