



No. 339

May 2021



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

“TOGETHER AGAIN”



On July 12, 1905, in Poplar Ridge, Alabama, Nannie B. Russell Chandler went into labor with her only child. One hour after the birth, the mother died. She was buried here in the Old Bethel Primitive Baptist Church graveyard. I'm sure, because her family attended the church and her father, John R. Russell, served as Church Clerk for many years.

Nannie B.'s husband, Robert E. Chandler, must have buried her hastily because her stone, aged with moss, says only "Nannie B., Wife of R. E. Chandler." There are no words of endearment.

There is only a lamb on top of the stone, its head gone, lost over all of the years before my visit.

Also in this issue: Remembering Benny Hale; Church at Mt. Zion; Dr. James Carpenter; Huntsville's YMCA; Winn-Dixie - Roped and Branded; Cooking for One; Cat Tales and Much More!

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A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

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Together Again

by Nancy Owen Nelson

When you drive out of New Hope, Alabama on Cedar Point Road, your car curves back and forth until you reach Poplar Ridge Road. You turn left and drive straight north until you reach Cherry Tree Road. Then you turn left again onto Keel Hollow Road. Here you will find Bethel Cemetery, where my mysterious grandmother, Nannie B. Russell Chandler, is buried.

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Chandler." There are no words of endearment. There is only a lamb on top of the stone, its head gone, lost over all of the years before my visit.

Her little girl, also Nannie B., was named in memory of her lost mother, but that memory was buried along with her mother's body. For the rest of her life my mother, Nannie B. Chandler Nelson, who died in 2001, knew almost nothing about this good woman who gave her life so her daughter could begin hers.

This was a journey that started in 2011 on one cold November night in Michigan when I searched the internet and found a copy of my grandparent's wedding license. When I saw both signatures on the document, I knew I had to discover who my grandmother was and as important, how her death at childbirth affected my mother, and by inheritance, me. My mother told me often of an experience she had when, at about age ten, she visited her mother's grave. She overheard two women walking nearby say, "It's too bad Nannie B. died and the baby lived."

What greater guilt or pain could be laid on the shoulders of a child? What must have been the lifelong feeling of loss, of alienation, of unworthiness that this child would carry through her life?

Somehow on that night, I

"I've learned that sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand."

Beth Johnson, Huntsville



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HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

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knew I had to go forward with understanding not only the woman who birthed my mother, but the legacy she left behind. I had to know the story.

My memoir, "Searching for Nannie B.", is that story.

Soon I was spending hours on Ancestry.com looking for any details about my grandparents. I knew from the 1900 U.S. Census that my ancestors lived in Poplar Ridge, Alabama. Where was it? Did the community still exist? Where was my grandmother's grave, the spot where my mother had stood over 100 years ago and heard her life reduced to "too bad the baby lived"?

Continuous Ancestry.com searches brought up many Nannies — apparently a popular name for southern women at that time. I also searched findagrave.com with no results. Then I decided to search for the Poplar Ridge community. I was able to locate a road by the name of Poplar Ridge, but not a town.

One evening I put in another search for "Nannie B.

Chandler" and gravesites in the early part of the 1900s. One small scanned document came up with the name "Nannie B." highlighted. It was in the Bethel Churchyard on Keel Hollow Road. I was sure I had found her. I focused on this graveyard on Keel Hollow. Wasn't it important that one of the roads to the cemetery was called "Poplar Ridge"? There must be a connection, I thought.

I scanned online maps of the area near where I had seen Poplar Ridge Road. I found a tiny demarcation of a church off Cherry Tree Road. However, there was no information, no phone number or website for the church.

As a leap of faith, I contacted the New Hope Library. "Indeed," the person on the other end of the phone said, "Priscilla Scott can help you. She's our local genealogist."

Priscilla was able to help. Within a day, she sent me a map of the graveyard at the Old Bethel PB Church, along with a photo of my grandmother's gravestone with the simple let-

tering and the headless lamb.

When I drove into the cemetery yard for the first time in June, 2012 I felt the energy of sacred land beneath my feet. I had arrived at a destination I never imagined I would see, and I knew that my mother, Nannie B's daughter, was with me.

I unlatched and went through the iron gate, following the cemetery map given me by Priscilla Scott, genealogist of the Elizabeth Carpenter Library in New Hope. In Yard 10 my ancestors from the Russell family rest — my great-great uncle Calvin Russell, who died in the Civil War; my great aunt Mary Russell, and my great grandparents, John Riley and Delilah Jane Chapman Russell.



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Only a foot or two of earth separates my grandmother, Nannie B., from her parents.

That week I attended a service at the Old Bethel Primitive Baptist Church. On this rainy Sunday night, I was welcomed by Elder Ricky Siniard, his wife Syrethia and Deacon Everitt Blackwood. I was also welcomed by all of the people who came to sing and pray. After talks by two elders, we sang my mother's, Nannie B. Chandler Nelson's, favorite hymn, "Amazing Grace."

I offered a prayer for my grandmother, Nannie B. Russell Chandler, who had been "lost but now was found."

My father was career Army, and we rarely lived in one place for more than a year or two until we returned to Alabama when he retired. So until I took this journey, I never really understood my Alabama roots.

Through all my research, I would find out that Robert Chandler remarried three years after his first wife's death to a woman who was also named "Nannie." Yes, a third Nannie. Coincidence or residual loss? That she raised my mother as her own, along with the other six children she had with Robert. That Robert Chandler would become a prominent businessman in Decatur, Alabama, with his dry goods store on Moulton Street and 2nd Avenue.

I would come to realize, too, that that ten-year-old girl in the Bethel Cemetery who heard the harsh comments about her survival would live with that bur-

den for her entire life. That I inherited the burden of her angst, though I did not realize it until I was writing this book. I would also realize that in this writing, I have lifted the burden from all of us — my grandmother, my mother and myself.

But that grave and church service was not the end of my journey. I was driven to know more about why my grandmother was never spoken of or acknowledged. I continued looking for the missing pieces that had separated my mother first, and then me, from Nannie B. Russell.

I found a third cousin, Helen Robinson Paschal, now deceased. Helen's grandmother Mary had taken my mother in as an infant after Grandmother Chandler died. Remarkably, Helen remembered that she had two buttons from my grandmother's clothing in her sewing box. Helen's granddaughter Dixie sent me those chipped but valuable buttons in 2012. The day they arrived, I wound my mother's hair, which I had collected from one of her hair brushes, around her mother's

buttons.

Now mother and daughter were together, not only symbolically, but physically, the oil from my grandmother's fingers pressed into the beautiful pearl buttons, her DNA mingling now with her daughter's DNA embedded in her hair.

The Nannie B's were again together for the first time in 107 years.



Robert Chandler with baby Nannie B. in 1906

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Seen in classified ads

Our Family Hero

by Lawrence Hillis

Cecil "Salty" Rousseau was born in 1914 in Paint Rock and died in 2003 in Huntsville. His ancestors first came to Paint Rock Valley, Alabama in the early 1800s before Alabama became a state. He has hundreds of relatives in North Alabama and was a great friend to hundreds of other people. Cecil had four sisters and no brothers. They were Ruby Davis, Irene Lewis, Beatrice Moore and Esther Fullington. When he was young, his father Charlie and mother Minnie Beal Rousseau moved the family from Paint Rock Valley to a farm in Meridianville.

After farming and raising horses, Cecil worked at the Genesco Shoe Plant and married Dorothy Frances Pickett. Their daughters were Sandra Rousseau Bryant, born in 1942 and Judy Rousseau Landers Reynolds born in 1943. Dorothy died in a fire in 1947 and Cecil was left to raise Sandy and Judy. Cecil served in the Army during WWII from January 18, 1942 to November 16, 1945. He was assigned to the 407th Service Squadron, 14th Service Group and spent most of this time at an Army Air Force Base in Kanchow, China. His records show that he was promoted to Staff Sergeant and was over the Mess Hall feeding 450 men per day. During his tour of duty, he was awarded the Good Conduct Medal, American Service Medal, World War II Victory Medal, Asiatic Pacific Service Medal and the Bronze Star. All of the medals were lost in the house fire which killed his wife.

On the paperwork for his recommendation for the Bronze Star, Major W. F. Bull stated that the Squadron was charged with establishing and operating airways communications and radio aids for the operation. Critically short of manpower, the Commander requested volunteers from men doing other jobs on the base.

Paperwork stated that Sergeant Rousseau volunteered stating that even though he was a cook, he would do his best to assist with the installation and operation of equipment. Cecil was given signal publications to study and worked in communications. He would then shift responsibilities to maintenance and as the paperwork stated under adverse field conditions performed indis-

pensable value as an engine mechanic, maintenance man, as well as general electrician.

It went on to say that this man, far behind enemy lines, undertook this hard task and worked sixteen to eighteen hours a day.

I found a letter written 75 years ago from Major W. F. Bull, Army Air Corps, to Cecil's first wife Dorothy when Cecil was stationed at the Air Base in Kanchan, China. The letter has deteriorated to such a degree that it may not be readable in a few more years, so I transcribed it for safe keeping. The War in Europe ended with the surrender of Germany on May 7, 1945. Most of the action ended with Japan due to the Atomic bombings of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945 and Nagasaki on August 9, 1945. Japan officially surrendered on September 2, 1945.

This letter was dated on July 29, 1945 just before those events, so action was still very heavy between Japan and China. The letter was probably enroute to the States during those bombings. The envelope is addressed to Mrs. C. O. Rousseau, Route 1, Box 218, Huntsville, Alabama and says photograph enclosed.

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"Mrs. Rousseau, Knowing his serene disposition as you must, this is no news to you. Not the least of his popularity is that he is a spark-plug on the ball diamond, or any other athletic game. You might wonder why this tardy recognition. It is not as tardy as you might think. We have tried and schemed every way to get him promoted the past five months. Being a member of an organization far away from use, he has suffered, like all the other men here, from complications which cheated them of well-deserved promotions.

We have also recommended him enthusiastically for The Bronze Star Metal. Recently we had to send your Sergeant on a temporary duty, but under another officer of field grade who admires Rousseau as much as I do, and who will watch his best interests.

In fact, that Lt. Colonel asked for the Sergeant by name, which in the Army is an endorsement of merit. We will do our best to forward your letters directly to him when possible without the delay of sending them the roundabout way.

While it will be our loss, here is hoping that the compli-

cated release machinery will unwind efficiently, so you may have your fine man back at the earliest possible day.

May this find you and yours well, as happy as a temporary detached family can be, and keeping the chin up for the morale of the home front.


Cordially, W. F. Bull Major, Air Corps.

After WWII, Cecil met Novella Whitaker who became his second wife. Novella is related to almost every Whitaker in North Alabama.

They married in 1950 and had three children; Johnnie was born in 1952 and married Nancy Merritt, Karen born in 1957 married Lawrence Hillis and Pam born in 1959 and married Mike Gentle.

Cecil worked two jobs for the rest of his life: a first shift on Redstone Arsenal and a second shift at the Big Spring Community Center.


Everyone enjoyed the time they had with Cecil "Salty" Rousseau. It was an honor to be his son-in-law. Almost every time I went somewhere with him, he would bump into someone he knew and a long conversation would then ensue.



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LEDBETTER CAVE (GRASSY MOUNTAIN)

by Barry Key

Deep in the hollow, behind Papa Key's house, was a deep round hole, a sight to behold. It was Ledbetter Hollow's Ledbetter Cave, a cave we frequented when we were feeling brave. Rayford would lead... Griffin, Dalford and I would follow, on a full days trek, down in Ledbetter Hollow.

Standing on the outside looking in, you automatically got, clammy, crawling skin. We had been in several times, but a long while, so our imaginations still ran wild. We would enter the cave, with lights held tight and in the darkness, they were very bright. Though outside we knew it daylight, in the cave it was a moonless night.

The say you can feel the dark, with all lights out, 'total darkness' all around, not only can you feel the dark, you can hear its sound.

We loved to explore the different rooms, like archeologists in the Egyptian tombs. There were hundreds of stalactites, hanging from the ceiling; their unusual size and shapes were very appealing.

One thing most stalactites have in common, they are large at the top and pointed at the bottom. Mighty stalagmites grew from the floor, they were millions of years old, maybe more. You could peck on their side, and the different sounds they made, were like musical instruments in a parade.

There were places we could stand tall, but other places we had to crawl. From time to time, we would find a small hole, and slither through it, like a mole. There were walls we had to climb, you had to be in good shape, in your prime.

Some walls very high, lose your concentration, and things could go deadly awry.

There was a crystal clear creek flowing through, but at times it flowed with a hue. The creek held little animals, so unusual, on close inspection, you felt delusional. A cross between a crayfish and shrimp, bodies so white, when held, were soft and limp.

The cave was full of little furry creatures, a flying mammal with scary features. With thousands clinging to the ceiling, walking below, wasn't very appealing.



Dry guano, several inches deep, would fly up like dust, but in damp areas, it was covered with a crust.

One room held a special

prize, first time we saw it, we couldn't believe our eyes. There on the ceiling, written in ash, a name we treasured, as if a hidden cache. It was my granddad's name you see, on the ceiling a date, and the name Walker Key. Although my memory fails me, I remember the date as 1933.

Its been a long day, our lights getting low, a sure sign in a cave, it's time to go. As we exit the cave, we bid it adieu, again with luck and caution, we safely made it through.

As you read this and you get the urge to go, never enter a cave, unless you let someone know. Things can happen, in the blink of an eye, and in a cave, you could be left high and dry.

