



No. 285

November 2016



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



Remembering Albert Russel Erskine

Albert Russel Erskine was born in Huntsville, Alabama on January 24, 1871. They lived on Franklin Street. Times were hard in the South at the time, as we were under the Reconstruction Act resulting from the War Between the States.

Young Russel was an industrious boy and noticed that the passengers unloading at the nearby train depot were hungry and the idea hit him to sell them apples and make a little money too. This was said to be his first business venture.



Also in this issue: **Animal Folklore**

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A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

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Domie Lewter
Mac Lewter

Remembering Albert Russel Erskine

by David J. Bowser

Growing up as a teen and young adult in Huntsville in the late 1960s wasn't always without something to do. On a typical Saturday night we'd head to Shoneys on North Parkway to get a Coke and maybe a burger, check out the girls and find out who was drag racing and where. After that it was off to cruise the Parkway for a while and then back to Shoneys to circle a few more times.

Sometimes for something a little different we'd go to Upside Down Hill, where if you parked the car in the right spot it looked like you were going uphill and the car would roll up hill. Then we might go to Sally Carter's grave. Once in a while we'd go to Maple Hill Cemetery. There were rumors of a white ghost dog roaming around. We never saw it but it was fun looking for it.

A big attraction for us was to park the car in front of a

large mausoleum located at the very back of the main entrance of the cemetery and shine the headlights directly on the front door. Many people claimed to see an angel on the door or floating just above it. I'm sure many of you have done the same thing.

It wasn't long before my cruising days were over and I look back to those times with fond memories. In 1971 I met my future wife Susan and in July of that year we were married. That was 45 years ago. Wow.

We needed a cheap car to drive and I found a 1950 Studebaker Champion Business Coupe at a service station. It was cool looking and ran, so I bought it. It is worth mentioning that my Grandfather drove Studebakers too, and I have pictures of me and him in his new 1950 or 1951 Studebaker. He was a top mechanic and always said they were good cars. Maybe it's in my genes, I don't know.

About this time we joined the Studebaker Drivers Club and through their monthly publications I started learning more about Studebaker's rich history. We stayed active in the club for several years but life introduced new priorities and we sharply cut back on our activities to the point that we got out altogether. My wife and I met some really great people

"The most beautiful voice in this world is that of an educated Southern woman."

Winston Churchill



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that we'll never forget and had some really fun adventures.

More than 25 years later I started attending the Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll put on by the Huntsville Pilgrimage Association. Through donations they repair, clean and restore headstones and iron works in the historic section of the cemetery. One of the first places I visited was the mausoleum I remembered from my youth. Mr. Bob Middleton stood in front of it and played Albert Russel Erskine. This Huntsville native, Mr. Erskine, would become the President of the Studebaker Corporation. After Mr. Middleton's presentation we talked for a while and soon became friends.

Not long after this I acquired from a very gracious family, a 1927 Studebaker Commander Sport Roadster from right here in Huntsville. This was my first Studebaker in well over 25 years. A part of our agreement was that I would not part it out or modify it to a hot rod and I completely agreed. Another part was that I would join the

Antique Studebaker Club. I did that and joined the Studebaker Drivers Club too.

Some time after this Mr. Middleton decided that it was time to pass along the torch of his portrayal of Albert Russel Erskine to someone else. That was me and I accepted. This was when my interest and research in Mr. Erskine began in earnest.

Even though I used many resources in my research, one of the best was talking to Mr. Erskine's grandchildren. From speaking with Mrs. Randy Erskine I learned a great deal about the Erskine family's history. Mrs. Judy Erskine is the family historian and has a lot of photos and documents of the family history. I've talked with Mr. Randy Erskine, too, and he told about his dad being a great father. Also, I have talked with Mr. Erskine's granddaughter Susan. Thank you to all of the Erskine clan.

Albert Russel Erskine was born in Huntsville, Alabama on January 24, 1871. They lived on Franklin Street. Times were

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hard in the South at the time, as we were under the Reconstruction Act resulting from the War Between the States.

Young Russel was an industrious boy and noticed that the passengers unloading at the nearby train depot were hungry and the idea hit him to sell them apples and make a little money too. This was said to be his first business venture.

Somewhere around the age of sixteen his dad decided to move the family to St. Louis for better job opportunities. Young Mr. Erskine was fascinated by facts and figures and started taking accounting and bookkeeping classes. He got a job with a railroad office there and was promoted to head bookkeeper at \$65.00 dollars a month. A princely sum for the time. Then in 1898 he accepted a job with the American Cotton Company. Soon after, his hard work and cost cutting abilities paid off and he was promoted to a new position in New York City, in charge of three hundred cotton gins in the South.

In 1903 he met and married Miss Annie Lyle of West Virginia. A few years later they adopted a boy and named him Russel. Russ Jr. for short. After this he went on to other jobs with the same rapid advancements. It seemed everywhere he was employed he knew how to trim operating costs and boost production.

This didn't go unnoticed by other companies. In 1911 he found the job of his dreams and was hired into the ac-

counting department of the Studebaker Corporation at the astounding salary of \$20,000 a year. He thrived there too, and by quickly streamlining the accounting department he saved the company thousands of dollars a year in paper alone. After just four years he became the President of the Studebaker Corporation. An astounding feat rarely heard of today.

It should be noted that Studebaker was a very large company at the time and Mr. Erskine was the first non-family member to head that company.

Mr. Erskine was very civic minded and patriotic. When America entered the First World War, he sent President Wilson a telegram putting Studebaker's manufacturing might at the country's disposal.

Here in Huntsville, at Maple Hill Cemetery, he had built the beautiful tree lined road

from the main gate all the way back to his mausoleum, and then around his mausoleum he bought several lots and gave all this to the cemetery. He also had the walls and iron gates built at the main entrance in dedication to his mother. There is a plaque on a wall signifying this.

In 1922, in his adopted city of South Bend, Indiana, he had constructed an 18 hole golf course and clubhouse. This is the Erskine Park Golf Course. Your author visited this course in 2012 and it is indeed very nice.

In the mid 1920s, Huntsville was riding the wave of prosperity like many other cities in America and some far-sighted Huntsville businessmen saw the need for a fine hotel to rival anything in Birmingham or Nashville and they formed the Huntsville Hotel Company. They started raising money for




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“God made man before woman so as to give him time to think of a good answer for her first question.”

Neil Keith, Huntsville

their venture but after a while found it more and more difficult to raise funds. Someone suggested that they contact Huntsville native Russel Erskine to see if he would buy some shares in their venture. He agreed with one stipulation. Their new hotel would be named the Russel Erskine Hotel. It was to have been named after General Joe Wheeler. The board agreed and now they had a name for their fine hotel.

The stock market crash of October 1929 had a devastating affect on America and the rest of the world. Automobile companies were hit very hard and Studebaker was among them. During this time the optimistic Mr. Erskine did not believe that the Depression would be as severe or long lasting as it was, and made some financial decisions within the company that adversely affected it.

Also, in the preceding years he had been doing battle with the I.R.S. and in May 1932, they handed down a judgement saying that he owed \$732,008.00. Along with all this Mr. Erskine

was in poor health and was having some personal problems.

On July 1, 1933, his body was found in his bedroom's bathroom in his South Bend mansion.

It was requested by the family that a quiet, by invitation only service be held. Some of America's giants of industry and well-known names attended to pay their respects. His body was then moved to Huntsville to be interred in his family mausoleum in Maple Hill Cemetery

In Albert Russel Erskine of Huntsville, Alabama, we had: A Champion for America, A Commander among Men, and A President for Studebaker.

I never realized on those Saturday nights of my youth when we would go to Maple Hill Cemetery and shine the car headlights on the mausoleum that one day I would have a connection to the man inside. You never know what you have done in the past will have a direct impact on you later. Who would have thought?

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urbs and some younger men killed it.

* Mayor Moore will issue a proclamation forbidding the shooting of fireworks of any description on the streets until after the holidays.

* All of the new hoses for the Fire Department have arrived and the only thing now lacking is the chemical engine which is expected the early part of January. The fire laddies are in their new quarters and are preparing for any fires that may occur.

* The completion of the Jewish Synagogue is close at hand and when completed, it will be one of the prettiest church edifices in the south.

* The beautiful residence of Mr. J. N. Mazza being erected on Randolph Street will soon be completed.

* A new industry for the city has been secured for North Huntsville through the efforts of Mr. W. S. Wells. It is a hoop and barrel factory to be established by Messrs S. H. Allen & Co., and will employ about twenty-five hands.

* The \$1000 street roller

* A new roof is being put on the J. H. Crocker dry goods house at corner of Holmes and Jefferson Streets.

* A very large crowd participated in the supposedly mad dog chase near the jail last evening. After one of the officers had shot the canine twice and failed to put it out of its misery, it was chased to the sub-

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which was purchased some time ago to put the finishing touches on streets after crushed rock had been spread will finally be used on the public thoroughfares.

* The rainy season has come and caught the approaches to all of our schools in a very bad condition. Our city ought to take more pride in its schools.

* What has become of the beautiful fountains that were supposed to be placed in the park at Southern depot?

* The interior of W. R. Rison & Co.'s Bank is undergoing a thorough repair and is taking on a new coat of paint.

* Supt. Hamlet of the Water Works says it will be only a short while and the new pumping station will be ready for operation.

* The matter of securing a

training school for boys for this city will come up before the Huntsville Chamber of Commerce this evening for definite action.

A great deal of interest has been indicated on this subject in Huntsville and nearby.

An Odd Incident

Frank Miller of Huntsville was at the point of death recently after a lingering illness and it was reported that his brother John offered up a prayer for him.

In the course of the prayer John Miller said, "Oh, Lord, I am willing to give my life, if it be required, to save my beloved brother."

A moment later he fell dead. His brother died that night, and the two were buried in the same grave.



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A Penny in the Parking Meter

by Bob Cochran



My family moved to Huntsville from Birmingham in September, 1956, when my Dad got a job at the Army Missile Command at Redstone Arsenal. Because the population of Huntsville was booming at that time, we lived in an apartment on Harrison Avenue for several years.

After finishing fifth and sixth grades at Blossomwood School, I attended the old Huntsville Junior High on Randolph Street. Sometime in early 1958, I discovered the fun of collecting coins. At first, I just went through my folks' change, and they let me keep Lincoln pennies I needed to put in the holes in a couple of coin albums I bought at the old Grand newsstand by the Twickenham Hotel.

I later became a charter

member of the Rocket City Coin Club. The members told me how I could buy a bag of 850 loose pennies at the bank, go through them and replace the ones I wanted, roll the coins and trade them back in. Even with all these opportunities, I was still lacking a few of the "rare" coins - one of them being the 1914-D ("D" for the Denver mint, where the coin had been made).

In the fall of 1959 I was attempting to make the Huntsville Junior High football team. Of course, we practiced after school. I don't remember the reason now, but my mother had told me that, instead of me walking the 6 or 8 blocks home, she would pick me up in front of the City Drug Store



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on the Square about 5:30. So after practice I walked up to the Square, bought a 3-scoop ice cream cone and waited for her. I must have been early, or she was (as usual) late, but after I finished the cone, she still hadn't arrived.

