



No. 293
July 2017



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

A Violation of Trust (A Son's Belated Confession)



Also in this issue: "No Jail Could Hold Her"

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A Violation of Trust

by Barry Key

In the May issue of OLD HUNTSVILLE magazine there was a story entitled, HOUSE FIRES, PLANE CRASHES AND A ROCKING HORSE". In the story there is a paragraph "I violated my parents trust only one time....".

Our grandchildren, on reading the story, have quizzed me on what I did to disobey my father and mother. I feel they were looking for an excuse in case they ever did the same thing, "Well Pop did it".

I was so embarrassed, no, ashamed, of the experience, that I never told it to anyone until now. As I started telling our grandchildren of the incident, I was trying to make light of the situation, but then I thought, no, I need to emphasize the seriousness of what I had done wrong and how the outcome could have been devastating to me, my parents and others.

I let them know how I was swayed by peer pressure hoping they would recall my episode if faced with a similar decision... that peer pressure can cloud a person's better judgement. My grandchildren were so enthralled with my story I decided to send a copy to Old Huntsville magazine thinking it could possibly prevent other teenagers from making the same mistake I had made.

I think it was the summer of 1957. A friend and I had gone to Whitaker's Lake (now called Honey Comb) to camp out. I had driven my parent's car. It was Saturday and sometime that afternoon five boys from New Hope set up camp next to us. They were older guys, maybe 17 or 18 years old.

My friend and I were 15 years old. Yes, in those days boys (and girls) in the country started driving even younger than 15. In fact, a lot of school students drove the county school buses to school. However, I'm fairly certain they had to be at least 16 years old and have a valid driver's license. There is no way the school board would allow high school students to drive a school bus in this day and time.

In 1955, my parents built a small cafe in New Hope called Dot's Dairy Dip. A friend of mine, Billy Galloway, would at times drive his dad's car to school. We were 14 years old at the time. Billy, like many other

"The only time I ever enjoyed ironing was the day I accidentally got gin in the steam iron."

Phyllis Diller



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students, would come down to Dot's after school for a sandwich and drink and to listen to music.

One day while in Dot's, the subject of driving came up. Billy couldn't believe, that as old as I was, I couldn't drive. The next thing I knew I was behind the steering wheel of his dad's 1953 straight shift Ford. For the benefit of the younger generation "straight shift" means in order to drive, you had to do what is known this day and time as "multi-tasking". You had to let off the gas pedal with the right foot, push in the clutch pedal with the left foot, steer the car with the left hand and operate the gear shift lever with the right hand, all simultaneously. My first two or three lessons were equivalent to riding the mechanical bull at the county fair. I thought my dad would be upset that I had been driving, but in reality I think he was elated that I had taken my frustration out on someone else's gears. Coincidentally, my dad's car was also a 1953, straight shift, Ford.

A funny thing, my parents


had named their cafe "Dot's Dairy Dip" for obvious reasons. My mother's name was Dorothy and the name Dairy Dip was synonymous, in those days, with the soft ice cream with a spiral top. They had a large sign out on the street with the name in bright fluorescent lights. Not long after they opened, my dad received a letter from a lawyer directing him to take down the sign because the name "Dairy Dip" had been copyrighted. The sign had cost several hundred dollars, so dad got his own legal advice and a simple solution, they put a leg on the "P" so the sign read "Dot's Dairy Dir". The leg on the "P" didn't light up so when reading the sign it still said "Dot's Dairy Dip". Over the years the sign has been changed to a painted sign "Dot's Dairy Den".

Let me see, where was I going with this...oh yes, "A Violation of Trust". The older boys had brought a cooler full of beer. By late afternoon they were pretty well intoxicated and had finally run out of beer. The boy that had

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 Joint Camp

driven them to the lake had a date and had left the other four without transportation. He was coming back to the lake after his date to spend the night.

Before long, they were pushing me to loan them my car. They wanted to drive to a bootlegger in New Hope to get more beer. My dad had given me strict orders to never loan the car to anyone. After much begging (and some threats) I relented and said that I would drive them. Five of us got in the car and my friend stayed in camp, which turned out to be a very wise decision.

When we got to the bootlegger's, wouldn't you know it, the five of us didn't have enough money combined to even buy a six pack. A couple of the boys knew the guy and kept pushing him to let them have the beer on credit. Still intoxicated, the boys started getting unruly, cursing, and making threats to turn the bootlegger's name over to the sheriff. In an instant, the guy was standing on his porch with a shotgun and fired a couple of shots in the air. The five of us looked like the Keystone Cops trying to get back in the car.

One of the boys (that lived in New Hope) said he had some money at home and he would buy the beer. They didn't want to go back to the same bootlegger, so we went to one in Owens Cross Roads. After they got their beer, they didn't want to go back to the lake. Instead, they wanted to go into Huntsville and cruise around.

My parent's orders regarding driving were to NOT go south of Whitaker's Lake or north of Owens Cross Roads. In other words, stay out of Huntsville and Guntersville. Again, I let them talk me into something I knew was wrong. Since I didn't have a driver's license, I let one of the other boys drive. A poor decision to swap a non-drinker

without license for someone intoxicated with a license.

Cruising around in Huntsville, they would shout at people on the streets. If they saw any girls walking they would shout obscenities and, if close enough, would spray them with beer. After a couple of hours, but what seemed like an eternity, we started running low on gas. It was after midnight and I knew there had to be a 24 hour station in Huntsville, but they wanted to go to Gasoline Alley across the Tennessee River. To be honest, I was very glad to get out of Huntsville.

As we started up the rise on the north side of the Tennessee River bridge there was a car pulling a travel trailer, stalled. The couple were from Michigan, as I remember, headed for Florida. We pulled around and stopped in front of them. The man was standing in front of his car with

the hood up. He said the car had just quit running and he had no idea what the problem was. We offered to take him to one of the gas stations about a mile on the other side of the bridge so he could call a wrecker service.

Here was a man and his wife stranded on the Tennessee River bridge at around 2 o'clock in the morning and five teenagers pull up, obviously intoxicated.

He didn't want to leave the car and trailer there on the bridge so he asked that we pull him into one of the gas stations across the bridge. Thinking back, he was probably concerned for his safety, getting into a car that time of the night with a group of intoxicated teenagers.

My car had a trailer hitch and the man had a tow rope in his trailer. I didn't want to use my car to pull the car and trailer up the incline of the bridge. Before I could say no, the boy driving



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my car said we would do it for a price. We were low on gas money and I think our driver had just come up with a plan to get money for gas and more beer. I don't recall the amount that he told the man but it was enough that it made the man mad.

The man said he could get a wrecker service for less. He asked that we go ahead and take him to one of the stations. Our driver, now thinking money, said he would drive him to a station but he wanted to be paid. We had originally offered to carry him for free. This infuriated the man and now he began to argue and curse us which started a shoving match between him and our driver.

The man got in his car, I thought to get away from the scuffling. When he got out he had a pencil and paper and began taking down the tag number of my car. He said he would walk to one of the stations for help and would call the police while he was there. Our driver and one of the other guys took the pencil and paper from him.

This started a new physical

and verbal argument. In a flash the man pulled a pistol from his pants pocket and pointed it at the two guys he was in the confrontation with. I know it was the alcohol doing the talking, but the two guys continued to curse him and told him he was afraid to shoot. Because of the man's mental state at this point, I wasn't so sure he wouldn't shoot.

I hadn't had anything thing to drink, and two of the other guys sobered up in a hurry when the man pulled his pistol. The three of us restrained the other two and pulled them back to our car. The man now had the upper hand and knew it. He held the pistol on us and made us get in our car. As we drove on across the bridge, remembering what had happened at the bootlegger's, I kept expecting bullets to come through our back window

"He's the kind of man a woman would have to marry to get rid of."

Mae West

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We got gas with what little money we had and headed back toward Huntsville and the stalled car. The man had not shot as we were leaving, but what would he think if he saw us coming back? As we approached the stalled car, my heart was pounding as if I had just ran a couple of miles. He was standing at the back of his trailer when we went by, so I'm not sure he was aware it was us. Thank goodness, again I did not hear any shots.

On the way back to the lake, many thoughts were running through my head, but the main one was how would I explain to my dad how someone reported his tag number on the Tennessee River bridge in the middle of the night. Whenever I did anything wrong, somehow my parents always knew by the time I would get home. Decision time, should I go home the first thing in the morning and confess as to what happened...or remain silent. I knew I would not only lose my driving privileges, but would be grounded for eternity.

I chose to be silent. However, I'm not sure it was the right decision because for the next several months I lived in hell. Every

time the phone rang, or if my dad called me for any reason, I knew the end had come. If they ever found out they did not confront me. How they failed to find out was a shock because by the end of school on Monday, seems everyone knew about my adventure. I was sure someone would be talking about it at Dot's and my mother would overhear.

I'm not sure how I was talked into going with these guys. I guess being younger it made me feel like a VIP driving these older guys around in my car. I can tell you....about 30 minutes into our trip....the incident at the bootlegger's brought me back to reality. Since I did not drink, I did not feel as invincible as did the guys that were under the influence of alcohol.

I was helpless and at the mercy of four intoxicated teenagers. I don't think I have ever been as scared as I was that night.

After a few months and the episode of that night still on my mind, I was so thankful that no one was injured or killed.

It was a stupid thing I (we) did, but it turned out to be a valuable and inexpensive lesson that stuck with me through the years.

"The people who followed the Lord were called the twelve opossums."

Billy, age 7, in Sunday school

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* If you want to be irresistible to someone, next time you see them offer them a piece of gum that you have been holding in your hand for at least 5 minutes. If he or she accepts, and begins chewing, you will be impossible to resist.

* If, when you harvest your onions, the onion skin is very thick at the end of fall, expect a hard winter. If it's thin, winter will be mild.

* People who cut uneven

slices of bread have been telling lies for most of their lives, and should not be trusted under any circumstances.

* When you have a crowd at your table and begin passing the bottle of wine around, pass it in a clockwise direction. Otherwise, you will drink vintage vinegar.

* If you have bought a new knife and don't want to lose it, cut a piece of bread and give it to the nearest dog.

* Whoever is crazy enough to take a bite of bread after someone else has bitten into it will possibly get rabies, or make bitter enemies.

* In the 18th century, in many parts of the world, chocolate was forbidden as it was thought to be a temptation of the devil.



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The Pine Straw Teepee

by Clinton Clay



It was a project begun on one of those alone days, I wasn't really lonely as I don't remember ever feeling lonely. I had too much curiosity about the world around me wherever and whatever it was, a yearning to explore, to create.

It was a rather hot summer day and I was in one of my favorite alone spots, the other being high in the crotch of a hickory tree, my throne from which to view the entire neighborhood, the neighbors and their activities. But on this particular day while enjoying playing in and around the branch, I spotted a fresh water stream running through my dad's pasture.

I began creating images, blueprints in my mind's eye of possibilities. I'm not altogether sure of the order in which the mind movie played out. I do remember wading in the cool water, beginning to pick up rocks of fist size to one barely liftable and beginning a dam.

Daubing the spaces with clay mud, dry pine straw and other bits of vegetation and the springs cooperated by beginning to back up so that in following days I was now shoveling dirt from above the dam to extend the dam. More rocks were added and more daubing until a sizable pond was created. In the house I found the fish bowl full of gold fish and sneaked the bowl from the

house and now the fish were freed from captivity and happily swimming about in their new home.

With some trace of Cherokee blood, I had long envisioned myself as a Cherokee lad visiting the haunts of my ancestors; the burial ground, the mounds, the flintery where spears and arrow heads were shaped. All on my great grandfather's farm which he had homesteaded.


Obviously a warrior's teepee was a necessity. I gathered dead tree limbs about eight feet long and formed an imaginary

circle. I imbedded an end of a limb and brought them together in the approximate center of the circle.

