



No. 299
January 2018



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

ABOVE AND BEYOND:
MIKE ROSE AND THE MEDAL OF HONOR



Also in this issue: The Old Home Place

Lewter's Hardware Store



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

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

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

A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

222 Washington St - 539-5777

Domie Lewter
Mae Lewter

Above and Beyond: Mike Rose and the Medal of Honor

by John E. Carson

Front picture by AUSA

The Military's Highest Honor, the Medal of Honor, is awarded for service above and beyond the call of duty.

On October 23, 2017 Huntsville resident Captain Gary Michael Rose was awarded the highest honor our nation can bestow for his heroic actions during the Vietnam War in a deadly and secret operation that took place in Chavane, Laos during the four days of September 11-14th, 1970.

In a campaign code named Operation Tailwind, Sgt. Rose, a Special Forces medic, was inserted deep into enemy territory with a company size force comprised of American, Vietnamese and indigenous paramilitary personnel known as Montagnards.

Once on the ground, they moved deeper into enemy territory and soon made contact with an enemy squad, wounding two Americans and

two Montagnards. One of the wounded was trapped outside the defensive perimeter.

Sgt. Rose rushed to the man, rendered expert medical treatment, stabilized the soldier, and carried the man back to the defensive area under heavy gunfire.

When the enemy withdrew, the company moved still deeper into the enemy territory, engaging the enemy and taking more casualties. Bravely and courageously, Sgt. Rose moved through the enemy fire with no regard to his personal safety to render treatment to the wounded, returning the enemy gunfire to reach the wounded men.

So intense was the enemy fire that the medic was forced to crawl from position to position to reach and treat the men. Directing the fire of the inexperienced troops and giving words of encouragement to the terrified Vietnamese and Montagnard, Sgt. Rose continued to care for the safety of the company.

Throughout the next few days the unit marched west and deeper into the Laotian jungle, defending themselves from continuing attacks by squad to company-sized enemy forces.

Air Force gunships provided close-in cover and helped keep the enemy at bay.

Though wounded in ac-

"Always be nice to nerds. Chances are good you'll end up working for one."

Bill Gates



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

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

ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,
WILLS, PROBATE

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



Old Huntsville
HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)

716 East Clinton Ave.

Huntsville, Al 35801

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net

(Website) www.oldhuntsvillemag.com

Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 534-0502

Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney

Editor - Cheryl Tribble

Consultant - Ron Eyestone

Gen. Manager - Sam Keith

Copy Boy - Tom Carney

(in memory)

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

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

All material contained within is copyright 2018 and may not be reproduced or copied in any form without written permission of the publisher. Old Huntsville, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or content of solicited articles..

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

Your Total Window
Treatment Provider



Rand's Blinds Inc.

Bus: (256) 650-0465

Aesthetically Pleasing

Interior Window Treatments

Visit us at:

www.randsblinds.com

tion from multiple hits, Sgt. Rose took the most severe of his wounds on the second day. During an assault by the North Vietnamese Army, one of the Montagnard was wounded 40-50 meters outside the perimeter. Running, crawling and maneuvering his way to the man, he rendered lifesaving medical aid, then dragged the man with one hand while engaging the enemy with his gun hand until they reached safety. As he was returning to the company with the man in tow, a rocket propelled grenade landed near him, spraying his back and leg with shrapnel and blowing a whole in one of his feet.

As he would for the rest of the mission, Rose used a stick for a crutch and continued to care for the wounded. The company had taken so many wounded that a Medevac was called to extract the injured. Unable to land in the small area, the copter hovered and Sgt. Rose, fully exposing himself to the enemy fire, attempted to pass the wounded up to

the helicopter crew. Under the intense enemy assault, the pilot was forced to abandon the mission and the damaged aircraft crashed a few miles away.

With the wounded now numbering almost half the company, Sgt. Rose worked tirelessly, improvising litters, digging trenches and treating the wounded, never taking time to eat, rest or care for his own debilitating wounds.

On the last night of the mission, the company took unrelenting fire, bombs and mortar rounds as the North Vietnamese Army pounded them all through the long night. Sgt. Rose never stopped working to treat the injured and wounded men.

And on the final day of the operation, after destroying an

The newest tranquilizer works so well that people don't care whether they pay their doctor or not.



looseendsbymj.com

e-mail: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com

Do you need to settle an Estate?

Downsizing to a smaller house?

Organizing and running your Estate Sale?

Let us clean out-pack up-sell off or donate your items!

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

Mary Jim Ailor

256-658-2718.

WELCOME TO AUTHENTIC THAI CUISINE AT
THAI GARDEN



DINE IN OR CARRY OUT

All Fresh Meats & Vegetables
No MSG - No Preservatives Used

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

800 Wellman Avenue
(In Historic Five Points)

(256) 534-0122



PLUMBING * AIR CONDITIONING * HEATING * ELECTRICAL * ENERGY

SERVING THE
HUNTSVILLE
AREA
SINCE 1884
FOR ALL YOUR
RESIDENTIAL

AIR CONDITIONING &
HEATING UNITS
PLUMBING
ELECTRICAL
ENERGY AUDITS

256-534-0781



Precision to the X degree.

Your spine is complex and delicate. So precision matters. Huntsville Hospital is the only Alabama hospital with Mazor X, the most precise robotic technology for spine surgery. With powerful 3D visualization and superior guidance ability, the Mazor X allows surgeons to create a custom surgery based on your anatomy.

Unrivaled technology and precision.

It's precisely what your back needs.

 **HUNTSVILLE HOSPITAL**

huntsvillehospital.org

enemy base camp, the company was notified that over 500 North Vietnamese troops were moving on their position and an extraction had been set up. Air Force assets cleared their path as they moved to the landing zone. Once there, the enemy attacked them from all sides, causing even more casualties. Ignoring his pain and fully exposing himself to enemy fire, Sgt. Rose moved from man to man to retrieve and treat the wounded.

When the extraction helicopters arrived, the medic engaged the enemy with his own fire to repel the assault. Sgt. Rose boarded the final copter, hobbling up the ramp and accurately aiming his returned fire on the enemy.

The North Vietnamese Army overran the now vacated landing zone, reaching an estimated 50 meters from the aircraft as it took off.

Aboard the helicopter, the men were not safe yet, and as it lifted off, anti-aircraft guns hit the chopper. At about 4,500 feet, Sgt. Rose heard the engine stop.

Alerted that the Marine door gunner had been hit in the neck, Sgt. Rose administered life-saving medical treatment before the helicopter crashed several kilometers away. He was thrown clear before the crash.

With the helicopter smoking and leaking fuel, and many wounded still onboard, Sgt. Rose crawled back to the wreckage and pulled his un-

conscious and wounded teammates from the downed copter and rendered professional and lifesaving treatment until another helicopter arrived to take them to the base.

Although he was covered in blood and wounds, Sgt. Rose refused all aid until the last of the wounded men was attended to first.

During those four days, in constant contact with a superior enemy force, despite the many wounded, only three men died; all from the Montagnard. No American lives were lost. Sgt. Rose is credited with treating 60-70 wounded soldiers and saving many lives. Captain Gary M. Rose's story does not end with the description of the battle, much of it taken from the official site at www.army.mil/medalofhonor/rose/.

Marathon Painting

Services including:

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

(256) 326-8053

JOHN M. BZDELL

Free Estimates * References upon Request * Licensed & Insured

ISP InterSouth properties

"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"

Phone (256) 830-9160
Fax (256) 430-0881

- * Highland Office Park, Phases 1 & 2
- * Park West Center
- * University Square Business Center
- * 8215 Madison Blvd.

Visit us at www.intersouth-properties.com



- * Grub Control
- * Fire Ant Control
- * Disease Control
- * Tree & Shrub Programs
- * Flea & Tick Control
- * Fertilization

**Thank you for
Your Business!**

www.GreenLand-Turf.com

"Don't wrestle with pigs: You'll get all muddy and the pigs will love it."

Old Country Wisdom

Born in Watertown, New York on October 17, 1947 he later moved to the Los Angeles, California area and graduated from James Monroe High School in Northridge in 1965. Enlisting in the U.S. Army on April 4, 1967, he attended Basic Training at Fort Ord, Infantry and Advanced Training at Fort Gordon, after which he was promoted to Private First Class and sent to U.S. Army Airborne School, Special Forces, Fort Bragg.

His tours of duty include Thailand, where he trained Thai soldiers and border police medics in Lopburi as part of the 7th Special Forces Group (Airborne), in 1969; the Republic of Vietnam in 1970 as part of the 5th Special Forces Group (Airborne), a group that has produced 17 Medal of Honor recipients; and Panama, 1971-1973.

Kept secret for many years, Captain Rose had not even told his wife about the events he was awarded the military's highest honor for, nor discussed the operation, even with other Special

Forces members. Finally, as he stood beside the Commander in Chief, his story, and the story of the MAC-SOG (Military Assistance Command-Studies and Observations Group) men who fought for seven years in that secret war, could be told.

As he has said in interviews, "It wasn't what we were doing that was a secret, it was where we were doing it," although, officially the U.S. was not operating in Laos, the North Vietnamese Army was using the area to attack South Vietnam and the members of the MAC-SOG were sent in to stop them.

Mike Rose retired from the Army in May of 1987 as a Captain and worked in private industry until he permanently retired in 2010. He has been married to his wife, Margaret, since 1971. They have three adult children and two grand-

"The only time my prayers are never answered is on the golf course."

Billy Graham

SOUTHERN HOME & HEARTH, INC.
Since 1981

Beat High Energy Costs with Wood Heat!



VERMONT Castings

Come see our full line of Wood Burning Stoves and Fireplaces

Firesets, Screens, Grates & Fireplace Accessories

Southern Home & Hearth

2611 University Dr., Huntsville
256-534-1715 or
256-534-8199
www.southernhomeandhearth.com
We do Layaways

ALPHA ESTATE SALES & AUCTIONS

EST. 1983

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

www.alphaestatesales.com



Visit our Website for Upcoming Sales

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

Experience, Professionalism and Excellence is our Motto.



Phone (256) 226-4571

children.

His selfless service continues to this day, working for charities, many through the Knights of Columbus, and the many Veterans groups he is a member of, including the DAV (Disabled American Veterans) and the Vietnam Veterans of America.

After Sgt. Rose's story was told to the audience, President Donald Trump, with genuine respect and appreciation and citing the selfless and courageous service to his country, placed the Medal of Honor around his neck.

Humbly accepting the medal and the honor, the retired Captain saluted the President, then the officers and men in attendance, and the audience.

Though his medals include the Distinguished Service Cross, The Bronze Star, The Purple Heart, The Meritorious Service Medal, the Presidential Citation Award (MAC SOG) and many others, Huntsville's Man of Honor told the audience that this medal, (Medal of Honor) was not just his, but

belonged to all the men that served in Vietnam: The Special Forces, MAC-SOG, and the Marines and Air Force that helped and supported them.

The next day, October 24th, 2017, Mike Rose stepped into the Pentagon and in a televised ceremony took his place in the Hall of Heroes - the Pentagon's permanent display of all the Medal of Honor recipients.

After years of secrecy, Captain Mike Rose, the members of the Special Forces and all those men and women who served in the war in Vietnam have finally taken their rightful place in history; a history and legacy that will inspire generations to come.

"Please excuse Beth from missing school yesterday. We forgot to get the Sunday paper off the porch and when we found it Monday we thought it was Sunday."

Seen in local principal's office



*Berryhill
Funeral Home*

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

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



(256) 536-9197

Ayers Farmers Market

Thank you for a great year at Ayers,
we wish all of you a prosperous
and Happy New Year!

Bill Mullins Honey

Turnip Greens
Collard Greens

(256) 533-5667

Hours: Mon - Sat 8 am - 6 pm * Sun 8 am - 5 pm
Located at the SE corner of Governors Dr. & Memorial Pkwy.



Windsor House Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

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

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

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

A place you can call home....

4411 McAllister Drive
Huntsville, Alabama 35805

(256) 837-8585

A Tough Air Force Assignment

by George Wells USAF,
1951-1955

Following the completion of training, I was assigned to the 54th Troop Carrier Squadron at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, Alaska. I arrived at Elmendorf in January 1952. It took six days on a boat from California to reach Alaska. Why the Air Force with its fleet of aircraft would send us via boat was never real clear.

We fly back from Alaska. The 54th Troop Carrier Squadron had just been reassigned from Berlin where they were involved in the Berlin Air Lift. They had about 12 C-54s in their aircraft fleet. These old planes were the reliable workhorse for the Air Force.

My job assignment was in Squadron Operations, keeping up with the flight schedules and related orders. I was in an

upstairs office at the end of a hanger. With glass all around I had a great view of the Alaskan mountains.

The squadron had an unusual monthly task. They had the responsibility to deliver the famous Flying Hostesses on their monthly visit to bases all around Alaska. It was a weekend trip. The fact that the cargo was 42 women made the flight one of the most sought after flights we had.

My job was making sure the flight schedules were prepared and distributed. Suddenly I became a person of interest. I was probably the second person in the Squadron to get his hands on the schedule. Both officers and enlisted men constantly asked me about the schedule. It seems like no matter where I went someone asked me for the flight information. I would give them the date of the flight and they would try to get scheduled for the trip.

I can't disclose much more detail about these flights as they were highly classified. We did

not want the soldiers, ours or the enemies, to know where the women were.

I can't remember how many flights I made. My boss was agreeable for me to fly whenever and where ever. I typed my name on the orders as an extra crew member. That meant I helped where help was needed. Of course, as a safety concern, one of my tasks was being sure the 42 ladies knew how to install their parachutes. And making sure they were having a comfortable flight. Similar to the tasks of the modern day airline attendant.

The longest flight I made was about 4 or 5 hours, out to Adak Naval Base, on the Aleutian Islands. One thing for sure, whatever base we landed at, there was a lot of excitement. The big discussion was the Saturday night dance which was the main purpose of the Flying Hostesses.

My assignment with the 54th ended when I was transferred to Naknek Air Force Base, Alaska to run the NCO Club. That's another story for a later date.

Don Broome Studios

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

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

7446 Clubfield Cir.
Huntsville, Ala 35802

256-880-3497

256-656-1457

Come meet Judy



He Lost His Teeth

from 1875 Newspaper



A Huntsville man, M. S. Thompson, ten years ago got a set of false teeth mounted on a golden base. A short time afterwards he lost his teeth and he supposed they had been stolen by a bag boy in his employ. Thompson was in the habit of taking them from his mouth at night and placing them on a table in a glass of water. The boy strenuously denied the theft, but this did not in the least remove the suspicion. The boy was immediately fired. After a time all thought of the false teeth passed away, with Thompson having secured another set.

About three years ago Thompson caught a very severe cold and from that time forward he was troubled with incessant pain in his right breast, in the region of the lungs. This was attended with a severe cough, and frequent hemorrhages of the lungs occurred. He thought he had consumption and for years had been under medical treatment, without relief.

During the early part of last fall he was seized with a violent fit of coughing and during its progress coughed up several pieces of a hard substance which appeared like bone on first examination. He experi-

enced some relief at this time, and during the next day he coughed up more of the same species of material. Being very curious, he examined this closely and in doing so discovered pieces of metal attached to the bony matter, which, though worn and discolored, looked like teeth.

