



No. 355

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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

PHOTOGRAPHING THE INVISIBLE MILL CHILDREN

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“We don’t have any accidents in this mill,” the overseer told me. “Once in a while a finger is mashed or a foot, but it don’t amount to anything.”



Also in this issue: The Raid on Athens; Clothing Malfunctions; The Last Person to see Russel Erskine Alive; W. C. Handy, Father of the Blues; Dinner on the Grounds; Big Cove’s Immigrants, Pet tips, Recipes and MORE!

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Photographing the Invisible Mill Children

by Tom Carney

They say pictures don't lie. Lewis Hine, the crusading social photographer of the early 20th century, built his career on this assumption. Around the nation and in Huntsville he took pictures of children working in the fields, mines, and factories of a nation caught in the gears of industrialization. These children look at you from the depths of time as if to say, "I was here, remember me." In black and white, in tattered clothes, in a childhood cut short by work in the Huntsville cotton mills, they lived lives now forgotten. At the dawn of the twentieth century Lewis Hine waged his crusade to take children out of the workplace and give them a childhood. In the end, he failed. But it was a glorious failure.

Lewis Hine was born in 1874 to Douglas Hull and Sara Hayes Hine of Oshkosh Wisconsin. He grew up in the relative privilege of a white middle

class upbringing. His parents owned a small restaurant in downtown Oshkosh and Lewis attended school, graduating in 1892.

In 1892, Lewis' father died and the family fell upon hard times. Lewis took a job in a local upholstery factory for four dollars a week. The 13-hour days and six-day weeks gave him a taste of how the other half lived. He later said, "For seven years I lived behind the scenes in the life of the worker, gaining an understanding that increased through the years."

After the upholstery factory closed he took a variety of jobs around the Oshkosh area. He also began studying sculpture and drawing at this time, taking correspondence courses and attending the normal school (a school set up to train future school teachers) in Oshkosh.

The ideas of art, especially those of the composition and arrangement of his subjects, would have a great effect on his photography. Hine used a five-by-seven box camera with a bulb-operated shutter and a magnesium flash. Unlike modern photographers with faster, lighter cameras, which can be used to capture a subject in motion, Hine had to set up his camera and pose his subjects. Photographers compose so as to have a specific effect on a viewer. At the time the rules of photographic composition said a subject should look

"Be brave. Even if you're not, pretend to be. No one can tell the difference."

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away from the camera to give the illusion of being caught un-awares. In contrast Hine had his subject look directly into the camera. This gave the viewer intimacy with and sympathy for the subject.

In 1900 Hine enrolled in the University of Chicago, although he only stayed there a year. In 1901 he followed his friend and mentor Frank A. Manny to New York when Manny was appointed superintendent of the Ethical Cultural School in New York. Hine took a position teaching at the school. There he began developing his love for photography.

At first he took pictures of the school clubs but, on a school field trip to Ellis Island, he saw the immigrants. At the beginning of the twentieth century immigrants, mostly from Eastern Europe, flooded the shores of America. Often seen as dirty, uneducated vermin who brought with them huge social problems America did not need, many in America looked down on them. Hine saw something in them that most, including his students, did not.


Using his camera he returned again and again to capture portraits of a people teeming to America's shores to breathe the air of freedom. Going up to people who often did not speak English, he communicated his desire to take their picture.

In the crowded conditions of Ellis Island he would set up his tripod and camera. Without a common language he would communicate the pose he wanted them to hold. Using hand ignited magnesium flash powder he would take the portrait of the immigrant and, in the ensuing smoke and confusion, disappear into the crowd. Again and again in these pictures one sees what would

later become a major theme of Hine's work: The inherent dignity of his subjects. Again and again the nameless people who look out from their portraits are shown not as sub-humans coming to America to commit crimes and live off the dole, but as people whose only crime is wanting freedom and opportunity. Their crime was hope.

In 1907, with a growing family to support, Hine began working for the National Child Labor Committee. Over the next ten years he logged hundreds of thousands of miles crisscrossing the nation, photographing children working in the industries of America. Much of his work was done in Huntsville where he captured the images of the young children working in the mills.

At Dallas, Lowe, Merrimack and Lincoln mills he saw children going to work daily. Many of them were underage, some as young as seven, their parents having lied on the affidavits they were required to sign attesting to the age of the child. Often the family needed



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the money and, not having any education themselves, they did not want their children "wasting" their time going to school.

In the Huntsville cotton mills children were often hired as "doffers", "spinners", and "sweepers". Doffers went around the mill replacing the whirling bobbins as they filled with thread. Spinners kept an eye on the bobbins and when a thread broke they tied the ends together. Sweepers kept the floors clean so the other workers could do their jobs more efficiently. The mill owners valued the small workers whose deft fingers meant they could do the work quickly and thus maximize the money the mill owners spent. And, because they were children, the owners did not have to pay them as much as an adult.

At this time, the machinery often lacked even basic safety features. Moving parts were often exposed and it was easy to get a limb caught and mangled. Once while Hine was at a factory he reported, "A twelve-year old doffer boy fell into a spinning machine and the unprotected gearing tore off two of his fingers. "We don't have any accidents in this mill," the overseer told me. "Once in a while a finger is mashed or a foot, but it don't amount to anything."

At first Hine managed to gain inside access to the mills themselves, taking pictures of children so small they had to stand on the spinning machines to do their work. He would tell the supervisors he wanted to photograph the mills operation. Fumbling around with the camera and equipment he would deliberately waste time until the supervisor would grow bored and wander off.

Hine then set about on his real task of photographing the children. Later the pictures would end up in newspapers and in displays the National

Child Labor Committee set up around the country to raise awareness of child labor. When the mill owners caught on, they barred him from the mills and instructed the supervisors to run him off when they caught him around. Hine then began hanging around outside the mills, taking pictures of the children coming and going to work.

The cotton mills began to put pressure on Hine, hoping to run him out of town. Other Huntsville businesses, beholden to the cotton mills, refused to sell anything to him. He was refused admittance to businesses and had to order his film from out of town. At one point he was forced to sleep in his car when a local hotel refused to rent him a room.

But taking pictures was only half the battle. It still remained to convince the nation that these invisible children who made the conveniences that they brought were people. Hine had to give his vision to others. On breaks from his schedule of shooting at the factories he would go around the nation lecturing about what he saw in the factories, mines,

and streets of the nation where children labored.

He told of the brutal 13-hour days of back-breaking labor to groups of affluent, middle class businessmen. He told how children, too young to protest, were enslaved by corporate greed. In one instance he came to Huntsville on his lecture tour, he had to change the captions on some of the pictures to avoid being run out of town.

The wealthy cotton mill owners began a campaign to discredit Hine and his photographs. Powerful lobbyists in Washington labeled him a Communist and assertions were made that his photographs were staged. One lobbyist went so far as to say that the children portrayed in the pictures were actually dwarfs.

Despite the criticism leveled at him Hine refused to defend himself, choosing instead to let the photographs speak for themselves.

President Wilson, after viewing the photographs, was said to have been "shocked to his inner core." The stark



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black and white photos of young children enslaved to corporate greed created a national controversy and people began pressing for reform.

In 1916 and again in 1918 Congress passed child labor reform laws but the Supreme Court struck them down. In 1924 Congress attempted to pass a Constitutional Amendment that would authorize a national child labor law. At each of the hearings Hine's photographs of children working in the Huntsville cotton mills were exhibited.

Groups opposed to any increase in federal law in areas relating to children lobbied against the amendment and within ten years the measure died. Only during the Great Depression of the 1930s did child labor finally begin dying. But not because of activism or laws: In this period of high unemployment men competed even for the lowest paying jobs formerly held by children.

At the same time labor unions began to agitate for change. But the most powerful reason for change was the growing need by industry for more skilled workers. School became, not an option, but a necessity to get a job. It was not until 1938, when President Roosevelt signed the Fair Labor Standards Act, that severe restrictions were placed on child labor. Amended in 1949, the law finally put teeth in the regulation of child labor. Yet even today, in dark out-of-the-way corners, child labor continues.

In 1917, when the NCLC voted to reduce his salary from \$275 to \$200 a month, Hine and the National Child Labor Committee parted ways. In 1918 Hine went to Europe with the Red Cross to photograph the aftermath of World War I. There he saw the ultimate horror of the industrial age: the aftermath of a war that had ground a generation of men into hamburger.

When he returned to America he felt ready to take on new challenges. "I thought I had done my share of negative documentation," he later recalled, "Now I wanted to do something positive."

During the 1920s he worked on a series of portraits he called his "Work Portraits". With titles such as "Freight Brakeman", "The Engineer", "Mechanic" and "The Printer". His work of this period showed the dignity and satisfaction people could get from labor.

"Cities do not build themselves," he said, "machines cannot make machines, unless back of them all are the brains and toil of men."

In 1930 he became the official photographer during the construction of the Empire State Building. The high point of his career, this body of work showed more than any other Hine's love for the workers of America. Whereas before he had shown the dark and shameful underbelly of industry, he now showed the glories that the American worker could accomplish. Lugging his heavy equipment hundreds of feet into the air, he documented workers as they thrust a tower of steel, stone and glass a quarter of a mile into the sky.

The remainder of the 1930s was not kind to Hine. With the initiation of Roosevelt's administration and the New Deal legislation the nation needed photographers to document the Depression and what Roosevelt was doing about it. Most of the new generation of editors felt Hine was past his prime and too temperamental. He could not get on with the influential Farm Services Administration.

He did manage to get a job photographing the work of the Tennessee Valley Administration but quit not long after he started because of artistic differences. By the middle of the 30s he was broke and



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had to sell his house. In 1940 Lewis Hine died, destitute and discouraged.

If you are tempted to think of Hine's life as wasted, do not. His art, though it did not accomplish what he intended, did what true art always does: it showed the beauty of creation in spite of the ugliness of the world. A machine cannot see a person. In many ways a person cannot see another person.

How many times have you encountered an invisible person? It may be a waiter who brings your food at a restaurant. You're talking with friends, the waiter brings your food, you say thanks or perhaps nothing, the waiter leaves and disappears from your perception. Who really thinks, "Did he have a good day?" "What are his prospects for a bright future?" And a hundred other questions about his life.

Do we ever think about the person who made our car or built our house, not to mention the person who grew our food or made our clothes?

These people are the invisible people that make our lives possible.

The genius of Lewis Hine wasn't in the composition of his pictures or in his decision to use the camera. The genius of Lewis Hine was his ability to see the invisible person and show that person to us, very clearly.

His pictures helped change a nation but in Huntsville, home of the cotton mills he photographed, he had been conveniently forgotten...until now.



"If Lincoln were alive today, he'd be rolling over in his grave."

Gerald Ford

News from 1923

- Firemen Not Active, but Ready (June 5, 1923)

The Huntsville fire department hasn't had a run for a matter of nearly three weeks, not even a false alarm. However, members of the department are always ready and always prepared to respond to calls when they come.

- Gurley Boy Drowned in River

While swimming in Paint Rock river Sunday afternoon, Leslie Thomas, aged 13, was drowned. The body was recovered and removed to the home of his parents in Gurley, where the funeral was held Monday afternoon. According to those who were swimming with young Thomas, he dove from the bank into the stream and never came up. They became frightened and called for help which was soon forthcoming and after a long search the body was recovered. It is supposed the young man's head hit the bottom of the stream and rendered him unconscious.

- Arab Child Chews on Dynamite and lives

Mrs. C. E. Brewster called frantically for police when she found her three-year-old daughter, Frances, eating the neighbor's dynamite. Police said the child was chewing on the end of a half pound when they arrived and removed it from her tiny hands.

- Baptists want more room. The First Baptist church will offer \$11,000 for the Smith and Vaughn property, west and north side of the church. If the offer is accepted the church, it is stated, will be enlarged and other improvements made.

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Justice in Your Court

by Tom Borchers

In local author Tom Borchers's new book, "Justice in Your Court", the reader is placed in the jury box to decide fifty real-life cases. Here is an excerpt from one such case:

Wilbert Lee Evans v. Muncy, Warden

Former Justice Robert H. Jackson said this about the Supreme Court: "We are not final because we are infallible, but we are infallible only because we are final." How important is "procedural finality" in our system of justice?

Wilbert Lee Evans was convicted in Virginia of capital murder and sentenced to death. He received the death penalty rather than life without parole based on one aggravating circumstance: if allowed to live, Evans would pose a serious threat of future danger. Without this finding, Evans could not have been sentenced to death. Evans asserted that his conduct while in prison was proof that the "one aggravating circumstance" the jury found was not applicable and he sought to stay his execution.

In January of 1981, Evans grabbed a police officer's gun and shot and killed the officer. Evans was apprehended shortly thereafter.

After being convicted of the officer's murder, the jury then had to determine whether Evans's penalty would be life in prison (without parole) or death. The jury determined that Evans should receive the death penalty based upon the special circumstance of his being a future threat to safety and security.

About ten years later, Evans challenged his death sentence arguing that the one basis for his receiving the death penalty - "future dangerousness" - was no longer applicable as demonstrated by certain events that occurred while

he was sitting on death row.

On May 31, 1984, six death row inmates at the prison where Evans was being held engineered an escape. Armed with makeshift knives, the inmates took twelve prison guards and two female nurses hostage. The hostages were stripped of their clothes, bound, and blindfolded.

According to undisputed testimony by the hostages -- both guards and nurses -- Evans took decisive steps to calm the riot, saving the lives of several hostages and preventing the rape of one of the nurses.

One guard that was held hostage testified in a subsequent hearing: "Based upon what I saw and heard it is my firm opinion that if any of the escaping inmates had tried to harm us, Evans would have come to our aid. It is my belief that had it not been for Evans, I might not be here today." Other guards taken hostage verified that Evans protected them and the other hostages from danger.

