



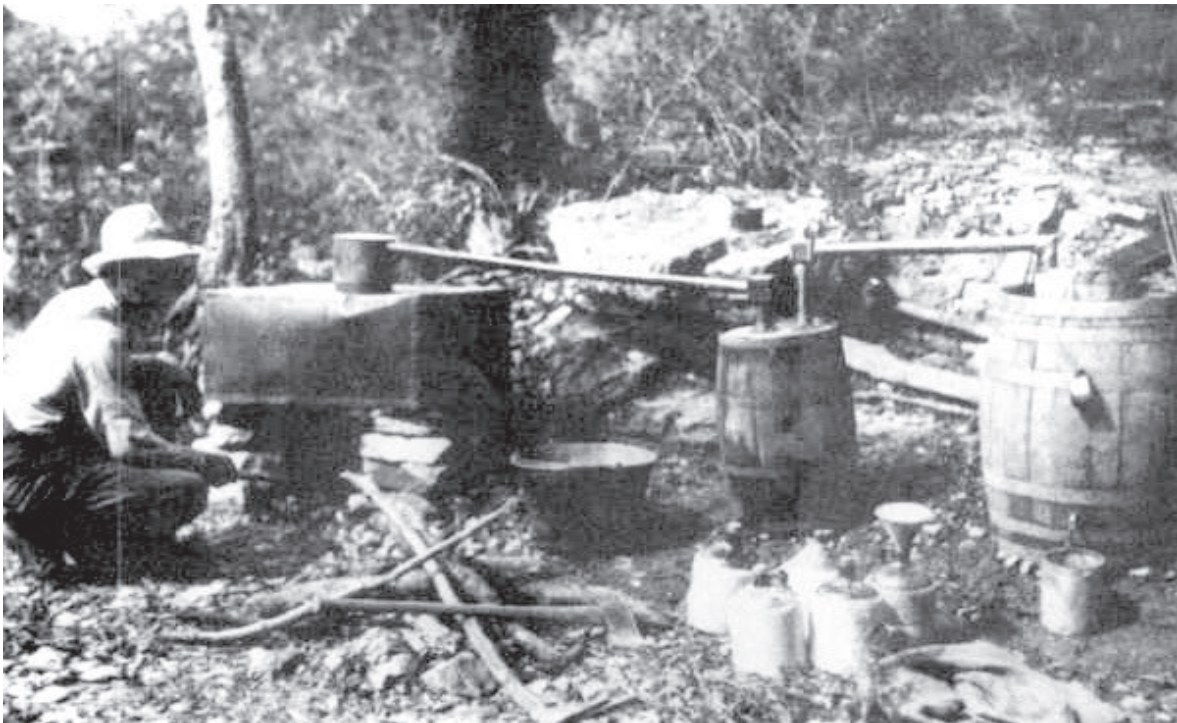
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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

HARRIS LEE PARCUS - THE GODFATHER OF MOONSHINE



Also in this issue: Maysville General Store; Bomber Crashes in Huntsville; Gladys Chunn - From Humble Beginnings; To Be a Nurse; Growing Up Here; Cherished Recipes; Pet Tips and Much More!

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Harris Lee Parcus - the Godfather of Moonshine

by Tom Carney

(Harris Lee passed away 3 years after this 2005 interview).

Some people have called him a gangster, while others called him the "Godfather of North Alabama". Despite the names, Harris Lee Parcus simply did what he knew best. He provided moonshine, beer and gambling to the people of Huntsville and Madison County.

During his heyday he ran an empire that made and sold thousands of gallons of moonshine a week, bootlegged al-

"If you have a child you'll know that they have two states - asleep and online."

Becky Friar, Gurley

most half a million cases of beer a year and ran gambling games where tens of thousands of dollars would be won or lost on the throw of the dice or the flip of a card.

Many people might say Harris Lee was born into the business. His father, Audy Parcus, began making moonshine in the hills of Marshall County as a young boy. After an unfortunate shoot-out with revenue men, he wisely decided to move down river to Annie's Ditch, a community near Triana, where he met his future wife, 15 year-old Evella Suggs.

Audy's family consisted of poor farmers who never seemed to be able to get ahead. Try as they might, there was never any money left. One day Audy's Aunt Bell Patterson called a family conference. "We have to figure out a way to make money," she said. Then, turning to her husband she said, "I've been talking to Audy and in the morning I want you to take some of the men and go with him. We're going to make whiskey."

When Harris Lee was born in 1926, the family was already established in Madison County's moonshine business. During the period of the Roaring Twenties, money was pouring in so fast that often it was carried to the bank in over-stuffed shoe boxes. Then the Great Depression came along and almost put an end to the family business. Although they made



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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
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good whiskey, people simply no longer had the money to buy it. Audy once spent a whole day trying to peddle his moonshine, but, regardless of the price, people couldn't afford it. At the end of the day he traded a half pint for a can of sardines and some stale crackers.

"Our Daddy wouldn't let my brothers and I around the stills and gambling," remembered Harris Lee. "I learned to make whiskey from my number one whiskey men, Junior Caudle and Hard Rock Walker." Harris Lee quickly earned a reputation as one of the best whiskey men around. Many people later said they could always tell Parcus whiskey just by tasting it.

"There are two kinds of whiskey," Harris Lee explained, "One is pure corn whiskey and the other is called wolf pot. This type consisted of wheat, bran, sugar, yeast and water. The recipe is 100 pounds of sugar, 100 gallons of water, 25 pounds of wheat bran to each 100 pounds of sugar and 1/4 pound of yeast. Moonshine

stills were usually built in the woods close to the water. It was usually made at night because the fire was made really hot by burning old tires and this created a lot of smoke and the 'revenuers', as they were called back then, could follow the smoke and locate the whiskey stills which they would then destroy. After the fire got hot they would burn wood to cook off the whiskey. It took 72 hours to ferment. The first whiskey run would be sweet mash and the second run would be sour mash. If you used rye instead of wheat it would ferment in 48 hours."

During WWII Harris Lee joined the Marine Corps where he and his good friend, Sisco Alan Purdy, spent 45 days straight on the front line in Okinawa in one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Afterwards he was stationed in North China on garrison duty, where, like thousands of other young men, he had time to think about his future after he mustered out. Harris Lee never doubted that he would come back to Madison County and enter the fam-

ily business. But he realized that in order to make serious money in the moonshine business, he was going to have to be much better organized.

Possibly one of his inspirations was his aunt, Laura Hardin, known to everyone as Aunt Laura.

Aunt Laura had been involved in the whiskey business most of her life before she opened up a honky-tonk called the White Castle, at the intersection of Meridian and Winchester Road. She had a driver, E. Polo, who made weekly trips hauling beer and whiskey from Paducah, Kentucky, and the club featured live music two nights a week. The White Castle was a huge success, drawing many customers away from other bootleggers.



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Unfortunately for Laura, one of the bootleggers had paid off an official in return for exclusive rights to the area. After repeated warnings, the bootlegger hired a man to walk into the White Castle and shoot Laura in the leg. T. Hopper, a friend, drove her to the hospital but was ambushed and killed on the way back to the White Castle. As soon as Aunt Laura could walk, she went back to the White Castle where some of her family was waiting.

"Audy, get your gun," she said.

"Where are we going?" Audy replied.

"You'll know when we get there!"

Laura went straight to the office of the high official. Sitting on the edge of his desk she confronted him, saying she knew he was trying to put her out of business and that he was involved in killing her employee. "After today," she said, "you take care of your part of the county and I'll take care of mine."

"I knew they would come after me," she later said, "so I put men on the rooftop and O. Walker at the door. Sure enough they came and it was like the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral with everyone firing guns. The only person that got hurt was D. Taylor, a local attorney. After we ran them off they didn't bother me no more."

Aunt Laura provided a lesson that was instilled in Parcus from a young age. "You got to be organized."

After returning home, Har-

ris Lee began working at a country store in Triana his father had purchased several years earlier. He intended to sell groceries and maybe a little moonshine on the side. The grocery business in Triana, however, was terrible. "Sometimes a whole week would go by," Parcus remembered, "and we wouldn't have a single customer."

With little income from the store, Harris Lee found himself depending more and more on moonshine to make a living.

"I bought a 1941 Ford Coupe from Tom Farley," Parcus said. "It had a fake trap door and I could haul 100 gallons at a time. I was paying \$5 a gallon for it and selling it for \$10 a gallon. This was back around 1947."

Running moonshine on the back roads of Madison County was not a job for the fainthearted. Often traveling at speeds up to a hundred miles an hour in the middle of the night, with the law in hot pursuit, drivers learned to live by their wits. As Parcus tells it, one of the best ways to escape from the law was to "Turn your headlights off, shove the gas pedal to the floor and hope you could remember where that next

curve in the road was."

Ironically, many of the old-time whiskey runners later went on to become professional race car drivers.

Demand for quality moonshine soared and Harris Lee's suppliers couldn't keep up with it, so he began running his own stills.

"Making moonshine isn't complicated but it requires a definite process. First, you have to pick out a location and then have the still built. It has to be close to a good water supply and you have to have a road or a trail to get to it. One of the most critical parts was the sugar. Large amounts of sugar were required and the revenuers kept an eye on anyone buying 100-pound bags. I used to buy it out of Atlanta by the ton and have it delivered. You had to have good still hands, people who knew what they were doing and would keep their mouths shut. You also had to have drivers to transport it and stash houses to store it in."

"At first I shipped the liquor in 5-gallon G.I. cans but later used gallon jugs I bought

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"Time is like a river. You cannot touch the water twice, because the flow that has passed will never pass again."

U.S. Marine Vet

from Coca Cola companies. The syrup used to make Coca Cola came in the jugs and the business owners were happy to make an additional profit by selling the empty containers."

But after making the whiskey he had to get rid of it. Harris Lee did this by using the same techniques as General Motors - liberal credit terms, incentives and friendly persuasion. As more customers signed on, Parcus kept increasing his production. One still alone, located on Skyline Mountain, was turning out 2,200 gallons every five days, but it still wasn't enough. Oftentimes he had to send his drivers into Tennessee or Mississippi to buy additional 500 gallons just to keep his customers supplied.

"Parcus was smart," said an old time deputy. "Whenever he had loads going into an area where he had not bought protection, he would hire some of the most beautiful women you ever saw. He would send them to a beauty shop, have their hair and nails done and buy them nice clothes. Then he would buy them new Lincolns or Cadillacs, have heavy duty springs installed and put them in business. The law never suspected an elegant woman, driving a new car, of hauling moonshine." Before long he was supplying almost every bootlegger in North Alabama and many in Tennessee, Mississippi and Georgia.

It was about this time that Harris Lee acquired the name "Godfather." Almost everyone in Triana worked for him and, like the Godfather in the movies, he showed a paternal interest in his employees and the community. If someone was in trouble they went to see Parcus. If a family had nothing to eat Parcus would make arrangements to take care of them. When there was a fight or feud he would order the offending parties to appear before him where he would render judgement. He would often buy hundreds of pounds of ribs or catfish to distribute to the community.

And, like the Godfather in the movies, he demanded loyalty.

"Once I was driving through Jackson

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County with three of my men and I made arrangements with the local law to haul us in for questioning. I stayed downstairs in the sheriffs office, drinking Jack Daniels, while they carried my men upstairs. They worked on them for two or three hours, asking questions about my business and threatening them with jail time if they didn't talk. Finally one of the deputies came downstairs and said, "They're all right, Mr. Parcus. They ain't going to talk."

Parcus never explained what would have happened if they had failed the test.

With his whiskey operations prospering he began to invest in other businesses, some of which earned their own marks in Huntsville's folklore. Along with his father, he built the River Club with money he sent home while in service. The grocery store was converted and became the Chicken Shack, followed later by the Pine Villa. Many an old Huntsvillian can tell stories about going to the Chicken Shack or River Club on a Saturday night after all the other clubs had closed.

As people flocked to the after-hours nightclubs

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Harris Lee saw an opportunity for yet another business. Many of these people wanted a place to gamble and he was happy to oblige them by setting up a house with poker and dice games. The joint quickly became a Mecca for professional gamblers across the Southeast.

Money rolled in faster than he could give it away, which is what he did in many cases. He was also attracting a lot of attention. "I never worried too much about the state or county law," Harris Lee remembered. "Most of them were paid off. It was the Feds you had to watch out for." In 1958 the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (also known as the Feds or revenuers) began building a case against Parcus. Almost immediately their investigation ran into trouble. Harris Lee by this time had employed hundreds of people, but not one of them would talk.

The ATF tried to make a deal with one bootlegger who was in prison, saying they would let him out if he would testify. The man refused. Next they tried to set Parcus up by sending undercover agents to make buys. That, too, failed.


With no one willing to talk, the government had no way of determining exactly what Parcus's position was in the organization.

Unable to charge him as a major offender, the government indicted him several months later on "Conspiracy to distribute illicit liquors." At his trial he was found guilty and sentenced to 3 months in prison.

"Prison wasn't really that bad, but I wouldn't recommend it either," said Harris Lee. "Making moonshine wasn't considered all that horrendous like murder or armed robbery. A lot of the people in prison already knew my reputation so they left me alone."

When Harris Lee got out of prison he hit the ground running. Within weeks he had his businesses going full blast again with more demand than he could supply. He also got involved in another business.


"At this time, there were dry counties all around us and Madison County was the only place in North Alabama where you could buy beer and a lot of my customers started asking if I could supply them. We had



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this store here in Triana where the beer would be delivered, then our drivers would take it on to the bootleggers. Even the smallest bootleggers ordered a hundred cases at a time."

A relative of Parcus' remembers getting up in the middle of the night to help load the cars and trucks that were lined up waiting.

An FBI report estimated that he sold 320,064 cases of beer in one nine-month period.

