



No. 329

JULY 2020



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

GROWING UP IN FIVE POINTS IN THE '50S AND '60S



Also in this issue: Becoming a Huntsville Native; The Paving of Locust Street; An Interview with Dr. Patricia Haley; Southern Recipes; Your Pet Needs You; Household Tips and Much More!

Lewter's Hardware Store



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

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A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

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Doris Lewter
Mae Lewter

Growing Up in Five Points in the 50s and 60s

By Lawrence Hillis

Cover Photo provided by Lance George

I have lived on Ward Avenue one block from Five Points all of my life. It has been a wonderful neighborhood to grow up in. It is still a very popular neighborhood these days mainly due to the many great places to eat and so many stores nearby for easy shopping.

I remember when the Texaco gas station was on the corner of Five Points where Hardees is now. Then the Texaco owner purchased Mr. Ray's house at the corner of Ward Avenue and Andrew Jackson Way and tore it down and built a new station which is still there. They did auto repair work where the car wash is now.

Also, Bobby Schrimisher had a two-story house between what is now Hardees and Propst Drug store that he turned into a hardware store.

Across the street, Star Super Market is one of the oldest establishments at Five Points.

During the 50s and 60s "Chick" Russell was the manager. At the other end of the block was the Zesto Ice Cream Shop which is now 1892 East Restaurant and Tavern. The Zesto was known for their famous dip dog which was a wiener with a stick in it, then dipped in batter and fried. Next to the Zesto was Goodson's Variety Store which had entrances on Russell Street and Pratt Avenue. Both were owned by Houston Goodson.

Halfway between Star Market and the Zesto was the Walgreens Drug store. Near the checkout counter was the serving bin with the heat lamps and contained peanuts and cashew nuts. There was a large two-story house which was a funeral home on the corner of Pratt Avenue and Andrew Jackson Way where Regions Bank is now.

In those days Andrew Jackson Way was Fifth Street. All of the streets running north to south, parallel to Fifth Street were numbered until they were changed to names back in the late 1950s.

A couple of blocks from Five Points were the two neighborhood schools - East Clinton Elementary which is now Providence Classical School and Huntsville Junior High School which is now the Annie Merts Center, the Administration for the Huntsville City School System. Before 1950, the building was Huntsville High School and Huntsville Junior High was one block to the east where there is

"How do we make holy water? We boil the Hell out of it."

Seen at local church



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Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)
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Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net
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Publisher - Cathey Carney

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Editor - Cheryl Tribble
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Gen. Manager - Sam Keith
Copy Boy - Tom Carney
(in memory)

"Old Huntsville" magazine is a monthly publication. Annual subscriptions are \$40 per year.

For subscription change of address, mail new information to the above address.

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now a parking lot for the Merts Center.

I attended East Clinton Elementary in the 1950s. My first-grade teacher was Mrs. Gaines who was very patient with the students. Since it was not required to go to kindergarten, she had to deal with many levels of the incoming first graders.

Each year in the 50s there were also children of the German Rocket team at NASA who were trying to learn English from their German parents. My second-grade teacher was Mrs. Bessie Russell who worked at the Huntsville Library during the summer. Later they opened a library branch in north Huntsville and named it Bessie K. Russell Library. She was very insistent that we did not goof off all summer and encouraged us to join the children's book club at the Carnegie Library downtown during the summer break and attend their activities. Later in the 1970s she helped me do genealogy research on my family tree.

When I got to the fifth grade, Mrs. Walker played a game called "trapping" in our his-

tory class. She began the game by asking a question to the first person on the first row and if they could not answer it and if the second person could, then the second person got to move to the front seat and the person missing the question moved diagonally to the back corner of the room. After the first seat was secured, she continued with questions in order of the seat arrangement. From there when we missed an answer, we only lost one seat. This continued around the room from one row to the next. The person missing the most questions would end up in the last seat in the far corner of the room. This might continue all day and when we got to the end of the day, the students who were better prepared were on one side of the room.

These days this might seem to be demeaning to those who missed the questions, but in those days, you were expected to study and be prepared.

Like I stated, we had a lot of students whose fathers were on the Wernher Von Braun German rocket team at NASA. Most of them lived on Monte Sano

Mountain. I think they liked it there because it reminded them of Germany and it also allowed them to live close together in the same community. Monte Sano Elementary School was not built until 1959 and was very small to begin with. The 1950s were only one decade after World War II. We did not know the full story of how or when they came to the U.S. but they fit in very well. There were no hard feelings.

One year in junior high, we were studying the WWII and my classmates were sharing with the class what their fathers and uncles did during the war.

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

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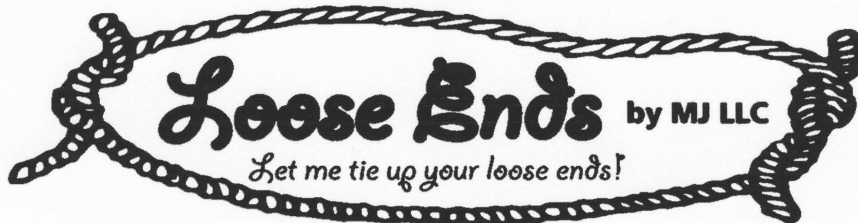
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**Mary Jim Ailor
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Once there was a student who had a German sounding name and another student asked him, "which side was he on?"

Our custodian at East Clinton was Moses and he shoveled coal in the furnace during the cold weather. If someone did not have lunch money they could come early to school and spend a few minutes (not long, possibly 10 minutes) shoveling coal and Moses would tell the lunch room ladies and they would give him a free lunch. Due to the child labor laws and safety, that would not be allowed now. Also, there are no coal furnaces these days. In reality it was not hard work, I shoveled furnaces for several elderly people in the neighborhood before and after school in the winter months. Some of them paid me, and some of them did not. I did it just because they could not do it themselves. It was just part of being a good neighbor.

We had chickens in our back yard until 1970. The fresh eggs were great and shoveling out the hen house made good fertilizer.

My favorite school activity was recess, especially when we played pull-off-sack. It was a game when the smaller guys got on the backs of the larger guys who we called "horses" and rammed into each other trying to pull the other horse and rider to the ground. It was actually a pretty dangerous game and sometimes someone got a few scrapes and cuts, but the teachers never stopped us from playing it. Lunch time was my next favorite activity. Most of the time, I took my lunch to school because Mother could not af-

ford paying for my sister Beverly and my lunches. I think the lunches were \$.25 each, but that was a lot back in the 1950s. The school would publish a menu and Mother would let me buy a lunch on special occasions like before Thanksgiving when they would have turkey and dressing.

I didn't mind taking my lunch because I had a good-looking Lone Ranger and Tonto lunch box that Mother got with S & H green stamps. It also had a thermos which Mother filled with milk. We kept our lunch box in our desk so the thermos jug did not keep the milk cold or fresh. I still don't mind drinking warm milk.

When I arrived at Huntsville Junior High in the seventh grade, I thought that people would laugh at my Lone Ranger lunch box, so I went over to Papa's house and asked to use some of his paint so it would not look like elementary school. He had some red paint so that fit in with our school colors. We were the Crimson Panthers. Thinking about it now, the paint may have had lead in it. So, I was probably eating out of a lunch box that had lead paint. I am still

alive so perhaps lead paint is really not all that bad.

My usual lunch was a sandwich which most of the time was peanut butter and jelly or banana and peanut butter with mayo. Sometimes I would have a ham sandwich or a spam sandwich. I still like PBJ and banana sandwiches. Mother would try to include a dessert. If apples were in season, dessert would be a fried apple pie. Sometimes biscuit pudding.

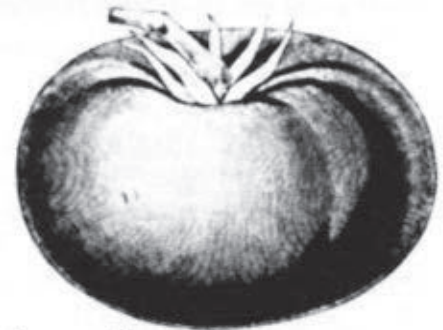
During the sixth grade at East Clinton was about the time I became interested in girls. I got to know a girl named Betty and she invited me to her birthday party. She lived at Five Points in a house on the corner of Wellman and Russell. I won the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey game and received a kiss on the cheek from Betty. Sometimes on Friday, Betty would tell me that she would be going to the Soda shop on Saturday and asked me to meet her there. The building is now the 5 Points Coin Laundry at the corner of Wellman and Russell diagonally across the street from her house. So, I would go

"Being of sound mind, I spent all the money."

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there and she would be sitting at the counter reading a comic book.

The store was actually a drug store with a comic book, magazine and newsstand and it had a juke box. I never played the juke box because I was fortunate to get the latest 45's for free. My uncle Buford Baucom owned a slot machine business and when songs dropped out of the top 20, he would give me a box of 45's. I still have several boxes of 45's in storage as well as some 78's which we played on Mother's Hi Fi (High Fidelity).

This soda shop/malt shop was not the Zesto Ice Cream store which was at the other end of the block at the corner Pratt and Russell. I don't remember the name of the drug store on Russell and Wellman, but back in those days if you bought ice cream or soft drink, they would let kids sit there and read the comic books which we called funny books. I liked the Combat comic books which were really not funny books. They would have stories about the Second World War.

After I saw that Betty enjoyed the Archie Comics, I wanted to impress her so I started reading the Archie comic books also. The Archie Comics were stories about kids at Riverdale High School. Beside Archie, other characters with Veronica the rich girl, Jughead the dumb one, Moose the athlete and of course they had a character named Betty.

The kids were always getting into trouble with the principal Mr. Weatherbee. Sometimes the setting was at a soda shop owned by Pop Tate. This all made sense to me, because that was where I was meeting Betty on Saturdays and my grandfather Papa owned the Big Spring Cafe and his patrons called him "Pop". The next year we attended Huntsville Junior High and Betty had a crush on a football player. So that was the end of our meeting at the soda shop. No more kisses on the cheek from Betty.

I was raised on the north side of the street on the corner of Ward Avenue and Dement Street and my Grandfather Troy Baucom lived across the street. His son Buford who owned the juke box machine business would drop off old slot machines when they were not repairable. Papa had a work shop in the

back yard and after he retired and sold the Big Spring Cafe, he would disassemble the machines and use the wood to build cabinets, shelves and tables for people in the neighborhood.

Papa saw David and Ted London and me playing basketball on a 9' goal in the London's small driveway on the other side of Dement Street. So, he bought two basketball goals and poles and set them up in his back yard. This gave us a full court which was possibly the only back yard in the city with a full court. It became a meeting place for kids from the neighborhood as far away as Lincoln Village to play basketball. Several rivalries would develop between my friends at Huntsville Junior High and Lee Junior High.

During the winter, when we would have snow, kids would meet in his back yard to play football. This is an old southern tradition. We would see football games being played in the snow on TV. Since it does not snow much in Huntsville, whenever it did snow, the first thing that boys would do is play tackle in the snow. The game would usually turn into a snow ball fight. We could then have to go inside to dry off and change to warm cloths.

We had a great school spirit at Huntsville Junior High School in the 1960s. One reason was the excellent football team coached by Ben Berry. Coach Berry had



Huntsville Hospital traces its roots to July 1895, when a group of civic-minded women from United Charities opened a small infirmary in a wood-frame house on Mill Street. In 1904, the infamous Mollie Teal died and gave her house on St. Clair Avenue (above) to the city with the stipulation that it be used as a school or hospital. This unique, humble start set a vision for service that continues to grow today – 125 years later.

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"When I first got married, my bride said 'I'm the lucky one.' I countered with, 'No, I'M the lucky one.' Turned out we were both wrong."

Don Broome

several undefeated seasons during the 1960s. Most of the games were played at the Goldsmith Schiffman Field on Ward Avenue. I recall one particular game in 1963 was between Huntsville and Davis Hills Junior High who was our chief rival. Sometimes fights would break out after the games.

That year, Huntsville won the game and when it was over there were three really rough looking guys wearing black leather jackets standing outside the gate yelling obscenities to the Huntsville students and parents as they left the game. They were probably carrying switch blade knives and we called guys like that "hoods" back then. The word "hood" was short for hoodlum. I was with my best friend Ted London who was known for getting into fights.

As we were nearing the gate Ted said, "Looks like we are going to have to fight our way out of here tonight." I replied, "No, just walk past them. There are three of them and only two of us." They were bigger than us and older, possibly already in high school or drop-outs. Ted and I were both small for our age so the outcome of winning a

fight did not look very promising.


However, Ted said, "We are not going to take it so you take the guy on the left and I will take the two guys on the right." I immediately started praying.

As we came closer, Ted got right up into the face of the biggest guy and gave him the biggest cussing that I have ever heard. Ted called him every name in the book plus some, and told him how bad we were going to beat them up. And if we needed help, his big brother was on the football team and he would be coming out pretty soon to finish them off. I knew that was not true, because Ted's older brother David was not on the team and was at home studying.

The big guy looked at the other two and said, "let's get out of here, this guy is crazy."

I am glad I lived only one block away from there. I had to get home really fast because I was about to soil my pants. I am glad we did not have to fight that night. Rudyard Kipling once said, "A mark of a good swordsman is a man who does not have to draw his sword."