The truth suddenly dawned upon him. He had gone to sleep those many years ago with the false teeth in his mouth, and in the night he swallowed them, and they had passed into his lungs and had lain there these many years.

In the course of a week he coughed up the gold plate in pieces, along with the rest of his teeth. He rapidly regained his health and strength and is now as hearty and robust as he ever was.



Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

Family owned and operated since 1919

(256) 536-6654

Valley View Cemetery
open with 100 acres reserved for future development

(256) 534-8361



LAWREN'S*

**809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801**

BRIDAL REGISTRY

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

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

God may have created man before woman, but remember there is ALWAYS a rough draft before the final masterpiece.

Remembering John H. Williams

by Brome'

For many years, John H. Williams was the manufacturing manager for Avco Electronics. After several years of struggling with lung cancer, which he beat while still smoking 3 packs a day, they put him in charge of product returns that needed to be reworked and other projects that no one else wanted to do.

A little man with silver grey hair and a calm, steady demeanor, I first met him when I took a Quality Circle class he taught. I would complete the leadership class he taught as well. I was assigned to bring him out of the 'dark ages' and put his records kept on a legal pad onto a computer. I could tell many stories about this man with his quiet demeanor.

After a few weeks working for him, I was assigned another project but we remained close and when I heard he had colon cancer, I wasn't too surprised. He still smoked the whole time I knew him. As his time on earth grew shorter, his youngest daughter, a nurse, had a friend who was helping take care of him and as it happened she was sitting with him the night he died.

I came over the morning after his passing and we sat drinking

"When you hear a man say that poverty builds character, chances are good that you're listening to a millionaire."

Jed Brader, Athens


coffee. The girl told of a dream she had just before waking to see him pass. She said that this little guy with coal black hair and a cocky gait walked through the house checking on everyone while whistling this annoying tune. She said in her dream, he walked to the front door and kicked the screen open, looking out, leaning against the door frame. She said she asked him where he was going and he said "out." She asked "when are you going to be back" and he said "I'm not."

He kicked the screen open again and walked out with a Popeye walk while whistling that tune.

The family was shocked because only they would remember that years ago, he had coal black hair and for as long as anyone could remember he had whistled that tune. I didn't know and I don't think anyone at Avco would have known his original hair color or the fact that he used to walk with that cocky walk.

The song he was whistling was the one that his family put up with for years but I had never heard him whistle it.



SHAVER'S Books



- * RARE BOOKS
- * LOCAL AUTHORS
- * ESTATE EVALUATION
- * BOOKS NEW AND OLD
- * OUT OF PRINT SEARCH
- * FIRST EDITIONS
- * APPRAISALS

John M. Shaver
256-533-7364
Email shaversbks@comcast.net

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

M S Masonry

Customer Recommended

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

"No Job is too Small"

MICHAEL SYLVESTER
(256) 694-2469

LICENSED - INSURED - REFERENCES

KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT

by John Evan Carson

Artists and writers
Sculptors and sketchers
Molders of metal
And sunlight catchers

Poets and painters
And workers of wood
In temples and churches
And down in the hood

The sages of ages
Expressing themselves
Have filled libraries and galleries
And countless shelves

And every person
Each in their way
Reflects and creates
And has something to say

We all have a candle
To bring to the night
God made us all
The keepers of the Light

Time to Connect

Adolescents who feel connected to and important to their parents are less likely to be involved in risky behaviors, one study found. Key times to connect are before and after school, at dinner and before bed time.

"It might look like I'm doing nothing, but at the cellular level I'm really busy."

Butch Adcock

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

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

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

O'LE DAD'S BAR-B-Q



"It's Cooked In The Pit"

256-828-8777

Rosemary Leatherwood, owner

We're thankful to our Good Customers for their business last year and we wish you a Wonderful and Happy New Year!

Carry Out's for your Special Events!

**There's nothing better than barbeque!!
Order BBQ, Savory Ribs and all the fixin's.**

Health Rating 98%

HAPPY New Year

All foods are prepared and cooked on site.

We cook with hickory wood to have that great taste. We do not cook with gas!

NOW AVAILABLE!

NACHOS-Chicken, Pork
or Chili & Cheese

- Pork Sandwich
- Chicken Sandwich
- Turkey Sandwich
- Grilled Ham & Cheese
- Grilled Turkey & Cheese
- BLT
- Rib Sandwich
- Chicken Fingers
- Hamburgers - *Made Fresh Daily*
- Cheeseburgers - *Made Fresh Daily*

- Hot Dogs
- Slaw Dogs - *Red Or White*
- Chili Dogs
- Plate Dinners
Rib, Pork, Turkey, Chicken, Chicken Fingers
- Ribs (Slab & 1/2 Slab)
- Whole Chicken
- Pies
- Banana Pudding
Made Fresh Daily

- French Fries
- Potato Salad
- Baked Beans
- Green Beans
- Homemade Hushpuppies
- Slaw - *Mayonnaise Or Vinegar*
- Salads - *With Or Without Meat*
- Kid's Menu Available & Much More!!!



Remember to pick up your Family Pack Special:

**14163 Highway 231/431 North
Located in the beautiful city of Hazel Green**

Tips from Earlene



- Emptied fruit, such as oranges or cantaloupes, refilled with vanilla ice cream with raspberries or strawberries make dainty little bowls. Cover with pink whipped cream and garnish with red cherries and serve at your afternoon tea.

- When you rub lotion on your face, be sure and get your neck area too as it needs moisturizing as much as your face.

- Having trouble sleeping? Oftentimes, just an extra pillow will help.

- Dip asparagus into egg batter, roll in fresh bread crumbs or cracker meal and fry to a golden brown in butter. A very select vegetable with a juicy steak.

- Two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt and add cold water to make a stiff batter. Drop by teaspoonfuls in meat broth for drop dumplings that never fail.

- Give your colicky infant mild ginger tea. It's wonderful for digestion and gas. For fever, eat grapes throughout the day. Also dilute pure grape juice and sip.

- Whisper to an angry child. He'll have to stop crying to listen to you.

- To ease the discomfort of a bad hangover, rub half a lemon under each armpit. This may ease the feeling somewhat.

- For Asthma, eat 3-6 apricots a day. They help heal lung/bronchial conditions.

- For regularity, drink the juice of one lemon mixed in one cup of warm water every morning. A bit of honey may be added to sweeten. You'll be amazed at the results.

- A lady who had ringing in her ears tried dropping 2 drops of onion juice into her ears 3 times a week and it stopped.

- Garlic is wonderful for your heart - take 2 capsules a day to protect and strengthen the heart and help thin your blood. Also use garlic in cooking and raw in salads - the cloves get really mild and sweet when baked or roasted.

- For indigestion, scrub an orange and eat some of the peel 5 minutes after a meal.

Mary's Rugs

New Rugs Arriving Daily

Huge Selection of Rugs

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



Kenny & Mary Harbin, Owners

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

Rectangle Rugs and runners in all sizes

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

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

Center for Hearing, LLC

7531 S. Memorial Parkway Suite C Huntsville, Al 35802
Phone (256) 489-7700



Maurice Gant, BC-HIS
Board Certified Hearing
Instrument Specialist

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

"Why is it people say 'I slept like a baby' when babies wake up every 2 hours?"

Eleanor Keith

Miracle on the Tennessee River

by Barry Key

The dictionary defines "miracle" as a "highly improbable or extraordinary event that brings very welcome consequences".

Coy, one of my closest friends, and I lived in New Hope, Alabama. We were forever involved in some type of workshop project. In the mid 1950s, one of our projects was to build a small boat that we could use in the farm ponds and gravel pits in and around New Hope. We did build a very simple boat on a very slim budget. It was a 4 x 8' sheet of plywood with 1 x 12 boards as the sides. It had 2 seats made from 1 x 12 screwed to the top of the sides. It resembled an oversize flower box. We christened her the "May Flower". Fishing and frog gigging farm ponds were fun but just didn't offer the adventure we were looking for.

We planned a float trip, a trip that would take us down the Paint Rock River to the mighty Tennessee River and

finish at Ditto Landing south of Huntsville. We had estimated it would take about 16 hours. We put in to the Paint Rock at the Highway 431 bridge near Keller's store and my dad was to pick us up at Ditto Landing. We loaded that oversized flower box with two paddles, an ice chest full of drinks and food, a frog gig, spot lights and fishing tackle. When Coy and I got in the boat with all the supplies and equipment, we only had about 5 to 6 inches of free board left.

Decision time....go or no go. The trip down the Paint Rock was tranquil and trouble free. The narrow river was smooth with just enough current to keep us moving. We explored lagoons and sloughs adjacent to the river. Life was good, the trip so far was more than we had expected. Around 2 or 3 o'clock we entered the Tennessee.

Wheeler Dam was evidently holding water because there was little or no current with a slight chop on the water. If the chop became worse or we met a barge or yacht (a situation we had overlooked in our plans) with the small amount of free board we had, it could be cata-

West Station Antiques

Come visit us in
Owens Cross Roads at the
Historic Hornbuckle Garage
on old Hwy 431.

Phone (256) 725-BOOK (2665)

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

Visit us at our website:
www.gibsonbooks.com

3037 Old Highway 431
Owens Cross Roads 35763

256-725-BOOK (2665)

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



Cliff Hill

Attorney At Law

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

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

929 Merchants Walk
Huntsville, Al

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

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

strophic.

Decision time again. We were at a point of no return....no way to battle the current on the Paint Rock and return to where we put in at the 431 bridge. Should we beach the boat, walk out, and return with my motorboat for our equipment... and abandon the May Flower? Our decision was to continue on the Tennessee and chance an increase in the choppy water. We would stay as close to shore as possible and if we met a barge or yacht, we would beach the boat until the vessel passed.

The current was so slow on the Tennessee that we actually had to paddle to advance against the light breeze that was blowing up stream. Everything was still essentially going in our favor. When darkness fell the breeze subsided and we were again moving with what little current there was. With darkness, it was time to concentrate on getting some frog legs. We had floated for a couple of hours with our spotlights shining on the bank. Concentrating on the river bank, we lost consciousness of where we were floating.

Suddenly we hit something solid and came to an instant stop. We swung our lights away from the river bank to see what we had run into. We were under the bow of a hopper barge moored to a concrete wall at Baker's Sand and Gravel. Hopper barges are approximately 35 feet wide by 200 feet long. They have a square bow with an approximate 45 degree angle to minimize water friction when being pushed by tug boats. We were extremely lucky that the river current was slower than normal. A swifter current and our little May Flower would have been swept under the barge due to the angle of the bow. I'm hesitant to say this, but if we had gone under the barge, I think our chances of survival would have been nil.

The barge was flush against the concrete wall so we would have to work our way to the river side of the barge, approximately 30 feet away. We couldn't paddle because the current was holding us against the barge at the point where the river and bow converge. The only way we could move was to put our hands against the bow above our heads and "walk" our way, hand over hand, to the river side of the barge. Thank goodness there weren't two barges tied side by side as they sometimes are.

When we got around the barge we forgot about frogs and beamed our lights on the river ahead of us. Prior to hitting the barge, our trip had been one of hearty conversation and jocularly, but in a heartbeat, had turned to silent thought, gratitude and a VERY WEL-COMED CONSEQUENCE!


We pulled into Ditto Landing just as my dad was arriving. I had done this same trip several times before in a motorboat and never thought much about it...but I will never forget our float trip in the little May Flower.

Over the years I'm not sure what triggers the nightmare, but sporadically I awake in a cold sweat. Then I realize that in my dream we had hit that barge again in the Tennessee River.

Each time I experience this nightmare I acknowledge to a greater power that Coy and I were definitely the recipients of a true miracle on the Tennessee River.

Op' Heidelberg

**Serving hearty German fare
in Huntsville Since 1972.**



6125 University Dr.
922-0556

Frazier Home Inspections, Inc.



Inspections performed
according to ASHI Standards

Johnny Frazier, Inspector
AL License # HI-1047

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

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

Heard in the News

Sleepwalker Takes Tumble Out Of Hotel from 1913 Huntsville Democrat

Anderson Hammer of New Hope walked out of a second story window in the Hotel on Washington Street early Sunday morning while asleep and was seriously bruised about the head and body. Hammer had retired only a short time before and after about an hour got up and walked about in the room, finally going to the front window, out of which he stepped and tumbled head first to the concrete pavement. Hammer is subject to somnambulations and has been known to take nocturnal rambles before.

Bordellos in Huntsville to Close Tonight from 1913 Huntsville paper

The so called segregated or red light district of Huntsville will go out of existence tonight at midnight and by tomorrow, practically all of the occupants of "the houses of our midst" will have departed from the city or changed their mode of making a living.

When the question of abolishing the district was brought before the City Commission in November by a committee representing the Men and Religion Forward Movement, proprietors of the houses agreed to close up quietly and get out provided they were not molested before the first of January. The commissioners entered into this agreement and the action of the police will not be necessary. The women declared their intention of keeping their promise to move away.

Several of the inmates of the houses have already left the city, but a majority are still here however. A few will go to the homes from which they have long been absent but most of them will make their way to other cities and continue their life.

Occupants, as well as patrons, of the houses will face hefty fines in our city court after today.

Other cities have driven the red light districts out before this and the outcome of the experiment in those cities as well as here will be watched with a great deal of interest.

Don't Waste A Good Hand From 1875 Newspaper

A pious father entered a Huntsville saloon the other night with a horsewhip and found his son playing poker. He tanned the young man's jacket and sent him home, and then sat down to finish the game himself.

The son was reported to have been holding aces over kings.

Neals Pressure Washing

WE CLEAN IT ALL!

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

Licensed & Insured

**Proud Member of
the BBB**



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

MARY ELLEN *PETERS*
Company



Re/Max Alliance - (256) 797-0203
Homes@MaryEllenPeters.com
www.HuntsvilleNeighbors.com

Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



We had two winners this month, one for the hidden Santa in the December issue and one for the Photo of the Month. The first caller to find my incredibly tiny Santa I had hidden on p. 32 in the Lumpkin's ad was **Mildred Whitlock**, of Huntsville. She is 87 years old, is retired from working on the Arsenal and has a son & daughter. She is so proud of her 5 grandchildren and 7 great grand kids! Congratulations to you Mildred.

Then, we had multiple callers for the Photo of the Month who was handsome songwriter **George Wells**, 86 years old with over 100 of his songs published. The lady who called said she had met him several years ago at an event at Gibson's BBQ and knew that face! **Jenny McCary** is from Scottsboro and wins a free subscription!

A group of ladies from Beta Sigma Phi sorority was having dinner at Luciano's recently (they have that cozy downstairs dining

area perfect for parties, groups, etc.) and there were two young men providing the background music. They were amazingly good and they are **Jacob Dumbacher** who plays piano and **Jose Javier Vasquez**, Electric/Double Bassist. There was a large crowd there that night and the atmosphere was perfect; everyone was really enjoying the music.

I just wanted to take the time to thank those people who are sending Old Huntsville stories that we can use. Your memories are unique and so interesting and this is how many of the old family stories and "tales" get put into print to be there forever. I know it takes time and thought to create your story and send it, and I appreciate each of you so much. And if you are a regular reader and just don't think your story is interesting - send it - I'll be honest about it and if I can't use it I'll tell you why! As you all have noticed, we don't publish anything that will hurt anyone and we will NOT talk about politics!

