



No. 282

August 2016



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

## The Good Old Days



Malcolm Miller, a Navy Veteran, was born in 1927 and never left the Ryland, Alabama area. He's seen many changes in the North Alabama area and was here before Redstone Arsenal even existed.

During WWII his parents had 5 out of 7 sons serving the country in the military.

As a guitar player Malcolm knew many of the famous and infamous. He cut hair as a barber and delivered mail - some things never change.

*Also in this issue:* **Some Lee Family "Nobodies"**

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*Domie Lewter*  
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# The Good Old Days

by Malcolm W. Miller

I remember when Alek W. McAllister, American politician, was Mayor of Huntsville. He was a small man with a head full of silver gray hair and a pleasant smile. He was Huntsville's fifth Mayor. Prior to 1916 Huntsville was governed by a President/Council system. McAllister was Huntsville's longest running Mayor for twenty-six years from 1926 to 1952.

I was born in 1927 so he was the Mayor from the time I was born until I was twenty-six. During his time as Mayor, World War II occurred from September 1939 until September 1945 and the Redstone Arsenal became what we called the bullet factory. He was Mayor when the German scientists came to Huntsville and in years following these

scientists including Wernher von Braun put Huntsville on the map big time. McAllister was born in 1887 and passed away August 22, 1956 when I was a young man.

I remember when Thomas W. Jones was Probate Judge of Madison County. He was a short man and had a big mustache. I don't know how long Judge Jones served, however I believe he was in service during the 1930s.

The Sheriff at the time was L. D. Wall, a Ryland native. He was re-elected every election because of his good personality and everyone around liked him.

I remember when they said Huntsville was growing and had a population of 12,000. During the time these two men served, Huntsville slowly changed from a mill town into a growing city due to the establishment of Redstone Arsenal in support of the war.

When I was growing up, my brother Robert and I would sit on the Madison County Courthouse steps, eating cheese and crackers and listening to the preachers. There was one on every side of the building.

I worked in the General Shoe Factory (later Genesco) during these years, from

**"Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing."**

**Ben Franklin**



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(256) 534-0502

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1945 to 1955, as did many other Huntsville residents at that time. I still on occasion see old friends that I worked with at the shoe factory. During these years mail delivery was twice a day in town. I don't remember when it started once a day, however it was once a day when I went to work as a letter carrier for the Huntsville Post Office in 1955. I worked as a substitute carrier for over a year delivering mail and parcels to what then was greater Huntsville.

I believe at one time or another I delivered mail on every street. I still remember a lot of people that I delivered mail to. There was Mrs. Fisk, an invalid, who lived on Humes Avenue. She told me to just open the front door and hand her the mail. There was Louis and Lillian Jennings and Louis' parents also on Humes. Louis is still a friend of mine and also a neighbor whom I see on oc-

casation. I delivered mail on McCullough Avenue to Marie Osborne, a lady I went to school with at Hazel Green. Also on McCullough I met Herman and Lessie Hunt, two of the finest people I ever knew.

When you deliver mail on long neighborhood streets it is good to have a place to stop for a cool drink of water. I could always count on Lessie Hunt to provide this with a friendly smile. One lady had a dog that would be furious if I did not leave mail. The lady of the house would leave an envelope in the fence so I could put that in the box to keep the dog from being mad. There were several dogs that would follow me along the way. One

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day I went in the front door of a store and the dog waited at the front door. I went out the back door and the next day I found the dog still waiting for me at the front door.

When I was assigned to deliver mail in what we then called "Booger Town" it was the day the welfare checks were delivered. I was doing okay until I got to the corner of Ninth Avenue and Eleventh Street. I looked down Eleventh Street and there in the middle of the road was a water faucet standing about four feet tall and gathered around it were most of the citizens of Booger Town. I didn't know what to do so I stood there in the middle of the street by the water faucet and called out names just like they do in the military and passed out all those checks. I am lucky I did not lose my job that day. In all my thirty years delivering mail, my first day going into Booger Town on welfare check day will always stand out as the most memorable event of my Post Office career.

During the time I worked in the shoe plant and delivered mail I also worked part-time as a barber in Huntsville. I started cutting hair in the Navy and continued to do so when I returned. When the state of Alabama started requiring a license to barber I was grandfathered in because I had been cutting hair so long. Believe it or

not I, and others in the shop where I worked, did cut several of the German scientists hair. Later on I cut hair for Joe Weed, a banker, Judge Dwight Faye, Louis Collier, Post Master at the time, and Deborah Barnhart's father and sons until she left Huntsville. She has returned now and is Chief Executive Officer at the Space and Rocket Center.

During the early 50s when McAllister was Mayor, there was a milk delivery man who left your daily supply of milk on your door step each morning. The milk was delivered in glass bottles which were to be returned the next delivery day. It cost a whole ten cents to see a movie at the Lyric and the Grand Theaters; however the Elks Theater on Eustis Street, better

known jokingly as the Bug House, cost only five cents. You could fill yourself full of hamburgers, if you had the money, at the Little Gem Cafe on Washington Street for just a nickel each. The soft drink was also only a nickel.

The Farmer's Market was near the Big Spring and was called the Curb Market. The Huntsville policemen walked the downtown streets in lieu of riding in cars. I remember one policeman was Mr. Murphree and I recall another, Mr. Malone. Both of these police officers were very friendly and knew most everyone on the streets. They would spend a lot of time talking to people on the streets as they were making their rounds. There was not a lot of crime during this time as Huntsville was a




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**"A clear conscience is a sign of a fuzzy memory."**

**Mike Summers, Arab**



small mill town full of hard working citizens. Most every family had a member that worked at one of the mills and many lived in houses provided by the mills.

There were city buses running every ten minutes through town. They ran round trip from town to the mill villages of Merrimack, Lincoln and Dallas. They ran two at a time on Saturday and many times there was standing room only. These buses were called "nickel wagons" because it cost a nickel to ride them.

Farmers came to town in their two-horse wagons and parked their teams and wagons either behind Dunnavants Department Store or Dobsons on Washington Street. Incidentally, Dobsons sold a lot of damaged goods. You could purchase canned vegetables for a nickel a can, however there were no wrappers on the cans so each meal was a surprise when

you opened a can as you never knew what you were going to have for dinner that evening.

They also sold shotgun shells cheap because they had been wet. I remember when my brother, Robert, was using some of those shells and was hunting rabbit for dinner. He raised his gun and fired. There was a spewing sound and then shot and wadding rolled out the end of the gun barrel. There was no rabbit for dinner that night. Robert was the oldest of my parent's seven boys and many times he provided the meat for dinner. Robert was the only one of the seven boys that did not serve in the military as he stayed home to help Papa farm.

My parents purchased their first radio when I was approximately nine years old. It was a Philco battery model. We did not have electricity of course. Many of the neighbors would gather at

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our house or yard to listen to the Grand Ole Opry on Saturday nights.

All day each Saturday there would be live hillbilly bands playing on the local station. Yes, I said hillbilly. That is what the music was called then. No one had heard of country music and other music, other than gospel, in those days. I still remember the thrill I received the first time I sang on a local radio station. I even remember the song I sang. It was an old Eddie Arnold song, "Many Tears Ago". Everyone who heard this said I could sing just like Eddie Arnold. I still remember the words after all these years. I also remember the words of many World War II songs that I sang when I was on a Navy ship.

I remember Smokey Daniels Band, Kerman Hall and the Maysville Cotton Choppers, Jesse Lee Bunch Band, the Hornbuckle Brothers Band that included Arnold Hornbuckle who later became a successful businessman in the record and music

store business in Huntsville.

One of the most popular musicians by far was Monte Sano Crowder. Besides being on the radio as a musician and a disc jockey he ran the Tennessee Valley Barn Dance for many years. This Barn Dance was better known as the Snuff Dippers Ball. I still remember my first time I climbed the steps of a two story building on Jefferson Street going to the Snuff Dippers Ball. I was young and possibly had no business there, but the sound of the music drew me up those long stairs and kept me there that night and many nights to come as music has always been my passion.

There was also Vance Morris and the Alabama Play Boys, Jimmy O'Rear, Tommy Crutcher and many others. I still remember as if it were yesterday the thrill I got the first time I sang on one of those radio programs.

I remember when every store and everything closed on Sunday, everything except the churches. If you got outside and cut grass or

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*Sent by Larry Fowler*

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worked the garden or did any kind of labor you were ridiculed by your neighbors. My parents would not even let us play ball, go swimming or go fishing on Sunday.

Things have really changed in my lifetime. During these years we did not have television, air conditioning, etc. There were a few telephones in the area; however our family did not have one. When my brother, Gibb, the third boy born to my parents, was wounded in World War II right after the Normandy Invasion, January 6, 1941 my parents were notified by mail weeks later.

My brother Louis, my parent's fourth son, was also at the Normandy Invasion. He was not wounded at that time; however he was wounded in a later battle.

When I was fourteen Louis sent me his month's check for me to purchase a bicycle, this was a forever memory of those war years. My brother, Frank, my parent's sixth son, joined the Air Force and he was able to avoid being wounded. My brother, Joe, my parent's second son, paid his way out of the service to help my parents on the farm. At one time five of us seven brothers were in the service so Joe getting out was a good thing for my parents.

It was December 1, 1950 when my brother, Paul, my parent's fifth son, was captured at Kunuri in Korea. He was POW for nearly three years and there was no way to communicate to know if he was alive or missing. However, near the end of his captivity Paul's wife



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would receive telegrams concerning his POW status. The Army would send her pictures of young soldiers to see if she could identify Paul in any of the pictures.

A. W. McAllister had left the Mayor's office and R. B. "Speck" Searcy, Jr. was now the Mayor of Huntsville when Paul was released in August of 1953. The people of the city of Huntsville organized a parade for Paul when he arrived at the Huntsville Airport. My Daddy was very elderly at this time and had felt he would not see Paul again. The look on his face as Paul appeared in the door of the plane is a look that will be with me forever.

In the Ryland Community, where I grew up, there might have been four or five phones in the area. They were the crank type that hung on the wall and didn't work a lot of the time. The switchboard was operated by a blind man named Charlie Lacy. When you made a call you would pick up the receiver, turn the crank and say "Hello, Charlie please dial xxxx for me." Charlie would then plug the phone line into whoever you wanted to talk to. We knew who had phones and who didn't and we knew who would let us use their phone and who wouldn't.

Our transportation during this time was horses and wagons, or mules and wagons. Sometimes the rolling store, an old truck, would come by the house selling flour, sugar and other necessities. Mother would trade eggs and chickens for the things we needed. Many

times I would try to trade kittens for a piece or two or candy, but didn't have much luck with that.

There were a few cars around, however we did not own one. There were a few A Models and T Models.

Most of our entertainment was church revivals. Everyone would go to these as they were the closest thing to a social event for everyone. I went inside at first, however as I became a teen I stayed outside with the other boys and looked at the girls through the windows. There were many more horses, mules and wagons parked at the churches than there were cars.

These were hard times for



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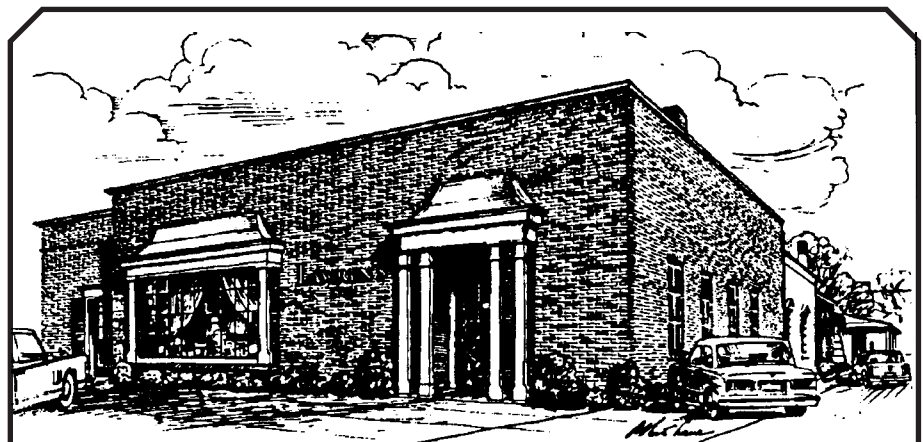
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everyone, but good times in many ways as people didn't know anything else. There was rationing of butter coloring, sugar, gasoline and other items. People would be given stamps to purchase a limited amount of each rationed item. Many people would trade their stamps for things they could use.

