



No. 311
January 2019



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Shocking Incident at Union Grove



Also in this issue: **First Presbyterian Church**

Lewter's Hardware Store



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

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Shocking Incident at Union Grove

by Nan and Leroy Hanks

It was the first Saturday in June of 1965. Leroy and I were with our beautiful, curly haired, blue eyed, almost two year old daughter Laura. We had been invited to a Luau at Leroy's first cousin and wife's (Oakley and Betty McCro-ry) lake place, in Point of Pines at Beech Creek, in Guntersville, Ala-bama.

It started off a beautiful day. We were excited to be getting out. Leroy had been putting in long hours working for NASA, and I was exhausted taking care of a very active toddler. I was also 6 months pregnant with our second child. Neither of us had ever been to a Luau, and I had never been to Guntersville.

Leroy hooked the infant seat over the back of the front automo-bile seat, so that Laura was riding between us. If we had to slam on the brakes we could simply throw out an arm to catch her. This was long before safety issues and seat belts. I got in the passenger side and Leroy in the driver's side of our family car, which was a eight year old 1957 Oldsmobile 98. The

same automobile we had traveled to Huntsville in, two years earlier, when we relocated from Mobile, Alabama to Huntsville.

Somewhere around 11:00 am we headed South on Hwy. 231, which was South Memorial Park-way, towards the Farley commu-nity. Farley School was on the right. On the outskirts of town, just before the Whitesburg Bridge that crosses the Tennessee River, there was a small building on the right, named "Farley's First and Last Stop Beverage Store". It wasn't much more than a shack, and was the last chance to buy alcoholic beverages before leav-ing Madison County, and driving through Morgan County, to Gun-tersville in Marshall County.

We turned right into the bev-erage store's gravel parking lot. Several cars were parked in front of the "shack". Leroy pulled down and lined up with them, got out of the car, and went inside. He came back out a few minutes later with a brown paper bag contain-ing a six pack of beer and a couple of cokes. He slid the bag under Laura's car seat. As we were leav-ing we noticed a car parked off to the side, thus making it necessary to go by this car, as we were exit-ing the parking lot.

We crossed over Whitesburg Bridge, which was barely two lanes. The two lanes were so nar-row that some people waited un-til traffic from the other side had cleared, before they got right in the middle and started across. This meant a lot of horn honking and finger waving from the peo-

"There are two means of refuge from the miseries of life: Music and cats."

Albert Schweitzer



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ple behind you. On the other side of the bridge was Gasoline Alley, in Lacey's Spring, in Morgan County. People from Huntsville would drive here to buy cheap gasoline and cigarettes. Then up Brindley Mountain to Morgan City, taking a left turn on County Road 240 toward Union Grove in Marshall County and on to Gunterville.

The small, quaint, community of Union Grove gets its name because during the Civil War Federal Troops camped here, thus Union Grove. Union Grove was approximately 3 miles from Gunterville. Today the population is around 90 people, so back then it was probably 40, and many were kin to the Mayor. Union Grove although only 0.6 sq miles had managed to incorporate mainly to get a water system. They elected a mayor and other officials and established a police department, which consisted of two police cars and two policemen.

As we entered town, Leroy looked over to his right at an abandoned service station and saw an older model police car. He looked down at his speed odometer, and made sure he was going

less than the speed limit. I turned and looked out the rear window, as the police car started following us. About 1/2 mile later he turned on the siren. We pulled over immediately.

This short, fat, unkept guy with wrinkled pants and shirt, looking as though he had just crawled out of bed, got out of the police car. My thought was, "Oh, my gosh here comes Bubba". He walked up to the door on the driver's side and said, "You were speeding through town, weren't you?" Leroy said, "No sir, I saw your car by that abandoned building, so I made sure to stay below the speed limit." Then "Bubba" leaned in the car, looked at the bag and said, "What have you got in the sack?" Leroy spoke up and said, "drinks". "Bubba" stuck his arm in the car, reached across Leroy, and under Laura's seat, and pulled out the bag. He opened the bag, looked inside and said, "Drinks huh, OK Bud, git out of the car." Leroy got out. They went to the back of the car, where he showed "Bubba" his driver's license, opened and checked the trunk, and answered questions. He came back, got in the car, and

said, "He wants us to follow him to see the Judge."

I'd read a lot of books back then depicting the law in the rural South as being inept, dumb and crude, and had always defiantly denied it. My opinion changed that day when "Bubba" sarcastically called Leroy, "Bud".

We turned around and followed about 1/4 mile, then turned into a long driveway leading to a new white brick house, that was quite prestigious for the times. This was the Mayor's house, who was also the Judge. We entered around back through the double garage, then through a screen door leading into the house. The Mayor's wife, a small lady in a house dress, greeted us at the back door. She looked uncomfortable with the situation, but was polite. "Bubba" escorted Leroy into a small room off to the side, which might have been the dining room with French doors but was currently being used as the May-



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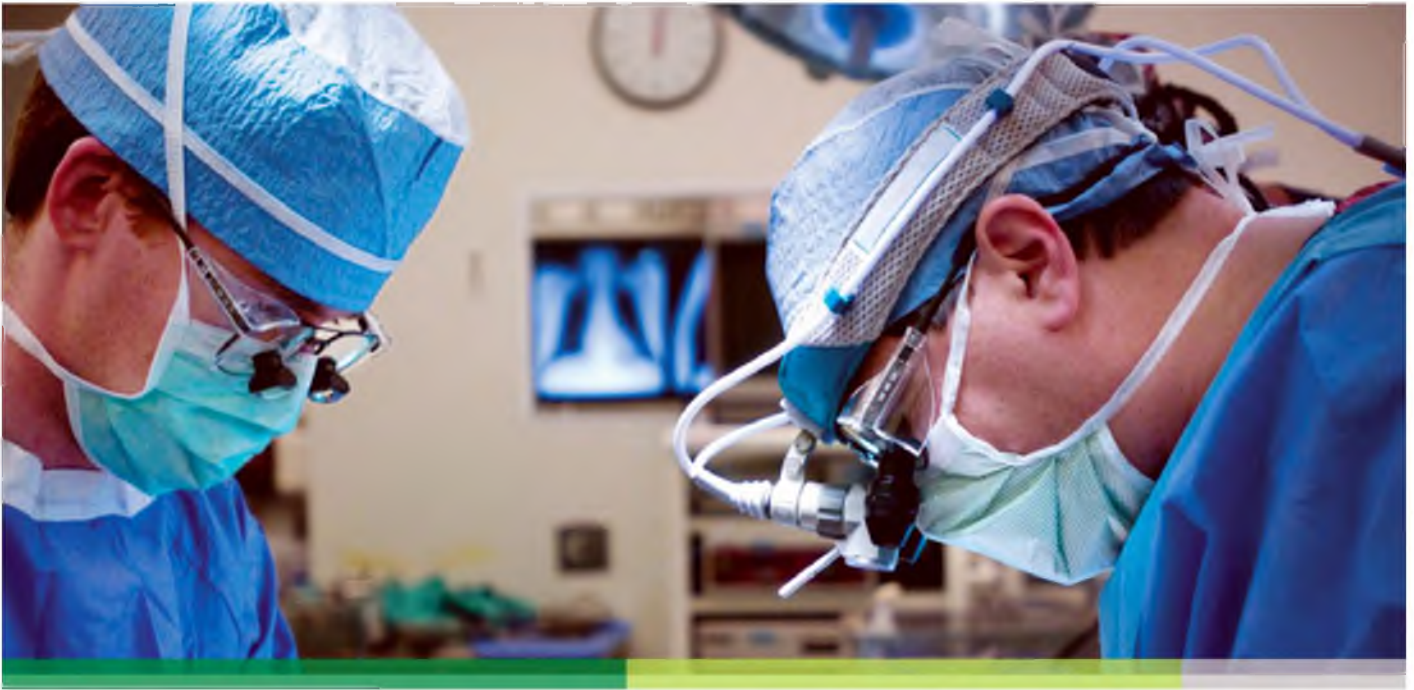
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or/Judge's chambers.

The Mayor/Judge asked Leroy where he worked, and what he did. Leroy told him he was an Electrical Engineer and worked for NASA. He started talking to Leroy, telling him "Now son, we just caught you with alcohol, in the front seat, in a dry county. The fine for that is \$100.00, which you need to go ahead and pay today. If you decide to wait and come back to court, we are going to charge you with transporting alcohol into a dry county for the purpose of distribution."

"That's pretty serious stuff. You have a good job working for the Government. You don't want this to go on your record. You might lose your job." The Mayor/Judge was very persistent, but Leroy didn't like being intimidated, coerced, or given an ultimatum. He tried to negotiate the fine down to \$50.00, to avoid the hassle of having to come back to court, which the Mayor/Judge declined. \$100.00 was a lot of money in 1965. We had been married less than 3 years, had relocated to Huntsville, bought a house and furnishings, and set up housekeeping. We had one child,

and another on the way. I'm not sure we had \$100.00. Leroy politely said he would take his chances with NASA and come back for court, which was in three weeks.

While the Mayor/Judge was counseling Leroy and trying to get him to pay the fine, the Mayor's wife was showing me her new house. The front porch was floored in marble, but I don't remember much else, as I was desperately trying to hear, and figure out, what was going on in the Judge's chambers (dining room). With a toddler in tow, and pregnant with another, and my husband about to be arrested, I wasn't too excited about her southern hospitality, or her new house.

I don't think that we even realized that Marshall County was dry. We definitely didn't think about it. I had grown up in Memphis, where the legal age was 18, and there was a liquor store on every corner. I had lived in The French Quarter in New Orleans, where the liquor flowed, and there was a bar on every corner. You could even buy it in the grocery store.

Leroy had survived college life, the Naval Reserves, and a job



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with the FAA. He had lived and traveled all over the United States. This was the era of Rock and Roll and private clubs, and we had been to most, including the "Play-boy Club".

Liquor was abundant in Huntsville. The first thing you asked your guest when they walked in the door was, "What would you like to drink?" It usually wasn't Ice Tea. The German Rocket Scientists were known to "knock back a few" when celebrating a successful mission. We didn't need that beer, but we were going to a cook out, and thought it was the social thing to do. Heck, I didn't even drink beer.

We were no longer in a partying mood, but headed on to Guntersville to the Luau anyway. Oakley and Betty, both Electrical Engineers, worked for Boeing (the prime contractor for NASA in the 60s). They had bought a beautiful, waterfront lot in Point of Pines at Beech Creek and had built a really nice boat house.

It had been a great party, but it was just about over when we got there. Everyone had eaten, and most had gone home. Oakley and Betty were exhausted. They had been up all day, and all night, roasting a pretty good size pig. They had alternated turning the pig on a spit for hours. Oakley said, "It took about 36 hours prepping, seasoning, and turning that pig." The pig (or what was left of it) was piled up in the center of the table. They had done a great job roasting it and it was delicious.

Laura was excited to see "Okra" and Betty, but she was tired. She had been good, but it had been a long day. She wasn't

potty trained and it was long before disposable diapers. We ate and helped put up the pig. It started drizzling rain so we said our good-byes and headed home. We dreaded the long drive home and hated to have to drive back through Union Grove.

We had just gone to Leroy's 10th high school reunion in Greenville, Alabama, and met an attorney, who was married to one of Leroy's high school classmates. His practice was in Huntsville. We didn't know what kind of attorney he was, but on Monday morning we called and made an appointment. We started telling the attorney our story, and hadn't gotten too far into the conversation, when he said, "Would you be willing to work with AAA?" We said, "Yes." It seemed AAA had a lot of complaints about this same speed trap in Union Grove. Residents, and people with vacation homes, on the lake in Guntersville were constantly being stopped on the pretense of speeding. When their car was searched, alcohol was found, and they were taken to the Mayor/Judge house. There, they were fined and encouraged to pay up.

On the first Tuesday in July we arrived at Court in Union Grove at "The White House," We pulled down the long driveway and parked next to two cars. The first we had seen at the bev-

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erage store in Farley. The second was the car that had stopped us in Union Grove. The courtroom was the double garage. The gavel was lying on the chest type deep freeze which was the podium. It was standing room only (no chairs at all). The garage was hot, full of people and flies. There were probably 40 people there. Since we had arrived early we introduced ourselves and began talking to people.

Pat Richardson, a prominent Huntsville attorney, was there representing himself, and us, and acting as attorney for other AAA members. With him he had brought a court reporter and several other people. Pat had a lake place and had encountered the same problem with the speed trap and illegal search we had.

Melvin, a gentleman from the area, was a WWII Purple Heart, disabled Veteran with heart problems. He said that Union Grove was a nice little community, until the Mayor and his friends, and kin decided to incorporate. After getting the Charter he was elected Mayor. He appointed himself Judge, then set up a police department hiring his son-in-law and nephew as his two police officers. Neither having any training or experience in law enforcement, and maybe a fifth grade education.

Melvin's teenage son had been chased at a high rate of speed, then run off the road into a ditch, and nearly killed by the policeman. When Melvin found out about it, he went looking for the policeman. His approach was that he wasn't defending his son, but they didn't have to chase him, they knew who he was, and where he lived. They could have just followed him home. The policeman proceeded to arrest Mel-

vin for disorderly conduct. That's why Melvin was in court. His son's case was still pending.



Melvin said they had gotten us, and others, when we stopped at "The First and Last Stop" in Farley and bought beer. An unmarked Union Grove car there noted the make of our car, the tag number and then radioed the information to the police car at the abandoned service station in Union Grove. After getting a make on our car, when we came through Union Grove, we were stopped on the pretense of speeding, and then searched for alcohol.

We waited at least 30 minutes.. Still no Judge. Finally, one of his deputies went inside and got him. He came out the screen door of the house, into the garage courtroom, looking nervous and appre-

hensive when he saw the crowd. He picked up the gavel, lightly tapped the deep freeze and said, "Court is now in order."

