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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

LITTLE RICHARD - HUNTSVILLE'S LEGEND

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO OAKWOOD UNIVERSITY"



Also in this issue: Life of W. H. Anderson; Madison on Saturday Nights; Granny's Driving Lesson; Habits of Cats; Big Cove's 1925 Baseball Team; Union Hill Sweets; Pet Safety and Much More!

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Little Richard - Huntsville's Legend

by John H. Tate

Many stories about famous men will imply, or state right out, that the reader will learn the truth about "The man, the myth and the legend." In this story, we ask a straightforward question. "Why was (Little Richard) Wayne Penniman buried in Huntsville, Alabama?"

Born December 5, 1932, in Macon, GA, his name was to be Richardo Wayne Penniman; however, the "o" was left off the birth certificate and he was named Richard. He was the third of twelve children. His mother's name was Leva Mae (Ne'e Stewart), and his father was Charles "Bud" Penniman.

It is unclear how he got the name "Little Richard." One story says that because of his mischievous ways as a child, his family nicknamed him "Lil Richard." Another story says that his father started calling him "Little Richard" because he was tall and skinny. One other report says that Buster Brown

of Buster Brown's Orchestra named him Little Richard. Regardless of his name origin, his life's work made the name Little Richard world famous.

(Little Richard) Wayne Penniman passed on May 9, 2020 and after a graveside service, he was laid to rest in Oakwood Memorial Gardens, near the Oakwood University campus in Huntsville, Alabama.

David Person was the face of the Penniman family during Little Richard's funeral. David came to Huntsville in 1981 to attend Oakwood College, now Oakwood University. David's background as a professional broadcaster, journalist, owner of his media consulting business and family ties led to the Penniman family asking him to be the Penniman family's spokesperson during Little Richard's funeral.

David has known Little Richard's brother, Peyton Penniman, for approximately thirty years; and was once part of the family by marriage. So, along with his professional qualifications, David is also intricately connected to the Penniman family. He said he was honored to accept the family's request to be the spokesperson for the family.

Little Richard was from Macon, Ga, has a home in Tennessee and was professionally based in California. Why was Huntsville selected as Little Richard's final resting place?

"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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According to David Person, "That decision was made by the family because Richard had very close ties to Oakwood and some of Oakwood's more prominent leaders. For example, he and the former pastor of the Oakwood University Church, Pastor Eric Ward, had a very good relationship and had known each other for a number of years. There are others, other black Seventh Day Adventist leaders that Richard had a very good relationship; and long-standing relationship with."

David said that because of the Covid-19 crisis, logistically, it made more sense not to have his funeral in California since most of the family are in Huntsville's geographical region. Oakwood became the obvious choice for the funeral because of Little Richard's close connection with Oakwood. Family members live as close as Tennessee; David did not want to be any more precise than Tennessee.

When asked if there was any resistance to Little Richard's

funeral and burial in Oakwood Memorial Gardens?

David said, "No, there was no resistance. In fact, I would say that the administration at Oakwood was very excited and pleased with the decision; and were very happy to accommodate the Penniman family." David took care not to overstate his relationship with Little Richard. "The first time I met Richard, he came to my home in Huntsville. He was in town to perform at the Big Spring Jam." David laughed as he recalled the visit. "We used to own this home in Candlewood, which is off University Drive up a foothill. It was weird seeing this big, huge stretch limousine parked in front of our townhouse."

In a reflective tone and with some fondness, David recounts his interaction with Little Richard. "I will never forget; you know it was my first encounter with him. Of course, I had all these many years of stored images, and of course, the perception that went along with those images. It was just fascinating

to see how, unlike Richard Penniman, the family friend, was from Little Richard, the rock and roll legend. He was just very down-to-earth and incredibly soft-spoken, not at all flamboyant, very nice and accessible."

David continued by discussing the second time he spent some time with Little Richard. "When I think about the second time I was with Richard, it was because I interviewed him for a project I was working on; the interview took place in Atlanta. Even though he was in character, in terms of costume and makeup, and the hair and everything, there was an element of that stage persona, but he still was not that person. I would say he was much a very



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milder, calmer version of that person; he was not that exaggerated persona that we have seen through the years, even though he was in costume."

Addressing Little Richard's faith as a Seventh Day Adventist, David said, "Some members of the family embraced the Seventh Day Adventist faith quite a few years ago, I think. Richard considered himself a Seventh Day Adventist at heart, even prior to attending Oakwood." David added, "Prior to his final years, he attended Seventh Day Adventist churches regularly and when he died, his membership was with the Seventh Day Adventist church in Fayetteville."

In a final statement to the readers, David said, "Toward the end of his life, the part of him that had the most meaning to him - and that was the most representative for him was Richard the uncle, the surrogate father, the son, the brother and the practicing Seventh-Day Adventist Christian."

According to published reports, Little Richard converted to Seventh Day Adventist after experiencing a frightening flight while touring Australia in 1957. He enrolled in Oakwood College to study for the ministry, and in 1958 started the Little Richard Evangelistic Team. Little Richard married in 1959; he and his wife adopted a son; they divorced in 1964.

Little Richard was a friend to other performers; he helped many in their careers and participated in benefit concerts for issues he believed. He was

admired by and influenced the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Elton John and many others. Seeing the success of these performers, some of whom worked for him at one time, compelled him to return to secular music.

Leon Burnette had a lifelong association with Little Richard. Leon states it this way, "My association with him goes all the way back to me having relations and friendships with his family, his sisters and particular his brother Peyton, I go all the way back."

"I have known Richard since I was nine years old. I met Richard because of the fact that my mother went to Oakwood University, Richard went to Oakwood University, he became a Seventh Day Adventist Minister. His mother lived in Southern California, so while he was in Southern California, he was still part of the Oakwood community, which is a worldwide international community as you know."

Leon spoke of what prompted Little Richard to return to secular music. "I think it was really the Beatles; Little Rich-

ard was the king, you know what I am saying? Remember the Beatles were big first, then came the Rolling Stones right behind them with, "Can't Get No Satisfaction". Knowing that in London, when Richard was in his hey-day, Paul and John were his valets."

Leon was the one who inspired the sub-title to this story with his answer to the question, why Huntsville? "Why Huntsville? Oh, we did not know he was connected to Huntsville. He is connected to Oakwood; it is Oakwood that connected him to Huntsville."

Leon continued, "He had a lot of people he went to school with back in the day who are retired and moved back here. So, he has still got friends here. It was the school, so for the people of Huntsville, it was the school. He loved Huntsville, just not enough to live here, but he loved Oakwood enough to be buried here. You are talking about the connection to Huntsville; it is Oakwood's musical roots that connects him."

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Rita Rudner

wood connection, Leon shared that the doctor, Matthew Gates, who delivered his two boys, was Little Richard's doctor who traveled with him. Matthew Gates went to Oakwood. Indeed, all roads lead to Oakwood and connect to Huntsville.

Many Huntsvillians are surprised by the musical contributions of Oakwood University. The Aeolians, Oakwood University's premier touring ensemble, was founded in 1946 by former professor, Dr. Eva B. Dykes. This choir has 45-60 members from various disciplines, and the group travels nationally and internationally as musical ambassadors for the University. The choir has visited Romania, Great Britain, Poland, Jamaica and Bermuda among other locations. The group has also performed at the White House for President Bill Clinton and at the Kennedy Center, both in Washington, D.C.

The current conductor of the ensemble is Jason Max Ferdinand, M.M., a graduate of Oakwood University and Morgan State University and a former Aeolian. He is also the current conductor of the Oakwood University Choir. (Update: Jason Max Ferdinand now has a Doctor of Musical Arts in Choral Conducting, with a minor in Orchestral Conducting, from the University of Maryland). (c)

Other musical ensembles on campus include gospel choirs Dynamic Praise, Voices of Triumph, the group Serenity winners of the First Season of "Making The Group" reality show competition. Oakwood University is known for its legacy of great music. In 2010, an Oakwood-based vocal group, Committed, won the acapella TV competition The Sing-off. (a)

The most famous group from Oakwood University is Take 6 - an American a cappella gospel sextet formed in 1980 on the campus of Oakwood College in Huntsville, Alabama. The group integrates jazz with spiritual and inspirational lyrics. Take 6 has received Grammy Awards as well as Dove Awards, a Soul Train Award and nomina-

tions for the NAACP Image Award.

The band has worked with Ray Charles, Nnenna Freelon, Gordon Goodwin, Don Henley, Whitney Houston, Al Jarreau, Quincy Jones, K.D. Lang, Queen Latifah, The Manhattan Transfer, Johnny Mathis, Brian McKnight, Luis Miguel, Marcus Miller, Joe Sample, Ben Tankard, CeCe Winans, Stevie Wonder and Jacob Collier. All original members grew up in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. (a)

The Take 6 group is featured in Jacob Collier's 2019 recording and video of Lionel Richie's song "All Night Long" (All Night). (b)

David Person noted that the classical music singers Angela Brown and Brandie Sutton are also alumni of Oakwood University.

The answer to the question, "Why was Little Richard buried in Huntsville, Alabama?" The complexity of the answer lies in its simplicity; "All Roads Lead to Oakwood University".

Sources: a) Wikipedia, b) National Choir Festival, c) Djesse Vol.1



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The Main Library at Indiana University sinks over an inch every year because when it was built, engineers failed to take into account the weight of all the books that would occupy the building.

A Gathering of Robins

by J. Neil Sanders



A gathering of robins is chirping outside
Round and jolly...little brown birds full of song
Is chirping a part of their morning ritual?
Are they chattering back and forth?
Informing each other of what has been found in the grass

Isn't it interesting how little birds go about doing
Everything it is that little birds so naturally do
Without fear or hurry
Chirping and hopping
Searching for something delicious
Finding the perfect twigs for their nests
Drinking and bathing in a puddle by the creek
Without a single worry of the creek ever evaporating

Do they know that I smiled this morning?
Little round birds that instinctively practice Zen
Feathered sentient beings unknowingly touching the heart
Of a human being

I wish I had the ability to send them a handwritten letter
To somehow let them know how listening to their chirping
And paying close attention to their morning practice
Helps me return to happiness

To them I send my gratitude

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CAMPING (1955)

by Bill Alkire



I was in a Boy Scout Troop for a few years between age 12 and 14. It was an extremely rewarding experience that enabled me to function in an outdoor environment successfully. Our troop learned so much from our instructors, who were veterans and the fathers of some of the boys. We were taught many useful concepts, including teamwork and discipline.

We learned about the importance of nature - what to do and plainly more important, what not to do. We learned the skills of listening, tasting and visual awareness in the forest and fields environment. The men taught us how to survive if lost in the forest, how to make a fire, how to extinguish a fire, how to ford a river, how to establish a shelter, how to tie a tourniquet to stop bleeding, how to administer first-aid, and the basic do's and don'ts. We were taught also how to handle firearms, and how to recognize the plants to avoid.

I learned how to trap different wildlife and how to release an animal that may have accidentally got caught in a trap.

We learned the importance of leaving the environment better than we found it. I was able to do some harvesting of ginseng because of what I had learned. That is a story for another time.

The Boy Scout Troop had planned to camp out at the nearby heavily wooded State Park for two nights and three days. The Park was in southwestern portion of the County. An interesting feature of the Park, besides the river, (good for swimming, hiking, and fishing) was the cave and the water features on the walls of the cave. During the Civil War, I was told that the Alum was mined for mixing with saltpeter, sulfur and charcoal in making gunpowder. The cave was close enough to many battlefields, the railroad and easy access for wagons to travel to the places where the munitions were formulated. This area was important to both sides of the war between the states.

A couple of interesting events happened while we were camping at the Park. The second day of our outing we killed a copperhead along the river rocks upstream of the swimming area. We also came upon a young man about eighteen. He had been shooting, he claimed squirrels (it was not squirrel season), and we suspected he was shooting birds with a new 22 Savage Rifle that he had little knowledge of how to operate. He obviously had not been taught gun safety or knew much about handling a firearm in general.



He had fired his rifle and the bullet had bounced and ricocheted off who knows what, possibly a rock or even a tree. A bullet fragment had entered his right thumb, just under the nail. He was not bleeding much - but he was in monstrous pain and crying like a baby. He was also by himself, which we were taught you should never do under any circumstance.

Our Head Scout Master came to his rescue. He was able to retrieve the metal fragment from under the boy's thumb nail and cleaned the area with peroxide and antibiotic cream and bandaged the wound. With the fragment removed - the pain was gone. He obviously was going to lose the nail - but at least he did not kill himself or injure someone.

I believe the boy was a better hunter after that ordeal, at least a more conscientious person and more respectful of the forest and the handling of firearms. We were blessed with the knowledge and skill to leave the environment better than we found it.

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LICENSED - INSURED - REFERENCES

Town Gossip from 1899

* One of the best known men about town, who is reported ill with La Grippe, is really laid up from the effects of injuries received in a fight at a gambling house. The melee occurred several nights ago, and the gentleman in question was badly beaten over the head with a chair. One of the others present was a traveling man from Augusta and the balance of the participants, as far as I can ascertain, were mere card sharks.

