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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



Witness for the Mafia

Peter Abate was the perfect host as he went from couple to couple making small talk. Although no one there knew anything about Abate they were taken by his charm and courteous manner. At first he appeared reluctant to talk about himself, he said he didn't want to brag, but several of the more winsome lasses finally managed to get him to open up.

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Witness for the Mafia

by Tom Carney

Ever since the early 1960s, after the failed Bay of Pigs fiasco in Cuba, Huntsville has been a haven for people seeking a new identity and a new life. The CIA, the FBI and the Federal Marshal's Service all used Huntsville as a place to relocate subjects who might possess sensitive information or whose lives might be in danger if their whereabouts were known.

The vast majority of these people were thankful for the opportunity to start a new life. At one time a high ranking defector from the Chinese military owned a successful restaurant in Huntsville. A prominent member of South Viet Nam's ruling family was smuggled out of the country hours before it fell to Communist control and was brought here where he enrolled in college. After completing his degree he moved to Washington, DC where he became a successful businessman.

Other people, members of organized crime, were relocat-

ed here under the Federal Witness Protection Program. Most of these people had become federal informants against their former associates and were given new identities in exchange for their testimony.

One of these people was Peter Aver, also known as Peter Abate, Peter Abbott and Peter Blassi.

He was born in 1944, a product of Boston's notorious South Side where the Mafia ruled with an iron fist. Loan sharking, organized gambling, bribery and murder were accepted as the price of doing business. Aver's stepfather, Angelo Blassi, was reported to be a notorious enforcer for the Boston Mafia, serving under the New England crime boss, Raymond Patriarca. He was also alleged to have served as a "collection point" for the money used to bribe and pay off elected officials.

Blassi owned a number of restaurants which were thought to be fronts for the mob. Aver seemed to follow in his stepfather's footsteps when he too opened restaurants in Boston, Randolph and Lynfield, Mass. These restaurants were also widely suspected of being fronts for the mob's loan sharking and drug business. Aver appeared to be a successful entrepreneur but much of his business was conducted in secrecy. While gambling, fencing stolen goods and drugs were the mainstay for most of his associates, Aver apparently developed a repu-

"The last thing I want to do is hurt you, but it's still on my list."

Winston Churchill



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tation as an "arsonist for hire." At one point he charged a close associate of a national politician \$5,000 to torch a business in order to collect the insurance.

Aver's underworld activities were becoming a focus of Boston's organized crime unit, who were beginning to close in. Like most mobsters, he probably thought his lawyers could take care of his troubles, but events of June 1978 changed everything.

Blackfriar's Pub was a well known mob hangout operated by Mafia associate Vincent Solomonte. According to one source, Solomonte owed the mob over two hundred thousand dollars over a failed drug deal and the Mafia leadership was furious when he refused to pay.

Late one evening, when the bar was getting ready to close, three gunmen walked in. Solomonte and four others were led to the basement where they were murdered in a hail of gunfire in what was to become known as the Blackfriar's Massacre. Among the people murdered was Jack Kelly, a well

known former television news reporter. His death created a furor in the community.

Aver's connection to the massacre has never been made clear by the authorities. According to Aver and law enforcement authorities, he was present and witnessed the murders. He said he knew the gunmen as well as the victims.

All the witnesses, however, according to many sources, had been slain, leading one to question his role in the murders.

Whatever his role, it became a moot question when he agreed to turn informer against the mob in exchange for immunity for his criminal activities.

After being debriefed by the organized crime units and told he would have to be a witness in future trials, Aver was turned over to the Federal Witness Protection Program. He was given a new name, Peter Abate (rhymes with rabbit), as well as a new background in case anyone asked. In addition, he was provided with money to start his life anew in an undisclosed location under the supervision of the U.S. Marshal's Service.

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 **At Home**

The Witness Protection Program was designed to protect people whose lives might be in danger for testifying against individuals whom the government was prosecuting. Usually they were given immunity for their prior crimes. If a witness ran afoul of the law while they were waiting to testify, the government would often go to great lengths to clear the matter up. The last thing government prosecutors wanted was for their star witness, who was swearing to tell the truth, to be charged with another crime. Some people, like Peter Abate, knew how to take advantage of this.

Glen Brooks, a Deputy Marshal in Huntsville at the time, was a well known and highly respected lawman. He had earlier served on the Huntsville police force and had acquired a reputation as a tight-lipped investigator who would never reveal his sources. For people who knew him, his word was his bond, leading many people to say, "If you're a friend of Glen, that's good enough for me."

Ron Eyestone, a longtime friend of Brooks, recalled seeing him downtown one day with a well dressed stranger. When he stopped to say hello to Brooks the stranger stuck out his hand, introducing himself. "Hi," he said, "My name is Peter Abate and if you are a friend of Glen, then you are a friend of mine."

Eyestone was pleasantly impressed with Abate's outgoing personality, but he noticed that Brooks seemed uncomfortable. After a minute or two Brooks abruptly ended the conversation, mumbling something about being late for an appoint-

ment before taking Abate by the shoulder and leading him away.

Several weeks later Eyestone received a call from Abate inviting him to a party. At first he was hesitant, he had really planned on staying around the house that weekend, but Abate went on to explain that Brooks was helping throw the party. Finally Eyestone decided, "Why not? After all, Abate was a friend of Brooks."

When Eyestone and his wife Barb arrived at the home, a spacious well-kept house in Southeast Huntsville, he was met at the door by an enthusiastic Abate who immediately placed a cold glass of beer in his hand and invited them to join the party taking place out back at the swimming pool. Sounding somewhat apologetic, Abate explained that Brooks was called out of town on business, but the party was still on.

Eyestone recognized several

people he knew as well as a surprising number of people who were good friends of Brooks. Included in the mixture was a number of people who were well connected in Huntsville's business community.

Abate was the perfect host as he went from couple to couple making small talk. Although no one there knew anything about Abate they were taken by his charm and courteous manner. At first he appeared reluctant to talk about himself, he said he didn't want to brag, but several of the more winsome lasses finally managed to get him to open up.

He was from Boston, he said, and had recently retired as an FBI agent where he had worked undercover for years infiltrating organized crime. When his wealthy stepfather died the previous year, leaving him fourteen million dollars, he decided to retire, pick a place on the map and start a new life. Now,




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he said, he was waiting for the will to be settled and exploring different business ventures to invest in. He vaguely alluded to the fact that the Mafia had placed a contract on him, which was one reason he was keeping a low profile.

Barb Eyestone remembered Abate as "not really all that good-looking. He was short and stocky with non-descript brown hair, but he had the best personality that made everyone want to be around him. I believed everything he said."

All in all, it was a pleasant party and everyone left impressed with the gracious host. The following week, Eyestone ran across Brooks and thanked him for the invitation, mentioning it was a shame that he had to miss his own party.

"What party?" asked Brooks with a puzzled look on his face. After Eyestone explained, Brooks began to ask questions about "his party." He was particularly interested in who had attended, why the people thought he had anything to do with the party and how and when they were invited.

It was obvious Brooks was concerned. After pumping Eyestone for all the information he could, Brooks left with the curious warning that "Abate wasn't really a friend of his, and that his friends shouldn't have anything to do with Abate."

Eyestone was left standing on the corner wondering "what the hell was going on, but I knew Brooks well enough not to ask questions."

It later became apparent that Abate had compiled a list of Brook's friends by asking around town. He had correctly assumed that as a "friend" of a U.S. Deputy Marshal, his story would be accepted by Huntsville's social elite, as well as the business community.

Brooks was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. He was not about to confirm Abate's claims nor was he in a position to give out any information. Almost anything he said about Abate would have led to more questions, something the Marshal's service highly discouraged.

All Brooks could say was "I really don't know him that

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well" or "he's not what you would call a friend of mine."

In the next several months Abate became the toast of Huntsville as people began vying for his friendship and his supposed riches. Every banker in town had visions of placing his fourteen million dollars in their bank.

He knew that in a small town like Huntsville you only had to tell a few people and they would spread the story.

Abate appeared to be everything he claimed. He entertained at the Fogcutter so often people thought he had a reserved table there constantly. He often showed up at parties, unannounced and uninvited, but no one cared. Everyone had heard about Peter Abate. He was seen having breakfast with the Mayor, Joe Davis, and was on a first name basis with the chief of police. Adding to his charm were the elegant ladies who always seemed to be around him.

No one knew exactly what he did for a living although visitors to his home told of him receiving envelopes in the mail stuffed with money.

As Abate's social life grew, so did his opportunity for more investments. After learning that

a couple in Decatur were interested in going into the motel business, Abate talked them into giving him ten thousand dollars. Abate was supposed to research the market and help them secure a small business loan. They never saw their money again.

One person approached Abate with the idea of borrowing money for a nightclub. The person ended up giving Abate twenty thousand dollars to "explore the idea." The money disappeared. Before long, literally dozens of people had put money into different ventures with him. Amazingly, Abate was able to placate everyone who had questions about their "investments," and in some cases actually talk them into giving even more money.

While Abate was cutting an ever-widening swath through Huntsville's social circles, he had his eyes on bigger game. He had gotten to be friendly with many of the bankers in town and most were familiar with his "story." He explained to the bankers that he had discovered several investment opportunities and needed a small loan to tide him over until his stepfather's estate was settled. When the bankers asked to see

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a copy of the will, Abate readily agreed, promising to drop it by the bank in the next couple of days.

While producing a bogus will might be difficult for many people, for Abate it was easy. He simply went to a prominent local attorney and after introducing himself as Angelo Blassi, said he wanted to draw up a will and leave the bulk of his money to Peter Abate, his beloved stepson. The attorney took the information supplied, drew up the will and never thought anything about it.

Several days later Abate returned to the bank with the will. As an added inducement, he gave the name of a bank in Boston as a reference.

The bankers were delirious with joy. They could already smell Abate's supposed fortune sitting in their vault. After checking the will to be sure it "appeared" authentic, the banker called the bank in Boston who

verified that "yes, a man by the name of Angelo Blassi was once a customer but he had recently died." They were sorry but they could not supply any information about the account because it was tied up in probate. Off the record, they furnished information that Blassi's bank records showed huge sums of money being transferred in and out of his accounts on a regular basis before he died.

There was a bit of truth to Abate's story. His stepfather had died, but left no will, which was why it was taking so long to probate his estate. There had been a lot of money in his account but it was assumed to be Mafia money and had been withdrawn within hours of Blassi's death.

Next, the bankers called Glen Brooks, who they thought was a friend of Abate's. Brooks, regardless of his personal feelings, was forced to answer with the only statement he was al-



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lowed to give, "I can neither confirm it nor deny it."

