



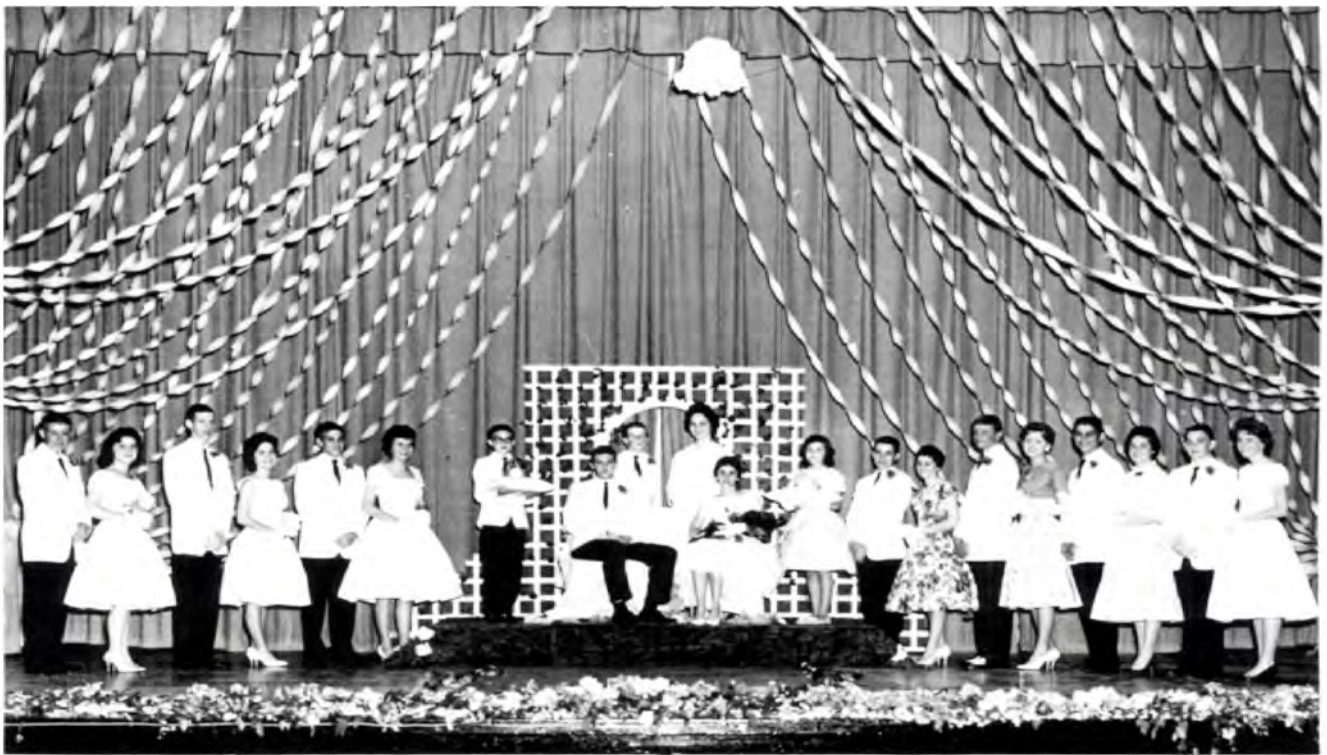
No. 308  
October 2018



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

## Huntsville in 1959: Junior High Memories



*Also in this issue:* **Football Days in Tuscaloosa**

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1946  
From Right: J.M. Lewter, G. Gideon,  
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# Huntsville in 1959 - Jr. High Memories

by Larry Maples

The ninth grade was the good times year in my academic memory. People talk about their high school senior year and it was okay, but by that time adult-type worries had begun to creep in on me. What am I going to do next year? What am I going to do the rest of my life? None of that worried us in the ninth grade. We had the benefit of being on top and the worries of adulthood seemed eons away. As long as we could stay out of Principal McCown's doghouse (not always possible as you will see), we had clear sailing for a rollicking good time.

Huntsville Junior High on Randolph Street in the 1950s consisted of a three-story classroom building with an auditorium, cafeteria, gym and shop in the rear. We moved up a

floor each year so our momentous 9th grade year was spent mostly on the 3rd floor. Our exalted third floor location did not feel so good on hot days because heat rises and there was no air conditioning. But, large open windows are amusing targets for all sorts of debris as long as your aim is good and your neighbor's pencil doesn't bounce back into the classroom prompting an interrogation by Mrs. Weathers. The lockers on the 3rd floor never seemed to be locked. At any one time, I could have four civics books or none at all.

We had earned that 3rd floor. We still remembered our 7th grade initiation of being shoved around in rough half court P.E. basketball games by guys like Bobby Emerson and Philip Pickett. But, before we got too full of ourselves, Coach Berry was on a mission to take us down a notch or two with his two-a-day preseason 95-degree football practices.

In those August practices he liked to have a role model around to inspire us. One year it was Freck League (Mississippi State) and another year it was Bruce Hammer (Vanderbilt) to show us what we could do "If you boys make up your mind."

We had a nice year until Tommy Isbell of Westlawn managed to sail a rain-soaked

**"Writing is turning one's worst moments into money."**

*P. P. Donleavy*



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football into the corner of the west end zone at Goldsmith-Schiffman and drive a stake in our hearts. After the games, the cheerleaders would call us out of the locker room one-by-one and then we would all walk over to Zesto at Five Points and have a dip dog.

We didn't have any trouble with Westlawn and Lee in basketball, but a little Coach Berry doghouse time for Walter Phillips and Peanut Bright left us short-handed in the County finals. After a big snow, we rebounded nicely by upsetting top-seeded Danville in the district tournament. The biggest guy we played against all year took his frustration out on Walter by blind siding him into the second row of the bleachers in the last minute of the game.

We had a lot of fun in baseball because we finally broke through and beat Hub Myhand's Lee team, which was undefeated the year before with the pitching tandem of Martin and Moss, Buggs Ow-


ens, the Fretwell boys, Charles Shannon and others. Hatch, Dehart, Battle, etc. got us over that hill in our 9th grade year despite Gary Broadway repeatedly hitting the right center field gap at Optimist Park.

I can still hear Hub's high-pitched voice encouraging Broadway to stretch it to 3 bases as I picked up the ball at the base of the wall. We were one hit away from the county championship but Tommy Woodall of Gurley struck me out with the tying and winning runs on base.

Monday nights were a lark because Lonus Hucks provided us with a great excuse to leave our unfinished homework and flee downtown to a Hi-Y meeting in the conference room on the second floor at Central YMCA. There Lonus would lead us in planning events like initiating the new crop of 8th graders on a hazing adventure to Camp Cha La Kee including throwing them in the frigid waters of the Ten-

nessee River, a weekend bus trip to I don't remember where but I do remember the peroxide bottle and a dozen yellow-haired guys on Monday, our fund raising annual Christmas tree sale in the vacant lot next to the Y and ordering our blue Hi-Y jackets. The meetings didn't last too long leaving us ample time to play some ping pong or visit a new girlfriend on Randolph Street.

My homeroom was in the home economics classroom. Boys who took first period shop class were grouped with girls who took first period Home EC. I'm sure Mrs. Carlton, who didn't have to deal with boys except in homeroom, didn't think much of this arrangement. One day before heading over to shop, she handed me a note to give to my dad which said: "Mr. Maples, I



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am requesting a meeting with you and your son tomorrow before school." Let's just say my homeroom behavior improved considerably in the ensuing weeks.

In shop Mr. Williams taught us how to use some machines and we all had to do a project to impress our parents that we had learned something. Mine was a cedar thing that my dad hung on the basement wall to put the phone and note pad on. It was still there when he passed away in 2016. It would be pushing it big time to say that Mr. Williams' tutelage provided the foundation for a pleasurable lifetime of hobby woodworking. The mistake of not catching his vision lies entirely with me.

Mrs. Nance's civics class met in the east corner room where I sat next to the wall with my feet out in the aisle for a good view of Mary Jeanne, the girl who walked to Zesto with me. Mrs. Nance (Bebe Manning's aunt) was a very likeable lady but she insisted we learn how

the government works. We also learned she was cool under pressure when a classmate fell on the floor suffering an epileptic seizure. She told everyone to remain calm and motioned two of us to hold him still while she placed a pencil between his teeth to keep him from biting his tongue.

Mrs. Howell's English class was at the opposite end of the hall. She was very stern in and out of class and allowed no boy/girl handholding on the way downstairs to the cafeteria. She called on people in class to get us to respond to the literature we were reading and we spent a lot of time on Dickens' novel, "Great Expectations". She was hard-nosed, but literature seemed like a respite from the rigors of grammar which Mrs. Pettus had put us through in the 8th grade. I will have to admit that Mrs. P. drilled into me 90% of the grammar I know. Her favorite technique was endless sentence diagramming.

I don't remember much



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about Mrs. Trimble's algebra class except that she had a non-southern accent. When she said "number" it came out as "noomber."

Next door was Mrs. Weathers' science class where we got into our biggest trouble of the year. On a hot day Mrs. Weathers had the big windows open on the front of the school. During a lull in classroom action, a whole desk mysteriously flew out a window. We might have gotten away with it except for two slight miscalculations. Principal McCown's office window was in the flight path and there was a sidewalk just outside his window. When the desk hit the concrete surface three stories below, it shattered with a resounding crash. Mr. McCown bounded up the stairs with those short choppy steps Coach Berry encouraged his linebackers to use in pursuing running backs. He was the judge and jury but Mr. Davis, the assistant principal, was the executioner with his big paddle.

On cold or rainy days we were all in the gym in P.E. Coach Berry sometimes used that time for a little extra blocking practice. Charlie Hooper was the best destroyer of a hand-held blocking dummy I ever saw. When Charlie finished his session, Coach Berry would smile and say "good effort."

The only time he ever gave me that smile was one day during a basketball drill when W.C. Lee was going around popping people in the tail with a rubber band. After he stung me, I jumped him and we went down in a heap. Coach folded his arms and enjoyed the wrestling match. When he finally pulled us

apart, he gave me that smile of satisfaction and said, "Well Maples, I didn't know you had it in you."

On sunny days Coach sometimes let us go "up on the hill" for P.E. Across the street and up the hill was some flat ground suitable for touch football or volleyball. One day the weather was perfect and we realized that Coach had walked back down the hill leaving us unsupervised for the last 15 minutes of class. We too started walking, but we turned left on White Street, passed Kay Stedman's house, then Bill and Sue Lowe's house and kept going south on California Street.

By the time we got to Hermitage Avenue, the realization finally hit our dull brains that it was too late to get back for the next class. What were we going to do now? Somebody, maybe Randy Sublett, said "Let's go see Larry's new house." Daddy had finished building our house on Drake and we had been moved in about 3 months. So, we continued on down Whitesburg, took a left at Drake and eventually plopped down to relax on mother's new den furniture. We thought we had the perfect hideout for a hooky afternoon.

"Doing what is right doesn't mean it will not hurt."

*Becky Richardson, Boaz*

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How was I to know mother occasionally came home for lunch, fixed herself a sandwich and put a load of clothes in her washer?

We heard the ominous sound of a car door closing in the driveway. Bolting down the stairs and hiding behind anything we could find in the basement, we breathed softly hoping Mother would quickly finish her sandwich and get back to work. We might have gotten away with our little plot, except for the old Frigidaire she used as a basement backup. She was only 3 or 4 steps from the stairwell on her way back from putting some extra milk in the old fridge when she spotted Randy's foot under the ping pong table. To this day, I don't know how she had the nerve to flush him out. How did she know he wasn't a burglar? Maybe our reputation preceded us. At any rate, she searched nearly every nook and cranny in the basement and pulled us out one by one.

After she read us the riot act, she made me call Daddy to bring him up to date. His message was short but not sweet. "Get your tail back to school and tell Mr. McCown about this." Oh boy, this was too easy for McCown. He normally had to do his own detective work.

A few weeks later after the dust had settled, Mother said sardonically, "I'm going to write a book." Smart mouth Larry said, "Oh yeah, what's the name of your book?" Without blinking she replied, "The Seventh One Got away." Oooops. We thought we had at least salvaged a moral victory out of this debacle. When she had taken the "Fridge 6" upstairs to book us, our accomplice with the premier hiding



place, Earl Tate, slipped out the garage door. We never figured out who was the weak link in our stonewalling chain.

Our last big event for the year was Beau Belle Day. Awards such as Best Latin Student, Best Math Student, Best Athlete and etc. were presented, the Beau and Belle and their court were arrayed on stage and a dance was held in the evening. In the front page picture members of the court from left to right were: Elvis Larkin, Sandra Myers, Neil Keith, Ellen Evans, David Hatch, Jane Phillips, Tom Eilerman, Walter Phillips (Beau), John Harrison, Linda Graver, Becky Weber (Belle), unidentified, Don Walker, Glenda

Spann, Larry Maples, Mary Jeanne Hopson, Buster Petty, Dottie Sayers, Charlie Hooper and Judy Swann.

This trip down memory lane sounds heavy on mischief and light on learning. But that's only because pranks are easier to remember than the day you mastered the subtleties of the direct object or the technique of solving simultaneous equations.

Thank you Fanning, Harris, Martin, Pettus, Nance, Weathers, Howell and Trimble. You were heroic in your efforts to blot out my ignorance. You succeeded because I don't remember any transition problems in moving to high school. And that's another story.

