



No. 289
March 2017



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



LETTERS OVER THE OCEAN

We met for breakfast at Eunice's Country Kitchen, that neighborly breakfast delight on Andrew Jackson Way in the Five Points neighborhood of Huntsville, Alabama during the early years of the last decade of the last century.

Eunice's had been an old city landmark for years, and Aunt Eunice was well known for serving southern style breakfasts in her modest cafe. Eunice would never know that this particular breakfast meeting would literally change my life forever.

Also in this issue: **Memories of Lincoln Village**

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**A Hardware Store....
The Way You Remember Them**

Domie Lewter
Mac Lewter

222 Washington St - 539-5777

Letters Over the Ocean

by Him

To my sister, in February, 1992, I mailed a self-written Valentine poem; she loved it. Unfortunately for me, I had no intimate love to send such words. Little did I know that in days, my life would change... forever.

It was at Eunice's Country Kitchen, that neighborly breakfast delight, school-red wooden and bricked, and set aside on that gravelly and dusty parking area under the green leaves of tall hackberry and oak trees on Andrew Jackson Way in the Five Points neighborhood of Huntsville, Alabama during the early years of the last decade of the last century. Eunice's had been an old city landmark for years, and Aunt Eunice was well known for serving southern style breakfasts in her modest cafe which was a meeting place for locals to share pleasantries and verbally weave yarns with strang-

ers who sometimes became their future friends. Unknowing to me.....or her.... ours was to be a friendship beyond colorful yarns. In fact, ours were to be fireworks!

I had befriended Ms. U months earlier when I had spent a couple weeks in Germany working for Huntsville's Intergraph Corporation. Ms. U, who worked in Intergraph's Munich, Germany, office, brought her work colleague, and the three of us sat opposite on the modest cafe style, naugahyde covered bench and ordered a full country breakfast; mine with grits and theirs (not knowing what grits were) without. The intense saltiness of the country ham really set them back. They were both in town for many weeks of software training. Intergraph had been training people from all over the globe on computer graphics workstations and engineering and mapping software applications for more than a decade. She was newly employed and in town for many weeks of intensive training.

Before we knew it, one of the other customers was making rounds from table to table with a coffee pot in hand, filling cups with hot coffee, and that is when I got my first long look at her. I took a deep, slow breath, tried not to stare at

"I have been absolutely hag-ridden with ambition. If I could wish to have anything in the world it would be to be free of ambition."

Tallulah Bankhead



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

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this beautiful German woman across from me, while trying to think of things to say.

We chatted about my life in Huntsville and about work stories and people we knew in common and anything to keep the flow of words, "flowing" while I didn't get caught staring. I remember little else of that morning other than me offering my time and suggesting local places to take them to see Huntsville's sites. My interest was sparked and my thoughts were simply to spend time with the both of them so I could become friends with her. Why, without admitting it to myself, as the southern-guy expression goes, I was "bird-doggin".

Over the next several days, I managed to wedge myself into their after-work time as we spent hours together shopping, dining, having drinks and talking. The end-of-winter weather was unusually warm and I talked them, and an Englishman colleague of theirs, into going camping at Lake Guntersville

State Park's primitive area.

We drove my old 1965 camperized Ford Econoline van, set-up two tents, table, kitchen, chairs on the bare ground, and built a large-flaming campfire to begin our Friday evening under the oak, maple, and alder trees on the lake's lovely winding shoreline. Few people were camping, there were no bugs to bother us, and we even roasted marshmallows, though none of them were up to eating them. Perfect weather made for a very fun weekend and exciting time, and I loved every moment of our hiking and fishing and talking around the campfire under the clear blackened skies dotted with brilliant stars.

When we said good-night, I secretly wished to be in the ladies tent. I could tell the Englishman (call him Mr. T) was having similar thoughts. He in his English manner let her know his interested feelings as the weeks passed. But, I hoped I had the edge in that showing.

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My reason for joint replacement Hoops with her

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 Joint Camp

end, I drove the van around the area, showing them Buck's Pocket and hiking the stream and water area. During another weekend we went hiking at the Sipsey Wilderness area; later that afternoon we were lunching in the rural town of Hartselle. We saw many north Alabama and southern Tennessee sites during those exciting weekends.

My attraction became magnetic; I was surely smitten. I knew time was limited, and I did my best to charm her into sharing a few lunches with me, and then dinner; just by ourselves. In these few weeks, I became heart-struck; I had fallen hard and heavy for this woman. And, I could tell that our short time had also ignited a spark in her heart.

Aah... but, her life was complicated, having a boyfriend with whom she lived, awaiting her return to Germany. But, she confided in me that her relationship had been on the sour for a long while now. Our time ticked on, and though caught-up in a dream from which I did not want to awaken, the day came when she and I parted to re-join our existing lives; but my mind was determined to see her again. I deemed I would keep communicating with her.

To her, I began writing the most personal and loving letters I had ever written. I tried to portray my strong, loving feelings. I tried to convey the degree of happiness that had overcome me since meeting her. I tried, as best I could with words, to paint a canvas of spring-time blossoms reaching for the bright warm, blue-skied sunshine. I told her of my everyday events, of my friends, of my work, of the movies and local plays I attended, but mostly

of the emotions that so strongly played within. My heart raced, my mind soared, my being was lightened and my feeling flowed through letters.

She knew my feelings; she acknowledged the same, and we began a daily discourse over the computer lines. This was a time before email and when few had PCs; however, Intergraph was a computer graphics systems pioneer, and we had ways via the computer networks (a word unknown to the public at that time) to communicate internationally using a basic kind of email.

I would rush to get to work an hour early each morning and search for any note from her, and then begin my daily writing of what I had done the night before and whatever was on my mind. Our discourse began on the fourteenth of March, consisted of words that devel-

oped and portrayed a most intimate romance, like jumping into a pool of red rose petals.

These many letters are private and too intimate to share. I was on a total love adventure and her feelings were intense, but living life in another country where her friends, job, home, relatives, and entire family lived, including her live-in boyfriend, made for complications. She tried through Intergraph to attend a Huntsville conference in April, but it was not in the cards, and her boss told her no. She and her boyfriend had a long, serious talk. Her heart was totally in my direction, however her mind was going crazy, feeling torn apart by what seemed a "story-book love in another land" and real life in Germany.

This continued, until a time, one-half year from its start, when she asked that I stop.




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It was not an email. It was a hand written paper letter in my street mailbox of my old cotton mill home in Five Points. She said her mind was being torn in half and that her psyche was truly suffering. Something had to give, and it was best for her mental health for our communications to cease. She said they had a saying in Germany that didn't translate well, but went like this: "Elephant's memories are lifelong", and so I would be part of her loving memories.

I was beyond disappointment. I was shattered; I was broken. I had walked off my heavenly cliff into an endless abyss. I did not know what to do. I wasn't in panic mode because I was completely, emotionally deflated. Though I continued to write to her for a while, my notes fell to emptiness. My flower blossom words wilted and my bright colors were tarnished. I received no return notes.

I slowly filled my emotions with my Huntsville life. I still had my fantasy of her and my

dreams would sometimes show their face, mostly at night when I was alone unto myself and thoughts. I would still look into my email box when I arrived at Intergraph each morning, and into my street mailbox hoping to find a German address. Two seasons passed this way until finally, I let it ease to only occasional writing, sending cards on her birthday and Christmas; I focused on my Huntsville life without her.

Three Christmas's later, two days before the 1995 new year, I arrived in the early morning hour to an empty Intergraph parking lot whence most were home with family, walked to my office, logged-on to my workstation, opened my email, and to my absolute astonishment saw an entry with

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her email address. My heart instantly raced as I quickly opened the note and elatedly read it.

TIME has its way of undermining emotions, moving from high speed high intensity then forcefully anchoring to a simmer, then to an "almost-out" when hope still saliently flickers like the pilot light on an old gas stove. Then one sudden flow of gas instantly changes to high flame, bypassing the simmer and the low settings, and emotions are once again cooking.

It was a very short note, only three lines; but the power of those lines had colossal impact on my spirit.... "Hi, I am coming to Huntsville for 10 days training. I will arrive Jan. 8. I hope to see you. Happy New Year." From Her.

I was instantly on a monumental high. I had to get a grip on myself because as much as I wanted to fantasize an entire story-line, I cautioned myself. It was a simple note, simply telling me she would like to see me; that's all. The following week, I snooped around our Travel Department, and was able to find her arrival flight

times.

I arrived at the Jetplex early and waited. The crowd came through the gate and two minutes later I saw her surrounded by her German colleagues. She separated from the group, hugged me longer and more warmly than the usual airport "hello". We quickly made plans to meet in a couple hours at the German's favorite fun place, Hooters. When I arrived, she was already drinking her beer with the loudly festive group. After an hour, we left together, excitedly.

Our touch, our hugs, our eye contact, our words were as if the past two plus years was only yesterday, and we began where we last left. After that evening, both feeling amorously comfortable, we let our hearts lead. She spent her work hours learning Intergraph's newest graphics product, listening to marketing presentations, and discussions of the planned product rollout in the U.S. and Europe. But, during non-working hours, we spent all our time together. Her German workers were beginning to wonder "who and why" she was spending all her time with

this American.

We went to a couple work parties "together" and spent the entire 10 days together. We had dinners, visited Jack Daniels distillery (before its modern look), hiked Monte Sano

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trails. I showed her the home I recently purchased in Blossomwood subdivision; even without much decor or furniture, I cooked her a delicious spaghetti & meatball dinner.

It was a delightful time that passed with passion. We had both answered that mental question of "wonder" that stood since first meeting. I drove her to the airport feeling more assured than our last parting, and left with promises of continued contact.

The emails began immediately upon her return. Letters were again filled with love-words playing emotions, less afraid than last and more bonded. She told me more of herself, her family and her work friends. I wrote words informing her of the same on my side. She still lived with her boyfriend, but assured me it was an economic, not a pas-

sionate union.

Our letters continued through the year, until late January next, when she again came to Huntsville to help test and certify software. This time, among her work colleagues was her best work-friend whom spent time with us, and lent approval because she could see and feel our happiness.

Together, we all had dinners, travel time surrounding Huntsville and Tennessee, party-time at the work-party event, and of course working hours at Intergraph. After the two-week work time, we three took several days and found ourselves in a beach front room near Destin, Florida. During the ride down, to my casual words, "Let's get married," she surprisingly answered "OK." My response was "Really?" "YES." "You'll marry me?" I felt like I

was talking like Dustin Hoffman in the movie, *The Graduate* saying simple words and hearing the answers in disbelief.

As you can guess, our beach time was wonderful, even if the temperatures were in the sixties. We had crossed a milestone in our relationship and committed to each other to make it work.

A week later, we said our good-byes. Our letters over the ocean never stopped. I felt a need to write a letter of introduction and detail to her parents describing who I was, and of our relationship that now spanned four years. It was a very long letter sent to her,

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and she spent a week trying to do a difficult translation of the emotion and meaning behind the words. She presented her parents the letter and informed them of our intention to marry and her future move to the United States. They were in shock, and not pleasantly so; but, they knew their daughter's mindset and knew it would be useless trying to dissuade her.

Two weeks later, we found each other wrapped in winter coats, traveling escalators in the opposite direction at the Munich International Airport. We drove to Northern Italy, spent a very romantic week traveling the mountains, coastline, visiting famous cities and museums, and for the first time, spending round-the-clock time with each other. It was enchanting. This sealed our commitment.

Over the next 3 months she divested herself of all her belongings except a suitcase of clothes. She stored a few things with her parents, she quit work, said bye to family, friends, her life-time home, and I picked her up at the Huntsville Jetplex in late June. A week later found us in San Diego at my father's house. He and my many brothers and sisters were happy to see I brought a girlfriend for my visit and to attend our family reunion.