Within weeks of creating the will Abate had borrowed almost five hundred thousand dollars from local banks. Another forty-five thousand came from local finance companies and unknown thousands from private investors.

There was no doubt that Abate knew his days in Huntsville were numbered. Already he was making noises to the Marshal's Service about wanting to be relocated and given another name.

One banker who was not impressed with Abate's story was determined to find out more. He was possibly influenced by the fact that his recently ex-fiance was now seeing Abate.

After making the standard phone calls, and getting the same answers, he asked the Boston banker about Blassi's stepson, Peter Abate. The banker thought for a moment and said, "Oh, you must mean Peter Aver. That's the only stepson he had."

A few more phone calls brought out the fact that Aver/Abate was in the witness protection program at an "undisclosed location."

Strangely, when the banker tried to tell people, it was dismissed with "That was probably when he was working undercover."

At the same time the Mafia, anxious to keep Abate from testifying, was hot on his trail. Several sources claimed that Abate had been in contact with members of Boston's organized

crime, possibly trying to collect money owed from old business deals, which could explain the envelopes stuffed with money that he received in the mail.

While the mafia had reportedly traced Abate to North Alabama, they still did not know his exact location. Their problem seemed to be solved however when a New England vending machine company filed a lawsuit in Federal court. The suit alleged that the company's rights had been violated because Abate had fled owing them five thousand dollars and the government was refusing to divulge his whereabouts. They asked the court to order the U.S. Marshal's Service to reveal where Abate was so they could collect the money.

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would go to such great lengths to collect such a small amount.

With so many people beginning to raise questions, Abate decided it was time to leave, but even then, his stories would prove controversial. He told several people who had invested large sums of money with him that he was going to Atlanta for a few days to help his mother move. The story he told two young ladies who worked for local attorneys was much different. He said he was moving to Atlanta to take advantage of several business opportunities and offered them great paying jobs if they would relocate with him.

"When we got to the Atlanta airport," they later explained, "one minute he was there and the next moment he was gone. Just like that. We never saw him again."

Many people believe the government helped Abate flee Huntsville rather than see their star witness tarnished by lawsuits and criminal charges.

After Abate moved to Atlanta, the Witness Protection Program created a new identity for him, this time using the alias "Peter Abbott." He apparently appeared in Boston at several trials for Mafia figures before again disappearing. Repeated requests for information about him were ignored by the government.

The following summer he was briefly arrested in Jacksonville, Florida, still using the name Abbott, where he had applied for a restaurant license. During a routine fingerprint check it was discovered he was a fugitive from justice with two warrants outstanding for his arrest. When Huntsville authorities were notified, it was decided the warrants were not sufficient for extradition. He was released after spending only a few hours in jail.

Several sources say he next

moved to the Miami area, this time using the name "Abbitt," where he stayed for several years before relocating to Seattle, Washington. He has not been heard from since. The Marshal's Service claims he is no longer under their control.

Eventually most of the lawsuits and "problems" he left behind in Huntsville were solved. Many people, some of Huntsville's most respected businessmen, simply wrote the debts off to a bad experience.


An out of town attorney, who many people assumed was

representing the government, settled some of the other cases by paying the claimants a percentage of their losses. Some of the banks, when warned of possible adverse publicity, decided to forget the whole matter.

Glen Brooks resigned from the United States Marshal's Service shortly afterwards and has since refused to talk about his dealings with the Witness Protection Program.

Many of his friends say he quit in disgust because of the way the government regulations had protected Peter Abate.

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* Chocolate Coating for Dipping Candy can be made by melting 4 squares of chocolate in a double boiler, but do not let it boil. When melted, add a lump of paraffin the size of a small walnut, half as much butter and a few drops of vanilla or almond flavoring.

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

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

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

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

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Billy Leatherwood, Jr. passed away on June 9. He loved Rosemary, his wife of 39 years, who was his soul-mate. He fiercely loved and protected his family, and he will be so missed.

"Old Huntsville" magazine wants to send our deepest condolences to Rosemary, daughter Jamie (Allen), son Billy (Melissa); their four beloved grandsons and all the family & friends who will never forget Bill.

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REMEMBERING A GREAT STORY TELLER

by Malcolm W. Miller



Tom Carney was the best writer of true stories I ever knew, he and his wife, Cathey, published "Old Huntsville Magazine" until his untimely death. Tom died much too young, and is definitely missed by many family, friends and "Old Huntsville Magazine" readers. Tom always called himself the "Copy Boy"; however he was much more than that. He was a diligent writer and publisher and Cathey has continued the "Old Huntsville Magazine" with the same spirit.

Tom usually had a story in the magazine every month and I could hardly wait for the next issue to read Tom's stories. He had a way of writing that when you read most any one of his stories you felt as if you were

part of the story.

I recall one story that he wrote about a poor sharecropper's family that had a real hard time. By the time the sharecropper gave the landowner his part of the crop he barely had enough money to pay back the money he had borrowed to make the crop. I remember in the story on one occasion after the bills were paid the man did not have enough money to buy his wife a new dress he had promised her. He told her that maybe he could get her a new dress the next year.

This particular story really hit home for me because my Daddy was a sharecropper and there was a lot of times that we had no money. If we didn't raise a big garden, have a milk cow or two and kill hogs every year we couldn't have made it. My Mother never had a dress that was bought. She always made her clothes out of feed sacks. (Feed sacks were much prettier then than they are now.)

Every story Tom wrote would touch the reader in some way; he had a way with words like no one else, so real and touching. When I talked to others about the "Old Huntsville Magazine"

they always commented about the great writing of Tom Carney and how much they enjoyed his stories.

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wrote stories for Louis Grizzard and for Paul Harvey's "Rest of the Story" program. In fact at one time Paul Harvey tried to get Tom to move to Chicago to work with him, but Tom told him that he couldn't do that as he would have to start wearing socks, and take it from me Tom didn't like wearing socks.

Tom Carney had many talents other than writing. I once mentioned that I had my Daddy's old single barreled shot gun and that it was all rusted and in terrible shape. He told me to bring the gun to him and let him look at it and see what he could do with it. I took it to him and when I picked it up I couldn't believe what he had done with it. My Daddy's old single barreled shot gun was all bright and shiny and looked brand new, and he handed it back to me and didn't charge a penny. I always remember his kindness with this and other things.

During our visits Tom

shared many Old Huntsville stories. He was a good conversationalist and he had many stories of bootleggers, stories of prominent business persons he knew, stories of his life growing up, etc.

His head was full of great stories. All of his life's stories were interesting and intriguing.

After Tom passed away, five years ago in June of 2011, Cathey has kept the "Old Huntsville Magazine" in circulation and she is doing a wonderful job. It has a larger circulation now than ever with more readers all the time. I am proud to say that I am one of the writers for the magazine and I love doing it. I am happy that Cathey accepts my stories as I enjoy writing them.

Tom Carney was the biggest influence in my way of writing and Cathey is one of the sweetest ladies I have ever known. I feel that they both have had a good influence on my life.

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The Ryland Rose

by Austin Miller



The first time I remember seeing the rose was in Arley and Sue Parton's front yard. Their house was in the center of Ryland close to the Ryland Store, the Post Office, the cotton gin and in the early years the Ryland Depot. They didn't have much front yard which made the rose stand out when it was in full bloom.

The house stood about thirty of forty feet from the Southern Railroad track, now Norfolk Southern, and the front porch was about a car length off what is now Ryland Pike. I often wondered what the trains sounded like in the house late at night when they came roaring through with the whistle blowing for the Ryland and Dug Hill crossings.

In the twenties, thirties and forties the building was a store. In the early forties Sue, Arley and their daughter Catherine moved in and the building served as both a residence and store. The store closed in the forties but remained the family's home.

At some point Daddy got a cutting off the rose from Mr. Parton and rooted it. The root flourished and we soon had several pretty red rose bushes in our yard and there is no way to count how many Daddy gave away over the years to family and friends. They all came from that one bush in Arley and Sue Parton's front yard. I had one at every house where we lived in Georgia.

When we moved back to Huntsville a few years ago, my friend Charles McCay asked

me if I wanted a Joe Miller Rose. Charles had several in his yard and picked one of the best ones and dug it up for me. I brought it home and set it out on the berm behind my house. The rose is now

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"I try to avoid all the things that make me look fat. That includes mirrors, pictures and scales."

Jenny Garrett, Athens

in full bloom. The first blooms come in May and when my Mother was alive I always attached one to my lapel for church on Mother's Day.

The remarkable thing about the rose is its durability. Nothing bothers it; that includes insects, aphids, wilt, black spots or powdery mildew. It requires no fertilizer and will thrive in the poorest soil. It does need full sun but does well on very little water after it gets established. The berm where my rose is planted is basically fill dirt full of limestone rocks but the rose thrives. It is not bothered by the hot dry days of summer. I have seen weeds in proximity of the rose wilt but never the rose.

The rose could appropriately be named the Arley Parton Rose or the Joe Miller Rose as it is called by Charles McCay. Mr. Parton is the first one known to have the rose and Daddy propagated it and spread it far and wide. But I think the Ryland Rose is the most fitting name.

Both Daddy and Mr. Parton lived all their lives in Ryland. The rose was first seen at the center of the Ryland community and I think that it is a reflection of the Ryland people and of their generation.

They grew up during the Depression, worked hard all their lives with little reward and survived some of the hardest times ever known in this country. It was in the late fifties before life started to improve for most Ryland people.

The rose would never win a contest in a flower show but it adds to the beauty of its surroundings as much as a champion. In the same vein, I am not aware of any acclaimed people that ever came out of Ryland.

The Ryland people of my parents and Mr. Parton's generation were just ordinary salt of the earth folks who managed on their own. Regardless of how tough it got they survived without any type of charity, outside help or assistance from the government. I

like to think they passed some of that ethic and toughness down to their descendants.

I love having the rose at my house; I appreciate its history and the beautiful red blossoms brighten up my yard. Also it reminds me that if you are of good tough stock you will bloom wherever you are planted no matter the condition of the soil or surroundings.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Congratulations to our Photo of the Month winner for June. The little girl was **Jane Barr**, who is Monte Sano Historian and has lived on the mountain with her beloved husband **Tom** for many years. The lady who called and correctly guessed the photo was **Ann Spencer**, who is retired and lives in Harvest, AL.

Now you remember I had hidden a tiny guitar somewhere within the pages of the June issue, to celebrate all the musical events going on in Huntsville. I must have had over 300 calls - all correct - which tells me I need to do a better job in hiding the little items. So in the next couple of months I'll hide something and NO ONE will find it! The first caller who ID'd the location of the guitar was **Jean Riley**

of Huntsville. I asked her if she was retired and she said she had been, until her husband retired, and now she has a full time job taking care of **John!** Congratulations to you.

