



No. 335
January 2021



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Huntsville Actor Makes it Big in Hollywood



Huntsville has been the birthplace of many famous people who are known world-wide.

This man was born in 1914 in Huntsville and first lived in a house called the “Burritt House” which once stood on the corner of Eustis Avenue and Greene Street. The house was built by Dr. William Burritt before he built his house on Monte Sano Mountain and was one block away from the Schiffman Building where Tallulah Bankhead was born.

Tallulah was older than Harry and they did not know each other until they met at a backstage party in New York City.

Also in this issue: Life North of the Mason Dixon Line; Veteran Restoration; The Children of Walker Street; Winn Dixie Bunny Hop; Remembering Will Stutts; The Story of Casper; ; Body Shop Memories; Recipes and Much More!

Lewter's Hardware Store



In 1928 our great-grandfather, D.A. Lewter, and our grandfather, J.M. Lewter, started the family business in a small store on Washington Street. They believed in offering fair prices, treating each customer with special respect and hiring great employees.

We are the fourth generation, proudly carrying on the same tradition.

While our prices have gone up slightly and we have a few more employees, we still provide the same quality service our fore-fathers insisted on. We are the same family, doing the same business in the same location. Stop by and visit with us.

A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

222 Washington St -

Domie Lewter
Mac Lewter

Huntsville Actor Makes it Big in Hollywood

by Lawrence Hillis

When you read the story title you may think the story will be about the famous Tallulah Bankhead. Tallulah was a native of Huntsville, born on the East Side Square and became a big Hollywood star, but this story is about Harry Townes. Mr. Townes had a distinguished, prolific and quite a long career as a character actor in movies and TV shows.

Harry Rhett Townes was born September 18, 1914 in Huntsville and first lived in a house called the "Burritt House" which once stood on the corner of Eustis Avenue and Greene Street. The house was built by Dr. William Burritt before he built his house on Monte Sano Mountain and was one block away from the Schiffman Building where Tallulah was born. Tallulah was older than Harry and they did not know each other until they met at a backstage party in New

York City. Speaking to Harry, Tallulah said, "Darlin', it's so good to meet a fellow Huntsvillian."

Harry had many family connections to old Huntsville. He was named after Harry Rhett Sr. of Huntsville. Harry was born to Charles Townes and Jean Halsey Townes who traced her family tree back to John Hunt of whom Huntsville was named. Harry's great-grandfather was William Irby Halsey who was a famous artist in the 1800s. One of his paintings hangs in the Huntsville Museum of Art. Harry's father died at age 38 in 1922 and his mother raised him, a brother Halsey Townes, a cousin Harriet Halsey Bell, and a sister Jean who married John Lowe, Jr.

Harry went to East Clinton School and after graduating from Huntsville High, went to the University of Alabama.

My mother Edith Warren Hillis was a few years younger than Harry and attended Huntsville High School. She served as a photographer on the yearbook Pierian. Underclassmen seem to always know those who graduated before them, and she remembered seeing pictures of Harry in the previous yearbooks which were on a shelf in the Pierian work room. Years later, after several articles in the newspapers, Huntsville residents

Every few days try your jeans on just to make sure they fit. Pajamas will have you believe all is well.



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Telephone (256) 533-1103 Fax (256) 533-9711

ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,
WILLS, PROBATE

"No Representation is made that the quality of the legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."



Old Huntsville
HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)

P.O. Box 4648

Huntsville, Al 35815

(256) 534-0502

Email - oldhuntsville@knology.net
(Website) www.oldhuntsvillemag.com

Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 534-0502

Sales & Mrktg. - Cathey Carney

Editor - Cheryl Tribble

Consultant - Ron Eyestone

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.

All material contained within is copyright 2021 and may not be reproduced or copied in any form without written permission of the publisher. Old Huntsville, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or content of solicited articles..

Blinds, Shutters, Drapery
Woven woods, Cellular &
Roman Shades & More

Your Total Window
Treatment Provider



Bus: (256) 650-0465

Aesthetically Pleasing

Interior Window Treatments

Visit us at:

www.randsblinds.com

knew he had made it big. As we watched TV in the 50s, 60s and 70s, she would get excited when we saw Harry.

One Huntsville Times article "Harry Townes Will Star in Spy Thriller" printed in 1955, was about his movie debut of an authentic story and documentary. He starred in the leading role as Igor Gouzenko, a Russian code clerk in Operation Manhunt. The movie was filmed in Canada and the article stated that it will be coming soon to Huntsville's Lyric theater.

Harry's serious acting began on a bet. A fellow fraternity member bet him that he could not get into the school's Blackfriars Drama Club. Harry was accepted in the drama club and performed in several plays. He was recommended by Dr. Hudson Strode, head of the drama department, to a theater company in Massachusetts who then gave him a scholarship. He sold some clothes and text books and borrowed \$100 from Mr. Harry Rhett, Sr. of Huntsville, bought a bus tick-

et and headed north. He later stated, "I felt as free as a bird and knew I was not coming back."

Within three years, Townes was starring as Captain Tim, a southern gentleman in a traveling production of Tobacco Road. Harry won that role because of his southern drawl, but said later he had to lose his "cornpone drawl." At the end of that tour, Harry wanted to avoid being typecast as a southerner so he practiced other accents, as well as old English, by reading Shakespeare aloud to himself. Townes performed two decades of stage performances in the Kennebunkport Theater in Maine and on Broadway in New York City.

By 1941, when America entered the Second World War, Harry joined the Army Air Corps and trained as an intelligence officer. He served in India and China. After the war ended in 1945 he returned to New York and realized he was going to have to start all over again. Therefore, he enrolled in

the Columbia University drama department.

Harry's acting technique grew and his next big play was Broadway's Finian's Rainbow where he played the part of a Leprechaun and showed considerable talent as a singer and dancer. It played for two years on Broadway and one year in London. Other Broadway plays were Mr. Sycamore, Gramercy Ghost and Twelfth Night.

Mr. Townes was asked to go to Hollywood in 1956 for a supporting role with Spencer Tracy in the movie "The Mountain". That is when things really took off. Townes began his TV career on the NBC television's Matinee Theatre, aver-



Loose Ends by MJ LLC
Let me tie up your loose ends!

looseendsbymj.com
e-mail: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com

Do you need to settle an Estate?
Downsizing to a smaller house?
Organizing and running your Estate Sale?
Let us clean out-pack up-sell off or donate your items!

Got loose ends to tie up? Let Loose Ends by MJ help tie them up tight!

Mary Jim Ailor
256-658-2718.

GLASS
For Any Purpose
PATTERNS
FOR—
*Table Tops
Dressers
Radio Tables
Desks
Mantles
Counters
Etc!*

All edges ground
and polished.
Call 364 and let
us make you an
estimate.

**Huntsville
Glass & Paint Co.**

Decades have gone by - we have
a new phone number - and though
we no longer sell paint, we have
kept our tradition of service for all
of Huntsville's glass needs.

(256) 534-2621
2201 HOLMES AVE.

aging some eighteen TV performances per year.

I am a big fan of the Gunsmoke TV show and during this pandemic, I have probably watched way over 100 episodes. I saw Harry in many episodes playing so many different roles. He could play any required character. He played the part of a farmer, a city slicker, a buffalo hunter, a freight owner, a gun slinger, town store clerk, a saddle tramp, the town drunk and many other roles. He also could speak different accents ranging from British, Eastern and the Southern drawl.

Harry played in over 200 TV shows. In addition to Gunsmoke, they were Twilight Zone, The Incredible Hulk, Star Trek, Alfred Hitchcock Presents, Wild Wild West, Rawhide, Father Knows Best, Thriller, Kung Fu, Planet of the Apes, Perry Mason, The Fugitive, Ironsides, Bonanza, Knotts Landing and many more. In TV shows and movies whose setting was modern day, Harry usually played informers, small-time crooks, wrong-headed military officers or duplicitous businessmen.

When asked why he played roles of flawed characters, he replied, "The theater should reflect society in all of its facets; its bad facets and its good facets. Unless theater reflects life in its entirety, it's not being true to itself and to society. If it's ugly it is up to us to change. Life is written in bold colors."

"If your eyes hurt after you drink your morning coffee, you've got to take the spoon out of the cup."

Milly James, Athens

Harry had a remarkable career. He played similar characters in two different TV shows. He played a man who could change his form in "The First," which was a two-parter of the 1977 Incredible Hulk TV Premiere. Bill Bixby starred in the TV series beginning in 1978. In the Twilight Zone, he could change his face. In the Hulk, he also turned into a Hulk. In both, he planned to run away with a woman, but was accosted in a hotel room by a man with a gun. In both, he escaped and changed form, only to be shot to death by still another person. In both, he reverted to his original appearance in death.

Mr. Townes played in 29 movies. Some of the films were "Brothers Karamzov", "Operation Manhunt", "Cry Tough, the Hawaiions, "Sanctuary", "Last Ride of the Dalton Gang", "B. J. and the Bear", "Warrior and Sorceress and Casino". The last one was in the 1986 movie "The Check is in the Mail".

Harry said he always had his makeup kit with him and was ready to move anytime.

In 1972 Nabisco celebrated their 50th Anniversary and hired Harry to do a TV commercial. The ad viewed him as a businessman on an airplane sitting next to a young boy. The boy offered him an Oreo cookie and he first replied "no thanks," but after seeing the boy enjoying the cookie he reconsidered and accepted a cookie. While eating it he asked the stewardess for two glasses of milk and they started dipping their cookies. That is when I started dipping Oreo cookies into my milk.

The commercial became very popular and Harry said that on the street he was more recognized as the Oreo cookie man than an actor. Once, in an interview, he was asked what was his most popular role and he laughed and replied the Oreo cookie man.

Mr. Townes continued his acting career into the 70s, while attending seminary training in Los Angeles and was ordained an Episcopalian minister at Saint Paul's Cathedral in 1974. He continued act-

Ayers Farmers Market

*Keep your
Immune System Strong
with
Fresh Local
Vegetables and Fruit!*

(256) 533-5667

Ask us about Delivering
Produce right to your Door!

Go to our website

www.ayersfarmfarmersmarket.com

1022 Cook Avenue NW, right behind Krispy Kreme



Bill Mullins Honey

Open Wed - Sat 8-4

ing while assigned to different parishes. He served in the Priesthood at the Church of Bells in Palm Springs and at St. Thomas the Apostle Church in Hollywood. He never accepted a salary. He stated, "That wasn't why I entered the ministry."

He retired from TV acting in 1977 and continued his ministry in California until returning to Huntsville in 1989. When asked why he entered the ministry that late in life, he answered, "I know who made me and what the goal is. The only problem is I'm not living up to it."

Harry loved animals, particularly cats and dogs and said he probably had about 50 throughout his life. When he landed his first big role in Tobacco Road, he would walk down the streets of New York wearing a fur coat and carrying his cat. He said in a later interview that made him think he had really made it big. He had a pet pig and left it on a farm in upstate New York and actually sent money to help support the pig. When Harry retired to Huntsville, he had several different animals at the same time.

Winnie Bailey, who lives in his former house on Randolph Avenue, was told that when a certain dog and cat did not get along, he remodeled a cottage in his backyard for the cat to live and be separated from the dog. Also, when she was digging a flower bed in the backyard, she stumbled over a tombstone for a pet cat. His will stated sums of money to be given to the Ark Animal Rescue in Huntsville and the Greater Huntsville Humane Society.

Harry did not have any children and in 1991, married a longtime friend, actress Sally Sanderson Day whom he first met while performing in Tobacco Road. He moved into his old family house at 805 Randolph Avenue and gave several interviews to newspaper and TV reporters until his death on May 23, 2001 at age 86. His funeral service was at the Episcopal Church of the Nativity which was his original church across the street from his home as a child. Harry is buried at Maple Hill Cemetery near the Burritt Mausoleum.

After his death, there was an article in the paper entitled "A Familiar Face on TV." It went on to say you might not recognize his name, but you would recognize his photos from TV shows and movies in the 50s, 60s

and 70s.

Harry was always concerned about an outstanding acting performance and was also concerned about what the public was viewing. He followed his Christian ethics and avoided nude scenes. According to later interviews, he often considered some popular films to be pornographic. The following is a quote from Harry Townes, "I guess we're never entirely happy with what we do; we would like to do better. I feel I was lucky to get the work that I did. You always feel thankful because there are so many actors for so few jobs that it seems God is being good to you when you get a job. Of course, I would love to have done better, we all would. But we always think we can do it better in one recorded take. On the whole, I'm satisfied, though. As long as the audience was satisfied, then I'm satisfied."

Information and research from Wikipedia, Free Encyclopedia, Turner Classic Movie Web site, Huntsville Library Special Collections and the Huntsville Times.

NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED
for **HEART CARE** — again.

We put our hearts into providing quality care ... and it shows.



ABDOMINAL AORTIC ANEURYSM REPAIR



HEART BYPASS SURGERY



AORTIC VALVE SURGERY



HEART FAILURE



AMERICA'S 50 Best
CARDIAC SURGERY™
2015-2021



CARDIAC SURGERY EXCELLENCE AWARD™
2014-2021



CORONARY BYPASS SURGERY
FIVE-STAR RECIPIENT
2008-2021



DEFIBRILLATOR PROCEDURES
FIVE-STAR RECIPIENT
2020-2021



REPAIR OF ABDOMINAL AORTA
FIVE-STAR RECIPIENT
2021

H H HUNTSVILLE HOSPITAL

The Children of Walker Street

by Jessica Pinot

The Spanish Flu killed between 50 million and 100 million people between 1917 and 1920. It swept the globe, killing people in every corner of the world. It was a particularly cruel plague. Most illnesses prey on the weak. They take the elderly and children, but the Spanish flu was indiscriminate. It killed many healthy young adults as well as the weak.

It is considered to be the second largest disaster in human history and it infected 28% of the human population and killed 3% of the global population. It killed more people than the Black Plague.

Enormous Flu wards were created to care for the amazing number of sick that overran hospitals and health facilities where the sick were lined up like cattle to wait for death.


It is no surprise that the Spanish Flu left many ghosts. I've found many ghost stories related to this terrifying

epidemic. The story of Walker Street in Historic Huntsville, Alabama is one of the sadder of these tales.

According to local legend, the Spanish Flu hit Walker Street with a particular cruelty. It took mostly children, leaving entire homes empty. So many people died that the bodies of the dead would be left on the front porch because there weren't enough healthy people left to bury the dead.

The ghosts of the many children that died on Walker Street during the Spanish Flu are still said to wander the streets at night. They've been seen singing and playing in the shadowy dark. They sing nursery rhymes as they play and haunt the living that have been left behind.


There is a rhyme that the children are said to have made up. "I had a bird whose name was Enza, I opened the window and in flew Enza." The children are said to still sing this little rhyme as they wander Walker Street.



*Berryhill
Funeral Home*

*"The Service of Quiet Elegance
and Affordable Quality"*

Personal, Professional Service
Serving all Cemeteries
Honoring All Burial & Cash Policies
Honoring Pre-Need Transfers
Crematory



(256) 536-9197



UNITED



Fire, Smoke & Water Restoration

QUICK RESPONSE TEAM

(24/7 Emergency Day or Night)



www.united-specialist.com

(256) 533-7163

A REPUTATION TO KEEP

by Tom Carney

J. B. Webb and Otis King were two of the best known men in town during the 1960s, but for much different reasons.

Webb was a well known bootlegger who would sell you whisky by the bottle or by the shot, depending on your preference or what you could afford. He was a rough talking man who had a reputation as a no nonsense man. His trademark was a bright pink 1950s Cadillac convertible which everyone in town recognized. When the car was parked in the driveway it meant Webb was open for business.

Otis King, a hellfire and brimstone preacher, was the exact opposite of Webb. He spent his time converting lost souls and doing charity work in the poorer neighborhoods of Huntsville.

