



No. 328

JUNE 2020



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

HUNTSVILLE ROMANCE IN THE '30S AND '40S



Have you ever wondered where folks went on dates in Huntsville back in the 1930's and 1940's, when Huntsville was still just a sleepy little cotton town? When the boundaries of the city went from Meridian and Washington Streets on the north to Huntsville Hospital on the South?

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Huntsville Romance in the '30s and '40s

by *Linda Strange*

Originally published in Old Huntsville in 1991

Have you ever wondered where folks went on dates in Huntsville back in the 1930's and 1940's, when Huntsville was still just a sleepy little cotton town? When the boundaries of the city went from Meridian and Washington Streets on the north to Huntsville Hospital on the South?

Well, I started wondering about that very thing the other day and decided to ask some long-time Huntsville residents just where they went on a date. I called about eight folks and each had a unique version of Huntsville as a place to date years ago. Each person I talked to told me of fun times spent at the old Lyric Theater downtown and also at the Grand Theater, around the corner from the Lyric.

A few mentioned the Elk's, an old opera house on the Square that once had good stage shows. Also a few told about the Princess Theater on Church Street.

When asked about restaurants, one place was mentioned unanimously as having the best burgers in town. A place called Swaims, where many took their dates. One

fellow said you could smell those delicious burgers when you got within a mile of the place.

Some other favorite hangouts for kids with dates were the old Post Office Cafe downtown, the Central Cafe, Broadway's Restaurant (where Roper's florist is now located). Mullins Drive-In used to be on Stevens Street before moving to its present location on Andrew Jackson Way. One guy said you could get a good sized burger at Mullins at that time for a dime. Two other nice places were McKights and Adcock's.

One fellow mentioned that Huntsville had many honky tonks during this time. A few were pretty notorious and you didn't take a date there. Mostly you went drinking there with the guys. Places like the White Castle, better known as the Bloody Bucket, because of all the Saturday night fights there, were all well known. Then, of course, was the Snuffdipper's Ball on Jefferson Street. A few other clubs mentioned were Galley's and Midway. Steadman's also was a nice place to eat and dance. It was located where the present Big B Drugs is, near Huntsville Hospital.

Almost unanimously the folks I talked to raved about the Monte Sano Tavern. It was located next to the park and picnic area on Monte Sano. Some referred to it as the Lodge.

For years I thought I was looking at the burned-out ruins of the Monte Sano Hotel in the park, but now I realize those ruins were of the Tavern. The old hotel was lo-

"A wedding is a funeral where you can smell your own flowers."

Jim Wells, Madison



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(in memory)

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cated on a bluff overlooking the city on what is now Old Chimney Road. You can still see the old chimney of the burned out hotel.

Everyone agreed the Tavern was a favorite place to eat, with large oak beams overhead and a huge stone fireplace at either end of the large dining room.

One gal told me that on her very first date she was taken to the old Post Office Cafe. She thought she'd be adventurous so she ordered fried oysters. Never having eaten any, she had to drown them in ketchup to get them down.

If a girl didn't have lots of dates back then (before the War) something was wrong. There were lots of fellas around town and most were military guys, all waiting to be called up for the War.

Those were very uncertain times. If you were dating a guy, you were not sure after a few dates if you'd ever see him again. He may be called up for the War and then never come back to Huntsville. He may move back to his hometown after the War and then you'd lose track of each other.

Even with all the uncertainty though, everyone managed to have a pretty good time in small

town Huntsville. Picnics were often mentioned as a fun thing to do, and also swimming. There were lots of drive-in restaurants around during those days. The one mentioned by almost everyone as having the best barbeque in town was Bill's. It was located on Meridian Street near the old Lincoln School.

Everyone's favorite drug store was Tom Dark's on the Square. It had little round ice cream tables where you could go with a date for ice cream and a good fountain coke. It was once on the East Side of the Square but then later moved to the North Side. Mr. Dark's motto was "We've been on the Square for years."

One gal said when her steady guy went off to the War, it had been decided that she would date others while he was gone. Some of her dates in his absence took her to her favorite eating place, the Russel Erskine Hotel. She said they served wonderful homemade rolls, great watercress salad and the best homemade pies in town.

When her steady came back home and asked her to marry him, she said she'd have to think about it. She told him she wanted to get out of debt before marriage. She

owed downtown Dunnavant's \$100, which was a lot of money back then.

He promptly paid her Dunnavant's bill so she, running out of excuses and also being very much in love with him, married him immediately. She laughs and tells folks now that she married him because he paid off her Dunnavant's bill!

Back then, it was a more casual time. There weren't as many planned activities as now. With so little going on in town in the way of entertainment, folks going on dates had to think up things to do on their own. It sounds like they did a pretty good job of it. It sounds like those were some pretty good times and great memories for a lot of people in early Huntsville.

I kinda wish I'd been there, too!

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A BELATED THANK YOU

by David Bowser

The following story is of an event that happened when I was 17 and how Mr. George Epps of Harvest, AL helped me and our family through a very difficult situation we were facing. Not many people outside family or close friends know of this because quite frankly it was an embarrassing low point in our family's life at this time. This wasn't due to being lazy or bad habits, but sometimes things happen that are out of our control and cause a downward spiral.

We were living in an old run-down house without a car and I don't think we even had a phone. Somehow we got word that my Mom's Dad, my Grandfather, had had a stroke and was doing very poorly, not expected to recover. Grandpa lived in a Northern State and my mother was bound and determined to see him one last time.

Now, my Mother could be very strong willed and impetuous. There were 3 of us kids, with me being the oldest. Mom packed a suit case and headed out on foot, leaving Dad to take care of the 3 kids, so I decided to catch up with her and try to figure something out. I had no idea how this was going to work or what to do. When I caught up with her I convinced her to go back home, that something could be done.

By his time it was getting dark and as I was walking, thinking and praying a large house came into view. I don't remember now if I knew whose house it was or not, but despite my reluctance and embarrassment it seemed impressed in me to ask for help there. I summoned the courage to ring the doorbell. I don't remember now who answered but presently was invited into the George Epps home. I started telling them what was going on and was told that they would see what could be done.

I think it was the next day that Mr. Epps said that he had a friend who would fly us to see my Grandfather. As this is being written I've tried to come up with a way to say how much this meant to us, but words fail me. Just thank you from the bottom of my heart. We did get to see my Grandfather before he passed away.

For a very long time I've somehow wanted to let people know of this generous act and couldn't come up with a way until I thought of Old Huntsville Magazine, that it might be possible.

Recently, something happened that prompted me to get this done. A nice, professional looking lady came into where I work and I noticed that her last name was Epps and asked if she had heard of George Epps. Of course, he was her father! So, my story was given in a Readers Digest short version and how much her father's help meant to us,

So, once again, a belated Thank You to the Epps family.

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MY CARS OVER THE YEARS

by Don Royston



When Joyce and I married in 1989, she had a 1987 Maxima. I still had the 1980 Mazda 626. The Maxima was a very good high quality car and we went on to buy 1995 and 2001 Maximas. In 1986, I bought a used 1984 Toyota Camry from a friend at work and this also was an excellent car.

Unfortunately, we lost this car in an EF-4 tornado that killed 21 and injured over 460. Joyce and I were on the way home from work, around 4:30 pm on that Wednesday evening of November 15, 1989. We were going north on the Parkway and approaching the intersection at Airport Road. We saw this big black cloud coming across the golf course and the car was being hit by flying debris. We were about the third car back from the stoplight when the storm struck just behind us heading east down Airport Road toward Whitesburg Drive. The wind picked us up and turned us about 90 degrees where our car came to a rest facing west.

The engine and radio were still running when news came over the radio that a tornado was on the ground at Airport Road heading east toward Whitesburg Drive. (At this point, we knew that very well!) Cars just behind us were blown off the highway and some were turned over. The lights were knocked out of our car and the windshield was broken.

"I just asked my 6 year old if he understands why there is no school. He said "Yes, because they are out of toilet paper.""

Nancy Jennings, Madison

When the emergency vehicles started arriving, I told Joyce that I was going to try to get out of the way; so, that is what we did - driving on home to Lake-wood with no lights. When we arrived home and tried to open the passenger side door, it would not open. When I looked at the door from the outside, it had a 2-by-4 jammed between the front fender and door. We went into the garage as we were covered with shattered glass on our heads and clothes. I had a minor cut on my forehead. After shedding our outer clothes and shaking off the shattered glass, we entered the house and listened to the news.

The next morning, when we inspected the Camry, we found a 2-by-4 lying on the back seat and the car had been totaled. We realized how fortunate we were to have gone through this with no injury. The tornado had caused widespread damage to the areas where it struck.

We were now down to one car, the 1987 Maxima. I then started looking for a replacement for the 1984 Camry. I looked around for awhile, when I finally found a 1986 Honda Accord. This car had the folding headlights and was very clean with low mileage. I really liked this car, but it also had an unfortunate end.

One day when we were coming home from work, we were nearing the intersection of the Parkway and



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Whitesburg and had a misfortune. There was a police car ahead of the car in front of us when the policeman decided to make a left turn into a pizza place on the west side of the Parkway. I saw what was happening and started to apply my brakes to avoid hitting the car in front of us which was braking to avoid the turning police car.

I was able to stop before hitting the car in front of us, but unfortunately the driver behind us was not looking so he plowed into the rear of us going about 45 mph. This in turn, pushed us into the car in front of us so both the front and rear end of the Honda were heavily damaged. The seat belts saved us, but Joyce suffered a broken sternum that was very painful and took several weeks to recover.

At this point I had not even received the title for this car and it was totaled. WOW!! Two cars totaled on the Parkway in less than three months!


After we bought the 1995 Maxima, I decided to buy a 1996 Nissan king cab pickup. It was a four cylinder vehicle with automatic transmission at

the request of Joyce who wanted the auto to make it easier for her to drive if necessary. This was not a good choice as the acceleration to merge in traffic left something to be desired.

We next bought a 2001 Maxima and then a 2005 Nissan Frontier extended cab which had a six cylinder automatic transmission. This has been a very good and reliable truck which I am still driving today (April, 2017). The truck has low mileage (less than 40K) and is doing great.

After son Robert and family moved from West Virginia to Trussville, AL to work for Honda at Lincoln Alabama, we purchased a 2009 Honda Accord 6 cylinder using his employee discount. We picked out the car we wanted and it was delivered to our Huntsville dealer, Jerry Damson Honda. We have made numerous trips in this car and it has proven to be very reliable. We have really enjoyed the car.


Today (April, 2017) it has less than 70,000 miles on it and I fully expect to drive it into eternal life! As long as I stay off Parkway and Whitesburg Drive.



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Mama's Obsession with Cleanliness

by Jean Brewer McCrady

"Y'all wipe ye feet and wash ye hands—dinner's ready" was the mantra we heard daily as we entered the back porch when coming in from the field for the noon meal. Mama would leave us in the field and go to the house mid-morning to cook dinner. ("Lunch" had not yet made its way into the Southern vocabulary.)

I don't know whether the adage "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" is a Biblical truth or just one of those givens that we know to be a fact. Knowing it to be a fact, regardless of its origin, made me wonder why Mama thought it necessary to remind us of it with such consistent regularity. It was not just something she said; it was the 11th Commandment, and none of us dared ignore or take it lightly.

We all knew that while she was taking up the bread, getting the fried potatoes or fried okra onto a platter, and giving the pinto beans a final stirring, she was watching through the kitchen window the action at the wash pan on the back porch.

To make sure the lye soap was used and noting any signs on the drying towel that the hands made too quick a pass through the water. Washin' ye hands was not a trivial matter, with no shortcuts allowed to the understood specifications for the proper way to do it.

Dinner was not a snack. It was a full-blown hot meal cooked from scratch, usually consist-

ing of cornbread, potatoes and/or beans, fried okra or squash, sliced tomatoes and occasionally some kind of meat. Meat was a treat, not a staple.