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## Arizona to Alabama - A Big Change

by Carol Wells Barnette

Now I was raised in Arizona, up in the cold country. I swam in Oak Creek in the middle of winter, icy cold water coming down from the snowy San Francisco Peaks. I've been dropped in a Prickly Pear cactus, but when I came here I was taught how to fish. In Arizona we would go to Kinnikinick Lake, throw out a little corn, put some on a hook and throw out your line or use cheese balls or worms. We used Night Crawlers for Pike or Black Catfish. When I fished with worms I would rub them on my jeans until they were still and then run them up the hook until the hook was hidden.

Well, I met a young man here in Alabama who was going to show me how it was done. We drove up close to Gunters-

ville Dam. Up a dirt road on a hill, got out of the truck with a couple empty coffee cans and a saw and walked almost to the top of the hill. He cut down a small tree and just drug the saw over the stump.

All of a sudden huge worms started coming up out of the ground and we grabbed them and put them in the can. I mean worms like I had never seen before, some two feet long. I reached to grab one and he grabbed my arm just in time as that one was not a worm, but a

baby snake. That ended the fiddling for me.

We then drove down to the dam and he told me to put not over half a worm on a big hook and throw it in. Well, I did and after losing a few pieces of worm I was so excited to get a big catfish reeled in.

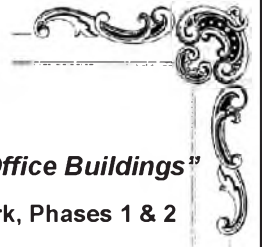
Guess you can call me an Alabama girl now, at least an Alabama fisherman.

*Carol is a writing student in John E. Carson's class in Creative Writing, held every Thursday.*



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- **Cough** - Mix one teaspoon of whiskey with a pinch of sugar, heat over a fire, and drink. Eat a mixture of honey and vinegar. Put some ground ginger from the store in a saucer and add a little sugar. Put it on the tongue just before bedtime. It burns the throat and most of the time will stop coughs. Take some rock candy with tea. Dissolve four sticks or horehound candy in a pint of whiskey and take a couple of spoonfuls a day.

- **Cramps** - To cure cramps in the feet, turn your shoes upside down before going to bed.

- **Car sickness** - Suck on a lemon while in a car to cure car sickness.

- **Croup** - squeeze the juice out of a roasted onion and drink. Add a little vinegar, lemon, or onion to honey and eat. Put a drop of turpentine in a spoonful of sugar and eat. Drink a thick syrup made of onion juice and honey. Boil an onion, some turpentine, and some lard together. Pour the juice on a cloth and put it on the chest.

- **Earache** - Pour drops of juice from the buddie blooms (sweet shrub) into ear. Dissolve table salt in lukewarm water and pour this into ear. This dissolves the wax which is causing the pain. Pour castor oil, or sweet oil into ear. Break apart a Betty bug at the neck, and squeeze one or two drops of blood into ear. Warm a spoonful of urine and put a few drops in ear. Put a few ashes in an old rag. Dampen it with hot water and sleep with your head on it.

- **Headaches** - Bind wilted beet leaves on the forehead. Tie a flour sack around your head. Put several ginseng roots in a piece of brown paper and tie to your head. Put turpentine and beef tallow in a bandage and tie it tightly around your head! Smear brow with crushed onions. Rub camphor and whiskey on head.

- **Hiccups** - Take a teaspoon of peanut butter, (this always works for me). Put half a teacup of dried apples in a teacup of water in a pot. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Strain out the remains of the apples, drink the hot juice.

- **Pain Killer** - Roast some poke roots by the fire. Scrape them clean with a knife and grind up. Make a poultice out of the powder and apply to bottom of the foot. It will draw pain out of anywhere in the body.

- **Toothache** - Put drops of vanilla straight from the bottle on the tooth. Hold whiskey or turpentine on the tooth.



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# OCTOBER HAZE

by Elizabeth Wharry

Growing up on the south shore of Lake Erie, October was probably the prettiest month. The leaves were turning, the sky was a deeper shade of blue, and the clouds appeared to be whiter. It was as if Mother Nature was apologizing for what November would bring.

As a youngster, Halloween was a special treat to look forward to. Unfortunately, whatever costumes we kids wore had to be big enough to accommodate light jackets or heavy sweaters. Hats and mittens or gloves were kept in one's treat bag. Most of the time, we wore homemade costumes. Store bought were considered a waste of money. I remember dressing as a Gypsy, a bum, a cowgirl complete with toy pistols, a princess, a nurse and whatever else we could come up with.

Somewhere around 8 pm we would gather at Mr. and Mrs. Poe's house. They never passed out candy. Their treat was the best...warm spiced apple cider and homemade cinnamon sugar donuts. The cider was also homemade.

Prior to Halloween, we kids would go to the Poe's and help pick apples. They grew varieties common to the area. Wine-saps were small and tart, while

the Northern Spy had a sweeter more robust flavor. Once the apples had been picked, Mr. Poe would take them into their basement. There, he would press the apples, and on Halloween, we kids got about a cupful with our donut.

It was interesting growing up in a neighborhood of European immigrants. Each neighbor brought some tradition from their home country. Some of the ladies would answer the door in the native garb from Europe. I remember thinking how elegant each one was.

Pumpkins were rarely carved, but porch lights were on. The neighbors who knew us kids well would give us an apple or a homemade cookie or brownie. As we made our rounds, we collected quite a bit of candy and other treats. I remember one house in particular, just outside of our immediate neighbors gave out a full size candy bar! We kids had a choice between several kinds. Those were the days!

Trick or treat!

The reason Mayberry was so peaceful and quiet is nobody was married. Andy, Aunt Bea, Barney, Floyd, Howard, Goober, Gomer, Sam, Earnest T. Bass, Helen, Thelma Lou, Clara and of course, Opie - all single. The only married person was Otis, and he stayed drunk.

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Q - *Have you ever had a child sneak out at night and what did you do?*

M - Yes, and when he returned, all the windows and doors were locked and I was sitting in the den waiting up for him. One can just guess what happened next!

Q - *What do you think is missing in kids' lives nowadays?*

M - Kids definitely need structure. Don't change the routine. Say what you mean and mean what you say. Only promise what you absolutely will do. Other things, just say "Maybe." If you say "No," enforce it.

Q - *What are some common sense tips you would give young moms?*

M - Don't be a Helicopter Mom, hovering over them all

the time. Let them learn to think for themselves. For instance, if he forgets his lunch or lunch money, no need to run to school to take it to him, let that instance be a teaching moment. I bet he will make sure he has his lunch money or lunch the next time. I've never heard of a child starving to death due to the fact that he missed lunch because he forgot his lunch or lunch money.

Q - *What do you think about people using bad language to make a point?*

M - When I hear a person cussing, I always say, "Well educated people do not have to express themselves using 4-letter words. I can tell by your cussing, you are not a well educated person." And that usually stops them in their tracks.

Well Grandma got caught out today with no water bottle or insulated cup with water or whatever is in it, depending on the time of the day and she needed to take her morning blood pressure pill.

Upon realizing that her pill was in her pocket she pulled into a local fast food place and bought a burger and asked for a cup of water. To her amazement she was told that would be an additional 30 cents. I guess they need the extra money to pay for all the time they were closed for remodeling.

Then noticing the dash on her car came up needing air in the rear tires, she headed for the gas station to get air. Air, in her day, was free along with water. Well not anymore, and to make matters worse, she didn't have enough quarters.

Maybe with a little luck she could make it home and then call one of her sons to come and put air in her tires, but don't count on it.

Until next time get two dollars in quarters and several bottles of water to keep in your car, never

 A black and white photograph of an elderly couple sitting on a wooden dock, looking out at a body of water. The man is on the right, wearing a dark jacket, and the woman is on the left, wearing a striped shirt. The background shows a calm sea and distant hills under a clear sky.
 

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# Football in Tuscaloosa

by M.D. Smith, IV

Football season while in the Married Student Apartments from 1961 to 1963 when I graduated, was a great time of the year for us. The night before a game, Judy and I attended the pep rally to get "tuned up," for the next day.

I was majoring in Radio & TV and the department, as both an exercise for "The Real Thing" and to play back and critique for students, was a great time the morning of the parade down University Avenue. Early Saturday morning I'd show up at the TV department and with the help of engineers, set up our only two B&W TV live cameras in the windows of the Union Building (now called Reese-Phifer Hall) on the 2nd floor overlooking University Avenue. We would have music piped out one window with a giant speaker playing for the crowd below, various cheer songs, but mostly over and over again, "Yea Alabama."

There would be an announcer off camera who would narrate on the video tape what group or display was passing beneath the cameras, and of course parade entrants, seeing the music and TV camera on the second floor, would wave as they went by. It was all recorded on the B&W "Quad" Video Tape Recorders owned by ETV on the other side of the building. Only they could afford one. Later the next week during a class, we'd all critique our work, camera shots, (I was often a cameraman) comments by announcer, and "supers," production opening and close, and much more. Every student (about 17 of us) had one part or another.

It was great fun and we all learned from that special production.

Judy and I would attend football games at the smaller Denny Stadium when Bear Bryant was coaching and Joe Namath was the star quarterback. The football team was on a long winning streak.

I had a class with Joe and some of the players. It was not a hard class on the "History of the Christian Church." I remember often Joe and his football buddies, including Billy Neighbors and Benny Nelson of Huntsville, perhaps coming in late to class, and the professor would stop his lecture, welcome them in as they took their waiting seats in the middle of the room, (no one sat in these seats) then begin his lecture again. Great respect going on here. All this helped me love to

attend the football games because I had transferred from University of Virginia and they did not win a single game the year and a half that I attended.

I loved "The Bear" and all the books I have read after those years. One of the best is by Alabama author, Don Keith, called, "Bear: The Legendary Life of Coach Paul 'Bear' Bryant" available on Amazon.

Judy and I were at a ball game one Saturday, and there were some Catholic nuns in full Habit sitting slightly in front and to the side of us. Behind them were some Tuscaloosa rednecks complaining out loud because some of their view was blocked.

One said, "I think I am going to Utah, there are only 100 nuns there."

The second guy said, "I'm moving to Montana, there are only 50 nuns there."

And the third guy said, "Well I'm going to Idaho, there are only 25 nuns living there."

As this point, one of the nuns turned around and said in a very sweet voice, "Why don't you go to hell, there aren't any nuns there."

Loved those football games.

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## Exploration of Another Cave at Bird's Spring

*Discovery of a Human Skeleton About 15 Feet from the Entrance*

*From 1877 newspaper*

On Monday evening last, Mr. G. A. Lippincott of this city, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hicks, started to explore a cave at Bird's Spring on the property of S. W. Harris, Esq., and their exploring tour satisfied them enough to warrant another and a more searching one to take place at a later day.

One of the curiosities of the cave trip was the discovery of a skeleton near the main entrance of the cave, the skull and several bones of which are now on view in the office of Mr. Harris on Eustis Street.

A Mercury reporter saw the skull last evening which is that of a full grown person, but how the owner of that "Dead Head" came to inhabit the cave is a matter in which the field of conjecture is wide.

During the late unpleasantness,

both armies alternately camped on the Harris property and the bones now exposed to view may be those of some stalwart soldier of one of the armies.

How he came to be buried in a cave will probably never be revealed in this world, but the ghastly, grinning skull reveals the fact that the Bird's Spring cave has been trod by mortal feet before Mr. Lippincott and his kinsmen explored it.

Mr. Lippincott informs us that there are two apertures leading right and left after entering the cave, and he is determined to find out where they lead to, or at least to satisfy himself as to the probable dimensions of the cave.

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# MOVING TO HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

by Jane Tippett



I can still remember coming over Monte Sano mountain that foggy evening in the fall of 1959, after the long 10 hour drive from the little town of Pineville, N.C. My mother had recently remarried and her new husband worked at the Arsenal in Huntsville.

Coming from a school with 30 students per grade to a school with over 260 students per grade and being a very naive 16 year old was very scary, intimidating and overwhelming to say the least. Let me back up a little and give you a little family history of how I ended up in this beautiful city named Huntsville...My parents, who were the best people you'd ever want to meet when sober, became alcoholics.

From birth my mother had been deaf but could hear a little with the aid of a hearing aid in her right ear. Before marriage, mother had never taken even a sip of alcohol. My father began drinking while still in high school. He was part of the high school boxing team so to control pain from his injuries sustained may have been the beginning cause of his alcohol problem. I do not know the answer but he had a drinking problem for a long time which finally took his life. On some occasions while drinking together, they would resort to violence and occasionally my mother would end up in the hospital for a few days.

A few times the DHR took me and my brothers to foster homes to stay during this time. Never liked the people who cared for me at these homes but being a child I had no control of the circumstances.

Apparently after several years DHR finally told my mother she may lose her children if things continued the way they were headed. All of a sudden my world turned upside down and my parents were separated then divorced. I was only 10 years old at the time. I have never seen

my father since then but the devastatingly sad news of his death was sent in a wire to us by his mother shortly after our move to Huntsville. Getting back to where we were, we moved with mother from Charlotte to the little town of Pineville to live with my grandmother.

Grandmother had been a widow for many years but always had at least one of her children or friends needing a place to stay living with her. She and I would sit on her big front porch which wrapped around the side of her house in the evening. Grandmother would take some snuff from the can and place it in the lower lip of her mouth. I can just see her holding an empty snuff can where she would spit. She and I would sing songs such as "You Are My Sunshine" and "Amazing Grace". I loved her very much.