The parking meters around the Square at that time had a little window in them, and the last coin that had been put in the meter was visible in the window. Just to pass the time, I started walking up the East Side Square, glancing in the windows at the coins. I hadn't even made it to the old Goldsmith Bank Building on the corner when fortune smiled on me for the first time that day!

There in the parking meter window was a 1914-D Lincoln Cent! The chance of such a coin being there was infinitesimal, but what luck I had that the front of the coin, showing the date and mint mark, was showing, instead of the back of the coin - which, on all of the billions of Lincoln Cents minted up to that time (1958) were Exactly the Same! After I caught my breath, I had to think how I was going to get my hands on that coin! My mother pulled up a few minutes later, and I told her what had happened. She told me that I should remember which meter it was in, and that we could contact the Police Department the next day to see when it would be emptied. Then, I

could ask whomever at the Police Department if I could go through the coins from the parking meters, pick out the one


I didn't want to hear any of that. I went into the City Drug Store and asked the man behind the counter if he knew when the meters were emptied. That's when fate smiled upon me for the second time that day!

The man may have been Tom Dark, I don't remember. He thought for a moment and

told me that the meters would probably be emptied that day! He said that the policeman usually came by about 6 p.m. I went back outside and told my mother that I wanted to wait, and at the same time made sure I had some money in my pocket - in case the policeman wanted a "finder's fee."

She said "OK," and headed home. I sat on the curb by that parking meter, determined to stay as long as it took to get that coin. About a half-hour

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Jim White, Huntsville

had passed by when I saw a policeman riding a motorcycle with a white box coming around the Courthouse. I saw him park the motorcycle over on the south side of the Square, about in front of the Harrison Brothers Hardware Store. My first reaction was to run over to him and tell him what I wanted, but I decided to wait - kinda "be cool," ya' know.

He emptied all the meters on the South Side Square, and then started walking over towards where I was sitting on the curb. The events that took place next were almost anticlimactic as far as the story goes, but I can remember them like it happened five minutes ago.

He said "Hello, whatcha doin'?" Even though it was a warm day, I was shivering with excitement. I told him that I was a coin collector, and that there was a penny in the meter that I really would like to buy from the city for my collection. I suppose my answer caught him off guard, because he had a puzzled look on his face. He said, "Fine, but which one do you want - I've got hundreds here!" I pointed at the parking meter in front of me and said, "I want that one, the penny in the window."

He had a special key in his hand, more like a wrench. He inserted the tool into the meter, turned it a couple of times, and then took the bottom part off. He dumped the con-

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Rosemary



tents into my hand, probably no more than 25 or 30 coins. I nervously looked through about two-thirds of them before I found my prize. "This is the one," I said. I handed him back the others, dug into the pocket of my jeans and handed him a penny to replace it.

I've always hoped I was polite enough that day to thank him, and I'm sure I did - over my shoulder, as I headed home. The old Elk's Theatre was a blur, as was the church on the corner as I turned right and ran toward McClung Hill. I raced down Adams Avenue, turned left onto Locust, over to California and down towards Hermitage Street. I passed Colorado Street, which was still a dirt road at that time, and the homes of my friends Elvis Larkin and Raymond Wilensky. I knew I would see them at school the next day and I couldn't wait to tell them what I had found.

There was a large vacant lot on Hermitage Street at that time facing the homes where my friends David Holmes and "Buster" Uptain lived. We played ball in that lot for several years; several homes occupy the space today.

At the west end of the lot was the house where another friend, Freddie Atkins, lived. His father drove a bus, and he occasionally showed me coins he had picked out of the

fare box; I'd have to show my penny to him, too.

We lived in a second floor apartment, and I'm sure I was hollering all the way up the stairs. This whole trip couldn't have taken five minutes! My mother was in the kitchen, but she stuck her head around the corner to look down the stairs as I was coming up. "Did you get it?" She asked. "Yeah, I did!" "And it only cost me another penny," I yelled back.

When I showed it to her, she said that it was "real nice." I'm sure she was happy for me, but to her it was just another penny.

I had the fun I expected the next day, showing my prize to my friends and some other coin collectors at school. After a while, my interest in the 1914-D waned slightly, as I concentrated on the other dates and mint marks that I needed to complete my set. I eventually completed the set, but I did have to buy one coin, a 1909-S with the designer's initials ("VDB," for Victor David Brenner) on the back. It's the only coin rarer than the 1914-D.

I wound up selling my collection of Lincoln Cents

in late 1968, so I could pay the tuition for my last year at Auburn. But I held back the 1914-D as long as I could, hoping I could keep it. But I couldn't, and sold it for \$50.

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Martha Etta Dudley Jones

by Barbara Jones Hammer

Martha Etta Dudley was born October 10, 1911 in Sumner County, Tennessee, the third of eight children of Bennett and Annie Whittaker Dudley. She lived at White House, TN, just north of Nashville until she was fourteen years old. Her dad was a tobacco farmer and her mother a meticulous housewife. Their house was humble but even the

yard was swept clean.

It was a custom at that time to keep all grass and weeds from the area surrounding the house and not a weed was found in the Dudley yard. Kerosene lamps were used for lighting, a galvanized tub in the kitchen for baths and butter and milk were kept in the cold spring down the hill. In the summer this was also an excellent place to cool a watermelon. When the spring froze in winter her father would put "tow sacks" (burlap bags) over the children's shoes and take them "ice skating".

Martha and her sisters walked to a two room schoolhouse with their lunch tins filled with cold biscuits. When they arrived home from school there was always a good snack waiting for them. A favorite in the winter-time was a hot baked sweet potato with plenty of fresh butter.

Meat during the winter (after the smokehouse meat was eaten) was whatever her dad could find when he went hunting. Hunting was not a sport to him, but a way to feed his family. Chickens were kept for eggs and an occasional meal of fried chicken. The

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method of slaughter was wringing their necks. Every feather was plucked and kept for filling pillows and mattresses.

When her dad had a crop failure for two consecutive years, he lost his farm and was forced to seek work in the textile mills; first in Nashville, then in Huntsville. The Dudney family arrived in Huntsville in 1926 and Bennett, Annie, older sister Lily and Martha went to work at Lowe Mill and settled in West Huntsville. The work was ten hour days, six days a week, but they still managed to keep the house meticulous as well as sewing and quilting for the family.

Martha met J. D. Jones at the West Huntsville Church of Christ. She says she was attracted to him because he was fun and so full of life. After the family had been in West Huntsville a little over a year, Bennett decided to accept a job at Lincoln Mills, so the family would be moving across town. During that time, the young men in each area of Huntsville were very territorial. After dark, a West Huntsville boy was not welcome in the Lincoln or Rison neighborhood, so J. D. told Martha they would just have to go ahead and get married and she agreed.

She was sixteen and he was eighteen. They were married May 20, 1928 at the Dudney home. The service was performed by John Jenkins, J.D.'s uncle. The honeymoon was a ride to the top of Monte Sano Mountain. An older cousin had a car and took them on a nice long ride. They resided with Ira and Bertha Jones, J.D.'s parents. The young couple both worked at Lowe Mill and within a year J. D. Jr., was born and Martha never worked full time again. She did work as a "fill in" at Lowe Mill and left the baby with her mother-in-law.

Before too long, Lowe Mill closed and J. D. went to work at "Little Erving" (Huntsville Knitting Mill) and then it closed. The Great Depression had started and it was 2-1/2 years before J. D. found a steady job. At this time they were living in the mill village, rent free. Lowe Manufacturing allowed their former employees to continue to live in the village, knowing none of them had jobs or a way to pay rent. After several months the company announced it could no longer keep the electricity on so everyone got out their kerosene lamps. Neighbors helped each other and a favorite past time was getting together at night and telling ghost stories. Some of the neighbors took this very seriously but it was just entertainment to Martha and J. D.

They did not worry during the Depression and remember the closeness of friends and family. Ira and Bertha Jones owned a dairy so there was always milk and butter and J. D. managed to pick up a few odd jobs including picking cotton and six months working with the W.P.A. This was the maximum time anyone could work on the government program because the jobs had to be shared with so many people unemployed. They had a garden and canned their vegetables for the winter.

During this time collars were turned to make shirts last longer and Junior's little church suits were made from his dad's old pant legs. Also, printed flour sacks were used for "every-day" clothes. While living in the village, their

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second child Faye was born. After these hardest years, two more daughters, Sonya and Barbara, were born.

All these events were pretty standard for working class people living in Huntsville during the 1930s. But now the story gets special to those of us who know and love Martha Dudley Jones. She is a very kind, gentle person (although she could and did use the switch). She has always possessed a personal modesty and dignity. None in the family have ever heard her say an unkind word about anyone. She is a quiet person with a "dry" sense of humor. The Jones family loved her as much as they loved each other. Uncle Clayton Travis said she was the closest thing to an angel on this earth that he had ever known.

Her cooking is legendary in the family. We were allowed to leave school for lunch and she always had a delicious hot meal on the table. Most days there were a couple of close friends that we would bring with us. All our friends loved our mother and still come to see her and express to her how they always loved coming to our house.

She was an excellent seamstress and made almost all her girls' clothes until they were teenagers. She also sewed for the sick and poor after the Wednesday Ladies Bible Class at West Huntsville and later at Central Church of Christ. Her church family has always been an important part of her life and she is still a daily Bible reader. Before 1946 the family had no car, so going to church meant walking six to eight miles a week. There was a city bus to catch anytime we wanted to go to town.

At the age of sixty-five Martha decided she wanted to learn to drive and enrolled in driving lessons. J. D. helped her practice and was proud of her decision. She passed her exam the first time she took it and at age eighty-eight decided that she needed to stop driving because she was becoming apprehensive. .

As the years passed there were nine grandchildren to love and she was always a willing baby sitter. She now has eighteen great grandchildren and five great-great grandchildren.

In 1989, J. D. and their first grandchild, James Daniel III, (Danny) passed away and Martha says this was the hardest year of her life. She remained in her home on Hillsboro Road until 2006 when she decided she did not want the responsibility of maintaining a

house. After a few months of "visiting around" she decided to make her home with her daughter and son-in-law, Faye and Vic Heaton who live in Madison.

Martha was 105 on October 10, 2016. Although a quiet person, she is still very much "the boss" in the family. She has been "just a housewife" but her life has touched and blessed so many people. She is not perfect, but her family truly feels that she is the closest thing to an angel on this earth.

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



As I'm typing this we're having a good rain, first in several months, and the trees & bugs are loving it. The winner for the Photo of the Month for October was **Gwen Boyd**, who recognized **Lynn Berry** of HudsonAlpha right away! Gwen worked 15 years at Clearview Cancer Center and is now disabled and not working, but she says she misses her co-workers, patients and doctors every day! Clearview is an exceptional place for cancer victims and when I took **Tom** there for his treatments the people who worked there were the kindest and most knowledgeable people. They just made you feel better about having to be there and I can't say enough about them. So congratulations Gwen, you were probably one of the sweet people we talked with while there.

