



No. 338

April 2021



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

## Brother Dave - Minister and Bank Robber



Hermitage Avenue in the summer of 1957 was a quiet Huntsville neighborhood; the kind where children played in the front yards and older people sat on the front porches fanning themselves with cardboard fans purloined from the local funeral home.

One resident boasted that it had been so long since he had locked his doors that he no longer remembered where his keys were.

***Also in this issue:* Indian Graves Revealed; Going Downtown in the 1930s; Siren Chasing; Life was Hard in Old Monrovia; The Grandfather of Country Music; Huntsville Park Hot Tamale Recipe; Pet Tips and Much More!**

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# A Minister and a Bank Robber

by Tom Carney

Hermitage Avenue in the summer of 1957 was a quiet Huntsville neighborhood; the kind where children played in the front yards and older people sat on the front porches fanning themselves with cardboard fans purloined from the local funeral home. One resident boasted that it had been so long since he had locked his doors that he no longer remembered where his keys were.

The first indication that something might be different came when a stranger in a dark suit approached a man who was mowing his front lawn. Speaking in a low but authoritative voice, the stranger told the man to go inside the house and lock the doors. Then he walked across the street where two children were playing and knocked on the door. When a woman answered he told her to get her children inside the house and lock the doors.

After looking up and down the street for a long moment and seeing no one else outside,

he raised his arm above his head and waved it in a circular motion.

Suddenly the air was filled with sounds of screeching tires as two black unmarked cars raced to a stop in front of a house in the middle of the block. Four or five men dressed in dark suits and carrying shotguns jumped from the cars. Two of them ran to the rear of the house while the others approached the front.

Minutes later the neighbors watched in shock as a middle-aged couple was led from the house in handcuffs. The man was Dave Saunders, known to most of the people as Brother Dave, one of the most respected members of the community. The woman, Aunt Essie, was his wife.

They were charged with three counts of bank robbery.

Dave Saunders was born in 1914 near Hazard, Kentucky. His family was typical of the area; poor, hardworking and imbued with strong religious convictions. His father worked at a coal mine until one of his legs was crushed in an accident. After that he scratched at a small piece of land trying to raise a garden. The only cash money came digging ginseng and picking berries.

The only relief from the grinding poverty were the church services. For many people in Appalachia, the churches were their only social contacts and more importantly, it was

**"If you see a bomb technician running, follow him."**

**Cpt. Jim Taylor, Gurley**



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a place where everyone could be equal. The typical service was led by a self proclaimed preacher who, accompanied by a guitar or a banjo, would preach hell, fire and brimstone. After the sermon would come the testifying - a time when members of the congregation stood up and talked about how Jesus had come into their lives.

Dave had started testifying at an early age and by the time he was a young man had become a very eloquent and interesting speaker. Oftentimes he was invited to lead the services when a minister was not available. Many people expected him to take the next step and form his own church.

Unfortunately for Dave the church was more tradition than conviction. He was merely doing what everyone expected. The church would always be a part of his life, just like the mountains surrounding his home, but for the rest of his life, he would struggle with his faith.

In 1935 Dave was returning home one day from chopping wood for a neighbor when he

spotted a car parked on the side of the road. It belonged to Mr. Elliot, a paymaster for the local mines, who had walked into the nearby woods to relieve himself. As Dave approached he noticed a canvas payroll bag lying on the front seat.

Pausing only for a split second, he grabbed the bag and took off. After he had run several miles, he stopped to catch his breath and opened the bag. It contained almost \$1,600. For Dave there was no moral dilemma. He hated his life and had dreamed for years about living some other place. Now, suddenly, it was almost as if the hand of providence had reached out to help him.

Without ever returning home, he cut across the mountains until he reached the main road. By hitchhiking and walking he made his way to Detroit. During the trip Dave had plenty of time to think. He was not sure what the future would bring but he knew he would never be poor again.

Within a few weeks he had transformed himself from being dirt poor into an elegantly

dressed and immaculately groomed gentleman. He had always been a gifted speaker which added to the cultivated image he had created.

Many people claim it is impossible to give up, and to forget, everything you have known in your past and in Dave's case this was certainly true. Despite his new cultured image he had a longing to be with people he could identify with.

He began attending a small "hillbilly" church and within a short time had become a valued member. Many people began attending just to hear the testimonies he routinely gave. An odd thing about testimonies is the fact that many people strive to out-do one another in talking about the sins



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they committed. If one person talked about being a drunkard before he joined the church, the next person would talk about being a worse drunk and a womanizer.

Dave was no exception. Although always careful not to be too specific, he talked about being a robber and stealing money. He talked about walking away from his family and never going back. Dave was by far the most eloquent speaker the church had ever seen.

About this time a split occurred in the church and some of the members asked Dave to be their new minister. After much thought, he agreed. Some of the other members, however, were highly upset and were determined that he would not replace the current minister.

After doing a little investigating they learned that Dave was from Hazard, Kentucky. Remembering his testimonies about being a robber they contacted officials there. Three weeks later Dave was arrested and, after confessing, extradited to Kentucky where he stood trial. He received ten years.

When Dave was released from prison he drifted to Chicago where he settled into a life of petty crime. He had learned that looks were everything and by posing as a well cultivated gentleman, had no problems passing bad checks or buying things on credit which he would then resell. He was arrested several more times but appears not to have spent any lengthy time in jail.

Despite his life style he

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*Alex Levine*

was still drawn to the church, although now he was careful about his testimonies. His life seemed to develop a pattern. He would attend a church and after a period of time would be asked to become the minister. He was always highly successful in building the membership and his revivals were eagerly anticipated.

Eventually, however, authorities would always show up with a warrant for his arrest. And each time this happened, members of the church would post bond for him and he would simply disappear.

Dave was pastoring a church, and hiding from the law in St. Louis when he met Essie Bumgarden. She was short, overweight, an avid church-goer who reminded everyone of their favorite aunt. She was also a thief. One person later described her as the type of person who would spend all day cooking food to deliver to some sick old lady and then steal the woman's checkbook before she left.

Dave and Essie quickly became kindred souls, drifting back and forth across the country, floating bad checks and

holding revivals. While Dave was always the front man, it was Essie who provided the brains. In 1955 they were passing through Springfield, Illinois when suddenly Essie told Dave to stop the car. She then walked across the street and into a bank. Two or three minutes later she ran out holding a bag and told Dave to take off. They had just robbed their first bank, but it would not be the last.

Essie had been formulating a plan for months. She and Dave were both tired of the traveling, living under different names and always being just one step ahead of the law. They often talked about moving somewhere where no one knew them; a place where they could join a church and be respectable in the community. As odd as it may seem, they both considered themselves deeply religious.

Her plan, as she explained to Dave, was to stop all the bad checks and credit scams. There wasn't really much money to be made anyway. Instead, they should go after banks where they would only

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have to rob one or two a year to live comfortably. Then they could settle down somewhere.

Dave said later they were sitting in a truck stop in Austin, Texas when they decided where they would settle down. Dave spread a map on the table and Essie, after closing her eyes, randomly touched the map. Her fingertip was on Huntsville, Alabama.

Dave and Essie were flush with money from the Springfield robbery and had no trouble living up to their new image. Dave was supposed to have been a retired minister who had inherited a substantial sum of money. They had moved here, they said, to get away from the cold winters in Michigan.

Within a few months it seemed as if they had lived in Huntsville forever. Essie was constantly baking cakes and cookies for the neighborhood children who began calling her Aunt Essie. Hardly a day passed without her visiting, and carrying food, to someone who was ill. Everyone agreed - she was the perfect minister's wife.

Soon after moving here, Dave began stopping by the Bon Air restaurant for coffee every morning. It was the ideal place to meet people and Brother Dave, as he was called now, quickly became popular with the customers who met there every morning. Grady Reeves invited him to be on his radio talk show. Probate Judge Ashford Todd asked him to counsel a young couple who were contemplating divorce. J. Otis King, a popular and charismatic local minister, asked Brother Dave to accompany him on visits to the jail and hospital.

Although Brother Dave professed to be nondenominational, "The Lord is my church" he would say, he was often invited to preach at local churches and to give the benediction at civic meetings. Just how well he was accepted was illustrated one morning when he stopped at the county jail to minister to the prisoners.

Ed Norton, the chief deputy, was sitting at a desk going through some old bulletins when suddenly he stopped and handed one to Dave.

"Looks like I am going to have to arrest you," said Norton.

Startled, Dave looked at the bulletin. It had his name and picture on it and said he was wanted for bank fraud. Fortunately the picture was old and did not resemble him much. Not knowing what to say, he silently handed it back to Norton who by this time was laughing.

"That's one of the best jokes I have seen in months," said Norton. "Brother Dave a criminal!" He then started a story about how he had found a bulletin one time for another man named Ed Norton.

Unfortunately, cakes, cookies and ministering cost money and it was not long before Dave and Essie began planning another bank job. This time it was a bank in Charlotte, North Carolina where they made away with almost \$9,000.

Later, when asked how they justified robbing banks and working as a minister at the same time, Essie replied, "We prayed about it and knew we had to continue the Lord's work."

Brother Dave had by this time become so well known in Huntsville that he was even asked to preside at marriages and funerals. When a local civic club decided to have a fund raiser he was asked to head the committee. Aunt Essie joined a sewing club and did volunteer work at the hospital.

In the summer of 1957, Dave and Essie decided it was once again time to raise money for the "Lord's work." The bank they chose was in Cincinnati,

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Ohio. While Essie waited in the car, Dave entered the bank and slid a note across the counter to the teller telling her to "put all the money in a bag and no one will be hurt."

Seconds later, as Dave was walking out the door, the teller started screaming. A customer in the bank immediately pulled a gun from his pocket and started chasing Dave. Just as Dave was about to jump in the car the customer fired, hitting him in the leg. Essie put the car in gear and seconds later they were on their way back to Huntsville.

The wound was not serious and there was relatively little bleeding although the bullet was still lodged in his leg. Late that night, after arriving home, Essie drove Dave to the hospital where the bullet was removed and the wound bandaged. Witnesses later said that "Brother Dave seemed to be embarrassed. He said he was cleaning an old gun and it went off. He kept saying he could not believe how stupid he was."

Dave and Essie had always been careful with their robberies but this time they made a fa-

tal error. They had not changed their car tags and the customer who shot Dave recognized the tag as being from Alabama.

Authorities began the task of contacting every hospital in the state asking for information on anyone who had been treated for a gunshot wound to the leg.

Within days they had a name - Dave Saunders - who also had numerous outstanding warrants against him for bank fraud, bad checks and burglary.


Brother Dave and Aunt Essie both pled guilty to three counts of bank robbery and were sentenced to thirty years in the federal prison. The fact they never carried a gun during the robberies was a big factor for the relatively light sentences.

Dave was released for good behavior after serving twenty five years. He currently lives in a nursing home in Chicago, Illinois and is a part time pastor of a small church.

In his spare time he is writing his memoirs, called appropriately "The Lord's Work."

Aunt Essie served her entire sentence and disappeared after being released.






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# A WEDDING TO REMEMBER

by Anna (Gene) Clift Chesnut



Our wedding took place at the First Presbyterian Church, April 25, 1964 in Huntsville and was supposed to be one of the most memorable days of our lives, Boy, was it ever! My husband-to-be and I had picked that date because, he, being a medical student, had a four day break before he had to be back on clinical service. I, having been a biology major in college, was working in an immunology lab at the University of Florida where he was a medical student, so we were both on time schedules.

The day of our wedding was beautiful and sunny, the per-

fect temperature for me and my bridesmaids in our summery attire. Like most brides I was excited and a bit nervous, wanting everything to be perfection. My mother was to walk me down the aisle as my father, being deceased, was not available.



Several people had tried to convince her to find an appropriate family male to do the honors but she would have nothing of it. Having reared me on her own, my mother was going to walk me down the aisle on my very important day.

She had done all the planning, since I was in Florida up until a few days before the wedding, so I just went along

with her wishes. My contribution to the event had been to enlist one of my roommates at the apartment where I was living in Gainesville, to sing an appropriate song. She had a beautiful voice so I was thrilled that she had consented to make the trip,

The wedding itself went off like clockwork, everyone playing their part perfectly. The groom showed up on time. No groomsmen appeared hung over from the bachelor party. The bridesmaids all looked gorgeous in their lovely dresses so everything was going along just as planned.

We said our vows, we were pronounced husband and wife and Mrs. Hamm, the organ-

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ist, played the recessional. We walked out the door of the sanctuary and down the stairs to the reception which was in a large room under the sanctuary.

My mother had hired a chamber music group to play for the reception which was a lovely touch and, of course, we stood in a receiving line along with our parents, to greet our guests. So far, so good!

As the guests started to dwindle, I retired to a dressing room in the annex to change into my "going away" clothes as they were then called. I came out of the dressing room where my now husband was waiting to walk me outside to where some remaining guests and the bridal party were standing to catch the bridal bouquet.

Everyone was throwing rice, it seemed, as we started down the steps. Suddenly, as the rice made the steps like an ice rink, I started to fall, grabbed my hus-

band and he started to fall. We landed at the bottom of seven or eight steps, my husband on top of me. As we landed I hit my head on my toilet article suitcase that he was carrying.

