



No. 316
June 2019



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

The Mysterious Black Widow

**Six Dead Husbands ...
Coincidence ..
or Murder?**

Beautiful, dark haired and hypnotic - she had a penchant for attracting husbands - and then burying them.

This is how they described the mysterious Elizabeth Flannigan, one of Huntsville most notorious ladies to ever live in Madison County, Alabama.



Also in this issue: **Surviving Boogertown, Part 2**

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Doimie Lewter
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The Mysterious Black Widow

by Tom Carney

The unusual happenings that took place in a home near Hazel Green, Alabama may have been accidental, or may have been violently purposeful. The only sign left of Elizabeth's six husbands was an old hat rack upon which hung six hats - one for each. For some curious reason known only to her, she kept the hat rack in the foyer of her home, in plain view, perhaps as a morbid reminder, or maybe as a warning to the next unfortunate lover.

The antebellum home, recently burned to the ground, was built on the site of an Indian mound about a mile east of Hazel Green. The original log cabin was erected in 1817 in the heart of a 500-acre land section by Alexander Jeffries, an early Madison County settler. He was an older man who met and immediately became infatuated with the young widow.

They married in 1837 and sadly for him, Mr. Jeffries died

the same year. By this time Elizabeth had good experience in burying husbands. As a young girl she had met and married twice in short succession. Her first husband was a Mr. Gibbons. They were married for only a couple of months when he died suddenly, and mysteriously.

Shortly afterwards, she set her sights on Mr. Flannigan, whom she also married. Mr. Flannigan lasted only three months before he died of unexplained circumstances. He was in his grave before the neighbors were even informed, of the tragedy. By this time the young widow was well on her way to becoming a wealthy landowner in Madison County. Not wishing to marry beneath her newfound status in life, she decided to try her hand at politics. Her next husband was Robert A. High, from Limestone County, who was a State Legislator for the state of Alabama. He probably spent much time away from home, as it was almost two years before he also expired suddenly and mysteriously at their home.

Having tried politics and plantation life, Elizabeth decided to next marry a merchant. Absalom Brown was a wealthy merchant from New Market. After spending most of his fortune on his new wife, he died as well. This came as a shock

One of the great mysteries of life is how a one-pound box of candy can make a woman gain five pounds.



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to everyone, as Mr. Brown was a very healthy and virile man. The unknown ailments he was stricken with caused his body to swell so much that it was necessary to bury him immediately after his death. None of the neighbors ever saw the body. Some claimed he was never even buried.

Not believing in long spells of mourning, Miss Elizabeth Flannigan Gibbons Jeffries High Brown roused herself out of her depression long enough to marry Willis Routt, her sixth husband. He died, amazingly, just like the others in a short time. It was becoming a very curious coincidence.

At about this same time Elizabeth, or Mrs. Routt, became involved in a controversy with a neighbor, Abner Tate, over loose livestock and other matters. Tate was completely blind to her beauty, which infuriated her, and had been observing the home and its occupants for many years. He openly charged her with murder. He backed up

his suspicions with the hat rack in the parlor that was in open sight, on which hung old hats - the blatant proof of Tate's accusations.

Maybe Abner Tate should have been forewarned of crossing the notorious widow, for shortly afterwards he was wounded by a shotgun blast. Though proof was lacking, gossip had it that Mrs. Routt had hired one of Tate's slaves to do him in. The slave, not wanting to do the dirty deed himself, in turn hired another man who allegedly pulled the trigger. Mr. Tate, shortly afterwards, sold all of his slaves.

By this time Tate was furious with his neighbor and determined to see justice done. When he went to the authorities he was informed that "nothing could be done unless you can find some evidence. Maybe all of her husbands did die natural deaths. Maybe the slave did shoot you by accident. Maybe it's just all coincidence. There's nothing we can do."

Beside himself with rage, Tate was determined that his neighbor would not get away with her dastardly deeds. He began writing a book in which he described the mysterious happenings at the antebellum home. He wrote about how the succession of husbands made her prosperous and wealthy; how she would treat them all with disdain, once she had captured them. He reminded everyone that she did not mourn for the year's time like most widows would do. He noted how the intervals between weddings and deaths became shorter and shorter, as she acquired "more experience and practice."

When the book was published, it created a scandalous sensation in Madison County. Half of the county believed she was guilty, while the other half



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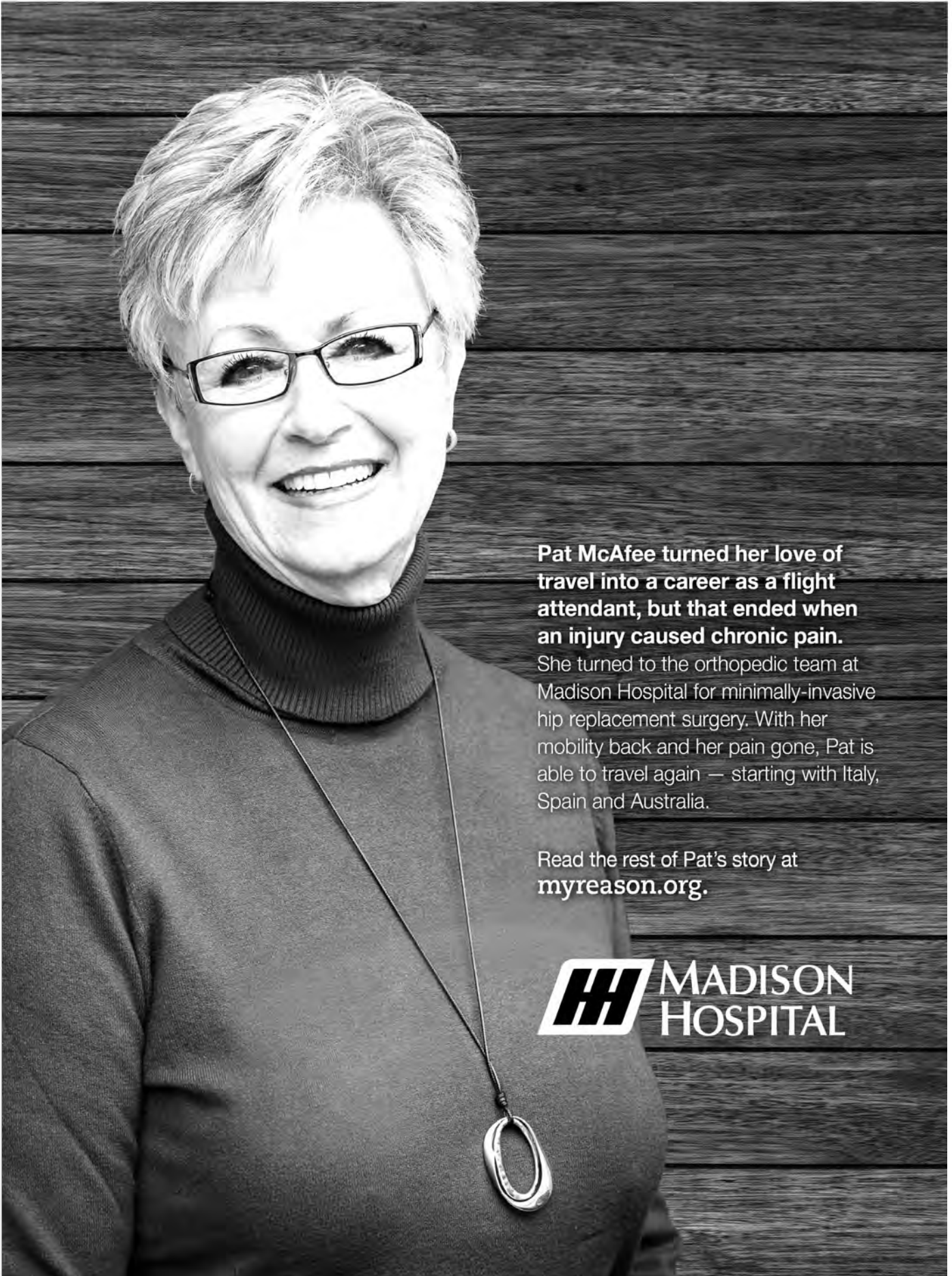
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swore to her innocence. Regardless of opinion, the book was the major topic of discussion any place people gathered.

Needless to say, the merry widow was not a pleasant lady to be around when she heard news of the book. She immediately drove her buggy into Huntsville where she consulted an attorney and brought charges against Abner Tate for defamation of character.

When the case finally came to trial late that fall, the courtroom was packed. It became a battleground, with plaintiff and defendant hurling insult after insult at each other. Accusations followed from each of the attorneys, while the judge rapped repeatedly for order.

The crowd of onlookers became so large that it overflowed onto the courthouse grounds. It was said a packed tavern in town was taking bets as to how the trial would end.

The judge, after listening to as much as he could stand, continued the case, hoping both parties would calm down

enough to be rational.

After a short while Mrs. Routt dropped the charges. Even today, the debate goes on in Madison County. Why did she drop the charges? Was it because she was tired of constantly being the topic of gossip, or was worried about some new information that Tate's attorney had recently uncovered?

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Routt and her son moved to Mississippi. She never again returned to Madison County.

No one knows why she moved, but the day of her departure, witnesses swear that they saw her in a carpenter's shop, getting a seventh peg added to her hat rack.

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Vanity - Thy Name is "Selfie"

by John Sims Jeter

I may very well be the last remaining person to have never taken a "selfie." While this may sound odd at this time in history; that is, the year 2019, it is true—and it is a fact of which I'm proud. It is funny, and probably a little misplaced, to place this among my prideful achievements—or, in this case, my non-achievements.

The lack of my being outside the realm of "Selfie-Land" is mainly because I have never "cottoned up" to cell phones in their variety of sizes, latest versions, multi-abilities and over-priced world.

A few years back, my wife and kids wore me down to the point where I purchased a "Jitterbug phone," as advertised in many AARP and other publications. I think my version of this bit of high 21st century technology is about as stripped down as they come. The purpose of my "jitterbug" is to carry in the car with me in case some unforeseen event occurs and I am compelled to call home, call 9-1-1, or call AAA for car service.

If I receive calls, I probably don't realize it since my "jitterbug" is on the no-ring/vibrate signal and in my glove box. I also give my cellular telephone number to very few people. So far, so good, and "jitterbug" has served my needs on several occasions.

However, I still get wishful, if not wistful, reminders that, "I tried to call you but you never answer the phone." Guilty as charged.

This morning while sitting in a doctor's waiting room I picked up a recent copy of the magazine, "webMD". I soon came across an article that caught my eye. The gist of the matter was that "selfies" have caused a thirty percent (30%) increase in elective plastic surgery.

How so? It was pointed out that most "selfies" are taken from a distance of about twelve inches. This closeness of camera, or phone-to-subject, compares to the distance of five feet, plus or minus, that is used for most photographic portraits.

Of course, the in-your-face closeness of a "selfie" distorts the relative sizes of features of your face. The subject looks at the "selfie" and notices that: "my nose is too big," "my left ear is larger than my right," "my lips are too full—or too thin," my eyes are baggy—or wrinkled," etc.

The imperfect subject realizes that the skillful touch of a scalpel is available to remedy the imagined imperfection.

Well, fellow readers, it is such human frailties as the above-mentioned observations, along with an available remedy, that can result in a thirty (30%) percent increase in plastic surgery.

Whether you buy that increase or not, the article has provided some starving free-lance writer an excuse to write an article for publication.

"Life is short - smile while you still have teeth."

Neil Keith, Huntsville

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The Peculiar Institution

by Ret. Judge
Hartwell Lutz

As we celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of Alabama statehood, we should perhaps acknowledge that 2019 marks the four-hundredth anniversary of what is possibly the most notorious and generally destructive event in the history of this country. It was in 1619 that race-based slavery came to what would become the United States of America.

Although we are taught from childhood to celebrate our Declaration of Independence and Constitution as establishing liberty, justice and equality, every colony that participated in the framing of the Declaration, and every state that was represented in the constitutional convention, held that it was legal for some people to own other people.

While the great majority of slaves lived in the South, hundreds of slave ships sailed in and out of ports in the Northeast. Slavery was a national institution. No serious student of American history would deny that, while the words "slave" and "slavery" are not used in the Constitution, the document would never have been ratified except for the fact that the "peculiar institution" was allowed to continue to exist, and was even protected.

