



No. 305
July 2018



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

The Southwest Molester 40 Years Later



Never in the history of Huntsville, Alabama had it citizens been held in such a frightening grip of terror.

All points bulletins were issued and police worked overtime.

Suspicious strangers were questioned and vague tips were relentlessly pursued. But no one suspected their own friend.

Also in this issue: **Ninety-Eight and Counting**

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The Way You Remember Them

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Domie Lewter
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The Southwest Molester 40 Years Later

Originally published in 1998

*As told to Tom Carney
by Heather Douglas*

He had a name we couldn't pronounce and committed crimes we'll never forget.

It's been forty years since a masked molester terrorized Huntsville but people remember minute details of his crimes as if they had just happened last week. What most people remember is the terrible fear they felt. It seemed, at first, as if the molester had a specific plan. Then, when police were getting close to capturing him, he ventured out among other parts of the community. No one, including the police, knew where he would strike next and everyone felt helpless.

Although his crimes may not seem to measure up to today's standards, where our children know the names of criminals better than they know our government leaders, no one wanted to become one of "his" victims.

He had created thirteen crime scenes and eighteen victims before he was caught. As

"When a man's best friend is his dog, that dog has a problem."

Edward Jennings, Arab

the crimes continued, investigators could tell that it was beginning to take more to satisfy the bizarre cravings of the molester. The cuts became deeper and the beatings became more severe. He admitted later he had to throw out the gun he had wrestled away from one of his victims because he was afraid that he would eventually kill. He had used the gun as well as a knife, scissors, hammer, table leg and other objects as weapons. Most of the objects were taken from the victim's residences. He admitted to taking a table leg to one location but only because he had been carrying it around for hours simply "to have something for my hands to do." He obtained entry to each of the residences by open windows or unlocked doors.

It seems apparent, though he adamantly denies this, that he had observed his victims prior to the attacks and had knowledge of their residences and day-to-day life.

Before the arrest of the person who would become known as "The Southwest Molester," police struggled to find clues at clueless crime scenes while the whole city panicked. Everybody wondered how long the masked intruder would prey on their city before he could be caught.

A "molester task force" was formed and many investigators worked around the clock par-



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(in memory)

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icipating in stakeouts. They were once successful enough to even chase the molester out of a neighborhood he had already hit twice. The molester, fearing capture, or perhaps becoming braver, ventured out of the southwest Huntsville areas and complicated the investigation even further.

Eunice Merrill (Aunt Eunice) remembers the terror that swept through the city. "Everyone was afraid," she recalled. "I remembered being afraid to walk to my car at night after church services. There was this man, John Dejnozka, who always walked me to my car and made sure I was safe. He seemed like the nicest man."

Her opinion of the "nice man" would change drastically over the next several months. Investigators enlisted the help of all local law enforcement agencies, including the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Even Special Agent Robert Ressler (now retired) assisted Huntsville police by doing a "profile."

Ressler and John Douglas are credited with coining

the term "serial" relative to criminals who perform similar crimes on several victims. Ressler and Douglas were instrumental in forming the FBI's Behavioral Sciences Division and were among the first to develop "profiles." Ressler took the information from the police reports that he had been given and applied facts he knew about similar criminals to develop the profile. When the profile was returned to Huntsville police it included the following descriptions of the offender:

He is a white male, approximately 30-35 years of age, a sexual sadist who enjoys gratification through infliction of pain on others, brutality involved in the crimes is displaced aggression caused by real or imagined injustices from women in the subject's life, he is a high school graduate with some formal education, possesses above average intelligence, has a possible arrest history, is a well groomed individual, owns and operates a two to three year old automobile which has been well maintained and is a model

employee.

As time lapsed, investigators began to feel extreme anxiety at the molester's ability to evade capture. They found no evidence at the crime scenes because he used instruments he took from the victim's residences. The one time he did leave any evidence, the police were ready. On September 19, 1979, the molester would strike yet a second home on Miller Lane in the Big Cove community. This time he made mistakes - this time would be his last time.

The eighteenth victim was bound with tape and so were the hands of a seven year old child. As they both lay there overcome with fear, the molester cut away the victim's clothes and began viciously slashing her body. When he was satisfied, he got in his car and drove across the mountain and kept driving aimlessly until the sun



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began to appear over the horizon. He noticed later on that morning, as he was preparing to go to work at a computer services firm, that his car was extremely muddy. He went down to the car wash on Sparkman Drive and washed his car.

It was too late, however. The police were already making casts at the crime scene of tire tracks and a partial shoe print. After consulting with tire manufacturers, Huntsville police began a city-wide search for a man driving a small foreign car. Within a short time, investigators zeroed in on a man who drove a small blue Suburu, and who also fit the profile. Investigators quickly learned that the owner of the car had a criminal record and had no alibis for the times the crimes were committed. After obtaining a search warrant, police discovered evidence in his apartment linking him to the crime scenes.

After intensive questioning, the suspect finally confessed to the crime spree that held Huntsville in one of the most fearful grasps it had ever known.

Madison County Grand Jury returned 26 indictments containing 41 counts against John Paul Dejnozka on September 26, 1979 in connection with 13 residential break-ins and sexual assaults on Huntsville area women that began in early 1978. It took over a year to catch the "Southwest Molester," but only two days to convict him in his first trial.

Then District Attorney Fred Simpson and Assistant District Attorney Charlie Hooper successfully prosecuted Dejnozka. Two local attorneys, Richard Kempaner and Bruce Williams were appointed to represent Dejnozka. There would be a second trial before Dejnozka plead guilty to the other charges.

As Charlie Hooper stated in his closing statements to a jury in 1981, there was something sinister about the method. "It is a common understanding that a burglary in the nighttime is a serious offense because we are helpless during that time of our lives... we all must lay down and sleep and become unconscious, it is part of our exist-



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tence. If you want to come at me and if you want to hurt me, give me a fighting chance, give me a chance in the daytime so I can see you coming. In the nighttime when I am helpless, you ought to let me alone."

Dejnozka's crime life did not begin in Huntsville, Alabama. In fact, he was on parole for raping a woman in Illinois when he moved here. The details of that rape were similar to the crimes that he was eventually convicted of here in Huntsville. He received a four-to-12 year prison sentence for the rape charge but was released after serving only thirty-two months. The last three months of his prison sentence was spent in a work release program in Illinois. After being granted a parole, he moved to Huntsville to start a new life near his brother.

Dejnozka was starting over in Huntsville, bringing with him all of his mental baggage, unpacking it on each innocent victim, one at a time.

Dejnozka had a very impressive resume that included extensive education. He had even served his country by enlisting in the Navy and spent a tour of duty in Vietnam. He held a master's degree from the University of Southern Illinois and a technical degree in water and wastewater technology. He taught at a college in Edwardsville, Illinois.

It was his technical degree in computer science, however, that would land him a terrific job at a Huntsville computer firm. It wasn't hard for anyone, including his brother, his employer and his neighbors in his apartment community to

recognize the potential in John Dejnozka.

His brother knew that John had gotten into some trouble in Illinois, but he loved his brother and wanted him to make a new start. That is exactly what Dejnozka appeared to be doing. He excelled in his job and received three promotions before he was arrested. He was active with his social circle at Haystack apartment community where he helped plan the 1978 Halloween costume party and took home first place honors for his great Italian chef costume. The mild mannered Dejnozka, whom everyone seemed to like, reported monthly to a local probation officer and appeared to be a model of rehabilitation.

Despite intense police efforts to capture the molester, Dejnozka was never among the 100 suspects who were checked out before his arrest on September 21, 1979.

After Dejnozka's arrest, he confessed to all of the crimes investigators suspected he committed. He provided them with details and attempted to provide a good reason, using what little remorse he could muster. He told them that he was "really sad that it had to end this way" and how he was just beginning to become suc-

"Seeing a spider in my car isn't scary. It's scary when it disappears."

Josie Fipps, Arab

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cessful in his career and financially independent.

He admitted he played "road games" and that he often followed women at night who went home alone. He told one of the key investigators in the case that he was "attracted to a light like a moth in the night" and advised women not to draw unwanted attention to their homes by keeping all of the outside lights glowing. On occasion he followed women home from a local grocery store, though he denies that any of those women later became his victims.

Dejnozka told of his unsuccessful attempts to manage anger. Dejnozka told them of the many nights victims were spared because he beat pillows from his own bed to let out his anger. Dejnozka remarked at his own feelings of helplessness, "...after the first one, I knew something was wrong and I didn't have anybody I could talk to about it."

He couldn't talk to a mental health professional, he later said, because he was already on parole for a similar crime and was afraid he would be turned in immediately.

Whether or not talking to someone could have helped Dejnozka control his behavior will never really be known, but is definitely an unlikely possibility. In a pretrial psychiatric report Dejnozka was characterized as "intellectually bright" scoring in the upper 2.2% of the general population, with an IQ of 170. The psychiatrist also established that Dejnozka was resistant to guilt feelings and described his frustration tolerance as "low." The report stated that Dejnozka tended to be "selfish, callous, impulsive and resistant to learning from experience and punishment." It also stated that Dejnozka "rationalized any deviant behavior on his part."

It further stated that previous imprisonment and therapeutic efforts had "shown little effect on his overall psychological adjustment."



It is not known what kinds of psychiatric reports, if any, there were in Illinois. It is doubtful that the results of those reports would have made any difference.

One of the key investigators in this case, Captain Ron Curlee, still says, "Dejnozka was an opportunist. He would have continued to prey on women; in fact, his crimes were becoming progressively more severe in nature. He stopped only because we caught him."

A Huntsville Times editorial entitled "A Great Relief" was published Sunday morning,

September 23, 1979. The article told of the capture and confession. It also expressed the sentiments of the law enforcement community who had been most anxious to make the arrest. The community could finally take a deep breath and relax somewhat. Husbands, fathers, brothers and sons no longer paced floors in the midnight hours, checking and re-checking door and window locks. It was pretty much the beginning of the end for most people. They had opened their eyes and the morning paper after their first good night's sleep in almost two years.

It wasn't such a great relief for a southwest Huntsville family however. As a matter of fact, it was just another twist to

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the nightmare that had begun months earlier, on May 6, 1979. On the eve of their sixth wedding anniversary, the husband reluctantly left his southwest Huntsville home and headed to Chattanooga on business. Before he left his wife and two little boys, words were exchanged about being careful and something was also mentioned about the un-caught "Southwest Molester."

It wasn't anything that either one of them took too seriously. However, they were aware "he" was out there. The wife went about her daily activities as usual. Later on that evening, she knew that a few of the Amway salespeople would be dropping by to pick up their orders. One of those salespeople was John Dejnozka. The wife mentioned to the salespeople how she was a bit uneasy about her husband being out of town, especially on their wedding anniversary. She

thought nothing of that statement. After all, that is how she felt and she was among friends, so she thought.

Later that evening, she put her children to bed and then she retired also, not giving any thought to the back door which, she is sure now, was unlocked. It was through that unlocked door that a masked man entered, grabbed a knife from a wooden block out of her kitchen and began creaking up the stairs to her bed-

room. This creaking woke her from her sleep. A moment later she called out the name of her oldest son and the creaking stopped. As she drifted back to sleep, she faintly heard the creaking begin again.

This time, when she opened her eyes, there stood a masked intruder in the doorway. Without thinking, she let out a terrified scream. Before she could gather her wits about her, the masked intruder bounded across her bed and hit her



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across the face with the handle of her own kitchen knife. As her nose began to swell and her heart seemed to pound so hard her body was shaking, the intruder put his hand over her mouth to silence her, calmly whispering, "Shut up or I'll kill you."

He ordered her to lay on her stomach with her hands behind her back before then taking a pair of panty hose out of his pocket and tying her hands. After placing a pillow over her head, he turned the bathroom light on and began pilfering through the contents of the medicine cabinet. He then reentered the bedroom and after taking a pair of panty hose from the dresser drawer, wrapped them tightly around her head, making it impossible for her to see him. The intruder demanded to know where she kept her money and drugs and when she told him she had none, his language became offensive and abusive. He emptied two pillowcases of their pillows and placed both cases over her head. As she gasped for whatever air was available inside her pillowcases, the intruder raped her (Editors note - the details will be deleted here).

While this was happening, she prayed for some sort of noise that would startle the intruder and make him stop, make him leave. Suddenly, her son began coughing uncontrollably. Seemingly startled, the intruder dressed himself. Before leaving, he told her, oddly enough, that he wasn't going to hurt her anymore. She heard the stairs creak, the front door open and then there was silence.

For a moment, all she could do was thank God that she and her children were alive. She knew she needed help. Somehow, she managed to twist around on the bed with her hands still bound behind her

back and reach for the phone that was on her night stand. Almost incoherent with fear, she called her sister and brother-in-law who lived across the street.