Not realizing that I was hurt, the groomsmen were yelling, "Can't you wait, Charlie?" Boys will be boys! With blood spurt-ing out of my head, everyone suddenly aghast, I was rushed to the hospital (but not before a number of the budding doctor groomsmen had offered on site suturing). Arriving at the hospital where I stayed for several hours with bandages, waiting to have stitches over my eye, a doctor finally came to suture my wound.

Head injuries bleed profusely but are often not as bad as they seem; however, when we arrived at our motel later that evening, my reply to my husband's advances was, "Not tonight, dear! I have a headache....."



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# Life was Hard in Old Monrovia (circa 1930-40)

by W. L. (Dub) Hoover

In the November '20 Old Huntsville issue, I described how wonderful it was for children growing up in OLD Monrovia. Now let me tell you why it was so wonderful for them. For the most part we had spiritually empowered parents, school teachers and church leaders who put family first in their daily lives, which created a positive atmosphere for success. Success was defined as having clean warm clothing, dry shelter and wholesome food on the table.

To accomplish this, life for the grown ups was not easy; in fact it was downright hard. The Great Depression was raging, money was scarce, almost nothing was ready made. Our parents were pioneers of sorts. They were brilliantly resourceful and multi-talented. Electricity had not come to Monrovia so there was no electric lighting, no electric cookstoves, washing machines, freezers, central air, running water or indoor bathrooms. The outhouse was a distance from the main house for obvious reason and the bath was a No. 3 galvanized wash tub in the middle of the kitchen. So you can readily see that the Moms and Dads had to improvise on many levels.

Some clothing was store bought but most of it was hand stitched unless you were fortunate to have a peddle sewing machine. Quilts were hand stitched, stretched over large quilting frames hung from the ceiling. There would be two layers of material with cotton "batting" in between, and the women would punch a sizable needle through the layers from the top then reach under, pull the needle through and punch it back through from the bottom, creating about a 1/8 inch stitch. This stitch-by-stitch process continued until the whole 80 sq. ft.

quilt was finished. The quilt top was typically made by hand, sewing small scraps of colorful dress material together to form creative patterns, such as the popular "wedding ring" design. The quilt bottom was usually made of fertilizer and feed sacks, sewn together.

The women would gather from house to house and help each other. This was called a "Sewing Bee", and you can bet there was a lot of neighborhood "news" passed around, that might be called gossip.

Moms were also charged with many other duties while the Dads were working in the fields and shops. The cows had to be fed and milked morning and night; the chickens had to be fed and eggs gathered; pullets (half grown chickens) were killed and processed for eating; the garden had to be planted, tended and harvested for canning; to say nothing of the three daily meals put on the table and never-ending house cleaning chores. Their "spare time" was filled with numerous other tasks required to keep the family going, such as washing, ironing and making and mending clothing. Kids would help Mom and Dad as they came of age.

Baths were taken weekly except in farm cultivating and harvesting seasons, when "pan baths" were taken daily before bedtime. This was to pre-

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**Beth Johnson, Arab**



vent the field dirt from messing up the fertilizer sack bed sheets, which were very hard to wash on a rub board.

Monrovia was a farming community where cotton was the main cash crop. Corn and hay were essential for pigs, milk cows and chickens. Farming was labor intensive, requiring Dads to begin the day before daybreak and continue till after sunset. Farming with mules meant they were fed, brushed and harnessed before daylight in order to be in the field at daybreak.

When Mom rang the dinner bell at noon, the mules were taken to the barn for feed and water. After dinner (today, it would be lunch), the mules were re-harnessed for return to the field and worked until sunset, when the barn routine was repeated. Now it is finally family supper time, then bedtime after helping the kids with schoolwork by the kerosene lamp.

This was the routine six days a week during land turning, planting and cultivating time. Then the Fall harvest meant picking cotton, pulling corn, mowing and hauling hay to the barn on mule powered wagons, then forking the hay into the barn loft with pitchforks.

With winter coming, the Dads would head for the woods to gather and stockpile enough firewood to last till Spring, for heating the house and firing the cook stove, which was also used to warm bath water for that No. 3 wash tub.

They would fell the trees with a two-man crosscut saw, cut the logs into manageable sizes for loading the wagon and haul them to a convenient spot near the house for "processing." They would split the logs into proper sizes for the wood burning heater, fireplace

and cook stove.

With the crops gathered and preserved and a stockpile of firewood in place, it was time for Dad to start spending the days of winter in the wood shop and blacksmith shop. He would repair and refurbish farm equipment, hand tools, mule harness and shoes, also produce a few chairs and benches.

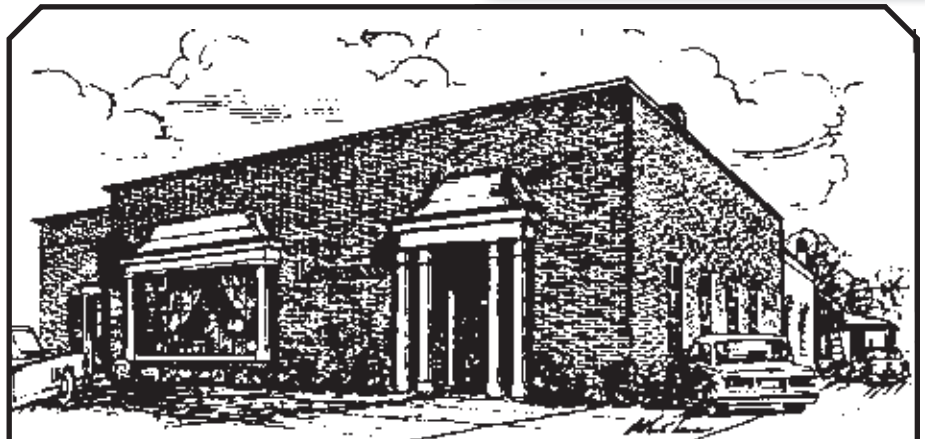
Tapping into the water supply was not as simple as turning on a faucet. All the water for both the family and the farm animals was hand drawn from a hand-dug well some sixty feet deep. A wood frame over the well held a rope-wound windless with a crank for lowering the bucket into the water and reeling it back to the surface. In the summer, the well bucket

was used for lowering jugs of milk into the cool water.

Like I said earlier, our parents were creative and ingenious when it came to survival skills and how to use them.

You are no doubt familiar with the moving lyrics of the song, "He Ain't Heavy; He's My Brother." In reflecting on what life was outwardly like for my parents and others, in those Old Monrovia growing up years, I believe if they had been questioned about it, they would have said: "It Ain't Hard, It's Our Family."

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If for any reason monthly payments stop, call or visit your Social Security office immediately. You may have to hold on the phone, but it's worth the wait.

I got six crank phone calls before noon today, not only on the house phone but also on my cell phone. It is so annoying, running to answer such calls. I fell and have really paid a stiff price. Several surgeries and therapy and lots of pain, so I urge each of you just to let that phone ring. It isn't worth the risk of an accident.

Go out, take a walk, and enjoy the beautiful spring flowers – my favorite time of the year to be thankful for all we have.

Until next time, stay safe and well.

**"Congratulations on your wedding day!  
Too bad no one likes your husband."**

*What you'll never see on a greeting card*

Oh boy, April showers bring May flowers. So true. I don't know about you folks, but my garden and yard could use a good soaking.

Corona Virus has now had us on lockdown for one year. Such a long year. More than half a million lives were lost. Nursing homes, in particular, have isolated their residents to even having meals left in to-go boxes outside their door. Talk about solitary confinement for prisoners. It's almost the same thing.

I've had my two vaccine shots, and I hope you've had yours. I feel less apprehensive going to the grocery store and out to eat than I have for the past twelve months. Get your shot(s) as soon as available to you. My first shot was no problem. However, the second one caused a reaction for almost two days. Still, nothing compared to what the virus might have been.

I have gotten several calls from the so called Social Security office, which were all scams. I wanted to pass along the information I read on it, stating,

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# MY LITTLE BABY BUZZARD

by Susie Parton Bryant



This story comes from my memory of childhood, and my child-like understanding of where my baby brother really came from.

Imagine for a moment the physical attributes of the common vulture, or as we know it in the south, the buzzard. The buzzard is a very large carnivore. The buzzard is covered with thick, sleek, long, black feathers. This allows them to float high above the trees where they can scope out the foul, rotting carcasses of some poor helpless soul of an animal. How does this illustration of the common buzzard compare to the soft tenderness of a baby?

The country around New Market was a quiet and simple place to grow up. The grass always seemed greener, the sky bluer, the sun warmer and the birds

seemed to sing louder. The bird that sticks out the most in my mind is not that of a song bird, but rather the makings of my baby brother.

One day when I was a little girl, I asked my father, "Where did my baby brother come from?" My father gathered me into his lap and the story began, "I found him at the buzzard tree," he said.

I knew exactly where he was talking about. This tree could be seen in a distant field adjacent to our house. This tree stood out from all the rest. It seemed to be as tall as a skyscraper. It was old and gray, it never had any leaves, even in the spring and summer. The base of the tree was thick and as it got taller it began to become very narrow and it had only 2 prominent branches that protruded from the very top, they were almost like nubs from where the longer branch had broken off. It had no life at all, except for the family of buzzards that were perched at the top.

As the story continued, the sun began to set on this particular pleasant fall day, my father and mother were taking a walk down the gravel path that went right past the buzzard tree, when my father heard a faint cry. He began to investigate and right there on the ground lay a little baby buzzard. The little buzzard was so tiny and frail. The fall must have been very traumatizing for the little baby. He lay there on the ground gasping for breath and with every little breath he made only a small crying sound.

My father picked him up and gently wrapped him in his coat. He carried him home and put him in a little box that was lined with soft warm flannel. Then he placed a small lamp above the box for added warmth.

The little baby buzzard was so happy in his new home. He soon began to eat more and began to grow strong. One day as my father was giving the little buzzard a bath he noticed that

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**Bobbie Peterson, Madison**



his skin was very smooth underneath his feathers. My father began to gently pull out the little feathers and discovered that little baby buzzard had soft baby skin.

Little baby buzzard would hop everywhere he went, never did he even try to use his wings, so my father clipped off the little wings and little baby arms grew in their place. My father thought that if he grew arms in the place of wings, then maybe he would grow feet in place of little bird feet and to everyone's surprise he did. The baby buzzard began to look just like a little boy. Well, he still looked kinda funny because my father could not actually clip his head off, but he did trim his tiny beak and little lips grew in their place. My little baby buzzard still looked funny because he still had beady bird eyes. They were as black as coal.

While playing with my little buzzard everyday in the bright sunshine his hair began to change colors, it was now a golden brown. Now it was time to learn to talk. I would talk to my little baby buzzard brother, my father said not to call him a buzzard anymore because it might hurt his feelings, so now he is my little baby brother. As I talked to him and read him stories he began to learn words and sentences. Before long he started talking as much as me. Now he could go to school. We took him everywhere and nobody ever knew his special story.

My brother and I are now grown and the story from our childhood brings many hours of laughter and joy to our lives. My little baby buzzard, oops, I mean my little baby brother was very happy that our father walked down that path that day. So that's how I got a little baby brother!

We still like to drive by and see where the buzzard tree used to stand. Of course as change goes, it is no longer there but in my mind the huge, gray tree still stands there as tall as a skyscraper. The memories will last forever.

My father was Herman Frank Parton, he was born on April 19, 1940. He lived in the New Market area until 1978 when he moved to Denver, Colorado. He passed away on September 16, 1980.

**Cronacoaster - noun.** "The ups and downs of a pandemic. One day you're loving your bubble, doing workouts, baking banana bread and going for long walks. The next day you're crying, drinking gin for breakfast and missing people you don't even like."

# Of Heidelberg

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### Sister Mary Ann's Gasoline

Sister Mary Ann, who worked for a home health agency, was out making her rounds visiting home-bound patients when she ran out of gas. As luck would have it, a Sunoco Gasoline station was just a block away. She walked to the station to borrow a gas can and buy some gas.

The attendant told her that the only gas can he owned had been loaned out, but she could wait until it was returned. Since Sister Mary Ann was in a hurry and needed to see a patient, she decided not to wait and walked back to her car.

She looked for something in her car that she could use to transport the patient.

Always resourceful, Sister Mary Ann carried the bedpan with her. She carefully carried the full bedpan back to her car.

As she was pouring the gas into her tank, two older Baptists watched from across the street.

One of them turned to the other and said, "If it starts, I'm turning Catholic."

# The Grandfather of Country Music

by John E. Carson



Fiddlin' John Carson was born in Cobb County, Georgia on March 23, 1868. In his teens he learned to play the fiddle on an old Stradivari-copy violin brought from Ireland in the early 18th century. He married in 1894 and in 1900 began working for the Exposition Cotton Mills in Atlanta and from there spent the next twenty years in other cotton mills.