By 1830 serious opposition to slavery was developing in the country, almost entirely in the North, quite often with leader-

ship from Christian preachers and their congregations. People with strong scruples against the institution, such as James G. Birney of Alabama, found it to be expedient to just leave the state. Birney went north and ran for president twice as an abolitionist.

On the other hand, there were groups throughout this nation who defended the institution based on Biblical references to its existence in ancient times. And, while it is true that the Bible contains numerous references to slavery, almost all of them are in the Old Testament. But, more importantly, perhaps, the Bible nowhere recognizes the institution to be one where by the difference between masters and slaves is to be based on

skin color, nor does it condone brutal treatment.

Except for the occurrence of several conditions, almost totally beyond the control of early Alabama people, slavery might never have come here. Those conditions were: the invention of the cotton gin; the invention of the steam engine; the industrial revolution, which brought textile machinery to England; the demand for cotton; and the realization that portions of what is now Alabama were ideal for the cultivation of the crop.

People poured in from the eastern United States in order to establish land claims with such frenzy that the term "Alabama Fever" was used to describe it.

All that was missing was labor; labor to clear land and to



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"When I was born the doctor took one look at my face, turned me over and said, 'Look, twins!'"

Rodney Dangerfield

plant, cultivate and harvest cotton. So, in the early nineteenth century, cotton provided the demand for labor and served as the medium for the mass importation of black slave labor.

Cotton farming in that era was mean, back-breaking work, often in extremely hot and humid conditions. People who aren't familiar with cotton farming often think in terms of picking the crop, but that was the easy part, much of it done by women and children. The hard part was in getting the crop ready to pick; tilling the ground, planting the seed and tending to the plants as they grew. It was work that few white people were willing to do for long. But slaves had no choice, and if they ran away they were easily recognizable as runaways and would most likely be caught, returned to the plantation and severely punished as a lesson to others.

Anyone looking upon slav-

ery as a benign and benevolent institution need only consider an ad in the October 13, 1819 issue of the Huntsville Republican newspaper, wherein a lottery for four girls, whose names were Fanny, Zane, Nancy and "Rhonda and child", with 3670 tickets being offered at \$10 each. The ad was placed there by town fathers LeRoy Pope, John Read and John Brahan. They estimated the girls to be worth from \$500-\$800, with Rhonda and child being the most valuable.

Students of Huntsville and Alabama history will recognize the date of this ad as being a little over two months following the adoption of Alabama's first constitution at a convention in Huntsville.

The Alabama Constitution of 1819 unequivocally, and unapologetically, protected slavery, calling it exactly that, slavery. In its day it was considered to be somewhat liberal. Among its "liberal" clauses was language that empowered the legislature to pass laws requiring



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slave owners to treat their slave property "with humanity," to "provide them necessary food and clothing, and to abstain from all injuries to them extending to life or limb."

Under that first Alabama constitution, the legislature was empowered to pass laws allowing individual slave owners to emancipate their human chattels. An example of such an act was passed in November of 1819, during the first session following statehood, authorizing John Bethaney of Clarke County to emancipate: "Lydia, a black woman, thirty-five years old; Eliza, a mulatto, aged twenty-three; Elizabeth, a mulatto, aged nineteen; William, a mulatto, aged seventeen; Daniel, a mulatto, aged fourteen; Amelia, a mulatto, aged seven; Margaret, a mulatto, aged three; and Lemuel, a quadroon, aged one year."

Mary Chesnut, in her classic, "A Diary from Dixie", wrote, "Like the patriarchs of old, our men live all in one house with their wives and their concubines; and the mulattoes one sees in every family partly resemble the white children. Any lady is ready to tell you who is the father of all the mulatto children in everybody's household but her own."

The Alabama legislature developed an elaborate code governing the subject of "MASTER AND SLAVE." Among other provisions, it provided a judicial process for a master to emancipate his slaves. In such cases, if a slave were ordered to be emancipated, he was required to leave the state, and if he failed to do so he was to

be "seized and sold as a slave for life." So he was free, free to leave; but where to go?

The Slave Code contained a litany of offenses that, if committed by a slave, the mandatory sentence was death by hanging. One of them was willfully and maliciously burning loose cotton worth \$100. In cases resulting in the execution of a slave, the state was required to pay his owner one-half of the slave's value.

The same code made it a crime for a "free person of color" to have almost any kind of transaction with slaves except under white supervision. Preaching to a group of slaves by a free person of color, unless witnessed by five slave holders, was subject to the laying on of fifty lashes, apparently without a trial of any kind.



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"I told my psychiatrist that everyone hates me. He said I was being ridiculous - everyone hasn't met me yet."

Wilmeta Sims, Athens

Searching for a Ghost

by Cindy Stubblefield



Before I start my story, I want to tell you that I was raised to believe there was no such thing as ghosts or the supernatural. That sort of changed when I began working for a business office on Madison Street near downtown Huntsville. Some very strange events occurred that no one could really explain.

I recall one occasion, a co-worker was still at the office late one afternoon and everyone else had left for the day. When she went to clock out, she saw a gentleman in the kitchen, his back to her, looking out the window. When she entered the kitchen she startled him - he looked as surprised to see her as she was to see him - as she thought no one was left in the building.

He was wearing a dark orange suit that appeared to be from the early 1900s. Something made her shut her eyes briefly - when she opened them

he was gone without a trace. She remembered that for years later.

With our company, working on Saturdays was pretty common. I remember one particular Saturday two women were working alone in the office. They heard laughter coming from an adjoining room down the hall. When they went to investigate, they found no one but continued to hear laughing. It was really spooky.

On another Saturday I was working with 2 of my coworkers when we began to hear breathing and loud clinking sounds coming from the paging system. Since we knew for a fact we were there alone, this really made us jittery.

After some inquiring, we began to hear stories of a funeral home that had been in this vicinity - somewhere along Madison Street. But we never could find out any definite information. It was supposed to be close to the intersection of Lowe and Madison. We're just not positive, readers may have some more information.

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Daisy the cow says to her friend Dolly: "I was artificially inseminated today." "I don't believe you!" says Dolly. "It's true," says Daisy. "No bull!"



Her cat grew up with her and lived to be eighteen years old. Get a breed with a passive disposition, like a Rag-Doll cat. Neutering also helps with a milder disposition.

You might also consider a smaller caged pet, like a hamster for starters. If they are responsible with that pet, a larger one is more likely to work out and parents not shouldered with all the responsibility of pet care. A caged bird can also be considered, like a parakeet.

Dogs can be a boy's best friend and live until the child goes off to college. Some children have even been known to take their pets with them when they go off to college. A friend of mine had her father make arrangements to take her horse to college with her; she was so devoted to him.

My advice if the child insists on getting a pet is first to discuss what kind they might like. Second, let him or her pick out the pet. Third, explain what is involved in taking care of the pet and fourth, discuss what it will cost to maintain the pet through its life span.

Your child will get much enjoyment from having a pet and learn the responsibility of caring for it. Have patience and enjoy this special time.

Grandma was asked recently what age a child should be in order to be able to have a pet and take care of it.

Parents should take into consideration the child's sex and age. Girls seem to be more responsible for taking on the task of feeding and walking a dog whereas a cat seems to take less attention. Hard cat food and a large bowl of water seem to simplify cat chores. If you train a cat to use a litter box and have an indoor cat, they seem to have a much longer life span.

Cats can bring much entertainment to a child. My grandchild would dress her cat as if it were a doll, putting doll clothes on her cat and pushing her around in a doll buggy.

"I must be getting older. Half the stuff in my shopping cart says 'For Fast Relief'."

Janet Watson, Huntsville

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

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Buffalo Soldiers and the Quartermaster Corps

by Tyler Sadler, Student at Alabama A&M University

The nickname of the Buffalo Soldier can be traced back to the late 1860s, when black soldiers volunteered for their duties in the western United States. The American Indians considered the new threat as an African American male, and called the term Buffalo Soldiers to honor valuable enemies. One story says that the Indians respected African American men, and thought his dark skin and curly hair were like buffalo. Another story is the name of buffalo's hide, which did little to supplement the insufficient government uniforms in the harsh winter conditions outside western countries.

Originally known as the 10th Cavalry Regiment, a new respectful name, Buffalo Soldiers, was established out of respect from the Cheyenne warriors that they had faced in battle. Eventually all African American soldiers became known as "Buffalo Soldiers", including later the 9th Cavalry Regiment and the 24th and 25th Infantry Regiment. Intentionally as African Americans during their time of duty they were seen as inferior to their counterparts, so they were sent to unfavorable destinations across the west to conduct the duties for the Quartermaster Corps, formerly known as the Quartermaster Department, participate in the daily struggles of war and confrontation with Native Americans and the Spanish in the south.

The military school is a joint support command of the U.S. Army. The QM trains soldiers, civilians and other service members in their ability to perform the skills and functions of QM. Apart from training, the QMS has command of 23rd Quartermaster brigade and is a supporter of all aspects of QM. This QM is located in Fort Lee, Virginia. First established on June 16, 1775, making it the oldest U.S. Army logistics branch.

The United States Army Quartermaster Corps is one of three of U.S. Army logistical branches. The mis-

sion of the Quartermaster Corps is to support development, production, acquisition, and to provide general supplies like water, petroleum and other materials during wartime and peace.

These are the duties that the Buffalo Soldiers conducted as they were on their missions throughout the years until their disbandment in 1951. Military units organize or supply supplies; material management, distribution, procurement and field service to support and maintain soldiers, troops and their equipment in war and peace.

The military's army is responsible for the clothing and equipment of individuals, organizations, such as laundry and apparel exchanges. Also field services such as washing clothes and exchanging materials with landfills.

Of the 118,625 soldiers in the tank unit of 2000, 73,733 of them were in reserve. The U.S. Army Reserve is represented by 24 percent of the infantry Regiment, which consists of 28,863 ASAR soldiers. The Army National Guard stands for 38 percent of the Corps, and 44, 870 Army Quartermasters.

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Tips from Liz

- Buy some RainX and apply it to your windshield. It makes rain just slide off your windshield and could make driving much safer if your windshield wipers fail during a rainstorm.

- I found out that potpourri on the floor does a better job of adding scent to a room than if it's on a table or higher. Just fill a basket with your favorite and place on floor near couches, seating areas, bathrooms, etc. You'll be surprised!

- Eating because you're bored can lead to significant weight gain. Distract yourself with tasks that will keep you out of the kitchen. Do your nails while watching TV, it's harder to snack when your nails are wet.

- If you have a bad splinter, cover it first with a drop or two of salad oil for a few minutes. It will be easier to remove.

- Pets help keep people healthier. Pet owners who suffered a major heart attack were six times more likely to survive for a year than those who had no pets to care for, studies have found.

- Check the quality of sunglasses you're thinking about buying:

Hold the glasses at arm's length and look through them at a far away straight line, like the edge of a table or door. Slowly move the lenses across the line. They will have imperfections if the straight edge sways, curves or moves.

- Wear neutral colors and no perfume when you go hiking in the woods. Colors and certain fragrances can attract bears.

- It's a good idea to fill your clothes washer with warm water and pour in a gallon of distilled vinegar once a quarter or so. Run the machine through the entire cycle, the vinegar will clean the hoses and unclog any soap scum.

- If your kitten is jumping up on a favorite chair and you would rather he didn't, stuff a few mothballs under the cushions. Cats don't like the smell and will avoid it.

- You can deodorize and clean your pet's coat by rubbing baking soda through it and brushing it out.

- A good way to whiten socks, is to boil them in water to which you've added a couple of lemon slices.

- If you're doing your nails and need them to harden in a hurry place your fingertips in a bowl of ice water filled with ice cubes.

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GOING TO THE FARM

by Anna Gene (Clift) Chesnut

When I was a little girl, going to the farm was a big adventure. Our farm, twelve miles from Huntsville on the outskirts of Meridianville, might as well have been on Mars as far as I was concerned. It seemed to take forever to get there! My mother, who inherited the farm after my father died, could not drive a car so much planning had to go into the endeavor. She had two men who worked for her, Will and Ernest, who drove her around town and, occasionally, she would enlist them to drive her to the "country" as she called the farm.

Will was terrified of snakes and often she would want him to take her to the gravel pit. A tributary of the Flint River ran through the property and my mother sold gravel, dug from an area near the river, to the county. Water would drain into the holes and snakes loved to sun themselves on the rocks. For my friends and me, however, riding the big machines that dug the gravel was our big adventure. Who cared about snakes!