* I questioned not long ago to the open liaison of a beautiful young society woman, who is encumbered with a hubby somewhat her senior, and a young clerk in a downtown Huntsville business house. About two days ago somebody notified a male relative of the frisky matron and he came to Huntsville at once to see the lay of the land. He called on the clerk and notified him that he would fill him full of holes if he continued his compromising attentions and is supposed to have read the riot act to the madame. His visit has certainly had a restraining influence upon the couple and they have refrained from scandalizing the public since.

* A young man who poses as an Alabama leader of local society and who is as a matter of fact about as contemptible a cad as one could find in a year's travel, boasted at the Huntsville Hotel the other night of his intimacy with several women who move in the right circles, mentioning them by name. A gentlemen present mentioned the matter to the brother of one of the ladies, and he promptly went on the warpath. When cornered, the young puppy denied everything and declared the informant was a liar. This stirred up the man who carried the news, and he also started out looking for gore. The sassiety gent has been laying low ever since and hasn't been found. It is a wonder, by the way, that this fellow hasn't had the top of his head blown off long ago. He makes use of the names of women in a manner that would mean certain death in some communities,

* A very shocking story is making the rounds at present, about an elderly Physician who is well known to almost anybody in town. If false, it is a horrible situation that no fair gentleman should tolerate and there may be some after developments.

* I understand that a very warm reception is awaiting a certain drummer when he next turns up at New Market. He engaged in a flirtation with a well known married lady and chancing to see her pass, he wrote a very tender little note on the back of a business card and sent it to her by one of the servants. The lady's husband was out of town at the time, but when he returned she gave him the missive. Meantime the drummer has left town. The husband swears that he will thrash him within an inch of his life when he reappears. Moral: don't write notes.

Ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy.



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BIG COVE'S 1925 COMMUNITY BASEBALL TEAM

by William Sibley

During the years preceding and during the Great Depression, small towns and rural areas of the United States formed baseball teams to provide clean, inexpensive entertainment for their citizens.

Big Cove's baseball team included the following people: Burritt Broad, Alton Medley, Roy Parker, Louis Broad, Harry Broad, Walter Drake, Latham Miller, Tom McGinnis, Mervin Broad, Ben Parker, Kirby Lyle and Tate Drake, manager.

In earlier years, my father, Romie Sibley, played on this team and it was coached by my maternal grandfather, William Henry Sadler.

Several people have talked to me about the success of this team, but I will tell a story as told to me by Luther Tidwell on April 1, 2001. Luther was a student and athlete at Madison County High School and left school to serve his country honorably in the United States Navy. After his service in the military, Luther returned to high school and graduated in the class of 1947.

Luther told me the following story: He met a man who identified himself as a former coach of a mill village baseball team in Huntsville. The coach wanted to know if Luther was familiar with Big Cove's community baseball team of the 1920s. Luther told the coach that Louis Broad, Luther's father-in-law, was a member of that team.

The mill village coach told Luther of a time when his team needed one more game to have a full schedule, and the players wanted to play Big Cove and show those boys what a good team can do.

The game was scheduled and Big Cove went on offense first. The first three batters were on base and there were no outs. Mervin Broad, Big Cove's cleanup batter, got a grand slam and the score was 4 to 0, and still no outs. The mill village team was worried when they went on offense, but when they saw Big Cove's pitcher, Harry Broad, walk to the mound, their worries stopped. Harry was a little man and the mill village players thought they could knock

the ball out of the park. They were wrong! The coach said, "That little man threw that ball hard enough to knock leather off the catcher's mitt."

The final score was Big Cove 15, and Mill Village 0. The mill village team was shocked. They had thought that playing the Big Cove team would be a practice game and had no idea that Big Cove would beat them.

Big Cove's favorite umpire was Joseph Eugene Drake aka "Judge" given that title because of his wisdom and fairness in umpiring games.

Big Cove's 1925 team was the pride of the community and Big Cove's residents bragged about it for decades.

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FAMILY REMEDIES FROM 1900

- For nervousness - throughout the day, sip apple, pineapple, prune, grape and cherry juice. Drink them at room temperature, not chilled.

- When you wake up in a sad state of mind and don't know why, wear bright colors to help cheer you up. The rose colors - pinks and scarlets - are good. Also effective is the orange family for a good picker-upper.

- If you feel especially moody, drink peppermint tea. Drink it warm and strong.

- According to European folklore, celery helps you forget your troubles from a broken heart and soothes your nerves at the same time.

- For a painful case of shingles, try a paste of Epsom salts and water. Place the paste directly on the affected area. Repeat as often as necessary.

- The fastest way to do away with a blister is to have snail crawl over it.

- If you are still young enough to have pimples on your face, try eating brown rice. It contains amino acids that are good for skin conditions. For blackheads, before going to bed rub lemon juice over the area. Wait til morning to wash off the juice with cool water. Repeat several evenings in a row and you'll see results.

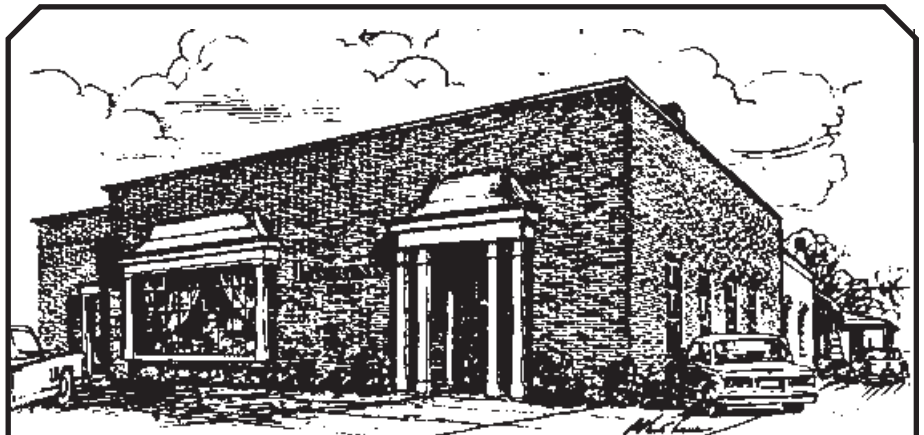
- If you are prone to nightmares, eat a small evening meal 2 hours before retiring. When you go to bed, sleep on your right side with your right hand under your head. Then tell yourself that you will have a happy dream and try to visualize it.

- To improve your memory, drink half a glass of carrot juice together with a half glass of milk, daily. Or try 4 whole cloves added to a cup of sage tea. Drink a cup everyday.

- For a fever, bind sliced onions or peeled garlic to the soles of your feet. It may give you garlic breath. Or eat grapes throughout the day.

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We now have to manage anxiety as we head back to the new old, so to speak, normal.

There is much to be grateful for and to know that in September, Broadway will be opening up again to full capacity. How wonderful for everyone putting on the shows to be working again and have a steady income. Our local Broadway Theatre League is gearing up for an entire season, and I'll be so glad to use my tickets I've been holding for over a year. I am sure looking forward to Margari-taville that was canceled in early 2020, but I don't think it's on the schedule yet. Get your sunscreen, and if you are like me, you need to visit your der-matologist every three months. Skin cancers from the burns of our youth are really catching up with us these days, but a little vitamin D is good for you and your spirits.

Happy Father's Day to all you wonderful dads – may this be your best day ever.

"Cash, check or charge?" I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase.

As she fumbled for her wallet, I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

"So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "But my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally."

Most of us have had a hard year and a half. I hope everyone has had access to both Covid-19 shots and has taken advantage of this opportunity and gotten their shots.

It just makes one feel good to get out in the sunshine and take a walk, and maybe dance and sing like nobody is watching.

Pools are open, and water exercise is one of the best ways to get a work-out for yourself. However, after eating my way through this past year, a new swimsuit may be called for.

I've decided that the years have crept up on me and I now have three great-grandchildren. I've decided to wear my prettiest nightgowns, eat out of my very best china, and use the sterling silver. Just think, "What am I saving it for?" Someday someone will be enjoying it, so why not make the best of everything while we can?

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- French Fries
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A Day We Never Forgot

by Nell Rutledge Porter



I remember April 14, 1945 as if it were yesterday. My husband and I were resting a bit, and two men came up the walk to our home. One was our pastor and the other was our district superintendent. Soon we were entertaining them as best we could. We soon found out their business.

The superintendent said, "I hear that you are leaving the Alabama district," and my husband said that yes, we were. "I have been called to preach, and we've bought some acreage from my grandfather's place up in Tennessee. We hope to start a church up there." The superintendent said, "Well, you will find it tough, with your family, and you have a limited education, and it's not at all easy to begin a new work."

With tears in his eyes my husband said, "Yes, all you say is true.

But God has called me and I'm going." The guests prepared to leave and the superintendent said, "I will never discourage you again, but we will be praying for you."

About supper time, I began having labor pains. My husband ran to the phone, but it was silent. We had forgotten that the service had been cut off in order to honor President Roosevelt, whose body was being taken from Warm Springs, GA to the capital in Washington, DC.

I said, "You'll have to walk, but please hurry." As he stepped out the door, a crowd of people were running up the street. He yelled at them to find out what was the matter and they told him that the cotton warehouse was burning down. I knew it would take him a long time to get to the doctor's office trying to avoid the crowd and the fire. I began to walk and walked for what seemed like forever.

We lived on Miller Street, down by Dunnivant's Corner. My first cousin, Mildred Hickson, assisted in the birth of our little daughter whom we named Margaret.

It seemed like so many eventful things happened in just one day. I wonder how many folks remember the time in '45, when the cotton warehouse burned down here in Huntsville?

I can't remember the name of that superintendent - but I sure wish he had been more of an encouragement that day.

Remembering John E. Carson

October 6, 1951 - April 20, 2021



Poem by John E. Carson

When I leave my kitchen table
One chair is left askew
As if waiting it sits there
Pulled back a foot or two.

So it still seems occupied
Though there is no one there
And when I'm feeling lonesome
I look upon it there.

Reminding me of times gone by
When someone was about
Telling me I'm not alone
When I'm deep in doubt.

I feel the life that's left behind
From family and friends
I hear the echoes of their laughter
And warm my heart again.

And I think of other people
Who may welcome there
And sometimes I talk to God
When He is sitting there.

When I leave my kitchen table
One chair is left askew
It sits there at an angle
Pulled back a foot or two.

**"Speak when you're angry
and you'll make the best
speech you'll ever regret."**

Bill James, Madison

Through the Cracks

by Al Dean

We believe some things are true because we've experienced them: Ice cream can cause brain freeze. We view some things as false because we've not experienced them: Alien abduction. We believe some things to be true because we learned them from a trusted source: Don't run with the scissors, you could kill yourself. We don't care whether some things are true or false because we have no interest in them: Licking a stamp burns 1/10th calorie; women blink more than men; thirty million Americans cannot read beyond the third grade level.

Stamp licking and eye blinking doesn't interest me, and neither did literacy until a friend and former coworker confessed that he could barely read, which led to my discovery that among the fifty states, Alabama was in the bottom five. So, I gathered with four other trainees and three instructors in an elementary school library to learn the fundamentals for teaching adults to read and write.

After printing our names on the sticky white tags and displaying them conspicuously, we were to introduce ourselves and explain why we were there. I was asked to go first. The only man in the class; I felt like an intruder.

Confessing my ignorance of illiteracy's pervasiveness, I told the group about my friend who came to work every morning with a newspaper curled under his arm, tossed it onto a desk and gave everyone standing around the minutia behind the headlines.

I was in sales; he was my go-to guy in the shipping department when I needed help. Celebrating or commiserating with food and drink after hours, I thought nothing of it at the time, but he ordered what I ordered and if his wife accompanied him, she ordered for him. When I left the company he revealed his secret and a tactic many poor readers use to conceal it: memorizing TV and radio news reports. He recited the details as he went through his morning newspaper ritual.

I wanted to help him. An instructor warned that getting people to accept help was often the toughest part of the process. I wondered what non-reading adult wouldn't want to learn to read. Wasn't his confiding in me a plea for help?

Abigail sat to my left. She had more degrees than a thermometer, including a Master of Li-

brary Science from the University of Kentucky. Her pallor suggested she spent most of her time under fluorescent lights and though she appeared delicate, uninhibited swirls of red hair cautioned that a tempest lurked behind her fragile look. She wasn't surprised when her research revealed one in four adults in Alabama were functionally illiterate: functional illiteracy being defined as lacking the reading, writing and math skills required to hold a job or manage daily tasks. She was surprised that the largest segment of the illiterate population was in the fifteen to twenty-four age groups. Her goal was to launch a literacy program at the library where she was the director. The instructors assured her that every resource at their disposal would be available to her when she was ready. To Abigail's left was a young denim-clad blond named Ann, "I want to teach my husband to read," she said.

Ann was a cashier at Walmart, bookkeeper for her husband's automobile salvage business, and the mother of a four year old son. The boy had begun climbing onto his father's lap before bedtime clutching his favorite book. His dad concocted a narrative to match the pictures, but the words

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changed with each reading, so the boy stopped coming to dad for story time. His inability to read was jeopardizing the boy's respect for him and further eroding his self-respect.