By now I was collecting tools from the workshed and the barn so that I had a handsaw with which I was able to cut slender, pliable limbs. I began weaving in and out from one side of my designated entry to the other side, beginning about 18 inches above the ground, and again 18 inches further up.

This allowed the sides of my teepee to be made of woven boughs of green pine straw. My

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cousin Wayne, who lived on the other side of the road in front of dad's farm, had joined with me so we were now two warriors on a campout. We covered the floor of the teepee with a considerable amount of pine straw so that it was entirely comfortable for lounging, even sleeping or smoking our corn cob peace pipes, filled with rabbit tobacco.

While we were bringing food from our mothers' kitchens, we decided we wanted even more of the comforts of home. Wayne found a four gallon lard bucket and a discarded well bucket, a cylindrical bucket about thirty inches long and four inches in diameter.

It was no longer useful to draw water from the well as the internal mechanisms allowed the filling of the bucket to close while water was being lifted by a pulley to the surface. By chiseling a four inch hole in the lard can and fitting the well bucket into it we now had a stove with the stove pipe reaching through the green pine straw wall. Now we could roast peanuts, potatoes, sweet potatoes, etc. and live off the land.

We were not prepared for the catastrophe that was to occur as the summer was drawing to a close. Though still enjoying our treasure, we noticed the pine straw was now dry, more brown than green.

Suddenly flames began from a spark of fire. Before we knew it, there was a roaring fire and being somewhat inexperienced firemen, we fought the flames with water carried from the pond. Soon there was nothing left but sadness, grief and memories to treasure. It was a complete loss.

"I try not to limit my madness to March."

Maxine

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THESE EIGHTIES (OR THE VICISSITUDES OF AGING)

by Rosalind Fellwock

Rosalind Fellwock's writing deals with daily life situations, and today it is her observations of an aging body and mind from her personally-affected viewpoint.

These observations come from an aging female. (The male can make his own.) I smile, am perplexed, and at times disgusted at all the symptoms of physical and mental disconnect that I experience now. At least once a day I lose my glasses, cell phone or the car keys.

With dimming vision, I've canceled the daily paper and most periodicals that stacked up unread. I still trust my vision to drive, but not much after the sun goes down. I schedule all appointments between traffic rush hours.

From eyes now to the ears: having worn hearing aids for at least twelve years, I cannot listen to the radio or watch TV without those auditory helpers. Otherwise, the volume would disturb the good neighbors living above and beside me.

Mental lapses occur. I enter a room, forgetting why I went there. Or at the computer, I'm writing and must leave a blank line since I can't think of the proper adjective. So I go to the kitchen to prepare lunch, and sure enough the proper word hits my brain just as I'm eating my salad. I grab a pencil and record it, not willing to lose it again!

It is exasperating to meet a familiar face and be unable to say her name. When looking at group photos from yesteryear, the faces are familiar, but I can't give them names.

It's not just my brain that has changed. My physical condition is showing the eight decades. Consider the clothing that you bought in your sixties that still occupy the closet. Things don't fit as well as they used to. I'm the same size according to the label, but a bulge in the midriff rearranges the garments and my frame has shrunk a couple inches.

Sleep patterns change with the years also. Nocturnal awakenings for a trip to the bathroom...an interruption creating a problem for the return to dream-land. Seeing that the clock registers an hour or so later, I'm ready to fetch one of those unread mags and read myself to sleep, but to my surprise, the sun is dawning when I open my eyes again. Well, enough of these dreary signs of aging!

I am working to keep what strengths and abilities yet maintained. I still cook for myself and each meal brings out the pill bottles. Folks my age keep drug companies and pharmacies in business.

I attend a fitness class to maintain good balance. It didn't take long before all of us classmates became friends, as we share mutual aging issues. We admire the young instructors, as they deliberately slow actions and directions for us to per-

form all those movements that activate our bodies and minds from the head down to our toes!

We find ourselves laughing at and with each other as we are all in the same boat...living day by day, and grateful for each one!

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Gambling Ring Broken Up by Brave Policeman

About 3 o'clock Sunday evening as Policeman Palmer was walking his rounds on Church Street, he came upon a crowd of unruly loiterers engaged in drinking and loud obnoxious behavior while participating in an illegal dice game. Forcing his way into the crowd he arrested the operator who struck him once or twice before he succeeded.

The policeman drew him into a house close by to get rid of the crowd, but when the door was closed upon him the culprit commenced crying

murder! Murder! Drawing the crowd around the door, which they burst open, and one of them fired at the policeman, the pistol being held so close that his face was burned by the powder.

Notwithstanding, he kept his hold upon the offender, and marched him off for the guard house, followed by a large crowd of soldiers and other unruly sightseers. When near the corner of the Square, the prisoner became refractory and tried to get away from the policeman, who was compelled to use the argument of his club to get him along. He was safely locked up in the calaboose and yesterday brought before the Mayor, who imposed a fine of \$10 which was promptly paid by his gambling cohorts. Policeman Palmer deserves great praise for his fearless discharge of duty under circumstances of so trying a nature.

As we go to press we have observed the dice game is once again in operation in bright daylight.

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What you Learn from Living in the Country

by Chip Knight

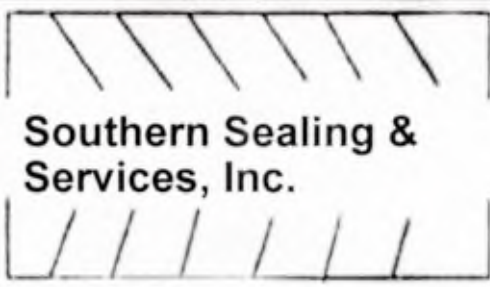
I basically grew up in the city, but my uncle and aunt had a large cattle and cotton farm over in Limestone County and a somewhat smaller one around Madison. So, I got to be both a city boy and a country boy. I learned to hunt on the Limestone County place, which was called the Fletcher place because it had come to my uncle from his uncle, a man named Shelby Fletcher. I do come from a strange family.

There had been bad blood between my grandfather, John Knight of Decatur and Shelby Fletcher of Huntsville. So, of course, John Knight's daughter and Shelby Fletcher's nephew insisted on marrying. Shelby Fletcher was into land and was not badly hurt by the Depression, whereas John Knight was pretty well wiped out. So, I grew up with money all around me but with none of my own.

As a young boy, I remember that there were still several teams of mules on the place. One old man - General Washington, he was called - was known for his first attempt to drive a tractor. He got it started and then didn't know what to do. I was told that he was still yelling "WOAH" as it finally ran into a tree and stopped.

I also fondly remember Uncle Sonny, who was an ancient black man when I was a child. I don't know that he had ever been a slave, but he probably had. I do remember, though, that he gave me some of the best common-sense advice I would ever get.

My uncle liked to fox hunt (ride, camp, drink and chase but do not kill the fox) and had seeded the place with them. Not killing the fox finally caught up with them. I remember one night when I was camping down there, I was out trying to gig frogs and a fox, perhaps blinded by my lamp, came right up to me. And it is true, a fox



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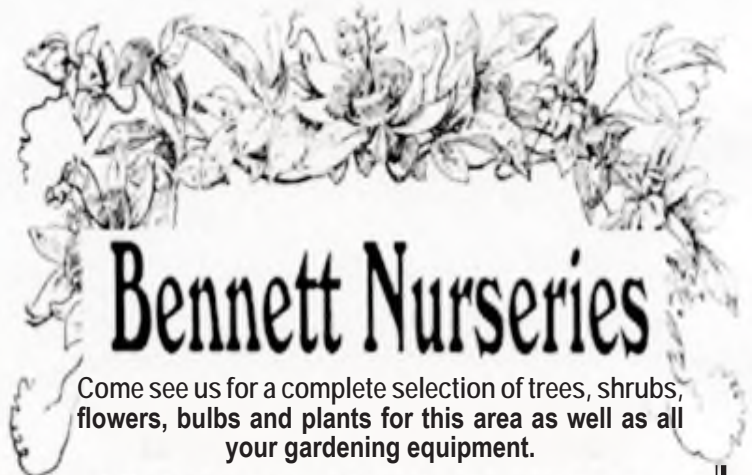
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den does always have two exits, at least the ones I've seen.

One day I was hunting on the place and was walking in the woods looking for squirrels and I came across an old graveyard, right there in the woods. There were just a few graves and the most recent was from the 1880s. It was an eerie feeling, finding marked graves out in the woods, with no one tending to them.

The only duck I ever shot, I shot on the Fletcher place in an area of the woods we called the Chestnut Woods because it had been full of Chestnut trees before the blight killed all of them.

It was a cold morning, well below freezing, and I slipped in next to the spring head of what becomes Beaver Dam Creek. There were about ten ducks in the water. I was ill prepared for ducks, as I was squirrel hunting. But, game was game. I slipped in a little closer and the ducks flushed. I missed with the right barrel but downed one solidly with the left. Of course, he fell in the water. I had no dog; I had no boat; I had no proper clothes. So I waded in and collected my duck and got soaking wet up to my waist in that cold air and then walked about a mile back to where I had left the car. But, it was worth it because I had my duck.

Interestingly, in later years, I lived on the river over by Guntersville and we had ducks who lived there year round and who would come up to the house for handouts. I fed them, but I have not shot another one since.

Being in the country has had some profound effects on my life. It has caused me to have a yearning for rural America that remains with me although I now live in the city. I would like to "go rural" again. I yearn for space around me even as I dearly love my neighbors. I also remember gathering hay in near 100 degree weather and running the tractor with one implement or another and that tempers my yearning somewhat.

I suppose I would really like to have my cake and eat it too. I don't really know how to do that, but I'm working on it.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Well we had three subscription winners for June - as promised I picked the first winner for the hidden butterfly from Madison County, and one from out of state. In case you didn't find it, the little white butterfly was on page 40, on **Tom's** shoulder.

The local lady who was first caller for the butterfly was **Sandy Hughey**, of Hazel Green. Sandy moved here in the 50s, worked in the school system for years and has lots of great memories. The out-of-town winner was **Brenda Konja**, all the way from Indiana! Brenda is a retired Geriatric Nurse and witnessed firsthand what music and soothing sounds can do to help those with Alzhiemers and Dementia. Finally, our photo of the month winner was **Philip Hancock** of Huntsville. He knew right away that the photo had to be that of **Jackie Reed** who is Huntsville's city government's watch-

dog! Philip is an avid Roll Tide fan and loves the Atlanta Braves. Congratulations to all the winners and keep calling - remember it's worth \$25/year.

I think this month I'll start taking guesses for the Photo of the Month on July 15. That gives all of our readers an even chance.

A sweet lady wrote a nice note to us in the prettiest handwriting - she is **Barbara Chapman's** mama, her name is **Juanita Durham**, and she is 96 years old! I hope I have that beautiful handwriting when I'm that age but I notice mine is already going downhill.

An important tip - if you go walking in the woods or even just your garden, be sure and **check yourself/kids/dogs for ticks**. They are very bad this year and many have found ticks just crawling on them. Be careful and avoid disease.

As everyone knows, the **Golden K Kiwanis** is the retired group of guys who distribute "Old Huntsville" to the honor boxes and machines you see all over. And that every time you spend \$.75 for a magazine your money goes to help local children. Well these boxes need maintenance and we want to send out a special thank you to **Dan Shady** who is working on secure metal boxes to hold the quarters - and doesn't charge a penny to the club. Thank you, Dan, we sure appreciate you.

Speaking of the Golden Ks, we were sad to learn that **Kinley Eittreim** had passed away at the age of 84. He was a member and

Treasurer of the club for years, and you always knew where you stood with Kinley.