If Will or Ernest were unavailable to drive, my mother and I would go to the bus station and take a Trailways bus to Meridianville and the bus driver would drop us off at the county road that separated our property from James Taylor's horse and cattle farm. His cows liked the green grass on our side of the fence better and I can remember my mother on the phone numerous times, asking James to get his cows back on his own property.

At that time, the manager of our farm was Tom Landers along with his wife and their two adult children, Herman and Louise. My job, when we arrived, was to gather the eggs. I would always approach the hen house with trepidation, knowing that, frequently, the hens did not like the idea that I was taking their eggs. Maybe that fear was all in my head (since I was a city dweller), but I approached them carefully.

One day when we arrived at the farm around noon, Herman Landers had a new job for me. I was about nine years old at that time and, of course, thinking that I was very grown up. He gave me a gunny sack and told me he would give me five dollars if I could pick a pound of cotton. Now five dollars was a lot of money to my mind so I went blithely out into the mid

day sun to pick my pound of cotton. My hands, rather delicate, were not used to the prickly cotton bolls and the cotton did not come out of the bolls that easily.

Of course, cotton weighs virtually nothing so after about fifteen minutes in the broiling sun with perspiration dripping from my whole body (and by that time only a few ounces of cotton) I gave up and went inside, humiliated, because I lost the five dollars I was sure I was going to get. A lesson learned!

When we were not able to get to the farm, Herman and Louise would bring us fresh eggs, tomatoes, corn and whatever vegetables they had in their garden. I can still taste that fresh food that came from farm to table and I think many young people these days long for that same experience of freshness.

Now, my husband and I, going to our farm in Ellensburg, Washington, two hours from Seattle, where we live, is another kind of adventure. In winter, we have to cross a mountain pass, the highway often covered in snow and ice. We just hope we are not in the wrong place at the right time and have a car or semi, going too fast for

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the conditions, careen into us. In summer, instead of cotton we grow timothy grass, which becomes hay for horses and cattle and is mostly shipped to Asia.

A farm is a farm, however, and provides just as much delight for our grandchildren as my parent's farm did for me. Chickens, horses, mules, pigs, cows, the beauty of a field of cotton, or the smell of new mown hay are all part of a farm experience no matter where it is.

After my mother died I inherited the farm. Several years later I sold it but before I did I went back and visited our sharecroppers small cabin, no longer inhabited and falling in, little by little, the roof no longer evident. All the other buildings on the farm had been torn down.

In the little garden beside what was left of the cabin the most fragrant tiny yellow narcissi were blooming. It brought tears to my eyes, thinking about the love that had gone into this small plot, on the farm, that had outlasted all the other people who had lived on it and farmed it.

A guy is sitting at home one night, alone, and hears a knock on his door. Two sheriffs deputies are there, and he asks what the problem is. One deputy asks the man if he is married and if so, can they see a picture of his wife.

The guy shows them his wife's picture.

The sheriff says, "I've very sorry sir but it looks like your wife has been hit by a truck."

The man says, "I know, but she's got a great personality and she's an excellent cook."

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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



The Photo of the Month for May was **Jane Tippett**, who with husband **Louie** own and operate the Historic Lowry House. The first correct caller to ID the picture was **Janet Miller**, of Rogersville, Al and she worked with Jane for 15 years in the Huntsville Hospital ER department! Congratulations to Janet.

And my tiny rain drop was hidden in the **Wm. Yates** ad on p. 34. Did you find it? The first caller who was right was **Leon Wade** of Huntsville, who has been an employee at Weatherly Elementary School for 4 years. He moved there from the Farley school. Congratulations to Leon!

There's nothing hidden for June, but will be for July.

Judy Miller was a little lady with a huge smile, always ready with a big hug. Judy was 90 when she passed away April 12th. She cared for her mom and dad for years, working as a bookkeeper. In 1951 she married **Lt. Henry (Hank) Miller** and became an Army wife and eventually a mom of 2 daughters and a son. In their later years Hank and Judy en-

joyed life at Brookdale at Jones Valley, and Hank took such good care of Judy. She is survived by **Hank**, daughters **Mary Bales (Joel)** and **Alice Miller**, four grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren. She was loved by many who will never forget her.

John Bzdell, Sr. is recovering from a knee replacement and lots of friends are calling him and sending best wishes. They had so many visiting John in the hospital while he was recuperating, they had to send him home! He's a popular guy. Get well quick, John.

I have been a member of the Downtown Y now for nearly 7 years and love it. While there recently I was talking with another regular, **Beth Thames**, who writes those great columns for AL.com. We agreed that there's nothing better than exercise to keep our bones in shape as we get older. Also think about this - when you're at the Y it is time spent for YOU - not all the rest of the people you take care of. It's your time for yourself. Important.

Well everyone knows what lots of rain & weather changes does to our roads. And yes there are some rough patches out there. But here are some benefits of potholes:

1. You can make a fun game by steering around them when you spot them. Kind of like an obstacle course. Really reward yourself (go to Krispy Kreme) when you've missed say, 8 out of 10.

2. For the older folks it's a great memory exercise because you should never hit a pothole twice, remember where it is and avoid it the next time. This will actually help the brain, sort of like crossword puzzles.

3. It's actually safer to have potholes because (a) you can't text on

your phone and avoid potholes at the same time and (b) you for sure can't speed.

4. If a street is really bad, take another road. You'll see homes & stores that are new to you. You might even meet new people.

5. Once the streets are paved you'll really appreciate them because you'll remember how bad they were.

I bet you can think of even more positives. And just remember that our Public Works Dept. is working hard doing the best they can do with the funds that are allotted to roads, it's a limited amount.

Special thanks to **Chris McNeese**, Director of Public Works, for meeting with a group of concerned citizens in Old Town, regarding the alley that runs between Randolph and Clinton. He did a great job explaining how the resurfacing of roads is planned and vetted. Very hard workers! We appreciate our City Councilwoman **Frances Akridge** for being there as well to listen and get information.

Connie Jones worked at Stanlios for 30 years. She was a humble, funny and loving lady who was kind to every customer who came into the sandwich shop. Connie was only 55 when she passed away. She greeted everyone and you just felt better about seeing her. We send

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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our deepest sympathy to her many friends and family.

M.D. and **Judy Smith** celebrated a 58th wedding anniversary June 8. After 8 kids and that many years of living, you would think they'd write a book. Oh wait, they HAVE written a book. Their first one is my all time favorite, that they wrote together, called "Reflections of Judy & M.D. Smith: 1945-2018". They have a story in nearly every issue of Old Huntsville. I hope you both had a fun and memorable 58th!

One of the most popular guys working at Star Market/Five Points is retiring after 16 years. **Gerald Higdon** is that tall, handsome, sweet guy who always helps you out with your groceries. He retired on May 24 but promised that he will be back to visit. Put your feet up Gerald and take it easy for a while!

The 31st Annual Huntsville/Madison County Prayer Breakfast was held in May at the Jackson Center in Research Park and it was packed. Sponsored by the **Kiwanis Club of Huntsville**, (Marcus Byers, President), all tables are sold out every year. Huntsville Mayor **Tommy Battle** and Madison Mayor **Paul Finley** spoke, then we heard from the guest speaker, **Garnett Slatton**, who was so interesting. His message was pretty compelling - you can have success and riches and still feel empty inside. However if you are significant, rather than successful, and are helping others, it makes a big difference in your life. The guest

musician was **Patrick Bogui**, currently a graduating senior at Oakwood University with hopes of becoming a surgeon. He played violin during breakfast, and is amazingly talented. **In Bloom** did the beautiful table arrangements.

I needed some comfortable shorts but didn't want to buy any. So I took some long leggings that I wear all winter long and cut them to the length I wanted. They are the most comfortable (and economical) shorts I've ever had! And they don't fray when you wash them!

I heard a rumor the other day that 72 Pitstop in Gurley has the same recipes that Mullins restaurant used for their Chili Dogs, slaw dogs and little cheese/onion hamburgers. Need to go there to test out this rumor. I have to keep my caller anonymous of course.

Joyce and Charlie Edgar will be celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary June 8th! They wrote a really popular story about their romance in Old Huntsville last year. Congratulations to the lovebirds!

Chuck Bobo was a longtime member of the Golden K Kiwanis club and had been living at Tut Fann Veterans Home for nearly two years. As a younger man he worked at AOL for many years and loved to write. He passed at 91 years old and Chuck will be remembered always.

It never occurred to me that when people flush their pills/antibiotics down the toilet that it could make its way back into our drinking

water. I know all cities have methods of purifying water that comes out of the faucet but to be on the safe side, since I drink alot of water, I got one of those Brita water pitchers and the little cartridges that come with it. You just change out the cartridge every other month or so and the water really tastes alot better.

And don't flush your pills - best to bring them to the medicine turn-in locations.

I took some clothes to **The Ark Thrift store** at 139 Bo Cole Rd. last week and while there, browsed around to see what they had. They had furniture, lots of glass and kitchenware, clothing, dishes - lots of different, good quality stuff. I was amazed and ended up leaving with a few things I couldn't resist. Their prices are super low. **Downtown Rescue Mission** has several really good thrift stores also and you'll find some amazing bargains! Check it out - it'll be worth your time.

Happy June birthday to handsome **Evan Troup** of Nashville! Also June 5th is the special day that **Billy Lenox** came into the world. He is the awesome webmaster who manages the Old Huntsville web site. Also Happy Birthday to **Charles Petty**, who keeps Old Town yards looking beautiful. So many wedding anniversaries too in June, including **Ken and Diane Owens** who got married 49 years ago on June 13.

Hug or call your **Dad** if you're lucky enough to still have him here, and have a good June.



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Hot and Spicy Summer

Savory Spinach

- 1 pkg. frozen spinach, cooked and chopped
- 1/3 c. sour cream
- 3 T. butter
- 2 t. horseradish
- 1/4 t. tarragon
- 1/2 t. salt
- White pepper to taste

In a saucepan, put spinach and all ingredients. (Spinach should be hot). Stir well and heat slowly. Serve hot.

Spicy Black Bean Soup

- 2 c. dried black beans
- 3 qts. water
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 stalks celery
- 2 beef bouillon cubes in a cup of water
- Ham hock
- 1 T. garlic powder
- 1 t. Cayenne pepper

Cover your beans with water and let them soak overnight. Next day, drain the water and add more to cover with about 2" cover over the beans. Cover with lid and simmer for about 2 hours. Uncover and add the

rest of the ingredients. Cook longer til the beans are tender. If you like it thicker, put half of the beans in a blender and add back to the mixture. Top with sour cream and chopped green onions, or try some of the new Tabasco Jalapeno pepper sauce.

Layered Mexican Dip

- 1 16-oz. can refried beans
- 1/2 pkg. taco seasoning mix.
- 1 carton sour cream
- 1 c. avocado mixture or dip
- 1 4-oz. can chopped green chilies
- 1/2 c. chopped black olives
- 2 large tomatoes, diced
- 8 green onions, chopped, greens and all
- 1-1/2 c. chopped Cheddar cheese

Sour cream to dollop on top
Picante sauce and chopped jalapeno peppers, to taste

Combine refried beans and taco seasoning mix. Spread the mixture in a 12x8x2 inch dish, layer the remaining ingredients in the order listed. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes.

Spices for Hot Blackened Fish

- 1 T. paprika
- 2 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. onion powder
- 2 t. garlic powder
- 2 t. ground cayenne pepper
- 1 t. white pepper, ground
- 3/4 t. black pepper
- 1/2 t. dried thyme
- 1/2 t. dried oregano

Mix thoroughly and store in an airtight spice jar. Use whenever you prepare blackened fish.

Rotini with Cayenne

- 1 box tri-colored Rotini (corkscrew) pasta

Bring large pot of water to boil, add the pasta. Cook for 8 minutes, no more. Drain in a colander, drizzling cold water over to stop it from cooking. Set aside. Put in large bowl and mix with 1/2 c. dried parsley.

In an 8-cup plastic container with a lid, combine the following:

- 1/2 c. olive oil

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1/3 c. red wine vinegar
 2 heaping t. prepared mustard
 3 t. dried oregano
 2 t. minced garlic
 1 t. cayenne pepper, ground (more if you like it real hot)
 Cover your container, shake very well. Drizzle over the pasta just before you serve it.

Fried Green Tomatoes

5 lrg. green tomatoes
 2 c. yellow corn meal
 2 t. black pepper
 1/2 t. garlic powder
 3/4 t. salt or to taste
 Slice the tomatoes into 1/3" slices. On a large flat platter, mix the meal, salt and pepper. Coat the slices with the meal and place them into a large skillet that you have heated with about 1/2 cup extra-light olive oil.

