

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

How Huntsville Saved Her

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Her father Monroe was a farmer who had returned from World War I in France, where he served as a medic.

While both her parents had lived all their lives on the Creek, her father found someone to run his farm and they loaded up their furniture and household goods to move to Huntsville.

This was a great sacrifice, but they knew they had to do it, if their little frail girl was going to survive.



Also in this issue: Uncivilized War Comes to Huntsville

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How Huntsville Saved Her

by John Gamble

Elizabeth Hill was born, barely, in a farmhouse in Lincoln County Tennessee on a cold day in March of 1921. She was premature and only weighed 4 pounds and was not expected to live. Her mother, Loyd Hall Hill, had already lost twins in childbirth. Her aunt, Kate Hall from Huntsville, Alabama came and spent days helping keep Elizabeth alive, while her sister-in-law, Loyd, recovered from the birth experience and Uremic poisoning. Elizabeth was sickly, having had the whooping cough, living in an often cold farmhouse next to Kelly Creek. Her father Monroe was a farmer who had returned from World War I in France, where he served as a medic.

The Hills and the Halls had adjoining farms dating back to the early 1800s. They farmed corn, cattle, cotton and other crops. Monroe had also worked at a store in Elkton, a nearby town, to help make ends meet.

"Have you ever listened to someone for a while and wondered, 'Who ties your shoelaces for you?'"

Jeremy Yarbrough, Gurley

When Elizabeth reached six years old in March of 1927, Loyd and Monroe realized their little frail girl, Elizabeth, would have to ride in a cold unheated school bus for an hour or more to reach school in Blanche. The roads from their farm were dirt and gravel roads with ruts and wash outs prevalent.

Since Elizabeth was so sickly, they realized they would have to find an alternative for her to go to school. Monroe had connections with his brother-inlaw, Sam Hall, owning a small department store in Huntsville and another close friend from the Kelly Creek area, owning a grocery store in Huntsville. They were able to help Monroe get a job as County Wholesale Manager with Halsey Grocery Supplies in Huntsville.

While both Loyd and Monroe had lived all their lives on the Creek, Monroe found someone to run his farm and they loaded up their furniture and household goods to move to Huntsville. This was a great sacrifice, but they knew they had to do it, if their little frail girl was going to survive and be able to go to school. They almost didn't make it to Huntsville, since Kelly Creek and the Elk River were flooded. But eventually by taking the high back roads, they got their little girl to Huntsville.

They were able to rent a house on East Clinton Avenue in the Five Points area, from



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



E L Terry. This house was the former residence of the Terrys, before they built a house on Locust Avenue. The house was just a few houses away from Sam and Kate Hall. This was great for Elizabeth, since her first cousin Louise, only one year difference in age, was close by and available to be a playmate and best friend. Also the house was within walking distance from the East Clinton Elementary School.

Elizabeth was smart and was entered into the high level of the first grade. In Huntsville, Elizabeth gained good health. As a result she was able to skate in the street and play skate hockey. East Clinton at that time was a dead end street.

On May Day at East Clinton School there would be special events. Elizabeth once said, "I remember once we had a May Pole and we would weave in and out around the Maypole. One year we did a Scottish dance and mother made me a plaid kilt skirt, velvet vest and tam to wear".

Once the Chattauqua came to town and was set up on

the school grounds in a huge tent. Our family and the Halls would go see the shows." Elizabeth went to Huntsville Jr. High School in old Wilks-Taylor School on the hill. Again the school was next to the old Huntsville High School and within easy walking distance for Elizabeth, a healthy and now beautiful young lady.

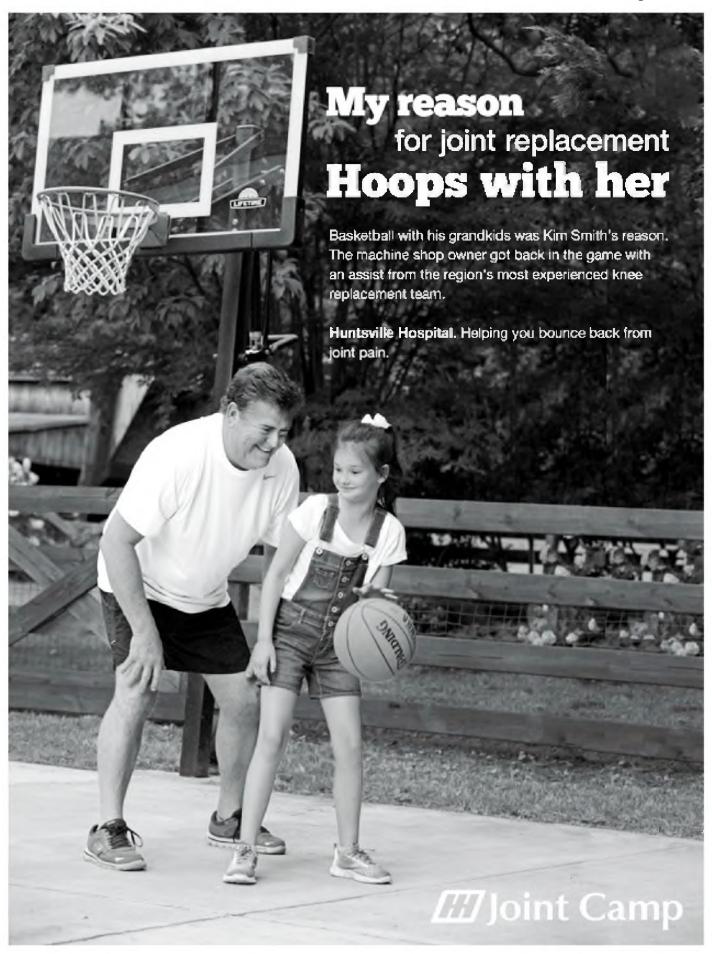
In the early 30s Elizabeth remembers, "Joe" the iceman delivered a 50 pound block of ice at the back door of the house and put it in the ice box. Joe drove a horse-drawn ice wagon. We also had milk delivered in glass bottles to our front porch by the Monte Sa Mo Dairy."

The Great Depression hit in 1929 and lasted ten years, basically for the rest of the time Elizabeth would live in Huntsville. Huntsville, like the rest of the world, had high unemployment and lots of suffering from the unemployed families. Fortunately, Elizabeth and her family didn't have to suffer during the Great Depression. Her dad Monroe had his job with Halsey and they got their











Elizabeth

groceries wholesale. Unfortunately, Sam Hall and his family had to take a tenant farmer job at the Matthews farm outside Huntsville, since Sam lost his store due to the Depression.

Monroe provided goods to Sam from his job with Halsey's and Sam provided fresh vegetables to Monroe from the farm garden. Loyd's sister and her husband lost their jobs in Florida and had to move to the Hall farm on Kelly Creek to live with Loyd's mother.

As Elizabeth thrived, she enjoyed the Huntsville area. She said, "The stores in Huntsville closed on Thursday afternoon. Dad would take Mother, Louise and me on outings. We would go swimming at the Branham pool near the Big Springs. We would go to Hobbs Island and swim over to the island or do a hike in the spring or fall to Fagan Springs. To get to the Fagan Springs, we would go up by the Maple Hill Cemetery, to the old toll house and duck under the tollgate, and then cross a pig sty and go down to the springs.

It was during these outdoor adventures that Elizabeth gained strength and also became interested in the science of the outdoors. She could name all the plants, trees, birds and insects. Later on in life, Elizabeth would become a science teacher.

"On Saturday nights Dad would drive us downtown to the Lyric Theatre, where we could see if Tarzan survived diving off a cliff. While Louise, her brother Bob and I were at the movies, Dad would visit with Mr. Pierre Dunnavant, who owned the big department store. Mr. Dunnavant grew up near our farm in Tennessee."

Elizabeth attended Hunts-ville High and was an honor student. She was an editor for the Red and Blue school news-paper. The frail and sickly little girl grew into a stunning teenager that was a favorite at dances and all high school events. She even went to Tuscaloosa and visited her Uncle Walton Hill, a pharmacist. She wore a green dress and coat to an Alabama football game, and later said she was the "greenest" high school girl at the

game.

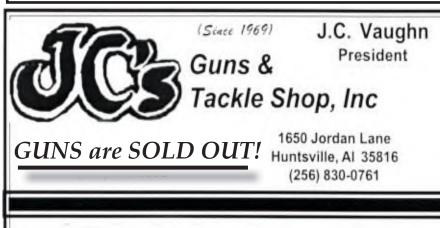
Elizabeth remembered, "While I was at Huntsville High, the football games were played at Goldsmith Shiffman Field. In the 30s Dad liked to see the games, so he took several others and me to the games. Once I remember it was so cold, the key broke off in the car door. We had to walk home, about a mile or a little more. Dad got another key and walked back for the car."

It was during one of the really cold spells, that the Tennessee River completely froze over. Milton Frank was the Huntsville High Coach. Elizabeth was at school one day, serving as the front office

"Every day, thousands of innocent plants are killed by vegetarians. Help end the violence - Eat Bacon!

Ken Owens, Huntsville





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monitor. "A student came and said there was a phone call for Coach Frank, so I went to his class room and got him to come for the call. He was a little hesitant, but came anyway. It turned out to be a prank, but he was good natured and did not get mad. As a successful coach, the new football stadium was named after him.

In 1938 Elizabeth left Huntsville to attend college at Middle Tennessee State College. Monroe and Loyd, who had made the great sacrifice for their little frail girl, returned to the farm

in Tennessee.

Little did Monroe and Lovd realize that when they moved to Huntsville to save their little sickly girl, that not only would she improve, but they would weather the Great Depression and be able to help their family members survive and thrive.

Sam Hall and his family, including Louise, were able to return to Huntsville and Sam was gainfully employed Dunnavants Department Store as Manager of Menswear. But even greater things were to happen in the future. Eliza-



Elizabeth & Barnett Gamble

beth and her husband Barnett Gamble eventually returned to Huntsville, she as a science teacher at Mountain Gap Middle School and he as Principal of Huntsville High School.

Today Elizabeth, having been a science teacher both in Tennessee and Huntsville, is no longer with us, but her husband, Barnett Gamble, age 96, still lives in Huntsville, as well as their children Jim, John and Mary, all of who have had successful careers and great marriages and families.





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How to Unfurnish your Home



What else can you do to avoid finding yourself forlorn in your late parents' home, broken up about the old piano that's going begging? Here are some ideas:

1. Start mobilizing while your parents are around. "Every single person, if their parents are still alive, needs to go back and collect the stories of their stuff," says Kay Kylen. "That will help sell it." Or it might help you decide to hold onto it. One of Kylen's clients inherited a set of beautiful gold-trimmed teacups, saucers and plates. Her mother had told her she'd received them as a gift from the DuPonts because she had nursed for the legendary wealthy family. Turns out, the plates were made for the DuPonts. The client decided to keep them due to the fantastic story.

2. Give yourself plenty of time to find takers, if you can. "We tell people: The longer you have to sell something, the more money you're going to make," says Fultz. Of course, this could

mean cluttering up your basement, attic or living room with tables, lamps etc. until you finally locate interested parties.