To Ann's left was Carol, who had just returned from vacationing in Italy; seventy-ish, her gray hair stylishly coiffed, bracelets and earrings, Venetian trinkets, clinked when she moved. "Buonasera," she said, introducing herself. Alternately glaring at Ann and Abigail, she said she understood why older folks couldn't read, especially men like her gardener who had to choose between picking cotton and going to school, but the younger generations' entitlement mentality had created a culture in which initiative, like cotton, was part of the Deep South's past.

Ann took exception to Carol's assessment. "We can't change the past," she said. "But we can change the future."

"And that's why most of us are here," Abigail added.

Obviously, I wasn't alone in thinking how difficult it must be for a mother of a four year old, working two jobs, to undertake teaching her husband to read. Everyone around the table had picked sides, and our perceptions would be difficult to change. The instructor quickly motioned for the next lady to introduce herself.

Sarah stared at her hands folded in her lap as she spoke; her tightly drawn mouth upturned slightly at the corners insinuating a smile; wispy gray bangs revealed brow lines and crevices that suggested futility was more than a passing acquaintance.

Her dad, a house painter, had finished the fourth grade, and with his chronic 86-proof affliction had been unable to hold a job. She recalled the ads he placed in the week-

ly hometown newspaper: "House Painter for Hire Three Rooms-\$150 Sober Mechanic".

Her reticence faded when she realized we were actually listening to her.

Her mom had cleaned houses and taken in washing and ironing to help make ends meet, but the burden of her parents' lack of an education visited upon the family influenced her to quit school to get married.

She became pregnant, and in four years gave birth to three children.

Her husband, a poor reader, treated by school faculty as cognitively challenged, refused to attend. Nobody cared. His

inability to read made it difficult to provide the basics for his family. Currently driving a truck for the local farmer's co-op, he must become HAZ-MAT certified or look for another job. There would be a written test.

Gladys was last; a retired school teacher fighting a game battle with age, her blond hair was piled loosely atop her head. She looked at me and said, "You look different with your clothes on."

The collective gasps sucked the air out of the room. I stared wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the woman hiding her red face with both hands.

"I didn't mean that the way it sounded," she mumbled.



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Carol was apoplectic.

Abigail grinned.

I expected to be escorted to the principal's office. The instructors rolled their eyes from Gladys to me, waiting for an explanation.

"My husband and I have seen you jogging by our house when we have our morning coffee in the sunroom," Gladys blurted. The first house on the north end of the street was home to my wife and I, Gladys lived at the southernmost end. I said I would wave when I ran by on my next jog.

Everyone except Carol laughed.

Gladys was the president of her garden club. A new member, fearing she'd be called upon to read, had confided that she read poorly. Having grown fond of her and her exotic Iris plantings, Gladys wanted to help.

At each student's location were workbooks, correlated readers and notebooks filled with tutorials and statistics. Charts, focusing on phonics, with rows and columns of letters and pictures, were displayed on easels in front of us. The same charts used by Jane Fonda to teach Robert De Niro to read in the movie "Iris and Stanley". I remembered our young daughter skipping through the house practicing letter sounds, "a-ah, b-bah, c-cah, d-dah, e-eh, f-feh."

The charts would be introduced at the next session. Today we would review general characteristics of those we would be tutoring: people that can't read aren't dumb; are deserving of respect; already have a great deal of knowledge; have their own values and beliefs, and are capable of making decisions.

Embarrassed by their inability to read or write they often fear being in a classroom environment, and if vision, hearing or dental issues render them unable to properly form letter sounds or accurately distinguish those same sounds, anxiety may be heightened.

Lacking basic necessities can also increase apprehension, knowing where to find assistance: food banks, thrift stores, churches and charitable organizations. Also helping fill out necessary application forms can alleviate their need and build confidence. At our church food pantry I discovered non-readers may also have difficulty planning for

the future. What's to plan? Life sucks and then you die.

I was hooked before the first session ended. Not all of us were; Carol didn't return. The instructor's warning about a poor reader's reluctance to accept help proved to be prophetic; my friend declined my offer and I learned that keeping people in the process was no less difficult than getting them in.

But I also learned that when students read for the first time from the one-page story in their workbooks or chapter and verse from the more advanced correlated readers, what they believed to be false proved to be true: they could learn to read.



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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



Our winner for the Photo of the Month for May was **Karen Kelly** of Madison. The sweet girl in the photo was that of **Jane Tippett**, who owns and runs the Historic Lowry House on Kildare Avenue. Did you know that the Lowry House is one of the most historic homes in Huntsville and was part of the Underground Railroad journey? Look for a story on that in an upcoming issue.

Then our first caller to tell me where the hidden heart was is **Peggy Self** of Phil Campbell, Al. That was the site of some terrible tornadoes a year ago and she said she lost some good friends because of the storms and went through a rough time. We're happy she's doing better now

and congratulations to Peggy for being the first caller! In case you missed it, the heart was on p. 32 in the ad at the bottom of the page. See it now?

So because we are having **millions of cicadas** appearing this summer as part of a seventeen year cycle, I have hidden a tiny tiny cicada within the pages of this issue. If you find it, and are the first to call, you win a \$40 subscription to "Old Huntsville." I think I'll make it nearly invisible so good luck!

While I was thinking about it I wanted to thank our advertisers in Old Huntsville Magazine for being such a support to the magazine. If it weren't for them, the magazine would not be in existence - the printed copy you hold in your hand is made possible by our advertisers. Please take a moment to **shop at our local stores** and help support our economy right here in Huntsville and surrounding area. Small Businesses are the best and they need you now more than ever.

Well we just had to wish our brilliant web designer/maintainer **Billy Lennox** a Happy Birthday on June 5. He's the one who updates the website with our columns every month, you'll see the past month as well as current month. Thank you Billy. Check it out at www.oldhuntsvillemag.com.

Restaurants are getting more and more crowded now, sports

events are happening, people are in the shopping malls, what a year we've all been through. But remember to please be safe in general: Keep your immune system healthy, avoid sick people if possible, wash hands and take your vitamins, and **KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT of your MOUTH**. Remember what Old Huntsville said years ago - unless you're 3 years old or less there's no reason for it unless you're eating! Just common sense stuff, no one wants to be sick.

Evan Troup of Nashville celebrates his 18th birthday on June 25. I am so proud of my handsome, brilliant grandson!

The Alabama National Guard flew over Huntsville May 7 with several passes of their 187th Fighter Wing and the 117th Air Refueling Wing. It was so impressive and they did it as a THANKS to healthcare workers and first responders at 14 different hospitals in cities all over Alabama.

"The fly-overs used the pilot's and crew's required training time to perform this THANK YOU salute. We continue to do all we can to enable and assist our commu-

Photo of The Month

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nities, but we are proud to take this opportunity to support the heroes who have inspired us all."

Elizabeth Wharry wants to send best wishes to her son **Jacob Wharry** as he begins his Army career at Ft. Benning as a Private First Class. He spent 4 years in JROTC at Sparkman High School.

Jim McBride wrote a great story on **Benny Hale** in the May issue, and he wanted to correct a couple of items. He mentioned **Mark McCarter** but failed to mention Mark was a member of the Huntsville-Madison County athletic Hall of Fame. Mark is also a former Huntsville Times sports-writer whom many people know.

Also he wanted to let readers know that **Greg Patterson** attended the University of North Alabama as well as Lee High School.

OK I told **Ianthia Bridges** of BB&T Bank on Church Street that she must have the biggest family ever. Following are her important dates in May!

Birthdays - Her **Uncle Mark, Sr.** had a May 4th birthday. **Uncle Melvin "Mugg"** was May 8. **Aunt Emily** was May 12 in heaven. Her **Uncle Curtis** was May 12, passed. **Cousin Mark Jr.** on May 12th. Great niece **Raegan** on May 12th. Her sweet Mom **Joyce Ramsey** celebrated on May 28th. Cousin

Latisha "Taye" was on May 30th. **Cousin Brian** was on May 31st.

Then a most important anniversary - **Ianthia and Frazer Bridges** on May 15th, their 28th year of happiness! Happy Birthdays and Anniversary to you all!

Patsy Ladner came here from Colorado 14 years ago and never looked back. She said she's been to many cities but thinks Huntsville is one of the cleanest she's ever been to. I agree and our city workers are some of the hardest working people you'll ever find in any city.

Lots of activities starting up in Huntsville. If you've never been to Burritt Museum on Monte Sano it's beautiful and historic. Every Wednesday they have Cocktails at the View and it's so relaxing. Find out more at www.huntsville.org/event/cocktails-at-the-view/44508/.

Then Lowe Mill is just the best for newcomers to Huntsville. They offer art/dance classes, art exhibitions, pets are welcome inside the mill, there are 4 different restaurants to try, a chocolate shop, a distillery - what's not to love? Check them out at www.lowemill.art.

Butterflies, flowers, landscaping, beautiful tours through nature - you'll find it all at the Bo-

tanical Gardens including a really nice gift shop. More info at www.hsvbg.org.

Finally we have a first class Museum of Art located in Big Spring Park. They have rotating exhibitions that you will find fascinating. Check dates and times at www.hsvmuseum.org.

We were just heartbroken this month with the loss of two great men. **John E. Carson** was a Vietnam Vet, started a pet rescue and Veteran organization, owned a publishing company with his daughters and was a writer and author of many books. John was a long time member of American Legion Post 237 and served as Honor Guard member and photographer. He wrote for Old Huntsville magazine often.

Sam Zeman was a Golden K Kiwanian, a friend of Wernher von Braun, a brilliant engineer who holds several patents, a kind and loving man who adored his family. There are pictures and more information in this issue, but we will be writing stories about both of these men in upcoming issues.

We wish all the Dads out there a warm and happy Father's Day, and many of us are remembering our dads who are watching over us from above.



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Crusty Coconut Pie

- 1/4 c. butter
- 1 c. sugar
- 1/2 c. canned milk
- 1 t. vanilla
- 3 eggs
- 1 c. coconut

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs and blend well. Add the milk, coconut and vanilla, pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

No Bake Cookies

- 1 stick butter, melted
- 1/2 c. cocoa
- 2 c. sugar
- 1/2 c. milk
- 3 c. quick oats
- 1/2 c. peanut butter
- 1 t. vanilla extract

Cook butter, cocoa, sugar and milk til bubbles form around side. Remove from heat and add oats, peanut butter and vanilla. Drop on waxed paper and cool.

Million Dollar Fudge

- 4-1/2 c. white sugar
- 1 lrg. can evaporated milk
- 2 sticks butter
- 18 oz. chocolate chips
- 1-1/2 t. vanilla
- 2 c. broken nuts

Bring the sugar and milk to a boil and boil constantly, while stirring, for 10 minutes. Have butter and chocolate chips in another large pan. Add boiling sugar mixture to the chips and butter and beat quickly. Keep beating.

Pour into an 8x12" pan and let cool.

Carrot Cake

- 1-3/4 c. sugar
- 1-1/4 c. cooking oil
- 4 unbeaten eggs
- 4 unbleached flour
- 2 t. baking powder
- 2-3 t. cinnamon
- 3 c. very finely grated carrots
- 2 c. plain flour
- 2 t. soda
- 1/2 c. chopped pecans or walnuts

Cream sugar and oil, add eggs and cream til soft. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the egg mixture, mixing well. Fold in the grated carrots and nuts.

Bake at 325 degrees until done - about 35 minutes - and a straw comes out of the cake cleanly.

Fill and frost with the following frosting that is made from confectioner's sugar, butter, drained pineapple, cream cheese and vanilla.

Carrot Cake Frosting

- 1 pkg. confectioner's sugar
- 1/2 stick butter
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 8 oz. cream cheese
- 2 t. vanilla

Allow butter and cheese to get to room temps, cream together with the sugar and add the drained pineapple.

Frost but make sure all crumbs are brushed off the cake before frosting.

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Sweet Potato Cake

- 1-1/2 c. cooking oil
- 2 c. sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 4 T. hot water
- 2-1/2 c. sifted flour
- 3 t. baking powder
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1 t. ground nutmeg
- 1-1/2 c. grated raw sweet potatoes
- 1 c. chopped nuts

Combine cooking oil and sugar and beat til smooth. Add hot water, then dry ingredients that you have sifted together. Stir in the potatoes, nuts and vanilla and beat well. Beat egg whites til stiff and fold into mixture. Bake in three greased 8-inch layer cake pans at 350 degrees, for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and frost.

Fresh Apple Cake

- 1-1/4 c. cooking oil
- 2 c. sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 t. cinnamon
- 2-1/2 c. self-rising flour
- 3 c. chopped apples
- 1 c. chopped nuts

Mix all the ingredients together and add the chopped apples. Add a cup of chopped pecans or walnuts and bake at

350 degrees for 40-50 minutes in a large pan, 12x12 inches.

Date Nut Cake

- 1 c. butter (2 sticks)
- 2 c. sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1-1/2 c. buttermilk
- 1 t. soda
- 2 T. grated orange rind
- 1 pkg. dates, cut and pitted
- 1 c. broken pecans
- 4 c. flour

Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs one at a time, dissolve soda in milk. Add sifted flour to butter mixture alternating with buttermilk. Beat til smooth. Add orange rind, dates and nuts which have not been floured. Bake in tube pan for 1-1/2 hours at 325 degrees, cool in pan. While still hot spread on the sauce that is made from 2 cups sugar, 1 cup orange juice and 2 tablespoons orange rind. Stir til dissolved but don't heat the sauce.