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Good Advice for the Month of May



- Look for heavy showers the first half of the month followed by a drying out period in the second half.
- Tomato plants should be well planted so the roots can survive the heat of the summer.
- Fish the deep holes along the Tennessee River as the weather gets warmer. Remember that on hot days when you feel like taking a nap in a shady spot - so do the fish.
- To prevent bugs and caterpillars from eating your young plants take 5 cigar butts, steep them in water in a sunny spot for 9 days then sprinkle on plants.
- Mix 1/8 teaspoon of cayenne pepper in a glass of water and drink it down to benefit your circulatory system.
- If you want to gamble - just have children. If you want a good investment - raise them right.
- May is the perfect month for taking grandchildren to the Big Spring to feed the ducks. Day-old bread makes a perfect duck treat.
- If you need a fast bathroom deodorizer, just light a match, blow it out and see what happens!
- Are your friends avoiding you? Get rid of body odor by taking just 30 mg. of zinc per day - you'll be smelling like a rose!
- To stop that tickle in your throat, chew a couple of whole cloves.
- Early vegetables are ready to pick the day after a raccoon eats them.
- The good news about baldness - you won't have dandruff.
- When outside, don't wear blue. Mosquitoes are attracted to that color more than others.
- For a sinus headache, sniff a little horseradish juice - the stronger the better. Do it slowly.
- Cooled camomile tea makes a great eye-wash for pink eye.
- If you can't sleep, put your feet in the refrigerator for 10 minutes, then turn in. You'll drop right off.
- To keep yourself from snacking at night, drink a cup of hot tea, turn off the kitchen light and tell yourself the kitchen is closed.
- Get out of a mild depression by getting into gardening.
- For thicker eyelashes apply castor oil to them at night.
- Next time you go to a restaurant check out their bathroom first. You'll get a good idea of how clean their kitchen is.
- Bad cough? Take some laxatives - you'll be afraid to cough.
- A little moonshine whiskey swished around in the mouth will help cure a bad toothache.

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From Catfish Permit (One Woman's Evolution from Pole to Rod)

by Anna Gene Clift Chesnut

About November in Seattle and most northern cities, people called Snowbirds start to think about wintering or vacationing in the Southern latitudes. In this particular story, my husband and I decided to go bone fishing in the middle of February in Belize.

My first encounter with fishing had taken place on Gunter'sville Lake, my mother and I being invited by our Huntsville cousins to their lakefront cabin, there. These cousins, being older, asked me to bring a friend along. I invited a neighbor, about my age, fourteen or fifteen, from across the street where we lived on Eustis. I was not exactly sure what the activities would be but I knew that we definitely would be swimming.

With that in mind and our swimming suits packed, when the day of the visit came, off we went. This is where I am a bit confused, because I have no idea, when my friend and I arrived, why we decided to go fishing. But we did! Maybe we found the fishing poles and decided it would be a "lark". We ended up on the dock on two portable chairs, next to each other, with two poles in hand and two lures in the lake.

We sat and talked for quite a while when suddenly I felt a tug on my line. Not ever having fished before, I yanked the lure out of the water with a huge catfish attached and splatted my friend squarely in the face. She was surprised but not hurt. To this day, however, I cringe to think of one of those whisker-like barbels hitting her in the eye and, perhaps, blinding her. That was the end of my fishing experience for many years.

Now, I fish, exclusively, with a fly rod, as most of the rivers on which we fish are "catch and release" trout streams. My husband and I along with our children and grandchildren

regularly fish on the Yakima River, on the east side of the Cascade Mountains in Washington State. For many years, we fished in Montana where I was introduced to the fly rod and cold trout streams. In fact, one of those streams was where a fishing resort called Ruby Springs Lodge was located. While in Montana (my husband, beginning a University of Washington medical project in Billings) we visited this fishing resort, started by a neighbor in Seattle.

Before my friend, Judy Smith and her husband M.D. (both contributors to this magazine) were married, there was a pre-nuptial dinner/dance party given for them in Birmingham to which, as a bridesmaid, I was invited. At that party was a good friend of M.D.'s. This fellow and I were attracted to each other, at least for the evening, as the next day I returned to Huntsville.

Fast forward thirty years to a fishing trip we took to this previously mentioned Lodge in Montana. The owner threw a Town and Country magazine in my lap as I was heading out with a guide for a day of fishing, saying that there was an article in it about his Lodge. While on the road to the fishing site I began to read the article.

The author said he had grown up in Birmingham, Alabama fly fishing with his dad. I looked at the name of the author and it was Charles Gaines, the young man I remembered from the

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"Dear God: Maybe Cain and Abel would not have killed each other if they had their own rooms. That's what my Mom did for me and my brother."

Kid's note to God

pre-nuptial party.

I called my friend, Judy Smith to ask if that was the same person I had met and, of course, it was. As it turned out he was a fisherman of some international renown, having written for several magazines and also books on the outdoors and fishing. "All roads lead to home" as the saying goes.

Our next foray was to Alaska for both trout fishing and salmon fishing but as we aged, suddenly our desire for warmer climes took over and, as I said in the beginning, we decided to go bone fishing in Belize.

I had never been to Belize so I knew nothing about the particular fish in that region. It did not take me long, however, to learn that while we were there for bone fishing the real prize was catching a permit on a fly. (I had thought a permit was a permission to do something, not a fish.) Since most sport fishing is now "catch and release" perhaps the better name for it might be "catch, take a photo and release" as the photo is the prize!

For the first two days at the fishing resort my husband and I went bone fishing standing on the saltwater flats (shallows by the shore) but in the evening we would hear the stories at dinner of the excitement of fishing for permit. They are elusive, hard to catch on a fly, and some people fish for years and never catch one. Since no women in our party had been taken permit fishing and we were paying the same amount, I asked why? Needless to say, the next day, my husband and I were taken to "hunt" for permit.

The flat bottom boat with the guide traveling "lickety-split" over the ocean is exhilarating. Just that in itself is exciting as each guide tries to be the first to spy the permit wave action. We were not the first but the sec-

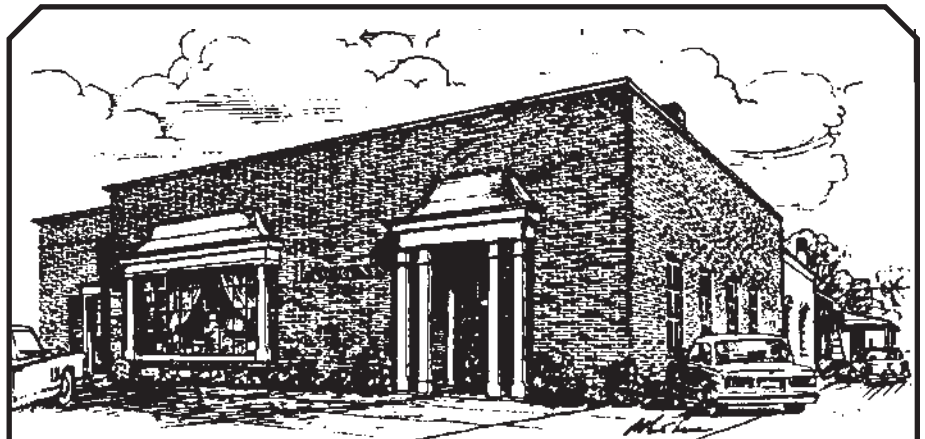
ond boat to reach the "school" of permit and the wave was already heading toward them as the person on that boat was chumming (throwing conch bits overboard-bad form) to attract the fish. For some reason, known only to the permit, they turned and came toward our boat. Our guide, high on the stern platform yelled "Cast!" And thanks to the powers that be, I hooked one. It immediately spit out the barbless hook but I quickly cast again and hooked another one.

With the boat in pursuit for forty-five minutes keeping the permit out of the mangroves while I was letting it run and then reeling it in, over and over, I finally managed to get it into the boat for the prize picture that hangs on the wall at the farm.

BLACK BEAN SOUP PICANTE

4 slices bacon, diced
 1 onion, chopped
 1 garlic clove, minced
 2 (15 oz.) cans black beans, drained & rinsed
 1 (14 oz.) can beef broth
 1-1/4 c. water
 3/4 c. picante sauce
 1/2 to 1 t. salt
 1 t. oregano
 Sour cream

Cook bacon in saucepan until crisp. Remove to paper towel, dice and set aside. Add onion and garlic to drippings. Cook and stir 3 minutes. Add remaining ingredients (except sour cream) and simmer for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Ladle into soup bowls and top with bacon and sour cream. Serve with tortilla chips.



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A friend of mine who lived on Locust Street told me how her father was upset when he came home from work to find out his son had forgotten to milk their cow. This was only ninety-one years ago when she was seven.

Sundays were peaceful and restful. After Church, a picnic was always great fun for a sunny Sunday. Afterward, the Zesto in Five Points was a welcome treat for us. My favorite was an orange freeze made with vanilla ice cream and an orange drink, but it cost twenty-five cents and sometimes I didn't have that much. However, I would find Coca-Cola bottles and coat hangers to take to the grocery and laundry to get reimbursed on the deposit.

Now I'm looking forward to the graduation of another granddaughter named after me this May. What a marvelous time to be going out in the world. I just wish I could live another hundred years to see all the new things to come on the horizon. It's a new day dawning, so much to be thankful for, so go out and make the most of it.

Until next time - Be Glad.

(If you have any questions about Huntsville's past, ask Grandma.)

"Angels are in charge of helping heal sick dogs and cats. And if they don't make the pets better, they help the kid get over it."

Chelsie Adams, Age 7

Hooray, after having the second Covid shot, I am feeling secure enough to be around my grandchildren. Two more will be born in May. Longing to hold them. There is nothing like holding a newborn baby and feeling the wonder ahead of them makes tears come to my eyes.

So inspiring to see and enjoy the beautiful flowers and flowering trees. The Maple Hill Cemetery can bring back old memories of old Huntsvillians that were friends of my parents, who would be well over a hundred and twenty-five years old if still alive today.

I often wonder what my parents would think if they were to come back for a day — how my hometown has grown. California Street was just getting paved one summer day after having been a dirt road. We all rejoiced — no more dust on cars or inside our homes with no air conditioning.

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THE "Y"

by Larry Maples



The 109 year-old lady at Greene Street and Randolph Avenue was lovingly restored by Buck Watson. His revitalization evokes a boatload of memories. Little did we know as 6th graders when we were memorizing "Cyrus McCormick invented the mechanical reaper" that some of the money he made on it was used by his children to build our play palace in downtown Huntsville.

When we moved from Redstone Park in 1955, Daddy made two key investments: new baseball gloves from Hutchens Hardware on Jefferson and YMCA memberships for David and me.

From our perch on Whitesburg we walked 3 blocks to Judy Ashburn's house at Whitesburg and Kent and rode the hospital bus down to the old Y. On the way home from old Junior High on Randolph, we could play a while then catch the same bus back home in front of the old Carnegie Library.

Entering the front door, the first stop on my memory tour is the office of our main man B. J.

Allison, just to the right of the foyer. His title was Physical Director, but he was so much more - an adult who actually listened to you and was always an encouraging presence. My first memory of him was the day he came to Fifth Avenue School to organize a 100 pound football team. When only 6 boys showed up after 3 practices, he gathered us together and announced we wouldn't be able to field a team in 1956. I was really dejected because I viewed this as my first chance to be on a real team with uniforms. At Redstone Park we played only self-organized sandlot sports.

Noticing my long face, he made me a deal I couldn't refuse. "If you want to play, I'll pick you up after school every day and take you to West Clinton." So my introduction to the "Y" was getting to ride and talk to B. J. in his spiffy '55 black and white Ford Coupe. The icing on the cake was when he handed us those new gold jerseys and Sewanee Acuff, the Duskin brothers, Jim Wisner and others carried us all the way to the Gray Y Bowl championship at Goldsmith Schiffman Field.

On the way to that "bowl game" we watched B.J. do his dead level best to encourage our best player to stay within the sportsmanship guidelines. Sportsmanship was valued in those "Y" leagues as evidenced by the fact that at season's end both MVP and Best Sportsmanship awards were given.

After starting his second fight of the season, J.R. was in B.J.'s back seat with me as we returned from our game at Virginia McCormick Y in West Huntsville. B.J. played what I thought was his ace in the hole. "J.R. how would you like to be the MVP of the league this year?" J.R. responded, "I wouldn't mind it." Which apparently meant he wouldn't mind it if he could win the trophy and keep fighting because in the very next game he started another fight and had to be dismissed from the team.

In Loving Memory of Maria Bello Llerena

Wife, Mom, Grandmother, Friend



We send deepest sympathy to Oscar Llerena and his family in the loss of his wife Maria. She loved her family more than anything. She was a bright light in this world.

Aug. 9, 1944 - April 1, 2021

"You don't get to choose when you're going to die, or how. All you can do is decide how you're going to live."

Joan Baez

Facing the front of the "Y," the pool table was in the front right corner and the two ping pong tables were in the front left corner. The gym and offices comprised the rest of the main floor.

If I was in the mood for a table game, my basic approach was to peer around the corners to see if Elvis Larkin was around. If he was on the pool side, I slipped over to the ping pong tables and vice versa. Elvis would beat you every time in any game which put a premium on hand-to-eye coordination, but not foot speed.

Elvis earned the reputation as one of the best golfers in Alabama, but his athletic skills translated to other games, including basketball shooting contests like H-O-R-S-E. He would force you further and further from the goal as he continued to drain his set shot. Elvis and Mutt Glover of New Hope are the last guys I remember who shot the old-fashioned two-hand set shot.