Supper consisted of leftovers from dinner, along with our favorite, milk 'n bread—cornbread crumbled into sweet milk. Or in my case, buttermilk. Even now, when cornbread is left from a pinto bean supper, I treat myself to buttermilk 'n bread the next day. It's just one of those things from being raised in the South that you never get over.

A host of other cleanliness codes governed our daily lives. Since we're at the dinner table, here's a few examples. Code No. 1, you never ever approached a serving dish with your own eating utensil. No matter that the baked sweet potato or chicken

leg you stabbed with your fork was the only thing you'd touch, it was a no-no that would get you sent from the table before you could take the next bite.

Also, you never touched anyone else's food with your hands, even though they had the lye soap treatment just minutes earlier. The only allowable exception to this rule was that Daddy could choose to toss biscuits rather than pass the plate around the table. That was the only dish on the table without a serving utensil and its place on the table was right in front of Daddy.

Now that I think about it, I can see the probable reasoning behind his biscuit tossing. It eliminated the chance for anyone to snag a biscuit with their own fork, or equally dangerous, to accidentally touch another one



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"My dog wasn't feeling well, so I tried his food and it made me sick, too."

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when picking off one by hand. Now it all makes sense.

One of my earliest memories of a cleanliness code breach happened in first grade. Even at age 6 Mama began to trust me with the morning ritual of putting on clean underwear, called step-ins, when getting ready for school. I never failed her.

But one day upon returning from school she was waiting on the front porch to confront me with a presumed breach. Being as how my "dirty" step-ins were not in the usual place to be gathered for the wash, she surmised I had breached the rule. Upon being questioned, I insisted I had put on clean ones because I remembered doing it.

But she had to see for herself, and what she found was that I had indeed donned a clean pair of step-ins, but without removing the dirty ones first. I don't recall what happened next, but I can guess she smothered the urge to laugh while I resisted

the temptation to defend myself with, "but I did what you told me; you didn't say anything about taking off the old ones." That was one of many successful lessons of one-trial learning while growing up under Mama's obsession with cleanliness.

Her devotion to it was all pervasive. What time wasn't spent keeping everyone in clean and ironed clothes and taking care of the family in other ways, was spent keeping the house in undying order. Immediately after every meal, the dishes were washed, dried and put away. Allowing them to air dry in the drainer was an untidy no-no.

Then the kitchen floor was swept and mopped. It wasn't a question of whether it needed it; it was time to do it and done it was, without exception. The floor would get the same treatment as the parting act before the family went anywhere in the car. Even if Daddy was already waiting behind the wheel. And

even with Mama knowing that cold water was being doused on the outing.

Saturday was deep-cleaning day, with all hands on deck. You see, Sunday was the most likely day for company to come. It was common for relatives to drop in unannounced on Sunday afternoons. There was no way to phone ahead to make such arrangements, so you just had to be ready. For Mama, it was unthinkable for the house not to be company-ready.

Among the aunts, uncles, cousins and others, Mama had the sterling reputation of being a good, no, the best, housekeeper. She had earned that reputation by hard work, by relentlessly enforcing her cleanliness codes, and by defending them to the hilt.

Unless someone can show me the origin of the adage "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," I'm going to assert that it originated with Mama.

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A PIECE OF MY MIND

by Belinda Talley



Welcoming the much-needed sunshine, I open the blinds. It is 8:05, Monday morning; what a way to start the week, by releasing happy into the room.

"What is that?" I shriek. That bold sunshine exposed my half-hearted attempt at dusting. I will fix that right now...

Walking into the kitchen retrieving my duster, I admire the fresh-cut flowers from my sister's yard. Leaning into the sweet aroma of the velvety Iris, I notice that it needs water. Lifting the vase, I see that the tablecloth needs to be changed. Setting the vase in the sink, I take the tablecloth to the washing machine.

Entering the laundry room, Jazzy, my cat is rubbing against my leg. Thinking she is hungry I reach down to feed her. I smell that her litter needs immediate attention. "Okay Jazzy, you are next, I promise. Yes, you are a pretty baby girl. Give me just one minute." Opening the lid to the washer, I see the clean jeans that need to go in the dryer.

If I am going to run a load of clothes, I need to get the rest of the dirty clothes. Entering the bedroom, "For Pete's sake, I thought that I had made the bed." I may as well do it now, before I get distracted...

What is that music? Is that my phone?

"...trees of green, red roses too. I see them bloom, for me and for you... and I think to myself, what a wonderful..."

"Hello... No, I am not interested. The car is nine years old and it has over ninety-something thousand miles. Are you kidding me?"

Blocking a number, should not be that hard. But first, I am thirsty and I need a glass of sweet tea. Plopping down with my sweet tea, the warmth of the sun entices me to stay. Goodness me, I am exhausted...

The dusting is not done and the flowers still need water. The tablecloth is not changed, and the laundry remains. The clean jeans are still wet and a made bed, was in my head. The litter smells bad and the cat is mad.

What have I done today; you ask? "Let me give you a piece of my mind; I will have you know that I have worked hard, all day." It is 8:11 am.



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* You can drive nails into a board easier and without bending them if you first dip the nails into lard.

* A lump of camphor in your clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

* The pulp of a lemon, rubbed on the roots of your hair, will stop ordinary cases of falling out.

* In laying away of fine white gowns for any length of time, they should first be wrapped in blue paper, then in a sheet or in muslin wrap of some kind.

* Cornmeal and salt, mixed well, make one of the best brighteners for carpets during sweeping.

* Stale bread will clean kid gloves.

* A lump of soda laid on the drain pipe will prevent the pipes from becoming clogged with grease; also, flood the pipes once a week with boiling water to which you've added a little soda.

* White marble can be cleaned up with water and soda.

* A little Vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

* To remove mildew from clothing, soak in sour buttermilk, spread out in the sun.

* Powdered borax dampened and pressed under the finger nails, allowed to remain for a short time, will bleach nails.

* To keep sandwiches moist cover with a damp cloth. Wring cloth as dry as possible.

* If you're having a dinner party, the guest of honor, a lady, sits to the right of the host.

* After washing lettuce, tie in

napkin or cheesecloth and place on ice. It will drip and crisp. Lettuce tied in cloth and hung in draft will crisp as well as when placed on ice.

* If you can't see in the dark, eat blueberries in season. They can help restore night vision.

* A quick picker-upper is 1/4 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a cup of water. Drink it down and get a second wind.

* Slowly drink two teaspoons of olive oil to relieve a scalded throat.

* Coffee grounds and tea leaves make wonderful additions to your garden.

Cathey's Corona Virus Tips

- It's amazing how your stress level will drop when you turn on just music. Watching the news will up your stress level for sure.

- When you are out, good idea to wear a mask when you'll be in anything indoors. I think everyone appreciates that and you will be protecting yourself too!

- Sanitize and wash the best you can - but remember this - before you eat or touch your face and mouth - be sure and wash hands thoroughly with soap and water. You'll be touching infected things all day but it's critical to just wash up before you eat or touch your face.

- When you have a large bottle of the Clorox sanitizer wipes, there's excess liquid. Take half sheets of paper towel and stuff them down in there - they will absorb the rest of the liquid for you to use.

- Drink green tea - it's great to help your immune system.



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Neil Keith, Huntsville



I was asked by a ten-year-old little girl what exactly is NORMAL and I told her "It is conforming with an accepted standard."

Then she said that she heard on TV that now we have a new normal, so what is it she asked. I have a feeling she will be seeing most of us wearing masks, gloves and using hand sanitizer for many months to come.

Society must not let their guard down, because the corona virus is a virus that strikes people of all ages. It's especially hard on the citizens in nursing homes.

Now we hear that it might affect very young kids too.

We still have to remember "stay home - stay safe." We will need to

Until further notice, the days of the week are now called Thisday, Thatday, Otherday, Someday, Yesterday, Today and Nextday!

adjust and then make more adjustments as things develop.

Pets are such a good companion, especially in times like these. My cat, Leroy Higgins, stays by my side constantly. He thinks he is a dog following me from room to room.

I wonder if it is just me, I seem to find it hard to remember what day it is - even my Christmas cactus thinks it is December, as it is in full bloom.

I try to call friends every day to check on them, especially the ones living alone. They appreciate a call just knowing you are thinking of them. I urge each of you to call your friends also. It can be rather lonely confined to their home and not being able to get out.

Please support your restaurants, local stores and shops. We don't want any of these to close permanently as they are a means of support to so many.

Dear readers, try to get out and enjoy these sunny days and beautiful flowers. You might ask a friend to meet up with you for a walk, just stay six feet away and have a mask on. If you have a dog, I'm sure he would enjoy getting out too. Pets get cabin fever just like people do.

Wishing all of you to stay in and stay safe. I hope to see you next month. Until then, keep a smile on your face and a song in your heart.

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O'le Dad's 25th Anniversary is June 10th. We will have to postpone any celebrations and give-aways until we know more about how this COVID-19 progresses. We are really sorry but we will have it at a later date. We will let you know when it's rescheduled!

**Thank you, Thank you to our loyal customers who have supported us through this difficult time!
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On June 9, it'll be 4 years since we lost Bill. I miss him every single day. He wouldn't know what to think of all the things that are happening these days. Our 44th wedding anniversary would have been on June 1. Sending love to my angel in heaven.



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A Lost Treasure

by Malcolm W. Miller,
Originally published in July 2011



On June sixteenth this year I lost a good friend and Huntsville, Madison County and surrounding areas lost a real treasure.

Tom Carney, long time Huntsville resident and business man, passed away after a short illness. Leaving with Tom were all those great stories about this area that were in this great story teller and historian's mind never to be told. However, he did leave us with boundless stories that have already been published in the Old Huntsville Magazine as well as in other places. Needless to say he will be sorely missed by his constant companion. His lovely wife and business partner will take over and do an outstanding job making sure that this magazine, which is read by many thousands, will keep going and prosper in the coming years.

Tom and Cathey were still deeply in love even after twenty-three years of marriage, you could just feel it when you were in their presence. Talk about culture and background differences; Cathey the daughter of a Mother who was a physician from Germany and Father, a Colonel in the Army. Tom was from Hurricane Creek community, raised by his

grandparents during hard times - now you just don't get more southern and countrified than that. However, opposites do attract and they were very much attracted to one another and made a great team both in their work and personal life.

Tom Carney talked the talk and walked the walk when it came to telling stories. He grew up during hard times and overcame many obstacles where lesser men would have failed.

Tom has had two books published; has helped several others putting together their books, he was a voracious reader who read on average two books every day. He did all this and still made time for researching history of Huntsville and Madison County and chatting with the many friends who would drop by their home in Old Town Huntsville, that's what I call that section of the city.

Tom was also a very generous person. I had an old shot gun that was rusty and scarred up, in a really bad condition. It had belonged to my Father and all of my six brothers and I learned to hunt with this gun. I showed it to Tom and he offered to refinish it for me and make it look like new. He did just that and would not take a thing for all the hours of work he put into refurbishing it.

Tom liked to talk about his experiences as a young boy. I recall one story he told me about riding with his uncle who was a Deputy Sheriff when

**“A cat will look down to a man.
A dog will look up to a man.
But a pig will look you straight in
the eye and see his equal.”**

Sir Winston Churchill

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selling liquor in Madison County was illegal. The sheriff was still on the fee system with a small salary and the deputies made even less. Bootleggers were everywhere and they needed protection from being fined or worse, sent to prison. Tom said his uncle would pull up to a bootlegger's place and the man would come out with a shot of whiskey and a sack full of money. Tom decided right then that he knew what he wanted to be when he grew up, but obviously as time went on he decided that wasn't such a good idea.