3. Do an online search to see whether there's a market for your parents' art, furniture, china or crystal. If there is, see if an auction house might be interested in trying to sell things for you on consignment. You might get lucky. I did. My sister and I were pleasantly surprised – no, flabbergasted – when the auctioneer we hired sold our parents' enormous, turn-of-the-20th-century portrait of an unknown woman by an obscure painter to a Florida art dealer for a tidy sum. (We expected to get a dim sum, if anything.) Apparently, the Newcomb-Macklin frame was part of the attraction. Go figure. Our parents' tabletop marble bust went bust at the auction, however, and now sits in my den, owing to the kindness of my wife.

4. Get the jewelry appraised. It's possible that a necklace, ring or brooch has value and could be sold.

5. Look for a nearby consignment shop that might take some items. Or, perhaps, a liquidation firm.

6. See if someone locally could use what you inherited. "My dad had some tools that looked in-

teresting. I live in Amish country and a farmer gave me \$25 for them," says Kylen. She also picked out five shelters and gave them a list of all the kitchen items she wound up with. "By the fifth one, everything was gone. That kind of thing makes your heart

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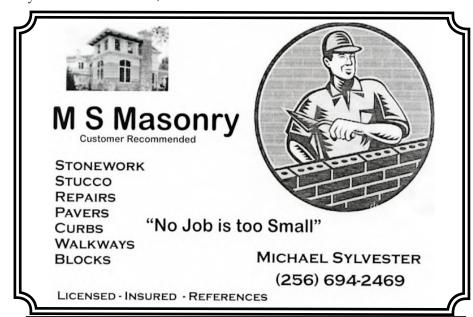
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feel good," Kylen says.

7. Download the free Rightsizing and Relocation Guide from the National Association of Senior Move Managers. This helpful booklet is on the group's site.

8. But perhaps the best advice is: Prepare for disappointment. "For the first time in history of the world, two generations are downsizing simultaneously," says Buysse, talking about the boomers' parents (sometimes, the final downsizing) and the boomers themselves. "I have a 90-year-old parent who wants to give me stuff or, if she passes away, my siblings and I will have to clean up the house. And my siblings and I are 60 to 70 and we're downsizing. We don't want our kids to go thru this."

This, it seems, is the 21st century new normal. "I don't think there is a future" for the possessions of our parents' generation, says Eppel. "It's a different world that we're seeing now."

The 4 Boxes Inventory System

Here's how the "four boxes" organizing approach works:

Put four boxes in each room of your parent's house:

• Box 1 - "Keep Until I Die" For items with sentimental value, such as family heirlooms, personal letters, wedding china and photo albums.

• Box 2 - "Appraise and Sell" For unwanted items of value.

• Box 3 - "Keep with Me" For unsentimental items, such as furniture and art.

• Box 4 - "Garage Sale/Donate" For unwanted items that are in fairly good shape.

Then, go room by room with your parents, sorting their possessions. Trash unwanted items.

For bigger items that won't fit in boxes — like furniture, pianos and workout equipment — consider putting pictures of them on index cards and then dropping the cards in the appropriate boxes. This really works!



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THE QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD

by Bill Wright

It was a quiet, blue collar type neighborhood where I lived as a child in the 1940s. It reminds me so much of the Five Points neighborhood in northeast Huntsville. When I drive through Five Points today, I am reminded of my childhood neighborhood, which named Oakdale. The neighborhood was virtually crime-free in the 1940s era. As a child I can only remember someone occasionally stealing a chicken at night from our backyard. Once my Father received a warning from the police for having a defective car muffler. But, no serious crimes ever seem to occur.

This was about to change on a late Sunday afternoon in April, 1941, as a murder was about to happen. The scene was a large, two story, wooden house on the main street in Oakdale. This house was occupied by a Mr. William Wilson and his wife Laura Wilson, both age 38. Also living with them was Mr. Wilson's nephew, Claude Langham, age 27. Mr. Langham had lived with the Wilson's for about ten years. William Wilson had been sick for some time and was bed-ridden.

Two neighbors were sitting on their front porch that Sunday afternoon when they heard screams coming from the Wilson's house. The neighbors rushed into their house; went upstairs and found Mr. Wilson

"Don't confuse my personality with my attitude - my personality is who I am - my attitude depends on who you are."

Bill Gruber, Woodville

in flames about the face and shoulders. With blankets they were able to extinguish the fire, but Mr. Wilson was already severely burned around the face and upper body. He was rushed to the hospital by ambulance, but died shortly after arrival at the hospital.

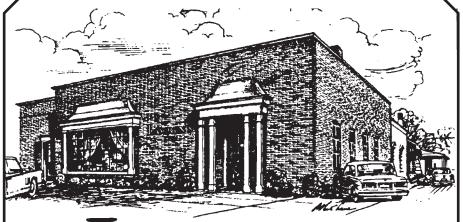
Mr. Wilson's death was initially considered an accidental death by fire since it was known that he often smoked while in bed. After William Wilson's funeral, law enforcement became aware of a romantic relationship between Laura Wilson and Claude Langham and its existence for a long time. Also, it became known that Laura Wilson had purchased a quart of gasoline 3 days before Mr. Wilson caught fire in bed.

A judge authorized the ex-



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Once it became public information about the arrest, the neighborhood became abuzz about the murder - nothing like this had ever happened in our neighborhood. As a child I remember neighbors constantly talking about the murder. Everyone would anxiously await delivery of their afternoon newspaper to read about the latest regarding the murder case as it moved thru arrest and trial.

Many people from the area would drive by the house to see where the alleged murder had occurred. For a long time kids going to and from the elementary school would not walk on the sidewalk in front of the house, but would cross the street and walk on the other side. Some kids thought the house was haunted!

Because my parents had known both Laura Wilson and Claude Langham, they were subpoenaed to Court as character witnesses for the defendants. They were very nervous about going to Court and still nervous after testifying. After a lengthy trial both Laura Wilson and Claude Langham were found guilty of first degree murder and received a life sentence.

The neighborhood could now get back to normal. The Wilson's had a 17 year old daughter and a 12 year old son. Both of them went to live with relatives in a small town about 60 miles away. The case was appealed to the Alabama Supreme Court and about one year later this Court rejected the murder conviction and returned the case to the Circuit Court. I believe the Alabama Supreme Court ruled that some of the testimony at the trial was inadmissible, thus their reason for rejection.

The District Attorney probably decided the case was not strong enough to try again and charges against Laura Wilson and Claude Langham were dismissed. Both were then released from prison.

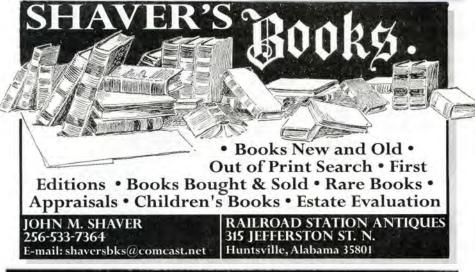
After they were released from prison my parents invited

them to our house for a meal. As a child I thought it strange to be having a meal with two previously convicted murderers.

I did not feel completely uneasy during the meal, but when they picked up their table knife, I did watch them carefully.

"I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. I want to achieve it by not dying."

Woody Allen





On Being a Good Dog

Dear God: Here is a list of just some of the things I must remember to be a good Dog: (by the dog)

- I will not eat the cat's food before he eats it or after he throws it up.
- I will not roll on dead squirrels, mice, snakes, etc., just because I like the way they smell.
- Those are not treats in the litter box.
 - The sofa is not a "face towel".
- The UPS man and mail delivery lady are harmless and are not stealing our stuff.
- I will not play tug-of-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.
- Sticking my nose into someone's crotch is an unacceptable way of saying "hello".
- I don't need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm under the coffee table.
- I must shake the rainwater out of my fur before entering the house - not after.
- I will not come in from outside and immediately drag my butt across the carpet.

- I will not sit in the middle of the living room, and lick my belly.

- The cat is not a "squeaky toy", so when I play with him and he makes that noise, it's usually not a good thing.

- I will not stop and stand my ground when coming across an interesting spot of Monkey Grass.

- I will lick my owner's face when she bends down for a kiss, even though I don't feel like it just then
- I will make my family think they are really teaching me tricks even though the most important thing is the treat I get for it.

- I will be forever grateful to my new family for rescuing me from the shelter I thought I'd spend the rest of my life at.

- When presented with plain dog food, I'll act like I'm not hungry and always hold out for some good table scraps. I try to take one day at a time, but sometimes several days attack me all at once.





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HOW IT CAME ABOUT

by Niles Howard



- In the 1500s most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

- Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children - last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

- Houses had thatched roofs, thick straw - piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Thus the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

- There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house, that posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection That's how canopy beds came into existence.

- The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying "dirt poor."

- The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when it got wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance way. This became known as a "thresh hold."

- In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence, the rhyme, "Peas por-

ridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot, nine days old."

- Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show

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off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

- Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.
- Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust".
- Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple

of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a "wake."

- England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, some were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they tied a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer."

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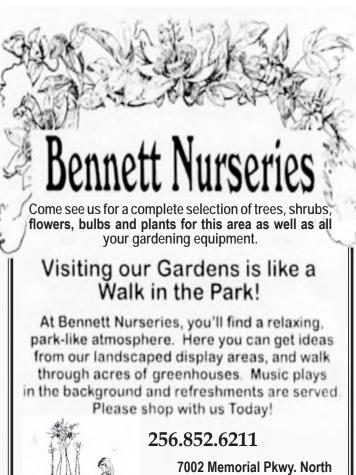
Zoa-Phora dispels nervous disorders of women because it regulates the menses and relieves them of pain. It is wonderfully marvelous in its tonic effects and women who have been tired, listless, with headaches and backaches preventing their every pleasure have in a single week been changed from suffering, morose, irritable beings to bright, happy, cheerful women whose husbands once again desire their company.

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Begin using at once according to plain directions found in the package. If any further information or private advice is desired, the Zoa-Phora Company will gladly answer all questions if you write them. Just ask the druggist for Zoa-Phora, no other explanation need be given, and you will receive the medicine already prepared, compounded to just the right proportion and put up in sealed, sterilized one dollar bottles.

Will you act now while the opportunity is here and before your husband forsakes you for someone with a more pleasant disposition?





Huntsville, Al 35810

Next door to Across the Pond

A SAD INCIDENT NEAR MAYSVILLE

from 1897 Newspaper

On Saturday morning last, Miss Nancy Rogers, daughter of the late Benj. Rogers, residing two and one half miles north of Maysville in this county, left home on a mule to attend preaching at Maysville. Some hours after, the mule was seen grazing in Perry L. Harrison's cornfield which lies between two roads to Maysville, one a broad public road, the other a more private road.

She probably took the latter because it was more shady, and so the riderless mule was not sooner seen. Inquiry was made in Maysville whether she had been there, and no one had seen her. A search for her was then begun by a hundred or more persons (it is said), through the field and elsewhere till a late hour at night and renewed Sunday morning.

About 12 a.m. she was found lying in the cornfield with her skull broken over the left eye and unconscious. She was removed and doctors sent for. Dr. Fleming Jordan performed the operation of trefluing and said she might recover if inflammation did not set in.