We wanted to wish a special birthday to **Gladys Pack** of Madison, AL. On July 18th Gladys will turn 100 years old! She is an avid reader and loves the history in "Old Huntsville" and other local history books. Her son called and he said please tell her that "all her kids" wish her the happiest of birthdays, they're so glad she's in their lives, they love her so much.

I was just devastated to hear that **Billy Leatherwood, Jr.** had passed away. Billy and his wife **Rosemary** have owned and operated Ole Dad's BBQ for 21 years in Hazel Green. Billy was only 62 years old and loved his family above anything else. He was a big teddy bear who had a soft heart and would do anything for his family. Billy leaves wife of 39 years, **Rosemary**; daughter **Jamie (Allen) Woods**; son **Billy (Melissa) Leatherwood**; 4 grandsons - **Austin Pinkerton, Chase Woods, Alex Leatherwood** and **Billy Leatherwood IV**; two brothers, **Johnny** and **Derrick Leatherwood**; sister **Effie Huddleston** and his pets, **Crimson Tide** and **Allie**. He was Rosemary's soulmate and my deepest sympathy goes to her and their many, many friends.

We are so proud of Old Town's **David Nutall**, artist and owner of ArtiMaps. He works out of his studio in Lowe Mill and his hand-

drawn map, "The Fictional City of Alefano and Surroundings" has been accepted into the Royal Academy of Arts of London. The map is set in northeast Italy and uses the grain of the wood as it's contours. He was thrilled to have his work accepted and so are we!

Ercie L. Baker, Jr. passed away on June 12, at the age of 73. Ercie worked as a real estate appraiser for many years and prior to that served as work-release director of Madison County in the early 1970s. He leaves his only child **James Baker**, sister **Betty Ann Baker** and his former wife/companion **Susan Hall Baker**.

David Walker of Atlanta Bread on Highway 72 in the Target shopping center is one of the nicest guys you'll ever meet. He is generally behind the counter taking orders from the crowds there, and if you're ever met him he will remember your name always! That is a real skill and it shows that he cares for his customers.

We were so saddened to hear of the death of **Amanda Stolz**. Amanda was 27 years old and suffered from Mitochondrial Disease for the majority of her short life. She fought it hard though and had the

Photo of The Month

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

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This cute little boy started a restaurant that had a Mill in it.



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most positive attitude. You rarely saw her without a huge smile on her face and a big hug for you. She loved her birthdays and every year would receive hundreds of cards from all over the world. Local radio personality **MoJo of WZYP** radio visited Amanda at the hospital just days before she passed away and he put such a moving tribute to her on air, along with her favorite song by Mercy Me, "I Can Only Imagine." Amanda's Mom is **Peggy Rhoden**, who worked very hard to keep Amanda smiling and positive. We send deepest condolences to Peggy and her husband **Jeff Rhoden**, (Amanda's stepdad); Amanda's sister **Alicia** and brothers **Joey Rhoden** and **David Adam Stolz**, **Ty Rhoden** and **Forrest Rhoden**, and grandparents **Karen** and **Larry Daye**, **Peggy** and **Rollin Smith and Faye** and **Wayne Rhoden** along with other loving relatives and friends who will never forget Amanda.

William Sibley is a local author who has written several stories about Big Cove for "Old Huntsville". He wanted everyone to know of an upcoming event to take place on July 10th. Big Cove Cumberland Presbyterian Church will be celebrating its 200th birthday on that date, beginning at 11 am. The church was founded in 1816 by **Rev. Robert Donnell** and **Margaret (Dowdy) Pickens** and **Jane Middleton**.

I had the privilege of meeting a really interesting lady recently at the Downtown Art Walk. She

was **Catherine Knowles** and was there signing her new book, "The Doughnut Tree", and quite a crowd was around her. The book has just been released and is a fiction story about the journey of a young girl from a terrible childhood to become a highly prominent lady of the South and how she found her true soulmate.

Catherine is a delightful author who references many of the areas here we're familiar with and will know about, and you can reach her at www.thedoughnuttree.net.

Happy Birthday to **Chris Rousseau** who will be 28 on July 4 and **Rosemary Leatherwood's** grandson **Chase Woods** who will be 16 on July 10.

Also couldn't leave out my sweet (sometimes) brother who will be OLD on July 31st. **Ken Owens** is only a year younger than me so that's middle-aged.

Beautiful **Joyce Russell** has a birthday on July 12. Joyce works for New York Life Insurance and never seems to age - wish I had her smooth complexion!

Huntsville Hospital announced the grant recipients for this year's Community Health Initiative. Thirteen local non-profits were awarded a total of \$500,000 during a ceremony at the Madison County Health Department on June 9th. Huntsville Hospital's Community Health Initiative was founded 19 years ago to improve the health status of Madison Coun-

ty residents, and in that time it has awarded more than \$8.8 million to 47 local agencies. So proud of them and their generosity.

Have a safe & happy 4th and remember many pets are terrified when they hear explosions, so take extra care of them!

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- 3 chicken breasts
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- 1 3-oz. package walnut pieces
- 1 3-oz. package pecan pieces
- 1 8-oz. carton sour cream
- Salt to taste
- Pepper to taste
- 1 c. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 9-inch pie shell, baked

Cook the chicken and cut into bite-size pieces. Mix all ingredients except for the cheese and fill the pie shell. Sprinkle the cheese generously over the top, sprinkle with a bit of garlic powder. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes at 300 degrees.

Hot Pineapple Casserole

- 2 15-oz. cans chunk pineapple and juice
- 5 T. flour
- 1 c. sugar

- 1 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 - 1/2 sleeve round butter Crackers, crumbled
 - 1/2 c. margarine, melted
- Grease a 9x13 inch casserole and pour in the pineapple and juice. Add your flour and sugar. Next, blend 1/2 cup of the cheese, the crackers and melted margarine. Mix together, add the remaining cheese as a topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Cinnamon Cookies

- 1 c. butter
 - 1 c. sugar
 - 2 eggs, separated
 - 1 t vanilla
 - 2 c. flour
 - 2 t. cinnamon
 - 3/4 c. chopped nuts
- Cream butter and sugar, add

egg yolks and vanilla, add in flour and cinnamon. Put dough on large cookie sheet, cover with nuts and press in. Beat egg whites til frothy, brush top of dough. Bake at degrees for 30 minutes. Cut strips while hot and remove the cookie sheet at once.

Catfish Fillets in Beer Batter

- 1 c. beer
- 2 c. flour
- 2 T. vegetable oil
- Salt to taste
- 2 egg whites, beaten
- 12 catfish fillets

Let the beer stand open a couple of hours. Mix all ingredients, fold in the egg white; coat the fillets and fry on medium heat until the fish is crispy.

Serve with lemon wedges and chunks of Vidalia onion.

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Banana Nut Bread

- 1/2 c. shortening
- 1-1/2 c. sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 c. ripe bananas, mashed
- 2 c. flour
- 1/2 t. baking powder
- 1/2 t. baking soda
- 1/4 c. buttermilk
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Preheat your oven to 300 degrees. Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add the bananas. Sift your flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Add flour mixture alternately with the buttermilk. Add the vanilla and nuts. Bake in a greased 5x9-inch loaf pan for an hour and 15 minutes. Cool; wrap tightly in plastic wrap. This will keep for about 2 weeks and can be frozen.

White Chocolate Ritz Crackers

- 1 16-oz. package of white chocolate
- 1 c. peanut butter
- 1 16-oz. box Ritz crackers

Melt the chocolate in top of a double boiler. Spread the peanut butter between two Ritz crackers and then dip them in the melted chocolate. Place them on waxed

paper until the chocolate has hardened.

Almond Coconut Bars

- 3/4 c. butter
- 1-1/2 c. flour
- 2 t. sugar
- 5 eggs, beaten
- 2 c. sugar
- 3 T. almond extract
- 2 c. coconut

Mix the butter, flour and sugar. Press into a 9x13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Mix the remaining ingredients and spread over the pastry. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

Fried Ice Cream

- 1/2 c. caramel syrup
- 6 oz. corn flakes
- 1/2 gal. vanilla ice cream
- Vegetable oil
- 1 12-oz. carton Cool Whip
- 12 cherries

Mix the caramel with the corn flakes til sticky. Scoop out the ice cream and apply corn flake coating to cover the ice cream. Store any leftover coating in the fridge. Drop the coated ice cream balls in hot oil (enough to cover the balls) for 15 to 20 seconds. Place in a dish, top with whipped cream and cherries and eat immediately.



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So Many Wasted Years

by Jerry Keel

When a person loses a spouse there are so many changes in your lifestyle that sometimes you can be overwhelmed. The house you shared can become a tomb full of memories if you dwell on the loss of your loved one. It's hard not to be sad and depressed when you lose a mate of 50+ years.

In my case her favorite recliner where she spent most of her last few months is a constant reminder that she is no longer here. Pictures on the walls seem to look back at me as if she wants to still talk about things. Now and then I find myself talking to her pictures. I don't think I am losing my faculties or anything like that. It's just that so many things were left unsaid. These things pop up in my mind from time to time as some object or thought triggers a sense of loneliness.

The first few months were the hardest. The process of dividing the possessions of a spouse among your children and grandchildren can be a daunting task. You want each child to have something that will keep the memories of the departed one alive. There's always the chance that more than one will want the same object so you have to be careful about who gets what.

Often when driving around town you see a building being torn down to make room for a new and bigger building. The memories go back to when you and your mate watched the original building being built. You wondered for a while just what would be housed in the building. Now the mate and the building are both gone.

Our first house where we started our family life together is still standing, although in a different location. One day I was in the Mullins Restaurant to pick up some lunch when I happened to look out the window. There, to my amazement, was our first house being moved down Andrew Jackson Way (then called Fifth Street). When I got over the shock I was determined to follow along to see where the house was being moved to.

As I followed slowly along behind all kinds of memories came flooding back. Two of our four children were born while we lived in that house. So many happy days were spent there. I remember our first TV set was bought there. It was ordered from the Spiegel catalog - on the installment plan of course. When I came home

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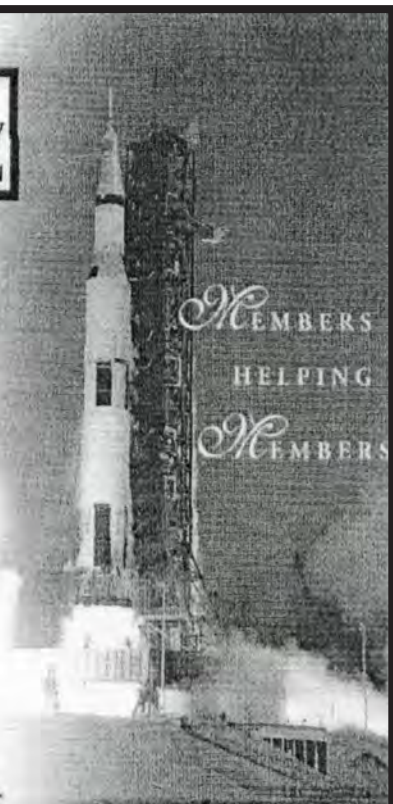
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- * Real Estate Broker - Inactive
- * Huntsville Resident since 1958
- * Educated both children through the Huntsville City School System
- * Worked 25 years in Aerospace
- * Owner/Operator Debra's Clothesline
- * Honored for active volunteerism by the Rosetta James Foundation
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from work one afternoon my wife, who was several months pregnant with one of our children, was wrestling with a large cardboard box. Inside that huge box was our first TV set - a big black and white television receiver.

