



No. 291  
May 2017



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



## Jim McBride Huntsville's Music Legend

Jim attended Rison Elementary, Lee Junior High and graduated from Lee High School in 1965. Like a good many of the young boys in those days Jim had a paper route with the Huntsville Times. A lot of the money he earned on the paper route was spent on 45 rpm records at Arnold Hornbuckle's Record Shop downtown Huntsville.

*Also in this issue:* The Rags of Louis Miller

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*Domie Lewter  
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# Jim McBride: Huntsville's Music Legend

by Malcolm W. Miller

Jim McBride, a Huntsville native, is a Country Music Association (CMA) Award Winning, Grammy and Academy of Country Music (ACM) nominated songwriter. His career writing country music has lasted over thirty-five years. Jim is one of those songwriters that puts his whole heart and soul into all the songs he writes.

He was born and raised in Huntsville, the son of parents James Alvin and Helen Hillis McBride.

When he was eleven years old I delivered mail to his parents' home on Rison Avenue in Huntsville. Even at that time he was interested in music and playing with the guitar. His first guitar at the age of six was a Gene Autrey plastic model.

There was a shut-in woman that lived close to the McBride's on Rison and I always went directly into that lady's home to

deliver her mail as she was not able get out of her house. Many times when I delivered the mail Helen was there visiting with this lady and helping her. That is the type of people that the McBrides were.

Jim attended Rison Elementary, Lee Junior High and graduated from Lee High School in 1965. Like a good many of the young boys in those days Jim had a paper route with the Huntsville Times. A lot of the money he earned on the paper route was spent on 45 rpm records at Arnold Hornbuckle's Record Shop downtown Huntsville. Jim loved all these songs on the 45's, Brook Benton, Clyde McPhatter, Ricky Nelson, Johnny Cash and of course Elvis.

The radio brought country music to all of us in our early years. On Saturday night most everyone listened to the Grand Ole Opry. Jim's family was no different. He still has the 1946 Philco Radio that his whole family listened to the Grand Ole Opry, old radio shows and the Saint Louis Cardinal's baseball games at night. During the day Helen kept the radio tuned to country music, usually WBHP. Jim remembers popular disc jockeys of that time including Joe Rumore out of Birmingham and Huntsville's own Slim Lay.

Believe it or not I am the first songwriter that Jim knew per-

**Remember that women always have the last word in an argument. Anything a man adds after that is the beginning of a new argument.**



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*(in memory)*

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sonally. I wrote a lot of memorable songs, but only had a few succeed. One of mine that has been playing for 45 years is "Snuff Dipper" by Mike Snider. One that I wrote and it did not become as popular is "Susie's Poodle Dog". Jim claims he still knows all the words to that song. It was quite catchy and a cute song. It was on one side of a record with Slim Lay singing. The other side of that record was Carolyn Gossett singing "I'll Never Find Another You".

Jim loved all music, not just country. He loved the church hymns, Rock and Roll, R&B and big band music. When Alvin McBride returned from the Navy after World War II he loved the Dorsey Brothers, Glenn Miller and Harry James. Jim listened to those many nights with his Dad and loved all this music as much as his Dad did and treasured the memorable times with him. Jim still loves this music today as well as nostalgic music by Bob Wills, Roy Acuff and the Carter

family.

Jim wrote his first song at the age of 12. It was a song about William Bonney, alias, Billy the Kid. He put the words he wrote to a melody from a song about Davy Crockett. At the age of 18, lyrics and melodies started popping up in his head and he began to write them down.

Jim took a trip to Nashville to pitch his songs in the late 1960's. His cousin Patsy Upton knew a fireman named Raymond Smith who was a friend of Curly Putman. Raymond called Curly and was able to make an appointment with him. Curly, from North Alabama, became his mentor and his friend. Curly gave Jim good advice whether it was positive or negative and was always honest about Jim's style of writing.

Curly put Jim in touch with a great friend of his that lived here in Huntsville, Maurice Ramsey, a fireman. Maurice had a band in Huntsville and was a great musician and a

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great man. Maurice worked at Fire Hall #3 in Huntsville.

Jim would sing the lyrics he had written to Maurice, and then Maurice would put the melodies with the lyrics and play them back for Jim while he sang the songs. Then they would put them on reel to reel tape.

Now I can't help but wonder how many people reading this know about reel-to-reel tapes and how many different ways to record music have developed since that time.

I was a great friend of Curly's and Maurice's and Jim. I would talk songs and things music related when we would get together. I have in the past written stories about Curly and Maurice as they were wonderful song writers, great singers, and generous honest men who were willing to share their talents with others.

Curly, during a visit, convinced Jim to purchase a guitar and learn to play the songs he wrote if his desire was to truly succeed as a songwriter. The next day Jim sold a pistol and bought a Yamaha FG75 guitar for \$62 from Stan Moore at Corder Music. Jim wrote a lot of songs with this guitar and it is now on display at the Alabama Music Hall of Fame.

In the early 1970s Kontention Recording Studio opened on Oster Drive. Jim and other music lovers and hopeful songwriters including me would hang out there. Also around that time Price Mitchell cut a song of Jim's for the "B" side of his record. The "A" side was a cover of "Mr. and Mrs. Untrue." Jim's song on the "B" side was "I Might As Well Be Home".

Soon after that Bill Malone, WIXC in Fayetteville, Tennes-

see began to play Jim's records which were on a small local label. Following soon after, the Hager Brothers on Hee Haw cut five of Jim's songs on an album for Barnaby Records, Andy Williams' Company. Jim's songs now were being heard nationwide. Jim did not make money from this venture and during the next several years he would continue to take Curly's songs, however nothing concrete came from those visits.

In 1974 Jim did some demos with Bobby Bare, then Bobby sold his company and Jim became discouraged and the guitar ended up in his closet for



the next four years.

I ran into Jim again in early 1978. We worked at the Post Office together for several years. Jim worked for the United States Post Office for 14 years before he went to Nashville. We talked music and song writing as I did with everyone of course and I told Jim that Curly told me he thought Jim



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could make it as a songwriter in Nashville. Curly also said that about me, but I was too afraid to leave my family and a good paying job at the Post Office for the unknown outcome in Nashville.

At that time Jim rededicated himself to writing and he resigned from the Post Office on December 26, 1980. On December 27, 1980 he and his family moved to Franklin, Tennessee, with the hope of making it big in country music. In 1981 his first big hit was "Bet Your Heart on Me". The following decade was pretty lean for Jim; he had mostly album cuts and singles that stopped mid-way up the charts. That was enough to keep him writing though. We all know there are very few overnight successes.

In 1988, Jim received a phone call from a then unknown artist named Alan Jackson. Jackson was familiar with Jim's work through previous recordings including Keith Whitley's first RCA album. The two got together to co-write and their

first session produced "Chasin' That Neon Rainbow".

In the next few years Jim and Alan wrote four more hit songs, three of which went number one in Billboard and/or Radio and Records and more than a dozen album cuts for Alan as well as Randy Travis. In 1993 Jim had four songs on Jackson's ACM Album of the Year. "Chattahoochee" from that album was American Society of Composers, Authors (ASCP) Song of the Year and Billboard's Most Performed Song of 1993. It was nominated for a Grammy in 1993 and in 1994 it was named the GMA song of the year. Also during this time Conway Twitty released a song Jim had co-written with Roger Murray as a single titled "A Bridge That Just Won't Burn".

In 1995, Jim received the

**"I didn't climb to the top of the food chain to be a vegetarian."**

**Jerry Carter**

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Alabama Music Hall of Fame Creator's Award for his contributions to the musical heritage of his home state. In 2000, Jim received another ACM Song of the Year nomination for "Angels in Waiting" by Tammy Cochran.

Among many other industry awards, Jim has three Nashville Songwriters Association International Awards. He also served on the board and as President of that organization. Jim has songs on over 70 million records sold.

He has had numerous Southern Gospel, Foreign and Bluegrass hits through the years. Over 100 artists have recorded Jim's songs, including artists from the United States, Canada, Australia and Ireland.

Jim recently sang and played at the Von Braun Civic Center with the Huntsville, Alabama Songwriter's Show, Jim Parker's Songwriter Series with Jimmy Payne, Jim Parker and Billy Yates.

I understand from those in attendance that the show was excellent.

Jim has two sons, Brent and Wes. The boys formed a band in Huntsville in the late 80s

with Jeff Church. The band played gigs from Missouri to the Gulf Coast for about ten years. They recorded a few songs for the Charlie Daniel's label before they called it quits. Both of Jim's boys are excellent musicians.

Helen, Jim's mother, passed away in 1981. Before she passed she was able to see Conway Twitty sing one of Jim's songs at the VBCC. Alvin, Jim's father, passed away in 2007 and therefore was able to experience much of Jim's fame and was naturally very proud.

Jim recently married Jeanne Ivey, a classmate from their days at Rison Elementary and Lee High School. They have now moved back to Alabama and live in Hazel Green on land where his Grandfather worked as a sharecropper.

He admires the Brier Fork Flint River where his Dad learned to swim and where they fished together when he was a boy. He loves the fields and woods where he hunted as a boy. He experiences a lot of good memories here in the area where he was born and raised and he and Jeanne enjoy each day in the area where they both

spent their early days.

Living the Nashville life was exciting, however nothing compares to the Huntsville and Madison Country area where he is close to his family and friends.

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## THE OLD CITY HALL

by Jimmy Wall, Jr.  
(orig. publ. in the 1990s)

The City Hall in Huntsville, Alabama in the 1940s and 1950s has not changed much in light of the functions which remain in the responsibility of city government.

At that time, City Hall housed the offices of the Mayor, the Clerk-Treasurer, the jail, the police and fire departments, the public works department (street department) and the water department.

Since my father's office was located in this early building (he served as Superintendent of the Water Department for 40 years). I have many rich memories of visiting City Hall and taking advantage of golden opportunities to become personally acquainted with many of the police officers, firemen, Mayor A.W. McAllister, Clerk-Treasurer Norris Payne as well as a myriad of others.

With such an extended family of city employees all over town,

guess who knew of your activities before you got home? At that time, Huntsville had a population of approximately 12,000-15,000.

The bell situated atop the City Hall of that day was located between the ramp of the fire hall and the sidewalk next to the City Council. The City Clerk-Treasurer would pull the long rope which sounded the bell to alert the citizens that the City Council had been called into session. This bell was also used as a fire alarm for the downtown area.

When this former City Hall building was demolished, the City Council voted to preserve the bell and granted special permission to relocate the bell for use at the Jones Valley United Methodist Church on Drake Avenue in the Jones Valley area where it is located today.

Although it was indeed sad to see this building, as well as many other historical structures, torn down over the years in Huntsville, the memories associated with them still warm the hearts of many people today.



