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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

My Teenage Years at Redstone Park (Did it Really Happen?)



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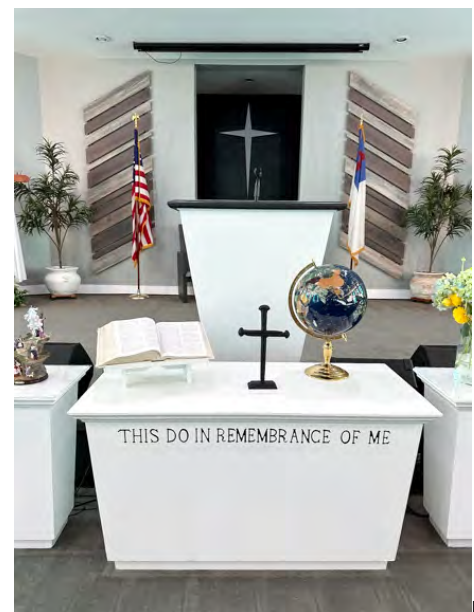
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My Teenage Years at Redstone Park (Did it Really Happen?)

by Giles Hollingsworth

What a shame! Of course it was necessary, but still, what a shame! I'm talking about the tearing down of Redstone Park. Completely razing about 300 one-story duplex and triplex rental apartments in Farley. Demolishing a "village" that to me, and a lot of other then teenagers, was a virtual Shangri-La, or Brigadoon, back in 1946 and 1947. I know, I'll have to explain.

Shangri-La is a fictional place in the mountains of Tibet, depicted in the 1937 movie, "Lost Horizon". It's a mystical, harmonious valley, an earthly paradise, a very happy land, isolated from the world. Brigadoon is similar, a very remote, enchanting, mystical, extremely musical village in the mountains of Scotland. I learned that by watching a 1954 movie starring Gene Kelly, Van Johnson and Cyd Charisse. Entrance into it is available only once every hundred

years. Those two guys just got lost and stumbled into it. Redstone Park similarities?

First of all Redstone Park was remote. Maybe not isolated, but it was sure remote. Who ever heard of building a subdivision ten miles out in the country! Well, that's what the government did in 1943, ten miles south of Huntsville, at Farley. At a time when it was almost impossible to find a car to buy, because WWII had been raging for nearly two years, halting new car production. Furthermore, the subdivision was built to house Redstone Arsenal workers, and the arsenal's gated entrance was in West Huntsville, about 13 miles from Farley.

But, lo and behold, somebody figured out that since the Arsenal property of 38,248 acres ran all the way from West Huntsville down to the Tennessee River, Farley was only about four miles east of it, that far south. So why not set up a new gate on the south end and build a low rent subdivision nearby for Redstone employees? That they did. The city of Huntsville cooperated by installing bus service to its new subdivision. Like in the aforementioned movies, remoteness was a barrier that was quirkily dealt with.

I discovered Redstone Park when, at about the end of May, 1946, we moved to Farley to be

**"She doesn't really sag,
she's just gravitationally
challenged."**

Sallie Keller's husband



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farm hands on the Hayes farm, which bordered the subdivision on its north side. I was 14 years old.

My dad, my brothers Richard, Bobby and I were late into the second day of chopping grass and weeds out of the cotton field when suddenly we heard music. Good music! "Guitar Polka", by Al Dexter. It was coming from the "Park". Never before had we been treated to music as we chopped cotton. Then "New Spanish Two Step", by Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys. Wow! We were floored! We were also curious, to say the least, as to what was going on in the park. It was near enough to quitting time that Dad said Bobby and I could go check it out, so off we went as the music continued.

It was about a quarter of a mile from our house to the back corner of the Park, and about the same distance to the Park center, the source of the music. When we got there we found several people sitting on outdoor bleachers that still had room for about 20 or 30 more. We could see that they were waiting for a movie to be shown, because the projector was set up, with the operator standing by it. He was also playing those wonderful records into the public address system, signaling the upcoming event to the entire park population, and, perhaps unknowingly, to the nearby farm people.

We decided to skip supper, to stay for the movie. Pretty soon the bleachers were almost full, the sun had gone down and darkness was close enough, so the movie was started. It was a B movie, about the life of Stephen Foster. Never have I enjoyed a B movie so much! No popcorn or Coke to enhance it, just a soft evening breeze that ushered in the twilight, then graciously left, so a barely cool darkness could settle in as a late spring blessing. A million stars happily added the finishing touch.

On the following Tuesday, here it came again...that same sweet, alluring music! In fact the same songs! Obviously the guy playing the records had superb taste in music. As long as I live, when I hear "Guitar Polka", or "Spanish Two Step", I will suddenly be back in that cotton field; happy, content, getting ready to quit work, wash up, eat a quick supper and get on down to the Park for the movie. That's exactly what I did on that second Tuesday. What happened then was life-changing for me.

I had just taken a seat on the top bleacher row when a very pretty young girl walked up and sat down beside me. I was awe-stricken! Then when she introduced herself and started a conversation I was dumbfounded and I'm sure it showed. I had played with girls from my toddler years up through the third grade, but then I went into some sort of a weird stage where I found a lot of them attractive but simply dared not tell them so. Too shy. No sweetheart since the third grade. No real conversations with girls, ever. Now all at once this boon, this godsend, this Christmas in May! This angel whisking me into teen-hood as it was supposed to be! Don't ever try to tell me Redstone Park was not an enchanting place! (To respect privacy I won't use that girl's name. I'll call her Jane).

Redstone Park had all the makings of the ultimate Mill Village and more. The outdoor movie accommodation was just the beginning. Adjacent to it was a recreation area, with an outdoor basketball court, a baseball field and playground equipment, including swings, a slide, two seesaws, monkey bars and a carousel. The baseball outfield was huge, big



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enough to also serve as a makeshift football field. There was a building called the Community Hall, which housed a large rec room with a ping-pong table and the "village" Post Office. Yep, all residents had to come there to get their mail. Inadvertently, I suppose, Uncle Sam was promoting exercise by walking, because few residents had cars.

Above all, like Huntsville's Mill Villages, Redstone Park had a lot of teenagers and more than half of them were girls; girls in various stages of learning how to attract boys. Believe me they were doing a darn good job of it. They were cashing in on the enchantment that blanketed the village, by prettying themselves up with makeup and clothes and breaking through that dumb shield of shyness that most of us boys toted around with us. Some were cute, some were pretty, some were gorgeous. But with or without glamour, those with charm were the winners. Really, they could cast spells!

Remoteness saw to it that the community center was used, especially by teens. They didn't stay home and watch TV, because TV was still five or six years away. It was much longer before concerts would become mainly what teens live for. There were some attractions in Huntsville, but almost no teens had cars. So the Park movie, pickup baseball and basketball games, playground use, etc. flourished. So did just plain old courtin', some of that at the community center but most of it at the girl's home, because it was an age of earlier curfews, closer parenting and stricter morals.


Redstone Park was much like Merrimac, a Mill Village later named Huntsville Park. Merrimac probably had all the things I mentioned above and it has been a delightful place to live for well over a hundred years now. Fortunately, instead of being razed it has been preserved and is now on the National Register of Historic Places.

Now, here's why I was so taken with Redstone Park: Country living is wonderful. It teaches you responsibility and independence. It makes you work hard and keeps you in great physical condition. Gives you the best of neighbors who are always anxious to get acquainted, to share and to help you in any way possible, including financially. All that and more.

But country houses are usually pretty far apart, and that too often creates a lacking in social life, especially for teens, as you can tell from reading

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Mae West



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about my meeting Jane. So back to my hoopla about that meeting. I suddenly realized I had the best of both worlds. I lived on a farm right next to a mill-village-like subdivision. I had discovered Shangi-La, or stumbled into Brigadoon!

During June and July, Richard, Bobby and I were all frequent visitors to the Park. As new kids on the block we got attention, big time. We met a lot of people including the Bell brothers; Duncan, Ulysses, Horace, and Morris, and the Days; John and George, who was almost always called "Dit". All six of them were from their farms, just west of the Park, and it was obvious that to them too, the Park was a country boy's dream come true.

From the other side of the highway (US 231) there was Herbert Brown, Searcy Hall and Junior Webb. There were several others, some from up the highway a bit, that I saw but never met. This place was a country boy's magnet!

Borrowing from a later famous quote, "If you build it (Redstone Park) they (country boys) will come."

And now for my musical metaphoric memories: Music made Redstone Park a Brigadoon for me. It began with the spill-over of the outdoor movie music. Next, I learned that Jane loved to sing and aspired to do so publicly. Well, so did I. My dad was a country music lover and a darn good fiddler.

Richard and I had been singing country duets for

the past five years, at home. So Jane didn't have to twist my arm when she asked me to sing a duet with her at the Farley Methodist Church. We sang "Whispering Hope". It was sort of a non-performance performance. No applause, because the sanctity of church service was different back then. But lots of compliments after the service ended.

Then when school started, (Farley Junior High), my dad took on the school janitor job. We had school assemblies every day I guess, often with all the kids singing songs like "God Bless America", and often with a ninth grader, Janette McWhorter, doing a fantastic job of playing "Under the Double Eagle" on the piano. It was a real favorite, a lively tune, and she never missed a note.

Well, Dad could enjoy that for only so long before he asked Mr. Morris, the principal, if he could join her with his fiddle. Mr. Morris said if he didn't do it the next day, he was fired. He joined her and that duo brought the house

down! For the audience it was novel, and it was good...it was very good!

There's more. Someone told Mr. Morris about a guitar-playing phenom, J.O. Jennings, who was in the eighth grade, and he invited J.O. to accompany Dad at an assembly. That, too, went over big and led to follow-up assembly "gigs" for that pair. (Mr. Morris got his money's worth when he hired that janitor).

J.O. and I immediately became best friends. We were in lock step on all things country music. Nearly every day after school we would get together and earnestly practice for what just might be careers in county music. We knew the odds were against it but we sure enjoyed living the hope.

He accompanied me on guitar as I sang mostly Eddy Arnold songs. Get this: we were so into it that we had Larry Dobbins, an eighth grade genius, build us a "radio station" transmitter. Its signal would only reach about a hundred yards, but what the heck.. it made us radio entertainers.

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youth. When you are old,
you damn well better have
money."**

Ronnie Lewis, Athens

Unfortunately it was short lived, because our radio waves drowned out all other radio stations, which didn't set too well with a few neighbors who preferred their soap operas, etc. Our next move was to do a brief, open-air performance on the front deck of the Community Hall to see if we could draw an audience. We pretty well knew it was a can't-miss thing, and it was, so we repeated it enough to gain some stage presence.

So it was that Redstone Park became my Brigadoon, or Shangri-la. It was remote, it was musical, it was enchanting, and so many good and/or coincidental things happened there that I now take poetic license to call it a little mystical.

To strengthen that assertion, here's a thought for all you readers who never saw Redstone Park, or lived there, to ponder: Did it really exist? Or was it just a figment of my imagination?

If you drive down to Farley to look for its former location, I doubt if you will find it. There are no markers, and most people now living in that area never saw it, so they know nothing about it. Some may point you to an open field where they think it was, but the only way to be sure would be to stay til near nightfall and listen for the music.

If you hear Al Dexter playing "Guitar Polka", you'll know you're there.

For you readers who lived there, or think you might have lived there in 1946 but now have some question about it, try this: use your computer search bar to find "best country songs of 1946". You'll find "Guitar Polka".

Click the "play" button, and it'll take you back there, I guarantee it.

Sweet Orange Balls

- 1 stick butter, melted
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Tips from Liz



* To keep yourself from snacking at night, brush your teeth, turn off the kitchen light and tell yourself the kitchen is closed.

* When you're upset about something, ask yourself, "Does it REALLY matter?" If it does, express your feelings to the right person; if not, drop it.

* If you drink wine regularly you may be eroding the enamel on your teeth. Brush twice a day and see your dentist if you partake often.

* To break a cold as soon as you get the first symptoms, abstain from food for a day and a half, go to bed in a warm room, wrap well and drink plenty of hot liquids.

* Cooked spinach is delicious with a hint of nutmeg and garlic.

* To get ahead at the office, demonstrate a winning attitude, pride and self-confidence. Managers encourage and support employees who exhibit these qualities.

* A good way to cure insomnia is eating two or three raw onions before retiring at night.

* Protein deposits can form on the surface or contact lenses if you don't clean them regularly. If you develop an allergy to the deposits, you may have to stop wearing them for as little

as 3 months or as long as forever.

* A baldness treatment is ineffective if it's not nimoxidil or finasteride, the only two drugs scientists agree reverse hair loss effectively, according to "Vitality" magazine. Also be suspicious if a company says its product is a secret formula. A product wouldn't be a secret if it really worked.

* Limit the number of files in your office. It's easier and faster to look through one file with 20 pieces of paper than 10 files with 2 pieces of paper in each.

* Patients with coronary heart disease have a better chance of long-term survival if they believe their family and friends will help them do daily tasks, such as taking medications and bathing, etc.

* Starting your meal with a low-fat soup or salad will help fill you up.

* Melted butter is not a good substitute for softened butter when the recipe calls for a creaming step. Let the butter soften and then cream the ingredients well. Melted butter makes soggy cakes.

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

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

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



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I like myself the best."**

John Lasseter, Arab

WEIRD NEWS IN 1905

* Walter Bradford, a weaver employed in the Huntsville Merrimack Mills, was probably fatally injured yesterday afternoon by allowing the elevator to descend on his head. The young man was looking down the elevator shaft and did not see the car descend from above. The floor of the car caught his head on the gate and his scalp was almost torn off. The accident was a horrible one and Bradford is not expected to live.