After a lot of instruction reading and trial and error we finally got it working. Man, what a thrill! No matter we could only get two stations with the built-in antenna. We had a TELEVISION SET!

As soon as possible I bought a big antenna to put on the roof. With an antenna rotor and a 40-foot mast we were really for the big time. We could get stations from Birmingham and Nashville. Huntsville had just entered the TV station scene with a UHF station. The Birmingham and Nashville stations were VHF. The UHF station had to have a separate antenna but that was OK. We had a TELEVISION SET!

We didn't realize it at the time but that was probably one of the worst mistakes we ever made. The time previously spent as a family doing family things together was soon replaced by all of us sitting around staring at the fuzzy pictures on the boob tube. The inevitable arguments and disagreements over what programs we would watch often gave way to someone - usually the children - mad and sulking because they couldn't watch what they wanted to. But that was OK. We had a TELEVISION SET!

I recalled another time when there was a vacant lot behind our house. The grass and weeds had grown more than waist high. I was worried that a snake or something equally sinister might harm one of our children. I planned to clean up the lot but it only took about ten minutes of swinging a sling blade for me to realize that was too much work for anyone to have to do.

Always the one to figure out a simple, easy solution to any problem I quickly came up with the ideal solution. I would just BURN the grass and weeds.

The next problem was how to go about starting a fire in the fairly large area to burn all the grass and weeds. Another brilliant idea soon made its way into my mind. I would just use gasoline! So simple and so easy. At least I thought it was.

I bought two gallons of gasoline and proceeded to walk around and through the field pouring gas as I went. I

didn't know at the time that the vapors from gasoline were the main source of combustion. Well, when I was almost out of gas I made a trail which was supposed to be the fuse with a thin stream of gasoline. When I was a safe distance away (I thought) I struck a match and lit the gasoline trail.

It was late summer and still very hot. Heat and gasoline don't do well together

I soon found out. The hot summer sun caused the gasoline to vaporize into a whole field of dangerous, highly flammable fumes. When the trail of burning gasoline reached the large field of gasoline vapors it sounded like

Woody Anderson



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World War III had broken out in the field behind my house.

The explosion was so loud it almost scared the pants off me. The shock wave almost knocked me to my knees. The vapors igniting sent a wall of flame all the way to my "safe" place. Hair and eyebrows don't stand a chance against flames like that. It took several weeks for my hair and eyebrows to grow out again.

On top of that all the neighbors were scared also. None were brave enough to come out but you could see so many faces peering out the windows of the adjacent homes. I don't recall anyone ever asking what the terrible explosion was but I am sure they could look at my singed eyebrows and guess I had something to do with it.

The overgrown lot full of waist-high grass and weeds? We didn't have to worry about them any more that year. I guess all's well that ends well. For sure I learned my lesson about starting a large fire with gasoline. I was lucky not to have burned down several houses and maybe killed myself or someone else who happened to be close by.

After our third child arrived we realized we needed more room so we sold that first house and bought a bigger, fancier house. As so often happens the larger house brought larger problems into our happy home. We traded a happy, carefree life for one with many problems to contend with.

Why folks think the sure way to happiness is a bigger house, a newer car, fancier clothes and so much more is more than I can understand. I was just as guilty as anyone else in that I liked to try to keep up with the Joneses. Now that all seems so silly. We are all equal in God's eyes. Why we have such a hard time realizing that is a mystery to me. Some day we will all leave this world and you know what? Regardless of how much wealth and stuff we have accumulated here we all will end up alone in a casket which will be placed into a hole in the ground and then be covered with dirt. What good will our material goods do us then?

It took me more than 75 years to realize what's important in this life. I wandered through life trying to see the forest. I never was able to see the forest for all the trees in my way. I finally realized that the trees WERE the forest (duh!). So many wasted years, so much time seeking happiness. What I, and many others like me, failed to recognize was that the world offers so little happiness. I finally realized that true happiness is found only in the Lord Jesus Christ and His amazing love.

In my early days I was a total jerk. I did not care about helping others who so desperately needed help or just someone to be their friend. My philosophy was "I made it by myself, let them do the same." I was miserable most of the time and blamed the world and other people for my unhappiness. It is always easier to blame others when something goes wrong. Not my fault! It's not fair! Somebody else did it! Why me? I don't deserve all this trouble!

Excuse after excuse poured out of my mind. Never once did I think it just might be my fault. When I finally faced the truth with the help of my dear friend Barbara I changed from a Scrooge into a person I hardly knew. Not only was I willing to help others but I actually would go out of my way to do things for people I barely knew.

The sad part of this is that I wasted the best years of my life. Now I am almost 80 years old but the Lord has blessed me with good health and the desire to do for others. Everything I do to help others is done in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. He has given me the desire and the capability to do for others. Sometimes I try to do more than I can physically do but I am still trying to work for His glory. I will continue to help others in the name of Jesus as long as I can stand. To God be the glory forever and ever. Amen!



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Our Local Farmers' Markets - Fun AND Healthy

by Kelsey Jordan

Walmart and Big Box stores are a relatively new concept; before these revolutionary ideas came into play most of our food products and everyday goods came from local farmers and were sold at your locally owned grocery stores or specialty stores. Today local stores have been overtaken by chain supermarkets, local food products have been replaced by brand names, and sometimes the only way to get these local products is from one of the handful of locally owned grocery stores or by going to the Farmers Market. Luckily for us, Madison County is home to many great Farmers Markets. You can find them almost every day of the week, on any side of town, in the mornings or evenings, and your meats and produce are guaranteed to be fresh AND local! The vendors and farmers at these Farmer's Markets often put in long hours and hard work for each and every market; the farmers wake up before dawn to pick the best heads of lettuce, collard greens and peppers, they gather freshly laid eggs everyday, and they raise pigs and chickens to maturity. The bakers bake for countless hours making cupcakes, cookies, brownies and more. Other vendors make soaps, bug sprays, lotions, candles, jewelry and many other items. These vendors and farmers are local families and businesses in our community who have decided to stay local because they care about their communities and the people in them. So shouldn't we care about them too? This summer and fall I encourage everyone to shop local, support your community, take your family and head to the Farmers Market!

I've put together a short list of some of Madison County's best Farmers Markets, some have been around a few years and are more established, while others are still growing.

- Latham Farmers Market: Tuesdays from

3pm-6pm at 109 Weatherly Rd. SE. They have an assortment of seasonal fruits and vegetables, meats, desserts and other local products. Some of the vendors include: J. Sparks Hydroponic Farms, Piper and Leaf, Humble Heart Farms, The Sharp Edge, Talley Farms and Regale Cupcakery. Their Facebook page is: facebook.com/lathamfarmersmarket.

- Bailey Cove Farmers Market: Saturdays from 8am-12pm at 12200 Bailey Cove Rd. at the St. Thomas Episcopal Church. They carry a variety of meats, fruits, vegetables, desserts and flowers from local vendors. Vendors include, but aren't limited to: Fig Leaf Farms, Hobbs Farms, Regale Cupcakery, Piper and Leaf, W & W Farms, and Scott's Orchard. Their Facebook page is: facebook.com/bcfarmersmarket.

- The Greene St. Market at the Nativity: Thursdays from 4pm-8pm at 208 Eustis Ave. As one of the largest and most established markets in Madison County, they have a large variety of products and services with about 70 vendors and farmers including:



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Johnny Street, Athens

Tutt & Tutt, Ron King Farms, Regale Cupcakery, Iron City Trading and Nekkid Products. Their Facebook page is: facebook.com/The-Greene-Street-Market-At-Nativity.

- **Madison City Farmers Market:** Saturdays from 8am-12pm at 1088 Hughes Road. This market, in its 10th year has a variety of fruits, vegetables, meats, eggs, herbs, baked goods and other products from: W & W Farms, Harvest Roots, Blackberry Bramble Farms, Honey Pie Bakery, Pepper Creek, and the Juicery among many others. Their Facebook page is: facebook.com/madisoncityfarmersmarket.

- **The Providence Market:** Huntsville's newest market is held TWICE a week! On Tuesdays from 3pm-8pm and Saturdays from 8am-12pm at 1 Town Center Dr. in the Providence neighborhood. At this market you can find fresh vegetables, meats, fruits, baked goods, soaps, lotions, candles and other great products. Some of their regular vendors include: Iron City Trading, The Craft Wizards, King Family Farms, Hobbs Farms, Regale Cupcakery, Nekkid Products, Bees & Teas, and Britton Farms. Their Facebook page is: facebook.com/theprovidencemarket.

The markets and vendors listed above are just an example of the local markets and local vendors. For more information on each market and to learn about ALL of their vendors, please, visit their Facebook pages, or better yet visit the markets!

This is just a short list of some of the most popular markets in the area, it is by no means ALL the markets in Madison County. For a list

of all local Farmers Markets, please, visit:

<http://ourvalleyevents.com/huntsville-harvest-farmers-markets>

<http://fma.alabama.gov/FMCounty.aspx>

Each of these amazing Farmers Markets features local food and products that are grown, raised, created and sold by local people, in local markets. How much more local can you get than that? So, what are you waiting for? Get out and shop local!



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THE NOTORIOUS CHARLEY PARKHURST

TRUCKEE, Calif. — Western stagecoach companies were big business in the latter half of the 19th century. In addition to passengers and freight, stages hauled gold and silver bullion as well as mining company payrolls.

Stage robbery was a constant danger and bandits employed many strategies to ambush a stagecoach. Thieves rarely met with much resistance from stage drivers, since they had passenger safety foremost in mind. The gang was usually after the Wells Fargo money box with its valuable contents. Passengers were seldom hurt, but they were certainly relieved of their cash, watches and jewelry.

Before the completion of the transcontinental railroad over Donner Pass in 1868, the only transportation through the Sierra was by stage. Rugged teamsters held rein over six wild-eyed horses as they tore along the precipitous mountain trails. The stagecoaches were driven by skilled and fearless men who pushed themselves and their spirited horses to the limit.

