



No. 292  
June 2017



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

## The Tragic End of the Huntsville Beauty Queen



"Please don't stay out too late, honey," the mother pleaded.

Flossie kissed her mother on the cheek lightly and pausing only long enough to tell her not to wait up, dashed for the door.

Mrs. Putman watched as her daughter departed. Her whole life was wrapped up in Flossie, an only child and her sole support. Mother and daughter lived in a modest house on O'Shaughnessy Avenue in the village of Dallas, a cotton mill section at the northeast edge of Huntsville.

*Also in this issue:* **The Power of Music to Reach Within**

# Lewter's Hardware Store



In 1928 our great-grandfather, D.A. Lewter, and our grandfather, J.M. Lewter, started the family business in a small store on Washington Street. They believed in offering fair prices, treating each customer with special respect and hiring great employees.

We are the fourth generation, proudly carrying on the same tradition.

While our prices have gone up slightly and we have a few more employees, we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family, doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with us.

**A Hardware Store....**

**The Way You Remember Them**

**222 Washington St - 539-5777**

*Domie Lewter*  
*Mac Lewter*

# The Tragic End of Huntsville's Beauty Queen

by Tom Carney

At the sound of the car horn blowing, young and vivacious Flossie Putman, who had been a popular beauty contest winner at the age of 16, jumped to her feet. Glancing in the full length mirror standing in the hall, she checked her makeup and shapely figure one last time. Her mother, sitting in a chair and watching, was agitated that her daughter was going out again. It seemed to her that Flossie was always on her way to another date.

"Going out again tonight?" asked the mother. "Who are you seeing now?"

"My number one boyfriend," replied the daughter gleefully. "The one I really love."

"Please don't stay out too late, honey," the mother pleaded.

Flossie kissed her mother on the cheek lightly and pausing only long enough to tell her not to wait up, dashed for the door.

Mrs. Putman watched as her

daughter departed. Her whole life was wrapped up in Flossie, an only child and her sole support. Mother and daughter lived in a modest house on O'Shaughnessy Avenue in the village of Dallas, a cotton mill section at the northeast edge of Huntsville.

As darkness closed over the hills and valleys that night of April 30, 1937, angry clouds were gathering on the western horizon to swoop down on Huntsville and the surrounding countryside in one of the worst storms ever experienced in the community. Within an hour after the daughter's departure from home, lightning flashed and thunder cracked with a fearsome fury. This was followed by a gale of hurricane proportions and then rain came down in torrents. As the storm increased in violence, Mrs. Mae Putman, alone in her house, felt worried about her daughter for the first time in her life.

Flossie, however, was safe from the elements of the night. She was comfortably seated in a darkened corner of the White Castle, a popular road inn four miles north of Huntsville. Opposite her sat a companion and on the table between them were two glasses filled with whiskey.

The popular tavern was almost empty of patrons on this stormy night. Besides Flossie and her date, there were only a few others present. No one paid any attention to the young couple until they began argu-

**"Don't ever mix your meds. I took Preparation H with Poli-Grip and now I can't talk right but my gums quit itching."**

**Bev Jenson, Arab**



## L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B  
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Telephone (256) 533-1103 Fax (256) 533-9711

**ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,  
WILLS, PROBATE**

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



Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)

716 East Clinton Ave.

Huntsville, Al 35801

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net  
(Website) www.oldhuntsvillemag.com

**Publisher - Cathey Carney**

**Advertising - (256) 534-0502**

**Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney**

**Editor - Cheryl Tribble**

**Consultant - Ron Eyestone**

**Gen. Manager - Sam Keith**

**Copy Boy - Tom Carney**

*(in memory)*

**"Old Huntsville" magazine is a monthly publication. Annual subscriptions are \$25 per year.**

**For subscription change of address, mail new information to the above address.**

All material contained within is copyright 2017 and may not be reproduced or copied in any form without written permission of the publisher. Old Huntsville, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or content of solicited articles..

**Blinds, Shutters, Drapery  
Woven woods, Cellular &  
Roman Shades & More**

**Your Total Window  
Treatment Provider**



Bus: (256) 650-0465

**Aesthetically Pleasing**

**Interior Window Treatments**

Visit us at:

[www.randsblinds.com](http://www.randsblinds.com)

ing in loud voices. The man seemed to be doing most of the talking, his voice thickened by the whiskey he had already consumed. As suddenly as the argument had begun, it ended with the couple leaving the bar holding hands.

For the next hour the remaining patrons of the tavern continued to drink and talk as the storm raged outside. Two of the customers were preparing to leave when suddenly the door flew open and Flossie Putman, her face and clothes splattered with blood, stumbled through the entrance.

The patrons anxiously gathered around the young girl offering to take her to the doctor, only to be met by a curt refusal.

"Leave me alone," Flossie cried angrily. "Please go away."

Just then the door opened and the girl's escort walked in. He, too, was splattered with blood and appeared to have been drinking heavily. Grabbing Flossie by her arm, the man angrily ordered her to leave with him. Neither spoke a word as they left.

Through a window, those in

the tavern watched the couple climb into a pickup and drive away.

The following morning, when Mrs. Putman realized her daughter had not returned home, she became scared. She began calling her daughter's friends only to be told that they had not seen her. One of them did tell her, however, that the man Flossie had been seeing was named Jim.

Mrs. Putman next notified H.C. Blakemore, Huntsville's Chief of Police. Anxiously she told the Chief of her daughter dating someone by the name of Jim and of her concern.

Recalling the fact that Flossie had joked about getting married, Blakemore said there was nothing he could do in case of an elopement, but he would do what he could.

Blakemore began searching for the man who had been with Flossie the night she had disappeared. Finally after much hard work, he was able to narrow the list of possible suspects down to five whose first names were Jim. Four of the suspects were able to give alibis for the

WELCOME TO AUTHENTIC THAI CUISINE AT  
**THAI GARDEN**



**DINE IN OR CARRY OUT**  
All Fresh Meats & Vegetables  
No MSG - No Preservatives Used

Mon - Fri - Lunch 11 am - 2 pm  
Dinner 4:30 pm - 9:00 pm  
Sat - Dinner only 4:30 pm - 9:00 pm  
Closed Sundays

800 Wellman Avenue  
(In Historic Five Points)

(256) 534-0122

Since 1884  
**H.C. BLAKE CO**  
**INC.**

PLUMBING \* AIR CONDITIONING \* HEATING \* ELECTRICAL \* ENERGY

**SERVING THE  
HUNTSVILLE  
AREA  
SINCE 1884  
FOR ALL YOUR  
RESIDENTIAL**

**AIR CONDITIONING &  
HEATING UNITS  
PLUMBING  
ELECTRICAL  
ENERGY AUDITS**

**256-534-0781**



**looseendsbymj.com**  
**e-mail: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com**

Do you need to settle an Estate?  
Downsizing to a smaller house?  
Organizing and running your Estate Sale?  
Let us clean out-pack up-sell off or donate your items!

*Got loose ends to tie up? Let Loose Ends by MJ help tie them up tight!*


**Mary Jim Ailor**  
**256-658-2718.**



# My reason for joint replacement Hoops with her

Basketball with his grandkids was Kim Smith's reason. The machine shop owner got back in the game with an assist from the region's most experienced knee replacement team.

**Huntsville Hospital.** Helping you bounce back from joint pain.

 Joint Camp

night Flossie disappeared. The fifth, James McAnally, lived only a short distance from Blakemore's home. McAnally was married and was known as a devoted husband and the father of eight children.

With attributes such as these, Blakemore was at first hesitant about even considering McAnally as a suspect. Despite his personal feelings, the Chief nevertheless decided to question McAnally.

During the course of the next several weeks, Blakemore visited McAnally's residence several times, only to be told each time by McAnally's wife that he was not home. Finally Blakemore demanded an explanation as to why McAnally was never home.

Obviously worried, the woman said Jim had disappeared. "I know I should have reported it sooner but I kept thinking that he would come back."

The woman said she had not seen her husband in almost a month.

Upon questioning the woman, Blakemore was able to establish that McAnally had disappeared the same night as Flossie Putman. Now the investigator was faced with two mysterious disappearances instead of one. As rumors begin to spread across Huntsville, the general feeling was that McAnally had abandoned his wife and children and run off with the attractive Flossie Putman.

The whole case had stalemated when Mrs. McAnally appeared at headquarters one day, three months later, to tell the Chief that she had heard from her husband. He was working in Texas, had a good job and was about to send for her and the children.

"Did he say why, he left so suddenly without telling anyone?" Blakemore asked.

"He just said that he had an unexpected job offer and he

wanted to make sure it worked out before telling anyone." The look on her face showed that even she knew it was a flimsy excuse.

Then, as the woman was leaving the office, Blakemore said he would like to talk to her husband about the disappearance of Flossie Putman.

Indignantly, the woman replied that Blakemore was mistaken in his assumption that her husband had anything to do with the Putman girl. "My husband has never been unfaithful to me."

"Mrs. McAnally, I'd like permission to search your place before you leave for Texas."

Upset by the thought of police prowling about her home and certain that her husband was in no way connected with the disappearance of Flossie, she refused. She could not understand the Chief's attitude nor his request as she stalked out of the office.

The state of Alabama had a peculiar outlook regarding searching of private property, regardless of the nature or seriousness of the case involved. A legal search could be made only with the consent of the resident or with a warrant sworn out in his name whenever the consent was refused. When a search was made with proper warrant, should the officer fail to find what he was looking for, the resident had recourse against the officer and superiors in the courts of the state.

So Chief Blakemore refrained from searching the McAnally home and premises. He had no proof of his vague suspicions. Jim McAnally had turned up alive and there was the possibility that the girl whose name had been linked with him, might likewise be located. Until he had proof that the girl had not merely run away, the police official had no intention of subjecting himself to a costly dam-



**ISP InterSouth**  
*properties*

**"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"**

<p>Phone (256) 830-9160 Fax (256) 430-0881</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>* Highland Office Park, Phases 1 &amp; 2</li> <li>* Park West Center</li> <li>* University Square Business Center</li> <li>* 8215 Madison Blvd.</li> </ul>
--	---

Visit us at [www.intersouth-properties.com](http://www.intersouth-properties.com)



**Green Land Turf**  
Fertilization, Weed Control, Insect & Disease Control  
**256-701-0831**

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>* Grub Control</li> <li>* Fire Ant Control</li> <li>* Disease Control</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>* Tree &amp; Shrub Programs</li> <li>* Flea &amp; Tick Control</li> <li>* Fertilization</li> </ul>
---	---

**Thank you for  
Your Business!**

**[www.GreenLand-Turf.com](http://www.GreenLand-Turf.com)**

age suit.

There were many conflicting and baffling possibilities in the events surrounding that stormy evening. Had the Putman girl dashed into the roadhouse that night because she was fleeing the man who tried to kill her? If so, why did the man follow her into the bar where other people were bound to see him? And why did she leave with him again?

Every promising trail the investigating Chief followed seemed to lead to Jim McAnally and then dissipate into thin air. Especially intriguing was his mysterious departure from home at the time of the girl's disappearance.

Surely Jim McAnally was not the "number one boyfriend" mentioned by Miss Putman or the one to whom she referred in jesting about an elopement. What attraction could there be in an insignificant married man of 41 years for the attractive and popular beauty with countless admirers? Yet, there seemed to have been innumerable clandestine meetings between the two.

After months of diligent

work, Chief Blakemore believed the girl might be dead, the victim of a jealous suitor. But his investigation along those lines was stalemated until some evidence of the body, or the murderer, could be located. To hunt for one involved dangerous financial risks and to look for the other was a colossal undertaking, with the name of Jim and a general description that might fit hundreds of men the only clue to his identity. Where to look for either was a mystery as dark as the stormy night into which the girl and her friend had disappeared.

Months and then years passed. Finally the summer of 1939 rolled around with still no trace of the missing Flossie Putman. In the long span of time the city of Huntsville had practically forgotten the former beauty and many changes had occurred in the lives of the prin-

**"Put the treats slowly in the bowl and nobody gets hurt."**

***Pibbles the Yorkie, to his owner***

**SOUTHERN HOME & HEARTH, INC.**  
Since 1981



**Primo - It's a grill, smoker & oven all in one!**

It's the only oval-shaped ceramic cooker in the world and it's the only ceramic cooker made in the U.S.

We invite you to our showroom to see the Primo and our line of grills and grilling accessories, as well as dry rubs & sauces.

**Southern Home & Hearth**

2611 University Dr.  
Huntsville, Al 35816

**256-534-1715 or  
256-534-8199**

[www.southernhomeandhearth.com](http://www.southernhomeandhearth.com)  
**We do Layaways**

## ALPHA ESTATE SALES & AUCTIONS

EST. 1983

Let us help you liquidate or appraise your personal property including antiques, collectibles, fine art, furniture, jewelry, china, porcelain and more

[www.alphaestatesales.com](http://www.alphaestatesales.com)



Visit our Website for Upcoming Sales

Bob Baker, HSCA, Owner  
Gary Lee Knight, Owner/Manager

Experience, Professionalism and  
Excellence is our Motto.



**1214 Meridian Street (256) 536-3117**

cial characters of this strange drama.

Chief Blakemore had resigned his position as head of Huntsville's law enforcement body and had been elected Sheriff of Madison County. In his new capacity he had not forgotten the baffling Putman mystery, now more than two years old. The McAnally home was now occupied by the owner's father and mother who had moved in when McAnally's wife and eight children left for Texas.

Reports from Texas told of McAnally's success. He had acquired half ownership in a garage and had purchased a home for his family.

Blakemore never heard from Jim McAnally though he still wanted to question him in regard to the missing girl. He also still wanted to search the house in which McAnally had resided while in Huntsville but his repeated requests had been met with stern refusals from the new occupants. There was strong resentment of any thought anything could be wrong. A search was still impossible with the meager information available.

On the morning of Aug. 13, 1939, Sheriff Blakemore received in his offices at the

County Courthouse a visitor with what appeared to be an important bit of information. This visitor was a neighbor of the McAnallys in west Huntsville.

"For the past few days," the man said, "my dog has been acting strangely around the McAnally house. He has been digging under the kitchen in the rear. I watched him again this morning through the fence. He digs a while, sniffs the hole he is making and then digs again. I am sure there is something buried under that house."

Sheriff Blakemore decided to act immediately, to risk his judgement against a possible lawsuit. After obtaining a search warrant and accompanied by two deputies armed with shovels and digging irons, he went to the home which had previously been McAnally's residence. There he saw where the dog had been digging but the opening was too narrow to permit the entry of a human body. The sheriff and his deputies then entered the kitchen and their attention was immediately drawn to a section of the flooring which had a different appearance from the remainder of the boards. The elder McAnally explained this section had

rotted and he had repaired it several days after his son went to Texas. Sheriff Blakemore ordered his men to remove the boards.

Directly beneath the floor was a mound of earth, large

# Marathon Painting

## Services including:

- \*Exterior & Interior painting
- \*Woodworking
- \*Deck Cleaning
- \*Gutter Repair
- \*Pressure Washing
- \*Handyman Services
- \*Roofing
- \*Doors
- \*Drywall
- \*Siding
- \*Window Cleaning

**(256) 326-8053**

**JOHN M. BZDELL**

Free Estimates \* References upon Request \* Licensed & Insured

# Windsor House

## Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

Our team approach to rehabilitation means working together to enhance the quality of life and by re-shaping abilities and teaching new skills. We rebuild hope, self-respect and a desire to achieve one's highest level of independence.

- \*Complex Medical Care
- \*Short Term Rehabilitation
- \*Long Term Care

Our team includes Physicians, Nurses, Physical Therapist, Occupational Therapist, Speech Therapist, Activity Director and Registered Dietician

A place you can call home....

4411 McAllister Drive  
Huntsville, Alabama 35805

**(256) 837-8585**



# M S Masonry

Customer Recommended

- STONWORK
- STUCCO
- REPAIRS
- PAVERS
- CURBS
- WALKWAYS
- BLOCKS

"No Job is too Small"



**MICHAEL SYLVESTER**  
**(256) 694-2469**

LICENSED - INSURED - REFERENCES



and oblong in shape, which had partly caved in. The aged occupant of the house, still unaware of the purpose of the unusual procedure but asking no questions, explained that his son had started to excavate for a cellar with the intention of installing a furnace but had abandoned the plan just before he went away. The Sheriff ordered his men to start digging.

Four feet down, in the earth, which was loose and easily removed, Deputy Smith struck something hard with his shovel. Reaching down, he brought to the surface a small shoe, almost disintegrated, which contained the bones of a human foot. The officers continued their digging with renewed vigor and soon uncovered the skeleton of a woman. The shoes, and a few fragments of clothing remained among the bones. These were carefully removed to a mortuary, where an hour later Mrs. Mae Putman, torn with grief,

identified the bits of cloth and leather as part of the dress and shoes worn by her daughter the night she disappeared.