The morning of the outdoor reunion, I informed my oldest brother, my father, and my niece of our plans, gave them each a pamphlet of the

marriage vows I had written, showing their speaking parts, and asked them to keep the secret until we arrived an hour later. My oldest brother had organized them into an audience of 50 people, grouped and sitting on the ground and in chairs. When she and I arrived all dressed formally, my sister's mouth opened and the tears flowed, as she understood what was happening.

As Enya's Irish melody softly played in the background, she and I said our vows and were married on the anniversary date of my father and mother, July 6th, 1996, after four years of passing letters over the ocean.




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- 119 arrests were made by the Huntsville Police Department during this month. Arrests for violating the Sanitary laws, 21; drunks, 14 coming in second on the list. There were 12 arrests for traffic law violations and 11 for affrays. The balance was scattered among a large number of other causes. The total fines that were assessed amounted to \$1,398.25, collections being \$1,053.25.

- Chris Sterit, one of the best known farmers of this county, lost control of his car here this morning; plunging into an excavated lot and turning over with the driver pinned under the wreck. Sterit was rushed to a hospital and the attending physician says he is probably fatally injured.

- In Florence, Al. Keeton, an 18-year old boy, was struck on the head with a pick handle by Morris Nickols, age 16 at Wilson Dam last night and died at a local infirmary today. The two boys were employed on the night shift at the dam. The fracas that resulted in the death of Keeton arose over an attempt on his part to throw water on the younger boy, according to a statement of the foreman in the adjoining section.

- Daniel Healy, young man of Scottsboro, coughed up a bullet that has been lodged in his throat for 3 months. It was badly needed as evidence in the trial of Huntsville's Peter McLean for murder. Physicians had feared to operate but now won't have to.

- Colonel Lee Fearn Irwin, 83, Confederate veteran, former As-

sistant Postmaster and news editor, died here in Huntsville Tuesday. He was active in his newspaper duties up to a month ago.


- A woman here claimed in court that her husband left her for another woman. He left her with seven children, and told her that he had found the love of his life in Decatur, Alabama. His newest love is a widow and has 6 girls and 4 boys. It seems the husband enjoys being a father, but the latest news out of Montgomery claims that this same gentleman has four other wives, all thinking that he is

faithful to the one. Men in Huntsville are shaking their heads in amazement.

- Jeremy Stevens has been convicted of stealing his neighbor's hogs in New Hope - he said he was just trying to feed his 8 children and has no money. It is heard his wife left him 10 months ago with the children.

- Mrs. W. I. Thompson has been appointed Truant Officer of Huntsville, succeeding Mrs. T. A. Rankin who recently resigned the position. Her duties will be to see that no child of educatable age is kept out of school for other than valid reasons.

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What Really Comforts You?

by Cathey Carney

There are always times in your life when you are just down, you can't seem to pull yourself back up. I was watching a kitten the other day cuddled up to its mama, in a soft, warm safe place. It occurred to me that comfort and happiness are not the same.

We all need comfort, whether it comes from inside ourselves or from somewhere else. I started thinking about what comforts me.

Things as simple as the sun on my face, a warm fire on a cold night, hearing the voice of someone who loves me. Helping someone who is really down and out. A favorite old song or maybe hugging a beloved pet who hugs you back.

What comforts you? It's not that easy of a question. Once you start thinking about it, you'll think of more and more. Some love cooking, love a good meal with friends. Some get lost in music. Many in the Huntsville area are amazing artists and they tell me they get completely zoned out when they are creating their art. Getting lost in creating.

Maybe it's a long distance call to a dear friend, that lasts hours. A hug from an elderly Mom or Dad. For many it's finding a church family, or teaching adults at a local college. For some there's nothing better than taking an animal shelter dog for a walk, who loves the attention you're paying to him.

For many, gardening is the best. Getting your hands in the dirt and watching plants grow, eating fresh produce that you grew yourself. Teaching kids to love gardening. Sharing food.

Each of us has his or her own ideas of comfort. Take a minute and really think about what gives you comfort. You'll find it's not really that simple of a question.

The pharmacist asked me my birth date again.
Pretty sure he is going to get me something.



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I know you will be looking down on us and thinking what crazy gifts you were going to get - you were one of the coolest Dad's anyone would be lucky enough to have.

Dad we send kisses to you and we miss you every single day.

Rosemary, Dorothy, Angie, Lynn & Susan



Yes Kitty, No Kitty

by Ted Roberts

Did you know your cat can talk? And she talks in a universal language from Bulgarian to English. No she doesn't use words, but tone and pitch and sound level. And it doesn't help to spell out the words.

I'm only a scribbler with two chatty cats. Let me not misrepresent myself - I am not a feline physiologist. No, I don't have a PhD in mammalian behavior. But I know that cats and humans can "communicate" with each other. That's a much better word than "talk".

When I murmur with a lover's inflection - slowly, softly: "That's a good kitty",

my pet interprets approval. She tries to lick my hand in romantic reply. She knows it means praise and one of those cat candies that's to die for.

And I, the human manipulator and hopefully smarter than her, always mate the two in my praise: The spoken statement and the reward. Don't tell me she doesn't get it. We CAN communicate.

When she jumps up on the kitchen counter and knocks to the floor Aunt Tillie's antique vase - shattering it to a hundred unglueable pieces, I shout "Bad Kitty", loudly, with the same accent I use when my 12 year old forks the last lamb chop off the platter at the supper table. Both the mammal and the child get my reaction, except I scream "Bad Kitty" to the cat and "Go to your room" to the kid. And my face has the same expression for lamb chops and antique vases.

I must admit that sci-

entifically I'm not sure my expression strengthens my message. I'm afraid that, unlike my wife, my lamb chop loving 12 year-old kitty can't read displeasure in a red face and squinted eyes.

*Now there's another
four-letter word
associated with
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Cats are terrible spellers. We begin our hypothesis with the assumption that the cat, like all animals (except that those who see you as the entree for supper) wants your affection. Why else would she lick your hand for 15 minutes? She thinks she's cleaning your fur. She must like you, right?

But now that you understand my theory, here comes the revelation, the behavior blasting theory, the bombshell! Everybody knows the above - sure even the illiterate cat can read the meaning in the tone of your voice. But I've got a dramatic addition to your repertoire of tones and volume of your voice and facial expression: You move your head widely up and down - you nod dramatically to signal approval and signal "Good kitty".

And the side to side move-

ment of the head; up and down says Bad Kitty. The sample size of this scientific experiment was one - yeah, I know that's a weak link. But it works every time and common sense supports it. The feline brain now has a visual clue to add meaning to your shouts or soft cooing. And to add a scientific note - cats ain't dumb, try it. Someday you might find your cat reading your dictionary and chuckling at your attempts to lecture her.

The Humor of Ted, the Scribbler on the Roof, appears in newspapers around the US, on National Public Radio, and numerous web sites.

Just remember, once you're over the hill you begin to pick up speed.

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I REMEMBER WHEN

by Don Wynn

The building that used to house Mullins Restaurant is still standing at the corner of Andrew Jackson Way and Stephens Avenue. Even though the building seems small when I drive by it today, Mullins' Drive-In seemed like a big place in the 60s. It had large plate glass "picture windows" that faced the streets. It was well lit inside and there was always a lot of noise and activity.

I remember sitting at the counter when I was a boy about 12 or 13 years old. Mr. Mullins and the waitresses made me feel as though I were the King ordering my lunch.

The traffic light and the bus stop at the corner made it possible to sit in the corner booth and keep track of the comings and goings of everyone. In the afternoons and on weekends, kids would fill that booth for hours. The juke box on the front wall was kept busy playing the latest rock-n-roll songs.

All the kids wore a uniform of sorts. Boys wore white T-shirts, dark blue jeans with the cuffs turned up, white socks and penny loafers. In the winter, leather jackets were everywhere. Just about every hair cut involved long greasy hair that ended in a duck-tail in the back.

The girls wore turtle neck sweaters, poodle skirts, bobbie socks and saddle oxfords. When they danced to rock-n-roll music, their skirts would flare out when they did the spins.

Neighborhood boys could always pick up a little spending money by working as car hops for Mr. Mullins. People would park on Stephens, honk their car horns and wait for one of these boys to take their orders. They could eat in their cars with serving trays hung on the door glass or they could simply pick up their orders "to go".

The boys earned about 30 cents per hour plus tips. They weren't real formal about work hours though. Boys would usually drop by when they needed money and would ask Mr. Mullins if they could work for a while.

The restaurant has moved a

few blocks down Andrew Jackson but not much has really changed.

The dining area is bigger and there is a big parking lot. And if you look in the phone book, it's still listed as Mullins' Drive-In Restaurant!

(Update - Mullins is now closed)



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Useful Arthritis Tips

We have heard from so many folks recently who are really suffering with arthritis. So this month we want to give you some information that may help.

* Foods - there are certain foods to avoid that trigger arthritis inflammation. Some of these are:

- Coffee
- Alcohol
- Meats
- Chocolate
- Dairy products
- Eggs
- Sugar
- Processed foods

* Exercise is excellent - even just walking around Old Town, Twickenham or your own neighborhood - wear sturdy, comfortable shoes and breathe deeply.

* Lifting weights is very good - but check with your doctor so that you don't strain yourself.

* Vitamins - Vitamin C is one of the best arthritis fighters - take it every day.

* Also on the popular list is taking fish oil capsules.

* Other foods good to eat are fruits, whole grains, nuts, vegetables and seeds.

* Cauliflower is excellent, cooked or raw.

* Try whole grain breads instead of that bland white bread.

* Red, yellow and orange fruits neutralize harmful free radicals in the body, and can treat and prevent degenerative diseases like arthritis.

* Blueberries, cherries (not in a bottle!) raspberries and strawberries are very good.

* Aromatherapy - the powers of fragrant oils. This can affect changes in mood and health, and has proven powerful in easing arthritis pain. Put 5 drops of lavender oil in your warm tub water to ease your pain.

* Hot chili peppers and cayenne have both been proven effective.

* Cinnamon is one of the oldest healing herbs for osteoarthritis.

* Chamomile tea - 2 to 4 teaspoons of the flowering heads in a cup of boiling water daily will relax you as well.

* Aloe vera boosts the immune system and is excellent in reducing inflammation.

* Many people swear that copper bracelets ease their arthritis misery.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Joe Taylor was the the first caller to identify the Photo of the Month for February. The little boy in the picture was **Tom Huskey** who lives on Monte Sano with sweet wife **Kim** and their family and he has worked with model trains for years. Joe went to Huntsville Middle School with Tom many years ago and said he'd know that face anywhere.

Louis Tumminello is so proud of his Dad **John Tumminello Jr.** who is a founding member of the Elks Lodge #1648 (BPOE) here in Huntsville when it was chartered in 1942. He was recently awarded a 65 year membership pin by the Elks State President for being the longest card-carrying member of the lodge. John is 87 years young and was Louis' sponsor when he became a member 30 years ago. Louis is justly proud of his Dad

and happy to be a member of such an important organization.

We can't wait to hear the "WoodPickers" when they play at Merrimack Hall the evening of April 5. **Alan Jenkins** is just one of the talented group and their recent performances have completely sold out!

To our subscribers: I want to apologize to those subscribers who received your magazines but with the wrong labeling information. Everyone I heard from received their magazines, and most said they just tear off the magazine cover, but we will correct that label problem with the next issue. Thank you for your understanding.