Her house of eight large rooms had either a wood stove or fireplace for heating in the winter. It was very cold in the winter to go from her bedroom to the kitchen for breakfast since the bedroom only had a fireplace which got extremely cold overnight. The way I stayed

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warm at night was sleeping between my mother and grandmother and you know that was a treat being small and enjoying the heat from two of my favorite people in the world. We did not have much money so I always got hand me downs from neighbors and church family to wear which did not bother me. They say what you don't know won't hurt you. One of grandmother's nephews always made sure we had food.

Every Christmas my very special aunt who lived in Charlotte would drive the 25 miles to be our Santa and bring us fruit, candy and toys. I can see us three now sitting by the front window with our faces glowing with excitement until she would arrive with the presents. We did not have the luxury of a pet to play with, TV, telephone or a car which I never missed since I always enjoyed "Just being" .

I had a best friend, Helen, who was the tallest girl in the class and you would know, I was the shortest. We had fun playing in my grandmother's barn loft, climbing the trees to eat figs and cherries in the back yard, roaming the fields behind her house or going to the gym to play basketball at school. My mother always saw to it that I was at church for everything from Sunday school, choir practice, to preaching on Sunday and Wednesday night.

I only realized when I became an adult what a blessing this time was in my life. My grandmother died in the spring of 1959. When mother came home from the hospital I was devastated by the news of my grandmother's death. It was very hard for me to comprehend that she was really gone from my life. It was at this point in my life I decided that helping others was what I needed to do when I grew up so after high school I attended college and became a Registered Nurse.

I do not know how my mother coped with the thought that we had no home again since her brothers and sisters were going to sell grandmother's house to divide the inheritance. Apparently she knew she had to do something to keep her family together so got in touch with an old friend and married him.

**"The poor keep getting poorer; yet they have things that people in other countries can just dream about."**

**Sgt. Larry Goldman, Athens**

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# Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



The winner for the Photo of the Month for September was not too familiar to most readers. 80% of the people who called to ID the little guy said it was our Mayor Tommy Battle - but it was actually City Councilman Mark Russell. We only had a few who were right about that but only the first one wins - and that was Pam Morrison who lives in 5 Points. She admitted she was just guessing but she guessed right and won! Congratulations to Pam who is a very busy stay-at-home Mom.

The hidden sword that I thought I did such a great job of hiding had a ton of calls. The first one was Gary Evans of Huntsville and my out-of-town winner was Patricia Rice. Congratulations to both my hidden item winners with the sharp eyes!

Johnny Lawrence, formerly of Huntsville, was living in Manchester, TN, and passed away on Saturday, Sept. 1, 2018. He played football for

Huntsville High School and St. Bernard High School in Cullman in the late 1950s. Johnny and his wife Fran lived in Huntsville while he was employed with the National Guard. Johnny and Fran were married for fifty-five happy years and are the parents of two daughters, Lana and Lori Anne, and grandparents of three boys. Johnny was Billy Lawrence's older brother. Their other brother Frankie Lawrence, Butler High School 1960, passed away in 2006 while living in Augusta, Georgia. Thanks to Phyllis Lawrence for sending this information about her sweet brother-in-law. Billy and Phyllis will always miss and treasure Johnny.

Ilene Sparks just celebrated her 97th birthday on Sep. 22 with lots of sweets. Ilene is a feisty lady who speaks her mind and she was one of the many women who went to Washington DC when the Womens March on Washington was held. She is a celebrated member of the Unitarian Universalist Church of Huntsville and has just an amazing history.

I've got a bone to pick with office supply companies. I have phone numbers that are on sticky notes stuck everywhere in my office, so I decided to get a new phone/address book to write them down and have them all at my fingertips. So I went to a local office supply store and couldn't find any. When I asked the young lady working there, where were the address/phone books, she told me no one uses them anymore, that you're supposed to put all the phone numbers into the cell phone. Well, if you lose your phone where are your phone numbers? And the other problem is, now that we don't have to remember anything anymore, you won't have those numbers in your memory either!

Finally she and I found two little phone/address books, in the back bottom shelf and I got one. She suggested that I might want to back up my phone numbers to the Cloud. Well if I can't see it, it's not there and I'm not sending my phone numbers to the clouds! This is an old person's rant - enough for now.

The Lowry House is having their annual Halloween event that runs all thru October - It's especially memorable since it happens in a home that's been around since the mid 1800s. Spooky! Be sure and check their website for more events information at [www.historiclowryhouse.com](http://www.historiclowryhouse.com).

You know how sometime you can get a bad cough and just can't stop? I read recently that pineapple juice is 500% more effective at stopping a cough than cough medicine. It contains Bromelian, which combats infection and eradicates the bacteria.

We had to say good-bye to a sweet lady on Sep.. 20. Dianna Troup, age 56, passed away from colon cancer. She loved her two pets, a kitty and a black lab, more than she loved anything. Her mom was Shelby Jean Scott who many remember. Dianna is survived by her brother, John Shelby Troup (Stephanie Troup); two nephews Evan Troup and Hayden Troup, and cousins, aunts and family who loved Dianna.

So proud of all the utility crews

## Photo of The Month

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

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This feisty girl grew up to raise 8 kids and likes driving old cars.



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from Huntsville who are going out to help the people of North and South Carolina. I can't imagine how it would be to go through storms and flooding like they experienced. Good people who always are willing to help those who have nothing left are the best. My Dad would say, "You've carved out your place in heaven."

Special hello and sending love to our friend and Golden K Kiwanian **Bill Grunwald** - we hope to see you soon! Also sending good thoughts to **Doc Overholt**, who is doing well after having a heart procedure.

On Sep. 10 **John Tumminello, Jr.** passed away, at age 89. He was a strong, loving family man who will forever be missed. He leaves sons **John Tumminello III** and **Louis Tumminello**; daughter **Vickie Wright**; brother **Bill Tumminello**; sister **Joann Oswald**; four grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Don't forget to plan to go to the annual **Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll** on Sunday, October 21st starting at 1:30. So man attend this every year and it's just amazing. It's free but they enthusiastically accept donations!

Congratulations to **John and Barbara Pruett** on their 53rd wedding anniversary September 3rd. More proof that if you find the right one, it will last forever! John as you may recall wrote for the Huntsville Times for many years, and is probably a good subject for a story (about him) in Old Huntsville. Barbara is the one who called this in and we are so happy she did.

And, by the way, readers ask fre-

quently, "How do you find the information you put in your column each month?" I couldn't do it without you my readers - I get the best tips and remedies, sources for stories, ideas for more stories, birthdays, anniversaries, etc.

Please send me any type of event that you're especially proud of (that I can print) because that's how I fill up this column. Just email me at [old-huntsville@knology.net](mailto:old-huntsville@knology.net).

And while we're thinking of anniversaries, Madison's **Barb and Ron Eyestone** will be celebrating their 39th anniversary on Oct. 17. Congratulations to you love birds! I always remember because on Oct. 23 **Tom** and I would have been married for 29 years. We got married in Edinburg, Scotland in 1989, same year we started Old Huntsville magazine. So the magazine was like our little baby. Tom is still helping me from above, he passed away 7 years ago and not a day goes by that I don't think about him.

If you haven't yet heard about "The Wall That Heals," here is some information. It is an exhibit that travels to specific cities in the U.S. and will be coming to Huntsville Nov. 1-4 at John Hunt Park, 2151 Airport Rd. It is a three-quarter scale replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall in Washington DC and its companion Mobile Education Center. It measures 350 feet long (3 football fields); travels in a fifty-three foot truck with trailer and will be set up at the Military Museum off Airport Road. It's being brought here in partnership with

Intuitive Research and Technology Corp., the City of Huntsville, AUSA Redstone/Huntsville Chapter and the Huntsville Madison County Veterans Memorial. It's being presented by the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund (VVMF) who are the founders of The Wall memorial in Washington, DC. Many people are traveling in from out of town to see this, it will be unforgettable. Please mark your calendars for this.

Author and hero Captain Carl Gamble will be inducted into the Madison County Hall of Heroes on Nov. 9 along with 4 other recipients. It will be held at a dinner sponsored by the Madison County Military Heritage Commission at the Von Braun Civic Center. Carl told me he thinks there will be 2 or 3 of the Tuskegee Airman there as well. SO proud of Carl and congratulations on this huge honor, well-deserved.

Many of us are downsizing now and getting rid of lots of personal paperwork - I recently took 10 garbage bags of paperwork that I wanted to have shredded to Staples on So. Parkway. They charged \$1 a pound and showed me how secure it is once you hand over your stuff. I was very pleased with the speed and good service of the staff there, and feel good that my paperwork is not lying around in the landfill.

Have a fun October and it feels so good to finally be cooler and dryer. Get those comfy shoes out and take walks through the historic districts like Old Town and Twickenham, you'll love it.



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# Hot & Spicy from Huntsville Hospital

## Hot Sausage Dip

- 1 lb. hot sausage
- 1 lb. Velveeta Mexican cheese, cubed
- 1 10-oz. can Rotel (tomatoes & green chilies)

Brown sausage in skillet, stirring til crumbly and drain. Combine the sausage/cheese and Rotel in microwave-safe dish and mix well. Microwave on high til melted, stirring occasionally. Serve with tortilla chips.

Lora Vinyard

## Wassail

- 3 sticks cinnamon
- 6 whole cloves

1 whole nutmeg or 1/2 t. ground

- 1 small orange, sliced
- 1 c. rum
- 2 qrts. apple cider
- 1 pint cranberry juice
- 3/4 c. sugar

Combine all in a slow cooker and cook, uncovered, on low for 4-8 hours, stirring frequently. Serve warm.

Diane Ingram

## Rose's Cheese Soup

- 4 medium potatoes, diced
- 2 T. butter
- 1 c. milk
- 1 16-oz. jar Cheez Whiz
- Salt & pepper to taste
- Chopped onion or garlic to taste

1 c. hot water

Put your potatoes in a soup pot with enough water to cover them, boil til tender and drain. Combine the butter, milk, Cheez Whiz, and spices in a soup pot. Add 1 cup hot water; mix well. Add potatoes and simmer for 10 minutes and cheese melts.

Joanne Caudle (This recipe is her grandmother's recipe, who was 80 in 1995)

## Marinated Roast

- 1 thick chuck roast
- Adolph's Meat Tenderizer
- 1 lg. onion, chopped
- 1 T. sesame seeds
- 2 T. butter

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- 1/2 c. strong coffee
- 1/2 c. soy sauce
- 1 T. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 T. vinegar

Sprinkle roast with meat tenderizer in bowl. Brown onion and sesame seeds in butter in skillet. Add coffee, soy sauce, Worcestershire sauce and vinegar; mix well. Pour over roast. Marinate in refrigerator for 12-24 hours. Place roast on gas grill rack, grill over medium hot coals for 10 minutes and turn roast. Grill for 5 minutes longer for rare or 10 minutes longer for well done.

**Sue Terry**

### Crispy Cajun Chicken

- 4 skinless chicken breasts
- 1/2 c. mayonnaise
- 1 t. ground cumin
- 1 t. onion powder
- 1/2 t. ground red pepper
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- 1-1/2 c. crushed sesame crackers

Rinse chicken, pat dry. Combine mayo, cumin, onion powder, red pepper and garlic powder in bowl; mix well.

Brush chicken with the mixture. Coat with cracker crumbs.

Place in baking pan and bake at 325 degrees for 45-50 minutes and chicken is tender.

**Doris Williams**

### Green Chili Rice

- 1 c. chopped onion
- 1/4 c. butter
- 3 c. cooked rice
- 2 c. sour cream
- 1 c. cottage cheese
- 1 bay leaf, crushed
- Salt & pepper to taste
- 3 4-oz. cans green chiles, whole
- 1 c. shredded Cheddar cheese

Snipped parsley

Cook onion in butter in skillet til tender. Combine onion, rice, sour cream, cottage cheese, bay leaf, salt and pepper in large bowl. Cut green chiles lengthwise into quarters, rinse and seed. Chop half the chiles. Stir chopped chiles into rice mixture and spoon into a baking dish.

Place quartered chiles diagonally over top. Sprinkle with cheddar cheese. Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes and sprinkle with parsley.

**Renee Fabian**

### Crazy Pie

- 1 c. sugar
- 1 c. chopped pecans
- 1 c. finely ground butter crackers
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 c. whipping cream
- 1 1. almond extract
- 1 1. vanilla extract
- 2 T. sugar
- 1/2 c. broken pecans

Fold 1 cup sugar, chopped pecans and crackers crumbs into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a pie plate and bake til light brown. Cool.

Beat whipping cream, flavorings and 2 tablespoons sugar in mixer bowl til stiff. Spread over the cooled pie.

Sprinkle broken pecans over the top. Refrigerate til serving time.

**Martha Durham**



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# Alcatraz and An Unforgettable Relative

by Barry Key



Marvin, a distant relative, was born 1912 in Etowah County, Alabama to a tenant farmer. His father died when Marvin was four years old. He had three sisters and his mom remarried a man with four daughters. He did not like his stepfather and went to live with a relative when he was 10 years old. His relative taught him the trade of bricklaying.

Marvin was in and out of trouble as a youngster and dropped out of school around the fourth grade. At some point in his early teens, he was sent to jail in Atlanta, Georgia and finished the fifth grade while incarcerated.

