



No. 306
August 2018



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



THE UNLUCKIEST MAN IN HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

Since John and his family didn't have much money, most family outings consisted of going riding in the car. So much rust showed through the white paint of John's '52 Chevy that it looked like an albino bullfrog with a rare skin disease, but it was paid for.

Like most cars in 1966, it had no air-conditioning, which was okay with John because he had poor circulation.

Also in this issue: The Cotton Gin of New Hope, AL

Lewter's Hardware Store



1946
From Right: J.M. Lewter, G. Gideon,
C. Giles, H. Brock, J. Fogg

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Domie Lewter
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The Unluckiest Man In Huntsville, Alabama

by Venita Helton

The unluckiest man in Huntsville lived down the street from us in a three-bedroom ranch home with his wife, his mother-in-law, six or seven kids and a pack of mongrels. Nobody was sure how John Jinx supported his family since he never seemed to go to work, so I suppose he must have been with the government.

From the side John resembled the Lazy S brand - sort of slumped at the top and curling around behind - and his hair always looked like his dogs had been licking it. He used the gap between his front teeth as a built-in cigarette holder; when he talked, the jiggling end of his Camel dribbled ashes all over the front of his tattered T-shirt.

Magnified by his Coke bottle-bottom glasses, his watery blue eyes peered out at the world in a wistful sort of way. That expression never changed throughout the string of bad luck that earned him his nickname. His last name wasn't really Jinx, but

was given to him by all who knew him.

One of John Jinx's early cases of hard luck began on a sunny, windless day. His car was in the driveway, a johnboat strapped to the roof. No one was around. Then, without any warning, the johnboat fell off the car and broke in half, lengthwise. John went out and wordlessly examined the wreckage, then got his sons to help him glue the boat back together.

A week later, accompanied by his mother-in-law and three of his children, John put the boat in at Lady Ann Lake. After thirty minutes of yanking the starter cord, he determined that the motor wasn't going to start so he gave up and rowed the family to their fishing hole. Just as they got the worms into the water, the glue holding the hull together softened up and the johnboat again divided in two. They swam ashore and that was the last John Jinx saw of his boat.

Since the Jinxes didn't have much money, most family outings consisted of going riding in the car. So much rust showed through the white paint of John's '52 Chevy that it looked like an albino bullfrog with a rare skin disease, but it was paid for. Like most cars in 1966, it had no air-conditioning, which was okay with John because he had poor circulation.

One July afternoon when the road was hot enough to peel the rubber off your sneakers, John

"The only time housework comes before reading and needlework is in the dictionary."

Kathleen Vaughn, Harvest



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Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)
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Huntsville, Al 35801
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Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net
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Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 534-0502
Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney
Editor - Cheryl Tribble
Consultant - Ron Eyestone
Gen. Manager - Sam Keith
Copy Boy - Tom Carney
(in memory)

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

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

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loaded the family and a few of the dogs into the Chevy for a trip to Parkway City shopping center. Filling the Chevy with ten people and three dogs was like cramming spring-loaded cloth snakes into a can; John had to keep the windows closed just to prevent everybody from spronging out. As John drove by our house, we glimpsed human and canine faces pressed to the glass, sweating but smiling.

At Parkway City, John went into Montgomery Ward and purchased a gallon of red paint. He set it in the back window of the car, then took everybody to G.C. Murphy's to get band aids and whiffle balls.

After an hour the family squeezed back into the car, which was as hot as old Scratch's kitchen after sitting in the sweltering parking lot with the windows up. As John turned the ignition key, there was a terrific explosion and something struck him in the back of the head. He turned around to find his screaming family, the dogs and the interior of the car covered with blood. "We've been shot!" he yelled, feeling the back of his

head for a bullet hole. Instead he found the lid from the paint can stuck to his hair. It took him a minute to figure out that the paint can had exploded in the heat. Despite gallons of turpentine, the car interior stayed pretty red and the dogs had to be shaved.

John had two stumps in his front yard, left over from the year before when his boys set fire to the mimosas because they wanted to see fire trucks. Those stumps bothered John, so he bought two large maple trees in burlap bags and set them on the driveway. After attaching one of the stumps to the rear axle of his car with a tow chain, he got in and gunned the engine. The tires spun and dirt flew but the stump held. John hollered for the boys to push as he revved up the engine. Grinding and screeching, the Chevy abruptly surged forward. It wasn't until his wife banged on the window that John realized he was no longer moving. He found the rear axle several feet behind the car, the tow chain still attached to the stump. Those maple trees never did get planted.

Soon the Jinx septic tank began to act up, so John got Huntsville Utilities to run a sewer line to his house. When they finished, the front yard looked like a giant mole had tunneled across it. John didn't like the effect, so he steamrolled the Chevy (fitted with a new rear end) up and down the sewer line to pack the dirt. After a couple of passes, the right front and rear wheels buried to the axles in the trench. John had to pay the wrecker \$26.50 to pull him out.

For Christmas 1967, John bought his two oldest boys Kawasakis. The children roared up and down the road, shattering the peace of Christmas Day. That night, someone stole the motorcycles. The police found the culprit, who led them to Archer Park where he'd buried the motorcycles. John Jinx got the bikes back but he never could get all the dirt out of the carburetors. From then on, his sons



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just coasted down the hill and made motor noises with their mouths.

When my father built a storage room onto our carport, John came over to see how it was done. He looked wistful as he considered the cost of materials. Thinking that he could build a shed more cheaply, he scavenged some 2x4s from an old shack near the dump, pulled and straightened the nails, then set to work in his backyard. His family brought out lawn chairs and watched. John saved time by not pouring a foundation, so before long he had a storage shed that looked exactly like the shack from which he'd gleaned his materials. He pushed in his lawn mower and closed the door. His wife took a picture.

The next day, a whirlwind whipped through the neighbors' backyards, jumped a fence and made a beeline for John Jinx's shed. Scooping the shed off the grass, the pygmy cyclone carried it ten feet into the air, then scooted out from under it. The shed seemed to hover for a moment, then fell to the ground. John came out to find total dev-

astation. He didn't say a word, but his eyes looked very large and watery through his glasses. For years the heap of boards lay where they had fallen, like a monument.

One dark, rainy night, John Jinx was standing in a phone booth outside the Eagle's Club, making an obscene phone call. Just as he breathed an intimate query into the receiver, he felt someone tap him on the shoulder. He turned to find a very large policeman immediately behind him. During the trial we learned that John was responsible for dozens of obscene phone calls in our neighborhood.

After all these years I can still imagine John Jinx's eyes behind those thick glasses, peering through the bars of his cell. They look wistful and a little bewildered. There is something else there, too: relief.

After all, what could possibly happen to John Jinx in jail?

Venita Helton is a novelist who lives in Huntsville. Ridiculous as it may seem, "The Unluckiest Man in Huntsville" is a true story.



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The Train in Big Spring Park in the 1950s

Last month we received a call from Vicki Eversmeyer, asking if anyone remembered a little train that kids rode, located in the Big Spring Park years ago. She remembered it so well but everyone told her it was in Brahan Springs Park, not Big Spring. We put that out to all our readers to see if they remembered a train. Thank you for the calls we received on this. Tom Pack called with the following info.

There WAS a train in the Big Spring Park, around the 50s and early 60s. It was put there and maintained by the Sertoma Club. It was located at the northwest side of the "lagoon." Tom says there were big willow trees all around the train, so when Vicki said she recalled being hit in the face with low hanging branches she was right!

Tom rode the train for 10 cents a ride, it had an engine and maybe 4 cars. Sam Keith told us there was even a little garage that kept the train safe from bad weather when it wasn't being used. Tom said the train was green with black lettering like Southern Railroad. The track went for a quarter mile around the lagoon - there was open space inside the tracks. Lots of adults rode the train too.

Big Spring was quite the attraction back in the day. Tom remembers a playground south of where the Arts Center is now and kids loved it with the slides and monkey bars and see-saws. The playground was located south of the current Arts Center close to Church Street. There was a small roller coaster and a ball field that was the site of frequent games. The field was located on the west side across the street from where the Civic Center is now.

Across from where the utility company is on Spragins St. he said there was a pump station where all the water in Huntsville was pumped from the Big Spring. He said the water was so cold,

when kids would jump into during summer they would get out in a hurry.

Tom remembers lots of ducks, geese and huge fish. He remembers the little lion that he sat on as a kid and got his picture made in 1947 when he was 6 years old. Later when he went to take his 7 year old son there to do the same thing, the little lion was gone and no pictures. However Margaret Ann Goldsmith and her family retrieved it from where it had been thrown as trash, and restored it to its glory for families to get pictures again.

Where the Arts Center is now was a huge municipal swimming pool that hosted many state competitions - very popular in the 50s and 60s. This was north of the playground. He said the park really seemed a lot larger back then than it is now.

Tom has a question for our readers. He remembers a large fountain in the park - possibly with 3 bowls and a pedestal topped by a very large cherub or angel. About 6 feet tall. The cherub was holding a dish with water that poured into the pond - it was there for years then one year it disappeared. He would really like to know what happened with that fountain and if it's possible to put it back, maybe like the little lion that was returned years ago.

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"Sex is good, but not as good as fresh sweet corn."

Garrison Keillor

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THE PARTY LINE

by Betty Pettigrew

Seated on a bench in the mall the other day, it occurred to me that teenaged girls have two things that are more important to them than air; i.e. clothes and a phone. Every young girl I saw had a cell phone in her hand and almost everyone had a bag from one of the trendy stores that carry young girl clothing items. It has been this way for a long time as I remembered my teen years.

Country kids ride to school on a big, yellow school bus with the name of their school and a number painted on the side of it. The bus arrives the same time, or about the same time, every morning and is waiting for you in the parking lot when the last bell rings. Failure to find the right bus can lead to a long ride to nowhere near your house.

The seats are narrow and close together and only two people are allowed to sit in one seat. This was a challenge for me because the clothing style at that time included can-can petticoats. These were made from net, starched so stiff they could have stood alone and worn under circle skirts that served to make getting into those bus seats almost impossible even if no one else was sitting there.

My best friend lived a few miles down the road and was always on the bus by the time I got there. This day she wasn't.

Being a Senior in high school was a very important position to hold in the school and on the bus. Younger students would move and let you sit where you wanted most of the time. Thank goodness because this particular morning my can-cans were especially stiff

and my circle skirt was quilted. Once at school the day went by in a normal fashion. We had PE at 1 pm and we had to change into one-piece jump suit uniforms which left all our clothing in the girls' locker room. Of course, the can-cans would not fit in the lockers so they were piled on top.

After some outside track events, we arrived in the locker room to find our can-cans gone! This was not funny. No one can wear a circle skirt without lots of petticoats or it is about six inches too long but we did not have a choice. Once in the hallway from PE, we found the can-cans. They had been tossed so they stuck on the fluorescent lights up and down the lower floor hall. This was a big mystery and funny to everyone except the owners of the can-cans. I needed to call

my friend right away to tell her all about it. However, the only phones were in the office and to be used for emergencies only.

There was one more hour until school was out and a thirty-minute bus ride before I could call Sheila and tell her all about today. I could not wait to get to bus number 86 and home to a phone! Sitting was much easier as I did not have my petticoats. The bus pulled to stop and I ran across the street to my uncle's house and the only phone available to me.

The phone sat on a table in the living room by the couch. I ran through the kitchen door, tore around the kitchen table and headed down the hall to the living room. Grandma called a greeting and did I want a snack. I was not sure I really heard her in my haste to make that call.



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"The only time a woman really succeeds in changing a man is when he's a baby."

Natalie Wood

The phone was a heavy, black instrument with no exterior way to call a number. The receiver was heavy enough to be used as a weapon if you needed to knock someone out cold.

In order to make a call, there would be an operator who asked, "Number please." After grabbing the receiver off the hook and expecting to hear an operator ask me for Sheila's number, I heard, "...and that dish she made for Sunday was awful." Mrs. Peacock was on our party line.

Quietly the receiver was replaced back on the hook but my frustration would not be quiet. I walked back to the kitchen, hugged Grandma and made a couple of loops around the table while telling her about what had happened at school. She giggled and understood why I had to use the phone.