Cathey

To TRY and make up for it I want to give 2 lucky callers the chance to find the TINY 4-LEAF CLOVER that is hidden somewhere in the March issue. I will give one subscription to the first local caller but also make it available for one of our out-of-state callers. So get your specs out and start looking. But I really made it small this time so you won't find it.

Happy Birthday to author **Homer Hickam** who celebrated his 74th birthday on February 19th. Also **Cathy Self** has a March 18th birthday and I know she'll be celebrating in style!

Russell Bazemore is working on a book of stories about the Flint River in our area. He has worked with the Huntsville Madison County Library to get family stories but needs more. He is particularly interested in

events when the Memphis and Charleston railroad crossed the Flint. Also any stories about the Civil War regarding the Flint River, Bell Factory, Pioneers, Native American families who lived and farmed near the river. Contact Russell through the Old Huntsville Magazine and we'll get you together!

On March 11 the 40th annual **St. Patrick's Day Parade** will wind through downtown starting at 11:30am - always fun.

Jane Eller, who is a Customer Care Representative at BBT Bank on Church Street, tells us that she will be a Grandma in March. Her daughter **Susan Davis** and husband **Nic Davis** are expecting their bundle of joy on March 10 - a baby girl! Congratulations to the family - a baby girl is just the best to spoil!

Many people don't know that when the Underground Railroad was happening in early to mid 19th century that many escaping slaves, instead of fleeing north to Canada came through Huntsville on their way to a life of freedom. The owners of the Lowry House on Kildare Street had a special room that was not visible to people looking for those fleeing and put out the word that their home would be

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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a safe place for those trying to escape to free states. **John** and his wife **Ann Lowry** fed, clothed and cared for these people until they were ready to continue their journey. **Bobby Hayden** of Huntsville has presented several talks about this over the years at the Lowry House and the story is fascinating. There are several books out about this but there is a possibility that there could be a movie made with the Lowry House the center of the action. Stay tuned.

Buddy Esslinger called to say that he and his love **Sandra** will be celebrating their 57th wedding anniversary on March 5th. They had a 3 year courtship and it gets better every year since then. Congratulations to you two lovebirds.

Speaking of the Historic Lowry House, there's a play coming up in March that you won't want to miss - it's called "What NOT to do when your House is Haunted" and runs weekends from March 17 through Apr. 2. It boasts a great cast as well as producer **Wayne Miller**, and you will be so glad you attended.

If you're a fan of hearty grain and seed bread that also tastes good, you've got to try **Dave's Bread, Good Seed** variety. I found it originally at Whole Foods but was happy to see that Publix near downtown now carries it too. It's wonderful fresh AND toasted. It's also organic so it's good for you.

I know we will always mention condolences when people pass away, pets are family too

and are so important. We want to send our love and thoughts to **Linda** and **Darryl Goldman** who recently lost their beloved French Bulldog **Tux**. Tux was in his 80s in human years and he was a gentle, sweet character. When he was in his younger years he would be dressed up for Halloween along with his other bulldog family members **Lily** and **Daisy** and he would always greet the kids who just loved him. He would be dressed up in a tux of course. We know what a loving family and good life he had with the Goldmans.

So proud of our own **John E. Carson** who tells us that his new book "Scruffy", about a homeless Veteran with PTSD and a dog that saves his life. It will be available end of March for ordering. \$1 from each book sold will go to a new chapter of Pets for Vets that will be set up in the April time frame.

Lots of events coming up - Merrimack Hall will have its **3rd Annual 5K Recital Run** and fun run on Saturday, Mar. 25th. 5K price is \$25 and fun run is free, all ages. Contact Merrimack Hall for more info.

On March 7th, **Dr. Temple Grandin** will speak at the Von Braun Concert Hall, get there by 6:30, admission is \$35. Dr. Grandin will discuss "Autism" and this will probably sell out.

HudsonAlpha will hold their **Double Helix Dash** on April 4th at 5:30 pm. It's a 5K run (\$20) and fun run (free.) One of the most unique runs, it begins and ends on Genome Way in front of HudsonAlpha and all proceeds

will support their work with rare and undiagnosed genetic disorders, which affect some 25 million children and adults across the country.

Lowe Mill has SO much going on. Each Saturday you can stroll through the halls as **Flying Monkey Artist Market** vendors offer diverse and eclectic products to buy and, in some cases, you can watch the creation from the beginning. If you like dancing try the Thursday Night Swing dancing starting at 7:30. For an hour you'll learn Swing Dance as a beginner or move to intermediate level. Lots of good exercise and fun. NO Partners required! The **Out Loud Poetry Slam** will be March 12th from 7-8pm, bring 3 poems to perform that are no longer than 3 minutes each. The show is free but donations accepted!

On March 17th from 6-8 pm Lowe Mill will present its "Art After Hours" at the mill, showcasing the opening new shows of 6 public art galleries.

So many recent and important birthdays. **Chuck Bobo** turned 89 with a big party at Country Cottages Assisted Living, and **Anne Collins** had a good birthday that was celebrated at Carrabba's (she looks 20 years younger than she SAYS she is). Some of the Golden K Kiwanians having birthdays in February and March are **Sam Zeman, Don Royston** and **Neil Cocker**. Neil says he will be 92 which is impossible to believe!

So happy we're in Huntsville - is our weather great or what? Now it's warm already!

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Recipes from the Great Depression

Bean Stew

1 c. pinto or red beans
 4 c. water
 1/4 lb. salt pork, diced
 1 onion, minced
 1 clove garlic, crushed
 Hot chili peppers to taste
 1 t. cumin
 1 bay leaf
 1 t. sugar
 Salt to taste
 Ground black pepper

Wash beans and soak overnight. Fry the salt pork, onions and garlic. Add to the beans with enough water to cover. Bring to boil. Add remaining ingredients and simmer til tender, about 2-1/2 hours.

Coffee

Coffee grounds were re-boiled at noon and at night. On some special occasions, 2 small scoops of

fresh coffee were added to economize.

Cabbage and Sausage

1 package sausage
 4 c. chopped fresh cabbage
 Salt & Pepper

Fry the sausage brown in a large frying pan, remove from-pan and add the cabbage to the grease with the salt and pepper. Cover and cook on low heat til tender.

Arrange cabbage on a serving dish and garnish with sausage. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Fried Potatoes

Homemade bread was torn into pieces, fried in with potatoes and called "Stretch Potatoes" for it made a shortage of one or the other two items stretch to cover the needs of the family.

Potato Soup

Cut 1/2 pound side pork into small pieces. Fry until crisp and crunchy, remove from pan saving grease.

Cut 6 medium potatoes into small cubes, cover with water, season and cook until done. A grated carrot and celery seed can be added for flavor. Top with side pork and serve.

Glazed Carrots

1-1/2 T. butter
 1/4 c. brown sugar
 2 T. mustard
 1/3 t. salt
 3 c. sliced carrots, cooked and drained

Melt the butter in a frying pan and add the sugar, mustard, salt and carrots. Stir until well glazed.

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Granny's Best Salted Peanut Cake

1-1/2 c. sugar
1 cup butter (softened)

Mix sugar and butter. Add:
2 large eggs
2 t. vanilla
1-1/2 cups buttermilk

Set aside and mix together:
3 c. flour
2 t. baking powder
1 t. baking soda
(Ground salted peanuts)

Add to sugar mixture with 1 cup ground salted peanuts. Batter will be thick. Put in greased 9x13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and toothpick comes out clean.

When cool frost with a favorite frosting and sprinkle with remaining 1/2 cup ground peanuts.

Chocolate Cherry Cobbler

3 T. brown sugar
2 T. cornstarch
1 16-oz. can red tart cherries packed in water, undrained
1/4 t. almond extract
1/2 c. flour

1 T. cocoa, heaping
2 T. brown sugar
3/4 t. baking powder
1/8 t. salt
2 T. butter
1/3 c. skim milk
1 t. vanilla

Mix sugar and cornstarch in pan, stir in cherries. Cook and stir until slightly thickened, 4 to 5 minutes. Stir in almond extract, pour into ungreased 1 qt. casserole. Mix together flour, cocoa, sugar, baking powder and salt.

Cut in butter until fine. Stir in milk and vanilla.

Drop dough by teaspoonfuls onto hot cherry mixture. Bake at 375 degrees until the flour mixture is no longer doughy, 20-25 minutes.

Serve warm with vanilla ice cream.

Browned Butter Frosting

2 T. butter
2 c. powdered sugar
1/4 c. skim milk

Brown butter in small fry-pan. Stir into the powdered sugar with enough milk to allow for easy spreading.



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Madison County Hit Hard by Storm; One Killed and Many Injured

from 1916 Newspaper

A water spout fell this side of Athens and threw all streams and low places in flooded conditions - wind 50 miles per hour velocity. One dead, several children injured, many houses and churches demolished and property damage to the amount of thousands of dollars is the net result of a terrific wind and rain storm that passed over northeast Madison county and this city later yesterday and evening.

We are told of a great storm west of the Mississippi and that it would reach the Atlantic by Thursday, the storm burst upon Huntsville about 4 o'clock. The day had been beautiful and sunshiny but as in the twinkling of an eye the calm and stillness of the day was broken into a thunderous storm which was fatal in its results.

The streets were soon flooded and again about 6 o'clock the heavy rain and wind repeated itself.

Huntsville only had a few roofs blown off but it was a different story in the Cameron Church neighborhood above Maysville northeast of here the home of Thomas Riddick, an old and respected citizen was blown down and he was killed. Mr. Riddick lived several hours into the night but before Dr. Howard reached him there was no hope of recovery from medical aid. Mr. Riddick died about 11 o'clock last night. He was the father of Fred Riddick of this county and Archie Riddick, electrical engineer of Guntersville.

In the Maysville community Walter Cawthon and John Cawthon each lost houses in the wake of the storm. John Rodgers and Gus Rodgers in that community also suffered the loss. One little child was hurt near Maysville and several others in the area it is said were slightly injured by flying timbers.

When the wind picked up two houses together with their occupants north of Maysville up in the Hurricane community and planted them several feet away - it was considered a miracle that some one was not killed.

The Cameron Methodist Church was blown away and several other churches in the northern part of the county are reported as demolished.

It is said that the property damage north of the Tennessee/Alabama state line will run into thousands of dollars. Between Huntsville and Athens a regular water spout fell and came near "getting" our esteemed townsman W. L. Wall, who was returning from Athens in his car. He was caught beyond the Beasley place on Athens Pike and was engulfed in the spout. Herculean like, Mr. Wall managed to hold his car until the storm had passed over and then he ploughed his way on to town through a regular lake of water.

No other deaths are reported except that of Mr. Riddick but it is conceded that the property damaged from last nights storm was probably the heaviest that ever visited this region.

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Don't Let the Bed Bugs Bite

by Malcolm W. Miller



You think I am kidding with this title, however I have thought for a long time about writing about bed bugs. I hadn't heard much about them since I was a child until recently. When I was a child they were rampant in our mattresses and bed springs. This is quite possi-

ble because many of the mattresses were made of straw ticks or they were feather beds. I remember when the Home Demonstration ladies of the community taught my Mother how make a real mattress out of cotton and covered it with feed sacks. This was when I was a very small boy and I realize that 50 or so years ago bed bugs were pretty much eradicated. I also realize that most readers will not understand about these creatures; however this is a true story.

Bed bugs were very athletic - they would crawl up walls, to the ceilings, only to then drop onto beds below. These bed bugs were called chinchies. These pests were very prevalent in the winter months and we would go to

school with small red spots from the bites. The red spots did not last for a long period of time and they would begin to fade as the day went by. When I was a boy and had a few red spots it did not concern me deeply as people and kids walked around with all sorts of pox or other marks. When we saw the bugs we mashed them on the sheet and a lot of blood came out on the sheet. You see these bugs sucked your blood and they were filled with it. Bed bugs affected people differently; sometimes the marks were pink, sometimes light red, or sometimes darker. Perhaps some people became immune to these bites or maybe they just became used to them.