By the time you read this there may be a new little grandbaby on earth - **Jane Eller**, Customer Care Rep at BB&T Bank on Church Street, tells us that her grand daughter is due July 1st. Parents are **Kelly** and **Jason McDaniel** and they can't wait to welcome **Kenzie Grace**. Love that name!

Ricky j Taylor and the Live Roots Ensemble will perform some really good music (guitar, blues, folk, etc.) at the HTMA Coffeehouse Concert on July 25 at 7pm. The location is at the Burritt Museum - Old Church. Remember it's cooler up there and an evening performance should be wonderful

I've heard that it's really important to drink a glass of water in the morning to get your system going, and with a little bit of lemon juice it's even better.

Concerts in the Park (Big Spring Park) have started and you'll find different music every Monday night from 6:30-8pm. It will go on til Labor Day, and is always lots of fun. Bring coolers, chairs and your drink of choice - food is available

Photo of The Month

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

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to buy with up to 12 food trucks, shaved ice, ice cream, etc. Lots of family fun and you can get up and dance!

Our good friend **Buddy Eslinger** turns 80 on July 31st, and he says he's the youngest of three sons. He can't be turning 80 cause he doesn't even look 70. Buddy and his sweet wife **Sandra** are two of the nicest people you'll meet.

Speaking of well-loved couples, **M.D.** and **Judy Smith** just celebrated their 56th wedding anniversary on June 8th and took a cruise. They have had 8 children - 7 boys and a girl - along with 8 grandchildren. The amazing thing is all the family lives in Huntsville with the exception of one son and his wife who are in Birmingham. Happy Anniversary to you two, now you're working on the 57th!

Here's a tip that comes from personal experience - if you have a **bad stomach pain** on the right side that doesn't go away, you have flu symptoms and no appetite - don't try to tough it out like I did. I was taken to the **Huntsville Hospital ER** at 1 in the morning and by 8 am I had had an emergency appendectomy. The whole experience was amazing, because the folks who work for Hsv Hosp were SO organized and kind. The Hems ambulance paramedics were **Melody Jones** and **Brandon Medal**, I can't tell you how much better they made me feel, I was sick and scared. They are both young but how professional and knowledgeable they were.

The ER nurses, staff and doctors and **Dr. Zelickson** who operated on me were all amazing and explained everything as they went through the processes. I don't make a lot of trips to the hospital (first ambulance ride for me ever) but this experience was just so positive.

Phyllis Lawrence called and wanted to be a bit early to wish her husband **Billy** a Happy Birthday on Aug. 26. He graduated from Butler High School in 1962 and in early June they they attended their 45th. reunion. What was funny to Phyllis was the students were all taught to not drink, etc. and be good kids, but the reunion was held at Lone Goose Saloon in Campus 305, where Butler used to be located! Sort of ironic. But she said it was a wonderful time and that Billy is the MOST wonderful husband in the World!

This year I didn't spend a penny on butterfly bushes & flowers and I have more than ever! Last year I really planted many and had one little white butterfly. Feels so good to be working in a garden or taking pictures of flowers!

Rosemary Leatherwood wants to wish her nephew **Chris Rousseau** a Happy Birthday on the 4th of July - he is "One Big Firecracker" per Rosemary. Also her grandson **Chase Woods** will have his 17th birthday on July 10. Chase plays wheelchair basketball at UAH. She loves them so much.

On July 8 there is a **Family Fun**

Fest that will be at the JC Building at 2180 Jaycee Way, in John Hunt Park. It's from 9am to 1pm and there will be all kinds of water slides, games, food trucks, free water and the event is free. It's being put on by the Huntsville Parks & Rec and by 98.1, the BEAT.

A lot of you have family who depend on you and you end up spending a lot of your time helping others, putting yourself last. It's really important to do some things just for yourself, that also benefit you. One thing I do just for myself is to go to the **Downtown YMCA** several times a week. I've been a member there for 5 years and until this appendectomy never missed a week. It makes you feel good about yourself and helps with your bone and muscle strength. What I especially like about the DT Y is that it's got a great atmosphere, there are trainers who can help you pick out exercises based on your goals for yourself, and you feel good about doing it.

Bill Wright's handsome grandson **Kyle Wright**, a Buckhorn High School graduate and student at Vanderbilt, was drafted just weeks ago by the Atlanta Braves as the #5 selection. The right-handed pitcher was the overall pick in the 2017 MLB First-Year Player Draft. We're SO Proud of you, Kyle. His parents are **Roger** and **Belinda Wright** and grandpa Bill submits stories that we use in Old Huntsville magazine.

Have a Safe July!

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From Cheryl Ann's Kitchen

Cheryl is our crackerjack editor but she also knows her way around the kitchen!

Mango and Raspberry Smoothie

- 2 cups of Mango Juicy Juice
- 1/4 cup Pina Colada cocktail mix
- 1 scoop of Vanilla Protein Powder
- 1 cup frozen Mango chunks
- 1/4 - 1/2 cup frozen Raspberries
- 1 scoop of Vanilla frozen yogurt

Blend all ingredients in a blender until smooth. Makes approximately 3 cups. Use alternate fruit combinations if desired.

Coffee Malt

- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup of Carnation Vanilla Malt (powder form)
- 5 scoops of coffee ice cream

Blend all ingredients in a blender to desired consistency. Makes approximately 2-1/2 cups.

Fried Green Tomatoes

- Mix Together*
- 1 cup flour
 - 1/2 - 3/4 cups of FRESH grated parmesan cheese
 - 1 tsp of garlic powder

- 1 - 2 tsp of oregano leaves

Slice
4-5 green tomatoes (glossy or shiny green) sliced 1/2 inch thick

Coat each tomato slice on each side with the flour mixture.

Saute each slice in butter. Brown on one side and turn over to brown. Ready to serve.

Stuffed Bell Peppers

- 4-5 green bell peppers - cored - left intact.
- 1 Ib. of ground meat, browned and drained
- Small can of tomato sauce

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1 can kernel corn, drained
1 cup Sharp grated cheddar cheese

Stuff bell peppers with mixture and bake 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

Fettuccine Alfredo

1 pkg fettuccine noodles, cooked

8 fresh asparagus stalks, cooked and chopped

1 pkg Canadian bacon, chopped

1 pkg mushrooms, cooked

Sauce

1 carton of sour cream

1 cup fresh parmesan cheese

1 T garlic powder

1 T oregano

Salt and pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients together (noodles, asparagus, bacon, mushrooms) with sauce and serve. Have a side of additional parmesan cheese for topping.

Banana Bread

1/2 cup cooking oil

1 cup sugar

2 eggs, beaten

3 ripe bananas, mashed

2 cups all-purpose flour

1 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp baking powder
1 tsp salt
3 T milk

1/2 tsp vanilla extract

1/2 cup chopped nuts

Beat oil and sugar together. Add eggs and banana pulp and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients. Mix well and stir in nuts. Pour into greased and floured loaf pan (9x5x3 inches).

Bake in 350 degree oven for about 1 hour. Cool well and store overnight before cutting.

Makes 1 loaf. Good with cream cheese topping.

Tea Tassies

1 stick butter

3 oz. cream cheese

1 c. plain flour

1 egg

2/3 cup light brown sugar

1 T. butter

1 tsp vanilla

2/3 cup pecans

Mix butter, cream cheese and flour, refrigerate for one hour. Make into small balls (24), press into small muffin tins. For filling, mix egg, sugar, butter, vanilla and nuts. Put into pastry-lined tins. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes



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The Story of Sisters Ira Mae and Grace Drake

by William Sibley

According to the writings of Drake descendant Mary Eleanor Taylor-Compton in "The Heritage of Madison County, Alabama", Drake brothers, James, 27, and William, 18 and their brother-in-law James Neely arrived at Ditto Landing in 1807 in their flat-bottomed boat. They settled in Little Cove, which was later renamed Drake Cove and is currently known as Jones Valley in southeast Huntsville, Alabama. Several other Drake relatives, including Captain John Drake, an officer in the American Revolutionary War, his wife, Jean (Neely) Drake, and others arrived in Madison County in 1810 or 1811.

Two sons of Captain Drake, Elijah and Andrew, reached Big Cove by way of Blevins Gap. Elijah decided to make his home in Big Cove, but apparently Andrew remained in Drake Cove. Although Andrew chose to stay on the west side of Huntsville Mountain, his children, after reaching Big Cove, turned south and settled in the New Hope area, which was previously known as Cloud's Cove and Vienna.

Several of Andrew's relatives settled in an area east of New Hope known as Nebo. Among those descendants was Otey Robinson Drake (1872-1955), whose wife was Minnie (Ikard) Drake. They were the parents of Grace Drake aka Gracie Drake (1893-1983) and Ira Mae Drake aka Iva Mae Drake (1895-1973).

Louise (Brockway) Thedford, descendant of Captain John Drake and relative of the Drake sisters, has written two excellent books about the history of the early Madison County Drakes: "Climbing the Captain John Drake Family Tree" and "The Drakes, A Pioneer Family, Madison County, Alabama, 1807-2009".

Grace and Ira Mae and many more Drake relatives are shown in a ca.1906 student body picture of Nebo School. Both sisters became public school teachers.

When I was a first-grader at Big Cove School in 1946 and until I graduated from Madison County High School in 1958, we had "split sessions" of school. Most rural parents were farmers and needed child labor to run farms, so we went to school for several weeks in the summer and got out for "cotton-picking vacation" in the early

fall. During the summer session of my first-grade year, our entire faculty consisted of Aunt Stella Sibley, Ira Mae Drake, Grace Drake, and Principal Clyde Connally. Those ladies would return to their regular schools in the fall and be replaced by new teachers.

The Drake sisters had a rather new car, which they kept immaculately clean. They had bought their car during World War II, when new cars were scarce. Grace always did the driving and always wore gloves while driving. Ira Mae was the navigator, always instructing her sister about how to parallel park and alerting her to hazardous road conditions. We had a four-bay garage at Big Cove School and as far as I can determine, the Drake sisters were the only teachers who ever used the garage.

Both of the Drake sisters wore galoshes to school every day. One summer day, our school bus driver, Percy Clay "Uncle Perce" Ellett, got us first and second-graders to pull up the grass that was growing between the school building and the garage, only yards apart. Uncle Perce

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told us that the Drake sisters did not want to get their feet wet. We did a good job, and Uncle Perce gave each of us a new yellow pencil for our labors. I related parts of the story above to Mrs. Thedford, and she printed them in one of her books, adding a similar story which she recalled from her own childhood. Mrs. Thedford said that the Drake family of Nebo had sold their farm to a Mr. Connelly, who then sold it to Mr. Clarence Brockway, Mrs. Thedford's uncle.

When Mrs. Thedford was about 12, she and her parents were visiting her Uncle Clarence and his wife when a strange car pulled into the Brockways' driveway. For several minutes, nobody emerged from the car, which caused Mr. Brockway to investigate the situation. As he walked up to the car, he could see two ladies inside. Young Louise watched as the ladies emerged from the car wearing galoshes and, accompanied by Mr. Brockway, walked around the house and down to the barn and beyond before returning to their car, where they sat for a few more minutes.

Naturally, a 12-year-old girl could not understand why those ladies were acting so strangely. Louise's mother and aunt explained to Louise that the Drake sisters always carried extra gloves and shoes with them. They had changed into the galoshes for the walk around the farm, and now they were changing back into their dress shoes and gloves for the drive home.

Grace was married for a brief time in 1925, but the marriage ended in an annulment. Although Ira Mae never married, she had her name legally changed twice. She went from Ira Mae to Iva Mae, and later she changed her name back to Ira Mae.

Bobby Drake, a descendant of Andrew, was one of the best and most thorough Drake researchers I ever knew. Children across the United

States are familiar with the story of future president George Washington crossing the Delaware River. Bobby Drake told me that General Washington used Neely's Landing in crossing the river. The Neelys for whom the landing was named were the parents of Jean (Neely) Drake.

