



No. 309

November 2018



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



A Visit Back in Time

I walked around for almost an hour knocking on a few doors trying to find someone who had some memories they would share with me.

The older folks who would know have all passed away, I suppose. I was a kid back then and the other folks were all pretty old so I guess they have gone to rest.

Also in this issue: **Date Night & the Judge**

Lewter's Hardware Store



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

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

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

**A Hardware Store....
The Way You Remember Them**

Domie Lewter
Mae Lewter

222 Washington St - 256-539-5777

A Visit Back in Time

by Jerry Keel

I've heard it said many times that you can't go back home. Well, recently on the occasion of my 81st birthday I decided to try to go back to the area where I grew up just to see if I could indeed go back home again. I went and I tried to find something that would bring back some of the good memories from that time when I was a carefree youth.

I grew up in East Huntsville near the Goldsmith-Schiffman Football Field on Beirne Avenue. Things have changed so much I barely recognized the area. I was born in a house that was number 214 Beirne Avenue. When I was about 16 years old my father had a house built on the corner of Beirne and Dickson Street which was 301 Beirne Avenue.

One of the first things I noticed on my little adventure was that the street numbers had been changed. The odd and even numbers had been

switched. 301 became 306 and 214 became 213. That was just the beginning of the changes I found. The house in which I was born was no longer there. It had been replaced by a nice brick house which itself was beginning to show signs of age and lack of maintenance.

The house my family moved to was still there but it was a mess. The roof shows signs of failure. The gutters are full of leaves. Some of the wood has begun to decay. Weeds and tall grass fill the yard. The chain link fence is down in several places. The large picture window on the front has been broken and is now covered by a sheet of plywood.

The 3-car garage my dad had built looks sad as Mother Nature takes her toll on this structure as well as on the house. Dad had a special room on each end so he would have a place to secure his boat and all his fishing equipment and my mother would have a place to do the laundry. This became his sanctuary in the latter days of his life after he became unable to do the things he had always done. He spent countless hours going through all the fishing baits and equipment he had amassed over the years. Two bouts with lung cancer left him just a shell of his former self. He spent most of his time just looking at the fishing gear and his beloved boat.

When a person who has always been active doing all

"I love to sing and I love to drink Scotch. Most people would rather listen to me drink Scotch."

George Burns



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

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

**ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,
WILLS, PROBATE**

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



Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)

716 East Clinton Ave.

Huntsville, Al 35801

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net

(Website) www.oldhuntsvillemag.com

Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 534-0502

Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney

Editor - Cheryl Tribble

Consultant - Ron Eyestone

Gen. Manager - Sam Keith

Copy Boy - Tom Carney

(in memory)

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

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

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

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

**Your Total Window
Treatment Provider**



Bus: (256) 650-0465

Aesthetically Pleasing

Interior Window Treatments

Visit us at:

www.randsblinds.com

sorts of things becomes unable to do even the simplest of things, it really puts a burden on that person. His mind was sharp but the physical abilities he once possessed were all gone. There is no telling how many fish he re-caught sitting out there in his favorite chair with the memories he had of his former days.

My dad had a small notebook in which he kept dates and locations and the number of fish he caught at the various places. He also kept up with when he planted the different crops in the large garden he always prepared. However, the fishing part of the notebook was the most important to him. He could refer back to the notebook and tell within a few days of when the large mouth bass would begin to school on the Tennessee River at Whitesburg as well as several locations on the Elk River near its mouth where it empties into the Tennessee River.

But as so often happens to a small item like a notebook it became lost or misplaced. Whatever, it was gone. Also among

the missing items were many of his precious fishing tools. Now the portions of the garage on each end are filled with junk, trash or no telling what. The favorite hangout of his latter days has been taken over by spiders, rats and the occasional snake. Not a pretty sight.

I walked around for almost an hour knocking on a few doors trying to find someone who had some memories they would share with me. The older folks who would know have all passed away, I suppose. I was a kid back then and the other folks were all pretty old so I guess they have gone to rest.

So many changes have taken place. The Goldsmith-Schiffman Field is still there, although it no longer looks like the imposing structure it was back in its heyday. Now it is just a big field with a drab, crumbling rock wall all around it. If you listen closely you can almost hear the cheers from the crowds of people who attended the football games on Friday nights during the fall months. Back then football was THE

game and almost every game was played before a standing-room-only crowd. Every time a game was played my dad would have to sit in the yard in order to keep people from turning our yard into a parking lot.

Some of the inconsiderate people would pull up on the grass and attempt to park right beside the house. Most would leave when he asked them to, but occasionally some nut would become irate when asked to move his car. They would leave but occasionally would leave some very harsh words behind.

On my little trip down memory lane I saw empty spaces where homes were located in the old days. In my mind's eye I could see the people who lived in these houses working in their yards or sitting on the porch. Now nothing but an empty lot.

Lum Dollar's wood yard has been replaced by a nice house



Loose Ends by MJ LLC
Let me tie up your loose ends!

looseendsbymj.com
e-mail: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com

Do you need to settle an Estate?
Downsizing to a smaller house?
Organizing and running your Estate Sale?
Let us clean out-pack up-sell off or donate your items!

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

Mary Jim Ailor
256-658-2718.



PLUMBING • AIR CONDITIONING • HEATING • ELECTRICAL • ENERGY

SERVING THE HUNTSVILLE AREA SINCE 1884 FOR ALL YOUR RESIDENTIAL

**AIR CONDITIONING & HEATING UNITS
PLUMBING
ELECTRICAL
ENERGY AUDITS**

256-534-0781



Precision to the X degree.

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

Unrivaled technology and precision.

It's precisely what your back needs.

 **HUNTSVILLE HOSPITAL**

huntsvillehospital.org

which still looks good. The houses across Dickson Street (which were occupied by Jabo and Christine Douglas and their son Johnny) and the house next door where Christine's brother John McCrory and his Polish war bride Sophie lived are still there although I don't know who lives in the houses now.

The old McCrory family home is long gone, torn down to make room for a very nice church building, the Draper Memorial Church and its adjacent parking lot. The original building, which was a Holiness Church in my youth, has been replaced by a modern brick building which is part of the Draper Church.

In my young days there was a wooden building with no air conditioning which housed the Holiness Church. The church building was located directly across a small side street from the Beirne Avenue playground. So much temptation for a bunch of kids. This is where several of us young rowdies would go to peep into the open windows in the summer months and watch

the people who would get caught up in the spirit of worship. We couldn't understand why the people there couldn't sit calmly in their seats instead of running up and down the aisles shouting words which we could not understand. That was their way of communicating with God but we 10 and 12 year-old kids didn't have a clue what was happening. We only wanted to watch the worshippers do their thing.

Another of my childhood haunts which was conspicuous by its absence was Allen Lynn's Garage. Mr. Lynn and his fellow mechanic, Otey Esslinger, would labor over vehicles which needed repairs. They worked mostly inside the building but when someone stopped by with a minor problem they would work on that vehicle in the shade from the large trees outside. I guess that

"On Thanksgiving Day all over America, families sit down to dinner at the same time - halftime."

Unknown



*Berryhill
Funeral Home*

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

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



(256) 536-9197



Cliff Hill

Attorney At Law

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

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

929 Merchants Walk
Huntsville, Al

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

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

is where the term "shade-tree mechanic" came from.

Regardless of where the work was done it was occasionally interrupted for a little football talk. Mr. Lynn's son Robert, or "Rabbit", who was an outstanding football player, was the subject of many of these conversations. Also the Monday morning quarterbacks dissected the games from Friday night and explained why their team won or lost and pointed out all the mistakes the coaches made.

The trees outside the garage building, which had served as sentinels for so long, were in the end responsible for the demise of the garage building. During a particularly rough wind storm tree #1 was blown down. As it fell into tree #2 it also went down. Both fell on the garage building. The building was damaged so extensively it had to be torn down.

So many of the landmarks from the past are gone and probably it's just as well they are gone. If you were not born in the thirties or forties the old landmarks would not mean anything to you anyway. Tear down the old and build something new. It doesn't matter what you build as long as you tear down something old to make room for the new.

There are not many people left who know Star Market was once on Meridian Street just south of the railroad tracks. Delbert Williams and "Chick" Russell were the founders and also opened a Star Market at Five Points, which is still in operation today.

"If robbers ever broke into my house searching for money, I'd just laugh and search with them."

Sadie Johns, Athens

E. P. Miller ran a feed and grain store next door to Star Market and the Pastime Cafe was on the other side. Across the street was the Mason-Brown Ice and Coal Co., Ray-Pearman Lincoln-Mercury, which was owned by Doug Ray and Ray Pearman. Mr. Pearman once told me that buying Mr. Ray's half so he could remove the hyphen was a very expensive purchase for just a little dash. Then came the Herbert Ray Ford dealership. Further south on Meridian Street was the D. G. Foster Mule Barn, which catered to people who were not into automobiles.

All of these businesses have been gone from Meridian Street for many, many years, along with most of the people who owned and operated them.

I wish I had had the foresight to take photographs of these old places of business. They laid the foundation for Huntsville to become the thriving metropolis it is today. If a person were to take the pictures of the present day places of interest the future generations could look at them and see what Old Huntsville was like.

Someday all these places will be gone too, just like us old folks.



Despite the high cost of living, it remains very popular.

SOUTHERN HOME & HEARTH, INC.
Since 1981

Beat High Energy Costs with Wood Heat!



VERMONT Castings

Come see our full line of Wood Burning Stoves and Fireplaces



Firesets, Screens, Grates & Fireplace Accessories

Southern Home & Hearth

2611 University Dr., Huntsville
256-534-1715 or
256-534-8199

www.southernhomeandhearth.com

We do Layaways

ALABAMA COIN & SILVER

**Buying - Selling - Trading
Estate Appraisals**

Phone (256) 536-0262

Charles Cataldo, Jr. - Owner

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

We Buy and Sell Rare Coins and Collectibles

REFLECTING ON HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED

by Georgia Everson and Ben Sterling

Things have sure changed since 1941, and these are some of the ways they have changed. I remember back to the age of six years old. We had no shoes; we could not afford them and had to go without. But going to school without shoes was not looked down on. Now we wear shoes every day, sometimes two or three pairs!

When we went to school, oftentimes we had no food. Now kids get food every day at school, both breakfast and lunch.

Children today often have their own rooms, but if you were a family of five you had to share a room, and clothes too. The clothing we wore back then was often made by our mother, but now we buy clothes in the store.

We used to walk miles to get to school every day, through fields and woods and gravel roads.

Sometimes we rode mules and horses. Now we walk on paved streets with sidewalks and ride the highways in nice cars. My, things have changed.

We used to work in the cotton fields in the hot sun

during the summer time bailing hay, and in the winter time pulling cotton bolls for just about \$5 a day.

Now we have inside jobs, so we don't have to do that anymore. There was no air conditioning back then and 90% of the houses were shotgun houses; one would open up the front and back doors, so a cool breeze would flow through the building.

There were no Burger Kings or McDonalds, families sat down at the table together and ate a dinner that their mothers prepared for them. And there were smoke houses to help preserve meat instead of freezers. Sundays

were a time of families going to church and get-togethers. I remember back to the days when schools, restaurants, and other public places were segregated. Blacks used to have to sit in the back of the bus, but now you can sit anywhere you want, and mothers were mothers to all the children in the community no matter what race they were.

Thank God things have changed.

Students in John E. Carson's Creative Writing Class meet each Thursday afternoon - contact John at email carsonjohn936@gmail.com



M S Masonry

Customer Recommended

STONEMWORK
STUCCO
REPAIRS
PAVERS
CURBS
WALKWAYS
BLOCKS

"No Job is too Small"



MICHAEL SYLVESTER
(256) 694-2469

LICENSED - INSURED - REFERENCES

Center for Hearing, LLC

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



Maurice Gant, BC-HIS
Board Certified Hearing
Instrument Specialist

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

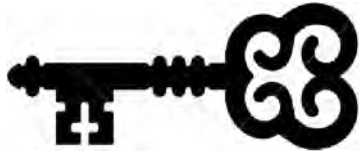
00508041

"When you look at Prince Charles, do you think someone in the Royal Family knew someone in the Royal Family?"

Robin Williams

THE GOLDEN YEARS

Name Withheld



They were nowhere in my pockets. Suddenly I realized I must have left my keys in my car. Frantically I headed for the parking lot. My husband has scolded me many times because I leave the keys in the ignition and never lock my doors normally. So he's afraid that the car will be stolen one day.

As I looked all around the parking lot, in a panic, I realized that this time he was right. My car was nowhere in sight and the parking lot was empty. I had been shopping for hours and had 3 big bags.

I did have my cell phone in my purse so I called the police. They were very helpful and asked me many questions. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car and that it was stolen.

Then I made the most difficult call of all, to my husband. "I left my keys in my car and it's been stolen. I've called the police and they're going to help me."

There was a long moment of silence. I thought maybe my

husband had been so mad that he hung up on me, but then I heard his voice.

"Are you kidding me?? I dropped you off today at the store!" He was really raising his voice now.

Now it was my turn to be silent. I was embarrassed as well as relieved that my car was not stolen. "Well, just come and get me," I told him.

He retorted, "I will, just as soon as I convince this cop that I didn't steal your d--n car!"



ISP InterSouth
properties

"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"

<p>Phone (256) 830-9160 Fax (256) 430-0881</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> * Highland Office Park, Phases 1 & 2 * Park West Center * University Square Business Center * 8215 Madison Blvd.
------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Visit us at www.intersouth-properties.com

Don Broome Studios

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

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

7446 Clubfield Cir.
Huntsville, Ala 35802

256-880-3497
256-656-1457

Come meet Judy



The Long Journey Home

by Bill Wright

It was October but already there was a winter chill in the air. Winters come early in Korea and they are severe. I had spent one winter in Korea and hoping not to spend another winter there.

I was assigned to a machine gun platoon in an Army infantry regiment. We had recently returned to Korea from Koje-Do Island where we served for two months controlling 50,000 often rioting enemy prisoners-of-war. I had been away from home for nearly two years, and images of what some of my family looked like were beginning to fade. I often thought of my younger brother. He was nine years old when our parents divorced and afterward I became his mentor. We were a few days away from returning to front-line combat duty when I received Army orders to leave Korea and return to America.

At age twenty-one I was leaving Korea, but taking a lot of memories of that country with me. The war was over for me.

Other soldiers and I were taken by trucks late at night for safety reasons to a ship docking site where we would load onto a landing craft and then taken to a ship anchored in deeper water. We were told to remove our helmets, ammunition, all weapons; lay them on the ground and then load into the landing craft. It was at that moment I truly felt I was going home.

We were taken to Japan and given physicals and processing of various paperwork. We were given the standard speech about making the Army a career, become an Army officer, see the world, etc. I declined all offers. The trip from Japan to California by troop ship would take fourteen days. It was

tiring just watching ocean waves such a long time. The ship was so crowded one could hardly walk on the deck. I often wondered where were these soldiers when we needed more help on the front lines in Korea. However, with each passing day we were getting closer to our return to America.

Our ship was scheduled to dock in San Francisco at day-break. Many soldiers had lined the decks hours in advance to get an early view of their homeland. As the ship neared the dock, a military band began playing, "California Here We Come." After that, a young lady would sing the song "My hero". An Army officer would give a brief speech welcoming us back to America and thanking us for our service in Far East countries.