There was no question as to whether there would be prayer and the pledge of allegiance to the American Flag in the schools. Everyone participated and no one even thought about opting out of either of these. Many teachers even read to us from the Bible.

One of the things I loved to do as a young lad was to fish in the creeks and the rivers and I still dream of fishing when spring is in the air, or really I dream of fishing during all seasons. It has been two years since I have gone fishing and I really miss it.

Another thing I enjoyed as a young lad was to play my brother's guitar and my harmonica out under the shade trees. I also loved performing for others on the radio and in school shows and to anyone that would listen. The first of June this year I sang with my two sons, Doug and Tommy, and several nephews at the 50th Miller reunion on Monte Sano Mountain. It made me feel good to know that at almost 89 I had not completely lost my singing voice

although I rarely sing much anymore.

It is good to reminisce about the good old days when times were bad as Dolly Parton wrote in her song, but right now I believe I will turn up the air conditioner, drink a Coke, (which costs a lot more than five cents), dream of the good old times and watch "Gunsmoke" reruns on TV.



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by Ernestine Moody

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A smile with pride,  
As families planned  
Their Sunday car  
rides?

Do you remember  
A "most fun thing",  
As families enjoyed  
Grandma's porch  
swing?

Do you remember old  
scrub tubs,  
Clothes being washed  
With hardy hand  
rubs?

Do you remember  
Outhouses of old,  
Where hated thoughts,  
"Going out in the  
cold"?

Yes, I remember  
Those "Good Old  
Days",  
There was unity then  
In different hard  
ways.

Yes, looking back  
On what we had,  
Makes me smile,  
And makes me sad.

Yes, years advance,  
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# Henry Ford Was Right!

by Charles Rice



Some 60 or so years ago, auto maker Henry Ford shocked the nation by declaring, "History is bunk." Historians and educators immediately attacked Ford as being (1) an ignoramus, (2) anti-education, (3) a damn fool, or (4) all of the above. He was in fact none of them, but Ford succeeded in making his point. Much of the what we learn in schools today really is just plain bunk!

It's an unfortunate fact that education is partisan. Governments, political parties, and even churches have all had a hand in deciding what goes into our school books. The resulting "history" has often been anything but truthful. For example, look almost any American school "history of the world" and you will find about 90 percent is on Western Europe and North America. Obviously, the rest of the world must be mostly uninhabited.

In the United States, of course, American history since the Civil War has been denied by Northern writers. This is not only confined to the War Between the States. American history books have largely ignored the real story of the founding of our nation, which began right here in the South.

How many people know that the first English speaking colony in America was founded way back in 1595 on Roanoke Island, North Carolina? This first colony was abandoned the same year, but the Roanoke settlers returned in 1597 to try again. This second colony mysteriously disappeared, becoming the fabled Lost Colony of American history. The third English attempt — and the first successful one — was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, thirteen years before the Pilgrims ever set foot aboard the Mayflower. In fact, the Pilgrims were actually bound for Virginia when the Mayflower landed at Massachusetts. The Captain simply dumped the Pilgrims ashore, not wishing to sail the rest of the way to Virginia!

A few years ago, Walt Disney Enterprises were planning to build an American history theme park. It would begin by telling the story of the Pilgrims. Someone asked

why they were omitting Jamestown. A Disney spokesman replied that Virginia just wasn't significant. I guess not. It's in the South.

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in America, was established in Virginia one year before the Pilgrims landed. The first African-Americans also arrived in English speaking America in 1619. Think about that. Black Americans were here before the Pilgrims, and they weren't slaves either. These first African-Americans were indentured servants, who became free after a few year's labor and were granted land and the right to vote. It seems Southerners aren't really important, no matter what color they are. Incidentally, the first Thanksgiving was held at Jamestown, long before the Pilgrims held theirs.

Some politically correct history books may claim that the Pilgrims came for religious freedom, while the Jamestown settlers (if mentioned at all) came to seek their fortune. What these books neglect to tell us is that the Pilgrims believed in religious freedom for themselves and nobody else! Catholics, Jews, and even many Protestant denominations were banned from Puritan New Eng-

land. Significantly, poor young Pocahontas married an Englishman in Virginia. Note the difference: Virginians married Native Americans; New England Puritans killed them off or sold them into slavery.

Since the beginnings of Southern history seem to have been, "banned in Boston." it's not surprising the Confederacy gets a short shrift. Why, the Confederacy supported slavery, didn't it?

But what about those 89 years that slavery was legal under the Federal Constitution? Slaves were actually sold within sight of the White House and the United States Supreme Court in its Dredd Scott decision that African-Americans were not and could not be U. S. citizens.

Even Gen. Ulysses S. Grant was a slave owner, but that is seldom mentioned.

So maybe Henry Ford was right. Much of the so-called history we learn really is baloney. Just take a look at your children's school books, if you can find them, and see.

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# Tom Carney - Huntsville's Timeless Treasure

by Darryl Goldman

As a newcomer to Huntsville in 2005, I tried out the Blue Plate Cafe on Governor's Drive, having a vegetable plate, corn bread and sweet tea. I was back in the South!

Going in, I had noticed a wooden box with magazines marked, "Old Huntsville." A tiny sign read: "Fifty Cents -- Honor System." Now I knew I was home.

As I ate and thumbed through the magazine, I found a fascinating letter from a Union soldier describing his time in occupied Huntsville during the Civil War. A cow named Lily Flagg was famous, and I laughed out loud at an advertisement from the Huntsville Times in the 1800s. It was for a new wife for a man in Hazel Green and explained, "He has had four that never worked out."

There were somber photos of children laboring in Huntsville mills prior to the laws to protect them, a story about a KKK judge, and anecdotes of folk from up North making their moves to Huntsville when NASA came.

What occurred to this newcomer was the enormous and invaluable gift such a publication is to the community – both present and future. As a retired Army officer and Presbyterian minister with a long list of residencies in this country and overseas, I have never before seen such a priceless journal of a community's common history.

Stories bring history to life and humans need to know their history. Storytelling is the vehicle that makes personal and historical events interesting enough to preserve and repeat. I wanted to meet the people who put this magazine together.

Cathey answered the phone and she and

**"We are too broke to buy anything. We know who we're voting for. We have already found Jesus. So unless you're selling Thin Mints, GO AWAY."**

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*Dan Shady*

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her husband, Tom, were gracious enough to invite me to their office. That's when Tom and I became instant friends; he was friendly, jovial, and as interested in knowing me as in telling his own story. By the way, his history included writing for Paul Harvey's "The Rest of the Story."

I became a regular at his home on Friday afternoons once the magazine had gone to press. Sitting on his screened back porch and sharing stories and a cold drink will always be some of my most cherished memories.

He shared his research about some long gone Huntsville rogues, villains or saints but without revealing their identities. After we had a good laugh he added, "But, we can't print that." He never wanted a story to cause embarrassment to still-living relatives.

Tom understood the power of story-telling to preserve and keep history alive. He was interested in how ancient stories were told for hundreds of years until they were written as what we know as our Bible. Without storytellers, all our history would be lost.

It was at the hospital that he asked me, "Darryl, do you think I made a difference?" I said, "Tom, just imagine the people through the ages who will experience Huntsville's past through your historical documents, interviews and even the local legends. These would be forever lost but for you."

I was honored to officiate at Tom's funeral. His remains are, of course, at Maple Hill and I imagine him there getting first-hand interviews with many of the characters he gave voice to over the years.

A small crowd huddled beneath the funeral home tent and I began speaking about what Tom meant as a friend when, suddenly, the sky

turned ugly and black. A violent storm with driving rain nearly wrecked the tent, forcing me to cut my remarks to a minute or two.

If you knew Tom you might be tempted to wonder if he had a hand in that. It would be so much like him to make that occasion a story you'd just have to tell - one for Old Huntsville Magazine!

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*Albert Einstein*

# Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



Congratulations to our Photo of the Month winner for July. The youngster in last month's Photo was **Curtis Parcus**, who owned and operated the Dallas Mill Deli for years. **Melanie Daniels** was the first to call and identify Curtis. Congratulations Melanie!

Well this year I planned on having hundreds of **Monarch butterflies** in my garden. So I researched and bought all the plants & flowers needed. I have two little white butterflies whom I like, but haven't seen the first Monarch. There are hundreds of bumble bees and a couple of humming birds so in honor of the bees I have hidden somewhere in this magazine a very TINY bumblebee. You will NOT be able to find it but it IS in here somewhere. If you're the

first to call me, **after August 15**, you win a free year's subscription to Old Huntsville (worth \$25). So get your glasses out!

**Phyllis Lawrence** wanted to wish her sweet husband **Billy Lawrence** a happy 72nd birthday on Aug. 26th. Billy is a Huntsville resident and graduated from Butler High in 1962. He worked for Ford for 10 years then Nissan, and has been retired for 10 years now. Phyllis is a retired Guidance Counselor for Hamilton City Schools in Chattanooga - she worked there for 12 years - and has promised to get Billy to send some good memories of his Butler days in Huntsville!

We were so sorry to hear that **Jimmy Tolen** had passed away on June 23rd. Jimmy retired as Assistant Chief of Huntsville Fire and Rescue after 33 years of service to the city of Huntsville. He leaves so many good friends who remembered how much he loved to BBQ for crowds and won awards at the annual Whistlestop BBQ competitions. He leaves wife **Martha J. Tolen**, daughter **Stephanie Tolen**, son **James Massey Tolen (Kelli)** and grandson **James Massey Tolen II**. So many people will miss him.

**Martin Smith** is the son of **M.D. and Judy Smith** and was recently awarded a plaque and bonus for his 10th anniversary as Resident Manager at Smith Store It/Self Storage on Highway 72 E. Martin moved into the apartment and the job on the property over

the 4th of July weekend in 2006 and has done an excellent job in the position for the past 10 years.

A while ago I took my truck to Lee's Car Wash on So. Pkwy. and had it waxed, cleaned etc. I had heard that the wax job lasted for a long time but now every time it rains the truck looks like it has just been cleaned & waxed again! It's amazing that it lasts so long. Really hardworking folks there.

**Catherine Giles Spelce** is a young lady of 92 who as a child lived at 505 Clinton Ave. East and moved away years ago. She is back in the old homestead that is now owned by her daughter **Cathy Self** and husband **Mike Self**. They live together and have to make room for the big girl in the house named **Bama**, who's a 10-1/2 year-old Harlequin Dane! Catherine not only loves to read about the history of this area, she was an important part of it.

We want to say a special thanks to our **policemen and women, firefighters, paramedics, EMTs** - to express how very much we appreciate you. You put your life on the line every day when you leave for work, at minimal pay, and you

## 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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just want to be able to get back to your family at the end of the day. Thank you.

**Don Broome** had a birthday on July 19 and when I asked him how many, he said it was the 40th anniversary of his 29th birthday. Sounds young to me!

Last month there was a story regarding the increase of Farmers Markets in this area but two that were not mentioned are actually the oldest! **Ayers Farmers Market** is located on Parkway and Governors and will be celebrating their 75th anniversary next year. **Susan Kelley**, who owns and manages Ayers with her sweet mama, told me that her grandfather "bought the farm" in 1942 and that's when it all started. There's always a crowd there. The oldest is the **Madison County Farmers Market** that is on Cook Avenue off North Parkway and is open limited hours. People have been loving local produce and farmers markets since the beginning of civilization!

Happy Birthday to **Missy Leatherwood** on Aug. 5th. **Rosemary Leatherwood** wants her to know how very much she's loved.

**Steph and John Troup** will be celebrating their 18th wedding anniversary Aug. 15th. I hope John does something really romantic for his sweetheart!

I stopped by **Mama Annie's** recently to pick up a load of smoked hamburgers for a **Lowry House** event and they were SO good. They are located on Meridian

Street just south of Wilson Lumber and have all kinds of good Southern food. In fact, **Microwave Dave** sings there every Monday night so I want to check it out very soon. Dave is one of the most talented musicians you'll ever meet and spends alot of his time in supporting up-and-coming musicians who really need his mentoring. He helps new musicians through **Microwave Dave's Music Education Foundation** which he started, and there's even a "Microwave Dave Day" that has been proclaimed by the Huntsville Mayor and City Council.