Perhaps King recognized a challenge in Webb, but for whatever reason, he made it a goal to convert the bootlegger. Several times a week he would stop by Webb's place of business and invite him to go to church.

Strangely, the two men liked one another and as the friendship grew, an uneasy truce developed between them. King no longer tried to convert Webb and Webb donated small amounts of money to King's various charitable undertakings.

One hot summer day King appeared at Webb's business. His clothes were wringing wet

with sweat from having walked all the way from his home.

After the two men sat down, and Webb pushed a small stack of bills across the table, he asked the preacher why he was walking in such hot weather.

"My car's in the garage and I couldn't get a ride."

"Hell, just borrow my car. You can bring it back when you're done," the bootlegger said.

"No, I don't think so," King replied. "Everybody in town knows that car and I have a reputation to keep up."

The bootlegger thought for a long moment before reaching across the table for the stack of bills. "So do I," he said.

Hungover?

from 1901 advice book

To take care of that bad hangover, be sure and drink plenty of liquids when you wake up the next morning. The alcohol has dehydrated you, your brain has shrunk a bit and is pulling away from your scalp. That causes bad headaches.

When you drink enough liquid (not alcohol) you are re-hydrating your body and will feel better.



M S Masonry

Customer Recommended

STONEMWORK
STUCCO
REPAIRS
PAVERS
CURBS
WALKWAYS
BLOCKS

"No Job is too Small"



MICHAEL SYLVESTER
(256) 694-2469

LICENSED - INSURED - REFERENCES

Center for Hearing, LLC

7531 S. Memorial Parkway Suite C Huntsville, Al 35802
Phone (256) 489-7700



Maurice Gant, BC-HIS
Board Certified Hearing
Instrument Specialist

- Free Hearing Tests and Consultations
- Zero down financing with low payments
- Competitive pricing
- Service and repair of all brands and makes of aids
- Hearing aid batteries
- Appointments - Monday thru Friday from (8:00 am until 5:00 pm) and Saturday upon request

00508041

The Day Dr. Wernher von Braun Spoke to Cinderella

by Ann Gates

Prior to being married and in our early years of marriage, I worked at Sears when it was located at Heart of Huntsville Mall. This was back in the 60s. One of my husband's favorite tricks to play on me was to call me at work and disguise his voice, pretending to be someone else. Amazingly, most of the time, he really stumped me. He would often use foreign accents and make it even more difficult for me.

One day the phone rang and I answered as usual "Good af-

ternoon, Sears Credit Department" - and the voice on the other end said, "Good afternoon. This is Dr. Wernher von Braun." To which I said, "Yeah sure, Honey, I know it's you!"

And he said, "I beg your pardon?" I said "Honey, I know it's you. You're not Dr. von Braun."

He said "I am most certainly Dr. von Braun." I laughed at that one and then I said, "If you're Dr. von Braun, I'm Cinderella."

He said very sweetly and graciously, "Well, hello, Cinderella."

I gasped! I said, "Oh my goodness! Are you really Dr. von Braun?"

He said, "I am." I can't believe I asked him this, but I did! I said "Do you promise?"

He (actually) said "I promise!" I said "Oh Dr. von Braun, I am so very sorry! I thought you

were my husband playing a joke on me! He does that all the time! I am so so sorry! Please forgive me!"

He said, "May I please speak to the Credit Manager?" I said "Oh dear! Are you going to tell on me?"

He chuckled and said "Oh no, my dear. This will be our little secret. You don't have to worry."

After transferring his call to Mr. White, I called Gary (my husband) so fast and said, "Honey! Please don't ever play another phone call trick on me at work again! You're never going to believe what just happened!"

"If you're paying \$2 for a bottle of Smartwater, it isn't working."

Tim Reynolds, Gurley

Don Broome Studios

*Visit my Art Gallery in my Home
Custom Framing at Modest Prices*

7446 Clubfield Cir. SW

Phone (256) 880-3497 for an appointment

Many of my customers are fellow artists

MY STORY

by Shirley Sherrill,
Toney, Al

My Dad was a Church of God minister and I was raised in a Christian home. I was called a Preacher's kid. I took the teasing, because I knew my dad was just an all around good person. There were seven of us kids in the family. I was an older sister, had a younger sister and 5 brothers. All brothers were each in a branch of service; Wendell, Air Force; Bobby, Army in Vietnam; Frankie in the Marines and Paul Winston in the Navy; Roger in the Army.

I had a wonderful childhood. We were poor, as a lot of people were, but we didn't know it. We had a home, we always had food, because of our religious beliefs we didn't own a TV set. We had a radio, also a Victrola record player.

So we knew without a TV, we were going to miss Elvis Presley's first appearance. So a few of us went to a neighbor's house to watch him make his very first televised appearance.

That was a big deal to us.

Reading through the September issue of "Old Huntsville", I read the story by Lawrence Hillis. His first line was a quote from Dolly Parton. Well, I was growing up in East Tennessee (Rockwood) a little town between Chattanooga and Knoxville. We weren't far at all from Sevierville, the town where Dolly was born and raised. So I decided I needed to tell you my story about Dolly.

Dolly was working part time as a cashier at a supermarket where our family would go to buy our groceries. The store was Cas Walkers and he also had an early morning show on TV. Sort of like Country Boy Eddy's. We didn't watch the show because we didn't have the TV but after meeting Dolly and learning she was a singer we would go to my cousins', spend the night and watch her in the mornings she was scheduled to sing. I will always remember the morning she sang "Coat of Many Colors."

Dolly and her family were just as poor as we were. Twelve brothers and sisters, but I don't believe being poor swayed her one way or the other. I do believe being raised without a lot of material things actually makes you a stronger person and much more appreciative of things you strive for throughout your life. I believe Dolly was making a way to bring her family out of what would be called poverty nowadays, but she was always a happy person, regardless. Always very positive.

Whenever I tell someone where I was born and raised, I always say it was "Dolly Parton Country". Saturday mornings were some of the happiest days I remember. I would go with my Mom and Dad to Knoxville to buy "day old fruit". At that time I was around twelve or thirteen and I remember always seeing Dolly there with her Mom, Dad and family. Dolly and I were the same age, and I remember my mom and Dolly's mom talking about recipes for Apple Pie that they would exchange. Both my mom and hers made these pies over time and they were so good!

Some people think it's amazing that I knew Dolly at that time in our lives but remember we



Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

*Family owned and operated
since 1919*

(256) 536-6654

Valley View Cemetery

open with 100 acres reserved
for future development

(256) 534-8361

Neals Pressure Washing

WE CLEAN IT ALL!

**Painting
Home Repair
256-603-4731**

Licensed & Insured

**Proud Member of
the BBB**



were just two little girls, neither one of us was famous back then. I would travel with my Dad when he would preach at revivals. I always went along because I always wanted to sing along at the revivals.

That's how I ended up in Alabama - I met my husband-to-be in Decatur, Alabama. We dated for a little while and married. Then after 13 years and 4 children, we parted ways. We had 3 sons and one daughter. Sons Rodney, Davy and Vinson. Daughter Cynthia. Rodney was my oldest son and passed away in 2014. Writing my story I realized that actually the Lord has given me a wonderful life.

After the children's dad and I parted ways, when the children were still small, I had a very young one at home and 3 little stairstep kids in school. So I was out there on my own taking care of myself and the children. I worked some manufacturing jobs but decided to take classes and earned my GED. I then became a CNA (Certified Nurses Assistant) and focused on my children.

It wasn't easy back then. In the 60s and 70s things were not nearly as easy as they are today. But we made it. I instilled in my children some of the values I learned growing up, that you don't necessarily need all the luxuries in your life to be happy. It's nice to have things but things don't make you happy. You have to be happy within yourself. Live and appreciate the life God gives you. He will take care of you.

Becoming a CNA was one of the best things I did for myself. I was making a living for me and the children, making friends, helping people young and old. I did this for several years. It's very rewarding when you feel your life has meaning.

After working in nursing homes and assisted living facilities I decided to become a Home Health Aide. I dearly loved it,

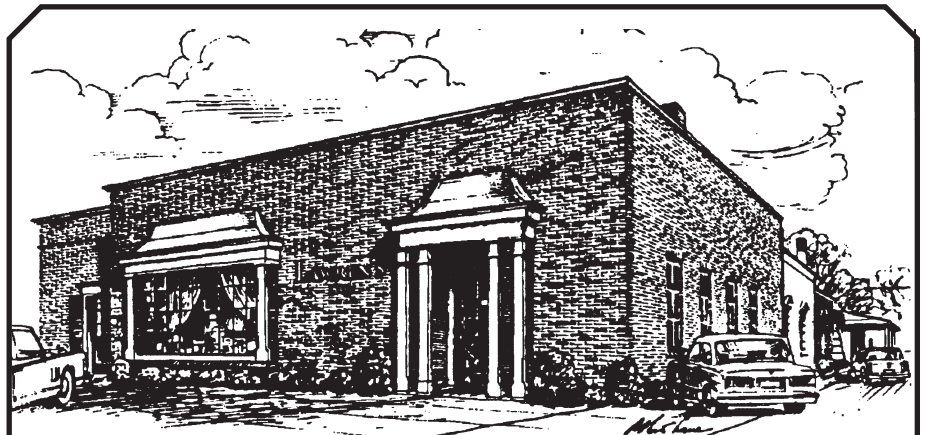
making friends with patients and their families, some that have lasted a lifetime. I haven't been able to work lately due to the COVID virus but I'm trusting God to take care of this and I know He will. He knows what we need.

As for my children, as I said earlier I cared for my oldest son Rodney for 8 years until he passed away. There are no words to describe how it feels to lose a child. My heart will hurt forever. Rodney was a beautiful person. He was actually a "Jack of all Trades". People came from all around to get him to fix their car, truck, phones, computers, whatever. He was wonderful and guess what? He could also cook! Donna, his wife had a restaurant for a little while and people would say that Rodney cooked the best catfish they ever had. I

miss him so. My daughter Cynthia followed in my footsteps and became a CNA. She's actually a supervisor at her workplace (before the virus). She's wonderful. Davy, my middle child, is a biomed tech working in a huge hospital. He is also writing and singing his own contemporary Gospel music. Vinson, my youngest, is a Laser Tech working in a large hospital, enjoying his life. He is a graduate of Ardmore High School.

So I would say in my world struggling as a single mom, I raised my four children as best I could. They know where I came from, they know my Dolly story, but I'm Mom to them and they love me to death, and I them.

Thanks to you, Old Huntsville, for giving me a way to tell my life story, as well as my Dolly story.



LAWREN'S*

809 MADISON STREET
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table
Linen, Cookware.

Decorative Accessories, Invitations and
Announcements, Lenox China & Crystal,
Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath.



**Ask
Grandma**
by Mimi

Now that 2021 is here, let's think back and see what we have learned from the pandemic.

- First Being grateful
- Second Thoughtfulness
- Third Patience
- Fourth Giving
- Fifth Loving
- Sixth Kindness
- Seventh Forgiveness
- Eight Empathy
- Ninth Generosity
- Tenth Slowing down

Of course, we learned a lot about how viruses spread and wise health practices we can adopt even after Covid is gone later this year.

For now, why not start a hobby if you don't already have one, like knitting, jewelry making, or baking. Everyone I know always appreciates a homemade gift.

I just adopted a cat. Didn't need another cat, but this one is so loving he won our hearts right away. There are so many animals in shelters that need a loving home.

Doing something for others does wonders for your wellbeing. Meals on Wheels is in need of volunteers. The people who receive the meals are so grateful for the meals, having no way to get out to buy groceries. These meals mean whether the people receiving the meals get to eat or go hungry.

When we grew from childhood to adulthood, we found the real joy during the holidays was giving and not receiving. In the winter of the new year, the needs of the hungry and those not properly clothed do not stop. Don't you stop either. Before you leave this world, your legacy is what you give, not what you take to the grave. That includes love and lots of it.

Why not start making a list of your older friends that can't get out and send them a Valentine's Day card coming up in February. It will be here before you know it.

What must we all do to bring back spring? Something to think about. Now that our Christmas holidays have passed, I find my New Year's resolution to be - Get healthy, eat less fattening meals and exercise. Hope I can still stick to it. Have you made any resolutions?

Just hope each and every one of you is wearing a mask and staying safe. Until next time be sure to get the Covid vaccine as soon as it is available. I certainly will.

"One way to find out if you are old is to fall down in a group of people. If they laugh you're still young. If they panic and start running to you, you're old."

Anna Gene Chesnut, Seattle

**Your
next move
should be to
Oxford
Townhomes**



Choose from large 2 and 3 BR townhomes or 1 BR garden style apartments in a great central location. Lots of living space with private fenced patios, storage rooms, and access to an on-site Business/Learning Center. Best of all, we're a NO SMOKING community.

2516 12th St. SW, just off Bob Wallace Avenue
Call/e-mail today—256-536-1209 * Alabama Relay 711
oxfordtownhomes@comcast.net



O'LE DAD'S BAR-B-Q



"It's Cooked In The Pit"

256-828-8777

Rosemary Leatherwood, owner

We're thankful to our Good Customers for their business last year and we wish you a Wonderful and Happy New Year!

Carry Out's for your Special Events!

There's nothing better than barbeque!!
Order BBQ, Savory Ribs and all the fixin's

HAPPY New Year



Remember to pick up your Family Pack Special:

Health Rating 97%

14163 Highway 231/431 North
Located in the beautiful city of Hazel Green

VETERAN RESTORATION

by John E. Carson



In spite of all the negative things that happened in 2020, and there were a lot of them, there were also a lot of good things that happened. One in particular affected myself and my family in a very big way.

After being hospitalized twice, and the last time with life threatening conditions, I was diagnosed with cancer and told if I did not get treatment I would have maybe four months to live. This after my wife's recent hospitalization of sixteen days followed by 21 days of rehabilitation. None of this was COVID-19 related and came after losing my brother in January.

Fortunately, I was able to get treatment and my life expectancy has stretched considerably. But I did not know that in August we would discover our house had suffered water damage and mold in three rooms.

We filed an insurance claim and two

"I hate it when I'm singing along to an old song and the artist gets the words wrong."

Fran Carter, Gurley

teams came to our rescue. The first was a company that removed the damaged carpet and baseboards and cut holes in the walls and framing to find the source of the water. That company recommended another to repair and restore the rooms.

The company they recommended is veteran owned. I told them that the coming holidays were very important to me and family was moving in to help. I mentioned that we had been told the restoration could take two months or more and that I did not know how much time I had. They said not to worry.

The carpet was not replaceable. The insurance would only provide a cheaper carpet that likely would not match the adjoining carpet in the other rooms. I told them that I would prefer a hardwood and they said it would be twice the cost. Money was tight and I resigned myself to the less expensive option.

They came in quickly to do the work and in only three and a half days the job was done. The rooms looked like new and we had new hardwood laminate flooring. In addition, they had gone above and beyond, replacing woodwork and trim, painting walls that were not included in the original estimate and other touches that were unexpected.

Because I was a veteran and dealing with cancer the company ate the extra costs and took a loss on the job. But half of our house looks better than new.

They came to our aid when we needed it most and we had our house back for the holidays. The people in that company are some of the nicest folks I have ever worked with and every one of the workers were polite and did top notch work.

They went the extra mile in a year that had beaten so many people down and restored my faith in humanity. I would mention them by name, but they know who they are.

Frazier Home Inspections, Inc.



Inspections performed according to ASHI Standards

Johnny Frazier, Inspector
AL License # HI-1047

Cell (256) 603-8430
Home (256) 534-0277

Before you buy a home, have it inspected by a professional.

Timeless Kitchen and Home Hints

- To iron ribbons without burning them, heat a spoon and use it to press the ribbon.

- To keep your fireplace chimney clear, once a week burn a mixture of potato peelings and salt in your fireplace. This puts a glaze on the inside surface of your chimney and prevents a buildup of soot.

