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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY



Alabama Football in the '60s

The Pep Rallies on a Friday night on the Quad were a sight to behold. A giant bonfire illuminated part of the festivities along with the Cheer Leaders and the Million Dollar Band to entertain with football songs and yes, always a few rounds of "Yea, Alabama".

Also in this issue: "You've Got to Declare", Local Memories, Boogertown, Pet Tips, Southern Recipes, Health Tips and much, much more

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Doimie Lewter
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Alabama Football in the '60s

by M.D. Smith, IV

In 1960, transferring from the University of Virginia where the football team never won a single game the year and a half I attended, to the University of Alabama where the football team never lost a game in that identical time frame, I experienced football culture shock.

Welcome to the University of Alabama Football, Bear Bryant, Joe Namath, Benny Nelson and Billy Neighbors, the last two being from Huntsville.

I dated a girl I met the previous year, Judy Chandler, and our romance heated up when I joined her at the Alabama campus in Tuscaloosa. We married that June of 1961. Next year we lived in the Married Student housing in the Riverside complex of WWII Army barracks converted into four-plexes.

We got season tickets with our student activity cards and attended all the next two years football games in Tuscaloosa and of course, the Iron Bowl at Legion Field in Birmingham, where my parents lived at the time.

"Generally speaking, you aren't learning much while your lips are moving."

Bill Kruse, Huntsville

Football held the top spot around the Alabama campus, and Denny Chimes would become dear to my heart. The chiming clock tower and the stadium took their names from long-reigning President George Denny of the University from 1912 to 1936. He was responsible for football starting up again.

The Pep Rallies on a Friday night on the Quad were a sight to behold. A giant bonfire illuminated part of the festivities along with the cheer leaders and the Million Dollar Band to entertain with football songs and yes, always a few rounds of "Yea, Alabama". It reminded me of a giant fraternity party and booze flowed, but out of sight, since most of us were still underage at the time. Besides, the faculty joined the crowd.

I turned twenty-one in December of my senior year, and I recall driving my 1960 White Chevrolet Impala with red interior down to the "Green Front Store" to buy my first legal bottle of booze in my life. Being on a tight budget, I bought a fifth of cheap gin that day. The man who waited on me called all the other guys behind the counter to look at my driver's license as he said, "Looky here. This guy is twenty-one today. It's his birthday. How about that?"

I also recall my birthday celebrating. I enjoyed the afternoon and evening. I did not enjoy the horrible hangover I felt the next day from the



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cheap Gin, but I needed to go to class. Appropriate reward, Judy thought for my excessive celebrating the day before. Being a non-drinker, she didn't understand.

As a student in the Radio & TV School, housed on the second floor of the Union Building, currently called Reese-Phifer Hall, there existed a complete TV studio, live cameras and all the needed support gear to run a small black & white TV station.

Several of the classrooms including the graphics room overlooked University Boulevard. On Homecoming Day with the big parade right down University Boulevard, as an exercise on a Saturday morning, we would televise the parade as a department project. My job one year entailed playing a tape recording of "Yea, Alabama" through a giant 15" speaker through an open window for the crowd and parade below. It played over and over until after the procession passed.

Everyone played a role in the production. Two camera persons (yes, our class includ-

ed about 1/3 girls), a Director, Audio board operator, Technical Director and other jobs. For some, it meant making art cards for "supers." That name given for the black cards with the white lettering printed from a sign press, the same kind used at Sears for making store signs. You'd set the type backward in a holder, clamp it tightly in place, use a black rubber roller to ink the letters, lay down the black card; then a large roller would roll over the top and firmly press the card and sticky ink to the card. Remove and let it dry, and later during the TV production you would focus one camera on the art board, the other on the activity or main scene, then the director would move a lever and superimpose the white type (the black card didn't show) over the other camera. That is how we made credits in the old days.

Our Homecoming Parade productions looked about as professional as any commercial TV station and we all learned from them. Following the telecast, recorded on videotape for

later playback and critiquing as a class project, game time might be getting close.

We enjoyed more time on non-homecoming games played in Tuscaloosa for pre-game activities, shopping and meeting friends in local pubs. That is not unlike game-day in present times. Vendors did set up under tents in particular areas and hawk all sorts of Alabama souvenirs, trinkets, red and white shakers on sticks and so much more. The stores often presented sales on selected Alabama merchandise, and if you knew the markdown vs. original price, you could make some good deals.

Getting in the games with alcohol is harder now than the old days. Much harder. Then, you just put your flask in your jacket pocket or wife's (or girlfriend) purse, and in you went. Naturally, the fraternity houses held "warm-up" parties. That meant libation to get in the

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mood, hopefully still able to walk to the game or stagger in some cases. By the time games were over, you often saw a male student having to be helped by two buddies to leave the game. Never saw that with a girl. More strict on them. They needed to wear raincoats over pants on campus. Alabama ladies wore skirts and dresses. Since we were walking home, not worried about traffic, we always stayed until the end of the games.

Not only did the Million Dollar Band perform a bit at the Pep-Rally, but they put on a spectacular show at half time. In the student section on the visitor's side of the field, it became more difficult to read what the band spelled out for the home team side and press box. Yes, there were TV cameras in those days, and they were black and white. The University also made their recording of games, and I believe on film in the early days. It must be processed, then edited as soon as a game ended for the next Sunday afternoon's Bear Bryant Show. The Bear spent 60 minutes showing highlights of almost all the plays and commenting on each one as to what he saw done right by the Bama team and point out mistakes. He did grudgingly point out the opposition's big plays when they happened, few as they might be.

As long as I can remember, and for many years after that, both Golden Flake Potato Chips and Coca-Cola were the big sponsors, and the Bear showed both products on the table for the entire show, in addition to the commercials on the breaks. That great show a must see if you didn't see or listen to the game. The entire game is shown in a one-hour nutshell. Great show, great coach.

On homecoming game day, I would go to our apartment to get lunch after our TV production of the parade. Then, Judy and I would walk to Denny Stadium for the big game. Our student section with the free tickets, always at the end of the visitor's side of the stands, facing the afternoon sun could be better. What? You thought we got good tickets? For free? No way.

No matter, either, we yelled and waved anything available with red and white on it and enjoyed watching Alabama score. Sometimes they would come from behind, as we were holding our breath, and win. However, they always won. Yea, Alabama. The football players I mentioned at the beginning of this story, remind me of this item from my senior year, fall semester, and football season. I recall I finished all my required courses and some tough electives, one being an Electrical Physics course that required a pre-requisite of Calculus that I did not have. However, I did hold an FCC "First-Phone" engineering license so I could be the overnight DJ combo man at WAAY in the summer. So, I took that course against the advice of my advisors, with a waiver from the Physics department, and still made an "A" in the class.

I also chose what I understood to be a very easy elective, called "History of the Christian Church." My advisors called it a "crip" course, but I wanted at least one easy class in my senior year.

The first day of the class, I came early, but just before class, in strolled Joe Namath, Benny Nelson, Billy Neighbors and several other Alabama Football starting team members. I suppose they took the course for the same reason. Three hours credit is three hours credit, period.

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Joe Namath & Bear Bryant

Quite often in this class, the "football group" would be late coming in and the professor would most politely stop his lecture, as the "group" strolled to their reserved seats (every class member knew not to sit there). Once seated, the professor would greet them and continue with his lecture. Everyone got an "A" in that crip class if they attended all the classes, even if they came late. There were tests, but if you took any notes, you passed. I think the professor wanted to see if everyone listened or not.

I talked to Benny Nelson while writing this story, he only vaguely remembered the course recalling something about Christianity, but he did vividly recall the old wooden & brick building on the back of the campus built in 1868.

"Yes," I said, "that is correct.

Woods Hall, a five-story wooden and brick building, with the top three floors, condemned and roped off. Our class met near the middle of the second floor."

Woods Hall is the first structure built after the Civil War destroyed all the buildings at the University. Woods beginning use was a dorm for military cadets with classes and a dining hall on the ground floor. It contained many of the original bricks used from the destroyed buildings. In 1966 (three years after we left) Woods Hall appeared on the schedule to be torn down, but students saved it and in 1975 it got remodeled. Wooden porches rebuilt with concrete and steel, iron railings and everything brought up to codes.

Then Benny's recollection of the crip course came back. He had some fascinating stories about Joe Namath after they both graduated, but that's his stories for him to tell one of these days. Sadly to say, Billy Neighbors is deceased.

I imagine if given enough space, I could fill up an entire Old Huntsville Magazine, with memories of just my two years as a married student and Alabama Football. I have already told you some of the 21C-Riverside days. Ah, those were the days, my friend. Those were the days.



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Hermit who Claimed to be John Hunt's Grandson Dies in Athens

From 1916 newspaper



Alone he lived, alone he died - the Limestone County's man of mystery, whose charred body was found in the ruins of his cave home, east of Athens on the Nick Davis Road.

The recluse was called John Hunt, when he went to Athens a quarter of a century ago and bought 25 acres of land near Athens. He dug his home, rather than having built it. Into the earth he bored and excavated a large room, over which he built a roof and called it home. In later years he added two more rooms, both underground.

Hunt claimed his grandfather settled Huntsville and from the family name the city received its name. His pathetic death last week, under mysterious circumstances, brought to light the weird story of the hermit's life.

Hunt had been a federal Army man during the Civil War and he received a pension from the government. Together with the money he received from selling a few farm products, he eked out a meagre existence.

One of the strange features of the hermit's life, now being related by Athens people, is the fact that Hunt never sold a chicken, though he raised hundreds in the woods above his home. On the other hand, he treated them much as he would a human being. At noon he frequently rang a big bell to call them to be fed. The fowls would jump upon his shoulders and he made pets of all of them. "They are too near and dear to me to be sold," he explained to curious visitors, who visited his dugout by the hundreds.

The recluse treated people all with civility but never claimed their friendship. When he first moved to Limestone, the section in which he settled had few people in it. Later it built up, but he continued to keep himself withdrawn from human companionship.

Recently, a group of young men passing by the hut found only the smoking embers left. A hurried investigation was made and in the ashes the body of the hermit was found. It was buried by the people of the neighborhood in the Athens cemetery.



"The older I get, the better I realize I was."

George Carlin

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Did They Mention Job Security?

by Betty Hallmark Atkinson

I had a dream where I was still a nurse working at the Hospital. We, as professional nurses, were informed that the more things we knew how to do, the more valuable we would be to the hospital. Oh, and we were told that we could also be easily replaced.

So it began, Job Training; First a mop and bucket was placed in my hands, along with a push broom for sweeping. If I do well, I will be able to add a new title to my name, and get certified as a Professional Janitor, and possibly receive a two cent raise as a bonus!

However it didn't end there. Next I got advanced to the hospital cafeteria for more training; there I learned the skill of cleaning pots and pans, plus peeling hundreds of potatoes and onions and cooking healthy meals for the patients. For this new achievement, I received a certificate and got a New Chef hat. Oh did I mention that I got another two cent raise.

Still I was not considered valuable enough, so I then got advanced to the Maintenance Department, where I learned how to unclog toilets, screw in a light bulb, and with my new set of tools, I could fix anything, plus I got another two cent raise.

Just as I think I've finished my training, I got advanced to carpentry - it wasn't over yet; there I could hammer a nail in anything. I learned how to lay tile on floors in one day, then

how to take it all up and put down carpet the next day. This time I got a brand new baseball hat to wear, a new apron to hold my pencils, measuring tape, and my very own duct tape, a big bottle of glue, oh, and I then got another two cent raise.

But sadly I was told I still wasn't valuable enough to the hospital, so the next training I received was as an electrician. I got to work on all kinds of things. I had some trouble figuring out where some electrical wires went, and I managed to blow up a few things. I still don't have all my hair back yet, but hey I've got the new baseball hat to cover that. I also found out that electrical things and water don't mix well to-

gether, but I got another two cent raise.

Well still not enough training, so they sent me to the hospital parking garage where I would be parking patients and visitors cars. Shucks, how hard could that be, as I already knew how to drive a vehicle. Then I came up with the bright idea, how to make more money for the hospital. So, I started trying to park two cars in the same parking place. I would be making more parking spaces, and getting more paying visitors at the same time. Heck, the money made with a full garage, surly the hospital would be impressed and I'd be more valuable.