When the workers at the mill went on strike to form a union, Carson performed for a living on the streets of Atlanta. He also wrote many songs and would sell copies of them for a nickel or dime. On April 1, 1913 Carson performed at the first annual "Georgia Old Time Fiddler's Convention" where he came in fourth. But between 1914 and 1922 he was proclaimed "Champion Fiddler of Georgia" seven times. Robert L. Taylor, the governor of Tennessee, dubbed him "Fiddlin' John".

Fiddlin' John began touring mostly the areas north of Atlanta in 1919 with his daughter Rosa Lee who performed as Moonshine Kate. Rosa Lee established her independence as a musician and performer and became a pioneer among women country music artists.

A charismatic and colorful character, Carson was a favorite who often carried his fiddle in a flour sack and once brought his dog, Old Trail, who had been trained to vocalize with his master's playing. In the spring of 1922, at the age of 54, Fiddlin' John Carson became the first country musician to broadcast on the radio.

In March of that year, Carson walked into the studios of the South's first radio station, WSB and launched into an impromptu concert of mountain music that lasted "until exhaustion". It was heard all over the country and into Canada and Fiddlin' John became a national hit.

Telephone calls, letters and telegrams poured into the station for days after and John became a regular on the station throughout the 1930s and into the 1940s.

In 1923, Carson began making records on the OKEH label, recording two tracks; "The Old Hen Cackled and the Rooster's Going to Crow." The recording was immediately sold out from the stage of the next Georgia Fiddlers Convention and the record company called him to New York for another recording session. His recordings of "You Will Never Miss Your Mother Until She Is Gone" and "Old Joe Clark" both sold over one million copies, and each was awarded a gold disc by the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America.)

John William Carson wrote and recorded over 150 songs in his life, though only nine were copyrighted. Because he could not read sheet music he had his songs transferred to standard notation by the step-daughter of Andrew Jenkins, Irene Spain.

In his later years he worked for the local government as an elevator operator. Fiddlin' John died on December 11th, 1949 with his fiddle in his arms and is buried in Sylvester Cemetery in the East Atlanta neighborhood of Atlanta. Each year, surviving family and friends gather and play music at his grave on his birthday.



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# News from 1935



## Alabama and Auburn will Clash Again

Governor Bibb Graves has asked a special American Legion committee to negotiate the resumption of the University of Alabama versus Auburn games. He expressed hope that a post season football game could be arranged for the Christmas or New Year's season.

Horace Wilkinson, chairman of Legion's special committee, said they expect to confer with authorities of the colleges by the latter part of this week. "We're going to try to accomplish something," he said.

The colleges last played against each other in a game in 1906.

*(Editors note (2021): Since 1893 the Crimson Tide and the Tigers have played 85 times. Alabama leads the series 47-37-1.)*

## Young Roosevelt Investigated after Raucous Party

Concord, Mass. It was a matter of dispute today whether or not John Roosevelt, youngest son of the President, was in an automobile which struck a hedge, hurling a young girl to the ground after a raucous party.

Chief of Police William G. Ryan said that Roosevelt, a student at Harvard, was indeed in the automobile that was involved in the early-morning accident, which followed the debutante party of Miss Leslie Laughlin the night before.

Based on his investigation, the girl was riding on the running board of the car when it struck the hedge in front of the Concord Country Club.

Another participant of the raucous party, identified as one of the Kennedy brothers, reportedly fled the scene when

informed there would be an investigation.

The investigation was ordered by the town selectmen after receiving reports that the party was quite noisy and had lasted into the early hours of Sunday morning, which is in violation of the state Sabbath laws.

"Absolutely wrong," said young Roosevelt when he was told of the Chief's statement. Three of the four Roosevelt brothers have been involved in a series of motor accidents since their father became president.

We would hope that our president could control his family as well as the country.

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# Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Our winner for the hidden tiny apple in the March issue was **Roy Justin** of Meridianville. He's a native of Huntsville, and retired from Huntsville Utilities in 1987. Roy was a good friend of **Hugh Michaels**, our dear friend and writer who passed away just recently. Congrats to you! You've got some good eyes.

Our winner for Photo of the Month is **Jennifer Johnson** of Huntsville. The beautiful little girl in the picture was **Joann Randolph** who started BizTech many years ago, to help jump-start small businesses. Proud of you Jennifer!

April 27 is a very important day - it is **Cheryl Tribble's** birthday! She lives in Marietta, GA and is the talented editor for Old Huntsville. Happy Happy Birthday to you Cheryl!

**Mike Bryant** of Bryant Heating and Cooling gave us a good tip recently. He got a service call from a lady during the really cold period in February and her heating unit had quit. She had been in the cold for several days. When Mike checked the unit he found that her filter was completely full of dust and pet hair, this had caused the unit to quit. She did not realize she was supposed to change the filter and many people are like this lady. Mike says to change your filter (to your air return) once a month if you have pets in the home, and every 3 months with no pets. If you are good about changing the filters on a schedule, it's not necessary to pay for the most expensive filters.

Also he said make sure there's nothing in front of the air return that could block it, like a couch, dresser etc. It needs to have free air flow. Thank you for your good advice Mike!

**John H. Tate** has been writing recently in Old Huntsville of his memories working at Winn-Dixie back in the day. The stories are so funny and I've made him promise to send one a month, lots of readers have commented on them and want to see more!

It's so good to know that businesses and restaurants are open. It was great to hear that there will be concerts downtown again, near the **Von Braun Civic Center** in a large parking space.

April 27th is a big day for an-

other couple - **Billy and Phyllis Lawrence** of Murfreesboro will be celebrating their 47th wedding anniversary that day. People said they'd never last but they're going strong. Billy has had some medical issues lately and we're sending positive thoughts to him and wishing a Happy Anniversary to the lovebirds.

"The Godfather of Mack Trucking" is what this man is known as. **Bobby Winkler** just celebrated his 81st birthday on March 5 and you can see him frequently at Charity Lane Quick Stop (also a location for Old Huntsville magazines). He has lots of great stories to tell.

**Chuck Nolen** was born April 24, 1928 in Scottsboro. He was 93 years old when he passed away on Feb. 27th. Chuck met and married the love of his life, **Shirley**, and they went on to have 64 years of a beautiful life.

They had 3 children; **Scott, Susie** and **Shannon**. **Susie Nolen Bennett** was a beautiful person with the voice of an angel. She and Shannon preceded Chuck in death. His son **Scott Nolen** survives him along with Chuck's wife **Shirley**, sons in law **Michael**

## 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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**Gifford and John Bennett**; sister **Julia Tollison (Bob)**; brother **Bill Nolen (Billie Jean)**; grandchildren, great grandchildren and many nieces and nephews. Chuck was a gentle, kind family man who made a mark on so many hearts. He will always be missed.

**Alan and Debra Jenkins** are really proud of son **Austin** who's now co-owner of a cool new coffee shop called **Charlie Foster's**. It is located at Stovehouse on Governor's Drive, close to the Post Office there. Austin and his wife decided their business model would be built around employing those with special needs. "By employing people with special needs it gives us a purpose to be here. We're an all inclusive coffee shop and the best thing about it is we realized when you give someone like this a job it's THEIR job and you can't stop them from doing it," says Jenkins. Austin's parents Alan and Debra founded **Merrimack Hall**, a Huntsville nonprofit focused on providing arts education to children and adults with special needs. The coffee shop was named for one of the children who worked at Merrimack in the 1900s, a textile mill. Stop by to say hello and try out their variety of coffee/foods. It's open Mon-Fri 7-7 and Sat-Sun 8:30am to 7pm.

You can check their menu out at [www.charlifosters.com](http://www.charlifosters.com).

**Terry Morgan** is turning 80 on Apr. 13th and we couldn't let the day go by without wishing him Happy Birthday! His sweet wife **Jackie** called to tell us, they are high school sweethearts with 58 years of marriage.

Because we had to spring forward with our clocks just recently I have hidden a **tiny clock** somewhere in the pages of this magazine. Call if you can find it!

**Joyce Royston** was the gentle lady who had a smile for everyone. She was 92 when she passed away on Feb. 11. She had a 35 year career with Thiokol Chemical Corporation, and was married to **Don Royston**. Don was the Golden K Kiwanian who preceded Joyce just a few months ago, and is still missed. Joyce is survived by her stepdaughters **Donna Jobe, Denise (Doug) Patterson** and **Lois (Rip) Patton**, as well as stepson **Robert (Wendy) Royston**. She is also survived by her cousins in Memphis, TN, 16 stepgrandchildren and 6 stepgreatgrandchildren. She and Don had many friends at Magnolia Trace where they lived their later years.

You know how good it makes you feel to set goals for yourself and actually reach them? A friend

told me recently that her goal setting was having an opposite effect as she set difficult goals for herself. Then when she couldn't attain them, she criticized herself. She found that when she set smaller goals, and actually accomplished them, she felt great. So break those big goals down into smaller ones that you can actually achieve.

**Ianthia Bridges** has worked at the BB&T Bank on Church Street for a long time, and her customers love her. April is a huge celebration month for Ianthia's family, and here's why:

Her grandmother **Helen Ramsey** has an Apr. 14th birthday, in heaven. Her aunt **Margaret Ramsey** lives in Camden, Al and has a birthday on April 14. **Tina Ramsey** is her cousin and her birthday is Apr. 19 (Birmingham). Her sweet sister-in-law is **Geraldine Bridges** and has an Apr. 24th birthday (Camden). Then her cousin **Dashana Burrell** celebrates on Apr. 25. I would guess there will be alot of partying going on!

I never thought I'd look forward to getting a shot. Get your **Covid shot** when you get a date - it gives you peace of mind. And start having fun again. We all deserve it, that's for sure.



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# Spicy Good

## Mushroom and Cilantro Tostadas

- 1/4 c. vegetable oil
- 6 corn tortillas
- 1/4 c. onion, finely diced
- 2 T. jalapeno, seeded and minced
- 1/4 c. red pepper, seeded and finely diced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 lb. mushrooms (button) sliced
- 3 T. fresh cilantro, finely chopped
- Salsa
- Sour cream

In a skillet heat the oil til hot, then add the tortillas, fry for about a minute on each side, Drain on paper towels and set aside. In skillet with 3 table-spoons of oil, heat and saute the onion and peppers about 5 minutes. Add garlic and continue to saute. Add mushrooms and cilantro and cook til mushrooms are soft, 7 minutes. Scoop the mushroom mixture onto the tortilla and serve with salsa and sour cream if desired.

## Spicy Slaw

- 1 small cabbage, shredded
- 1 red bell pepper, seeded and julienned
- 1 t. Serrano pepper, seeded and finely minced
- 2 T. vegetable oil
- 2 T. rice vinegar
- 1 t. brown sugar
- 2 t. fresh ginger, grated (not powdered)

Toss the cabbage and peppers in a bowl. Combine the oil, vinegar, sugar and ginger in a small bowl. Mix well, then pour into the cabbage mixture, combine all and serve.

## Cucumber and Dill Salad

- 2 cucumbers, peeled, cut in half and seeded
- 2 t. sugar
- 1/4 c. white vinegar
- 1-1/2 T. fresh dill, chopped

Cut the cucumber into slices and mix with remaining ingredients. Chill and serve. This is a great contrast with hot spicy foods.

## Herbed Ziti

- 1 lb. ziti, macaroni or other pasta
- 2 Scotch bonnet or other hot peppers, whole
- 6 T. extra-virgin olive oil
- 4 T. fresh parsley, chopped
- 1/4 c. fresh basil, chopped
- 3 T. fresh thyme and/or rosemary
- Parmesan cheese

Bring water to boil and add the pasta and whole peppers, cook for 7-8 minutes. While the pasta is boiling, gently heat the olive oil, when the pasta is almost done, stir the chopped herbs into the olive oil. Drain the pasta, discard the peppers. Remove any seeds from the pasta as well. Toss the herbs and the oil with the pasta, and top with fresh grated Parmesan cheese. Hot and delicious!

## Chili & Sour Cream Quesadillas

- 2 T. butter
- 3 T. olive oil

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- 8 flour tortillas
- 2 c. grated jack cheese
- 2 T. jalapeno or Serrano pepper, seeded and finely chopped
- Sour Cream
- Salsa

Melt half the butter with half the oil in a large skillet over medium heat. Cover one side of a tortilla with cheese, then sprinkle the chopped peppers on top and cover with a second tortilla. Fry the tortillas in the butter and oil til slightly browned, then flip and brown the other side. Dry on paper towels and keep warm in the oven while preparing the remaining quesadillas. Add more butter and oil as needed, serve with a side of sour cream, guacamole and salsa.

### Pineapple Stir Fried Rice

- 1 3-inch piece of fresh ginger, grated
- 1 jalapeno, seeded and minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 4 T. lemon zest
- 3 c. cooked cold rice
- 1 c. pineapple, finely chopped
- 1 c. fresh cilantro, finely chopped

Heat a skillet over medium high heat, add oil, ginger, pepper and garlic - stir-fry for one minute. Be careful not to burn

the garlic or ginger. Add the lemon zest and rice and stir til heated. Stir in the pineapple and cilantro til heated.