Now you know I had hidden a very tiny fall leaf in the October issue and thought I did such a great job NO ONE would find it. Well I got hundreds of calls of course and it was in the Oxford Townhome ad on page 28. Can you find it now? The first person to call was **Tom Pack** of Hazel Green. Tom is retired from Nationwide Xpress and drove a truck, he sure has good eyes!

Sue Maddox Humphrey was 86 when she passed away at Redstone Village. She adored her family and especially her late husband, **Wayne Humphrey**. She leaves daughters **Beth Humphrey**, **Frances Dalrymple (Edgar)** and **Ellen Kelly**, 4 grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren. She's now an angel in heaven now still caring for her family.

We got a call from **Hilda Fleming**, who wanted to send a special greeting to 94 year old **Annie Fleming**, who lives in Mt. Pleasant, SC and still has her daily glass of wine and loves life. Hilda lives in Laceys Spring and has known Annie for 50 years.

Rosemary Leatherwood of Ole Dad's BBQ in Hazel Green lost her Mom eight years ago in October. She says, "Mama it doesn't seem that long ago, we miss and love you every single day." Rosemary also wanted to wish a Happy Birthday to her grandson **Brewsky Leatherwood** who turned 12 on Nov. 4th. He is a fabulous athlete and she is so proud of him. He knows "Papa" is looking down on him.

Driving a few weeks ago along Garth Road through Jones Valley it was just beautiful - leaves just

starting to change color, lots of cows in the field and the beautiful hills in the background - I'm grateful to the **Jones Family** for keeping Jones Valley green and lush. I know it may not be that way forever but it's so pretty now.

Old Huntsville magazine was nominated for the **Media of the Year Award** by the **Huntsville Area Committee Employment for People with Disabilities**, and we won! We are now eligible to go for the State Media Award. The HACEPD does such great work in educating employers about people with disabilities as well as getting disabled people good jobs - they're amazing.

I'm just so proud of the magazine. **Tom** always said, it has nothing to do with us (Tom and I) because the magazine stands on its own and thank you to our readers all over the U.S.! A lady told me recently that the magazine is a comfortable respite from what we hear in the news every day and she is so right.

Don't forget the **Galaxy of Lights** will be presented at the Botanical Gardens starting Nov. 11 for Walking Nights and for cars going thru it begins right at Thanksgiving. It's an amazing display of lights to really put 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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in the holiday mood - perfect for families.

If you love flowers this is a good tip if you're stressed. If you find that you are stressed to the max and feeling really anxious, just think about a bouquet of flowers. See in your mind all the colors, the shapes of the petals, the brilliance of the shades, the shape of the leaves. Really concentrate on that. It works and will take you out of that anxious moment and is very similar to meditating!

Many knew **Patsy Giesecke** who lived in Huntsville for many years, then moved to Texas. She was a true Southern lady, and a proud member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Patsy passed away Sep. 24 and leaves son **Robert Giesecke**, daughter **Virginia Criswell**, son-in-law **Jeremiah Criswell**, sisters **Mary Hendricks** and **Margie Davis**, grandchildren **Bryce** and **Holly Criswell** and many friends who will miss her so much.

LeeAnn's Bar & Grill on Church Street closed down recently after about 11 years in business. Many will remember the great food they had there. Someone posted on Facebook that they had been closed down by the Health Dept. and that is not true. They closed down because business slowed down (like it has with other businesses) and they couldn't continue any longer. Will certainly miss the great food and fun there.

A special hello to **Jack & Sherry Hobbs** who were visiting Huntsville from Madison, MS. They attended Trade Day around the Square and thought Huntsville was just beautiful!

The annual **Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll** had the largest attendance ever. The weather was warm but not too hot, there was a breeze and no rain! There were nearly 80 characters portraying people from the past who are actually buried in the cemetery, talking about their lives. Everyone from **Tallulah Bankhead (Katie Markow)**; the **Black Widow of Hazel Green (Jan Dorning)**; **Mollie Teal (Lou Sams)**; **Leroy Pope Walker (Henry Turner)**; **Governor Chapman (Jan Williams)**; one of the **Harrison Bros. Daniel Harrison (Mike Self)**; **Dr. Sonnie W. Hereford III (Jim Donaldson)**; and **Henrietta Newman Bernstein (Margaret Anne Goldsmith)**. So many

more. Crowds of people would go from station to station and stand near the graves of the persons being heard - educational and so entertaining. If you haven't been yet, mark your calendar now for next October. The music was so good too with "The Circle", an Appalachian String Band; Saint Bartley Singers; Maple Hill Celtic Band; and Rocketeers Barbershop Quartet. Also some awesome antique cars were on display.

John E. Carson is working so hard to get a Pets for Vets chapter established here in Huntsville - he has hosted several fund raising events lately that have been very successful.

I wanted to pass this along for those who may find ticks on themselves or their kids. To remove them, apply a glob of liquid soap to a cotton ball. Cover the tick with the soap soaked cotton ball and swab it for 20 seconds. The tick will come out on its own accord and will actually be stuck on the cotton ball. This way you know the head is out since it removes itself on its own. I know it's gross but necessary!

Wanted to send special good wishes to our good friend **Buddy Esslinger** who recently had surgery and is doing great! We love you Buddy.

The Historic Lowry house will be featuring the "Lizzie Borden Mystery: Bloodless" all thru November weekends. This first production sold out several years ago so for tickets go to www.historiclowryhouse.com and you'll be glad you did!

Lee Lanier wants to send love and hugs to his sweet sister **Mildred Hardin** who lives in Guntersville.

Have a wonderful Thanksgiving with loved ones.



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Hearty Breakfast Muffins

- 2 carrots, shredded
- 2 bananas, mashed
- 1 zucchini, shredded
- 1/4 c. vegetable oil
- 1/4 c. yogurt
- 2 eggs
- 1 c. whole wheat flour
- 1-1/2 t. baking soda
- 1/2 c. packed brown sugar
- 1/2 c. rolled oats
- 1/2 c. shredded coconut
- 1/2 c. chopped pecans
- 1/2 c. dried cherries
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1 t. salt
- 1/2 t. ground ginger

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease 12 muffin cups or line with paper liners. Mix carrots, banana, zucchini, vegetable oil, yogurt, and eggs together until fully incorporated.

Whisk flour and baking soda in a separate bowl. Mix brown sugar, oats, coconut, pecans, cherries, cinnamon, salt and ginger into flour mixture until all ingredients are coated in flour. Stir wet ingredients into flour mixture until just combined. Scoop batter into the prepared muffin cups. Bake in the preheated oven until a toothpick inserted in the center of a muffin comes out clean and edges are slightly brown, 17 to 22 minutes. Cool in the pans for 10 minutes before removing to cool completely on a wire rack.

Roasted Garlic Cauliflower

- 2 T. minced garlic
- 3 T. olive oil
- 1 large head cauliflower, separated into florets
- 1/3 c. grated Parmesan cheese
- salt/black pepper to taste
- 1 T. chopped fresh parsley

Preheat the oven to 450 degrees. Grease a large casserole dish. Place the olive oil and garlic in a large resealable bag. Add cauliflower, and shake to mix. Pour into the prepared casserole dish, and season with salt and pepper to taste.

Bake for 25 minutes, stirring halfway through. Top with Parmesan cheese and parsley, and broil for 3 to 5 minutes, until golden brown.

Rosemary Ranch Chicken Kabobs

- 1/2 c. olive oil
- 1/2 c. ranch dressing
- 3 T. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 T. minced fresh rosemary
- 2 t. salt
- 1 t. lemon juice
- 1 t. white vinegar
- 1/4 t. ground black pepper
- 1 T. white sugar

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5 skinless, boneless chicken breast halves - cut into 1 inch cubes

In a medium bowl, stir together the olive oil, ranch dressing, Worcestershire sauce, rosemary, salt, lemon juice, white vinegar, pepper, and sugar. Let stand for 5 minutes.

Place chicken in the bowl, and stir to coat with the marinade. Cover and refrigerate for 30 minutes. Preheat the grill for medium-high heat. Thread chicken onto skewers and discard marinade. Lightly oil the grill grate.

Grill skewers for 8 to 12 minutes, or until the chicken is no longer pink in the center, and the juices run clear.

Navy Beans and Greens with Bacon and Garlic

1 T. olive oil
1 medium onion, chopped
5 strips bacon, cut into 1-inch pieces

1 small head of garlic, peeled and minced

1 (16 ounce) can navy beans, un-drained

1 (6 ounce) package baby spinach leaves

1/2 lemon

Heat the olive oil in a saucepan over medium-high heat. Cook and stir the onion in the hot oil until translucent, about 5 minutes. Add the bacon to the onions; continue cooking and stirring until the bacon fat begins to render,

about 5 minutes more. Mix the garlic into the bacon and onion mixture, reduce heat to medium, and continue cooking until the garlic is fragrant, about 5 minutes.

Stir the un-drained navy beans into the mixture; bring to a simmer, stirring occasionally. Reduce heat to low. Fold the spinach into the mixture until the leaves are evenly coated. Place a cover on the saucepan; simmer to allow the flavors to blend, about 1 hour. Squeeze the half lemon over the dish and stir to serve.

Cauliflower and Leek Soup

2 T. olive oil

3 T. butter

3 leeks, cut into 1 inch pieces

1 large head cauliflower, chopped

3 cloves garlic, finely chopped

8 c. vegetable broth

Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

1 c. heavy cream

Heat the olive oil and butter in a large pot over medium heat, and saute the leeks, cauliflower, and garlic for about 10 minutes. Stir in the vegetable broth, and bring the mixture to a boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 45 minutes.

Remove the soup from heat. Blend the soup with an immersion blender or hand mixer. Season with salt and pepper. Mix in the heavy cream and continue blending until smooth.



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Scruffy, Part 7

by John E. Carson

I was distrustful of everything, especially someone driving up in a van and offering work. The city's logo on the side did not help; I had a problem with authority.

"What kind of work?" I asked.

"Cleaning up vacant lots; pays \$8.00 an hour for a five-hour day."

"Forty bucks, cash?" I asked, thinking that would buy some food and cheap wine or a fifth and something for the dog, too.

"Yeah, its cash," he said, "but you gotta come to the shelter for the night." I started to back away; I had heard about city projects like this in other parts of the country. Work your tail off and then be forced to come to the shelter, get preached to, spend the night and get your money in the morning with an invitation to do it all over again

"Look Mac," the man said impatiently, "I got a schedule to keep. You get a free dinner, a place to sleep and breakfast too. What's the problem?"

I thought about it. On the one hand, I needed money and a safe place to sleep. On the other I was afraid to be around other people in my condition. I had lost my job and my family because people did not feel safe around me.

"Can I bring my dog?" I asked.

"You got a dog?" He shook his head and laughed.

"Yeah, I got a dog," I said defensively. I could feel anger rising to my face as my hand slipped into the pocket of the worn coat and found the smooth handle of the knife.