Attorney Pat Richardson said, "Sir, I have brought a court reporter to record the proceedings of this court." The Court Reporter was busy looking for an empty socket to plug in her stenotype. The Mayor/Judge said, "No, she can't do that in my court." Attorney Richardson said, "Sir, according to the laws of the State of Alabama we have the right to record the proceedings of this court." The Mayor/Judge said, "No, not in my courtroom". Attorney Richardson turned to the reporter and said, "Take down all that is being said, and that we are being denied the right to record minutes of proceedings, in a Court of Law in the

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State of Alabama." The Court reporter started writing. The Mayor/Judge said, "She can't write it down either." He threw the gavel down on the deep freeze podium and went in the house. The Court Reporter wrote down all that had taken place. Attorney Richardson placed the minutes on the deep freeze and said, "I would like it if everyone would sign as witness."

Melvin was signing the paper when one of the deputies went inside and told the Mayor what was going on. The Mayor came flying out the screen door, pushing it open with one hand and hitting Melvin in the chest with the other. All the time calling Melvin "MF Son of Bitch." The Veteran got his bearings and hit back. We all scattered. They scuffled around until they were outside the garage. They swung a few more times, and then Melvin landed a good one knocking off the Mayor's glasses. All the time the Mayor was cursing. Then one tackled the other and they landed on top

of the glasses. Having started the fight, then gotten the best of by the veteran, the Mayor picked himself up off the ground, retrieved his broken glasses and went back in the house. About 5 minutes later one of the deputies came out and said "Court is dismissed."

The dictionary says "A Kangaroo Court is a court set up in violation of established legal procedure and characterized by incompetence." This was definitely a fine example and we had been "slap dab in the middle". We all

signed the minutes, exchanged names and telephone numbers. Leroy said, "Nan, I know you swallowed a lot of flies, because every time I looked at you, your mouth was wide open."

Attorney Richardson told Melvin to go to Guntersville, which was the county seat, and swear out a warrant against the Mayor for assault, which he did.

The Mayor later decided that he would go to Guntersville and swear out a warrant against Melvin. When he got there they ar-



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rested him. A warrant was never issued for Melvin. Melvin filed charges against the Mayor for assault. I filed charges against the Mayor for using foul language in the presences of a lady. Attorney Richardson filed charges against the Mayor for not being able to use a court reporter, in a court room in the State of Alabama. AAA provided a lawyer for Melvin and agreed to pay all legal fees.

In September, Leroy took off work and we went to court again. This time in Guntersville. All the involved parties showed up. We had Laura and our two week old baby son, Chris. We got there early and waited. Ate lunch, toured the town and waited. When the case was called the Judge said it was being put off for two weeks.

A few weeks later, Melvin called Leroy and asked if he would go back to court with him and be his witness on what happened. Leroy said "yes" took off work again and went back to court in Guntersville. When the case came up, the Judge said he would like to see Melvin and his attorney back in his chambers. Melvin insisted that Leroy go also, and Leroy complied. The Judge says, "I have to tell you that the defendant/Mayor of Union Grove is a cousin of mine, but I will be impartial. The fact that he is my cousin will not effect my ruling." Melvin's attorney said "You have got to be kidding me, no way can you be the Judge in this case. Since Melvin is a disabled Veteran, we will take this to Federal Court."

I agreed to drop charges against the Mayor, if charges against us were dropped. I had had enough. The long drives to Guntersville,

not having a baby sitter, and Leroy having to take vacation days off work was taking its toll.

When Melvin's case went to Federal Court in Birmingham, we heard that they found in Melvin's favor. The ruling was, that Union Grove could keep it's charter, but had to abolish the police department. By the time the case came up the Mayor's term was over. Union Grove and Marshall County are still dry. Guntersville city is wet. Union Grove is now in the jurisdiction of Marshall County Sheriff Department. When a deputy was asked what to do about driving through a dry area to get to a wet area, he said, "Put it in the trunk and don't take it out until you get home."

I have often wondered who drank the evidence and how many flies I swallowed that day in that hot crowded garage.



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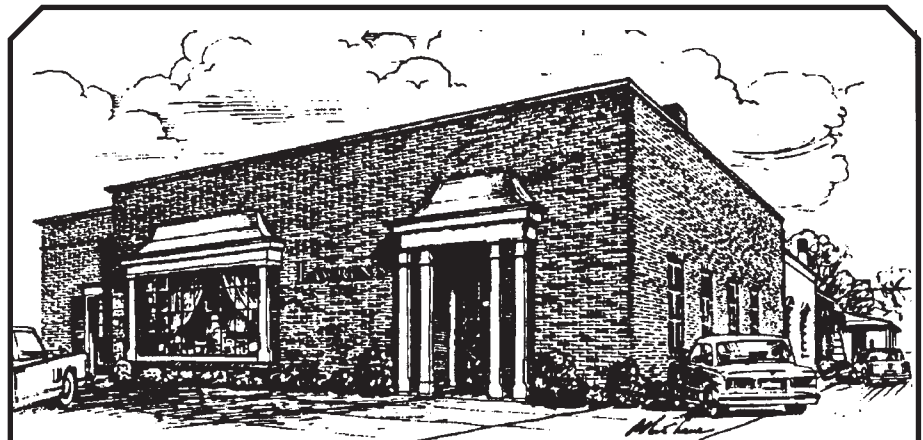
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Olabelle's Ashes Go to Opryland

by Billy Joe Cooley, 1993

"No, I don't want to be buried in the ground," said 75-year-old widow Olabelle Gold as she swapped small talk with serious-minded Charlie Rice, her friend of many years. "I'm gonna be cremated and have my ashes scattered across Opryland."

"Well, yes, I guess cremation is the way of these modern times," Charlie agreed.

"But, I can't decide whether to have them grind me up or chop me up. They don't just burn you whole, y'know," she added mischievously, looking him straight in the face for some indication that he was believing her cock-eyed theory.

"No, I didn't know," Charlie said, believing every word of it.

The conversation was taking place on the bank of the Flint River at Bill Webster's crab-boil and outing last month. Several distinguished guests had gathered at Bill's house on the site of the old Bell Factory, where thread was made for many years.

City Councilman Bill Kling, who is always glad to hear wisdom from the elderly, caught part of the conversation, dipped himself a bowl of gumbo and pulled up a chair. So did Dr. Preston Parish, former member of the city school board.

"Why, Lordy no," lied Olabelle. "It'd take forever for them to burn an entire body. They just grind you up or chop you up just like you'd do barbecue."

Webster's son Jed, an observant young man, spoke up: "Me and my brother Perry were passing the graveyard the other day and saw a mighty big tombstone with your name on it, alongside your husband's name."

"That's right, I've seen it, too," spoke up David Wright.

"Well," explained Olabelle, "Don't put much stock in that."

"You mean you don't want to be laid to rest beside your husband?"

"That's for sure," she said. "He's always griping and com-

plaining and being the perfect dirt farmer. John won't take me anywhere, just wants to dig in the ground even though I've begged him for years to take me to Opryland. Oh, no! All he wants to do is hang around the house and dig in the ground."

Bill Webster, being the fine host that he is when he's not being a tree surgeon, interjected a sensible question:

"That gravestone already has your names on it, and your birthdates. Are you just gonna demolish the stone?"

"Oh, goodness no," she flipped back, "That'd be a waste of money. It's a huge gravestone, so I'm having it engraved with a proper message for future generations."

"It'll read: 'John's here, but Olabelle's gone to Opryland.' That should explain it."

"Surely you don't mean that," said an astonished Charlie, who has been John's friend since childhood.

"I sure do," replied Olabelle, casting a playful wink in our direction.

"Actually, I may even have John cremated. I could mix his ashes up in some marijuana and smoke him. Who knows, he might provide me with a grand and glorious time at last."

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My grandchild was bullied at school last year to the point she could not eat or sleep, just thinking about it in the mornings would cause her to get nauseated. Talking to the teacher, principal and a therapist helped along with changes in classes. This was a real serious problem.

Bullies should be sent to an alternative school where they can get the individual attention they need to correct the problem.

Valentine's Day is just around the corner. Christmas decorations are packed away and ready for next year. New Year's resolutions have been made, and we are trying to keep them, so now comes Valentine's Day.

Let your little ones make

something special for a friend, neighbor or relative. It doesn't cost much and is always appreciated. Years ago one of my children cut out a wooden heart and painted it red, then painted "I Love You, Mom" in white. It was so special, just thinking of it and the joy on his face, still makes me cry.

Now that little boy is over forty, but I still have his special Valentine and always will.

"Don't spend \$4 to have a shirt laundered. Donate it to Goodwill, they'll clean it and put it on a hanger and next day you can get it back for \$.75."

Jake Robby, Arab

As I write this a month early, it is the season when people think of giving to others. When my children were little, they would make cookies to take to neighbors, wrapped in cellophane paper with red satin bows.

Sometimes, we'd add a bit of cut down mistletoe from our trees and stick in the bows. Church classes on Sunday night taught children by asking them to bring canned goods, then they were put in baskets and the children helped deliver them to a particular family they had adopted.

However, I feel that being kind and thoughtful should start at home by asking your child to make a special something for a grandparent or neighbor who is sick or just feeling sad.

It always makes one feel good by doing something for others. I always said what better gift could one give than their time.

 An advertisement for Hospice Family Care. The top half of the ad has the text "It's about how you *live.*" in a serif font, with "live." in italics. Below this is the text "comfort. dignity. dreams." in a smaller, lowercase serif font. The background is a black and white photograph of an elderly couple sitting on a wooden dock, looking out at a body of water with hills in the distance. The man is on the right, wearing a dark jacket, and the woman is on the left, wearing a striped shirt. In the bottom right corner of the ad, there is a logo consisting of the letters "H" and "F" inside a square, followed by the text "Hospice Family Care" and the phone number "(256) 650-1212" and the website "hospicefamilycare.org".

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Ashes Over Lake Guntersville

by Don Broome

An old friend of mine was married for many years to a very sweet and timid girl and they had a daughter. I can't tell any names in this story or I won't be welcome at his home anymore.

His father-in-law was really nice and my friend enjoyed fishing and working on cars with him. The other side of the coin was the mother-in-law. If you took her out to eat, she'd take everything off the table. Take her to a garden center and she loaded the trunk with pottery. She delighted in causing trouble and meddling was her middle name. Her husband of 39 years had had enough. He'd been to a lawyer and was preparing to leave her. Apparently she found out and emptied all of the joint investments and put everything in her name. Legally, she could do it and do it she did. If he had left, he would have had a small pension and would have had to split it with her. He was stuck. She made his life even more miserable after that.

Three years later he developed lung cancer. He said it was his way out. His will left his granddaughter all of his estate. There wasn't much to it, considering. He made his granddaughter promise that his wife would never get his ashes. He was horrified that she would put him on the mantle and when people would come over she would gain sympathy by crying over him. She would, too!

He wanted his ashes to be taken out in the woods near a lake and let the wind carry him away. After the brief service, Granddaughter and her husband departed with Granddad under her arm. Not long after the service, Grandmother realized that the ashes were gone and was told that, as arranged, her granddaughter had taken possession of them.

That's when all hell broke loose, starting with daily phone calls escalating to hourly phone calls. Finally, Granddaughter agreed to return the ashes. A nice covered dish was taken from the cabinet and she went over to the fireplace. Carefully sifting the ashes from the fireplace, she filled the dish. Tape was put around the rim to seal it.

When they arrived back in Huntsville to deliver "Grandfather's Ashes", Grandmother informed them that she wanted to be taken to Gun-

tersville, have a pilot fly everyone over Lake Guntersville, where he loved to fish. Nothing would do but for this to happen and happen now.

So after many phone calls, arrangements were made and they drove to a little airfield off Highway 431. Grandmother took over as she always did and seated everyone where she wanted them to be. The plane took off and was flying over the lake.

Grandmother opened a window and ripped off the tape sealing "Grandfather". The wind was blowing into the cabin pretty hard and as she unsealed the covered dish, his ashes filled the plane. Hysteria reigned as Grandmother screamed in horror.

Granddaughter and her husband were also hysterical but hiding their laughter under their hands. The pilot was trying to find a place to land and worried that he would never get anyone else to come up in his plane again, where human ashes might be left behind. After a few minutes they landed the plane and the pilot, who was really mad by this time, was taken aside and let in on what was really going on.

Cleaning Grandfather from the plane was arranged and finally we were able to take Grandmother home.

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Tips from Earlene

- Help your heart! Wheat germ eaten every day is said to help reduce hardening of the arteries. Garlic is the best for your heart - 2 capsules taken daily will strengthen the heart and help thin the blood. Garlic eaten in its raw form is great also.

- Using a heavy rope when you jump rope will strengthen your upper body. Use one that weighs 1/4 to 1/2 pound and make sure the weight is in the rope, not the handles.

- If you keep your computer in a central location of your home instead of an isolated room, you won't find yourself spending hours away from the family.

- Add 1/2 cup of baking soda to a litter box of litter to erase all cat odors.

- Exercise and chemotherapy is a good mix. In a study done, cancer patients who exercised regularly weren't limited by the fatigue associated with chemo. A quarter of the sedentary patients were.

- You can make a beautiful furniture stain with coffee grounds. Drain your wet grounds in a sealed

container, when it's full drain off the liquid and simmer it. What's left is the stain you can use.

- Walking increases your fitness level just as much as running when done just a little longer (40 minutes instead of 30) and a little more often (4 times a week instead of 3). And you don't have to do all 40 minutes at once.

- Did you know that when U.S. home owners sell their homes, they recoup an average of 83% of the money they spent adding on a second story or a family room addition?

- Cure a trunk with a musty odor by putting a pound of cat litter inside for 2 days. Some have tried charcoal brickets as well.

- If you have a mildewed book, try sprinkling the pages with cornstarch.

- If you have some good socks that have developed a hole at the toe, just use a regular light bulb inserted into the sock and mend the hole.

- Readjust your attitude. Thinking about how uncomfortable you'll feel doing a task encourages you to procrastinate. Instead, concentrate on how good you'll feel when the job is done.

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Mandy Roberts, a Mom

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My Buddy Chico

by Jerry Keel

When I was growing up in the 50s many of my friends had a pet of some kind. My parents told me I could have a dog of my own but I would have to take care of it. Taking care of a pet took up a lot of time so I just passed on the idea of a pet.