Amen to that.



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My Best Friend, "Bas"

by Gwendolyn Joop

I'm dedicating this story to my late best friend from Rotterdam, The Netherlands, Bas Bakker. He passed away three years ago of brain cancer.

Bas was a gorgeous and brilliant minded person. Expensive taste and big hearted. Loved most people, he was grounded.

His wife of many years had just passed with ovarian cancer and I was single. Just becoming a Domestic Abuse survivor and still finding myself.

He worked as an Executive in the Marketing Department in the Headquarters in Holland Hoofddorp and had a teenager named Sven.

He visited America two to three times yearly. The annual IGUG (Intergraph Graphics User Group) held conventions at the Von Braun Civic Center for years.

Always infatuated with Harley Motorcycles and horses. He told many stories of his Vintage Harley and new Harley. All about riding Horses along the beaches. Reminding you he rode English Style horses.

One conversation we had. Informed me he really wanted to ride a western horse with a western saddle.

Being the Southern Bell host, I finally, found a farm in Florence, Alabama with horses. Explained to the farmer. Bas was an intellect and very familiar with horses. Visiting from The Netherlands. Never mentioning, little

blonde knew not the first dang thing about the big creature.

Bas and I left at 6:00 am on Saturday morning bound to Florence, Alabama. Chatting away. Looked up and there was a huge bridge over the Tennessee River. I'm petrified of bridges. Of course Bas was getting a great laugh at my expense.

On finally reaching the other side, I was angry he was still laughing at my expense. Shared a story of our conference in San Francisco, CA. the Wednesday evening of our Conference. All of has worked until early morning and late nights.

This particular night no events scheduled. Barry Johnson was kind enough to drive us all over San Fransisco. Thought we where headed to dinner. Not!! Talking as usual, never noticed

we are on the very beginning of The San Francisco Bridge. I'm sitting in the middle of the front seat. Began screaming bloody murder and speaking a lot of French words. Finally, we get off the darn bridge. Dreading the ride back. The only way back to the bay. Everyone exits the vehicle to stand on the edge of the Pacific to watch the beautiful sunset. The sunset was beautiful. Watched from the vehicle. Experienced too much water in one day. Began our journey back again, screaming bloody murder and a lot of French words. That ended me riding with anyone at a conference. Learned the word Taxi very fast.

Bas got a great laugh out of my story. Again, led to more questions. Why are you terrified of bridges? No clue. I am!!



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"No matter what you look like, marry a man your own age. As your beauty fades, so will his eyesight."

Phyllis Diller

Finally, we arrive at the Farm in Florence, AL. We met the kind owners and talked about an hour. I'm taking in the beautiful scenery of the beautiful home, barn and land.

The three stood up to go on their adventure. Moments later, Bas turned around. Come on Gwendolyn. I kindly replied there is no me in we. I know nothing about horses. The three finally talked me into getting on a huge horse.

Informed me to put my foot in the thing hanging from the saddle and pull myself up. Tried. Only landing on my stomach. Finally, Bas put me on the saddle. With very few instructions. Put a leather strap in each of my hands. If you want to go left pull left or if you want to go right pull right.

The husband lead the way. Bas following him. The wife following Bas; I'm bringing up the rear.

Every few feet my horse

stopped to Tee-Tee. Once we got off the trail. All four horses lined up as we talked. The owner looked at me. Now, that wasn't so bad. Learned my horse stopped every few feet, because I squeezed his belly too hard. Approximately two minutes later, without warning my horse takes off running through the field. They forgot to teach me how to stop the horse. Screaming, stop. Oh please stop. Only went faster. Stood up to jump off. Everyone screaming DO NOT JUMP!!

Finally, Bas and the owner caught up. Grabbed the leather straps and stopped the horse. Swear the horse looked back and smiled at me. Didn't like him and he didn't like me.

They escorted the horse and me back to the barn. Retrieved me back to the ground. The owner said the horse had never taken off running before. Laughed, he will never take off running with me again. I'm not stupid enough to get back on him.

Ladies and Gentlemen. Take it from a pro. If you are not familiar with an adventure, let your gut be the compass. Do not be stupid as I was.

I really miss Bas. Sometimes reflecting on our adventures and precious memories. The last time I visited him was at the Intergraph Headquarters in Holland. He worked for Bentley located in the same building. My husband let me out in front of the door and I went to Bas's office. I always have had a unique heavy voice. Yelled down the hall. "Bas Bakker!!" He ran out and gave me a big spin and hug. My husband is too from The Netherlands. The three of us chatted a few minutes. Bas had a meeting to attend. Gave him a big hug and my husband and I left. Never thinking that would be the last words we spoke.

Guess I have a special place in my heart for Dutchmen. Both my best friend and husband are Dutch.

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Your Pet Needs You, More than You Know

by *Cathey Carney*

Marilyn had been married for about eight years when she and her husband divorced. It was a bitter time in both their lives and a year dragged on until, miserable, they both decided they couldn't live with each other any more. The fight over possessions was lengthy, but finally it was over. Marilyn got most everything, even their Lab, Rusty. Both Marilyn and her husband wanted to move on and he didn't want the responsibility of a pet.

At this time Rusty was about four years old, but still acted like a playful puppy. He was outgoing, friendly, loved kids and adults alike. He liked being hugged and petted. He especially loved going after anything that was thrown to him and bringing it back.

His coat was shiny, his eyes bright and expressive. He adored both his "parents". When Marilyn and her husband had begun fighting, Rusty was sometimes caught in the middle. He was the victim of a broken glass one drunken night after an especially bad fight and had to be taken to the vet's with cuts. He was stepped on a few times during late night fights. He was ignored until his owners got in better moods and sometimes had no food or water. He cringed at the shouting and it got to the point that he would hide under the bed as soon as yelling started.

The divorce finally over, Marilyn got over her grief fairly quickly and began to date other men. She worked during the day so the nights she used to spend with Rusty taking walks with him began to decrease. When he would try to jump on the couch with her and a date Marilyn would throw him off.

In short, the time she used to spend paying attention to Rusty became very infrequent.

Rusty began to try less and less to get her attention. He didn't run to meet her at the door anymore. He began to eat less and less and seemed listless. Marilyn noticed all of this but was so caught up in her new and exciting life that she just didn't take the time to pay attention to him.

He got to the point where he spent a lot of time just sleeping. His eyes were no longer bright, but had a dull glaze over them. His coat became dry and dull. He gave up and in just a couple of months later, he died very early one morning.

Marilyn could not forgive herself for what she had done. She had realized that something was wrong, but didn't do anything. She couldn't bring him back. The sweet animal who had lived for his owners attention died because of the lack of it. Marilyn cried herself to sleep for days because of this. She asked me to write this story because someone out there, who may be not paying attention to their pet may still have the chance to show it love and give it the attention it deserves.

Your cats and dogs have feelings just like you. They love you no matter if you punish them, or yell at them. They need you to take good care of them. But most of all, they need your touch, kind words and your time. Please don't make the same mistake Marilyn did. Show your pets your affection for them every day. You won't regret it.



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WE SEE IN THE PAPERS

Bing Crosby Sick over Bama's Win

Hollywood, Ca Jan. 3, 1935

Bing Crosby was confined to his home today. The singer-actor said he had a bad cold. Friends say he was sick because Stanford lost to Alabama in the Rose Bowl game New Year's Day and Crosby lost with the Indians. Crosby estimated he lost about \$750 on the game and said "nearly all" the fraternities at universities in the Southern football conference would soon be playing table tennis at his expense.

He recently sang the popular song, "Stars Fell on Alabama," and dedicated it to Alabama's football team.

"I explained that although I dedicated the song to the boys from Alabama, I was rooting for Stanford - and willing to bet on Stanford," Crosby said. "A day or so later boys in a dormitory at the University of North Carolina offered to bet me a table tennis set on Alabama."

"I took that bet, but told them if Alabama lost each of them could write a letter to my bosses telling them why I ought to get a raise in pay."

Before the week was out, Crosby said groups from nearly half a dozen universities in the South wanted the same wager and he took them all.

Today he was preparing to pay.

Firemen Not Active, but Ready (June 5, 1923)

The Huntsville Fire Department hasn't had a run for a matter of nearly three weeks, not even a false alarm. However, members of the department are always ready and always prepared to respond to calls when they come.

Gurley Boy Drowned in River

(1923) While swimming in Paint Rock River Sunday afternoon, Leslie Thomas, aged 13, was drowned. The body was recovered and removed to the home of his parents in Gurley, where the funeral was held Monday afternoon. According to those who were swimming with young Thomas, he dove from the bank into the stream and never came up.

They became frightened and called for help which was soon forthcoming and after a long search the body recovered. It is supposed the young man's head hit the bottom of the stream and rendered him unconscious.

Arab Child Chews on Dynamite and Lives (1923)

Mrs. C. E. Brewster called frantically for police when she

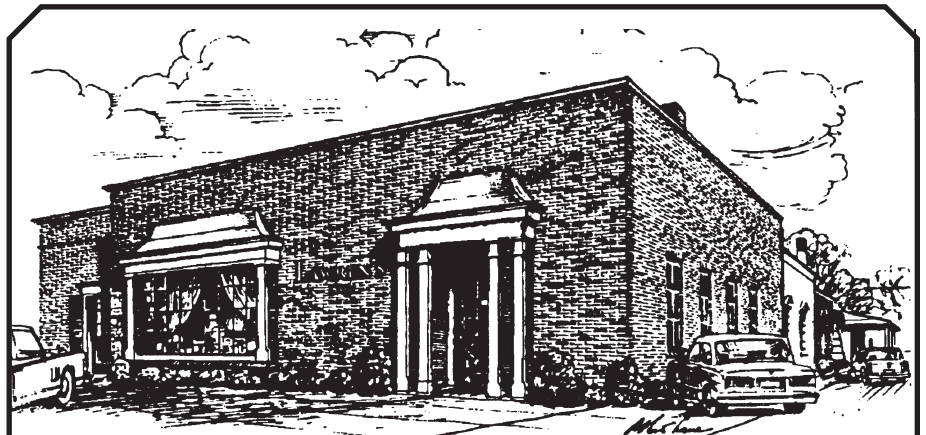
found her three-year-old daughter, Frances, eating the neighbor's dynamite.

Police said the child was chewing on the end of a half pound when they arrived and removed it from her tiny hands.

Dr. McCown Very III (1923)

Dr. McCown, of Hazel Green, one of the best physicians in the county, is lying very low at the local hospital, having been brought yesterday morning from his home. While suffering from a bad toothache, Dr. McCown called upon his son, who had been studying in Atlanta, to extract the tooth.

The young man did so and all seemed to be going well until the close of the day when the jaw began to swell and grow worse. The doctor was then brought to the hospital in severe pain.



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It seems like we have been down this pandemic road before; however, it looks bumpier this time. As much as some of us might like, we can't change history. The past is the past. Most of us might wish we could have done so and so but we can't. My advice is just to make the best of the situation with what you have and don't dwell on your mistakes.

The fourth of July is just around the corner. Time to show our true colors. Folks, let's get those flags out and decorate in the red, white and blue. I plan to make a cake for the grandkids and decorate it like a flag. I'll use blueberries, strawberries, and white icing. It is always a

**“Here lies the body of our Anna,
Done to death by a banana.
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low,
But the skin of the thing that made
her go.”**

Seen on tombstone in Mobile, AL

big hit whenever I make it and take it to dinner.

While I am thinking about the menu, I want to share a simple and delicious way to fix chicken. You will need a small can of orange juice concentrate mixed with an envelope of instant onion soup mix. Mix and pour over your favorite chicken parts, breast, thighs, legs, wings, etc. Place in a pan and cover with foil and bake in oven at 350 degrees for 45 minutes, then uncover and bake uncovered till meat is brown. I usually baste the chicken several times. Oh, so good!

I hope each of you is trying to keep safe and staying in as much as possible. I still see people going out without a mask, including kids, when shopping with parents. The coronavirus has added five hundred more names this week to the Alabama list. I keep praying that more aren't added to the list by next week. It is predicted that we should expect a recurrence of the virus outbreak due to the large numbers of people protesting and not using a mask. The month of July will tell.

Please excuse the short article this month as Grand Ma is facing two knee replacements and a hip replacement. Guess I will be called the bionic Grand Ma. If I ever get to fly anywhere again, I probably won't be able to get through the security machines.

Until next time, carry on the best you can - things will get better, I promise.

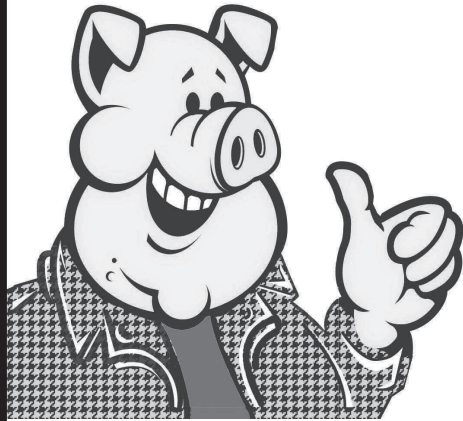
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My Father Was a Farmer

by Austin Miller

My father was a farmer. He had the skills and opportunities to do other things, but farming was his calling in life. He was a tenant farmer with my uncle and grandfather until he was about thirty-five. After that he and my mother (who worked as hard as he did) continued to farm for the next thirty-five years. She loved the life as much as he did.