Furthermore, the testimony was that Evans's conduct during the May 1984 uprising was consistent with his exemplary behavior during his close to ten years on death row.

The State of Virginia's opposition to Evans's application to stay the execution barely contests Evans's depiction of the relevant events. Indeed, the state concedes that the sole basis for Evans's death sentence - he posed a continuing serious threat to society - in fact does not exist.

The only ground asserted by

the state for permitting Evans's execution to go forward is its interest in procedural finality. According to the state, permitting a death row inmate to challenge a finding of future dangerousness by reference to facts occurring after the sentence will unleash an endless stream of litigation.

The United States Supreme Court has held that to reach a verdict of death the jury must be required to find and specifically identify at least one designated "special circumstance" as to the crime charged and/or the defendant's character. One such factor set out in Virginia's statutes is the defendant's propensity to commit violent acts in the future.

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT: Should Evans be granted a stay of execution?

The Court's Decision

The United States Supreme Court denied Evans' request for a stay of execution.

The majority of justices agreed with the State of Virginia that to grant the stay would lead to circumstances wherein any death sentence based on future dangerousness could be contested repeatedly each time a prisoner's behavior could be characterized as meritorious.

Wilbert Evans was executed in the electric chair shortly after 11:00 PM on October 17, 1990 - the very same day that the Supreme Court issued its order denying a stay of execution.

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My First Impressions of Huntsville

by Donna Peacher



When we arrived in Huntsville in 1961, we found a small cotton town with one red light on Memorial Parkway.

The population, however, was growing by leaps and bounds! It had gained around 50,000 people in the past ten years and it was really hard to find a place to live. As I think Walter Cronkite said on a later visit to Huntsville, the Parkway was a roller coaster full of wild-eyed drivers!

It seemed that every time I closed my eyes, another building, sub-division or street seemed to appear. Huntsville was a "boom" town in every sense of the word.

It also became immediately apparent that this small town had some very special civic-minded leaders. These leaders came together at the right time and place to put Huntsville on a path to excellence.

Marshall Space Flight Center was less than a year old. There was no Research Park. The contractors involved in military and space support had to move into empty warehouses and buildings wherever they could find them.

I specifically remember driving past the HIC Building complex (or was it HIEC? But, certainly not HICK!) and its parking lot on Meridian Street, lined to the brim with various contractors and saying, "What in the world is going on there?" Huntsville had one strip mall, Pearsall Shopping Center on North Memorial Parkway.

Its biggest claim to fame, as far as we were concerned, was Terry's Pizza, the first in Huntsville. A little later, Big Ed's Pizza on Oakwood Avenue appeared. Through the years, my husband and I have bounced back and forth between Terry's and Big Ed's. Their delicious pizzas vie with each other to this day, fifty years later!

The Heart of Huntsville Mall was under construction on Memorial Parkway. When completed, it would have a Sears & Roebuck! It would be Huntsville's first enclosed mall. It was just north of the present day Governors Drive intersection.

However, in 1961, there was no Governors Drive. Therefore, Dunnivant's Mall at the corner of Governors Drive and Memorial Parkway had not yet been built.

An interesting bit of information was much later given to my husband by a fellow employee to the effect that he could have purchased the land which eventually became home to Dunnivant's Mall (and then still later became the Huntsville Hospital Medical Mall) for \$300.00, but he thought it was much too swampy!

Of course, neither the Heart of Huntsville Mall nor Dunnivant's Mall exists today, becoming victims of progress. However in 1961, as I recall, I enjoyed shopping at the Dunnivant's Department Store on Washington Street downtown, together with a Kress Five and Dime and a Belk-Hudson Department Store.

I do so regret that the old original courthouse was torn down. It was a southern structure in every sense of the word. It was such a stately building, with Civil War statues on the front lawn and huge white columns. It displayed the very essence of our historic Huntsville.

"The older I get, the more I remember things that never happened."

Mark Twain



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ABOUT HANK WILLIAMS

by Bill Alkire



It was a bleak, cold, snowy, and dreary New Year's day, Thursday January 1, 1953. The cold air penetrated every inch of one's body. The high temperature was to be in the low thirties. Snow remained on the ground accumulated over several days.

Making matters worse, my best friend Ronnie's family had lost their gas furnace overnight. He was going to his Grandmother's house. We had planned to watch a game at his house. Ronnie said to me "Oh! By the way, a performer that you like, I cannot remember his name, died this morning in Oak Hill."

I had not heard of any performer dying and could not guess who he could be referring to.

It was decided I would go with him to his Grandmother's, where we could watch the game. I packed what I needed to stay overnight. The radio in Ronnie's Dad's 1950 Ford was on, however only bits and pieces of the breaking news could I make out. A well-known male singer had died of a heart attack in Oak Hill, West Virginia was all I could understand. Sammy Kaye dance music was playing on the radio. Not the kind of music twelve-year old's listen too. The station also gave the weather, as if we were not aware - it was cold, and more snow was expected.

The sky got darker, with total cloud cover blocking out any sun. The wind was blowing from the northeast making it more miserable. As we entered Ronnie's Grandmother's house, they were talking about the death of Hank Williams. I was stunned and shocked at what I heard. Hank was one of my favorite singers. I recently began listening and following Bluegrass and Country genre music. The tent revivals with their Bluegrass Gospel and Frosty Jones with his fiddle intrigued me.

To understand Hank Williams' tragic death, one must look at the days preceding. The fatal trip began in Montgomery, Alabama, Tuesday, December 30, 1952. Hank was staying at his Mom's boarding house. He had scheduled a gig in Charleston, West Virginia December 31, 1952, and a gig in Canton, Ohio January 1, 1953. He was unable to drive himself because of back surgery relieve pain from the spina bifida, an abnormal spinal condition he had been born with.

He asked a good friend's son Charles Carr, 17, a Freshman at Auburn University, who was

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home on Christmas break to drive him to Charleston, West Virginia. Hank told Charles he could drive his 1953 Baby Blue Cadillac convertible.

When Charles and Hank left Montgomery, it was rain turning to ice and snow. A heavy drinker since his late teens, Hank bought a six pack of Falstaff beer before they left. They only made it to Birmingham, that night, Tuesday December 30, 1952, because of the weather.

The next morning the state had cleared US Hwy. 11 and the two left for Chattanooga, TN. Stopping in Fort Payne for gas, Hank bought a pint of bourbon. It was snowing when they reached Chattanooga. Hank attempted to get a flight to Charleston; all flights were cancelled due to the weather. The two of them drove on north, arriving in Knoxville, Tennessee Wednesday night December 31, 1952. They were able to get a room about 7:00 pm at the Andrew Johnson Hotel downtown on Gay Street, where Hank fell ill. They were notified the show in Charleston had been cancelled. Hank's contract however, required him to be in Canton the next day.

Hank had been taking "Chloral Hydrate" to sleep. A doctor came and injected Hank with B12 and Morphine for his constant back pain. At 10:30 pm that night the orderlies wheel-chaired Hank to the car. He was dressed in a Robin Egg

Blue suit with his signature white hat. The two drove off in the night, driving as fast as the road would allow. Charlie was stopped by police in Elaine, TN. After paying the fine they proceeded on north traveling US 11 to Abingdon, VA where they picked up US 19 to Bluefield, West Virginia stopping there for gas.

Hank got out and stretched his legs. He refused to eat saying he needed to sleep to get ready for the show in Canton. They proceeded on via US 19 into Beckley, West Virginia. While passing through Beckley, Charles noticed Hank was not covered by the blanket. Pulling off to adjust the blanket, Charles perceived that Hank was unresponsive. He

pulled into a gas station and asked the attendant where the hospital was. By this time, it was getting daylight.

The hospital was six miles away in Oak Hill, West Virginia. Pulling into the ER the hospital techs came out immediately. They informed Charles that Hank had died. The cause of death was drug/alcohol-related heart attack.

At 29 Hiram King Williams (Hank) died, January 1, 1953. His legend lives on. A lifesize statue of him holding a guitar stands in Montgomery, AL, across the street from City Hall, the site of his funeral. Hank is interred near downtown, 300 meters away from the Alabama State House at Oakwood Annex Cemetery.



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**Ask
Grandma**
by Mimi

My Favorite time of the year - football season - is here once again. We enjoy every Saturday with friends, food and football. We always wear our school colors because we believe it brings the school good luck. Makes us feel more like teenagers in the stands like we were many years ago.

While shopping today, I saw Christmas decorations already out in the two big-box stores I visited. Some had started last month in August. Maybe they should simply leave them out all year because several stores had a "Christmas in July" sale in mid-summer. It was then that I bought some clothes for my grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Had to get larger sizes, because they will be bigger by Christmas when my monogrammed present to them is opened. That also gives me plenty of time to sew them before December.

Since I had polio as a child, I was most concerned that New York detected the Polio virus in their water system and several people have contracted the disease. The report stated one had died, and another was paralyzed. Folks, this is a serious matter. If your child hasn't been vaccinated, get it done as soon as you can.

It breaks your heart to see children in an Iron Lung and paralyzed, as I have seen, when it can be so easily prevented. Even if you recover mobility, as I did, many years later, you will suffer, to some degree, with Post-Polio-Syndrome that still affects the neurons to the muscles.

More currently, Covid has recently affected four of my close friends that had all their shots. Yet another friend in their sixties died two months ago with only the initial two shots, not the boosters.

I have a horror story of three people who had all their shots but in early August had mild symptoms and tested positive for Covid, went out to a large restaurant, and had dinner. That was unconscionable for them to do that. I shudder to think how many people they exposed, and of course, no one wore a mask. While the new strain may not be as deadly if you've had all your shots, the cases are on the rise, and it's serious for the very elderly and those with compromised systems.

Let's don't even get into Monkey Pox. At the time of this writing, there were over 1500 cases in the U.S. — Georgia being one of the highest based on state percentage.

We still have to lead optimistic lives and enjoy each day to the fullest. But, as you get older, like Grandma, there aren't as many years left. Doing small kindnesses for other people is an excellent way to spend some of your time, and it will give you a warm feeling to do something for another person, maybe in need, without being asked.

The fall leaves are not far away. If you are able, take a drive to Gatlinburg near Knoxville, enjoy the fall colors early and take lots of digital photos. They are cheap, not costly, like the old Kodak film of my generation. I'll save some memories of the family evenings I spent as a kid with my father, entertaining the family, viewing Kodachrome color slides on the Carousel projector of a trip we'd taken to a colorful spot like the Rocky Mountains.

Last tip, buy flower bulbs in the fall and plant them. You get lovely surprises in the spring when they stick their little heads out of the soil and bloom for you.

Until next time, Stay Safe.

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BIG COVE'S YUGOSLAVIAN IMMIGRANTS

by William Sibley

Several Yugoslavian immigrants lived in Big Cove in the late 1940s, perhaps into the early 1950s. Two of those immigrants lived in a tenant house on the Sibley property. They were Steve Turk and Frank Banks.

My father, Ronnie Sibley, ran a grocery store on the Sibley place during the Great Depression. That store was located on the north side of Highway 431. After the Great Depression, my father leased the store to several families, including the John McBride family and the Russell Sisk family. Messrs. McBride and Sisk became acquainted with Steve and Frank who, at the time, lived in the tiny mill house behind the store. Before moving into the mill house, Steve and Frank and several more Yugoslavian immigrants lived in a home behind the mill house that was owned by Ida (Miller) Lyle, a widow, who was my Grandmother Sibley's sister. The house had been occupied in earlier years by Mollie (Miller) Moore, also a widow and sister of Grandmother Sibley.

When the immigrants lived in the house mentioned above, there were several of them, and in warm weather, they would sit on the front porch and wave to passersby. The path in front of the house was on the route to my Sadler Grandparents' home, and as we walked by, the old men always waved a friendly hello to us. The path also led to the McBrides' and Sisks' grocery stores. All of the immigrants told Messrs. Sisk and McBride that they never heard from their relatives in the Old Country, referring to Yugoslavia.

Betty Sue (Miller) Lewis; her sister Shirley and their cousin, Earline Hucks, would walk by the immigrants' house on their way to the store. The old men would holler, "Cotton, there! Cotton, there!" as the young ladies passed by. According to Betty Sue's interpretation, the men thought cotton had been planted in the freshly plowed field and the girls should not walk on that soil.

My Great Aunt Ida's son, Talmage Lyle, and his

son, Edsel, managed the place, and all the immigrants moved away, possibly to make room for sharecroppers. It was at that time that Steve and Frank moved into the mill house.

In the meantime, the tenant house on the Sibley place, the first home of my parents who married in 1927, became vacant, so Steve and Frank moved in. Lonnie Whitt of the local welfare office visited the men regularly and would stop by our house and tell us that the men appeared to be well and happy.

We always thought that Steve was older than Frank, so our family referred to Frank as "Junior." To our surprise, when the men moved away, we found evidence in the house that Frank was two years older than Steve.

Each day, one of us Sibley siblings would take water to the men and sometimes we would take food. There were five boys and five girls in our family and my sister Sherry was their favorite. Sherry did their grocery shopping. To assure themselves that they would get the right groceries, they would show Sherry labels from the cans of food they wanted. Sherry discovered that the men ate lots of bread and cheese, which they called "shish."

They would spread coins on their L-shaped, homemade table and have Sherry get the amount needed for the purchase. Sherry knew the cost of each item. The men always insisted on giving Sherry a six-cent tip each time she did their shopping.

"Sometimes the amount of self control it takes to not say what's on my mind is so immense, I need a long nap afterward."

