



No. 321

November 2019



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Auburn Football Legends & Memories



Also in this issue: The Ghost at Bryant Denny Stadium; Mischief in 1964
The Body of General Morgan - Thanksgiving Lottery Ticket
The Iron Bowl - Running to the Store - Holiday Recipes - New Puppy Tips

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Auburn Football Legends & Memories

by M. D. Smith, IV

“WAR EAGLE!”

Now don't let me scare you none, I know you don't say that phrase softly during football season. Am I right? Course I am.

Auburn football, I think, stands out for the great coaches who have been there over the years as well as players. How about coach John Heisman. Yes, THE same one. His best season as Auburn coach was 1897. But it would not be until 1971 that Auburn had its first Heisman Trophy Award winner. Quarterback Pat Sullivan took the award.

Other great Tiger coaches are Tommy Tuberville, Ralph (Shug) Jordan and Pat Dye.

Tuberville has a record of 85-40 during his tenure 1999

to 2008. He's the only coach in Auburn history to beat in-state Alabama six consecutive times.

Shug Jordan led the Tigers to their first and only National Championship in 1957, until 2010. He was there for 25 seasons from 1951 to 1975. Under him, Pat Sullivan won the Heisman in 1971 and Shug had two unbeaten seasons in 1957 and 1958.

The Tigers were always winners under Pat Dye for his 12-season tenure winning no less than eight games out of nine per season. His record is 99-39-4 and he was there from 1981 to 1992. Under him, Bo Jackson won the Heisman in 1985. Dye won the SEC in 1983, 1987, 1988, and 1989.

Coached by Gene Chizik in 2010, Cam Newton had an outstanding season. In October in the game against LSU, there was one outstanding play where he made a 49-yard touchdown run. Cam escaped two tackles, corrected himself with his arm, eluded two additional tackles and dragged a defender into the end zone for the touchdown.

That touchdown is said to be Newton's "Heisman moment."

In the Iron Bowl, Cam led Auburn to a 28-27 victory over Alabama, after being down 24-0 earlier in the game. He won the Heisman in a landslide victory of 729 first place points

A raisin dropped in a glass of champagne will bounce up and down continuously from the bottom of the glass to the top.



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(in memory)

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compared to 78 for the second-place candidate that year. He was the third Auburn player to win the Heisman.

While not a coach, you need to know Auburn player, Clifford Grubbs, "The Mattress Kid". You can find his full story here: <https://www.thewareareglereader.com/2011/11/the-legend-of-the-mattress-kid/> and it's fascinating. An Auburn football star but living on his own and so poor, he could be seen carrying his mattress for sleeping around on his back.

He was a great running back for Auburn before WWII, became a paratrooper in 1945 and returned to finish at Auburn in 1947 till graduation in 1950. Grubbs was a high school football coach for 40 years and was head coach right here at Randolph School for some of that time. He died the day before the Iron Bowl and is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery following his death at age 85 in 2011.

Grubbs two daughters, Elaine and Nancy, live in the

Huntsville area and I spoke with them while writing this article. Their two brothers, Bill and Lee, live in Nevada and the other in Arizona. Nancy has a granddaughter at Auburn and Elaine has two grandsons there.

Nancy also pointed out that the starting freshman quarterback this year is Bo Nix. His father Pat played for Auburn (1992-95) with Bo Jackson. Bo Nix is the first freshman to play the position. By the time you read this, we'll know how Bo has done.

Is your Tiger Blood circulating faster yet? Hang on.

Aubie is the official mascot of Auburn University. Aubie's existence began as a cartoon character that first appeared on the Auburn/Hardin-Simmons football program. That was October 3, 1959 and Aubie's clothes have changed greatly over the years. He can be seen at all games doing antics and entertaining the crowd.

The War Eagle has several col-

orful stories of how he came to be. One of the most popular is that a young Civil War soldier came across a wounded young eagle. He named it Anvre and nursed it back to health. Being a former Auburn student, he returned and joined the faculty a few years after the war.

He and his bird became a familiar sight on campus. Both grew very old. In 1892 for Auburn's first game against Georgia, the aged bird broke away from his master and began circling the field. The excited fans loved it and Auburn won, but at the end of the game the bird fell dead.

In March of 1959, that edition of "The Plainsman" polished up the story and it popularized this version of the story and is said to be the beginning of the association of the "War Eagle".



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"Rolling the Corner" may have started in 1972 when Auburn beat Alabama. In 1989 when the "Iron Bowl" made its first stop in Auburn, and the first time anyone remembers that endless rolls of toilet paper adorned the trees, bare of leaves in late November.

Hamilton is a great place to eat when in Auburn and another famously named place is the "17-16 Pub" also on Magnolia. That name stemmed from a famous Iron Bowl at Legion Field on December 2, 1972. Alabama was 10-0 under Bear Bryant for the season and Auburn was 8-1 under Shug Jordan. It was 16-0 Alabama at the end of the third. Auburn made a remarkable comeback, with a field goal and scoring touchdowns with two blocked Alabama kicks. Auburn breathlessly scored the extra point to win 17 to 16, and the stands of Legion Field shook and quivered with cheering. Talk about Legendary Games - that was one for the books.

This story must also include "Tiger Walk" that takes place before each game. The Auburn Tigers walk from the Athletics Complex down Donahue Drive to Jordan-Hare Stadium. If you are on the inside of the lines on either side, you can "high-five" the players. For away games, it's from the bus to the stadium with fans lining the sides of the path they make.

Tailgating parties start early on game day as they do at both state universities. Auburn fans and alumni feel theirs is friendlier and Elaine told me, "We Auburn fans are a family. Alabama is a nation." She went further to say, "Our blood runs Orange and Blue."

Well, the Iron Bowl is coming again, and while this year Alabama is favored, fans of both Universities know that when it comes to an Alabama-Auburn Iron Bowl football game, all bets are off because anything can and does happen. Remember 17-16?

War Eagle!

(Cathey Carney, our publisher, said she doubted I could write this story, but if I could, and it passed her approval, she'd run it.

Looks like it did.

(MDS)

If procrastinators had a club, would they ever have a meeting?

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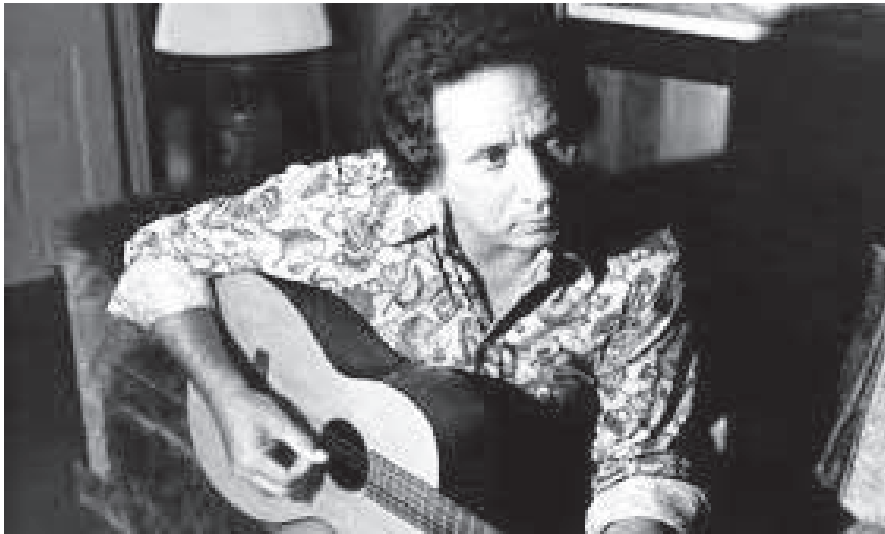


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Curly Putman, A Master Songwriter

*by Malcolm Miller
Originally published in 2008*

Some time back I gave Jerry Brazier, (owner of Jerry and Bill's Barber shop where I worked for many years) a box of barber tools and parts that I had accumulated over the years since I was no longer able to cut hair.

A few weeks later when I went to his shop he said that I had given him something I might want to keep. When I saw it I did indeed want it. It was a very old letter in pretty bad condition but when I saw Tree Publishing Company letterhead I knew it was from my good friend Curly Putman. Ironically the date on the letter was June 2, 1964.

In the letter Curly said he couldn't use the songs I had sent but to send him some more. Most importantly he said that he was still trying to write that big hit. You see up til this time Curly had been struggling; however, lo and behold, a few months later he wrote "Green Green Grass of Home" and the rest as they say is history.

It was first recorded by Johnny Dar-ryl, then Porter Wagner, Jerry Lee Lewis and finally the biggest hit by Tom Jones.

On January 8th I had a long talk with Curly and he said this particular song had been recorded five hundred times and in every known language.

This was only the beginning for this tall, somewhat shy man from Paint Rock Valley. His songs were recorded by many, many of the legends of country music. He wrote Dolly Parton's

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first hit "Dumb Blond", Tammy Wynette's "Divorce", T.G. Shepperd's "Do You Want to Go to Heaven". The list goes on and but the greatest of all was a song by George Jones that was named the number two country song of all time: "He Stopped Loving Her Today" co-written with Bobby Bradock.

Life wasn't always easy for Curly. When he got out of high school at Princeton he joined the Navy, and after his hitch in the Navy he met and fell in love with a pretty lass by the name of Miss Bernice Wilson. Like many couples back then they went to Iuka, Mississippi and got married. Another musician buddy of mine, Lamarr Cox and his wife Laneva, drove them there.

The first time I ever saw Curly he was traveling with a member of the Grand Ole Opry. I believe it was Bradley Kincaid. Later on rejoined Slim Lay and Hap Wilson's band along with the late and great guitar picker Maurice Ramsey. Carolyn Gossett was the girl singer for the band.

Curly really worked hard trying to support his family and by now they had two sons. He had several jobs; shoe salesman, storm door and fence salesman and a stint working in Slim Lays record shop. I even tried to get him a job with the Huntsville Fire Department by talking to a city councilman I knew, all to no avail.

As I look back over the many years I have known Curly I truly believe that all these jobs and hard times only prove that Curly Putman was a man destined for greatness. Now he can look out over his sprawling twenty-five acre estate near Lebanon, Tennessee with pride because he overcame many obstacles and finally reached the top rung of the ladder of success.

And friends, the best could be yet to come for he told me that at age seventy-seven he has started writing again. With him writing again we may hear some real country music over the airways., I for one, am certainly ready for it.



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Little Things That Define Thanksgiving

by John Carriker



The story is told of a fast-rising star in the banking business. He was a financial genius. He had the ability to understand and manage money institutions in such a manner that the board of the largest world bank invited him to the main corporate offices to interview him for the corporation's most prestigious position, COO.

The interviewing process went well as the man instantly captured the board's attention and envy with rapid fire answers on the management and growth that could be achieved with his expertise. Favorably impressed, the chairman of the board said, "Let's go to the cafeteria and finish the conversation there!" The bank had built the facility for their employees as well as visitors.

The group slowly proceeded through the cafeteria line with their trays topped by the various items they were selecting for the meal. As the prospect opted for a dinner roll, a member of the board noticed

that he took two \$.05 butter patties and carefully slid them under the saucer that held the roll. As each man checked out at the cash register, the cashier orally announced each item as well as the cost. The candidate listened without correcting the cashier when she omitted the hidden butter.

He did not get the job.

It's the little things that define us. They speak loudly of our integrity; they shout at the world around us about our Savior; they help to form the foundational principles for our children and employees; they reflect to your spouse or future spouse what you are truly like under that personal facade. It's those seemingly everyday incidents that define the inner character of the people with whom

you associate ... returned telephone calls, polite replies and/or greetings, rumors, complaints or compliments.