Flossie Putman's strange disappearance had been solved.

A long distance call to the Sheriff's office in McKillney, Texas requested the immediate arrest of Jim McAnally. Within an hour a call came from the Texas city stating they had arrested James McAnally. When McAnally was returned from Texas he was brought before Solicitor Jeff D. Smith and Sheriff Blakemore for questioning. The man had made no statement since his arrest and the officials expected a continued denial of the murder.

Sheriff Blakemore addressed McAnally. "Jim," he said, "it looks pretty bad for you and we want to hear your story of what happened that night."

Calmly, with no emotion and without any outward sign of remorse, McAnally began to



*Berryhill  
Funeral Home*

*"The Service of Quiet Elegance  
and Affordable Quality"*

*Personal, Professional service  
Serving all Cemeteries  
Honoring all burial & cash policies  
Honoring pre-need transfers  
Crematory*



**(256) 536-9197**

## Don Broome Studios

What started as an artist making his own frames has become a complete frame shop in my home.

Let me help you select the right materials to compliment your work. By Appointment.

7446 Clubfield Cir.  
Huntsville, Ala 35802

256-880-3497  
256-656-1457

*Come meet Judy*



tell his story of what had transpired that night. He admitted to being out that night with Flossie Putman, whom he said he had known about a year. He told how they rode around for hours talking and drinking whiskey.

When the storm was at its peak, he said he parked the pickup truck off the New Market Road. It was here, according to his story, that the girl fell out of the truck and cut her face.

"The next thing I remember," he continued, "a man was shaking me to wake me up and get out of his way so he could drive into his home. After moving the car I tried to arouse Flossie and she didn't answer. Well, the woman was dead."

"I didn't know what to do so I went home, took the body out of the truck, and carried it into the house, placing it in the closet in the downstairs room. I just passed out."

"I was wakened soon after daylight by my wife and children moving about in the house. I thought of the body, and knew I had to dispose of it. So I told my wife to take the children and go to the home of my parents."

"I had planned to dig a basement and had actually started it. So after the family left, I removed the floor in the kitchen and deepened the hole. Then I placed the body in it and covered it up, nailing down the floor tightly. When my wife and children returned at 11 o'clock they were none the wiser. I left the following morning and finally landed in Texas. You know the rest."

Though the story sounded feasible, it was a lie. Medical evidence had already shown that the girl died from a gunshot wound.

The trial began Nov. 1, 1939. McAnally offered a plea of not guilty because of insanity. Solicitor Smith recounted the mass of testimony against the accused man and demanded the death penalty for a brutal murder.

Three days later a jury deliberated four hours and returned a verdict of guilty and fixed punishment at life imprisonment. Notice of appeal was filed at once but this was withdrawn two weeks later and McAnally was taken to prison.

*Reprinted from 1939  
Startling Detective*



## Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

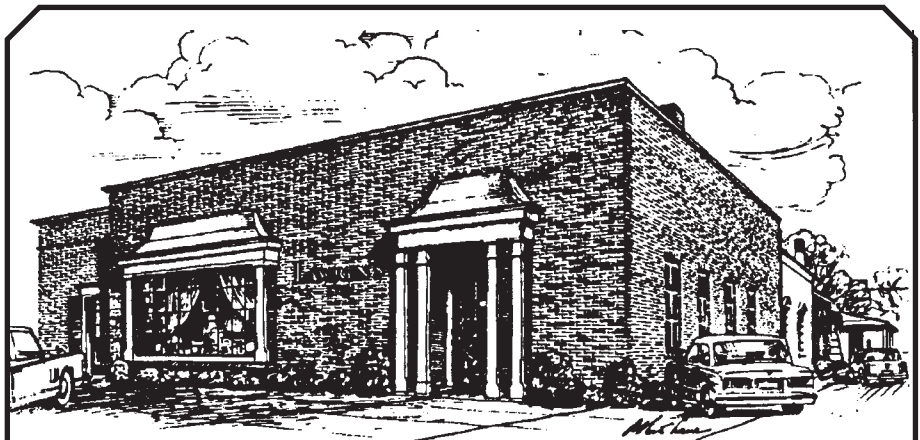
*Family owned and operated since 1919*

**(256) 536-6654**

## Valley View Cemetery

*open with 100 acres reserved for future development*

**(256) 534-8361**



# LAWREN'S\*

809 MADISON STREET  
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

## BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table Linen, Cookware.

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal, Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath.

**"If you could kick the person in the pants responsible for most of your problems, you wouldn't sit for a month."**

**Theodore Roosevelt**

# PAPA'S SHOTGUN

by Malcolm W. Miller

Papa owned a twelve gauge single barrel full choke shotgun, I don't know how many years he had it. Maybe he got it long before he and Mama were married, I am not certain. Papa and Mama raised seven boys and lived until these boys all had families of their own. Every one of these seven boys hunted with Papa's shotgun. We hunted squirrels and rabbits. We did this as sport and also to put meat on the table during these times as food was hard to come by. We were not the only family in the area that hunted game for food.

We were sharecroppers living on rich people's land and barely getting by. We had enough to eat by having a milk cow, raising hogs, raising chickens and growing a big garden. If we had not brought in squirrels and rabbits to eat we would have many times been very hungry.

I remember one year along about the later part of winter we ate up all the food from the garden, all the meat from the hogs, the chickens no longer laid and the cow went dry and all that was left was a barrel of peas with weevils in them. We had to eat this and I will never forget that year, although the weevils were no doubt nutritious as none of the family became ill. At one time we would take a breakfast biscuit for lunch.

I would see the other children with pimiento cheese sandwiches and I always wondered what they tasted like. I was an adult before I found that out. As I got older I didn't take a biscuit, I just told everyone I was not hungry, then when I got home I would dive into beans and biscuits that Mama had on the table.

Papa's shotgun was the center of attraction in our home. It always hung over

the outside door and was always loaded just in case someone needed it. I remember one time Dobson's store in Huntsville sold damaged goods cheap and they sold damaged wet shotgun shells. Robert, the oldest of the seven brothers, bought some of these shells. When we went hunting he shot at a rabbit, wadding spewed out the end of the barrel and the rabbit went on its merry way.

## SHAVER'S Books.



- \* RARE BOOKS
- \* LOCAL AUTHORS
- \* ESTATE EVALUATION

- \* BOOKS NEW AND OLD
- \* OUT OF PRINT SEARCH
- \* FIRST EDITIONS
- \* APPRAISALS

John M. Shaver  
256-533-7364

Email [shaversbks@comcast.net](mailto:shaversbks@comcast.net)

Railroad Station Antiques  
315 Jefferson St. N.  
Huntsville, AL 35801

## Ayers Farmers Market

### Fresh, Sweet Peaches from Chilton County

Watermelons and  
Cantaloupe from  
Georgia



Local Vine-Ripe Tomatoes

Amish Vegetables

Bill Mullins Honey

**256-533-5667**

WE'RE OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

Open Mon-Sat 8am - 6pm, Sunday 8am - 5pm

Located at the SE corner of Governors & Memorial Parkway

When Papa died his shotgun went to Robert and he kept it for a long time. Then Robert let my nephew Austin have the gun. Austin kept it several years and then he passed it on to me. At the time I was writing stories for Tom and Cathey Carney for Old Huntsville Magazine, and I found out that Tom refinished old weapons. I brought the gun to Tom to see if he could do anything with it and he refinished Papa's shotgun for me. It was really in bad shape when he got it, he made it look like brand new and he would not charge me a dime for the work he did.

That was the way Tom Carney was. He was a wonderful man, always friendly with others and very thoughtful, giving and kind. Finally I decided to pass the shotgun back to Austin and let him keep it. I often wondered how many rabbits and squirrels were shot by this shotgun over its one hundred years. It must have been thousands. I was always thrilled when I shot at a squirrel and it fell from the tree and I knew we had dinner.

Papa's shotgun will live on in my memory as long as I live as well as the memories of my brothers as they were the ones who taught me how to shoot.

**"I don't believe in astrology. I'm a Sagittarius and we're very skeptical."  
Warren Desmond**



It's about how you *live.*  
comfort. dignity. dreams.

**H Hospice Family Care**  
(256) 650-1212 hospicefamilycare.org

**"Love all, trust a few, and do wrong to none."  
William Shakespeare**



**LEE'S MAGIC TUNNEL CAR WASH**  
**256.533.5620**  
2318 MEMORIAL PKWY. SW  
www.leesmagictunnel.com

# Very Tasty Deals!

1, 2 & 3 # Specials  
Includes Pork or Turkey,  
Slaw, Sides  
Buns & Sauce

Grilled Cheese  
Grilled Turkey &  
Cheese  
Grilled Ham & Cheese

Chili Cheese Fries  
Chicken Fingers  
BLT  
Much More!

## O'LE DAD'S BAR-B-Q

*"It's Cooked In The Pit."*

**256-828-8777**

14163 Highway 231/431 North, Hazel Green

Next door to Family Dollar! Health Rating 98

Rosemary Leatherwood, Owner • Debit & Credit Card Accepted

Hours: Tuesday-Friday 10:00 A.M. - 8:00 P.M.; Saturday 10:00 A.M. - 7:00 P.M.



**Don't Forget The  
Homemade Hushpuppies !**

Bill and I were married June 1st of 1977 we would be celebrating our 40 Anniversary June 1st but the love of my life was taken from me June 9th 2016 from heart failure. His dream was to open his own BBQ place. Well his dream came true, June 10th, 1995. When He opened *Ole Dads BBQ*. He was a great business person , as you can tell , 21yrs. I have ran the business with my daughter, and son now with out him , and all of his great advice his words of encouragement and him just setting on the screen porch talking to all the customers. We will honor him on June 10th for our 22 years in business with many more to come.

Bill Happy Anniversary to you in heaven. I will see you again one day.

**LOVE AND MISS YOU SO MUCH!!!!**

**ROLL TIDE TO YOU MY SWEETHEART**

Thanks to the community and all the great customers who we call friends for 22 years in business on June 10th. We are truly blessed to have such a growing business.



**14163 HIGHWAY 231/431 NO.  
HAZEL GREEN**

**ROSEMARY LEATHERWOOD,  
OWNER**

**256-828-8777**

Hours: Tuesday - Friday 10am - 8pm  
Saturday 10am - 7pm

# Events in Huntsville's History

*By Thomas Hutchens,  
Courtesy of Special  
Collections, Huntsville  
Public Library*

## April 5, 1967- The Huntsville Times

\* Even if Huntsville doesn't add a single new family to its lists in the next 15 months, it will still need five schools by the beginning of the 1969-1970 term. This was the consensus of a closed meeting of the city's school board last night, described today by Board Chairman Marvin Drake. "We're going to have to build two more high schools to handle just the movement from our elementary and junior high schools into the upper grades," he said. "That doesn't take into consideration any population changes in the city."

Drake said that the two new high schools will be placed at opposite ends of the city in the northern and southern areas. The school plot for the southern area is already on the architect's drawing board, he reported. The board's closed meeting was necessary, he said because, among other things, the members discussed proposed sites for new school construction, "and anytime we start talking property, people start shooting their prices sky-high."

On hand at the session were Dr. Alton Crews, city school Superintendent, and board members Lewis Brown, Loyd Little and Jarmon McKinney, Jr..

High school students in the city now attend one of the three schools; Butler High, Huntsville High or Lee High. The

fifth member of the board is Milton Frank, who is currently a hospital patient and was unable to attend.

\* Huntsville Has It! During Huntsville's City Wide Sales Promotion All Participating Merchants Of Huntsville Offer A Fine Selection Of Good, High Quality Merchandise at the Lowest Possible Price. Buy Now While Savings and Selections Are Good! This is a City-Wide Chamber of Commerce Promotion.

## April 5, 1942- The Huntsville Times

\* A request to merchants and other businessmen of Huntsville to close their stores and offices for tomorrow's Army Day parade was issued by Mayor A. W. McAllister. "It is the patriotic duty of all employers to close their business in order to permit their employees and themselves, to either take part in the Army Day parade, or witness it and also attend the program to be given on the square," the mayor said. He continued, "Therefore, I am asking that all stores be closed, starting a few minutes before the parade begins, and remain so until the program has been finished. The program on the square will include an exhibition drill by military police

from the arsenal, speaking and band members."

An Army Day ceremony for the benefit of employees of the Redstone Ordnance Plant will be held at the new administration building tomorrow morning. The ceremony is scheduled to start at 8 o'clock, in order that

*Now there's another  
four-letter word  
associated with  
moving and storage.*

# Easy.

**PODS** is a whole new way to move and store that's a lot less stressful and a lot more convenient. With **PODS**, you can take your time moving or storing your belongings. We deliver a **POD** right to your door, you pack it at your own pace and we deliver it anywhere coast to coast or to our dry and secure warehouse. It's that simple.

Consider it moving and storage on your own terms, without the time-constraints, deadlines or cursing.



**1-888-776-PODS**

[www.PODS.com](http://www.PODS.com)

## Center for Hearing, LLC

7531 S. Memorial Parkway Suite C

Huntsville, Al 35802

Phone (256) 489-7700



**Maurice Gant, BC-HIS**  
Board Certified Hearing  
Instrument Specialist

- Free Hearing Tests and Consultations
- Zero down financing with low payments
- Competitive pricing
- Service and repair of all brands and makes of aids
- Hearing aid batteries
- Appointments - Monday thru Friday from (8:00 am until 5:00 pm) and Saturday upon request

employees may attend and lose little time from their duties. A flag-raising ceremony and brief remarks paying tribute to the men in the armed services, and to those who are engaged in production, will be staged. Col. C. D. Hudson, Commanding Officer of Redstone will be the principal speaker.

A flag section, in which will be displayed flags of six United Nations, will be one of the features of tomorrow's Army Day parade. Twelve soldiers stationed at the recreation camp will form a hollow square as an escort for the flag section. The Union Jack of Great Britain and the banners of Greece, Russia, China, The Netherlands and Australia, will be displayed, along with the Stars and Stripes of America.

**April 5, 1917- The Huntsville Daily Times**

\* The sinking without warning of the unarmed American Steamer, *Missourian*, which left Genoa April 4th with thirty-two Americans among her

crew of fifty-three was reported to the State Department today by the Consul General Wilbur of Genoa. The crew was saved.

Congress will probably take a vote about 5 o'clock this afternoon on the war resolution.

The U. S. Senate last night voted for war against Germany with only four dissenting votes. LaFollette and Vardaman were among them.

**Appeal to S.R. Butler**

\* In another part of The Daily Times this afternoon appears an appeal to S. R. Butler, County Superintendent of Education, the local Chamber of Commerce and other influences to encourage food production in Madison County.

A similar effort can be made in all other counties and with prompt action now that it is believed much good will come from it. The Daily Times with a distributing influence throughout the county and the Tennessee Valley stands ready to help to the limit of its ability in this movement.

**West Station Antiques**

*Come visit us in Owens Cross Roads at the Historic Hornbuckle Garage on old Hwy 431.*  
**Phone (256) 725-BOOK (2665)**

**Books - Paper Items  
 Postcards - Linens - Quilts  
 Pottery - China - Glassware  
 Sterling Silver - Jewelry  
 Furniture**

*Visit us at our website:  
[www.gibsonbooks.com](http://www.gibsonbooks.com)*

**3037 Old Highway 431  
 Owens Cross Roads 35763**

**256-725-BOOK (2665)**

**New Hours: Thurs - Sat 10 - 5  
 Sun - 1 - 5**



**Cliff Hill**

**Attorney At Law**

- \* Social Security Disability
- \* Personal Injury
- \* Workers Compensation

*"Helping You Is Not A Job - It's Our Mission"*

929 Merchants Walk  
 Huntsville, Al

(256) 534-4502 Office  
 (256) 534-4503 Fax  
 (256) 233-3328 (Athens)

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

# This is Your Life *Rose Mary Foster*

by *Hugh Michaels*



They came from Starkville, MS; Wetumpka, AL; Dothan, AL and Huntsville, AL. They came to celebrate "This Is Your Life" with Rose Mary Foster.

Hillwood Baptist Church honored one of its most faithful members on March 20. Past memories and talks of long ago were brought back to a crowd of happy folks. Old friendships and long-ago stories of growing up in the farmlands of Mississippi. All of this and many more stories of the life of Rose Mary Foster.

This event has been happening for the past 24 years. The idea for such an event was formulated by Hugh Michaels, a deacon in the church. He always has plenty of help from the senior adults of the church. The atmosphere of this event is indescribable. Lots of fun, plenty of good food and fellowship is prevalent.

