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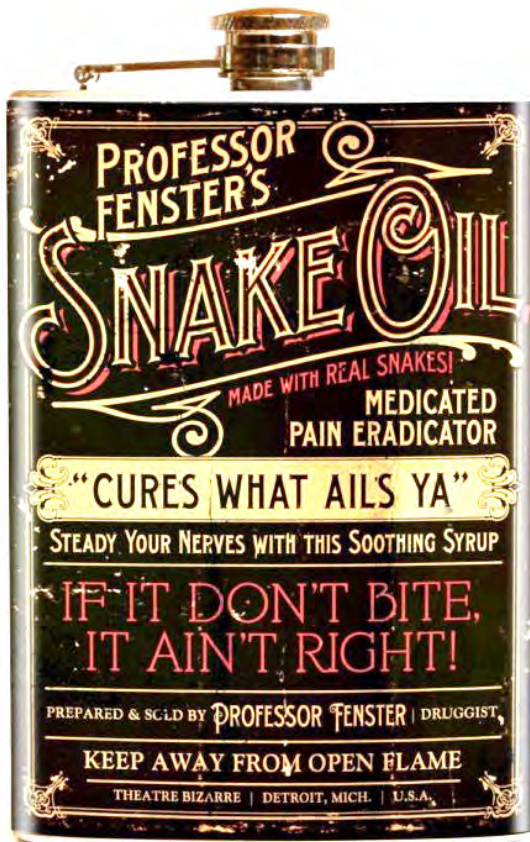
November 2023



# Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

## The Real Snake Oil Story



Toward the latter part of the 1800s, the most famous name in the long history of snake oil, Clark Stanley, gained fame. Stanley had a lot of P.T. Barnum showmanship in him.

He worked as a cowboy for some years before the 1893 Chicago World's Exposition. This showman, dressed in full cowboy regalia, including a red neckerchief and oversized cowboy hat, walked up the stairs to the stage carrying a large brown potato sack at his feet. He'd already dubbed himself "The Rattlesnake King," and he proved it that day.

**Also in this issue:** Homeless in Huntsville; The Unsung Heroes; Carl T. Jones; Monrovia School; A Boy's First Dog; Wesley Mullins and Mullins Creek; Lowe Mill Baptist Church; Tales from Redstone Arsenal; Cool Weather Comfort Food; Dog Trivia, recipes and much more!

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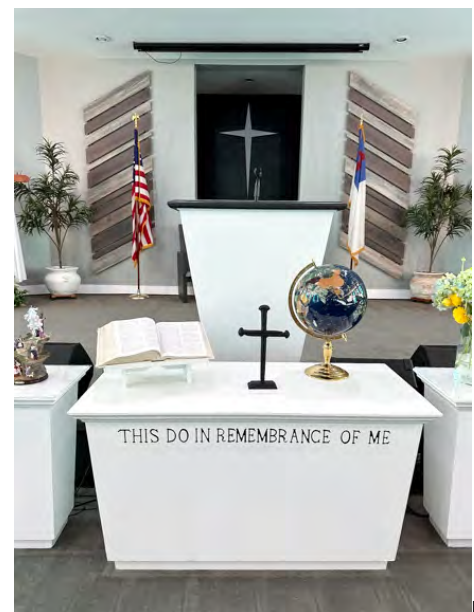
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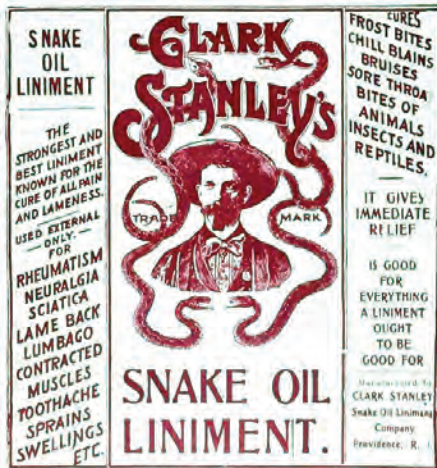
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# The Real Snake Oil Story

by M. D. Smith, IV



## First imported from China

Chinese immigrants first started coming to California and other western states in large numbers around 1850 during the gold rush days. Further, the railroads were expanding and needed laborers desperately to complete the transcontinental

**"I'm very proud of this gold watch. My grandfather, on his deathbed, sold me this watch."**

**Woody Allen**

railroad in 1869. Labor was still required to expand rail lines in the west.

Chinese workers filled the demand for cheap labor. They worked hard and didn't complain. But the backbreaking manual labor of busting granite and driving spikes in cross-ties caused aches and pains in muscles and joints. Thus, they brought with them an old treatment for the problem.

It was Chinese Water Snake Oil — rubbed on joints and muscles, which gave a noticeable measure of pain relief. It was primarily the oil from a mildly venomous watersnake (actually a type of eel) that lived in the shallows and had a diet primarily of fish. The bodies of dead water snakes were boiled until all the oil came out of their tissue and rose to the top. It was skimmed off and bottled. Being high in omega-3 fatty acids, the main active ingredient, it really worked because it was an anti-inflammatory.

A great demand arose for the product, but there was not nearly enough supply. No problem.

## The idea to substitute rattlesnakes for Chinese water snakes

Bottled medicines and remedies had been around for a long time, and it's no wonder entrepreneurs seized on the popularity of the snake oil demand. With an extremely limited supply of real water snake oil, it occurred to someone to use rattle-



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snakes, which were in substantial supply in every American state.