Realizing this I began to look at the small, insignificant things around me. As a person who is drawn to the refrigerator all too often, I studied the numerous items that adorned this huge instrument of food and drink protection. It's probably the most-visited target in the house, and it's only natural that things of importance are attached to its surface:

- Most dominant is a magnet that states: "Prayer Changes Things." It may be short, and it may be simple, but it is one of the major truths in life. Another important magnet is one that reads "Dominos" and gives the telephone number as well



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Why do the signs that say "Slow Children" have a picture of a running child?

as location. I have discovered that if I use this information too much, "Prayer" isn't the only practice that changes things.

- There are photographs of grandchildren in various arrays of sports uniforms, football, soccer, baseball, basketball, etc. My granddaughter is surrounded by these pictures of her four brothers, looking beautiful in her Princess dance attire. Another grandson is being held by his mother while his father looks on ... the day he was adopted.

- An informational brochure titled "The Daily Family, Missionaries to the Philippines" is a reminder that there are other brothers and sisters throughout the world to keep in prayer and support.

- And who can do without the CVS can opener?

What "small" things have influenced you this past year? Was it an attitude of entitlement or a life of kindness and

consideration? What does this have to do with Thanksgiving?

Giving of thanks is a contrast between recognizing what we have and another of what we desire. They may be one and the same.

These are times to reflect not only on the past year but on some of those events in our lives which have taken place over the first part of our journey through this world.

It could be that you may discover many of the incidents you have witnessed or experienced have revealed new paths and opportunities that only now (or much later) come to fruition.

There are so many in Huntsville and surrounding counties who have experienced life-altering blessings since this time last year. A young couple overcame an addiction as they established a small business and centered their lives on Christ and family. Where they

were once "takers", they became "givers", touching those around them with messages of hope and love.

An alcoholic struggled and surrendered his habit to Jesus, living once again in sobriety before leaving to be near his children on the East Coast.

A couple who gave their lives to feeding and caring for those in need helped open the path to God for many who were unable to find it by themselves. These are just a few examples; more exist, too numerous to mention.

As the Spirit of God leads us on the path He has for us to follow, we can't but help encounter His blessings along that route. Each day becomes a time of thanksgiving when we recognize that the "little things" in life also are directed by God to draw us to Him.

"For whoever has despised the day of small things shall rejoice..." Zachariah 4:10.

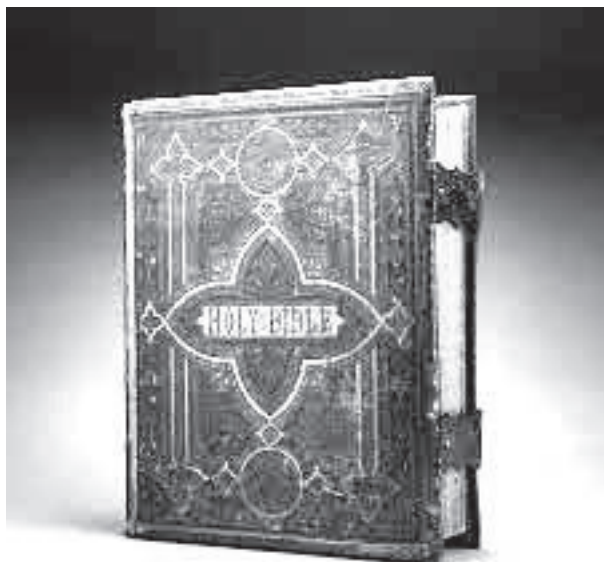
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Genealogy 101

by Ann (Gene) Clift Chesnut

In 2009 my friend Margaret Anne Goldsmith had a private showing at the Burritt Museum of some family art pieces, to which she invited a number of close friends. We were there, no doubt to give her feedback before the public showing the next day.

I happened to be sitting next to a man who introduced himself as Mac Vann. I recognized his name because I had gone to high school with his younger twin sisters, Glenda and Linda, and knew that they had an older brother, Mac. I thought their father had been a state senator at one time so it was a very recognizable name. Mac did not know me from "Adam's house cat" as the old saying goes but I knew of him.

I turned to him and said "I think my uncle and your father owned a farm together" to which he said, "Who was your uncle?" to which I replied, "B. Smith". Now, I am Anna Chesnut, my maiden name was Anna Gene Clift, my father died when I was four years old so how would he know that my father had a younger sister, Odell Clift, married to B. Smith?

Mac looked at me in astonishment and said, "You are B. Smith's niece?" When I answered, "Yes", he threw his arm around me and exclaimed, "YOU are family!"

The point of this story is that women change their names when they marry, more



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often than not, and it only takes two generations for things to become muddled and confusing with female names, especially if one is trying to trace one's roots, or as we say in the South, one's kinfolks (this perhaps taken from the Archaic Scot, or Brit. Dial, word: ken - meaning to have knowledge of something).

When my daughter was invited into the Colonial Dames, the genealogist who helped her with her papers, said she had never seen a last name that had stayed the same for a woman for eight generations as my daughter's had. Very unusual!

Most hereditary societies stem from males because early 1800 census records only record the head of household name (usually a man) and his wife (no name) and number of children (ages but no name). (Seems like women and children were deemed unimportant in the nineteenth century! Hmmm!)

If there are no family journals, records such as family Bibles, genealogical records, or family STORIES, it is very hard to trace anything for women before the mid 1800s. Family genealogy books, journals, or family STORIES are a good place to start the tracing process even though most hereditary societies only consider the census, family Bibles, or cemetery headstones.

Whether or not one is interested in hereditary societies, they, at least, keep good records. The true history of a country depends on good record keeping.

For whatever reason one

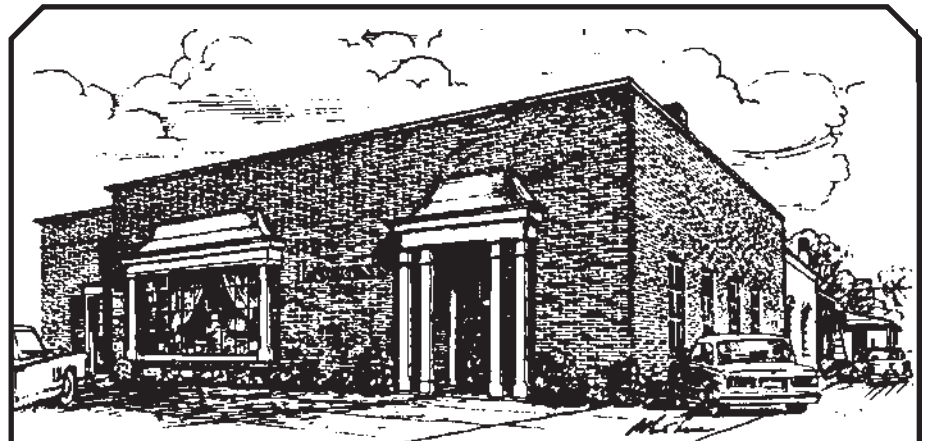
might be trying to find his or her family roots, recording family births and deaths and dates, preferably in a family Bible, telling family STORIES, or maybe keeping a family name running through each generation makes the endeavor much easier.

I had a genealogist at the Fiske Library (a genealogical library) in Seattle start to trace my mother's family and one day when she was on Ancestry.com (which she said she rarely uses because she cannot always depend on the information) she found someone else looking for the same family roots. This person had posted a picture of my grandmother,

whom I recognized, with another person.

Contacting the person who posted the picture (a female whose name I did not recognize) through Ancestry, the genealogist found the Texas cousins I had not seen or heard from in sixty years. Again, names had changed! This young cousin had no idea of me and her mother thought that we visited their family when I was very young because our mothers were friends, when, in fact, our mothers were first cousins because their mothers had been sisters. A real family connection!

But then, having been one of Mac's "family" was good, too!



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Gobble, Gobble! Turkey time is just around the corner. It seems I was just getting out the fourth of July decorations. My how time flies the older one gets. Especially since I received a call last week saying, "Congratulations, as of 2:30 p.m. today, you are a great grandmother. That will undoubtedly age one a bit.

After a call from my daughter saying, "Mother, it's your turn to have all twenty of us for Thanksgiving."

With that call, I decided to make out the menu. I think the best idea to keep this stress down is to assign a dish or two for each family to bring. It is just too much for one person to make three or four recipes of each

dish. Many grocery stores advertise casseroles that are cooked and only need warming.

Also, to keep from cooking a turkey, one can buy it already cooked, even coming with dressing and gravy. The best part is having guests help and share the load.

Remember it is a time to give thanks and enjoy each other's company. Don't overeat, but just in case, I'll have the antacids ready for you.

One idea Grandma has used is setting a smaller table for the younger children. Let them set it up and decorate it with fall leaves and a pumpkin. They always love to cut out cookies in shapes of leaves and pumpkins and decorate them. Just keep them busy. They stay quiet and out of mischief. Older ones can make the tossed salad by cutting up the vegetables, adding cherry tomatoes, and other ingredients. I find they enjoy the success of helping prepare an item to eat and come closer to eating it themselves.

The older men, boys, and some of the ladies still love going to the Iron Bowl. This year it's in Jordan-Hare Stadium in Auburn. Leftover turkey makes excellent sandwiches to take. Those at home, it is good to serve during the game with a vegetable tray and/or chips with dip. Makes a great tail-gate snack or at home for the game. I'll be watching.

I root for both teams up until this weekend. Come the 30th of November, I'll... well, let's keep this non-partisan.

"I remember when Google, Ipod, email and modem were unheard of, and a mouse was something that made you jump up on a table."

Louise Avery, Huntsville

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A Cotton Picking Thanksgiving Day

Jean Brewer McCrady



I remember a lot of things about growing up at Harvest, but with one exception - I don't remember what our Thanksgiving Days were like. That Thanksgiving Day, in 1947 or '48 was different from all the rest, whatever they were, or were not.

It was a bright sunny day, and the land owner of the cotton field between the old Harvest Church of Christ and Mr. Clint Smith's house (directly across Wall Triana from the present new Church of Christ) took advantage of that fact.

In those days, when cotton was picked by hand, the harvesting took three stages. There was the regular season, September and October, when picking was at its prime. You could fill a sack without covering much ground, even if you packed 80 or 90 lbs into a 7-foot sack like my sister and I did. The prime season usually consisted of two pickings (three if all conditions were right).

Stage two was called scrapping. That's when the open boles were thinly scattered, and fast pickers like we were could almost rob the burrs of their fluffy locks without ever coming to a dead stop. The third and final effort to squeeze the last bit of value from the crop was called "pulling boles," a literal description of the process. By this time in the season, the crop had endured many rains, a few frosts and limited sunshine, and the burrs were too damaged or rotten for the cotton to be separated from them. So the pickers pulled boles and all because even in this condition, there was some salvage value at the gin.

On this memorable Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Shinny Tuck, the referenced land owner, made the Brewer family an offer that Mama and Daddy couldn't refuse. I don't remember how much per pound we were paid, but I do remember the promise that when that particular field was

stripped clean, we could quit for the day no matter where the sun was. The mission was accomplished, and we were destined, we thought, to tackle other fields on Friday and Saturday. But someone else had other plans.

We awoke on Friday morning to a 3 or 4 inch blanket of snow. I don't know who was happier, Mr. Shinny because he got that large field laid to rest, or the Brewer kids because we didn't have to do the other fields. I also don't remember how we filled those two bonus days, but you can be sure it was with some kind of productive work. There was not much idleness nor leisure around our house, except on Sundays.