I was a busy boy who had so many things to do — things that were more important to me than having a dog for a pet. I had a paper route that I began at about 10 years old. There was also a playground just a block from my home that got a lot of my attention in the warm months. School and homework also took up a lot of time.

So many other pursuits that consumed so much of my time made having a pet almost impossible. My father and grandfather both liked to drink alcoholic beverages, sometimes too much. When one or both failed to come home when they were supposed to it was my job to find them at one of their favorite watering holes and talk them into coming home.

With all the things I had going on I was just too busy to worry about a pet. A 10 to 12 year-old boy just has too many things to do. However, after I got older and was married I had more time to enjoy some of the things I neglected when I was growing up. My work took up a lot of time, as did two children I had by then but I still had some spare time.

My dad had bought a pair of dogs to hunt rabbits with. The male was a purebred Beagle named Pancho with papers to prove he was the real thing. The female was a mixed-breed, part Beagle and part something else. Her name was Marge. She didn't look like a Beagle but was about the same size as Pancho.

Pancho and Marge were a good pair. Marge liked to go into the briars and brambles to find rabbits who had taken refuge in the rough stuff. Pancho was either lazy or smart as he would always patrol the edges of the thickets so that when Marge ran a rabbit out of the undergrowth he would be there to help her chase the rabbit.

When a rabbit is being chased by dogs they will almost always run in a circle, sometimes short and sometimes a long circle depending on how close the dogs were behind it. The hunter would



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“The other day I saw a gravestone that read: ‘Here lies a politician and an honest man.’ I wonder how they got the two of them into one grave.”

Rita Rudner

take up a position close to where the rabbit was jumped and wait for it to make its circular run.

My pet story began when Marge and Pancho had a litter of pups. When the little ones got big enough to eat solid food they were weaned from their mother. One of the pups in particular caught my eye. He was a male who had the looks of a champion. He had no black coloring at all like most pure-bred Beagles do. He was mostly white with splotches of light brown around his chest and head. The different color was probably what caught my eye. I could hardly wait to take him into the fields with Pancho and Marge. When he finally got old enough to hunt my dad asked if I was ready to take Chico on a hunt with his parents. I was ready and so was Chico.

I just knew he was going to be a super-star. When we got to the hunting place and released the dogs they all went through their warming-up exercises. After a lot of running around and sniffing everything they saw the hunt was finally on. Pancho and Marge went a little distance from the car and began to put their noses to the ground trying to find some rabbit scent.

Chico ran off on his own and began to hunt like he knew what he was doing. I thought all kinds of grand thoughts about him and how good he looked in the field and what a good hunting dog he would become.

Suddenly Chico came face to face with a rabbit which was burrowed up in a clump of dead grass. I felt my chest swell with pride when I saw him find the rabbit all on his own. However my joy was short-lived. When he saw the rabbit he was startled to say the least.

Chico immediately turned around and took off for parts unknown. The rabbit did likewise. My big dreams of Chico becoming a great rabbit-hunting dog were shattered before my eyes. The rabbit ran one way and Chico ran in the opposite direction. I was so disappointed!!

We continued the hunt without Chico. Pancho and Marge did their usual good job of finding and chasing rabbits back to us so we could get a shot at them. We had a great hunt and on finishing we headed back to the car.

When we arrived at the car we were surprised to find Chico waiting for us. He was curled up in a little ball under the car. He was still shivering from the fright of running into the rabbit. Needless to say Chico never became a dog that liked to hunt rabbits. He was a pet and that was all he would ever be. He did make a wonderful pet though.

Ah well, you can't win them all. At least the kids had a wonderful pet to play with. As the old saying goes "All's well that ends well."

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



The sharp-eyed caller who found the hidden feather in December's issue was **Cookie Parcus** of Madison. She is happily retired and loves history. The feather was on p. 37 in the Rocket City Federal Credit Union ad.

The winner of the Photo of the Month was **Kenneth Bean** of Huntsville. The little boy in the picture was none other than **Cecil Ashburn**, who built most of the roads in Huntsville and surrounding area. He always thought it was funny that one of the only roads he didn't build was Cecil Ashburn Drive. Kenneth was the first of many callers who knew Cecil, a sweet guy who brings the magazine to his neighbors if they can't get out to get one.

Hello to **Nell Long** who called us - she will celebrate her 99th birthday this July 12 and lives with daughter **Peggy Long**. Peggy

recently celebrated a Dec. 8 birthday and her mom Nell loves her so much! She enjoys reading, crocheting, doing puzzles and cooking occasionally. What an amazing lady!

The Old Town Christmas party was packed as usual and this time we had a very special visitor - Father Christmas - for the kids. Special hello and thanks to **Johnny Bunn** from the Old Town District!

Catherine "Kay" Magnant was loved so much by her family. She put up a hard fight against cancer but passed away on Nov. 30 this year. She loved always learning and adult education, music and the arts. Kay leaves husband of 55 years, **Ken**, as well as their two sons **Mark Magnant** and **Lance Magnant**, and sister-in-law **Mary Ann Slater**. She will be remembered and loved always.

Lee Lanier from Florida enjoys cooking and he tried something really good. He whipped up some creamed potatoes and added spinach artichoke dip to the bowl, while still hot, to really add great flavor. I'm trying this!

Every three years Old Town hosts the **Hidden Gardens Tour** and 2019 is the year for the next one. This will be in conjunction with the city's 200th State anniversary and it promises to bring in thousands of visitors. Mark your calendars for June of 2019 and as it gets closer we will sure let you know the date.

Wanda Maples Sine has been someone who was always interested in our city's history and picked up every magazine or book on local events that happened over the years. We were very sad to learn

that she had passed away at the young age of 69. She loved animals and had a very kind heart. She is survived by her daughters, **Tracye Melissa Bennis-Sine** and **Allison Jennifer Sine**; a son-in-law **Sean Bennis-Sine** and granddaughter **Ramona Bennis-Sine**. She retired from Alpha Insurance eight years ago. She will be so missed.

Each year the biggest fundraiser for the Greater Huntsville Humane Society is the Dog Ball. This year will be better than ever and the date is Feb. 2, 2019. You get to watch the VID (Very Important Dogs) strut their stuff and it is a delightful evening. This will be it's 29th year and ticket sales all go to help the pets! Be sure and go to this website and learn more: www.thedogball.com. You will be SO happy you attended!

If you love Chicken Enchilada soup with cheese you'll love it at **Atlanta Bread** at the Target center on west University Drive. They only offer it 3 days a week - Tues, Thurs and Sat - but **Barb Eyestone** and I lucked out a recent Tuesday and it was SO good, with the exact right spiciness. It's called Baja chicken enchilada soup and talk about comfort food!

You all know that **Tallulah Bankhead** was born right here in

Photo of The Month

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

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Huntsville at the Schiffman building on East Side Square downtown. She was born on Jan. 31, 1902 and later became an international film and stage star. To celebrate her life there will be several events beginning Jan. 31 of 2019 for several days. These events will celebrate her legacy and her ties to Huntsville. Stay tuned - there will be much more publicity about this as the time gets closer!

Phil Taylor, Sr. was a distinguished aerospace engineer at Redstone Arsenal who was first in his family to ever attain a college degree, along with his brother **Morris**. He was passionate about his career, working first on the Saturn V and then the Space Shuttle. He worked his way up to Chief Engineer at United Space Boosters (USBI) and then United Space Alliance. He earned the respect of his managers and co-workers alike for his dedication to the mission and his total commitment.

Phil retired in 2007. During his career he and wife **Sherry** raised two sons whom he was so proud of. He never missed a school or sports event and was a devoted father. He loved his family, especially wife Sherry whom he married in 1965. Phil passed away on Dec. 8 and leaves wife **Sherry**; sons **Phillip Taylor, Jr. (Melissa)** and **Bradley Taylor** (a Navy Doctor) with wife **Lisa**; grandchildren **Mackenzie Taylor, Mason Taylor, Liam Taylor** and **Aaron**

Carver.

Phil had a soft heart for all little animals. He and Sherry had a lake in their backyard full of fish and geese and ducks. Phil fed as many of these little critters as he could, and they would flock to him each afternoon after he retired. He will be so missed by his family, as well as by the little critters he fed everyday.

By the time you read this the days will be getting longer. Yay to that! We need the sunlight and the longer days. I can't imagine living in an area that has just a few hours of light a day. I think the weather in our area is near perfect with the change in seasons. So, to jump the gun on spring getting here soon, I am hiding a tiny tiny flower somewhere within the pages of this magazine. If you happen to find it, which you won't, you win a free subscription to "Old Huntsville", which is now worth \$28. To make it fair to our U.S. subscribers who don't get the magazine til later in the month - I will accept calls at 8:00 am on Jan. 15th. NOT Before!

The **Twickenham Tour of Homes** and the **Luminaries** in both Old Town and Twickenham were just beautiful. Luckily the rain held off and there were many visitors who drove through the blocked roads (thanks to Huntsville Police Dept. for helping to guide traffic and block the roads). It is so old-fashioned, people put

away their cell phones and just enjoyed walking among all the lights and decorations. Like the old days!

Wilbur "Bill" Eugene Grunwald was only 11 when he met the love of his life, neighbor **Jean Barker**. Years later, after serving in the Marines (he enlisted at 17) he came back to propose to his love - they married and that began a 69 year relationship full of travels and family. They adopted two children during those years. Bill passed away on Dec. 18 at 93 years old. After the military he used the GI bill to get a degree in Electrical Engineering, went on to work with Chrysler, Nasa, ABMA and LCSS Chief Engineer. He retired in 1990 and when his love Jean became ill he cared for her until her death a year ago.

Bill loved their two dogs and all animals, he was a kind man with such a soft heart. Jean and Bill were members of Trinity United Methodist Church for many years. He leaves his son **Mark Grunwald (Susan)**; daughter **Nancy Estes (Ralph)**; and grandchildren **Megan Grunwald, Kirstin Grunwald and Mark Estes**. Bill was a hardworking, longtime member of the Golden K Kiwanis club and treasured the fellowship and his work there. He was a true representative of The Greatest Generation.

Stay safe during the cold month of January, and Happy New Year!



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Put 2 cups sugar, three heaping tablespoons cocoa, 3/4 cup sweet milk and 1/4 cup white Karo syrup and butter the size of a large walnut into a pan. Let come to a boil, then cook slowly until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from the heat and beat vigorously until it holds shape. Pour immediately into buttered dish. Nuts may be added before pouring into dish.

Mrs. Shelby Bragg

Pineapple Meringue

Take 6 whites of eggs beaten very stiff with a pinch of salt. To this add 2 cups of sifted sugar and beat in slowly and hard. Add a tablespoon of vinegar and 1 teaspoon of vanilla flavoring. Spread on a cookie sheet with sides and bake about 225 degrees for 40 minutes to one hour. Let cool.

When ready to serve add one

can of grated drained pineapple spread out and top with whipped cream.

Mrs. I. Wind

Date Crumb Cookies

Crumb Mixture:

1/2 c. butter
1/2 t. salt
1 t. baking soda mixed with
1/2 c. flour

1-3/4 c. ground oatmeal

Cook til thick and then cool. Spread half of the crumb mixture on a well-greased pan and cover with the date mixture:

Date mixture:

1 package dates
1 c. sugar
1 c. water
(mix in order given)

Add the remaining crumbs to the top, press down firmly. Bake 45 minutes at 375 degrees.

Mrs. Vera Howard Hall

Stuffed Sweet Potatoes

6 medium sweet potatoes
2 T. butter
Juice of 1 orange
1 c. shredded pineapple
1/2 c. chopped English walnuts

1 dozen marshmallows

Bake potatoes, scoop out shells. Mash potatoes, adding butter and orange juice. Stir in all ingredients except marshmallows. Refill shell with mixture. Cut up marshmallows, place them on top. Put potatoes in the oven until heated through and browned slightly on top.

Mrs. T. E Hay

Potatoes in Sauce

1 T. bacon grease or Crisco
1 onion, sliced
1 t. chopped green pepper
5 cold boiled potatoes

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- 1 t. parsley
- Salt and pepper
- 1 c. gravy or thick broth

Melt fat in heavy pan and saute onion with green pepper. Do not brown. Slice potatoes thickly and add to onion/peppers. Add the parsley, season to taste, add gravy. Cover pan and simmer til most of the liquid has evaporated.

Mrs. Allen Cobb

Lemon Pudding

- 3 T. flour
- 1 c. milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 c. sugar
- 3 T. butter
- Juice of 1 lemon and rind

Combine flour, butter and 3/4 cup of sugar. Cream well, then add yolks of eggs, juice and rind of the lemon. Beat egg whites stiff, then add remaining 1/4 cup sugar. Fold whites into mixture and pour into buttered baking dish. Place dish in pan of hot water, bake in oven for one hour at 350 degrees. The top is like cake and the under part is a lemon jelly.

Mrs. Sidney Schiffman

Grannie's Pound Cake

- 1 c. butter
- 1-2/3 c. sugar
- 5 eggs (unbeaten)
- 2 c. flour (sifted twice with salt)

- 1/8 t. salt

Cream butter and sugar, add one egg at a time, mixing well after each. Add flour last and put in well-greased cold pan. Bake in a slow oven one hour. Grease cold pan and coat well with flour.

Mrs. Claude Lawler

Delicious Macaroons

- 1/2 c. Eagle Brand Sweetened condensed milk
- 2 c. shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand and coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls in well-buttered pan about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) until a delicate brown. These crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! Remember evaporated milk won't succeed in this recipe.

Mrs. Sam W. Smith

Scandinavian Cookies

- 1/2 c. butter
- 1/4 c. brown sugar
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 c. sifted flour
- 3/4 c. chopped nuts
- Tart jelly

Blend butter, add sugar and egg yolk - blend until light. Blend in flour and roll dough into small balls about one inch in diameter. Slightly beat egg white with a fork. Dip cookies in egg white,

roll in chopped nuts and place on a greased cookie sheet, making a depression in center of each. Bake for 5 minutes in a slow oven (300 degrees) Remove from oven and press down centers again and continue baking for 30 minutes. Cool slightly and fill centers with jelly Candied cherries or small pieces of candied apricots or other fruits may be used.

