



No. 297

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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Malcolm Miller Remembers

The Presidents of My Time



Franklin D. Roosevelt was President during my school years.

During his presidency Pearl Harbor Day happened, December 7, 1941. I was riding my bicycle with friends in Salty Bottom and a lady came out of her home and told us the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. I was 14 and I didn't even know what or where Pearl Harbor was.

I remember thinking I had two brothers in the Army that were no doubt in danger.

When I went home that night, Papa was listening to the radio and the news of Pearl Harbor.

Also in this issue: **Having a Heart Attack**

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A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

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Domie Lewter
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The Presidents of My Time

by Malcolm W. Miller

One thing I have done throughout the years is vote. I have never missed an election Whether it has been local, state, or federal. As I lay here at Tut Fann Veteran's home I think about how important it is to be patriotic and one way you can do that is to take your right to vote seriously.

I have not voted for all the incumbent Presidents since I was of voting age, but I have voted in all elections. It is just natural that I have not always voted for the ones that won. Although I have not always voted for the winner I have always tried to support the winner and their cabinet as well.

My Papa listened to a battery-powered radio when I was growing up so I heard about the actions of the Presidents at that time, although it didn't seem as fascinating as our President now.

I was born when Calvin Coolidge was President. I of course do not have a memory of him as I was two when Herbert C. Hoover became President

in 1929. Franklin D. Roosevelt was President during my school years, 1933 to 1945. He was President for quite some time so as I started grade school we heard a lot about him.

During his presidency Pearl Harbor Day happened, December 7, 1941. I was riding my bicycle with friends in Salty Bottom and a lady came out of her home and told us the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. I was 14 and I didn't even know what or where Pearl Harbor was. I remember thinking I had two brothers in the Army that were no doubt in danger. I went home that night and Papa was listening to the radio and the news of Pearl Harbor, he was worried about my brothers Lewis and Gibb.

That night I heard over the radio Franklin D. Roosevelt declared war on Japan, Germany and Italy. It was hard for a teenage mind to understand. The tragedy of Pearl Harbor Day lingers still today in the minds of many Americans.

After Pearl Harbor I left school in the 11th grade and joined the Navy. Papa signed the papers for me, however he did not want to, as several of his other sons were serving at that time. I was 17 and had very little idea of what was going on but knew if my brothers were serving in the military then I wanted to also serve. We were all very patriotic at that time.

I served on a battle ship as a supply officer among other

"In California, they don't throw their garbage away. They make it into TV shows."

Woody Allen



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things. I served some time in the kitchen but cut my finger so that didn't last long. When the ship's barber went home I bought his tools and became the ship's barber. I had cut my brother's hair in the past but was not that good at it, but it apparently was good enough for sailors. The ship's captain insisted I cut his hair, but once was enough for him; he didn't ask me a second time.

In early 1945 Harry S. Truman became President and the war was not ending. The Army Generals told him they had the atomic bomb but could not drop it until they had his permission. He asked the Generals if it would save American lives. They told him it would save lives so Truman said drop the bomb and on August 6, 1945 Hiroshima was bombed and three days later Nagasaki was bombed. The atomic bomb killed many, but also saved many American lives, therefore Truman is known for ending World War II.

After World War II ended I returned home from the Navy, found a job at the shoe factory, finished high school in night school at Huntsville High and

married Mary Frances, the mother of my children Marie and Tommy.

Following Truman was Dwight D. Eisenhower. The United States seemed to be in a good place once the war ended. It was good to have a respected General running this great country. I remember a lot of excitement in Huntsville during this time as Wernher von Braun and his team came to Huntsville to head Army's ballistic weapons program.

Von Braun's team launched Explorer 1, the first American satellite during the Eisenhower administration and Huntsville became alive with engineers. I was working for the U. S. Post Office at this time and I delivered mail to several of the German scientists and NASA engineers. I also cut hair for many of the engineers working in the space program. Our youngest son, Doug, was born during the Eisenhower era.

John F. Kennedy followed Eisenhower and I remember the day he visited Huntsville and NASA and I also remember where I was when he was shot.

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 Joint Camp

I was delivering mail by foot on the south side of town and a lady came out of her home and told me President Kennedy had been shot. The people I saw that day were in disbelief. That was a bad day in the lives of all Americans. Everyone prayed for peace and went around in shock for several days. Lyndon B. Johnson had to be sworn in on the plane on November 22, 1963. He signed into law the 1964 Civil Rights Act, a very important law for the U.S.

Following Lyndon B. Johnson was Richard M. Nixon and for the first time we watched TV as Watergate unfolded. Most of the citizens could not get enough of this as it was televised and people loved the mystery of the erased tapes. This was the first time I became aware of some of the corruption of politics. Gerald Ford, the Vice President, became President on August 9, 1974, after President Nixon resigned.

As Gerald R. Ford became President I was working two jobs, the Post Office and the Barber Shop, to make ends meet. Actually I had worked two jobs for years. One salary barely made the necessities let alone the things we wanted. The children had left home and were out on their own. I was very busy most of this time.

We were proud when Jimmy E. Carter, from the neighboring state of Georgia, became President. Many people wore peanut necklaces and we all talked about the peanut farmer becoming President. Then came Ronald Reagan and many of us could not believe an actor would be elected.

When George H. W. Bush became President in the 80s I continued to work two jobs. I do remember his visits to Huntsville, one as Vice President and one as President. George H. W. Bush was a big supporter of the space program and many Huntsville people were enamored with the idea of Space and the dream of a life beyond the earth. I began to

feel a little older during this time and I left the Post Office on a disability as I had ruined my back carrying large bundles of mail. I have now been retired longer than I worked for the Post Office. I did continue to cut hair on a very part-time basis.

Next was Bill Clinton from Arkansas. At the end of his time in office I met and married my current wife, Lois. Clinton also made a lot of presidential mishaps of interest to the public and these mishaps are memorable for many of that time and of course those mishaps are in the history books for all to read. It is very interesting what Presidents are remembered for and it is not always their good works.

George W. Bush became president in 2001 and one of the most horrifying things happened in the United States during his presidency. September 11, 2011

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went down in history as an unforgettable and horrible day for everyone in the United States and their allies. I was at the barber shop and my wife called me from her work and told me about it. We turned on the TV at the shop and we could not believe the news. That day will be remembered by all Americans as was Pearl Harbor Day. Life as we knew it was ending. Couples filed into the Court Houses to be married as they were afraid their loved one would be called to war. Families prayed together and stayed closer than ever before.

After George W. Bush the United States elected their first black president, Barack Obama. The Obama family spent eight years in the White House and during those eight years there was never a family scandal. There were no rumors of misbehavior of any members of his family. President Obama was the first to use social media to gain support for things he wanted to accomplish. During the later part of his time in office I moved into the Tut Fann Veteran's Home and I am still living there.

Right now we are experienc-

ing the most political unrest of any president to date. Donald J. Trump loves to tweet and it gets him in trouble. He has been in office about six months and has caused a lot of unrest. I can only hope he will carry through with his campaign promises. He seems to support NASA and that is important for Huntsville.

I figure I have been around during 15 different United States Presidents. Fifteen out of 45 is a big group. Now I am wondering how many Alabama Governor elections and how many Huntsville Mayor elections I have voted in.

I am writing this on my 90th birthday and we are sitting here looking forward to a big birthday party. I am wondering about the future of the country and hoping it will be good for all my children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Yes, I am a father, a grandfather and a great grandfather and I am so proud of all of them. I hope they all have a full life as I have had.

Editor's Note: Malcolm passed away on Aug. 26, 2017 and is forever remembered.

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Merrimack Village Being Painted

from 1921 newspaper

Painting an average of 10 dwelling houses a day, workmen engaged in renovating Merrimack Village today and had applied the first coats of paint to 100 houses in the community.

Nearly all the houses in the village had been recovered with new roofs, preparatory to the state of the painting. Repairs also have been made to gutters, sills and flooring where it was necessary.

The painting operations started on the extreme west end of the village and are moving eastward towards Pike Street, which is the east boundary for the greater portion of the residential section of the community.

There are 216 buildings, including 4 churches, to be repainted if the project is carried to completion. Company officials said at the start of the work that every building would be repainted and otherwise repaired if business conditions permitted.

As soon as all houses have been painted with the first coat, the painters will move back to the west end and begin applying the second coat.

The general brightening-up of the village is plainly evident and the contrast decided when one drives down a street where houses have only been painted on one side, with the other side bare.

Different color schemes are being used to add to the appearance of each house, and also makes it blend with the surrounding area. Pittsburgh Paints were chosen by Merrimack for the renovation.

Sixteen painters are employed on the project, which is being done by a Gadsden contractor and paid for by the Merrimack Manufacturing Co.



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TIME CHANGES EVERYTHING!

by Hugh Michaels

The way we bury our dead has changed. Years ago when someone died the people of the community would all come together. The sick person would be treated at home; the doctor would come to the invalid's home.

Doctors were scarce and there were very few hospitals. People would come to the dead person's home the night before the funeral. Food and drinks would be provided by the community. No one was allowed to sleep, this was a time of grief and sorrow. The family would be exhausted. Staying up with the dead was expected, not asked.

The grave would be dug by men of the community. This was a difficult task as oftentimes

weather would affect the digging times. The digging could be delayed for some time and work could go into the night.

The body had to be disposed of quickly. There was no embalming. Odor would sometimes make it more difficult to endure. Sometimes coins were placed over the dead person's eyes.

The funeral would last for hours. It seemed as if the preacher would preach until everyone in attendance was crying.

The coffin would sometimes be built by a person of the community. Bells would ring when someone died. People would stop whatever work they were doing, and stand with respect while the funeral was going on.

It seems now that death has been made easier because of the changes in the way we live.

Churches are prepared to help people who are in need. They will help guide our lives. We all must be prepared.

Churches are helpful to us. We all must be seeking to meet our God one day, no matter what our religious beliefs.

Funeral homes are not always paid for the services they perform - sometimes they are generous about helping out those of lesser means.

Strange things have happened during burials. For instance, a grave digger fell into the grave years ago; a man was so large when he died that when his body was placed into the coffin, it fell out through the bottom; one time a person's body had to be carried to the church by a team of mules - the road to the person's home was so full of ruts that a car could not travel it.

Yes, times have changed. We would never cremate our loved ones' bodies years ago. But now cremation is very common and less expensive. Who knows what more changes will be happening in the next 50 years? Only God knows!

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What to Do, What to Do?

by Brome'

I'm a widower, have been since the late 90s so, I am used to cooking and not-cleaning for myself. It's hard to find a balanced meal and anytime you cook, you wind up eating it forever. Below is one example.

The other day I splurged and bought a topped potato from one of the BBQ places here locally. Them suckers are big. At \$10, it only amounts to about 30 cents per ounce. I took it home and opened it up and couldn't believe the size. It could feed a family of 4 all by itself. Ok, I can do this, I cut off about a quarter of it with maybe a little bit extra of the pork. That was a belly buster there.

Nope! no dessert with dinner that night. The next night was a repeat, although I was a little less excited about it. The third night I ate out and the fourth in desperation I tried something different. For you folks at home I want to say "Don't knock it until you've tried it!"

In desperation to rid myself of it without wasting it, I chopped the rest of it up real fine. Thinking I would make a patty and use it like a potato pancake my mother used to make, I took about a handful (there were still several of those left) and put it into a bowl. I added an egg thinking that it would still be fairly dry and I could work into the desired pancake or two. This turned out to be wrong. I now

have a liquid potato/egg mixture that slightly resembles a cross between paper mache and cornbread batter.

Ok, I can do this. I added sugar, cinnamon, flour and kept adding flour until I had a cake batter looking 'stuff. I don't waste food; or to be more exact, I don't like to waste food if I can help it so I got my griddle hot and my maple syrup ready and took a scoop and put it onto the griddle. Being a little too thick, I had to spread it out to about half an inch. I added a little milk to the rest of the batter. I flipped that one and whipped the batter to smooth it out. The next one went on the griddle and in all there were four. I never did taste the pork but if you like cinnamon and sugar pancakes you can feel free to leave the pork out.