**Susan Rogers** works as Activities Director at Redstone Village Retirement community and soon will be Mama to little **Alice**. We wish Susan and her family all the best with the new addition!

We were so saddened to hear that **Hank Mattern**, 90, had passed away. Hank was a member of the Golden K Kiwanis for many years and lived at Redstone Village. Even while not feeling good he would help others at Redstone Village if they needed him to pick up something or just help in general. He was a kind, positive soul who loved his family and his friends. Hank was a career military man. He was preceded in death by beloved wife **Sarah Ann "Sally" Mattern**, he leaves daughter **Jane Vachon**, son **John Mattern** and **David**

**Mattern**; brother **David Nicol**, 3 grandchildren and nieces and nephews. His passing leaves a definite void in the world.

If you're feeling down, try to help someone who's in worse shape than you. You'll both feel better! Have a safe August.

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# RECIPES

## Unusual Sweets

### Chocolate Chip Pecan Crunch

- 2 c. plain flour
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. baking soda
- 2 sticks butter/margarine
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 1 c. granulated sugar
- 1-1/2 t. vanilla extract
- 2 eggs
- 2 c. semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1-1/2 c. chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In large bowl mix the flour, salt, baking soda - set aside. Melt the butter in pan, whisk in sugars, vanilla, eggs. Pour into the dry mixture, mix well. Add the chips and nuts, mixing well. Spray Pam onto cookie sheets, drop batter by teaspoonfuls about three inches apart. Cook for 7-9 minutes.

### Coconut Air Cookies

- 2 egg whites
- 2/3 c. sugar
- Pinch salt
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 c. shredded & toasted coconut
- 1 c. chocolate chips
- 1 c. chopped nuts

Beat the egg whites til frothy and add sugar. Beat til stiff. Add remaining ingredients. Cover a cookie sheet with aluminum foil, heat oven to 350 degrees.

When oven is fully heated, turn it off and drop your cookie mix onto the foil with a teaspoon.

Leave the cookies in the oven (turned off) overnight. These can be stored in airtight containers. Your family will love these, they just melt in your mouth!

### Chocolate Cherry Cheese Pie

- 1 8-oz cream cheese, softened
- 1 3-oz. cream cheese, softened
- 3/4 c. sugar
- 1/4 c. cocoa
- 2 eggs
- 1 t. almond extract
- 1/2 c. chilled whipping cream
- 1 graham cracker pie crust
- 1 can cherry pie filling

Heat your oven to 350 degrees. In a large bowl combine the cream cheeses and sugar, beat well. Blend in the cocoa, add your eggs and almond extract. Blend all well, add your whipping cream. Pour into the graham cracker crust and bake for 35 to 40 minutes. Remove while your center is still soft. Cool

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to room temperature and chill in fridge several hours or overnight. Top with cherry pie filling.

### Almond Toffee Triangles

- 1/2 c. packed brown sugar
- 2/3 c. margarine, softened
- 1/2 c. light corn syrup
- 1 egg
- 1 t. vanilla
- 2 c. plain flour
- 1/4 t. salt

Heat your oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 15 x 10 x 1" pan. Mix the brown sugar, margarine, corn syrup, egg and vanilla. Stir in flour and salt. Spread dough in pan. Bake until light golden brown, for 18 minutes.

Prepare topping, below. Pour over baked layer, spread evenly. Bake until light brown and set, about 18 minutes. Cool, cut into small squares. Cut each square in half diagonally.

#### Topping

- 1/3 c. packed brown sugar
- 1/3 c. light corn syrup
- 1/4 c. margarine, softened
- 1/4 c. whipping cream
- 1t. vanilla
- 1 c. sliced almonds

Cook and stir brown sugar and corn syrup over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Stir in margarine and cream. Heat to boiling, remove from heat. Stir in vanilla and almonds.

### Chess Pie

- Pastry for a 9-inch pie
- 4 eggs
  - 1-1/2 c. sugar
  - 1/2 c. butter, softened
  - 2 T. yellow cornmeal
  - 2 T. half-and-half
  - 2 T. lemon juice
  - 2 t. vanilla
  - dash salt

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Prepare your pastry, or thaw one out. Beat the eggs, sugar and butter for 3 minutes in a medium bowl on high speed. Beat in the remaining ingredients, your mixture will look curdled. Pour into pie plate, lined with the pastry. Bake for one hour or til set, cool for 15 minutes. Refrigerate til chilled.

### Sweet Chew Cakes

- 1 box brown sugar
- 1 stick butter
- 1 t. vanilla
- 3 eggs
- 2 c. self-rising flour
- 1-1/2 c. pecans, chopped

Melt the sugar and butter together. Whisk in eggs and vanilla. Add flour. Mix well and add the nuts. Batter will be quite stiff.

Pour into a greased oblong 9x12" inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes, cut into squares.

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\* A can of hornet spray can be very effective as a thief deterrent. It sprays about 20 feet and in the eyes, can be blinding.

\* If you have warts on the palm of your hand, an old remedy is to soak a cotton ball in castor oil, then apply it to the wart and wrap all with some gauze. Do this overnight and it should disappear in a few days.

\* While driving stay a safe distance behind the car in front of you but not enough for a car to try to pull out from a side street.

\* When you're stopped at a red light and it turns green, always wait a couple of seconds and see if cars are coming, may save your life. People more than ever are running red lights in Huntsville.

\* A bar of ivory soap unwrapped and put in bed under the sheets and down by your feet will prevent leg cramps.

\* If you love animals and are feeling down and out, volunteer your time at a shelter - the work may be dirty and hard but you'll feel better at the end of the day.

\* I've had so much fun lately NOT answering the phone. There are so many scams and political polling going on now, it's so irritating to answer the phone and have these people waste your time. So now what I do is use caller ID, and if the number/name is long distance or a number I don't recognize, I just let it ring. Many of these calls are only trying to see if you're home, what hours you're there, etc. It's none of their #?! business! Just don't answer at all - if it's an important call the person will leave you a message to call back. And you'll be amazed at all the free time you just gained to do something useful.

\* Life's too short to be upset all the time. If you have someone in your life who keeps raising your blood pressure (in a bad way) they don't need to be in your life. Unless it's your children - that's a different situation.

\* If you like to light candles around your home and have a cat, get one of those candle holders that are enclosed & vented and have a top that closes. Put your candle in there and there's no way your cat can get to it and knock it over or catch on fire.

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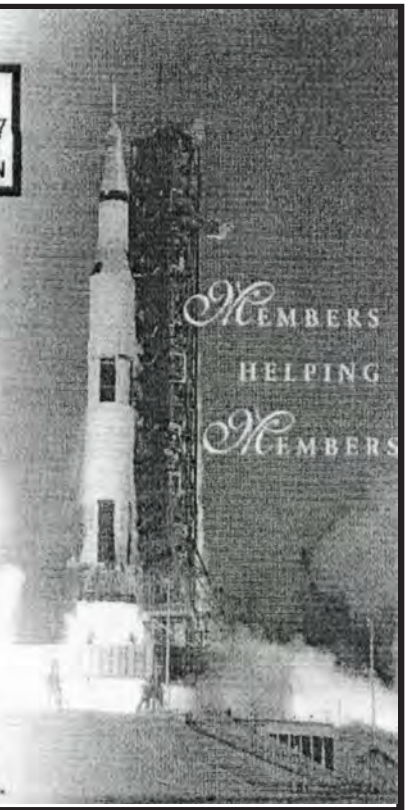


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# Jackie Reed

## MAYOR

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- \* Received the "Rosa Parks Woman of Courage Award" from the Huntsville/Madison County Branch Association (NAACP).
- \* Real Estate Broker - Inactive
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- \* Educated both children through the Huntsville City School System
- \* Worked 25 years in Aerospace
- \* Writes column for "Speaking Out News" for 15 years
- \* Owner/Operator Debra's Clothesline
- \* Honored for active volunteerism by the Rosetta James Foundation
- \* Song written by George Wells: "The Legend of Jackie Reed"



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# From the Halls of Gurley High

by Linda Wilbanks Naler and Marjorie Ann Reeves

Part of aging is the fun remembering the past and how interesting life has been through the years. Two young girls started their friendship in 1961 at Madison County High School when the school was in Gurley. Linda Wilbanks and Marjorie Reeves' companionship began in sixth grade with one girl following after the other until her friendship was accepted, and then they were always found together on the campus and in the classrooms. In the year beginning their friendship, they were both chosen by their teacher, Mrs. Mansfield, to provide angel profiles in the school Christmas pageant. They knew it was because of their nose profiles but enjoyed being the chosen ones.

Linda had a quick wit and long, naturally curly blond hair. Marjorie was quiet with long, straight dark auburn hair. They were so opposite but, with their difference in personalities and shared sense of humor, they managed to get along together and with their schoolmates. Linda enjoyed most of the teachers, while Marjorie was often at odds with authority.

Mr. Mansfield, the principal, got to know the girls well. Once he caught them at Gurley's only main street store during school time. He told Linda that he would tell her daddy if he caught her in town again. They were sent to his office whenever they were caught skipping class,

which was not often because the girls were quick learners.

Linda enjoyed being gregarious and often answered questions that were directed toward Marjorie. Many years after graduation, Linda told Marjorie she was too slow to respond, so Linda answered for her. It was fun to watch people's reaction but the fact is Marjorie appreciated Linda's responding, because most of the time Linda's answers were close enough to what Marjorie would have said that it saved Marjorie from the mental exercise of searching for the

words.

With Marjorie's loss of hearing at a formative age and along with her undiagnosed dyslexia and celiac disease, her mental processing often ran on a slow track. The school's janitor Mr. Beason took it upon himself to be the guardian of the girls throughout their school years and when they had their little tiffs, he would talk them into settling their differences and becoming friends again. He kept watch over the girls and would not let any harm come to them. He knew where to find them when they were skipping class and warned them that a school official



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was looking for them.

When the lunchroom served hot dogs, Mr. Beason would go home to get a small jar of sauerkraut his wife had made and bring it to the lunchroom so the girls could have sauerkraut on their hot dogs. Mr. Beason kept up with Linda a few years after her graduation and bought her first daughter a pretty pink dress. Marjorie was working at Huntsville Hospital when Mr. Beason came in as a patient. Both girls were able to say goodbye one last time before his passing.

Marjorie's mother made her take 9th grade math under Mr. Walsh even though Marjorie had wanted to take algebra causing her to be very rebellious in Mr. Walsh's class and keeping him mad throughout the year. She did take algebra in 10th grade with Mrs. Wilbourn and enjoyed it. Mr. Walsh gave Linda her first "F" for talking to Carl Osmer in class.

Linda's ability to get along with her teachers helped her in many ways. During a biology class in 10th grade, Miss Ikard, the Science teacher, told the class everyone had to cut up a frog. Linda told Miss Ikard that even though the frog was not alive, she could not cut it. As William Jordan, a classmate, made the cut for her, Linda looked up at the teacher who was watching but Miss Ikard ignored the action letting her get away without cutting up the frog.

Although Mrs. Ikard never had children of her own she had a way of dealing with children in class to let them know they could not get anything over on her, but she still had compassion. After her death an article in the Huntsville Times told how she raised her younger siblings, then served in the military. She was a very good woman as well as a teacher. She came to the 30th class reunion in 1997, and the 1967 class presented her with a new paddle. She gave a talk with everyone enjoying her wit.

In the 11th grade, Mr. Gross, the English teacher, told Linda

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*Tallulah Bankhead*

she needed more self-confidence and encouraged her to enter the Miss MCHS contest. He promised to write a speech for her and helped her practice her delivery. Even though she was not a top winner, she was glad she did it because it did help her confidence. In their senior year, Mr. Gross put the girls on the school newspaper writing the gossip



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column. Mr. Gross and his fiance took the 1967 Senior class to Washington, D.C. and New York which they found quite a challenge. One senior classmate recalled sticking a potato in Mr. Gross' car tailpipe on the campus during school.

Shortly after the 1967 class graduated, Mr. Gross retired from teaching and opened a bridal shop in Scottsboro. He said the kids were just getting too undisciplined and he was not comfortable teaching any longer.