By this time Harris Lee's organization had grown so big that everyone in North Alabama, including the Feds, knew who he was. In 1963 he was once again indicted and sentenced to three years for conspiracy and racketeering charges relating to the sale and manufacture of moonshine.

When Harris Lee returned from prison he found the various family businesses in disarray. The gambling had been shut down and the stills had been busted. What little beer was being sold barely justified the cost. There was a Federal investigation involving corruption going on in Madison County at the time and most people wanted to avoid being caught up in it. Political figures, who had once eagerly taken his money, wouldn't even return his phone calls.

Harris Lee solved the problem in the time-honored way.

"I met one of our elected officials at a restaurant here in Huntsville and told him my businesses were hurting. If I couldn't get permission to operate I was going to have to shut everything down. He said he was really sorry but there was nothing he could do."

"Not to brag, but I just went into another room and actually remembered why I was in there. It was the bathroom, but still....."

Beth Anderson, Huntsville



"I had this paper bag stuffed with hundred dollar bills and I laid it on the table. 'Just think about it,' I said. Then I got up and walked out, leaving him staring at all that cash money. I didn't have a whole lot of trouble after that."

"I think that second stretch in prison changed Parcus," said a retired law enforcement official. "He had always kept a low profile before but now he didn't care. Everybody was accusing him of being the Godfather and I think he just decided he wasn't going to hide it anymore. He dressed in flashy clothes with diamond rings on his fingers and carried a wad of money big enough to choke a horse. When he walked into a room there was no doubt he

was someone important. He was the "Godfather."

"He knew we were after him but he didn't care anymore. He would have cookouts at his place in Triana and invite the Sheriff's Department, the District Attorney and even the F.B.I. I told him one time he was going to get caught but he just grinned at me and said, "Catch me if you can!"

In 1968 the Organized Crime Division opened an investigation into racketeering in North Alabama. They were determined to close the Godfather down. Based mostly on circumstantial evidence he was indicted, found guilty and was sentenced to five terms of five years each, to be served concurrently.

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"I didn't have any hard feelings against the deputies," said Harris Lee. "They were doing their job the same way I was doing mine. I've always said if you do the crime you have be ready to do the time."

By the time he got out of prison, times had changed. People no longer minded driving a few miles to buy beer or liquor. The demand for moonshine was drying up and it had also become expensive to manufacture. High rollers could hop a plane to Las Vegas or play in some private club in Huntsville.

For the first time in his life Harris Lee Parcus was getting completely out of the business.

Old habits die hard, however. Within a few months of being released from prison, old customers (in dry counties) began calling, asking if he could supply them with beer.

Before long Harris Lee and his son were back in the beer-running business. This time it

was not the law that closed him down.

"Parcus was always extremely close to his family, especially his son who helped in the business," remembered a friend. "When that boy got killed, Parcus just lost all interest in the business. It wasn't exciting anymore and the money didn't mean that much. He just let the business fold up."

Harris Lee Parcus has been retired from the business for more than twenty-five years. The days when he had fleets of cars and trucks hauling moonshine and beer all across North Alabama are far in the past. The River Club is closed and one might be hard pressed to find even a checker game to gamble on in Triana.

And it's been years since he has made any moonshine. Although occasionally, perhaps at Christmas, somebody might bring by a gallon jug.

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AND THE WINNER IS.....



by Belinda Talley

Who are you to your grandkids? What do they call you? Picking a winner became more difficult as the submissions rolled in. Each name comes wrapped in family history with a proud Grandma anxious to share her story. All you need to do is ask.

Our contest is all about **Grandmother Names.**

Most of us grew up calling our Grandmothers similar names. That is not true today, as the Baby Boom-

ers are not a one-size-fits-all group. They are dreaming up unique and catchy nicknames that reflect a younger and more active glamorous group of Grands.

Several hundred people recently shared their family Grandmother's names and why. The most popular names for today are Nana and Gigi. The more popular past titles were; Granny, Mamaw, Grandma and Grandmother.

It is often the first grandchild, that precious little toddler that sealed your name with a kiss. Is there anything sweeter? Our winner told her story.

"I waited a long time to get married. Then I had two daughters that I thought were waiting too long to give me grandchildren. (I needed them to hurry up because I wanted to be around to enjoy them) Then, two grandsons were born within three weeks. I could not have been happier."

"I would ask them, What do you want, darlin'? Can I get you something to eat, darlin'? You sweet darlin's', do you want to go outside and play? Somewhere along the way, they started calling me GRANDARLIN and I love my name."

We love your name, too. The judges were unanimous and **Joyce Kuralt**, photo above, aka GrandDarlin', you are our winner. You have won a year's subscription to The Old Huntsville Magazine and bragging rights. Congratulations!

We received so much response to our request - THANK YOU! I have included as many names as possible.

- * April Victoria - Mom is LaLa
- * David O'Brian - Lady
- * Kim Lyons Davis - Kami
- * Marydae Sneed Blank - Gobba
- * Lowry Hill - Pretty Mama, Nanny & Partner
- * Kristie Maddux - Kissy
- * Michelle Fernandez - Lollie
- * Patty Ragsdale - Grannie Rags

- * Escoe Beatty - CoCo
- * Katie Baxter Scruggs - Mom is Honey
- * Sharon Moore Grissett - Grandma Alabama
- * Carolyn Blue - Grandmother May and I am Kakki
- * Mollie Steele - Mama Nell & Mother Dear
- * Tracie Torrence - Glamorma
- * Carolyn Little - May Dear & Mama Lizzy
- * Beverly Loeb Boylan - Grandma Bus and I am Pretty Mama
- * Melissa Rogers - My parents are Bumpy & Danny
- * Courtney Jefferies - There was YaYa, MiMi, Nana, MeMother and I am BeBe
- * Diana Stoser Nalley - Mom is Nanny and I am Happy
- * Mary Nalley - GrandMary
- * Lynda Eilerman Senkbeil - My grandmother, was called Kid-do & I am Inna
- * Bennie Ruth Atchley Jacks - My parents were Big Mama & Big Daddy, and they lived in Gurley. She was a cook for several differ-

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ent restaurants, and many folks remember Big Mama's cooking.

* **Martha Campbell Pullen** - I am Mammy, Joe's mother was Gramps.

* **Vivian Turner** - my grandmother was MuttDear, and I am ChewChew.

* **Loren Brown Parsley** - Mama Pounds

* **Angie Homrich** - Grand Mommy (Alabama Grandmother); Crazy Grandma (Michigan Grandmother).

* **Robin Johnson Davis** - Granny Good Witch

* **Janice Gilbreath** - I am Bertie

* **Marilynn Thome Woodward** - When our first grandchild was due, I didn't know what my Grandmother name would be. But then my Nana (my Mom's Mom) died, and then my Mom, who was Nana to my kids, passed away a week later. I knew it-was-meant-to-be. I am proud to be Nana.

* **Elaine Brooks Zink** - I am Granzie since my last name starts with Z. Not very imaginative! My husband (Jimmy) is JZ - the original Jay-Z. He had his cool-hip drummer name since High School. So, people call me Beyonce since I'm married to JZ.

* **Johnna Mitchell Hollingsworth** - I am Nonna. My sister and I called my grandparents Mama'nem and Daddy'nem. When we asked our mother who we were going to see, that was her reply. We called them that all of their lives.

* **Caroline Phillips Davis** - Jessica named me MeMom. She was fighting with her mother about whose Mom that I was! Paige (my daughter) was explaining to her that I was her mother. Putting her hands on her hips, Jessica said, "NO, She is me, Mom!" She was attempting to say. My Mom. I have been MeMom ever since!

* **Sybil Butler** - Granny Sybil. I tried to train my first grandchildren to call me Beautiful Grandmother, but that was too difficult for them to remember. Plus, their parents were teaching them to be truthful!

* **Connie Brogdon Broadway Lougheed** - My Mom was Grandma, and my Mother-in-law was GRaaandMothherrrr. My daughter is YaYa. I am Nana and have been called that for 26 years. My great-granddaughter insists on calling me Nay-Nay. You know what? I am ok with it. Whatever she wants."

* **Gee Gee Benford** - I am Gee-Gee. I had a BigMa, and I have a GrandMamaLou (one word).

* **Jamie Lynn Mitchell** - My grands call me YaYa.

* **Jan Pierce Morris** - We called my only Grandmother - LONK (her name was Susan). Looking back, we never asked why.

* **Steven Sharp** - Susan is Nonny.

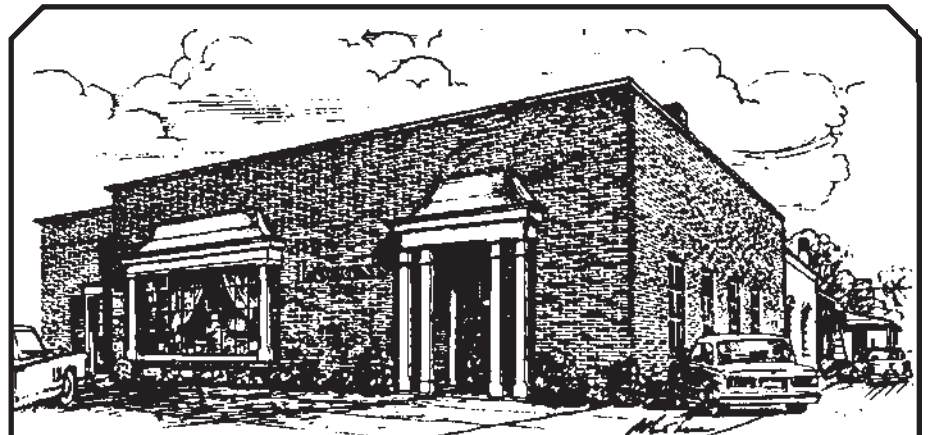
* **Dana Bennett Timberlake** - I am the one-and-only, Honey. (Dana, there is another Honey in this article. Sorry).

* **Kathie Barnett** - Grannie Kat
 * **La Shell Watson** - Ummmmm. My sweet grandbabies call me Shell-Shell.

Grandmothers come in all different shapes, sizes and ages. We obtained the deep furrows-in-our-face from our children. We are proud to wear those wrinkles because it brought about you, our grandchildren and the best name we have ever been called.

One day we feel like "The Little Old Lady from Pasadena" singing Go-granny, go-granny, go-granny-go. But tomorrow, we may walk just a little bit slow. One thing all Grandmothers share that's the same. We want to hear... that sweet little voice call out our name.

"I love you, BeeBop."



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Oh boy, I'm counting the days until spring. Surely it's just around the corner. I'm already getting vegetable and flower catalogs and planning my garden. Spring is a time for rebirth....such a hopeful time of the year. I long to see the first crocus and daffodil blossoms.

As far as the virus is concerned, we are still in for some hard times, but each of us can make a hard time better by setting our minds to do something to make a difference.

Having had my second Covid inoculation shot and staying in for three more weeks, I still advise each of you to continue wearing your masks. Two of my family members are just getting over the virus. Believe me; it is no fun. Takes weeks to recover. Glad we had distanced and wore masks when we did see one another.

Eating right and eliminating junk food, taking vitamin D and Zinc are highly recommended. I don't know about some of you, but being inside makes one turn to eating more junk food. I'm afraid to get on my scales. Tomorrow, I'm going to the grocery store

with a list. Always have a written checklist and buy only what you need that's on it. It'll be only healthy foods like vegetables, fruits, lean meat, and seafoods with hardly any fat.

Children are suffering from the isolation of Covid as well as adults. We need to talk to each other and encourage them to get out if possible and not stay in front of the TV or iPad all day.

There is a reason pet adoption has gone way up this year. Pets relieve tension and are great companions.

I've even heard several of my friends have acquired 3-5 chickens. The eggs are healthy and always fresh and never in short supply. You can get a chicken coop for \$150 and free shipping. You'll need a hubby or son to assist with assembly.

Until next time, stay well and safe.



"In twenty years when kids ask us about the toilet paper shortage, I'm going to tell them that we had to drag our butts across the lawn, in the snow, uphill both ways, dodging Murder Hornets."

Art Phillips, Athens

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A DAY WE WON'T FORGET

by Elizabeth Wharry



April 27, 2011 - who can forget that day?

My sons were 11 and 8. My oldest son Joseph, had been diagnosed with high functioning autism several years before. Jacob was, and still is very pragmatic. That day though, they were very afraid. Since the buses weren't running due to the weather, we parents had to pick up our children.

Their dad came home earlier than usual from work. The power plant had released all "non-essential" employees. Since he was neither a supervisor nor an operator, he got home about the time the electricity went out. The emergency sirens were blaring. We made plans to shelter in the laundry room. In order not to scare the boys, we made it sound like some crazy adventure. Fortunately, we didn't have to take shelter.

My husband suggested we go eat, as the power was out. We ended up at a restaurant on University Drive. After we came

home, the boys didn't want to sleep by themselves. My husband took one son with him, and I took the other. Both boys were scared for our outside dog. We assured them that the dog was fine.

The next morning, we were determined to "normalize" life as much as possible. Bob found our generator from the 70s. He showed the boys how to get Lurch running. He used a toothbrush, a new spark plug and a rubber band. Lurch could only power the fridge, or the freezer, or charge our cell phones.

Since we had an electric hot water heater, how to bathe the boys? We had a large galvanized tub which we filled in the morning. That galvanized tub also came in handy for washing clothes.

Cooking on a gas grill presented its own challenges. Boiling water for coffee, or cooking eggs was a new experience. So was spaghetti! Meat, vegetables and potatoes were no problem.

The boys finally detached themselves and started playing with their friends in the neighborhood. They realized that the storms were gone, and life needs to go on. They were especially thrilled when then governor, Bob Bentley, announced that the time the schools were closed did not have to be made up.