- To wash black lace, add a tablespoon of ammonia to a leftover cup of strong coffee.

- Fresh cranberries can only be found at this time of year - they can be frozen and you can't find them that way in the store - just take them fresh in the bag and toss unopened into your freezer for use later.

- Your brass can be cleaned by rubbing them with a cut lemon and rinsing in hot water.

- After washing your rag rugs, rinse them in a thin starch water and they will lay flat on the floor without curling up and tripping you.

- A hot strong vinegar can be used to remove paint from windows, if you don't have a scraper.

- If you live in an older home that has those cords over which the windows slide, keep them dusted and rubbed with a well-greased rag to ensure easier operation.

- When oil is spilled onto a rug or furniture, remove the stain with an application of lime water. Lime water will also remove kerosene stains from carpet and furniture.

- Paint kitchen and pantry shelves with two coats of white paint, then add a third coat of white enamel. The surfaces will look really nice, and are easy to clean - no shelf paper will be needed.

- After you black and polish your cooking stove, make sure you give it a good coat of wax polish. It will not require any more blacking again for several weeks, you just need to dust it.

- If you don't have a bottle brush, partially fill it with warm soapy water and some egg shells with pieces of paper towel. Shake well, empty and rinse.

- Don't throw out all those wood ashes from your fireplace. Save a few in a small can to dampen and use to clean your steel knives.

Op' Heidelberg

**SERVING HEARTY GERMAN FARE
IN HUNTSVILLE SINCE 1972**



**6125 UNIVERSITY DRIVE
(256) 922-0556**

**Are you Looking for that Perfect Gift for
Someone who has moved out of Town?
Or for someone who is Housebound
and Loves to Read?**

**A SUBSCRIPTION TO "OLD HUNTSVILLE"
MAGAZINE IS THE PERFECT GIFT.**

**Stories and Memories from Local People, Recipes,
Remedies, Pet Tips and much more**



**To order securely with
credit/debit card call
(256) 534-0502**

\$40 FOR A YEAR OF MEMORABLE STORIES

**YOU WILL BE REMEMBERED EACH MONTH WHEN THEIR
MAGAZINE IS DELIVERED!**

The Winn-Dixie Bunny Hop

by John H. Tate



In high school, my first job was at Winn-Dixie on Jordan Lane in Huntsville, Alabama; in reflection, I can see how Winn-Dixie played an essential role in my development. One such example is what I call the "Winn-Dixie Bunny-Hop." It was a Saturday in early fall, still green but changing, and a beautiful sunny day.

I was in the back of the store when I heard my name on the PA system, "John Henry to the front office, please." At the time, the store had two other men name John working there; John Reed and John Terry. Since my middle name was Henry, it started as a joke that I was called John Henry. Well, the joke stuck and everyone called me John Henry. Customers would ask, "Where's your hammer?" Referring to the American folklore ballad about the African American railroad worker John Henry known as "The Steel Driving Man."

When I reached the front office, Jim Quillin, the store manager, said he had a job for me to do. He asked if I could drive a straight shift, with three on the column? "Yes," I said. After all, my dad had a 1960 Ford F100, and I watched him drive it all of my life, and since it sat in our back yard for the last couple of years, I had plenty of practice sitting in it pretending to move through the gears. So, in my mind, since I could drive and I understood the gears and shifting, of course, I could drive a three on the column.

Mr. Quillin tossed me his truck keys and said he needed me to go to another store and pick up some items; I believe it was the Green Street location. I took off my apron and headed for the door. He yelled after me, "John Henry, don't wreck my truck." I smiled back at him and said I wouldn't; the smile was to cover up the nerves I felt.

I went to the north side of the building, where he parked his truck, I unlocked it and jumped in. Man, he was tall, I had to adjust the bench seat. Since I never saw Daddy ad-

just the seat, it took me a little time to figure it out. I adjusted the rear mirror and the driver's side mirror. The passenger side mirror had a large field of view, so I did not need to change it, I put the truck in reverse and backed away from the building, feeling good about what I had done. I pushed in the clutch and put it in first gear.

Windsor House

Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

Our team approach to rehabilitation means working together to enhance the quality of life and by reshaping abilities and teaching new skills. We rebuild hope, self-respect and a desire to achieve one's highest level of independence.

- *Complex Medical Care
- *Short Term Rehabilitation
- *Long Term Care

Our team includes Physicians, Nurses, Physical Therapist, Occupational Therapist, Speech Therapist, Activity Director and Registered Dietician

A place you can call home....

4411 McAllister Drive
Huntsville, Alabama 35805
(256) 837-8585

OUR ADVERTISERS KEEP "OLD HUNTSVILLE" GOING

Please shop local and tell them that you saw their ad in the magazine!



"When you are right no one remembers. When you are wrong no one forgets."

Jeremiah Smith, Scottsboro

Mr. Quillin and others stood in the front windows as I bunny-hopped his truck across the entire parking lot. However, I had worked it out enough that when I stopped at Jordan Lane and made my left-hand turn toward University Drive, I only hopped once and was smooth then after. I was feeling proud of myself; here I was driving my boss's truck down Jordan Lane.

As I was approaching University Drive, just in front of Central Bank (Compass Bank now in that location.), the truck stopped. No big deal, I thought, "I must have done something wrong with the clutch and gas pedal." However, no matter how hard I tried, I could not get the truck to start. Now all I could think about is how I broke my boss's truck. Since I was in the way of traffic on Jordan Lane, some men stopped and helped me push it into the turning lane to be out of traffic.

Several men stopped to see if they could help and when they heard it was my boss's truck, you could see the compassion on their faces. They even lifted the hood looking for the problem and finally, one man, the third-one who had tried to start it, said, "Hey, you are out of gas." I felt relief and embarrassment because I did not look at the gas hand, but neither did the other men who tried to start the truck; they even looked under the hood.

I used the payphone in front of the bank to call my boss and told him he was out of gas. He sent another worker with a can of gas and five dollars to fill up the tank. I went on about my chores and accomplished my mission. Everyone ragged on the boss for not having gas in the truck; I never did tell him that I thought I broke it.

From that time on, if he needed someone to make a run, he would toss me his keys and say, "I have gas."

I have always remembered The Winn-Dixie Bunny-hop fondly because it showed me that I dared to take control.

"I hope the weather is good tomorrow for my trip to the backyard. I'm getting tired of the living room."

Neil Keith, Huntsville

HAZELNUT BUTTER CRUNCH

1/3 c. chopped hazelnuts
1/2 c. plain flour
1/4 c. packed brown sugar
1/4 c. butter

Mix all til crumbly - distribute evenly in greased 13 x 9" pan. Bake at 400 degrees til golden brown, 7 to 10 minutes. Don't burn! Stir and cool, store in covered container.



**ROCKET CITY
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION**


Main Office
2200 Clinton Avenue
Huntsville, AL 35805
(256) 533-0541

Branch Office
200 West Side Sq.,
Suite 4B
Huntsville, AL 35801
(256) 536-0091

Office Hours
Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri
8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Wednesday
8:00 a.m. - Noon

www.rocketcityfcu.org




ALABAMA COIN & SILVER

Buying - Selling - Trading
Estate Appraisals

Phone (256) 536-0262
Charles Cataldo, Jr. - Owner

900 Bob Wallace Ave., Suite 122
in the Central Park Shopping Center Next to Quizno's

We Buy and Sell Rare Coins and Collectibles



Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



We had two winners for the hidden pinecone this month - one local and one out of state. Our local winner was **Randy Brown** of New Market. Randy is retired with nine grandkids! Congratulations to you. Our out of state winner was **Marcella Hargrove** of Buford, GA. She knows many of our writers and lived here years ago - a super sweet lady. Congratulations to you Marcella!

We had tons of people call to guess the **pinecone** location because I made it bigger this month - did you find it? If not check p. 34 of the December issue - see it next to Santa?

Then our sweet Photo of the Month was **Carol Harless**

whom many know for her never-ending volunteer work here in Huntsville. The winner who called and guessed her was **Annette Cruse**. She was born in Arab and moved away from here 10 years ago but her sweet sister still lives here, **Nora Hunt**. So we had 3 good winners this month!

One of our writers, **Elizabeth Wharry**, recently had to have emergency surgery - colostomy - and wanted to strongly urge all our readers to be sure and get their scheduled colonoscopies. A colonoscopy is one thing you can do for yourself to prevent major trouble later on. Elizabeth said she had amazing care by the excellent staff at Huntsville Hospital in Madison.

During these cold days all of us are wearing socks, some are so tight around the top and not good for your blood flow. I accidently found some diabetic socks recently and the tops have so much give in them, they are not binding at all. I found some at Target but I'm sure any store or Amazon has them. They are SO comfortable.

Guy McClure, Jr. of Florence was someone that so many people knew. He had an amazing sense of humor who posted stories on Facebook that would have you laughing so hard. He was only 59. Guy is survived by his father, **Guy Young Mc-**

Clure, Sr.; mother, **Gwen Crim McClure**; sister **Debbie Snow (Rick)**; aunt **Martha Mercer**; uncles **Frank Crim (Joyce)**, **William Yarbrough (Karen)** and **John McClure (Teri)** as well as beloved family who will love him always.

A 31-year veteran of NASA, **Dr. Kimberly Robinson** has just been selected as Executive Director and CEO of the U.S. Space & Rocket Center, to begin Feb. 15, 2021. Dr. Robinson brings a background of leadership, engineering, education, as well as Flight crew training. She is the recipient of numerous NASA Performance awards and is a tireless volunteer. She currently serves as VP for A New Leash on Life animal rescue. Congratulations to Dr. Robinson!

Mrs. Edwina Morse called recently and ordered a 2 year subscription to Old Huntsville. I'm happy she has faith in me - I'm 72 now and can't believe when **Tom** and I started the magazine I was 41! Mrs. Morse's son is **Thomas Morse** and lives in Flint, TX. She said

Photo of The Month

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

Call (256) 534-0502

This little Ryland, AL boy knows alot of residents there and writes amazing stories.



Free Attorney Consultation for Bankruptcy

The Law Firm of

MITCHELL HOWIE

Legal Services - Probate - Estate Planning - Wills

256-533-2400

No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers.

he loves reading about Huntsville history and legends.

Edwina had a mid-December birthday so we hope she had a wonderful day.

One tip I've used that works is this. When you are really in a good mood and everything seems right, take a piece of paper and write down what makes you happy, specific things. Then for those days when you don't feel quite so good or are just sad, bring out that piece of paper and read what made you happy that day. It might have been helping someone else, being in control of a situation, making a good decision, etc.

Lawanda Allison of Decatur will celebrate a Jan. 7 birthday. Happy Birthday to You!

Edith McCullough Yates was 97 when she passed away on Nov. 27. During WWII she worked at Redstone Arsenal and was known around town for her beautiful voice, singing as soloist in many churches in town. She was born in an apartment on the 2nd floor of the First National Bank Building on the West side of the Square! She embraced life and her family was most important

to her. She leaves son **William "Mack" Yates**, grandchildren **Joseph Yates, Christopher Yates, Shane Sanders** and **Will Sanders**, with two great grandchildren. She is their angel in heaven now.

As I write this we just found out that **Huntsville Hospital** and the local hospitals in our neighboring cities are beginning to receive the vaccine for Covid. This is the best news we've gotten in some time. This past year has really been a scary, unprecedented time for all of us. We just want to eat out, send our kids to school, get close to people again, see family, see our older relatives in retirement homes. Just normal things. One thing for sure, we will certainly never take any of those things for granted anymore.

In that spirit, I have hidden a very small **vaccination needle**. It might not look exactly like what we'll see when we get our shots but humor me - you'll know it when you see it. Be the first to call, you will win a \$40 subscription to Old Huntsville. Get out your specs!

Many didn't know that Tal-

lulah Bankhead was born right here in Huntsville on Jan. 31, 1902. She was born at the Schiffman Building, East Side Square downtown Huntsville. She went on to become an international film and stage star, and quite a character. She did it her way, for sure.

For those of you who haven't tried **spinach smoothies** - they are really good! If you make it right it doesn't even taste like spinach but you get all the good nutrients. Here's what I do. Into a blender add 1/2 cup of any fruit juice, 1 cup vanilla Greek yogurt, 1 banana, 2 cups baby spinach leaves, frozen mango or frozen strawberries (about a cup) and a scoop of vanilla protein powder. Crunch it all up til it's the texture of ice cream and you can drink it with one of those large straws. SO Good! This will make a blender full, put it into a couple of insulated cups and sip on it all day. This helps your immune system and we all need that these days.

Looking forward to a healthy 2021 with eating in restaurants and kids in school and church services and no scary news on TV. And getting Hugs.



WILL STUTTS – ACTOR/DIRECTOR/PLAYWRIGHT

A native of Sheffield, Alabama, Will clearly had an interest in and a talent for acting from a very young age. In 1968 while attending Florence State University, Will launched a fulfilling career that would span 6 decades. He worked in virtually all aspects of professional theatre from acting, directing, producing and playwrighting. His resume of roles performed and plays he directed and wrote is extensive and critically praised. Will's 15 original one-man plays, the truest essence of his theatrical style, are the indelible signature Will left to this world. The "Philadelphia Enquirer" once called him "The master of the one-man show". Will became Mark Twain on stage and many in this area remember those performances. He entertained audiences as Walt Whit-

man, Noel Coward, Frank Lloyd Wright and of course, Samuel Clemens.

He performed in Pennsylvania, Florida, the United Kingdom, and back home to North Alabama at such venues as the Ritz Theatre in Sheffield, the University of North Alabama, Merrimack Performing Theatre and others. Will logged in over 1,000 single engagements. He served as Producing Artistic Director at several regional theatres and was a regular guest director and lecturer on college and university campuses throughout the country.

Will passed away on November 22 and was preceded in death by his mother, Lola Stutts-Blaxton. He leaves behind his sister and best friend, Diane Stutts Owens and her husband, Ken Owens; his nephew, Brandon Owens; his sisters-in-law, Cathey Carney, Stephanie Troup and her family; cousins, Earline Moore and husband, Jack Moore, Linda Myrick and husband, Bill Myrick and their family, Barry Redding and wife, Delinda, and Glenda Holden.

Will's Pennsylvania theatre family and his friends worldwide will never forget this talented, kind and special man.



Down Home Southern

Potato Soup

- 3 slices bacon
- 1 sweet onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, chopped
- 3 c. potatoes, sliced thin
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 c. water
- 1 c. shredded cheddar cheese
- 3 c. milk
- 1/2 c. cream

Cook the bacon in a heavy sauce pan til crisp. Remove and drain for later use. In the bacon drippings, saute the onions and carrots. Add the water and potatoes, simmer til they are tender. Add the seasoning and milk, heat to boiling and add cream. When you're ready to serve, sprinkle the crumbled bacon and cheese on top.

Pistachio Salad

- 1 c. cottage cheese or sour cream
- 1 sml. can pineapple chunks, drained

2 small packages of pistachio jello

2 c. miniature marshmallows

1/2 c. pecans, chopped

1 12-oz. container whipped topping

Mix cottage cheese and pineapple in bowl with hand mixer. Sprinkle jello granules over mixture in bowl while beating. When mixed, stir in marshmallows, nuts and whipped topping. Spoon into serving bowl and cover. Refrigerate til ready to serve.

Banana Salad

- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 c. sugar
- Juice of a lemon
- 2 T. sweet cream
- 1 c. roasted peanuts, chopped
- 8 bananas

On top of a double boiler mix together the first three ingredients, place over boiling water and cook til thick, stir-

ring constantly. Remove from the heat and add the cream. Cool totally, slice bananas crosswise into a bowl. Add the peanuts, add the sauce to the bananas and toss. Sauce can be made earlier in the day. Mix together just before serving.