Make sure your oil is hot, and that the slices sizzle when you put them in the pan. Cook over medium-high heat, turning when each side gets medium brown. Remove from pan and place on paper towels to soak up the excess oil. Serve hot!

This is especially good when served with homemade pinto beans, yellow cracklin' corn bread, turnip greens and some fresh sliced Vidalia onions.

Green Onion Chicken

1 package chicken breasts, boneless and skinless
 1 c. Kentucky Kernel Seasoned Flour (in your grocery store)
 1 t. cayenne pepper, ground
 1 c. green onion, chopped with greens

In a frying pan, pour about 1/2 cup olive oil. Heat until a piece of the green onion sizzles, put in the chicken that you have thoroughly coated with the flour and cayenne pepper. Heat on both sides for a few minutes til flour adheres to the chicken, then turn down heat and cook slowly for about 20 minutes. Add the green onion, cook for another 10 minutes. If there is any oil left, make a gravy by adding a bit of water and stirring.

Hot Sausage Casserole

1 lb. hot sausage
 1 c. Cheddar cheese, grated
 6 eggs, lightly beaten
 2 c. milk
 1/2 c. butter, melted
 1/2 t. dry mustard
 1/2 t. salt and black pepper
 1/2 t. garlic powder
 Cook the sausage til browned, drain grease and layer the sausage on the bottom of a 12x8x2" baking dish. Sprinkle

it with the cheese.

Combine the eggs, milk, butter, dry mustard, salt, pepper and garlic powder in a separate bowl. Pour this mixture over the sausage and cheese. Refrigerate overnight, covered with plastic wrap.

Next morning cook for 35 minutes at 350 degrees, or until set.

Rauschfire by Richard Rausch

3 bottles dark rum
 2 bottles of bitters
 32 oz. honey
 Triple Sec, large bottle

In a large glass bowl mix all ingredients well. Stir to dissolve honey. With a plastic funnel pour the mix into smaller glass bottles with cork tops. Can be stored at room temperature indefinitely. Be careful with drinking this - It's extremely potent!



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The Tornadoes of April 2011

by Lt. Donny Shaw,
Madison County Sheriff's Office

"47, the Piggly Wiggly is Gone!" Words I will never forget over the radio on April 27, 2011. But that was not even the start or the end of that day; I will go back to that as I reflect on the stories of that day.

It was just like any other day. There had been lines of tornadoes that had already rolled across Alabama in the early morning hours. Our Regional Response Team had gathered at our office at Wheeler Avenue and several of them headed to Marshall County to access damage and determine what we could provide to assist them in recovery.

My co-supervisor from 2nd Shift and I stayed back and attended a planned meeting that had nothing to do with the weather of the day. During the meeting we did briefly discuss the possibility of severe weather that afternoon. After all, for the week leading up to this day we had been receiving reports of an outbreak of super cells that would cause property damage and deaths. But as with the predictions in the past we felt all we could do was wait and see and respond where needed.

After the meeting we received word from our team in Marshall County and started to think through how we could support them. I remember saying, "hey you want to go get a hot meal, we may not see one for a few days". So that is what we did, and as we ate we started to see on the television the major cells move into Alabama. And immediately reports of

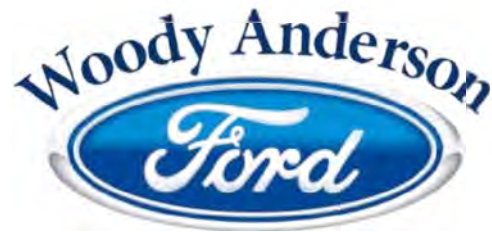
destruction and death from those cells, moving from the west on the typical line they move toward our county.

As we finished eating, a tornado warning was issued for Limestone County. My co-supervisor said I will go west and I told him I was going to our office to alert the employees there and a class that was being conducted there. As I turned west from Andrew Jackson to Pratt I saw a color in the sky on the horizon that I have never seen before in the sky. It was like a glow from an electrical fire. And reports of damage were being reported in Limestone County.

I reached the office and alerted everyone that we too were now under a tornado warning. They all went out toward the danger. I got a call from my division commander and was told to go to the east side of the county and I was responsible for that side. Word came over the radio that a tornado was on the ground near Limestone Prison and soon after the power went off and did not come back on.

Two Alabama State Troopers were seeking cover from heavy rain and hail in the car wash bays at Highway 53 and Jeff Road and reporting to dispatch what they were observing. There was a lot of radio traffic coming from the west side on what deputies were observing.

Then my heart sank as the trooper reported over the radio "47, the Piggly Wiggly is gone!", knowing that at this report Anderson Hills



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just north of Huntsville had been struck and sub-divisions just east of there were about to be struck.

Deputies flooded the area to find that Lockhart, Yarborough Road, Anderson Hills and Carters Gin subdivisions had taken direct hits with multiple structures destroyed. About the same time we learned that the main TVA feeder lines near Limestone Prison had been severed. Deputies were locating deceased and severely injured victims in all locations and calling for Firefighters and EMS. All while the tornado traveled east toward New Market lifting and settling back to the ground.

Then unexpectedly a second tornado developed and followed in the same path causing deputies to take the best cover they could laying on the ground and in some cases directly over victims that could not move. It passed and continued east again toward New Market. At some point that day another tornado caused damage at Stone Hill Estates, Heart of Dixie Popcorn, Maysville Road, County Lake Road and Fussy Hill Road. The rain lasted well into the night at torrential rates.

By the time the weather had passed well into the darkness of night nine Madison County Residents had died. All deputies were in service along with surrounding agencies in a mutual aide effort to secure devastated areas and continue search, rescue and recovery efforts. A command post was set up at the Redstone Federal Credit Union on Highway 53 in Harvest.

We had a quick down and dirty assessment of where we were around midnight and divided our forces to attack the recovery beginning right then. Half went home and the others continued into the night until the next morning.

At first light on the 28th there are no words to describe what I

saw. I have been to some hideous places in the world and seen some really bad things, but this was my home where I served and an "unnatural" natural event had changed everything beautiful about it. Every thing peaceful I have ever known of it. (When you have a minute Google Madison County April 27, 2011, unbelievable).

Now we move into the recovery phase. The first challenge we have as a disadvantage is every TVA line feeding into Madison County is severed and there is absolutely no power anywhere in the county unless provided by motor driven generators. But TVA and Huntsville Utilities are hard at work 24/7 to restore that precious resource we are so dependent on.

We are able to improve our command post as Redstone Federal Credit Union hands us the keys to their facility and tells us to use as long as there is a need. We have Alabama Homeland Security Regional Response Teams arriving from Mobile, Montgomery and Prattville for assistance. Huntsville and Madison Police lend officers. Our Reserve Corp has responded in force. And our Chaplains are there for support and guidance. A local restaurant with a mobile service coach loads it with food and delivers it to the command post to feed emergency workers, as will a few other restaurants over the duration.

“Opportunity is missed by most people because it is dressed in overalls and looks like work.”

Thomas A. Edison



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It took just a couple of days and we were in a position to sustain all the needs of the emergency workers for a long time to come; a mobile maintenance shop, several mobile fueling stations, a mobile shower and mobile sleeping facility for the response teams.

We established security teams, substance delivery teams and a beefed up patrol function with multiple two man units. The patrol function really made an impact making arrests on thieves attempting to take advantage of the complete loss of power. Thieves were caught breaking in, just having broke in, stealing from the devastated areas and other crimes preying upon victims of loss/damaged property.

For over two weeks personnel worked fourteen hour days until the recovery operation is scaled back to security for the areas destroyed. A few more days until operations were returned to what we would call normal. But I think for anyone who served during that time it was a while before anything was normal again.

There were employees who had damage and loss but were there serving during the operation to see to it that the citizens of this county were served and protected to the best of our ability, they were now seeing to their own needs.

There were employees that were deeply affected by the death and destruction that was witnessed by a natural event, not that we don't see death, but what we do is normally at the hand of another, not weather. It made it very real that there are no barriers to what can take your loved one's life in a second if not prepared and seeking safe refuge.

I sent my family to another city south of here so that they could have comfort, food and electricity for our daughters' breathing treatments. And there were sacrifices by firefighters, EMS, rescue and volunteers - all so courageous in their efforts of the day and days following.

Some always get looked over but I always make sure to show my appreciation to the linemen of Huntsville Utilities, TVA and those who came from abroad to restore our power. Ya'll are truly Heroes too!

With all that occurred on that day and with the work effort to follow; fourteen hour days, no power, no air, cold showers, washing uniforms by hand, missing family among other sacrifices, I would find it hard to find anyone who complained, was not in a good mood and did not give abso-

lutely 100% of themselves for the communities we serve and live in.

It chills me that it occurred and could occur again. However it gives me great pride at how we responded and will if called upon again. Thank you everyone that served during that time, you all are the best at what we do!

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Examples of a Disturbed Body from a Disturbed Mind

From 1890 Newspaper

1. Shame fills the cheeks with blood.
2. Fear drives it away.
3. Excitement quickens the heart beat.
4. Grief brings tears from the tear glands, (how many other glands may also be disturbed?)
5. Great shock to the mind will draw the blood from the head and so cause fainting.
6. Worry will stop digestion.
7. Emotion will stop the work of the stomach and the intestines.
8. Emotion can increase the sugar in the blood and urine like diabetes.
9. Fright or excitement can cause cold perspiration to come from the sweat glands all over the body.
10. Anger sends blood to the head and makes the face red.
11. Medical students sometimes "get" the diseases about which they study.
12. A lady developed attacks of hay fever when merely a rose was brought into her room. One day her physician brought in an artificial rose, and the usual symptoms followed. He then showed her that the rose was made of paper, and the symptoms speedily disappeared.

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Protecting Your Trees - What to Look for

by David Ohlrich, ISA
Certified Arborist, Tree
Risk Assessor



As spring fades away and summer begins, trees and plants may begin to look sickly. There may be discoloration in the leaves, the plant may begin to droop, there may be weird purple splotches on the leaves, bark may fall off the tree, several branches in the crown may be dead, and there may be sawdust present at the base of the tree. These are signs of stress factors in trees and some are more telling than others.

In the summer months from May to August these issues manifest, and why is that? First, trees and plants need water to survive, in the summer months this luxury is limited, there is not as much rain in the forecast, not only that, but plants move water through the

leaves to cool off.

In 95-degree weather the heat of the sun and stale air starves plants of valuable water. This can cause leaf discoloration or scorching and cause the leaves to droop. When a plant is deprived of special resources this can lead to other problems that could lead to tree and plant mortality and dieback in the crown.

Think back to 2016, it was hot and dry, smoke in the air from the Northeast, precious

little rain, that was the drought of 2016. Many trees throughout the region died because of the lack of water and thousands of forested acres burned.

The lack of water can weaken trees, and many pests and disease thrive on these stressed trees. Hypoxylon canker is a fungal disease that causes a tree's bark to fall off revealing a pink mass of fungal spores. Over time these spores go from pink to tan, to gray and then harden off and turn black. Once the

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"My mind is like an internet browser. Nineteen tabs are open and four of them are frozen. And I have no clue where the music is coming from."

Butch Adcock, Huntsville

disease gets in the tree it is doomed. This disease makes the tree brittle and falls apart easy, this can lead to liability, so removing the tree is the most practical solution.


Another issue of stressed trees are boring insects. There are many different types of insects from pine beetles to hardwood borers, but the most devastating for private homeowners is the Granulated Ambrosia beetle (Asian Ambrosia Beetle). Native to China and introduced to America in 1970, this beetle attacks many different host trees from, fruit, to nut to landscape trees and more which make it especially devastating. The most common sign of the borer are tubules protruding from the trunk of the tree that looks like spokes on a tire sticking out of tiny pin holes in the bark. There will also be sawdust at the base of the tree.

Sometimes if treated early enough with a chemical product the tree can be saved. Repeated spray programs are recommended for the best control. With borer damage you will also see dieback in the crown when the larvae of the beetles feed on the inside of the tree, disrupting nutrient uptake.


When diagnosing a tree issue, consulting with a certified arborist is always recommended. Arborists consider the overall health of trees, risk associated with keeping them, and may see other problems not acknowledged by the homeowner. An arborist's job is to scientifically present the facts and help the homeowner make the best decisions regarding their valuable trees.

If it weren't for the last minute, a lot of things wouldn't get done.