William Powers, Arab

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Steve and Frank were always kind and friendly with us and they had a friendly dog named Ben, who would run to meet us each day as we came to deliver water and/or food. They spoke to their dog in English and in their native tongue and the dog always appeared to understand. My mother said the dog was very intelligent because he understood two languages. Things seemed to be going smoothly for Steve and Frank until the night I took them some soup and found Steve lying on the floor, unable to get up. I came home and got my mother and an older brother, James aka Sib, and they got Steve back in bed. I don't think my mother got any sleep that night, and early the next day, she contacted the welfare office to inform them of the situation. Lonnie Whitt came to the men's house immediately, then stopped by our house to tell us that Steve and Frank would be moving into Moore's Rest Home, where they would be warm and comfortable. My mother was relieved to hear the good news.

I visited the immigrants when they were getting ready to move, and they told me to fetch Sherry because they had her a present, which they pronounced "pre-'zent." Sherry and I went back to their house and they gave Sherry a ton of coal which they had recently bought. That was a good present, because we heated our home with coal.

In 1952, Frank died in his home at Huntsville, Route 4, at the age of 83. He had been living in the United States since 1901.

According to the May 25, 1955, edition of the Huntsville Times, Steve lived three years after moving to Huntsville. He died at the age of 82, so he was 79 when he moved to Huntsville. According to the account in the Times, after moving from Big Cove to Huntsville, Steve, at the age of 79, was found unconscious and lying in the street. The police were called, and as an act of kindness, they took Steve to jail so that he would have a warm bed. The old man was not expected to live. Dr. Robert Bibb attended to him.

Steve was taken back to Moore's Rest Home and was fed by a medicine dropper and after some time, he began to rally. Surprisingly, he lived three more years, dying at the age of 82. It was learned that Steve had been living in the United States for about 8 years, but it is not known where he lived before living in Big Cove.

Steve was buried in Maple Hill Cemetery and his burial expenses were covered by Wendell Payne. Steve's rosary services were held at Huntsville's Church of the Visitation. Several prominent men - Herbert and Coyle Ray, P.S. Dunnivant, Will Fowler and Clarence Tidwell - served as pallbearers. Approximately 15 members of the local Catholic church attended the rosary. Most likely,

among those attending were Father Messmer and Father Coleman of the local St. Joseph's Mission who, according to the newspaper account, visited Steve faithfully during his convalescence. Steve rests in Maple Hill Cemetery, but not in a pauper's grave.

Steve and "Junior" were a memorable part of my childhood and an important part of Big Cove's history.

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The Majesty of King Cotton

by W. L. "Dub" Hoover



"Cotton is King" was a phrase born in 1858 in a speech by Senator James Hammond, a southern plantation owner. Actually, Cotton was King to the generations of farm families who grew up, and grew old, working in the cotton fields as a way of survival - without ever giving a thought to where it came from or how long ago. Those are some facts I want now to share with you. This is not intended to be a scientific or scholarly paper, so no footnotes or source references are given.

This story begins in 5000 BC in Mexico where cotton fiber and cloth fragments were found. Cotton was first cultivated as a fabric in 3000 BC in the Indus River Valley in Pakistan. In 2500 BC, the Chinese, Egyptian, and South American civilizations began weaving cotton fabric.

The first cotton spinning factory opened in Manchester, United Kingdom, marking the true beginning of Europe's cotton industry in 1641.

Until the cotton gin was invented by Eli Whitney in 1793, the cotton fiber was separated from the embedded seeds by hand, using two small boards with rough surfaces to extract the seed. It was called Carding and was a very slow process. It took a worker a whole day to "Card" ten pounds of cotton.

Needless to say, the advent of the gin revolutionized the cotton industry, making it possible to produce volumes of fine fabric. Eli Whitney, the U.S. inventor, was also a manufacturer, mechanical engineer and plantation owner. With this invention, by the early 1800s America's southern states were the world's largest exporter of cotton to thriving British textile mills, before we had our own fabric mills.

Fast forward to about 1930 where Huntsville and Madison County, AL were home to four textile cotton mill villages, one cotton seed/oil mill, and two cotton gins, encircling the city of Huntsville with maybe a population of 8,000. Each village had its own high school. There was Dallas Mill with Rison High, Lincoln Mill with Lincoln High, Merrimack with Joe Bradley High and Lowe Mill with West Huntsville High. All were Madison County Schools. Huntsville City had its own high school. The cotton seed/oil mill did not create a village but it did create an aroma like country ham frying throughout the area when in operation. It produced cotton seed meal and oil used for enhancing animal feed.

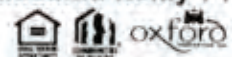
The star of this story, King Cotton, is so called because

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James Holt McGavran

it was and is the dominant product of agriculture in our area.

Cotton is a beautiful shrub-type plant, cultivated as a row crop that matures at about three feet tall with soft green foliage. The plant produces multiple blossoms that open as a brilliant white flower the first day, turn red the second day, then brown the third day. A green boll begins forming and grows to about golf ball size. When the boll is mature it opens to expose several locks of snow white fluffy fiber, containing several seeds the size of a peanut, each capable of producing a three foot tall plant of its own the following year. The photo shows how the cotton looked at pickin' time.

During the early decades of cotton farming, every step was accomplished by hand with tools now perceived as primitive. Cultivating the ground and planting was done by mule-pulled plows. A hand tool called grubbing hoe was used for weed and grass control. (In later years, chemicals were introduced for insect and unwanted vegetation management.) Harvesting was accomplished one fluffy white opened boll in each hand at a time, deposited into a seven foot "pick sack" with a strap over the picker's shoulder.

"Good" pickers could pack up to 100 pounds in a sack which was then dragged or hoisted on the shoulder and taken to the wagon for weighing and emptying. When the mule drawn wagon had 12 to 1500 pounds, it was ready for the trip to the gin. At the gin the cotton was sucked from the wagon by a large vacuum and fed into the ginning machine consisting of rows of spinning knives that separated

the fiber from the seeds. The fiber was sent to a large powerful press where it would be bound into square bales weighing about 500 pounds, then transported to a warehouse for storage until sold. The seeds were deposited in bags and preserved for the next year's crop or sent to the cotton seed mill for processing into meal or oil.

Before leaving the gin a sample was extracted from each bale and sent to a grading station to determine the quality of the fiber. The graded samples were made available to potential buyers working for the Cotton Fabric Mills.

After this long process the farmer who did 99% of the work and bore all the risk finally got paid. This describes cotton farming as it still was on small family farms during my early growing up years.

Fast forward again a few decades. The first practical mechanical cotton picker was developed over a period of years from the late 1920s by brothers John Danielle and Mack Rust. It was another invention that again revolutionized the cotton industry, making it possible for farmers to dramatically increase crop production along with their standard of living. More production called for more mechanical pickers, more gins and more textile mills. Now, mechanical pickers not only remove the cotton from the stalk, they also roll it into six foot tall round bales weighing hundreds of pounds, wrapped in a color-coded "skin" for protection and farmer's identification.

To those of us engaged in cotton farming in the early and mid-twentieth century, the "Cotton Pickin' Machine" became King, and it was King Cotton's best ever friend, second only to the cotton gin which preceded it by a few decades.



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Heard On the Street

by *Cathey Carney*



We had winners again this month, everyone trying to win a \$50 annual subscription to Old Huntsville. We had SO many calls for the baby of the month last month, of course it was that feisty **Jackie Reed** who just recently passed away, and was definitely our city's watchdog. The first person to call and ID Jackie was **Karen Hancock**, of Huntsville. She met Jackie many times and goes to church at Jackson Way Baptist. Karen says "GO LEE Generals!"

Then I did an amazing job in hiding the tiny face of a little Shi-Tzu puppy and not many were able to find it. It was on page 45, top picture, an inch under the lady's arm. Do you see it? But we did have a few who called and the first one was **Judy Smith**, who recently is the proud mom of a new RagDoll cat named **Gypsy Lee**. Congratulations to Judy and you get 12 months of Old Huntsville

absolutely FREE!

We talked recently with **Lois Raney** and found that she just turned 93 years young. July 20 was her day and we say we hope you had a big PARTY for your birthday.

Barb Eyestone celebrates her special day on Sep. 17 - Happy Birthday beautiful lady!

Anyone who ever got their car filled up with gas at Costco on University and Parkway will remember **Bill Piraino**. He was that little guy with the white hair who spoke with everyone and was the most helpful and friendly man. He loved history (lived in Tennessee and came to work here every day) and every time I filled up I'd give him and his wife a copy of Old Huntsville. Bill was the most positive and supportive person who loved his co-workers. He passed away last September, and there are so many who still ask about him. He is so missed.

Here's some great advice from **Trey McDowell**, the owner of Lil Cowboy Kennels here in Huntsville, who is a long-time Shi-Tzu breeder. "Never leave home without a hug, a kiss and an 'I LOVE YOU.' Then wipe the dog hair from your mouth as you get into your car."

So many in our area were just heartbroken to learn that **Donnie Lewter**, 64 years old, had passed away. Donnie graduated from Huntsville High School and attended Auburn University, where he was a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity. He went to work

in Lewter's Hardware, the family business, and it remains today as one of the one of the best hardware stores in the state. Donnie's great grandfather started Lewter's Hardware in Huntsville in 1928. Well known by so many, Donnie loved serving the community and helping friends, customers and even strangers. He is survived by his daughter, **Jincy Lewter**; his parents, **Bettie and Donald Lewter**; sister, **Doran Stamps (Gary)**; brother **Malcom "Mac" Lewter (Barbara)**; and his special families, his Lewter Hardware family; **Elizabeth, Patrick, Luella and Kade Leberte; Elliott, Janelle and Jay Stamps**; his chosen son **Caleb Hipp** and the Hipp family and **Jay Laster** and the Laster family.

Donnie always supported the Golden K Kiwanis in their activities to help families in this area who were having hard times. He was that smiling face you'd always see behind the front counter. He was a friend to many and will never be forgotten.

Marsha Perkins just celebrated her birthday on Aug. 8th. We couldn't let the month go by without saying Happy Birthday Sweet

Photo of The Month

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

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Lady! Marsha goes to work every day at Watson McKinney LLP and has for many years.

I was fortunate to meet **Arthur Hudson** recently while out shopping, and stopped to talk with him. He was accepting donations at a building supply store. He's a volunteer for Veterans' Outreach and I had not heard of their organization. Their goal is to use resources to help veterans with their unique needs such as direct aid, food, clothing, outreach, etc. I was happy to donate and told him I'd put the contact info in our column. If you are interested in finding out more, call **Carol** at (256) 778-3266 - they've been working for Vets for 27 years now and Alabama is one of their six states.

Woody Anderson Ford is a Huntsville staple and can you believe they're celebrating 60 years in business? Congratulations to them and we're betting on 60 more successful years.

Happy Birthday to that handsome **Sam Keith** on Sep. 28. He's sort of a youngster but let's just say he's between 70 and 90.

It's inevitable - we are all going to **get forgetful**. The smart thing to do is to plan for that. For instance, it's impossible to remember every doctor's appointment or lunch date you make, why not just put it all down on your email calendar? Or on your phone's calendar? When you have things you want to take with you as you're going out - put them in a staging area like your kitchen table, or whatever is close to your door.

If there's a process you do that requires many steps, write them down! Hopefully you won't have to use your notes for a long time, but if you do, they're right there. Plan for your forgetfulness!

Happy Birthday to Huntsville's **Ann Lawler**. Her sweet daughter **Karen Wilkerson** called to let us know her Mom is having a September birthday.

Happy 80th birthday on Aug. 31 to **Jane Tippett** who owns and operates the Historic Lowry House. There is no way this dear lady is 80 when she looks barely 65. A beautiful person inside and out!

There are still many events going on around town and one of our favorites is **Low Mill Concerts on the Dock**. You sit on the grass and watch amazing musicians. Bring chairs, kids, drinks and pets. It's a free event every Friday night through Oct 7 but bring \$5 for parking. **Greene Street Market** continues through October, every Thursday from 4-8. You can get everything from fresh local veges and fruits to homemade ice cream bars, ready made dinners, wonderful cookies, soaps and lotions, tea, fresh eggs, etc. **The Museum of Art** has events, **Burritt Museum** - just Google Huntsville Events and you'll find many for you and your family.

This is for young people only - I know many of you read this magazine. Put that cell phone in a drawer in your home, gather up some water and snacks and a friend and just find a park or walk on a wooded trail on Monte Sano. Just sit there and soak it in. I promise you, you'll feel better and forget your problems for just a little while. Those phones are good for a lot of things, but you need to really connect with nature and just breathe in some fresh air.

So I have hidden a picture of a tiny bottle of water somewhere in this magazine. It will not be as tiny as last month's puppy face but it will be a challenge. If you find it, and call first, you win a \$50 subscription to Old Huntsville

magazine.

It's such a relief to have cool weather as a teaser for fall, I love the leaves falling and of course FOOTBALL Season!! Get out and walk around the historic districts, good exercise and you'll be happy you did that for yourself!



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Spicy Fall Favorites

Spicy Baked Turkey

- 1 10-15 lb. turkey
- 1 clove garlic, chopped fine
- 1 T. salt
- 1 t. black pepper
- 1 t. cayenne pepper
- Vegetable oil

Wash your turkey and rub the cavity with salt and pepper. Make a mixture of more salt, pepper, cayenne pepper and garlic. Make slits in the turkey and plug them liberally with this mixture.

Rub the outside of the turkey with oil, salt, pepper and a sprinkle of the cayenne pepper. Bake at 350 degrees in large roasting pan, for 15 minutes per pound.

Hot Pepper Onion Rings

- 4 large onions
- 2/3 c. milk
- 1/2 c. flour
- Salt & pepper
- 1 t. dried red pepper flakes
- Oil for frying

Cut peeled onions into 1/4" slices and separate into rings. Soak the rings in milk for 15 minutes. Mix the flour, salt, pepper and dried red pepper. Dredge rings in flour mixture, then fry in oil heated to 356 degrees a few at a time, til well-browned, 2 or 3 minutes. Drain on paper toweling and season, serve.