Miss Bernice Lawler

Hard Sauce

- 1/3 c. butter
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 c. confectioner's sugar

Let butter stand at room temperature until easy to work with but not melted. Cream thoroughly and beat in sugar. Continue to beat until smooth and fluffy. Add vanilla slowly. For a richer sauce, beat in 1/4 cup heavy cream.

Helen McCown



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Newlyweds on a Snow Trip

by Judy and M.D. Smith, IV

Fall semester 1961, we were a married couple living in the married student apartments of the University of Alabama. They were old converted WWII Army barracks and quite spartan, but we were young and in love. We were happy and busy.

Judy and I talked about my winter and a half at University of Virginia and all the snow I walked in for classes and my driving in snow. We knew Tuscaloosa almost never had snow that far South.

After our first married Christmas, spent at our two family's homes in Huntsville and Birmingham during winter break, we were talking.

"Wouldn't it be romantic to take another trip back to Virginia and see the snow before the University starts back," Judy suggested.

"Oh, for sure," I answered, "That would be a fun trip with some time for romance in the snow."

It was just before New Year's Eve we decided to take the trip and drive my car, the 1960 Chevy

Bel-Air. It was solid white with all RED interior. Sure stood out.

We left Birmingham on a Thursday morning and headed north; Chattanooga, Bristol and finally Charlottesville and arrived very late in the day. NO SNOW!

After spending the night and touring Mr. Jefferson's Grounds, we heard there had been a recent snow in the mountains of West Virginia, not far away.

So, it was off to West Virginia. We kept driving northwest, entering the state. The roads got snowy and I stopped to put on my rear wheel tire chains. Shortly we came through some snowy mountain passes into the tiny town of Elkins, West Virginia.

Judy announced, "We are here," looking around as we entered a picture-perfect little town. It was just past lunchtime that afternoon. "This is the ideal place for our Romantic snow adventure," she continued.



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Suited me just fine. It was just the hilly little town I had in mind.

"Let's get something for lunch first," Judy suggested. Being a small town, there appeared to be only a very few eating places and on this cold, snowy day.

"There's one," she pointed to Marge's Cafe as the aging and weathered sign declared.

"Okay, fine with me." I was famished also. Being on a budget, a lower priced item on the limited menu was "Home Made Vegetable & Beef Stew." It sounded perfect to both of us on a cold winter day, with sledding ahead of us.

After filling up, we went to what may have been the only motel there, where you drive right up to the room doors.

As we were registering, Judy announced to the matronly clerk that we were newlyweds from 'Alabama' in her best southern drawl.

"Yes, I could tell somewhere in the deep south," the woman replied.

When we asked her about a good place to sled, the motel lady pointed out the office window to a church on a large hilltop.

"It's closed anyway and kids often use that bank."

It was just what we were looking for and after unpacking our stuff in the room, we were off.

We arrived shortly, but about that time, both of us were beginning to have a "queasy" feeling in our stomachs.

Never mind, we're parked, let's get the little sled out of the trunk and head on out. The fresh snow was at least 6 inches deep and I said I'd take the single person sled down the first time, which I did. On the way up, I was huffing and puffing way more than I thought I should have and feeling even worse.

"I am feeling really bad," I said.

"I don't feel so good either," Judy responded, "but I have to take our romantic sled ride. We've come all this way."

By the time she had returned, we compared notes and as much as we'd like to have stayed, we agreed we needed to head to the motel, and quick. We got there just in time to take turns in the bathroom heaving up, off and on for the next several hours.

Shortly, with all running and heaving into the toilet or sink, our faces were burning hot. It may have been a bit of wind burn or could have been fever, all we knew was we sure had something. Then with all that food coming up, it was a clue to us we had

food poisoning. Neither of us can ever remember being that sick. It made matters worse that we could not help each other a single bit and were a long way from any friends or family.

Late in the day we called the motel owner and she came to the room and saw how sick both of us were. The doctor didn't make house or motel calls, she said. She thought it was the food from Marge's Cafe. No surprise to us. She did bring us a 7-UP and some ice. For dinner, she brought us some chicken soup out of a can and it tasted good. As we both lay in the bed all that day, Judy said, "This is not what I envisioned as our Romantic Snow Trip. We can't even help each other and I feel like I am gonna die."

I seconded the feeling.

We suffered equally all through the night, just gradually getting better. By next morning, all we could think to do was leave and go home. The snow was melting, I took off the tire chains and we were out of that Romantic Spot, our memories not being quite what we had expected.

We arrived back in Birmingham, spent the night and next day back to Tuscaloosa, pretty much fully recovered. We had driven all that way to find snow and go sledding, and only got one sled ride each and felt terrible even doing that. But we were home and among friends again. Ironically, 4 days later, Judy called me to the bedroom window.

"Look outside, honey."

Puzzled, I looked out to see a blanket of snow. Tuscaloosa got a very rare 5" snowfall. Unbelievable, but it's true. And I didn't bring the sled with us.

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Mr. Keller and a Fly Rod & Reel

by Barry Key

First, a brief story of my family's close relationship with Mr. & Mrs. Keller, of "Keller's Store", today relocated on "New Highway" 431.

Mr. and Mrs. Keller were very close friends of my parents. We went on several vacations together to Panama City, Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Keller, my mother and I, would go deep sea fishing on what were called "party boats". A party boat was open to the general public so most of the people you didn't know. My dad didn't care about fishing and was perfectly content to stay at the motel and relax on the beach (with a cold beer).

Before the boat would get to the fishing location, one of the captain's deck hands would take up money for a big fish pot. On one trip my mother caught a 40 plus pound grouper and won the pot. What was remarkable, my mother was a petite lady and weighed about 90 pounds. It was touch-and-go to see which was going to outlast the other and win the tug-of-war.

On one of our trips to Panama City we were following Mr. Keller. I was 15 years old and driving....without a driver's license or permit. We were on a two lane road with a double yellow center line (no passing). A car had stopped in our lane to pick up a hitchhiker. Mr. Keller went around the stopped car. A Florida highway patrol car was behind me. My mother (also in the front seat) was already in a panic because she just knew that he was going to pull me over...to be honest I was feeling a little uneasy. For some reason I didn't follow Mr. Keller, but stopped until the car picking up the hitchhiker started on.

As soon as we started up, the officer in the patrol car turned on his lights and went around me, the hitchhiker car and Mr. Keller. He started slowing down until he came to a service station. He motioned, with his arm out of the window, for Mr. Keller to pull in, then the hitchhiker car. I pulled over behind the hitchhiker car thinking I'm going to get my first ticket, or worst, going to jail. The patrolman walked back to our car. I know that my face was blood red and I was shaking like a leaf. I asked my dad (in the back seat) what I should do, which was really a little late at this point.

When the patrolman got to our car he had

to see that I was underage and scared. Thank goodness he didn't ask me any questions because I would not have been able to talk with a straight voice. Surprisingly, he told me to watch for traffic and to proceed on. When we got to the next place I could get off the road, my mother put me in the back seat and my dad to driving. That ended my driving on that trip!



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Painful Gout Attacks

Gout is a type of arthritis that causes severe pain in your joints. It's caused by high uric acid buildup in the blood. Uric acid then accumulates in joints, causing inflammation with discomfort and pain.

Some natural remedies may help. However, if your gout pain is very sudden or intense, contact your doctor

Natural remedies for gout:

Cherries or tart cherry juice - This research recommends three servings of any cherry form over a two-day period, which was considered the most effective.

Lemon juice and turmeric, for lowering uric acid. Mix juice from one squeezed half lemon into warm water. Combine with 2 teaspoons turmeric and 1 teaspoon apple cider vinegar. Adjust to taste. If you need honey to sweeten, add just a spoonful. Drink two to three times per day.

Keep hydrated - drink plenty of water and don't allow the uric acid to build up.

Triggers for Gout:

Studies show red meat, seafood, sugar, and alcohol (even red wine) are the most likely triggers.

The officer gave Mr. Keller a ticket for crossing the double yellow line. Mr. Keller said he saw the officer give the driver of the hitchhiker car a ticket but he didn't know the violation.

And now, how I acquired my first (and only) fly rod and reel. Paint Rock River was a good place to fish (and swim). It was very convenient to New Hope, about 20 minutes for kids on a bicycle. Leaving New Hope on Old Hwy. 431, by bicycle, you could cross the Paint Rock River and would be at Mr. Keller's store, at the corner of Old Hwy. 431 and Simpson Point Road, in about another 10 minutes. Keller's was a grocery store, gas station and a bait and tackle shop. He had a blue fly rod with a reddish/purple automatic fly reel that I thought was the most beautiful fishing outfit I had ever seen.

I was about 9 or 10 years old at the time. When I would

ride down to Paint Rock River to fish I would always go on to Keller's to see that fly rod and reel....and have an RC Cola and Moon Pie. I had saved a little money during our school's crop planting vacation, plus I was making a little money selling the Grit News Paper and mowing lawns. One day I decided I had to have that rod and reel right then.

I asked Mr. Keller if I could pay some down and the rest weekly. I think he figured I was going to wear it out flipping it there in his store. He asked me how much I had to pay down. When I told him, he said the rod and reel was on sale and I would have enough money left over to buy the fly line. I wasn't very much older when I finally realized that Mr. Keller had essentially "given me" the rod and reel. I'M STILL USING THAT SAME FLY ROD AND REEL TODAY.

EPILOQUE: My wife, Judy, has always been somewhat fashion conscience. When she was carrying our first son she couldn't wait until she could get back into some "stylish" clothing. The day our son was born, I bought her what I thought was a very fashionable outfit. She returned the entire outfit for completely different attire. The day our second son was born, I gave her the best fly rod and reel that Mr. Keller had in his store. SHE'S STILL USING THAT SAME FLY ROD AND REEL TODAY.

I may not know fashion... .but I do know a good fly rod and reel when I see it!!

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ELLA THE CHIHUAHUA

by Harry Dill

My brother Brice and his wife Virginia have a very smart Chihuahua dog named Ella. She was given to them by his son Charles. Brice told me a lot of things that their dog does. Ella sleeps in a little basket and if it is cold she will pull her blanket over herself with her teeth.

Brice is in the habit of drinking a cup of coffee every morning when he gets up and Ella will get in his lap. When he had finished up the coffee he told Ella his cup was empty and Ella would look inside it to see for herself.

When Ella wants to get in Brice's lap she will bow. Brice would say "Do you want to get in my lap?" Ella will yelp which sounds like yeah to him.

Ella will do a lot of different thing you tell her to do like he said to me. Do you want to watch TV? - she will jump on the arm of the chair and watch TV with him. These are just a few of the things that she will do so she seems really smart for a little dog.

I just realized from what my brother Brice told me about his Chihuahua dog Ella and

how smart it was it would be worthwhile to look into the history of this breed of dog so here are some facts and history I found out about them. First of all I know that if you want to buy one they are expensive these days because Brice's son, Charlie, paid \$600 for Ella and it was a bargain because lots of them today sell for \$1500 and up.

Chihuahua History & Origins: About the Breed Past to Present Chihuahua History: Ancient History of the Chihuahua

Chihuahua history is still debatable and mysterious with

many theories and ideas surrounding the origin of the toy breed. Some archeologists have uncovered artifacts showing that the Chihuahua did originate from Mexico. One of the most common theories of the Chihuahua history is that the breed is a descendant of the "Techichi", a companion dog of the Toltec civilization in Mexico. It was believed that the Techichi guided the soul into the afterworld at death and were buried with their masters at death. Although the Techichi were highly respected, they were also used as a food source. There has been archeo-

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1911



logical evidence that the Chihuahua dates back to 300 B.C. as Chihuahua depicted pots part of the Toltec civilization where found. There has been theories that even earlier ancestors of the Chihuahua have been present as some of the oldest Chihuahua type artifacts found date to 100 A.D.!

Dog forms with wheels thought to be toys were found from El Salvador, USA and Mexico. In many of the Mexican ruins, there have been materials, depictions and pots depicting the Chihuahua, ranging from apple head to deer head Chihuahuas. There are also colonial records from the 19th century that talks about an almost hairless dog that is present in the State now known as Chihuahua in Mexico. It was rumored that Chihuahua was once a bit larger than the breed standard today and speculated that the introduction of small Chinese dogs such as the Crested were brought into North America from the Spanish and were bred to the Chihuahua to decrease the size.

A Techichi, likely the ancestor of Chihuahas.

Note: The Chihuahua is the the smallest dog breed and is classified in "Toy Breed Group". The name "Chihuahua" is named after the state Chihuahua in Mexico. The Chihuahua comes in a wide variety of sizes, multiple colors, two coat lengths and two distinctly different head shapes, although only apples are recognized in the breed standard of the CKC and AKC.

God has blessed Brice and his wife Virginia in that He has given them Ella in their old age to enjoy. They are both very religious and trust in the Lord God always! Brice is the host on a FM radio station at 8:15 every Sunday morning. If anyone would like to tune in to his program go to WYTM 105.5 FM and listen to his preacher's sermon.

I am truly Blessed to have a brother like Brice! I am eternally grateful for him!

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ROAD TRIP

by Patricia Ann Woolfork

Dawn was about to break as we started our trip out of Huntsville on Highway 72 for the three hundred odd miles toward somewhere called Kingsport in nearby Tennessee. Our rental car appeared to be the lone traveler on the darkened roadway with only moonlight, like a light house beacon, to show us the way until the headlights landed upon the embedded reflectors in the pavement.

"Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse," except for the three of us girls, three generations, together, at last, for our first ever all girl road trip. We are really four generations, but my mother is in the final stages of dementia and cannot be with us.

It seemed as though the whole world was asleep like my granddaughter on the back seat. The store lights were off. Only their signs made us aware of their presence together with the stringed lights hung over car lots which were swinging in the already sweltering Alabama breeze.

Occasionally we were met by another traveler who meandered through a blinking traffic light to join us for a few miles so we could follow each other's tail lights, and play catch up and pass, to avoid the boredom and tedium of a pre-dawn trek without caffeine and not enough sleep.

Yawning is the tune played for many a mile when nearly alone on an open road. There is no CD player, and the radio stations keep going in and out of reception through hills and dales of this stretch of highway - unless you like "hillbilly." (Oh, I forgot to tell you, I'm a Jersey Girl.)