Dana Workman, minister of music at Hillwood, is a big part of this event. He is a dynamic individual, who works magic with the audience. Rose Mary was completely surprised. She had no idea what was being planned. The surprises which took place made this event, an even more happy occasion. A delicious meal was served and this too was out of this world.

This event will be remembered for the rest of Rose Mary Foster's life.

**Southern Sealing & Services, Inc.**

Parking Lots \* Handicap Parking \* Driveways

**Michael Walker  
Stephen Walker**

Huntsville, Al (256) 881-8337

Cell (256) 316-2200

Email: southernsealing@comcast net



## Bennett Nurseries

Come see us for a complete selection of trees, shrubs, flowers, bulbs and plants for this area as well as all your gardening equipment.

**Visiting our Gardens is like a Walk in the Park!**

At Bennett Nurseries, you'll find a relaxing, park-like atmosphere. Here you can get ideas from our landscaped display areas, and walk through acres of greenhouses. Music plays in the background and refreshments are served. Please shop with us Today!

**256.852.6211**

7002 Memorial Pkwy. North  
Huntsville, Al 35810

Next door to Across the Pond





# A LEGACY FROM OLD MAN VENABLE

from 1878 Huntsville newspaper



Some twelve years ago, old man Venable, as the old genial artist in gastronomy was usually called, brought to Huntsville a small lot of the Irish watercress. He planted it in our clear, pure spring bed and for several years afterward lost sight of it.

The cress grew and spread, until now it is abundant enough to supply the whole town. It makes a delightful salad and hundreds of families in Huntsville are using it. This cress is regarded as a great luxury in larger cities. It is usually grown in miry bogs and is not as pure and palatable as that to be gotten out of our Big Spring branch.

It is used daily in the meals at the Monte Sano Hotel atop the mountain and is in great demand.

# Neals Pressure Washing

**WE CLEAN IT ALL!**

**Painting  
Home Repair  
256-603-4731**

*Licensed & Insured*

Proud Member of  
the BBB



A raw and real story of what happens when a Military Vet can't shake the terror and memories of war.  
A must-read for every generation.  
\$9.99 [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)

Helping home buyers and sellers in  
Huntsville for the past 31 years!

MARY ELLEN *PETERS*  
*Company*



Re/Max Alliance - (256) 797-0203  
[Homes@MaryEllenPeters.com](mailto:Homes@MaryEllenPeters.com)  
[www.HuntsvilleNeighbors.com](http://www.HuntsvilleNeighbors.com)

# Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



We had a winner for the Photo of the Month for May. The picture was that of a young **Bob Baker** who operates Alpha Estate Sales and at one time had antique stores on Pratt Ave. next to Star Market as well as on Meridian St. by the Lincoln school. The winner was **William McClanahan** who is engaged to **Sharon Brakefield**. They love researching history and traveling.

You know how some days you just HAVE to pamper yourself? Well I decided to treat myself to a fabulous pedicure at **T.J Nails** right next door to Thai Garden on Wellman Ave. It's good for your spirit to do something good for yourself. Pedicures are not just for women - lots of men get them these days too! When you bend over to clip your nails and keep going til you're laying on the floor, it's time to go!

**Joyce Russell** has a birthday in July and she has worked for New York Life for so many years. She loves her kids and grandkids and takes such good care of them. We Love You Joyce!

That handsome and retired **Ken Owens** will be having a July birthday as well - he's retired and loves it - says the best day is Monday while he watches the Krazy Monday Commute (his words).

**Rosemary Leatherwood** of Ole Dad's BBQ wants to wish her sister **Dorothy Branche** a Happy Birthday on June 7th. Also her sister **Lynn Green** will celebrate on June 14th. and her son-in-law **Allen Woods** parties on June 6th! I can't believe Ole Dad's will be in business in Hazel Green for 22 years on June 10. And a happy anniversary to her sweet husband **Billy Leatherwood** who is watching over her from heaven, she loves and misses him each day.

**Geraldine Moon** worked for 40 years for Regions Bank. She was 88 when she passed away Apr. 20th, leaving husband of 70 years, **James Eugene Moon**; her sister **Betty Jo Hill** and nephews and nieces who will never forget her gentle and generous heart. We send our deepest sympathy to the family and friends.

If you remember we had asked the question to you readers about what happened to the clock that was on the most recent Courthouse, the one before the one we have now. A reader

called and told me that he remembered that maybe 15 years ago a downtown church had the clock in their attic and weren't really sure how long it had been there. This is becoming quite the mystery. Does anyone have any more information?

Our good friend **Ron Eyestone** of Madison had a May birthday - we're not going to say exactly how old but it's close to 78 and has a zero behind it. Six of us went to Ole Heidelberg to celebrate our May birthdays (they give you a free piece of cake which is so good) and what a fun time. Attending were **Linda & Darryl Goldman, Ron and Barb Eyestone and Sam Keith** and I. Linda had a May birthday too as did I but we're still young chicks. Food was excellent and the company was too.

Golden K Kiwanian **Ray Weinburg** is the man behind all the Old Huntsville distribution boxes you see around our area - whenever you buy a magazine from these locations 100% of that money goes to the Kiwanis Childrens charities. Thanks and appreciation to Ray for all the work he's put into that for so many

## Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502

This toddler continues to keep city government on its toes.



### Free Attorney Consultation for Bankruptcy

The Law Firm of

## MITCHELL HOWIE

Legal Services - Probate - Estate Planning - Wills

256-533-2400

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

years and we send love and best wishes so that you feel better. You're still the boss!

**Margaret Riethmaier**, Financial Center Leader at BB&T Bank, will be celebrating a special day on June 5 - happy Birthday to you Margaret! Also **Sean Gould**, who also works at the BB&T Bank, wants to send love and a happy birthday to his sweet sister **Linsay Gould** who lives in Michigan, on June 10th.

**Don and Joyce Royston** are so proud of their grandson, **Daniel Patton**, who will be a senior next year at Huntsville High. He has been selected by his science teacher to attend the Biotech Academy at HudsonAlpha this summer. The academy is an intensive 4-week learning experience to teach students about genetics, genomics and biotechnology. The way it works is one junior or senior student from each of the 18 high schools in Madison County is nominated to attend the academy. To get selected is quite an accomplishment. Parents of Daniel are **Lois and Dr. R.E. (Rip) Patton, DVM**. Congratulations to you Daniel!

I have an important question that I think some readers might be able to answer. I wondered this when a recent heavy rainstorm was on the way and my garden had several little white butterflies flying around. **What happens to the butterflies when it rains really hard like that?** Where do they go? They certainly

can't just shake it off. Please let me know the answer to this and I'll share it with our readers. After the storm I didn't see the little butterflies and was very worried.

**Helen Lincoln Reynolds** was not quite 87 when she passed away Apr. 21st. Her husband **Royce** preceded her in death. She loved children and after Royce died she worked in the Jackson Way Baptist Church nursery for over 25 years and was known as "Mrs. Helen". She leaves son **Rex Reynolds (Mary)**; daughters **Janice West (Mike)** and **Mary Jane Anderson (Robert Salinas)**; 11 grandchildren; 7 great-grandchildren and a brother, **James Loyd Lincoln**. Helen was a Madison County native and leaves many who will love her always.

In honor of the beautiful weather we've been having and my little garden companions, I have hidden a **very tiny white butterfly** in the pages of this magazine. It will be SO SMALL that no one will find it. But if you do, and are the first caller, you get a free year's subscription to Old Huntsville. In fact I'll do a local and a long distance one to make it fair to our subscribers on both coasts.

**George Wells** tells me that **Karen Newsum** will host their 2nd Christian Open Mic Night at Roosters Crow Coffee Shop (owner is **Tyson Saller**) on 8402 Whitesburg Drive. It's a great

new coffee shop and the next open mic night will be June 6.

So many great events for you new folks to Huntsville as well as old timers. June 10 is the date for the annual **Rock & Roll Reunion** and it'll be at the Elks Building on Franklin, starting around 4. There are several old bands who are getting together again and many baby boomers will remember these performers from the 60s, 70s and 80s.

The Green Street Market is going strong each Thursday from 4-7pm and will be getting more and more produce as the season warms up. Ayers Farmers Market on Parkway & Governors has really fresh, local produce. Also Tuesdays for Latham Farmers Market on Weatherly & So. Parkway at the Church, 3-6pm.

**U.S. Air Force Capt. Carl Gamble** is an amazing man who not only motivates people by his talks, he has written a book that details his journey from the cotton fields of North Alabama to being a pilot flying jumbo jets between North America and Europe. In Vietnam he had to land his C-47, severely disabled by enemy fire, and his quick thinking and flying skills saved the lives of his crew. A very powerful story and a book you've got to get. It's called "My Blue Yonder", by Carl Gamble.

Happy Fathers Day to all the sweet Dad's out there, your families LOVE you!

**UNITED**

**Fire, Smoke & Water Restoration**  
*Quick Response Team*

**24/7 EMERGENCY SERVICE**

**(256) 533-7163**

**LOUIE TIPPETT**

**www.united-specialist.com**





# Historic Five Points Cookbook

## Sweet & Sour Meatloaf

- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/4 c. brown sugar
- 1/4 c. vinegar
- 1 T. mustard (not dried)

**Mix:**

- 2 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 c. chopped onion
- 8 crushed saltine crackers
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/4 above sauce mix

Place in baking dish and pour remaining sauce on top. Bake at 350 degrees for an hour.

*Jackie Worthy, Ward Avenue*

- 1-1/2 c. grated cheese
  - 1 c. sour cream
  - 1/2 c. green onion chopped
- Melt butter. Add soup, cheese and sour cream. Pour over diced potatoes and stir lightly, add onion.

**Topping:**

- 3/4 c. corn flakes, crushed
  - 3 T. melted butter
- Top potatoes with the corn flakes and drizzle butter over. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

*Margaret Roper, Randolph Avenue*

- 1 bay leaf
  - 1/4 c. flour
  - 2 T. sugar
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook first 4 ingredients on low heat, stirring often for about 40 minutes. Strain and discard juice (or save it for another use). Mix in flour, sugar and salt and pepper. Cook on low for 5 minutes, stirring often. Place 1 pat of butter in center of each bowl before serving.

*Chuck Brasher, Ward Avenue*

## Potato Casserole

- 8-10 potatoes, cooked and diced
- 1/4 c. butter
- 2 cans cream of chicken soup

## HomeGrown Cream of Tomato Soup

- 10 lg. fresh tomatoes, unpeeled and quartered
- 1 stalk celery, chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped

## Aunt Sue's Spaghetti and Meatballs

**Sauce:**

- 1 med. onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 sml. can tomato paste
- 1 lg. can tomato sauce

# Gibson's

A HUNTSVILLE TRADITION SINCE 1956

*Welcome to Gibson's! Started in 1956, located in the center of beautiful Huntsville, Gibson's Barbecue serves up Huntsville's finest Bar-B-Q along with Huntsville's Best Breakfast.*

*At Gibson's Barbecue, every dish is created using only the freshest, finest ingredients.*

### 1-lb. Pack (for 4 People)

- One Pound of BBQ Pork,
- Pint Potato Salad
- Half Pint Cole Slaw
- Hot or Mild Sauce.
- 8 buns.

**\$19.00**

### 2-lb. Pack (for 8 People)

- Two Pounds of BBQ Pork,
- Two Pints Potato Salad,
- One Pint Cole Slaw
- Hot or Mild Sauce.
- 16 buns.

**\$36.00**

### 3 lb. Pack (for 12 People)

- Three Pounds of BBQ Pork
- Two Quarts Potato Salad,
- One Quart Cole Slaw
- Hot or Mild Sauce.
- 24 buns.

**\$52.00**

3319 MEMORIAL PARKWAY S.W.

**256-881-4851**

8412 WHITESBURG DR. S.

**256-882-0841**

Parmesan cheese, grated  
 Parsley  
 Baking soda  
 Fennel seeds  
 Sugar  
 Oregano

Brown onion in oil. Add 2-4 buttons of garlic. Add cans of tomato paste and sauce, 1 tablespoon grated Parmesan and pinch of parsley. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add pinch of baking soda, sugar and 3/4 cup water. Add 10 fennel seeds and 1/4 teaspoon of oregano. Simmer for 1-1/2 to 2 hours with lid on. Be careful not to burn. Add meatballs, below.

**Meatballs:**

1 lb. ground beef (Aunt Sue uses 3 parts beef to 1 part pork)  
 1 slice white bread  
 1 egg  
 Parmesan Cheese  
 Garlic  
 Parsley

To meat, add one slice bread, moistened in milk. Add salt, pepper, Parmesan cheese (1 heaping tablespoon), and 2 buttons chopped garlic. While mixing, add one egg and a pinch of parsley. Roll mixture in hands to form meatballs approximately 2 inches in diameter. Fry and turn until meatballs will hold shape; place in sauce, cover and cook.

*Rusty George, Ward Avenue*

**Chris' mus Pudding**

1 c. vanilla wafer crumbs plus extra for topping  
 1 egg, separated  
 1/4 c. sugar  
 3 T. rum, sherry or bourbon  
 1 sml. jar maraschino cherries, chopped, and 1 tablespoon of the syrup  
 1/3 c. chopped pecans  
 1/2 pt. heavy cream, whipped

Butter a quart refrigerator dish and line with vanilla wafer crumbs. Beat egg yolk and sugar. Add the 3 tablespoons of spirits, cherries, syrup, nuts, and stiffly beaten egg white. Fold whipped cream into this mixture. Pour over crumbs in the dish and cover with extra crumbs. Cover dish with waxed paper and freeze. Serves 6.

*The Terry Family, Clinton Avenue*

**Peach Mousse**

1 c. mashed peaches  
 1 c. whipped cream  
 1/2 c. sugar  
 2 egg whites  
 Pinch salt

Mix peaches and whipped cream, then sugar and fold in the whites of the eggs. Place in pan and freeze.

*The Huntsville Times, 1934*

**THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE**



MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW FOR YOUR SPECIAL EVENT IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING!  
 CALL (256) 489-9200

TAKING RESERVATIONS FOR WEDDINGS, MEETINGS, REUNIONS AND RECEPTIONS. CALL FOR INFORMATION

1205 Kildare St.  
 Huntsville, Al 35801



**IN BLOOM**  
*five points*

Gifts - Cut Flowers  
 Plants & Accessories  
 Weddings - Parties

We deliver fresh flowers locally

256-519-8898

Ron Cooper  
 Mark Kimbrough  
 601 McCullough Ave.  
 Huntsville Al. 35801

**Rolo's**  
 Restaurant With The Trains!



975-E Airport Road

**(256) 883-7656**

Country Cooking  
 Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner  
 Mon. - Sat. 6:30 am - 9:00 pm  
 Closed Sundays

# Our Big Trip Out West

by Don Royston



While in my first year at the University of Missouri in 1947-48, three of my high school buddies and I started thinking how great it would be to take a trip out west during the coming summer. The others in the group were Eddie Krehbiel, Vernon Wood and Bob Browning. Our mode of transportation would be in Eddie's 1930 four-door Model A Ford, and we would finance the trip by saving our money from the jobs we could do during the year and the first part of summer. We also felt that we could save on our trip by camping along the side of the road and doing most of our own cooking. Eddie had a Coleman stove and a big tarp that we could use as a cover by making a lean-to on the car. We had tried this method a few times before the trip and found it to be a satisfactory shelter. We further thought that we could supplement our expenses by getting work picking apples in Washington.

Eddie's dad was a bridge contractor in the state of Missouri and had a warehouse in Columbia, where he stored his equipment. Part of that equipment included a concrete mixer, so Eddie and I decided we would make concrete blocks and sell them to make extra money for the trip. This was really hard work, but we learned how to find the proper blend of cement, gravel, sand and water to make decent blocks, which we could sell for cash to add to our funds for the trip. Vernon earned his portion by working at a service station. I don't remember what Bob did, but more about that later.

We each started a bank account where we could put our earnings, so that we would be able to write checks. By doing this we would not have a lot of cash with us during our adventures. During the early summer, Bob Browning informed us that he would not be going with us because he was not able to save enough money. We all knew that was not the real reason. Bob had a big crush

on his high school sweetie, Nita Sparks, who was the daughter of a prominent chiropractic doctor in Columbia. Bob's mother very much approved this match and was concerned that Bob's absence, during the trip, might be detrimental to that relationship. It turned out that the relationship endured and they were married in 1949 and had a very successful marriage.

I don't know how we determined we had enough money to make the trip but toward the end of July we decided it was time to start our great adventure. We had installed a heavy duty fan on the Model A (which was famous for overheating) and made provisions to carry a bag of water for the radiator which we hung on the front of the car. We also had a couple of tires for use, as needed, as well as tire repair kits. The day for the big adventure finally came and we were packed and ready for departure on Friday, July 30, 1948! (See photo of packed car the day we left - top left).