"It's no exaggeration to say that the undecideds could go one way or another."
George Bush



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SCOTTSBORO'S FIRST MONDAY

by Hugh Michaels

First Monday Trade Day in Scottsboro may sound like just a day but it's an entire weekend of trading. First Monday is held each month beginning on the Saturday before the first Monday of the month in Downtown Scottsboro at the Square. It's a trade day for local craftsman, food vendors, and anyone who wants to come sell or trade their items.

You can find antiques, farm equipment, food, knives, handmade crafts, clothes, baskets, antiques, plants, furniture and just about anything else. You never know what you might find at First Monday in Scottsboro!

Being a vendor is as easy as showing up, spaces are available month by month on a first come first serve basis and there will be no charge for any space. Vendors may use up to 3 regular size parking spots on the inside of the square. Setup may occur after 6 p.m. on the Friday prior to the Weekend Event. Vendors may not block the inside sidewalks or traffic flow, use the parking spaces for your setup.

First Monday Trade Day in Scottsboro began as Horse Swapper's Day on December 1, 1902. The event was the idea of James Armstrong, editor of "The Scottsboro Citizen."

Armstrong made his first appeal to his readers on March 8, 1900, saying, "Why not have a day SET APART each month in Scottsboro as horse swapper's day? This would bring a big crowd to town and would be known as horse trader's day."

James Armstrong waited over two years before his idea materialized. Finally, on November 13, 1902 he again appealed to his readers suggesting, "Each first Monday could be made a lively day for buying, swapping and selling horses and mules. The Citizen suggests that Monday, December 1st be named the First Horse Swapper's Day."

The rest, as they say, is history. While the FIRST horse swapper's day was not a howling success, Armstrong did not give up. Six months later, The Citizen reported: "A good crowd was in town Monday. County and Commissioners' Court met that day." No mention was made of trade day.

Nine months from "the first day set aside," James Armstrong was still reminding his readers of horse swapper's day. On Sep-

tember 3, 1902, he printed: "Next Monday, being the first Monday, will be horse swapper's day in Scottsboro. Bring in another horse."

Mr. Armstrong was obviously pleased with the crowd in 1903. On September 10, 1903, his most extensive coverage to date appeared with the bold heading: Horse Swappers Day

News Article - Scottsboro Citizen - "Last Monday - the first Monday - was horse swapper's day at this place, and a large crowd was in town. A number of trades were made during the day, and everybody seemed satisfied he got the best bargain."

Editor Armstrong had to give his readers constant reminders about first Monday Horse Swapper's Day but his perseverance paid off. He patiently educated his readers and together they established an unofficial holiday in Jackson County.

As the needs of the people changed, so did First Monday Trade Day. More and more farmers acquired automobiles and tractors, and horse swapping declined. First Monday crowds waned in direct relation. Once again, a newspaper editor sensed the economic climate and provided cohesive leadership.

After James Armstrong died in 1911, the stock of The Scottsboro Citizen was sold to The Progressive Age. In 1919, James S. Benson purchased The Progressive Age. On March 5, 1925 Mr. Benson outlined a plan to expand the marketing services of the declining Horse Swapper's Day. He proposed first Monday trading to be called Market Day. He stated farmers could advertise free of charge in The Progressive Age.

Mr. Benson obtained the support of the Civitan Club to foster this new idea. He wrote, "On the first Monday in April, what is known as Market Day will be started in Scottsboro, and doubtless much good will result from the business and good fellowship campaign arranged for that day. It is planned that in addition to the horse swappers convention that always takes place on First Monday, the farmers of the county will be invited to come on this day and trade and sell their products. It is planned that any farmer in the county who has anything to sell, trade or wants to buy anything on this day can advertise FREE in The Progressive Age. A section of the paper has been contracted for by the business men under the auspices of the Civitan Club of the Town and all the farmer has to do is write out his advertisement and send it to The Progressive Age and the week before the First Monday this section will be published. If you have anything you want to sell or exchange, advertise it in these columns and have it here on that day, and it is very likely you can get a trade. Get ready for it."

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The variety of wares traded increased with the crowds each year. Now a trade day of mammoth proportions takes place around the courthouse square. First Monday in Scottsboro is one of Jackson County's most consistent claims to fame.

Again, times have changed, and Scottsboro is no longer the agricultural community it once was. Once again, First Monday has to adapt itself to the changing times. Many of First Monday's vendors have full time jobs and therefore are unable to set up on Monday. Therefore, the best crowds are usually found on Sundays. On those weekends where Monday is a holiday, you will find crowds on both Sunday and Monday.

Labor Day Weekend is truly the biggest and best First Monday Weekend. The vendors set up and sell Saturday, Sunday and Monday and it is not unusual to see crowds in excess of 40,000. First Monday Trade Days are an integral part of Scottsboro's heritage and tradition: a part Scottsboro is proud to celebrate and share.

We invite visitors to come to Jackson County and experience First Monday Trade Days. Explore the multitude of treasures that our vendors have to offer. Spend a day ambling around the courthouse square. Enjoy the sights and sounds as well as the aromas coming from the variety of food vendors. For 117 years people have been gathering in Scottsboro for the purpose of trading or selling their products. People come from far away places.


Years ago, people would bring dogs, chickens, ducks, sheep, and many more animals (mostly dogs). Today they bring more modern goods. If they couldn't get rid of their dogs, they would turn them loose. Dogs would be everywhere.

Scottsboro had two theaters, Bocanita and Ritz. Those theaters would be full on First Monday. The cost of Double Header was \$.15. The movies would run all day. Some of the most popular movie stars were Tex Ritter, Roy Rogers, Johnny Mack Brown, Shirley Temple, Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner. School kids would sometimes skip school. They would hide in a lumber yard until the theater would open. Often the high school principal would visit the theaters and spoil the fun.

Odd things would happen on First Monday. Once I observed two preachers arguing, and they almost came to "fisticuffs". A bystander stopped them. They were well known. Preachers would find a good place to "spread the gospel" and they would preach for hours.




Musicians would use the bandstand and they would sing for hours. The bandstand was a popular place.

Thanks to Ann Chambliss and Gary Morgan for helping prepare this article. For further info, call Gary 256-218-0124.



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Games Children Used to Play

By Charita Smith Avery

Growing up in the 50s was a wonderful experience; to me, the best of times to be a child. I don't recall being bored as a child because I could always come up with something to do. Growing up in the Lincoln Mill Village, there were always children to play with. I made lifetime friends during that period. Two friends who immediately come to mind are Patricia Pippin Brooks and Charles Treece. Patricia and I met while in first grade when she and her family moved to Levert Street. We had just moved there from Davidson Street where I was born.

We are still close friends today after 70 years. We were so close during our teenage years that we dressed alike. Her mother was a hairdresser, so she fixed our hair in the same style. When we were sixteen years of age, we had tonsillectomies at the old Huntsville Hospital, using the same doctor. As a matter of fact, we wore matching pajamas, so the nurse tech used the excuse "they look just alike" to explain to the doctor why he brought me to surgery when he was suppose to bring Patricia. He discovered the error when he called me Patricia and I had to tell him I was Charita.

The Treece family lived next door to us on Levert Street. Although Charles was a boy and a few years younger than I, we spent many hours playing together. We sometimes would play all day, only pausing to eat our meals. We were so compatible as friends because he would very willingly "play house" with me if I would play cowboys with him. I don't recall our ever having a disagreement, which we must have had. Our back yard was mostly dirt, so I would use a stick to draw boundaries for the rooms, including doorways to each room. Then, using paint cans, cardboard boxes and the like, I made our furniture and explained to Charles the purpose each served as house furnishings. He was always so cooperative and I feel I helped train him for the good husband he is to his wife today. I always loved to decorate and I felt for years I should become a decorator. I certainly got a lot of experience there in my back yard.

After playing house, we would transform into cowboy and cowgirl. I was always Dale Evans, but I don't recall who Charles' hero cowboy was. It really didn't matter who he was, because I was always going to be Dale. I even asked for a play gun for Christmas, so then I was really

in character. (I know play guns are not acceptable today, but that just shows how times have changed.) We, quite crudely, built a wooden "bar" out of boards for the "saloon." It was more like a diner where I would serve hamburgers made with mud patties served between two large leaves from our mulberry tree in the front yard. While Charles was out chasing Indians and bad guys, I prepared the food. We both worked at preparing the pan of mud to be used for different purposes. When it got too dark to play outside, we would place the pan of mud under the house, where it was retrieved the next day, a little water added to it, and we were ready to open the diner again.

After many years when I was grown and married, my nephew cleaned beneath my mother's house and, to my surprise, there was the pan of hard dirt where Charles and I had left it the last day we played house.

On rainy days, we played in either our house or the



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Treece's house. We would play school and each take turns playing the role of teacher. Other days, we played church when Charles would always do the preaching and I would do the singing and shouting. I would bring my "snuff" (a concoction of cocoa and sugar) and dip while Charles preached against dipping. I remember these times as though they were last week, and thinking about them always brings a smile to my face and an excitement in my spirit.

Charles and I were recently sharing these memories and he informed me that for years he thought we were in the same family. That's the connection we had in the Mill Village. Many of us were just like family, especially the kids, running from home to home as though they were at home in each of them,

At night, several kids would gather under the street light in front of our house to play hide & seek. Some days there would be one or two of them sitting on the curb waiting for it to get dark and the others to gather there to play. I was always afraid of the dark; however, a strange thing occurred when we played hide & seek at night. I lost that fear and would run between the dark houses and down the back alley never giving it a second thought. The only thing on my mind was remaining undetected by the one who was "it" and was diligently looking for the rest of us. I still bear the scar on my leg where I landed on a horseshoe stake when I jumped over the fence between the houses and it was too dark to see what awaited me on the other side.

As you can see, we children of the 50s had imaginations and were very adept at entertaining ourselves. Some days during vacation from school we would play outside all day, and it was always difficult to give up and go inside when our mothers called. We certainly got plenty of fresh air and exercise, unlike many children today. When we did go in for the night, there were always comic books to trade. Charles and I each kept our comics in a box under the bed. We would call on the phone to decide if there were trades we wanted to make. If so, one would run to the other house to make the exchange. Many times I have wished I still had that box of comics.

**"I'm not saying you're stupid.
I'm just saying you've got
really bad luck when it comes
to effective thinking."**

PJ Johnston, Arab

I am so thankful for my childhood years and the friends I made, many of whom are still here in Huntsville.

I do still see some of them at the Lincoln Mill Reunion each summer, but it would be so wonderful if we could gather under that street light once again just to reminisce. Since that will never happen, I still have the joy of remembering them and the games we played.



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This Place Matters: Huntsville's 200th Anniversary and Historic Preservation

Editor's note: (Carol Codori)

These comments were adapted from remarks by Donna Castellano, Executive Director of the Historic Huntsville Foundation (HHF). She spoke at Mayor Battle's press conference on April 30, in front of the newly revealed mid-1800s brick sidewalk display, at 205 East Side Square.

This day is a cause for celebration. We welcome back an historic pathway where many residents of our city trod in the past. But the Bicentennial year also calls upon us to look at the future of Huntsville and Madison County's historic buildings.

As we stand here, within easy walking distance of Alabama's earliest and most important historic buildings and houses, we have to wonder - how many of them will be standing at Alabama's next centennial celebration?

This is a powerful question. And an awesome responsibility for those who take pride in Huntsville history. How do we preserve our history forward?

It was in response to this question that the Historic Huntsville Foundation created three Bicentennial projects that debuted in May. The projects are imbedded in the notion that if you want to touch the future, you start with a child.

The FIRST Bicentennial project is "Finding Huntsville: A Kid Friendly Field Guide to Huntsville's Historic Architecture". It is a 12-page activity book, that takes kids on an architectural scavenger hunt around the downtown Courthouse Square, introducing them to five architectural styles, including Greek Revival, Gothic Revival and International style.

Finding Huntsville is FREE, funded

through grants from the Alabama Historical Commission and the Community Foundation of Greater HSV and will be available to classrooms through Free2Teach. Finding Huntsville will begin the process of educating the next generation of historic preservationists about Huntsville architecture.

The SECOND project is "Color Me, Huntsville", comprised of three separate coloring books that combine art and history through the talent of local artists Carole Foret, Christina Green and Christina Wegman. Each of their books is a showcase for Huntsville's architecture, history and diversity. These coloring books went on sale Saturday, May 18 at Harrison Brothers Hardware. Proceeds from the sale will be used to distribute coloring books to 3rd grade classrooms in Huntsville and Madison County. Our motto is: Buy a book; give a book!