Without even pausing to hang up the phone, the brother-in-law rushed across the lawn and up the stairs where he found her still tightly bound. He couldn't understand exactly what she had said, but he knew that she needed help. After calling the police, they called her husband at his Chattanooga hotel and told him he needed to come home. Her husband arrived at the hospital and collapsed into his wife's arms as she lay recovering from her attack. Over and over he apologized for not being there to protect her.

The innocent victim later stated that she believed God



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had spared her and answered her prayers.

In the weeks and months that followed the rape, someone they barely knew began spending time at their home. It was the Amway salesman, John Dejnozka. Before long they all became good friends and John acted as if he just couldn't do enough for the couple. John had a boat and often he and his girlfriend would take outings and invite the couple along.

No one thought much about it at the time. John seemed like such a nice man with good Christian values.

It also wasn't unusual for John to sit outside the couple's home for hours talking with the wife about his life and his salvation.

In just a few months, after the friendship really blossomed, the wife received a disturbing phone call early in the morning hours. A family friend called to tell him that John Dejnozka had just been apprehended and was thought to be the "Southwest Molester."

The husband dressed hurriedly, grabbed his Bible and some Bible verses and went down the jail to try to talk to his friend. He wasn't able to see his friend in jail, but he was able to leave the Bible verses.

Eventually, John Dejnozka confessed to his crimes, which included raping his friend. In his statement he says that he does feel remorseful for raping her because he, "...did wind up finding out what fine Christian people they are..."

Dejnozka is currently serving an eight hundred twenty-three year sentence for his crimes at Holman Prison in Atmore, Alabama. Although he is eligible for parole at some point, it is unlikely that he will be released in his lifetime. People, and victims, don't forget.

Family members hope that is the case. They feel that John's

debt to society could never be paid. They also feel that the man they knew growing up is dead. The man who committed those crimes wasn't the same personable and caring brother they remember. They didn't stay in close contact after John graduated from high school. He was four years older and they had different interests.

However, there was no abuse at home and their father was a respected Air Force officer. Although the family traveled extensively, they were never unhappy or disadvantaged. Something had to have happened to John Dejnozka to radically change him from the good kid his brother knew him to be. The motives behind Dejnozka's crimes will quite possibly remain unknown.

Ret. Huntsville police investigator Wayne Sharp died in 2010 at the age of 63. He was the one who was credited with catching Dejnozka.

Something, somewhere, somehow went terribly wrong and this city will never forget its consequences.

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YELLOW SHAMPOO

by Judith C. Smith



I was just sitting here thinking of things that happened living with eight men and a daughter. When Allison was born we didn't have a room for her, so she slept in the dining room until we decided whether to move or raise the roof and stay where we were.

We finally decided to raise the roof. It was supposed to take three months, don't count on what builders tell you - it took six months.

Lucky for me the roofers were on the roof one day while I was moving the pool vacuum which had gotten stuck on the diving board. M.D. had asked the two older boys to put the diving board in the pool house after he unbolted it, but they didn't hear him (or did but ignored him).

I stepped on it and I was thrown into the pool fully dressed to go shopping. The board hit me in the head knocking me out. The roofers saw me

and jumped off the roof and pulled me out of the water. I guess I would have looked pretty bad since I had taught swimming for twenty-three years, if I had drowned in my own pool.

Brent and Scott had been bickering all evening. Scott decided to use the shower in the hall bathroom. Brent turned off the light on him and it started.

Brent jumped in the shower ahead of Scott and used the plastic shower bottle that I kept shampoo in and usually mixed half shampoo and half water so it would go further. They squirted so much anyway no matter what the consistency of the shampoo was.

When Brent got out of the shower, Scott had already gotten out of the hall bathroom. Brent was anticipating that Scott would use the shower be-

hind him.

The problem started the next morning when I got in the shower and decided to wash my hair. I squirted the "yellow" shampoo that Brent had left in the bottle all over my hair and face. I knew immediately what Brent had done as a joke, I guess. All I could do was scream, "Brent you better be glad you are not here and in school or you might not live to see tomorrow."

When I finally got dressed, the roofer asked what was wrong since he heard me screaming. When I told him what had happened, he couldn't stop laughing. Brent still laughs about what he did to this day. I didn't find the humor in Brent's joke.

There was never a dull moment living with the Boys!

"The next time you think your boss is stupid, remember you wouldn't have a job if he was any smarter."

John Gotti

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Puppy Love

by Jane Barr

When Tom and I were planning to marry and move from El Paso, Texas to Huntsville, AL with the Von Braun rocket team, Tom asked me if I'd go with him to see the Great Dane puppy he had living with friends in the country. As I sat alone in the living room this giant head came around the sofa. This was my first encounter with a Great Dane. Tom came into the living room with the lady who had been keeping his dog. Soon her children joined us. We went outside and it was obvious the family had become very attached to Tom's dog. As we drove away Tom said "Jane, as much as I'd like to have Homer come with us, I can't take him away from the family." I agreed.

We'd been living in Huntsville about three years when I read several dog magazines. One took my attention. There was an ad "Great Danes for Sale." The only problem, the dogs were in Atlanta.

I had been saving some money so I didn't mention purchasing a dog to Tom, however, I called Atlanta. Yes, they could send my dog by overnight freight train.

Tom had been gone less than an hour when the phone rang "Mrs. Barr, this is the Huntsville Depot, Freight Office. We have an animal here, you need to get it right now!"

"Ok, I'll come right down." Now this was 1953 and there is no Walmart, no major store, not even a drugstore open for me to purchase a dog collar and leash. As I got out of my car two men

came running over. "Are you Mrs. Barr? You need to get this animal, right now."

I followed them to the freight area and there was a wooden box, with slats, so I looked inside and there was my puppy. The men kept yelling, as though as I was deaf, "You gotta take this animal, right now. It's a tiger or mountain lion or something. If it gets loose, it's your fault."

Now my Great Dane puppy had just had its ears cropped so it's head was partially bandaged, and it's coat was Brindle, that is stripped. Something the men had never before seen. I later found out the pup had ridden on the freight train overnight from Atlanta and was really worn out. Poor puppy! I asked the men if they could get me a piece of rope. This they could do. All the time yelling "If it get's loose, it's your fault." So I reached into

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the crate, put the rope around the pup and she led right out and into my car. I'm sure the men heaved a great sigh of relief.

By now a drugstore was open and I purchased a collar and leash. That afternoon, when my husband came home from work he found me sitting on the front step, at my feet was our new Great Dane.

We named her Brandy, she went with us everywhere even to Florida for rocket firings.

As years passed we had three children and four more Great Danes, one at a time. Sorry to say big dogs do not live as long as small dogs. The dogs hiked around Monte Sano with our children, and even followed the kids to school. I'd get a telephone call "Mrs. Barr, you have to come get your dog." I'd find one of our Danes in the back yard looking into the classrooms. The kids all loved it!!!

After our last Dane died I told Tom I didn't want another, at least not until he retired. Soon after he retired I was looking on my computer and saw a big, black dog. He was abandoned and found his way to our son's driveway. I called my son "Please take him to the vet, have him checked for ID,

if no ID have him neutered, given all the shots and I'll pick him up the next day."

Our son called, we had a black Great Dane-Lab mix who weighed 69 pounds and was about a year old. Our son brought him to us, my husband and I loved him from the start.

He was an indoor dog, sleeping at the foot of our bed, going with my husband from grocery store and back to an occasional visit to Tom's old office. Hank was Tom's BF, Best Friend.

When Tom was hospitalized for a year before he died Hank became my BF. By now, I'd had several surgeries and could not take Hank on walks. He seemed Ok in our back yard but I knew he must be lonesome. I had my son take him back to the vet where he was first taken. I wanted him kept a couple weeks until I could decide what to do.

The Clinic had a new, young vet. She had boarded her horse at my son's so we all knew her family. She had graduated from Auburn Vet School and was working at the Clinic where Hank had been going the past seven years. She asked if she could adopt Hank. She took him home, her mother and the other dogs greeted Hank.

I wrote her a note "Treat Hank with love and he will love you back."

A couple days ago, when my son called to find out how Hank was doing his new owner said "He seems to be smiling, every time I look at him." I guess it's Puppy Love.

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On the Road

by Elizabeth Wharry

I love to travel. I don't care if it's by car, bus, train or plane.

When we moved from western Ohio to Wichita Kansas, it was a 20 hour drive. We drove straight through as we had 2 cars, 2 little boys, 3 cats and a dog. Try finding a hotel that could accommodate that!

When we moved here from Kansas, it was a 15 hour drive. Again we had 2 vehicles, the same two boys, the same dog; however, we now had 4 cats. We moved here in 2009.

Since 2010, I have traveled extensively. I've either gone by myself or with my family. The hardest trips have been for my sister's funeral in Ohio in May of 2012, and my friend's memorial service in Kansas this past April. I've been to many interesting and beautiful places. The farthest I went was to Australia in January of 2012. That was a 24 hour trip, both ways.

All my travels have a few things in common. They are thought out, flexible, financially affordable and kept quiet about until I get back.

Here are a few basic travel trips that I have found work quite well:

- Always make sure the car is in good repair.
- Notify your credit card company if you're traveling out of the area for an extended period of time.
- Keep your travel plans off social media until you are back home! Why ask for trouble?
- Photograph your credit cards, insurance cards, driver's license, and any other important cards you carry in your wallet, and upload it to the cloud. That way, heaven forbid, your wallet goes missing, you can notify the appropriate parties.
- Limit yourself to carrying one credit card. Leave the rest at home. Don't carry all your cash in one spot. Divide it up and lock it up. Combine stops for fuel, refreshments and rest room use.

Never let your friends get lonely - continue to aggravate them.

I tend to carry my favorite water flavorings with me. Instead of candy or chips, most truck stops have bottled water and fresh fruit available. I prefer to stop at truck stops instead of gas stations. As a lone female, I feel safer at truck stops.

When I do stop, I also empty my trash, take a few minutes to stretch and answer any texts

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I have gotten while driving. As a lone female traveler, I have my favorite sidearm on my hip. My CCW permit is readily available as well. If I have to stop at a rest area, I keep my eyes open and take a look at my surroundings before I get out of the car. I also take a few minutes to stretch and breathe deeply. What I never do is make eye contact or engage in conversation with anyone.

Once I arrive at my hotel, I ask to see the room before I accept it. If it's not what I expected, I request another room. I take my own pillow as well.

I don't like spending a lot of money on food or laundry. I usually scout out a Walmart or other well known grocery store. I can usually find a meal there. I also find a laundromat, which saves on packing...especially on a long trip.

If you look in my vehicle, you'll find extra sunglasses, a small umbrella, a first aid kit, a stadium blanket and a couple of plastic grocery bags. The plastic bags are great for covering a handbag in the rain.

One trend that alarms me is women who carry oversized bags. I frequently see a wallet in plain sight and a phone in hand. That's just asking for trouble! A small stylish handbag looks much better. And for heaven's sake, get rid of those waist packs! Not only do they mark you as a tourist, they are not flattering!

Speaking of looking like a tourist, leave the expensive jewelry at home.

If you're looking for some local day trips, there are some really fun places to visit within a two hour drive. Here is a shortlist of places. Ivy Green, Cathedral Caverns, Russell Cave, Walls of Jericho, North Alabama Railroad Museum, Veteran's Museum, Point Mallard, Cook's Museum, Space and Rocket Center, Burritt on the Mountain, Dublin Park and the zoos in Birmingham and Nashville.

Feeling adventurous? Go see Fort Payne and the beautiful falls there. Wheeler Wildlife Sanctuary is well worth the time as well.

Wherever you go, safe travels!

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



I have patted myself on the back so many times I got arm cramps. I did the best job EVER in hiding that tiny bowling ball which I put on page 46 of the June issue in the Scotty's ad. The first correct caller (and one of very few) was **Mary Harris** and she needed her flash-light and magnifying glass.

Then, we had the Photo of the Month winner. The little girl pictured was **Jane Tippett** of the History Lowry House, and the amazing thing is Jane has not really changed over the years and still looks like she did years ago. The first caller was **Bobby Norton** of Huntsville, who worked with Jane's husband **Louie Tippett** in the Fire Department for years. He also remembered working as a courier when he would go by **Dr. Alfred Owen's** clinic where Jane was his nurse! Congratulations to both Bobby and Mary.

For the rest of our readers who

buy the magazine from the locations you see all over, remember that 100% of those quarters/dollars go to the **Golden K Kiwanis** children's charities. We want to say thank you from those agencies the Golden K supports.

One of the beloved Golden K members was **Reggie Skinner, Jr.** Reggie had been unable to attend meetings the past year or so but always remained a member. Reggie loved working with youth soccer and baseball teams and was always upbeat and positive and you just felt good being around him. He passed away on May 24 and so many people are missing him. Reggie leaves wife of 52 years, **Diane Snyder Skinner**, as well as children **Judy Crooks (Marc)**, **Stephanie Betts (Rick)** and **Matt Skinner (Laura)** and also six grandchildren.