Just a reminder to point out the fact that in 1948 there was no interstate system of highways and most Federal highways were two lanes and many state and county roads were not even paved. They were gravel or even dirt. Most of our trip

**Luciano**  
a fine italian restaurant

*Owned & Operated since 1963 by  
The Schrader Family, also owners  
of Old Heidelberg and Cafe Berlin*

**256-880-9920**

**Lunch Pasta Madness: Includes Pasta Dish,  
Salad and a drink - \$10**

**Available at Lunch Tues - Fri**

**Serving a Rich Variety of  
European Fare**

**Hours:**  
Tues, Wed, Thurs - 11am - 9pm  
Friday - 11am - 10pm  
Saturday - 5pm - 10 pm  
Sunday Brunch 11am - 2pm



Music on Friday and Saturday nights

**Call ahead Reservations Recommended**  
**964 Airport Rd. - Huntsville, Al**



**John Hunt**  
Huntsville's First Settler

**Thadeous R. Russell**  
Madison County's First Commercial  
Real Estate Broker

Thadeous's great great great awesome great grandson's company is celebrating their 30th anniversary this year!



was on Federal U.S. highways. We were able to travel between 200 to 300 miles per day and, we stopped before dark so that we could cook our supper and set up our lean-to for shelter. We followed US 40 from Columbia all the way to Salt Lake City, except for an excursion through Colorado Springs, Colorado. The Model A was capable of speeds up to about 65 mph, but most of the time we drove between 45 & 50, and we shared the driving. The most comfortable seat was in the rear, even with all the equipment and supplies stored there. You could lay down to rest.

I don't remember where we spent the first night; however, it was most likely between Topeka and Salina, Kansas. We usually looked for a place to spend the night just off the highway, but mostly out of sight of traffic which was fairly light during this period. Our second night was in western Kansas, probably around Sharon Springs. The drive across Kansas was long and not very exciting. It was mostly flat farm land.

When we got to Limon, Colorado, we took US 24 down to Colorado Springs, where we set up camp near the "Garden of the Gods." We had a beautiful view of Pikes Peak and the garden from our site. The site was not an official camp ground and I am sure that we would have been booted out under today's standards. The garden is an area of huge red and white sandstone rocks that have strange shapes. We drove around the garden road where we saw formations, such as Cathedral Spires, Balanced Rock, and Indian head. We talked about driving up Pikes Peak, but decided against it After a day or two we travelled up to State Highway 83 to Denver where we picked up US 40 again to continue west.

Somewhere, at about this point in our journey, we started having a problem with the exhaust pipe coming loose from the manifold; but, we just kept putting it back on and continued on our way west on Highway 40 toward Salt Lake City. We were well into the Rocky Mountains now and the views were breathtaking. We were on a national scenic drive, part of Highway 40. Translated, this means slow going, up-down and around many, many curves. We passed through Steamboat Springs and Craig after which the road improved and we saw some magnificent scenery.

Somewhere into Utah, maybe around Roosevelt, we found out why the exhaust pipe kept coming off. The car began to miss some, so we went to a garage mechanic in the area and found the reason for our exhaust problem. The muffler was stopped up and the back pressure was great enough to blow the exhaust pipe

off the manifold!! WOW!! We had the unpleasant experience and unexpected expense of having a valve grinding job. Oh, why didn't we figure this out earlier when we would have had to only replace the muffler!

After the repairs, we continued on into Salt Lake City, where the only thing I remember seeing was the great Salt Lake, which has enough salt to make floating on the water fairly easy. We did not do this, however. We also saw some of the salt processing operations before heading north on Highway 89-91 through Ogden, Brigham City and Logan with the Wasatch Mountains on the east side. (Who would have thought - at this time - that late in 1955 and in the 60s I would have become familiar with these names through my work at Thiokol in Huntsville, AL.)

At Logan, we took Highway 89 up to Bear Lake on the Utah/Wyoming border. This was a pretty blue lake with purple mountains in the background on the east side of the lake. Following 89 into Wyoming we spent the night in Bridger National Forest somewhere below Jackson. The next day we headed north through Jackson arriving at Yellowstone National Park and the Old Faithful geyser in time to see it spout off. We bought food, supplies and cleaned up, then went over to the lodge where they were going through an



Bandmembers from the Fabulous 60s, 70s and 80s!

**THE TICKS, THE CONTINENTALS, THE CHASERS AND THE PRECIOUS FEW**

*ALSO APPEARING*

*LARRY BYROM, THE COUCHOIS BROTHERS  
IVY JOE & THE SNOWBALLS!*

**June 10th 5pm to 10pm**

**The fabulous DELTONES kick it off at 5pm!**

**Elks Lodge  
725 Franklin St  
Huntsville**



annual pow-wow.

After watching the various skits and events we headed for the campground. It was about 11pm when we unloaded our equipment and supplies to set up camp. We rattled and dropped pans, until it was a wonder that we were not chased out. We finally got to bed around 11:30pm and slept until 12:30 noon the next day. We then went back to the Old Faithful area for a good look. We drove the big circle around the park and spent the night in a cabin at Mammoth Springs, since it was raining. We drove around the park some more the next day, then spent the night just north of West Yellowstone on State Road 1 along the Madison River. I remember that it was really cold that night (around freezing) and it was about August 10th. We followed State Road 1 to 10, then on to Butte (a mining town).

After spending the night near Drummond, we headed toward Spokane. The next day I went in a store to buy groceries that I paid for with a check I had written for more than the cost of the groceries. I received all my change in silver dollars that I dropped into my pants pocket. The weight of the dollars made me hang on to my pants to keep them from falling down.

We came out of Spokane traveling west on US 2 to Coulee City and Dry Falls, where the Columbia River had once run. We then went south on 7 past Soap Lake, so named because when the wind blows, suds up to two feet tall form. We drove down to Vantage from Soap Lake and spent the night there. The next day we saw the Ginko Petrified Forest. The trees were covered with lava that had come from Canada many years ago.

From Vantage, we drove west to Ellensburg, then south to Yakima. A lot of fruit, such as apples, pears, peaches and apricots are grown in the valley there. Remember that I mentioned at the start of this story that we had thought about picking fruit at Yakima to earn extra money. IT DIDN'T HAPPEN!!

From Yakima we drove on to Mount Rainier National Park. The mountain was not very visible because of rain; but, we could see snow. Vernon and I got out and walked about a mile to a patch of snow. We saw two deer, one a doe and the other a

**My pessimism has never failed me, but I'm very sure someday it will.**



**HIGHLAND LAKES BEAUTY**

Fabulous 5 bedroom brick basement home has it all! Top of the line kitchen. Fully equipped home theatre with granite wet bar, ice maker, fridge and more. 20 x 30' playroom. Two double garages. Workshop area. Exercise room. Covered deck and patio. Convenient to everywhere. Impressive 5,000 sq. ft. home for relaxing and entertaining. High quality home. Wonderful clubhouse, pool, tennis and lakes.

**126 INTRACOASTAL DRIVE  
IN MADISON**



**BERKSHIRE  
HATHAWAY**  
HomeServices  
Rise  
Real Estate

**\$599,000**

**PEGGY & JOHN  
RICHARD**

**(256) 603-7110**



**SINCE 1972**

**TEAMRICHARD@COMCAST.NET**

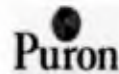
**Southern Comfort HVAC Services**

*Residential & Commercial*

***"Take Control of Your Comfort"***



**David Smart**



**Phone: (256) 858-0120**

**Fax: (256) 858-2012**

**Email: schvac@hiwaay.net**

**www.southerncomforthvac.net**



turn to the experts

buck, which still had velvet on its horns. The snow was about 2-feet thick and we just made a few snowballs and threw them. After we got back in the car and drove around a curve there was a big patch of snow right beside the road. Oh, well, at least we saw some deer on our previous hike. We then drove down to US 12 and on west to Mossyrock where we spent the night. We had been in the Cascade Mountain Range most all day so Mossyrock looked good to us. The next day we drove west to US 99, where we went south toward Oregon. Near Portland we went over to the Columbia River gorge which was quite pretty.

On our way through Portland on US 99, our right rear wheel came off and went bounding past us. Fortunately, the traffic was light and the wheel did not do any damage nor was it damaged. We retrieved it, went to a parts store and bought a shim so that the wheel would have a tighter fit and would not come off. We continued on our way south to Eugene where we turned southeast on State Road 58. We spent that night in Oakridge which is in the Willamette National Forest.

The next day we continued on 58 to US 97, then south to our objective which was Crater Lake. It is a deep, deep blue lake and had snow along the road around the lake. It was very cold, even though it was August 16. After driving around the lake, we headed back to US 99 and continued south toward California. On the way, we could see a lot of snow on Mount Shasta.

We ended up spending the night near Redding. The next day we continued south toward Sacramento. The valley between Redding and Sacramento had a lot of olive trees, peach trees and hops. Vernon had a half sister in Sacramento and she was very gracious to host us for about 4 days. We used Vernon's sister's house as a base to tour San Francisco and Berkeley. We had a

short visit with my Aunt Lenore (mother's sister), whom I didn't know very well because of the distance. It did give me a chance to become better acquainted. We also toured Muir Woods near San Francisco.

After leaving Sacramento, we headed down toward Yosemite National Park. We were able to camp overnight there, so we were witness to the fireworks display high on the rim above the Visitor Center. Also, saw Yosemite Falls, Bridalveil Falls; and the massive stone formations of El Capitan and Half Dome, which were very impressive. After touring the Yosemite roads,

we headed down to the Sequoia National Park. We saw the giant Redwood and Sequoia trees; among the most impressive were the General Sherman, the Three Sisters, and we even saw one that had been cut out where you could drive through it. We also had a west-side view of the snow-covered Mount Whitney.

We then headed down toward Los Angeles where we wanted to see the famous intersection of Hollywood and Vine, and also the huge Hollywood sign on the mountain. We did see these, but it didn't take long for us to decide that this was no place for three guys from a small

*Woody Anderson*



**HUNTSVILLE, AL**

**(256) 539-9441**

LOCATIONS ALSO IN  
MADISON AND FAYETTEVILLE

**“HOME OF RED CARPET SERVICE”**

[WWW.WOODYANDERSONFORD.COM](http://WWW.WOODYANDERSONFORD.COM)

**FOR OVER 50 YEARS, OUR COURTEOUS, FRIENDLY SERVICE HAS NEVER GONE OUT OF STYLE**

---

**Offering Personal Concierge Services to help you through your busy days!**

*Including:*

- Pick Up and Delivery*
- Complete Auto Detailing*
- Car wash and Wax*
- Oil change & other services*



1911



**BPN**

**BUSINESS PREFERRED NETWORK**

**EST. 1989**

city in Missouri driving a 1930 Model A Ford. We hightailed out of there and headed north on State Road 14 and then US 395 to the small town of Olancha.

We passed by the China Lake Naval Weapons Center on the east of Highway 395 near Ridgecrest. As we neared Olancha, we could see the east side of the snow covered Mount Whitney. At Olancha, we picked up State Road 190 and headed east toward Death Valley. We passed by Stovepipe Wells on our way to the visitor center.

I happened to be driving during this time and as we approached the visitor center, we were supposed to stop and register. Well, the mechanical brakes on the Model A got a real test. We were descending from an elevation of around 2,300 feet to a low of around 280 ft. below sea level. We were not able to stop until we passed the center, but we did turn around and came back to the center and registered. I don't remember what the temperature was in Death Valley that day, but the cooling system of the Ford got a good test and it's a good thing we had a water bag.

We continued our drive around Death Valley, stopping at the markers for points of interest. At Death Valley junction we drove north to US 95, then on to Las Vegas, Nevada. We did the drive thru of Las Vegas, but did no shows or gambling. We then drove down to Hoover Dam where we read all about its construction, how much concrete, etc. This, of course, is a dam on the Colorado River and the body of water behind the dam forms Lake Mead. The lake was a deep blue and is quite deep.

After seeing all we wanted to around Hoover Dam and Lake Mead, we drove north to pick up U.S. route 66 and headed toward Flagstaff, Arizona. At Flagstaff we drove north to explore the Grand Canyon area. We visited part of the south rim before dark and then set up camp in the campground. We wanted to get up early enough the next day so that we could see the sun rise on the canyon. It was a very beautiful sight and we were able to capture all the beauty in glorious black and white with our small Brownie

camera! We definitely were not equipped to take good pictures, but we sure enjoyed the view from various vantage points. We did see some crazy people riding mules down narrow trails to the floor of the canyon. This was definitely not for us! After driving the rim road and seeing what we wanted to, we headed south to pick up US 66 for our drive back to Missouri and home!



**RAY PFEIFFER**  
Investment Executive



**ACU Investment Services** offers you comprehensive financial products and services to meet your needs.

Ray Pfeiffer is committed to offering you the one-on-one attention you deserve.

Schedule an appointment today!

**Alabama Credit Union's  
South Huntsville Office:  
4769 Whitesburg Drive; Suite 102  
Huntsville, Alabama 35802**

**256.382.6192 | RPFEIFFER@ALABAMACU.COM**

Securities and insurance products are offered through Cetera Investment Services LLC (doing insurance business in CA as CFGIS Insurance Agency), member FINRA/SIPC. Advisory services are offered through Cetera Investment Advisers LLC. Neither firm is affiliated with the financial institution where investment services are offered. Investments are: • Not FDIC/NCUSIF insured • May lose value • Not financial institution guaranteed • Not a deposit • Not insured by any federal government agency.

Cetera Investment Services registered office: 4769 Whitesburg Drive; Suite 102, Huntsville, Alabama, 35802  
© 2014 Cetera Investment Services LLC 13-0903 01/14

**Don't Let Your Allergies Control your Life!**



**Huntsville Welcomes Allergist  
William J. Freeman, M.D.**

Board Certified Otolaryngology with  
44 Years Experience

**Pollen - Dust - Mold  
Immunization**

**Nose, Eyes, Sinus, Lungs & Skin Allergies  
Psoriasis, Eczema, Hives, Angiodema - most respond**

**(256) 924-8311**

**All Insurance Accepted - 10 Minute Testing with NO Needles  
2400 Bob Wallace Ave. SW, Suite 101, 35805**

We were still a long way from home (1,400 - 1,500 miles) and were anxious to get back. We followed 66 through Albuquerque, N.M. to Amarillo, TX., and Oklahoma City, OK. We did not do much exploring during this time, only stopping when something caught our interest.

By the time we got around Oklahoma City, we started having a lot of tire problems. We used our spares and still we were having flats every several miles. We changed tires, patched inner tubes, bought and used boots - just about everything related to worn out tires. We sure regretted not pursuing our original plan of picking apples or other fruit while in Yakima, Washington.

I don't know just how we worked it, but somehow Eddie got in touch with his mother about our plight. She was able to either wire or send money to some post office ahead on our route, so that we could pick it up. (Neither Vernon's mother nor mine had the funds to help.)

Well, we were able to pick up the check, but we had some problems in using the check to buy the needed tire. We were rather rough looking by this time and several places were reluctant to accept the check. We finally found a place that would accept it, so we bought the tire and limped our way back over U.S. 66 to Springfield or maybe Rolla, Missouri - and then home to Columbia.

### Wrap-up of our Big Trip

Our whole trip covered around 7,500 miles over a period of about six weeks. I will forever be grateful for the experience and life-long friendship of Eddie Krehbiel, Vernon Wood, and also Bob Browning, even though he did not make the trip. We were a foursome with a special bond. We all served in each others' weddings. Eddie and Vernon remained in the Columbia area and raised their families. Bob married Nita and they lived in the St. Louis area; while I spent two years in the Army at Ft. Bliss, TX., prior to moving to Huntsville, AL. where we raised our family.

I started writing parts of my story about 2011 and had to put it on hold; but now at nearly 88 years of age, I am trying to finish what I outlined. I realize that some events on the Big Trip have been left out due to the nearly 70 years since the trip. I was able to recall and list most of the places that we visited before.

I found three letters that I had written my mother during the first part of the trip. I will say that putting this in writing has bought back many fond memories. As of March, 2017, Eddie and I are still hanging in there and making sure to keep in touch.

Acupuncture is a job well done.  
That's the point of it.

### FOR FASHIONS FINISHING TOUCH...

The little things really do count.  
Earrings, a belt, bag, hat or pin are the  
little things that complete the big  
picture of fashions.

COOOOL OFF IN LIGHT  
SUMMER DRESSES!

*Rebecca's*  
Fashions & Custom  
Accessories  
710 Pratt Avenue  
539-3876



Your  
next move  
should be to  
Oxford  
Townhomes



Choose from large 2 and 3 BR townhomes or 1 BR garden style apartments in a great central location. Lots of living space with private fenced patios, storage rooms, and access to an on-site Business/Learning Center. Best of all, we're a NO SMOKING community.