By this time, I was sure the conversation was over so back down the hall I went. This time when I tried to call I heard, "...and that is not all." Really? That had to be all. I was not as care-

ful this time when I hung up the phone but let it click loudly so Mrs. Peacock would understand that there was another call waiting. I decided five minutes should be long enough to wait so I petted the dog, fed the chickens and rushed back inside for my third attempt at telling Sheila all about the funny sight.

There seemed to be silence when I picked up the phone this time but Mrs. Peacock said in a loud voice, "This must really be important" and hung up. Hurray!

The operator asked for a num-

ber please and after hearing it ring twice, Sheila was finally on the line. I was so excited in telling her about all the goings on that day until I heard her say, "I know. Donna just told me."

Disappointment flooded every fiber of my being. I absolutely hated that party line.

Betty is one of the very talented writing students in John E. Carson's creative writing class at the Huntsville Senior Center.



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THE DEVOTION OF SARAH (PIKE) WALL SANDERSON

*Submitted by: Dorothy Jean
(Ray) McKee; and Jerry
Sanderson*

Time and deaths have erased the detailed memories of the loving and devoted efforts of Mrs. Sarah (Pike) Wall Sanderson, my paternal great grandmother in retrieving the body of her husband who lost his life on the battlefield at Chattanooga, TN during the War Between the States in the year 1863.

Mrs. Sanderson rests with her two husbands and 2 of her 4 children in the Pike Cemetery, west of Huntsville, Alabama just off Balch Road.

Her memory, her name, her devotion, deserve to be chronicled and eulogized.

Mrs. Sanderson was, in 1863, 21 years of age, having borne 2 children by her first husband, Mister Francis Marion Wall. These being G.W. Wall and Rebecca (Wall) Pepper.

Mister Wall, serving in the Confederate forces engaging the Union army, lost his life in the Battle of Chattanooga during the period November 23-25, 1863.

Through the dim corridor of time we can now but wonder if Sarah followed her husband to Chattanooga to be near him, as was oftentimes the custom when a husband's unit was engaged in a near geographic area, or had she been following, helping tend the wounded and prepare meals as best she could. If the former, perhaps she arrived in time to see her husband the night prior to the

battle, as both armies marshalled their forces. The night would have been long and many fears would have haunted her the following day as the cannonade and other sounds of battle and confusion began. Her 2 young children were probably not with her but remained with relatives at home. It would have proven a dangerous and arduous journey for them.

Certainly we cannot know or feel the depth of her grief and suffering during the several day's journey home to Alabama, praying the horse or wagon would not fail, and facing cold and hunger on the rutted and muddy barely discernible roads and the uncertainty and fear of the rogues




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she might encounter in transporting her husband's remains to his final rest.

Later, Mrs. Sarah (Pike) Wall Sanderson gave birth to 2 children by her second husband, Mister James C. Sanderson. These were James Walter Sanderson and my paternal grandmother, Mrs. Fannie Mae (Sanderson) Ray, the mother of my father, Richard May Ray.

Following is the obituary for Mrs. Sarah (Pike) Wall Sanderson on her death in 1906, and validates the retrieval of her husband's body from the field of battle. The origin of the newspaper is unknown, possibly either Madison or Limestone County, Alabama.

In Memorial

Mrs. Sarah Sanderson, the beloved wife of James Sanderson, aged 64 years, passed to her reward Jan. 29, 1906. After months of suffering, this devoted wife and mother has gone to mansions prepared for her in the skies, where sickness, pain, sorrow and death, are felt no more. She is safe in her heavenly home, after bearing patiently her afflictions she passed away, triumphant over death, leaving as a legacy to her many friends the example of a noble life. Her life was not such as brings fame into this world; but was one which the angels in heaven are glad to record and place high on the scroll of heavenly fame.

All who knew her called her blessed. Her watch word in life was to do her duty, always painstaking, never idle, never weary; her every mission a labor of love.


Her maiden name was Pike, when she married Mr. Marion Wall, who died for his country in the battle of Chattanooga, TN, in the days of the late

unpleasantness, when men's souls, as well as those of our noble women were severely tried. This devoted woman would not be comforted until she had heroically searched and found the body of her husband and rescued it from the ditch and buried it in the family burying ground at home.

Mrs. Sanderson leaves four children to mourn her loss. Mr. G.W. Wall, Mrs. Rebecca Pepper, Mr. Walter Sanderson and Mrs. Fannie Ray. S.S.P.

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** My child bites other kids at school - what can I do about that?*

M - I had a child come home from playschool with teeth marks on his face, the teacher was very apologetic and said that the child had been offered a frozen child to bite but he kept biting other children. The mother was told either take him out of playschool or he can bite soap. After biting soap, he never bit any child again.

** My little Eric wets the bed frequently and gets really upset - what can I do?*

M - Believe me no child wants to wake up in a wet bed. Try adjusting liquid before bed, use bathroom before getting into bed and buy night underwear for him so he does not have to be shamed with a wet bed in the morning. Simple as that.

** When is it time to stop bottles and pacifiers - Janie screams when I try to get her*

pacifier. And she hangs on to her bottle for dear life!

M - My pediatrician once told me, "Your child will give up his bottle or pacifier when he is ready. I never had a patient walk down the aisle with either a pacifier or bottle, so don't sweat the small stuff, life is too short."

** What to do when your child starts climbing out of their baby bed?*

M - This is a real dilemma. Children can really get hurt falling from the top railing. Some say put a mattress beside the bed to break the fall, others said they put their sleeping "sack" (like a bag at the bottom) on backwards so the zipper is in the back so they can't unzip it. They can't get a foot over the

railing. Putting a child in a single bed and adding a guard rail may be the answer later.

Personally, I lowered the side railing, made a pallet next to the bed and put the door knob on backwards to lock the child in their room, since one of my children started doing this at 10 months old. When she tried to get out of her room, I would hear her and go to her, saying the door must have gotten stuck.

We could not have a child roaming through the house and us not knowing where she was. We also had a fenced pool which I kept locked and wore the key around my neck. Little ones can really keep adults on their toes, so stay one jump ahead of them at all times.

A black and white photograph of an elderly couple sitting on a wooden dock. The woman is wearing a striped shirt and the man is wearing a dark jacket. They are looking out over a body of water towards a distant shoreline. The text "It's about how you live." is written in a large, elegant font across the top of the image. Below it, the words "comfort, dignity, dreams." are written in a smaller, sans-serif font. At the bottom right, the logo for "Hospice Family Care" is displayed, along with the phone number "(256) 650-1212" and the website "hospicefamilycare.org".

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Jumping to Concussions

by Dark Myer

Dad really was smart, although his prodigious IQ oddly plummeted during my teens. Throughout my youth, he enthusiastically supported my experimental nature - to a point. Unfortunately, the majority of my experiments pretty much started well past that point which resulted in something that might be called "augmented support."

One summer morning, shortly after my father, who was an electrician, left to spend the day on a job site, I made the experimental and completely accidental discovery that beds can double as trampolines. I spent the next thirty minutes refining my various twirls, somersaults, pikes, tucks and gainers with an eye to competing in the 1968 Olympics.

Just as I was vigorously (and flawlessly, I might add) executing a front triple somersault with four and one half twists, carrying a 6.4 degree of difficulty, I heard an awful crack. I should have stopped, but I really wanted to stick my landing. I was secretly hoping one of my body parts made that terrible noise, but a slumping mattress corner signified the worst possible scenario: I had broken the bed.

Not only were my Olympic dreams in danger, but my very survival was brought into question. I assumed death (preferably) or augmented support (gasp) would ensue, but not soon enough for my taste. This tragedy had unfortunately occurred early in the day, giving me ample time to develop toxic levels of dread.

During the intervening hours, I wracked my six-year-old brain for some way to mitigate my doom. Imminent death is a strong motivator. As the afternoon waned, I finally turned in desperation to heaven for help. I wish with all my heart I could now write such inspirational words as, "I humbly knelt in prayer to ask for divine intervention," but I can't, because I didn't.

Instead, I followed my normal, manipulative nature and

much like a celestial car wax selling televangelist, I searched for some way to employ scriptural teachings to my advantage. I wasn't surprised to learn my spiritual cupboard was practically bare, but I persevered along this line and amazingly, finally hit on an idea that was so bold and daring that I dared dream it might work. Besides, it was the only idea I had.

A vague recollection of some religious stuff came to mind that had recently been presented to me during one Sunday session, between confinements and escapes. Additionally, I had taken note that my father had often referred to similar material himself from time to time. I spent a few minutes brushing off the dust piled on my religious life preserver and began to hope I had a shot at seeing another sunrise.

Finally, I heard gravel crunching under tires and I realized my heavenly gamble was upon me. While Dad was still getting out of the car, I raced out the back door, ran directly up to him, and cheerfully opened with, "Do you remember teaching me that if I always told the truth I would not be punished?" In retrospect, I probably should have started with something a little less obvious. Maybe, "Hi, how was your day?"

We both knew my opening salvo was as seedy as a pomegranate, but I was selling snake oil on the fly and this was the best I had. Part of my plan included the hope that Dad didn't have perfect recall on this particular counseling session (they were legion) and most critically, he would not have sufficient time to think about it. I gazed expectantly up into his eyes and cranked up my most practiced angelic expression - probably with the same intensity of Brownie the Wonder Dog waiting for a chunk of bologna. A suspicious look crept across Dad's face and I knew my work was cut out for me.

Desperation filled my very soul and figuring I had nothing to lose, I pressed forward. I had counted on



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Dad accepting and answering affirmatively to my opening question. He hadn't and I decided to go assertive rather than wait in dangerous silence.

Ratcheting up the pressure, I reminded him, "Lying is bad and telling the truth is good." Who could argue with this basic precept? He remained disturbingly mute, but I knew my second pronouncement was on solid ground and much to my relief, I finally got a reluctant nod. He was nibbling on the bait, I just needed to set the hook.

I figured if he wasn't talking, then he might be thinking and that meant conjuring up additional suspicions that all too often led to augmented support. At last his mouth opened and he cautiously said, "Telling the truth is very important" and that "lying was indeed wrong." Yank! Now to carefully reel in my catch.

Taking a deep breath, I gushed out the single longest sentence I have ever uttered, "I am sorry I was jumping on the bed because I knew it was wrong and I really am sorry I broke the bed and now that I have told you the

truth and mentioned I am really, really sorry and I know it was wrong to jump on the bed, you wouldn't punish a little boy who is sorry and told the truth about cracking the bed, would you?"

I stopped for oxygen and to assess the effect. Dad had a curiously unreadable expression on his face. I shifted from one foot to the other, eyes pleading for mercy, and waited for what seemed an eternity of silence. Incredibly and much to my relief, his face softened and he told me in one of his less stern tones, the one usually used for after I shaved the cat or routine bathroom inaccuracies, "Let's go inside and take a look at the bed."

After examining and quickly repairing the damage using daddy magic, my father told me that I had done something very wrong, but that I would not be punished if I promised to never do it again. Hundreds of similar incidents had taught me this is what is known as the quintessential no-brainer. I gleefully signed my "X" on the dotted line.

Truth be told, I was stunned that my pious approach had worked. Up until that moment,

church had been largely an irritant that got in the way of freedom, but now that I had a taste of practical religion, I kind of liked it. By the way, I kept my promise and never jumped on any bed again. Not even once. Wink. Wink.

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Tips from Liz



- Paper that is stuck to furniture can be safely removed by softening it with olive oil.

- To ease the trauma of your child's cut, clean it with a red washcloth so that the blood won't show.

- Is arthritis making it difficult for you to hold a pen? Just push it through a small rubber ball, it is easier to grasp.

- If a chair scratches your beautiful floor, just attach self-sticking bunion pads on the bottom of the legs.

- A few bay leaves crumbled here and there in your kitchen cabinets will discourage ants from entry.

- A 15 year old tree provides raw material for only 700 shopping bags! Please reuse your bags or invest in some good canvas bags for when you go shopping. This would reduce grocery store costs (they wouldn't have to buy the bags) and would save millions of trees.

- If you have a hard time finding your car in the shopping mall parking lot, always try to park in the same place every time.