It was an impressive welcome back program. We then debarked the ship, loaded onto ferry boats



Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

Family owned and operated since 1919

(256) 536-6654

Valley View Cemetery

open with 100 acres reserved for future development

(256) 534-8361



LAWREN'S*

809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

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

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

and were taken to a nearby Army base for more processing and reassignment to various Army bases in the United States. I was reassigned to the 101st Airborne Division in Kentucky pending a discharge from the Army.

The train ride from California to Kentucky would take three enjoyable days. The troop passenger train traveled through the wide open land of the western states and small towns. The spectacular scenery was a welcomed contrast to war-torn Japan and Korea. It was great to be back in America.

At the Army base in Kentucky there was more paperwork processing and physical exams. I had few duties so I spent a lot of time looking out the barrack windows watching and laughing at new recruits making wrong turns and learning to do "close-order" drills. Two years earlier I probably looked like them.

The Army Discharge Ceremony was similar to graduating from high school. We were called up one at a time. An Army Captain would smile, shake our hand and thank us for our service to our Country and the United States Army, while handing us our discharge papers. It was the first time I had seen an Army Captain smile.

As I walked out of the auditorium with discharge papers in hand and cash money in my pocket, I had no idea or plan how I would get back to my hometown. Soon I saw a soldier "hawking" rides to Nashville for \$5. I told him I would take a ride to the Nashville train station.

At the train station I learned that the only daily passenger train to my hometown would leave in about two hours and would arrive in my hometown at 2:00 a.m. the next morning. It would be a ten hour train ride. I telephoned home and told my younger broth-

er about the early morning train arrival and suggested no one meet me at the train station. I would take a taxi home. At first, he did not believe it was me. I asked why he did not think it was me calling. He said because I sounded like one of those "Yankees".

When the train left Nashville, the passenger train coach I was in was fully occupied. Most passengers appeared to be college students about my age. Many hours later there was only me and an older couple sitting at the opposite end of the coach. It was a quiet time to reflect back upon my experiences of the last two years and also wonder what path I would follow for the future as I re-entered civilian life.

It was now about 2 a.m. and the passenger train was entering my hometown. As we moved slowly through the downtown area and approaching the train station, I was now hoping a family member would meet me. I would not be disappointed. Standing on the train station platform were my mother, father, two brothers, sister-in-law and five year old nephew.

It had been a long journey, but I was now home.

West Station Antiques

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

Phone (256) 725-BOOK (2665)

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

**Visit us at our website:
www.gibsonbooks.com**

**3037 Old Highway 431
Owens Cross Roads 35763**

256-725-BOOK (2665)

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



Come get your fresh veges & fruit! You can find us at our location on 1022 Cook Avenue, at the Farmers Market. We're right behind Krispy Kreme.

(256) 533-5667

Pumpkins, Chrysanthemum, cool weather vegetables. Nuts, Apples and fried pies. Remember eating fresh produce is so good for you! Come by and check out some amazing fall produce!

HOURS:

MON-SAT 8-4

SUNDAYS 8 - 1

Local Honey

Our local honey comes from Bill Mullins located on Moores Mill Rd. Ten miles from the farmers market.

**1022 Cook Ave.
Huntsville, Al**

The best way to teach your children about taxes is to buy them an ice cream cone and eat a third of it.



Girls, let your natural beauty come through. You can put on lipstick walking from the car to the door of the school. Remember Grandma always said "Pretty is as pretty does."

Mothers, I would be more concerned about how my daughter dressed than the makeup issue. A couple of weeks ago, I decided to go to a Huntsville High School game, and WOW, was I taken aback.

Mothers get your act together, check out what your daughters are wearing and how short their skirts are. Also, don't fall for "Mother

everyone wears their skirts this length."

When they bend over and everyone can see a lot of bare skin, believe me they are too short. I sure saw more than I wanted to see at that game.

Remember that many times what you can't see is a lot more exciting than if you see too much of it.

Wishing everyone of you a Happy Thanksgiving - we all can find something to be thankful for no matter what our situation might be.

Enjoy the day and have the antacid handy. You might need it!

I was asked today at what age should a teenager wear makeup. After much thought, I realize girls seem to grow up much faster these days, mostly due to the TV. Things shown on TV these days would have been unheard of in the 70's.

I don't see much need to use a great deal of makeup in high school. It's hard enough getting girls ready to go to school and out the door on time without a full-face makeup job. Having to do makeup would take another half hour.

"I think more about running away now than I did as a kid. But by the time I put in my teeth and my hearing aids, find my glasses and my keys, I forget why I'm running away."

Jesse Wyeth, Gurley

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

O'le Dad's Bar-B-Q



14163 Highway 231/431 North
 Located in the Beautiful City of Hazel Green

All Foods are Prepared and Cooked On-Site!

We Cook with Hickory Wood to have that Great Taste!
 We Do Not Cook with Gas!

- **Pork Sandwich**
- **Chicken Sandwich**
- **Turkey Sandwich**
- **Grilled Ham & Cheese**
- **Grilled Turkey & Cheese**
- **BLT**
- **Rib Sandwich**
- **Chicken Fingers**
- **Hamburgers** - Made Fresh Daily
- **Cheeseburgers** - Made Fresh Daily
- **Hot Dogs**
- **Slaw Dogs** - Red or White
- **Chili Dogs**
- **Ribs (Slab & 1/2 Slab)**
- **Plate Dinners**
 Rib, Pork, Turkey, Chicken, Chicken Fingers
- **Whole Chicken**
- **Pies**
- **Banana Pudding** - Made Fresh Daily
- **French Fries**
- **Potato Salad**
- **Baked Beans**
- **Green Beans**
- **Homemade Hushpuppies**
- **Slaw** - Mayonnaise or Vinegar
- **Salads** - With or Without Meat
- **Kid's Menu Available & Much More!!!**



Remember to Pick Up Your Family Pack Special!

1 lb. Special - \$15.50

1 lb. of Pork or Whole Chicken, 1/2 Pint Slaw, 1 Pint Side, 8 Buns, Sauce

2 lb. Special - \$28.00

2 lb. of Pork, 3 Pint Sides, 16 Buns, Sauce

3 lb. Special - \$39.95

3 lb. of Pork, 2 Quart Sides, 24 Buns, Sauce

Stuffed Potatoes

Pork, Chicken, Turkey, or Ham with Butter, Cheese, Sour Cream, & Bacon Bits

Brunswick Stew (Seasonal) & Chili

Pints - \$5.00 • Quart - \$8.50
 1/2 Gallon - \$16.00 • Gallon - \$30.00

Gallon Tea \$3.50

Gallon Lemonade \$4.50

256-828-8777

Owner ~ Rosemary Leatherwood

SUMMER HOURS:

Tuesday - Saturday 10am - 8pm

Debit & Credit Cards Accepted

THE COON HUNT

by Malcolm Miller

When I was a small boy growing up in Ryland, Alabama, possum and coon hunting were very popular activities, both from the standpoint of sport and also putting food on the family table. My older brothers would go on many hunts as food was scarce, especially meat, and we had to eat anything we could get. The family ate the possums and saved the coons hides to sell. I have eaten coon meat but it was kind of tough and stringy. The possum meat was good if you were terribly hungry and you baked it with sweet potatoes surrounding it.

These days I don't believe I would ever be hungry enough to eat either possum or coon. It really wouldn't matter if I would eat it or not as I don't believe I could find anyone that would cook it for me.

The Ryland community is halfway surrounded by mountains and on almost any given still fall night my friends and I could look toward the mountain and see slow moving lantern lights along the side of the mountains. These would be other hunters following their hunting dogs and waiting for them to tree either a possum or a coon.

My dog, old Fuzzy, was the best possum dog in the whole community and other people would come by and borrow him to go on their hunts. Fuzzy loved that as he looked forward to locating the possums and the coons and he always returned tired and very proud of himself.

The majority of this activity took place in the late nineteen twenties and through the nineteen thirties when I was too little to take part in these hunts. However, after I was grown I took part in a coon hunt that I will remember as long as I live. I didn't realize what I was getting into when I agreed to go on a coon hunt with Walter Pigg, Les Webster, Wiley Hopkins and Arnie Eliff.

This turned out to be one of the worst experiences of my life. We hunted in Banyon Bottom which was located somewhere west of Hazel Green. First of all the place was nothing much but a very large swamp full of mud holes and streams and I was the only one in the group that didn't have on boots. Arnie Eliff, who along with me is

the only one still living, would carry me on his back across the streams and water holes even though he was short and I was six four. He had to be really strong to do that.

And now, as Paul Harvey used to say, here is the rest of the story. The only thing the dogs treed that evening was a skunk. The hunting dogs caught and killed the skunk on the ground, getting sprayed with that wonderful skunk perfume in the process. That skunk perfume remained in my memory for a very long time. It also remained on the hunting dogs for a long period of time.

Finally we got back out on a gravel road. Meanwhile everyone except Arnie and I was dog drunk on moonshine whiskey and shooting a shot gun in every direction and yelling at the top of their lungs. When we started home I had to sit in the back with three coon dogs next to me and their recently acquired perfume permeating the air. Needless to say when I got home I had to leave my clothes on the front porch.

This coon hunt happened over sixty-five years ago. That was enough coon hunting to last a lifetime and the memories still linger in my mind.

Frazier Home Inspections, Inc.




Inspections performed according to ASHI Standards

Johnny Frazier, Inspector
AL License # HI-1047

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

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

SHAVER'S Books.



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

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

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

Huntsville News 1911

- For rent - For the cooler months, a furnished house with ten rooms, all modern conveniences. Apply to 242 East Holmes Street.

- For sale - Pine bird dog, 8 months old. Apply to Tilford McLean, Telephone 39.

- When you get ready to move up to Monte Sano, let us know. Your groceries won't cost you one cent more delivered on Monte Sano than they do delivered to this city. John R. King, Grocery Co.

- To the People of Huntsville, we beg to announce that Hutchens & Murdock has been appointed sole agents for the Block Light in the city of Huntsville and that the light is on exhibition at their offices. The Block Light will give 300 candle power and save half your gas bills. It takes six inch electric lights to give the light of one Block Light. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

- Alleging that his wife has treated him with continuous cruelty for many years, even to the extent of making him cook his own meals and then wash the dishes

he used, John Nance applied for a divorce in New Decatur. Nance is a railroad engineer and has been married thirty-four years.

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

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

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

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

"Big shout-out to my fingers. I can always count on them."

Phil Jacobs, Athens

Marathon Painting

Services including:

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

(256) 326-8053

JOHN M. BZDELL

Free Estimates * References upon Request * Licensed & Insured



Alpha Estate Sales and Auctions Presents a Full October Schedule - Estate Sales + Auction!

*Experienced
Professional
Excellence*

Sunday, November 11, 2018 at 1:30 p.m.

Col. Gary Lee Knight AL #1850
Col. Billy Blankenship AL #5386

**Auction Preview time: Saturday, November 10
from Noon - 4:00 pm
& Sunday from Noon until the Auctions Begins**

**Estate Sales in November:
November 15-17: Misty Hollow Way in Huntsville
(Special 2-Day Sale)**

**Visit us Online at
www.AlphaEstateSales.com
and on Facebook, Auctionzip.com,
EstateSales.net or EstateSales.org**



*Antique & Vintage
Collectible Memorabilia
Misc. Porcelains, Jewelry
Clocks, Fine Furniture
Fine Art & Rugs
Glass, Crystal and More!*



2315-C Triana Blvd (256) 226-4571

Basketball and a BB Gun

by Barry Key

My life in New Hope, Alabama was basketball, fishing and hunting in that order. My mentor for basketball was John. He was elected into the Madison County Athlete's Hall of Fame. I don't think I ever missed a home basketball game. John, a cousin, would hand me the ball during half time and let me shoot. I started playing school ball in the 6th grade. Someone sent my name to Baylor Military School in Chattanooga.

The late winter of 1954 or '55, my parents received a letter inviting me to Baylor's summer basketball camp and tryouts. At that age, like most boys, I dreamed of the time I could become a soldier. The possibility of me going to Baylor Military School was unbelievable. As luck would have it, a week or so before I was to leave, I had an unfortunate accident involving a BB gun.

Larry and I were shooting at floating targets on the big spring there in New Hope. I had a Daisy Pump BB gun. To load the gun you had to cock the gun and remove the magazine from inside the barrel of the gun. Once you had reloaded the magazine, you inserted it back into the barrel of the cocked gun. On this occasion, the gun malfunctioned and blew the magazine out of the barrel hitting me in the right eye.


My eye immediately swelled shut, to the size of a ping pong ball. It didn't knock me unconscious but I was irrational, nauseous and vomiting. Although it hit my right eye, I couldn't open either eye. Larry was able to get me home which was only about four blocks away. Thank goodness it was Saturday and my mother was home. She rushed me to an emergency room in Huntsville.

Good news, X-rays confirmed that no foreign object had penetrated my eyeball. Bad news, the ophthalmologist said I would have to wear an eye patch for several weeks and wait for the swelling to subside, before I could have my vision checked. Further bad news, my dad called Baylor and told them what had happened, that I would not be able to attend their try-outs that year. We never heard from Baylor again.

When the swelling had gone down and I was able to remove the patch, I had what seemed to be a circular glow especially when looking in the direction of a bright light. The ophthalmologist explained that the lens is in layers like an onion. The impact had separated some of the layers and the void between the layers was causing light refractions.

By age 42, several layers of the lens had separated to the point where I could only see light and blurred objects. By this time, lens transplants had a 95% success rate. I finally decided it was time to bite-the-bullet and have it done. Some of the swelling still exists today, the tear ducts are damaged and the iris pupillary reflex is slow to react, so I'm momentarily blind in my right eye when going from a lighted area to a dim or dark area... but my vision was saved.

I played basketball at New Hope from the 6th grade through the 12th grade. After graduation I attended the tryouts at a couple of junior colleges. I never heard from either one. I was all set to attend the University of Alabama when I received a call from the coach at Athens College (it was a 4 year private Methodist college then). He ask if I would be interested in trying out for Athens. After getting my breath back, I told him I would love to. I was offered a scholarship and accepted. I only played one year due to other commitments which were affecting my academic requirements. I continued to play intramural ball at Athens and at the YMCA in Huntsville.



Op' Heidelberg

Serving hearty German fare
in Huntsville Since 1972.

6125 University Dr.
922-0556

After graduation from Athens in May of 1964, I volunteered for the Air Force. I was rejected on a medical basis, the improper function of my injured eye. At the time, I was disappointed, but later considered myself lucky. My wife and I had married in 1960 and we had had our first son in April of 1964. By 1964, the U.S. was getting into the Vietnam War heavily and if I had been accepted... who knows???

After I was rejected by the Air Force, I tried out for Huntsville's semi-pro basketball team. I can't remember the name of our team for sure, I think it was The Huntsville Rockets as was Huntsville's semi-pro football team (see notes below). I was offered a contract which paid a meager stipend for each official game I played in.

Most of the other players were between 6 feet and 6 feet 4 or 5 inches tall and had played 4 years of college ball....I was a measly 5 foot 8 inches. I only suited up in two or three games the entire season. "THE ONE TIME IN MY LIFE THAT BASKETBALL WAS NO FUN".

I did not try out for the semi-pro team the next year.