Marvin met and married Lola. They had their first and only child when Marvin was 16 years old. He was a good husband and father for a while, but later started dealing in criminal activity again. At the age of 24 Marvin had given up family life and was sent to Kilby Prison in Montgomery, Alabama. He soon escaped but was recaptured and served his full sentence of 5 years.

After release from Kilby, Mar-

vin, in his mid-to-late twenties, had become full time in criminal activities. He was arrested several times for minor violations. He managed to escape jail a couple of times but was recaptured. One arrest ended him up on a chain gang in Mississippi.

Marvin's weakness was to never pass up an opportunity to steal a car. He was convicted of grand theft auto and incarcerated in the Jefferson County jail in Birmingham. Because of trouble between Marvin and the guards, he was transferred to the county jail in Jasper, Alabama.

As usual for Marvin, he and two other inmates escaped. This time he really stepped in it. They injured a guard and stole machine guns and pistols from the jail. To show their arrogance, they somehow managed to call a cab to pick them up and take them to Huntsville. They took the cab driver and another passenger hostage and on the way to Huntsville the cab had car trouble.

Marvin and his two companions flagged down a farmer in a truck and also took him hostage. Later in the day, the hostages were tied up, put out of the farmer's truck and the three escapees proceeded on to Chattanooga. The hostages managed to free themselves and now the FBI was involved. Marvin and his companions were stopped by a Chattanooga patrolman for a traffic violation and the trio took the patrolman hostage. There was a witness to the kidnapping and he alerted the police and FBI.

Marvin's group drove south into Georgia and stopped at a farm house. There, they tied up the patrolman in a barn while they looted the house for food and valuables. The patrolman was able to escape and



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walked to a nearby farm house and called for backup. When the police arrived there was a major gun battle. Marvin and one companion was wounded, the third was killed. Only one of the officers received a flesh wound. In Marvin's favor, the kidnapped patrolman testified one of Marvin's companions wanted to kill him but Marvin stopped him.

Marvin and his companion were tried in a federal court and convicted of kidnapping, auto theft and stealing guns.....and crossing a state line in each case. They were sentenced to 25 years.

They were temporarily being held in jail in Knoxville, Tennessee. Yes, you guessed it....Marvin escaped and was eventually recaptured. His 25 year sentence was extended to 30 years. This time the authorities had had all they could take of Marvin and his escapes from jail. He was sent to Alcatraz, "THE ROCK". Marvin was now considered big time with such criminals as Al Capone, George "Machine Gun" Kelly, Robert "Birdman" Stroud and Arthur "Doc" Barker. To Marvin, The Rock was just another incarcerated challenge to overcome.

I think from the day the cell door closed on Marvin, he began his plan of escape. In May of 1946, Marvin and two companions begin to put their plan into action. They overpowered a guard and got access to the prison gun vault. With the guns, they captured several other guards and locked them in a cell. When they attempted to exit the cell block somehow the door jammed and would not open. Irritated and angry, one of Marvin's companions began shooting the guards they had locked in the cell.

For several hours there was a furious battle between inmates and guards, with several killed or wounded on both sides. Finally the warden called in the U.S. Marines. All the prison cell blocks were not involved in the breakout. The Marines, however, began to bomb the cell blocks indiscriminately, killing inmates that weren't involved in the escape attempt. The Marines bored holes in the cell block roofs and dropped hand grenades, tear gas and other explosives into the rooms.

After two days of bloody battle, the attempted prison break was over. In addition to the numerous personnel killed on both sides, Marvin and his two companions that had started the entire mayhem were dead. Because the military had been called in, and there were so many killed, so much mass destruction due to the weaponry used, the attempted breakout later became known as

the "BATTLE OF ALCATRAZ". Marvin's undisciplined life lasted a brief 34 years.

Previously, Marvin's attorney had filed a writ of habeas corpus to have his conviction reviewed on the basis that his confession had been beaten out of him. Marvin was killed on May 4, 1946 in the prison break attempt. The review of his conviction was scheduled for May 5th. His attorney was certain if the motion had been reviewed the conviction would have been overturned because of the beating.

In May of 1992, for Judy's (my wife) 50th birthday, we toured central and southern California which included an excursion to Alcatraz Island. The island has been through various changes; a military fort, a military prison, a federal prison, for two years occupied by a group of Native American protesters and finally a National Historic Landmark run by the National Park Service.

At the entrance, there was a park service ranger sitting at a desk. Under glass on top of the desk was a picture of Marvin and his two companions laid out on a table with toe tags showing. Behind the ranger on the wall was a huge portrait of Marvin. I told the ranger that he was one of my relatives and that my grandmother had the same pictures. He asked if I knew the person's name and I said sure that's Marvin \*\*\*\*\*.

All of a sudden Judy and I became instant celebrities. They assigned a ranger just to Judy and I and gave us a VIP tour that included areas that weren't available to other visitors.

*CREDITS: THE GADSDEN TIMES; WIKIPEDIA; and my dear grandmother, Mama Key.*


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# Halloween and Times Like That

by Bill Mayes

Wade Everts had a saying that "Every day is a holiday. And every night is Halloween in Ridgetop." Knowing Wade, that was entirely out of character for him. Wade never did anything on Halloween which was out of line to my knowledge, nor did he ever take an extra holiday (play hookey). His brother, Dean Evetts was more prone to pull a prank now and then, or to play hookey occasionally, much like me.

However, when it came to playing hookey, the book was written by Tracy Robb, a cousin to Wade, Dean and others scattered throughout the area. Tracy set new records for hookey, which I am sure still stand today. There is an art, no doubt, to being able to effectively play hookey. I tried, but I never mastered it. Tracy was my ideal - my role model. He was able to play hookey 53 days during his senior year in high school and still graduate Valedictorian! Now that is what I call effective hookey playing - World Class!

Ridgetop didn't actually have Halloween every night though maybe it seemed so to some. Often on Saturday nights a few of the boys would gather on the front of Pete Young's store and watch the activity across the highway when there was a honky-tonk there. Usually a carload of guys from Greenbrier would come down in a Model-T Ford open two seater, park it by Young's store and walk across the street to participate in the festivities happening there. We discovered that Wade Evetts could back up to the rear wheel of a Model-T, bend his knees a little, grab the wheel and lift it off the ground without hurting his back. While Wade stood there holding the wheel up, someone put a milk-case under the axle, which held the wheel less than an inch off the ground.

This operation only took seconds - there were always milk-cases outside the store, and that Model-T was usually there on Saturday nights! Imagine men climbing in the car, starting up, pressing the reverse pedal and not moving! Stomp the pedal for low gear and still not moving! After a time or two they knew what to look for.

We seldom held our meet-

"Sometimes I lie awake at night and wonder, 'Where have I gone wrong?' Then a voice says to me, 'This is going to take way more than one night.'"

Charlie Brown, Peanuts

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ings on the front of Edging's store, which is now Foodtown. But once when we were there, someone had left his truck parked while he rode the bus to work in Nashville. It was a Ford and had a locking steering column, as all cars do now. We managed to roll the truck against the door of the store, although we couldn't turn the wheels. Next morning Shiloh Edging came out and pushed the truck back where the owner had left it, single-handedly!

The fact that one man could undo what it took four of us to do really made us feel inferior.

One Halloween some sewage work was in progress in Ridgetop, and a number of concrete pipes about three feet across and three or four feet long were stored in the triangle across from Robb's store, where the firehouse now stands. A group of us moved about six of those pipe sections across the road so that a car couldn't get through. It took at least four boys to move a

pipe. A little later we were coming over the hill and saw a car drive through without even slowing down!

Charles Dowden had been there, alone. He had restacked them three high. Apparently nobody ever taught Charles the difference between heavy and light.

Another Halloween Mr. Charlie Birdwell, the town marshal, canvassed the town taking up a collection to pay him to guard the school on Halloween night. He was there, on the job. I might mention at this point that I am not aware of any damage ever being done to the school on Halloween or any other time. Some of us went by the school to get a drink of water from the old pump house, and he got after us.

So then we divided up and half of us created a diversion, getting him on the other side of the school. The rest of us took a bench from the front porch, carried it down to Robb's store and put it on the porch roof. Mr. Birdwell spent a lot

of time hanging around the store, and it must have been somewhat humiliating to hang around there with the school "Recitation Bench" on the roof. Mr. Andrews, Buster Andrews' father, came in on the way home from work the day after Halloween and commented to Mr. Clarence Robb, within easy hearing of Mr. Birdwell, that "It was bad enough that the kids took the bench off the front porch of the school, but to take the one which Charlie was sleeping on was downright inconsiderate."

The Phillips house, formerly the Jerden place, across from the Church of Christ and up the hill to the north, was rented out to the Wolfe family for a couple of years around 1946-47. There were two boys and a girl. The boys were in the 10th and 12th grades. David Wolfe, the 10th grader, would usually miss the school bus, hop on his bike and catch it by the time it got to Young's store. The unlocked bicycle would stay there all day. In

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the afternoons David would forget to get off the bus to get his bicycle and it would still be there at dark.

After finding his bicycle in the top of a tall tree across Woodruff Avenue from Young's store several times, he managed to catch the bus a little more often. It took him about two days to find it the first time, but after that he knew exactly which tree to check.

I know of an instance when Paul Richard Brown, driving his mother's '41 Plymouth, ran out of gas between Robb's store and Highland Chapel. While he was gone for gas we pushed the car down the old railroad bed, turned and backed it into the Lindsey driveway. Looking down the railroad bed, it could not be seen. The car was not found until sometime the next day.

After many years I got up the courage to tell my Mother about it. More years passed, and she was laughing about it and told a friend of hers, Witt Brown. Witt listened carefully and when my mother was through laughing, Witt said "That was my car." The next time I visited Ridgetop and saw Witt, I was glad that many years had passed before she heard who had a hand in making Paul's mother's car disappear.

My generation did not invent Halloween pranks. I was told of a Halloween night when Austin Mayes, while living in what was later the Tatum house, overheard some boys outside saying, "They are still up here, let's leave and come back later on."

Knowing they planned to return and do some kind of mischief later, Austin climbed into a tree with a bucket of water, where he sat for several hours waiting for the return of the pranksters. They never returned. That may have been the best prank they pulled all evening...and the boys never knew about it!

One Halloween night a road grader was parked for the winter beside where the old assembly hall had been, across from Robb's store. It got moved out into the middle of the "five points" intersection. After

rolling the grader into the street, the blade was lowered and the tires were deflated. The next morning Pete Johnson came along in his '42 Ford and declaring that it was no problem, hooked his Ford to it with a rope and sat there spinning his wheels on the pavement. Then he declared it to be a problem.

In those days, although the term "Trick or Treat" was unheard of, I don't recall any actual vandalism. Although it was a night of tricks, that's all it ever amounted to as far as I ever knew. When I was very little, the store windows always got soaped - it was standard procedure. But no outright destruction. One of my all-time favorites was pasting "We Want Roosevelt Again" stickers all over Robb's store windows. Wendell Wilkie was trying to prevent that unprecedented fourth term, and the Robb's and Hyde's were the only Republicans in town that I knew of.

Bill Mayes is a Navy Vet who was born in 1930 and lives at Tut Fann Veterans Home in Huntsville. He grew up in Ridgetop, TN which is a small town just over the Tennessee line.

*Woody Anderson*



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# A Skein of Yarn

by Kathleen Vaughn

This story begins in November of 2014 when I came across a shopping bag full of toboggans (caps) that I had knitted. When I saw them I wondered what to do with them. I had already given them to people I knew and his brother. So I set them aside until later. That evening on the local news there were two ladies taking donations of blankets for the homeless. A light went on and I thought, "I can do that." But how? I didn't know where they were.

My son David called me later and I told him what I wanted to do, but I didn't know how to start. He said, "Mom, I know where they are." David works for the City of Huntsville in the Traffic Engineering Dept. He agreed to take the toboggan caps.

Later in the week he called and told me that he had given all the hats away and all the recipients were so happy to get them and said to tell me "Thank you." He also told me about a little girl who came up to him and asked if she could have one for her mama. He told her to pick one out for her mom. Hearing about this little girl, I decided that I would make some more and David agreed to help me give them away.

My daughter and I went to Walmart in Madison and as I was placing my yarn and other items to be checked out a lady behind me asked if the yarn was on sale, I had so much of it, over a dozen skeins. I told her NO and explained what I was planning on doing with the yarn, and about the little girl who needed a toboggan for her mama.

My daughter paid for her item and went out to the car as the checkout lady was totaling my items. As I was about to pay, a voice behind me said "I'll get this." It was a gentleman standing behind me. I said, "No, it's too much, but thank you anyway!" He would not take no for an answer, and told the clerk to add it to his bill.

I looked at the clerk, she looked at me and I started to cry. I looked at the man behind me in line, I didn't tell him my name and I didn't ask his, I just said "Thank you."


I went out of the store crying. My daughter saw me and asked "What is WRONG?" thinking someone might have been mean to me in the store. I told her what had happened and SHE started crying.

I made nearly 200 of the toboggans and with the help of David, Brenda and Tracy we gave them out. I thought many times of the generous family who had paid for the yarn to have those made, to keep so many warm in cold weather.


This past March I decided to make some more toboggans and David again agreed to help me. I want to make them until late in October or early November when it starts to get cold. So far I've made about 100 for my project.