- For sweet breath, brush all parts of your mouth - tongue as well as teeth - so that you get rid of all odor-causing material.

- For a deep-cleansing mask you might have in your kitchen cabinet, stroke milk of magnesia on your face with cotton balls, avoiding the eye area. Leave the mask on for 10 minutes and remove with warm water.

- When baking, count out loud the number of cups you have added to a recipe.

- Need a small funnel for dry

ingredients? Use an envelope with a corner cut off.

- If you don't have a deep fat frying thermometer, drop a kernel of corn into your oil. When your corn pops, the oil is ready to use.

- Greens and vegetables will last longer in the crisper drawer of your fridge if you line them with paper towels.

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Lives Coming Full Circle

by Janet Boysen Mayes Kampmeier

On May 19, 2018, two elementary school classmates' lives came full circle to tie the knot in a marriage ceremony in Huntsville, Alabama. Janet (Boysen) Mayes and Juergen Kampmeier were in 5th grade together at Blossomwood Elementary School, but after that didn't have any more mutual classes. That year, he was a patrol boy and I vaguely remember having a crush on him. He asked me not long ago why I didn't tell him back then and I told him I got over it!

We not only went to school together, but grew up two streets apart and still didn't know each other. Also, we have since discovered that the city in Germany where he was born (he came to the U.S. at age 5 with his family as part of the Von Braun German scientist's group) is about 60 miles from where my Great-Grandfather Boysen immigrated.

Fast forward to more recent times. A few years ago while going through some old pictures, I discovered three 5th grade classmates' pictures from 1958/59 - the only ones I had from elementary or junior high school. I didn't know for sure who they were, so I put them on face book and asked for help. There was no contact from one of the girls, and a friend let me know who the other girl was. I am now friends with her on Facebook. The third one answered and told me he was Juergen Kampmeier.

Several years ago, after many, many years of living separate lives in different locations, having our separate families and both divorcing, our paths crossed again. The past few years, each month, our Huntsville High School Class has been having class lunches where varying numbers of us would meet and continue or re-acquaint friendships. Juergen still has family and friends in Huntsville, and when he was home, he would occasionally visit on the same weekend and come to those lunches, where we became friends.

A couple of years later, here we are! The rest is history. This gives a whole new meaning to our lives coming full circle!

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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



The winner of the Photo of the Month for July was **Janet Corl**. Janet wasn't sure about the picture but said she took a guess and it was **Ron Cooper** of In Bloom. And it sure was, that sweet baby was Ron. Many called to say it was **Randy Roper** but it was Ron! Congratulations to Janet - she has been working in food services at Redstone Village Retirement Community for 10 years now!

Tom Pack told us his mama celebrated a happy 102nd birthday on July 18th. **Gladys Pack** is one of the sweetest ladies you'll find but very spunky too! All of her kids, grand and great-grand kids were with her and that's all she wanted. Amazing lady!

I had waited a long time to get carpets/rugs cleaned but I have to say I was super happy with the

job that Stanley Steemer did on my carpet when they came out. I had heard good things about them and I was not disappointed. It was so good working with **John Sturges** and **Adam Turney** and I will be calling them again. So nice to find a company who actually arrives on time and does what they say they'll do!

Make sure you mark your calendars for Sep. 8, Saturday, for the annual **Trade Day around the Square**. Yes there are football games but you can pull yourself away for an hour and come walk around and look at the crafts and Harrison Brothers and food too. Bring your dogs! The Golden K Kiwanis and I will be set up again in front of the Schiffman Building catty-corner from Harrison Bros. selling old issues of the magazine. Some families have donated older issues and these will be sold for \$.25 each only on the 8th. You will find many that you might have missed - it goes from 8am to 5pm. And if you'd like to be a vendor on the square that day, call **Harold Jackson (Lion's Club)** at 256.883.5051 to reserve.

We lost a great guy in the Old Town neighborhood recently. **Dick Maroon** passed away on July 7. Dick was the guy who had a wood-working shop behind his home where he worked tirelessly to build little wooden toys, thousands. Then every Christmas he would load them all up and take them to Huntsville Hospital, DHS and other charities and bring them to pass out to kids who were

sick in the hospital over the holidays. Many of these kids had cancer and were very sick, but they would love receiving a toy and play with trucks, trains and toy horses. Dick's wife Karen would help him with buying blankets and all the little items it took to put the toys together. All this was just given to the kids, no charge. In addition Dick helped anyone who needed his help with household projects or just hanging a birdcage high enough so the cat couldn't get the parakeet (he did this for me.) Surviving Dick are his wife of 35 years, **Karen Miller Maroon**; son **Michael Maroon (Michelle)**; daughter **Diane Kalsow (Larry)**; sisters **Donna Carter and Therese Smith**; nephews and other family members. His spirit will live on and he won't be forgotten.

While talking with **Lisa Gregg** recently I found that she avoids the mosquitoes while outside by mixing 4 oz. witch hazel (what is witch hazel made of?) with 20 drops each essential oil of peppermint, lemongrass and citronella. I bet that's almost like a suit of armor as far as bugs go - ticks too!

I was honored to be called by **Gladys Chunn Bryant** to speak

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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at their family banquet on July 1 at the Deacon Clifford Chunn Center at St. Luke's Christian Church on Sparkman Drive. The event was the **20th Tyler Chunn Family Reunion** and there were hundreds in attendance. There was a lot of love in that room and some beautiful music along with the dinner banquet. Gladys was the coordinator for the reunion and was a beautiful lady, inside and out.

I want to wish **Steph and John Troup** a fabulous 20th wedding anniversary on Aug. 15th. Steph is my daughter and the wedding took place right here in my garden in Old Town. Also John has a birthday on Aug. 15th - Steph said that way John would never forget his anniversary! Also a Happy 18th Birthday to my handsome grandson **Hayden Troup**.

A reader contacted us to see if someone has information about an old cemetery that existed at one time in south Huntsville. At Hobbs Rd. and West Gateway just a block east from So. Parkway there are some orange cones surrounding one old headstone. It is hard to read. The cemetery is on the downtown plat and is called Richards Cemetery. Our reader would so much appreciate any information or memories anyone may have about that. Contact us at Old Huntsville and we will let her know.

Rosemary Leatherwood wants to wish her daughter-in-law **Missy Leatherwood** a Happy Birthday on Aug. 5. **Chase Woods** and **Austin Pinkerton** wish their dog **Bama** a birthday full of treats on the same day!

Another important birthday was that of **Hugh Michaels** of New Market - he writes for Old Huntsville and he turned 90 on Jul. 14. There was a large party planned for him with so many who love him, at the County Shed in Hazel Green and I know there was a crowd.

So many people now are suffering bad side effects from being out in this brutal heat and humidity - drinking water is something we all know to do but remember when you're losing

fluid you're losing your minerals too. Check with your doctor or look online but things like magnesium, potassium, etc. are all lost when you sweat or get dehydrated. I'm no doctor here but just educate yourself and remember that your heart needs all vital minerals to work right!

Our Florida reader **Lee Lanier** emailed us to say never use a pressure washer to remove grime/dust etc. from your windows on the outside of your home - if it doesn't break the glass it will break the seals around the windows and let in moisture which is very hard to get rid of.

Tom Pack was the guy who called me regarding his memory of the little train in Big Spring Park (yes there WAS one) and the story is in this issue. He also remembered a **6 foot fountain with a cherub or angel** on top in the park and said it just disappeared in the early 60s and he would really like to find out where it went, maybe it can be brought back to the park. In honor of his request I am hiding a tiny, tiny cherub somewhere in this issue. The first one who has Xray vision and finds it wins a free subscription which is worth \$25! You have to be the first caller but since it will be so hard to find and very small I expect no calls.

Stay cool - football season here soon! Keep an eye on your older neighbors and lost pets too and just be observant in general.

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Good Mood Food

Food can really affect your moods. Skip the refined sugar and fast food, and try some of these healthy recipes.

Strawberry Eggnog

- 1 c. orange juice
- 1 c. halved strawberries
- 1 T. lemon juice
- 1 egg
- 1 t. honey
- 4 ice cubes

Place all ingredients in a blender, process on medium, then high speed til smooth and frothy. Serve in tall glasses and garnish with whole strawberries.

Cottage Cheese Fruit Salad

- 3 tart, red apples
- 1 small pear
- 1 c. cottage cheese

- 2 T. chopped dates
- 2 T. chopped walnuts
- Splash lemon juice

Core & chop one of the of the apples and the pear, combine them with the cottage cheese, dates and nuts. Cut remaining apples into eight wedges each, sprinkle with lemon juice. Arrange four apple wedges in a circle on each serving plate, and place a portion of the cottage cheese mixture in the center. Garnish with mint sprigs.

Vegetable Salad

- 1 c. sliced green beans
- 4 c. shredded cabbage
- 1/3 c. crumbled feta cheese
- 3 T. olive oil
- 1 T. vinegar
- 1 t. dried thyme

Steam the green beans til crisp-tender, shock in ice water

and drain, set aside. Combine the cabbage and feta in a serving bowl. For the dressing, mix the oil, vinegar and thyme in a small bowl. Add green beans to the cabbage mixture, toss with the dressing and serve.

Deep Fried Tuna Balls

- 1 sml. can tuna
- 1 egg
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. pepper
- 3/4 c. plain flour

Boil and chop egg. Mix all ingredients together and form balls. Drop into hot grease and fry til golden brown

Garlic Bean Salad

- 2 c. cooked navy, garbanzo, kidney or pinto beans

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- 1 stalk celery, finely chopped
- 3 scallions, finely chopped
- 2 garlic cloves
- 3 T. minced fresh parsley
- 4 T. olive oil
- 2 T. lemon juice
- 1 t. Dijon mustard

Combine beans, celery and scallion in a serving bowl. Put the garlic through a garlic press (or use the prepared minced garlic, 1 teaspoon) and add it to the serving bowl with parsley. In a small jar combine oil, lemon juice and mustard. Shake and pour over the salad. Toss to combine and chill before serving.

For extra spicy, sprinkle a bit of ground cayenne pepper.

Avocados Eldorado

- 2 large avocados
- 1 lime, squeezed
- 1/2 cantaloupe or melon of your choice
- 3/4 c. seedless green grapes
- Honey

Cut the avocados in half lengthwise and remove pit. Sprinkle halves with lime juice to prevent discoloring. Using a melon baller, cut out a dozen small balls from the melon half. Place a mixture of melon balls and grapes in the avocado halves. Sprinkle with lime juice and drizzle with a little honey.

Pineapple Ambrosia

- 1/2 ripe pineapple
- 1/4 c. chopped walnuts
- 1/4 c. sour cream

Peel, core and cube the pineapple half, drain. In a serving dish, toss with the chopped walnuts and sour cream. Add a dash of cardamom, if desired, and serve immediately.

Chili Bean Dip

- 1 lg. ripe tomato, chopped
- 1 md. onion chopped
- 1 fresh hot pepper, halved
- 2 garlic cloves
- 2 T. soy sauce
- 4 t. chili powder
- 2 t. ground cumin
- 2 c. cooked kidney beans

Place all ingredients except for the beans in a blender and process on medium til smooth. Add a cup of the beans and process til blended. Add remaining beans and repeat. Serve dip with natural corn chips or tacos.

Sweet Cheese Pudding

- 1 c. ricotta cheese
- 1 T. honey
- 1-1/2 t. vanilla extract

Place ricotta in a blender with the honey and vanilla, process on low speed til the

mixture is smooth and has the consistency of heavy whipped cream. Chill. If too thick, add a few teaspoons of milk.

This is especially good topped with fresh blackberries, strawberries or blueberries.

Peanut Butter Lover's Nightcap

- 1 T. peanut butter, smooth
- 1-1/2 t. honey
- 1 c. milk
- 1-1/2 t. vanilla extract

Place peanut butter and honey in small saucepan with a few spoonfuls of the milk. Stir over low heat til smooth. Add remaining milk and vanilla, stir over low to medium heat til just hot.

Pour through a sieve into a cup and serve immediately. Different and surprisingly comforting before bedtime!