I continued to play in Huntsville's Industrial League from 1964 to 1971 for three different companies; Brown Engineering, Martin Marietta and Boeing. In 1972 I went to work for Combustion Engineering (CE) in Chattanooga and in 1979 I was transferred to Birmingham. I played for CE in Chattanooga and Birmingham until 1982 when I had the lens transplant.

After the lens transplant, my doctor strongly advised me to give up basketball. He said an impact to the artificial lens could damage it to the point it could not be corrected again. I was at the age where I had become more of a spectator than player because my legs just couldn't keep up with the younger guys any more.

One of the more difficult decisions I ever had to make..."I FINALLY HUNG UP MY JERSEY".

NOTES:

If anyone remembers the actual name of Huntsville's semi-pro basketball team in the 1960s, let Old Huntsville Magazine publisher, or editor, know and maybe they could include it in one of their issues.

The football team was the Huntsville Rockets. Their head coach, for a year or two, was none other than the late Thomas Edison Lewis (Tommy, as Alabama fans knew him).

Both the football and basketball teams were disbanded in the late 1960's. I'm not sure when the teams were re-organized but our present semi-pro teams are; football, the Huntsville Rockets, and basketball, the Force.

Neals Pressure Washing

WE CLEAN IT ALL!

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

Licensed & Insured

**Proud Member of
the BBB**



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

MARY ELLEN *PETERS*
Company



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

Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



Our Photo of the Month little girl for October was none other than **Judy Smith**. Everyone who called to guess got it correct - but the first one to win the subscription was **Marie Andrews** of Toney, Alabama. Congratulations to you Marie!

The 1800s sunken sidewalk at 205 East Side Square in downtown Huntsville is now beautifully lighted and ready for you to view. These bricks are some of the earliest known in Huntsville and have been preserved for us to see. This was a joint effort by Huntsville-Madison County Historical Society, Historic Huntsville Foundation, Baugh Art Studio and city departments who all worked together to preserve this important part of downtown Huntsville.

Here's a good tip when you buy nuts in bulk. I bought some slivered almonds a while back

from a good health food store and made a dessert with a lot of other ingredients. Upon trying the finished dessert, found that the almonds were rancid. So I had to throw the dessert away and there were some expensive ingredients that were wasted. So now I open the nuts and try them before anything else - if they're bad the store will take them back.

Cindy and Charlie Scott just celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary on Oct. 18th and at the suggestion of their friend **Donovan Wright**, went back to the place they met, at Furniture Factory in Huntsville. Donovan was the designated driver and they all had a great time.

Who would guess that in the middle of Old Town near downtown Huntsville you'd see a Blue Heron eating Koi and other large fish out of people's fish ponds? It happened recently just blocks from downtown. Koi can be rather expensive to buy so if you want to protect them you might want to consider netting over your pond.

I have heard more and more people tell me that they have digestive problems after they drink soda - not sure what's in soda drinks (diet are the worst) but most people's guts don't seem to react well with diet soda's and many are trying other type drinks.

My friend **Lee Lanier** from Navarre, FL sent a good tip - when you are cleaning mirrors and windows don't use expensive paper towels because they have fibers that shed and streak - use the store brand or just newspaper works well too.

Marcella Little called - her dad was Jim Little and had a big farm

in Paint Rock Valley. She's now 78 but remembers being hired to work security for the movie "The Ravagers" when it was filmed here in Huntsville years ago. She and her husband guarded the caves where the movie was filmed and they also helped guard a large downtown home that was used in the movie. Interesting!

Fayetteville is a short drive from Huntsville, and you must mark your calendar for Dec. 6 to see the presentation by 91 year old **Peter MacDonald, Sr.** who is a Navaho Code Talker. This code was used in all WWII Pacific battles to transmit secret messages, and was never broken by the enemy. Call for more information - Allen at 931.438.0340.

There is so much **identity theft and cyber threats** going on now. Here are a few good tips. If you get an email with no subject line and you don't recognize the name, just delete it right away. NEVER click on the attachments - that's what gives these thieves access to your computer. Can also give you a bad computer virus.

Microsoft will never call you and tell you that your computer needs help. They are scams and usually calling from other countries. It's sad now we have to be so cynical and not trust anyone

Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502

This little lady thinks a lot about her team and the color green.



Free Attorney Consultation for Bankruptcy

The Law Firm of

MITCHELL HOWIE

Legal Services - Probate - Estate Planning - Wills

256-533-2400

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

but it's the new way of life, protect yourself.

If you get on Facebook or Twitter or any social media, limit the personal stuff you put out there. NEVER say you are on travel and having a wonderful time - the message would be to a thief "MY home is empty - come rob me!"

Never disclose any personal information by text or email such as account numbers, banking information, etc.

If someone calls you with a threat of any kind, just hang up. Better yet, don't even answer the phone if you don't recognize the phone # or person's name (caller ID very valuable). If it's important and someone you know, they'll leave a message or call back.

Make sure you have a good anti-virus software on your computer and that it's updated. Doing this and just being cautious can save you time, aggravation and money in the long run.

A very Happy Birthday hug to my daughter **Stephanie Troup**, you're my heart! In honor of Steph I am hiding a tiny tiny heart somewhere within the pages of this November issue. IF you find it, which I doubt, you win a free year's subscription to the magazine, but you have to be the first caller. Good Luck and get your specs out!

Speaking of a good tip from a nurse - be sure and drink plenty of water before you are scheduled to give blood - as people get older

their veins get smaller and it can be difficult to find a good vein. Drinking lots of water a day or two before you go can help and avoid multiple pokes. Just drink more water in general, it's good for you.

Get ready for this cold and flu season by the old standbys: Chicken noodle soup, Airborne cold tablets, magnesium supplements and some people swear by honey and whiskey. Avoid the bad germs entirely by making sure you wash your hands after any trip to the drug store or grocery, have a small bottle of the antibacterial gel in your car and use it. Best of all keep your hands out of your mouth - they don't belong there if you're over 5.

If you love good coffee, there is a hidden gem on the south end of Whitesburg Drive, across the street from the Goodwill store. It is called **Roosters Coffee Shop** and it has some of the best coffee in town, according to coffee lovers. The prices are low too, give them a try!

Be sure and mark your calendars for **Rocket City Christmas**, which features **Elvis Presley** tribute artists **Shawn Klush** and **Cody Ray Slaughter**. If you like rock and roll, gospel music and Elvis you'll love this. And all of it benefits the Association of the United States Army (AUSA). Ticket information, call the VBC at 256.533.1953.

My auto expert told me that

this is a good time to check the tread on your tires - if you have little tread or your tires are bald, you have a much better chance of hydroplaning on the wet roads. With good tread the water goes into the treads and your chances of sliding are decreased. This is a good time of year to add coolant/antifreeze to your car too.

We wanted to send out a special thank you to the employees of **Rolo's Restaurant** on Airport Road. There is an Old Huntsville honor box in there, where people put in \$.75 and get a copy of the latest magazine. They know that 100% of all that money goes to local Childrens charities through the **Golden K Kiwanis**, who maintain the location. The employees there are some of the friendliest people you'll ever meet and give real meaning to Southern Hospitality. If you've never been there, the food is fabulous. Thank you Rolo's!

So proud of **Carl Gamble**, Vietnam Vet, hero and book author, who will be honored by the **Madison County Military Heritage Commission**. He will be inducted into the Madison County Hall of Heroes in early November and well deserved. His book details what happened to him in Vietnam and is a page-turner for sure, it is called "My Blue Yonder".

Remember those who have no family this Thanksgiving, not everyone is happy during the holidays. And keep your family close.

UNITED

Fire, Smoke & Water Restoration

QUICK RESPONSE TEAM

(24/7 Emergency Day or Night)

www.united-specialist.com (256) 533-7163



Give Thanks for Sweets

Crusty Coconut Pie

- 1/2 c. milk
- 1-1/2 c. coconut, shredded, unsweetened
- 1 c. sugar
- 1/4 c. butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 t. vanilla or lemon extract
- 9 inch unbaked pie shell

Pour milk over the coconut and let set while creaming the butter and sugar til light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time and mix well. Add milk/coconut mix and extract and mix. Pour into your pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes and pie is firm and golden brown.

Sisters Cherry Dessert

- 2 cans pitted red cherries (not pie filling)

- 1 t. almond extract
 - 1 c. sugar
 - 1 pkg. Duncan Hines White cake mix
 - 2 sticks butter, melted
 - 2 c. rough chopped pecans
- Grease 9x13 pan. Mix cherries, extract and sugar. Pour into pan for first layer. Sprinkle cake mix over cherries, drizzle the butter over cake mix. Sprinkle nuts over this. Bake for an hour at 350 degrees. Add whipped cream when serving, if desired.

Holly Wreath Clusters

- 1/2 c. butter
 - 30 large marshmallows
 - 1/4 t. green food coloring
 - 4-1/2 c. corn flakes
 - 1/3 c. red cinnamon candies
- Heat butter in saucepan. when it starts to melt add

marshmallows. Stir til they are completely melted. Add coloring and stir to blend. Pour in the corn flakes and stir til they are coated with color. Immediately drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper. Sprinkle each cluster with red cinnamon candies before coating dries. Makes about 60 clusters.

Toffee Chocolate Squares

- Graham crackers
 - 1 c. dark brown sugar
 - 1 c. butter
 - 1 (11 oz.) pkg. milk chocolate chips
 - 1 c. finely chopped pecans
- Line a pan, 9x13, with foil on bottom and sides. Place separated rectangular graham crackers (not crumbs), side by side. Simmer together for 3 minutes the sugar and butter. Pour

WE HAVE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN VIBRANT, BEAUTIFUL COLORS JUST WAITING FOR YOU TO PICK OUT YOUR FAVORITES!

PLEASE TOUR OUR LANDSCAPED BEDS AT YOUR LEISURE

BENNETT NURSERIES

7002 Memorial Parkway North

mixture quickly over crackers and bake in preheated 400° oven for 5 minutes. Remove from oven. Sprinkle chocolate chips over all, spreading to cover as they melt. Sprinkle pecans over top. Cool and cut into squares.

Congo Brownies

2/3 c. butter
1 box light brown sugar
3 eggs
3 c. self-rising flour
1 t. vanilla
6 oz. semi-sweet chocolate chips

1 c. chopped walnuts
Mix all ingredients; drop by teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet and bake at 325 degrees for 25-30 minutes. The longer you bake the crisper they will be.

These are really good on cold days with a hot cup of good coffee.

Bourbon Balls

2-1/2 c. crushed vanilla wafers
1 c. pecans
1 c. powdered sugar
2 T. cocoa
2 T. white Karo syrup
1/2 c. good bourbon

Grind vanilla wafers and pecans in food chopper. Mix

with cocoa and sugar. Stir Karo syrup into bourbon and pour over the dry ingredients. Mix til all is moistened and then shape into small balls. Roll in powdered sugar or cocoa mix to have different colors.

Egg White Cookies

1 egg white, beaten stiff
3/4 c. dark brown sugar
2 c. nuts, chopped fine
1/2 t. vanilla extract

Beat the egg white first, then fold in the sugar and continue to beat. add the nuts and extract and mix well. Drop by teaspoonful on greased cookie sheet or parchment covered sheet. Bake in 250 degree oven for 30 minutes. Be careful not to burn these.

Lady Fingers

1 lb. butter, room temp
1-1/2 c. powdered sugar
1 t. vanilla extract
3-1/2 c. plain flour
1 c. nuts, chopped fine

Cream butter and sugar; add flour and mix. Add vanilla and nuts. Shape dough into ovals about the length of a finger.

Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes on greased cookie sheet til light brown. Shake in powdered sugar while hot.

Nuffy Brown Sugar Pie

2 eggs, beaten
1 c. brown sugar
2 T. plain flour
1 c. maple syrup
2 T. butter, melted
1 t. vanilla extract
2/3 c. pecans, chopped
Pinch Salt

1 unbaked pie shell, thawed
Combine eggs, sugar and flour in a large bowl. Stir in remainder of the ingredients (not pie shell).

Pour the batter into the pie shell, bake in preheated 400 degree oven for 40 minutes.

Caramel Apples

Cut up an apple and put in bowl. Drizzle warm caramel sauce over all, sprinkle with salted peanuts. Add a dollop of whipped cream and enjoy!

THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE



MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS
NOW FOR YOUR SPECIAL EVENT
IN A
BEAUTIFUL SETTING!

CALL (256) 489-9200

TAKING RESERVATIONS FOR
WEDDINGS, MEETINGS,
REUNIONS AND RECEPTIONS.
CALL FOR INFORMATION

1205 Kildare St.
Huntsville, Al 35801



IN BLOOM

five points

Gifts - Cut Flowers
Plants & Accessories
Weddings - Parties

We deliver fresh
flowers locally

256-519-8898

Ron Cooper
Mark Kimbrough
601 McCullough Ave.
Huntsville Al. 35801

The Colonel

by Austin Miller

Kenneth Tate Taylor by profession was a Marine Corps infantry officer and lawyer. He was born in 1934 in downtown Huntsville in an upstairs room of a two-story house that once stood where the parking lot next to city hall is currently located. He was the only child of Dawson and Lelia Tate Taylor. In 1941 his parents built a house at 501 Beirne Avenue where the family lived until 1949. The house still stands. Dawson ran a popular Cafe in Huntsville but sold the business in 1949 and moved to Ryland to become a farmer. They bought the old Kelly plantation house at what is now 565 Ryland Pike and about 80 acres of good farm land. They were one of our closest neighbors. I remember Daddy telling my mother that he had met our new neighbor and the man's name was Dawson Taylor. It was the beginning of a great friendship between two of the best men I ever knew.

I think Kenneth was born to be a Marine. His childhood friend, Reek Wilson, says the only thing he ever wanted to play was army and war. Kenneth went to junior high school at East Clinton and Huntsville High for his freshman year.

After moving to Ryland he went to Gurley High School for his sophomore and junior school years. He had a mind of his own and sometimes was hard for the teachers to handle. Because of discipline problems and poor grades Dawson enrolled him at Columbia Military Academy for his senior year.

This was probably one of the best things that ever happened to him. He took to military life like a duck to water and his grades improved. After graduation he enrolled at Florence State to take ROTC but dropped out after half a semester. Dawson told him he would buy him a car if he would enroll at David Lipscomb College. He did enroll but lasted only two quarters. During that time, he joined the Marine Corps reserve and in 1954 went on active duty for three years. After that, he

stayed in the reserves and enrolled at the University of Alabama. While at Alabama he served as a sergeant in the reserves and participated in and completed a Marine Corps officers program (called platoon leader class). On graduation from the university at age twenty-six, Kenneth was commissioned a second lieutenant as an infantry officer in the Marine Corps.

The mid- fifties were some of the hottest driest years on record in Madison County. Cotton normally does well in dry hot weather but it was so dry and hot in those years that cotton farmers suffered. In 1954 we had a total crop failure. Dawson become disillusioned with farming and in 1954 sold his farm and moved back to town. This was a loss to the Ryland community because he and Mrs. Taylor were well liked and highly respected. They bought property on Highway 72 and built a beautiful new home. It was at the current location of Christ Church. Dawson opened a cafe; I don't know what street it was on but it was near Lewter Hardware.