It probably would have worked out, but while trying



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"There may be no excuse for laziness, but I'm still looking."

Fred Carlton, Arab

out my new idea, one of the cars got badly damaged. How was I to know that one of the damaged cars was a brand new Cadillac, and belonged to the Hospital Administrator, no less! They took away my whistle, my badge, uniform, cap, and shoes and this time I didn't get my two cent raise.

Still I was given another chance, this time I would train as a cleaning maid in the House Keeping Dept.

This should be a piece of cake, after all I was a housewife at one time. First I was issued gloves, assorted cleaning supplies and a new mop and bucket with a stand up sign that had "Warning wet floor" on it. I had just finished mopping a floor, when out of no where a nurse came flying into the room. Her feet flew out from under her, she slid across that floor like a bullet, and took my warning sign with her. Immediately she was carried to surgery with a

broken hip no less. She claimed there was no warning sign about the wet floor.

The hospital, trying to avoid a law suit, sent a nurse and maid service to her home every day, wait why not me, I had been trained for both jobs. I lost my uniform, my mop bucket, gloves, cleaning supplies and my new sign! Nor did I get my two cent raise, but I still had a job.

One thing the experience taught me is that everybody is

valuable, no matter what they can do. Each person has talents, strengths and different skills, and they should be respected and appreciated.

Now that I have all of this job training, I'm now considered over qualified, and no one will hire me!

Every time someone comes up with a fool-proof solution, along comes a more talented fool.



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God, Take Care of My Dog

by Debi Schull

Our 14-year-old dog Abbey died last month. The day after she passed away my 4-year-old daughter Meredith was crying and talking about how much she missed Abbey. She asked if we could write a letter to God so that when Abbey got to heaven, God would recognize her. I told her that I thought we could so, and she dictated these words:

Dear God,

Will you please take care of my dog? She died yesterday and is with you in heaven. I miss her very much. I am happy that you let me have her as my dog even though she got sick.

I hope you will play with her. She likes to swim and play with balls. I am sending a picture of her so when you see her you will know that she is my dog. I really miss her.

Love, Meredith

We put the letter in an envelope with a picture of Abbey and Meredith and addressed it to God/Heaven. We put our return address on it. Then Meredith pasted several stamps on the front of the envelope because she said

it would take lots of stamps to get the letter all the way to heaven. That afternoon she dropped it into the letter box at the post office. A few days later, she asked if God had gotten the letter yet. I told her that I thought He had.

Yesterday, there was a package wrapped in gold paper on our front porch addressed, "To Meredith" in an unfamiliar hand. Meredith opened it. Inside was a book by Mr. Rogers called, 'When a Pet Dies. Taped to the inside front cover was the letter we had written to God in its opened envelope.

On the opposite page was the picture of Abbey & Meredith and this note:

Dear Meredith, Abbey arrived safely in heaven. Having the picture was a big help and I recognized her right away.

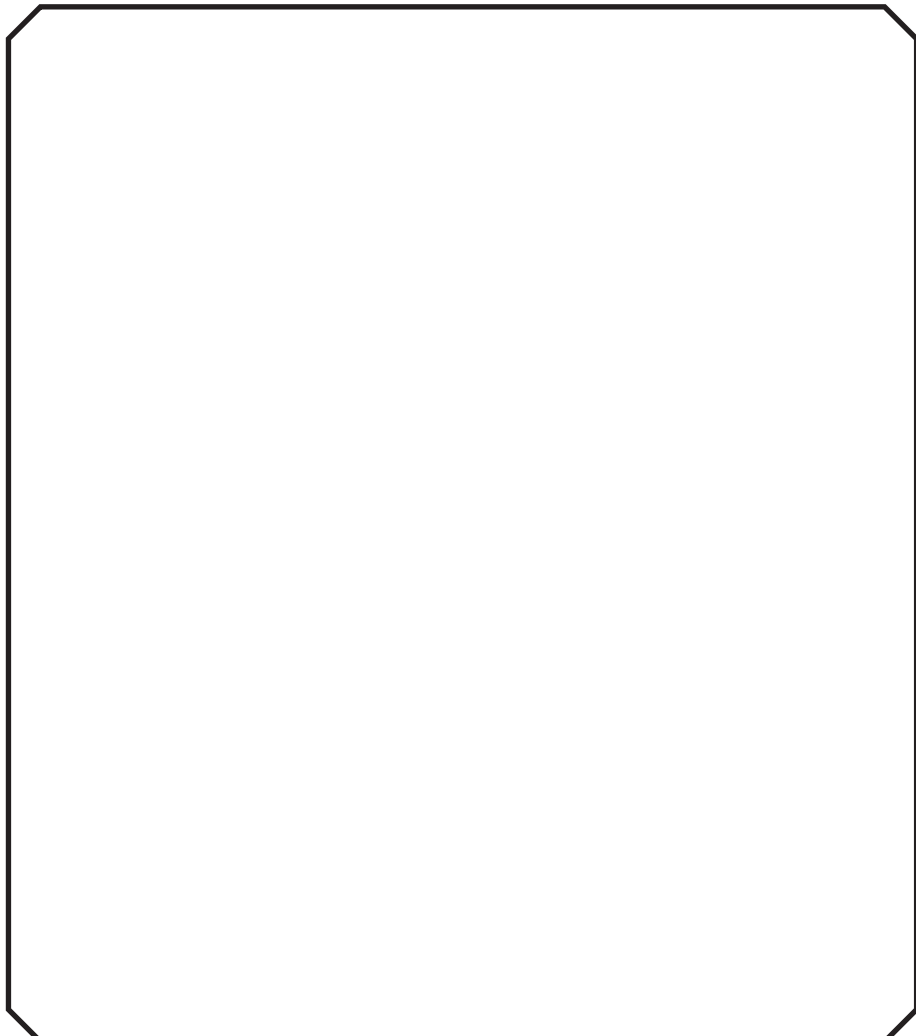
Abbey isn't sick anymore. Her

spirit is here with me just like it stays in your heart. Abbey loved being your dog. Since we don't need our bodies in heaven, I don't have any pockets to keep your picture in so I am sending it back to you in this little book for you to keep and have something to remember Abbey by.

Thank you for the beautiful letter and thank your mother for helping you write it and sending it to me. What a wonderful mother you have. I picked her especially for you. I send my blessings every day and remember that I love you very much. By the way, I'm easy to find. I am wherever there is love.

Love, God

"Three things in human life are important: the first is to be kind; the second is to be kind; and the third is to be kind."



AREA NEWS IN 1923

- Child hit by Auto

While Mrs. Walter Beirne was driving along East Holmes Street late Saturday afternoon her car ran into a bay carriage containing a little one, but fortunately without harm to the child. Mrs. Beirne was so shocked that she is said to have fainted on the scene, but was soon revived. She offered every assistance to the child hit by her car before proceeding on her way.

- Killed by his own Trap Gun

"Accidental Death" was the verdict today in the killing of A. C. Sikes, a merchant in Decatur. Sikes was shot by a trap gun set by himself in his store when he apparently blundered against the trap when he reentered the store in the dark.

The shotgun had been trained on the only opening anyone could enter the store. A small wire was stretched across the opening and tied to the trigger of the gun. When Sikes went in, he walked against the wire and was killed instantly. Sikes had suffered several robberies recently.

- New Hope Barn Burned

During the heavy electrical storm of Wednesday night a barn belonging to James Cryce, New Hope, was struck by lightning and destroyed together with all the contents, consisting of foodstuffs and farm machinery. The damage will reach approximately \$2,500 with no insurance.

- Gold Fish Stolen

Arab, Ala - accustomed to every type of theft, city detectives are quietly studying clues leading to possible identification of the person who Wednesday night took the pet gold fish of Mrs. M. Marion from the front porch of her home at 1004 South Tenth Street.

- Struck by Lightning

While standing over her stove Thursday afternoon a bolt of lightning entered the home of Mrs. Alex Bryan, severely shocking her. She will recover. The lightning is supposed to have entered the kitchen over an electric wire.

- Pigeons Here for Trial Flights

Harry London of this city is having shipped to him from Atlanta by Mr. Wm. Crawford of that city several Homing pigeons for a race to be held in Los Angeles, Ca shortly. Mr. London upon receipt of the birds will immediately turn them loose and then time them as they leave. The time is sent to Mr. Crawford who, by timing their arrival in Atlanta, is able to make his selections for the Los Angeles show.

It is said that Mr. Crawford has between two and three hundred of these Homing pigeons from which he will make his selections for speed and endurance. The distance from Huntsville to Atlanta is about 300 miles and the birds usually make the trip in five hours.


- Woman's Guild meeting

The Woman's Guild of the Church of the Nativity will meet Friday morning at 10 o'clock for an all day session in the Parish House, where the ladies will sew.

- Merrimack Sewage System

A new sewage system is being put in at Merrimack by the Merrimack Manufacturing Company at a cost of \$50,000.






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in and died in an accident, just a couple of weeks before their wedding.

In all of these cases, I would advise them to have a good church support group. They are there to help no matter what your loss is.

To a child, it can be just as hard dealing with death as an adult does. The answers are never simple.

As I get older I realize that I am on the downside of the hill and try to make the most of every day - don't sweat the small stuff and do just a small kindness toward someone every day. It might be just what they need to get them out of a rut. When I was six years old, one thing that was on my bucket list was to live to be 100.

Now that that age gets closer, I want to amend it and say only if I can be in good health at 100 will I want to live that long. I have already bought my Happy 100th Birthday card, put a forever stamp on it and addressed it to myself.

Just hope I can receive it with a smile when the post person delivers it to me.

“Please excuse Buddy for being absent from school yesterday - he had bad diarrhea and his boots leak.”

Parent's note to teacher last winter

What a dilemma occurred today when I was asked how do you help your child, friend, or family deal with death.

I had just come from a dear friend's aunt's funeral, she lived to over 98 years of age and had outlived two husbands, traveled all over the world on church mission trips and had a very productive life. It was wonderful to be with her family to celebrate her life.

As a child, I lived on Beirne Avenue. My dog was run over and killed by a speeding car while I watched and the car never even stopped. I can still hear my screaming. We had a funeral for Teddie, the dog, but I still hurt over the sudden loss of my best buddy.

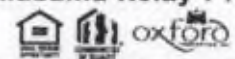
Then in high school, my classmate was engaged to be married in June just after school was to be out in May. He finished school, got in his car to go out on Whitesburg Drive to check on a building project that he was involved

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My Aunt Eva

by L. D. Rogers

My Aunt Eva was my mother's sister and her husband was my Uncle Bobby. They lived in Evansville, Indiana. My Uncle Bobby worked night shift for the city of Evansville and he also had a radio and TV repair shop that he operated during the day.

Uncle Bobby didn't sleep much so I asked him about it. He told me that the Army stationed him in Northern Alaska during World War II. It was dark most of the time so he got accustomed to not sleeping. His job was operating and repairing radios and radar units. That's where he got his training to run the repair shop at home.

My Aunt Eva was a stay at home wife. They had one child but she was grown and married so there wasn't much for her to do during the day. One time she went to a funeral and she noticed that there wasn't anybody there to mourn for the deceased.

After the funeral she asked the undertaker about it and he told her that they have a lot of people that don't have any family. A lot of them were hobos or homeless with no family.

When Aunt Eva got home she got to thinking. She thought it was a shame for someone to die and not have anyone at their funeral. So she called a few of her friends and talked to them about it and they agreed with her. A few of them got together and they went to the funeral home and talked to the director about it.

They decided that the director would call Aunt Eva when he had a person that had no family and she would get a few of her friends together and they would go to the funeral and be mourners. The director also told them that he would give each of them

five dollars for every funeral. So they became professional mourners and would go and cry and carry on just like they were family.

Now I would also like to say that my aunt and uncle were not above having a cold beer or two. So after the funeral the ladies would collect their five dollars and head for the nearest tavern for a cold beer. They would talk about the service and also toast the person that had passed.

Personally, I thought my Aunt Eva and Uncle Bobby were two of the grandest people alive. Also, I am sending you another little story about my Aunt Eva. I don't know if you can use it in the magazine but I thought I would send it and see if you could.

My name is L. D. Rogers and I moved to Huntsville back in 1974 from Paducah, Kentucky to take a job with Woody Anderson Ford as Parts Manager. I worked there until 1990 and then took a job as Parts Manager for Alexander Ford in Boaz. I retired in 2016 after spending sixty years with Ford Parts and Service.