I wanted to again say "Thank You" to the family who was so kind to me that day in Walmart. Thank you doesn't seem enough so also God Bless You. I don't know their names or where they live but maybe they'll read this little story and remember.

You would be surprised at what a skein of yarn can bring.



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To Cheryl and Lawanda, and anyone else who's had to put down a sweet pet..

## To My Dearest Friend

I stood by your bed last night; I came to have a peep.  
I could see that you were crying you found it hard to sleep.

I spoke to you softly as you brushed away a tear,  
"It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well, I'm fine, I'm here."

I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,

You were thinking of the many times, your hands reached down to me.

I was with you at the shops today; your arms were getting sore.

I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more.

I was with you at my grave today; you tend it with such care.

I want to re-assure you, that I'm not lying there.

I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.

I gently put my paw on you; I smiled and said, "it's me."

You looked so very tired, and sank into a chair.

I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there.

It's possible for me, to be so near you everyday.

To say to you with certainty, "I never went away."

You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew...

in the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.

The day is over... I smile and watch you yawning and say "Good-night, God bless, I'll see you in the morning."

And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,

I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.

I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.

Be patient, live your journey out...then come home to me.

"You can't build a reputation on what you're going to do."

Henry Ford

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# Remembering Fun Fall Days in Huntsville, Alabama

by Bob Pierce, Huntsville

I remember the fall seasons when I lived on Ward Avenue in Huntsville in the 1950s. The changing colors of the tree's leaves with brilliant colors that annually began their change into variegated shades of yellow, orange, red, purple and gold. As autumn temperatures began to drop, so did the leaves until eventually they were shades of brown falling all over the ground.

At this point, as a young boy, I was introduced to the yard rake and learned how to rake all of the leaves into one huge pile. My Grandad would burn the leaves on one of those cool, fall evenings while all of us "guys" stood around with smoke blowing in our faces.


After the event we would all head home with tears in our eyes from the sting of the smoke and all thinking about Halloween coming up soon and how it couldn't get here soon enough. But like every year, it arrived on October 31 along with the excitement in our neighborhood. It sure is alot different these days from my memories.

The homemade chocolate fudge, divinity, peanut butter fudge and so many kinds of straight-from-the-oven cookies and all were safe to eat.

Each Halloween these treats were all prepared with love by our neighborhood Moms, Grandmothers and Aunts for all the young trick-or-treaters. Also I remember the 3 colors of candy corn and Mary Jane Kisses (with that squish of peanut butter inside) and those stick-to-your-teeth candied apples and crispy popcorn balls.




These are some of my most favorite autumn "flash-back" memories, while growing up in Huntsville, Alabama. Today we are nationally recognized as one of the most progressive and friendly cities in the United States.

The memories may fade but they never leave you. Keep on Smiling - Tomorrow is a New Day!"



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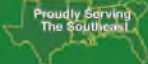







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# Cotton Picking and Other Farmwork

by Malcolm W. Miller

As I drive through the countryside these days and see all the modern farm equipment and new devices to make farming more profitable and much easier, I can't help thinking how different farm life style is today from what it was when I was young. I remember all the things the youngsters of this day and age are missing, both good and bad that the children of my early years thought of as a way of life, a way of life that is gone now forever.

Most every farmer today owns at least one or more cotton picking machines. That means the youngsters today will never know what it is like to drag a pick sack through a cotton field all day long, to have their shoulders ache and be rubbed raw from dragging the heavy pick sack, looking up at the sky and praying for rain so you would be able to quit for the day and go to the house.

Children today will not likely feel the sting of the caterpillar that often was hidden among the cotton leaves. They do not know what it was like to have their fingers bleed and hurt from the cotton burrs that would stick in them.

As I was picking cotton in the fields I was the youngest and the slowest. My brother

Robert's wife, Boots, was young and small, but she could pick much more cotton than I could. She would keep me company talking to me and telling me stories as we picked; however she never lost sight of the job at hand. I wondered when she married Robert if she knew what the farm life held for her, work in the fields as well as work in the home.

So many women had life rather hard during my formative years; the farmer's wives of today hopefully have life much easier because of the vastness of the farmer's equipment, special equipment for cotton picking, for hay baling, for hauling, etc.

I would see the U.S. mailmen delivering the mail to the homes nearby while I was picking cotton and I would dream that some day I would become that man and that I could drive a mail car in lieu of picking the cotton.

When I pass cotton fields today I say my thanks, as I did become a mailman. Although as a mailman I would pass many cotton fields full of pickers and my back would hurt just looking

at them. Today those are not my thoughts as I see the giant cotton picking machines working in the fields. What a change, and a definite change for the better.

There were a few good times for children in those cotton fields such as the surprise of coming upon a water melon growing wild among the cotton stalks and lying back on your pick sack among the tall cotton to enjoy its juicy sweetness.

The children of today cannot know about the cotton boll battles we had with the other nearby children and then feel the sting of being thrashed with a cotton stalk full of green bolls when your parents caught you participating in this wasteful behavior.

The farm children of today surely will never have the problems involved in chopping cotton either, the way one's neck would be stiff and hurt from holding your head to one side all day long looking at the cotton you were chopping. We also experienced soreness and burning of blisters that would rise up and then burst and get raw and sore before your hands

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**Overheard at a local business**



were toughened, then corns were formed in them.

Today the farmer possibly worries more about the payments on the equipment and the quality of the cotton than he worries about the blisters and corns.

Farm children of today surely won't have to shock hay with a pitch fork in the field and then load the hay on a two horse wagon with a hay frame on it, only to have the whole pile of hay slide off and the procedure have to be repeated. The other children would slide off too on the way to the barn and then when you finally got the load to the barn everyone had the job of restacking the hay under the hot tin roof in the old barn loft.

Because children today do not do this they do not get the experience of jumping into the cool creek water afterward and getting rid of all the stinging particles of hay from your aching body. Farm children of today will have to find some other way of learning how to tie a neck tie, you see back in those days the boys learned to tie ham strings while harnessing up the mules and they soon found out that a neck tie could be tied the same way. How many farm boys today could harness up a mule?

How many of the children today ever curried a mule, getting the mud and cockle burrs off him? The boys in my family shucked enough corn to feed four mules two or three times a day. They delighted in the sounds of the mules crushing on the corn as they walked through the hall of the barn in the evening, knowing that they too soon would have a meal at the large kitchen table.

How many farm youngsters today can identify a double shovel, a bull tongue, a gee whiz, an anvil or a hickory mall? Yes, life on the farm has changed drastically over the years hasn't it? It has changed mostly for the good, I imagine. Life on the farm was much rougher in those days than it is today, however when I recollect those old days if surely brings back many fond memories along with some bad memories.

You could call it memories of the good old days when times were bad. When I grew up it

was a time when hard work was a way of life and simple pleasures slipped into our life when we least expected them. We enjoyed these simple pleasures because it is all we knew.

Perhaps today's farmers, because of their equipment, have more time for the simple pleasures they and their family enjoy.



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# Life Tips from Liz

- Check your down pillow by holding the center in the palm of your hand. If the corners droop, it's time to get a new one because the down is shot and insomnia lies ahead.
- Get out and walk! This time of year is still warm but soon will be cool enough to put on those comfortable shoes and explore Old Town and Twickenham.
- You can cut paint odors if they bother you by adding 2 teaspoons of vanilla extract (use the artificial for \$\$ savings) per quart to the paint.
- Never place bookcases where they get strong sunlight. The glare will fade the bindings on the books and warp the covers.
- Marble scratches are easy to get out. To repair them use very fine sandpaper, then polish the area with tin oxide and finish by buffing with a chamois.
- When considering buying a home, always check to see if the ceiling is solid. Test the plaster in each room by tapping with a broomstick.
- A folk remedy that often works with hay fever victims is chewing on a honeycomb.
- Out of eggs? In many recipes you can substitute half a cup of mayonnaise for each egg.

- When trapped in the house on a rainy day, use the time to pick out items for a future garage sale. You may never have one, but you might find some items that you haven't seen for a long time.
- A damp cloth dipped in baking soda is the best cleaning agent for oven glass doors.
- Dust your tiny knickknacks with a small paintbrush.
- To mend a leaky vase, coat the inside with a thick layer of paraffin and allow it to harden.
- Calm down that angry child by just whispering in her ear. She will have to stop crying to hear what you are saying. This works on husbands, too.
- Infuse a wonderful scent in your home by spraying a bit of perfumed oil onto a piece of furniture.
- If you have houseplants that get little daylight, water them as little as possible and keep them cool.
- Chopsticks make excellent support for small houseplants.
- For the best-tasting oatmeal cookies, toast your oatmeal first.
- Virtually every recipe for baked goods comes out much better with unsalted butter.
- Try this on your next apple pie - add 1/2 teaspoon dill seeds.
- Try doubling the vanilla extract in your next recipe - you will probably get more compliments on the dessert from your family.
- A couple of drops of ammonia will loosen a rusty screw.



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# I MET HER AT G.C. MURPHY

*by Don Sanders,  
Meridianville, AL*

In 1964, my brother and I were out riding around one night, nothing to do, just trying to kill boredom when we decided to go in G. C. Murphy's, a 5 & 10 cent store. You could buy pet fish, clothes, a sandwich or even cooking utensils.

This is very unusual for a young man who was not interested in women, very happy running around with his younger brother, bowling, fishing, hunting and anything else that crossed young men's minds.

As I was walking around, looking at this and that my roving eye caught a glimpse of the prettiest little blond in the pet fish department. I stood around for a while and decided I may just ask this little lady out on a date. As you may understand, this could be weird with your young brother with you, so, I had a brain storm and decided to take him home and I would come back, freeing me up to take advantage of any opportunity. This I did and I came back and continued to look, think and decide my next move.

It was getting near closing time and this young lady and a friend of hers that worked there were ready to close and needed to get rid of me. Her friend told her to go and find out what I wanted so they could get the store closed for the night and they could go home. I don't know if it was this night or later that I did build up my nerve to ask her out. How I did this, I'll never know, but apparently love will find a way.

We started dating and things were working well for me. Meanwhile I joined the Army reserve and had to go for about five months military training and we kept writing while I was away. When I got back, I looked around for a place to live and I found a house I liked and I think she liked it because I purchased it.

A few weeks later, I decided to ask for her hand forever, she accepted my offer. I called a judge in town and asked if he would do the service. At first he refused, I was not quite 21 years of age, and my parents were not in town to give their per-

mission. I told him if he did not marry us I'd go to Mississippi where you don't have to be 21. He said if I would get a permission slip from my mom when she came back to town that he'd do it.

So we were married November 27, 1964. We have been married for 53 years. We lived in Huntsville for a number of years but now resided in Hazel Green.

I always say that this is the woman who God gave me. I don't know how everyone else feels, but I think it's so, Maybe He gave you one also.

## OUR WRITERS

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# “Wing-Bangers” at the Zero Gravity Simulator

by Greg Biggs

When the Space Center began, it simply was the traditional museum. The construction of its walls has always intrigued me. It looked like and remains like a building set for a tank attack. It clearly was a bunker-style building ready for any adversary. It had a curved concrete structure with a barrier against any enemy. I guess that designer had in his plans the ambiance for the Cold War, but really no one would want to steal secrets of the outdated technology rockets and missiles. Although we all know presently that Huntsville is riddled with spies from throughout the world who are trying to steal our latest secrets developed in Research Park. No worries, of course, because the FBI is on it. Well let's hope our local FBI foreign counter intelligence is on it. Let's pray for that. But back to the museum, I suppose that the Space Commission became bent on making the museum more exciting by having actual simulators to be experienced by tourists. These simulators would allow ordinary folks feel and experience, as close one could, the true feeling of a zero gravity, a ride on the Space Shuttle, and of course, a trip to the moon. All were attractive ways to draw more interest. Of course, the original designers never took into consideration that young teenagers who with teenage thoughts of life or no fear of death were going to operate these simulators.

And...it was late 70s, thus, there were no girl tour guides or, heaven forbid, a female Lunar Pilot. I assume they that were too frail or too smart to do the things that we did. Females were better put to remaining at the Ticket Desk, the Gift Shop and the front part of the Snack Bar. Actually, there probably was a good Title VII case for discrimination back then, but fortunately, there was no Title

**“If you think Americans have lost their competitive spirit, be outside a shoe store when sneakers go on sale.”**

**Mario Delver, Gurley**

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VII, I think. Even so and even more fortunate, the statute of limitations like all the other bad stuff that we did has run long, long ago. Further, state employees may have some immunity protections too. No charge for those legal opinions.

The Zero-G was an outside attraction that was basically long steel arms with an open chair on one end and a very heavy weight on the other. As I recall, there were five or six arms, and each could allow one to two people experience zero gravity through counter-balance. The heavy weight on the end was approximately three (300) hundred pounds and was manipulated by the operator using hydraulics.

So, the operator would have to safely place one or two riders in the chair at the end of the long steel arm. Then a steel bar would be pulled over the riders' heads, and with a key, lock the bar firmly closed to prevent the riders from falling out. Most of the time. Of course, when we were fatigued from the hot summer time, we would forget. Sorry. But we would eventually catch our mistake when and if the riders would inquire dangling precariously from about 30 feet in the air hollering "what is this bar for". No harm and no foul.