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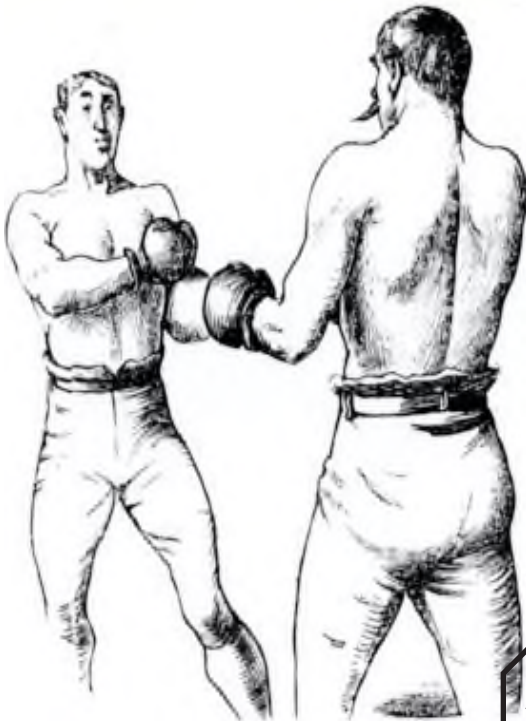
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# A MEMORIAL DAY REMEMBRANCE

by Bill Wright



haired, athletic guy. Chick played football for our high school team.

After high school completion, we formed a neighborhood football team and played teams from other areas of town every Sunday afternoon during the autumn season.

Chick played a position next to me on the team. I always liked it when Chick played next to me because not only was he a good football player, but he was also a prominent boxer in the local area. He had par-

Everyone at elementary school knew him as Chick Neigel. During my years in elementary school I did not know his real first name; just always called him Chick. He was a friendly kid and was liked by everyone. I never heard Chick mention his father or any brothers or sisters. I believe his mother worked for a local bakery.

Our first year in high school, Chick was now known as Julius Hardeman. I never knew why the name change and did not ask him - I still called him Chick. He was now a tall, rangy, blond-



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*Freida Jones, Arab*

anticipated in several boxing matches. I felt that if a fight broke out during the football game, Chick would be a good one to be near me.

In June 1950 the Korean War began as Communist North Korea invaded South Korea. Chick Neigel, like so many young men living in our neighborhood, would be inducted into the U.S. Army, trained and then sent to fight in combat against the invading Communist Forces of North Korea and China; in helping liberate South Korea.

Chick was assigned to the Army's famed 2nd Infantry Division. Chick served in a front-line Infantry Company as a Sergeant.

It was September, 1951 when the 2nd Infantry Division was assigned the task of taking an enemy-held hill, which later would be the famed "Heartbreak Ridge" of the Korean War. It was a battle that lasted one month and resulted in 3,700 casualties for American and French troops - over 500 were killed in action.

The battle received its name when a news reporter overheard an American Army Lieutenant tell his Commander, "It is heart-breaking to keep sending young Americans to their death."

The 2nd Infantry Division, along with French Army troops, finally won the battle and the hill; however, when the casualty report reached the United Nations and United States High Military Commands, they were stunned by the high number of casualties. Thus, they directed that no future offen-

sive battles like Heartbreak Ridge were to be taken. They felt that occupying that particular hill was of little military value for such a high number of casualties.

Chick had once expressed to a relative of mine that if he ever served in combat in Korea, he had a premonition he would not survive.

Chick Neigel (Julius Harde-man), lost his life in the Battle of Heartbreak Ridge, on September 19, 1951. He was 21 years old. Chick was


buried with Full Military Honors at a local National Cemetery, located in the same neighborhood where he grew up as a child and attended Elementary School.

Chick was one of our "Neighborhood's Finest".

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*Jesse Johns, Woodville*

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*From the Year 1886 (The Huntsville Daily Mercury)*

\* In the store of Cooper & Lovett the reporter noticed three beautiful oil paintings, all of which were executed by the fair hand of Miss Clara Newman of this city. One of the paintings represent a staunch old rustic bridge and is a perfect realization on canvas of the bridge at the mouth of Aldridge Creek at Whitesburg. The picture is truthful in detail, and speaks well for the artistic talent of the fair young artist. The other paintings represent a marine view, and a cluster of flowers.

\* Take a trip to Monte Sano and see the new hotel building. If you take a girl with you be sure and get an elegant rig from the stables of Patton & Coyle.

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*From the Year 1917 (The Huntsville Daily Times)*

\* To use street slang, "the devil broke loose last night" if the number of robberies tell anything. The criminals broke out it seems at Orgain and Loyd's Grocery Store in the Stegall Hotel corner, moved

over to Mrs. Annie Hamlett's Millinery Store, made an entrance attempt at the Hotel Twickenham Pharmacy, passed down to the Gulf Refining Co.'s station near the jail, thence to Joe Collier's Grocery Store on the East Side Square, back to Graham's Cash Grocery and apparently satisfied their efforts by taking their final revenge out on Irvine Bros. Cash Grocery. No arrests have been made but the officers are working diligently on the cases. Small loot was secured at each place.

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*From the Year 1967 (The Huntsville Times)*

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county officials are confident that an overflowing crowd will attend the festivities, set for the building's North Side Square.

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mission, will serve as emcee. Record will introduce officials and special guests following the invocation of Dr. Alvin Hopson, First Baptist Church Pastor and President of the Huntsville Ministers Association. Sparkman will be introduced by Lt. Gov. Albert Brewer of Decatur, who will make brief remarks.

Following Sparkman's address, the Huntsville Historical Society, headed by Mrs. Sarah Huff Fisk, will conduct the cornerstone ceremony. The Rev. Charles McKimmon, vice-president of the local ministers association, will give the benediction.

Afterward, Record and Commissioners Dudley Clark, Edwin Jones, James Bell and Lawrence Cobb will engage in a ribbon cutting ceremony, officially opening the building.

At the conclusion of formal activity, the public will be allowed to tour all of the \$5 million building except the ninth and 10th storied jail, which is excluded for security purposes.

\* A lecture and color slides of Dr. Wernher Von Braun's journey to the Antarctic will be presented tonight during a fund-raising dinner sponsored by the Community Ballet Assn. Dr. Ernest Stuhlinger, Director of the Research Projects Laboratory at the Marshall Space Flight Center who accompanied Dr. Von Braun on the trip, will make the presentation.

The dinner will be held in the ballroom of the Sheraton Motor Hotel at 6 p.m. today, preceded by a social hour.

\* Mrs. Herman Vann was moved from the Huntsville Hospital to her home in New Hope yesterday afternoon.



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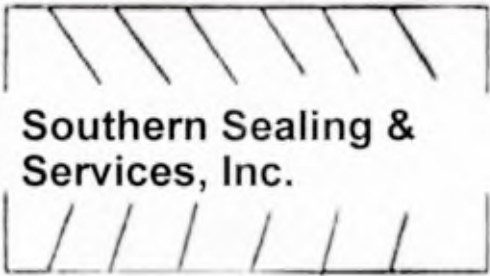
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# DID YOU KNOW?

## QUICK FACTS ABOUT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

*Compiled by John E. Carson*

- In 1809, the town of Twickenham incorporated in U.S. Mississippi Territory.
- In 1811 Twickenham was renamed Huntsville.
- In 1817 Huntsville became part of U.S. Alabama Territory and in that same year the Huntsville Republican newspaper began publication.
- 1819 - Alabama Territory Constitutional Convention was held in Huntsville and the town became part of the new U.S. State of Alabama; in addition, the newly formed Alabama Legislature convened in Huntsville.
- In 1820, the Alabama State Capitol relocated from Huntsville to Cahaba.
- 1822 was the approximate date that Maple Hill Cemetery was put into use.
- The Southern Advocate and Huntsville Advertiser newspapers went into publication in 1825.
- In 1840, the population of Huntsville was 2,496.
- In 1870, the population was 4,907.
- The Memphis and Charleston Railroad began operation in 1855.
- The Huntsville Depot was built in 1860.
- Union forces occupied Huntsville in 1862 during the Civil War.
- In 1888, the Monte Sano Railroad Workers House was built.
- Oakwood College was founded in 1896.
- The B'nai Israel Synagogue was built in 1899.
- The population of Huntsville in 1900 was 8,068.



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## The Window from Which We Look

A young couple moves into a new neighborhood. The next morning while they are eating breakfast, the young woman sees her neighbor hanging the wash outside.

"That laundry is not very clean", she said. "She doesn't know how to wash correctly. Perhaps she needs better laundry soap."

Her husband looked on, but remained silent.

Every time her neighbor would hang her wash to dry, the young woman would make the same comments. About one month later, the woman was surprised to see a nice clean wash on the line and said to her husband, "Look, she has learned how to wash correctly. I wonder who taught her this."

The husband said, "I got up early this morning and cleaned our windows. Now we can see through them."

And so it is with life. What we see when watching others depends on the purity of the window through which we look.



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# Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



Our Photo of the Month winner for April was none other than **Mary Jane Caylor!** She recognized that little face of retired **District Circuit Judge Hartwell Lutz** immediately. Mary Jane was Superintendent of Huntsville Schools for 9 years, then went to the State Board of Education and served for another 16 years. Today she's taking painting and piano lessons, doing yoga and just enjoying her freedom!

One of my saddest days recently was having to say good-bye to a lady with beautiful eyes and a smile that would light up a room. **Suzie Nolen-Bennett** was only 56 years old when she passed away on April 2. She was a singer with the purest voice and worked professionally as keyboard player, songwriter and singer. The absolute loves of her life were her

brother **Scott**, husband **John** and her parents, **Charles and Shirley Nolen**. She is survived by her husband **John Bennett**, brother **Scott Nolen** of California, parents **Shirley and Charles Nolen** of Huntsville, nieces and nephews. She had a special love for all animals, and pets that she owned had the best life. Her passing leaves a huge void in the lives of those who loved her.

There are so many good events coming up in May and June - Huntsville is such a musical city and so many travel here for the performances and shows. On June 2 the 13th Annual Cigar Box Guitar Festival will take place at Lowe Mill as part of their **Concerts on the Dock** series. **Microwave Dave** will be entertaining. Time is 6-9pm and it's free - bring pets, kids, chairs and drink of choice! It's unbelievable how good a cigar box guitar can sound.

Some of the other May events at Concerts on the Dock at Lowe Mill are each Friday in May and include A.J. Ghent; Arts Fishing Club (band name) and Startlingly Fresh Records (band). **Bonna WHO** will take place June 9 from 6-10pm and wraps up the spring series of Concerts on the Dock.

In 1962, Pres. Kennedy proclaimed May 15 as **National Peace Officers Memorial Day**. Each year this is celebrated. In Huntsville people will meet at the South Side of the Square at the Courthouse to honor our policemen at the Fraternal Order of Police Law

Enforcement Memorial. It will be 6:30 pm May 11.

At the **Botanical Gardens**, for you newcomers who haven't been yet, you've got to visit there and once you experience it you will have to become a member. A beautiful, peaceful space that is full of perennials and flowers, plants of all sorts. Also there is a large butterfly house that will be open from May 5-31 and butterflies will land on your hands and it's like being in heaven! Must go.

**Rosemary Leatherwood** told us her husband **Bill Leatherwood's** birthday is May 2. He passed away last year and she misses him each day.