If we came in for swimming lessons, my brother David and I checked in at the office and the lady would buzz the door to let us walk down the creaky stairs to the humid chlorine pool area where Clyde McDaris and Jan somebody would put us through the paces on our way up from minnow to fish to whale. Those same stairs forked about midway providing a corner entrance to the gym. There we lined up in our uniforms and tensely awaited the completion of the previous game. Then we exploded out of the stairwell and onto the floor for our layup drill.

Another exciting matchup in the Saturday morning Sunday School Basketball League! Mr. Watson preserved the center portion of the old floor where we learned to play basketball on a team. That floor had its eccentricities. A shooter from deep in the southwest corner had an "extra man" guarding him because the curving part of the viewing balcony could block your shot. The basket nearest the office had ample maneuvering space underneath the backboard, but the goal on the far end was attached to the wall and the wall was the out of bounds line!

None of this seemed odd until we traveled to state tournaments at year-end and discovered that kids in Birmingham, Montgomery and Selma played on symmetrical courts.

On the web look at www.crunkletonblog.wordpress.com/2015 for a beautiful collection of photographs of Buck Watson's restoration. The conference room picture triggers another memory file. That was the location of our Monday night Hi-Y Club meetings when we were in junior high.

Lonus Hucks ran the show as we planned our trips to Birmingham for the state conven-

tion or to a recreation destination like Lake Winnepesaukah in Chattanooga. This club allowed girls as members which added depth and dimension to our road trips as you can imagine!

These trips were usually punctuated with some stunt like dropping water balloons onto unsuspecting pedestrians from the 12th floor of the Redmont Hotel or buying a bottle of peroxide and coming back to school on Monday with certifiable blond proof that we had been on the big trip.

Other "business" in that conference room included planning our fund raising Christmas tree sale on the vacant lot next to the "Y" and ordering our blue Hi-Y jackets. But, the overriding pleasant memory of those Monday nights was that it gave us an excuse to escape our homework and frolic downtown for a couple of hours and maybe sneak in a girlfriend visit on Randolph Street.

Some Huntsvillians justifiably lament the razing of some of Huntsville's architectural gems. But, the two beauties that hold the most memories for me - The "Y" and Optimist Park now look better than they did in my childhood.

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On Time

by M. D. Smith, IV



Time. It can drag at a snail's pace when you want a boring lecture to end. It's a roller-coaster ride when you are enjoying yourself at a fun party with friends and family — over before you know it.

You have a lifetime of time, however long it works out to be. And positively take it from one who knows, like toilet tissue, the smaller the roll left on the spool, the faster it goes.

My special awareness of time goes back to the late 1940s. My family was in the radio business with WBRC-AM in Birmingham. We'd listen to the big console radio-phonograph to the NBC radio network news. When it was over, and the featured program was about to start, my father would announce:

"Okay, son," and he'd look at the second hand of his wind-up watch. "When you hear the chime, it's precisely on the hour." If his timepiece was off more than a couple of seconds, he'd reset it.

I was the first kid with a cheap wind-up watch on a leather band who knew when to be home no later than six for dinner. Other kids would sometimes ask me. It felt good to be regarded as The Time Keeper.

WBRC-TV, Channel 6 went on the air in July of 1949. We had one of the first TV sets in town. Again, networks started programming exactly on the hour. (Sorry to tell you that's not the case these days. They often start up to 20 seconds after the hour.)

In my teenage years, I worked summers as a Dee-Jay at WAAY Radio and further learned how important it was to stay on time, but budgeting your half hours, even writing down planned times for songs and commercial breaks. News at :25 and :55 was our motto. If a song ran long, I could read less news or read faster. I'd add a funny "slice of life" story if needed to fill time. But I prided myself, starting the next record precisely on the hour.

I was overjoyed Christmas of 1960 when I got my Bulova Accutron watch with a battery that powered a tuning-fork circuit. It hummed. Extremely accurate. Guaranteed better than a second a month.

For most of my lifetime, time ticks invisibly and accurately inside my skin. Ask my wife if she didn't have to be ready when I arrived for a date. After the first date when I said, "If you want to leave at 7:15 instead of our agreed time of 7:00, please tell me, and I'll come fifteen minutes later." She was always ready for our dates after that. Go ahead, ask her.

Ask any of my eight kids if I got them to school on time. I liked to leave five minutes early to beat the peak rush traffic. I'd announce at 7:24 that all in the house going with me, needed to move toward the car in the garage below. At 7:25, I'd back the car out, whether all were in or not. At 7:26, I'd lay on the horn in long pulses. My daughter, Allison, remembers it the best since her bedroom was overlooking the driveway. She was often the one who was late. Being the only girl, her mother thought I should cut her some slack. No way.

Fast forward from the twentieth century to today, 2021.

Let's see, 60 seconds in a minute - 3,600 seconds in an hour, times 24 hours = 86,400 seconds per day, times 365 = 31,536,000 a year times, 71 years is 2.4 billion seconds. Even in minutes, that's over 37 million minutes. It's been a long time since I became aware of time. Now the sands in the hourglass are getting fewer. I've lived 42 million minutes (80 years) total. If I have 4 million minutes left, I'll be happy.

So, am I still on time to events, parties and meetings?

You bet your Bulova I am.





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HAPPENSTANCE OR DESIGN? DESTINED TO WRITE

by John E. Carson



F. Scott Fitzgerald, 1921

From the age of fourteen I knew I wanted to be a writer. Books had been my shields and my magic carpet, protecting me from the dysfunctional life of a family too big for its income. The eighth born of ten children, I had moved seventeen times before I graduated

high school as my father struggled to keep a roof over our heads. Family history was not something we talked about over quiet dinners and being estranged from our paternal grandparents there were many things I would not learn until much later in life.

It was well after my 60th birthday that I learned of our relation to two famous writers: Francis Scott Key and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Had I known sooner I may have better understood my desire to write.

Born in St. Paul, Minnesota in 1896, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald was named for his 2nd cousin thrice removed, Francis Scott Key. The Fitzgeralds were cousins to my father and his two brothers. My grandmother, Julia Carson, born Ackerman, lived in St. Paul and when her boys were young she would take them by streetcar to visit the Fitzgeralds. My father's brother, Arthur was only four years junior to F. Scott.

But F. Scott soon moved to New York with his family and spent most of his childhood years there. Whether my grandparents stayed in touch with the Fitzgeralds is something we have no history of.

Given F. Scott's turbulent life and his alcoholism, it is not hard to understand why my family did not talk about him much - at least not around young ears. As

I was born in 1951, Scott Fitzgerald had not yet been recognized as one of the great writers of the 20th Century. His real fame came long after his death in 1940 at the age of 44.

Fortunately, I have outlived him. Of course, I have been blessed not to have a drinking problem as he did, though my parents were both victims of the same.

Still, some of the same blood that flowed through Francis Scott Key and Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald does flow in me from my father and causes me to wonder - is writing my destiny or just happenstance?

I only hope that if I ever write the Great American Novel that I will be alive to see it.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



for many many years and knows so much detailed history of our city landmark. Congratulations to Bev!

One of our avid readers is **Louise Manning**, she will be 96 in December, and she remembers alot of the events and places our writers send in. Louise told me she really likes the writing of **Barry Key**. She never knew Barry but knew Barry's wife **Judy Key**, years ago. Judy had 3 sisters and they were known as the "Hill girls" because that was easier than listing all the names. Judy's parents were **Gertrude** and **Leo Hill**, and Gertrude was a very special friend to Louise.

Great news - **Greene Street Market** is starting back up in May. The location is same - Eustis and Greene Streets downtown - and they will begin May 6. Market hours are 4-8 pm May thru August. 4-7 pm Sep - October. The dates are every Thursday, May 6 - Oct. 28.

Everyone who knew **Brenda Webb** thought the world of her. If you had anything to do with planning a funeral at Maple Hill Cemetery, you met Brenda. She worked for the City of Huntsville in her proudest accomplishment, being appointed as Director of Huntsville's Cemeteries for 21 years. She was appointed and re-appointed by 3 successive mayors. Her goal was to maintain and increase the beauty of each of the nine cemeteries, because

she knew so many people considered these cemeteries sacred places where their loved ones were buried. The expansion of Maple Hill Cemetery was one of her proudest accomplishments and she worked hard for this. Brenda received many awards and accolades for her work with genealogy and history of the people buried in the cemeteries and helped so many families who were trying to find loved ones. She was most proud of her family, however, and leaves husband of 55 years, **Conrad Webb**; her daughter **Christy Alison Webb**; her sisters **Pam Keahey** and **Alice Faye Boyd**; sister-in-law **Mavis Webb** as well as nieces, nephews and dear friends. She will be missed by so many.

Many of you are coffee drinkers, as I am, and one day it occurred to me to buy a coffee-scented candle. I ordered it on Amazon and have burned it nearly every night - you can't believe how good it smells. Like you're in a wonderful coffee shop. Even if it's not burning - the coffee smell is heavenly!

Currently we are having the

Did you find the hidden clock? It was on page 36, on the table in the picture with **M.D. Smith**. We had a good number of people to call but the first was **Jeannie Worthy**, of Huntsville. She actually lives in the Russel Erskine building on the top floor, at the corner. She said she has the best view ever! She was the first to call and win a year's subscription to the magazine. Congratulations to you.

Then did you recognize the sweet little girl in the Photo of the Month? **Beverly Stewart** of Madison was the first correct caller. She is retired but remembered meeting **Jane Barr** at a Huntsville public library event. Jane Barr has been living on Monte Sano

Photo of The Month

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most beautiful weather and I know all of us are thrilled just to have the sun on our faces. With the colors of trees and flowers, fresh air, lots of birds, it's just good to wake up to every day. Get out and walk!

Rosemary Leatherwood, who owns Ole Dad's BBQ in Hazel Green, is remembering her husband **Bill Leatherwood**. He always loved celebrating his May 2 birthday, and loved being with his family. He is her angel in heaven now, watching over her and she misses him every day.

Karen Dekko was very proud of her Norwegian heritage and was the youngest of 7 children. She was beloved "Grandma Dekko" to her 9 grandchildren and absolutely loved children. She was proud of her Morris Elementary first graders as a "room grandmother", providing legendary room parties. She loved animals and volunteered her time on multiple charities, boards and school programs. Karen passed away in late March. She is remembered as a spunky, generous, kind and loving lady who truly cared about others. Karen is survived by her sister **Evie** and her children **Brian Paulus (Angie)**, **Craig Paulus (Lisa)** and **Leslie Sharpe (Antony)**.

We do have readers in Pennsylvania! Recently we received a really nice note from **Bob and Rose Rudeck** who have been subscribing and have never been in Huntsville! They just enjoy our history and stories and crazy quotes. Happy Summer to the Rudecks!

I bought something years ago that turned out good - I picked up a child's umbrella rather than adult. It's small but covers my head just fine, so it's what I take most often on cloudy day walks - much easier to manage.

A beautiful lady will be celebrating her 87th birthday on May 23 - she has so many friends and family who will be wishing her Happy 87th. Right now **Gladys Chunn Bryant** lives in Texas but has many relatives in the Huntsville area. She is a writer for Old Huntsville and is working on her book. Happy Birthday to you!

Lowe Mill Arts on Seminole Drive always has something going on no matter what you like. If you're new to Huntsville you have got to go by for a visit - you won't forget it! Starting May 8 - Oct. 23 from 11am - 4pm - every Saturday - they will be having their Saturday Markets where you never know what you'll find. Then on May 1 there will be

an event called Rocket City Kit-typalooza for all you pet lovers that will go from 11 am to 7pm and will be all things kitties & dogs. It's free but donations are happily accepted, for pet rescue groups. It sounds really fun.

If you're into art of any kind you can watch the artists paint, draw, sculpt - answer questions and of course purchase if you'd like. There are various restaurants to eat at, a coffee shop, chocolate shop, vegan treats - almost unlimited. Pets on leashes are always welcome inside the Mill. Currently Lowe Mill asks that you continue to wear a mask for any inside visits.

Check Lowe Mill out on both their Facebook pages and website - you'll be glad you did. For general visits Lowe Mill is open Wednesday thru Saturdays from 11am - 7pm. See you there!

Speaking of masks and vaccinations, there are so many now who can hug their older family members for the first time in over a year. In honor of them I have hidden a **tiny tiny heart** somewhere in this issue - if you find it and are the first to call you win a \$40 annual subscription to Old Huntsville. Get your specs out.

And **Happy Mothers** day to all the beautiful moms out there!



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Cooking for One

Fried Apples

- 2 cups apples, peeled, cored and sliced
- 1 t. lemon juice
- 3 T. butter
- 2 T. brown sugar
- 1/2 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 t. ground nutmeg

Place apples into a medium-sized bowl. Pour lemon juice over to prevent browning. Melt butter in a 10-inch skillet over medium heat. Stir in the brown sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cook, stirring for 30 seconds. Add apples and stir to coat. Cook and stir for 12-15 minutes, until apples have softened. Serve warm.

Pork Tenderloin

- 8 oz. pork tenderloin
- 1/2 T. olive oil
- 1 t. Italian seasoning
- 1/2 t. kosher salt
- 1/2 t. coarsely ground black pepper
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1 T. butter

Place a small cast iron skillet in the oven on a middle rack and heat the oven to 450 degrees. The skillet will heat along with the oven.

Using oven mitts, remove the skillet from the oven when hot and add olive oil to the pan. Give the pan a swirl so that the oil coats the entire bottom. Mix together the Italian seasoning, salt, pepper and garlic powder in a small bowl. Sprinkle the seasoning mix over the pork and rub the spices in with your fingers.