By Sunday we were feeling the effects of staying home too long. We took the boys to Dublin Park, and let them play in Kid's Kingdom. After they played themselves out, we headed home. We were pleasantly surprised to find the power back on.

It's been 10 years since that fateful day. The boys are now 21 and 18. Joseph is married and a father. He and his family live in Ohio. Jacob will be going to boot camp after high school graduation. Where has the time gone?

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"My memory is so bad that I hide my own Easter eggs."

Jane Smith, Huntsville

We Read in the Huntsville Papers - 1911

- C. S. Griswell, a one-armed man of this city, this morning sent a load of bird shot into his left breast by pulling the trigger of a gun with his toe. Family troubles are said to have been the cause of his suicide.

- Lost - one gold watch fob with name of Johnny Jemison on back. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

- Mr. J. M. Oldfield and his daughter Miss Ora were thrown from their buggy while enroute to the mill neighborhood yesterday afternoon. Mr. Oldfield was injured about the shoulders, while his daughter escaped being hurt. The animal was frightened at something in the road and ran up the side of the embankment.

- The Old Huntsville Hotel walls will be torn down. The walls left standing as the result of the burning of the Huntsville Hotel recently will be torn down, and men were seen today putting up scaffolds to do the work.

- For Rent - a new 4 room cottage at the corner of Pratt Avenue and 6th street for rent cheap - apply to J. E. Pierce

- Young boy dead on Walker Street - John F. Childers, Jr., the three and a half year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Childers, Sr. died at 5:30 o'clock at their home on Walker street after an illness of several days. The remains were carried to Gurley this afternoon, where interment will be made in the family burying ground.

- For Rent - a good small farm, three miles from Huntsville. Has a good house and splendid barn. The right party can get a bargain. See Dr. I. P. Wyatt

- Fred Peeden is very ill of consumption at the home of his parents on Holmes Street.

- Lost - an amethyst ring, on Randolph Street, between Butler's school and Gramhams Pharmacy. Finder return to this office and receive reward.

- Miss Daisy Ducks is dead. She was aged 17 years and died at the home of her uncle, Mr. J. N. Bogett, this morning at 2:15 at the Abingdon Mill Village. Funeral services will be conducted from the residence by Rev. M. Marlow with interment in Maple Hill Cemetery.

"For fainting: Rub the person's chest or, if a lady, rub her arm above the hand. Or put the head between the knees of the nearest doctor."

Seen on 4th grade health quiz

Op' Heidelberg

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**"Try not to let your mind wander.
It's too small to be out by itself."**

Seen on Madison bumper sticker

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

Three Killed when a Bomber Crashes in the Area

by Billy Lenox



What three places on Huntsville Arsenal and two additional places outside of Huntsville Arsenal have with a connection to a plane crash in June of 1944 during World War II?

Twenty-one days after D-Day on June 27, 1944 Huntsville Arsenal was doing some training flights with a group from Elgin Field in Florida during the war.

Three Army Air Force enlisted personnel stationed here at Huntsville Arsenal were doing bombing run flight-testing. One of those planes was doing bombing runs on Huntsville and flying patterns that day with touch and go's.

The plane was a B-26 Martin Marauder that was being used for experimental bombing task. The B-26 bomber left the Huntsville Arsenal airstrip with a full load of bombs, which were to be dropped on various targets located within the installation's proving grounds that were made up to look like a small town. This plane was flying straight from the Huntsville Arsenal airstrip after attaining an altitude between 3,000 and 4,000 feet.

The plane developed some engine trouble. Eyewitness saw smoke coming from the right side engine. The pilot radioed back to Huntsville Arsenal and was directed by the officer in charge to make any available landing and not to release the bombs. The pilot attempted to set down on the Huntsville-Athens Highway (now known as US Highway 72 West), but the embankments on each side of the road made the landing impossible without the plane being maneuvered more than available engine power would permit. The time was around 11:30 am toward the afternoon. The pilot radioed back to Huntsville Arsenal and told them that they were going down.

Although the pilot did initially refrain from dropping any of the bombs on board because of the number of farmhouses located in the vicinity, the pilot eventually released one 500-pound bomb some distance from the point of impact in an attempt to lighten the plane's load and regain altitude.

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The bomb exploded in a field, which is currently located in front of the Hudson Alpha building located in Research Park.

The plane continued on further north and an eyewitness to the accident stated that they saw the plane crash in a cotton field north of the highway, about nine miles west of the city of Huntsville, Alabama. Upon impact, the plane was enveloped in flames, which caused the remaining bombs to explode.

The area where the plane crashed was not used for a long time. The area was filled with trees and overgrown brush, which was all burned and then cleaned up, taking them until 1953 when the city decided to use the property. It is now being used for Huntsville Memorial Gardens that was leveled out and set up in 1953.

The Crewmen that were killed in the crash were 1st LT. Emmett J. Hale, the pilot, 2nd LT. Jerome Loeffler, the bombardier, and SGT. Antone Valim, the onboard engineer. Lieutenant Hale had been among the first group of USAAF squadron 618th officers stationed at Huntsville Arsenal in 1943.

On 10 August 1944, the east-west road connecting Rideout Road with the Huntsville Arsenal Airport was named Hale Road in honor of Lieutenant Hale. The Officers' Picnic Park area, building 112, was named Loeffler Park in memory of Lieutenant Loeffler on 18 November 1944.

Sergeant Valim was honored on 20 April 1945 when the Huntsville Arsenal reservoir, located on the west slope of Madkin Mountain, was renamed Valim Reservoir.

1st LT. Emmett J. Hale is buried at Statham City Cemetery located in Statham, Barrow County, Georgia, USA (died at the age of 27).

2nd LT. Jerome Loeffler is buried at Beth David Cemetery

located in Elmont, Nassau County, New York, USA (died at the age of 20).

SGT. Antone Valim is buried at Golden Gate National Cemetery located in San Bruno, San Mateo County, California, USA (died at the age of 31).

Credit from: <https://history.redstone.army.mil/ihist-airfield.html>

Credit from: <https://www.findagrave.com/>.



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A senior citizen was driving down the Interstate when his phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him. "Herman I just heard that there's a car going the wrong way on the interstate where you are. Please be careful!" "Hell," said Herman. "It's not just one car, it's hundreds of them!"

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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



Well you guys did pretty well with counting the hearts I had hidden in the February issue. We had just a few calls with the exact number, and there were 19 hearts hidden! Our first caller to guess correctly was **James Henley** of Huntsville. He's past Master of the Helion Lodge, past Elks Club Exalted Ruler and was President of the Huntsville JCs for 18 years. He's a busy guy.

Our out-of-towner who called first was **Sarah Dugan** of Tallahassee, FL. She loves Huntsville still and lives with sweet husband **Leon** who we'll talk about shortly. Congratulations to both Sarah and James!

Here are the pages where the hearts were located: p. 2, p. 5, p. 6, p. 7, p. 8(2 hearts), p. 12, p. 13 (3 hearts), p. 15, p. 21, p. 23, p. 32, p. 35, p. 39, p. 43, p. 45, p. 47. Yeah

that was alot of fun but don't expect a repeat anytime soon, it was alot of work!

Our Photo of the Month for February was **William Sibley** of Big Cove. Everyone there knows him and the first caller to win was **Sam Michael** of Gurley. Sam knew William when he taught Sam's kids at Gurley. Sam used to deliver newspapers and **Wernher von Braun** was one of his customers! Congratulations to Sam.

Janet & "Brink" Brinkerhoff just celebrated their 54 years of wedded bliss on Jan. 28. They are some of the best people you'll ever meet and many people call them friends. Sending love to you two lovebirds.

Martha Lawson of New Market has 6 grandkids and 14 great grandkids. She loves them so much and feels so lucky to have them all in her life.

If you're stopped up at night, try propping your pillows up a few inches. Also invest in a humidifier or warm mist vaporizer.

We were so sorry to hear that **Vernon Hutchens, Jr.** had passed away on Jan 17, 2021. As a young man he became the 3rd generation of Hutchens to run The Hutchens Company. He was a Kiwanian, a Scoutmaster of Troop 7, member of Church of the Nativity and gave of his time and work always. Mr. Hutchens is survived by his wife of 62 years, **Martha Sue Hutchens**; sons **Fisher Hutchens (Johanna)** and **Thomas Hutchens** as well as grandchildren, nephews

and a niece. He was a loving and kind family man who will always be remembered.

Leon Dugan is the oldest living graduate of Lincoln School and on March 20 he will be 98 years old! He attended all twelve years at Lincoln. Happy birthday to you Leon. His sweet wife **Sarah** was one of the hidden heart winners and they live in Tallahassee, FL.

Here's a great way to save those **plastic bags** you get from Publix, Target etc. When you have an empty Kleenex box (square kind) just take each bag, roll around your hand and tuck in the sides, then put into the box. You can get alot in one box and they're super easy to get out and re-use!

Betty Roper Grisham passed away on Feb. 2. She was 99 years old and lived her life to the fullest every one of those days. She moved here with her family in 1963 where she helped to establish Huntsville Art League, leading to the creation of the Huntsville Museum of Art. As an artist, designer and printmaker she made a huge contribution to the culture and quality of life in Alabama. She is survived by her grandson, **Kyle Husband** and his wife, **Anna Lee**

Photo of The Month

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

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Husband; her son-in-law **Floyd Husband** and endless friends and supporters. This generous and talented lady will always be loved.

We're sending out a special hello to **Donna** and **Steve Thompson** of Huntsville who love the rich history we have here. We love our readers.

Last month we told you that a lady had purchased a silver water pitcher with a name engraved on the bottom. The purchase was made 55 years ago. The name on the pitcher was **Mrs. W. E. Mellette** and she was a teacher at Risson Elementary. A relative of Mrs. Mellette read that in Old Huntsville and contacted the owner of the pitcher. It has been cleaned up and will be held for the family member. What great news! Many thanks to **Berns Miller** and his wife in getting the pitcher home.

Our teachers are so dedicated to our kids and can't wait to get back into the classrooms. In honor of them I have hidden a **tiny apple** in this magazine - be first to find it and you win a \$40 subscription!

Phyllis Lawrence called me from Murfreesboro and told me her husband **Billy Lawrence** needs your prayers. He had a major stroke in early December and is getting better but it's a long road. Billy played football in 1962 at Butler High along with his brother and many oldtimers remember

him! Get better Billy. We're thinking about you.

Not sure how many have a hard time trying to open bottles and jars. I was struggling with a jar of mayonnaise recently and in aggravation tapped it on the side of the cap with my hammer. Well that must have broken the seal and it worked. It may have been sort of a hard tap but at least it opened. Arthritis makes opening things really hard. If you do use this tip be extra careful if the bottle is glass, you don't want that to break and cut you.

We were so sad to learn that one of our writers, **Hugh Michaels**, had died at age 92 in New Market. He was the most unselfish man who would love to feature other people in his gatherings called "This is Your Life." Over the years he would drive by and drop off his stories, then he needed help with driving, then we didn't see him. He is survived by his son **Greg** and Greg's wife **Denise Michaels**, three granddaughters, **Casey and Will Brannon, Courtney and Trace Burgett and Allie and Hunter Watson**; three great grandchildren **Jaelynn and Presley Clark and Warren Dowday Burgett**, several nieces and nephews and many people who were proud to be his friends. His friend and caretaker was **Jimmy Campbell** who would always drive

Hugh over to the office to bring his Old Huntsville stories. He was a U.S. Air Force Veteran, retired civilian employee of the U.S. Army Missile Command, Deacon Emeritus of Hillwood Baptist Church in Huntsville, member of Helion Lodge #1, Cahaba Shrine Temple, loved Auburn sports and to laugh and share jokes. We're losing so many good people.

Mike Bryant of Bryant Heating/Cooling gave us a good tip recently. When the weather gets really cold and you have electric heat, leave the thermostat alone. He said when people lower it at night then crank it back up in the morning, it causes your unit to work extra hard and might cause the auxiliary heat to come on. It's there for a purpose but can really increase your utility bill. That sure happened to me. So I'm trying this new way!

Nell Long loves to read the magazine and recently called to tell us she got her first Covid vaccination and is fine! You might remember us mentioning Nell in recent columns - she will be 101 in July and looks like she's 70. She's got a great attitude and if she can do it - we can too!

Come on Warm Weather - we NEED you! Remember to pamper yourself mentally AND physically. Check on your neighbors too and make sure they're OK.

Old Huntsville Magazine Locations

This is a partial list of locations - all magazines sell for \$1 at honor boxes & machines. They go through checkout at Walmart, Mapco, Dollar General, Walgreens.

Cities Serviced: Huntsville, Gurley, New Market, New Hope, Hazel Green, Harvest, Madison, Hampton Cove, Ryland, Meridianville,

All Mapco's, all Walgreens, most Dollar Generals. Walmarts: Drake & Parkway, So. Hobbs & Parkway So., Bailey Cove, University & Explorer, Hazel Green, Winchester Rd.