* The extraordinary conduct of a man who tried to kill his sister by forcing her to swallow pins and needles is reported to have resulted in the arrest of the brother. The brother had systematically mixed pins and needles in her food and had forced her to swallow them. The story was at first discredited, but a doctor who was called declared that the girl was virtually a living pin cushion. He extracted 72 pins and needles from her body and it is believed that she will fully recover. She doesn't sew.

* Admitting that he shot his son but stoutly maintaining that he was forced to do so "to teach him a lesson" for speaking disrespectfully to his mother. W. A. Laurus, a grocer at Poplar and Dunlap Streets, told the police that it was the only method to be used when boys forget themselves so far as to act disrespectful to the women at home.

* Rice penetrating the ear of the bride broke up the honeymoon and may cause permanent injury to her by defecting her hearing, according to the opinion of the specialists who have been called in for consultation. The ceremony, which had been performed uniting Miss Eustice Newell and Mr. Richard Southwick, was followed by a reception at the home of the bride. The old fashioned custom of throwing shoes and rice at the happy couple was resorted to and many shoes and much rice was hurled in the direction of the couple, but no damage was done until a grain of rice penetrated Mrs. South-

wick's ear, injuring the drum, the physician said. It caused such pain that the honeymoon was abandoned.

* James Slemph, a conductor on the Virginia and South Western, has brought suit against his wife, Hennie, in the law court here. The couple was married for several years and he claims that his wife was untrue to him. He substantiated his suspicions in an ingenious way. He had telephone wires extended from the front phone to the basement of his house and sat and listened to the conversations of his wife with other men.

* Mrs. Helen Mays, a widow who resides near New Market, was killed by a bolt of lightning this morning while chopping cotton near her home. The lightning first struck the hoe she was using and slivered the handle to fragments. She leaves several small children, who were depending on her for their support.

* There is a move underway to put 2 pet deer in the county court yard. The feeling is they will make the yard look more attractive. The unsightly pathways will soon be obliterated as the sheriff has placed a number of signs up bordering the pavement forbidding anyone from walking on the grass. In the future whoever violates this rule will be arrested and fined.

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Halloween Horror House

by M. D. Smith, IV



It was 1955. I was fifteen and had a girlfriend, the youngest of three sisters, whose father raised her like a son. She was five inches taller than me, could out-waterski me, out-fish me and beat me on her father's pool table every time. But she was mine, and we were in puppy love, even though I had to stand on tiptoes to kiss her good night on her front porch steps.

Late October rolled around and I'd gotten my fill of the latest and greatest horror movies of the early 50s. Titles like: Creature from the Black Lagoon, The Body Snatchers, Tarantula (about giant spiders on the loose), and Them, An Endless Terror-A Nameless Horror (atomic radiation mutants that caused ant colonies to grow larger than elephants).

It's nearing Halloween, and the high-school fraternities joined ranks to put on a spectacle of a horror house to raise money for a local worthy cause. One of the rich guy's family had a vacant old mansion for sale, and it had a monster empty basement where they would stage the spectacle. I printed flyers showing it open for three nights before Halloween, advertising the event that promised to scare the pants off you. Children under 12 were not admitted. Word of mouth was that you would be "scared sh\$%less" and constipated for a week.

That did it. I had to go. I couldn't drive yet, but I arranged for an older frat brother to take me, and likewise, Sally would come with a sorority sister group of girls. I graciously paid the handsome fee of \$1.00 each for us. That was a lot when movies cost half that much. We approached the entrance, and the ticket taker wore black clothing and face paint to look like Dracula, complete with false fangs. He said, "Ah so, you wish to enter zee haunted castle. Go at your own risk."

Then he bellowed an evil laugh and opened the door, spaced at one-minute intervals, allowing only one person or couple at a time to pass.

That was a perfect time to hold Sally's hand, pretending I'd keep her from getting scared, but I really enjoyed a reason to "press the flesh." She may have been nervous, but I like to think it was passion because her thumb touching the back of my hand between forefinger and thumb rubbed my skin, so much so that it got warm underneath.

We continued down the steps, lit with eerie purple lights, to the basement. The atmosphere was perfect. The smell of a musty old cellar, complete with odors that may have been imported cow dung, added to the atmosphere of the haunting recorded music coming overhead from unseen speakers. It was like an actual horror movie where you are in your seat telling the character, "Don't go in there."

It resembled a maze, with black cloth draped on either side and tiny lighting on the floor, striped with red tape to show the direction of travel.

We came to a draped curtain and a sign that directed us to say, "Who are you?" Upon saying it, the curtain opened, and a monster in shredded old clothing hanging over what looked like maybe football shoulder pads appeared. The Fran-

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kenstein Monster towered above us, letting out a mighty roar. The face paint was well done, and he looked like he had several open bloody gash wounds on his face and head, stitched shut by coarse string — a gory sight and one that shocked us. Sally screamed, but mine may have been louder.

The walk continued, and we never let each other's hands go. She rubbed that spot faster as we approached each coming new scare.

We knew we were coming near the end when we came to a casket sitting upright, and a sign said, "Open at your own risk."

As I reluctantly squeaked open the casket top door, a red spotlight came on overhead, and there was a woman's head, draped from the neck down in black, so it almost looked like it floated in space, with the eyes closed. It was a horrid green color, and deep-recessed, blackened eyes suddenly popped open. But that wasn't the worst part. The head was covered in snakes. I'm sure they were rubber snakes, but her head trembled, and the snakes appeared alive. Her lips parted, showing enlarged white teeth, and a long hissss emerged, complete with the smell of garlic that could wilt bamboo stalks. Wow, we scrambled up the basement steps, happy to be out of the Horror House. We got our money's worth. But that's not the end of the story.

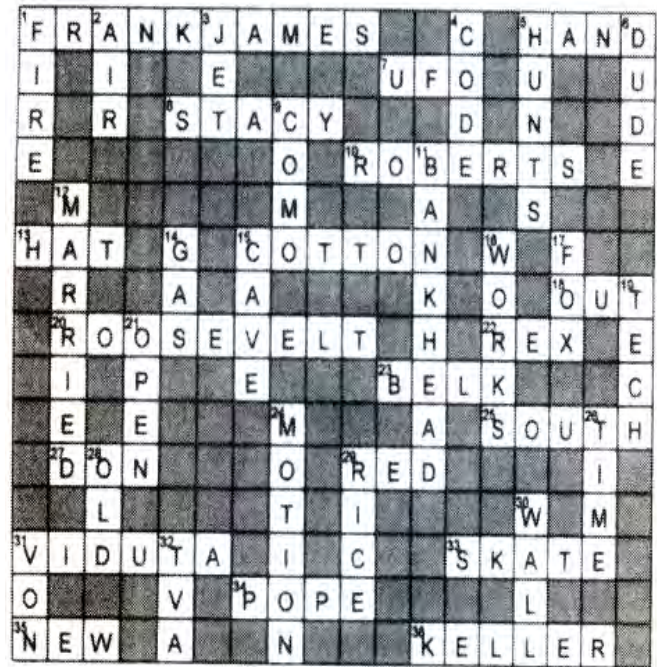
The rubbing of my hand with her thumb caused a blister that popped, and she was rubbing raw skin. That spot promptly got infected beneath the band-aid I'd put on it. When I finally showed it to my mother because it seemed to get worse, her eyes got big, and she called my father, who prided himself that he was a home doctor with an M.D. in his name. He said, "Good heavens, son. You've got blood poisoning. See that red streak running up your arm? We got to get you to Dr. Clark."

We drove to the old home converted into a doctor's office and he immediately saw us. He confirmed my father was right and gave me several shots, put a salve and bandage on, and a prescription to take. He said if the streak got any further, take me to a hospital and call him on the way because a person with an advanced case only has a 50/50 chance of living.

I was plenty scared by that time. I'm not even sure I went out trick-or-treating or playing pranks with my buddies on that Halloween night. I had all the scares I wanted for this season. Yes, the red steak disappeared and the passion-blister healed, but it left a scar for the longest time.



Crossword Puzzle Answers from September issue



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Leaves cover my driveway, so, do I rake them or let them blow everywhere? Some gardeners recommend mulching them to enrich the soil. Either way, the colorful leaves are a sure sign of fall, but a headache. I really miss the city not picking them up with their vacuum truck. Now they must be bagged. What is going to become of the landfill if every household puts out 60 plastic bags of leaves? That could be a real problem.

Grandma has finally recuperated from her trip to the beach and the scare of the coming hurricane (that mostly missed the panhandle of Florida). Strong winds really can put the fear of the Lord into a person. Looking at the houses and businesses destroyed in a matter of minutes was so devastating. Many people lost their whole life's work and savings. I'm so thankful no more lives were taken. I saw one house that three walls were blown away. One wall was standing with the television still attached to it. Another couple survived having put a mattress over them. Everything else was blown away.

Mother Nature has a way of her own and when the weatherman says, "You should evacuate now," you better listen to him. Better be safe than sorry.

Now, once again, I was talking to a friend, reminding her to get a Covid shot. Her remark to me was, "I don't believe in them." The same answer was said back to me about wearing a

mask on her plane trip to Europe. I decided I better keep my mouth shut and not argue with her.

Well, guess what? The morning after she returned from her trip, I called her to hear the details of her two-week journey. She sounded terrible, just could talk, and had a fever of a bit over 101. Immediately I said, "Did you wear a mask on the plane or when you were at a crowded soccer game or pub?"

"No," was the answer. She went to her doctor that afternoon and I knew what she was going to tell me. The next day when I called, she said, "I feel horrible and have Covid."

Older adults must get their flu, RSV and Covid shots to be protected. Covid is on the rise and it has jumped 14% in the last couple of weeks. The EG.5 (Eris) strain is more transmissible or severe than previous Omicron sub-variants. Vaccinations for seniors should be available this month and everyone shortly after. Covid reports continue to increase. My grandchild in college reports that large numbers of kids are getting Covid at her school recently. Hospitals may fill up again, and older citizens may not be accommodated. Scary.

Reminding me, Halloween is coming.

Another grandchild came in and said, "Mimi, do you know why the witch didn't have any children?" Of course, I said I didn't.

She said, "Because her husband had a holloweenie."

Everyone needs a good laugh. Until next time, enjoy the Fall and be good to tricker-treaters.

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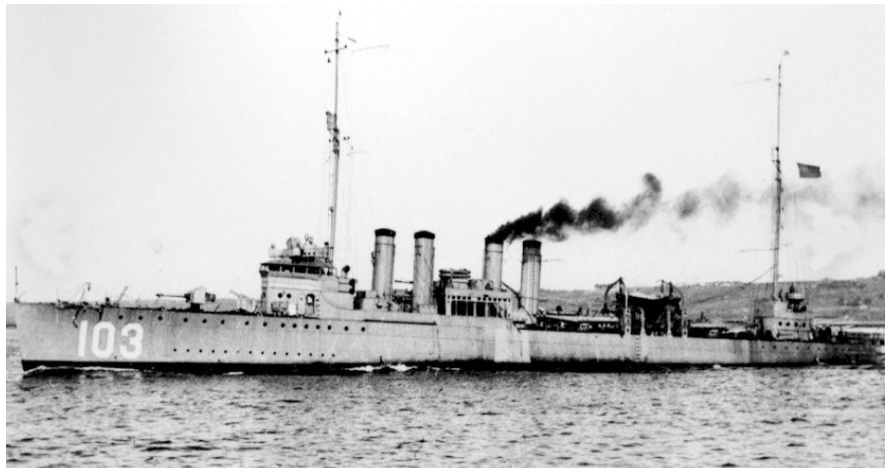
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An Account of the USS Schley

by Iolanda Hicks

It was a clear and pleasant morning on December 1, 1941. The temperature was in the low 70s with light, east -to-northeast winds. At 7:55 AM on that peaceful morning, Pearl Harbor on the Hawaiian Island of Oahu was attacked by Japan. This attack was conceived by the skilled Japanese Admiral, Isoroku Yamamoto and planned by Captain Minoru Genda. All six of Japan's fleet carriers were launched across 3000 miles of ocean, to land, within a few hundred miles, north of the Hawaiian Islands. Using the element of surprise, the carriers, in those early morning hours, dispatched Japanese aircraft towards their target. Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Many of the Islanders were still sleeping, some were at breakfast and others getting ready for Sunday services. Yes, it was Sunday and many of the Naval personnel were on shore because their ships were either moored or being overhauled at that time. A year earlier, in 1940, because of the tensions between Japan and the US, President Roosevelt had the US Pacific Fleet transferred from San Diego CA to Pearl Harbor, HI. The US forces were unprepared, that early morning.

In 90 minutes, the Japanese planes damaged or destroyed "19 warships (including 8 battleships), 300 aircraft and killed over 2400 US servicemen" including 68 civilians.

The USS Schley was one of the destroyers being overhauled. On that morning, it was moored in the harbor. The Schley was a Wickes-class destroyer, used in WWI (designated DD-103),

and named in honor of Winfield Scott Schley. Schley was a Naval Rear Admiral who participated in multiple engagements during the Civil War era and after. With WWII and US participation, the DD-103 was later designated APD-14.

The Schley's crew members, that morning, were not on the destroyer but once they knew the island was being attacked, they raced towards their ship, heading for the small arms room. That's

all they could do, since the Schley's guns had been dismantled. She was left unable to return fire on the Japanese planes. The Japanese pilots though, ignored the Schley since they were more interested in those higher-valued targets, the battleships "berthed along Ford Island's Battleship Row". Ford Island was a small island in the center of Pearl Harbor.