Two men were arrested on suspicion of assault with intent to rob her, and one of them having told the searching party that there was no use in looking for her in the field strengthened the suspicion, as she was found there; and there was talk of hanging him. But the doctors and others concluded from the nature of the wound and the vicious traits of the mule and its tracks that Miss Rogers had dismounted and the mule got away and jumped over the fence into the field and when Miss Rogers walked behind it to catch it, kicked her. So, the men were discharged.

Yesterday, we learned that Miss Rogers was still unconscious and had only spoken once, exclaiming, "Oh, Lord!"

She exhibited restlessness but hopes were still had for her recovery.

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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



Congratulations to our winners this month! **Roy Hoover** was the first to call and identify where I had hidden the little shamrock for March. It was on page 33 in the Atec ad in case you missed it! Roy has been a plumber all his life, and lives with his sweet wife **Joy** who says she is the "chief cook and bottle washer". Congratulations to you Roy.

Patricia Dennis was the lady who identified Connie Carnes as the HEALS agency founder. HEALS helps so many kids in this community. Patricia grew up in Huntsville and now lives in Union Grove. Congratulations to you!

Jessica Soto works at BBT Bank on Church Street as a Branch Banker 2. In addition to being very knowledgeable about what she does, she's one of the most positive and friendly people you'll see at BBT. It sure makes bank-

ing there a great experience! She wants to send out special greetings to **Sean G., Adriana L., Jane E. and Margaret R.** - who all work at BBT Church Street with her.

It's almost that time again - Lowe Mill Concerts on the Dock will get underway April 28th! The concerts are FREE except for \$5 for parking. You can bring kids, dogs, food, drinks of choice and it's a good idea to get there a bit early as more and more people are attending. It takes place each Friday from 6pm to 9pm and there is a different band each week. Check their website to get the schedule at www.LoweMill.net.

"Good Day Kid's Fest" will be held at Lowe Mill Apr. 8 from noon til 4pm - check out their website to get more information. Also for those of you who have been asking, Lowe Mill's hours are Wednesday-Thursday from noon til 6pm, Friday from noon til 8pm, and Saturdays from 10-6pm.

Tom Hendrix was the man who spent 30 years of his life building the longest non-mortared rock wall in the U.S., and it's located near us just north of Florence, Al at mile marker 338 on the Natchez Trace. He built the wall in honor of his great-great grandmother, a Native American, who was forced out of her home in Florence to flee to Oklahoma along the Trail of Tears in 1839. Tom wrote a book about her journey called "If the Legends Fade." Tom passed away in February of this year and one of his last quotes, "The wall required 8.5 million pounds of stone and wore out three trucks, 22 wheel-barrows, 3,800 pairs of gloves, three dogs and one 80 year-old man." Many visit this landmark. His passing definitely leaves a void.

Don't forget that **Gibson's BBQ** is offering a free piece of pie every Monday and Tuesday in April, with lunch or dinner to help celebrate it's 61st anniversary. Amazing number of years to be in business. Their pies are SO good and it's worth a visit there just to congratulate them and get your pie!

Jesse "JD" Wigley was 104 when he passed away Feb. 17. He was the last of 8 children. He received his degree from Auburn U. and taught Vocational Agriculture at Riverton High School and Buckhorn High for many years. He taught at Alabama A&M. He was mentor and friend to so many who will miss this kind man. He leaves nieces and nephews and a multitude of students and friends who will remember him always.

I'm a blues & rock and roll girl from the 60s but **Gospel music** sounds so good first thing in the morning - just puts you in a good mood! Most cable services have a

Photo of The Month

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

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This boy (left) practiced law before becoming District Circuit Judge in 1978.



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music only selection and try the gospel channel for a few days - you'll love it whether you go to church or not.

More and more men are wearing hats these days - fedoras, Stetsons, Panama hats, wide brimmed hats - men look SO handsome with hats and back in the 40s and 50s you didn't see men without a hat on. Really looks great and I hope a new trend is starting - love them!

Many will recall **Ron Collins** who is a Butler High School and Auburn University graduate - he has written an interesting book called "Scuttled" that you will find very informative.

Here's a tip. Do you ever have sweaters or blouses that have labels on the inside that scratch your neck? What I do is take a small band-aid and just apply it on top of the label. Makes the itch go away!

I had so many calls and emails from people who have lived in Huntsville for many years regarding Cindy Stubblefield's story "Searching for a Ghost" in March's issue and the building that was located at the corner of Gates avenue and Madison Street near downtown Huntsville. Lee Harless said "The Hundley House was Laughlin Funeral Home before becoming the offices of Huntsville Police Department and now Law offices." This was the consensus among most people even though many couldn't remember for sure the name of

the funeral home. Some other folks calling who remembered this were Ed Norton, Sam Keith, Tommy Gibson, Eddie Wilson, John Shaver and Louise Manning. Thank you for calling!

Margaret Grunwald met her husband-to-be when she was young and he was her love forever. Bill and Margaret married and moved to Huntsville in 1960, where she was a life-long teacher. She was a member of Trinity United Methodist Church for 57 vears and was a charter member of DuMidi Women's Club. Margaret passed away on Feb. 24th and leaves husband Bill Grunwald, son Mark Grunwald (Susan), daughter Nancy Jean Estes (Ralph); brother George Barker (Pam) as well as grandchildren Megan Grunwald, Kristin Grunwald and Mark David Estes. She is Bill's angel in heaven.

Don't forget on April 17 to reserve your tickets for **Billy Bob Thornton and the Boxmasters**, who will be back to perform at the Merrimack Hall Performing Arts Center on Triana. This one WILL be sold out. Call them at (256) 534-6455.

If you like to get out and walk, the Land Trust has all types of activities going on starting in April. On Apr. 8th discover some of Monte Sano Nature Preserves most traveled trails; Bluff Line, Wagon Trail and Old Railroad Bed Trails with Bruce Martin. Bring water and wear good shoes. Starts at 9am. To get there take

Pratt Ave. to Bankhead Pkwy, cross Tollgate Rd. Land Trusts hiker's parking lot is 1/2 mile further on right. Meet at the information kiosk.

On Sunday Apr. 23rd join **John Ehinger** on the Whitaker Preserve at 7:30 am for Spring Migration to see some really unusual birds. Meet at Hardees in Gurley, 5972 Hwy 72 E. at 7:30 am, you'll caravan up to the Whitaker Preserve. Check the Land Trust website for many more dates and directions.

And if you love spring wildflowers, on Apr. 30th at 2pm go to Madison's Rainbow Mountain. Hike leader Allison Wheeler will take you on a fabulous hike and you can bring your dogs (and snax and water). Go west on Hwy. 72 (University Drive), turn left onto Hughes Rd. in Madison then left onto Thomas Drive. Left onto Concord and right onto Stoneway Trail. at the intersection at top of the mountain, turn right and follow Stoneway Trail to the parking lot and new pavilion on left. Google 201 Stoneway Trail.

Very happy to learn that **Little Paul's BBQ** won't be empty for long. Located next to Huntsville Hospital ER, Little Paul's was a very popular spot for 15 years. **Tenders** will be taking it over and this will be the 4th location for the chicken restaurant.

98% of the time if someone calls wanting your credit card or banking information they're scamming you. Don't give them anything.

Stay safe in April!

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Recipes from Huntsville Heritage Cookbook

Sweet Potato Nut Balls

1-1/2 c. mashed, cooked sweet potatoes

1/4 c. orange juice

2 T. sugar

Chopped pecans

Combine potatoes, orange juice and sugar. Blend well and shape into 12 balls. Use about 2 tablespoons for each ball. Roll them in pecans and place on cookie sheet. Heat in 350 degree oven for 15-20 minutes.

Mrs. C. Tom Phillips

Caramel Sauce

3 c. sugar 1 c. butter

1-1/2 c. milk

Stirring constantly, cook sugar and butter over high heat til amber in color. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Add milk. Reheat until slightly warm and beat until smooth.

Mrs. James R. McCown

Mohan's Mess

1/2 c. salad oil 1 level t. dry mustard 1 t. Worcestershire

1 t. salt

Generous dash pepper

6 T. sour cream

5 T. crumbled Roquefort cheese

1 T. lemon juice

Mix first 5 ingredients thoroughly, add remaining ingredients and blend. Keep in refrigerator and stir well before serving. Improves with age.

Mrs. William P. Dillworth,

Jr.

Spinach Casserole

2 boxes frozen chopped spinach

1/2 stick butter

2 t. Worcestershire

1/2 onion, chopped

1 can mushroom soup Grated parmesan cheese

10 Ritz crackers, crumbled

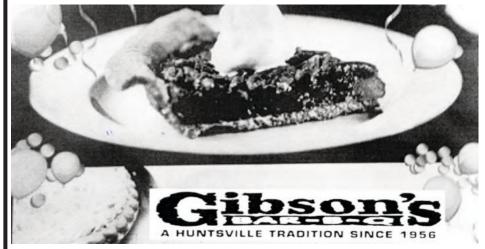
Cook spinach as directed on box. Drain. Melt butter in skillet. Add Worcestershire and onion. Saute onion until limp. Add butter and onion mixture to spinach.

Stir in soup and add cheese

to taste.

Pour into 2 quart casserole dish and top with crumbs. Bake uncovered at 350" for 30 minutes or until thoroughly heated.

Mrs. Robert Lowry, Jr.



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Chicken Crunch

1 can mushroom soup 3/4 c. milk

1 T. chopped onion

1 T. parsley flakes
1 frying chicken, cut

1 frying chicken, cut up 1/2 pkg. herb stuffing

2 T. melted butter

Mix soup, milk, onion and parsley. Dip chicken pieces into mixture, then into stuffing, coating well. Should use all stuffing. Line shallow baking dish with aluminum foil, allowing enough to cover and fold over chicken. Dribble butter over each piece and bake at 350° about 1 and 1/2 hours.

Mrs. Thomas Stokes

Orange Biscuit

3-4 eggs, separated 1-1/2 c. sugar

1-1/2 c. cake flour

1-1/2 t. baking powder

1/2 c. orange juice

1 t. rum

Beat egg yolks well, add sugar and stir until blended. Add sifted flour and baking powder. Heat orange juice to boiling and add to mixture. Add rum and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased, floured round cake pan or large ring mold. Bake 40 minutes at 350".

Mrs. Wernher von Braun

Decan Kisses

4 egg whites

1 pinch salt 1-1/2 c. sugar

1 t. vanilla

2 c. chopped pecans

Beat egg whites, adding salt. Put vanilla in the sugar. Slowly add to egg whites while beating. Beat until stiff and add nuts. Drop by spoonfuls onto parchment on cookie sheet. Bake one hour at 250 degrees.

Mrs. Carl Terry

Idiot's Cheese Delight

1/2 c. softened butter 2 c. shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

1/2 t. Worcestershire Dash liquid hot pepper Seasoning to taste 1 c. sifted flour

Toss ingredients except flour into a bowl; stir well. Blend in flour and squish it around with hands.

Form into long smooth roll; slice about 1/4 inch thick. Bake 12-15 minutes at 350 degrees.