The operator sometimes would have to limit the rider to only one. Then, sometimes a real heavy rider could not experience it because the counter weight was not heavy enough, or the bar could not physically be brought to a lock position because of the rider's weight and girth. Barry or I would find a way however. We would plunge the safety bar into their bellies and then give the counter weight help by hanging on its end. It was not in the manual, but we figured it out. We were always able to "skin the cat", and get the job done at the U.S. Space and

Rocket Center.

Wing-banging was something that we came up with and only some of the employees would be able to do it after hours when the aged security guard would let us in with adult beverages. Yes. The staff at the museum had a dark night life that included having fun without tourists and management. Now the girls of the Gift Shop, Ticket Desk, and Snack Bar were clearly invited. Dangerous and against the rules...oh heck yes! But we were young college students. The security officer without a flinch allowed us inside and would very much reassure us with audible warnings on the public address system if any management was coming. He was truly a security guard that had a heart. I don't feel like I am throwing him under the bus since he has already passed. Why did this elderly man charged with security and facing termination do this for us? I always thought that maybe he too, several decades before, had times

**"My Dad said he had a tough life. He told me he was born in the one-room log cabin he built himself."**

**J.R. Stevens, Madison**

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as a young man had been with girls at a place that he should not be. Such a gracious and care free attitude for non-security gave us access to the Zero G Simulator.

Wing-banging was a technique where one operator would actually sit in the seat while another operator counter balanced the weight. Imagine the Roman Catapult made into a fun thing where instead of flaming pots, the object thrown was human who should not ever let go. Simultaneously, as the rider sat in the seat, two other operators would hold the weighted end making the counter balance double its actual weight, and two others would hold the rider's chair who would weigh way less than 300 pounds. The rest was physics and gravity.

Instead of a gradual leap into space from the counter balance feeling zero gravity, the extra weight would hurl the very light rider at speeds causing him to hold on to the safety bar. Assuredly, the rider would experience something that the ordinary tourist or administrator would never ever feel. What an invigorating feeling of flying faster than a speeding bullet.

One occasional problem was that since the weight would eventually cause the steel arm to find itself sticking vertically in the air with the rider suspended, the other operators would have to quickly grab the rider's chair at the appropriate time. Unfortunately, it happened periodically that our comrade would be stuck in the moonlit sky silhouetted by the Saturn V, but we managed in the dark to climb to the height of the arm and use our weight and gravity to get the rider back to the ground. Thereafter, the rider who had been hurled back and forth at dangerous speeds would be allowed off the ride, and his own personal hurling would ensue. Was it the wing-banging or adult beverages?

If management had only known...

**"I am never offended by all the dumb blonde jokes because I know I'm not dumb. I also know I'm not blonde."**

**Dolly Parton**

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# A Call for Volunteers

*Written by A. S. Elliot in 1914*

John Steele Dickson, citizen, closed his hardware store in Huntsville, and obeying the first call to arms, enlisted as a Lieutenant with the historic Madison Rifles under the command of the gallant Captain John G. Coltart. He left Huntsville and home, bearing the distinction of being among the first troops to leave Madison County for the front.

The enlistment of one year soon expiring, Lieut. Dickson returned to Huntsville with a Captain's commission to raise a company of volunteers to serve three years - or for the duration. This was his second enlistment.

It was the 22nd of March, 1862, and that portion of the Courthouse Square along the sidewalk and fronting Bank Row presented a scene that stirred the hearts of men, women and children gathered from all parts of the county. Varied were the emotions of each one, according to age and temperament at the time.

As a wee small boy the writer of this saw Capt. Dickson in plain citizen's dress, with a small walking cane, walking back and forth along the street from the National Bank corner to the old Huntsville Hotel, calling for volunteers.

"Volunteers for the War!" he cried. "Volunteers for the War!"

Thus the company was made up, men stepping forward and falling into line, marching behind one another until the company was sworn in.

Among so many we knew and loved going forth into battle for their beloved State and Southland were Spotswood, Patterson, McDavid, Elliot, Hudson, Brown and Newman. There may be others yet living who can supply the full muster roll.

On the 5th of April, 1862, this company left Huntsville, and so close were the Federal army of invasion upon the scene that six days afterwards Gen. Mitchel's command occupied Huntsville, and blue coats took the place of the gray in our midst for the next five long months.

I now return to the subject of our communication. The Southern historians have followed the marches, the privations and the battles of the 35th Alabama through the war from Corinth, Vicksburg, Jackson, Champion Hills, Franklin to North Carolina and Joe Johnston's surrender.

Let us keep fresh the memory of the gallant and self sacrificing Dickson, that noble martyr to the Southern cause, for as a Major, to which position he had won his way, he fell while bravely leading his men in the desperate battle of Franklin, Tenn. on Nov. 30, 1864.

Like another of Huntsville's noble, the immortal Col. Egbert Jones, he sleeps peacefully with many of his comrades in the beautiful Maple Hill Cemetery.



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# COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY

by Don Broome

I went to Columbia Military Academy in Columbia, TN for a year and a half in the early 1960s. I could write a book about adventures while I was there. Many of the adventures I think would bore most people but are fun memories for me. I was a poor student and my parents, instead of applying the rod which was what was really needed, sent me there with good intentions.

To get to the story without dithering, we had Wednesday afternoon as town leave. Assuming your grades were OK and you didn't have demerits you were allowed into town for a few hours. Across the street from the backside of the campus was a Piggly Wiggly store.

When I entered I noticed they had cherries for sale cheap. I bought enough for several of my friends who didn't want them so I ate them all afternoon, consuming at least 4 pounds.

When 3rd mess came around I wasn't really hungry but they had bacon and eggs along with coffee, grits, biscuits and gravy and toast.

I love bacon and theirs was some of the best but the way

they cooked it was in a pan in the oven and just picked it up and put it on platters and it was greasy as all get out.

I pigged out and as I was leaving the mess hall I got sick. Naturally what I discharged was red from all those cherries but I was too miserable to remember the reason so they put me in the infirmary thinking I had a bleeding ulcer or other serious problems.

By the 2nd day I remembered why I got sick. I didn't tell anybody and got out of class for 3 days.

I still laugh thinking about that.

Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fiber, not the toy.



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# PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

## My Dog Won't Stop Barking!



- Always have treats or something that your dog likes. Whenever he hears a noise and is about to bark give him a treat. Then for practice purposely duplicate the sound and give him a treat or toy before he even gets a chance to bark. This tells him that if he hears this sound and doesn't bark it means that he will get something he likes. It takes a lot of practice but make sure you keep a positive attitude towards doing so. If he hears the sound and starts barking, don't reward him for it. If you do, it will make him think that whenever he barks he gets what he wants.

- One of the most important things is to not yell or say his name when he barks. His name should only be said with a positive association when praising or calling him to you. Yelling just makes him think you're barking with him.

- Try and remove the temptations to bark. Since he barks at people walking by outside, close the blinds, if he barks at people while he is outside, bring him inside.

- You can also try and ignore his barking until he stops. This means don't give him any attention or eye contact and don't touch him, just don't even act like he is doing it. If you give him attention, he feels rewarded for barking. Once he finally stops barking, give him a treat. Even if he only stops to take a breath or something, if he is quiet - he gets a treat. Once he catches on that being quiet gets him a treat, try to lengthen the time he is quiet and keep rewarding him for each longer amount of time he is quiet (5 seconds... 10 seconds... 30 seconds... etc).

- In addition to that step, you can try adding a command into the mix, such as "Quiet", "No Bark", "Zip It"... whatever you wanna use. Attempt to teach him this command in a calm environment so once he encounters a noise that makes him bark/get excited, then he will be more likely to listen to you.

- Another tip is to distract him. If he is barking, ask him to do another command,

such as "sit", "lay", "roll over:". Then maybe his mind won't be on the noise and rather on the command that you want him to do, especially if a treat follows. Eventually maybe he would just automatically lay down or sit when he hears a noise rather than bark.

- Ensure he is getting ample exercise and playtime. Dogs that bark a lot tend to just have a lot of pent up energy. If he is barking from nerves, try and reassure him that there is nothing to worry about.

- It is important to be consistent and try to do the training as much as possible every day until he stops his barking. This includes anyone living in the house with you. It won't help if you try and train him to stop, but your husband or someone else just ignores the barking and lets it happen.

- Daily exercise. Go on an extra walk or jog, play fetch for 15 minutes, play with a tug toy, etc. Work in some mind games, too, like puzzle toys and training. A lot of dogs react to things in their environment because they just aren't getting enough outlets for their energy throughout the day.

- Cut back or eliminate his normal meals and start hand-feeding his food (mixed in with some yummy treats) throughout the day. When a noise triggers the barking, be there with the food and keep it coming until the noise goes away. Often, the barking is just an expression of anxiety. By pairing the noises with a food reward, you're shifting his mind set from experiencing the noise as scary to something that leads to good things.

- Keep a spray bottle of lavender/chamomile mist at the ready. When my dogs bark, I spray the mist at and near them. It has a calming scent for them and they relax a bit. I make my own spray using a bottle of water, and drop a little oil in. Lasts a while - and the house smells better-too!

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## From the Desk of Tom Carney

# The Futility of Man

In 1935, sixty-five per cent of the cotton farmers in Alabama were sharecroppers. These people became the forgotten history of our land.

Under the hot, broiling sun, scorching everything its rays came in contact with, a wizened old man, with skin burnt like aged leather, labored tirelessly between the cotton rows. In the next row, his wife, wearing an old apparel that had long ago lost any resemblance of a dress, knelt on lacerated knees and desperately plucked at the ripened bolls.

Sunup to sundown; 200 pounds at 1/2 cent per pound. Pay the man at the store for the sack of flour you bought yesterday. That takes all the money, but you can buy again on credit tomorrow. Go home and rub liniment on your tired aching muscles and try to forget they will be sore again tomorrow.

There is no other choice. This is your only way to survive in the bleak existence that nature has so cruelly bestowed upon you.

There was no hope of escaping the vicious cycle of tenant farming. Bound by debts to the land owner and untrained for other types of work, all they could expect was a pair of cheap shoes for the children to wear to school, or maybe a few store-bought groceries to supplement their standard diet of beans, fatback and cornbread.

In another few weeks the rains would begin, and following that would come the cold, frigid blast of winter, spreading its gloom on the now-exhausted fields. Young boys and old men would pace the floor like caged animals. They would pause every so often to stare out the windows of the broken-down hovels they called home, and curse the fate that made them slaves to unseen cotton moguls a thousand miles away.

Keep the fire going, ration what meager food there is, and wait for the frozen ground to thaw. Walk down to the store. Maybe they will let you add some tobacco and a bag of flour to the long overdue bill. Stop and talk to Lem Wilbanks over on the next farm. His daughter's expecting any day and her husband is up north, in Chicago, trying to find a job. Talk and kill time and wait. Wait for the warm showers of spring that will thaw the frozen earth and bind you to another year of servitude.

"Maybe next year," they would say, year after year. "Maybe next year will be better."

Spring jumps out suddenly across the barren land. The sopping red clay is now dry to the touch, waiting to embrace the seeds of a brand-new cotton crop. It will be a new beginning, the start of new dreams. Tonight you will sleep the slumber of a conquering warrior, for tomorrow you will prove your manhood.

You stand and look at the fields through the early morning twilight, daring and challenging the gods up above to anoint you; let you pay off your debts and maybe have enough left to buy your wife a new dress.



But as you pick up the hoe and begin trudging silently toward the dismal fields, a truth begins gnawing at you, deep inside. And no matter how hard you try to suppress the thought, it keeps coming back and coming back, until it envelopes you in its overwhelming reality.

And then, with your body shaking in convulsions, you hold your head in your hands and cry like a new-born baby.

This year won't be any better and there won't be a new dress.

Cotton will still be King ... But not for the people working in the fields.

Years later, when the man talked about not being able to buy his wife a new dress, his eyes began blinking, and in an effort to hide the tears, he pulled out an old, worn handkerchief and loudly pretended to blow his nose.

After regaining his composure, he refused to talk anymore about sharecropping.



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# Aunt Eunice's at Five Points

by Jane Barr



I remember, fondly, out of town friends visiting, my husband Tom and I. Tom's brother Jim, in the Army, and his family would travel to see us. Jim had been stationed in many places, with family in tow, from Alaska to Texas. On their way through we'd take them to Eunice's Restaurant at Five Points that was Jim's favorite place.

Let me tell you about Eunice. She was a lady who owned a small one-room restaurant. She cooked one specialty - Country Ham. Now this was not ordinary ham, this was one big slab of the smokiest, mouth-watering, dripping with juice from the coffee that was added to the drippings to make Red-eyed Gravy, ham. This was brought to your table along with never-ending, made from scratch, hot flaky buttermilk biscuits. Coffee was served, before you even finished your first cup, so you never ran out.

**"For Sale: A quilted high chair that can be made into a table, potty chair, rocking horse, refrigerator, spring coat, size 8 and fur collar."**

*Sign seen in local garage sale*

Stop a minute and let me tell you how coffee was served. When you entered Eunice's you were taken to a table or booth. If you were even lucky enough to get in the door, there was usually a waiting line outside. There was one main table called "The Liars' Table, there sat the Prominent Politicians. One of the wives of the PP would get up, get the large coffee pot and go around "refreshing cups." That was true Southern Hospitality.

Jim's favorite was Country Ham, served with fresh grits and Red eyed Gravy. Now you could also get white gravy if you wanted for your biscuits. Of course there was butter and homemade preserves for the right out of the oven biscuits.

Eunice opened for breakfast, only. She opened 7am and closed when the food ran out, before 10am.

