



No. 343
September 2021



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

William Hooper Council High School (To the Stars Through Difficulty)



***Also in this issue:* Paper Boys; Parachute Production for WWII; A Dog Story; Snipe Hunting; Civil War Strife in Big Cove; Mission to Berlin; News from 1900; Fun with Your Dog; Vege Recipe Dishes and Much More!**

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A Hardware Store....

The Way You Remember Them

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William Hooper Councill High School (To the Stars Through Difficulty)

by *John H. Tate*
with front picture courtesy
of *Huntsville Revisited*

As a child, do you remember your parents sitting around talking about the days of old? I invite you to listen to five former students share some of their cherished memories of William Hooper Councill High School.

The first time many non-Huntsvillians, and even some Huntsville natives, ever heard of Councill High School was on August 13, 2016, when over 300 graduates, friends and family members attended the 50th Anniversary Gala. In recognition of the 50th anniversary of the last class to graduate from Councill High School, the event was made even more notable by Mayor Battle, on behalf of the City of Huntsville, who pledged \$1 million to a preservation effort to the former school's site.(2)

This writer hopes to bring the school to life for just a little while, through some memories of former students, adding flesh and blood to the bones of the historical legacy of the school and its namesake, William Hooper Councill. First, who is William Hooper Councill, and why does his name command so much respect? Councill High in the city, Councill Training in the county and Councill Court, a public housing apartment complex in Huntsville, all bear his name.

Councill was born as an enslaved person on July 12, 1848, to William and Mary Councill. William's father escaped to Canada in 1854 but was unable to get his family free. Slave Traders brought William and the remainder of his family to Huntsville, Alabama, in 1857.(1) The whole family was sold as slaves from the auction block, at Green Bottom Inn, to Judge David Campbell Humphreys. At the auction, William saw two of his brothers sold, and he never saw them again. (1)

Before the Civil War was over, he and his remaining brothers escaped to Union lines. William's formal education started in 1865 with The Freedman's Bureau, a school that opened in Stevenson, Alabama.(1) William was driven by his thirst for knowledge and his desire to educate others.

"There is no psychiatrist in the world as effective as a puppy licking your face."

Bennie Hays, Gurley



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Between 1868 and 1874, Councill was the first to teach a school for Black students outside of a city in Northern Alabama. He helped start the Lincoln School in Huntsville, served as Assistant Enrollment Clerk in the Alabama legislature and was Secretary of the Colored National Civil Rights Convention that was held in Washington, DC. He taught at Morris Brown College in Atlanta, Georgia, and edited a newspaper, "The Negro Watchman" in Huntsville, AL.(1)

In 1875 William H. Councill helped found the State Normal School for Negroes, now known as Alabama A&M University in Huntsville. The main campus is east of North Memorial Parkway and south of Winchester Road; this location is known as Normal, Alabama.

The following former Councill High students will share their memories and experiences of Councill High School and its importance to the Huntsville community and the world.

Mrs. Brenda Barley Chunn - A member of the last graduat-

ing class, attending from 1960 to 1966. Mrs. Chunn had a distinguished life as an educator. She is also the past President of the William Hooper Councill High Alumni Association (WHCAA) and provided the subtitle for this story. "To The Stars Through Difficulty" was the motto for her graduating class.

Mrs. Hodie Mary Lanier McCraw - The oldest alumni of Councill High class of 1941; at the age of 99 is the last living student from her class. Mrs. McCraw also had a distinguished life as an educator.

Ms. Earla Sue Lockhart - Transferred to Councill High in 1961 from Calvary Hill, the 10th Calvary Buffalo Soldier site, was at Councill High from 1961 to 1964 when she graduated. Miss Lockhart's education and career journey took her on a more eclectic path. It included the University of Alabama in Huntsville, Athens State College, and careers at Sears, the Mental Health Center, WEUP Radio, TVA, and retiring from The Department of The Army.

Mr. Delano Roosevelt Hyter - Attended Councill from 8th grade to 12th grade. At Councill High, Mr. Hyter was known for choir and was the scorekeeper for football and basketball. He enjoyed a successful career as a Software Engineer at NASA.

Mr. Paul Langford - With the distinction of attending 1st through 12th grade at Councill, Paul was recruited by Rockwell as a Mechanical Engineer from Alabama A&M. He retired from the Department of Defense (US Navy). Paul is the current President of WHCAA.

In the combined four and a half hours of interviews with these five extraordinary individuals, we covered a lot of ground and had a lot of fun. The challenge, how best to re-



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late their stories? I decided to curate their stories under topic headings.

TELL US ABOUT YOUR FAMILY:

Brenda Chunn. "There were six children in my family, and the three oldest are graduates of Councill High. I am the youngest of the three, and my class was the last to graduate from Councill. I came to Councill from St. Joseph's, the Catholic Mission School off Pulaski Pike. My mother is also an alumnus of Councill High School; she graduated in the 1940s."

"We were a blended family of six children; I was twice blessed with a biological father and a stepfather. My biological father, Earl Barley, is from the Barley family of Pond Beat, Mullens Flat. They owned and farmed 345 acres and they had to sell it when Redstone came. With his brothers and sisters, they operated the Sweetshop and the Sugar Bowl on Church Street. He was very driven to succeed and to overcome poverty."

"My mother's second husband was Fletcher Seldon, he came to Huntsville with the military. He was the first Black appointed and then elected to the school board."

Hodie McCraw. "I am a member of the class of 1941, and there were nineteen of us in the class. I am the surviving member of the class at the age of 99. I am the oldest of the six children in my family. My

mother passed when I was three years old and my sister was five months old. We lived with our grandmother and my grandfather until our grandmother went blind. We lived where Redstone Arsenal is now; it was called Mullens Flat. Daddy worked at the Alabama Grocery Store and when I was in the third grade he re-married; my sister and I went to live with them. My new mother had two girls and my daddy had the two of us; later, they had two boys."

Delano Hyter. "One of my big brothers named me after Delano Roosevelt, but I pronounce it De-Lane-No. I had ten brothers and two sisters. Five of us boys went to Councill High; Robert, James, Leroy and William played on the football team for coach Kallam. My mother was a housekeeper and took in laundry for neighbors. My daddy worked mainly at the coal yard, The Callaway Coal Company. My brothers, my parents and two teachers always told me I would go on to college."

Karla Lockhart. "In school, some people just called me Sue. My mother was in ill health; she

did some domestic work and took in needlework like crochet; she embroidered and did smocking for little children's stores in Huntsville. Daddy started working during the building of the Arsenal. Once the government took over, he went into civil service, spending his last twenty-five working many years in post transportation. I used to see him driving the bus that took the military dependent children to and from school."

Paul Langford. "I come from a blended family of fourteen kids; only two sisters from my mother's side, one sister from my dad's side, and I went to Councill High. The rest of the kids went to St. Joseph's, the Catholic school off Pulaski Pike. The ones who graduated from Councill also graduated from Alabama A&M."

"You know you're getting older when your doctor doesn't give you Xrays, but just holds you up to the light."

"I just burned 1200 calories. I forgot my pizza was in the oven."

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IS THERE A TEACHER WHO STANDS OUT IN YOUR MIND?

Brenda Chunn. "All of the faculty and staff at Councill High School were extraordinary. However, I was a Debutante and Mrs. Dorothy Turner not only spent time with me during school as my English teacher, but she also spent time after school with me during my Debutante training."

Hodie McCraw. "In 1928 I enrolled in the first grade. Mrs. Johnnie Rodden Mann was my first-grade teacher."

Delano Hyter. "I most remember Mrs. Helen P. Fearn, my math teacher, and Mrs. Susie P. Gandy, my English teacher. Mrs. Fearn and Mrs. Gandy were also Co-principles while I was there."

Earla Lockhart. "My most favorite instructor was Mrs. Dorothy Turner, my English teacher. She is probably my favorite high school teacher. In her later years I was her Sunday afternoon visitor."

Paul Langford. "Mrs. Turner, because she was an outstanding teacher. She was one of those you knew cared about you."

CAN YOU RECALL A FUNNY SITUATION IN SCHOOL?

Hodie McCraw. "In the first grade, at a mid-day break, the teacher allowed me to go to the bathroom. When I left the bathroom I went to the wrong classroom. The teacher, Mrs. Kate Gadsden Kenny, was sitting there with her feet right in my pathway. So I just politely stepped over her feet and was on my way to my seat.

She caught me and asked me where I was going. I said I'm going to my seat; I was sitting right over here. She said, no, I think you might be in the wrong room.

She took me to my classroom to my teacher, I had not noticed she was not my teacher; I was just concerned about getting to my seat. I was a bit embarrassed because I tried to convince her that I was in the right room."

Earla Lockhart. "When I was at Councill, H.G. Fields was the Principal. He was a stern man with a rye sense of humor. He always thought I was up to something; when he saw me in the hall, he would say, 'Lockhart, what are you up to?'"

"In the first semester of our senior year there was a big clock on the wall in the main

hall. Charles Palmer and I got this big idea to take some stencils and put on the clock, 'Time Passes, Will You?' It was discovered the next day, and Mr. Fields automatically sent for Charles Palmer and me; he just knew we did it."

Brenda Chunn. "In our senior year, one of my classes decided to play April Fool on Mrs. Dorothy Turner. A student came to the classroom and told her she had a phone call in the office. Once she left, we wrote on the board, 'April Fool, Find Us If You Can.'"

The whole class ran out of the building to the football field, waiting in the bleachers for someone to come for us. No one ever came; all of us students had to make our way back into school for the next class."

"I had to ride home with Mrs. Turner, so I asked her, didn't you think it was funny? She was just incredulous that we would try to joke with her. I never had to have any punishment or anything; her response was sufficient."



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WHAT DO YOU SAY FROM YOUR HEART ABOUT COUNCILL HIGH SCHOOL?

Paul Langford. "Being at Councill, with the teachers we had and the administrators we had, did prepare us for the next level. So I have nothing but good things to say about Councill High School because that was my foundation in learning how to cope with people."

Delano Hyter. "Many of us from Councill, who went on to participate in the space program, contribute our successes to the foundation we received at Councill High School."

Hodie McCraw. "It was an enjoyable experience, it was kind of hard, but when I think about the friendship of the children and the way the teachers taught us, all of the respect and love that we were shown. I think about the love and how they influenced us to go on and do the best we could."

Earla Lockhart. "Being at Councill High is where I first saw Black excellence. I was at Councill when the football team had the winningest team in the state of Alabama. With the accomplishment of the teachers,

people who did what they did well, and they cared about you as a person too."

Brenda Chunn. "We experienced people, in situations, and settings who believed in themselves. They believed in the possibilities in their own lives and the lives of the people around them. They believed in transformation and they believed that they could make a difference.


I think that what we experienced is what challenges us now, believing that we can make a difference. Each individual can make a difference if we look for the opportunity and are motivated to do so."

John H. Tate:

"It has been a wonderful journey back to the days of William Hooper Councill High School, however, just like when our dad would turn and say, "Time for bed", no matter how we argued and begged to stay up, just as now, we had to say goodbye."

References:


- 1-Wikipedia (William Hooper Councill)
 - 2-Speakin' Out News (8/24/16)
- Picture - Huntsville Revisited, with permission.



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OLD TYME TIPS



- A Bible placed under your pillow would keep you from getting nightmares.
- To stop foot cramps you would turn your shoes upside down before retiring.
- Persons desperate for relief from sore throat would tie dirty socks around their necks to try and help cure it.
- Some individuals believed that to cure a headache you should cut off a lock of your hair and place it under a rock.
- Patients having chicken pox could be cured by laying down on the ground and having chickens fly over them.
- Mustard plasters were made and tied onto the chest to help cure a cold. There was also a black-hard piece of licorice in an orange box that was bitter as it could be. A small piece would be broken off, placed in the mouth and sucked on.
- Copper wiring was used a lot to wrap around the wrist or wherever you had rheumatism. It was suppose to relieve the pain.
- You went to a doctor and he would fill a bottle with sugar pills, pour some medicine over them and they were supposed to cure what ailed you.
- We also had many "Pow-wow" men and ladies in those days, who would come to your home, place a poultice bag around your neck, place their hands on your head, say some words and that also was to cure whatever ailed you.
- A little moonshine swished around in the mouth helped cure a toothache. Parents would often use a little of it for babies whose gums were sore from teething. A bit rubbed on the sore area would ease the pain and calm the little one.
- Clotheslines were washed by winding them on a long

board, then scrubbing them with a brush. This prevented them from tangling and made them easy to wind, once they were dry.

- A practical housewife shared a secret well worth knowing. She discovered that by soaking pecan nuts in cold water overnight much of the difficulty of removing the meats is eliminated. Pecan nut meats are very delicate and sweet, but are often spoiled by the tiny bits of inner brown shell, which is bitter and unpleasant.

- Did you know that by turning a cauliflower head downward it cooks in water more quickly and improves in flavor?