Tom Carney's writing didn't just stop with the publication of several books and writing stories for Old Huntsville. It is not widely known but he wrote several things for the famous comic and author Lewis Grizzard, also he wrote some of the segments for popular radio personality Paul Harvey's Rest of the Story broadcasts.

Cathey told me that on one occasion Paul Harvey called Tom and told him he should move to Chicago. Tom's response was "Sorry I can't do that, it's cold in Chicago and I would have to start wearing socks."

That was my friend Tom Carney and I will never forget him.



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How to Reduce Stress at its Source

by Elizabeth M. Hall, PhD

Stress is all around us since it is our reaction to life, and, thus, everyone experiences it. In fact, it has been said that the only time we don't experience stress is when we are dead! What makes the difference in individual lives is how we handle it.

Many articles have been written about how to deal with stress; however, these articles usually give steps for dealing with the effects of stress on our well-being and life style. Typically, these steps include maintaining a healthy diet, rest, exercise, meditation or prayer, etc. All of these practices are helpful, but they do not address the source of your stress. If we can reduce the actual stressor at its source, we gain more control over the amount, degree, or type of stress in our lives.

Stress occurs from two sources. Good stress, called eustress, comes from happy events in our lives - new jobs, babies, homes or holidays, weddings, etc. Bad stress, called distress, comes from unhappy events in our lives - illness, deaths, divorce, loneliness, etc. Both types can be addressed at their source to reduce the impact.

Step 1: Write down all sources of stress you are currently experiencing. Then rank them in order of the stress level or the impact on your life, with "1" being the most stressful. You will work through this list, one source or problem at a time when starting the actual work, but it helps just to lay out the sources of stress in your life.

Step 2: For each source of stress, list, in writing, the goal you would like to achieve to reduce the impact of the actual event or problem. This should be a realistic step, not wishful thinking. It should be a goal to reduce or improve the actual problem or situation.

Step 3: For each goal for each source of stress, write one or more action steps to achieve the goal for that stressor. When developing a list of action steps, be creative and broad-based in your thinking. You will want to give yourself as many options as possible.

Examples Follow:

Source of stress: Unemployment/disruption of income

Goal to reduce source of stress: Increase cash flow/reduce expenses

Action steps:

1) Come up with a new source of income using your current skill set (think broadly about everything you can do).

2) Get a quick update of a new skill set (on-line, mentorship, apprenticeship, etc).

3) Develop the most stringent budget possible.

4) Engage all immediate family members in creating additional income streams (teen-agers, retired parents, etc).

5) Consider reducing expenses by shared housing, baby-sitting, transportation, etc.

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Source of stress: Concerns for well-being of a friend or family member with health, psychological, or economic issues

Goal to reduce source of stress: Decide who "owns" the problem and what you may be able to do to help

Action steps:

1) Learn all you can about the issue (read, talk to those who understand or who have experience with your issue.)

2) Determine what aspect (if any) you have control over or impact upon and with which you can or may wish to help.

3) Decide, in advance, how much money, time, emotional energy, etc you have to invest in it (be realistic!). Set clear boundaries about what you can do.

Source of stress: Fears about the future (health, death, food supply interruptions, downsizing, etc)

Goal to reduce source of stress: Develop a plan of action to replace fears with realistic steps to reduce the impact.

Action steps:

1) Write down the fear and its component parts and any aspects that you think will be particularly difficult for you.

2) Get educated about the facts of your fear by reading and talking with others.

3) Write out possible steps you can take; rank order them by importance and "do-ability".

4) Start working through the steps listed. Check off as you do them.

Conclusion

By approaching the source of stress from a proactive, intellectual perspective rather than an emotional reaction, you put yourself in charge of reducing your stress. When you reduce the source and impact of the stress itself with a plan of action, you put yourself a little more in control of your life, and losing control in our life is, of course, what increases our distress!

And, of course, diet, exercise, quality time with friends and other sources of emotional support, rest and prayer always help...

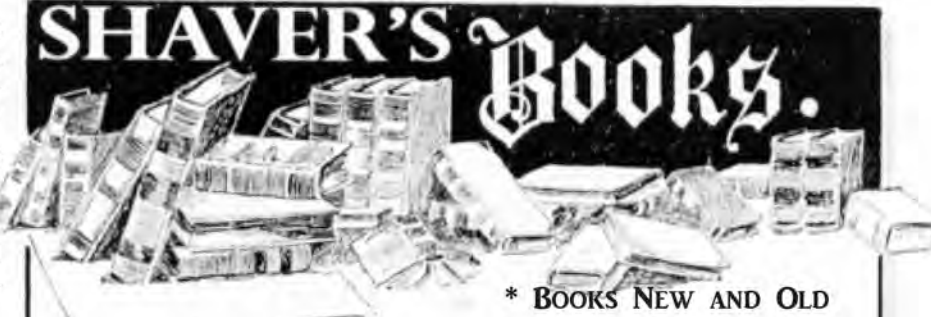
Cheesy Potato Soup

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 sweet onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, chopped fine
- 3 c. potatoes, sliced thin
- 1 t. garlic powder
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 c. water
- 1 c. Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 3 c. milk
- 1/2 c. cream

Cook bacon in sauce pan til crisp. Remove, drain and keep for later. In the bacon grease, saute onions and carrots. Add water and potatoes and simmer til potatoes are tender. Add the seasonings and milk, heat to boiling point and add cream.

When serving sprinkle the crumbled bacon and top with cheese.

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



First of all, how are you coping with this history-making change in our lives? Our hearts are broken for the people that have been lost to this virus. We know many are going through hardships now and believe it'll get better. It'll be good to be able to hug again.

Our winner for the Photo of the Month for last month was **Jo Frazier** of New Hope. The adorable little boy was **Charlie Lyle**, who led a very popular swing band here in Huntsville for many years. He also wrote funny stories for the magazine and was a kind, talented man. Jo told me that Charlie was her band director at New Hope High School when she was in the band. Jo was married to **John Ed Frazier** for many years before he passed away 2 years

ago. She misses him every day.

We had many calls for the hidden heart that I thought I had made nearly impossible to find. However as many mentioned, it was too big! Those are fighting words and I can promise what I hide for June will be miniscule.

Our first caller who found the heart was **Brian Curtis** who found it on p. 27 of the May issue, in the Atlanta Bread ad. You see it now? He wins a free subscription to the magazine. He works on the Arsenal. Congratulations Brian!

Kathleen Vaughn is the most optimistic lady I've talked with in a while, and I liked her quote she gave us: "When life gives you rainy days, wear cute boots and jump in the puddles." Love that.

Rosemary Leatherwood sure has many important dates in June. Her BBQ restaurant Ole Dad's will celebrate 25 years in June. Her sister **Lynn Green** has a birthday June 14; her sister **Dot Grant** celebrates hers June 7. Her son-in-law **Allen Woods** has a June 8th birthday. Her 44th anniversary with hubby **Bill** would have been June 1. And he passed away 4 years ago June 9th. Sending love to Rosemary and her family.

Many from the Huntsville area worked at Thiokol Chemical Corp. back in the 60s and 70s and remember **Nita Boyd**. My Dad, **Chuck Owens**, used to tell me what a great lady she was when he was working with her. She was super organized! She worked for

Thiokol for 30 years, then started a new career at Computer Services Corp. where she stayed for 14 more years. She had a Secret Security Clearance, was a Certified Professional Secretary and was Senior Secretary to Thiokol's Director of Engineering, among other achievements. Nita passed away on February 23 this year and is survived by daughter **Amanda Davis (J.)**, son **Joel Boyd (Maria)**, adopted daughter **Jeni Miller**, four grandchildren, brother **Kenneth Cherry (Jackie)** and sister **Patricia Cherry**. She is loved and remembered by so many.

This great tip from **Lawanda Allison** of Decatur, who loves gardening - when you're pulling weeds loosen the roots with a fork. Then when you pull, use needle nose pliers and they come right out. Her good friend **Brenda Henson** came up with the pliers idea and it works.

Elizabeth Wharry tells us her newest grandson was born April 20. **Khai Israel** came into the world weighing 6 pounds at 12:40 pm. His Big brother **Kameron** is excited about having a little bro. Congratulations to the parents and to Grandma!

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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Peggy Long called to tell us her mom will be 100 years old on July 12th! **Nell Long** of Owens Cross Roads is a feisty lady who loves history. That will be a great party! Sending love to you Nell.

Remember if you're seeing white scale on your crepe myrtles, you need to get the drench from Bennetts Nursery or your local garden store and take care of it soon. I drenched 12 trees last year in the spring and it worked! Bennetts will know what you're referring to if you describe it to them.

Susie Bryant is a grandma again! **Addison Ruby Taylor** was born May 11 - a beautiful baby girl whose parents are **Sam & Jessica Taylor**. Congratulations to you!

I discovered how to keep ants from getting into my cat Pumpkin's food. Those little black ants are everywhere now and when I put Pumpkin's plate on the floor in the kitchen I noticed they were on it in very short time. The cat would take a bite then tear through the house so I knew something wasn't right. I put a shallow dish (10") on the floor. Then I put a soup bowl upside down on the plate. Then I poured just a little water on the plate around the bowl, forming a mote. Then the food goes on top of the bowl on a paper plate. NO

ANTS. They can't swim the mote!

OK in honor of Pumpkin I have hidden a **tiny black ant** somewhere in the pages of this magazine. After all the comments from last month, this ant will be actual size! You find it and call, you win a year's subscription to the magazine. No one will find it tho.

Happy 50th anniversary to **Ken and Diane Owens** - Big day is June 13 - Celebrate!

Happy Birthday to that handsome **Evan Troup** of Nashville, he'll be turning 17 June 25 and is already a high school graduate.

If you haven't been walking around Jones Park on 4 Mile Post Road you are missing a great opportunity. There are walking trails, open area, two large ponds with turtles, fish and ducks, people and pets. Everyone respects the 6 foot distancing and wear masks. The landscaping is nice, easy to walk, some bring picnics. If you want to feed the turtles, chop up an apple or two into small pieces and they love it. You can spot the turtles because their head is all you see poking through the water. It makes for a refreshing, healthy hour or so for yourself!

M.D. and Judy Smith are frequent writers for Old Huntsville and we wanted to wish them a

Happy Anniversary on June 8! They will be married 59 years! That seems like an eternity. Congratulations to the lovebirds.

This is just me, but I didn't realize how much food comes from China. I've been reading labels recently especially on frozen foods (fish, shrimp, etc) and I just really prefer to eat food from the U.S. now. So I've been paying attention to labels - try it - you'll be surprised at what you find.

Ayers Farmers Market recently was closed for renovation and when I visited them this past week they had so many fresh strawberries, onions, potatoes, squash - all the cool weather veges and fruits. I even got 3 beautiful red tomatoes! They had ferns and other plants - **Stanley** has been working at Ayers for 25 years now (he must have been 10 when he started) and he was so helpful with getting my stuff to the truck - thank you! Ayers always has seasonal local food so I'll be looking for blueberries in a month or so. The strawberries are easy to clean and freeze for use later.

Lewter's Hardware has jacks! Remember playing with those as a kid? Introduce your kids to those and the other old school toys & games you used to play!



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Country Ham and Red-Eye Gravy

Slice ham 1/4 inch thick. Heat up your cast iron skillet, add about a tablespoon of grease and fry ham on both sides until brown and thoroughly cooked. Remove ham to a warm platter. Add about 1/2 cup of strong coffee to pan drippings and stir until gravy sizzles. Pour over ham and biscuits and wait for the applause!

Southern Greens

5 lbs. mixture of fresh mustard and turnip greens
 2 lbs. ham hocks
 2 qts. water
 1 t. hot red pepper flakes
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Vinegar
 Cover ham hocks with 2 quarts water and boil for one hour. Remove the stems from the greens and wash in cold water til clean. Add greens, red pepper, salt and pepper to pot. Boil for 45 minutes and greens are tender. Serve with pepper sauce on the side.