That is not a complaint. I wouldn't change that approach to life even if I could, because learning the value of hard work from an early age has served me well. At age 86, I still find more satisfaction in work than in play - even if it's a job that needs doing on Thanksgiving Day! And on this Thanksgiving Day in 2019, I will be giving thanks that I am still able to work. Though I will admit, I'm happy that pulling boles is no longer among the tasks that I'm called upon to do.

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TIPS FROM LIZ

* If you have a hard time finding your home door key on a key chain full of other keys, just use some bright red nail polish and paint each side of the key (not on the part that goes into the lock) and you'll save time!

* Tiredness collects on the insides of one's elbows and the backs of one's knees. Wake up your body by slapping both those areas.

* If you feel sluggish in the morning it may be your gallbladder. Try drinking 3 tablespoons of fresh lemon juice in half a glass of warm water, a half hour before breakfast - do this for a week and see if you feel better.

* Add radiance to your red hair right after you shampoo by pouring a cup of strong Red Zinger tea through your hair, leave it on for 5 minutes & rinse.

* It has been proven that people who eat 2 apples a day have fewer headaches than those who don't eat the fruit.

* White grape juice is said to absorb the body's acid, which adds to arthritis & gout. Drink 1 glassful in the morning and one before dinner.

* Instant reviver for hot flashes - rush to the fridge and open both the freezer and fridge side. Stand as close to it as possible til you feel normal again.

* If you suffer a bruise, peel a banana, discard the fruit and place the inside of the peel

against the bruise and tape it down for the night. This really will help.

* Positive energy is inhaled through the right nostril. Put a piece of cotton in your left nostril and breathe through your right nostril for an hour. You will be revitalized!



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I Should Have

by Bill Wright

Robert and I had gone through high school together and graduated the same year. After high school graduation we both worked for the same firm. We had grown up as children in the Depression years and four years of World War II. Our lives were now better. We did not earn much money, but made enough to buy our first automobile. Both of us were nineteen years old.

Our lives would change again when the Korean War began and many young men of our age group would be inducted into military service.

Robert and I were aware of older guys that had been drafted, assigned to the Army, given four months of basic training, then rushed into the Korean War. We debated whether to join the Navy or wait and be inducted into the Army. If we join the Navy it would be four years of military service versus two years being drafted and assigned to the Army and likely placed in an infantry unit.

Eventually, Robert decided to join the Navy for four years. While I had much respect for all branches of the military, I was not ready to serve for four years, so I declined to join with him. Shortly later I was drafted at age nineteen and assigned to Army basic infantry training in California.

After completion of basic training, I would be sent to

Japan for nine months of advanced infantry training. I was young, good physical condition, athletic, so the basic training was not too difficult for me: however, the advanced infantry training was difficult for me and everyone.

The advanced training began at the base of scenic Mt. Fujiyama. It seemed that we were always walking uphill carrying heavy equipment and never walking downhill. The training would conclude months later in the snow and ice of northern Japan. Often I thought of Robert and wondered how he was enjoying the Navy.

The most difficult training was preparing for amphibious beach landing. Once we were taken by landing craft to a ship docked in deep water. With heavy gear on we had to climb vertically a rope ladder to the deck of the ship. The heat, plus swaying of the ship added to the danger and difficulty of the climb.

Once we reached the top and climbed over the deck railing, a Navy Officer would be standing there in a white, clean uniform. We were required to salute him and ask for permission to come aboard. He would return the salute and give permission to come aboard. Moments like this made me wonder if I had made the correct decision by not join-

ing the Navy.

Later, we would climb down the rope ladder and load into the landing craft. Going down the rope ladder was not that difficult. We would then land on the beach and move inland for a short distance. The Navy then sent trucks and took us to a nearby Naval station where our ship was docked. We were tired, hungry and covered with sandy mud.

While being transported by the Navy trucks, we would go thru small Japanese villages. Riding thru one Japanese village our truck had stopped briefly. While stopped I heard someone call me by my first name. I was surprised since no one had called me by my first name since civilian life. Also, I did not know any of those Japanese villagers.

As I looked closer I saw a sailor, dressed in a clean, all white uniform sitting in a rickshaw that was being pedaled by a Japanese civilian. As the rickshaw came closer I recognized it was Robert, my high school friend and former co-worker. Robert and I talked briefly, but the conversation was mostly about how he enjoyed the Navy. As the truck started moving I waved goodbye to Robert as he sat comfortably in the rickshaw. I was thinking, "I should have joined the Navy."

"You may have a fresh start any moment you choose, for this thing that we call 'failure' is not the falling down, but the staying down."

Mary Pickford



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Heard in the News 1923

- Two bandits armed with revolvers held up the paymaster for the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company here today and escaped with a payroll totaling \$ 15,000.

- For Rent - Grocery store at 324 Washington Street - lights and telephone \$650 per year. Call John Parks phone 19.

- Notice - A. Elam has moved his leather repair shop to Green Street, opposite the jail.

- Lost - small black Jersey milk cow with left horn broken off, finder please call at Fannings Livery Stable near Big Spring and receive reward.

- Only one defendant faced Mayor Adams this morning in city court. He was a colored drayman and was arraigned for violating the traffic laws by turning his wagon in the middle of the street. He was fined \$5 by the Mayor.

- The Friday Morning Bridge Club will meet Saturday at Mrs. Schuyler Richardson's home at her apartment on Franklin Street at ten thirty o'clock. Note change of day.

- Farm for rent on halves or quarters. 55 acres cleared, 10 acres woodland on Moores Mill Road, one and 1/4 miles from Esslingers store. Apply to N. Mazza

- Madam Altreso, Fortune Teller & Palmist, knows all. She will straighten family affairs, untangle love affairs & give advice along business lines. It has been said that she can foresee unfortunate health issues and whether families will go through financial hardships. See her at 222 West Clinton Street, corner Oak Avenue.

- For rent - a modern furnace-heated apartment. \$ 12 per month - call 449.

- Taken up - two black sows, three pigs, one black cow. Two spotted heifers. Owner may gain possession by paying for ad and feed. Contact Chase Nursery Company.

- For sale - at 2 o'clock Saturday January 6th my entire stock of paints and varnishes at auction to the highest bidder for cash will be sold in the store in the Reid building at the corner of Green and Clinton streets. Contact W. S. Garvin.

- If Mr. Harry Rhett will call at the News office he will be given one ticket to the Lyric Theatre to see "Back Home and Broke" on Friday. No more than one ticket will be given.

RULES FOR WOMEN TEACHERS IN 1915

- You will not marry during the term of your contract
- You may not loiter downtown in ice cream stores
- You may not smoke cigarettes
- You may not dress in bright colors
- You may under no circumstance dye your hair
- You must wear at least two petticoats.
- Your dresses must not be any shorter than two inches above the ankle
 - To keep the schoolroom neat and clean, you must sweep the floor at least once daily; scrub the floor at least once a week with hot, soapy water; clean the blackboards at least once each day; and start the fire at 6 a.m. so the room will be warm by 8 a.m.
 - You must be home between the hours of 8 p.m. and 6 a.m. unless attending a school function. Violators should report to their superiors immediately.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Our Photo of the Month winner was **Carrie Reeves** of Hoover, AL. She guessed the picture of the sweet boy in last month's magazine as that of **Austin Miller**. The Millers are known all through Ryland and Huntsville and I must have had over 200 calls after Carrie. She said she grew up with Austin and knew that just had to be him. She left Ryland in 1972 so it's been awhile! Congratulations to you Carrie.

And how many were able to find my tiny apple core? MANY found it, it was on page 26 on the Atlanta Bread ad. November will be super tiny, more about that later. The first person who called was **Susan Anderson** of Huntsville. She's at home alot and can't drive, so she loves to read. Congratulations to you Susan!

The folks who work at **BB&T on Church Street** are the best. They make you feel like you're

their only customer. One of them is **Heidi** who is a Customer Care Rep, and she told me that on November 6, it will be 15 years that she has been in the U.S.

Then **Ianthia Bridges**, who also works there, has 3 people she wants to say Happy Birthday to. **Sharon Ramsey-Robinson** is her sister and has a November 13th birthday. **Amber Ramsey** is her niece and her birthday is November 25th. Then there is her sweet cousin **Korlett Buford**, who will be celebrating on November 4th.

November 16th is a special day for me because my daughter **Stephanie Troup** was born then! She's a beautiful nurse in Nashville and I'm so proud of her, and wish her a happy happy birthday.

Catherine Giles Spelce was 95 when she passed away on Sep. 18. She lived in Old Town with her daughter **Cathy Self** and son-in-law **Mike Self** for years before moving to Redstone Village. She attended many of the Old Town events and she had a huge smile and hug for everyone who would come up to speak with her. She is survived by sons **Randy Giles** and wife **Dianne**, and **Steve Giles** and wife **Jaymi**; daughters **Cathy Self** and husband **Mike**, **Christy Crenshaw** and husband **David**, 8 grandchildren and 11 great grandchildren. The story of her life was written in Old Huntsville years ago. A feisty lady who will be remembered always.

You know how kids love to be read to when they're young and you're trying to put them to bed, etc. I thought it was interesting to read that a study was done on young kids and it turns out that

they would much prefer be read to from a book, where they can look at pictures and words. This study compared I pads to books and the preference was overwhelmingly for books. Books will never go away, and many magazines are hanging in there. People just like holding something in their hands, the smell of a book, turning a page - just so much better than a piece of glass/plastic.

I heard recently of a Hospice agency in another state that realized when people passed away, oftentimes all they had left were their pets. That it was very difficult to find homes for these older pets. So this hospice formed a Hospice rescue group who's only job was to take these beloved pets and find homes for them. Whether they were parakeets, cats, dogs, parrots - whatever. This group cared for them and housed them until they could find homes for them. And their success rate seems to be very high. What a wonderful idea for a hospice company to come up with.

Elizabeth Wharry wanted to let us know that her son **Joseph Wharry** is getting married on November 9 to **Miss John'nae Sanders**. AND November 15th marks 33 years of marriage for **Elizabeth** and her husband **Bob Wharry**.

Photo of The Month

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

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This sweet toddler was not only a respected Judge but quite a musician as well.



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Congratulations you two!

We all have those sweaters/coats that we never wear anymore and they just hang in our closets. When **Owen's House** opened at the Downtown Rescue Mission for women and children, I knew that's where I wanted to take my gently used items. So I have brought several bags over there and feel really good about it. **Keith and his dad Doc Overholt** certainly have their places carved out in heaven, for the great work they do for people who are having some really rough times. And it makes YOU feel good when you start cleaning out.

It seems like we have lost so many of "The Greatest Generation" and **Ret. Col. Gordon Dison, Sr.** was one of those. He passed away Oct. 4th and was a longtime member of the Golden K Kiwanis, serving as President for some of those years. He was an accomplished, hardworking kind man who loved his family more than anything. He worked for NASA and was responsible for the external tank as Contracting Officer. He won so many awards over the years and served 15 months in the Korean War. Gordon leaves wife of 69 years, **Ann Rogers**; daughters **Cheri Dendy**; **Susan Waller** and son **Gordon Dison, Jr.** with 6 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren.

I live in a house that's nearly 100 years old, with a dirt base-

ment cut out. When we had the super heavy rains this past spring I ended up with 6,000 gallons of water in there that had to be pumped out. I decided to bite the bullet and get the basement protected from any more rain, and also added steel supports to keep the home from settling. I called several companies and ended up with **AFS** who did an outstanding job. The guy I worked with was **David Flamm** and he and his workers showed up when they said they would, did the whole job in less than a week. I feel really good now that this bad flooding will not happen again, just peace of mind. And my old house has new supports! These old houses need people who know how to take care of them and this company does.