People in the Mill Villages generally had an outbreak of bed bugs during the winter months too because the houses were



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so close. Not everyone had them but many people did. Actually where people lived and in villages bed bugs were a fact of life and people dealt with them to the best of their ability.

When spring came and the weather was warmer Mother would take the mattresses and the bed springs outside to air. She would pour coal oil on the box springs and light a match to them to burn the bugs and their eggs. Sulfur on the mattress would drive them out for a time. My older brothers helped my Mother with this chore and always enjoyed the burning of the box springs and putting the sulfur on the mattresses and beating them with the broom.

I doubt that bed bugs ever really were completely gone after my childhood days; however people are able to keep them under control with certain chemicals available now. When I was a small boy we lived in homes that sometimes had dirt floors, newspapers covered cracks in the walls, and there was no air conditioning. People today live in much more sanitary conditions and live in air conditioned homes.

My Mother was the Mother of seven boys. I was the youngest. She had a multitude of chores; the house, the garden, the canning in the summer. She cooked on a wood cook stove. She did not have a dress from a store during her lifetime. She made all of her clothes herself. Can you imagine all the chores my Mother had raising seven boys and then having to fight mosquitoes, ants, bed bugs, etc. She was a very strong person and I continue to admire her very much. It is mind boggling to remember these times of bed bug burnings and the things my Mother experienced. How many times did she tell me, "Good night, don't let the bed bugs bite, I love you."

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SHADOWS IN THE FOG

by Larry R. Allison,
Ret. Sgt. Ala. Dept. of
Conservation Wildlife &
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The Conservation Officer hadn't been a Sergeant long before the nickname, "Sarge", was given to him by his fellow officers. He didn't mind and actually felt a twinge of pride when they called him "Sarge,"

Sarge listened as gravel turned to asphalt under the wheels of the pick-up truck. He was glad they were out of the area. He had written the two occupants of the truck citations for hunting without a permit and now that things were quiet he could turn his attention to a field that he had not noticed when he parked his vehicle at the end of the muddy field road. An earlier shower had drenched the area, but sunshine had taken over the evening and it wouldn't take long to dry out.

Sudden thoughts of his daughter's second birthday reminded him of the promise to his wife. He had to stop by the only bakery in town and pick up a chocolate cake for the party tonight. Sarge and his wife had decided to let their daughter, stripped down to a diaper, enjoy the whole cake from her highchair. It had become a tradition. Their

now four year-old son had been through the same ritual on his second birthday. Sarge wasn't worried, the bakery was on the way home and he had an hour before they closed.

His attention turned back to the field that had gone unnoticed earlier. The field was close to the size of two football fields and was surrounded on three sides by hardwood forest. The fact that the field was wheat wasn't strange, but it was unusual for the wheat to be ready for harvesting in late fall. Actually, he had never,

during his ten years as an officer, seen a wheat field with such a splendid, brassy color.

The unusual quietness was broken by a twig snapping on the edge of the hardwoods to his right. Looking that way, Sarge observed what appeared to be a huge twelve-point buck. The deer paid no attention to the officer or his vehicle. Instead his attention was focused on the back of the field. A slight breeze began to blow on Sarge's face as he looked to see what was of such interest to this buck. The only thing he could see was a fog



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"I've learned that taking care of a vegetable garden is worth a medicine cabinet full of pills."

Lucy, age 80

beginning to form on the opposite end of the field.

The birthday cake entered his mind again, but there was still time and for some unknown reason this seemed important. The fog edged its way from the back of the field to the front. It seemed to be eight or nine feet in height and appeared to be rolling towards him as if a white carpet was being laid out for a visiting dignitary. The fog stopped at the edge of the field. Sarge and the buck watched in silence.


Through the fog, Sarge began to see shapes of what appeared to be people slowly walking towards him. As they came closer, he could see several different types of uniforms, but none matched the one he had donned that morning before daybreak. Being a "Wildlife Officer" uniform patch collector, he recognized several of the uniforms. There seemed to be men and women representing nearly every state in the union as well as many foreign countries.

He saw a group of African Rangers, Officers from Canada, and a few uniforms he did not recognize. "What a place to be having an International Game Warden meeting," he thought.

The crowd parted and stood quietly as six officers, wearing the same uniform as Sarge, moved slowly through them and stopped at the edge of the field. Sarge felt that this had to be a dream. He recognized each one of these men. There was Officer Loyd Hays on the left. Officer Hays didn't know it, but he had planted the seed of Sarge's future profession during a handshake. Sarge met Loyd about a year before he was killed in the line of duty. His smile lit up a room and you could tell immediately that this man was the outdoor type. His handshake was firm


but there was a kindness in his voice. At the time Sarge thought, "What a great job this would be." After a stint in the military, Sarge was blessed with the opportunity to wear the uniform of an Alabama Conservation Officer, with never a regret.

To the right of Loyd was Officer Jim Stewart. Sarge remembers the sadness he felt when this fine, dedicated offi-



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cer was killed by a wildlife violator on Christmas Eve. His death brought a lot of officers' families closer together during that holiday season and throughout the years to follow.

Next in line was Officer Craig Chatman. Sarge and a few other officers often played cards with Craig during the down times of special details. He was fun to be around and Sarge always felt a closeness to him although they didn't get to work together often. Sarge remembered thinking how young Officer Chatman was when he died at the hands of another. Craig could always get Sarge to laugh on those few occasions they worked together.

Sarge's eyes moved to Deputy Game Warden Jim Vines. This was a man so dedicated to the protection of our natural resources that he volunteered his time, whenever possible, to the enforcement section. Jim was also killed in the line of duty. A poacher hunting deer at night ended his life. Now, for some reason, he is in this golden field standing shoulder to shoulder, tall and proud.

The remaining two officers stepped out of the field and began a slow walk towards Sarge. He couldn't believe how sharp they looked in their dress uniforms. One of the two was Officer Lance Homer. He drowned while trying to assist a fellow officer in turbulent waters above a dam. The officer's outboard motor had broken down and Lance, being the type officer he was, gave the utmost sacrifice in an attempt to get his partner to safety.

The other officer brought a smile to Sarge's face. It was Officer Jimmy Hutto. Jimmy was Sarge's close friend up until his untimely death due to complications from a gunshot wound he suffered while assisting another agency. Jimmy was much younger than Sarge, but they had always enjoyed each other's company. Sarge couldn't think of many officers that took as much pride in their uniform as Jimmy. Sarge's last words to Jimmy, while he lay in a hospital bed, were,

"If you think your boss is stupid, remember that you wouldn't have a job if he was any smarter."

John Gotti

"Awards become corroded - but friends gather no dust."

Jesse Owens

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"I love you." Jimmy was supposed to be on the road to recovery, but he never made it. What Sarge remembered the most was Jimmy's smile. The grin was from ear to ear and it seemed that Sarge could never refuse smiling back.

Sarge felt as if he had fainted because the two officers bent down to help him up. The three of them took a few steps towards the field. Sarge stopped and looked back to see if his state vehicle doors were closed. He saw a lifeless body lying on the ground near his vehicle along with the names of his wife, two children, and "I love you" scratched in the mud. He looked back at Officer Hutto. Jimmy gave him a comforting smile, put his arm around Sarge, and led him into the field to begin the walk to the other side. Beating of wings was heard overhead and every officer in the field watched as a flock of wild turkeys began their glide to a large pine tree to roost for the night. Everyone swelled with pride, knowing they had assured future generations of scenes such as this.

It didn't take long for the fog to dissipate and the field to become empty with the exception of last year's cotton stubble. The only movement was a twelve-point buck giving up his guard position. After a quick glance to the end of the field, he bounded quietly into the hardwoods and disappeared. Six miles down the road, a young man looked through the window of the town bakery that had closed for the night. He was there to buy some promised doughnuts for his new wife. He saw no one inside but could see a chocolate cake on the counter with a note taped to the box. From a single light inside, he was able to read the note. It read, "Hold for Sarge, the Alabama State Game Warden."

As the young man walked away his thoughts turned to the note. He made his mind up, then and there; that he would try his best to one day become an officer who protects the natural resources.

Many thanks to Betty Atkinson of Huntsville who submitted this story to us.

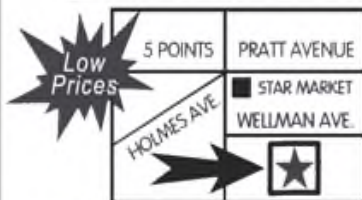
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NO! To 2017

by Patty Trigg



Yes, it is a yearly requirement at the beginning of each New Year to set resolutions. This year, 2017, I flatly state NO!

My pride and my self esteem have teamed together and have decided that the pressure is something they choose not to deal with this year. We've unanimously decided to tackle those goals, ideals, and desires that are easily attainable and fun rather than what we think we should be reaching for based on someone else's standards.

KISS has become my new motto. Keep it simple and silly. Smiling and laughing burn off calories too and keep me healthy to boot. For example:

- I walk my dogs a minimum of four times a day and this is based on if I have to go they must have to go. It works!

- Looked up road trips for Alabama and so far we've been to Guntersville Lake, hiked and had a nice seafood dinner. The next outing was to Guntersville State Park Lodge as they allow dogs. Great hiking, walking on the waters edge and barking at flying birds and squirrels. The dogs barked while I took pictures.

- The road trips were so much fun we've made a list of places we don't want to miss like Cathedral Caverns, Henagar to hear the sound of Sacred Harp music, the mountain top treasure known as Mentone, and the little River Canyon National Preserve. This is our starting place.

- When the mood strikes, which isn't often, I pick a room and sort, clean, throw out, and pack items to be taken to Goodwill. Since I found the Greater Huntsville Humane Society Thrift Store, my motivation to clear out has stepped up to the challenge as our four-legged companions benefit from this non-resolution that is now fun.

- I've learned that my accumulation of "stuff" to date has added an unwanted stress. My remedy is to stop buying! Easily said? When I pick something up now I think I can't live without I ask myself, where do you plan to put it? How much will you use it?

What are you willing to give up to bring this item home? It is working and I have more money for my road trips. YEAH!

This is actually being written up as a follow up for the February issue as I wanted to see if my new way of looking at resolutions had any feet before I shared this new approach with others. For me it does. My new plan not only works for the beginning of a New Year but works for each day, week-end, week and month.

Relax and think about what makes you happy. Plan it and do it!

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IN THE NEWS IN 1912

* Some excitement was created here today when it was learned that Dr. B. S. Petus, one of the physicians who was sent out by the authorities to vaccinate the people in accordance with the city ordinance, had been "treed" by an infuriated citizen of the cotton mill settlement and was in the Superintendent's office and the man was on the outside with a shotgun threatening to kill the physician for having vaccinated one of his children who is a mill hand. The city sent out and brought the enraged fellow in and locked him up, and rescued the medicine man from his perilous condition. The man with the gun will have to face the police court on a charge of disorderly conduct and will be vaccinated with a heavy fine.

* The curfew rule was unexpectedly enforced last night by a number of young men who thought some of their friends were on the streets too late. Some record breaking runs were made for home. As a means of persuading the other fellow to run faster a brick bat was shied close to his heels - and the way the poor fellow ran was a sin. One or two made the run in less than 10 minutes in a four block race. The last seen of him was a big cloud of dust that many thought the street-sweeper was working Madison Street, while the other sucked the wind out of Walker Street, only slacking his speed in turning corners, and jumping ruts. The curfew is being enforced very strictly in some parts of the city - and many record-breaking home runs are being broken.