A total number of 353 aircraft were launched from those 6 Japanese aircraft carriers. Included were 79 fighters, 40 torpedo planes, 103 level bombers and 131 dive bombers, all strategically attacking set targets, in two different waves. 29 of those planes were lost and by the end of WWII out of a total of the 67 Japanese ships that took part in the

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Pearl Harbor attack, only 1 survived to the end of WWII. The Schley escaped damage on that December morning attack.

After an expedited overhaul, the Schley remained at Pearl Harbor patrolling the channel for a year. It was later converted into a fast transport, providing support for Marine Corp. missions. Escaping kamikaze attacks during her time in the Pacific, the Schley had survived WWII but was considered too old for future combat service.

In 1945, she was decommissioned and by March of 1946 sold for scrap, ending her career with 11 battle stars for her service.

At the Huntsville Veterans Memorial Museum, at the back of the main room, there are several dozen glass display cases. One of these cases is labeled Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941 representing the USS Schley and a 1903 Springfield rifle. It is believed, from all evidence found in studying this particular rifle, that it had rested in that small arms room aboard the USS Schley on that December day.

It was more than likely used by a Schley crew member during that 90 minute attack on Sunday morning.

On a trip to the Civilian Marksmanship Facility several years ago, longtime Museum volunteer Larry Gillespie found this prize. On examining the rifle, he noticed several Marine Corp. alterations and the stamp, on the stock, that read DD-103. This resulted in the immediate purchase of that rifle for the Museum!

An article in the December 7, 2016 issue of the Redstone Rocket, by Ed Kennedy, gives an excellent description of the Springfield's probable journey on the day Pearl Harbor was attacked. It is a most interesting read.

Visit Huntsville's Veterans Memorial Museum and bring history alive. Located at 2060 Airport Road, it's open from Wednesday through Saturday, 10AM to 4PM.

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The Thing (1951)

by Bill Alkire



I will try to start at the beginning or as close as I can. Ronald and I had thumbed a ride with Willard to see the newest movie thriller, "The Thing". It was filmed in Black and White, which added a more dramatic effect. The movie starred James Arness (Matt Dillion of "Gunsmoke" later in his career).

When you are in your teens you are moldable and naive. A man is not afraid of anything - Right? But at 10 you are afraid of your own shadow - I was not supposed to say that - Sorry! "The Thing" provides a reason to be scared if you need one. I will not go into details about the movie or the plot - but it scared the sniff... out of Ronald and me.

Even now on the back side of 80, I cannot watch movies like the "Thing". I get this rush and..well I just cannot watch this kind of movie. We took too long getting out of the theater and missed our last ride home! It was four miles from the theater to my home. There was nothing between town and home except dark heavily forest laden space. This night it was the longest four miles ever! It was DARK - if there was a moon, it was too frightened to be out. It would not have wanted to show his face, I think he was in the theater also. It was also damp as well after a couple days of rain - early September foggy and windy. It was a night meant to keep you on edge. Ronald and I were not on the edge, however we were scared! I mean really scared, perhaps petrified would be a better term.

We started walking - and an hour later not one car had passed, in either direction. The night began to get colder, and the wind was increasing and began howling in the trees. Without any town lighting it was now darker than pitch. The wind rustled leaves and God knows what else. Strange sounds began to emerge from the forest lining both sides of the highway. We moved to the center of the roadway to walk - avoiding whatever was following us in the trees. "What was that?" Ronald's voice quivered. "There it is again", Ronald's voice trembled, apparently more urgent now.

We quickened our pace - almost to a run.

"My thoughts were of the preacher and the bear - sure hope I can outrun Richard, I mean Ronald," was my thought almost out loud. What seemed like forever, we finally saw a light in a curve ahead? Then we both got really scared - it must be the "ghost of a man killed by his jilted girlfriend and left in the ditch along the curve", Ronald said. When we reached the curve, the light had dissipated. Our pace really quickened now. I knew I should not have waited on Richard - I mean Robert, no Ronald, was my thought.

The lights from town began to appear, as much as they were. We still hurried - even faster - we could see a little better where we were walking. We had made it home. Thanks to God! I went into the one room shed, we called our house and Ronald went up the hill - he lived but a short distance. As I hurried into the house, I failed to see the wash tub Mother had left from bathing my younger brother, EER SPLASH... I went into the tub of water, first my chest, followed by the rest of my body! My Mother awoke and helped me clean up the water and my clothes.

Shortly, my Mother and I heard a loud Ka Boom. The sound of what was apparently a single gunshot blast. We found out the next day that Ronald had made it to the house and to bed - taking his shotgun with him. The Spenser's had a one-eyed dog they called "King". "King" had lost one eye in an accident as a puppy. The dog entered Ronald's bedroomerr... err... err -Ronald hearing the door open and seeing but the one eye of the dog in the dark, opened fire ...Ka Boom.

The dog was not hit but ran out of the house and was gone for nearly a week. The bedroom door and door frame were a different situation, however. Spencer's (Ronald's family) moved a few months later to Akron, Ohio to work. The door and frame were never repaired - the legacy remained.

"The Thing" Movie Review: When scientist Dr. Carington reports on a UFO near his North Pole research base, the Air Force sends in a team under Capt. Patrick Hendry to investigate.... they find a wrecked spaceship and a humanoid creature frozen in the ice. They bring their discovery back to the base. When the airmen investigate the creature attacks them the greenhouse, but they manage to barricade it inside .

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CITY NEWS FROM 1875



A Frightful Mistake

An interesting case of death from careless use of poison lately occurred. A blacksmith named Wilder, after a week of drinking, went into a drug store and called for an ounce of hydrate chloral, which was properly labeled and given him. He went home, put the entire ounce into a glass of water and drank it down with a view to having a good sleep and to recover from the effects of his drinking.

Hardly had he touched the bed where his wife lay she noticed a strange look upon his face and hastened to his side. He said, "Sally it's no use, I've made a mistake and am a dead man."

In twenty minutes from the time he took the mixture he was a corpse. Five grains of hydrate chloral is a safe dose for a person wishing sleep, but this man took an ounce - four hundred and eighty grains at once - and paid the sad penalty.

Fingers Found

A local farmer, upon opening his chicken house recently one morning, missed two of his birds; but then on the other side of the cage he found two fingers in the trap. They haven't been called for.

Lost

Either at the Opera House or on the street between the Opera House and Dr. Dements residence, a Porte Monnaie containing a purse with forty dollars - three ten dollar bills, the balance in change.

The finder will be rewarded by leaving it at the Independent office.

"No matter how much cats fight, there always seem to be plenty of kittens."

Abraham Lincoln

Business Move

Drs. Binford and Dement have moved to the office on Franklin Street, third door from the East corner of the Public Square in Huntsville.

Strayed or Stolen

From J. B. Allison in New Hope, Ala. about six miles northeast of Vienna on the Paint Rock Road - one dark brown mare mule of medium size, about ten years old, saddle marks on back, rather heavy set and strong legs, a knot on each shoulder point.

This mule is the grandson's favorite and any information in regard to the whereabouts of the mule will be rewarded.

Do You Want to be Part of a Paranormal Investigation at the Historic Lowry House?

You need to reserve now, because Participants are Limited!

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Call (256) 489-9200 or go to the Lowry House Website at www.historiclowryhouse.com to buy tickets and reserve your spot. Or call (256) 489-9200 for info

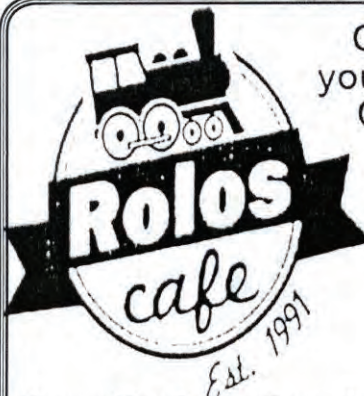
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Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



Yes I overdid it hiding the little angel wing and not many found it. Look on page 48 of the Sep. issue, right in the middle of the picture. Tiny little white square with angel wing - see it now? Our first caller was **Katrina Wharton** of Ardmore and she is proud of her cousin **Regina Wimberley** who owns Butter & Egg Diner in Hazel Green. A great country place with good food.

Then our photo of the month was me, and I had more calls on that. **Shirley Wilkerson** was our first caller and she lives in Halls, TN! Congratulations to both of you!

Don't forget the 20th annual **Liz Hurley Ribbon Run** on Oct. 21st, Saturday, to benefit Huntsville Hospital's Breast Center. Check Huntsville Hospital Foundation website for more informa-

tion.

Happy Birthday to the best Sis in Law ever - **Diane Owens** of Huntsville (but from the Shoals) is celebrating an Oct. 25th birthday and there will probably be Margaritas!

The **Goodyear store** downtown Huntsville has been in that location for many years and have done lots of business over the years. They still treat customers with kindness and professionalism and have come to the rescue of many of us over the years!

The **Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll** is coming up on Sunday Oct 17 and you don't want to miss it. It's at Maple Hill Cemetery and goes from 1:30 to 4:30pm and you might get there just a bit early to park - it will be packed. You will get a map of the participating graves/famous people in Huntsville's history. Be prepared to walk or bring a camp chair, water will be available and it's free. Also no pets!

Eva Nell Carlton of Huntsville loves to read and stay active. Eva is 92 and an amazing lady. Her sweet son **Curtis Campbell** wrote to just tell us that. Thank you Curtis and we send love to your Mom.

Jane Gerdeman wants to wish her sister **Cyndie Brick** a very Happy October Birthday. Cyndie lives in Ohio and recently retired so she's loving life! Jane says, "Love and Happy Birthday from your baby sister!" Jane works at Truist Bank on Church Street and is the Senior Relationship Banker there. She is SO good with customers and extremely knowledgeable with financial questions.

Special Hello to **Sam Michael** of Gurley, AL who reads every issue of Old Huntsville!

Happy Anniversary to **Jim and "Mike" (Michelle) Vann** that happened on Aug. 24 - 60 years! Also Jim celebrated his 84th birthday on Aug. 26th so August was a big month for you! Happy Birthday to you, Jim's one of our writers sending in memories.

We were so sorry to hear that **Bill Lawrence**, formerly of Huntsville, had passed away. Robert William "Bill" Lawrence, 79 years old, passed away on August 30, 2023 in Edgefield, SC., where he and his wife **Phyllis** had recently relocated to be closer to their son, **Dave**.

Bill was a graduate of St. Mary's Catholic School. He also graduated from Butler High School in Huntsville, AL., where he played varsity football as the starting halfback. He graduated from the University of Alabama with a BS in Business.

Surviving Bill are his loving wife of 47 years, **Phyllis Neal Lawrence**, his son, **David Neal Lawrence**, brother-in-law, **Ray Neal**, sister-in-law, **Fran Lawrence**, sisters, **Linda (Larry) Wor-**

Photo of The Month

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ley, Huntsville, AL., **Susan (Tommy) Brewington**, Scottsboro, AL., and **Diane (Ken) Lowry**, Oxford, MS., brother, **Luke (Cheryl) Lawrence**, Indian Rocks Beach, FL. Bill was deeply loved by his family and friends and will be so missed always.

Pearline White lives in Southfield, Michigan but is from Huntsville and after 60 years came back for a visit. She was really astounded at the changes!

I recently brought two rubber stamps in to **Bowman's** on Leeman Ferry Rd. and worked with a lady named **Karen**. She was very helpful and I fully expected to buy 2 new stamps as they were no longer working. One needed a new part but she examined the other one and found out that it just needed inking. She did that and it was as good as new. The other one she worked on with new parts and fixed it as well, at a very nominal cost, much less than 2 new stamps would have been. In these days it is nice to know that a long standing family business will take better care of you than a million dollar big box office store. Thank you Karen and we're so proud of Bowman's being in business now for many years.

Many of us like watching the bi-monthly **City Council** meetings but can't be there in person. The meetings are live streamed and you can watch them on your phone or tablet or even TV if you have Knology. The meetings are very interesting including the speakers who wait until they can get up and speak. Google "City of Huntsville, City Council meetings" and you will find them.

October has tons of events and naturally many of them revolve around Halloween. Here are a few others that look good:

Huntsville Botanical Garden Oct. 4 from 11 am - 2pm Hamburgers and Hayrides

Burritt on the Mountain - Oct. 4 - 5-8pm Cocktails at the View

Von Braun Civic Center - **Mark C. Smith Concert Hall** - Oct. 18 - Johnny Cash - the Official Concert Experience

Midcity District - Venardos Circus Oct. 19 - 7-8:30pm

A. M. Booth Lumberyard on Meridian St. - Battle of the Foodtrucks - starts for breakfast - Oct 14

Have you ever wanted to be part of a **Paranormal investigation**? You can do that right here in Huntsville on Friday the 13th, Oct. 13 - at the **Historic Lowry House** from 7-10:30 pm. Southern Ghost Girls Tours and Paranormal Investigations are back for another sellout event that you can take part in! Go to the Lowry House website for information, ticket prices and directions. You need to get in on this early, it is a sellout every year.

Be sure to check it on www.historiclowryhouse.com.

I have hidden a tiny tiny fall leaf in the pages of this magazine - DON'T call before Oct. 1st to give everyone a chance. It'll be hard to find!

Have a good October and get out and walk. Traveling around downtown and the historic districts will always be interesting and will keep you healthy as well! The weather is just getting beautiful.