"Sorry, no dogs allowed. Anyone else?" He called out over my head to the men standing behind me.

A couple of them raised their hands.

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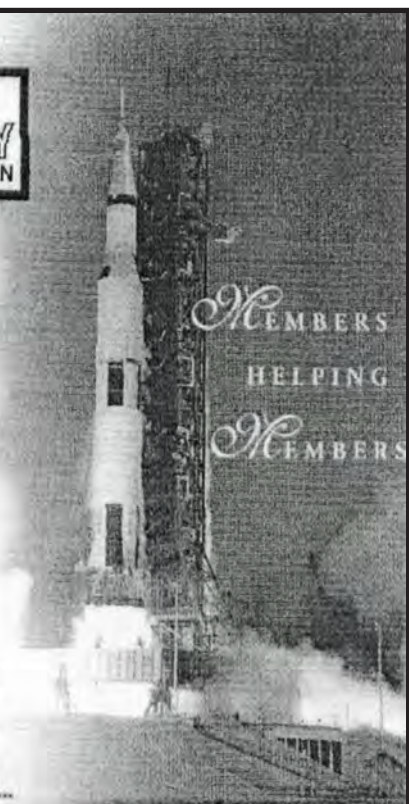


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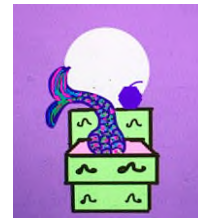
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"Well come on then, get in," the driver said.

Pushing me out of the way, two of the bums started for the front passenger door.

"In the back," the driver said as the side door with the city logo slid back and exposed the well worn seats of the work van. Again I was thrown back to the war and the city van was now a Humvee. I saw the faces of my fellow soldiers and the ragged, stained clothes the homeless bums wore were now camouflage fatigues.

We had just finished a sweep of the bombed out city block. We had found no one hiding in the ruins and had signaled that the block was secure. The Humvee had pulled up and we climbed in ready to move on to another zone.

I was the last in line. I took one more look around, gun at the ready as I watched our backs. Though the sweep had been uneventful, I knew from experience that the enemy would often wait until we had begun to leave before sneaking up behind us as our backs were turned. I would not turn mine to them.

I backed up to the transport continuing to watch as I sat on the step of the open door and called out, "I'm in," and we rolled slowly away. I saw the gun barrel first as we moved ahead to the corner of the now decimated block of buildings. Several bursts of fire shot from my gun, the bullets ripping through the whitewashed plaster walls hiding the waiting assassin.

The driver hit the gas and we lurched forward as he instinctively turned away from the return fire and several rounds punctured the metal of the transport, barely missing me as my gunfire sprayed out to cover our escape.

Always borrow money from pessimists - they don't expect to get it back.



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"Mac! You okay?" Someone yelled out.
 "Yeah, I'm okay!" I hollered back, "Go, go, go!"
 "Are you hit? Are you hit?"
 "No," I yelled over the bursts from my weapon, "Roll this wagon!"

Two others had joined the shooter and now three guns blasted at the rear of our truck as we roared down the street chasing women and children and hapless civilians out of our path. The three shooters stood, still firing and we prayed we would outrun the bullets.

"Hey Mac, you okay?"
 "I told you I'm okay!" I said angrily as the memory slipped away; the unshaven faces of the homeless patrons of the soup kitchen replacing the soldiers I once knew. The driver reeled back in his seat. "You know what, I don't think you are - why don't you just move out of the way and let somebody else take the work?"

If I had not needed the cash so bad, I would have. I had been in programs like this before in other parts of the country and it hadn't worked out so well. No one likes being awakened in the middle of the night by someone else's nightmares and the short fuse I had was not an asset on the job sites either. I climbed aboard and a couple of the other guys followed, the last one telling the few stay-behinds not to mention where we had gone.

Rolling his eyes at me in the rear view mirror, the stodgy, scowling driver put the van in gear and pulled away from the curb just as the white nose of the police car turned the corner at the far end of the block.

Not until we were several intersections away did I think about the dog. I craned my head over my right shoulder to look out the rear door windows. Though we had gone several blocks, Scruffy somehow managed to keep up as he ran behind with the quiet look of determination only a K-9 possessed.

My heart and mind ran with him, and respect poured from my eyes; the kind that only a veteran can understand and I knew that whatever our destination might be, Scruffy would be there too, watching my back.

Facing front again I sat a little taller and for the first time in ages, I smiled.

"Travel is very educational. I can now say 'bathroom' and 'Kaopectate' in seven different languages."

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Houses, Houses, Houses

by Charlie P. Lyle

My dad never believed in owning a home. He said that repairs were too expensive during the Depression days.

Some firsts: First was Huntsville Hospital and the first baby born there was L Miller, Jr. in about 1928. The first house that I lived in was on Williams Street, The second house was a little white frame house where California meets Whitesburg Drive. My father, mother, brother, grandmother, sister and me all lived there. That house is still there. I would lie on the front yard grass and look at the stars. We had a Collie named Pal. I was playing in the front yard when a mad dog came into the yard. The dog was going to bite me but my dog, Pal came to my rescue and the dog bit him instead. Pal saved my life but unfortunately Pal contracted rabies and died.

Mr. Saddler lived next door and he raised chickens. I would stomp through the weeds over to his house and he would give me an egg to take home for mama to cook for me.

From there we moved to a boarding house on Madison and Gates Street. There we played Monopoly. I remember going to the Lyric Theater and seeing a serial and space movies. Our next place to move to was on Russel Hill. It was like living in the country. Next door lived some kids that I played with. They had country ways and taught me such things as corn-cob battles and how to drink out of a dipper.

The next move was to North Rose Drive in Westlawn, then to Quietdale on Meridian Street. Then to Big Cove Road where we lived in a house owned by Luke Matthews. The farm had a pony.

After that a business opportunity caused Daddy to move to Mobile. We first lived on Oakland Terrace. A famous boxer named Jack Dubois lived down the street from us. We finally had a house built on Westwood Drive, our first real house.

News of Redstone Arsenal was heard as far away as Mobile. Guess what? We moved back to Huntsville and took up residence in a four-plex apartment on Gates Street. We had the top north one and Xea and Judge Blanton had the one below. We heard the news about Pearl Harbor there. The Church of the Nativity, Episcopal has a children's play-ground



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on that spot now. Huntsville Clinic was on the corner. A friend of mine, Harry Coons, lived a block or two over.

Well, the next house was in an area I loved. It was a block from town on the corner of Gates and Franklin Street (a big white frame house). There was just one big problem, it looked a lot like Laughlin Funeral Home which was a block over on Madison Street. One day my folks and I walked into our living room to find several people standing around and when I asked if I could help them, they equally enthusiastically replied, "Where's the body"?

The next move in this area took us to a terribly ugly brick two story house. We rented of course, upstairs owned by Jean and Rube Robinson. Ironically in this area is where Alabama joined the Union. The historic marker is still there.

Since I am coming to near the end of this article, I would like to mention some of my rich neighbors new and old that live on that wonderful Franklin Street. There were the Gerons, Stocktons, Yarbroughs, Lewters, Lowes, Chases, Price, Winton Garth, van Valkenburgs and the old Mims house two houses left.

After that, we moved into a house on Sanders Road in 1957. My mother finally got her wishes for a new house. Ironically, she died in 1957 a few months later and Dad died two months later. A few of our wonderful neighbors there were the Joshlins (Bob is currently the Mayor of Arab), the Robert Lowerys, Margaret Cole, and Ralph and Marge Burt. From there we moved to my present location on Westbury Drive and have lived there for thirty-seven years. This being my last move, Thank the Lord. We live close to everything that one could need or want.

One can't help but feeling just a wee bit insecure moving as much as we did but I am here to stay.

Addendum: After the Quietdale move, we moved to 432 Newman Avenue. There we had several things happen to us. One, my broth-

er buzzed our house while in the Air Force, then my first kiss. Some of our neighbors that lived there were the Plitzs, Wardens and the Todds.



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turn to the experts

Jack McWilliams

by Austin Miller

When I worked for the Sheffield State Employment Office my desk was in the back right corner of the office. From my station, I could see everything that went on in the office. My closest co-worker was Malcolm Turberville. Mr. Turberville, in his fifties at the time, was about five-feet seven, wore big horn rimmed glasses, weighed about 160 pounds and had thick curly hair that was once red. He was a World War II veteran, a Roman Catholic and owned a big cattle farm at Margerum.

The office had exclusive hiring agreements with most employers in the Tri-City area. This meant if you got a job with those employers you had to be referred by the employment office and the man you had to see in the office was Mr. Turberville. This made him one of the most influential people in the area. Although the employers made the final decision on whom to hire, referral and a good word from Mr. Turberville usually meant you got the job. A referral without a good word usually meant you didn't get the job.

One day, a tall, skinny, balding bespectacled man sitting at Mr. Turberville's desk caught my eye. I think I noticed because he was wearing overalls, a worn plaid shirt and canvas slip-on sneakers. It occurred to me that he was wasting his time because Mr. Turberville would never refer anybody dressed that way to a job. After he left, I heard Mr. Turberville tell the manager that he was a farmer from Cherokee who would make an excellent Job Corps recruiter. The manager said he thought so too and instructed Mr. Turberville to call and tell him he could start to work Monday. The man's name was Jack McWilliams.

His first day at work, he came over to my desk, sat down, introduced himself, asked all about me and was soon carrying on a three way conversation with me and Mr. Turberville. I had been in the office nine months and, although we sat only a few feet apart, this was the first time we had talked or spoken. After that we became good friends.

"If we threw all our problems into a big pile and saw everyone else's, we'd probably grab ours back."

Regina Brett, age 94

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Jack came to my desk every day to talk; at first I didn't like it but as he persisted I found myself looking forward to his visits. At first I didn't share much with him but he confided freely in me. At forty-one, he had been a schoolteacher, run for public office, owned a dairy, and had been a cotton farmer, writer, inventor and government worker. He had run for several public offices and lost each time. He had enough hours and credits to graduate from Florence State University (UNA) but couldn't pass a required English course taught by a professor named Kitty Jones. When he came into the employment office, he had lost his job as schoolteacher because of a new requirement that all teachers had to have a degree.

At twenty, he built his own house. It is a New England style two-story frame house just outside Cherokee. The house is now white with a black roof but it was painted a barn red until a few years ago. It has about 2000 square feet of living space, a basement furnace and an attached carport. The carport is not unique except that when they built the house in 1946 nobody built houses with carports.

When he got married, he and his new wife Rebecca moved in and lived there for more than forty years. It is still one of the nicest houses in Cherokee. Soon after we got acquainted he invited me down to his farm to go hunting.

I got up early one Saturday morning, ate breakfast at the Southland Restaurant and got to the house a little after sunup. There were at least six dogs of various breeds running loose in the yard. The grass needed cutting and somebody had made a round or two with a push mower that was still sitting where the operator quit. Several rusting farm implements were parked in a big field on the carport side of the house. Behind the house, a dilapidated shed, surrounded by tall Johnson grass, housed an M-Farmall and an old International Combine. There was a well-used green GMC truck parked a few feet from the back door with the hood up and two flat tires. A field bordering the back yard was a sea of white cotton ready for picking.