It seems hard to believe but the **Lee High School** class of 1968 is having its 50th reunion! How can that be?? It's going to be a great event on Saturday, July 28th, 6pm at Huntsville Country Club and you need to be there. Greg Patterson has ticket prices and info at (256) 694-8179.

Remember that Ayers Farmers Market is open seven days a week. They are located in the Cook Avenue Farmers Market area and oftentimes the area looks closed. But Ayers is there with their delicious fresh veges and fruit and Mullins Honey from 8am - 6pm daily (Sunday 8-1pm). Right behind Krispy Kreme on North Parkway.

I heard a couple of good hints this month. **Cheryl Tribble** and her daughter **Felicia** noticed that her oven glass door had those sticky buildup stains that you just can't wash off. Felicia told her to soak

some paper towels in ammonia and lay them on the glass overnight. The next day the gunk just wiped off! I don't love the fumes of ammonia but it beats oven cleaner! Then I got a good Hiller Plumbing tip - make it a habit to put Drano or that natural stuff Zep Drain cleaner I found at Lewters down all your drains once a month - to just clear them out - if you have to call the plumbing company because you've got a solid blockage, it can be expensive. Preventive Maintenance!

Rosemary Leatherwood wishes her grandson **Chase Woods** a Happy Birthday - he turns 18 on July 10. She says, "You are an awesome young man and I'm so proud of you." Chase plays wheelchair basketball and his dream is to be a coach in that sport one day. He has achieved some difficult goals in his young life and his family loves him so much.

Mary Barksdale lived in Athens, AL and was a loving mom of 3 boys. She was an employee of Hewlett-Packard Company years ago and was a dear friend to many. She was a tireless advocate for mental health awareness, as one of her sons suffered with that all his short life. Mary was 73 when she passed away on March 2. Her survivors are sons **LCDR William Barksdale (Kellie)** and **Phillip Calvin**

Photo of The Month

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

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Barksdale (Glennis). She has five grandchildren. Mary was a gentle, funny, loving lady who did a lot of good in her life.

Happy Birthday to my handsome brother **Ken Owens** - he has a Birthday on July 31 and he will not allow anyone else's birthday celebrated during his month! He made me say that about handsome.

A lady named **Vicki** called me recently and was asking you old timers - was there ever a train that went around the Big Spring Park that was under a willow tree or low hanging tree? She knows she remembers that as a kid but others say it never existed! Let us know at Old Huntsville and we'll let our readers know!

There's no way **Bernice Harper Sutfon** is having an 84th birthday July 17. I think she's in her 70s. Bernice and husband thoroughly enjoyed the Whitesburg Pike feature written by **David Maples** back in May because they remember all of it! Happy birthday to a great lady.

Special hello to **Danny Watson**, who retired from Huntsville Utilities - good to see him out and about and catch up with him. Our utility workers are the best, and if there is a storm or damage from trees they get out immediately along with the tree cutters and city of Huntsville employees to get us back on track. They don't wait til the next day.

When you get out to do your gardening and are attacked by mosquitoes it's so aggravating. I don't like those chemicals you spray on but discovered that if I take peppermint essential oil (10 drops) and mix it with 4 oz. of plain water in a spray bottle - I smell heavenly and the bugs hate it. Pearly Gates has

peppermint oils and you can find them other places, but be sure and get good quality oil.

Rosemary Leatherwood also wants to send out a Happy 8th anniversary to her daughter and son-in-law **Jamie** and **Allen Woods**. And a happy birthday to her sweet nephew **Chris Rosseau** on July 4th.

Our friend and writer **Harry Dill** is going to turn 90 on July 25th. That is a huge landmark and you might recognize his name as one of the regular writers in "Old Huntsville" magazine. Happy Birthday to you Harry and I know you've got at least 10 more to go!

Another really important birthday is that of **Evelyn Smith Rochelle** who had a May 25th birthday with friends and family. Her daughter **Ann Rochelle Graves** told us that she turned 95 on that day! A beautiful and loving lady who cherishes her family and their long family history.

That smiling Customer Support rep at BB&T Bank on Church Street, **Ianthia Bridges**, told me her daughter is having a birthday on July 10. So we wanted to say Happy Birthday to **Brooke Bridges** from all of us and lots of love from your Mom! And more about Ianthia, I saw her recently volunteering her time in the heat at Downtown Rescue Mission cleaning up gardens and weeding. You go girl!

David Hardwick wanted to tell us how much he enjoyed giving his subscription gifts to "Old Huntsville" magazine. He gives many gift subs through the year and says that it is the best gift he's ever given, and his friends think about him each month when their copy arrives in the mail.

We are all so very proud of **Jerry Lankford**, who's been an Honor Guard Commander at the American Legion Post 237 for over 30 years. On April 17 Jerry was honored by the **City of Huntsville, Tommy Battle and the City Council** who issued a Proclamation to Jerry thanking him for his years of service to the families and veterans of Huntsville and Madison County. Many thanks to **John Carson**, the Chamber of Commerce and a former Battalion Commander for getting this done.

I had a meeting recently at **Roosters Coffee Shop** on south Whitesburg Drive across from the Goodwill store and their iced lattes are the best in town. I've had many of these since they opened and all their coffees are so good.

One benefit I thought of recently about getting older - since you don't cook at home much anymore you lessen your chances of catching on fire.

David Topping runs a Facebook page called "Old Cullman News" and he is looking for stories on **Col. Cullman** from years ago. If anyone has seen that article or has info on Col. Cullman let me know at 256.534.0502 and I'll pass it along to David.

There is a new online Events planner that covers our county and nearby areas - lots happening in the summer/fall so be sure and go to <https://www.huntsvilleal.gov/government/media-center/e-newsletter-directory/>. Long URL but worth it.

Have a safe and happy 4th of July and watch out for your neighbors in this heat, especially the older ones.

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Hot Summertime Snacks

Cheesy Sesame Sticks

- 4 slices bread
- 1/2 c. Parmesan cheese
- 1 stick butter
- 1 oz. sesame seeds

Cut crusts off bread and cut each into 4 strips. Dip strips in butter, then in Parmesan cheese. Dip into the sesame seeds. Do not cut again. Line them on a cookie sheet and bake at 200 degrees for an hour plus a few extra minutes to get golden brown. You can add garlic powder or onion powder for variety.

7 Cup Salad

- 1 c. grated sweetened coconut
- 1 c. sour cream

- 1 c. crushed pineapple, drained
 - 1 c. miniature marshmallows
 - 1 c. cottage cheese (not fat free)
 - 1 c. chopped pecans
- Mix together all ingredients and refrigerate. Great for making ahead of time and is delicious!

Hawaiian Bread with Dill Weed Dip

Dip:

- 16 oz. sour cream
- 1/4 c. parsley flakes
- 1/4 c. dry onions
- 32 oz. mayonnaise
- 1/4 c. dry dill weed

Mix ingredients for dip and refrigerate. Take one round loaf of Hawaiian Sweet bread (find at any grocery store) and

cut out center of loaf for a small bowl to sit in. Cut center bread into cubes and place around the loaf in platter. Pour dip into bowl just before serving. Place toothpicks nearby.

Aunt CC's Chicken

- 2 whole chicken breasts, split
- Salt
- Seasoned pepper
- 1/4 c. butter
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 bunch broccoli, cooked
- 1/4 c. minced green onion
- 4 cans cling-peach halves
- 1 c. sour cream
- 1/4 c. mayonnaise
- 1/4 c. Parmesan cheese, grated

Season the chicken with salt and pepper. Melt butter in small skillet and add green on-

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ions and garlic and saute a few minutes. Stir in paprika and turn chicken in mixture til well coated.

Put in shallow baking dish, cover loosely with foil and bake at 375 degrees for about 20 minutes. Arrange well-drained broccoli in pan on one side of the chicken and put the peaches on the other side.

Mix sour cream and mayo and spoon over all. Sprinkle with cheese and put low in oven. Broil til glazed and richly flecked with brown.

Broccoli Salad

2 bunches broccoli, heads only

- 1/2 c. raisins
- 1/2 c. pecans
- 1/2 c. red onion, chopped
- 12 slices bacon, fried crispy

Dressing:

- 1 c. mayonnaise
- 1/2 c. sugar
- 2 T. apple cider vinegar

Mix the ingredients for your dressing and refrigerate overnight - this is important! Mix the first 4 ingredients for the salad in a large bowl. Just before serving pour dressing over the salad and crumble crisp fried bacon over top.

The above 5 recipes are from Carol Christopher

Southern Pralines

1 c. dark brown sugar (firmly packed)

- 1 c. granulated sugar
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 5 T. boiling water
- 1/2 stick butter
- 2 c. pecan halves

Stir the sugars and butter into boiling water and boil for two minutes. Remove from heat and add vanilla and nuts. Beat slowly until slightly sugary on bottom. Drop from tablespoon onto waxed paper. Mixture will spread. Allow to stand until completely cooled.

Ruth Morrison

Fresh Peach Crunch

- 1 c. uncooked rolled oats
- 3/4 c. dark brown sugar
- 1/2 c. plain flour
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 c. melted butter
- 2 med. peaches, peeled and sliced (use more if desired)

Blend oats, sugar, flour, cinnamon, salt and butter. Arrange peaches in 9 inch greased pie plate or 8x8x2 inch greased square baking pan. Sprinkle with the oat mixture. Bake in pre-heated 375 degree oven for 35 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or ice cream.

Charlotte Wallace

Pistachio Dessert

1st layer:

36 Oreo cookies crushed (filling removed)

1 stick butter, melted

Mix and pat in 9x13" pan

2nd layer:

1 c. powdered sugar

1 c. Cool Whip

1 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

Mix well with beater and spread over crust (will be very thick)

3rd layer:

2 pkgs. pistachio instant pudding

3 c. whole milk

Mix and let rest in refrigerator for 5 minutes. Spread over the cream cheese layer and back in fridge for an hour. Top with remaining Cool Whip and sprinkle remaining Oreos.

Sandra Nelson

Last 3 recipes from "Huntsville Entertains" cookbook



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Helping Others

by Rodger Keene

The World Health Organization estimates that there are 70 million people worldwide who have difficulty walking. Mobility Worldwide, also known as P.E.T. (Personal Energy Transportation), began by a request from Larry Hills, a Methodist missionary in war-torn Zaire in the mid-1990s. After almost stepping on a woman crawling in the grass, he noticed other people who either couldn't walk or had difficulty walking. Larry contacted a friend in the States who was a product designer to build a hand-pedaled cart that could be used by these people.

After building several prototypes, a design was settled on that fit the needs of the people. Positive reports came back and production was started. There have been many changes over the years and change continues today. From an initial one shop, there are now 24 shops worldwide including Zambia. Two new shops in southeast Alabama and Atlanta recently joined the program.

Mobility Worldwide produces about 7,000 carts annually that are sent by various organizations to over 100 developing countries. The carts are given to clients free of charge. Carts are not given to people in the U.S. since there are medical appliances such as wheelchairs available.

So, what does this have to do with Huntsville, Alabama? Several

years ago, a local doctor went to a conference and saw one of these carts. He came back to his church (First Baptist Church in Huntsville) and recommended that a shop be started here. About five years ago, the local organization was begun. At first, parts were made in several backyard shops and brought to a warehouse for assembly and shipping. Since most of the people involved were still employed with full time jobs, about 30 carts were built each year. In 2017, all operations were brought under one roof at 2011 Seminole Drive (thanks to a very caring donor) and production increased to about 100 carts per year.

The carts are built strictly with volunteer labor. There is no paid staff locally and only 2 full time paid employees nationally. Most of the local volunteers are retired and many of them are veterans. Some of the volunteers have disabilities, but have found ways

to participate. Also, in the past year, medical students from University of Ala/Bham-Huntsville and physical therapy students from Wallace State have helped. Several of the teachers and students from Wallace State recently went to Kenya to deliver, assemble and distribute some carts. We have sent carts to Honduras, Jamaica, Uganda, Ecuador and other places.

There are 21 affiliates or groups of people in the U.S. that produce these vehicles. The largest affiliate builds about 800 each year, one or two others about 500, but most build 100-200. In our shop here in Huntsville, we build about 100 per year. We could easily build over 300 if we had



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the funds. It costs \$300 to build and ship each PET. Since the late 1990s the total number of PETs shipped is about 68,000.

The carts are built from scratch by volunteers who cut, clean, weld, and paint the metal parts as well as cut and assemble the wooden bodies. Only a very few parts, such as the solid rubber tires, are purchased. Most of the materials used in the carts are bought locally including steel, lumber, paint, nuts and bolts. Equipment and accessories such as sandpaper and saw blades are also purchased locally.

The first three years we only built 30 a year because we were building different parts in men's own workshops and then finding a place to assemble them. Thanks to a very generous gift from a fellow church member we were given 5000 square feet of air-conditioned space that has allowed us to have the capability to build 10 times as many.