Bread Pudding

- 2 c. dry bread cubes
- 4 c. milk, scalded
- 3/4 c. sugar
- 1 T. butter
- 1/4 t. salt
- 4 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 t. vanilla

Soak bread in milk 5 minutes. Add sugar, butter and

salt. Pour slowly over eggs; add vanilla and mix well. Pour into greased 1-1/2 quart baking dish. Bake in pan of hot water in moderate oven at 350° until firm, about 1 hour. Serve warm with lemon sauce. Add 1/2 cup seeded raisins, if desired. Makes 8 servings.

Variations of Bread Pudding: Butterscotch - substitute brown sugar for white. Chocolate - Melt one 1 ounce square unsweetened chocolate in hot milk before adding bread. If desired, serve with butter sauce.

Pecan Chews

Beat 2 egg whites til stiff. Add 2 cups brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract and dash salt. Fold in 2 cups finely chopped pecans.

Bake at 350 degrees on greased cookie sheet for 8-10 minutes. Cut in squares when still warm. Cool and enjoy!



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A Trip to Remember

by Ernestine Moody

As I reflect on the subject matter about which I am revealing, I realize my foolish reaction to such an ordinary event.

It was 1966, with six-month-old baby boy in arms, that the adventure began.

My parents had moved to a retirement area in Florida close to where my brother and his family were residing. Thinking back now, I realize that my folks probably needed to be able to visit family where peace and quiet existed, such as the "only child" residence where their other grandchild lived. The everyday circus occurring at our home, the children bickering and the mysteries of who committed the first crime, such as, "He started it," or "She touched me first," were frequent occurrences. Now in reflection these memories only bring smiles, but at that time, these unpleasant interruptions were often chaotic until brought to a successful conclusion.

In February, of the above-mentioned year, a phone call uprooted our usual routine. Mom was hosting a surprise seventy-fifth birthday celebration for my unsuspecting Dad. She knew that my entire family would not be able to attend since the older kids were in school, and my husband was busy at work. Mom would supply airplane fare for myself and the baby, hoping this would make the event special for the honoree.

At first, I was ecstatic. I was going to see my parents, and the baby would meet his grandparents. Then, I realized to achieve this pleasure would require a "trip in the sky." Oh my, my first flight, I would be going where this body had not gone before. I would view fluffy clouds by looking down rather than gazing up-

ward and though not quite breaking the sound barrier, we would be going fast, amazingly fast! There would be no service stations if the fuel gauge suddenly focused itself on empty, no nearby repair shop to quickly approach with major or minor service needs. There would only be air, lots and lots of air.

I found myself wishing that the Wright brothers had given up their dream for a spectacular flying machine.

There was "no way out," I could not disappoint my parents even if it caused me to make a life-threatening decision. As time progressed, I tried to focus on the positive, however on some days my little negative inner voice made its appearance.

The big date arrived. I had finalized all the details for my "stay at home crew". With tear-filled eyes I said goodbye to my supportive husband and boarded the big metal monster in front of us. I prayed, "Please take care of us. If anything goes wrong, please let it happen quickly."

We were seated next to a kind gentleman. He could



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"I changed my password to "incorrect" so whenever I forget it the computer will say, "Your password is incorrect."

Ginnie Mays, Madison

probably read the letters F E A R on my forehead.

The passengers, in those days, were served gourmet meals and everyone seem to wear special attire for this awesome adventure. When my seat-sharing partner finished his meal, he politely offered to hold the baby so that I might enjoy some nourishments too.

It was decision time. I could satisfy my hunger pains by loosening my grip on this precious little being and putting him in the arms of a total stranger. I declined the offer and just pushed my embrace one notch higher. As we approached our destination the airplane's lights dimmed, my eyes closed, and finally we made a smooth landing.

This story, however, does not end as well as one might suspect. Yes, we arrived without experiencing harm, my father was delighted but because of my deep anxiety I feel as if I made myself sick.

The party was held as scheduled, but I stayed in bed at their home. I ingested aspirins to lower my fever.

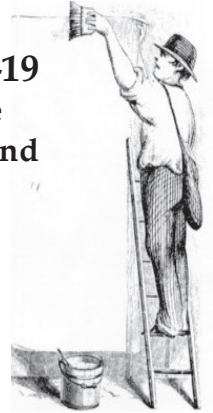
Now I look back with much regret. I was surely a victim of "fear of the unknown!" Now we all "pop" on and off flights without a moment's hesitation.

However, the day I felt myself advancing to another dimension, will always be a trip I remembered.



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Samuel Zeman, Jr.

A Korean Conflict armyveteran, Samwas assigned to the 9330 Tech - nical Service Unit at Redstone Arsenal, where he worked as a Propellant Research Chemistin the Army'sRocket DevelopmentLaboratory. He then joined Thiokol as a Rocket Engineer. He developed expertise in several disciplines and made majortechanical contributions to a large number of military and space rocket systems.

He retired from Thiokol as Director of Quality in 1989 after 31 years of service, during which he held various technical and managementposi - tions in Rocket Engineering and Quality. He subsequently worked for 27 years as a consultant in rocket technology through Stone Engineering, ASI, and ERC. He holds 12 US patents associated with rockets and explosives.

Samwas a dedicated memberof the Golden K Kiwanis for manyyears, served as President and was a recipient of the J. Mercer Barnett Award.

Survivors include his loving wife, Elizabeth Hall Zeman, PhD; daugh - ter, Jill A. Zeman of Scottsdale, AZ; son, Dr. Mark S. Zeman of Cum - ming, GA; grandchildren, Lesley G. Elliott (Mike) of Salt Lake City, Bret S. Goldstein of Meza, AZ, and Grace E. Zeman of Cumming, GA; three great-grandchildren; two nieces; two nephews and two stepsons and their families. Samwas a beloved friend and familymanwho leaves a legacy for those who survive him.

Feb. 24, 1928 - May 5, 2021

Madison on Saturday Nights

by John W. Hughes, Athens

Saturday nights in downtown Madison in the late 1940s and early 1950s were usually calm and uneventful. The stores stayed open until around 9:00 p.m. The streets were crowded with shoppers. Not that they were buying all that much - money was scarce. They had come to town to socialize. There was no television or movies in Madison, so walking up and down the street talking to friends was my evening entertainment.

An old farm couple from just outside Madison would come into town and park in front of the Farmers and Merchants Bank and just watch the parade of humanity. Around 8:30 p.m. they would buy two fountain cokes from my father's drug store. When they finished those, it was time to go home.

About every other month there was some sidewalk entertainment. A medicine man named Jake set up his table in front of the drug store. He had several herbal medicines of his own concoction. Two of his best sellers were a liniment that he guaranteed would cure the aches and pains brought on by working in the cotton fields. The other was an elixir that he claimed would rival today's Cyalis and Viagra.

My father said Jake's father was a black man and his mother was a Cherokee Indian. Jake would gather a crowd with several magic tricks that included card reading and steel rings joined together. No one could ever separate the rings, but Jake would

cover the rings with a scarf, tap it with a wand and the rings would be separated when the scarf was lifted.

His routine seldom varied. Near the end of his magic act a voice would come from the large cardboard suitcase Jake had on the table. When the suitcase was opened a ventriloquist dummy would scold Jake for keeping him locked up. Jake would take him out and they would begin a dialogue that was risqué for the time. Some of the jokes would be considered racist if it had not been a black dummy and a black ventriloquist performing the act.

When the act ended a line would form to purchase Jake's medicines. However, not all Saturday nights were calm and quiet. At times things could get as rowdy as Dodge City when the cattle herds came in. One particular night a gunshot was heard and someone screamed "She's done been shot!"

The shooting took place at the west end of the street. The crowd began to exit in a hurry toward the east end. My father's drug store was in the middle. He was Mayor of Madison at the time. There was only one policeman/night watchman on duty and he came to the side entrance of the drug store and told my father that he needed help.

Normally, my father's 12 gauge shotgun would have been in the prescription room, but on this occasion it was behind the front door of our home on Church Street. So my father and the policeman jumped in his pickup truck to go get the gun. When they went out the front door of the drug store the crowd had cleared out and the gunman was walking down the sidewalk declaring that he would kill any SOB that stood in his way.

After getting the shotgun from home, they drove back downtown. The streets were deserted. The gunman had gone. An advantage to living in a small town is that everybody knew where everybody else lived. They drove to the gunman's house. When my dad stepped out of his truck the shooting started from the direction of the wood pile. My dad fired back with his 12 gauge shotgun expending all 5 shells. When the gunfire exchange stopped the man screamed "You have done killed me!"

It turned out that he was not killed as he claimed; only peppered from head to toe with birdshot. It also turned out that the girl who had been "killed" had not been harmed. Only frightened. If the man had not been so drunk he might have been a better shot.

About two years later I was driving toward Madison and passed a man walking in the direction I was headed. I offered him a ride and when we were underway he asked me if I was Mr. Walter Hughes' boy. I told him that I was and we drove on to downtown Madison. I let him out and went on home to dinner.

When my father came home to dinner he said, "Guess who came in the store this morning? Old XXXX who got into the gunfight with us that Saturday night. He's been in Kilby for a couple of years and stopped by to apologize for all the trouble he caused."

"The trouble with eating Italian food is five or six days later you're hungry again."

Franco Belini, Athens

The Typhoid Home in Huntsville



In the 1800s typhoid was one of the most deadly diseases in much of the South. No one knew what caused it or how to treat it but that did not stop many newspapers from printing what they believed to be sound medical advice. The following is from a 1892 Huntsville newspaper.

- Typhoid is a disease which runs a definite course. It cannot be stopped or cured by medicines.

- The chief thing to be done at the outset of an attack is to send the patient to bed, so as to have strength from the beginning.

- Cocaine can relax the patient and make him receptive to treatment.

- As the fever develops, and the strength grows less, light food should be taken at short intervals - water, toast water, barley water, milk and light broths not made too strong or too gelatinous.

- If the fever settles in the brain then it is helpful to have the patient repeat his name, and the names of his family, at regular intervals to prevent a complete loss of memory.

- The restlessness or wakefulness in fever is best remedied by the careful giving of

wine or spirit with the food, or in water. No more than one quart a day is to be administered.

- The bedroom is to be kept at a temperature of 62 degrees. (They did not explain how to accomplish this in the age before air conditioning.)

- Great care should be taken to keep the bed clean and sweet. This is most easily done by having a second bed in the room, to which the patient can be removed for two or three hours daily, while the other is thoroughly aired and the linen changed.

- All fatigue is to be sedulously avoided. No visitors are to be admitted and no other person but one nurse and one attendant to help her.

- Patient's room never to be left unattended for a moment, as in delirium of fever patient might jump from the bed and injure himself.

- All fireplaces should be carefully cleaned and floors scrubbed with lye ashes.

- All windows in the sick room should be kept closed and shuttered to prevent the night air from entering the patient's lungs.



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Hog Killing Time in Old Monrovia

by W. L. "Dub" Hoover



In the heart of Old Monrovia, down by the old mill house on the banks of Indian Creek, something special happened every November. It was usually a cold and snowy day when the men of the community would slaughter their hogs and bring them to the central gathering place at the mill for processing. The slaughtering was probably done at home because it was easier to transport a dead hog than a live one, that would be resisting the trip. The ideal weight of a hog at killing time was about 200 pounds, but some would weigh 350 or more, no doubt one of the reasons for making this day a community affair.

The first step in processing was to slide the carcass into the scalding vat, sitting over a roaring wood fire to keep the water at the right temperature. After a timed interval, the carcass was moved to a makeshift table of sawhorses and rough-sawn slabs of wood, readily at hand as this setup was next door to the old sawmill. When the hair was scraped off with large sharp butcher knives, the

hog was hung by its hind feet on a scaffold for the next crucial steps. The head was severed for the bleed out, and the carcass was opened from neck to tail on the belly side for removal of the entrails and organs. It was then taken down piece by piece as the hams, shoulders, bacon slabs, and ribs were dismantled.

At this point, the women got involved in the dissecting and carving and preserving. Some of the hams and shoulders were trimmed, vigorously rubbed with salt and packed in a large wooden box of salt for preservation. Others were hung in the smoke house over a hickory wood fire. (That smoke house is still standing, as seen in the recently taken photo with this article.) Ribs were carved from the backbone and cooked on a wood burning stove for canning in glass jars, called fruit jars, aka Mason jars. Trimmings and odd pieces of meat were seasoned with red pepper and sage and ground into sausage, rolled into golf-size balls, fried and canned. These jars were sealed by a ring (a red rubber gasket) placed over the neck and a galvanized lid with a white glass lining tightly screwed down against the rubber gasket.

With the pork preserved, it was time for everyone to retire to their respective homes and enjoy a scrumptious meal of fried tenderloin (considered a top delicacy) prepared by, you guessed it, the very tired women who had worked beside their men a large part of the day. Bedtime

on hog killing day was a more than welcomed event, for the much needed rest before the dawn of a new day of routine survival activity, begun with a hearty breakfast of fresh country fried ham, biscuits and red-eye gravy.