When I drove up Jack was outside dressed in overalls, putting a plug

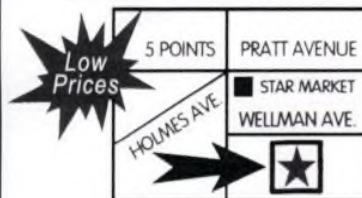
"I've learned that I wish I could have told my Mom that I love her one more time before she passed away."
Andy Rooney

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**"Deja Moo -
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in a 12 gauge shotgun that he had made out of a stick. It was a crisp October day, the leaves on the trees were at the peak of fall color and there was not a cloud or trace of pollution in the sky. As soon as I got out of the car, he threw the shotgun in the back seat and said, "Let's go for a ride."

We rode around all morning. Jack knew who lived in every house and who owned every spot of land in the entire west end of Colbert County. When dark came, we had mostly talked and hadn't fired the first shot. Jack invited me in to meet his wife Rebecca and their sixteen-year-old daughter Susan. We spent the evening talking. Rebecca was most undone because I didn't have a girl friend and spent most of the time trying to think up girls she could fix me up with. It was past eleven o'clock when I got back to my apartment in Sheffield.

After Christmas, I helped them clean out and remodel their attic into a bedroom for their son Danny who was soon coming home from the Army. There was a lot of space and when they got Danny a bed they also got one for me. They told me I was welcome to use it whenever I wanted to. I used it frequently, especially after I moved back to Huntsville. My work and other reasons brought me back often. There was no heat and it got awfully cold in winter but I was raised in a cold house and I never heard Danny complain. Rebecca used to say we both woke her up when we came in late and she could tell which one it was because Danny always stumbled over the next to the last step at the top of the stairs.

When I got married, Jack served as best man. For the next twenty years the lives of the McWilliams went on about the same. Danny and his wife Marilyn had three children,

Susan graduated from the University of Alabama, became a teacher, got married and had two daughters. Jack and Rebecca continued to live in the house at Route 1, Cherokee. They turned 64 in 1989, deep in debt and on the verge of losing everything they owned.

I was in Tuscumbia in January of 1989 to meet with the Colbert County Commission. We were giving the county a right of way across our highway property to connect River-ton Rose Trail with Highway 72. The commissioners all knew Jack well and told me that he was in dire financial straights and had his farm up for sale.

I went to Cherokee to see him but he was not at home. I saw the for sale sign. There was talk in the courthouse about a drink Jack had invented that was probably going to fail like the rest of his inventions. Jack had told me about this drink before but I didn't pay much attention. I did remember him saying the drink had vinegar in it and he had named it Jogging In-A-Jug. He said it was good for lowering cholesterol without having to exercise.

When I went back about two months later the for sale sign was down. I asked Jack if he had sold the farm. He

I used to be a banker, but I lost interest.

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told me that he made a deal with a bottling company in Mississippi to bottle a batch of the drink. He had personally taken it to stores throughout North Alabama, Eastern Mississippi and Southern Tennessee. Most wouldn't pay him, so he gave it to them for free if they would put it on the shelf.

After about two weeks calls started coming in from all over wanting more of the drink. Soon, he took the farm off the market, paid his debts and was trying to keep up with the demand for his concoction of grape juice, apple juice and vinegar. By the time he and Rebecca turned 65, they were millionaires traveling all over the country promoting Jogging In-A-Jug.

Soon they become millionaires many times over. Jogging In-A-Jug was sold in big chain stores like Kroger and WalMart. His picture was on the cover of Forbes magazine twice. They fixed up the old house and spent some time there but their primary residence became a huge brick house in Allsboro on top of the highest hill in the community. From the back of the house, you can see three stocked fish ponds, a creek and acres of pasture land; from the front you can see a grain silo standing about halfway up a picturesque hillside. The only thing you can see in any direction, that was not their property, is the Allsboro Road that runs in front of the house about a quarter of a mile away. This one block of land is in two states and did not include other large tracks they owned throughout West Alabama, Southern Tennessee and Eastern Mississippi.

Despite their wealth and their dreams of a lifetime coming true, the joy was taken out of their lives when Danny died suddenly in the summer of 2000 at the age of 52.

I went to visit in February 2001. The drive from the road to the new house was reminiscent of other times; there were six or seven dogs running loose in the yard and an M-Farmall parked about forty feet from the house. It was the same Farmall that I saw on my first trip to the old house thirty-five years earlier. It was missing a battery in 1967 and it was missing a battery in 2001. Unlike my 1967 visit, none of the cars parked in the yard were worn out or had flat tires. Jack came to the door in worn, dirty blue jeans with one pant leg stuffed down a pair of pull on boots; the other pant leg had pulled out of the other boot letting it fall about halfway down

"The biggest lie I tell myself - I don't need to write it down, I'll remember it."

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the side. He had on a faded dark blue-stripped shirt that I expect came from WalMart. Both boots had cakes of dried cow manure on the soles. Rebecca started fussing instantly about the way he was dressed. I thought to myself, some things never change. They told me that with Danny gone their money didn't mean anything.

Again like my first visit, Jack said "Lets go for a ride." The three of us loaded in a van and toured the farm. Fescue planted in the fall was coming up green in the rich bottomland along Bear Creek. Hundreds of cattle, many trailed by young calves, were scattered over at least five hundred acres of pasture land. I counted five big John Deere tractors parked at different locations on the farm and I am not sure that was all.

When we got to the highway, two cows were grazing alongside the road. Jack and I got out and drove them back in the pasture. He said when you have 500 cows some of them are out most of the time. I thought of the times I had gotten cows up at the old house. In those days it was because of broken down fences, not because they had so many.

Anytime I saw Jack, no matter how long it has been, we could pick up a conversation just like we had seen each other the day before. He was an extraordinary man. This is not because his invention made him wealthy. He was honest with impeccable character. I never saw him angry, heard him say a curse word or act improperly. I never heard him complain about anything or anybody. He did not gossip, judge others or look down on his fellowman no matter their station in life. He didn't tell me this but I know from other sources that he helped several people financially in the Cherokee area.

I didn't see him as often as I would like but I always knew that if I needed money, even a substantial amount, he would give it to me, no questions asked, no papers to sign and without concern about when or whether I could pay it back.

Rebecca died in the summer of 2004. I didn't get to go to her funeral because I didn't hear about it until it was too late. Within the week after she died, Christopher, (my son) Alexis (daughter-in-law) and I went to Cherokee in search of Jack. I felt a compelling need to see him and express my regrets. We went to the house and he had left a note that said he was working in the pasture. The pasture was at least two sections and it took a while to find him.

Finally we heard the faint hum of a tractor in the distance and followed the sound. After a walk of some distance, we found him bush hogging with a big John Deere. As soon as he saw us, he shut the engine off and came to meet us. I could tell he was glad to see me. We spent about two hours touring the farm in his all terrain vehicle. We rode through the fields, looked at the cattle, enjoyed the scenery, admired a beautiful

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sunset, made pictures, found a flock of wild turkeys and talked. It was a great afternoon.

When it came time to go, I could tell he wanted us to stay longer but it was sundown and we had to drive back to Douglasville. As we drove away, I heard Alexis tell Christopher that she didn't want him wearing any more Alabama caps, because she had now seen the real deal, a real Alabamian. She was even more right than she knew because Jack McWilliams was the real deal in any category you can come up with.

Jack died in June at the age of 90. He was trying to start his car with jumper cables when he had either a stroke or heart attack. He had not been sick and didn't have to go to the hospital or a nursing home.

J.B. Burns, one of the ministers that did his service, said the way he died was God's gift to him for being such a good man!



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Animal Folklore - Around the World

BIRDS: A bird that flies into a house, foretells an important message. The white bird foretells death.

A bird call from the north means tragedy; from the south is good for crops; from the west is good luck; from the east, good love.

"An old friend I met in college was from Ireland... She told me that it is a superstition there that if a bird poops on your car, it is good luck. I think I heard that somewhere else too."

ROBIN: The robin is perhaps the most loved of all wild birds and dire are the omens if you should kill one. The story that it was a robin who covered the unfortunate "Babes in the Wood" with leaves to help them keep warm has done much to endear it to children everywhere. Legend has it that it got its distinctive red breast when it tried to pull the bloody thorns from Christ's head as he

hung on the cross. The bird has also been regarded as sacred to the household gods since the earliest of times, and William Blake in his poem, "Auguries of Innocence", insists:

"A Robin Redbreast in a Cage Puts all Heaven in a Rage."

A wish made on the first robin of spring will be granted.

BLACKBIRD: If two males are seen sitting together this is a very good omen. Should a blackbird nest anywhere in your house then you can look forward to a year of good fortune.

CRICKETS: A cricket is a lucky house spirit that takes its luck away when it leaves.

A cricket can tell of oncoming rain, death and ex-lovers.

DOGS: Greeks thought dogs could foresee evil.

"Usually superstitions about dogs are somewhat ominous. But here's one my grandmother believed - if you have your new-born baby licked by a dog, your baby will be a quick healer. We all believe this because I was not licked, and I'm a slow healer and my brother, who was

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licked, is a quick healer. Go figure."

FISH: Throw back the first fish you catch, then you'll be lucky the whole day fishing.

It's bad luck to get married when the fish aren't biting, according to the custom of some fisherfolk.

A fish should always be eaten from the head toward the tail.

Dream of fish: someone you know is pregnant.

If you count the number of fish you caught, you will catch no more that day.

It's bad luck to say the word "pig" while fishing at sea.

LADYBUGS: The bright scarlet ladybug is a luck-bringer, probably because it is traditionally associated by its color with fire. It is a sign of good fortune if one lands on a person's hand or dress. It must, however, be allowed to fly away of its own accord, and must not be brushed off. It is permissible to speed it onwards by a gentle puff, and by the recitation of the rhyme which runs,

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home.

Your house is on fire and your children are gone."

The deeper the ladybug's color, the better luck it brings. The number of spots on its back are also important. The more spots... the better the luck!

If a young girl catches a ladybug and then releases it, the direction in which it flies away will be the direction from which her future husband will come.

SPIDERS: "If you wish to live and thrive, let the spider run alive."

There are numerous superstitions concerning the humble spider:

If you see a spider spinning a new web, you will shortly get some new clothes.

If one drops onto your face or clothes - particularly a tiny "money spider" - then your finances will improve.

A spider with syrup cures fever.

You'll meet a new friend if you run into a web.

A spider is a repellent against plague when worn around the neck in a walnut shell.

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Eulan Golden

by Malcolm W. Miller

When I hear Tom T. Hall sing his classic country song about "Clayton Delaney" it brings back so many memories of my own boyhood and the folks that meant so much to me then.