2516 12th St. SW, just off Bob Wallace Avenue  
Call/e-mail today—256-536-1209 \* Alabama Relay 711  
oxfordtownhomes@comcast.net



The  
Love  
of a  
Little  
Girl



A little girl with tangled locks peeping from under a calico hood and clad in a dress of chintz, loitered behind as the great, dusty crowd moved out of the gates of the cemetery the other day, after they had scattered their flowers and gifts to honor the dead. Dreamily she gazed after them, her eyes full of a faraway look of tenderness, until the last one had disappeared and the rattle of the drums had faded away.

Then she turned and vaguely scanned the mounds that rose about

her, clutching still tighter the fast-fading bunch of dandelions and grave grass that her chubby hands held. An old man passed by and gently patted her curly head as he spoke her name, but she only shrank back still further. When he told a passing stranger that the little one's father was one who died on shipboard and was buried at sea, there was only a teardrop in the child's eye to tell that she had heard or knew the story.

When they were gone she moved on further to a neglected, empty lot, and kneeling down she piled up a mound of earth, whispering as she patted it down and smoothed it with her little hand. "This won't be so awfully big as the others, I guess, but maybe it'll be big enough so that God will see it and know that papa is buried here." Carefully she trimmed the sides with the stray grasses she plucked, murmuring on: "And maybe it will grow so that it will be like the rest in two or three years, and then maybe papa will sometime come back and..."

But then she paused as though it suddenly dawned on her young mind that he rested forever beneath the waves. The teardrops that sprang to her eyes moistened the little bunch of dandelions that she planted among the grasses on the mound that she had built.

When the sexton passed that way later that night as he went to close the gates, he found the little one fast asleep, with her head pillowed on the mound and the little bunch of flowers.

From 1878 newspaper

"Once you lick the frosting off a cupcake it's a muffin, and muffins are very healthy for you."

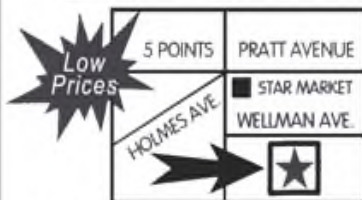
Janet Brinkerhoff, Huntsville

Op' Heidelberg

Serving hearty German fare  
in Huntsville Since 1972.



6125 UNIVERSITY DR.  
256-922-0556



RYO Tobacco - 4 Aces  
Bacco - OHM - Largo  
Smokin' G - Tube Cut

\$2.00 Grizzly  
\$2.05 Copenhagen  
LC Straight & Wintergreen  
\$3.90 Pall Mall  
\$4.08 L & M  
\$4.31 Winston

804 Wellman Avenue  
Next Door to Thai Garden 256-520-6481

www.LittleTobaccoStore.com



## An Out-of-Control Easter Egg Hunt

by M. D. Smith, IV

It was the early 60s and our family radio stations in 3 cities had been having small Easter Egg hunts for kids for several years. This was the first year in Huntsville, AL after buying a local TV station, that WAAY Radio AND WAAY-TV were going to have a jointly promoted BIG hunt, and prize slips inside the plastic eggs ranged from sponsor donated discount coupons to TV sets and one slip for a new car.

I had been out of college 10 months and working at the TV station, but I understood promotion, how to please sponsors and get good turnouts for the events.

In past years, the stations had been lucky to get several hundred to show up on Easter Sunday afternoon to hunt and gather the plastic eggs with their kids. We had used 500 eggs in the past and small prizes. This year of 1964, we bought 2,000 eggs and were faced with stuffing prize tickets in every one with help of staff and management to get the job done.

All we had needed in past years was one of these PA battery powered Megaphones to talk to the crowd and give them the "GO" signal. This year with extreme Radio & TV promotion, huge prizes and much fanfare, we had a massive turnout.

I was there 2 hours before the 2 pm "Hunt" start time. We had scattered all the eggs in a pine grove area that was perfect, next to the city's Milton Frank High School stadium and a very large parking lot.

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

### GLASS

For Any Purpose

PATTERNS FOR—

Table Tops  
Dressers  
Radio Tables  
Desks  
Mantles  
Counters  
Etc!

All edges ground and polished.

Call 364 and let us make you an estimate.

Huntsville  
Glass & Paint Co.

(Original ad from Jan. 30, 1940)

Offering

Historical Quality  
Restoration Glass

Serving our good customers  
for 70 years

256-534-2621  
2201 Holmes Ave. NW

# Tenders!



Where the  
chicken is  
kickin'!

Dine-in or Carry-out!

Yes! We Cater!!!



533-7599  
800 Holmes Ave.  
Five Points

464-7811  
Madison

On Hwy. 20 - Across from Walmart

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!



The crowd soon began to grow by hundreds and spread out wide from the center area where we had our "Remote Car" and a couple of news cars. The announcers took turns walking up one side of the lot and back down the other end, lining people and kids up on a white parking line at the edge of the pine thicket while talking on the megaphone. You could see hundreds of the colored plastic eggs lying on the pine straw.

The staff was pleased but a bit fearful of a much, much larger crowd than we had anticipated, all kinds of adults and kids mixed together, some still in Easter clothes. We could not talk to the whole crowd with the little megaphone, and as the 2 pm hour approached, someone at one end must have said something that sounded like "GO."

Like a wave on the ocean, starting at both ends, as they crowded toward the pine area, they bolted like a herd of cattle running from gunshots. As the crowd ran at full speed, small kids and their Easter baskets were knocked down. The adults were scooping up eggs into sacks, pillow cases and whatever they had to gather the eggs. Most of the small kids didn't get any eggs at all, besides nearly getting trampled.

That was the scariest thing any of us had ever seen and we were responsible for it. There were some very unhappy parents. Luckily no lawsuits came from the event and our sponsors were happy with the store traffic generated by the event.

We learned ALOT. We did do another one the next year, had a monster 800-watt PA system with 4 speakers spread through the front-line area, roped off areas for "kids only," even had ages separated by age groups and 10,000 eggs. The adults had their own hunt area. We did many more successful "Giant Easter Egg" hunts in years to come, but never one like the first joint one with the Radio AND TV station reaching out miles away.

We learned a lot about crowd control and never again had a problem.

**"The only thing that prevents me from smashing my alarm clock every morning is the fact that it's my phone."**

*Jilly Martin, Athens*

**Frazier Home Inspections, Inc.**



Inspections performed according to ASHI Standards

**Johnny Frazier, Inspector**  
AL License # HI-1047

Cell (256) 603-8430  
Home (256) 534-0277

Before you buy a home, have it inspected by a professional.



**"Neat and Affordable"**

- Interior and Exterior Painting
- Wallpaper Removal & Sheetrock Repairs
- Home Repairs and Remodeling
- All Pressure Washing Services

*Let us Help with All your Home Repairs*

**256-683-0326**

Call for a Free Estimate



Email us at [whitesockpainting@yahoo.com](mailto:whitesockpainting@yahoo.com)

*Proud Member of BBB*

**3313 Highway 53 - Huntsville, AL 35806**

# Cats' Connections to their Human Companions




## Cats and the Sick, Dying, and Dead

- At one time, people believed that fur and blood drawn from various parts of the cat's anatomy cured all ailments.
- Early American colonists believed that a broth made from boiling a black cat would cure tuberculosis, but no one wanted to risk the bad luck that would befall them if they killed the cat.
- A common folk cure for a sty on the eyelid was to rub it with the tail of a black cat.
- In Transylvania, if a cat jumps over a corpse, the corpse will become a vampire.
- In 16th century Italy, people believed that if a black cat lay on the bed of a sick man, he would die. However, they also believed that a cat will not remain in the house where someone is about to die - if the family cat refused to stay indoors, this was a bad omen.


## Cats and the Afterlife

- In Japan there is a myth that cats turn into super spirits when they die. According to the Buddhist religion, the body of the cat is the temporary resting place of the soul of very spiritual people.
- Some people believe that cats engage in astral travel even in life. They also believe that if a cat adopts you, it will stay with you forever, even after death.
- Back in ancient days, the Druids thought black cats were human beings. These humans in cat form were being punished for evil deeds.

**"For Sale by Owner: 45 volumes of Encyclopaedia Britannica - Excellent condition. No longer needed - got married and wife knows everything."**



**BPR**  
BILL POOLE REALTY  
*Commercial Brokerage*



**REALTOR®**

Bill Poole

<p>100 Church Street, Suite 525 Big Spring Summit Huntsville, Al 35801</p>	<p>Office 256.533.0990 Home 256.880.2000 Cell 256.651.1349 Fax 256.534.1234</p>
--	---

EMAIL [BILL@BILLPOOLEREALTY.COM](mailto:BILL@BILLPOOLEREALTY.COM)

When Comfort and Dependability Matter



**North Alabama's  
Oldest Heat Pump  
Installing Contractor,  
and Servicing Company**

**Rollins Air Conditioning Co.**

Huntsville-Madison County, Alabama

---

To Learn how Defective Air Conditioning Systems Installations can Lead to allowing disease-carrying rats into your home, along with roaches and additional small animals, please go to our website:

www.RACCOAIR.com

Please read fully each of the different buttons as they are displayed on the website.

Our State of Alabama  
Certificate Number is 83980

256.859-1747

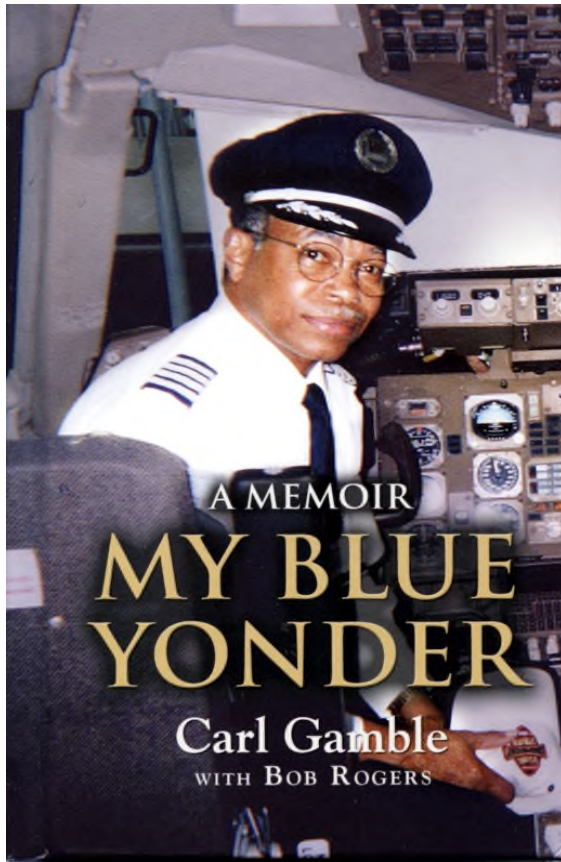
Ask us about our free, 10-year all parts and labor warranty for your new system.  
Call today.





*A Story You Won't Soon Forget...*

## **"MY BLUE YONDER", BY USAF CPT. CARL GAMBLE**



CARL GAMBLE, a premier airline pilot, has penned a remarkable memoir, a powerful story about his journey from the cotton fields of Madison County, Alabama, to the captain's seat flying jumbo jets between North America and Europe.

While in grade school, Gamble was inspired by Air Force jet fighters flying over Madison and his dream to become a pilot was born. Gamble's hard and focused work overcame an inauspicious start studying aviation at Tennessee State University, a stepping stone toward a flying career for African Americans of small means in the 1960s.

Gamble was awarded the Air Force's coveted Distinguished Flying Cross. His quick thinking and superior flying skills enabled him to land his C-47, severely disabled by enemy anti-aircraft fire, and save the lives of his crew in Vietnam.

Cpt. Gamble is a former aviator, an author and a motivational speaker for youth. He is a former US Air Force captain and veteran of the Vietnam War. His Alma Mater is Tennessee State University.

Carl's planes include one destroyed by enemy fire and a hijacked airliner. There are pilots who landed burning airplanes and there are pilots who were hijacked. But Carl may be the first pilot to face both challenges.



Available in August at Amazon.com Booklocker.com and from the website  
[www.captaingamble.biz](http://www.captaingamble.biz)

## A Young Girl's Experience During the War in North Alabama

by Marjorie Ann Reeves

One of the first families in the Tennessee Valley was the Fennell family from Virginia who settled in the area that became Marshall County. The family grew and spread out like all families do, leaving history in their wake. Catherine (Cassie) Fennell was a young lady when the War Between the States rushed into the heart of the South engulfing North Alabama. We are fortunate to have her writings to add to the history of what Huntsville and Guntersville experienced.

Cassie finished her schooling in Washington D.C. and returned home before the yankees showed up. Needless to say, the surprise was not a pleasant one. Cassie wrote several times throughout her diary that "the yankees lie." "The yankees reported that they had killed 1,500 Confederates when there were only about 500 men there. But they don't mind telling a lie, that is only a small one to what they tell sometimes." Confederate Capt. Smith with a company of 65 soldiers routed Federal Capt. William T. House with the 29th Missouri Infantry, and 4th & 9th Iowa Regiments during the Claysville Rescue. Capt. House reported there were 150 Rebels. Major Paramore, commander of the 3rd Ohio Cavalry, fired on Guntersville from 7 am to 6 pm on July 29, 1862. He reported that the town was strongly fortified by Forrest's Cavalry. A local eye-witness said there were no Confederate troops around the town at that time, just civilians.

Cassie, like so many others in the war zone, realized news was often false and rumors flew quickly around the area with little facts to make them worth listening to. She penned "They now pay little attention to reports until the truth can be learned." During a house search (one of many), a yankee Captain told her sister, Charity Fennell Henry, that he thought "The Southern people were brave and generous people and thought we

had the best army in the world. General Bob Lee was the best General in America or the world." "We would pretend to them that we believed everything they said." To make things more complicated, it was well known that there was a female yankee spy living on the north side of the river reporting on her neighbors plus anything she learned to the yankees.



**Shiloh United Methodist Church**  
Ryland Pike & Dug Hill Road  
welcomes you to worship with us.  
Nursery provided for all services.

**Sunday Worship Services 10:45 a.m.**

**Saturday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 7:30 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.**

*Yard Sale at Fellowship Hall*

###

**Wednesday, June 21<sup>st</sup> thru**

**Saturday, June 24<sup>th</sup> at 6:30 p.m.**

*Community Revival at Fellowship Hall*

*Everyone Welcome!*

###

**Saturday, July 01<sup>st</sup>, 5:00 p.m.**

*Community Celebration at Fellowship Hall*

*FREE! fireworks, hotdogs, soft drinks, homemade ice cream and games with prizes*

###

**Come worship and fellowship with us  
as we continue to study God's Word.**

**"Aging may have  
slowed me down but it  
hasn't shut me up!"**

**Jay Stallings, 82**

**ATEC PEST CONTROL SUPPLY COMPANY**

**Pest Problems?**

Use what the Pros use to get rid of termites, roaches, ants, spiders, mice, snakes & fleas.

(256) 533-6754  
3804 Governors Dr.  
Mon - Fri 7am - 5pm

Mention this ad and get 10% first treatment.

"We had become accustomed to having our property taken and when we see yankees coming we always expect to lose something and that we would not have cared what they would take, had they not captured my brothers."

Two of her brothers, Willie and Wattie, who were in the Confederate Army and home on leave, were taken. Brother John Fennell and three other Confederate soldiers came near to being taken by the yankees. They came to the house to search but a little Negro boy saved the Confederate soldiers by giving them a warning to leave. "The Negroes here are badly frightened by the yankees because they treat them very badly over in Madison and Limestone Counties. We have not as yet had but two Negroes to go with the yankees. The yankees are surprised themselves at our Negroes remaining at home when nearly everybody is losing theirs. Shipping supplies into Guntersville has stopped plus payment for anything is difficult."

"Nearly all the money we get now is Confederate bonds and they will hardly pass. Some will not take it at all, they would rather take anyone's note. Gold and silver is very scarce. Homespun is now all the fashion as we can buy nothing else. Calico (what little there is of it) is selling at \$1.50 per yard. Shoes we will have to do without, I reckon, as there are none for sale."

With not enough food for the family, soldiers have no conscience about taking what they want and burning the rest. "The people are almost afraid to offer resistance for fear they will destroy all their property."

"A few days ago the yankees went to Uncle David Allison's house in Huntsville and did all the mischief they could; breaking up the furniture, boxes, trunks, tearing up clothes and dashing them into the yard. Stealing money and letters to the amount of \$1,700. They tried to tear down the house. I have two cousins in Madison County; Isham Fennell and Hubbard Hobbs, who the yankees have ruined. They have taken all their meat and corn, torn up their beds, broken up their furniture and stolen their money."