Years ago at a Community Watch meeting I'll never forget what one of the Community Resource Officers told us. He said if you are ever confronted with someone who wants to do you harm, such as a break-in to your home, have a can of Wasp and Hornet Spray handy. It is designed to spray about 20 feet in a very strong spray and when you spray someone in the face they are going to be worrying about themselves, not you. So of course I got a can and tested it in my yard, it

## Photo of The Month

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

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This handsome boy loves the theatre and finding great antiques.



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definitely sprays a long way and could help stop an attack.

I was invited to the dedication of the **Huntsville Jewish Heritage Center at Temple B'nai Sholom** on 103 Lincoln Street near downtown and what an event. The Temple was originally founded in 1876 by 32 families and has such a rich history. **Margaret Anne Goldsmith's** family is woven all through Huntsville history, and she played a large part in getting this Heritage Center established, along with many others. **Pam Rhodes** spoke as President of the Center; **Rabbi Elizabeth Bahar** gave the invocation, and **Dr. Daniel Schenker** told us some really interesting history. All are welcome to tour the Heritage Center.

**Edress Burke** was a true southern lady. She lived the last years of her life at Redstone Village along with her husband **Martin**. She and Martin (Col. Ret) were married 68 years when he passed away. Edress died on March 27th and is survived by children **Martin J. Burke, III (Ann)** and **Cheryl Burke Van Aken (Steve)**; grandchildren, great grandchildren and other relatives. She is with her sweet husband and watching over her family.

You've got to admit Huntsville has some really good weather. We are fortunate that we avoided some of the stormy weather that went north and south of us recently. We don't want to tell too many people how great a city Huntsville is to live in cause it's getting pret-

ty crowded already. In fact it was recently reported that Huntsville is the fastest growing city in all of Alabama. We need to slow down!

I was driving through downtown recently and noticed in front of me a **City of Huntsville Utilities** truck make frequent stops where a man would jump out and pick up plastic bottles, trash etc. that people had just thrown out. I know that our City employees are some of the hardest working folks around. Our city is always so clean and it's because of these folks who do extra to make sure it stays that way.

**Genell B. Watson**, age 92, passed away peacefully at her home on Tuesday, Mar. 28, 2017. She loved reading stories about Huntsville history and made a difference in so many lives. She is survived by her husband **RD Watson**, son **Lee Ingram**, and two daughters, **Cathey Jackson** and **Margaret Watson**.

**Ron Collins** is a Butler High School graduate (1965) and Auburn graduate (1969). He has written a book that has just become available that many will find very interesting. It's called "Scuttled, The Sinking of the Palmer Cay" and is about what happened to the once-thriving company that Ron worked for. It's available now on Amazon.

Have you seen the bicycle racks all over town? These are free to use and you just need to get the app for your phone to reserve one. Be really careful in your driv-

ing these days because there are many more people riding bicycles and they share the road with cars. Oftentimes it's really hard to see a person on a bike so just please pay special attention.

Thanks to all the people who stop when geese and ducks try to cross Church Street - they don't understand cars and just assume everyone should stop. Some are able to fly over but not all of them make it. Now there are little families with babies who are crossing and you sure don't want to hit a baby bird! Thank you again for watching out for them.

Speaking of **Big Spring Park**, the renovations are nearly complete and it looks good. It's the perfect place to take your kids and spend a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The east side of the Park is especially pretty right now and the cherry trees are blooming.

It has been proven that in neighborhoods where the neighbors keep an eye out for each other, crime decreases. A security camera system and alarm or dog doesn't hurt either. But just watch out for each other and always report anything suspicious to your local police.

This is my first **Mother's Day** without my Mom. I miss her every day and would give anything to give her a hug and get her good advice and hear her laugh again. If you're lucky enough to have your Mom just tell her you love her and if you can be near her, give her an extra good hug.

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## Arthritis Prevention Recipes

### Lemon Almond-Mustard Dressing

- 1/2 c. lemon juice
- 1/4 c. raw almond butter
- 1/2 c. purified water
- 2 T. grain mustard
- 2 T. soy sauce
- 1/4 t. sea salt

Pour the ingredients in a blender, blend well. Almonds are rich in boron, which will maintain your joint health.

### Salmon Spread

- 1/4 lb. fresh salmon, skinned
- Pure water
- 1 c. plain yogurt with active cultures
- 2 sprigs fresh dill
- 1 t. prepared horseradish

- 1/4 t. sea salt
  - 1/2 t. ground white pepper
- Place the salmon and water in a small frying pan. Bring to a boil, covered, lower flame and cook until tender when pierced with a fork, about 5 to 7 minutes.

Drain in a colander. Place the drained fish on a plate, and using a fork, flake it into large pieces. Allow to cool, about 5 minutes.

In a blender or food processor, combine the salmon, yogurt, dill, horseradish, salt, and pepper until smooth.

Serve with crispy rosemary crackers or spread on your favorite whole grain bread.

Salmon and all omega 3 fatty acids are the best natural inflammation fighters.

### Curried Cauliflower with Cashews

- 2 t. unsalted butter
- 1 t. curry powder
- 1/4 c. whole raw cashews
- 1/2 c. purified water
- 1/2 t. sea salt
- 1 head cauliflower, broken into florets
- 1 T. unsalted butter

Melt butter in large skillet over medium heat. Add curry powder and cashews, cook til nuts are toasted and golden, about 3 minutes. Transfer nuts to large serving bowl. Add water and salt to skillet and bring to boil. Add cauliflower, lower heat and cover. Steam 10 minutes. Add cauliflower to serving bowl and drizzle with the melted butter, add cashews.

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## Baked Yam Rounds with Cinnamon Butter

3 yams or sweet potatoes, unpeeled, scrubbed

3 T. unsalted butter, room temp

1 t. ground cinnamon

Pinch sea salt

Place the sweet potatoes on a baking pan and place in the 400 degree oven until soft when pierced with a fork, about 45 minutes.

Remove potatoes from the oven, cool and using a fork and a knife, without peeling, carefully cut each in 3 or 4 round pieces. Smear each round with a little butter on both sides. Sprinkle with cinnamon and a tiny bit of salt.

Place under the broiler for 3 or 4 minutes, until bubbly and golden brown. Using a spatula, place yams on a serving platter, golden side up.

These potatoes are rich in vitamin A, to prevent arthritis.

## Lizzie's Chicken

2-3 fryers, cut up

1 (1.25 oz.) env. dry onion soup mix

1 (8 oz.) bottle Italian or Russian dressing

1 (10 oz.) jar apricot jam

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Clean chicken and arrange in 2-quart pan. Mix dry soup mix, salad dressing and jam together, pour over chicken. Bake for one hour, basting several times.

## Berry Good Smoothie

1 c. fresh or frozen strawberries, stems removed

1/2 c. fresh or frozen blueberries

1/2 c. fresh or frozen raspberries

1 ripe fresh or frozen banana, peeled and quartered

1/2 c. unsweetened apple-raspberry or other favorite juice

1/4 c. plain yogurt with active cultures

Ice as needed

In a blender or food processor combine the ingredients adding ice as needed. Serve in tall glasses with straws. These fruits contain bioflavonoids which you need to combat arthritis.

## Lemon-Sesame Cookies

1/2 c. butter, room temp

1 c. real maple syrup

Zest of 2 lemons, organic

1/2 c. fresh lemon juice

1 egg

1 T. vanilla extract

1/2 t. sea salt

1/2 c. sesame seeds

2 c. whole wheat pastry flour

1/2 c. oatmeal, not instant

2 t. baking powder

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare 2 or 3 cooking sheets with parchment paper or grease with butter. In a medium bowl or food processor, beat the butter until smooth. Add the maple syrup, lemon zest and juice, egg, vanilla and salt. Beat well to combine.

In a heavy bottomed skillet, lightly toast the sesame seeds, stirring constantly, about 5 minutes. Don't scorch.

In a large bowl, combine the flour, sesame seeds, oatmeal and baking powder. Add the butter mixture to the flour and stir until moistened.

Drop teaspoonsful of cookie dough onto the prepared sheets, allowing room for the cookies to spread.

Bake until the edges turn golden brown, about 10 to 12 minutes. Don't over-bake.

Using a metal spatula, remove the cookies to a cooling rack. Store in a covered jar.

This will make 2 dozen cookies. Seeds and nuts are full of essential fats that are good in the prevention of arthritis.



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# Remembering a Teenager's Challenging Job

by *Rosalind Fellwock*

Thoughts about the different jobs I've had over the years ran through my head recently. My most rewarding job was as Director of Volunteers in a large hospital in Springfield, MO. It was in that same city that I worked at HEER'S Department Store to help pay high school and early college expenses. This was in the 1940s. Heer's was the city's skyscraper, claiming seven stories. It sat on a corner of the Square, the center of the town. The Square had a jewelry store, a Five and Dime, a shoe store and a bank plus Heer's. It was the place to shop if you wanted a nice gift or quality apparel or furniture. My younger sister, Dorothy, also worked at Heer's and at times we two worked in the room above the elevator shaft sending mailings to the city and surrounding towns for this prestigious business.

Dorothy was promoted to hostess and cashier for the Heer's Tea Room. I was a bit jealous of her at first, but I realized that she wasn't the shy type and could handle that position much better than I could. I worked better one-on-one, so I got put into the sales areas, first working in the Jewelry Department, and later transferred to Ladies Lingerie on the 2nd floor. Remember now, this is in the 1940s when women wore hats and white gloves to church and all special events. That department sold gowns, robes, women's personal apparel such as undies and girdles. Yes, girdles, the kind that would trim down the abdomen, front and back. Ladies wanted to look like Katherine Hepburn or Marilyn Monroe in that day!

A girdle was a sturdy undergarment made of cotton and strong elastic. Being a summer and weekend employee, my co-workers, all middle-aged and older, saw me as a salesperson with young, strong muscles to whom they would send any large woman who walked in, requesting a girdle. I became the Department's Girdler for the 200 pounds-plus customers! The lady would be escorted to the largest of the fitting rooms and the challenges began. The garment's mid-section had to be situated perfectly on her large stomach and uh- large posterior end if she wanted it to be laced in the back. That meant there was someone available to her at home who could help with this fitting. However, if she lived alone, she had to have the laces in the front, so that she could tie herself into the girdle. The ideal fit would clump together and hide the rolls of fat under this tight garment.

It meant literally shaking that body into that roll of fabric. It meant tying and then untying the garment in certain places. It took time and it was work... not only for me, but for my customer. If the transaction occurred and she walked out of the fitting room somewhat breathless, but looking 25 pounds smaller in the mid-section, my colleagues would smile and compliment her and she would smile and buy the garment. After her departure, I always got pats on the back!

You know, after eight decades, my own body is not overweight, but the pounds seem to shift to places where I probably should wear a girdle, but I will NOT put some young clerk or myself through all that effort!

*Rosalind Fellwock (also known as Roz) has been a housewife, mother of four, and held positions as organist and choir director in churches. She has trained nursing home ombudsmen and supervised hospital volunteers. Today, now in retirement, she speaks of her very first paid position and remembers a Teenager's Challenging Job. (Introduction for WLRH recording Aug. 2012)*

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# The Rags of Louis Miller

by Larry Weiss

Orig. Publ. in "Old Huntsville" in 2000

When Louis Miller, owner of the Tennessee Poultry and Hide Company, arrived at work one morning sometime in the 1920s his attention was riveted by a crude handwritten notice nailed to the front door. "GET OUT OF TOWN, [signed] KU KLUX KLAN."