Spinach and Jalapeno Cheese

- 20 oz. frozen spinach, chopped, cooked and drained
- 1/2 c. reserved spinach juice
- 4 T. butter
- 2 T. flour
- 2 T. onion, chopped
- 1/4 c. evaporated milk
- 1/2 t. black pepper
- 1 t. celery salt
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1 t. Worcestershire sauce
- Red pepper to taste
- 6 oz. jalapeno cheese

Melt butter, add flour, stir, blend til smooth. Add onions,

cook til soft but not brown. Add vegetable juice and milk, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and cut-up cheese. Stir til cheese is melted. Combine with spinach and serve hot with chips.

Spicy Nuts

- 1 egg white
- 1 T. water
- 3 c. nuts - macadamias, pecans, almonds or walnuts
- 1/4 c. sugar
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 t. ground cloves
- 1/4 t. ground nutmeg

Beat egg white with the water til foamy, then stir in the nuts, coating well. Combine the sugar and remaining ingredients, sprinkle this over the nuts and stir til evenly coated.

Spread the nuts one layer deep on a lightly buttered pan and bake at 300 degrees for 30 minutes, stirring every 10 minutes or so.

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Hot Lentil Soup with Smoky Ham

- 1/2 lb. dry lentils
- 4 c. water
- 1 smoked ham hock
- 1/2 lb. chopped smoked ham
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/2 c. onion, chopped
- 1/3 c. carrots, chopped
- 1/2 c. celery, chopped
- 1/2 t. seasoned salt
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1/2 t. cayenne pepper

Wash, sort and pick over lentils. Combine all ingredients in a large pot with lid. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer til done, about 45 minutes or so. Really good when served with a dollop of sour cream on top.

Brown Sugar Bars

- 2 sticks butter, melted
 - 2-3/4 c. self-rising flour
 - 3 eggs
 - 1 box brown sugar
 - 1 c. pecans, chopped
 - 1 12-oz. bag semi-sweet chocolate chips
 - 1/2 t. cayenne pepper
- Mix butter with brown sugar; add flour, then the eggs

and mix well. Stir in the nuts, chocolate chips and cayenne pepper, pour into 9x13 inch greased baking pan.

Bake at 300 degrees for 35-45 minutes. Cut into bars when cool.

Hot and Savory Sausage Balls

- 1 lb. hot sausage
- 2 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 2 c. Bisquick mix
- 1/2 t. cayenne pepper

Remove all your jewelry, rings, etc. In a large bowl add the sausage, cheddar, Bisquick and pepper. Roll into small balls with your hands, about the size of large marbles. Bake in pre-heated oven at 325 degrees for 25 minutes or so - check to make sure the cheese is lightly browned.

Coffee Diablo

- 1/2 c. sugar
 - 2 t. grated orange rind
 - 1/2 t. grated lemon rind
 - Instant coffee, your favorite kind
 - Brandy
- Combine the sugar and

rinds in a small bowl, add the coffee granules and mix well. Store in a glass container, covered.

When ready to serve, add one and a half teaspoons of the mix to five ounces of hot water. Add one teaspoon brandy (or half a teaspoon brandy extract) and mix well.

Baked Chicken Salad

- 3 c. cooked, cubed chicken (can use rotisserie chicken)
- 1-1/2 c. diced celery
- 3/4 c. slivered almonds
- 1 6-oz. can sliced water chestnuts
- 1/2 t. salt & pepper
- Paprika to taste
- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 3 t. fresh lemon juice
- 1 can Cream of Mushroom soup, undiluted
- 3/4 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese

1-1/2 c. crushed potato chips
Combine all ingredients except cheese and chips in a greased 9x13" casserole.

Sprinkle cheese and chips on top. Bake in preheated 325 degree oven for 45 minutes, and top is lightly browned.

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The Last Person to See Studebaker President, Russel Erskine, Alive

by David Bowser

Albert Russel Erskine, a native of Huntsville, AL went to work with the Studebaker Corp. in 1911 and by 1915 had become its President until 1933. Early on Studebaker was a maker of quality horse-drawn vehicles and later manufactured quality automobiles.

Mr. Erskine's friends and acquaintances read like a who's who list of America's movers and shakers.

Mr. Hans A. Seifert was the personal butler of Mr. Erskine at the magnificent Erskine Manor home in the Twyckenham Park of South Bend, Ind.

On Saturday morning, July 1, 1933, Mr. Seifert was on duty at Erskine Manor performing his regular chores. Mrs. Erskine, their son, Russ Jr. and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Garland of Elmira, New York were gathered together for breakfast and waiting for Mr. Erskine to join them. Apparently growing tired of waiting for him, Mrs. Erskine asked Mr. Seifert to go to her husband's room and inform him that everyone was still waiting for his arrival. Mr. Seifert dutifully went upstairs to his employer's room and when seeing him relayed the request. Upon leaving, he closed the thick bedroom door, and unknowingly became the last person to see Albert Russel Erskine alive.

A few moments later while preceding downstairs, Seifert heard a quiet pop, but as it was the 4th of July weekend he figured it to be a firecracker going off.

Again, after waiting a few minutes, Mrs. Erskine then asked Russ. Jr. to check on his dad. Russ went to his dad's bedroom and called for him, but receiving no answer went into the room. Not finding him there Russ preceded to the bathroom and forcing the door open found his dad on the floor, dead from a self inflicted gunshot to the chest.

County coroner. Dr. P. E. Haley arrived at the home about 11:45 and upon examination of the body placed death to be a little before 10:30.

In notes, Mr. Erskine wanted a simple, private service devoid of flowers and without fanfare. Attendance was by invitation only, with a policeman checking the list. Among those attending were 3 former Notre Dame Presidents, The Harvey Firestones, Executives of Studebaker Corp., Mr. Lasker, Pres. of a large advertising firm etc.

Rev. Charles Bailli, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, held the sedate service at the Erskine mansion. Mr. Erskine was taken by back streets to Highland Cemetery in South Bend for temporary interment. A few days later his body was taken to his hometown of Huntsville, AL to Maple Hill cemetery. Mr. Erskine had a few years earlier bought land adjacent to the cemetery and had given it to the city for the cemetery. He also built a beautiful mausoleum for family. It is still the largest mausoleum in Maple Hill. This is his final resting place.

Hans A. Seifert: The last person to see Russel Erskine alive.

Hans Seifert was born October 20, 1903 in Sussen Germany. He moved to South Bend, IN in 1923 and on October 1929 married Bertha Schlegel. His wife passed away in 1980 and Hans passed January 3, 1990. Two cousins were listed as survivors but there was no mention of children. Such a short description of a productive life.

But Hans was much more than that. He was obviously an intelligent man, having been an industrial engineer with the Bendix Corp., and belonged to the Bendix management club. Mr. Seifert was an active man in his community and was past treasurer of Four Lakes Country Club in Edwardsburg, IN. Along with this he was a Freemason belonging to Lodge #294, the Scottish Rite Valley in South Bend and had been in the Scottish Rite choir for 40 some years. Hans was also a member of the Shrine Temple in Hammond, IN.

Shortly after Russ Erskine Sr.'s death the mansion remained vacant until in 1945 when it was bought by The Holy Cross Sisters and became a girls school associated with St. Marys College. Some re-configuring had been done to better accommodate the needs of the school. The school closed in May of 1974,

The next owner of Erskine Manor was Edward Kalamaros who wanted to bring the house back to its original configuration and through a friend had been told of Mr. Seifert being Mr. Erskines personal butler. Kalamaros realized that Seifert had personal knowledge of the house and asked him to be a consultant in the restoration process.

In later years the house was again sold and this time Russel Erskine Jr. was the one to give advice on rebuilding.

So ends an obscure story that few people have heard.



UNKNOWINGLY BROKE THE LAW

by Lawrence Hillis



I have always tried to obey all laws. Of course, the reason for a law is to keep order and help people coexist in a peaceful way. I have accidentally run a few stop signs and red lights. I also have been a little too impatient on the highway and received a few speeding tickets.

One event that is questionable in 1975 was when I worked in a print shop operating an offset press for a company on University Drive. The company is no longer in business. They made missile containers for the Army and Navy during the Vietnam War, but as the war drew to a close, there was not a huge demand for missile containers. We also had an engineering department, which had contracts with NASA and the Army. The contracts required many volumes of printed material, so my main responsibility was to print manuals and documents on those contracts.

This was my first full time job after college. As the company went through many changes, it was sold to a businessman named John who lived in Chicago. However, he had a reputation for buying and then scuttling several companies. He immediately began to sell parts of our company.

One day John came into the print shop to check on our capabilities. He asked what size of paper could I print on, and I said anything from a business card size to 11" x 17".

A few days later he came to me with a ream of paper which he said cost several hundred dollars. It was a special paper used for certificates. He gave me a document to print on paper and wanted 50 copies. He said upon completion for me to give him the original, the template that I made for the offset press and if I messed up a few sheets of paper, he wanted those sheets as well.

Like a good employee without asking any questions, I printed those 50 stock certificates on the paper and gave him back the original, the template, the remaining paper and about 10 sheets that did not print very well.

About a year later, the FBI arrived and arrested John and led him out in handcuffs. Later we found out he had used fake stock certificates as collateral to buy another company. Unknowingly, it might have been those certificates that I printed. I don't know if John withheld the information on where he printed the stock certificate. I was never questioned by the FBI. Luckily, they did not pursue the little guy in the print shop.



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Paul Davis, Woodville

Basic Rules for Cats who Have a House to Run

by Harold Reynolds



Sleeping

In order for us cats to have enough energy for playing, we must have plenty of sleep. It is generally not difficult to find a comfortable place to curl up. Any place a human likes to sit is good, especially if it matches your fur color. If it's in a sunbeam or near a heating duct or radiator, so much the better. Of course, good places also exist outside, but have the disadvantages of being seasonal and dependent on weather conditions such as rain. Open windows are a pretty good compromise.

a. Snoring is not a talent unique to humans - if the cat is sharing a bed with two humans, the well-skilled cat can cause one of the humans to be blamed/swatted/smacked for the deed by the other.

b. If your humans don't let you into the bedroom at night, make them suffer for it. Even if they give you a nice warm room of your own to sleep in, with a cat-flap to the outside world, that just isn't good enough. There are several ways of registering your strong disapproval.

- Trash the room they give you to sleep in. After all, the humans don't sleep in it - so why should you? Are they better than you? Of course not.

- Fight noisily with other cats in the neighborhood, just outside their bedroom window. Make sure that you appear in the morning with as many fresh scars as possible, and a little grease if you can rub against the underside of an old car. Spend some time perfecting an aggrieved "Well, I wouldn't have all these injuries if you only let me sleep in the bedroom at night" expression.

- When they finally rise and take a shower, locate the appropriate drainpipe and yowl up it. That amplified and disembodied "Meow" is sure to surprise them, as is the length of time you can do this without getting hoarse.

- When they finally come downstairs and call for you, refuse to use the catflap to enter the house. There's a perfectly good front door they can open. Of course, if they should anticipate you by opening the front door and calling, ignore them. You should only appear by the front door and yowl once they've closed it again and walked away a bit from the door.

Scratching Posts

It is advised that cats use any scratching post the humans may provide. They are very protective of what they think is their property and will object strongly if they catch you sharpening your claws on it. Being

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sneaky and doing it when they aren't around won't help, as they are very observant. If you are an outdoor kitty, trees are good. Sharpening your claws on a human is a definite No-No! Couches and chairs, especially new and/or antiques, are the best because the material shreds really well and will give your claws a good workout. Curtains and drapes are great because you can swing a little once you get up to where you want, and you are also out of reach of an angry human.

Waking Them Up

It is not known why humans like to sleep when it gets dark, just when the day is young and the masters of the house are fresh and ready for play. Sleeping humans are very boring and occasionally must be roused to attend to our needs, such as to get fresh food or water or to help us find a toy we batted under the couch. Almost all of them strongly dislikes being awakened in the so-called "wee hours" of the night, some even pretend they're asleep, hoping we'll give up and go away. Persistence is the key to success in any case.

One effective method of rejuvenating a dormant human is the "direct approach", namely jumping on the bed from a good distance and doing one or more of the following: trampling, licking and/or nibbling any exposed part, purring, meowing, head-butting, light taps on the eyelids, or playing "Catch Mouse" or "King of the Hill". This may result in your being ejected from the bed, but at least now you have the human's attention.

If the human is being stubborn, you may have to resort to more drastic tactics, such as ripping down posters, rattling blinds, knocking over and emptying a wastebasket, knocking items off a dresser especially perfume bottles, singing at the top of your lungs, or curling up on top of the human's head. As well as keeping warm, in this way you will be acutely aware of any movement made by the human, and you won't have to wait for long.

Another effective tactic is to walk, jump or knead on the human's abdomen - especially on the human's bladder. If the human hasn't been to the Big White Drinking Bowl during the night you can be sure of a rapid response. Eventually the human will get up and do what you want, usually employing some bad language while doing so.

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The Best of Times and the Worst of Times

by Malcolm Miller,
written for Old Huntsville
magazine in the mid 1990s

When this story comes out it will be the beginning of October and that means cotton picking time, a time that I dreaded as a farm boy because picking cotton to me was the worst job on the farm. Believe me there were a lot of hard jobs on the farm always needing to be done all the year round. However nothing I had to do was as hard as bending over picking cotton and pulling that seven and a half foot cotton sack. To make matters worse there were the cotton burs sticking in my fingers till they bled and stayed sore all the time, and just when you thought things couldn't get any worse a stinging worm would nail you and it felt like a coal of red hot fire had hit your hand.

I have had back trouble all my life and bending over all day under the hot sun made my back hurt terribly. Finally when I was about twelve or thirteen years old I managed somehow to get a pair of knee pads. This helped a lot as far as relieving both my knee and back pain.