Older people remember the Great Depression of the 1930s. Most people endured tough hardships, especially financially, but the Drake sisters were doing well financially. I have read where school systems did not have money for payroll and issued IOU's or equivalent papers. I have been told that the Drake sisters bought many of those IOU's at reduced rates and redeemed them for face value when the school system received their payroll money.

While teaching the summer session of the mid-1940s at Big Cove School, the Drake sisters decided they would like to see the farms of their Big Cove relatives. They packed a picnic lunch and visited my church on a sunny Sunday. Following the services, the Drake sisters, my sister Ann and Aunt Stella took a ride and saw the farms of Tate Drake and King Drake and their late brothers, Ewing "Eudy" Drake

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and Elijah Donnell "Don" Drake. (The other Drake siblings, Grace, Mack, and Zac, had moved from Big Cove.) Before they could visit the Rev. Mitchell Drake's farm in southern Big Cove, they were caught in a heavy summer rainstorm. Somewhere along the way, they ate their picnic lunch, but I am quite sure they did not eat lunch in the car.

A few days later, summer school was out. Ira Mae, Grace, and Aunt Stella took their pupils outside for free play and told us they had a surprise for us. In addition to driving the school bus, Uncle Perce clerked in Leonard Taylor's store. We learned that Uncle Perce would be bringing us our surprise in the small blue coupe he drove. We saw Uncle Perce's car soon after he left Taylors' store, and we ran to tell our teachers. They told us to be seated on the ground until Uncle Perce arrived. We saw Uncle Perce hand a box each to Aunt Stella, Ira Mae, and Grace. We could see that the boxes had holes in their sides and the pupils began to say that we were going to get baby chicks. Instead of baby chicks, we got popsicles, a rare treat in the 1940s. We were thrilled with the popsicles, but we were all farm children and would have been proud to receive a baby chick from our teacher.

At the time when Ira Mae and Grace taught at Big Cove, they lived in south Huntsville, probably not inside the city limits, because they owned a "milch cow." The Drake sisters' mother was very fond of bubble gum and they bought gum by the box for her. The sisters were excellent teachers, and nobody ever questioned their teaching ability. After moving the Huntsville, they became active in Holmes Street Methodist Church. They are buried in Maple Hill Cemetery.

"Some people say that man is the most dangerous animal on the planet. Obviously these people have never met an angry cat."

Lillian Johnson

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Reasons

by M.D. Smith, IV

Everyone does everything for reasons. Sometimes they are not apparent. Sometimes they are obvious ... to ourselves, sometimes to others.

It has been said that everything we do from the "Cradle to the Grave" is because we want something.

Let's assume that you are on a diet right now because you want to lose weight.. .but what are the reasons for that? Here's an example.

If you bake someone a really delicious, wonderful cake and give it to them, are they supposed to appreciate it? Are they supposed to thank you for it? Are they supposed to think a little more of you for it? Are they supposed to like you a little more because of it? Are they supposed to be a LITTLE kinder to you for it? Are they supposed to do you a tiny little favor when you really need it?

USUALLY, YES! Then maybe you are giving for the WRONG REASONS. When you give anything, what should you expect? Thanks? Return favors? Nothing? Nothing at all?

The point here is that the giver should give only for the sake of wanting to give with no ulterior motives of being thanked, rewarded, or receiving any tangible or intangible receipt from the gift. This is unselfish giving. If we give in

any other way, WE are often disappointed later . . . because we gave for reasons other than the obvious one.

Losing weight is the same way; if we lose weight for a lot of ulterior motives, such as unexpected results about the way others will feel about us, treat us, or in some way they will cause our life to change for the better, we will be, and often are . . . sorely disappointed. We should all carefully examine why we are losing weight.

Let me quote from the book, "ACTUALIZATIONS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO RE-

HEARSE TO BE YOURSELF" by Stewart Emery. . . "We absolutely do not know what we really want, because we have been conditioned to want what everybody else, except us, tells us to want."

"It started out when our Mother told us what she wanted us to want; our Father told us what he wanted us to want; our Grandmother and Grandfather did the same thing. The Sunday school teacher told us what God wanted us to want, and the teacher told us what the Principal wanted us to want. Madison Avenue advertising told us to want everything."



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"I was born to be wild, but only until about 9pm."

Don Broome

"Society itself told us what to want. When I was growing up, it was a wife, two and a half children, two cars and a home in the suburbs. Everyone was telling us what to want and telling us that if we wanted and acquired the right things, we would be happy. Happiness was a function of wanting the right things. And when that did not make us happy, there was always someone who told us that we were unhappy because we wanted the wrong things and that if we would JUST want what he wanted us to want, we would be happy."

"So we end up completely disillusioned with what we thought we wanted and with the people who told us to want it. Now we are feeling like a pawn in a chess game over which we have no control. We absolutely look like a victim; it seems as if there is no way out. But, take heart, there is an answer.....You can transform. If you make an apple become an orange, that is not a transformation. But if you make an apple still look like an apple and TASTE like an orange, that is a transformation. Transformation means housing a different essence in the same form."

"To a Person who has undergone a transformation, the world is exactly the same as it was before. When you are transformed, the immediate circumstances of your existence are the same. What is altered is how you feel about it. What is altered is your RELATIONSHIP to the things in your life, not THE THINGS in your life."

The absence of fear is not an option that is available to most people. The difference in people who are making it in the world and those who are not is simple: The people who are making it in the world are making it AND they have fear. Those who are not making it just have fear.

So we have to transform the RELATIONSHIP we have with fear, not seek to get rid of it. GUILT: We must transform the way we react to guilt (often an eating binge) not initially to get rid of the guilt (although in the long run we may get rid of a lot

of it.) If we look at losing weight as a means to an end, which is to say, if we believe that getting thin will MAKE us a happy person forever and ever... you are in for a sad surprise. First it will not MAKE you happy; it might contribute to some temporary happiness.

Continuous "HAPPY EVER AFTER" is not only NOT possible, it is not desirable. Life is full of ups and downs. If we COULD eliminate the downs, there would be no UPs (what could we compare it to?). If losing weight is simply something you have decided to do that you want to do with your life and your body.....Good! Do it for that reason. Let the ups and downs, the good and bad, the happy and the sad, stress and calm, all be parts of a complete and full life that you embrace fully. . . and NOW. Don't wait until... someday, for someday never comes. Do what you want to do. Make decisions. They will not all be perfect, or even good. That's the way it should be.

LIVE LIFE.

Start living it right now ... ALL OF IT. BE YOURSELF. And when you are dead and gone, let it be like the song that Frank Sinatra sings that says .. "I DID IT MY WAY!".... For your own reasons and NOT for the reasons, desires, wants and wills of other people.



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Jesus Loves Me, This I Know

by Lena Mae Nelson

Jesus loves me. This I know because his love and blessings tell me so.

One Tuesday evening in September of 2003, I took my son for a drive in my truck to teach him how to drive it. The truck was a Red 2002 Ford Ranger 5-speed stick shift! Luckily for me, we were training in a large parking area arena near our home. He was able to roam all around that parking lot without the danger of hitting any cars. What an adventure! Upon our return home around 10 p.m., I got into the truck to turn it around in the driveway. Then we got into a discussion about how well he did on his first lesson and we went inside talking.

The next morning I was looking for my vitamins and could not find them. I decided they must be inside the truck in my purse that I thought I must have left behind the seat of the truck. I didn't worry about it. Around 11:30 a.m., I went outside to get into the truck to take my neighbor to her hairdresser appointment. When I stepped outside on this very bright sunny morning, the first thing I saw was my purse on the hood of the truck which I had parked facing the street with the light from the house shining on it all night! Keeping my purse company were my eyeglasses and cellular phone! These three items had been on the hood of my truck from 10 p.m. until 11:30 am the next day. In addition, my neighbors on each side of me had been talking with one another over the fence and over the truck. No one noticed the items on the hood of the truck.

I live on a busy street. People walk the street all times of night; teenagers ride up and down the sidewalk on bicycles and traffic is heavy all day and night! No one seemed to see my items on the truck. Not only did God make my items invisible to my neighbors, he made them invisible to everyone's eyes except mine. That's just Jesus' Love. Jesus Loves Me this I Know!

On another occasion, I was ill and staying at my son's house. I needed a change of clothes. My son went to my house to retrieve some clothes for me. He was in a rush to attend a meeting. He grabbed the clothes, put them in the trunk of his car and then forgot to go back to lock the door.

That was on a Thursday night. The following Sunday morning after church, I decided to go by my house to check my mail box. As I entered my driveway, I noticed that my front door was wide open. I panicked. Then I thought perhaps the

My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. I'll get him for that.

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entrance door had just opened because it had not been shut well and the storm door was locked. As I timidly crept up on the porch to check the storm door, I found it to be unlocked! I was terrified. Had someone broken in? Was someone in the house now? I was overcome with fear.

I went to my neighbor and told her my dilemma. She decided to go with me to check out the house. Because I had knee surgery, I was unable to do the stairs. Thus, my neighbor checked the basement and attic area for me. She stated the only thing she found was a little dust on the coffee table. Nothing had been touched! Nothing was out of place! She stated she had passed by the house each morning when she and another neighbor went for a walk every day and she had not noticed the door open. I asked my other neighbors if they had noticed the door opened and they had not noticed anything at all.

What a Blessing! The door had been wide open and unlocked from Thursday around 6 p.m. until Sunday around 12:30 p.m. and only my eyes had noticed. Jesus Loves Me This I Know!

Another - one day my friend was helping me unload groceries from my car. I threw her my second set of keys to open the door from the passenger's side. We went inside chatting as we carried the groceries inside and neither of us thought of the second set. After a short period of time, she went home.

The next morning I got into my car to carry some of the groceries I had purchased to give to my son. He was a student at Ohio State University in Columbus, Ohio - which is about 67 miles from our home. As I sped about 70 miles per hour toward Columbus, cars kept honking their horns at me. I was puzzled. I was not in their way and I certainly was not driving any faster than they were.

Finally, as I neared Columbus, two girls were frantically honking, pointing and laughing. I thought I was being hassled. I could not wait to get to my son's apartment on campus. As soon as I arrived, I decided to get out and see if my tires were low or something. I went around to the passenger's side.

The answer to all the horn honking and what I thought was harassment was revealed to me. The keys I had pitched to my girlfriend the night before were hanging in the lock on the passenger's side. Once again, the keys had been in the car overnight on my busy street and traveled to Columbus with me before I realized they were in the key lock

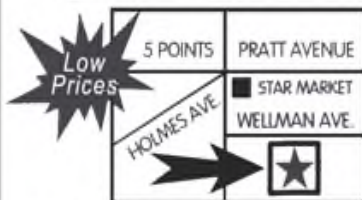
of the car! At 70 miles per hour and for nearly 70 miles, the keys remained in the door lock and did not fall out onto the highway. Not only were there car keys on the ring, there were extra house keys and garage keys on the ring! Jesus Loves Me This I Know!

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MY MEMORIES OF EAST CLINTON SCHOOL

by Harry S. Dill



When I first started in the first grade we were living in Madison about 10 miles west of Huntsville. My daddy didn't have a car back then and he walked to and from work up the railroad tracks to Decatur to his job there. We had a four eye laundry heater for heat.

My mother had a little oven in the stove pipe where she baked things. The stove pipes would get red hot at times and my parents warned me not to get too close to them.

But one day when it was really cold I got too close and my elbow touched the red hot pipe. It was a searing noise and it hurt really bad. I quickly jerked it away but it was too late. I have a scar on my elbow until this day.