In 1946 an eighty acre farm came up for sale in Ryland. It was good land with about 70 acres in cultivation. It bordered what is now Wess Taylor Road to the south and ran north about three quarters of a mile to the banks of the Flint River. The property had a new house and a good barn. The house still stands in good condition. It is a special place for me because I was born on the land in a long gone shack atop a little hill overlooking the river.

This was the opportunity Daddy was looking for and he applied for an FHA loan. The main mission of the FHA at that time was to promote farming by enabling families to borrow enough money from the government to buy their own land. He got the loan and the purchase of the property was approved. All the details were complete except for the closing. The FHA representative that Daddy worked with said it would take a couple of days to prepare the paperwork and when that was complete, he would be back in touch. The man told Daddy it was a done deal and if he wanted to, he could go ahead and paint the barn.

I remember sitting on Daddy's lap and him telling me that we were going to be moving soon into a new house. Two days passed and no word, after a week Daddy began to worry and started trying to find out the reason for the delay. The secretary at the FHA office would not tell him anything and he was unable to contact the FHA representative. Finally, he heard from a source outside the FHA that the farm had been sold to someone else. He never received any word, official or unofficial from the FHA explaining why he didn't get the farm he had been promised. To add insult to injury the family that bought the farm never raised the first crop, instead they rented it out to another farmer!

This was a big disappointment that affected our family for years to come. In those

days' landowners were the prominent citizens and usually had a better standard of living than most folks. After this, life was hard for us. Daddy was able to buy 20 acres but only about twelve acres of that was in cultivation. That was not enough and we had to supplement it by renting little patches of poor land that did not make enough to provide anything above the bare necessities of life. We were only able to survive by growing our own food.

All this happened many years ago, but I still sometimes think about what it would have been like growing up on the land where I was born. The recurring thoughts of that left a question in my being that I have never been able to get totally off my mind.

Daddy was known far and wide as one of the best men in the community. Some said he was the best. If he ever hated anybody in his life it was that FHA man that sold him out. He talked about him with bitterness the rest of his life. It has occurred to me that the man possibly did not have the final say and maybe politics or somebody higher up forced him to make a decision that he did not choose. Whatever happened, he was a little man who didn't have enough character and courage to face Daddy and explain what happened.

We will never know exactly what transpired, but we do know it was a big loss that touched all of us and for my father it was a bitter disappointment from which he never fully recovered.



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ELM TREES ON WHITESBURG DRIVE PLANTED BY WHITESBURG GARDEN CLUB LADIES

by Eddie Allen

I'm going back re-reading back issues of "Old Huntsville" during lockdown since watching TV is so BORING. The article about the Elm trees was interesting. My family lived on Whitesburg Drive between Thornton and Dawn. The Elm trees started just South of Longwood and were planted two to a house all the way south. We were told that the Whitesburg Garden Club ladies were also involved in planting the Elms. We had two and all our neighbors had two while Whitesburg was two-lane Highway 231. Those trees were plagued with Elm Beetles that ate the fiber from the leaves voraciously leaving only the skeleton and Elm Bark Borers that drilled under the bark and caused the trees to constantly leak watery sap in streams. To discourage the beetles, residents painted the tree bases with white paint about six feet up every year.

When Whitesburg was widened to three lanes and curbs and gutters were installed, many trees didn't survive the root destruction, then City Hall realized that the three-lane project was a total flop, didn't help flow and came back. They tore it all up again and four-laned the street and that finished off most of the Elm trees.

Several years later, D.O.T. in their infinite wisdom, came back, blacked out the four lanes and re-stripped to five lanes with what they called "Road Diet". When you drive down Whitesburg or California Avenue and you feel crowded if you are in a medium or large car, that's how it happened. Those streets were NOT designed or built to be five lanes.

Stay well and be safe!

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Becoming a Huntsville Native

by Jack Harwell

If you spend any time at all in Huntsville, you're bound to come to the realization that this is not your typical Southern town. That's not necessarily a bad thing. Every city needs something to set it apart from the rest. While our town has an unmistakable Southern soul, no one will ever mistake it for Jackson, Mississippi or Charlotte, North Carolina. What makes Huntsville so unique is the people who live here. A large number of them have chosen to live here, though born and raised in other places. From across the country and around the world they have come, for better or worse, to seek their fortunes in our city.

Everyone has a different story to tell.

My dad was born in Pulaski, Tennessee, and graduated from high school there in 1949. All his family was in Tennessee, but like many people at that age, he was willing to travel over the horizon and explore unfamiliar territory. His cousin, a World War II veteran, was working at the old Huntsville Arsenal. So, in 1951, Dad made his first trip to Huntsville.

The town my dad came to all those years ago bears almost no resemblance to the city it would later become. Huntsville, in 1951, had a population of 38,153. The city directory that year boasted of the city's two hospitals with 175 beds. "Huntsville is not a boom town," the directory said, "but a community of prosperous and happy people with a background of culture and education, an ideal environment for pleasant family life."

Driving around town back then, you would have seen many of the same types of businesses that other towns had. Hill

Chevrolet and Carlton Motors were located in the same block of Green Street. If nothing there interested you, you could go up Meridian Street to Huntsville Motor Company and check out the new Studebakers. The Huntsville K-F Company and the Kaiser-Fraser-Henry J dealer were on Holmes Avenue, near where the WHNT studio now stands.

At night you could take in a movie at the Lyric Theater ("air conditioned for your comfort"), or go just south of town to the local "Passion Pit," at the Whitesburg Drive-In, which advertised two shows nightly. At Woody's Drive-In on Meridian Pike, you could see Ronald Reagan in "Bedtime For Bonzo" that summer.

The Huntsville Times on July 1, 1951 carried front page stories on the truce talks in Korea

Golden K Kiwanis is Disbanding

Golden K Kiwanis Club will be ending after 35 years of serving local kids and their families.

The Club members helped to distribute Old Huntsville magazine and collected 100% of the money for their children's charities. This was the club's only fundraiser for the past 27 years.

"Old Huntsville" Magazine will continue on with regular distribution and a portion of the monies collected will be donated to a variety of local charities.

People keep asking: "Is this Corona virus really all that serious?" Listen ya'll, the casinos and the churches were closed. When heaven and hell agree on the same thing, it's serious!

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and the \$15,584,000 that the recently reactivated Arsenal was getting from the Army. The Scottsboro Cleaners, with five convenient locations, promised in an advertisement, to clean and press mens' suits for 50 cents. Southern Furniture was selling Frigidaire 6 cubic foot refrigerators for \$199.95 (\$5 down). But with all the modern big-city conveniences, Huntsville in 1951 was still home to thirteen coal companies.

This, then, was the town that my dad saw as a boy barely out of high school. As he passed through town en route to the Arsenal, he drove by the Madison County Courthouse (built in 1914), City Hall (where the Annex is today) and the Public Library (in the same block). He saw the modest brick building that was Huntsville Hospital and he drove right out of town, since the city limit was at Drake Avenue.

He drove down Whitesburg Drive, finally reaching the gate on Redstone Road. That was as far as he got; the guard refused to allow him onto the base. Remember, this was 1951. We were involved in a cold war with the Soviets and in a hot war in Korea. World War II had been over for only six years. Things were still tense enough for the military to be very security-conscious. The only part of Redstone that Dad was able to see was a sign that read, "What you see/What you hear/When you leave/Leave it here."

Dad's failure to get on at Redstone was disappointing, but not entirely unexpected. "They hired only veterans back then," he told me. You couldn't get a job at the Arsenal if you weren't a veteran. So he returned to Pulaski, then later moved to Nashville where he got a job.

It was nine years before Dad returned to Huntsville. During that time much had changed in the world. The war in Korea finally ended with an armed truce.

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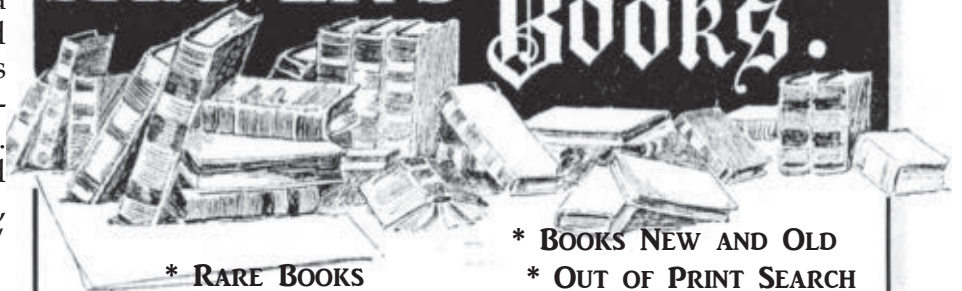
About 4-1/2 dozen

2 sticks butter or margarine, softened	1-2/3 c. all-purpose flour
2/3 c. sugar	1 c. finely chopped pecans
1 t. vanilla extract	9 oz. Hershey's kisses, unwrapped
1/4 c. cocoa	powdered sugar

In a large mixer bowl, beat butter, sugar and vanilla until creamy. In a separate bowl, stir together flour and cocoa, blend into butter mixture. Add pecans, beat on low speed until well blended. Refrigerate dough about 1 hour or until firm enough to handle. Heat oven to 375°. Mold scant t. of dough around each unwrapped chocolate piece, covering chocolate piece completely. Shape into balls, place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake 10-12 minutes or until set. Cool slightly, remove to wire rack and cool completely. Roll in powdered sugar.

Bunny Nagle

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Our Photo of the Month for last month was **Louie Tippett!** We had so many people call who knew and loved Louie (well maybe not ALL love) but the first one to call was **Bobby Norton**. He went to Huntsville Junior High School with Louie and I bet there are some good stories there! Congratulations to Bobby.

Then, our little hidden ant that I thought no one would find, did turn out to be a challenge for lots of you but our first caller was **Lynda Keller** of Lacys Spring. Lynda is retired but works a couple of days a week at a job she enjoys. The ant, for those of you who couldn't find it, was on the ad on page 47.

Nina Beal, who started the Ark Animal Shelter on Bo Cole Rd., told me they have new plexi-glass doors on the cat room and

the cats love it! Also she wanted to let readers know that they are closed right now and plan to open sometime in July. However anyone who wants to see the cats and dogs that are there, please call the Ark at (256) 851-4088 to make an appointment! All visitors are asked to wear a mask!

Phyllis Lawrence called and wants to wish her sweet husband a Happy Birthday on Aug. 26 - he will be 76. They live in Tennessee currently but **Billy Lawrence** was a starting half-back on Butler High School's football team. His older brother **Frank** graduated from Butler in 1960 and played on the team too. Happy Birthday to you Billy and you have a wife who really loves you! She said they were married 46 years in April!

If any of you have gotten gas at a **Mapco** (green and white gas stations) and you go inside, they are all so clean! Normally gas stations aren't known for their cleanliness and organized products but every Mapco I've been in around our area is nearly spotless! We are very proud that nearly all of their 18 locations in our area are carrying Old Huntsville magazine! You just buy them there when you get your gas, soft drinks etc. The very newest one is at the corner of So. Parkway and Hobbs Road, they are our newest location!

Rosemary Leatherwood wants to send a Happy Birthday to her grandson Chase Woods on July 10. Also to **Chris Rousseau** on July 4.

Also a very happy birthday to **Felicia Sutherlin Meshke** on July 15, she turns 51. She lives in Marietta, GA with husband **Thomas** and her mom **Cheryl Tribble**, who is Old Huntsville Senior Editor! Happy Birthday to you Felicia!

Due to rising costs in printing and postage, our **subscription rate** is going up. The new yearly rate for a sub to Old Huntsville magazine is \$40/year. We have so many loyal readers who live in different states and I appreciate all of you! I know you will understand about the cost, we kept it down for as long as we could.

I think wearing masks and distancing and sanitizing is going to become habits for most of us now. Actually it's not a bad idea, the sanitizing, and not putting hands in your mouth. We've been actually advising that for a few years, to avoid getting the regular flu. Just touch, handle, pick up things all day long, but **wash your hands** very well with hot water and soap before you eat anything! I just miss hugs.

My eye doctor is Patricia McCoy, whom many know. She told me that most people

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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wash their face at night or in the mornings. but don't remember to wash their eyes too. She said alot of germs and particles, dust, etc. can collect around your eyelashes so it's really good to just gently wash your eyes with warm water and a washrag!

Many are doing alot of garden- ing now with the spare time we've had. If you have crepe myrtles and you've noticed white scale on the trunks, that could be the new **Bark Scale** that has come here from Asia. It will be white or gray and when you scrape it, it turns pink or red. This will suck the life out of a crepe myrtle and if left untreated, will kill them. The way to treat them is with a systemic in- secticide that you drench around the base of the plant. Drenching is just done once a year, and you can get it at our local nurseries like Bennetts or Earth Touch. Thanks to **Alice Lawler** for the good infor- mation! She's a Master Gardener and knows all about this infection.

James McCullough lives in Scottsboro and recently had a May 10 birthday. His daughter Christy loves him so much and made sure he knew how his family treasured him. She and her husband Scott send much love to Dad.