Cabbage Casserole

- 1 medium cabbage
- 1 t. salt
- 3 T. butter
- 3 T. flour
- 3/4 c. evaporated milk
- 1-1/2 c. Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1/2 c. bread crumbs
- 2 T. butter, melted

Discard outside leaves of the cabbage and slice it coarsely into a saucepan. Add the salt and enough boiling water to cover. Boil it uncovered til just tender - about 7 minutes. Drain, save the water. In a saucepan melt 3 tablespoons of butter, blend in the flour, add the evaporated milk and 3/4 cup

Star Market and Pharmacy

Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy

Your Friendly Neighborhood
Pharmacy & Grocery Store

Located in Historic Five Points
702 Pratt Ave. - 256-534-4509



of the water drained from cabbage. Stir and cook the sauce til it boils and thickens. Add a pinch of salt. Place a layer of cooked cabbage in the bottom of a buttered 1-1/2 quart casserole. Pour part of the sauce over cabbage and sprinkle with part of the cheese. Repeat til all ingredients are used, ending with cheese.

Sprinkle with crumbs that you have blended with 2 tablespoons butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes and browned.

Best Baked Beans

3 - 32-oz. cans pork and beans, rinsed and drained
 1 lbs. hot sausage cooked, drained and crumbled
 2 t. dry mustard
 2 T. yellow mustard
 1/2 c. molasses
 1 c. onion, minced
 1/2 c. brown sugar
 1 t. ground black pepper
 Salt as desired

Mix all ingredients together, add more or less seasoning to suit your taste. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 50-60 minutes.

Grandma's Meatloaf

1-1/2 lbs. ground beef
 3/4 c. rolled oats (uncooked)

1/2 c. onion, chopped
 1 c. tomato juice
 1/4 c. bell pepper, chopped
 2 eggs, beaten
 2 t. Worcestershire sauce
 1 t. salt
 1/4 t. pepper

Preheat oven to 350 degrees and combine all ingredients. Place in a greased meat loaf pan and bake 1 to 1-1/2 hours. You may use a regular casserole dish if you don't have a meatloaf pan.

Loaf Bread

2 c. scalded milk
 4 T. shortening
 2 t. salt
 4 T. sugar
 1 cake yeast
 7 c. all-purpose flour (reserve 1 cup for handling)

Add salt, sugar and shortening to the hot milk; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and dissolve thoroughly. Add six cups of flour and mix to form very soft dough.

Turn onto floured pastry cloth. Use the 7th cup of flour for handling.

Knead lightly til smooth. Set to rise in a lightly greased bowl for 45 minutes at room temperature. Shape in 2 loaf pans and allow to rise til light or double in size.

Bake 1 hour at 400 degrees.

Old Style Hashbrowns

Dice cold, cooked potatoes (about one cup) and put in a pan. With a biscuit cutter chop them again. Add finely chopped onions, about 1/3 cup and mix with the potatoes. Add a little flour to help hold them together. Add salt and pepper. In a heavy fry pan put about two tablespoons bacon drippings or butter, pour in the potatoes and chop and spread them about the size of a saucer, about half an inch thick.

Cook over medium heat til the bottom is well browned and the flour is well cooked. Turn together making a half circle, lift up with a cake turner and place on a plate and serve.

The flour mixes with the moisture of the potato and holds together, but is not noticeable.



**SERVING THE
 HUNTSVILLE
 AREA
 SINCE 1884
 FOR ALL YOUR
 RESIDENTIAL**

**AIR CONDITIONING &
 HEATING UNITS
 PLUMBING
 ELECTRICAL
 ENERGY AUDITS**

256-534-0781

THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE WANTS TO THANK ALL OF OUR FIRST RESPONDERS, OUR HOSPITAL WORKERS, DOCTORS AND NURSES, POLICE OFFICERS - WHO WORK SO HARD EVERY DAY TO KEEP US WELL.

WE HAVE SO MUCH APPRECIATION FOR EACH OF YOU.

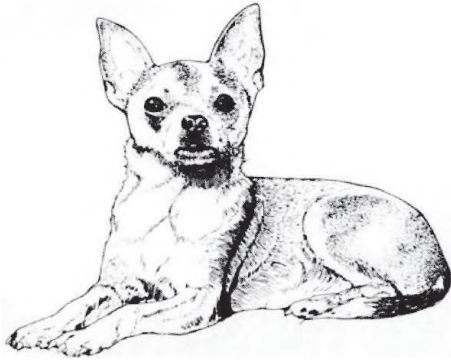


THE HISTORIC LOWRY HOUSE

www.historiclowryhouse.com

1205 KILDARE ST. - HUNTSVILLE,
 AL 35801

call (256) 489-9200 for info



“There’s No Charge for Love”

by Cathey Carney

A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the 4 pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down into the eyes of a little boy.

"Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "These puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?"

"Sure," said the farmer. And with that he whistled. "Here, Dolly!" he called.

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur.

The little boy pressed his face against the chain link

fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the dogs made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse.

Slowly another little ball appeared, this one noticeably smaller. Down the ramp it slid. Then in a somewhat awkward manner, the little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up...

"I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt. The farmer knelt down at the boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would."

With that, the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so, he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe.

Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see sir, I don't run too well myself and he will need someone who understands."

With tears in his eyes, the farmer reached down and picked up the little pup. Holding it carefully, he handed it to the little boy, "How much?" asked the little boy.

"No charge," answered the farmer, "There's no charge for love."



“Home of Five-Star Service”

For over 50 years, our courteous, friendly service has never gone out of style.



Mr. Collier Bush has been keeping customers on the road in the Huntsville area for over 30 years and we are delighted to have him back working with our team.

Stop by to enjoy a cup of coffee with Mr. Bush and you just might leave in a new Ford!

“And just like that, 1969 was 52 years ago.”

Jane Smith, Huntsville

Woody Anderson Ford
www.WoodyAndersonFord.com

256-539-9441
2500 Jordan Lane Huntsville, AL 35816

Body Shop Memories

by James D.

What I'm going to write about is the truth, with names and places changed to protect me. One of the stories I used myself as the subject to avoid embarrassing the real guy.

Different places in the Tennessee Valley is where all this happened. It was before many of you were born. I was just a young pup and needed a job to pay for my extravagant playboy life style.

One day I passed Leftys Body and Paint shop and filled out an application and was hired on the spot. Not having any experience in that field they said they would train me. Meaning I got to do stuff like sweeping the floor, washing cars, going for coffee and biscuits and other character building stuff.

"Well kid, you start at 7:30, get 30 minutes for lunch and get off at 5:30 and we'll pay you 35 bucks a week. Remember kid, we're trainin' ya." The first 2 or 3 months was my initiation period to see if they could break you or make you.

One body man, Roger, told me to go to the office and get him 5 sheets of A D grit sand paper, so I did and when I asked them in the office they just stared at me and said they didn't have any AD grit. I went back and forth between Roger and the office a couple of more times with everyone getting mad. The next time Roger threw down his hammer (he was REAL mad) went to the office and came out with 5 sheets of sandpaper. He got to me and turned them over and shoved them in my face. "Can't you read boy? That right there says 80 grit."

They always wanted you to have a rag in your back pocket and one day one of the guys caught me without my rag and said, here kid, heres you a rag and he crams one into my back pocket. It was just barely damp with enamel reducer but I didn't know it. About 20 minutes later did I ever know it! I thought someone had set my pocket and rear end on fire. From that little incident I carried a blister for 2 or 3 days. Boy was I learning fast!

Another time, they sent me downtown to get supplies at Bills Parts Store. Included in the order was a universal

glass stretcher. Oscar, the parts man looked my list over and said, What size glass stretcher? Gee, Oscar, they didn't say. Let me use your phone and I'll find out. By now there's 2 more parts men at the counter. I called Lefty's. "Hey Lefty, what size glass stretcher you want?"

I hung up and told Oscar that Lefty said get the large one. Oscar said they were all out. That's when I heard all the laughing and whooping and hollering. O.K., guys, ya got me again. I stayed with it for a while longer, getting harder to fool and finally started dishing it right back. It was evident that this might be a dead end job and after finding another one, I left Leftys.

From Leftys I went to Jordan's Body and Paint and here I was actually an apprentice working under Fred and Lewis and I was making 45 bucks a week. I got real uniforms too with my name on them along with Jordan Body and Paint. In those days the uniforms were washed and starched and once in a while they would go kind of heavy on the starch. A few times you could actually stand the pants and shirt up in a corner. Now, try wearing that in the summer! No kidding. At Jordans I was actually being trained and most of the jokes were good natured and they knew I could give as good as I got.

This is the first place I painted my first car and Fred was with me every step of the way. One day Fred was going to cut out a floor pan on a car and my job was to hold the wiring out of the way and watch for any fire. We had a 5 gallon bucket with the top cut out filled with water. Fred was cutting away with a gas cutting torch, blowing sparks, smoke and large hunks of molten steel. I had one foot in the car and the other on the floor and somehow a large piece of molten steel fell into the instep of my shoe and foot. Being as there was a bucket of cool water there I stuck shoe, foot and all in it and watched the steam rise from the bucket. No real harm was done, it only took a couple of weeks for my foot to heal. From that incident I was given a nick name which I shall not reveal. It wasn't nasty or any thing but it took years to lose it.

I have met some of the nicest people by accident.



J. R. ENTERPRISES
BRANDED PROMOTIONAL ITEMS
www.PromoItems.com
 2519 Washington St. Huntsville, AL 35811
256-536-6900

What Would You Be?

by Belinda Talley

"What would your occupation be if you had followed your childhood dreams?"

The most popular dreams were Teacher, Veterinarian, Flight Attendant, Nurse, Coach, Artist, Actor/Actress, Writer, Designer, Architect, Photographer.

Do you know these folks and what they became?

Jim Accardi - he wanted to be a Juggler (became a Lawyer).

Beth Martin Fredrick - Singer at Opryland.

Kristie Kuralt Hinkle - Medical Examiner.

Mike Sheppard - Batman.

Gary Mussleman - Rock-n-Roll Star.

Leanne Tedesco - Exotic Dancer (but did not!)

William Broadway, Sr. - Pilot (and became one)

Mike Gordon - Professional Baseball Player.

Wendy Eaton - Narcotics Cop.

Carol Snoddy Byler - Disney Illustrator.

Randy Van Nostrand - Cowboy.

Marilynn Thome Woodward - Ballerina (worked in accounting).

Paulette Dickerson - Archeologists (this would not work; she hated bugs and dirt).

Kim Ingram Frazier - Reconstructive Surgeon.

Keith Troup - Musician and Songwriter (which he is).

Gary Taylor - Garbage man.

Connie Brogdon Broadway Lougheed - Princess. (She thinks that she is).

Oscar J. Llerena - Soldier (Self-Employed Building Materials).

John E. Carson - Inspirational Speaker and Writer (and is).

Adriane Talley Kulvinskis - Olympic Gymnast.

Stephanie Ambrose Powell - District Attorney.

Judi Maddux - Trapeze Artist (became a telephone operator).

Melissa Rogers - A Walt Disney character.

Marge Feist - Concert Pianist.

Eddie Grissett - Doctor.

Dianna Cook - Female Race Car Driver.

Me? I wanted to be an entertainer, but my biggest dream was to work at Six Flags. Do you remember the tram-train? It would take you from the parking lot to the park entrance. Someone drove the tram, but that was not me. I wanted to be in the back riding in the last car, greeting you on the microphone. "I'm Belinda; welcome to Six Flags. Please keep your hands, feet and kids inside the tram. Do not forget where you parked your car and do not forget to take your kids back home with you. We don't want them."

Aren't you glad that some dreams do not come true?

downtown rescue mission
thrift  **stores** SHOP, DONATE, & VOLUNTEER!



CALL NOW TO FIND THE LOCATION NEAREST YOU! 855-DRM-SAVE

NEIGHBORHOOD BAKERY CAFÉ & CATERER

OPEN FOR DINE IN
atlanta BREAD.
 Monday-Friday | 8am-7pm
 Saturday-Sunday | 9am-3pm

NOW HIRING ALL POSITIONS

atlanta BREAD. 

Huntsville's neighborhood bakery cafe and business caterer
 atlantabreadhuntsville.com | (256)922-2253 | 6275 University Drive, 35806

Tips from Earlene



- Cure for Barber's Itch - moisten the parts affected with saliva (spittle) and rub it over thoroughly three times a day with the ashes of a good Havana cigar. This is a simple remedy, yet it has cured the most obstinate cases.

- Don't burn your fingers with too-short matches when trying to light candles. Instead, use a piece of uncooked spaghetti. It works well.

- Want your freshly shined brass to stay that way? Just coat with a little wood finishing oil, like tung oil. It'll make the shine last 3 times as long.

- How to clean your glass shower doors that are full of gunk? Try wiping them clean with any furniture polish that has lemon oil. If the film is really heavy, use a steel wool pad soaked in dishwashing liquid to make the glass sparkle.

- If you need to paint your wrought-iron furniture and don't want to spray, try using a sponge.

- To shine up your chrome, wad up some aluminum foil, shiny side out, dampen the chrome and rub away.

- Your plants will love the leftover water (cooled down, of course) from cooking your vegetables.

- Soften your hands by rubbing them well with oatmeal while wet.

- An ordinary art gum eraser will get most of those scuff marks off light colored shoes.

- Use bananas to shine silver? Try this - take the ends off your banana peel and throw the skin into a blender. Take the puree and shine your silver with it!

- Use an old, mismatched fork near your plants to use as a handy "rake."

- When you paint your rooms, save the last of the paint in a small baby food bottle. Write the color, room and date on the bottle and close securely. You'll be surprised how this little dab of paint will come in handy for touch-ups.

Gibson's Books

We have stocked our online shop with rare, used and out print books. Our specialties include Local History, Southern History, Southern Cookbooks and Southern Fiction. We also have postcards, sheet music, advertising, photographs and other ephemera.

During this difficult time we have decided to close our shop but our online shop is still open and we are shipping daily. We offer free shipping in the US.

Visit us at www.gibsonbooks.com

or call (256) 725-2558



**COLONIAL
PRINTING**

**MAILING
PACKAGING
WIDE FORMAT**

Your Printed Brand is Our Passion

Printing | Mailing | Packaging
Wide-Format | Promotional Products

For **ESTIMATES** please call sales or email
estimaterequest@colonialpmp.com
256.539.2279

1505 The Boardwalk | Huntsville, AL 35816
www.colonialpmp.com



WHEN LOSS MARKS THE HEART OF THE WINNER

by John Carriker

What better way to consider the future than to remember the victories of the past and how they were birthed? Possibly, when we recall events that produce surprises against all expectations, we can sense a small window of hope and opportunity that allows promise for tomorrow.

Such a story developed in late summer several years past when there was still a sense of normalcy, trust still existed. Reputations were cherished and protected. Family picnics were evident, children were involved in activities that signaled the end of vacations while moms and dads prepared for the school year ahead.

Several seasons in various athletics — softball, baseball, etc. — were ending. One such event — the final swim meet of the year — was concluded at a municipal pool. The competition was scheduled and multitudes of prep school girls anticipated the races.

One girl looked worried and her dad knew that she was. She had that forced laugh she used when she was anxious and unsure of herself.

He went over to encourage her: "Don't worry, you'll do well,"

he said as he put his arms around her. Her younger sister was competing in the speed races, but she was not competitive in short distances so she was entered into a longer competition ...

four lanes back and forth. Stamina had always been her strength.

The day passed quickly as the competition saw winners in all the speed races with only the 200 meter freestyle event remaining. The man watched as his daughter prepared herself, jumping into the water and getting her body acclimated for the race.

She looked over at him and mouthed: "Dad, I can't win this."

"Just try," he mouthed back.

They lined up, waiting for the start. Bang! They were off.