I remember like it was yesterday picking cotton and watching the rural mail carriers flying by in their shiny cars; however never in my wildest dreams did I think I would some day be the mail carrier driving by and seeing

those poor souls bent over dragging those cotton sacks. My back would hurt just watching them. At the time I got my rural route a lot of people had gone to cotton picking machines but there were still some folks out there pulling those sacks and it made me feel like the luckiest man alive. I often offered a little prayer of thanks that I no longer had to pull a cotton sack ever again and another prayer for those poor people in the Alabama sun.

In the title of this story I said it was the best of times and the worst of times. I already told you the worst of times now comes the best of times part of the story. About the last of September or the first of October came the most exciting time of the year for this farm boy. We usually had picked and sold several bales of cotton so it was time for our yearly trip into town. I was always so excited that I couldn't sleep the night before and we were up

Remembering Jim White, Helicopter Pilot

Retired CW3 Jim White passed away on July 18 at the age of 81. Jim was a proud member of the Golden K Kiwanis of Huntsville and held several offices during his years with them. Jim was always the one who volunteered for jobs no one else wanted to do. He made many longtime friendships within the club and was a cherished member.



He was an Army helicopter pilot, one of the best, and that was his passion. In 1967 he graduated from flight school. A month later Jim was deployed to Vietnam. During that deployment Jim flew 1,000 combat hours with the 176th Assault Helicopter Company.

He flew rescue missions and was shot down twice and had two emergency landings. During his second tour to Vietnam in 1970 to 1971 Jim flew 600 combat hours of secret reconnaissance missions.

After retiring from the Army Jim became an Army civilian pilot at Redstone Airfield. At the end of his more than 40 years as a pilot for the government he had 14,000 flying hours. So yes, he spent almost one and a half years of his life with his head in the clouds.

He leaves wife of 46 years Teresa (Fisher) White, son and daughter in law Joseph and Jennifer White, son Todd White, 6 grandchildren and 1 great grandson. Jim is also survived by 2 sisters Barbara and Connie Hutchinson and 3 brothers Buzzy Hutchinson, Ronnie, and Michael White.



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before sun up and as soon as the feeding of the stock and the milking was done Papa would hitch two mules to the old two horse wagon and we would head to town.

I don't remember how many of us went because some of the older boys had married and my brother Gib went into the Army when I was nine years old - that would be nineteen thirty-six.

The roads were not very good in those days and it was an awfully bumpy ride from Ryland to Huntsville in a mule drawn wagon but I was willing to endure the bumpy ride because I knew what it meant to go on this trip.

There were two parking lots for wagons that I remember, one was behind Dunnavants and the other behind Dobsons, both on Washington Street, and both parking lots were about full of wagons and mules when we got there. As soon as we piled out of the wagon we most always headed up Washington Street to J. C. Penneys. It seems that Papa always bought our clothes and shoes there. I got the same exact kind of shoes every year, I remember they were brown and had a narrow cap on the toe, they had rubber soles and I still remember they were called panco soles.

We would get two pairs of overalls, two shirts, two pairs of long handle underwear, two or three pairs of socks, a jacket of some kind and a cap.

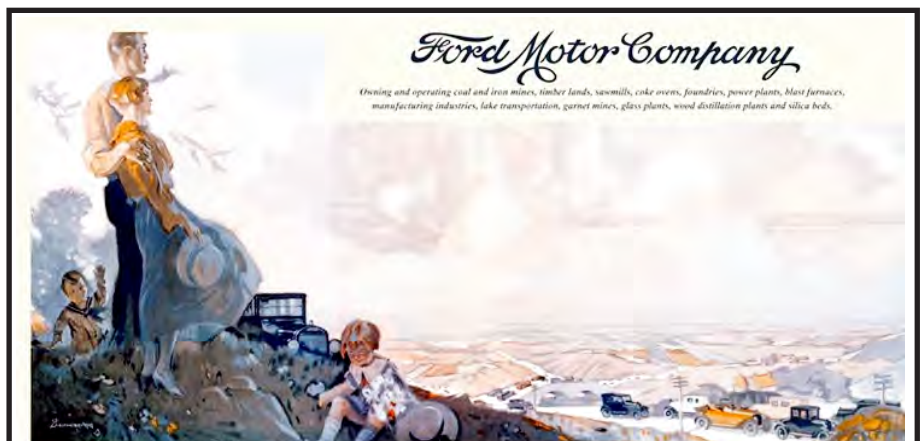
Keep in mind these things had to last us a whole year and when we went to town to buy these things we had on the clothes and shoes we bought the year before, with patches on top of patches on my overalls and shirt and shoes that Papa had repaired over and over. Lots of times I would have cardboard in my shoes to

stop up the holes in the soles.

My mother never had store-bought clothes. She made hers from sugar and flour sacks and an occasional piece of material bought from the traveling store. She would trade a chicken or two for that material. After we left J.C. Penneys, Papa would go buy the staple food supplies that we didn't raise. He would buy what was called a barrel of flower which was either twenty four or forty-eight pounds, a stand of pure lard, coffee, sugar, salt and other bare essentials. For some reason I can't remember where Papa bought the groceries.

Usually when the shopping was done we would head for the Little Gem Cafe for hamburgers and drinks and if there was enough time and money left we would take in a picture show before heading back home on that long bumpy ride.

I recall one year after I got a little older Papa let me buy a pair of wing tip dress shoes. It sounds foolish now but they were the first dress shoes I ever owned so I would sit with one foot sticking over the wagon side until I got out of the city limits. I was so proud of my shiny new dress shoes. At that moment my thrill over the wonderful trip and my new shoes made all the toiling with a cotton sack completely worth while.



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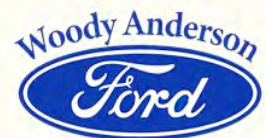
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THE SASSY (A NEAR DISASTER IN FLORIDA)



by M. D. Smith, IV

"Want Sassy." That was what our toddler called his pacifier because he couldn't talk all that well. He was our fourth child and, from a baby, he loved to suck on the rubber "mouth shaped," not round, pacifier. We had it safety-pinned to Bryan's shirt top with a rubber band, so he could quickly put it back in his mouth if he lost it. He continued to keep it in his mouth until after he was four years old. No one besides close family members could understand him with it in his mouth and not so well with it out. Friends said, "Get that thing out, or it will mar his speech for life, and his teeth will poke out." We had to ignore them because he was the most content, mild-mannered of all the boys we'd raised so far. We contributed the "Sassy" as the reason. Besides, he'd cry for it if he was without it for very long. Let me tell you — we wore out a lot of them.

This leads me to tell you of a parent's worst nightmare, or "day-scream" as the case turned out. It's something Judy and I still get rapid heartbeats thinking about that day in Mary Esther, Florida, in 1978 — Bryan was almost four.

The whole family was at the house on the bay that my father had built some years earlier. It had a wraparound screened porch with rocking chairs and a chain swing that looked out over the water and boat dock. White sand made a small beach between the salt water and the wooden sea wall holding the grassy lawn in place. Our kids loved playing in the sand and water and even wading up to knee height. All of us fished off the walkway and dock for shiners who'd bite anything you put on the hook. It was early afternoon, and kids cycled from house, to porch, to pool, to dock. The nurse we'd paid to come with us and care for Allison, our eight-month-old first girl, was swinging the baby on the porch and was asked to keep an eye on Bryan as he played in the sand with tiny boats and trucks. I went out to the dock and noticed Bryan was nowhere in sight. The nurse hadn't been watching. I called his name louder and louder and got no answer. Finally, Scott, who'd walked to the 7-11 store earlier, came out of the house alarmed since he was the brother who bonded the most with Bryan, who was exactly ten years younger than Scott. Scott often carried him on his shoulders to the delight of our youngest son (at the time).

More alarmed, I ran into the house, yelling I couldn't find Bryan.

Judy screamed, "Where did someone last see Creighton?" Yeah, his name was Bryan Creighton Smith, and at age two, she decided to call him her family's name and her middle name, Creighton. With panic rising to a higher level, we all ran to the front yard, and the maid said she had last seen him at the open gate of the fenced yard where the dock walkway started. Judy and I ran to the dock, jumped to the sand to see if he was under the boards, then back to the top and scoured the water to see if

he'd fallen in. He could swim a bit, but you never know. Barnacles covered the wooden support poles and would slice arms and legs like razor blades if you tried to hold on or climb out around them. "He couldn't climb out," I said.

My panic rose to stroke level as Judy suggested that our next-door neighbor had SCUBA gear if we needed to search underwater. I couldn't fathom such a horrible suggestion and shouted, "No, he's got to be someplace else. I can see most of the bottom until the end, where it's deeper. It's only been a coupla' minutes."

The other brothers now had joined the family, and one of them said they thought they saw Bryan wander down the sand toward the store. It was a shortcut the older boys took, part way to the store, then through a yard to the sidewalk next to the 7-11. Scott sometimes took Bryan by the hand and walked with him on the route to the store. On that day, Scott had gone and returned earlier but came back via the sidewalk on the road. Did he follow after Scott?

"Scott, could he have seen you go and decided later to follow you?" "I guess so," was the reply.

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"Okay, you go to the store by the beach route and see if he's on the way. Your mother and I will take the car. It's quicker, and we may find him returning if he couldn't find you."

We knew he didn't know our house address, and while he might speak a few words, mostly he'd say his name, with sassy in mouth, and trying to say Creighton like Judy had taught him, it came out, "eight-un," as close as he could come to his name. You try saying Creighton with your teeth clenched together.

Judy and I zipped into the 7-11 parking slot. Not seeing him, we dashed inside.

"Have you seen a four-year-old little boy in a t-shirt, shorts, and barefoot with a pacifier in his mouth?" "Odd you should ask," said the clerk, "he was here not long ago." Scott rushed in, out of breath. "No, he's not on the path."

The clerk pointed outside. "Last time I saw him, he was standing in the median of the four-lane, and a lady stopped her car and picked him up. I don't know where they went."

Our worst fears. A strange woman in a car picked up our little boy who can't tell anyone anything they can understand, sassy in mouth or not, and we're vacationing from Huntsville, and he has no ID of any kind. We might never see him again.

Judy got hysterical, and all I could think was we had to call the closest thing to 911 in those days, the Fort Walton Police. So I used the phone in the store, called and told them what had happened. They said to stay there while they put out a radio call to other agencies and the Sheriff's department, and they'd call back if they got any answers.

Let me tell you, we spent a terrible next five or ten minutes inside that store, hoping for some kind of answer. We didn't even know what brand or color of the car the woman drove. The cashier could only remember it was old.

After what seemed like an eternity, the store phone rang. The clerk answered it and handed it to Judy, who snatched it and jammed it to her ear. "Yes...Yes..."

"What's he saying?" I demanded.

Judy waved for me to be patient. She nodded her head as she listened. "Yes," she said. "That's wonderful. Yes, we know where it is. Thank you so much." She turned to us and explained. "The woman who picked him up took him to the fire station, two blocks up the street across the road, and left him there. She said she was worried he'd get hit on the four-lane highway, and she couldn't understand anything he said."

I'm sure I burned rubber getting out of the parking lot, across the highway and down the quiet street to the fire station—screamed to a stop, and we jumped out of the car, where a fireman was walking to meet us.

"The deputy said you'd be on the way. Follow me." He turned and headed to the open garage door with the fire truck pointed out. We approached the vehicle and there, with two other firefighters, was our little boy, wearing a fireman's helmet on his head, smiling and having the time of his life.

A fireman holding him on the perched seat said, "Glad you came looking. He doesn't talk much, and we couldn't understand him when he did. Said his name was eight-un or something like that. Boy, he loves that pacifier, don't he?"

With Judy crying happy tears, we both grabbed our son as the fireman lifted him down and handed him over. We thanked them profusely and decided it was time our son learned his name and address. Not long after, we took a trip and left the two babies with a nanny, Mrs. Taylor, at our house. She told Bryan Creighton she'd take him to the store for a treat, but he needed money, and would he sell her his sassy. He nodded. She unpinned it from his shirt, gave him a dollar, and put the sassy in her pocket, and they went to the store. He never asked for it back and never used it again. The "sassy saga" was over.

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MY STORY

by *Tanjie Lyon Kling*



My Aunt Eunice (my mother's sister) owned and ran the Butler Grill before she opened her breakfast restaurant, Eunice's Country Kitchen, on Andrew Jackson Way.

I went to school in West Huntsville from 1st through 8th grade. I was raised in West Huntsville as a child until adulthood. I believe my parents bought their home in the neighborhood around 1954. Back

then, it was a fully residential neighborhood of new little shotgun houses. They bought their house from S.O. McDonald. It was a little three room house, and they added on to it. Fortunately my grandfather was a carpenter and my dad could build and fix most anything, so adding rooms to the house didn't cost too much. My parents also bought the small lot next door to them, which became a garden in the spring and summer, and a "football field" in the fall, where my brother would host the neighborhood guys to come over and play. He hung wooden markers on the chain link fence to show where the "yard lines" would be.

My father worked at General Shoe. It was later known as Genesco after 1959, or as it was called in our family: "The Shoe Factory." It was near our house, so he could walk to work and come home for lunch every day. He also had

a workshop behind our house and would fix lawn mowers for people. Some of you or your parents may have had your lawn mower repaired by him.

My mother later sold tomato plants and flowers that she started from seed in her little greenhouse. They always had a large garden full of vegetables that we would eat from all year. They canned and froze a lot of food. I always laughed that I was a country girl raised in the city.

I went to Huntsville High School after elementary and middle school. This was because of the school zoning lines at the time.

I have fond memories of going to Hubbs Grubb on 9th Avenue, and especially JC Brown's and the McCormick YMCA. I can still remember the screen doors to get into the store

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and the smell from the oil on the floors at JC Brown. One day, my dad bought me a little earthen churn from there. I still have it.