Billy Eaves had an 80th birthday on December 6. He called us to say how much he loves reading about our local history. His sweet wife **Carolyn** passed away when they had been married almost 56 years and he misses her every single day. They adopted two children - son **Michael Eaves** and daughter **Eva Combs**. He loves his kids and his grandkids too! Happy Birthday to you, Billy.

Jerry Lankford, Post 237 Honor Guard Commander of 30 years, has been out of action for several

months due to pancreatic complications. He hopes to be well enough to return to the American Legion Feb. 1st. The Post and the Honor Guard miss him and wish him well. It would cheer him up to get a card, that can be sent to American Legion Post 237, 2900 Drake Ave., Huntsville, AL 35805.

Everyone may know this but the other day while getting some pens at Office Depot, I noticed they had Medium point as well as Fine and Extra fine. As my eyes get older it's hard to read even my own writing so I bought the medium point roller balls, and love the heavier ink.

Rosemary Leatherwood of Ole Dad's BBQ in Hazel Green has a birthday on Jan. 28th and we wish her a happy, cozy birthday. She hasn't been feeling great lately so we send love for a speedy recovery. Her grandson **Alex** has a birthday Jan. 31st and he will be 10. The family is always thinking of their loved ones who have passed away, and know one day they'll all be together.

As many recall, the old YMCA building downtown was really in bad shape when **Buck Watson** bought it and began renovations years ago. It is now one of the

Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502

This beautiful lady gave you the news for 2 decades on Ch. 31 WAAY TV and is now embarking on a new career.



Free Attorney Consultation for Bankruptcy

The Law Firm of

MITCHELL HOWIE

Legal Services - Probate - Estate Planning - Wills

256-533-2400

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

most elegant structures in Huntsville. It's hard to believe that Buck has been gone a year, he passed away on Jan. 26 in 2017. He left so many friends and co-workers and family who would love to get just one more hug from him.

The employees of the Madison County Sheriff's office honored **Sheriff Blake Dorning** with a ceremony marking his 34th Anniversary of service to Madison County, Ala. On Nov. 21st. in 1983 Blake was sworn in to service as a Deputy Sheriff by **Sheriff Joe W. Patterson** and quickly rose through the ranks. We thank you for your dedication and hard work and I know your Dad is so proud of you.

I found two fast ways to lose weight. Quit watching cooking shows and printing out the recipes that sound great (mostly desserts). The other tip is don't burn vanilla candles at night. With those candles burning it smells like cookies or cake and all you can do is start baking and eating.

John E. Carson is a contributing writer to Old Huntsville and he is also a writing teacher. On Feb. 1st he will be continuing the Creative Writing Class with a new program called "**The Art of Writing**" focused on the basics of writing creatively - open to both new and former students. There is NO FEE for the class that takes place on Thursdays at the Senior Center on Drake, from 1-3 pm. If you've ever thought about writing your memories or about your family or past events, this is well worth

your time. You can contact John Carson for more information at carsonjohn936@gmail.com.

If you have access to a **Next-Door** group, it might be a good idea to join up. You give your email and then you receive real-time updates about what's going on in your neighborhood. Lots of missing pets, upcoming local events, strange people in the neighborhoods, etc. But this year was a bit different because we found out how many packages had been stolen from porches. It seems that thieves see a box on your porch and feel that it's OK for them to take it from you. I don't remember this happening ever in the past, but there are actions you can take to hopefully prevent theft. Security cameras are good, requiring a signature upon delivery, or having your package sent to a local UPS office or work address - somewhere that won't leave your package outside on a porch. Friends looking out for unusual activity is good too. It's a shame that we have to resort to this but you work hard for what you get. Just be smart about it and be alert in your neighborhood.

Harold Lee Vest had a wonderful story about "The Christmas Purse" in the December issue of Old Huntsville, and it is part of an anthology called "Moments in the Sun" that is published by CBA Publishing (local) and is full of poems and stories from local writers. It's available on Amazon.com and is for sure a feel-good book that you need to add to your collec-

tion. So happy to see that people are not totally moving to computers from books but still like to hold a book in their hands and turn the pages!

The Christmas luminaries and Tour of Homes in Twickenham and Old Town Historic districts were very popular this year in spite of the high winds. It feels like you're transported back to the 1800s and is just peaceful and beautiful to drive around and look at the lights. The homes that were decorated were so much fun to see. It takes neighbors all morning to make up the candles/sand/bags that are put out on the curbs. Then the homeowners are asked to just light the candles in front of their homes. Surprised to see that some of the homeowners were home but just didn't light the candles. Maybe they'll do it next year. Hope so.

Remember NEVER to give any financial information to anyone on the phone who calls you - if you make the call then you're in control - but if someone calls you to tell you your computer has a virus and they can fix it - they CAN'T! They just want access to your computer and your financial info. Some trusting people have lost thousands of retirement dollars thinking they were doing the right thing. You can't trust people anymore who call you, just don't answer at all, or hang up.

Take care of yourselves and watch out for your neighbors. Have a warm cozy January and Happy New Year!

UNITED

Fire, Smoke & Water Restoration Quick Response Team

24/7 EMERGENCY SERVICE

(256) 533-7163

LOUIE TIPPETT

www.united-specialist.com





Cold Weather Comfort Foods

Senate Bean Soup

2 lbs. navy beans, dried
 1 t. garlic powder
 1 t. black pepper
 Salt to taste
 1-1/2 lbs. ham hocks
 2 onions, chopped
 Dash Cayenne pepper
 Wash your beans. Place them in a 6-quart pot with 4 quarts of water boiling. Add spices and the ham hocks and reduce heat to simmer. Boil slowly for 4 hours, pot covered. Pre-cook the onions til light brown and add them to the pot. Taste beans to see if tender, then serve with hot bread and a good salad.

Hot Brown Rice

3 green onions, chopped
 1 stick butter, melted
 1 c. rice
 1 small can mushrooms
 1 can beef consomme

1 can water
 1/2 t. each oregano, thyme and garlic powder
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Preheat your oven to 325 degrees. Spray a 2-quart baking dish with cooking spray. Add all ingredients and bake for an hour. Stir after 30 minutes, cover for the balance of the baking time.

Oven Roasted Potatoes

1 env. Lipton Onion soup mix
 1/3 c. oil
 1/2 t. garlic powder
 2 lbs. potatoes, chunked into medium pieces
 Preheat your oven to 450 degrees. Place all ingredients in a large plastic bag and shake til the potatoes are evenly coated.
 Pour the potatoes into a shallow, greased baking pan. Bake for 40 minutes, stirring occasion-

ally, til they are golden and tender.

Good with chicken or pork.

Savory Sausage Balls

1 lb. sausage
 2 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 2 c. Bisquick mix
 1/2 t. cayenne pepper
 In a large bowl put the sausage, cheese, Bisquick and cayenne. Mix well with your hands, til all is well blended. Roll small balls (large marble size) and place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in preheated 325 degree oven for 20 minutes or so - check to make sure the cheese is lightly browned. Don't overcook!

Alabama Fried Chicken

1 fryer, cut in pieces (or just chicken breasts)

Gibson's

A HUNTSVILLE TRADITION SINCE 1956

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

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

1-lb. Pack (for 4 People)
 One Pound of BBQ Pork,
 Pint Potato Salad
 Half Pint Cole Slaw
 Hot or Mild Sauce.
 8 buns.

\$19.00

2-lb. Pack (for 8 People)
 Two Pounds of BBQ Pork,
 Two Pints Potato Salad,
 One Pint Cole Slaw
 Hot or Mild Sauce.
 16 buns.

\$36.00

3 lb. Pack (for 12 People)
 Three Pounds of BBQ Pork
 Two Quarts Potato Salad,
 One Quart Cole Slaw
 Hot or Mild Sauce.
 24 buns.

\$52.00

3319 MEMORIAL PARKWAY S.W.
256-881-4851

8412 WHITESBURG DR. S.
256-882-0841

- 2 c. buttermilk
- 1/2 c. all-purpose flour
- 1/2 c. corn starch
- 1/2 t. poultry seasoning
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- 2 t. seasoned salt
- 1/2 t. seasoned pepper
- 1/4 t. crushed red pepper flakes

Shortening for frying

Wash the chicken well, remove skin. Place it in a large bowl and pour the buttermilk over it to cover. Soak this way for at least an hour - you'll tenderize the chicken and add flavor.

When ready to cook, melt your shortening in a large skillet. Take a plastic bag and combine the flour, corn starch and next 5 ingredients. Shake well, put your chicken pieces in there one at a time and coat.

Place the chicken in the hot shortening. When it's all in the skillet, brown the chicken on all sides, cover and cook for 30-40 minutes. Turn several times.

Peanut Butter Pie

- 3 egg yolks
- 3 c. milk
- 1 c. sugar
- 1/2 c. cornstarch
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1 c. extra crunchy peanut butter
- 2 t. vanilla
- 1 baked graham cracker crust pie shell
- 1 med. Cool Whip

- 1 pkg. chopped peanut topping

Combine egg yolks and milk in saucepan, blending well. Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt; stir in egg mixture. Cook, stirring constantly til thick.

Pour hot filling in large mixing bowl and cover with waxed paper. Chill an hour. Whip chilled mixture until creamy and add peanut butter and vanilla. Beat til smooth.

Pour filling in pie shell and spoon on Cool Whip, then top with sprinkling of chopped nuts.

Chocolatey Pecan Crisps

- 2 c. all purpose flour
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. baking soda
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 1 c. granulated sugar
- 2 sticks butter
- 1-1/2 t. vanilla
- 2 eggs
- 2 c. semi-sweet choc. chips
- 1 1/2 c. chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In a large bowl mix the flour, salt, baking soda and put aside. Melt the butter in pan, add the sugars, vanilla, eggs. Pour into the dry mixture, mix well. Add the chips and nuts, mixing well.

Spray butter spray onto cookie sheets, drop batter by rounded teaspoonfuls about three inches apart. Cook for 7-9 minutes, cool and remove from pan. Do not overbake.



IN BLOOM
five points

Gifts - Cut Flowers
Plants & Accessories
Weddings - Parties

We deliver fresh
flowers locally

256-519-8898

Ron Cooper

Mark Kimbrough

601 McCullough Ave.

Huntsville Al. 35801



The Historic Lowry House

Reserve your special event in a special location

(256) 489-9200



1205 Kildare Street
Huntsville, Al 35801

Wishing you a prosperous and happy New Year!

Rolo's
Restaurant With
The Trains!



975-E Airport Road

(256) 883-7656

Country Cooking

Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner

Mon. - Sat. 6:30 am - 9:00 pm

Closed Sundays

A Girl Named Smitty

by Fran Miller

I was in the fourth grade the first time I saw Smitty. We'd been in school since September but I'd never seen her before. She showed up in the playground just as I was unwrapping an "O Henry" bar and stuffing it in my mouth.

It was way down in the fall and the weather was getting cold enough to need a sweater for playing outside, but here was this new girl in a faded cotton dress with one sleeve torn loose and even worse than that, she had nothing on her feet; no socks, no shoes, nothing.

The boys from our class were throwing around a football that already had most of the air kicked out of it, while most of the girls stood whispering in tight little circles. The new girl stood off to the side, away from the rest of us, leaning against a Sweet Gum tree. When our teacher Miss Drake ushered us all inside, she took Smitty's hand and led her to the front of the classroom.

"Boys and girls," she said, "today we have a new student, her name is Smitty and she'll be joining our class." Miss Drake smiled at Smitty. "I want you all to make her feel welcome." A few of us mumbled "Hi." The snottier girls giggled and looked away. I didn't know what they thought was funny.

Smitty didn't answer back, she just inched closer to the oil heater that kept the classroom warm, not once lifting her eyes from the plank floor.

Seeing her bare feet gave me the shivers. I had given up going barefoot several weeks before and I couldn't see how she could stand to walk on the cold hard ground with no shoes.

Smitty's face was long and thin, much like the rest of her, and her skin had a pasty, grayish color that kinda reminded me of the oatmeal I hated, but Mama made me eat every morning before going off to school. The "Great Depression" our nation suffered was easing up in most parts of the country, but for whatever reason it still lingered in the deep South, so seeing poor people was not uncommon. Truth be told, along with our family, most everybody we knew would be considered poor and most relied on commodities of cheese and peanut butter to make it to the end of the month. My school and our house was only a few blocks from the poorest section of town, and more than likely it was the poorest place in the entire state of Alabama. People called it "Boogertown". I never knew where that name came from and couldn't think of any reason for

a place to have a name like Boogertown. After awhile I gave up trying to figure it out. I just knew that most people had very little to do with the folks that lived there.

Houses in Boogertown were mostly shacks that had never seen a coat of paint. Some had boards torn off, showing the black tar paper underneath. There was very little grass in any of the yards, which was mainly just dirt and garbage. As far as I knew, none of the houses had electricity or indoor plumbing.

Smitty's appearance left no doubt that's where she was from, and even though there were other kids in school from that part of town, they all had some kind of shoes, even if the shoes were so big the kids had to shuffle along to keep from walking out of them.

Miss Drake put Smitty at a desk close to the front of the classroom and handed her some lined paper and the big fat pencil that was used to grade our papers. Dropping her chin to her chest, Smitty mumbled, "Thank You."

I decided right then and there I was gonna make Smitty my friend.

Next day at recess I walked over to where

Luciano
a fine italian restaurant

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

256-880-9920

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

**Serving a Rich Variety of
European Fare**

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



Music on Friday and Saturday nights

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

she was standing all alone. "Wanna play with us?" I asked.

Without saying a word, she shook her head and walked off.

Every day after that I would ask her to join in whatever games we were playing but each time with only a shake of her head, she'd turn away.

Smitty had only two dresses she wore to school. The second one was in no better shape than the first and with winter creeping up, she still had no shoes. I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. I really wanted to give her a hug until I remembered the tongue lashing I had gotten two years before from both Mama and my second grade teacher, Miss Walker. Miss Walker had told Mama that no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't keep me from rubbing heads with the kids from Boogertown and knowing most of the kids from there had head lice she told Mama she was afraid with all my loving and hugging on these kids, I'd get lice too.

I reckon since Miss Walker was Mama's second cousin, she thought she needed to report all my actions to her.

It wasn't too long before Miss Walker's predictions turned out to be right. I got lice.

Mama was the first to spot them. We were sitting in the front pew at church one Sunday morning when Mama looked down and saw a verminous black dot inching across my head.

She later told Miss Walker after seeing that, it was nothing short of a miracle that she hadn't fainted dead away right there in the middle of Brother Harris' sermon.

I really hadn't meant to, but I passed those little critters to every member of my family including an invalid uncle who lived with us. I liked to hug him too.

After lots of hair washings and some god awful smelling salve smeared on my head every day when I'd leave for school, Mama would warn me not to be hugging on kids from that part of town.

"Yes Ma'am," I'd say and I really did try, but I guess it's just my nature to be affectionate.

It was almost Thanksgiving when I woke up one morning to see frost covering the bushes outside my bedroom window.

Wearing just my flannel pajamas, I raced out the door, anxious to feel the frigid leaves on the tip of my tongue. Frost was about as close as we got to having snow.

"Get back inside before you catch your death," Mama screamed at me from the front door.

That showing of white made me realize Christmas

Bishop 30 Solutions

Home Defense and Tactical Training

Don't Be a Victim - Learn how You Can Protect yourself and your Family - Receive Training in Your Own Home.