One of the most famous drivers was Charles Darkey Parkhurst, who had come west from New England in 1852 seeking his fortune in the Gold Rush. He spent 15 years running stages, sometimes partnering with Hank Monk, the celebrated driver from Carson City. Over the years, Parkhurst's reputation as an expert whip grew.

From 20 feet away he could slice open the end of an envelope or cut a cigar out of a man's mouth. Parkhurst smoked cigars, chewed wads of tobacco, drank with the best of them and exuded supreme confidence behind the reins. His judgment was sound and pleasant manners won him many friends.

One afternoon as Charley drove down from Carson Pass the lead horses veered off the road and a wrenching jolt threw him from the rig. He hung on to the reins as the horses dragged him along on his stomach. Amazingly, Parkhurst managed to steer the frightened horses back onto the road and save all his grateful passengers.

During the 1850s, bands of surly highwaymen stalked the roads. These outlaws would level their shotguns at stage drivers and shout, "Throw down

"Women spend more time wondering what men are thinking than men spend thinking."

Katy Collins, Gurley

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the gold box!" Charley Parkhurst had no patience for the crooks despite their demands and threatening gestures.

The most notorious road agent was nicknamed "Sugarfoot." When he and his gang accosted Charley's stage, it was the last robbery the thief ever attempted.

Charley cracked his whip defiantly and when his horses bolted, he turned around and fired his revolver at the crooks. Sugarfoot was later found dead with a fatal bullet wound in his stomach.

In appreciation of his bravery, Wells Fargo presented Parkhurst with a large watch and chain made of solid gold. In 1865, Parkhurst grew tired of the demanding job of driving and he opened his own stage station. He later sold the business and retired to a ranch near Soquel, Calif. The years slipped by and Charley died on Dec. 29, 1879 at the age of 67.

A few days later, the Sacramento Daily Bee published his obituary. It read: "On Sunday last, there died a person known as Charley Parkhurst, aged 67, who was well-known to old residents as a stage driver. He was, in early days, accounted one of the most expert manipulators of the reins who ever sat on the box of a coach. It was discovered when friendly hands were preparing him for his final rest, that Charley Parkhurst was unmistakably a well-developed woman!"

Once it was discovered that Charley was a woman, there were plenty of people to say they had always thought he wasn't like other men. Even though he wore leather gloves summer and winter, many noticed that his hands were small and smooth. He slept in the stables with his beloved horses and was never known to have had a girlfriend.

Charley never volunteered clues to her past. Loose fitting clothing hid her femininity and after a horse kicked her, an eye patch over one eye helped conceal her face. She weighed 175 pounds, could handle herself in a fistfight and drank whiskey like one of the boys.

It turns out that Charley's real name was Charlotte Parkhurst. Abandoned as a child, she was raised in a New Hampshire orphanage unloved and surrounded by poverty. Charlotte ran away when she was 15 years old and soon discovered that life in the working world was easier for men. So she decided to masquerade as one for the rest of her life.

The rest is history.

Well, almost. There is one last thing. On November 3, 1868, Charlotte Parkhurst cast her vote in the national election, dressed as a man. She became the first woman to vote in the United States, 52 years before Congress passed the 19th amendment giving American women the right to vote!



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The Life of S. O. Holmes, Jr.

by David Holmes

Daddy was born Samuel Otis Holmes Jr. on 3/3/09 in a two story country house just east of Huntsville, Alabama near the small community of Chase. He never went by Samuel, Sam or Sammy. Early on a druggist nicknamed him Sodie Pop for his love of fountain drinks. This got shortened to Sodie, and S.O. by most who knew him. His best friend, Tokey Walker, called him Sunshine for his positive attitude and sunny disposition. To me he was Dad. Following are some memories I have of growing up very close to him.

He always was in business for himself, usually more than one at a time, but he always found time for me, and often included me in what he was doing. In the 40s and 50s dad owned and operated a furniture store. Economy Furniture sold nice, low cost furniture primarily to mill workers on modest time payments. Located on a downtown corner, a block off the square, the second story windows offered up a perfect viewing spot for us kids of the Christmas parades filing underneath. His father earlier had a higher-end furniture and

buggy store a block away.

When my Dad was growing up he helped at the store. One of his favorite memories was helping John install conversion kits on the buggies. This made them some of the first motor vehicles in North Alabama. The black store worker was more famous for his walking than his role in the early auto industry. In fact he was called "Walking John", gleaned from his long, effortless stride that carried him major distances with no sign of fatigue. On Saturdays he often walked the railroad tracks from the family farm house near Chase to visit his girlfriend in Decatur, about 30 miles away, and walked back Sunday evening.

Dad was also the first owner of Star Market Grocery Store in Five Points. He operated it several years before selling it to Chick Russell whose family it remained in for the next 50 plus years. Dad later on had a small corner grocery on 9th Avenue just down from General Shoe, now Lowe Mill.

One of the times our family went to the store for groceries after hours my sister, Diane

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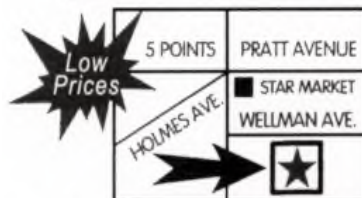
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and I were running around the partially lit aisles when we came across a stalk of bananas. We had never seen a whole stalk before and were closely examining it when out crawled a giant furry hitchhiker. A tarantula was not on our shopping list. Another vivid memory from that store was the delivery truck. It was a small, old, rickety, no frills, way cool ride for a small kid - my favorite was getting to operate the manual windshield wiper while we puttered down the road in the rain.

From groceries and furniture Dad moved into real estate, building and selling one house at a time. Mostly two and three bedroom brick ranchers with a carport. He would stay up late or get up early to draw the building plans. They were very professional looking. I asked where he learned to be a draftsman. He said he taught himself. He had a lead carpenter, Aaron Griggs, who could do it all - frame, finish, trusses, roof, siding, foundation, lay block or brick. He and dad would sit down and figure out what they needed - materials and help - and what it would cost. Then down to the First National Bank on the square to get a building loan. You would think it would have been a foregone conclusion since Uncle Bob was the bank president. Except they were brothers-in-law, with strong wills and opposing opinions. However it was good business for both, so the deals got done. Next came construction. Aaron would do most all of it with Dad helping in all phases - often getting all the odds and ends that pop up. Sometimes I would ride along on his pick up missions. He would often croon big band songs acapella as he drove. Upon completion of the build he became the realtor.

The first house he designed was his own. The house I grew up in on Hermitage. It was a tall two story with a high, steep roof line. More than one roofing crew refused to re-shingle it due to the severe pitch. The interior featured two archways, hardwood floors, and wallpaper thru out. By the time I came along, he had added a glassed-in side porch, basement and a master bedroom and bathroom. Later came a carport and large bedroom for my sister, Diane. The original build included a barn with two horse stalls.

Dad had gone to his father in the mid 30s to borrow money to buy the land and build the house. His dad asked where the land was. About a block and a half down Hermitage and at that time a plant nursery. "Well son, I think it's a good investment to build

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a home, and I'll loan you the money, but that's just too far out of town." This is just a story to illustrate how small Huntsville was back then. It was so close to town groups of us kids would walk to town for the Saturday afternoon cowboy serials at the movies.

Dad hired a carpenter and his son drew up the plans and helped where he could. Lumber was so inexpensive back then, he used broad plank tongue and groove hardwood as the sub wall. It was applied to the studs on a 45 degree diagonal. The house is rock solid. The walls were covered in felt and wallpaper. I remember an electrician attempting to install a wall heater. He burnt up his electric saw trying to cut an opening. The original house cost just over \$3,000 to build. It had wood lap siding that Dad scraped and painted (both floors) into his seventies.

I came by one time and saw him on a ladder he leaned from the roof to the chimney. He was repairing the "squirrel cage" on top. He was in his late 60s at the time. One of my favorite stories (he confided in me) was how he managed to have music in his car before car radios came along. He had a roadster convertible with a rumble seat in the back. Dad paid a small caddie to get in the rumble seat floor with a hand crank Victrola and partially closed it to hide them from view. He and his date proudly cruised slowly around downtown, top down and tunes pumping, to double takes of amazement from the Saturday night crowds.

Prior to that another of his stunts backfired nearly as spectacularly. He was coming home for lunch in his father's delivery truck. They were living on McClung Hill which was still a dirt and gravel road. He saw his older brother, Arthur and several young ladies in the front yard so he decided to show out. The trottle and spark advance were two levers on the steering column, the clutch, gears, and reverse were three small pedals on the floor board. The brake was a hand lever coming out of the floor - this he had no intention of using - instead he knew from experience that pulling the "ears" down to fully advance the gas and spark, hitting the clutch and reverse pedals, and cutting the steering wheel hard would send rocks and dirt flying, wheels spinning, and the little truck sliding 90 degrees into the driveway - which it did.

BUT what he forgot was that it being summer, the windshield was propped up to let air in - well down it came right on his head. The next thing he remembered was laying on the ground looking up at the entourage he sought to impress, while they were howling with laughter.

I once asked him what was the craziest thing he had done. Was it the time he agreed to fill in for a missing act at the circus one year it came to town? Or when he launched his motorcycle thru a burning wall? Or when he mounted a police siren under the

hood of his car and sped thru the countryside? Or when he flew under bridges on the Tennessee River both right side up and upside down? And Lord knows what else.

He said, after a pause, that he wasn't proud of it, because others could have been hurt if it went wrong but he had once flown his plane down Holmes Street dead even with the 5th floor of the Times Building (where he had his office) - that's halfway up - and he was Upside Down!



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AREA NEWS IN 1911

Huntsville on Saturday afternoon was a busy place, especially around the Courthouse where the warm weather brought the farmers in with their mules and hogs for sale. Traffic on Washington and Jefferson Streets was blocked with the crowd and their vehicles in attendance on the old-fashioned live stock auction sale that took place this afternoon.

Not only the Square was crowded but the streets were lined with shoppers. The spring weather surprised many out of their homes and the merchants were seen brushing up their windows with spring stock. Huntsville, from its appearance this afternoon is certainly taking on a metropolitan appearance.

Mother of 13 dies from Paralysis

Mrs. Francis Limbaugh, 67 years old, died at 6 o'clock last evening in Patton Grove as a result of a stroke of paralysis suffered yesterday morning. She was the mother of seven sons and six daughters. The remains will be carried this morning to Monrovia,, her old home, for interment today.