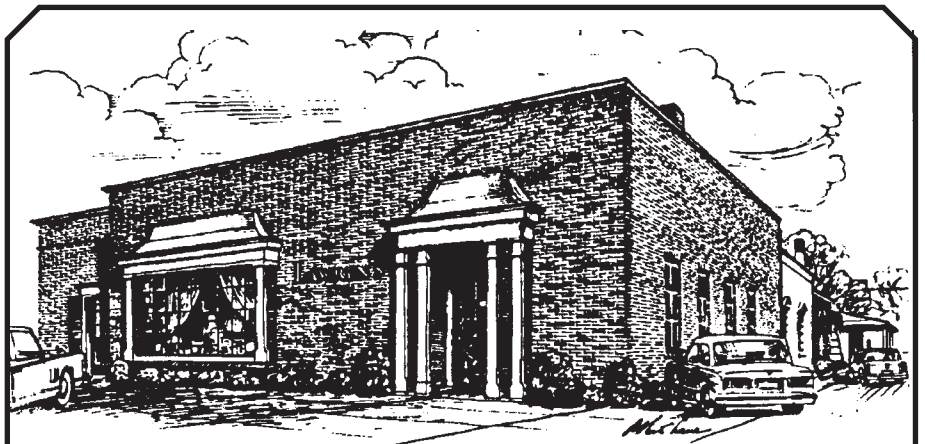
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Jay Curtis, Arab

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO KALEA PARK?

by Mark Bidwell

Not long ago, a Facebook post by local Huntsville history buff Lance George posed the question, "Whatever Happened to Kalea Park?"

The question peaked a sizeable and collective sense of curiosity. From time to time, I had noticed a small sign which would appear at the sharp curve where Kalea Park Road (pronounced: kay-lee) meets Meridianville Bottom Rd. just east of the Huntsville Madison County Executive Airport near Meridianville, Al.

This sparsely worded hand-made sign read, simply, "Kalea Park" and featured an arrow pointing southward. Dee and Nancy Hill (Kalea Parks' current owners) inform me that Kalea Park has a history dating back at least eighty years. The venue still hosts private parties by reservation only.

Over the years, the grounds have been a well-visited destination. In its beginning back in the 1930s, this beautifully rustic, eight-acre park was known as Camp Kiwanis and was a popular place for summer fun.

Nearly twenty years later in the 50s the boys and girls camp was sold and renamed Kalea Park. Soon after, a new swimming pool was installed and


carnival rides such as a miniature railroad, an ornate carousel with horses, a roller coaster and Ferris wheel were erected for entertainment.

Then in the early 1970s the late Tillman Hill, a very well-respected Madison County Commissioner and two partners, purchased the property. Kalea Park has remained in the Hill family ever since. Tillman's son Dee Hill is the owner.

Although the rides and pool are long gone, Kalea Park offers all visitors a well-groomed eight acre tract of bottom land surrounded by large cedar trees and majestic shady oaks. By itself, it's a peaceful place to roam and enjoy.

One road in to this very private location insures that families with children have a safe and secure haven where they can party, pitch an overnight camp or launch a canoe or kayak along what is known as the Brier Fork branch of the Flint River.

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Today, a sizeable pavilion with picnic tables hosts more than its share of barbecue cook-offs. Filled with chairs, this spacious shelter holds up to 300 under cover. Large area companies such as PPG and Boeing have reserved the grounds for company festivities or gatherings.

At the top of the hill a quaint banquet room (which seats 50 to 60 people comfortably) overlooks an idyllic setting perfect for staging an outdoor wedding ceremony and reception. There is plenty of parking for a family reunion or for a fundraiser. Kalea Park is surrounded by open farmland on all sides. So, it's safe to say a party can be as private or as lively as it wants to be.

If you close your eyes you can almost hear the sound of children's laughter from days gone by reverberating from one of area's prettiest places to come play.

If you or your group have enjoyed the facility in the past you most likely share a love for Kalea Park with owners Dee and Nancy Hill. They would love for you to share your story and or pictures with them. They are collecting memories about the park to share with others.

Please feel free to contact the Hill's by email at deehill58@icloud.com or call and leave a message at 256-990-6131. They look forward to hearing from you!



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Old War Movies

by Bill Wright



We were young boys who enjoyed watching World War II movies at the neighborhood theater. The years were 1942-1945 and wars existed all over the world; namely in Europe and Asia. For ten cents we could watch two movies, plus a comedy. A bag of popcorn cost five cents. All of this in an air-conditioned theater; something none of us had at home.

The war movies all seem to follow the same theme. Early in the movies our military would incur serious defeat. Then, about middle of the movie we would see a turn in the battles when our military began winning some battles. In the old war movies no one seem to get tired, dirty, or hungry, and casualties were glossed over. Near the end of the old war movies our military would win the battles and the movie would have a happy ending. We would clap, cheer and holler for our winning armies until the Theater Manager told us to be quiet.

Our favorite actor was John Wayne, who always was the war movie hero. John Wayne had a swaying type walk. After a John Wayne war movie, all of

us young boys would try to imitate his walk for about a week after seeing his movie. As young boys we were particularly impressed by Paratroopers jumping into combat. Some of the movies would end with a victory parade. Our military troops would parade before the high ranking military personnel as a band played, "Stars and Stripes Forever". It was impressive enough to make us wish we were older so we could participate in winning the war.

As young boys we did not know that in our near future another war awaited America. This would be our war. It was in a country none of us had ever heard of, or knew where it was located. It was "Korea" and it would be a brutal infantry war.

It was now February 1952 as we waited on deck of a ship waiting to debark at Inchon, Korea. I was 20 years old. Our mission was to help liberate South Korea from the invading Communist forces of North Korea and China. We were members of an Army Infantry Regiment and we had just completed nine months of Advanced Infantry Training in Japan. The temperature was 15 below zero. We did not have proper clothing for those temperatures. At this temperature it felt like your body was burning. Our ri-

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"They say that the dog is man's best friend. I don't believe that. How many friends have you had neutered?"

Larry Reeb

fles were strapped across our shoulders and the barrels had turned completely white from the cold and frost. This was an early indicator our war would not be like what we had seen in the old World War II movies.

We debarked the ship, loaded on trucks, then were taken to a train station where we were transported to a tent camp and provided better clothing for the bitter Korean winter. In a few days we were sent to the front lines to replace a seasoned, combat experienced American Infantry Regiment. As we passed soldiers of that Regiment along a mountain trail they all looked dazed with a wild look. In the old war movies no one looked like they did. They looked at us as we passed, but did not speak or in any way acknowledge us. I wondered if we would soon look like them.

In a few days we received orders that an Infantry Force of about 200 men, plus some Combat Engineers, would seize a hill occupied by the enemy. Our machine gun platoon of about 20 men would be part

of the 200 Infantry Force. Our machine gun platoon was ordered to set up our machine guns on a nearby hill to the objective target. The attack was to begin at 7:00 a.m. the next morning. We left our bunkers on the main line of resistance about 5 a.m. to be in position by 6:30 a.m. We had to walk in the dark, carrying heavy weapons and ammunition, and in snow and ice. In the old war movies it did not look that difficult.

Promptly at 7:00 a.m., American jet aircraft appeared to come from nowhere and strafed the enemy held hill. As quickly as they had arrived they were now gone. The battle was now on. Our artillery began firing for about ten minutes on the

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objective hill. Once the artillery ceased firing, our tanks started moving towards the objective hill with Infantry Riflemen behind the tanks. At the same time our machine gun platoon began firing at the top of the hill at enemy occupied bunkers. Once the tanks and riflemen arrived at the base of the hill, we stopped our machine gun firing. The Riflemen were now on their own to rid the enemy and destroy their bunkers.


About mid-day our Riflemen were ordered to pull back from the objective hill and return to the Main Line of Resistance. Once they reached the base of the hill we were ordered to resume our machine gun fire directed towards top of the hill to protect the Riflemen. Our machine gun platoon was the last to return to the main line of resistance. We were so tired, sleepy and hungry. We had not eaten or slept in over 24 hours. Some of us just laid on the snow covered ground for several minutes. In the old war movies no one ever appeared tired, sleepy, or hungry.

Later that afternoon we received the casualty news. Eight of our fellow comrades did not survive the battle and at least 50 were wounded. It was a moment one truly realizes the horror of war.

As young boys back in the neighborhood, we never detected that part as we watched the old war movies. We only saw what appeared the glamorous part of winning war battles. It was also a moment when I would liked to have gone back in time and just be a young boy watching old war movies in the neighborhood theater. Old war movies are not like real wars!

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Soldier to Have Three Legs

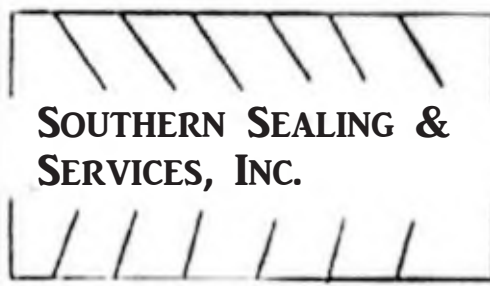
from 1918 newspaper

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

When he contacted the authorities to tell them he was home on leave and was perfectly well, he was ordered to report to the military hospital in Augusta, Georgia to be fitted for an artificial leg.

The military authorities then threatened him with being absent without leave if he failed to show up.

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



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Busy Session at City Council Last Night

from 1906 Huntsville Newspaper

The City Council held an interesting meeting last night and passed several ordinances that are of interest to the general public.

Mayor Smith stated that on the advice of John Wesley, a paving expert, the entire cost of the paving will be passed on to the property owners. The paving ordinance was changed effective immediately.

An ordinance was also passed providing for the grading of the extension of Locust Street, laying the street with concrete gutters, stone curbs and granitoid sidewalks.

Permission was granted the owners of the little frame building on Washington Street occupied by the Davis Tin Shop for roofing the building with tin.

The members of the Fire Department will be allowed vacation for the summer.

The Hospital Association stated that an annex is being erected to the city hospital and permission was asked for the right to remove this new structure when the lease of the association runs out. This was granted.

By a vote of the council, water meters will be placed on the pipe furnishing water to the livery stables.

The street committee, to which was referred the matter of extending Green and widening Cruse Alley, was reported favorable on both propositions. The recommendation of the engineer was that the new streets be made 46 feet wide but the committee reported in favor of 60 foot streets. The report was favorably acted on and City Attorney Murphy was directed to proceed with the condemnation of abutting property as provided by Section 21 of the city code. The committee expressed the opinion in its report that the widening of the alley and extension of the street would add from 20 to 100 per cent to the property that is now cut off from communication with the streets.

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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



Congratulations to **Carolyn Fanning** of Huntsville for being the first correct caller to identify our beautiful toddler Photo of the Month for October as **Tallulah Bankhead**, who was born right here in Huntsville on the East Side Square. Carolyn is a native Huntsvillian who watched the city grow to the size it is today. She worked at Humana Hospital for years and taught 2nd grade in our city school system. Carolyn loves reading the stories of **Malcolm Miller**, who actually has the feature story in this issue.

Ianthia Bridges is someone I see every time I go to the bank at BB&T Bank on Church Street near downtown. She's great at her job and great with customers as well. Ianthia wants to send love to her mom **Joyce Ramsey** who lives in Camden, Alabama and we send greetings to her as well!

There's a new book for chil-

dren written by **George Wells** - it's called "Pee Wee the Christmas Tree". It features a little tree who watches all his larger friends cut down to go to loving homes and he dreams of being chosen and decorated so that children will love him. There will be a video filming of the book, read by **Ron Slaughter** and videotaped by **Adam Varden**. This will take place on Nov. 4 at 10am at Vision Ministry in the Bunkhouse, off Hobbs Road in South Huntsville. This book would make such a welcome gift for the younger crowd.