### Gruyere Potatoes

- 1 T. melted butter
- 2 T. fresh parsley, chopped
- 1 c. cream
- 2 baking potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/2 t. cayenne pepper
- 1 c. Gruyere cheese, shredded

Preheat your oven to 350 degrees. Brush a baking dish with the butter, mix the parsley with the cream. Layer half the potatoes in the dish and sprinkle with garlic, cayenne and half of the cheese. Pour half of the cream/parsley mixture over the potatoes. Repeat the process with the remaining ingredients and top with salt and pepper. Bake for an hour and top is brown.

### Sweet Spinach Salad

- 1 bunch spinach, washed and torn
- 1/2 red or sweet onion, thinly sliced
- 5 mushrooms, sliced
- 3 T. vegetable oil
- 2 T. cider vinegar
- 2 t. brown sugar

Place the spinach, onion and mushrooms in a bowl. Whisk together the oil, vinegar and sugar til the sugar is melted, pour over the salad, mix up and serve.

### Hot & Spicy Fried Rice

- 4 c. cooked rice, cold
- 5 T. peanut oil
- 1 onion, diced
- 2 small red bell peppers, seeded and diced
- 1 carrot, diced
- 1/4 t. dried red pepper flakes
- 3 scallions, thinly sliced

Separate the rice with a fork. Heat a skillet over medium high heat til hot, add oil and swirl to coat the pan. Add the onion and toss til hot, reduce heat, add pepper and carrot, toss for another 3 minutes. Stir in rice and red pepper. Remove from heat and stir in scallions.

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# Life's Turning Point on April Fool's Day

by Jane Tippett

Here I was a new Huntsville High School graduate. I had applied and written my letter to the college in June 1960. To my surprise, I was accepted. The miracle is that the school I would be attending was Mercy Hospital School of Nursing. I was born in the same hospital where I would work as part of my training.

The nursing school was located behind the hospital with a walkway in between. My mother provided the money for my fees which she had saved from her inheritance to pay for my education.

My desire to become a Registered Nurse began with the death of my dear Grandmother Bailes for whom I was named. She could always make me laugh with her silly songs such as "The Rich Girls Wear The Fancy Drawers" and stories such as the one about a family member whose home was in North Carolina and his barn was in South Carolina so he performed wedding ceremonies in both states.

These she shared while we sat on the front porch in the evening.

She was a short, stocky, gray haired, dancing brown-eyed lady who loved to dip snuff and enjoy life. I can just see her now spitting in that old spittoon, or if she did not have it available, she would spit in a can and wipe her lips so that they would stay clean. My Grandfather had died when my mother was around 8 years of age leaving Grandmother with 5 children to raise. Two boys named Bryan and Lewis, and three girls whose names were Kathleen, Mary and Louise (my mother). Her home was situated on the Main Street of the small town of Pineville. The population was approximately 1300 at that time.

It was April 1, 1957 when my mother came home from the hospital, where my Grandmother had been a patient for several weeks, to tell my two brothers and myself that Grandmother had passed. This was such a shock to be told, especially since it was April Fool's Day and pranks had been played all day. I could not comprehend she was really gone from my little world! April Fool's Day has been celebrated around the world with pranks since the 1600s.

We had lived with Grandmother since my parents' divorce. In Pineville, I recall a grocery store, 5 & 10 cent store, pool hall,



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*Joe Miller, Huntsville*



hardware store, drug store, 2 gas stations and a mill. There were 3 churches which consisted of one Baptist, one Methodist and one Presbyterian. We attended the Presbyterian which was located almost directly in front of Grandmother's house. Any time the doors were open, my mother made sure her three children were there! Cotton fields surrounded the town.

I did get the opportunity to go pick cotton a few times which was not my cup of tea!

My job did not last long since I was so slow and complained about the cotton burrs or sharp part of the bolls after it opened and dried; they pricked my hands. You also had to contend with saw briars and buckle burrs in the cotton patch.

My best friend's name was Helen. She was much taller than me. You could say we were like Mutt and Jeff in the comic strip from the early 1900s. She lived on a farm in the county so she knew how to pick cotton as well as work in a garden. I was allowed to spend the night with her a few times. I didn't care much about spending the night since they only had their outhouse for the toilet. I don't remember the details but have a picture from the Charlotte Observer of us canning corn at the cannery in the county. My first experience canning. My mother never taught me to can vegetables.

Anyway, back to April 1st which is supposed to be the day for practical jokes. I was fourteen years old. My mother's announcement that Grandmother had gone to heaven left me in total disbelief. She was not going to be there for me to keep me out of trouble with my mother or to teach me how she cooked, sewed or how I should act like a lady!

Losing Grandmother influenced my life by sending me into a life of caring for others. Being a nurse for 50+ years has always been a reward that God has blessed me with. There is always something good that we do not foresee with every tragedy in our lives.

To this day, I still keep in touch with my nursing classmates.

## A Family Visit

A man in California calls his son in Maine the week before Easter and says, "I hate to ruin your day but I have to tell you ~~that you have only forty-five years of life~~ is enough."

"Dad, what are you talking about?" the son screams.

"We can't stand the sight of each other any longer," the father says. "We're sick of each other and I'm sick of talking about this, so you call your sister in Utah and tell her."

Frantically, the son calls his sister, who explodes on the phone, "Like hell, they're getting divorced," she shouts, "I'll take care of this!"

She calls California immediately and screams at her father, "You and Mom are NOT getting divorced. Don't do a single thing until I get there. I'm calling my brother back and we'll both be there tomorrow. Until then, don't do a thing, DO YOU HEAR ME?" and hangs up.

The old man hangs up his phone and turns to his wife.

"Done! They're coming for Easter - and they're paying their own way!"



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# Serving up Possum Patties at Summer Youth Camp

by Ann Gates

My husband, Gary, was a Pastor for over 50 years and he pastored churches in Alabama, Texas, Georgia and Florida. Most of the churches we served were in Florida, and though geographically Florida is located in the southern part of the United States - the general population is not made up of "southern folks." We lived in the central part of Florida, in the Tampa Bay area when this story took place.

One of Gary's favorite things to do each year was to go to our church's summer youth camp with our teenagers. I didn't always go due to my work schedule - but sometimes I was able to go.

In 1993, I volunteered to go and be the cook for camp. I planned to have well-balanced meals for each day, which included a full "country cooking" type dinner each night - meat,

vegetables, rolls, dessert - the works! I would start cooking dinner mid-afternoon while the teens were out doing their afternoon activities.

It was Wednesday afternoon - and I was preparing the evening meal - Italian meat patties, mashed potatoes, green beans, salad, rolls, and dessert. The dining hall smelled heavenly with the aroma of the meat frying with Italian seasonings, onions and mushroom gravy, and all the trimmings! The young folks started coming in and saying how great it smelled in there.....and asking "what's for dinner?" I, being the mischievous character that I am, said "Oh! That's my possum patties cooking!" You should have seen those

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"I like mermaids. They are beautiful, and I like their shiny tails. But how on earth do they get pregnant? Like, really?"

Allissa, Age 9



Florida teens' faces! "Eeeeew...Possum patties???? I'm not eating possum!!!" and other remarks like that were being said.... to which I said, "Oh it's good! We eat possum all the time in Alabama! You'll like it! Just wait and see!" They all ran to their dorms, fearing they weren't going to have a very good dinner after all.

I went to the girls' dorm - and told the girls that it really wasn't possum - that it was ground sirloin - and perfectly safe - and good to eat - so for them to plan on coming in to the dining room at dinner time and eating their dinner. The boys would see them and of course wouldn't want to be outdone by girls so they would be willing to "try some possum too." (I told the girls to keep it our secret for a little while longer).

So dinner time came, the girls came in and started to fix their plates. Not to be outdone by the girls, the boys joined in and fixed their plates. Everybody loved their dinner! And they loved their "possum patties!"

Later on, when camp was over - and the teens were back home, I was told that two of our boys actually asked their moms if they could get Ms. Ann's recipe for "Possum Patties" and then asked their dads to catch a possum so they could have possum to eat sometime!

The moms came to me and said "Ann, please tell me you didn't really feed my child possum!" I explained the story and we had a good laugh. That was the beginning of one of our family's favorite recipes - "Ann's Possum Patties" (now known as Grammy's Possum Patties).

There's a sweet addendum to this story. Years later, after our two oldest granddaughters (Elizabeth and Emily) grew up, I made a family recipe book and made copies for our children and our two oldest granddaughters for Christmas one year. However, as a terrible oversight, I failed to include the recipe for the possum patties.

Emily said to me one day as our big family was sitting around the dining table, "Grammy, may I please have your recipe for possum patties? I have searched ev-

erywhere, including the Internet, for a recipe for possum patties and I just cannot find one!"

We all just burst out laughing! But I thought that was the sweetest thing ever! I said, "Honey, I don't think you'll ever find a recipe for possum patties! At least I hope not! I just made that up. The real name for that recipe is Italian Meat Patties."

Some of our family's best memories are related to good food and times around the table together. May we all take time for those who are important to us - and make memories that we can hold on to forever! Thank God everyday for His wonderful blessings!

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*Frank Zappa*



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# A New Beginning

by *Iolanda Marsden*

In the latter part of 1947 my Dad, who was serving in the US Army, was transferred to Ft. Monroe, Virginia. Mom was pregnant with me at the time and Dad was anxious to find a place to live. Quarters on post were not available so he started hunting for a rental in the nearby Hampton/Buckroe Beach area. He got lucky soon after arriving at Ft. Monroe and found an upstairs apartment for rent in the home of a couple on North Fourth Street, just a few miles from the fort and four blocks to the beach. They were also going to have a 'soon to be' new member of the family. Their son, David, was born December 14, 1947.

Mom and Dad settled down in the apartment. Months later, I was born at Ft. Monroe on June 17, 1948, as it is recorded on my birth certificate. For the first almost 2 years of my life, David and I got acquainted while my Dad was stationed there at Ft. Monroe. David's Mom made me some really pretty dresses during that time, as my Mom always told me. Mary was her name and she was a very talented seamstress who would often make clothes for the officer's wives at the Fort. My Mom and David's Mom became good friends.

Dad got orders that he was being transferred to Redstone Arsenal, Alabama in 1950. So the three of us travel south to Alabama. I will always remember Dad telling me more that once, that when our car crested the hill at Andrew Jackson Way, that all he saw were trees. He said to himself

"Where have I brought my family to? There is nothing here!" This was July 4, 1950.

We continued to travel back to Buckroe Beach at least once a year and some times twice. Dad had parents and relatives in Norristown, Pennsylvania so often he would combine our trips. David and I became sweethearts and as he got older he would work at a hotdog stand on the beach and later worked different jobs at the Buckroe Beach Amusement Park. He would save the money he earned and when I came to visit, he would treat me with rides at the amusement park along with cotton candy. We had our first kiss in the Tunnel of Love.

As time got closer to graduating high school, Dad stopped going on our trips as often. David's Dad had died and Dad had enjoyed his company. My Dad's parents, 2 brothers and a sister had also passed. Mine and David's letters to one another got further and further apart. Soon we no longer wrote to one another. Our lives went in separate directions. We both found someone else, married, had a family but neither of our marriages lasted.

In 2009, David had gone back to Virginia to close his Mom's house. He had settled in Georgia and was working in Gainesville. His Mom had passed away and he was trying to find some closure. He came across some pictures of us from the fifties that his mom had saved and an old telephone number for my Mom, in Huntsville, Alabama. He called and the number was still good. He asked about me and of course my Mom was more than willing to talk about me and give him my phone number. I had not remarried and had been by myself at that time for at least 35 years. So out of the blue, I get this phone call and it was curly headed David, my childhood sweetheart.

We talked for a while and decided to email when we could and call one another. We were both still working at the time.

In June of 2010, David made the suggestion that we meet and have lunch halfway from Huntsville to Gainesville. He suggested we could meet at the Cracker Barrel in Dalton, Georgia, off Interstate 75 South. I asked my sister Melissa to come with me as sort of a bodyguard. I really didn't know this David

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all grown up!

Driving up into the parking lot, there was David standing in front of a huge motorcycle, all 6 foot 3 inches of him. Oh boy, here I was barely 5 foot 5 and fluffy. Well, the lunch went okay after the awkwardness passed. For the next several years we continued to call one another, email and write. Then in 2015 after retiring, a few months earlier, David came to Huntsville for a visit and continued to come every month or so until finally he moved here in 2016. My son and his buddies helped move him here. David had rented a house about 2 miles from mine.

David had asked me to marry him that year but I wasn't quite ready. 2017 came fast and my Mom ended up in the hospital. Dad had been long gone, he had died in 1990. Mom was living on her own and Melissa and I would help her with different things. She was in her 90s but this hospital stay almost ended her life. Her sodium level had dropped and she was near death. Melissa and I took turns and we stayed with her around the clock. During this time David was steadfast in coming to the hospital, bringing me food, snacks, coffee and following me home at night from the hospital. He was my Knight!

After months of Mom convalescing at her home, David continued to be of great help. He was always there when I needed something, always my protector.