Bishop 30 Solutions comes to you and creates a customized plan to fit your needs..



Bishop 30 Solutions founder has 40 years combined experience in the military and Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to help families and groups plan for the unforeseen. All courses of instruction are customized and discreet. A customized plan will be created for you to fit your exact needs.

Training Courses include: Home Defense, Active Shooter, Home Fortification, Protective Patrolling, Bug Out Bag/Evasion, Land Navigation and more

Call for More information - Put Yourself in Control

(256) 513-2280

www.bishop30solutions.com

was not that far off. Just the week before Mama had taken my sister and me downtown for our annual visit to the shoe store. Once a year we would both get a brand new pair of shoes. We always got a size larger than we needed so they'd last all year.

This year I got a pair of Buster Brown saddle oxfords that were brown and white. I don't remember what kind my sister got.

On the bus ride home after our shopping trip, Mama explained that shoes were expensive and these were our Christmas presents. Then as she always did, she told us to take good care of them and reminded us we were not to wear them until after the holidays.

My sister and I looked at each other trying not to giggle out loud, knowing that come Christmas morning along with the shoes, we'd each have one or two wrapped presents under the tree. Along with a stocking that had nuts, an orange and an apple, with a peppermint stick, but best of all, at the very bottom of the sock, there would be a Hershey's chocolate bar.

I wondered if Smitty would get anything for Christmas.

Like I already told you, the days were getting colder and every day after school it was my job to trudge to the alley behind our house and fill the coal scuttle with the fuel we used for both heat and cooking.

It seemed silly to me that the coal truck didn't deliver the coal closer to our house. I was forever complaining because I had to walk to the alley to retrieve it until I remembered Smitty walking five or six blocks to school every day, still without shoes.

By December, Smitty had somehow gotten a coat. It was a ladies coat that was way too big for her. It hung down almost to her ankles, and the sleeves had to be turned over two or three times. Her coat had no buttons, causing Smitty to walk with her arms folded across her chest to hold it together, and she still had no shoes.

A couple of weeks be-

fore school let out for Christmas vacation, Miss Drake wrote each student's name on little pieces of paper and placed them in a brown paper sack. She passed the bag around the room and we were, without looking, each supposed to reach in and draw out a name.

The name we drew was to be our secret pal, and on the day of our Christmas party we could bring that person a gift. Miss Drake said we shouldn't spend more than fifty cents for whatever we bought.

After getting the sack started around the room, Miss Drake left on an errand to the office, telling us we were to be on our best behavior while she was gone.

When the sack got around to some of the snotty girls, I saw them take out a name, snicker, throw it back and keep pulling out names until they got one that suited them.

I was daydreaming about who might draw my name, and I prayed it wouldn't be Jack McNally. He

COMPUTER PROBLEMS?

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

MARK MAGNANT

Secure Remote Access

256-539-1084

Senior Discounts Available

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



Southern Comfort HVAC Services

Residential & Commercial

AL Cert# 02229

"Take Control of Your Comfort"

David Smart



Phone: (256) 858-0120

Fax: (256) 858-2012

Email: schvac@hiwaay.net

www.southerncomforthvac.net



turn to the experts

"I'd like to give you a going-away present. But first, do your part."

Overheard insult

always had snot on his face and since he never carried a handkerchief, Miss Drake would make him go in the cloak room and blow his nose on a piece of scrap paper.

My desk was in the back of the classroom and by the time the sack got to me there were very few names left. I was hoping I would get the name of my best friend, Shirley Ann. I knew exactly what she would like.

I shut my eyes and scattered the few pieces of paper around and lifted one out.

I had drawn Smitty's name.

When Miss Drake came back she asked if we had all had a chance to get a name to be our secret pal.

I raised my hand. "Miss Drake," I said, "would it be alright if instead of buying something, we made a present?"

One of the snotty girls snickered and said, "Guess who doesn't have fifty cents."

It wasn't me I was thinking about, it was Smitty. I didn't know if she had taken a name, and if she had I doubted she would have the money to buy a present.

Miss Drake tilted her head and scooted her glasses further down her nose. "Well now, I never thought of that, but I don't see why it wouldn't work." Turning to the class she said, "You all have a choice, you can either buy a present for your secret pal, or you if you prefer, you can make one."

She walked by my desk, laid her hand gently on my back and whispered, "Thank you."

I couldn't help purring up like a peacock. Most times when a teacher would stop at my desk to say something, it would be to tell me to quit talking so or to stop passing notes to Shirley Ann.

Since I had come up with the idea of making a gift instead of buying one, I felt like I had to think of something to make. The problem was, I wasn't known for being creative and had no idea where to begin.

My friend Carolyn could draw beautiful pictures, but try as I might, when I drew something it always turned out worse than

something a first grader would draw.

My other friend, Martha, could take a few pebbles or some twigs she'd find laying around and make a lovely decoration. I tried to copy her work but before I could get mine glued together, it had already fallen apart.



NORTHEAST BEAUTY

Beautiful, updated immaculate home in peaceful Chase Shadow. Relax in lovely landscaped yard with a view. Granite, new windows and top of the line roof. Hardwoods down and Fireplace. Nice sitting room or nursery off the master bedroom. 1,700 sq. ft. Two or three BR closets and storage. Two car garage.

113 BRIDGESTONE DR. - \$149,500



CALL JOHN
OR PEGGY
RICHARD

SINCE 1972



**BERKSHIRE
HATHAWAY**

HomeServices

Rise

Real Estate

(256) 603-7110

TEAMRICHARDREALTORS.COM

"My friends were dancing in the streets of Huntsville when our first satellite orbited the Earth. They were dancing again when the first Americans landed on the Moon. I'd like to ask you, don't hang up your dancing slippers."

Wernher von Braun



PEARLY'S NATURAL FOOD & MERCANTILE

- Herbs & blends, both cooking & therapeutic
- Beer & wine making supplies
- Supplements
- Essential & fragrance oils
- Incense
- Flours, Grains, nuts & much more

(256) 534-6233

2818-B Governors Dr.
Huntsville, Al 35805

*The greatest gift you can give yourself
is a healthy you!*

Owners - Sonya and Tony Davila

I tried a couple of other ideas but they were all far from good enough.

When I complained to Mama, she said not to worry, she was sure we could find something at the dime store that Smitty would like.

That's when I finally told Mama how really, really poor Smitty was and how sad it made me feel.

Every few days after that Mama would ask me if Smitty had gotten any shoes and I would have to tell her "no."

"Something has to be done. There's no excuse for that child not to have shoes." Mama fumed.

I don't know when the idea struck me, I just know when it did, it stuck in my head and no amount of trying could get it to leave.

"Give Smitty your shoes," I kept hearing over and over in my head.

"Why not," I thought. I could give her my last year's shoes. They were only a little run down at the heels and I'd still have my new saddle shoes to wear. Besides that I had a pair of black patent shoes to wear for church.

The more I thought about it, the better I liked my idea, but I knew there was no way I could give her my shoes at school. I could just imagine what the snotty girls would have to say about that. I also knew it would embarrass Smitty. Poor as they were, people in Boogertown were known for having a lot of pride.

It was getting dusky dark two days before our school Christmas party when I finally made up my mind what

I should do.

Mama was busy fixing supper, I hollered to tell her I'd be outside on my roller skates but would be back before supper was ready. I tucked the shoe box with Smitty's name on it under my bulky sweater and headed out the door. It only took about ten minutes walking up Ninth Avenue to reach Smitty's part of town.

The streetlights and sidewalks ended just after passing the cotton mill, a few steps before the streets of Boogertown. There were no kids playing in the neighborhood, but I knew Smitty's house was the first one in the last row.

When I got close enough and could peek through the curtainless window, I could see Smitty sitting at the kitchen table, her head bent over her spelling tablet. A dim kerosene lamp was the only light in the room.

Moving as quietly as I could and before I could change my mind, I laid the box, the one with my brand new "Buster Brown" brown and white saddle oxfords at her front door.

"Merry Christmas Smitty." I whispered and silently stepped off her porch and headed home.

"Never lend your car to anyone to whom you've given birth."

Erma Bombeck



HUNTSVILLE, AL
(256) 539-9441

LOCATIONS ALSO IN
MADISON AND FAYETTEVILLE

"HOME OF RED CARPET SERVICE"

WWW.WOODYANDERSONFORD.COM

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

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

Including:

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



1911



BPN

BUSINESS PREFERRED NETWORK
EST. 1989

The Turkey Farmer

by Malcolm W. Miller

If there ever was a self-made man, Ernest Horton "Buddy" Wilbourn was the best example that I know of.

I was born on what was known as the Hewlett place, just off Wall Road, in nineteen twenty-seven. Our closest neighbors were the Williams and Wilbourn families. Some time before I ever saw the light of day I understand that Mr. Wilbourn, Mrs. Williams' first husband, was killed by lightning and then she married Mr. Macon Williams who owned the farm adjoining the farm we were living on.

I know Mr. Williams had children but never met them, and we were very close to the Wilbourn family, even my Mom and their mother were very close. There were two girls that I remember, Maxie who never married and Clara who married Roy Wall. There were three boys; Odis, Olin and Horton. They were all good neighbors and fine folks but the one I admired the most and was closest to was Horton.

Back in the nineteen thirties most kids quit school if they made it through junior high which was the ninth grade, but Horton Wilbourn was certainly an exception to the rule. He not only went on and finished high school but managed to go to college and get a degree to become a teacher. How did he do it? Remember this was when we were trying to come out of a Depression. He did it by raising turkeys and anyone who has tried to raise turkeys

knows he had his hands full. It took a lot of hard work and sacrifice and I am sure he must have been discouraged at times but in the end it paid off.

On Oct. 17, 1946, Horton Wilbourn married Laura Mae Herford of the prominent Herford family in Gurley. They raised two fine children, Jim who is a forester and Laura Jo Hamilton who is a well respected Circuit Judge in Madison County. (Ed. note - now retired).

After attending Central School from first grade halfway through the ninth, my family moved to Bob Wade Lane which is in the Meridianville school district. On my first day of school in Meridianville who do I find is the Principal? The man I had known and admired since I was a baby, Buddy Wilbourn! I called him Buddy as I had all my life. However since the other students didn't understand the familiarity I decided I should call him Mr. Wilbourn while at school.

After I finished school at Meridianville and went on to Hazel Green I didn't see him for several years, then one night I went to a rural Mail Carriers meeting and there he was. He had retired from teaching and was running a rural route and farming on the side.

I never asked him what kind of farming he was doing but I'll just bet he wasn't raising turkeys.

"Why do couples hold hands during the marriage ceremony? It's a formality, just like two boxers shaking hands before the fight begins."

Gerald Smith, Gurley



RAY PFEIFFER Investment Executive



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

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

Schedule an appointment today!

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

256.382.6192 | RPFEIFFER@ALABAMACU.COM

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

Cetera Investment Services registered office: 4769 Whitesburg Drive; Suite 102, Huntsville, Alabama, 35802

© 2014 Cetera Investment Services LLC 13-0903 01/14

Chocolate Sabotage

by Mark Dyer

Mother Nature is sneaky and she cheats. Consider the misleading world of the mushroom. Add a little Shiitake and you have yourself a gourmet omelet. Sprinkle some tasty-looking Death Cap into your breakfast quiche and you're up Shiitake creek without a paddle. Don't get me started on pufferfish. Fugu is probably an acronym for "foolish you, go underworld." I mean take a look around. You've got your camouflage, your disguises, your misdirection and a variety of other ploys to validate old Ma Na's master's degree in deception. However, as good as she is and even though she exhibits serious skills, I really have to tip my hat to those crafty devils on Madison Avenue. We're talking post-doctorate deceit here.

Displayed on a bed of romaine while surrounding a nice asiago artichoke dip, poison tree frogs might appear quite yummy, but notice they have the decency to come in garish colors to let you know what they are. Advertisers have no such compunction and if they had their way, I wouldn't be surprised to see Death Cap mushrooms repackaged as "Delightful Doom, the Friendly Fungus." If you are sensing a personal grudge, you are spot on.

My very earliest memory comes from age three and still remains all too vivid, stemming from the fact that some account executive had hooked, reeled in, and nearly succeeded in gutting yours truly as his catch-of-the-day. It was a close call and as you will soon see, the "gutting" part is a pretty good pun. I became the unwitting victim of a miscreant knocking out marketing shtick in an office/lair on the twenty-first floor of Phake-n-Lie Advertising. It doesn't take much to pull the wool over a three-year-old's eyes and I hope he and his sheep are happy together.

Even at this tender age, I was showing signs of serious gullibility, a defect just perfect for transforming me into an un-

witting dupe or, if you speak fluent Decepticon, "target demographic." It didn't help that my little brain had already started meandering down strange pathways such as experiment-oriented thinking or conjuring up the odd hypothesis to test. It turns out these maladies are incurable and I have continued to suffer from a life-long curse of insatiable curiosity. A Samsara shaman once told me it is highly likely that I was a short-lived cat in a previous life.

In 1962, my family and I were living with my grandmother in her tiny asphalt-sided house located just on the outskirts of Fayette, Alabama (population 4,227). Her little home was packed to the gills with the recent addition of my father, mother,

**Your
next move
should be to
Oxford
Townhomes**



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

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




Don't Let Your Allergies Control your Life!



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

Board Certified Otolaryngology with
44 Years Experience

**Pollen - Dust - Mold
Immunization**

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

(256) 924-8311

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

older brother, Brownie the Wonder Dog (we wondered why he always stunk), and of course, yours truly, the Son-dunce Kid. I don't think we were on the lam at this time, but we were definitely between jobs. As you can imagine, privacy was at a premium and this situation put a severe crimp in my criminal pursuits and studies.

As I write this some sixty years after the fact, I can no longer recall the exact circumstances surrounding the targeting of my first criminal endeavor. Suffice to say I somehow became aware of a hidden stash of chocolate and chewing gum in our medicine cabinet and as a typical three-year-old, I was always on the prowl for serendipitous snacking. Oh, I had some inkling about medicine cabinet prohibitions and understood the off-limits nature of this vault in our bathroom, but the lure was simply too great. I remained patient, biding my time until the right opportunity presented itself and, if you are keeping track, this is Criminal Mastermind Step One, Sensible Planning. Check.

On a warm summer day, while my brother was roaming the neighborhood with other delinquents, I noticed my parents and grandmother strolled out to stand in the front dirt to chat with my unaware and completely innocent accomplice. I suddenly had the house to myself and it was time to implement Criminal Mastermind Step Two, Execute Plan. I crept into the bathroom, keeping an eye on my distracted parole board through the screen door in the living room. They seemed well engaged, but I assumed my window of opportunity was limited and moved with urgency. I scaled the commode and while kneeling on the edge of the sink, opened the door to my dreams and snatched out a chocolate bar and pack of gum. Step Two, Execution of Sensible Plan. Check.

Surprisingly, I wasn't caught in the act and cleanly escaped with booty in hand. Springing down from my perch, I observed my parents still blissfully chatting, unaware of the crime that had just occurred under their very noses. I scurried to my pre-determined ultra-secret hideaway behind the sofa to enjoy my spoils. Criminal mastermind Step Three, Successful Getaway. Apparent Check.