After the Pennsylvania Cavalry surprised Confederate Gen. Lyon's Cavalry,

**Some Christians are the sweetest people you'll ever meet until you try to sit in their pews.**

## Hampton Cove Funeral Home, Crematory and Cemetery

Helping Families Honor the Lives of Those They Love

**Affordable Funeral Packages Starting at \$3,995.00**

**Simple Cremation Starting at \$995.00**

Excludes Removal

Call for details on Preplanning

**256-518-9168**

**Hampton Cove Funeral Home  
6262 Highway 431 South  
Hampton Cove, Al 35763**

### COMPUTER PROBLEMS?

Thorough Diagnosis and repair of computer Problems. Spyware & Virus Removal. Tutoring Available. In-home Consultation and Flexible Schedules.

**MARK MAGNANT**

- UAH DEGREE

**256-539-1084**

Senior Discounts Available

**CALL MARK FOR HELP - MENTION THIS AD FOR A 10% DISCOUNT!**




the Union camped at the Fennell plantation waiting for transportation to send the prisoners upriver. The yankees burned the Beard plantation which lay next to the Fennell's but spared the Fennell plantation because Mrs. Fennell with other women spent their time preparing food for the yankees.

Confederate Gen. Wheeler came into Warrenton with 7,000 men. "Ma has kept several women cooking for them all day. The cavalry all left here this morning and everybody is glad of it for they are nearly as bad as the yankees, stealing everything they got a chance at." Gen. Forrest returned through Guntersville on his way to Huntsville after capturing Col. Streight. After his exchange, Streight wrote in his report that Forrest had three times the men than him though it was really the other way around. Gen. Roddy and his men crossed the river at Guntersville to get into Tennessee. All around Guntersville skirmishes were taking place providing unsettling noises.

Not only were the cavalry attacking but the citizens were being shelled from the Union gunboats on the Tennessee River destroying the area. The yankees shelled the Fennell planation with 24 pounders several times throughout the war but did not hit the house. The family would go into the cellar during the shelling.

As the gunboat passed by, the family would go outside and watch the continued shelling. Cassie wrote in her diary, "At every report, I start and think of the immortal souls that are now hurried into eternity, maybe unprepared."

**ROCKET CITY  
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION**

**Main Office**  
2200 Clinton Avenue  
Huntsville, Alabama 35805  
(256) 533-0541

**Branch Office**  
200 West Side Sq., Suite 48  
Huntsville, Alabama 35801  
(256) 536-0091

**Office Hours**  
Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri  
8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.  
Wednesday  
8:00 a.m. - Noon

[www.rocketcityfcu.org](http://www.rocketcityfcu.org)

Equal Housing Lender  
Member Since 1968

**NCUA**  
National Credit Union Administration

MEMBERS HELPING MEMBERS

*Express Wash  
Includes a  
Free Vacuum*

**256.532.2107**



**Lee's Express Wash**  
1220 Memorial Parkway NW

[www.leesmagictunnel.com](http://www.leesmagictunnel.com)

**Star Market**  
and Pharmacy

*Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy*

**Your Friendly Neighborhood  
Pharmacy & Grocery Store**

Located in Historic Five Points  
702 Pratt Ave. - 256-534-4509



# LOCAL NEWS 1880



Last Saturday night some malicious scoundrel killed a horse belonging to Mr. H.W. Helm, the well known blacksmith. The horse, a very fine one, was in the pasture bordering the spring branch, and was killed by being struck just above the eye with a brickbat. We trust the perpetrator may be discovered and appropriately punished.

Yesterday, in the Big Cove, a man named Stewart Wishard was shot and mortally wounded by a man named R.S. Buford, who was arrested. The trouble arose about a dispute in regard to crops. Wishard was cropping on Buford's place. It is thought Buford was justifiable.

We understand it is reported through the country that yellow fever is in Huntsville. This is untrue. There has not been a single case of yellow fever in Huntsville up to this time.

Mr. Timothy Murphy, of this city, received a dispatch last Friday from Canton, Miss., conveying the sad information that his wife, daughter and granddaughter were all down with yellow fever. Mr. Murphy left on the next train for Canton and it is reported he has been seized with the dread disease. (Update) Since writing the above we have been informed that all of Mr. Murphy's grandchildren have the fever, and that one of them has died of the disease.

Appeal to Mothers - Clothing partially worn or outgrown, sheets or bedding of any description, remnants of calico or domestic, such as always accumulate in families - any of all these articles are earnestly solicited for the Orphans of the plague-stricken city of Memphis, and will be thankfully received and immediately forwarded if sent to Mrs. S. R. Cruse, Adams Avenue.

Miss Kate Erskine will open a School at the residence of Mrs. S. C. Erskine, on Franklin Street, on Monday, the 2nd of September. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Charlie Rice, the one-eyed man from Mr. Frank McClung's place in Little Cove, was tried on a complaint before Justice Figg, last Saturday, charged with an attempt to rape Linda Beasley, aged 10 years. Rice was arrested after an investigation of the facts committed. He came from Jackson County.

Wanted - 10,000 pounds dried fruit, for which the highest price will be paid. T. J. Humphrey, Hotel Building.

Sally Philips left town with her 4 children last night after her husband Jeremy smashed furniture in a drunken rage. She is staying with her older sister who lives on Eustis Street. His rage has put him in the county lockup before.

Jesse Walters, the old street peddler, just passed away and \$5,900 was found in the small apartment he lived in.

## THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE SUMMER CAMP

July 17<sup>th</sup> - 21<sup>st</sup> 9am - 4pm Daily Ages 7 - 14

### ART - HISTORY - COMMUNITY



**Campers will get a chance to create, discover, and learn about:**

PAPER MAKING PAPER FOLDING QUILT MAKING PAINTING NATIVE AMERICAN DRUMS	FOLK MUSIC STORY TELLING CREATIVE WRITING THEATER PRODUCTION COOKING	HUNTSVILLE HISTORY EARLY MEDICINE ARCHITECTURE COMMUNITY OUTREACH THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD
--	--	--

**\$160 per camper - Discount available for multiple child enrollment.**

*For more information visit [www.historiclowryhouse.com](http://www.historiclowryhouse.com)*

# OLD BELIEFS, FOLKLORE & SUPERSTITIONS

- Never comb your hair after the sun goes down, or you will become forgetful.

- If you kiss your own elbow, you will turn into a member of the opposite sex.

- Three bad habits: drinking the glass, smoking the pipe and scattering the dew late at night.

- A hangover can be eased by rubbing 1/2 lemon under each armpit.

- Don't place your shoes upon a table for this will bring bad luck for the day, cause trouble with your mate and cause you to lose your job.

- If you drop a pair of scissors, it means your mate is being unfaithful to you.

- Never pound a nail after sundown, or you will wake the tree gods.

- When you move into a new house, always enter first with a

loaf of bread and a new broom. Never bring an old broom into the house.

- A good laugh and a long sleep are the best cures in any doctor's book.

- If you whip a child with the branch of a green broom plant, the youngster will stop growing.

- Never give a knife as a housewarming present, or your neighbor will become your enemy.

- Always cover your mouth when you yawn. This way you will keep evil spirits from entering your body.

- If you want to have a keen memory, never read the epitaphs on the headstones.

- A hypochondriac is one who's afraid he's sick and dead scared that he's not.

- For a bad headache, sleep

with a pair of scissors under your bed or, place two matches on your forehead in the form of a cross, or drink a little soda if your headache is caused by indigestion.

- Never carry a hoe into the house. If you do, carry it out again, walking backward to avoid bad luck.

- If you are plagued by rheumatism, try to get some turtle doves to nest near your home. They are thought to keep the rheumatism away.

- Salty soup is a sign that the cook is in love.

-When you're feeling twinges in all your hinges, take a bath in rose petals.

- For a bad headache, dip a large white handkerchief in vinegar, wring it out and tie it tightly around your forehead until the headache disappears.



## B&W AUCTION

ANTIQUES~FURNITURE~COLLECTIBLES~GLASSWARE

SATURDAY, JUNE 10th, 2017 @ 4:00 P.M.

NO BUYER'S PREMIUM!

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

B & W AUCTION

356 Capshaw Road  
Madison, AL 35757  
256-837-1559

CLIMATE-CONTROLLED  
SMOKE-FREE FACILITY

BUILDING WILL BE FULL!

LOCAL ESTATE & CONSIGNMENT LOTS! PLUS, A LOAD OR TWO HAULED-IN FROM UP-NORTH! OVER 500 LOTS~OUR BUILDING WILL BE FULL!!

ANTIQUES, FURNITURE, COLLECTIBLES, & GLASSWARE - ABSOLUTE/NO RESERVES!!

Oak/Mahogany/Maple/Walnut Dining Room & Bedroom Pieces, China Cabinets & Breakfronts, Sideboards, Several Chests & Tables, Chairs, Dressers & Chests, Beds & BR Suites, Sofas, Dining Room Suites, Bookcases, Occasional Tables & Stands, Glassware, Advertisement Signs & Items, Old Tools, Toys, Radios & Radio Equipment, Pottery, Crocks & Jugs, Picture Frames & Mirrors, Tray Deals, Lamps, Lots of Smalls, and other Miscellaneous & Unique Items. *Check out our pictures & listings at the website below~ you won't want to miss this sale!!!*

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

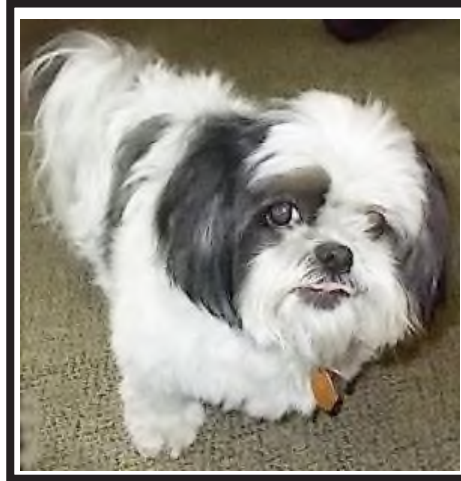
***Be sure to Follow & Like Us on Facebook as well!!!***

Wilson Hilliard, ASBA #97

Bill Ornburn, ASBA #683

# PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

## Understanding Zoonosis



- This term applies to all diseases that can be passed from pets to humans.

- All pets have the potential of spreading zoonotic diseases.

- Illness can be spread by bacteria, fungus, viruses or parasites entering the mouth, through the air, or by a break on the skin.

- Some zoonotic bacteria, viruses & parasites can be normal inhabitants of your pet's digestive or respiratory systems.

- Some bacteria, viruses & parasites that are zoonotic do not cause disease in pets but can affect humans, so veterinary examinations & fecal testing are recommended to evaluate your pet's health.

- Fleas, ticks, mites & lice may also be transferred from your pet to family members.

### Who's at Risk?

- Infants, young children, pregnant women and the infirm or elderly have greater risk of infection & should use extra caution when in contact with pets or pet habitats.

- Young children have higher risk of developing zoonotic diseases because their immune systems are still developing and they're more likely to put their fingers or other items in their mouths.

### Preventing Zoonosis

- If a bite occurs, hold the wound under running water for 5 min. and disinfect with iodine or triple antibiotic ointment. Contact a physician after initial cleaning. If a serious bite occurs, call emergency assistance.

- Always wash hands thoroughly after handling any pet, habitat or items within a habitat.

- An anti-bacterial hand sanitizer

should be used if soap & water are unavailable.

- Pets should not be housed in kitchens, allowed on food preparation areas, or bathed in the kitchen sink.

- Avoid contact with pet habitats if you have cuts or open sores on your hands.

There are hundreds of different zoonotic illnesses that have been around for centuries.

All pets have the ability to transmit disease to humans.

Children are more frequent-

ly diagnosed with zoonotic diseases. This is because of their tendencies to put object in their mouths and not wash their hands effectively.

Proper hygiene with thorough hand washing being the most important, prevents many diseases from being transmitted to people.

### Pets & Children

- Many pets are not suitable for children under 5 years of age.

- Children should always be supervised around pets, mouth contact with pets can spread disease.

- Washing hands well is critical.

- Children should not be the primary caretakers for pets & should not be solely responsible for cleaning habitats or picking up after pets.

- Children should avoid contact with pets if they have cuts or open sores on their hands.

The joys and benefits of responsible pet ownership often outweighs risks associated with living with a pet, but cleanliness is a must.

(from Petsmart.com/Careguides)

## Renfroe Animal Hospital and Bird Clinic



*When He Really Needs You.... We Offer Quality, Professional Care for the Pets You Love*

Phone 256-533-4411

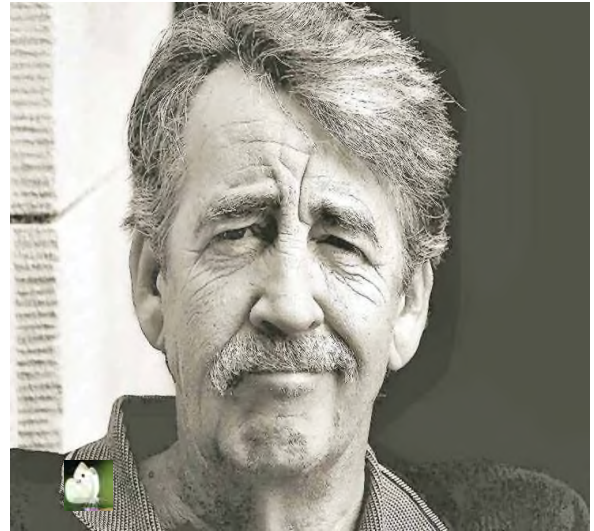
Hours by Appointment

1012 Mem. Pkwy. NW

Across from Books A Million

*From the Desk of  
Tom Carney*

# THE FICTION OF HISTORY



The Pilgrims did not land at Plymouth Rock and July 4th is not Independence Day.

Sounds preposterous?

The belief that the pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock rests solely on the recollection of a ninety-five year old man, 120 years after the event. Thomas Faunce told a crowd that his father, who arrived in America three years after the Mayflower, had once pointed out to him the rock as the place where the pilgrims had landed.

There is no other evidence for the tradition.

As the Coast Guard has pointed out numerous times since, the current would have made it impossible for a small boat to land at that spot. Ironically, Plymouth Rock never entered our history books until the 1800s when it was used to advertise soap.

Another great deception that has been foisted upon the American people is the celebration of the 4th of July as our nation's Independence Day.

Independence from England had been declared two days earlier on July 2, 1776.

Our second President of the United States of America, John Adams, in a letter to his wife, predicted that "the Second day of July, 1776 will be the most memorable Epoch in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated, by succeeding Generations, as the great anniversary Festival."

To further undermine the

real date, a nineteenth century editor, in publishing Adam's original letter, changed the date and had Adams informing his wife that "the Fourth of July, 1776," would be the great date in history.

Even the story of Bunker Hill is a myth. The famous battle actually took place on Breeds Hill, some two thousand feet away. By 1893 so many people believed the story that the authorities changed the name of Breed Hill to Bunker Hill, in an attempt to correct history.

Probably the biggest hoax handed down in our history books is the tale about the Liberty Bell. It did hang in the statehouse but it was not rung upon the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The name, "Liberty Bell" was given it in 1839, symbolizing the hope for freedom of black slaves, not the independence of white Americans from Britain.

Another story that does not withstand the scrutiny of history is the battle

**"Don't stick your elbow  
Out so far.  
It may go home  
In another car."**

**Burma Shave**

*Burma Shave signs were small red signs with white letters, they were 100 feet apart on highways in the 1930s*



**Steve Cappaert**  
Broker - Associate  
651-7517 Mobile

  
**AVERBUCH**  
Realty Co., Inc.



7500 Memorial Parkway South #122  
Huntsville, Alabama 35802-2297  
Business 256/883-6600  
Fax 256/883-6650  
stevecappaert@knology.net



of the Alamo. Contrary to popular belief, the defenders were not all heroes. Colonel Travis, the commander, had abandoned his pregnant wife and two year old child in Alabama, before ending up in Texas. In the oath he took, he lied, claiming to be a widower.

Jim Bowie was running from the law and Davy Crockett had left his home in Tennessee, where he had become a figure of ridicule.

There is absolutely no proof that the defenders of the Alamo fought to the last man. On the contrary, overwhelming contemporary evidence indicates that Davy Crockett and his Tennesseans surrendered, rather than fight it out hand-to-hand. Incidentally independence was not the only thing they were fighting for; they had also been promised large grants of land in return for their efforts.

Few people today remember that the song "Yellow Rose of Texas" was a song about Santa Anna's mistress. In the original version the chorus line was, "She's the sweetest rose of color, this girly I ever knew."

In 1903, the Texas Historical Society decided to sanitize their history and rewrote the words accordingly.