American Legion Post 237 on Drake Avenue has done so much for our city and for military veterans. They do all of the local honor guard ceremonies among other services. We will be doing a story on the history of this organization soon, but **Tom Paone** wanted to let us know they now have a great newsletter! Tom is the 2nd Vice Commander of Post 237 and told us that the newsletter is available for everyone and that **John E. Carson** (frequent writer in Old Huntsville) is a contributor and committee member. Here is the website to get it: www.legion237.com/index.php?id=126. Or just

Google the American Legion Post 237. All future and past issues will be available on their website.

HPD Community Resource Officer Michael Johnson told us recently to be very cautious of anyone who calls asking for personal or financial information. It's past the time of trusting people who call you and many are not even in the U.S. Give no credit card #s unless YOU initiated the call. Don't even answer calls from numbers you don't recognize. It will save you a lot of wasted time.

So good to hear from readers who live out of town but still love Huntsville! **Sherrell Cassity** lives in Mary Esther, FL and she grew up at the foot of Monte Sano. She attended East Clinton school years ago and remembers Huntsville Junior High and Lee High. Her twin brother **Jerrell McAllister** lives right here in Huntsville and he loves our history too!

OK and I know you're waiting for this - I have hidden one of the tiniest items ever in the history of my hiding things and it is a **miniscule toothpick**. I picked a toothpick because what do you use at Thanksgiving after a big meal? So if you find it, and even my experts won't, you win a year's subscription to the magazine that is now worth nearly \$30 a year. Start looking! Not gonna happen!

Have a warm and happy Thanksgiving with friends and family and be safe!



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RECIPES

Holiday Comfort Food

Hot & Spicy

2 lb. smoked sausage
2 lg. red peppers, chopped
1 bottle prepared barbecue sauce

Boil the sausage til hot, punch hole in skin. While still warm, cut the sausage into one-inch pieces. Place them in a frying pan with 2 tablespoons vegetable oil and fry for 2 minutes. Add peppers and cook for another 2 minutes, stirring often.

Remove to glass bowl, pour warmed barbeque sauce over all.

Serve with toothpicks - these won't last!

Parmesan-Pimento Dip

1 c. mayonnaise
1 c. Parmesan cheese
1/2 c. ripe olives, chopped
4 oz. jar pimientos, chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced

Combine all ingredients in a baking dish. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve with crackers or chips.

Fried Cucumbers - Old Recipe

Peel the cucumbers, then cut them in strips lengthwise very thin. Coat strips in meal and salt. Fry until tender. Sprinkle with melted butter and pepper, and serve very hot and crispy.

Spicy Hoppin' John

1 lb. black-eyed peas, dry
1/2 lb. bacon, diced
2 medium onions, chopped
1 t. garlic powder
3 stalks celery, chopped
2 c. water
2 t. salt
1/2 t. Tabasco sauce
2 c. rice, uncooked

Cook black-eyed peas and season as directed. In large skillet, fry bacon crisp over low heat. Drain off most of the grease. To that add onions, garlic powder and celery, cook over moderate heat til soft but not brown.

Add the cooked peas, water, salt and Tabasco. Bring mixture

to a boil, cover and reduce heat. Simmer for 30 minutes.

Stir in the rice and cook til rice is tender and liquid is absorbed. Add more water if needed. Check for seasoning and add more if needed.

Cabbage with Sausage (Very Old Recipe)

Boil chopped cabbage in salted water, fry a pound of sausage, put all in a deep dish and cover with the cabbage. Top with 4 teaspoons of butter and sprinkle with pepper to taste. Set in a warm oven for 4 hours before serving.

Savory Glazed Ham

1 5-lb. ham
1/2 c. firmly packed brown sugar
1 T. cornstarch
1/2 t. ground cloves
1/2 t. ground ginger
1/2 c. lemon juice

Place ham in a shallow baking dish, and begin cooking it according to the instruc-

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tions on the package. In a small saucepan combine the brown sugar, corn-starch, cloves and ginger. Add the lemon juice and heat, stirring constantly, til thickened.

Spoon the glaze over the ham during the last 30 minutes of heating time.

Onion-Roasted Potatoes

1 envelope Lipton Onion Recipe soup mix
 1/3 c. olive oil
 1/2 t. garlic powder
 2 lbs. potatoes, chunked into medium pieces

Preheat your oven to 450 degrees. Place all ingredients in a large plastic bag and shake until the potatoes are coated evenly. Pour the potatoes into a shallow, greased baking pan. Bake for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally, til they are brown and tender.

Phyllis' Hushpuppies

1/2 c. corn meal
 1/2 c. buttermilk
 2 onions, chopped
 1/2 c. flour
 1 t. garlic salt

Mix all together in a large bowl and place in fridge for 4 hours. Drop by spoonfuls into hot cooking oil til browned. Be careful not to overcook.

Apple Crisp

4 medium Granny Smith apples, peeled and sliced
 1 c. dried apricots, chopped
 3/4 c. plain flour
 3/4 c. brown sugar, packed
 1/3 c. chopped pecans
 3 T. butter, softened
 Whipping cream

Place apple slices in a buttered square pan, 8x8x2". Mix remaining ingredients, except for the whipping cream, and sprinkle the mixture over the apples and apricots.

Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes til crisp, serve warm with whipping cream.

Buttermilk Pie

1-1/2 c. sugar
 1 c. buttermilk
 1/3 c. Bisquick
 6 T. butter, melted
 1 t. vanilla extract
 3 eggs

Blend all ingredients in a bowl with electric mixer. Pour mixture into buttered 9" pie pan and bake for 50 minutes at 350 degrees. A toothpick inserted in pie should come out clean.

Cool on counter top until room temperature. This is especially good drizzled with a liquor like Grand Marnier

Spiced Pecans

2 egg whites
 1 c. light brown sugar
 1/2 t. vanilla extract
 6 c. pecan halves
 Ground Cinnamon
 Ground nutmeg

Beat the egg whites til they form soft peaks, gradually add the sugar and beat on high. Add vanilla and continue beating. Remove beaters and fold in pecans, stirring til all nuts are coated. Spread pecans one layer deep on greased baking pan and sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and nutmeg.

Bake at 250 degrees for 30 minutes. Turn oven off, but leave nuts in oven for another 30 minutes. Remove from oven, cool completely. Break into small pieces and store in an airtight container. SO good!



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Crisper Critters

by Al Dean

I had spent the morning on the Tennessee River catching a mess of shell crackers. When I got home, I unloaded my fishing tackle and put it in the cubbyhole in the garage I used for reloading shot shells to defray the cost of what the Secretary of Homeland Harmony called my chronic disease of brain reward: trap shooting. After cleaning the fish and sealing them in plastic bags I went into the kitchen and placed them on the second shelf of the refrigerator and put the two square Styrofoam cartons of night crawlers I didn't use in the crisper.

Seeking refuge in the recesses of my study to avoid being presented the list of Things My Husband Promised to do for Me Some Weekend, I turned on my computer. I had just googled an Internet site to check out the cost of a guided hunt for Blue Sheep in the Himalayas of Nepal, when the Secretary handed me a document itemizing tasks sufficient to transform our dandelion infested yard into an English garden. My enthusiasm for stalking Blue Sheep waned on the trek to the tool shed.

By late afternoon I had amassed a mountain of cuttings, clippings, branches and limbs higher than Mount Everest. I cut the limbs into fireplace lengths and stacked them on the woodpile, hauled

the brush to our disposal site, cleaned my tools and headed for the shower. The only hunting I wanted to do was for my recliner I heard calling my name from the comfort of our air conditioned living room.

Always attuned to health and wholeness, the Secretary, now wearing her Paula Deen hat and a warm smile, greeted me at the door. "Dear," she said. "How would you like a nice chef salad for dinner? You must be starved. I've got some ham and chicken breast that you like, sliced really thin, and I made some bleu cheese dressing, and baked a few rolls of French bread."

"That's nice," I grimaced, and stooped in what I hoped was a convincing display of intense pain. "Think I overdid it," I added, rubbing my back where I thought my kidneys were.

"You go shower," she cooed, patting my cheek. "I've turned on the water and laid out a change of clothes. Dinner will be on the table by the time you're through."

"Hmm," I said. I knew I'd better hurry.

"What?"

"Nothing."

Paula Deen does not like food sitting on a table and me sitting someplace else.

The shower head was in mist mode and the gentle spray lulled me back into the Himalayas. The instant I recognized that the Blue Sheep



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Because metal was scarce, the Oscars given out during World War II were made of wood.

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poised majestically on the mountain bluff was a trophy specimen, I heard the Secretary's wail for my immediate presence. I stumbled out of the shower, wrapped a towel around me, and careened down the hallway toward the high pitched shrieks, knocking a Larry Chandler hunting dog print off the wall scattering broken glass in my path.

My bleeding foot left red splotches on the floor of the dining room and kitchen where the Secretary stood, clutching her golden tresses in both hands. She pointed toward the open refrigerator and the crisper lying on the floor. Beside it was a head of lettuce and two empty worm cartons.

"Worm!" she yelled. "Big worms. In the lettuce!"

A night crawler when it stretches out can double in length. Serpent-size worms were writhing in the lettuce leaves like snakes on Medusa's head. I led her to a chair, eased her down and scooped up the head of lettuce and the empty cartons. Leaving a trail of blood on my way to the garage, I shook the worms out of the lettuce into a Hosta bed, tossed the lettuce and the cartons into the trash bin, raised the garage door, rolled the bin outside and shoved it behind the blue ribbon topiary I had just created. When I returned, some semblance of calm restored, the Secretary was wiping blood off the tile floors. A bottle of iodine and a roll of gauze were on the table. She pointed to a chair. "Sit down," she said. "Let me look at that foot."

I started to object, but she had morphed into her Florence Nightingale role. I was relieved it wasn't Lizzie Borden.

"Did we learn something today?" She asked.

The use of the plural pronoun we demanded that I not respond. We didn't leave the shower running or knock a picture off the wall.

"You know I was frightened," she smiled.

"Uh huh."

"Night crawlers are slimy."

"Uh huh."

"We don't put worms in the refrigerator."

I could have mentioned that bait shops kept them in refrigerators, but I didn't.

"Worms don't go in my refrigerator," she said, reading my mind. "Do they?"

"Huh uh."

"What are we going to do about it?"

I knew this was not a rhetorical question.

Putting on my best meditative face, I considered her dilemma. "Well," I ventured. "One solution would be for me to quit fishing, but I know you wouldn't want that."

She stopped swabbing my foot with iodine and smirked.

"Or," I continued undaunted. "I could stop using worms and buy lures attractive to blue gills and shell crackers. Maybe invest in a fly rod. With your eye for detail and your fine motor skills you could tie some gorgeous professional looking flies."

She wrapped the ends of the length of gauze she had snipped off the roll around both hands and stretched it like a garrote. Lizzie Borden crossed my mind. With raised eyebrows, outstretched arms, palms upward, I offered, "How about I find a dorm size fridge and put it in the garage? Ta dah?"

In response to my Solomon-like wisdom, she breathed a long sigh, "I'll order a pizza," she said. "You can go get it."

When we finished our pizza I limped to my recliner and was soon sleeping, fitfully dreaming of a herd of Blue Sheep in the Himalayas hurtling through fissures and fractures to escape an avalanche of giant night crawlers embedded in heads of lettuce.



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Mischief in 1964

by Don Broome

In 1964 I was 16 and that was also the year my grandmother's 4th husband died. We called him Uncle Pat. I bought his 1950 Plymouth from my grandmother for \$25. That summer my friend Buddy and I were together just about all the time. He was a couple of years older and could think up the craziest things to do.