* The "Tea Room" in charge of the Guild of the Church of the Nativity will be open again today from 12 to 4 o'clock. The menu embraces salads, croquettes, stuffed ham, potatoes, sandwiches, etc., served with tea, coffee or chocolate, Charlotte Russe, orange ice, chocolate cream, and cake. This is one occasion in which the ladies are glad to see gentlemen in their business suits.

A House member, after rubbing speaker Nicholas Longworth's bald head, "Nice and smooth, feels just like my wife's bottom."

Longworth, after running his own hand over his head, "Indeed, it does."

* The ladies of the First Methodist Church will give their Bazaar and delightfully prepared meals on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of November. Selection of desserts and meats are exquisite and all are encouraged to attend.

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Scruffy, Part 9

by John E. Carson

Thanks to Scruffy's presence I made it through the rest of the work day. Though the constant assault on my ears was over, the noise of the clean-up site echoed in my mind, adding to the ongoing attack on my nerves that had followed me long after leaving the battle zones of Iraq.

Fatigued into silence, the other homeless men that rode with me sat with distant looks on their faces as the work van bumped along on city streets badly in need of a face lift; occasionally licking their lips at the thought of what the forty dollars would buy them tomorrow as much the food that awaited them at the shelter.

I did not have to turn my head to know that we were being followed; I knew my four-legged friend ran behind, and that knowledge lessened the cacophony in my mind and helped keep my anxiety in check as we rolled back along the same path we had taken to the job



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SCRUFFY

Publisher House: CBA Publishing

Author: John E. Carson

Publish Date: March 2017



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We are proud to announce the much anticipated release of *Scruffy* which first appeared as a serial story in the Old Huntsville magazine. This is the only place to read the whole story and find out what happens to Mac and his four-legged friend.

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\$1.00 of every copy sold goes directly toward the opening of a Pets for Vets chapter in Huntsville, Alabama to serve North Alabama and the Tennessee Valley. Please help us launch this much needed service in our area by supporting our efforts by purchasing this book. Find out more online at PetsforVets.com and www.facebook.com/jc8021

John E. Carson's New Book will be available in Mid-March. \$1 from the sale of each book will go towards the opening of a new Pets for Vets Chapter here in Huntsville! Purchase options are Amazon.com, createspace.com; or search for John E. Carson or Scruffy.

site. Apparently the shelter was located in the run down western side of town; a place where a van-full of homeless bums would not offend the local residents.

Or so I thought. The sudden loud bangs on the sheet metal sides of the transport spun me into confusion and once again I found myself in the Humvee, hoping the rounds that pummeled the vehicle would not penetrate the thin layers that shielded us as we roared down the war-torn streets after our sweep. Chancing a look behind me I saw the blood-red stains sprawled across the rear windows in the doors of the van wondering if our gunner had been hit.

The men looked around nervously as the driver picked the mic from its cradle and called the shelter, reporting the attack of the killer tomatoes and asking for a patrol car to escort us to our destination.

Pulled back into the present, I wondered if Scruffy was okay. Leaving my seat, I walked in a crouched position to the rear doors, straining my eyes to look through the few clear spaces the angry tomatoes had left. But all I could see was the old blacktop and the faded white paint of the lane divider that rolled out under us like a dirty ribbon.

The memory of the morning's gunshot exploded into my mind and I knew that murderous gang of thugs was behind the tomato volley too. Had they used something more deadly on the dog or had Scruffy chased them off?

The sudden appearance of the black and white sent me away from the windows and while I was somewhat relieved to have them there, I was also somewhat nervous. I really did not want to talk to them about this morning's events; something I knew I would have to do eventually.

Congratulations to John on the hard work in putting this book together.



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1. You had to hang the socks by the toes. NOT the top.
2. You hung pants by the BOTTOM/cuffs... NOT the waistbands.
3. You had to WASH the clothesline(s) before hanging any clothes. Walk the entire length of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.
4. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang "whites" with "whites," and hang them first.
5. You NEVER hung a shirt by the shoulders - always by the tail! What would the neighbors think?
6. Wash day on a Monday! NEVER hang clothes on the weekend, or on Sunday, for Heaven's sake!
7. Hang the sheets and towels on the OUTSIDE lines so you could hide your "unmentionables" in the middle (perverts & busybodies, y'know!)
8. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather...clothes would "freeze-dry."
9. ALWAYS gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes! Pins left on the lines were "tacky"!
10. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins, out shared one of the clothes pins with the next washed item.
11. Clothes off of the line before dinner time, neatly folded in the clothes basket, and ready to be ironed. IRONED??!! Well, that's a whole OTHER subject!
12. Long wooden pole (clothes pole) that was used to push the clotheslines up so that longer items like sheets, pants, etc. didn't brush the ground and get dirty.

Searching for a Ghost

by Cindy Stubblefield



Before I start my story, I want to tell you that I was raised to believe there was no such thing as ghosts or the supernatural. That sort of changed when I began working for a business office on Madison Street near downtown Huntsville. Some very strange events occurred that no one could really explain.

I recall one occasion, a co-worker was still at the office late one afternoon and everyone else had left for the day. When she went to clock out, she saw a gentleman in the kitchen, his back to her, looking out the window. When she entered the kitchen she startled him - he looked as surprised to see her as she was to see him - as she thought no one was left in the building.

He was wearing a dark orange suit that appeared to be from the early 1900's. Something made her shut her eyes briefly - when she opened them he was gone without a trace. She remembered that for years later.

With our company, working on Saturdays was pretty common. I remember one particular Saturday two women were working alone in the office. They heard laughter coming from an adjoining room down the hall. When they went to investigate, they found no one but continued to hear laughing. It was really spooky.

On another Saturday I was working with two of my co-workers when we began to hear breathing and loud clinking sounds coming from the paging system. Since we knew for a fact we were there alone, this really made us jittery.

After some inquiring, we began to

hear stories of a funeral home that had been in this vicinity - somewhere along Madison Street. But we never could find out any definite information.

If some of the "Old Huntsville" readers know or have heard of this - could you please let the magazine know? It was supposed to be close to the intersection of Lowe and Madison.

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Snake in the Rowboat!

by M.D. Smith, IV

We had been vacationing in Homosassa, FL for a number of years. It was a long drive from Birmingham, AL in 1953 and even at age 13 with my sister Anita age 8, we could not help but pester each other and keep asking when we'd get there. This was a fishing camp village on the Homosassa River and we stayed at Crump's Lodge across the river from the bait shop & grocery store. It was an old house with many rooms and our whole family stayed in one of the larger rooms downstairs.

After a day's fishing for bass in the river with a guide, we'd all come back, take showers or baths, take turns in the single bathroom, then dress in nice clean clothes for the boarding house style of dinner. This photo, taken by my mother, shows us awaiting dinner and my father, sister and I sat in one of several rowboats in our fresh white shirts and sister in a smocked dress for the picture. My father liked to see action in shots, so he paused his hand in the air as if he were taking the handle of the oar.

It was the day after this photo was made and we had come back early from fishing, and I was first to take a shower and dress. I asked to row across the river to the bait store and buy a candy bar for after dinner. I was quite proficient rowing this boat all around the river and the lily pads that the bass liked so well.

Given 10 cents and the OK, I promptly untied the ropes and jumped in the rowboat, sat in the middle seat with the oars and pointed the bow to the other side. All was going well and I was dreaming of choices I'd find at the glass candy counter. I was halfway

across when I happened to look up under the platform seat that covered the rear of the rowboat and spied a good size snake coiled up and starting to extend towards me. I instantly thought about the cotton mouth snakes I had been warned about around the river.

In a single bound I let go of the oars, one foot on the seat and the other in space, as I jumped into the river to avoid a horrible snake bite. I was a good swimmer, but it was a tad hard with the lace up shoes I had donned for dinner. I got back to the lodge side and was hollering about the snake. My folks and others came running down about the time I came dripping wet out of the river, and I pointed to the boat and said there was a big snake in it.

The boat is now drifting down river and all we had was another row boat to retrieve it. Fortunately, a fisherman on the other side had witnessed this surprise action, and motored his outboard down, grabbed the bow line and brought it back.

My father got in and at first didn't see any snake and thought it was just my imagination. Perhaps I was seeing things. But



**Left to right:
M.D.'s sister Anita,
M.D.(age 13) and his Dad,
M.D. III in a 1953 picture**

no, there it was coiled way back under the seat. They used an oar to make it come out, ready to kill it if it was dangerous, but it was a garden snake and they put it on the bank and it slithered away.

All the men laughed at me standing there dripping wet in my good dinner clothes, but my mother said to pay no attention, it was better than taking a chance with an unknown snake in the confines of a small rowboat in the middle of the river. I am 76 years old now, but that experience at age 13, I will never forget.



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A Balancing Act

by Bill Wright

He was a tall, rangy, thin guy, with long arms. Someone gave him the nickname, "Gooney Bird". His real name was Robert, but most everyone called him "Gooney Bird". I preferred to call him Robert. The year was 1951 and I met him when we served in the same Army Infantry Platoon in Japan. Robert was not an ideal Soldier. He had an easy-going, pleasant type personality, and was well-liked by those he served with. However, he would never have been selected "Soldier of the Month".

Robert did not like being in the Army, and he did not like the Company's First Sergeant. He stayed in trouble with the First Sergeant. I was an opposite to Robert, but he seem to take a liking to me, so I always did a "Balancing Act " being friends with him; trying to keep him out of trouble, and also keeping myself out of trouble with the First Sergeant.

One night I was leaving the Enlisted Men's Club, and as I walked out the front door, I saw Robert sitting in the driver's seat of a Jeep. He

asked if I would like a ride back to the barracks. I told him I would and jumped into the Jeep. As Robert took off driving the Jeep, I asked him how he received permission to use a Jeep. He told me that he didn't - that he just stole it when I got in with him. I told him to stop and let me out - I did not want to get in trouble about a stolen Jeep. He said he was only going to drive a short distance and leave it, so I stayed in the Jeep.

Robert drove out to an old Japanese airport where other Army vehicles were parked and left it there. We then walked back to our barracks. I walked about four times farther than I would have if I never took the Jeep ride. We did not get into trouble about borrowing the Jeep.

As previously mentioned, Robert did not get along with the Company First Sergeant. The First Sergeant would not promote Robert, and after more than a year in the Army, Robert was still a Private. One night when everyone in the barracks was asleep, I heard a noise and commotion. Because I was a light sleeper I probably was the only one in the barracks that was awakened by the noise. I looked up and saw Robert, in full uniform, running

towards his bed. He did not even take time to remove his boots; jumped into his bed, and pulled the covers over himself.

Meanwhile, I was I hearing a commotion coming from the First Sergeant's private room. Soon, I saw the First Sergeant standing in the hallway and looking around where everyone was asleep. I still did not know what the commotion was about. The next morning all the Sergeants were asking if anyone had seen or heard anything unusual during the night. I remained silent.

Soon I learned that some unknown person had sneaked into the First Sergeant's private room about midnight. While the First Sergeant was asleep in his sleeping bag, this unknown person had picked the cot up from one side and dumped the First Sergeant out. The First Sergeant was now zipped up in his sleeping bag with a cot on top on him, and in a dark room. The investigation failed to determine who had done such a cowardly act!

After about two weeks the incident faded away. It was only then that I told Robert what I had seen and heard that night. Robert's reply was, "So what? I told you I was

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going to get even with him."