May freeze roll and bake later.

Mrs. Frank Sutherland

Ollie's Pecan Pie

3/4 c. sugar 3 eggs, beaten 3/4 c. white corn syrup 1/4 c. dark corn syrup 3 T. melted butter 1 t. vanilla extract 1 c. unbroken pecans

1 unbaked pie crust Stir sugar into the eggs until dissolved. Add syrups, butter, vanilla extract and nuts. Pour into crust and bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

Mrs. Arthur Stephens

Sweet and Sour Green Beans

1 No. 303 can French-cut green beans, drained

4 strips bacon

1/3 c. sugar

1/2 c. vinegar

1 medium onion, diced

Rinse beans in cold water twice and drain. Fry bacon until crisp, drain and crumble.

Stir sugar and vinegar into drippings. Add beans, onion, salt and pepper.

Cover and simmer 20-30 minutes until little liquid is left. Serve topped with bacon.

Mrs. Harry J. Coons, Jr.





UNCIVILIZED WAR COMES TO HUNTSVILLE

by Marjorie Ann Reeves

With the first invasion of the Yankees into North Alabama came destruction the citizens had never experienced before. The Yankees swept into Alabama, quickly destroying as they came making many of the citizens of Alabama refugees in the year of 1862. The war flowed into Alabama on the Tennessee River after the Fort Henry loss. The first invasion in Alabama took place when the Union gun boats (the Lexington, the Conestoga, and the Tyler), bombarded Florence under the direction of Commodore Andrew H. Foote on February 6, 1862. On land, the Yankees came from Nashville, Tennessee, into Huntsville early in the morning on April 11th, with Gen. Mitchel's Army of 8,000 Union soldiers capturing the city Huntsville, less than 4,000 individuals.

Local Huntsvillian Mrs. Chadick wrote in her journal that, "Truly our town is full of the enemy. There is a sentinel at every corner. Everybody keeps the front door locked and I make it a point to answer the bell myself, not permitting children or servants to open it." No one knew whom to trust with family members against family and neighbors against neighbors. Gen. Mitchel's efforts to control the citizens of North Alabama included an attempt to force them to take the oath of the United States Government, to send items to the mill, bring in provisions, go out of town, or buy food. All businesses had to take the oath of loyalty of the federal government within three days or lose their business. He declared he intended to starve the city into submission.

On September 11, 1862, the Huntsville Advocate resumed their publication after the Union left Huntsville and summed up the recent occupation. "We were under absolute military rule, subject to the orders of provost marshals, having to obtain passes to go outside of town, and at times to pass from place to place in town; pledges and oaths were extracted under dire compulsion; marketing was prohibited, provisions not allowed to come in; citizens ordered to be off the streets; arrested, kept in prison for days and weeks, not tried, and then discharged on pledges; negro evidence threatened against them, and arrests made on such evidence. Citizens were sent off to Camp Chase without trial or notice; houses searched, property taken without compensation or even receipted for; houses robbed, horses stolen, negroes decoyed off, wanton injury indicted upon many of our people and no redress given."

Gen. Mitchel sent Col. Turchin to Athens to rid it of Confederates. The city was ransacked, pillaged

and citizens abused. "Not during the remainder of the war was such wanton destruction of property seen by those men," wrote participant Sgt. George H. Putenney of the 37th IN yet Gen. Mitchel had no concern about Col. Turchin's devastation of the town of Athens. Years later the citizens rejoiced in the news that Turchin died in an insane asylum.

Cassie Fennell was a young girl 18 years old attending school in Washington when Alabama seceded. She returned home to Guntersville and started a diary. She wrote, "Refugees from Madison County began to come to Marshall County. They felt safe on this side of the Tennessee River. With Huntsville captured, mail became erratic, but the refugees by land and water spread their news. The Yankees treat the negroes very badly in Huntsville. The Northerners were ruthless to all Huntsvillians by looting, trashing, burning homes, businesses, churches, and regularly jailing citizens without cause."

Miss Rowena Webster from Tennessee had come to Huntsville because the invasion of her home now was caught in the invasion of North Alabama. She was arrested for carrying a tiny Confederate Flag and brought to Gen. Mitchel's tent. She wrote "He said, Don't you know that you



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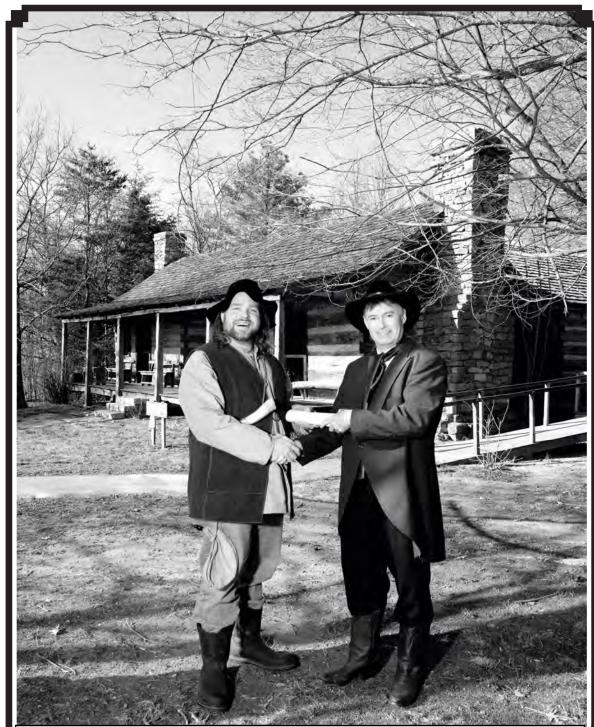
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are in open rebellion?" My reply, "I am a Rebel."

His response was "Don't you know that I could send you to Fort La Fayette?"

"He was surely no gentleman but an arrant coward and a tyrant. He seemed particularly bent on insulting the women and children and went into the Army for gain." The Huntsville Daily Confederate newspaper reported on November 12, 1862, the death of "his detestable lowness, Maj. Gen. O.M. Mitchel" died from Yellow Fever.

Families of Madison County wrote to their soldiers in the field about the Union attacks on their home. This affected the soldiers but Gen. Lee gave orders that the Southern soldiers could not harm the civilians when they traveled north. While walking through Pennsylvania, Private Henry Figures of the 4th AL recalled the Federal occupation of Huntsville

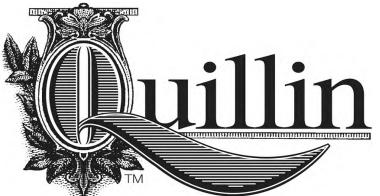
and his mother writing recounting the Federal soldiers' behavior. Figures wrote home that he did not kill any farm animals assuring his mother that everything he ate was bought.

Mattie Figures wrote in 1870 that her older brother Henry yearned to visit his family in Huntsville. Their mother, Harriet Stokes Figures, sought a pass to go to meet him at the Tennessee River. Gen. John Logan was the Union Commander in Huntsville at this time.

"My Mother in her despair at my brother not being allowed to come within the Federal lines resolved to make a personal appeal to Gen. Logan. My Father, with influence to aid him, having failed, gave his consent, it was a last resort. After much thought it was decided, that my Mother should go alone, taking with her, one of the smaller children."

"I was the one selected, a little girl being deemed best. I was carefully cautioned as to my behavior, for the spirit against the Yankees was strong in my little breast. As we walked up the broad graveled walk, I remember that my Mother held my hand very tightly. We were shown immediately into the large parlor. The General was seated in an easy chair at a table facing the window, from whence he could overlook the street, he saw us come in and doubtless drew his own conclusions. I see it all so plainly, the heavy brutal-looking man, with thick black hair, worn rather long, small dark sinister eyes, a repellent face at best, in my young eyes, the embodiment of cruelty, which proved correct."

"He received us politely, asked me my name and I shook hands with him with great reluctance. My Mother made known her errand in an agitated voice, he refused point blank, and as she persisted, the



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fiend in him, leaped to the surface, and he threatened her if she attempted to go he would send his soldiers and arrest her and my brother, and jail them both. At this I lost my fear and blazed out what big brother Henry would do, my Mother quickly put her hand over my mouth, or there is no telling what I would have said."

"Years after at a reception I heard of his death, and I was not sorry. The scene around me faded away and for the moment I saw and heard my Mother pleading to see her boy. I felt that act of

fiendish cruelty had met its reward."

Henry died in the Wildness Campaign on May 5, 1864, without his family ever having the

opportunity of seeing him again.

In 1864, Mrs. Octavia Otey, Madison County native, wrote in her journal, "It has been a year of trouble for our family and also for the whole country. Anxiety about something to eat, something to wear, anxiety about everything. God only knows what will become of us."

"The other day when soldiers were passing, a Federal soldier asked Lucy (our little two-year-old) if she was a little Yankee? She said very shortly, no. I told him I had insulted her very much a few days before, by asking her if she loved the Yankees?" Says he, "What do they expect to do when the very babies hate them." "Yes, there is a feeling of eternal dislike, and hatred, for our oppressors growing up in the hearts of the babes and children of this generation that will never be obliterated."

At the end of the war, Gen. Wilson and his men created a path of destruction through Alabama. What was not destroyed from earlier attacks was burned by Wilson and his men. All of Ala-

bama was demolished making more people destitute, families made refugees, scattered with little food or jobs to be had with life continuing to be a struggle long after the war.

For many years after the war, the people were a captured populace under reconstruction. It would take many generations for recovery, with scars and wounds still in existence, and family histories of suffering continued to be passed down.



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The Cat Writes a Contract

by Ted Roberts



Now where did she put that darned (she was yet to learn stronger words) lettuce sandwich, said Eve as she searched every dark cranny of the cave. "It couldn't grow legs and run off. Our Creator doesn't allow such abnormalities."

Meanwhile, in a dark cranny of the cave that was the honeymooners' temporary home, a newly made mouse sat on a dark rock ledge and happily nibbled on the legless lettuce sandwich.

"Adam, Adam," screamed hungry Eve, "this has gotta stop. It's those rodents - they think they sublease these quarters. And besides stealing my supper, they keep me up at night with their scrapping and squeaking."
"I dunno," said Adam.

"Well, I do," said red-faced Eve. "How 'bout this?" she shouted. "How about inviting into this drafty, dark hole we live in one of the felines I see feasting on mice and such?"

Adam chuckled. "Just like a woman - they'll have you and me for supper."

But the good wife snapped back that in case he hadn't noticed some of these rodent eaters weighed ten pounds and some weighed 300. What she had in mind was the smallest of the breed. The ones that Eve, herself, named "cats". (She named all the animals, you know.)
"Fine. How do we get

them to move in?"

"The same way I talked you into co-residency." (She

did not use that word, but that's what she meant.) "With food."

"Food" announced the world's first husband.

Their first step was to place a bowl of milk by the cave's entrance and just to be on the safe side, a couple of mice carcasses.

No good. The cats paraded on their way to the hunt. But one feline with thick, reddishbrown fur and a superior way about him stopped, turned his head into the cave. He spoke - as did all the animals



in Eden.