I can still close my eyes, remember walking through the door, and smelling the wonderful

smells. Eunice died years ago, her restaurant door closed, and now the building is gone.

Across the street was Mullins Restaurant, later a favorite place to meet friends for breakfast. Mullins became Galen's on Andrew Jackson Way, Five Points, serving more than breakfast.

Eunice's was not "just a place to eat and run" it was an experience. A time to sit, enjoy the food, and especially the company. This was a time of talking with family and friends. Like a cozy blanket, comforting. This was a time before cell phones.

Eunice, where ever your spirit is, thank you for many hours my husband and I, with and without visitors, enjoyed your specialty. Memories linger on.

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*Sign seen outside plant store in Ardmore, AL*

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# Willow and Her Big Brother

by Ted Roberts



In Spring, when we look down at the newly rejuvenated grass, trees and baby bushes, instead of up to find the Creator of all, nature lovers like to tell the story of Willow.

Once, many years ago, a young tree named Willow grew in the forest. The wind that cooled the forest in the summer and carried the gossip of the blue jays had brought her seed to this shady spot in the forest.

It was not the best location, since it was next to a much older oak tree who towered over Willow like a big brother. He was so high and leafy and strong that most of the birds chose him as a nesting place; Willow only had a couple of caterpillars who lived in one of her leaves. But what bothered her most was that this Jolly Green Giant blocked most of her sky.

"If I had three wishes like you get in fairy tales, I'd wish for an open spot on the meadow, an open spot on the meadow, an open spot on the meadow," murmured Willow when the wind blew through her leaves. This little tree didn't want any big brother blocking her sun and rain.

All summer long Willow twisted and bent to find the sun. Trees need sun, like we need love, or they dry up and die. But that tall oak decorated with birds' nests blocked the direct rays. Only pale yellow fingers of light touched Willow. And when Fall came and most of the trees began their six months of rest, Willow slept poorly because huge acorns rained down on her from the heavy limbs of the oak. Like hail they fell. Each one could rip off a leaf. After this hailstorm of acorns, she dozed. But not for long, for soon a blizzard of leaves from the giant Oak overwhelmed her. They piled up on the forest floor almost taller than her. She could barely breathe.

What bad luck, thought Willow. If only my seed had landed in that open spot over by the

brook, I could have all the sun I wanted and only the sweet rain, not acorns with pointy ends, would fall upon my leaves and roots.

But what Willow didn't know was that every tree needs a big sheltering friend just like children need brothers, sisters and friends. The young trees who tried to grow in the open places were often washed into the brook by the rainstorms. And when it didn't rain, the sun burned them up and turned them into dead, dry sticks. And without a big tree to shield you from the wind, one wild blast and you could lose every leaf you own.

But Willow continued to doze the Fall away and wish for the rain and sun and wind she wanted. One day she awoke suddenly from her favorite dream in which lightning had toppled the big Oak, bird nests and all, and left a big, blue empty space in the sky. She heard voices - happy, laughing voices of children.

Well, before Willow was fully awake, these children, with the help of a sharp shovel, had pried her roots from the earth and dumped her in a wagon.

What an experience. Lying on her side. Her roots all exposed. And the movement made her dizzy. Soon she was well out of the forest - even past the brook.

And now the children put her back into the earth, only her new home was their back yard.

She was the only tree in the yard. The sun and the rain and the stars at night were all hers. At night she could look up and see every star in the sky twinkle down on

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her. Better yet, during the day no leafy branches blocked her sun. "This is living," thought Willow, smiling up at the warmth. "If only I had a few bird nests, life would be perfect." That's what she thought at first.

But soon she began to miss the big Oak - because the sun was awful hot. And when the clouds came to block it, that meant rain would follow. A little rain tasted good, but sometimes the rain turned the backyard into a swamp that suffocated her roots. She was scared. It was no fun being the only tree in the backyard, thought Willow.

It was lonesome, too. There was nobody to talk to except the telephone pole on the street. And he just made a silly shrill noise in the wind. What could a dead telephone pole say to a young tree? But when the breeze from the forest fanned her branches, she could almost hear the gossip of the blue jays and the news of her old friends.

Then as the years passed

something happened that the other young trees in the forest had whispered about. Willow grew seeds, and the willing wind soon carried them away. One of them happily arrived at the very spot where Willow had lived - beneath the giant Oak.

He would have looked down and said hello if he'd known how. Instead, he kept the sun

from burning her up; and gently filtered the rain and never let the wind pull at the little sister that lived under the shelter of his limbs. Big brothers aren't all bad.

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

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# MEMORIES, PAST AND PRESENT

by Judith C. Smith

I'm sitting on my son Owen's front porch and it feels like I am in the country. The house is so far from Whitesburg Drive I can't see any cars passing but in reality I know it is a busy street and they are whizzing by. My son has lived in one of the servant's houses for the Flemings for four years

Each time I go sit on his porch, I'm reminded of when I was six years old and Mother would take me to the Flemings farm to play with Sally. I remember Mother saying it was just too far out in the country. Now I drive past it at least twice a day and sometimes four times a day.

Sally was only five days older that I was, so we both learned to drive about the same time, which was across the street from the big house and was a sheep pasture in the fifties. What fun we would have in her father's big truck going up and down the make shift roads until it was time for me to "return to the city," as Mother would say.

I remember one Christmas Eve when Martha, Sally's mother, was about to deliver her seventh and last child, Mary Jane. We walked over to the Whitesburg Drive-In, sat in benches up front and were told we had to stay out of trouble because Martha was having a baby and couldn't see about us.

It was so much fun visiting and being with a big family. I couldn't imagine having such a big family and even a child born on Christmas Eve.

Well, when I grew up and I outdid Miss Martha by having eight children and the last laugh was on me. My last child arrived on Christmas Day.

Owen got his eviction notice last month and all the Fleming farm has been sold and everyone has to be out by October 31st. Owen will stay until the last minute and I will swing on the big swing one last time remembering how much fun it was visiting on the Fleming farm.

"What's that," Owen says, "running down your cheek, a tear?"

I can't help it, I wish I could turn the clock back for all the kids and have one last party there.

"Good Bye, Old Friend Farm!"

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# Three of My Pets

by Harry Dill



In the late 1930s I had three good pets that I still remember to this very day. They were two goats and a chicken. Yes a chicken.

Around Easter time one year a store in downtown Huntsville was selling baby rabbits and different colored chickens. My Mother and I were looking at all the animals there and when we looked at the baby chickens my mother asked me if I would like to have one. I told her, yes I sure would. She said that if I would take care of it she would buy one for me. She asked me what color did I like the best and I told her that I liked the green one best. So she bought that one and gave it to me.

I was very happy to have the little baby chicken and I took good care of it, feeding and watering it and cleaning up after it. Well in a short time it started to grow feathers and gradually the green color disappeared and as time went by I realized it was a Dominique because gray and white speckled feathers were coming out.

Dominiques are considered a "heritage" breed of chicken in that they've been around for hundreds of years and are now critically endangered. Dominiques are a wonderfully cold-hardy, dual-purpose bird and hens make very caring, nurturing mothers.

Well I started taking my chicken with me just about everywhere I went! I loved my pet chicken and we got along fine. In the picture I am holding my chicken as usual and my sister Jean and a little boy from across the street is with us. I am at my Grandmother's house on Holmes Avenue.

Now here's how I got my pet goat. One really cold winter in Huntsville we were living in the rock house on Toll Gate Road and it was so cold that the sap even froze in a lot of the trees and broke them down. My Mother and Sister Jean had gone down to stay with my Grandmother on Holmes Avenue, but I stayed with Daddy in the Rock House.

Daddy put the three Nanny goats in the large base-



## Sarge

Hi, my name is Sarge, I am a Mountain Cur and am only 14 months of age and weigh around 50 pounds. 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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ment room in the rock house that was not finished and had a dirt floor at the time, to keep them warm. We put a lot of hay on the dirt floor. The cold wind came through the windows like they weren't there! It was very cold. I had on my warmest clothes and still felt cold.

When we went to bed Daddy put a very heavy blanket on my other blankets on my bed and he went into his room and we went to sleep.

Next morning I didn't want to get up from that warm bed, but I soon had to. There was snow on the ground outside! We went down to the basement to see about the goats. We were surprised and shocked to see that there were a lot of goats in that basement room! The room seemed full of goats. Those three nanny goats had each had two kids each so we now had three mother goats and six baby goats. So we had nine goats in all. It looked like a small herd. Daddy said that I could have two of the kids if I would take care of them so I picked out two pretty baby goats. I called one "Spot" because it had a white spot on its head, white tail and legs.

And the other one I named "Blondee" because it was a blonde color. I fed and cared for them before I went to school in the morning and when I came home from school in the evening. I helped Daddy cut hay and feed them, and I went to the Madison County Exchange which was near the railroad tracks and bought feed for them.

I played with them and they became my friends and my pets. When summer came we played a lot more and they would follow me around wanting to play. When I started back to school they were looking for me all over and were doing a lot of bleating. I still took care of them before I went to school and when I came home from school.

These goats were milk goats and they made good pets. Daddy showed me how to milk them and I milked them when they had kids of their own.

God has been very kind and good to me all my long life. He has let me have a lot of pets

starting in my early childhood. I think it is a disgrace that some people are mean and cruel to their animals and beat on them especially dogs and cats who just want to be their friends. These are just three of the pets I have had when I was a small child.

I am thankful and grateful to God for all the pets he has allowed me to have over the years. Have a great day and a healthy one too.

God Bless everyone!!!



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# 90 Years and Still Ticking

by Hugh Michaels

Very few people reach the age of 90. I reached that age on 5 July 2018.

My life has been filled with happy times and a few bad times. God has been gracious to me. I was born and raised in a small town in Jackson County - Langston, Alabama.

I graduated from Jackson County High School (Scottsboro) in 1948. After High School I joined the Air Force. While serving in the Air Force, I reached the rank of Staff Sergeant.

After serving 4 years in the Air Force, I enrolled in Jacksonville State College. I graduated from Jacksonville in 3 years. Soon after graduating I began teaching school. I taught school for 2 years and 6 weeks. I soon figured out that teaching school was not my "cup of tea".

Perhaps the best decision I ever made was when I began working in civil service. I worked as a Contracting Officer. I negotiated contracts between the government and private industry.

I spent 37 years of my life working for my country. While working at Redstone Arsenal I negotiated contracts in support of the Hawk Missile and Patriot Missile systems.

Soon after I entered civil service I married Billie Jean Pace. We were married 46 years. We had one child - Greg. We were a happy couple. We had 5 granddaughters. (3 granddaughters and two great granddaughters). Billie died in 2001.

I was very active in my early years. Below are some of the organizations I was a part:

1. Redstone Toastmasters - One-time President
2. Helion Masonic Lodge - Chaplain - 20 years
3. Cahaba Shrine - still a member

4. Fireballs - Unit of Cahaba - President 10 years
5. Southeast YMCA - Coached and Refereed - 10 years
6. Hillwood Baptist Church - Deacon. Coached softball teams - 10 years

I enjoyed working with the above organizations.

I am 90 years old and I am unable to perform as I once did. Old father time is picking my pocket. I can't make it stop it. I want to live a little longer.

The following poem best describes how I feel!

*Today, dear Lord, I'm 90 and there's much I haven't done. I hope, dear Lord, you'll let me live - until I'm 91.*

*But then if I haven't finished all I want to do, would you let me stay a while - until I'm 92?*

*There's so many places I want to go, and so many things to see, do you think you could manage - to make it 93?*

*The world is changing so very fast, there's so much more in store, I'd like it very much to live - until 94.*

*And if by then I'm still alive, I'd like to stay - 'til 95.*

*More planes will be up in the air, so I'd really like to stick, and see what happens to the world - when I'm 96.*

*I know, dear Lord, it's much to ask, (and it must be nice in Heaven), But I really would like to stay here - until I'm 97.*

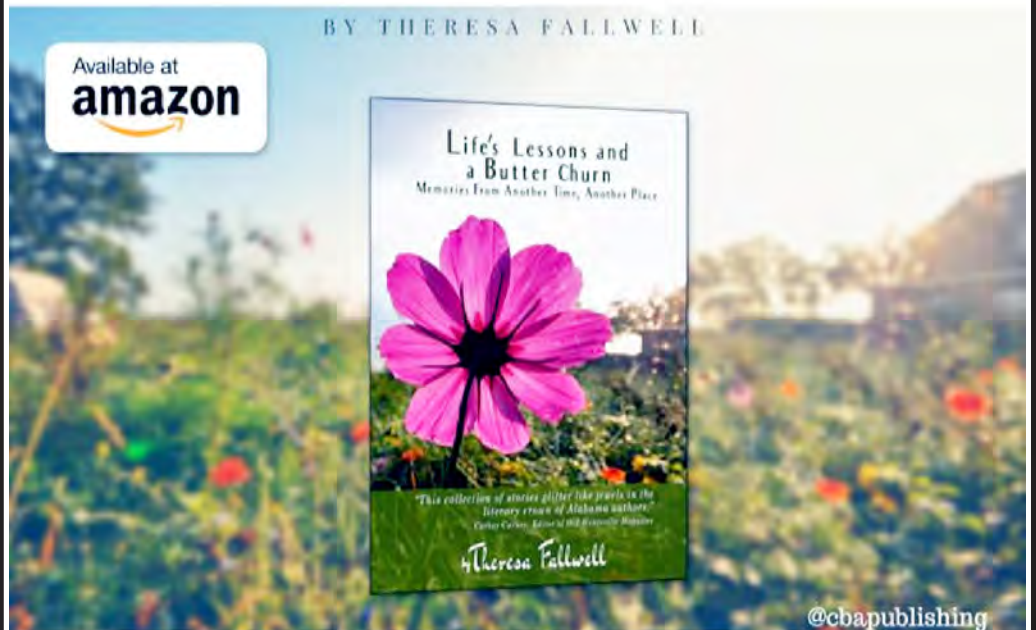
*I know by then I won't be last, and sometime will be late. But it would be so pleasant - to be around at 98.*

*I will have seen so many things and had such a wonderful time, and I'm not sure that I'll be willing - to leave at 99.*

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# The Wine Making Venture

by Clinton Clay (from "The Bucksnot Boys")

Maybe news of this venture brought in the older boys. Honestly it had pure innocence at the root. Near the teepee was a large blackberry patch. Berries do need picking and the berry pickers need have no fear of briars nor snakes.