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A Blind Yankee Sees Huntsville

by Leo W. Larkin

Sally is our blind Yankee friend who wants to see all the states in the USA. The time had come to visit our Tennessee Valley, and specifically Huntsville. My husband Bob and I had praised the enchantment of the Botanical Garden along with space exploration featured at the Space and Rocket Center. We had painted a glorious picture until she couldn't wait to visit Huntsville.

After years of invitations, she and her guide dog, Sunrise, finally arrived. Sunrise is a small yellow lab but vibrant gold in color. Our blonde golden retriever, Dusty, was both wounded and offended at this intruder invading his home so we kept them on leashes for several hours. Dusty, an only dog and not used to sharing, yelped when Sunrise picked up one of his balls. He looked at me as if to say, "Help, Mama, she's got my toy!"

Our first excursion was the Huntsville Botanical Garden where I am a docent and shuttle driver. Provisions for the handicapped are available, including wheelchairs. Reservations can be made for a shuttle (golf cart) and docent tours. Since it was a warm day in July, we put Sunrise and Sally on the shuttle and I gave a docent tour. We traveled past the miniature railroad where both young and old delight in its chug-chugging and its whistle woo-woosing.

Little children were hanging on the fence anxiously awaiting its coming around the bend. It travels a winding path around the small buildings, livestock and ponds and among small shrubs.

I said, "Sally, two brothers who were working on their Eagle Scout badges laid the track and bridges." She quietly took all this in. We moved on to the many perennials bordering the brick path. When I identified the flowers to her, Sally asked, "What color are they?" She could see a little as a child and remembered some colors. We entered the gates to the small pool featuring one of Frank Fleming's sculptures. He is one of Alabama's most prominent artists, and his whimsical figures bring a smile to the most dejected face! The aroma of the magnolia blossoms wafted and I asked Sally if she knew what the fragrance was. Yes, she had been down to Georgia on one of her trips.

We walked around the peaceful aquatic garden featuring fountains and delightful sculptures. Koi, bullfrogs, and other water critters live among the water lilies (including Queen Victoria Amazon Lilies). During the school year, the garden is host to 6,000 second graders. They lie on their bellies (to keep them from falling in) and with nets and pails scoop up the inhabitants of the watery domain. After identifying their



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catches for further study, the specimens are returned to their home.

"Sally," I related, "a Mallard duck laid 27 eggs in a flowerpot at the aquatic garden. Papa duck left her to raise them alone. The staff tried to help by putting a board from the pot into the water for the ducklings. Not all the wildlife living in the garden is kind to each other. Thus, Mama Mallard didn't raise a one of her babies. At the same time a pair of Canadian geese laid their eggs within five feet of the nest and the drake dutifully patrolled. Their babies survived and waddled across several acres to spend the summer in the garden lake."

Sally nodded as I said, "Somehow, there's a moral to this story." I shared, "One of their babies, named Gary by the staff, was born with a damaged wing and he lived in the garden for years." He disappeared; probably a coyote or fox got him. I continued my story. "The geese returned for several years to raise their young in the aquatic garden, ignoring the many kids swimming in the water. Something evidently happened to them. Last spring, a new pair arrived. Could it be their descendants?"

Continuing our tour, I shared the story of the red-tailed hawk flying over my shuttle and screaming in anger. She had attacked a fawn and scratched it until it was bloody and the fawn was crying pitifully! A volunteer along with a gardener rescued the infant and took it to a veterinarian. When they returned, the doe wouldn't accept her baby and now it lives at a wildlife refuge. (Now Sally is a city girl and I could tell that this story unnerved her a little.)

I went on with my tour. "This volunteer has created an azalea trail; propagating and planting hundreds of the vibrant flora throughout the

ten-acre forest. The azalea count is up to nearly 4,000 plants. A birding trail has been added throughout the natural surroundings. The garden is now 27 years old and was created in a part of Redstone Arsenal."

Stories are told of the first volunteers who dreamed of having a world-class botanical garden; cleaning briars and brambles from the bunker-laden wilderness. The bulldozer used to form the basin for a lake fell through a cave and had to be extracted. The hard-working volunteers borrowed a drill from a well digger to create the lake. Actually, they drilled for days until the owner requested his drill be returned. They hit water within hours of the deadline. A family of foxes came out every evening to watch the activity. The garden's designer kept the natural forests and planted connected gardens throughout. Fourteen full time gardeners and over 1,500 volunteers maintain the 112 acres. It is rated one of 10 best gardens in the nation.

As we traveled into the nature trail, I shared the story of the 87 year-old woman who for years has made this part of the garden her project. She planted colorful wild flowers that are not only beautiful, but contribute to the wildlife in our Tennessee Valley forest.

The garden boasts the nation's largest Trillium garden. I pulled a leaf of the "Big Leaf Magnolia" for Sally to feel its size. From the wonder on her face I would say

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"Worry is just interest paid in advance for a debt you will probably never owe."

Louie Tippett, Huntsville

she was impressed. We circled the fern glade and saw the rocks that were inherited from a deceased benefactor in Tennessee. Volunteers brought many, many pick-up truckloads of the rocks to the garden and built the fern glade. We feasted on the aroma of cedar in the Trading Post tree house and then on to the Butterfly House, which is the largest seasonal butterfly house in the nation. The butterflies share the house with a waterfall, turtles, Button Quail and other critters.

We visited the herb garden and felt the fragrant herbs. I shared how stunning the day lily garden is with over 700 varieties that peak around Father's Day. Children explore a 2-acre garden created especially for high-energy and curious visitors. I had her put her arms around one of the massive columns from our old courthouse and the expression on her face was marvelous!

The garden is non-profit and has a gigantic plant sale each April. There is emphasis on providing educational entertainment for children as well as adults. The fall season features a scarecrow trail. Corporations, the medical community, churches, and scouts, families, etc. create the scarecrows. The garden features yearly special seasonal events for the children such as tree houses, water features, Alice in Wonderland and this year, Leggo Connects.

We told her of our Christmas Galaxy of Lights that rates in the top twenty venues in the Southeast. A team of retired rocket scientists and engineers begin in mid-September constructing over 170 scenes with more than 850 display pieces. Circling the garden for nearly two miles, it opens two weeks before Thanksgiving for walking nights with over 1500 electric luminaries lighting the way! The driving tours open after Thanksgiving.

The next day we loaded our pooches in the mini-van to visit Huntsville's historical district. Walking with our two prancing golden pups and intent on describing the scene to a sightless person, I almost didn't notice the cat. He was stationed on the walk seeking shade under a magnolia tree. He was an old tom and probably part Siamese. With battle scars accumulated from scrapes with competing suitors,

and coat rough with age, he still had plenty of fight left in him. A survivor!

When I saw him, we were invading his personal space. Back arched, tail straight

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out, toes spread, long claws extended and with every independent ragged hair standing straight out, he was hissing at us. I quickly moved us away and forward before he could implant his fangs and long claws in our companions' noses. Sunrise had been trained to ignore cats and, fortunately, she was the closest to him. Dusty, who has had similar training, but still would chase a cat, followed her lead. We explored the "old" part of town with its antebellum homes and told stories of our most famous inhabitants including Lily Flagg, our famous award winning Jersey cow. See www.LilyFlagg.com and the song, "Three Cheers for Lily Flagg" by Shane Adkins.

Our next adventure was to the Space and Rocket Center where Sally says it took her all of ten seconds to crash the shuttle-landing simulator. She also rode the bucking and shaking Mars simulated capsule with Bob while I held Sunrise. As she disembarked with a big grin on her face, Sunrise strained at the leash to greet her. Sally bent down with arms open wide and lips tightly closed. I released Sunrise and she bathed her mistress' face with sloppy kisses. Other patrons smiled at this Norman Rockwell scene.

An Apollo-Saturn rocket is suspended horizontally and Bob suggested we walk under the length of it. About halfway, Sally, with a confused look, said, "We're not there yet?" We finally reached the nose cone at the distance of 363 feet. She felt the nozzle cone of one of the huge first-stage engines and handled various "black boxes" in the Instrumentation Unit, the "brain" of the launch stages. We duplicated a "distance walk" under the Space Shuttle. Retired engineers give tours at the Center.

I introduced her to the former Chief Engineer of the External Tank. The Space and Rocket Center includes the Space Camp Program for fifth graders where they stay for a week and receive specialized training. We decided not to attend the IMAX Theater because of lack of space for Sunrise. Tired but fulfilled, we returned home to see a welcome

sight: Dusty and Sunrise touching noses!

Sally returned home having seen 43 states. With all that Sally saw and learned, she was most impressed with the community spirit and volunteerism that is so prevalent in the Huntsville area. We are worlds apart, politically speaking, but are able to have a relationship above the clash of different philosophies. She is now an avid promoter of Huntsville tourism. Sunrise and Dusty say, "WOOF."

Sally attended church with us and helped with the Children's Minute, explaining how Sunrise helps her walk without falling. We could not have her go home without visiting Ivy Green, the home of Helen Keller. She examined the clothing of Helen and her family. She read in Braille, to the delight of the volunteer. I learned that not many of the blind read Braille in this day and time of technology. We then went outside where she felt the famous well pump where teacher, Anne Sullivan, made her breakthrough with Helen.

We then drove her to Iuka, MS so she could set her feet in another state.

"I get no respect. I went to my dentist the other day and told him to add a tooth that matched all my others. He put in a tooth with 4 cavities."

Rodney Dangerfield



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The Troop Trains Don't Stop Here Anymore

by John W. Hughes,
Athens, Al

During World War II in the 1940s troop trains frequently came through Madison. This was an exciting event for 9 to 10 year-old boys who might have been in downtown Madison and saw the trains.

One summer Sunday afternoon a troop train limped into town and stopped. It was apparent to the engineer that train would be there quite a while. Normally, a soldier was not allowed to get off the train without permission. To do so he would have been considered AWOL. The commanding officer apparently let them off. They needed relief from the crowded, sweltering and un-airconditioned cars.

My father's drug store was the only store open on Sunday. A few prescriptions and lot of hand-dipped ice cream cones and fountain drinks were sold. My father would not charge for them.

It seemed like every kid with a bicycle rode their bicycle downtown where the troop train had stopped. They loaned their bikes to the troops who surely needed exercise from being pent up on the train. A soldier would ride up and down the street and would then let another soldier ride.

Madison girls were part of the welcoming committee. The girls' bicycles were welcomed by the troops also. Madison ad-

resses were given freely. The soldiers could only give names. They had no addresses except for an APO (Army Post Office).

When the train whistle blew for the soldiers to again board the train, tears flowed like rain.

Peaches were ripe in our orchard and my Dad and two other men went to the orchard and picked several baskets. The train was pulling out when they got back to Madison. They had to run beside the train with the baskets held high while eager hands pulled the baskets aboard. Hopefully each soldier got a fresh Alabama peach and

always remembered it.

I never heard if any of the girls who promised to write received mail in return. Censorship regulations were very strict during WWII.

I do know that Madison was very quiet that afternoon after the train had left.

"I called my acupuncturist last night and told him I was in pain. He told me to take two safety pins and call him in the morning."

Bill Kruse, Huntsville



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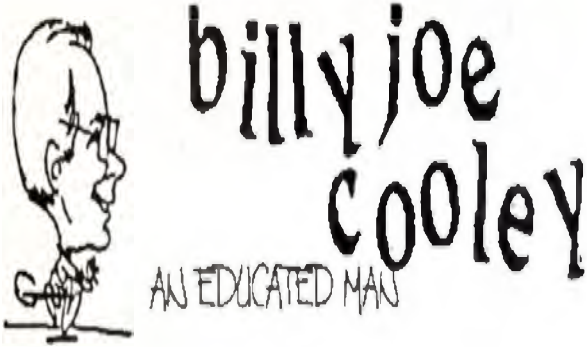
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From Old Huntsville in 1994

Race car driver Greg Hannah was happy to pose the other day with Gov. Jim Folsom during the governor's stop at Eunice's breakfast tables before his election loss. Meanwhile, the widow of Lewis Grizzard, Dedra, stopped in for breakfast after a book-signing here. "Lewis always talked of Eunice's," she cooed sweetly.