I remember the cafe but what I remember most is that sometimes at the end of the day



Luciano

A Fine Italian Restaurant & Piano Bar



~House Crafted Pasta~
 ~Fresh Seafood~
 ~Best Hand Cut Steak in Town~

Live Piano Nightly
 DONT MISS FRANK SINATRA FRIDAY NIGHTS
 DAVE McCONNELL CROONS OUT THE TUNES OF "OL' BLUE EYES" HIMSELF

Reservations Accepted
 256-880-9920

Hours
 Monday 5pm-9pm..... Tuesday-Thursday.....11am – 9pm
 Friday 11am- 10pm
 Saturday 5pm -10pm

964 Airport Road
 256-880-9920

when he had hamburgers left, he would bring them to us. Talking about good, we were always hungry and I haven't eaten food since that tasted better than those Dawson Taylor hamburgers.

Dawson Taylor died in 1959 at the age of fifty-four. Daddy was asked to be a Pallbearer. We didn't have a car but you could normally start walking toward town and somebody would soon offer you a ride. This day of all days that didn't happen and he couldn't get there in time for the funeral. This bothered Daddy for the rest of his life.

If Kenneth liked to play war as a child he studied for the real thing as an adult. I can't remember all the combat training courses that he completed as a Marine Corps infantry officer. Most of them were highly competitive and difficult. In addition to his Marine Corps training he completed Army Ranger school which is no cake walk even for a Marine. His first taste of hostile fire was in 1965 when he led a force in the Dominican Republic. His picture came out in the Huntsville Times as the first Marine to parachute into the conflict. He told me that he didn't in fact parachute but went in by helicopter, which later became the norm for troop movements in Vietnam. His force landed at the Ambassador Hotel at the Polo Grounds in Santa Domingo. The primary duty was to rescue American Citizens. His team rescued an American family out of a hotel surrounded by hostile forces. He told about carrying a child out of the hotel past an armed enemy. Luckily, he was able to walk the family out without incident.

He served in Vietnam during 1966 and 1967. By then he was a Captain assigned to the Second Battalion, First Regiment, First Division of the Army Republic of Vietnam (ARVN). His job was advisor to the ARVN Battalion commander. I don't know the details of the award but he was nominated by an Army officer in the field for the Distinguished Service Cross. This medal is second only to the Medal of Honor. The same medal in the Navy and Marine Corps is the Navy Cross. On review by the Marine Corps the medal was downgraded to a Silver Star which is the third highest medal for valor. Saying it was downgraded is a poor reflection of the Silver Star because it is also a significant and prestigious medal for bravery.

He told me several stories that reflected his will to live up to the values of the Marine Corps and do the right thing under difficult circumstances. There were so many it was difficult to decide what to write about. Maybe the

one that best describes him as a man and Marine is when he encountered ARVN soldiers torturing a young boy. Kenneth asked what was going on and told them there would be no abuse of prisoners when he was around. His refusal to cooperate caused a caustic conflict with the ARVN officer. Evidently abuse was a common practice in attempting to obtain information from prisoners. Kenneth's refusal to condone the practice resulted in a tense standoff between heavily armed soldiers that lasted until they were all evacuated by helicopter. He had to go

Gary Campbell
General Manager

Huntsville


700 C Airport Road
Huntsville, AL 35802

☎ 256-883-4567
☎ 256-783-7748
✉ gcampbell@cartridgeworldusa.com
🌐 www.cartridgeworld.com/store0522

HOME & BUSINESS PRINTING SUPPLIES & SERVICES

Cartridge World
Global Brand
Local Experts™

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



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

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

before the Division Commander for disobeying a direct order. It so happened that there was an ARVN Lieutenant Colonel in the room that he had served with before. After Kenneth presented his case, the general looked at the colonel and the colonel gave a thumb up in support. That ended the matter and Captain Taylor was off the hook.

After Vietnam his life took another change while assigned to recruitment duty in Macon, Georgia. Every day going to and from work he drove through the campus of Mercer University. He had thought about being a lawyer when he was at Alabama but never pursued the possibility. There was something called an "excess leave program" that enabled Marine officers to get a law degree. If selected you stayed on active duty for three years but without pay or allowances. Kenneth called the person in charge of the program and asked if he could complete the program, become a lawyer and still serve as an infantry officer. That was not an option and since he was not interested in being anything other than an infantry officer he did not apply. But a year later he reconsidered, applied, took the test and scored one point above what was required. He graduated, passed the bar and became a military justice officer.

He must have been a good lawyer because he became a full Colonel and eventually got on a short list of three to be the Judge Advocate General for the Marine Corps. The job carried a star but one of the other officers got the job. After a total of 34 years (17 in the infantry and 17 as a lawyer), Kenneth retired from the Marine Corps and came home.

After the Marines, he worked eleven years in the Madison County District Attorney's office. Three of those years was as Chief Drug Prosecutor and Director of the Madison County Drug Task Force. The remaining seven years was as Deputy District Attorney. After retirement from the DA's office, he worked for a while as a Magistrate for the Madison County Court system.

A story about Kenneth Taylor can not be complete without including his first wife Barbara Guren Taylor. Kenneth was one of our closest neighbors and Barbara was our closest neighbor. Everybody in those days called her Bobbie. She was without doubt one of the prettiest girls that ever attended Central and Gurley schools. Until the late fifties there was an eastbound Southern passenger train that came through Ryland about 9:30 AM every morning and re-

turned about 4 pm in the afternoon. The morning train was called 35 and the afternoon train was 36. This train was the mode of transportation for many Ryland people traveling to and from Huntsville.

One day Kenneth got off the afternoon train and saw Barbara walking on what is now Ryland Pike. They were both fifteen. He told me that the minute he saw her, he knew that she was the girl he



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

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



Faulkner Studio/Gallery

Have you always wanted to learn to paint and create your own art?

Call me about Art classes in Traditional art and Oil Paints. Monday mornings and Tuesday nights.

By reservation only - Beginners Welcome!

My booth is located at Railroad Station Antiques, 315 Jefferson Street downtown
Open House on Nov. 2nd and 3rd

Barbara A. Faulkner, Owner
(256) 828-2073
 Email: faulknerart@mschi.com

was going to marry. Five years later they were married and the marriage lasted until Barbara's death in 2016. They were married 62 years.

They say that those who wait also serve. Barbara spent her share of time waiting but Kenneth is quick to say that she did more than wait. She was a consummate military wife that played a key role in his successful Marine Corps career. They have three daughters, Leslie, Lauri and Susan. Two of their granddaughters are married to Marine Corps officers and one granddaughter also served as a Marine Corps officer. Must be in the genes.

There were only two women in Kenneth's life that he was serious about and he married them both. One was of course, Barbara, his wife of 62 years. The other was Joyce Phelps, a Huntsville native whom he knew as a

teenager. She must have made quite an impression because after not seeing each other for nearly 70 years they reconnected and married last year.

It seems that when he makes a friend he keeps him. His longest and closest friends are Bill and Gerry Gossett. They have been friends since the Taylors moved to Ryland in 1949. By my count that is 69 years. Neither Bill nor Kenneth have siblings so it has worked out that they may not be blood kin but they act like, and are, brothers in every way that counts. Also Gerry and Barbara were childhood best friends. This made a rare gift of family friendship for both couples. The friendship was made even more special because Barbara, Gerry and Bill started to Central School together in the first grade.

My heroes have always been Ryland boys that served in

World War II and Korea. They are all gone now. But they have been replaced by a decorated Marine combat veteran of my own generation.

Kenneth has so many decorations for valor and outstanding performance that I don't have room to list them here. Beyond that, he is a man of faith who loves his God, his family, his friends, the Marine Corps and his country. He is a Marines-Marine and a true American hero.

He is known by many as "The Colonel" but to those of us who have known him the longest, he is not "the Colonel".

He is Kenneth.

All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.

TEAM RICHARD REALTORS

SINCE 1972

www.TeamRichardRealtors.com



BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY

Rise Real Estate



Peggy & John Richard

256-603-1110

teamrichard@comcast.net



Marie Jeffress
256.797.1228



Wanda Robinson
256.658.2568



Wenwen Kaeding
256.508.8353



Brian Wisdom
256.617.2008

When it's time to buy or sell your home, call us!



How to Give your Cat a Pill

1. Pick your cat up and cradle it gently in your arm as if holding a little baby. Position your right forefinger and thumb on either side of cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth, pop pill right in there.

2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind bed. Cradle cat in left arm and repeat process.

3. Retrieve cat from under sofa and throw soggy pill away.

4. Take new pill from wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly with your left hand. Open jaws and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger.

5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse to help.

6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, holding front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get your spouse to hold the cat's head firmly with one hand while forcing popsicle stick into mouth. Drop pill down stick and rub cat's throat vigorously.

7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy more pills and to get curtain repaired.

8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with

its head just visible from below spouse's armpit. Put pill in at end of drinking straw and with cat's mouth open, blow pill into mouth with a small puff of air.

9. Drink glass of water to take the taste away. Apply band-aid to spouse's forearm and remove blood from carpet with cold water and soap.

10. Get cat from neighbor's shed, get another pill. Place cat in cupboard and close door gently over neck so just the head is showing. Open cat's mouth with dessert spoon, flick pill down throat with rubber band.

11. Fetch screwdriver from garage and put cupboard door back on its hinges. Apply compress to spouse's cheek and check records for date of last tetanus shot.

12. Call the fire department to get cat out of tree across the street. Apologize to neighbor who crashed into the fence while trying to avoid hitting the cat. Take last pill from foil wrap.

13. Tie cat's front paws to rear paws with panty hose and open cat's mouth, push pill into mouth followed by piece of filet steak. Hold head vertically and pour 1/2 pint of water down throat to wash pill down.

14. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room; sit quietly while the doctor stitches fingers and forearms and removes pill remnants from right eye. Stop by furniture store on way home to order new table.

15. Call vet to arrange for her to make a house call.



HUNTSVILLE, AL
(256) 539-9441

LOCATIONS ALSO IN
MADISON AND FAYETTEVILLE

"HOME OF RED CARPET SERVICE"

WWW.WOODYANDERSONFORD.COM

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

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

Including:

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



1911



BUSINESS PREFERRED NETWORK
EST. 1989

THE LIAR

by Tom Carney

William Little was a liar. Everyone on the rough frontier of Texas in the mid 1830s had their own story to tell, but few were as outlandish as Little's.

Little, when drinking with his rough-hewn friends, would tell of his home in Alabama where he had been a successful attorney and had owned vast plantation holdings with many slaves.

The frontiersmen would merely chuckle under their breaths and change the subject. They all had a past they were running from and that is what drew many of them to Texas; a chance to start over again.

There was a small grain of truth in Little's stories however. He had been a lawyer, though one Alabama paper labeled him as "the worst barrister in the state."

Little's legal career came to an abrupt end when he murdered a man for making advances toward his wife. Shortly afterwards he abandoned his pregnant wife and fled to Texas.

Once in Texas, Little got caught up in the war fever that was sweeping the territory and offered his services to the small Texas army. Probably realizing he faced possible death in combat, William Little resumed using his real name.

Every man dreams of winning immortal fame and William achieved it at the Alamo. Near the old walls of the ruined mission stands a simple granite monument. The inscription reads: "Defender of the Alamo ... William Travis."

I hate it when I see an old person and then realize we went to high school together.

The things that come to those who wait may very well be the things left behind by those who got there first.



RAY PFEIFFER

Investment Executive



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

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

Schedule an appointment today!

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

256.382.6192 | RPFEIFFER@ALABAMACU.COM

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

Cetera Investment Services registered office: 4769 Whitesburg Drive; Suite 102, Huntsville, Alabama, 35802
© 2014 Cetera Investment Services LLC 13-0903 01/14

Southern Comfort HVAC Services

Residential & Commercial

AL Cert# 02229

"Take Control of Your Comfort"

David Smart



Phone: (256) 858-0120

Fax: (256) 858-2012

Email: schvac@hiwaay.net

www.southerncomforthvac.net



turn to the experts

A MISSION OF MERCY



by Bill Mayes

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

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

I did what any quick thinking, alert, resourceful young American would have done. I panicked. Then I ran to Mr. Mitchell for help. He came over and took a quick look, then took a longer more worried look, and declared it hopeless without a special tool, which he would bring home tomorrow. But for tonight, we had to settle for less. He reached up in a tree, broke off a small branch, pulled out his pocket knife and started whittling. I really didn't feel that it was a time for whittling, but when he finished he had made a peg, which he tapped into the hole left by the broken fitting, and the car would run fine.

There were no wipers, and it took two hands to shift gears, but at least it would go, and Daddy could get to work. As well as I can remember, I left Daddy a note and went to bed early that night. The next night Mr. Mitchell fixed the problem and put the new fitting in for me, and once again the world was OK.

In due time Daddy must have accepted the idea of having an extra horn, one which sounded like a cow bellowing, because I noticed that he used it a lot.

Nothing will ever substitute for good neighbors.

Whether you drink a \$300 or \$4 bottle of wine, the hangover is the same.

GLASS

For Any Purpose

PATTERNS FOR—

Table Tops

Dressers

Radio Tables

Desks

Mantles

Counters

Etc!

All edges ground and polished.

Call 364 and let us make you an estimate.

Huntsville Glass & Paint Co.

(Original ad from Jan. 30, 1940)

Offering

Historical Quality

Restoration Glass

Serving our good customers for 70 years

256-534-2621

2201 Holmes Ave. NW

Star Market and Pharmacy

Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy

Your Friendly Neighborhood Pharmacy & Grocery Store

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



A First Time Voter

by Elizabeth Wharry

I remember the day I turned 18. It was a cold snowy December day. Lucky me, that was the day my wisdom teeth were scheduled to come out as well. I was a senior in high school. I graduated from high school in 1976.

During the second semester of my senior year, my parents impressed upon me that the ability to vote was not just a privilege, it was a sacred duty.

What an exciting time to be young! Towards the end of my senior year, the county registrars came to my high school. I remember having my driver's license as I stood in line. I was excited, proud, curious and a bit scared.

November was 6 months away, and with it, my first opportunity to vote. The registrar took my information and asked me to declare my political affiliation. At that time, I wasn't sure, so she put me down as an independent.

As the debates grew near, I studied the candidates...incumbent President Gerald R. Ford and Jimmy Carter. At that time, he was Governor of Georgia. I didn't know much about either candidate or the issues.


Since I took this new responsibility seriously, I educated myself on both the candidates, and the issues on the ballot. Finally! The big day arrived. Not only was I voting for the President, but there were local and state candidates and issues.

As I handed my voter ID card to the registrar, she smiled and wished me well. I entered the booth and pulled the lever. The curtain closed, leaving me to look at the board with all the issues and candidates. Thoughtfully, I made my choices. Once I was done, I reviewed my choices. As I pulled the lever that opened the curtain, my votes were registered. I wondered if I had made the right choices. Only time would tell.





Since that time, I have not missed a single election. Over the years, I have studied candidates who were running for everything from dog catcher to President. Sometimes, I've voted for the winner, sometimes for the loser.

Every time I am tempted to skip an election, I still hear my mother's words ringing from the past. By not voting, you lose a bit of your freedom. (My mother has been gone since 1991.)

Thanks Mom.



Preservation is in our roots.