She tried with all she could muster, but each lap saw her falling behind the rest of the pack. As the winners and also-rans neared the finish of the final lap, she was just touching the opposite end of the pool, preparing to turn. The winners were announced, and the other girls gathered around the proud victor with congratulations ... all except one.

The crowd began to look at the far end of the pool as one father was walking alongside his daughter

while she struggled to finish. As her head would turn up to gulp in air, those near the lane saw she was crying. But she continued to plod toward the finish.

But then it happened! Something unusual and stirring as the crowd simultaneously moved over to the sides of the pool and began to encourage the man's daughter as she struggled to the finish. Finally, she touched the edge, exhausted and looked up at her proud father.

"I'm sorry, dad; I lost," she wept. Pulling her up from the pool with tears in his eyes, he looked at her proudly. "No, you didn't. You won. You never gave up."

She looked as the crowd of onlookers clapped, yelled and cried. Then, she smiled.

Remember in these days of indecisions, doubt and fear, we must call upon that One Who gave us faith and strength to continue to fight the good fight.

As the man urged his child: "Just try."

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." 2 Timothy 4:7

Southern Comfort HVAC Services

Residential & Commercial

AL Cert# 02229

"Take Control of Your Comfort"

David Smart



Phone: (256) 858-0120

Fax: (256) 858-2012

Email: schvac@hiwaay.net

www.southerncomforthvac.net



turn to the experts

Seen in the Papers, 1812



Grand Jury Reports on Conditions in Huntsville

* Bootlegging is alive and well in Madison County. It exists in every part of the county, especially in the city and outlying areas, with the exception of Merrimack. Most of the county officers and city commissioners offices are bought and sold outrageously.

Night hacks and omnibus lines help supply the bootleggers. Two restaurants, one near Southern Railway Station and one near the N.C. St. L., are termed "dens of vice." Near one of these a man carrying \$40 he had gotten from sale of his cotton, had been reported murdered during the past year. The city has been asked to revoke the licenses of the cafes, one of which was selling five barrels of illicit whisky a week.

* The jail situation is a pitiful one. The old portion of the jail that is still in use is a "horrible reminder of the dreadful dungeons of the Dark Ages" and the removal needs to happen speedily.

* The poor house is in condition of neglect and its 23 inmates, white and negro, run out of food regularly at different intervals and are unable to obtain any doctors services when required.

* The Courthouse is a positive disgrace, with the Grand Jury room a germ-laden hole. It is the recommendation of the Grand Jury that this courthouse be torn down. The only reason that the County Commissioners have not been indicted was because of the pleas of the solicitor.

Huntsville News in 1911

Death caused by Rubber Snake

* J. F. Holder dashed in front of a train when frightened by a companion. Frightened by a rubber snake in the hands of a companion, J. F. Holder, Sr., a young boy of Athens, dashed in front of a swiftly moving passenger train and was killed instantly. Jeff Tomlinson, 18 years old and young Holder were standing near the railroad tracks, when suddenly Tomlinson drew the imitation snake from his pocket and shoved it towards Holder, who in attempting to escape from the supposed reptile, dashed in front of the train and was literally ground to pieces. Tomlinson was arrested.

Woman Starts Panic at her Own Funeral

* Decatur, Al Stretching out her hands toward those who had assembled about her coffin, Mrs. Jane Pitcock, an octogenarian, caused a panic at her funeral here according to reports. The funeral sermon had been preached and the lid of the coffin was removed to permit friends and relatives to

take a last long look at what they believed to be a corpse. It was then that Mrs. Pitcock regained consciousness. She remained alive for several hours.

More News from 1911

* For rent - six room cottage on East Clinton Street - apply to C. F. Bost.

* For sale - genuine O.I.C brood hogs and pigs, just the thing for quick money and best meat production. Address Bruce Moring, Ryland Al or phone 522 Ring 2.

* Wanted - gentleman boarders at 326 Randolph Street.

* For rent - 5 room cottage with all modern improvement on East Clinton Street - apply to Horace M. Layman.

* For rent - the Iberta Taylor residence on McClung Street. The house is handsomely furnished and possession can be given at once. Apply to Mrs. E. E. Ezell.

* Wanted - ladies who want sales positions - call Miss Kate Acklin at 202 Eustis Street.

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

Kleaneasy Quality Carpet Cleaning



Why do I clean carpets, rugs, tile and grout, and upholstery at 58 years old? Simple. Because I love it!

256-886-9100
KLEANEASY
QUALITY CARPET CLEANING

Call (256) 886-9100

Tony Guthrie, Owner

Visit our website for specials
carpetcleaninghuntsville.com

Your Satisfaction is our #1 Goal

Here is what You Get with Our Service (Always 100% included in the Price)

- Pre-inspection of carpets or tile floors
- Pre-fiber raking OR dry vacuuming to loosen and remove dry soils
- Pre-treatment of every non-pet stain, stain, or spill.
- Pre-spray of entire surface with heated professional grade, kid-friendly, cleaning solutions
- Mechanical agitation of pre-spray with rotary scrubbing machine
- Steam extraction and rinse of treated surfaces
- Post-grooming (if desired)
- Post-inspection
- 30 day spot and stain warranty
- Money back guarantee

Hot Time in the City

by Gary Gee

Once upon a time - when I was working at Redstone Arsenal - I was selected to attend an "Ammunition Course" at a remote facility in Illinois. It was in the middle of a cold winter. At the time - if you had never been there - then you had not missed much. The facility, which closed many years ago, seemed so desolate and isolated that every visitor seemed to have been treated like a long-lost friend. You got the feeling that everyone there was "waiting for the letter from the Pentagon that never arrives". The Club for entertainment at the facility was just a Quonset hut. After three weeks of deprivation, I decided to drive over to civilization, to the big city of Chicago for some excitement.

So, I wheeled into Chi-Town in my little red MGB, smoking a pipe, of course. Then, most sports car drivers seemed to be pipe smokers. It was expected. After arriving in the Oak Park section of Chicago, I settled into a plush hotel that had new carpet about two inches deep. I noticed that the static-electrical generation from the carpets was the strongest that I had ever run into. A few steps across this carpet on a cold winter day and then touch metal or a person, and there was a heck of a jolt.

Later, I learned that this area of town had a long-time mafia association. Anyway, I decided to eat in the hotel restaurant.

Well, I was a "big pipe smoker" at the time. And a pipe smoker never gets too far from his matches. I used to have a half-dozen packages in my pants pocket at all times. You see, keeping a pipe lit can be a real challenge and you have to keep all these matches handy to keep that sucker all fired up.

I walked over to the cash register, where the approaching hostess - probably the best looking female that I had ever seen - asked, "One for dinner?" At that instant, before I had a chance to answer - and for no apparent reason - all six packages of matches ignited, simul-




taneously. Surprise, Surprise!! Have you ever witnessed the amount of smoke and smell that igniting six packs of matches produces? On seeing the cloud of smoke coming out of my pants and ascending to the ceiling, the hostess went into shock. She thought that I was on fire. Suddenly, she went weak and almost fainted. She could not speak, and neither could I.


At ignition, the natural reaction was to put my hand to my pocket. I got a slight burn to my hand, but that was the only one that I received. The matches were book matches and the covers were closed so the openings were oriented away from my leg. The flames were deflected away from my body and they were quickly extinguished, because as we all know, there is not much air in a pants pocket. It was downright warm though and the flames burned holes in my pants.

The whole restaurant smelled to high heaven and so did I. I do not know why but when the hostess and I could speak again I went ahead and sat down at a table, just like things were normal. By that time the manager had arrived and received an explanation of what had transpired.

Now remember that this was in the Oak Park area, where everyone and his grandmother were suspected of being on the con. The manager looked suspiciously



BPR
BILL POOLE REALTY
Commercial Brokerage



REALTOR

Bill Poole

100 Church Street, Suite 525	Office 256.533.0990
Big Spring Summit	Home 256.880.2000
Huntsville, Al 35801	Cell 256.651.1349
	Fax 256.534.1234

EMAIL BILL@BILLPOOLEREALTY.COM

at me. I could see it in his face. He thought I was a crook. He looked at me as though he was thinking: "Wow this guy has come up with some scam, and I just have to sit down and figure out what it is. Maybe he's one of these guys who knows how to take a fall in front of an automobile, and then hits up an insurance company."

In retrospect, I probably should not have eaten there after all this happened. I certainly no longer had an appetite. I sat down and ordered a steak in shock. I mean, what are you supposed to do when this happens? Anyway, people soon began entering the restaurant in droves for dinner. If I heard it once, I heard it a hundred times, "What is that smell?"

The hostess and waitresses had to come up with a stupid explanation of how some guy's pants caught on fire and for no apparent reason. No one believed the explanation. Also, employees were running around spraying the place with air fresheners.

This was not your typical eating-out experience. The hotel employees - except the manager of course - had come up with their own "real reason" that they liked to use for the incident and I could see it in their eyes, "Man, she surely set that dude's pants on fire!"

Even the fainting hostess had a smile on her face.

I told my classmates back in Savannah about the incident and they all longed for the day that they could go over to the Big City and see the excitement

for themselves. My electronic-wizard friends back at Redstone made me feel good about this entire thing. They said that those matches could not have ignited, that it was scientifically impossible. And they almost convinced me that this thing could not have happened at all but they could not explain how those holes got in my pants.

I don't know what caused it. Maybe the hotel employees were right. Well, I had been away from home a long time you know. Anyway, I do not smoke anymore.

Next I ran an ad in The Huntsville Times: "1970 red MGB (one owner) for sale, \$2,000."

Sweet Dixie Cake

4 eggs
 1/2 pint heavy cream
 1-1/2 c. sugar
 1-1/2 c. self-rising flour
 1 t. vanilla extract (or almond, if you prefer)

Break the eggs in a bowl and beat til light and foamy - at least five minutes. Add the cream, beat another 5 minutes. Pour in the sugar, beat well. Blend in the flour and extract. Pour in a greased tubular pan and bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes, or in two 8-inch cake pans for 30 minutes. Dust with confectioners' sugar.

**"When It's Time to Buy or Sell
 Your Home, Give Us a Call!"**

Call John Richard at
 (256) 603-7110



BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY

HOME SERVICES

RISE REAL ESTATE

TEAM RICHARD REALTORS

SINCE 1972

www.TeamRichardRealtors.com

teamrichard@comcast.net

**"Worry is interest paid in
 advance for a debt you
 probably will never owe."**

Jimmy Hampton, Toney

Saturday's Trip



by Judy C. Smith

Being a nice sunny Saturday morning, I decided to set out to do one of my favorite things – Estate Sales. Of course, I bought more than would go in my van, so I hurried home to get my trusty red truck. A truck always comes in handy. I can always find many uses for it.

After picking up the furniture I bought and taking it to my son's house, I head down Alabama Street. There is a cute Children's Shop right at the end of the street, which just happened to have a darling child's Christmas dress in the window.

Naturally, I had to check it out for my new grandbaby.

Well, when I was going back to get in my truck, there he was in the van next to me in his carrier, looking at me with pleading, sad eyes – a big white Cat. After talking to the lady that had him in her van and hearing Casper's sad story, I decided that only a heartless person would turn a deaf ear and walk away.

The next thing I knew, Casper was being put in my truck. I had not lifted the cage at this point, so I didn't realize how much weight was in that small pet carrier. Just as I pulled into the driveway and removed the heavy cage, it dawned on me what would happen when I walked through the door carrying a 20-pound cat.

Well, as usual, my sweet, understanding husband quickly surmised the situation after his initial shock.

His first comments were not wholly intelligible, and I won't try to repeat them here.

We got Casper settled in the laundry room for one day, then on the enclosed sun porch where he enjoyed watching the squirrels and chipmunks. Four days later, we opened that door to the rest of our house and other animals. Our other two cats have finally come around, and Shoes, my Shih-Tzu dog, is his best buddy now.

You'll see in the picture how heavy he is. I'm waiting for offers for anyone wanting to help me give Casper a bath.

Today I told my husband I was off on another adventure and this time taking the truck to start with. His only words of wisdom were to "stay focused" and only come home with things that don't breathe. I guess I had better heed his words.

William M. Yates, CLU

Life, Health, Disability
Long-Term Care, Annuities and Group



Ph. (256) 533-9448
Fax (256) 533-9449

In Business since 1974

Email us at mackyatesagy@bellsouth.net

Mack Yates Agency, Inc.

411-B Holmes Ave. NE Huntsville, AL 35801

CLARK ELECTRIC CO.

OWNER, ROBBY BOYETT

For All your Electrical Needs

No Job Too Big, No Job Too Small -
We Do It All!

Breaker Panel Changeouts and Service Upgrades

(256) 534-6132 SERVING HUNTSVILLE AND
NORTH ALABAMA SINCE 1939

Visit us at www.clarkelectrichuntsville.com

The White Cat's Story



by Casper, as told to Judy C. Smith

Well, way back then, as in 2012, I was just a newborn mewling next to my momma. When I grew up, a very nice man adopted me. I've lived with him for eight years. I sat in his lap, watched TV and had wonderful food and all I wanted of it. Great life. He coughed a lot and stayed up most of the night, sometimes.

I was sorry for him. He seemed to be in pain sometimes. But I was always either in his lap or sleeping at the foot of his bed to keep him company. I loved the electric blanket that he used every night. Frank would be snoring and I'd be a purring happy cat.

But then, two weeks ago, he got real sick and had to go to a hospital near the apartment where we lived. Things changed. I had to fend for myself, but he left a vast bowl of hard cat food and water and it got me through many days. At last, Frank came in crying and said to me, "Casper." That's what he called me because I was big and white.

So he continued, "I've lost my job, and I'm very sick and can't pay the rent. I'm at my wit's end." Tears streamed down his cheeks as he continued. "Ole Buddy, I hate to do this to you, but it's the only way."

With that, he put me in my carrier and left me at an animal shelter.

I've never been so scared as I was jostled around, put in one small cage after another. I tried to rub the people who handled me and make friends. It didn't matter. I guess I'm not loved after all. Guess life has handed me a lemon.

After two weeks in those tiny cag-

es, a cat rescue lady came and got me. I was in her car, windows down, while she ran errands. The rescue lady returned from a store, the van's side door open, and a small blonde lady passed by. She asked who I belonged to, and the rescue lady told her my story. She said my name was Casper and I'd had all my shots, was a friendly giant and been fixed, whatever that meant. I suppose twenty pounds is hefty, but Frank never said so. I could tell by the tone of that blonde lady's voice she was a friendly and caring person.

She took me to her home that day. I guess to live where she does. She has a nice husband and two other cats and a little dog. They may take a while to warm up to me. But I like everyone. I rub people's legs and I never get angry over anything. The man reminded me of Frank. I hope if I'm nice enough, I may get to stay and live with this friendly family who loves animals.

That night, I got to sit in the man's lap. He stroked my head and chin. It reminded me of what Frank used to do.

Well, folks. My story just proves that good people still exist, and I'm so glad that little blonde lady just happened to find me that day. Now, I'm one big happy cat.



Thank you for Being Our Valuable Customer!

***New Precautions due to Covid-19**
Stay Safe, Stay Apart 6' and Sanitize
***Interior Work: Masks, Gloves and Booties**

Home Repairs and Remodeling

Interior and Exterior Painting

Pressure Washing Services

Wallpaper Removal & Sheetrock Repairs



256-683-0326

Call for a
Free Estimate

Exterior Painting:

\$100 Discount Exterior Painting until January 31, 2021

Email us at whitesockpainting@yahoo.com

Proud Member of BBB

3313 Highway 53 - Huntsville, AL 35806

M.D.'s Cat's View



by M. D. Smith, IV

Judy walked into the downstairs entrance next to my hobby room lugging a small animal carrier. From the way she was leaning to the side, I didn't think it was empty.

"Not another animal," I said.

As she placed the heavy carrier in the threshold with a "thunk," I saw some white hair inside.