"Don't think we cats are as dumb as the canines that serve you. We are as free as the breeze and intend to remain so. Besides, Eden is rich with mice and moles and such. We don't go hungry, you know. What extra fringe benefits can you offer us if we join you in the cave? And don't think we're as weak-willed as the canines. We won't walk with you and we

won't run to you with slobbering delight when you call our name. And we won't hunt down your prey. We'll be your friends, but not your servants. And remember we come and go as we please. So again, what's in it for us?

Adam responded. "You say there are rodents aplenty in your wild, wild woods, but not like in this mouse-infected cave. They love the shelter and the crannies where they nest. And as a special treat I promise you can lie near the fire in the winter. We will, when the mood moves us, scratch your flea-bitten head. Plus, each day you'll get a bowl of milk from the cow who we have learned to operate to yield us her milk."

The cat was intrigued. All they had to do was feast on mice and warm milk. "Wait a minute, one other thing. No vines wrapped around our necks so that we have to accompany you in your stumbled wanderings through Eden. And remember, we don't rush to you when you call our name. And, of course, no silly names like Fido or

Bow Wow. One more thing, we are private, modest creatures so we demand seclusion when bringing more of our species into the world."

Adam hesitated then rolled the huge rock from the mouth of the cave. "Welcome to our humble home."

The deal was done for all time.

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

"So when is this 'Old enough to know better' supposed to kick in?"

Bill Kruse, Huntsville



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A Future Engineer

by Ernestine Moody



As the sun was setting, this busy Mom began

her preparations for an early supper.

I could see two of my three young children deeply involved in watching Andy Griffith, Aunt Bee and Opie on our then large twelve inch round screen TV. The viewing area of the program was not as significant as the happiness displaced in this wholesome family program.

My third child, Hubert, was out of sight. However, I could hear his voice as he gave com-

mands to miniature plastic soldiers, who were positioned for battle in the nearby playroom. A child's sound not heard with today's electronic devices.

Ground beef was sizzling in the large iron skillet and my thoughts were advancing to the next day's activities. Being summertime, each of the kids was involved in the Red Cross Swimming Program. Simple, but each was assigned a different hour for their lesson. Mom and family needed an early bedtime to be able to function at a premium level the following morning.

Suddenly for no apparent reason, a kitchen drawer, which was before me, began to open. A bit strange, but

"I consider myself to be a pretty good judge of people. That's why I don't like any of them."

Roseanne Barr

"I'm only responsible for what I say, not for what you understand."

Tyler Manning, Athens

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2516 12th St. SW, just off Bob Wallace Avenue Call/e-mail today-256-536-1209 * Alabama Relay 711 perhaps my activities had caused this motion. Pushing it back into its opening, my meandering thoughts seem to resume. After a few minutes had passed, the same drawer came forward once more. Perhaps, I thought, the floor was unleveled and unbalanced. I began, like a rabbit, hopping up and down before this inanimate object. Hopefully the movement would cause the drawer to perform again. My activity was to no avail.

Then, panic entered into my thinking. Perhaps it was the subtle beginning of an earth-quake. Silent and motionless I stood waiting for the next tremor. Nothing happened; surely an earthquake tremor would be severe. With heart rapidly beating I began a vigorous motion in front of the drawer. Oh if that drawer had a brain I can only imagine what it would have been thinking.

I was pounding the floor beneath me. I had to reenact that violent movement to resolve the question surrounding the "moving drawer". Hands and feet were performing the most lively and exotic movements ever done before a kitchen drawer. Nothing, just nothing, the drawer could not be forced into its movement.

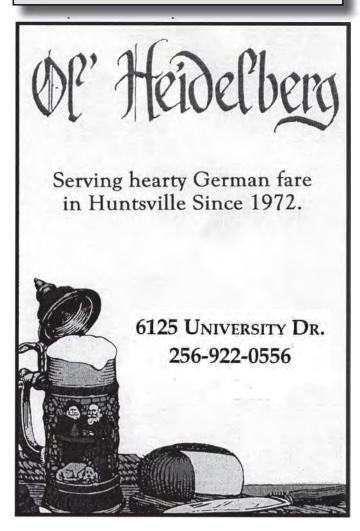
Then I heard it, a brief but definite giggle. Out of the corner cabinet adjacent to the drawers came the commanding general of the playroom's third army. Unknown to a deeply engaged cooking Mom, Hubert had planned his activities. When my back was away from the cabinets he had made calculations on positioning his body inside that cabinet, thus reaching the back of "The Drawer", and projecting it forward. Needless to say, my reaction had caused much entertainment to my informed

family.

Well folks, today Hubert is a Huntsville Engineer. Don't think his duties include measuring and calculating the projectile of a kitchen drawer. Maybe it was a sign, an early indication of his future occupation!

Oh I failed to mention, I did change my future engineer's name for this publication. Didn't know if he would be amused by his colleagues hopping around after reading this story:-) "So I was wondering - does 3 glasses of wine and 2 Bloody Marys equal 5 servings of fruits and vegetables?"

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- ODO-Ban gets out the urine smell from cats and dogs on rugs, furniture etc.

- Bath cleaner Scrubbing Bubbles is great for all types

of general cleanups.

- Always wash your hands with soap after you've been counting or handling money lots of germs there.

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You'll need a spray bottle. You can find these at the dollar store.

- 1. Peel an Orange and Lemon.
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- 3. Let the ingredients infuse in the mason jar for five days. Strain, then using a funnel pour liquid into a spray bottle.
- 4. When you're ready to clean your oven, apply baking soda to the spots in your oven you wish to clean. Spray your natural oven cleaner on the baking soda. It should start to fizz or bubble.
- 5. Wait 20 minutes before wiping down your oven with a clean wet sponge.

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"I never argue. I just explain exactly why I'm always right."

Ron Eyestone, Madison

to worry about any toxic fumes. We recommend cleaning your oven every 2-3 months. If you are a light cooker we recommend cleaning in the spring and again in the fall before the holiday baking season.

Give this a try and you'll love it. You can find the mason jars, spray bottles and funnels inexpensively at your local dollar store.

Auto Safety

Not household but there have been lots of exploding airbags lately and recalls are out there on thousands of trucks/cars. To check to see if yours may be one of them, just go to www.safercar.gov and put in your auto's vehicle ID number.

Miscellaneous

If you notice your pickup truck is sliding around in the rain, it helps to put 4 fifty-pound bags of sand in the bed of the truck, adds 200 pounds! Truck beds are generally light and that causes sliding.

Keep yourself healthy and you won't have to visit the doctor so often - gives you alot more time to do other important things.

A boiled egg is hard to beat.

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Neighbors Helping Neighbors on Monte Sano

by Delia Siegrist



Huntsville's Monte Sano neighborhood is the site of a new volunteer staffed non-profit organization, Monte Sano Village, embracing a concept which is both innovative and traditional: living at home as we age. Even though the demand for assisted living and nursing homes has skyrocketed in the last twenty years, these facilities can often be expensive and isolating.

Many elderly people have both the desire and the capacity to stay in the comfort of their own home - as long as they have support and companionship within their community. This is the purpose of "Villages": grassroots organizations of neighbors helping neighbors to live successfully at home

for as long as possible.

The first Village was conceived in historic Boston in 1999. Since then, almost 200 Villages have sprung up across the United States. However, the concept is still relatively new in our area. Monte Sano Village is one of four Villages operating in Sewanee, TN, Auburn, AL, Atlanta, GA, and now Huntsville, AL.

Delia Siegrist, a committed member of the Monte Sano community, first shared with neighbors the idea of starting a Village in 2014, when she realized that her close-knit community might have much potential to harness. After researching Villages, this group of neighbors developed a Village plan

"Marriage is a relationship where one person is always right and the other one is the husband."

Adam Wills, Scottsboro

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based on an understanding of the three fundamental services a Village should offer:

* Services to members (neighbors hoping to age in place) provided by volunteers (neighbors helping neighbors age in place).

* Social programs for both members and volunteers for purposes of health and wellness, education, and recreation.

* Referrals to professional providers for services that volunteers cannot provide to members.

Huntsville's Monte Sano Village has grown quickly since the incorporation of the Village as a nonprofit in February, 2015.

The support of other Monte Sano organizations has been invaluable: Monte Sano State Park, Monte Sano Civic Association, Monte Sano United Methodist Church, Monte Sano Baptist Church, Monte Sano Woman's Club and the Little Green Store. Monte Sano Village is just completing its first year in operation.

The Village began providing services in March 2016. In its first year, 66 volunteers provided over 400 services to 88 members. These services include anything from changing a lightbulb, to driving a member to a doctor's appointment, to helping someone choose a new cell phone, to having a fun neighborhood potluck supper.

Membership in Monte Sano Village entails a small annual fee. The Village's expanding membership assures both members and volunteers that the Village will continue to grow as a reliable resource for everyone who wants to "age in place."

Executive Director Delia Siegrist is thrilled with the success of the project and the way it has made the Monte Sano community even closer. "To pull together a Village," she says, "is by no means easy, but there is tremendous interest and need. Our members report more confidence in choosing to remain in their homes as they age, and we consider our work in the Village an investment in our community, our neighbors and ourselves."

"I went to the bank the other day and asked the teller to check my balance. She pushed me over!" Jimmy Davis, 76





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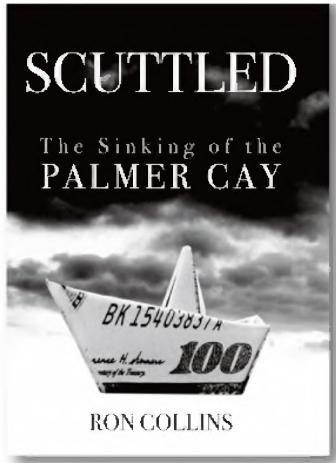
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OLD DOGS AND WATERMELON WINE

by Billy Joe Cooley



Lewis Grizzard was an excellent writer, but he couldn't sing worth a flip! Couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, but he tried. That was the general consensus the other Sunday as some of us were remembering our old friend who had just died in Atlanta.

Lewis had been in love with Huntsville for many years, long before he became famous with all those books. He would drive over from Atlanta, dine at the old House of Mandarin on South Parkway, and sip cider with a few of us at Tony Mason's nightclub, which was on University Drive across from Red Lobster.

Now and then there would be famous people in the place who didn't know who Lewis was. Sometimes Lewis didn't even know who Lewis was. Those were high times. But, as I said, he was

not yet the famous humorist that he later became.

One night we were sitting in Tony's (Tony Mason's club) when astronaut Buzz Aldrin entered with a

"As I learn the innermost secrets of the people around me, they reward me in many ways to keep me quiet."

Marty Jenison, Arab

group of friends. That impressed Lewis, so he sent word to Tony on the stage that he'd like to sing a song. He wanted to sing "Fly Me to the Moon," which would have been appropriate, but none of us knew the words.

Lewis got up, walked up to the microphone and announced that, "I'd like to sing a song written by my dearest and truest friend in all the world, including Georgia, Tom T. Hall." With that he launched into a



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strange version of "Old Dogs and Children and Watermelon Wine." He put notes where there had never been notes and gave all the credit,

just and unjust, to Tom T.