ASSESSMENTS • INVENTORY • ANALYSIS
PLANNING / MANAGEMENT • MONITORING / INSPECTION
APPRAISAL • LITIGATION SUPPORT

URBAN FORESTRY

www.fulghamsinc.com

David Ohlrich
Tree Preservation Specialist & Consultant
Tree Risk Assessment Qualification
AL, Middle TN, East TN Regional Manager
ISA Certified Arborist #SO-6780A
(615) 979-3910
david.ohlrich@fulghamsinc.com

Tenders!



Where the chicken is kickin'!



Dine-in or Carry-out!
Yes! We Cater!!!

533-7599

800 Holmes Ave.
Five Points

464-7811

Madison

On Hwy. 20 - Across from Walmart

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!

Shuttle Booty

by Greg Biggs

The Shuttle Space Liner was an old plane fuselage. It was constructed inside with two large fuel tanks of the Saturn Five and would use hydraulics that would lift it from a level position to a 45 degree angle, making the riders feel that they were climbing into space. Inside was like an airplane with rows of seats and seat belts. The riders would face the front movie screen where a movie projector sat in the nose and projected back onto the screen. The 16 mm projector sat in the cramped nose of the fuselage. Sense-surround speakers would encompass the entire inside of the Space Liner. The

Space Liner pilots, unlike the Lunar Odyssey pilots who sat in the center of the centrifuge, sat actually at the rear of the plane so as to watch the production and all those tourists who sat in front watching the screen. Hot sweaty and smelly tourists cramped into a small fuselage shouting in an amazement.

Shuttle Booty has nothing to do with one's booty. Of course, there was a time that a very large, heavy-set woman decided to exit the flight when the Space Liner was at a 45 degree angle. This decision was contrary to all the rules explained to the tourists that they were to remain in their seats with seat belts attached continuously during the flight. These rules were expressly posted throughout the simulator and

explained multiple times by the pilot, Barry. She clearly broke the rules! She did however and with malice aforethought have to comply with the law.....the law of gravity that is!

I do distinctly remember Barry audibly telling her to sit back down immediately. Regardless, she did not. She decided to leave during the flight. I suppose that she was the type of person that the sign on the airplane door says "don't open during the flight" was intended.

So at a 45 degree angle, she did enter the aisle. The law of gravity went into effect. And with a loud scream, her pace and voice quickened as she ran. She was hurled and flung herself back to the area of, and on, the Pilot Barry. Imagine 300 pounds running headlong,



Are you Looking for Professional Office or Medical Space in Huntsville, Alabama?

Family-Owned by a lifetime Huntsvillian, whose interest is in forwarding Huntsville's growth and prosperity.

We offer tenants a one-to-one relationship with the owner, and we want the tenants to feel like they share in the growth.

Currently obtaining new locations all across the city.

There are multiple sizes and layouts to fit your needs, with reasonable rates.

Short and long term leases are available now.

Call or email Doug or Chris

(256) 713-0908

DCSC, LLC

officespace@thedcsc.com

www.thedcsc.com

quickly through the aisle, and landing on a very slim Barry.

Since all others were focused on the movie screen, I was the only witness as I was co-pilot. There was no flight recorder of this event, but only my testimony. I failed to act to do anything but rather just enjoyed the fact that Barry was now buried in the plethora of fat folds of this woman. She was like a collapsing super nova engulfing a little Skylab.... Barry.

Oh, I saw him fighting his way out and pushing on things that he probably ought not to have pushed on. I can't say what her reaction was. Good or bad???? I don't know. Bless his heart. Bless her heart. He had to breathe I guess. I was not much help due to me laughing so hard. Barry was on his own. Safely on the ground, she said thank you to Barry. Hmmmm.. I still don't know for what.

Now on the other hand. Shuttle Booty was a sifting process created by space pirates (me and Barry). Typically, when tourists come to the museum they lose all common sense. It's the Walt Disney World and Six Flags sickness. They pay \$10 for a hot dog, etc.... It's what tourists do I guess. They become quite careless with money, their wallets and purses. They just lose all senses. When they cram excess change in their pockets plus never check before or after their ride, the Shuttle Space Liner created much booty for swashbuckler pilots.

Their loss was our treasure. This was especially so when the fuselage was at its full angle of 45 degrees because in our script we were to manually and vigorously shake the space ship to simulate something happening outside, maybe a rough re-entry. What happened quite often was that when the shaking began so did multiple sounds of jingling loose change. Naturally, the more the pilot shook, the more change was produced. The more sounds of jingling the rougher the trip.

Well I guess that you get it. It is as if the script caused the priming of loose booty that fell to places only "pilots" could

check later. The more change heard the rougher and rougher the re-entry of the ship. In any event, we did warn them that all personal items that are left would not be the responsibility of the museum. Of course, being pirates we had to check for our booty.

I am still sorry, Miss Baker.



“Neat and Affordable”

Interior and Exterior Painting
Wallpaper Removal & Sheetrock Repairs
Home Repairs and Remodeling
All Pressure Washing Services

Let us Help with All your Home Repairs

256-683-0326

Call for a Free Estimate



Email us at whitesockpainting@yahoo.com

Proud Member of BBB

3313 Highway 53 - Huntsville, Al 35806



Pest Problems?

Use what the Pros use to get rid of termites, roaches, ants, spiders, mice, snakes & fleas.

(256) 533-6754
 3804 Governors Dr.
 Mon - Fri 7am - 5pm

Mention this ad and get 10% first treatment.

Growing Up on Vanderbilt Drive

by Judy Brightwell Mullins

I find myself as I get older trying to think of some of the happiest times of my life. As with most of us, there were good and bad times. I choose to focus on the best times. Thoughts of growing up on Vanderbilt Drive bring back wonderful memories.

It all began when my dad, "Little Red Brightwell" moved to Huntsville after World War II. He came here to take a job with the phone company. It was Southern Bell at that time. He met my mother, Wanda Taylor, who was working at Organ and Sparks drug store. They married in 1947. I was their firstborn in 1948. Between 1950-1953 they had 3 more girls. We were Judy, Jane, JoAnn and Jill. By the age of five, I was hanging out diapers.

In 1953 my dad decided to buy our first home at 2031 Vanderbilt Drive which is now considered part of the Medical district. We had been living in one of the houses my grandfather Frank Taylor had built on Mitchell Drive, now Pulaski Pike.

Our home on Vanderbilt was small with only 2 bedrooms. The four of us shared one room with 2 sets of bunkbeds. I slept on a top bunk. We shared one small closet and one chest. In those days people didn't own as many possessions as they do now.

The best part of living on Vanderbilt Drive were the friends we met. We had never lived in a neighborhood with other children so this was a real treat. Our first friends

were the Becraft children; Marylee, Larry, Charlie and Bart. Marylee continues to be one of my best friends. Bob and Pat White also remain as lifelong friends. There were many others. It seems that every house had children. My parents were very protective so our friends played in our front yard.

Activities were very different. Of course we didn't have computers, cell phones, etc. We played many make-believe things like acting out Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, cowboys and Indians. We also played jacks, jump rope, pick-up-sticks, hoola hoops, hide and go seek, red rover and many others.

We were the first family on the block to own a television. On Saturday mornings, the neighborhood kids



PEARLY'S NATURAL FOOD & MERCANTILE

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

(256) 534-6233 2818-B Governors Dr.
Huntsville, Al 35805

We are ready for the cold and flu season with whole dried Elderberries and Elderberry syrup!

"The smallest deed is better than the greatest intention."
John Burroughs
Owners - Sonya and Tony Davila

GALEN'S IN FIVE POINTS

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

Delicious fresh vegetables, breads and desserts.

Come in for a hearty breakfast with friends.

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

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

256-715-8244

607 Andrew Jackson Way
in Five Points

Bring Your Appetite!

www.galensrestaurant.com



"I've had a man and I've had a woman, and there's got to be something better."

Tallulah Bankhead

camped out in our living room to watch cartoons and westerns. Mother finally learned to pull a fuse that controlled the power and of course that cut the TV off - time to go home.

Although there was no such thing as home schooling, my mother spent countless hours teaching us. She taught us to read using the Bible. We attended First Baptist and had wonderful Sunday School teachers. We sang in the Cherub Choir.

When we were old enough to start school, we went to Fifth Avenue Elementary which was located on what is now Governor's Drive. We had wonderful teachers. We loved the days when we were allowed to walk home. If we saved our allowance we would stop at Fifth Avenue fruit stand.

Our family raised Boston Terrior bull dogs. One dog

in particular was Pete. When we were old enough to walk to school at Huntsville High, Pete would follow us down the railroad track and across the football field. One afternoon our neighbor, Mr. Clarence Wilbourn, noticed Pete going down the track to meet us after school. All of a sudden there came the train. It ran over Pete. Mr. Wilburn said he didn't know how he was going to tell us. When the train passed, Pete jumped up and kept on trotting. He was a smart little fellow and a survivor.

Both of my parents died in 2000, just 47 days apart. It was a difficult time for all of us. When we sold our home on Vanderbilt, I went for the last time to do a final inspection. As I started to leave, the empty rooms seemed to say "come back just one more time". I turned and

went back through each room. I remembered the Christmas tree in the living room, the dining room table on Sundays, and Mother's sewing room. As I tried one more time to leave, I promised myself I wouldn't look back, I wouldn't cry. As I drove away, that promise was soon broken.

I often drive down Vanderbilt. Some of the neighborhood has changed but our home at 2031 still stands.

When you're feeling really down, try to focus on the happy memories. You might be surprised.

**A gun is like a parachute.
If you need one,
and don't have one,
you'll probably never
need one again."**

Ken Owens, Huntsville



BREATHTAKING VIEWS FROM ATOP MONTE SANO

2264 GOVERNORS BEND RD.

OFFERED AT \$1,295,000

Surrounded by Nature and the Land Trust, this beautiful full brick home has 13,000 square feet containing 34 rooms, 8 bedrooms, 8 full bathrooms, 4 half baths, 3-car garage, 3 fireplaces and much, much more. The home sits on 3/4 acre located just minutes from the Medical district.



Levoy Smartt

Selling Beautiful Homes
for 46 Years

Car Phone (256) 797-6205

Res. (256) 895-6203

Mr. and Mrs. Cat (Male and Female)



by Ted Roberts

I own two cats, male and female, I use the word "own" loosely. More accurate to say they own me. Don't I provide shelter and food and head scratching? The male, deprived of traditional male feline duties of bringing home the groceries and guarding the pride, sleeps a lot. He doesn't have a job. He's unemployed. There are no deer, antelope or buffalo in our home, I supply the cat food instead (which they are slow to eat if I bought it on sale - why?). He naps, of course in the bed softened with guilt and pillows. He's no fool. But if either of them hear the doorbell ring, they streak for the bedroom and hide under the bed. They don't like visitors who drop in without a reservation.

But, to my perception, the female is smarter. She is endowed by her Creator with the right and obligation to extend the species, which we frustrated by ordering a hysterectomy without her permission. But the evolutionary instinct is still there. Instinct - a word that means we don't understand it and we can't find it though we dissect a thousand cats. It's like the soul in the human species.

The female feline is constantly curious. Best of all, she reads the positive and negative signs from the owner of this boarding house (me) or AirBNB as they are now called. A shout means displeasure. A soft cooing voice warbling "good kitty" means what it says - aided perhaps with a little head scratching. She's much more affectionate too. A trait also related to her motherhood role. She loves to jump in your lap, especially when you are sitting on the den couch trying to spoon down a bowl of soup. The male will walk over and smell you to make sure you're not a tender gazelle. The female ignoring the soup springs from the floor to your soupy lap - an athletically impressive, but frustrating feat.

When it comes to the great world beyond glass doors of the den, the lady cat is mesmerized. She stares at it for hours and scratches at the door. Her male friend ignores it. He'd rather nap in my bed.

Two creatures - same species - very different.

Hampton Cove Funeral Home, Crematory and Cemetery

Helping families honor the lives of those they love

Simple Cremation

\$995.00

Includes Removal
Within 35 Miles

256-518-9168

Hampton Cove Funeral Home
6262 Highway 431 South
Hampton Cove, Al 35763

COMPUTER PROBLEMS?

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

MARK MAGNANT

256-539-1084

Senior Discounts Available

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



The Thanksgiving Blessing

by M.D. Smith, IV

It had not been long after meeting Judy Chandler early summer in Huntsville 1960 that we were dating, but not exclusively. I was attending the University of Virginia at the time and in the fall I had invited her to a football weekend in October 1960 at UVA and she had flown up there on Southern Airways in a Martin 404.

It was her first flight and she told me later she was scared at first, then loved it and wanted to be a flight stewardess after that. But that's another story. She had stayed at one of the Chaperone Mom's homes at night (curfew at 11:00) and

we had a good time at the game where UVA always lost. At football games there, we all cheered

when the team made forward yardage. Points on the scoreboard were rare. The frat parties afterwards, however, were a LOT of fun.

Fast forward to Thanksgiving 1960 and I have come home from school for the holidays. My folks were going to have an evening meal that day and Judy asked me over to get to know her family and have the noon meal with them on White Circle.

I got there about 11:00 and we had time to sit and chat, mostly with Barry her father and Melinda her younger sister, who was 14 at the time. Bette, Judy's mother, and Judy were busy in the kitchen preparing the meal that was smell-

ing delicious over in the den area.

I liked her folks just fine and I could tell her father was a bit of a disciplinarian pretty much like my father was. It was the norm for those years. Father's word was law and he didn't usually have to speak twice. I was perfectly comfortable with that.

Being raised in the 40s and early 50s kids respected their parents, or else. And the "or else" was not pleasant to say the least. Barry had two fine Quail hunting bird dogs and we talked about them and he allowed as how he'd take me one day to hunt with him. In times later, I hunted with him with those wonderful dogs and we got our limit each time. Those are some great memories of how well those dogs worked and the hunts I did with him. He was stern with the dogs also if

Greg Biggs, Attorney at Law

Opens his Practice of Law Serving the Needs of North Alabama

Former Assistant Attorney General at Alabama Securities Commission

Special Assistant United States Attorney

and Special Agent with the FBI

Areas of Defense:

Public Corruption; State Ethics Violations;
Murder; Sex Crimes; Drug Trafficking
Bank Fraud/Money Laundering; Police Brutality

(256)-350-8885

Go to: www.mrbigglaw.com

Put Years of Experience to Work for You

701 Second Avenue SE, Decatur, Ala



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

they came off the point, didn't retrieve just right or failed to come back when he whistled for them. The dogs respected him and seemed to love him as well, as he really praised them when they performed well. He said that was necessary if you wanted to have and keep well trained hunting dogs.

After all that good man talk, that didn't seem to interest Melinda all that much and she drifted in and out of the kitchen as well doing some help. Then it was time to eat.

I was shown into the living room with the dining room area to the side near the kitchen door. Barry sat at the head of the table, Bette to his right closest to the kitchen door area, while Melinda sat to Barry's left, Judy next to her and I was at the other end of the slightly rectangle table.

The table was loaded with everything you could think of for a perfect Thanksgiving meal. Besides the wonderful golden brown turkey on a platter in the center in front of Barry, were dishes of mashed potatoes, dressing, gravy, green peas, cranberry sauce in a small bowl, wonderful rolls and more I think. All for just the five of us and I was really impressed.

Of course I didn't need to be told to mind my best manners and I surely did. I commented on what a fine looking feast Mrs. Chandler (Bette as she later asked me to call her) had prepared.