"No, just one I said I'd find a home for. Look, he looks just like Sampson, your white cat that died, but he's a little bigger."

As she sat the carrier down, I walked over and picked up the carrier, now seeing a white cat's face. I strained the lower disc in my back. "Good grief, how many animals are in here?"

"Just one white cat, but he's a bit on the hefty side." What an understatement.

Together we carried the cage to our enclosed brick porch and let him out. He came out, rubbing our legs back and forth. Nearly lost my balance. As I leaned over and put my hand out, he pushed his nose under my palm and rubbed his head...repeatedly. "He sure is friendly," I said, "But no way we need a third cat. You got your tiny Shih-Tzu dog, I got Sci-Fi, my Siamese, and you got fluffy Higgins and that's enough." I knew I was in for an uphill battle.

She told me the sad story of his previous owner, who had to let the shelter have it. "I told the lady we'd find a good home for him." I knew I better find one fast. Took a couple of quick photos and sent them to the entire neighborhood. It read: "Large, fully mature white cat needs a happy home—very friendly

and good house pet." Along with the photos, I thought there was a chance, but no takers.

After five days of quarantine on our rear enclosed brick sun porch, he was introduced to our other two cats. They wanted out on the porch to watch chipmunks & squirrels scamper around gathering nuts and had been deprived. Some hissing and spitting followed, not on the newcomer's part, but our other two cats. Rights of eminent domain, I suppose. They got over it a few days later.

The shelter's papers that came with him said his name is Casper, as in the big white friendly ghost. I wondered about a new name for a great white whale.

The first night he was loose in the house, I felt someone drop a watermelon in my lap. There he was, the new white cat sitting as if it were his regular spot. Judy couldn't help but snap a photo. "Just like your other white cat. He likes you."

"He does seem to, but damn, he's heavy. IF he stays here, he's going on a diet. He's more house than cat right now."

I'm still looking for a home for an overweight, twenty-pound white cat. I made my mind up the very first day. I'd have the victory of finding the refugee cat a good home.

It ain't over yet, but I feel victory slipping away from me.

**WISHING YOU A HEALTHY,
HAPPY NEW YEAR IN 2021**



*With Love and Best Wishes to the
Huntsville High Class of 1966*

Oscar & Maria Llerena

A DIFFERENT KIND OF YEAR

by Ernestine Moody

As I reflect on 2020, the thoughts that immediately come to mind (other than a few unmentionable ones) are that it was a different kind of year.

It began in a traditional manner. Many folks huddled at home around their TV sets in anticipation of the arrival of the new year. Others assembled in Time Square where they focused their attention on the descending crystal ball. You could almost feel the hopes and dreams of everyone in the surrounding air.

Life seemed to advance in the usual manner. Then, out of nowhere, came a phrase in our lives, Covid-19. The first time I became aware of this term was one evening in perhaps the middle of March. We had planted ourselves in comfortable chairs ready to watch the nightly news. One of the lead stories, which they featured, was about a virus that might be spreading into our country by means of airplane travel.

My husband and I were both very much aware of the many hours one of our kids spent maneuvering from one airport to another. We casually mentioned to each other that we were concerned. However, not realizing the importance this Covid-19 story was to play in our lives in 2020, we went on with our everyday chores.

Then, out of nowhere, came astonishing numbers of infected patients. Hospitals were over-crowded, and dedicated medical professionals were pushed beyond their limits. Businesses were forced to close. A minute virus, not visible to

the human eye, had taken over our lives.

In hopes of containing the spread of Covid-19, we were asked to limit our social gatherings, wear masks and distance ourselves from each other when making necessary trips to the stores.

It has truly been a period to search deeply into my inner self. Sometimes the four walls of a surrounding room would seem to clutch my spirits in a choking grasp. Self-pity would engulf every part of my being. The thoughts of not being able to enjoy my family's companionship, of not embracing my grandkids in a big bear hug, Finally, not being able to enjoy huge holiday meals with our entire family, brought dripping teardrops down my face.

However, on such occasions it was, and still is, necessary to shake off these moments of despair and realize I am just a small part of this gigantic world of pain.

Many have no one left to hug, no one left to enjoy a

wholesome meal and no family left with whom they can converse.

I tell myself how fortunate for us that my husband and I are retired. We are not experiencing the fear of job loss, or not being able to provide food for our kids. We are now blessed with modern technology allowing us to order necessities from the comfort of our home. When we were young these luxuries were not available.

Yes, 2020 has been a different kind of year for so many. We need to concentrate on ways in which we can come together and try to help lessen the hurt of those enduring this sadness. We have hope, the wonderful gift of hope for 2021. The injections to rid us of this horrible pandemic should help us to overcome the events of this unusual year.

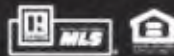
Life should resume to a normal state, and remember the lyrics of the delightful song, "The Sun Will Come Out Tomorrow!"

Downsizing?

LET US GO TO WORK FOR YOU. OUR TEAM HAS 49 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN SELLING BEAUTIFUL HOMES.



2313 Market Place • Huntsville, AL 35801



MOVING IS A MAJOR EVENT IN YOUR LIFE AND WE CAN MAKE SURE IT IS A GOOD PROCESS FOR YOU.

CALL TO SEE HOW WE CAN HELP.

LEVOY SMARTT - (256) 533-6457

Recurring Dreams? There are Reasons and Remedies

by Jean Brewer McCrady

The footnote on my November 2020 story about living on the land that became Redstone Arsenal made reference to what I'm about to tell you. It started on the morning of July 30, 1939, when my first brother, known as Buzz, joined the family. That morning, my sister Net and I stood by Mama's bedside marveling at the tiny black-haired being beside her, trying to comprehend it all. Then Daddy took me onto his lap and consolingly said, "Our poor little Jeannie is not our baby any more." He had no idea of the journey those words set into motion in my psyche. Literally overnight, I had gone from the privileged position of baby of the family to an unknown place yet to be found or defined. I didn't know the full essence of his comment, but the sad tone with which he delivered it communicated to me the change that had just occurred was clearly not in my favor.

This was just before my 6th birthday on August 3rd. Six months later, on Groundhog morning February 2, 1940, that house – the Jones house – burned to the ground shortly after Net and I had left for school. That afternoon, a neighbor boarded the school bus before we got off, to tell the driver and us that the Brewer's house had burned and we were now living in the Is house. This was one of the tenant houses between Fanning's store, where we met the bus each day, and the now burned-down Jones house.

Upon hearing this news, the three words that instantly flew from my mouth have been a silent embarrassment to me my entire adult life. It would be 50 years before I would understand their meaning. I can still hear myself blurting out, "I don't care!" That ended (so I thought) the subconscious search for my new place.

Fast forward to 1970. During the friendly breakup of my 15-year marriage with Richard Barlow, in one of our many reflective discussions, he said to me, "I hope some day you will figure out why you get depressed every year in February and August." I was shocked at his comment because, though I was aware of my periodic "down turns", I had never realized they were on a fixed recurring schedule. He obviously had been aware of the pattern, but had never mentioned it before. Now that I was aware, I evidently took his statement to heart and instructed my subconscious mind to figure this out. And lo, it did, though not until several years later.

In the meantime, over the next decade or more, a dream that had recurred over and over during my adult life con-

tinued to recur. It was always the same, with only minor variations on this theme: Our family would be in the process of moving into a big house with lots of rooms. A car full of unexpected visitors would drive up and the passengers would begin to get out. They were always relatives or close friends of the family, but not the same ones from dream to dream.

As they were getting out of the car, I would rush up and beckon them to come inside with me so I could show them my room. They would follow and we'd wander through the house, down hallways, looking into each room we passed, until there were no more rooms to see. I never found my room to show them, and the dream would end.

The reason for the failure is clear. I didn't have a place in that house, which obviously represented the house that burned before I found where I belonged after being dis-

**NEIGHBORHOOD CARD
& GIFT
IN FIVE POINTS**

ARCHIPELAGO BOTANICALS
LAMPE BERGER
ALABAMA & AUBURN GIFTS
KITRAS ART GLASS
CARRUTH STUDIO - STONE
JIM SHORE
EUROPEAN SOAPS
PATIENCE BREWSTER
UNIQUE & UNUSUAL CARDS

(256) 534-5854

We are NOW at 801 Holmes Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801
Directly across Holmes from Tenders, in the Carlisle Gallery

**Owned & Operated by
Theresa Carlisle**

"This morning I saw a lady talking to her dog. It was silly, she thought her dog understood her. I came into my house and told my cat, we laughed a lot."

Gerald Chapman, Huntsville

placed by our new brother.

When the revelation of the dream's meaning hit me, it all became crystal clear. It was just before my birthday in August when I heard from Daddy that I had lost my "place" in the family. Though not consciously aware of it, I had set about trying to find where I now belonged in the family home. The house burned in February, ending any possibility of succeeding in that search. Thus the February and August depression syndrome.

Also clarified was the basis for my embarrassing comment on the school bus that February 2 afternoon. The truth was, I really didn't care that the house had burned, because I didn't have a place there anyway; Daddy had unknowingly told me so. But the search did not end with the burning of the house; it continued on in my dreams, until my subconscious mind pieced it all together.

I haven't had the dream since, and that was more than 30 years ago. Not surprisingly, the February/August depressions vanished along with the dreams.

If you are having a recurring dream, know that there is a cause for it. Give your subconscious mind the task of discovering what it is and when it brings you the answer, the dream will cease.



Affordable Funeral Package Starting at \$5,995

Direct Cremations starting at \$1095

Please Call for more Information:

(256) 518-9168

**Hampton Cove Funeral Home
and Crematory**

6262 Hwy. 431 South * Hampton Cove, Al

“During a holiday dinner recently I asked Trent, my eight year old grandson, the following:

“Trent, what would you do if I pushed up my sleeve, and you saw my arm open up with a battery in it. If I told you I had to change the battery, would you think I was a robot?”

After a minute of deep thought, Trent replied.

“There’s no way you are a robot. Robots don’t have wrinkles.”

Belinda Talley, grandmother



Dine-In or Carry Out!
Yes We Cater!

*Open Mon-Sat 10am - 9pm ** Closed Sunday*

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!

(256) 533-7599
800 Holmes Ave.
Five Points

(256) 585-1725
815 Madison St.

(256) 721-3395
527 Wynn Dr. NW

(256) 464-7811
101 Intercom Dr.

School Days

by Charita Smith Avery

As a resident of Lincoln Mill Village, I attended Lincoln School, which in those early years was a high school. As a matter of fact, my sister, Mildred Smith Hastings, who is sixteen years older than I, graduated from Lincoln High School in 1944. She and my brother, Charles Edward Smith, who actually quit school when given the choice of a paddling by Principal Edward Anderson or leaving, were both out of school before I began first grade in Ms. Larkin's room.

Rumor had it that Principal Anderson had an electric paddle. I just knew someday one of my friends would be sent to the office and we would discover the truth. I was never one to get in trouble, but the talk of an electric paddle remained in my mind and may have helped keep me in line.

During my early school days, there was a tall chain link fence around Lincoln School. Our rival, Rison School, referred to Lincoln as a prison because of the fence. Even as a child, I understood the fence was for our protection, so what they inferred never bothered me. In those early days all females - teachers and students alike - wore dresses and we always began the day with the Pledge of Allegiance to the American flag, Bible reading and prayer. Each year, we would gather by class, including our teacher, on the front school steps to pose for a picture.

I have several of these class pictures and today I regret not writing the names of each student on the picture. I thought I would never forget any of them, but time has a way of robbing us of our precious memories.

At the time, there were heavy silver chains draped from post to post across the front of the school where we sometime sat and talked at recess. Other times, we went to the playground north of the school to play.

Next door to the school was the Union Grocery Store (so named because it was operated by the textile union). We could stop there for snacks after school. Across the street was Condra's Ice Cream Shop and next door to that was McClure's Grocery Store. Condra's had the best popsicles. They were the size of a coffee-size styrofoam cup and contained a very smooth ice cream. Mother could call McClure's Grocery, give them her grocery list, and a delivery boy would bring the groceries to our back door and place them on our kitchen table. It appears there were some conveniences back then which we do not enjoy today.

One of my favorite teachers was Ms. Sammons in second grade. She was very young, pretty and such a sweet loving person. For me, the third grade with Ms. Collier was the most difficult. I dreaded every day because each morning we had to write the multiplication tables, and, even worse, sometimes we had to stand and say them aloud.

Around the third grade, I, Patricia Pippin and Jimmy Caldwell were chosen to participate in the King and Queen Court for the senior class. I have a nice picture as evidence of this, where we were all dressed "fit for a king's court," I can still remember several of the seniors that year, one being Ernestine Lehman, whose mother cared for me before I started school.

Another favorite teacher was my fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Nelson (mother of Benny Nelson, who played football for Alabama.) Ms. Parks was my sixth grade teacher. Just as I was completing sixth grade, I was diagnosed with rheumatic fever and had to miss the seventh grade. I had heard the seventh grade teacher, Ms. Margaret Chapman, was a

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO OUR WRITERS,
EVERYDAY PEOPLE WHO SEND IN
THEIR MEMORIES..
WE COULDN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU!



"I finally did it. I bought a pair of shoes with memory foam insoles. No more forgetting why I walked into the kitchen."

Martha Ann Reagan, Huntsville

“mean,” very strict teacher, so I was hoping I would not be in her class when I returned to school. Ms. Chapman had organized the Sarah Pittman Sunshine Club and, while I was bedridden, members of her class, and thereby members of the club, brought me enough gifts to open one per week for several weeks.

When I returned to school, to my surprise, I was assigned to Ms. Chapman.

Well, she turned out to be nothing like what I feared. Yes, she was strict, however, I had no problem following her rules; and, I learned more from her than any other teacher.

In the eighth grade, the new Lee High School was completed enough for us, along with Rison’s eighth grade class, to move into the partially completed building. So, two rival schools moved into Lee, with Lincoln students on one side of the hall and Rison students on the other side. As I recall, there were no fights between the rival students. We attended the ninth grade at Lee and then transferred to Butler High School.

Living in the city limits, we had no school bus, so we walked to school, rain or shine. Walking to Lincoln was a fairly smooth walk from our house; but, to get to Lee without walking a great distance, we had to go through yards and across the railroad tracks. After transferring to Butler High School, we could ride the city bus for twenty-five cents each way.

We did not have a car when I was growing up, so we rode the bus to town most of the time. In nice weather, we walked. On Sunday, some of us kids would use the bus as a form of entertainment since we could ride all the way around Huntsville - the complete bus route - and back to our bus stop for twenty-five cents. I’ve been known to go two rounds when it wasn’t that busy and the driver didn’t make us get off.

Lincoln School looks much the same as it always has, minus the tall fence. It is presently home to Lincoln Academy. I was privileged to attend their grand opening and dedication ceremony, which was held in the same au-

ditorium where we had chapel, choir and plays all those years ago. I could picture Ms. Georgette Graham, the music teacher, sitting at the piano on that old stage with the blue velvet curtains. I visited my former classrooms and the cafeteria. An excitement came over me just thinking of those days gone by when I was “enjoying” my school days but didn’t really realize how much.

I hope reading about my early school memories will bring to mind some of your school memories and brighten your day.

“I’m not offended by all the dumb blonde jokes because I know I’m not dumb. I also know that I’m not blonde.”

Dolly Parton



- Office Printing
- Social Invitations
- Labels & Tags
- Promotional Items
- Full Color Printing
- BIC Products
- Business Checks

3308 Seventh Avenue, SW, Huntsville, AL 35805
 256.534.4452 Fax: 256.534.4456
 email: linprint@lindasprinting.com
www.lindasprinting.com



SCOTTY FIX IT

Let me help you with any type of household repair or remodeling jobs!"