Mountain Green Beans

3 lbs. snap green beans
 1 ham hock
 Small strip ham fat
 4 c. water - to barely cover beans
 1/2 t. hot red pepper flakes
 1 t. salt
 1/2 t. dried cloves
 1-1/2 T. brown sugar
 1 small onion, chopped

Place all ingredients except for the beans in a large pot and bring to a boil, uncovered. Lower heat and cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Add the beans and bring back to boil, then lower heat and simmer for 3 hours with lid half on, until the liquid is nearly evaporated. Remove the ham hock, break up the ham into small pieces and serve.

Herbed Hot Rice

10 bacon slices
 3 T. bacon drippings
 1 small onion, chopped
 1 c. celery, chopped

1 c. canned sliced mushrooms
 2-1/2 c. rice, cooked
 2 T. soy sauce
 1 egg, beaten

Saute onion and celery in the bacon drippings. Add mushrooms, rice and soy sauce. Just before serving, re-heat and stir in the beaten egg til it's cooked.

For those who love heat, add some cayenne pepper, then top with the crumbled bacon.

Alabama Cracklin' Bread

1/2 c. pork cracklin's
 2 c. buttermilk
 3 c. cornmeal
 1 t. onion salt
 1-1/4 t. soda
 1 t. salt & black pepper
 1/2 c. water, enough to make a soft batter

Preheat your oven to 400 degrees. Combine ingredients and mix until all is blended. Pour into a preheated and greased cast iron skillet.

Bake at 400 for 20-30 minutes.

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Sweet Cherry Bread

- 1 c. sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1-1/2 c. plain flour
- 1-1/2 t. baking powder
- 1/4 t. salt
- 3/4 c. nut meats, chopped
- 1 6-oz. jar red maraschino cherries, quartered
- Juice from the cherries

Beat sugar and eggs together. Sift flour with the baking powder and salt. Add nuts and cherries. Alternately add flour and cherry juice (mix green and red cherries for Christmas bread). Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees in a 1 pound loaf pan.

Georgia Pecan Squares

- 1-1/2 sticks real butter
- 1 c. sugar
- 1 c. flour
- 1 t. cinnamon
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 c. pecans, finely chopped

Use your electric mixer to cream the butter til light. Add dry ingredients. Add egg yolk and vanilla, mix well. Spread in a 18" x 13" Pyrex dish. Brush with egg white, sprinkle liberally with pecans. Bake at 350 degrees for 20-25 minutes and color is a light brown. Cut into small squares, cool on a wire rack.

Country Fried Apples

- 1 heaping T. butter
- 1/2 c. sorghum molasses
- 1/2 c. water

Quarter the apples but do not peel. Place all ingredients in pan and cook slowly with lid on until apples are tender.

New Hope Peanuts

- 3 c. sugar
- 1 t. vinegar
- 1 c. peanuts

Melt sugar in a pan with vinegar, being careful not to let it burn. When melted, add peanuts, stirring as little as possible. Pour on a buttered platter, break up when cold.

Grandma's Lace Cookies

- 2 sticks butter, softened
- 3 c. brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1 t. almond extract (or vanilla if you prefer)
- 4 c. quick rolled oats
- 1/2 c. pecans, chopped fine

With a mixer blend the butter and sugar. Add the egg, extract, and salt and blend in the oats. Make small balls on a greased cookie sheet (I like to use a melon bailer), two inches apart and bake

at 325 degrees for 8 minutes,

These cookies will spread, hence the name. Don't overcook. Let cool completely on cookie sheet (I use aluminum foil to cover the sheet, then just remove the foil with cookies to let cool, reuse the cookie sheet and re-foil).

These can be stored a long time in an airtight container or Ziploc bags, but don't expect them to last a long time.

Human Puppy Chow

- 1 stick butter, softened
- 1 c. smooth peanut butter
- 1 pkg. chocolate chips
- 1-12 oz box Crispix cereal

Melt together the first 3 ingredients in pan. Stir til smooth. Pour over the cereal in large bowl, stir gentle to coat. Make sure you try to not break up the cereal. Sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and watch this disappear!

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Crazy Life Experiences

By Gwendolyn Joop

Reflecting today on some of the lighter side from my personal experiences.

Remembering visiting Brahan Springs Park. Feeding the ducks and fish. Excited as the youngest child on the bridge. Then would notice an empty bread bag or empty soda bottle floating down the stream. Thinking how could people destroy such beauty with just their litter and trash.

Years later. Leaving work traveling a few miles down the street and finished a cigarette and discharged the butt out my automobile window. A few seconds later a Madison Police Officer on a motorcycle pulled me over.

"M'am - Do you know why I pulled you over?" No sir. Definitely not speeding. "Correct. You littered." I grabbed my plastic bag to show him my discharged trash and explained firmly I DO NOT litter.

He had a cigarette butt in his hand. Since I had an honorary Law Degree, I be-

gan to plead my case. How are you able to prove that butt is mine? I was halfway through my speech when he informed me "DO NOT SPEAK!! Know this is your cigarette butt. It landed between my legs."

Me - "Oh!! I'm so sorry. Bet we can drive a fourth mile down the street and I would never accomplish that maneuver again."

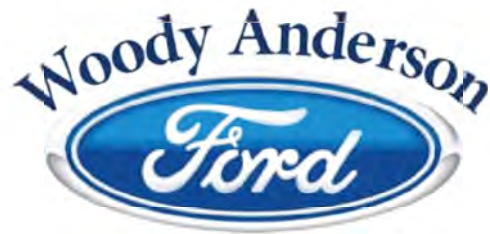
The Police officer did not give me a ticket because he realized I had no clue that what I had just done was littering. There was an ashtray in my automobile. However, I did not enjoy getting my fingers dirty. That day forward I kept an empty soda bottle in my automobile for all cigarette butts.

Approximately, 6-9 months passed and a law was passed proclaiming that throwing cigarette butts out the window was littering. This should have been named The Gwendolyn Law. Currently, I'm a former smoker.

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J.D. Emmett, Gurley

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Sitting on Grandma's Porch with William H. Hampton

by John H. Tate

Did you ever talk with someone and thanked God for bringing that person into your life? That is what it was like interviewing, no I re-state, to having a conversation with William H. Hampton, the Founder and Administrator of the Facebook Group "Huntsville Revisited." Mr. Hampton often states that "Huntsville Revisited is like a conversation sitting on Grandma's front porch."

So, this writer had a little sit down on "Grandma's Porch" with William, and we symbolically had a big glass of iced tea and talked for a spell. Many people consider William a Huntsville Historian, but he does not consider himself a Historian, just a "Native-child" who loves Huntsville and its people; and "Huntsville Revisited" is just a "Family photo Album."

William may not consider himself a Historian; however, on February 28, 2020, William H. Hampton accepted the invitation from the Huntsville City Council to shed some light on Huntsville's history. His presentation is available for viewing on the

City Council's media archives at <https://www.huntsvilleal.gov/videos/william-hampton-shedding-light-on-huntsvilles-history-during-black-history-month/>.

An example of William's love of Huntsville's history comes in the form of a Facebook post, on March 18, 2020, from Amber Herrmann Heimbeck. It reads, "My son was supposed to go on a field trip to Glenwood Cemetery yesterday which was obviously canceled. I still wanted to take the kids and reached out to Mr. William H. Hampton, to see if he had any information to provide and he offered to meet us there and be our tour guide! We kept our distance! He was really nice, and we learned a lot! Thank you so much!!!"

Huntsville students were out of school because of the Corona Virus, as Mr. Hampton explains it, "I met them during the early days of this Corona outbreak. Their trip was canceled by the Huntsville City Schools because of this virus. Her son still wanted to go on the trip, so she contacted me to see if I could point her to a website that would help her find out about the people they were going to learn about on the field trip. Since I'm one of the organizers of the field trip for the city schools, I offered to meet her over at the cemetery and give them a personal tour. We kept our distance during the tour."

Talking to William is like talking to a five-year-old with a secret to tell you and the excitement in his voice makes you want to hear it. In the beginning, after starting Huntsville Revisited, he never identified himself as the founder of the site. In an interview he did November 15, 2012 with David Wood, of Channel 19 TV, a CBS affiliate, he stated, "I want the site to be about Huntsville, and not about me." As an African American, it

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would have been easy for the readers to focus on him, taking away from Huntsville proper. He said he did not want the site "to be considered the B.E.T. of Huntsville history..."

In other words, the site's goal is to reflect the achievements, challenges, and the love of all Huntstvallans. William is not shy in telling anyone that Huntsville's great history is more than just "... Rockets, and the Civil War."

This writer finds that the term "Native Son" embodies more than just the fact William was born in Huntsville. After all, how often do you hear people born in a particular location refer to themselves as "Native Son?" Speaking to William H. Hampton, one can sense the love and pride he has for Huntsville, Alabama, and the term "Native Son," is not a demographic description, but a term of endearment.

Who is this Native Son? From where did he receive his deep and unshakable love for Huntsville, and its citizens? It all started with the wealth of "family" history, which serves as his foundation. He has links to some of the most notable and influential families in Huntsville/Madison County - even the state of Alabama. He states that his childhood provided him with "A little taste of life."

William was greatly influenced, as a child, by families such as the Erwin Family, Pearsall Family, Braggs Family, T aylor Family, even the late

Mayor Joe Davis and others. How was a poor kid who grew up on Cavalry Street (named for the 10th Cavalry Buffalo Soldiers) able to be influenced by some of the most powerful families of Huntsville at the time? His Mother, Grandmother and Aunts worked as housekeepers for these families and he was often in the homes with them as they cleaned. He was able to absorb from his surroundings. He considered these families to be his early mentors and he used the lessons he learned as the foundation for his life.

The lessons he learned served him well as he entered the workforce. Before becoming a Christian, he was a Concert Promoter and DJ. He later entered Retail Management, "I was Assistant Manager of Baptist Books and Supplies, which was later purchased by Lifeway Christian Stores. I operated and managed my own bookstore, Touch the World, after leaving Lifeway." He went on to manage the Food Service for NASA, and of course, he enjoys his life-long love as a photographer.

As the Food Service Manager for NASA, at Marshall Space Flight Center, he was blessed to meet Mae Jamison, Ron How-

ard, Olivia Newton-John, Homer Hickam and the first President Bush. Yes, he met some beautiful celebrities; however, he finds more joy and pleasure in meeting the lovely people of Huntsville, seeing their cherished pictures and hearing the fascinating stories that go with them.

This writer was surprised to learn that the genesis for "Huntsville Revisited" came in the form of a high school term paper at Grissom High School back in 1977. William found it offensive for people to bash Huntsville even back then. One of his teachers said some displeasing things about Huntsville, which led William to write the Huntsville Revisited Term paper. As one would expect, he received an "A" for his work.

So, do we call William H. Hampton a Historian - a Black History Expert - or a Curator of Huntsville Family Photos? No, there is a more fitting title, one that suits him like a glove, one that is more comfortable on him than an old throw-back jersey. When you see him out and about Huntsville, doing what he does, give him the respect he has earned by calling him "Huntsville's Native Son."

"The tides are a fight between Earth and the moon. All water tends towards the moon, because there is no water. Nature abhors a vacuum. I forget where the sun joins in this fight."

Seen on a local 6th grade science test



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DOWNTOWN IN THE 1950's

by Charita Smith Avery

After reading Jean Brewer McCrady's article entitled, "Going to Town on Saturday," in the February issue of Old Huntsville, I was reminded of our trips to town every Saturday and of my first job as a clerk behind McClellan's candy counter.

We lived in Lincoln Mill Village above the mill; and, since we didn't have a car, we either walked or rode the city bus to town. Many times, in nice weather, I recall we walked downtown via Meridian Street. I always walked to Lincoln School and Lincoln Baptist Church, no matter what the weather, so we didn't give walking to town a second thought.