These two Bicentennial projects came together on May 11 for our THIRD Bicentennial event called A History-Making Mother's Day, on sidewalks at Harrison Brothers. Families picked up Finding Huntsville, took the architectural walking tour led by members of HHF's

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board, and learned about Greek Revival and Gothic Revival architecture.

Then they strolled back for a special Bicentennial Mother's Day Card, for the "Best Mom in History." Inside was a sketch from Color Me, Huntsville, a great way for kids to make their mom a special Bicentennial keepsake. They got to take a piece of Huntsville history home with them.

Our Finding Huntsville, Color Me, Huntsville, and Mother's Day Cards focus on children and families, encouraging them to make memories around Huntsville and its history, and to plant the seeds of historic preservation in future generations. The Bicentennial was the catalyst for these projects, and they will be sustained long after the 1819-2019 Bicentennial passes.

For additional information, see www.historichuntsville.org or visit HHF's Facebook page.

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We call him Egypt
because he leaves a
pyramid in every room."**

Rodney Dangerfield

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Life's Two Minute Warning

by M.D. Smith, IV

A very good book to read is one titled "Halftime: Moving from Success to Significance" by Bob Buford. I read it six years ago, I wish I had read it twenty years ago when it first came out. It has sold millions of copies and I recommend it.

After selling one business in 1999 and another in 2011 at a loss, I did not have that much business happening to take up the time. I have always done other family time things with exercise, hobbies (like ham radio), special activities and a bit of TV watching, movies primarily, filling in gaps.

Don't get me wrong, I still have a pot full of things to do every day and some days things just "fall off the plate" not getting done. Having a good "to-do" list in my pocket and a "planner" for several months of special events, plays, birthdays, etc. is important also. I hate conflicts of two important things to do and then having to cancel one of them because I didn't remember both.

All that said, at age 77, about to be 78, I am way past the "Halftime" of life that Bob Buford talks about in his book. I can no longer schedule a 30-year plan for the rest of my life that I might have done at age 50 in 1990.

I believe God has given me a "Two Minute Warning" and that's a good thing. We never know what God's time schedule is, but for me, I know I'm in the hazy days of life on the planet. When you witness many of your friends dying and folks much younger, it

sure keeps you thinking.

It's always been excellent advice to "live for today." Meaning, don't live in the past, don't spend time yearning for the future, but live right now, in the present. Make each day count because sooner than you or I expect, there aren't going to be any more days to get something done important, that we have been putting off.

Let me hasten to say that I have not been diagnosed with any terminal disease, other than living, which is a terminal disease for ALL of us. We do expect to live a normal lifespan and hopefully be sound of mind and fit enough of body to get around on our own.

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**"I like long walks,
especially when they are
taken by people who
really annoy me."**

Billy Dennis, Woodville

I am living in the grace of "My Two Minute Warning" of life. I am doing my best to make the most of it. I have found myself almost driven to put down on paper, things that have either been on my mind, only said verbally to my wife and/or family members, so I don't have to wish I'd written it before it's too late.

I further need to put down on paper, things that only live in the "vapor of the internet," by way of five or six websites that I have created over the past 20 years and still maintain.

When I am gone, those will vanish from the planet just like steam coming out of a teapot. It disappears right before your eyes. Here today, gone tomorrow.

So, I am putting them down on paper, just like I am this short story and advice to whomever chooses to read it. Someday my kids and perhaps even grand kids will read it.

I have also discovered the enjoyment of creative writing of fiction stories and tales. I am working on a novel that I hope to finish before "game over."

It's quite interesting to learn the secrets of some of our best fiction writers, who have taken the time to write a book FOR new writers coming along, like me. I loved Stephen King's book on writing. Even a relatively new friend of six years, Don Keith, N4KC, who has had over 30 books published, has written a book for writers, putting in it things he learned, some the hard way. That's one reason to read books as well as Google any topic of interest on the internet these days.

As the clock is ticking, I hasten to say, fill your days with good things you do, not just things that make you feel good. Sometimes good things do both. Kind things you do for others is satisfying. You can't erase mistakes of the past. Don't brood about them. You don't have much control over the future, so don't try. Live in the present. You know the saying, "That's why they call it 'a present,' because today is just that."

At my age, my friends say to me, "Well, don't bother planting any fruit trees, you won't live to get any fruit off of them."

They are probably right. But I DID just order some "Thornless Giant Blackberry Plants" that will be delivered in late November for planting. Note however, I paid extra for the "3-year-old" plants guaranteed to bear fruit this coming summer.

"Always carry a flagon of whiskey in case of snakebite and furthermore, always carry a small snake."

W. C. Fields

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SURVIVING BOOGERTOWN, PART 2

*by Judy Hallman as told
to John E. Carson*

Jimmy Mae Bradford was my aunt. She ran moonshine out of Boogertown and most of the men would gather at her place for gambling. Her husband Elmer played the banjo.

Now, Jimmy Mae could cuss better than any sailor and she wouldn't hesitate to roll anyone on the floor in a fight. She made no pretenses - she was who she said she was and would do what she said she'd do. As I look back she played a strong role in my life. I knew she loved me unconditionally.

One story I remember her telling was about the time in Boogertown when news of an impending police raid came down. Jimmy had been out running shine and by the time she heard the news there was no time to find a place to stash the stuff. So, she did what many of the women there had learned to do; she gathered up all the spirits and poured them into a foot tub!

Then, my great-grandmother and Jimmy Mae started washing dishes in it. When the police arrived, they could smell the booze but couldn't find it.

On another raid they did find it and Jimmy Mae was taken to jail. At that time, women were kept upstairs in the jailhouse and men were kept in the basement. Jimmy Mae decided the plumbing needed work and began shoving rolls of tissue into the toilet and tied the handle down...

Soon the jailhouse was flooded, and water began to run into the basement as well. As she had anticipated, everyone being held was released and sent back home.

Once, my mother had taken me to stay with Bradford (that was what everyone called Jimmy Mae, no one used her given name, just Bradford.) While at her house, she decided I needed a bath and heated some water on the potbellied stove. Upon

removing my clothes, she could see that my four-year-old body was bruised up pretty bad. I can still hear Uncle Elmer's screams of rage and when my mother came to pick me up he lit into her and said, "I don't know who did this to her, but it better not happen again or they will answer to me!"

I don't remember who gave me those bruises, but I remember who stood up for me. Elmer was my protector. So please don't tell me that nothing good came out of Boogertown. Every time my dad got drunk and beat my mom, some of us would go to Bradford. She always had an open door for us. Jimmy Mae was a strong woman and Elmer was an amazing man and these are some of the people that helped me along life's journey

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June Memories

by Elizabeth Wharry



June has always brought to mind graduations, weddings and Father's Day.

Three particular years stand out for me. Let's take a stroll down memory lane.

June 1971...my older sis-

ter was getting married. Our oldest sister, myself, and my oldest sisters' two children were part of the wedding party. I don't remember much from that day, however, I do remember my sister made a beautiful bride. If memory serves me, we girls were in yellow, and we carried bouquets of daisies.

I graduated June 10, 1976 from Lake Catholic High School. We were 300 strong. I remember the bishop, in full regalia, giving a speech. It seemed like he droned on for hours! After he was done, we pulled our senior prank. We had rigged up 300 plastic pink flamingos to drop from the ceiling on strings! Our accomplice was an older sibling of one of our

classmates.

Father's Day, June 2000. We were in the final stages of adopting our oldest son. He was about 7 months old then. We've never made a huge deal over Father's or Mother's days. That year, my husband wanted to go to Fort Erie in Canada for the Scottish Highland festival. The ladies there really made a fuss over our Joseph! Exclaiming what a cutie he was, and asking about the adoption.

He has grown into a handsome young man who is graduating from high school this year.

My goodness! How time flies!



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Heartworms



Heartworm disease is a serious disease that results in severe lung disease, heart failure, other organ damage and death in pets mainly dogs, cats and ferrets. It is caused by a parasitic worm. The worms are spread through the bite of a mosquito. The dog is the definitive host, meaning that the worms mature into adults, mate, and produce offspring while living inside a dog. The worms are called "heartworms" because the adults live in the heart, lungs and associated blood vessels of an infected animal.

How is a Dog Tested for Heartworms?

A veterinarian uses blood tests to check a dog for heartworms. An antigen test detects specific heartworm proteins, called antigens, which are released by adult female heartworms into the dog's bloodstream. The earliest that the heartworm proteins can be detected in a dog's bloodstream is about 5 months after it is bitten by an infected mosquito.

When Should a Dog Be Tested for Heartworms?

Dogs 7 months of age and older should be tested for heartworms before starting heartworm prevention. A dog may appear healthy on the outside, but on the inside, heartworms may be living and thriving. If a heartworm-positive dog is not tested before starting a preventive, the dog will remain infected with adult heartworms until it gets sick enough to show symptoms. Heartworm preventives do not kill adult heartworms.

What are the Symptoms of Heartworm Disease in a Dog?

The severity of heartworm disease is related to how many worms are living inside the dog (the worm burden), how long the dog has been infected, and how the dog's body is responding to the presence of the heartworms. The dog's activity level also plays a role in the severity of the disease and when symptoms are first seen.

Symptoms of heartworm disease may not be obvious in dogs that have low worm burdens, have been recently infected, or are not very active. Dogs that have heavy worm

burdens, have been infected for a long time, or are very active often show obvious symptoms of heartworm disease.

There are four classes, or stages, of heartworm disease. The higher the class, the worse the disease and the more obvious the symptoms.

- Class 1: No symptoms or mild symptoms such as an occasional cough.
- Class 2: Mild to moderate symptoms such as an occasional cough and tiredness after moderate activity.
- Class 3: General loss of body condition, a persistent cough and tiredness after mild activity. Trouble breathing and signs of

heart failure are common. For class 2 and 3 heartworm disease, heart and lung changes are usually seen on chest x-rays.

- Class 4: There is such a heavy worm burden that blood flowing back to the heart is physically blocked by a large mass of worms. This is called Caval syndrome, is life-threatening and quick surgical removal of the heartworms is the only treatment option. The surgery is risky, and even with surgery, most dogs with Caval syndrome die. Not all dogs with heartworm disease develop Caval syndrome. However, if left untreated, heartworm disease will progress and damage the dog's heart, lungs, liver and kidneys - eventually causing death.

Can People Get Heartworms from Their Pets?

People cannot get heartworms from their pets. Heartworms are only transmitted by the bite of an infected mosquito. In rare cases, people can get heartworms after being bitten by an infected mosquito. But because people are not a natural host for heartworms, the larvae usually migrate to the heart and lung arteries and die before they become adult worms.

If one of my dogs has heartworms, can he give it to my other dogs?

A: No. Again, the only way heartworms are transmitted is through the bite of an infected mosquito.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

When Veterans Meet

Of all the Civil War veterans who called Huntsville home, Major S.E. Sweinhart must have been the most unusual. An ex-Yankee soldier who moved to Huntsville after the war, he earned the respect of his former enemies and was accorded an honor unique in Huntsville's history.

Major Sweinhart was a member of an Ohio volunteer regiment and had participated in some of the bloodiest fighting of the war. While stationed in Alabama, he was captivated by the warm climate and the natural beauty of the Tennessee Valley. At the time he wore a Yankee uniform, so it is doubtful that he was exposed to the legendary "Southern hospitality" our region has become famous for.

When the war was finally over and the soldiers had stacked arms for the last time, Major Sweinhart moved to Huntsville, determined to make it his home.

Feelings were running high at the end of the war, so it is not surprising that he was greeted with scowls and bitterness.

"Damn Yankee," the Huntsville natives would say as they passed him on the streets.

"Damn Rebels," the Major would mutter under his breath, while looking straight ahead.

But time has a way of healing all wounds and as the Major grew into old age, he began taking his place on the old Courthouse bench, reliving and refighting the battles of his youth. An old Yankee officer and a group of old Confederate veterans, with nothing in common except the blood spilled on battlefields years before.

Slowly the town began to accept the old soldier and the scowls he used to encounter on the streets turned to smiles. Sweinhart became involved in the community and became active in veterans' affairs. Of course, the only other veterans in Huntsville were ex-Confederates.

In 1927, Major Sweinhart was awarded the highest accolade ever given to a Yankee by Confederate veterans. The story can best be told by a newspaper article of the day:

"He was invited this week to attend a dinner given by the Daughters of the Confederacy to members of the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans at the home of Robert A. Moore, acting adjutant for the Third Brigade, Alabama Division."