When my grandson **Hayden** visited recently from attending U. of Michigan in Ann Arbor, he said something interesting. He was here a month or so ago for a visit and said Huntsville smelled so good. He said it was almost like perfume. In Michigan where he is they don't have the humidity and lushness that we have here. I had never thought of that but ever since he said that, I really love the way Huntsville smells!

A Very Happy Birthday to **Ken Owens** who thinks no one else should have a July birthday, ex- cept him. His is the 31st!

Ianthia Bridges of BB&T bank told us that her daughter **Brooke Bridges** will be 24 years old on July 10, and her niece **Cariana Ramsey** has a July 3rd birthday.

There is a picture of a **tiny skinny miniscule Taper candle** hidden somewhere in these pag- es. I will do my best to make it impossible for you to find. Also I will not accept calls until July 10, so that our out of state readers have a chance. 8am not before!

Louise Garman had an im- portant birthday on June 18 - she turned 100! This lady attended Adult Space Camp at age 89 and was the oldest lady to ever attend. She even won a Right Stuff award.

Congratulations and love to you!

It felt so good to be able to go back to the **Downtown Y** in the last couple of weeks. It is so clean in there and the number of people who go are limited right now. It's not only good physically, but mentally too cause you know you're doing something good for yourself!

As more and more places and events are opening up, keep your- self informed by checking out www.ourvalleyevents.com. Just please be courteous and when places ask that you wear a mask, do it! Alot of them are becoming fashion statements!

Our local restaurants and small businesses are hurting right now. Please tip well when you pick up food and try to shop at the smaller hardware stores & nurseries rather than the big box places. They need us right now, more than in the history of Huntsville!

It amazes me to see the hard work of our city maintenance workers who are out every day keeping our city clean and free of trash. They work really hard in the heat and humidity and we notice and sure appreciate each of you. Not easy jobs at all.

Have a safe and fun 4th and stay cool!



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Eclair Cake

- 1 stick butter
- 1 c. water
- 1 c. plain flour
- 4 eggs
- 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, at room temp
- 1 lg. box instant vanilla pudding
- 3 c. milk
- 1-2 c. whipped topping
- Chocolate syrup

In a saucepan bring the butter and water to a boil. Add the flour, stirring in with a whisk and remove from heat.

Add the eggs, one at a time, beat well after each addition. Spread the "crust" in greased 9x13" pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 25 minutes and cool.

Mix the cream cheese & pudding, slowly add milk. Spread this on top of the cooled crust. Refrigerate.

Frost with the whipped topping. Drizzle with chocolate syrup. Note - you might try other pudding flavors with good results.

Social Room Cocoa

- 1 c. coffee creamer, powder
 - 2 c. dry milk
 - 1-1/4 c. hot chocolate mix
 - 1/3 c. sugar
 - 1/2 T. ground cinnamon
- Mix together all ingredients and store in airtight container. Use 1/3 cup of the mix to one cup of hot water in a mug. If you put this in a jar and present it as a gift, your friends will love it!

Graham Cracker Pudding

- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 c. sugar
- 4 c. milk
- 1-1/2 c. graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 c. toasted coconut shreds
- 2 T. sugar coconut

In saucepan beat together the egg yolks and cup of sugar. Stir in milk, graham cracker crumbs and coconut. Heat slowly and cook til thickened. Pour into glass casserole dish.

Beat together egg whites and

2 tablespoons of the sugar til egg whites form peaks. Spread on top of the pudding. Sprinkle with toasted coconut. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

Lemon Lush

- 1 c. plain flour
- 1/2 c. butter, softened
- 1 c. powdered sugar
- 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temp
- 6-oz. whipped topping
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. instant lemon pudding
- 3 c. milk
- 1/3 c. chopped nuts

Cut flour and butter together to form crumbs. Press into the bottom of a greased 9x13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes and cool.

Beat together powdered sugar and cream cheese. Fold in 1 cup whipped topping. Spread on top of the crust. Mix the pudding and milk, beat well, spread over the cream cheese mixture.

Top with the remaining

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whipped topping and sprinkle with the nuts.

Peanut Butter Streusel Pie

- 1/2 c. peanut butter
- 3/4 c. powdered sugar
- 1 8" baked pie crust
- 1 sml. pkg. French vanilla instant pudding
- 1-1/2 c. milk
- 1 c. whipped topping

Combine the peanut butter and powdered sugar with a pastry cutter til crumbs form. Place half of crumbs in bottom of pie crust.

Beat pudding and milk together for 2 minutes. Fold in the whipped topping. Spread over the crumbs and top with remaining crumb mixture. Chill.

Million Dollar Pie

8 oz. container whipped topping

2 20-oz. cans crushed pineapple, well drained

14-oz. can Eagle Brand condensed milk

1/2 c. lemon juice

1 c. chopped pecans

2 graham cracker crusts

Beat together whipped topping, pineapple, condensed milk and lemon juice with

electric mixer. Mix only until blended. Stir in pecans, saving a few pieces to sprinkle on tops of pies. Pour into pie crusts. Sprinkle with reserved nuts. Chill in refrigerator for 2 hours before serving. **Variation:** Decorate with coconut and maraschino cherries. This recipe is something quick to stir up when company is coming, and it's very tasty.

Wacky Cake

- 2 c. sugar
- 3 c. plain flour
- 2 t. baking soda
- 6 T. cocoa powder
- 1 t. salt
- 3/4 c. vegetable oil
- 2 T. white vinegar
- 2 t. vanilla extract
- 2 c. water

Frosting:

- 2 t. vanilla extract
- 1/2 c. butter, softened
- 8-oz pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 c. powdered sugar

Combine sugar, flour, baking soda, cocoa and salt. Add the oil, vinegar, vanilla and water. Mix well. Pour into greased and floured 9x13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30-40 minutes, cool. Make frosting by creaming all the listed frosting ingredients and smooth over cooled cake.

Heavenly Hash

Melt 1 pound chocolate in microwave. Line an 8x8" pan with waxed paper, pour half chocolate mixture in.

Sprinkle 2 cups miniature marshmallows over, then 1 cup chopped pecans. Finish with the rest of the melted chocolate, cool and break into pieces to serve.

Vanilla Cafe

8 c. hot coffee

1/2 vanilla bean or 1 t. pure vanilla extract

1 jigger Bailey's Irish Cream Liquor per cup of coffee

Prepare coffee and drop in the vanilla bean or flavoring and let stand for 15 minutes. Heat again and add liquor to each cup when ready to serve.

Top with real whipped cream and a sprinkle of ground cinnamon.

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Mysterious Photograph Appears After Lightning Storm

from 1886 Newspaper



During a heavy thunderstorm that visited Sand Mountain, on the evening of July 18, Miss Lillian Paul was in the dining room of her father's house when she noticed a gleaming tray about which reflections from the lightning flashed incessantly almost like a flame.

Reaching for the tray to remove it, there came a flash of extreme brilliancy when she placed the tray under the table and left the room. The next morning it was noticed that the tray bore upon its center a profile of the young lady's head and face.

Mr. Leo Doft, the inventor of the electrical motor which bears his name, holds that "the picture was printed by light and not by heat, and that the flash was reflected from the face to the inside of the opposite window pane and thence thrown upon the tray, producing an actinic portrait."

However curious this may be, this result is not peculiar to Alabama lightning, as the following incident, related by a northern newspaper:

"We have heretofore published an account of a portrait supposed to have been photographed by lightning on a pane of glass in the window of an old farm house in this county."

Another instance of the same curious phenomenon has been found in the window of the Mansion House on the "Mount Eagle" farm, more generally known as the "Gentry Place."

The portraits of four persons are plainly discernible - two men, a woman and a child. The faces are not all on one pane, that of one of the men and the woman being on adjoining glasses, the face of the other man on another, and that of the child on one of the lower panes. The theory is that the party were all looking through the window during a thunderstorm, when a sudden flash of lightning.

By some mysterious process, instantaneously fixed their features on the glass.

The existence of the portraiture are of comparatively recent discovery and have attracted many visitors as well as experts from across the Southern states who all express their bewilderment.



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John Digman

HOUSTON AND DOROTHY (DOT) KEY (MY PARENTS)

by Barry Key

For the last three years I have written several stories for the OLD HUNTSVILLE magazine. Stories about myself, my wife, friends, uncles, both sets of grandparents, animals, inanimate objects and fiction.

The one story I have had the most trouble writing is about my parents. There are no descriptive words in the dictionary that can communicate the love and respect I had for my mother and dad. I have started this story time and time again only to hit the delete button.

It's like in a movie when the star is typing a novel, all of a sudden he or she jerks the paper out of the type writer, wads it up and throws it at a waste basket. The camera then pans the waste basket and floor and both are covered with wadded sheets of paper from the writer's frustration. My delete button is that waste basket in the movie...with the word "delete" worn thin.

Once again, I sit here attempting to put my feelings into words.... how far will I get, I don't know. Words come to mind, but when I put them on paper they sound surreal and childish. Mom and dad were anything but fearful, fainthearted and apprehensive, so the words that I attempt to put on paper just doesn't fit their personality. Both grew up during the Depression and learned to take anything life could throw at them.

My father was born on the top of Grassy Mountain just off of Cottonville Road in Marshall County. My mother was born at the confluence of Honey Comb Creek and the Tennessee River in Marshall County. My mother went to Guntersville High School and my father went to Kate Duncan Smith, at Grant, better known as DAR.

As a result of growing up in the Depression, both my parents developed ambitious, enterprising work ethics. After WWII, my dad went to work for the civil service at Redstone Arsenal and retired there with many years of service. He was on the City Council in New Hope for a while and also Mayor.

My mom was the entrepreneur of the family and ran a service station until it burned. She then ran a cafe in downtown New Hope until we moved to Redstone Park just south of Huntsville. She went to work for the Army until we moved back to New Hope. There, in 1955, she built a small ice cream and sandwich cafe, Dot's Dairy Dip. The cafe is still up and running today with a slight change in the name, Dot's Dairy Den... or as the locals call it "DOT'S".

In addition to their public jobs, my mom and dad grew a large garden every year. To me, the garden was a lot of extra work for them that I thought unnecessary. But, as I grew older I realized this was not work to them, but their way of relaxing and clearing their minds of their "9 to 5" obligations. Along

with the garden's tranquilizing affect, the innumerable jars of vegetables and fruit they canned each year was a welcomed bonus to our daily meals.

Well, I have sat here and told you a little about my parents and their outlook towards life, but still could not find the words that express what I rightly feel in my mind and heart. What I can truly say...."I consider myself the luckiest person in the world to have had Dot and Houston Key as my parents".



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Water - So Near and Yet So Far

by Jane Barr,
written in 1955

It's one a.m. as I begin this story. A story of people in a "not everyday" situation. It begins with 125 families living on a mountain top near a thriving town of 30,000 people.

The mountain folks are a part of a community water system owned by themselves and voluntarily operated by a group voted upon by the shareholders. It is this group of men that keep the water system in working order pumping 1500 gallons per minute, 1200 feet up from the city.

All was going well when this "not everyday" situation began. "Mrs. Barr, this is Marvin." came the voice over the telephone. "The pump packing has blown. I've enough for one more packing but you better call the factory and order more. I'll try to keep it going until then."

Mrs. Barr got on the telephone and called her husband who was an engineer on the Arsenal. "Tom, the packing's blown. You better check with Marvin and see how it's coming."

Tom Barr then placed several telephone calls: "Long distance, I'd like to place a call to...."

"Hello, Rod." (Rod Stewart, an engineer and also mountain resident and water system volunteer). "We're having pump trouble. Can you pick up a

shipment tonight coming in on the 11:45 plane? Fine. Bring it by the pump house on your way home."

Several hours later:

"Hi, Tom. How's the pump doing?" "Not too well." came the voice over the telephone line. "Another part broke. I'll have to locate a machinist, get him out of bed and get a new part made. There's not another part between here and the factory. You better go to bed. It'll be several hours before the pump is running again."

3AM the next morning: "Hi, I couldn't sleep wondering about the pump. Glad it's on again. I'd hate to miss my morning cup of coffee."

7:30AM the same morning: "Mrs. Barr, this is Marvin," came

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Jim White, Huntsville

a familiar voice over the telephone. "The pump is blown again. Better let me talk with Tom." Soon after Tom hangs up and turning says "Jane, call the pump company and order this list of parts. Ask them to get them on the next plane coming this way, I'll have to get replacement parts machine out again. Just hope we don't run out of water."

Half an hour later: "Hello Annie (Annie Stewart). This is Jane. The pump's off. The only water is in the tank. Better call some of your neighbors and ask them to limit their water to strictly drinking. I don't know how long it'll be off. Just hope we get it back soon."

"Hello Ruth (Higdon), this is Jane." Within an hour, after a network of calls, all the families had been notified.

Several hours later: "Hello, Jane. This is Annie. I feel just like a pioneer." "Yes" Jane replied. "I know what you mean." "I defrosted some ice cubes to make a cup of coffee. "I've been using water from the bathroom water tank to wash my hands. I guess the baby's (David) bath can wait a day."