What was considered a hog killing delicacy depended on who you asked. To the grandparents, chitlin's were at or near the top of the list. For the readers who've never experienced a hog killing, let me explain chitlin's. I mentioned that when the carcass was hung on the scaffold and slit open, the entrails and organs were removed. Well actually, they would basically fall out, with a little help from a butcher knife

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John Purdy
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here and there. Entrails, or intestines, are anatomical terms for chitlin's. The down and dirty term would be guts. These long winding tubes were cut into hotdog-size lengths, emptied of their contents, and thoroughly washed for deep drying. They were fried in the same black pot where lard was cooked out and cracklings were made. Cracklings? you say. The meaty strips from the hog's back that had a good mixture of fat and lean were preserved as bacon. The strips that were all fat were cut at 1" or 2" intervals, left attached to the skin. When the grease was cooked out, what was left were cracklings. They were dipped from the pot and spread out to dry. Used to make crackling cornbread, or eaten as snacks much like pork rinds are today, with much the same taste.

So what happened to the pot of grease after the cracklings and chitlin's were removed? As the grease cooled, the lard rose to the top and hardened into a solid that was taken off and stored in lard buckets for daily kitchen use throughout the year. What remained in the pot was then converted into lye soap without ever leaving the pot. Red Devil lye and whatever else went into the soap recipe (I think ashes was one of the ingredients) was added to the pot and continuously stirred, over the fire, with a large wooden paddle until so thick the paddle wouldn't move. It was left overnight to set up, then cut into blocks with a long blade butcher knife, lifted from the pot, and spread out on a shelf in the smoke house to cure. Lye soap was a household staple, used for washing clothes on the rub board, for washing feet after working in the fields and garden, and for bathing in the No. 3 washtub.

Now that you've experienced a southern hog killing in Old Monrovia, realize that a lot has to happen leading up to that event. Like getting a mamma hog and daddy hog together to produce piglets, sometimes as many as 10 or 12 at a pop, called a litter. When there are more piglets than mamma pig has nipples to feed them, the weakest of the litter are pushed away by the stron-

ger ones and become runts.

There was one particular runt who held a special place with me throughout my life. Once my mother took a runt piglet away from the litter to protect it until it could fend for itself. She kept it warm in her cook stove oven on low heat, and became so attached to it, she never returned it to the pen with the other pigs. When it was grown, she sold it and bought the family a nice wooden glider that could seat four grownups. I inherited the glider and our patio was its home for many years, till it finally came apart from old age.

When I recently returned to the Indian Creek sawmill site to photograph the old smokehouse, I was overcome by the vivid memories and weight of history that enveloped me. Much of that history was connected to the annual hog killing days in the 30's and 40's that were as certain to happen at that place as November was to come around on the calendar.



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turn to the experts 

The Wayward Shot

by Bill Wright

On June 25, 1950 the Korean War began when 75,000 soldiers from the North Korean Army crossed the 38th parallel to invade South Korea. This resulted in the United States entering the Korean War to help liberate South Korea from the invading communist forces of North Korea and later an entry by China on the side of North Korea. As a result, many young Americans were inducted into the U.S. Army to support South Korea in the war.

Steve was 20 years old when he was inducted into the U.S. Army shortly after the Korean War began. He received four months of Basic Infantry Training and soon sent to Korea and assigned to a frontline infantry company.

Shortly after Steve was assigned to the frontline infantry company, the platoon leader announced that Army Intelligence had detected an enemy tank hidden in a large barn located about 150 yards in front of the American defensive position. The platoon leader asked for two volunteers to take a bazooka, an anti-tank weapon, and sneak within about 50 yards of the barn and fire a bazooka round into the barn and hopefully destroy the enemy tank. Steve and another soldier reluctantly volunteered for the assignment. Both were new to frontline combat, thus nervous about the assignment they had volunteered for.

Steve would be the trigger man for the bazooka firing and his companion would be the bazooka loader. To reduce the possibility of being seen by the enemy, they would advance towards the barn in a low crouch and crawl some of the distance

as they neared the barn. Once they were about 50 yards from the barn Steve was to fire the bazooka round at the barn and hopefully destroy the enemy tank. If the first round did

not destroy the tank, they would then fire the second bazooka round into the barn.

Steve and the other soldier continued to be nervous and even trembling as they advanced towards the enemy barn, often wondering why they had volunteered for the dangerous assignment. Once they were about 50 yards from the barn, they stopped and began preparations to fire a bazooka round at the barn. Steve was still trembling and was concerned about making an accurate shot at the barn. His companion soldier loaded a round into the bazooka chamber, then touched Steve on his helmet, a signal that he could fire when ready.

As Steve pulled the trigger aiming at the barn, he was still trembling from nervousness. His shot would give meaning to the saying, "he could not hit the broad side of a barn." Steve's shot had missed completely the large barn from only 50 yards away. However, located to a side of the barn and slightly to the rear of the barn was a large haystack. The wayward shot struck the haystack and there was a tremendous explosion. Unknown to Army intelligence, the enemy had moved its tank out of the barn and built a large haystack around the tank. Steve's wayward bazooka shot destroyed the enemy tank.

Steve and his companion soldier ran as fast as they could back to friendly lines. As they approached, other soldiers were cheering and clapping for them having successfully destroyed the enemy tank.

When others often ask how he knew the enemy tank was in the haystack, and not in the barn, Steve would give a vague answer like "Just a feeling." Later, both Steve and his companion were awarded the Silver Star, America's third highest award for Valor in Combat. The Silver Star honors military personnel who display exceptional valor while engaged in combat operations against an enemy. The Silver Star ranks just below the Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross for valor in combat.

It would be many years later before Steve would tell the complete story how on a cold winter day during the Korean War how he destroyed an enemy tank with "The Wayward Shot."

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HABITS OF CATS

by Ted Roberts



Sometimes when an author/writer looks at a blank piece of paper, he sees a blank piece of paper. He gropes for a subject and all he gets is a blank. I usually holler to the wife. "Hey Shirley, anything newsworthy happen to us lately?"

"Oh, your oldest son, Harry, got married, but he's done that before."

Nothing. But lately in the absence of wars in the Congo, new children born in the family, the house burning down, or car wrecks - there is one category of events that always serves up material - our two cats. They are so predictable, so unpredictable. Take their nighttime habits - and this one could win a prize at the planetary cat show: We're all laying in the bed watching TV. We're in our pajamas, they are nekkid, as we say down here. They like crime shows with a lot of action; explosions, fires, gunfire.

Well, when 9:30 rolls around the male sedately, almost priggishly, heads for the door and with a sniff over his shoulder leaves the room. Bear in mind he carries no watch strapped to his leg as he leaves the room. Why? Maybe because once or twice earlier I ran him out at 9:30 and he remembered.

They have another crazy habit even more mysterious. They love to drink water out of the flower bowls. Bowls of clean water on the kitchen floor and these connoisseurs are lapping water full of fiber, worms, and microscopic algae out of the flower bowls.

Outside, they also favor mud puddles wherein stray bipeds have relieved themselves. Maybe there are more vitamins in it - maybe we oughta try it. Maybe it's the long hidden remedy to cancer. Ever hear of a cat getting cancer? Or maybe the cure is a diet of mice - even though mice hunting is not a habit of these two free renters. They'll only eat cat food. Hold up a bowl of pate foie gras to their lips and they'll look at you like you're crazy and turn aside.

Nothing other than cat food tempts them - not even ice

cream.

And do you think they know how to conserve energy? One minute they're sleeping - the next they are streaking across the yard chasing an aggressive grasshopper. They gave up on birds as soon as they caught on to that flying trick.

But maybe their most endearing habit is to jump in any enclosure - like a box. Nothing makes a cat happier than to sit in a box, survey the world, and mistakenly think they're safe from any hungry predators. They're wrong, of course, but it's like you locking yourself in your room, hiring a Doberman and hiding under the bed. It makes you feel good.

Well, regardless of my cat's foibles, they're lovable, furry balls of delight. And did I tell you they're brother and sister? They're lovable, yet full of the wild.

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W. H. Anderson's Life Around the Great Depression with Emphasis on Redstone Park and Redstone Arsenal

by W. H. Anderson



I, Wannie Hallman Anderson (W.H.), was born February 18, 1929 to Ernest and Girdie Anderson prior to the start of the Great Depression. My daddy purchased a farm in the 1900s in a place called Hump-ton, which was a small village of fifteen families. There, I attended Center Church, where I attended both church and school. Ms. Stone taught class of about twenty-five students from 1st to 12th grade.

During the Depression, my father lost the farm and we moved to New Hope, Alabama. During that time, he worked for TVA until Guntersville Dam was completed. Once it was completed, we moved to Guntersville, Alabama. Daddy bought two mules and a wagon and leased them to TVA to load logs and clear the land from the

dam to the Guntersville Bridge. He was then able to purchase another farm in Cullman, Alabama. He gathered the farm material in the wagon and with the two mules, headed through Guntersville, Arab and then to Cullman (between West Point and Battleground) to the farm.

At the end of 1939, WWII broke out. In 1940, my parents went to work for the Arsenal. Mother worked on Redstone Arsenal, and during that time made ammunition and bombs for the war. Daddy worked for Huntsville Arsenal, which served as storage site, near the Tennessee River.

Around 1942, we moved to an area called Redstone Park, which was a community of approximately 300 apartment buildings to accommodate those who worked on the Arsenal. The park consisted of two and three bedroom apartments. We lived in one apartment next to three other families and I remember us living in #389. Most people didn't have electricity during that time but Redstone Park had power lines to supply electricity.

Many people didn't have a refrigerator, but we were fur-

nished an icebox at Redstone Park. An ice truck came by daily to supply 25, 50, 75, or 100-pound blocks of ice into the icebox to keep our milk and butter cold. Redstone Park also had a recreational center for dances and social functions.

While my parents were working on the Arsenal, I attended Farley School. Redstone Park was still being developed when we moved to the area, and after class, my duties were to water the lawns that were recently sewn with grass.

In 1944, one day at school as a fifteen year old, I had an incident with Principal Morris. I went to the water fountain after the bell rang and as punishment, he wanted to paddle me with a board. Rather than being paddled, I gathered my books, left school, and went through the field to my daddy. I told him that I was ready to start working instead of going to school.

Shortly after, we took the Redstone bus from Redstone Park to Old Rison Bank in downtown Huntsville, which was on the north side of the Square. I met with Mr. Ashford Todd, who was the President of the bank and he facili-

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tated my employment with the Huntsville Depot.

During that time, the Huntsville Depot was a part of the Huntsville Arsenal. The Huntsville Depot consisted of a railroad with eight warehouses that stored ammunition until after the war ended in 1945. I loaded boxcars with others my age and we were referred to as "The Diaper Crew," making \$3.92/hour. I received a promotion to \$4.16/hour and this was quickly taken away once they realized I, along with both parents, worked for the government. Money was tight and they wanted to be able to hire other people.

During this time, I was also enlisted into the Army National Guard. Once the war ended, I was sent to dismantle bombs not used in war. My parents were then laid off and moved back to the farm in Cullman. I stayed at Redstone Park. I was moved to an office building and headquarters at an antebellum house prior to my being laid off.

I stayed in Huntsville for various other jobs after being laid off from Huntsville Depot. I worked for Business Equipment Company to deliver repaired typewriters. I worked for Dent Construction Company, which subcontracted for Huntsville Utilities. Our crew consisted of five people that built power lines for the area. I also worked for Meadow Gold Dairy.

I then worked on my parent's farm in Cullman. Shortly after, I met the love of my life, Jimmie Ann, and we married June 3, 1950. We decided we could make a better living, so we moved back to Huntsville off of Meridian Street.

Jimmie Ann's parents had an antebellum house and barn in Hazel Green, Alabama. We purchased land from her daddy, Mr. Towry. He had a tenant house and we remodeled it and

lived there before building our home. When my wife's parents passed, we tore down the old home place and barn and developed the land that is now Towry Acres, a subdivision with over twenty homes.

From 1954 to 1956, I was drafted into the Army, Signal Corp. After time in the Army, I worked at Army Ballistic Missile Agency (ABMA) and subsequently NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center. I was hired as GS-9, which was rare for someone with a 7th grade education and made just under \$20/hour.

I was sent to Building 4471, which was on the west end of the Arsenal, where I worked with shipping and receiving of various goods. We received box

pallets with everything from Birdseye baby diapers to sporting goods to bullfrogs. The last couple years of work, I moved to NASA Headquarters, Building 4200, where I managed supplies, forms and inventory. I worked a total of 32 years and retired from NASA March 2, 1984.

All of this goes to show that times were hard, but we made it work. We suffered many hardships growing up with nothing, but we labored our way to success. The hard work paid off.

"We worked hard, loved one another and lived a great life, which is what it's all about."

--W.H. Anderson at 92 years of age

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Barns

by Barry Key



For some reason America has a romance with barns. In reality, a barn is an agricultural structure that serves a purpose like any other piece of farm equipment. Early American barns were a simple design to be erected as easy and economical as possible using logs or rough cut lumber. This day and time, a lot of barns are designed by architects to complement the owner's home or property. Modern barns are often a show case built of brick, cement blocks, or metal, and are air conditioned to comfort the animals.