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Feeding the Birds

by Becky McRoy,
Huntsville

My husband and I love our birds. We have many varieties of feeders and a year round water feature. Often early morning and late afternoon we sit out on our patio and watch our bird visitors at the feeders.

One afternoon this July about sunset, we were out there and I said to Bob "There is a bird in my hair." A Tufted Titmouse had found my gray hair intriguing enough to want some for it's nest. He bit off a strand of my hair and flew away but was back in a couple of minutes and bit off some more.

I think he thought he had found a jackpot. My husband took several photos with his phone. I didn't try to shoo him away, was just curious as to why he decided to fetch some of my hair.

As I said earlier we often

sit out there early morning or late afternoon but never before have any of the birds lit on us.

About that time one of our daughters called and when she heard about it she said "Get that nasty thing out of your hair." (She doesn't share the same sentiment about birds that we do.)

Anyway, I thought about what she said and birds do sometimes have mites so I ran in the house and jumped in the shower and shampooed my hair.

It has been raining the last few days but I'm anxious to return to our late afternoons on the patio to see if our little friend returns. The Tufted Titmouse is a cute little, mostly gray bird with a little topknot on his head.

We also have at our feeders: Cardinals, Blue Jays, Eastern Bluebirds, Robins, Brown Thrashers, Flickers (large Red-Bellied Woodpeckers), Downy Woodpeckers, Chickadee, Towhee, Nuthatch, Carolina Wren, Mocking Birds, House Wrens, and of course, Sparrows and Starlings which we do not love but tolerate.



For some reason, the full moon has a direct effect on diabetics. Check your calendar and when you see that there is to be a full moon, be EXTRA careful and conscientious with your diet and medication during this time.



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WHEN IN DOUBT, GO TO THE LIBRARY

by Lawrence Hillis



Someone once asked me if I could have changed my career, what other career would I have considered? I have often thought that if I had a different job, I would have enjoyed being a librarian. I like to be organized and the Huntsville Public Library is extremely well organized.

There is a volunteer group called Friends of the Library which was established in 1958 and they do an excellent job helping out. I guess what impressed me the most was how organized the library is and how much information could be found. Even at a young age, I understood the Dewey Decimal System and could easily find what I was searching for, but while looking I would get distracted with other items of in-

terest.

This story's title was penned by J K Rowling, author of "Harry Potter". The library is not just a place to check out a novel or biography. It has the same type of information that can now be found on the internet. Even though you can find more info on the internet, I have my doubts as to how accurate it is.

I am amazed at how busy the library still is. There are still engineers and legal teams using the library services. When we built the SAIC building on Odyssey Drive back in 1987, the architect convinced the building team to install a flag pole in front of the building. In one of our last meetings with the architect, I asked for the guidelines on how to properly display the American flag. They told me to go to the library and make a copy of the US Flag code. That seems strange now but at that time, it was the only place to find the US Flag code.

The first library in Huntsville was the Huntsville Library Company Building which was created in 1818 when William Atwood purchased stock to create the library. Huntsville was part of the Mississippi Territory. The Huntsville Library is the oldest continuing public library in the state of Alabama. John Boardman, who owned the Alabama Republic Newspaper, helped develop the

library when it was housed in a building which was on the site where the Alabama Constitution Hall Village is now. The library has been at other locations in Huntsville: The Huntsville Female College, the YMCA, the courthouse and at Marian Smith's Bookstore on the South Side Square.

The first permanent building for the Huntsville Library was the Carnegie Library which was partially funded with a \$15,000 Carnegie grant in 1916. It was located one block from the courthouse on Madison Street. Currently, the city has a parking garage at that location. I first went to the Carnegie Library when I was 9 years old and in the fourth grade at East Clinton Elementary School. I was behind in reading and my teacher Bessie Russell suggested that I spend time during the summer in the children's section in the basement. Ms. Russell worked there during the summer months. Each time I went to the library, I would check with Ms. Russell and she would suggest books for me to read.

I especially enjoyed biographies about Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, Davy Crocket and Jim Bowie. The library had a children's program and we were given a selection of books to read. At the end of the summer, if we completed the required reading, we received a certificate.



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The next library building was built in 1966 one block to the southwest on Fountain Row. While I was house-sitting in 1970 for our family doctor William McKissack, I read his family tree research work. In 1975 while at Dr. McKissack's office, I inquired about his family tree, and he asked me to go with him to the Tennessee Valley Genealogical Society meeting at the Huntsville Public Library.

I joined the society and started an intensive search in the Heritage Room in the library. I would spend long days on Saturdays and afternoons on Sundays at the library in the Heritage Room which is for genealogy research. My wife Karen and I spent hundreds of hours there over the next 10 years in search of our ancestry.

Everyone is aware of the types of books at the library, but to my amazement, the library has very good sources for genealogy research. There are U. S. census records which are taken every ten years and then copied onto microfilm. The microfilm system works best if you know at least your immediate family structure and where they lived 100 years ago. You work your way back in time.

As you go further back in time, there is less information. At some point you come to an end, because you are unsure of whom your ancestors are or where they were living. Then you have to research other collections of books of tax records, marriage records, courthouse documents, cemetery records and history books.

Sometimes I found something useful but most of the time zero. It is very important to keep a list of the various publications and which lines that you researched so that you don't duplicate your efforts. The material in the Heritage room is for research only and cannot be checked out. That is why so many hours are required, and that is why the quiet and comfortable atmosphere for studying is so good. Other than taking notes, you can pay a small charge per page for copies.

Thanks to the Huntsville Pub-

lic Library Heritage Room for having such a wonderful research collection. I have found hundreds of ancestors and made the link to an ancestor who was in the Revolutionary War and was present at the surrender of the British General Cornwallis to General George Washington at Yorktown.

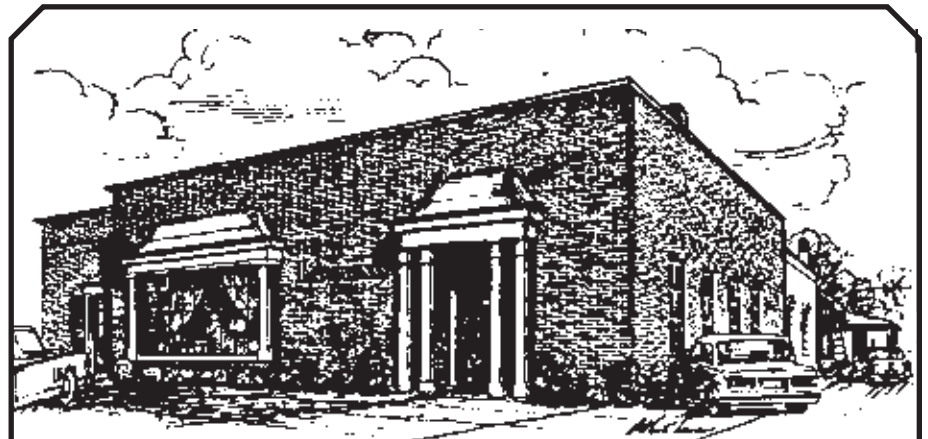
I also came across a book called History of Warren County, Tennessee where Isaac Hillis was being interviewed in 1840 in Warren County. Isaac said his father John Hillis traveled from Virginia in the 1780s to his new land in Scott County Kentucky and his guide was Daniel Boone.

The current library building was built in 1987 and is known for looking like a fort. In addition to the thousands of books, the library has DVD's, CD's and Digital Downloads eBooks. The library has a Book Mobile which performed a delivery service to the

TVA workers back in the 1930's when they were building the hydroelectric dams on the Tennessee River. The Huntsville Madison County Public Library has many services and activities such as book clubs, children's events such as Story Time and for a few years, they had live music groups performing in the Atrium.

For years, we had our Sons of the American Revolution monthly meetings at the library conference room. While I was working, I only had enough time to attend the meetings, now that I am retired, I have more time to browse around.

I have not searched everything that is available in the Heritage Room. If I had known more about what was available, I could have made more progress. Perhaps if I had been a Librarian, I would have a more complete family tree.



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**Ask
Grandma**

by Mimi

"Halleluiah, kids are back in school," was what I heard while in the check-out line at a grocery store. The mother had eight children, and I could understand her feelings. However, with schools back in session, one better watch the speed zone. It is really easy to overlook the slow speeds when school is out and not notice the blinking yellow light. However, it just takes just one ticket to make an impression, and boy, do I always slow down now.

I'm looking forward to a September beach vacation with Labor Day passing by, schools in session, prices drop, and there aren't as many people on the beaches and less traffic.

"My new computer came with a font called "Dingbats" - perfect for writing the relatives."

Betty Jason, Gurley

No matter how old I get, I still like the feel of the cool waves rushing to meet my legs and feet. I plan to enjoy a few days with a good book, recliner beach chair, umbrella, and a cool drink. Better make sure I take a good sunscreen along. I would really hate to have a sunburn. Alabama has some beautiful beaches, and I urge each and everyone to check them out in addition to the panhandle of Florida.

To no surprise, there were Halloween decoration items already in the stores. I have to get through September before I can digest Halloween. Better not buy candy too much in advance as it is too tempting to eat. I've even resorted to putting it in the freezer, but it tastes excellent frozen, unfortunately.

Having just heard the news today and hearing the Delta virus is spreading throughout our community and the United States rapidly, so many of us haven't been vaccinated. The shots are free at CVS, Walgreens, and various other places. No need to be sick or die when you can prevent it. A man from Nevada was on TV saying he wished he had had the shots. He was being put on a ventilator. The following picture on the TV was of his wife and five children crying as their father had just died. I cried when seeing his family struck with grief knowing how it could have been prevented. **GO. GET YOUR SHOTS!** One hundred thousand new cases in just one day.

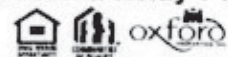
Have a good one, see you next time!

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Our Generation

by Bill Wright

I lived in Mobile, Alabama during The Great Depression years of the 1930s, the World War II years of the 1940s and the Korean War during the early 1950s decade. Our neighborhood was named "Oakdale" because of the many oak trees growing in the area. The Five Points neighborhood in Huntsville reminds me of the Oakdale neighborhood.

Most streets in the Oakdale neighborhood were dirt; only the main streets were paved, therefore the streets were dusty during dry weather and muddy during rainy days. The streets were not paved until the early 1950s. Very few people could afford an automobile, so the main means of transportation was walking or public rail street cars.

There was a large bakery located in the Oakdale neighborhood that provided jobs for many of the residents. These jobs did not pay much, but everyone was glad to have a job during The Great Depression. My Father worked as a baker and later as a delivery person to the local grocery stores. My Mother worked at the bakery wrapping cakes for delivery to grocery stores.

During the Great Depression years my older brother and I would walk to the elementary school, a total distance each day of sixteen city blocks. The walk was not difficult except when it rained. It was no fun sitting in class wearing wet clothes. Because of the limited amount of food, people could afford to buy and the required walking there were few over-weight people - most everyone was slim.

Like many other Oakdale residents our family had a small back yard vegetable garden. My father eventually bought an old car that required starting with a hand crank. It was common practice if you saw a friend or neighbor walking you would let them jump on the running board and "hang on" for a short ride.

In December, 1941 the United States entered World War II. Mobile, Alabama would have a key role in the war with an Army Air Force Base and two large ship building companies located in Mobile. This created many good paying jobs and an influx of people moving to Mobile for the jobs. The increased population created a

strain on available housing, public transportation and medical facilities.

Although residents had more money to spend there was little to buy. Groceries were rationed by the issuance of ration stamps. Even having a supply of ration stamps, most of the time stores had no food available. Residents would learn when stores had a new supply of groceries and would form long lines before the stores opened. During The Great Depression years many people had back yard vegetable gardens to supplement their food supply. These backyard gardens were named Victory Gardens. Clothing and shoes were in short supply and rationed. It was common to wear shoes with holes in the soles. New cars were not available for purchase by the public.

At age eleven during the war years, I started helping my father on his bread delivery truck during the summer months. At age fourteen, like other boys my age I took a job delivering newspapers on my bicycle after high school hours. We probably rode a bicycle fifteen miles a day: often in adverse weather conditions. I delivered newspapers for six months after graduating from high school.

A cheap form of entertainment for adults during the war years was to put on their best clothes

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on a Saturday: pay ten cents for a bus ride to downtown and mostly walk the sidewalks speaking to everyone they knew. The favorite stores to shop were S.H. Kress, Woolworth's and W.T. Grant. A favorite entertainment for children during this era was to sit on a front porch at night in the dark and talk about our experiences with ghosts - none which were true.

During the World War II years the most difficult part for those at home was the daily newspaper articles about local young men that had been killed in battle. We had a neighbor named Joe Holland who was a single parent of young daughter. She was a few years younger than me. Joe Holland was inducted into the Army and would serve in combat. Joe Holland lost his life in the war. His loss had a severe adverse impact on the Oakdale neighborhood. Joe Holland's mother would care for his young daughter.