"Hello, Jane. This is Mary (Sanders)." "I'm going downtown and thought I'd bring some jugs of water back." "Have you any idea how long the pump will be off?"

The next evening: "Hi, how's the water pressure?" "Low, but we're getting water." "Boy, this has been some day. The parts didn't come in on last night's plane. They were lost along the way. The Army sent a group of pump specialists to give us a hand. Just when we were at our wits end the Air Express truck pulled up with our lost parts. They sure saved the day." "Here, have a cup of coffee."

As this story ends I can't help but think of the families, the express agency, the air lines and others who gave their full cooperation to our plight. I can't help but wonder what became of the five teenage boys who stole, disassembled and sold for scrap metal our spare pump just a few months ago. They got all of \$15 for their effort.

(During the "dry season" city water is pumped to the mountain top from the base of Monte Sano near Hermitage Street. Mar-

vin Tippet is the full-time Maintenance man for the water system. He is called upon for various emergencies like pulling a billy goat out of a backyard pool (Rod and Annie Stewart's). Most people carpool and have one car per family. Most women stay home with the children. Most men work on the Arsenal. Trips to town are weekly. Cloth diapers, glass baby bottles and baby formula requiring water are used.

WATER IS VERY IMPORTANT! When you purchase a lot on the mountain you become a shareholder in the water system. There is no school or fire station on the mountain. WE ARE TRULY PIONEERS OF MONTE SANO.)

This written in 1955. Until Monte Sano was annexed into the City of Huntsville the main water supply was from Sadler Spring, into a concrete reservoir, on the Natural Well Trail across from Burritt Museum Road. From there it was pumped around the south side plateau of Monte Sano. The north side, with older homes, had wells.

"After a few weeks of not going out, I saw someone I knew walking by on the sidewalk. I ran to the window and started yelling to him. I now understand my dog."

Mike Self, Huntsville



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The Paving of Locust Street

by Walt Terry

Along about 1925 or '26 I was fortunate enough to live on Locust Street when it was being paved. (Since that was back in what my children refer to as "The Dark Ages," I'm not sure whether or not it was the initial paving, but my fading mind tells me it was.) To see and hear that beautiful smoke-belching monster rumbling and clanking along its way over the newly poured, steaming asphalt was a small boy's dream of heaven—a sure-nuff, really-and-truly steam roller!

Across the street lived another four-or five-year-old miscreant named Wells Stanley. As Wells and I watched together this marvelous process, we ran across a treasure almost equally fascinating: a brown paper bag with huge biscuits containing between their halves a greasy white substance we'd never seen before in its purest form (we learned later it was called "fatback").

Not totally innocent of what we were doing, we retreated to a "secret" place under Wells' porch steps and proceeded to feast on this strange and delicious banquet.

We were, of course, caught. The street department man, on missing his lunch at noontime, somehow tracked us down (crime didn't pay, even at that tender age). The man was as black as the asphalt he worked with but had a heart of gold, and I've never forgotten his kindness. He told our mothers that he reckoned we had "mistook" his lunch for ours.

But with our mothers, we both were in disgrace, though we passionately blamed each other for being the instigator. Our mothers, to make amends to the worker, prepared a feast of fried chicken for him and his fellow crew members. Under these circumstances, we were more than forgiven for our sins by them, if not immediately by our mothers.

I haven't seen Wells Stanley in probably forty or fifty years, but I'm convinced he'd still be quick to say Walter Terry put him up to that thievery.

And I'd be just as quick to deny it.



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The Cacophony of Creatures

by M.D. Smith, IV



In the woods, you hear the summer sounds of the creatures. To us, it is undoubtedly a cacophony of the audio spectrum that appears to have jarring and dissonant tones. The sounds emit from a gazillion bugs and insects warmed by the summer day and lulled by the humid evening draping on the twilight landscape.

To us, a cacophony; to them, a symphony. This is the creature's version of Beethoven, Mozart, Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky and Wagner all rolled into a single magnificent score to celebrate the evening. Calling for a mate, maybe secondary. It is a mass celebration of the fleeting days that are a lifetime for some.

As if on cue, a tree frog here and there add another section to the orchestra of the woods. Stereo at it's most excellent and each penetrating sound coming from....over here...no, over there. Sometimes a spot of light pierces the rhythm complements of the lightning bugs.

To punctuate, the rasping buzz of the cicadas elevates the level until a human must speak above normal voice to be heard. Building to a crescendo like the 1812 Overture and all that's missing are the cannons.

Automobiles whisk by on the road, windows raised and air-conditioning on high. A pity. They miss the summer's sweet music if you know how to listen. As days wane into fall, the instruments, one by one, will cease to play and one day fade completely. Winter's chill silences the orchestra for the season, and waiting through the cold and rainy days to come can be tedious for humans.

For some of us, the next concert never plays. We won't hear the tuning up of the instruments of the warm weather creatures as they emerge from a winter burrow, or hatch from an egg dutifully laid the season before. Sad.

If you are reading this and summer is around the corner, prepare yourself...it's coming. Nature's cacophony or symphony, depending on your point of view, is on the way.



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Ben Parton, Huntsville

The Painless Dentist

by Gary Gee



Dr. Katz, the "Painless Dentist," had an office on the eighth floor of the Times Building in downtown Huntsville. While sitting in Katz's chair, which faced a window, you had a terrific view of the buildings and cars and pedestrians (ants) below. In mild weather this window was open. But it was too high to jump out if you could not stand the pain from Katz's drill. The people below could not help. God help you, because except for God, you were on your own.

Katz did not believe in giving Novocain to patients when they needed a tooth filled. I guess he thought that he could drill that sucker out and fill it without hurting you. Or maybe he just enjoyed administering torture. But to ease his conscience, when working on kids, he had a trick up his sleeve. His policy towards kids when filling a tooth was, "If you don't cry, I'll give you a nickle at the end of the visit." Well, at that time (about 1948) a nickle would buy a single dip of ice cream at the Orgain Sparks Drug store. A single dip back then seemed like a half a pound of ice cream hanging over the edge of a big cone, all way around - not one of those tiny little perfect hemispheres of today resting on a perfect little cone.

Al loved those free cream cones, especially the ones filled with lime sherbet. So, when he visited the dentist, he came prepared to endure all the pain that Dr. Katz had up his sleeve. By the time he entered the office and settled in the chair, Al had

convinced himself that he could grin and bear it and not cry - whatever it cost.

Well Katz quickly went to work this day. Eventually, the friction from drilling the tooth produced the unmistakable smell. This smell was enough to make you tense up, because you knew what was bound to follow. Al tried to daydream, or think about anything, to put some distance between himself and what Katz was doing to him. He tried to think what that burning smell of the drilling reminded him of. He had smelled it frequently before, but not in a dentist's office. Al researched his adventures over and over. Then it dawned on him. Why, he had smelled that smell in his own front yard.

Suddenly, Al was brought sharply back to reality as Dr. Katz dug into a nerve for the first time. Al tensed and clutched the arm of the chair. His eyes began to water up. But he was careful not to cry out. Katz sensed what he had done and immediately withdrew his drill, giving Al a few moments to get it back together. Then he brought his weapon again to Al's tooth.

Al quickly tried to escape reality again and resumed thinking about the smell of the tooth drilling. In summers, he and his neighborhood Mayfair gang would sit around in the grass in his front yard and play mumbly peg. Occasionally, when they were bored with this, Al would drag out his magnifying glass. He would use this glass to focus the sun's rays to a point and burn holes in leaves and bark. He could start a fire that way. He could focus these rays and make a hot spot on his skin. He had to pull it away quickly though, because it would burn skin if held there for several seconds. Well, ants were in the yard and sometimes were unfortunate enough to feel the effects of the Mayfair gang's magnifying glass. It would stop an ant in its tracks and burn it up producing both smoke and smell. In Katz's chair that day, Al decided that the smell of burning ants was identical to that produced by the tooth drilling. "That's it," Al said to himself. "Drilling tooth enamel produces the same smell as burning ants."

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As Katz continued his work, Al's eyes again and again filled with water. Each time he withdrew the drill to allow Al to recover, Katz seemed a little disturbed that Al was reacting like this dentist was inflicting pain on his patient. He knew that this just could not be, because after all he was "the Painless Dentist." Each time he paused drilling, he asked Al, "Am I hurting you?" Al would quickly respond, "No!" Al thought that each of these times Katz was probably asking himself, "Is this kid trying to ruin my reputation?" Then he would shake his head in disbelief and resume the torture.

Finally, Al's eyes reached the full mark - began to overflow - and tears began running down his face, but Al did not cry out or make any sound. He was determined to hang tight, to get the nickle. Katz was just as determined to finish his work and he continued to press on with his jack hammer.

Al sensed that Katz seemed annoyed with the way things were going, definitely with his patient and possibly with himself. Finally - after countless drilling sorties - Katz said in an agitated tone of voice, "I must be hurting you, tears are running down your face!" Al quickly answered emphatically and loudly, "Oh, I'm not crying!" Katz shook his head again and continued his work with his patient's face covered in salty water.

It seemed like a lifetime, but the drilling was finally over. Al relaxed as Katz began the routine of mixing the metal filling

and completing the process. Al knew he was home free. Well, he thought he had made it out of the woods, but he was not completely sure that Katz would give him his nickle. I mean tears were streaming down his face. But he did not cry out! Each time when asked, he had responded that he was not being hurt. Al figured that he had met the criteria of "not crying."

Al swung himself around assuredly, dismounted the chair, and began to slowly make his way to the door. He moved slowly because he wanted to give "the Painless Dentist" time to keep his word and come up with his nickle. Katz asked, "Why didn't you say something if I was hurting you?" Al quickly answered, "Because I wanted to get that nickle for an ice cream cone." Sure enough Katz reluctantly handed Al his paycheck. But Al could tell that Katz really did not feel like he owed this

nickle.

Al decided that Katz probably figured that Al might spread the word throughout Huntsville that "the Painless Dentist" is just the opposite. So, he paid up. Al later reflected that the way that it worked out was probably good for everyone. Al got his big dip of lime sherbet and Katz kept his reputation intact. Also, Katz escaped an express ride to the ground from his office window.

The Times building still towers over downtown Huntsville. In those days, it and the Russel Erskine Hotel were the town's two skyscrapers. Even today, whenever Al catches a glimpse of the Times Building, he never fails to look up toward Katz's office window and say to himself, "Dr. Katz, wherever you are, I'd just like you to know that your dentistry hurt like hell."

("Al" is the author; the name of the dentist also was changed.)

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Nell Marie (Hill) Long: Almost 100 and Going Strong

by William Sibley

Nell (Hill) Long was born on July 12, 1920, so she will be 100 years old this July 12, 2020. She is the daughter of Arit Atwell Hill and Fannie Lou Josephine (Harless) Hill. Nell was born on the Hill family farm in the house her father "built by hand" in the Oak Grove community "just outside of New Hope." Nell's family was active in the Oak Grove Church of Christ and Nell received her early education at the one-room Oak Grove School. Nell's father donated land for the church and school. Nell's favorite teacher was Miss Willie Nails.

Nell's family enjoyed Christmas each year. Her father always had silver dollars and orange slice candy for the family and would entertain his family by playing his "juice harp." Nell's mother, who did lots of baking during the Christmas season, enjoyed her husband's music although she enjoyed the gospel singings by local groups more than the juice harp.

The Hill farm was almost self-sufficient and there was always much work to be done, but Nell says there was always time for play. There was hardly any job that Nell could not do and she enjoyed her work. She learned to milk cows and do the churning at an early age. She helped her mother can fruits and vegetables. The Hills had their own poultry and hogs and Nell would grind the sausage and her parents would cure the hams.

The Hills raised sugar cane which would be made into molasses at Will Rice's sorghum mill. The Hill's corn was ground into meal at relative Dan Drake's grist mill. Nell picked wild plums, muscadines and blackberries, which make the best jams and cobbler pies. Nell says picking blackberries was probably the only thing she did not enjoy on the farm because snakes like to claim blackberry patches as their territory.

Nell's high school years were spent at New Hope where her future husband, James Long, was a transfer student from Farley. At

the age of 19, Nell became Mrs. James Long. In their early married years the Longs moved into the historic Grayson Home in Big Cove. Three children, Larry, Adonis and Peggy were born to James and Nell.

James became manager of the large Schiffman farm, a job he had for 35 years and moved his family into the large home that was built for Schiffman's overseer. Adonis and Larry graduated from New Hope. Larry attended Jacksonville State and Adonis attended the University of North Alabama. Peggy graduated from Madison County High School at Gurley and received the Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Mississippi State University. She is a teacher in Huntsville.

It was a sad day when James Long, Nell's husband of 60 years, passed away in 2008. Mr. and Mrs. Long were great assets to Big Cove, always involved in the PTA and 4-H work. Nell was honored by being selected Homemaker of the Year.

The Long family had been active in the Church of Christ at Big Cove, but Nell and Peggy are now active in the Church of Christ at Owens Cross Roads. Nell appears to have inherited the spunk of her ancestral grandfather, Captain John Drake, an officer in the American Revolutionary War.




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Four-Legged Lockdown

by Mr. Freckles, as told to
John E. Carson

I'll tell you folks, life has been strange here in Huntsville this past five months. Seriously, I never thought I would see my human wearing a muzzle! It's not just him, I see them on people everywhere when we go out-which is not often anymore. We have been shut down.