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Maxine

Let the Little Girl Dance

by *Billa, as told to John E. Carson*

The song Billy Bland recorded in the early 1960s could easily have been inspired when I hit the dance floor in Hartselle, Alabama at the end of WWII.

As a young teen girl in those years, I was happy, loved and protected by my three body-guard brothers. One of them was always lurking about, keeping a watchful eye out on any boy that came around. I was grateful for their security and managed to have fun in spite of it.

I was a tiny little thing, but never felt threatened because of my size.

When the war ended, a street jam was held at the depot to celebrate. At that time, no one had ever seen the Jitterbug. But a tall, handsome man was about to change that.

A big, strong man (he was built like a brick outhouse) walked up to me with a confident smile that told me I was

about to become his dance partner. Taking my hand, he led me to the center of the floor and began to fling me around like a dishrag!

The other dancers quickly cleared the floor to give us room and we became the center of attention as they lined up around us to watch this new form of egotistical exercise. We put on a show like they had never witnessed before as he threw me every which way but loose!

It was quite a celebration and quite a night, one which became the talk of the town.

The following Sunday morning at church, the sermon, directed at my parents, was all about the evils of dancing. My father and mother were from loving families and were not opposed to dancing and having a good time.

And as the sermon droned on, my parents, brothers and many others in the congregation had to control themselves to keep from laughing outright.

Though no one said it out loud, I could almost hear the people saying; "Let the little girl dance!"

"To me, drinking responsibly means 'Don't spill it.'"

Chris Johnston, Gurley

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The Third Weekend of October

by Barry Key



The Third Saturday of October (as far back as I can remember) matches up two major SEC football teams every year, the University of Alabama and the University of Tennessee. Any self-respecting Alabama fan may forget his/her spouse's birthday or anniversary date, but a true Alabama fan will never forget whom we play on the Third Saturday of October.

When Alabama plays Tennessee in Knoxville (every other year), Lynda Senkbeil rents a 16 bedroom mountain chalet in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, for a three night, four day weekend. Sixteen Huntsvillian couples travel to Pigeon Forge on Thursday for three days of socializing, partying and football...and most of all, to watch our champions whip (fingers crossed) our Tennessee opponent.

Friday morning, several guys head to the golf course, some of our group spends the day hiking the mountain trails, some go shopping, and others just hang out at the Chalet watching TV and discussing the upcoming, and past, games. Friday night Walter Batson and his son-in-law, Mark, grill steaks for 32 people. The ladies make a tossed salad and baked potatoes to complete the meal,

Saturday, Lynda makes a mouth-watering crockpot bar-b-que. Depending on game time, for lunch we have the homemade bar-b-que and other complementary sides the ladies have brought or prepared in the chalet.

Walter leases a 50 passenger tour bus for transportation to the stadium from our chalet. Arrival at Neyland Stadium sets the stage for some major tailgating, right out-of the tour bus' luggage compartment. An ice cold beer, fried chicken, bar-b-que sandwiches, chips, dips and snacks....yummy!!

My wife Judy and I have some very close friends (Jerry & Frances) who are Tennessee alumni. They are always tailgating at the game so we go by and visit them before the game. Jerry usually gets us tickets so Judy and I are always sitting among Tennessee fans.

In 2016, the game was early afternoon and Judy and I would be sitting facing the sun. I had on an Alabama shirt and Jerry gave me his Tennessee ball cap with a Big Orange "T" on the forehead. Going into the game, I had several Tennessee fans stop me saying there had to be a story behind an Alabama shirt and a Tennessee ball cap, which would bring on a good laugh and jovial conversation. After being asked a couple of times, I started telling people that we had a son playing on each team and I would wear the shirt for the team ranked the highest, and the hat for the team ranked lowest. This worked real well until someone asked me what our sons' names were....my mind went blank, I couldn't think of a Tennessee player's name.

Sunday morning the same year, when we were packing our cars for the return home, we ran into an hour long delay. There were "bear proof" garbage bins at the edge of the chalet's parking lot. Several of us had parked right in front of the

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“bear proof” bins. While we were loading our cars for the return trip home, a mother bear and four cubs walked out of the woods right to the bins.

The bins were made of mesh steel so you could see through them. One of the cubs climbed upon top of one of them, opened the lid on the other bin and started rambling through four days of garbage we had discarded. The lid closed and latched when the cub climbed in, which didn't seem to bother him at all... he had found a gold mine.

Mother bear, and the other three cubs, seemed to be satisfied walking around the parking lot digging and eating things “nature” had provided. After about thirty minutes, the cub was still locked in the bin and mother bear didn't seem to be too concerned, or ready to leave. We needed to finish loading our cars but were afraid too with the cub right at the front of our cars and mother bear wandering around. We called the Tennessee Wild Life Department and told them our situation.

Mother bear finally walked over to the bin where her cub was trapped (he was still enjoying himself), unlatched the “bear proof” lid and made the cub get out. The people from the Wild Life Department never showed up while we were there. Although it did cause us a delay, we were well entertained watching the bears do their thing....an experience I'll never forget.

Oh yes! Alabama 49 and Tennessee 10 completed another perfect “THIRD WEEKEND OF OCTOBER”.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Mary Baker of Hazel Green was the first to call to tell me where she found the little hidden rocket - if you haven't found it yet it's on P. 42, on the book ad for "The Way it Was." Can you see it now? Mary told me she'll be 83 on Oct. 6 and her family has been here for 5 generations. She went to East Clinton Elementary school and now enjoys people meeting at her house for Bible studies. Then, **Gerri de Sanctis** called to identify the photo of the month for August - it was School Board member **Walker McGinnis**. So many people called who actually knew and remembered Walker - he either taught them, or was their coach, his past secretary called - everyone thinks the world of Walker. Gerri's son was a student of Walker's. Congratulations Gerri!

Earlene Storey had an important birthday on July 24 - she celebrated her 100th birthday! She has written a story or two

for Old Huntsville and we need more. Her sweet son **Rick Storey** planned a big family celebration and we want to write about the 101st party next July!

Can you imagine a world where people just worked and went home and talked to each other? And there were no cell-phones or computers or bad news on TV? And kids played outside? Oh right, the good old days.

When **Bob Overall** joined up with the Golden K Kiwanis in 2005 he loved how the group worked hard together to collect money for the charities that supported kids who really needed it. He was a Kiwanian for 14 years, serving as Treasurer and having won awards in the club. He worked at Thiokol Chemical Corp. for many years. Bob passed away on July 23 at the age of 88. He rode his bicycle, played bridge and kayaked well into his 80s and loved staying busy.

He was a hardworking, committed member of the Golden K. He loved his family more than anything. You may remember we ran a story about him a couple years back, written by his daughters, about how he built two beautiful cradles out of cherry wood when his kids were just babies, and the family continues to use the cradles today for great grandchildren. His beloved wife **Jo Ann** passed away in 2002. Bob is survived by his children; **Patti (Don) Duke, Lisa (Larry) Kimmons, Rob (Amanda) Overall** and **Bill (Mike) Overall** and his dear friend **Joan Willis**. He has nine grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren who will always love this amazing man.

I heard a good tip today - if you ever have trouble trying to plug up your cellphone to the charger, get out a magnifier and tweezers & toothpick; dust and lint can pack up in the phone plug and prevent the cord from plugging in. Might just save you lots of money if you decide to go to a phone store. Many thanks to **Ken Owens** for this one!

Welcome to the world **Beau Donovan Clark**! He is the future football play grandson of BB&T's **Susan Coulter**, a Branch Broker on Church Street. Beau weighed 9 lbs. 8 oz. and was 23.5 inches tall! Susan's daughter and mama to Beau is **Brie Clark**.

Joyce and **Charlie Edgar** just celebrated their 50 years of wedded bliss on Aug. 16. They had a huge reception a few months ago for all the kids to come in, and **Mayor Tommy Battle** attended! It's great to see two people really in love after all that time.

Mark Magnant was so skilled at fixing computer problems that he was able to maintain a good business from word-of-mouth referrals. He liked meeting people and would go to their homes in order to fix computers. Many people can't carry a large tower to the repair shop so Mark's onsite service was appreciated by many

Photo of The Month

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folks. Mark passed away at the young age of 54 on July 16. He is survived by his father **Kenneth Magnant**; his brother **Lance Magnant**; aunt **Maryanne Slater** and several cousins around the U.S. I remember years ago he made several trips to my mom and dad's apartment at Redstone Village to fix problems, explaining what he was doing as he fixed it.

Friendship Force works toward greater worldwide cultural exchange/understanding and is 40 years old with 350 clubs internationally. Huntsville has a club and it was so good to speak at one of their meetings at St. Stephens Episcopal Church recently. An amazing group of people.

Adriana Lane works at BB&T Bank on Church Street and when you go in there she makes you feel like you're her only customer. She has a birthday on Sep. 20 but her family shares September birthdays with her: daughter **Alyssandra** on Sep. 2, daughter **Kaitlyn** on Sep. 8 and husband **Jim** on Sep. 6. I see a lot of parties in that household!

Thanks to the customers of **Rolo's Restaurant** for helping local children's charities - spending nearly \$1600 this year in the purchase of Old Huntsville magazine. We appreciate you so much.

We heard through the grapevine that **Don Simms** of Huntsville celebrated a 90th birthday on July 27, and that he just might be a massive Chicago Cubs fan. Happy

Birthday Don from all of us at Old Huntsville magazine! Our sources will never be revealed.

I have hidden something no one will find. OK OK the rocket was pretty obvious once you spotted it but this month I have decided to hide a **very small flagpole** somewhere in the pages of this magazine. No One will EVER find it. If you think you spotted it (and it's not in the United ad below) call me. But I'll get no calls.

The **Kiwanis Club of Huntsville** turns 100 years old this year. The Alabama State Convention was held here in Huntsville with many in attendance. It was held at the Embassy Suites Hotel and went over 3 days of activities. While there we heard many comments about the staff there who helped with tables, equipment, directions to attendees who hadn't been in Huntsville before, etc. They were ready to help, totally professional and very gracious to all those associated with the convention. Thank you Embassy Suites Huntsville!

So proud of our **Mayor Tommy Battle**. In addition to all the good he's done for Huntsville and the business he's bringing in, he recently turned down a \$40,000/year raise suggested by the City Council. He vetoed it. It's the first time in 3 terms that he has used a veto for anything, and it was to say, thanks but no thanks. We're very lucky to have Tommy as our Mayor.

Here's a summer tip - if you're trying to lose a little weight but must have that bowl of ice cream - drink some water instead. You may just be thirsty and not really craving ice cream. Try it, it works!

Lowe Mill Concerts on the Dock are really fun if you love eclectic music and just a fun time. Every Friday at 6pm, bring chairs, kids, pets, drinks and food. Or you can find great food at the restaurants there. See you at the Dock!



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Football and Tailgating

Lemon Shrimp and White Bean Salad

- 1 15-oz. can cannellini beans, rinsed and drained
- 12 cooked, peeled and de veined medium shrimp
- 1/2 English cucumber, cut into half moons
- 2 T. chopped fresh dill
- 2 T. olive oil
- 3 T. fresh lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Between 2 lunch containers, divide the beans, shrimp, cucumber and dill. In a small bowl, whisk together olive oil, lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon each salt and pepper and put in a small separate container. Refrigerate the salad and dressing separately up to one day in advance, toss together just before serving.

Vidalia Onion Dip

- 2 T. unsalted butter
 - 1 lg. Vidalia onion, sliced
 - Salt and pepper to taste
 - 1 c. sour cream
 - 1/2 c. mayonnaise
 - 1/2 t. onion powder
 - 1/2 t. garlic powder
 - Potato chips for serving
- In a large skillet melt the but-

ter over medium heat. Add onions and cook til deeply browned and caramelized, stirring frequently, 15 minutes or so. Cool onions to room temp and roughly chop on a cutting board. In a medium bowl mix the onions and remaining ingredients, stir to combine. Season with salt and pepper and refrigerate til ready to travel!

Crispy Chicken Wings

Either make them the night before or pick up at your favorite local grocer. Pick up some Sweet Baby Ray's dipping sauce and take along washed, cut celery and carrot sticks.