Walt Anderson of Hughes Hardware in Madison brought his Glenda to a Bud Cramer political gathering the other week at the Hilton.

Finnegan's Pub daytime bartender Robert Schumann spent a week of batching while his Karen was in Memphis opening a new "Things Remembered" store.

Johnny Tona's Family Billiards was a grand place last week when carloads of Methodist youths invaded for an afternoon of billiards. Johnny doesn't allow drinking or smoking in his parlor.

Bandito Burritto's second location across from Haysland Square on S. Parkway, is going great guns. Jeff Milligan even came home from Colorado Springs to manage it.

Floyd Hardin was the first person in line at his polling place on election day. Then he hurried to his Jackson Way Barbershop to tell everybody else how to vote. Nobody listened. That was a fine post-election gathering we had at Bill Webster's place on Bell Factory Road the other night. David Worley drove up from Birmingham. Joe Whisante's friends Ricky Hornbuckle and Carl Hudson showed up, smiling over Joe being elected sheriff.

Webster and his sons Bert and Jed have a special talent for hosting. Skip Adkins was in charge of roasting the turkeys. The guest list included everybody from Barbara Reed and Jeff Boshers to ex-weatherman Ken Rainey and Boeing's Ron Shepard. Kelly Robinson showed up, as did Dr. Jane Douthit and husband Jim (she has the animal clinic in Madison).

His mama Louise (she of Krispy Kreme fame) hosted our gang in Jacksonville.

The Golden K Kiwanis club is now meeting every Thursday at the new Senior Citizen's center. Now, they can cross the hall and take dance lessons after their meeting.

Welcome to Huntsville! Joe Owens, brother of Chuck Owens and lately of Sun City, Arizona, recently visited our fair city and was so impressed that he has now become a permanent resident. Oh well, one more Yankee can't make that much difference!



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Cleared for Take-off

by George Wells

I am cleared for takeoff on the world's greatest runway. That term may sound a bit strange, however I spent two of my 4 years in the Air Force with the 54th Troop Carrier Squadron (H). The 54th was at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Anchorage, AL. I worked in the Operations Office, located in our main hanger. We were located on the second floor of the hanger and we had large glass windows. It provided us with a wonderful view of the runway and those beautiful mountains. That was a dream assignment as I was able to visit many cities in Alaska like Nome, Point Bar-
 rier, Fairbanks and the Aleutian Islands. Flying a lot I heard all the airplane talk, like echo, delta foxtrot (EDF), this is able, king, nectar(AKN). That means Elmendorf this is Naknak. And of course the tower gave the clearance notice, 24 niner, niner (2499), you are cleared for takeoff on Runway 33. As a 21 year old, I was fascinated by the old C-54s. The work horse of the Air Force. Working for the Operations Officer, I typed up the flight orders. I would type my name on the orders as an extra crew member if it was a weekend flight.

Enough of the good stuff, let's get serious. In October of 2009, I learned I had prostate cancer. In November 2009, I learned I had a type of stomach cancer. In December of 2009 I learned about Santa Claus. My sense of humor was a big help getting me through all of my problems. Forty-five radiation treatments make short work of the Prostate Cancer.

Barbara, my late wife of 58 years, drove me Monday through Friday for nine straight weeks. The stomach cancer is the killer. We had many different flavor of drips and medications but it was a rough roller coaster ride. Last year in a 4 month period, the stomach cancer grew eight times its size of one cm. In 2017 we started a six month treatment that ended in February of this year. We had 18 drips of assorted flavors including everybody's favorite Chemo. The Chemo was a deadly poison and the hope was it killed more of the bad stuff than it did of the good. In my

The nurse who can smile when things go wrong is probably going off duty.

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case, besides making me sick, it messed up my legs and my mind. The stomach cancer was alive and well.

On May 30, 2018, my Oncologist shared his thoughts with me. He suggested the time has come when we should consider stopping all treatment. I was a bit shocked at first, but I realized nine years of drips, pet scans and doctor's visits had no effect on the cancer.

Then I realized that the treatment may seem like a failure but it had given me nine years of life. That is a blessing indeed.

May 30, 2018 was my release date from all those battles. That decision removed a heavy burden off of me. I find myself well satisfied with my life. It was as close to perfect as one can get. At age 87, I find my cup of life runneth over.

I shared 58 years with a angel of a lady, we raised two boys and I enjoyed my 42 years of auditing for General Motors Acceptance Corporation and the Army Audit Agency. Don't have any mountains to climb or rivers to swim. I have been a song writer. I thank God for the wonderful life He has given me.

What a joy thinking of Heaven. I was baptized on November 23, 1952 in the First Baptist Church of Anchorage, Alaska. Wow, that gives me 66 years of knowing Jesus as my Lord and Savior. As one of my many songs says: "Don't let your faith falter, meet Him at the Altar and go with Jesus the rest of the way." Praise God, that is exactly what I will do.

I have more loved ones in Heaven than I do here on earth. That being the case, I can see a day of great reunion. Now I am under hospice care and God's care.

Borrowing from another song of mine: "I Can See The World In My Rearview Mirror." So to all the believers keep the faith and it will be "see you later" time, not "good-bye" time. God bless you.

June 22, 2018

"One thing they never tell you about child raising is that for the rest of your life, at the drop of a hat, you are expected to know your child's name and how old he or she is."

Erma Bombeck

THE COTTON GIN OF NEW HOPE, ALABAMA

by Barry Key

New Hope's original name was Vienna until it was burned during the Civil War by the Indiana, 12th Calvary. During reconstruction it was named after the New Hope Methodist church because another town called Vienna had previously gotten a Post Office. According to federal law, a state could not have two towns with Post Offices with the same town name.

New Hope was a thriving little town in the 40s, 50s and 60s. Our major commodity was agriculture. New Hope had just about every type of business imaginable. Butler Brothers (Butler's) was the largest business in town. They owned a department store, appliance store, feed store and a cotton gin and cotton warehouses, all right in the middle of town. Butler's also had a large water tank that was over a 100 feet high at the catwalk (a grated platform with a handrail) that circled the tank. The water tank was to supply water to the sprinkler systems in the gin and warehouses in case of fire. I'm not sure but it may have also supplied potable water to their stores.

The cotton warehouses and water tank were a perfect playground. An open ladder ran from the ground to the water tank's catwalk. Boys (never saw a girl) would climb to the catwalk with airplanes made of paper or balsa wood and sail them out over town. Standing on the ground, you were lucky to get a plane to stay in the air thirty seconds. From the water tank's catwalk they would sail for several minutes. A couple other things we did was to draw a small circle on the ground and see if you could drop a baseball within the circle. Another "competition" that sounds gross right now but was fun at the time. We would spit and see who could hit the circle...quite hard from that height especially if there was a breeze. I guess boys will be boys.

The warehouses were very large and dimly lit. Bales of cotton were wrapped with brown burlap material which made it look even darker inside. Cotton bales were 4 feet tall and weighed around 500 pounds. I'm not sure why, but the warehousemen would stack them randomly - one high, two high or three high.

In the winter when it was raining and cold we would sneak into one of the warehouses. It was a perfect place to play tag or hide-an-go-seek. I only knew of one person that was ever seriously hurt. Someone was chasing Don across the top of the bales and a bale had been pulled out of place. Don fell to the floor and fractured his arm.

It was dangerous I realized later, but in New Hope (unlike Huntsville's YMCA and recreation centers) we had no other place to go indoors during bad weather.

Ironically, after I turned 16 years old, I worked at the gin two school "fall vacations". My job was to band and cover the bales while they were in a big press, then dolly the bales to the warehouse. When I say fall vacations, in those

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days, Madison County schools, in lieu of one summer vacation, were out in the early spring to plant crops and then out again in late summer and early fall to gather crops. We attended school during the hottest part of summer with no air conditioning. In the winter, students would scramble for a seat in the back of class, but during summer school the same students would kill for a front row seat because most of the class rooms had a large oscillating fan at the front of the room. I'm not sure when the county schools went to a single summer vacation and....air conditioning.

During my second year at the gin (senior in high school), I was "going steady" with a girl from Huntsville High. Huntsville High was having a dance. As I remember, it was the junior & senior prom. During the peak season of cotton picking, the gin ran 6 days a week. My steady and I didn't see a lot of each other during those weeks, so as bad as I needed the job I was going to quit.

I wasn't about to take a chance that she would go to the prom dance with someone else. Rather than quitting, my dad said he would take my place that night.

The purpose of the gin is to separate the cotton fiber from the seed. The process to do this were big drums several feet long with saw blades around the circumference. The saw drums were enclosed inside another cylinder. Cotton was fed between the saw drum and outer cylinder. Saw blades, rotating at a high speed, stripped the cotton fiber from the seed and sent the fiber to a press for baling. There was a door approximately 12 inches wide, on the outer cylinder, and down the length of the cylinder, that you could open to view the saws.

The night that my father took my place there was a fire. Another teenage worker, Eddie, and my father, were standing at a drum with the viewing door open. They were watching to see if any fire passed through the saws. Fire started passing between the drums and without thinking, Eddie reached to catch it. The saw blades immediately grabbed his hand. My father saw what was happening and reacted quick enough to pull Eddie away from the saw blades before it pulled his hand between the two cylinders. Luckily, the saw blades caught Eddie's

hand horizontal to his fingers. The blades did quite a bit of damage but nothing permanent.

Two miracles occurred that night. First, my dad saved Eddie's hand by his instant reaction. The second, the girl I took to the prom that night eventually became my wife of 57 years, as of this writing.



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Golden K Kiwanis Spotlight



Trade Day from 15 Years Ago - September 2003

Left to right: Sam Zeman (Outgoing GK President; Jesse Hopkins, "Old Huntsville Magazine" Chairman; Bill Grunwald, Golden K Member

Trade Day Around the Square is an annual event hosted by the Lions Club each year in September. This year the date is Saturday, September 8 and it starts at 8am, goes til about 4. The 4 sides of the Huntsville sqare are blocked off but you can park nearby and all parking is free.

The Golden K Kiwanis club always has two tables right in front of the Schiffman Building downtown, at the corner of Eustis and East Side Square. They always have lots of past issues of the magazine that readers may have missed, and all donations go to the Golden K children's charties.

This year will be a bit different however because there will be a good variety of the last several years issues and they will be sold for \$.25 each rather than a donation. All the money collected will go to the Kiwanis charities. You might

just find that issue that you've been looking for. Many people just collect the magazines for their grandkids!

Also around the square there are crafts and sometimes good food trucks, as well as those great brooms from the Lion's club. We know there may be a football game later in the day but come support our local crafts people and of course the Lions and Golden Ks!

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Jerry Cattage - A Very Special Person

by Hugh Michaels

Jerry Cattage became interested in sports at a very early age. He played baseball, football and basketball at Hazel Green High School. He was coached by Jerry Dugan, a very fine coach.

Baseball seemed to be his best sport. He became an umpire at the age of 16. His first experience in umpiring was under the tutelage of "Buttermilk" Johnson. He received \$5.00 a game.

Can you imagine how a 16-year-old could endure the "heckling, and name calling" that he was bound to have received?

It takes a special person to be a good umpire, Jerry Cattage fits that description. He has been calling balls and strikes since 1963. He is still doing his job.

Only one umpire was used years ago. Today, there are two. The umpire, years ago, was stationed behind the pitcher. Today the "ump" is behind the catcher.

Umpires must keep the game under control. This is a fact. Sometimes problems do arise. Jerry has many stories he could tell about his life as an umpire. The biggest problem a "ref" receives is people thinking they can see the game much better than you. They can also become "boisterous" when their child is called out on strikes.

Good umpiring helps to mold a young person's life. Young men, who participate in sports, are taught how to overcome mistakes and disappointments. They are also taught to revel in the satisfaction of winning.

"Writing is easy. All you have to do is stare at a blank sheet of paper until drops of blood form on your forehead."

Gene Fowler (1890-1960)

A person must love the game to be a good "ump". Jerry fits that description. His biggest thrill was getting to work his first high school "play off" game.

He joined the Air Force in 1965, during the Vietnam conflict. He was a proud Airman and served our country well.