My cognizance resurfaces as I pass an open gas station or convenience store, or I come across an interesting billboard, or the new highway sign displayed for the long holiday weekend which read, "Get Hammered, Get Nailed".

Then I glance at the speedometer - look for a trooper - proceed with caution - I am grateful for the escape, this time. Then almost zombie-like, I get back in that zone and I catch myself - swearing it won't happen again. Suddenly, my side seat navigator, who has been nearly comatose the whole time, is awakened by the motion which follows coming out of a steep curve, tells

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me, "It's your ticket."


Deep within the grasp of darkness, one must find ways to combat the feeling of impending insanity caused by the monotony of the insipid drone of the soundtrack playing ping-pong inside your skull...."How much longer?" "Is that all the farther I have gotten?" Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. I watch the clock on the dashboard and try to remember what time zone I'm in. I choose to focus on the change of colors in the sky as morning light dances with the waning moonlight and fog descends from the mountaintops to form the dew that plants kisses on the ground below - the first signs of a new day approaching. Streaks of orange appear in the horizon as the sun slowly begins to manifest itself, and stirs my resolve to have a better day, today, than yesterday.

The sky is turning from black to navy to azure as the sun grins through the reappearing clouds which have been shrouded in the darkness. Birds in flight have arisen from their slumber to find sustenance for their young before the summer's heat overtakes us all. Car after car begin to join us in parade down the highway toward jobs in factories and offices, car lots and convenience stores.

Then I remember....I am covered by Grace, bestowed with Mercy and protected by Sacrifice to be a true reflection of His Goodness. His presence is in the fully risen sun, shining brightly above a mountain in the distance, casting its reflection on scattered tributaries, and now streaming through the car's visors as if to say, "Good Morning." I have become more mindful of safely reaching our destination not only today, but also on this Road Trip called, "Life."





This is an excerpt from the author's upcoming book, "Savoring Eden".

Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?



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Huntsville's "Great Davisini"

by Tom Carney

One of the most popular forms of entertainment in Huntsville's early history was the traveling troupes of magicians, spiritualists and hypnotists who traveled from town to town performing one night stands.

Edward Young, or the "Great Galvani - Master of the Hypnotic Trance" as he was more popularly known, was a frequent visitor to Huntsville in 1911, performing at the Elks Theater.

His show consisted of selecting volunteers from the audience and after placing them in a trance, having them perform various tricks. The highlight of the show always came when Galvani placed a small bowl filled with water on the floor and told the subject he was drowning.

The resulting antics always

brought down the house. Unfortunately, the Great Galvani was also a master of the whiskey bottle, consuming prodigious amounts of the fiery liquor at every opportune moment.

Oftentimes the show would have to be delayed while a search party scoured the neighborhood bars for him.

Despite Galvani's shortcomings, he attracted a large group of admirers. One of them was Carlisle Davis, an employee at a nearby carriage shop.

To Davis, Galvani represented everything he had always dreamed of being. The allure of traveling, being idolized by admiring fans, and performing on stage was more of an attraction than anything Huntsville could offer to a young lad.

The biggest attraction for Davis, however, was the awesome power Galvani seemed to hold over his subjects while they were hypnotized. Davis began spending every spare moment with Galvani. Before long he had commit-

ted the whole act to memory.

The Great Galvani was scheduled to appear at a local park as part of the 4th of July celebrations.

According to a Huntsville newspaper of the day, over two thousand people thronged the park to see the Mystic.

Unfortunately the great man had mysteriously succumbed to a quart of Kentucky Bourbon and could not be aroused. The committee in charge of staging the event were frantic. There seemed to be no alternative except to call the show off. Suddenly their gloom was interrupted by Carlisle Davis. "I can do the show," he proclaimed. "I've been watching him and I know exactly what he does."

The offer was met by a stunned silence and disbelief. Finally one of the men who had been standing in the back of the room stepped forward. "The boy's right," he said. "I been seeing those two together every day for the past week." Any other qualms the committee had were probably dispelled by the angry rumblings of two thousand



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people clamoring for the show to begin.

"Get your stuff," he was told, "you're on in five minutes."

And it came to pass that Carlisle Davis, a local small town boy with dreams of stardom, was magically transferred into the "Great Davisini."

Davis was superb. He had copied Galvani's patter exactly. After a brief "lecture" he chose Ivan Benson from the audience to be his subject. Again, everything went perfectly. Davis had Benson crow like a rooster, bark like a dog and even forget his own name.

The audience, though skeptical at first, began to warm up to the budding star. Many in the crowd seemed to believe Davis had found a new career and would soon be headed toward riches and fame.

The grand climax of the show finally came. Davis carefully placed a small teacup of water in the middle of the stage. Now, turning to the subject, he announced in a loud voice that the teacup was the Atlantic Ocean and he was out in the middle of it about to drown.

Benson, the subject, immediately threw himself on top of the teacup and began thrashing about, as if he was swimming. The effect was everything one could have hoped for. The whole audience were on their feet laughing outrageously.

After about five minutes of swimming, the audience became silent, waiting for Davis to waken Benson. The committee was waiting too. Finally one of the members approached Davis on the stage and told him it was time to stop. It was evident Davis was in trouble. He was sweating profusely and his eyes kept darting about as if searching for, a hole to crawl into. "I said that's enough!"

This time the committee member's voice left no doubt that he was to be obeyed.

"I can't!" replied Davis in a trembling voice. "Galvani always whispered those instructions and I never got a chance to hear them!" Realization dawned on the audience at about the same time. First there were a couple of cat calls, and then a few hurled insults, followed closely by a barrage of rocks and bottles aimed at the Great Davisini.

With the angry crowd in close

pursuit, Davis took refuge under the floor of a nearby house. Fortunately for all concerned, Dr. Westmoreland, a noted Huntsville doctor, had observed what happened. After dragging Davis from his hiding place, the doctor marched him back to the park where he coaxed Davis on how to waken Benson - who was still swimming.

The next week Huntsville's city fathers passed an ordinance barring hypnosis from being used for entertainment.



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"Why do I have to press 1 for English when I'm going to be transferred to someone I can't understand anyway?"

Karl Peterson, Madison



Growing Up In Huntsville

by *Hugh Michaels*

Growing up in Huntsville was an experience which many people will never forget. Stories of life in old Huntsville will live in their hearts and souls forever.

One of the pioneers of Huntsville was a gentleman named Charles Burgess. He lived in Mill Village.

He was a graduate of Joe Bradley High School and Southern Christian College. Charles proudly served two years in the Army. He is a Korean veteran. He also served in the Army reserve for six years.

Charles was married to Betty McCanelly. They were together for 56 years. Betty passed away several years ago. They had two daughters - Sheri Patterson and Sheila Calhoun. They also had six grandchildren.

He became interested in song writing at an early age. He wrote approximately 25 songs over a period of 56 years. His biggest hit was "Through the eyes of a child." He was a mem-

ber of the "Sacred Airs", "Gospel Cadets" and "Space City" gospel quartet's. He was an excellent singer. He sang tenor. While Charles lived in Mill Village times were tough. His father worked in Mill Village but Charles chose a different profession. He worked as a salesman for Mutual Savings Insurance Company. He worked at this job for 37 years.

People living in Mill Village helped each other. Neighbors helped neighbors. Times were difficult. People shared good times and bad times. Youth had to work at an early age. Charles worked at Owens Grocery Store when he was 15 years old. If a child was visiting a neighbor and had done something wrong, the neighbor punished him. When he returned home, he received another "spanking". Neighbors helped neighbors.

Charles had lots of friends. They worked and played together. Most of his friends had nicknames. Some of the names were "Punchy, Coot, Chigger and Moon Eye."

A popular place for youth to hang out was a place called Rock. This place was near Harvey Owens store in Huntsville.

An unusual happening occurred while Charles was growing up. The water at Merrimac Pasture Creek was frozen solid. A snake was frozen on the lake. A group of youth retrieved the snake. It was frozen solid. They took the snake to school. The stu-

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"When women are depressed they eat or go shopping. When men are depressed they invade another country."

John Mercer, Birmingham

dents were terrified. The snake became "thawed out". The youth were required to take it from the school.

When Charles was 13 years of age, he attempted to ride a bucking mule. This was a bad decision as the mule started bucking, kicking and hollering. Charles was thrown from the mule. He likes to tell this story.

He will remember this incident for the rest of his life. Charles was a lucky boy while living in Mill Village. He was the most popular kid in his neighborhood. He owned a bicycle. He got the bike by finding a ticket on the road. Someone had lost it. It was a ticket meant to be used in a fund raising event. The ticket had the winning number.

Melvin Burgess, brother of Charles, played a guitar. He would entertain at local functions. The only recreation available to the youth was playing marbles and pitching horse-shoes. These games could only be played on the weekends.

Charles witnessed his dad catch a catfish which weighed 105 pounds. He caught the fish while fishing in the Tennessee River.

All of the movies were available on weekends only. Movies were shown at Joe Bradley School. The cost to see the movies was five cents. Popcorn cost five cents. The most popular movie stars were Johnny Mac Brown, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry.

Rabbits,

squirrels, coons, mink and possum were hunted in a crude way. The youth hunted with "slingshots" or "flips." These items were made from the tongues of worn out shoes. The rubber was obtained from discarded rubber tubes. The most popular creature to kill was pigeons. They were easy to kill.

Rabbits were caught by rabbit traps. These traps were made of wood. A box was fixed to trap the rabbit once he entered the trap. Sliced apples were usually used as bait.

Cotton was king during the early years. Charles could pick 200 pounds a day. His mother could pick 300 pounds of cotton a day.

Mr. Burgess, father of Charles, would catch mink, muskrats, raccoons and possums and sell the fur to dealers.

The dealers met each Saturday at the Post Office and purchased the fur. The money received by the seller would be used to feed his family. The animals were mostly caught at Brahan Springs. The animals were killed by an instrument called

hollow pipe. Families were happy when the hunter had a good kill.

Merrimac Mill would give all of the kids gifts at Christmas. The kids received toys, nuts and fruit.

The Burgess family picked blackberries and wild plums for canning purposes. These canned goods would be available when it was winter time.

Perhaps the most frightful time of Charles life happened while a group of men were assembled on the banks of the Tennessee River. Two men, relatives of Charles, attempted to cross the river. The water was rough. Whitecaps existed. Neither man had lifejackets.

One of the men could not swim. The wind caused their boat to capsize and sink. The boat turned upside down. Charles was helpless. He tried to get help but none was available.

The men yelled for help. They fought the waves and fought for life, but they didn't make it.

Charles said it was one of the worst days he could remember.

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Seen in the Newspapers

A Jealous Husband

From 1873 Huntsville newspaper

There is a man in this city who is so affectionately fond of his wife that he is jealous if a man looks within forty-five degrees of the direction in which she may happen to be. The other day a gentleman spoke to her, and the husband immediately threatened suicide. He wife was dispatched for a bottle of poison which she had put up at the druggist's consisting of a little water, colored with licorice and bottle, with a glaring poison label on the side. When he threatened to take some of it, and actually poured it into a wine glass she screamed for help and ran into another room, where she could watch him through the key hole, and saw him coolly open the window and throw it out.

She then rushed back, apparently frantic with grief and implored him not to do the rash deed. He merely pointed at the glass, and laying down on the floor began to kick out his legs like a jumping jack. She told him, she was determined to share his fate, and swallowed the rest of the licorice water, whereupon he became really frightened, called the neighbors, confessed that he only shammed, and said that if she only survived he never would trouble her again. Then she explained the ruse, and he was so mortified he tried to buy up the silence of his neighbors, but the story was too good to keep it quiet.

Raid On House of Ill Repute

from 1907 Huntsville newspaper

The raid made by the police last night on the disorderly house of Ret Wales produced four hundred dollar fines or 296 day terms at hard labor. Mary White, Ret Wales and Jenny Humphrey were fined \$100 each with the option of working out the fines at the rate of .50 cents the day. Charlie Mason, a young man who was caught in the house, was fined \$100. Mary Davison, an inmate of the house, was given 24 hours in which to get out of the city and unless she is gone by that time she must pay a fine of \$ 100 or begin a term of 209 days labor. Four young men who were caught in the same raid were discharged.

Jitney Drivers are Very Dangerous

From 1919 Huntsville newspaper

The authorities should take some steps to stop the reckless driving of automobiles. No regard is paid to the crowd crossing the streets by the reckless drivers of the smoke belching machines.

At dusk this practice is indeed a most dangerous degree when numbers of jitneys and others who know better, run their cars without lights. The police no doubt will cause somebody a great deal of trouble when some hapless soul is run down.

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John Watktns, predicting what life would be like in 100 years in the pages of the Ladles Home Journal, 1900.

"There are not enough society cream-puffs, political grafters, underworld gunmen or social morons in the land to prevent the fulfillment of... prohibition."

Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, September, 1925.

"Schools will be open 12 months a year by 1982. Courses will be speeded up; instead of a four year high school education, three-year plans may be in effect. Another variation will be staggered semesters - some students studying while others are vacationing."

Changing Times Magazine, 1957.

"Women beware. You are on the brink of destruction; You have hitherto been engaged in crushing your waists; now you are attempting to cultivate your mind... Beware!! Science pronounces that the woman who studies is lost."

Dr. R R Coleman, late 1880s.

"Cancer and consumption will be as easily cured as influenza or diarrhea."

Reverend Thomas De Witt Talmage, on the state of medicine in 100 years, 1893.

In 1920, the Federal Trade Commission's report on fuel led to the general conclusion that the motor fuel supply would be exhausted in about six years.

"What can be more palpably absurd than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as stagecoaches?"

The Quarterly Review, 1825.

"Law will be simplified over the next century. Lawyers will have diminished, and their fees will have been vastly curtailed."

Journalist Julius Henri Browne, 1893

"I see no reason to suppose that steam locomotives will ever force themselves into general use."

Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington (1769-1852)



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SHARECROPPERS

by William Sibley

According to World Book Encyclopedia, "a sharecropper is a farmer who grows crops on another person's land." The way sharecropping is conducted might vary slightly from farm to farm and state to state, but usually the landowner furnishes all the land where the crops are grown and the sharecropper's family does all the work.