But, this isn't about us or our national organization. It's about the recipients and how their lives are changed. We have many stories and get more every week. Let me tell you about a couple of folks. Seun was possibly the last person in Nigeria to contract polio. She had a wheelchair, but was primarily confined to her house. She was given a cart that allowed her to leave her house. She graduated from high school and college and went to work for the government utilizing her computer skills that she learned in college. Every day, a bus would pick her up. The driver would load her and her cart onto the bus and take her to work. Arriving there, he would unload her and her cart. She had a wheelchair that she used at work. After work, the bus would pick her up and take her home with the driver assisting her. Then, she met and fell in love with a guy, but his parents wouldn't accept her because she was handicapped. They got married anyway and she now has at least 2 children. Obviously, her life was changed because of the cart. As a side note, she recently requested a new cart because her old one was worn out. Arrangements are being made to fill that request.

In another case, a girl had polio when she was 3 years old. Her mother carried her everywhere she went on the mother's back. When the girl was 22, she received a cart. Can you imagine carrying a 22 year old person on your back perhaps for many miles? When they got the cart, it was hard to tell who was the happiest - the mother or daughter. The daughter was happy because she could finally go to church. Their

church was 5 miles away and she didn't want to burden her mother to take her to church.

Much more could be written about this project but suffice it to say if it weren't for the volunteers who help put these together, and the generous donors, this wouldn't happen.

If you would like to be a volunteer or just see the operation, we are open on Tuesdays and Saturdays 9:00 AM til noon at 2011 Seminole Drive. We'd love to show you how we do it!

For further information, contact Rodger Keene at (256) 881-6533 or visit our website at www.mobilityworldwide.org.



Rodger Keene, a volunteer and retired Army Auditor, poses with a line of mobility carts readied for packaging and shipment.

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My Grandparents

James Henry, Willie Mae and Rebecca Paseur:

by Barry Key



James Henry and Willie Mae (Tommy), my biological grandparents and family lived on Shirt Tail Bend Road in Marshall County, a couple of miles south of New Hope, Alabama. They owned a small farm at Paseur Branch, an area known as The Bend. Not sure my granddad's motive, but according to my mother and my Uncle O'Neal, he traded the farm for a pair of mules and a wagon. There may have been some "boot" but they never told me if there was.

They moved from the farm to Chase, Alabama, just east of Huntsville for a short period of time. They moved from Chase back to Marshall County. The house they lived in was destroyed one night by a tornado while they were asleep. My Uncle Guy was the only one who received a major injury....a stick was driven into his chest. He fully recovered from the injury. The other injuries sustained by the family were to their feet trying to get out of the rubble in the pitch dark of night. My mother, for the rest of her life, was deathly afraid of any storm.

After their house was destroyed by the tornado, Granddaddy and family moved to Pumpkin Hollow at the eastern

foot of Bishop Mountain. It was at the confluence of the Tennessee River and Honeycomb Creek, an area known as Fort Deposit. Willie Mae, my grandmother, died in 1937 before I was born. My grandfather married Rebecca Parks in 1947, also a wonderful wife and step grandmother. My grandfather, working for Mr. Whitaker, farmed, helped load timber, cotton and other textiles, etc., on river barges. He was the most mild-mannered man I ever knew. I never saw him upset, frustrated or angry. He took life as it was handed to him and made the best of it. My grandfather wasn't a seriously religious man but my step grandmother, Rebecca, never missed a church service.

In 1938, my Granddaddy and family had to move because Guntersville Dam backed the Tennessee River over their house. They moved less than a mile to the north side of Highway 431. It was in Ricketts Gap, an area known as the "S Curves" before the state straightened 431 in the 1960s. I was born in Guntersville Hospital, June 1942. My parents were living with my grandfather at Ricketts Gap in a very small house with two bedrooms, liv-

ing room and kitchen. No running water or electricity....not uncommon in those days. My grandfather got their water from a spring at the back of the house. As typical in those days, their toilet facilities were a chamber pot and outhouse.

My grandfather and Rebecca (my step grandmother) moved to a larger home at the corner of Merrill Mountain Road and Highway 431. After moving from the river, my grandfather became a tenant farmer working for Mr. Cowan. Like most tenant farmers he worked very hard, long hours to make a living.

My father joined the Navy when I was two years old and my mother and I moved to Chattanooga to live with my father's sister and her son. My uncle was also in service in Europe. After the war, we moved back to New Hope. Both my parents worked, so prior to age 10 or 11, during the day, I would stay with Granddaddy and Rebecca during our school's split vacation. In those days Madison County schools split their "summer vacation" into two parts. First part was in the spring to plant crops, second part was in the fall to gather crops. We attended school during the hottest part of the summer and our school did not have air conditioning.

As a toddler, I would mainly stay

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around the house with Rebecca or play with two of my cousins that lived next door. As I got older I also worked for Mr. Cowan, thinning cotton or corn and picking cotton, depending on the time of the year. I didn't mind thinning crops, but I hated picking cotton.

When you were thinning out cotton or corn in late spring the air was cooler and you could stand erect. Although it was in late summer and early fall, cotton picking time seemed to be the hottest time of the year. From daylight to late afternoon you were in a bent position. I would pick next to my grandfather. We would take four rows at a time. My grandfather would pick two and a half rows and I would pick one and a half... and still had trouble keeping up with him.

I liked staying with my grandparents because if it rained my grandfather and I would go fishing. My grandfather never owned a car so we had to walk or thumb a ride. We had two favorite places to fish; the junction of Little Paint Rock Creek and Paint Rock River....and Guntersville Dam. We always walked to Little Paint Rock Creek because it was only about one mile through pastures and woods. I liked the Creek best because it was in the woods and if the fish weren't biting, there was a cave there that I would play in.

Guntersville Dam was approximately five miles. We were usually able to catch a ride but a couple of times we had to walk at least one way. I had very little patience if the fish weren't biting. My grandfather could sit there in his straw hat and gallus overalls for hours without taking his eyes from his fishing line and float.

In his "spare time" my grandfather worked for Mr. Walker. Mr. Walker owned a general store/ service station right next to my grandparent's home. He also raised worms and crickets to sell to fishermen. We always had access to free bait when we went fishing... but my grandfather's favorite bait was the little white larva from a wasp's nest. Sometimes "we paid a high price" when collecting the wasp nests.

My step-grandmother, Rebecca, cooked on a wood stove. She was an excellent cook and when we brought fish home she would cook them that night for dinner. In later years, cooking on an electric stove, I could not understand how either of my grandmothers could cook on a wood stove and maintain the proper temperature.

During the summer months, almost every other Sunday after church, my parents, aunts, uncles, cousins and grandkids would meet at my grandparent's home for a pot luck picnic dinner. In addition to all the different kinds of food everyone would bring, we always made three freezers of homemade ice cream....one each of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry. It was a day of fun and games for us youngsters.

"You can easily judge the character of a man by the way he treats others who can do nothing for him."

Edward Johnathon



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EGGIN' CARS AND TROUBLE

by M.D. Smith, IV



In 1955, having just graduated from eighth grade at Mt. Brook School in Alabama, many of the boys and girls were "rushed" by the high school fraternities and sororities. I went on rush outings, events and parties with three fraternities. They were Chi-Sig, Sigma, and Tau as they were called. The Tau guys were a bit of "hell raisers" and my buddy Mardis Howie and I had some fun we'd never had before as 14-year-olds. One of the sports was egging other cars or just "eggin' cars" as we called it.

I got quite good, riding shotgun in the passenger seat and lobbing eggs over the top of the car I was riding in, early enough that by the time it landed it'd go "splat" on the car going in the opposite direction and we'd take off like bandits. Once we were chased, but eluded the other car by pulling in an alley and turning off the lights.

So, Mardis and I got quite good and one Saturday night

in the late summer of '55 when I was about to start high school at Indian Springs School south of Birmingham, we were looking for something to do. We came upon the idea of getting about four eggs each from our parent's fridge in a brown paper sack that they all kept in those days. Then we'd go up on a hill of the Birmingham Country Club (BCC) golf course where it overlooked Montevallo Road with just enough trees at the road side to obscure us. We had a good spot between the growth to throw eggs at passing cars.

Let me point out this lay-

out. The side of the fairway on about the 6th hole of the back 9 overlooked the road by about eight feet. We had entered the course at the place Canterbury Road ended on Montevallo. There was one house on the left on the golf course and a gravel driveway going up to it. The fairway was behind this and other houses to the left, but to the right was just golf course until you hit the putting green at the end of the 6th hole. We had actually walked up that driveway to get on the course and then walk down about 50 yards to our vantage point.

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Rodney Dangerfield

Sure enough, our aim was deadly, hitting the windshields of passing cars and we'd hear the splat. Most would slow down when hit (sometimes on the side of the car) and then just keep going. We were enjoying ourselves. No damage to the cars, but you did need to wash the egg off before it dried hard because it could damage the paint if you didn't.

So we are near the end of our egg supply and Mardis had his hand at ready and I was looking out for a good car to egg. We skipped those that looked like teenagers because they might stop and try to chase us over the course but in the dark, they'd have a very hard time seeing us. So we weren't too worried. As Mardis had reared back about to hit what we could tell was a passenger car, I saw the "Red Gumball Machine" on the top. It was the Mt. Brook Police.

I tried to yell stop to Mardis, but as I did, the egg was in midair. It was a perfect hit on the windshield.

They came to a near stop on the road and we knew we were in a heap of trouble, but things got worse. These police were very aware of the terrain, where the egg had come from and knew about the access on the dirt driveway to the house on the corner of the golf course.


We watched in horror as the cop car pulled up the road and was even with the course. We were already in flight in directions away from the road and deeper into the course. Then it got worse when we saw the big high power search light begin flashing around the course. All cop cars had them in those days. It was like a WWII movie or an escape from Prison movie. Whenever the light would shine in our direction as we were running, we'd hit the grass and lay flat until it went in another direction and we got up and ran.

We were split up so that helped and I am not sure the cops wanted to trench up the fairway of the BCC that night doing tight turns trying to catch us, but we never looked back to see. We ran like our pants were on fire.


At least an hour later, after taking

a VERY long route back to the bottom of Canterbury Road through neighbor's back yards, I was near where I lived. A bit later Mardis showed up, having done the same thing and we were safe.

We didn't get caught, but we didn't egg anymore cars after that either. We never wanted to take the risk of hitting a cop car again. That scare and the trouble we would have been in, kind of took the fun out of it.



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Memories of My Great Grandfather

by Donald W. Alford, Jr.

My name is Donald Alford. I live on our family farm out in Owens Cross Roads. We have had family on this land since back in the early 1800's. Eleven years ago we took my Great-Grandfather's house and turned in into a restaurant we call Grandmother's House. Growing up here on the farm I have many memories and I am honored to get to share these with our restaurant family. In the past few years I have become a Grandfather and I have starting writing down my stories for the next generation. I love the Old Huntsville Magazine and just can't wait for the next one to come out so I thought I would share some of my stories with you.

Donald Alford

George R.Craft (Dec 15 1897 - Oct 3 1977) Owens Cross Roads, Al
Vinnie Brannum Craft (May 1st 1901 - 27 Oct 1980)

George and Vinnie lived on the family farm located out in Owens Cross Roads. They raised three daughters, one of which was my Grandmother JoDella Craft Powers. On the farm George raised cows and hogs, cotton and hay and always had a big garden.

George (Papa) wanted to build his house on the back of the farm next to his daddy's house. The county told him not to build over there, because he would never have electricity. They told him to build over on the east side of the farm next to the new highway (Old Hwy 431), and he might get power someday. Well he built his house over next to the new highway in 1928 and six years later they got their first electric lights in the house.

Not long after they had moved into their new house Papa started walking in his sleep. Many nights he would roam the house and keep Mama up, but in the morning, he would never remember it. One time while walking in his sleep he went out of the house and started down the road. A car pulled up behind him and blew the horn. When Papa woke up he was in the middle of the road, and over a half of a mile away.

One night Papa was dreaming that someone was trying to break into the house. He kept his pistol near his bed. Well he jumped out of bed, grabbed his pistol and ran down the hall. When he got to the living room he shot at the guys breaking into the house. When he woke up he was standing in the living room with the pistol in his hand, and he had blown off the arm rest on Mama's rocking chair. Mama took the pistol from him that night and kept it.

Vinnie (Mama) always wore a white apron. Just about every time you would see her she had that apron on. We all wondered what Mama had in her apron pocket, but no way would anyone ask her. Not too

The butcher backed up into the meat grinder by mistake and got a little behind in his work.

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long ago an older lady told me she was friends with Vinnie and one of the stories she told me was of the pistol that Mama always carried in her apron pocket.

Papa loved to drink Double Colas. Back then you did not throw away the bottle when you were done, you would save them and turn them back in. On Papa's back porch he would have cases of Double Colas and the empty ones to return. I can remember one time Papa and I were sitting on the front porch steps and he gave me one of them Double Colas and we shared a bag of Golden Flake Cheese Curls. Man, I thought I was somebody sitting there next to that big man.