On November 17, 2017, coming out of the Waffle House, I looked at David and said "Okay. I'm ready." He said "Ready for what?" I said "Let's get married. Today." So off we go to Ring Gold Georgia, the place I heard Dolly Parton had married. We were married there around 4 in the afternoon, by the Justice

of the Peace, in an empty courtroom, but I was never so sure of anything in my life as marrying David. This was who I was going to spend the rest of my life with: My first and last Love.

Coming back to Huntsville that evening we stopped at the Golden Coral on University Drive for a late dinner. For our "wedding dinner" we ended up sharing it with the complete University of Kentucky Football team who had just come into town to play the A & M Football team the next day.

It was a unique dinner for sure. We have been married now for a little over 3 years. I am still happy and quite sure of my choice on that day in 2017. David cooks for me, he makes me laugh and most of all, he loves me as I love him!





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**"I never knew what real happiness was til I got married, and by then it was too late."**

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# Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

by David Bowser

Sometimes something will trigger a memory from long time ago that had been buried way back there among so many others. Scientists say that smells or odors are one of the strongest of the memory joggers. This happened to me a while back and I'd like to share with you the memories of a now humorous event that happened in my late teens.

A young married couple started coming to the church I belonged to and I'll give their names as Charles and Suzy. Charles and Suzy lived in California when he joined the Army, and after advanced training they were sent here to Redstone Arsenal. They were in their early 20s and were a very likeable couple who were soon accepted by everyone, especially the youth group. They soon started helping with the young people in any way they could and being from California, they knew all the latest fads and slang phrases. We thought they were cool.

They drove an old car here from California, and the trip pretty much wore the old thing out to the point that wasn't all that dependable anymore. So Charles started looking for a suitable replacement. What he found was a 1958 Chevy convertible; beautiful baby blue and white two tone paint with a white top, white roll and pleated interior. It also had the desirable V8 engine and auto transmission. Like we would have said then. Up tight and outa sight. Boss, man!

That summer there was a district youth camp for girls and there were 3 or 4 from church who wanted to go, but every one had to meet in Florence, AL to take a bus to the district campgrounds. Charles and Suzy volunteered to take 3 or 4 late teen girls to Florence where they would meet up with the bus at a church over there. They also invited me to go along and I quickly accepted. It was a good way to pass a Sunday afternoon and evening with some of your friends. I mean, getting to ride in a cool convertible with nice girls, top down, beautiful weather. What? You think I was crazy enough to say no?

On a late Sunday afternoon we all met at our church to head out to Florence. We loaded up in the convertible and with the girls saying good bye to their folks, were all set to head out. So, I was sitting in the back seat checking every thing out and thought to myself, this is really cool man. Feelin groovy. In fact, feelin groovy on a Sunday afternoon. I was thinking, it just doesn't get any better than this, what could possibly go wrong? That's kind of like saying before you go on vacation, I hope it doesn't rain! Don't ever say that!

We were soon headed West on Highway 72 bound for Florence. The top was down with the wind whipping around us and it was cooling down just a bit as it was getting near sunset. In this day of air conditioned cars some might have forgotten how refreshing it was to run into those little pockets of cool air while driving down the road.

By the time we made it to Athens it was starting to get a little dark, but we were right on schedule. Somewhere west of Athens we all started smelling a little smoke in the air and thought there must be a fire up ahead. Just a little while latter it was dark and the smoke had gotten a little worse, by now it was burning our eyes. What in the world was on fire up ahead? Looking in back of us we could clearly see the smoke illuminated by the headlights of the cars following us.

At that time I was sitting on the driver's side in back and my feet started getting hot. It didn't take me but just

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**"Some dog I got. We call him Egypt because every room he goes in, he leaves a pyramid."**

**Rodney Dangerfield**



a second to lift my feet up and discover the source of all the smoke. Looking down at the floor I could see a bright red spot about the size of a Softball. The carpet was glowing red and almost pulsating like a living thing. "Shazaam!" I yelled to Charles who was driving, to pull over, like right now, and when he realized what was going on he pulled off the road in one of the best sideways stops I've ever seen.

Back then we called that kind of a stop a "brodie"

All 6 of us jumped out of the car and began yanking, cutting, and ripping out the back seat carpeting. It must have looked like a three-ring circus with the Marx brothers as ring masters. Finally, we got it out and on the side of the road and when the air hit it, it burst into flames. So, there we were on Highway 72 near Florence, AL trying to put out a carpet fire by kicking dirt, stomping, and smothering it. What a sight that must have been to passing motorists.

After several anxious and exhausting minutes we finally got it out. Remember what I said earlier about saying before going on vacation? "I hope it doesn't rain"? While we were all getting our wind back, we looked down the road and could clearly see the smoke trail we had been leaving and how it stopped at our car,

After the car cooled down, Charles crawled under the car to discover a small hole in the top of the muffler. He rummaged around in the car trunk and found something to make

a quick repair to the muffler and once again we were on our way. This time I sat back there keeping a keen eye on the floorboard where all the trouble came from and every thing was just fine. We also decided to make an unplanned donation of some slightly damaged car carpeting to the State Highway Department.

We arrived in Florence without any other incidents, although we were all covered with dust and reeked of smoke. Some of us looked like we had had a really bad hair day. Remember the Troll dolls? Anyway, after explaining what had happened about 10 times we were all given a chance to freshen up a bit and get a bite to eat before all the girls loaded up in the big bus headed to camp.

When we started back to Huntsville it was just Charles, Suzy and me in the back seat keeping a very watchful eye

on the back floor. We arrived home without any further incident and the next day Charles got a new muffler.

That little incident was the topic of conversation for quite a while. We were worried that some of the girls' parents would be upset, but every thing was fine in that regard. This was one of those things that took a while to be able to see the humor in it and today, looking back, I can clearly see it as a kind of crazy time.

I'll wager that quite a few of you have had some of those "It'll be funnier later on" experiences that you remember now and have a good chuckle over. Like I've heard said, "You can't be old and wise without having once been wild and crazy."

Sometimes the smoke has to clear before you can see the humor in some situations. Live life and enjoy the ride, even if "Smoke gets in your eyes".

Carpe diem.

**"As you get older, three things happen. The first is, your memory fades, and I can't remember the other two."**

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# Sarah (1959)

by Bill Alkire



I feel a need to provide a brief explanation of why this situation came to happen, and why this story has any significance at all. After all it could be another teen infatuation story, just another teenage boy-girl story. Right? NO! To me it was way more than THAT - as you will see as you read.

I had enough credits to graduate from high school at sixteen. However, I needed a few extra credit hours in English, Math, and World History for the College Preparatory Degree which I was seeking.

My senior English teacher was considered by many as mean and callous; of course she was not, just made you work for the grade she would give you. I would need her vote in any scholarship aspiration I might have. I had looked at the nearest University as a possibility to further my education. There were not many options for me. I worked before and after my high school classes at the local grocery store.

Now for the main point of my story...and yes it involves a person of female persuasion. The English teacher had a daughter, whom I believed to be the most beautiful redhead woman in the world! Sophia Loren or Rhonda Fleming could not come close. I could hardly

speaking with her around. I would break out in a cold sweat, my voice would quiver, I would get weak in the knees and my hands would get sweaty wet. I could hardly breathe when she was around. I got shocked once trimming veggies when she was in the store. Her name was Sarah...blue-green eyes that literally devoured me...and long red flowing hair that reminded me of molten lava. Other than that, she only had a slight spell cast upon me.

After nearly a year of wanting to, I finally got up enough nerve to ask Sarah for a date. She said, "Yes."

Oh! My God! I made arrangements to take her out for dinner and then to a movie.

My Aunt had a Buick which she let me borrow for the evening. News spread like a Valley River flood about Sarah and me. I was beyond excited - I had been unable to eat or sleep. I was walking in Heavenly clouds. I still could not believe this was really happening. "Me! Taking Sarah on a date - really??"

I picked her up at 5:30 p.m. To say I was excited was an understatement She was wearing an off-the-shoulder emer-

ald green dress with green and gold earrings. "Wow! Beautiful!" I helped her to the car and shut the door.

As I walked to the other side of the car I started wheezing, coughing and my eyes began to water. I got in the car, drove a few blocks. At this point I could barely see, and my cough has enveloped my whole body and taken all my air. I pulled off the highway into the high school parking lot.

It was over! Sarah drove me to my Aunt's house. My Aunt drove Sarah home, on her return, I was taken home, I could not drive. It took all day Sunday and half of Monday to get back to normal.

I was totally devastated and embarrassed beyond belief. This was the most degradable event I had ever encountered, and well ...I cried. I never asked Sarah to go out again.

I found out later what the cause of my reaction was - her Avon Topaz perfume. I compared this event to Mount Saint Helen eruption or some earthquake ... or tsunami across the world.

I will never get over this devastating event for rest of my life.

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Tony Guthrie, Owner



# The Stranger

by Janice Depew

He just came walking up our driveway one day to the patio where he sat down on the floor and proceeded to visit with my husband and son. He was dressed unusually odd for a warm autumn day. He had on a black suit, a white shirt and a black bow tie. His black bow tie was a little too much to the left of his chin. He was wearing white socks but no shoes.

He was very quiet and after a long while it was obvious that he didn't want to leave. My husband was a country boy raised on a farm where people didn't always lock their doors and would always help anyone who came to their door with a need. The stranger did look hungry and tired.

The stranger had made it obvious that he didn't mind being on the floor and really would rather sleep there.

We fed him and supplied toilet articles and after a few days it became obvious that he still didn't want to leave. It didn't bother my husband. He said he was harmless; he had seen his kind before. It was no trouble to prepare a little extra food and I cleaned his bathroom facilities with no problem. He washed his own clothes.

His being there only became a concern when the stranger became ill.

I cringed when my husband said the doctor diagnosed diabetes and prescribed insulin shots. He didn't have any insurance at all. So my husband of course paid the bill and obligated himself for future insulin and needles. But, he did well and we managed.

As a matter of fact, it was sort of nice to have him around.

He presented a sense of quiet serenity and company for all of us. And he was a great source of company and comfort for my husband and my son when they lay ill. The stranger was their constant companion.

My husband and son passed away after several years and I had to sell my house and move to Alabama to live with my other son. By this time, the stranger was no longer a stranger. In some odd way, he had become a part of the family, so my son said he could come to Alabama also.

Two years have passed now and he is still with us. He's still dressed formally, in his black suit, white shirt, crooked bow tie and white socks, but still no shoes.

And he's still very quiet except for an occasional sound, a soft purr; but a fierce meow when I step on his tail. He's a real Tuxedo Cat! We call him Zero.

## Old Cure for Headache

Mix a cup of water with a cup of apple cider vinegar and bring it to a slow boil in a medium-size pot. When the fumes begin to rise, ~~reductio ad~~ get. Put a towel over your head, bend over the pot and inhale/exhale deeply through your nose about 40 times or for about 10 minutes. Make sure you hold the towel so that it ~~does not catch the~~ vapor for you to inhale.

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# “My Ragtime Baby”

by Tom Carney



Born in 1873, as the son of a Methodist Preacher, Willie Handy decided at a young age he wanted to be a musician. Handy's father believed that musical instruments were tools of the devil. Without his parents' permission, Handy bought his first guitar, which he had seen in a local shop window and secretly saved up for by picking berries and nuts and making lye soap. Upon seeing the guitar, his father asked him, "What possessed you to bring a sinful thing like that into our Christian home?" He ordered him to "take it back where it came from", but he also arranged for his son to take organ lessons. The organ lessons did not last long, but Handy moved on to learn to play the cornet.

While growing up, he apprenticed in carpentry, shoemaking and plastering. He was deeply religious. His musical style was influenced by the church music he sang and played in his youth and by the sounds of nature. He cited as inspiration the "whip-poorwills, bats and hoot owls and their outlandish noises", Cypress Creek washing on the fringes of the woodland, and "the music of every songbird and all the symphonies of their unpremeditated art".

In an effort to pacify his father, who wanted him to become a minister, Willie agreed to finish school and take the examination to become a school teacher. After graduation, and being unable to find a position as a teacher, he and a friend moved to Birmingham where he went to work at one of the iron mills as a laborer.

Willie had not lost his desire to be a musician, though. He quickly became friends with most of the black musicians in Birmingham and it was not long before he had formed his own group and was playing around town at night while still working in the mills during the day.

One of the first gigs he had in Birmingham, according to legend, was playing in a

notorious dive. The owner, after listening to the audition, asked what the group's name was.

"Don't have one." Willie replied.

"Well, what's your name?"

"Willie."

"Sounds like a damn Uncle Tom name to me. What's your whole name?" "William Christopher."

"Hell, that's even worse! We'll just call you by your initials."

W.C. Handy soon tired of Birmingham, though, and moved to Huntsville where he got a job teaching at Alabama A&M as a music instructor. Among his many duties as an instructor, Handy was also responsible for organizing recitals for his students.

Unfortunately, the headmaster at A&M believed that classical music was the only music that should be performed. Still a poor man, he next ended up in St. Louis and after being forced to sleep in alleys and pool rooms, composed the song "Saint Louis Blues", a song that made him wealthy and famous and earned him the title of "Father of the Blues."