Place the pork in the skillet and return the skillet to the oven to bake for 10 minutes.

Remove the skillet from the oven and using tongs, flip the pork tenderloin over. Reduce the oven temperature to 400 degrees and continue roasting another 15 minutes. Remove the skillet from the oven. Add the butter to the pan and cover with a large plate, a pan lid, or foil. Let the pork rest 15 minutes before serving. Remove the foil. Spoon the butter sauce over the pork before slicing.

Shrimp Scampi

- 2 ounces uncooked linguine
- 6 large shrimp peeled and deveined
- 1/2 t. kosher salt
- 1/2 t. coarsely ground black pepper
- 2-1/2 T. olive oil divided
- 2 T. salted butter divided
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- Pinch red pepper flakes optional
- 1/2 T. lemon juice
- 1 T. shredded Parmesan cheese
- 1 T. chopped fresh parsley

Fill a medium saucepan with water and bring to a boil over medium-high heat. Add the linguine to the boiling water and reduce the heat slightly to maintain a simmer. Cook until pasta is tender, 5-7 minutes. Drain in a colander and transfer pasta to a bowl. Toss with 1/2 tablespoon of olive oil so the pasta noodles don't stick together. Set aside.

In a separate small bowl, season the shrimp with salt and pepper. Mix together so that the shrimp

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are evenly coated. Set aside.

Heat 1 tablespoon of the olive oil and 1 tablespoon of the butter in a medium sized skillet. When the butter melts, add the garlic and red pepper flakes and cook, stirring occasionally for 30 seconds. Add the shrimp to the pan and cook for 1 -2 minutes. With a fork, flip the shrimp over and cook the other side for an additional 1-2 minutes, or until shrimp is pink and opaque.

Remove shrimp from the pan to prevent overcooking and place in a clean bowl; cover the bowl

Add lemon juice, olive oil and butter to pan. When butter melts add the shrimp back to the pan and spoon some of the sauce over the shrimp. Remove from heat and pour over cooked pasta. Top with Parmesan cheese.

Lemon Garlic Chicken

- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 T. lemon juice
- 1 T. olive oil
- 1/2 t. paprika
- 1/2 t. Italian seasoning
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1- 6 ounce chicken breast
- 1/2 c. uncooked orzo pasta
- 1 T. butter

Combine the garlic, lemon juice, olive oil, paprika, Italian seasoning, salt, and pepper in a small bowl. Place the chicken breast in a shallow dish and pour marinade

over the chicken. Cover dish and refrigerate for at least 20 minutes.

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Place chicken on a baking sheet. Bake in the oven for 25 minutes or until completely cooked through and chicken is no longer pink inside.

Remove the chicken from the oven and cover it with a piece of foil and allow the chicken to rest for 5-10 minutes.

While the chicken is baking, make the orzo. Fill a medium sized pot 3/4 full with lightly salted water and bring to a boil. Add dried orzo to the pot and boil the orzo about 8 minutes or until it has a firm, chewy texture, stirring occasionally to prevent it from sticking together. Drain orzo in a colander.

Add the orzo back into the warm pot and stir in the butter. Slice the chicken and serve over cooked orzo.

Easy Steamed Broccoli

- 1 pkg. frozen broccoli florets for steaming.
- 4 T. butter
- 1 t. seasoning salt
- 2 T. toasted slivered almonds
- 3 tablespoons salted butter, melted

Steam package broccoli per instructions, in bag. While still hot remove from bag to bowl. Add butter to melt, add salt and sprinkle with almonds. Ready!

Oatmeal Cookies

- 4 T. brown sugar
- 2 T. granulated sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/4 t. vanilla extract
- 1/3 c. all purpose flour
- 1/4 t. baking soda
- 1/4 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/8 t. salt
- 1/4 c. old fashioned oats
- 1/4 c. raisins

Heat oven to 325 degrees. In a medium sized bowl, cream together the melted butter, brown sugar and granulated sugar until well blended. Beat in the egg yolk and the vanilla extract until creamy. Set the bowl aside.

In a separate small bowl, mix together the flour, baking soda, cinnamon, and salt. Mix the flour mixture into the butter mixture. Stir in the oats and raisins. Place cookies 2-inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes. Let the cookies cool for 5 minutes on a cookie sheet..

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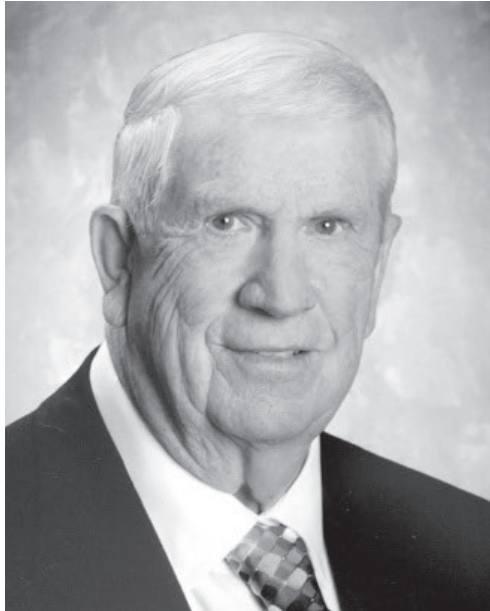


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The Best Friend: Remembering Benny Hale



by Jim McBride

Have you ever met someone for the first time and within a few minutes, you felt like you had known them for years and considered them a friend? Let me tell you about my friend Benny Hale.

Benny was a country boy, born April 28, 1945 to George and Bessie Hale of the Hazel Green community in Madison County, Alabama. He had three older sisters; Kathleen, Alma Ruth and Betty. George and Bessie had another son, George Vance Hale who passed away in 1941. In any case, Benny was the baby of the family. Maybe the baby but not a spoiled one. The sisters tried to spoil him but according to them, it didn't take. While a student at Hazel Green High School, Benny drove a school bus taking other students to and from school. That's quite a responsibility for anyone, especially a teenager.

Benny's father, whose gentle personality Benny inherited, was foreman over Lowe Farms. Growing up, Benny had an acre on that farm he sharecropped each year to earn spending money.

After high school graduation, Benny

married Kitty Fisher with whom he had two children, Mark and Michelle. He got his electrician's license and began working for the Madison County Schools. He later became an electrical supervisor for Huntsville City Schools. His years of service with those two systems lasted several decades. Benny also had a side business, BH Electric. He was well known for doing great work and undercharging for that work, especially for his friends. It almost made you feel guilty for hiring him. He was always willing to help out when needed in any situation. Benny also had that rare gift of being able to bring people together. Whether it was a sports related trip, a lunch with two or three or a larger gathering. His classmates say he was the glue, the not so common thread that held the group together. They enjoyed their reunions and Benny was always there, having fun with his lifelong friends. Good ole Benny.

Benny was an avid sports fan. Actually, he was the biggest sports fan I've ever known. He was a really good basketball and baseball player for Hazel Green High School. He played back when the Hazel Green Trojans were the Hazel Green Greenies.

Whether it was a summer softball league or a pickup



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basketball game, Benny wanted to play. If he couldn't play, he wanted to coach. If he couldn't coach, he wanted to watch. Benny did in fact coach several teams through the years, both boys and girls in various sports. When his daughter Michelle began racing at Huntsville Speedway, Benny was in her pit crew. He met and became friends with NASCAR Champion driver Martin Truex, Jr. via the Huntsville Model Boating Association races. They would sometimes race go carts at the local indoor track. Benny faithfully supported local teams, especially the Hazel Green Trojans, and traveled to see district and state tournament games wherever the tourney was being played.

He could tell you about any athlete of note, in city or county sports, for several decades. He knew where they went to high school, where they played college ball and which professional team they played for. His knowledge of sports could be rivaled only by a professional sports writer. Benny and former Huntsville Times sports reporter Mark McCarter could boggle your mind with their knowledge of SEC, MLB, NBA, NFL and NASCAR athletes, owners, coaches, front office management, crew chiefs, pit crews, referees and umpires. Lunch with those two was an amazing learning experience. Great stories were a bonus.

In 2015 Benny was invited to become a member of the Huntsville-Madison County Athletic Hall of Fame Board of Directors. Hall of Fame members Greg Patterson (Lee High School/Jacksonville State University) and Louis Vaughn (Butler High School/University of North Alabama) had great things to say about Benny and his contributions to the Board.

They say he diligently studied the careers and achievements of the nominated athletes in order to choose the ones most worthy of induction. Greg and Louis say in addition to the hard work and fun loving personality Benny brought to the Board, they were amazed at the great number of ads he sold for the induction ceremony printed programs. Another tribute to how well Benny was liked in the city as well as the county.

Another H-MCHOF member, Stanley Stafford (Hazel Green High School/Athens State) was 6 years younger than Benny. He watched Benny play at Hazel Green High School and connected with him several years later when Stan went

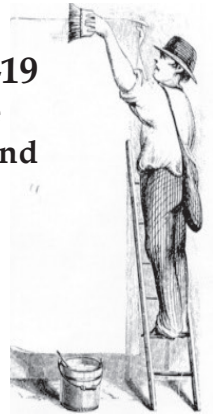
to see Benny's son Mark play basketball. Stan and Benny were great friends from that day forward. After a couple of trips to major league baseball parks, they decided to visit all 32 Major League Parks. Over the next several years, with a handful of other friends, that is exactly what they did. They also visited several minor league parks along the way. That is dedication. Stan says he never saw Benny mad or speak badly of anyone. Nor have I. That's Benny. That's how he was.

In 1999, Benny re-married. Carolyn Basler was a middle school teacher in the Madison County School System, a "yankee" from Detroit, Michigan. They met on a double blind date. They were there to help with the conversation in case the other couple did not "hit it off." The other couple did not "hit it off" but Benny and Carolyn did. Benny got her phone number that night and they were off to the races. NASCAR races, sea cruises and trips to Las Vegas were some of the things they enjoyed together. Gatlinburg was one of their favorite places to visit. In fact, Benny proposed to her there after touring Ripley's Believe It or Not Museum. It was both humorous and ironic to Carolyn since Benny had vowed to never marry again and Carolyn wasn't looking for anyone at the time. Benny's friends



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teased them about the country boy/big city girl relationship but he and Carolyn got the last laugh. They happily made it work for almost 19 years, until Benny passed.

They were married at Cedarhurst Mansion, otherwise known as the haunted Sally Carter House in southeast Huntsville. Sally is a whole different story and you can read about her in a previous edition of Old Huntsville Magazine. Sheriff Joe Patterson and other dignitaries attended the wedding as well as others who considered Benny their best friend.

The reception was NASCAR themed with pit stop tables, checkered flags and their favorite driver's names on the cakes. I'm surprised there was no University of Alabama regalia there, I'm sure they thought it best not to mix themes. They actually spent their honeymoon night there and lived to tell the tale.

Benny loved spending time with his family. Whether it was shooting fireworks on the 4th of July and New Years, family meals, or just hanging out laughing and enjoying each other's company, Benny treasured every moment.

Benny and I shared a birth date, he being 2 years my senior. When we were younger, on our birthday, my Mom would bake two cakes, one for me and one for Benny. Many years we had our birthday celebration together. We grew up together in church and my paternal grandparents lived less than a quarter mile from the Hale family for many years. When I visited them from town or after church Benny and I played a lot together. We remained close through our early married years until my family and I moved away.

Even though I was away for 35 years, every year on our birthday, we talked on the phone, wishing each other a happy day. We even celebrated together a few times during those years,

In 2014, I moved back to Madison County and re-connected with Benny.

We picked up right where we left off in our younger years.

We were both retired by that time and were able to go to ball games and lunch together anytime we wanted. Sometimes we simply rode through the countryside reminiscing, catching up and just enjoying being together.

My wife Jeanne liked Benny from the first meeting and grew to cherish his friendship as time went by. I think Carolyn and Jeanne liked Benny and I being together. They knew we were having a good time. Did I mention Benny and I were distant kin? His Mother's maiden name was Hillis. My Mother's maiden name was Hillis. My Papa, Virgil Hillis, was a cousin of Benny's Grandfather Squire Hillis. Both sides of both our families - Hale, Hillis and McBride - go back to Warren, Van Buren and White Counties in middle Tennessee. We were enjoying sharing that part of our friendship as well.

On a Friday night in early April of 2018, Benny, Carolyn, Jeanne and I met at Rosie's Cantina for dinner. Benny wasn't feeling well and I don't believe he ate a single bite. We hugged and said goodbye in the parking lot. How could I know that would be the last time I would see or talk to my dear friend. I called to check on him the next day and Carolyn said he didn't feel well but was watching the NCAA Basketball Finals on TV. The next morning, she took him to the hospital. He would never leave there alive. Benny passed away after being seriously ill for several days.

Along with those who knew and loved Benny, my heart was broken when I heard the sad news concerning him. It hurt to know we would never share another adventure and never celebrate another birthday together. Benny was the very definition of a friend. We will always fondly remember him for being the fun loving, caring country boy he was. Benny Hale, the best friend anyone could ever have. His grave is in the peaceful Cochran Cemetery in New Market alongside his parents and other family members.

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"I think it's called a book. Have no idea where the batteries go."
One six year-old to another

My Special Window

by Mary Louise Vaughn Manning



After marrying in 1948, my husband's job took us away from home and around the country. I was born and raised in Huntsville and always longed to get back. In 1951, we were able to return and shortly thereafter Tommy, our infant daughter Kathy, our dog and I bought a small house in the medical district.