I got a call the other day from a really sweet lady who told me that she couldn't read the magazine any more. She was in her 80s and said her eyesight had gotten really bad and it broke her heart that she could no longer read. A year ago I went to the Huntsville Public Library with a proposal - that I would furnish all the past and current issues if they would consider putting Old Huntsville as a book on tape, so that people could listen to the stories each month rather than have to read. **Bobby Lipscomb** at the library is helping me with that and someone gave a grant (anon) to help with it! I will be checking with Bobby to see where we are with that but I sure hope it works out. Will keep you informed for sure.

Ardent Press is a local group of writers and recently announced that national awards were presented to **Nancy Owen Nelson** ("Searching for Nannie B) and **Denise Bogard** (About Elise -2018 release). Another Ar-

dent Press writer, **Jamie Dodson** ("Black Dragons Attack - The Nick Grant Adventure Series), won an Eric Hoffer Award for an earlier volume in his series. Congratulations to these Ardent Press writers!

I found something I loved. I do a lot of gardening and digging in the dirt so always am using a nail brush to get the dirt out of my fingernails. The brushes I had bought all were hard-bristled and sort of hurt my nails especially after a while and they get stiffer with age. I was browsing in **U.G. White Store** the other day and while looking in the kitchen department found a mushroom brush. It is intended to brush the dirt off mushrooms before you use them. Well it was the perfect size and the brush was rubber not bristles and felt so soft - so I got it for my nail brush and it's SO much better than a regular nail brush! **U.G. White** is on Clinton Avenue and they had a few of those mushroom brushes left. I'm so happy I discovered this cause it'll last a long time! Better get yours before they run out!

Happy Birthday to beautiful **Stephanie Troup**, who will have

Photo of The Month

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

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This little guy loves to lead guided tours thru Historic Neighborhoods and talk with people about what happened years ago.



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a November 16th birthday. She is my daughter as well as a soon-to-graduate nurse! So proud of you Steph.

OK, for you out there with the sharp eyes, I have hidden a **chubby but tiny turkey** somewhere in the pages of this November issue. Now to give all our U.S. readers a chance too I'll take calls beginning at 8am on Nov.13. The photo of the month calls will be accepted normally, when the paper is distributed early November. Get out those magnifying glasses but I'm pretty sure you'll NEVER find him.

You all know that the **Golden K Kiwanis** has honor boxes & machines all over Huntsville & a few out of town - Hazel Green, Hampton Cove, etc. But we have an honor box now in Fayetteville, TN! It is our farthest location and was put in about 2 weeks ago. It's doing really well and is located at **Honey's Family Restaurant** on the square in Fayetteville. Go by there and try their famous Slaw Dogs and Slaw Burgers! They've been in business since 1923.

Do you remember **People's Law School**? It ran years ago and was a series of law classes that had **Allen Brinkley** as moderator. Each week an invited judge or attorney would discuss his/her specialty and give the attendees great legal tips that you would normally have to pay a lawyer to hear. Each session was videotaped and uploaded to YouTube. The live sessions are no longer held but you can now

see them for yourselves, by going to www.PLSala.net. Or just search for **People's Law School** and find the YouTube videos. Very informative and might give you some real tips. **Gwen Joop** is the lady who coordinates this so if you have any questions call her at 256.479.3348.

Rosemary Leatherwood let us know that she wanted to wish her grandson **Brewsky Leatherwood** a happy 13th birthday on Nov. 4. He knows "**Papa**" is his Angel in heaven watching over him.

Be sure and mark your calendars for Dec. 16 for **Christmas In Dixie**. It's a concert that will take place at the Von Braun Civic Center Concert Hall at 7pm with a 6pm preshow starring local soloist **Bob Smith** and "Teenage Elvis" **Riley Jenkins**. Proceeds from the show will go to benefit The Association of the United States Army (AUSA) and support our troops and their families. The planning committee members are **Bennie Jacks, Troy Trulock, Bill Tillman, John Perry and Mark Bidwell**.

Lot of people love the **Broadway Theatre League** with productions at the Von Braun Civic Center. Here are a few of the shows coming up: *Les Miserables* (Nov. 7-12, 8 shows); *Cabaret* (Jan. 5-7, 5 shows); *The Sound of Music* (Jan 26-28, 5 shows); and *Million Dollar quartet* (Feb. 16-18, 5 shows). Call 256.518.6155 for more info.

Lowe Mill on Seminole Drive has something for everyone. For

example, each Saturday 10-4 you can stroll thru the halls as the **Flying Monkey Artist Market** vendors sell their eclectic products at their studios. If you're into sitting and stitching, **Sparkle Studio 103** will show you how to do that on Nov. 3 from noon - 8pm. If you're into dancing, Thursday night Swing happens every Thursday night in the **Flying Monkey theatre**. A variety of levels of dance in the **Charleston Lindy Hop, Solo Jazz, Balboa** and more. Finally, if you've always wanted to try making your own pottery, **Design by Hart Pottery Studio 2009** offers a beginners session. Check out the web site at www.lowemill.net. They're open Wed - Saturdays.

Recently **Merrimack Performing Arts Center** on Triana Blvd. featured the band "**The Woodpickers**" for a one night performance. It was a packed house and the members of the band are all local business people including **Alan Jenkins**, drummer. The crowd was on their feet and the music and entertainment was SO good. If you've not seen them you're in for a treat and you don't want to miss their next performance!

If you're feeling a bit down, buy yourself some flowers! I went to Publix where they sell 3 bunches of colorful flowers for \$10 and put them all over the house - really cheered me up. Pay attention to yourself sometime - you deserve it!

Have a wonderful Thanksgiving and love YOU for once.

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- 1 c. Corn Flake crumbs
- 1 env. Ranch dressing mix, dry
- 6 chicken breasts, skinless
- 1 T. dried onion flakes
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1/2 t. Cayenne pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten slightly

In large bowl mix the crumbs, dressing mix, onion flakes, garlic powder and cayenne with salt and pepper. Dip cleaned breasts in beaten eggs, then in crumb mixture. Make sure chicken is covered.

Arrange breasts side up on greased baking pan, drizzle with some melted butter. Bake at 350 degrees for an hour. This will be extra crispy and has a wonderful taste your family will love.

Try it cold too!

Olive-Bacon Bites

- Stuffed olives
 - Canned biscuits
 - Bacon
- Cut biscuits in fourths, wrap around the olives. Wrap 1/2 strip of bacon around the biscuit and olive. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

Spicy Green Cheese Ball

- 2- 8oz. pkgs. cream cheese
 - 3 green onions, chopped
 - greens and all
 - 2 t. minced garlic
 - 16 green olives with pimento, chopped
 - 1/2 t. ground black pepper
 - 1/2 t. cayenne pepper
 - 3/4 c. pecans, chopped fine
- Soften cream cheese, place in large bowl. Take off your rings. Add green onions, garlic,

green olives & spices. Mix with your hands til blended. Mix pecans with a bit more cayenne, put on a paper plate. Shape your cheese into a ball and roll in the pecans. Refrigerate for an hour or overnight. This tastes best served with crispy Sociable crackers.

Steph's Savory Sausage Pockets

- 1 can flaky refrigerated biscuits (large)
- 1/2 lb. good sausage
- 1/2 c. minced onion
- 1/2 c. minced mushrooms
- 1 c. Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 1 T. Dijon mustard
- 1/4 c. milk
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- 1 egg
- Brown sausage and drain.

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3 lb. Pack (for 12 People)

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Add back to skillet with onion and mushrooms, saute for 5 minutes. In a medium bowl combine sausage mixture and remaining ingredients except egg. Separate each biscuit into two halves and form into oval shapes.

On a lightly greased cookie sheet top one half of a biscuit with 2 tablespoons of the sausage mixture. Top with other half of biscuit, pinching edges of top and bottom biscuit together to make a good seam. Repeat with the remaining biscuits and sausage mix.

Whip egg and coat tops of pockets with egg wash. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes and pockets are golden brown. These are good for breakfast, a light lunch or snack. They can be frozen and reheated in a microwave oven.

Fiddler's Apple Treats

- 1 Granny Smith apple, cored and sliced
- 1 t. lemon juice
- 1/4 c. caramel topping
- 1 T. roasted peanuts
- Cool Whip

In a small bowl toss your apple slices with the lemon juice til coated. Layer into a dessert bowl the apples, then the caramel, the peanuts, then top with a dollop of Cool Whip.

Best Dark Fudge

- 3 c. semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 dash salt
- 1-1/2 t. vanilla extract
- 1 can Eagle Brand Condensed milk
- 1 c. walnuts or pecans, chopped

In a heavy saucepan over low heat, melt the chips with the Eagle Brand and salt. Remove from heat, stir in nuts and vanilla. Spread evenly over wax-paper-lined 9x13" pan. Do it quickly as it hardens fast.

Cover with plastic wrap and chill in fridge overnight. Next day turn fudge onto cutting board and remove all waxed paper. Cut into very small squares.

Granny's Squares

- 1 can Eagle Brand Condensed milk
- 1 c. chopped nuts
- 1 c. chopped dates
- 1 c. shredded coconut, sweetened

Mix all ingredients together in a bowl. Pour into a 9x9" pan, bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees or until edges along side of pan are golden brown. Cut into small squares to serve. Add whipped cream if desired. SO good.

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The Total Eclipse, a Great Experience



by Steve Gierhart

Majesty. We understand its meaning; Websters Dictionary is still handy even if you use Google. It is an evocation of spirit, not just memory. However, its sense of reverence is only understood on a personal level when it hits you square in the face. Several years ago in California I touched a Sequoia tree, the largest on the planet, and I had a unique sense of being part of something greater — a real touch of God that was based on recognition of my own insignificance compared to this great tree, but of heightened awareness that I was still special and part of a greater universe.

That is the same awareness that I experienced during America's great total eclipse on Monday, August 21. On the grounds of Amazin' Acres of Fun in Sparta, Tennessee, only 1000 feet from the exact center of the center of totality, a crowd of at least 2000 people gathered, not for the commercialism of this event, one that had not occurred in the continental U.S.A. for 100 years, but for the sense of being part of our greater universe. Sure, kids played and rode farm-based rides.

Barbeque and beer flowed. Nonetheless, a hush came over the crowd as the announcer on the PA system counted down to totality and then a great cheer erupted when the magic moment occurred at 1:31 PM. People twirled in circles, cameras and video capturing friends and family, and more importantly, 360 degrees of sunset with a few stars peaking through. Literally ten minutes before, the grounds were well-lighted, but for 90 seconds it was dusky and dark, people's mouths agog at the majesty of the moment, of sincere reverence and wonder.

Telescopes abounded and even a drone was in the sky buzzing like a huge mosquito, piloted by Mike McLamb of Hartselle, Alabama, a project manager and chemical engineer for Hubbard & Drake of Decatur. Yes, I was not the only resident of North Alabama at the event. In fact, the 200 acres owned by Jimmy and Karen McCulley of Sparta, Tennessee was over-flowing with Alabama residents.

I ran into my old boss, Colonel Ed Mullins, US Army, retired, of Huntsville and we had nice remembrance of our time together. I met people from Birmingham, Huntsville, Hartselle, Decatur

and Cullman. They were all around us.

Youngster Oliver Howard of Decatur, is a member of Providence Classical School of Huntsville and had this to say — "It was really, really cool. I've never seen anything like it before."

Chuck and Lesia Flynn of Huntsville said "If we could take all of the politicians in Washington and let them see this spectacular event together, maybe they would bond." That brought a good laugh as well as what Lesia had to say which was "It was just a lovely Geek-fest. We watched the sun. We watched the moon. It got dark and it was spectacular." Chuck and Lesia met folks from out of state, including new friends, Terry and Jennifer Troutman of Pennsylvania. I had a similar experience with many other out-of-state visitors.

It may have been hot. We may have spent hours awaiting 90 seconds of enchantment, but this is a memory that stays with you, just like the day you were married, or the days your children were born.

If your twilight years do anything, they enhance the special and this was truly special. I'll remember this day even if I forget everything else. It was an Amazin' day on Amazin' Acres in Sparta, at the very center of a total eclipse of the sun.

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A War Hero Returns to Huntsville

by John Gamble



Located in a singer (hole in the side of the mountain) Barnett Gamble was a light machine gunner on the front line in the Po Valley in the Alpine Mountains of Italy. It was the winter of 1944-45 and the Germans were lobbing mortar shells at Company B of the 338th Infantry Regiment of the 85th Division, known as the Custer Division.