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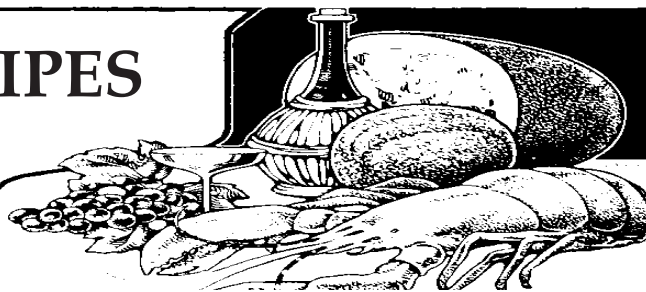
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cheese, grated
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Mix all except crackers and
pour in baking/serving dish.
Bake at 325 degrees for 25 min-
utes. Serve hot with Triscuits.

Best Chipped Beef Dip

1 c. chopped pecans
3 t. melted butter
8 oz. cream cheese, softened
1/4 c. milk
2-1/2 oz. dried beef, minced
1 t. garlic powder
1 8-oz. carton sour cream
4 t. minced green onion
Saute pecans in butter til
lightly browned, drain on pa-
per towels and set aside. Com-
bine the remaining ingredients,
mix well. Spoon into greased
1-1/2 quart baking dish. Top

with pecans and bake at 350
degrees for 20 minutes. Serve
hot with assorted crackers or
Bugles. Keep warm in a chaf-
ing dish.

Stuffed Mushrooms

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1 lb. bacon, cooked crisp and
crumbled
1 lb. fresh mushrooms
Remove stems from mush-
rooms. Combine the cream
cheese and bacon and stuff the
mushroom caps with the mix-
ture, cheese facing up. Bake at
350 degrees for 15 minutes and
mushrooms are tender.

Stack Salad

1 medium head lettuce
2 c. diced celery
2 c. diced onions
2 grated carrots
1 can English peas, drained
2 c. mayonnaise
5 T. Parmesan cheese, grated
Take a round mixing bowl

and place your cut-up lettuce
in first. Layer the cut up celery
next, then the onions, then the
carrots, then the peas. Finally
add the mayonnaise. Sprinkle
the Parmesan cheese over the
mayonnaise and let stand over-
night before mixing & serving.

Fried Cabbage

In a large frying pan, fry a
pound of bacon til crisp, crum-
ble and set aside. Cook one
shredded cabbage in the bacon
grease and top with bacon.

Red Beans and Sausage

1 lb. red beans, dried
1 lrg. onion, diced
1 clove garlic, diced
1 T. parsley flakes
3 stalks celery, chopped
1 lb. smoked or hot sausage
3 T. butter
2 T. Cajun spice
Rinse your beans, pick over
them and discard stones. Fill a
large pot with beans and wa-

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ter. Let boil for an hour, adding water as needed.

Add seasonings, onion, celery and spices. Let beans cook til soft. Add meats and butter, cook on low heat til creamy. Add Cajun spice to taste.

Serve over white rice with a good crusty homemade bread.

Poor Man's Slaw

5 fresh tomatoes, chopped
3 cucumbers, peeled and chopped

2 Vidalia onions, chopped
2 green peppers, chopped

Put all in a large plastic bowl, add salt and pepper to your taste. Use freshly ground pepper preferably. Cover and shake a few minutes - then back in fridge for 2 hours to mix flavors. This is great as a side salad and you can use the liquid as a really good dressing!

Puffed Rice Candy

1 c. sugar
2 c. puffed rice
1/2 t. vanilla extract
Pinch salt

Put sugar into heavy iron frying pan to melt. Stirring constantly over medium heat, mix sugar til its melted and turns

a light brown. Don't burn - it browns FAST! Turn off heat.

Immediately mix in salt, vanilla and puffed rice and pour at once onto a buttered slab or dish.

With a wet rolling pin roll it out flat, and when cold break it into small pieces very much like peanut brittle.

Lizzie's Date Nut Candy

1-lb. pkg. dates, pitted
1 c. pecans, chopped
2 c. sugar
1 t. vanilla

Boil sugar with 3/4 cup water til it spins a good long thread when you take a spoon out. Add vanilla, then pour it onto the nuts and dates. Stir until very stiff. Turn into a wet clean cloth, cover and flatten out, patting gently with hands. When cold, break into blocks.

Sweet Dixie Cake

4 eggs
1/2 pint heavy cream
1-1/2 c. sugar
1-1/2 c. self-rising flour
1 t. vanilla extract (or almond if you prefer)

Break the eggs into a bowl

and beat til light and foamy - at least 5 minutes.

Add the cream, beat another 5 minutes. Pour in the sugar, beat well. Blend in the flour and extract.

Pour in a greased tubular pan and bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes, or in two 8-inch cake pans for 30 minutes. Dust generously with confectioners sugar while still warm.

Millionaire Pie

2 graham cracker pie shells
8 oz. crushed pineapple
8 oz. Mandarin oranges
8 oz. Cool whip
1 can Eagle-brand condensed milk
1/3 c. shredded coconut
1/2 c. pecans, chopped
Fresh lemon juice

Drain crushed pineapple and Mandarin oranges. Cut oranges in two. Mix ingredients except lemon juice.

Add just enough lemon juice to thicken it, not enough that you can taste it.

Pour into pie shell and put in fridge for several hours.

Store any leftovers in refrigerator, if you have any!



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A Tour Through Memories of Old Huntsville

by Bill Goodson

On a hot summer Thursday I found myself with a little loose time.

Daughter Cindy Holliday was visiting Huntsville for a few days to celebrate birthdays of her grandson, Mark Holliday (3) and daughter-in-law Lauren Holliday. She and my wife Elise were shopping while I was doing some errands and visiting with Bob Stewart. We were to meet at Walton's for lunch at noon.

As it turned out, I completed my duties early and had time to kill. Bob lives on Eustis Avenue, so I was already downtown. Without really planning to do so, I proceeded to tour that old section of East Huntsville, beginning with a look at what was happening to my old Huntsville High School.

And, WOW, is it happening! After the building, situated between Randolph and Eustis, was abandoned as city school administration headquarters, it had lay dormant for several years, only a fond memory for those of us who had been lucky enough to have attended high school there. Dormant, that is, until city officials decided it should be sold and put to good use.

Thus it came to pass that private developers made an offer, with plans to convert the historic building into a private apartment/condo complex. And as I left Bob's house and turned east on Eustis I viewed the early site work. Twickenham Historic District regulations will not allow the structure to be revised without approval. So what I saw was the stark back side of the old high school, the later additions (gym, workshop, and wings) having been approved for removal. I almost shed a tear, surveying the bare, red earth and recalling my glory days (!) playing basketball in that gym.

Ah...progress... (sigh)

I turned on White Street to see with relief that the front of the building was, by regulation, intact; long, wide stretch of concrete stairs lead-

ing to the front door.

Only a little further, covering an entire city block, stood East Clinton Elementary School, just as it was in my early years. Of course, it is no longer a public school, but functions as a private Christian school. Through grades 1 to 7, this was the seat of my education, as it was also for my two sisters. We lived at 1308 East Clinton Avenue, an easy walk or bike ride away. (Interestingly, until the 1950's, our address was 1205 East Clinton Street. Then the city modernized, renumbering the blocks, and renaming the North-South roads as Streets, and East-West roads as Avenues.) Ah...progress...

White Street ended at Holmes Avenue, and I found myself in the Old Town Historic District. Turning right, Five Points was only a few blocks distant. That renowned section of Old Huntsville held a host of memories for me. The main thoroughfare is Andrew Jackson Way, the north-south street whose earlier name was Fifth Street. The others that converge are Holmes and Pratt Avenues.

That intersection became home for some of the iconic businesses in that part of town: Star Market, Propst Drugs, Service Cleaners, Goodson's Variety, and Zesto Drive-In (my dad's establishment famous for Dipped Dogs, Zestoburgers and tall tales).

Moving north on Andrew Jackson, past Ward Avenue, I came to Bierne Avenue. There stands a white, wood-frame building that is the original Goodson's Trading Post, my dad's first venture into business. Houston Goodson had decided that he couldn't raise a family as he would like to on a teacher's salary or working for someone else. Small neighborhood grocery stores were

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common in those days, before A&P and Kroger appeared on the scene. The Trading Post competed with Star Market for business, Dad enjoying the friendly competition with Chick Russell and Delbert Williams, owners of Star.

That building was originally L-shaped, but the arm of the L is no longer there. It was in that space that we called home for two or three years - my mother, father, sister Mary Lou and I. This was very close to what was known as the Dallas Mill Village, where both of my parents grew up. We attended the Epworth Methodist Church, which has since moved farther away.

As the family income grew, we moved to our "permanent" home on East Clinton. I was five years old. I turned left on Beirne and stopped at Goldsmith-Shiftman Field, home to many a high school football game. On the Ward Avenue side, I recognize nothing. Huge apartment buildings and parking garages are rising from the ground where once stood neighborhood houses. DO NOT ENTER signs everywhere, Ah...progress...

Leaving that behind, I traveled east on Ward, across Andrew Jackson and into the heart of the Five Points Historic District, the last of the three such residential districts to be so designated by the city. Early owners of these homes are named on the historic markers in the front yards, making it easy to look for familiar names.

There are some names that are well-known, like Cummings and Lewter. I looked for the Laughmiller house, but didn't find it. (Not all of the houses have markers.) Linda Laughmiller was a brief flame of mine at about age twelve.

I toured through those streets - Ward, Pratt, and Clinton - spotting the homes of Marshall Keith and David Turner, two of my best buddies. Marshall had a crush on my sister and would find any excuse to visit us. David had a basketball goal in his back yard, and I would ride by bike there to shoot hoops with him. He and I were the only freshmen to make the team.

I had to pause in front of my old home at 1308 Clinton. The huge pecan tree still stands in the side yard. Later that day, I took Elise and Cindy on the Tour, and as we came to that place, we saw a lady coming out of the front door and walking down the sidewalk. We stopped to talk, and found that she is Claire Purinton, current owner of our house.

Elise and I had met her several years ago, not long after she and husband Dave had bought the house from the Mathenys who had bought it from my sister Pat. Claire was eager to re-aquaint with us and we swapped stories. She is emphatic that she will never live anywhere else. She loves it, even though the pecan tree loves to shed limbs.

I concluded the tour with Elise and Cindy with an excursion into neighborhoods closer to the center of town. Elise's memory for details - people and places - is much better than mine. She was able to point out where Buddy and Sue Kinzer, Willa and Poppy Brown, the Crowsons and many others lived.

The downtown area has changed so much over the years, but the First Methodist Church, where we were married and Cindy was baptized, stood tall. As did the Episcopal Church of the Nativity, our current church.

This turned out to be a memorable day, brought about by the happenstance of my having time on my hands, waiting to have lunch with Elise and Cindy.

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THE MAKING OF A MONUMENT

by Penny Sumners, Project Chair



On August 12, 2023, the city of Huntsville welcomed the newest monuments in Veteran's Park! Twickenham Town Chapter, the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution added two, 4-foot granite wings to the existing 6-foot granite marker which was created by Twickenham Town Chapter in 1939 for American Revolutionary Soldiers who died in Madison County.

In 2016, this large marker which had been lost for 50 years was reunited with its plaque and relocated to Veteran's Park in downtown Huntsville. The 1939 marker had stood on the Madison County Courthouse steps but when the Courthouse was demolished in 1966, the marker was moved to an unknown location.

When the marker and plaque were relocated and brought to Veterans Park, people, particularly Virginia Harless Cook, wanted to know when her patriot (who was not on the 1939 marker) would be added.

At 90 years of age, Virginia knew what President George Washington meant that it mattered to those asked to fight for their country, if they saw soldiers of the past forgotten. So Virginia, as a loyal member of Twickenham Town, a very active community volunteer for years, and a very patriotic American, inspired the chapter to start this quest in late 2019.

Local Huntsvillian, Tennessee Valley Sons of the American Revolution member and American Revolutionary Patriot expert Jim Maples provided about 40 names that would be candidates for the monument. Sixteen ladies from the chapter agreed to do the research to see if they could find enough primary documentation to have the NSDAR verify them. General Bob Drolet of the Veteran's Park agreed to the monument in the park provided it

was of the same look and quality as the original - two wings were decided upon.

Unknowingly at that time, making a marker with over five names requires NSDAR President General's permission. Then Regent Sue Shaver took on that task. So as Covid raged on, the chapter began seeking donations from the chapter and community. Miraculously, within a month we raised \$10,000 which was \$2,000. more than was needed at the time. However, due to inflation by 2022 it was no longer enough!

Within a month NSDAR President Van Buren had given her permission, so the sixteen research angels began their task of spending lots of time on the computer and in the Huntsville/Madison County Library with support from Heather Atkins, archivist, Caitlyn Monroe, historian and Thomas Hutchens, research assistant, who all provided outstanding help.

All 40 candidates with some documentation were sent to NSDAR within two months time. Within the next months, we began receiving word from NSDAR that some patriots were verified and some patriots needed more documentation. In the end, we had twenty-two new patriots/soldiers who have had their names added to the monuments.

We were ready to go in October of 2022, but granite was scarce and the cost had gone up \$2,000. Thankfully, we raised the money needed and the granite was found and the engraving began in May, 2023. Hopefully, more documentation will be found to add others. On August 12, General Drolet welcomed the twin monuments. Alabama Regent Patrice Donnelly of Birmingham and Madison County Commission Chairman Mac McCutcheon also honored these men with remarks to over 200 attendees/descendants during the unveiling of these completed monuments.