He and his wife, Barbara, have been married 43 years. They have two children, Jeremy and Jaime. They all support him.

Jerry and Barbara are a beautiful couple. When asked if he planned on retiring soon, this is what he said:

"When umpiring stops being fun I will retire. I have made lots of friends over the years and hopefully, not so many enemies. If it's meant to be, my health will hold out a little longer and give me a couple more years. When I go, I hope that I will be remembered as a fair and impartial official. A Good friend to all."

Thanks Jerry, you have touched the lives of many people. You have done your job well. You have also taught our children how to play the game of life. "War Eagle" my friend.



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Tuscaloosa Stories

by M.D. Smith, IV

Judy and I were talking about our son, Owen, having to make do at his one-bedroom apartment with only a single bedroom window AC unit when the main unit went out, as it did over the weekend.

That reminded us of this story from 1961. When we got married in June 1961, we lived in whatever town I was working summer vacation jobs, either Ft. Walton or Huntsville at Judy's parent's house. Then in late August, returning to school first time as a married couple at University of Alabama/Tuscaloosa, we had rented one of the two bedroom "furnished" married student apartments there and moved in about late-August prior to school starting. They were converted WWII army barracks 4-plexes that were left there after the war and they were NOT air-conditioned. "21-C Riverside" was the address with 21A & B being on the left and 21D to the right of us. The furniture there was something else also, a few pieces in the living room, just two wooden bunk beds and an old wooden chest of drawers in the master bedroom.

Not only that, but when being vacated by previous tenants, the neighboring ones would often take a really good light fixture in the ceiling and leave a lesser one in its place. So, when we, freshly married, went in the first time with most of our stuff in our two cars (she had a '53 Chevy of her own and I had a 1960 nearly new Chevy) what we saw and felt, well, Judy cried. I was not very happy either.

Not only was it about 130 degrees inside, and we quickly opened the windows and front and rear doors, but there was a single ceiling porcelain light bulb holder with pull chain in the living room, and same for other rooms. It was NOT what she was expecting. Judy said the single pair of bunk beds was the crowning touch for us newlyweds.

First thing I did was get a new light fixture for the living room and bedroom, and bought a wall switch, and ran a wire from the fixture, along the ceiling and down the wall, to the switch by the door of the rooms. My parents,

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hearing of our distress, did purchase us a twin bed that was new and comfortable (and cozy) that we slept on happily for a number of years after that.

I don't think there is a hotter place in the entire state of Alabama in the summertime, than Tuscaloosa. The searing heat, high humidity and very little wind is just stifling. We both had lived in houses in earlier years with no AC, but they all had big attic fans that would draw all the heat up to the ceiling of the top floor and out the vents. You kept your house dark and shut in the cool of the mornings and opened up about 11:00 am and started the fan. In the evening, the cool night air coming through all the open screened windows was a blessing and it was easy to sleep come bedtime. These apartments had no such thing. We tried to put a box fan in the rear kitchen window and pull air from open windows in the front and bedrooms, but it barely lowered the temperature at all and not enough breeze to help. Reversing it and blowing it inside gave a better breeze, so that's how we used it.

Again, parents to the rescue and they got us a small bedroom window AC unit and it was heavenly to sleep in the cool. It raised our rent from \$27 a month to \$29 a month for extra electricity. That was the rule on window units. Yes, it was still a good deal. My apartment the year before was \$70 a month, split with a buddy until he got both of us kicked out, but I talked to our landlady into letting me stay for the last 3 months and pay the whole rent. I sure stayed quiet after that as well.

We went on to make other improvements, such as putting up a hall door from one I found underneath the barracks, got some wood for framing and made a hall door to keep cool air in the bedroom and bath area. Much later we got another win-

dow unit for the back bedroom (another \$2 a month), my study and work bench area and we could almost keep the entire apartment cool in milder weather than August or May. Summers we were gone with the temporary full time jobs at radio stations and one summer course in French at Samford U. We lived with my parents back in Birmingham for part of that summer.

Owen only THINKS he knows what a hot apartment really feels like.



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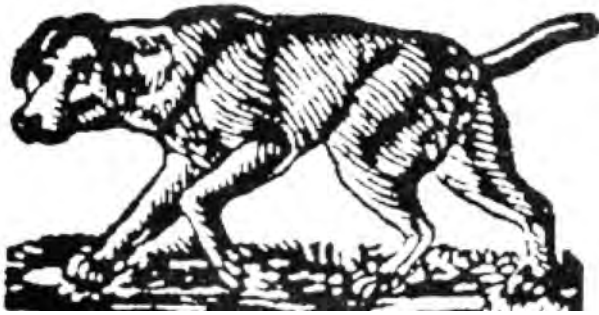
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A PENITENT DOG

from 1913 Huntsville newspaper

Dog stories have become so common that they bear as much credibility as "fish stories," but the following is so well vouched for as to leave no possible doubt of its truth.

A lady in Huntsville owns a very intelligent dog named Jeb, of whom she desired to have a picture. She accordingly took him to a photographic gallery, and with the assistance of the artist, endeavored to make her pet take and keep a suitable position before the camera. The jittery dog however was not in an accommodating mood that morning, and, after repeated trials, the attempt to conquer him was abandoned in despair.

"Go home!" the lady said, at last, pointing to the door. 'You are a bad, naughty, naughty dog!' The culprit changed instantly his saucy manner, and, dropping his tail between his legs, slunk away in confusion. All the rest of the day he seemed to realize that he was in disgrace, crouching in corners and wearing a shamefaced air. The next morning he was missing, not having come home at all the night before. All search failed to discover him.

About noon he reappeared at his mistress' doorstep, much elated, and fastened to his collar was a very handsome photograph of himself. Upon investigation, this is was discovered.

Rectitude: The formal, dignified demeanor assumed by a proctologist immediately before he examines you.

When the photographer had gone to his gallery to open up that morning, there at the door was the same pooch who had refused to pose for any picture. It appeared that it had been waiting patiently for quite some time. As soon as the door to the gallery was opened, Jeb dashed upstairs to the same room they had been in the day before. He immediately leapt upon the chair on which he was supposed to pose, and did so now.

Seizing the opportunity, the artist made his preparations with all possible speed, and the result was the delightful picture which the four-footed penitent had taken home, a peace offering to his mistress.



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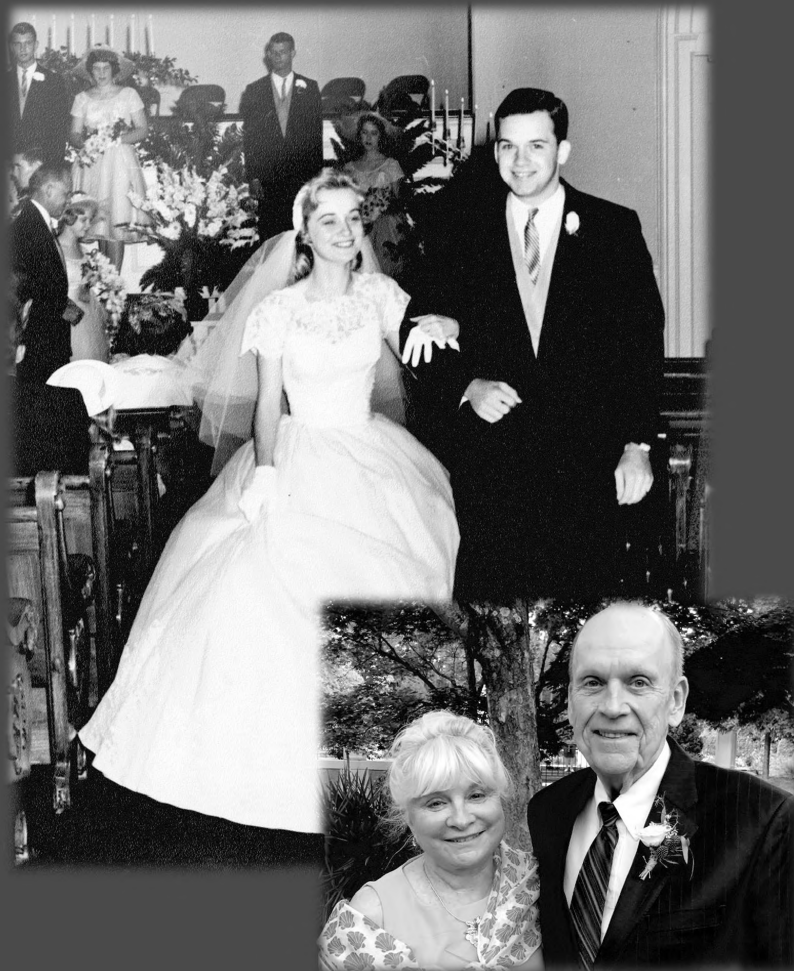
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The .410 Shotgun

by Miles Albright



It was a simple little single shot Savage/Stevens that my Uncle Paul left at our house a few years after Dad died, (which was when I was nine and my kid brother was six).

My brother and I were born in the early 50s, so we cut our teeth on Roy Rogers & Gunsmoke & Paladin & Tarzan & Dan'l & Davy.

In the summer we were near naked Tarzan's, running wild in woods & ponds, climbing every likely tree, barefoot as geese and swimming about as well also.

But winter changed us into "Mountain Men", hunting, trapping and stalking all manner of game, even in the early years, when our guns were plastic or carved by our granddad from cedar.

Then I turned twelve and mom said I was big enough to take the .410 out of the south bedroom closet and go "hunting". Uncle Paul had also left us a WHOLE BOX (25), of shells for the little gun. I reverently put five in my front pocket and strode out the back door.

Its smell was heaven. How could simple "machine oil" be so fragrant? Then, when I fired it! Wow! The scent of gunpowder! The feeling of empowerment and manhood and competence that came with toting it across hill and hollow... mom did right in taking that chance and helping her fatherless young boys grow into manhood.

I don't know what ever happened to that little gun. But when a relative died recently, we fell heir to an identical weapon. Sky and I have killed five Cottonmouths with it in the last month, four in our "yard"!

But something has come back to me in our use of it. The same feel, the sense of adventure, the same smell. Its butt flies to my shoulder so automatically ... and ... I am twelve again ... slipping around and through some trees, leaning on a gnarled trunk, waiting to see if anything moves while I scope out the area ...

Thanks, Uncle Paul. Your love and generosity changed my life. Several times.



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Cool Kitties in the Hot Summer

- Fill a hot water bottle with cold tap water for your cat to lie on.
- Put some ice cubes in his water bowl.
- Cool down towels in the freezer and then place in your cat's bed to lie on.
- Fill up bottles of water and place in the freezer. Once frozen, wrap in towels for your cat to lie next to.
- Rinse out a balloon, and then fill it with water (don't overfill it), tie a knot in the top and freeze overnight. In the morning, remove the balloon from the ice ball and place in a large ceramic or glass dish for your cat to enjoy.
- On especially hot days, use ceiling fans or air conditioning to keep the house cool.

Fleas:

Fleas are a problem throughout the year but they are especially bad during the summer months. Ensure you use a good quality flea control product on your cat and don't forget to treat the environment too! Your veterinarian will be able to advise you on the best products to use.

Ticks:

Ticks are also a problem, especially in the summer months and can result in death. It is important to ensure that you thoroughly check your cat for ticks.

Elderly, obese cats and young kittens:

Senior and overweight cats are far less tolerant of the heat, therefore it is even more important to ensure they are kept cool.

Sun Protection: Don't confine cats to hot rooms: Hot rooms such as a sunroom can potentially cause a cat to overheat. Some cats love to bask in the sun, but should have the opportunity to move to a cooler room. Areas with tiled floors are a good idea, as they are generally cooler.



Vaccinations: Bugs and wildlife are much more active in the summer, so you need to protect your cat from any potentially harmful bites. Make sure kitty's vaccinations are up to date! If your cat does get bitten, make sure to contact your veterinarian immediately.

Ice Treats: Popsicles have always been the perfect summer treat, so try making pops your cat will love! These are so easy to make - just take some wet food, or dry food mixed with water, put it in the bottom of a cup and freeze overnight. Voila! The next day, take it out of the cup and put it in your cat's bowl for a cool summer snack!