Another memory I have of Papa was in 1973 I think. There was a big flood in Owens Cross Roads. The farm had eighteen inches of water over it. Merl Powers (my grandfather) and I went down to check on Papa. When we got to the farm Papa was way out in the pasture trying to get the cows up in the barn. My grandfather had a small boat and he rowed us out to Papa. I can still remember the look on his face when he got in the boat and feeling so sorry for him and the cows.

Papa and Mama Craft did not have much money, but he would give each of his grand kids a calf to raise and we could sell the calf once it was big enough. We did not have a fenced pasture at the house where I grew up, so Dad brought the calf up and put it in our neighbor's pasture. Not long after that we had a bad storm one night and lightning struck the calf and killed it. I have raised many cows since then, but I will always remember my first one.

Papa gave me an old shotgun one time. The old gun was worn out and it should not have been used, but he wanted to give it to me. He told me, "Boy, don't ever shoot this gun." Well an 11-year-old boy just had to shoot it once. I went out behind the barn, stuck a shell in it, took aim at a fence post and let it rip. That big gun put me on the ground and it felt like a mule had kicked me. When I figured out what was going on, I found the gun lying beside me smoking and broke open. I never shot it again. That old gun is hanging in the hallway of our family's restaurant.

One last memory of him was cutting hay. He was hooking up the hay cutter on his old Farmall tractor. It was a cloudy day so I asked him, "Papa, do you think it's going to rain?"

He turned around and said, "Boy, do you know the best time to cut hay? The best time to cut hay is when you have the mower on the tractor. Don't worry about those clouds."

I have used that statement all through my life. When work needs to be done you just do it and don't worry about the little things.

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Frank James in Huntsville

From 1884 Huntsville Newspaper

The latest accession to the list of our local sojourners is the last of what is known to the history as the James Band - no less a personage than Frank James himself. He was brought here last Thursday from Missouri by two United States Deputy Marshals and turned over to Marshal Hinds.

Having had all his state cases in Missouri disposed of finally, by virtue of the infamy of Dick Liddel and the consequent invalidity of whatever this sweet scion of reformation might say. Frank James was immediately taken in hand by government officials and brought here to answer a charge of conspiracy to rob Postmaster Smith at Muscle Shoals. As soon as it was noised about that the distinguished outlaw was in the city, quite a throng of curious bodies went to the Calhoun building where they got a glance of him.

"There he sits with a thin, cornsilk moustache, and smoking a cigar," said a bystander to the scribe. The scribe at once proceeded to make mental notes of the supposed bandit, and had succeeded in making a good mental photograph, when the said subject arose and quietly walked out of the house and across the street to one of the neighboring saloons. It was one of the Missouri deputy marshals.

Next we turned to the true, and veritable Frank James, a man five feet ten and one quarter inches high, seeming taller than what he is (for he only weighs about 130 pounds) with dark hair, a clear, firm, earnest eye and quite quick and almost nervous in his movements.

He looked travel worn and when seen several days later in



his cell at the jail, there was a marked difference for the better in his appearance. He is rather pale, but by no means a cadaver standing in stockings ready to jump off into the great elsewhere in a jiffy. His extreme pallor is suggestive of a want of sunshine. Since October of 1882, he has not enjoyed the bounding, buoyant life of a dashing freebooter, but has sickened over with the damp of prison walls. His life has undergone a change.

A glance reveals the fact that his chest is his weak physical point, but he is not yet on the perilous edge of the grave. He informed our scribe that his natural weight was not over 140 pounds. He has a dry, comfortable cell at the jail and thinks he is stronger than he has been for some months past.

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Tips from Earlene

* Get some of that good elephant garlic, peel and cut into pieces and place in vegetable oil for use later.

* Broccoli is very good for you - steam it briefly, then put in a bowl with a bit of margarine, lemon juice and chopped, raw Vidalia onions. Delicious!

* A small bag of sulphur kept in a drawer or cupboard will drive away red ants. Black ants hate borax powder - just place some at the point where they come into your home.

* The secret of good health is to eat lots of onions. The trouble is, keeping that secret a secret.

* Hosta plants are great for shady areas of your garden and will come up multi-fold year after year. Plant them towards the back of the house, with smaller bushes and flowers in front.

* Branches of elderbush hung in the dining room will clear the house of flies. There is an odor in them that flies detest.

* If rats enter your cellar, a little powdered potash thrown in their holes or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways will drive them away for good.

* There is not a prettier walk than through downtown Huntsville - including Old Town and Twickenham - during any season of the year. There are plenty of sidewalks, huge trees and beautiful old homes. Get yourself some good walking shoes and come on downtown!

* Cayenne pepper will keep the pantry and storeroom free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne, in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with either wood or mortar. No mouse or rat will cut that rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

* To marinate your meat get some Ziploc storage bags. Clean

your meat and place it inside the bag with your marinade - toss in fridge and change its position several times to get a good soak.

* To keep your breath smelling fresh when you can't brush your teeth, carry some mint tea bags with you. Chew on one after a lunch or dinner and your breath will be very fresh.



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Don Royston



a secretary to the Vice-President of the bank. Sparks flew at this first meeting and I knew that she was special.

We were married on the 27th of August 1950, after about a year and a half of dating. She helped me through my last two years of college, and my grades improved during these two years.

I graduated in June, 1952 from the University of Missouri with a B.S. degree in Business Statistics. Upon graduation, in addition to my diploma, I received an invitation from my friends and neighbors of the local draft board inviting me (insisting, in fact) that I come to work for Uncle Sam. So, it was off to Kansas City where I was inducted into the Army on August 6, 1952. We went by train to Camp Crowder, Missouri, where I spent two weeks learning the ways of doing "things" in the Army, such as picking up cigarette butts, etc.

Then, I went by DC-3 from Camp Crowder, Missouri to Fort Bliss at El Paso, Texas. It was 103 degrees in the shade when we landed. After basic training, I was assigned to attend a 34 week basic electronics course with emphasis on radar units. My specialty was the Skysweeper 75mm anti-aircraft artillery weapon. The system contained its own radar tracking and power units and was designed for use as inner perimeter defense with the 90 and 120mm weapons.

After completion of the course, I was assigned to the Headquarters Battery 4054th ASO at Ft. Bliss as a radar repairman and instructor

I was born 27 March 1929 on a Missouri River bottom farm in Howard County near New Franklin. I was the next to last of seven children; five girls and two boys. All were born in the house that my father built. I went to the first grade in a small school in Rocheport, Missouri, which is now a Bed and Breakfast. We moved to Columbia, Missouri in 1936 because of the persistent flooding of the Missouri River and also to be near schools. I attended Lee Elementary (grades 2 thru 6); Jefferson Junior High (grades 7 thru 9); and Hickman High (grades 10 thru 12), graduating in 1947.

During the late forties, I had occasion to do some banking at the local Boone County National Bank for my sister, Margaret. She worked and lived in the Chicago area and would send her paycheck home to be deposited in her account. This turned out to be a real blessing for me as I met this beautiful girl, Naomi Dell Martin, who worked as a teller in the bank and later as



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in the electronic school until my discharge in August of 1954.

I was very thankful to be assigned to the Sky-sweeper Class and to remain as an instructor as the alternative may have been Korea where the big conflict was going on. Additionally, I was able to move Naomi to El Paso, where we lived off post while I attended school and later as an instructor. After I was discharged from the Army we moved to Kansas City, Missouri, where I worked as a statistician for the General Motors BOP plant in Kansas City, Kansas. My duties there were failure analysis of electronic components used on jet fighter planes. Our first daughter, Donna Rae, was born in Kansas City and thus started that great experience: Parenthood!

In May of 1955, I accepted a job as a statistician with Thiokol Chemical Corporation in Huntsville, Alabama, so we moved here in June of 1955 when Donna was 6-weeks old. Thiokol was a leader in the design and manufacture of solid propellant rocket motors. Some of the more well known ones include Sergeant, Hellfire, TOW 2, LaCross, Nike Hercules, Nike Zeus, Castor boosters, Patriot, Maverick, Standard missile, Booster for the Space Shuttle, braking, sounding and retro-rockets used in the early Mercury, Apollo and Gemini series of space ships.

I had several different and challenging assignments at Thiokol, most of them were in the statistics and reliability area. I became the division's Statistics and Reliability Specialist with responsibility for the implementation of statistical techniques in research and development projects as well as production processes. My duties included design of experimental plans, analysis, interpretation and reporting results.

I was instrumental in the evaluation and implementation of a computer optimized experimental design program, which was capable of generating plans yielding maximum information with a minimum experimental effort. I also monitored physical properties and ballistic properties on major motor programs to determine compliance with requirements.

Thiokol sent me to several courses in statistical methods, applied multivariate analysis and reliability engineering. These included courses at North Carolina State College, University of Connecticut and the University of Texas. I was also very active in the American Society for Quality Control (now ASQ) holding nearly every office in the local section. I am an ASQC certified Quality Engineer and also an ASQC certified Reliability Engineer.

The years were good to us as we had

three more wonderful children: Denise Jean, Lois Marie and Robert James. We celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in 1975.

Tragedy struck in February, 1982, when Naomi developed breast cancer and had surgery. The next 28 months were very trying, but Naomi was very brave and continued her teaching until her death on the 29th of June, 1984.

I married Joyce June Newton in July 1989 and retired from Thiokol after nearly thirty-seven years in March 1992. I received an invitation from Chuck Owens to join the Golden K Kiwanis club but I did not join until 1996, when Tom Neely persuaded me to attend a meeting with him.

I am so thankful that I did, as I really enjoy the fellowship with a great group of guys. I enjoy the opportunity to help children through raising funds from our money making project which is the distribution of the Old Huntsville magazine. I enjoy reading to pre-school children at Martin Luther King Elementary and giving them the books as their own through our Reading is Fundamental (RIF) program.

We have enjoyed our Church, Hallelujah Choir, volunteer work, travels and our 15 grandchildren plus one great-granddaughter during our retirement years.

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On Getting Older

by Ernestine Moody

I was once asked "How would you describe getting older?" Well, I requested extra time to answer so that I might find nice adjectives to use in terms of depicting the aging process. With pen in hand I quickly eradicated the words, "painful, crippling, debilitating, lonely and crawling at a snail's pace." I realized I should approach the scenario with a more positive attitude. First, going in the "plus column" I am still alive. I have a choice to either concentrate on the daily aches and pains, or I can wipe them from my every waking moment. I put down my pen, and tried to relive a day in this octogenarian's life.

I rise about 6:30 a.m. Frank Sinatra is bellowing "When Somebody Loves You" on the radio, and the TV is simultaneously announcing the local Huntsville news. Each is aspiring for dominance in reaching the human ear.

"Tom," I yell, he is the other octogenarian who has shared the last fifty-nine years of our marital bliss. I yell his name two more times!

Finally, I can slightly apprehend a "What" traveling from the nearby kitchen.

"The TV, the music, please lower the volume." The expected, but dreaded, "What," comes again. By this time, "Old Frank" has embedded his words into my brain and the TV announcements have exploded in my head. I find myself oblivious to sound.

I stumble toward the kitchen. Tom, in a calm manner, begins with "What did you say?" I reply, "Yes dear, I hope you have a nice day too."

After a breakfast of salt free, gluten free, sugar free piece of dry toasted bread, I look for my car keys. I drove home yesterday, so they must be within the building. Carefully the two of us try to retrieve the missing item. I had gone grocery shopping and then had come home to fix lunch. Oh yes, I remember lunch. Therefore, on my refrigerator's shelf cooling themselves, are the lost car keys.

Today's main meal will consist of richly colored green spinach leaves with tomato slices, minus salt, pepper and salad dressing. I eat slowly to prevent indigestion, and to obtain a "full" feeling. Now, after this strenuous activity, it's fun time. I plan on watching a good TV movie. Finding a chair with a comfortable pillow to support my aging back, and propping up my feet to aid in circulation, I am in the ready position. Two hours later I wake up only to see the disturbing words, "The End". Oh well, I can watch it during tomorrow's fun time.

I hear the melodic sound of Tom's snoring. I race, well I wouldn't exactly call it racing, to the bedroom to wake him. "If we sleep too much during the day we won't be able to sleep tonight." Words that I do not think were ever prophesied by Nostradamus.

Checking my watch, I realize it is time to chat with my friend. After four rings on Verizon I hear a rather sleepy response. "Oh, I'm so sorry I woke you up." Of course, her reply to me, "Well, I better wake up now so that I will be able to sleep tonight." We discuss our spouses, kids, grand kids, and of course, our new aches and pains.

Daylight hours have passed. Maybe tonight when I am in dreamland I'll recall the good old days, the wonderful days of youth. Best of all, I won't have to answer the question, "How do you describe getting older?"