Restaurants: Rolo's, Old Heidelberg, Po Boys, Stanlieos - (Gov. Drive, Jordan Lane), Big Springs Cafe, Blue Plate/Gov Dr., Atlanta Bread, City Cafe on Drake, Mexican Takeout, Ole Dad's - Hazel Green, Honey's - Fayetteville, Mandarin/Hampton Cove; \$ Gen/Hampton Cove, Redstone Arsenal - Commissary, CVS Drugs/Cecil Ashburn, Hsv Courthouse-inside, Texaco at Hwy 72 & Nance,

5 Points & downtown - Star Market, Propst Drugs, Sunoco Gas, Harrison Brothers, Lewters, CT Garvins, Texaco, Hsv Library, \$Gen on Andrew Jackson, Medical Mall/Pkwy side, Ayers Frms Mrkt

Misc. - Huntsville Public Library, Packard's Antiques - So Pkwy, Pharmacy First/Madison St., Waters Sunoco, Charity Lane Quick Stop, Redstone Fed Credit Union - 231/431 No., Star Market/Meridianville, Dot's in New Hope, Texaco Gas/Bob Wallace, Exxon/Hampton Cove



Cherished Recipes

Tom's Beef Stew

- Beef Broth
- 4 carrots
- 2 lb. beef stew meat, cubed and seared
- 2 T. Worcestershire sauce
- 3 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 bell pepper, chopped
- 2 potatoes, raw, chunked
- 1 beef stew flavoring packet
- 3 onions, chopped
- 3 cloves garlic minced
- Salt to taste
- 1 t. paprika
- Beef Broth to cover all, plus 3" over top of ingredients

Put all ingredients into a large pot and stir just enough to mix the spices. Cover and cook over low heat for 4 hours.

Cathey's French Onion Soup

Peel and quarter 4 to 5 large onions. Peel and coarsely chop 4 large garlic cloves. Melt 1/2 stick butter in large pot. Add garlic and onion slices, with

coarsely grated pepper to taste. Cook til brown, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir til blended. Cook three minutes, then add 2 cans beef broth, 2 cans consomme and 1 can water. Add bay leaf, simmer for 30-40 minutes.

When you're ready to serve, pour into individual crocks. Take toasted slice of rye bread and place on top of each, cover with sliced Monterey Jack cheese. Place in broiler and cook til cheese browns. Delicious!

Corn Chowder

- 5 slices bacon
- 1 large onion, sliced thinly
- 2 c. whole kernel corn
- 1 c. cooked potatoes, diced
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 2-1/2 c. milk
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1 t. black pepper

Cook your bacon til crisp in large skillet. Remove bacon, add the onion and cook til

browned. Add all remaining ingredients and pepper. Heat to boiling, then reduce heat and simmer for two minutes. Top each serving with crumbled bacon and chopped chives.

Easy Drop Biscuits

- 2 c. self-rising flour
- 2 c. milk
- 4 T. real Mayonnaise

Mix all ingredients together and drop onto greased muffin tins. Cook at 450 degrees til tops are brown. Very easy and old recipe.

Squash Casserole

- 1-1/2 Ib. sliced yellow squash - fresh
- 1 stick butter
- 1 pkg. herb stuffing mix (use half the package)
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 8-oz. carton sour cream
- 1 4-oz. jar pimento, drained and chopped
- 1 can water chestnuts, chopped
- 2 onions, finely chopped

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Cook squash in water, drain and set aside. Melt 3/4 stick butter, add 1/2 bag of stuffing mix. Stir and coat the stuffing mix.

Pack the bottom of a 2 quart casserole dish with 1/2 of the mixture. Layer the squash on top. Mix other ingredients and pour over the squash. Put remainder of the topping on and dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Mexican Morsels

1 8-oz. package shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
 1 c. cooked chicken, finely chopped
 1 c. fresh broccoli, finely chopped
 3/4 c. Pace picante sauce
 1/4 c. thinly sliced green onions

12 flour tortillas
 1/4 c. butter, melted
 Sour cream

Combine the cheese, chicken, broccoli, picante sauce and green onions. Brush one side of the flour tortillas with melted butter, place 1/4 cup of the chicken mixture down the center of the unbuttered side of each tortilla.

Roll up, place seam-side down on foil-lined cookie sheet. Bake at 475 degrees for 15 minutes. Serve warm and

crisp with a side of sour cream or plain yogurt to dip, and more picante sauce.

Hot Buttered Cabbage

1/4 c. butter
 1 t. caraway seeds, crushed
 1 t. salt
 1 t. garlic powder
 1 t. black pepper
 2 T. water
 6 c. coarsely chopped cabbage

Melt butter, add remaining ingredients. Set aside. Steam cabbage til tender, about 6 minutes. Stir in butter mixture, serve hot.

Chocolate Heaven Bars

1 c. graham cracker crumbs
 1/2 c. butter, melted
 12 oz. chocolate chips
 1/2 c. chopped walnuts
 1 can sweetened condensed milk
 12 oz. butterscotch chips
 6 oz. flaked coconut

Get a 9 x 12" dish, spray with vegetable spray. Mix your graham cracker crumbs and butter, press on bottom of pan.

Layer on your chocolate chips, sprinkle with 1/2 of the condensed milk, then layer

walnuts, butterscotch chips, rest of the condensed milk, and top with coconut.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. This is really decadent.

Cream Cheese Fudge

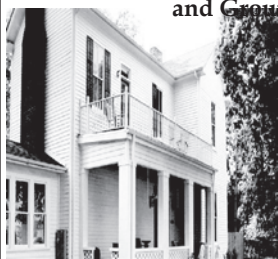
1 3-oz pkg. cream cheese
 2 c. sifted confectioners sugar
 2 1-oz squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1/2 t. vanilla
 dash of salt
 1/4 c. chopped pecans

Let cheese warm - then soften and cream til very smooth and soft. Gradually add the sifted sugar, blending well. Add melted chocolate and blend. Add vanilla, salt and pecans. Turn into well greased square pan and chill in fridge 15 minutes or firm. No cooking, no beating, just mix and chill.

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An Interview with Frank James

from 1884 Huntsville Newspaper



The latest accession to the list of our local sojourners is the last of what is known to the history as the James Band - no less a personage than Frank James himself. He was brought to Huntsville last Thursday from Missouri by two United States Deputy Marshals and turned over to Marshal Hinds.

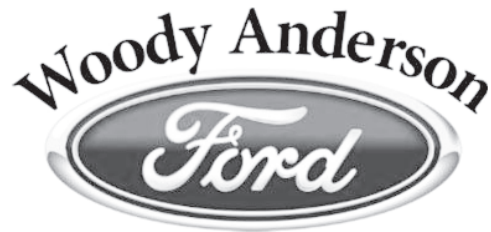
Having had all his state cases in Missouri disposed of finally, Frank James was immediately taken in hand by government officials and brought here to answer a charge of conspiracy to rob Postmaster Smith at Muscle Shoals.

As soon as it was noised about that the distinguished outlaw was in the city, quite a throng of curious bodies went to the Calhoun building where they got a glance of him.

"There he sits with a thin, cornsilk moustache, and smoking a cigar," said a bystander to the scribe. The scribe at once proceeded to make mental notes of the supposed bandit, and had succeeded in making a good mental photograph, when the said subject arose and quietly walked out of the house and across the street to one of the neighboring saloons. It was one of the Missouri deputy marshals!

Next we turned to the true, and veritable Frank James, a man five feet ten and one quarter inches high, seeming taller than what he is (for he only weighs about 130 pounds) with dark hair, a clear, firm, earnest eye and almost nervous in his movements.

He looked travel worn and when seen several days later, in his cell at the jail, there was a marked difference for the better in his appearance. He is rather pale, but by no means a cadaver standing in stockings ready to jump off into the great elsewhere in a jiffy. His extreme pallor is suggestive of a want of sunshine. Since October of 1882, he has not enjoyed the bounding, buoy-



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Bess Hogan, Woodville

ant life of a dashing freebooter, but has sickened over with the damp of prison walls. His life has undergone a change!

A glance reveals the fact that his chest is his weak physical point, but he is not yet on the perilous edge of the grave. He informed our scribe that his natural weight was not over 140 pounds. He has a dry, comfortable cell at the jail and thinks he is stronger than he has been for some months past.

He thinks he would like Huntsville, whose beauties of scenery and charming air were already familiar to him. He had been to Huntsville several times before, but had not tarried here for more than a day or two at a time. He had likewise traveled through on the Memphis and Charleston road several times and had admired the mountain fastnesses of Jackson County. Concerning his case, of course, we did not expect him to say much.

He said that he had employed Gen. L.E. Walker as his local attorney and expected that Governor Charles P. Johnson, of Missouri, would be on hand to attend his trial. His habit was to get the very best counsel to be had and then leave every thing, to them.

Yes, he always slept well; slept as easy as an infant, went to bed about nine o'clock every night and did not get up until half past ten next morning. He found that sleep had all the health giving powers so often ascribed to a thousand and one nostrums.

His circumstances had been indeed a hard school.

He would not try to make bond, he reckoned, as it was but a short time till the April term of the Federal court and his friends had already been exceedingly kind to him. He could make it easily

if he chose to. He did not wish to tax his friends any more than he found actually necessary. He hoped the local press would at least, not go out of its way to pound him, and prejudice his approaching trial. Every man is entitled to an unprejudiced trial.

With quite a merry twinkle he said that he thought the entire press owed him a large bounty, for he had furnished them food for gossip and reflection for twenty years. They had often taken the privilege of placing him a thousand miles distant from where he really was.

When the scribe bade him "good morning," he extended a cordial invitation to the scribe to call again as he had always been a good friend to the "quill-drivers" and had never interfered with one of them. The scribe has a vague suspicion that there was another twinkle in his eyes this time, as he said he had never "troubled" any newspaper man.

Alas! What great mistakes even the greatest among us sometimes fall into!



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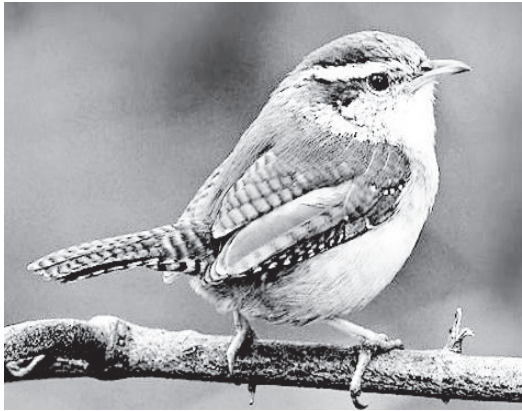
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"Why do drug stores make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes and energy drinks at the front?"

Steven Justice, Arab

A Bird in the Hand (1991)

by Bill Alkire



As I pulled into the driveway, we were met with a noticeable racket and associated activity apparently going on inside the house. Both teenage children were yelling and the dog was barking loudly. My wife and I got out of the car and headed into the house quickly via the open garage door.

The garage door was up and the door leading to the breezeway was also flung wide open. We discovered the main door leading to the house was also open. Stepping inside the activity that we had heard outside, when pulling in the driveway was in full dramatic play. Both children were in panic mode, rushing about as if they were being attacked by a swarm of Yellow Jackets or Wasps.

The dog "Duchess" was jumping around and barking - in the dog's case she seemed to be enjoy-

ing whatever was going on.

The next thing obvious, to us newcomers to this incident, were the cats (De Loren and Andromeda). The cats were upstairs gazing out between the banister spindles at the ceiling fan and making weird pitiful sounds like a wild lion after a victim.

The object of all this attention was a poor defenseless Carolina Wren. The little bird flew toward one of the high mounted windows. Both cats nearly fell from their perch. The cats began to weave in and out between the spindles like they were squirrel monkeys.

The bird flew to a picture hung on the wall. The cats

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24 hours a day, right from
your birth, until the day you
fall in love.

ran down the stairs like a wild creature was chasing them, all the while making a weird frightening sound (yawoe, meow, hiss). One of the kids tried to catch the little bird and the dog began to bark again. The entire group was in full chaotic anxious disarray. The little bird was scared and had been leaving calling cards (droppings) everywhere it landed.

I attempted to settle everyone down and develop a plan. First, we opened one of the high mounted windows providing an escape route for the little creature. The dog settled right down and an attempt was made to settle the cats. The cats continued their growls and wails.

With no one chasing the little bird there was a noticeable calmness. The little bird began to make happy tweet sounds, as though it was thanking us. He flew about - and made his way to the windowsill of the open window - and out he flew.

The story unfolded while we cleaned up the bird droppings. Andromeda - the older female cat had captured the bird when it flew into the breezeway. Excited about her prize catch, she brought the bird inside the house as a gift to our daughter. The cat then responded by letting the bird loose. The bird was not injured, just detained. It took off flying not knowing where it was or where it was going.

With everything settled it was time to reward the cats for their outstanding chase work, and the dog for her awesome alertness. We humans had a big laugh - at least it was not a snake.

The snake came later, along with frogs, Chipmunks, fish and additional birds.

The Life of a Senior Citizen

What are seniors citizens worth? They are worth a fortune, with all the silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys and lead in their feet.

As for myself, I have become a little older since I saw you last and a few changes have come into my life since then. Frankly, I have become quite a frivolous old gal. I am seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake up, Will Power helps me get out of bed. I immediately go to see John. After that Charlie Horse comes along, and he really takes a lot of my time and attention.

When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays for the rest of the day. However, he doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he just takes me from joint to joint.

Finally after such a busy tiring day, I'm really glad to be able to go to bed with Ben Gay. What a life!!



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Jeremy Paul, Athens

"Miss Homecoming"

GLADYS CHUNN
CLASS OF '52



From Humble Beginnings

by Gladys Ophelia Chunn

I was born May 23, 1934 in Pond Beat, Madison County, AL. This is a description of the old two-story house from my memory beginning around age 3 on the land now occupied by Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, AL. Our house (two-story) had one large room in which you entered from a back door through the kitchen leading into this room with two large beds on each side covered with lots of quilts. There was a large fireplace with a black iron pot hanging from inside the chimney and underneath it sometimes small sweet potatoes were roasted in the hot ashes under these large burning logs. There was one small-paned window on one side of the room. I was probably born in this house.

I was raised by my Grandparents Baker Chunn and Hickmon Tyler Chunn. They saw that their first Grandchild was noticeably bright and alert as I grew up with their six children, one three weeks older Aunt Willie (Tiny) born May 4, 1934 and one younger, Uncle Ernest (Sonny Boy).