On other nights he would just sit quietly, sip and socialize and watch "the passing parade," as he called it. The passing parade included such country singers as Alabama's Jeff Cook (with his local pal Steve Shelton), George Jones and Vern Gosdin.

"I'd like to hear you sing 'He Stopped Loving Her Today' before you leave," Lewis said to George Jones one night. But George, who had apparently made a few other bar stops before sloshing into Tony's lounge, just grinned like a possum, winked at Lewis and asked Gosdin to drive him home to Florence.

One day Tom T. drove down from Franklin to visit while wife Dixie shopped for antiques. We were having coffee in the Hilton lobby when I remembered Lewis's lounge performance.

"Ever hear of Lewis Grizzard?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. Then after a brief pause, he added: "Yeah, ain't he that guy who writes stuff in the paper?" I said he was.

"Met him once," Tom T. said. "Why? Did he

promise to write a column about you?"

I said yes, he had indeed mentioned it once or twice.

"He promises everybody he's gonna write about them," said Tom T., "but he never does. He did write a column one time about 'Old Dogs and Children.' I guess that counts for something."

You couldn't help but like Lewis, though his language sometimes got pretty salty in his stage routines. I said so in print once and he just looked at me blankly. Some people had

walked out, covering their children's ears, during a Grizzard performance at the VBCC.

Lewis was not an outgoing person. He would have breakfast in a booth at Eunice's and try not to speak to anybody. But, he did write a nice blurb about her breakfasts in one of his columns.

The fact that there's a "Highway to Hell" and only a "Stairway to Heaven" says a lot about the anticipated traffic numbers.

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Finding Uncle Authur

by John E. Carson



The Roaring 20s were in full swing in St. Paul, Minnesota when the St. Thomas College Law School was established in 1923. The school would see the graduation of many noted alumni and one of them was my uncle, Arthur Q. Carson. Although his accomplishments in civilian life were many, some of his work with the government and J. Edgar Hoover mandated a silence that was not imposed on his wartime accomplishments.

Against the backdrop of Prohibition and the Get out of Jail Free Card that the city chose to give the underworld in return for leaving its businesses and citizens alone, my grandparents, Arthur H. Carson and his wife, Julia, ran a small grocery store for thirty years and raised three boys; Arthur Q, Wesley L and Howard Rudolph Carson. That little store and summer jobs on the railroad put my Uncle Arthur through two years at the University of Minnesota and three years of Law School at St. Thomas - where he graduated with a Bachelor of Law degree in 1932. He passed the bar exam on March 21, 1933.

Setting up shop in the New York Building, Arthur practiced law in St. Paul for ten years before joining the Navy. Wesley Carson went on to join the Army, serving both in WWII while Captain Glenn Miller and his orchestra played "În The Mood" to the troops in England and Korea before leaving the service at the rank of Captain. During those ten years after St. Thomas, Lieutenant JG Arthur Quentin-second in command of the LST he served on in the Philippines, had earned a Presidential Citation and newspaper coverage of his heroism in capturing a sniper that had killed several men under his command. The Purple Heart was awarded to him posthumously after his ship was torpedoed, going down with all hands aboard. Arthur Quentin Carson is listed on the Tablets of The Missing, Manila American Cemetery in the Philippines. His death was recorded officially by the Navy as July 19, 1944. Only thirty-five years of age, he had already accomplished more than many men older by far.

A Gold Star Mother and member of the Eischen Ackerman VFW Post 1715, in St. Paul, Minnesota, Julia Carson, like many wartime mothers, was heartbroken over her son's death. Choosing not to relive the pain of it

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or talking of her son's accomplishments or his relation to his cousin, F. Scott Fitzgerald, who lived nearby - and farther back to his cousin, Francis Scott Key, she nonetheless mourned his passing. Thus, many of his post-law school activities were never passed on, even though his name would be inscribed on the wall near the giant, rotating statue in the Ramsey County Courthouse. Later he would be eulogized into the Congressional Record by a fellow member of the Bar Association, Warren E. Burger - who had followed a different path in law resulting in his role of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Family disputes between my father Howard, and my grandfather, Arthur H. Carson, as well as geography, kept my siblings and I from learning of Uncle Arthur's accomplishments. Retirement and disability at the age of sixty set me on a path that led to my membership in the American Legion and subsequently re-ignited my writing career, and with it my quest to find out more about the uncle I never knew. Somewhat recovered from my ills, I began to look into the work my brother had begun long ago about our family's history.

Thanks to several other sources; chiefly Doug Hermes, Vice President for University and Government Relations at the University of St. Thomas and his staff, as well as Susan and the staff at the University of Minnesota, Anders Oftelie at the George Latimer Central library and the tireless efforts of my brother, Mark Steven Carson, along with Edward Meyer, Vice President of Ripley's Believe It or Not Exhibits and Archives; pieces of the puzzle began falling into place. This article is the first

in a series that will become the biography of a man who, had he lived, was considered to be a nominee for the DFL for the Presidential nomination - up against John F. Kennedy.

St. Thomas University, once a training institution for the military, and its Law School has

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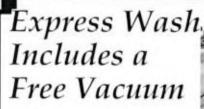
> Sign in a local Optometrist's office

produced many famous alumni and I believe my uncle should be counted among them.

The events that led a St. Paul, Minnesota native - who grew up in the crime-riddled era of the 20s and 30s - to follow a path of law and justice and a lifetime of service are hard to track down even in this digital age. But as they emerge they tell the story of a man that the city of St. Paul and the University of St. Thomas should count among their luminaries.

More information continues to be unearthed and though his body will never be recovered, I intend to complete the work of finding Uncle Arthur.





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A Lively Incident Brought to Light in Huntsville Police Court

from 1907 Huntsville Newspaper



A domestic incident of more than usual seriousness was disclosed in the police court this morning when Tom Pirtle and his wife, and W.H. Cape, all from the country, were arraigned before Major Pro-Tern Young on charges of drunk and disorderly conduct.

The story told in court was to the effect that the trio of defendants were boarding at a house on Washington Street and that Pirtle appeared in his wife's room last night in an intoxicated condition. It was supposedly after many hours of merriment and much drinking.

His wife claims that she was afraid of him and that she sought protection by going into the room of Cape, their mutual friend.

Anyhow, her husband claims she was in the friend's room when he recovered consciousness, so he seized a

pistol and chased the couple out into the street in their slumbering robes. In this condition the police found them and arrested the whole bunch

Cape and the woman were fined ten dollars each while Pirtle was fined five dollars. The fines were all paid by Cape.

After their release from custody, Pirtle is said to have threatened the life of Cape and the latter had him arrested on peace proceedings. Pirtle was unable to make a peace bond and was sent to jail.

Cape believes the scheme was made up by Pirtle and his wife for the purpose of robbing him and he says he intends to make it very hot for the couple.



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Warm Weather Tips

- 1. Make sure your windows have screens in them! Windows without screens pose a great threat to your pets when they're open, and falls can result in a shattered jaw, punctured lungs, broken bones, or worse.
- 2. Remember that pets only sweat from their paws. This is not enough to cool down, so your pup will pant to help reduce his body temperature. On very humid days or in a small space like a car, panting still isn't enough to cool down your pup—be mindful!
- 3. Secure your pets with a seat belt harness or crate when you take them adventuring along with you. Some dogs like to stick their heads out the window during car rides, and even though this is super fun for your pooch, it's not that safe. Allowing your pet to ride in the bed of a pick-up truck or sticking his face out of a moving car window is very dangerous.
- 4. Keep those Easter lilies and candy treats out of reach. Lilies can be fatal to your pet if ingested and chocolate is toxic to cats, dogs and ferrets.
- 5. Brush up on what plants in your garden are safe and unsafe for your pet. Daffodils and tulips are among the plants that can be highly toxic to cats and dogs. Refer to the full list when thinking about starting up your spring garden.
- 6. Remember to use pet-safe fertilizers and pesticides, too. These products may be helpful to your garden, but they're really harmful to your pet, so stow them away when not in use and keep your pet out of the garden area altogether.
- 7. Protect those paws! Just like your bare feet on hot pavement, your pup's feet are super sensitive to heat, so be careful where he puts his paws.
- 8. Heart worm prevention is essential. With the warmer months coming, bugs will be creeping around for sure. Heart worm is transmitted by mosquitoes so make sure your pooch is on a year-round heart worm medication!



- 9. Remember flea and tick prevention, too! Warm weather adventuring means fleas and ticks on your best buddy, so do your best to protect him! Speak with your vet about flea and tick prevention options.
- 10. Do not leave your pets in the car, especially on warm days. Even with the windows down, temperatures inside your car can rise up to 120 degrees Fahrenheit within a few minutes. If you're going to be out and about, just leave your buddies at home where it's cool.
- 11. Use pet-friendly products for spring cleaning. Almost all commercially sold cleaning products contain chemicals that are harmful to pets. Either use pet-friendly products or very carefully follow the instructions on the cleaning labels—and always keep those kind of products out of reach.
- 12. Make sure those vaccinations are up to date. Spring means you might have a lot more doggy play dates in your future, so make sure your pup is up to snuff with his vaccinations so he can safely play with the other pooches.
- 13. Keep him hydrated. Water is critical. Make sure your pet has access to fresh water at ALL times.
- 14. Be aware of heat stroke. Since animals can't sweat, their body temperature rises much more easily, making them much more prone to heat stroke. Heat stroke is an absolute medical emergency, and signs include panting, staring, high fever, rapid heartbeat, vomiting or collapse.
- 15. Use sunscreen. If your pet has very light colored hair, or has thin hair around certain areas of her body, lather her up with some sunscreen. Your pet needs protection from the sun just as much as you do!
- 16. Bring him inside. Most importantly, keep your pets in the coolest, shadiest, most comfortable spot you can find. Don't leave him outside for too long and exercise your pup responsibly.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

Vance Morris and the Alabama **Playboys**

People in Huntsville know him as the gentle, philosophical grandfather who operates Vance Morris Motors, a garage out on Oakwood Avenue.

But travel a few miles north, to Nashville, walk through the Country Music Hall of Fame, talk to some of the older stars of the music industry and you will hear tales of a living

They will tell you stories of a time, almost half a century ago, when Vance Morris and the Alabama Playboys thrilled audiences and dance crowds in giant dance parlors and ballrooms all across the eastern United States,

Others will laugh and remember stories about times when they dodged flying beer bottles while performing on stage.

But regardless of who you talk to, they all

remember.

"I would never have gotten into music if it hadn't been for an old mule," recalled Vance Morris.

"We had this old plow mule on our Oklahoma farm and one day I was following along

behind it and I got to studying it."

"It never looked ahead to see where it was going, nor did it look off to the side to see what it was missing. He just plowed ahead for 12 hours a day with nothing to look forward to.

That's when I decided that I didn't want to go through life hooked to the wrong end of a mule.'

His father was an avid lover of country music and was friends with the legendary country star Bob Wills. It was Wills who influenced Vance in his choice of a musical career.

Determined to be a musi-

cian, he bought a guitar for five dollars and spent hours trying to emulate Wills' style.

Unfortunately, the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl put Vance's budding career on hold.