I suppose each and every one of us has a "Clayton Delaney" in our past, at least one person, maybe more, that we looked up to and admired. The name is fictional as Tom T. Hall did not want to embarrass the family of the actual man he admired. He admired him because he was a guitar picker and because he always took time to play the guitar, sing and talk to a seven year old boy. He may have, no doubt, made a contribution to Tom T. Hall's success in the music business.

The "Clayton Delaney" in my life was Eulan Golden who was, I am certain, a very common man in the eyes of society. He did not go to college, in fact, he didn't finish high school, but back then very few finished high school. Most of us had to stay home during cotton picking season and other times when parents needed help on the farm.

One reason I admired Eulan Golden was the fact that he dared be different. Who else would play in a ball game and then go right over and pick up a date and take

her to the big summer time revival going on at church? You probably don't see anything so unusual about this, and there wouldn't be except for the fact that Eulan still had his baseball uniform on, dust, cleats and all.

As I said he dared to be different. I really feel that although Eulan has been gone from this life for some seventy odd years he should have lived many years before, when the country was young, and a man was free to wander the moun-



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*Headline in
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tains and streams without any restraints such as fences, posted signs and fish and games regulations. Eulan loved nature. I have seen him sit for hours by a cool mountain spring watching honey bees winging their way back and forth to the secluded bee tree that he was determined to locate and return to cut it down while it was still early enough in the year to get the honey and still save the bees. If the land was posted it would make it all the more challenging to Eulan.

I remember on a couple of occasions he and some other fellows timed the falling of the bee tree to the exact moment a train would be passing on the nearby railroad. Many of you probably think such a man should be punished as a law breaker, and I am certain he should have been, but if you knew him as I did you would certainly know better. He was not a real religious man, but a good man that certainly loved the land, God and God's creatures.

You might be able to say that I became a bootlegger at the age of nine and my first and last customer was Eulan. You see, I found a bottle of whiskey in our mail box that someone had hidden there. I sold it to Eulan for a quarter. The tall tales that he spun to me as we sat on the old Shiloh Cemetery fence were much more rewarding as the whiskey took effect than the quarter was.

Many years ago I was selected as one of six men who carried Eulan Golden to his grave, even though I was only sixteen years old. It was a very "untimely death" as he was struck down by an automobile, truly a victim of a modern age where he never seemed to belong.



GALAXY OF LIGHTS 2016 - THE 21ST YEAR!

Galaxy of Lights is in its 21st year of providing holiday fun for the whole family. It began in 1996 with less than 20 displays to today with over 200 displays that run through the Space and Rocket Aviation Challenge and the Botanical Garden covering over almost 2 miles. This year (2016) the Galaxy of Lights has been chosen by the American Bus Association as the Best of the Best Events for the United States. It is a proud achievement for the Huntsville Botanical Garden.

The Galaxy has 40-45 volunteers that design, build, install and maintain this show. With volunteers operating the Galaxy every night, it takes over 1100 during the 2-month event. There is always a need for more volunteers in all phases, so contact the Botanical Garden if you are interested in helping with the enjoyable event.

The Galaxy of Lights begins with Walking Nights on Nov 11 from 5:30 - 8:00 and continues until Nov 14. Walking Nights continue on Friday, Nov 18 through Nov 22 with Nov 14 & 21 being Dog Nights. An additional feature for this year and years to come, the walking route is now all paved for the convenience of the visitors.

Driving Nights begin Thanksgiving and end on New Year's Eve. The Galaxy will be closed on Monday and Tuesday, November 28 & 29 for the Galaxy Run. There will be Military Night discounts on Mondays with proper ID at the Gate. Check the Botanical Garden website (hsvbg.org) for up to date pricing.

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68 Years Ago

Recently while attending Hillwood Baptist Church and sitting in their Sunday school class, two men, Hugh Michaels and Ken Swaim, we're discussing their military experiences. They discovered that they joined the service on the

same day, November 4, 1948. Then they discovered that they rode the same bus from Scottsboro, Alabama to New Orleans They rode the same train to San Antonio and both participated in basic training at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas at the same time.

They both joined the Air Force in Scottsboro, Alabama.

It has been 68 years and they have just now made this discovery. They are both from Jackson County; Hugh from Langston and Ken is from Swaim. It really is a small world after all, and amazing how some of the events of your life can connect you with someone who is important in your life.

They are now best of friends.



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<u>Wilson Hilliard, ASL #97</u>	<u>Bill Ornburn, ASL #683</u>
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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Spooky Dogs Worldwide

A howling dog at night means bad luck or somebody close to you will be very sick or worse.

According to Matt Greening, a dog with seven toes can see ghosts.

Dogs have always been credited with the power of sensing supernatural influences and seeing ghosts, spirits, fairies or deities which are invisible to human eyes. In Wales only dogs could see the death-bringing hounds of Annwn; in ancient Greece the dogs were aware when Hecate was at a crossroads foretelling a death. Dogs are believed to be aware of the presence of ghosts, and their barking, whimpering or howling is often the first warning of supernatural occurrences.

There are many instances of black dog ghosts which are said to haunt lanes, bridges, crossroads, footpaths and gates, particularly in Suffolk, Norfolk and the Isle of Man. Some black dogs are said to be unquiet ghosts of wicked souls, but others are friendly guides and protectors to travelers. The Barguest of northern England could also appear as a pig or a goat, but was most commonly a huge black dog with large eyes and feet which left no prints. Packs of ghostly hounds have also been recorded all over Britain, often heard howling as they pass by on stormy nights rather than actually being seen. These hounds generally foretell death, or at least disaster, if they are seen and the proper action is to drop face-down onto the ground to avoid spotting them.

A howling dog outside the house of a sick person was once thought to be an omen that they would die, especially if the dog was driven away and returned to howl again. A dog which gives a single howl, or three howls, and then falls silent



is said to be marking a death that has just occurred nearby.

Dogs were feared as possible carriers of rabies. Sometimes even a healthy dog was killed if it had bitten someone, because of the belief that if the dog later developed rabies, even many years afterwards, the bitten person would also be afflicted. Remedies for the bite of a mad dog often included the patient being forced to eat the hair of the dog in question. Dogs were also used to cure other illnesses. One old charm which was often used for childrens' illnesses was to take some of the patient's hairs and feed them to a dog in between slices of bread and butter; the ailment was believed to transfer to the animal, healing the patient.

In Scotland, a strange dog coming to the house means a new friendship; in England, to meet a spotted or black and white dog on your way to a business appointment is lucky. Three white dogs seen together are considered lucky in some areas; black dogs are generally considered unlucky, especially if they cross a traveller's path or follow someone and refuse to be driven away. Fishermen traditionally regard dogs as unlucky and will not take one out in a boat, or mention the word 'dog' whilst at sea.

The sight of a dog eating grass, rolling on the floor or scratching itself excessively are all said to be omens that rain is imminent.

In South American countries dogs wander at will, many having no owners but everyone feeds them and helps take care of them, they are said to be revered and good luck to the person who offers food to the dog.

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Across from Books A Million

From the Desk of Tom Carney

The "Miracle" Worker

In the late fall of 1958 a strange caravan pulled into Huntsville. After erecting a large tent on an empty lot, near Washington and Pratt Avenue, they immediately began passing out handbills throughout town.

"Religious Revival," the handbill read. "Come see the sick healed and miracles performed before your eyes."

Traveling revivals were nothing new to Huntsville. Almost yearly, miracle workers or religious healers would appear in town to stage week long revivals promising to heal the bodies and save the souls.

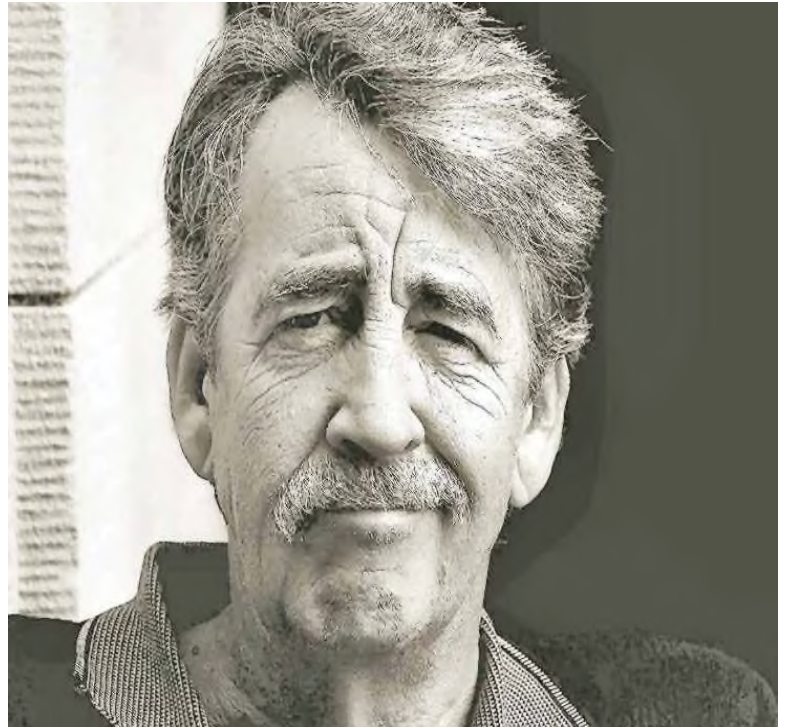
Of course, the faithful were always expected to make generous donations.

This revival troupe, however, was different. Just how different soon became apparent when Huntsville got a good look at the newest miracle worker.

A tall man, slim with dark hair, Preacher Ramone was clad in a stylish suit, crafted from light burgundy satin, heavily inlaid with gold brocade.

He was just different enough to stir the curiosity of Huntsville's natives. The first night there were maybe 15 or 20 people scattered throughout the large tent, waiting to be healed, saved or amused.

The show opened with Preacher Ramone giving a passionate plea to the faithful. After working himself to a feverish pitch, he motioned to his helpers waiting in the wings. Slowly, with a chorus of singers singing softly in the background, the helpers rolled a coffin onto the stage.



Just as the choir finished, and with everyone in the audience waiting to see what would happen next, Preacher Ramone raised the lid of the coffin to reveal a body.

"Folks," he cried out, "I promised you a miracle and I am going to show you one! We're gonna pray over this body for 7 days and 7 nights and on the 7th night the body will rise from the dead!"

Needless to say, the next night the tent was almost full of expectant and curious people staring at the body lying on stage.

Of course, Preacher Ramone did not neglect to take contributions. Every few minutes a plate would be passed, with the preacher exhorting the people to help him continue in his work.

The tent was full on the third night, and overflowing by the fifth. On the sixth night, police

"The general direction of the Alps is straight up."

Teddy, age 6, on his geography test



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had to be called to help with traffic control. The plates that had been passed around the first nights were now replaced with dishpans, and even they were not large enough to hold the money donated by the thousands of people who were now showing up each night. Money that fell out of the dishpans was just scattered on the ground. It was a sight no one had ever seen.

Photographs of the coffin were sold for \$2 apiece, and for an extra donation, one could actually go up on stage and place their hands on the coffin. For another \$1 the people could have their picture taken with Preacher Ramone, in all of his burgundy glory.