Feelings of shock, anger and disappointment clouded his mind as he read and then reread the scrap of paper.

He had thought America was going to be different.

Many years later Miller told his son Buddy how he felt after he read the notice: "I was mad as hell. I had traveled halfway around the world to find a place where I could live in freedom, and I'll be damned if I was going to let those sons of b.....s run me out of Huntsville!"

Miller had immigrated to the United States in 1913. "Ever since I could remember, I wanted to leave Russia and come to America," he would tell his children in later years. In the Czar's Russia, Jews were periodically attacked by anti-Semitic thugs who stole property, burned homes and businesses, and vented their hate by murdering Jews. Louis only had a seventh grade education by the time he arrived in New York because anti-Jewish quotas in Minsk schools prevented him, during some years, from attending class.

Miller later said that the most beautiful sight he had ever seen was the Statue of Liberty as the ship which brought him to the United States pulled into the harbor of New York. The statue represented a dream that he had ever since

he was "old enough to think." He wanted to come to this country and now he was here. Freedom from quotas and murdering gangs. Here he was in America!

His father had been a Melamed in Minsk, Russia - a teacher who taught young boys Hebrew. It was an honorable profession, but very poorly paid. Just before Louis left Minsk to come to America, his father said to him: "We have a lot of famous Rabbis and people well known in our family. If you change your name as most people do when they go to America, nobody will know who you are."

Label Mishkind - Louis Miller's name at birth - promised his dad that he wouldn't change his name in America. It turned out, though, that Label couldn't keep his promise. He stayed with his older brother in Brooklyn who had already Americanized his own name to "Miller" when he first came to this country. Before Label could speak English people had already started calling him "Louis Miller" - because of his brother. After some time, Label Mishkind le-



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Judy Crouch  
Jimmy Fanning  
Mary Scott Haynes Sikorski  
Glenda Faye Henley  
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Carolyn D. Houck  
Martha Jones  
Gloria J. Lang

Monica Lang  
Shirley A. Macomber  
Sherry D. Maddox Lamar  
Donald McNelley  
John J. Pierce  
Patricia J. Pierce  
Elizabeth J. Potter  
Drew Reid  
Cathrine F. Schramm  
Lou Lynn Sims  
Jane Travis  
Tommy Reeves

**"Dear Alcohol: We had a deal that you would make me prettier, funnier and a better dancer. I saw the video, we need to talk."**

***Joy Jenner, Madison***



gally changed his name to Louis Miller because everybody called him that anyway.

Miller thrived in the freedom of the new land. By day he worked for his brother who owned a small candy store, and by night he went to school to learn English and take citizenship classes. Patiently, he studied, worked and saved his money, determined to become an American citizen. He had already fulfilled the dream for which generations of his family had prayed - he was in a country where a person was judged by his own merit and free to practice his own religious beliefs.

After a few years in New York, Louis ventured out to Paris, Tennessee, to visit a sister who lived there. His first exposure to Southern culture came as somewhat of a shock. He later laughed as he told the story of how people he passed in the railroad station would smile and say, "Good morning, how are you." As he walked down the street, complete strangers greeted him in a friendly manner. This was quite unusual, but certainly pleasant for the young emigrant.

Miller chuckled in later years as he remembered his feelings, "I thought I must have looked like somebody they know, otherwise they wouldn't be speaking to me. In New York people who lived next door to each another rarely spoke to one another, much less complete strangers."

After Miller realized it had not been a case of mistaken identity, but rather that the South was simply a friendlier place than New York, he decided to settle here. Traveling down to Decatur, Alabama, he quickly found a job, and sent his brother a telegram asking him to pack up his stuff and send it south.

Hard work and attention to details soon made Miller a prized employee and when his boss purchased another company in Huntsville in 1918, he asked Miller to manage it for him. The company, named the Tennessee Poultry and Hide Company, dealt in items such as poultry, hides, eggs, furs,

Some things are just better left unsaid....  
and I usually realize that after I've said it.



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wild roots, scrap iron and wiping rags. The store quickly became a boon to the community and began to prosper. For many of the rural farmers it proved to be a blessing in the off-season when they were unable to farm. Whole families would gather ginseng and run trap lines for furs which Miller bought, often providing the only income they had during the winter months.

The community soon learned that Miller was a fair man, paying fair prices and keeping his word. In time, his reputation literally became the business, a fact that his employer probably realized when he agreed to sell the company to Miller.

Louis Miller was an asset to his adopted hometown. He re-joined the local Temple, became active in community affairs and was an outspoken advocate of the individual right to freedom.

Unfortunately he was so outspoken he soon came to the attention of the local Ku Klux Klan.

Huntsville's original Klan had been founded in 1867 as a means to combat the consequences of Reconstruction. In 1872, after a Congressional hearing held in Huntsville exposed many of its brutalities, the Klan disbanded only to rear its ugly head again in the early 1900s in response to the release of the film, "Birth of a Nation."

By 1920 the Klan had become a powerful organization in Huntsville. They had their own laws and government and even conducted their own trials. They had become, as one historian put it so aptly, "the invisible government."

Businessmen felt they had to belong in order to do business, and politicians felt they had to belong in order to do politics. Even if you did not agree with

them, the local wisdom was that it was better to keep your mouth shut. In a perverse fairness it must be stated that the local Klan did not discriminate - they hated everyone equally - Blacks, Jews, foreigners and Northerners.

Miller fit most of the above criteria, a fact that the Klan quickly realized.

Louis Miller hated the Klan, and he publicly took issue with them. He simply could not understand how, in a land of the free, a group of bigoted night-riders could intimidate a whole

community. In his his anger at the Klan he said in public more than a few times that, one day, he was going to buy those Klan robes and tear them up into wiping rags.

He had no idea at the time of how prophetic his words would prove. Miller's threats infuriated the Klan who soon put out word that he was a marked man.

After finding the Klan eviction notice on his door, Miller sent word to the Klan leaders that if they came after him, he would be ready for them. At five-foot-four he was not physi-

*Woody Anderson*



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cally a very imposing man, and he wasn't really a very good shot, either. However, at that time there was a shooting gallery next door to the Tennessee Poultry and Hide Company. Every day Louis visited the gallery, plunked down his money, and practiced shooting with rifles and pistols.

After a while he became a superb marksman, a fact he made sure that everyone knew. He also made sure that the Klan realized that if they came after him, they might get him, but they were likely to lose some of their own in the process.

Still, despite his bravado, he realized the danger. He constantly kept a gun close by, at work and at home. His orders to his wife were: "If anybody knocks at night when I am not at home, don't open the door." Not knowing when the Klan might come after him, Miller would answer the door with a rifle or pistol in hand.

The citizens of Huntsville probably expected a bloody confrontation, most likely ending with someone lying dead in the streets, but suddenly, for no apparent reason, the Klan stopped its harassment of Miller. It would be years before he ever knew the reason why.

Miller had a few friends and business acquaintances who were also members of the Klan, and it was one of them who eventually told him the whole story.

The Huntsville Klan had put Louis Miller on trial in absentia at a special Klan meeting called for that purpose. Louis was charged with speaking in public against the Klan. Among other specific examples, he was charged with insulting the Klan by threatening repeatedly in public to tear

its robes into wiping rags.

The trial was a major event in the local Klan community. Both a prosecuting attorney and a defense attorney were designated. The man who eventually told Louis the story offered to serve as defense attorney. Klan members in the hall were the jury.

When it came time during the trial for the defense attor-



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ney to say his piece, he argued, "I've known Louis Miller for a number of years. In fact I've known him ever since he came to Huntsville. He left Russia to find a place of freedom - I know that because he told me. Yes, he is in disagreement with the Klan. Louis Miller has a right to speak against us just as any other American does. He even has the right to speak against his government, but he is speaking against the Klan. I don't find that to be anything he should be put on trial for. I don't think it is wrong."

During his summation the defense attorney made his point as strongly as he could: "I joined the Klan because I thought it was a worthwhile organization but, I'm submitting my resignation from the Klan tonight, because I don't feel like it is the kind of organization I need to belong to."

He did resign, and eventually he told Louis about the trial. In part because one solitary person had dared to oppose the Klan, it quickly began losing public support. Members drifted away and in a few years the Huntsville Klan had almost disappeared.

The story might have ended there if it had not been for a phone call Miller received in the early 1930s.

"Louie, are you still dealing in wiping rags?"

Miller, thinking it was just another business call in an already hectic day replied, "Yes, if the price is right."

The caller went on to explain the purpose of his call. "I've been renting a meeting hall to the Ku Klux Klan, but they haven't been active for a couple of years and they haven't been paying any rent. I'm going to have to rent it to somebody else, but I got a bunch of their old robes on the floor in a pile in the meeting hall, and I was just wondering if you would be interested in buying them."

Remembering his threats years earlier to sell the Klan's robes as wiping rags, he tried to control his excitement. "Where are you now?" asked Miller.

The caller replied, "I'm at the meeting hall," and gave Louis the address. The rag buyer was already grabbing for his hat and coat as he yelled into

I was going to give him a nasty look, but he already had one.

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"I only drink a little, but when I do I turn into another person and that person drinks a lot."  
**BJ McPhearson, Arab**

the phone, "Don't you leave! I'll be there in ten minutes. I'll buy them from you. I'll buy them all from you!"

On the short trip to the now defunct meeting hall he began having second thoughts about the price, "I want to buy them, but there's only so much I can pay for them to make them into wiping rags." But then he thought about what was really important to him. "It doesn't make any difference," he thought to himself, "no matter what he wants for them, I'm going to pay that. I'm going to get them. I'm going to do what I said I was going to do."

So Louis Miller, Jewish dealer in wiping rags, soon showed up at the former Klan meeting hall to buy a pile of Klan robes. With little dickering, the deal was struck. They shook hands with Louis telling the seller, "I'll send two or three men to the hall in about an hour to pick up the robes and I'll send you a check today."

Actually, if it had not been for the hate the robes represented they would have been quite attractive. Made out of white linen, the robes were decorated with large colorful embroidered dragons and Celtic crosses.

If people were wondering what a Jewish dealer wanted with Klan robes they soon found the answer. Every morning Miller would have an employee push a pallet loaded with Klan robes out to the space between the sidewalk and the street. They would remain there all day, every day as a reminder to people of what the robes really were - simply a pile of discarded rags.

Miller often sat in his office watching the reactions of people as they walked by. The robes were in a pile, but you could tell what they were because all of the embroidered Klan emblems. Some people would stare. Some would do a double-take. Some people simply hung their heads and pretended not to see the pile.

After a couple of months of displaying the robes, a friend of Miller's called. "Louie," the friend said, "I know that you said you were going to buy these robes and make them into wiping rags, and I know you've had a lot of fun displaying them. But, you

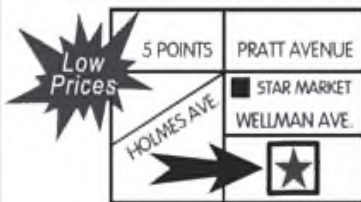
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know, I was a member of the Klan. Don't you think you've had enough fun with those robes now?"