The 1967 class was the first to be integrated, and the senior class received Leroy King who was a great asset to the football team.

As they progressed through the classes and reached senior high school level, Linda had boyfriends, but Marjorie, being uncommunicative, did not date. Once one of Linda's boyfriends asked Marjorie out on a date on a bet he could get her to date him. Marjorie called Linda to ask if it was okay since she knew Linda had been dating him. Linda said she didn't care but the boy never showed up for the date. That made Linda break up with him. Linda set up blind dates for Marjorie, but none worked out due to the challenge of holding a conversation with someone who didn't talk.

Linda graduated high school and married her high school sweetheart Gerald Naler. Marjorie's mother sent her to an all-women's Christian college in Georgia where she lasted a year. She tried to make it on her own and was in and out of her parents' house for several years. Finally after joining the Air Force, she received a marriage proposal before she went into the service. Accepting the proposal took her Air Force career off the table. Linda had her third daughter a day after Marjorie had her first of two sons. Linda and Gerald produced four children before they divided the household. After both young women became divorced, they often did things together with their children. They took the children hiking and once they took their children to Opryland together.

Eventually Marjorie took off to the West with her sons. The friends continued to stay in touch over the years. Linda stayed in Huntsville while Marjorie moved from state to state. Whenever Marjorie came home for a visit, Linda was the first she went to see.

Now in their senior years, Marjorie is back in Huntsville. The friends are again running around, doing things together

and having fun like they did in school.

In 2017, the 1967 class' 50th reunion is coming up. No one could have been looking forward to the event more than their good friend, Ronald Skelton. He passed on February 7, 2016.

Over time, there have been about 10 out of 55 classmates in the 1967 class that have passed away. Meaning if you don't show up we will be looking for your grave!



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from 1891 Newspaper

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It did not take many minutes for the fire department to appear, and headed by Fire Chief Baker, the front door was burst open. Lanterns were brought into requisition and in the hands of two or three men, the rear end of the store was visited, and just as the corner of the stair was reached from which a door opens into a place reserved for a private office, a fire made of paper and kindling was on the inside, built right on top of the floor.

As soon as it was discovered, the men in the front hollered for the hose, but at that time a member of the department, William Hayden, caught a man's form in a crouching position up in a dark corner of this little space, and immediately laid his iron grasp upon him and drew him from his hiding.

Officers Ward and Fulgham were on hand and the man was turned over to them. They got him into the calaboose, while he was kicking, jerking and making strenuous efforts to free himself. Finding the man created a great deal of excitement, but the small gathering set to work and in a few minutes had the fire put out.

If the fire had gained any headway no telling what damage it would have done, for the entire block would certainly have been in danger. The villainous fellow arrested would not disclose his name, nor residence.

It is safe to say that when he is arraigned for an investigation of his criminal act he will be fully known and dealt with accordingly.



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# FLYING HOME FROM NASSAU - 1967

by M.D. Smith IV



(This is an expanded part of the Nassau Anniversary trip with my parents M.D. & Kirby Smith in June 1967).

I had been flying off and on since we left Nassau at 7 am that morning. (We got up and packed at 5:30 am). Arrived in Palm Beach at 8:15, went to customs, returned rented life preservers, went to bathroom, etc. and went to start engines. One starter had been acting up, like it was missing a couple gear teeth, and this time, it sounded like it sheared the rest off and would not engage the engine. Turned out it was a bad Bendix spring that engages the starter to the teeth on the engine wheel. Had to wait to be towed into hangar, take engine apart, fix starter, back out, make up a new flight plan and depart 6 hours after I had wanted to.

I really dodged those big storms back and forth from one coast to the other, and after about 2 hours Judy insisted we land so she could take a pit stop. I told her to use a towel, I needed to get home and beat the storms. She was extremely insistent she was not going in the airplane, so I had to call the tower in Gainesville, make an approach and land so Judy could take a pit stop. We all did for precautions, and I filled up with gas also. This was another 45 minute delay making approach, stop and then take-off.

Now back in the air and when get-

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ting weather from FSS (Flight Service Station) from the air on the radio, is when I was told that there was a solid line of storms in lower Alabama into Georgia, and down to Mobile.

They suggested we stop at Tallahassee ahead of the line. I agreed and then filed a IFP (Instrument Flight Plan) to Tallahassee. I had been flying VFR up to then, Visual Flight Rules (no weather radar on that old Aztec) to dodge the big towering thunderstorms. So now, Tallahassee tells me to fly out over the Gulf of Mexico, south of the airport and fly standard holding pattern loops at 7,000 feet because a thunderstorm was just coming over the field, and they'd advise me when I could make a straight in for Runway 36 that runs north and south. I set up my radios for a ILS Instrument approach and it was decent weather over the Gulf about 30 miles away at that altitude.

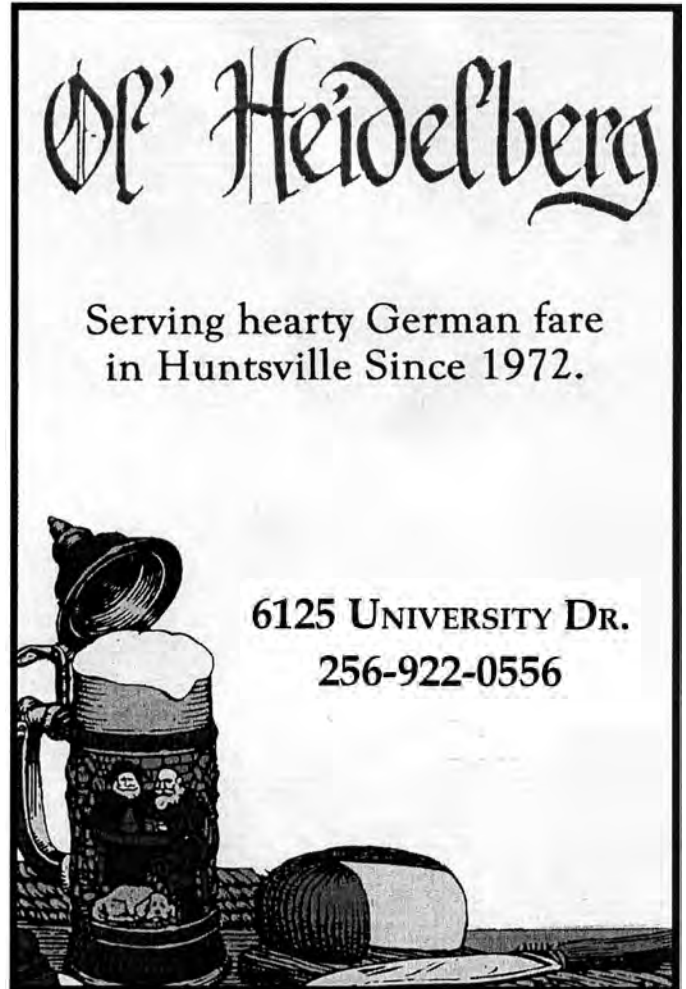
When given the go-ahead to come on in "quick", I added power and started in for the outer marker (beacon beeps and glows yellow when you pass over it), and you begin your descent from 2,000 feet at that time. I am heading in and it's getting darker. I get to and level off at 2,000 feet. It was much bumpier and my mother and Judy were already extremely nervous and saying perhaps we should not do this. I didn't have a lot of choices and I was confident of flying in clouds from all my instrument training. As we are bumping in and I finally reach the outer marker, it's very dark and very bumpy. We could see the lightening flashing ahead and to the right of the direction I was flying, having just passed over the Tallahassee airport.

Now let me tell you, I had my hands full with the airplane. My father was there for co-pilot, but I had to fly the airplane on the gauges, watch the radio ILS-VOR needles to show me whether I was left or right of course, and above or below glide slope, reduce power for a proper descent of about 500 feet per minute.

OK, you can see how busy I was .... and NOW, my mother and Judy get real loud, shouting out, "WE'RE GONNA DIE, WE'RE GONNA DIE." My father and I both assured them we were NOT going to die, but of course there's always a 1% nagging feeling they could be right, having planted

that idea.

More STRESS! Judy is also screaming she thinks she is going to wet her pants, and I tell her to grab that towel and go ahead. I see the lightening, I hear the TOWER tell me to speed it up, another storm is approaching the field, but I had to get the landing gear down and the Aztec



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would not go much over 110 with the landing gear down.

But I DID keep right on glide slope and ILS lined up with the runway, and finally about 800 feet above the ground and a half mile from the runway, we broke out of the clouds and I could see that beautiful long runway dead ahead of me and I was lined up perfectly. I reduced power, and came to one of the best and smoothest landings I had made to date.

As I taxied over to the FBO, I felt 1,000 pounds had been lifted off my shoulders. I was drenched in sweat. I was extremely proud of the fine job of flying I had done and praise and accolades were what I felt I should have waiting for me. Instead the ladies are saying how close they came to dying and only the grace of God had let them land in one piece.

"Hey, what about me, your pilot?" As we cut the engines in pouring rain ahead of that next storm, my father did pat my leg and say, "Good Job, Son." I appreciated that and he was right.

So, THAT'S WHY, when we got to the hotel and me pretty much wet to the bone from sweat and rain, I changed clothes. When the others were ready to leave for dinner, I did like you have seen in the movies; I stood at the foot of the bed and fell spread eagle face down on the covers and told them I'd

eat later. I did not wake up until the next day. I had never been so emotionally drained in my life, or spent such a day from the large hassles leaving Nassau (they wanted take off fees, runway fees and more papers signed, a different flight plan, etc.) another flight over water, and all that followed.

I felt like a WWII Pilot who'd been on a day-long bombing raid over Germany at the end of that day, and had brought me and the crew back alive!

So as Paul Harvey would say... "AND NOW YOU KNOW ... THE REST OF THE STORY!"

P.S. The flight home the next day was perfectly clear weather and as good as it gets. Still, Judy and my mother were apprehensive about flying and ALWAYS wanted to fly early in the mornings before storms could develop, and that always suits me fine. Without the 5-6 hour delay and the extra stop, we think we'd have made it home just fine that day.

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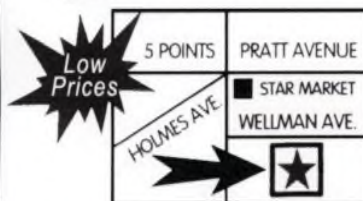
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# The Bon Air Restaurant

by Libby Sanders

On Meridian Street sat an old cafe, The Bon Air. At one time it was a motel and was a convenient stopover for travelers on their way to Florida. In the early seventies it was a favorite place for my former husband and I and our two sons to have breakfast on Saturday mornings. This was a beloved ritual rivaled only by doughnuts on Sunday, at Mr. Donut, before church. We were later blessed with a daughter who missed all the good stuff, or so she says.

The waitresses were like family and everyone knew everyone else. You had a preferred seat, a special waitress, and she knew to bring two coffees and two chocolate milks. The food was good, especially the gravy and biscuits, and the company was nearly always the same.

One lovely lady was still waiting tables at 80 years of age, and loved everything about Princess Diana. When it was announced that a royal baby was on the way, she crocheted an entire sweater set; a cap, sweater, and booties and mailed them to the soon-to-be mother. She was delighted when she received a signed thank you note. I, for one, will never forget it. She whipped that letter out every time she saw you. It was finally framed to protect it, mostly from her loving hands.

Another waitress lived near Butler High School and she walked to work. It was not a short stroll. Anyone who knew her made sure to pick her up when they saw her but most times she had to walk, winter and summer alike. Then she walked home again and never complained about being tired. She had a family to provide for.

I have heard a story and I don't know if it's true or not. Wernher von Braun and some of his rocket team were eating in the Bon Air and speaking with, of course, a German accent. An elderly couple sitting at the next booth, on their way to Florida, overheard their conversation. The lady said to her husband, "I just love that southern accent!"

Lunch and supper were good home cooking and my favorite part was the yeast rolls. Light fluffy and melt in your mouth. A couple of days a week the leftover rolls were used as a basis for the most delicious dessert ever. Chocolate bread pudding, the meal was great, but the whole point was the dessert. You came on the right day, no matter what was on the menu, for the BREAD PUDDING. I would love to have a bowl right

now. It would bring back memories, sure. But the taste! That's the thing, it was like no other and I've never had anything like it since.