My teacher's name was Miss Hessie. We lived across the street from the school. Miss Hessie lived a few doors down the street from us. I made friends

with another boy there and he wanted me to go home with him. So I got on the school bus with him and we rode deep into the country. There were many walls of red clay on each side of the road in places.

When we got to his house it was nearly dark and they had no electricity, only lamps, and it was a shock to me since I had always lived in town where we had power. The next morning we rode the school bus back. My mother had been worried about me because I failed to tell her I was going home with my friend.

She had talked to a teacher and she told her she had seen me get on a bus. We didn't live in Madison long and moved back to Huntsville where I started in the East Clinton Grammar School.

East Clinton Grammar School back then was a two story building and on the top floor was the auditorium and we had a play there where the teachers dressed all the first grade boys up in girl's clothes and lipstick and we put on a play. There was a fire escape running down the side of the school. There was a little door in the auditorium, when opened you could slide down the large tube to the bottom.

Since I was staying with my grandmother and grandfather

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who lived next to the school's playground, after school I would use the fire escape as a big slide. By putting my hands and feet on the sides of the big tube I could go up to the top where the door was so I could slide down as many times as I wanted to.

I remember that I got into trouble several times for reasons I have now forgotten but remember that I had to go to the principal's office (Mrs. Woodall) and she would stretch out my hand and paddle it hard with a ruler and it hurt pretty bad.

The school playground also was where the Chautauqua came and pitched their tents and I was just old enough to get to go to the very last one that came to Huntsville when I was going to that East Clinton School.

It was a big tent and lots of people were there and there was all kinds of music and banjo playing and jokes and a wide variety of entertainment for all.

East Clinton Grammar School also brought some special entertainment for us from time to time, one of which was real live Indians from out West showing us how they dressed and how they lived.

I remember that one day while we were on summer vacation they started to tear down the old red brick school. They put the lumber and bricks and some of the materials on the school playground temporarily until they could haul it off. My friends and I played hide and seek in and out of the piles of lumber and bricks. Some of my friends at that time were Lee Starr, Billy Walker and Otis Thomas. I have lost track of them now.

Soon the new white brick East Clinton Grammar was built. It was only one story and didn't have that kind of fire escape. I missed the old fire escape. I attended the rest of my grades there thru the 6th grade as East Clinton school was from 1st to 6th grade school back then.

While going there I was a crossing guard as there were no street lights on the four corners where the school was. We had flags and looked for cars coming and when it was safe we let the children cross the street both in the morning and afternoon. We had white shoulder and waist belts and for our pay we could show the belt to the ticket person at the Lyric Theater on Saturdays and they would let us in.

I saw many cowboy and Indian pictures. Some of them were Buck Jones, Tim McCory, John Wayne, Red Rider, etc. and there was always a serial like Tarzan that was continued for the next week. This was a very memorable time for me.

"You know you're getting older when your back goes out more than you do."

Bill Kruse

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HUNTSVILLE NEWS IN 1868




- Mrs. Kinkle can accommodate several gentlemen with Day Boarding at \$6 per week. Residence is at the corner of Franklin and Williams Streets.

- Old Joe Commons in a difficulty. Joe is a crafty boy and has been a great smuggler in his day; and has been very fortunate in eluding detection – he white-washed everything over so well but few were suspicious of him. Officer Palmer, however, caught him at his tricks, selling whiskey without license and Joe was compelled to go to his “strong chest” and draw from it \$35 plus costs to meet the demands of His Honor Mayor Davis. Another man named Long, who lived near Pinhook Bridge, was up for a like offense and was allowed to contribute the same amount to the city finances.


- Let it be announced that Harry Everett’s Dramatic Company will be here on Tuesday next. The hall on the corner of Clinton and Jefferson is being thoroughly fitted up. The Manager will bring with him new and beautiful scenery for the stage.

- Snubbs says, “Playing billiards is punching balls on a table, taking a drink every other punch, until you’re full of punches, and see one thousand balls before you, and an empty pocketbook to look into when you rise in the morning, with your head feeling like a depot and a railroad collision inside it.”

*“What happens to your body when you age?”
(on 3rd grade test)
“When you age your bowels do too and and you get intercontinental.”*



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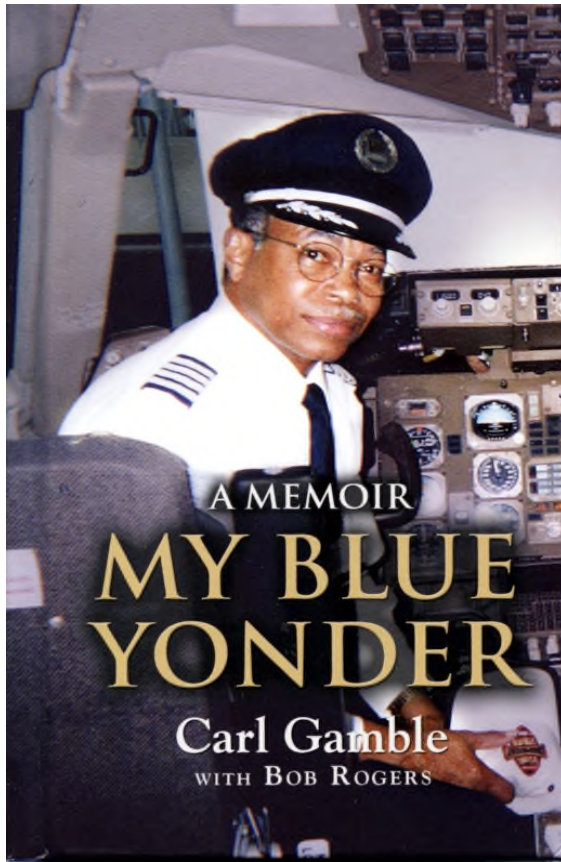
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While in grade school, Gamble was inspired by Air Force jet fighters flying over Madison and his dream to become a pilot was born. Gamble's hard and focused work overcame an inauspicious start studying aviation at Tennessee State University, a stepping 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.



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TINY HANDS

by Ernestine Moody



It was 1994 and two months before the birth of our second grandchild. The Moodys were all involved with our everyday activities. There wasn't apprehension since the family was aware that there was still time before the birth. However, this little one, with a mind of her own, decided to make an early appearance.

It caused mixed emotions. There was jubilation for the expectation of being introduced to a new family member, and yet, a little fear that perhaps this birth may be occurring too early. Weighing in at only four pounds, strong vocal cords, tiny hands and a determination to be a survivor, our new baby girl announced that she had arrived. Thanks to the excellent care received at the Huntsville facility, our little Kelly was able to journey home after a brief stay in the hospital.

We were amazed that such a little package could be such a wonderful influence on the household. Kelly was a good baby. Everyone was pleased except her two year-old sister, who frequently expressed her sentiment, "Please grandma, let's send her back!"

It took a few years, but now the two sisters realize the absolute joy in having a sibling.

Kelly's mom and dad often made trips from Huntsville, AL to Murfreesboro, TN, where we delighted in our role as grandparents.

It is amazing how much fun an adult can experience when interacting with a pre-school age child. Now I think back with smiles and tears of the everyday playful activities

in which we were frequently engaged.

Mom and Dad, on occasion, would need to leave the girls with us. Oh, this was the "BEST OF TIMES". We heard comments like "Mom and Dad, don't you need to hurry up and go?" Our egos would dance with delight.

Those tiny hands would then get busy



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searching for paper or plastic bags in which to place our treasures. These in place, we would take our strolls around the block. Kelly knew the neighbors and would point to each home as she focused on the moment. Then, as if a gift from Heaven, she would loudly proclaim, "Grandma look, look what I found!" Staring at us from the street would be a well worn pinecone.

Other times it may have been a shiny unusually shaped rock. Her small face was alive with joy. Such simple times, but such wonderful times. Carefully, as if it might break, she would retrieve the item and store it in the nearby bag. This outdoor adventure could last anywhere from 30 minutes to an hour depending on her "finds" and her stamina.

Once back at our home, we went to Granddad to exhibit the contents of the bags. Tiny hands would slowly gather each newly found item for display. I can remember the joyful exclamations announced by a happy grandfather. "Yes," he would say, "That is the most beautiful pinecone I have ever seen!" Now, Mom and Dad already had bags of these treasures at their home, they were not excited about having to carry multiple bags back to their home.

An agreement was made between child and adults that perhaps the finds, on these particular occasions could be stored at Grandma and Granddaddy's home. Kelly accepted these terms without any fuss.

It always surprised us that on their next visit to Tennessee, there would be no sadness or questions about the existence of the previous bags. Those tiny hands just delighted in gathering new bags and new enthusiasm was created for another "treasure hunt".

This month Kelly will be walking across the stage at UAB to receive her college diploma. Her future is now held in "all grown up" hands, and we certainly know that she will find many treasures on her journey.

Thank you Kelly, for the wonderful memories!

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So important was the Spring that in 1843 it was transferred to the city for the sum of \$1 by William W. Pope, son of the original owner. Perhaps fearing that future city governments would restrict access to the spring, or charge for use of the grounds, the deed specified that "the mayor and aldermen, and their successors shall furnish free access at all times through the lands herein conveyed to said spring, and hold the same for the promenades and pleasure grounds of all such peaceful persons as may choose to visit same."

The Spring, and the park, remained unrestricted except for a brief time in December 1941, when the city government, overcome by war hysteria, posted barbed wire and armed guards around the Spring and the entire park to prevent poisoning by Japanese agents.

A public outcry quickly forced the city to remove the fence (the guard remained for a time) and the park has since remained free to all people at all times.



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carriage. Granny, for the majority of her life, knew nothing other than traveling by horse and buggy to go to town and to visit family and friends. The mules were hooked up to the wagon for the two day trip to

couple of runs up and down the road Granny relaxed and was beginning to enjoy this somewhat bumpy and noisy mode of transportation.

Great Grandpa, whom I unfortunately never got the opportunity to meet, decided that enough fun had been had and everyone seemed accomplished enough to be able to use the motor car. With the driving lesson over Great Grandpa told Granny to go ahead and park the motor car in the shed.

Granny put the motor car in gear and headed for the shed. As she got closer, it became apparent that she was not slowing down. Granny's guarded confidence in this new and alarmingly frightful situation was overtaken by old habits. Great Grandpa started shouting orders, "Mattie, put on the brake! Take your foot off the gas!" Her daughter, Eunice, screamed hysterically, "Mom, slow down! Be careful! You're going to hurt yourself."

Granny was gripping the steering wheel with all her strength. In a frozen position of surprise and alarm she proceeded forward into the shed and drove right out the other side the whole time hollering WHOA!!

I don't believe she ever drove again.

GRANNY'S DRIVING LESSON

by *Patty Trigg*

When you read in history about the women who settled the frontier, my Great Grandmother Mattie Childs Smith came from hardy stock and was one of those strong women who brooked no nonsense. She was firm yet had a heart of gold. From my point of view, she had a wonderful soft spot in her heart especially for her first great grandbaby, me!

Granny lived during a time when a hard life, even on the farm, was part of the daily routine and you made do. The Depression added to this hardship and any fun loving and spirited expressions and expenditures were kept to a minimum. It wasn't very often that you heard laughter ringing through the house. Every penny was accounted for and you definitely did not waste anything, including your time.