Death caused by Rubber Snake

J. F. Holder dashed in front of train when frightened by a companion. Startled by a rubber snake in the hands of a friend, J. F. Holder, Sr., a young boy of Athens, dashed in front of a swiftly moving passenger train and was killed instantly. Jeff Tomlinson, 18 years old, and young Holder were standing

near the railroad tracks, when suddenly Tomlinson drew the imitation snake from his pocket and shoved it towards Holder, who, in attempting to escape from the supposed reptile, dashed in front of the train and was literally ground to pieces. Tomlinson was arrested.

Woman Starts Panic at her own Funeral

Decatur, AL Stretching out her hands toward those who had assembled about her coffin, Mrs. Jane Pitcock, an octogenarian, caused a panic at her funeral here according to reports. The funeral sermon had been preached and the lid of the coffin was removed to permit friends and relatives to take a last long look at what they believed to be a corpse. It was then that Mrs. Pitcock regained

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consciousness. She remained alive for several hours but then passed.

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Money Found - some one left an envelope containing \$4 in paper in the office of the ideal Laundry Co.. owner pay for ad and recover same.

Man Arrested for Killing Dogs
Thos. Hooper, the surveyor, called at the Daily Times office to explain why he killed the two fine dogs about which the Sunday Morning Times had referenced. Mr. Hooper claims that the dogs had been killing his geese, which he valued at \$5 a piece and had also, he said, bitten a fine bull belonging to him.

He was fined \$15 in the Mayors Court for shooting firearms in the city limits and appealed his case to the Law and Equity Court, where he also has a case against him. One of the dogs belonged to Miss Margarette Wellman, the other to Frank E. Murphy, who had the warrants sworn out for the arrest of Mr. Hooper.

Ardmore, Tn. Mrs. Josie Leman relates a very unusual experience she has had recently with a bird - a common English

Sparrow.

Mrs. Leman has been troubled for several months with falling hair and had begun to feel that she was going to be completely bald. She is very fond of birds, and regularly feeds several English Sparrows near her front steps and she had taken special interest in one which had a deformed wing, showing that it had been badly crippled at one time.

This bird reciprocated the interest shown in it and would often sit for several minutes while Mrs Leman would talk to it, and she among many other things often told it about her falling hair, not for a moment thinking the bird could understand her.

Now, Mrs. Leman does not claim that the bird understood the trouble she was having with her hair, but she does state and can prove that this bird is bringing hair to her daily, such as it finds in its flights, and is leaving it on her porch. "It makes eight or ten trips a day," said Mrs. Leman, "and seems to be especially happy after bringing a real long hair."

"I always let the bird see me take the hair, and I pretend that I am very much pleased, for I wouldn't hurt the little thing's feeling for anything on earth. I believe he thinks that he's helping me."

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Honor Guard Raises the Flag

by John E. Carson



On June 1st of 2016, the members of Huntsville's American Legion Post 237

were on hand for a flag raising ceremony at the new Wal-Mart on Winchester Road in northeast Huntsville.

Asked to be on location at 6:00 AM, the members in attendance rose at 4:30 in the morning for the Grand Opening of the new Supercenter.

Four members of the Honor Guard, including the Post Commander, Don Pinkerton, were on station for the 7:30 AM opening ceremonies, raising the flag to a bugle call with two Firing Squad members to salute the colors.

While the news crews and the crowds were concentrating on the events and crowds near the semi-trailer and VIP's, the Color Guard went

largely unnoticed and exited quietly from the scene. Although they were announced at the start, there seemed to be little notice of them.

This was the fifth time WalMart has called on Post 237 for a Color Guard and has promised a future donation, hopefully, in the future.

It is sad in this military town that the many services the Legion volunteers provide at no cost to our community get so little recognition. Staffed by volunteers who take time out of their lives for others, the Honor Guard receives no compensation, save for the good will of the families and businesses it serves.

Thanks go out to Tina from the Chamber of Commerce for this photo.



Happy 4th of July!

*To all who have served in the military:
Thank you for your Service!*



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Scruffy, Part 4

by John E. Carson



I woke to the jabbing rays of the rising sun turning my head and blood shot eyes into one of the long shadows of the naked branches that crossed its path. Unsure of where I was I sat for several minutes, registering the stiffness of my back that rested on the rough bark of the tree that had propped me up most of the night.

The sound of the diesel engines of trucks filtered through the chain link fence and except for the cold that penetrated the thin jacket that I wore I would have thought I was back in Iraq. Mingled with the smell of the black smoke that hung low in the January air was the foul smell of my own breath.

I scowled at my condition, noting the pasty coat on my tongue and teeth that had left a bad taste in my mouth even the alcohol could not wash away. My stomach cramped with hunger and the

need to pee was becoming urgent.

Only when I moved my hands to my side to push up from the ground did I notice Scruffy's head lying protectively on my lap and the stiffness of my outstretched legs.


For once I had slept without waking from night terrors.

Reluctant to wake the sleeping dog I considered sitting still and going back to sleep. But the urgency was growing and if I did not stand up soon, my lap would be warm for another reason. Raising a hand to shield my eyes from the stabbing rays of sunlight I used my other hand to gently wake my new friend.


"Come on, Scruffy; time to rise and shine!" I said as I moved my stiffened legs and jostled him awake.

Yawning, Scruffy lifted his head slightly and laid his muzzle back on my lap as if to say, "It's too early to get up, go back to sleep."

But for the call of nature I would have. I leaned forward, pushing the dog from his resting place and stood up, turning away from the sun as it continued its slow climb and stretched in unison with the waking dog.



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Moving a few trees away and facing the woods, I self-consciously relieved myself while Scruffy sniffed out a spot for himself apparently unconcerned that anyone may be watching.

That being done, I habitually rubbed my hands together vigorously for about thirty seconds, something I had learned long ago about camping. This was supposed to kill the bad bacteria and leave the good; something that soap does not do. Why did I care anyway? I shrugged as if talking to myself. Maybe I did not care about my own life but I had no right to make that choice for others. At least I could tell myself that.

The hollow pain in my stomach shook me from my thoughts. Scruffy sat in front of me, looking up expectantly. I knew he was hungry too. We would have to find something to eat; and some money.

Having a purpose helped distract me from the constant rumination in my head and the smell of diesel fuel that was beginning to work its way into nausea. It reminded me of the burning pits in Iraq.

Scruffy whimpered as he looked up at me and I bent down to one knee, petting him on the head and taking stock of my furry savior. He was definitely a German Shepherd mix; the black and tan coat and his muzzle being the biggest clues. But there was something else there too; instead of the tall pointed ears, his were somewhat flopped over.

But there was no mistaking the large, pointed canine teeth and the black lips. I felt sorry for anyone this dog sunk them into. I brushed him with my hands as if that would clean him too. He needed a bath as much as I did.

I stood up and retrieved my backpack from the base of the tree I had slept on and then turned my feet towards the street. There was a soup kitchen back the way we had come and I felt safe enough in

daylight to go there. Maybe I could pocket something for my new friend as well.

My thoughts turned inward again as we walked the uneven blocks of the old, crumbling sidewalk. There were a lot of ways to die and most of them did not bother me. I had witnessed many of them close-up. But starvation wasn't one of them.

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An Extraordinary Phenomenon

from 1833 Huntsville Newspaper



The inhabitants of our town were aroused at an early hour yesterday morning to witness one of the most extraordinary phenomena which perhaps have ever occurred in this country. It was the incessant falling of meteors, in such vast numbers as to illuminate the heavens.

We did not witness the commencement, which was about 12 o'clock, but for more than two hours previous to daybreak, we were up and had a full view of this most awful and sublime appearance, which continued until obscured by the light of the Sun.

For several hours thousands or even millions of these meteors appeared in every direction to be in constant motion - all taking the direction of the earth, but rather ranging from the East. They presented exactly the appear-

ance which is exhibited by the shooting of the meteors which we occasionally see almost every night.

Our town was the scene of great commotion, particularly among the poor, who were praying and shouting in every direction, thinking the Day of Judgement had come. The early hour at which our paper issues (for the mails) prevents our being able to converse with those of our town who would be able to properly account for this strange phenomenon.

It is no doubt the effect of an impure state of the atmosphere, the weather for some days having been warm and damp, but suddenly changing to cool or frosty.



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JULY = We currently have NO auctions scheduled for the month of July. We would like to wish everyone a Happy July 4th and Safe Travels for those on Summer Vacations!

AUGUST = Next sale will be **SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th**, followed by a second sale by the end of this month. Check our listings on auctionzip.com for dates, pictures, listings, etc. We will also advertise these date(s) in this great publication of OLD HUNTSVILLE MAGAZINE!!

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Dog Factoids You Should Know - - Worldwide



* If never spayed or neutered, a female dog, her mate, and their puppies could produce over 66,000 dogs in 6 years.

* Humans have kept dogs as pets for over 12,000 years.

* The largest breed of dog is the Irish Wolfhound.

* The world's smallest dog breed is the Chihuahua.

* The St. Bernard is the heaviest.

* Only dogs and humans have prostates, but dogs do not have an appendix.

* Every dog on earth likely descended from a species known as the Tomarctus - a creature that roamed the earth over 15 million years ago.

* The oldest known breed is likely the Saluki - originally trained by Egyptians to help them track game.

* In 1957, Laika became the first living being in space via an earth satellite.

* A dog's only sweat glands are between his paw pads.

* Like human babies, Chihuahuas are born with a soft spot in their skull which closes with age.

* The breed Lunde-hune has 6 toes and can close its ears.

* Teddy Roosevelt's dog, Pete, ripped a French ambassador's pants off at the White House.

* President Lyndon Johnson had two beagles named Him and Her.

* Franklin Roosevelt spent \$15,000 for a destroyer to pick up his Scottie in the Aleutian Islands.

* A dog's mouth exerts 150-200 pounds of pressure per square inch ... with some dogs exerting up to 450 pounds per square inch.

* A one year old dog is as mature, physically, as a 15 year old human.

* The U.S. has the highest dog population in the world.

* The average city dog lives 3 years longer than a country dog.

* 7% of dog owners say their dog curls

up beside them or at their feet while they watch T.V.

* Dogs can be trained to detect epileptic seizures.

* In 2002 alone, more people in the U.S. were killed by dogs than by sharks in the past 100 years.

* Gidget is the name of the Taco Bell dog.

* Newfoundlands are great swimmers because of their webbed feet.

* Basset Hounds cannot swim.

* Greyhounds are the fastest dogs on earth, with speeds of up to 45 miles per hour.

* Bingo is the name of the dog on the side of the Cracker Jack box.

* The Bible mentions dogs 14 times.

* Three dogs survived the sinking of the Titanic - a Newfoundland, a Pomeranian, and a Pekingese.

* The Labrador Retriever is the #1 favorite breed in the U.S., Canada and the U.K.

* Obesity is the #1 health problem among dogs.