I took swimming lessons at the YMCA and my much older siblings would spend a lot of time there swimming in the summer. I remember the smell of the chlorine that was used. Coach Grubbs seemed to always be at the Y.

I grew up attending West Huntsville Church of Christ. Back then, it was located across the street of 8th Avenue and Triana Boulevard from West Huntsville Baptist Church.

A lot changed in that neighborhood when I was growing up and it began to have a lot of challenges. The Rescue Mission was built in the neighborhood, and then quite a few families moved out. My family stayed. My parents always told us that they were here first and no one was going to run them out of the neighborhood.

I have a lot of stories from that time, but I won't share them here. My parents did finally move when they were in their 80s, due to their age and the maintenance of their home.

It took a while, but the Rescue Mission was relocated, and now there is a lot of investment going on in the neighborhood, with the redevelopment of Lowe Mill as well as new and

remodeled housing. I think one of the new houses recently sold for over \$500,000.

The old General Shoe building was turned into the Lowe Mill Arts and Entertainment Center. Also, West Huntsville Elementary is now being used as a business incubator and a co-working community called Huntsville West. The old Stone Middle School was turned into Campus 805 and the Butler Green, the old Martin Stove Company on Governors Drive near the Post Office is The Stovehouse, and a new mixed use facility, The Foundry, next door to Stovehouse is going in at Governors Drive and 14th Street.

It will bring a much needed hotel (think of the nearby cancer center and the people they treat from out of town), apartments, townhomes, retail, restaurant and offices.

When I was growing up and looking for a job as a teen, my mother encouraged me to apply for employment with the City of Huntsville. At that time, they had a summer youth pro-

gram that hired teens to work during their summer breaks from school. They paid minimum wage, which was about \$3.35/hour at the time.

I was assigned the 1st year to the Police Department and then the other years to the Department of Transportation, answering phones, assisting the public that came through the doors and doing some clerk like work. The Transportation Department folks liked the work I did for them, and also hired me full time after I graduated college.

Since I was an entry level employee and no one outside my department really knew me, my former boss encouraged me to go to one of Councilman Bill Kling's monthly town meetings because his topic for discussion was public transit. Bill and I met, became friends, discovered we had a lot in common and in 1993 we got married.

That's my history, and those life experiences I had growing up in West Huntsville made me who I am today.

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Turn to the experts

The Pool

by Dianne McNamee and
edited by Iolanda Hicks



I am the oldest of 3 sisters and in the summer of 2012, our middle sister Dianne got really sick and on December 1st left us to live with our Lord. I came up with an idea for the three of us sisters to do during that short time, so that Dianne would stay occupied and feel like she was working towards a goal. The idea was that we three, would write true or creative stories and get a book published to be titled "Sisters of the Heart".

"The Pool" was one of Dianne's true stories from her childhood. I am sharing it since it was one of her sweet and entertaining memories.

I remember the time my Mom and Dad bought our first television set. I was around the age of four or five. When the television was delivered, I can remember actually embracing the piece of furniture. Once it was turned on and the black and white images appeared, I was even more enamored with this box of magic!

For many days after that delivery, I would sit with fascination at what I saw and heard. Saturday mornings were wonderful! The kid line up was great and I got to see all my favorite people. I enjoyed one adventure after another!

I got Mom and Dad to buy or order many of the wonders I saw on the television. I remember getting a pair of Buster Brown shoes; Mickey Mouse ears to go along with that program every week, so that I could sing with the kids; and then my uncle bought my prized raccoon hat. I wore that hat when I watched Davy Crockett. One of my most favorite shows was Tarzan. I loved the way he yelled and would swing from tree to tree in the jungle. I also enjoyed watching him wrestle the alligators in the water.

Because of all the advertisements that appeared on that magical box, my Dad decided that we needed a pool. Of course he called around to get the best price and the best

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pool. Would you believe that we were going to be the owners of a pool that Tarzan loved?

When the men came to start the work on the pool, it was extraordinary how they had to dig up the ground, then make sure everything was smooth to make the ground right. I watched the pool take shape day by day. In the meantime, my Dad decided that we kids had to learn how to swim and how to be safe in a pool. This was his mission until the pool was completed.

The day finally came when the pool was ready. The owner of the pool company came or someone with that pool company, to check out the completion of the work. I don't really know what job he had but let me tell you, when I saw that man, I could not believe my eyes! It was Tarzan in the flesh! He was at my house and he was talking to my Dad! He must have jumped out of that television show that I so faithfully watched each and every time it came on!

Without thinking, in a split second, I ran up to him and hugged his legs and told him how much I loved him! I started babbling about all the adventures we had shared every Saturday morning and finally took a breath to ask him to do two favors for me. I looked up at him and pleaded with him! He must have seen the yearning in my eyes. Tarzan looked at me and laughed. He asked "Well, little one, what do you want me to do for you?"

I looked at him with such joy and told him that first of all, I wanted him to swim in the pool with me and wrestle alligators. Then I wanted him to do his famous yell. He looked at me and said he would be glad to accommodate me and would come back one day soon to take care of my requests.

My Dad was not happy with me that day. He looked at Tarzan and told him not to worry about his daughter's requests. He told Tarzan that I watched too much TV, but Tarzan said he would be honored to fulfill those simple tasks.

True to his word, Tarzan came to my house a few days later in his leopard outfit, that he wore in the jungle. He swam with me in our pool and tried to find alligators to wrestle but couldn't find any. Finally, Tarzan did his famous yell. I was never so happy in my entire young life as

I was that day, to have Tarzan with me, at my house and in my pool. Whenever I watch a Tarzan adventure now, I always remember my time with Tarzan and how happy he made one little girl.

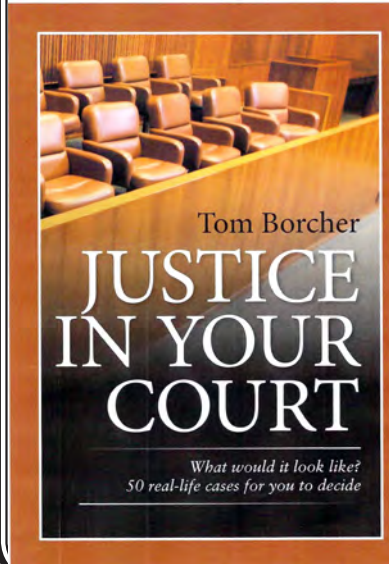
The pool my Dad had built in our back yard on Hastings Road was a Johnny Weissmuller "All American" Swim Pool. The advertisement I found said "Get in the Swim with Johnny Weissmuller". Since he did travel to promote his pools, who knows?

My sister Dianne could have actually spent time with one of her heros, "Tarzan", that one summer in the late 1950s. I want to think that's what happened.

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The Dog who Went to College

by Catherine Clemons Cameron

In the late 1960s, a little brown dog suddenly appeared at our house. She looked healthy, but we couldn't find an owner. Why she came to our house, one of 6 in the neighborhood, we didn't know. She soon worked her way into the hearts of all 5 of us and we adopted her. We called her "Honey" because of her color. She was friendly to everyone. Every morning when she went out, she made her rounds all over the small neighborhood.

In 1972, our daughter Gail attended some classes at Snead Jr. College in Boaz, about 20 miles from our home. On Sunday of the week, that begins this story, Honey disappeared. We looked & called for her all over the neighborhood, including 4 different roads for several days and could not find her. We even asked the neighbors. On Wednesday, my day off, since Gail's car was in the shop, she drove my car to her classes. In those days, we could let our pets loose outside.

At Snead, the buildings are scattered all over, so you need a car just to get from class to class. When Gail came out of one class, she saw a little brown dog running toward her. She said to herself "that looks like Honey". Gail called to the dog and she kept coming. While talking to her, she opened the car door, and Honey hopped in and lay down. Gail drove to another class and left the windows down, since the weather was warm, but not hot. There's no way she could have ridden to Boaz with Gail, because of the car situation. We never found how Honey got to Boaz.

The only thing possible was that someone had picked her up to take home with them. Somehow she got away and headed to our house in the small community of Claysville. Alred Marina is located about a quarter mile from our house. Was it even logical that one of the boat owners who rented a boat slip at the marina and lived in Boaz, spent the week-end at the marina on their boat? Was it even logical they picked Honey up as she made her morning rounds?

Gail had a part-time job at the Credit Bureau of Marshall County in Guntersville (owned by TJ Carnes and his wife of Albertville, no longer in existence.) She came in early that day and I asked if something was wrong. She said, "no, something is right, I found Honey at Snead". In walks "Her Majesty" and Gail went back to town to work.

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A HOME I REMEMBER

by Ernestine Moody

When a childhood memory appears in my brain, the subject I am thinking about somehow actually enlarges itself. Then, when I view the current reality, I realize the actual object is much smaller. That is what happened when I was calling to mind the home in which I resided as a small child.

Though I considered it a mansion, it was just a small framed modest home, in a average neighborhood. We had three bedrooms, the color of each was either pink, green, or blue. Mine was blessed with a baby blue shade of paint.

In my early childhood, in one corner of the room, there was a petite toy stove, refrigerator and toy table with chairs. These were totally unsophisticated. They were mostly made of metal, very small, and had no functioning parts. The small table was the only item of wood.

My neighbor's kitchen window was directly across the driveway separating our homes and they could see into my bedroom. Likewise, I had a perfect view of them washing their dishes in their kitchen sink. The windows were always opened as we were not blessed with air conditioning units in those days. Many evenings my entertainment was falling asleep while watching Mr. Jones, with his balding head, rinsing dinner plates while he and Mrs. Jones discussed their day's activities. Don't think I was scared by any startling conversations!

As I grew older, my room, as well as my daily activities changed. A large door mirror replaced the childhood furniture. I, being a typical teenage female, would try to achieve perfection in dressing. Therefore, that mirror got a lot of use.

I always slept in the twin metal bed that was positioned next to the above mentioned window. I remember first meeting the young man who was to later become my husband. After a few dates, he had to go to New York for two weeks of National Guard training so I would look up at the stars and wonder how he was getting along in the Big City.

It was in that house, and in that room, that two years later I was dressing in my wedding gown. In those days there was no special room at churches designated as a bride's dressing room.

Over the years many memories have come and gone, but this old house will remain with me forever.

LOVE IN 1890

Henry Matthews, a local widower, aged eighty-two years, was introduced to a sixty-five year old widow named Sarah Smith last Friday. He resolved to marry her, and wished twenty-four hours of courtship to be ended with a visit to the preacher Saturday night.

On Sunday, they were a great attraction in church. When he went home he gave his bride \$1,000 in addition to the jewels already bestowed.

On Monday after a hearty breakfast, she packed her bags and left Matthews a note saying she was going West, and would send for him later when she wanted him.

Matthews is still waiting.

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The Seeds of Time

An Adventure with Gabby

by Gerald Alvis, written for Gabby, who accompanied me on our Treasure Hunt



Yesterday, at about dark thirty, I went outside with my granddaughters. "Okay, girls, the first one to see a star gets a wish!" We began scanning the sky, and soon one was found by my youngest! I see it! I see

it she exclaimed! I started with the childhood poem "Starlight Starbright". The girls drifted away and gave me we were getting too old for that look. Which is good; they are questioning the validity, and I've always answered them, including saying the phrase "I don't know, but what do you think?" That is, except for the questions concerning two dragonflies flying in tandem, those get deferred to Grandma.

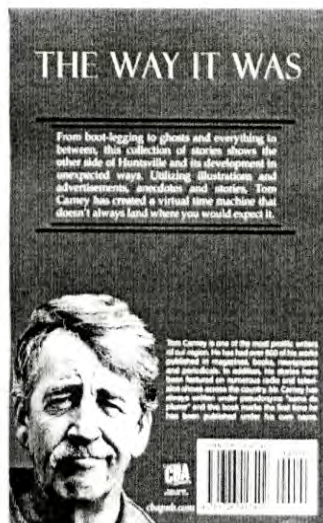
It hurts a little, but I wouldn't want to slow it down, they are growing up as they should, and I never want to impede that with wishes of them as their former selves. They are where they are supposed to be, and it's me that hit the update button today.



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 BY TOM CARNEY



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My youngest came to me wanting to play games. I'm not very good with dolls and stuff, but I had an idea. I acquired two envelopes from my office. Then I wrote my name on one and hers on the second, including the date. We were going on a treasure hunt! Outside I've had my first successful flower garden, and many of the flowers had turned to seed. We acquired a bunch and placed them in the paper treasure chests we had made! We even got some "winged" seeds from the Japanese maple you've heard me write about recently. All these are sealed for use at a later date.

I then got out a family relic that the grandchildren had never seen. A large "family" Bible I had acquired in the last year of my bachelorhood. Even then, I wanted a family, and in it are recorded the lives of those that I love. Marriages, births and yes, deaths. And one other thing, a chrysanthemum is folded neatly in the pages there where I placed it at the age of 17. I showed it to my youngest, and I suggested we place some of what we harvested in this book. I let her decide the page number; sorry, readers, that's our secret! So now, a tiny rose, a cucumber blossom, and several other small flowers are tucked safely away.

For now, it's just another game we played, but later it will mean something. But I think I was a bit premature; her eyes lit up when I said these seeds; she could plant them when she was Grandma and enjoy them with her Grandchildren. I think I underestimated her under-

standing; she knew what I was doing!

I can't slow things down or sometimes even keep up, and there is only so far we can go. It's my way of preparing for her by providing this memory. It's my way of time travel, projecting this thought where I can't be.

Or maybe I could be there, as she plants these 40 years from now.

This is what I've sown today!

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Clothing Malfunctions



by Elizabeth Wharry

Moving to a new place is always chaotic. Moving across the country is even more so! Coming here from Kansas was a real change. There are two incidents that really stand out in my memory.