"He was welcomed with hand clasps and smiles. After dinner, the old veterans invited him to at-



tend their business meeting. When discussions lagged a little, Major Sweinhart, who had remained in a corner deep in thought, rose and stood at attention."

"Men," he said, with a shake in his voice, "I've lived down here so long I feel like I belong here." His voice quivered again as he added, "And by golly, I want to belong to you."

"The Confederate veterans gave a hearty cheer, and one of them proposed Major Sweinhart for membership. The proposal was accepted immediately and the Major was accepted as a member of the camp by unanimous vote."

"He now belongs to the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate veterans and is believed to be the only Union soldier in the country who has experienced such a transformation."

When Major Sweinhart died, an honor guard consisting of ex-Confederate soldiers stood guard during the funeral ceremony. His body was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery next to the other veterans he had grown to love.



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Coming Home to Huntsville

by Chuck Bobo



I was born in Limestone County and grew up in Madison & Morgan Counties. As a young man I moved around a lot; Missouri, Illinois, Florida, the Bahamas but I always had a soft spot for my home here in Huntsville, Alabama.

In my youth, years 1928 to 1941, I remember my father moving a sawmill from the Madison Cross Roads area to Lacey's Spring and driving a wagon pulled by a team of horses across what is now the Arsenal. I remember that a black man, Porter Moore, worked for my father and he and I drove the wagon. We made arrangements to stop for a night with a farmer, and we had our horses with us. The man told me I could sleep in the house with him and his wife but that Porter would have to sleep in the barn. I remember that I wouldn't stay in the house with them but preferred to stay with Porter in the barn. The lady cooked breakfast for us the next morning and Porter was told he could eat on the back porch. Again, if Porter ate on the back porch, I did too.

When I was a little older my friend Jim Webb and I lived at one period in the Gladstone Community north of Huntsville on Pulaske Pike. He was three or four years younger than me but we had some common memories. Both of us hunted squirrels in the hickory woods on the farm of Mr. Robert White. We swam in the swimming hole on Beaverdam Creek at Pulaske Pike.

Jim's father managed Hunts-

ville Wholesale Nursery at Gladstone and most of the boys in the community had summer jobs at the nursery.

Mr. Ozzie Beverly was the blacksmith for the nursery. He taught me how to shoe horses, a knowledge which served me well some 12 years later when I got on the staff of one of my generals in the Air Corps. General Archie Old who was from Texas, had horses with him and I boasted to him that I knew all about horses. I got the job of taking care of his horses when he was away from the base, meaning I had to arise at 5 in the morning to go to the stables.

I remember the cafe in Huntsville that used to be just north of the Big Springs and made the best hamburgers in town. I could come to town with a quarter on Saturday and could go to the movies, get a bag of popcorn and then a hamburger and still go home with 5 cents left. Later when I got older I moved out of town and found that for the price of a round trip

air fare from the Los Angeles area to Huntsville, I could fly to Nashville and get a rental car for a week and have enough money left over to buy gasoline for a week.

Several times when I would come back to Huntsville to visit, I would inquire at the Times or the Huntsville News about a newspaper job. Almost every inquiry brought a job offer and weekly pay at about the same daily rate I was getting elsewhere. On a couple occasions I asked about public information or writing jobs at Redstone Arsenal. While the pay there was somewhat higher than at the Times, it was still not as much as I was making in the other cities I had lived, so I had to pass them by.

I realized when I retired that I had to get back to the town that I loved. I am still amazed at the difference in this area when I moved back in 1999 from those early days of my youth, in the 30s and 40s. But I've never regretted coming back home.

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Local News - 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 Ave. 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 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. Apply to 424 East Holmes St.

- Wanted - six solicitors, ladies or gentlemen. Guarantee \$50 per month. Call Mrs. Annie Nippers, 211 Jefferson this week.

- Wanted - good home to a house salesman. Men only. Good pay, permanent position with board for horse and buggy. L. A. Hipp, Manager 220 Holmes St.

- Mr. R. W. St. Clair, of Hurricane, was among the visitors to the city Monday.

- 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 will be made in Maple Hill Cemetery.

"THE WAY IT WAS"

THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY

BY TOM CARNEY



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History of My Home, Georgia Mountain

by C. Lee Stewart



About fifteen years ago, I purchased 4 acres on a bluff on Georgia Mountain and built a home there, right on the bluff. It's located close to Guntersville, Alabama and just a beautiful area. For 3 or 4 years I tried to find out how the mountain got its name. I did a lot of research on the web and found a book from the Guntersville library. There was one short paragraph on a man named Ira Roe Foster. I had my son scan the internet and he was a big help. I worked on this project for over a year. I now have volumes of documentation and a trove of sketchy notes on Ira Foster and the Georgia Mountain. There is so much rich history here about the Tennessee Valley. This is what I found.

Located 6-7 miles northwest of Guntersville, Ira Roe Foster purchased 6 miles of river frontage, now the present Guntersville Dam site and a large part of Brindlee Mountain prior to the War Between the States.

Foster was a prominent Georgian physician, lawyer, teacher, entrepreneur, politician and soldier. He was born in Spartanburg County, South Carolina in 1811 and died in Alabama in 1885. He is buried in Forrest Cemetery in Gadsden, AL. In 1861-1865 he was Quartermaster General of the Army of Georgia. In 1865 he was imprisoned by the Union army in Virginia. In June of 1865 in respect for his ability he was released by Union General James Wilson. Wilson also ordered the release and turnover of all the horses, wagons and supplies confiscated by the Union to Ira Foster for distribution to the despondent poor Georgians devastated by Sherman's army.

Most Georgians found themselves in dire circumstances. They had lost money and households which Sherman had completely ruined and many families had to move to start their lives elsewhere. Foster was one of those and he decided to move his family to Alabama in 1867. He invited a number of friends to join him and they settled on part of Brindlee Mountain which lies east of "Long Holler" and was largely uninhabited wilderness.

They called the area Georgia Mountain in honor of their beloved state. The 11 families that came were the Alford's, Belding, Brown, Eubanks, Evans, Fielding, Hilburn, McMinn, Malene, Rainwater and Turner. The first thing they did after giving thanks to the Lord was to organize a church and a school. They named the church the Mt. Carmel Baptist Church of Christ. The first meeting house was built of logs.

They were officially recognized in June 1867. The name of the church was chosen because it was the name of the church they had belonged to in Georgia.

Ira Foster donated the land and lumber for the church. The lumber was cut at his sawmill at Foster's Landing. The road led up to the top of the steep mountain and mules were needed to drag the lumber up there. The first Church building was constructed

Summer is All About Love



Sending Love to all Old Huntsville readers
and especially the Huntsville High
Class of 1966

Oscar & Maria Llerena

in 1883 and served the citizens until 1946.

In 1872 another "meeting house" was built and was used by both Baptists and Methodists during the early years and served as a settlement meeting house. Mt. Carmel Baptist served as the epicenter of the new settlement.

Note: In June 1865 the Union troops burned every home and building in Guntersville but seven: the courthouse, jail, school house, Masonic Lodge, the Gilbreath House and two others. The Union company commander used the Gilbreath House for his base of operations and occupation from 1865-1867.

Ira Roe Foster supplied lumber to the rebuilding of Guntersville when the army left. The Methodist church was organized on Georgia Mountain in 1872 and was first known as Mason's Chapel, later changed to Bethel Church.

In 1921 the church joined the Marshall Baptist Association. In 1946 the old church was torn down and a new church constructed. The new Mt. Carmel Baptist Church was dedicated on May 14, 1950. It celebrated its 150th anniversary Oct. 22, 2017.

Mt. Carmel Cemetery was started in 1870. Mary Hilburn donated the property, saying "If this is going to be your home, you need a cemetery." Many of the first families still have descendents living on Georgia Mountain. Ira Foster moved to Gadsden in 1883 and

was elected to the Alabama Senate in 1883.

A Surprise Connection: I found in my research that my great-great Uncle Alexander Peter A.P. Stewart was Lt. General in 1864 during the military operations of Peachtree Creek and the Battle of Ezra Church where he suffered a head wound on July 28 in 1864. He took possession of the home of his friend, Georgia's Quartermaster General, Ira Roe Foster, to use as his headquarters.

Georgia Historical Commission marker erected at that location states "Site of the Ira R. Foster Home which was occupied by Gen. A.P. Stewart (CSA) as headquarters during military operations north of Atlanta, Jul. 16-21 in 1864. From here were issued the orders directing his troops in the battle of Peachtree Creek July 20th."

Steward led the Third Corps at the Battle of Ezra Church

where he was wounded on July 28th. Ira Foster requested his friend Gov. Brown of Georgia to send him an engineer to build a road up to Georgia Mountain.

The engineer was Albert Ayres, Sr. who married Ira's daughter and made the mountain his home.

The road was eventually paved in the 1960s with only one curve removed and is one of the main roads up the mountain to this day.

For several years all the settlement's supplies traveled on the Tennessee River to Foster's Landing and were carried up the mountain on wagons.

That road no longer exists. Many of the residents on the mountain farmed the rich "bot-toms" along the river, now under Guntersville Lake, going up and down the mountain on a daily basis, which had to be very difficult.

Kitty and Buttons



Hello, we were released to the Ark by our senior family. We are sisters and very bonded with one another. I am Kitty the tan and white one. Buttons is the black and white one. I weigh 5 lbs and Buttons weighs 7 lbs. Daddy was an AKC registered Chihuahua. Mama was an AKC registered Papillon. We do not like to live with other dogs or cats. I think it is because we have never been around them before. We do

not like little kids and we hide under the bed from them. I guess it is because we were raised by our senior family. We are very good watch dogs too! If you have room in your heart and home for two little girls, come to the Ark and ask to see Kitty and Buttons.

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An Athens man says there are two reasons his wife won't wear last year's clothes - she doesn't want to and she can't.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

by Betty Hallmark Atkinson

I like to say that I was born in the cotton field. My Daddy was a Share Cropper, and before I learned to pick cotton, my brother, John who was six years older, took care of my twin sister and me while our Mother worked in the fields picking cotton. Thank you Brother for letting us live. He did tell us later that he dropped one of us on our head, I really think it was both of us!

My first experience picking cotton was when Mother made us twins 2 cotton sacks (pick sacks), made from old 5 pound flour sacks, with straps and sent us to the fields. I'm sure we didn't pick a lot of cotton in those old flour sacks, but as an encouragement to pick cotton, we knew that what little money us twins made, my twin and I would have money to spend at the county fair.

Growing up in the country, taking care of chickens, hogs, cows, gardens and things did prepare me with the work ethics I have. We were blessed with good friends and neighbors, and no matter what folks needs were, people would come to help you, be it cutting fire wood, hog killing, or bringing a new baby into the world. In times of trouble, whether it meant sitting up with the sick, dying or the passing of somebody, you had the support of good people. Back then folks didn't always have a Doctor, most of the time no money for one, but thanks to those neighbors, they had some remedies for what ailed you, if it didn't kill you first.

Some of those old remedies would probably shock folks now, like putting pee in ears for ear aches, and if a baby had Thrush, in the mouth, you would borrow a old shoe from a neighbor, and pour water in it and have the child drink from it, never mind what kind of foot ailment the neighbor had or that the shoe had probably been worn in a dirty old barn. Of course the cure for everything was whiskey or home brew, that took care of coughs, measles, mumps and all sorts of ailments.

There was a neighborhood boy named "CC", that had something called "Scald Head", and as a cure for this, he wore a woman's old stocking on his head, with only God knows what was stuffed in it. As kids back then, we learned not to question these things, but years later at a school reunion, I saw "CC", and he had the prettiest head of black hair I had ever seen! Just think of the money we could save today if we still knew those old home remedies!

Life as I knew it back then was tough, scratching out a living, but was so much

simpler too. You still found the time for relaxing and fun, going to church revivals, with dinner on the ground, sitting on the porch with women dipping snuff, or chewing tobacco, making homemade ice cream, using the old hand turned device, visiting with kin folk, and sleeping on pallets, (old quilts) laid out all over the house.

Back then, there were no digital games, not to many folks had TVs, but oh how much fun us kids had, playing hide and seek, tag, jumping rope, shooting marbles, and swimming out in a old creek. I feel so blessed and lucky to have had that time, even though the times were harder, and so much simpler, we grew up learning respect for each other, and knowing that we were loved.