It was no doubt that I was privileged, always staying close to Mama trying to help her in the house and in the fields and asking questions. I worked in the fields chopping cotton and I could pick 200 pounds.

My first grade school was Gaines Chapel M.B. Church. Our desks were benches (pews), we shared pencils, paper and the Dick and Jane Primer about a white family and their blue car, stay at home mother, Dick and Jane pictures with easy to read conversations. Ms. Savor (Big Baby) our teacher lived nearby on Burton Road.

My Grandfather built the house west of Burton Road with all new lumber furnished by Mr. Cliff. This house had one large room and one small kitchen both with front windows overlooking the long front porch. I was about 7 when we moved shortly after from Pond Beat over the mountain (historically) to Goat Neck inhabited by colored people probably since the late 1800s because their houses still had a basic log cabin and hard dirt floors inside with some added wood frames. I am sure Mr. Cliff purchased this property for my Grandfather to live on. Our house was a large log cabin with wide board floors with a framed kitchen with a short window in the back and a framed hallway south leading into the add-on big room (bedroom with windows and a new fireplace, brick with chimney).

In the log cabin part there was only one tall window left of the front door. At first there was a large fireplace with an all rock chimney and later closed off for an iron 2 eyed heater with a front opening to put in black coal and short wood, always a black tea kettle on top. The entire house had a tin roof covering. There was a non stand-up attic where old things like quilts, clothing were kept and when it rained we children would go up there and play and sleep.

This house was in the center of the Goat Neck community. There was a barbed wire fenced-in pasture where the cattle and livestock were kept with a trough/ditch near the spring. There was a large framed barn for the animals opened to the pasture. The top floor of the barn is where potatoes and onions were kept to dry. On the side of the barn near the spring there was a large hog pen. The neighborhood natural spring water was the source of fresh cool water for the families and livestock in Goat Neck.

Outsiders regularly came to the spring and filled their barrels, tubs, tanks and large water bottles. Farley and surrounding areas used well water that had a bad sulphur taste and smell. We raised large fields of cotton, corn, sugar cane and patches of peanuts, watermelon, cantaloupe, honey dew, tomatoes and greens. We had a big fenced in garden with okra, cabbage, peppers, white and sweet potatoes, beets, carrots, eggplants,



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peas and beans. We always had enough to share with the neighbors. In Goat Neck we raised sugarcane and my Grandfather Baker Chunn processed the sugar cane into molasses at his molasses mill. His mill was conveniently located near the spring where he was able to use the water.

We worked in the fields seasonally from early morning, stopping around noon and would go to the house and eat a hot lunch. Then back to the fields chopping or picking cotton until dusk and back home to wash up and eat dinner. When we were working in the fields we could see the airplanes flying in and out of Redstone Arsenal. At harvest time the cotton was picked and taken to Lily Flagg's Gin to be processed into bales.

My Grandfather, the sharecropper would get with Mr. Cliff and settle up and this is where the 40/60 rule applied.

Sometimes we rode on the cotton on the back of the truck to the gin and enjoyed a treat at the gin of chocolate or orange-covered popsicles.

My Grandfather was a very smart man. Along with running the farm he made corn liquor in a distillery on the side of the mountain and home brew in the house. He was an avid huntsman, always bringing home a satchel full of wild game. With his lass he would half sole our worn down shoes. My Grandfather would also bottom chairs and make brooms.

During this time, our only source of lights were oil kerosene lamps. We had more than one lamp. We had to make sure the lamps had adequate kerosene, a clean globe and a trimmed wick for nightly readings and homework. After everyone else was asleep at night he would sit and read his Bible.

I attended Farley Colored School from 2nd to 6th grade. We walked one mile around the mountain to and from school. On the way to school in the winter it would be so cold we would stop at one or more

houses and warm our hands and continue on to school.

Our teachers drove down from the city. At first we had three teachers; Ms. Pope and Ms. Kelly and Ms. Stone. Rev. Joseph Lowery was one of the substitute teachers. At first Farley was a one-room school but later they added on a second room. There was a boys and girls outhouse and our water source was sulphur water that had to be pumped out.

The school had a huge black heater in the middle of the floor and the coals were piled outside. Mr. Carter who lived on the road he would start the fire during the winter so it was warm when we got there.

I attended Winston Street Colored school for my 7th and 8th grade year. While there, I was a Girl Scout.

In the fall of 1948, a newly built consolidated school, Council Training for grades 9th-12th opened at Normal, AL for all students in surrounding Madison County. The school's parking lot could be seen with many big yellow school buses and our wooden framed bus with long roll-up shades on each side for windows.

This bus was called "Our Crib" and the driver was Rev. Charlie Ross. It is unknown the number of all white school we passed to get to Council Training.

As a 9th grader entering high school with grades 9 through 12 departmentalized was simply exciting. Moving from classroom to classroom such as Ms. Long's Math, Ms. Simpson's English/Literature, Ms. Spillman's Home Economics, Music with Ms. Tuner and Ms. Powell, Biology/Chemistry with Mr. Richard, Mr. Holloway and Ms. Butler P.E plus a hot lunch in the cafeteria with Mrs. Crutcher and Ms. Nobles.

I was a cheerleader and sang in the high school choir. In 1951 I was elected Homecoming Queen and I graduated in May of 1952. I was the first of my family to go to college, earning a B.S. Degree in Elementary Education from Alabama A&M. My first teaching job was at Sanford Consolidated School in Opelika, Alabama teaching a 1st and 2nd Grade combination. I moved to Chattanooga in 1960 and taught in the Chattanooga Public Schools teaching grades 1st - 3rd.

I moved to Kansas City, MO in 1965 where I taught grades 1st though 6th and Special Education for 28 years. I am presently living in an active retirement community in Pearland, Texas where I enjoy participating in many daily activities.

I am currently working on my autobiography/book to become a Best Seller!

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turn to the experts

The Maysville General Merchandise Store

by Wilma Jean Millsaps Berry
as told to M.D. Smith, IV



In 1886, Judge Thomas Jones Taylor wrote that Maysville "...is a pleasant, healthy place with an abundance of fine water and is the center of an orderly farming community." It was a "Carriage & Stage Stop" in those years because of the spring where watercress grew.

Jean Millsaps Berry, born March 14, 1928, enjoys sharing memories of Maysville and her family's store at the intersection of Maysville Road and Ryland Pike.

Jean said, "My father, Arthur Millsaps, bought the store in Maysville from A. K. Bragg in 1935 with a bank loan. Some called Daddy by his initials of A.E., but the workers and farmers referred to him as Mr. Arthur." Jean smiled. "Oh, there was always a big sign that read, 'Two places you are always welcome is here and at home.'"

Jean's mother worked in the store full time and put aside all she could for several years, and for Christmas, 1948, presented

her husband with a "Paid-Off" mortgage. They had been paying on it for thirteen years, with seven left to go.

Jean recalled the layout of the store, saying, "When you walked in, on the right was the Candy Counter, with Baby Ruth bars and Hershey's as well as lots of chewing gum."

"A bit further, Paregoric and Black Draught remedy, laxative and other medicinal things, like Ex-lax. All the brands were there. Naturally, they had chewing tobacco, some cigars and all the cigarette brands like Lucky Strike, Camels and Chesterfield."

Jean remembers a big safe with the cash register on top. "All of the sharecropper's accounts were in the safe. Behind the counter, Daddy had a pistol and a blackjack. Sort of like a frontier town, and drunks would come in the store with bad language... he'd say no cussing in here and throw them out. There was the coffee grinder, which was a large machine. Nearby big hoop of cheese and bananas on a big stalk. Plenty of crackers...fifteen cents for cheese, crackers, baloney and hot pepper sauce on top for lunch or a tasty snack. Cans of pork and beans and a large pickle jar near. Other things in the meat counter were salt port, big logs of baloney. People ate on an oil-cloth covered table." "We always had cats around looking for something to eat. They were needed to keep the rats away. The rats would chew into the flour in big sacks on a pallet but close to the floor. My favorite was 'Old Tom' because he was the best mouser of them all."

"Past the long counter were the Nail Kegs that people sat on and played checkers at an old wooden table. Hardware was in that area

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"I was so bored I called Jake from State Farm. He asked me what I was wearing."

Becky Stinson, Huntsville

with nails, screws, tools. Not far were piece goods, fabric materials and patterns, and all sorts of sewing accessories."

"An old large table radio played at the end of the counter for people that didn't have one in their homes. The radio had a wooden case and a carved wooden top. Since this was a regular gathering place day and often into the night, you'd hear the continuing saga of 'Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories' ('37-'55) and 'Young Widder Brown' ('38-'56) in the daytime. Another favorite on Saturday evening was the Grand Ole Opry. It drew a big crowd. Like I said, Daddy wouldn't allow drunks in his store and meant business about that—Saturday night in particular. I also recall Roosevelt's marvelous Fireside Chats. No one wanted to miss them."

"I remember a big kerosene container with an old handle and pump to get the 'coal oil' into containers fifteen cents for a gallon."

A big potbelly stove burned in winter to keep the store warm. Round and large. The floor was oiled. "Murphy® Original oil soap is the one Mom and Grandma used to clean wood to a natural shine." Or they were polished by hand with linseed oil and beeswax. This gave an oily look and feel to many old oak or maple wood floors. Jean said there were three occasions at the store she most remembers.

"One was during the ginning season. Farmers would

bring their cotton to be ginned at Harry Nance's gin. Long lines of cotton wagons lined the road. The gin ran continuously, day and night, and from time to time, it would break down. As they waited, people would gather in the store, playing checkers, eating baloney, cheese, crackers, sardines, bananas, candy. Being the only gin around, it was a big social outing."

"Secondly, Miss Strong would come out from the health department to give shots. Families would bring their children. I'd gather flowers to put in a vase on the table inside, near where the shots were being given. There was a doctor in the area, Dr. Howard, who had a home not far away, and his downstairs was his office. He and his nurse treated people in the area. The Howard home still stands in Maysville."

"The third was at election

time. Sheriff Hawk brought a polling box from Huntsville. Election officials were stationed in the store. Luke St. Clair had a wagon that he would park in front of the store that had drapes that rolled up on each side. He sold barbecue and wildcat whiskey. Some enterprising supporters would offer whiskey to people who would support their candidate." In December 1949, her father, A.E., sold the store. New owners took over, but in 1953 it burned. A new one was built some years later. A concrete block store called The General Store is on the site.

"My childhood in the forties and fifties were wonderful years. Life was simple. The work sometimes hard, but for me, a joy. Being involved with a large business for the time and a farm gave a young girl all in the world she needed to have a wonderful life."

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"Let's play horse. I'll be the front end, and you just be yourself."

One "friend" to another

Pheoba Kay Albright

by Austin Miller

Occasionally I walk through Ryland Cemetery. The markers don't have epitaphs like those in Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology but the names bring memories of people that I knew and people I heard about that lived before the beginning of my memories. Sometimes I think about stories that have been passed down about things seen in the graveyard that have never been explained.

My family moved a little north of the cemetery across Ryland Pike when I was three years old. We lived in the second house behind Shiloh Church and had a clear view of the cemetery. For thirteen years I caught the school bus at the main entrance and couldn't count the times I passed by it day and night from before I can remember to the present day. During all those years I never once saw any scary or paranormal activity.

Even as a young boy I knew that none of the people buried there could or would hurt you.

Technically there are seven different sections that make up Ryland Cemetery. But the focus of this story is the largest cemetery of about three acres or less located at the corner of Ryland Pike and Dug Hill Road. It is one of the oldest cemeteries in the State.

Shiloh United Methodist Church goes back to 1808 and the cemetery began during the early days of the church. Many of the early graves have disappeared. Sometimes the markers were a pile of rocks stacked at the head of the grave or an inexpensive tombstone that got broken over time. After all family and friends were gone the rocks and markers got scattered and the grave sites were lost. For some burials there was no identification at all and no record of the burial. Before most people started using vaults it was not uncommon to see sunken graves with or without a marker.

In the fifties metal crosses for Confederate soldiers were visible throughout the cemetery. One of those was for my great grandfa-

ther, Burgess Miller. Unfortunately, every one of those crosses has been stolen by thieves.

Both my parents, two grandparents, four uncles, a great niece, two sets of great grandparents, two great aunts, two great uncles and many cousins are buried there. My relatives in the cemetery carry several last names; like Miller, Mefford, McKinney, Tipton, Parton, Taylor, Harbin, Carter and Doyle. Most of the Ryland people of my parent's generation rest there.

Recently I came across a small flat marker about eight inches wide and eighteen inches long. The name and dates on the marker read Pheoba Kay Albright White, 1940-1985. Pheoba Kay was in my class at Central School and her name has stuck in my mind through the decades. She rode my school bus and lived in the vicinity of Jordan Road and Homer Nance Road close to where Mitch and Debbie Howie live.

I watched from our front yard for the bus to travel down Jordan Road to pick her up and when it came back out to what is now Ryland Pike it was time for me to walk down our drive to meet the

bus. I don't remember when she left Central or what school she moved to. All I remember for sure is that she didn't graduate from Central and didn't go to Gurley for high school.

As I viewed her marker I couldn't help but wonder what accident or illness ended her life so young, where did she go after Central, what was her life like, did she have children, what did she look like as an adult? I decided she must have been a beautiful woman because I still remember how pretty she was as a young girl.

My Father maintained the cemetery for many years. After that my brother Gregory was the caretaker and for the last fifteen or more years Richard Parton has been in charge of the cemetery. In memory of his many family members buried there and as a service to the community he cuts the grass free of charge.

Many of Richard's family members in the cemetery are also my relatives. All the people of Ryland that have family and friends buried at Ryland or have one of the few plots left owe Richard a debt of gratitude.