On Saturdays, the streets downtown were packed with shoppers and you could hardly make your way through the stores. I recall one particular Saturday, when I was very young, we were shopping in Kresses' Dime Store and I found myself surrounded by all these tall people. Being of pre-school age and very short, I wasn't able to see above them, so I felt as though I was being suffocated.

I actually fainted right there in the aisle of the store. When my parents got me outside, I fainted again on the sidewalk. The Huntsville Clinic was just down the street, so I was taken there to be examined. Dr. McCowan was our doctor and the doctor who had delivered me. His diagnosis was

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that I had probably just gotten too hot.

At that time, there were street photographers who would snap a picture of you to be paid for and picked up later that day. I presently have a picture taken of me and my mother shopping when I was about five years of age, in 1947. As usual, when we went to town on Saturday, we were dressed in our Sunday best, including both wearing hats. We usually covered most of the stores – Dunnivant's, Belk's, Montgomery Ward's, J.C. Penny's, Eleanor Shop, Mangel's, Grant's, Butler Shoe Store and the dime stores, to name a few.

As we passed the courthouse, we couldn't miss the crowd of men sitting on the benches on the courthouse lawn, swapping stories and many of them smoking or chewing tobacco. Sometime we ate lunch at the Sno-White Restaurant on the north side of the square.

Going to town on Saturday was a big deal for most everyone and something we looked forward to all week. We always saw people we knew – I guess that's why we dressed in our best outfits. At times, there would be a "street preacher" (sometimes it was our pastor, J. Otis King) declaring God's Word on the street corner.

In later years, I rode the city bus to Butler High School; and many times I would get off the bus in the afternoon to enjoy downtown with friends. While I was still attending Lee High School, my friend Pat Pippin had gotten a job at McClellan's so I decided I would try for a job there. One problem – I was only fifteen years old. The manager, Mr. Seay, decided I would make a good employee, so he promised me a job as soon as I turned sixteen.

Well, for the point of my story (reference Jean's incident at the candy counter), I became a clerk behind the candy counter at McClellan's when I turned sixteen and was attending Butler High School. Since the year was 1958 and I do not recall such an incident as she described, I

must not be the clerk to which she is referring; however, it did get me thinking about my first job – a fun job! I also remember working the make-up counter and the greeting cards, so I assume we moved around and worked different areas. The candy and popcorn counter, of course, was my favorite; however, it was a very tempting position for me since I have a terrible "sweet tooth" (especially for chocolate-covered peanuts) and we weren't suppose to sample the candy. (I'm not admitting anything.)

I don't recall how much I made, but I know it wasn't much; yet, I remember buying a winter coat at the ladies' dress shop on the north side square by making weekly payments. I really enjoyed that first job and worked there until my senior year at Butler, when I became secretary to Frederick H. Martin at Martin Stamping & Stove Company.

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MY 1930 MODEL A FORD

by Judith C. Smith

After church I decided to have some fun and it was such a beautiful Sunday afternoon. I had gotten up and made waffles for breakfast, made it to church on time, and gone to lunch with three of my favorite lady friends. So now was my time. When I got home I announced to M.D. "you want to do something fun", and he said, "what's on your mind?" I said that I was getting my Washington Blue 1930 Model A out of storage and going for a spin, "you want to go,?" I asked. "No" was the reply. "OK, I'm off, see you for supper" and out the door I went, singing I'll be down to get you in a taxi honey and don't be late.

Didn't matter that I didn't know all of the words because when you are by yourself you can sing as loud as you want to and make up any words and if it sounds good to you that is all that matters. I called my son Martin, who was going canoeing in five minutes but said that he would wait to let me in the gate at Smith Storage and have Lizzie (Model A) running and waiting for me. I was out at the storage buildings in record time, having made all of the lights, must be my lucky day I thought to myself as I put my Mercedes in park, jump out and get into Lizzie.

Martin questions me again and again are you sure that you know how to shift gears and drive her, as you have driven her only once and that was around the parking lot. I inform him that I was over 21, blond and went to the University of Alabama and I could do most anything. "Ok," he says, "but remember that you lost the only key to your 37 Plymouth."

I had to have a wrecker haul it in and pay a locksmith to pull the steering column to make you another (3 Keys to be exact). Yes, I replied and that cost me big bucks, I must be a slow learner, but it is hard to keep up with keys they just keep trying to get away from me. It is more fun than I anticipated driving her, everyone waves to me and gives me a thumbs up. I head to the golf course at the club to hit a few balls, just so happened that I threw my golf clubs into the rumble seat just before taking off. Just in case someone might ask do you want to play a round of golf.

I'm sitting with my purse to my back along with a two liter bottle of water (never can tell when Lizzie might need some more water) and I need a little more help to touch the pedals. Upon leaving the golf course I remember Martin's last words to me check the water before you leave the golf course and don't lose the KEYS. I'm so proud of myself as I have accomplished both. I head down Oakwood Avenue with many thumbs up and horns honking.

At the intersection of Meridian Street and Oakwood a nice Southern gentleman by the name of Bob T. got out of a red Chevy truck, he wanted to make sure that I got to wherever I was going with no problems. To be on the safe side he decided it would be best to follow me over the mountain to Smith Storage.

He got behind me, with his flashers on and off we went. On Andrew Jackson we turned and were on the last stretch home I kept saying to myself, I Think I Can, I Think I Can, I Think I Can and now, the song changed to I knew I could, I knew I could, I knew I could.

We turn into the storage facility, but have forgotten the gate code, M.D. came to my rescue with the numbers and through the gate we went. We parked Lizzie and were about to drive off when we noticed the tail lights were on, not wanting to run the battery down we turned around and were on a mission to figure out how to turn off the rear lights. We call Scott and Martin and were told we know you can figure this one out after all you went to Bama, didn't you? We both turned every switch that we could find but to no avail.

Finally, I jumped into the car one last time, I found that by moving one lever just a little bit the rear lights were out. I gathered up all of my stuff, golf clubs, water bottle, purse and most important the big black umbrella. I start the Mercedes up and away I go being so thankful for a smooth ride with lots of air conditioner turned up on high. M.D. was waiting at the door ready to go out to dinner, saying what took you so long? What a fun afternoon and I don't even have to fix supper.

Might take Lizzie out again next Sunday, if you see me coming just honk and I will get out of your way.



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The Perpetual Pet

by M.D. Smith, IV

Between the pet pandemic killing off many and the impracticality of owning pets, only artificial pets graced households in the twenty-second century. The new dogs and cats looked and felt exactly like those of centuries past. If you wished, as a bonus, they could walk on their hind feet and mimic human body movements. Not only was their intelligence equal to the global network, but they also possessed simulated human emotions and feelings. The typical household human synthetics and replicants had no emotion at all. The most expensive of these pets were those who could bond with their owner.

When Joanna got her new cat that would have cost her parents a half year's salary, she had exactly 24 hours for temporary bonding. At the end of that time, either the cat went back and no bonding was stored, or the decision to keep the pet forever would result in the bonding completed between pet and owner. Her father, John Stanford, was the head designer and part-owner of the "Perpetual Pet Corporation." He made sure his daughter's pet was special—a one of a kind.

Joanna chose the name Katrina, who stayed. She cuddled her kitty in her ten-year-old arms even though the pet weighed twenty pounds. The two often talked into the wee hours. Joanna shared all her dreams and memories and learned from Katrina's wisdom and advice. The one thing special about Katrina was she could love, and she loved Joanna.

Katrina's voice was warm and mellow, almost like a fairy godmother might be. "You'll discover the wonders of the world as you grow up, Joanna. You can be whatever you want. I'll always be around, exactly as I am today. I will not age, though you'll grow up and older and someday may not want me around."

"Don't say that Katrina, if I live to five hundred, I'll always love you more and more."

"You won't live to be that old. But I'll likely go way beyond." Katrina gave the girl a rub with her chin. At the prompt, Joanna scratched her chin and listened to the purring. It was exactly like having a real pet, only better. PPC pets never had to be fed, walked or cared for in any way. The company estimated the pet's internal power plant would last for more than a thousand years. No one knew the exact range if the pet put itself in extended sleep mode because then it drew such a small amount.

Months turned into years, and the day arrived where Joanna graduated from MITCHS, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Computer Humanoid Sciences. Katrina was in a chair on the artificial lawn with the other family members, cheering and clapping when she received her degree. She went on to intern with PPC, her father's corporation.

Joanna had boyfriends, but between her studies and Katrina, nothing serious ever developed.

Many years passed, Joanna's parents died and she was

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left running the giant corporation, guided by the board of directors, with whom she often disagreed. They respected her wisdom, so she was left mostly alone. Profits made the board happy.

Joanna finally met "Mr. Right," a marine biologist. Andy Wilder loved the ocean, and they took incredible sea voyages together. He accepted her cat's omnipresence and the large spot in her heart for Katrina. Andy welcomed Katrina as if she were a little sister of Joanna. Besides, Katrina knew when to leave them alone and close the bedroom door behind herself.

Joanna and Andy had two children who grew into young people. The boy was spoiled, but the girl was very much like her mother. They both enjoyed having a "pet" cat around when they were growing up. Unlike a real cat, if there'd been any, Katrina could take the rough handling of small children. The children loved the cat the way their mother did.

All humans must die. Andy had died a few years earlier, and now gray-haired Joanna lay in her bed. She was thin, her skin wrinkled and lacking color. Everyone knew her time was short. The children moved back into the house to help. Katrina never left her room. Joanna and Katrina told stories from the old days when Katrina first came. They laughed, and of course, Katrina had a perfect recollection of every event. She was a living storybook and journal combined with a warm purring voice.

It was 2:15 early on a Sunday morning when the others heard an unearthly wailing coming from Joanna's bedroom. Joanna's son and daughter knew

what it meant. They rushed to the bedroom. Joanna was lifeless and pale. Katrina was nestled next to her in a pitiful sob. She felt great sympathy when Joanna's parents had died, but this was her bonded human. Only then could Katrina understand how it felt when a loved one, that is part of your heart, lives no more. Katrina understood heartbreak.

For days Katrina was inconsolable and lay listless. Over the weeks, Katrina became active. Of course, she loved the children, but there would never be another Joanna. Never is a long time for a cat with a thousand lives.

Seventy-nine years later, the unthinkable happened. A foreign power developed the ultimate pandemic bug and accidentally let it escape. The bug spread in the air, from the breath of an infected person. It lay dormant for two to three months. The bug caused high fever, liver, and kidney damage and was 99.9% fatal and spread worldwide. As advanced as medicine had become, nothing could stop the ultimate bug. A few humans escaped into a provisioned bunker and could

survive years of isolation underground and undiscovered. The bug could not live forever, only through a human host to duplicate and infect.

Soon Katrina and the other "artificial" all unaffected by the human pandemic bug were the only ones left on the planet. The descendants of the Stanford family were gone. Not one human she could talk to, share emotions with, or tell stories of the little girl who grew up with her. At least, no one who cared. Some of the replicants programmed as caregivers were good listeners, but that was all. They had no "heart" or emotions. Was Katrina destined to live with no human companions for the rest of eternity?

A thought occurred to Katrina. We could clone the cells of a dead human stored in the crypts. I could bring Joanna back.

TO BE CONTINUED..

"Does anyone know if we can take showers yet or should we just keep washing our hands?"
Jeb Roberts, Athens

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The Teacher

by Tom Carney



Floyd Hardin figured that he was one lucky man. He had built up a good business, made more friends than one man had a right to. Yes, Huntsville had been good to Floyd.

One day, Floyd is in his barber shop, just cutting hair the way he always does, when he hears some of his customers talking about all the people that can't read or write. Now, the more Floyd got to thinking about it, the more he began to realize that he had found a way he could really do something for the community.