After all of us were comfortably seated, best cloth napkins in our lap, looking at fine china dinner plates and sterling heirloom silver, I don't see how it could have been a more picture perfect layout and feast about to start. Norman Rockwell would have picked this scene for one of his paintings if he had been there.

So then, Barry asked Melinda who was sitting next to him on his left, to say the blessing. She paused for just a second or two as if thinking about something, and then she said, "GOOD BREAD, GOOD MEAT, GOOD GOD, LET'S EAT!"


There was a moment of dead silence and I, with my bowed head, had started to smile just a little bit, and as I looked up, I saw Barry take the back of his left hand and smack Melinda across her right face so hard her head and body flew backwards,

and the momentum of that in the straight back chair caused it to tumble backwards to the floor. WOW!


Still quiet. No one said a word, not even Melinda. At this point, I thought not only the blessing was funny which I had never heard before, but the aftermath for some reason was so funny to me, I literally had to hold my mouth shut to keep from bursting out laughing. I know some kind of muffled giggles escaped my mouth. The harder I tried to keep a straight face, the funnier it got to me.

Barry then said something like, "Now get up little lady and do it right."

Melinda slowly got up off the dining room rug, up righted her chair and slowly sat back down, visibly shaken and slowly gave a proper blessing and we began to eat. It was a fairly quiet meal. I think Mrs. Chandler sort of apologized for her young daughter's poor choice of words and I assured her it was OK and I un-



BPR
BILL POOLE REALTY
Commercial Brokerage



REALTOR®

Bill Poole

<p>100 Church Street, Suite 525 Big Spring Summit Huntsville, Al 35801</p>	<p>Office 256.533.0990 Home 256.880.2000 Cell 256.651.1349 Fax 256.534.1234</p>
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

EMAIL BILL@BILLPOOLEREALTY.COM

**Rooster's Crow
Coffee Roastery**

8402 Whitesburg Drive
Building H
Huntsville, AL 35802



256-763-0805

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

Remembering our dear friend Billy Stone
whom we will love always.

derstood. I had a sister who was five years younger than me also and I knew how young teenage girls could be.

I certainly didn't care because to this very day, it was one of the funniest things I can remember in the 58 years I have known Judy Chandler Smith. I moved to the University of Alabama in January of 1961 to major in Radio and TV. Then our dating got really serious.

I proposed to her in March and in June of 1961 we were married and have been together for 57 years as of this writing.

That Thanksgiving in 1960 is still the most memorable one ever, and as a joke, we have even said it as a second humorous blessing as we are eating at our table with kids and grand kids for many years after that most memorable Thanksgiving.

In later years, I was asked to give the blessing and you can bet your sweet life I didn't give the one Melinda gave, but always thought about it.



**ROCKET CITY
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION**

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

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

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

www.rocketcityfcu.org

Equal Housing Lender
NCUA
Member National Credit Union Administration

Reflections
of Judy & M.D. Smith: 1945-2018

by Judy & M.D. Smith

A book of True Stories - Funny, Sad, Nostalgic & Crazy - all about Life, Love & Family over a span of 73 years.

Many of these stories have appeared in "Old Huntsville Magazine" in the past 15 years.

Book Available on Amazon.com and Kindle eBook download. Or buy direct, free shipping from M.D. Smith, mdsmith@hiwaay.net.

Check, money order or PayPal \$14.95 (6x9" Softback) or \$4.99 (Kindle)

Ramblings

by Don Broome



I never expected to live as long as I have. My Dad died at 56 and he didn't take care of himself either. I smoked for 28 years and never ate right and while I'm better at what I eat, giving up dark chocolate is not an option.

What got me to thinking about behaving better is I just celebrated my 50th anniversary. Yep! I turned twenty-one, 50 years ago last month.

I'm eating less fried foods and more beans and my garden is producing more large wonderful tomatoes than I can eat.

I've also started walking every day. I started out walking to the end of the block (about 100 feet) and have progressed to 2 one mile walks and usually two half mile ones. My new medicine for my diabetes lets me stay out of the bathroom enough to do that. The only problem with this medicine is it has increased my appetite so I stay hungry.

It's interesting about walking the neighborhood. I speak to neighbors in their yards and have met several. I invite them to see my artwork and tell them about my framing business. It hasn't done much good yet but maybe it will over time. I use a cane for balance since I seem to have inherited my Mother's drunken walk. I'm not weak but I just stagger a little and

the cane keeps me steady. The click-click of the tip on the road helps me keep a steady pace pushing me along.

One thing I would never have guessed from the walks is I find nails, screws and bits of metal big enough to puncture tires in the roadway and along the curb. I have to walk in the street in my area because all of the sidewalks lean one way or the other and are hard on my legs. A couple of the neighbors don't trim their sidewalks as they should. I have tripped and fallen twice at one house and have thought about telling him I'll do his edging, for a price.

Walking can add years to your life. This enables you at 85 years old to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$7,000 per month.



Providing Service Since 1966

B&W AUCTION

ANTIQUES/FURNITURE/COLLECTIBLES/GLASSWARE
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17th @ 4:00 P.M.

NO BUYER'S PREMIUM!
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

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

FREE REGISTRATION!
FREE ADMISSION!
OVER 50 YEARS IN THE AUCTION BUSINESS!

SAT., NOVEMBER 17th @ 4:00 P.M. = ABSOLUTE/NO RESERVES!

Selling several Local Estate Lots & Consignments, including (but NOT limited to): Oak/Mahogany/Maple/Walnut Dining Room & Bedroom Pieces, China Cabinets & Breakfronts, Sideboards, Several Chests & Tables, Chairs, Dressers & Chests, Beds & BR Suites, Sofas, Dining Room Suites, Bookcases, Occasional Tables & Stands, Glassware, Advertisement Signs & Items, Old Tools, Toys, Radios & Radio Equipment, Pottery & Crocks, Picture Frames & Mirrors, Tray Deals, Lamps, Lots of Smalls, and other Unique & Hard-to-Find Items. USE THE INFORMATION BELOW FOR MORE DETAILS & UPDATES!! AND, AS ALWAYS.....
OUR BUILDING WILL BE FULL!!

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

BE SURE TO FOLLOW & LIKE US ON FACEBOOK AS WELL!

Wilson Hilliard, ASBA #97

Bill Ornburn, ASBA #683

PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Cat Trivia



* Cats' purring may be a self-soothing behavior, since they make this noise when they're ill or distressed, as well as when they're happy.

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

* Despite popular belief, many cats are actually lactose intolerant.

* Female cats have the ability to get pregnant when they are only 4 months old!

* Grapes and raisins, as well as onions, garlic, and chives, are all extremely harmful foods for cats. Grapes and raisins can cause kidney failure -- although the reasoning behind that isn't clear. Meanwhile, onions, garlic, and chives wreak havoc on your cat's gastrointestinal system and can cause anemia.

* If you keep your cat active during the day, she will sleep better at night. If you're not free-feeding your cat, you can also help her get a good night's sleep by providing her with a substantial evening meal.

* It's believed that catnip produces an effect similar to LSD or marijuana in cats. The effects of nepetalactone - the chemical in catnip that can makes cats crazy -- wears off within 15 minutes and won't surface again for a few hours, even if your cat remains in sniffing distance.

* Kittens can be spayed or neutered when they are only eight weeks old. If possible, these procedures should be performed in the first 5 months of your cat's life.

* Male cats who have been fixed need fewer calories to maintain their weight.

* Spaying and neutering can extend a cat's life. The Banfield Pet Hospital study found that neutered males live an average of 62 percent longer than unneutered cats and spayed females live an average of 39 percent longer than unspayed cats.

* Your cat's grooming process stimulates blood flow to his skin, regulates his body temperature and helps him relax.

* A cat's learning style is about the same as a 2- to 3-year-old child.

* A cat's purr vibrates at a frequency of 25 to 150 hertz, which is the same frequency at which muscles and bones repair themselves.

* A group of kittens is called a "kindle."

* Cats can drink sea water in order to survive. (In case you're wondering, we can't.)

* Cats don't have an incest taboo, so they may choose to mate with their brothers and sisters.

* Cats dream just like people do.

* They perceive people as big, hairless cats.

* Each cat's noseprint is unique, just like human fingerprints.

* It's not uncommon to see cats roaming in big food stores in large cities as a free form of pest control.

* White cats with blue eyes are most prone to deafness.

* There are about 90 million cats in the U.S. which makes them the most popular pet in the country.

* The first known cat video was recorded in 1894.

* Every Scottish Fold cat in the world can trace its heritage back to the first one, which was found in Scotland in the 1960s, says Cheryl Hogan, Scottish Fold breeder and board member of the International Cat Association.

* Two hundred cats prowl the park at Disneyland, doing their part to control rodents.

* Cats are crepuscular, which means they are most active at dawn and dusk.

* They are fastidious about their "bathroom habits." If you have more than one cat, you need a litter box for each one. The new lightweight litter seems to be a hit with cats.

* Cats live longer when they're indoor cats.

Renfroe Animal Hospital and Bird Clinic



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

Phone 256-533-4411

Hours by Appointment

1012 Mem. Pkwy. NW

Across from Books A Million

*From the Desk of
Tom Carney*

THE REVENGE OF FRANK GURLEY

The year was 1914 and the Civil War had been a memory for almost a half-century. Capt. Frank Gurley was in the twilight of his days. A hero and defender of Huntsville and North Alabama, Gurley had tried to live a peaceful existence since those long ago days when he had pledged his honor and life to the Confederate States of America.

As Captain of the 4th Alabama Cavalry, he kept in touch with the remaining men who had fought beside him against the northern aggressors. Gurley felt it his duty to represent these men and do for them all he could in matters pertinent to them.

In the fall of 1914 it was brought to his attention that one D.B.E. Whitaker was on the pension rolls of the State of Alabama Pension Bureau for the relief of Confederate soldiers and sailors. Whitaker was listed on the pension rolls as a private in Company D of the 49th Alabama Regiment.

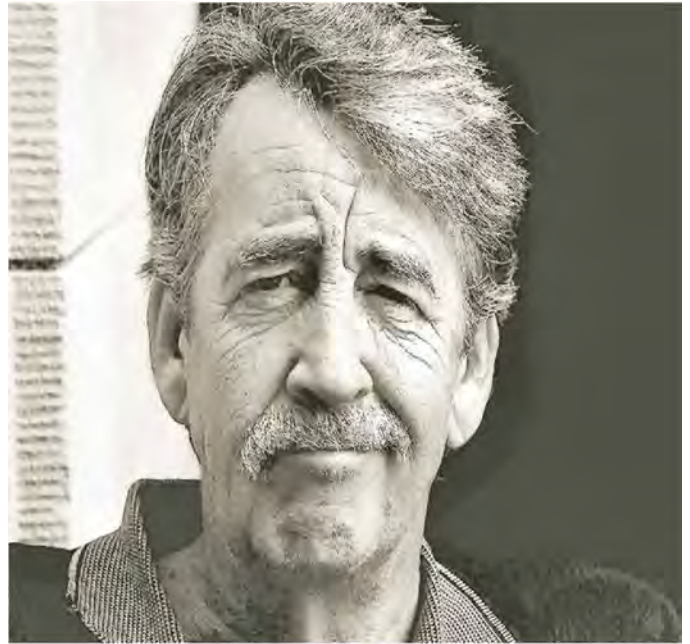
Certainly a commonplace occurrence for a surviving veteran of the Confederacy.

The only problem with Whitaker's name on the pension rolls was the fact that he was also on the pension rolls of the United States of America as having served as a yankee soldier!

In his application for pension relief from the State of Alabama, Whitaker stated that he was an enlisted private from March 10, 1864 until July 3, 1865. Capt. Gurley knew from his men that Whitaker had only served in the Confederate Army a short time and then had deserted to join the Union Army, and now, nearly fifty years later, Whitaker was drawing a pension from both sides of the conflict!

This was an affront to every brave soul who had fought and sacrificed everything for the Rebel cause.

Gurley would not stand by and let such an injustice continue. The wounds of the Civil War were deep and the people of North Alabama had suffered enough without having to endure the indignity of giving a turncoat a pension.



On October 31, 1914, Frank Gurley wrote to the Pension Bureau in Montgomery revealing all he knew about the Rebel traitor. Three days later Whitaker was sent notice that he had been charged as ineligible for a pension because he was a deserter from the Confederacy and was drawing a Union pension.

If he failed to respond to the charges, it would be taken as an admission of guilt and loss of pension.

D.B.E. Whitaker never responded to these charges, was dropped from the rolls and never heard from again.

In some small way Capt. Frank Gurley, C.S.A., had come again to the defense of Huntsville and North Alabama. He had restored to his native land its honor and dignity and driven out the yankee invader from his home.



Steve Cappaert
Broker - Associate
651-7517 Mobile


AVERBUCH
Realty Co., Inc.



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

Date Night and the Judge

by Judith C. Smith

Date night has always been special, but in Tuscaloosa in the 60s being students in our senior year, it really was special. After studying all week, we could not wait for Friday night to come, getting dressed up, going to Morrison's Cafeteria for dinner and a movie. It was the event we really looked forward to doing.

Only having \$100 a month to live on after paying rent in the student apartments at 21C-Riverside which was thirty-five dollars, ten dollars a week for groceries and ten dollars a week for gas, did not leave much left over.

I would wait until Wednesdays for gas because it was "Ladies Day" and gas was reduced from the normal thirty cents a gallon to a special of only twenty-five cents that day only. By being careful with our money, we were able to save enough for that special "Date Night" most Fridays.

It was even more special the spring of our senior year because I was expecting our first baby.

In 1963 we could eat for \$2.00 each, take in a movie for \$1.25 and still manage to save \$4.00 for future expenses each month.

Well, this night was as good as any and the movie starred Steve McQueen and Natalie Wood. She was one of my favorite actresses and the movie, a romance, was very good. On the way driving home, a souped-up '57 Chevy passed us just going a little bit faster than we were, but with roaring exhaust pipes. We

both made the statement, "I bet the cops catch him."

Right! — We heard a siren in no time, but instead of catching him, the cops pulled us over. I could hardly believe what was happening to us. We were poor students on our way home from a nice date night and now going to have to pay a fine for minding our own business. How could we ever pay it with only \$4.00 left at the end of the month? M.D. was afraid I'd go into labor the way I was carrying on.

Well, when court day arrived, and we had decided to go to court instead of just paying the fine the way some people do since you rarely get off a speeding ticket when it's your word against the cop's "judgement" of your speed, we were very nervous. I did my hair, dressed and was in court along with M.D. way before the scheduled time.

I had my speech all rehearsed and was ready when called upon to testify.

The judge, seeing I was eight months pregnant, called me to the witness stand and asked me to tell what happened. Just as I started to tell about it being the other car, with me being pregnant and hormones taking over, I began to cry. I was saying to the judge, "We are poor University students on our weekly date night living on a strict budget. It was the car who passed us with the really loud exhaust that was speeding, but we were the ones who got stopped."

Among the sobs and runny nose, I don't even recall when the judge said, "Now don't you cry, little lady, Charges Dismissed," but he did.

M.D. got up and came over to me before I quite realized it was all over.

Wonderful. We would not have to pay a \$25.00 speeding fine. I was very thankful because that meant come next Friday I could look forward to "Date Night" again.

Big Ed's Pizza

Pizza like you remember it!