While it would have been a noble gesture to give the berries to our mothers for pie making, jelly, jam and preserves, naturally some curiosity arose as to the possibility of wine.

So a little sugar and a half gallon fruit jar from the pantry, crushing the berries, covering with sugar and setting aside for fermentation. After a few days of foaming and bubbling we made the crude assumption we had blackberry wine. While it was to neither Wayne's nor my liking, we thought the community swim hole was a proper place to take it. After all, a couple of the older boys were from a moonshining family and surely could be valid tasters.

It did not pass the test of the authorities when one of the boys saw and was able to catch a large bull frog and holding the frog's mouth open, poured a large portion of the wine down its throat. What a spectacle to be swimming in the raw with an intoxicated frog. Poor thing jumped summersaults, totally disoriented. Some afternoon entertainment for a group of insensitive pre-teen and teen age boys.

The Cooper Wash Hole was the haven for immersion baptisms and for summer time

nude swimming for neighborhood boys and occasionally adult men, to escape the unbearable heat. The stream upon which my straw teepee was located began its descent down the mountainside, ultimately to reach Honeycomb Valley and become a part of Guntersville Lake and the Tennessee River.

The swimming hole itself was a large, always cold water pool, at the bottom of a cliff. Thickly tree-covered all around, it offered privacy from the outside world, that is until some congregation of a local church converged with a candidate for baptism.

We fun-loving nude bathing boys did not appreciate our reverie being interrupted by those groups as hearing their approach down the path toward the wash hole necessitated a rapid retreat, slipping our wet bodies into the dry clothing, hiding in the bushes, wondering how soon we could return to our swim. I have memories of several summers of those cool swims.

At summer's ending, we not only were dealing with the demise of the teepee but also, the end of those carefree swims in the Cooper Wash Hole

The speed with which a woman says "Nothing" when asked "What's wrong?" is inversely proportional to the severity of the storm that's coming.

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## Heard in Town - 1916

\* Wanted - I am a wealthy young farmer and desire a house-keeper or companion. Fact is, I would like to come South and prefer a young lady of the South to share my life. Please communicate with G. Y. Watts, RFD No. 3, Eldorado, Kansas.

\* Lost - Gentleman's small pearl handle knife; two blades. Return to the Daily Times for reward.

\* Success in Skin Grafting in Dallas Village  
Dr. Caldwell has the distinction of performing a successful skin grafting operation on a little five year old girl. He operated on the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wright in Dallas Village. The child had been seriously burned and had just reached that stage permitting skin grafting and the skill of the splendid physician was remarkable. A very moving note was that quite a number of able bodied men bared their arms and permitted their skin to be grafted in order to save the life of the little girl. Her case was a very bad one but with the successful operation by Dr. Caldwell it is believed she will come out all right.

\* Deputy Sheriff N. L. Pierce today arrested 2 men - Celie Conley was charged with burglary and grand larceny and Will Wise on a peace warrant and using obscene language. They were both placed in jail.

\* Mrs. W. J. Humphrey continues to be seriously ill at her home on East Holmes Street and little hope is reported as being held out for her recovery as we go to press.

\* Brothers Collide in Accident  
Thos. N. McAllister, manager of the Huntsville Transfer Co. and his brother Alex McAllister, manager for the local plant of Armour and Co., collided with their cars at the Times corner on Holmes and Greene Streets this morning. Neither were badly injured but the cars are very damaged. Thos.'s son was slightly injured. Alex's car was turned over and he was pinned underneath it for a period of time. The elder McAllister was traveling east on Holmes and the brother was driving north on Greene. The accident was quite exciting and those who saw it say it was a miracle that neither of the young men were seriously injured or probably killed, but cool heads averted all danger.

\* Mrs. Esther Daniels, the pretty 18-year old bride of Ashford Daniels of this city, is suing her new husband for divorce because he represented himself to be rich and turned out not to have anything. She says she is giving up on him not because he only makes \$30 a month, but because she has observed that he is not worth more than \$30 a month and if anything, is overpaid at that amount. During the courtship he entertained her with fabulous stories about the number of plantations and banks he owned.

\* John A. Royal is offering \$5 for information that may lead to the return of his wife. He is offering a reward of 2 1/2 cents per pound and says she weighs in at 200 pounds and is 38 years old. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She disappeared last Wednesday.

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John Purdy  
Loretta Spencer  
Sarah Chappell

Reprinted from "Old Huntsville" magazine 1996

# Huntsville Heresay

By Billy Joe Cooley  
and His Unidentified Sources



Everybody's talking about Neil Simon's comedy "Jake's Women," playing at the Von Braun Civic Center weekends through Nov. 16, staged brilliantly by Huntsville's Little Theater.

City Council President Richard Showers is earning everyone's respect for the fair way he's running council meetings these days. Even Jackie Reed seems more relaxed now.

Most popular guy in City Government award goes to Ken Newberry, of City Planning fame. He's everyone's friend and does a fine job, too!

Scribe Ruth Weems and daughter Sharon were at the Symphony the other night. A day or so later they helped the unsinkable Marjorie Deaton celebrate birthday number 95.

Bianca Cox and pals celebrated her birthday the other night at Seattle South Coffee House. Chattanooga violinist Mark Reneau and others stayed until way past closing.

Glen Watson, newly elected to the city council, is bringing a sense of fresh air to city government. Lately he's been

seen in businesses all over downtown asking what city government can do to help them.

My neighbor. Evelyn Kilgore of VBCC staff got a nice letter from a Pennsylvania lady who credits Evelyn as being the nicest lady in Dixie for helping her to enjoy the Star Trek fest here awhile back.

Word on the street has it that acting Police Chief Compton Owen is doing an excellent job. Sources in City Hall tell us he is the front runner for the full-time position.

A new group called "Friends of Downtown," is being formed to help spur action in the revitalization

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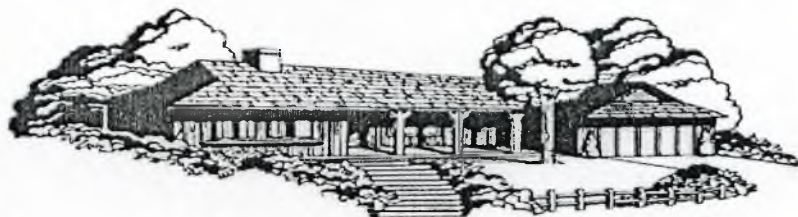
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**"I may not be that funny  
or athletic or good-looking  
or smart or talented.  
I forgot where I was going  
with this."**

**Gerald Brown, Athens**



of Downtown. Strange group; no city or federal money, no fancy office and anybody can join!

We keep hearing rumors about a "made for TV" movie to be filmed here in Huntsville. Expect casting calls to go out in January. They'll be hiring local folks.

Ex-Police Chief Ric Ottman has been seen around town looking much more relaxed lately. "Future plans," he tells us, "include thick books and a hammock in the backyard."

If you want to talk to someone from City Hall after hours, try going to Tavern Under the Square. It has become a popular hang-out for the powers that be. The hot dogs aren't bad either.

Dry cleaning expert Ken Self and his pals were among the crowd at Big Spring Jam. So were two of my favorite Nashville authors—Ernie Couch and wife Jill, who write those trivia books for Rutledge Hill Press and operate the popular gospel quartet Revival.

New signs saying "Do It Now!" have become popular office decor in City Hall since Ms. Mayor took office.

The next big gospel concert locally will be Friday night, Nov. 22, at Fayetteville Junior High. It will feature Palmetto State quartet, Singing Ambassadors and Renewed.

Three Stars for John Cockerham who organized and sponsored Rock The Square. One person really can make a difference!

Happy Birthday to Chuck Shaffer of Old Morgan County Magazine fame. He's been 39 for 15 years.

And last but certainly not least a big Hello and Hug for our favorite lady, Aunt Eunice. We love you.

**"Just remember, once you're over the hill you begin to pick up speed."**  
**Carl Peterson, Huntsville**

## Cinnamon and Honey for Your Health

**ARTHRITIS:** Arthritis patients can benefit by taking one cup of hot water with two tablespoons of honey and one small teaspoon of cinnamon powder. When taken daily even chronic arthritis can be cured. In a recent research conducted at the Copenhagen University, it was found that when the doctors treated their patients with a mixture of one tablespoon Honey and half teaspoon Cinnamon powder before breakfast, they found that within a week (out of the 200 people so treated) practically 73 patients were totally relieved of pain — and within a month, most all the patients who could not walk or move around because of arthritis now started walking without pain.

**COLDS:** Those suffering from common or severe colds should take one tablespoon lukewarm honey with 1/4 spoon cinnamon powder daily for three days. This process will cure most chronic cough, cold, and, clear the sinuses, and it's delicious too!

**UPSET STOMACH:** Honey taken with cinnamon powder cures stomach ache and also is said to clear stomach ulcers from its root.



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15. Extent and Nature of Circulation <i>Local history, memories</i>		Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	No. Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
a. Total Number of Copies (Net press run)		790	770
b. Paid Circulation (By Mail and Outside the Mail)			
Mailed Outside County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541 (includes paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies)		250	236
Mailed In County Paid Subscriptions Stated on PS Form 3541 (includes paid distribution above nominal rate, advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies)		370	379
Paid Distribution Outside the Mail including Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Paid Distribution Outside USPS®		0	0
Paid Distribution by Other Classes of Mail Through the USPS (e.g., First-Class Mail®)		0	0
c. Total Paid Distribution (Sum of 15b(1), (2), (3), and (4))		620	615
d. Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (By Mail and Outside the Mail)			
Free or Nominal Rate Outside County Copies included on PS Form 3541		25	25
Free or Nominal Rate In-County Copies included on PS Form 3541		100	100
Free or Nominal Rate Copies Mailed at Other Classes Through the USPS (e.g., First-Class Mail®)		0	0
Free or Nominal Rate Distribution Outside the Mail (Carriers or other means)		0	0
e. Total Free or Nominal Rate Distribution (Sum of 15d(1), (2), (3), and (4))		125	125
f. Total Distribution (Sum of 15c and 15e)		745	740
g. Copies not Distributed (See instructions to Publishers #4, page #3)		45	30
h. Total (Sum of 15f and g)		790	770
i. Percent Paid (15c divided by 15f times 100)		83.2%	83.1%

# ENCOUNTER A VOICE FROM HUNTSVILLE'S PAST

## 2018 MAPLE HILL CEMETERY STROLL

SUNDAY - OCTOBER 21, 2018 FROM 1:30 - 4:30PM

REDEDICATION OF HISTORIC MARKER AT 1:30

GRAND STROLL STARTS AT 1:45 PM

Maple Hill Cemetery, circa 1818, listed on the National Registry of Historic Places, is the oldest continuously in use municipal cemetery in the State of Alabama. There are 80,000 known graves in the cemetery. There are individuals representing all walks of life in this unique ledger of Huntsville with veterans of all wars buried in the cemetery. However, the greatest single number of interments occurred in 1918 as a result of the influenza epidemic.

Since the 1980's we have been celebrating our community's heritage and history in one of Huntsville's most beautiful autumn venues. The Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll is currently the largest character-driven cemetery stroll in the country. Over 75 costumed actors portray in first person historical characters important to this area. This "living history" part of the stroll makes it so much more entertaining. Additionally, traditional music, special exhibits, a student scavenger hunt, and an antique auto show augments this family friendly event.

At 1:30 there will be a re-dedication of the Marker Plaque from the State. Then 1:45 - watch the GRAND STROLL of characters as they promenade down the main avenue of the cemetery and move to their assigned grave sites where storytelling will begin at 2 pm. This is a wonderful way to view all the characters and start this year's Stroll!

The Stroll will conclude with the playing of "TAPS" at 4:30 on the main avenue.

Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll is free to the public but donations are enthusiastically accepted as this is the way we can continue making the repairs and restorations.

*Maple Hill Cemetery is located approximately 0.75 miles east of Huntsville's downtown square at 203 Maple Hill Drive off of California Street. Shuttles will run from the downtown Square from noon-5 p.m. and local and garage parking is also available.*

*Rain date for the Stroll will be Sunday, October 28 from 2:00 - 4:30p.m.*

**No Pets Please**

Sponsored by the Huntsville Pilgrimage Association

[www.huntsvillepilgrimage.org](http://www.huntsvillepilgrimage.org)