I was immediately faced with the dilemma of which treat to consume first. In spite of the pleasant rush of malfeasance, I took a few seconds to carefully examine my options. Chewing all ten pieces of gum would require a laborious effort, critically delaying my chocolate feast. I calculated it was just a matter of minutes before I was discovered and speed was of the essence. Yep, definitely best to get rid of

I have bad reflexes. I was run over once by a car being pushed by two guys.

Mary's Rugs

New Rugs Arriving Daily

Huge Selection of Rugs

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



Kenny & Mary Harbin, Owners

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

Rectangle Rugs and runners in all sizes

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

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

GALEN'S IN FIVE POINTS

Real Southern Cooking including chicken fried steak,
meatloaf, pot roast, pork tenderloin, catfish and BBQ.

Delicious fresh vegetables, breads and desserts.

Come in for a hearty breakfast with friends.

Private room available for meetings, parties,
reunions, etc.

Open from 6 am - 2 pm - 7 days a week

256-715-8244

607 Andrew Jackson Way
in Five Points

Bring Your Appetite!

www.galensrestaurant.com



all the evidence post haste and I determined to immediately devour the chocolate while saving the gum for last.

I unwrapped the foil, exposing twelve segmented, chocolate rectangles. A veritable banquet! Breaking off the first piece and popping it into my mouth, I savored an awful and acrid taste that didn't remotely resemble what was expected. I was chomping away on some terrible stuff, but as a matter of criminal mastermind principle, I gagged down every last morsel.

After that disappointment, I had high hopes for my stolen gum. Sadly, it also proved to be nasty, tasting more like a dirty flip-flop. Thankfully, there was at least some minty flavor that helped purge the dreadful remnants of my chocolate sabotage.

Within a half hour, a malodorous condition wafted throughout grandma's house and before long, the neighbors were demanding an official investigation. At first, the blame fell to innocent Brownie, but he was exonerated when the stench was tracked to the prolific production from yours truly.

Before long, I had the house to myself, during which Mr. Thomas Crapper's creation and I developed an intimate and exclusive relationship. I became intensely focused on survival and all thoughts of a getaway vanished.

Brownie, ever on patrol for some fallen morsel, discovered the discarded foil wrappers and

soon panic struck our household as my crime was revealed. As the cause of my mysterious condition was realized, I was bundled into a blanket (to prevent me from decorating the interior of our 1955 Plymouth) and whisked off to the local sawbones. The doctor examined me from a considerable distance and pronounced that I would most likely live and to keep me full of fluids for the next day or two or until my digestive state returned to human.

Employing 20-20 hindsight, the fact that I had launched my criminal mastermind profession before I could read was probably a significant mistake. Although, I am not sure that even if I had been able to sound out the letters E-X-L-A-X or F-E-E-N-A-M-E-N-T-G-U-M, the words would have held any meaning. After all, these were not exactly the common offerings found in first grade primers. It was years before I would touch anything resembling chocolate or gum.

I sat on my throne for long periods while other members of the family entered and exited the bathroom as quickly as possible.

A single instant stands out so clearly, it still remains bright, just as though it happened yesterday. My mother was standing beside me at the sink as I sat hunched over, moaning softly. I looked up to her, hoping for some compassion in the midst of my misery.

Mom gazed down at me with her tender brown eyes and while holding her nose, she quietly, almost imperceptibly, chuckled.

GLASS

For Any Purpose

PATTERNS
FOR—

Table Tops
Dressers
Radio Tables
Desks
Mantles
Counters
Etc!

All edges ground
and polished.

Call 364 and let
us make you an
estimate.

**Huntsville
Glass & Paint Co.**

(Original ad from Jan. 30, 1940)

Offering

**Historical Quality
Restoration Glass**

*Serving our good customers
for 70 years*

**256-534-2621
2201 Holmes Ave. NW**

Star Market and Pharmacy

Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy

**Your Friendly Neighborhood
Pharmacy & Grocery Store**

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



1915 News Items



A Bunch of our Good Shingles

Would last a long time in a family with only one child and quite a long time in one having a bunch of kids. They shed water like a duck. It always pays to buy the best because you get best results. We will nail them on well.

Dealer in Lumber and Building material, Huntsville Alabama
A. M. Booth

Busy Night for the Police

Patrolmen Walter Sanders and Frank McKissack last midnight raided a crap game on Winston Street and arrested seven men, all of whom found lodging later in the city prison, where these same officers also furnished accommodations for the four drunken men and two others who mixed up in an affray on west Clinton Street. This was one of the busiest nights the police have had since the Christmas holidays.

Worst Sleet falls here in Many Years

North Alabama is beneath a mantle of sleet and snow, making this the worst winter day that has been experienced in this part of the south in many years. Both telephone and telegraphic service are partially crippled and streetcar traffic is difficult because the trolleys fail to perform their duty. Trees are hanging with icicles and in every way the entire outdoors presents a frightful sight of winter.

The Decatur Daily Celebrates a Birthday

The Daily Times extends its hearty congratulations to the editors and publishers of The Decatur Daily, which has just celebrated its fourth anniversary. The policy of our Decatur contemporary is sound. It has made a splendid reputation by always taking the moral side of every public question and is today regarded as one of the ablest newspapers in the state.

W. R. Shelton is the splendid publisher; H.D. Harkreader, the brilliant edi-

tor and T. H. Alexander the gifted associate, together with all the others who make or contribute in any way to the publication of that wonderful journal deserve the plaudits of that delightfully progressive community.

We are proud of The Decatur Daily and wish it a hundred years of usefulness and general public service.

Wanted to see Foot Come Off

John Murray, of Athens, an aged and well known man, recently agreed to submit to the amputation of his foot and insisted that it be severed without the aid of any anesthetic. The old man gritted his teeth and watched the doctors as they cut thru flesh and bone as they used to do in the old days before the discovery of ether.

The operation was entirely successful and Mr. Murray recovered but a few days afterward he began to have excruciating pains which seemed to be localized beyond the end of the severed limb just where the foot used to be. The amputated foot was dug up carefully, straightened out and wrapped in cotton and reburied with the result that Mr. Murray is now resting in perfect comfort.

W. H. Walton and prominent citizen of Athens vouches for the absolute truth of the above facts.



“Neat and Affordable”

Interior and Exterior Painting

Wallpaper Removal & Sheetrock Repairs

Home Repairs and Remodeling

All Pressure Washing Services

Let us Help with All your Home Repairs

256-683-0326

Call for a Free Estimate



Email us at whitesockpainting@yahoo.com

Proud Member of BBB

3313 Highway 53 - Huntsville, Al 35806

Golden K Spotlight Ray Weinberg



Photo by Skio Vaughn

Vietnam veteran Ray Weinberg of Huntsville has three children, 18 grandchildren and 24 great-grandchildren.

Former Signal Officer Served Two Tours in Vietnam War

by Skip Vaughn, Editor of the Redstone Rocket
(Written Aug. 19, 2015)

Huntsville resident Ray Weinberg remembers the unwelcome reception he received as a returning veteran from Vietnam.

"When we landed in the United States we were told to get into civilian clothes as soon as you can. The military was having all kinds of problems," Weinberg said. He saw anti-war protesters when he and other

returning soldiers landed at Travis Air Force Base, California.

"I was more scared coming back to the United States than I was when I was over there," he said.

The Los Angeles native served two one-year tours in Vietnam. His first assignment, from December 1966 to December 1967, was as a signal officer in Laos for the Joint U.S. Military Advisory Group. He was a Captain in civilian clothes working in communications for the Army and Air Force. Weinberg helped establish the first telephone system within the city of Vientiane, Laos.

About 30 enlisted service members, also in civilian clothes, were part of the group he commanded. "They were great people. Sometimes they were by themselves stuck out in the middle of nowhere," he said. "But they kept us going. We didn't lose a man."

In his second tour, this time as a Major in uniform, Weinberg served from December 1969 to December 1970 in Long Binh. He was a signal officer assigned to the general staff to provide support for the 1st Signal Brigade.

"One of my major duties was the signal towers we put antennas on up and down the whole country," he said.

Weinberg remembers about two tense incidents in Long Binh involving civilians, who couldn't be identified as either friend or foe. Some would try to grab the Soldiers' weapons. "It was scary at times," Weinberg said.

He deployed from Fort Gordon, Georgia, for his first tour and then arrived at Redstone in August 1968. For his second tour, he deployed from Redstone while his family stayed here. He signed back into Redstone in January 1971.

Weinberg got drafted in 1952 while working as an

"The key to being a good manager is keeping the people who hate me away from those who are still undecided."
Casey Stengel

ATEC Pest Problems?
PEST CONTROL SUPPLY COMPANY
 Use what the Pros use to get rid of termites, roaches, ants, spiders, mice, snakes & fleas.
 (256) 533-6754
 3804 Governors Dr.
 Mon - Fri 7am - 5pm
 Mention this ad and get 10% first treatment.

engineering draftsman at the Naval Station at China Lake, California. He was in the infantry with orders to deploy to Korea when the Korean War ended in 1953. Instead, the then Private went to Fort Bliss, Texas, for basic electronics. He ended up serving more than 20 years in the Army, retiring in 1973 as a Major who was the administrative officer at the Ordnance School at Redstone.

He was the Director of Maintenance for Huntsville City Schools until he retired in 1988.

"I wasn't involved in combat (in Vietnam)," the former signal officer said. "I saw a lot of it but I wasn't involved in it. I wasn't on the front lines or anything.... I kept my head down. I was very lucky."

Weinberg, 85 (now 88), resides in Huntsville with his wife, Kathleen. They have two sons; Paul of Madison County and Allan of Dandridge, Tennessee, and one daughter, Nina Lawles, of Huntsville; 18 grandchildren; and 24 great-grandchildren. "The Lord's been good to me, everybody's well," the lifelong bowler said.

One of his granddaughters and her husband visited Vietnam several years ago. But Weinberg has no plans to return.

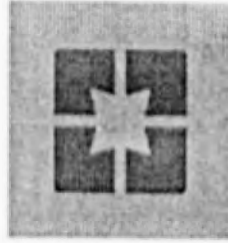
"I have no desire to," he said. "There are better places to go - like Hawaii."

Editor's note: This is the 32nd in a series of articles about Vietnam veterans as the U.S. celebrates the 50th anniversary of the Vietnam War.

Update: Skip Vaughn's book "Vietnam Revisited" is now available on Amazon and contains stories from many vets who served our country in Vietnam.

You can reach Skip Vaughn at skip.vaughn@theredstonerocket.com

We're Celebrating 60 Years In Business!



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

Rollins Air Conditioning Co.

Huntsville-Madison County, Alabama

We're Celebrating 60 years in Business with our great customers in North Alabama! To say Thank you we are offering a free 5-year Warranty with the purchase of any Bryant/Carrier Evolution or Inverter Technology Heat Pump through Nov. 30, 2017.

Check the website for further information:

www.RACCOAIR.com

We are also offering similar deals on all of our BRYANT/CARRIER Products

(256) 859-1747

You receive a special discount for any Fall/Winter service maintenance check-ups.
Call for more information!

Our State of Alabama Certificate Number is 83980

Tenders!



*Where the
chicken is
kickin'!*



Dine-in or Carry-out!

Yes! We Cater!!!

533-7599
800 Holmes Ave.
Five Points

464-7811
Madison

On Hwy. 20 - Across from Walmart

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!

New Year's Resolutions

by Elizabeth Wharry

New Year's resolutions. The most common resolutions are to lose weight, get in shape, eat healthier and quit smoking. Those are fine ideals that affect our outward appearance. And there's nothing wrong with wanting to live a healthier lifestyle.

Sadly, most resolutions died within the 30 days that it takes to effect the change. Why? Because we set ourselves up for failure. We expect to lose 25 pounds in a month, or regain our youthful figure. We didn't gain the weight overnight. I've never seen anyone go to bed slim and trim then wake up fat. That would be a medical first! As we mature, we lose the youthful shape we once had. Take care of who you are now. If you find yourself sitting a lot why not try chair yoga?

If you choose to quit smoking, going cold turkey and succeeding the first time is unrealistic. Be patient with yourself!

So here are some thoughts on resolutions. Start on any day except Monday. Wait until January 2nd or 3rd or 4th. Set a target date, but be realistic. Remember it takes 30 days to break a bad habit. If you find yourself back sliding, start again. Bad habits were not acquired overnight. Tell a friend about your goal. Sometimes having support and encouragement really helps make that goal a little bit easier to achieve.

Start by spending less time on Facebook and more time face-to-face. Go to lunch with a friend. Call someone you've lost touch with. Schools, nursing homes, churches and Civic organizations are always looking for volunteers. What a great way to meet new people.

My point is, instead of changing the outside, why not change the inside? By changing the inside, the outside follows suit. After hitting a goal, treat yourself to a manicure, pedicure, a new hairstyle or a trip to someplace you enjoy.

My resolution is to continue to age grace-

fully and yet retain a youthful attitude. I want to be that woman that my kids and grandkids are going to look at and say, "Oh no, what is she up to now!?" Just remember, growing old is mandatory while growing up is optional!

Wishing everybody a happy, healthy, blessed New Year!



Shiloh United Methodist Church
Ryland Pike & Dug Hill Road
welcomes you to worship with us as we
continue to study and follow God's Word.

Sunday School 9:30 a.m. in Education Wing
Worship Service 10:45 a.m. in Sanctuary

Farewell to Pastor Heidi Bender
January 7th 10:45 a.m.
Everyone Welcome.

Welcome incoming Pastoral Leader
Samuel Pierce and his wife Kelly Pierce
January 14th 10:45 a.m.

Nursery provided for all services.

**Marriage is the triumph of
imagination over intelligence.
Second marriage is the triumph of
hope over experience.**



BPR
BILL POOLE REALTY
Commercial Brokerage



R
REALTOR®

Bill Poole

100 Church Street,
Suite 525
Big Spring Summit
Huntsville, Al 35801

Office 256.533.0990
Home 256.880.2000
Cell 256.651.1349
Fax 256.534.1234

EMAIL BILL@BILLPOOLEREALTY.COM

Beauty Beyond Compare

by Lena Mae Nelson

The night was clear. The big full yellow moon shone brightly surrounded by millions of twinkling stars. It was a beautiful night. My son Cedric and I were en route to Madison, Alabama for our annual Christmas visit. As we drove along I reminisced about the numerous times I had flown and the different skies I had seen.

Back in 1974, I flew from San Antonio, TX to Ohio. It was a Texas hot August day. The sky was royally blue with the sun shining brightly. We had to make a stop in Chicago, IL. As we approached Chicago, I noticed clouds began to come into view. Then they became thick and looked like tiny cotton balls stuck together like dinner rolls. It was the most interesting view I have ever had of the sky. We were riding above in sunshine with the quilt of clouds beneath us. As we approached the airport, we dipped into the clouds and they became thin and gray. Rain droplets hit the plane. The beauty of the vast blue sky with the bright red sun was gone. We could only see the strength of the mighty dark storm clouds above.

I remembered my first nocturnal trip flying from New Orleans to Birmingham. After we left the bright lights that shined below in the streets of the city, there was a vast darkness in the sky. It was midnight blue with stars twinkling like Christmas lights. It was an indescribable beauty beyond compare. Only the moon was shining in the distant sky.

On our journey to Alabama, the sky reminded me of that beautiful New Orleans sky. My son was driving and enjoying a nice jazz song. However, I decided to quiz him on his thoughts about the sky. I said, Cedric, "How would you describe the sky?"