First thing the next morning, he starts spreading the word that he's going to start teaching reading and writing in the back of his barber shop. He went out, bought a bunch of desks, books, paper and pencils and it wasn't long before his barber shop started looking like a school room.

Floyd's night school was an instant success. First night, he had almost twenty people there and he's got them all up there doing their alphabets on the blackboard. Well, almost all of them.

There was this one old codger, he came in late, pulled up a chair in the very back of the room, and never opened his mouth. He would just sit there, night after night, listening to Floyd doing his teaching.

It didn't take long before this old guy started getting on Floyd's nerves. Floyd began to take this old codger as a personal challenge on his ability to teach, so he started taking extra special pains to try and reach this old man.

Sure enough, it wasn't just a couple of weeks before the man had moved his

desk up to the middle of the room. By this time you could see that the old guy was hanging on to every word that Floyd said. Come the end of the month, his desk was sitting on the very front row, not five feet from where Floyd was standing and talking.

It wasn't long after that, while Floyd was gathering up his books after class one night, that he noticed that the old gentleman was hanging around, waiting for all the other students to leave.

After making sure that everyone else had left, the old guy walks over to Floyd's desk, hat in hand. "Mr Floyd", he says, "I surely do want to thank you. I'll be 83 years old come this next winter, and I ain't never even been able to write nothing until you started helping me."

Now, you gotta know Floyd to know how proud he was.

He stood there, chest poked out, one hand on his suspenders, and his other arm around the old man's shoulders. He figured that he could teach, but he didn't have any idea that he was this good.

"Old Man", says Floyd, "I'm mighty proud of you. What did you write?"

"I don't know," says the old man, "I can't read yet."



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A FIFTY YEAR WALTZ AND COUNTING

by Ted Roberts

It was only a Junior Congregation Dance at Beth El Emeth Synagogue, celebrating the Sunday school graduation. But in Memphis, Tennessee on a Saturday night in 1946, what choices did a 16 year-old have except for the picture show. If your date liked popcorn with the movie, an evening at the Rialto Palace could set you back 25 cents. The Synagogue Dance was free.

But Betty Grable and Ty Power awaited us at the Rialto Palace. The Junior Congregation Dance, on the other hand, featured Rhea Mendel and Marsha Klodkin with a supporting cast of the Sunday school graduating class. I'd seen that show. Then I reminded myself that alongside the dance floor, there'd be a short oilcloth covered table with plates of sticky donuts and sugar cookies. The equivalent of free popcorn. Whatta bargain. So, I went to the dance in the synagogue basement.

Good idea. Because, besides Mendel and Klodkin and the crowd of extras who had overindulged for years on sugar cookies, there was a new star in the constellation of cuties that moved and grooved on the synagogue circuit. As the poet says, she was a dove with dove's eyes. Around, between and behind the Sunday school graduating class, I watched her cautiously. I was so stunned by this newcomer that every platitude known to smitten suitors leaped into my consciousness all at once, headed by "Where have YOU been!!"

This was the evening star peeping between the clouds of the Sunday school graduating class.

But nothing about our first meeting would have inspired Jackie Collins or Danielle Steele. It was more of a Louisa May Alcott moment. There was the usual third grade dialogue, which was beneath us since we were almost in high school and should have done better.

"Hi." "Hello." "Wanna dance?"
"I guess."

Not exactly zingy. But my radar screen lit up and my heart shrieked, TARGET! TARGET! TARGET! Easy does it, I thought. Remember the patient tortoise won the gold: not the herky-jerky hare.

I remember trying to impress her with my maturity and adult conventionality by remarking that the dance floor was slippery because only an hour ago the basement floor, which we called the social hall floor, had been the dining room floor. And it still retained smidgens of spilled tomato sauce. "Gotta be careful, you could slip and turn your ankle," I remarked. (Fifty years later I made her the same speech about getting out of the tub - only this time I worried about her hip.)

Six or seven couples glided across that treacherous tomatoey floor. The jukebox watched and churned out hymns to romantic love, not lust. Inside, we bubbled like an agitated fifth of champagne. But the culture alchemized lust into something mildly civilized: like the Hoover Dam tames that rampaging river into a force that lights our lamps.

So we danced carefully, under the baleful eyes of armies of chaperons. Only two dance forms were available to us: the hi-speed frenetic jitterbug, definitely



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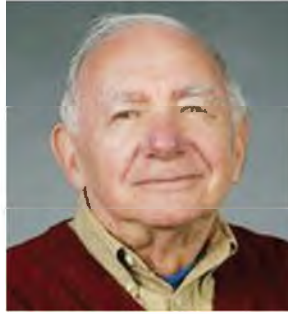
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not for lovers or talkers: and the walk-to-the-music-around-the-dance-floor. Great, if you weren't Fred Astaire. It was perfect for lovers because it allowed hand holding and back touching. It was also OK to let your eyes flame with passion - if you knew how to do it without looking goofy. The walk-to-the-music was my choice since it also allowed me to show off my conversational skills about slippery dance floors and other hot topics that fascinated the young ladies of the dance circuit.

The two-armed torso clutch was only practiced in dimly lit dives. Definitely out. After all, this was the synagogue basement.

Looking back fifty years to that dance in the basement of the Beth El Emeth Synagogue, I marvel. I was wise beyond my years. Somehow I knew this was a marathon not a hundred-yard dash. We've danced demurely now for more than half a century. May it continue.



Ted Roberts passed away March 2 this year. His inspiration was his patient wife Shirley. She was both wife and muse, and three hawk-eyed children reviewed every word he wrote - especially his stories of family life, one of his frequent themes.

National Public Radio Station WLRH, on a weekly basis, amuses its listeners with Ted's observations on our wacky world and the local university (University of Alabama at Huntsville) hosted his storytelling class.

Ted Roberts, a Rockower Award winner, was a syndicated Jewish columnist who looked at Jewish life with rare wit and insight. His product was short fiction, commentary and a series of wedding and bar mitzvah guides that explained the tradition behind our ceremonies

2020 was a unique leap year. It had 29 days in February, 300 days in March and 5 years in April.

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VALLEY TRAILS

by Jack Harwell

The history of Huntsville is reflected in the names of its streets. While the city itself is named for its earliest settler, many people who came here about the same time as John Hunt are remembered on signposts all over town. Some of them, including a Virginia planter named Drake, made their homes in the area we call Jones Valley nearly two centuries ago. James Drake was born in Botetourt County, Virginia in 1780. On September 18, 1809, he staked claim to a quarter-section (160 acres) in Madison County at the land office in Nashville. He arrived in Huntsville, according to census records, with a wife, a son, and a daughter.

The land he had purchased was located in a narrow valley a few miles southeast of town. Drake was not a pioneer in the Daniel Boone mold; he simply wanted some land on which to start a farm. His brother, William, bought an adjacent parcel at about the same time. Over time, the Drakes increased their landholdings, eventually owning nearly all the land in the valley.


If James Drake was looking for privacy, he chose his land well. The valley that he bought lay from 100 to 800 feet lower than the surrounding mountains, yet the head of the valley was only three miles from Huntsville.

During the 1820s—nobody knows exactly when—James Drake built a house in his valley. It was a two level structure with the bedrooms upstairs and the dining area on the lower level, which was 30 inches below ground level. Curiously, the house initially had no interior stairway, although one was added later.


James Drake died and was buried in a small family cemetery on his land, in a section known as Drake Cove. His family held onto the valley until 1881, when it was sold to Winston Garth.

Garth was a wealthy landowner in his own right. He was the son of William Willis Garth, a former Congressman who had a fine home on Franklin Street. The younger Garth was quite active in community affairs, and served on the boards of many civic organizations. His home, Piedmont, was located across the mountain from the Drake house, on the east side of Whitesburg Pike.

Garth and his Vassar educated wife were well known around Huntsville in



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Opera audience member: "What do you think of the singer's execution?"

Calvin Coolidge - "I'm all for it."

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the 1890s for their social activities, as Piedmont was the scene of many a Saturday night gathering a century ago.

Winston Garth was also a man who was used to having his way. In her book, *Changing Huntsville 1890-1899*, Elizabeth Humes Chapman described a humorous incident involving two young men who arrived at the Garth home one evening to double-date the Garth daughters. Hoping for some privacy, the would-be suitors arrived in separate carriages.

When he saw these arrangements, Garth informed the gentlemen that they could ride in one carriage and the girls in the other. This was definitely not what the young men had in mind, but they consented—at least until they had left the premises.

Once out of Mr. Garth's stern gaze, one of the fellows nudged his companion, telling him that now was their chance to switch carriages with their respective dates. The other young man, who knew Mr. Garth rather better than his friend, told him to do whatever he wanted, but Mr. Garth had told him to ride that carriage, and that was what he was going to do!

In 1940, the Drake-Garth land was sold to Carl T. Jones. Jones was himself a prominent citizen. He was the grandson of G W. Jones, who founded the local engineering firm which still bears his name. Jones has since passed on, but his descendants live in the valley, now called Jones Valley, to this day.

In nearly 190 years, this land has changed hands only three times, and is still being used for its original intended purpose—farming. The current owners grow Kentucky fescue and graze cattle there. Nowadays, all of Jones Valley lies within the Huntsville city limits. It is still a beautiful place.

When a road was first put through the valley, it was called Drake-Garth Road, for the land's first owners. The north end of

the road connected to the east end of Donegan Lane. Donegan was eventually extended westward toward Brahan Spring, and became Drake Avenue. Drake-Garth Road then was renamed simply Garth Road

In the mid 1980s, the city decided to build an east-west road across the valley. No one was sure what to call the road, since it connected the end of one existing street (Airport Road) to another (Bailey Cove Road). The street was finally named for the man whose land it tra-

versed—Carl T. Jones.

So it is that all three of the families who have lived in the valley are remembered by the names of the three major thoroughfares there. The house that James Drake built over 160 years ago is still there, and can be seen from Garth Road. The best view, however, is from the scenic overpass on Governors Drive. From there, you can see not only the house, but the entire valley. It isn't difficult to picture the valley as James Drake saw it such a long time ago.

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A LETTER TO MOM

by Cathey Carney

I Miss you, Mom. I miss your hugs, and how your face lit up when you'd see us come to visit you. I miss how proud you were of Old Huntsville and the stories people sent in.

You'd tell me, "Work hard, always." I miss when something would tickle you and you would laugh so hard it would make all of us laugh. I miss your strength, going through the war in Berlin as a young medical student, in an underground shelter while bombs were going off, not knowing whether you'd find a home when you came back up. I loved the way you loved your Mom, and your brothers and always grieved for the one brother who never came back from war.

Your time working at Fox Army Hospital was remembered by everyone - several (who are older now) who worked in Civil Service

on the Arsenal would go to you for physicals and being a German doctor, you were very thorough. Those friends say they still remember those physicals!

I know you're in my heart and my memories but what I wouldn't give to see you and tell you about what's going on now. To get your opinion on this virus and some good common sense advice. I even miss the days when Ken and I would try to tell you we were sick to get out of going to elementary school and you'd bring out your stethoscope and check us all over because you had your equipment at home. We'd always end up going to school.

I just miss you, your gentleness, how much you loved little animals and little plants. If there was a bit of green on any plant, we would be ready to throw it away but you would nurse it back to health. I miss your common sense and that you really listened to us when things went wrong. I miss the great advice you'd give, even while my heart was breaking. I miss how you would be so calming when situations seemed out of control.

You always saw a better day.

You and Dad decided to move into Redstone Village, even though Ken and I wanted you to stay in your home. I thought you would miss your gardening and looking out the window to see your plants. But you moved, and were there for 12 years. They were so good as you and Dad got older. We lost Dad, and you remained there.

When your doctor first told us you had Dementia, you were very matter of fact about it and we all took every day as a gift. You remembered us to the end, we were very lucky.