After living in the house for a few years, we realized that we needed more space and began to plan for a kitchen and den extension on the back of the house. The one thing I knew for sure that I wanted was a large window in the den. I envisioned a time when I was older and could spend my hours looking out on my back yard and enjoying the life in it. Unfortunately, we soon discovered that large windows were not in our budget.

In the 50s there was a cotton mill located on Triana Boulevard, where the soccer fields are located now, known as Merrimack Mill. It was built in 1900 and operated in some capacity in Huntsville until 1989. It was large building and served as a landmark for all.

One of the Mill's distinctive features was its many

large windows. Serendipitously, about the time we were planning our den, the mill underwent a renovation and removed some of the large windows which they then sold to the public.

Nolan Roper, owner of the recently demolished Roper's flowers, bought several of these windows to use in construction of greenhouses. The Manning and Roper families had been friends for many years. In fact, Tommy's sister Catherine (who many are familiar with from teaching P.E. at Butler High School), was married to Roper's brother J.W. (Jiggs). When Tommy saw the windows that Roper had purchased, he had an idea. Roper liked the idea as

well and sold it to us cheap.

Tommy designed and constructed our den around this window which is 10 feet wide and 8 feet tall with large commercial glass panes. That is all the way from floor to ceiling in a residential home! So you see, I got my large window after all. It is very special to me because at 95 years old, I love to sit in my rocker in my den and look out my window and enjoy all the critters out in the yard. When I have company, they also want to sit in the den and gaze out my special window at the myriad of activity beyond.

My only regret is that Tommy died in 1988 and has not been here to enjoy this window with me.



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Winn-Dixie Roped and Branded

by John H. Tate

Only when we look back can we see the impact situations, people and jobs had on our lives. For some, the first jobs we had as teenagers impacted us in more ways than we realized. For others, it was just a blip in time, and they can't find any redeeming aspects of the job. However, if one would take the time to review, one might find that the first job was the foundation for the rest of his or her business career.

For years, I thought my first job as a bag boy at Winn-Dixie was just a way of making money until I graduated from high school. It was only on reflection of the three years I spent at WD that I could see the foundation for my work ethic and my ability to deal with customers. Starting as a Bagboy, on to stocking, Cashier, Produce Department. I was a Meat Cutter Trainee when I left.

It all started when Mr. Quillen, the Winn-Dixie Store Manager at the Jordan Lane store, gave me my first job. Although I did not do as well as I would have liked on the math test, he hired me anyway to give me a chance. He gave me a little book, I think it was The Winn-Dixie new hire handbook, for bagboys, and inside it had a plastic record.

The record was a recording of the Winn-Dixie theme song, "The Best Beef In the Land." I still remember the chorus, "Winn-Dixie single-handed, went out and roped and branded, the best beef in the land..."

Recently on a "Huntsville Revisited" Facebook post, many people commented on the quality of the Winn-Dixie meats, even stating that their parents would grocery shop elsewhere but come to WD for their meats.

Mr. Quillen told me to listen to the record and to read the book. I listened to the record and it was the song from the TV Winn-Dixie commercials. I tried to memorize it so I could sing along with the commercial. My family was not as impressed as I was.

The book was the do's and don'ts as a bag boy, such as not taking any tips from the customer. You know it was a month or two that I found out that everyone took tips. I would tell customers, "No, thank you." Finally, one said everyone else takes tips, why don't you? When I asked inside, I found out that everyone took tips.

The book's training portion said to take all of the groceries out of mother's cabinets and practice bagging. Back then we used paper bags, and the idea was to bag it so that it was as perfect to a square shape as you could get. You also had to learn how to place things in the bag, such as cans on the bottom, carton boxes next, and soft items on top. The bread was always the last thing in the bag, on top of the eggs.

Although it upset my mom a little, I did as the book said; I took things out of the cabinets and put them on the kitchen table. I got some paper bags from where mom kept them and I practiced bagging the groceries. I don't remember how long I did it, but I did it until the bags were perfect.

I hated my middle name, "Henry," but the store had two other men named John, so I was called "John Henry." On my first day, everyone watched to make sure I bagged things properly, offered some suggestions when warranted. At the end of my shift, I recall Mr. Quillen complimenting me on how well I picked up the bagging, and he told me to keep it up. It wasn't too long that customers complimented me on my bagging and the cashiers complimented me on my speed. Since this was my first job, my approach was the same on every new task; if I was told to read something, I did. If I was told to practice something, I did.

For weeks I could not figure out why John Henry, the newest employee on the frontline, was the best bagger. After all, some guys were there before me and were older than me, but I could out bag them. Then I found out they did not read the book, nor did they listen to the record. The record would have given them the pride, and the practice would have given them the skills.

So in reflection, my whole work-life was "Roped and Branded" by Winn-Dixie.

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A Wedding I'll Never Forget



by Elizabeth Wharry

June 1970 will always stand out in my memory. Mother was invited to a wedding and she insisted that I go. My father was out of town visiting his brothers.

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

I was too old to be with the little kids and too young for the older set. While mother was visiting with various friends, I was pretty much left alone. Mother told me to stay put and not wander off.

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

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

to everyone.

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

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

I just realized that I didn't mention his name! It was none other than Barry Manilow! Thank you, Barry, for being so kind to a 12 year-old girl.



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How Do You Know When You are Walking Out a Door for the Last Time?

by Jean Brewer McCrady



During the last decade that I lived in California, the 1970s, I had a friend, Ruby McFarland, who introduced me to a new kind of thinking. She thought and spoke in riddles and metaphors, and routinely addressed rhetorical questions to the universe. Being a farm girl from Alabama, I operated on a more basic level. Closer to the ground. We had an odd mix of intellects and without planning it, took turns being student and teacher to each other.

At one of our 1976 Marie Calendar coffee sessions in Mission Viejo, California, she was the teacher. At the end of our hour-long philosophical discussion, she cast her gaze through the exit door we were approaching and asked the world, "How do you know when you are walking out a door for the last time?"

That was the last time I saw her. A year later, I moved back to Alabama, we corresponded for a few years, then I received the dreaded news from her husband John. Ruby had walked out her last door for the last time. Claimed by cancer.

Over the ensuing years, her question visited my mind hundreds of times. For example, every time I walked the hallway toward the exit door at Barfield Nursing Home in Guntersville during the 10 years Mama was there, Ruby's question occupied my mind. That last time came on August 17, 2004.

Twenty years after that last Marie Calendar visit with Ruby, my obsession with her question asserted itself in another way. It was 1997. I had been back in Alabama since '77 when I met and developed a friendship with a Christian County song writer and singer, Mary Dean Rose, from Ohio. She and her family were basically living off of love offerings and sales of her tapes and CDs at performances in churches, Walmart parking lots, and any place she could find to plug up her sound

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system where there were people. Like in the Field of Dreams speech, she would start singing and the people would come. Mary needed additional products to sell and in an effort to help her, I started writing lyrics for her to record. I called them message songs. I am musically illiterate, so Mary took my lyrics and added the melodies, using sound tracts from the Kitty Wells band library, made available by one of her Nashville connections.

Our first album, recorded at Nashville's Hill Top Studio, was titled "Two Steps Up and One Back Down" the lead song. We followed shortly with a second album that we titled "Rhythm Without Blues". One of its songs was "Walking Through Doors." You already know where the inspiration for it came from; here is a brief paraphrased version of the message:

"We all walk through doors as a routine thing, each and every day of our lives.

We do it without thinking—that any door we walk through could be for the last time.

Our coming and going we take so for granted, as if our time on earth would have no end,

But the day will come when that will change—when the last door will be closed for good.

So let us pause at the doorway of each new day and humbly ask ourselves—

Would it make a difference

how this day is spent, if I knew each thing I do would be for the last time?

Though we don't know which door or passing day might be the last one,

What we do know is, the day will come when the next door we see will be the Golden One."

Mary Dean Rose walked through her last earthly door for the last time about two years ago. Claimed by cancer. If there are any singers out there who would like to take a look at my lyrics, I will happily share them. I would love having my "message songs" heard again.

Beyond the rhetorical, close to the ground where we actually live, I really do wonder how different our life might be if we lived each day as if it were our last. What would we do that we've been putting off, thinking I'll do it later? Who would

we call to say "I was thinking about you and just wanted to hear your voice"? How many acts of intentional kindness could we do in a day? What favors could we do for those around us that would brighten their day or lighten their load? Maybe even change their world!

I'm speculating that after a few weeks or months of living each day as if it were our last, we'd like ourselves a whole lot better. That we'd be happier and have a more positive outlook on life. That we'd see more good and less bad in the world around us. And just think how transformed we could be after a year of "last day" behavior!

I think it's worth a try, and I'm inviting you to walk through that door with me and Just Do It.



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"If I had a dollar for every girl who found me unattractive, they'd eventually find me attractive."

Jerry Bennett, Gurley

Male Bonding

by Don Wynn,
Lee High School
class of '67



That's what guys do with their friends, they bond. We are bonding all the time. We bond during good times and bad. We never actually finish bonding. We just get tighter and tighter until the line between friend and brother disappears.

Just before Christmas in 1967, Sam Smith (Class of '67) came home on leave from the Marine Corps after boot camp. His leave officially started at 12:01 AM so he stayed up, signed himself out of the base at Camp Lejeune just after midnight and then headed to the Greyhound Bus Station where he caught the first bus home. Adrenaline wouldn't let him sleep on the ride to Huntsville. There is just no feeling like going home.

He arrived that afternoon and we made plans to hang out that night. Sam borrowed his Dad's car, a nice Dodge Dart GT. We had used that car to cruise many times during our senior year at Lee High School. It was familiar to us, almost like a mechanical friend. Sam picked me up then we dropped by Steve Campbell's (Class of '66) house and picked him up. The three of us were ready for some male bonding!

We drove through the parking lot at the north Shoney's then through Jerry's then through the south Shoney's before finding a parking spot. We

pulled in, ordered three large Coke's and started flirting with every girl in sight. Charming would not be the appropriate term to describe us but loud and silly would.

After an hour or so, we were able to clear all the girls out of Shoney's. We weren't sure where they went but we were sure they were gone. We listened to the radio for a while, told some silly jokes, compared the Army to the Marine Corps. Sam made the comparison, Steve and I just listened. After a while we decided that the girls weren't coming back so we decided to drive around looking for them. We were just a bunch of teenage boys ready to be seduced by some teenage girls. We used all our hunting skills but couldn't find even one girl anywhere.

Together we tried to think of something else to do. I am not sure who said "Let's go to Fayetteville." As soon as that was said, we were on our way. I don't think any of us had ever been to Fayetteville before because I am sure we would have thought of somewhere else to go if we had been there.

Sam drove up Hwy.431 and

we talked all the way. Once we got there, we drove around the square and quickly decided that there was more to do in Huntsville. It doesn't take long to see everything in Fayetteville.

We stopped at a gas station to answer nature's call. Steve called "shotgun" so I pulled the seat forward and climbed into the back. I realized that there was room enough in the back to curl up so I did. Steve must have been sleepy too because he rested his head against the side glass and started to doze. Sam forgot where he was and drifted off to sleep too!

The car gradually left the road on the right. As soon as our right wheels left the road, we were all awake, sitting up, paying attention. The car was fine, we were just traveling a little too fast to have one pair of wheels on the road and the other in the grass. Sam had the wheel and was trying to regain control and to slow the car at the same time. Everything was going pretty well but the car was gradually sliding farther into the shallow ditch at the side of 431.

Finally, we slid too far into that little ditch. The right head-

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Tony Guthrie, Owner

light caught in the mud. The car flipped onto its top in a cork screw motion. We were all on the headliner as the car was sliding down that little ditch upside down. The glass was shattered and the sound of metal being smashed was very loud. I can remember holding the dome light in my hands, trying not to allow my body to slide to the side of the car where I could get caught in a shearing action with the ground as it raced by. After a month-long slide, the front of the car caught in the mud again causing the car to begin to cart wheel. I have no way of knowing how many times we flipped.

Finally, the car stood on its nose and dropped back down onto the wheels. The radio was still on! I was in the back seat just where I had started. I sat up and called to Sam and Steve. Sam was wedged up under the dash and immediately answered. Steve was gone!

Sam and I crawled through the windshield opening and stood on the hood. "Steve, Steve!" we yelled. "Over here!" Steve yelled back. He had been flipped out of the car and had landed in a farm field across a barbed wire fence. I'll bet that is the only time in Steve's life that he cleared a fence in a single bound!

We flagged down a trucker who called the police for us. The car was totaled but we were fine except for cuts and bruises. Steve wore a neck brace for a while but that was the extent of the damage.

In a few weeks, Sam reported back to the Marine Corp and was sent to Vietnam. He was killed there before reaching his 19th birthday. Sam is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery and is memorialized on the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial in Washington.

"We are too broke to buy anything. We know who we're voting for. We have already found Jesus. So unless you're selling Thin Mints, GO AWAY."

Sign on door in Athens

Food for Thought from Seton Hill University

Someone once said if you look at the people in your circle and don't get inspired to grow beyond yourself, you don't have a circle; you have a cage. Look around you and count the number of people in your circle who genuinely inspire you to be a better version of yourself. You don't need multi-millionaires, celebrities, or national athletes to inspire you. The people you surround yourself with daily have a considerable influence over your mindset and, in turn, your actions. Keep away from people who try to belittle your ambitions, especially during these unprecedented times.

According to Mark Twain, small people always do that, but the greats make you feel that you too can become great. Be careful about those limiting mindsets, and as Jim Rohn said: "You are the average of the five people you spend the most time with."