World War II ended August 1945 and the world began to rebuild. Times were now better, but they would only last a few more years. In June 1950 North Korea invaded South Korea. America was again at war. This was a war for young Americans of my age group.

At age nineteen I was inducted into the Army. I would serve nine months assigned to a frontline infantry regiment in the Korean War. We had little food to eat on the front lines which was canned food (C Rations). We were rationed daily only a half canteen of water. Most of us were in our early twenties and as children we had lived thru The Great Depression and World War II. We were opposed in combat by an experienced and tough enemy. Most of the battles were in sub-freezing weather. Some were cited for exceptional performance in combat.

Perhaps it was the difficult times growing up in the Great Depression and World War II that conditioned us for the challenges of a war. The Korean war ended July, 1953. After the end of the Korean War living conditions improved.

In 1957 I married pretty Barbara Daniels from Baldwin County, Alabama. I completed college and after that I was always able to find good jobs that were much better than delivering newspapers in the rain, while riding a bicycle.

As young children our Generation had lived thru The Great Depression of the 1930s. As pre-teens and teenagers we had lived thru the World War II years of the 1940s. As young adults many had served in the military during the Korean War in the early 1950s, helping liberate and defend a desperate nation that had been invaded by a hostile military force.


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Raising a Family Back in the Day

by Gary Gee, Sr.

I stumbled across this note in my files that I wrote for my sons about one set of great-grandparents that they never had a chance to meet. I can still see Neva wringing the neck of a chicken in the front yard at the farm, before she cooked it for our Sunday dinner. My mother covered her ears and screamed as she fled the scene and ran into the house. I can't remember if she was able to eat that chicken or not - but I bet that she didn't.

"Dear Gary and Oliver,

Luska and Neva Fones were one set of your great-grandparents. They were the parents of Virginia (Fones) Gee Flanagan and seven others. Luska and Neva had an 80-acre farm in Friendship, Tennessee. They were self-sufficient - they grew and sold their own vegetables and fruits, including corn, sorghum, potatoes, carrots, onions, strawberries, figs, squash, okra, green beans, tomatoes, lettuce, beets, cabbage, etc. They sold them fresh and sold many of these items that they put up in jars.

They raised and sold their own cows, pigs, chickens and turkeys. Their chickens produced eggs for their own use and for sale. They owned two horses - a big male named Prince and a grey female named Nell. They raised the feed for all these animals. The horses pulled farm tools such as a hay rake and plow. They made their own sausage, bacon and ground beef. They milked the cows and produced their own milk. They had a cream separator and made buttermilk and butter.

They had apple and peach orchards and raised grapes (muscadines). They made and sold their own jellies and preserves, including strawberry, grape, peach, apple and fig. They had bee hives, and made and sold honey. They had a sorghum mill and made and sold sorghum molasses. They had a pond stocked with fish that they caught for their dinner table.

Luska hauled his goods from the farm to market in Friendship - and brought back supplies - in a green wagon (with red wheels) pulled by Prince and Nell. Luska and Neva had no help, other than their eight children. They were hard working folks. They worked every day from sunup to sundown.

You would have liked them a lot. Neva was one of the nicest people you will ever meet. She would wring the neck of a chicken with great

skill - in their front yard - before she cooked it for our Sunday dinner.

Luska had flaming red hair that turned sandy when he was old, but he never lost it. Neither Luska nor Neva ever drank alcohol or smoked. Both lived to be about 90 years old. I remember Luska being fair with his animals; but one day a big mule decided to be rowdy. Luska instantly drew back his fist and hit that mule right between the eyes: Wham!! The mule looked completely puzzled and dazed.

I remember that same look of puzzlement from Hunter Fones, my mother's youngest brother, when Luska once disciplined him with a strike of leather horse reins across his back. Both horse and son became mindful - and quickly. Hunter was a U.S. Marine before his life working on the oil rigs. I bet Luska prepared him up for those tough lives. As a kid of about six years old, I remember Hunter sailing into our yard in Mayfair (in Huntsville) on a Harley Motorcycle on his way to his next Marine assignment. Luska did not learn to drive a car until he was fifty years old."

Three of Luska and Neva's four daughters became RNs. My mother, Virginia (Gee) Flanagan, wore the traditional white nurses uniform complete with the little white hat. Her uniforms were cleaned at the "White Swan Laundry." The name on the building can still be read on Madison Street near Huntsville Hospital. My mother worked at Huntsville Hospital and Crestwood her entire life. Many remember her.

Life was hard back then but there was no shortage of love.

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A DOG STORY

by Tom Carney

Published in Humane Society Pet Gazette,
1994

Almost anyone in the construction business has a thousand stories to tell and Phil Radzinski, of Alliance Building Corporation, is no exception.

About a year ago Phil went to a lady's house to give an estimate on remodeling her kitchen. It was an expensive home with manicured lawns and shrubbery. It also had a dog on the front porch. A very tiny dog.

Anyway, as Phil is ringing the doorbell the dog begins gnawing on his new Gucci shoes. (\$149.47 on sale). The lady answers the door, Phil goes in and the dog follows. He does his measuring and figuring, and all the time the dog is still chewing away.

Now there's one thing that you have to understand about giving estimates... the customer is always right. If it takes putting up with a dog that eats Gucci shoes for lunch, well, you do what ever you have to do to get on the good side of a customer.

After the preliminary figuring, Phil and the lady sit down to discuss the price. By this time the dog had finished one and a half shoes and had started on a pants leg. The lady looks at Phil with a weird expression on her face and says, "Are you always this patient with dogs, Mr. Radzinski?"

About that time the miniature monster looks up at Phil, spits out two square inches of polyester, takes a leap, lands in his lap, and begins chewing on Phil's new tie. (silk, a Christmas present from his wife).

"Oh, yes Ma'm," Phil said as the dog began eyeing his monogrammed shirt pocket. "Why, I think everybody should have one."

Needless to say, Phil rushed through the estimate and left while he still had a few clothes intact. He's walking down the drive, back to his truck, when the woman comes to the door and says something to him. Phil goes back to see what she wants.

"Mr. Radzinski, don't forget your dog. And please don't mention to my husband that you brought your dog with you - he doesn't allow pets in the house."

Before going to sleep at night, compile a to-do list for the next day. You'll sleep more soundly and when you wake up you'll be ready to start solving problems instead of spending time remembering what you have to do. You'll find that you are more committed to tasks that are written down.



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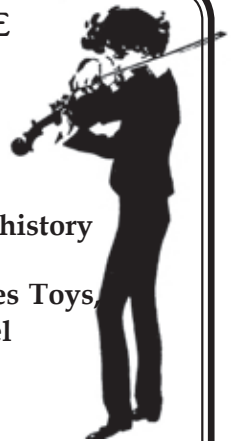
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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



We had a winner for the August Photo of the Month. The boy in the picture was **Floyd Hardin** who used to be called "The Mayor of Five Points." So many people loved and remember him. He's not with us anymore but his Jackson Way Styling Salon on Andrew Jackson Way is going strong. Our winner was **Patty Evans** of Huntsville. Patty told me that Floyd cut her husband's hair when he was just a little guy! Congratulations to you Patty.

Then I had hidden a tiny pencil in honor of all the kids who are finally going back to in-person school. Did you find it? It was on page 44 on the Carlisle Art & Gift ad - see it now? Our winner

for that was **Mildred Hill** of New Market. She had sharp eyes and was the first to call, to win a free subscription.

Ann Lawler is celebrating her birthday in September, and her kids want to tell her HAPPY BIRTHDAY with love. Ann loves history and probably could write alot of stories for us!

Did you know that mold can build up in your faucets? Bath-tubs probably wouldn't be as bad but if you're drinking tap water you might be ingesting mold. My plumber told me that at the point where water comes out of your faucet needs to be cleaned regularly with a brush. I know mine has a flat filter part that twists on to the end of the faucet and that needs to be twisted off, then scrubbed. I had no idea!

Barb Eyestone has a Sep. 17 birthday so I hope you do a lot of shopping! **Darryl Goldman** has a September Birthday too and we miss you and **Linda** here in Huntsville.

Our friend **Rolland Thomas** lives in Iowa and has friends here locally. He doesn't miss a copy of Old Huntsville and actually had a story in the August issue. Rolland celebrated his 88th birthday on July 30 and what a great party he had. His daughter **Laurie**, her husband **Ron Bell** and their son **Cole Bell** all coordinated a birthday party for Rolland with friends and family. We hope it was a rollicking party, Rolland!

A few years ago I noticed that

ants were getting into my cat's wet food that he had on the floor. So I tricked the ants, I took a quart plastic storage bowl, no lid, flipped it upside down and put his paper plate with food on top. No ants at all and it seems to be easier on his neck to not have to bend down so far. Success!

Happy Birthday to **Juanita Adcock** - Sep. 4 for a 79th birthday. She also wants to wish her good friend **Connie Golden** a super happy birthday on Sep. 6, who is turning 74.

Lowe Mill Concerts in the Park are back!! Every Friday evening now through mid-October from 6pm to 9pm. The variety of music is really good, there are several good restaurants but not a bad idea to bring your own beverages of choice. You sit on the grass, with the loading dock of Lowe Mill in front of you, with the bands on it. Bring chairs, pets, kids, friends and it's free. \$5 per car to park. Google Lowe Mill Concerts on the Dock and you'll find the lineup for the rest of the season.

When the weather gets cooler we like to cook more. So I have hidden a teeny salt shaker somewhere in this issue. Find it - if

Photo of The Month

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you haven't won before and are the first to call - you win a years subscription! But if you've won before don't call - give some new folks a chance.

Manufacturers need to think about the weight of items they try to sell us. For instance, for those who have arthritis in the hands and wrists, a heavyweight towel can be nearly impossible to deal with when you try to dry off. Anything other than light-weight kitty litter is impossible, have you tried to lift a regular jug of cat litter? Cast iron pots and pans probably produce great tasting corn bread but for older folks, nearly impossible to get out of a hot oven. Shoes can be heavy - even sneakers. And Skechers had the right idea years ago when they started manufacturing super light but sturdy shoes. The list goes on and on. I sure hope these companies are keeping us older folks in mind!

Happy Birthday to a beautiful lady - **Sherry Williams** is a dear friend and I miss her being in Huntsville. Her birthday is Sep. 18th.

Arts Huntsville has released a local Request for Proposals (RFP) for two temporary public art installations in conjunction with the

announcement that registration is now open for its Public Artist Development Workshop series, "Taking Your Art Public." The series will allow local artists to develop their public art skills and the opportunity to formally apply and submit an RFP for the two upcoming installations.

The five-series workshop kicks off on Thursday, Sept. 16, 2021, with the RFP information introduced and runs through the end of October 2021, with the two local artists being selected at the final workshop. To be eligible to apply, local artists and/or artist teams must attend the workshop either in person at Lowe Mill ARTS & Entertainment or via YouTube live streaming - as this learning experience will allow local studio artists to learn from public art professionals on how to apply and be selected for art commissions within the public art realm.

Happy Birthday to **Adriana Lane** on Sep. 20th. Her husband **Jim** has a Sep. 6 birthday and her daughter **Allyssandra** has one on Sep. 2. Her other daughter **Kaitlyn** has a Sep. 8th birthday. Adriana works for Truist Bank in the Westbury location off Airport Road. Happy Birthday to the whole family!

This sounds so good. Take a fresh Zucchini and slice it into thin slices. Toss in 1 tablespoon olive oil and sea salt and pepper. Sprinkle with paprika and spread out in baking pan, bake at 450 degrees for 25-30 minutes. This will lower your blood pressure and beats potato chips. Add a bit of grated Parmesan cheese for a treat.

Can you imagine the great music a senior Rock n Roll band would play? The Incontinentals is a band made up of **Glen Sadler, Skip Andrews, Benny Pitsinger, Jerry Hinkle** and **Steve Baten**. You can find out for yourself as they will be performing at Yellowhammer off Clinton/Governors on Sep. 3. Most of their time is spent in private bookings so you know they're good. Should be fun! You can find them on Facebook.

Remember you need to make sure you have a good immune system. People still have colds and flu and you need to make sure you're as healthy as you can be. Food is always fresh at our Farmers Markets. It's a different world we're in now for sure, you've got to take care of yourself. Stay upright and out of the hospital - they will be totally full soon.

Stay Cool!



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Fried Cabbage

- 1 T. Olive oil
- 1 onion, sliced thinly
- 4-1/2 c. cabbage, coarsely shredded
- 1 c. celery, thinly sliced
- 1/2 c. chicken broth
- 2 T. soy sauce

In a wok or large skillet heat the olive oil. Add all remaining ingredients and cook over high heat. Constant stirring is necessary, so as not to burn. Cook til the cabbage is tender, about 10 minutes.