Keeping an Eye on your Cat

Make sure to check in on your kitty regularly during these hot summer months. Watch for signs of cat panting, rapid breathing, sweaty paws, or restlessness. These could be signs that your cat is overheated. If any of these occur, make sure to contact your veterinarian immediately, and give your cat some chilled water and a cool place to rest.

We hope these cat safety tips help your summer cat stay cool and safe! Cat panting, bites, and escapes may be scary, but they are preventable. Your kitty will thank you for providing a fun and safe summer.

As stated above, on hot days keep your cat indoors. If your cat does go outside and is fair skinned, apply a cat-safe sunscreen to his nose and ears to avoid sunburn.

Always provide your cat with adequate shelter from the sun outdoors. Just a shaded place from the sun with a glass bowl of water (never use metal in summer or winter) will be appreciated. Some cats just want to be outdoors and these Huntsville summers are scorching.



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From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Mystery Lady of Keel Mountain

For years, tales and legends have persisted about Keel Mountain, some with a basis in fact, others with none. Stories about Indian chiefs, hermits, and outlaws all make an appearance when groups of friends gather around a roaring fireplace on a cold wintry evening, but perhaps no story is as strange as the one we present here:

No one knows for certain where Eleanor came from; we don't even know her full name. According to legend, she made her first appearance around 1850. Farmers and travelers alike stopped to stare at the young woman trudging slowly up the road pulling a hand cart loaded with her few meager possessions. At every house she would stop and ask if, perhaps, they might have work for her, and possibly a place for her to sleep. People would later say that even though she always had a faint smile on her face, there seemed to be an aura of sadness hanging over her.

A short while later, those living in the community heard that she had taken up residence in an old abandoned hut at the foot of Keel Mountain. She made no attempt at farming and rarely, if ever, had contact with other people. She never visited the local store. People had no idea how she managed to survive.

Immediately, rumors began to spread about the peculiar woman living in the broken-down hovel at the foot of Keel Mountain. Woodcutters and hunters told stories about passing by her place and seeing deer, raccoons, and other wild animals following the woman around as she went about her chores. The animals seemed to have no fear whatsoever of this strange but gentle lady. She was seen feeding deer by hand. The closer you got to her place, the louder the birds got. When at her place, they all appeared to coexist in a peaceful kind of harmony. It was rumored that the animals protected her from harm, and would let her know when strangers drew near. Other people claimed that it was Eleanor who protected the animals.

The rumors might have eventually died down, had not two young men decided to go torch-hunting one night. There used to be a clearing on the top



of Keel Mountain where deer would congregate and feed at night, and it was there the men decided to try their luck.

Quietly picking their way through the woods, they stopped at the edge of the field. Their hunch had been right; a whole herd of deer were feeding in the clearing, with one huge, solid-white buck standing guard. Suddenly, for no explainable reason, the buck's head jerked up and every muscle in his body went tense. The rest of the herd immediately took flight, while the white buck stood perfectly still.

In the last second before the white buck was about to flee, the young men raised their rifles and fired. Dropping their rifles and racing to the spot where they had last seen the deer, they came to an abrupt stop. The buck had vanished; no tracks, no blood-trail, nothing. It had completely vanished. The only evidence of anything ever being there was a blood soaked shawl lying in the spot where the deer had disappeared. The young men were at first puzzled,

"It gives me a headache to think about that kind of stuff. I'm just a kid. I don't need that kind of trouble."

Kenny, age 7, on love



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and then frightened as the idea began to sink in that, perhaps, they had shot a person. But no, that was impossible. They both agreed they had seen the white deer fall.

Returning home, the men told their families what had happened. Quickly, the neighbors organized a search party just in case there was a person lying on the mountain, wounded.

As the search party fanned out across the mountain, it quickly became apparent that something was different. There were no birds in the trees, no deer running in front of the search parties, not even a fleeing rabbit. It was almost as if all the animals had deserted Keel Mountain.

After searching for most of the next day and finding nothing, the men finally gave up. Coming down from the mountain, they decided to stop at Eleanor's house and get a drink of water. It would also give them a chance to satisfy their curiosity about the strange woman about whom they had heard so many rumors. As they approached the house, they shouted out a hello. No answer. They shouted again. Still no answer. The house looked like it was deserted. The door was hanging off of its hinges, and most of the roof had long since disappeared. The men were about to leave, when all of a sudden, a huge white buck walked out of the woods.

It was later said that the deer just stood there, looking at the hunters.

Several of the men raised their rifles and shot at the buck. The animal just stood there calmly, watching them. Other men began blasting at the buck, which stood motionless while the deadly barrage was taking place, until finally it slowly turned around and walked back into the woods.

Some of the men in the

group were the best rifle shots in the county, yet they could not hit a deer standing only fifty feet away. Others in the party who were standing off to one side later said that when the men began shooting at the deer, they could see bark flying off the trees directly behind. It was almost, and they said this very hesitantly, "like the bullets were passing right through the deer."

In the late fall of 1923, John Ingrams was returning home from a hard day at work. As he approached the foot of Keel Mountain, in the midst of a freak snowstorm, he was suddenly forced to slam on his brakes. Standing in the middle of the road, directly in front of his car, was a woman. Leaving his car, John approached the spot where he had seen the woman a few moments before. The woman had disappeared. No sign of her could be found anywhere. The only sign in the fresh snow was

a set of enormous deer tracks. Being curious about the strange tracks and the disappearance of the woman, John followed the tracks a short piece up the road to where a bridge crossed the stream. The bridge was gone, it had collapsed. Amazed and confused at the good fortune that had saved his life, John was about to return to his car when his attention was drawn to the other side of the stream. Standing there calmly, not moving a muscle, was the largest buck he had ever seen ... and it was pure white.

No one has ever been able to explain the strange facts surrounding the woman, and while almost everyone living near Keel Mountain has seen a white deer at some time or the other, no one has ever seen or heard of one being killed.

Maybe it was something that could not have been harmed by mortal man.

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Saturdays, Summer and the Pop Bottle Kings

By John E. Carson

Grandkids are wonderful time machines; though sometimes their comments remind you of your age, they can also remind you of your youth. Recently, as I was driving my grandson home from Cub Scouts, he asked me what life was like when I was a kid his age. So, I told him of a time before we carried phones in our pockets, drive-by shootings were not heard of and Saturdays and summers were not spent indoors.

Coming from a family of seven, I had six siblings; three older sisters and three brothers - one older, one a year and nine months younger than me, and one still a toddler. Jobs and money were scarce in the big city and we did not live in the nicest of neighborhoods.

Still, my younger brother Mark and I never felt threatened and on Saturdays when the spring rain had washed away the last dregs of winter and it was finally warm outside, we would go hunting; not for animals, but for soda pop bottles and lost treasure.

At times walking for miles, we would scour the bushes, curbs and sewer grates looking for unbroken pop bottles to cash in at the local dairy store; 3 cents for a small, 7 or ten-ounce bottle and 5 cents for a 28 oz.. Now, with 2- for- a- penny candy, usually in big, square, apothecary jars, even one soda bottle would net us six pieces - three each, our choice - and there were many choices!

Wide paper strips with little, colored buttons, Tootsie rolls and Root Beer barrels, Smarties-

little rolls of flavored tablets, and even little wax bottles with a sip of cola flavor. Other favorites were Bubble gum, Licorice whips and twists in Cherry and Strawberry and others that have faded from my memory over the years.

It never occurred to us that we were performing a civic service by picking up the discarded bottles and the word Environmentalist had not come into existence yet. But after watching cartoons with a bowl of cereal in the morning, we would throw on a t-shirt and jeans, socks and shoes and rush to the hunt.

Walking the uneven sidewalks, we soon learned the tricks of the trade; where to look and how to retrieve the ones hiding below the iron grates, one on each corner of every intersection.



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It helped to bring a wire coat hanger we could untwist and bend the hook a little tighter to catch the slippery critters by the neck, and slowly, slowly, ease them up through the larger opening on the curb.

Another good tool to have was a stick with a nail pounded into it so the point could be used to stab dollar bills that may have blown into the subterranean trash collector. A piece of rope and a wad of bubblegum on a stick or branch could also be employed.

A large paper grocery bag, folded small as possible, was a necessity, as plastic bags were not common, to hold the bottles once we had found them. Filling the bag meant enough money for lots of candy and even a ten-cent bottle of pop, which in turn could be cashed back in for three more cents!

Of course, in the summer, hunting bottles was hot, sweaty

work and we often would convince our mother to part with two dollars to use at the movies; one dollar for each of us. On Saturdays, we could walk to the local theater (it was only a couple of miles) and pay 50 cents for a 3 movie matinee that kept us out of our mother's hair all afternoon. With the other fifty cents we could buy a paper cup of soda for 10 cents, a box of popcorn for a dime, a five-cent candy bar and a hot dog for a quarter!

We would talk about the movies all the way home and arrive in time for supper.

All of this took place around 1959 and 1960, somewhere between Johnny Tillotson's "Poetry in Motion" and the Everly Brother's hit, "Cathy's Clown", when I was ten years old and my brother was eight going on nine.

I told my grandson other stories on that ride home about

the different world we lived in so long ago and as we pulled into the driveway of my daughter's house I realized that half a century had gone by since those events took place.

For a moment, I felt the weight of all those years; until my grandson looked over at me as I put the car in park and left the motor running.

"Papa," he said, "I wish I could have lived back then; your world sounds so cool."

Though his words warmed my heart, I told him that each of us lives in a special time and it was up to him to make the best of his.

He nodded wisely, picked up his iPad, and I watched as he walked into the house.

As I pulled the car away and back onto the road, my mind and heart returned to the Saturdays of 1960, and the summer my brother and I became the Pop Bottle Kings of the city.

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Obituary of my Beautiful Great Grandmother

Sent by Harry S. Dill, Great Grandson of Malvine Dreger

TRANSLATION FROM GERMAN OF THE DODGE COUNTY PIONEER - Mayville, Wisconsin, 24 October 1935

On Monday morning 21 October at 11:25 Mrs. Malvine Dreger died, the oldest and well known inhabitant of Mayville at the high and rare age of 95 years, 9 months and 80 days due to old age.

The deceased always enjoyed good health and possessed her full mental capacities until the end.

Some weeks ago Mrs. Dreger had the bad luck to fall in her kitchen and though there were no Injuries, the fall caused physical weakness which got worse from day to day until the deceased passed away softly and without pain.

Mrs. Dreger was born 3 January 1840, the daughter of a

church painter, Adolph Liebig and his wife In Neumrk, province of Brandenburg, south of Berlin. She married Gustave Dreger 26 June 1859. The same year the happy couple Immigrated to America direct to Mayville, where the husband established himself as a skilled tailor and where the now deceased managed the household for their uncles, Theodore and Albert Matte both of whom had already settled near Mayville earlier.

Eight years later the Gustave Dreger family moved into the village of Mayville where Mrs. Dreger, who was an

Claims He was Married While Hypnotized

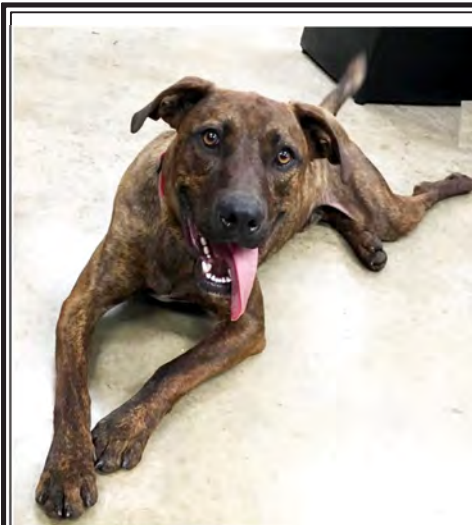
From 1923 Huntsville Newspaper

Wm. Dobbins of this city, dragged into the court today on a charge of bigamy, declared his second wife hypnotized him and forced him to marry her against his will.

"I don't know how it happened," he claimed. "All of a sudden I was in the church, saw many people, stood before the altar and was required to kneel. A priest stood before us. I was very much wrought up.