Ironically, he was to become best known for that piece he had composed while teaching at Alabama A&M in Huntsville, Alabama - after he changed its name to "My Ragtime Baby." Handy was born in Florence, Alabama, the son of Elizabeth Brewer and Charles Barnard Handy. His father was the pastor of a small church in Guntersville, a small town in northeast central Alabama. Handy wrote in his 1941 autobiography, *Father of the Blues*, that he was born in a log cabin built by his grandfather William Wise Handy, who became an African Methodist Episcopal minister after the Emancipation Proclamation. The log cabin of Handy's birth has been preserved near downtown Florence.

**BE KIND TO OTHERS - YOU DON'T KNOW  
WHAT THEY'RE GOING THROUGH.**

*Oscar & Maria Llerena*

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# Huntsville Park Hot Tamale Recipe

by Nancy Baker

My mother, Mary Esslinger Owen, grew up on Bradley Street in Merrimac Village, later known as Huntsville Park. When she was a child, a man who also lived in Merrimac would pull a wagon with hot tamales in large pots up and down the sidewalks selling them for a penny each. She remembered they were so delicious. The man was Mr. Ortner.

I don't know where the recipe was obtained by my family, but I believe it probably came from the Ortner family. My mother and Aunt Margaret got together and made hot tamales many times during WWII and after. In later years, Aunt Margaret and her children would make the tamales and would call my mother and tell her they had a pot of hot tamales on the stove, so come on over for dinner that night. Hers were so hot with pepper, I had to eat a slice of bread with them. But, they were still great! My family loved them so much, my mother started making them for us. She would pepper lightly and had the red pepper on the table to sprinkle on the tamales if one preferred them hotter.

Mr. Chitty Yarbrough did have a hot tamale stand at Huntsville Park when I was young. It was very similar to the food trucks you see downtown now. When my dad was hungry for hot tamales and didn't want to wait for mother to make them (it is an all-day affair), he would go by Mr. Yarbrough's stand and buy a couple dozen. They were all wrapped up in newspapers to keep them warm. I can still smell that aroma! Yum! Perhaps Mr. Yarbrough re-

ceived the recipe from the Ortner family, also.

After my retirement, I helped my mother prepare the hot tamales for our family; it gave us plenty of time to chat about family traditions. I learned a lot about my heritage from those discussions. The following is my mother's recipe.

## Hot Tamales Mary Esslinger Owen recipe

- 1-1/2 lb. pork roast
  - 1-1/2 lb. beef roast
  - 4 medium potatoes, peeled (more, if needed)
  - 1 large onion, chopped
  - 6 cloves garlic, chopped
  - 1 T. sage
  - 3 oz. chili powder
  - 1 t. cayenne pepper (red pepper, ground)
  - 1 t. salt
  - 10 lb. white cornmeal (I use self-rising)
  - Cooking oil
  - Non-waxed deli paper
- Cook meat together until slightly tender. Boil potatoes in separate pot until done. Save all water from meat and potatoes.
- Grind meat, potatoes, onion and garlic and mix together. Add

seasonings and mix. Taste and adjust seasonings. Remember that the pepper will be hotter when tamales are cooked.

Mix some of the cornmeal, cooking oil and the potato broth together in medium mixing bowl until mixture is very moist, almost runny (1-1/2 to 2 cups potato broth, 2 cups cornmeal, 3 tablespoons oil).

Put a dab (about serving spoon size) in the center of a deli paper and spread about 1-1/2 inches wide by 6 inches long. Spread about a tablespoon of meat mixture along the cornmeal mixture. Wrap. Mix more cornmeal mixture as needed.

Place wrapped tamales in layers in a large pot over an upturned steamer basket, loose ends under. Cover with meat broth and water. Bring to a boil, then turn burner to simmer. Place a weight on top of the tamales (saucer or breakfast plate) to keep the tamales submerged in the broth/water mixture. Add more water as needed.

Cook until done. The cooking time depends on the size of the pot and number of tamales in the pot. A large canning kettle full of tamales will take about five hours.

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# Winn-Dixie 10-4 Bush Boogie

by John H. Tate



Don Francis was a quiet, unassuming man. If he did not have on the name badge that said, "Assistant Manager," no one would have known he was one of the store managers at Winn-Dixie. As it turns out, his unassuming persona was to him as Clark Kent was to Superman. That's right; Don Francis was, in fact, a life-saving hero.

One night, after closing the Winn-Dixie on Jordan Lane, I noticed a funny-looking antenna on the back of Don's car. When I asked about it, he said it was for his radio. I looked in the car, and attached under his dash was what looked like a police radio.

That night my eyes were open to a world of Don Francis. I did not know about any of this and my opinion of him changed to genuine respect. He explained that it was a CB radio. He had it because he was a member of the Huntsville/Madison County Rescue Squad.

The Huntsville-Madison County Rescue Squad is an all-volunteer organization dedicated to saving lives. They are one of the primary rescue agencies in Madison County, Alabama. They have one station in the city of Huntsville. The Rescue Squad has been operating since 1963. They were the second agency (after Birmingham) to purchase the "Jaws of Life." (Source: their website.)

When Don started talking about the rescue squad, I saw the light in him I never saw before. He became alive and animated, so I wanted to visit the Rescue Squad and learn more. He invited me to the next meeting. I did visit, and it turned out to be one of the life-changing moments in my life.

Yes, I became a volunteer and even got some of my friends to join. My first assignment was a wreck where we used the Jaws of Life. The second assignment was to drag the river near the Whitesburg Bridge. It turned out to be a false report and we did not find a body. To this day, I still

thank God that I did not have to hook onto a body.

One of my friends, Tim Clark, really took to the Rescue Squad; he ordered uniform shirts and went through all of the training. After high school, I lost touch; I left town to manage a shoe store in Dalton, GA. I came back after

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a couple of years and learned that Tim had become a State Trooper.

All of the above was exciting and made a mark on my life. However, the life-changing thing was what transpired because of the CB radio in Don's car. When I said I wanted my own radio, he let me have an old radio of his.

That CB radio introduced me to a whole new world, talking to people you only knew by their CB handles, talking to truckers passing through. It was not uncommon for me to sit in my driveway at 1 or 2 in the morning and talk on the CB for several hours, even though I had to get up at 6 to get ready for school.

I listened to people like Gentle Ben, The North Alabama Profit and calling for my friends Little Bit, Bull Frog and others. I felt alive talking on the CB and man, the parties! I could not wait to get off work, go home, shower, put on my nice clothes and head out. Not knowing where I was going, just knowing I had to be there, wherever it was.

You never met a stranger when you showed up at a spot where CB'ers were meeting because most likely you had talked to just about everybody there on the CB, so you were already friends. To have some beautiful girls come up and hug you, even though you just met them for the first time, was not strange since you might have been talking to them for weeks on the CB.

Yes, Don Francis was a quiet, unassuming man, but when he changed into his Rescue Squad uniform, he saved lives and maybe saved mine. Not just because I spent time at the Rescue Squad, staying out of trouble, but also because he introduced me to the CB Radio.

It's been 48 years, and I still recall my call-sign and CB handle; I get a warm and fuzzy feeling when I say it. Just imagine in a sing-song cadence; "Heyyy, ten-four, you got the Bush Boogie Bob, the Trippel-B, Tri-B, the BBB, the KTQ-7645, the KT-Quality, Bicentennial Army Special."

"Go head!"



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# Pause, Please

by M. D. Smith, IV

Wow, this is exciting. The heroine went looking for her hero after finding a letter between the grill and her screen door. She's surprised it's such a spooky old home.

The movie we're watching is suspenseful as the creaky old door of a typical haunted house opens in front of her. She takes a step in and.....

"Honey, please hit pause. This is my sister in Atlanta calling."

"Yes, Dear." I hit pause on the remote. Men control the remote, of course. But my wife and I agree that since we run the volume louder these days, when either of us gets a call, we pause the TV. It's hard to hear the cell phone over the loud audio. Also because the one on the phone doesn't miss any of the action.

It's usually my wife, Judy, who's answering the phone calls.

So, she talks while I watch a frozen screen waiting anxiously to see what happens when that door opens.

I'm getting antsy and grab a magazine on the table and try to get interested in something else. Fifteen minutes later, she says goodbye and we start the movie again.

It's a good plot. The note was not from her guy, but the evil ex-boyfriend, and he means to kidnap her to his remote island. The hero must have superpowers because as the heroine, bound, gagged and dragged to the bad guy's car, the hero's on his way. Will he be in time to rescue the leading lady? We're about to find out, and the phone rings again.

"Oh, it's my room-mate from college up in Washington. I got to take this."

"Yes, Dear." I know the drill. Press Pause again.

Judy's at it again. They talk about the extreme weather here and on the West Coast of Seattle.

I'm trying to tune out. I already know what Judy's saying on her side. Her friend was in our wedding as a bride's

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maid. I can't insist she cut off the call. So I wait with the freeze-frame on the screen, which changes to rotating scenes from around the world after a while. Not all that bad if you're bored to death.

Email on my cell. Nope, nothing new. Head to the kitchen for fresh ice tea to sip. What else?

At long last, the call ends. It's eight-thirty, and the time bar shows we're not halfway through yet. I hoped to watch this Netflix hour and forty-minute long film with no commercials and end at nine, allowing for bathroom breaks. Also to let the dog out for her relief and for Judy to take her early meds she forgot after dinner. All those things mean....you guessed it...PAUSE.

The next phone call was going to tell Judy the vital reason she needed new car insurance. She thanked the recording in progress and hung up. At least that pause was short.

Unlike the theaters of yester-year, time stops still in the plot on TV. There were no pause buttons when you paid \$7.00 a person to see it on the big screen with Dolby sound. Now, at home, you never miss anything. The movie just lasts a whole lot longer.

It's getting late. Perhaps phone calls will be over for the night. It's nine-fifteen and will be after ten at the rate we're going.

We're getting to the big rescue scene that is beginning with thirty minutes still to go to the end. Hadn't been running for more than five minutes when the phone rang again.

"Honey...."

"Yes, Dear."

"Oh, hi. You working tonight?" She covers the mouthpiece and tells me it's our son, Martin. He works till nine with a food delivery service. "Sure, that will be great."

I'm not sure what is going to be great, but I have a hunch. When Judy finally hangs up, she tells me Martin's off work and bringing her a pint of her favorite Ben & Jerry's ice cream.

I started the movie once again, knowing the visit will last twenty minutes or more. Five minutes later, the back door-bell rings.

"Honey..."

"Don't worry. I'll pause it, but it'll be too late to finish when Martin leaves. We'll have to join it tomorrow night to

find out the ending."

The next night I had an evening zoom meeting. We'll see the ending someday.

I never thought much about the Power of Pause before. It can make an hour-and-forty-minute movie last an entire evening – or longer.

A final thought. "A happy marriage is based on two words – Yes, Dear"



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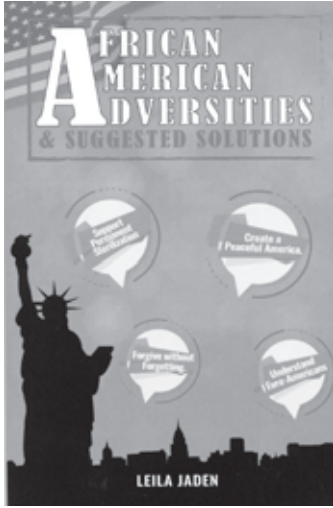


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**Many Teens want to Work - Give them the Opportunity!**

This book is an attempt to provide information and ideas about actions that should help end African-American poverty. Ending poverty is important because poverty contributes to illnesses and motivates people to commit crimes.

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. Many younger children would like to work to earn their money. They can 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.



**Author: Leila Jaden**

**Available on Amazon**

# Milfoil Weed

by Barry Key



Woke up this morning to a bluebird day, fish are biting, I heard other fishermen say. Hooked up my boat to my Toyota truck, headed to the lake to try my luck.

Started south on 431, hoping the biscuits at Keller's would be done. Got to the landing at Honeycomb Creek, a tournament going on, parking lot at its peak. Made it to the ramp, unloaded my boat, crossed my fingers, hoping she would float.

It's an old homemade boat, and a 7 horse Mercury, with-

out a choke. Pulled the cord, a dozen times or more, used the paddle to stay off the shore. Finally heard the engine crank, put her in gear, pulled away from the bank.

Made it to my secret honey hole, picked up my reel and Shakespeare pole. After making several casts, had caught only a lure full of milfoil weed. Picked up my reel and Shakespeare pole, headed to Pumpkin Hollow, to another hole.

Guess it wasn't my day, grass was everywhere, all in the way. Headed out to the

main river, the crest of my wake, shining like silver. Pulled into Hambrick, another hollow, a place where I had seen old bucket mouth wallow.

A hollow where bass, bream, and crappie feed, as with Pumpkin, it was choked with weed.

So to the bluff at Goat Island I did speed, hoping to get away from the milfoil weed. In 50 feet of water, I knew it couldn't grow, but the rest of the story, I guess you know. Broken off chunks of milfoil float, and head for your lines, off the side of the boat.