Miller responded to his friend's question with a question of his own:

"Let me ask you this; are you asking me, or are you telling me?" His friend gently, and probably sheepishly, replied, "I'm asking you."

Louis said, "Well, OK, but if you were "telling" me, those damn things would stay on display for years! But we'll take them in and I'll do what I said I'd do with them."

One day, shortly after he agreed to stop displaying the robes, Louis received a call from a widow woman who was a friend of his and who had heard about the robes.

"Louie," she asked, "what are you going to do with the embroidered emblems?"

"Well, I guess I'll have to take those off before we make them into wiping rags." The robes were made out of first class white cotton and linen, and they would make a premium grade of wiping rag.

The widow woman then explained her proposition. "If you send those uniforms out to my house, I'll take the emblems off them, and all you'll have to do is wash them and tear them up into wiping rags. I won't charge you anything, but I want the emblems."

Miller quickly agreed to the deal and had an employee take the robes out to her house.

One day, long after Louis

got the robes back without the emblems, and long after all the Klan robes had been torn into wiping rags, Louis got a call from his friend, the widow woman. "Come by the house sometime and I'll show you what I did with the emblems."

A few hours later Miller was standing in the lady's house, in awe of her creation. Transforming the symbols of hate into a thing of beauty, she had sewn a gorgeous patchwork quilt out of the emblems. The biggest emblem was in the middle, surrounded by the next biggest emblems, and those surrounded by the next biggest in swirling, colorful profusion to the very edges of the quilt.

As he stared at the women's extraordinary creation he said, half to himself, "You know, I would have never thought that something so bad could be turned into something so beautiful."

*The daughter of the woman who made the quilt now has it, and she still lives in Huntsville. Louis Miller, the young man who emigrated from Russia in search of freedom, died in 1966. The Tennessee Poultry and Hide Company is now known as L. Miller & Son, Inc., and is operated by Louis' son, Buddy, and Buddy's son, Sol.*

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## Cavalry Troop has More Men than are Needed

*Local Cavalry Will Be Mustered In on Monday - Ordered To Camp for Full Training*

*(Taken from a 1904 Huntsville Newspaper)*

Hurrah for Huntsville! The new cavalry troop now has more than the minimum amount of men and more are signing every day. There are more than seventy-five men who have signed all necessary papers and are now members of the First Alabama Cavalry.

The boys will begin to draw their salaries beginning next Monday night, September 18th, at which time they will be mustered in by Major R. E. Steiner and Captain Roberts.

The men will all assemble in the event house and await the organization by these officers. Then they will drill once a week until ordered to go to the training camp to complete their training as to the duties of a soldier.

Secretary Aiken of the local Chamber of Commerce will be on hand to render all the assistance he can and will at the regular meeting of that body do what he can to have an understanding with the businessmen of this city who will no doubt agree to give the boys their jobs back when they come back from the training camp.

One businessman said yesterday he was glad Huntsville had succeeded in obtaining a military organization. It is a protection to the town of all sorts of riots and disorders.

America first is the way they look at it and they all give the boys their old positions. Many corporations are paying their men their regular salaries and the men are also drawing pay from the government.

The Huntsville troop will assemble in the event house at 7:30 Monday, September 18. Everybody will be there.

**"Isn't it strange that only one company makes the game of Monopoly?"**

*Henrietta James, Scottsboro*

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## LOCAL NEWS IN 1885

### Does the Hog Law Apply to Cows?

A number of cows have been disobeying the city ordinance by not being in their beds, like all good cows at the right hour.

These naughty creatures have been doing much damage. Some of them broke into the gardens of our citizens the other night and created sad havoc among the rose bushes and other plants. The authorities would do well to watch east Holmes Street and impound the bovines.

**For Rent** - the valuable plantations belonging to the Estate of the late Josiah Springer, deceased. Apply to Allen R. Campbell and Lawrence Cooper.

### Declared Insane

In the case of Binder, the man who, a few weeks ago placed a cross tie on the Y track of the M&C Railway, three miles below Huntsville, it was yesterday decided by Judge Richardson to send him to the State Lunatic Asylum at Tuscaloosa. Binder, it will be remembered, was the party who attempted to hew down the flag staff at the National Cemetery, in Chattanooga, and also raised considerable cain at the engine room of the Bell Factory, recently.



### Stick ringing man

Two days ago the "Stick Ringing" man took possession of the corner of Randolph Street and the Square, and he did quite a thriving business. Yesterday the "Electric Shock Battery" man installed himself on the other corner and his machine attracted a large crowd all day.

### Early Morning Business in the Market House

In the gray dawn of the early morning, when all outdoors is still free from the hurry and bustle of trade, the interior of the city market house presents a gay and lively appearance. The early customers are generally hotel stewards and proprietors of boarding houses who come early to get the choicest steaks and roasts for their tables. They are all a jolly and good-natured lot of men, always smiling and never out of temper. We have a world of respect for butchers, especially the muscular ones.

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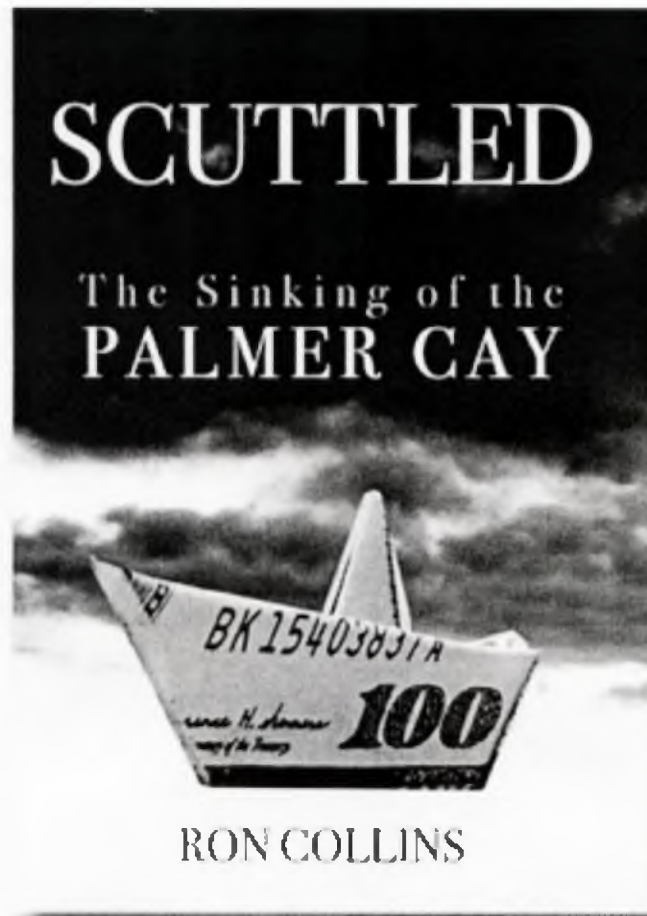
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# REMEMBER WHEN?

by John Tate

Originally Published in "Old Huntsville" in 1994

It has been two years since the demolition and rebuilding of the Shoney's at the corner of University and the Parkway. As we drive by the new building, we see a modern, efficient, and disposable architecture. We see a convenient, well-lit and functional building. But, something is missing.

Do you remember when Shoney's was called Big Boy? The Shoney's Big Boy franchise, which opened in Huntsville, December 7, 1958, was owned by Warton and Julie Burgreen. The Burgreens now own a Captain D's franchise in Florida. It is said that during and after construction, people came from miles around just to see the strange building. The unique structure was designed by Joe Milberger. The architectural style of the old Big Boy building is called Hyperbolic Parabola. Not only was the architecture unique, the way it was built was also unique. The building was built from the roof down. The roof, in fact, was independent of the restaurant walls.

The mystique surrounding the place, and the people that were to work there, started during construction. The most outlandish, but unconfirmed, rumor was about the hanging of the special ceiling tile. As the story goes, there were no contractors or tile men who had ever worked with the special tile in this area. There was one old drunk that said he could do it, and as the story was related years later, "The drunk was given a fifth of whiskey and he hung the tile."

Mr. Milberger has enjoyed great success in Huntsville, with his architecture firm of Milberger and Associates. Some projects that bear the Milberger moniker in Hunts-

ville today are: The Huntsville Ice Skating Complex, many of the buildings for Intergraph Corporation, and the gymnasium and field house for Johnson High School.

Do you remember Vernon and Peggy Jackson? If their names sound familiar, it is because we still enjoy the great food and ser-



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vice at their restaurant in Madison, Jackson's Family Restaurant. Vernon and Peggy were the first managers at Shoney's Big Boy. When remembering the early days at Big Boy, Peggy remembered the kids. She said as soon as they turned 16, they wanted to work at Big Boy. "The moms of Huntsville," she said, "owe me for baby sitting services." Vernon's favorite story is of the time thirteen buses showed up simultaneously. Vernon said, "I don't know how, but we got them all in and fed."

Two other managers who worked at Shoney's may also sound familiar. They are Rayford Walker of Five Points Restaurant and Don Andrews of the Hazel Green Family Restaurant. These early managers were directly responsible for much of the success of Shoney's Big Boy.

Do you remember telling your friends and family, "Meet me at Big Boy?" This phrase was common in the early days. Big Boy was Huntsville's largest drive-in restaurant, with 50 drive-in stalls. Do you remember cruising the parking lot? Vernon remembers that on Friday nights the parking lot would become so crowded, they would actually have to get someone to direct traffic.

Do you remember meeting that someone special at Big Boy? Mr. and Mrs. Traw are such a couple. They would come in on Friday nights just to watch the crowd. They met at Shoney's over thirty years ago and have been together ever since. They are now evangelists in Thailand. In 1991, the Traws returned to Shoney's to celebrate their 30th anniversary.

Do you remember when Shoney's Big Boy was a place where everybody knew your name, and were glad to see you? If we asked the gentlemen who sat at the first table four rows back, he would say, "This is home." His deceased wife was a waitress at Shoney's for ten years. He knew everyone and everyone knew him.

He visited the restaurant every Thursday and Friday night to just sit, talk with friends, drink coffee and remember.

Maybe that's what is missing from the new building. The memories.



**"There's a fine line between cuddling and holding someone down so they can't get away."**

**Winston Churchill**

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by George Wells

VERSE ONE

IT'S NINETY BY A HUNDRED FEET, ALL THE LAND HE'LL EVER OWN  
THE GI BILL WAS GOOD TO HIM, IT HELPED HIM BUY HIS HOME  
HE STILL WALKS DOWN HIS SIDEWALK, TO RAISE OLD GLORY HIGH  
IN HIS MIND HE'S NOT A HERO, HE'LL QUICKLY TELL YOU WHY.