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Ninety-Eight and Counting

by John E. Carson

With the American Legion approaching its One Hundredth birthday in March of 2019, the historic Clayton E. Money-maker, American Legion Post 237 closed its doors at the end of May 2018 - just a few days past Memorial Day, and after completing work on the new Honor Guard Van meant to serve the families and Veterans of Huntsville and Madison County.

Dating back to June 1920, Post 237 was established under a temporary charter as the Peter Crump Post and immediately began serving the Veterans of WWI in Huntsville and Madison County and has continued to do so throughout the decades since.

The first American Legion Post in the state of Alabama, Post 237 was granted a permanent charter in 1926.

Closed its doors? After 98 years of service? How can that be?

After many changes in its name, location and number designation, Post 237 finally found a permanent home with the construction of the present building at 2900 Drake Avenue S.W. in 1983.

That building has served as the meeting place for the many other Veteran organizations in Huntsville who do not have a Post Home of their own.

What would become of them and the Honor Guard that has served the city and county for so many years? Indeed, Mayor Tommy Battle recently issued a Proclamation dedicated to the Thirty-year Honor Guard Commander, Jerry Lankford who was forced to retire for health reasons.

Why the new van if the doors were to close? Who would honor the departed Veterans if the only fully uniformed Veteran Honor Guard no longer existed? The van, acquired from the DAV (Disabled American Veterans) of Huntsville, was recently given a makeover by local business, Signs by Tomorrow on Putnam Drive, who also provided Post 237 with a new entrance sign to the parking lot; both at very low cost to the Post. Retaining some of the original graphics, SBT transformed the van's DAV identity to the American Legion, Post 237 designation and added the Honor Guard lettering. The new Honor Guard Commander, Jerry Rains, completed the painting and restoration on the van, finishing the work just in time for Memorial Day.

And then, just two days later, the doors closed! And when that happened, 80-100 volunteers from Home Depot



began work on a restoration of the property. The building's exterior received a new, bright coat of paint, landscaping and footlights for the corner sign and restoration of the flag poles. Inside, the ballroom was completely renovated with new paint, light fixtures, carpet and dance floor.

Work was also slated for the social quarters by members of the Post.

At an estimated cost of \$32,000.00 the bill was paid by Home Depot as part of its Spring Project.

After Ninety-eight years, a grateful community has come together to thank Post 237 for its many years of service by giving it the best birthday present possible; A new look and a new life - and those closed doors were re-opened just two days later and will remain so for many years to come.

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Having a 90th Birthday

by Harry Dill

Well this is the month of July 2018 now and I will be 90 years old this month on the 25th. I am so thankful and grateful to my Lord God Jesus Christ that I want everyone to know how He had provided and sustained me and kept me safe for all these years so I am writing this true story about some events in my life now.

Jesus has provided food for me all these years even through the Great Depression when we only had mush to eat and some wild fruit like plums, berries and nuts, etc. Up to the present day with all the different kinds of foods that we now can buy at the grocery store and eat in many kinds of places to eat! God has supplied all my needs and I am eternally grateful and thank Him from the bottom of my heart for all His blessings and miracles He has given me and my family through all the years.

When I was young He saved me from my uncle Oscar Evans who nearly smothered me to death, He healed me when they took out my tonsils and when my knee swelled up so I could not bend it and the doctor lanced it. He healed me! You know Jesus is the Great Physician and there is none like Him.

All through my life He has provided for me and my family and He provides for all of you too. He suffered and bled and died on the cross for you and me and made it possible for us to repent and change the way of sinful living to the living of a righteous life. Jesus is the only one who can forgive us our sins and we have all sinned as the Bible tells us. Only Jesus is without sin!

When I was 17 years old I went into the Army and took basic training at Fort McClellan, Alabama. After 17 weeks of training I was transferred into the Air Force and went over seas. I had several narrow escapes while there.

I had the weekend off and planned to ride the regular aircraft carrier to Tokyo. But when the day came and time to begin the trip it was raining hard and stormy. The regular pilot that usually ran the route every day called in sick and another pilot was asked to run the route that day for him. I was at Itazuka Air Base, Fukuoka City on the island of Kyushu and wanted to go to Tokyo on the Island of Honshu, The aircraft had to make about 10 stops at various air bases on the way before we got to Tokyo. When we were beginning to

land at one of those bases our aircraft pulled up suddenly and we shot just a few feet above one that was taking off! Our pilot had just seen it thru the heavy rain in the nick of time! My knees were weak even when we got on the ground and our pilot said "I guess you all don't want to ride with me anymore." I took the express bullet train when I went back to my home base that time.

I was saved many times from all kinds of accidents by the one true God. Another time I went on RR from Korea to Japan and landed at Nagoya, Japan. I went over to base operations and they said that they had a flight leaving for Fukuoka shortly. I wanted to visit with some of my friends. So I went out to the aircraft. The pilot and co-pilot were checking out everything; flaps, rudder, etc. It took them a long time to check everything and when they finished they said, "We will try to make the flight."

When I got on board I found out that the plane had been stripped down, all the padding was gone and I could see the cables in the walls that ran to the various controls like the flaps, etc. There were only bucket seats. We took off OK and were flying over the sea when one of the two engines stopped. The pilots told me we might have to jump and I put on a parachute.

The pilot managed to start the engine back up though



Harry as a young man

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"With much affection for what is on
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and we flew on to the landing strip at Fukuoka. But on landing the flaps would not work and we had to land too fast and the wings were too close to the ground just only a few inches from touching. If they had touched going that fast the aircraft would have been torn up! I was going from side to side.

The pilot was putting on the brakes as hard as he could and the end of the runway was coming up. We managed to come to a stop at the very end of the runway with the brakes smoking hot. God saved me again.

I have been saved from many accidents in my car but one I remember well was when I was driving from Huntsville to my new duty assignment in Washington DC. I was on the highway in Middle Tennessee and going across a wooden bridge that was high above a railroad track below, at night. I saw the lights of a car that was coming towards me on my side of the road! I had to think quick. I didn't want a head on wreck and maybe be pushed off the bridge to that railroad track below so I stayed on my side of the road and put on my brakes. That car hit me on the left side and tore off my front fender and blew out my front left tire but came to a stop. In just seconds it seem like there were Tennessee Highway Patrols all around.

The man in the other car seemed to be half asleep and talked with a slur. I think he was drunk or under the influence of drugs. His car was a big one and he was rich and owned at least half of that Tennessee County I was in. He paid for my motel expense and a wrecker pulled my car to the motel. The next day I was taken to his car dealership and his whole crew was working on my car. They fixed the fender and wheel and put a new tire on. They wanted to get me out of there quickly because he didn't want his wife to find out that had happened. I was on my way shortly but about 50 miles up the road that new tire went flat. I got it fixed... someone who put it on left a tire tool inside! I finally got to Washington all right. God had saved me from what could have been a bad wreck again!

A few years ago my legs and feet swelled up and I could hardly breathe. I couldn't lay on the bed at night to sleep and had to sit up in a chair and get a little sleep. I needed to go to the hospital but the paperwork took several days and I was suffering all the time. I couldn't eat much either.

Finally the paperwork went through and I was taken to the hospital in Birmingham. I had congestive heart failure! They drained the fluid off of me and prescribed new medicine for me. They took a lot of tests and I

had to stay in the hospital for around a week. My God Jesus Christ saved my life again.

I have so much to be thankful for that this short tribute to my God Jesus Christ only just touches the tip of the iceberg. He has been so kind and good to me all these years and I only realized it later in life. When I was very young I thought I could do things by myself, but I was wrong. I can do nothing without Him, but with Him I can do all things! That is in the Bible.

I am very thankful to Him for all my family and the fact that they have also found God and believe in Him. None of them do drugs or smoke and they all try to do what Jesus wants of them. I pray for all of them every day. Jesus has answered so many of my prayers that it would fill a huge book!

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Rescued by a Friend

by Bill Henderson,
Brownsboro

My story starts out in Huntsville with my family living on Fifth Avenue (now Governors Drive) where Mortimore Street runs in to Governors Drive. We lived in a small shack of three rooms. No electricity, one water spigot and an outhouse.

This was in 1946. Daddy and someone he worked with wired the house with one light in the center of each room. Mother cooked on a coal stove and we had an Ice Box..

Now to my story about being rescued. My brother David (age 9), Tom Woodard (neighbor, age

10) and I (age 7) went to the Big Spring park downtown. David went all the way up the stairs to the Court House Square and Tom started up the stairs. I was at the edge of the springs looking at the gold fish. I wanted a closer look so I leaned way over the water, when I lost balance and fell in. The water was over my head and I could not swim. Tom noticed I was missing and turned and looked for me. He saw the aviator cap I had on bobbing in the spring. He ran down and pulled me out.

It was in February and very cold. We rode the city bus back home. I was soaking wet and freezing. When we got home, Mother dried me off and put me to bed and gave me a glass of hot lemonade. I was very lucky I didn't get sick.

Tom moved to Phoenix City, Alabama. While stationed at

Maxwell AFB, Tom Woodard and Tom Locke (my cousin) stopped in to see me. Later I heard Tom had died.

I will never forget him saving my life when I was seven years old.

My favorite writers in Old Huntsville Magazine and my inspirations are Malcolm Miller (I delivered his mail to Jerry's Barber Shop); Tom Carney (while delivering his mail he gave me a bunch of the back issues of the magazine and this got me started); and Johnny Johnston, an old friend from Butler High School.

"You might be the richest man in the graveyard, but you're still in the graveyard."

Andrew Garfield



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Safety Tips for your New Baby Pets



KITCHENS/BATH-ROOMS

- Use childproof latches to keep little paws from prying open cabinets.
- Place medications, cleaners, chemicals, and laundry supplies on high shelves.
- Keep trash cans covered or inside a latched cabinet.
- Check for and block any small spaces, nooks or holes inside cabinets or behind washer/dryer units.
- Make sure your kitten hasn't jumped into the dryer before you turn it on.
- Keep foods out of reach (even if the food isn't harmful, the wrapper could be).
- Keep the toilet lid closed to prevent drowning or drinking of harmful cleaning chemicals.
- Make sure no chocolate is within reach of any dogs or cats.

LIVING/FAMILY ROOM

- Place dangling wires from lamps, VCRs, televisions, stereos and telephones out of reach.
- Put away children's toys and games.
- Put away knick-knacks until your kitten or puppy has the coordination not to knock them over.
- Check all those places where your vacuum cleaner doesn't fit, but your puppy or kitten does, for dangerous items, like string.
- Move common house plants that may be poisonous out of reach. Don't forget hanging plants that can be jumped onto from nearby surfaces.
- Make sure all heating/air vents have covers.
- Put away all sewing and craft notions, especially thread and needles.

GARAGE

- Move all chemicals to high shelves or behind secure doors.
- Clean all antifreeze from the floor and driveway, as one taste can be lethal to animals.
- Bang on your car hood to ensure that your kitten (or any neighborhood cat) has not hidden in the engine for warmth.
- Keep all sharp objects and tools out of reach.

BEDROOMS

- Keep laundry and shoes behind closed doors (drawstrings and buttons can cause major problems if swallowed).
- Keep any medications, lotions or cosmetics off accessible surfaces (like the bedside table).
- Move electrical and phone wires out of reach of chewing or getting choked on.
- Be careful that you don't close your kitten in closets or dresser drawers.
- And look out for paws, noses and tails when you shut doors behind you or scoot chairs.

MISCELLANEOUS TIP

Bell Training for Dogs

- Help your dog "talk" to you with bells. Here's an easy way your dog can let you know she needs to go outside without any barking or scratching at the door. Hang some bells from the doorknob and your dog will quickly learn to associate the sound of the bells with the door opening. Soon she'll nudge them herself. You can speed things along by jiggling the bells and saying "Outside? Wanna go outside?" for a few days every time your dog goes out. Your dog will be able to 'talk' to you about going outside even when you're somewhere else in the house. Be patient - it works!

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*From the Desk of
Tom Carney*

MR. HALL REMEMBERS

*by Tom Carney
Originally published in
"Old Huntsville" magazine
in 1992*

Mr. Hall is ninety-one years of age, and lives on Nolen Avenue on Monte Sano. The following are his memories of living in Huntsville back in the "good old days".