- * Painting, 1 Room at a Time or Whole House
- * Drywall Repair, Small & Large
- * 18 Years Experience

(256) 503-2922 text or call

Email: sbsmith@hiwaay.net

Visit: www.scottyfix.com



A Trip to Georgia with My Mother

by Don Broome

Back in the nineties my mother was too old to drive herself because she couldn't see well enough. She told me one time that she wanted to go to Callaway Gardens because they had what at the time was the largest butterfly house in the USA. Studying the map I noticed that the Little White House was close by and since I heard her mention that era many times we planned to stop by there first.

We should have eaten lunch first but she was too anxious to get to the butterfly house that she insisted on going to the Roosevelt house first. She was a little weak and it was an up-

hill walk to the building that had a video to explain the area.

We got down to the little house which was really small with a garage that housed Roosevelt's car from the era.

As we were leaving a park employee who was an old woman about my mother's age told that the President was more than a visitor, he was a valued part of the community. She said that there was a young girl in the area that had a problem that sounded like polio and was having to travel 75 miles 3 times a week for her hydrotherapy.

Some of the townspeople asked the President if she could use the Warm Springs he owned. He gladly consented and they often threw a ball back and forth and other exercises together.

As she finished her story she raised her pants leg enough to reveal a brace on her foot and lower leg. She smiled at

my mom and told "that the little girl was me".

After a quick lunch we drove to Callaway Gardens and as we arrived 3 busloads of school children pulled up. I told her to not worry about keeping up with me, for her to enjoy herself.

After a little while I kept hearing the children talking among themselves to "look over there" and as I turned to see what had their attention I saw my mother frozen like a statue with her arm extended hoping to let a butterfly land on her hand. The absolute joy on her face had the whole area smiling.

We stayed about 2 hours and she was really tired but she told me it was one of the most wonderful times she's ever had. What a memory for me.



B&W AUCTION

Climate-Controlled
Smoke-Free Facility
Building is Always Full!



No Buyer's Premium
No Phone Bidding
Major Credit Cards

January Auction Date

The "Peanut Sale" Kicks off our 2021 Year!

Saturday, Jan. 9th @ 10:00 A.M.- No Buyer's Premium

Featuring the lifetime-collectors' estate of Robert & Judith Walthall of Huntsville, AL
The Walthalls founded PEANUT PALS, the official National Association of MR. PEANUT & PLANTERS Collectors. The collection includes RARE, ONE-OF-A-KIND, & MUSEUM-QUALITY Collectibles of the iconic MR. PEANUT/PLANTERS Brand and HUNDREDS of Lots of Memorabilia & Collectibles.

In addition, we will auction several pieces of "Select" Antiques from local consignors and collectors as well!
(256) 837-1559

*For pictures, listings, details, and directions log onto www.auctionzip.com ~
Auctioneer Locator I.D. #5484. Call us for any Questions, seating and inquiries. Over 50 years in the Auction Business - the Building will be FULL.

356 Capshaw Rd., Madison, AL 35757

Wilson Hilliard, ASL#97

Bill Ornburn, ASL#683

ANTIQUES - FURNITURE - COLLECTIBLES - GLASSWARE

PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Bites!



Bite wounds are common: In the U.S., half of us will be bitten by an animal or human at least once. Most of those bites will come from household pets.

Domestic pets cause most animal bites. Dogs are more likely to bite than cats. There are about 5 million dog bites a year in the U.S.

Cats are the second most common biters, but their bites pose a higher risk of infection because they can cause deep punctures and lacerations.

Cat bites are more likely to cause infection because they can't be thoroughly cleaned.

A dog bite, on the other hand, typically causes a crushing-type wound because of their rounded teeth and strong jaws.

Human bites - from children and adults - usually cause bruising and a shallow tear.

Bites that break the skin may cause a variety of bacterial or viral deep-tissue infections — including rabies, in rare instances. Infections arise from tiny organisms in the mouth of the biter and on the victim's skin.

It's important to care for a bite wound or injury quickly. Although you may be able to treat a superficial bite at home, you should call your doctor for advice. Deeper bites, lacerations of the skin and cat bites often require medical care. Bites on the hand are also of particular concern because there is a higher risk of infection.

Here's what to do when you, your child, or another person is bitten.

If there is minor bleeding, the skin is barely broken and there is no risk of rabies:

- Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water before and after treating the wound.

- Wash the area with mild soap and running water to reduce the risk of infection. Pat dry.

- Apply antibiotic ointment and cover with a clean bandage or sterile dressing.

- To reduce swelling, apply an ice pack wrapped in a towel or a cold compress (cloth soaked in cold water) to the bruise for 5-10 minutes.

- Call your doctor to see if you need to have the bite examined. Always seek medical attention when a child has

been bitten in the head.

First Aid for Deeper Animal or Human Bites

If a bite wound is bleeding and the skin is torn or deeply punctured:

- Wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water before and after treating the wound.

- Inspect the wound and irrigate with water to remove any dirt or loose debris.

- Use a clean cloth, towel or sterile bandage to apply direct pressure to the injury until the bleeding stops. Elevate the area while you apply pressure.

- Do see a doctor right away. If you can't stop the bleeding after 10 minutes of pressure, call 911.

Doctors recommend getting a tetanus shot every 10 years. If your last one was more than five years ago and your wound is deep or dirty, your doctor may recommend a booster. Get the booster as soon as possible after the injury.

Bites from non-immunized domestic animals and wild animals carry the risk of rabies. Rabies is more common in bats, raccoons, skunks and foxes than in cats and dogs. Rabbits, squirrels and other rodents rarely carry rabies.

Renfroe Animal Hospital and Bird Clinic



When He Really Needs You.... We Offer Quality, Professional Care for the Pets You Love

Phone 256-533-4411

Hours by Appointment

1012 Mem. Pkwy. NW

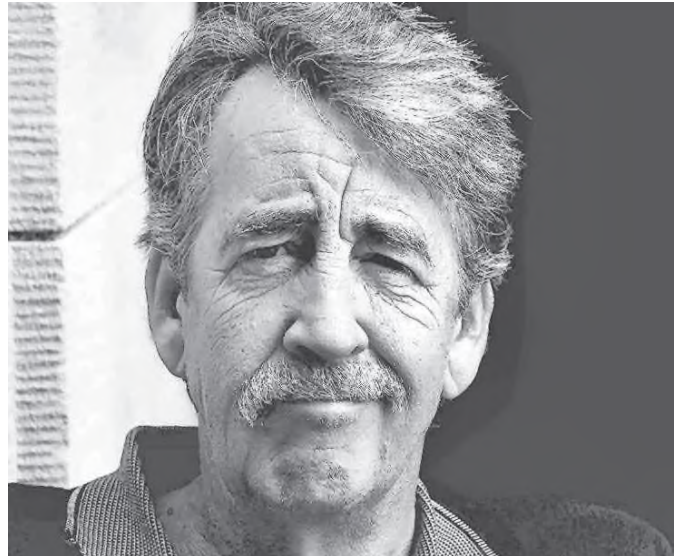
Across from Books A Million

An Excerpt from "The Way It Was, The Other Side of Huntsville's History"

*A book of local stories by Tom Carney and
other local authors*

The Governor Goes to Breakfast

by Tom Carney



During Fob James' first term as Alabama Governor, he had occasion to spend several days in Huntsville attending a series of meetings. The second day he awoke early with a ravishing hunger. Quite naturally, he remembered Eunice's Country Kitchen, a place on Andrew Jackson Way he had visited several times before and which was well-known for its ham and biscuits.

Quietly getting dressed, so as not to awaken anyone, James slipped out of the hotel room. After sneaking by the guards stationed in the hall, he caught a ride with a car that was waiting out front.

Eunice's had not changed very much. Autographed pictures of many famous people were still on the walls and the coffee pot was still brewing.

Trying to be as incognito as he could, the Governor slipped into a back booth and ordered breakfast. He was halfway through his second biscuit

when he noticed an elderly gentleman staring at him. Every few minutes the man would turn excitedly to his companions and, after pointing at the Governor, would engage them in a spirited conversation.

"Oh well," the Governor thought. "I should have known I would be recognized."

Deciding to make the best of it, James hurriedly finished his breakfast and walked over to shake hands and introduce himself. "I'm..." he began.

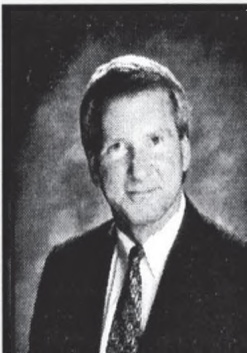
"I know who

you are," the old gentleman exclaimed, with a grin stretching from ear to ear. "You're that TV fellow who announces the wrestling programs on TV every Saturday night! Can I have your autograph?"

Needless to say, the gentleman got an autograph.



"When I die, I sure hope my wife doesn't sell my stuff for what I told her I gave for it."
Buck Reid, Athens



Steve Cappaert
Broker - Associate
651-7517 Mobile


AVERBUCH
Realty Co., Inc.



7500 Memorial Parkway South #122
Huntsville, Alabama 35802-2297
Business 256/883-6600
Fax 256/883-6650
stevecappaert@knology.net

A Letter to Frank Sinatra



Written by Neil Cocker

12/29/1983

Dear Mr. Sinatra,

A few Sunday evenings ago, Dec. 11, 1983, I watched a testimonial to you on TV in which you were chided, praised and thanked by many friends. Finally you were honored by having a new wing of the Children's Hospital in Seattle named for you - the Sinatra Family Wing, at your request. In all it was a tribute to one whom others think is a fine and generous man. I have thought that for years. And here's why.

Back in the spring of 1946 I was a young Electronics Technicians Mate aboard the USS Griffin (AS-13) in San Francisco Bay. One night I had gone ashore on

liberty with a shipmate. We met two friends of his from another ship and went to a movie in downtown San Francisco.

Later on in the evening we were walking up one of the side streets off Market Street when we came upon a well-dressed lady and her crippled daughter, waiting on the sidewalk next to their limousine. A deserted street at night is no place for two ladies, so we asked if we could offer some help. The lady explained that her chauffeur was walking Frank Sinatra back to his dressing room at the theater. We waited with the ladies until he returned. According to the young girl, who was about fourteen and confined to a wheelchair, she had tried unsuccessfully to get tickets to Sinatra's concert. She was heartbroken and begged her mother to let her wait by the stage door

in hopes of seeing him. When he left the theatre she called to him. Seeing the girl in her wheelchair, Sinatra went to her. She said that she had missed his concert but had waited to see him in person. She told us that Mr. Sinatra then carried her into the theater, sat her on the edge of the stage and sang to her. What a truly wonderful thing to do!

That night Sinatra made a young girl the happiest child in the world. The four of us sailors waited till the chauffeur returned, then bid them goodbye. Sinatra made us realize what a generous and thoughtful person he really was.

I hate it when people use big words just to make themselves sound perspicacious.

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 6 ft distance between tables with no more than 8 people in a party.

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

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.

Hours:
 Monday - 11am - 10pm
 Tues - 11am - 10pm
 Wed - 11am - 10pm
 Thurs - 11am - 10pm
 Fri - 11am - 11pm
 Sat - 11am - 11pm
 Sunday - 11am - 10pm

LOOKING FORWARD TO A GREAT 2021!

Curbside Delivery Available

(256) 489-3374



Proudly Serving You for 61 Years

visit us at www.bigedspizza.com



Like us on Facebook

255 Pratt Ave. NE - Huntsville AL 35801

"You know you're old when you buy a see-through nightgown and don't know anyone who can see through it."

Joan Rivers

LIFE NORTH OF THE MASON DIXON LINE

by Barry Key

You have heard of a fish out of water...well take a southern country boy from Madison County, Alabama and put him in the Laurel Highlands of Pennsylvania for three years, including three winters and you have a fish out of water.

My company transferred me from Alabama to a field assignment in Pennsylvania, January 2, 1993. The town that my wife and I chose to live in was Ligonier, a small upscale tourist town of approximately 1,500 residents. Ligonier is located in the Laurel Highlands and was settled in 1760 around a fort called Fort Ligonier. It was a stage coach stop-over for travelers headed west to Pittsburgh. The fort is still located right in the middle of town and is one of the major tourist attractions in that area.

Ligonier was located at the confluence of Mill Creek and Loyalhanna River, both mountain type white water streams that were excellent trout fishing. Right outside of town was Idlewild Amusement Park. Founded in 1878, it is the third oldest continually operating amusement park in the United States.

As small as the town was, it had all the big city amenities.... all within walking distance of our apartment. We had a hospital, bowling alley, movie theater and YMCA and several four star restaurants. Being a tourist town, there were numerous

permanent arts and crafts shops as well as high-end antique shops.

Judy and I rented an apartment (actually the bottom two floors of an 1800s home) two blocks from the center of town. During winter, two city ordinances were in effect; you were responsible for keeping the sidewalk in front of your property cleared of snow, and the second was all cars parked on the same side of the street, alternating sides every other day. This was so the snow plow could clean all the way to the curb. The plows would curl the snow over onto the sidewalk.

The first night we lived there, I parked my truck on the wrong side. The next morning when I left for work, I discovered my truck was completely buried in snow. I had to use a dirt shovel to dig the truck out. I shoveled our sidewalk a couple of times, but two to three passes of the snow plows and there was no way to clear the sidewalk. By the end of winter, snow (packed ice) was 5 to 6 feet deep on our sidewalk and lawn.

The county was very good in keeping the roads clear, plowing and sprinkling a salt like material on the road which was very caustic to car bodies. On the way home from work one afternoon I stopped at one of the do-it-yourself car washes. As we usually do in the south, I deposited my money in the coin box. What I didn't know, they taped the trigger on the spray wand in the open position to prevent it from freezing in the closed position. When the last coin hit bottom, the water pressure blew the wand out of the holder. The wand started whipping around, back and forth. I thought it was going to break the windows in my truck before I could get it under control.

In the three years we lived there, we had three different sets of neighbors who lived on the two floors above us. The first year was a well published author of children's books, Megan McDonald. The second year a young girl, Karen, a federal drug agent (FDA) and her boyfriend, Jim, an FBI agent. Around three or four years after they moved, Judy and I were watching the news. The FDA and FBI had pulled a drug raid in Colombia, South America. A U.S. news reporter was there interviewing an FBI agent - it was Jim. The third year was a young couple that had just married... which could be a story in it's own (but not for OLD HUNTSVILLE).

In mid-October, for three days, they closed all the city streets to traffic. Antique dealers (and buyers) came from all 50 states and inundated the city sidewalks and streets with thousands of every imaginable type of antique. No cars were allowed in the downtown area during those days. There were two large grass fields on

"Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live."

Brian Lewis, Hazel Green

Licensed, Bonded, Insured Locally Owned and Operated

Bryant HVAC Services

Heating & Cooling

Sales, Service and Installation

You'll Find Comfort In Us AL Certification # 08016 24 Hr. Emergency Service

Mike Bryant Free Estimates

256-527-9781 256-527-9846

either end of town where people had to park. You could walk into town or catch a shuttle bus. Although very inconvenient for local residents, most could make it home, or work, via back and side streets.

Right in the very center of town where two major county roads intersected was a large park called the "Diamond" because of the way the two roads went around the park. In the middle of the park was a very large gazebo called the "Bandstand". Every Sunday after church, during summer, the town brought in bands of different sizes to entertain people. My favorite band (and music) was Pittsburgh's Marine marching band. They played the military and patriotic marching music of John Philip Sousa, Glenn Miller, et al....music that gave you goose pimples, music that made you want to stand up, march and wave "Old Glory".

The first couple of weeks in January, ice sculpting artist came in from all over the United States to compete in an ice carving contest. They sculpted all sizes of realistic looking angels, people, reptiles, animals and castles....some 12 to 15 feet high. A lot of the sculptures represented historical people, places and events. The sculptures would last for several weeks because of the extreme low temperatures. The sculptures were another favorite attraction of tourists visiting Ligonier in the winter.