Telling stories was a form of inexpensive amusement that was popular and was a great source of entertainment. One of my favorite stories about Granny that was passed down and told to me on numerous occasions and oftentimes at my request was Granny's learning to drive a horseless

Huntsville, Alabama for the monthly purchase of necessities and then two days back home to Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Granny was brought abruptly into the 20th Century with her introduction to the motor car. Once it was decided that a motor car was to be purchased by the family it was understood that each member of the family was to learn to use this new piece of equipment. Granny, being of stout mind and determination, boldly stepped up to this new challenge. Her heart probably thumping a hundred miles an hour and her knuckles white from her tight grasp on the steering wheel, set off down the driveway going a terrifying five miles an hour. Fear and firmness of purpose intermingled with grit and resolve soon turned into guarded confidence. After a

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Floyd E. "Tut" Fann Veterans Home

by John E. Carson

Many of us drive by this majestic building on Meridian Street every day; some of us may even read the sign and wonder who Floyd E. "Tut" Fann was. Perhaps a few, while waiting for the stop light, have noted that the facility behind the sign is a State Veterans Home - but then the light changes and we drive on, oblivious to the residents behind the walls and the history that lives within.

Unless you know someone in this skilled nursing facility, the only history available to you is that of the man who worked long and hard to establish it.

Born in Huntsville, Alabama on

March 8th, 1923, "Tut" Fann served in the Civilian Conservation Corps prior to entering military service on June 8th, 1941 and reporting to Fort McClellan, Alabama.

In World War II he served as a medium tank crewman with the 736th Tank Battalion, 8th Service Command and fought in the Ardennes, Rhineland, Central Europe and Northern France. Wounded during the Battle of the Bulge, he was awarded the Purple Heart.

After leaving the Army in 1945, "Tut" became involved in many veteran service organizations and civic groups, becoming a member of the Military Order of the Purple Heart; A Lifetime Member of the Disabled American Veterans; the Veterans of Foreign Wars; and he also served as the American Legion's first Division Commander.

As a member of the State Board of Veterans Affairs and the State Commander of the American Legion, "Tut" Fann was instrumental in the first resolution passed by the American Legion in January 1980 calling for a feasibility study to determine the need for a veteran's

home in Alabama. The Bill Nichols Veterans Home became the first in the state nine years later.

Always advocating for veterans, he fought long and hard against any cuts to the VA benefits and because of his work with the federal Veterans Administration, an outpatient clinic was built in Huntsville in 1987.

Until his death in 1992, Floyd E. "Tut" Fann worked diligently to establish a state veterans home in Huntsville so veterans here could receive care without moving away from family and friends. When the home was built in 1995, the State Board of Veterans Affairs approved the naming of the Floyd E. "Tut" Fann Veterans Home; a legacy that benefits so many today and one his wife, Esther Fowler, a daughter, four sons and ten grandchildren can be very proud of.

The next time you drive past this stately building on Meridian and see the sign bearing his name, thank him and the people within the walls for their service to their country, community, and fellow veterans.

"Tut" would appreciate that.

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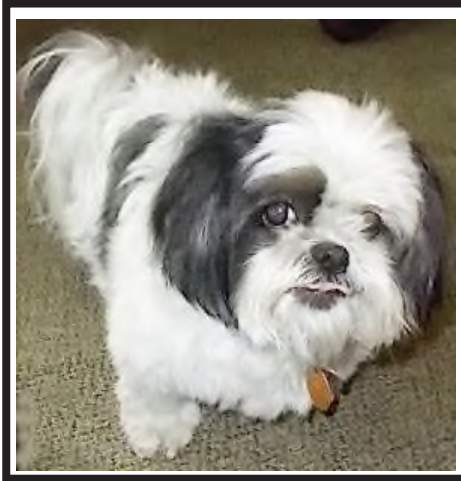
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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Myths



Mother birds will reject their babies if they've been touched by humans - Most birds have a poorly developed sense of smell and won't notice a human scent.

Penguins fall backward when they look up at airplanes - An experiment testing the story found that penguins are capable of maintaining their footing when watching airplanes.

A cat purrs when it is happy - Purring is generally the first sound kittens can make. They can purr by the time they are 48 hours old. While nursing, both mom and kittens can be heard to purr. But while purring is often heard at times of contentment, cats also purr when in pain and in the throes of death.

Cats can be fed an all tuna diet - Many cats love the flavor and taste of tuna. Despite this love, an all tuna diet is bad for cats because high levels of magnesium can increase Feline Lower Urinary Tract Disease.

Cutting off a cat's whiskers causes loss of balance - A cat's whiskers are not involved in maintaining balance, only as an aid to feel their way through their world.

Cats have 9 lives - This probably goes back to ancient Egypt, where 9 was a mystical number. The god AtumKa had 9 lives and took the form of a feline whenever he visited the underworld, so the 9 lives became associated with the cats.

Cats always land safely on their feet - Cats are naturally flexible and have an amazing ability to right their bodies. But that doesn't necessarily protect them from harm. Cats can break their front legs and jaw when they land on their feet.

Cats can steal a baby's breath - Cats are heat and comfort-seekers. Curling up next to a newborn in a crib meets both of these needs. Perhaps the origins started because cats can smell the baby's milk and try to get a taste of the milk. If the cat presses against the face of an infant who is too young to turn away the baby's breathing may be hampered. Keep cats out of the nursery at naptime.

Dogs with warm, dry noses are sick - A dry nose has nothing to do with a dog's health. Normal canine body temperature ranges from 101 to 103 degrees. Veterinarians agree a dog may still have a cold, wet nose while running a temperature of 105 degrees.

Old dogs can't learn new tricks - Old dogs and old people continue to learn throughout their lives. Very old dogs may not learn well because they may be impaired by progressive blindness, deafness, or motivational problems. Arthritis may prevent movement that they learn and could do if not so painful.

A dog wagging his tail will not bite - The wag of a dog's tail tells nothing about his aggressiveness. It simply is a sign of excitement. Other aspects of his behavior can tell more about aggressiveness such as ear position, whether the dog is staring, growling, or barking.

Dogs eat grass because they know they are sick - Many dogs will eat grass and then vomit, but this does not mean that they are sick. Some dogs even eat grass simply because they like it. It is normal for dogs to eat grass in very small amounts – their ancestors ate grass. It's roughage.

Dogs know when they've been bad - Dogs don't think in abstract terms and guilt is an abstraction. If your dog's ears are back, his tail is tucked and he has an overall low body posture, he may look guilty. Your dog assumes a submissive body posture as a direct reaction to your signs of anger.

Low-shed breeds of dogs are better for people with allergies - For most people, it's the dander and saliva, not the fur, that trigger an allergic response.

Dogs can be spiteful - Dogs can become stressed when left alone and may seek comfort by finding a scent of you in your favorite chair or shoes, and may express their stress by chewing or peeing. But that doesn't mean they did it because they are mean spirited. Same goes for cats.

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*From the Desk of
Tom Carney*

NO JAIL COULD HOLD HER

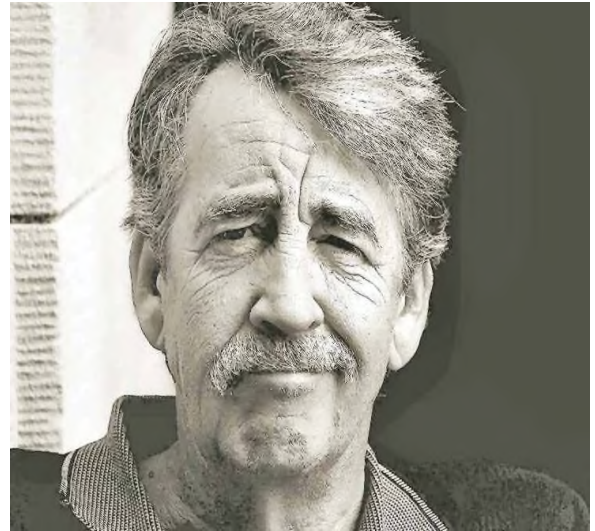
The courtrooms in early Alabama history normally dealt with horse thieves, murderers and bushwhackers, but in the late fall of 1822 our courts of law were forced to deal with something totally different. The courts had to render a decision about a woman accused of witchcraft.

History has forgotten the old woman's name. All we know about her is that she lived on the banks of the Flint River. A friendless old crone who had strange ways and was rather aloof, the woman was the talk of the local area. At first, she was spoken of only in whispers, then more boldly until she was publicly accused of being a witch. It culminated in a warrant for her arrest signed by one of the landed gentry of the community.

The day of the trial was fixed. Excitement ran high and people came from far and near to witness the unusual event. The trial proceeded on time and a great number of witnesses were called to testify, but nothing positive resulted from any of their testimony.

Then a young woman was called to the stand. Her testimony went as follows: One day she was washing down at the creek and became extremely tired. She sat down at the foot of a beech tree to rest. Soon, the old accused woman came down the tree in the form of a squirrel, with its tail curled over its back, snarled at her hand and put a spell on her. The sickly girl testified that she had been ill ever since and couldn't sleep due to pain in her stomach that started the day she saw the old woman in the form of the squirrel.

The presiding judge, who seemed to have been in deep



study, now seemed quite relieved upon hearing the young lady's testimony. He straightened in his chair and announced that the young woman's testimony was proof positive of the old woman's guilt. His opinion was that she should immediately be locked up in jail.

A controversy arose, however, when one of the spectators inquired as to how they intended to confine a witch. If she had the power to transform herself, then surely no jail could hold her.

The judge as well as the whole courtroom seemed perplexed at the unusual turn of events. Finally, unable to reach a decision, the judge adjourned the court while "taking the issue under advice."

As far as is known, the issue never came before the court again.

Vegetarian:

**Native Americans'
definition of a
lousy hunter.**



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Sambo

by Jack Dyer's Son



From time to time, Dad shopped in Spillers Feed Store located at the northwest corner of downtown Tuscaloosa. It held a prime location, close enough to city central to be convenient, but far enough off the beaten path to provide plenty of meter-free pick-up parking - and by the way, this was a time when pick-up trucks were actually expected to get dented and dirty. Just to the west was sufficient room to park sundry hay-haulers, flatbeds and horse trailers for the more serious shoppers. The back of Spillers bumped into a blanket of kudzu that sloped down into the Black Warrior River. In all my life, I have never heard of a major flood along the Black Warrior, but even if it had jumped the banks, Spillers was well situated on the high side.

This was a simpler age, well before conglomerate-spawned

"A friend never defends a husband who gets his wife hedge clippers for her birthday."

Erma Bombeck

superstores ruled the earth. During the late sixties (the last gasp of the Mesozoic Era when only small dinosaurs still frequented the area), privately owned "mom and pop" feed stores provided many, if not most, of the things that made country living better. Spillers was a behemoth for its day, with a sprawling group of attached buildings spread out over a quarter of a city block. They most likely employed a larger than normal genealogical grouping, including not only mom and pop, but children, uncles, aunts, cousins, smart pets, dubious in-laws, et al. Nonetheless, in spite of this increased familial labor pool, the store was still just a shadow of the gargantuan warehouses currently plopping all over our modern landscape and felt quite homey by comparison.

A "feed" store often doubled as a hardware store with a local chit-chat center thrown in for good measure. For the unfamiliar, men congregating in feed and hardware stores for "chit chat" would never be caught in the remarkably similar, but lowly regarded turpitude of gossiping. Granted, the difference is mostly a grammatical one, but an essential nuance just the same. Spillers filled the need for feed, hardware, and even chit-chat clustering very well. They sold seeds, nails, hinges, garden tools, animal feed, and all sorts of interesting doodads you might spot while meandering through a vintage flea-market now-a-days.

I wish I could write smells (please, try and refrain from smarty-pants comments about my smelly writing) because

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Spillers deserves to be sniffed to be truly appreciated. It was filled to the brim with an odd mixture of organic vagaries that produced a surprisingly wholesome aroma. You might get a hint of the scent by strolling through a freshly cleaned and well-used horse barn, but of course, this depends (greatly) on how clean. If I had to give this particular bouquet a name, I would call it "Old Timey" which now, sadly, resides mostly in the memory of old fossils like yours truly. I doubt the like of Spillers will ever be seen (or smelled) again.