Mexican Street Corn (Great on the grill)

- 4 ears yellow corn, shucked
 - 1/2 c. mayonnaise
 - Juice of 1/2 lime
 - 1/2 c. crumbled Mexican (cotija) cheese
 - 2 t. chili powder
 - Fresh cilantro leaves
- Heat a grill til medium hot. Place the corn on the grill and cook, turning occasionally til lightly browned on all sides, about 15 minutes. Let cool slightly. While it's cooling,

combine the mayonnaise and lime juice in a small bowl. Spread the mixture on the corn, then sprinkle with the cheese and chili powder. Garnish with cilantro leaves.

Chinese Sausage Bites

- 1 lb. bulk porch sausage
- 1 slightly beaten egg
- 1/2 c. Italian style bread crumbs
- 4 T. butter
- 1/2 t. garlic salt
- 1/4 c. brown sugar
- 2 T. soy sauce
- 1 c. chili sauce

Combine egg, sausage and bread crumbs. Form small balls. Brown in frying pan. Drain on paper towel. In saucepan combine remaining ingredients. Cook slowly for 20 minutes. Place balls in chafing dish and cover with sauce. Serve with toothpicks. Makes 4 dozen small balls. This recipe doubles and triples well. Left over sausage balls are good in spaghetti sauce or served over steamed rice.

Sweet Tea with Lemon

- #### Lemon Simple Syrup
- 1 c. sugar
 - 1 c. water

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1 lg. lemon

Sweet Tea

1 family-sized black iced tea bag, such as Luzianne

4 c. water

Lemon Simple Syrup and Ice cubes, for serving

To make the lemon simple syrup: In a small saucepan, combine the sugar and the water. Use a vegetable peeler to remove the peel from the lemon. Add the peel to the sugar mixture and reserve the lemon for serving. Place the saucepan over medium-high heat and bring to a boil, stirring to dissolve the sugar. As soon as the mixture comes to a boil, remove the saucepan from the heat and let cool to room temperature. Remove the lemon peels.

To make the sweet tea: Place the tea bag in a medium teapot or heat proof pitcher. Bring 2 cups of the water to a boil; pour the boiling water over the tea. Let steep for 5 minutes, then remove the tea bag. Stir in the remaining 2 cups water and let the mixture cool to room temperature. Once cool, stir in lemon syrup to taste.

Slice the reserved lemon into wedges or rounds. Serve the tea in tall glasses filled with ice cubes and garnished with the lemon wedges.

Maple Bourbon Smash (adults only)

4 lemon rounds, plus 1 ounce fresh lemon juice
2 ounces bourbon
1 ounce maple syrup

1 sprig fresh sage leaves, plus more for garnish

Ice cubes

Fill a rocks glass with ice. Place 3 of the lemon slices in a cocktail shaker. Cover with the bourbon and maple syrup, followed by the sage leaves. Muddle the mixture until it looks thicker and slightly cloudy, about 30 seconds. Add the lemon juice and fill the shaker with ice cubes. Shake until chilled, about 3 seconds. Strain into the prepared glass and garnish with the remaining lemon round and additional sage leaves. Serve immediately.

Strong Arnold Palmer (for adults)

4 ounces lemonade
4 ounces black iced tea, unsweetened

2 ounces vodka
1/2 ounce orange liqueur
1 lemon wedge

Instructions

In a cocktail shaker, add two to three cubes of ice and pour in lemonade, tea, vodka and orange liqueur. Stir for 15 seconds until the outside of the shaker is frosted.

Strain the mixture into an ice-filled glass and garnish with lemon wedge.

Kentucky Bourbon Balls

8 ounces vanilla wafers
1 c. pecan pieces, toasted
1 c. powdered sugar
1/2 c. unsweetened cocoa powder

1 teaspoon kosher salt
1/4 cup bourbon
1/4 cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place vanilla wafers in a food processor and process until the wafers turn to fine crumbs; you should have about 2 cups. Add the pecans and pulse until finely chopped.

Transfer the wafer mixture to a large bowl and whisk in 1/2 cup of the powdered sugar, 1/4 cup of the cocoa powder and the salt until completely combined. Whisk in the bourbon, corn syrup and vanilla until smooth.

On a large plate, sift together the remaining sugar and cocoa. Line a second baking sheet with parchment paper.

Form the wafer mixture into 1-inch balls and place on the prepared sheet. Once all of the balls have been formed, gently roll them around in the sugar mixture to coat completely, then return to the baking dish. Refrigerate until firm, about 30 minutes.



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You Have to Declare

by Belinda Talley

Bless her heart, being from Wisconsin, I knew she didn't know any better. I tried to tell her that in the South it is different. As a matter of fact, in Alabama, it is really different.

Do you know how you just connect with some folks? Well, that's how it was with my two new buddies. I met Jan at Bunco about five minutes before I saw Linda, who had just moved in. Jan, like me, had lived in the neighborhood for several years. The three of us had a lot in common; we liked to try new restau-

rants, shop at thrift stores and each of us had just retired. Most of all, we loved football.

Once a week, the thrift shop "The Saving Way" offers a discount if you are over 55. Being our favorite thrift store, we somehow end up there almost every Tuesday. I am actually a little surprised that they haven't carded us yet, since we are barely of age to get the senior discount.

This particular day, we were searching to find our next designer deal. "I found one." I said, handing it to Linda. "You are going to need this." Linda stood there, a bit confused, holding the crimson shirt.

Jan glanced up, while continuing to scan the racks. Nonchalantly she looked toward Linda and said, "You know; down here, you have to declare."



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Woody Allen

"Declare what?" Linda questioned.

Jan peered over the top of her readers and said, "Look Linda, you are in the South, but mostly you are in Alabama. You can choose Auburn, or you can choose Alabama, but you have to be for one or the other."

Interrupting, to put in my two-cents-worth. "Girl, I am not about to influence you either way but, did you know that Jan and I are both big Bama fans? Plus, Alabama has been National Champions seventeen times. Seventeen! Don't you want to be for a winning team?"

About that time, a lady across the aisle looked up, nodded and said, "Roll Tide!"

Jan nodded back, "Roll Tide!"

"See, that happens everywhere you go." I said.

"Guys, wait a minute." Linda said, "You don't get it. I am from Wisconsin and I have been a loyal Green Bay Packers fan my whole life. I am a pro football fan; not college!"

Well, just slap my face, I thought. "And just where do you think your superstar quarterback Bart Starr came from? Who do you think taught him how to play?"

Never looking up, Jan said, "The Bear."

"Exactly! Paul Bear Bryant at the University of Alabama," I pointed out.

We dropped Linda off first, she waved as we backed out. Jan turned to me and stated, "I'm not sure that we were very convincing. She's really is sweet, but I don't think she gets it. You do have to declare."

A few weeks later, we were meeting for lunch at a new restaurant in Madison. Linda said that she had a something to tell us. To be honest, I thought that she might be moving.

"Fine, we all agree, ev-

erything about this new place, Champ's, is true. The service and food are good and they have terrific tamales. Okay, that settles it, we're coming back." I said, turning to face Linda. "Now don't you dare say you are moving."

Jan chimed in, "Please don't leave, if you do, I'll have to deal with Belinda all by myself."

"I am not going anywhere but, listen guys, seriously, I decided."

"Decided what?" Jan asked.

"Well..." Linda was excited. "I have decided, to declare!"

"...and?" I said. "Do we need a drum-roll?"

Taking a deep breath, with a big grin, Linda shot her fist in the air and proudly proclaimed,

"T-I-D-E... ROLL!"

Shaking my head, I turned toward Jan... "This is going to be much harder than we thought!"





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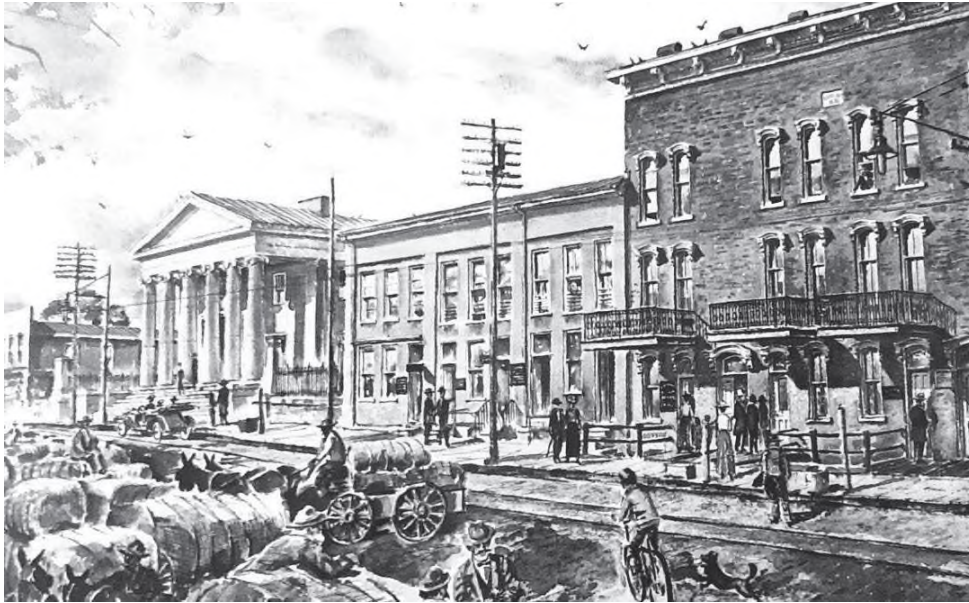
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COTTON ROW IN 1950

by Judy C. Smith

Cotton Row was located on the west side of the Square in the '50s. Cotton was king. My father Barry Chandler, Jr. was with Anderson Clayton Cotton Company. The office was located upstairs over Woodfin Cotton Company. There were narrow double wooden doors that led upstairs to the office overhead. I remember the steep wooden stairs, worn down over many years of use.

The wood was simply worn away. There was no air-conditioning in any of the offices. In the summer my father's office got very hot. The windows were always open during the summer and we knew not to get too close as there were no screens and a small person could fall out. The windows in the back overlooked the Big Springs Park, fountain and duck pond. On Saturdays there was a farmer's market. That area has been completely

remodeled and looks nothing like it did in 1950.

There was a walnut day bed in Daddy's office that was used for a quick nap after lunch. I still have it in one of my upstairs bedrooms. It was always in the nursery of my eight children as they came along. Their grandfather would be so pleased to know we kept it in the family and will be handed down. His office hours were 8 to 5 weekdays, but closing at noon on Wednesdays as most all other businesses did. He'd

go fishing like many store owners also did.

Other cotton offices were in the two or three-story brick buildings located from the edge of the First National Bank with its tall white columns to the other corner where the State National Bank was located. Orr and Davis, Cummings Cotton Company, Morgan Cotton Company and several others were in this group of

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"I like mermaids. They are beautiful and I like their shiny tails. And how on earth do they get pregnant? Like, really?"

Suzie, age 9

buildings. The many cotton offices would classify and broker the cotton.

In the summer, Daddy would let me ride out in the country to the cotton gins to inspect and class the cotton. Daddy always wore a seersucker suit and a tie every day and a hat always on his head. That had to be quite hot in those days.

Sometimes when inspecting a cotton gin, he'd remove his coat in the heat of the day and fold it over his arm, but he always wore his hat.

Anderson Clayton was owned by Seven Seas, the maker of salad dressings among other things.

Daddy was first located in Birmingham, where I was born. Then, he was in Florence where I got Polio at age 4, and a year later in Huntsville from 1946 to present.

Daddy's office was a perfect location for watching parades and entertaining me. As I was watching the cars going by, I quickly learned the make and year model of all the cars. That instilled my love for cars to this day.

It was a sad day when I watched the Cotton Row being torn down, brick by brick. Daddy's office was the first building to be torn down.

Later in life's journey, I have a daughter, Allison, who bought a house on Cedar Ridge Road.

Much to our surprise, by the front door, a plaque read, bricks on this house are from Cotton Row. So you can see that Cotton Row lives on, if only in a small way.

Allison has a framed watercolor print of the cotton row block by artist Albert Lane, hanging in her living room. This small snip showing my Daddy's office first slim set of double doors next to the white columns of the First National Bank.

(Allison Smith is the owner of the ink and water color print of Albert Lane shown on page 24.)