His answer amazed me. He said, "The sky is so vast! Each of us can share in the fresh air that it creates, yet it is so personal. The sky is majestic. When the sky is grey, what do you see? Do you see depression or do you see power in the mist of a struggle? Do you see victory in the time of a storm before the sky is clear? The sky tells us a story of life. It tells us that not all of our days will be sunny days, but if we keep holding on, we will ever last in victory as the sky ever lasts in our solar system. It is the essence of the

Hampton Cove Funeral Home, Crematory and Cemetery

Helping Families Honor the Lives of Those They Love

Affordable Funeral Packages Done with Dignity

Simple Cremation

\$1,295.00

Includes Removal
Within 35 Miles

Call for details on Prices
and Preplanning

256-518-9168

Hampton Cove Funeral Home

6262 Highway 431 South
Hampton Cove, Al 35763

*Express Wash
Includes a
Free Vacuum*

256.532.2107



Lee's Express Wash

1220 Memorial Parkway NW

www.leesmagictunnel.com

presence of a supernatural power. It is clear, pure and wonderful. Look up and see visions, destiny, dreams, hope and unlimited mercy. It is a portrayal of supernatural love and glory."

"The sky is enormous. It holds the sun and gives us glorious sunlight by day and embraces the moon and stars by night. The sky encompasses all that we see above. It allows us to look up and see how far we can reach to new heights. It is beyond our comprehension with endless possibilities. It is a reflection of everlasting calm waters. It is serene and graceful. It is immeasurable. It is a wonder of extraterrestrial life. The sky produces inclement weather such as the rain, hail, snow, sleet, fog and storms. Then it gives us the sunshine and gorgeous rainbows. Trees reach for it. Birds soar through the air toward it and airplanes fly through the atmosphere, yet nothing or no one can find the end of its boundaries."

"The sky can be a peaceful blue, a graceful violet, a powerful grey, a serene aqua, a midnight blue or a glorious sunset orange. It is a celestial peace."

I said thank you to my son for his vision. As we continued our journey, I looked toward the sky as the sun began to rise. It was a beautiful soft blue with a big red bright sun peeking over the horizon. It was a beauty so far away, yet so close to home.

To each of you, I say; "Look up toward the sky. Imagine all that you can fathom, and I dare say that you will see a beauty beyond compare!"

Easy Peach Cobbler

- 1 stick butter
- 1 c. flour
- 1 t. baking powder
- 2/3 c. sugar
- 2/3 c. milk
- 1 lrg. can peaches

Melt butter in cast iron skillet (or medium pan). Mix flour, baking powder, sugar and milk. Pour flour mixture into pan with butter. Add 1/3 cup sugar to the peaches, while still in can. Pour peaches on top of flour mixture and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes and browned.

Rooster's Crow Coffee Roastery

8402 Whitesburg Drive
Building H
Huntsville, AL 35802



256-763-0805

Open Monday-Saturday 6:00am-6:00pm
Closed Sundays

"With much affection for what is on the inside of the cup!"

Public service message from Old Huntsville Magazine

There are two very simple things you can do to protect yourself from scam calls.

1. Don't answer the phone if you don't recognize the number. If it's your family/friends they will leave a message.
2. Don't EVER give financial information over the phone. This includes credit card #s, Social Security #s, Bank Account #s, Medicare #s - Never give your Personal information to anyone on the phone.

Requests from legitimate agencies (like IRS, etc.) will always come in the mail.

It's a shame we can't be trustful now, but we can't. There are people who are very slick and will make you think they are trying to help you. Hang UP on them. This is a very serious problem and you need to outsmart THEM.



Don't Be Scammed

Outsmart the People who are Trying to Steal from You.

FIRST IN SPACE

A HUNTSVILLE LANDMARK

On May 28, 1959 two monkeys (a squirrel monkey named Baker and a rhesus monkey named Able) were strapped into the nose cone of a Huntsville-built Jupiter ballistic missile and blasted into a fifteen-minute suborbital space flight to test effects of this new environment on mammals before man would risk himself in his quest for the stars.

Although both monkeynauts survived the historic flight, Able died soon after re-entry. Miss Baker, the sole survivor, would go on to live an incredible twenty-five more years while becoming one of the world's most famous and adored monkeys.

Miss Baker was born in a Peruvian jungle in 1957. She was taken from her habitat shortly thereafter and was subjected to an intense pre-flight program to condition her to being strapped into a miniature couch during her flight for mankind. She was a spunky little squirrel monkey all her life. Her first response to humans after the flight was to bite her handler. Her last act before her death in 1984 was again to bite her handler.

In between she became the cornerstone and prime attraction of the Huntsville Space and Rocket Center. She was in no small way responsible for the museum's growth and popularity that today has reached international proportions.

Miss Baker was beloved by children all over the world and in her lifetime received thousands of letters and appeared on twenty network news shows over the years. Typical letters to Miss Baker usually inquired of her health and would ask her if she needed or wanted a new friend. Children also were curious if Miss Baker saw any Martians while in space.

The little monkey (14 oz.) was under meticulous medical care during her entire life in captivity. Besides her Huntsville veterinarian, the Primate Center's monkey specialists

in Atlanta always on call in case of any dramatic change Baker's condition.

Unfortunately, nothing is forever and in fall of 1984 Miss Baker passed into legend. She was mourned worldwide for she was the little monkey that blazed a trail into space that men and women would later follow. Her tombstone in the Space and Rocket Center reads:

MISS BAKER
SQUIRREL MONKEY
BORN 1957 - DIED NOV 29, 1984
FIRST U.S. ANIMAL TO FLY IN SPACE
AND RETURN ALIVE

ROCKET CITY
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

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

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

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

www.rocketcityfcu.org

Equal Housing Lender
Member Since 1974
NCUA
National Credit Union Administration

"I support the three basic food groups: keg...bottle... can."

Mike Self, Huntsville

Alabama Coin & Silver

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

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

We Buy and Sell Rare Coins and Collectibles

Local News 1907

- In the recorder's court this morning Peter Stevens, arrested for disorderly conduct, was fined \$5 and costs.

- John Williams, an old man who was arrested a few days ago for drunkenness, was ordered released and directed to leave Huntsville at once. Williams is quite an old man being 72 years of age and Mayor Smith took pity on him. The man said he had no family and didn't have a reason to live.

- Because of an open switch on the Southern railway freight train No. 306 - J. Edward, engineer and switch train No 431 with Conductor Miller in charge - collided on the side track on Meridian Street late yesterday afternoon, wrecking and derailing two cars of the regular train, demolishing the pilots of both engines, smashing the front of a car and the trucks of the end of the switch train. No one was hurt.

- Hon. W. T. Lawler, Probate Judge of Madison County, entered upon his 4th year of office on Monday morning with every deed mortgage left on the books from the past year. Business is heavier than ever and the Probate office is especially busy.

- Mrs. Elma Wesley died of apoplexy in Merrimack. A long time resident of Merrimack Village, she died last night after a few days illness with apoplexy. She left three daughters.

- The flood washed out a bed down the gutter and being unable to get in the storm sewer at Randolph Street, passed on down to Clinton and flooded that corner. No damage whatsoever was done by the flood.

- The daily newspapers of the city are the chief sufferers from flooding because they had to depend on water power to run the presses. The Evening Banner was caught half through with its editions and city subscribers were furnished with the paper in an unusual form. The Evening Tribune,

which had gotten into trouble at its own plant and was depending on the Mercury plant for publication, was unable to get out at all.

- Three buildings on Jefferson Street burned Sunday night. A violent blaze that could be seen for a mile is supposed to have originated from a live wire in the grocery store of C.K. Brown. On Sunday evening it ruined three of the small frame buildings across from the McGee Hotel on Jefferson Street and resulted in a property loss of about \$2,000. The losses were as follows: C.K. Brown, grocery, loss \$900; Cedar Garden restaurant owned by Mary Gray, loss \$200, James McKee, stock of wallpaper and building, loss \$900.

- An older man, too drunk to walk, was arrested this afternoon by Officer Bullard on a charge of drunkenness. The old man was too intoxicated to walk alone and he was hauled to the city lockup in a delivery wagon. His granddaughter paid the fine and took him home. She said this happened before and it won't be the last.



AUCTION

2 SALES TO START OFF THE NEW YEAR!

JANUARY-2018 AUCTION DATES

NO BUYER'S PREMIUM!
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
ACCEPTED!
OVER 50+ YEARS!

**B & W
AUCTION**
356 Capshaw Road
Madison, AL 35757
256-837-1559

CLIMATE-CONTROLLED
SMOKE-FREE FACILITY!
BUILDING WILL BE FULL!

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13th @ 2:00 PM = EDDIE from PA's ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S SALE! Great Selection of Antiques, featuring Furniture, Advertising, Vintage Toys, and many other RARE & UNIQUE Collectibles, Smalls, & Glassware. Photos of sample lots can be viewed on AuctionZip.com. **OVER 700 LOTS! LOTS SOLD ABSOLUTE!**

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27th @ 2:00 PM = TONY from OHIO will headline his first auction of 2018 selling ANTIQUES, FURNITURE, COLLECTIBLES, & GLASSWARE, Plus some of our BEST Lots from local estates & consignors! View Pictures of lots on AuctionZip.com **OVER 700 LOTS! ALL LOTS SOLD ABSOLUTE!**

***For more pictures, listings, details, and directions, log onto www.auctionzip.com ~ Auctioneer I.D. #5484. Call us for questions, inquiries, and seating at 256-837-1559!!**

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

Wilson Hilliard, ASL #97

Bill Ornburn, ASL #683

PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Should you Add a Bird to your Family?



Coming home to the enthusiastic greetings of your flock after a long day at work is one of life's greatest pleasures. Before you add companion birds to your family, though, check these tips and make sure you're prepared for the leap.

Parrots, songbirds and pigeons are intelligent, social animals. The same cleverness and flocking instincts that make them particularly attractive pets are also reflected in some of the difficulties in keeping them healthy.

The Good

- **Intelligent** - The idea of a "bird brain" being stupid is nonsense. Birds can count, recognize words and learn tricks. Some kinds can learn to speak. For a long time, people believed that the parrots and starlings were simply mimicking sounds. They can actually compose sentences that are appropriate for the situation and talk around the words they don't know, just like a human trying to speak a foreign language.

- **Friendly** - Most pet birds enjoy cuddles and scratches, and they love to be involved in whatever you're doing. Your parakeet, myna, or parrot will enjoy crawling around on you while you lounge in front of the television or chat online with your friends. The finches will sing along with your Youtube videos.

- **Beautiful** - What else needs to be said here?

The Bad

- **Easily bored** - If a dog is bored too often, he might chew things he shouldn't and make a mess. If a pet bird is bored too often, he gets depressed and starts to cut himself or pull out his feathers. This is especially difficult with a single bird. If you decide to adopt a bird, consider getting two or more, so they can keep each other company.

- **Risk of injury** - This is mainly about the parrots. A frightened bird will bite. The beaks that are meant to dig into live trees and to crack open walnuts are strong and

sharp enough to draw blood. The larger ones can bite off fingers. Never leave small children alone with a pet parrot. If there are children in the home, enforce the rule that they never approach the parrot without you or another adult whom the parrot trusts.

- **Cost** - Care and maintenance of a bird is not a cheap hobby. Food and chew-toys for two or three parrots or cockatiels will run approximately \$100 a month. The same for five or six finches will often come to \$25-50. This is not including the purchase price of the animal, the cages, the first round of toys and dishes, or veterinary fees.

You probably don't want to know the monthly costs for the largest macaws, but here's a hint: the price of a single chew-toy to last three or four days is in the range of \$60-120.

- **Noise** - Some kinds of birds are surprisingly loud, even when they are calm and happy. Will you always be living in situations that can tolerate this? If not, be very careful in your choice of pet.

- **Pet-sitting and long-term care** - It can be very difficult to find a competent pet sitter for a bird. Start your search early, and introduce the sitter to the bird before his services are needed. If you choose a type of parrot, you'll also need to make arrangements for someone else to take in the birds when you are no longer around to care for them. Some birds can live 30 years or longer. Again, start early and also contact the local rescue organizations.

The Verdict?

You've given it some thought and investigated all the details about your favorite species. If you're sure you're ready to add a bird or three to your family, wait a week and then start looking for the right individual birds. Not everybody was as careful when they added a bird to the household, so there are many rescue birds in foster care and parrot shelters. Consider helping one or more of these birds find their forever home.

Renfroe Animal Hospital and Bird Clinic



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

Phone 256-533-4411

Hours by Appointment

1012 Mem. Pkwy. NW

Across from Books A Million

From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Old Home Place

From a 1921 interview with
Mrs. Martha Weeden



It is not very often that we are privileged to learn history from the lips of those who helped to make it. Their ranks are thinning most as fast as leaves in the Autumn, and precious indeed are the few we are still permitted to honor here for yet awhile. It is one of these few of which we write - a patrician old lady in an old, old home. Although past the allotted three score and ten, she is very active. Her mind is as clear as it was fifty years ago. She is state historian for her U.D.C. chapter, carries on all her correspondence and does not look to be a day over sixty years of age.

True, her hair is snowy white, but her eyes are beautiful as the eyes of youth and her exquisite face is like a cameo in its beauty - a beauty that seems to borrow the light. That her life has been one of the Golden Rule, there is no doubt.

Let us now go back to a winter evening in 1832, in Huntsville, Ala., when 'mid all the quiet elegance of that faraway day, Miss Jane Locke Brahan, daughter of General Brahan of Huntsville, became the bride of Robert M. Patton, formerly of Monroe County, Virginia, but then of Alabama.

Much to the delight of friends and neighbors, they made their home in Florence, where Mr. Patton had prepared a lovely house for his bride. Shortly before the marriage, General Brahan's home at Brahan Springs, near Huntsville, was burned.

This house was just above the spring famous for its waters and which even until this day is known as Brahan's Spring.

During the summer of 1832, General Brahan visited Florence, and being attracted by the spring there, he purchased it with 42 acres around it. This spring was known in its Indian name, "Succatania," the translation of which is "Sweetwater," and by that name the place has since been known.

General Brahan began to build his residence, and had the brickwork up to the windows on the first floor completed when his large planting interests in Panola County, Miss., necessitated his personal atten-

tion. On his return he took a severe cold and on reaching Florence, it developed into pneumonia, of which a few days later he died.

He had appointed Mr. Robert Patton executor of the estate, in the division giving the Sweetwater property to Major R.W. Brahan, oldest son of the General, the sons John and Thomas being given the plantations in Panola County, Miss., where they spent their lives.

Major Brahan's wife objected to living in what was then the country, so Mr. Patton exchanged his town residence in part payment to Major Brahan for the uncompleted home at Sweetwater.

This Mr. Patton completed in the summer of 1835, moving in at that time. Of the nine children born to Mr. and Mrs. Patton, all save two were born in this old house, and these two (John B., in 1834, and William S., in 1837) were born in Florence. In this house the "Old Master" died in 1885 and "Old Missus" in 1902 went to join him. Recently, her



Steve Cappaert
Broker - Associate
651-7517 Mobile



AVERBUCH
Realty Co., Inc.



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

reminiscence was so delightful and so full, if that not found in books, it is worth of repetition and recognition by those who would know Alabama when the state was young.