In addition to furnishing all the land for growing crops, the landowner furnishes farm machinery and/or work animals, pesticides, a house and garden spot. Expenses for seeds and fertilizer are usually divided equally between the landowner and the sharecropper.

Cotton is usually the only money crop in Alabama where sharecroppers are involved, but in some cases, corn is a money crop that involves sharecroppers. Picking cotton and pulling corn involved child labor and school would be dismissed about six weeks to gather those crops. Rural schools, including Big Cove, would begin the school year by attending six weeks of summer school before harvest time for cotton and corn.

When cotton and corn are sold and all expenses of growing those crops have been paid, the profits of the sale are divided equally between the landowner and the sharecropper.

Many times when crops were poor, and the landowner and the sharecropper were hit hard financially, the landowner had to borrow money, using the future sale of his crops as collateral.

The landowner would loan the sharecropper money until harvest time. This process was known as "taking up" because the sharecropper was taking up his credit.

Mr. William Ewing "Eudy" Drake was among Big Cove's largest landowners, having thousands of acres of farmland and timberland. He was the father of twelve children, who by inheriting land, became large landowners.

Miss Lizzie Mae Drake, the unmarried daughter of William Ewing Drake, kept records of business transactions between her father and his sharecroppers. There was a large bin on the back porch of the Drakes' home. Sharecroppers bought dried beans and peas, rice, sugar, tobacco and other grocery items from the small store.

At harvest time, Miss Drake and the sharecroppers knew exactly how

much credit the sharecroppers had "taken up."

My family was fortunate enough to own a small farm, which we rented out to other farmers. Our family paid 60% of the expenses

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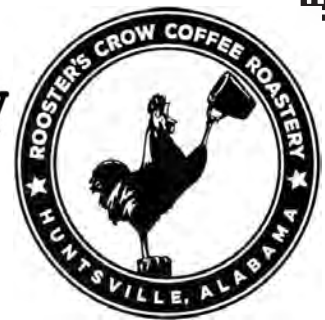
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of growing the crops and the farmer paid 40% of those expenses. The farmer used his equipment for growing crops and my family did all the labor. Profits were divided 60% for my family and 40% for the farmer.

During cotton picking season, neighbors would greet each other by saying, "How much did you pick today?" We did not say, "Cotton" because it was assumed that everybody picked cotton.

Four big events occurred during cotton picking season:

1. The peddler AKA a rolling store would stop at the cotton fields and we would buy pop sickles, candy, and chewing gum.
2. Friends would have "come as you are" parties.
3. Neighbors would have wiener roasts and marshmallow toasts.
4. The Madison County fair was held, which included a softball tournament for Madison County schools.

My friend, Mary Ann (Ikard) Blakemore, was a classmate of mine for twelve years at Big Cove and Madison County High. She is the great-niece of William Ewing Drake. Mary Ann's father, Eddie "Ed" Ikard, bought the large farm of Mary Ann's great Uncle, Tate Drake.

After buying the large Drake farm, Mr. Ikard had several sharecropping families for several years. Usually when crops have been gathered and sold, and sharecroppers were looking for new land to farm, and land-owners were looking for new sharecroppers, each would register with the Madison County Agent's office. Mary Ann reports that the situation with her father was different. Sharecroppers who were looking for a farm to work would come to the Ikards' home and Mr. Ikard would hire them to work his farm.

Sharecropping as we knew it in Big Cove has disappeared. Each fall after crops were gathered and sold, we would lose some of our school friends who would move to another farm. Those students would be replaced by new pupils.

A sadness always occurred when pupils moved away because in many cases, some of those pupils would return to our school and would be one or two grades behind their grade progress level.

We who attended school with sharecroppers have made lifetime friends with those former students. Many of those students have been very successful.



Italian Chicken

- 1/2 c. Italian bread crumbs
- 1/4 c. shredded Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1/2 c. Italian salad dressing
- 4 boneless chicken breasts

Mix bread crumbs, cheese and salt together in a mixing bowl. Pour salad dressing in another bowl. Dip each chicken breast in dressing, then into the bread crumb mixture. Place chicken onto a greased cookie sheet and bake for 20 minutes at 400 degrees. Remove from oven, spray chicken with spray butter and back in oven for 5-10 more minutes.

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January Memories

by Elizabeth Wharry

As a kid, I was always sad to see the end of the Christmas season. I still am, but that's another story.

January in Ohio can be brutal, especially when Lake Erie freezes over. The winds from the Polar Express and the Siberian Screamer flow over the ice and temperatures plummet.

January of 1963 stands out because I had gotten a Chatty Cathy doll for Christmas. I wanted to go outside as the days were cloudless and sunny. That's a bad sign with the lake being frozen over. It was so cold at night that dad had to put a kerosene railroad lantern under the engine block to keep the oil from

freezing. The daytime highs were hovering around 10 for a daytime high and well below zero at night. Mom wouldn't let us kids outside, it was just too cold!

The years roll forward to January of 1978. Once again, Lake Erie is frozen over and there are dire warnings of hypothermia on the news. The daytime highs hovered somewhere in the single digits. The new furnace can't keep up like the old oil furnace did. My parents had an old kerosene heater, which they set up in the living room. At night, it was shut down, and put in the kitchen. We sat around playing board games and cards while we listened to the radio. We had a TV, however, the soap operas came on after the noon news. Neither they nor I were interested in them. The bitter temperatures lasted about a week. It was a great way to spend time with my parents.

The years roll on. It is now January of 1996. By now, I'm an LPN (licensed practical nurse), working

at a small clinic about a mile from my own home. Once again, the sky is cloudless and Lake Erie is frozen over. During the weekend, the skies darken and we are hit with a fierce blizzard. Over the next 24 hours, 36 inches of snow falls. The plows won't reach my neighborhood for a couple of days.

In the meantime, as the closest employee, I am told I need to report for duty. I explain the dilemma to my supervisor, who relays the information to one of the docs. She asked me if I had a snowsuit, and I said yes. About 15 minutes later, I am suited up and astride the back of a snowmobile! By the time I was ready to leave work, many of the roads had been cleared. I called home to find out if our neighborhood had been cleared...no such luck. I told the doc who had the snowmobile and he took me home.

With all the snow and cold in the first month of the new year, it's as if Mother Nature herself is starting afresh. Happy New Year!



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Your Pet's Fears

A thunderstorm turns your golden retriever into a quivering mass. A car ride to the vet's office sets your cat howling like a banshee. You count yourself lucky if you don't sustain serious injuries just getting them to the groomer to have their nails trimmed. On top of all this, you have to fork over the extra charge for "difficult" clients.

Like people, some pets become phobic—irrationally frightened of the simplest things, such as unfamiliar people, places or animals. Other common causes are loud noises, like fireworks or storms.

Start safely. While your instincts may tell you to throw your arms around a panicking pet, it's usually better to take a step back. A fearful animal often lashes out aggressively, even at his beloved owner.

"Don't try to interact with a pet that's so panicky he tries to remove body parts," says Karen Overall, VMD., Ph.D., a lecturer specializing in behavioral medicine in the Department of Clinical Studies at the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine in Philadelphia. "Wait until your pet has calmed down before you approach him."

Help him relax. There are some relaxing things you can help him do, says Dr. Overall. Get his attention with treats and put your pet through some of the same paces he learned in school, like sitting or lying down. Doing something familiar will help him relax. Plus, seeing you calm and collected will help him calm down, too.

Don't reward the fear. If you have a dog that's afraid of thunder, and you pamper and cuddle him when it thunders, you're rewarding him for being fearful—and increasing the likelihood that he will make a big production out of being scared. There's nothing wrong with giving a nervous pet a few kind words and a gentle touch. Just don't cater to him. When he sees you're not making a big deal out of whatever's bothering him, he'll eventually learn to deal with it on his own.



If your dog is afraid of thunderstorms, try playing an audiotape of a storm, suggests Daniel Estep, Ph.D., a certified applied animal behaviorist in private practice in Littleton, Colorado. Play it at very low volume to start, and reward your dog with a treat. Continue this, with higher volumes.

Go for a car ride. Many pets associate getting in the car with going to the vet. You might want to demonstrate that going for rides can have more pleasant outcomes as well.

For starters, encourage your pet to jump in the car when you aren't going anywhere. Just sit in the car with him and give him little strokes and maybe a treat, says Dr. Estep. When he starts getting comfortable, start the car. Then give him time to get used to that. Eventually work up to backing out of the driveway and pulling back in. When you finally do go for a real drive, don't go to the vet! Take him to the park instead.

Speak in a higher voice. Some pets get fearful when they hear a man's voice. "Men have deeper voices, which tend to be like the growling vocalization dogs use with each other," says Dr. Estep. "I find if I use a high, happy voice, they tend to do a little better."

Stop fears from starting. People who train show dogs gently introduce their pets to just about every stressful experience they're ever likely to encounter, from being handled by strangers to hearing loud applause, says Dr. Hunt-hausen.

Start handling the pet right away. "Every chance you get, start brushing him. Look in his ears and mouth. Examine his paw. Put him on a tabletop. Then reward good behavior. If he associates these experiences with something good, he's going to look forward to getting on the vet's or groomer's table."

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

WHEN FANTASY BECAME REALITY

"A man is on top of the Russel Erskine Hotel and he's going to jump off the roof!" Within minutes all the citizens of downtown had heard the news. Eagerly, almost morbidly, they rushed to the scene of the impending tragedy. The street in front of the hotel became a mass of swirling humanity as crowds jostled for a better look. The year was 1942.

"Someone said he works at the Huntsville Arsenal and he just got a letter from his wife saying that she was leaving him for good."

This news, by some unidentified source, was quickly consumed and spread to the four winds by the crowds who were now grasping at every morsel of new information.

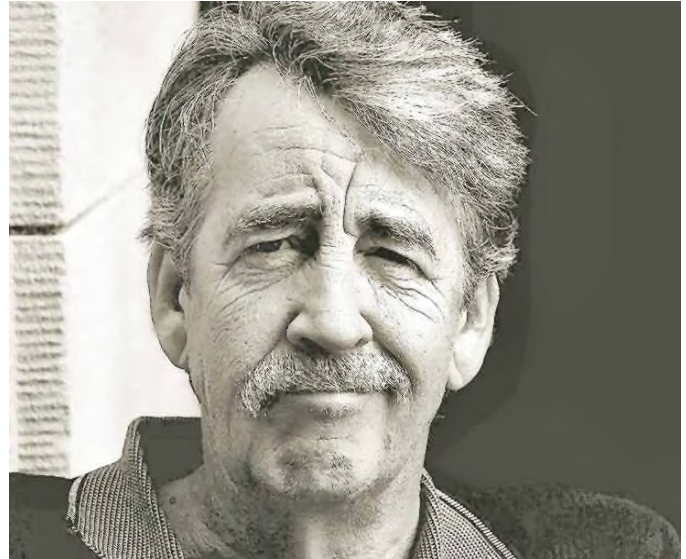
Suddenly the still night air was rent by the screeching sounds of police cars arriving on the scene. Emerging from their cars the policemen began pushing the crowds back with night sticks, trying to establish some sense of order.

"Be careful. He's got a gun," yelled some voice from out of the darkness.

The crowd ran scurrying for cover as the policemen quickly ducked behind the safety of their automobiles.

When a few minutes had passed with no shots being fired, the crowd, now emboldened by the latest developments, began surging forward. The crowd now numbered in the hundreds and was growing larger by the minute. While the police were frantically working to regain control, the sounds of a woman screaming emerged above the noise of the mob. The crowd had inadvertently pushed her into a store front window, breaking the glass, and now she was running hysterically down the street with blood streaming down her face and arms. Before the police could reach her, another woman began screaming. This woman had been knocked down by the crowd jostling for a better look.

Sensing that something had to be done, and quickly, the brave men of the Huntsville Police Department drew their pistols and



resolutely began making their way to the front entrance of the hotel where the unseen deranged man lay in wait.

There was no hesitation in the purposeful stride of our brave policemen on that cold day back in 1942. This was their town and this was their job. Someone had to take charge and they were the ones to do it.

Cautiously, with their guns drawn they took the elevator to the top floor. The men were silent, probably thinking of their loved ones and of the danger that lay ahead.

History does not record the name of the first brave soul to exit onto the roof, ready to do battle with the fiend lurking in the shadows.

History does not even record the name of the man, who after receiving the Dear John letter, tried to commit suicide.

For, you see ... it never happened.

Some person, who understandably later chose to remain silent, started the rumor and within minutes the whole town was caught up in a frenzied state of anticipation. Every rumor became fact and every fantasy became reality.

And the good people of Huntsville became the unknowing participants.



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The Golden Spike Celebration

by Bob Baudendistel

Orig. published in *Old Huntsville* magazine in 2008

Throughout the history of Huntsville, there have always been countless reasons to celebrate. One particularly unique event came about well over a century ago as people gathered near the Huntsville Depot to celebrate the arrival of our city's second railroad. During the years following the end of the Civil War, Huntsville was slowly rebuilding with the area cotton crop continuing to drive the economy,

With the steady economic growth, however, came the need for more transportation. Local business leaders and industrial entrepreneurs agreed that a second railroad was needed to improve the city's position with more competitive rates on railway shipping. Many attempts were made at obtaining a second railroad with the target area being southern middle Tennessee.

None of the early efforts succeeded until the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis (NC & StL) Railway announced in 1886 that it would extend a branch of its former Winchester and Alabama (W&A) division from Elora to Huntsville. Construction efforts proceeded under the supervision of NC & StL civil engineer Mr. Hunter McDonald. All legal matters including the acquisition of the necessary rights-of-way were handled through the local law office of Mr. Oscar Hundley.

In a headline reading "Linked At Last!", The Huntsville Weekly Mercury newspaper dated November 28, 1887 reported that "Although Monday was a cold day, yet it did not deter the beauty, wealth, and chivalry of our goodly city from assembling at the depot to witness the imposing ceremonies fraught with so much of interest to our community. On the arrival of the first NC&StL passenger train, the crowd assembled in and near

the vicinity of the depot, where Hunter McDonald, the engineer who constructed and built the road, had a place reserved in the line wherein the last spike was to be driven."