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Short Stories About Football

by *Charlie Lyle*

I was asked to write something about football. At first, I thought I couldn't do it but I did. So far I have had some information from Bobby Wilson, Huntsville 1947/48. Most of my help came from my very good friend, Larry Buck Hughes who played fullback for Alabama. Bear Bryant was playing on one end and All American Don Hudson on the other. This was around 1927.

Bryant, after he became coach at Texas A&M, was extremely tough. They said that many players fled and jumped over a chain link fence because of fear. Two buses of players went in the enclosed football field area and one came out.

There were many stories I have been told and all I can do is to name a few. As a friend said, they can write many volumes and books about what I don't know about football.

Huntsville High had a player named Billy Joe Rowan. He was thought of as a triple threat. He could excel in running, passing and kicking. This goes back to the late 1930s.

Another football player from Huntsville High, Bobby Luna, was an exceptional player. As well as Billy Neighbors, who had a real close football family. This family could be compared to the Manning Family.

One of the great players, (and there are many), was Harry Oilmen. Harry was diminutive in size, which explains that as a quarterback he had to jump up in the air before he could throw a

pass.

One thing that I could never understand was the way Bill Curry was treated. I was there at the acceptance speech that he gave and how dedicated he promised to be even though he was not from Alabama. That explains why he was not accepted.

Just a little footnote I experienced by the Alumni was when one of them looked at me and said "you are a little small to be a quarterback" and this surely made my day. I explained to him that I was Buck's chauffeur. Another thing

that made my day was when Buck introduced me to Mai Moore.

I was elated when Alabama was asked to play in the Rose Bowl game. Well the people there in California were saying that we were a bunch of hicks and didn't know a thing about football. Teams really didn't travel that much in those days especially that far away. They did play some of the Eastern teams like Fordham, Sewanee, Princeton, Yale, etc. The old traditional teams like Georgia Tech, Tennessee, Arkansas, Ole Miss, Auburn and of course Ala-

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"Why do I have to press 1 for English? Did America move?"

Billy Stuart, Woodville

bama and many more. The rules of football have really changed. For instance, there was no such thing necessarily as offense and defense. Alabama went to California to play in 1927. As one might guess we beat them. It was either UCLA or Southern Cal.

You may wonder why I don't have more information about Auburn. The reason was because I was a close friend of Coach Hughes and got so much information from him. There were a few people like myself who rooted for both teams. When Alabama and Auburn played each other, I had a problem.

These were exciting times for the Alabama team going to Hollywood probably seeing movie stars, etc. By the wildest of dreams a movie scout spotted Johnny Mack Brown. Johnny was then put into many episodes of cowboy western movies.

No one is infallible no matter who you are, not even Bear Bryant. This is a story that came from Buck Hughes who was a close friend of Bryant. Bear came from a small town in Arkansas, Fordyce. His family evidently was working in produce.

When Bear said it was hard work, it had to be. Bear would work day and into the night. It seems as though Bear had a chance to go to Tuscaloosa and play football. He started with the team when they were working out for early fall practice. He worked out for a couple of days and took off back to Fordyce his home. His family was really put out with him and worked him harder than ever.

He decided to go back to Tuscaloosa if they would have him. He exclaimed "hell if I worked this hard I may as well have the glory that goes with it."

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Rex

by Austin Miller

In 1947, Mrs. Cora Shepard was our neighbor; her son E.W. loved dogs and always had about a dozen. He had moved from home but left a dog he had recently acquired with his mother. This upset Mama and Daddy because they knew he would run unattended on our property and be a pest; but more than that, they considered him dangerous.

He was an Army trained dog that had been used to guard German prisoners held at Redstone Arsenal during the war. When Daddy talked to E.W. he said don't worry, he won't bother anybody. Daddy was not convinced and made up his mind to

shoot the dog if he caused any trouble.

His name was Rex. I can't remember what Rex looked like except he was bigger than I was. Rex showed no affection to people, never barked, wagged his tail, chased cars or ran with other dogs. You knew that the only way to stop this dog if he attacked was by extreme force. Many people affectionately add the adjective "Old" to their dog's name but somehow this didn't fit Rex. He was not a warm, friendly, fuzzy feeling dog.

One morning when I was in the first grade, I walked out the front door and there stood Rex. He was standing a few feet from the porch between me and the way to the school bus. I didn't know what to do

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because I had been warned that he was dangerous and to never get close to him. He was standing there perfectly still without making a sound.

I had always heard that a dog wagging his tail was a friendly dog and not a threat. Rex was not wagging his tail. I called to Mama but she didn't hear me. Finally I took a step backward toward the porch, he didn't move. I backed up slowly to the porch steps.

When I turned to go up the steps, he bounded past me and was standing on the porch at the top of the steps behind me. Since my path was blocked, all I could do was walk away from the porch back into the yard. At that point, he jumped down from the porch and fell in beside me. I didn't panic and I don't remember being scared. I think maybe at six years old I could sense that he was not a danger.

He walked with me to the road and waited until the bus came, he was never more than a few inches away. When I got on I saw him trotting back home. That afternoon he was waiting at the road and walked me home. He took every detour that I took and stayed with me until I got home. When I got to the front porch, he trotted back to Mrs. Shepard's house.

After that, he followed the same routine everyday. Until this day, I don't know how he knew what time to meet the bus and not to come on Saturday and Sunday. Soon the other kids on the bus took notice and would yell and call to him when I got off the bus. The only time he came to our house was when he walked me to and from the bus. But any time I was in the yard playing or working, he was always

in sight. If I got out of his line of vision, he would move to where he could see me. Soon he became an unobtrusive part of my life and I seldom noticed that he was around even when he walked with me to and from the bus.

One Sunday we went to visit my grandparents. When we returned the Shepards were all gathered on the front porch with a sad look on their faces; they said that Rex had been run over and killed by a car. They said the car came up the road, way up into the churchyard and purposely ran over him. E.W. said he thought he knew who did it but he never gave a name.

Rex was not a pet or a dog that could be owned by any-

one. E.W. claimed him but he didn't belong to anybody, he lived off sparse table scraps but didn't bother the chickens, roam the community, bark at night, fight other dogs, chase the cows or bother people coming to our house. But as docile and unthreatening as he appeared, Rex was trained to kill and would have attacked anybody who messed with me.

We had come to love Rex and were all very sad when he died, even Mama and Daddy.

"You never appreciate what you have until it's gone. Toilet paper is a perfect example."

Barry Key

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What it Was, Was Football

by Tommy Towery

"It was back last October, I believe it was. We were going to hold a tent service off at this college town and we got there about dinner time on Saturday."

With those opening words, the world was introduced not only to football in the South, but also to a young man destined to become a beloved television star. They are the beginning lines of a record called "What it Was, Was Football" which was recorded by an unknown Andy Griffith in 1953 and rose to reach #9 on the Billboard chart in February of 1954. It is a tale about a country bumpkin traveling with a tent revival crowd who wandered into his first football game by accident and his views on what he saw that day. I dare say anyone who ever heard it cannot help but remember some of the lines of the recording.

Andy described the sight as a "whole raft of people a-sittin' on these two banks and a-lookin at one another across this pretty little green cow pasture. Somebody had took and drawn white lines all over it and drove posts in it, and I don't know what all, and I looked down there and I seen five or six convicts a'running up and down and a-blowing whistles."

I was seven years old when his record was released and I was about as ignorant about the game of football as was the man in the recording. I remember someone in my family bought the 45 RPM record at a record store beside the Elk's Theater and we almost wore out the grooves on the vinyl disc. It was five minutes and 40 seconds long taking up both sides of the 45 record and required the listener to flip the record over to hear the complete tale. The purple label on the Capitol record was almost unreadable fol-

lowing the seemingly endless playing the tale of the "contest where they see which bunchful of them men can take that pumpkin and run from one end of that cow pasture to the other without gettin' knocked down or steppin' in somethin'".

To me, the cow pasture in the record could only be visualized as the one at Goldsmith-Schiffman Field in the Five Points area. Enclosed like an English castle with a high gray stone wall, it was the scene of my early encounters with real games.

Later in my life I found out the walls were not as high as they seemed to me when I was a child, and were no challenge to my classmates in high school who wanted to watch the Lee Generals play without paying their 50-cent admission charges. Inside the walls we would watch two rival teams "frown at one another and kick one another and throw one another down and stomp on

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one another and grind their feet in one another."

The main reason I went to the early football games was to watch my big brother Don play. He was on several Y.M.C.A. league teams and was "Mr. Football" to me. He had the athletic skills I never possessed and I had the academic skills he needed to go father in the sport than he did. By the time he entered Huntsville Junior High he was the star quarterback of the team and went on to be the same at Huntsville High later in his playing days.

The world would never know what he would have done in college because before he became a senior at Huntsville he quit school and joined the Navy. By the time he got out and earned his degree at the University of Alabama, his football days were behind him.

I now regret I never played football or any other sport at Lee High School, but I did love going to Goldsmith-Schiffman Field. I always lived close enough to the field to be able to walk to the games. I remember well how cold it got sitting on the wooden bleachers during the later part of the season. I also remember the locker-room smell of the men's bathroom located in the corner of the stadium.

Hot dogs and hot chocolate were my dinner for many Friday nights while I watched as "both bunches full of them wanted this funny lookin' little pumpkin to play with. And I know, friends, that they couldn't eat it because they kicked it the whole evenin' and it never busted."

In reality, back then I enjoyed the social interaction I had at the games much more than I did watching the action on the field. It was fun to sit under a blanket with my date and snuggle up close to stay warm. I must admit I also enjoyed watching the "pretty girls wearin' these little bitty short dresses and a-dancing around" more than a bunch of guys

hitting each other on the cow pasture. I find it odd to think back to those days when players played both offense and defense for whole games, unlike the specialized players of today.

Although my early high school plans were to attend the University of Alabama, my financial situation led me to Memphis State University instead. I have come to love the game of football and have been a season ticket holder for the Memphis Tigers since 1989. Still, I sometimes cannot help but miss the earlier days of sitting in the wooden bleachers of Goldsmith-Schiffman Field and the excitement of high school ball over the 69,000 plus seat-backed chairs of Memphis' Liberty Bowl Stadium and the college crowd attending.

Still, after the game is over these days, I know "What it Was, Was Football"

If you want to hear Andy Griffith's nostalgic football story again, it is available on youtube.com. If you don't know how to look it up, ask your grand kids.



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Man With the Clear Glass of Water

by John Carriker

By definition there is no such thing as a half-truth, false news or a white lie. Truth is a pure, unalloyed noun that offers no alternative or synonym to infringe upon the unmatched purity of its meaning. Absolute truth is something that is true at all times and in all places. It is something that is always true no matter what the circumstances. It is a fact that cannot be changed.

Therefore, anything that is added to or taken from the truth is a lie, sometimes called an opinion, an exaggeration or unsubstantiated source. Sometimes the deceit is due to a lack of knowledge while at other times it is planned:

The man waited patiently as the auditorium filled with students from the ninth through twelfth grades. The older wood floors creaked as each queued down the rows of folding seats and prepared for the mid-morning activity to be revealed. There was a little pushing and shoving as the teens anticipated 20 minutes of freedom from their normal class endeavors.

Finally, when all were seated, the Principal walked to the podium on the stage, turned on the microphone, thumped it with his forefinger to make sure it was working, cleared his throat, and introduced the guest speaker ... the Quality Control Manager for the Navy's Air-to-Air Sparrow radar-guided missile. Many of the students had parents and/or family members employed at the Tennessee facility.

As was the custom of that day, the man was wearing dress pants with a sports coat and white shirt. He completed the ensemble with a plain wide tie and polished brown loafers.

The audience of junior high and high school students seemed restless as he walked to the microphone, reached beneath the podium, smiled, and placed a pitcher of water and two clear glasses

on the surface. Then, he introduced himself and announced that, "Today, I'm going to teach you one of the more important lessons of life, but I need a volunteer."

Hands shot up throughout the auditorium. He quickly chose a younger blond-haired girl who made her way to the front and joined him on stage. Following introductions, he picked up the pitcher and informed her, "This is a pitcher of clean water that was drawn a few minutes ago before the assembly began." She nodded.