Mushrooms a la Garlic

- 2 T. butter, melted
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 6 oz. fresh mushrooms
- Salt and pepper to taste

Wash and pat dry your mushrooms, slice in thin slices. Add the garlic powder and cook in microwave oven on High for one minute. Mix

the butter with a little salt and pepper, and sprinkle over the mushrooms.

Squash Balls

- 3 cans squash
- 1 t. salt
- 1 t. baking powder
- 3 eggs
- 1 large onion, chopped
- Corn flakes

Mix the squash, eggs and onion; add about 5 or 6 tablespoons of flour to desired consistency. Add the baking powder and salt. Form small balls and roll in crushed corn flakes. Fry in a deep-fat fryer til golden brown. Drain and serve.

Dill Rice

- 2 c. cooked brown rice
- 3 t. dried dill weed
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- 3 T. butter, melted

2 T. roasted, salted sunflower seeds

Cook your rice according to package direction.

Mix the next three ingredients and pour over the rice, mix well.

Hot Mexican Corn

- 2 T. butter
- 1/2 c. minced green pepper
- 1/4 c. minced red pepper
- 3 T. minced onion
- 3 T. minced pimento
- 1/2 c. water
- 1/2 t. onion powder
- 1/4 t. cayenne pepper
- 2 c. cooked shoepeg corn (or yellow, if preferred)
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter in a medium saucepan over medium heat, add your pepper and onion. Cook about 10 minutes, til tender.

Add the remaining ingredients and heat through.

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Lively Black Eyed Peas

- 1 medium package dry black-eyed peas
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 4 slices thick ham, chopped
- 1/2 c. Dale's steak sauce
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1 t. onion powder
- 1 t. hot & spicy seasoned salt
- Tabasco Jalapeno sauce

Soak peas for couple of hours, cook til done. Make sure you have at least an inch of water over the top of the beans when fully cooked. Add all ingredients except for the Tabasco sauce. Stir well.

When serving, sprinkle with the green Tabasco sauce. This is great for any hearty family dinner!

Cheese 'n Herb Onions

- 3 lb. onions, quartered
- 5 T. butter
- 1/2 c. skim milk
- 3-1/2 T. all-purpose flour
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/4 t. pepper
- 1 t. dried marjoram
- 1-1/2 c. cottage cheese
- 4 T. dry bread crumbs

In a saucepan cook the onions in water til just tender, about 15 minutes. Drain and place in a 6 x 10-inch baking dish that has been sprayed with Pam. Preheat your oven

to 375 degrees. Melt butter in a medium saucepan over medium heat and add the flour. Stir.

Add the milk and cook, continually stirring, for a minute. Remove from the heat and stir in the salt, pepper, marjoram and cottage cheese. Spread this mixture evenly over the onions. Sprinkle with crumbs and a little cayenne pepper. Bake uncovered for about 25 minutes.

Sautee'd Brussels Sprouts

- 1 quart fresh brussels sprouts
- 4 T. butter
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/2 t. pepper
- 1/4 t. garlic powder
- 1/2 t. onion powder

Blanch the sprouts and drain well. Put them in a saucepan with butter and other seasonings. Place over the hot fire and shake frequently. Cook for five minutes and serve hot.

Cabbage & Potatoes

- 1 large slice cooked ham
- 4 medium potatoes
- 1/2 head cabbage, coarsely chopped

Salt and pepper to taste

Cut 1/2 slice ham into large squares. Boil ham in a quart of water til it appears to have oil

on it. Peel 4 white potatoes, quarter them and add this to the ham. When the potatoes are almost cooked, place the cabbage in the pan with the ham and potatoes. Do not overcook cabbage. Add salt and pepper to taste. Serve the rest of the ham with the meal and a green salad.

Broccoli Supreme

- 1 large bunch broccoli
- 1 c. grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 c. evaporated milk
- 1/2 c. water
- 1 can onion rings

Chop hard ends off the broccoli, cut the remaining into bite-size pieces. Mix with the cheese, soup and milk and place in a greased casserole. Top with onion rings and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.



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Paper Boys

By Johnny Johnston



That canvas strap cut into the shoulder after awhile, especially on Thursday and Sunday. Inserts were heavier on those days. We all left school when the bell rang, some on bicycles, some on motorcycles and others walking, but very few in cars. Some came from Huntsville High and some from Butler.

We headed to the Huntsville Times Building at the corner of Green and Holmes where we checked in with the dispatcher for our papers. The papers were counted by hand as they were handed to us by Cecil Chaney, my brother Fred, Jimmy Vann or maybe even Tillman Hill. If we were lucky the press operated on time and we could start folding, rolling and counting so that an hour later our customers could begin reading their papers.

As often as not the presses broke down and we would be working long after dark on weekdays delivering the paper. On Sundays the paper was early in the morning. It is not easy to forget the cold, cold mornings at 5:00 am on that bicycle. Some routes were longer than others. I rode my bicycle 15 miles a day to deliver my route.

I recently talked to a couple of my friends about their routes in the 1950s trying to remember what it was like. Jimmy Miliner had the Holmes Avenue section which, west past 9th St. (Triana now), was mostly farms. W. L. Howard, former president of State National Bank, had a few acres just at the foot of Russell Hill along with the Drakes, Butlers and a couple other families.

That was before Lane Park and Hillandale Homes were built. The Martin Family owned land from

Holmes to the railroad to Jordan Lane and back to Holmes. They also owned Martin Stamping and Stove Co. on "The Four Lane Drive". A large farm back then, it now consists of Butler High School, CCI, College Park and property owned by a local church.

The Smith family lived across Holmes Street in a large house which sat at (now) the corner of Hillmont and Holmes. They owned the highest part of the hill. Jordan Lane north across the Hill had not been built. Past the intersection of Jordan was The Steadman Restaurant, then Bill Penny farm and Yarbrough farm. The Steadman Family owned a farm where the McThornmore section is now. Harold Green at that time had his chicken and egg farm on Holmes across from what is now John Himes' Big Brothers grocery.

No UAH, no traffic lights and no traffic except when the "Arsenal let out". That was the look of the neighborhood in the 50s.

I started my route next to the First National Bank on the Square and proceeded down the hill to Oak St., Fountain Circle, Pelham St. past the Big Spring and back into the areas of the Naval Center. Many of the streets were back alleys where million dollar buildings sit now.

Mrs. Lucy Hice ran a grocery store just about at the intersection of Manning. What a breath of fresh air she was. In her 70s, she often showed me the gun with which she "would shoot any



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undesirable character coming in her store". Mrs. Hice was very independent but friendly. I loved to talk to her for a couple of minutes and drink either a chocolate or grape "cold drink."

While I carried papers in Baxter Bottoms, one of the roughest places in town, (it was destroyed for construction of Councill Courts), I won every prize The Times had for new customers when Councill Courts started getting residents. The route grew so large that I pulled a trailer with my bicycle.

On Thursdays and Sundays I had a bag on my back, two on the sides of the bike and a very large stack on the trailer. I carried an extra pedal because they broke so often.

There was no paper on Saturday when we made collections! That was sometimes a problem because not everyone had the 25 cents per week we charged. Many times paperboys had to pay the bill for someone who moved, did not have the money or just plain forgot.

Of the 25 cents I recall we got to keep 11 cents. When we had to make up the 25 cents it was a big loss. One famous family (a German Scientist) left owing me about \$1.25, but that's Ok, I can now say that one of the world's most famous men owes me money.

Several times, especially Sunday mornings, we would be robbed or at least the attempt would be made. I had a knife pulled on me a few times but never hung around long enough to get hurt; I got to be real fast. At 12 or 13 years old I couldn't fight off grown people.

Some carriers really didn't need the money, or at least it appeared that way. The person I have in mind drove a Triumph Motorcycle, his father was a bank official and they lived way downtown! This carrier was later to become a famous Air Force Pilot, Blue Angel then General before he retired somewhere in Florida.

I was not as smart as some people in collecting money. Roger Grider tells this story that happened when he was delivering in Lincoln Village where he lived.

While Roger was parked at the Times Building a very prominent business man backed into his small motorcycle and did several hundred dollars damage. He told Roger to get it repaired and bring him the bill. Roger went into his business to collect and when the fellow found out how much he said, "No, I'm not gonna pay it."

Roger being smarter than me told the fellow this. "My daddy told me you would not pay it and he said that was OK, just to

bring the bill home and he would come up here and collect it," Roger said "my daddy is mean and he carries a big gun." As Roger opened the door the businessman said "Now wait a minute, I'll give you the money," which he did. Roger opened the door, put one foot outside then yelled back to the man, "I ain't even got a daddy" and ran up Meridian Street.

I often think of Frank Sanderson who was a salesman (no particular route). He would get a stack of papers, sell up and down the few office buildings existing at that time, then take what was left to Clinton Street and sell them in the heavy "Arsenal" traffic.

Some local adults hired boys to deliver papers while they did the collections. That left Saturdays open for other things. Donald McElyea did this and at the same time got up very early to deliver another paper from Chattanooga.

It has been a few years since our paper was delivered by someone on a bicycle. Cars are the thing now. A couple of years ago I had a need to meet a paper carrier while he was picking up his papers. I counted over 30 cars. No motorcycles or bicycles.

I wonder sometimes, if I would have done as well in life had I not received the discipline of delivering and managing my paper route.



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A Challenging Time

by Anna Gene Clift Chesnut



I am glad I lived in a time when there was no controversy over vaccinations. In Huntsville, during the 1940s and 1950s, polio was a scourge as smallpox had been in an earlier era. Mumps, measles and whooping cough were all rampant. Scarlet fever, while not as prevalent, was also something to be feared. Modern medicine and vaccinations brought an end to the worry over these and other diseases.

We have been lucky in this country to have the technological prowess and desire for innovation that brought about the progress in the field of medicine that we have achieved.

Having worked as a laboratory technician in immunology in the Department of Pediatrics at the University of Florida, where I went to college and majored in biology, I knew that every doctor with whom I worked had the best interest of children and their welfare in mind. When so many terrible diseases have been eradicated people can become very com-

placent about their good fortune and suddenly start to politicize and find fault with new innovations or technologies which they do not understand.

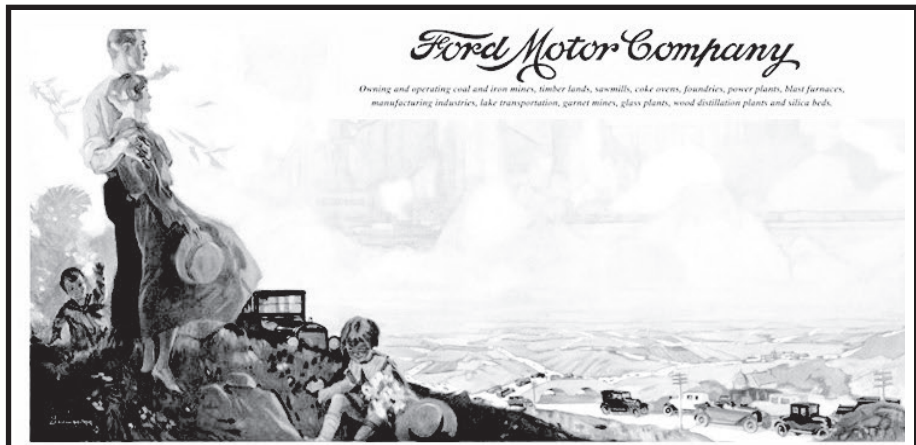
We seem to be slowly digging ourselves out from under this new scourge, Covid-19, which unfortunately, has not affected us all equally. Some groups have been hit harder than others and that has caused a disparity in the way different groups have viewed this disease, but a disease it is.

As normalcy slowly returns when greater numbers of people are vaccinated, maybe the life we have been living for over a year - people dying, children having to be out of school and families living with the hardships of lost employment - will be a thing of the past and will fade in our memories and be replaced with happier ones.

All we can do is hope the vaccines, that have been produced in record time, do the job they are supposed to do and give us all the comfort of a better future.

“A woman has got to love a bad man once or twice in her life to be thankful for a good one.”

Mae West



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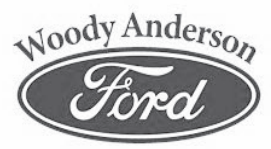
It is this thought that has been the stimulus and inspiration to the Ford organization's growth, that has been incentive in developing inexhaustible resources, boundless facilities and an industrial organization which is the greatest the world has ever known.

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The Ford Motor Company views its situation today less with pride in great achievement than with sincere and sober realization of new and larger opportunities for service to mankind.

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Baby Years

by Robert B. French, Jr.
P.C.

My first clear memory is when I had started walking. I was in diapers, wearing a pink and yellow sun suit that featured blue flowers. It was a beautiful sun-filled spring day, too pretty to stay indoors. My mother carried me in her arms down the gray wooden stairs that led to where we lived - a three room, upstairs apartment in Huntsville. It may have been on Randolph Street. I remember my mother mentioning that address.