For example, Weatherly Road was the city limits back then and he lived on Todd Mill Road which is south of there. The sheriffs deputies would drive down his road at night shining their flood lights just below the windows. Buddy would time it so he was putting his leg out the window when they passed so they would have to stop and make sure he wasn't breaking in. His dad would get so mad at being waked up but he did it quite often.

One night Buddy and I along with Jimmy and Tim were driving around with nothing to do and someone suggested skinny dipping at the Tennessee River at the state docks. After a while we decided to see if we could skinny dip in every pool in Huntsville. Well we had just left the next to last one and were headed down to the Big Spring pool and a policeman got behind us.

We were on Whitesburg and just passing Drake Avenue so I turned onto a side street... and he followed us. I decided I would pull into a driveway and hope he would just go on by.

We waited in the car for about 10 minutes and then he turned his blue lights on and got out of his car and told us to do the same. Seeing 4 naked boys, he told us to get back in the car. He asked us where were our clothes?

We told him they were in the trunk. When we opened the trunk there were 3 cases of beer in the trunk (un-opened). We got dressed, poured all the beer out on

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the street and he followed us as I dropped off my 3 passengers and then he saw me home.

When I started to go into my house which was never locked, the door was locked. With police waiting I knocked and my dad came to the door and told me if I could stay out till 3 in the morning I could stay out all night. I had to go tell the policeman that my dad wouldn't let me in.

Summers were so boring that we all went to summer school just for something to do. Typing didn't have homework so was popular. Buddy had a girlfriend on and off all summer. When they would break up we would have a party somewhere to celebrate his freedom. When they got back together we would hold a party to celebrate their undying love.

One party was held at her house with her parents going out of town. I asked this pretty girl that lived on Todd Mill Road to come as my date. I won't say what led to me taking her home early but when I got back to the party I decided to get plastered. About 1 o'clock in the morning Buddy turned all the lights on and told me we were going to go serenade my "girlfriend". Her daddy called the sheriff's office when we started singing Mexican love songs.

I think every deputy in the county raced to her house and with guns drawn shined their floodlights on us.

As they recognized Buddy and asked what in the world he was doing he answered that we were serenading my girlfriend. As the daddy came out on the balcony yelling arrest them, arrest them, his daughter could be seen waving to us from the next window over.

The Highway Patrol office was on the corner of Airport Road and Whitesburg Drive. One night about 3 o'clock in the morning we snuck over there and shoved large pota-

toes up the exhaust pipes using a stick to push them out of sight. They worked on those cars for 3 or 4 days before they figured out what was wrong.

My next car was a 1962 Valiant with push button automatic transmission. If you put it in first gear and put the gas pedal on the floor it would go about 52 miles an hour and the fuel pump would run out of gas so the engine would die.

After coasting to a stop you could restart it without causing any harm to the car. I would bet classmates \$5 that I couldn't blow up my car. I never had to buy gas because of that. At 25 cents a gallon that would buy 2 tanks of gas. The engine sounded like you were speeding and so I got 26 tickets in about 6 weeks. My bets paid for all of them.

Simple speeding tickets were only \$11 back then. That was the summer before they started the points systems for tickets. Two years later at 19 I got married on a Saturday. The next Monday I got a call from the Highway Patrol office on Whitesburg Drive to come see them. Sitting down with the officer I was scared that they knew we put the potatoes up the exhaust and I would go to jail. He asked me if I realized that I had gotten 26 tickets for speeding in 6 weeks. He said I needed to give him a very good reason not to pull my license. I looked at him trying to think of what to say and told him that I had just gotten married Saturday.

He laughed and told me "in that case get out of here because getting married will slow you down." It didn't. Yeah! 1964 was a tough year to be a teen because the police would see several teens together and they would tell us to move on and we had no real place to go.



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The Ghost at Bryant Denny Stadium

by John H. Tate

There is a story that is told in the bars of Alabama and at tailgate parties throughout the South. It is a story of a father and son's love, and their combined love of SEC Football, especially Alabama and Auburn football. The father loved BAMA ball so much, he named his son Paul Byron; the mother refused to let him name the boy Paul Bryant after the greatest college football coach of all times. Dad could name the starting BAMA players for the last twenty years and could tell you what pro-team former BAMA players are playing on. It was always dad's hope the Paul would attend Alabama. Since they were a poor family the only way was for Paul to get a scholarship.

Well, as fate would have it, Paul turned out to be brilliant in math and won a full-boat Engineering scholarship - not to Alabama, but Auburn University. Dad tried to convince Paul not to accept the scholarship to Auburn and told him they would find a way to pay for it if he went to Alabama. Paul wasn't having it, he said, "Auburn has an excellent Engineering program and that is what I want to do."

Dad told Paul that if he went to Auburn, he was no longer his son and don't bother coming home. The mother tried to make peace and tried to get the two men she loved to make peace. With tears in his eyes, on the day he had to leave for Auburn, Paul walked five miles to the bus stop because his dad would not take him. Dad sat at the kitchen table as Paul walked out the front door, with a single tear running down his face.

As time went on, Paul graduated from Auburn and was a strong Auburn fan. He and his dad spoke from time to time, "How are you?", "How's the farm?", "Do you like engineering?" That type thing. They never did talk football nor have any real meaningful conversation, until one-day Paul gets a call from his mother. His dad was in poor health and was not doing well. But the reason she was calling was because he had won tickets to that year's Iron Bowl and was going to try to drive himself.

Mom thought Paul could talk

some sense into him, maybe even take him to the game.

Paul called his dad the next day, and he did sound very bad. Paul tried to talk him out of driving; but no matter what Paul said, he could not talk him out of going. After all, as big a fan he was of BAMA, he had never been to an Iron Bowl game, and at 70 years old he had a chance to go to the Iron Bowl for free. Paul had been to several SEC games and even the Iron Bowl a couple of times over the years. Each time he longed for the chance to have his dad by his side at the Iron Bowl, even if they

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were rooting for the opposing sides. It took a little convincing, but Dad agreed to let Paul come and drive him to the Iron Bowl. Paul made it clear to his dad, "I am not going to say anything about rolling nothing."

Once Paul saw his dad, he knew the end was near; as a matter of fact, he might not make it through the trip. They made plans to arrive in Tuscaloosa the day before the game, so dad could rest up. The plan was to drive to Bryant Denny Stadium several hours before the game so they could take their time getting to the gate.

The day of the game, dad was very weak, could hardly walk. He would have to stop and rest every few steps or so, and then it happened. Dad had sat down on the ground and did not have enough energy to get up anymore, and he was just a few steps outside of the gate. As he sat there trying to catch his breath, Paul said, "Dad this is as far as you can go, I don't think I can get you inside."

Dad never said a word, but big tears start to run down his face. Paul did not know what to do, they came so far and if they left there would not be another chance. With tears running down his face, Paul looked at his dad and thought, "I could have taken engineering at Alabama, we missed so much."

Paul lifted his right hand in the air and yelled as loud as he could, "We need a Roll Tide up in here!" In unison, the crowd yelled, "Roll Tide!" as several came over to see what was wrong. Much to Paul's surprise, people knew who they were, because sportscasters, including on Game Day, had been running stories about the father-son team going to the Iron Bowl. The seventy year old dad won tickets and is a BAMA fan, while the son is an Auburn fan.

One of the Alabama female students leaned in over Paul's shoulder and said, "You got one more Roll Tide in you papa?" He mustered up enough strength to say, "Roll Tide Roll." The girl yelled for a few of the big guys in the crowd to pick him up and carry him into the stadium.

As they were entering in, the Alabama Fight Song started to play, and the crowd

cheered so loud that the ground shook.

It is said, that if you are ever there late at night, and all is quiet, you can hear a little old man's voice, "Roll Tide Roll."



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How to Train Your Human (by the Cat)

Doors - Do not allow closed doors in any room. To get a door opened, stand on hind legs and hammer with forepaws. Once a door is open, it is not necessary to use it, you just want it to stay open in case you need to use it. After you have ordered an outside door opened, stand halfway in and half out and think about several things. This is particularly important during cold weather, rain, snow and mosquito season.

Chairs and rugs - if you have a hair ball that you feel coming up, get into a chair quickly - an upholstered one is the best. If you can't make it to a chair and there is no oriental rug, shag is best.

"A sure sign of getting older is when your wife says 'Let's go upstairs and make out!'"
And you say, 'Pick one because I can't do both.'"

Jimmy Hurts, Arab

Guests - Quickly determine which guest hates cats the most. Sit on that human's lap for as long as you possibly can. If you can arrange to have tuna or liver breath, so much the better.

For sitting on laps or rubbing against trousers, select a fabric color that contrasts well with your fur. For example, if you're a white cat always be on the lookout for dark wool clothing - that's the best.

For guests who gush, "Oh, what a sweet cat, I just love kitties," be ready with aloof disdain, apply claws to stockings or use a quick nip on the ankle.

When walking among dishes on the dinner table, be prepared to look surprised and hurt when scolded. The idea to convey is, "But you always allow me on the table when company isn't here."

Work - If one of your humans is sewing or writing and another is idle, stay with the busy one. This is called helping, or otherwise known as hampering.

Rules for Hampering:

1. When supervising cooking, sit behind the left heel of the cook. You cannot be seen and thereby stand a better chance of being stepped on, picked up and consoled.

2. Tax season is a great time to hamper. Wait til your human has all her paperwork laid out on a large table, take a running start and jump into the middle of it. You have succeeded when all bits of paper go flying in all directions. This is great fun.

3. For book readers, get in close under the chin, between the human's eyes and the book. If you can fully stretch across the book or magazine, so much the better.

4. For knitting projects, curl up quietly onto the lap of the knitter and pretend to nap, with lots of purring. Occasionally reach out and slap the knitting needles sharply. This can cause dropped stitches or split yarn. The knitter may try to distract you with a scrap ball of yarn, but ignore it. Remember, your goal is to hamper all work.

Play - this is very important. Be sure to get enough sleep during the day so that you are fresh for playing Catch Mouse, or King of the Hill on the bed between 2 and 4 am.

Training - Begin training your humans early and you will have a smooth-running household. Humans are happy when they know basic rules. They can be taught if you start early and are consistent.

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The Body of General Morgan

by Buddy Moon

In September of 1864, Confederate General John Hunt Morgan, born in Huntsville, was staying at the Williams home in Greenville, Tennessee. Morgan previously had led his men on raids into Union lands, including Ohio and Indiana. As a result, his reputation had grown as a gallant cavalry leader. While making plans for future raids, he was surprised and surrounded by Union soldiers. Morgan was killed in the gardens of the house on September 4, 1864. His body was taken into the house, treated, and placed in a coffin in front of the windows of the front parlor room.

In September of 1989, a small company of Civil War re-enactors were camped on the grounds of the Williams home. They were conducting a living history, honoring the exploits of Morgan's men. One of the re-enactors, Rick, had been portraying General Morgan at the event. Rick looked like Morgan and had a deep understanding of the man.

The Williams house at the time was being renovated. Carpenters had worked in the parlor during the day, cutting pieces of wood as needed for repairs. They had taken two saw horses, spread them a few feet apart, and placed a wooden door across them, creating a work bench.

The re-enactors had been given permission to enter the house in the evening after the living history had been closed to the public. A little light was filtering in through the front windows from a street light about half a block away. Using only flashlights, they explored all three floors of the house, imagining what it must have looked like in its 1860's splendor. After investigating the third-floor ballroom, they headed back down the stairs.