As older barns finally deteriorate beyond repair, individuals, or contractors, will demolish a barn just to stockpile and preserve old worn and weather beaten barn wood. Carpenters and artists have a knack for transforming the most rustic pieces into all kinds of unique furniture, picture frames, and knick knacks. Barns are also used as billboards to advertise

companies and places... the most famous in the southeast, "SEE ROCK CITY".

My grandfather's original barn on Grassy Mountain was destroyed by a storm in the late 40s or early 50s. He hired a guy to set up his portable saw mill in the woods behind his house. He built a new barn out of rough cut lumber with four long sections running north and south, plus a large open hay loft over three of the four sections. As with the old barn, the new barn served many functions.

At ground level there are two enclosed sections that are divided into three different rooms each. Each room has a specific function. Separating the two enclosed sections is an open aisle that runs through the length of the barn. The fourth section, open at both ends, ran the length of the barn and was used to park large farm equipment such as his tractor, bulk wagon, flatbed trailer, hay rack, disk, etc. This was also the garage where equipment was repaired as needed.

The barn aisle is a high, wide open passage through the barn large enough for trucks, tractors and mule drawn wagons to drive through. On one end above the aisle is a large opening in the hay loft floor. Hay was gathered in a mule drawn wagon. The wagon would be pulled into the barn aisle below the loft

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opening. Hay would then be pitch-forked into the loft and down again as needed to feed the stock.

Three rooms are floored, two corn cribs and a harness room, or the "tack room" as it would be called today. There are three un-floored rooms, a milking stall and two mule stalls. The milking stall has a feed trough hanging on the wall. Twice a day my grandmother would fill the trough with feed and "Bessie" would stand perfectly still chewing her cud while being milked... by hand.

By the way, I think everyone has heard the saying "cows chewing their cud". Do you know what "cud" is? If you have ever had acid reflux, then you know what a cow's cud is. In the case of cows, it is partly digested food regurgitated from the first stomach to the cow's mouth for additional chewing, a process required to help cows completely digest the rough foliage. A cow can chew on its cud for hours before returning it to its second stomach to complete the digestion process...and waste disposal.

The two corn crib's walls on the inside of the barn aisle have large openings at the top. When corn was gathered in the mule drawn wagon, the wagon would be pulled into the aisle below the crib openings. The corn would be shoveled into the cribs through those openings.

After a day of shoveling corn through an opening two or three feet above your head, a workout at a gym was the last thing on a person's mind.

The hay loft was not only used to store hay but other small items that are season-

ally used around the farm. My aunts and female cousins, as young girls, had playhouses set up in the hay loft to play with during the winter and rainy weather. My uncles, cousins, and I would lay in the hay and tell all sorts of stories,...I'm sure the hay loft is where I first heard about the "birds and bees". In the fall during cotton picking season, my grandfather would park his partially filled wagon of cotton under the hay loft opening and all us kids would jump and turn flips into the soft cotton.

I think all southern boys have played cow pasture baseball and basketball. On the wall above the barn aisle was a basketball goal. Not only did you learn fancy foot work, but how to dribble a basketball remarkably well when playing where cows and mules had spent the day.

If we got bored playing ball, jumping in the cotton wagon,

or just hanging out, there was always time for a good corn cob battle. Corn was shelled to feed the animals. A dry corn cob was light weight and didn't hurt too much when you were hit. But as usual, someone would lose their cool, get mad, and start throwing rain soaked cobs, or some they had picked out of a cow paddy.

My grandparents are gone now, but the barn that my grandfather built so many years ago still stands. It no longer houses animals and fodder, but is now a retirement place for all the equipment that was used to run the farm.

To our family, the "BARN" has become a tribute to their memories.



"Drink til she's cute, but stop before the wedding."

Bob Fryers, Gurley

Downsizing?

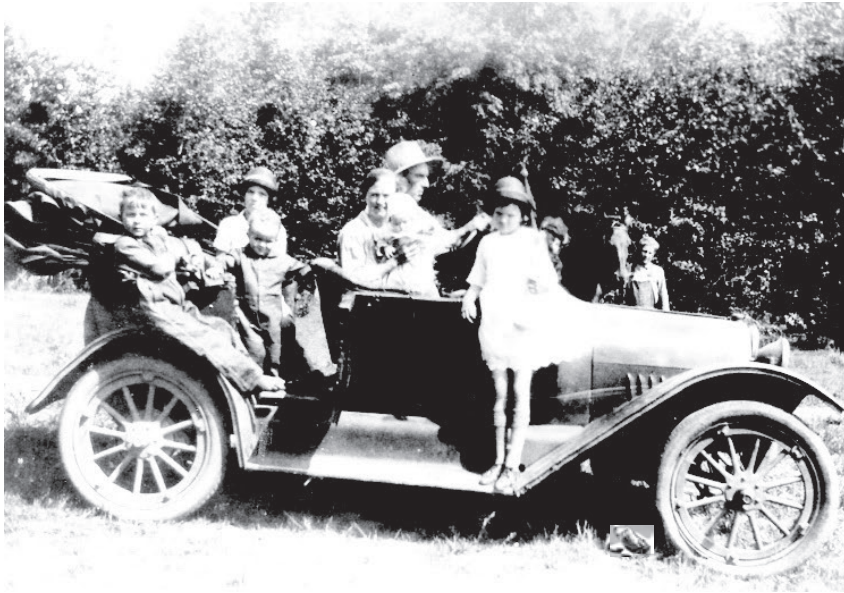
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A Blessed Man

by Claudia Gates Hill

In 1913 Claude Gates was born in Madison County, Alabama, to Robert and Bessie Hodges Gates. He was the first born of their eleven children. They lived close to grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins and spent a lot of time with them.

Claude attended school until the eighth grade when he began working on his grandfather's farm. He learned to prepare the soil, plant and harvest the crops. He also tinkered with and learned to repair farming equipment.

When he was thirteen years old, he convinced his dad to buy an old automobile from a local junk yard. He bought it for fifteen dollars and carried it home, in pieces, on their horse-drawn wagon. Within a few months, Claude had it assembled and running. Eventually, he sold it for twenty-five dollars.

Towards the end of the 1920s, with the Depression looming, life became difficult for most families, including the Gates. Some found it hard to pay rent, buy groceries or even buy seed for planting and growing their own food.

His dad, with carpenter skills, made chairs, tables and rocking chairs to sell. However, most people were in the same boat and could not afford to buy them.

Claude continued to work the orange groves for several years. During off season he took on other jobs in the area.

Claude, with five younger siblings at that time, did various jobs for neighboring farms to make extra money.

During the winter of 1929-1930, at the age of sixteen, he asked a nearby neighbor, who owned orange groves in Florida, for a job. Mr. Tuck gladly hired him. Mr. Tuck hired him to prepare the soil, plant and harvest the crops. Soon after, he had Claude driving company trucks as well as repairing them when there was a breakdown.

Every payday Claude sent money home to his parents, whose family was still growing. Times were extremely hard, especially during the cold winter which brought with it bad weather and severe illnesses.



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He worked at the gas station owned by another member of the Tuck family. He worked on the road crew driving dump trucks hauling dirt on Highway 27 as it was being built.

By the mid 1930's Claude returned to Madison County and was hired to drive trucks for various oil companies. In 1937, he was employed by the Sinclair Refinery Company. About a year later, he started working for a gas station on 5th Street (now Andrew Jackson Way).

Across the street from the gas station was a grocery store, Carroll's Grocery, owned and operated by Desso (JD) and Flossie Carroll. They had a daughter, Methra. After eyeing each other from across the way, they eventually met and began dating.

In 1939, confident that Methra would agree to become his wife, he bought the gas station. They married in 1940.

Claude's auto repair skills became well known around town. Although he had a thriving business, he took a job at the Arsenal garage and hired his brother, Robert Gates, Jr. to run the station. He worked both jobs every day to afford a comfortable lifestyle for his family.

Within a few years, the auto repair part of the station was so busy, he began working in the evenings on vehicles at his home in the one car garage behind their house. A short time later, he sold the gas station, ended his employment at the Arsenal and opened the auto repair shop behind their home full time. He hired two of his brothers as mechanics: Jr. and Leighton. Methra became his secretary and bookkeeper.

His dad added on to the existing one car garage and, through the years, expanded the business to include six work bays, an office, bathroom and storage area.

As the business grew, so did Claude's and Methra's family. Their first two children (twins 1941) were born too soon and did not live. Brenda (1942-1950), a few days shy of her eighth birthday, was hit by a truck as she was running across the street to play with

friends. Janell, Gary, Tim, Kay, Paul, Claudia, Dehaan and Mark followed. Each grew up around the business and took his or her turn doing various jobs and chores.

Claude retired in 1980. Methra retired in 1982.

Upon his retirement, Claude Gates Garage was incorporated and the name changed to Gates Auto Repairs Co., Inc.

Today, the garage is owned and operated by Dehaan and his wife Jamie.

Claude was a smart businessman. He was a devout Christian, a loving father, a good provider and a loyal friend to many.

He taught us to love and trust God and to love one another.

He taught us the value and rewards of hard work.

Dad was and knew he was a blessed man.



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Shooting the Moon at Hot Hole

by Keith Wilson

The pond was not very large, but it was large enough to be our swimming hole. The area that was deep enough for us to swim was about 60 feet wide and 50 feet long. The remainder of the pond was too shallow and full of plants and fallen tree limbs to use for swimming.

The water did not come from a creek or stream. Hot Hole was a large spring. The water was very clear and unusually clean. The name Hot Hole came from the warm spots that were present throughout the pond.

Hot Hole was located right next to an L&N Railroad Train line coming from Montgomery leading into Birmingham. The railroad was on a built up area about 25 feet above the pond. The area around the pond was uninhabited for many miles, except for one lone farmer's house about a quarter of a mile from the swimming hole. The start of the journey was on a trail at the foot of the north face of the mountain. The trail was well used. The miners who lived in company houses used this trail to walk to the mines to begin their day below the surface of Red Mountain. These miners all worked for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company (TCI).

The south slope opened up to level farm land and a patch of pine trees here and there. The pine trees were a welcome sight as we made our way to Hot Hole. The cool air beneath the trees and the soft sandy soil of the trail made for pleasant walking in our bare feet. Along the trail there were plum trees with plenty of ripe plums just waiting to be picked.

The old farmer who lived next to the railroad and about a quarter of a mile from Hot Hole provided the best part of the hike to the swimming hole. On his property he had a well with the coolest and sweetest water known to man. The farmer always allowed us to stop and rest and drink in the shade around his well. Occasionally, he would let us get a nice, big, ripe watermelon from his patch. We would carry the watermelon to the pond to let it cool, so we could eat it before we went home.

On a camping trip to Shades Creek, about a mile and a half from Hot Hole, my brother Joe, Terrell - our next door neighbor - and me were discussing that our swimming hole had no fish. Shades Creek was full of fish. Why not

"Today a man knocked on my door and asked for a small donation towards the local swimming pool, so I gave him a glass of water and a urine sample."

Fred Jackson, Arab

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"I like long walks. Especially when they are taken by people who really annoy me."

Besse Johnson, Huntsville

use a net to catch some fish and take them to Hot Hole? So we did! We put our catch into water carrying canvas bags and we lugged those bags full of water for the mile and a half along the railroad tracks back to Hot Hole. We released those boogers into the pond. We waited for our catch to grow and multiply by the next season. But to our grave disappointment - none of those boogers survived!

Part of the fun of swimming at Hot Hole was the fact that we were all naked as a "Jaybird". It was always a race to see which one of us was the first in the pond. About 50 yards from the Hot Hole we all began to run and strip and hold our clothes in our hands. By the time we arrived to the bank of Hot Hole we were already naked and wasted no time jumping into the water.

We had another little game to play, that was even more fun. The train that flew past Hot Hole was a commuter train traveling from Montgomery to Birmingham. I believe the engineer would be expecting us to be swimming because he always blew his whistle just before he passed us. That whistle blowing was our signal to give all the passengers a "greeting"! As the train went by each passenger was presented with a view of as many as seven or eight smiling butts raising from the waters of Hot Hole.

We called this event "Shooting the Moon"! I have always believed that the regular passengers on the train looked forward to their Hot Hole Greeting.

Each of us made a small boat at home that only one person would fit into. We made them out of a sheet of tin roofing and wood for the stern. They would float fairly well. The object of the game we played was real simple - the last boat floating was the winner. The hard part of the whole experience was the one time carrying the boat built at home over the mountain to Hot Hole. Once we got the boat to Hot Hole, we would leave the boat submerged at the shallow end of the pond, out of sight of any passer-bys.

One year on January 1 we had our New Year's Celebration. During the Christmas Holiday after Christmas

Day we took the hike to Hot Hole. Upon arriving we all stripped to our freezing nakedness and plunged into our beloved swimming hole. Thank goodness this tradition only lasted one year!