In February 1952 the entire Regiment would be transferred to Korea to serve in combat. Robert and I were assigned to a machine gun platoon in an infantry unit. It was then that I saw an improved change in Robert's attitude towards the Army. Perhaps it was because of a less disciplined atmosphere; such as; no more Saturday inspections, concern about dress codes, and saluting Officers. Or, perhaps it was a change to increase odds of self survival in a combat environment. Whatever it was, Robert's performance and attitude would have made any First Sergeant proud.

One day we had incurred casualties, so the First Sergeant came to the front lines to serve until Replacements arrived. He told us he was not there to lead, but to follow, and would take directions from the Section and Squad Leaders like everyone else. It would be his first experience on the front lines in combat. He selected me as the one he would share a bunker and night guard duty with.

As a result of several discussions I got to know the First Sergeant better. I realized he was actually a "good guy" that at times had to be a "bad guy" because of his rank and position in the Army. He told me he was nervous about being on the front lines and asked that I not let him get hurt. I assured him it was normal to be nervous and I would do my best to prevent him from getting hurt.

Meanwhile, I realized there could be friction between Robert and the First Sergeant, so I asked Robert to be friendly with the First Sergeant, stating we had to be on the same team while on the front lines in a combat situation. Robert did everything I asked of him and before the First Sergeant left us to return to Company Headquarters, he and Robert appeared to be friends for the first time. Robert had improved so much from our training days in Japan.

If your car could travel at the speed of light, would your headlights still work?

In my discussions with the First Sergeant there were two things I never told him: (1) I was also nervous on the front lines, and (2) the person who dumped him out of his cot back in Japan was Robert. Eventually, all three of us would leave Korea and return to the United States. The First Sergeant returned to his home state of California; Robert returned to his home state of Washington and I returned to Alabama. I left the Army and re-entered civilian life.

No more Balancing Acts for me.



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There is an interesting little story behind an engagement that has recently been announced to society. A story that will undoubtedly be repeated in this family's history for all time.

Some time ago, a party of young swells were drinking themselves mellow in an up-town bar. One fellow among them, who is an out-and-out cad and is only tolerated in his set because of his family's wealth and social prestige, had tipped just enough liquor to make him arrogant and boastful.

Between drinks, this conceited swaggerer drew from his pocket a little square of silver attached to a fragmentary ribbon of pink silk rubber and held it aloft so that everyone might see it.

"What is it?" was the instant and expected chorus of the crowd.

He cocked his eye up at it and smiled cynically.

"A mere trifle," he said with an unconcerned air. "A little gift from Miss So-and-

so, the buckle off her garter."

Now, Miss So-and-so happens to be one of the prettiest, sweetest and most modest church-going young ladies in Savannah. No one believed the suggestive, dastardly statement for a moment, but one young man, a little bolder than the rest, had the spirit to champion the lady's cause. He immediately stepped up to the lying braggart in a very menacing manner.

"You coward!" he yelled, and straightway knocked the braggart down. The fellow dropped like a log, his head struck heavily against the brass foot-rail of the bar, and he rolled over on the floor insensible.

The brave gentleman who so gallantly defended the lady's name from insult was soon to become her husband.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Don't Poison Your Pet!

* Be aware of the plants you have in your home and yard. The ingestion of azalea, oleander, castor bean, sago palm, Easter lily or yew plant by an animal can be fatal.

* Never allow your pets to have access to the areas in which cleaning agents are being used or stored. Cleaning agents have a variety of properties; some may only cause mild stomach upset, but others can cause severe burns of the tongue, mouth and stomach.

* Store all cleaners, pesticides and medications in a secured area above the counter.

* When using rat and mouse traps, or roach poison, place the products in areas inaccessible to animals. Most baits contain ingredients that can attract your pets.

* Never give your pets medication unless you are directed to do so by a veterinarian. Many medications that are safe for humans can be deadly for animals. For example, one extra strength (500 mg) acetaminophen tablet could kill a cat.

* Keep all prescription and over-the-counter drugs out of your pets' reach, preferably in closed cabinets above the counter. Pain killers, cold medicines, anti-cancer drugs, antidepressants, vitamins and diet pills are all examples of human medications that can be lethal to animals, even in small doses. For example, one 200 mg ibuprofen tablet could cause stomach ulcers in a dog.

* Never leave chocolate where your dog or cat can get to it.

* Many common household items can be lethal to animals. Mothballs, potpourri oils, coffee grounds, homemade play dough, fabric softener sheets, dish washing detergent, batteries, cigarettes, alcoholic drinks and hand and foot warmers are potentially toxic.

* Automotive products such as gasoline, oil and antifreeze should be stored in areas that are inaccessible to your pets. As little as one teaspoon of antifreeze can be deadly to a cat; less than one tablespoon can be lethal to a 20 pound dog.

* Before buying a flea product, consult



your veterinarian, especially when treating sick, debilitated or pregnant pets.

* If a product is for use only on dogs, it should never be used on cats; if a product is for use only on cats, it should never be used on dogs.

* Make sure your companion animals do not enter areas in which insecticidal foggers or house sprays have been applied for the period of time indicated on the label.

* Make sure your pets do not go on lawns or in gardens treated with fertilizers, herbicides or insecticides until they have dried completely. Always

store such products away from your pets.

* If you have your lawn treated be sure and leave the marker there for several days to warn those who are walking their dogs.

Deadly to Your Pets

* There's something in your refrigerator (or purse) that is as dangerous to your pets as antifreeze and is even more accessible: sugar-free snacks, colas and gum. That's if they contain the sweetener xylitol, which is harmless to humans and found in many foods. Ingestion of this can send your pet to the Animal ER and could cause death.

"Two pieces of sugarless gum can be harmful or fatal for a 20-pound dog," a local vet tells us. "One pudding cup can cause harm to a 90-pound Rottweiler. Symptoms are vomiting, weak and wobbly appearance or extreme lethargy." A dog's blood sugar can bottom out in 30 minutes, and a pet can fall into a coma, veterinarians say. These symptoms can be observed from 30 minutes to 12 hours. The longer the pet goes without help, the more grave the condition becomes.

If you think your pet has eaten something containing xylitol, take him or her to the vet or call the ASPCA's poison control hotline immediately at (888) 426-4435.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

Diary of a Soldier

by Tom Carney

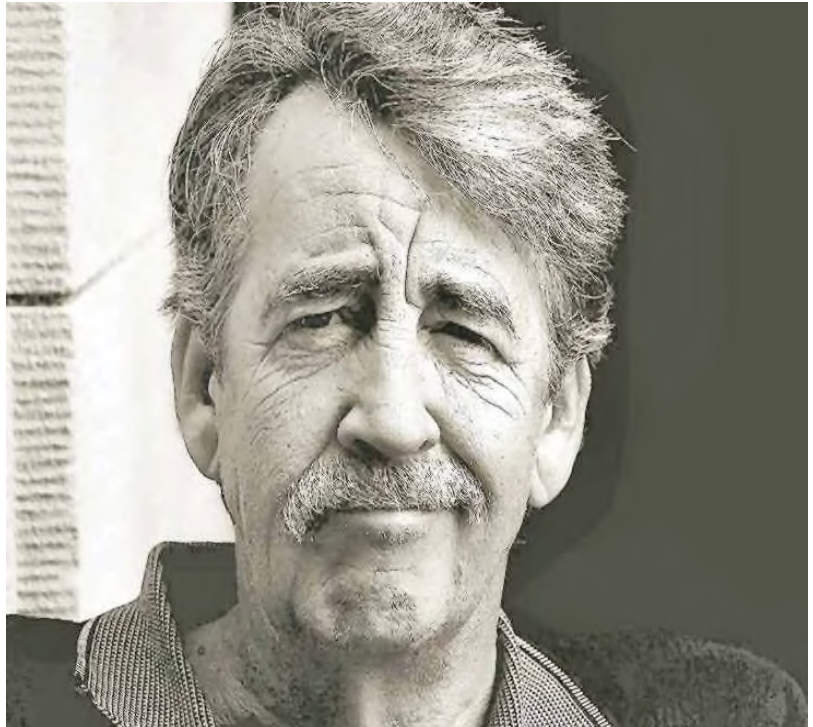
Some of the incidents of the Civil War are extremely touching. We have before us the diary of a young soldier of Huntsville, Alabama, who was killed at Bull Run. His diary was taken from his pocket by a member of the New York Seventy-first Regiment.

His name was George T. Anderson, and we learn from his posthumous record that on the 20th of April, with his brother Stephen, he left home with a company of volunteers. He describes the parting with home, family and friends and admits that he "hated to leave most awfully," but justifies himself by stating that his country was in danger and needed him.

He mentions all that transpired the next day at Dalton, Georgia and tells us that the regiment to which his company was attached elected E. J. Jones, of Huntsville, Colonel and E. M. Law, Lieutenant Colonel. May 5, he "woke up in Jonesborough, Tennessee, about sunrise, saw lots of beautiful women, received a bouquet from a very nice girl with a soul-stirring inscription in it." This incident reminded him of home and his sister Pauline.

On May 8, he "wrote home for the seventh or eighth time, and was mustered into the service of the Confederate States." Now the reality of his situation opened to him. He "felt homesick," he says, "because he could not hear from home." At length he has two letters from home. He has passed through Lynchburg, and in due time reached Harper's Ferry. Here is his account of his first Sabbath at the Ferry:

"Sunday, May 10 - What a cold day for the 10th of May, everybody is acting as if it were Monday, all firing guns, cooking, playing cards, etc; had a dress parade with Col. Jackson inspecting us. He is a large, fat old fellow; looks very much like an old Virginia farmer. Returned to camp, prepared and ate a scanty dinner. Had Episcopal service, and



then a good old-fashioned sermon from our Pastor Chadrick. Oh, how I love to listen to him. Wrote a letter home; had another dress parade in the evening; rained all night."

This is not a bad fellow. All through his diary we find evidences of goodness. On another occasion we find that he has "finished the last chapter of the Acts," and he has done a little reading of the Testament.

On May 2 he received two letters from his sister Caroline, and replied to them next day. We have full view of this lad, for his records of himself now and then that he "feels very bad and unwell." He was devastated when his brother Stephen is attacked with what appeared to be a fever.

"May 29 - I woke up and found it raining; Stephen has fever; cold day; drilled one hour, and I am now waiting for my breakfast, Stephen took the measles today and I moved him to a private house and stayed with him at night; ate my supper with Mrs. Jordan; I intend to eat there all the time that she stays, if possible. Two companies of Virginians ordered off this evening for a fight somewhere."

We have him afterward in various moods. He is himself sick occasionally; but what with letters from home and the prospect of

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a fight and the recovery of Stephen, he becomes more cheerful.

"June 19 - Received a box of cake and a pistol from home, with more letters; glad to get them at any time."

The regiment is withdrawn from Harper's Ferry. What follows will help to show at what time the reinforcements reached Manassas Junction.

"Sunday, July 7 - We were ordered to fall back to our old position near Winchester; some of the men thought it was a retreat and began to grumble; the General ordered a note to be read to his command, in explanation of his conduct; we started in an awful hot day; I fell out of the ranks, went off the road some distance, and got a splendid dinner from an old lady and two young ones - splendid milk, butter and bread. I did ample justice to it; she upbraided us for leaving her to the mercy of the Yankees. I straggled into camp at sunset, completely exhausted, and went off to bed without supper."

"July 10 - received a letter from home, all's well; have struck our tents and are lying around here waiting for orders; don't know what it means; a huge Columbia came up a few moments since to be placed upon this hill; that looks as if we are going to fight here; the militia and prisoners are engaged in throwing up breastworks and planting cannon for the defense of this place; the Yankees are advancing and seem determined to make an effort to drive us out from here, but I think they will fail. They outnumber us, but they can't outfight us; received orders to strike tents this evening, which we did, but a rain coming up. We pitched them again for shelter; expected all day for enemy to advance upon us."