If you want to make a difference in this world, if you're going to realize your potential, you must be around people who push you to become the very best version of yourself.

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When Horses, Mules and Dogs Came to Church at Mount Zion in Monrovia and Much More

by W. L. "Dub" Hoover



Mount Zion Baptist Church, 1868

The year was 1855. The place, St. John Cemetery on Nick Davis Road in Monrovia, where Mount Zion Baptist Church was birthed. Bro. George W. Carmichael, its first pastor, rode his horse from some where between Monrovia and New Market once a month to hold worship services on Saturday and Sunday. Others who were not in walking distance came by horse, mule, or mule-drawn wagons.

Bro. Carmichael pastored Mt. Zion for 16 years. We know the exact spot where the log cabin Presbyterian Church sat that was shared with the Mt. Zion founders. After a few years, the Presbyterians moved away and left the building to the Baptists. It is said that one afternoon Aunt Laura Wall Pike stood gazing across the northwest corner of the Cemetery and said, "This is where the old church stood, and this is where I want to be buried. This is where I

found my Savior and this is where I want to meet Him." In 1933 her wish was granted and there she rests. There were 15 known founders of Mt. Zion, 7 couples and 1 single lady; also likely others whose names were not recorded. John & Mary Clutts, my great great grandparents, were one of the eight Clutts generations with membership in the Mt. Zion Church.

The first building, pictured, erected by the people of Mt. Zion was in 1868, next to the Pettus/Douglass Cemetery on Douglass Road where founders Joseph & Mary Elizabeth Atkins are buried. This is about 1/4 mile north of Mt. Zion's present location and a like distance west of Jeff Road. The one room white-washed wooden structure was sided with undressed yellow poplar, a style typical of the era. The estimated 200 people here are proudly posing for the photo, dressed out in their Sunday best.

My 88 year tenure at Mt. Zion began at birth, and my wife of 67 years, Barbara Tipton Hoover, began her 80 years at Mt. Zion at age 6. We remember that in our early years there were mule drawn wagons tied to big oak trees near the hand dug well on the east side of the first brick church house, built in 1928.

The grounds had four structures – the church house, an "outhouse" on either side about 75 feet away, and a little brick building that housed the Delco electric system, where batteries stored electric power for lighting the church at night, and were recharged by gasoline motors.

This period through about 1960 was the era of annual Protracted Meetings, or Big Meetings as we called them. These meetings would go on for two weeks, and apparently that became too "protracted", for over time they got whittled down to one week and took on the name of Revivals. A standard part

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"Geezer (gee-zer) - noun Not young. Not Dead Somewhere in between."

Seen on bumper sticker

of the meetings was "dinner on the ground" under the grove of large oak trees where tables for spreading the food were set up. The tables were slabs of wood placed across saw horses. Everyone brought food and there were always lots of sandwiches. I especially remember the banana sandwiches which were my favorite. Every year, on the Sunday following the Big Meeting there was a baptizing in Indian Creek at the bridge on Old Monrovia Road.

During the night services at the Big Meetings, the windows were raised for fresh air to supplement the fanning everyone was doing with the complimentary Funeral Home fans. Wasps and a variety of bugs would take advantage of the open windows to join us. With a "hell fire and damnation" sermon going on and people swatting at bugs, kids were not sure if they were waving at the preacher or signaling a shout coming on. There was one lady who always shouted when a certain hymn was sung, and the song leader would make sure that hymn was sung when she was there. Her name was Lett Bradford. "Bless her heart," she is no longer with us. Neither is Bro. Odus Kimbrel, the visiting song leader.

It was in the 1970s when the dogs began to join us every Sunday. One was white with brown spots and had only three legs. It lived across Mt. Zion Road from the church and lost a leg crossing that road. That did not stop it from greeting the church arrivals on the front porch every Sunday. In fact, he was more dedicated to church attendance than some

of the people were. A big Labrador Retriever belonging to one of the farmers napped in the truck every Sunday while church was going on.

What was started 165 years ago at St. John Cemetery in a borrowed one-room church with Bro. Carmichael as pastor has not only endured but has thrived under 23 successor pastors, including Dr. Kevin Moore, the dynamic servant for the Lord who has been our pastor since 2016. All but one of the five sanctuaries owned by Mt. Zion have been at the present site on Mt. Zion Road, which was named after the church. The second building, the 1928 brick structure described above, seated 300. In 1959 it was re-purposed as a Chapel and a 500 capacity Sanctuary added.

Growth continued and in 2007 a multipurpose structure with a Sanctuary for 1,200 was built, which now sees three time-staggered services each Sunday morning. The 12-acre campus facility houses a nurs-

ery and pre-K education program with an average daily attendance of more than 200.

Barbara and I have been blessed beyond measure as life-long members of the Mt. Zion family, where we've been mentored and molded by the teachings and association with others. It's afforded us numerous ways to serve others; as teachers, leaders of auxiliaries such as Girls Auxiliary, Women on Mission, Royal Ambassadors (for boys), Senior Council, Trustees and as members of virtually every standing committee. Barbara sang in the Choir, soloed in cantatas, and was guest soloist at many churches of different denominations in the Huntsville area.

We are grateful for the many passed decades we have had at Mt. Zion and for whatever future time we have. And we take great heart in knowing that after we are gone, as proved by its long and rich history, the Mt. Zion Baptist Church at Monrovia is here to stay.

"How do you know when you've run out of invisible ink?"

Sally, age 8

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The Coast is Clear (1962)

by Bill Alkire

Marilyn and I had been engaged for a year and had known each other for three and half years. She had transferred from Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company (AT&T) to Newport News, Virginia. We had been looking for a place to rent. Marilyn had made many friends, but an issue seems to always arise with each roommate.

She stayed with previous classmates Pat and Russ Shreve a short time. Russ was still in the Air Force at Langley Air Force Base. We finally found a place in downtown Newport News - Marilyn could ride the City Bus to work if need be.

We had set our wedding date and gotten our blood work done at Fort Monroe's Medical Facility. The day before we were to get married, I was pulled for an emergency. We were both upset. Our apartment was not ready anyway. We made plans a second time, again my leave was cancelled, a national emergency so everybody's leave was cancelled. We had to get a new blood test done. We made plans a third time - this time I was unexpectedly sent to Fort Meade, Maryland for an investigation. The fourth time we decided we could go to North Carolina, where we could get the necessary blood work done and get married the same day. There was no waiting period in North Carolina like they required in Virginia.

The Battery Commander (BC) called and said he might have to cancel my leave again; an Inspector General (IG) Inspection was supposed to happen. I looked at him with disgust, "Sir, if my wedding is postponed again, then we have a plan."

"I am scared to ask what it is," he said with a puzzled look.

I stated proudly. "The plan is going through with the wedding anyway. What we will do is have the local newspaper and Television Station come and film the ceremony. I will be on one side of the fence and she will stand on the other side and we can have the ceremony that way. All the news outlets will most likely want to carry a human-interest story like this. What do you think?"

The BC had my leave slip in front of him. He took a pen and signed the paper, "Go, damnit!"

We did - we went to Elizabeth City, North Carolina. We went to the local Health Clinic and got our blood test; we went to the Court House - bought the license; and we went to the local Presbyterian Church to find a minister to marry us. The minister had been the minister of the Belington, West Virginia Methodist Church when I was in High School. The Church was across the street from the High School and I had gone to school with his daughter.

He and his wife were painting in the Sanctuary. They stopped long enough to console each of us individually and married us that afternoon.

After the wedding we drove Marilyn's little yellow & white Metropolitan convertible to the Outer Banks. We stayed at the John Yancey Motor Inn. Marilyn got sick and the only doctor on the island was at Manteo, North Carolina at the far south end of the Outer Banks. We drove there and he gave her some medication (samples) for there were no drugstores on the island. I still believe today that the doctor was the island's veterinary. He was about three sheets to the wind. He would have gone up in flames around a lit match.

We continued to make that pilgrimage every year when we returned to Newport News after being separated from the US Army and returned to the area.

When we returned from getting married, I ran into the barracks to get a few items to take to the apartment. A note was on my bunk. My leave had been cancelled. I could not believe it was happening again. I left the note and went on to our apartment. My leave was good through the next day and I was going to take it. The next day I had to leave that afternoon. I had to assist in the investigation in New Jersey.

"I'm not sure if I washed that spider down the shower drain or if he took one look at me and leapt to his death."

Jennie Sutherland, on a diet



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I Like it Here

by Jerry Berg

Five Points has been "my neighborhood" for almost 50 years. So, I definitely like it here. I can't remember why I was first attracted and came under the "Five Points spell." I'm sure the neighborhood's shady, tree-lined streets were a big factor. That's why I'm concerned to see something that's more and more common lately. Five Points is losing trees, slowly but surely. It's inevitable, of course - trees are living entities with finite lifespans. Their lives can be shortened too by disease and storms. We lose trees if homeowners (sometimes the city as well) decide they're too much trouble, in the way of a project, pose a property damage threat, or endanger personal safety.



Some tree loss is natural and wouldn't be of much concern if losses were replaced by enough new planting to make up the difference. There is some replacement activity, but usually not at the same rate as losses. Obviously it takes more than a few years to replace a mature tree. So, the result is what I call urban forest attrition. It shows up as bare areas, gaps in the tree canopy.

This means pleasantly shaded sidewalks, for instance, are becoming more scarce. More and more streets and sidewalks are in full sun, reducing the chances to comfortably take a walk in the fresh air.

The trend - tree attrition and shrinkage of the tree canopy - isn't unique to Five Points or even Huntsville. For instance, consider this regarding Charlotte, NC: "Charlotte is losing over three football fields a day worth of trees. That's the sobering conclusion of a study by the University of Vermont in collaboration with TreesCharlotte. ... The percentage of Charlotte covered by tree canopy fell from 49% to 45% between 2012 and 2018."

For those who share my concern and would like to see Five Points remain as "green" as possible - or practical anyway - the question is, how -- how to keep our tree population and canopy strong and healthy. Well, just plant more trees and try to save more of those that are threatened, right? Ah, if only it was so simple! Obvious remedies are easier said than done. But one way would be to look at other cities where residents have come up with pro-tree programs and positive results.

Of course, locally we have the Land Trust as a model for what an environmental organization can accomplish. I'm convinced that attrition of the tree population and tree canopy shrinkage

are real, and need to be quantified, addressed and hopefully turned around. If positive changes are to happen though, more residents need to think about why they like it here. Are trees one of the reasons? If so, conservation of our urban forest, that is supporting and getting involved in pro-tree activities, is critical and needs to happen before it's too late!

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Dr. James L. Carpenter

by Bob Baudendistal



Raised on a farm in New Hope, Alabama, he became one of the most influential people throughout the History of Southeast Madison County. Throughout his 32 years of family medical practice, Dr. James L. Carpenter was significantly regarded for his great character all the while being highly active within the community. His successful and purposeful life could be best described as The High Road to Greater Medicine. Born August 22, 1909, James L. Carpenter was the fifth child

of James Allen Carpenter and Jimmie Obera Butler Carpenter

Living and working on the family farm, the young James L. Carpenter received his early education at New Hope High School where after graduation, he attended Vanderbilt University in the School of Medicine. There at the university was where he met Anna Ruth Farris. After receiving his M.D. Degree, Mr. Carpenter continued working with the university until Anna received her accreditation as a Registered Nurse. After getting married on January 12, 1932, the couple moved to Toledo, Ohio where he completed his medical internship. In 1935 they moved back home to Alabama to open a family medical practice using a space located over Robert Moon's Drug Store in New Hope.

Dr. Carpenter would see patients where ever or when ever necessary including out of his primary residence. Driving over any required distance in his early Model T Ford, he would also make medical house calls tending to the sick. His patient care network covered numerous communities including Grant, Kennamer Cove, Whitesburg, Farley,

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Bill Peterson, football coach

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Gurley, Woodville, Big Cove, Cherry Tree, Honeycomb Creek and Paint Rock. For quite sometime, Dr. Carpenter was the only practicing physician within a 15-20 mile radius of New Hope. At times, he did not ever bill his patients if he suspected their being on hard times financially

Dr. Carpenter knew first-hand the inconveniences that county residents endured as a result of the ailments that were often hindered by flooding and poorly graded roads. Seeking to improve these conditions, Dr. Carpenter served three terms as a County Commissioner at which time he introduced legislation to help pay for some highly needed infrastructure. Once passed, the additional funding was allocated toward the upgrading and replacement of many aging roads and bridges, particularly those found along the burdensome Flint River. During the 1950s, several rural roads which could only be deemed as "slightly improved" trails started to see major upgrades including replacement bridges, higher elevated sections to overcome flooding and the realignment of many dangerous curves. These efforts are what led to the construction with many currently used bridges including Ryland Pike, Brownsboro Road, Hobbs Island Road, Gurley Pike, Old Big Cove Road near Owens Cross Roads and Little Cove Road.

As if he did not already have enough keeping himself busy, Dr. Carpenter served in many other local chapters including the New Hope School Board, County Boards and Trade School Commissions. While not tending to his Angus Cattle Farm there in New Hope, he also served as a city member with the American Medical Association, Madison County Medical Society, New Hope Lions Club, High School Athletics and local Church Missions.

Dr. Carpenter passed on October 16, 1974 leaving behind what his wife described as a True Legacy from being a Caring Christian. Suggesting that Dr. Carpenter had lived to a higher standard while seeing just about everything would be a huge understatement.