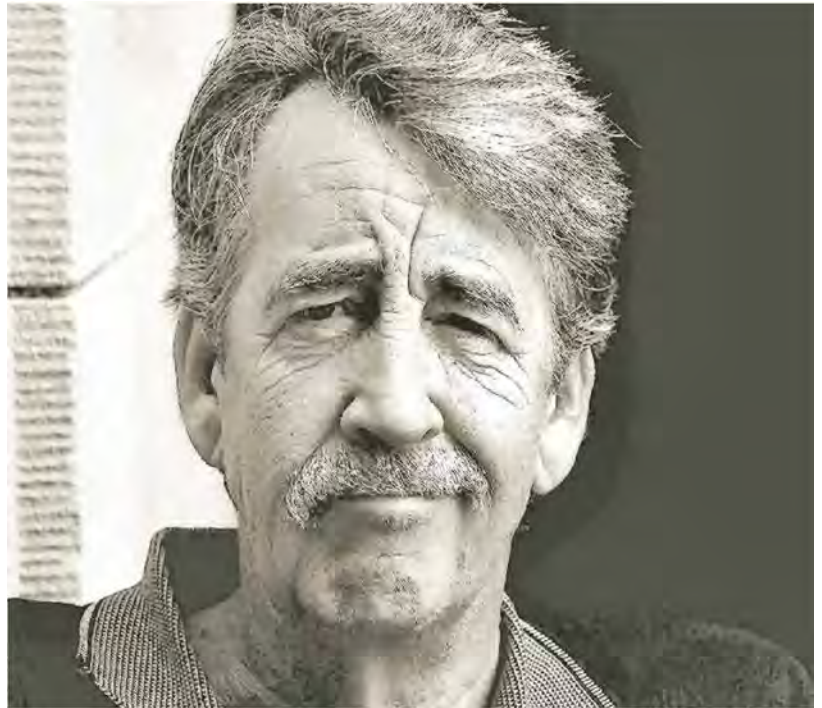
"To most folks in the early 1900s, 'Downtown Huntsville' really suggested the Courthouse Square, for this was the gathering spot to meet friends for a chat. Telephones and cars were not available in order to run over or to call. Farmers needed to share information about their crops, wives needed to share a recipe or a helpful hint and the girls and boys needed to socialize."

"Washing clothes and planning what to wear on Saturday, the special day, occupied an important part of the work-a-day week. This outing might have then or even now been labeled as gossiping. Men chewed and spat while talking politics - some might have shared a drink or two. As I once read in a country newspaper, 'A good time was had by all.'"

"On weekdays people gathered in smaller groups. One old character went to Ragland Brothers Wholesale Grocery and purchased a box of candy with twenty-four pieces

"It's all right to let yourself go, as long as you can get yourself back."

Mick Jagger



for seventy-five cents. By selling this treat for five cents each he cleared 45 cents! This was good sense because he had no overhead and the customers were everywhere. "

"I was a young father then and a good provider, and told the 'candyman', 'If my son Buddy wants candy let him have it and I will pay.' I am quite sure no books were kept and no money was lost. What fun for Buddy, who was nine at the time!"

"A man who was 'well-connected' usually became a merchant. A peddler would make his cart, using two large wagon wheels and he had a variety of goods on it. As late as the '60s one saw carts of this type on the streets of Huntsville. Trading and selling from vehicles and from a sack on the peddler's back was a part of sales history."

"Mr. Dunnivant started out as a peddler and he later became our favorite merchant with the best quality and the most stylish clothing in town. His pleasant manner and his easy credit plan made it the place to shop."

"Every one of us old timers still miss Dunnivant's."



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A Mission of Mercy

by Bill Mayes

Mr. Bill Mitchell was a good neighbor at times. At other times he was a lifesaver.

Many years ago, just after I started driving, I saved enough money to order an air horn to put on my daddy's car. It came in the mail, and unfortunately, when Daddy got home with the car he had to eat and go straight to bed, because he had to go back to work at midnight. He told me not to mess up the car so that he couldn't drive it to work. I assured him that I wouldn't, that there was nothing to installing the horn, just a simple task.

I had to remove a brass fitting, which broke off (naturally). The car would start but would not keep running. The fitting provided vacuum for the wipers plus boost for the gear-shift.

I did what any quick thinking, alert, resourceful young American would have done.

I panicked. Then I ran to Mr. Mitchell for help. He came over and took a quick look, then took a longer more worried look, and declared it hopeless without a special tool, which he would bring home tomorrow. But for tonight, we had to settle for less.

He reached up in a tree, broke off a small branch, pulled out his pocket knife and started whittling. I really didn't feel that it was a time for whittling, but when he finished he had made a peg, which he tapped into the hole left by the broken fitting and the car would run fine!

There were no wipers and it took two hands to shift gears, but at least it would go, and

Daddy could get to work!

As well as I can remember, I left Daddy a note and went to bed early that night. The next night Mr. Mitchell fixed the problem and put the new fitting in for me, and once again the world was OK.

In due time Daddy must have accepted the idea of having an extra horn, one which sounded like a cow bellowing, because I noticed that he used it a lot! Nothing will ever substitute for good neighbors!



“People who want to share their religious views with you almost never want you to share yours with them.”

Dave Barry

Strawberry Pie

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 8-oz. container whipped topping
- 1 c. confectioners sugar
- 2 c. chopped fresh strawberries
- 1 graham cracker crust or pre-baked regular pie crust, your choice

Mix the cream cheese and confectioners sugar. Add the whipped topping and strawberries. Mix by hand, then pour the mixture into the pie crust and garnish with more strawberries if needed.

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THE WAYWARD SHOT

by Bill Wright

On June 25, 1950 the Korean War began when 75,000 soldiers from the North Korean Army crossed the 38th parallel to invade South Korea. This resulted in the United States entering the Korean War to help liberate South Korea from the invading communist forces of North Korea and later an entry by China on the side of North Korea. As a result, many young Americans were inducted into the U.S. Army to support South Korea in the war.

Steve was 20 years old when he was inducted into the U.S. Army shortly after the Korean War began. He received four months of Basic Infantry Training and sent to Korea, where he was assigned to a frontline infantry company.

Shortly after Steve was assigned to the frontline infantry company, the platoon leader announced that Army Intelligence had detected an enemy tank hidden in a large barn located about 150 yards in front of the American defensive position. The platoon leader asked for two volunteers to take a bazooka, an anti-tank weapon, and sneak within about 50 yards of the barn and fire a bazooka round into the barn and hopefully destroy the enemy tank.

Steve and another soldier reluctantly volunteered for the assignment. Both were new to

frontline combat, thus nervous about the assignment they had volunteered for.

Steve would be the trigger man for the bazooka firing and his companion would be the bazooka loader. To reduce the possibility of being seen by the enemy, they would advance towards the barn in a low crouch and crawl some of the distance as they neared the barn. Once they were about 50 yards from the barn Steve was to fire the bazooka round at the barn and hopefully destroy the enemy tank. If the first round did not destroy the tank,



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“Once you’re in heaven, do you have to wear the same clothes you were buried in for all eternity?”

Teddy, age 7

they would then fire the second bazooka round into the barn.

Steve and the other soldier continued to be nervous and even trembling as they advanced towards the enemy barn, often wondering why they had volunteered for the dangerous assignment. Once they were about 50 yards from the barn, they stopped and began preparations to fire a bazooka round at the barn. Steve was still trembling and was concerned about making an accurate shot at the barn. His companion soldier loaded a round into the bazooka chamber, then touched Steve on his helmet, a signal that he could fire when ready.

As Steve pulled the trigger aiming at the barn, he was still trembling from nervousness. His shot would give meaning to the saying, "he could not hit the broad side of a barn."

Steve's shot had missed completely the large barn from only 50 yards away. However, located to a side of the barn and slightly to the rear of the barn was a large haystack. The wayward shot struck the haystack and there was a tremendous explosion. Unknown to Army Intelligence, the enemy had moved its tank out of the barn and built a large haystack around the tank.

Steve's wayward bazooka shot destroyed the enemy tank. Steve and his companion soldier ran as fast as they could back to friendly lines. As they approached, other soldiers were cheering and clapping for them having successfully destroyed the enemy tank.

When others often ask how he knew the enemy tank was in the haystack, and not in the barn, Steve would give a vague answer like "just a feeling."

Later, both Steve and his companion were awarded the Silver Star, America's third highest award for Valor in Combat. The Silver Star honors military personnel who display exceptional valor while engaged in combat operations against an enemy. The Silver Star ranks just below the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross for valor in combat.

It would be many years later before Steve would tell the complete story of how, on a cold winter day during the Korean War, he destroyed an enemy tank with "The Wayward Shot".

"If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague."

Jenni Jacobs, Gurley

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Hair Styles in the Old Days

by Malcolm W. Miller



I saw Mother and Dad and my six older brothers cutting my brother's and my hair as I was growing up. When I was in the Navy the ship's barber quit and they did not have another barber so I purchased his tools and represented myself as the ship's new barber. I did a great job because as you know you just pretty much shaved the heads of the sailors. The ship's Captain asked me to cut his hair and I did not want to, however he insisted.

Needless to say I only had to cut his hair once. He didn't ask me again.

I find it very interesting, at my current age of 89, to look back across the years to my boyhood days and note the many changes that have taken place in men's and also ladies' styles. I had my first hair cut in a barber shop when I was about fourteen years old, the others had been done by my parents or by one of my older brothers with a pair of hair clippers, the non-electric variety, naturally, since we had no electricity. I cringe even today when I recollect those old clippers cutting and pulling my hair. The clippers didn't really pull, they just held on tight to the hair while the person holding them did the pulling.

Back before World War II everybody pretty well wore their hair about the same. They all just got it cut the best way their parents, friends or barber could cut it. After it was cut they would then plaster it down with Brillentine Hair Oil, or if that wasn't available you could always use a dab of hog lard. Once the hair cut was accomplished and the oil or lard applied the young men were ready to go to the

neighborhood square dance or Sunday meeting looking sharp as a hound's tooth.

With the coming of World War II there was quite a change in men's (and ladies' too) hair styles. That is when the flat top became popular and remained so for several years. Then the trend turned to the "Hollywood" flat top, still

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Chelsie Smith, 8

short on the top but combed back on the sides. The out-growth of this was the popular "duck tail" style of the fifties.

In those days the local barber shop was really a popular place. All the good ole boys would come to town on Saturday and head for the barber shop. There was a familiar saying back in those days. The man or boy would get in the barber chair and say "give me the works." This meant they wanted a hair cut, shampoo, tonic, shave and facial massage. After they were finished you didn't have to look at a fellow to tell he had been to the barber shop - you could smell him a half block away.

Lucky Tiger, Vitalys, Brylcreem and Wild Root Hair Tonic were all the rage. There were Brylcreem signs along the roadsides. Many of these products that were popular at that time can't even be found today. There are hair products that are used today, but not the same type that were used at that time.

After I returned from World War II, I applied for my Barber's license and was grandfathered in since I had cut so much hair in the Navy.

During my part time job as a barber, I worked as a Postman during the day. I worked at several shops in Huntsville, however the one where I stayed the longest and the one where I was working when I retired from barbering was Jerry & Bills on Governors Drive. It was owned by Bill Taylor and Jerry Brazier. That shop is still on Governors Drive, but has a new name now, Jerry and Mikes.

Because of this shop's location we cut the hair of judges, attorneys, police officers, medi-

cal workers, government employees and the men and women of the community. In the past I cut Deborah Barnhart's father and son's hair. She now works at the Space and Rocket Center and still came to see me in my last days of my working there. I cut Judge Dwight Faye's hair. I would cut people's hair and then cut the hair of their children as I barbered for many years, from after World War II to my retirement.

I don't remember the exact date of my retirement from barbering, but I returned to Jerry's barber shop for a great hair cut every time I needed one even after entering Tut Fann Veteran's Home.

In the late seventies many men and boys began to wear long hair and had it cut and styled in many different ways. During that time sometimes it was hard to tell the girls from the boys. I would give ladies that came in a real cute pixie hair cut during this time.

With all the long hair styles now for men there are about as many men as women going to hair styling salons in lieu of barber shops. There are people with curly hair straightening it, people with straight hair curling it, people with blond hair coloring it

and people with dark hair bleaching it.

There will always be work in the hair styling business. Jerry and Mike's barber shop on Governors Drive is still booming, with several barbers still cutting regular hair cuts for the police officers and medical personnel. I always cut hair in the first chair at the front window and to this day they have not filled that chair.

I understand that no one can fill that barber chair the way "Slim" Miller did.

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CRIME STOPPERS



STRAY THOUGHTS

by Mark Dyer

When Brownie joined our family in 1960, he was already a few years old, so we never knew his exact age. Dad had loaned the town drunk (and previous mayor) twenty dollars and shortly afterwards the man disappeared, never to be heard from again. My father walked to the man's home to try to recover the debt. There wasn't anything of value to be seen, but there was a starving dog hanging about and Dad decided to take the poor thing home in lieu of payment.

Even fifty years later, my father could be heard to say, "That was the best twenty dollars I ever spent."

We didn't have a clue what his original name might have been and if Brownie had any idea, he never let on. My mother said that Brownie had every reason to hate me and yet he seemed to genuinely love me. The first time she realized just what a special dog we had was when she caught me attempting to remove his ears by yanking on both, bracing my feet on his chest. She waited to see what our new acquisition would do about this interaction with her toddler, but all Brownie did was roll his eyes toward her in a silent plea for help. She said her heart just melted and Brownie had found a home to stay.

Right about the time I turned four, I got it in my noggin that I should follow my best friend on one of his autumn morning outings. It had been a few months since my latest near-lethal experience, tightrope board walking, knocking my two front teeth out of my head, and frankly, the time just felt right. Mom was in the kitchen and probably looked away for a nanosecond, but that was enough and our six legs fled out the door like a shot.