"And this," he added, picking up the glass, "is a drinking receptacle in which I will pour the water." She nodded again, and he tilted the pitcher and poured a glass-full. Looking at it for a moment (possibly to add to the suspense), he took the glass, raised it to his lips and took two or three swallows, dramatically licking his lips afterwards.

"Would you be willing to do the same?" he asked her. "Yes," she replied. He took the other glass and poured more of the clear water for her, and she drank a few swallows.

He took her glass and bent behind the podium as she and the audience watched with curiosity. He stood



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up and in his hands were her glass and a spoon. He stirred the water. "As you can see, this is your same glass of water," he explained to her. "Are you willing to drink it now? As you can see, it's crystal clear and still cool from when it was originally poured." He thrust it out to her.

She hesitated not knowing exactly what to do, but she nervously reached for the glass. Before she could move it to her lips, he warned: "It looks the same, it feels the same, and it will probably taste the same. But you do well to consider what you're going to do."

"What if I told you that just a moment ago, I took a small amount of dried cat manure and added it to the glass before stirring it in. Would you still drink it?"

"No!" she replied emphatically.

He took the glass from her outstretched hand as he instructed her to return to her seat.

On the dais he set the "con-

taminated glass" next to his and faced his young audience once again. "You have just learned one of the most important lessons of life: some things look right and seem to be permissible to accept or try. But be careful of whom you trust."

He paused and watched as many in the large audience nodded their heads in agreement.

"When I was first asked to come and speak at your weekly assembly," he continued, "I didn't know what I would say. It became even more difficult when you consider that I have two children in this assembly this morning, a son and daughter. They made sure to tell me not to embarrass them."

He paused for a moment and reached for the glass of water, but as he raised it toward his lips, there was a unanimous, audible gasp from the kids. He had picked up the wrong glass!

He stopped, looked at the students, knowingly smiled, and replaced the glass on the

podium. A relieved laughter filled the auditorium when they realized they had been fooled; he had purposely chosen the wrong receptacle.

"You just learned the second part of the more important lessons of life. Surround yourself with a foundation of friends who care for your best interest. You choose them; they do not choose you."

He picked up the "non-contaminated" glass of water. "Then," he concluded, "you will be safe when you drink the water." Which he did.

Having purified your souls by your obedience to the truth for a sincere brotherly love, love one another earnestly from a pure heart... 1 Peter 1:22

I changed my password to "incorrect" so whenever I forget it the computer will say, "Your password is incorrect."

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A LITTLE BOY IN HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

by Jan Williams



The Doctor came to our house to see us when we were sick instead of us going to his office. Dr. E.V. Caldwell was our doctor.

A piece of candy was 5 cents; it cost 10 cents to get into the movie. Bubble gum was 1 cent.

At Kresses or Woolworth's 5 and 10 Cent stores you could actually buy something for 5 or 10 cents.

We had the Lyric, Grand and Elks theaters downtown. They used to say if you went to the Elks theatre, you had to carry two sticks - one to prop your seat up and the other to beat off the rats! Roy Rogers was king of the cowboys and his wife, Dale, was Queen. Roy's horse was "Trigger." Other popular cowboy stars were Gene Autrey, Lash LaRue, the Cisco Kid and his sidekick, Poncho, Gabby Hays and Fuzzy St. John.

At the Lyric, the most popular theater, we had the Kiddy Club on Saturday mornings with Grady Reeves, the MC. Yo-yos were popular.

Donald and Daisy Duck, with Huey, Duey and Luey, along with Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Goofy, Pluto and Popeye (spinach), were our

favorite cartoons.

At school, Blue Horse was the kind of paper we bought for our homework.

Our TVs were black and white, no color. On Wednesday nights we watched the Gillette Calvacade of sports. Sunday evenings we saw the Ed Sullivan Show... and remember the Lucky Strike Hit Parade, I Love Lucy, Dick Clark?

Instead of computers we used dictionaries, World Book Encyclopedia and the newspapers to gather our information.

We had one telephone in the house and it had a cord on it attached to the wall. Our telephone number was 882-J and instead of a dial tone, you heard the voice of an operator saying "Number Please."

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"My goal this weekend is to move just enough so that people don't think I've died."

Jerald Morris, Scottsboro

Our school year always began the day after Labor Day, on Tuesday, and we got out the following Friday for the County Fair. We had 2 days for Thanksgiving (Thursday and Friday), 2 weeks for Christmas and one week in the spring for "Spring Vacation" or as we called it, AEA holiday. School was out the last of May and we had 3 months for summer vacation.

Our punishment for doing wrong in school....stay after school, write 100 times "I will not...", stand in the corner of the class room with your nose in the corner or go stand in the hall. We bought our school books at T. T. Terry's on the south side of the square. Their logo over the door--"GREAT IS THE POWER OF CASH."

Summer consisted of swimming at the City pool downtown, where we learned to swim, playing at the East Clinton School playground and the YMCA where we played basketball and swam.

For our medicine we used Tom Dark City Drug or Organ and Sparks Drugstore, we ate out at Steadmans, Snowwhite, Zesto, the Alabama Cafe, City Cafe, Russell Erskine Hotel....Mexican, Greek, Italian? I don't think so!

Our first integration experience was when the German rocket team came to Huntsville at the Redstone Arsenal. Their children came to East Clinton School. We had no idea who they were at first. They tore up our "educational curve." We were in the 4th grade and they knew things we would not learn until high school!

Our teachers at East Clinton were: 1st grade, Miss Coons; 2nd grade, Miss Matlock; 3rd grade, Miss Baker; 4th grade, Miss Bessie Russell; 5th grade, Miss Walker; 6th grade, Miss Johnston; 7th grade, Mrs. Alice Nance (I fell in love with her, she was the youngest and best looking teacher I had ever seen! The others were older ladies and "old maids.")

Good times? They were GREAT times.

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The Cuban Cafe

by Elizabeth Wharry

Over the next few months, I will be writing about the county's locally owned small businesses. These businesses are the foundation of our country, and deserve to be recognized and visited. I like to refer to them as hidden gems. I am starting with the Cuban Cafe, as it is the closest to me.

The Cuban Cafe, 5510 Promenade Point Parkway in Madison, is a warm, friendly, family owned and operated restaurant. It is a long time dream come true for a lovely couple, Andy and Jessi Ysalque. They have been married 21 years, and met and dated all through high school. They have 3 great kids, Andy III, who is 20, and majoring in psychology, Gizelle, age 18, and majoring in theatre in NYC, and son Dillon, age 16, a junior at Spark-

man High School and a member of the baseball team.

Opening day for Andy and Jessi was 13 September 2018. The food is a unique blend of both their ethnic backgrounds. Andy's family is originally from Cuba, and Jessi's family hails from Puerto Rico. Both Andy's and Jessi's grandmothers taught her how to cook. She blended both styles of cooking seamlessly.

The first time I walked in, I was greeted with a soft blend of Carribean music, and a warm hello from Sandy, the head of the wait staff. As I looked around, the walls are covered with beautiful posters of Cuban and Puerto Rican life. I was seated and handed a lunch menu. So many tempting foods to choose from! The dishes were listed in Spanish, with a translation and description underneath. I was also informed that each dish is cooked to order.

A few weeks later, I went back with my husband for a din-

ner date. Each entree sounded delicious. Our waiter advised us that the wait for our dinners would be about 20 to 25 minutes, as everything is prepared from scratch. We took our time eating, and walked out about an hour or so later. At no time did we feel rushed. Quite the opposite...we felt like we were invited to eat at an old friend's home. When we finally finished, and asked for the bill, we were pleasantly surprised. Considering the quality of the food, and the hours of preparation, the prices are quite reasonable.

Reservations are recommended for parties over 10. Find them on Facebook and Instagram or visit the website www.cubancafeal.com for more information and hours of operation. Better yet, come visit in person, and have a wonderful meal!

Their food truck can be found on Redstone Arsenal every Wednesday. They will also be at the Madison Street Festival, October 5th.

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Thanks to each and every one of you who ever bought an Old Huntsville from the machines or honor boxes - we appreciate you!

The Golden K Club has raised over \$650,000 in the last 27 years with their partnership with Old Huntsville Magazine. That's a lot of help for many children and their families. Do you have a heart for service? Golden K is here to help kids and their families.

Tips You Can Use



* Surround yourself with people who make you feel good about yourself, not the ones who insult you.

* NEVER believe that guy with the heavy accent who calls and says he's from Microsoft and he can fix your computer right over the phone. It's a scam.

* If you're lonely, go out and find someone you can help. It'll take your mind off yourself, instantly.

* NEVER give out any financial info over the phone - banking, credit or debit card numbers, etc.

* Stay on your feet at all costs. No falling is allowed.

* When you have a very important decision to make, choose the one that gives you the most peace.

* Get caller ID and use it - if you don't recognize the number of the caller don't answer. If it's important they'll leave a message.

* Clean out one closet or drawer at a time - not the whole house.

* Get out and walk if you can - even if it's half a block - every day.

* Treat yourself to a good night's sleep. And try to do that every night.

* NEVER answer the door after dark unless you know who it is.

* Watch out for your neighbors, they may be in worse shape than you.

* If you don't feel good and can stay at home, don't drive. It's not worth getting into a bad accident.

Take care of yourself

Cream on face neck and ears every day. Ears can get old and dry too and never get any love.

If you lend someone \$40 and never see them again, it was probably worth it.

Want to be happy?

- Be in control of your life - don't let someone control you or what you do.
- Do something good for yourself every day.
- Do something good for another every day.
- Make your bed every day no matter how you feel.
- Each night before you go to bed think of all the good things that happened, what you accomplished.



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Want Ads from a Huntsville Newspaper, 1902



- Lost - On the square, a stick pin with nugget of gold on one end. Finder will please return to this office or the Democrat office and receive reward.

- Lost - Buffalo lap robe, last Saturday, On Walker or Holmes Streets. Finder return to the City Baker for reward.

- For Rent - The corner store, McGee Hotel Block. This is one

of the best stands in the city for any business. See Jones & Rison.

- After January 1, 1902 - I will begin to close out my entire stock of old whiskies and brandies for cash only.

Persons wishing to purchase a gallon or more of these fine goods should avail themselves of this opportunity. I have some priceless goods that have been in stock over 5 years.

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- Great Bargains - See J. M.

Askin's Store on the east side of the public square, at Grayson Mercantile Co.'s old stand for your dry goods and groceries. At this store you can get goods ten per cent cheaper than at any store in Huntsville. All stock complete and all is fresh.

- For Sale - The Petty property on East Randolph Street. This is a good bargain for somebody and it is going to be sold on easy payments. Boyd & Wellman.

- For Sale - The Bone home-stead. The beautiful two acre lot, lying west of White Street, between Randolph and Eustis Streets, location high, healthy and ideal, is now in my hands for sale. Look no further - you will not find a bargain like this anywhere else. Call soon because this won't last.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Bringing Home a New Pet



Bringing home a new pet is an exciting time, but it can also be overwhelming. The first few days with a new pet can be a critical time for bonding and forming good habits.

* Have supplies on hand before your new pet arrives. The day you bring home your new pet is not the time to run to the pet store for bedding and toys. You'll need a crate, bedding, gates, a litter box and non-plastic food and water dishes before bringing your pet home.

* Toys, treats, a collar, a leash and a toothbrush are all helpful to have for puppies. A scratching post, kitty tree, laser pointer, pet water fountain, toys and a brush are helpful to have for cats.

* Try to feed your new pet the brand of food they're used to eating for at least the first few days to avoid upsetting their digestive system.

* Allow your new pet to explore their space without other people or animals around. Help them adjust to new surroundings without any other pets or people around. Don't allow your new pet free reign of the house right away. Gradually allow them access to larger areas of the home as they adjust.

* Introduce pets to each other gradually. Let pets get used to each other through a baby gate or with the new pet crated. Keep their initial interactions short and supervised. If possible, introduce dogs in a neutral place.

* Make sure your old pet isn't ignored. Bringing home a new pet is undeniably exciting but don't leave your existing pets out in the cold. Make sure your current pet gets a lot of attention. Feed that pet first. Play with that pet first and again after spending time with your new pet. Keep your old pet's schedule as unchanged as possible. Be sure to lavish love on all your animals equally, especially as existing pets get used to the idea of a new animal in the house. Otherwise, your old pet may form negative associations with the new arrival, possibly depression.