On the second-floor landing, Rick suddenly felt chilled and very uncomfortable. After a pause to overcome the feelings, he and the others headed to the main floor. They all gathered at the bottom of the stairway and stared into the parlor. The dim light coming through the windows hit the work bench and cast a shadow on the floor. The shadow that they saw was in the shape of a coffin. Historians say Morgan's coffin

was placed by the windows, but they saw it across the room by the fireplace.

Those re-enactors left the building knowing that historians were wrong and did not really know where General Morgan's body had been placed. But having seen the coffin's image, the re-enactors knew exactly where he had lain!

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Samantha

by Judith C. Smith

I always play my organ every night. It is quiet, and I can play it as loud as I like. I even played within a couple of hours after eye surgery, but tonight is different. I don't seem to do anything but wipe away my tears and think back to June 6th thirteen years ago, when I saw an ad in the morning paper. We actually did get a morning paper back then.

I drove to Fife, Alabama, to a cattery and rescued a beautiful cream Himalayan cat. She was three and a half years old and wouldn't breed, so the owner sold her to me at a reasonable price.

On the way to the car, the cat coughed,

and I remarked that I didn't know cats coughed. Then I was only told that some do. Since I wasn't an authority on cats, I took the breeder's word.

However, on the following Monday, I took her to the vet and was told that she had pneumonia, conjunctivitis and by the way, she is pregnant.

"What?" I exclaimed. "It can't be." "Ultrasounds don't lie," was the reply.

I guess M.D. will be in for a big surprise bill in two weeks. She later had an emergency C-section and delivered three kittens. She had no milk to nurse them. Amy, my sweet daughter-in-law, came to the rescue and fed them with a bottle every few hours until I could get home from Seattle. In the long run, all the kittens died by sixteen days. Then lightning hit our house setting it on fire. As a result, Samantha developed a breathing problem due to the smoke. Another vet advised putting her down. That was thirteen years ago. Boy, was I glad that I didn't listen to the vet. Samantha has brought so much joy to my life, she only liked to sit on the couch if I put a piece of newspaper down first. She did no rubbing against my legs when she wanted to be fed. She just sat by my feet looking up with those beautiful blue eyes as if to say, "Don't you know it's feeding time?"

Today was her seventeenth birthday. I found her by the door on the sun porch, looking out but not wanting to eat. By noon she was laboring with her breathing. I rubbed her ears and made her as comfortable as possible, but by 5:00 p.m., she was gone. My sweet and faithful companion of thirteen and a half years died.

Boy, will I ever miss you, just wish I had been able to have you cloned.

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Local News from the Year 1912

Mayor and Editor in Fist Fight

Huntsville - Mayor R.E. Smith and J. Emory Pierce, editor of the local newspaper, were involved in an altercation yesterday after meeting on the streets and exchanging insults. The Mayor had taken exception to certain articles recently printed in the newspaper, and after meeting Emory on the sidewalks in front of the courthouse, took the opportunity to voice his displeasure.

One witness claimed the Mayor made certain remarks about Emory's ancestry, whereas the editor promptly began thrashing him with a walking cane. The pugilists were separated without serious injury.

The Mayor fined himself ten dollars in city court the next morning for losing his temper.

Grand Jury Makes Report

Huntsville -The Pest House on Athens Pike was found to be in satisfactory condition with only six smallpox patients in residence. The County Poor House near New Market has 23 inmates living in six double log cabins with a mess hall.

Huntsville - The Huntsville Chamber of Commerce, headed by J.P. Cooney, announced today that it is raising membership dues to \$1 per month.

Hog Thief - Horace Deavers reported shooting a hog thief yesterday near New Market. All persons are warned to be on the look out for a tall light-haired, thin white man dressed in overalls and carrying a healthy load of buck shot in certain parts of his body.

Drowned - on Thursday last, while three young men were returning from hunting on an island near Florence, the boat capsized and one of them, 15 year old William Moss, was drowned. He was the son of a widow lady of Florence.

"I thought Star Wars would be way too wacky for the general public."

George Lucas



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FISHING WITHOUT A POLE

by Betty Hallmark Atkinson as told to her daughter, Cathy Stevens

A few years back when my husband and I used to camp, twice a year, once in the spring, and then again. In early fall, I would take my Mom, Betty Hallmark Atkinson, on what we would call our girls getaway weekend where it would be just the two of us, camping down by Guntersville Lake.

On this particular weekend in the spring, Mom decided she wanted to do some fishing, and asked if she could use my husband's rod & reel. After going to the country store to get her some bait, we walked down to the dock so she could fish for Brim.

As for me, fishing just wasn't my thing, so I took my book, sat on the edge of the dock to read with my feet dangling in the water.

Mom was having no luck with catching any Brim, so she decided to change bait, and cast out and try her luck at catching a Catfish. After casting a few times, she called out, with a panic in her voice, saying, your husband is going to kill me. I looked up from my book, and the rod & reel had what they called, back lashed.

Even though I'm not a fishing person, I had seen this happen to my husband several times, and watched him fix it so I told my Mom to hand me the pole, and let me see what I could do, knowing that my hubby would be laughing if he saw us.

So as I sat on the dock with the pole between my knees and my feet still dangling in the water, working on the fishing line, I suddenly felt a tug on the line. I yelled at my Mom, asking what to do, because I thought I had caught a fish. She came over, looking over the dock where my feet, with pink nail polish on my toes, still dangled in the water, thought that a fish might be nibbling on my toes.

Neither one of us realized that the fishing line was still out in the water, until I felt another tug. Yes indeed, I had a fish on the line,

and not one nibbling on my pink toes.

Not being able to reel in the line, my Mom got down on her knees, grabbed the line and slowly pulled it in. There was the biggest Catfish I had ever seen.

When Mom finally got the Catfish on the dock, we both realized that we didn't have anything to remove the hook. So off I went to the camper leaving my Mom talking to and petting the flopping Catfish with a rag, softly saying, "Poor Baby, I'm so sorry, but don't worry, we will get this hook out of you." Well, I finally found the pliers that I had seen my hubby use, so I grabbed it, and headed back to the dock. As I reached the dock, Mom was still trying to calm the Catfish, and instructed me on how to remove the hook. As I reached down, I heard the poor Catfish making a grunting sound that scared me and also broke my heart. I couldn't get the hook out, so Mom took the pliers from me and as gently as she could, got the hook out of Mr. Catfish.

She then placed the Catfish back into the water, but instead of swimming away it kept coming back as if it was trying to say "Thank You". After one final splash with it's tail, he finally swam away.

And that, my friends, is what is called "Fishing Without a Pole".

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**"My husband and I are either going to buy a dog or have a child. We can't decide whether to ruin our carpet or our lives."
Rita Rudner**

THE SALESMAN

by Dale Cassidy



Early entertainment in Huntsville, as in most towns of the 1800s, was limited. An occasional dance, a town picnic or a church social seemed to be the recreation highlight of most citizens' lives.

A peculiar amusement of the 1890s, however, was listening to the medicine men, who plied their trade with abundant vigor and enthusiasm. They ranged from small-time fakers, who peddled their wares from the back of a wagon, to more

pretentious phony "doctors" who enlivened their programs with elaborate stage setups and a considerable troupe or entertainers and workers.

One of the most colorful of this type to come through Huntsville in those days was the self-styled "Yellowstone Kit." Kit carried a tent and actually charged for the choicest seats during his program which consisted of song and dance, banjo picking and general gaudy entertainment. As soon as the crowd was warmed up and lively, "Yellowstone Kit," (in his magnificent ten-gallon hat, make-up and fringed clothing, which he thought made him look like Buffalo Bill), would jump up on the stage and exalt his cure-all elixir, which he generously offered for only one dollar a bottle.

The band played loudly and diligently as Kit continued to entice the enthralled patrons with the results that his amazing tonic promised to provide. He would prance along a platform, built out into the audience, and

exchange bottles of his "priceless" elixir for one dollar each, held up by willing and hypnotized spectators. There were very few times that Kit failed to 'pack 'em in' for one of his shows.

"Yellowstone Kit" continued to brandish his wares throughout the South for many years during the late 1800s and early 1900s, stopping and staying often in Huntsville.

When he reached the end of his days, in spite of his own "marvelous" medicine, a New Orleans reporter quoted him as saying, "At least I had one satisfaction in my long career - I never actually harmed anyone."

The mixture he had sold far and wide as a miracle potion had been simply canned milk!

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Food for Thought

by *Monita Soni*

It was Pitru Pakshaor the fortnight when Hindus remember their Pirtraor ancestors. In the lunar calendar, the two weeks of the waning September moon. It is believed that your deceased loved ones are close to the living realm and time should be spent praying for them.

Last year I was in India with my mother whose angelic personality shines through the cobwebs of Alzheimer's. Her beauty fills the home and hearth and overflows into the seaside suburb. I woke up before dawn, wished Mom good morning and went on my morning walk. I admired the hibiscus plants of yellow, red and pink hues. I plucked the best one to offer to God and then gift it to Mom.

There are two temples in Sector 8 (Vashi) and I visited both of them. The Shiva temple is near a village pond which is used for immersion of Ganeshaw clay idols during the festival, a gesture symbolizing that we must part with everything we hold dear in this realm, even our beloved Ganesha. I offered prayers to my ancestors, touched the glow of the lamp to my forehead and gently sounded Shiva's instrument or damaru, believed to produced spiritual sounds that created our Universe.

Then I went to the Kerala temple with a 16th century style Gopurum. The temple's main idol is Guruvayurappan, the infant form of Lord Krishna. It is a stark contrast from the North Indian temple. The inner sanctum is dark and the black bismuth or "Patala Anjam" idols are ensconced in their own alcoves secured by heavy carved wooden doors. The deities are lit by rows of oil lamps. As I prayed, I could feel the benevolent presence of my ancestors upon me.

Back home, a crow appeared as though he had flown straight

out of the "The Thirsty Crow" from the Panchatantra. I offered a spoonful of sweet halva to my apparition of Kak Bhusundi (a crow who was supposed to be a great devotee of Lord Rama). The crow ate it and took a sip of water from Kali the dog's water cup and flew away. Then I placed the halva under the ancient banyan tree, I saw a white crane (a harbinger of long life) near the pond, it sat there silently as I said my prayers and then flew into the bay.

As I hurried towards the Vashi Vaikundam Kerala temple, I heard footsteps behind me. As I turned, I saw a slender lady dressed in saffron robes, a golden aura emanating from her. Bells were tolling in the temple, as I reached the priest with a white thread gleaming against his bare back was standing in a half dhoti in front of the shrine dedicated to the seven planets and the Sun and the Moon, chanting the Navagrahasrotram. I prayed to counter any negative

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astrological influence of the planets on my six generations as I received the holy water from the white conch in my right hand. The lady in yellow had witnessed my prayers.

On the last day I decided to offer food to a Brahmin. He ate potato curry, puris, pickles and kheer. I offered a portion of food to Gau mata (Holy cow) believed to represent ancestors. Hindus believe that food offered to a Brahmin on this fortnight goes directly to our ancestors. As per legend even the altruistic Karna who had donated a ton of gold in his lifetime had to be reborn, because he could not consume any food in the heavens since he had failed to offer food to his ancestors.

Then I busied myself in painting pretty hibiscus flowers for my mother. We must celebrate our parents in their lifetime so that their soul departs from the earthly abode peacefully.

As I painted, I prayed to Krishna, the notes of his magical flute mixing in my paints. When I went down, I thought that the hibiscus would be in full bloom by high noon. To my surprise the flower had vanished. I rubbed my eyes and looked again.