Huntsville Mayor Ed Mastin delivered an eloquent speech followed by Oscar Hundley who praised the citizens of Huntsville for their efforts. Then came the moment that everyone had been waiting for when Miss Susie Chadwick, one of the area's Southern Belles, drove the golden spike in.

"Honor to whom honor is due." Next came the cheering from the crowds that was matched by the blowing of the train and nearby factory whistles.

Today, much of the historic NC&StL branch leading from Elora to Huntsville has been lost with the exception of approximately five miles owned and operated by the North Alabama Railroad Museum at Chase.

Back at the former NC&StL Junction with the M&C just west of the Huntsville Depot and across

Church Street, there is still a short segment of the original NC&StL track which is currently used by Norfolk Southern to store maintenance equipment.

This exact switch and side track are both directly adjacent to the wooden privacy fence and depot patio of Lee Ann's Restaurant, a popular place to enjoy great food and live music.

One evening when I and several friends were gathered together on the depot patio listening to a local band, a Norfolk Southern freight train with over 100 cars rolled by and obviously got the better part of my attention.

As the band later played the legendary Johnny Cash song "Folsom Prison Blues", I couldn't help thinking about what a neat coincidence it is to have so many happy people out celebrating life together in our great city today and in virtually the same spot where our ancestors gathered to celebrate the driving of the golden spike 120 years ago with the arrival of Huntsville's second railroad.

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The Gloomy Moving Blues

(Don't Move, Don't Move, You'll never get Back in Your Groove)

by Ted Roberts

Have you moved yet - everybody moves sooner or later. By "move" I mean from one house to another. It's traumatic even if the houses are next to each other; it is not the distance, but the dislocation. Experienced movers can jaw about it for hours. Never pose the question to a friend you want to keep; "So how was your move?" You'll only receive three hours of sobs and tears.

I know what I'm talking about - believe me - we're in the midst of a move. You might say that, measured in despair, a move equals the death of a beloved uncle or aunt. Not a mama or papa but an aunt or a favorite nephew maybe.

It is totally traumatic, I know ex-movers who refer to their life story as BM and AM - Before Move and After Move. Like, "before the move I never drank whisky, leaned on opioids, or smoked marijuana. AM, I fell for all three. It was that (expletive) Move."

I understood their tears only too well: I'm in the middle of a move. And I write this without my usual glasses - they are packed in boxes with every knickknack we've acquired over half a century of marriage. Which box? Who knows.

Don't Move. Ride out the storm of old age in your present house. That's my advice to those tempted by a shiny modern house all on one floor: especially if you're a senior citizen who has accumulated

junk, doodads, knickknacks for 60 years or over, "It shall haunt and flaunt thee" it says in Proverbs. Furthermore CAM (Citizens Against Moving) claim that back pain and emotional distress, along with mourning for the old homestead, will surely embitter your life.

First of all the mere transport of your accumulated debris is a challenge. Of course each piece must first be individually wrapped and stuffed in cardboard boxes. By the way - be aware - all the cardboard boxes look alike, so when you ask your wife "where's that blue porcelain ashtray we bought in New York?" she's liable to point to 30 identical boxes and say "over there". I lived for a month in a world of cardboard boxes, I spent hours unwrapping statuettes and various junk looking for the alarm clock that used to sit on my bedside table.

My library of a thousand books was another daunting problem. They ended in about 80 boxes, unmarked, unlabeled. What a fate; I opened a box looking for Macaulay's History of England, only to uncover a two pound wedge of Swiss cheese. The contents of the fridge have to go too, you know; the freezer, the pantry and your closet with the dirty clothes. And don't forget your wife and kids.

Pets too are a problem. I had to load two loudly complaining cats into the car. They made a noise I never before heard, halfway between a howl and a growl. They were both too fat (due to my

generosity with cat food) for the cat carrier, so I threw them in the back seat. Upon arrival at the new house, one immediately streaked for freedom. So now I mourn not only my 40 year old home but also my four-footed friend.

But cats are only a small part of the problem. When you pry open the drawer by the bed and see the memorabilia from the world's fair of 1948, it's time to think of these things - especially that warm corner bedroom that your daughter's been saving for you.

Back to the old house. Have you noticed that it is full of boxes and drawers full of knickknacks that you don't remember buying, don't recall their function and only show up when you're looking for something else? Be aware. It means either you or your house is passing into residential dementia, which you can correct by either selling the old barn, moving or turning into the old folks home (so softly called "assisted living").

Or better yet, moving in with your daughter - so much better than your son 's cause she can cook and do the shopping. And incidentally, saving \$5-7K a month in assisted living plus the relief of eating with the same bores every meal, assuming your daughter is not a bore. Do anything - just don't move into a new house.

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

Remember that you are always responsible for how you act, no matter how you feel.



HUNTSVILLE HEROES

by Tom Carney

He was a Confederate hero. Born in Huntsville, Alabama, Henry Bolden served in many theaters of the war and saw action in the battle of Nashville. When the Union troops began to overrun his position in bloody hand-to-hand fighting, Bolden, who did not have a gun, picked up a stick and began swinging it furiously.

When the battle was over, five dead Yankee soldiers lay sprawled about his feet. Later when asked how he did it, his only reply was, "I knocked them in the head."

Henry Bolden was a black man.

Although few people realize it, there were a number of black Confederate veterans in Madison County. These men, all of whom were valued and respected citizens, earned a unique place in Huntsville history.

Essex Lewis, one of the best known and highly respected of these veterans, went to war with his master, Colonel Nick Lewis, and saw action in Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia.

After the war he returned to Huntsville, where he worked as a farmer and as a janitor at the Post Office. Lewis was "a loyal member of the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans" here in Huntsville. In 1910 he was chosen to represent the Huntsville camp at a Confederate reunion in Richmond, Virginia. When Lewis died at the age of 106, his funeral was attended by an honor guard consisting of ex-Confederate soldiers.

Another Huntsville black who saw service in the Civil War was Matt Gray. "Uncle Matt," as he was known, always wore an old gray uniform with the bronze "Medal of the Confederacy" pinned to his lapel. He also was a member of the Confederate veterans organization here in Huntsville and had the distinction of a "special" chair being reserved

for him at the monthly meetings. According to newspaper accounts of the day, the only meetings he ever missed were when he was sick.

At his death, the Huntsville newspaper ended his obituary with, "Now Uncle Matt has gone himself to aid with the Rebel yell."

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Joan Rivers

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

by *Ranee Pruitt*

Orig. published in Old Huntsville magazine in 1998



Located in the heart of Huntsville's Twickenham Historic Preservation District, Huntsville's First Presbyterian Church has served generations of local worshippers. In fact, the church in one form or another even predates Alabama statehood, since it was organized on June 15, 1818, a time when Alabama's non-Indian population numbered only a few thousand souls. The little town of Huntsville itself then consisted of just 260 buildings, most of them homes but not one of them a place of worship.

Huntsville's oldest church, First Presbyterian Church has stood on the same spot for 166 years, although the present building is the church's second.

When originally purchased, the hillside lot on the corner of Lincoln and Gates was heavily wooded. Even today, there are lovely old trees on the property. The present

church building was erected in the 1850s, a time when Huntsville was booming and was often considered almost the unofficial capital of North Alabama. The impressive brick Gothic-style church was the finest the late antebellum period could offer.

When completed in November 1859, it was topped with a steeple stretching 170 feet into the sky, like a hand pointing to heaven. The steeple did not exactly fit in with the Gothic style of the church, but a steeple was expected by the congregation and the architect had to go along with them.

Since it did tower over the new Church of the Nativity's steeple by 19 feet, there may also have been a bit of vanity in its addition to the church plans. During the Civil War several notices in Huntsville newspapers reported that the local ladies and children were meeting in the Presbyterian Church's basement to sew uniforms and knit socks for the defenders of the Southland. Soon, however, the newspapers would be carrying sadder notices of funeral services for Huntsville soldiers

at the church.

In April 1862, the Union Army occupied Huntsville, occupying some of the churches for barracks and even as stables. While First Presbyterian seems to have escaped this fate, one incident of that trying time is remembered. Scottish-born Samuel Coltart, ex-mayor of Huntsville, had a prized mule he wanted to keep safe from the Yankees. Coltart slipped the mule into the church's basement one night. All went well until the ladies were having a prayer meeting several days later. When the women began singing, the lonesome mule in the basement decided to sing right along with them!

A less humorous event is also remembered from the Civil War. This was the time in December 1864 when the Yankees arrested Rev. Frederick A. Ross and sent him as a prisoner to Decatur, Alabama. Ross's offense apparently had been that he was brave enough to ask his congregation to pray for the success of the South.

Dr. Ross was held for several days, constantly threatened that he would be hung as a spy.

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Eventually, he was released from his dungeon. However, he was not allowed to return to the pulpit until near the very end of the war.

Since Huntsville was Union Army headquarters for North Alabama during the latter part of the Civil War, the city escaped the destruction which befell most of the other towns and villages in the area. Nevertheless, the congregation was impoverished by the conflict, and it would take many years for prosperity to return to Huntsville.

This was shown as late as 1878, when the high steeple blew down during a tremendous wind storm. The congregation simply could not afford to replace it, and the church thus stands to this day without it.

First Presbyterian today is one of the most thriving and prestigious of Huntsville's churches. The interior has undergone periodic changes since its construction 140 years ago, but the exterior is much the same. Pay a visit some Sunday, or merely drive by almost any day. It is rare not to see a wedding or other service being conducted in this historic center of devotion.

"I told my girlfriend I got a job in a bowling alley. She said, 'Ten Pin?' I said, 'No, permanent.'"

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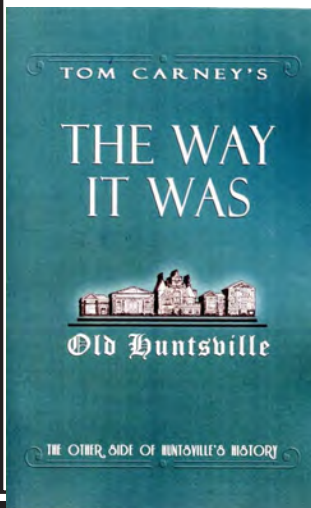
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How to Get Your Man to Clean the Bathroom

by Bill Cassels

"Mr. Clean" stands there, arms folded, on the labels of many bathroom cleaning products, but does he ever use them? Not if he's like most men, according to a survey by the Soap and Detergent Association. In this survey, women reported they do 79% of the housework. Half of the women surveyed specifically complained about their mate's failure to clean the bathroom. This article is for those complaining women who are desperate enough to consider suggestions from a man who never cleaned a bathroom until I retired a few years ago. Then my wonderful wife taught me how it's done.

I never realized until I did it, how hard it is to keep a bathroom clean. Grunge accumulates so quickly...it's mystifying! My bathroom has several small rugs on the floor. I always walk on these rugs; thus, nothing ever touches the exposed tile floor. Yet the floor gets dirty anyway. My bathroom has a separate shower and tub. The tub is never used, yet the tub needs cleaning. Just a few days after it's cleaned, the sink mirror looks as though a congested soccer team sneezed on it.

Here's my theory. If you can somehow persuade your man to clean a bathroom once, he'll realize how hard it is. Then, he will no longer take this work you do for granted, and he'll naturally want to share this chore, especially when you follow up with whatever positive reinforcement techniques you have found effective. That's it; that's my little theory.

OK, you say, even if that theory works, how do I get my man to clean the bathroom the first time? Here are some possible approaches which, I readily admit, may not work. Most men are said to be alike in many ways. But finding

the motivator to get men to clean bathrooms is probably very man-specific and, for some men, may not exist. Here are some iffy and untested approaches:

- A subtle hint: For example, you're at a home show. You point out an easy-to-clean bathroom. Your man remarks that the expense is not worth it. This gives you a great opening to gently explain to him what exactly is involved in cleaning a bathroom and to suggest that he experience this for himself.

- Appeal to his sense of fairness. For example, "Phil, today while I'm working my two jobs and taking care of your mother, is there any chance you could take a break from watching the ball games to clean a bathroom?"

- The "you big strong man" approach: I know you're skeptical of this approach, but it might work. Combine a macho compliment with an implied request. For example, "You're so strong, and this box I'm carrying is so heavy." We men realize we are being suckered into doing some-

thing, but we often do it anyway.

- The gift: For a Valentines Day or anniversary, tell him you'd rather he clean the bathroom than give you more lingerie.

- Fear: Post enlarged pictures of dust mites and bacteria on the fridge. Add a few articles about diseases from unsanitary conditions

- The lure of a new cleaning tool. If your man is wavering, he might be persuaded by giving him a new cleaning tool such as a crevice brush, a stylish squeegee, a toilet wand, or Magic Reach Bathroom Explorer. Be sure to let him open the package. How did my wife get me to clean bathrooms? My wife is so clever.. I don't really know. Good luck.

Bill Cassels' book, "Guide to Men: Tips on Selecting, Training and Living with a Man (or Getting a Dog Instead)" is available at Shavers Bookstore, Greene Street Market Store, and you can order a Kindle ebook edition, as well as his book in color and black-and-white from Amazon.



Scrambles

Hello, the Ark named me Scrambles. Probably because my coloring looks muted and a bit scrambled, but still quite beautiful. I am what they call a Tortoiseshell and some say there is no such thing as "tortitude". Really though I am a good kitty and very young - 6 weeks old now. By the time you are

reading this and admiring my picture I will be 8 weeks old. I am a well behaved, playful kitty and just need someone to love me and spend time with me. I was lucky to be raised by a foster mom and a kitty mom too, but now I need to get out into the world! When you come to the Ark, ask to see Scrambles. That's me.

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In Memory of Harry Dill

by Pat Dreger



Dear Harry,

I will miss your stories and memories of the Dreger and Dill families, your childhood in Huntsville, your experiences as a young man in WWII, your experiences in the Dreger home at 610 Holmes Avenue in Huntsville which is where I still live. How fortunate we are that you wrote these interesting articles that have been published each month for the past year and a half in "Old Huntsville Magazine" with the help of editor, Cathey Carney, for everyone to enjoy. What a legacy your writing is for all of your family and relatives. You worked hard at this during your last years with love, compassion, dedication and great faith.