CHORUS:

THE FREEDOM GENERATION, A VERY SPECIAL BREED  
BRAVE MEN AND BRAVE WOMEN, MET THEIR COUNTRY'S NEED  
WHEN PEARL HARBOR CAME ALONG, THEY KNEW WHAT MUST BE DONE  
ASKING NOT FOR A REASON, THEY'RE HEROES EVERYONE  
THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY THRU EUROPE, TO THE DISTANT FAR EAST  
THRU THE DARKNESS OF BATTLE, THEIR BRAVERY NEVER CEASED  
THANK GOD FOR THESE MEN AND WOMEN, THEY GAVE TO SAVE OUR NATION  
THEY GAVE, THEY GAVE, OH HOW THEY GAVE, THE FREEDOM GENERATION.

VERSE TWO

ON HER DRESSER THERE'S A PICTURE, OF A TEENAGE ARMY NURSE  
SHE WENT TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WHERE THE FIGHTING WAS THE WORST  
HOW MANY SOLDIERS DID SHE SAVE? YOU'LL NEVER HEAR HER SAY  
THE TEARS YOU SEE STILL IN HER EYES, ARE FOR THOSE WHO SLIPPED AWAY.

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF HUGH MICHAELS' BROTHER, JAMES MICHAELS,  
MY WORLD WAR II HERO**

## Life in a Foxhole

*by Hugh Michaels*

He wanted no praise. He did not want any awards. He only wanted to be remembered as a soldier in World War II.

His name was James A. Michaels.

He shared a few things regarding his life as a soldier. One of the worst experiences

happened in a foxhole on the bank of the river Rhine in Germany. He and a buddy shared a foxhole. Everything seemed to focus on that one foxhole. Both men were badly injured. Disaster struck! His friend's head was completely blown off. James was alone. The friend had dug his own grave.

James had lost his helmet earlier and seeing what had happened to his friend, he took the helmet off of his

fallen friend and placed it on his head.

Finally the medical corps rescued him and took him to a medical center. He was in a hospital for a few days. Shrapnel pierced his body in several places.

As soon as he could walk, he was sent back to the front lines. James had previously been involved in battle. He was part of the Anzio beach head invasion in Italy. He refused to talk about this hor-

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rible experience.

He refused a promotion. He thought the best way to survive was to be a follower instead of a leader. James was awarded the Purple Heart and several other medals. He wanted to be remembered as a good old country boy from Langston - doing what others were doing - serving our country.

James was a Prisoner of War for a few days. He did not want to talk about that experience. Once he came face-to-face with the enemy. A German soldier suddenly appeared. The German simply said, "Why are we doing this?" and handed his gun to James. He became a Prisoner of War.

It is hard to imagine how this young man with only about six weeks training at Fort McClellan, Alabama was sent directly to the front lines in Europe. Somehow, this brave young man survived. It was through prayers and the grace of God that allowed him to return home to his family.

I shall never forget the happy occasion, when James returned home. It was the middle of the night. There was shouting and singing. There were tears of joy, and it was a happy time in the household of Jim Michaels.

James needed help in learning a trade, once he was discharged. A cousin, Coleman Michaels, taught him the trade of carpenter. James learned quickly, and his willingness to learn helped him to succeed. He was a good worker.

He quickly formed his own company. It was called Michaels Construction Company. His company excelled. He became well-known as he built beautiful homes. His office was in Scottsboro.

James died several years ago. His name is proudly etched in the beautiful World War II monument in Langston. Many men in the prime of their life served our country, as James did. Their sacrifice helped to preserve our freedom. America will forever be grateful.



## Frozen Apple Yogurt

- 1 c. plain yogurt
- 1 c. unsweetened applesauce
- 1/2 t. cinnamon
- 2 T. maple syrup or honey

In a blender whip the yogurt, syrup and cinnamon. Stir in the applesauce. Pour into small containers and freeze for 4 hours. Soften and eat, especially good for sore throat or a fussy appetite.

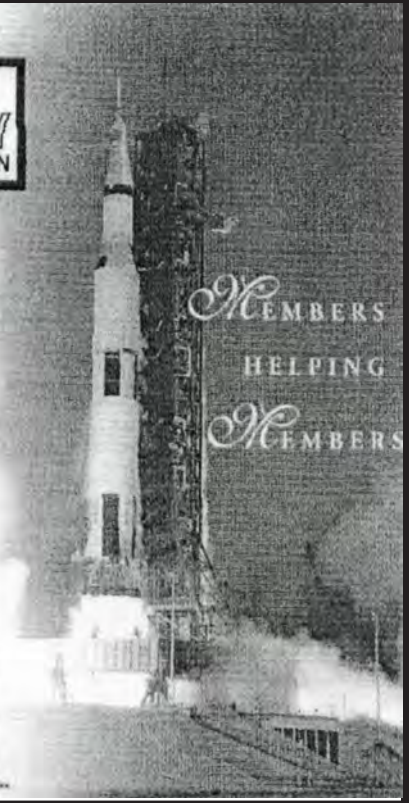


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# Segregation Laws and the Mailman

by James E. Taylor

From 1926 until 1-565 took our property in 1990, my parents' home was on Mitchell Drive which was a couple of blocks from Pulaski Pike and West Holmes Street, both of which were predominantly black neighborhoods.

I remember it was around 1931 when I was 10 years old, I became fascinated with the black postman who delivered

our mail primarily because of his gentle manners and his mode of transportation. His name was Clarence Powers and everyone knew and liked him.

He delivered the mail by driving a horse and carriage. The carriage was enclosed much as in the manner of the small enclosed trucks of that day.

After the war, I returned to work at the Russel Erskine Hotel and in 1947 was made manager.

Around 1948 or 49, the local Postmaster contacted me and advised that Clarence's fellow workers at the Post Office wanted to give him a retirement party but didn't know how to get around the state segregation laws. (Remember - in 1948 there

was only one Post Office in Huntsville and not very many postmen).

Our Blue Room in the Russel Erskine Hotel would seat 50 persons which was about the number in attendance. In the center of a dividing wall, there was a door to an adjoining room.

We removed the door and placed a separate single table for Clarence in the door to give him the appearance of being the guest of honor, which he was. Thus, we legally beat the segregation laws.

I recall it as being a beautiful retirement party. As I recalled this event in later years, I only regretted that I failed to tell Clarence that I was that young teenager that he delivered mail to in the thirties.



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# PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

## Superstitions about Cats

If your cat has kittens in the month of May, they will have the power to be witch's familiars.

Two cats fighting in a cemetery means that a demon and a guardian angel are fighting over the possession of a recently dead soul.

Running across a cat with one eye can give you the chance to have a wish come true. As soon as you see the cat, spit on your thumb and press it into the palm of your other hand while you make your wish.

In Japanese mythology, it is said that every cat has a single hair on his tail that could revive a dying human.

The image of a cat on ships is an old one. The commonly accepted reason for this is that a cat on the ship killed mice... but true cat fans know there is much more to the story.

Sailors once believed (and some still do) that a cat on board a ship would bring good luck in the form of fair weather during the trip, unless someone angered the cat. This was sure to bring on wind and rain. Any sailor who dared throw a cat overboard in a fit of temper could count on a ship-destroying storm that night.

Alternately, those who didn't believe the cat could control the weather would still often believe in the cat's ability to predict the weather. An unsettled, crying cat meant a storm was on the horizon, and a happy and playful sailing-kitty meant fair skies. Sailors, a notoriously superstitious lot, avoid saying the word "cat," but the wives of sailors used to keep black cats to ensure their husbands' safe return.

Did you know that there are some women in the United States who will



let her cat decide how she answers a marriage proposal? According to cat legend, if a woman doesn't know whether or not to agree to marry her suitor, she should pluck three hairs from her cat's tail. These hairs are to be folded into a piece of paper and placed under the welcome mat. Later, the woman opens the paper to see if the hairs have shifted to form a "Y", meaning she plans a wedding, or an "N" which indicates she should say no.

In England, it is customary to kiss the family cat when visiting someone... for good luck.

Black cats bring good luck. In Britain, a bride and groom who encounter a black cat on their wedding day are ensured a happy marriage.

A cat in the cradle protects babies. A well-known (and need I say unfounded) myth is that cats will jump into a crib and suck a sleeping baby's breath. In Russia, however, new parents used to put a cat into a cradle to drive off evil spirits that might harm the baby. Smart thinking! Who better than a loving and protective cat: with super night vision and an alert nature to ward off any natural – or supernatural – meanies? Always supervise babies when any pets are around.

Cats won't run away if you take certain actions. Moving? Bring your cat into the new place through the window and he won't leave (presumably because he doesn't know where the door is). Or rub his paws with butter. The theory behind this one is that by the time he finishes licking all the butter off his paws, he'll be used to the new place and won't want to leave.

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## *From the Desk of Tom Carney*

### **An Old Man's Last Hurrah**

"Kind of like squirrel hunting," the old man thought as he shifted position again, while cradling the shotgun loosely in his arms.

He had been waiting, hidden in the shadows of the overgrown hedge row for most of the night. "Few more hours ain't gonna matter much," he thought as he spit out a long stream of tobacco juice, narrowly missing the dog laying at his feet.

"Dog's getting old, too."

Suddenly the hairs on the dog's neck stiffened as it became aware of a car pulling into the gravel drive, the driver's face illuminated by the electric sign of the motor lodge.

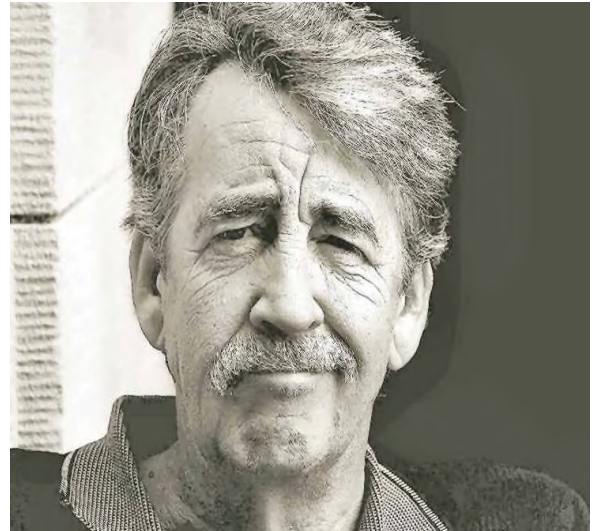
Pausing only long enough to make certain it was the prey he was after, the old man slowly stood, his arthritis making it difficult for him to move fast. Calling softly to the dog and checking the shotgun one last time to make certain it was loaded, he headed for the motel room he had seen the driver enter.

Doobie Sinclair, or "Old Man Sinclair" as most people called him, had just celebrated his 87th birthday. Slightly irritated, he replayed the day's events in his mind.

"Bunch of damn foolishness," he thought. "Bossy women running around telling me how young I look. Hell, I ain't young, I'm an old man. The whole pack of them acts like they been out in the sun too long."

"Just sit right there Grandpa and don't move," the young blond-haired woman said as she patted him once again on the side of the head. "I'll get you a plate with some cake on it."

Sinclair winced inwardly as he moved his head out of the way. "She pats me like a dog one more time and I'm gonna bite her damn hand off. People think just because I'm old, I'm supposed to be treated like some yard dog."



"Happy birthday, Grandpa," the young man said as he entered the room. Rushing across the room, he bent and kissed his Grandpa gently on the cheek. "Got you a present," he whispered as he bent closer while opening his hand to reveal a plug of chewing tobacco.