"The fog of the mountain would protect us," says Barnett. "And then the fog would lift and the Germans would start firing, we would fire back. When the fog was in, we could hear the Germans singing Lillie Moraine. We lived like animals with little food and water and shelter. We barely survived the winter."

"The deep snow covered our dead soldiers and we couldn't put them into body bags until the snow thawed and the shelling stopped. The enemy shells were so close that they threw dirt on us. Once we were in an abandoned house and a mortar shell blew through the roof and bounced around the room. The shell rolled over next to me. It was a dud. I wiped my brow and said a prayer of thanks. Some of us were lucky and some were not."

As Barnett sat there on the front line, he thought

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of all he had been through. He and four others found themselves abandoned behind enemy lines. They were trapped in a large latrine trench that was four feet wide and six feet deep. They were confined to the trench for about 7 days without food and water. Barnett knew this was worse than being under fire. They were rescued by Turkish troops who provided food and water and quickly got word back to the American troops of their location. But all was not bad for Barnett during the war. When he first landed in Naples, he was selected to go to an Opera, "Barber of Seville". The rest of his company had to set up cots and tents on farm land owned by Mussolini's brother. When Barnett returned from the Opera, it was dark. When he woke up in the morning, he felt under his cot and found turnips. He liked turnips and was hungry, so he ate some turnips in a field in Italy on his first night.

He knew he had been fortunate not to be injured or killed, as many of his squad. He suffered frost bite, lice and most of all home sickness. As he sat there on the side of a mountain looking down on the Po Valley, he longed for Monte Sano Mountain and

the Tennessee Valley. Prior to the war, he had been working at Huntsville Arsenal in the poisonous gas area. He missed his wife Elizabeth and his newborn son, Jim. He was ready to get back and see his family.

But first of all, his Custer Division and the rest of the Army crossed the Po Valley and the rest of Italy and pushed the Germans back. By this time, the Germans were exhausted and spent. Many of the German



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surrendered to the Americans in large numbers.

Jim, Barnett's son, was on a train recently in Italy and told an Italian man how the First Division had run the Germans out of Italy and helped liberate the Italian people from Fascism. The man stood up and told the story to the Italian people on the train. They clapped and were very appreciative of the American GIs during World War II.

As the fighting was ending in Italy, Barnett was allowed to take courses at the University of Florence that could count toward completion of his BS degree. At this time Barnett got word that his Dad in Doyle, Tennessee was dying of Brice disease. He was told there was an emergency and his barrack bag was brought to him and he was put on a plane from Northern Italy to Rome, and then to Casa Blanca in Northern Africa and home to the good old USA. He had received a Presidential Citation, a Bronze Star and many other medals, but his welcome back was no ceremony.

His father was seriously ill, his mother and sister were injured in a car wreck. So a family friend drove his wife Elizabeth and son Jim to meet his train in Chattanooga. Barnett returned home on January 14th, his birthday. His Dad lived until September.

Barnett spent a few weeks on his wife's farm, north of Huntsville. After all he needed to get his mind straight. He had been shot at on the front line. He could have been killed at any moment, like many of his squad. After he rested at the farm, he then returned to his pre-war job at the Huntsville Arsenal. The Huntsville Arsenal produced and stockpiled Chemical Army weapons, such as phosgene, lewisite and mustard gas. These were toxic poisonous gases being made under the control of the Chemical Warfare Service.

Barnett related a couple of

good tales that happened while working at the Arsenal. He said, "All of the chemists were male, except for one female chemist. But there was only one shower area. Most of the chemists would shower at the end of the work day. One day the men are showering and they heard a commotion. Outside the shower they heard the female chemist shouting, "Watch out - I'm coming in!" While she was working with the mustard gas, some of the gas had spilled on her, so she stripped down to her bra and panties and jumped into the shower with the men. She had no choice. The next day General

Ditto, in command of the Arsenal, ordered a new shower area to be built for females.

Barnett was also amused when a train arrived at the Arsenal with a trailer full of chemicals, but no truck to pull the trailer. Rather than keep the trailer with the chemicals, the Army sent the trailer back to New Jersey and had them attach the truck, and return the truck and trailer to the Arsenal. Barnett laughed and said this was the Army way of doing things.

Barnett relates, "I did a lot of sampling of the poisonous gases. I was burned on my neck during sampling and once got

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knocked out by chlorine gas helping a lieutenant from Edgewood Arsenal lift a container. He let his end drop and the container broke and I was covered with liquid. I was in the hospital for a few days. I was playing baseball on a local Arsenal team and had a time getting my wind back”.

Post World War II was good for Barnett. His second son, John, was born in October of 1946. The new son was premature and delivered by the nurse at Huntsville Hospital, since Dr. Larry, the family physician, was duck hunting at Byrd Springs. Fortunately, for John, he was healthy and grew up quite well for a baby born a month early and only weighing five pounds.

With two sons, Barnett and Elizabeth decided to buy one of the new wood frame houses recently built in Woodlawn, near the Arsenal. While the houses seemed expensive at \$4,000, they needed to move from the current apartment to a house with an extra bedroom and a back yard. His father-in-law, a farmer near Ardmore, helped him build a fence to keep Jim, the older son, in the yard. The father-in-law also brought lots of good soil and manure to plant a garden in the red clay back yard.

Barnett stayed with the Huntsville Arsenal until the last person left the Lab Building 431, now 4431. Barnett could have taken a job on the Arsenal as an inspector, or moved to Toole, Utah with the Chemical Services. But he was a people person and loved children.

His dream was to be a principal at a high school, such as Huntsville High. So he left to finish college at Middle Tennessee State College in Murfreesboro, Tennessee under the GI Bill.

Barnett and Elizabeth and the children lived in Veterans housing. After completion of his degree, he moved his family to Nashville and completed his Masters in Secondary Education Administration at Peabody College (Vanderbilt). After serving as Principal at several schools in Tennessee, Barnett achieved his dream by returning to Huntsville and eventually becoming the Principal at Huntsville High School.

Barnett recently passed away at age 96.

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November Reflections

by Elizabeth Wharry



Allow me to take you down my memory lane of November's past that stand out the most. 1986... I married my husband, Bob. We had a short honeymoon caving in Pennsylvania. It was also our first married Thanksgiving.

We went to his aunt and uncle's in Tidioute, Pennsylvania. I asked if there was any way I could help with dinner preparations. His aunt asked me to make the gravy. I was used to and au jus gravy, so this was my first experience with cream gravy. Auntie handed me a 32 oz. shaker with milk and flour in it. She told me to shake it well and add it to the meat drippings and keep stirring the mixture. Dutifully, I waited till the drippings came to a boil while shaking the flour and milk vigorously. I slowly added the mixture and stirred carefully. I had added just about the entire shaker when the gravy started to look like custard! The spoon could stand up in the pan alone! I asked Auntie if this was supposed to happen... Obviously not!!! I took a lot of good-natured ribbing that afternoon. Needless to say, all our creamy gravy now comes from ajar.

2006. We were celebrating 20 years of marriage and our boys were now 4 and 7. My daughter from a previous marriage was living with her biological father and stepmother. My husband surprised me with a ring I had admired at a local jeweler in Port Clinton, Ohio. We had moved to a neighboring town a few years earlier. In May of 2006, I

"We have more food in the U.S. per person than any other country - and more diets to keep us from eating it."

Louise Avery, Huntsville

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quit smoking, cold turkey. It wasn't easy by any stretch of the imagination. Bob Head told me that if I could remain smoke free for 6 months, that ring was mine. Eleven years later, I am still smoke free.... NO REGERTS!

2009... We moved here in August and this was our first Thanksgiving in the area. It was a very pleasant surprise to be able to open the windows while making dinner. Dinner was a modest affair - after all, the boys were only six and eight.

Black Friday has never been a favorite of mine or Bob's. This particular year, we went to Unclaimed Baggage in Scottsboro, Al. On the way back, we stopped at the Piggly Wiggly in Gurley. Our boys thought the name Piggly Wiggly was a hoot. When I was ready to check out, a jar of gravy in hand, I saw microwavable pork rinds. Being fresh from Kansas I was perplexed. Pork rinds are not popular in the midwest or the North. As I was considering them, the young clerk said "Oh, em are real goot now." It took me a couple seconds to understand what she was saying. I asked her what one serves with them. She said something that sounded like a cross between bare and beer. Eureka! She said beer. I couldn't resist, I asked her "domestic or imported?" She replied, "I don't rightly know, hey Bubba!"

2011... Our 25th anniversary rolled around and we had a modest party. I was in a lot of pain, and a few days after the party, I went to The Orthopedic Center. I knew something was wrong. I just didn't know how wrong it was until I saw the X-ray. Not just one but two discs in my neck were gone. An MRI was ordered immediately. Surgery was scheduled for 10 working days later. I asked the doc about physical activity and he told me the scariest thing I had ever heard. Do nothing. If I moved wrong I stood a chance of being a paraplegic. I asked about Thanksgiving and he told me that I could supervise, but that was it. Surgery went well and I was fully recovered by Christmas.

2015... My daughter and her family moved next door in June of 2015. For the first time since November of 2000, we celebrated Thanksgiving together. I cannot describe how it felt to have my entire family together at last!

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Huntsville in the 50s and 60s

by Bill Turney, *Butler High Class of 1962*

Having grown up in Huntsville in the 1950s, I was fascinated with several stories in the hodge-podge "collection" of 4 random copies of "Old Huntsville".

Having left Huntsville in 1962 for college and life beyond I hadn't thought much about some of the places I read about in your publication for many years. Places like Rison School, the Bon Aire Restaurant, Dallas Mills, Lincoln Mills, Lowe Mills, Merrimack, Meridian Street, Whitesburg Drive-In, the Snuffdippers Ball (above the old Double Cola bottling works, next to the Grand Theater), the Star Market, Hill's Grocery, the Zesto and many more places that I didn't read about but recall.

Old favorites like the Zesto for a "dipped dog", Mullins Drive-in for a slaw dog, Shoney's and Jerry's for the girls, the Lyric, the Krystal and White Castle on the Square for those bite size wonders, Gibson's BBQ and Greenbriar for pulled pork, cole slaw and hush puppies and cave exploring above the Big Spring. Seeing the names of some old classmates at Butler, Lee and Lincoln as well as some former teachers brought back memories long ago filed away.

We lived on Walker Street, with the National Guard Armory in our backyard and I could climb up on our chicken house to a big branch on the tree that reached right up to the windows which were always open when Gorgeous George or the House of David basketball team were per-

forming. I could always count on some kind soul to help me climb inside for what was some of the most exciting times in the life of an 8 or 9 year old and I really thought the wrestlers were killing each other!

I marched with the guard on Wednesday nights (little did I know that in 1967 I would become a member of that same 279th Signal battalion of the Alabama National Guard. I walked to Hindman's Grocery Store for a quart of Meadow Gold milk and a loaf of Merita bread and past Joe Bickley's Beer Store (I was forbidden to even look in). I recall the small hamburger joint between the tracks down on Meridian Street where my parents would send me to buy a sack of burgers for a dollar and I could always count on a free one or two for me that I didn't have to tell my parents about. At a dime each they were a great bargain and a great burger!

My mother was a school teacher (35 years helping teach young Huntsvillians how to read and write) and my father worked for the US Army Missile Command (ending up on the Wall of Honor) and I attended St. Mary's, East Clinton, Lincoln, Madison Academy, Madison Cross Roads, and Plevna Elementary. I was in the first group to attend Lee as a junior high and then Butler for

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 "What's my best side, Mr. Hitchcock?"
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 "You're sitting on it, my dear."

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high school. And I might have left out a school or two since frequently my mother carried me along to the school where she was teaching. I recall several years starting the year in a county school up until cotton picking time and then switching to a city school.

Growing up in Huntsville in the 1950s put us in the heart of racial discrimination and I recall perhaps the best teaching I ever had about that subject from my grandmother. Having been a sharecropper all her life until my mother moved her and granddaddy to town, she had a different perspective on being poor and being white or black.