"My father had been a prosperous man, but when the Depression hit, it just about wiped him out. A few years later the Dust Bowl came along and took what we had left. My mother had kin in Mississippi so we moved there. She said if we were to be poor it may as well be around family."

A few years later he came to Huntsville to visit

a friend.

"I took a drink of spring water, bought a pair of shoes and decided to stay," says the amiable guitarist.

Another inducement to staying here, according to a niece, had something to do with a Mississippi sheriff who was not very understanding of young people and their street-screeching hot rods.

The sheriff had attempted to put a halt to racing in the city limits by harassing everyone who owned a hot rod. Angered by the sheriff's high-handed



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What's a fish with no eye? A fsh.

actions, the spirited young men planned their revenge.

Creeping into town late one night, they attached a length of chain from the rear axle of the sheriff's car to a nearby tree, then raced their noisy hot rods past the jail. The sheriff, livid by this time, ran out of the jail to give chase. Unfortunately, his patrol car only went the length of the chain. The county got a large repair bill, the sheriff got a warrant and Vance got a sudden interest in Huntsville.

Vance grew up listening to a type of music which was unfamiliar to many Southerners. It was a combination of Dixieland jazz, black man's blues, and country sounds. After moving to Huntsville, he began experimenting with this new sound, which was called Texas Swing.

"Our music lessons consisted of listening to the radio and trying to copy the same sounds," he recalled.

In 1943, Morris organized the "Alabama Playboys". With 13 members, it was one of the largest bands in this part of the country.

Among the members was young W.C. Williams, whom everyone called "Hank." Years later he had to change his moniker because a young upstart named Hiram Williams from south Alabama began using the same name and became famous.

"At first we just played at store openings and street dances," recalled Williams. "But then we started getting invitations to play out of town, and not from the sheriff, either."

A local radio station featured the swing orchestra. It was during World War II and for a country accustomed to daily doses of depressing news, the fresh sound of the "Alabama Playboys" was just what the doctor ordered.

Offers came from all over the country asking the band to perform.

"We would pack ourselves

into a couple of cars, like sardines in a can, and drive like the dickens to Arkansas or wherever we were playing. Often, when we finished playing, we'd load up and drive back home the same night. Most of the boys had families and day jobs here in Huntsville."

Vance had also established himself as a pretty good race car driver. En route to dance gigs in faraway cities, band members said, he often slid the car around curves at 90 miles an hour, a practice which certain members of the band found upsetting. A few years later he would win the Tennessee State Championship for stock cars, driving a 1933 modified Ford with, as he described it, "a few goodies under the hood."

The "Alabama Playboys" continued to gain in popularity. Within a period of five or six years they had become the most popular swing band east of the Mississippi River.

Vance and his band traveled continuously, making personal appearances on radio stations all across the country and playing to overflowing crowds at every stop.

In 1948, the "Alabama Playboys" were offered a contract with the Saturday night Grand

Ole Opry.

"I had already opened up my garage by this time and we were still playing major Saturday night gigs all over the country. It didn't seem like a good thing to do at the time, to give everything up just to work on the Opry. Most of the boys felt the same way."

"Besides," Vance said as he grinned, "they only offered me

\$60 a week."

Hank Snow, during the same period, was paid only \$46 a week as an Opry regular. Versions of several of Vance's songs such as "Faded Love," "Crazy About the Boogie" and "Some of These Days" were well on their

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way to becoming classics.

With the band's popularity growing by leaps and bounds, record companies began to take interest. In 1952, the band signed a contract to cut a series of records for a Nashville recording company. Several of the songs became big hits nationally, as well as in Asia, Europe, and elsewhere.

Unfortunately for Morris, fame was all he got. The record companies, after discovering he had not copyrighted the songs, released them under another artist's name. Disillusioned by Nashville and stardom, the "Alabama Playboys" returned to Huntsville, where Vance began spending more time in building up his automotive repair business. He quickly earned a reputation for building "custom" cars that were in great demand at the time.

"This was back in the whiskey running days," recalled one old-timer. "His cars looked just like any other car on the road, but there wasn't a police car around that could stay up with them. And if the police did catch them they couldn't find the whiskey!"

"Vance had secret compartments built all over those cars. Why, he even had the headlights fixed where you could unscrew them and hide a case of whiskey in the fender behind each one of them."

Music was in his blood, though, and it wasn't long before the band was performing again. This time, instead of traveling, they chose to play in area night spots.

Among these night spots, and probably the most infamous, was the White Castle, which was located at the intersection of Winchester Road and Meridian Street. It was illegal to sell alcohol in those days, but the management of the White Castle had made "certain arrangements" with the local authorities.

The White Castle was a rough establishment, but the owner, Laurel Hardin, had her own way of keeping order.

When a fight would break out, "Aunt Laurel" would wade into the fracas, pushing people right and left. Grabbing the offenders by their shirt collars, she would shove her .45 caliber pistol in their faces.

"Boys," she would say, "you can fight in here or you can go outside, but if you fight in here you better call yourselves an ambulance. Cause when I get done, you'll need one!"

W.C. "Hank" Williams remembered playing at the Castle during its heyday. "You could say it was good exercise. If they ever had a contest for dodging flying beer bottles we would

have won easily. One night they had a fight and several beer bottles came flying on stage. I managed to get out of the way, but when I looked down I saw that one of the bottles had hit my bass and was sticking out by its neck!"

"We had a good time playing there," Morris said. "But we couldn't take any breaks. Every time a fight would start, Aunt Laurel would holler at us, "Play, boys, play!"

By the mid 1950s the band members started drifting their separate ways. Guitarist Malcolm Buffaloe moved to Chicago where he continued to perform until recently. "Hank" Williams opened a small gas station that has today grown into a chain of Williams Oil Company service stations. Other members moved away and never returned.

In 1981, twelve recordings by Vance and the "Playboys" were placed into the Country Music Hall of Fame at Nashville. In 1986, the band was reunited in Chicago, where they played their last public performance to a standing ovation.





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- Some excitement was created here today when it was learned that Dr. B. S. Pettus, 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. He 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, 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.
- The ladies of the First Methodist Church will give their Bazaar and delightfully prepared meals on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of November. All are encouraged to attend, and it's expected to be one of the largest crowds ever.

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Cough - Mix one teaspoon of whiskey with a pinch of sugar, heat over a fire and drink. Eat a mixture of honey and vinegar. Put some ground ginger from the store in a saucer and add a little sugar. Put it on the tongue just before bedtime. It burns the throat and most of the time will stop coughs. Take some rock candy with tea. Dissolve four sticks of horehound candy in a pint of whiskey and take a couple of spoonfuls a day.

- Cramps - To cure cramps in the feet, turn your shoes upside down before going to bed.

- Croup - Squeeze the juice out of a roasted onion and drink. Add a little vinegar, lemon, or onion to honey and eat. Drink a thick syrup made of onion juice and honey. Boil an onion, some turpentine, and some lard together. Pour the juice on a cloth and put it on the chest.

- Earache - Pour drops of juice from the buddie blooms (sweet shrub) into ear. Dissolve table salt in lukewarm water and pour this into ear. This dissolves the wax which is causing the pain. Pour castor oil, or sweet oil into ear. Break apart a Betty bug at the neck, and squeeze one or two drops of blood into ear. Warm a spoonful of urine and put a few drops in ear. Put a few ashes in an old rag. Dampen it with hot water and sleep with your head on it.

- Gallbladder Trouble -Take a spoonful of pure corn whiskey and Black Draught.

- **Headaches** - Bind wilted beet leaves on the forehead. Tie a flour sack around your head. Put several ginseng roots in a piece of brown paper and tie to your head. Put turpentine and beef tallow in a bandage and tie it around your head. Smear brow with crushed onions. Rub camphor and whiskey on head.

- **Hiccups** - Take a teaspoon

of peanut butter, (this always works for me). Put half a teacup of dried apples in a teacup of water in a pot. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Strain out the remains of the apples, and drink the juice while hot.

- **Pain Killer** - Roast some poke roots by the fire. Scrape them clean with a knife and grind up. Make a poultice out of the powder and apply to the bottom of the foot. It will draw pain out of anywhere in the body.

- Toothache - Put drops of vanilla straight from the bottle on the tooth. Hold whiskey or

turpentine on the tooth.

- Car Sickness - Suck on a lemon to cure car sickness.

- **Indigestion** - Mix a little baking soda in a cup of room temperature water and drink it down. You'll burp a lot but it will help the indigestion.

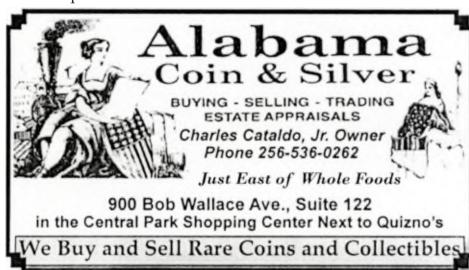
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Retiring the Red Monogrammed Nightgown

by Judy Chandler Smith

My son Owen's car was broken into a few weeks ago. He was visiting his brother, Brent. Brent lives on Chambers Street. He was parked in the carport and Owen parked right behind Brent's car. Owen ran into the house for a few minutes with car unlocked. To Owen's amazement when he returned to his vehicle, he found that his car had been robbed.

His console was up and his North Face book bag was missing as was his wallet. The book bag had his Biology work notes, books and binders for classes for University of Alabama/Huntsville. One of the books cost over \$300.00. Also, important to him were the contents in his wallet. Nothing would be of any use to anyone but him, however losing his class notes and books were of a terrible loss. How could he ever catch up in class? He was just praying his teachers would be understanding and I was praying some kind person might find the books and return them.

On a Monday night as I crawled into bed wearing my red monogrammed nightgown and almost asleep, I made myself get up to check the answering machine. I couldn't believe my ears. I had to play the message three times to get the name and phone number correctly. It was a Bill Robinson and he said that he had been walking his dog and saw several books, papers and binder on the side of the road as well as contents from a wallet. It appeared to belong to Owen and if I would contact him, I could get Owen's much needed books back. I was so excited, I returned his call and said I would be right over.

When I was driving out my driveway at 11:00 p.m. I real-

ized that I had on the red monogrammed nightgown, robe and fuzzy slippers.

Quickly getting my thoughts together, I called Brent telling him to get dressed as he would have to ride with me to retrieve Owen's books. I wasn't dressed to go meet anyone.

Bill Robinson told Brent that he remembers Owen from being a Spanish teacher at HHS. He also knew the books were expensive and if they were truly Owen's he would be needing them. We thanked him profusely and I took Brent home and them left the books on Owen's porch so he could find them when he got ready for class. As I pulled into my carport I thought to myself - yes Virginia there are still some caring and considerate people in the world and Bill Robinson is certainly one of them. Now I think I will retire the red monogrammed nightgown. I've had enough outings in it.

Well, on second thought, I might just wear it one more time - next Valentine's Day.

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My Memories of Big M Farms

by Nolan Myrick

I baled hay for Mr. Powell, Sr. at Big M Farms in the late 1960s. I helped around the farm in the winter, too, when I had time. Counting the mountain land, I believe he had 750 acres. It was a big operation, and they even had hay fields in Gurley on rented land. One week we baled 6,000 bales and put them in barns in Maysville near Gurley. I cut hay so late at night that when I would get tired I would turn the engine off and sleep in the field on a pile of green hay.