Mrs. Weeden is the daughter of Governor Patton and was born, reared and married in the old home she now resides during the summer and where she spent many years of her happy married life. It is from her lips that we have the story of the house - the house whose walls are 15 inches thick, shutting out summer heat and winter cold.

The oil light fixtures are still there, but have been wired for electricity - the same old fixtures that almost a century ago held the lard that was burned instead of oil, for those were the days before petroleum was known.

A few of the old locks are still on the doors, and the porches are the very same bannisters, posts and marble hewn steps, just as they were originally built.

The long walk and driveway to the gates now is well kept, but in the days gone by it was always kept snow white with Mussel Shoals shells taken from Patton Island. The fountain in the center of the driveway is playing now as it played years ago, and getting water from the same spring.

The ringer, as old fashioned as its name, and the giant knobs on the massive front doors are of solid silver. In these rooms assembled guests who came from end to end of the state and who helped to make the early history of the state.

During the war, at one time twenty wounded Confederate

soldiers were there sheltered and cared for. The house was centrally located between the Huntsville and Nashville roads. Its broad lawns were used as camping grounds by both armies.

To the right of the entrance hall is the room where Mrs. Weeden's children were born. The old poster bed - beautiful in its age - has been hers for many years. Originally it was General Brahan's and is solid mahogany. For a long time this room was Mrs. Weeden's treasure, but now her two little granddaughters have "moved in" too, and all three enjoy the privileges of a room which to at least one of them is memory shadowed.

"I spend my summers here," said Mrs. Weeden. "I love my Huntsville home almost as well as this one, but this one is just a little dearer, for it was our first home - where we all were

reared, and all but two of us born there in that old bedroom, for that was Ma's room. Every inch of it is dear to me." Back she drifted to that other day when memories now were realities then, and feet long stilled made merry through the long halls, and over the stairways where now a younger generation is living life under a different regime.

"The other evening we had a party here," said she, "and how it carried me back to hear the music in the old home. For you know in this, as one of the homes of the Southland, guests were always so welcome, and times were never dull. We had two fiddlers on the place, and they were always so pleased and proud to play for the company."

"These rooms were the parlors and were always open. Here we had the best of times - and even the shadows of war

Big Ed's Pizza

Pizza like you remember it!

**Try our New
Italian Sub and Club
Sandwiches!**

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



**Kitchen Closes 30 minutes
before closing time**

(256) 489-3374

Proudly Serving You for 56 Years

visit us at www.bigedspizza.com



Like us on Facebook

903 Memorial Pkwy. NW, Huntsville Al 35801

**No wife can endure a
gambling husband,
unless, of course, he's
a steady winner.**

were not as long as the shadows that fell over the old home when they carried loved ones from its portals."

"I stayed until Ma went, and then I could stay no longer. The house was closed then until my son, Mr. Weeden, decided to make this his home. I was delighted, for it is too sacred for strangers' feet - they would not understand."

"So, you see, these rooms have double associations. My mother danced like a fairy; but father never. Something went out of life with the friendship of those olden days - when your trouble was your neighbor's and their joys yours as well, something that has never come back with all the present day things."

"I have a number of letters written by my father to my mother, and they are so lovely. He wrote her as if she were a fairy queen. Why is it that men do not love women like that these days?"

"There in that cellar," said Mrs. Weeden, "there are seven rooms down there: the wine room, preserving room, pantry, wash room and housekeepers' rooms."

"There were originally 400 acres to this plantation, and the grounds known as the Wilson Dam reservation was at one time part of the estate."

"The mistress of the plantation had no position of leisure, she had to superintend the cutting room - the sewing of garments and dresses for the family."

As she remembered, there in the corner, the old spinning wheel was standing alone, waiting for the one who was gone to return and finish her work.

But, like the guided hands that once worked it, its work was over and its tasks were done.

"A cat will look down to a man. A dog will look up to a man. But a pig will look you straight in the eye and see his equal."

Sir Winston Churchill

THE GREATER HUNTSVILLE HUMANE SOCIETY

2018 DOG BALL



Our Advertisers keep "Old Huntsville" going.

Please take a minute to stop in and say you saw their ad in the magazine. We couldn't do it without you!



CLARK ELECTRIC Co.

OWNER, ROBBY BOYETT

For All your Electrical Needs

No Job Too Big, No Job Too Small - We Do It All!

Breaker Panel Changeouts and Service Upgrades

(256) 534-6132

SERVING HUNTSVILLE AND NORTH ALABAMA SINCE 1939

Visit us at www.clarkelectrichuntsville.com



A Beautiful City

by Tom Carney

When Colonel D.C. Kelly and his Confederate forces appeared on the outskirts of town on Sept. 30, 1864, many of Huntsville's citizens thought their salvation was at hand.

Huntsville was occupied by Federal forces under the command of General Granger and

its citizens chaffed at the harsh military rule.

With his troops poised to attack, Colonel Kelly entered the city under a white flag of truce to present a demand to the Federals for an immediate surrender.

Granger refused, sending back word that he would burn the whole town, and giving the inhabitants two hours to leave.

The next day Kelly sent another message into the city, warning its inhabitants to be out by 7 am.

Granger replied he would set fire to the whole city in 30 minutes if the Confederates came within 300 yards.

As word of the threatening exchanges leaked out to the Huntsville citizenry, a mass panic began. Families loaded their possessions into whatever conveyance they could procure and began a frantic departure. In many cases, people fled the city with only the clothes on their backs.

The Federal garrison, convinced that they would be attacked any moment, spent the evening and night fortifying their positions and preparing for battle.

Salvation did come to Huntsville, but in a way no one expected. The next morning, as the sun began its slow climb over the horizon, it was discovered that the Confederate forces had disappeared.

Colonel Kelly remained convinced for the rest of his life that he could have easily defeated the Union Army stationed in Huntsville, but as a friend said later, "It wasn't worth burning such a beautiful city."

"Some of us learn by the mistakes of others. The rest of us have to be the others."

Neil Keith, Huntsville

ORECK

Clean Made Easy™



Oreck Steam-It Steamer Mop

- Adjustable steam settings for optimal cleaning on multiple surfaces
- Produces approximately 40 minutes of steam (on high setting) on a full tank.
- Chemical-Free cleaning. Great for tile and grout. Cleans using only tap water. Works upside down without spillage. High temperature dry steam melts away dirt and grime.

Reg. price \$179.99,
now \$129.99

Open Mon - Sat
10 am - 6 pm

Oreck Magnesium SP Vacuum

Ultra-lightweight
Weighs less than 8 lbs*, one of the lightest full upright vacuums on the market.

HEPA Media Filtration
5 layers of filtration help trap up to 99.97% or more of particles including allergens, mold spores, pollen, pet dander, dust & smoke



Reg. price \$499.99,
now \$299.99

(256) 883-2525

In Business
in Huntsville
for 20 years

**1010 Airport Rd.
(Across from T. J. Maxx)**

REMEMBERING ANNIE LEE (MILLER) ROACH

by William Sibley

Annie Lee Miller was born in Big Cove in 1904 and died in 1990. She is buried in Campground Cemetery. Her parents were William Leroy "Lee" Miller and his second wife, Elizabeth "Lizzie" (Rump) Miller. Lee's first wife was Johanna Rump, Lizzie's older sister. Annie Lee's paternal grandparents were John Wesley Miller and Martha Jane (Armstrong) Miller, my great-grandparents. Annie Lee's maternal grandparents were German immigrants who arrived in New York in 1868 and later settled in the Dug Hill area of Big Cove.

Mr. Miller's first wife, Johanna, died in 1897. The couple had eight children. In 1898, Lee married Lizzie and they had six children, including Annie Lee, who was the only girl in Lee's second family. All fourteen of the Miller siblings lived well into adulthood.

Lee Miller's family was probably the only Republican family in Big Cove. Lee's father, John Wesley Miller, was a Republican who was highly opposed to the Civil War. Stories were told that he hid out in the mountains to keep from serving in the Confederate Army. His brother, Burgess McGaha Miller (great-grandfather of Austin, Berns and Greg Miller) served in the Confederate Army and was captured in Vicksburg, Mississippi. He became a prisoner of war and upon his release, he walked all the way from Vicksburg to Big Cove.

Although Annie Lee never voted, she had definite political views and considered herself to be a Republican. Three of her siblings were given the names of Republican presidents.

The Millers were strong Presbyterians and most were well educated. It is known that Lee and my grandmother, Anna Milligan (Miller) Sibley, were taught by private tutors. Their older sibling, Robert, moved to Texas as a

young man and became a postmaster, so it can be assumed that he too was taught by tutors. The younger siblings were taught at Mt. Pleasant - Campground School.

Annie Lee entered Campground School about 1910 and her teachers soon discovered what her parents already knew: here is a child who is ahead of her time. She excelled in academics and was a natural leader.

In 1913 when Annie Lee and her classmates were about nine or ten years old, their teacher, Miss Elizabeth Monroe, sent four girls to Anyans' Spring for water. The girls saw something that terrified them and came running and screaming back to school. Miss Monroe wrote a poem about the incident. She titled it "Monster" and dedicated it to "My Four Brave Little Girls." Those girls were Annie Lee (Miller) Roach, Alma (Taylor) Drake, Carrie (Lyle) Hardin, and Ora Mae (Nunn) Buford. It isn't known what scared those girls.

When Annie Lee was a teenager, prospective teachers could take an examination and if they scored high enough, they could earn a license to teach, which Annie Lee did. According to Annie Lee's daughter, Libby Gonzalez, and niece, Martha Jane (Miller) Tomb, and cousin, Mary Ann (Ikard) Blakemore, Annie Lee started teaching at the age of sixteen. It is my opinion that Annie Lee was a student and a teacher at the same time. Campground School had only two graduations: 1920 (four graduates) and 1921 (one graduate, Annie Lee). Annie Lee told me that she was given

"I weigh the same now as I did when I was in my twenties - it's just in different places."

Bob Hope

William M. Yates, CLU

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



Ph. (256) 533-9448

Fax (256) 533-9449

In Business since 1974

Email us at mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net

Mack Yates Agency, Inc.

411-B Holmes Ave. NE Huntsville, Al 35801

a complete graduation ceremony. She probably played her own graduation march because she was a gifted pianist.

Leonard Taylor, who was present at the 1921 graduation, told me that Annie Lee was giving an excellent graduation speech when the audience noticed that she had her eyes fixed on a certain spot in the room. Naturally the audience looked in that direction and someone yelled "Fire!" Annie Lee reported later that she had seen the fire, but was so determined to give a good speech that she didn't realize how serious the incident could have been.

Teachers who were certified by passing the examination were expected to take college courses to upgrade their certificates. Although Annie Lee never earned a degree, she took college courses until she retired. Those courses were taken at Florence State Normal School and Athens College.

Annie Lee met John Higgins Roach when he came home with her brother Moody when the two of them were working on a highway. Annie Lee was an excellent pianist and John was equally talented as a singer. They fell in love and were married. They had one daughter, Libby Gonzalez, who is a retired English teacher. Libby has two daughters. One is an attorney and the other is in management.

Annie Lee taught at Big Cove, Cave Spring, Walnut Grove, Madison Cross Roads, and Central. She had fond memories of all those schools. When I taught at Owens Cross Roads, Mrs. Lorene Glover was on our faculty and she told me that Annie Lee had been her teacher at Cave Spring. Mrs. Glover said that Annie Lee and all of her pupils walked from Cave Spring to Owens Cross Roads for a special program.

Annie Lee was always in demand as a pianist. When I taught at Brownsboro, she played for our harvest festival. When I taught at Gurley Elementary School, she was our pianist at a play and her niece, Elaine (Miller) Woodling, was our narrator.

Annie Lee's friends and family share some memories of her:

Mary Ann (Ikard) Blakemore has photos of two plaques that tell of the services of Annie Lee and her cousin, Marvin Drake, who served the Big Cove Presbyterian Church for many decades. Both were elders. Marvin was treasurer and Annie Lee was a teacher, pianist and leader.

Martha Jane (Miller) Tomb loved Aunt Tead, her nickname for Annie Lee. As Martha was growing up, Annie Lee always said to



- Office Printing
- Social Invitations
- Labels & Tags
- Promotional Items
- Full Color Printing
- BIC Products
- Business Checks

3308 Seventh Avenue, SW, Huntsville, AL 35805
 256.534.4452 Fax: 256.534.4456
 email: linprint@lindasprinting.com
www.lindasprinting.com

"Today, when I witnessed a 26 year-old cancer patient laughing hysterically at her 2 year-old daughter's antics, I suddenly realized that I need to stop complaining about my aches and pains and start celebrating life."

Jennifer Cole, Woodville

FOR FASHIONS FINISHING TOUCH...

**Going Out of Business Sale -
Come Find that Perfect Item
at up to 75% off!**

**Closing Early January,
Thank you to all of our
wonderful customers.**

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



her, "When you go to college..." She never said "If you go to college." Martha graduated from the University of Alabama in 1971 and Annie Lee, accompanied by Martha's mother, Grace, drove to Tuscaloosa and brought Martha Jane home.

Austin Miller recalls that while taking a course at Athens College, he was required to teach a song which he dreaded. Annie Lee came to his rescue by playing and singing the song.

Great nephew Barry Sublett's choir was giving a performance at Big Cove Presbyterian Church. He told his choir members he remembered that when he was a lad, Aunt Tead could really make the piano rock.

Niece Lenora Ann (Miller) Sublett, Barry's mother, wrote a paper titled "Some Things I Remember Most About Aunt Tead."

"Aunt Tead was a dedicated Christian, a teacher and a good leader in her church," she wrote. "She was always ready to help those who were in need. For many years, she was our church pianist and her music was always beautiful and heartfelt." Lenora Ann said Barry could play "Love Lifted Me" like Aunt Tead; she said that after taking music lessons from Aunt Tead, she could play the song - but not like Aunt Tead could.

"Each Sunday morning Aunt Tead played beautiful hymns as a prelude," Lenora Ann wrote, "and she would turn to the congregation and give them a welcoming smile."

Annie Lee's piano-playing reminded me of Dell Wood of the Grand Ole Opry and Jo Ann Castle of The Lawrence Welk Show. Although it has been almost thirty years since Mrs. Roach passed away, she is still missed in her church and community. My church, Big Cove Cumberland Presbyterian Church, is about 200 yards from Mrs. Roach's church. As a teenager, I could hear Mrs. Roach playing "Bring Them In" and I knew it was time for the young people to start their service. For many years Mrs. Roach took two station wagon loads of young people to church. They came from three school districts: Big Cove, Owens Cross Roads and Central. There is no doubt that those people have fond memories of Mrs. Roach's taking them to church.

In the past, a part of a student's school record asked for his/her church preference.

I remember students saying, "I go to Mrs. Roach's church."

Many people give Mrs. Roach credit for persevering during times of low attendance in the church. Today, Big Cove has a beautiful USA Presbyterian Church and fortunately, they still have the church they built in 1913.