I have deeply mixed feelings regarding expeditions with my father to Spillers. I found myself both looking forward to and dreading the moment we entered the main store because of a singular behavior my father unflinchingly exhibited during these trips.

The first thing Dad would do when we walked through the wide-open entryway was to whistle very loudly and shrilly and then wait a few seconds, listening. Oft times, much to my absolute mortification, he repeated this process three or four times as we threaded our way between the farm tools and tomato plants.

I don't mean to imply I was in the dark regarding this bizarre behavior. Oh, I knew exactly what he was doing, but I was a terminally self-conscious boy and his actions seemed cal-

culated to kill me (or at least permanently maim my psyche) with embarrassment. I learned over the years that my father was a bit of an expert at appearing to be invested in my welfare while simultaneously performing some horrifying indignity designed to forever stunt my growth. This was a prime example of such an occasion.

With each whistle, I became more convinced that everyone in the store thought this man with the intermittently screeching air leak had lost his mind and by association, they would assume I was cracked as well - and even worse, oh so much worse, actually look at me (horrors). HOWEVER, you, dear reader, need to understand that

my discomfort didn't mean I opposed his pervasive whistles, because I felt quite the opposite. In fact, I willingly suffered my miserable feelings and impending death-from-shame right up until the moment we both heard the response we were waiting for and at that thrilling instant, all the distress was worth it and all hints of humiliation vanished as the entire store echoed with the ear-splitting reply to my father's greeting. Sambo was in the house.

The owners of Spillers kept a wondrous Mynah bird named Sambo in their store. If you didn't know, Mynah birds have the magical (at least to a ten-year-old's perspective) ability to remember and imitate almost

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any sound they hear and this particular bird, which was kept in a large cage on a counter in the back of the store, had a rich repertoire.

Once Dad's whistle had established his connection with Sambo, the two of them would then proceed to converse all the while we wandered through the store. While navigating around the seed bins, hefting a shovel, or looking at a rototiller, Dad might suddenly and loudly declare, "Here comes a pretty girl" and immediately an incredibly loud wolf whistle from the back of the store would fill the air in response.

The two of them had an amazing relationship and I enjoyed their many remarkable exchanges over the years, but my favorite, by far, was when Dad would unexpectedly exclaim, "MEOW" and Sambo,

in his peculiar, nasally voice enthusiastically replied, "Watch out! Here comes a cat!"

As you are by now well aware, my writing skills are limited and it is all but impossible to express how I felt as I walked next to my hero when he suddenly broke into fluent feline and then heard that warning retort in a clear southern drawl - from a bird, no less! I think the best I can do is to say it was enchanting with a healthy sprinkling of joy.

Don't try to convince me there is no such thing as magic. I have seen and heard it for myself.

The oddest aspect of this sweet memory and the strangest thing about all of this was that I can't ever remember a single person other than my father who ever conversed with Sambo. I must have visited Spillers

dozens of times and yet I don't think I ever heard anyone, even an employee, engage with my miraculous avian friend.

I wish I could say I tried to have my own chats with Sambo, but that was way above my courage level. Sadly, self-consciousness ruled the day. There isn't an accurate word in the English language to describe my emotional state during these sessions and I find I am forced to create my own: *humiliwonderfembarrajolylymortifusion*.

Mary Poppins, eat your heart out. By the way, in spite of the damage inflicted into my young mind, I have never, ever embarrassed my own eight children or five grandchildren in public, really. I mean it. Truly. Honest.

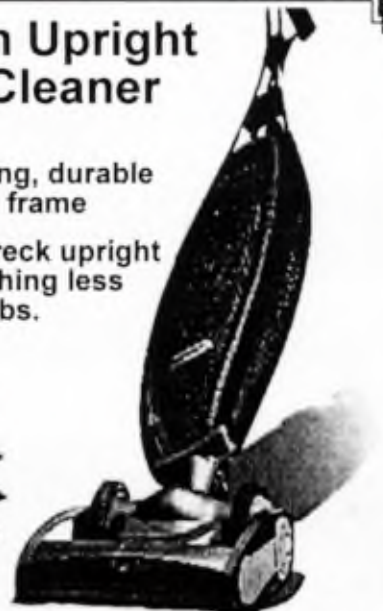


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High Noon in My Own Front Yard

by Ted Roberts

A summertime shower always reminds me of one of the few potholes I encountered on the rocky road of parenting. It brings back those stormy days when my youngest son was an unruly, semi-civilized adolescent; and I was a stern but compassionate father.

We had a great relationship because I liked this son. And sometimes in the web of family relationships, liking is better than loving. Love is a romantic fool, full of kisses and tears; a guest, not a full time resident of the human heart. But day in, day out, I liked this son. Hopefully, he felt the same way about me.

My kids were easy to raise - the cultural winds outside the family nest were not as shrill as today's. TV, cinema, school actually chorused the same virtues that were lauded at home. We parents of the 70s only had to remember the simplest of platitudes; kids needed discipline for the life to come, like birds needed feathers to fly.

Nobody endlessly babbled about love. A civilized world assumed its existence between parents and children. It did not need constant repeating. Good parents did not believe you had to constantly blow on the coals of love to keep the fire going. So they fearlessly applied discipline without worrying about cooling the ardor in the child's heart.

There were rules. One rule - the rule I grin about every time we get a rain in July - applied to the yard. It must be cut. Not by me, who made other contributions to the family's welfare like economic survival. No, the 13 year-old adolescent who ate the family's food and lived in the family's house and who already had his adolescent eye on the family's car - HE would cut the yard. That was the rule. "Cut the yard once a week." This family rule was brief, simple and invulnerable to misinterpretation. So we thought.

I noticed that his summer-

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time metabolic cycle seemed to peak towards the end of the week. I could tell because starting Wednesdays or Thursdays he ate his breakfast before ten and rarely went back to bed for more sack time - his favorite avocation.

Some kind of weekly physiological cycle had him in its grasp. Great. That's why I amended our yard contract: "Joe, you'll cut the yard once a week - It shall be done by Friday". Thereby giving him the first five days of the week to stock up on sack time.

Oh, but that simple contract! It became a tombstone for the father and son relationship. Oedipus Rex in Suburbia. "Joe, it's Wednesday - you haven't cut the yard yet" or "Joe, it's Thursday and they're calling for rain Thursday and tsunamis Friday and Saturday - better clip the yard" or "Joe, there's gonna be a total eclipse of the sun the rest of the week. Joe - the yaaaaaaaard!"

I couldn't make him understand that if the new bridge over the river must be opened in a gala ceremony on the 4th of July, you didn't buy the girders on the 2nd, assemble them on the 3rd, and accept congratulations and watch the fireworks on the 4th.

I could not convince him that rain storms, tidal waves, or cyclones could happen at any time. We spent our quality time together debating the lawn problem.

"Do it today," I'd say. He'd answer with amazing intellectual power; "Why?" I would tell him of life's tsunamis.

He told me of Betty Ann McCorkel or a soccer game that was awaiting his attention.

Finally, in a flash of parental insight, I clearly saw the damage that this lawn dialogue was doing to our relationship. One

Saturday morning - a weekend - when Joe's bodily cycle was hyperactively humming, I met him at the breakfast table. It's 9:30. Dawn to him, mid morning to me. He stared hard at his three-egg omelet. Even though we sat opposite from each other, his eyes would not meet mine. He did not want to meet my lawn-crazed eyes. He could predict my admonitions since it was Saturday and the front yard grass was high enough to hide Betty Ann McCorkel and several of her playful friends.

"Joe," I said, looking up over my morning paper like Gary Cooper in High Noon. "Joe," I repeated for both drama and clarity. "You ain't cutting the yard anymore." (This Gary Cooper thing was useful.)

"Whatya mean, Paw?" he replied.

It was High Noon from then on. I told him he was fired. Pop (who made many other contributions to the family welfare) would sheer this green lamb of a lawn. Joe was now an EX-lawn mower. He begged and pleaded. I looked at my watch and wished Grace Kelly (a cool scoop of vanilla ice cream in that dusty town) could see me, cou-

rageously facing up to rebellion. Like in the movie.

So, that's what I did. I canceled his assignment. Instead, I substituted some menial task - which I forget - that required no management or planning skills.

As the years went by he frequently pleaded - "Hey, Dad, lemme cut the yard, huh? I know it's only Thursday, but ya never know when a cyclone'll blow into town. Better do it now."

No way. I steadfastly denied him the privilege of mowing his family's yard.

Now he's in his forties with a yard and kids of his own to manage. Just to get a rise out of him when he returns to the old homestead, I greet him and his family at the car with, "Hey, Joe, bet you'd like to cut the yard, right? Well, you can't." Even if he begged and invited us over for Friday night supper and his wife's fried chicken (battered and refrigerated earlier that morning) I'd still turn him down.

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



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Wood from British Columbia

by Bob Baudendistel

Growing up during the 70s, anything that pertained to area railroads was always of high interest to me. I recall watching trains as they rolled along the tracks leading to Hobbs Island through southern sections of Huntsville. One day that holds a special memory for me was when my father and I caught a train with a unique freight car as it was headed south over the Weatherly Road grade crossing. We noticed a green color boxcar featuring the British Columbia road name and tree emblem. I vividly remember my father saying, "Wow! That boxcar came all the way from Canada!" Back then as a young kid, the geography didn't mean that much to me, but I do recall tracking down where the boxcar was being taken. It ended up set out on a side track adjacent to the Triple K Lumber yard about another mile and a half farther south along the rail line.

Back in the economic boom that literally shook Huntsville throughout the 1950s and 60s, the lumber needed to build new homes was being sold as fast as it could be shipped in. Much of this was due to the sudden surge in growth across south Huntsville. The sale of building materials was so good that lumber companies located out in the northwestern states along with Canadian Provinces like British Columbia were selling much of the wood and lumber being used locally.

I was recently involved with the remodeling of a home located in south Huntsville that was first constructed in 1962. As we stripped out some old paneling in an interior room, I found that the framing lumber was cut from Douglas Fir trees. I researched this a little further and it came as no surprise that this was one of the most prominent trees out west including the forests of none other than British Columbia.

Throughout much of the 1950s and 60s era, Huntsville had gotten the majority of its lumber used in building construction from places out west including parts of Canada. This was partly due to the lower cost of timber where abundant and mature forests were still a more prominent feature throughout much of the western landscape. Prior to these times of enhanced economic growth here in Huntsville, most of the earlier homes built across the area including historic Twickenham were framed using locally grown wood such as poplar, oak, hickory, sweet gum and

eastern red cedar.

In today's market, southern yellow pine is the more common wood used for framing here in the southeastern states. What is quite interesting though is that according to the forestry experts I spoke with, this tree was once considered as an invasive species. Eventually, the pine trees did see their first commercial use as local utility companies looked to find a cheaper source of wood to have for power poles. As the pine tree gained more popularity and market share, much of the land throughout Alabama that had been previously deforested and used as cropland was replanted with large stands of new pine growth. In addition, much of the pine which is now being grown is shipped and sold throughout the world.

One of the more notable benefits of working on the railroad is how much one can learn about a town and its history. When I first admired trains as a kid, little did I know back then how a simple history lesson from my father about the road name of a boxcar hauling lumber in from Canada would be so ingrained in the knowledge and desire to learn, I so much enjoy to this day.

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50 Years of Writing Songs

by George Wells

In 1967, after 17 years working for GMAC, I accepted a job with the US Army Audit Agency. Barbara and I and our two children, Paul and Kenny, moved to Huntsville. At that time I had been writing lyrics for five years. One day we were at Haysland Square when I noticed a WBHP truck was there for a remote broadcast. I walked over and said hello to the DJ. That happened to be Bobby Powell. I asked Bobby about the music situation in Huntsville. Bobby told me I should meet up with Billy Stone. He said Billy was a singer and songwriter who owned the Willowbrook Barbershop. Of course, I needed a haircut so off I went to Willowbrook Barbershop. And the rest is history, 50 years of history.