Teddy Roosevelt never charged up San Juan Hill. The hill they captured was Kettle Hill and when they finally got around to San Juan Hill, the Spaniards had already fled.

William Randolph Hearst, a publishing magnate and close

personal friend who was aware of Roosevelt's political aspirations, ordered the name change in his newspapers. The reason he gave was, "San Juan sounds more heroic than Kettle."

Here in Huntsville, when they finally got around to writing a State Constitution (1819), it seems as if one of their biggest problems was keeping the delegates sober. They actually had to call the sheriff to remove some of the offending delegates.

No history book of Huntsville prints the fact that our Huntsville Hospital got its start from a bordello or that Brahan Spring Park is named after a swindler. Also, that the first voting rights demonstration in Huntsville occurred shortly after the Civil War when a group of ex-Confederate soldiers held a protest demanding their voting rights be restored.

## Creamy Garlic Dip

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 3 T. whole milk
- 1 t. garlic, minced
- Salt to taste
- 1 t. chopped parsley
- 1/2 t. paprika

Mix cream cheese with the milk, add garlic, salt to taste and mix thoroughly. Add parsley and paprika and mix. Garnish with a stem of parsley and serve.

# Big Ed's Pizza

Pizza like you remember it!

Try our New  
Italian Sub and Club  
Sandwiches!

Hours: Monday Closed  
Tues - 4pm - 10pm  
Wed - 11am - 10pm  
Thurs - 11am - 10pm  
Fri - 11am - 11pm  
Sat - 11am - 11pm  
Sunday - 11am - 10pm



Kitchen Closes 30 minutes  
before closing time

(256) 489-3374

Proudly Serving You for 56 Years

visit us at [www.bigedspizza.com](http://www.bigedspizza.com)



Like us on Facebook

903 Memorial Pkwy. NW, Huntsville Al 35801

"A virgin forest is a forest where the hand of man has never set foot."

Answer on a 5th grade  
Geography test

# THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF MARY MARGARET MOON

by Michelle Moon Speck



"I'm sorry, but your daughter will probably not live through the night", Mr. and Mrs. O.F. Moon of Hazel Green, AL were told on December 19, 1936. Their first born, Mary Margaret, was diagnosed with cerebral palsy, had severe respiratory problems and deformities of her right arm and leg, bent in a position of seemingly permanent uselessness. Mr. Moon sent for his mother so she could at least see the baby before she passed. That was almost 80 years ago and as Mary will tell you, "I'm still here". From that day forward she has proven that she is determined to live life to its fullest and her story is quite remarkable.

Right away she started to flourish, determined to be all she could be. Mary learned early how to pull cotton out of the bolls and how to sew. Over the years she has made clothes, aprons, pillow cases, and scarves, embroidering beautiful designs on some, including quilts.

When she was 13 years old and strong enough to undergo surgery Mary had her leg straightened so she could walk with the help of a surround walk-

er. She spent almost a year in the hospital recovering. Later she was able to use a one arm crutch to help her walk with someone always holding her elbow.

Her strong will made her able to attend school for the first time where she received extensive speech and physical therapy at Charlanne School for crippled children in Birmingham, AL. She also attended West Clinton Elementary School in Huntsville, AL where she completed the eighth grade.

About age 20 Mary attended the Alabama Trade School and they helped her gain her first "paying" job, a clerk at a trailer park general store called Paradise Grocery. She even worked for WAAY-TV Channel 31 in Huntsville, AL as a "reporter". She was provided with a scanner and as she went about her day if she heard anything she thought was interesting she would call in to the station and they would investigate.

Mary loves babies, anyone's babies, and although she never married she has more babies than anyone else on earth. Mary helped welcome a total of 13 children into the Moon family including another daughter

## CLARK ELECTRIC Co.

SERVING HUNTSVILLE AND NORTH ALABAMA SINCE 1939

*For All your Electrical Needs*

Breaker Panel Changeouts and Service Upgrades

**(256) 534-6132**

Visit us at [www.clarkelectrichuntsville.com](http://www.clarkelectrichuntsville.com)



## SCOTTY FIX IT

*Let me help you with any type of household repair or remodeling jobs!"*

- \* **Painting, 1 Room at a Time or Whole House**
- \* **Drywall Repair, Small & Large**
- \* **18 Years Experience**

**(256) 503-2922 text or call**

Email: [sbsmith@hiwaay.net](mailto:sbsmith@hiwaay.net)

**Visit: [www.scottyfix.com](http://www.scottyfix.com)**





pital in a bag for Mary to see. Along with her siblings Mary has 18 nieces and nephews, 30 great nieces and nephews, and 1 great-great nephew, all of whom are "her babies" who all love their "Sissie" as she is affectionately known by family.

When asked about the most difficult time of her life her answer is, "When my Mother died". Mary's mother passed in 1988, Mary was 52 years old. She had lived at home with her mother and father. Everyone else had grown up and moved out. Mary and her father tried to take care of each other but it proved too much. By this time Mary was confined to a wheelchair.

In 1990 Mary decided to move to McMinnville to live with her sister and brother-in-law, Faye and Carl Malone. It was there that Mary decided to finish high school and took her GED test several times. However, it was not to be, she missed

passing the test by two points.

Two years after moving to McMinnville a cousin suggested that she try living on her own. No one dreamed she could do that but once again, Mary proved them wrong. She moved into Beersheeba Tower on Main Street. She initially had a 5th floor apartment (until one opened up on the first floor). She learned to operate the elevator, laundry facilities, cooked her own meals (receiving one from Meals on Wheels), and clean her apartment. Something worth mentioning here is, Mary only has use of one arm so she must to use her feet to travel in the wheelchair, and the wheelchair is what limited her outside time. One day that all changed. She got an electric chair, now there is no place she can't go. She goes to the grocery store, farmer's market, post office and bank. For 24 years she has lived on her own. Mary will admit to being a packrat. Her

who was more severely handicapped than herself. Glenda lived only six weeks. She loves babies so much that when her eighth sibling was born and she was still recovering from her surgery, her mother had to sneak the baby into the hos-

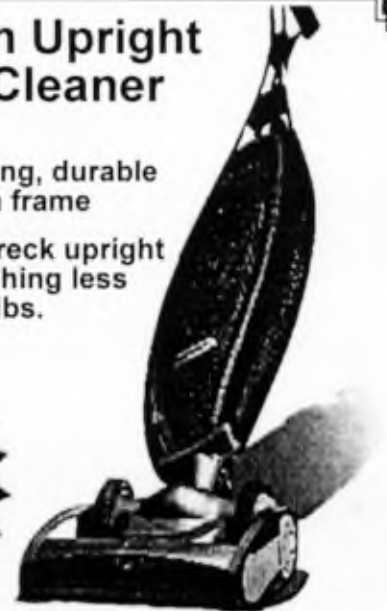
# ORECK®

*Clean Made Easy™*

## Magnesium Upright Vacuum Cleaner

- \* Extremely Strong, durable magnesium frame
- \* The lightest Oreck upright vacuum weighing less than 8 lbs.

Lightweight uprights and convenient hand-held vacuums... or a power-team combo for clean made easy.



We carry a wide range of cleaning products, Spot Removers; Lambs Wool Dust Mops, and Dusters; Bona® Professional Series Cleaning Products and more!

**ORECK** clean home center

1010 Airport Road (Across from TJ Maxx)  
In Business in Huntsville for 19 Years



closets, desk, file cabinet, drawers, and even under her bed are packed with boxes and boxes of keepsakes. Chances are that if you've sent her anything, she still has it, and most likely in the original envelope, box, or gift wrap that was with it. She is very sentimental, still having clothes her mother made her over 40 years ago.

A word of caution: if Mary ever asks if you would like to play Rook and offers a sweet smile, watch out! She has played Rook for most of her many years, using a wax paper box to hold her cards in the early days. She has a new "fancy" card holder now. And she is ruthless! No, her family or friends do not "let" her win, she can do that all by herself. She also enjoys playing Rummy, BINGO, watching Game Show Network and answering the questions before the contestants do. She is also a regular caller on a local talk show "Town Talk with Kelly and Bobby". Her speech impediment doesn't stop her at all, they love her as much as she loves them.

As much as Mary loves her family and friends, she will be the first to tell you that she loves her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ the most. She was a member of Union Grove Baptist Church in New Market, AL for many years. It is amazing how many people still remember her coming "every time the doors were open". She is currently a member of Madison Street Baptist Church in McMinnville where she attends Sunday School and worship services. She loves gospel music knowing the words to most hymns and singing them her own way. She has attended many gospel quartet concerts and her favorite group is The Inspirations. She has over 100 long-playing albums along with numerous CD's and videos.

If you've ever met Mary, you will never forget her and she will never forget you. She has maintained friendships for over 60 years from cards, letters, Facebook and email.

Mary celebrated her birthday last year with three parties from New Market to McMinnville. This very happy, colorful, intelligent, and determined lady has out-lived her doctor's expectations. We don't know what the next phase of her life holds, but if it's anything like the first 79 years she will do many great and wonderful things, for God and anyone else she can show love to.

*Linda's*  
**PRINTING SERVICES**  
INCORPORATED

**256.534.4452**  
 Toll Free:  
 877.534.4452  
 Fax:  
 534.4456

**Social • Commercial • Promotional Items**  
*We can fulfill your printing needs*  
 Serving Huntsville Since 1985

 [www.lindasprinting.com](http://www.lindasprinting.com)   
[linprint@lindasprinting.com](mailto:linprint@lindasprinting.com) 

**William M. Yates, CLU**


Life, Health, Disability  
 Long-Term Care, Annuities and Group


**Ph. (256) 533-9448**  
**Fax (256) 533-9449**

*In Business since 1974*


**Email us at [mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net](mailto:mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net)**

**Mack Yates Agency, Inc.**  
 411-B Holmes Ave. NE Huntsville, AL 35801



 **FIGHT CRIME!**

Join Your Community Watch  
**256-722-7100**  
[www.hsvcommunitywatch.com](http://www.hsvcommunitywatch.com)



# The Fireball

by Tommy Towerly

Time was on a bobsled run, stealing my youth from me at a breakneck speed and forcing me to face my fast approaching future, whether I was ready or not. An eminent participation as a member of the first graduation class of Lee High School was demanding me to tie up some loose ends in my life and do so in short order. It had already been foretold I would leave my home on Webster Drive in Lincoln Village the day after graduation and move to Memphis, the new city where I would begin my college days. It was a trip of six hours and several hundred long miles away from my past. It would be a permanent change in my life which I dreaded.

One of those loose ends needing my attention was retrieving my precision Chicago roller skates from Carter's Skateland on Traylor Island, the skating rink where they were stored to be used on one of my frequent past trips to the establishment.

Roller skating had been my obsession for many years and often I had gone to the local rink as many as four or more times in a week. I was a student at Huntsville Jr. High and about 12 or 13 years old when I first got bitten by the skating bug. I lived on East Clinton at the time, and when we could afford it, my friend Mike Thompson and I would share the cost of a Crescent Cab ride to the rink. More often we walked the two mile route, making a short cut cutting across Pinhook Creek to come up in the field behind Carter's. It was a treacherous

route when the creek had risen. Sometimes we arrived at our destination with soaked tennis shoes and soggy pant legs. At first it was just the anguish and then fun of the sport itself and eventually I realized I finally found my calling. My older brother Don had always been an athlete, and was good at all the high school sports. I was much smaller than him, not athletic at all, and living in his shadow most of my life.

It was on the skate floor at Carter's where I found I had a natural talent hiding inside me, and the much-required balance needed to become a master of roller skating. I felt inspired by the 1950 Mickey Rooney film I had seen at the Center Theater on one of my early trips to the 10-cent second-run movie house. "The Fireball" was a film in which Mickey portrayed a roller derby beginner who rose to fame as a skater. Perhaps it was because Mickey Rooney was small like me that the story moved me, I'll never know for sure. I would tell myself "I'm the fireball" as I circled the roller rink. Unfortunately I shared this secret with Mack Yates, a Boy Scout friend, one night and

to my regret he replied, "You're not a fireball, you're more like a butterball!" He would still call me by that nickname, even today, if we met.

It was in the music filled, spotlight lit, kid infested arena when I first started noticing girls. In the beginning, following normal rink-accepted protocol, I usually just held a girl's hand when I first skated with her. That wasn't the same body contact that I got at a Saturday night dance when the lights were low and the music demanded bodily contact. Now as skills progressed the hand holding was replaced with a hand on a curved waist, or both hands on both hips if you were a good enough skater to skate backwards and could do so while she put her hands on your shoulders or neck. The close face to face contact was exciting for a teenager exploring puberty. I was that good.

My skates were special to me and expensive. Unlike the rental skates available at Carter's, mine had precision wheels and were much more maneuverable and were part of the reason I could skate as well as I did. They were an unexpected



## Church of God

*Where Salvation Makes you a Member*

4115 9th. Ave. SW, Huntsville, AL 35805

*Next to the Westlawn Middle School*

Services Wed. 6 pm - Sun. 10:30 am & 5 pm

Pastor Bro. Robert Burns & congregation invites  
you to come and enjoy the good news of God's Word.  
Where Jesus can free you from the bondage of sin.

*We do have handicap facilities, and a warm welcome.  
For a ride or questions*

Call (256) 541-0252



gift from Gene Bales, one of Don's best friends who had given up skating. Carter's would allow people to leave their skates at the rink for free, so it was not necessary to haul them back and forth between visits. It is no mystery it was at the rink where my skates were stored where I finally built up the nerve to ask a girl to skate with me. It would take much more nerve and several more years to eventually build up the courage to actually ask a girl for a date. It was always a thrill when I got there early and waited on bated breath to see if a particular girl would show up, and a thrill of relief to catch the sight of her at the window buying her ticket. That was long before I had the nerve to make a phone call to find out in advance if she was planning on coming. Over time I always seemed to get a crush on some particular girl and my hormones raced at the sight of her.

I remember a faithful New Year's Eve I spent at Carter's with my crowd of friends including someone for whom I had particular feelings. There was a special New Year's Eve party after the normal skating session that night. There were hats and noise makers, and I and my best friend at the time were enjoying the merriment. It was an exceptional night, with a live band instead of the normal 45-rpm records spinning. As the midnight hour rolled near, we all stopped skating and huddled in a large group in front of the band. I was standing with my best friend, the girl I liked, her friend, and a whole crowd of other nameless faces.

I had planned my actions for the moment well in advance. As the clock struck midnight, I would take my girl in my arms and kiss her, right on the lips. It would be a first. I had never even had a real date with her, much less mouth-to-mouth contact. I had just been with her at the skating rink and we skated most of the couple's skate sessions together. I knew she felt the same way about me as I did about her, but also was aware she was just as shy as I was. That night, we would be given the perfect excuse to elevate our relationship. Anticipation built up inside of me as the countdown to midnight and the new year started.

I positioned myself near her. We all counted down from ten, just like on television. Five, four, three, two, one, Happy New Year! The shouts went out. The noise makers filled our ears. I turned toward her. I gathered all the nerve I could muster

inside me and prepared myself for the big moment. As the celebration exploded, she made a move. She turned. Then she threw herself into the open arms of my best friend standing beside me. I stood in silence. Wait a minute. "Is this a country and western song? What's going on? This isn't really happening. Things like this only happen in movies, not in real life." My best friend stood there and kissed my girl.

The crushing experience left an impact on my young mind. I felt like a fool, dazed beyond words. I just stood there, with the two of them together. I didn't even get a second-place hug. I was so embarrassed by the event that I didn't stay long enough to see if she would hug me when she finally let go of him. I didn't really want to know. I dropped my head and must have looked like Eeyore as I skated off feeling sorry for myself, as the band played "Should auld acquaintance be forgot...."

It was not in the cards she would ever be my girlfriend, but remains a Facebook friend even today. I did not lose my best friend over that either, but later we parted

## Mary's Rugs

New Rugs Arriving Daily

Huge Selection of Rugs

Round Rugs, Hexagon,  
all shapes for any  
room in your house.  
Great Quality at  
reasonable prices



*Kenny & Mary Harbin, Owners*

Rugs as small as 21" x 34" (washable)  
up to 11 ft. x 14 ft. - a rug for everyone!

Rectangle Rugs and runners in all sizes

*Open Sat & Sun 9-5 -  
We are Located in the East Wing*

*Located at Limestone Flea Market,  
between Huntsville and Athens on  
Highway 72*

**"Moses died before he ever reached Canada.  
Then Joshua led the Hebrews in the battle  
of Geritol."**

**Answer on 4th grade  
Religion test**

ways over another girl. I am happy to say time heals all wounds and he is back to being a friend today. Later in my future I would finally find the girlfriend and skating partner I had looked for in my thousands of revolutions around the wooden skate rink. It was more than puppy-love, but too rocky to survive a commitment. Still, we would spend many wonderful hours together on wheels. By my senior year in high school we had gone steady and broken-up at least four times. The last time had been in the beginning of the year.