"Dennis, you give me that tobacco! You know that Grandpa ain't supposed to have that!" As if to emphasize her point the blond woman jerked it out of the old man's hand, placing it on the mantle. "Now Grandpa, just you don't worry, I know what's good for you."

Silently, Sinclair sat and watched his brood of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren as they gorged themselves on his birthday cake. "Only fit one in the bunch is Dennis," he thought, "and they're gonna sissify him too."

Suddenly his attention was directed to Dennis, who was sitting in the corner whispering to his wife. "Good thing about being old," the old man mused as he

**"I've got salad for dinner.  
Actually fruit salad. Well  
mostly grapes. OK all grapes.  
Fermented grapes. Wine. OK,  
I've got Wine for dinner."**



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watched his favorite grandson, "is people think you're deaf too."

"Honey, I'm sorry. I just stopped to have one drink, and I didn't mean to get into any gambling. It just happened."

"How much did you lose?" his wife asked, growing angrier by the second.

"Honey, now don't worry..."

"How much?"

Reluctantly and with an anguished look on his face, Dennis finally confessed. "All of it."

"Three hundred dollars! Dennis Sinclair, I've had it! I'm walking out this door and if you don't have that money back by first thing in the morning you can forget you ever knew me!" With that she rushed out of the room, slamming the door so hard it knocked a picture off the wall.

Sinclair watched as she stormed out of the house. "Better off without her whining, but still \$300 is a lot of money."

He already knew what had happened. The men down at the store where he played checkers had been talking about it all week. A tinhorn Yankee gambler was hanging out in the bars and hustling people in card games. He was staying down on Meridian Street. Sinclair grimaced as he thought about it. His grandson was a good boy, but when he had a couple drinks he was easy prey for any smooth talking hustler.

"Come on Grandpa, time to go to bed," said the blond headed woman as she made a big show of patting him on the head.

Sinclair lay silently in bed for a long while, waiting for the house to grow still. When almost forty-five minutes had passed since hearing the last sound of any movement, he quietly eased out of bed, groping for his overalls which were

lying on a chair next to the bed. Cautiously, being careful not to make any sound, he made his way to the mantle in the living room.

Biting off a large chew of the tobacco, he stood still for a long moment, savoring the rich taste of the nicotine. "Only damn present I got that a man can enjoy and they want to take it away from me, too."

Casting his eyes about the darkened room he let them settle on his grandson who was sleeping on the couch. "Good boy," he thought. "At least he understands."

Abruptly he reached up above the mantle and took down the shotgun hanging there. Then silently, he made his way to the front door and after closing it gently behind him, whistled softly for Dog.

"About midnight," he reasoned after looking at the stars.

"Take my time and I ought to be there about two o'clock, just in time for the bars to close."

He knew he had the right man after seeing him enter the motel room. Flashy dressed, alligator shoes and with hair all slicked back.

Awkwardly, his joints stiff from crouching so long, the old man approached the door and knocked several times.

"Who the hell...?" The gambler jerked open the door and after taking a long look at the old man standing there clutching a rusty shotgun, burst out laughing. "What's the matter, old man, someone take your sugar tit?"

Things were not working out the way Sinclair had planned. All he wanted to do was talk to the gambler and persuade him to give Dennis back his money. Now the man was laughing at him. The old man started to say

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something but then thought better of it. "Just get it over with," he thought as he squeezed the trigger of the shotgun, sending hundreds of pellets into the tinhorn's legs.

Careful not to get blood on his overalls, the old man reached down and pulled the wallet from the man's pocket. Counting out exactly \$300 and then counting it again to make sure, he stuffed the bills into his pocket and started to leave when he noticed a bottle of Old Forrester whiskey sitting on the table next to the bed.

"What the hell, he ain't gonna drink it tonight," he thought.

As quietly as he had left, the old man made his way back home, pausing only long enough to place the bills in his grandson's pocket. The sun was just beginning to peek over the far end of the cotton field as he pulled his overalls off and got back in bed.

Just in time, too, he thought as he heard the sound of his granddaughter entering his room to check on him. Suddenly the feet turned and ran from the room.

"Ma," the granddaughter shouted, in a voice calculated to raise the dead. "Grandpa's been drinking again!"

Peeking out of the corner of one closed eye, he watched as they gingerly picked up the nearly empty bottle and prepared to consign it to the trash heap.

"Damn fool women," he thought, "wont let a man be a man!"

Mr. Sinclair was arrested the following week for attempted murder and readily confessed.

Despite his protestations, he was turned loose after spending less than a day in jail when his family insisted he had been home asleep all night.

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# House Fires, Plane Crashes and a Rocking Horse

by Barry Key

It was a summer in the mid 1950s. My first cousin Griffin was visiting me from Chattanooga, Tennessee. He would come down during summer vacation each year for a couple of weeks. We would spend that two weeks fishing, hiking and cave exploring. Although we were first cousins, most people thought we were brothers, we looked so much alike. In reality, we were closer than most brothers, and still are. Also, during each summer, my parents and I, my cousin

Griffin and his parents would camp for a couple of weeks on Chickamauga Lake in Chattanooga.

We both had wonderful, trusting (but strict) parents who allowed us a lot of freedom to hunt and fish on our own as pre-teens and early teens.

I violated my parents' trust only one time and I swore if I got through it without getting killed, or going to jail, I would never get into that situation again. Believe me when I say that I have held myself to that pledge to this day.

My father and Griffin's mother were the oldest of fourteen children. My mother and Griffin's mother lived together in Chattanooga while our fathers were in service during WWII.

After the war, my parents and I moved back to Marshall

County, Alabama, on Highway 431 just south of New Hope, Alabama. My father worked at Redstone Arsenal and my mother ran a service station about a quarter of a mile south of the old hump-back bridge at New Hope.

We lived in the back of the old service station which made it very convenient for my mother to run the station and be a homemaker at the same time.

Griffin and his parents lived in the house in Chattanooga that our mothers had lived in during the war. Griffin's aunt (his mother's and my dad's sister), and uncle

**"Not to get technical, but according to chemistry, alcohol is a solution."**

*Fred Johns, Gurley*

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moved into the house next to them. They were not "row" houses but were very close together.

Griffin had a rocking horse that was almost lifelike... it had a real bridle, real hair for its mane and tail, real stirrups and was much larger than the typical rocking horse. The rocking horse lived on a side porch next to his aunt's house.

His aunt and uncle's house caught on fire while they were at work and was totally destroyed. The house was so far gone when the firemen arrived, all the firemen could do was prevent the adjacent houses from catching on fire. Our aunt and uncle lost everything except what they had worn to work that morning.

Griffin's rocking horse was damaged by the heat. They brought it down to our house for my father to repair it in our service station's garage.

My parents and I had been to a movie at the Gale Theater in New Hope. That night on the way home my father saw a glow in the sky and knew immediately what it was. When we got home flames were already burning through the roof. There were several people standing around but there was nothing anyone could do at that point, also, people were scared the gas pumps were going to explode. There were no fire stations in the country in those days, not even a voluntary fire department.

Everything we owned, except what we had on, was in the service station. I guess the adrenaline was what motivated my dad to act. Before anyone could stop him he entered the house and disappeared in the flames.

What seemed like an eternity, he emerged from the house carrying of all things, a refrigerator. Again, he ran into the house which at this point was ready to collapse. This time my dad came out of the house carrying a chest of drawers. Seconds later, the structure collapsed.

My mother was in hysterics, some friends were holding her to keep her from going into the house. I don't remember my mood, I don't think I was scared because I

thought of my dad as being indestructible and I didn't fully realize the danger.

I guess the adrenaline had worn off because my dad (with only minor burns) was totally exhausted. As an example of what adrenaline

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can do, the next day it took four men to set the refrigerator on the back of a pickup truck.

My dad had recently returned from the war and he and mother were trying to make a new start. In a matter of minutes we had lost everything except a refrigerator, a chest and a few clothes.

I'm sure my dad did not have insurance to replace what we had lost, but better than insurance....we had loving relatives, friends and neighbors that cared and shared.

The one thing that we lost that was irreplaceable were family pictures that in later years I realized the importance of what we had lost.

My cousin, Griffin, had suffered an insurmountable loss. "Trigger", his rocking horse, was gone....this time forever!

To this day, if I see an actual house fire, I can see the flames shooting through our roof as we pulled up to our house.

In a few days after the fire, we were living in downtown New Hope. My mother had leased the old City Cafe, and we were living in an old building in the back, that I later learned was used as a hospital during the Civil War.

For me, almost 6 years old, and not realizing the stress and strain that my parents had gone through, I loved our new home. Downtown New Hope was a thriving community in those days, lots of activity and excitement....and only one building separated us from the Gale Theater. I don't think I ever missed a Saturday morning western while we lived there.

Around 1949, after moving a couple of more times, we finally settled at the corner of "Old 431" and Gurley Pike in New Hope. My parents lived there until their deaths many years later.

Back to a summer in mid

1950. My cousin Griffin, and I, were eating breakfast when my mother's brother called. He lived in Marshall County at the corner of "Old 431" and Shirt Tail Bend Road about three miles south of New Hope. He told my mother that an airplane had exploded over his house and crashed into the side of the mountain behind his house.

The word "plane crash" and the location,

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ten minutes from our house, was all it took. Griffin and I were dressed and on the way before my mother could contain us. We were one of the first to arrive at the site. The plane was still in flames and there were a couple of small explosions after we arrived.

The plane had gone in on the down side of the mountain and debris was scattered for hundred of yards from the initial impact to the final resting place. The flames subsided shortly after we arrived.

Two military men had been blown free of the plane when it exploded in the air. They had been wearing parachutes and drifted down safely. They were walking around in the debris field, opening up parachutes and spreading them over their buddies' remains. I'm sure this was a futile exercise, but, in their state of mind, they felt they should be doing something.

I briefly spoke to one of the soldiers and even at my age I could tell he was in shock. If the two soldiers had had a clear mind they would have run me and my cousin off, and in addition, some other people that were now walking around at the crash site.

A couple of hours after we arrived, a military team from Redstone Arsenal arrived and secured the site from all of us gawkers.

This was the most exciting thing I had ever seen or experienced. I couldn't wait to get back to tell my friends what I had seen. As for this anecdote, out of respect for the families of the soldiers that lost their lives, I would not even consider describing the human carnage that I had witnessed that day. For the love of me, I can't understand how the people with the NTSB could ever fly again after their inspection of a crash site.

Over the years when I see a plane crash on the news, I can still see the Marshall County crash site and the devastation spread down the side of that mountain.

After I graduated from college and started to work, several jobs I held required airline travel. It took a lot of will power for me to get on

an airplane....and still does.

I have learned in my 75 years (from experience) that certain things witnessed, or experienced, as a child or young adult, may have unintended consequences that can last a lifetime.



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# Aunt Rosa



*by Kathy Davis Bevans*

In May, Rosa's nieces and nephew will be gathering to celebrate Aunt Rosa's 90th birthday: Kathy Davis Bevans, Becky Bates Umbaugh, Marty Davis and Jenny Bates Halsey. She is an amazing lady with quite a story.