For what it's worth: During the summer of 1962, a couple of farmers who owned adjoining properties near Taylorsville (Hobbs Island) had a long standing reputation of not being the best of friends. Similar to the Hatfields and McCoys, the two (I repeat TWO) of them got into a heated dispute over the location of cattle fencing along a shared property boundary. As the fighting

ensued, gun fire could be heard for miles around until such time that each required immediate medical attention. Being the last to visit the doctor over in New Hope, Mr. "Hatfield" was being escorted to the front porch of the Carpenter home just as the Great Doctor himself came over from the barn yelling blatantly, "What the heck you guys doin'?? Why you're the THIRD person from your neck of the woods here today with an ass full of buckshot!!!!"



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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.

Available on Amazon



Author: Leila Jaden

Farming with My Cousin Uncle Jimmy

by Toni Burks LaVine



Cousin Uncle Jimmy, first, let me explain that. My dad's nephew Jimmy Johnson married my mom's sister Sally Colbert. So, he became my cousin uncle Jimmy. As far back as I can remember, they lived and worked on a farm.

I loved going to the farm. It was Wesley Thomas farm on

Old Madison Pike. I can't say I LOVED picking cotton as a child. That was hard work. But, if you went to Aunt Bernice and Aunt Velma's, you went to the fields with them. No staying in the house and watching TV. We would go early and hand pick cotton. I, as a child, was given an old pillow case and told the row to start picking. When I would get to the end of my row, my Aunts would say "Look at the cotton left behind".

Most times, I was sent back down my row. Hard work for a kid. This was the way of life.

After Mr. Thomas got cotton pickers (tractors), I would ride with Uncle Jimmy. I remember being in a field kinda on the corner of Winchester Road and North Parkway. As we would get to the end of the row at the Parkway, it looked to this kid that the cotton picker

would just go on off that high land and tumble right onto the Parkway. But, Uncle Jimmy knew what he was doing.

I asked recently how we got that cotton picker all the way to the Parkway and he told me we drove it. So, I got out maps to see how far it was. Eleven miles. Back then, most roads were two lanes. Can you imagine being behind that cotton picker and it only going a few miles an hour? WOW!!

I always had fun on the farm and loved going there. After uncle Jimmy married aunt Sallie, I would stay at their house a lot.

So many great memories. By the way, the farm was where Bridge Street Mall is now. So, when people ask do you know where Bridge Street is? Yes, I grew up on Bridge Street.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Strange Cat Tales



- A pet cat in China adopted a rat which she nursed alongside her four kittens. Sun Shujun, of Yantai City, said the rat had been living with her cat since the kittens were born.

- Cats and dogs did the digging at a ground breaking ceremony to start improvements at the Humane Society's Boulder, Colorado animal shelter.

- An intruder was forced to flee a house in Malaysia after the owner was alerted to his presence by her cat. The cat had seen the man crouching on wooden roof beams and raised the alarm by staring at her owner, then the roof, three times.

- A starving cat in Savannah survived on water for a month after being locked in an empty house. It had survived by drinking water from a leaking tap. He was rescued by an RSPCA inspector who broke into the boarded-up house.

- A Canadian cat who hitched a ride on a truck ended up 600 miles from home. The driver turned Petey over to Humane Society members who managed to track down his owners and later flew him home.

- A motorist found a cat frozen inside a block of ice. Roberta Johnson was driving by a large ice chunk on a road in Minnesota when she spotted a feline face inside. Thinking it was dead, she was startled to hear a meow. She apparently took the cat to a vet and the only damage the cat suffered was frostbitten ears. She named him Car Cat and took him home with her to live.

- Simba, seven months old, went out as usual one night, but didn't return. A month later, his owners received a phone call from a pub 200 miles away - Simba had just walked in. It was believed he had climbed into the engine of a car and got out when the car stopped.

- A cat in Germany survived for 26 days trapped between two walls without food or water. Anthony lost five and a half pounds but apart from the weight loss is only suffering from dehydration. How he was trapped and why it took so long for him to be rescued is unknown.

- A cat saved her owners from a serious blaze at their home in Rochdale, Great

Chester. Jessie jumped up and down on Margaret Haywara's bed to wake her. A fireman said, "There is no doubt they were saved by the cat because there was no smoke alarm and they were all sleeping."

- A UK kitten survived a 300-mile journey stuck under the hood of a car. The driver of the car heard the the 10 week-old grey tabby meowing after he had driven from York to Carlisle and back, via Manchester.

- A 60 foot hydraulic crane had to be called in to rescue a cat in California which had spent 11 days at the top of a tree, ignoring all efforts to lure her down to earth. A three-man crew used the crane's bucket to pluck the black and white cat from the top of the 70 foot tree.

- A kitten had the drive of her life when a nap in the warmth of a car engine landed her 400 miles from home. The six-month-old black and white cat, who has been named Megan, was found curled up next to the engine of the Peugeot 406 by its new owner. Apart from being slightly shocked, the kitten did not seem harmed by the journey.

- A Chinese man says his cat can clearly pronounce his own name. Mr. Sun, from Beijing, says two-year-old Agui says his name when he gets frightened. The Fangzhuang Pet Hospital has filmed Agui saying his name when Mr. Sun pretended to give him a bath. A hospital spokesman said repeatedly hearing his own name would have made an impression on Agui which comes out under stress.

- A cat and a mouse have become unlikely best friends in China. The City Evening News said the mouse played with the cat continually, climbing onto its back and sitting on its head, while owner Chen was being interviewed.

- Edith Schonberg, 77, from Rosdorf in Schleswig Holstein, Germany, mailed a birthday parcel without noticing her Felix had crawled inside for a catnap. The mistake was spotted when a postman at the central sorting office realized there was an animal inside the parcel and called police.

- A pregnant cat set up home in a bird's nest in Atlanta. The cat only leaves the cherry tree to ask for food at Wendy Hobbs' back door, then climbs back up the tree to tend to her offspring.

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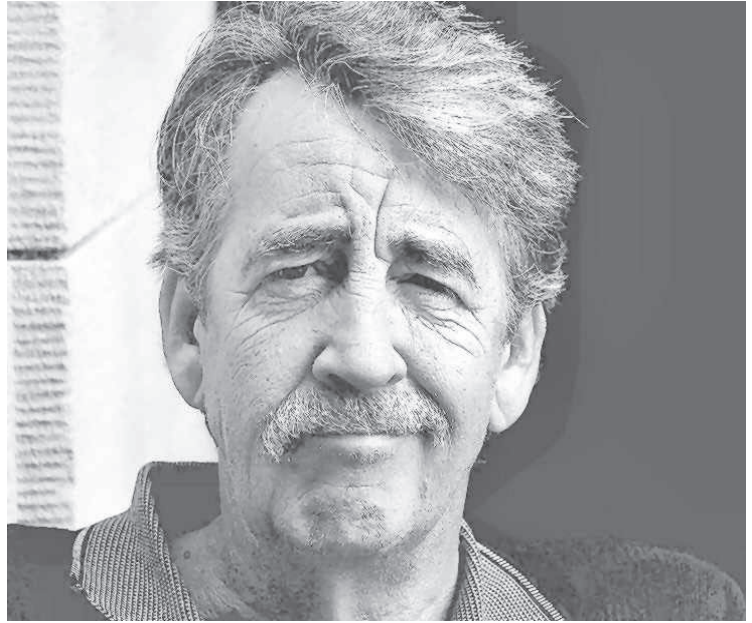
by Tom Carney

On May 28, 1959 two monkeys (a squirrel monkey named Baker and a rhesus monkey named Able) were strapped into the nose cone of a Huntsville-built Jupiter ballistic missile and blasted into a fifteen-minute suborbital space flight to test effects of this new environment on mammals before man would risk himself in his quest for the stars.

Although both monkey-nauts survived the historic flight, Able died soon after re-entry. Miss Baker, the sole survivor, would go on to live an incredible twenty-five more years while becoming one of the world's most famous and adored monkeys.

Miss Baker was born in a Peruvian jungle in 1957. She was taken from her habitat shortly thereafter and was subjected to an intense pre-flight program to condition her to being strapped into a miniature couch during her flight for mankind. She was a spunky little squirrel monkey all her life. Her first response to humans after the flight was to bite her handler. Her last act before her death in 1984 was again to bite her handler.

In between she became the cornerstone and prime attraction of the Huntsville Space and Rocket Center. She was in no small way responsible for the museum's growth and popularity that today has reached international proportions. Miss Baker was beloved by children all over the world and in her lifetime received thousands of letters and appeared on twenty network news shows over the years. Typical letters to Miss



Baker usually inquired of her health and would ask her if she needed or wanted a new friend. Children also were curious if Miss Baker saw any Martians while in space.

The little monkey (14-ounces) was under meticulous medical care during her entire life in captivity. Besides her Huntsville veterinarian, the Yerkes Primate Center's monkey specialists in Atlanta were always on call in case of any dramatic change in Miss Baker's condition.

Unfortunately, nothing is forever and in the late fall of 1984 Miss Baker passed into legend. Her death was mourned worldwide for she was the little squirrel monkey that blazed a trail into space that men and women would later follow. Her tombstone at the Space and Rocket Center reads:

"Miss Baker,
Squirrel Monkey
BORN 1957 DIED, NOV 29, 1984
First U.S. Animal to Fly In Space and Return Alive"

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FROM THE GRAVE

by Don Broome



I can't tell you what a surprise it was to find it. My mother asked me to settle her estate and about a year after her passing, her house finally sold and closed. The new owner asked me if I had the owner's manuals for the appliances and such and I went to my garage where I kept my mother's old file cabinet. Flipping through the papers and "Junk" I moved an old yellow legal pad. Everyone has one laying around. It's what you use if you want to jot something down that will be thrown away soon.

For some reason I looked a little closer and saw the title of a story.

It said "What I remember about my Early Childhood", by Florence Margret Holiday Broome. I was born April 16, 1916, a Monday....."

I sat there stunned as I read the 11 pages written by my mother. She had talked often about her being raised in abandoned houses in Mississippi but in little bits and pieces, not as a narrative.

I learned that day that my mother was born on a raft on

the White River, 18 miles down river from Clarendon, Ark. My Grandfather was a fisherman and he had made a raft out of logs. At 6 weeks old, they drifted down to the Mississippi River and tied up at the mouth of the Big Black River between Vicksburg and Port Gibson, Mississippi.

I cried that day, her story putting together a lifetime of hearing little pieces of it. I typed it up and sent a copy to all of my relatives and it meant a lot to all of us.

I write this to urge all of you reading this to consider writing your story. Don't worry that it's not perfect, it will mean the same, believe me. If it would be easier, you could tape or film it, nowadays that is pretty easy.



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

Seen on 6 grade science paper

Paving California Street and Bus Rides

by Judy Chandler Smith

Boy, was it ever hot on that summer day in 1948. Hall Bryant, Sarah Bryant, Charles Shaver, Linda Holmes Sullins, Carol Banks and I were sitting on the curb watching the action about to start. The city of Huntsville was finally going to turn the dirt road at Newman Avenue and California Street (heading south) into a paved street. California was already paved north into Five Points and on the bus route.

Because it was so hot, I decided we could make some money having a lemonade stand. My grandmother lived with us at this time in my life, so she reluctantly began squeezing lemons and getting out the sugar since there was no powdered mix in 1948. We had the real thing. In no time I had a card table and was all set to start up business. We entertained ourselves much of the day in the steaming hot weather selling lemonade and watching the pavers.

When they were finished and we were in want of something else to do, Mom suggested a bus ride. The bus stopped at the corner of Newman and California, right across from our house. Mother would give us all a dime and we could ride the bus for a complete loop. A complete round trip would take an hour, but you could stay on if the bus driver was in a good mood and would let you ride the loop again.

Starting at Newman, the bus took us up California Street past Maple Hill Cemetery, on to Five Points, Holmes to downtown, then head out Madison Street, turning right on Fifth Avenue Road (Governor's Drive) at the main entrance of Huntsville Hospital and left on Gallatin passing Fifth Avenue Hospital, which is now a medical rehab facility. On Gallatin we'd pass Kroger on one side and Fifth Avenue School on the other (both gone and now parking lots).

You could see Braggs Furniture just down the road from the intersection. The store today is not the original store. Braggs burned in 1973 and Leonard and Joe Ed Bragg promptly built the new store and were back in business in fairly short order.

The bus continued out Gallatin through the streets of Mayfair and back up Whitesburg (past Snow White Drive-In) turning onto Franklin passing over Fifth Avenue again and then a right on Townsend in front of the Grand Cleaners (which was later the 801 Franklin Restaurant near the Elks Club) and over to Adams Street. All the land occupied now by Huntsville Middle School and track and athletic fields, were rows and rows of tiny wood homes.

The bus would pass Mr. Terry's grocery on Adams Street and there was another store next door to him. Mr. Terry had a delivery boy on a bicycle who would deliver small loads of groceries in that area. So, if the bus driver had to stop to let riders on or off, he would wait for us to get off the bus and buy a penny sucker at Mr. Terry's and get back on the bus.

What a treat to enjoy one or more penny suckers as we were chauffeured around Huntsville. My mother had given me very strict instructions NOT to go in the other store next to Mr. Terry's and I never knew why.

I am still curious about this as I think about it.

Returning down Newman to home. Mother was waiting for us at the bus stop exactly one hour later.

This was entertainment right at your door. Wouldn't we all like to put our child on the bus to be entertained for an hour or more for one shiny dime? Those were the days.