I know bass fishermen think, milfoil weed the greatest, but they have only seen the latest. If they had fished Gunter'sville in the early years, they would be like us old natives, holding back the tears.

I've been told that milfoil is here to stay, is there nothing that can be done....TVA?

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# PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

## *Don't Poison Your Pets!*



*Recently my attention was drawn to an article about a small dog who was rushed to the ER by his owners after he became listless and nearly lifeless. It turned out that the family had been using one of the aromatherapy devices that puts vapor into the air, mixed with Tea Tree oil. It turns out this oil is very dangerous to small pets of any kind (including cats and birds) and most people don't know that. I sure didn't. So here is some information I found about poisons in general.*

1. Over the counter medications were once again the most common group of toxicants pets ingested this year, making up 19.7% of Emergency calls. Ibuprofen, acetaminophen, joint rubs and herbal supplements all fall within this category. These items are commonly found in homes and are often stored in purses and backpacks.

2. Human prescription medications remained number two this year with accounting for 17.2% of cases. Cardiac, ADHD, thyroid and antidepressant medications make up a significant amount of these cases. Always make sure your prescription medications are safely locked away, out of paws' reach.

3. Food is number three, making up 12.1% of cases. Xylitol, grapes, raisins, onions, garlic and protein bars make up most of these cases. Add to this list Macadamia nuts, alcohol, caffeinated drinks, raw meat, raw yeast dough.

4. Chocolate remains at number four with 10.7% of Emergency cases concerning this sweet treat. That works out to over 67 cases a day! Dogs especially love chocolate and can eat enough to get themselves into trouble.

5. Veterinary products remained at 9.3% of cases. Chewable medications

are tasty and dogs will eat the entire container. Make sure to treat these products like prescription medications and keep them away from your pets.

6. Household items also remain at number six, making up 7.7% of Emergency cases. Home improvement projects can expose pets to many potential toxins such as glues, paint, adhesives or spackle. Pet owners beware: Essential oils can be toxic to cats and dogs. Some common essential oils which are toxic to both dogs and cats include oil of cinnamon, citrus, peppermint, pine, tea tree

(melleuca), wintergreen and others. Always check before you use oils around pets.

7. Rodent control can be deadly to pets. Depending on the type, mouse and rat baits can cause bleeding, kidney failure, seizures or even death.

8. Plants moved up to eighth place, making up 6.1% cases. Daffodils, tulips, cyclamen, Sago palm, hyacinth and many others can be toxic to your pup and kitty. Best to Google this to get the complete list. Most severe cases involved cats and lily exposures.

9. Insecticide exposure cases dropped this year, only accounting for 5.1% of cases. Safer product alternatives and better handling of these types of products will help keep pets safe around these types of toxins. Any antifreeze for your car tastes great to your pet, but just a small amount licked up from the driveway can kill him.

10. Garden products remained in the same spot in 2019, making up 2.4% of cases. Many pets find fertilizers (especially organic products) irresistible. Make sure your pets aren't "helping" when you are out working on the lawn or in the garden with herbicides and soil enhancements.

With any potential dangers and toxins, it is important to keep these things out of your pets' reach. While accidents can always happen, the less accessible any of the items are, the less likely your pet is to get into them.

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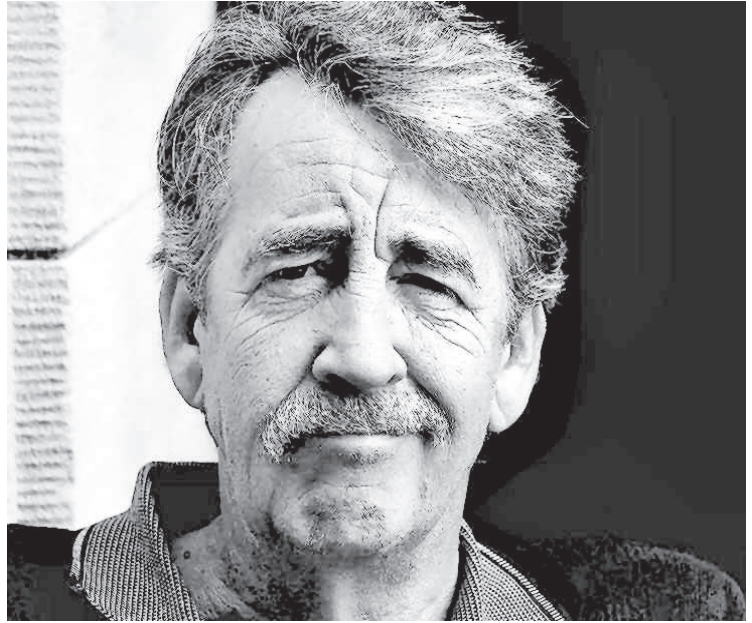
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Across from Books A Million

# Two Brothers

by Tom Carney



Brothers Billy and Charlie had a dream. They wanted to build a hospital where patients could receive specialized care and also serve as a research and teaching center.

Such an idea in the late 1800s was considered absurd, to say the least. For many patients of that era, checking into a hospital was equivalent to a death warrant. Unsanitary and crowded conditions, combined with medical practices often bordering on quackery, was enough to convince most people to take their chances at home.

Also opposing the idea were many prominent members of the medical community who distrusted the "newfangled" ideas of the two brothers.

William (b. June 29, 1861, Le Sueur, MN) was the eldest son. He received his M.D. degree in 1883 from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. He then engaged at Rochester in the private practice of medicine and surgery with his father and later with his younger brother Charles.

Charles (b. July 19, 1865, Rochester), the younger son was characterized as a "surgical wonder". He received an M.D. degree from the Chicago Medical College (later part of Northwestern University Medical School) in 1888 and in the same year began private prac-

tice of surgery with his father and brother.

Huntsville was without a true hospital at the time. When several of the community's leaders heard of the idea, they immediately contacted the brothers who were living in Minnesota at the time. Also in Huntsville's favor was the fact that the United States Surgeon General had recently declared the city as one of the healthiest places in the country. Monte Sano Mountain was the destination for many who traveled here for the fresh air and pure springs full of cold, refreshing mineral water.

In April 1896, Charlie was induced to visit Huntsville. He took an immediate liking to the city and after extensive negotiations, purchased a parcel of land, fully intending to build their hospital on it.

The land was expensive: \$2,500 in cash and another \$3,000 in bank stock.

Sadly for Huntsville, civic leaders in the brothers' hometown also heard of their idea. By offering attractive inducements of land and money the brothers were persuaded to build the hospital there.

Several years would pass before our city finally got a hospital. It is interesting to note however, that if the brothers' dream had worked out here, the hospital, instead of being named Huntsville Hospital, would have been named the Mayo Clinic.

The brothers, Charles and William Mayo, never returned to Huntsville.

## Getting Over Trauma

Those who have been through a trauma such as a ~~bullet~~ **bullet** that writing in a diary can be very helpful.

At least once a day, write down your innermost feelings, don't censor yourself, let it all out on paper. Many have said that the action of doing this, really being honest with yourself, telling yourself how you feel, is said to be therapeutic.

Even if you tear up the page and throw it away, this is said to really help in the healing process.



# EXCAVATION REVEALS INDIAN GRAVES

*From 1919 Newspaper*

For some years past there has existed a tradition among the people of Lauderdale County that an Indian tomb of some kind existed on the banks of the Tennessee River along the shores of Muscle Shoals. There was invested in this tradition an interest enhanced by the stories of the older generation (now passing away) about the Indians that inhabited all this section and where lived a number of prominent men of the lost tribes of the red men.

To the philosophic antiquarian these stories still hold an abiding place in their minds; we yet hear interesting tales of mounds, caves, graveyards of Indian relics innumerable, spread along the palisades and hillsides of the famous flowing Tennessee.

This train of thought is recalled by the discovery of workmen on the dam site of a tomb of the aborigines on the precipitate hillside between the Wagon Works and the dam site. Here, halfway from the river bridge to the top of the bluff, just below the dam site and at the mouth of a small stream, the steam plow drove its shovel into a tomb that contained the remains of five people, under what appeared to be a roof-like covering, or a vault.

The skulls were well preserved, intact and encased in loose earth that indicated careful burial. The teeth of some animals

and other bones were also found in what was evidently a carefully prepared sculpture. The tomb had the appearance of being hollowed out between the crevices of the rock and was about five feet from the front of the precipice.

Major Watt had the relics carefully gathered, placed in two dynamite boxes and carried to the officers' quarters near the dam site.

The entire Tennessee River Valley abounds in distinct evidences of the Indian life here in the long ago, and the antiquarian would find here a rich field for investigation and discovery.



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**“Have you noticed that when you put these two words together - “The” and “IRS” - it spells “Theirs”?”**

# Going to Town

by Rodney Miller



The year was 1931, our country was in a severe Depression. Lots of people were struggling to make a living. I was in the second grade at Big Cove School and had never been to town. We were living on the land that is now the Hampton Cove Housing Development and the Robert Trent Jones Golf Course. My Dad was farming the land and producing cotton.

I had been pleading with him to let me go to town the coming Saturday. He explained to me it was a day of work for him and wasn't any fun at all. I was persistent in my pleading and Dad finally gave in and said I could go on Saturday. My Dad picked up the reins and spoke to the mules and they started the 10 miles to town.

The first neighbor's house was about one mile away and as we passed, Dad pointed out that they hadn't gotten up because there was no light in the window. We reached Highway 431 just as it began to get daylight. Highway 431 was not paved in 1931.

I remember only one motor vehicle passing us all the way in. There were very few cars in 1931.

The city limits began at what is now Governors Drive, Madison Street and Whitesburg Drive intersections.

I remember thinking there must be a lot of people in town because the houses were side by side all the way up Madison Street.

We arrived at the west side of the Courthouse and there were lots of wagons and mules and horses hitched to the large chains that ran all the way around the Courthouse. People were milling around everywhere. I could not get one thing looked at until there was something new to look at.

The cotton buyers would come by and cut a sample out of the cotton bales and make an offer on the cotton. My Dad kept telling them he wanted 5c a pound for his cotton and they wouldn't give him that much. I thought the buyers were being mean to my Dad because they would not give him what he wanted.

Later on he sold the cotton and we had to drive the wagon out to the Planters Warehouse on Clinton

Street West.

I told my Dad I needed to go the restroom and in 1931 the restroom was out behind the warehouse. There were some men out there who were drinking a clear liquid out of a bottle. The only clear liquid I had ever seen was water or kerosene (coal oil, as we called it then). I knew that we drank our water from a dipper or glass out of a bucket of water. So my next question was, why were the men drinking coal oil out of a bottle? The answer was that they were drinking wildcat whiskey and he hoped I would never drink any.

The cotton was unloaded and we started the long trip home. Dad stopped at a little store and got us some bologna and crackers and a banana.

At that time you could drive through the Big Spring Branch below the bridge on Gallatin Street. Dad drove in the branch and let the mules get a drink of water.

At this time, I remembered the mules didn't have any food at lunch time. Dad explained to me that he fed them well before we left home and he would give them some extra when we got home. I felt a lot better about that.

The trip home seemed to take forever. I had been to town and now I wanted to be at home. My Dad would probably go to town again next week, but I decided not to ask to go.

For right at that time, I was afraid he would say yes.

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# WORKING IN THE SIXTIES

by *Autry Wade*

My working days in Huntsville from 1963 to 1968 were two days a week. I lived in Center Point near Birmingham and commuted to Huntsville for a two hour drive, each way. My first job was at the Madison County Courthouse. I installed the intercom in County Commissioner James Record's office. Parking was in the back.

Other places I worked were M&J Supermarket, Winn-Dixie, State National Bank Building and the Sprague Building. I had to go to the Acid Vat to run cable for a sound system. I installed a mike in the front office while soldering Audio connections. A man from Redstone Arsenal was working that night who was a solder inspector. He checked my work and said it was 100%.

Sprague made capacitors to check filters. They were put on a rack and some would explode. The day Redstone Arsenal set off a rocket, it was a two million pound thrust. Radio stations told the listeners what time it would start. I was working in the office. The large windows rattled but didn't break. I worked for Rocket City Music Co., the Muzak Distribution System and Haysland Square Bank as well as many other locations.

I checked on the system at the new Haysland Bank and when I arrived water was coming out of the light fixtures. The water heater had started leaking on opening day.

I stayed at the Barkley Hotel and Holiday Inn on Memorial Parkway. On my off time I stopped in at First Baptist Church on Governors Drive. The steeple was built to look like a rocket.

I had a job in Huntsville that had to be done Saturday and

Sundays. One time I left downtown Birmingham and it was 70 degrees; when I reached Arab it had started snowing. I checked in at the Holiday Inn on Parkway. The next morning I was freezing. Both hotels heat was out. I went to leave and my VW van wouldn't start. It was 8 degrees. Sitting next to my van was a 1940 Ford, both had a 6 volt charging system.