On the ground, she deposited me with some other children to play in the mouth of an empty automobile garage. I thought the children were very big and knew everything. Probably the oldest was five years old, and most of them were eighteen months to three years. There were several young mothers around.

One girl allowed me to hold and inspect a small blue metal globe of the earth. She didn't let me keep it long, but I had it long enough to make it out and remember, that it was a globe of the earth. A boy let me hold a silver jack. It was one of those small, six-sided metal jacks that kids played with by bouncing a small rubber ball. He took it back shortly and after a bit, my mother took me back upstairs.

I was a pretty baby with golden blonde hair. My parents decided it was time for my dad to take me to have my hair cut. He was working locally in the telephone central office. Down the stairs we went and walked to a barbershop. He carried me most of the way. I can remember that he was very strong and had large, comfortable arms.

When it came my turn, the barber sat me on a wooden board laid across the arms of the "Token" barber chair. He dressed me in the barber's gown and began to cut. Naturally, being a baby, it scared me and I began to cry. My father told me I had nothing to fear, as the barber was not going to hurt me and I would feel better after my hair was cut. I stopped

crying and began to watch myself in the mirror. When the barber brushed me off and let me down, I was fine. Ten cents. So much for a haircut.

My father was a short man; 5'6" tall, all bone and muscle. He was very strong, and was sometimes called, "Mr. 5 by 5." He had been a college football player and a minor league baseball catcher. Although his original nickname through high school and college had been "Short Dog," he didn't mind being called "Shorty." He acquired that name when he went to work on the railroad. All railroad men had a nickname and his stuck.

He had married Nina Sibley who was 5'9", and people said they looked like Mutt and Jeff, a popular comic strip of the day involving a short man and a tall man, his opposite.

"I finally found an honest mechanic. He honestly didn't know how to do anything."

Maxine



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Even if you cannot make the reunion, we still would like your contact information. You never know who might want to reach out to you and make your day!

Class of 1965 paperdol@bellsouth.net

Class of 1966 hhs1966@gmail.com

Class of 1967 hhs1967panthers@gmail.com

Guess Who Came to Dinner?

by Bill Alkire



I had found myself on a temporary hiatus from work after the attack of September 11, 2001. The project I was working on, building a *Land Mine Clearing Vehicle* for the Military, was halted. Defense contract monies were diverted elsewhere.

An Athens State University (ASU) professor friend had informed me of a new degree program that had intrigued me. The management of the company I was working for indicated it could be a while before any new defense contracts would be available. I decided to pursue the new degree program, Management of Technology. My effort was met with great success. I made the necessary transfer of credits, applications and fees, and was ready to begin classes.

“Please excuse Ray for being absent yesterday. He had a cold and could not breed well.”
Parent’s excuse for sick child

I was older than my instructors, which made for interesting, if not hysterical situations at times. I found myself studying most generally at home on the breezeway where I could have peace and quiet. One morning while eating breakfast, I was observing the birds at the feeders out the window.

My attention was drawn to my neighbor’s second-story deck which had steps leading to the ground and a cat that was harboring there. She was not just a cat - she was a long-haired red-orange Persian cat. Beautiful. The cat was obviously scared and somewhat frightened. She was a large cat, and the long hair made her look larger.

I mentioned the cat to my wife, who responded “she had been wandering around the house next door and our house for several days.” My wife, knowing my soft heart for animals instructed me, “Do not feed her or give her any attention.” She believed “Someone dropped her off. Let her alone and she will leave”, were my instructions.

I gathered my lesson material with a cup of coffee and went out to the breezeway. An hour or so later my wife came out to join me and read the newspaper. We were soon joined by the mysterious orange Persian cat. She observed us humans from a distance - she spoke to us. I responded and received an evil stare from my wife. She instructed me again to “Ignore the cat, she will leave.” I did not really believe that - and I wondered if my wife did?

By the end of the day my wife had given the cat food and water, “She had not eaten for days” was her remark. The cat hung around for the next few days and began to become more friendly to my wife and I. She had become a lot of com-

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pany to me while I studied.

The cat had been de-clawed, neutered and Dr. Sheppard indicated that it was possibly an indoor show cat. She was of a very loving nature. She was hesitant, apprehensive and frightened at most outdoor sounds, as these sounds were new to her. The cat had found a place to sleep in the garage, on the floorboard of my 1981 Corvette. I was okay with that.

My wife still insisted the cat must go - "We do not need any animals to tie us down." My wife placed an advertisement in the Huntsville Times offering the cat free to a good home. A woman called who had recently lost her husband and was looking for a cat to keep her company.

The lady came to check the cat out. It appeared to be the right combination. However, as the woman approached the cat it hissed at her and tried to bite. This response was totally unacceptable and the woman and my wife were both in tears.

This response by the cat frightened both women. The woman left upset and my wife sat down and cried. I had named the cat "Annie" after Orphan Annie. "Annie" was also upset. She noticed my wife crying and approached her and jumped upon her lap. As "Annie" purred she raised her paws to each side of my wife's neck as if to hug her and licked my wife on the nose.

"Annie" had solidified her position - this cat was going "nowhere" - she had found a loving home. She stayed close to home and slept in my Corvette. She was with me every day. We knew she was an older cat - however she required little and had a good loving home. She was a great companion during my time off from work and studying.

She became a constant companion to my wife and loved to walk and sleep in the various flower and herb gardens my wife had. Wild critters never seemed to appear while she was with us. "Annie" lived with us for three years and died peacefully. She had a good life with us. I never got another cat until 2020. My new cat, though not as friendly, is a good companion and communicates loudly when she requires something. Her name is "Sassy".

"For all you young ladies thinking of getting a tattoo - remember that a butterfly on the back becomes a buzzard in the crack."

Maxine



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PARACHUTE PRODUCTION FOR WWII

by M. D. Smith, IV



Within days of Japan bombing Pearl Harbor, the government Quartermaster came to my father, running the Birmingham Awning & Tent company, and virtually demanded they convert to war goods production. They needed tents and a ton of other goods manufactured for the immense war effort starting.

My father, who'd taken over the company when my grandfather, MDS Jr., died of blood poisoning in 1937, agreed to the contract and got a government loan to buy another building to be named Marson Manufacturing Company. He purchased two others before the war was over. The Marson name was MAR of Marcellus and SON of Davidson.

They were commissioned to make 100,000 barrack bags and 75,000 parachutes. My mother wrote to me her memories of those days.

"The parachutes were all white, including all the shroud lines. We had a hard time as they were all cut on the bias to center top ring. There was always a government inspection in the three plants, to even-count the stitches as per MIL specs. After the first 425 came off and were inspected, we finally had one accepted. I'll never forget M.D. III held it up and said, 'We have conquered the order to make parachutes.'

Marson went on and made and shipped a total of 75,000 parachutes. At a price we received of \$50.00 a parachute, we made a ton from them. MD IV was one year and three months old in March of 1942. I'll never forget MD III said to MD IV, 'We are on our way!'"

The rest of this story is making all the various goods for the war effort. In the Marson Mfg. Co. building alone, there were 60 sewing machines. They sat on tables in five rows, going twelve deep toward the rear of the second floor. The ground floor was offices and a massive storage area for raw and finished goods. The building had a great freight elevator I rode when I was six years old, used for taking bundles up and down.

Some farmers burned it in the winter for heat. My father told me it was not uncommon to hear several screams a week, followed by a gathering around one of the "girls" at a sewing machine. In her hurry to win a production bonus, a strong canvas needle would have pierced her finger, sometimes more than once before she could take her foot off the pedal. It was often not so severe that a visit to the women's lounge



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and first-aid station couldn't repair and they'd be back at work with the banded finger. Ouch.

Another problem with production in the summer was fainting. My dad said, "You'd hear a thunk of a head hitting the wooden floor, and one of the girls had passed out from the heat." He said they had a giant exhaust fan at the second floor's rear, pulling the hot air out and summer temperature fresh air in. Even with the exhaust fan running, it could get well over ninety degrees with all the people and machines busy. Everyone was issued salt tablets, but some either forgot or didn't believe they needed them. Or maybe they passed out despite everything.

Maintenance was another issue. With that many machines running with intricate metal parts inside, there were failures. My father kept a few spare machines ready to drop in the failed unit, but someone had to repair the broken one. It became his job and he developed into an expert repairman. He loved metalwork even before the war. During it, he'd repair the broken units at home, at night. Sometimes he had to fabricate a replacement part as it was impossible to get them during the war shortages. Time was of the essence as well.

He learned to cut, bend and grind various steel types into a new part if the old couldn't be welded together. I learned some of his metal and wood-working skills growing up as a kid. The company saved time and money. My mother kept the books, did inventory and the payroll. Both received a fair salary, most of which they put in savings bonds.

The day the war was over, telegrams to cease productions arrived. Eighteen wheelers came to pick up everything within a few days. Grandmother Eloise had been running the radio station, which grew rapidly. A year after the war ended, business for Marson was slim. My mother was pregnant with my sister, so Marson Manufacturing closed.

My Dad went to full-time radio work, later put WBRC-TV on the air, and the rest is The History of Smith Broadcasting.

You can read all of that in my book, "Behind The Screens", available on Amazon.

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LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

by Charita Smith Avery



My mother, Annie Mae Sexton and my dad, Albert Duey Smith, were married for 48 years before Dad died of a heart attack in March 1972 at age 74. They had both grown up in Jackson County, Alabama. Daddy, the youngest child of a family of seven children, was born in January 1898. Mother was born in July 1909, the oldest of three girls. From the stories I hear, Mother's family had a much harder life than Daddy's.

Mother's mom died when Mother was only thirteen, and she had to step in as housekeeper, cook and mother to her two younger sisters. Her daddy was not a loving father, so the girls had it very hard with no mother

to guide them.

One day Daddy was, for reasons unknown to me, visiting Mother's farm when he saw this shy young girl (my mother), whom he did not know, peeking out from the side of the house. Daddy told the friend with him, "That's the girl I'm going to marry," and he kept his word. It was "Love at First Sight." When they married in 1924, Mother was 15 and Daddy was 26 years of age—quite an age difference. The age difference had to be somewhat of a problem; but, added to that, Daddy agreed to bring both Mother's younger sisters to live with them in Huntsville, where they moved for jobs in the Lincoln Textile Mill. That tells you the kind of man my Daddy was. He was determined to get those children out of a bad home situation.

An interesting story regarding one of the sisters, Beatrice, was that one day while walking down Oakwood Avenue, the man who would turn out to be her future husband, Jesse Wil-

banks, was riding by with a friend. He said to the friend, "One day I'm going to marry that girl." He did some checking and found out who she was and that she went to Fifth Street Baptist Church (now known as Jackson Way Baptist). One Sunday, he went in during service, found where she was sitting, and sat down beside her. Long story short, Uncle Jesse and Aunt Bea married and reared five children together. Another example of "Love at First Sight."

In 1925, my sister, Mildred, was born, when Mother was only 16 years old. Three years later, my brother Edward was added to the crowded household. By this time, they had moved from a house on Oakwood Avenue into the mill housing and Daddy was father to 2 young children and 2 teenage girls.

In 1942 I was added to the family. By this time both Mother's sisters had married and left home, I had lots of attention from everyone, including a brother-in-law,

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"I really don't mind getting older, but my body's taking it badly."

Helena Johns, Gurley

Elmo Hastings, after my sister married when I was only four years old.

My parents were very loving to me—maybe more so because they were older when I was born and I was very much like an only child. I particularly have fond memories of times with my daddy - sitting on his lap in front of the old radio listening to Gabriel Heater in the evening. Of course, I wasn't really interested in the program, but, how safe and loved I felt nestled in Daddy's arms.

Mother and Daddy both worked in the cotton mill, and I understand it was very hard work. I believe they had to make a quota. Mother told me how hot and tired she would be (no air-conditioning) and Daddy would leave his position in another area of the mill to come help her catch up on her job. They are both in Heaven now, but they left a loving legacy of

what a married couple and parents should look like.

The only one left is my sister, Mildred, who just turned 94 in November and now lives in Regency Assisted Living. She is like a second mother to me since she is sixteen years older than I—the same difference in age as she and Mother were. I feel blessed to still have her with us, and I dread having to give her up, since it will be almost like losing my mother all over again.

Mildred and her husband were married for 53 years before Elmo died and my husband Buddy and I were also married 53 years before he died in 2014.

Some people say there's no such thing as "love at first sight," but these examples of people close to me make me a believer. How different the world would be if more parents could leave a legacy of a long loving marriage such as these for their children.

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A Letter From Papaw (Early Days at Redstone Arsenal

by Larry Maples



After our Dad, Lawrence Maples, Jr. died, my brother David and I found a two-page reflection in my grandfather's (Lawrence Maples, Sr.) handwriting about his experiences in the 1940s and 1950s working at Redstone Arsenal. He worked as a carpenter on the construction of the first new building in 1941 and later on the weapon production line. He wrote warmly about the quality of the people he worked for and alongside.