She and granddaddy lived in a duplex on Pratt Avenue just a block from the old football stadium and one hot August afternoon in about 1954 I was on her front porch enjoying a fresh tea cake/cookie. Grandmother noticed a lady standing at the corner bus stop in the oppressive heat and humidity and she went into her front yard and cut a few fresh flowers, wrapped them in an old newspaper and walked them out to the lady, gave them to her and said, "Have a nice day" and walked back to her porch.

Her next door neighbor then said to her, "Mrs. Legg, you know you shouldn't do that," to which my grandmother replied, "Why not?" The neighbor's response was quick and firm, "Well, she's a colored woman you know". With only a moment's hesitation my grandmother responded with a comment I have never forgotten, "Well, then it's OK, because they were colored flowers". Said in such a calm and compassionate manner her response left no room for argument, discussion or even rejection; it was the perfect response to an injustice that had gone on way too long!

Huntsville holds so many special memories for me and it was a wonderful trip to travel back up the "upside-down" hill road and to smell the leather in the old mill when my mother would ask for scraps for her classroom. Remembering being on an elevator with Von Braun, meeting "Uncle Milty" or Mr. Cummings, being on the Square the night we celebrated Huntsville's role in putting the first U.S. satellite in space. Being at Auburn when they test fired the Saturn V engine or being with my grandfather when he would thump a watermelon to tell of it was ready to eat.

I remember picking cotton down at Mr. Sockwell's farm on South Parkway and of course, going to high school with sons and daughters of German scientists who were also decorated members of the Nazi Party.

I moved away from Alabama to Texas in 1967 and my wife of 48 years and I split

our time between Houston and San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico but Huntsville and Madison County will always hold a special place in my heart and I love it when we go back for a visit.

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* Take advantage of your public library for free books, books-on-tape, DVD's and videos instead of paying to buy or rent them at a book or video store. If you're a steady reader, you can save literally hundreds of dollars a year.

* Spray matte (not shiny) urethane on all of your metal or wooden outdoor items that may rust or rot, such as wind chimes, small lawn ornaments, bird-houses, benches, etc. This will really increase the life of these kind of items.

* Ladies, instead of throwing away lipstick when it is almost gone, scrape out what is left with a plastic knife and put it into a mint tin. Soon you'll have a pallet of all your favorite shades that you can apply with a lip brush. You can even mix the colors to create new shades!

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HUNTSVILLE NEWS FROM 1911

- The Dallas Mill has been closed down all week on account of a breakdown of some part of the engine.

- Mr. Richard Berryhill and Miss Daisy McDaniel were married Tuesday night on Stephens Ave. Rev. R. R. Brasher of 5th St. Baptist Church officiated. We wish them a prosperous wedded life.

- A Gas Range - is a modern necessity operated with less expense than a coal or wood range and then it is so easy, strike a match, turn a valve and your fire is ready for use. No waiting for the top of the range to get hot. No coal to carry, no wood to cut and no ashes to remove. Gas ranges \$15.00, connected free, ready to use. Cash or easy payment plan, at the Huntsville Ala Gas Light and Fuel CO. 218 West Clinton Street

- The Daily Times has positive knowledge that the City has been petitioned respectfully to give the people of North Huntsville and Patton Grove some protection from the serious water overflow in those sections of town. It seems that patience in this case ceases to be a virtue.

- Little Ernest, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Stephens, died Tuesday and was buried Wednesday.

- This morning another damaging overflow came bringing several hundred dollars worth of damage to angry residents and property owners. The city engineer, if the city has one, and if not a committee of aldermen should give the suffering people a speedy relief. The damage from one overflow like that of this morning it is believed would repair the trouble. Won't you, Mr. Councilmen, do your duty in this regard?

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- To the People of Huntsville, we beg to announce that Hutchens & Murdock has been appointed sole agents for the Block Light in the city of Huntsville and that the light

is on exhibition at their offices. The Block Light will give 300 candle power and save half your gas bills. It takes six inch electric lights to give the light of one Block Light. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

- Alleging that his wife has treated him with continuous cruelty for many years, even to the extent of making him cook his own meals and then wash the dishes he used, John Nance applied for a divorce in New Decatur. Nance is a railroad engineer and has been married thirty-four years.

He also charged that his wife drove him from home at the point of a pistol and had incited his six children against him and in other ways made life miserable for him.



Hardrock

by Johnny Johnston

On a cold day in November 1926, he was born in a shack located in the woods near Princeton, Alabama. His Father worked at the sawmill down by the river along with a hundred other men that is when there was work to do. Lumber didn't sell well during the Depression. No one was building houses or businesses, they were just trying to find food to put on the table for the families. If you could find work in Princeton you would get paid \$.50 per day or \$.25 for half a day. Many of the people had resorted to making illegal whiskey to be sold in Huntsville, Scottsboro or joints around the valley. That at least brought in some money and the Sheriffs of Madison County or Jackson County would not usually go that far to catch a moonshiner who could not pay a fine anyway.

His Mother wrote out the information for a birth certificate which she would mail to the State of Alabama where he would become a registered resident and hopefully live a good life providing he could survive the poverty of Paint Rock Valley. She knew and admired a man in the community named Hester so she and John decided to call him Hester. The birth certificate however came back Hestle and stayed that way.

Hardrock found himself a job at age 7, working at the local country store making \$.10 cents per day sweeping the floor, filling in the shelves he could reach and keeping the cat away from the cheese. His earnings went to help feed his family while living in first one shack then another. Whatever shack or outhouse people would give them to live in. They had no funds to pay for a home.

Thank goodness for John obtaining a job in 1940, while delivering wood to Huntsville. He found work at the Stave Mill located near Church Street

and Wheeler making \$.75 cents per day and lived with a brother until he could find a place to live for his wife Daisy and five children. He located a chicken house he could rent on Maple Street, cleaned it out and sent for the family. The location was just across Maple Street from the famous Tip Top Cafe.

Hardrock attended Princeton School for a few years starting in the second grade to not



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interfere with whatever work he could do to help feed his family of seven people. His best friend at Princeton was Bill Penney who many years later got into the car business in Huntsville.

Hardrock went through Lincoln School graduating in 1944 and volunteering for service in WW II. He was turned down because of a heart murmur. Later in life he was employed at Redstone Arsenal and moved through ABMA then into NASA on the day they were formed being one of the first NASA employees. Throughout all his life whenever checked by doctors or technicians they told him he had a serious heart murmur and should see that it was taken care of.

He was always building trailers or modifying cars in his spare time, having a very high aptitude in mechanical design and repair.

At NASA he started out working on vehicles driving them and eventually other major projects since he was super sharp on mechanical items of any type. The space program developed into a massive program especially involving fuel development. He saw that as good work and began studying all phases of space travel. His particular interest involved quality control and centered on the development, transportation and storage of fuel. His involvement took him to the Apollo Program and a part in the trips to the Moon.

When the Saturn V was ready it had to be transported to Cape Canaveral which would be by river barge. A barge was obtained and several plans were designed to load the missile onto the barge. Hardrock played a large part in this transportation program since he implemented the procedure for loading the missile onto the barge. It was a process of rising and lowering the barge by pumping water in and out of it to match the ramp as the missile was being driven on. Hardrock actually drove the tractor to get the missile in place. He utilized a radio connected to several workers who all had their assignments. As a set of wheels rolled onto the barge it was necessary to pump out some of the water to raise the barge to meet the next set of wheels. Hardrock coordinated this strenuous program from the seat of the large tractor while backing the missile into place on the barge. He wasn't through yet. He was assigned to ride the barge from Redstone Arsenal up the Tennessee River to the Ohio River then west to the Mississippi River. From there they pulled the barge down past New Orleans into the Gulf of Mexico and around Key West Florida then up to the Cape. The trip took several weeks.

Remember, the barge was a river barge with a

flat bottom and square front. Each wave, each turn, each wind made the barge buck and kick the inhabitants like a mule. The rough and tumble trip was also aggravated by a Foreign ship that rammed the barge near New Orleans.

Hardrock was employed at Redstone Arsenal first as a laborer removing stumps from land which had been cleared. He advanced to a warehouseman then millwright, mechanic then promoted again to supervisor and then to Special Equipment Handler. Hardrock was sent to Cape Canaveral several times to make things work for which he got several commendations.

On one occasion he was called from the Director of the Cape to get two trailer loads of liquid nitrogen to the Cape within 24 hours. It

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had to be done or miss a scheduled launch of the Saturn V. He called in a lot of help, called police in each city and town on the way and within two hours they were on the road. With police clearance at each crossroads they made it in 20 hours with 4 hours to spare.

While in the shipping department in Houston, he handled nearly every piece of hardware that went on the Apollo mission. When the moon visitors returned to earth they were quarantined to a trailer which is now on display at the U.S. Space and Rocket Center in Huntsville. His job was unloading the trailer after quarantine was over and the Astronauts were leaving. He cataloged each item found, numbered it, carried the moon rocks to the lunar receiving lab.

He has told me several times that the clothing abandoned by the Astronauts plus the other material was the dirtiest and smelliest thing he had ever encountered. The Astronauts wore the same clothing for weeks. Among the dirt he had to deal with was the moon dust which covered everything. He washed it off and put his clothes in the washing machine. Had he known the future value of moon dust he would have saved all of it.

Before retiring, Hardrock worked for NASA in Hunts-

ville, Houston, California, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida.

After retiring he has been busy in the flea market business, in boat sales/service and in the tire business

Tragedy strikes all of us in one form or another. In March of this year he lost one son on Friday and another on Wednesday of the following week from different medical causes. Those were his only descendants.

Hardrock attended the Apollo reunion a few years ago and had a wonderful visit with his fellow workers especially Mr. Gillespie who has since passed. He was thrilled to see the Airstream Trailer on display and had many stories to tell about his experience. That was before NASA put his picture on the side of it. Now the stories are

backed up with just one glimpse of that picture.

My Brother Hestle "Hardrock" Johnston will be 91 in November and is healthy enough to live alone in Central Alabama while his wife resides a distance away in a nursing home.

Grilled Sweet Potatoes

Wash, dry and wrap your potatoes in foil. Throw them in the coals for an hour or so. When tender, unwrap (carefully, they're hot!) and cut in half. Slather in melted butter, salt and pepper to taste and enjoy!

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Events in Huntsville's History

by Thomas Hutchens, Courtesy of Special Collections, Huntsville Public Library

September 9, 1942- The Huntsville Times- Mr. J. Henry Moore, The Storrs-Schaefer Stylist, will present a special display of new Woolens for Fall and Winter at our store- Thursday-Friday- Saturday September 10-11-12. This is your opportunity to see the new styles and select the new suit and overcoat made to your individual measure - Johnson & Mahoney, Things for Men.

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September 9, 1917- The Huntsville Daily Times- John Anderson, one of the substantial farmers of this county, Saturday brought the first bale of 1917 new cotton to the Huntsville market and sold it to the Huntsville Warehouse Company at 37-1/2 cents a pound. The cotton was sold in the seed and was full bale, according to Col. Tracy Pratt, President of the Warehouse Company. In the seed the cotton brought 12-1/2 cents.

September 9, 1890- The Daily Mercury- There will be some fine sport for local marksmen in East Huntsville this afternoon. A large number of swallows have been secured for the matches, and those wishing to participate should be on the grounds by 2 o'clock, as they will begin at that hour. Swallows exclusively will be used in the shoots.

A skillful and successful surgical operation was performed yesterday afternoon by Dr. Claude Mastin, of Mobile, assisted by Dr. M. C. Baldrige, of this city, in which these two professional gentlemen removed some particles of decayed bone from the cheek of our worthy townsman, Mr. H. B. Merts, who has been suffering several months from a diseased cheekbone. We are glad to learn that Mr. Merts stood the operation exceedingly well and trust he will have a speedy and ultimate recovery.