* An estimated 1,000,000 dogs in the U.S. have been named as the primary beneficiaries in their owner's will.

* An American Animal Hospital Assoc. poll found that 33% of dog owners admit to talking to their dogs on the phone and leaving answering machine messages for them while away.

* A dog's nose print is as unique as a human's finger prints and can be used to accurately identify them.

* 70% of people sign their pet's name on greeting and holiday cards.

* 58% put pets in family and holiday portraits.

* There are only 350 Cisky Terriers in the world - perhaps the rarest breed.

* The phrase "raining cats and dogs" originated in 17th century England when it is believed that many cats and dogs drowned during heavy periods of rain.

* Dogs have no sense of "time".

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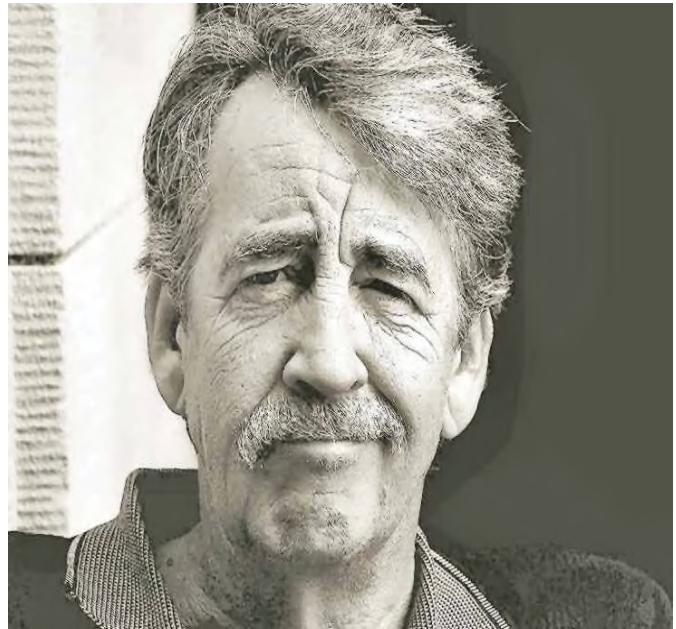
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*From the Desk of
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THE LIFE OF HOWARD WEEDEN



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

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

Her father, Dr. William Weeden, died before she was born and left the family with the beautiful town home, a complement of servants, plantations, properties and other real estate from which the family's income and life style was derived. Early in her life she demonstrated a talent for drawing, and received lessons from a local portrait artist — Mr. William Frye.

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

As family members were in the Confederate Army, the relationship between the family and the Federal officers, who had taken over the house, became intolerable. The family, feeling as prisoners and hostages in their own home, fled Huntsville with

their servants accompanying them and went to Tuskegee in South Alabama. There, Howard met Dr. George W.F. Price and his daughter, Elizabeth Price, who became a lifelong friend, supporter and biographer of her life.

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

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

With the family fortune gone, Howard turned to painting to help provide needed income for the family. Howard conducted art classes for young ladies and produced hand-painted greeting cards and placards. This work further contributed to the development of her particular and unique, largely self-taught style.

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Norway may become the first country to ban sales of gas-powered cars.

She also wrote poetry and her works were published under the name of "Flake White" in the Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uniquely blending pictures and poems, she illustrated the gaiety, the sadness, the real

lives of people with more than dramatic technical skill — it was genius.

In her poem "The Worst of War" she relates in sixteen lines more than the horror of war — she captures the utter sadness, loss and personal tragedy felt as the ex-slave recalls taking the riderless horse of his slain young master and officer back home: "I led his horse back home where they sat expectin' him, and I saw Missis' and Master's hearts when they broke, an' that was the worst of war."

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

As the reputation of this refined, gentle woman grew, orders came in from all over the world for her works. In 1898, her little published book became the premier Christmas gift. She had to do all she could to meet the demands with what her perva-

sive ill health and nearsightedness would allow.

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

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

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

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Riding in "Ole Yeller"

by Hugh Michaels



They called it "Old Yeller." It was old and it was yeller. It was the Langston, Alabama school bus, very dirty and dusty. It was the only way that children in Langston had to go to school in Scottsboro, AL.

The distance from Langston to Scottsboro was 15 miles. The operator of this bus was a man named Lee Little. This story took place in the period from the late 1930s to 1950s.

The bus had a hole in the floor; when Lee couldn't dodge a mud hole, water would come up straight through that hole. Some unlucky kid would have clothes that were soaking wet because of this. Dust would come through the crack and all of this caused some really dirty clothes.

Children would hurry to the restrooms as soon as the bus arrived to Scottsboro for obvious reasons. If you sat in the rear of the bus you could get really cold in winter, the heater only covered the front of the bus (and the driver of course). The middle of the bus contained a flat surface or bench with no back, to sit on. Kids would be lined up back-to-back.

Mr. Little would pick up kids on Highway 35, Randalls Chapel and Temperance Hill. This would cause problems with Langston kids but provided a way for children who lived along the way to go to school.

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The bus would leave Langston really early in the morning and return close to dark. "Ole Yeller" belonged to Mr. Little and he used it for other purposes. On Saturdays he would transport people to Scottsboro to obtain necessities such as food and clothing. On Sundays if enough people were interested he would take them to surrounding places for an "all day singing." He would charge a small fee. Many times people would fail to pay him and they would promise to pay later, but they never paid. Lee Little was too kind and generous to press the issue.

It seemed that nothing could stop the bus from running its routes. On one Halloween night a group of rowdy boys crammed corn into the gas tank. The next day "Ole Yeller" ran

better than ever. On one occasion a car rammed into the bus while it was stopped on Highway 35, picking up kids. The car was badly damaged, no kids were hurt and "Ole Yeller" kept on truckin'!

Lee Little was not only good at operating the bus - he was good at telling "tall tales" too. He said that once while he was serving in the Navy during WWI, he got sick while on a ship, in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The Captain of the ship turned around and brought Lee back to the States.

Thank God for people like Lee Little - he cared for those kids and the people of Langston. His willingness to help will never be forgotten. Neither will the memories of riding to school every day in "Ole Yeller." These memories will never fade away!

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- 4 T. olive oil
- 7 cloves fresh garlic, sliced
- 3 T. chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste

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The Finest Spoken Words

by Bill Wright

July 27th of this year will mark the 63rd Anniversary of the Korean War Armistice. It was a war that some have proclaimed as the most significant event of the 20th Century to stop the spread of Communism. It was a 3-year war that cost the lives of 34,000 Americans killed in combat and 90,000 wounded in combat. Many young Huntsvillians participated in this war. It will be a date that many veterans of that war will reflect back upon their experiences.

It was the Winter of 1952 when our Army Infantry Regiment arrived in Korea. We had just completed nine months of advanced infantry training in Japan. I was 20 years old and assigned to a machine gun platoon in Company H. We had only been in Korea a short time when we were assigned a new Company Commander. I will call him Captain Jones (not his real name). Captain Jones was a short, middle-age, out-of-shape looking guy. To us in our early 20s and in good physical condition from the intense advanced infantry training, Captain Jones appeared hardly fit to lead an infantry company in combat.

Captain Jones spent most of his time at the Company Headquarters located to the rear of the front lines. I only saw him once on the front lines when he had two soldiers with him. One soldier was carrying Captain Jones' back-pack and rifle and the other soldier was pushing Captain Jones up a hill.

We would spend ten days on the front lines defending our Main line of Resistance and

"I was going to wear my camouflage shirt today, but I looked everywhere and couldn't find it."

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A Happy and Safe 4th of
July to All!**



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then rotate to the reserve area just behind the front line for five days. While in the reserve area for five days we slept in squad tents. At night we were required to close all flaps on the squad tents to ensure total darkness. We were allowed to burn one candle for some light inside the tents. Captain Jones had another problem in that he was known to consume alcohol beverages to excess. He would walk around the area late at night cursing and hollering " turn those lights off or you will get all of us hurt". Of course we thought just the opposite; that Captain Jones would get all of us hurt. One of our Sergeants would go outside to check for visible lights and come back saying no lights were visible.

Eventually, Captain Jones was transferred out as Commander of Company H. We did not know where he was transferred to, but glad he was gone and we would not have to hear his voice again or see him.

Sometime later I was loaned to Service Company, located in a rear area behind the front lines, on a Special Assignment. The first day in Service Company another soldier came to me and told me he had Guard Duty for that night and he would pay me \$5 if I would do it for him. I ask why he did not want to do Guard Duty and he responded, "because I am scared". I told him if it bothered him that much I would do the Guard Duty for him and to keep the \$5 because there was nothing to spend it on in Korea.

I had done Guard Duty every night when on the front lines, thus knew it would be cold, dark and lonely. However, the total silence of the night in the rear area was new to me. On the front lines one could hear the frequent zooming of artillery shells overhead and then exploding in the distance in enemy territory. I was now understanding why the guy wanted out of Guard Duty.

It was probably about midnight when I thought I heard a noise. I removed the hood over my head so I could hear better. It was then

obvious someone was there because I could hear snow and ice crunching as they walked toward me. It must have been a moonless night because I remember visibility being poor. I called the Code Word three times and never received the Counter Code Word from the person slowly approaching me. I dropped to one knee and released the rifle safety. During the Korean War the enemy could be in front of you or he could be behind you. I also knew it could be one of our own. It was a tense and difficult moment for me, but I had to make a decision and make that decision quick as this unknown person was getting closer. I positioned my rifle and at that moment I could see the person was approaching in a wobbly manner and that walk was looking familiar. With complete disregard to proper military protocol and in plain language I hollered, "Who are you"? He responded, "I am Captain Jones, who in the hell are you?" Those were the finest



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spoken words I had heard the entire nine months I spent in Korea. I never thought I would be so happy to once again hear Captain Jones' voice and to see him. I had avoided what could have been a very tragic incident.

I stood up and identified myself to Captain Jones and told him I was on Guard Duty and responsible to challenge anyone who came into the Service Company area. I also mentioned I was a member of Company H, but on loan to Service Company. Captain Jones muttered something like, "that Company H is one fine Company" and then walked away into the night.

The next morning I was still excited about seeing Captain Jones so I mentioned it to several Service Company members. All of them said they had never heard of a Captain Jones and he definitely was not the Service Company Commander.

I never saw Captain Jones again, but have always remembered him as the person who spoke the finest words I ever heard during my time in Korea. I hope Captain Jones has lived a long and safe life. July 27th of this year will mark the 63rd Anniversary of the Korean War Armistice.