Current Regent Dorla Evans created an outstanding program complete with a Gun Salute by the TVSAR Chapter. It was a glorious day except that the heat index was 105 at 10:00 am! Creating the monument was a long, arduous task but these men deserved our efforts and more. What an honor to celebrate their contributions to our country!

The following men were welcomed to Veteran's Park in 2023: John Mosby Binford, Charles Dement, George Dickey, Owen Evans, Zachariah Greenhill Leigh, George Hallmark, Henry Harless, William Hogan, Richard Holmes, Colby Jackson, Fleming Jordan, Charles King, Benjamin Lynn, Michael Mason, James McCracken, Daniel McDuff, Andrew McElroy, Andrew Neely, Moses Poor, Daniel Rather, John Slaught, and John Whitaker.

Virginia Cook died on Oct. 31, 2021 but we know she was celebrating with us on that hot August day!



Huntsville...Did You Know?

by David Hicks

In 1981, two Huntsville wood carvers got together and formed the North Alabama Woodcarvers Association: Jack Hucks and Jerry Sanderson. The first meeting was held at an elementary school off of Oakwood Avenue in Huntsville. Today they meet once a week on Thursday nights, 6PM to 8PM, at the Oak Park Baptist Church, 2105 Cloys Avenue NE, in Huntsville.

After that initial meeting in 1981, the association grew in membership. It was decided by the members to have a yearly show to display their wood carvings, sell their creations and to draw in woodcarving enthusiasts around the area. These shows would also interest potential new members.

Over the years, the club has had several venues for the yearly show. The first show years ago, was held at the old Parkway Shopping Center, when it was first enclosed. Later years, those shows were held at the Round House and the Jaycee's Community Building.

This year, the 39th Show will be held at the Trinity United Methodist Church at 607 Airport Road in Huntsville at the West New Room entrance. It will be held on Friday, November 3rd from 9AM to 6PM and on Saturday, November 4th from 9AM to 4PM, with free admission to attend. More information can be found at www.nawawoodcarvers.org if interested.

Phil Terry is the Woodcarving Association's president who recently shared a humorous moment from one of the past shows. While sitting at one of the Association's tables one year, Phil had his very unique, (real-to-life looking) small skull, he had carved, on display. A woman stopped at his table and spotted this small skull. In amazement, she exclaimed, "Where did you find that little skull!!!" Phil in a very calm voice said, "I found it in a piece of wood."

Phil believes that it's never too early to learn to carve. Not only does woodcarving create beautiful, unique pieces of art but it promotes patience.

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STRONG FAMILY HOME

*by the Strong Sisters -
Charlotte Neal, Gertrude Watson
and Linda Bennett*

Our family home at 1207 Pratt Avenue in the Five Points Area holds a lot of memories. This three story house was built in 1947. We had a large family that grew up there. There were Daddy (Lacy), Mother (Peggy), Grandmother (Mammy), Granddaddy Strong and five daughters, Charlotte, Gertrude, Linda, Betty, and Kathey. Our Mother passed away leaving the last family member to vacate this home in over seventy years.

We remember when we were all young and Christmas was a great and wonderful time for us. We would take a walk to the Star Market and each get a box. We then took it home and decorated it with our name on it and put them under the Christmas tree. That way Santa knew who was who.

Speaking of the Star Market as we grew up when our grandmother, Mammy needed something from the store she would call them and tell them what she needed and they would watch for one of us walking home from school and give it to us to take home. Of course on Saturday Daddy or Mother would go by and pay the bill.

We also put on a lot of plays in the big basement of our house. We would invite the neighbors and charge them a nickel. They always looked forward to the fun. We sisters were always into something. With so many women in one house our poor Daddy was spoiled and of course he spoiled us. He was so proud of his girls that when he wanted to introduce us to someone he would make us line up by age.

When we first moved into our home Daddy and Mother rented the three upstairs rooms to three women that worked with Daddy. Our Daddy was the payroll chief for Redstone then in 1960 moved over to the NASA side as the payroll chief. Of course this made us have 10 women in the house. Now can you imagine the laughter and noise in this wonderful home? It was a wonderful and happy time but as we sisters grew older it was nice when we got to take over the upstairs bedrooms. Our home was a great hangout place for our friends. You never

knew who might be there and how many at any given time.

All the younger years were full of fun but it must have been a hoot when we started in our teenager's years. The boyfriends were always there and there were also dances at school.

Our activities were softball in the field next door or kick-the-can, biking all over the neighborhood, or playing dress up and walking around the neighborhood showing off our outfits.

Most of the sisters married at an early age (around 18 which was not young at that time). There were 6 granddaughters born in this family before the first grandson. Our father was adopted so therefore it had been 56 years before we had a blood male relative in the family. Of course since then we have produced many more. We now have five grandsons, nine granddaughters, numerous great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Not only has our Mother and Daddy passed away but we have lost our two youngest sisters in the last few years, but they leave us with wonderful children and grandkids to continue our memories with.

Even though the home has been sold it will stay in our life forever and we will always remember the great old Strong family home on Pratt Avenue. We hope the new owners will make as many memories as we have at this home.

We were all blessed with a loving close family and great friends that we are still in contact with after all these years.

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News from 1923



- Sheriff Chas. P. Lane made his first raid last night when he, assisted by Deputies Yeatman and Watson, destroyed a still in the Northern part of the county, three miles west of Elkwood. The raid was made about two o'clock this morning and about two thousand gallons of white lightnin' had been poured out. There were no arrests made but the Sheriff says he thinks they were a little too early as it was evident that a run would soon have been made. This was the Sheriff's first experience in the raiding of stills and when asked what kind of still it was, he said he did not know as it was the first one he had ever seen.

- Under a delusion, according to his wife, that he was being pursued by the Ku Klux Klan, Earl Brandel shot and possibly fatally wounded Frank Radic, hotel man, in a crowded restaurant last night. As he fired the shot Brandel yelled, "I got that Klux," police stated. When placed under arrest, Brandel told the police, "They're getting everybody but they'll not get me!"

- County Solicitor Addison White, to whom an alleged flogging of Jesse Warren, in the Hazel Green neighborhood was report-

ed, declared yesterday that he will make a thorough investigation of the occurrence. If facts warrant it, will cause arrests to be made if identification of the masked men can be obtained.

- According to reports received here, George Macaloy, residing in Dallas Village, was beaten about the head and body with a flatiron in the hands of his son-in-law, Fred Maples, Sunday afternoon, during a fracas between the two men. Macaloy was rushed to Huntsville, where he received medical attention. No arrests were made.

- For Rent - one furnished room in private home. \$10 per month. Call at 302 West Holmes Street.

- For Sale - pedigreed Flemish Giant Rabbits. Phone 653 or 270. D. S. Blackwell, Special Agent located over Young's Drug Store

- Improving - Mr. Charles Shaver is reported as doing nicely after having his tonsils removed at the City Infirmary yesterday.

- The erection of twenty new cottages at the Lowe Manufacturing company's mill is well underway with carpenters and other workmen being busily engaged on the work. The houses are of pretty design, modern and well constructed. The new homes will be occupied by employees of the mill and will add greatly to the appearance of the Mill Village, which is kept scrupulously neat and sanitary in all respects.

Immediately in front of the entrance to the office of the Mill there is a large bed of beautiful flowers upon which several spraying streams of water are kept constantly at work giving the flowers a fresh and inviting appearance.



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ing the Beatles in 1962**



DESOLATE

*by Gerald Alvis
The Poet of Greenlawn*

Dunes of granite rock form the beach along the shoreline. There is little soil here and no trees. The buildings, these structures, are stout in appearance they are built almost as if they were leaning, bracing for the Greenland winter winds that are soon to come.

I took time to ponder the stillness. Except for the inland breeze it's quiet and I could only imagine the solitude of the senses after the blanketing snow arrived. The scalloped clouds, way above, move almost indistinguishably. They are taking their time moving across the blue and fluid sky to the harsh and desolate. A man could be tested here in more than one way.

One structure caught my eye. An A frame building with an unusual dormer stood out in design and height. A brisk stroll satisfied my curiosity, it was in-

deed a church in this small village of Nanortalik. As I approached the entrance a lady exiting said you can really feel it in there and I found her observation to be true.

I stopped short of the lectern or pulpit and just gathered my thoughts. Even with the door open this is a warm place to be. After my prayer I spoke to a lady seated at the rear of the church, an Inuit elder. A smile is universal. I commented and made a gesture that their church was beautiful. She got the message and nodded appreciatively.

About halfway back, three generations, I believe of the same family, were selling their wares. One of the members was a business minded 5 or 6 year-old girl. She was selling drawings about a dozen and a half or so, of cats and my eyes were fixed on the one in the corner, a pink one at that! I gestured to the one I wanted to purchase, and she removed the 4 granite pebbles that secured each work of art to the makeshift table laying on the ground. One dollar please, she said in her tiny voice, prompted by her mom.

I then tried to share, this is for my granddaughter who also likes to draw cats and I would take it far away to her. I told her mother that I was an author, and her drawing would be in my next book. Her reaction showed she understood more English than I thought, and she relates it in her native tongue to the others. I'm not sure who made whose day, but we were all happy in that moment of time that meant much but passed so quickly.

As we walked away, I told my wife I wished I would have taken a picture of her holding the drawing. She agreed and went back and asked permission to take the photo and shared a fee for allowing us to capture the moment for you the readers.

The picture and her drawing will soon be on my wall in my office, a moment in time, a touching of cultures and ages.

We are at sea now as I write this headed to Canada then back to New York. We are going to be okay, people, no matter what century it is or where we go, as long as we have hope, as long as we have God and our children.

In my experience we all wish for the same things.

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FIRE

by Kevin Lee, age 16

A visitor's cigar had sent the curtains blazing. The fire stood unbarred from consuming the couch. Some of the kitchen was blazing now, too. Sirens could be heard over the crackling of the fire. Maybe they were not too late. Maybe.

Firefighters were arriving and lunging in the house with long hoses. Water is everywhere the flames aren't.

While the fire spreads farther, I escape from the commotion into the cool night air. My shoulders are weighted with sadness as I look at the garden near the house. Would I ever again be able to smell the garden's sweet fragrance? Then I think of things in the house that I will miss, such as my cat and box of treasures.

I take action. No one is able to stop me as I slip into the house and dash towards my room. I see that the fire is spreading further as I grab my box of treasures and the cat from her hiding place.

Escape is difficult, though. Smoke is making me cough a lot and there seems to be no way out of the trap of fire I have gotten myself into. A firefighter comes through the flames and takes me outside.

As he carries me and my things outside, I have time to think. The house is almost destroyed. We have little money so we will have to live with relatives. But we will pull through. We always pull through.



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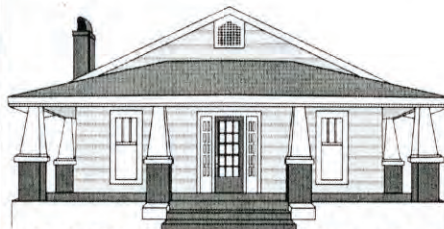
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ONE MORE CHANCE

by Derek t. Robertson



If you are a country club duck hunter with a 10th generation grand champion duck dog or a Tik-Tok good ole' boy that would only own a duck dog that can do 1000-yard blind retrieve, this story is not for you. No, I have someone else in mind. This is for the hunter that hunted all his life: squirrels, rabbit, quail, raccoon, deer and so on. He hunted with dogs and longs for the days when the favorite part of his hunting expeditions was with his four legged friend. I say there is still hope because this ole' hunter got into the duck hunting world even in the afternoon part of his life. And so can you.

I fell in love with duck hunting only a short few years ago and I believe those of us with very modest beginnings, thrilled with our small game hunts with our pups have a different kind of appreciation for the love of the waterfowl sport. As I said, those of us that desire to have one more opportunity in our lifetime to hunt with a dog, this may be your chance.

Me and my hunting buddies I grew up with didn't have the finest side by side (and I mean shotgun not a Ranger) or the newest hunting clothes or the most expensive shotgun shells. In fact while it was always a fun sport, hunting was a necessity; oftentimes it meant our next meal and missing game was unheard of. Dogs were our hunting partners, an extension of our hunting efforts and yes, they were loved. After the hunt they went to their respective kennels; fed, watered and maybe a pat on the head if it was a good hunt until the next time they were summoned.

When I was a youngster the only

thing, we had to do to hunt was ask permission of the landowner, most of the time he was a farmer. Our only duty to the farmer was to make sure we closed the gates behind us.

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Ask a landowner today for permission to hunt and you'd think you asked for the combination to his gun safe or be allowed to look in his wife's lingerie drawer. I am afraid those days are over. Most likely because of the behavior of some Tik-Tok good ole' boys.

Unless you have a lease or are lucky enough to own a spread of land, you are left to public hunting lands and guided hunts. Thankfully no one can own water, though many people think they do.

Just try shooting a crappie jig under someone's dock on the lake and see what happens.

Hunting dogs today are robbed of what God made them to be and for the purpose of the hunter. They become toys, and parade around in silly outfits during Halloween rather than being let out on a raccoon or rabbit trail. No more do you see a pointer locked up with paw drawn on a covey of quail or a feist bawling up a tree at a squirrel. It is sad to see a hunting dog not able to hunt.

How I miss those days. For the persons I write this story for I bet you do too. We are left to our memories of days gone by. We sip our bourbon and puff our cigars only to remember our four-footed hunting partners and the adventures they shared with us.