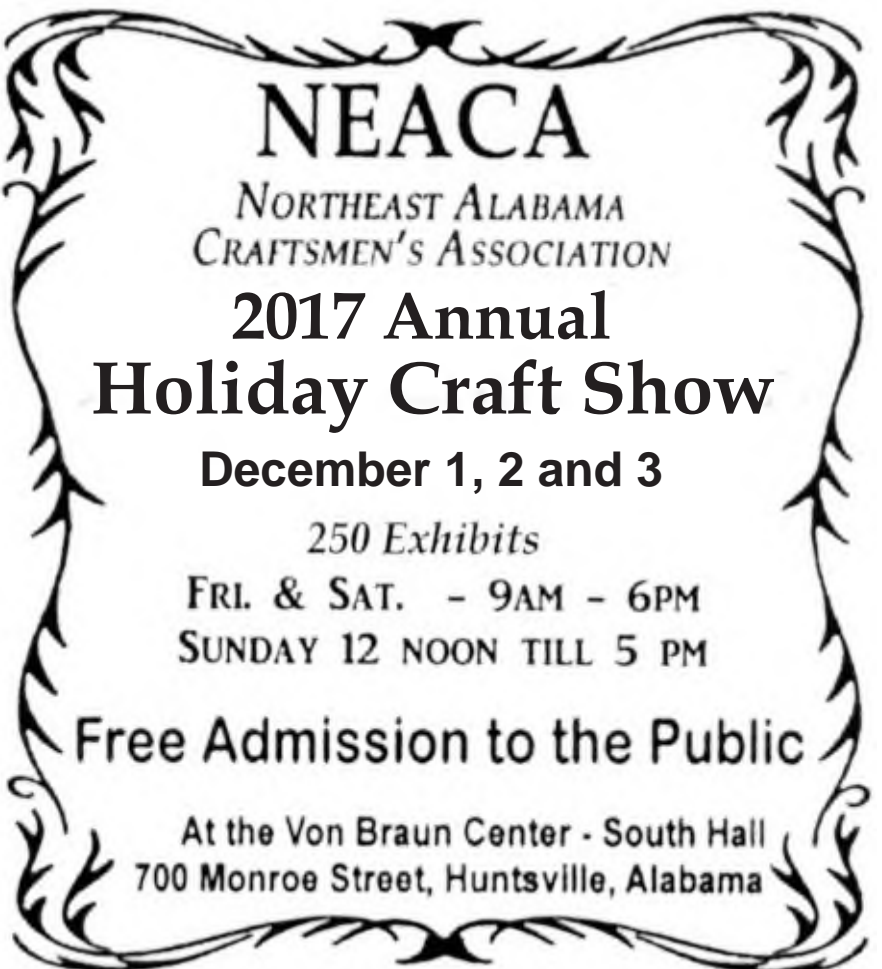
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UNUSUAL SUPERSTITIONS

- Don't throw your hair clippings out of an open window - that signifies bad luck to the thrower.

- If you kill frogs, your cows will "go dry".

- Tickling a baby will cause it to stutter.

- To thank someone for combing your hair is bad luck.

- To allow a child to look into a mirror before it is a month old will cause it trouble in teething and his wisdom teeth will be very large.

- A child will have the nature and disposition similar to that of the person who first takes it out of doors.

- If a person comes into

your presence while you are saying bad things about him, and he puts his hands anywhere on you, you will die.

- Plant all seeds, make soap and kill meat on the increase of the moon. If done on the decrease, the seeds will not grow, the soap will not lather and the meat will shrink.

- If on a cloudy morning blue sky is seen sufficient, the sun will come out.

- Wasps flying around thick means winter is about to set in.

- Misfortune will come to you if you sell or pawn a wedding gift. Above all, never hock your wedding ring.

- If you work on the day of your wedding you will have to work always.

- It is very bad luck to sweep your house on Friday night after the sun sets.

- If rats cut your clothes, do not allow any of your kinfolks to mend them.

- When you hear the hoot of an owl in winter, take off your right shoe and you will find a strand of the man's hair you are to marry.

- Birds soaring through the air in groups portends a bad storm moving in.

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you're born and doesn't stop until you stand up to speak in public.



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Cat Trivia



* There are cats who have survived falls from over 32 stories (320 meters) onto concrete.

* Cats will refuse an unpalatable food to the point of starvation.

* A group of cats is called a clowder, while a group of kittens is called a "kindle".

* Cats have over 20 muscles that control their ears.

* Cats sleep 70% of their lives.

* A cat has been mayor of Talkeetna, Alaska, for 15 years. His name is Stubbs.

* A cat ran for mayor of Mexico City in 2013.

* In tigers and tabbies, the middle of the tongue is covered in backward-pointing spines, used for breaking off and gripping meat.

* When cats grimace, they are usually "taste-scenting". They have an extra organ that, with some breathing control, allows the cats to taste-sense the air.

* Cats can't taste sweetness.

* Owning a cat can reduce the risk of stroke and heart attack by thirty percent.

* If your cat's tail is straight up with a crook at the end, he doesn't trust you.

* The world's largest cat measured 48.5 inches long.

* Evidence suggests domesticated cats have been around since 3600 B.C., 2,000 years before Egypt's pharaohs.

* A cat's purr may be a form of self-healing, as it can be a sign of nervousness as well as contentment.

* Similarly, the frequency of a domestic cat's purr is the same at which muscles and bones repair themselves.

* Adult cats only meow to communicate with humans.

* The world's richest cat is worth \$13 million after his human passed away and left her fortune to him.

* Your cat recognizes your voice but just acts too cool to care (probably because he is).

* Many cats get along with dogs, goats, birds, etc. much better than with other cats.

* Cats are nearsighted, but their peripheral vision and night vision are much better than that of humans.

* Cats can jump up to six times their

length.

* Cats' claws all curve downward, which means that they can't climb down trees head-first. Instead, they have to back down the trunk.

* Cats' collarbones don't connect to their other bones, as these bones are buried in their shoulder muscles.

* Cats have 230 bones, while humans only have 206.

* Cats have an extra organ that allows them to taste scents on the air, which is why your cat stares at you with her mouth open from time to time.

* Cats have whiskers on the backs of their front legs, as well.

* A cat's learning style is on a similar level to an average 3 year-old child.

* Cats have nearly twice the amount of neurons in their cerebral cortex as dogs.

* Cats have the largest eyes relative to their head size of any mammal.

* They make very little noise when they walk around. The thick, soft pads on their paws allow them to sneak up on their prey - or you!

* Cats' rough tongues can lick a bone clean of any shred of meat.

* Cats use their long tails to balance themselves when they're jumping or walking along narrow ledges.

* Cats use their whiskers to "feel" the world around them in an effort to determine which small spaces they can fit into. A cat's whiskers are generally about the same width as its body. (This is why you should never, EVER cut their whiskers.)

* They walk like camels and giraffes: They move both of their right feet first, then move both of their left feet. No other animals walk this way.

* Male cats are more likely to be left-pawed, while female cats are more likely to be right-pawed.

* Though cats can notice the fast movements of their prey, it often seems to them that slow-moving objects are actually stagnant.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

Court Martial of Col. Turchin

by Tom Carney

The crowd hissed and booed as Colonel Ivan Turchin, surrounded by an armed guard, was escorted into the Huntsville courthouse.

A Russian emigre, he had offered his services to the Union and became the symbol of all things considered despicable by the people of North Alabama.

Brigadier Gen. James Garfield, presiding officer of the court martial, made several attempts to start the proceedings, but his demands for silence were repeatedly drowned out by the ugly scene from outside the courthouse. Finally, angrily, he ordered the guards to clear the entire block surrounding the building.

The crowd, prodded by bayonet tips, grumbled but slowly dispersed, making sure their utterances reflected their condemnation of the beast who was standing trial. Peace finally restored, the crowded courtroom's attention centered on the presiding officer. It was Garfield's first time to preside at a court martial and he found the assignment distasteful.

Curtly ordering the clerk to read the charges, he seemed in a great hurry to complete the entire affair.

"How do you plead?" He asked the short, heavily-built man in the defendant's chair.

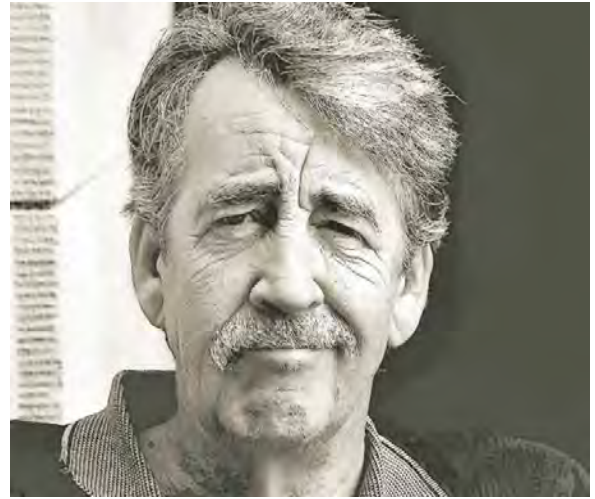
Col. Turchin, a haughty figure in his full spit-and-polish parade attire, jerked himself erect in a military manner reminiscent of his Russian background. Delaying his response long enough to assure that he was the center of attention, he barked in a loud and commanding voice:

"Nyet guilty!"

He had been named Ivan Vasilvetich Turcheninov at birth, in Russia, and had pursued a military career before emigrating to America in 1856 with his wife, Nadine, a dark-haired beauty.

The outbreak of the Civil War found America's Union Army woefully short of trained officers. Through the efforts of his friend, George McClellan, Turchin was commissioned a Colonel in the Nineteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

From the beginning of his American military career, Turchin had trouble obeying orders. Openly contemptuous of his commanders, he constantly reminded all



within earshot that "the way to win wars is by fighting, not pulling garrison duty guarding potato patches!"

In addition, while wives of military men were forbidden to follow their men on military maneuvers, Turchin's wife accompanied him on his various campaigns. This caused considerable consternation among his junior officers and animosity among the other wives. He even had a uniform altered to fit Nadine, who often rode alongside her husband at the head of the column of troops.

On April 11, 1862, General Ormsby Mitchel captured Huntsville in a surprise raid. After securing the town as a base of operations, he sent various units into the surrounding areas to occupy and guard them from Confederate forces.

Col. Turchin was sent west toward Tusculumbia and Sheffield to block the movements of Confederate units. One of these Rebel units was under the command of young Col. Ben Hardin Helm, a longtime thorn in the Union's side. A brilliant officer of the Confederate Army, Helm was, ironically, President Lincoln's favorite brother-in-law.

"My weight loss goal - to be able to clip my toenails and breathe at the same time."

Fran Jacobs, Athens



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Turchin quickly realized it would be impossible to conquer the Shoals area without maintaining a permanent garrison there. He would occupy a community one day, but as soon as he left, the citizens would, once again, defiantly raise the Stars and Bars.

After weeks of fruitless maneuvering and being taunted by Confederate sympathizers at every turn, Turchin's patience wore thin. He knew these people were aiding the Rebel cause while at the same time asking for Union protection, but army regulations forbade him from taking any action against the citizens.

By May 2, 1862, when the 19th Illinois marched into Athens, Turchin was ready for revenge. What happened next became one of the bleakest episodes in Alabama's history.

After assembling his troops in the middle of downtown Athens, Turchin sat on his horse and stared at the soldiers for what seemed an eternity. Finally he spoke in his heavily accented voice:

"Men, I close mein eyes vor von hour." Dismounting, he turned his back on the troops and walked across the street to the hotel.

At first the troops remained in formation, confused at what they had just heard. Finally, a grizzled old sergeant who had served with Turchin on earlier campaigns, let out a loud whoop and hurled a rock through a store window.

"Come on, boys," he yelled, "the town belongs to us!"

Instantly the soldiers, a normally well-disciplined unit, became a wild, lawless mob. Surging through the streets surrounding the square, they demolished doors and pillaged stores and homes in their frenzied delight. Residents who tried to resist the intrusions were cruelly beaten and, in many cases, the women raped.

One squad, which apparently included a demolitions expert, took vaults from the stores and blasted them apart in the middle of the street. Within minutes the streets were littered with Confederate money, bonds and stock certificates. The only valuables the

Yankee soldiers were interested in were Union greenbacks.