* Don't force your new pet into a crowded social situations. Even outgoing animals may not want to socialize during their transition period into a new home. Things like planning a welcome party for your pet, taking them to a friend's house to show them

off, or bringing your pet to the dog park can be too overwhelming for a new pet. Instead, allow them to adjust to their new home and family quietly and gradually before attempting to socialize.

* Look for signs of illness in the first couple of weeks. It's always a good idea to make sure your new pet has been examined by a veterinarian prior to and after adoption or sale. Even after you get your pet home, you should still be alert to signs of trouble. Look out for signs of illness including lethargy, vomiting, diarrhea, coughing, sneezing, lack of appetite, scratching, or hair loss. Seek veterinary attention if these exist.

* Make sure your new pet has its own space and toys. Just like humans, pets like to have a place to call their own. Make sure each pet has their own private space, such as a crate, to which they can retreat. Dogs in particular are naturally possessive of their own toys, bones and other "personal" items. Until your newer dog is more settled, you may want to put your other dog's prized possessions away to avoid conflict. Give the items back to your older dog when you're sure everyone's getting along and don't forget to give the new dog its own special items.

* Be consistent with training to make settling in easier. When bringing home a new pet, try to create a daily routine and stick with it. Set down house rules and make sure your pet knows what to expect. Practice simple commands such as "sit" or "come" with your dog or make sure your cat knows where the litter box is, praising your pet each time they do what you want.

* Don't allow your new pet to form bad habits. When you're helping a new pet adjust to your home, it's important to establish the rules from the minute they step inside. It's harder to break a bad habit than to just start out right. Don't let your new pet "settle in" and then make things difficult for them by suddenly altering what's expected of them. For example, don't allow your new puppy to sleep in bed with you on the first night unless you plan on allowing it every night.

Having clear-cut expectations from the beginning will help everyone be happier, humans included.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

A General Named Blackie

In 1898, Huntsville was a major Army encampment with many soldiers transferred here following the successful campaign in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. Now the soldiers were reaping the laurels of conquering heroes.

For the officers, there were a succession of parties, dances and fancy dinners, with each host trying to outdo the other. Even the common foot soldiers had it made, their duties consisting mainly of lolling about the campsites, enjoying the company of the bevy of young Huntsville lasses who visited the camps every day.

It was a good time for all ...Well, almost all.

For one young officer, a lieutenant named Jack, there were no invitations to the parties, or young ladies competing for his attention, and there were no men seeking his companionship. Jack was an outcast to the military and civilians alike.

The U. S. Army had a long-standing policy of promoting its officers through a system of friendships and favors. While the system worked fine for career men, it did little to inspire young officers fresh out of West Point.

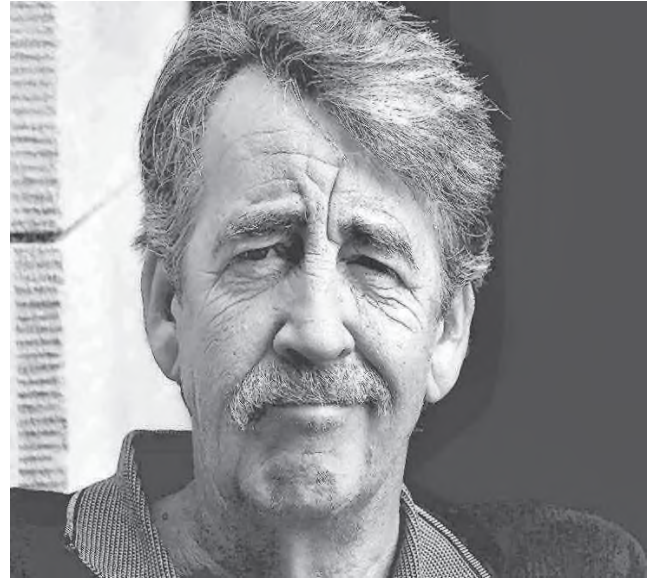
When Jack had the audacity to question the inadequacies of such promotions, the War Department was outraged and decided to teach him a lesson, giving him assignments no one else wanted. His first posting was in Arizona during the Apache wars, where he was placed in charge of the scouts. Any such assignment normally spelled the end to one's military career, as he could expect no promotion or recognition.

The scouts were a mixture of illiterate blacks, half-breed Indians and a few whites who were generally considered to be the dregs of the military. Other officers who had tried to turn this bunch of scalawags into soldiers had quickly given up and resigned their commissions in disgust.

Although the position was a dead end, Jack had other ideas. He rewrote the unit's training manuals and began a policy of constant training. The men began to admire the spunky officer who refused to give up. Regardless of how dirty or dangerous the job was, Jack was always out front leading his men by example, something unheard of in the Army of that day.

Within a year this group of military miscreants had become one of the most efficient units in the Army

Several years later Jack was assigned to the 10th Colored Cavalry stationed here in Huntsville,



a job that did not exactly endear him to the locals. He became an object of derision and, as a sign of contempt, was given the nickname "Blackie," a reference to the black troops he commanded. Rather than submit to the taunts and insults hurled his way, Jack immersed himself in the training of his soldiers. He even became proud of the insulting nickname, choosing now to be called "Black Jack."

Day after day he drilled his troops, ignoring the people who would have nothing to do with him. The 10th Colored Cavalry became one of the Army's best regiments, becoming known as the "Buffalo Soldiers," and helped set a new standard for military training.

In 1903, no less a personage than President Theodore Roosevelt paid tribute to "Black Jack," praising his efforts to "pursue excellency over the mediocrity that has infested the United States Military Corps for so long."

One final note: The young lieutenant was eventually promoted to General and in 1917 was selected to command the Allied Expeditionary Force during WWI. The man whom Huntsvillians gave the nickname Blackie, entered the history books as General Black Jack Pershing, one of this country's greatest generals.



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Wood from British Columbia

by Bob Baudendistel

Growing up in Huntsville during the 70s, anything that pertained to area railroads was always of high interest to me. I recall watching trains as they rolled along the tracks leading to Hobbs Island through southern sections of Huntsville.

One day that holds a special memory for me was when my father and I caught a train with a unique freight car as it was headed south over the Weatherly Road grade crossing. We noticed a green color boxcar featuring the British Columbia railroad name and tree emblem. I vividly remember my father saying, "Wow! That boxcar came all the way from Canada!"

Back then as a young kid, the geography didn't mean that much to me, but I do recall tracking down where the boxcar was being taken. It ended up on a side track adjacent to the Triple K Lumber yard about another mile and a half farther south along the rail line.

Back in the economic boom that literally shook Huntsville throughout the 1950s and 60s, the lumber needed to build new homes was being sold as fast as it could be shipped in. Much of this was due to the sudden surge in growth across south Huntsville. The sale of building materials was so good that lumber companies located out in the northwestern states along with Canadian Provinces like British Columbia were selling much of the wood and lumber being used locally.

I was recently involved with the remodeling of a home located in south Huntsville that was first constructed in 1962. As we stripped out some old paneling in an interior room, I found that the framing lumber was cut from Douglas Fir trees. I researched

this a little further and it came as no surprise that this was one of the most prominent trees out west including the forests of none other than British Columbia.

Throughout much of the 1950s and 60s era, Huntsville had gotten the majority of its lumber used in building construction from places out west including parts of Canada. This was partly due to the lower cost of timber where abundant and mature forests were still a more prominent feature throughout much of the western landscape. Prior to the these times of enhanced economic growth here in Huntsville, most of the earlier homes built across the area including historic Twickenham were framed using locally grown wood such as poplar, oak, hickory, sweet gum and eastern red cedar.

In today's market, southern yellow pine is the more common wood used for framing here in the southeastern states. What is quite interesting though is that according to the forestry experts

I spoke with, this tree was once considered as an invasive species. Eventually, the pine trees did see their first commercial use as local utility companies looked to find a cheaper source of wood to have for power poles. As the pine tree gained more popularity and market share, much of the land throughout Alabama that had been previously deforested and used as cropland was replanted with large stands of new pine growth. In addition to the local lumber markets, much of the pine which is now being grown is shipped and sold throughout the world.

One of the more notable benefits of working on the railroad is how much one can learn about a town and its history. Back when I first admired trains as a kid, little did I know back then how a simple history lesson from my father about the railroad name of a boxcar hauling lumber in from Canada would be so ingrained in the knowledge and desire to learn I so much enjoy to this day.

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REMEMBERING THE SMELL

by Ernestine Moody



Sitting on our well-groomed patio, and ingesting Mother Nature's surrounding beauty, my wandering mind began to focus on years gone by.

Over the last eighty-two years had I used any of my allotted time to "stop and smell the roses"? Quickly, well as quickly as an octogenarian can move, I traveled to the colorful flower bed and bent down over a full blooming rich pink rose. The fragrance was so pleasing.

Now, as in the past, much of my time is dedicated to memories. These simple lovely rose petals triggered odors from my youth.

Perhaps together we can take a short trip down memory lane.

I remember the aroma of Octagon Soap, my mom's favorite source for shampooing her children's hair. It had a distinct smell and was very unkind to a child's eyes. Pleading for mercy, we lined up by the oversized sink for the weekly scrubbing of our hair follicles.

Now there were no elaborate playhouses for the youngsters in those days, however, my dad's old wooden detached garage was a haven for us "to pretend". Our "not too pretty" dolls were our playmates. The damp musty smell of that old dark garage is embedded in my head. As soon as I would push the badly leaning door ajar, the odor embellished itself. To a five-year-old that was not a deterrent to my day's activities. Stumbling among the rusting tools and huge tool chest, this room became my palace. My imaginary family had so much fun in this ugly structure. There were no fancy Barbies, American dolls, iPads or iPhones; just a very old building, a child's traveling mind and an odor that has lasted in my memory for years.

Perhaps you did not endure the challenge of drinking a weekly dose of castor oil used, in our home, for "Whatever ails you". My dad was a staunch believer that castor oil was a miracle drug. A cold, a fall, an upset stomach, a scratch on the knee, whatever - we were given the "miracle drug".

I remember pinching my nostrils to avoid the taste and smell of that special liquid served in a small red and black glass. Mom would try to dis-

guise it, but it was powerful. Yes, over eighty years later, I vividly remember that aroma.

Actually I do recall many wonderful smells surrounding my childhood home. Mom would rise early and immediately attack cooking chores in the kitchen. Rising from bed I would realize I was surrounded by the smell of homemade biscuits, bacon and fresh yard eggs. This was a daily occurrence.

In the afternoons there would be homemade pastries and coffee time. Frowned upon in these times, my sibling and myself had permission to accompany the pastries with a cup of good smelling coffee. The coffee was diluted with an abundance of milk, but how I treasure this memory.

To the delight of my parents "Our Gal Sunday" would be blaring on the radio. No, they couldn't see it, or smell it, but this daily program greatly enriched their afternoons.

Today we have some "not too pleasant" smells surrounding our world. The smell of tar on newly paved roads, the smell of a dirty garbage disposal, the smell of gasoline dripping as we increase the amount in our car tanks. Instead of complaining when some unpleasant odors occur, remember now is the day, the time and the hour. This is the moment for you to reach over a beautiful flower and stop and really smell the roses.

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Merl W. Powers of New Hope

by Don Alford

I was told that when I was six months old I would cry till my Grandmother "Mama Jo" would take me out to my Grandfather "Daddy Merl" when he was riding his John Deere tractor. They said he would ride me around till I fell asleep then he would stop the tractor and Mama Jo would get me and get just about back to the house and I would wake up. So he would ride me again.

The first time I can remember being in a hay field was with Daddy Merl. He had an old Chevy ton truck that had a flatbed on it. He would get the truck lined up between the rows of hay bales and put it in first gear. The old truck would just creep along very slow and he would open the door and step out.

I would stand up in the seat of that old truck and try to keep it between the rows. After he had the truck loaded with hay he would open the door and slide me over and off to the barn we would go.

Mr. Ray Jones has a very large farm over near Gunter'sville Dam. Daddy Merl would work for him in the summer bailing hay and combining seed. There was a field on that farm that they called the "airport field" because when they were building the dam they used the long flat field to fly in parts and building supplies.