Early on the morning of the seventh day people began flocking to town from points all over North Alabama. Eagerly they gathered in the field around the tent, waiting and talking about the miracle scheduled to occur that night.

By 5 o'clock in the evening the crowd waiting was estimated to be over 4,000 people.

And they waited.

Finally, around 8:00 pm, a small delegation took it upon themselves to enter the tent to see what was holding up the show. The chairs were still in place, the coffin still sitting in the stage position ... but there was no body.

Missing also was the choir, Preacher Ramone and thousands of dollars that had once belonged to Huntsville's citizens.

The following week a creditor from Louisville, Kentucky, showed up with a court order to repossess the tent. The good people of Huntsville had been completely fooled.

"My young grandson called me and asked how old I was, it was my birthday. I told him I was 80 years old. He was quiet for a moment, then he asked, 'Did you start at 1?'"

Pam Rice, Grandma

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News in 1915

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Busy Night for the Police

Patrolmen Walter Sanders and Frank McKissack last midnight raided a crap game on Winston Street and arrested seven men, all of whom found lodging later in the city prison. These same officers also furnished accommodations along with bread and water for the four drunken men and two others who mixed up in an affray on west Clinton Street. A busy night on the city streets.

This was one of the busiest nights the police have had since the Christmas holidays.

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- What Holmes and Williams did for the country?
- Whom Lincoln Street is named for?
- Where the rainbow is in Rainbow Mountain?
- Why things are called “Twickenham”?
- How Redstone Arsenal’s roads got named?
- The creek that’s named for the town barber?

Worst Sleet falls here in Many Years

North Alabama is beneath a mantle of sleet and snow, making this the worst winter day that has been experienced in this part of the south in many years. Both telephone and telegraphic service are partially crippled and street car traffic is difficult because the trolleys fail to perform their duty. Trees are hanging with icicles and in every way the entire outdoors presents a frightful sight of winter.

Huntsville Helps

Yes, it seems Huntsville really is big enough to do more than one thing at a time. She can go ahead bringing in new people, factories, capital, Fair Association, packing plant, corporate limits extension, celebrations etc., etc. and then have time to cooperate in Mussel Shoals development and other worthy undertakings. There is a bright future for this city.

The Decatur Daily Celebrates a Birthday

The Daily Times extends its hearty congratulations to the editors and publishers of The Decatur Daily, which has just celebrated its fourth anniversary. The policy of our Decatur contemporary is sound.

It has made a splendid reputation by always taking the moral side of every public question and is today regarded as one of the ablest newspapers in the state.

W. R. Shelton is the splendid publisher; H.D. Harkreader, the brilliant editor and T. H. Alexander, the gifted associate, together with all the others who make or contribute in any way to the publication of that wonderful journal deserve the plaudits of that delightfully progressive community. We are proud of The Decatur Daily and wish it a hundred years of usefulness and general public service.

Wanted to see Foot Come Off

John Murray, of Athens, an aged and well known man, recently agreed to submit to the amputation of his foot and insisted that it be severed without the aid of any anesthetic.

The old man gritted his teeth and watched the doctors as they cut thru flesh and bone as they used to do in the old days before the discovery of ether.

The operation was entirely successful and Mr. Murray recovered but a few days afterward he began to have excruciating pains which seemed to be localized beyond the end of the severed limb just where the foot used to be.

The amputated foot was dug up carefully, straightened out and wrapped in cotton and reburied with the result that Mr. Murray is now resting in perfect comfort.

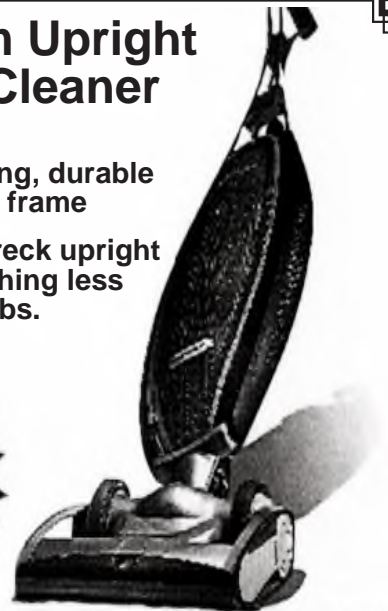
W. H. Walton and prominent citizen of Athens vouches for the truth of the above facts.

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The War Record of Tinsley R. Williamson

*Submitted by Susan Hardwick Matthews,
Great-Great-Granddaughter of
T. R. Williamson*

I volunteered July 22, 1861, in the Twenty-eighth Virginia Regiment, Company G, under Captain A. L. Minter. Colonel Robert Preston was my Colonel. I was mustered in at Manassas, Virginia, July 22, 1861. I was in that Regiment until the close of the war. I went out to make a soldier, to stand hardships and to do my duty. I never was excused by the doctor during the war. I never was on extra duty.

The first fight I was in was Williamsburg. We went on our retreat from Norfolk. At the rear guard the enemy overtook us. At Williamsburg our troops lay in a hollow. The Yankees reinforced along a fence on the hillside. The fight lasted quite a while, but they overshot us and we were shooting up the hill. It seemed we killed all of them for they lay along the fence piled upon each other. They all seemed to be shot in the head.

That day they captured our Colonel three times but we got him back every time. When dark came we moved out very easily.

I might tell you something of our march. Before the fight we went down in the valley of Virginia several times. One time we thought the Yankees were coming in by the way of Alexandria and we went there to meet them. Then taking our stand on Mason and Munson Hills we all seemed eager for a fight. At midnight orders came around that we were surrounded by 10,000 Yankees and would have to cut our way out by daylight.

I can't tell just how all of us felt, though I thank God I never was scared by numbers or never excited. We stood in line till daylight but no Yankees came. We then moved back to Annadale.

I was in the Wilderness when we captured a Colonel. When we were bringing him out we

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asked him if he would whip us; he said "No. Men who fight like you can't be whipped, but we will wear you out." I was at Seven Pines. My brother was wounded there. A ball passed through my hair and made my head sore for several days, I was wounded at the second battle of Manassas. The ball passed through, my right arm lodging under my shoulder blade.

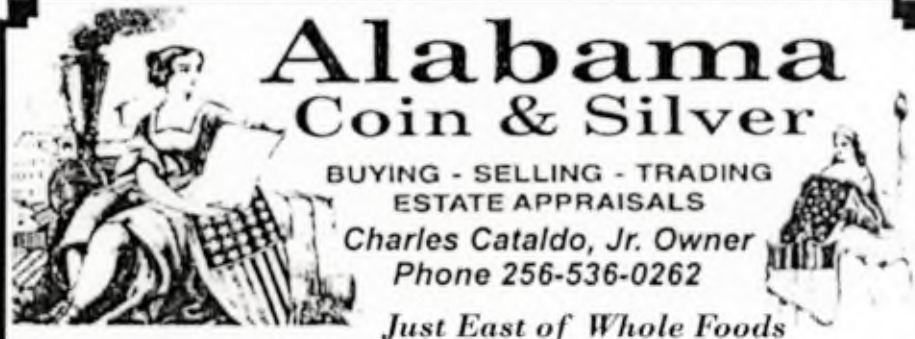
I was also in the battle of Gettysburg. Charged in General Pickett's Division. General Garnett was our commander. I will tell you something hard to believe, not seeing it for yourself. We waded the Potomac River as we went to Gettysburg. There we lay all night in a church. The next day we marched out to Seminary Ridge and were face to face with the Yankees. They were on the other hill called Cemetery Ridge. The next day we marched out to the battlefield with a peach orchard on our left and two mountains on our right.

They were called Little Round Top and Big Round Top, with our brigade stretching from the peach orchard to Little Round Top, some three fourths of a mile in front of us.

There was a fine rock fence in front of us, much in the shape of a new moon. Between us and the fence was a public road. The enemy had placed their artillery as thick as they dare in the fence. Our artillery was just in line before us. Their cannonading lasted two hours. I must say that the earth was shaking.

General Garnett was in command of our brigade when he gave the command and said: "Get ready for a charge in the rear." I never saw men more calm than on that day. I was nearest the left wing. We had four regiments in line on the field. I could cast my eye down the line and it was dressed as nice as a dress parade. The enemy shelled us from the time we started until we reached the road. I would look down the line and see at any time from four to six men up in the air where the cannon balls would knock them. General Garnett was killed outright.

When near the rock fence while the enemy was slaying us, Sargeant Wilson passed up the line saying: "Men, put your trust in the Lord. He is all that can do you any good." Just at that time he was struck in the side with a grape shot. My brother and someone took him to the hospital. I could feel the heat from their guns in my face all the time. When we reached the fence I looked down the fence and saw only two men left. One of them fell as I looked around. Captain Specard was fighting the Yankees across the fence and killing them like snakes. I threw down my gun and started to run to the rear. They began halting me and shooting at me. I fell as though I were dead until all got still. Then I got up and started again, and they began halting and shooting. I made no



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stop, just kept going. They then opened fire upon me with grape shot, which threw dirt all over me. I fell again. After all was still I arose and started to find our regiment. I traveled until dark and stopped with a man and his wife.

The woman was the best Christian I have seen in all my life. I think she talked all night long. She had the right kind of religion. She gave my brother and myself supper and breakfast and all the clothes we could carry. Go... all good ladies such as she was.

Our regiment numbered four hundred and fifty men for duty when we overtook them the next day. On the next day there were only seventy-four of us, the rest having been killed or captured. I felt just like we were a family of children that had lost all their friends. We had no one to give us a word of cheer or advice.

They sent a one-armed Major to take charge of us. We then came to the Potomac, which we had waded as we went over. It seemed to me that all the ponds above it turned loose, the river was so full of water. Our men stretched ropes across the river. We had flat boats to cross... When across we marched some miles till we came to a swift stream of water that came up to our waists. We had to hold each other to break the current. There came a man riding through and I caught his horse's tail and went over safely. Then taking our guns and cartridge boxes we put them in a boat and got them across safely.

When across we formed a skirmish line in the valley. There lay a heavy line of cavalry in front of us on the mountains. We started to them. Between us and them was a fine open field and I never saw in all my life such a field of dewberries. While it might seem strange that men would think of stopping and eating berries, we just ate as though the war was over.

At length orders came down the line, "Rally on the left." At that order we moved to the left in double quick time. The Yankees were coming down a hollow to get in our rear. We met them and gave them a happy time until dark. Then we fell back to the Wilderness where we lay all night. But these dew-

berries were fine. We had no more trouble until we got to Richmond.

After we had been there sometime and had recruited up, the Yankees had come near on the northeast of town. They had six pieces of artil-


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Alex Lewyt, businessman, quoted in New York Times in June 1955

lery and were shelling us every day. The Captain sent our regiment to drive them away. We went out on a hill and had to go down a long slant and across a hollow, then climb another steep hill. It was so steep we had to hold to bushes and shrubs to get up. When up there wagon tracks were found which had been washed out enough so men could hide in them. The battery was just across that field.