I was the first car in the left turn lane at the intersection of Hughes and Highway 72. A red wasp flew in my window and knocked itself silly. It fell on my leg. As it's started to crawl up my shorts, I was out of my car in a flash! I remembered to put the car in park, and undid my seat belt. I immediately dropped my shorts and brushed it off. It was just my luck that a Madison police officer saw the whole incident. He reassured me that although they are pesky, the mud dauber won't attack like a regular wasp will. To his credit, he managed to keep a straight face.

A couple weeks later, I was heading south on Wall Triana. My bra band managed to creep up between my ribs. I didn't give it a second thought as I readjusted it. Just as I got settled, I heard a siren behind me. I pulled over and stopped...so did the officer behind me.

I followed the protocol I was taught many years ago in driver's ed.

He asked me if I knew why he stopped me. I looked at him and said no. We looked at each other for a long awkward moment. Then it hit both of us!

He told me that I had gone left of center. I was surprised, but accepted his explanation. He asked me what happened to cause that. I said "Did you ever have your bra...band...I...guess...not." I was slightly embarrassed. He raised his eyebrows, and smiled as he said, "So it wasn't a red wasp this time!"

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* If your dog or cat has asthma and is on the heavy side, time to put him on a diet! That extra weight is making it harder for your pet to breathe. A humidifier will help him to breathe easier too.

* Does your pet have an itch that she just won't let alone? Dab a bit of apple cider vinegar on it for relief.

* See a tick on your pet? Simply put a dab of Vaseline on and around the tick, let set for 10 minutes. The tick will loosen his hold to get air - just remove him with a Kleenex and squash him.

* If your pet suffers from a urinary tract infection, mix 1-2 oz. of cranberry juice into your pet's food, this boosts the acidity of the urine which will help relieve his discomfort.

* When you give your dog a bath don't get water in the ears - could cause ear infection. If she has dirty ears, just wipe with a soft cloth that has been dipped into a half water and half vinegar solution.

* If your pet's food and water dishes keep sliding around on the floor, just put them on a rubber mat.

* Want to keep ants from getting in the food dish? Put the food dish into a larger pan with half inch of water in it.

* If your pooch likes to dig in the back yard, just pour a little cayenne pepper into the hole, he'll not be crazy about that weird feeling he gets on his tootsies.

* Dr. Gullett tells us that a toxin for dogs & cats is grapes & raisins, as they cause anemia. Some pets might be OK, but why take the chance?

* A reader wrote that when her dog gets constipated she just mixes a tablespoon of coconut or olive oil into the food for a day or two - does the trick!

* Don't ever give your pet mineral oil - if it gets ingested into the lungs it will be there for life and can cause major problems down the road.

* For your asthmatic cat, use only dust-free cat litter - this will make a huge difference.

* Don't overfeed your dog, it will significantly impact their health and happiness. More than 50% of dogs in America are obese and this number is on the rise. Overweight dogs are at increased risk of metabolic abnormalities, cardiovascular disease, joint diseases, a lowered immune system, and many other health problems. Do your pet a favor, feed them the amount recommended by their vet and don't give in to those puppy dog eyes when they ask for more!

* Make a "pet first aid" kit.

Accidents and emergencies happen and being prepared with all the essentials to help your dog is a crucial step in being a responsible pet owner. This is especially important if you take your dog out hiking or camping, whenever you may be far away from help. A DIY pet first aid kit is something every dog parent should have.

* Walk your dog for both their health and happiness. Regular walks provide many benefits for your dog, including preventing boredom, helping the digestive tract, keeping them at a healthier weight, and helping them to burn off excess energy. By giving them a constructive outlet, you may find bad behaviors, like chewing, barking or digging, decrease too.

* Slowing down a super eater. If your dog or puppy eats their meals very quickly they increase their risk of having stomach issues or upsets that may lead to vomiting. Slowing down your dog's eating is good for their digestive health and can be done easily. One option is to buy a puzzle feeder from a pet store or online. Alternatively, a cheap easy solution is just to put a large tennis ball in their bowl. Both the ball or puzzle toy will work similarly making your dog have to work around the inedible obstacle to eat their meal.

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Across from Books A Million

La' Overture Toussaint

by Tom Carney

Teaching school was just about the worst job he could imagine. Confined in a classroom for eight hours a day, it seemed to spell the end to his musical aspirations

But for Willie Handy, it was a job. At least it put food on the table.

Born in 1873, as the son of a Methodist preacher, Willie decided at a young age he wanted to be a musician. But his family, all stalwart hell fire and brimstone, God-fearing people, thought a musician was nothing but a blatant sinner in disguise.

In an effort to pacify his father, who wanted him to become a minister, Willie agreed to finish school and take the examination to become a schoolteacher. After graduation, however, he found the job opportunities in Birmingham to be much more profitable. He soon landed a job at one of the iron mills working as a laborer, making more money than he could ever expect to make as a teacher.

Willie had not lost his desire to be a musician, though. He quickly became friends with most of the black musicians in Birmingham and it was not long before he had formed his own group and was playing around town at night while still working in the mills during the day. One of the first gigs he had in Birmingham, according to legend, was playing in a notorious dive. The owner, after listening to the audition, asked what the group's name was.

"Don't have one." Willie replied.

"Well, what's your name?"

"Willie."

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

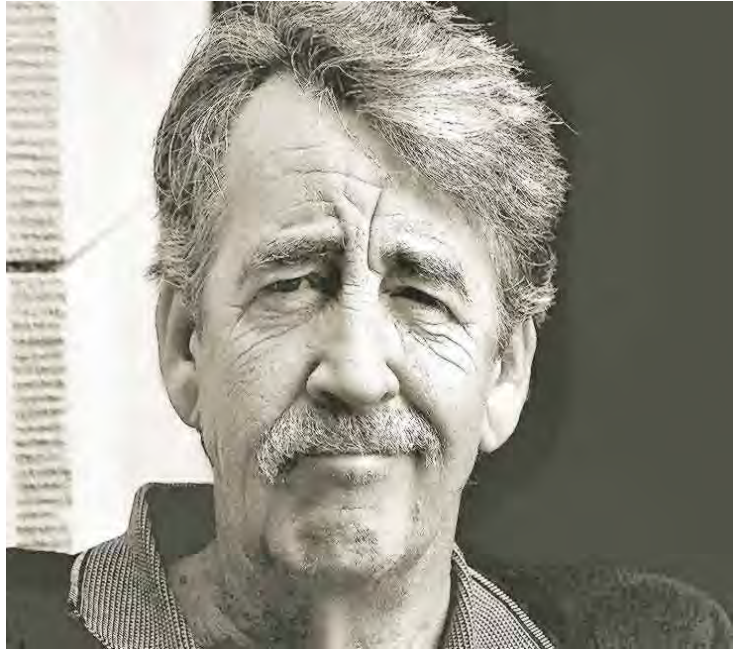
"William Christopher."

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

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

Unfortunately, the headmaster at A&M believed that classical music was the only music that should be performed. He even insisted on personally approving the programs for every recital.

For his first recital Handy chose a piece, written by an obscure song-



writer, he said, entitled, "La' Overture Toussaint." With a name like that, it was no trouble getting the headmaster to approve it. Handy diligently rehearsed the students, who were by this time enraptured with the new musical composition.

The day of the concert arrived and it was an instant success. Even the staid headmaster was seen sitting in the front row tapping his foot to the music.

W.C. Handy's career as an instructor did not last long. He was still determined to make his mark as a musician. After leaving Huntsville, he moved to Memphis where he wrote the all-time classic, "Memphis Blues," which he sold for \$100. Still a poor man, he next ended up in St. Louis, and after being forced to sleep in alleys and pool rooms, composed the song "Saint Louis Blues," a song that made him wealthy and famous and earned him the title of "Father of the Blues."

Ironically, he was to become best known for the piece he had composed while teaching at A&M – after he changed its name to "My Ragtime Baby."

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NEWS AROUND TOWN IN 1923

A minister gets a thrashing

A local minister whom we will not name had a bad day of it recently. He received a sound thrashing by the new groom in return for a "fatherly kiss bestowed on the pretty bride".

"He grabbed me about the waist, and held me so tight and I was fighting so that he got a terrible scratch. He was trying to reach my mouth."

After struggling for about 5 minutes he succeeded in kissing her on the cheek, right before he received the thrashing by the furious groom.

Community House Baths

Mrs. Hewlett of the Community House wishes to announce that the Baths will be open for three days a week now. Hot and cold shower baths will be in operation.

Wanted - good cook, phone 639 or see Mrs. June Martin, Lowe Avenue

For two or three year lease

- 5 room bungalow on Locust Street, currently occupied by E. P. Kingsway, \$40 per month. Also a 5 room house on West Holmes, currently occupied by Dr. Laughlin at \$35 per month. Finally, a 4-room house with large garage, large garden, electric lights, lower end Locust Street. Now occupied by Dr. D. E. White, \$17.50 per month

Lost - broach pin, crescent shape, pearls and other stones between Elks theatre and business section. Finder call Miss Ethel Dennis, 307 Calhoun, phone 3745. No questions asked.

For sale - household goods from parlor to kitchen. Also one Ford Sedan. See Mrs. S. E. McNatt, 205 East Clinton street. Get a bargain.

Lost - gold breast pin. Finder please return to bungalow, corner White and Randolph streets.

Moved

Mr. And Mrs. Charles T. Landman have moved to their apartments in Mims Court

For Sale - one flat top mahogany finish desk. Call and see at 427 White street.

For rent - 429 W. Holmes - an apartment consisting of three connecting rooms, front porch and large back porch, also large garden. Phone 154-W

For sale - cheap hogs and pigs. If you want pigs or hogs come to see me. D. B. Jett, Brownsboro, Route 1

For sale - Liquid Waxine, the famous furniture, floor and automobile cleaner and polisher. Nothing better, can be bought at the home of W. S. Garvin, 708 Randolph Street

One Case in City Court

There was only one case in City Court this morning, that of Floyd Wallace, who was up on a charge of disorderly conduct. He plead guilty to hitting an elderly woman in the head with a hatchet and was fined \$10.

A. C. Cruse died yesterday

A. C. Cruse died yesterday at

noon after an illness of several days with pneumonia at his home on Pike street in Huntsville and his remains were shipped over the N&C Railway today to Carlisle, his old home, for burial. Mr. Cruse was 52 years of age and is survived by three sons and two daughters.

City Council Squabbles

Mrs. White and Mrs. Schiffman were present representing the Library board and stated that the Library was in need of a heating apparatus in view of the fact that it was heated by the same furnace that heats the city hall and that after the city hall closed in the afternoon the library had to close on account of being without heat. The council voted to install gas heaters in the library to be used when needed to heat the building.

Chops off His Finger

Fearing infection in a finger that his cat had bitten, Theodore Jones of Arab chopped off the finger with a hatchet. He is expected to live and plans on keeping his beloved cat for the long term.

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TIPS FROM EARLENE



While in your car, to feel how cold or hot it is outside just touch the inside of the windows - in no time you'll be able to judge the actual temperature outside by touching.

Place a charcoal briquette in your toolbox - it will absorb much of the moisture and keep your tools from rusting.

In the summertime, to kill unwanted grass, just pour a little Heinz vinegar (white) in crevices and between bricks.

For a great diamond polish just put one Efferdent tablet in a glass of water and let your diamonds soak for about 5 minutes.

To make your hangers glide over your closet rods just spray a coating of WD40 on the rod (move clothes out of the way and don't spray too heavily) and wipe lightly with a rag.

To get those mineral deposits out of your steam iron, just fill the water compartment with white vinegar, then steam iron a soft rag until the vinegar level drops to low. Fill up with water and do it again. Your iron will be like new!

To keep hair coloring from staining your face and neck, just rub the area with a bit of Vaseline before you start to color. When finished, just wipe off the Vaseline.

Use a level teaspoon of Nestea mixed with two teaspoons of water - make a paste and use it with a cotton ball to get scratches out of wooden furniture.

Put petroleum jelly around the top of your nail polish bottle to keep it from ever sticking shut.

Try something new with Coca Cola. Pour a bottle of Coke into your toilet bowl, let it sit for an hour. Brush it out good and flush. Coke takes stains out of vitreous china, according to Heloise.

Eat two servings of yogurt a day and canker sores will soon disappear.

To keep shoelaces from fraying, dip the ends into Elmer's glue.

If you have an ailing plant, give it two teaspoons of Geritol per week. In a few months you should begin to see fresh and healthy green growth.

Listerine does a good job getting rid of acne, just dab on at night with a cotton ball.

To prevent lint from sticking to your clothes in the dryer, just throw in a sheet of microfiber fabric into the dryer along with your clothes.

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I Wish

by Judith C. Smith



How many times have I said, I wish I had this or that? Well, ever since Alison, my only daughter, bought me a Ragdoll cat named Leroy Higgins, I decided that I would like another one to keep him company. Ragdolls have a semi-long and silky soft coat. They are best known for their docile and placid temperament and affectionate nature.

The name "Ragdoll" derives from the tendency of the breed to go limp and relaxed when picked up. They all have large blue eyes, white bellies and feet. They are called "puppy-like cats" due to a tendency to follow people around, comfort with being physically handled and relative lack of aggressiveness towards other pets. They are easily trained to retrieve toys.

Once I started looking for one, I didn't realize how much they cost and were so scarce. I discussed my desire for one such cat with my vet, who quickly told me that their price range started at \$2,000.00. That knocked the wind out of my sails. No way was my husband, M. D., going to splurge for a \$2,000.00 cat, no matter how much I wished for one.

Having told my wishes to my good friend, Martha Pullen, she set me on the right path. Her sister had gotten one for her grandchild for Christmas, and shortly afterward, her domestic

short-hair, better known as an alley cat, died. So she got back on the breeder's list for a kitten to be born to a female in the spring. As you readers might guess, I got on the same list.