"July 11 - Struck tents again this morning at daylight. I suppose it is meant to deceive the enemy as to our force, etc. Drilled two and a half hours on battalion drill."

"Sunday, July 14 -- Read twenty psalms; helped draw provisions, cleaned up my pistol, loaded it and looked over a new paper; have now just completed writing a letter home; I wonder why the pastor did not preach."

"July 18 - received orders to strike tents and cook two day's

provisions in preparation for a march; this was done and we lay around until evening before receiving orders, received them at last and went through Winchester, stopped in town until late, and bid farewell, to Winchester about 5 o'clock. At about six, we began marching all night, slept about two hours; found ourselves on the road at daylight, weary, but we rested awhile and then marched on the Shenandoah, rested there about five hours, waded the stream and pitched out again to the relief of Beauregard, who they said was pressed by overwhelming odds."

"We arrived at Piedmont Station about one hour after dark, completely worn out, went to sleep, but was aroused by a heavy rain in a few minutes, crept under a shelter of wheat, but got very wet, having left my coat in the wagon, dried myself, procured a shawl from Uncle Washington, and slept until after midnight. We were roused by orders to fall in and did so."

"We crowded on board the cars for Manassas, where we arrived about 10 o'clock a.m., of the 20th, rested awhile, bought some butter

and prepared to eat, having done without food for two days, received orders to march again and said we were going right into the fight."

"We heard a good deal of bragging about the fight of the 17th, though it was not much of a fight. We moved about two miles and bivouacked in the woods, where some bread and meat soon reached us and we walked right into it like starved hounds eat, now and then all day; slept a little and slept well at night; got up a little after sunrise on the 21st, broiled my meat and ate it with some old crackers full of bugs; expecting orders to march every moment; will get them, I think, for it is Sunday, and we will fight, I suppose, before another week."

"I've been thinking of Mama lately almost every day, and all she had to put up with, after me growing up and all and not giving her any peace."

George Anderson, Company I, Fourth Alabama.

This closed the diary, and a few hours later the writer lay a corpse upon the battlefield.

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North Alabama Williams Family in Union's Bloody Occupation

by Gladys Hodge Sherrer

I traveled the South for eight years in search of truth about my ancestors. In 1858 they migrated to North Alabama, hoping to escape oncoming war, only to be caught in the conflict anyway. My research took me to Civil War battlegrounds, historians, museums and archives. As a result, I wrote their story in the Civil War saga titled *Trapped in the Crossfire*.

My family's story is not unique. Everyone struggled, but Sarah Hammett and Oliver Perry Williams were loyalists to the United States of America in a region where a minority of elite slavers ruled. Along with twenty percent of Upstate South Carolina, they were driven — by economic, physical and social pressure — from their home into the relative safety of a North Alabama wilderness. That was what it was at that time, even though several settlements dotted the landscape, and a prosperous Huntsville. Their peace was short-lived, illusive.

My goal was not just to honor my family, but others who lived the occupation years, and reveal how challenging times today can produce integrity. I created down-to-earth characters in a background of historical accuracy, writing as if I had lived their experience, for indeed I felt their emotional turmoil, pain and horror of war. Just as Harper Lee said in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, "You never really understand a person until you climb into

his skin and walk around in it." If I was to understand the depths of the human heart during America's most chilling era, I could not simply write historical facts, but I had to reveal war's impact on families of all races, in an unforgettable saga.

Numerous descendants of Sarah Hammett and Oliver Perry Williams still remain in North Alabama. I have a great love and admiration for John Raymond Williams, who inspired me to write *Trapped in the Crossfire*. I met my cousin in a roundabout way. An ancient farmer on Sand Mountain pointed me to John Raymond's farm, the resting place of our mutual ancestor, his grandfather and my great grandfather John Franklin Williams, the son of Sarah and Perry Williams. The old farmer said something about John Franklin that quickened my pulse. "I knew Tater John. Everybody called him Tater John because he sold sweet potato slips, though never on Saturday, being a Seventh-day Adventist." I met my mother's favorite cousin, John Raymond — grandson of Tater John — in his field of watermelons. We began a warm relationship. He ignited my fire for our roots with his passion for family.

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Pictured l to r: Phil Williams Alabama House Representative; Gladys Hodge Sherrer; Mike Ball, Alabama State Representative

John Raymond, since passed, typified our family. As a lad, John fought in World War II, at Anzio. He was among the first Americans to enter Rome, and was awarded a Purple Heart. His 30-year career in Civil Service, Air Force, and Army included time at Redstone Arsenal, where he received numerous awards, plus a Distinguished Service Award. John Raymond and his wife Dorothy had five sons, Donald Raymond, who retired from the Department of Defense; Danny Michael, who served in the Department of Agriculture; John Phillip, who co-founded several tech firms in the Huntsville area; James Paul, a businessman; and David Russell, a businessman, John Raymond lived his faith, stressed importance of edu-

cation, honoring God and his forefathers.

My hope is that my book honors him and our family, especially Sarah and Oliver Perry Williams. On January 17, 2017 I signed a book contract for *Trapped in the Crossfire* with the Ardent Writer Press. The signing took place at the Weeden House in the Twickenham District of Huntsville, Alabama. Attending were Alabama House Representative for Madison County, Phil Williams – also a descendant – and Representative Mike Ball.

I also sincerely appreciate the assistance of the Weeden House Museum director, Beth Hamilton, who was in attendance with publisher Steve Gierhart and editor, Doyle Duke.

The book launch is planned for October 15, 2017.

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In the News through the Years

Helen Keller Lecture in Florence (1916)

Jan 3, 1916 Helen Keller will deliver a lecture in Florence during the last week in February on "Happiness!" under the auspices of the Florence Free Kindergarten Club.

Miss Keller was born in Tuscumbia and her parents lived on Wood Avenue in Florence for a number of years. Her appearance in Florence will be anticipated with greatest interest.

Business Changes in Huntsville (1916)

R.E. and W. E. Pettus, prominent wholesale merchants who have been doing business on Jefferson Street for 17 years are leaving the Cantrell-Matthews building and are moving into the McGee Hotel block on West Clinton Street, occupying the two stores east of Laughlin's Undertaking Parlors.

Huntsville Growth (1916)

Goldsmith-Grosser Co. will leave north side public square and move in to the new Lynksy Building being erected on Washington Street.

M.G. Chaney of Merrimack has purchased the Brown Store at West Huntsville. The Gill-Starling Hardware Co. is a new hardware concern moving into the old Mason furniture house on Jefferson Street.

All this is in keeping with the rapid progress and growth of Huntsville.

Rumors of Increase in Price of Gasoline (1916)

Sinister rumors continue to fill the air about still greater increases in the price of gasoline after January 1st. The price has already climbed and climbed for months past, until it has almost doubled and in some cases more than double. And now comes the rumor that it may go over thirty cents and perhaps nearly to forty if the War keeps up and other present conditions continue to prevail.

To make matters worse

for the economic motorist it is also said that all standard grades of automobile tires will also take a leap soon because of the scarcity of gutta percha and zinc, both of which are used in the tires composition.

Court House Fence can now be Torn Down and Local Legislative Act permits Abolition of Iron Picket Fence (1916)

All kind of persuasion and efforts have been employed to get rid of the old iron picket fence at the Court House Square but without avail. Relief has just been discovered in the passage of a local act by the last legislature repealing an act adopted Dec. 14, 1898 prohibiting interference with the Court House fence by the city of Huntsville without unanimous consent of the Board of County Commissioners or majority vote of the

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people of the county. Representative Edward Johnson in the 1915 legislature had introduced and passed an act as approved by Gov. Chas. Henderson on April 5, 1915 that permits the tearing down of the old fence any time a majority of the County Commissioners say so.

The Civic League and all other influences who have been working to get rid of this cruel monster to the poor dumb beast and which has served as a dangerous menace to public health will of course be delighted to learn this good news and will hope that the County Commissioners at an early meeting will do their duty.

Just Received (1916)

60 Mules 3 to 5 years old
25 Purcheon Mares, 3 to 7 years old weighing 800 to 1200 pounds each.

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Lacey's Spring Woman Starves to Death while Sleeping (1904)

Mrs. Sallie Rutherford, of Lacey's Spring, was stricken with what was labeled "inflammation." She fell into a coma and her jaws were so tightly locked that no food - liquid or solid - could be administered to her.

Known as "The Sleeping Woman," her case attracted national attention and physicians from all over visited her. After 57 days without food or water, Mrs. Rutherford awoke and quietly asked for something to eat. Alas, she was unable to digest any food that she ate, and after lingering a few more days she died of starvation.

Local Boy Gets Third Leg (1918)

Private John Kellogg, of Madison County, received a telegram last week informing him that he had been wounded, degree undetermined, while serving with the Army in France last month.

When he contacted the au-

thorities to tell them he was home on leave and was perfectly well, he was ordered to report to the military hospital in Augusta, Georgia to be fitted for an artificial leg. Alas, the authorities would not listen and Kellogg departed yesterday to be fitted with another leg.

If the authorities have their way, Mr. Kellogg will be the only man in Alabama with three legs.

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MEMORIES OF LINCOLN VILLAGE

by Tony Thompson

In 1930, life in the Village was a lot different than today. Life was a lot simpler, but cash money was often short. Many families raised chickens in their backyard for food, eggs and as a cash crop. My Dad, Erskine Thompson, was about 13 years old at the time. He was working on enlarging the chicken coop when he ran out of fence staples. My grandmother instructed Dad to take one of the hens downtown to the Tennessee Hide and Poultry Company and sell it, and then go next door to Lewter's Hardware Store and purchase the fence staples he needed to complete the job. Dad caught one of their chickens, tied its legs together, and with two of his friends, Roy and J.T. Duncan, began walking toward downtown Huntsville.

Unknown to the boys, there had been a chicken thief at work the night before in the Village. Someone had stolen a "Rhode Island Red" hen. This was exactly what the boys had with them.

About halfway to town, near the railroad tracks known as "Miller's Crossing," Dad and his friends stopped to watch a marble game being played.

The local mailman, aware of the previous night's crime, spotted the rag-tag boys with the chicken and called the police. As they were watching the marble game, a touring car with curtains pulled up beside them. Two police officers jumped out and said, "We want you boys." Dad explained that they were not playing marbles but were on their way to town to sell the chicken. The officers said they were not interested in the marble players - they wanted the boys with the chicken.

All three boys were taken to the City Hall on Madison Street. There they were searched and taken to a cell.

As they were being escorted to their cell, they passed a desk with a pistol on it. Roy told the officer, "If you think we stole the chicken, just take us out and shoot us." The officer told them that they would not be shot, but they would go to reform school if found guilty.

An officer was sent to Lincoln Village to fetch my Grandmother. She went to the City Hall and cleared the whole matter.

The officer then took the chicken next door to the City Cafe and sold it for \$1.25. Dad took the money and went to Lewter's and bought the fence staples to complete his job.

In the end, all came out well except Dad's rear end. He was punished for not going directly downtown and completing his chore. All three boys were kidded a lot at school for being chicken thieves.

This was the only time my Dad was ever arrested, and he became the infamous "Chicken Thief of Lincoln Village."

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On Being Retired

by Thomas Mailey

When did this happen? One day I was up to my ears in work, and the next I was contemplating what to do with myself. Wasn't it just a few short decades ago that retirement was the farthest thing from my mind? Why, I thought I still had worlds to conquer.