Sadly, Hot Hole did not survive the passing of time. Urban development erased all evidence that there was a swimming hole by the old L&N Railroad. The laughter and joyful noise of those youngsters was gone forever. But, the old men's memories of those long ago days will live on forever.



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Oscar Llerena

My Battle with the Monkey

by Anonymous



Once, while visiting my cousin Boss in Florida, we decided to tour the local fair. We saw a sailor standing in front of the monkey cage. He was trying to decide whether to box with the monkey.

I did not hesitate. There would be \$25 with my name on it if I won.

So, I stepped inside the cage, sure of myself, and put on the helmet and gloves.

My plan was to bop it on the head a couple of times; then the match would be over — wrong! When I bent over to pick up the curled-up monkey, a lightning-fast punch seemed to come from nowhere, knocking me clear to the other end of the 20-foot cage.

“OK, Mr. Monkey,” I said, “Let’s get it on!”

I lunged toward the monkey, but did not notice the bar that stretched from one side of the cage to the other. The monkey grabbed the bar, swung around, and with its back feet, kicked me to the ground. It was way too fast for me.

Before I could get up, the monkey was on me — taking my pants off. I couldn’t believe this was actually happening.

The owner soon got the monkey off me and ushered me out of the cage. Everybody got a good laugh that day — everybody except me. And I still didn’t get the \$25.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Summer Safety Tips



* Never leave your pet in a car! Parking in the shade and leaving the windows open is not an option. Even if you are just running a quick errand, in a hot car your pet's temperature can rise rapidly and they can overheat in a very short period of time. It only takes minutes to reach dangerous levels leading to heat stroke and even death.

* Always make sure your pet has cool, clean water available. Dogs, and even cats, drink more on hot days, and water warms up quickly, so make sure to change your pet's water often.

* Food and drinks you serve your family and friends may be poisonous to your pets. Backyard BBQs and pool parties are what we all look forward to during the summer, but keep an eye on what your pet is eating when you get the party started. Dogs and cats can experience severe digestive ailments when a change of diet takes place. The following are extremely poisonous to pets: raisins, grapes, onions, chocolate and products with the sweetener, xylitol.

* Do not walk your dog near fireworks. Besides the obvious danger, the loud noise can be very scary.

* Do not force your dog into the water if he is frightened. Some dogs do not like to swim. If your dog likes to swim, do not leave him unattended.

* Do not allow your dog to hang out of the window of a moving car. Objects such as rocks or tree limbs could seriously injure your pet, or he might fall or jump out.

* Have your pet checked for heartworm. Though commonly found in dogs, heartworm can affect cats, too. Heartworm disease is more commonly seen in warmer weather. Easily transmitted through insect bites and/or contact with another infected animal, this disease inhibits proper pumping and functioning of the heart muscle, and may cause heart failure if not treated.

* Check your pet daily for fleas and ticks. It is important to apply flea and tick prevention to your pet monthly or as indicated on the specific product label of the product that

is used. Fleas and ticks can cause anemia, carry other harmful parasites, as well as carry other diseases such as Lyme Disease. There are several options available for flea and tick prevention. Ask your veterinarian which product addresses the specific needs of your pet.

* If your pet likes to relax in the shade of a yard or deck, watch out for yellow jackets, bees, toads and snakes. Bite or sting symptoms are usually swelling of the face or affected areas. Once stung or bitten, the pet's skin may start to look wrinkly or bumpy. This is a first indicator and, if not

treated by a veterinarian, could result in death due to toxins taking over and shutting down the animal's body or causing airway swelling and suffocation.

* Your pet CAN get sunburn. This is more likely in white dogs, hairless dogs and dogs with light colored fur, such as Pit Bulls and Dalmatians. If you have a pet that meets this criteria, it is recommended that you apply sunscreen to your pet before it is allowed to be outside for an extended period of time.

* Keep your dog's paws cool at all times. Limit the time you let your dog roam in the backyard and outdoors, especially on hot asphalt. Since the ground heats up quickly during the summertime, your dog's body heat can rapidly rise and sensitive paw pads can get burned.

* Know the signs of heat stress. In these warm summer months it is best to be aware of the signs of heat stress by exposure to extreme temperatures. Check the animal for signs of heavy panting, glazed eyes, a rapid heartbeat, restlessness, excessive thirst, lethargy, fever, dizziness, lack of coordination, profuse salivation, vomiting, a deep red or purple tongue and unconsciousness.

* If Your Pet Is Overheating:

1. Move him into the shade or an air-conditioned area.
2. Apply ice packs or cold towels to his head, neck and chest or immerse him in cool (not cold) water.
3. Let him sip small amounts of tepid water.
4. If you see no improvement, take your pet directly to a veterinarian.

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Across from Books A Million

It's Hard to Go Home

by Tom Carney

I pulled off to the side of the road and took a long look at Riverton School. There wasn't much left that I could recognize. The buildings had all changed. Looking into the faces of the young, bright-eyed children, there wasn't much that I could identify with, either.

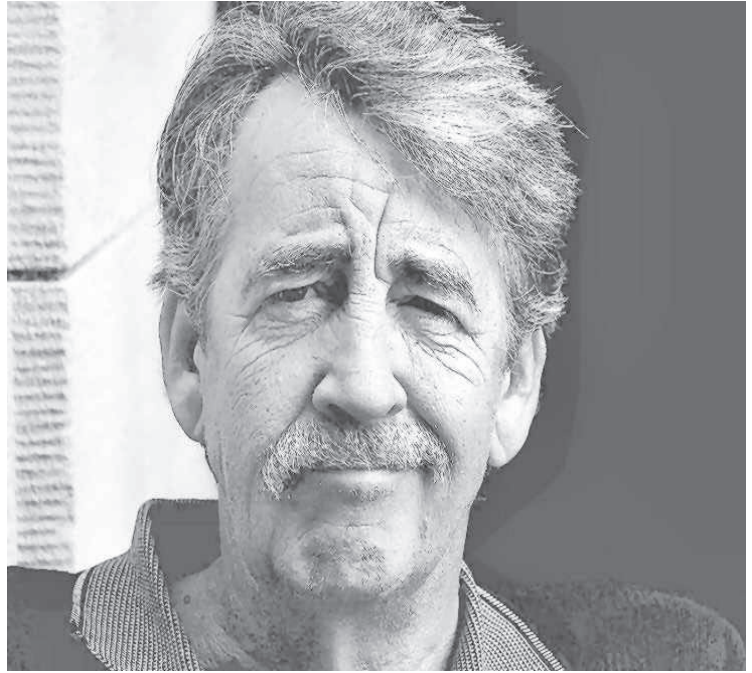
I fell in love with Sally Baker while going to Riverton School. She was the most popular girl in school and I was a runny-nosed little kid five grades behind her. I was also nine years old and she didn't know I existed. I could have just been invisible as far as she was concerned.

Mrs. Riddick was my school teacher. Also my mother's, my uncles', my aunts' and everyone else's in Hurricane Creek. She began teaching at Riverton part-time during the second war and she just never left. I hope there's a plaque or something in her honor inside the school. I never forgot her.

We used to ride the bus to school. The best thing about riding the bus was that it would stop at Bobby Bragg's store, giving us a chance to load up on Cokes and candy.

Bobby Bragg was every boy's hero. He would fish all summer and hunt all winter. If he wasn't in the woods or on the creek bank, he would be sitting in front of the wood-burning stove, swapping stories with all the other men. He had some of the best stories and they were probably all true. It's strange how a brief fleeting thought can stir up emotions and cause a longing for times gone by.

Using the excuse to myself that I needed gas anyway, I decided recently to drive over to Hurricane Creek and visit the Bragg's store. Stopping my car in front of the store, I got out and stood there for moment. I remembered the benches in front of the store and the old cotton gin next door. Then if I squinted my eyes just right, I could almost see the old school



bus unloading its cargo of laughing, boisterous children.

After pumping my own gas, I walked inside to pay for it. Nothing had changed. The building seemed smaller than I remembered, and the canned goods seemed a little dustier, but I still remembered it. Bobby Bragg was still sitting in front of the old wood-burning stove; only his hair was gray now and he seemed to move a lot slower than I remembered.

He looked at me with a quizzical look on his face as if he was trying to figure out what a stranger was doing stopping here. I paid and left. He didn't recognize me and it was just as well.

Sometimes it's just hard to go home.



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LOCAL NEWS IN 1923

* Killed by his own Trap Gun.

"Accidental Death" was the verdict today in the killing of A. C. Sikes, a merchant in Decatur. Sikes was shot by a trap gun set by himself in his store when he apparently blundered against the trap when he re-entered the store in the dark.

The shotgun had been trained on the only opening anyone could enter the store. A small wire was stretched across the opening and tied to the trigger of the gun. When Sikes went in, he touched the wire and was killed instantly.

Sikes had suffered several robberies recently and was determined to show the thieves he wouldn't put up with it.

* New Hope Barn Burned, Struck by Lightning.

During the heavy electrical storm of Wednesday night a barn belonging to James Cryce, New Hope, was struck by lightning and destroyed together with all the contents, consisting of foodstuffs and farm machinery. The damage will reach approximately \$2,500 with no insurance.

* Goldfish Stolen, Arab, Ala.

Accustomed to every type of theft, city detectives are quietly studying clues leading to possible identification of the person who Wednesday night took the pet gold fish of Mrs. M. Marion from the front porch of her home at 1004 South Tenth Street.

* A Severe Shock.

While standing over her stove Thursday afternoon a bolt of lightning entered the home of Mrs. Alex Bryan, severely shocking her. She will recover.

The lightning is supposed to have entered the kitchen over an electric wire.

* New Market Man Under Arrest.

Sheriff Lane yesterday brought in from the vicinity of New Market a man docketed under the name of J. M. Richards, charged with distilling. Richards was placed in the county jail for a later hearing.

* Pigeons Sent Here for Trial Flights.

Harry London of this city is having shipped to him from Atlanta by Mr. Wm. Crawford of that city several Homing pigeons for a race to be held in Los Angeles, Ca shortly. Mr. London upon receipt of the birds will immediately turn them loose and then time them as they leave. The time is sent to Mr. Crawford who, by timing their arrival in Atlanta, is able to

make his selections for the Los Angeles show.

It is said that Mr. Crawford has between two and three hundred of these Homing pigeons from which he will make his selections for speed and endurance. The distance from Huntsville to Atlanta is about 300 miles and the birds usually make the trip in three hours.

* Merrimack Sewage System.

A new sewage system is being put in at Merrimack by the Merrimack Manufacturing Company at a cost of \$50,000. It is much needed and a welcome addition for the workers there.

"Every woman likes a quiet man - she thinks he's listening."

Jeri Sutton, Madison

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My First Car Tape Player

by M.D. Smith, IV



Webster Electric Tube EkoTape 350 Reel to Reel Tape Recorder

You're thinking..."Wait a minute, the first 8-track for cars was 1964 when Bill Lear, Ampex and the car companies put players in automobile." That's right.

The cassette tape introduced in 1963 wasn't in cars until 1968 as a factory install. Thus, 8-tracks were first. My father had an 8-track in his '65 Lincoln. I chose a cassette recorder-player for my home. Before I got a new car with it built-in, I installed a cassette player "out-board" below the glove box.

It was 1958 before any of this happened. "You wonder how?" Good question.

I loved big sound audio and built my first Knight-Kit Hi-Fi (mono) amplifier in 1951. I already had a Webster Electric Ekotape reel-to-reel tape recorder, a gift from my father a year before. The recorder-player used standard 7" reels of audio tape and had two speeds. The higher and better qual-

ity 7.5 IPS (Inches Per Second) speed would hold thirty minutes of music and the slower, lower quality 3.75 IPS, a full hour per side.

Now, the sound quality of AM radio in those days was fine, and my '57 Ford Fairlane 500 had a nice one in it. I'd added a rear speaker as well. But between commercials and no stations playing the easy love song ballads on a regular basis, I hated that I could not listen to my Four Preps album, "Dancing and Dreaming", The Four Freshmen's "Love Lost" and other albums that were good mood setters with girls that I was dating at the time. I'd always liked Johnny Mathis and his ballads.

For home, I was one of the first to have "Mix-tapes", a term common in later times with the cassette tapes. I must have a hundred of them now that I made over the years before CD players became common in cars.

It occurred to me in 1958 when I saw a DC to 115 volt AC converter for cars in a J.C. Whitney Catalog that it would handle the power needs of my reel-to-reel EkoTape recorder. I saved money and bought one. It costs over a hundred dollars and was pretty heavy with the vibrator power supply that hummed along at 60 cycles. I mounted it under the driver's seat with a wire run to my car battery. I put the recorder, weighing about forty pounds, on the floor of the passenger seat and I could reach the controls even while driving. It was about 15" square and 9" tall laying flat. The carry lid was detachable. Plugged in the AC power cord and "Presto" home quality sound.

Now let me tell you about the changing-mood-mix-tapes. For dating I'd make a tape starting with a nice mix of R&R from the Drifters, Buddy Holly, Everly Brothers and all the hit songs of the 50s to date from my 45 RPM collection. I would

have an occasional slow song by Johnny Mathis and other hits. As the tape continued, and later into my date at night or coming home from a movie and parking at an overlook, the mix of slow love songs increased significantly. I knew about mood setting music and took advantage of it.