TRB
Enterprises

IT Solutions for Small Businesses

(256) 489-4037

cell (256) 457-0575

ted@trbeinc.com * www.trbeinc.com

Ted Buckner
ComptIA A+ Certified

**WISHING YOU A WARM, SAFE
AND PROSPEROUS 2018!**



*With Love and Best Wishes to the
Huntsville High Class of 1966*

Oscar & Maria Llerena

Paper Airplane's Crash Landing

by *Sandy Mitchell Hughey*

I attended Butler High School in 1959. I was sitting in my homeroom class one day, and it was so hot that we had the windows open. We had a sub that was older than Methuselah and she was very sleepy to say the least. The boys were making paper airplanes and throwing them down on the softball field at the girls. I made one and sent it out the window. It was just my luck when I saw that my airplane turned left.

I didn't think any more about it until the teacher next door came stomping into our room. There was dead silence. She was so mad! She said, "I want to know who threw a paper airplane in my window that landed on my desk!" There was no movement. I was praying that no one was going to toss me under the bus. You know those times in life that you have no doubt there is a God? I was praying for God to do a miracle now because I am surely dead. My dad had told me if he got one more phone call from Mr. Keel, I was dead. I know that teacher could see the sweat running down my face and taking my cheap Woolworth mascara with it. It was running down my face creating war paint. My armpits were so wet that my sweater changed colors and my face was as white as our sub's legs. She looked right at me and I think I choked on my tongue.

No one said anything, which made her even madder. She said, "I'll give you a while to come clean, and I'll be back." The rest of the day, I could hardly breathe. I ate no lunch, nor did I make eye contact with anyone. The funny thing was the old lady never came back.

Every time the phone rang that night, I jumped out of my chair. My Dad kept asking, "What's wrong with you? Have

you done something else?"

My Mother asked if I was getting sick. All I brought away from that day was no airplane went back into the school but mine, and my life has always been that way. I never get away with anything. But if someone said they would give me a million dollars if I could make an airplane go back into the building again, I guarantee I could not do it. I could use a 3' stack of Blue Horse notebook paper and it would never happen again.

I guess I've always lived on the edge. It has definitely made life interesting. Later in life when my kids got in trouble at school, I would think the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I loved my days at Butler!

Eczema and Psoriasis

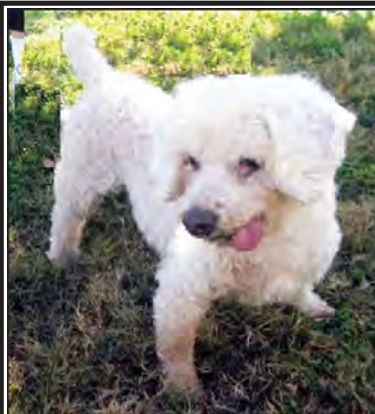
Homeopathic Cure

Very Effective

Testimonials Available

M.D., Board-Certified Physician

(256) 924-8311



Jasper

Hello, the Ark did not know my name when I came to their shelter so they named me Jasper. I was a mess! My coat was matted with knots and was covered in fleas. Yuk and Ouch! My teeth were so bad I could not eat dry dog food. I was underweight and very scared. I am a Poodle and my curls are now pretty and white. I weigh 14 lbs. The doggie doctor had to extract the 24 teeth I had left. My tongue hangs out some times because I have no teeth to hold it in my mouth.

I wish I could talk and tell the kind people at the Ark my story. They are smart people and know that I am a senior dog. They know that I used to have a family that did not take proper care of me. Especially my teeth!

Did I get lost or did my family throw me away? I can hear a little and I can see. I was so glad the kind lady that found me brought me to the Ark. I love to go on walks with the volunteers. Please be devoted to your pet and make it a member of your family. If you do that you will keep it its lifetime. Do not get a pet if you cannot make that commitment. Those of us that have more years behind us than in front of us should be loved as we were when we were young. That should apply to you too. We deserve nothing less. Come to the Ark and ask to see Jasper. That's me!

139 Bo Cole Rd.
Huntsville, Al 35806

The Ark

A No-Kill Animal Shelter

Hours Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 4 pm

256.851.4088

**"The best medicine for
my rheumatism is being
thankful it isn't gout."**

Clara Selzer, Athens

WHO INVENTED THE UMBRELLA?

The basic umbrella was invented more than 4,000 years ago. There is evidence of umbrellas in the ancient art and artifacts of Egypt, Assyria, Greece and China.

These ancient umbrellas or parasols were first designed to provide shade from the sun. The Chinese were the first to waterproof their umbrellas for use as rain protection. They waxed and lacquered their paper parasols in order to use them for rain.

The word "umbrella" comes from the Latin root word "umbra," meaning shade or shadow. Starting in the 16th century the umbrella became popular in the western world, especially in the rainy climates of northern Europe. At first, it was considered only an accessory suitable for women. Then the Persian traveler and writer Jonas Hanway (1712-86) carried and used an umbrella publicly in England for 30 years. He popularized umbrella use among men. English gentleman often referred to their umbrellas as a "Hanway."

The first all-umbrella shop was called "James Smith and Sons." The shop opened in 1830 and is still located at 53 New Oxford Street in London, England.

The early European umbrellas were made of wood or whalebone and covered with alpaca or oiled canvas. The artisans made the curved handles for the umbrellas out of hardwoods like ebony and were well paid for their efforts.

In 1852, Samuel Fox invented the steel ribbed umbrella design. Fox also founded the "English Steels Company" and claimed to have invented the steel ribbed umbrella as a way of using up stocks of farthingale stays, the steel stays used in women's corsets.

After that, compact collapsible umbrellas were the next major technical innovation in umbrella manufacture, which arrived over a century later.

You can easily judge the character of a man by how he treats those who can do nothing for him.

The Umbrella in Modern Times

In 1928, Hans Haupt invented the pocket umbrella. In Vienna, she was a student studying sculpture when she developed a prototype for an improved compact foldable umbrella for which she received a patent in September 1929. The umbrella was called "Flirt" and was made by an Austrian company. In Germany, the small foldable umbrellas were made by the company "Knirps," which became a synonym in the German language for small foldable umbrellas in general.

In 1969, Bradford E. Phillips, the owner of Totes Incorporated of Loveland, Ohio obtained a patent for his "working folding umbrella."

Another fun fact: Umbrellas have also been crafted into hats as early as 1880 and at least as recently as 1987.

Golf umbrellas, one of the largest sizes in common use, are typically around 62 inches across, but can range anywhere from 60 to 70 inches.

Umbrellas are now a consumer product with a large global market. As of 2008, most umbrellas worldwide are made in China. The city of Shangyu alone had more than 1,000 umbrella factories. In the U.S., about 33 million umbrellas, worth \$348 million, are sold each year.

As of 2008, the U.S. Patent Office registered 3,000 active patents on umbrella-related inventions.

Honey's Restaurant

Family Owned & Operated since 1932

(931) 433-1181



Hot burgers, sandwiches, onion rings, fries, salads, desserts. Breakfast, lunch & dinner

If you love history and great food, you'll want to take the short drive to Fayetteville and try it out. Started by Weston James Stubblefield as a pool hall, Honey's is still owned by the same family. During World War II many military from the area came for the ten cent slawburgers & a game of pool.

*Hours: Mon - Fri 6:30 am - 8 pm
Sat 6:30 am - 4 pm Closed Sunday*

109 Market Street East - Fayetteville, TN 37334

Memories of my Pets

by Harry Dill



This story covers the time period 1932 to 1985.

When we lived in Madison, Alabama we had two Red Bone Hound dogs. Daddy coon-hunted with them sometimes in the swampy land just west of Madison city limits and south of the railroad tracks. They were real good hunting dogs! But both dogs got the black tongue and daddy thought that they had worms and gave them some copish medicine to worm them, but they died. We found out later that the cause of their sickness was they weren't getting enough vitamin B in their diet.

We moved to Decatur and had a little black and white dog that was very smart. We named him Spot because of his black and white spots, he could do tricks and he stayed in the house with us most of the time. When he wanted to go to the bathroom he would go to the door and bark and we would let him out. One day he went out and the Decatur police were driving in the alley behind our house and they shot and killed

Spot! The police were shooting all dogs that didn't have a collar on and we had forgotten to put Spot's on him. We were all heartbroken.

There were a lot of old structures in that back alley and lots of them had baby dogs and cats that the people would give to anyone who wanted them. Someone gave me a white kitten with two different color eyes, one blue and one brown. I named her Tabby and she would jump at a toy when I pulled it across the floor on a string and play with it.

When she grew up she became good at catching mice as I saw her with them from time to time. Playing and finally eating them.

Daddy had a horse named Dan when we lived in the Rock House on Toll Gate Road. He pulled Daddy's wagon with his work tools and beside that he knew three gates when riding him. I bought a Cavalry saddle and bridle from a army surplus store near the Post Office and rode Dan when Daddy wasn't using him. I could get him to rare up just like they did sometimes in the western movies. I took good care of my saddle and used saddle soap on it to keep the leather in good condition. From time to time I gave Dan an apple or a lump of sugar which he liked a lot.

Also while I was living in the Rock House one winter it was very cold,

below zero, so Daddy brought three or four Nanny goats into the basement of the house. At that time there was a large empty room there that only had a dirt floor. He put our goats in that room. Their names were China, Alphie and Nubie, I forgot the name of the other one. Just the next morning we discovered that all of them had had two kids each, so the room seemed full of goats. Daddy gave me the one that I liked. She was blonde so I named her Blondie.

Well Blondie grew and I played with her and by late summer she was nearly grown. That fall I had to start back to school and went back to school

neighborhood
card & gift

in Five Points

Archipelago Botanicals

Lampe Berger

Patience Brewster

Alabama & Auburn Gifts

Kitras Art Glass

Carruth Studio - Stone

Home & Garden Accents

Jim Shore

European Soaps

Gift Items you WON'T
see Anywhere Else!

(256) 534-5854

716 Pratt Avenue
in Five Points

"Science does not have a moral dimension. It is like a knife. If you give it to a surgeon or a murderer, each will use it differently."

Wernher von Braun

on my first day. When I came home my mother told me that Blondie had climbed up the back steps, which were very long, and jumped over into the rain barrel looking for me. She had had a hard time getting Blondie out of that barrel, too.

One day when I was home from school I heard a bunch of dogs barking in our goat pasture. I grabbed my \$2.50, 22 single shot rifle and ran to where the barking was coming from. There were a bunch of wild dogs there and they were tearing a lot of the goats' throats to pieces. When they saw me they all ran away jumping over the pasture fence into the woods. I managed to get one shot off and hit one of the dogs as it was midway in the air over the fence. It whined and limped away on the other side of the fence. I don't know if it died or not as I couldn't find a trace of it while looking for it. Well, my little Blondie died that day and I was heartbroken. I kept watching for the dogs to return but they never did.

I moved to the country and had quite a few dogs. One day a little black dog came into our yard. He looked like he was hungry and I set a bowl of food in front of him but he would run away when I got close to him so I just left the bowl of food on the ground some distance from him and went back in the house. I looked from the window and saw that he slowly went to the food and started eating. For a few days he was scared of me but he finally got used to me and enjoyed the dog food I gave him. I named him Pedro.

Pedro was a good little watch dog and would bark at anyone he didn't know and act like he would bite them, but he never did. When the electric meter man came to read the meter Pedro was barking at him and the man picked up a little stone and

Pedro ran away! He was just all show.

When I lived in the Rock House on Toll Gate Road when I was young I had always wanted a pony. Merita Bread Company was giving away a pony back then and all you had to do was send in a postcard with your name and address on it and you could send as many as you wanted to during the contest period. Postcards were just one cent back then so I sent in a



**HOW ABOUT A
GIFT THAT WILL
REALLY BE
APPRECIATED?**

*A gift subscription to "Old Huntsville" magazine
keeps your Friends & Relatives Connected to
Huntsville!*

**THEY'LL BE SURE TO REMEMBER YOU EACH
AND EVERY MONTH!**

Subscribe for 12 issues,
\$25 per year
Send check/money order to
Old Huntsville Magazine
716 East Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, Al 35801



**FIGHT
CRIME!**

Join Your Community Watch
256-722-7100
www.hsvcommunitywatch.com



**A deaf man in Fayetteville
filed for divorce recently
because his wife was
always "nagging him in
sign language".**

lot totaling more than a dollar, but I didn't win that pony.

Well I was grown up now and living in the country and down the road a few miles I saw a Shetland Pony tied to a stake grazing in the yard of a neighbor's house. I stopped and asked them if they wanted to sell the pony. They said that they did and they were asking \$15.00 for it. I bought it on the spot.

I named the pony Rusty because he was a brown rust color. I put Rusty in the pasture I had made on the little farm and he started eating all the grass he wanted. When I bought him Rusty was real thin, but in a few weeks in the pasture eating all the grass he wanted he filled out and was in good shape for a pony. He was a nice pet and we rode him some, but after awhile he started jumping over the electric fence and would run away and I had to chase after him and bring him back several times, so I sold him.

We had three dogs that we got together in the same litter of puppies. We named them Toby, Spankey and Bubo. Toby was a quiet and well behaved dog and didn't bother anyone. As I fed all three together Spankey would try to eat the other dog's food too. And Bubo would just go off by himself and not do much. They all enjoyed playing with each other though and had a free run of the yard, Toby outlived all the rest of them and died at a old age for dogs.

I saw that there was a Mexican burro for sale or trade in the Alabama Farmers Bulletin and that it was just a few miles from where I lived so I went over and looked at it. I worked out a trade of my walking tractor for the Mexican burro. I brought my tractor over and exchanged it for the Mexican burro. I backed up my International pickup truck to the side of a hill and unloaded the tractor. I put the Mexican burro in the truck and came home. I had a large barn on the land and put her in a stall. Her name was Nancy. I fed her some corn and hay and soon went to bed as it was getting late.

Next morning I went down to the barn and there was another little Mexican burro there!! Nancy had had a baby!! I didn't even know that she was pregnant. I named the little one Jack. He had a black streak down is back and was a pretty colt. I enjoyed these two pets.

The only dog that I ever bought was a

German Shepherd puppy and it grew into a beautiful German Shepherd dog. I named him Jo Jo. We kept him in the house when he was a puppy, but when he got big we made a pen for him next to the house. Jo Jo didn't like the pen and wanted to come back into the house with us. He started breaking out the house windows trying to get in, so we had to give him away to a neighbor friend.

We had several more dogs and cats while living in the country. Some of the dogs would chase after cars and eventually got run over and I would have to bury them in a dog cemetery that I made.

I am thankful and grateful to God for all the pets that He has let us have! I thank and praise God for all His Blessings and Miracles that He has given to me and my family.

God Bless you too!



Available at
amazon

Coming Soon
February 2018

**MISSISSIPPI
WHISPERS**
BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

CBA
PUBLISHING

When life was simple...



When the community of Hurricane Creek acquired its first school bus, in the 1920s, they must have thought they were really entering the modern age. When the bus got stuck in mud holes, as it often did, students would unload and help push the bus out. Any student caught misbehaving would be put off the bus and would have to walk home, often a distance of four or five miles. There were few repeat offenders.

Those days are long gone, but the folks at Ayers Farmers Market still believe in offering the same dedicated, personal service that makes our city a special place to live.

Ayers Farmers Market

Thank you for a great year at Ayers,
we wish all of you a prosperous
and Happy New Year!

Bill Mullins Honey

Turnip Greens
Collard Greens

256-533-5667



256-533-5667

**OPEN MON-SAT 8AM - 8PM
SUNDAY 8AM - 5PM**

**LOCATED AT THE SE CORNER OF GOVERNORS
DRIVE AND MEMORIAL PARKWAY**