In the fall we will be moving to
255 Pratt Ave. (old Rockabillys
location) across from Children's
Advocacy Center

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

Kitchen Closes 30 minutes
before closing time



(256) 489-3374

Proudly Serving You for 57 Years

visit us at www.bigedspizza.com



Like us on Facebook

903 Memorial Pkwy. NW, Huntsville Al 35801

"I don't deserve this award,
but I have arthritis and I don't
deserve that either."

Jack Benny

Tennessee River Crossing

by Carol Wells Barnette



When Edna Mae Lipscomb Peck was only four years old her Mother passed away and she was taken in by her Grandma and Grandpa Lipscomb. They lived just up from where Bethlehem Church is today, on Highway 36, in Lacey's Spring, Alabama. That was back in 1923.

Her father, Leon Lipscomb, was a mailman. Some days she would go with her father to pick up all the mail in Huntsville. On other days she would be too afraid of crossing on the ferry to go. On those days Grandma would tell her it would be best if she stayed home. Mr. Lipscomb would drive onto Whites Ferry at Ditto to cross the river. He had to get the mail from Huntsville to deliver in Lacey's Spring, Talucah, Valhermoso Springs and Union Hill.

Sometimes the weather was so bad and the waves so big they weren't able to cross. She had even seen the river covered in ice back in 1940, after the bridge was built. One time cars drove on the iced river.

When the first Whitesburg Bridge was being built, she would get a Coke from the Lipscomb store, and Miss Edna

would walk up all the rocks and sit on the bridge to study her Sunday school lesson. She could see the boats good from up there. They would be collecting mussels to sell for buttons. Often the mussels had pearls in them.

When the bridge opened in 1931, it was a toll bridge and you had to pay 5 cents to walk across and 25 cents a car load, until it was paid for.

HOLD YOUR FAMILY CLOSE

OSCAR AND MARIA LLERENA SEND WISHES TO EVERYONE FOR A WARM AND PEACEFUL THANKSGIVING

WITH SPECIAL GREETINGS TO THE HUNTSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 1966

CLARK ELECTRIC Co.

OWNER, ROBBY BOYETT

For All your Electrical Needs

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

Breaker Panel Changeouts and Service Upgrades

(256) 534-6132 SERVING HUNTSVILLE AND NORTH ALABAMA SINCE 1939

Visit us at www.clarkelectrichuntsville.com

“Do you ever notice that the person going slower than you is an idiot, but anyone going faster is a maniac?”

Cathy Self, Huntsville

Play Ball!

by Hugh Michaels



In the spring time when high school baseball season is in full bloom - you can hear these words - "play ball".

These words have been echoing throughout North Alabama, from the voice of Jerry Crigger.

Jerry has been umpiring baseball for 40 years. It takes a man who has patience, understanding, determination and willingness to umpire for that length of time.

It is hard to imagine how much verbal abuse he has taken.

Jerry took a break while his son played baseball. He saw the other end of the game. Perhaps he heard the fans yell: "That was not a strike, that was a ball, dummy!"

Jerry became a sports fan at an early age. He played baseball, football and basketball at Hazel Green. He became an umpire at the age of 16.

Playing sports teaches a child that winning is not everything. You must accept losing sometimes. You must play as a team. Everyone must play

together.

Jerry is an Auburn fan. He, like thousands of Auburn fans, likes to win. He learned to yell "War Eagle" at an early age. It is great to be an Auburn Tiger.

Jerry and his wife Barbara have been married 48 years. They are a beautiful couple. They have 2 children, Jeremy and Jaime.

Jerry is a Vietnam War Veteran. He proudly served in the Air Force.

When asked how long he planned to umpire, he said, "When umpiring stops being fun, I will retire."

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

Jerry Crigger, you have touched the lives of many young people. Thanks again and again.



**PUT DIRT IN ITS PLACE.
AND LEAVE IT THERE.**

New Oreck Cordless Vacuum
with POD™ Technology.



CORDLESS CONVENIENCE • LIGHTWEIGHT

Hassle-free disposal



**Converts to
hand-held vacuum**

Try it only in Oreck stores

Oreck Clean Home Centers
1010 Airport Rd • Suite B (across from TJ Maxx) • (256) 883-2525
www.oreck.com/stores



195118-1

Observing Thanksgiving

by Harry Dill

Well the month of November is here and the 22nd of this month is Thanksgiving Day! Thanksgiving is celebrated on the fourth Thursday of November each year. Thanksgiving Day falls on a different date each year. This year it falls on the earliest date of November 22nd. The earliest it can fall is November 22 and the latest is November 28.

Most of us will have turkey or ham with mashed potatoes and gravy and dressing and pumpkin pie and cakes.... and all the trimmings. We are thankful for all the good food that God has supplied us with! But don't eat too much so that you hurt yourself and get indigestion. Enjoy the good food in moderation as God wants us too. And you may be eating turkey leftovers for several days after this holiday.

Here is a little history about Thanksgiving. The first Thanksgiving was in 1621, the Plymouth colonists and Wampanoag Indians shared an autumn harvest feast that was a Thanksgiving celebration in the colonies. For more than two centuries, days of Thanksgiving were celebrated by individual colonies and states. In 1863 President Abraham Lincoln proclaimed a national Thanksgiving Day to be held each November. So we now have Thanksgiving Day each year in the month of November..

But more importantly than this we should all be thankful to God each and every day of the year for all the blessings and miracles that He has given us and that He keeps giving us! I surely am. God blesses me with so many things throughout the years that it is impossible for me to remember all of them, but I can remember a lot of them and thank Him for all of them in my prayer each and every day.

Here are just a few of the things that I thank God for. My boys who have all grown now into fine young men! They don't smoke, drink, or take drugs! My oldest son was born on Thanksgiving Day, Novem-

ber 23,1972. And my youngest son was born on July 3rd very near the 4th of July! The doctor who was out hunting was called back from his deer hunting to deliver my oldest son, but I am truly thankful that he came back to the hospital. I am most thankful and grateful for all my four boys who have all done well!

I am thankful that God has let me live to the ripe old age of 90 years too. I am hopeful that he will let me live a good many more. I am thankful that He has given me a fine caring wife and children that love Him and do His will. I am thankful for reasonable good health through all these years and for all the good food that He has given me and my family through all the long years.

He has given me good jobs to work in when I was able to work. A house and roof over my head, land to plant and reap good nourishing food.



Inky

Hello, the Ark named me Inky. I think it is because I have a beautiful black coat. I am part Chihuahua and my daddy knows the other part of my DNA. I am an April 2018 pup.

I am petite, classy, loving, loyal and playful. I think that makes me really special. I can be your watch dog too!

I am very happy at the Ark but I would like to share my life with someone that will keep me as their companion for my lifetime. Do you think you could do that for me? If you can, come to the Ark and ask for Inky. That's me.

A No-Kill Animal Shelter

**139 Bo Cole Rd.
Huntsville, Al 35806**

The Ark

256.851.4088

Hours Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 4 pm

Clothes on my back and shoes on my feet....all the furnishing in the house and some good friends too. I am blessed and thankful for all these and much much more also.

I have had the privilege of growing my own food for a few years of my life and know the good feeling when you have a good harvest in the fall! Now we buy our food at the grocery store and it is nothing like harvesting your own food.

Being thankful to God for All His Blessings every single day of the year is a good habit for all to get into. Praying to God each day and giving Him thanks for all the things He has given us.

Yes I think that Thanksgiving Day is the best holiday of all the holidays that we have in the year!

How about you? Have a wonderful Thanksgiving and God Bless you all!

“I have three phobias which, could I mute them, would make my life as slick as a sonnet, but as dull as ditch water - I hate to go to bed, I hate to get up, and I hate to be alone.”

Tallulah Bankhead

FRESH BAKED GIFT BASKETS

GIFT BASKETS

baked to order for all occasions

Thank you gifts

loan closing baskets

holiday gifts for clients

FRESH BAKED GIFT BREADS

banana walnut, pumpkin, cranberry orange, chocolate



Atlanta Bread Bakery Café — Over 16 years serving Huntsville fresh, made to order, salads, sandwiches, soups, coffee, and fresh baked desserts and pastries. We accommodate groups for Bible study, knitting, clubs, or meetings. **We Cater**—Call us for your next catered meeting, breakfast or lunch.



Huntsville's neighborhood bakery cafe and business caterer

atlantabreadhuntsville.com | (256)922-2253 | 6275 University Drive, 35806

THE WAY IT WAS

THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY

“This Book is Dedicated to my grandfather, Oscar Thomas Frazier, who always wanted to be a writer. This is the book he would have written.” Tom Carney

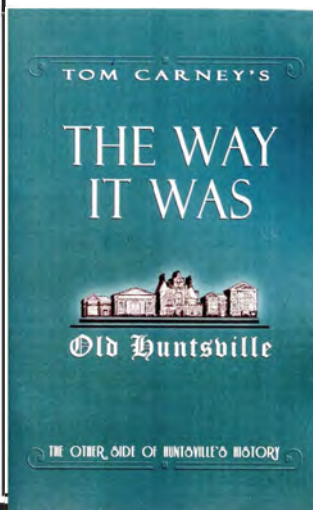
TOM'S FIRST BOOK, “THE WAY IT WAS”, SOLD OUT UPON ITS RELEASE IN THE MID NINETIES. HIS WIFE CATHEY HAS NOW REPUBLISHED IT WITH MORE STORIES BY TOM IN AN EXPANDED VERSION.

TRUE SHORT STORIES OF THE CIVIL WAR IN HUNTSVILLE, BOOTLEGGERS, MURDERS, WWII LETTERS, LOCAL HEROES, MURDERS AND LOVE STORIES – YOU WON'T SEE THESE STORIES ANYWHERE ELSE.

**To order for gifts or yourself call
256.534.0502**

\$19.99 free shipping anywhere in the U.S.

Also Available at Shavers Book Store (256) 533-7364 and on Amazon.com



The Wall That Heals, hosted by Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter 1067 and sponsored by Intuitive Research and AUSA

The Wall That Heals is a 3/4 scale replica of The Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall in Washington, DC. The wall and its companion Mobile Education Center is coming to Huntsville and will be on display Nov. 1-4 at the John Hunt Park, 2151 Airport Rd. in Huntsville. The wall will be available to look at 24 hours a day. There are 58,315 names carved on the wall so that friends and relatives can make pencil or charcoal etchings on paper. It will be a memorable and important visit.

The Wall will arrive in a 53 foot truck with trailer that will be set up as an education center. Once assembled, the Wall will occupy 350 feet- 3 football fields - and will be lighted at night.

There is no charge for this event and there will be shuttles from the Jaycees and military museum parking lots.

Full schedule:

Thursday, Nov. 1st - TWTH is open to the public. The Jaycees Building with Vietnam memorabilia is open to the public. School children on field trips will arrive starting at 8:00am and completing their day at 3:00pm.

Thursday, Nov. 1st 5:00pm - "Welcome Ceremony" (Opening Ceremony) at John Hunt Park at the Ceremony Tent. The Jaycees Building with Vietnam memorabilia open 8:00am to 8:00pm each day.

Friday, Nov. 2nd - TWTH is open to the public. The Jaycees Building with Vietnam memorabilia is open to the public. School children on field trips will arrive starting at 8:00am and completing their day at 3:00.

Saturday, Nov. 3rd - All day. TWTH us open to the public. The Jaycees Building with Vietnam memorabilia is open to the public. There will be food, drinks, lectures, speakers, many activities.

Saturday, Nov. 3rd - 10:00am to 2:00pm - The 50th Anniversary of the Vietnam War Lecture Series at the Jaycees Building. Guest speakers include Joe Galloway (11:30), BG(R) Bob Stewart (10:30) and BG(R) Stringham (1:30).

Sunday, Nov. 4th - TWTH us open to the public. The Jaycees Building with Vietnam memorabilia is open to the public

Sunday, Nov. 4th - 2:00pm Field Service at the Wall. After the service the INTUITIVE Team will return to take-down the Wall.

William M. Yates, CLU

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



Ph. (256) 533-9448

Fax (256) 533-9449

In Business since 1974

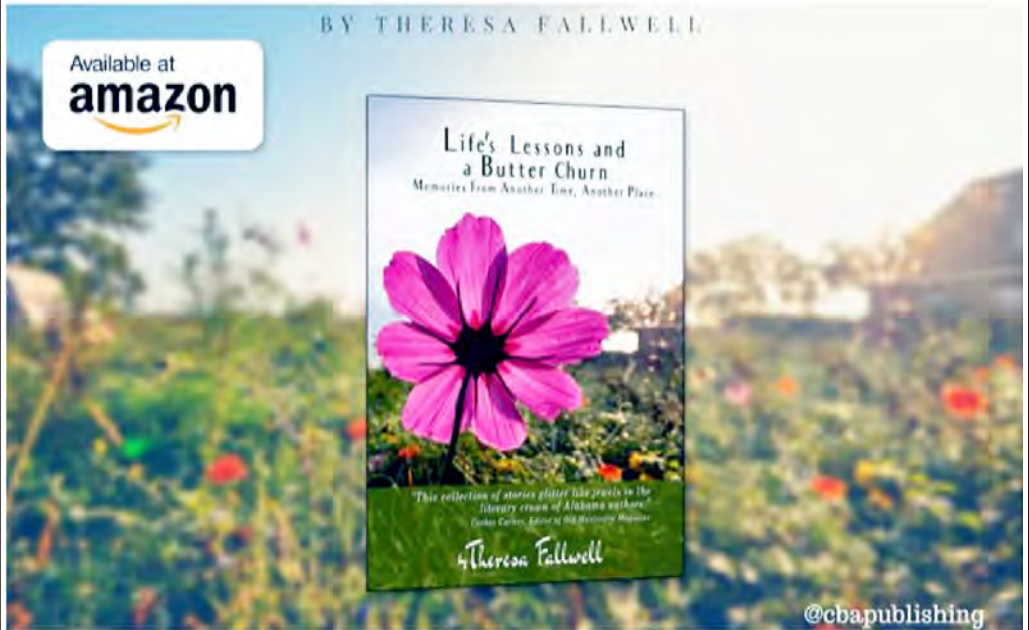
Email us at mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net

Mack Yates Agency, Inc.

411-B Holmes Ave. NE Huntsville, Al 35801

LIFE'S LESSONS AND A BUTTER CHURN

BY THERESA FALLWELL



@cbapublishing

ORDER TODAY



Email tfallwell43@yahoo.com

\$14.99

Sales Tax Free Gold - Silver - Platinum

Per Alabama ACT 2018-164 SB 156

Effective June 1st, 2018 for a period of 5 years

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

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

At Alabama Coin & Silver we follow current market conditions, which at this moment we believe are excellent opportunities to buy both gold and silver coins of the United States. Current BEST BUYS are on the older lightly circulated and un-circulated \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold coins that were minted before 1934. All three of these now carry a record low premium over the raw gold content due to a situation in France that a little over a year ago placed close to 2 million of the older \$10 and \$20 gold coins on the world market. Many were in high grades, so many that it caused the collectors value to fall, sending the values to less than 10% over the gold content of these historic gold coins. The lower condition \$20 gold pieces can be purchased as low as just 7.5% over its daily gold content, which is .9675 troy ounces of pure gold. The \$10 gold pieces, dating usually in the 1880-1907 time periods contain .48375 troy ounces, exactly half of the \$20, and sell for 10% over the daily gold content for circulated coins, and just 10% over for a coin that has never been in circulation. These are 15 year lows and are great buys.