Oh, there are still a few places we go, the supermarket, fast food drive-throughs and now that the American Legion Post is open again we stop in and see our friends once in a while.

But life is not the same. No more trips to my favorite place, the Dog Spot, no more talks to veteran groups, no more book signings and photo ops. My job as an ambassador has shrunk to being a role model at the grocery store.

Even the Senior Center and John's creative writing class has been locked down. After five years of roaming this town I have been confined to patrolling the grounds around the house and sniffing for clues to who passed by and when they did.

It's like living in the Twilight Zone! As one that did time in the Big House before I was rescued, I know a lockdown when I see one. Sure, you might not have the bars and wire cages, but all you humans have been muzzled and put on a leash.

Now, some of the other mugs in the neighborhood don't mind the current state of affairs but they don't have the same job as I do; they are not personal bodyguards and the face of a nonprofit ("Rescue Me"

and "Pets For Vets"), fundraising has been put on hold and other cons in the shelters will not get rescued like I was.

Thankfully there has been no disruption in my food supply but the pantry is full of rolls of white paper that I only saw in the bathroom before.

You know, a guy like me gets restless. I miss my job. I hear talk about Essential Services these days and it makes me want to lay down and roll over. I think what John and I do IS an Essential Service but to do it we have to talk to groups of people and that is not allowed anymore. When you have four legs and a tail, social distancing just doesn't cut it - unless you are a cat.

Now cats on the other paw, are probably happy about the Shelter In Place rules; their humans have been home more than ever, and they can lay on the keyboards while their people work or play on the computer. They can jump in their laps when they try to eat on the couch in their PJs and generally get all the attention they want. But when I want to go patrol the grounds, John looks at me and says, "Again? I just let you in!"

Yeah, this virus thing has been making life hard for me. I guess I'll have to dig deep and remember life in the Big House and tough out this four-legged lockdown.



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One Clever Cat

by Ted Roberts



Cats are clever. I once knew one (who "belonged" to my daughter - or so she thought) who enjoyed room and board with three other families on the street. Her names were: "Blackie", "Kittie", "Betty", and "Midnight". Each loving and providing family thought she was exclusively their cat and happily offered a full bowl of premium cat food daily. Did Blackie, Kittie, Betty and Midnight do this on purpose? Or did she wander into this deception.

Bring a connoisseur of cats I think Blackie and company planned the scam. Cats are clever.

Understand that each of four families thought they owned Blackie while she was luxuriating in the comfort and generosity of four owners (if cats have owners). Reminds me of a girl I knew 30 years ago.

I knew this cat well - no special features to indicate her feline deception. Just a regular animal with four legs and furry skin. She was super nice to her two footed providers. She would even come over when called. I guess so. Who wouldn't walk a couple feet for the equivalent of a filet mignon supper. She would lick your hand in appreciation while three other families wondered where Kitty was.

Of course she was busy traveling to four houses to keep her scam preserved. How clever, she had chosen four houses close together. Oddly the four scammers were never seen together

The plot was only revealed when my daughter had a conversation with her neighbor about their cats. They sounded remarkably similar. Blackie and Midnight shared the same pool of feline behavior. Strangely, they dwelt next door but were never seen together. My daughter was suspicious but not enough to call the cat police.

My daughter never sees her favorite feline on Friday night. She wonders about that. How could she know that Friday night is leftover Salmon from lunch at the Simpson's. How can Blackie, or Bettie, or Kitty, or Midnight resist that. It's kin to the mystery where Kitty and company are never absent Saturday night for a bowlful of chicken livers from daughter's Saturday lunch chopped livers.

The trickery only came to light when my daughter spied Kitty, Blackie, Midnight and Betty lapping up a bowl of cream on the Simpson's patio. She called around the neighborhood and converted Kitty, Midnight, Blackie and Betty to an indoor cat.

Cats are clever, ya know.



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"American consumers have no problem with carcinogens, but they will not purchase anything, including floor wax, that has fat in it."

Dave Barry

Tips from Earlene

* While in your car, to feel how cold or hot it is outside just touch the inside of the windows - in no time you'll be able to judge the actual temperature outside by touching.

* Place a charcoal briquette in your tool box – it will absorb much of the moisture and keep your tools from rusting.

* In the summertime, to kill unwanted grass, just pour a little Heinz vinegar (white) in crevices and between bricks.

* For a great diamond polish just put one Efferdent tablet in a glass of water and let your diamonds soak for about 5 minutes.

* To make your hangers glide over your closet rods just spray a coating of WD 40 on the rod (move clothes out of the way and don't spray too heavily) and wipe lightly with a rag.

* To get those mineral deposits out of your steam iron, just fill the water compartment with white vinegar, then steam

iron a soft rag until the vinegar level drops to low – fill up with water and do it again. Your iron will be like new!

* To keep hair coloring from staining your face and neck, just rub the area with a bit of Vaseline before you start to color. When finished, wipe off the Vaseline.

* Use a level teaspoon of Nestea mixed with one teaspoon of water – make a paste and use it with a cotton ball to get scratches out of wooden furniture.

* Put petroleum jelly around the top of your nail polish bottle to keep it from ever sticking shut.

* Try something new with Coca Cola. Pour a bottle of Coke into your toilet bowl, let it sit for an hour. Brush it out good and flush. Coke takes stains out of vitreous china, according to Heloise.

* If you have an ailing plant, give it two teaspoons of Geritol per week. In a few months you should begin to see fresh and healthy green growth.

"Doctors say that whiskey can't cure the common cold, but neither can doctors."

Albie Jacobs, Arab

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Dr. Patricia Haley: "I Will Always Be So Grateful"

by John H. Tate



The idea for the story was a simple one; tell of the work done by the Patricia Haley Charity and how Cancer Patients enjoy a little more dignity and self-esteem. As with all best-laid plans, life is full of surprises.

Years ago, there was a television series with the tagline, "Save the Cheerleader, Save the World." The profound meaning, in essence, states that if the right person intervenes on someone's behalf, the recipient of the intervention could go on to impact hundreds, thousands and maybe millions.

Such is the case with Dr. Patricia Haley. She was born into poverty in Jacksonville, Florida; the youngest of eight children, three by her biological father, and five the result of incestual rape. In her own words, "As a child, my mom was raped by her Uncle, at the ages of 9, 10, 11, and 12; and she had five kids from him. Every time she would have a child, the Uncle would give it to one of the neighbors."

Her mom married the man who would become Patricia's father and moved to Jacksonville, Florida, and Patricia was the youngest of three children. However, Patricia did not know her mother well. Patricia explains being taken care of by an Aunt, "Most of my life, my mom was in a mental institution. I guess God touched her heart, and she realized she really couldn't take care of me so she asked my Aunt to take care of me. My Aunt, a Christian woman, changed my life. I will always be so grateful."

Patricia accepted Christ at the age of nine and she was called into the Ministry at the age of twelve. The events of her childhood instilled the will not to give up inside of her. God's grace allowed her to grow and eventually have a loving family of her own.

With a smile in her voice, she states, "I met this handsome young man in Jacksonville, at church, and we got married. He got a job offer here in Huntsville and we moved here. We have two kids; my son is an Electrical Engineer at the Army Corps. My daughter is a Ph.D. Reservoir Engineer at Exxon, and my husband is an Engineer at the Army Corps. His name is Jeremiah Haley."

She explained how the founding of the Patricia Haley Charity and her dedication to helping Cancer Patients is also deep-rooted in her life experiences. "My dad had liver cancer, he was also an alcoholic, and that was incredibly challenging for my family, seeing him go from one extreme to the next. He went from being a provider to needing assistance."

Continuing, she states, "I also had two friends, one was diagnosed with Bio duct Cancer, and the other one with Breast Cancer." One can hear the pain in her voice as she tells the story of the friend with Breast Cancer, "When she was diagnosed, her husband left her, and

"You should never argue at the dinner table, because the person who is least hungry always gets the best of the argument."
Mike Hollen, age 15, Guntersville

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she ended up on the streets. I happened to run into her and she said, "Patricia, I lost everything," she said. "I have absolutely nothing." She was able to assist her friend off the street.

After walking the journeys with her dad and the two friends, her mission began, "I realized during those particular instances that there had to be others like those two women, like my dad, that need help. So, I started the non-profit."

She explained, "God is so amazing how he does things and I know God sees so far in advance than we do. He allowed me to meet this lady that lives in Connecticut. I went to their church and spoke to the women on Women's Day. The Pastor told me about this lady, and at the time, I was writing my first book, and she would do research and edit my book. That is what she did with the non-profit." Dr. Patricia Haley has a total of five books published at the time of this story. Jayne Crawford is the lady who aided Patricia in starting the non-profit.

When asked about the name of the non-profit, Dr. Haley explains, "Initially I was called into Ministry at the age of twelve, I was well into the Ministry; its name was Patricia Haley Ministry. At first, that was all I did, just ministering, traveling to different states, doing Revivals, or speaking. So, when I switched my focus from being a total Ministry and I started the nonprofit, it was suggested that we change the name from Patricia Haley Ministry to Patricia Haley Charity."

She recalls the first patient P.H.C. assisted. "Usually I get referrals from Huntsville Hospital, Clear View Cancer Institute and Alliance Cancer Care. The first patient I waited on, I gave her a wig. She was 23 and she was diagnosed with Breast Cancer. When she came to the office, she was emotional....she had lost all of her hair and thought no man would ever want her. She came to my office every day just to talk."

When one goes to the Patricia-HaleyCharity.com website, the list

of services provided is extensive and challenging, such as Co-Payments, Free Wigs, Bras & Breast Forms, Head Scarfs, Food, Transportation to treatment, Adult Incontinence Products and Undergarment & Pads.

At the point of this interview, Dr. Patricia Haley was working out the details of the \$800 grant Patricia Haley Charity received from the City of Huntsville. As she explains, "The grant is a Huntsville Community Foundation Grant, it came about because of the Pandemic, and non-profits are suffering because we are not able to fundraise."

She continues, "The Huntsville Community Foundation had an application where you could apply for the assistance and tell them how it would be used. Out of thousands and thousands of applications because the need is so great; so, they chose P.H.C. as one of the recipients they awarded the grant to."

From Dr. Patricia Haley, "I will always be so grateful."



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CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

by Nolan Myrick



All that I'm writing probably occurred in 1952 or 1953. I was either 8 or 9 years old. I'll tell it as best as I can.

My father, C.B. Myrick, was a welder and pipefitter. He had a lot of good friends who were also welders and they were good at what they did. One of those men, Pinky Pinkerton, had a welding shop with his partner in Huntsville. The welding shop was in an old, tin-sided building and was close to the Pullman Cafe which was on Church Street. The street in front of the welding shop wasn't paved. It had an old railroad track down the middle and there were a lot of old houses on the rest of the street. I don't remember the name of the street.

There wasn't much gravel on the street, it was covered with cinders. Everyone burned coal then and the cinders were thrown in the street. You could smell the sulfur from the burning coal. There was a big building close by called the Cal Alabama Chemical Company. It put off a bad smell when it was running.

At the welding shop, my father worked on Saturday and at night when they needed him. His job there was for extra money because his regular job was in a boiler house at the Arsenal. His boss at the Arsenal was Mr. Charlie Cornelison.

My job was on Saturday. I picked up all the welding rod tips in a bucket. I had to stack the scrap pieces of metal and then I could sweep the floor. While you were working you had to be careful not to look at the men welding so you wouldn't burn

your eyes. I spent most of my time watching the clock.

About 11:00, Wayne Pinkerton and I would go to the Pullman Cafe and get dinner. I went to help Wayne carry it all back. I ate the same thing every Saturday: two hamburgers with onion and mustard and a Double Cola. I can still see the Pullman in my mind. It wasn't air conditioned and it had screen doors to keep the flies out. In the summer, even with the fans on, it was hot. I remember there were metal signs on the screen door to keep people from tearing the screens loose. These metal signs advertised things like bread, Double Cola, R.C. I always looked at those signs because I was short and they were eye level for me.

While I was waiting on the food to get ready, I liked to sit on the stools at the bar and spin round and round. Back then, a kid could do just about anything he wanted to because people didn't pay you any mind. It was sort of like you weren't even there. People would be talking to each other and hollering across tables to each other. There was a lot of cigarette smoke, too. It seemed everybody smoked when they got through eating. Sometimes you would see some sticky tape hanging from the light string with flies caught on it.

When we got back to the welding shop we ate in a small office. It had calendars on the wall. I looked at them while I ate. They weren't like the calendars we had at the house. To a 9 year old boy they were interesting. I ate my hamburgers slow and drank the Double Cola so it would last through both hamburgers. The evening went by sort of fast and we would go home.

Mr. Pinkerton also gave me my dollar bill and thanked me. I guess if we hadn't gone to Pullman for dinner, I probably wouldn't have wanted to clean the shop. It was a good time in my life. People had a lot of fun. People were happy.



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A Wedding to Remember

by Elizabeth Wharry

This one wedding will always stand out in my memory. Mother was invited to a wedding and insisted that I go. My father was out of town, visiting his brothers.