One reason he doesn't charge is so there will be enough money in the Ryland Cemetery fund to maintain the cemetery after he is no longer able to cut the grass.

An exemplary example of one person's service to his community.

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Tips from Liz



- * Use bread crumbs instead of cracker crumbs to cover anything that has been dipped in egg. Cracker crumbs do not brown as well.
- * A small sock filled with coffee beans under your car seat will make your car smell really fresh.
- * Use the peels of those little Clementines to toss into a pot of water along with ground cinnamon & cloves - the smells in your kitchen will get raves from everyone!
- * Oil of almonds softens the skin and is essential for your complexion.
- * For wrinkles, bathe the skin where they appear with a mixture of alum and water. This will tighten the skin.
- * To soften hands, keep a dish of oatmeal near the washstand and rub freely on hands after washing. This will cleanse and soften the skin.
- * A 93-year old lady we know who has the most beautiful skin washes her face each evening, then adds a light coat of olive oil.

Every woman dreams of the man who takes her in his arms, throws her on the bed and... cleans the entire house while she takes a nap.

- * The best way to clean your broom is to soak it in a bucket of hot water, a little ammonia and soap suds. Rinse well and let dry, upended on the broomstick before storing it away.
- * Club soda is very good for cleaning & shining appliances & counter tops.
- * For a fresh home scent, buy some wintergreen oil and soak cotton balls in it, place them in dishes around your home.
- * For fridge odors, soak a cotton ball in pure vanilla extract and place in bowl in refrigerator. Your home will be sweet!
- * Judy Smith sent us a good tip for a super glass cleaner: Mix 2 cups water with 1/4 cup vinegar and 1/2 teaspoon of liquid detergent - works great!

Speeding

An elderly Irishman bought a red sports car to help him recapture his youth and was driving at 120 mph. He noticed blue lights flashing behind him and thought, "I'm too old for this nonsense," and he pulled over.

The policemen walked up to the driver's side and said, "Sir, my shift ends in 10 minutes. I'm ready to go home. If you can give me a really good reason why you were speeding, I'll let you go."

The old man said, "Well, years ago my wife ran off with a policeman. I thought that might be you, bringing her back."

Policeman - "That'll do. Have a good night!"

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The Story of Us

by *Jan Gentry with
Randell Gentry*



Madison County Coliseum

It all began on a cold December night of 1975. December 27, 1975 to be specific. My sister had orchestrated a blind date for me with her (then) boyfriend's best friend, Randell. They picked us up after Youth Choir practice from Jackson Way Baptist Church on Andrew Jackson Way. After awkward introductions, we met up with a group of the guy's friends from school - primarily from Evangel Christian Academy and Sparkman High School. The plans for the evening included pizza from Big Ed's Pizza on the corner of Oakwood Avenue and Pulaski Pike.

I was no stranger to Big Ed's Pizza as our family had enjoyed their offerings for several years, but I was a stranger to the group of about 15 teenagers I was about to meet. Granted I'd heard most of the names from my sister and her boyfriend but had not met them previously. A big ask for an introverted and basically shy girl of 17.

More awkward introductions as names and faces and brief facts of each person were flung in my direction! There was Pat, Donna, Steve, Ricky, Karen, Roger, Louis, Diane, Linda, Teresa, Steve #2 and Bebe to name a few from the back corners of my memory. As I sat there wondering how on earth I'd keep all the names and faces straight in my brain, a single comment snuck through the fog wait - one of those is Randell's sister?

I had previously thought he was an only child; only to discover he is actually

one of 5 siblings! !

As the evening continued, I was regaled with stories from most of the friends gathered. Stories from Randell's childhood friend who walked the back roads of Monrovia with him picking up soda bottles to exchange for cash at Josh Cole's Country Store. Anecdotes of sports victories and defeats at Sparkman and Evangel including the mischievous goings-on at sports banquets. The tales of the boy's antics at sleepover parties in Harvest and Monrovia. I began to realize these friends were more like family to Randell than simply high school friends, and from that point forward they became part of my extended family as well.

That first blind date turned into a series of dates and courtship that began in my senior year of high school and graduation from Lee High School (the old one on Forest Circle), throughout my college years at University of North Alabama. We married on June 27, 1980, at Jackson Way Baptist Church where it had all started 4-1/2 years earlier - to the date.

During the past 45 years, we have watched Huntsville and the surrounding area morph from a sleepy city to a bustling metropolis. Along the way we passed the time at several establishments that are unfortunately no

**IT'LL BE WARM SOON,
WE PROMISE!**



**IT MAY NOT FEEL LIKE IT BUT
SPRING WILL BE HERE BEFORE
WE KNOW IT.**

Oscar & Maria Llerena

WITH LOVE TO THE HUNTSVILLE HIGH CLASS OF 1966

longer here. There were afternoon walks from my childhood home to Zesto's at Five-Points for Dip Dogs. Weekend evenings could be spent around the fireplace at A&W Root Beer on Drake Avenue. Special occasions like prom date dinners and anniversary celebrations might find us at The Islander or Fogcutter.

We indulged in milkshakes from the soda fountain at Tom Dark City Drugs on the Courthouse Square. Then we strolled through Big Spring Park to feed the ducks.

Christmas shopping expeditions usually ended up at The Mall where we would inevitably toss coins into the fountain while making grand wishes for the future. That same fountain, which was rescued during demolition of The Mall, now sits in the round-about between Costco and Home Depot on North Parkway. We attended several events at The Madison County Coliseum including the Madison County Fair which was held annually on the Coliseum grounds.

The Coliseum was eventually replaced by Madison Square Mall which quickly became a go-to spot to meet friends and enjoy a meal in the food court. Date nights often included a promenade around the upper level perusing offerings from the various kiosks.

We frequently enjoyed movies at the Lyric or Martin theaters in downtown; the Martin had THE BEST popcorn, in my

opinion! One date night when funds were especially low, we opted to forgo the movie and indulge in popcorn only. We carried our shared bag of popcorn to the top of the parking deck to sit and watch passersby. Unfortunately, a stumble over my new platform wedges resulted in the popcorn spilling onto the pavement. Since we couldn't afford more popcorn, instead of sitting on the edge of the parking deck to watch people, we sat on the pavement and ate the spilled popcorn. It still tasted delicious!

After we married, one particular friend regularly arrived at our house around midnight to drag us out of our bed to go to Shoney's on the corner of North Parkway and University for the Breakfast Buffet. The coffee was always hot and the stories were no less entertaining despite the late/early hours.

There were group bowl-

ing dates at Plamor Lanes and Monarch Lanes that quickly turned into mini tournaments. We shared many meals at Thomas Pit BBQ on Highway 72 where we would almost always meet someone from the group.

We have celebrated birthdays, weddings, children and grandchildren with this group of friends, as well as grieved the loss of parents, siblings and spouses. We have cheered on The Tide and traveled many miles together for sporting or concert events.

A lot has changed in Huntsville since our journey together began, but one thing has stayed the same. The love we share for each other and the love we have for that same group of friends has endured all the changes we have seen. We are still in contact with most of them and enjoy making new memories while reliving stories of our times together.

"I drink too much. The last time my doctor got a urine sample from me it had an olive in it."

Rodney Dangerfield

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Birthday Surprise

by Lawrence Hillis

I recently had a birthday and was thinking about my various birthdays in the past. Sometimes we have special birthday celebrations, such as when turning 40, 50 or 60. My wife Karen always made sure I had those special celebrations in the past. My nephew Michael May and brother-in-law Carl Still have birthdays near mine. Before my mother passed away, we usually got together at her house to celebrate all three birthdays at the same time. This year due to the pandemic extension, we celebrated with only my daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren.

Your 21st birthday is usually a special occasion. I recently turned 71, and it occurred to me that it has been 50 years since I celebrated my 21st birthday, wow half of a century. Since 21 was the legal drinking age, most of the people I knew back in the 70s would throw a big party or "do the town." That usually led to heavy drinking and hangovers the next day. My 21st birthday was on a Monday. On Sunday, the day before my birthday, I still had not planned anything special, I was not into alcohol, so my best friend William Howell said he would pick me up after we got off from work, and we would go to our favorite steak house Western Sizzlin and have a steak and take in a movie.

Monday night rolled around and Willie came by and said the plans had been changed. We both were single and during evenings and on weekends, we did home construction jobs for additional income. We had been remodeling a house in north Huntsville by renovating their garage and changing it into a den. That included removing the garage door and building a wall and installing bay windows. In those days, paneling was stylish, so we insulated the walls and installed sheets of paneling. We were almost finished and the only thing remaining was cutting and hanging wood trim. Willie said the owner called him and asked him to finish on Monday, because they were expecting carpet installers on Tuesday and they had friends coming over on Saturday. Willie has always been very helpful. If someone needed something, Willie would drop what he was doing and help out. That is just the way he is. But that was about the last thing that I wanted to do - to work on a renovation job on my birthday.

However, I started thinking that my friends were possibly planning a surprise birthday party for me, so I played along and decided I would act surprised when we got there. I thought he was taking me to a friend's house where people were waiting. However, we pulled into the driveway of the house where we were working, and I thought that was a strange place for my party. I thought they did a good job hiding all of my friends' cars. We went in and no one jumped out and hollered "surprise." So, I thought everyone would be in the new den. We went to the new den where we were to do the work and there were the saw horses, tools and trim to cut. Again, I decided to play along with the surprise thinking they really needed the trim completed, so our friends would probably be by later with pizzas and a birthday cake. Willie said he would measure the trim; I could cut it and he would hang it. We finished in a couple of hours and still no one arrived.

While I was cleaning up, Willie left the room for a while. Usually when we finished a job, we would go to Dairy Queen. As we were headed home, Willie said, "let's stop by Dairy Queen for a milk shake." I said yes, because I was still pretty hungry since I did not have that steak dinner he promised. Then it all made sense. I figured he stepped out of the room and had called some friends to meet us at Dairy Queen.

When we arrived at Dairy Queen, I did not see any of my friends' cars. When Willie said we would order at the drive-in window, it finally occurred to me that I would not be having a birthday party on my 21st birthday. No big deal, it is just another birthday.

I think Willie felt bad about not doing anything for my birthday. Willie started a tradition the next year. He calls me on my birthday and sings Happy Birthday to me in a deep bass voice. Throughout the years, I have been very happy with any type of birthday celebration, as long as it is not cutting and installing wood trim.

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*by A. H. Lawrence, sent
in by Kathleen Vaughn*



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Of human pain,
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To lovingly do
The kindly deed,
A cup of water
To one in need.
A tender hand on
A fevered brow,
A word of cheer to
The living now; To teach
the soul through
Its body's woe,
Ah! this is the way
The Lord would go.
O white-capped girls in
Dresses of blue,
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Winn Dixie - Knock 'em Out, John!

by John H. Tate



Often, a person doesn't recognize a life-changing moment while it is happening; it is not until they can reflect with 20/20 hindsight. One day they say to themselves, "That day - that event - that moment in time was a defining moment." Future life events determine if they review that moment with pride or with regret.

Working at Winn Dixie on Jordan Lane while I was in high school, there was such a moment. However, like so many people, I did not recognize the moment as critical nor very important. I always considered it just one more embarrassing moment at my part-time job.

It all started as I clocked in for my Saturday morning shift. The store was in a tizzy; someone told me that we were expecting important visitors from the Southeast office, some V.P. of something.

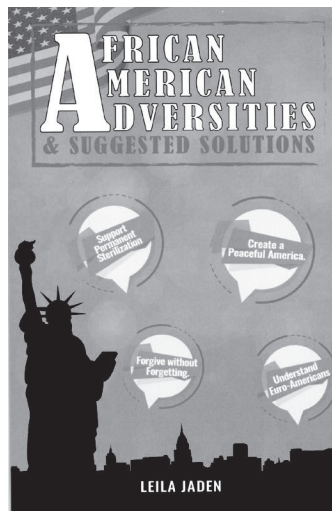
After clocking in, an Assistant Manager asked me to make sure the public bathroom, located in the back through the Produce Department, was clean and ready to be inspected. It seems this V.P.

had something about bathrooms being spotless. After cleaning the bathroom, I went back to the front of the store.

The managers had us pulling racks out and cleaning under them; some looked like no one moved them in years. So, we scraped and scrubbed everywhere the managers could think to look. To ensure the stock room was clean, straight and in order, we did not start unloading the trailer out back.

Then over the P.A. system, we heard, "They are

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Prevent Stealing Among Young African-American Teens: Give Them a Job

Many times, 12-year-old children who live in low-income families are arrested for shoplifting because their parents or guardians cannot afford to give them spending money. This book suggests that the federal government fund afterschool/weekend jobs for children from this age group until they believe they have outgrown them. The jobs could be picking up litter off of sidewalks and streets. Children can also help sick or elderly neighbors by taking their garbage to pick-up locations.

When younger children see their siblings or older friends working, they engage in what is called "anticipatory socialization". They look forward to having a job, so they imitate older children for free until they are old enough to get paid. The funds could be given to the local employment office to be awarded to local religious groups that apply to be the program administrator for their area. Having a job can help prevent young teens from entering the criminal justice system.



Available on Amazon

Author: Leila Jaden

Seen on a tombstone in England:

**"Remember man, as you walk by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so shall you be,
Remember this and follow me."**

**To which someone replied by
writing on the tombstone:**

**"To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."**

here."

I ran up front in time to see several cars parked in the lower part of the parking lot and men walking toward the store. Somebody asked why they parked so far away. One of the Managers said, "Front of the store parking is for customers."

A Manager turned to me and said, "Run back and make sure that the bathroom is in good condition." So, I ran back to check on the bathroom, it needed a little tidying up, but it was great for the most part. Wanting to be up-front, I started to run back to the store's front, busting through the double Produce Department doors, not looking through the glass.