The psychology of retirement is a major hurdle, for example, having a schedule. I had become used to having a schedule imposed upon my by the system with numerous deadlines to meet, meetings to attend, people to talk to and emails to answer

Oh, there is still quite a bit to do but no established procedure to do it and no planned method to perform each task. In fact, what I had to deal with first was making my own schedules and with the total freedom to do as I pleased with only myself to answer to. At first that is pretty scary stuff.

Huntsville is still a very good place to retire when one examines the alternatives. There are many retirees here so there are many fine services for retirees and planned activities for seniors.

Well, maybe the climate gets a little hot during the summer, because we have a humid subtropical climate, some would say. This is offset by a lack of snow on most winters. The climate is generally moderate with gradual changes in the seasons.

Quality of life is good with excellent health care facilities and a growing retail services community. We have no noxious industries and only a little noise from traffic, trains and airplanes.

We have a variety of sporting activities and with a little luck we may even get back a professional baseball team. We have superb college football and a short drive to Nashville or Atlanta and we have professional NFL excitement. Furthermore there are many good opportunities for volunteer work or even part time work if you want it.

Fairhope is often considered a nice retirement spot for its access to the Gulf; however, we have the Arsenal as a fine resource for those who can use it.

If a retiree gets creative he or she can find a number of nice pastimes. For example, grab a takeout dinner from a local restaurant, then find a picnic table in one of our fine parks and watch a beautiful sunset as the sun slides peacefully down behind that incomparable blue-black sky.

Or conversely, get up early, find a hill top or mountain side that has a parking spot and wait for one of God's incomparable gifts to us: a beautiful sunrise as that orange ball gradually appears. Using reds and gold's He paints beautiful swatches of gold, red and orange streaks across the sky. No Picasso or Rembrandt would make something equally as beautiful.

So, with all things considered and the problems solved, I think I will just roll over and get another hour of sleep.

Thieves who steal corn from a garden could be charged with stalking.

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HIKES TO MONTE SANO STATE PARK

by Betty Miller Lewis

I grew up in the Big Cove community in the 30s, 40s and part of the 50s. My sister Shirley and I were reared by our maternal grandmother, Nin Hucks, and her daughter, our aunt Nannie Hucks. Our grandfather passed away in 1940 so it was left up to our grandmother and aunt to raise us. Our parents operated a "honkey tonk" called the Green Lantern on the then Athens Pike, which was no place to raise kids. Our house was located off Dug Hill Road on what is now Wimbledon Way. My uncle Herman Hucks and his daughter Earlene lived in one of the rental houses on my grandmother's farm.

The Roy Medley family lived in a house located southwest of us across the cotton fields and near a wooded area. We went to school and played with the Medley children. Those that I remember are Roy Medley Jr, Doris Jean, Peggy, Shirley, Yvonne, Johnny, Rayford, Roger Dale, and Betty. Rayford passed away at an early age of rheumatic fever. Doris Jean was one of my best friends at Big Cove School and we completed 9th grade there.

One day in the late 40s, my Uncle Herman got us all excited by telling us that he would take us and the Medley children on a hike to Monte Sano State Park for a picnic. I know that I was so excited that I did not sleep very well the night before.

Early the next morning (I have no idea what day, maybe a Sunday), Uncle Herman, my sister Shirley and I, my cousin, Earlene, along with Doris Jean, Peggy, Shirley and Yvonne Medley, started out on our journey. We carried picnic lunches but I don't remember what, probably fried chicken and biscuit. Yvonne thinks that they maybe had "fatback" and biscuit. My Uncle Herman often cut timber and hauled it out of the mountain with a horse.

We went to the edge of the mountain and used his trail where he had dragged logs until the trail ended, then we just walked around in the woods on the mountain. I remember we came to a site where a homestead once stood and it had a big "sink hole".

Somewhere on the mountain, we came across a stream

and it felt so good to pull off our shoes and wet our feet for a few minutes. We finally arrived at the picnic area on Monte Sano, ate our lunch, rested for awhile and began our trek back home down Highway 431. There was not very much traffic back then and we walked down the middle of the highway - no way could you do that now. All of us were so tired, but we really enjoyed the trip.

Sometime later, we made two or three more trips up through the woods on the mountain without Uncle Herman. These trips included Zella Mae, Laura and Edna Mills, along with our younger sister Lucy. The Mills family lived off Dug Hill Road on the east side of the mountain. On one of the trips we came to the Forest Ranger tower located on the south side of the mountain. My cousin Earlene was brave enough to climb to the top of the wood structure, but the rest of us were too scared.

Recently, my sister Lucy and I decided to see if the tower was still standing. We took the hiking trail from Monte Sano State Park and walked for about 30 minutes. We did find the tower, along with a steel one, which had replaced the wood structure. Both are fenced in so no one can enter.

These trips were just a few of the happy memories that I have of growing up in Big Cove.

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All of God's Creatures

by Cathey Carney



He was struggling for life when she found him - a very small bird in a very large pond. He was just a baby, a little brown bird with a yellow beak, completely submerged except for one eye and part of his beak. After she scooped him out of the water he was very still in her hand, though one eye was half opened.

She cradled the limp being in her hands, trying to support the tiny head. The warmth of her hands gradually revived him somewhat. Occasionally, he would open his eyes and look at the giant who was now patting his feathers with her blouse. "Come on, little bird," she thought to him, "You can do it."

As he tried to right himself, all he could manage was to flex his feet slowly, one at a time.

Soon the warmth of the sun began drying his feathers, and he lifted his head. Wrapping each foot securely around her finger, he began to rock back and forth, slowly, weakly at first then a little stronger.

He was able to open both eyes now, and was getting a bit stronger. It was a warm breezy day, as she sat quietly in the sun with the little animal. The back courtyard was a haven for birds of all kinds, feasting on seeds, nuts and fruit. That's how the bird had run into trouble in the first place, balancing on the fountain and trying to get a

drink of water.

By now the baby, fully dried and no longer shivering, had traveled from his place on the her chest to her neck - he seemed to like her hair and nestled there, listening intently to the chirping of the other birds.

She kissed the tip of his little yellow beak and he seemed surprised but allowed it. "I'm happy you are doing better," she thought. "You were almost gone."

She lifted him from underneath her hair and he looked up at her from his perch on her finger, tried out his wings, then was gone. She watched him fly from branch to branch of a small tree in the courtyard. "Watch out for cats, little bird," she said. "And ponds."

Maybe it was her imagination, but as she turned to go into the house, it seemed as if the birds were singing much louder than normal.



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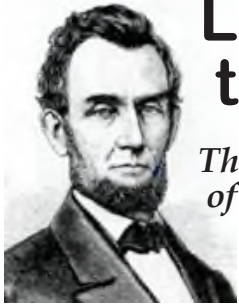
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Lincoln After the Election

The very sad Leave-Taking of his Old Law Office and Neighbors

From 1895 newspaper

I was in 1860 a reporter on the New York Times and was designated as the one to go to the house of Mr. Lincoln. I did so, and subsequently, after the election, I lived at the house with him for four weeks prior to his going to Washington. When he went there for the inauguration I accompanied him.

I had ample opportunity to study him in every relation of life. He was a magnetic talker, an excellent story teller, but above all a square man, to whom two and two made four all the time, and no amount of trickery could ever make it three and ninety-nine hundredths. He always said precisely what he thought and nothing else.

I remember distinctly the night before he left his home in Springfield. It was raining hard. I saw him hunt up a lantern and then get a candle and put it into the glass case and light it. He took his old long overcoat, which I thought at the time a funny looking garment, but which I see all the dudes wearing now, and opening the door he went out into the rain and darkness. I followed him, and we picked our way through the unpaved slippery streets until we got to his office. It was a very little office. There was a stove, some shelves laden with books, and a picture of a Judge of the Supreme Court or of the Court of Appeals. I never went into a lawyer's office that I did not find a picture of a judge of the Supreme Court or of the Court of Appeals. There is always sure to be one or the other.

Well, when we got there he put his lantern down, and, walking up to a table and running his hand over the books there, he said, "Well, good-bye, old friends."

He stood a minute in silence, then furtively wiped away a tear from his eye, walked out, locked the door, and home he went. That did not amount to much, but it showed that the man had a little sentiment about him. Opening the door, he went out into the rain and darkness. I followed after him.

The next day it was raining great guns, but everybody roundabout for 30 miles had turned out to see the Presidentelect start for Washington.

I remember him as he stood just under the eave of the house wearing his old high hat and the water dripping down upon it from above. The crowd wanted a speech, and he gave it to them. It was brief and was about like this ~ that for reasons beyond his understanding he had been selected to bear what he felt was a burden greater than that which had been put upon the shoulders of any citizen since this country was started, save possibly Washington, and all he had to say was: "If I have offended any of you, forgive me. I go to do my best. I ask your prayers. Friends and neighbors, good-bye. I hope to see you again soon."

Everybody cried, and the rain was really coming down, and he never went back there again.

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Charlie

Hello, the Ark named me Charlie. I have been separated from my previous home. My family had a toddler and then a new little human baby was born. They just could not take care of all 3 of us. I am a Beagle with a lot of get up and go

so I need a fenced yard. I was born December 2015 and weigh 20 lbs. I do not oversleep. I am up and ready to go when you are. I can help with landscaping because I can keep unwanted critters out of your yard. I will be your alarm so you will know if someone is approaching your house. I have a great personality and am experienced in baby sitting. I do not like my ears to be pulled on. I can hold my own with active children.

I would love to relocate from the Ark to a family that will care for me and keep me forever. Do you think that could be your home? When you come to the Ark, ask to see Charlie. That's me.

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Advice to the Young from "Safe Counsel, 1922"

To the young folks, the amusements of their ancestors seem drab and dull. In order to be up to the minute they must dance the latest dances, know the newest jazz and wear the most extreme clothes. Smoking, gambling and drinking are excused in both sexes.

The modern method of dancing has done much to break down respect for womanhood. Modesty and decorum are flung to the winds. In their stead we have sensuality, coarseness and indecency. This evil can never be counteracted until parents realize the danger and do something to raise the standard.

Jazz music has done much to corrupt dancing and to make it impossible for young people to learn the more refined forms of dancing. At the same time it destroys all taste for the appreciation of good music. Jazz and immoral dancing are so closely related as to make it difficult to separate them. The dances take their names from the animals and low things of life. The music furnishes the vulgar atmosphere.

Immodest dress - for some strange reason too many of our modern girls seem to enjoy being called flappers. She glories in the lustful looks and vulgar comments which her appearance calls forth on the street. With bobbed hair, three coats of paint and powder, with plucked eyebrows, artificial eyelashes and carmine lips, with low-necked, short-sleeved, and generously peek-a-boomed waist, with an abbreviated skirt and rolled down silk hose just meeting below the knees, and all the rest of it, she blithely pursues her ill-fated course.

If people turn to stare in horror-stricken amazement, she thinks her costume is a success; if she passes unnoticed, then something more must be done. Her sketchy costume cannot fail to arouse the passions of men and boys. To all outward appearances she is attempting to imitate the

"The romantic days just prior to marriage are like a snappy introduction to a tedious book."

Wilson Mizner

average age of the women who are arraigned in the morals court at 20 years old. And that accounts for the fact that the boy of today has learned more about vice and iniquity in 20 years than his father learned in a lifetime.

We see an increase of Burlesque or Leg Shows - Some of the so-called best people in the profession are using the shimmy-shake in song, dance and pantomime. Bare-foot dancing with naked limbs being shown through transparent nets, abbreviated skirts with flesh colored tights emphasizing the form and contour of the body by effective colored lights, are all a part of the nefarious business which escapes the ban under the guise of art.

We find ourselves wondering what this world is coming to.



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