The reception was held outdoors and it was, to my 12 year old eyes, magical. There were tiki torches and twinkling lights, a band, hors d'oeuvres, beverages and a beautiful cake.

I was too old to be with the little kids and too young for the older set. While mother was

visiting with various friends, I was pretty much left alone. Mother told me to stay put and not wander off.

The band came back from break and started to play. One of the groom's friends came over and asked me who I was with. My husband? A boyfriend hiding in the bushes? All in a gentle teasing fashion. When I told him I was with my mom, he asked if I would lead him to her.

When we finally caught up with her, he introduced himself. He asked if I may join him. Mother made it a point to let him know just how young I was. He reassured her that he would treat me like a kid sister. At that point, the groom's mother came up and vouched for his character. He escorted me to his table and introduced me to everyone.

At one point, the groom introduced him to the band and my new friend was invited to sing. He had a fantastic voice! When he finished, everyone applauded. He sang "We've only just begun" and "Make it with you". The couple and their parents danced to both songs. It was very romantic.

I don't remember the names of the groom, the bride, or the groom's mother. She and my mother were friends. It seems my new friend and the groom were both in the very early days of their musical careers.

"It's amazing how unimportant your job is when you're asking for a raise, but how important it is when you want to plan a vacation."

Jenny Myers, receptionist



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Across

- 2. County Commissioner
- 3. Running for Mayor
- 6. Founder of Huntsville
- 7. Controversial police chief
- 11. Movie Tony Mason acted in
- 12. Early name of Huntsville
- 13. Democratic V.P. nominee in 1952
- 15. Most visited public building
- 16. Congressman
- 18. Actress born above Schiffman building
- 20. Mt. overlooking Huntsville
- 21. City councilman
- 24. Downtown Restaurant
- 26. Wants to be Congressman
- 24. Downtown street
- 30. Historic district
- 32. Street Downtown

- 33. Street in Twickenham
- 35. Animals kept in Courthouse yard in 1908
- 36. Famous Madam
- 39. Father of Huntsville
- 41. Publisher of Old Huntsville
- 43. First settler in Madison Co.
- 44. District Attorney
- 45. Founder of Huntsville Daily Times
- 46. Head of SCI
- 47. Hardware store on Washington St.

DOWN

- 1. Mill Village
- 2. Mayor ten year ago
- 3. Sleeping Preacher
- 4. What Lily Flagg was
- 5. Old hotel Downtown
- 8. German scientist
- 9. Downtown Park

- 10. City Cemetery
- 11. Name of Arsenal
- 14. President who was here during Civil War
- 17. Largest rocket built in Huntsville
- 19. Market in 5 Points
- 22. Restaurant on Andrew Jackson
- 23. Cotton mill
- 25. King of the Snuffdippers' Ball
- 28. Imprisoned with Jefferson Davis
- 29. Oldest lodge in N. Alabama
- 31. Yankee officer who sacked Athens and was tried here
- 34. Early Huntsville architect
- 37. Old theater Downtown
- 38. Huntsville historian
- 40. Chief of police
- 42. Everyone's Aunt

PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Pet Heroes

A Bird's Way with Words

Like many other parrots, Willie is a fine mimic. He says, "Give me a kiss," "Come here," and, "I want out." But unlike most parrots, Willie has a truly remarkable tale. When he spontaneously added a new word to his repertoire, he saved a life.

Last November, 18 year-old Meagan Howard volunteered to watch her roommate Samantha Kuusk's two-year-old daughter, Hannah. "I suggested she stay with me instead of going to day care because she seemed cranky," Meagan says.

The apartment in Denver, Colorado, was warm and bright. Meagan's 11-month-old Quaker parrot, Willie, kept up a genial patter from his cage in a corner of the living room. Kuusk, 27, left for a morning class at a nearby veterinary college. Meagan toasted a Pop-Tart for Hannah and put it on the dining-room table. But it was too hot to eat, so the child toddled into the living room to watch television. She seemed content so Howard dashed to the bathroom.

Seconds later, Willie began "freaking out in his cage," she recalls. "He was flapping his wings, screeching, 'Mama, baby! Mama, baby!'"

Meagan rushed into the room to see Hannah's face turning blue as she choked on her food. Willie kept crying, "Mama, baby!"

Meagan performed the Heimlich maneuver and the food dislodged from Hannah's throat. "The minute I took charge, Willie quit squawking, as if he knew things were under control," Meagan says. "He calls me Mama, so he was clearly trying to get my attention. He's loud and talkative, but what really amazes me is that he added the word baby on his own." Arriving home shortly after the incident, Kuusk found her daughter playing happily. "I don't even want to think what would have happened without Willie," she says.

Now Hannah lavishes the bird with attention. "First thing in the morning, she wants his cage uncovered," says her mother, "and when she gets home in the afternoon, she runs to him. It's 'Willie, Willie' everything."



The Right Dog for the Job

After their 15-year-old schnauzer-poodle mix, Bailey, died, in 2007, Ron Gillette and his wife, Ann, looked for months to find the right new pet. "I love dogs," says Gillette, a maintenance worker at a health club in Waukesha, Wisconsin. "I can't imagine not having one."

Finally, the couple spotted a young Yorkshire terrier-poodle mix at the Humane Society in Milwaukee. His name was Oscar. "He was incredibly appealing," says Gillette, 65. Oscar quickly made himself at home, sleeping on his new owners' bed at night.

A diabetic for 25 years, Gillette faithfully took his insulin four times a day and generally had no problems. But on March 17, at about 3 a.m., he got out of bed to use the bathroom. "I must have taken the wrong dose of insulin before I went to sleep because my blood sugar was dangerously low," he says. Suddenly, he slumped to the floor, landing awkwardly between a standing scale and the commode. "I just had no strength at all, I just collapsed."

"Normally, Oscar gives little woofs. He's very quiet and well-behaved," says Gillette. "But when I hit the floor, he let out sounds like a wild animal." "Honestly, it sounded like the dog from hell," says Ann, who was awakened by the yowling. "I didn't know what the sound was. Then I saw my husband lying on the bathroom floor. He was out cold." She ran for the phone and called an ambulance.

Gillette spent several hours in the hospital. By 6:30 a.m., he had stabilized enough to go home. "You would never suspect Oscar of any heroism," says his grateful owner. "He's a mellow little guy. We can walk him on our block, unleashed, without any problems. He's got a lot of confidence now. Everyone wants to pet him and brag on him."

Even before Oscar's enhanced reputation, the couple had given their pet a new nickname. "We felt the name Oscar wasn't regal enough," says Gillette, "so sometimes we call him Eduardo."

More befitting, the couple think, for an animal of his heroic stature.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

DELIVERING THE MAIL: REMEMBERING CLARENCE POWERS

This may be hard for Huntsvillians to believe, but as German rocket scientists were preparing to move here to set up an arsenal that would change the world, our mail was still being delivered by horse and buggy!

A mail carrier for the Huntsville Post Office for over 30 years, Clarence Celia Powers refused to change to the automobile and delivered mail to his customers by horse and buggy until he retired in 1948.

Clarence was a familiar sight to all on his route. He knew all his mail recipients by name and would often carry candy to the young children along his route. The children especially liked to run alongside his buggy until he would get out of their neighborhoods. On several occasions he had stopped to help people in distress and was known to have a kind heart and a good sense of humor.

Clarence served several territories throughout Huntsville. His last route covered the area of Pulaski Pike and West Clinton Avenue. One of the few black men working for the Post Office at that time, Clarence was born in March of 1878 and was the youngest of five brothers. His father was a farmer and a Methodist minister and Powers had always taken an interest in church work. When he wasn't delivering mail, he was usually found at the church. Powers' high school education was received at Central Alabama Academy, located on Franklin Street.

Clarence became a mail carrier on June 1, 1917 after working for Chattanooga, Memphis and other Huntsville employers. He especially liked carrying the mail, he said, because he liked seeing the same people every day. The fact that ladies along his route oftentimes would have pies and cakes waiting for him just provided an extra incentive. For all the eating he did, Clarence was a tall, slim man.

The last day that he served, January 27, 1948 was one of the

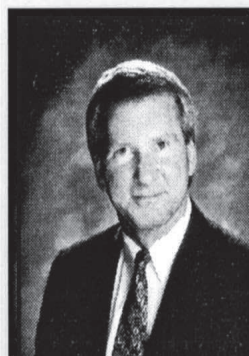


most difficult he had ever experienced, due to the severe icy conditions of the Huntsville streets. His horse had gotten quite old by this time and found it very hard to maneuver the slick roads. There were very few days that Clarence was not able to deliver the mail to his customers. He had many friends, both black and white, among the people who knew him and respected him. Powers was recognized by the Post Office for all the years of dedication he had given by a dinner in his honor, along with the gift of a beautiful pocket watch.

The new man who was to take over Clarence's route, when asked if he was going to use a horse and buggy, replied he was going to use a "gas burner, not a hay burner!"

Clarence Powers was 70 when he retired. Upon his retirement, the horse and buggy were consigned to the county barn. Two months later, a group of people led by farmer Ben Lucas bought the buggy and horse and presented it to the retired mail carrier in appreciation of his years of dedicated service.

For several years thereafter, Clarence and his horse remained a familiar sight to Huntsvillians.



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News From the Year 1914

News From Huntsville and Around The World

Skyscraper in Huntsville

Ground breaking was held today for the Twickenham Hotel, a project expected to cost \$ 100,000. The hotel is being built on the site of the old Market House which was purchased by the city for a reported \$15,000. A crowd of some three thousand people attended the ground breaking.

A chef from New York has already been hired and will preside over the food preparation. He is said to be one of the most promising of the century.

With the completion of the six story hotel, Huntsville will be able to boast having the tallest skyscraper in the Tennessee Valley.

Family Saved by Dog as Home Burns

A Dallas Mill family is counting their blessings this morning after their home was completely destroyed by fire. The family was sound asleep when the blaze began and were alerted by the pet wire-haired terrier which began barking until the whole family was roused.

The dog continued to bark until all were out of the home. The family is staying with relatives until more accommodations can be found and neighbors are already taking up a collection to replace the family's belongings.

The Mills have a policy against pets but it is expected to be waived in this instance.

Local Man Drowned

Vassar Vest, residence 121 Washington Street, Decatur was drowned in the Tennessee River this morning about ten o'clock. At a point several hundred yards below the bridge, a boat occupied by Vest and a young man named Jim Breedlove turned over according to Breedlove's story throwing the two out.

Breedlove has been arrested and placed in the county jail. Breedlove, when seen in the county jail this afternoon, told the following story to a reporter: "Vest and I were crossing the river to fish and had reached the other side when the boat turned over, but I do not know what caused it. I grabbed the side and saved myself. I got the boat turned right side up when I had gotten about 50 yards from this side, after having looked for the body of Vest. I came on to land and got the family of Vest and went back across the river. I was sitting on the bank over there when Deputy Sheriff McCulloch arrested me."

Breedlove does not appear to have a criminal face, but there appear to be several details of the

drowning which he doesn't seem to be quite familiar with. He stated that he didn't know what caused the boat to turn over, dumping the men in the water, though he said that Vest had been teasing him about not being able to swim and had been rocking the boat in an effort to aggravate him.

Deer To Go

County Officials today announced that they would no longer permit deer in the Court House yard. The announcement was met with hoots of derision by people who have grown attached to the pet deer and like to feed them.

Supporters of the deer have vowed to go to court to prevent the county from removing the animals.

Big Ed's Pizza

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.

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For your safety, menus are posted above the tables, will be using single use condiments and all of our employees will be wearing masks while working. Curbside service also available. Thank you for your continued support and understanding during this pandemic. If you have any suggestions, concerns or any other questions, just email us at bigeds61@gmail.com.

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Moments of Truth that Charted my Course

by Jean Brewer McCrady

My eyes and ears were laser focused on the attractive vivacious lady speaking from a lectern in the study hall at Monrovia High School. Words were flowing effortlessly from her mouth like smoke from a chimney. Seated with me around that study hall table were my 22 senior classmates. The eloquent lady, with reddish blonde hair and china-doll complexion, was dressed in a green belted business suit and she was there to do business. Recruiting business. Her name was Mrs. Frances Chesnutt, founder and Director of the North Alabama College of Commerce. The school was then located upstairs in the Struve Building on Randolph Street, behind Butler Shoe Store on the corner of Randolph and Washington.

It was the final months of our senior year and I can't recall any conversations among us, or at home for that matter, about what would come next for any of us. Mrs. Chesnutt's message was the answer to a prayer I didn't know I had. She described the school's offerings, including the promise that anyone who completed the basic one-year business course was guaranteed a job. I was in. I knew I could do it. I had not consciously identified it as such, but "business" was my passion. Monrovia High School offered three business courses — bookkeeping, typing and shorthand. I took them all and excelled.

In typing skill, I had one rival — Margaret Douglas. On speed tests, we could do 120 wpm on a manual typewriter, after deducting 10 wpm for each mistake. She became

Margaret Hightower soon after graduation, and spent her whole working career as a major cog in the Woody Anderson Ford business wheel.