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# Mystery Man

by Justine Case

*The story you are about to read is true. Only the names have been changed. There are some strange people in this world and some of them might be family...or not.*

This five-foot, six-inch creature, now almost middle aged, is truly a mystery to behold. I'll call him George. In his mind he has been everywhere and done everything. And some of our family members only met him two years ago (I can't say which ones though in case he is family).

While living with his mother in Florida, George decided he wanted to change his life. He claims to have run away and lived in a cardboard box in Washington, D.C. at the age of thirteen. From there he went to live with his brother in Texas until the day he made up his mind to join the Marines. Somehow he found a pair of camouflaged overalls and that is as close as he ever came to actually being one. Every once in a while he wears them, pushing out his chest with his thumbs in his suspenders and brags,

"Once a Marine, always a Marine!"

At one time in his life he became hooked on marijuana and had a live-in girlfriend who became pregnant. She was on marijuana at the time as well. Her name was Sally and one day she became very ill. Sadly, though George held her and tried to comfort her, she died in his arms. That frightened him so bad he kicked the habit.

No matter what the conversation is, George always knows everything about it. One day, something was in the paper about Hoppers Restaurant. While we were discussing the story, George popped up and said, "Oh yes, I remember when they started up - in fact, I trained the waiters at their first location." That comment stunned us as George would have been nine years old at the time!

Now, George claims to love gardening. He set about to prove it and after many attempts finally managed to till a small plot where a few things could be planted, such as tomatoes, peppers, snap peas and lettuce.

But keeping the garden up was another matter, so one day we asked

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him to please weed the plot. Looking at it the next day we asked why he had not done it yet. "I did," he said, "I pulled two sprigs of weeds." But he had left a couple hundred! When we asked why he had only pulled two he replied, "I'll pull a few each day as they come back." In George's mind he really felt like he had weeded the garden.

To get a good paying job a person needs a good education and George claims he graduated from a high school in Florida. George called the Florida Board of Education to request a copy of his diploma. Though they searched diligently they never found one nor a record of any kind saying he had graduated. Drop-outs don't get diplomas. George was very upset with them.

I guess the kid will just have to keep doing what he is doing. He does make a good waiter and takes good care of his clients.

Not at all a morning person, George cannot seem to wake up until the middle of the afternoon.

Now, George loves his dog, Bruce. He named it after a dog he remembered having as a child. Bruce was born on March 1st, 2011 and is now fully grown. When George is awake during the night he carries that dog everywhere; like a child with a toy. Bruce is a Dachshund and he and George are the best of friends. When George is at work, we have a hard time getting Bruce to go outside; he just does not want to obey. Just like George, he sleeps an awful lot! George goes to work at 3:30 pm

and Bruce goes to sleep until he returns around 2 am and then the two of them romp around until George goes to bed about 3:30 in the morning. What a pair!

Bruce has very sharp hearing and any time he hears George's car in the driveway he wiggles and squirms and goes into a fit until George opens the door and comes in. Bruce knows he is going for a stroll.

I must say, life is very interesting with George; I never know what will happen next! What a mystery man. If you know who he is would you be kind enough to let me know? It may put my mind at ease!

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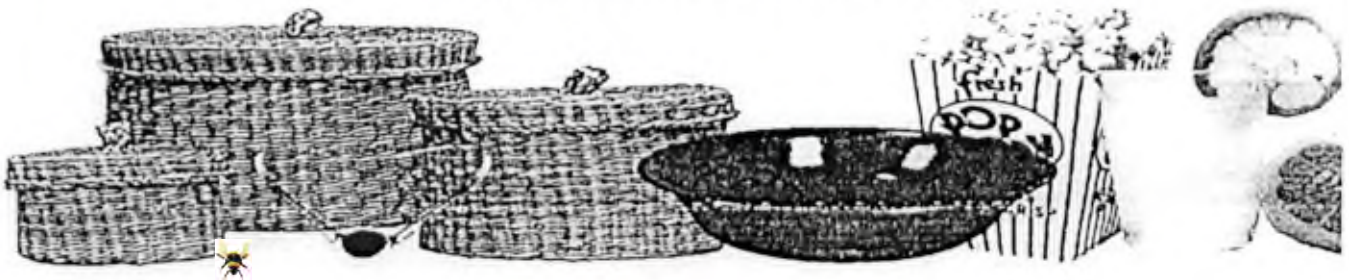
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# AN AMAZING JOURNEY: 1957

by Cheryl Tribble



I recently returned home from a 2000 mile road trip with my daughter from Utah to Atlanta. Traveling across the Great Plains reminded me of a trip I took as a child of 10. In August of 1957 I had an invitation to travel to Nova Scotia, Canada with my grandparents (Grace & Harold Bauhof, step-grandfather) and great-grandmother, in their 1956 DeSoto. The entire journey was for three weeks and encompassed about 7800 miles round trip. What amazes me it that I remember so many details all these decades later. Some of the adventure is described here and the highlights below. It was a big deal to me.

You see, my great-grandmother (Anna Marie Agan) had been a teacher in the late 1800s. Prior to our arrival at specific destinations she made sure I understood the background of the city, etc. She was a great mentor. Born in 1874, Anna taught school in Indiana and married John Newton Agan in 1907 (we

always called him Doctor) in 1907. He fought in the Spanish American War. They had six children in seven years which included one set of twins. They moved to Colorado and Doctor set up practice and a pharmacy in Greeley, CO. They moved to Los Angeles in the late 1920s. Anna traveled with the six children on Route 66 as Doctor remained in Greeley to sell the business. She was always so kind and willing to teach me anything and supported all my activities. She was steadfast in her ideas and gave structure to all of the family because of her standards. I never felt that she was strict with me.

Grace and Harold came up with a plan that provided each grandchild with a "Special Vacation" when we turned 10 years old. My trip was to Canada. In the years that followed my younger siblings traveled too. Lynne went to the Grand Canyon, Diana went to Washington, DC and Glenn went to Hawaii. I was really fortunate because both Grace (52) and Anna (88) passed away 6 years later. Those 3 weeks were so memorable to me.

Grace and Harold loved to travel, even if it was on a weekend. So, they got a travel trailer and we each got to go on a "trailer trip" to the mountains or deserts in California. Harold had the ability to "throw his voice" (like a ventriloquist, sort of) and he would do that with new acquaintances who didn't realize he had the ability. Everyone would get a good laugh. They even formed a club with their other "travel trailer buddies" called the "Trailer Amigos". As children we went often and individually so that we would get some "one-on-one" attention.

My Mom made me a few new outfits to wear and made matching clothes for my doll. Some of the trip was tedious. As a child, imagine being in a car each day with three adults. The plan was that we would travel at least 500 miles each day, always stay in AAA motels and eat at various restaurants/cafes for our meals. At times the car ride was boring, so I might nap once in a while. They were always flexible with me (not strict) but I was very good at following directions. As a result, they loved a good vacation and we weren't on a strict schedule for

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this journey at all. No limits on how long we shopped or if we failed to meet the 500 mile per day guidelines we started out with. At least that is what it felt like to me.

One plan I had was to always order a hot fudge/chocolate sundae for dessert. I was testing the quality of the sundaes across the miles, as that was my favorite dessert. I found that the best ones were in the western US at that time.

We started our trip in Los Angeles. I remember traveling through Las Vegas which I cared about because my parents got married there in 1946. We drove on to the Great Plains across Wyoming and Nebraska. Our final arrival was Madison, WI where we stayed with some distant relatives. I had a 14 year old cousin named Zan, who was really nice to me. Then we went to Ste. Saint Marie to cross over into the Ontario Province in Canada.

Heading east we went to Quebec City. There, we saw Parliament Hill and the famous Musee du Fort. Still in the Quebec Province we went to Montreal. Montreal has one of the famous "narrowest streets in the world" and we walked down that street looking in shops, etc. That was really fun.

Entering into the New Brunswick Province we traveled to Halifax in Nova Scotia (the end-point of our trip). I remember that I purchased a spoon and teacup set for my Mom. I now have those souvenirs in my own collection.

We took a ferry (with the car) across the Bay of Fundy to Portsmouth, ME. The ferry ride was a long ride I recall. I remember being impressed that we took the DeSoto with us...after all it was my "first" time. In Maine we went to the Acadia National Park and we saw the statue of Evangeline. Evangeline was a famous poem written by Henry

Wadsworth Longfellow. After that we went on to Ellsworth, ME to visit a cemetery where my 3-times great grandparents



Cheryl and her Grandma Grace at Estes Park in the Rocky Mountains

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were buried.

As we traveled south through Connecticut, we ate at a restaurant that had a "radar oven" (the precursor to the microwave oven we have today). We were so impressed because our cinnamon rolls were served so quickly and were warm! On down to Boston, MA and we stopped at Plymouth Rock, too. I remember we traveled at night south through New York City and seeing the Empire State Bldg. all lit up. We went into New Jersey for breakfast (they had a radar oven too - YES).

After that we got on the Turn Pike in Pennsylvania, I think we traveled on that through Ohio and Indiana. The Turn Pike was really boring because it all looked the same. The most memorable thing I remember was the dead skunk smells after they had been hit by a car or truck. I believed that if I would lie down and cover myself with a blanket the smell would not "get on me". This made perfect sense to me.


We went on to Iowa and stayed with some other distant relatives on a farm. They had an outhouse - which I hated using. Actually, there were outhouses interspersed along the entire trip which I avoided if possible. At the farm I had an opportunity to ride a Shetland pony that my mother had ridden 17 years earlier and that was special.

After our stay in Iowa we traveled on to Colorado over the Rocky Mountains. We stopped at Pikes Peak and Estes Park, making a point of being on the Continental Divide. We drove on to Utah to see the Great Salt Lake and a Dinosaur Museum. My maternal grandfather (Lee Chapel) built race-cars that competed at the Bonneville Salt Flats during the late 40s and 50s. He had a business "Lee's Speed Shop" in Oakland, CA. So again, that was a big deal to me. From there we traveled back


to Los Angeles.

Most photos taken on the trip were developed into slides. My grandfather let me borrow them and use them for a presentation in my 5th grade class at school. It was very nice of my teacher to let me share.

The entire trip was a wonderful opportunity (in a really nice car, too). I was an "only child" for 3 whole weeks. What a treat! I was blessed that I got to go to eastern Canada with my loving family and "make a memory".



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# NEWS FROM HERE AND THERE - 1911

## A False Publication

Mar 7, 1911

To the Editor of the Daily Times

In yesterday evening's Mercury-Banner there appeared a news item to the effect that our daughter, Edna is to be married this evening to Mr. Bundo of Chicago.

We desire that you allow us space in your paper to make a statement that this is absolutely false. We knew nothing of the item going to the paper and there is no marriage contemplated.

We are sorry the Mercury-Banner saw fit to publish such an item without first giving us an opportunity to verify the truthfulness of the statement in our name.

We think it is very discourteous as a newspaper to publish a statement of this kind to the detriment of our daughter without first getting in communication with us and knowing whether or not we desired such a statement made.

Hoping you will grant us space for this notice and thanking you for same, we are

Yours very respectfully, J.B. and Laura Lines

## Mother Saves Babe at Risk of her Own Life Gadsden, Al

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

Luther Smith who came to her rescue was badly burned about the hands and arms and is suffering immensely. Smith saw her plight and ran to her rescue and succeeded in smothering the flames with his bare hands and tearing away a part of the burning garments. Almost her entire body was burned from her knees to her head, according to the physicians in attendance.

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

## Burglar Makes Woman Get out of Bed

Dothan, Al

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

Her husband, awakened by the sound of a falling body, found the woman unconscious. He, thinking she had fallen against the furniture while walking in her sleep, succeeded in bringing her around her after a time, when she told him of a light flashed into her face, the appearance of the burglar and the subsequent happenings up to the time she was struck. The burglar secured \$12, some valuable family silver and escaped.

No arrests have been made.

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# The Un-Call

by Houston Hodges

I decided to be a minister three years before God was ready for me.

This was in 1945, I was fifteen years old, and at summer camp at spectacular Ceta Canyon in far west Texas. You drive along this flat, oh-so-flat prairie and all of a sudden you drive down into Switzerland. Well, Switzerland-esque.