When in line we started to charge that battery. On our left in the woods their cavalry were in line ready for us and also those wagon routes full of men. We just jumped them and on we went. When half way across the field there came the cavalry, but we were well drilled for them. We formed a hollow square and waited for them. When we fired upon them their horses turned back. We captured their guns and went back and took the men in the wagon routes. Then we

had some peace around the city.

I must tell you something of our retreat from Petersburg. We lay all night at Hatcher's Run. At daylight we ran into the enemy's skirmish lines. They had cut all the timber and made a clear way for their cannons. My gun got so it wouldn't shoot. I was standing by a large tree trying to get it in order and the Yankees shelled me heavily. A shell loaded with cast balls burst behind me and

one of them struck me on the leg. I started out but soon got so I couldn't walk. I was taken to our field hospital. Just then orders came for all who could walk to leave there. I got me two boards and used them for crutches. We got a flat boat and started across the river. There was a rock dam across the river to ferry over wood. When half way across the boat turned down the river and over the dam it went and

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struck an island. The men all got out and pulled the boat to the other side and left me alone. I made my way to the top of the hill and found a road leading to Petersburg. I lay down under a large cedar tree.

Along in the night our wagons came along and I got into one of them. Along toward daylight I found my brother and his wagon. Soon orders came to take our horses and escape. For a mile our wagon trains were on fire. My brother got me on one horse and himself on the other and we went to Farmersville, where he put me in the hospital and returned to his command.

That was three days before the surrender. The ball lay in my leg two or three weeks.

You say, "How did you stand it? How did you live?"

"Simply by the help and mercy of God. I learned to fear not Him that kills the body, that hath no more that He can do;

but to fear Him that after He has killed hath power to cast into hell. Yea trust in Him."

NOTES:

Pension Application located in Washington, Tennessee under file S2035 with the name Tinsley R. Williamson. A photocopy of this pension application may be obtained from the Tennessee State Library and Archives.

In the Spring of 1861, men from Roanoke, Botetourt and Craig Counties enlisted in Confederate service and became members of the 28th Virginia Infantry Regiment.

The 28th Virginia participated in most of the major eastern campaigns. As a part of Longstreet's Corps, Pickett's Division, they fought at 1st and 2nd Manassas, Seven Day's battles, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Seige of Richmond and Petersburg and the retreat of Appomattox.

Note: My grandmother, Georgianna Dickerson Williamson Campbell, was born 4 June 1867 in VA or TN. She was the daughter of Tinsley Rucker Williamson (6 Jan 1831 Bedford Co., VA - 30, Sept 1914 Nashville, TN) and wife Mary Ann Elizabeth St. Clair (12 Sept 1834 Bedford Co, VA - 20 June 1908 Jonesboro, TN.)

Tinsley R. Williamson and Mary Ann Elizabeth St. Clair were married 18 Oct 1857 in Bedford Co., VA. He served all during the Civil War in the 28th Virginia Infantry and was wounded three times - in shoulder, in leg and lost an eye. Three brothers fought in the same G Company, one dying of disease while in service. The other brother fought in the A Company. Tinsley's service record, as told by him, is attached.

Tinsley and Mary Ann Elizabeth, called Mary, with 2 or 3 children, moved to Jonesboro, TN a few years after the War,



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about 1870.

My grandmother, Georgiana, grew up in Jonesboro, TN and married David Peter Campbell there on 22 June 1884. My father, Albert Montgomery Campbell, born 9 July 1885, was their first child. (Doris Campbell Hardwick 2 June, 1987 Huntsville, AL)

Two of Tinsley Rucker Williamson's grandsons married sisters from Huntsville. Albert Campbell, a barber, came to Huntsville, AL and married Mary Ella Owen in 1916, and his cousin Carl William McPherson, a World War I veteran, married Mary Ella's sister, Alta Pearl Owen in 1922. Both Owen sisters were from New Market, AL.

After surviving the Civil War (from enlisting the second day till being paroled three days before Appomattox, he died at the age of 83 due to kidney failure. He is buried in the Tennessee Confederate States Home at the Hermitage in Nashville, TN. He lived from January 6, 1831 till September 30, 1914. He outlived his wife, who passed away in 1908.

Aunt Mid, one of his grand-

children, told why her Grandpa was buried in the Old Soldier's Cemetery in Nashville and not Maple Lawn Cemetery in Jonesboro, TN, which he had purchased in 1905 and where his wife was buried.

"At that time there was only one long distance phone in Jonesboro - and they got the message mixed up saying they wanted him buried in Nashville. Mother and Dad and Aunt Allie, who were dressed in mourning - even with veils, met the train as was the custom then and his grave was dug. And the body was not shipped - so they had already buried him at the Hermitage. And the grave was filled in. It's a shame that Grandpa couldn't have been buried where he had planned for." (Mildred Campbell Royston November 11, 1986 Erwin, TN)

Another one of his grandchildren, Clara Williamson Rickman used to tell her nephew "that Grandpa Tinsley had a bullet (shell) in his trunk and used to show it to her and he called it his souvenir." (Oscar Alonza Williamson, October 31, 1986 Ft.

Lauderdale, FL).

T. R. Williamson, as most Confederate soldiers, did not come from a family that had slaves. He just "went out to make a soldier, to stand hardships and to do my duty."

In the 1850 and 1860 Census of Bedford County, VA, Tinsley R. Williamson is listed as a farm hand.

Also, in 1850 Census of Bedford County, VA, his father Milburn was listed as a farm laborer. His father died in 1857. His brothers were farm laborers at other farms. These four brothers (Milburn's only four sons) were small farmers, farm hands, who all fought in the 28th Virginia Regiment - a band of brothers.

What inspires me most is: You say, "How did you stand it? How did you live?" "Simply by the help and mercy of God. I learned to fear not Him that kills the body, that hath no more that He can do; but to fear Him that after He has killed hath power to cast into hell. Yea trust in Him."

Susan Hardwick Mathews July 25, 2016 Birmingham, AL

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DUI and the Proverbial "Two Beers"

by Hartwell Lutz

As a District Court Judge in Madison County, it always amazed me that almost everyone charged with DUI had drunk two beers. Even when the evidence was that the defendant refused the breath test, couldn't stand up, cursed everyone in sight, and puked in the back seat of the arresting officer's vehicle, nine times out of ten the defendant had had "two beers." So this gave rise to my "three beer" rule of thumb, which was to the effect that if a person said they had drunk three beers they were probably telling the truth. Naturally, I didn't tell anyone about that, because then everyone would have had three beers.

Of course, beer wasn't always the culprit, which brings us to the subject of SHOOTERS and New Years Eve in about 1985. Around 1:00 a.m. the defendant, an attractive young woman that we'll call "Ms. Smith," was pulled over shortly after leaving the parking lot of a bar, a place one might call a "dive" near downtown Huntsville. (If you've been there, you know what I mean. And, yes, I've been there).

The arresting officer testified to facts that indicated that the defendant had definitely had too much to drink. Her attorney put her on the stand, and she denied that she was under the influence. According to her testimony, she had been at the establishment since about 2:00 in the afternoon drinking "shooters."

For those who have read this far and don't know what a shooter is, it's a drink that's served in a small glass, like a shot glass, consisting of layers of different liquors. For example, a

shooter might consist of a layer of rum, a layer of vodka and a layer of schnapps. A website on the subject says, "These tasty tidbits are designed to get you drunk fast." (And, no, I've never had one, for reasons explained below.)

Shooters tend to have fascinating names. One called "Orgasim" consists of layers of Amaretto, Bailey's Irish Cream, and Kahlua. A Cerebral Hemorrhage contains Bailey's Irish Cream, Grenadine, Kahlua and Peach Schnapps. Then there's a one called "The Original Buttery Nipple," that's made up of Bailey's Irish Cream and Sambucka, whatever that is. The ingredients of a "Sloe Comfortable Screw," are Orange Juice, Sloe Gin, and Southern Comfort. A Creeping Death is Kahlua, Peach Schnapps, Vodka and Rum. There are literally thousands of recipes for shooters that a person can find online if they're interested, that is if they want to get really sick, or so it seems to me.

But getting back to the case of Ms. Smith, this was one of many cases I had where I wondered if the prosecutor really wanted a conviction. By her own testimony, Ms. Smith was in a place where people would go to drink for a period of several hours on New Years Eve.

So after the lawyers got through with doing their thing I asked her how many shooters she had drunk, and she said she didn't know, but several.

Then I asked her what a shooter was, and she explained how they were made, and when I asked her what kind of shooters she'd been drinking she named a few. She remembered the ingredients of all of them, and being

just an old Bourbon and branch water guy myself, they sounded pretty awful to me, so I said to her, "That sounds awful. Why would anybody drink that?" So, she sort of swallowed and said, "Well, to get drunk I guess."

Next case.

So, the rest is just for what it's worth. I've seen lots of DUI cases in court, but I don't remember any that went to trial where there was anyone in the car but the defendant. What does that say about the wisdom of having a designated driver?

And Ms. Smith's case was one of the rare DUI cases that I saw in seventeen years with a female defendant. The percentage was probably less than ten. One can make whatever one wants to out of that I suppose.

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Tips You Can Really Use



* If you're a gardener, the fall is the time to check to see what survived the very dry weather. Verbena, lantana, hostas, hibiscus - plant those again next year for a low maintenance but still beautiful garden.

* Items you own such as computers, tools, TVs, printers etc. can be engraved with your name, birth date or other form of ID in case of theft. Many items are recovered but unless you have some sort of identification on it the authorities have no way of connecting it with you and getting it back to you.

* Heat up left-over pizza in a non-stick skillet on top of the stove, set heat to medium low and heat til warm. This keeps the crust crispy and no more soggy microwave pizza!

* To keep squirrels from eating your plants, just sprinkle with cayenne pepper. Won't hurt the plant, but the squirrels hate it!

* Before you pour sticky substances into your measuring cup, rinse it out with hot water and don't dry. Your ingredient, like peanut butter, will slide right out!

* Use baking soda with a damp rag to remove kid's crayon marks from your walls.

* To prevent fires from occurring in your clothes dryer, take the filter out and wash it with hot soapy water occasionally. The dryer cloths you use are sealing the filter (prove it by pouring water into your filter) and could catch fire.

* After shopping, and you get into your car, immediately lock your door. If someone comes up to you and wants to talk to you or ask you something, just shake your head and go home. There's no need to take unnecessary chances.

* Put cooked egg yolks in a zip lock bag. Seal, mash til they are broken up. Add the rest of your ingredients for deviled

eggs to the bag, mash some more. Cut a small corner off the bag and just squeeze the yolk mixture into your egg halves.

* Make your own iced Green tea. Just brew about 8 teabags for 2 quarts, pour into your container with Crystal Lite lemonade (about half the container, to your taste) and fill with water. It's delicious and no unhealthy ingredients!



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I came to the Ark. My ribs were showing and I was covered with fleas and ticks. I was so hungry that I jumped right into Ms. Nina's car when she finally got me to come to her. I have really changed into a happy, good-looking dog. I am a sweet and playful dog too. I want to be a family pet. Would your family want give me a loving home?

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