I ran dab-smack into the V.P. guy, just about knocked him down. He said, "Son, you need to slow down and look through the glass before you come busting through these doors." He asked my name, and one of the Managers told him, "John Henry." He said ok and went on with his tour. He found no problems in the back of the store, including the bathroom.

Some of the guys, including Assistant Managers, started teasing me, yelling, "Knock-em Out John!" Playing off the Jerry Glowers comedy routine that was popular around then, called "A Coon Huntin' Story." Especially in the Produce Department, every time I came through the doors, everyone yelled, "Knock-em Out John!"

The V.P.'s inspection of the grocery departments did not go as well as the back of the store. You could tell he has been doing this kind of thing for a long time; he did not check the areas we spent the day cleaning; it was as if he had dirt radar and knew where to check.

Sure enough, anytime he asked for something to be moved, there would be dirt and crud under that item for days. Anytime he found dirt, grime, grease, or gum, he would say, "Get that John Henry to clean it up." People who never heard of me before heard my name called a lot in just a couple of hours. "John Henry to can-goods isle," John Henry to the baking aisle." I got tired of hearing my name. Well, the day finally ended, and the knock-em-out John jokes died down after a

couple of days.

As time went on, a position came open in the Produce Department, and I asked, or was asked to fill it. In my third year, I asked to be promoted to the Meat Cutter Trainee in the Meat Department. The money was perfect; if I remember correctly, it was \$4.50 per hour, and I believe the minimum wage was \$1.80.

As it turns out, my promotions to the Produce Department and as a Meat Cutter Trainee all had to receive final approval of, guess who? The V. P. I just about knocked down; yes, he remembered me running him down, but more importantly, he remembers how well I did every dirty job he called for me to do that day.

When I look back on my W.D. days, it is with fun memories; I recall the chants, "Knock-em Out John."



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The Broads of Big Cove - My Neighbors *by William Sibley*

Jonathan Broad was born in Cornwall, England in 1825. He and three brothers, possibly two sisters, emigrated to the United States, arriving here on Sep. 15, 1847. Some of the siblings settled in California and one brother, John, settled in Atlanta, where he owned a saloon and became a wealthy man, realizing the American dream. John died in 1883, leaving a fortune of \$240,000.00. Jonathan and his sister, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Maynard, were to receive two-fifths of the \$240,000.00, but after paying attorneys' fees, they received little or no money

Jonathan and his brother-in-law, Thomas Maynard, became coal miners on the mountain adjoining Huntsville, which was Monte Sano. On May 6, 1914, a newspaper printed a story revealing that in May of 1862 before the Civil War had been felt in this part of the South, Jonathan Broad, an Englishman was hired by Messrs. Baker and Conway to "mine coal cropping along the edge of the mountain."

During the Civil War, Yankee camps were set up about Huntsville and since they needed coal, they commandeered the mines Mr. Broad had started. Thirty soldiers were detailed to work the mines and when they realized that Mr. Broad was not a U. S. citizen, they made him start hauling the fuel.

The Yankee soldiers left Monte Sano in a mass of ruins and since it was a resort area, there were no funds available to restore the area. After the Yankees left, Mr. Broad resumed his mining which became a lucrative business, turning out thirty wagons of coal per day and workers were earning \$33.00 per day.

Mines began to close in the 1880s, but Mr. Broad continued to work his mines for several more years. Jonathan's son John went to work in the mines as a small boy and witnessed a tragic accident; a large rock fell on a miner and "crushed his head to jelly."

Jonathan married Sarah Jane Lemley and they were the parents of four sons; John Ruben, Thomas a.k.a. "Bud", William and Henry a.k.a. "Hence". Jonathan's obituary states that he died at the age of ninety-three and was probably "the oldest man in the county." Mr. Broad worked on the first railroad ever built in London. He is buried in Holmes Cemetery.

On Oct. 24, 1874, Jonathan Broad became a U.S. citizen, taking the oath of allegiance administered by Judge James H. Bone, Clerk of the Madison County Circuit Court. Jonathan Broad became a very wealthy man, owning property in Huntsville and 350 acres of land on Monte Sano, which he sold and bought farms in Big Cove for his three married sons. The other son, Hence, was not capable of running a farm.

The Broads were good carpenters, talented technicians and hard workers, but they would never do any work on Good Friday. Mr. Broad was a member of the Church of England, which makes me wonder if the "no work on Good Friday" was a teaching of his church.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Tricks to Teach your Pup



* Hide and seek

Once a dog has mastered basic obedience training move on to more sophisticated actions that teach it to follow routines on command. Hide an object and tell the dog to "find" or "seek" it, starting with a familiar toy and moving on to other objects - make a fuss of your pet and reward each time the dog is successful. When fully proficient, the dog will eventually be able to fetch dropped gloves, newspapers or car keys and bring them back to you.

* Mix n' match

Teach the dog the names of different objects and then identify them on command. Start with known items such as dog toys and offer high praise and a reward when the name is matched by fetching the right one.

* Tidy up time

A trick that encourages tidying up following playtime is to teach the dog that has learned to identify a few objects to fetch them and deposit them in a box. Enunciate carefully and stay watchful, otherwise there may be objects belonging to family members that find their way into the dog's custody. Reward!

* Take a friend for a walk

As soon as a dog can hold something in its mouth and particularly if it is friendly towards other animals, it can be taught to hold a leash and take another pet for a walk. Make sure the dog is used to having the leash in its mouth and then work towards attaching another friendly animal to the other end.

* Give me your paw

Have your dog "Sit." Say "give me your paw" and get your pet's paw in your palm. Reward him and offer him a snack. Continue doing this method several times. Right after every test offer your pet a bit more time well before getting his paw. During this stage your pet should already know to give his paw once you say "paw".

* Jump thru a ring

Once you begin teaching your dog to perform this trick, take care not to keep the ring too high so that he does not hurt himself. Let's

begin...Face your dog, having the ring on top of the soil in front of him when dog sitting. Get the dog's focus at the same time while placing a treat inside the ring. (He needs to be sitting down during this stage in the training.) Give your dog the "OK" to go after the reward. At first he will probably attempt to go all around the ring. In cases where he does this, begin from the start without rewarding your dog. The dog wants his treat, so soon he'll discover that heading through the ring is the only method to have it. Once he does go through the ring, say "HOOP". Repeat and have fun!

* Dance

How to teach a dog to dance? This trick might in reality be helpful if your dog has a hard time with the "Off" command once he's hopping on people. Occasionally dogs respond well to replacement behavior, and teaching him how to dance is a great way to put all that energy to work.

Each time your pet gets crazy and is hopping around you, command "Dance" while you gently take and hold his front legs, drawing him to stand on his hind legs. Sway him from right to left a bit. Praise him, give him a treat and gently put him back on the floor.

* Pray

How to teach your dog to pray? Easy! The aim is to have your dog put his head down between his paws on the command "Pray," or "Say your prayers," and all of your friends and family to say, "Awwww! So cute!"

Sit in a chair with your dog in the "Sit/Stay" position in front of you. Put a treat on the chair between your legs. Command your dog to "Pray," and encourage him or place both of his paws on the chair while he remains in the "Sit" position.

Apply the "Leave it" or "do not touch" command and so he does not eat the treat and then give him the "Pray" command. Your dog should stick his nose down to the treat between his paws. Command the release, "Amen," and so give your dog the treat and praise him. For smaller dogs, or if your big dog does not get the chair route, you might prefer to apply a low table. You are able to stand behind him to guide his paws to the table.

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Growing Up Here

by Tom Carney

When I was a young boy, I grew up here in the Hurricane Creek area of Huntsville surrounded by more kinfolk than you could shake a stick at.

My Daddy used to say that if they weren't kin to us now, they would be if they stayed in one spot long enough.

One of my uncles was Earl Frazier, a deputy sheriff at the time. Our family had been in Huntsville for so long, the rumor was that we helped John Hunt unload his wagon when he moved here.

Being like most other kids, we had a tendency to get into trouble now and then. Among other things, we figured if we were old enough to almost shave, we must be old enough to drink a little liquor. I was the tallest, so I was nominated to do the buying.

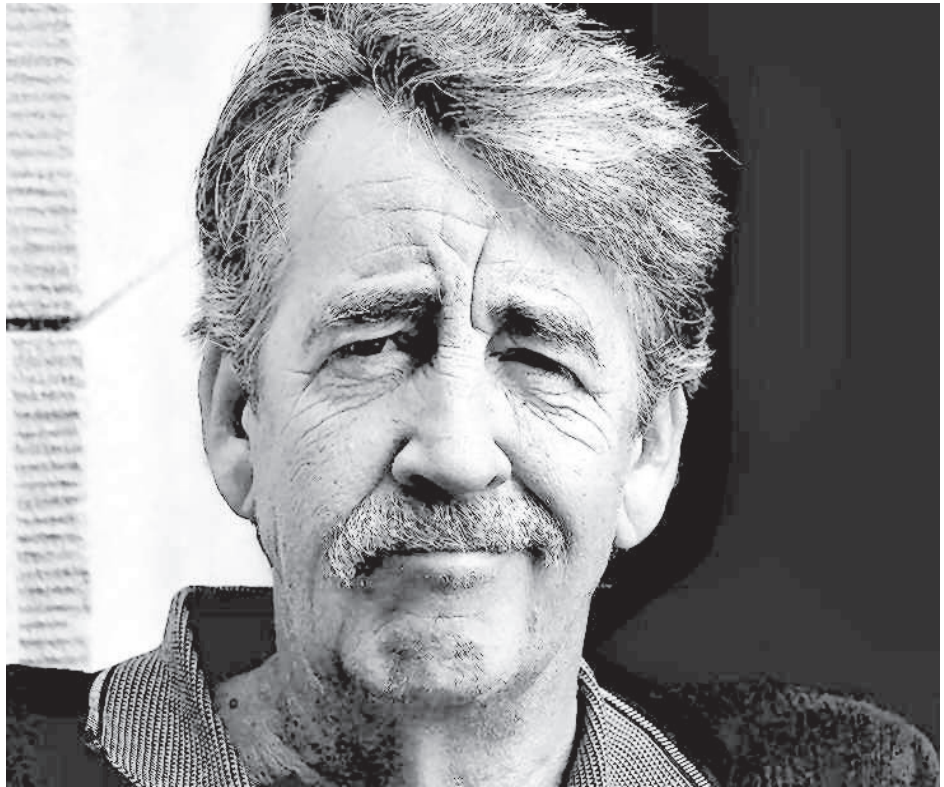
At that time there was a bootlegger in town by the name of J. B. Webb. On occasion, we kids would pool our money and I would go visit J. B. for a 6-pack of beer. The nine of us would go park on some dark road, share the six beers and wonder if we were getting drunk yet. Course, we would all smoke cigars and sprinkle perfume on one another so our kinfolks wouldn't catch on.

This went on for a good while and being worldly men like we were, one night we decided to try some whiskey. Having already done our research, we knew exactly how much a half pint cost. So I go strolling into J.B.'s on my tiptoes, chest poked out and carrying exactly \$1.49.

J.B. looks up from his chair and says, "What will it be, Tommy, a six-pack?"

In my most manly voice I reply, "Oh no, sir, I'll need a half pint of Sunny Corn Whiskey tonight."

Without even looking up, J.B. responds, "Can't do it, son. Your Uncle Earl said don't sell you nothing but beer."



"Did anybody tell you that you're a few french fries short of a Happy Meal?"

Susan Phillips



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OLD HUNTSVILLE TRIVIA OVER THE YEARS

1802 - John Ditto builds a lean-to shack against the bluffs of the Big Spring. After a short while he moves to the Tennessee River to what is known as "Ditto's Landing." Five years later, John Hunt discovers Huntsville.

1816 - James O. Crump delivers a load of oranges to Huntsville from Mobile, AL in only 28 days. The newspapers of the day stated that it was remarkable that only 6 out of the 1000 spoiled.

1817 - First school of dance opens. The school was located above Talbot's Inn and was run by John B. Grantland.

1820 - Planters Hotel advertises breakfast for 37-1/2 cents. Lodging for the night was 12-1/2 cents while a stable for your horse cost 50 cents.

1824 First bank robbery in Huntsville. The Planters and Merchants Bank was robbed of \$25,000 and a \$2000 reward was offered.

1828 - A new water reservoir is built on the Courthouse Square. It was a two story building with the reservoir occupying the first floor and chambers for the city council filling the second floor.

1843 - In one of the first attempts at zoning, the city fathers force Preston Yeatman to remove his horse stable from the corner of Greene between Eustis and Gates Streets.

1845 - Education is gaining a strong foothold. There are seven colleges and high schools with an enrollment of 676 students.

1846 - The "Huntsville Volunteers" under the command of Capt. William Wilson depart for Texas to join the fight for independence.

1851 - The town is scandalized by a young man, age 19, who checked into a local hotel accompanied by his wife, who was 62.

1862 - The first defense industry arrives in Huntsville. J. R. Young and Co. are given the contract to manufacture six pound cannons for the Confederacy.

1865 - C. C. Clay, a Huntsville native, is imprisoned along with Jefferson Davis in Fort Monroe for conspiracy in the death of Abraham Lincoln. The charges were never proved and Clay was ordered released by U. S. Grant.

1866 - Fordyce and Rison Banking House opens its doors. They will remain one of the most influential banks in Huntsville until 1948, when they were acquired by First National Bank.

1870 - John Hays, a well known local fisherman, catches a 105 pound Sturgeon in the Tennessee River. It was seven feet long and was sold for \$3.50.

"I wake up each morning and read the obituaries. If my name's not in there, I eat breakfast."

George Burns



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Motorcycles

by Barry Key

When my dad was discharged from service after WWII, he and mom leased a service station that had a living area in the back. The station was in Marshall County, on "Old Highway 431", about two miles south of downtown New Hope. My dad also worked at Redstone Arsenal.