"Rescue Me" Meets Clayne Crawford of Lethal Weapons Fame!

Fans of the Fox TV series, Lethal Weapon will recognize Alabama actor Clayne Crawford who played Martin Riggs in 40 episodes.

Rescue Me's president, John E. Carson and his service dog, Mr. Freckles, met the celebrity as invited guests with Sean Quigley of Pets For Vets on March 31st at the 2nd Annual Pig Out charity fundraiser at the Red Gates of Kelly Creek in Odenville, Alabama.

The Clayne Crawford Foundation raises needed funds for many worthwhile causes and Rescue Me is proud to have been in attendance.

Pets For Vets matches rescued shelter animals with veterans who suffer from PTSD and related conditions. The mission of Rescue Me is to provide those services to veterans in the Huntsville/Madison County area. Facebook.com/JC8021.



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DOES YOUR FAMILY KNOW?

by Cathey Carney

Twenty years ago, a man in his late 60s died in Huntsville of heart failure. He left behind a wife, 3 children and 5 grandchildren. For many years, he worked for a high tech company, and they lived comfortably in a nice home with two cars. His kids were grown, with jobs and families of their own.

He was very thorough when it came to his job, but not so much when it came to important communications with his family. He thought it was too early to make up a will, so he didn't have one. He had always taken care of the monthly bills, so his wife didn't have a clue regarding what amounts he paid, from what account, etc. He thought he'd live well into his 80s, at least.

Without going into detail, when he died, he left a nightmare for his family. He had a couple of life insurance policies, but since he didn't keep good records, receipts, or a logical filing system, it took months to uncover exactly who those companies were.

The Human Resources Benefits people at his place of employment were very helpful trying to help the family, but it took a long, long time. The wife, grieving for loss of her husband, was trying to arrange for his burial, while at the same time thrust into the details of learning how to write checks for their mortgage and utilities. A checking account that was overdrawn. Past due credit card notices. Unknown passwords for online banking and finances. Trips to the banks, credit unions, Social Security, veterans offices, phone calls that led to hours on hold, then nowhere - that was the legacy this man left for his family.

None of us think that we might not be around tomorrow. But the sad fact is, all we actually have is today. Tomorrow isn't promised to anyone.

If you were to die tomorrow, are all your affairs in order? Do you have a will? Do

you have a Power of Attorney in case you can no longer make decisions for yourself? Do you know where you are to be buried? Have you shared with your wife or husband how you pay the bills, where your important papers are, if there's a safe deposit box, if there are accounts anywhere other than the bank, etc.? What other wishes you may have for transfer of property, cars, keepsakes, jewelry, etc.?

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When my Dad, Chuck Owens, first created a "Family Affairs" document, it was many, many years ago. It listed the important contact phone numbers for all his insurance policies, military pensions, Social Security, Medicare, names & phone numbers at Thiokol where he worked and what income would stop when he died. It listed what my Mom would continue to receive, what banks they used, names & numbers of people at the bank & credit unions, etc. He had living wills for both himself and Mom. In addition, he chose to preplan and prepay his funeral and my Mom's, so that the family wouldn't have to make all those sad decisions when the time came. He wanted a military funeral and even specified the phone number to call to get that arranged.

When all that information was put to paper, Dad held a meeting with the family. He wanted my brother and I to know everything that was in it and to ask questions about it. I remember being very reluctant, years ago, at the first meeting because none of us want to think about Dad and Mom not being with us anymore. I was still young, and young people are about the business of living, not dying.

Dad held that annual meeting for the next 12 years, without fail. Phone numbers, accounts, banks etc. changed (and updated in detail) to an extent, but not much. We always had the very latest information, including his Power of Attorney and their wills.

When Dad passed away, he had the moving military funeral he wanted. Laughlin Funeral Home and Maple Hill workers were already prepared for the funeral and visitation, and it all went so smoothly.

We used his Family Affairs document until it took on the consistency of cloth. We used the phone numbers, the account numbers, the addresses, the people's names, the wishes he had for Mom. All of it.

Dad would have been so proud about how well his document worked, and how everything just fit into place. He wanted to make sure he took care of his family even after he was gone. His wisdom prevailed even after his death.

And to us, that was the legacy: Even after death, still showing how very much he was still taking care of his family.

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Loving our City

by Aunt Eunice

During the almost half century that I have been in the restaurant business I have seen literally hundreds of thousands of people come and go. I have watched the high and the mighty, the rich and the famous, share tables with people who could barely afford to pay for their meals. I have watched as politicians poured coffee for house painters and I have watched as many of my customers grew up, got married and brought their children and grandchildren back to visit with me.

Some of them went on to become famous and wealthy while others chose a different path and ended up in jail or in disgrace.

The one thing all these people had in common though, was their heritage and the love of the city they called home.

Huntsville has a certain mystique about it that is hard to describe, even if you have lived here all your life. Most cities are characterized by their buildings and attractions, but Huntsville is different. While we have our share of historic antebellum homes and tourist attractions, it's the people and their stories that make Huntsville the unique place it is.

When I first entered the restaurant business there was no such thing as television. People would come in and sit around for hours drinking coffee and catching up on the news. Once the current events were exhausted, people would tell tales about the old days, of people they had met and of things that had happened.

These stories were the one thing that everyone shared. We all had tales about forefathers who fought in the Civil War, of bootleggers, moonshiners, crooked politi-

cians and of people who picked cotton and went on to become millionaires. I remember once when Huntsville elected a sheriff as a joke. Few people from out of town ever believed the story though, because in reality it was almost unbelievable. That's probably when the tradition of the "Liar's Table" began in my restaurant.

After World War II, Huntsville began to change. Thousands of people began moving here and cotton fields became subdivisions. For many of these people, it was the first time they had ever lived in the South.

I remember when the German scientists first moved here. Many of them could barely speak English but within a few years it was common to hear them say "y'all." Of course, it was still with a German accent!

Regardless of where people came from, Huntsville has always had a way of adopting them. Huntsville's history became their own and the stories and legends became a part of their heritage. These people adopted our customs and became our friends and neighbors. Within a few years so many newcomers had moved here that it became almost a rarity to meet someone who was actually from Huntsville.

Times have changed. Huntsville has grown, but the people are still the same. While many have different accents and different places of birth, they still sit around the restaurant arguing about current events. And when that subject is done, they always come back to the stories from Huntsville's colorful past when we were just a small cotton town.

In recent years Huntsville has seen a resurgence of interest in its history. More and more stories are being printed and occasionally you will see a piece on the local television stations. Legends that have been lost for over a century are now becoming commonplace in our folklore.

Recently I asked one of my customers, who moved here from St. Louis, about his fascination with our local legends. After pausing in deep thought for a few minutes, he replied, "Because they're about my home."

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The City Councilman Who Met His Wife By Placing An Ad In The Newspaper



(First Published in the Huntsville News and later in the Huntsville Times)

Huntsville City Council member Bill Kling and his wife Tanjie have been fixtures on the city scene for decades. They are frequently seen at events such as neighborhood association meetings within his City Council District, social affairs at local fraternal lodges, as well as events throughout the city. They recently celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Not many people know how they met, which is a story unto itself.

Bill has always been a conscientious elected official. When he first ran for city council, he promised that he would be accessible and hold monthly town meetings, which were similar to the parents' meetings that he held as a member of the Huntsville City School Board. As was his practice in those days, he would frequently place small ads in newspapers to promote his town meetings.

One ad he placed was in The Huntsville Times for a meeting at the Huntsville Public Library on April 10, 1991 to discuss public transit. Tanjie, who was an employee at Constitution Village, and a graduate student at Alabama A&M University, saw the meeting notice in the newspaper, and happened to mention it to her friend and former employer, Tommy Brown, who was the director of the Public Transit Department. Tommy encouraged Tanjie to attend the town meeting and to take notes.

Tanjie did attend the meeting and took down copious notes. At the end of the meeting, Bill and Tanjie had a discussion. She mentioned that she had been a temporary summer city employee for Public Transit for six consecutive years and was enrolled at Alabama A&M University, pursuing a master's degree in Urban Planning. Bill told her that he had graduated from Alabama A&M, receiving a master's degree in Urban Studies.

Bill invited her out afterward to get a bite to eat, where they found they had a lot of similar interests. During the meal, Tanjie mentioned that she was the niece of "Aunt" Eunice Merrell, the owner of Eunice's Country Kitchen. Bright and early the next morning, Bill went to Eunice's for breakfast and told her that he had met her niece, Tanjie, at his town meeting the previous night. Bill asked Eunice to put in a good word for him. Aunt Eunice visited Tanjie that afternoon and told her that Bill was a good guy and she was pretty sure he would be calling her. The next day, Bill called. They became good friends and dated for over a year and a half, when Bill proposed on December 31, 1992. They were married the following July.

The couple have celebrated many milestones together, including their 10th anniversary at a police precinct hot dog cookout, and their 25th anniversary campaigning door to door for Bill's city council re-election last summer.

And now you know why City Councilman Bill Kling can say that he met his wife by placing an ad in the newspaper.

"I hate it when I think I'm buying organic vegetables and when I get home they've turned into Krispy Kreme donuts."

Sam Keith, Huntsville

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LARRY: A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

by Barry Key

THE ELEGY: To get in the rhythm of my elegy, hesitate after commas and periods longer than normal and read each phrase as if it were a stand-alone sentence.

I lost one of my best friends today, "he's gone to a better place" I heard the preacher say, but that doesn't fill the void I feel, I'll miss him every day.

As kids we would romp and play, our wonder years, to soon went away. We were outside every day, there was baseball, basketball, and other games to play. But hunting and fishing, we loved best, they were our favorite, above all the rest.

As we grew older, life was cars and girls, in lieu of bicycles, pigtails and cute little curls. In our old jalopies with our favorite girl, cruising through our hangouts, we were on top of the world.

We each had our high school steady, someone we loved to please, a girl we were crazy about, one that put us at ease. A true friend on whom we could depend, in a high school relationship, we thought would never end.

In high school Larry was always smiling, never a frown, always fun to be around. If you were down and out, on your problems you could never dwell, listening to the humorous stories, with gesture he could tell. As a prankster, he was the very best, the capers he could pull, you would never second guess.

After high school, Larry and I went our separate way, but as retired old men, we "reunited" another day. As senior citizen's, our pastime was hiking and fishing.... now my days I'll spend reminiscing.

Judy and I received the greatest of all dividends, when Larry and Brenda became our good friends. We spent many a day riding, dining and socializing, never thinking about, "WHAT WE'RE NOW REALIZING".

"I don't want to get to the end of my life and find that I lived just the length of it. I want to have lived the width of it as well."

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Larry was blessed with a loving wife, a companion that enhanced his very life, but for reasons we don't know, life dealt a deadly blow. Larry fought his enemy, down to the bitter end, Brenda joined the fight, her husband she did defend. Judy and I watched from the sideline, wanting to get in the battle too, knowing that moral support, was all that we could do.

Brenda lost her soul mate, Judy and I lost a very good friend....Larry is now travelling through a "beautiful place", we four had never been.

Brenda, Judy, and I still continue our friendship, hopefully for many, many years, but when we are together, (visualizing my memories), I have to hold back the tears.

I lost one of my best friends today, "he's gone to a better place" I heard the preacher say, but in my heart I know, we'll "reunite again" another day. EULOGY: I have never known anyone that loved life any more than Larry, particularly nature and the outdoors. He and Brenda traveled extensively, taking advantage of what our State Parks, National Parks and the back roads of America had to offer.

Give Larry and our friend Art a metal detector, an old Civil War encampment, and hours of searching and digging would pass in what seemed like seconds to them. One could find an old musket bullet, or the rusty button from a soldier's uniform, and it was if they had just discovered King Solomon's lost mine.

Larry and I could sit in a boat for hours without catching a fish or getting bored. From time to time he would get this little smile on his face, and I knew what was coming, "have you heard the one about....". I think he had more stories than Jeff Foxworthy and Ron White combined.

I was with him just a few

hours before he passed away. We talked and laughed about hunting, fishing, travel and high school days. His attitude was so positive I couldn't believe the news when Brenda called.

One of the best laughs we had was a prank in junior high that got us both sent home from school. He had read some of the stories that I had written for OLD HUNTSVILLE magazine and asked me to write about the prank. I promised I would. I wrote the story and it was published in the April issue of OLD HUNTSVILLE.

Ole Buddy, kept my word....just wish you were here to share our story.



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