When they started selling land for houses they did it in stages, and we kept cutting hay on the land not being developed. Mr. Powell gave me keys to the gates and I cut hay most all the time in summer. I got 60% of hay and he got 40%. We stacked it in the sale barn where they used to break the calves to lead. Mr. Powell would drive his Lincoln out to the edge of the field and sit and watch me cut hay. Sometimes he would bring out a hamburger and glass of tea. Everywhere you saw him he would have his little brown dog named Missy.

You could sit on a tractor for hours working anywhere around Maysville or

Hurricane Creek and enjoy looking at the mountains. The only thing better than the mountains were the people. When we moved there in 1958, there weren't many people around. Some of the best people on earth lived in Maysville and Hurricane, I guess I knew all of them.

I would go sit and talk to Mr. Powell alot. I started cutting hay when I was 13 years

"Don't argue with an idiot. People watching may not know the difference.

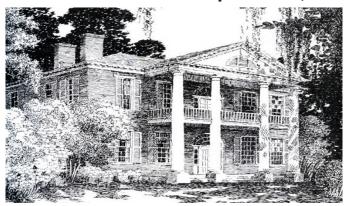
Neil Keith, Huntsville

old on Mr. Frank Powell's farm on Highway 72 East. He was Mr. Dudley Powell, Sr.'s father. He had a big house on Hwy. 72 next to Chapman Mountain. It's still there and there's an old graveyard with some trees on it. It's across the road from what used to be Chase Nursery.

When I cut hay there I used a big barn behind the

At Home

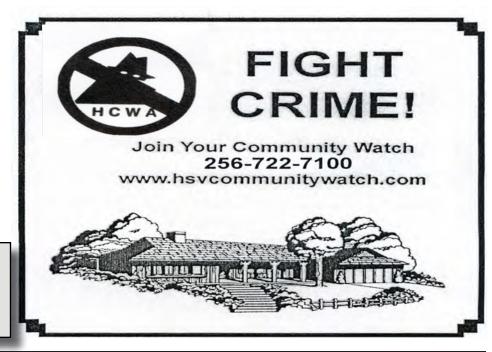
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house to store hay. Mr. Frank raised mules and rented them to the mills in Huntsville. The old house is said to have one of the first ceramic tile baths in Huntsville. Mr. Dudley, Sr. would sit for hours and tell me stories of his tire business. When he had the tire store, tires were hard to get. He worked a lot of hours at that tire store.

He always called me "boy". One year it got real dry. The year before I moved to Fayetteville, I had about 60 head of Hereford cattle I had gotten from him. Every time they had a cow die having a calf, he would give the calf to me. I would raise the calf on a Jersey cow or powdered milk. If the calf lived, he would give me the papers on it. All I had to do was pay to have it registered.

The drought took all my grass, and he had a field next to Salty Bottom Road. He let me move my cows to Big M. I guess I had the last cows on Big M while he owned it.

Mr. Powell would laugh while we talked and tell me he was going to name a road after me at Big M before he got through developing it. I thought he was joking. After I had been gone maybe 5 years, he sent me a survey showing my road: Nolan Drive. It made me feel good and still does to know my name is still in Maysville.

Time moved on, and one Christmas Mrs. Powell called and said Mr. Powell would like

"Always do sober what you said you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut."

Ernest Hemingway

to see me. I smoked cigarettes when I was young and Mr. Powell smoked. As I talked to him over the years he had a habit of playing with a Zippo cigarette lighter. He would flip the top open and shut it over and over.

Joyce and I rode down to the big house on Adams Street. You could pull in beside the house and not park on the street. Our old truck looked out of place as we parked and went in. Mr. Powell was waiting.

I remember he said, "Come on in boy and set down." He handed me a little present wrapped in a neat package. I opened it up and he had given me a Zippo cigarette lighter. I lost the lighter years later in a barn unloading hay.

I guess that was the last time I saw Mr. Powell, Sr. I can't remember when I didn't know someone in the Powell family. And I've still got Hereford cows.

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A BRIEF HISTORY OF TRIANA

Submitted by Charlie Polk Lyle, and dedicated to his Father, Charles Dillard Lyle



Charles Dillard Lyle was born in Triana in 1883. Charlie or Charles was the son of John Lyle and Florence Halsey Lyle. He had three brothers and one sister. The Lyle lineage goes back to the people of "The Isle" or (Lyle). They were ship builders living on an island off the coast of Scotland.

Triana was named for Captain Triana (pronounced Treeana) who commanded one of the three ships making up the convoy of Christopher Columbus.

When the first settlers explored Madison County, it was about the time of John Hunt, who built his cabin above the Big Spring in 1805. They found an immense forest growth, a tract of land as clear of timber and undergrowth as a town meadow. This cleared spot

was once a large Indian town known to the few Indian traders who preceded the white settlers as "Chickasaw Old Fields" and called "Big Prairie" by the Indians. It was on this spot later that the town of Triana was built.

"Healthy-appearing, decrepit 69 year old male, mentally alert but very forgetful."

Seen on patient chart

According to Judge Taylor's history, between 1805 and 1809 large numbers of wealthy and cultured people came into Madison County, principally from Georgia, Virginia and South Carolina. It was not until the creation of Madison County by proclamation of Governor Robert Williams of the Mississippi Territory on December 13, 1808 and about a year later when provision was made by the Federal Government to have this land sold at public auction in Nashville, Tennessee.

Four days after the inauguration of Governor Bibb, Alabama's first Governor at Huntsville on November 9, 1819, a bill was passed by the legislature incorporating the town of Triana. This act was amended to provide a governing board consisting of five trustees. Shortly thereafter the trustees proceeded to divide the town into streets, lots and blocks.

Prior to the incorporation of the town, several large landowners owned immense tracts of land in the Triana Township, an area of about six miles square. Among those mentioned in Judge's history were Merriweather Lewis, J.G. Dillard and three Toney brothers; Harris, Caleb and Edmund. At

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this time, the best cotton land in the county was located along the Tennessee River from Whitesburg, and then known as Ditto Landing to a point three miles west of Triana.

Madison County, as we all know, has led all counties in the state in cotton production practically without interruption since its creation in 1808. In 1816 Madison County produced ten thousand bales for the market, which according to The Nations Intelligencer, was twice the production of any county of its size in the U.S.

The big problem facing the cotton merchants was transportation with no railroads. The only means of transportation was by navigation. As early as 1815 the leading businessmen of the county were making plans to manage the situation. Cotton had to reach the Tennessee River to be loaded on stream boats and transported to New Orleans via Paducah, Kentucky down the Ohio River to Cairo and thence into the Mississippi for its ultimate destination. Tri-

ana was an excellent site for a port, being located on a high bluff at a point where the wide and deep Indian Creek emptied into the Tennessee River.

This made Triana a perfect port town with the potential of being one of the larger towns in Alabama.

The idea of building a canal from Huntsville to Triana using the Big Spring Branch and Indian Creek seemed to be the solution.

I find the records in conflict as to the time this canal was dug. One historian claims the canal was open to the flat boats in 1827 being drawn by mules walking along the banks. These barges or flatboats were called Keelboats capable of carrying 80 to 100 bales of cotton.

Another claims no action was taken until the Indian River Navigation Co. was incorporated December 21, 1830 and that the project was later abandoned. It was found impossible to obtain sufficient water even with a system of expensive locks to operate these flat boats except

at certain times of the year when the water supply was plentiful. I guess it will remain for future generations to settle this point.

Regardless of the fact as to whether the canal was a failure or a success, enthusiasm ran high and two years later when the canal was completed there was a wild scramble to purchase property along the Tennessee River in Triana. City lots were sold at prices ranging from \$700.00 to \$1,400.00. Warehouses, public buildings, a bank, hotel, stores were built. Triana was on a boom. It was thought that Triana would become the principal inland shipping point for cotton in the South.

Act of State approved January 21,1832 charted Triana Academy in 1832. Alas, for the hopes and aspirations of its people, its doom was sealed when the Memphis and Charleston Railroad was extended some years later from Decatur to Chattanooga.

The foregoing seems to cover the highlights in Triana's growth and development.

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The Coon Hunt

by Malcolm Miller

When I was a small boy growing up in Ryland, Alabama, possum and coon hunting were very popular activities, both from the standpoint of sport and also putting food on the family table. My older brothers would go on many hunts as food was scarce, especially meat, and we had to eat anything we could get. The family ate the possums and saved the coons hides to sell. I have eaten coon meat but it was kind of tough and stringy. The possum meat was good if you were terribly hungry and you baked it with sweet potatoes surrounding it. These days I don't believe I would ever be hungry enough to eat either possum or coon. It really wouldn't matter if I would eat it or not as I don't believe I could find anyone that would cook it for me.

The Ryland community is halfway surrounded by mountains and on almost any given still fall night my friends and I could look toward the mountain and see slow moving lantern lights along the side of the mountains. These would be other hunters following their hunting dogs and waiting for them to tree either a possum or a coon.

My dog, old Fuzzy, was the best possum dog in the whole community and other people would come by and borrow him to go on their hunts. Fuzzy loved that as he looked forward to locating the possums and the coons and he always returned tired and very proud of himself.

The majority of this activity took place in the late nineteen twenties and through the nineteen thirties when I was too little to take part in these hunts. However, after I was grown I took part in a coon hunt that I will remember as long as I live. I didn't realize what I was getting into when I agreed to go on a coon hunt with Walter Pigg, Les Webster, Wiley Hopkins and Arnie Eliff.

This turned out to be one of the worst experiences of my life. We hunted in Banyon Bottom which was located somewhere west of Hazel Green. First of all the place was nothing much but a very large swamp full of mud holes and streams and I was the only one in the group that didn't have on boots. Arnie Eliff, who along with me is the only one still living, would carry me on his back across the streams and water holes even though he was short and I was six four. He had to be really strong to do that.

And now, as Paul Harvey use to say, here is the rest of the story. The only thing the dogs treed that evening was a skunk.

The hunting dogs caught and killed the skunk on the ground, getting sprayed with that wonderful skunk perfume in the process. That skunk perfume remained in my memory for a very long time. It also remained on the hunting dogs for a long period of time.

Finally we got back out on a gravel road. Meanwhile everyone except Arnie and I was dog drunk on moonshine whiskey and shooting a shot gun in every direction and yelling at the top of their lungs. When we started home I had to sit in the back with three coon dogs next to me and their recently acquired perfume permeating the air. Needless to say when I got home I had to leave my clothes on the front porch.

This coon hunt happened over sixty-five years ago. That was enough coon hunting to last a lifetime and the memories still linger in my mind.



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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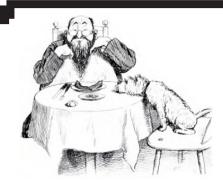


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- For sale a buggy horse for sale. Can be seen at the Rev. Carey Gamble's residence on Franklin Street.
- For sale one Maxwell motor car slightly used. \$400 will get this \$600 machine if prompt purchase is made. Call on M.C. Swaim, 365 Meridian Street.
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