His memories open a window into the fast paced camaraderie of wartime production workers. The people he mentions in the chain of command were men, but you can read some reflections of women who worked at Redstone during the war at history.redstone.army.mil/women.html.

"Papaw" ("Dillard" to friends and family) was born in Owens Cross Roads in 1895. He had a hard beginning as both of his parents died the year he started school. I intend to write another piece covering his life, but today

let me tell you what Papaw told us about his early days at Redstone Arsenal. He penned this letter in 1961 when he knew he was dying of cancer.

His first line was "I began on the first building and worked until the finish...at \$1.25 an hour..." Papaw was in the first wave of hires in 1941. After appropriating nearly forty-thousand acres of mostly prime farmland, the Army did not destroy several of the larger homes, using them for officers and temporary headquarters. But, several new buildings had to be constructed to house production activities related to producing weapons. Papaw worked as a carpenter on the very first building and several others.

After these projects were completed, he would have had to leave the area to find another construction project. In his words, "Rather than to leave home I went on production in 1943 at around \$5 a day binding tetryl under Col. Hudson, Coach Frank and Charley Cason. That was a wonderful bunch. Boy, did we work! We had three shifts each day. We had so much production to get and we had to get it. I got a citation for outstanding performance which I was very glad I got."

Col. Carroll Hudson was the first commanding officer of the Redstone Ordnance Plant (redesignated Redstone Arsenal in 1943). Charles Cason was production superintendent and "Coach Frank" was a line foreman who coached the Huntsville High football team in the afternoons after his production shift was completed. Milton Frank Stadium was named in his honor and his legendary motivational gifts on the gridiron were put to good use in wartime weapon production. Papaw must have been one of those motivated. In the picture he is receiving an award for high production. Notice the chalkboard in the background with production records displayed. These men and women worked very hard, but Papaw remembered those times and people with affection as his life was coming to a close.

As a Huntsville kid in the 50s and 60s, Coach Frank was legendary rather than real. A friend's dad would tell stories of playing for him. The only time I ever saw him up close was in 1964 while I was packing to go back to college at summer's



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end. I went by the practice field at Huntsville High to see how my brother David and his teammates were faring under the newly-hired Tom Owen. There was Coach Frank, instrumental in bringing Owen to Huntsville, strutting around in front of a group of guys in suits with an "I-told-you-so tone" in his voice as he boomed out, "Now, that's what I call an organized practice." His confidence in Owen was well placed and "you can look it up" as Casey Stengel used to say.

Back to Papaw. "I was assistant foreman at the shipping section until the early part of 1945. Kershaw and Butler came back and built line six and additions to lines one and two on swirl wire houses." According to a note on the back of the picture included in this article, the commendation Papaw is receiving from Colonel Degurer is for work on Line 6. "We were working on Line 6 when our President died." This would have been April 12, 1945, the day FDR died in Warm Springs, Georgia.

The chalkboard in the background of the picture is a snapshot of a wartime production line for January 22, 23 and 24, 1945. Reese, Sneed and Gooch were the foremen of the three shifts. The number of workers on roll and the number absent on each shift are indicated. For example, Reese had 93 on roll with 13 absent and Sneed had 107 with 16 absent on January 22, 1945. Presumably, the columns not visible reflect the production for each shift. Thus, each shift had about 100 workers with an 85-90% attendance rate.

Papaw left the Arsenal after the war and worked in private contracting for several years. He returned to Redstone in 1949 when the space program began to take shape and the demand for carpenters increased again. "I was appointed to the carpenter shop under Mr. Culps, a wonderful man. They had hired Mr. David Foxworthy a few months before me and then Robert Carpenter. About that time Mr. Foxworthy made Robert Bowers foreman, one of the finest men I ever met. I worked under Robert until he had foremen under him."

"About this time the money allotted to carpenters was about to run out, but there was still money allotted to painters so about ten or twelve of us had to paint or go home, so I went to painting." Here, he tells a funny story about himself:

"I will never forget the first day. It was on Monday, my nerves not too steady anyway. (He was known to overindulge in spirits over the weekend). Clark put me on a ladder painting overhead. I got paint in my hair and up to my elbows. Mrs. Blackburn, James Blackburn's

wife, she looked up at me and said 'Mr. Dillard, I didn't know you was a painter.' I told her I didn't either until Mr. Foxworthy told me I was."

Papaw often talked about Foxworthy, his supervisor during most of his post-war tenure at the Arsenal. He had a way of keeping Foxworthy in his corner despite some shaky Monday mornings. I remember eavesdropping on the men's porch conversation when I was 10 or 12 and hearing his friends and relatives kid him about how he kept in good graces with his superiors by taking them quail hunting. Papaw had the bird dogs and the well-honed skill of finding ample quail to show Foxworthy and some of the military brass a good time. The additional advantage of including a military officer in a hunt is that it would open up the largely undeveloped Arsenal as a shooting paradise.

Papaw's letter reflects the experience of many who were pulled from the farms and fields of North Alabama to aid the war and space efforts. For twenty years he drove the Hobbs Island Road from New Hope. In the last year of his life as he reflected on what had transpired in the 1941-1961 period, he wrote with some amazement, "Little did I think of this being the huge institution it is today." He was reflecting on how he took a short term job in 1941 to help construct one government building and it had turned into all this!

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YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

by Judy Chandler Smith



Last Thursday, my seventh son came running through the back door with his left arm bandaged and quite a lot of blood on it. I was in the middle of a music lesson and ran to him screaming, "Owen, what happened?"

Now growing up the last of eight children, he had to learn to fend for himself, often getting blamed for whatever went wrong. When I asked him why he did what he did, he just said, "You do what you have to do," and this is what he did.

It was a lovely sunshine day, so a bike ride was in order. He had a rather new bike in good condition, so off he went. Unfortunately, about two blocks from his house on Poinciana Avenue, he hit sharp rocks, which put a large gash in the back tire, throwing him off the bike and, as a result leaving a deep cut along his left arm to the bone.

This is the extraordinary thing he managed to do and I

don't know many or anyone who could have done what he did. He held his arm together with his right hand and walked home. Not being in school and just graduated in March, he was without insurance and lacked funds, so he had a curved surgical needle and thread from his last medical course. So, with peroxide and alcohol to clean out the wound and no pain medicine, he began to sew his left arm up with his right hand.

He stopped long enough to take pictures with his phone. He said he did that so that I would believe what he had done. Believe me, and they weren't pretty.

For pain, he did what he said he learned from western movies - where he saw men biting on a bullet, he used a ruler, which he now needs a new one because he bit completely through it.

Well, to make a long story short, he managed to put in four stitches and has proven "you do what you have to do."

Now that is my boy!

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"My wife's on a new diet - coconuts and bananas. She hasn't lost any weight, but boy can she climb a tree!"

Bud Statton, Athens

Civil War Strife in Big Cove

by William Sibley

Rev. Milus Eddings Johnston (1823-1915) was a native of Tennessee where he was reared and educated. In 1859, he married Mary Elizabeth (Hamer) Findlay (1833-1889), widow of Dr. James A. Findlay, a man she had married when she was 16 years of age.

Mary's wealthy parents were Rev. and Mrs. John Hicks Hamer of the Oak Grove community near New Hope, Alabama, where Mary - described as a beautiful girl, "a picture of health" - grew up.

In 1860-1861, Rev. Johnston was in Madison County, attending to his own business, "preaching the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ." Rev. Johnston became a bushwhacker, and his rank was Lt. Col. CSA. His actions took him into several Madison County communities, including Big Cove.

One place where Col. Johnston and his men met the Yankee soldiers was at the "mile wide plantation of Berry Wade," located near present day Hays Nature Preserve, "eight miles southeast of Huntsville."

Eleven of Col. Johnston's men had spent the night in Flint River Bottom and the next day before sunrise, they went in the back way to Berry Wade's place to get food for themselves and their horses. Col. Johnston and his men entered the Wade home while Charley Grayson, serving as picket, went to the cribs to get food for their horses. Mr. Grayson returned to the Wade home and was talking to Mrs. Wade while Col. Johnston and

his men had placed their guns against the walls of the crib and were shelling corn.

Col. Johnston had learned that the Yankee soldiers had seen him and his men the previous day and had spent the entire night searching for them.

As they were talking, the lieutenant looked southward and exclaimed, "Just look at those Yankees!" His expression let the men know that there were "oodles" of Yankee soldiers. Col. Johnston and his men grabbed their guns. Three men gave "leg bail" and a fourth man's gun failed to fire, leaving seven men to face the enemy. Some of the Yankee soldiers had come within sixty paces of Col. Johnston and his men before being discovered. Charley Grayson saw the Yankee soldiers and ran toward Col. Johnston and his men, shouting, "Rally, boys, rally!" Although Col. Johnston and his men were outnumbered at least 12 to 1, they escaped without a scratch while the Yankees had to send to Huntsville for ambulances to haul off their dead and wounded. This fight was known as "The Battle of the Corn Cribs."

Mary Francis Sibley, half sister of my grandfather, John William Sibley, married David Wade Jr. of this Wade family.

Big Cove almost had another Civil War battle. Col. Johnston and his men were hidden behind a high bluff on the south side of Monte Sano mountain when they heard the Yankees coming up the mountain with loud talking and clanking noises made by the horses.

Col. Johnston and his men were ready to spring a surprise attack when they recognized some prominent Big Cove men walking in front of the Yankees. Among those men were Dr. John DeBow, Squire Billy Moon, and Old Uncle Billy Wright (William Wright, brother of my great-great-grandmother Jane Wright Jenkins). The planned attack was canceled.

In the meantime, Yankees were burning houses in the New Hope area as several women stood by helplessly. A Yankee soldier snatched Mrs. Johnston's baby from her breast and forced her to ride horseback for 23 miles through very rough weather. She spent a night as prisoner of war in Big Cove.

Later, Col. Johnston and his men surrendered to the Yankees at Trough Springs, halfway up the south side of Monte Sano mountain, in front of the present site of the wedding chapel.



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My Adventures in Snipe Hunting

by Gwendolyn Joop

Upon graduating, several of my friends from different high schools had one common denominator. Our Youth Director was embarking on helping Freshman succeed.

We brought various gifts to the table. Some sports, academics etc. After many gruesome months, we succeeded.

Repaying the appreciation, the Youth Director had a pizza and drinks party. We all shared known high school war stories on each other. I've always been deemed the most inquisitive and competitive of all.

Unbeknownst to me, they had planned a Snipe Hunting Adventure just for me.

Later that evening, Gwendolyn, we have a Snipe Hunting trip planned. The winner brings home a trophy. No, I do not hunt. Thank you. C'me on. You are the most competitive. Will be great.

Finally, gave into this idiotic idea. Later that evening. Before dark. Inquired what does a Snipe look like? After a lot of babbling and muttering, no clear definition.

Took matters in my own hands. Simply, only came up close in person with two animals visiting my Aunt for two weeks. One on the way to her pond to fish. Out of the corner of my eyes. Noticed two huge black eyes staring at me. Slowly turned around. It was a humongous cow with rusty and white spots and horns turned in. My brain sent a message to my body RUN!! This creature is going to get real mad. Stomp his foot and straighten his horns and pierce you.

I ran as fast as my leg could run and grabbed a hold of the gate and leaped. The next week went outside. A black and rusty chicken with Arnold Schwarzenegger muscles. Chased me and slapped me on the back of my head with its arm. It

hurt. The dang thing must have been on steroids!!

Shared my animal stories. No clarification. Snipes are hard to define. My gut knew this was a bad idea.

Finally, headed to the Corn Field. Presented with a burlap bag and rope. They had flashlights, I did not. Why do you guys not have the proper catching equipment? Why do I not have a flash light! Oh, we have caught a Snipe and want you to experience the Trophy.

I'm left all alone in a middle of a cornfield. My burlap bag in one hand and rope in the other. Approximately 1.5 hours later, three gun shots went off. Already had my game plan. If as large as a cow will put the bag over its head and tie the rope. If it is as small as a deranged chicken, I will scoop it in the bag and tie.

In position. Nothing. All of a sudden heard rocks being shuffled. Then corn leaves being ruffled. Holding my position, looked up and there were my friends with flashlights. Laughing so hard. Did not comprehend a word they spoke. Finally, Eric managed to get a couple words out. No such thing as a Snipe. You are too competitive.

We returned to the house. I simply turned around and said "You guys are sick." I'm not sure where you received your Doctrine in Competitive Therapy? Your license should be revoked!! May take me 20-30 years. Your asses are mine.

Be loving and respectful to each other. Agree to disagree. GET YOUR COVID SHOT. God bless America and the world.