One of Brownie's best features was the fact that the shape of his snout made him appear to be always smiling. This could be very misleading. I noticed he

glanced back at me several times during the first minute or two, sporting an extra big grin. I assumed he was happy to have my company. Little did I know what he had cooked up in his devious canine mind. Dogs have long memories and a little ear pull was not forgotten.

We were trotting together down the sidewalk (a meaner or less calculating dog probably would have led me directly into the street) and with no warning at all, Brownie raced off into a vacant lot filled with head-high grass. I tried to follow, but within a few minutes, I was completely bewildered in a forest of weeds and stems and couldn't make out which direction to go.

For several weeks, I turned this way and that, but it was clear I was hopelessly lost and I began preparing for starvation and death. Brownie had executed his ear-tugging revenge to perfection. I could just hear his explanation as he recounted our fateful trip. "What? Me? I was just checking out some of the local aromas. I made it clear he was to wait there on the sidewalk. Do you want that last bite of hot dog?"

After what seemed like months of wandering in random circles, I figured I was on the moon and would never see home again. In despair, I began shouting, "I'm lost-ed!" Fortunately, a woman living in a home bordering the lot, heard my cries and followed them until she found me. I was absolutely frightened out of my wits to meet a stranger. She told me she knew who I was, where I lived, and that she would take me home. I tried to explain, "My family has probably forgotten me during the years since I left and maybe you should just adopt me, providing of course, you have adequate supplies of peanut butter and jelly." She eyed me a little more cautiously and assured me she would return me to my mother back on Earth.

Some decades later, we made our way out to the sidewalk and had just started our journey back toward my house, when who should appear, but old Stink Paw, himself. Brownie the Wonder Dog could really turn on the old charm when he wanted to. He had huge, soft brown

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eyes and he gave us both barrels. He was disguising every hint of his black-hearted nature and presented us with one of his most endearing grins. He even wagged his little stump of a tail.

I tried to warn my liberator and potential sandwich maker that looks can be deceiving, but she was a dull creature and seemed to take little heed. All the way back, I gave a very detailed explanation regarding my adventures with particular emphasis on the betrayal of my untrustworthy ex-guide. My new guide was content to let me jabber on until I was back home, safe and sound. As you can imagine, Brownie took all the credit for my rescue.

In spite of his duplicity, the truth was I loved Brownie very much. He was an excellent friend throughout my youth. His body was kind of barrel-shaped and his short, wavy fur was golden tan and he seemed to care less for baths than I did - that was saying something. Along with those killer eyes, he had a small white spot on top of his head. His most interesting feature was that stubby tail that seemed to be in perpetual motion. His least interesting feature was that he wreaked of skunk cabbage every time he got wet.

I was a big-time fan of TV western heroes, especially the Lone Ranger and Roy Rogers. These fellows were simply heck at dispatching bad guys and since I was often running short of bad guys (my brother didn't count) one of my favorite things to do to poor Brownie was to convert him into a fellow gunslinger. With considerable effort on both our parts, I strapped my double six-shooter gun belt around his body and smashed my cowboy hat on his head, cinching the string tightly under his chin.

He was actually incredibly patient and other than a vigor-

ous attempt to escape now and then, he did not protest very much until I began strapping the hat on his head. This part of the routine always caused him great concern and I was forced to act very fast if there was any hope of getting the hat in place before he would scamper away from my reach. Once I had him all dressed up in the complete cowboy regalia, I would then step back and nearly fall over laughing while he desperately pawed and scratched in an effort to scrape everything off.

Brownie, a genuine hero, passed away on the first of November, 1969. Dad said that he had noticed my old pal was moving slowly, but decided not to say anything to me about it. I wish he had.

After I went to bed that Saturday night, Dad said he went out to sit with our friend and even said a prayer for him. Early Sunday morning, before I was awake, my father went out

to check on Brownie and found him lying in a sunny spot, with his head resting peacefully on his paws just as though he was asleep. Dad quickly dug a grave in a beautiful pine stand and later planted a ring of azaleas around the site.

Sunday, I looked for Brownie, but he often spent hours chasing rabbits and making sure the local monsters all knew the boundaries and I didn't really think anything of not seeing him.

On Monday, when I came home from school, for the first time in my life I wasn't greeted by my best friend. I searched for him and when Dad finally came home from work, he told me Brownie was gone.

After wiping away the tears, I demanded to know if I would ever see Brownie again. As far as I know, my father never lied to me, not once. He promised me, "Yes, without a shadow of a doubt." I am counting on it.



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The Truck

by David Bowser

In August of 1978, I got a call from my friend Jamey who said that he was looking to buy a truck. A 1945 Studebaker dump truck. Do you want to go look at it with me? Sure, I said. Where is it? Ahh, upper New York State. Where? New York.

His plan was to fly up there and if it was good enough, to drive it back. Of course I told him that I'd check with my wife first and she said it was OK, that the baby isn't due til December. Jamey and his wife were due in late August. New York here we come!

We landed in the Rochester, N.Y. airport and immediately saw Mr. Ladeback, the seller. He's holding a cardboard sign that says "Studebaker?" He's decked out with a Hawaiian shirt, cutoff shorts, sandals and ponytail. Yep, that's gotta be him. That cardboard sign went real nice with his outfit, by golly, by gum. Ya just gotta like a guy like that.

He's a cool guy and drove us to his place several miles away. Then we went to look at "The Truck".

The Truck won't start and after messing it with for a while it still won't start. So, Mr. Ladeback say's he has another truck, let's go look at it. This truck is a 1946 Studebaker coal truck with a working bed and it starts right up. It has a newer model Studebaker 6 cylinder engine.

Trouble is, the accelerator isn't hooked up to the gas pedal, but instead is hooked up to a throttle cable on the dash board. Push in for more gas and pull out for less gas. "The Truck" has to be double-clutched to shift the 4-speed transmission. This takes two people. One to work the gas and the driver to shift. On the floor is the shift lever, a P.T.O. lever and the emergency brake handle. This leaves about 14 inches of foot room for the passenger.

Jamey pulled me aside and asked me "Do you want to try it?" Try what? He said, driving it back home. Sure says me, it's gotta be a lot more fun than riding back in an air conditioned jet, eating peanuts and sipping cold soft drinks!

The deal is made and we start back for Alabama, a little over a thousand

miles away. Jamey decided to give the truck a high speed test run, and at 45 and 50 M.P.H. the little Studebaker Lark engine is screaming like a banshee. He eases it down to 40 and it does fine. Then, just outside of town the exhaust system came off from in front of the muffler. We stopped and gathered up all the pieces, pitched them into the dump bed, start up and off we go.

So here we are - it's hot, barely any room for your feet and now it's so loud we can barely hear each other. Thank goodness for the fold out windshield that lets in hot air and anything else that's in it.

We drove all day stopping only for gas, oil

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and pit stops. That Studebaker 6 cyl. Lark engine is singing along like a songbird.

Hour after hour we plod along and arrive in Pennsylvania. Here the roads are steeper and curvy and we ran into some rain. Jamey decided to make better time by coasting down the steep hills. 50 M.P.H., 55, 60. Holy cow Batman! By this time my left hand is grabbing the dashboard, my feet are firmly planted in the floorboard and my right hand has a very firm grip on the right door. I was in there so tight that you couldn't have chiseled me out! Seat belts? Brakes? We don't need no stinkin' seat belts or brakes!

We finally leveled out and pulled over for a break and to mop off the sweat. I started extricating myself from the truck and now the floor board is 3 inches lower than it was and there are dents in the door from my fingers. What a ride, what an adventure!

We drove on into Virginia and that night pulled over at a rest stop, where I climbed into the dump bed of the coal truck to catch a few Z's. Before long a State Trooper woke us up to say that we couldn't sleep there. Just move along boys. Some rest stop.

It's then we decided to find a motel room. I went into the first one to check in and the man said there was no vacancy. But, Sir, the sign says vacancy. No. Just move along buddy. I tried again with the same results. Then we got a good look at me and I'm covered in coal dust from the old coal truck's bed. At the next motel Jamey tried and succeeds.

The next morning we strike out again and it's really hot! The truck is humming along nicely although it's really loud. Then she quits and we pulled over

to find out what's wrong. It turns out to be a dirty fuel bowl and it's also loose causing it to starve for gas so it's fixed in a jiffy and we're on our way again. That was our only mechanical repair the whole trip.

We droned on through Virginia and Tennessee and finally arrived in Sweet Home Alabama. We made it home safe and sound. We were both worried about a "Cold Reception", but our wives were actually glad to see us. Amazing, simply amazing.

At my age now, I realize the risks that were involved in this journey, but when you're young some of these risks are taken lightly and only by experience do some tend to learn. Would I do it again? Probably not at my age now, but I'm glad to have had this experience, and I have another story under my belt to tell my grandchildren.

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NEWS FROM 1943



- Police Chief Herman Giles recently announced the purchase of two-way radios for the city's police cars. It is expected the radios will help to put a stop to the county's whiskey runners who have been operating with impunity so far. The radios have been tried successfully so far in Birmingham and Mobile. Giles is quoted as saying, "The benefits will justify the cost."

- A piece of history has faded into the background as Confederate Veterans unfurled their flags for the last time. The last official reunion of the comrades in gray was marked by John Steger placing a wreath of flowers at the base of the Confederate statue. A volunteer honor guard was provided by soldiers stationed at the Arsenal. With few people attending, it was unanimously decided to make this the last official reunion.

- Residents of Madison County have set a state record in purchasing war bonds. The \$446 raised will be used to purchase a Liberator B-24 bomber that will be named "The Madison County, Alabama."

- In other county news, a new housing project located on Seminole Drive had its grand opening last week. The project is named Binford

Court in honor of the late Henry C. Binford. The project is one of the most modern facilities in the state.

- In a joint statement issued by Mayor McAllister and Huntsville Police Chief Herman Giles, assurances were given that adequate measures have been put in place to protect Huntsville's water supply from possible enemy sabotage. Mayor McAllister says at this time there are no plans to erect a fence around the headwaters of the Big Spring but that it may happen in the future.

- Madison County Deputies and Huntsville City Police are jointly patrolling the spring and have issued orders to arrest any strangers loitering without cause.

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"Please don't throw your cigarette butts on the floor. Our roaches are getting cancer."

Sign seen in Decatur nightclub



This is Your Life: Quata Vaughn

by Hugh Michaels

Hillwood Baptist Church honored one of its most dedicated members on March 12, 2009. Quata Vaughn was the honoree at the annual event - "THIS IS YOUR LIFE".

A large crowd was in attendance. People came from far away places just to be a part of this celebration. People came from Oklahoma, Michigan and Alabama.

It was fun listening to Quata's friends and relative reminisce about old times. Quata has so many friends.

Lots of work was put forth by her daughter, Dona Kindred and by Polly Morton, a friend. It was a great gathering of people. Dona and Polly are to be commended. Hugh Michaels presented her with a beautiful plaque which contained words of thanks for all the work she has done in support of Hillwood Baptist Church.

Rev. Dana Workman helped make the event a joyful occasion. He led the senior choir in a beautiful rendition by a "Beulah Land Melody". The large crowd was touched and gave the choir a standing ovation.

Quata and her husband, Don (deceased) moved to Huntsville in 1965. They were natives of Chickasaw, Oklahoma.

Members of the church prepared a delicious meal.

Quata will remember this day for the rest of her life, so will those in attendance.

-To God Be The Glory-



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In March of this year, Alabama Gov. Kay Ivey signed into law ACT 2018-164 SB 156, which states that precious metals in bar form or coinage form, as well as any form of United States "money" is **no longer subject to a retail sales tax**. It also includes all forms of precious metals available in world coinage if it is priced based upon its daily metal content.

So what this means for Alabama and Huntsville residents is a 9% savings when you purchase these items locally. No having to go outside of the state any longer, no giving a credit card number over the phone, no shipping fees, not having to worry if the post office will lose your package or not!

At Alabama Coin & Silver we follow current market conditions, which at this moment we believe are excellent opportunities to buy both gold and silver coins of the United States. Current **BEST BUYS** are on the older lightly circulated and un-circulated \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold coins that were minted before 1934. All three of these now carry a record low premium over the raw gold content due to a situation in France that a little over a year ago placed close to 2 million of the older \$10 and \$20 gold coins on the world market. Many were in high grades, so many that it caused the collectors value to fall, sending the values to less than 10% over the gold content of these historic gold coins.

The lower condition \$20 gold pieces can be purchased as low as just 5% over its daily gold content, which is .9675 troy ounces of pure gold. The \$10 gold pieces, dating usually in the 1880-1907 time periods contain .48375 troy ounces, exactly half of the \$20, and sell for 8% over the daily gold content for circulated coins, and just 10% over for a coin that has never been in circulation. These are 15 year lows and are great buys.

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