Had the scene not been so horrible, the townspeople might have laughed at some of the incidents unfolding before their eyes.

Three of the Yankee soldiers, in a drunken craze, plundered a woman's wardrobe and paraded up and down the main street wearing petticoats. Other soldiers, heeding the proverb that "an army travels on its stomach," chased chickens and turkeys through the streets.

Meanwhile, Col. Turchin availed himself of the best room in the hotel, puffed a cigar and calmly read from a book on European history. His solitude was interrupted by a knock on the door.

It was the Colonel's Adjutant. "Sir," he said, "the hour is up."

"Are the men done?" asked Turchin.

"Well, sir, they are scattered all over town." Taking a long draw off the cigar, Turchin reflected on what course to take next. If he did not stop his men now, what other

atrocities might be committed?

His next comment shocked no one who knew him: "Let the men continue."

At the outset of the looting, several townspeople had mounted fast horses and rode to Huntsville to seek protection from Gen. Mitchel. At first Mitchel refused to believe the reports, but as word of more atrocities were received hourly, he became alarmed. Quickly he dictated a telegram to Turchin, demanding to know the cause for the accusations reaching Huntsville.

"Isolated incidents," replied Turchin. "I have everything under control."

Although Turchin may have tried to stop the looting in the days that followed, the situation had gotten out of control. The crimes continued.

Over the next several weeks, Gen. Mitchel repeatedly admonished Turchin to bring his troops under control. It was to no avail, however.

Finally, an exasperated Mitchel sent Turchin the following dis-

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patch:

"I would prefer to hear that you had fought a battle and been defeated in a fair fight than to learn that your soldiers have degenerated into robbers and plunderers."

A few days later, court-martial charges were filed against the man who had become known as the "Mad Cossack."

The court-martial began on July 7 in the Athens courthouse. Twenty separate charges of rape and pillage were filed against Turchin. As presiding officer, Gen. Garfield was so shocked that he wrote his wife:

"I cannot sufficiently give utterances to my horror of the ravage and outrages which have been committed. There has not been found in American history so black a page as that which will be the record of this campaign."

The townspeople of Athens made no secret of their hatred of the accused. Within two weeks, Garfield was forced to move the trial to Huntsville, hopefully to a more impartial atmosphere.

A recurring bout with jaundice had so weakened Garfield that he had to be carried into the Huntsville courthouse on a stretcher. In less than a month he had lost 43 pounds. His ill health, combined with having to live in the midst of Confederate sympathizers, caused his attitude toward Turchin to slowly change.

Although never a friend of the South, Garfield's bitterness toward the Rebels seemed to increase every day of the trial. A few days earlier, he had written: "Until the Rebels be made to feel that rebellion is a crime which the Government will punish, there is no hope of destroying it."

Now, as he listened to Turchin's testimony, he felt he had found a kindred soul.

"Since I have been in the Army," testified Turchin, "I have tried to teach these Rebels that treason to the United States was a terrible crime. My superior officers do not agree with my plans. They want the rebellion treated tenderly and gently. They may cashier (dis-

charge) me, but I shall appeal to the American people and implore them to wage this war in such a manner as will make humanity better for it."

The trial lasted thirty-one days. Toward the end, Garfield was very sympathetic with Turchin, saying, "It would be good to have a few towns in Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio suffer the same treatment."

Regardless of personal feelings for the defendant, the court was forced to find Turchin guilty because of the overwhelming evidence. The man now known as the Mad Cossack was found guilty of nineteen of the twenty charges and was ordered dismissed from service.

Despite the findings of the court, Garfield recommended that Turchin be granted clemency. Weeks later, the dismissal came to President Lincoln's attention.

Lincoln was keenly aware of the publicity his "Southern in-laws," Ben Helm in particular, were generating in the Washington papers. Already, one New York paper was editorializing that Turchin had been dismissed because of his pursuit of Lincoln's brother-in-law.

Col. Turchin's wife, the elegant Nadine, who was now in Washington, made sure the President read these editorials.

A short while later, Turchin's dismissal was overruled by Lincoln, who also raised him to the rank of Brigadier General. How-

ever, the rank and file of the Union Army never respected him and Turchin finally resigned in disgust. Ironically, his nickname, the "Mad Cossack," became prophetic. He died in 1901 as a raving maniac in an insane asylum in Illinois.

As for Lincoln's brother-in-law, Ben Helm, he died heroically on the field of battle while leading his Kentuckians at Chicamauga. Lincoln reportedly wept when he heard the news. Helm's widow and children, Confederate to the core, were taken to Washington and became residents of Lincoln's White House.

Such furor arose over Mrs. Helm's constant outbursts against the Yankees, however, that Lincoln was forced to send her across the line to her old Kentucky home, along with her children, who had unnerved the White House staff by raising a Confederate flag on the presidential lawn.

Helm's son had also raised eyebrows by running through the White House yelling, "Hoorah for Jeff Davis!" and arguing with Lincoln's son over who the real president was.

Despite his sentiments that other towns deserved the same treatment as Athens, Alabama, Gen. Garfield, upon returning to civilian life, entered politics and was elected President of the United States.

He didn't get many votes in Huntsville.

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A Rose

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's apartment. After eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen to get dessert.

The two elderly gentlemen were talking, and the first one said, "Last night we went out to a new restaurant, and it was fantastic!"

"What's the name?" the other asked.

The first man thought for a minute, shook his head, then asked the other man, "What is the name of that red flower that smells really sweet?"

"A rose," the other replied, proud of himself.

"Thanks," the first man said. He then turned to the kitchen and yelled, "Hey, Rose, what's the name of that restaurant we went to yesterday?"

"A bill collector called and told me my bill was a year old today. I told him to wish it happy birthday and hung up."

Jed Levy, Gurley

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My Military Experience

by Harry S. Dill

I finished my education in 1950 at Northwest Alabama College of Commerce which was on the second floor of the building that the City Barber Shop was in, on Randolph Street in downtown Huntsville. I was going to school under the GI Bill of Rights and was paid \$120 per month and furnished all my books. Mr. and Mrs. Chestnut ran the school. I earned a Junior Accounting Degree there. I learned how to touch type there and also took speed writing besides accounting.

As jobs were still pretty scarce in 1951, I enlisted for four years in the U. S. Air Force when I finished, and was being processed into the Air Force at Maxwell Air Force Base when they asked us if anyone there

knew how to type. I told them that I did and they immediately put me to work typing officers forms 66's and I was assigned to the base. I thought I would be there permanently so I looked around for a furnished apartment so I could live off base with my wife and three little girls who were living in the house I built on Toll Gate Road.

I found a furnished apartment soon in downtown Montgomery within walking distance of the base. My wife and three girls soon joined me in Montgomery. Well things were going along smoothly for a few months. But then one day I got some shocking news. I was being sent to Japan!

A man who worked at Wing Headquarters was going to be shipped out to Japan because of the Korean War. He had the same job description as I did, clerk typist, but he

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was a Master Sergeant and I was just a Corporal (Airman 2nd Class). He didn't want to go to Japan and Korea and pitched a big fit and even cried, so they cancelled his orders and instead cut orders sending me to Japan in his place because my job description (MOS) was the same as his!


I had to buy a car and take my family back to Huntsville and the house I had built on Toll Gate Road. I found a old 1939 Chevrolet and packed my family in it and went back to Huntsville. I had a ten day leave before I had to report to Langley Air Base, Virginia so I thought I would get in a little fishing. I went over to Guntersville Lake and caught the limit in just a short while as the fish were biting really great that day. I took my family over there the next day and we were on some rocks that went down to the water.

Little Judy, my oldest daughter, slipped and fell into the water and I immediately jumped in and got her out quickly. Luckily she wasn't hurt. The ten day leave was over very quickly and I had to say goodbye to my family and go to the new assignment..

I had to report to Langley

Air Base in Virginia. They processed us in there for overseas and we all had to make out our wills since we were going to a war zone.

In a few days we were taken to base operations where three civilian airplanes were waiting for us that the Air Force had leased. The name of the air line



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was "Resort Air Lines". When I got on the plane the stewardess said, "This airplane is the last resort." It was a two motor two propeller airplane old type C-47.

All three planes took off for San Francisco. One of the planes had engine trouble on the way and had to land in the desert, I am glad it wasn't the one I was on. Well we got to San Francisco and to Travis Air Force Base and the next day we boarded a C-54, four engine aircraft that the Air Force had also leased from The Flying Tigers Air Lines for the long trip to Japan. We took off early in the day and were flying out over the Pacific Ocean. The sky was blue not a cloud in the sky and the ocean below was blue so I didn't know where I was up or down. After flying all day we landed in Hawaii to refuel and we were back in the sky again. We flew all night and came down again early in the morning on Midway Island to refuel again. Then we took off again and landed in Tokyo, Japan. I thought we were finally at our destination but we refueled again and were off to Kyushu, Japan's southern island.

After flying for about six or eight hours we finally reached our destination. It was Itazuke Air Base, near the City of Fukuoka, Japan! I was in the 136 Fighter Bomber Wing and Itazuke Air Force Base was the rear base, but we had a forward base in Korea too. I was assigned to the Materiel Section at Wing Headquarters at the rear base.

Upon arrival there we were first placed in a Quonset hut and we only had cots to sleep on. They were getting a building ready for us that the Japanese pilots had been using in WWII. While still in the Quonset Hut, one night I was sleeping with my hand nearly reaching the floor and I felt something running up my arm. It was a huge rat which I shook off very quickly! In a few weeks we were moved into our better permanent quarters. We had real beds there and it was much nicer and cleaner.

I liked it there and had fun climbing the mountains around the air base. When I got on top of them there was only a few feet and you could go down the other side unlike Monte Sano Mountain back in Huntsville. I would sit on the top and watch the top of the

airplanes below me landing and taking off. Colonel Pendergrass was our Wing Commander who got shot down over North Korea in a dog fight.

He bailed out of his plane too close to the ground and his parachute didn't have time to open. He was killed. Eventually we lost all of our aircraft and they were replaced with swept back wing ones. We lost lots of pilots too. Food was still scarce back then in Japan and I saw people one time cooking a kettle of grasshoppers and their tobacco juice was all over. Not very appetizing at all!

They started sending us to Korea and one day I got orders to report to the 3rd Bomb Wing in Kunsan (K8) Korea. It was in western South Korea on the Yellow Sea and near to mainland China. I liked it where I was but we had to stay 6 months at the rear base and 6 months at the forward base, serving a year, and then they would send us back home to the US and assign us to some base in the USA..

We're so grateful for all of our Military men and women, both active and Vets. Thank you for putting your lives on the line to keep us free.



With special greetings to the Huntsville High Class of 1966

Oscar & Maria Llerena

"Don't let aging get you down - it's way too hard to get back up."

Maxine

Thanksgiving Tradition

by Cedric Lamar McGhee
& Lena Mae Nelson



It was a very special day – it was Thanksgiving! Mr. Turkey and Miss Dressing were engaged. They were meant to be together. They had decided on a prenuptial agreement and would make their announcement at their Thanksgiving Dinner.

The table was set with the finest china and flatware and crystal glasses. Everything started when all of the sides came over for dinner. They were all there – Aunt Turnip Greens, Uncle Mac & Cheese, Sister Candied Yams, Brother Mash Potatoes, Grandma Potato Salad; Grandpa Gravy; Baby Cranberry Sauce, Cousin Hot Rolls and Cousin Ice Tea.

Mr. Turkey and Miss Dressing seemed like the perfect couple. They were certainly the stars of the evening. They were a match made in Heaven. Mr. Turkey was basting in his broth cologne and Miss Dressing was scrumptiously beautiful with her sage diamond and rosemary perfume.

The evening was going well until the sultry hot neighbor from next door stopped by - Miss Sweet Potato Pie! She came stepping in with her A game. She was topped with brown sugar mascara, cinnamon lipstick and topped with a whipped cream necklace. Oh man, she was smoking hot. She looked mmmmm delicious.