In November, 2018, your article "Observing Thanksgiving", which this year unknown to you or any of us was to come a few days after your death, talked about all the things you were thankful for - "that God let me live to the ripe old age of 90 years", "that God has given me a fine, caring wife and children that love Him and do His will", "for

good health, good food, work, a house and roof over my head, land to plant and reap good nourishing food, clothes on my back, shoes on my feet". You ended by saying you thought Thanksgiving was the best holiday of all. Your last sentence - "Have a wonderful Thanksgiving and God Bless you all" - a fine farewell.

Your February 2018 story about a neighbor on Toll Gate Road when you lived there in 1947 after WWII (Bruno Helm, one of the German rocket scientists) concluded, "Our lives are indeed short. We meet people and know them for a while and then they vanish away, so many of them, and we tend to forget a lot of them. Some we will always remember. Bruno and his wife were special and were ones I will always remember. We should make the best of our lives and theirs while we are still here."

James 4:14 "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

We will not forget you, Harry, through your stories filled with history, compassion, and a strong faith. May you rest in peace.

Pat Dreger

Harry S. Dill, Jr.'s mother, Edna Dreger Dill, was the sister of Pat's late husband, Alvin Dreger.



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LOCAL NEWS IN 1904

- Hon. Jere Murphy is having a new flight of stone steps laid in front of his handsome residence on East Holmes Street. Mr. Murphy already has the handsomest residence on that street and the stone steps will add yet more to its beauty.

- Butler Kyser Oil Mill has found a site in Huntsville. The plant will be located on the Karthaus Lot on Dallas Avenue near Southern Railway. After looking over all the available sites of the city and adjacent territory, the Butler-Kyser Oil Co. has chosen a location on Patton Street and Dallas Avenue across from the Dallas Avenue Baptist Church and the Wade Mattress Factory.

The site is one of the best pieces of ground for the purpose in the city. It is flat and near the Southern Railroad, which has already secured a right of way and permission from the city council to build a sidetrack from the main line along the short street running from Meridian Street, to Dallas Avenue. The owners of the land executed a deed to the Butler Kyser Co. yesterday and the company will proceed at once to award a contract in the building construction. The company expects to enter business by the time the next crop of cotton begins to move in.

- Hon. James H. Ballentine has purchased the law office of Hon. Robt. E. Spragins on Eustis Street. Mr. Ballentine was to have purchased the office of Dr. McDonnell a few weeks ago but the deal fell through at the last minute.

- For rent - for the summer months, a furnished home with 10 rooms, all modern conveniences. Help can be provided at a reasonable cost. Apply to 424 East Holmes Street.

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"I love being 80. I learn something new every day and forget 5 others."

Bette Matthews, Arab

- Mr. R. W. St. Clair, of Hurricane, was among the visitors to the city Monday. He makes frequent trips here and enjoys visiting with his friends.

- Mrs. Robert Lyons died yesterday morning at her home in Huntsville after a lingering illness of two or three years. She had been a patient sufferer and having lived a consistent Christian life, did not fear death at all. Mrs. Lyons was formerly Miss Lizzie Noblin of Hazle Green. Her husband and one son survive her. The funeral will be conducted from the residence this morning. Interment for Mrs. Lyons will be made in Maple Hill Cemetery.

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The Last to Know

by John Michael Hampton

As I walked into class, the image that I saw on the television, of a building collapse in New York City, would stay with me for the rest of my life. For I knew that we were watching history happening before our eyes, on the saddest day in modern history, September 11, 2001.

That horrible day began for our family much like any other day before it. I woke up at 7:00 a.m.. After a breakfast of sausage and eggs, I went to my bedroom to study for a mid-term in my Television Production class. In my grandfather's bedroom, the sounds of Roy Rogers and the Sons of the Pioneers could be heard, as my grandfather Robert watched a Roy Rogers marathon on the Westerns channel.

My mom and stepfather were in their bedroom at our Athens, Alabama, house, removing wallpaper before they started painting the room later in the day. No one was listening to the radio or watching a regular TV station, which meant the news of what was happening in the world that day had not yet been heard by us.

Around 10:00 am, I got ready to leave for school. My mom, Patricia, was planning to drop me off at Calhoun Community College in Decatur before going to the Lowe's on the Beltline to purchase paint. We got in her Ford Mustang Hatchback and pulled out onto Cross Key Road just before 11:00 a.m..

Just as we turned onto Alabama Highway 127, the clock

on the car radio showed it to be the top of the hour. The low-power AM country radio station we were listening to stopped for the news and weather. This station was a local area station that was not staffed at the time, and had a prerecorded news bulletin that was updated twice daily. The bulletin mentioned a plane flying into a building in New York City, but did not provide any other details.

I told my mom, "Probably a single engine plane crashed into an apartment complex, which has happened many times before!" We got back to listening and singing along to the country songs on the radio station, sure that things were okay and that there were no national disasters unfolding at the time.

When I got to Decatur, I did notice extra security around campus, especially close to the fence that separated our campus from Decatur's Airport. However, I did not connect that to anything unusual, because there was always extra security when someone famous was planning on landing at the airport, like a politician or entertainment personality.

I went inside the art building while mom went across the river to Decatur to buy the paint

for the house. I made my way up to the second floor, where our class was held. Walking in the door, I noticed that the entire class was gathered around a bank of TV monitors in the control room part of the TV studio that had been placed inside a classroom. On the monitors

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were images of a building falling to the ground, scattering dust everywhere as it fell. I asked our professor, "What is going on?"

He asked me, "Have you been listening to the news this morning?"

"No, sir!" I replied.

He told me, "You might want to sit down for this!" Sitting down, I knew that the news to follow was not good news, for it never is good news when someone tells you to sit down before they can tell you what is happening. He told me about the two planes crashing into both towers of the World Trade Center, and the resulting collapse of both buildings that killed thousands of people. He told me about the plane that hit the Pentagon in Washington, and the heroes on board a fourth plane that had gone down fighting to keep their plane from being used as a weapon of war. I knew now that our country — and all that we hold dear as Americans — was under attack.

He concluded by telling me that classes were canceled for the rest of the week, and that we were being dismissed as soon as he had a head count of everyone that had arrived to put in the attendance rolls for the day. Five minutes later, I walked out into the mid-afternoon sun, noticing for the first time how weird it was that the sky that was usually busy with small planes landing and taking off from the nearby airport was now very quiet except for the occasional sound of a military plane or helicopter flying overhead.

My mom pulled up in the lot, saying, "Get in, son! I think that the world is coming to an end!" My grandmother had always talked about the end of time, reading passages from the Bible that sounded so different, but yet felt the same, as the feeling of dread we felt that day. I did not argue the point, I just jumped in the car as quickly as I could, and we headed for home.

I found out that as she got to the Beltline, she turned on the radio again and tuned into 102.1 WDRM, which was simulcasting the feed from CNN of the tragedy unfolding that day. As she realized what was happening, she made a u-turn, which was easy to do when she was the only car on the Beltline, and came back to pick me up.

We did not know if there would be other attacks that day, or if they would even be worse than the first round of at-

tacks had been. We just wanted to be home, surrounded by family that we loved. On the way home, we stopped at a pizza place in downtown Athens (which was the only restaurant opened due to the circumstances), and got two pizzas to carry home.

Glued to our television, just like most other Americans that evening, we knew that this day would be one that no one would ever forget. It was a tragedy, and all America stopped what they were doing to respect the dead, care for the wounded, and decide what our response would be as a nation.

That evening, I took our American flag out of storage, and placed it on the flag pole in front of the house. We kept the flag up through Veterans' Day, like many others living around us.

Two weeks later, while waiting in a hospital emergency room for a family member who was sick with a sinus infection, I got to thinking about what happened on that September morning. I got out two sheets of notebook paper and penned a poem, "The Day Lady Liberty Cried".

I was probably among the last people to know about the events of that horrible day, but what I saw after I found out what happened was enough to make me support our country even more. America will continue to face threats to our freedom and way of life, but if we stand together, with pride in our country, America will continue to stand as "one nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

"Only in show business could a guy with a C-minus average in school be considered an intellectual."

Mort Sahl on himself



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Heard Here and There - 1880

- Last Saturday night some malicious scoundrel killed a horse belonging to Mr. H.W. Helm, the well known blacksmith. The horse, a very fine one, was in the pasture bordering the spring branch, and was killed by being struck just above the eye with a brickbat. We trust the perpetrator maybe discovered and appropriately punished.

- Yesterday, in the Big Cove, a man named Stewart Wishard was shot and mortally wounded by a man named R.S. Buford, who was arrested. The trouble arose about a dispute in regard to crops. Wishard was cropping on Buford's place. It is thought Buford was justifiable.

- We understand it is reported through the country that yellow fever is in Huntsville. This is untrue. There has not been a single case of yellow fever in Huntsville up to this time.

- Mr. Timothy Murphy, of this city, received a dispatch last Friday from Canton, Miss., conveying the sad information that his wife, daughter and granddaughter were all down with yellow fever. Mr. Murphy left on the next train for Canton, and it is reported he also has been seized with the dread disease.

PS. Since writing the above we have been informed that all of Mr. Murphy's grandchildren have the fever, and that one of them has died of the disease.

- Appeal to Mothers - Clothing partially worn or outgrown, sheets or bedding of any description, remnants of calico such as always accumulate in families - any of all these articles are earnestly solicited for the Orphans of the plague stricken city of Memphis, and will be thankfully received and immediately forwarded if sent to Mrs. S. R. Cruse, Adams Avenue.

- Miss Kate Erskine will open a School at the residence of Mrs. S. C. Erskine, on Franklin Street, on Monday, the 2nd of September. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

- Charles Rice, the one-eyed man in Mr. Frank McClung's place in Little Cove, was tried on a complaint before Justice Figg, last Saturday, charged with an attempt to rape Linda Beasley, aged 10 years. Rice was arrested after an investigation of the facts committed. He came from Jackson County.

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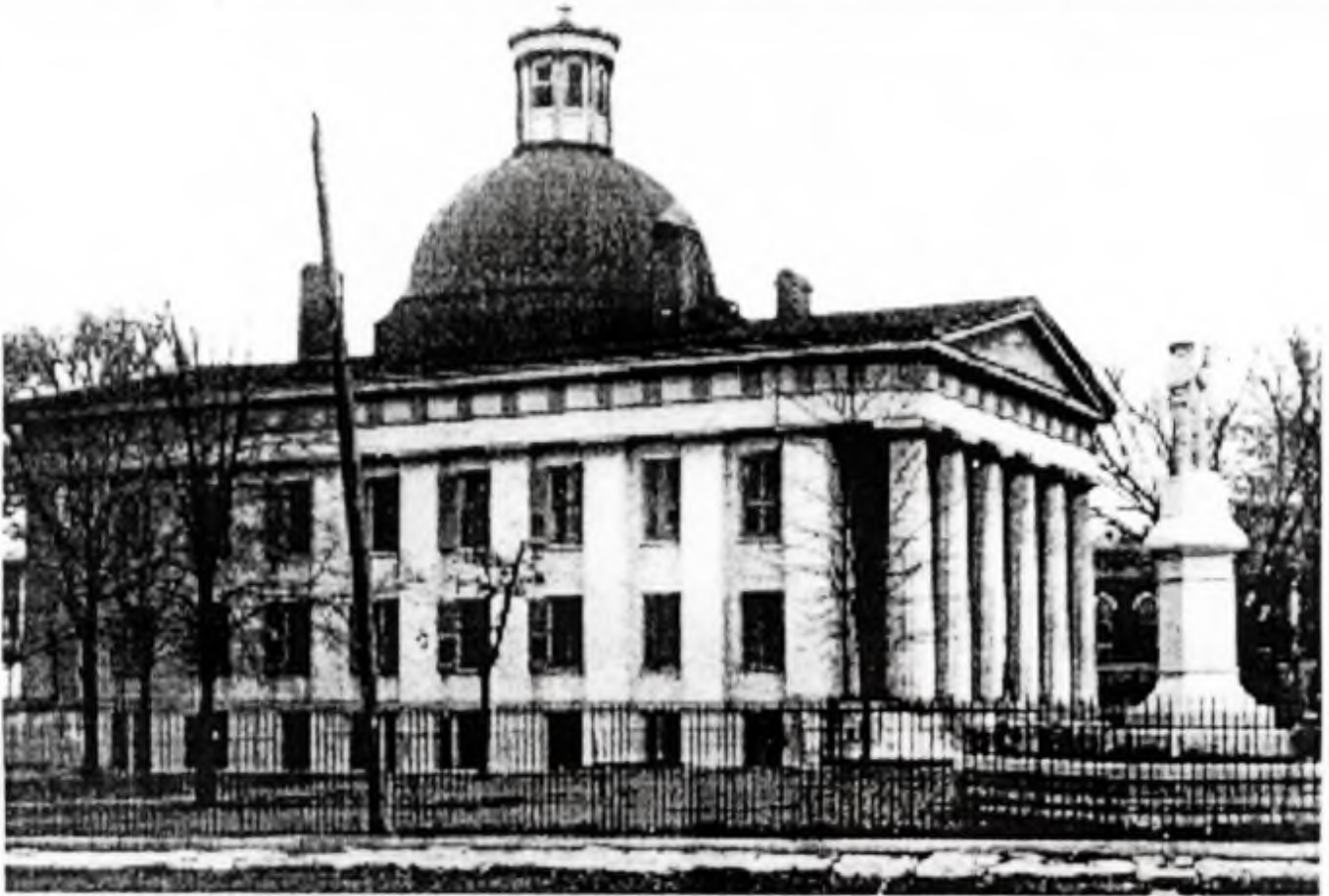


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When life was simple...



The Madison County courthouse was a scene of great excitement in 1910 when Oscar Greene attempted to file suit against his wife for not living up to the marriage contract; namely not cooking. Not everyone was amused and authorities declined to hear the case. That same year Miss Grace Walker convinced the city fathers to change the name of the Huntsville spring to Big Spring. Our fair city had grown to the almost unbelievable population of 7,611.



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