But you couldn't remember what happened yesterday, and you lost the ability to read. I remember when you and I would try to send birthday cards to the great grandkids you would write it very slowly, "Love, G'ma". Those cards are treasures now.

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I remember I'd show you videos of little kittens and puppies on my cellphone and you would love those. Then you weren't able to see them anymore. Then when we visited you at Redstone Village, all we could do was hug you and talk with you. Your advice to me was always so pragmatic and sensible, even when you couldn't remember what happened an hour ago. But sometimes you would be afraid of what was happening and would need reassurance from us.

I know I'll see you again Mom, but it still is really hard not to be able to hear your voice, hear your laughing, and to just hug you again.



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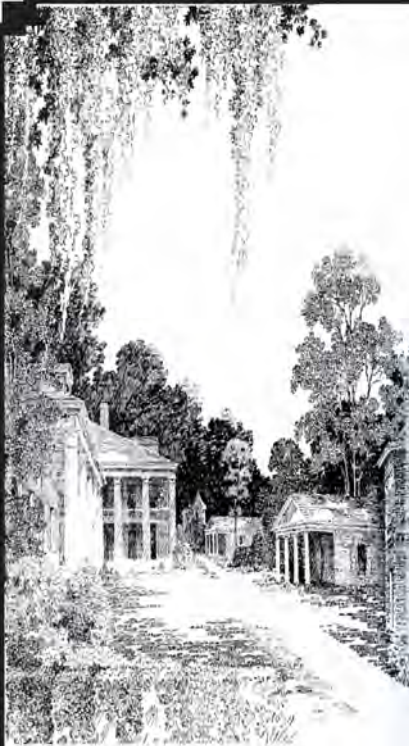
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Tennessee River Crossing

by Carol Barnette Wells



When Edna Mae Lipscomb Peck was only 4 her mother passed away and she was taken in by her Grandma and Grandpa Lipscomb. They lived just up from where Bethlehem Church is today, on Highway 36, in Lacey's Spring. That was back in 1923.

Her grandfather Leon Lipscomb was a mailman. Some days she would go with her

father to pick up all the mail in Huntsville. On other days she would be too afraid of crossing on the ferry to go. On those days Grandma would tell her it would be best if she stayed home.

Mr. Lipscomb would drive onto Whites Ferry at Ditto to cross the river. He had to get the mail from Huntsville to deliver in Lacey's Spring,

Talucah, Valhermoso Springs and Union Hill.

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

When the first Whitesburg Bridge was being built, she would get a Coke, from the Lipscomb store and Miss Edna would walk up all the rocks and sit on the bridge to study her Sunday school lesson. She could see the boats good from up there. They would be collecting mussels to sell for buttons. Often the mussels had pearls in them.

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



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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Adopting a New Pet



Congratulations! You've adopted a dog who needs a home. That's the easy part, but building a bond with your newly adopted dog may take more effort. Here's where time and patience come in handy.

Keep Life Low-Key

For the first few weeks, limit the number of experiences you expose your dog to, and resist the urge to lavish too much attention all at once. Keep things low-key to prevent him from becoming overstimulated. This will also give him time to learn about you at his own pace.

Get Comfortable

During the first days when many newly adopted dogs are settling into their permanent homes, it's common for them to feel stressed and anxious. This may cause separation anxiety in the form of destructive behavior, crying at night and emotional and digestive issues, such as diarrhea, vomiting, and loss of appetite. For serious health conditions, visit a veterinarian right away. With behavior or training issues, give your pup time to adjust before seeking professional advice. (If your dog exhibits aggressive behavior, however, seek help immediately.) Don't skimp on providing positive reinforcement for desired behaviors, which will motivate your dog to please you.

Consider Activity Level

This may be the number-one question to ask yourself. If you are looking for a mellow fellow, avoid sporting, herding, and terrier-type dogs. If you're hoping for a jogging partner, stay away from short-nosed dogs or toy dogs — they won't be able to keep up.

Consider Your Schedule

Do you have a long commute to work? No dog wants to be left home alone all day. If you are considering adopting a puppy, you will need to provide him with extra

time and attention. Even an older dog who is thoroughly housetrained shouldn't go for hours on end alone. You may need to plan for a pet sitter, dog walker, trusted neighbor, or doggy daycare to help you out.

Stock Up

Get your supplies before he arrives. Here are a few must-haves:

- Collar: Choose a well-fitting buckle or snap design. You should be able to fit two fingers between the collar and your dog's neck.
- Dog crate and bed: Your dog needs a place of his own to feel secure, and a comfy bed provides him with a welcoming den. Many dogs feel safe in a bed inside a crate. There are many good choices at our local pet shops and even online.
 - Food and water bowls: Choose stainless steel bowls to hold your dog's food and water.
 - Grooming supplies: brushes and combs, shampoos and conditioners, nail clippers, and ear and eye cleaning supplies will keep your dog looking handsome and healthy.
 - Identification tag and microchip: Include your current contact information on your dog's ID tag and make sure that it's securely attached to his collar. If he doesn't already have one, schedule a trip to the veterinarian to have a microchip implanted, which is a painless, permanent way to identify your dog should he become lost.
 - Leash and harness: When exercising around other dogs and people who share common walkways, choose a short, strong leash to prevent tangling.
 - Toys: Chew toys help keep a dog busy and out of mischief.

Welcoming your adopted dog into your home with his own supplies will help him realize that he's found his forever home. It won't take long for him to bond with you and form a lasting friendship.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

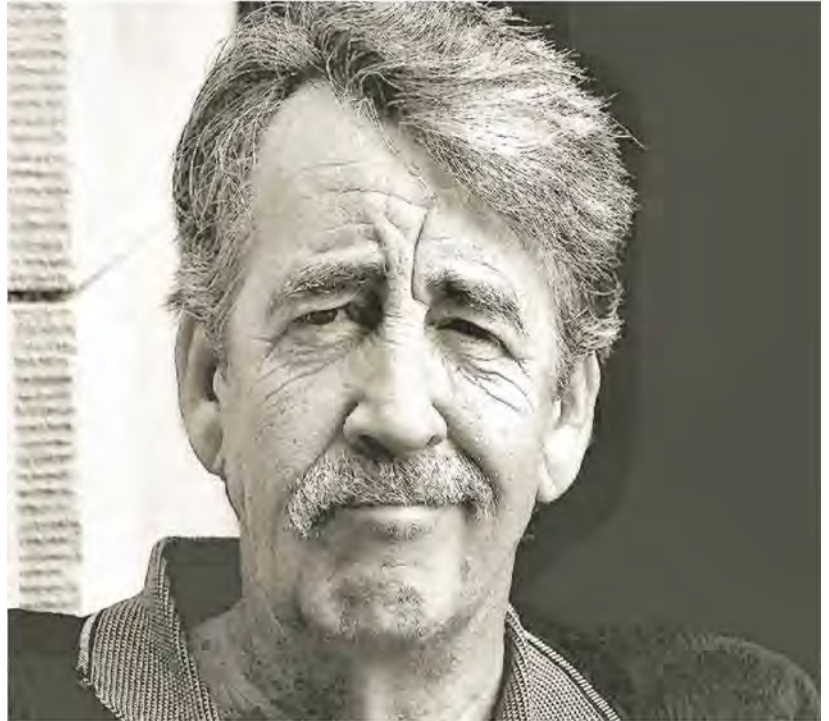
NO JAIL COULD HOLD HER

The courtrooms in early Alabama history normally dealt with horse thieves, murderers and bushwhackers, but in the late fall of 1822 our courts of law were forced to deal with something totally different. The courts had to render a decision about a woman accused of witchcraft.

History has forgotten the old woman's name. All we know about her is that she lived on the banks of the Flint River. A friendless old crone who had strange ways and was rather aloof, the woman was the talk of the local area. At first, she was spoken of only in whispers, then more boldly until she was publicly accused of being a witch. It culminated in a warrant for her arrest signed by one of the landed gentry of the community.

The day of the trial was fixed. Excitement ran high and people came from far and near to witness the unusual event. The trial proceeded on time and a great number of witnesses were called to testify, but nothing positive resulted from any of their testimony.

Then a young woman was called to the stand. Her testimony went as follows: One day she was washing down at the creek and became extremely tired. She sat down at the foot of a beech tree to rest. Soon, the old accused woman came down the tree in the form of a squirrel, with its tail curled over its back, snarled at her and put a spell on her.



The sickly girl testified that she had been ill ever since and couldn't sleep due to pain in her stomach that started the day she saw the old woman in the form of the squirrel.

The presiding judge, who seemed to have been in deep study, now seemed quite relieved upon hearing the young lady's testimony. He straightened in his chair and announced that the young woman's testimony was proof positive of the old woman's guilt. His opinion was that she should immediately be locked up in jail.

A controversy arose, however, when one of the spectators inquired as to how they intended to confine a witch. If she had the power to transform herself, then surely no jail could hold her.

The judge as well as the whole courtroom seemed perplexed at the unusual turn of events. Finally, unable to reach a decision, the judge adjourned the court while "taking the issue under advice."

As far as is known the issue never came before the court again.

**"Why do croutons come
in airtight packages?
Aren't they stale bread to
start with?"**

Janet Brinkerhoff



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MRYTLE BEACH

by Barry Key

Along South Carolina's coastal shore, a stretch of beach that all adore. Myrtle is the beach's name, a beach so renowned, it has world fame. Each May, seven couples go to relax and play, and enjoy the beach and ocean spray.

On the beach, a large white home, sitting on its long sweeping porch, we let our minds freely roam. We watch the breaker's crest shine like chrome, and disappear on the beach, into a salty foam. We stare across the endless ocean, and watch waves of perpetual motion.

Near shore, we watch porpoises roll and play, and the sea gulls dive for fish throughout the day. Where you can relax in a rocking chair, and smell the clean, exhilarating, ocean air. In the mornings, we sit and sip our Java brew, and each day, enjoy the sun warmed breezes anew. We watch as the sun rises in the east, and too soon the beautiful morning has ceased.

Now is the time to plan the rest of our day, the men say there is a golf game to play...a game to be organized, by none other than Ray. The women smiling with an expression of glee, have planned an all day shopping spree. We plan a co-ed activity for all, a tournament of skill called bocce ball. We draw for teams... and whom plays who... a seed is drawn to organize the crew.

All activities planned for the week, now comes the food menu for all to critique. Our home cooked meals agreed upon, a trip to Costco, with Rocky the liaison. The liquor cabinet... we need to fill, Jerry and Gary can fill that bill. At the end of each day, time for

cocktails, chips and cheese rotel, a combination we all love so well

Believe it or not, this is no fable, dinner for fourteen is served on one large table. For our meals there is beef, veggies, salads, and tons of shrimp, on meals at Myrtle we don't skimp. After dinner, a barefoot stroll on the beach, hand in hand, collecting sea shells from the sand. Late into the night, cards and board games to play, a pleasing way, for friends to end, a joyful day.

For the last dinner at Myrtle, a dinner we all behoove, a seafood restaurant we unanimously approve. It's the last night, time to go, at 5:00 in the morning the rooster (Terry) will crow. As we leave the beach, one last stop for the crew, a breakfast at McDonalds for a bisquit and brew. Breakfast is over, time to say our goodbyes, at the beach it's disheartening... how fast the time flies.

BLUEBERRY PIE

1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons quick Tapioca
1-1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
4 cups fresh blueberries
1 tablespoon butter
1 unbaked pie crust
Pastry strips for lattice

Mix first 5 ingredients; sprinkle over berries. Gently stir to blend. Pour into crust; dot with butter. Let set 15 minutes; cover with lattice pastry. Bake 10 minutes at 450°. Lower to 350°; bake 1/2 hour until golden. Good with ice cream.