I know I can name only a few of the graduates from the Willowbrook School of Fine Music. The first one that comes to mind is the late Maurice Ramsey, Huntsville's guitar player. Aaron Wilburn penned a lot of songs and is currently with the Gaither Homecoming. Arab contributed Bob Klinger. Bob had that big band voice and I wrote a few songs with Bob.

Almost every Monday we would get into Billy's '67 Mustang and head to Nashville to pitch our songs to music publishers along Music City Row. Window Music Publishing Company on 16th Avenue was probably the first publishing company that we pitched our songs too. Pete Drake, a noted steel guitarist, owned Window Music Publishing. Billy Ray Reynolds, who is a singer, songwriter and musician was the person who reviewed our songs for Window Music.

On one of our stops at Window Music, Billy Reynolds listened to one of our songs and liked it. He pitched the song to movie producer John Bradford. John was in the process of picking a song for him to do on stage in Las Vegas where some of the filming was to be done. Billy Reynolds played John the song that we had recently given him, called, "Turn The Record Over". John loved the song and recorded it for an album that was to be released by him along with the movie.

During our many trips to Nashville, we shared the studio with 25 to 30 country music legends, who were playing our songs. Some of the names were: Charlie McCoy, Pigg Robbins, DJ. Fontana, Scotty Moore and the Jordanaires. On many of our trips to Nashville, we were able to squeeze 15-year-old, 115-pound, Aaron Wilburn (Huntsville's famous songwriter), into the back seat of the Mustang for a day of pitching songs.



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Ditto Landing - Now Helping those Who Have Lost Children



Pioneer James Ditto came around the Great Bend of the Tennessee River in the early 1800's. He landed amongst friendly Chickasaw Indians in the area known as the Chickasaw Old Fields. Today that area is known as Ditto Landing, and the point of Chickasaw Island is now called Hobbs Island.

Within a few years Pioneer Ditto built a trading post. A ferry boat carried travelers across the river by 1807. Amongst the customers, reportedly, were Andrew Jackson and Davy Crockett on their way to the Creek Indian War.

In 1824 the area became known as Whitesburg, which is a familiar name to area residents. It was named for salt trader James White. Ditto Landing became one of the first inland ports of entry for the United States and a prosperous trade hub and heartbeat of economic activity for the Huntsville area into the 1840's.

Fundraising efforts have kicked off to install an Angel of Hope statue near the Kingston Pavilion at Ditto Landing.

The Angel of Hope is based on a book called *The Christmas Box*. It is meant to bring comfort and peace to people that have experienced the loss of a child at any age.

Members of the Angel of Hope Committee will be selling engraved 4x8 bricks (\$100 each) and 8x8 bricks (\$200 each) in memory of loved ones to help with the cost of the statue. Opportunities to sponsor a bench or landscaping here are available as well.

Committee President Jan Neighbors contacted the Huntsville-Madison County Marina & Port Authority to propose placing the statue on the grounds of Ditto Landing." As I have visited Ditto Landing throughout my life, I have always found it to be a peaceful place, especially with the beautiful view of the Tennessee River. I hope others can find hope and healing by visiting this lovely statue and remembering their loved ones."

For more information contact Jan Neighbors at 256-652-9709. You can also make a donation through their Go Fund Me page. Checks can be made out to: HAPC/Angel of Hope, P.O. Box 12803, Huntsville, AL 35802



ANGEL OF HOPE STATUE

From the "Christmas Box" Movie/Book By Richard Paul Evans

Coming to Huntsville at Ditto Landing

This is a statue to provide comfort and hope for families who have lost a child.

Annual candlelight ceremony on December 6th, St. Nicholas Day at 7:00p.m.

Memorial Bricks \$100.00 (3 lines) - Paver \$200.00(6 lines)

Contact Jan Neighbors 256.652.9709/jan.ma@knology.net

Make checks to: HAPC, Angel of Hope P.O. Box 12803, Huntsville, AL 35802

Partners: Huntsville Association for Pastoral Care, Center for Loss, Grief and Change, Ditto Landing Marina, AFSP, UBS

Missing Wife Report

Husband: "My wife is missing; she went shopping yesterday and has not come home!"

Sheriff: "Height?"

Husband: "I'm not sure, a little over five-feet tall."

Sheriff: "Weight?"

Husband: "Don't know; not slim, not really fat."

Sheriff: "Color of eyes?"

Husband: "Sort of brown, I think. Never really noticed."

Sheriff: "Color of hair?"

Husband: "It changes a couple times a year; maybe dark brown now. I can't really remember."

Sheriff: "Do you recall what was she wearing?"

Husband: "Could have been pants or maybe a skirt or shorts. I don't know exactly."

Sheriff: "What kind of car did she go in?"

Husband, starting to get upset: "She went in my truck."

Sheriff: "What kind of truck was it?"

Husband: "It is a 2016 pearl white Ram Limited 4x4 with 6.41 Hemi V8 engine ordered with the Ram Box bar and fridge option, LED lighting, back up and front camera with sound notification, Moose hide leather heated and cooled seats, climate controlled air conditioning."

"It has a custom matching white cover for the bed, Weather Tech floor mats, Trailing package with gold hitch, sunroof, DVD with full GPS navigation, satellite radio, Cobra 75 WX S 40-channel CB radio, six cup holders, 3 USB ports and 4 power outlets."

"I added special alloy wheels and off-road Toyo tires. It has custom retracting running boards and underglow Electric Blue wheel well lighting."

At this point the husband started choking up and couldn't speak anymore.

Sheriff: "Take it easy, sir, it shouldn't take long - we'll find your truck."

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WHISTLING: A DYING ART

by Malcolm W. Miller



One of my earliest memories in life is that of playing around in the floor at my Mama's feet and listening to her whistle and sing. I still recall puckering my mouth all out of shape and blowing and slobbering something terrible trying to whistle like Mama. I was finally able to make a sound come out of my young lips and I have been whistling and singing ever since that time.

Days as I lay in my bed at Tut Fann, songs come to me that Mama used to sing and I can remember all the words and sing them over and over in my head or call my wife and sing them to her as long as she will listen.

A few years back I met a lady who could whistle much the same as my Mama did so many years ago. Now when I refer to whistling I don't mean just making a sound, I mean whistling a tune. How many people do you hear whistling these days? I believe I could count on the fingers of one hand the people I come in daily contact with who whistle. I feel that this is one sign of the times.

Remember the old song, "Whistle while you work"? Those who whistle while they work and play are usually content and happy with their position in life. The fact that we hardly ever hear anyone whistling anymore is an indication of the rushed, dog eat dog lifestyle our modern day society has become.

Have you ever heard anyone whistle a tune and they are really good at it and you can recognize the tune? I have and believe me it is a beautiful sound. When I was very young we would hang around the Courthouse Square and listen to people whistling. I believe just about anyone who tries can whistle some kind of tune, but to really be a good whistler is no doubt a God-given talent. For those who have this talent and work to develop it and perfect it, it can bring much pleasure to both them and those who are privileged to hear them.

It would be a wonderful thing if we could get people to whistling again, whether on the job, on the creek bank, or doing the housework like my Mama did. Mama was an inspiration to her seven young sons and as they became men they were whistlers too. Papa was always whistling as he worked in the fields.

When I was younger there were a few whistling competitions at some of the local schools. Some of the competitors were very good. During recess at school many of the children tried to outdo one another with their whistling. I can't help but wonder if there are any whistling competitions anywhere now. Whistling is a good alternative for smoking or dipping Skoal as you can never whistle if you are doing either of those.

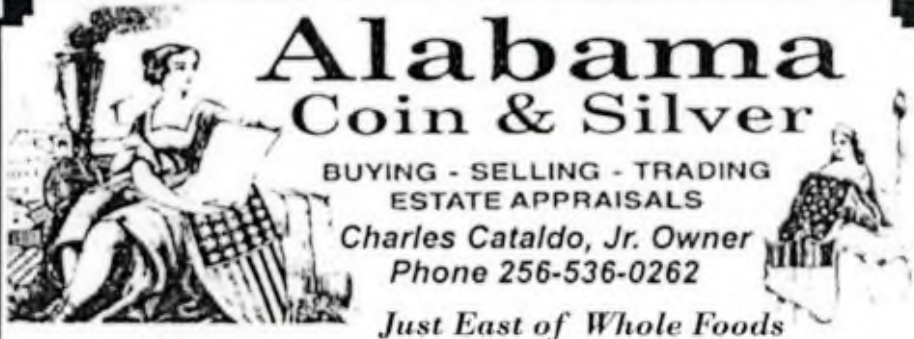
Whistling is definitely contagious. If you don't believe me just try whistling and see how many others around you join in. You may not be able to get by with it at work, but you can try it while you do your yard work, while you fish, while you are at the beach, etc.

Wherever you are that you will not disturb people start softly whistling some familiar melody. You will be very surprised how relaxing it is to whistle or to sing to yourself. Sooner or later someone hearing you will join in. They might not even realize they are also whistling. Music in all shapes and forms has always been an inspiration for me.

Whistling is a sign of happiness and contentment. It can be soothing and can help relieve stress from your daily life. Try whistling, you might like it and enjoy the peace it brings to your life.

"It seems like the oldest kid always gets into the most trouble even if he didn't mean to do it."

Sammy McKinney



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A Strange Family

from 1874 newspaper

One of the most sensational cases ever to appear before the court system is due to go to trial next week in Judge Ramsay's court.

Mr. Allan Dement, a 72 year old resident of Jackson County, is charged with the crime of marrying his granddaughter. According to reports, Mr. Dement returned from the war to find his home burned and family scattered to the four winds. Finally after much difficulty he was able to locate his granddaughter, who was at the time living all alone, but for her four children. She too had become separated from her family.

The couple soon set up house together and began living a life as man and wife along with her children who were his great grandchildren but were now his stepchildren, making them their mother's uncles by marriage. After the granddaughter/wife sensed signs of approaching motherhood, a quick visit before a justice of the peace was arranged.

When the child was born it became the mother's son/great uncle, the father's son/great grandson and the half brother and great-great uncle of the other children.

Soon, however, her eldest son (the great grandson of its stepfather and the great nephew of his half brother) began a correspondence with his aunt who was also Dement's granddaughter. The aunt/granddaughter, upon hearing the news immediately notified her great uncle who was also Dement's brother who paid a personal visit to his great nephew who was his brother's stepson.

The great nephew/stepson and brother/great uncle then notified the judge (no kin) who issued a writ for the arrest of the grandfather/husband and granddaughter/wife. The child has been placed in care of its half brother who is also his nephew and his mother's uncle by marriage.

The trial is sure to attract a lot of relatives.

European Taffy

2 cups sugar
1/2 cup lemon juice
Pinch of salt
1/8 t. cream of tartar
2 T. butter

Combine all ingredients and boil to hard ball stage. Pour into a well-buttered pan and cool. Pull the taffy until it becomes white and porous. Then cut into 1" pieces.

This lemon-crystal taffy, which was brittle and had just a hint of lemon, was devoured in Europe by sweet lovers.



Peyton

Hello, do you know Peyton Manning? I don't know him, but the Ark named me after him. I was found as a stray dog. I guess that means I had no where important to go. I was very thin and hungry when I came to the Ark. Now I am a very attractive young man. I am one year old and I weigh 35 lbs. I am sweet, loving, handsome,

in good shape and attentive. I love to chase balls when you throw them for me. I am going to learn to give them back to you when I have the time. I am looking for the perfect family. A family that will let me live with them my lifetime. I have no money to pay you rent, but I think the companionship and devotion I can provide will make you happy to have me. If you come to the Ark, will you ask to see Peyton? That's me.

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