My dad loved motorcycles. My mother hated motorcycles, and against her wishes, he bought one after his discharge from service. In addition to joy riding, in good weather he would ride it to work. I don't remember the brand, but it was large and sounded like the present day Harleys.

From time to time, he would take me for a ride letting me sit in the saddle in front of him. We would cruise through "downtown" New Hope and the sound of the motor would really echo between the buildings. I can still remember the feeling of the acceleration,

and the wind blowing in my face. My mother would be frantic until we pulled back under the canopy in front of the service station.

One day he was not able to start it and asked two friends to help push start it. I was 5 years old at the time and of course I had to help. The motorcycle had a round, tubular, bumper on the rear fender, just the right height for me to push. I was between the two men and when the engine fired, my dad accelerated immediately. My fingers were wrapped around the bumper and I was dragged for several feet before I could turn loose. Like most kids my age, I wasn't wearing a shirt or shoes, only shorts.

The first few feet got the skin on my stomach, knees and toes. When my fingers let go, the momentum threw me forward and that got my chin, elbows and forearms. A lot of

surface skin was gone and my body looked like a third degree sun burn, but amazingly, there was very little blood. The whole episode didn't last more than one or two seconds but it took weeks to heal. My mother, after the accident, convinced my dad to sell his motorcycle.

Jump forward to the 1950s: We lived in Farley (Redstone Park) for a while and then moved back to a house in New Hope that I lived in until graduation from high school. Most of my friends in New Hope owned motorcycles. I wanted one very badly but mother absolutely refused for me to have one. My dad wasn't against me having one, but he honored my mother's wishes.

When some of my friends planned a trip that wasn't a long distance, we would tie a rope to one of their motorcycles and I would be pulled on my bicycle. When mother found out what was happening, she finally gave in and said I could have a motorcycle. A few days later, mother, dad and I were on our way to Guntersville to shop

"When I see lovers' initials carved on trees, I think it's interesting how many people bring knives on a date."

Jacob Dees, Athens



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and also buy me my very own motorcycle.

As we started up the end of Lewis Mountain on "Old 431" and through the "S" curves at Lucas Gap, there was an accident. A motorcycle and a car had collided and the motorcyclist had been killed. Not only was the cyclist killed, but that killed any possibility of me ever owning a motorcycle while I was living at home.

Jump forward to the early 1970s: Judy, our two boys and I had moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee. One weekend my parents had come to visit. Sometime during the day, dad and our two boys disappeared. When they finally showed up, our boys couldn't wait for the rest of us to see what granddad had bought them. There in the back of dad's pickup truck was a brand new shiny red, off-road motorcycle. I'm not sure who was the most upset, Judy or my mother.

Although I thought my dad should have discussed it with Judy and me, I took it much better than Judy, remembering how bad I wanted one when I was their age. However, I could see problems on the horizon... one motorcycle and two boys! The boys agreed to take turns riding the motorcycle which worked out fairly well while we lived in Chattanooga.

Our youngest son was around 10 years old and all of his friends only had bicycles. Our oldest son was around

13 years old and had several friends that also had motorcycles. He of course monopolized the motorcycle.

Jump to 1979: We had moved to Birmingham, Alabama. Our sons were now 12 & 15. There were several boys in our neighborhood their age and it seemed they all had motorcycles. Now, they were both constantly wanting the motorcycle at the same time. It was an everyday battle to settle. We tried the every other day approach, but that didn't work because it didn't coincide with their friend's riding times. This went on for several months so Judy and I finally made a decision about how to resolve the problem.

No, "we" didn't buy another motorcycle. We called my mother and dad and asked them to come for a visit....and by the way, we told them to come in dad's truck. Problem solved....

Hot Buttered New Potatoes



- 1/2 stick butter
- 15 new potatoes, skin on, scrubbed and sliced
- 2 t. garlic powder
- Salt & pepper to taste
- 1 T. each fresh chives, dill and parsley

Melt butter in pan, throw in potatoes.

Cover tightly and cook 30 minutes over medium heat. Flip and stir. Chop up chives, parsley and dill, sprinkle garlic powder, salt & pepper and stir well. Let crisp up another five minutes and serve.



Mister

HELLO, THE ARK NAMED ME MISTER. I CAME TO THE ARK WITH MY SIBLINGS.

I AM WHAT IS CALLED A TUXEDO CAT. THAT IS BECAUSE OF MY BLACK AND WHITE FUR. I AM A VERY HANDSOME YOUNG MAN AND I AM HOPING FOR A WONDERFUL

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"I told my psychiatrist that everyone hates me. He said I was being ridiculous - everyone hasn't met me yet."

Rodney Dangerfield

TO THE VICTOR

by Al Dean



I had endured their ravenous intrusions far too long. Concerned that I maintain a preacher's dignity and decorum, my wife cautioned against venting my anger and disappointment. Having been reluctant to employ extreme measures, I had procrastinated to the point that altering the course of events was unlikely, but I had exhausted all my options. Enough is enough! In my mind, it was now or never. No more Mr. Nice Guy.

It had all begun innocently enough, one bird feeder and a twenty-five pound sack of wild bird feed. Overtime one feeder became four, run of the mill bird feed became more exotic: striped sunflower, black oiled sunflower, safflower, tiny Niger thistle seed - and they came. First one, then two and finally running amuck in hordes like lemmings racing toward a cliff.

Dressed in a camo outfit bought especially for the confrontation, I was crouched on a stool in a newly constructed blind beneath the overhanging limbs of a large oak tree in our backyard. Shafts of light from the rising sun slanted through

the wet leaves. It had rained during the night and rain was my friend. Any movement in the leafy branches above my head would send drops of water splashing to the ground signaling their presence. Zero hour was approaching. They would be on the move.

It had taken me several weeks to construct the blind. I built it at night. I didn't want them to see what I was doing and they needed time to grow accustomed to its presence.

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John Purdy
Loretta Spencer
Sarah Chappell

I erected a 2 x 4 frame and attached saplings I'd hacked from the woods around our house. I gathered honeysuckle vines and sumac and laced it among the sapling's limbs. I fashioned windows on the front and sides of the blind and left the back open. When they no longer showed any concern for the "Trojan Horse" in their midst, I snuck in during the dark of night and waited for the sun to rise.

I glanced at the baited trap closest to the blind. I checked to be sure my yellow plastic pistol was fully loaded with the quarter inch diameter yellow plastic pellets. I cocked it and smiled. Being struck by one of the plastic pellets wouldn't maim them, but hopefully would convince them there was a price to pay for their transgression. Removing the feeders was not an option, but having tried everything else, this was a last resort. Today it would end.

My neighbor's tractor sputtered to life as he began his work day. Overhead, geese honked as they glided onto the pond beyond the trees. The guttural sound of a truck's exhaust rumbled across the hay field and in the midst of day's awakening, it began. Water splashed from the limbs above, tinkling the leaves of the oak tree. They were on the move.

I squinted into the foliage, glad that I had smeared my face with camouflage paint and pinned oak leaves to my cap. I strained forward looking for the slightest movement.

There!

One was hunkered against the tree attempting to avoid detection. Suddenly, more water spilled down through the leaves off to my right, alerting me; another one, then another and more of them arrived.

Amazed at the boldness of their advance, I adjusted my swivel stool to position myself for a shot. I pointed the pistol, sighted it, just like I had practiced, took a deep breath and gently squeezed the trigger. It popped like a fly swatter slapping a table. I watched the slow moving plastic ball hit precisely where I had aimed. The projectile had no more impact than the pop that preceded it. I drew a bead on another and squeezed - nothing. They continued coming. I had a

thousand plastic pellets and I'd need all of them. I kept popping; they kept coming. There were too many coming too fast for me to fend them off. They soon overran the blind. I had no choice but to retreat to the safety of the house.

I made it, but to the victor go the spoils.

The four feeders rocked and spun, buffeted by a swirling storm of marauding squirrels devouring the seeds. Cardinals, Tufted Titmice, Finches and a lone Dove watched their banquet disappear, as my wife, watching me watching them, just shook her head and sighed.



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you've eaten hot dogs and
bologna all your life but you
refuse a vaccine because
you don't know what's in it?"**

Pete Jonas, Gurley

OVER-THE-HILL CAR RAMP



by Gary Gee, Sr.

The Chevrolet 490 and Model-T Ramp-at-the-Fair story is a peripheral story to research that I have been doing on the Steel-Beam Shovel Plow that Archibald C. Morrison invented. (He has two patents, one in 1906 and an improvement in 1925). <https://www.google.com/patents/US814721> and www.google.com/patents/US1548734.

I have restored the plow. Archibald's plow was stronger and lighter than the conventional plow, equipped with a "rudder" to help keep the plow on course. He was a blacksmith, wagon maker, plow maker and inventor.

Archibald, apparently, also sold cars for Ford. He

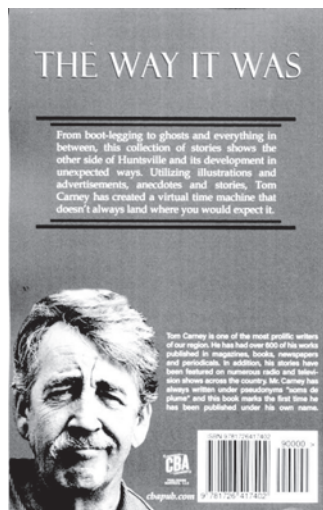
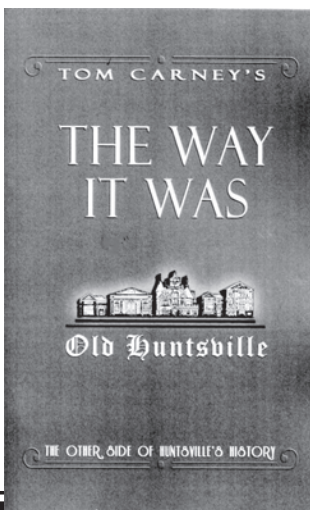
is my great-grandfather. I think that his plow has essentially been swallowed up by history. Horse and mule-drawn walking plows quickly were followed by riding plows and tractors were on the horizon.

A few years ago, my Morrison relatives in Memphis and Nashville presented me with what probably is the last of Archibald's "Wonder Plows," and his plow maker's anvil. I also have his unique farrier hammer that my grandmother gave me, and recently I received from my Morrison relatives great family photographs. The Tennessee State Museum added the plow, anvil, farrier hammer and photographs to its collection.

Among the photographs was the picture of the unusual ramp at the Tipton County, Tennessee Fair. The ramp may be a teeter-totter ramp used to demonstrate and compare the capability of cars to ascend and then descend hills.

The ramp in the photo is displaying the Chevrolet 490 at its price of \$490. A gentleman under the ramp is looking up toward the 490 and the fulcrum of the ramp. Chevrolet produced the 490 from 1915 to 1922. I can determine that the photo probably was taken at the 1920 Fair. At that time, the Model-T Ford and the Chevrolet 490 were in hot competition. The sales price for the Model-T was \$495.

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



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The Chevrolet 490 (like the Model-T) had a gravity-feed fuel system. But in 1920, innovations to the Chevrolet 490 included "an improved gravity-feed fuel system." (That may mean that they just moved the position of the fuel tank). The teeter-totter ramp could have been a structure for demonstrating that the 490 - on a gas tank with a low amount of fuel - could go up a hill with no problem as well as for displaying the car at the fair. This probably would date the structure to the 1920 Fair.

The Ford Model-T was having difficulty ascending hills when the gas tank got low on gas. At times drivers had to climb hills in reverse gear. I think that the ramp at the Fair may have been the first Teeter-Totter Car Ramp to display/showcase cars.

Recently, there have been some online articles by folks suggesting that they have come up with a unique idea: "a teeter-totter ramp for displaying (showcasing) automobiles." They may be over 100 years too late. One of my second cousins, Warren Morrison, a grandson of Archibald says the following:

"Archibald and one other family member, so goes the family lore, had the first Ford dealership in west Tennessee operating out of Covington, TN. Dad said he would ride the train down to Memphis to the Ford plant on Union where the Commercial Appeal is now. You can still see the old train track strip. I never knew if they were manufactured there or was a distribution center only. Anyway, Dad would drive the ordered car back to Covington."

"Why we have this picture of a 490 Chevy is lost to history. Morrison's being Morrison's, my guess it had nothing much to do with the car and more to do with documenting what their competitors were up to."

Great-grandson Cliff Morrison added the following:

"If I recall Dad's story, the demo was to compare a Model T attempting the incline followed by the Chevy."

Warren remembered another family story.

"Dad was dating someone, not Mom. The Model T reverse gear was stronger than the forward gear. One time he and his date faced such a hill climb dilemma and he had her get out and walk up the hill in

her Sunday best, while he backed up the T in reverse."

"He raced by her uphill in reverse spraying dirt and dust all over her as he went by. He ended this story with, 'That was our last date.'"

The two different deficiencies of the Model T listed in the article, fit with each of the deficiencies reported by Cliff and Warren at <https://prezi.com/ofvOOxai-qjd5/first-automobile/>:

"The Model-T's gasoline was only able to be fed to the engine by gravity. Also, the reverse gear was stronger than the forward gear."

Three ladies were discussing the travails of getting older. One said, "Sometimes I catch myself with a jar of mayonnaise in my hand, while standing in front of the refrigerator, and I can't remember whether I need to put it away, or start making a sandwich."

The second lady chimed in with, "Yes, sometimes I find myself on the landing of the stairs and can't remember whether I was on my way up or on my way down."

The third one responded, "Well, ladies, I'm glad I don't have that problem. Knock on wood," as she rapped her knuckles on the table, and then said, "That must be the door, I'll get it!"

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