The last night was Commitment Time. There was emotion - lots of it - and graphic descriptions of eternal consequences. I remember part of the evening wherein we were exhorted to cast our "chief sin" into the campfire, by writing it on a piece of pa-

per which was then ceremoniously tossed into the fire.

All of us were concerned that our wadded up paper wouldn't get burned so we watched it carefully, and some of us edged up closer to shove the paper in with a foot.

There was also a heavy, heavy pitch for "full time Christian service." When the challenge came about one's vocation, I gave it serious thought, for the first time ever - and even gave God a chance to snag me. "If you'll show me a sign, up there above that canyon rim, I'll be a preacher," I bargained, looking up at those sheer rock walls above us.

If an unwary jackrabbit had happened to leap before he looked, or even an iconic West Texas tumbleweed had

blown over the edge, the forces of the minions of heaven would have been enriched by the addition of one arrogant and misguided Texas teenager that very night.

I waited, and waited - probably giving the Almighty four or five minutes to land such a rich haul... but nothing happened. Nothing.

I heaved a sigh of relief and went back to wondering if I could retrieve some girl's wadded-up sin-sheet with the toe of my shoe.

The Reverend Mr. Houston Hodges was ordained as a Presbyterian Minister in 1954, and has been practicing ministry ever since.

**"Sometimes I wake up grumpy, other times I let her sleep."**

*John Elam, Arab*



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**SATURDAY, AUGUST 27th @ 10:00 A.M.** = B&W is PROUD to auction the lifetime estate of Mr. & Mrs. Wendell French of Hillsboro, AL. This estate includes the home furnishings of Mr. & Mrs. French's antiques & collectibles. Also, this estate auction will offer the contents of several workshop & storage building contents, including an International Harvester Model 784 Tractor (with cab) and several vintage tractor attachments & equipment, Cub Cadet Zero-Turn RZT54 and 2 Sears-Craftsman lawn tractors, and more tools than we could ever list! The French's personal autos will also be auctioned = 2010 Chevy Avalanche and 2006 Chevy Avalanche (both white in color). **DO NOT MISS THIS SALE!!**

**\*For more pictures, listings, details, and directions, log onto [www.auctionzip.com](http://www.auctionzip.com) ~ Auctioneer I.D. #5484. Call us for questions, inquiries, and seating at 256-837-1559!!**

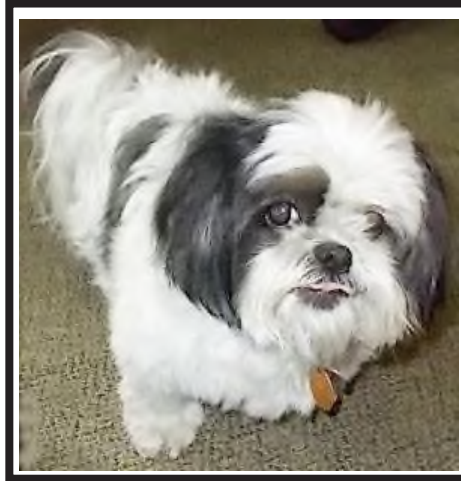
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# PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

## Your Dog's Separation Anxiety is Real!



Many pets go through much anxiety with any type of separation from their family. Here are a few ideas about how to help decrease a little of that feeling.

**Separate slowly.** To help your pet get used to your absences, you'll have to begin gradually. Try to give your dog a treat and leave the room for a minute, shutting the door behind you. When you come back, your dog will act like you're just back from a long European vacation, but at least she'll know she can survive one minute without you. Gradually work your way up to the point where your dog can spend an hour or two in a separate part of the house without being concerned.

**Step out for a moment.** After your dog gets used to being in another part of the house without you, try leaving the house for very short periods.

"One Saturday I practiced leaving 20 times for just a few minutes at a time. For 15 homecomings, my dog acted like God had returned. Then something clicked and he barely even noticed when I was coming and going," Dr. Bob Gutierrez says. "He was pretty much fine after that."

**Don't coddle her.** When you leave the house, don't make a big fuss. Say, "See you later" and leave. Be equally nonchalant when you come home. "This way you're telling your dog it's no big deal when you come or go—that it's okay to be alone," Bob says.

**But leave her a special treat.** When you leave the house, give your dog something special to chew—something she never gets when you're together. That way the dog may come to look forward to the treat more than she worries about you saying good-bye.

**Try stuffing a hollow shank bone or rubber chew toy with goodies** like peanut butter or cream cheese. Dogs can spend hours at a time working on these and forget that you're gone.

**Work out her worries.** Before leaving your dog alone, take her out for a romp. If you get her thoroughly tired, there's a decent chance she'll sleep the entire time

you're gone.

**\* Practice her lessons.** To make the most of outdoor jaunts, vets recommend using them for extra training time. "When a dog knows what you want and what's expected, she's likely to be more confident. And a confident dog is less anxious," Dr. Gutierrez says.

**\* Find her a friend.** "Since dogs are pack animals by nature, the company of another pet might make her feel completely different about your departures," says Carol Lea Benjamin, a New York City dog trainer and author. "Getting another dog might be great, but even having a cat around can decrease your dog's anxiety and make her feel

comfortable," she says.

**\* Make suitcases fun places.** "Some dogs get really upset when they see the suitcases come out," says Dr. Karen Overall. To allay the anxiety, she recommends occasionally taking luggage out of the closet even when you're not taking a trip. "Play fetch by the suitcase, or put toys in it and let your dog find them," she suggests. "That way when you get ready for a trip, your dog won't have that Oh, my God! reaction." As a special reward, Dr. Overall says, she always brings her dog a gift when she returns from trips. "I don't fuss over her when I get back, but I let her shuffle through the suitcase and unpack her toy."

**\* Light up her life.** If you leave on a light or two when you're gone in the evening, your dog may feel more at ease. Anything you can do to make the situation more like it is normally when you're home can help.

**\* Tune in to tune out.** Turn on the radio so your dog can't hear little noises nearby. Just set it to a station you normally listen to, at the usual volume. Or try putting on "white noise" from a fan or special noise machine.

**\* Prescription Relief** - When nothing you do seems to calm your panicky pooch, your vet may recommend mild medications that can help take the fear away and make panicked dogs sleepy, drugs such as amitriptyline (Elavil) and buspirone (BuSpar) can actually help them feel normal. "To some people, these are miracle drugs," says Dr. Overall. "They give them back the pet they thought they'd lost forever."

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## *From the Desk of Tom Carney*

### On the Home Front

*by Tom Carney, based on the  
Memoirs of Lillian W. Dale*

*The following memoirs were originally published in 1899, describing home life during the Civil War.*

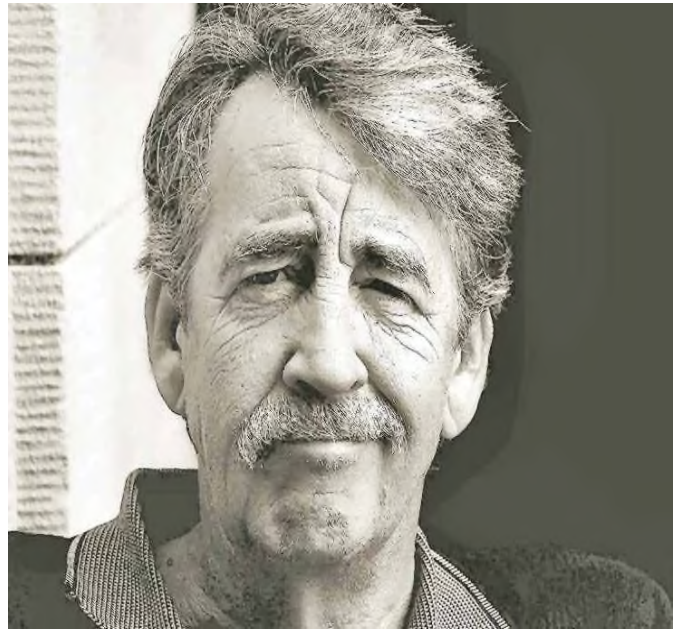
"Shall I tell you of some of the "makeshifts" to which we were driven during the war? Well, one of the hardest things to come by was sugar, and by the second year of the war it was impossible to buy even the commonest brown sugar in the South. My grandmother possessed a loaf of white sugar that she treasured very carefully and only used on extra occasions, and when the war was over she still had a small piece of it.

The best substitute we had for sugar was molasses, or sorghum, made from Chinese sugar cane. It was used in coffee and all kinds of desserts, and when one got used to it, did not taste so badly. Preserves were made by cooking berries and fruits in sorghum molasses, and as all the essentials were plentiful; we made them in large quantities.

Cake was also made with sorghum. In the South we do not think it is Christmas unless we have boiled custard for dinner. One Christmas we had no sugar for even this favorite delicacy; so we decided to make it with sorghum. It was of a rich, golden color, and certainly the prettiest, if not the best, I ever saw.


**"She doesn't really sag,  
she's just gravitationally  
challenged."**

***Leesa R.'s husband***



Real coffee was almost as scarce as "hens' teeth," and many things were tried as substitutes. Grandma had a sack of coffee when the war began, and she divided it into small quantities, and hid it in various places, so that if some of it was found and taken she would not lose it, so by this means we usually had our coffee, part Rio and part Rye, without the "O." Some of our neighbors used parched corn, okra, sweet potatoes, etc.

Another thing very hard to procure was salt, and that was indispensable. Part of the time during the war it was impossible to buy it for love or money. Then it was that those who owned old smokehouses with dirt floors were considered very fortunate. The dirt floors were dug



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up for a depth of several feet, and the dirt put up in hoppers. Water was then poured over it, and, as it soaked through, it was put in kettles and boiled down till it made a dark-looking salt that answered very well to preserve meat. None of the animal stock liked it.

Many times was our house searched, on various pretenses, by the Yanks. Sometimes they were looking for Rebels supposed to be in hiding there - sometimes for arms, etc. But whatever reason they gave for doing so, everything that attracted the fancy or the stupidity of the searchers always disappeared with them.

At the beginning of the war my father wore a handsome overcoat of the style known as a "Lord Raglan," with wide sleeves and big pockets. As the Yanks always appropriated such articles of wearing apparel, it was kept in the darkest corner of the darkest wardrobe.

New Year's day, 1863, was one of the coldest days ever known in the South. One of the Federal Generals, Hatch, I believe, was quartered in our town with his command, and they roamed over the country for miles. As we lived only a short distance from town, they almost crowded us out of the house, in order to get to the fire that very cold day. Their invariable salutation on coming in was, "It is rather coolish today." In order to keep warm I put on my father's "Raglan," and filled the pockets with silver spoons and other valuables; they threatened to take it from me.

We all wore homespun dresses in those days, the work of our own hands, and sang with great enjoyment.

Three cheers for the homespun dress the Southern ladies wear."




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# Some Lee Family "Nobodies"

by Terry D. Lee

I will be seventy years old this year. For the past twenty five of those years, I have enjoyed investigating the Lee family tree. It has not been easy and without the use of DNA testing I would probably still be stuck in the 1800s in Jackson County, Alabama.

My journey into genealogy really began when my grandparents, Emmett and Esther Lee, began sharing family photos with me back in the 1980s. Grandmother (Mama) would show me a picture, write the names on the back, and perhaps tell me something about the people. Of course I asked questions too.

When it came to my grandfather's lineage, Papa, as I called him, would talk about his mother Jessie Duskin Lee, but say very little about his father. About all I got was that his father was George Britton Lee and Britt's father was also a George Lee who had died in Madison county in 1907. Grandfather Emmett and Britt had had a fight and Papa had left home when about fifteen years old.

Britt Lee evidently had a real bad reputation. My grandmother and my Aunt Doris Lee Cope were scared of him. They were probably right to be so because my investigations have shown that Britt Lee was well known by the Huntsville Police Department as a drinker and a brawler.

But I digress. While we were

looking at my grandparent's old family photos, I asked my grandfather if he had known his grandfather George Lee. He said he did not, and then he said something which I took as a challenge. "You'll never find out anything about our Lees. They were just poor nobodies."