**How to drive someone crazy:
Send an email that says
"Disregard previous message
about your next door neighbor."**

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TIPS FROM LIZ



- Emptied fruit, such as oranges or cantaloupes, refilled with vanilla ice cream with raspberries or strawberries make dainty little bowls. Cover with pink whipped cream and garnish with red cherries and serve at your summer afternoon tea.

- When you rub lotion on your face, be sure and get your neck area too as it needs moisturizing as much as your face.

- Having trouble sleeping? Oftentimes, just an extra pillow will help.

- Dip asparagus into egg batter, roll in fresh bread crumbs or cracker meal and fry to a golden brown in butter. A very select vegetable with a juicy steak.

- Two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and add cold water to make a stiff batter. Drop by teaspoonfuls in meat broth for drop dumplings that never fail.

- Give your colicky infant mild ginger tea. It's wonderful for digestion and gas. For fever, eat grapes throughout the day. Also dilute pure grape juice and sip.

"I've tried to find a suitable exercise video for women my age, but they haven't made one called "Buns of Putty."

Eleanor Franklin, Arab

- Whisper to an angry child. He'll have to stop crying to listen to you.

- To ease the discomfort of a bad hangover, rub half a lemon under each armpit. This may ease the feeling somewhat.

- For Asthma, eat 3-6 apricots a day. They help heal lung/bronchial conditions.

- For regularity, drink the juice of one lemon mixed in one cup of warm water, every morning. A bit of honey may be added to sweeten. You'll be amazed at the results.

- A lady who had ringing in her ears tried dropping 2 drops of onion juice into her ears 3 times a week and it stopped.

- Garlic is wonderful for your heart - take 2 capsules a day to protect and strengthen the heart and help thin your blood. Also, use garlic in cooking and raw in salads - the cloves get really mild and sweet when baked or roasted.

- For indigestion, scrub an orange and eat some of the peel 5 minutes after a meal.



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Printed copies are still at all the normal North Alabama locations including Walmart, Mapco and Walgreen's. Regular printed subscriptions are mailed to you each month as usual.

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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.

Come to the Ark and see me when I am ready for adoption. Remember to ask for me, I'm Blinkie.

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A FAVOR RETURNED

by Bill Wright

It was 1966 when I moved my family to Huntsville to accept a new job. Huntsville at that time was a small town with few activities for a family. Our main enjoyment was to visit Brahan Springs Park on Sunday afternoons and allow the children to play on the playground equipment. Also, they would ride the small train that would circle the pond. We also visited the Super Slide, located on the current site of Parkway Place Mall. On Saturday nights we would go to The Mall (now site of Books-A-Million and Home Depot). Usually on Saturday nights at "The Fountain," located in center of The Mall, would be some entertainment.

One Saturday night we were visiting The Mall and as we approached the main entrance my wife was carrying our one-year old son; I was holding hands of the six-year old daughter and our four-year old son. The main entrance had about eight doors and in the middle was a plate glass window about four feet wide and twenty feet high. The plate glass window had no markings and, therefore, gave the appearance of an opening.

When we reached the entrance doors I released the hand of the four-year old son to open the door. Once I did that my son, thinking the plate glass window was an opening, darted to it. He crashed through about the bottom four feet of glass. After that my mind went blank, but my wife told me later that I immediately ran through the small glass opening, picked up my son, took perhaps one step away and the remaining 16 feet of glass dropped like a guillotine to the spot we just vacated.

Mr. Mason, owner of Mason Jewelry located near the entrance, took us in his store and administered first aid to the minor facial cuts. I remember Mr. Mason telling us that when The Mall was under construction, the Construction Manager had walked through the same plate glass window, thinking it was an opening. Mr. Mason was impressed that a four year old child could knock out a 20 foot plate glass window and remarked, "He should play football for Coach Bear Bryant at The University of Alabama".

Fast forward in time by 17 years. The 4-year old son is now 21 years old and a college student. At work a co-worker was organizing a canoeing trip. Although

I grew up on the Gulf Coast I never was a water sports person and only a fair swimmer. I asked what were the dangers and he replied "You can drown or get bitten by a snake."

Knowing the oldest son was home for the weekend I agreed to the canoeing trip. He would be the ideal canoeing partner because he was big, strong, athletic and had lifeguard certification.

It was a nice Saturday morning when about twelve of us loaded into canoes. My son and I were in the lead canoe. Everything was fine and I was thinking canoeing was easy and lot of fun. However, looming ahead was a low hanging tree branch which was too low to duck under.

I was in the front of the canoe so I reached to lift the small branch and when I did the canoe turned over, dumping us into the water. Although we had water life preservers on, I was wearing sneaker shoes which filled with water and prevented me from getting on top of the water. My son, realizing I was in trouble, quickly swam over, picked me up and threw me several feet to the canoe, which I grasped. The canoe was half-filled with water. While in deep water, we turned the canoe over and dumped the water. We got back into the canoe and continued our trip down the Flint River.

In later years I have often thought of the coincidence of the two events; particularly my son's quick reaction in the canoeing incident. Perhaps it was A Favor Returned.



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"While in the emergency room she was examined, X-rated and sent home."

Seen on patient chart in Tennessee

How to Give Your Cat a Pill



1. Pick your sweet cat up and cuddle it gently in your arm as if holding a little baby. Give it a few soft kisses on top of its head. Position your left forefinger and thumb on either side of your cat's mouth and gently apply pressure to its cute cheeks while holding pill in right hand. As cat opens mouth, pop pill right in there. Allow cat to close mouth and quickly swallow.

2. Retrieve pill from floor and cat from behind bed. Cradle cat gently but firmly in left arm and repeat step #1.

3. Retrieve cat from under sofa and throw soggy pill away.

4. Take new pill from wrap, cradle cat in left arm holding rear paws tightly with your left hand. Force jaws open firmly and push pill to back of mouth with right forefinger. Hold mouth shut for count of ten and gently stroke neck to push pill down, speaking reassuringly to your mischievous darling.

5. Retrieve pill from goldfish bowl and cat from top of wardrobe. Call spouse from Alabama football game re-run he's watching on TV.

6. Kneel on floor with cat wedged firmly between knees, holding front and rear paws. Ignore low growls emitted by cat. Get your spouse to hold the cat's head firmly with one hand while forcing popsicle stick into mouth. Drop pill down stick and rub cat's throat vigorously.

7. Retrieve cat from curtain rail, get another pill from foil wrap. Make note to buy more pills and to get curtain repaired.

8. Wrap cat in large towel and get spouse to lie on cat with its head just visible from below spouse's armpit. Put pill in at end of drinking straw and with cat's mouth open, blow pill into mouth with a small puff of air.

9. Call the fire department to get cat out of tree across the street. Apologize to neighbor who crashed into the fence while trying to avoid hitting the cat. Take last pill from foil wrap.

10. Tie cat's front paws to rear paws with panty hose and bind tightly to leg of dining room table. Find heavy-duty pruning gloves in shed. Force cat's mouth open with small tool, push pill into mouth followed by piece of steak. Hold head vertically and pour 1/2 pint of water down throat to wash pill down.

11. Get spouse to drive you to the emergency room; sit quietly while the doctor stitches fingers and forearms and removes pill remnants from right eye. Stop by furniture store on way home to order new table. Place order for curtain repair.

12. Call vet to schedule a house call.

"Some baseball player just signed a contract for \$45,000, just to play ball. Can you imagine getting paid that much to play sports?"

Heard in 1957

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A FISTFUL OF MEMORIES

by Ernestine Moody

Everyone has their favorite colorful memories. Therefore, this morning, while indulging in a big hot bowl of buttered grits, and "fixing my eyes" on the view of a winter wonderland from my kitchen window, a fist full of childhood memories invaded my mind.

Among the strongest characters from my young years was certainly my dad. He was short in stature, but mammoth in personality. Being the proprietor of a small grocery store provided him with an abundance of unusual experiences involving both his employees and his unsuspecting customers. These tales he loved sharing with his ever-curious kids.

After positioning himself in a big white, but overstuffed chair, and utilizing his very thick, but very affective Italian accent, the activity would begin. You could almost witness his traveling back in time to accurately recall every minute detail for the small waiting ears.

There was an occasion when he realized a supply of available hen eggs was slowly depleting. He had not noticed any suspicious actions from his customers, he then began to concentrate on the movements of the store's employees.

One young man, considered a diligent worker, had recently begun wearing a variety of head coverings during working hours. Having no relationship to the temperature in the building, a hat or cap became a vital part of his everyday attire.

At the end of each workday, John, whose correct name I do not truthfully recall, would untie his slightly soiled apron, which all dad's workers were in those days required to wear, and with cap on head he would begin his departure ritual.

My father would not accuse anyone of stealing without proof. He devised a plan, and it was time for action. Dad followed John out of the store. He then touched his "capped" head with a friendly tap. Streaming egg yolk began traveling. It ran down the employee's surprised face, over his wide opened eyes and into his unsuspecting nostrils. The disappearing eggs were no longer a mystery.

Months later came the saga of the disappearing hams. Each week my dad realized

that he could not account for several missing hams. His mind once more went into a "problem solving" mode. He noticed Harry, again I do not remember his correct name, would always manage to grab the garbage receptacle, and make sure that he was the first to leave the store. He would place it in a designated spot in the heavily "weed infested" alley behind the building.

One day as the garbage truck was arriving, dad quickly and quietly walked unnoticed toward the approaching truck. He blocked the truck's path so that he might add one more item to the container. When he opened the trash can it revealed a neatly wrapped package sitting comfortable on top of the smelly contents. The missing ham had been found. The truck driver and Harry were no longer able to continue their well devised plan.

In 1938 my parents realized their family was going to increase. They sold the store but were able to embrace a fist full of memories for future years.

PARMESAN CHEESE BITES

1 cup all purpose flour
 1 or 2 dashes cayenne pepper
 2/3 cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

1/2 cup butter
 Evaporated Milk or cream

~~6 cups all purpose flour~~
~~1/2 cup butter~~

with pastry blender, then work dough with hands until it holds together. Roll out on a surface 1/8" thick in 1 1/2" squares. (A pastry wheel gives an attractive edge.) Transfer to greased baking sheet, brush with egg and bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Do not overbake.

Freezes well. Will keep well in an airtight container.



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Shopping Cart, Hobo and My Mom

by Clarence Potter

Back yonder in my day. That time in my life when everyone said what they meant and meant exactly what they said. Even if sometimes a person didn't have to say anything to get their point across!!!

There lived a hobo in our town. I call him a hobo for fear of offending some pantywaists. I didn't want to get anyone's drawers in a wad. He was a total nut by choice. He slept in a wooded area near Fellowship Methodist church. Again I say by choice. Whenever or wherever you saw him he was pushing a old discarded shopping cart. Across the front of it he had affixed a Playboy magazine, open to the centerfold page. He carried a long handle from a broom or mop with a sharpened nail protruding from one end. He would push his cart all over town. Beating the cart with his weapon just to call attention to himself.

I lived about a block from my mom. Mom was a widow and lived down the street from Dr. Collins. Across the street was Mrs. Killough, also a widow. Many afternoons the two would sit on

mom's front porch, Mom usually in the swing, Mrs. Killough in a lawn chair. They enjoyed so many afternoons out there. When Mrs. Killough would leave mom would usually walk with her to the big hedge row that surrounded mom's home. They sometimes spent another hour standing there talking about things old ladies talk about. It could have been old men. They both had police scanners and listened to them all night. It may have been what happened on the scanner they talked about any way I don't even venture a guess.

Back to the ranch. The hobo would push his Playboy adorned cart all over town. Beating the side with his stick with that long, long stick and it's intimidating nail.

One sunny summer afternoon after the two ran out of words. Mom and Mrs. Killough were standing by the hedge, saying good night or something. When down the hill beating his buggy, yelling obscenities, came our hobo. Liken to that proverbial hobo headed to that big rock candy mountain. Running straight at the ladies.

Mom went into the house and called the police. She was told by the dispatcher to just stay out of his way. They knew him and he would not bother them. Kinda ticked mom off. You needed to know her to understand.

Later that night listening to her scanner the police were dispatched

to our local Huddle House where the hobo was causing some kind of commotion. The policeman that was being dispatched asked for backup. He said he could not handle him by himself. At that point mom called the police station and told them to just stay out of the man's way and he would not bother them.

Next afternoon same situation mom and Mrs. Killough standing by the hedge. Down the hill comes a hobo beating on his buggy. It looked like he was not turning. Mom hurriedly goes just inside her door where she had propped an old single barrel shotgun. The grip was held to the barrel with bailing wire. Stock busted and being held together with duct tape. But it was intimidating.

Back at the hedge she leveled it at that idiots head. Throwing his stick to the ground, up the hill he ran past Dr. Collins past Dr. Browder's who lived on the corner. Left turns down our local hobo was out of sight.

Mom and Mrs. Killough spent many spring, summer and fall afternoons on that front porch and at the hedge.

Never and I repeat never was that hobo seen on Kirby Street again. Mom used that stick to pick up trash as long as I can remember. People this is a true story. I loved my mom and I always tried to do what she said.

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

Times Have Changed



Downtown Huntsville, in 1955, was still the center of business and social life. On Saturdays the sidewalks would often be so crowded with shoppers that people were forced to walk in the streets. The city was enjoying the prosperity that came with the rocket program even though a mule and wagon could occasionally still be seen on the streets.

That same year Dr. Wernher von Braun and 108 other German scientists became American citizens at a special ceremony conducted at Huntsville High School...

Those days are long gone, but the folks at Berryhill Funeral Home still believe in offering the same dedicated, personal service that makes our city a special place to live.

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