Alabama Coin & Silver is also selling pre 1965 90% silver coins at only 10% over the current daily price of silver. We also offer pure silver in bullion form for as little as the daily spot price plus \$1.00 per oz.. COME SEE US!

ALABAMA COIN & SILVER

900 Bob Wallace Ave. SW Suite 122, Huntsville, Al 35801

256-536-0262

Hours M-Fri 11 am-6 pm

The Buried Treasure of Rube Burrow

by Emmett Ashworth



All my life my late father, B.E. Ashworth, told me stories of the night Rube Burrow and his brother Jim visited my great grandfather, Bud Ashworth, at his home in Royal, Ala., about 15 miles south of Guntersville.

Along about dusk one evening in 1889, two strangers approached the house and asked permission to spend the night. As was the custom back then, they were invited in, fed a warm meal and given a place to sleep.

Later that night, the family was awakened by the sheriff at the front door, who loudly ordered that Burrow give himself up.

When Bud Ashworth went to the door to talk with the sheriff, the Burrow boys made a hasty exit out a back window. The next day, the sheriff and his posse caught up with the outlaws about four miles north of the United Methodist Church. They were too far away for the posse's shotguns to harm them, so everyone just stared and hoped nothing would happen.

Suddenly, one man with a rifle started shooting at the Burrows. Rube Burrow returned the fire and in the melee following, killed W.E. Woodard. The posse, after getting a taste of the Burrow's gunfire, decided the chase wasn't worth it and returned, chastised, to their homes.

The next day, the brothers were spotted walking into a heavily wooded thicket across from Grave's farm, carrying what appeared to be heavy saddlebags. A witness later swore that when they exited the thicket they no longer had the bags.

Rube never returned to claim what he had buried in the thicket. Soon afterwards, before anyone could question him about the mysterious saddlebags, he was killed in a fierce gun battle.

All my life my Daddy was convinced that the saddlebags contained treasure from one of the Burrow's numerous robberies. Though we searched for years, no trace was ever found. Most people, by this time, had discounted the whole story, attributing it to mere folklore. Regardless of local beliefs, my father was so firmly convinced that it never entered my mind to doubt him.

Early one summer morning in 1991, an employee of Hiwassee Land Co. was clearing this particular land using heavy equipment. Oftentimes he had found unusual objects buried in the ground, so it was not particularly a surprise when he encountered what appeared to be large pieces of leather.

Turning his bulldozer off, the man climbed down for a closer look.

Entwined in the roots of a tree were the remnants of two saddlebags, bulging with gold and silver coins. Also found were the remains of what were once bundles of "Federal Greenbacks."

Though the claim was contested by many people, the court, after a lengthy court battle, awarded the treasure to the bulldozer driver.

And thus ended the saga of Rube Burrow's foray into North Alabama.

Windsor House
Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

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

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

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

A place you can call home....

4411 McAllister Drive
Huntsville, Alabama 35805
(256) 837-8585

Huntsville Area

CRIME STOPPERS

I Lost a Friend

by Alice Armstrong Hall

First Published in Old Huntsville Magazine, 1993

My first friendship began with one of the dearest persons I've ever known. It began in the year 1935. My husband Floyd and I rented an apartment on the first-floor at 314 West Clinton Street in Huntsville. The house was large and spacious and the owner lived across the hall from us. Her name was Ms. Mattie Mullins. She was a widow, small petite, witty and very intelligent. She had a handicap as she had lost her hearing. However, she could read one's lips and she soon taught me sign language and we conversed very well.

My husband was a foreman on the W.P.A. at that time and the city was working on Clinton Street. Since we had no children, I did not have much to do in the apartment and I wanted to be a good neighbor so I helped Mrs. Mullins do many things.

She asked me to take her shopping - she loved that. We lived only two blocks from downtown. We walked to go shopping. Her late father was a medical doctor which meant Mrs. Mullins was from a well-known family.

She knew almost everyone and they would stop to talk to her on the sidewalk uptown. Not being able to hear, she talked loud and the people standing on the sidewalk listened to the conversation. After her friends walked on she tried telling me the gossip of some persons, the skeletons in the closet (as she called it), etc., and how the people did laugh when they heard her telling me the stories. I was embarrassed but all I could do was smile and walk on.

This lovely little lady and I had 4 o'clock tea each afternoon. When the daily paper was delivered in late afternoon we sat down and, due to her bad eyesight, I would read the headlines in sign language and if an item was of interest to her, she would ask me to read the article.

So many times each week, her niece and chauffeur would drive

by and pick up Mrs. Mullins and take her riding. The driver being in uniform and driving a long black limousine, needless to say, looked very fancy to me.

Since she could not hear (I was only 22 years old and wanted to learn to roller skate), I chose the long hall to learn. After holding on to the wall and falling once, I decided to stay with Ballroom dancing and I still do my dancing in 1993.

Mrs. Mullins invited my husband and I for dinner at 6 o'clock p.m. She was a good cook and she only cooked her vegetables about 10 to 15 minutes. That was what her father had taught her to do. One of my favorites was grapefruit with red sweet wine poured over it and put under the broiler for a few minutes. How good that was and the aroma was so good in the house.

After about one and one-half years my husband and I bought our first home. I had a joyful feeling about my first real home but was very sad to leave my lovely friend Mrs. Mullins, who died a year later at the age of 89.

A Presentation You Don't Want to Miss

NAVAJO CODE TALKER

EXPERIENCE THE STORY FIRSTHAND

The Navajo Code is a unique World War II legacy, and only nine Navajo Code Talkers remain. The code was used in all WWII Pacific battles to transmit secret messages, is the only military code in modern history never broken by an enemy and is credited to have helped shorten the war.

Without the code, the US Marines may have never taken Iwo Jima.

There will be a Q&A session and an opportunity for photos with Mr. MacDonald after his presentation.

TICKETS ARE \$15 FOR ADULTS, \$10 FOR VETERANS, ACTIVE MILITARY AND STUDENTS

One Day only - December 6th at 6pm at the Ninth Grade Academy, 900 South Main Ave. in Fayetteville, TN.

This Event Will be Sold Out, call Allen Alcorn for tickets or information

(931) 438-0340



91 year-old Peter MacDonald, Sr. Navaho Marine Veteran, only one of nine Navajo Code Talkers who remain.

Six Events in Gurley, AL

by William Sibley

Gurley is a small town located in extreme eastern Madison County near the Jackson County line. Previous names for the town were Gurley's Tank and Gurleysville. The town was named for Jeremiah Gurley, who was the grandfather of Civil War officer Frank Gurley, the town's most popular citizen. The town is rich in history and many events have occurred there. I have chosen to write about six of those events.

(1) **Schools** - Most local people think 1866 was the year that Gurley got its first school, Gurley Academy. That school burned in 1891, leaving high school pupils with no place to continue their education.

The Robert Donnell Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church made plans to build a prep school "within the bounds of the presbytery." Many communities wanted the school, but the final decision lay with the neighboring towns of Gurley and Maysville. So Gurley was chosen.

A beautiful school resembling a Victorian mansion was constructed and began to receive students in 1894. Pupils came from a wide radius, including out-of-state pupils. The school was coeducational and included dormitories for boys and girls. Many eyebrows were raised because the school was coeducational, but that proved that the school was ahead of the times. Townspeople took in boarders to accommodate the overflow of pupils. Miss Ernestine Hall (Mrs. John Bogenshott) was the first graduate of RDHS in 1896.

Graduates of RDHS could enter college at the sophomore level. The prep school was doing well, but an economic depression put hardships on the private school pupils and the presbytery. Several small private schools were short-lived in the late 1890s and the early 1900s.

B.B. Comer was elected Governor of Alabama in 1907, and under his leadership, the legislature passed a bill that provided for the building of a comprehensive high school in each county in Alabama. Huntsville and Gurley made bids for the school. Governor Comer paid Gurley a visit, arriving by train. The entire RDHS student body met the Governor at the Gurley Depot. Captain Gurley gave the Governor a tour of the town, riding in the Captain's rubber-tired buggy. Later on the same day, Gov. Comer made a speech to an overflow crowd at Hotel Gurley before returning to the capitol. A few days later, Gurley's citizens learned that their town would be home to the new Madison County High School. RDHS served Gurley from 1894-1908. Its last graduate was Denton Given.

(2) **Visiting dignitaries** - Among the dignitaries who visited Gurley was Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. At the end of the Civil War, Davis had spent time as a prisoner in Virginia with his friend. Senator Clement Claiborne Clay who lived on the east side of Gurley. On a very cold, rainy night, Mr.

neighborhood
card & gift

in Five Points

Archipelago Botanicals

Lampe Berger

Patience Brewster

Alabama & Auburn Gifts

Kitras Art Glass

Carruth Studio - Stone

Home & Garden Accents

Jim Shore

European Soaps

Gift Items you WON'T
see Anywhere Else!

(256) 534-5854

716 Pratt Avenue
in Five Points



FIGHT CRIME!

Join Your Community Watch
256-722-7100

www.hsvcommunitywatch.com



Davis was riding a train through Gurley on his way to his home in Mississippi. He got off the train in Gurley and began walking about, looking for Wildwood, the name of Senator Clay's plantation. Mr. Davis came to the home of William "Bill" Bennett, a 20-year-old veteran of the Civil War. He knocked on Mr. Bennett's door.

"Who is it?" Mr. Bennett asked.

"Jeff Davis" was the reply.

Mr. Davis probably woke Mr. Bennett from a deep sleep and Mr. Bennett used some strong language, letting Mr. Davis know that he was in no mood for jokes. After exchanging words with each other through the closed door, Mr. Davis convinced Mr. Bennett of his true identity. Mr. Bennett saddled two mules, and the two men rode to Wildwood. Mr. Bennett later reported that when he opened the door and heard Mr. Davis speak, he realized what a cultured man he was. Mr. Davis offered to pay Mr. Bennett for his troubles, but Mr. Bennett refused the pay, realizing that he had not been kind upon meeting Mr. Davis.

(3) **Telephone System** - Gurley had its first telephones by 1904. A Mr. Leftwich distributed directories, along with instructions for proper telephone usage and etiquette. The user was advised to "Answer your bell promptly; give your number to avoid misunderstandings. Press the telephone firmly to the ear. Stand close and speak directly into the transmitter, in a natural tone, distinctly and not too rapidly."

(4) **Winner** - Miss Kathryn Williamson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Williamson of Gurley, was chosen "Miss Alabama" circa 1923. This may have been the preliminary contest to the Miss America pageant.

(5) **Parties** - Many elaborate parties were held at Wildwood and the guests were the elite of high society. Many guests came from out of state. One of those parties occurred on Oct. 6, 1898. When guests entered the grounds of Wildwood, they saw twelve Chinese lanterns suspended from the gallery. Among the guests was Mr. Henry Newman, identified as "the popular prince of coaching parties and picnics." One guest described "a profuse banquet that awaited the guests." Refreshments were "lavishly served," and entertainment featured vocal and instrumental music and dancing. When the entertainment stopped, the guests declared that the night was "ended much too soon."

(6) **Kidnapped!** - The saddest event that ever occurred in Gurley was the 1883 kidnapping of seven year-old Allen White. A man calling himself Ogletree rode a stolen horse into Gurley shortly after darkness had fallen. The rider stopped at the Whites' home and discovered that three of the White children were at home alone. Ogletree told

the children that he needed a boy to help him catch his oxen that had run away at a nearby spring.

Ogletree asked Allen White to join him. Initially, the boy refused. After Ogletree showed the boy money, the two left together.

Several newspapers, including The Huntsville Independent, The Atlanta Constitution, The Montgomery Advertiser, The Huntsville Mercury and the Huntsville Weekly Democrat, wrote several stories about the kidnapping. I retold the story of this kidnapping in the September 2007 issue of Old Huntsville Magazine, and the morning after the magazine appeared on the newsstands, a lady called me and identified herself as the great-great-granddaughter of Allen White, the kidnapped boy. She gave me the names of several descendents of Allen White, and I discovered that several of them were my former pupils.

Newspapers abruptly stopped their coverage by writing "... a large posse is in pursuit of the kidnapper and is going toward Buchanan, Georgia." This was most likely the posse organized by Captain Gurley. John Ogletree was known as the "Georgia Kidnapper." He had escaped from jail earlier while he was being charged with another kidnapping. One newspaper wrote, "He always steals boys."

Readers of the 2007 article told me that a posse caught up with Ogletree and he was in the company of another grown man and three male children. The grown men were shot and buried on the spot of the shooting.

It was a day of celebration when young Allen White was returned to Gurley and reunited with his family, but the boy had been brutally beaten by Ogletree. Earlier when Ogletree and Allen White were passing through Oak Level, Alabama, near Tallapoosa, Georgia, villagers noticed that Allen White's clothes were very bloody and demanded an explanation from Ogletree. He told them that Allen was his son and that he had been beaten by a woman in Etowah County, Alabama, who had left him for dead.

Allen White lived to be an old man and fathered a large family.



Fuel Mart

**Open 7 days a week for
all your fuel needs - We
look forward to seeing
you in the neighborhood!**

(256) 213-7250

804 Holmes Avenue at 5 Points

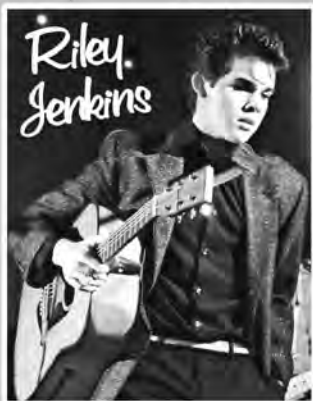
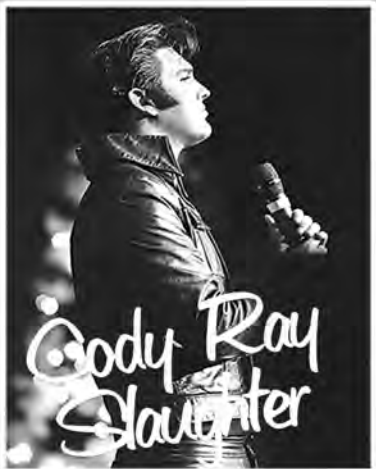
**A Large Variety of Local Craft Beers
from Huntsville Breweries:**

- * Rocket Republic
- * Straight to Ale
- * Yellow Hammer

Wine Brands you Won't Find Elsewhere

Wines sold individually or by the case

ULTIMATE ELVIS TRIBUTE ARTISTS
SHAWN KLUSH AND CODY RAY SLAUGHTER



Rocket City
CHRISTMAS
Gospel, Rock n Roll

Thursday, December 13
6:30pm

The Von Braun Center
Mark C. Smith Concert Hall

with Special Guests
Riley Jenkins

Dan Lentino & The Fabulous Ambassadors Band
The Blackwood Quartet & Nashville Singers



*Benefiting the Association
of the
United States Army*
www.ausa.org

**TICKETS ON
SALE NOW!**

VBC 256-533-1953
www.vonbrauncenter.com
OR charge by phone
Ticketmaster 1-800-745-3000
www.ticketmaster.com

www.shawnklush.com • www.codyslaughter.com
www.rileyajenkins.com