Judy and I had come home to Huntsville one fall for a visit. Farmers had defoliated their cotton fields and the bolls had really erupted into an awesome white artistry that year. Judy cut several stalks and made an arrangement for our living room in Pennsylvania. Many of our northern friends that had never seen cotton before thought the arrangement was stunning. Several of the ladies asked Judy to

bring them some cotton stalks, but we never came home at the right time again. We educated our northern friends about cotton and they taught us the art of snow skiing.

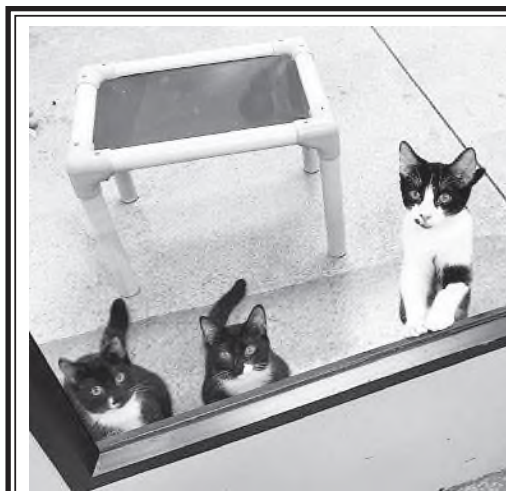
The major winter sport in the land of snow is, of course, snow skiing. Judy and I thought that we would just substitute our water skis for snow skis. I can tell you from experience it doesn't work that way. Because of my work schedule we had to ski at night. The first time we went, I began to have doubts about whether I could make it down the side of that mountain we were looking at...and being dark made it look even more frightening. Judy and I decided to take lessons, which turned out to be a very wise decision.

There were about 30 people in the ski class we were in. The instructor didn't have time for individual instruction and was teaching the very basics only. During class, and although we were on the "Bunny slope", I

spent more time on my back than I did on my skis. Judy picked it up right away and over the years has been a much better skier than I.

The next weekend we took private lessons. I learned more in one hour than I did in the four hour class the previous weekend. Before the night was over I was actually skiing down the Green slopes without falling.... too many times. Before the end of the season I was running the Green and Blue slopes with no problem. I attempted a Black Diamond one time and never again. The one thing I could never master was getting off the ski lift...I would fall at least 50 percent of the time. Eventually, when the ski lift operator's at the top saw me coming they would stop the lift to let me off.

The truth about the north.... as much as I hated those winters in Pennsylvania, I wouldn't give up the experience of our three years "NORTH OF THE MASON/DIXON" for anything.



Boogie, Woogie and Prince

Hi, guess what the Ark has done for the cats? The rooms all have glass windows. We can look out at you and you can look in at us! The windows go from the top of the door to the bottom of the

door. We are having lots of fun looking out at all the people that come to see us. We were little orphans left by our mama. I am so glad that the lady that found us brought us to the Ark. The bigger cat is Prince. The two smaller cats are Boogie and Woogie. We will wait at the Ark until we get for loving homes. When you come to the Ark ask to see us!

A No-Kill Animal Shelter

**139 Bo Cole Rd.
Huntsville, Al 35806**

The Ark

256.851.4088

Hours Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 4 pm

Everything Went Wrong

by Bill Wright



It was January 1965 and I was a young civilian employed by the U.S. Air Force in South Alabama. I was assigned a job of traveling to Edmonton, Canada to assist in negotiating a contract with a Canadian firm for repairs to 100 plus F-86 aircraft. It would be a three person team, consisting of an Air Force Lt. Colonel, a technician and myself. The technician and I would be traveling together, with the Lt. Colonel traveling a day later. The morning we left South Alabama it was a beautiful sunny day with temperatures in the 70s. Our travel plans were to fly by commercial aircraft to Cleveland, Ohio where we would take a different flight to Edmonton, Canada, located in western Canada.

As we approached landing in Cleveland, the Pilot announced on the inter-com to prepare for a rough landing due to icy runways. We made a safe landing although the aircraft did skid at landing. Once we were inside the airport terminal we learned all flights were canceled due to bad weather. We were told that flights out of Buffalo, New York were being taken and we could take a bus to Buffalo. We took the bus to Buffalo, not knowing it would be a twelve hour ride, stopping at every small town. We arrived in Buffalo about midnight, but had a problem finding a hotel with available rooms. Eventually we found a run-down hotel with available rooms in a seedy part of town.

The next morning we were seated on the aircraft waiting for take-off when the Lt. Colonel comes walking down the aisle. When he saw us he was upset that we were not already in Edmonton doing some preliminary work. Many hours later our flight arrived at the Edmonton airport. This was an era when there was much resentment to America's early involvement in the Vietnam War. As we waited for our luggage we heard someone say, "I hate American military officers". This caused a brief confrontation. It was January and the weather in Edmonton was brutally cold. It gave me a reminder of the winter I had served in Korea with the Army.

We had been in Edmonton only a few days when a tragedy occurred. A person, who was bitterly opposed to America's involvement in Vietnam sneaked late at night onto the location where some F-86's were parked. Tragically, he shot and killed the only Security Guard on duty. He then placed dynamite charges on several of the F-86's and blew them up. The police were able to track his footprints in the snow and made a quick arrest. The incident made national news and brought many FBI Agents and news media personnel to Edmonton.

A supervisor at our base in South Alabama telephoned my wife to tell her about the incident. He started the conversation by saying, "I called to tell

Are You Looking for Peace and a Positive Group of People to be around?

Our Mission is to Offer a Church for People who Think that a church is not for them.

WE MUST FOCUS ON DOING WHAT IS ESSENTIAL: LOVING GOD WITH ALL THAT WE HAVE AND LOVING OUR NEIGHBORS AS OURSELVES. SECOND, WE BELIEVE MOST PEOPLE ARE AFTER THE SAME THINGS: LOVE, HOPE, PEACE, JOY, MEANING, ETC.

Essential Church
(256) 213-1691

Visit us at www.essentialhsv.com/new-here

801 Beirne Avenue in Five Points
Sundays 9:30 and 11am



you about the airplane explosion before you heard it on the Walter Cronkite nightly news". My wife later told me she almost fainted thinking I was on an airplane that exploded.

The Base Commanding General telephoned the Lt. Colonel and told him that all three employees were to stay in Edmonton until he gave orders to return. There was nothing we could do regarding the incident. It was a matter for Edmonton police and the FBI to resolve.

The Lt. Colonel and I knew the General would be retiring the coming Saturday. We decided to take a flight to Ottawa that morning to finalize negotiations with Canadian Government representatives while the General enjoyed his retirement party. The Technician and I would remain in Edmonton a few more days before returning home. When we boarded the plane I casually ask the flight attendant if this flight was going to Ottawa. She said no and named another city. Our plane was sitting about fifty yards away ready for take-off. We walked the fifty yards in snow and boarded. It seemed everything had gone wrong on this trip.

When we arrived in Ottawa the weather seemed to be even colder than in Edmonton. The Lt. Colonel disappeared and I would not see him until Monday morning. I spent the weekend looking out the hotel room window looking at the snow. We finalized negotiations on Monday with Canadian Government representatives. I took a flight out of Ottawa to New York City for a connecting flight to my hometown.

The flight out of Ottawa was late leaving and would make it close to making my next flight home. Once we arrived at the New York airport I ran about 100 yards to the terminal where my next flight would leave for my hometown.

When I arrived at the next terminal the airplane passenger door was closed and engines running. I ask an airport employee if I could board. He told me that once the passenger door closed they could not allow any more passengers to board. The next flight to my hometown would be a twelve hour wait. I stood there waiting and watching for the flight to take-off. Soon the engines were shut off and I saw a vehicle coming towards the airplane with items

to be loaded in the cargo section. The airport employee told me he would telephone the Pilot and ask if I could board since there was a delay. Soon the passenger door was opened and I boarded the plane. I had to walk past about fifty seated passenger who looked at me like I had caused the flight delay. Eventually I was back home. It was great to be back in sunny and warm Alabama.

In 1955 a movie was released titled, "To Hell and Back." It featured Audie Murphy, America's most decorated soldier of World War Two. It was a movie about Audie Murphy's life and experiences. That title best describes my ten day business trip.

THANK YOU!



Thank you to our Mail and Package delivery men and women who get our mail to us, no matter how bad the weather or how crazy busy it gets.

We know this is one of the most challenging

seasons you've ever had and We Appreciate You.

Postal employees and contractors, UPS, FEDEX - what you're doing is NOT easy.



InterSouth
properties

"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"

Phone (256) 830-9160
Fax (256) 430-0881

- * Highland Office Park, Phases 1 & 2
- * Park West Center
- * University Square Business Center
- * 8215 Madison Blvd.

Visit us at www.intersouth-properties.com

BELOW FREEZING

by Linda McAllister

January 23, 1963 was beautiful and unseasonably warm. I had just finished my first semester exams as a freshman at William Carey College in Hattiesburg, MS. Dudley, my fiance, was a sophomore and the two of us planned to head back home to Huntsville during the semester break. But he had a part-time job as Music Director at a little church in Picayune, MS so we would not head north until after the Wednesday night choir rehearsal. Our best plan was to head to New Orleans for the day after I checked out of my dorm room. What a great reward for surviving my first ever college exam week.

We loved New Orleans and would often slip away with fellow students to that exotic city. On this spring-like January day we walked the streets, ate beignets, watched street artists and enjoyed delicious seafood.

But by early afternoon, we noticed the weather was suddenly becoming very chilly. By mid-afternoon when we left to make the one-hour drive to Picayune, the temperatures had dropped dramatically and it was quite cold. It was January, but this was still a rapid and drastic switch in temperature.

Much to our surprise, when we arrived at the little church in Picayune, the pastor informed us that all Wednesday night activities were cancelled due to the unusually cold weather and dire predictions.

This news was a double-edged sword for us. Whereas we were delighted that Dudley was relieved of responsibilities so we could begin our 8 hour drive to Huntsville early, we knew we faced a problem! No, the drive well into the night hours on two-laned roads was not the problem. This was our usual pattern for trips back and forth from Hattiesburg to Huntsville.

The real problem was Dudley's little 1960 Corvair did not have a heater. Yes, you heard

correctly. Foolish youngsters we were, but in the mild south Mississippi weather, a car heater was not our concern. Tonight might be an exception.

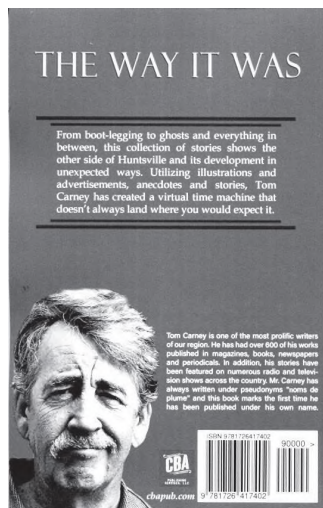
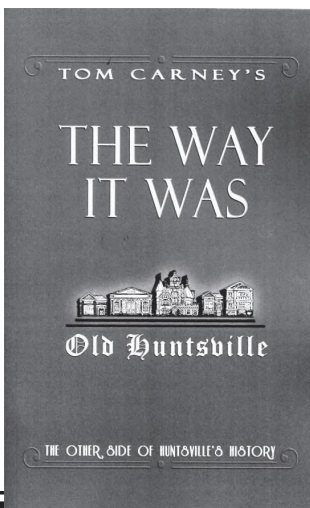
Soon after we left Picayune we realized that we were indeed very cold. We stopped at Dudley's off-campus apartment when we passed through Hattiesburg and picked up extra coats, blankets and sweat shirts. I even had a sack of dirty clothes in the car and eventually dug out some flannel pajamas to pull on over my clothes.

You will laugh now, but this proper young lady was embarrassed to think that my fiance would see me in pajamas. It seemed very inappropriate and yet today we strangely see young people wearing pajamas to the grocery stores.

We continued our journey and the temperatures continued to drop. The car's engine generated no heat. Ice began to form on the inside windshield.

Our layers of clothes failed to keep us warm. My nose was running and froze on my face. Our thermos of coffee offered

"THE WAY IT WAS,"
THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY
BY TOM CARNEY



**JUST THE RIGHT GIFT FOR
YOUR FAVORITE PERSON!**

TRUE TALES OF MOONSHINERS, LOVE
STORIES, MILL MEMORIES, LOCAL HEROES,
UNFORGETTABLE EVENTS - YOU WON'T SEE THESE
STORIES ANYWHERE ELSE.

**All Local
Short Stories**

**\$19.99 includes free
shipping US wide**

**To order with credit/debit card
call 256.534.0502**

Also Available on Amazon.com

only temporary relief to warm our chilled bodies.

We were becoming worried. My vivid imagination strangely recalled Jack London's story, "To Build a Fire". You know the story. The man lost in the snowy woods with his dog eventually dies in the frigid environment. Just remembering this story from high school caused my anxiety level to escalate.

Late into the night our problems worsened. The car was not running well. Perhaps it did not like the cold temperatures anymore than we did. The engine would die. Dudley would lift the hood, tinker with it a bit and then we would go another few miles.

Eventually, however, on a back road near Cullman the car died and Dudley's best efforts could not revive it. I remember being cold and scared. We had no idea how cold it was but we knew that we could not risk freezing to death in the car. So, we got out and braved the bitter cold to walk to a nearby farmhouse.

When we knocked on the door, lights came on but the reluctant residents would not let strangers inside. They did however, yell from behind closed doors to refer us to a nearby gas station.

Apparently, the family owners had spent the night in this little country gas station to keep their water running all night so it would not freeze. These good folks did let us come in and gave us warm coffee as we huddled around a gas heater to thaw. Several families were sleeping on the floor on opposite sides of the check-out counter. The men paraded in and out the building checking on gas pumps and water lines outside.

Everyone was kind and friendly. However they must have had questions and suspicions about this foolish young couple traveling in the middle of this cold night without a heater in their car.

At daybreak, we asked to use a phone thinking we could call Dudley's uncle in Cullman to come rescue us. But there were no phones in this rural area. Imagine that!

Eventually, Dudley and the nice men at the station got the car started and we were able to finish our cold drive

to Huntsville in the morning light. When we arrived home in mid-morning, our parents were mortified to hear of our risky trip.

But imagine our surprise to learn that it was a record breaking day in Huntsville with temperatures of three degrees below zero. Perhaps my concern of freezing to death on a dark country road was not too far-fetched!



Fuel Mart

Open 7 days a week for
all your fuel needs - We
look forward to seeing
you in the neighborhood!

(256) 213-7250

804 Holmes Avenue at 5 Points

A Large Variety of Local Craft Beers
from Huntsville Breweries:

- * Rocket Republic
- * Straight to Ale
- * Yellow Hammer

COME IN AND FIND YOUR FAVORITE UNUSUAL BEER
AND A WIDE SELECTION OF WINES!

HOME & BUSINESS PRINTING SUPPLIES & SERVICES

- ✓ INK & TONER
- ✓ PRINTERS
- ✓ SERVICE & ADVICE



2905 Bob Wallace Ave. SW
#D, Huntsville, AL
custsvc@cwHSV.com

(256) 883-4567

www.cartridgeworld.com/store522

Recycling means
less for the landfill!

©2014 Cartridge World Global Holdings Company Ltd. All rights reserved. Cartridge World is a registered trademark of Cartridge World Global Holdings Company Ltd.



Cartridge World | Global Brand
Local Experts

Times Have Changed



Photo Courtesy of Cecil Ashburn

Huntsville in 1950

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 - Courthouse | 4 - Times Building | 7 - Terry Hutcheons Bldg. |
| 2 - Big Spring | 5 - Post Office | 8 - First Alabama Bank |
| 3 - Farmers Market | 6 - Schiffman Building | 9 - Five Points |