But if you are lucky like me and had the opportunity to be invited on a duck hunt, you would fall in love with the sport. Duck guns, a few hundred decoys, a new duck boat, about 25 or 50 duck calls that guarantee water swats all season, waders, caps, hats, steel shot, camouflage clothing in all types of camo, and some water is all you need to get started. And of course a second mortgage on your house.

Mind you though, after a few years of duck hunting you will realize something is missing. It will most likely be right under your nose and you won't realize it for a while. Chances are your buddies will have one or maybe two. And then all of a sudden it will hit you. With the sound of their name they leap into the water no matter the temperature and will gladly retrieve your duck. It is a beautiful sight to see the water dog swim back to the blind with the bird in his mouth. This of course is none other than a duck dog. And you just have to have one. It is one more chance to hunt with a dog and share in memories and adventures. Call it a reconnection of days gone by.

Granted this is one of the most expensive types of hunting a feller can do. As they say, "the most expensive sport for the littlest amount of meat." But it will give you another chance to hunt with a friend that will be more loyal to you than anyone in your life. There is one more opportunity to enjoy the hunt with a dog and that dog will be a friend to the end. This alone is priceless and worth every penny.

Now my country club duck hunters or the Tik-Tok good ole' boys might not understand, this hunting dog can also be a companion more than just a tool to hunt. He or she will take a ride with you to the store. Sit with you for hours in the blind, in all kinds of weather and still love you even if you miss or the birds are not flying. This dog will sit beside your chair in the evenings as you sip your whiskey and smoke your tobacco of choice. When life gets tough and there are things weighing heavy on your mind, an occasional cold nose will poke your hand as if to say just pat my head and all will be well.

It is all up to you now. You can have one more chance. All you have to do is take out a second mortgage.

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Floyd Frazier and the Maysville General Store

by Austin Miller

Reprinted from older issue of OHM

I have known Floyd Frazier since he transferred to Central School from Rison in 1955. He came in the ninth grade to a class of all girls and one boy. The boy was Larry Hawkins. Floyd made it two boys and about twelve girls. Larry and I as well as most of the girls started at Central in the first grade in 1947. Some of the girl's were Nina Steger, Shelby Jean Kilpatrick, Martha Robinson, Marie Osborne, Margaret Burnum, Doyce Brooks and Janice Wilbourn. Another girl, Joyce Acuff, was also in the ninth grade class but she didn't start with us in the first grade. Joyce and Larry dated through high school and later married. They are now retired and live in Moon Town.

The reason I was not in this class in the ninth grade is because I failed the eighth grade. I was not alone because all the boys except Larry failed. In the summer of 1956, Central sent only two boys to the Madison County High School class of 1959. In the almost hundred years of Central's history this was the first and only time that happened.

When Floyd's family came to Ryland they moved in the old Tipton home place on Wall Road. I don't ever remember being in the house but it was the home of my great grandmother, Mandy Tipton. My mother spoke of going there often when she was a girl.

I don't know when the Tipton's sold the property but I believe it was before Floyd's family moved there. The house was totally destroyed by the Ryland tornado of April 1974. The move to this location probably had a greater impact

on Floyd than any other one thing in his life. He was neighbors with the Charles McBrayer family. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McBrayer, three sons; Charles, Larry and Ruben as well as a daughter named Lee. The story is Larry and Charles thought that Floyd was coming over to visit them when all along his real purpose was to see Lee. It worked; Floyd and Lee were married on June 29, 1962. In June of this year they quietly celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Floyd and Lee are both well known all over Madison County and I do believe that they are friends with almost everybody in town.

After Floyd retired from Intergraph several years ago, he and Lee bought the Maysville General Store. It quickly prospered and Floyd and his proprietorship of the store became embedded in the fabric of the Maysville community. After Ryland grocery closed in 2004, the Maysville Store became an even more significant part of the glue that holds together the Ryland and Maysville communities. It became the only place left where you could still go six days a week and almost everybody that came in would know your name. It is also the only place left that old timers from the area can go and expect to see people they have known since childhood. Such places, especially general stores, are almost gone from the American scene. Floyd was in his element running the store. I think it was his calling in life. He told me once that running the store was not a job, it was an enjoyable hobby. Even so, it is no minor feat to make a small country store highly competitive against giant chain stores in Huntsville like WalMart, Lowes and Home Depot.

As they say all good things come to an end. Floyd retired from the store at the end of June. It is likely that somebody will buy the store and it will continue to operate. But the flavor will change and it will not be the same. The new owner will no doubt be successful but he or she will have some big shoes to fill. To me, to Floyd's friends and his many customers, it seems like the end of an era.

The teacher sends little Johnny to the map to find North America.

He finds it.

Teacher: Very good, now class - who discovered North America?

Class: Little Johnny!



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Some Unusual Superstitions



- Don't throw your hair clippings out of an open window - that signifies bad luck to the thrower.

- If you kill frogs, your cows will "go dry".

- Tickling a baby will cause stuttering.

- To thank a person for combing your hair is bad luck.

- To allow a child to look into a mirror before it is a month old will cause it trouble in teething.

- A child will have the nature and disposition similar to that of the person who first takes it out of doors.

- If a person comes into your presence while you are saying bad things about him, and he puts his hands anywhere on you, you will die.

- Plant all seeds, make soap and kill meat on the increase of the moon. If done on the decrease, the seeds will not grow, the soap will not lather and the meat will shrink.

- If, on a cloudy morning, blue sky is seen sufficient to make a pair of pants, the sun will come out.

- Wasps coming out thick in the fall is a sign that winter is about to set in.

- Misfortune will come to you if you sell or pawn a wedding gift. Above all, never hock your wedding ring.

- If you work on the day of your wedding you will have to work always.

- It is very bad luck to sweep your house on Friday night.

- If rats cut your clothes, do not allow your kinfolks to mend them.

- When you hear the first

dove of the spring, take off your right shoe and you will find a strand of the man's hair you are to marry.

- If you hear a screech owl it means instant bad luck - to prevent their cry, turn your pockets inside out and set your shoe soles upward.

- If you dream of a live snake, beware of enemies out to get you. If in the dream the snake is dead, your enemies are powerless.

- To see the new moon through clouds or treetops means trouble; if the disk is clear, good luck; if seen over the right shoulder, joy; if over the left, anger and disappointment.

- No person who touches a dead body will be haunted by its spirit.

- When your cat runs about the house and plays, that is a sign that there is a strong wind coming.

- Three successive cloudy mornings, it will rain on the third.

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Favorite Home Remedies

Remember to always check with your doctor when not feeling well - these are offered for your entertainment only.

Suck on a wedge of lemon anytime you feel queasy, whether on a plane or on the ground. Be sure and rinse out your mouth afterwards, lemon juice can eat through tooth enamel.

If you do get motion sickness on a plane, sit as close to the front as possible. The tail moves more than the middle or front. Sit near a window and look out - this applies to riding in a car also - don't read in a moving car.

Want to quit smoking? Cream of tartar has been known to clear the nicotine out of your system. Just mix 1/2 teaspoon with 8 ounces of orange juice and drink it before bedtime. Do this every night. You will find that your craving is not as bad during the day, and will reduce the number of cigarettes you want every day.

Bee pollen works for healthy, shiny hair. Start with just a few granules daily to make sure you're not allergic - then slowly increase the amount to a quarter teaspoon a day. Slowly work up to a tablespoon per day.

Coarse hair can drive you crazy! Want to tame it? Wash as usual, then towel dry. Take a pint of plain yogurt and glop it on your hair, all over. Let it stay on for 15 minutes, then rinse with tepid water.

**What does a man consider a seven-course meal?
A hot dog and a six pack of beer.**

Vitamin C can help a heart stay healthy. Eat foods rich in the vitamin - citrus fruit and leafy green vegetables - and supplement your diet daily with at least 500 mgs. of C.

Age spots - I look at them as freckles but not everyone else does. To diminish them try pineapple juice. Make sure your skin is clean and oil free. Dip a cotton ball in FRESH pineapple juice and place on the spot for twenty minutes, then rinse with tepid water. Do this every day for a week.

For men only - to prevent prostate problems and increase vigor - add a handful of raw pumpkin seeds to your diet once a day, raw or roasted sesame seeds are good - 2 tablespoons per day. Wash them down with sarsaparilla tea - this combination is supposed to aid in sexual stimulation.

If you realize that you just brushed up against some poison ivy and can get to cold water within 3 minutes, wash off the oil. Don't use soap, however, it seals in the oil and takes away

the acid mantle that protects the skin. Taking an aspirin right away is said to help, also.

By the way, if you think it's poison ivy but want to test it, do this. Take hold of the plant with a piece of white paper, crush the leaves against the paper (don't get on your skin). If in 5 minutes the juice turns black, you've got poison ivy.

Strengthen your memory with caraway seeds. Just crush a tablespoon of them, place in a bottle and everyone once in a while take a whiff.

Don't give honey to children under one year old. The spores in honey can cause botulism.

Teething does not cause fever. If your child is teething and running a fever higher than 101 degrees, chances are the he is sick.

Got that bloated feeling? Eat a piece of watermelon right after the beans, should help. Or take a tablespoon of aloe vera gel after every meal. If you're young and reasonably coordinated, do a headstand. Stay upside down for about a minute.

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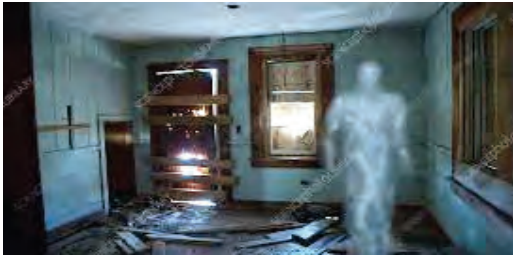
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PAPER HOUSE

Unexplained

by J. Neil Sanders



When did the strange experiences begin? They began the day I moved into my home in Atlanta. I remember quite well the early afternoon when I had finished cleaning my bedroom. I turned off the light and closed the door, only to hear the "click" of the light switch being turned on again. I opened the door to find that my suspicion was true.

This was the beginning. I remember coming home and noticing right away that every picture on every wall had been tilted....and hearing someone stomp up the stairs midday when I was there alone.

Will you think I'm mad if I confess that one night the comforter was being slowly pulled off of my bed while I slept, only stopping when I woke up to find a shadow standing in the doorway...in the doorway of the very room where I had previously heard the "click".

Strange indeed.

Every night I experienced the same dark dream. I confronted the "something" that was there, rebuking it. As it turns out there were two shadows. A smaller one, childlike, that seemed to be trying to deliver a message to me...and a very tall one, the sinister one in my dreams. The one that daylight wouldn't shine through. Dreams?

No, this was all very real. It was real...but it all stopped abruptly the day I moved out of my home in Atlanta.

"Never ever go to bed angry. Stay up late and plot your revenge!"

Maxine



Be kind to others. You don't know what they're going through until you ask.



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The Front Porch

by Anna Lee



Architects may applaud the merits of turrets, columns, steeples and balconies, cupolas, cornices and dormers. For me the supreme architectural adornment of a house is the big old Front Porch.

I have one, and I use it almost year-round. If it's cold, we take out afghans. If it's hot, we turn on the two ceiling fans. If there's rain we sit and watch it fall. If it's raining hard, we sit close to the wall, snug and protected. When it happens that sun follows the rain, I sit quietly and marvel at the beauty of the fresh drops that glisten on the leaves and blades of grass. Sometimes I watch the robin, the squirrel and the rabbit. (That sounds like the title of a children's book).

About those fans: after I had installed them, a visitor looked up at them and laughed. He pointed out that each blade was decorated with

a large orange sticker that said, "This side up." The electrician had actually installed each one in the wrong direction! When I called him to come back and fix them, he said, "That's really just a matter of choice." He finally came back and fixed them, and he admitted that he had a new video game so engrossing he was reluctant to leave it.

Almost everything on the porch was a gift. The two white rockers and the wicker table were left by the previous owner. The gray wicker settee and table were a cast-off from the friend of a friend. I found the rustic side table, the rabbit planter and the iron base for a vintage sewing machine on the curb, and the two aqua pottery planters as well. The five-pointed star (for Five Points, where I live) was left behind when a neighbor moved out, so I took it for my own. The tiny red child's rocking chair was given to me by another neighbor who brought it from a cabin in Maine. Lots of history here, as is appropriate for a 100-year-old house.

I did buy the brass knocker for the front door. It's shaped like a squirrel, and you lift the tail to make a knocking sound.

When visitors drop by, I seldom worry whether my house is presentable inside, because the visitors almost always prefer to stay outside on the porch. The furniture then ebbs and flows and moves about to accommodate everyone. Friends leave food on the wicker table if I'm not home, often with notes. "Carrot cake baked on Sunday. Need to refrigerate." "Left at noon. Should be all right for a few hours unless you get home late." "These roses were on my porch for a day but I think they're all right."

My favorite visitor is the 4-year-old girl who lives next door. She shows up to tell me all her important news about dolls, toys and cookies. Her mother says it makes her feel grown-up. The other day I took to the settee to try to finish the difficult book I was reading. Although it was full summer, there was a chill, so I took the pretty green and yellow afghan that an elderly neighbor had knitted for my mother almost 20 years ago (because she thought my mother was so nice). I opened the book, and I wished someone would take my picture. I would frame it, and I would call it, "Woman with Book on Porch."

It's getting to be fall soon. Time to take away the bright cushions and other colorful accessories and leave the porch in white, ready for the snow.