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Tea Facts

- * Tea originated in China and then was introduced to Japan.
- * For a new taste in tea, add a small bit of dried orange peel to the teapot.
- * Iced tea and iced coffee can be greatly improved if the ice cubes are made of tea or coffee instead of water. These ice cubes can be stored in the freezer.
- * The Island of Ceylon is the world's leading producer of tea.
- * If iced tea becomes cloudy, just pour a little boiling water into it before serving.



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World News in 1925

Teacher Indicted under Anti-evolution Law

May 25. John T. Scopes, a young high school teacher in Tennessee, was indicted tonight on a charge of having taught Darwin's theory of evolution to students in his science class. The trial is expected to attract national attention to the little mountain town of Dayton.

William Jennings Bryan, the spellbinding orator and perennial Democratic candidate for President, will serve as a prosecutor for the state. Clarence Darrow, the noted Chicago lawyer and Dudley Field Malone of New York City will serve as the defense team for the Tennessee teacher.

Scopes is accused of violating a new law, passed earlier this year by the Tennessee Legislature, banning the teaching of theories denying the divine creation of man as told in the Bible. The indictment charges that Scopes "did teach thereof that man has descended from a lower order of animals."

Silk Stockings Said to Thicken Ankles

May 22. A report in the British Medical Journal cautions women against wearing silk stockings in cold weather. The practice results in erythema, a chafing and puffiness of the skin. One doctor states that the "scanty" covering of the legs, from dress hem to the tops of boots or shoes, accounted for this modern illness. The condition was rarely reported before short dresses and silk stockings came into vogue.

American Dirigible Explodes in Storm

Sept 3. The U.S. Navy dirigible Shenandoah, whose silver beauty has been sighted over many American cities, fell broken and shattered on the fields below when it was ripped apart during a thunder storm this morning near Cadwell, Ohio. With 70-mile-an-hour winds, the storm broke the great ship in two, tearing loose the control cabin which fell to earth

like a stone. Its 14 crew members were killed, including Captain Zachary Lansdowne. Twenty-seven men survived the disaster.

The Charleston is the Newest Dance Craze

"Up on your heels, down on your toes..." So began instructions for accomplishing the Charleston, a fad fast becoming an institution. Developed in Charleston, South Carolina, the steps were first noted at an all-Negro review that opened in New York in 1923. With turned-in toes, syncopated arms and flying legs, dancers move more frantically than film character Charlie Chaplin. The dance is cutting across all age lines; the middle-aged ballroom set are doing it in 4/4 time. And people who usually loathe exertion enjoy standing perfectly still while crisscrossing the hands back and forth across the knees.

Duke has Become the Richest University

Oct 27. James Buchanan, Duke tobacco king and philanthropist, died last night of pneumonia. Duke, 68, rose from extreme poverty. He began working

in an old log barn hauling tobacco by driving "a pair of blind mules and a tumbledown wagon." Last year, he established Duke University by a trust fund of \$40 million to give North Carolina preachers, teachers, lawyers, chemists, engineers and doctors. This gift doubles under the provisions of his will, making Duke the wealthiest university.

Egyptian Pharaoh was Youth of 15

Nov 13. Egyptologists believe King Tutankhamen was no more than 15 years old when he died. Clothing fragments found in the king's tomb and the manner of bone calcification in his body lend credence to the claim. The young Pharaoh had been married since age five.

The New Flapper Dress

This year saw the birth of the popular flapper dress, distinguished not so much by its brevity, but more by its shape.

Skimming a barely discernible bosom, it features a drop waist or no waist at all, creating an abbreviated columnar look. Women everywhere are buying these.



"Arty"

Hello, the Ark named me Arty. I came to the Ark with my brother Allie and my sister Asia. A kind lady found us in her yard and asks the Ark to please help us. I am 8 weeks old. My coat is silver and so are my nose and eyes! My sister and brother are solid black. Don't you just love this time of year? Spring and summer bring new life. Trees have new green

leaves; vibrant colors of flowers dot the landscape, life begins for baby birds and furry critters of the wild, and so much more to admire during these seasons. Opps, I almost forgot about the new puppies and kittens born that are just toss-a-ways like my siblings and me. Please be a responsible pet owner and have your pets spayed or neutered. It is the right thing for you to do. If you come to the Ark, ask to see Arty. That's me.

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DAR Boulder and Plaque - Together Again

by Penny Sumners

A Historic Huntsville Treasure will soon be reunited and returned to Huntsville to a place of prominence in Veteran's Park.

In 1939, The Twickenham Town Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) dedicated an eight-foot, three-ton Georgia granite boulder with a bronze plaque on the north side of the Madison County Courthouse grounds with all known 84

American Revolutionary War soldiers buried in Madison County. The ladies started in the 1920's planning, researching and financing the project with bake sales, craft sales and donations.

When the third Courthouse was torn down in the 1960's, the boulder and columns were moved and the plaque was put up for safe keeping in the basement of the Courthouse. The columns were eventually given to the Botanical Gardens for their entrance way.

The ladies of Twickenham Town Chapter had been looking for years for the boulder, so it could be re-dedicated with the plaque that was found on the wall of the courthouse. Over the years, several articles had been put in The Huntsville Times asking for information and location of the boulder, but no one ever called.

In 2007, two DAR ladies happened to see it

and recognized it at the Madison Depot. Apparently, the large granite monument was placed behind the Farmers Market for safe keeping but an inventory of where things were placed was not done at

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that time so that none of the Twickenham Town ladies or city officials knew where it was placed.

Sometime in the late 1990s or early 2000s, a member of the Madison Garden noticed it at the Farmer's Market and requested the monument be placed at Madison's American Legion Park rather than see it just deteriorate. The monument was moved and was given a place of prominence in Madison's American Legion Park in the early 2000s. Articles, pictures and records of the boulder and plaque when it originated in Huntsville were located at the Heritage Room in the Madison County Library from the dedication in 1939 on the Madison Courthouse grounds and during the 40s, 50s and 60s.

About two months ago, pictures of the DAR boulder and plaque were taken to the DAR meeting by former Regent Lorraine Ennis who had found the monument in Madison, and were displayed for the membership to see. She told about the circle that the plaque and monument had made.

The current DAR Regent Penny Sumners called General Bob Drolet who is director of the Madison County Veterans Park Committee, asking if it would be possible to put the DAR boulder and plaque in the Veterans Park, if all of the details could be worked out. Steve Haraway, Madison County Commission, contacted the other County Commissioners to see if the plaque could be moved to Veteran's Park if the American Legion would agree to relinquish the monument.

Steve Haraway secured the agreement with Madison American Legion under the leadership of Carlos Woods with concurrence of the Madison City Council, to move the monument back to Huntsville to Veteran's Park. Mayor Tommy Battle and the City of Huntsville planning commission also agreed to place the monument in Veteran's Park. The Madison American Legion has preserved and provided the monument a place of

prominence since the 2000s.

The American Legion used it again on Memorial Day in Madison 2016, giving it a proper send off before it was moved. On June 2, the boulder was moved to Veteran's Park under the supervision of Steve Haraway and the plaque is to be added in the coming days.

What a special day it is for the American Revolution large plaque to be back on the large granite monument and be in a permanent home in Huntsville/Madison County Veteran's Park!!!



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A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING

from 1886 Huntsville Newspaper

Married at the Decatur residence of the bride's father, at 3:00 o'clock Thursday afternoon by the Rev. John S. Frierson of the Presbyterian Church, were Mr. Ben Lambert and Miss Minnie Lou Grubbs, eldest daughter of Rev. and Mrs. L. Hensley Grubbs of Decatur, Alabama.

The romantic marriage ceremony over, congratulations of friends received, the couple left by the 3:30 east-bound train for Huntsville where they will make their home.

Among the presents received by the young couple were an ingeniously hand-wrought bed room lace set, by the groom's grandmother, Mrs. H. Easley of Huntsville.

They received beautiful snowdrop tulle, from Mrs. R. D. Horton of Decatur. An elegantly polished brass cut-glass lamp with ornamental Egyptian shade, from Miss Katie Finn, Decatur was received.

Beautifully and artistically arranged floral collection from Miss Lou Leadingham and Mrs. S.A. Bissett, Decatur.

An exquisitely handsome handmade, colored satin cush-

ion and toilet case from Misses Celesste, Frankie and Katie Lambert of New York.

An unknown lady friend gave them a damask table linen set. A lovely white feathered fan was received from Walter and Leila Grubbs of Decatur. An elaborately embroidered black satin parasol was given by Thomas Grubbs of Decatur.

Then there were a silver knife and fork set (100 pieces), gilt French China; black walnut heavily carved chamber set; large bevel board; and a beautifully illustrated family Bible, all from the parents of the bride.

It was heard mentioned that after a wedding, all the father has left to give away is the bride.

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A Night at the Russel Erskine Hotel

by Charlie Lyle

One night at the Russel Erskine Hotel, a Senator named John Sparkman walked into the lobby and exclaimed, "Hey Quinn! I need a room for the night and I will be back later." Well everyone from Alabama knew John Sparkman as did many other people, all over the country. Many streets were named after him, buildings etc. - many in Huntsville, in his honor. Jimmy Quinn was manager of the hotel.

The hotel was packed, there were no rooms available. So Quinn didn't want to let his good customer down.

Quinn and assistant manager George Roach developed a plan. There was a friend of Jimmy's who had a room in the hotel that night and always insisted that Jimmy share a little of the "juice" in the hotel's Red Room. Well, the guest didn't really know that Quinn could drink any-one under the table.

So as one might surmise that is exactly what happened. After all, he told George Roach, the assistant manager, "It's just a matter of mixing business with pleasure." The man staggered back to his room and virtually passed out.

Here is where the real story begins. Quinn and a couple of bell boys slid the man onto a portable bed and rolled him down to the laundry room for the night. They made up the bed, tidied up the room. So a little bit later they greeted the Senator with a smile and said "Sir, we have your room ready."

The next morning the Senator woke up and went on his way. When the man in the laundry room woke up, he was terrified. He went up to talk to the front desk clerk and

told the clerk something strange happened to him last night, but suddenly realizing that he wasn't sure what he may have done last night, he turned in his key and went merrily on his way!!

Note: As told by George Roach who now lives in Florence, Alabama.

One would have to realize that things were quite different back in the forties.

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Phil Sanders, Huntsville

When life was simple...



People were proud of their hometown during the 1920s and parades were a way of life. After the parades, however, people had to be careful driving home as the speed limit in Huntsville was only 12 miles an hour. "Happy Hustling Huntsville" was the city's motto, a sign of the prosperity our city was experiencing. Butter sold for 45 cents a pound, bacon 49 cents and sugar was only 6 cents a pound. For the less fortunate a new poorhouse was built at the end of Hermitage Avenue with accommodations for 26 people.

Those days are long gone, but the folks at Propst Drug store still believe in offering the same dedicated, personal service that makes our city a special place to live.

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