Mr. Turkey could not keep his eyes off Miss Sweet Potato Pie. Miss Dressing caught Mr. Turkey looking. She became jealous and slapped the broth out of him. This was supposed to be her special day but Miss Sultry Sweet Potato Pie had to ruin it for her.

Moral of the story: Thanksgiving temptations are oh so hard. Don't get caught cheating. Stay away from the sweets or else there will be excess baggage and much weight to bear.

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Kalea Park offers all visitors a well-groomed eight acre tract of bottom land surrounded by large cedar trees and majestic shady oaks to roam. One road in to this very private location insures that families with children have a safe and secure haven where they can party, pitch an overnight camp or launch a canoe or kayak along what is known as the Brier Fork branch of the Flint River. Kalea Park is a scenic, privately owned facility with a spacious 2500 sq ft clubhouse & covered pavilion. Call to reserve a date for your wedding, reception, private party or special event.

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A Message to our Valued Readers

This is in response to the story about the Lady kicking the Old Huntsville machine that kept her money and didn't give her a magazine.

A few hints to ensure you get a magazine for your money from an Old Huntsville newspaper rack. First one should understand that the rack is getting up in years. The O/H racks are strictly mechanical, no electronics whatsoever.

Everything operates with levers, springs and latches.

I have found that the best way to have a successful event with the rack is as follows: Use 3 clean Quarters only. Drop the Quarters one at a time, slowly, allowing the coins to drop through the mechanism. Push the door in away from you, then pull it toward you.

If you don't have good results don't continue to feed coins, someone has already jammed the unit and more coins will not help.

Good luck and we appreciate and value your business.

Remember: All of the money collected thru the racks and Honor Boxes is used for Golden K Childrens' Charities.

Sam Keith, Golden K Member

My Heart Attack

by Jennifer Williams Kaylor

I guess it's time for my story; women do have different signs than men.

I had a heart attack June 2, 2013. Monday of that week, a man hit me with his car. I was fine but the police were picking up pieces of his car everywhere. I think that's when it started; from that point on I just didn't feel well. All week long, I just wasn't myself. I had horrible indigestion - even started eating Tums. That was very strange for me. I just kept thinking that my wreck just made me feel strange.

Sunday morning about 5:50 when I got up to feed the animals, I felt so bad. I woke Mike up and told him that my neck was hurting. He started massaging me, and then I told him I felt like I was going to pass out.

Well, that was it. He said I just fell to the floor. I don't remember anything for 9 days. He said that I died twice, and they brought me back.

Reading my mother's notebook she kept, I had 99% blockage in one artery and 80% in another. I don't remember anything; I just remember walking on water with a man. It must have been God. I believed it was Dr. Akinsoto, why him I don't know. He was so kind to me and very good looking. I guess it was the drugs, but he was with me.

I thank God for the paramedics and only being a mile from Crestwood Hospital. Every Sunday when I get up, I remember what happened. I could have fallen out in the kitchen floor or Mike could have been at work. He happened to be off that day. If he had gone in at 6:00, I would have been dead.

I guess God knew that I had a grandson coming soon. William Ansley Wilder was born on July 9th.

Women, if you feel way out of sorts it may be a sign. I have a wonderful doctor, Dr. Kelley Smith, that watches me twice a year. So far everything is great.

I need to let the people I love so much to know I wasn't in pain for long, maybe 10 minutes. They include my husband Mike Kaylor, mother Jacqueline Williams, dad and his wife Ted and Stephanie Williams, daughters Morgan Rae and Kaki Kaylor, son Ansley Wilder and his wife Amanda, and her mother Mary Ann Davis.

Facebook replies:

Mary Ann Davis - Jennifer, watch the movie "The Shack" - the main character walked on water with Jesus! I believe you were, too! Even the ending to the movie is much like your story! We all prayed for your healing! YOU ARE A MIRACLE!!!! I praise God for allowing you to be here for Bri and 2 more grandsons!

Thank you for sharing your

story. It gives me comfort to know my daughter BJ did not suffer long when God called her home. When her dad found her she showed a peaceful countenance on her face.

God Bless you!

Jacqueline Williams - I love you Jenny. That Sunday and so many days after were the hardest days of my life. I thank God for all the help you received from the emergency people who saved your life and especially for Dr. Smith.

Mike Kaylor - I remember that Sunday morning often. While fireman Gregory M. Freese and paramedics worked with the defibrillator paddles and one responder incessantly continued CPR, I was in the next room on my knees. God does answer prayers.

Toni Burks LaVine - Amazing! So glad God spared your life. With tears in my eyes I read this. Thank you for sharing. God wasn't done with you yet. May God be with you and your family.

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BICYCLE

by Jack Dyer's Son

Idiot Savant. This label defines a person as "unable to perform most actions well, but displays brilliance in one or more specific areas." My father

was the exact opposite. Dad was, by far, the smartest man I ever knew and yet there were two areas in which his wondrous intellect abandoned him. The first can be summed up as anything related to electronics.

Although, I must say that in spite of the fact he was a bonafide technophobe, he could display genius even in this arena from time to time. For example, the idea of programming his video cassette recorder ranked well above solving the Quadratic Reciprocity Theorem (a difficult thing which he could probably solve in his sleep), so he simply covered the flashing "12:00" with black electrical tape. Problem solved. Because I witnessed him do stuff like that almost every day of my life, I am reluctant to describe my hero as a "Savant Idiot," even though I know the shoe fits.

His second shortcoming revolved around what to him was the entirely unknowable and utterly mysterious universe of the bicycle. To be fair, his initial ignorance of two-wheelers most certainly stemmed from the fact that the Great Depression spanned his entire Fayette, Alabama childhood when any money, much less bicycle coinage, was rarer than hen's teeth. His early years aside, it remains another issue entirely as to how and why he managed to persist as a lifelong cerebral klutz on such a common and relatively uncomplicated part of our culture. My father suffered from "duae rotae ignorantiam." Yes, that is the real Latin diagnosis (look it up). Who says genius skips a generation?

Right at the last gasp of summer in 1964, Dad presented yours truly with a bicycle. As you may recall, riding your first bike is a greatly anticipated event in almost every child's life because it marks the exact moment one moves from social out-cast to hipster (using the vernacular of today). My initial vehicle was a well-used, rust-flavored twenty-incher that qualified perfectly well as a no-frills edition. It even sported the rarely selected seat-less option with just a pipe poking up where something resembling a seat would have been very welcome. I was a happy-go-lucking kid and it never occurred to me (or my father) that we could have purchased a replacement seat or even fitted a small board to perch on.

In spite of this handicap, I rode as much as I was able, but first grader's legs are hardly muscle-packed and mine resembled knobby twigs. I made sincere efforts, but it grew increasingly impossible for me to maintain societal standards with such a defect and my hipster status was in jeopardy. Fortunately, Dad, employing his significant intellectual prowess while examining some oddly shaped scrapes and circular bruising dotting my rear end, decided to get rid

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of my cruiser. This appeared wise, because truth be told, we lived on a meager budget and the Band-Aid expenditures alone might have pushed us over the edge. In retrospect, you would have thought this was an excellent decision. Surprisingly, this was not the case at all.

My replacement for old "Pipe Bum" was something that looked an awful lot like a bicycle, but appearances can be deceiving. This second version was considerably smaller, rode on twelve-inch solid rubber tires, and was painted blood-red (for convenience, as you will see). On the upside, it came complete with a seat. On the downside, there were two issues my bicycle-challenged father could not have known and they proved to be downright sinister in nature.

Although the bike appeared perfectly normal, it possessed a lethal direct-drive-chain pedaling system. Think of a tricycle, it is also direct-drive, but has no chain. One of the key characteristic of any direct-drive vehicle is that coasting with your feet on the pedals is impossible (issue one) and more importantly, there is no braking system (issue two). While operating a tricycle, at least on a level surface, these attributes are no big deal at all, but upon entering the hazard-filled world of two-wheelers with such omissions, well, let's just say I looked back on my departed bike with nostalgic yearning.

I ask for your forgiveness in advance for approaching the remainder of my story from a somewhat scientific viewpoint, but I mistakenly grew up to be an engineer and this is one of the more horrific side-effects. As any casual cyclist can tell you, coasting is an essential part of the activity and constant pedaling exhausts a six-year-old's reserves in just a few minutes.

Of course, lifting my feet from the pedals was not problematic in the least, but trying to reassert them was tantamount to stomping on a whirling eggbeater - once off, they stayed off. This meant the pleasant practice of coasting had to be reserved for the very end of a ride or some other unexpected and far less desirable

interruption.

If I was whizzing along any faster than your average box turtle, I really only had two options for stopping and both resulted in what might be termed semi-controlled processes at best (note the nerdy scientific phrasing). Assuming I was not in an emergency situation, and this was not a trivial assumption at all, the first and most preferred method of stopping required pressing both feet directly to the surface of the street and skidding until the bike came to a rest.



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If I happened to be wearing adequate footwear, this usually worked competently, although not always in a timely manner. The main hitch with this option was that during the summer, I often neglected to wear shoes and, unfortunately, this condition demanded the execution of my second and least preferred method for stopping - what I like to call "Deceleration and Uniform Motion Blocking" or D.U.M.B.

The main drawback to my ultra-scientific D.U.M.B. technique was that it demanded either significant forethought or ultrafast cogitation. During most of my rides I rarely had the luxury of significant forethought as just about all my modest resources were laser-focused on real-time survival and I can only speculate as to what my ultrafast cogitation capabilities might have been some fifty-plus years ago. If past performance provides a good measuring stick, I calculate that I was solidly situated between the classifications of perplexed and easily confused - with a few surprising spikes reaching all the way up to average.

Add to this assessment, the appearance of no significant improvement over the ensuing years and I think you might agree with my appraisal ...at least no one has ever accused me of ultrafast cogitation to date.

The key to the successful implementation of D.U.M.B. required either prescience or that I maintain a vigilant, velocity-correlated assessment of my surroundings, actively targeting and cataloging choice landing sites in which to gently and softly crash. In theory, this was a spectacular strategy, although, I can't seem to recall a single ride in which anything worked as expected. I suppose my cogitation speed wasn't quite up to the task and if I had any prescient abilities they were well disguised.

Unhappily, each one of my D.U.M.B. deployments invariably resulted in a series of "mini stops" as I bounced off or scraped along assorted abrasive, pointy, and largely unyielding objects. During these contemplative moments, I sometimes found myself pondering life's important questions, but more often than not, my musings

were interrupted by a brand new bruise or perhaps a creative modification to a knee or elbow.

There were times when the bike would display some sort of misguided sense of loyalty by tumbling in tandem with me, the two of us intertwining in a gruesome, but certainly futuristic boy/machine amalgamation. Occasionally, there were episodes when my transportation abandoned me all together by halting instantly against a curb or automobile, leaving me to enjoy the tumbling progression in solo fashion. Other times the bike would tease me by separating temporarily, only to then catch up and land with enthusiasm on some previously uninjured area of my body.

You may have heard the old saying, "the best thing you can do if you fall off a horse is to get right back on." This does not apply to direct-drive bikes. It is actually much preferred to slowly limp home while enjoying the therapeutic action of vigorously and repeatedly smashing one's bicycle into various and sundry objects along the way home. Besides, walking not only provided some physical recovery, but allowed some quality time for introspection regarding the day's events and for getting one's story straight.

By the way, in a rare moment of bike brilliance, Dad once said to me, "Do you know why your bike can't stand on its own? It is two tired..."



Buffy

Hello, the Ark named me Buffy. I was evicted from my home. I really appreciate the Ark for taking me in and giving me a place

to stay until I can find a new place to call home. I am very quiet and loving. I personally think I am a very beautiful lady. My coat is orange with white. I am two years old and have big expressive gold eyes. I am just a little on the pudgy side but have been on a diet to try and get my figure back. I am very clean with my grooming and bathroom habits. Are you are looking for a cat that is fun, clean, a great companion, good buddy and a forever friend? You found it because that's me! Please come to see me.

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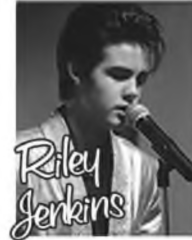
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