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CEMETERY "HAUNTING"

by Elizabeth Wharry

Last October 2022, I wrote about "haunting" the Mentor cemetery (Ohio) and the consequences. There's a bit more to the story...

We girls waited about a year to exact our revenge. Meanwhile, we gathered the local and Cleveland newspapers. We also found gloves and large garbage bags. We told our parents these materials were for a "project". We were also deliberately vague.

Chief Agard lived about a mile from my parent's house, on the same road. His driveway was pea gravel, and he would park his cruiser next to his favorite window. He would sit by that window, watching TV.

During the course of the summer, we girls wadded up all that newspaper into the tightest, smallest balls we could, and stuffed the garbage bags full. The gloves protected us from newspaper ink and prevented us from leaving fingerprints.

A year after "haunting" the cemetery, we were ready! We quietly walked up the Chief's driveway and carefully opened the passenger door. We taped the button down, so the car was dark. Silently, we filled the car with all that wadded up newspaper. We weren't sure if we could get the door closed!

Little did we know that he had an important meeting the next day. We all had the day off for some reason. We gleefully watched as he, in full dress uniform opened his car door, and newspaper burst out. We were watching from the woods.

Soon afterwards, two cruisers showed up. One took him to his meeting, while the other stayed behind to clean

up the car. It took about as long to clean it out as it did to stuff it full. Inquiries were made, however the usual suspects were ruled out.

It wasn't til about 20 years later that I ran into retired Detective Bill Azbill. He was doing some concrete work for us. I asked him if the Chief ever figured out who stuffed the car. I finally confessed to the deed. Bill laughed, and said that he would let the Chief know.

Sadly, the Chief was dealing with Stage IV cancer. Bill said that the Chief shook his head and laughed.

This article is dedicated to the memories of the late Chief Agard and the late Detective Bill Azbill of the Mentor Ohio police force.

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A BEAUTIFUL CITY

by Tom Carney



When Colonel D.C. Kelly and his Confederate forces appeared on the outskirts of town on Sept. 30, 1864, many of Huntsville's citizens thought their salvation was at hand.

Huntsville was occupied by Federal forces under the com-

mand of General Granger and its citizens chaffed at the harsh military rule.

With his troops poised to attack, Colonel Kelly entered the city under a white flag of truce to present a demand to the Federals for an immediate surrender.

Granger refused, sending back word that he would burn the whole town, and giving the inhabitants two hours to leave.

The next day Kelly sent another message into the city, warning its inhabitants to be out by 7 am.

Granger replied he would set fire to the whole city in 30 minutes if the Confederates came within 300 yards.

As word of the threatening exchanges leaked out to the Huntsville citizenry, a mass panic began. Families loaded their possessions into whatever conveyance they could procure and began a frantic departure,

in many cases, people fled the city with only the clothes on their backs. The Federal garrison, convinced that they would be attacked any moment, spent the evening and night fortifying their positions and preparing for battle.

Salvation did come to Huntsville, but in a way no one expected. The next morning, as the sun began its slow climb over the horizon, it was discovered that the Confederate forces had disappeared.

Colonel Kelly remained convinced for the rest of his life that he could have easily defeated the Union Army stationed in Huntsville, but as a friend said later, "It wasn't worth burning such a beautiful city."

"My wife says I keep pushing her buttons. If that were true I'd have found 'Mute' by now."

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Cat Care

* **Cats Love Running Water**

Cats find cool, running water to be very appealing. They tend to always be dehydrated and many health problems for cats can be dispelled by lots of water. Look for a pet drinking fountain, your kitty will love it!

* **Cat Allergies**

While no cat is guaranteed to not be an allergy trigger — and people with life-threatening reactions are better off without a cat — it's possible to pick a pet who might be less of a problem. Black, un-neutered males are purported the worst choice for people with allergies, since they typically have higher levels in their saliva of the protein that triggers sneezing and wheezing.

Some breeds of cat, most notably the Siberian, have a high number of individual animals with low levels of FelD1. If you're paying for a "hypo-allergenic" cat, insist on saliva testing, if you're choosing a kitten, choose a light-colored female and get her spayed.

* **Canned Cat Food Is Preferred**

Veterinarians will recommend feeding canned cat food over dry. Canned foods have a higher percentage of protein and fat than dry foods and are significantly higher in water content than kibble (70 percent vs. 10 percent). Kibble much higher in carbs causing weight gain in cats. Also, canned foods tend to be more palatable to cats that are finicky, elderly or have dental problems. Better health for your cat can start by feeding measured amounts of a good canned food. Talk to your veterinarian.

* **Want a Cat to Love You? Look Away!**

What can you do to get a cat to come to you? Avoid eye con-



tact. Cats don't like eye contact, so will almost always go to the person who's not looking at them. This also is the answer to the age-old mystery of why cats always seem to go to the one person in the room who doesn't like cats. It's because she may be the only one not staring.

* **Surprising Signs of a Cat in Pain**

Chronic pain is not uncommon in cats, especially as they age. Cat lovers miss the signs of a pet in pain because cats are good at hiding it. Any cat ob-

served as being hesitant to jump up or climb, not using the litter box, not able to groom themselves as well, more aggressive or more withdrawn needs to see the veterinarian.

* **What Litter Do Cats Really Prefer?**

Forget the people-pleasing scents. Forget special formulas or alternative ingredients. Your cat is more likely to prefer unscented clumping litter, according to preference tests. And if you want to keep your cat using "the bathroom" be sure to keep it clean, place it in a quiet, cat-friendly place and don't use any liners in the box - cats don't like them. None of these changes will address a cat who has stopped using the box because of illness. Urinary tract infections and other health issues need to be addressed by your veterinarian before box re-training can commence.

* **Don't Toss That Ratty Scratching Post**

When a post starts looking worn is when a cat starts liking it best. Get a new one and your cat may switch to the arm of the couch. Instead, refresh your cat's post by adding some coils of fresh sisal rope - it's cheap, easy to add and cats love to dig their claws into it. Also, try a small bathrug with the rubber backing - cats love to scratch on those.

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THE BACKWARDS HOUSE

by Tom Carney

As hard as it may be to believe, one of the most beautiful and substantial houses in the Twickenham district was built as a mistake!

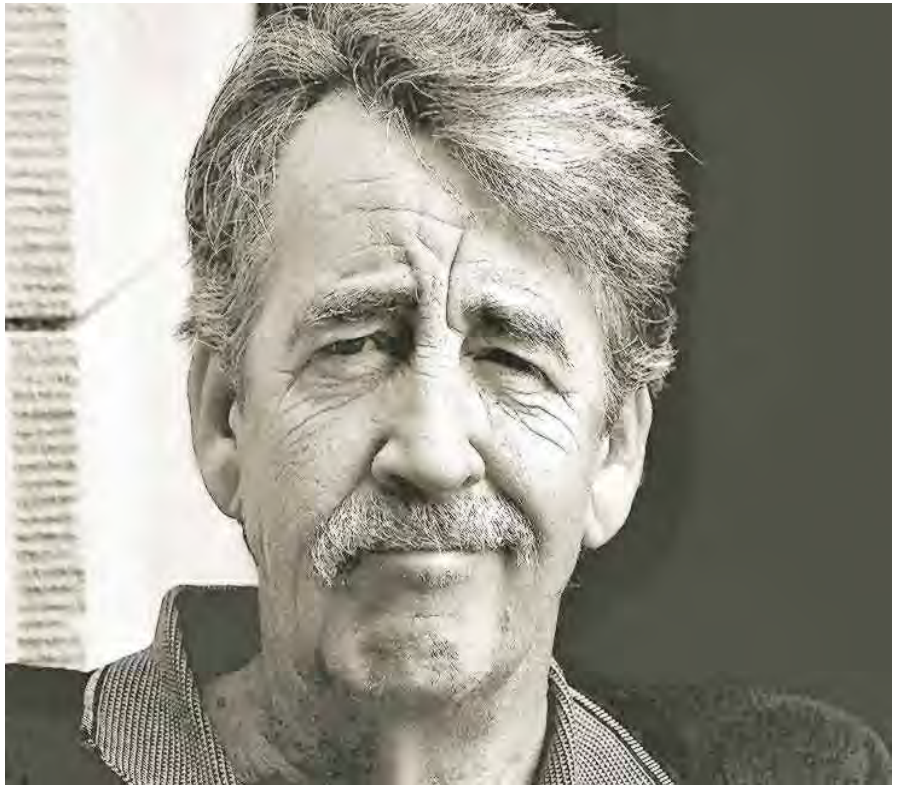
By 1842, William McDowell had become a successful cotton broker and was looking for a site to build a home on that might befit his newly found status. After much searching he finally settled on a site facing Adams Street. The area was still largely rural, but McDowell felt sure that it would become an affluent neighborhood someday, thereby justifying the high cost of the land.

During the next several months McDowell spent every free moment working on plans for his new home. Every detail was planned meticulously, even down to the type of wood to be used and how many nails it would take.

Just as time for construction was to begin, McDowell was forced to go to England on business. Realizing it would be months, and possibly a year or so before he could return, McDowell went over every detail of the house with his newly hired contractor. Finally, after satisfying himself that the contractor knew what he wanted, McDowell left for England.

In the following months, Huntsvillians watched curiously as the house began to take shape. The materials were superb, the workmanship was excellent, but still... there was something that was just not right.

When the long awaited return of McDowell arrived, he immediately went to the site to view the home he had been dreaming of for so long.



One can just imagine McDowell standing in the streets and gazing at the home. It was exactly as he had planned it, down to the smallest detail.

Except for one minor detail.

It had been built backwards!

Possibly McDowell had forgotten to inform the contractor of which way the house was to face, or maybe as some locals later surmised, the contractor simply could not read.

Regardless of why, the home still stands today as the only known house in America to be built backwards.



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Sharon Johnston (1943-1974)

by Kate Hopkins



Soon after the arrival of their daughter, Sharon Ann, the Johnston family moved to Huntsville in 1944. Mr. James and Mrs. Lucile founded the Johnston Concrete Products Company, and they became active in the community and their church.

Sharon attended Huntsville High School and upon graduation she enrolled in Rhodes College in Memphis. After two years she transferred to the University of Colorado and graduated from there in 1965 Magna Cum Laude with a degree in American Literature. She had many interests including reading, gardening, and acting. She was a member of Mensa International. Mensa is known as an intellectual group for people who have been tested and have very high IQ's.

She was married to playwright/director Jack Liethoff from 1967 to 1973 but her all-time favorite hobby was flying! She would take early morning lessons before going to work at a legal office in Boulder, Colorado. The Commander at Buckley Air Force Base helped her to become an FAA qualified pilot.

In a few years she gained flying experience and was able to

purchase her own plane. She became interested in acrobatic flying and racing and lobbied to have the sport included in the Olympics. Sharon joined a group of flying performers called The Flying Pierces.

Tragedy struck at the annual Naval Air Station in Weymouth, Massachusetts. In 1974, during the air show, Sharon's plane failed to pull out of a series of spins. Her plane crashed into the runway about a half mile from the crowd of over 100,000 spectators. The Federal Aviation Agency was investigating but at the time a Naval spokesman said, "it appeared that she was disoriented as to her height."

The Johnston's owned a 250-acre family country retreat in New Market, Alabama. James had built a large pond there that they nicknamed the "Laughing Place". After Sharon's tragic death they decided to gift the retreat to Madison County Commission for the use and enjoyment of all citizens.

Sharon Johnston Park opened to the public in 1981. There's a shooting range for pistols and skeet, 12 picnic pavilions, an 8-acre fishing lake, and a summertime pool (open Memorial Day weekend through early August). Also, there is a recreated 19th century pioneer village, a playground and the newest addition is an 18-hole disc golf course. The 5-star rated campground has rustic and full hook up sites. The amenities include: asphalt pads, firepits/grills, water, electricity, septic and dump station, two bath houses, pull through sites and are pet friendly.

The Scottish Festival and Highland Games, classic car shows and youth fishing rodeos are examples of special events that are held at the park. It is located approximately 20 miles northeast of downtown Huntsville. 783 Coleman Road, New Market, Alabama 35761.

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On Living in a Cat House

by Chuck Bobo



Like any normal man (at least I think I'm normal) I have always wondered what life would be like in a "cat house." At the ripe old age of (past 80) I now have had that experience. I LOVE IT, but it has taken some adjustment and a four-day stay at Huntsville Hospital.

The adventure began about a year ago when I opened my apartment door for my morning paper at about 5 a.m., and a yellow Tabby was sitting outside the door and bounded into the room. I was so startled for a few minutes that I did not know what to do. So, I just watched as the cat moved around my apartment and inspected every nook and cranny. By this time I had guessed the yellow Tabby was a female, though I had not gotten close enough for a full inspection.

She came back to me, rubbed against my leg, looked up and meowed a couple of times, which I guessed was saying, "Feed me!" I had no cat food so I sorted through my canned food until I found a small can of tuna, which I opened and spooned a few bites into a bowl.

I put it on the floor before her and she smelled and sniffed it and then very slowly ate about half. She then continued inspecting my apartment, looking in every corner and even under my skirted foot stool.

She looked up and gave me a long "Meooooowww?" I interpreted this to be a question. "Where is the litter box?"

Having none, I quickly compromised. I found a square plastic storage container and quickly tore an old newspaper into small pieces. That was exactly what she

was looking for. She did her business and carefully covered it with scraps of the paper and looked at me with a broad grin. It was as much to say, "I am well trained."