By my final year of high school roller skating had become less frequent for me though. The local teen dances at Bradley's Cafeteria and the National Guard Armory had replaced its attraction in my existence. It was purely physical. You never could get as close to a girl when you were skating as you could in a nice slow dance to a song like "Theme from a Summer Place" or "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It wouldn't be fair to say you never got as close on skates because sometimes you did. Sometimes you got a lot closer, whether you planned to or not. There were times when you ended up on top of your partner when your wheel ran over a piece of discarded chewing gum on the floor or you tumbled over other skaters who had already fallen in front of you. It took great reaction skills to stop in time.

So, on that special night in 1964, on one of my final nights before graduation, I felt a compelling draw to a final pilgrimage to the skating rink. None of the males in my current crowd were skaters and knowing my final days in my home town were numbered I wanted no opposite sex commitments to make me heart broken when it came time to leave.

I was feeling melancholy and the memories of my earlier days were strong and because of them, I found the urge to go back to the skating rink, even if it was a solo trek. The girls of my past would not be there. They had all moved on to other activities. For that reason, I spent the evening rolling around in circles alone and thinking of the past.

I remembered Barbra Seeley, Sherry Adcock, Pam Grooms, Carolyn McCutcheon, Dianne Hughey, and Ginger Cagle. I even remembered the other nameless girls who wouldn't skate with me when I asked. I watched the ten and eleven-year-old boys

and girls with whom I now skated and imagined what they had ahead of them. It made me smile.

Yet, whether it is in search of lost youth, old friends, or who knows what, we seem compelled to return to those places which hold fond memories of our past. It's like the lost dogs we read about who cross several states to return to their old homes and masters. Whatever steers them must affect humans in the same way sometimes. A voice keeps calling us back, but when we arrive, the voice belongs to a stranger. In reality, the stranger is not the stranger we see, but us instead. We are strangers in an unstrange land. The places are the same. The people were there and they all seem to know each other, but not me. They were having a good time. I was the one who no longer seemed to belong. A strange time-warp seemed to have me trapped, keeping me from returning to the fun I once knew. My skating partners for the night were my memories.

Yes, a strange force drew me back to the skating rink that night. That same force is a constant in the changing universe of our lives, and it is strong. The force seems destined to draw us back to the good times of our lives and compels us to remember when things were not quite as complicated and worries were not as big as today.

That force is our own memory.

## At Home

Estate Sales & Liquidation, LLC



Let our Team Quickly Liquidate your Family's Estate into Cash for you and your Loved ones. From Start to Finish let us Help you, because No One Should have to Do it Alone

**Andrea Wood**  
Ph. (256) 797-0305

**Patricia Fulmer**  
Ph. (256) 683-4539

**For a Free Consultation, please call.**

# My Good Friend Tim Burgess

by Harry S. Dill



When we moved into the rock house on Toll Gate Road there was a boy living just across the road that was about the same age as me. His name was Morgan O'Neal Burgess but his nickname was Tim. This was in the early 1930s.

The Burgess house was across the road from our house. It was a 4 or 5 room house, had a gutter pipe running from the house to a cistern in the front yard. They drew water from it and they must have drank the rain water. They had no bathroom and there was a lot of bushes on the east side of their house that they must have used as a bathroom. At least my daddy had built an outhouse on his property, and at this time there was no water on the Cedar mountain. Later daddy had them drill a well in the back yard and they had to go down 180 feet before they hit water. He put a deep well pump in it and built a little pump house over it to protect it from freezing.

There were some really large, solid limestone rocks in the Burgess yard too.

When my sister Alice was born in the rock house (yes doctors back then made house calls) Tim and I were playing in a crevice between two solid rocks and they were completely over our heads..

One night we were awakened by a commotion and bright red lights.

The Burgess's house was on fire and burned to the ground. Fire insurance was virtually impossible to get back then because there was no city water on the mountain. Luckily Tim and all his family got out safely, but it must have been a big tragedy for them to start all over again. They just built a two room house and Tim's daddy was dead. They had a little money from when Tim's dad worked at the courthouse making abstracts. Jess had studied law but didn't graduate so he was working for a lawyer.

Tim and I struck up a friendship that lasted all our lives, though.

We roamed all over Monte Sano Mountain from top to bottom. Back then in the early 1930s the mountain had very

few people living there when we lived on Cedar Mountain and very few on top of the big mountain.

Tim, his older brother Joe Roy and I played in their house attic. Up there were at least a dozen or more swords. They were real and from the Civil War and beyond, some with flat blades and some with narrow blades. Tim's father must have been a collector of swords.

His name was Jess Burgess and he drank whiskey just about all the time. He had cirrhosis of the liver and the doctor told him that if he did not quit drinking he would die. He didn't stop so he died.

We could plainly see the old Monte Sano Hotel on top of the mountain and Tim was with me when we got inside it in spite of the watchman and his dogs. We had to very quiet or we would alert the dogs and the watchmen and he would make us get out. But luck was with us and they never did know that we were there.

Both Tim and I built tree houses near our homes. I built mine in a large cedar tree and he built his in a oak tree. I had a paper route at that time so I

## Laughlin Service Funeral Home and Crematory, Inc. Serving Families since 1868

Locally owned and operated  
Now in our 3rd generation  
Professionally staffed 24 hours a day  
Crematory on-site  
We honor all insurance policies

Pre-planning your funeral is a good way to let your family know your final wishes and take the burden off of them.  
Call us for a free, no obligation planning guide.

2320 Bob Wallace Avenue  
(256) 534-2471  
www.laughlinservice.com

John Purdy  
Loretta Spencer  
Sarah Chappell



had money. I had a big thick Johnson Smith and Company catalogue and saw where you could make a 100 power telescope if you bought the lens, so I did just that.

When I got the lens I went behind Mason Furniture Store and found a cardboard tube that a rug had been rolled up on. I cut the tube to about half its length and inserted my telescope lens. I also found a smaller tube and inserted the eye piece. When finished I had a working telescope of 100X, 60X and 30X power. Tim and I would look at the moon, planets and stars at night and in the day we would look at the old hotel and the top of the mountain. A creek ran through all of Fagan's Hollow and we found a place that had a solid rock bottom so we dammed up the creek and made it deeper there. We spent many hours swimming and just soaking there on hot summer days. Tim's older brother Joe Roy Burgess joined us at times.

On the south side of the mountain about half way up we could see the "Poor House"

and a little way from it was a big water tank on steel frames. One winter it got so cold that the sap froze in a lot of the trees and they split apart and we looked at the water tank and it had bent the steel frames it sat on and was on the ground. The snow and ice must have added so much extra weight that it all fell down.

In the summer Tim and I would go up on top of the mountain and drink ice cold water at Cold Springs. We would go straight north and cross the Bankhead Parkway, down a small path that led to a cave that had both stalactites and stalagmites. It was a pretty little cave.

They had just built the Bankhead Parkway up the north side of the mountain and leading to Monte Sano Park. Tim and I walked up and down the old train bed that used to run all the way up the mountain. I think that it started somewhere on Pratt Avenue because there was something like a train bed in the middle of

neighborhood  
card & gift  
in Five Points

- Archipelago Botanicals
- Lampe Berger
- Patience Brewster
- Alabama & Auburn Gifts
- Kitras Art Glass
- Carruth Studio - Stone
- Home & Garden Accents
- Jim Shore
- European Soaps

New Merchandise and  
Cards you'll Love

(256) 534-5854

716 Pratt Avenue  
in Five Points

# MADISON STATION ANTIQUES

Southern Antique Furniture,  
Early Pottery & Unique Collectibles!

✧ MADISONSTATIONANTIQUES.COM ✧

110 MAIN STREET, MADISON, AL  
PHONE: 256.772.4444

Open Monday thru Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

the street. It continued along somewhere where the Parkway began and crossed Toll Gate Road at the last house on that road (now apartments) before it entered the Parkway. Then we went across the fence going south, then a bridge over a dry creek and went just east of the Fagan Hollow spring going south until we ran into so much underbrush we lost sight of it. It must have wound it way back towards the top of the mountain and the Monte Sano Hotel.

Tim liked to be in the wilderness where there were very few people, so after a while we decided to go up on top of Green Mountain.

Green Mountain is just south of Monte Sano and before you get to the Tennessee River. We walked up to the top of Green Mountain and on to the back of it we could see the river. There was an old deserted house by the side of the road and we spent the night there. It was a full moon that night and we saw that a farmer had a field full of watermelons so we selected one and brought it back to the deserted house to eat. We did not have anything to cut it with so we threw it down and broke it open and ate it with our hands.

As we grew older Tim and I did a lot of swimming. My Uncle Alvin had taken me to the Huntsville Swimming Pool a little down the Big Spring waterway and to the left I forgot the name of the street. I remember that after we changed to our bathing suits we had to walk through a trough of liquid in the doorway to kill any

athletes' foot anyone had before we could go into the pool. Uncle Alvin taught me to swim there. He had no children and I think now that he may have considered me his child. He was always very good to me.

Tim and I started swimming a lot in the Tennessee River at Whitesburg Bridge. We also used a rowboat and went over to Hobb's Island in the middle of the river. There was a herd of goats there.

We fished some too. We started swimming up and down the side of the river. We got in good swimming shape and we swam as far or more than the mile across the river. One day we decided to swim across the river and we did it! We walked back on the bridge to the other side. We swam across it several times after that. Then one day we decided to swim across and then back across. We did that too but we were just exhausted when we reached the other side.

We always started well up above the bridge because the current would carry us down stream but we always would get to the other side before getting to the bridge. Well, on this day we decided to swim over and back as we had done a few times before. We swam over and started back but about in the middle of the river Tim got the cramps, really bad.

I took hold of him and kept his head above water and tried to swim with him to the other side, but the current took us down river to one of the middle concrete pilings of the bridge so we rested holding to that concrete pile for a while. Then we tried to go on to the shore and we were floating way past the other side of the bridge due to the swift river current. We finally did make it to shore and took a good long rest as we were both worn out.

After that we stopped swimming so much in the Tennessee River.



## Boots

Hello, my name is Boots. I came to the Ark because my disabled companion could no longer care for me. I am a one-year-old beautiful black and white cat and wear my hair medium length. I am dependable, trustworthy, loyal, affectionate and sociable. I am looking for a loving home life. The Ark discovered my front toenails had been removed. I am not an outdoor cat and one of my requirements is to keep me inside at all times. I am very good with my bathroom habits, but require that you keep it fresh and clean. I do not cook and I will expect you to always make sure I have food and water. If you can promise all this to me I will supply you with lots of affection and love. Will you agree to my requirements? Then when you come to the Ark, ask to see Boots. That's me.

139 Bo Cole Rd.  
Huntsville, Al 35806

Hours Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 4 pm

The Ark  
A No-Kill Animal Shelter  
256.851.4088

**"You know that your landing gear is up and locked when it takes full power to taxi to the terminal."**

**Bob Hoover, Test Pilot**

# THE POWER OF MUSIC TO REACH WITHIN

by Jennifer Jonas,  
Accredited Music Therapist

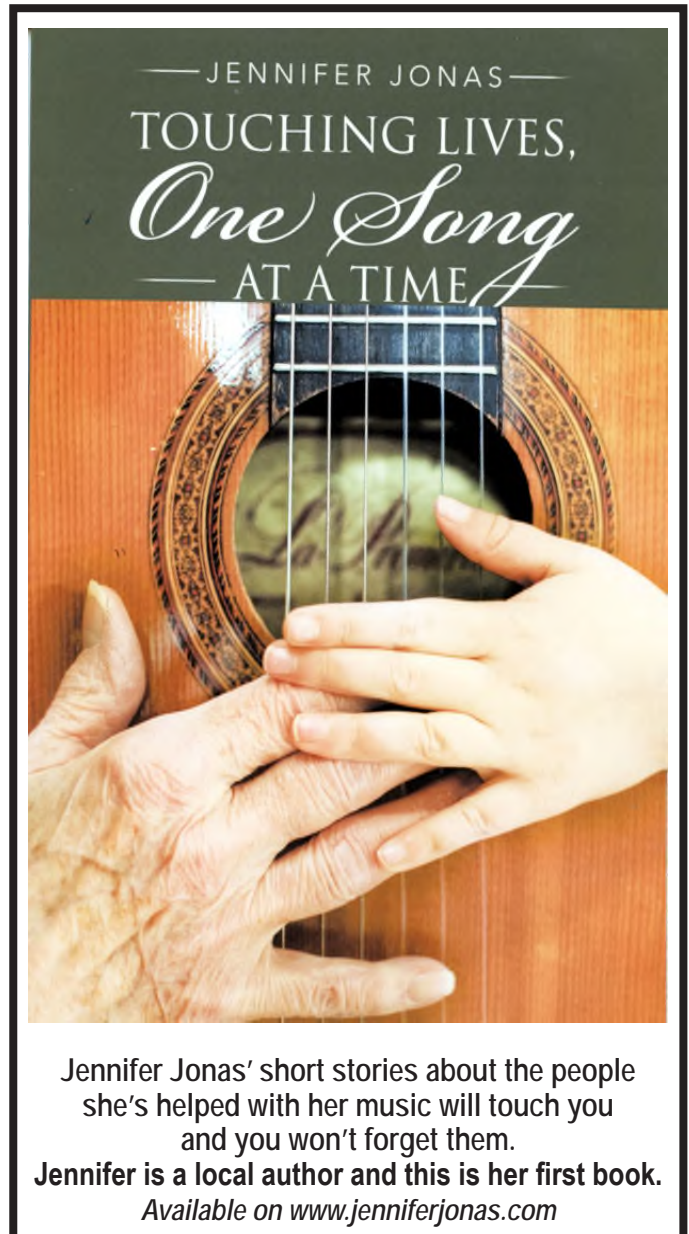
Johanna has advanced Alzheimer's and has lost the ability to care for herself. She lives in a nursing home where someone else bathes, feeds, and clothes her. She no longer walks or talks but spends her days in her reclining chair. Her daughters wanted to offer her something special but struggled to find the right thing. Johanna's caregiver, Janet, heard one of my presentations on the power of music therapy and knew she'd found the right gift for Johanna. She spoke to the daughters and they agreed to try this therapy; after all, their mother loved to sing and was in the Good Shepherd Church choir for years.

Janet joined me on that first offering of my music. I came prepared with the songs Johanna's daughters said were her favorites. When I began to sing the first song on my list, "Be Not Afraid," Johanna turned her head to the music coming from my guitar; and when the lyrics reached her, she began to smile. She recognized the words she'd sung in choir years ago. By the time I got to the chorus, she was tapping her foot on her chair and laughing.


It was almost miraculous the change that occurred in her. She had gone from being totally unresponsive to being completely engaged in the music, her music. Janet looked to me with a great big smile. She had found what her daughters were looking for; a therapy to touch the heart of their mother, a therapy to reach into her world and make contact with the part of her that was still alive.

I sing to Johanna every week now, bringing my guitar and all her favorite songs. Sometimes I bring a drum or a bell for her to play. She needs my hands to guide and help her play the instruments. On a few occasions, Johanna has reached out as if in search of my own hand. I respond each time by putting my hand in hers. Then she will squeeze it or tap the rhythm of the song I'm singing. I feel a wonderful connection to her when this happens.

It is my goal, each time I visit, to reach Johanna wherever she is inside her mind. Some days it takes two or three songs, and other days it takes just one verse to bring out that genuine smile and that heartfelt laugh. Then I know I've reached her.




Jennifer Jonas' short stories about the people she's helped with her music will touch you and you won't forget them.  
Jennifer is a local author and this is her first book.  
Available on [www.jenniferjonas.com](http://www.jenniferjonas.com)



## Alabama Coin & Silver

BUYING - SELLING - TRADING  
ESTATE APPRAISALS  
Charles Cataldo, Jr. Owner  
Phone 256-536-0262  
Just East of Whole Foods



900 Bob Wallace Ave., Suite 122  
in the Central Park Shopping Center Next to Quizno's

**We Buy and Sell Rare Coins and Collectibles**

# When life was simple...



In the 1960's the County Sheriff's department consisted of barely more than a dozen officers to enforce the law in all of Madison County. With deputies such as "Bulldog" Daniels, Ed Norton and Earl Frazier, many people thought twice before violating the law.

***Those Days are long gone, but Mary Jim Ailor still believes in offering the same dedicated, personal service that makes our city such a special place in which to live.***



**looseendsbymj.com**  
**e-mail: [mjailor@looseendsbymj.com](mailto:mjailor@looseendsbymj.com)**

*Helping families  
with downsizing and  
organizing*

**256-658-2718**