Beside me stood my bride, who at every opportunity looked piercingly into my eyes so that I saw glittering before me all the colors of the rainbow. And so I was married a second time. As if in a semi-slumber, I left the church.

The court, however, didn't buy the story and sentenced him to 2 months in jail and a \$20 fine.



Sarge

Hi, my name is Sarge, I am a Mountain Cur and am only 14 months of age and weigh around 50lbs. I am very curious and learn fast. Sometimes I can be a bit goofy, but I do LOVE to be loved on and will give it back.

I've been told I have beautiful expressive eyes but I can't see them! I'll take their word for it.

Originally I was a stray but now I have a home at the ARK. They love me there and said I can have a better one, just wait and see. I been waiting for a few months and I think it is time to find out. Are you my new home? When you come to visit please ask to see me, Sarge.

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adroit dressmaker, opened a dressmaker shop where the family head already owned a tailor shop and dry goods and grocery store.

The happy family enjoyed the success of their enterprise until the husband was taken away by death in 1885. The best doctors far and wide had been consulted without being able to save the husband and father.

The husband closed his eyes for the eternal slumber in the firm belief that he had left the family in good financial state; however, the entire estate went to other sources so that the now deceased had to begin to work anew for the large family of 12 children of which the youngest was only 2 years old. She had saved until conditions permitted her to retire in her last years to a quiet and independent life.

Mrs. Dreger was the mother of 12 children, six sons and six daughters of which 3 daughters; Anna, Antonia and Malvine preceded their mother in death. Her father, Adolph Liebig, who made his home during long years with the now deceased died in 1913 at the high age of 93.

Besides the children: Amanda (Mrs. Hugo Buchholtz) in Chicago, Alvin Dreger in Steven's Point, Wisconsin, Gustave Dreger in Portland, Oregon, Reinhold Dreger In Coifax, Washington, Oscar Dreger in Huntsville, Alabama, Adolph Dreger in Rapid City, South Dakota, Arthur Dreger in Gillespie, Indiana, Selma Dreger who made her home with her mother, and Olga (Mrs. James Dreger in Verona, Michigan. She leaves behind a sister, Amanda (Mrs. Samuel Marx) in Chicago and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Dreger was a Mayvillian and to the inhabitants of Dodge County she was known as an industrious person and she enjoyed a good reputation.

The tired eyes closed in eternal sleep and the industrious hands rest from all the labor.

May the deceased rest quietly. The funeral took place today, Thursday afternoon at 2:00 starting at the home in mourning and ending at the Grace-land Cemetery beside the grave of her husband. The attorney, John A. Thiel delivered the eulogy.

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The Southeast



RIDGETOP, TN EARLY MEMORIES BY BILL ROBERTSON AS TOLD TO BILL C. MAYES

This is a story from over in the Bethel neighborhood, about a Confederate soldier who came home on a short leave while his regiment was in garrison down at the Tennessee River near Camden.

When he got home to his little farm located in the vicinity of where Tinnon Road intersects with Bethel Road not far out of Ridgetop, Tennessee he found that his wife and two daughters had been molested and raped by a Yankee patrol. His name was Spunk Wright.

So he sent word back to his commanding officer that he wouldn't be back and why, and that he had organized a band of raiders called Spunk Wright's Raiders. This is according to my uncle Tom Robertson, son of Frank Robertson. So Spunk Wright concentrated his activities in and around the Tinnon Road intersection where the Yankee supply trains came south.

According to uncle Tom, the Union garrison in Madison was kept busy sending burial details up in Robertson County. The following account of an experience of my Grandpa Francis (Frank) Robertson with the Union cavalry during the Civil War was relayed to me by his daughter, Hattie R. Moss Webster, my aunt.

The Lewis Robertson family was living on their farm located about halfway between the Bethel neighborhood and Ridgetop. The log house was located on the east side of the

road, just beyond Liebengood Road, and just before going down the hill to the creek that now feeds Ridgetop Lake. It was a foggy night, and raining too. The hour would have

been about 9 p.m. as they were gathered around the fire while allowing it to burn down for banking prior to bedtime.

Suddenly they heard the unmistakable sound of a troop



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of cavalry coming up the hill at a walk. They could hear the sound of the discontented horses as they shook their trapping and snorted.

Realizing that it was surely Union forces, they remained in silence but left the lamp lights burning. As the troop came alongside of the house, they heard the troop commander give the usual long drawn-out cavalry command, "troop halt".

The cavalry used the long drawn out system of command for the benefit of the horses.

At this time the sound of the horses stomping and snorting as they shook their trappings was more pronounced. Then came the steps on the front porch, then a knock.

As they opened the front door there stood a Yankee Captain in his blue uniform. He raised his gloved right hand and said, "Don't be afraid. We

are the U.S. Cavalry on our way to Ridgetop and we are lost. So in fear of making a wrong turn, I want to borrow that 12-year-old boy," pointing to Frank, my future Grandpa, "and let him pilot us to Ridgetop. We will release him upon arrival there."

So Frank jumped to it, running hastily to the barn and saddled up, after which he met the Captain at the head of the column, and the family watched as he rode away beside the Captain of the troop.

I can imagine the anxiety the family went through while waiting. But Aunt Hattie said that what must have seemed like hours was really a short time until they heard Frank returning at a gallop into the barnyard to put his horse up.

I only wish I had an account of the story he told in his excitement. I just wish he could have told me the story.

I remember him well as he lived until I was age 5. I can remember having coffee with him. We drank it from saucers. He had to lift his mustache in order to do so.

And the next morning, being Monday, I proceeded to have my breakfast coffee out of the saucer, not the cup, for which I was scolded by my mama, saying "Now you can do that with Grandpa Frank, but when you are home you will use the cup!"

His older sister Martha (Matt) my great aunt, stayed with us in Nashville regularly in her old age. She was a teenager during the war and had a good memory. She told me many stories of when the Union Army would come by for food. She called them "blue bellies."

I would love to remember her stories but I was very young at the time and I'm sure my attention span was limited.



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SWEET JENNIFER



by *Ted Roberts*
(ted, the Scribbler on the Roof)

Some are blessed with wealth and some with health. I got none of the former and some of the latter. But I really scored with daughters-in-law, like Jennifer. Beside the one I lauded who gives me an amaryllis plant for our wedding anniversary - here's another with a heart as generous as Mother Teresa. She gives me a present on the anniversary of my cousin's graduation from high school.

No event is too flimsy for a present to the patriarch of the family; that's me, of course. She once gave me a North Face jacket when my wife was triumphant on a Mah Jongg afternoon. She specializes in exotica (I said "exotica" not "erotica"). She likes to give gifts reminiscent of my college career and UT - University of Tennessee. Like matching orange emblazoned shorts and T-shirt. You never know when some old collegiate pal will drop by. You want to be dressed appropriately. If things got tough, I could always go back to UT and be the best dressed man on campus.

Once - the anniversary of my second cousin's third marriage - she gave us a bouquet of roses that stayed fresh for weeks, she must have paid ex-

tra for their longevity. That's Jennifer.

Women look upon occasions such as birthdays and anniversaries totally different from men. Somebody said, "Timing is everything." Once, in a fit of generosity, I gave my wife a pricey gift for our 50th anniversary.

Instead of sweet hugs and kisses, I got back a stony stare and a reproach. The object of my reckless generosity thundered, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS? It's 8:30 at night and we were married at 11:00 AM this morning. YOU'RE LATE!"

The best babysitters of course are the grandparents. You entrust your babies with them often, which is why most grandparents move to Florida.

Dave Barry



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Personal Safety

by Elizabeth Wharry



Last month's article addressed travel safety. Continuing on, this month is about personal safety and scams.

There is a growing and disturbing trend of people with their faces buried in their phones. Not only do these "facer" pose a danger to themselves, they also pose a hazard to those around them. We've all seen the video of the "facer" who walked into a mall fountain...Hilarious! Nothing screams "I'm oblivious" more than being deeply involved with one's phone. We've all been behind the driver who is holding up traffic because, even though the light is green, that driver is texting. My biggest concern is the women in the grocery stores paying more attention to their phones than their purse and/or baby in the shopping cart.

Which brings me to the next safety tip. Ladies, do not leave your handbag open and/or unattended. That's just begging for a thief to steal your wallet, phone and/or car keys. Close your purse and keep a hand or eye on it. Personally, I drop the strap between the seat and push bar, then bring the strap up, and put my hand through the strap as I hold onto the push bar. If you ladies have a large handbag, may I suggest that you get a smaller one, and only carry what you absolutely need?

Are you walking to or from a building? Before you get out of the car, look around. Walk with your head held up, with short but confident steps, and eyes moving. Nothing screams "victim" more than shuffling along with one's head down. Be aware of what is around you. Before you leave a store, take a moment to look around the parking lot. Don't hesitate to ask for an escort, especially at night. It may save you from being a statistic.

High heels...they look great! Unless you are with an escort, or in a group, wear flats and carry them in a shoe bag until you reach your destination. Speaking of fashion, a lot of ladies are wearing maxi dresses (I know, I'm giving my age away) this summer. While they are fashionable, they will hamper one's movements in the event of an emergency or crisis. This is especially true if one needs to move quickly with a small child. My suggestion? Opt for a knee length A-line or flared skirt. They are easy to move in and still

look fashionable. From a safety standpoint, sandals or sneakers are a better bet than flip flops.

Are you home? Are you expecting company? If you are not expecting company, and there's a knock at the door, take a discreet look see. If that's not possible, do not open the door. Make sure your back door is

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closed and locked as well. If you have a "thumb latch" style door handle, be aware of this nasty trick that thieves and home invaders do. They will put a rubber band around the thumb latch, and secure it to the bottom of the handle. If you see this, take a picture with your phone, call 911, and remove the rubber band. No one needs to be a victim of a home invasion or burglary. Crime prevention, for the most part, is a matter of common sense and awareness.

Email and phone scams are rampant these days. If one hasn't entered a lottery or contest, how does one win a prize? A huge tip off that it's a scam is if one is asked to send a money card or credit card number to pay for "processing". Another scam involves the IRS. If they have business with you, they will send a certified letter, return receipt. I speak from experience, as I have been audited.

Have you gotten a phone call saying you've been indicted, and you need to send money cards or your credit card number? Ignore it, as it's a scam. Indictments come after being arrested. An arrest can only take place if one commits a crime that warrants it. Take note of the number, and report it to your local police/sheriff. You're not bothering them!

You say your grandchild got arrested, and needs money cards, or your bank information? He/she is calling from their cell phone from jail? Don't buy into that. Call their parents and find out the truth. Or, call that county's jail and ask.

Best solution? Have a secret question between you and your grandchild. If the caller can't answer the question, hang up. Do NOT send money cards or any other financial information.

You say you got an email from an overseas attorney? He claims to have knowledge of a long lost relative who left you

a fortune. You just need to send proof of your identity. Disregard this email, it's a scam. So is the "Nigerian prince". It's called "phishing". These identity thieves can be clever, but you can outsmart them by deleting their nonsense.

Which brings me to the final scam...you say your bank contacted you by email or phone, and needs an update? Hang up. Note the number, and call the local branch and ask to speak with the manager. NEVER give your bank information to a caller. If your bank needs to update their records, they will send a letter. To be on the safe side, take the letter into our local branch and ask. Once your bank account has been compromised, that money is usually gone for good.

Thieves are mobile, and if they are in a foreign country, there is not much that can be done to get your money back.

Stay alert, stay aware, and above all, stay safe!

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* For over 30 years, Jackie Reed has attended City Council and Governmental meetings, monitoring budgets, issues and agendas that affect all citizens.

* Jackie Reed has been a Huntsville resident since 1958. She attended Tennessee Technology Institute, educated two children in Huntsville City Schools, both college graduates.

* She worked 25 years in the aerospace industry then has a real estate broker license (inactive). She has also hosted her own talk show, Jackie Reed Live and has written for Speaking Out News for 15 years. In 2015, Jackie was featured on the Today Show on NBC.

* Received the "Rosa Parks Woman of Courage Award" from NAACP

* Song written by George Wells; "The Legend of Jackie Reed" copywrited (CD) 2072 <http://cdbaby.com/cd/georgewells>

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