"Don't argue with an idiot - people watching may not be able to tell the difference."
Donnie Jackson, Arab



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What Happened??

by Bobby Stapler

We made the move to Huntsville in the summer of 1958 to a house at the corner of Newby Road and Bob Wallace Avenue. My parents worked at Merrimac Mills in Huntsville Park until 1958 when my dad, Homer Stapler and Verlon Plemons started the first armored car service in Huntsville.

I would walk down Newby Road, across the railroad tracks, to the bus stop at Genesco. Most teens in this district attended West Clinton Junior High School. Our school was next to the old Trailways bus station where we would gather after school to play nickel pin-ball machines and hang out.

My fondest memories of those days were when we sometimes walked to the Big Spring. In the winter the rocks would look like they were growing white tree limbs from the frozen-over spray from the water.

Spring time and summer at the Big Spring was a joy. We would play in the water at the head of the spring, where it came out of the cave beneath the bank and sometimes we would climb up the rocks and jump while yelling "Jesse James!" This was the place where we were told that Jesse James jumped off the cliff, into the spring, on his horse. It was just a legend but it was fun at the time.

The real fun was trying to catch one of the large fish, usually a carp or a buffalo. This usually happened on a Saturday when we were supposed to be at the city swimming pool in the park. We would pool our money and sometimes we would have two or three dollars. Whoever caught the first fish got the money.

The spring, with its cool summer breezes and large shade trees, was always a favorite place for picnics. Bank presidents, business owners

and common laborers all enjoyed each other's company as the smell of fried chicken and watermelons filled the air. These were hard times but we were all full of love and respect for each other.

The spring, with its natural beauty almost untouched, the way the way John Hunt found it, was a special place for us. A settlement was built around the spring, which grew into a city and then a county and finally into what we knew as Rocket City, U.S.A. It seems as if every city council, from the early 1960s until present, has tried to out-do the other by chopping away at the Big Spring.

There's not much left to chop at anymore but, even though, in a few years we will all be asking, "What happened to our Spring?"



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Rescue At Sea



It all began when Eric Hanst and his fellow sailors were Navy deployed overseas. When they were in port for a few days, they were greeted by an unexpected guest.

"A cat came aboard via mooring line. We lost track of her and found her later that evening. We managed to get her back to the pier and waved goodbye as we took off. This cat seemed unusually upset by this," said Hanst. What they did not know was that the cat didn't just come alone. "It

turns out, when she managed to sneak on board, she also managed to smuggle on three kittens. We thought she had given birth on the ship, but it was pointed out to us that they were too big to be only a few days old."

When they were sailing off, no one on board was aware of the kittens. The little ones were very confused, looking for their mom for almost four days until they were discovered in the machine shop. "We found one initially and the other two a couple hours afterwards," Hanst added.

Even though the crew had little experience bottle feeding a kitten, they all jumped into action, doing everything they could to help these little creatures. They did not have a bottle, so they improvised. They found boxes and necessary things to make a temporary nest for the kittens. They were all so proud, holding their new furry buddies and letting them climb all over

them. When it comes to bottle feeding the kittens, these sailors showed remarkable love and care to the tiny little creatures that were about the size of their palm.

They were gentle to the kittens and tended to their every whim.

"After the initial shock of being found, and feeding, the kittens were just as happy and playful as any other cute little bugger you'd find anywhere else. They were a great boost to crew morale, and I LOVED THEM," said Hanst.

After they docked, the kittens were transported to local veterinary services. "We managed to find homes for all three kittens. I talked a friend into adopting one of the kittens, the other two were taken in by a "cat couple" who are regular rescuers."

The soldiers rescued the kittens and the kittens gave them the companionship and love they needed during these long voyages. They both needed one another and it was a blessing that they found each other.

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Interesting Cat Trivia



- Cats have 230 bones, a whopping 24 more bones than humans.
- Frequently cats stare with their mouth hanging open because they have an extra organ that tastes scents in the air.
- Cats have rough tongues that can clean all the meat off of a bone. (Of course, don't feed bones to your pets because they can splinter.)
- Cats use their long tails for balance which is why they sometimes display such impressive acrobatics.
- Cats use their whiskers to navigate through the world. They use them to help determine if they can fit in a small space because their whiskers are approximately the same width as their body. This is why you shouldn't cut your cat's whiskers.
- Cats move with their right feet and then their left feet. The only other animals that walk this way are camels and giraffes.
- Some cats can swim.
- Cats usually sleep for 12-16 hours per day.
- Cats prefer to have a litter box for themselves so have one for each of your kitties.
- Catnip produces an effect in cats that is similar to LSD or marijuana in humans.
- Kittens should ideally be spayed or neutered between 8 weeks and 5 months of age.
- Cat's share 95.6 percent of their genome with tigers and demonstrate several of the same behaviors.
- Indoor cats live longer than outdoor cats.
- Neutered and spayed cats live longer than unaltered cats.
- Grooming themselves helps cats relax, stimulate their blood flow and regulate their body temperature.
- Cats should never eat raisins, grapes or alliums like onions, garlic, chives and leeks.
- Cats with a question mark-shaped tail are feeling playful.

- A straight vibrating tail indicates that your cat is happy to see you.
- A cat batting you with paws (and not claws) is playing and not attacking.
- One litter of kittens can have multiple fathers.
- The United States contains about 88 million pet cats, making them the most popular pet in the nation.
- Normal cats have 18 toes - five on each front paw and four on each back paw.
- Cats with extra toes are called "polydactyl" cats or "Hemingway" cats.
- Cats dream while they sleep.
- Cats can be toilet-trained.
- A group of kittens is called a "kindle."
- White cats with blue eyes are more likely to be deaf.
- About 200 feral cats live at Disneyland.
- The first cat video was recorded in 1894.
- Approximately 700 million feral cats live in the United States.
- A group of cats can be called a "clowder," "clutter," "glaring" and "pounce."
- Rumor has it that Bill Clinton's cat, Socks, received more letters than the President himself.
- Abraham Lincoln had four pet cats that stayed with him at the White House.
- A green cat was born in Denmark in 1995.
- A cat attacking your ankles might be an indication that they are bored.
- Cats like to groom other cats and humans. This is called allogrooming.
- Unlike dogs, beware a cat that is wagging its tail!
- Cats' collar bones don't connect to the rest of their skeleton and are instead buried in their shoulder muscles.
- Active cats sleep better at night.
- Cats have as many as 100 different vocalizations while dogs only have 10.

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Across from Books A Million

Davisville, Alabama

by Tom Carney

Though the fact is not recorded in many history books, John Hunt was not the first man to settle in what is now known as Huntsville.

In 1803 or 1804, a man by the name of Isaac Criner was part of the movement of pioneers who came to this area from the north, down the old immigrant trail now called the Winchester Road. They explored the northern part of the county around New Market and liked what they saw.

The very first cabin erected in this area was in 1805 by Joseph Criner, the uncle of Isaac. It was located several miles away from Isaac's who preferred the beautiful area now called New Market. Isaac's cousin, Stephen McBroom, was the third to build a cabin in the area known today as Gurley.

Although these three gentlemen were the first to settle in the county, they were by no means the first to arrive here. John Ditto had come to Huntsville back in 1802 and had built himself a small shack by the area known now as Big Spring. After a short while he moved down next to the Tennessee River to what is now known as Ditto Landing.

Samuel Davis came to the Big Spring before John Hunt, but after building the foundation of a small cabin and cutting the logs, returned to Georgia for his family. Just after the Criners had moved into



their cabins in New Market, John Hunt and a man by the name of David Bean stopped for the night and was welcomed into one of the homes. The next day Hunt and Bean left and reached the Big Spring where Davis had started his cabin. Hunt liked the area so much he decided to finish building the cabin. Bean helped him with the work, but was not as intrigued by the country here and went back to Tennessee and settled near Salem.

Not much is known of what really happened when Samuel Davis returned and discovered John Hunt in his newly finished home, but Davis left and built another cabin near New Market.

If Davis had not returned to Georgia for his family when he did, odds are we would be living today in Davisville, Alabama.

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Mission to Berlin

by Maurice Bahan



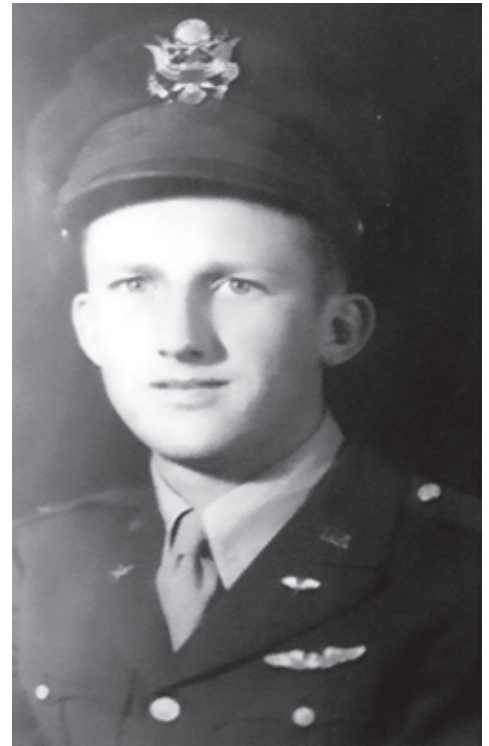
ably be hit by some Me-262 jet fighters. Sure enough, we were attacked by an Me-262 over the target area. He shot down the number seven plane in the formation. This would have been us except for the fact that we were no longer in that position.

The number five plane had lost an engine and had to turn around to go home, so we moved up to the number five position. That day the number seven plane was shot down. The shot down plane had lost two engines and was losing altitude as he headed east.

We had been briefed that if we were shot down we should head east and try to make it behind Russian lines. At that time, we were 70 or 80 miles east of Berlin.

No one ever bailed out of the plane so we assumed they made it.

1st Lt. Maurice Bahan,
co-pilot on B17 crew
Italy 1943-1945



My name is Maurice Bahan. I am a 99 year old World War II veteran. I was the co-pilot of a B-17 crew and did a tour of duty in Italy from 1944 to 1945 flying out of the Foggia area. I was in the second Bomb Group. We were stationed on the Adriatic Coast just south of the small village of Manfredonia. We were the last group north and flew off the same field as the 97th Bomb Group.

Our Crew arrived in Italy in September or October but did not fly any missions until after the first of January of 1945. I got in 13 missions before the war ended.

My most memorable mission was the one to Berlin on the 24th of March 1945. I was in the right hand seat during that mission and it was a "Bluebird day" as I remember. We started out flying the seventh (tail end Charlie) position. We had been briefed that we would prob-

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When I Met “Young Shelton” Back in the Day (1954)

by Clarence Potter

This story you are about to read is true. I didn't change any names because no one was innocent and don't need protecting. When G and I married in 1964, I weighed in at around 145 pounds. Being 6 feet tall one might say I was skinny. Oh yeah, I said Way back yonder.

Now, bounce forward to mid 1970s. We had a 1973 Ford Torino and I had an old Chevrolet that I used to clunk around in. One afternoon I had driven to South Pittsburgh in my old Chevrolet on business and was returning home. I made it to Bridgeport. Back then Highway 72 ran straight through and did not bypass as it does now.

There was a small country store by the side of the road. It had a gravel parking lot beside the building. Going in the front door I could see one small light hanging from the ceiling near the center of the room. Lightning up the old crank cash register and not much more. I purchased a Butterfinger and a Coke. As I was leaving a young lady was entering the store with her son. (Son approximately 3-5 years old). I held the door for them to enter before I went out. I noticed the boy was looking more at me than he was his mom. He was actually tugging on her hand.

Getting into my car it would not start. Uh-oh. I tried several times and it was stubborn and would not crank. No matter how hard I hit the dash it would not turn over. I had parked out of everyone's way so I went back into the store. Asked if I could get change so I could use the pay phone outside.

I noticed the young boy was

tugging at his mom and trying to get her to listen to him. I went to the pay phone and called G. She said mom was visiting and they would be right up to jump start my car.

As I turned from the pay phone, the lady was standing there holding the boy's hand. She asked me if I was having car trouble. I told her yes. She offered to take me anywhere that I needed. I told her my wife and mom was already on their way to help. I noticed the boy acted kind of unusual. They went back to the store and sat down on a bench that was near the front of building. It took G and my mom about 20 to 30 minutes to get there. All the time they sat on the bench, saying nothing to me.

G and mom finally arrived. I look at the lady and said. "Well, there's my ride." She then asked if I would let her son talk to my mom. Confused I said sure, she will be glad to talk with him. He was already in front of me walking toward G and mom sitting in the car. The lady tapped me on my shoulder and said in a low voice. Too low for her son to hear. He thinks you are MR. SPOCK from STAR TREK.

She went on to explain that as soon as he heard my mom was on the way, he refused to leave without seeing her. She said she had just played along because he was such a fan. He was kinda disappointed that mom did not have pointed ears.