Poor they may have been and if by "nobodies" he meant famous, like Gen. Robert E. Lee, he would be correct. However, my search has found many Lee's we can and should be proud to call family "somebodies". I consider my grandfather one of those "somebodies". He built his own house on Abingdon Avenue around 1919. I guess he had some help, though he never said so. The materials cost him \$90. Who else would down two raw eggs from a coffee cup each morning for breakfast, then go to work at 5 a.m. in the Lincoln Cotton Mill? Who else would down a bowl of cereal drowned with Dr. Pepper while watching the Atlanta Braves baseball games on TV? I thought that was cool!

I began my genealogy trek by searching through records at the Madison County Courthouse and Huntsville Public Library. I soon discovered that my great-great grandfather was George Washington Lee who had lived near Paint Rock and Gurley, Alabama. He had been in the Civil War and was wounded at the Battle of Shiloh in Tennessee. When George W. Lee applied for a Confederate soldier's

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pension, his application gave his net worth as \$12.00. Poor he was, but he was part of my family's history. And having a Civil War soldier in one's family tree meant something to me. I had visited the Shiloh battlefield on a school field trip and recalled seeing the same things he and his company described having encountered there.

The earliest record I was to find for George W. Lee was on the 1850 census where I found him living with a group of other Lees in Jackson County, Alabama. His age was given as 13, but should have been recorded as about 16. The head of this family was the widowed Mary Lee, listed age 59. Little did I suspect that she was really about age 75. Census ages can be wrong.

The 1830 and 1840 censuses and land records led me to her husband William Lee. These records implied William Lee

was born ca. 1780 and his wife Mary around 1790. I assumed, incorrectly, these were George W, Lee's parents. They became my "brick wall". For many years I could go no further back in time to other Lees.

My big break-through came in 2006. DNA testing was available for genealogical study and there was a Lee Surname study group. I sent in my \$149 and spit on a swab to Relative Genetics. After I received the results, I was able to go on the internet and find that I had matched two other Lees who could trace their ancestry back to a Giles Lee (d. 1817) who was found in Wilkes County, Georgia and later Russell county, Virginia. What was left for me to do was to somehow tie my lineage to that of Giles Lee of Ga. and Va. I felt this had to be my link because there were two Giles Lees in Jackson County, Alabama. Giles just had to be an uncom-

mon first name passed down through the generations.

Working with the donors of my two matches proved futile. We could find no link to Alabama. A couple of years passed. Then one day I received an email from Bob Alterney who lives in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. He wife was a descendant of John Lee, a son of Giles Lee of Virginia, and he wanted to work with me on the research.

Bob was to put me on the correct research path. He had me going to the Huntsville Library's Heritage Room and copying all records from Wilkes County, Georgia which mentioned Giles Lee or any other Lee. Two records proved important to me. In 1793, a tithable, but un-landed, William Lee lived with Giles's son James Lee. This meant William Lee had turned 21 that year. The second record proved decisive. In November, 1795, William and

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Mary Lee sold the 100 acres of land that had originally belonged to James Lee. Here, at last, were my William and Mary Lee in Georgia. They were quite older than I thought. William had actually been born ca. 1772 and Mary ca. 1775.

There had been a Joshua and a Giles Lee living alongside William and Mary Lee in Jackson County beginning in the 1820s. I had assumed, incorrectly again, that these two were probably William's brothers. I had most of the names in the descendant's tree - I just didn't have them all on the correct branch! I knew Joshua Lee had been born ca. 1796 in Georgia and that now fit in nicely, not as William's brother, but as a son. Joshua's War of 1812 pension application showed that he had substituted for William Lee. Joshua had served two enlistments with Gen. Andrew Jackson against the Indians. As an aside, the young sergeant in Joshua's company was to become famous years later - his name was Davy Crockett. If Joshua was a "poor, nobody", he sure was acquainted with a couple of real "somebodies".

The older of the two Giles Lees found in Jackson County had died in the 1830s. The earliest record I found for him was the 1823 land survey of Old Decatur (now Jackson) County. I estimate he was born ca. 1794 and was William and Mary Lee's first child with Joshua Lee being the second.

I was left with a problem. My Civil War ancestor, George W. Lee, was born in 1834. It became apparent that Mary Lee found with him in the 1850 census must be his grandmother - not his mother. My best guess is that all or most of the Lees listed with Mary Lee in that census were children of the deceased Giles Lee (1794-1830s).

Bob and I continued to research the Giles Lee in Georgia. I found that Giles had received a land grant in Franklin County, Georgia which he had sold to buy the property in Wilkes County. Land grants were given in lieu of payment to those who had served in the Revolutionary War. After much internet research, Bob located the needed document and much more.

Giles Lee had served as a First Lieutenant in the Morris County, New Jersey Militia. This Militia served as scouts and messengers for the Continental Army. This "nobody" Lee was a Revolutionary soldier who was probably at or near several battles in New Jersey and probably set eyes upon Gen. George Washington,

We also found that Giles Lee had a baptismal record in New Jersey. He was baptized at Christ Church, Shrewsbury, Monmouth County, New Jersey in 1738. His parents were given as Robert and Rachel Lee.

Robert Lee came to America in 1728 at the

young age of 17 as an indentured servant. He was born ca. 1711 outside of London, probably at Mile End, Middlesex, England. He became a Schoolmaster (also my occupation) in Shrewsbury. He was probably raised by a grandfather whose name was, you guessed it, Giles Lee. Since my grandfather worked most of his life as a spinner in a Huntsville cotton mill, he would have appreciated that this Giles Lee's occupation was - a silk weaver.

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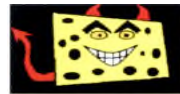
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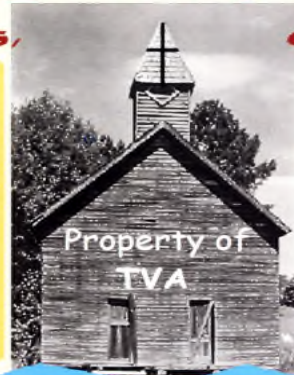
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# Scruffy, Part 5

by John E. Carson

I was almost glad for the persistent hunger gnawing at my stomach and the need to find some money today- although the second one had more to do with the empty flask in my coat pocket than food or shelter - as those thoughts kept my anxiety at bay.

The dog at my side was also a welcome distraction and as I looked down at him I noticed that he was walking at a fast clip as if trying to match my pace. Or was I walking faster to keep up with him?

Whatever the case, the uneven blocks of the old sidewalk had begun to settle out as we approached the faded blue paint of the plywood sign with the formerly white letters that read simply, "Soup Kitchen".

Though the day outside had brightened with a warm front coming in off the Pacific coast pushing the colder Canadian air to the east, the dingy atmosphere of the Soup Kitchen, kept windowless by the adjoining store fronts of the Thrift store on the one side to the left and the vacant Saw Sharpening business to the right, seemed to eat the light that crept through the cracked and dirty window of the old wooden door.

Though breakfast hours were observed everywhere else, the Soup Kitchen served just that; soup. And bread. But the aroma was wonderful! It smelled more like beef stew than soup and the day old bread, if nothing else, was good enough for dipping.

Only when I had gotten in line behind a couple of unshaven winos did I register the stares from the people at the tables and realize I had forgotten that my furry friend had followed me right through the door.

"Now Mac," the plump, graying woman behind the short cafeteria counter said as I grabbed a beat up tray, "You know we don't feed dogs. Where'd you pick him up?" Ida asked.

"Dog saved my life last night," I answered, reaching out

hopefully towards a bowl and plate, "followed me all night, slept on my lap and watched my back."

"Well even so," Ida said a little sympathetically, "you gotta take him outside. It's the rules. And the food is for humans. We don't get donations for dogs."

"Yeah, I know. The corporate fat cats that send the cans of beans so they can get their tax write-off don't make dog food," I said, "but the stuff they do sell ain't much better. Can I at least take a bowl outside and an extra piece of bread?"

One of the men at the old scarred table behind me stood up and came to the counter. Staring at Ida he said, "Dog saved the man's life. Oughtta be worth a piece of bread." "Yeah," another man said from the table, "They found Louie downtown last night; his throat was cut. Killer left him in the alley sittin' up like he always did. Cops asked a few questions and had the body hauled away. That makes six since Christmas. Too bad that dog wasn't with him."

I felt a sudden chill. The park where the gang had fallen in behind me was not far from old Louie's hangout. Somehow I knew it was the same punks that Scruffy had defended me from.

By now every ear in the place was on our conversation and every head turned in our direction. "Give him some food!" One of the yelled, "Yeah, the dog's a hero! Give him some! We won't tell no one!"

Ida was beginning to crack under the pressure and the younger woman working in the kitchen was drawn to her side as a chant was taken up by the patrons; "Feed the dog! Feed the dog," they said over and over.

Finally Ida said, "Here, take it outside," and handed me a large bowl of soup and two slices of bread, with a smile and a wink as the chant gave way to a cheer from the crowd who applauded us as we walked across the uneven old floorboards back into the sunshine.

"I've been madly in love with the same woman for 40 years. If my wife ever found out, she'd kill me."

Overheard in Scottsboro

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## Patches and her Eight Ghosts

by Ted Roberts

She looked like a proper black and white cat that stood too close to a sloppy painter who loved orange. In other words, she was an ordinary Calico cat stitched together with orange, black and white patches. In fact, her name was Patches. An ordinary name.

Lots of Calico cats are called Patches. But not one except this Patches lived with the Martins and that's the story I want to tell you.

Patches wasn't an ordinary cat. She was on her ninth life - her last one. Patches had already lost eight of the nine. That's why she was on her ninth life. All cats have nine lives, you know. And as each life is used up, it just blows away like autumn leaves into a big slot in the earth where it drops into Time's bottomless basket. But sometimes, if too many cats lose too many lives all at once, the slot gets clogged

up like your letterbox at home. They get all jammed up. They can't disappear. These are the ghostly cats we read about.

She lost the first life to Rocky, the Pit Bull next door; and the second and third, too. The next five surrendered to the normal dangers that face an incredibly curious Calico cat with a love for adventure. Patches couldn't pass up a nice nap on the street. Not a good idea. Or an open drainpipe in the back yard (wonder where that goes?) or an open trunk in Mr. McDonald's car next door.

So all of her extra lives were gone. She was on her last one. Just like humans, thought Patches. Just like Maybelle Martin, my friend, the little girl who owns me.

And the ghosts - all eight of them - of Patches' eight lives were all around her. Jumping on the dining room table, scratch-

ing in the sand box, chewing tender chicken rib bones, clawing at the upholstery, knocking over knickknacks on the coffee table, dipping their paws in the breakfast cereal bowls. They never grew up, you see. Doing all those innocent, mischievous things that kittens have done since cats were invented by the Creator of all things. Well, you can bet those other eight ghostly kittens got Patches in plenty of trouble.

Naturally, humans couldn't see them, only Patches. But she certainly couldn't control them.

"I declare," said Maybelle's mother. "That kitten, Patches, gets in more trouble than a dozen kittens."

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No, thought Patches. That's an exaggeration. Only nine. Those eight ghosts just couldn't stay still like the solid, earthbound kitten that remained - let's call her Patches 9. And let's call her frisky friends Patches 1, Patches 2; all the way through Patches 8.

Patches 9 just loved to snooze in the windowsill for three to four hours at a time. Not Patches 1, who was only six weeks old when she turned into a ghost. She still liked to hook her claws in the drapes and climb straight up like a squirrel going up a Pecan tree.

Soft cotton drapes, unlike Pecan trees, are not made for climbing. Mrs. Martin noticed the ripped cloth right away. And I think you know who got blamed.

"Maybelle!" screamed her mother. "If Patches mistakes my den drapes one more time for a Pecan tree, I'm taking her to the cat orphanage over on Olive Street."

"Yes, Mother," said Maybelle with a bowed head and soft voice. How was she to know that Patches was as innocent of drape-climbing as the big round clock on the den wall? He, of course, had seen Patches 1 fly up the drapes, but all he could say was "bong, bong, bong" since it happened at three o'clock.

It wasn't just Patches 1 that made problems. Patches 4, a two month old, loved to hide under the dining room table and watch Maybelle's mother set the table for supper. First, she

brought out plates and knives and forks. Boring, thought Patches 4. "What are they for?" But the bowl of thick, brown gravy that followed wasn't boring. And the butter plate that followed was fascinating. Last came a huge platter of chicken breasts. Patches' two eyes sparkled as she plotted her strategy. She could either lap up that rich gravy, lick the big yellow stick of butter, or grab a chicken breast and bring it down under the china cabinet where she could slowly enjoy every bite.