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The state's latest health order has been updated and allows us to open our dining room and patio back up with limited seating. The limited seating is to allow the recommended 6ft distance between tables with no more than 8 people in a party.

When there is a wait for a table, we will take your name and number and text you when it's ready, that way you can either wait outside or in your car.

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It Happened in Huntsville

by Nell Rutledge Porter
(written in 1994)



I remember April 14, 1945 as if it were yesterday. My husband and I were resting a bit and two men came up the walk to our home. One was our pastor and the other was our district superintendent. Soon we were entertaining them as best we could. We soon found out their business.

The superintendent said, "I hear that you are leaving the Alabama district," and my husband said that yes, we were. "I have been called to preach and we've bought some acreage from my grandfather's place up in Tennessee. We hope to start a church up there." The superintendent said, "Well, you will find it tough, with your family, and you have a limited education, and it's not at all easy to begin a new work."

"Here lies Jan Smith, wife of J.D. Smith, marble cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a display of his work. Monuments of this same style are four hundred and fifty dollars."

Gravestone seen in Jefferson County

With tears in his eyes my husband said, "Yes, all you say is true. But God has called me and I'm going." The guests prepared to leave, and the superintendent said, "I will never discourage you again, but we will be praying for you."

About supper time, I began having labor pains. My husband ran to the phone, but it was silent. We had forgotten that the service had been cut off in order to honor President Roosevelt, whose body was being taken from Warm Springs, Georgia to the capital in Washington, DC.

I said, "You'll have to walk, but please hurry." As he stepped out the door, a crowd of people were running up the street. He yelled at them to find out what was the matter, and they told him that the cotton warehouse was burning down.

I knew it would take him a long time to get to the doctor's office trying to avoid the crowd and the fire. I began to walk and walked for what seemed like forever.

We lived on Miller Street, by Dunnivant's corner. My first cousin Mildred Hickson assisted in the birth of our little daughter whom we named Margaret.

It seemed like so many eventful things happened in just one day. I wonder how many folks remember the time in '45, when the cotton warehouse burned down here in Huntsville?

I can't remember the name of that superintendent but I sure wish he had been more of an encouragement that day.

TO ALL OUR READERS



**WON'T IT BE GREAT WHEN WE CAN
HUG AGAIN? STAY SAFE TO ALL!**

From Oscar and Maria Llerena
with Love to the Huntsville High Class of 1966

LOCAL NEWS FROM 1875

Public Library - We are pleased to announce that our young friend S. D. Cabaniss, Jr. has just supplied a want that has long been felt in Huntsville - a public Library. It is an elegantly fitted up room in the rear portion of his bookstore, in Col. Hundley's new building, opposite the Huntsville Hotel. The Library contains many valuable works and a large amount of light and miscellaneous reading, just such as will suit the tastes of all classes. Subscription is only fifty cents per month.

In the Jail - Eight more prisoners were brought in from Etowah yesterday, as follows (charged with illicit distilling): Sam Burns, Henry Upton, Thomas Thrasher, John Smith and J. H. Green. Two others, Josh Noogin and Jack Hendricks, charged with complicity in the killing of Collector Leatherwood.

For Rent: A brick cottage on Holmes Street, opposite Dr. Dement's residence. Occupied at present by V. Decot. Possession given immediately. Apply at City Hotel Restaurant.

For Sale: a most valuable and desirable farm and residence, two miles north of Huntsville, on Meridianville Pike. Large brick home, 12 rooms, kitchen, cribs, smokehouse, coal cellar, stables etc. Well of never failing purest and coldest water, substantial fence, under highest state of cultivation, all in perfect order, containing about 140 acres of the best land in this country. Will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to John J. Robinson on the premises.

Frightful Accident - On Sunday morning Mr. Fearn Penn of this city came very near losing his life by the accidental discharge of his pistol. The pistol was lying on the mantel in his room and in attempting to take some article that was lying by it, he accidentally knocked it off, which, striking the floor, was discharged, the ball striking Mr. P. almost centrally in the breast.

It ranged upward and to the left, coming out near the left shoulder, making a frightful flesh wound. We are glad to learn that Mr. P. is now out and about.

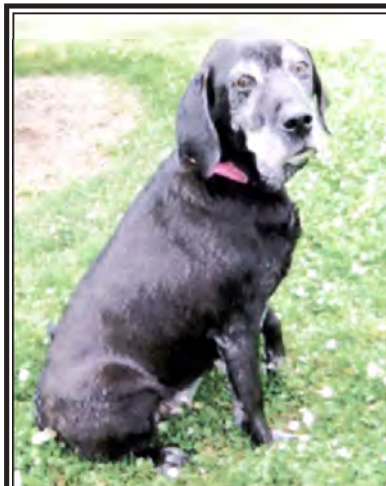
New Billiard Hall - James B. Ford has fitted up in most elegant style a superb Billiard Hall, in connection with his popular saloon on the North side of the Square. The tables are new and of the latest pattern. He will be glad to have his friends and the public come and try them, as well as test the fine quality of his wines and other liquors.

Found - two fine Jersey milk cows who have taken up at my residence on Meridian Street. Owner can have same by paying for this ad and their keep.

Killing Dogs - Thos. Hooper, the surveyor, called at the Daily Times office to explain why he killed the two fine dogs about which the Sunday Morning Times had referenced. Mr. Hooper claims that the dogs had been killing his geese, which he valued at \$5 a piece and had also, he said, bitten a fine bull belonging to him.

He was fined \$15 in the Mayors Court for shooting fire arms in the city limits and appealed his case to the law and equity court, where he also has a case against him.

One of the dogs belonged to Miss Margarette Wellman, the other to Frank E. Murphy, who was the man who had the warrants sworn out for the arrest of Mr. Hooper. Miss Wellman is heartbroken at the loss.



Liberty

Hello, the Ark named me Liberty. I was found really scared, wandering down a road. Sometimes the Ark takes in senior dogs with silver muzzles. I love gentle hands, going for a walk, a nice soothing bath, hair brushed, good food to eat, a milk bone treat, a big hug. I have no fleas or ticks. It takes a very special person to take a senior dog.

Then there are the senior cats the Ark takes in that love to play and snuggle. These precious cats are so loving, they just want petting, playing, brushing, feeding, company. What a joy these cats are. I am glad The Ark is here for some of them in their senior years. I guess it is ok for me to love the Ark and cats too. Come to the Ark if you would like a senior dog. Just ask to see me, Liberty, or a senior purrfection who will love you back.

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What Goes Around Comes Around

by Betty Hallmark Atkinson



One day while standing in line in the school lunchroom, waiting to be served, my brother John suddenly cut in front of our class. My teacher, seeing this, grabbed John by the arm and began yelling at him, saying he was rude and had no manners.

You see, John was on the basketball team, was running late and needed to grab some lunch, because the bus was about to leave, heading to another school for the game. However the teacher was not giving John the time for an explanation.

Big mistake. You see, our Mother just so happened to work in the school lunchroom as a cook and was also serving up the food behind the counter. The teacher had just made

(in my young mind) what was about to be a big mortal mistake in grabbing my brother John.

Our Mother was a "Big Woman", and when she saw that teacher grab John, she flew over the counter.

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"Your cat is composed of matter + anti-matter + it doesn't matter."

Leah Moss, Cat Owner

I'm pretty sure that the teacher's life flashed before her eyes, as Mother grabbed the teacher, telling her that nobody lays a hand on her kids!

The teacher got loose from Mother and headed up the stairs to see her husband, who just so happened to be the Principal of our school at that time. The teacher was yelling that she was going to see that my Mother got fired!

My Mother was right in behind her, and I heard her tell the teacher; "Sister, you go right ahead, and when you do, I will tell the school board how you and your husband have been taking food from the cafeteria!"

Well, I guess the teacher thought she had just better leave well enough alone, since she and her husband both could lose their jobs. However, that teacher had her ways of getting even with us.

I don't know how much we learned from that old teacher, as everyday, she would pull her sewing machine out of the cloak room and sew, while she had our class read and be quiet.

One day I was reading a story that I found so funny. It was about this old woman who had lost her dumplings and the old woman would laugh and go "Tee Hee Hee".

I looked over at the boy sitting next to me, I was telling him about the story and I was going, "Tee Hee Hee", out loud. The teacher heard us, and sent both of us to see the Principal, (teacher's husband), who just also happened to be my brother John's ninth grade teacher.

When the Principal asked why we were sent to him, I told him about the story I was reading, and when I repeated the "Tee Hee Hee" part, the whole ninth grade class busted out laughing. For punishment, the boy and I had to sweep the two halls in the school.

After the lunchroom incident, that teacher often made my twin sister and me sit out in the hall by ourselves dur-

ing class. After class the kids told us how the teacher would talk about us and our Mother. Well our Mother put a stop to that too and it wasn't too long after that both the teacher and principal were fired.

I don't know what happen to them, but I guess the old saying, what goes around, comes around certainly applied to this life story.

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The Coke Machine and My DJ Days

by M.D. Smith, IV

"Oh Crap, I'm up the proverbial creek now." That's what I thought when I saw General Manager, Bill Borthwick of WNUE Radio heading to the Coke machine.

First, a little background. The year was 1961. That was the summer my wife and I married in June. July found me doing Disk-Jockey work at our radio station, WNUE-AM in Fort

Walton Beach, Florida. With my "First Phone" Engineer's license, I could operate the station by myself at night on a directional AM radio pattern. Thus, I was the summer fill-in for some years to come.

On this particular Thursday night in July, I was working the 6 pm to midnight shift because we had a "Miss Midnight" who was doing the midnight shift I usually was assigned. The lady, as mentioned above, had a warm sexy voice and was attract-

"If you think dogs can't count, try putting 3 dog biscuits into your pocket and then giving her only 2 of them."

Cathy Self, Huntsville

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ing fantastic ratings for that time period. She was grossly overweight in person but had a great voice. So here I am. While drinking was NOT allowed at our stations, the late-night "jocks" were known to partake of the spirits, and being recently twenty-one, I was one of them. I did imbibe before then, but now it was legal.

I picked up a six-pack of Bud in a sack at a convenience store on the way to work and carried it inside at 5:45. Everyone was gone but the guy I was relieving. I put my package behind the control console, replaced the afternoon guy and began my shift. I needed a way to keep my beer cold enough to drink during the evening, so I had the idea to stick a can UP past the dispensing drop door of our Coke machine where the cold air would keep it cold. All seemed like a beautiful plan.

Then, through the side control room glass, I spied the General Manager of our

station enter the main door. I was a bit surprised, but him working past six was not uncommon after he wrapped up sales calls. I continued my "Dee Scott" air shift knowing I'd need to wait until he left to have my first beer.

I saw him talking with some paper in his hand to the previous DJ who had not left the building. The manager needed him to record a commercial at the last minute for spots to air the next day for a sponsor. NOW, we come to the clincher of my story. Through the forward control room glass facing the hall and the Coke machine, I saw the manager stop in front of it. He paused and put in his quarter. I knew what was coming next.

The manager waited, a "thunk," and he looked down in puzzlement. He lifted the can of cold Budweiser and said, "What the hell is this?" He held up the can for closer inspection.

I had walked to the open control room door and moved to the AP teletype machine

nearly to get wire copy.

"I don't know," I said. I tried to look as puzzled as he did.

With that, he marched down the hall back to the other guy who'd been working and asked the same question. I could see through the other glass the guy hold his hands out upside down, giving the same answer I did. I went back to my work, trembling not so much that I'd get fired, as he'd tell my father and I'd be in a lot more trouble. Nepotism is a mixed bag, working for your father in the business.

Much later, I found out Mr. Borthwick never said any more to anyone. I think he knew it was me. I was never "ratted out."

I also never took alcohol into our stations again.

"Anything you find wrong with your body at 35, you will be nostalgic for at 65."

Pat Riley, Huntsville

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