Now, I have to admit, that big recorder sitting in the floor where my date sat was cumbersome. There was foot space between the center hump, but much better if she'd scoot over near me in the bench style front seat. Another part of my plan.

In college, when visiting girls schools in other parts of Virginia on weekends, it worked even better. Not only did having a full fidelity player in the car, but my choice of music with no commercials or good choice of radio stations, impressed the girls.

When parking, I had to leave my car running to keep the battery charged. The load from the DC to AC converter would run the battery down quick.

You can ask one girl in particular about M.D.'s romantic music in the car. She has been listening to it for about sixty years now. We'd only been married a few years when I put a cassette player in my car. Judy was so relieved. Then she had plenty of legroom. Her memories of how wonderful it was in my car differ from my own.

Later it was a CD player and I burned my own CD-mix of songs. Today, I use a memory stick, or maybe satellite radio. How things have changed.

"This getting old is tough. I just spent 15 minutes looking for my belt and I finally found it. It was around my waist!"

Anthony Campbell

WHAT IS MONROVIA? WHERE IS MONROVIA?

by Jean Lemley

Monrovia has no post office and no city limits. Originally a rural community, Monrovia is located in Madison County west of Huntsville, Alabama. In the 1930s addresses were Route 3, Huntsville, Alabama and Route 2, Madison, Alabama. In September 1979 the county assigned house numbers and named the roads that did not already have names. Huntsville and Madison are the Post Offices still serving this area. We still see "Monrovia, Alabama" sometimes.

Monrovia began in the 1800s as Mr. Oscar Thompson's homestead on Indian Creek near what is now the intersection of Old Monrovia Road and Bishop Road. Mr. Thompson named his settlement after Monrovia, Indiana where he had lived previously.

After Mr. Thompson, this area was owned by Arthur Lee Wall and later in 1914 his brother Lawson Alonza Wall owned it. Here was a general store, cotton gin, gristmill, sawmill, blacksmith shop and wood-working shop. A large water wheel supplied power as they did not have electricity in the 1920s and 1930s. Wall descendants still own this land.

When we lived on Blake Bottom Road I remember Mama saying "We are going down to Monrovia." She meant the

General Store or going to see Grandmother and Papa.

This area became Old Monrovia when the first Monrovia School (grades 1 through 12) was built in 1920 on Jeff Road at the present location of Monrovia Elementary School. The school was located about half a mile from Mount Zion Baptist Church. The church, organized in 1855, had been moved to its present location in 1893. Through the years Mount Zion Church and Monrovia School have been closely related.

Many teachers and principals at the school were active members of Mount Zion Baptist Church.

Where there were once barns and mules and we picked cotton, there are now streets and nice houses in subdivisions with names such as Pettus Estates, Wall Farm, Thomas Manor, Nichols Bend, Phillips Creek and others named for the families who farmed the land in Monrovia.



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Sampson

Hello, the Ark decided to name me Sampson. I am another unwanted dog the Ark welcomed in. If they have space for us they always take us in. That includes cats and kittens too! ~~Bring me to the~~ **Bring me to the** doctor and get a physical exam, shots that are needed, ouch!, and anything else a dog or cat needs to be healthy. Now I know you are wondering about the bucket in my mouth. I LOVE my bucket! I play with it all day. I pitch it

all night on the concrete floor and

never get tired of my bucket. Guess what? My second name now is "bucket man!" I am a very loving dog. If you will adopt me and be a loving home for me the Ark will give you a bucket! When you come to the Ark ask to see the bucket man. That's me.

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"I love California. I practically grew up in Phoenix."

Dan Quayle

TIME TO GARDEN!

by Elizabeth Wharry



Flowers, trees and shrubs have been a source of joy. I don't see weeds in a field, I see wild flowers. Unfortunately, gardening is not one of my talents!

When we bought our house here in 2011, the yard was void of anything but grass. I saw a blank canvas. My enthusiasm was tempered by my ignorance of the red clay soil. So, I set about to learn what I could. I consulted an expert at one of the local nurseries to find out what grew well and what wouldn't. I also made my own mistakes. Some things that did very well in Kansas didn't do well here and vice versa.

Over the winter, I laid out my plans. I knew I wanted a couple of magnolia trees, some tall grasses, a holly tree and yucca. By putting the smaller magnolias on either end, and the holly in the middle, the front garden was starting to look like something. Some tall grasses and yucca finished it out quite nicely.

My front porch looked drab with only a rock garden in front. Goodbye rocks, hello tall grasses. They give a sense of privacy and add a cozy feel.

The back yard was another blank canvas. Our housing development was originally part of a cow pasture. We looked at various trees and finally agreed on several. We also have a septic system that we needed to work around. Once a month, we would decide on a tree and where the best place to plant it was. Thankfully, the growing season here is quite long. We also added a raised bed veggie garden. It's always an experiment!

In early 2018, we agreed that a pool and deck would complete the back yard. My husband built a really nice deck to compliment the pool. Being able to float around, looking at the cattle behind us, watching clouds and seeing the occasional hawk is the best way I can think of to relax.

"He's the kind of man a woman would need to marry in order to get rid of."

Mae West

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Granny's Driving Lesson

by Patsy Trigg

When you read in history about the women who settled the frontier, my great-grandmother, Mattie Childs Smith, born in 1872, was one of these women. She came from hardy stock and was one of those strong women who brooked no nonsense. She was firm yet had a heart of gold. From my point of view, she had a wonderful soft spot in her heart, especially for her first great-grand baby – me!

Granny lived during a time when a hard life, even on the farm, was part of the daily routine and you made do. The Depression added to this hardship, and any fun-loving and spirited expressions and expenditures were kept to a minimum. It was not very often that you heard laughter ringing through the house. Every penny was accounted for and you did not waste anything, including your time. Telling stories was a form of inexpensive amusement that was popular and was a great source of entertainment.

One of my favorite stories about Granny that was passed down and told to me on numerous occasions, and often at my request, was Granny's learning to drive a horseless carriage.

Granny, for most of her life, knew nothing other than traveling by horse and buggy to go to town and to visit family and friends. The mules were hooked up to the wagon for the two-day trip to Huntsville, Alabama, for the monthly purchase of necessities and then two days back home to Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Granny was brought abruptly into the twentieth century with her introduction to the motor car. Once the family decided to purchase a motor car, it was understood that each member of the family was to learn to use this new piece of equipment.

Granny, being of stout mind and determination, boldly stepped up to this new challenge. Her heart, probably

thumping a hundred miles an hour and her knuckles white from her tight grasp on the steering wheel, set off down the driveway, going a terrifying five miles an hour. Fear and firmness of purpose intermingled with grit and resolve soon turned into guarded confidence. After a couple of runs up and down the road, Granny relaxed and was beginning to enjoy this somewhat bumpy and noisy mode of transportation.

Great Grandpa, whom I unfortunately never got the opportunity to meet, decided that enough fun had been had, and everyone seemed accomplished enough to be able to use the motor car. With the driving lesson over, Great Grandpa told Granny to go ahead and park the motor car in the shed.

Granny put the motor car in gear and headed for the shed. As she got closer, it became apparent that she was not slowing down. Granny's guarded confidence in this new and alarmingly frightful situation was overtaken by old habits. Great Grandpa started shouting orders.

"Mattie, put on the brake! Take your foot off the gas!"

Her daughter, Eunice, screamed hysterically. "Mom, slow down! Be careful! You're going to hurt yourself."

Granny was gripping the steering wheel with all her strength. In a frozen position of surprise and alarm, she proceeded forward into the shed and drove right out the other side the whole time, hollering, "Whoa!"

To the best of my knowledge, I don't believe Granny ever drove again.

(Excerpt from "San Francisco Seven-Alarm Barbeque and Other Indubitable Epics" by Patsy Trigg. Available on Amazon.)

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BACK IN THE DAY

by Clarence Potter

Your choice? When all girls were pretty and cars were king. If you dated a cheerleader and drove a two door hardtop car with a big engine, loud mufflers.

Plural because you had to have twin tailpipes (was a must have). You were gonna smile forever. I know because I'm still smiling 60 years later. G was head cheerleader at Woodville High. I had asked her for a date, she said no. The very next week she asked me, I said yes, yes yes.

When we started dating in 1962, I was driving a 1955 Pontiac. Had them SOD seats (slide over darling). A bench seat, not buckets that kept you apart while driving!!

Meanwhile back at the ranch Tonto disguised as a barn was getting his door slammed. In a small town everyone knows everyone, in a small town everyone knows everything about everybody.

Woodville to Scottsboro was about 14 miles. One Wednesday night G and I had a "hot" date. That what we called a date in the middle of the week. G's basketball team played every Tuesday and Friday night, that's how I know it was Wednesday. I always picked her up as early as I could. We drove to the Dairy Queen in Scottsboro. As usual the entire gang was there. G was predictable. She ordered a Frito Pie. I got a footlong Hotdog and fries. A foot long there had chili, onions, slaw, cheese, mustard and anything else they had laying out.

After socializing we backed across the street to Grubtown's parking lot. That lot was where the famous Hula Hoop contest was held. From there we could keep track of the cars going in and out of Dairy Queen, Chucks Drive-In and The Pig House. Any kid out on a school night would come by one of the three. Probably all of them. Teens are not gonna sit long.

Cranking up my Pontiac and making sure my muffler cutouts were closed (police at City Hall loved to give tickets to

teens with loud cars.) We made 8 or 10 trips around the Courthouse Square cruising. We always squealed our tires on the northeast corner (that was the opposite city hall on the southwest corner). Anyway back to squealing tires in front of Hodges Drugstore, turning right most people parked on the east side of the square. Burning rubber was to announce we were coming around and ready. Down the east side of the square very, very slowly so everyone parked could see G sitting halfway across the seat against me. That's cause I had my right arm laying on the seat back holding my gal close. Turning left in front of international Harvester building, passing 1st Baptist Church onto Scott Street because no date would be complete if you didn't make the loop at the County Park. You needed to see whose cars were backed into the dark pull-offs.

Meanwhile back at the ranch Tonto disguised as service station attendant was passing out gas. School night, early date, needed to get G home early. West on Willow blowing my horn at Roy Reed looking out the door of the Blue Bonnet grocery store. That's where he worked. No hurry just cruising west on 72. Past the Larkinsville crossroads. Like I said, cruising, G close, maybe a little too close for safe driving. Passing the curve at McCords farm. Just getting on the straight before Limbrock.

Looking in my rear view mirror I saw two bright headlights coming up really fast. Black car passed up really fast then slowed to a crawl. Of course, you already know. It was pedal to the metal for me. I blew his doors completely off! I slowed to about 55. Again he passed and slowed to almost a crawl. Yeah, I did. I passed him



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This time I put some distance between us. Then I slowed down to a normal speed. By this time we had gone past Limbrock, topped the hill was on the straight stretch toward Homer Johnson's place near Stevens gap. Then I saw two headlights coming up behind us really fast again. Oh, heck no I said "ain't gonna happen again."

To the metal went the pedal. Front of that Pontiac stood up like Silver does for the Lone Ranger. Off to the races. Topping a hundred as we went through Stevens gap. Down the other side. Just getting onto the straight away going toward Woodville, red light started flashing in the distance behind us. Somehow the County Mounity had got between us. I pulled to the side and waited. It took him a little while to get to where I stopped. I knew it wasn't going to do any good but I was gonna try to tell him what was going down!

Walking up beside the window was Shag Johnson, Chief Deputy for Jackson county and a good friend. He started before I could say a word. "We were sitting at Mc-Cord farms. We saw what the other car did." He went on. "My partner is back up the road with the black car. I came on to make sure you were ok. Y'all be careful."

He bent down and looked G in the eyes. He said. "Young lady, get him off this road. Go

home. Go to the woods. I really don't care, just y'all get off this road."

Being less than two miles from G's house. You can guess where we went!

I used to drink coffee every morning with a retired business man. Every morning 15 to 20 of us retirees would gather at the Liberty Restaurant on Willow Street in Scottsboro and have coffee, breakfast or just shoot the &:(\$&@.

It was a guess at who could tell the biggest ONE.

One morning Carl (a local regular) came in a little late. There was no doubt he got the prize. Seemed the night before Carl had run to Walmart to gather a few things. After shopping a few minutes he returned to the parking lot to find his car and go home. After returning to the spot where he parked, Carl's car was not there. Searching the lot with the help of a few friends who saw him is distress. His car was definitely not on the lot. Police were called and a report was started. The policeman, verifying all was true. Asked Carl to point out the space where he parked.

Standing in front of the store Carl pointed to the space. Police-man said "now you are sure that's the correct space. Carl said, "Yes, in that spot where my wife's car is parked." Yeah. You guessed it. Carl had driven his wife's car!

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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 Frmsr 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

When life was simple...



In 1903, this cotton gin near Madison was a popular place as people eagerly waited to see how much their cotton would sell for. That same year Dallas Mills employed nearly two thousand people and it was announced that a wagon factory was moving to Huntsville. Grant Younger caught a 116 pound catfish below Ditto Landing, while nearly 10,000 pounds of cedar used to make pencils were shipped from Paint Rock.

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