About two months ago, Martha called me to say that Mary, her sister, just got her cat. The breeder waits until they are three months old and spays or neuters them before they leave her establishment.

After hearing Martha advise me to call the breeder immediately, I did just that. The breeder said she remembered me and told me how much they cost. She must have heard me gasp. Then she said, "I have a beautiful female with all kinds of pedigrees and is very loving and friendly. I've bred her twice, but she just isn't the mothering type. The cat is a year and ten months old, would you like her?" I held my breath for a few seconds before asking how much. "Oh, you can have her. Just pay my vet \$350.00 for the spaying."

I could hardly believe my ears—she was going to give her to me—how blessed I was. With M.D. coming through Knoxville on the way from graduating last month from Seton Hill University in Pennsylvania, he was glad to meet her and bring Gypsy Rose home to me. I have now had her for about a month and she has really taken to me. We celebrated her second birthday on July 26th. I can throw a ball and she will bring it back.

The third day I had her, we went to our lake house with all three cats and my little five-pound dog. She had no problem riding in her pet carrier. When we got there, I had the idea of putting the cage in the bathroom with a sandbox and food. She could get out and roam the bathroom before I let her out in the house or on the Sun porch, where our other two cats love hanging out.

After an hour, I decided to take a look. She was behind the toilet and couldn't move. I screamed, "M.D.! Come quick!"

"What's the matter now?" he said.

I remembered the bug man had come by and put sticky mouse traps behind all three toilets and the fridge. Gypsy Rose was stuck with three feet, her side, and tail. She acted just like a rag and went limp when I picked her up, which made cutting her free from the sticky 4" by 8" trap only a tad easier. When we barely got the trap cut from her hair, she ran back into the bathroom, and this time she lay down in the clean litter box. I grabbed her up, but too late. The remaining glue on her feet and belly stuck to the cat litter, and we had to trim her hair again. Finally, used rubbing alcohol to get the remaining glue off her paws and between her toes. After that, I quickly rounded up all the sticky traps. I wasn't going to go through that ordeal again.

After a month, she is my shadow and follows me everywhere, sometimes carrying her ball in her mouth. She gets along beautifully with our other two cats and my five-pound Shih-Tzu. If you wish hard enough, sometimes wishes do come true.

"She grew on him like she was a colony of Ecoli and he was room-temperature Canadian Bacon."

High School Analogy winner

The Raid on Athens

by CC Ham

North Alabama's involvement in the Civil War was early, from its very start. The initial thrust of the Union was to cut off the supply chains to the South. The blockade of ports and control of the waterways and rail systems were essential to the success of their plan.

Located at Corinth, MS was the head of the M&C railroad (Memphis & Charlotte railroad). General U. S. Grant was commissioned with the task of securing the Mississippi River, the Tennessee River and to capture the railhead located in Corinth.

Equipped with Union gunboats and a number of Union Divisions, General Grant started a march down the Mississippi River from St. Louis, Missouri. Confederate forts fell as he came south and then diverted up the Tennessee River to make a land at Pittsburgh Landing and march the 21 miles to Corinth and capture the railhead.

General Johnston, the head of the Confederate armies and possibly the most brilliant military mind for his day, moved every man he could muster toward Pittsburgh Landing to intercept and confront Grant before he could establish control. Surprising the Union troops, Johnston was successful in driving Grant back to the landing. Grant had two divisions coming overland, and they joined him the night of that fateful Sunday.

General Johnston was killed that first day of battle. General Beauregard then took command. Fierce fighting continued the second day as Grant's men tried to advance over the woefully outnumbered Confederate troops but were stifled in their efforts to break through the Confederate lines. Time and time again and they were driven back to their stronghold at the landing.

Realizing that they had successfully halted the threat of an attack on Corinth, Beauregard ordered his men to withdraw on the evening of the second day. He ordered then Colonel Nathan Forrest to guard their flank and left him with a company of men.

Grant ordered Sherman's division to pursue and engage the withdrawing Confederate troops along the Corinth Road. Forrest defeated Sherman and sent him and his men back to the landing.

Grant created an alternate plan which would flank the defending effort. General Ormsby Mitchell, equipped with 4 divisions of Union soldiers and a battery of artillery, was ordered to move swiftly across the state of Tennessee and down from Fayetteville, TN to capture rail station in Huntsville AL.

The battle that had taken a huge toll on both the Union and Confederate armies. Named for the little church in the battlefield, named SHILOH.

Huntsville had but a few hundred troops stationed to defend her. Mitchell moved swiftly to secure North Alabama sending divisions both east and west to break the rails and occupy the cities.

It is written in the "War of The Rebellion; The Official

Record Of The Union and Confederate Armies" that the most malicious atrocity committed by a military force against the civil population during the American Civil War; was the occupation of Athens, Alabama by Colonel John Basil Turchin. Colonel John Basil Turchin willfully and with malice commissioned his men to have their way with the town, telling them, "For one hour, I see nothing." That "one hour" turned into days of havoc as the men methodically robbed the town of everything of value, beat the townsmen who dared to protest, and raped servant girls in open public. They maliciously went through homes destroying paintings, glassware, clothing, furniture, winter stores, and humiliating the civilian population.

Livestock was slaughtered on the carpeted floors of the fine mansions. Homes were taken over for lodging, women insulted and slanderously treated to such an extent that it caused the death of a pregnant woman.

Local churches were used to billet troops, the furniture and pulpits used to kindle cooking fires for the Union troops.

When the townspeople of Athens sought help from General Ormsby Mitchell, they were met with contempt and a completely unsympathetic attitude. Mitchell felt they deserved any treatment they received for being traitors to the Union. General Ormsby Mitchell himself was methodically stripping the storehouses of their bales of cotton and smuggling them by way of his son-in-law to the Northern markets. General Mitchell's son-in-law was captured by Confederate troops in Pulaski, TN while smuggling, and General Mitchell traded captured Confederate troops for his son-in-law's release. General Mitchell ultimately lost his command and was recalled to Washington D.C. to answer charges. He was later assigned to a small command in South Carolina where he contracted malaria and succumbed to the disease.

Two Union officers commissioned by the Solicitor General were instructed to tour the South at the conclusion of the war and to report their findings. Their report concerning Athens was that no other area they witnessed was so devastated. "Chimneys

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stood as lone sentinels marking the graves of once fine mansions, and one could ride for miles never seeing a domesticated animal."

Bora Ivan Vasilivich Turchinof to Russian aristocracy and schooled in the military academy at St. Petersburg, he served in the Russian army through the Crimean War and the Polish War. Turchin displayed cruelty above that of any other officer, by rape and plunder. Turchinof fell out of favor with his commanders through his ambition and disregard for humanity; and was forced to seek exile.

Turchinof immigrated to the United States in 1856. He changed his name to John Basil Turchin to "Americanize" himself and settled in Chicago. Turchin's wife sought work as a servant. She was hired by the Lincoln family, and soon developed a friendship with Mrs. Lincoln, and then both helped in Lincoln's campaign for the Presidency. When the Civil War set on, Turchin's military training and political relationships found him being offered a position of command in the Illinois volunteers.

Serving under General Ormsby Mitchell in Don Carlos Buell's Army of the Ohio, Turchin was frustrated time and time again. He wanted to show his superior military training to his commanding officers, yet the opportunities eluded him. He arrived a day late at Pittsburgh Landing and missed the battle of Shiloh. Turchin was vocal as he attempted to convince General Grant to pursue the retreating Confederate Army. When General Mitchell invaded Huntsville, there was little resistance, and then Turchin was dispatched to secure the railway at Athens where he was again frustrated as the Confederate troops withdrew with small conflict.

Confederate General Nathan Forrest commissioned a training camp located west of Athens near the old Fort Hampton ruins, and Turchin desperately wanted to engage Forrest. Attempting to goad the Confederates into battle, Turchin commissioned the infamous "Raid on Athens" in May of 1862, which ultimately led to his arrest and trial in Huntsville

General Garfield, (later to become President) served as President of the Court Marshal.

Turchin was found guilty on all charges. President Lincoln, with full knowledge concerning the atrocities committed by Turchin and the decision of the court; interceded by sending down a directive promoting Turchin to the rank of Brigadier General. This took place the day before Turchin was

to be sentenced. President Lincoln promoted Turchin in command of all of the forces occupying North Alabama.

General Garfield was the only member of the Court Marshal board who stood in opposition to Turchin's release. He was over-ruled and Turchin escaped with nothing more than a "slap on his hands".

Turchin continued to serve as commander in North Alabama until 1864, when he resigned his commission and took a post in local government in Chicago, IL. In 1876 he was remanded to an asylum for the criminally insane where he remained until his death in 1901.

Published by CC Ham include:

LEGACY: *Based on actual accounts from his Great Grandfathers diary* (<https://www.amazon.com/Legacy-CC-Ham-ebook/dp/B09YYRIT7L>)

PHILANDER: *Irish immigrant bond servant coming to the U.S. as a bond servant in the early 19th century* (<https://www.amazon.com/Philander-CC-HAM-ebook/dp/B09Z9RVXQK>)

VINEYARDS OF EVIL: *The son of Philander; Joe Sherman's escape from the tyranny following the Civil War in North Alabama's Bankhead region.* (<https://www.amazon.com/Vineyards-Evil-CC-Ham-ebook/dp/B09ZBCWKDH>)

AT DAWNS FIRST TWILIGHT: *Friend of Joe Sherman; Clel Bibb's experiences while defending Pittsburgh Landing, then Athens AL from the Union soldiers and experiencing the 'Raid on Athens' first-hand.* (<https://www.amazon.com/AT-DAWNS-FIRST-TWILIGHT-HAM-ebook/dp/BOBIMPRB48>)

LILLITH: *Clel Bibb finds a lonely, deserted lady in the Utah Desert, and finds love. Clel and Joe team up again to defeat a ghost from their past.* (<https://www.amazon.com/Lillith-CC-Ham-ebook/dp/B09ZT26NKJ>)

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CATS HAVE SERVANTS

by M. D. Smith, IV



I quite enjoyed Margaret Ann Goldsmith's story about her dog, in the August issue, from her dog's point of view. I think cats deserve equal time and as you know, cats don't think anything like a dog. So here's my version of A Cat's Story, with a more appropriate title!

My name is Your Majesty, but I sometimes go by the name Sci-Fi because I am Siamese, and one of my servants is a fiction writer. I live in a house with two other felines, who are a bit on the dumb side (they're the RagDoll breed and lay on the floor a lot).

The other creature is ... a ... dog. You know, man's best friend and all the rot. Well, they're stupid, is what they are. At least this Shih-Tzu is a mere five pounds, and I can slap her around if I take a notion, but that takes sooo much energy,

What bothers me is the way the dog just follows the man and woman around, coming every time she's called and wagging that fluffy tail. Tails are for switching to show your displeasure when your servants are slow to react, not wave with enthusiasm.

I sit on my perch at the top of the most comfortable overstuffed chair, and I've caused it to sink into a suitable nest

for cat-napping. I have other places up high to use from time to time, never using the exact location too often.

At meal times, the humans prepare everyone's food. They call the dog and she goes running to her food dish. They call "kitty-kitty" as if they expect me to come running. Not quite. They don't tell me when to eat. I eat when I please, usually later. If it's not fresh when I eventually arrive, I turn my nose up and walk away, making sure they see my displeasure. Sometimes they rush to re-heat my food, but that rarely works. Once I've left the room, it's too much trouble to return.

When I want to eat, I simply go into the eating room, take one leap up to the food island, as they call it, and let out with one of my imitations of a crying baby. One or both of them will come running immediately. Sometimes they will put a few pieces of something they call "cat treats" on this wooden platform and I may decide to amble over and smell it. While I'm giving it a sniff, I'll flick my tail twice to let them know I'm considering it.

I often eat a few pieces, which seems to please them and they say, "Good kitty." I hate to appease them in that manner. If the treats didn't smell and taste like a combination of dead fish and dried bugs, I wouldn't touch them.

They keep several litter boxes around the house; my favorite one is on the sun porch. That's where

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I relax on the hot-tub cover and gaze out at the scampering chipmunks in the early mornings and late afternoons. I like clean litter and if it's not cleaned daily, I simply do my business elsewhere and let my servants clean it up. That's the way to let them know you are not a happy camper.

When the servants want to retire at night, they turn off the wall screen they watch in the evenings, douse the lights and eventually get into their bed. One of them usually says, "Come on, girl, time for bed," as if they expect me to move. Not on your life. I move on cat time and that's not it. I wait, pretending to be sleeping on the top of the sofa cushion until I'm sure they are in bed with the lights out. Then I stroll into the bedroom, get myself centered, crouch, then spring, so I'll land right on one of the servant's stomachs and listen to them holler. But they soon forget it, stroke my fine fur down to my lovely tail, and say something like, "I'm glad you joined us. Your comforter is waiting." If they are really enthusiastic, I'll grace them with a bit of purring. It seems to make them happy.

I have another activity they call "making bread" when I sink claws into the soft covers with their leg underneath, alternating from paw to paw. They yelp but still allow it. That's their job, and it pleases me.

I stay if I feel like it, or I may decide to stroll around the house. With my eyes, I see as well as in daytime, and the night-time is my-time. Why else do you think we sleep so much during the day?

So, another shift of train-

ing the help is over. I'll sleep off and on tonight, and tomorrow we'll start the training process again as soon as a tad of daylight shows through the windows. That's the time for me to leap up on the bed again, with a loud yowl to tell them that daylight's wasting and I will want to eat soon... when I'm good and ready.

It's nice to have servants.

"This is your cell phone provider getting in touch with you. We just found out that you're too dumb to use your phone, so please place it on the ground and start jumping on it. Thank you."

Message received by cell phone customer



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