No hibiscus! What happened to my flower? I had pictured it perfectly arranged next to the lacy yellow scarf on Mom's forehead. "Oh"... said Bimal (the watchman) nonchalantly: "I fed it to the turtle." What?! You... fed my perfect pink hibiscus to the albino turtle? Why? "He only eats hibiscus," was Nas Bimal's matter-of-fact reply.

I heaved a deep sigh and plucked two purple Vinca blooms from the garden and arranged them on mother's scarf. She smiled, humored by the hullabaloo. I imagined how utterly stunning she would have looked holding the pink hibiscus but having none, I shrugged. After all Vishnu in his second incarnation was a turtle and perhaps through a Brahmin's hand my obeisance was indirectly accepted by Shriman Narayana.

"Zsa Zsa Gabor got married the first time and it was so successful she turned it into a series."

Bob Hope



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Hog Killing Day

by *Wenona Moorer*



Fall is upon us, soon the winter coldest will come. Thinking about the cold and Thanksgiving brings back memories of what we did every Thanksgiving Day. The tradition started before I was born and continued until my Papa died. Papa and Grandmother had three daughters. On every Thanksgiving Day all the families meet early at my grandparents' house. This was "Hog Killing Day".

About day break, Papa had the water boiling and ready. In the pasture behind the barn, Papa had a very large metal container or vat, he filled with water. The vat was so large a platform was built on one side to stand on and chains to lower the pigs in the water. The vat was on blocks so a fire could be built under the vat. I guess Papa was the only one that had something that large to handle the pigs? All the neighbors would bring their pigs on that day.

When I was young, I was not allowed to go out there. But, I watched the neighbors trucks go in and out of the barn lot with their hogs. After everyone that needed to use the vat was finished, Papa prepared his pigs. He would butcher six or seven. Papa shared the meat with all three daughters.

Everyone had a job. There were some cutting fat for lard, some cooking out lard in a big black pot and some grinding sausage, cut ribs, pork chops and hams.

Grandmother would come out get fresh tenderloin for lunch. By

the time lunch time came, we were cold and ready for lunch. Grandmother had big fat biscuits with tenderloin to go with a table of country food. Work and cleanup continued after lunch. The meat was divided, packed, and everyone made their way home.

Papa had a smoke house where you could see hams, shoulders and bags of sausage hanging from the rafters ready to be smoked. The smoking was done by burning hickory wood in an iron pot under the meat.

All the smoke coming out between the cracks in the wall, you would think it was on fire. The aroma of the smoke made you think that meat would soon be ready for the table.

There is nothing better on a cold morning to have some ham out of the smoke house, homemade biscuits, homemade butter, yard eggs and your own made molasses.

Now all the grandkids have families of their own. I miss having those family get-togethers.



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News from 1923

- During the heavy electrical storm of Wednesday night, a barn belonging to James Cryce of 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.

- 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 in West Huntsville.

- 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.

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November Memories

by Elizabeth Wharry

My husband and I were married in November 1986. We met the previous February and were engaged by Easter of 1986.

Our wedding day dawned bright and sunny. For northern Ohio, especially in mid November, that was quite remarkable. That wasn't the only unusual occurrence that day. Most wedding days are a bit of a blur, but this day stands out clearly, even now.

To begin with, my mother and I refurbished a hat she had. The morning of the wedding, the glue wasn't quite set. I ended up styling her hair around it!

I had told her earlier that morning not to mess with the hat. I had brushed some of the feathers with a final coat of fabric glue about an hour before. My mother insisted on trying the hat on. She was reluctant to let me see the dress she was wearing.

When I saw it, I understood why. The dress was a kelly green and black print. The black was much more predominant than the green.

When we got to the church, we were informed that we were between two funerals. A black dress, a feathered hat and now this? I'm not superstitious, but alarm bells were quietly chiming. And where was my maid of honor? She was supposed to be at the church by 11:30!

She got caught behind the funeral procession heading for the same church! She arrived with 5 minutes to spare! Fortunately,

the wedding went off without any more drama.

When we got to the reception, my new mother-in-law pulled us aside. She handed us an envelope with the words "deed" and Rob on it. Both of us were curious. When we opened it up and read it, it was a deed to two grave plots adjoining theirs! How does one respond to that?

I muttered a weak thanks.

33 years later, despite all that life has thrown at us, we are still hanging in there.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

A New Puppy



Bringing home a new puppy is incredibly exciting. But there's so much to do to make your puppy's transition a success. From puppy proofing your house to purchasing chew toys, to starting potty training on the right foot, it's easy to become overwhelmed.

Puppy Proofing

Puppies are unbelievably curious, but just like toddlers, they don't understand what is safe and what is off limits. Remember, if a puppy can get something in his mouth, he'll eat it or chew it! Here are some tips for proper puppy proofing:

- Look at your house from your new puppy's point of view. Get on your hands and knees so you don't miss anything at ground level.
- Keep anything dangerous, like cleaning supplies, behind locked cupboard doors or stored up high.
- Tie all electrical cords out of your puppy's reach.
- Put everything valuable away. Knick-knacks and cell phones can't be destroyed if they're kept in drawers or on a high shelf.
- Switch to garbage cans with lids. Food smells will attract your puppy, so be sure he can't get in your trash.
- Use barricades like baby gates or exercise pens to keep your puppy confined to safe areas or out of unsafe ones.
- Examine your backyard for hazards. For example, look for holes in the fence or toxic plants.

Go Shopping

It's important to have all the necessities like a crate and chew toys before you bring your puppy home.

- **Crate.** This is an invaluable tool for keeping your puppy safe when you can't supervise him and for simplifying your house training routine. Be sure to pick the correct size. If the crate is too large, your puppy can use one end as a toilet which will set your potty training back.
- **Collar and leash.** Depending on your dog's breed, you might want a harness as well. Don't forget to put an ID tag on your puppy's collar.
- **Puppy food and bowls.**
- **Chew toys.** All dogs love to chew. Teething puppies most of all. Pick chew toys that aren't too small for your puppy to

prevent a choking hazard.

- **Grooming tools.** It's never too early to start getting your puppy used to nail trims and brushing.
- **Treats.** Simple training can start from your puppy's first day at home, so be ready with plenty of tasty rewards.
- **Find a veterinarian and other pet professionals** like a groomer or pet sitter. Don't be afraid to visit them first and ask for references. Also, learn the location of your nearest emergency veterinary clinic.

Making Introductions

Your puppy will need time to adjust to his new environment. Plus, it's likely he'll

miss his doggy family until he gets used to his human one. Be patient with him.

- **Show your puppy around.** Let him know where to find his crate, food and water bowl, and where he should be going to the bathroom. Let him explore with supervision, but don't give him the run of the house on day one. He can earn freedom as he learns the rules.
- **Supervise introductions to other pets.** Don't let your puppy annoy your older dog and be sure cats have an escape route. In the beginning, keep interactions short and sweet.
- **Introduce your puppy to new people with care.** Too many cuddles all at once can be stressful.
- **Socialize your puppy.** Socializing means introducing your puppy to as many new people, dogs, places, situations and so on as possible.

Teaching and Training

- **Potty train from day one.** Your dog needs to know exactly where you expect him to do his business.
- **Set the house rules.** For example, decide if your puppy can go on the furniture and who is in charge of mealtimes and walks. To prevent confusing your puppy, make sure your entire family is on board and consistent.
- **Teach your new puppy basic behaviors** like watch me, sit or down. With positive reinforcement-based training, you can encourage good manners in even very young puppies. If you're struggling with your new puppy, consider getting help from the Good Dog Helpline.

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Across from Books A Million

From the Desk of Tom Carney

A NEW DRESS

by Tom Carney

In 1935, sixty-five percent of the cotton farmers in Madison County were sharecroppers. These people, immersed in poverty, became part of the forgotten history of our land. In an effort to understand what it was really like, I talked to three elderly people, two women and one man, who had lived as tenant farmers. The following is a composite of all their stories.

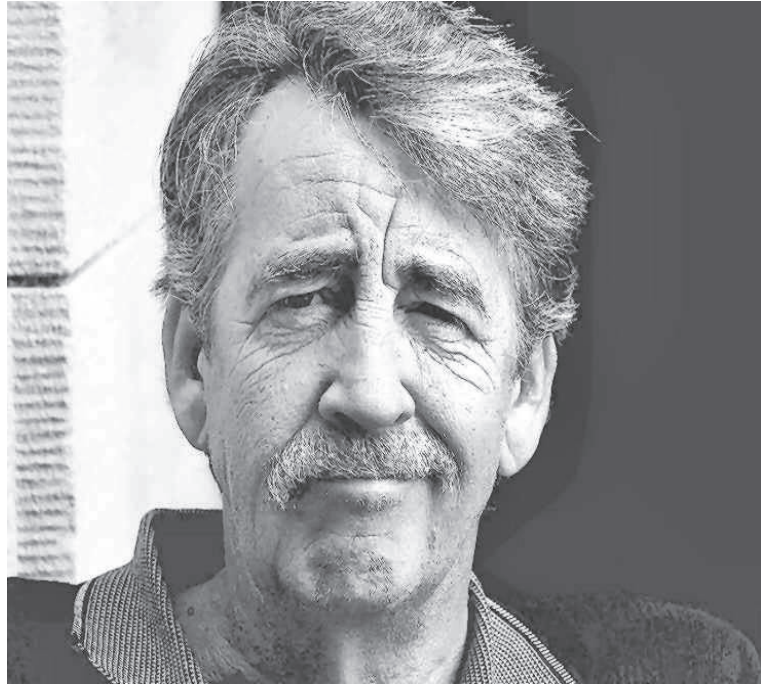
Under the hot broiling sun, scorching everything its rays came in contact with, a wizened old man, with skin burnt like aged leather, labored tirelessly between the cotton rows. In the next row, his wife, wearing an odd apparel that had lost any resemblance of a dress years ago and bleached white by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

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

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

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

In another few weeks the rains would begin, and following that would come the cold, frigid blast of winter, spread-



ing its gloom on the now exhausted fields.

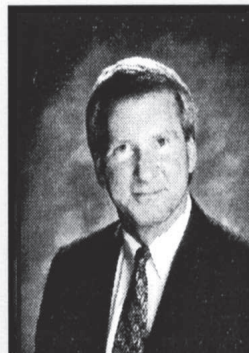
Young boys and old men alike would pace the floor like caged animals, pausing every so often to stare out the windows of the drafty, broken down hovels they called home, and curse the fate that made them slaves to unseen cotton moguls a thousand miles away.

Keep the fire going, ration what meager food there is and wait for the frozen ground to thaw. Walk down to the store. Maybe they will let you add some tobacco and a bag of flour to the long overdue bill. Stop and talk to Lem Wilbanks over on the next farm. His daughter is expecting any day and her husband is up north in Chicago, trying to find a job.

Talk and kill time and wait. Wait for the warm showers of spring that will thaw the frozen earth and bind you to another year of servitude.

“I may not be that funny or athletic or good looking or smart or talented. I forget where I was going with this.”

Jeremy Wilson, Madison



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

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

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

But as you pick up the hoe and begin trudging silently toward the dismal fields, a truth begins gnawing at you, deep inside. And no matter how hard you try to suppress the thought, it keeps coming back and coming back, until it envelopes you in its overwhelming reality. And then, with your body shaking in convulsions, you hold your head in your hands and cry like a baby.

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

Cotton will still be "King" in Madison County. . . . but not for the people working in the fields.

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

After struggling to regain his composure, the man refused to discuss anything having to do with share-cropping.

An IOU to the Veterans of the USA

by John E. Carson



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An I.O.U. from my heart
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I.O.U. for my home
The one you left to defend.
I.O.U. for my family
Thank you for leaving yours my
friend.