Henry Schild married Thelma Carter in Huntsville and their first daughter, Jane (my mother), was born in 1925.

Rosa Clay Schild (named for both her grandmothers) was born in May 1927. Dr. Laughlin and his assistant delivered Rosa at the Schild family home on Church Street.

After Rosa was born, the family moved to 2349 Whitesburg Drive. Soon after a baby sister Marion was born. (Marion Schild)

Jane, Rosa and Marion all grew up in that home on Whitesburg Drive. They played with neighborhood friends the Thorntons, Acuffs, Crunks and Braleys. The family attended First Presbyterian Church. Rosa was good friends with Myra and Emily Simms and their cousin Betty Yarborough.

Rosa and her family enjoyed visiting Big Springs Park. She was photographed sitting on the lion when she was about 2 years old (photo p. 49). She recalls a little bridge that crossed the waterfall, and how she enjoyed the wading pool and feeding the ducks.

The three sisters attended Huntsville High School. Rosa's favorite class was

Home Economics in which she learned to sew and cook. As an adult she has become well known for her sewing talents and cooking skills. She remembers her Home Economics partner was Willodine Manning.

She also remembers Annie Mertz was her Algebra teacher, everyone in the school was afraid of her. Ms. Mertz had taught Rosa's father Henry in school as well.

Betty Sue Davis and Jean Duffy were 2 of her very best friends. On Saturday nights Rosa and many of her friends would attend ballroom dance lessons at the Hotel Russell Erskine. Afterwards they would walk to the Crystal Drugstore for dessert.

On Saturday Rosa and her friends would go to the Lyric Theatre downtown for the "Double Feature". \$.25 would buy you a ticket to the movie, a drink and a candy bar. When it was time to go home, her Mom would drive up out front and blow her air horn!

"Senior Sneak Day" was great fun. They all dressed as hillbillies, skipped school and drove up to the top of Monte Sano Mountain in the back of a pickup truck to have a picnic. Francis Roberts told their mother, and they were punished for a week. It was worth it because they had so much fun!

Rosa and her sisters learned how to drive in a 1934 Plymouth. Rosa graduated from Huntsville High School in 1946. All three Schild girls were married at the First Presbyterian Church. I continued that family tradition, getting married there in 1976.

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Jane Schild married Martin Davis (my father) in 1947. They went on to have 3 children; Kathy, Marty and Joe. (Joe died in 1991). Martin died in 1998 and Jane died in 2013. Marion Schild married Doug Bates in 1948. They went on to have 2 girls; Becky and Jenny. Marion died in 1978 and Doug died in 1993.

Rosa married Thomas "Tommy" W. Witt (from Elkmont) on October 27, 1951. (I was 2 years old and attended the wedding.) Tommy died in 2006. He and Rosa had been married for 55 years.

When Rosa and Tommy were first married, they lived with Rosa's mother, Thelma, for several years as she was not well.

In 1958 Rosa and Tommy built a home in Athens. Tommy worked in Decatur. She had to decide between having a 3rd bedroom or a fireplace. She picked the fireplace! We all loved to spend the night at Rosa's. She still lives in the home to this day.

Rosa and Tommy did not have any children of their own, but the nieces and nephews were like "her kids". We still refer to Aunt Rosa as our "other mother".

Thelma and Henry Schild both died in 1967. Their long time family friend, Kay Thompson Meier, opened and operated the antique store "Kay's Kupboard" out of the Schild family home on Whitesburg Drive. (A dental office occupies that property now). Rosa caned chairs for Kay and her customers. Caning chairs is just one of Rosa's many talents, making baskets is another.

Rosa and Tommy bought a farm 7 miles north of Athens on Morris Road and put a log cabin on it. They had "his and her" tractors, cows and horses. We have many great memories of family birthday parties, sleep overs and gatherings at the log cabin. The log cabin is gone but the lot is covered in daffodils in the early spring.

Rosa, like her mother and sisters, loves flowers and plants. We all have daffodils and other plants from our grandmother's yard. They loved making flower arrangements and belonged to Garden Clubs.

Rosa is a fantastic cook! Fried okra, tea cakes, biscuits, pimento cheese, pickles, pies

and pound cakes are some of my favorites. Many folks in Athens are excited to get one of her pound cakes. When Rosa isn't cooking at home, you might find her at the old Greenbrier Restaurant or Catfish Cabin enjoying catfish!

Rosa is a talented seamstress. She has sewn curtains for her home, as well as clothes for herself, her nieces, babies and even dolls. She is a member of the Quilters Guild and the Embroidery Guild. Rosa has made many quilts: large



Happy Mother's Day to the Beautiful Mom's out there - Maria and I send our love and best wishes to you and to the Class of Huntsville High 1966!

OSCAR & MARIA LLERENA

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ones for beds and small ones for throws, wall hangings or baby and doll beds. Her home and our homes are filled with samplers; needle pointed, counted cross stitch, beaded and embroidered pieces.

She is proficient at knitting and crocheting. Rosa has made many throws, scarves and baby hats and blankets. Rosa is famous for her "Rosa Rags"... crocheted or knitted dish rags and hot pads

Rosa is a bird lover. She feeds the birds daily and always makes sure the birdbath is full of water. She can identify all kinds of birds and taught us to love them. She is especially fond of her blue birds that return to her yard every year! Rosa loves spending time on her carport watching the birds and caring for her potted plants.

Rosa has many great friends in Athens. Nell Lutz and Rosa are longtime friends. They are constantly trading recipes and baked goods. Sharon and Curtis Grissom are great friends as well. They look after Rosa as if she was family.

Rosa is loved by friends and family alike. She is an amazing woman, admired by all that know her. She is not only talented, but also kind-hearted and generous. We're all blessed to have her in our lives.

Much love and Happy Birthday to a very special person .... Our Aunt Rosa!



*Rosa Witt on the  
"Little Lion"*

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# Man Hides in Well for Nine Years

## Meals are Lowered to Him with a Rope

From 1893 Newspaper



After living most of the last nine years in the bottom of a deep well, J.W. Owens is back behind the bars at Huntsville to complete a term which would have been served out had he remained there when first taken to the penitentiary.

As it is he begins his ten-year sentence over.

He escaped from jail after he was sent there on a murder charge 10 years ago.

Owens lived at the bottom of a deep dry well on his farm all the time the law was searching for him. He fixed the well into comfortable living quarters and was never in danger. He remained

there daytimes and came out at night to be with his wife and children.

Scores of times his property has been searched by officials, but they never once thought of taking a trip into that 70-foot well.

Owens was at the bottom comfortably reclining on his bunk and smoking his pipe in an underground room he had tunneled out from the well.

Unfortunately, for Owens, he became careless and officers came upon him so suddenly that he was caught in the act of getting into his home away from home.

He was hauled back to prison to start over his ten year sentence.

It was 11 years ago that Owens was charged with murder and given his sentence. He had been a pros-

perous farmer. He was discovered missing only one day after arriving to pay his debt. He had simply walked away in broad daylight.

Owens talked freely of his hiding place, which he had taken up immediately upon returning home.

His food was lowered to him in a bucket at night.

For the last three years he has spent much time on the surface, even to the extent of helping with the work around the place.

It appeared the law had given up the hunt and believed him gone, but he became careless and it was reported that "he was at home again."

Owens says he will not try to escape this time. He says his family is in good shape and can get along without him, so he will stick it out.



# Rosco

Hello, the Ark named me Rosco. I was born January, 2016 and weigh 31 lbs. I have not had a DNA ancestry test, but I am pretty sure mom or dad was a border collie. I have pretty black and white hair that I wear short. I am

a country boy that likes to walk with a friend. I am a non-drinker except for water. I love to play tennis. The best part is catching the tennis ball. I am fun, loving and very caring. I can sleep on **the foot of your bed and keep your feet warm. I enjoy fine dining and watching television with a companion. I will relocate from the Ark to a family that really wants a lifetime furry family member. When you come to the Ark, ask to meet Roscoe. That's me.**

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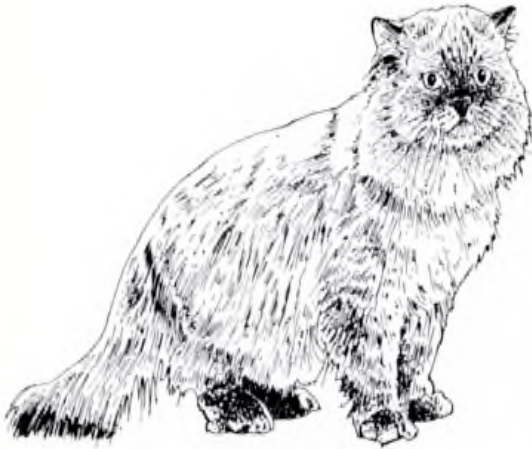
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"If it will not sprout or rot, don't eat it. If a food cannot nourish a bacteria cell, it cannot nourish your body cells."

Amish Rule of Nutrition

# THE WORLD FROM MY CAT'S POINT OF VIEW

by Ted Roberts



What do they expect from me? I caught three mice last week. Of course, since mama died two weeks after I was born, I didn't know what to do with them, but I had an irresistible urge to chase them. (The two-foots call it instinct, but that's only a word.) I did and out the open screen door they went. I was proud. But gee, I wish Mama had been around for another two weeks or so to show me what to do with them once I nabbed them!

I didn't tell our two-footed master that I also swatted down five flies for the week. I don't think they even saw me in my role of defender of the territory.

And guess what? They've gone back to that bargain cat food. Oh! It's horrible - tastes like the cornflakes I used to lick off the counter. All grain - no meat. I bet they're saving the fifty cents a bowl; and me, a brave carnivore, is eating cornflakes.

Both my sister and I live with the two-footed family. We don't ask for much and it's clear the only way they can communicate with us is to scratch our heads. Oh boy, do I like that.

They're nice people and aside from the cornflakes, they treat us well. But I do wish they would keep themselves a little bit cleaner. They never lick their skin and I've never seen one lick his hand - get it all wet, then use it to wash his face. How do they keep free from fleas? And you should hear them shout at each other - so LOUD.

We gently meow; they holler, most raucously. Worst than that, they don't use a litter box. Mine's the only one in the house.

But they're totally free of the fear of dogs. You gotta hand it to them. I never saw a two-foot hugging a tree limb with both hands while an angry flea-infested, dumb dog snapped at his hindquarters.

But I have seen dogs with a rope around their necks being dragged along by two-footers. Can you imagine! Being forced to walk in the path of their masters. And I've seen the master call their names and they come running. Humiliating. Thanks to whoever made me; (the 2 foots?) I'm a cat. You wanta talk to me - here I am, come on over.

As a species I don't know how the two-footed clan makes it. I predict an early extinction, mainly because they don't sleep enough. They're rushing back and forth like their fur was on fire - never napping, especially the small ones. That's the one thing mama showed us before she left us. She taught by example, of course. Mama would nap anytime the two-foots weren't rushing around threatening to stomp on her. They're incredibly clumsy, sure to step on your tail.

Well, as long as they fill up my bowl and scratch my head I'll put up with them.

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



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