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LOCAL NEWS FROM 1900



- About 9 this morning Street Car No. 5, east bound with Dick Hatcher, motorman, collided with a two-horse wagon belonging to D. I. White and injured the two drivers, Jack Parham, slightly and Jim Fields, seriously. The accident occurred at the corner of Holmes and Green Streets. The wagon and team were going south at a rapid rate and the car was advancing east in back-up fashion, the two colliding before the men in charge of either could see the approach of the other in time to avoid the accident.

Both wheels on one side of the wagon were broken off. The Parham man escaped with a bruised head and shoulder. Fields was more seriously hurt, his right hip being dislocated and fractured.

- Yesterday Luther Chambers was fined \$25 for beating his wife. Chambers said he could prove by his wife that it was his first offense. A sweet-faced little woman walked out of the crowd to take the witness stand. "Is this little woman your wife?" When Chambers responded that indeed she was, the Judge immediately raised the fine to \$500.

- An automobile crash on Holmes in which the bridegroom, his parents and his

best man were injured was not enough to prevent the marriage of Philip Shaffner to Miss Beatrice Weil, according to schedule last night.

Mr. Shaffner, his wedding suit torn and dirty, with several bruises to his face, took the hand of his bride and answered questions put to him by the minister. The injured best man limped and was considerably mused up, but did duty effectively as if he had not been hurt. The parents of Mr. Shaffner had to be propped up in chairs, but they gave their blessings to the bride and groom

- Tomorrow the people who are making the local directory will have completed their work. Including the corporate limits and adjacent suburbs, a carefully tabulated count of the enumerators show the city and suburbs to have something a bit more than 20,000 people.

The corporate limits will be extended sometime in the near future.



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Atlas

Hello, my name is Atlas. I am 2 1/2 years old. I am a sweet dog. I would like to talk to you about the terrible heat this summer. It is very dangerous for animals that have to stay outside with no protection from the heat. A dog can have a heat stroke if overheated in a very short time. Did you know dogs only sweat through their footpads and nose? Dogs do not sweat as effectively as humans. Always check with your veterinarian for more information. Please do

not shut off the air conditioner if you go out for the evening and leave your dog in the house. Your dog cannot tolerate a house heating to 80 or more degrees any more than you can. A fan can help speed up recovery from overheating and feels good to your dog. A dog cooling vest will help keep your dog's body temperature down when out for a walk. Ask questions on the use of the vest at the place where you purchased it. Taking your dog to the beach with you? Remember how hot the sand can get! If brutally hot pavement is inescapable, there are boots available that have breathable upper mesh to help heat escape from your dog's paws. Go buy your dog a kiddie swimming pool. It will love it like I love the one at the Ark. I hope you love your dog and keep it a cool dog. I enjoyed writing to you and hope I shared good information for you. Woops! I forgot something - do not leave your dog in a car unless you leave the motor running and the air conditioner on. If you come to the Ark, will you ask to see Atlas?

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"I wonder if other dogs think that poodles are members of a weird religious cult."

Rita Rudner

My Trip to California (Part 1)

by L. D. Rogers

This trip takes place in the last part of December 1946 and the first part of January 1947.

My Father, D. H. Rogers, worked for the Illinois Central Railroad. He was a machinist and helped build steam locomotives. One of the benefits of his job was free transportation for his family and himself on any of the ICRR trains. Also, he could get what they called a foreign pass one time each year that let us ride on any train in the USA.

My Mother, Rena Rogers, had an aunt and uncle, Carrie and Jim, that lived in Buckeye, AZ. She had always talked about going to see them but with three young kids and the war going on it hadn't been possible.

We spent many nights in the winter at our kitchen table getting homework done and then we would plan trips. We planned trips all over the United States with our maps and train timetables. Finally, one of the trips that we planned was to Arizona and see Mother's aunt and uncle and their kids. ARIZONA! I thought that would be great. I could just see in my mind a big ranch and barns and cattle and horses. Little did I know.

Now that the war was over and things were getting back to normal they started to talk more and more about taking the trip. It would mean taking us kids out of school and a lot of planning.

We sat at the kitchen table one night with a bunch of railroad time tables and figured out the route we would take and which railroads would be involved. We would leave Paducah, KY and go to Fulton, KY and then to Memphis, TN and New Orleans, LA.

From there we would go to El Paso, TX; Albuquerque, NM; Tucson, AZ to Phoenix and finally Buckeye, AZ where my uncle would pick us up at the train station.

We would spend Christmas with them and we decided that we would go on to California and visit Los Angeles and San Francisco. Daddy put in the paperwork for our passes with open dates so we wouldn't have to be on a tight schedule.

I know now that the next big job for Mother was packing enough clothes for all of us. We had a steamer trunk like the kind you would take on a steamship. I don't know where they got it but it sure came in handy for this trip. She also had to go to our school and talk with the teachers about us missing school. After she told them about the trip we had planned they told Mother that it would be a wonderful education that we couldn't get in school. All we had to do was wait for the time for us to leave on this great adventure.

We took a taxi to the railroad station. Daddy got the Railway Express Company to pick up our trunk. We went to Fulton and my Granddaddy met us at the station. We left the trunk at the station and went to Granny's house for the night. The next morning we caught the train that would take us to Memphis then on to New Orleans. We had a lay-over there and spent the night in the train station.

I remember us kids stretched out on the benches and Daddy bought a newspaper to use for blankets. You would be surprised how warm a newspaper can be. We got on a different train the next morning.

Some of the different railroads we were on were the Atchison Topeka, Santa Fe, and Union Pacific.

It was too expensive to eat all of our meals in the dining car so when we came into a train station we would get off and eat. Sometimes Daddy would get off the train and buy a loaf of bread and Mother would make us sandwiches on the train.

There was a canned lunch meat that came out in 1937 but wasn't used a lot until World War II. It was also used a lot in B and C rations for the Army and after the war it became real popular. It was SPAM. I thought it was great.

She put several cans in the trunk and kept one or two cans in her small suitcase along with a jar of mustard. My parents would get coffee from the diner and cartons of milk for us and that took care of lunch.

Please stay tuned for part two of my adventure.

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Tips from Earlene

- To improve the breath and bring a saucy gleam to the eye, sip a good French Brandy to which you have added a sprig of thyme.

- Peel and chop onions with no tears by keeping your mouth propped open with a piece of bread.

- Paprika is a great source of potassium. Sprinkle on your food at least once a day.

- Never taste food that looks like it might be bad - with botulism one touch to the tip of the tongue can be fatal!

- Have stuck-on food in your pots and pans? Just add 1/2 cup vinegar and 2 cups water - in a few minutes it will soften and you can remove it.

- Plant pennyroyal to keep mosquitos away. Break off some leaves in the evening and sprinkle on your porch.

- Polish silver by rubbing it across a well-washed woolen blanket.

- When having your home painted and you hate that paint smell, cut an onion in two and lay it in the middle of each room. They will soak up the paint odor.

- Ants will avoid your kitchen if you tear up catnip leaves and put it in all the corners.

- Eating garlic will definitely bring down your blood pressure. The new garlic pills (no odor) also work well.

- Hangover cure - a soft-boiled egg, followed with 4 teaspoonfuls of honey. Give light food all day, interspersed with occasional teaspoons of honey.

- If you see that squirrels and rabbits are eating your flower bulbs, dilute some vinegar in water and sprinkle around the plants. The critters hate vinegar!

- If a large plate of roasted garlic is served at a banquet, all those who partake will be safe from poisoning.

- When trapped in the house on a rainy day, use the time to pick out items for a future garage sale. You may never have one, but you might find some items that you haven't seen for a long time.

- A damp cloth dipped in baking soda is the best cleaning agent for oven glass doors.

- Dust your little knick-knacks with a small paintbrush.

- You can cut paint odors if they bother you by adding 2 teaspoons of vanilla extract (use the artificial) per quart to the paint.

- Never place bookcases where they get strong sunlight. The glare will fade the bindings and warp the covers.

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SOME PLACES I REMEMBER

by Gary Bermender

After reading Jean McCrady's "The Past has a Way of Hanging On" in the April 2020 issue of "Old Huntsville", I was reminded of certain buildings and experiences in our family's past in Huntsville. Before my time my parents, Alfred Bermender, Sr. and Lydia Bermender were born and raised up north in New Jersey and Illinois. Dad worked in the CCC camps and Mom did factory work up there. Dad worked hard, studied and got a job in the Ammunitions Inspectors School at the Savannah Ordnance Depot in IL.

I think they were living in Blackhawk, IL and I know that at some point Mom was contributing to the war effort by helping build ordnance for our military during WWII.

Dad was transferred to Redstone Arsenal in 1952 where he was assigned to the Ammunition Branch - Field Service Div. Job title: Ammunition Inspector. He was promoted in 1954 to Storage Specialist Supervisor and again in 1958 to Publication Section. His Title was Chief of the General Supply; anti-

aircraft supply manuals that required him to attend out of town conferences on the publishing of those manuals.

They first arrived here in Huntsville in the hot month of August 1952. They stayed in the Sandman Motel at 11505 So. Memorial Parkway for a few days. It's just south of Mt. Gap Road and is still there but is now a different business. I remember Mom telling me much later in years how good it felt to get inside that air-conditioned motel room. Then they moved into their second-floor apartment in the Schiffman Building at 204 Eustis Street on the Courthouse Square where Tallulah Bankhead was born.

Next is the house we lived in on Van Buren Drive in northeast Huntsville. That area was called Darwin Downs. I was born in 1963, Dad worked on the Arsenal for about 33 years and one day when I was about 6 years old he took me to see his office where he worked. I remember seeing photos of different missiles on the walls there. Some in their stands and some in flight, with some even intercepting others. At some point he worked in the Safe-Guard building on Wynn Drive

too and it's still standing but another business.

Near our Van Buren home there was the "Jiffy Stop" convenience store a few blocks away. It's on Maysville Road close to Oakwood Avenue. It still stands and is located between 1015 and 1021 Maysville Road.

Although shuttered now for many years and displaying no address, it was once candy and soda pop heaven to us neighborhood kids. When you first walked in the place you would delight in the smell of all those different fresh candies and gums permeating their wrappers. It made that whole little store smell heavenly. Mom would give my older sister Donna and I some candy money and we'd walk there and back. We always gave an equal amount to our handicapped brother Johnny back at home.

A place that the whole family loved was "Zesto" in 5 Points. Dad would park us there along Pratt Avenue and we would enjoy their delicious dip dogs with mustard and other tasty foods they offered. Other times it was Mullins on Andrew Jackson Way, for their world class chili dogs, fries and ketchup. We also liked "Dipper-Dan" ice cream at the corner of Andrew Jackson and Oakwood Avenue next to the Optimist Ball Park.

Old Huntsville Magazine Locations

This is a partial list of locations - all magazines sell for \$1 at honor boxes & machines.

They go through checkout at Walmart, Mapco, Dollar General, Walgreens.

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

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

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

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

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

For groceries, Mom shopped at Star Market in 5 Points about 90 percent of the first fifteen years of my life; my family of Mama, Papa and six older boys; it is still standing thank God. Along with the groceries for us, from the butcher there we would get some freshly packaged bones with a small amount of meat left on them. They were priced very low and they were for our German Shepherd named Aloysius (pronounced aloe-wishuss). We've also had wonderful pet cats over the years and still have some now.

Along with memories of those brick and mortar establishments come other types of memories. Such as when Mom baked her apple pies. She always did something special for us kids. She'd use the remainder of the fresh-from-scratch crust to make little sugar and cinnamon rolls that went in the oven with the big pie. This gave us a taste in the afternoon even before dessert time after supper when Dad was home.

Some Sunday mornings Dad would take my brother Johnny and I out to watch the trains go by and hear them sounding their horns at Pratt Avenue and Meridian Street and also at the old train depot on Church Street. A few times our sister Donna came with us. Donna used to write stories for Johnny and then hide the sheets between the pages of a particular encyclopedia. These were fairy tales that she re-wrote in a simpler version so they would be a little more easily understood. Just in searching for those stories, I think an element of thrill and excitement was added for Johnny back then.

When I was around 6 us neighborhood kids would ride our bikes behind the city's bug sprayer truck, breathing that gigantic billowing cloud of mosquito-killing chemical. Our parents didn't know we did that and I wonder how many brain cells we damaged in doing that!

Remember the Charles Chips panel van that went through the neighborhoods? It was light cream-colored with dark brown lettering and trim. I always thought they were delivering those potato chips (in huge metal tins) to people's homes back then. Now that I think about it though, it's more likely the driver was going home to lunch. I guess I'll never know!

Also in the 1960s my oldest brother, Alfred Bermender, Jr., was out making his own way. In the 70s he was working for NASA on the Skylab project, then in the 80s

and 90s he was with Boeing. My oldest sister Peggy worked for Civil Service, then my sister Donna is retired after many years with a car manufacturer and a regional newspaper.

Things have certainly changed a lot since those days, but I have my good memories and love every one of them!

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When life was simple...



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

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

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

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