I jump started the van from that old Ford. When I got to work the guard told me to leave because the heat was going to be turned off. They needed the gas for residential areas. I started back to Birmingham, went through Madison where there was a cotton gin and one store. When I got to Decatur I had to put chains on the tires because the interstate wasn't completed. I drove with the right tires on the grass for traction for many miles. The heater in the van didn't work. It took 7 hours to get home. I had to be back in Birmingham on Monday to finish the Downtown Club. They opened the next day.



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## Blinkie

Hello, the Ark named me Blinkie. Let me tell you my story. I was taken to a place where there are doggie doctors. A man brought me to them and he told them he did not want me. That his friend's

dog had puppies and gave me to him and I would not eat. Well, I am only a week old. I just needed milk.

I am now safe with Ms. Kim, a volunteer at the Ark. She is so good to me. I will go back to the Ark for adoption when I am older and can eat on my own. Please, if you do not want puppies or kittens, have your female pets spayed so they cannot have babies.

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# SIREN CHASING

by Bill Wright

My brother and I were two years apart in age and had many common interests. We grew up in the 1930-1950 era in south Alabama. There were a few interests where we differed. He was more of a sports spectator and I was more of a sports participant. Also, he was impressed by public figures like politicians and country western singers. I was only impressed by baseball players and war heroes. Another difference was interest in emergency vehicles sirens or whatever noise makers they had. We lived near a fire station and each time he heard a fire truck siren it attracted his attention. When he grew older and owned an automobile he would often chase after fire trucks when he heard their sirens.

In November 1952 I had been discharged from the Army while stationed in Kentucky. It had been a thirteen hour trip to my home in south Alabama. That afternoon my brother and I went out to the local football stadium to watch a college football game between the University of Alabama and the University of Maryland. Later, I was very tired from the long trip home plus watching a football game and only wanted to rest.

However, my brother heard a fire truck and wanted me to go with him to follow the fire truck. After serving nine months in the Korean War, chasing after a fire truck hardly seemed exciting to me. To appease my brother and other family members I told him I would go with them. Five of us loaded into his small car and chased the fire truck to the downtown area. The fire was in an old building used to sell furniture and it appeared to be a small fire. Strangely, there was a sign on the store window that read "Fire Sale - All Furniture Discounted!"

Many years later I was now living in Huntsville and had recently retired from my job. I was driving and had stopped for a traffic light at the intersection of Highway 72 East and Maysville Road. While waiting for a light change, I spotted a car traveling at least 90 miles per hour in a 45 miles per hour zone. Soon I saw three police cars chasing him also at the same rate of speed. The police cars had lights flashing and sirens blasting.

It was unlike me, but I decided to follow the three police cars. I could not keep up with the speed of the police cars, but I followed the siren sounds. When I neared the intersection of Highway 72 East and Ryland Pike, I could no longer hear the sirens, but took a chance the police cars had turned north onto Ryland Pike. I had driven about two miles on Ryland Pike when I heard popping sounds which I quickly recognized as gun fire. The police were exchanging gun fire with the suspect. I would learn later the suspect had just shot and killed two people in a downtown parking lot. I stopped my vehicle and put it in reverse and backed up until I found a place to turn around and drove quickly back home.

This was my second and last time to chase after an emergency vehicle siren. I will leave Siren Chasing to my brother and others that are more daring than me.

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*Blain Davis, Woodville*



## Back Yonder in the Day

by Clarence Potter

I owned a Yamaha 750 Virago. It was a pretty fast bike and fuuun to ride. A little less cautious then than now. Before any of my heart attacks and being a supervisor in the cast shop at Revere, I had plenty of days off.

One bright and sunny day I had been out riding my little crotch rocket. Speed had no affect on my brain. I had just gotten home on Larkin Street. Opening the front door I could hear the phone ringing. I ran into the kitchen (closest room with a phone) and picked up the receiver. My mom. "The ambulance just picked up your dad. They think it's a heart attack." What? Are you here or Huntsville? "We are at Jackson County Hospital. It's bad, transferring him to Huntsville shortly."

Going back outside I had parked my bike behind my truck. No time to move it so I kick started the bike and away I went (caution to the wind). Living on Larkin across from Charles Bradford, Brad's father and mother. Turning left out of my drive past Bob Collins. Turning left on Panorama at Sue Hollis's. Wheel off the pavement just a tad. Past Ann Carter's turning right on Veterans Drive at Betty D'Auria's. Front wheel off the ground a little more this time.

Slowing down enough to turn left at old Dr. Trammel's office onto Laurel. Really twisting the throttle, bike raised up again. Blowing past Welton Norwood's seemed like I had just turned when I was slowing down for the four way stop at Kyle Street at Jacobs Bank. Nothing coming so I leaned the bike into the curve so much my left foot peg scraped the pavement.

As I leveled the bike I could see a car coming my way. It was almost in front of the Presbyterian Church. Thinking, not so fast until they get by me. I was still traveling at a fair rate of speed. As

we neared each other no blinker was on the auto so I knew he was not turning left. Got on the throttle heavy. I mean heavy.

As we met he turned left. Yeah, he turned left. A 1974 Oldsmobile verses a Yamaha Virago. We hit, my front wheel dead center on his bumper. Split second as we hit a voice said "Bow your head, let your helmet take the blow." I did just that. I lowered my head. My helmet completely destroyed my windshield. Moving forward the helmet crushed his windshield.

As I hit, the impact flipped me on to my back. Sliding across the top of his car down the back window across the trunk and onto the pavement. Landing I tried to catch myself. Broke my left arm. The only damage to me was a few scratches and broken left arm. My bike was no more. The old fellow's Oldsmobile was also totaled. Ambulance was there in a short time. Before the ambulance arrived the police got there. I heard the man telling them it was all his fault. He said, "He had his headlight on and I still didn't see him."

There was no light on my bike after that collision. Fact. If he saw my light it was before not after we hit. A few people scratched their head as they saw me walking around holding my broken arm. I was not admitted to the hospital. The doctor set my arm and released me. Later (not that day nor that week) I went to see the insurance agent. He told me he had both of us insured. He asked if I wanted a new bike. He also said "I had rather see you get a car. Yes, go find you a Corvette or something."

I got a Red Corvette and gave it to my daughter Carmen for her 16th birthday. I got a BMW bike. Settling with the agent later, he looked across he desk and said, "You tore your blue jeans, messed up your boots and helmet - here's a check to cover those and a little more."

**"I stepped on my scale this morning. It said 'Please practice social distancing. Only one person at a time on scale.'"**

**Suzy James, Athens**

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# WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

by Keith Wilson

Each time I hear Louis Armstrong sing "When the Saints go Marching In", it takes me back to a night of my youth. It was a night in October 1953. The place was Huntsville, Alabama. Goldsmith-Schiffman Field was the site. The West End Lions football team of Birmingham had just played the Butler Rebels. I was a member of the West End team. My Mother and Daddy had traveled to Huntsville to attend the game. My girlfriend, Doris Parker, came with them. I was looking forward to riding the return trip to Birmingham with my parents and Doris. Tommy Jones, one of our captains, reminded me that we were seniors, and this was going to be the last road trip we would have together. He thought I should ride on the bus with the team back to West End. So, I rode home to Birmingham with the team on the bus.

Many of the underclassmen had never been to Huntsville. It was going to be a new experience for them. This was going to be the third time West End and Butler would play each other. The older players had been to Huntsville in 1951 to play Butler at Goldsmith-Schiffman. West End had won the game 14-0, mainly because of a great performance by Howell Tubbs, the West End quarterback. Howell was to go on to become the starting quarterback at Auburn.

In 1952 the Rebels came to Birmingham's Legion Field for a rematch. The Rebels were loaded for the 1952 season. They were led by their sophomore All-State quarterback, Glenn Nunley and they easily defeated West End.

I remember one play of the 1952 game. Butler was on our three-yard line. I was playing left cornerback. Butler broke the huddle and lined up to begin the play. Nunley slid to his right and put the ball in the belly of the fullback slanting off tackle. Our left linebacker, Tommy Jones and I reacted immediately and knocked Butler's fullback three yards into their backfield. Both of us jumped up thinking we had just made a great touchdown "Stopping Play", just to turn and see the Butler left halfback cross the goal line. Nunley had just perfectly executed the belly fake and pitch to the halfback that he was famous for.

Butler, coached by Fulton Hamilton, was one of the best teams in the State during the 1952 season. The Rebels were to play the

Bessemer Tigers on Thanksgiving morning for the State Championship. Unfortunately, the Tigers had one of the best teams in Alabama high school football history. They had seven future major college stars on their squad. They defeated Butler for the championship.

The third game of the series between Butler and West End was to be the tie breaker. The winner of the game would be the best of two out of three. The West End team was looking forward to the trip to Huntsville. The bus ride to Huntsville was uneventful. We passed through Locust Fork, Cleveland, Blountsville and Arab. This was long before Interstate 65 was even dreamed of. We traveled on Highway 231. I thought the view as we traveled over the mountain just before arriving above the Tennessee River was beautiful. There was no way I could have imagined how that view would change. It would be eleven years before I would see that view again. By the time those eleven years would pass Huntsville would be one of the major players in the United States and Russia's race to the moon. Also, five guys riding on the bus that day would be living in Huntsville, raising their families and chasing their dream. Those West End players were Judson Lovingood, Truman Mabee, Doug Mabee, Keith Wilson and Jerry Galloway.

We arrived in front of the Russel Erskine Hotel early afternoon. We would stay there to rest before our pregame meal. In 1953 The Russel Erskine was a fine-looking hotel. It was the social center of Huntsville. We walked the short distance to the Big Spring to loosen up after the ride from Birmingham. Afterward we walked about three blocks to another hotel for the pregame meal. After the meal it was time to go to our room and settle down and get ready for the game.

Butler and West End teams were in the middle of one of their finest seasons in their school history. Butler was undefeated up to this point in the season. West End had only lost one game. When we arrived outside of Goldsmith-



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Schiffman stadium there was already a lot of great activity going on. The stadium was rocking. The bleachers were over-flowing, and people were sitting and standing on the top of the concrete block wall that enclosed the field. Fans were sitting inside the fence with their feet almost crossing the field boundaries.

That night Goldsmith-Schiffman stadium had over 7,000 screaming Butler Rebels fans. As we emptied the bus and walked through the gate we were greeted with not too kindly a welcome. Getting inside the stadium felt strange. We played our games in Legion Field in Birmingham. Legion Field was huge. The fans were at least 100 feet away from the playing field and team benches. Once the game started at Legion Field it was hard to even realize the fans were there.

At Goldsmith-Schiffman the fans were so close it could become personal on various occasions. I remember being tackled out of bounds and landing in the laps of several Butler fans. The locker room was very small and very hot, even for a normal early October night. To sum it all up, Goldsmith-Schiffman Stadium was very different from any other place we had played. To add to our uneasiness, when the Butler players came on to the field they appeared to be twice as big as our coaches had told us they were.

The game began. The first half was all West End. It seemed the

Lions could do no wrong.

Our first touchdown was scored by Bentley Ethridge, a substitute for our first string right half-back, Sammy Dunn. I scored the second touchdown. I remember the write-up in the news paper mentioned that Bobby Green chased Keith Wilson all the way to the end zone. Bobby Green and his wife Charlotte (both now deceased) and their children became very good friends after our family moved to Huntsville. The first half ended with West End in control 18 to 0.

One little aside to the game. West End did something that excited my girlfriend Doris, so that she hit my Mother on her back so hard that Mother's false teeth flew out of her mouth. Luckily, Mother caught her false teeth. I can only imagine Daddy looking for Mother's teeth under the bleachers.

The second half was very different. The Butler coaches made some adjustments during half time. Defensively, they would shoot our guard gaps and mess up the timing in the backfield. Offensively they regrouped and began to make their offense come alive. We had a difficult time handling their adjustments. Suddenly, the score was West End 18 - Butler 14, with Butler driving and little time left in the game.

The Rebels were on the twenty-yard line of West End. Glenn Nunley dropped back to pass. He found his receiver in the end zone, wide open. Glenn threw a perfect pass for the touchdown. Butler

won 20-18.

So, everyone thought! The back judge had thrown the flag, offensive pass interference. The referee called the Butler receiver with interfering with the West End defensive back. Instead of a Butler victory, the Rebels were penalized 15 yards and the Lions held. West End salvaged a win. The final score was West End 18 - the Butler Rebels 14.

The real story behind the Lions victory was not evident to the many fans watching that night. It has always been a practice for visiting coaches to be able to negotiate for the selection of the games referees. Coach Ward Proctor, the West End coach, negotiated the use of the Birmingham Area Association of Football Referees. The referee that called the offensive pass interference against Butler just happened to be the father of one of the West End players. Such is the "stuff of life".

Standout players for the Butler Rebels that long ago night were offense; Jim Buttrum, Leroy Medlin, Donnie Raney, Donald Grider and Charles Dukemineer. Defensive standouts were Donald Grider, Jack Ayers, Lewis Mitchell, Cephus Chandler, and Jim Butler.

At the restaurant during the postgame meal and on the bus ride back to Birmingham the Lions of West End had one long celebration. The thing I remember most about the celebration was the number of times the team sang "When the Saints Go Marching In".

## 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

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