I.O.U. for freedom's light
For a chance at prosperity.
I.O.U. for the future's bright
My children are all free.

I.O.U. for your pain and loss
For the health I have today.
I.O.U. for coming across
When harm was in the way.

So please accept this I.O.U.
It's all I have today.
The debt I owe is far beyond
My ability to pay.

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Thanksgiving Lottery Ticket

by M. D. Smith, IV



John Doe bought a lottery ticket. He wished he could hit the jackpot on the Saturday night after Thanksgiving.

He knew he might win three hundred million dollars with a single two-dollar ticket. Would John double his chances to win if he bought two tickets? No.

A quick look at odds shows he would have one chance in three hundred million to win. If he bought two, it's two in three hundred million to win the Powerball or Mega Millions. Pretty small odds. What if he bought a hundred and fifty million tickets? Then his odds are two to one that he would win. That's about the same thing as flipping a penny and

betting everything on that single flip of the coin. Would you do that with your hundred and fifty million dollars? If you had that much money, would you need to?

Look at the penny. If you bet five dollars on a flip and you lost. What are your chances that the next time, if you call the same side, that you will win? It's still fifty-fifty. Yes, over an infinite number of flips, it will be half heads and half tails. But nothing says it cannot be heads seven times in a row. Happens all the time in Vegas on red and black on the roulette wheel. If you doubled your

bet after each loss of \$5, on the seventh bet, you are gambling \$740 that you will win and only break even. What kind of odds is that?

Back to the lottery. Perhaps John is not dissuaded by the odds. So why? Maybe it's fun for just a two-dollar ticket. The fun of saying, I have a horse in this race and WISH I could win. There are a lot of others running, but if you don't have a horse, you certainly have zero chances to win.

John did pull off a miracle and win. He hit the big one. His Thanksgiving wishes came true. Would John's life change? Would yours? You bet your life it would. John's life did change, after living through what he thought was a heart attack that Saturday night. He and his family were ecstatic. John quit his job the next day. He could buy almost anything he want-

wheel. If you doubled your

Abby



Hello, the Ark named me Abby. I am a pretty silver tabby. I was born at the Ark with my 5 brothers and sisters. Wow! The Ark has had a lot of kittens this year. They call it "kitten season".

There were lots of baby kittens born at the Ark this year. Many are adopted and others waiting for adoption. There are still nursing baby kittens that are not ready for adoption. It has been a long kitten season. It started in May and is still going strong. Four of my siblings have been adopted to loving homes.

Please try and remember to have your pets spayed and neutered so they cannot have babies. That would be a true kindness to your cat or your dog. Remember a cat can have 3 litters of babies a year. There are not enough homes for all that are born.

I am still waiting for my loving home. When you come to the Ark ask to see Abby, that's me.

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One half of our world will never understand the other half, and it doesn't matter which half you're in.

ed on credit. Merchants were more than happy to extend it based on confirmation of John's win. New car for him, wife and grown kids. Trips, luxury and money is no object. That's the life, huh?

Let's visit with John two years later. He is miserable. John says to a reporter, "It was great for a while to have all that money. But my wife and I had to get unlisted phone numbers to keep friends from calling and asking for money for a great investment, or for a worthy cause, or their dying relative that could be cured with a costly radical new drug or procedure. I gave money at first. You can't imagine the anger when I finally said NO to them. It was terrible. Soon I had no friends. My kids hated me when I finally started saying NO to them as well. My new friends were shallow money-friends."

John shook his bowed head he now held between his hands. "You can't imagine the burden that comes with a ten million dollar mansion in Florida and the staff to keep it going. Rip-off property managers. The insurance, taxes, and salaries of everyone. My yacht Captain keeping my ship in ready-to-run condition month after month. Now triple that for my other two places around the states and the private jet plane to get there."

John drew up a deep breath and exhaled as if he was glad to get it all off his chest. "My wife left me months ago and went back home to live with her parents in another state. Course she took half of what we had in the way of property and liquids left in the bank. Heck, she could afford the very best lawyer, and I ended up paying for him."

He looked at the reporter and said with a hollow stare in dark eye sockets, "So you ask me what it's like to win the lottery? Not all it's cracked up to be. I'll be broke soon and the bills may keep coming out of nowhere. To get any peace at all, I need to sell everything I own for a fraction of the price, but I still can't be happy."

"Everything that meant anything is gone. The life I had that I thought was hard. I had friends, family and good times. Never again will I have a Saturday afternoon cookout with beer, friends and a game on the portable TV."

John drew one last huge cleansing breath and said, "Everything that ever brought me true joy is gone. Winning the lottery was not my dream wish come true. It was my worst nightmare."

Sand Tarts

2 sticks butter, softened
1/3 c. powdered sugar
2 c. cake flour, sifted
2 t. vanilla extract
1-1/2 c. pecans, chopped

Cream butter and sugar til light and fluffy. Gradually work in the flour. Add vanilla and nuts. Shape into small balls or crescents.

Bake on greased cookie sheet for 20 minutes at 325 degrees til lightly browned. While still warm roll in powdered sugar.

These will melt in your mouth!



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The Iron Bowl War Eagle! Roll Tide!

by Hugh Michaels



It is a football game to be played at Auburn, Alabama on Nov. 26, 2019 - Auburn Tigers vs. Alabama Crimson Tide.

This football game will be watched by over a million people, it will be watched on television or listened to on the radio. Many go to the game to watch up close. Local bars will be packed with screaming or crying people.

Lifelong friends will turn on each other. Families will be torn apart. Unbelievable things may happen on this day.

Why do we let a football game turn us into our alter identities?

This all started years ago. Do you remember Pat Dye or Bear Bryant? You should remember Pat Sullivan or Joe Namath.

Some people just can't stand to lose. I had a friend who at-

tended all of the games, home or away. He was a football fanatic. He worshipped his team. My friend was a good Christian man. One year his team lost and he just could not accept it. As soon as the game was over he had a massive heart attack. He died, my friend is now in heaven enjoying all of the games - win or lose. His death was a tragedy. I know it was his time, but it was like he lost his life over a football game.

"Toomer's Corner" - have you ever witnessed the ceremony that occurs when the Auburn Tigers win? It is unbelievable how much toilet paper is thrown into the air.

This year "Bama" will probably be favored. There are so many games of the past that will always be remembered. How about the one-second game with Auburn? The Million Dollar Band from Alabama makes the game just a little more exciting.

The Pride of Dixie band from Auburn helps to make the game more colorful.

Here is hoping the Good Lord will give us good weather. Hey fans, be like boxers - shake hands before the game starts! Go to church on Sunday. Let God help to ease the pain.

Remember have fun but be a good loser if it turns out that way.



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This Veterans Day stop for a moment and think about what the day really means.

Then the next time you see a Veteran, say "Thank you for your Service."



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RUNNING TO THE STORE

by Tommy Towery

"I need you to run to the store for me!" This was a common directive aimed at me by my mother when I was a kid in the mid 1950s.

It was not a big deal really, and often I enjoyed having a reason to go there. The store to which I had to "run to" was Kroger at the northwest corner of East Clinton Street and Lincoln Street. It was a mere two-tenths of a mile from our house on East Clinton - less than a 10 minute walk. It would have taken less time had I actually run.

Most often my trips were to purchase a half-gallon of Meadow Gold milk and/or a loaf of white bread. It was never an order for bread or just a loaf of bread; it was always a "loaf of white bread." The brand of bread I normally bought was Merita. It may sound a bit strange for a pre-teenage male to be brand conscious, but not to me. After all, Merita bread sponsored "The Lone Ranger" and the name was pounded into my brain with multiple commercials during each week's Saturday morning show.

My mother finally quit asking me to buy lettuce because every time she did I bought cabbage instead. She always told me to get the firmest head of lettuce I could find, and the green leafy head of cabbage was always much firmer than the head of iceberg lettuce. I didn't eat either one so how was I to know the difference?

No matter how short or long the grocery list happened to be, no trip to Kroger was complete for a

kid without taking a stroll down the breakfast cereal aisle. I could have cared less which type of cereal was in a box, it was the toys inside which caught my attention. "Free Inside" was printed in big letters on their fronts for kids back then. Cheerios once offered a collection of guided missiles which could be fired from their spring-loaded launchers. I hated Cheerios, but ate them religiously just to get the toys in the bottom of the cereal boxes. Like a coal miner I dug through the flakes of cereal until my fingers finally grasped the prizes.

Once, with a box top from Kellogg's Frosted Flakes and 25-cents, I became the proud owner of a set of three colorful plastic frogmen who would surface and dive in a tub of water when their bases were filled with baking soda. Later, another quarter and a box top brought me a small USS Nautilus inspired submarine in our mail box using the same principal. Other items were designed to catch the attention of children while their parents shopped. Our kitchen cabinet became the home to a set of "Howdy Doody" jars which once held Welch's Grape Jelly.

In the 1959-60 timeframe, Kroger offered shoppers an opportunity to purchase a complete set of The Golden Book Encyclopedia. One new volume was added to the shelf each week and for 99-cents per volume it took 16 weeks to own the complete set. I had to rush to Kroger at the start of each week to insure I got the latest volume before they sold out. As an aside, I still sing the song from "The Mickey Mouse Club Show" each time I try to spell out E-N-C-YC-LO-PEDIA, thanks to Jimmy Cricket's efforts.

A trip to Kroger in 1956 resulted in the purchase of a

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"I was so ugly as a kid, my
mother used to feed me with
a slingshot."

Rodney Dangerfield

box of Quaker Oatmeal. I did not particularly like oatmeal, but just as I bought cereal for what was free inside, I did the same for the oatmeal. Inside specially marked boxes of Quaker's was a free theater ticket to attend the opening of the space classic "Forbidden Planet" The idea of getting to see a first run movie for free was exciting. Those tickets now sell for over \$35 each on eBay.

And who could forget the opportunity of free things available when shopping at Kroger via their Top Value Trading Stamp program? With each purchase the small yellow stamps would be distributed to be pasted onto a page in a book. Stamps became pages; pages became books; books became merchandise. The more books you collected, the bigger the items you could redeem them for at the local Top Value Redemption Center.

Over the years I witnessed great technological changes happen at my Kroger store. I remember the installation of the motorized conveyor belts at the cashier stands. It was magic. Put your items on the belt and the cashier pushed a button and they moved to her. She rang up each item up by manually entering the prices printed on them. There were no bar codes and no scanners then. After keying in each price she pushed the items to the sack boy who skillfully packed them into the brown paper bags. I always put my purchases on the far end of the belt just to see her do her magic and make the items come to her.

Another technology change I witnessed happened to the store's front door. One day when I walked up and reached out to open the front door, I fell flat on my face. The door had opened automatically - without me touching it. My momentum intended to push open the front door could not be stopped and down I went. That was the first time I had ever seen a door which would open when someone stepped on the rubber mat in front of it. I think I stood there and made the door open and close about a dozen times. I was so fascinated with the concept.

I also became fascinated with the store's new automatic coffee grinder. Coffee beans were sold in bags and were poured into the top of the grinder. The empty bag was placed in the holder below a funnel. The dial to select the desired grind of the coffee was set and with the push of a button the beans spilled into the grinder with the sound of a buzz saw. The ground coffee filled the bag and the aroma of fresh coffee filled the air. Although I did not drink coffee, I loved the smell emitted from the machine as it did its job.

Unlike the historical value of the houses on East Clinton, the Kroger store's importance was not considered the same. Though its physical structure fell victim to the demolition team several years ago, the memories of my trips to it remain in my mind. I have other memories of those days, but they must wait until later I suppose. I can't put all my eggs in one basket.

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