Now, I was trying to decide what I should do next. I had seldom seen cats around outside in my apartment complex. I decided that she had wandered from her home or her owners had moved away and left her.

I decided to take photos of her, make FOUND CAT posters and post them in the area. This was done fairly quickly and I dressed to go out and place them around the neighborhood.

She was again sitting beside her now empty food bowl, so I added more tuna and a dish of water before I covered the neighborhood with photo CAT FOUND posters. When I returned she met me at the door, went bounding under my foot stool and peeped out from under the skirt.

A couple of days went by with no response to the posters, so I figured she was abandoned. I had laid in a supply of cat food and real litter for her "potty." I had become accustomed to having her around. A cat had not owned me since my children were growing up. I traveled a lot and did not want to leave an animal alone or have to leave one in someone else's care.

In a few days she had gotten me trained. I moved a book case under each window with a pillow on top so she could view the outside world (her television) with birds and squirrels playing on the lawn - and the coming and going of our neighbors.

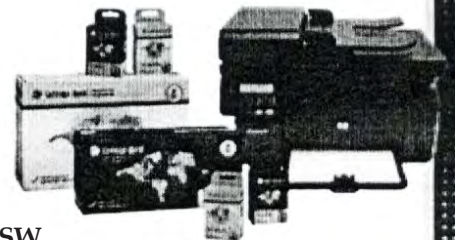
She was home and she left no doubt about it. When I opened the door to go out of the apartment, she made no effort to leave. Didn't even take a look in the hallway, but rather went for her safe place under the foot stool.

Whomever had her before had trained her well. Miss Tabby didn't jump on beds, furniture or counters and used a scratch pad I had gotten for her instead of the carpet or furniture to sharpen her claws.

She had even learned the daily newspaper was delivered at

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about 4:30 each morning. When she heard the doorknob rattle when the newspaper was hung on it, she came to my bedroom and "meowed" a couple of times to let me know.

We established a morning ritual.

1. I would get up and visit the bath room.

2. I would get the newspaper off the door knob.

3. I would open a can of her favorite food and feed her.

4. Then I would make my morning coffee, read the paper, etc.

This ritual was going smoothly for about two weeks. Then one morning after eating she decided she wanted to be in my lap. She sat before me until she got my attention and started to jump into my lap. This had not happened before and I moved my hand right to the place she intended to land. To keep from falling, she dug her claws into my hand and it began bleeding.

She scampered off and hid, knowing that something had gone wrong. I cleaned and dressed the wounds from the claws into the back of my hand, but in a few hours my hand was swelling. I phoned the doctor to make an appointment to have the claw wounds examined.

The doctor informed me the infection was serious and I would have to be admitted to the hospital. I phoned my friend, Terry the Cat Slave (Terry Morgan) who lived across town and asked if she would look in on Miss Tabby and keep food and water out for her while I was hospitalized.

When I was released after four days, I had decided to keep the cat. No one had claimed her and I had already invested too much in her. While I was hospitalized, Terry came to my apartment a couple of times a day to feed and check on the cat.

Terry drove me and the cat to the vet where I was informed Miss Tabby had been "fixed" and there was no chance for a litter of kittens.


"I haven't gotten much done today. I'm still in the produce department trying to get this stupid plastic bag open."

Fred James, 87

She got her shots and license and a new name: "Her Royal Majesty Queen Tabitha."

She is now the Queen of the Cat House, and she has learned one lesson. She never jumps into my lap until she is invited. When she wants to be in my lap, she sits patiently before me until I give her the sign to come up and she never digs out her claws.

I now have the experience of not only living in a Cat House - I own one!



Thank You!!

This is just a special **THANK YOU** to our readers, advertisers and writers who are keeping the magazine going! When our readers pay \$2 for an issue, that money goes to our printing and we couldn't stay in business without you.

It's been 32 years now full of great stories. There are just a few of us who are putting this magazine together. We publish very unique articles and are truly a local paper.

Keep sending in your family memories - we need them! We Appreciate You more than you know.



OLIVE

Hello, my name is Olive. I am about a year and a half old and was found with 4 other kittens. We have been living at the Ark animal shelter since a kind citizen brought us here. Three of my littermates have been adopted already but my sister Ollie and I,

we are still waiting for a forever family. I get along well with the other cats and love to play and be petted by the volunteers and visitors. I like to go outside on the patio enclosure and watch the dogs and look at the birds. We are well taken care of but are ready to have a home of our own. I have been spayed and have had all my shots and so am ready to go. If you are looking for a loving cat ask to see Olive, that's me.

(Editors Note: Look at those eyes - she is beautiful!)

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FROM OLD TO NEW

by Kathy Dupree Engel



I was born in 1955 in the old Fifth Avenue Hospital, July 4. When my daddy took my mom and me home, it was to my grand-daddy's cotton farm he worked where Intergraph is now parallel to I-565. Daddy worked for the Madison Police Department when the cotton was planted and then come cotton picking time, he and some fellows that lived along the same road helped him pick it in a cotton picker. They would dump it into a cotton wagon and haul it off to the cotton gin in Madison.

The house was 2 stories, second floor having a living room, bedroom and kitchen. The first floor had a living room, kitchen, pantry and 3 bedrooms. I can still remember the gopher rats that use to come into the house at night. My parents and I lived on the top floor. When I was born, my dad would bring me down to the kitchen and put me in the bassinette next to the pot-bellied stove for my grandma to watch until my mom got up.

I'll never forget the fun times on that old farm. We didn't have a bathroom, only outhouses and in the wintertime we had slop jars kept in the pantry. We took baths

in an old galvanized tub we set up on the back porch. The lucky kid was the one who got to take a bath first, because the last one got what we washed off of us to bathe in.

Some years my granddaddy used to slaughter a pig for the 4th of July and bury it in the ground and cover it up over coals and cook it all day. My daddy used to keep bees back away from the house and would go out and bring in a big tub of honey and honeycomb for us. We thought we were living rich then.

There were buttercups (daffodils) growing all over the place. In the fall, my granddaddy would kill a pig and cut it up and put it on the floor in the kitchen and salt it down. Then he would hang the meat up in the smoke house and smoke it so we had ham, bacon, whatever kind of pork you wanted.

Grandma took care of her chickens and got eggs from them, but every once in a while, she'd let the eggs go and we'd have a bunch of baby chicks to look at. Of course, mama hen didn't like us "looking" so she'd take off after us and we'd have to run fast to get away from her. I remember the pot-bellied stoves keeping us warm. I also remember looking down at the floor and seeing through the cracks the chickens walking around under the house.

The house was built on piers and there was no foundation to keep out critters or cold air. I bet if you went down that road that is parallel to I-565 now where Intergraph is and go back into the back where that thicket of trees is, you'd find a lot of wild buttercups there. Folks, those were my grandma's flowers. She was partial to them and I never remember not seeing them.

When granddaddy had a stroke, he had to quit the Police Department and move off the cotton farm because he couldn't work it anymore. He moved out to Monrovia and lived out there about 10 years before he died.

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

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Forties Fall Baking

by M. D. Smith, IV



August of 1944 was hot in the mid-nineties. I was five years old and observing a hundred ladies behind sewing machines on the second story of my father's Birmingham Awning and Tent Company, converted to war work, making parachutes and ammo bandoliers. The ladies were sewing away in sweltering heat with a single massive exhaust fan sucking the oppressive air out of the building.

I heard a resounding clunk of a woman's head hitting the wood floor not five feet away from me and others gathered around to splash water on her red face, fan her and take her to a cot to be revived, and either go home or back to work, her choice. They had salt tablets and plenty of water to stay hydrated. The chilly winds of late October waning into Fall was a welcome time of the year. My mother and grandmother felt like baking in the kitchen again. As a five-year-old, I loved to help with pie and cake baking.

Do you remember the song "Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan Dowdy"? It makes your eyes light up, and your stomach say "howdy." The song was popular in the forties as was both the pie and Apple Pan Dowdy, a baked apple turnover treat. The original song was Fred Mollin's Blue Sea Band featuring Kim Keyes. Dinah Shore made the hit version in 1946.

One of my favorite pies was a recipe of my grandmother's that we just called "Apple Pie." It had some similar ingredients of the song's Pennsylvania Dutch original recipes from Colonial times. The original "Shoo-Fly" was simply flour, brown sugar, shortening, baking soda, water, corn syrup and dark molasses baked in a pastry shell.

For the Apple Pie, no water, just sugar, brown sugar, flour, ground cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and bit of corn syrup and molasses and seven cups of peeled, thin-sliced, Granny Smith apples. The lemon juice mixed with apples takes some of the tartness out. Mix everything and put in a pie shell. Instead of a solid top with slits, we used strips of dough on the top crisscrossing to leave small square openings. On top we brushed one egg white and melted butter. Generously sprinkle on more brown sugar. Bake covered for 25 minutes, uncover and bake till nicely brown and bubbly, total of about 45 minutes.

Now, would you say that "makes your stomach say, Howdy?"



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THE MOONSHINER

by Bill Holder



As the sun was setting towards the west on the small farm in North Alabama, dust could be seen flying in the air. A farmer riding his tractor with a plow in tow was clearing his field for the upcoming planting season. He had worked his day job from 6 AM to 3 PM for a local construction company. Once he quit that job for the day he drove as fast as could to get home to start his second of three jobs. He was a typical Southerner working six days a week, sun up to sun down while taking Sunday off for church and family. It was the way he was raised and the way he planned to live.

On this particular day he had been plowing for an hour or so and making good progress with no problems from the old International tractor. He was in a hurry because the spring rains had kept him out of the fields for the past three weeks. He needed to get the plowing finished so he could start planting. He had cotton, corn and soy bean seeds that needed to get in the ground if he planned to harvest anything.

The farmer was working the same fields his daddy had farmed and his grandfather had farmed. He hoped to keep the tradition going by passing on the farm to his kids. They were a hard working bunch and he did not want to let them down.

As the farmer neared the end of the field he noticed a rabbit at

the edge of the woods. He thought if he only had his shotgun with him he would have supper for the next night. Oh well, no gun and no time to wish for one. He turned the tractor to make a 180 degree turn and started back the way he had just come. In the distance along the main road the farmer noticed a reflection. As he drew closer, he stared and finally realized it was a car coming up the main road. Who could that be out here in his neck of the woods? He shook his head when he finally determined a siren was on top of the car. It was a sheriff's car. He thought, This cannot be good.

The car stopped on the main road right in the direction of the tractor. The farmer thought, Today of all days. I don't have time to chew the fat with this man! As the tractor finally neared the car two deputies got out of it. One deputy started for the tractor while the other one milled about. As the farmer pulled to a stop the first deputy yelled, "I need to talk to you."

The farmer yelled back, "I don't have time to stop and talk. Get on if you want to talk to me. I have to have these fields plowed before next week."

The deputy finally agreed. "Where do I sit?"

"No sitting on this tractor. You will have to stand on the hitch between the tractor and the plow."

The deputy hesitated and the farmer yelled at him, "It will be dark soon. Get on!"

The deputy stepped up and the farmer popped the clutch. The tractor jumped forward and the deputy almost fell off. He yelled

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f. Total Distribution (Sum of 15c and 15e)		<i>489</i>	<i>506</i>
g. Copies not Distributed (See Instructions to Publishers #4 (page #3))		<i>30</i>	<i>40</i>
h. Total (Sum of 15f and g)		<i>519</i>	<i>546</i>
i. Percent Paid (15c divided by 15f times 100)		<i>73.22</i>	<i>76.28</i>

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at the farmer to slow down. The farmer yelled back, "Either hold on or get off."

The deputy thought, "I ought to shoot you and then I could get off." Communication between the two men was hard with the sound of the tractor engine and the noise from the plow. The deputy yelled at the farmer that rumors have been flying around about him at the general store. The farmer just shook his head and said, "That's all they are is rumors. I keep telling you guys that was daddy. I'm not like daddy."

The two men argued back and forth the length of the field. The farmer was really starting to get annoyed. Once he reached the end of the field where he normally slowed down to make his 180 turn he stomped on the left brake and hit the accelerator at the same time, spinning the tractor around on a dime. The deputy was holding on tighter than when he started and was barely able to stay on the hitch. If he had fallen he surely would have been killed by the plow.

He shouted at the farmer, "You tried to kill me!"

"I told you to hold on. I'm in a hurry to get this work done and you are the one that decided to get on. I didn't make you."

The two men continued to argue while they headed back toward the car.

While the two men argued the other deputy had decided to stroll along the woods near the road. He had hoped to talk to the farmer since he had known him all his life but the other deputy always tried to take charge. Whatever, he could be in charge. As he walked along the edge of the woods he could hear the sound of the tractor getting closer. He turned to look.

The tractor came to a sudden stop. The deputy lunged forward and in one swift move jumped from the hitch. He stared at the farmer for a second and cussed the man in the seat. He swore all the way back to the car.

The farmer just sat there staring, not at the deputy heading to the car but at the other deputy near the woods. They locked eyes as if in a trance with each other. Then the sound of a horn honking and cussing coming from the car broke the trance. The deputy started back to the car and the farmer just shook his head. The deputy arrived at the car and got in. In a split second the car spun around and off it went down the way it had come.

The farmer sat there for a second and then began to turn the tractor back around to head off in the opposite direction. He began to hum thinking how lucky he had just been. Had the deputy gone another twenty yards down the edge of the woods he would found his still. He would have surely been off to jail that day but good fortune shined on the farmer that day, allying him to keep his third job as a moon shiner.

He came by it honest like his daddy the moonshiner and his daddy's daddy, the moonshiner.

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