I saw my first typewriter closeup when Daddy came in with a surprise for my sister Net and me. She was already in high school at Monrovia and taking typing. He presented us with a portable Smith Corona in a case like a shallow wooden briefcase covered in black "leather." I can't recall any prior discussion about our getting a typewriter, or expectation of ever owning one. I think that was Daddy's way of saying, there's something better out there than picking cotton and I expect you girls to go claim it. With Net already being into typing, she had first dibs. When it was my turn, she showed me the home keys and how to position my fingers. I started typing, seemingly without having to learn how. I was in my element and for the 70+ years since, the keyboard has been my favorite toy and my friend.

There was only one obstacle between me and business college. The \$25 a month tuition. The money I earned the previous fall picking cotton was long gone — for school clothes. That night I told Mama and Daddy what I wanted to do and asked Daddy if I could borrow the \$25 a month and pay him back when I got a job. He said yes. I enrolled at NACC on June 11, 1951 and graduated May 1, 1952, owing Daddy \$75 on my tuition loan. About 3 months into the one-year course, Mrs. Chesnutt called me aside and asked if I'd like a part-time job as her office as-



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

"You know you're getting older when you go to the doctor and instead of Xraying you, he just holds you up to the light."

Belinda Talley

sistant in exchange for tuition.

She had become my idol and in my view 'knew everything.' I was a bit nervous about taking on the lofty role as her assistant, but if she thought I could do it, who was I to question it. This ended my borrowing and solidified my love for business. I was the assistant to the smartest woman on earth, with an inside view of how business is done.

But there's more. Later that year, someone introduced a shorthand system called Speed Writing, a mixture of alpha letters and symbols. NACC was using the Gregg system which is strictly symbols – faster to write but slower to transcribe. To keep her school on the cutting edge of business education, Mrs. Chesnutt wanted to add Speed Writing to the curriculum. There was a school in New Orleans teaching the new system to shorthand teachers.

In order for her to offer Speed Writing, someone would have to be trained to teach it. She chose shorthand teacher Ruby Hodges to be the one. Ruby was in her first year at NACC, as a new graduate of Florence Teachers College (as it was called then). Ruby was from Woodville and Florence was the farthest she'd ever traveled from home. She was petrified at the thought of going to New Orleans on such a business venture. To help calm her nerves, Mrs. Chesnutt told her I could go with her.

As the departure time approached, the three of us were discussing the trip. Ruby was still apprehensive and feeling overwhelmed by it all. In an effort to relieve her, I said "Ruby, we won't be doing all of that at the same time. First, we just go to Athens and get on the train. We do nothing but ride till the

train gets to New Orleans. The taxi driver will know how to find our hotel (I had probably never ridden a taxi in my life, but it sounded reassuring). The next morning we take a city bus to the school..." and so on through the rest of the steps till we were back in Athens. Mrs. Chesnutt looked straight into my eyes and said, "Jean Brewer, you are the wisest 18 year old I know," and if she said any more, I didn't hear it. No one had ever proclaimed me wise before, and those words from the woman who 'knew everything' settled deep into my psyche. I don't know how long it was before I consciously recalled and replayed that event, but I am dead certain that those embedded words allowed me to tackle things in life that I would have thought were out of reach.

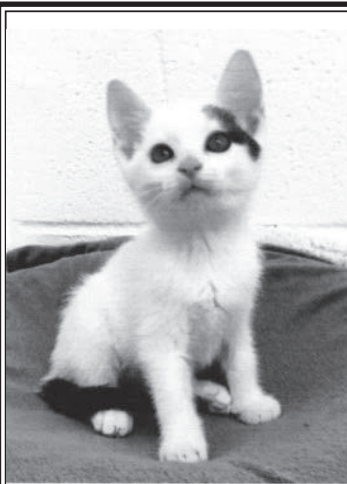
That spring day in 1951, Mrs. Chesnutt gained several

students for her business school. I gained one of those guaranteed jobs she spoke about and, as bonus, a life-time of confidence. Her words gave me an inner strength that emboldened me to confront and conquer business challenges that by all common reason appeared impossible.

The deep lesson in this for us all is this: We should always think twice before we don't speak. One well-timed comment can chart a course for someone's life that they might otherwise never find.

"I hope they give us a two week notice before sending us back out into the real world. I think we'll all need the time to become ourselves again. And by ourselves I mean lose 15 pounds, cut our hair and get used to not drinking at 9am."

Betty Maples, Scottsboro



Patton

Hello, I came to the Ark on Memorial Day. Ms. Nina is very patriotic so she named me Patton. There was another kitten at the Ark that had the same name. I am 7 weeks old and am one of many little kittens at the Ark. This is kitten season and there are so many little ones that need homes. If people would only spay/neuter their cats there would not be any stray unwanted kittens. Two little kittens at the Ark were found in a box on the side of the road. I do not want to think about what would have happened to them if they had not popped up their little heads. A wonderful lady stopped her car and brought them to the Ark. Ms. Kim, one of the Ark volunteers is bottle raising six little baby kittens. Please be kind and take care of your precious pets. They love you no matter what! If you come to the Ark looking for a pet, ask to see Patton. That's me.

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Social Distancing

by Anna (Gene) Clift Chesnut

Did any of us think during Christmas of 2019 that we would be in this predicament around Easter of 2020? With the Corona virus unleashed, not only are we stuck inside our homes but the economy has "tanked" and if we do go outside we have to keep our Social Distance - at least six feet (better than six feet under, I guess).

When I was a little girl in Huntsville, polio was the idea of a pandemic. Whooping cough, chicken pox and measles were still very prevalent but polio was what everyone feared. Swimming in the summer was curtailed for many. The spectre of a permanent disability or, worse still, a lifetime in an iron lung struck terror in the hearts of families - especially the parents of young children.

People were thrilled when we had vaccines for measles, chicken pox and whooping cough but "off the charts" happy when a vaccine for polio came to fruition.

This Corona virus pandemic seems to be of a different "stripe", however. Highly contagious, it prefers to attack old people, violently, even more so those with co-morbidities, skip over children and "mess with Mr. and Miss (and Mrs.) in-between". (For young people reading this story, google the song "Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive", written in 1944, music by Harold Arlen and lyrics by Johnny Mercer, who heard a sermon by Father Devine.)

Strange disease that it is, it has traumatized almost all people in countries around the world unlike anything we have seen in our lifetimes.

Most of us have heard of the Spanish Flu of 1918 that killed millions, but even for those experiencing the threat of polio, relating to the Spanish Flu was

just not something we could do. The Corona virus may change all that. It might not be the killing machine in terms of numbers that the Spanish Flu was but it will change the course of how this generation thinks about health. The governments of all countries will no longer be blase about their readiness to deal with pandemics.

We cannot afford to put our health care workers and first responders at such great risk when we do not know how many of the people who have the disease. Symptoms are often slow to appear! After all, if the health care providers and first responders are all ill who will take care of the rest of us?

So, my new words to replace the present new words, Social Distancing are Social Testing. Let's prepare, next time, for disease testing and then, maybe, we will not have to shut down our lives, our economy, and overload our health care system, even if we might still have to do some Social Distancing.

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What Do Cats Think?

by M. D. Smith, IV

I walked outside our lake house onto the screen porch that overlooks Wheeler Lake. My ten-month-old Siamese cat Sci-Fi followed me out the door.

My wife and I came over here this late weekend in April, as a diversion of the Corona Quarantine. I'd settled down on the porch with an iced tea, good book and a special \$20 cigar that comes in a wax-sealed glass tube for freshness. I only smoke perhaps three a year. Today I wanted to indulge myself.

Soon as I got comfortable and lit up the monster stogie, I glanced over at my cat, perched on the iron love seat with soft cushions. She was looking directly at me, staring intently with no movement or expression.

What do cats think with all this quiet time on their paws? Do they contemplate as humans do? What is she wondering? What's my human doing with that brown thing in his mouth with smoke coming out of the end? I smiled at her and blew a few smoke rings. No expression change at all. What is it with those rings of smoke? I'll bet I could jump up and grab those rings drifting outward from his mouth.

Dogs have many more muscles in their

face and can make all sorts of expressions on their faces. Cat's do not. You can tell when one smiles, however, as you scratch their chin.

I put my reading-book down and looked at my cat's blue eyes with vertical slits, still looking precisely the same, looking directly at me. Do they have feelings towards their owners? I've babied her since I got her at eight weeks old. She was a replacement for a loved cat of mine that died in June the year before.

Sci-Fi knows she belongs to me. She comes when I call her, sometimes with an adequate 'cat-delay' of twenty seconds, and either hops on a surface near me or my lap. I'm thinking about that and our almost one year together. That's what's on my mind. What's on hers?

I hope my human has cleaned out my sand-box. I hate to put my paws down on stinky sand. Has he recently put more chow in my bowl? He knows I like it full. Does he remember it's about time for some 'laser-mouse' play today? A growing lady enjoys her exercise.

I fancy that she's puzzling about me, a complex human sitting here sipping a favorite drink of tea, puffing on my 'special' cigar and smiling. Is she happy for me? Doesn't he know I'm ready for my servant to get up and find the bird on a string to wave in the air for my enjoyment? He should get off his lazy butt.

Just as I am imagining all the things my cat is thinking, she rises slightly, rolls to her side, tucks her head partially under her hind leg, and begins a long snooze. Maybe she's not thinking about much at all.

Certainly not about me.

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AN INTRODUCTION OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY (NSS)

*Sent to Old Huntsville
by Hugh Michaels*

Huntsville is now the headquarters of The National Speleological Society (NSS). Their office is located at the intersection of Pulaski Pike and Winchester Road. There has been a secretive underground organization lurking around in the bowels of the earth for 78 years. Members of the NSS are passionate about the exploration, study and conservation of caves; our out of sight and out of mind subsurface resources. On any given weekend, hundreds of cavers can be found crawling in caves throughout the country, digging in sinkholes, rappelling into pits and swimming into springs. Few of the 10,000 enthusiasts in the United States get paid to do this.

It takes a special kind of person who would dedicate the time, energy and expense to develop the skills to explore deep pits, swim in the passages with no air space and crawl around and over blocks of fallen rock. Many of the members of the NSS dedicate long hours to explore, map and document cave resources. They have found miles of unknown cave passages, new species and fragile formations. It can be a cold, wet, muddy and exhausting activity. As you can imagine, it also creates a subculture of likeminded people who occupy the shadows of society.

Caves are a unique and fragile world, one of perpetual darkness, constant temperature and unique animals. They act as conduits for surface water to recharge our aquifers, sheltered early humans, recorded and preserved our early history.

Cavers have been at the forefront in protecting our subterranean resources. They have dedicated countless hours removing trash from sinkholes; scrubbing graffiti from cave walls; building gates to protect delicate formations, archaeologi-

cal sites and cave critters; mapping and documenting cave resources and managing caves. They have actively been involved in the fight against White Noise Syndrome, a fungus that is killing millions of bats across the eastern United States and is spreading westward. They have raised tens of thousands of dollars in member donations to help fund research to fight the disease.

There is a love-hate relationship with publicizing information on wild caves which is why caving is a commonly under-represented sport. Many caves contain fragile ecosystems of formations that can be damaged by thoughtless or untrained visitors. In addition, caves can be dangerous to the unprepared. Cavers guard their secrets well from non-cavers as many caves have been irreparably damaged by the casual visitor.

As a society we do not appreciate or protect what we do not know about or understand. Thus bringing attention to caves can bring unwanted and unprepared visitors who can do permanent damage to a cave and its inhabitants. How do you balance the message that caves and cave ecosystems are important and worth protecting without attracting large numbers of people who will damage the very resources you want to protect?

Many states have organizations that collect and disseminate cave resource information. Most of these organizations are operated by volunteer cavers. They are experts that geologists and hydrologists turn to for cave information and help in documenting and managing caves. So if you really want to say with confidence that you know your rear end from a hole in the ground; have a spirit for adventure and a strong conversation ethic; have a tolerance for eclectic personalities who just



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crawled out from under a rock; and do not mind mud, water, or tight spaces; maybe you would make a good caver.

If you are serious, seek out adequate training and enjoy one of the last unexplored areas on earth. One of the most famous cave men was a gentleman by the name of Floyd Collins. Floyd was trapped in a huge cave named Sand Cave near Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Over 10,000 people came to view the rescue attempt.

The two most common elements in the universe are hydrogen and stupidity.


Ode to a Troglodyte

Don't start debunking
 The sport of spelunking
 'Till you know what it's all about.
 'Cause if you should savor
 The life of a caver, You'd see the world inside out.
 And if you should wonder 'Bout things down under—
 And how the cave men did thrive-Just join us in crawling
 And creeping and falling
 And praying you'll come out alive.

Crossword Puzzle Answers

Across

2. Dyer	26. Parker	47. Lewter
3. Spencer	27. Clinton	<i>DOWN</i>
6. John Hunt	30. Old Town	22. Mullins
7. Vizzini	32. Madison	23. Lincoln
11. Ravagers	33. Adams	25. Crowder
12. Twickenham	35. Deer	28. Clay
13. Sparkman	36. Teal	29. Masonic
15. Library	39. Pope	31. Turchin
16. Cramer	41. Cathey	34. Steele
18. Tallulah	43. Criner	37. Lyric
20. Monte Sano	44. Morgan	38. Record
21. Putnam	45. Pierce	40. Ottman
24. Richards	46. King	42. Eunice



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