Whichever strategy she chose, Mrs. Martin would suddenly notice that the dining room table was not the way she had left it. Usually, it was one chicken breast short. But of course, since Patches 4 was a ghost, she was never seen crouching on the table lapping gravy or grabbing a chicken breast. She was never seen at

all. The Martin family had no idea they shared their home with eight ghostly cats as well as one earthbound cat.

"Maybelle! Your cat has snatched our supper right off the table." So Maybelle went looking for the real Patches, who was peacefully sleeping and only dreaming of nibbling a tasty chicken breast instead of dry, gritty cat food.

It really wasn't fair. Patches took the heat for eight mischievous ex-cats - now ghosts.

Her eight competitors stole so many drumsticks and ruined so many drapes that the slightest, smallest violation by Patches was severely punished. She spent more time outside than an alley cat. "You spend the night outside, you bad, bad cat." Her life was no longer as sweet as cream. Even Mr. Martin, who usually let her sit beside him on the couch and expertly scratched her head,

**"His gene pool could certainly use a little chlorine."**

**Maxine**



L - R DiDi, Dickens, Digby and Dino

## We're Kittens!

My name is DiDi. I am the only girl in my litter and have a hard time putting up with my 3 brothers. Dickens never pays attention, Digby looks up and Dino does every thing Digby does. I am the only one that will look at the camera to get my picture made. I think I am very pretty. We are part of this season's kittens. The Ark sure has been swamped with kittens and cats. All of us want to be adopted by a family that will keep us safe inside. Did you know indoor cats live longer than cats made to stay outside? That is what we want, a long and happy life with a family that will love us our whole lifetime. When you come to the Ark, please look at all the animals and one will choose you to love forever. That's what we do.

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glared at her like a mangy dog.

All the phantom kittens were young and saucy. And they never matured into wise, old, dignified creatures like the remaining Patches. They were juvenile, high-spirited ghosts forever. Always looking for fun and adventure, like using Mrs. Martin's indoor planter full of begonias as a sand box. And guess again who was blamed? Right.

What was a well-behaved, real flesh and blood cat to do? She would be eating her cat food out of her blue and white bowl, when suddenly an adult human hand would curve under her stomach and ungently put her out the kitchen door.

"Cats eat cat food, not the fried chicken cooling on the kitchen counter." This came from Mr. Martin who was looking forward to his fried chicken dinner - even without two missing drumsticks. He loved drumsticks. So did the eight ghosts of Patches.

Even though Calicoes are the wisest of cats, they don't understand all of the human language. But she clearly understood the tone. One of her ghosts had again misbehaved and the earthbound Patches was paying the price. She understood THAT.

Many a morning Patches laid on the den coffee table and considered her problem. The table was her favorite thinking spot. If she wanted sleep, she chose the bed in the master bedroom. But that coffee table was the right place for working on problems. It faced the glass patio doors. So Patches could enjoy the warmth of the den and still watch her backyard world full of creatures that only a Calico cat could see.

She sprawled with her head on her paws - green eyes gleaming. Human eyes saw a black, white and orange sleeping cat. But Patches' brain, under that big orange patch on her head, was humming like a computer. What to do? How to control her pesky, invisible pals? No answers flashed in her brain so Patches yawned and concentrated on a blue jay that was shrieking at her from the backyard fence.

For the next three weeks, Patches was one depressed cat. Due to her problem, of course. Every morning, with the best intentions, she lay on the den coffee table and worked on her problem. The more she thought about those devilish eight kittens the sleepier she got.

In thirty seconds she was sound asleep dreaming that

she still owned all nine of her lives. And only SHE lived with the Martin family. And ghosts only happened to humans. And only one per person, not nine, like felines. "Wonder what's wrong with my cat?"

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Maybelle asked her friends. "She looks soooooo depressed. She's lost all her spirit. I rolled a tennis ball right by her nose this morning and she didn't even follow it with her eyes. And she's gotten so sneaky. She does all her pranks behind our back."

Patches swiveled her ears and listened and got even more depressed.

Then her life changed. What happened was, the Martins had a family meeting. Patches attended, of course. She laid on the coffee table with a wise expression on her whiskered face. It turned out that the family was going to move all the way across town.

That word "MOVE" woke Patches, who never really enjoyed family meetings, out of a sound sleep. MOVE. Leave the house with the eight ghosts. They'd stay, of course. Feline ghosts never moved. That was a rule. Free, at last, thought Patches. She was as happy as the first time she found out she could catch those pesky bluebirds that always mocked her. Or when she learned about the soft, sandy, easy-to-scratch dirt under the apple tree. Or her first bowl of that delicious liquid in the tuna fish can.

The next week on a Tuesday morning all the family's furniture and belongings including Patches' feeding bowl and two rubber mice were loaded into a huge, yellow truck. Patches and Maybelle got in the back seat of the Martin's car. And just then the new family pulled up to the curb. A family of three got out. Maybe I should say four, since

the family was two adults, a young boy and the ugliest bulldog Patches had ever seen.

The boy looked to be Maybelle's age and except for his red hair and freckles, he looked just like the bulldog; wide mouth, flat face and dark little eyes. "Hey, you're lucky," he shouted, "that you and that patched up cat who looks like a raggedy quilt ain't staying. Me and Bubba hate cats - he'd chew her head off and make a soft blanket to lay on outta her skin."

Patches only smiled and clutched her mistress tightly. I wonder, she thought, how Bubba and his look-alike master will get along with eight spooky, mischievous, invisible, bulldog-hating cats.



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# Tips from Liz

\* To keep yourself from snacking at night, brush your teeth, turn off the kitchen light and tell yourself the kitchen is closed.

\* When you're upset about something, ask yourself, "Does it REALLY matter?" If it does, express your feelings to the right person; if not, drop it and move on.

\* If you drink wine regularly you may be eroding the enamel on your teeth. Brush twice a day and see your dentist if you partake often.

\* To break a cold as soon as you get the first symptoms, abstain from food for a day and a half, go to bed in a warm room, wrap well and drink plenty of hot liquids.

\* Cooked spinach is delicious with a hint of nutmeg and garlic.

\* To get ahead at the office, demonstrate a winning attitude, pride and self-confidence. Managers encourage and support employees who exhibit these qualities.

\* A good way to cure insomnia is eating two or three raw onions before retiring at night.

\* A baldness treatment is ineffective if it's not nimoxidil or finasteride, the only two drugs that scientists believe reverses hair loss effectively, according to "Vitality" magazine. Also be suspicious if a company says its product is a secret formula. A product wouldn't be a secret if it really worked.

\* Protein deposits can form on the surface of contact lenses if you don't clean them regularly. If you develop an allergy to the deposits, you may have to stop wearing them for as little as 3 months or as long as forever.

\* Limit the number of files in your office. It's easier and faster to look through one file with 20 pieces of paper than 10 files with 2 pieces of paper in each.

\* Patients with coronary heart disease have a better chance of long-term survival if they believe their family and friends will help them do daily tasks, such as taking medications and bathing, etc.

\* Starting your meal with a low-fat soup or salad will help fill you up.

\* Melted butter is not a good substitute for softened butter when the recipe calls for a creaming step. Let the butter soften and then cream the ingredients well. Melted butter makes for soggy cakes.

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Whether we drink a bottle of \$300 or \$10 wine – the hangover is the same. Whether the house we live in is 300 or 3000 sq. ft. – the loneliness is the same. You will realize, your true inner happiness does not come from the material things of this world.

Whether you fly first or economy class, if the plane goes down – you go down with it. Whether you fly first or economy class, if the plane reaches its destination – everyone arrives at the same time.

Therefore ... I hope you realize, when you have mates, buddies and old friends, brothers and sisters, with whom you chat, laugh, talk, sing, talk about north-south-east-west or heaven and earth - that is true happiness!

### Five Undeniable Facts of Life:

1. Don't educate your children to be rich. Educate them to be happy so when they grow up they will know the value of things, not the price.

2. Best wise words: "Eat your food as your medicines. Otherwise you have to eat medicines as your food."

3. The one who really loves you will never leave you because even if there are 100 reasons to give up he or she will find one reason to hold on.

4. There is a big difference between a human being and being human. Only a few really understand it.

5. You are loved when you are born. You will be loved when you die. In between, you have to manage!

If you just want to walk fast, walk alone; but, if you want to walk far, walk together!

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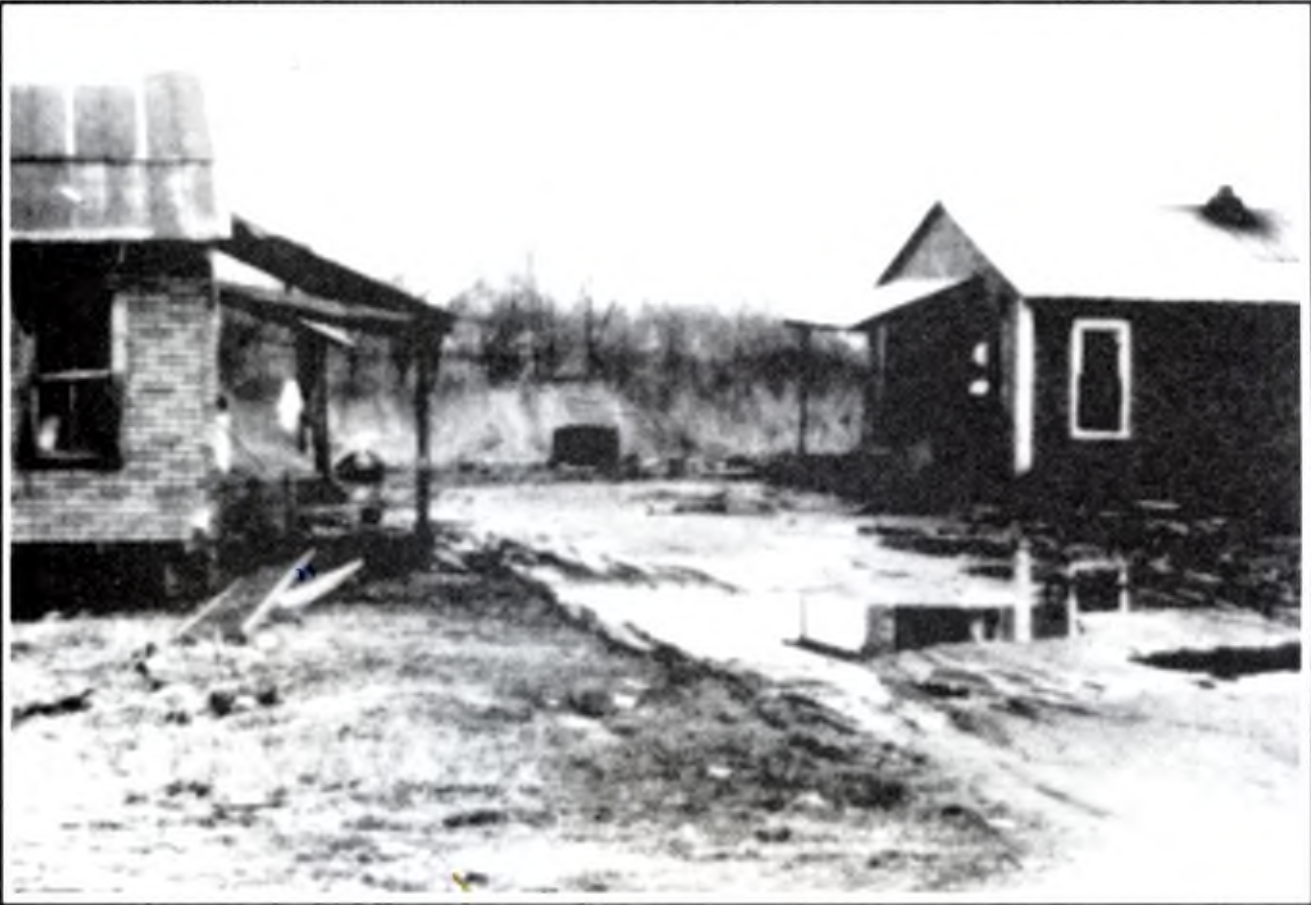
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