One day I was with Daddy Merl working in that field bailing hay. He showed me how to drive the tractor. He said the best way to learn something is to do it. So I did. Late that afternoon my father pulled up in the field to help. He found Daddy Merl asleep in the truck under a shade tree and me out on the tractor bailing hay and having a ball.

Daddy Merl worked for NASA fixing things like pumps and motors. Mama Jo would fix his lunch every day, well the guys that he worked with knew this. One time just to be mean one of the guys found Daddy Merl's work truck and jumped in and ate Daddy Merl's lunch. Well this went on for several days. One morning Daddy Merl was driving to work going around Hobbs Island road and a big chicken snake was crossing the road. He stopped the car, cleaned out his lunch box and stuffed the snake in the lunch box. When he got to work the men were talking about what they had to work on that day. Well Daddy Merl started talking about the big lunch Mama Jo had made him. He talked about how good the fried chicken and biscuits was going to be, and a big piece of pie.

About lunch time he parked his work truck where it was easy to find and rolled down the windows. He hid behind

some bushes and waited. In just a few minutes up walks one of his co-workers and jumps in the truck to eat Daddy Merl's lunch. It didn't take long for the guy to find the lunch box and get it open, out comes that big snake. The guy started screaming and the truck started rocking with the guy trying to get out of that truck. Well that broke that poor old fellow of stealing folk's lunch.

My Grandfather really had a way of getting me to do or try different things. One afternoon we were sitting out on his back porch. We could hear bull frogs singing their song. He had a pond down in the woods behind his house. We talked about those frogs and guessing how big they were. It didn't take long for Daddy Merl to look at me and say "boy lets go and get us some of those frogs and cook them for supper".

He got his old 22 rifle and off we went. He was a very good shot so it did not take long to have a bag full of frogs. So we bring them home and get them cleaned and ready to cook. Something I did not know is what happens when you cook fresh frog legs, they will almost jump out of the skillet. After seeing that I didn't want frog legs for supper. He looked at me and said "just try one, try one for me".

Well I did and I have loved frog legs ever since.

"Most kids threaten at times to run away from home. This is the only thing that keeps some parents going."

Phyllis Diller



Lucky to Live in Myrtlesville

(My Adopted Hometown)

by Ted Roberts



Is there another city that's as comfortable as Huntsville? If so I don't know it and I've lived all over this sprawling country. When I say "comfortable" I'm talking accessibility, cost of living, beauty and opportunity. And not to downgrade eating. When we showed up here 44 years ago, there were 3 or 4 eateries where you could get a good meal and avoid the services of a gastroenterologist. Today there are dozens, from burgers to filet mignon - from catfish to lobster. And if you crave entertainment we got that too.

We seem to be on top of the traffic problem. Want to see some Times Square New York automotive spaghetti? Or take a slow cruise to Atlanta?

I can't boast that I was wise enough to select the Rocket City as my adopted home for the past 44 years. My employer eased my life by directing me here. A stern fate in the form of my boss behind his fortress of a desk said "Ted, we need you in Huntsville." I was just lucky, not smart.

There's more employment opportunities here, even than Bibles in this buckle of the Bible Belt. If you are willing to work for a living but have not found your haven, your niche, you must have skipped High School: or maybe ignored

grades one through six.

And the cost of living is reasonable too. Some friends who recently returned from New York City were bragging about a deli sandwich they wolfed down in the City. After listening for twenty minutes to the dimensions of this paragon of a sandwich, I challenged with a question: "And the price of this Olympic prizewinner?" I asked. 22 bucks replied my friends. For 22 bucks at a typical Huntsville restaurant I can feed 2, maybe even 3.

We all have friends who live in the wilderness outside of Huntsville who tell tales of frightening homeowner's taxes and their smashing impact on their budget. How true!

Taxes in big cities like New York and Los Angeles equal mortgage payments in Huntsville (or Myrtlesville, as some call it). I'd rather have fifty bucks to spend in our town than one hundred in Chicago.

Then there's the green trea-

sury of trees that garland our town. Huntsville is unique in this respect - and few of us notice, there are trees everywhere. And not just wild forested areas, but also in residential neighborhoods. Yards are decorated with green clusters of giant tributes to nature and its creation. Look around when you visit another city - notice our town's singularity when it comes to the green giants that are sprinkled around residential lots in the Rocket City.

Notice that Crepe Myrtles are everywhere boasting of their blooms. It's hard to find a residential block in Spring that doesn't showcase the pink and white of Crepe Myrtles.

Beauty, accessibility, opportunity and low cost: we are certainly lucky to live in Myrtlesville, USA!

Note that "big cities" like Atlanta, Birmingham and Memphis are within our driving range. Nice, but I'll stay right here in Myrtlesville.



Q-Tip

Hello, the Ark named me Q-Tip. What is a Q-Tip? Is it white like my beautiful coat? I also have crystal blue eyes. Wonder why they did not name me Blue? I just had my 7 week birthday and got my first set of vaccinations. Wow, what a terrible word and it hurts too! I am very happy, playful and litter box trained. I would like to start a life of happiness with a loving family. A home where I can be indoors at all times. I do

not want to be outside. There are too many dangers a little kitten can face! When you get to be a big cat you still have the same dangers! Do you think you could be this loving family for me? When you come to the Ark ask to see Q-Tip. That's me. Oops, one more thing I need to tell you. The Ark has lots of kittens and cats for adoption. Don't forget to visit the dogs too!

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“Not Too Much Sugah, Sugah”

by M. D. Smith IV



A while back, I overheard a conversation between an old Southern Lady and her friend, who was not from these parts. (As in "You ain't from around here, are ya?")

They talked over lunch in a family restaurant on a Sunday, and I was alone at a table next to them. I could not help but take it all in. The Southern lady wore a hat, a string of pearls over a fine lace dress and she sprinkled "Bless her heart," and "Sugah" liberally in her conversation.

Her friend with a Northern accent clearly was not from around here. They were talking about baking a cake.

I caught the names of Mary-Ann and Irene as they talked. They were talking about the ingredients of a cake and how much baking powder to use.

"If you use too much, the cake will overflow the pan and make an awful mess, but too little and the cake won't rise," Mary-Ann said. "Either one will ruin the cake."

"Yes, but how much do you put in a regular size cake?" Irene asked.

"Oh, just a normal helpin' is fine, Sugah," was the reply.

"But you don't understand my question. How much is normal?"

"Bout this much," as she showed her scooped hand to her friend. "You know, a normal amount."

"Then you add a smidgen of vanilla, a sprinklin' of flavoring, a helpin' of shredded coconut and a dash of tyme for that mysterious ingredient."

Frustrated, Irene said, "I don't understand the measurements. I have no idea how much those terms mean. Are you talking about a tablespoon,

teaspoon or less?"

"You gotta know. Around here we all know what a smidgen is, a dash, and a sprinkling, as well as a heap of flour."

"I've heard of some of those terms. A sprinkling I can figure out. But there you go again with "a heap of" term. How much is that?" Irene asked.

"I've never measured it," Mary-Ann replied. "I learned to cook from my mamma and she just showed me how much all those amounts were. I taught my daughter the same way and she's almost as good of a cook as me, Sugah."

"I'm not sure I'll ever learn to cook without a printed recipe complete with exact amounts of ingredients," said Irene.

"You get a feel for the amounts. You just know how much. I don't know how to tell you any other way than what I learned over the years. It's the way I've always made cakes," Mary Ann concluded as she held up her hands to her side, palms up. "Oh, and don't forget to add plenty of sugah, Sugah."

Irene just shook her head.

“THE WAY IT WAS”

THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY

BY TOM CARNEY

NEED A SPECIAL GIFT FOR THAT HARD-TO-PLEASE PERSON?

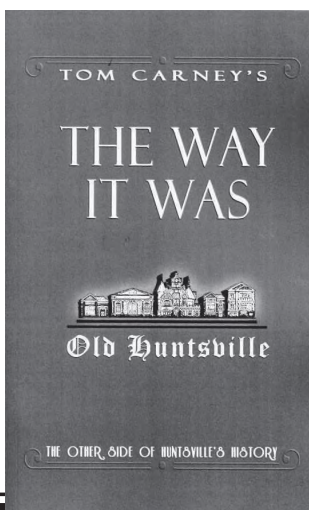
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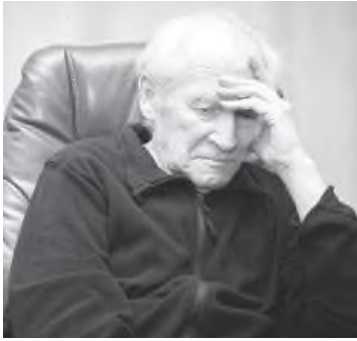
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PRACTICE WHAT WE PREACH



from 1896 newspaper

Strange, how death seems at times to cast a veritable shadow before, and how. In the light of a tragedy, we are so often able to look backwards and find a host of incidents instinct, as it were, with presence of the event itself.

A few days before Dr. Nat Harris was stricken down with the terrible malady that ended last Saturday with his death, he was chatting with several friends on the subject of appendicitis. The doctor showed the others exactly where the first pangs were felt. "If I should have a violent pain right here," he said, indicating with his finger, "I would have an operation performed inside of an hour."

"The great trouble with most cases," he continued, "is that the surgeon is delayed until blood poisoning sets in. If there is no complication of

that sort, and the patient is in good general health, his chances of recovery are ten to one."

"But you don't anticipate an attack, do you?" asked one of the group jestingly. "Not I," replied the doctor lightly. "Still, one can never tell."

This conversation occurred on the steps of the corner drugstore. Forty-eight hours later Dr. Harris was in the throes of a severe attack of appendicitis. Strange to say, he did the very thing which he had warned his listeners against - he delayed the operation until the sac of the appendix had burst and a hopeless case of peritonitis, or blood poisoning, set in.

This, by the way, was the first thing he inquired about when he emerged from the influence of the ether. When informed that a rupture had been found he knew, as a skilled physician, that he was doomed and no man ever went down into the Valley of the Shadow with a braver countenance or a stouter heart.

4 year old James was listening to a Bible story. His dad read: "The man named Lot was warned to take his wife and flee from the city but his wife looked back and was turned to salt." Very concerned, the little boy asked, "What happened to the flea?"

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Surviving Boogertown: My Earthly Angel

Judy Hallman As Told To John E. Carson

Well-known for his love of old radios, Elmer Bradford would sit for hours interchanging tubes until he found one that worked. In those days, in the '40s and 50s, radios used glass tubes to pick up the signals from radio stations and the right combination was absolutely necessary.

Though he was a strong man, he was also a gentleman and music played an important part in what happiness came out of Boogertown.

Elmer loved to have me read to him and often I would look at the pictures in a book and make up a story based on the illustrations. At the age of five, I had not learned to read yet. He would stare in amazement as he listened to each story I told and at the end he would give me a hug as a reward.

This gentle man worked for Elbert Wallace, installing septic tanks back when you literally had to use a pick and a shovel to dig the hole in the ground. After a day's work, Elmer would be completely covered in dirt and mud from head to toe. At home again, he would clean up and put on a pair of overalls and play his banjo or work on his radios.

There were no televisions and radio was all anyone had, except Elmer's banjo and a few other musicians that would join him on the porch. Uncle Elmer took great joy in playing and with his big heart he was loved by all.

Looking back at the pictures in my memory, I see the love in his eyes and those bib overalls; the only thing he ever wore.

I believe God places some people in our lives just to be a blessing to us and Elmer was one of mine. He and Jimmie Mae Bradford (known simply as Bradford) would open their home for some of the Boogertown community and let them use their cook stove. Not everyone in Boogertown owned a stove, some only had a hot plate or a potbellied stove.

In our community, if someone had and could bless someone in need, they would. The people there were like a family; not a perfect one, if there is such a thing, but a family willing to sacrifice for someone else if they could. As the Bible says; "Silver and Gold have I none but such as I have give I thee." (Acts 3:6).

If you needed a cup of sugar or flour you would go next door or a few doors down. If someone had some to spare you were blessed by it. The Bradfords never turned anyone down that I am aware of. Even in what some considered to be the worst place to live, God was at work and He never let me down in those days or since.

My father was a drinker and would get violent when he was drunk. We

would run to the Bradfords and they never turned us away. Momma and some of the kids would go to Grandma Nix's until Daddy got out of jail, but I knew I was safe with Uncle Elmer; he was my earthly angel.

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