So, the popular remedy became bottled and labeled, "Rattlesnake Oil Liniment." It contained minimal omega-3 fatty acids. But the oil from rattlesnakes did make a penetrating oil on the skin, just not nearly as effective.

There were two ways to extract the oils from snakes. The most popular was to put multiple carcasses into vats of boiling water, and eventually, the oils in the tissue and skin would rise to the top and could be skimmed off.

A Pennsylvania supplier would kill rattlesnakes, skin them, and then hang them up by their tails in the sun. They placed containers under the hanging snake carcasses. Fat dripped down into the troughs as the sun heated the snake's body.

### Growth and marketing

Word had already spread in our young nation of the effectiveness of snake oil to cure many ailments. Snake oil companies advertised in newspapers and sold their bottles of the miracle cure for less than \$1.00 a bottle. General stores carried the product. Individual sales hawkers traveled in wagons from town to town and sold the cure for almost everything wrong in the human body. In those days, there was no "truth in advertising," so claims were often outrageous.

But the sales and marketing techniques sold thousands and thousands to a public who wanted to believe. With a larger population in the Eastern half of the country and more newspapers for advertising, the demand for bottles of the miracle cure was astounding.

If a traveling barker ran out of product, he'd simply mix up a new batch, usually olive oil with other ingredients like hot pepper juice for a sting, often aided by turpentine. There was no snake oil in the product at all.

Toward the latter part of the 1800s, the most famous name in the history of snake oil, Clark Stanley, gained fame. Stanley had a lot of P.T. Barnum showmanship in him.

He worked as a cowboy for some years before the 1893 Chicago World's Exposition. This showman, dressed in full cowboy regalia, including a red neckerchief and oversized cowboy hat, walked up the stairs to the stage carrying a large brown potato sack at his feet. He'd already dubbed himself "The Rattlesnake King," and he proved

it that day.

Then he reached down into the burlap bag and withdrew an oversized rattlesnake, holding it just behind its head. It was writhing and coiling around his arm as he showed the venomous creature to the transfixed audience. He cut the snake's throat and slit its belly, and then tossed it into a small vat of boiling water.



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As the reptile boiled, he extolled the virtues of its oil and how many ailments it would cure. He strode back and forth on the stage and punctuated the cures with waves of his arms. He hawked his secrets that went back to a Hopi tribe in the Arizona desert who taught him the healing powers of oil infused with snake. He also said he combined the oil with other healing herbs from the Orient.

He'd say, "This miracle formula from Rattlesnake will cure rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lame back, lumbago, contracted muscles, toothache, sprains, swellings, frost bites, chill blains, bruises, sore throat, bites of animals, insects and reptiles. It will give immediate relief, AND IS GOOD FOR EVERYTHING A LINIMENT OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR." His statement was on the label and in all his posters and newspaper advertisements.

That night in 1893, the snake fat gradually rose to the surface, and Stanley then scooped it out and placed it into labeled jars, which had been prepared with herbs and other ingredients. Those other ingredients were usually dried red peppers and scented herbs for the smell. In pre-bottled forms later, turpentine became a part of some formulations.

He then proudly offered the name of his product to the crowd: Clark Stanley's Snake Oil Treatment. Some say those were the lucky few who ever bought snake oil from Stanley that actually contained snake. He sold his product for twenty-four years.

**"Men never like admitting to even a momentary imperfection. My husband forgot the code to turn off our alarm.**

**When the police came, he wouldn't admit forgetting the code, he turned himself in."**

**Rita Rudner**


### Formulation varies

Many individuals and companies sold snake oil treatments over the years. Most of the formulas had no snake oil in them at all. Some start-up companies would seek eager investors with promises of small fortunes to be made as the sales grew. Most were left with companies that went out of business or moved somewhere and started up again.

### Shysters

There is a documented case from a newspaper in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where a company opened up and, with heavy advertising, did a thriving business selling to local pharmacies and direct to the public. They said they owned a sprawling ranch in the West breeding rattlers exclusively for their purpose. Because they could produce the snake oil in such large quantities, they claimed, it could sell for as little as \$.50 a bottle.

A bit over a month later, the Pennsylvania company, who was renting a large building



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with a basement, quietly packed up and moved out of town, presumably to start up somewhere else and continue selling their fake "snake oil."

When the building owner later showed a prospective tenant the site, they discovered about fifty empty 5-gallon cans of "pure olive oil." The fakers had been selling plain oil, and the oil, glass bottle, and label cost about five cents. They were making a forty-five-cent profit on every bottle. No wonder they could afford all the advertising for those who paid in advance. For those buying on credit, they often closed shop and left town, leaving unpaid bills behind.

### Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906

In the late 1800s, the quality of food in the United States decreased significantly as populations moved to cities and the time from farm to market increased. Many food producers turned to using dangerous preservatives, even formaldehyde, to keep food fresh. Simultaneously, the quality of medicine was abysmal. Quack medicine was frequent, and many drugs were addictive or dangerous without actually providing a curative effect. Opium and alcohol were chief ingredients, even in infant medicines.

The work of muckraking journalists exposed the horrific practices of both industries and caused public outcry. (source [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pure\\_Food\\_and\\_Drug\\_Act](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pure_Food_and_Drug_Act)).

A man asked his wife:  
"What would you do if I  
won the lottery?"

She replied,  
"I'd take half and leave  
you."

"Great," he said. "I just  
won \$12 - here's \$6.  
Stay in touch."

There was so much to do in the food industry first, particularly products that harmed people or were addictive, that it took a while for the FDA, with the aid of The Bureau of Chemistry, to get around to Stanley's snake oil treatments, but they finally did.

### Stanley Prosecuted in 1917

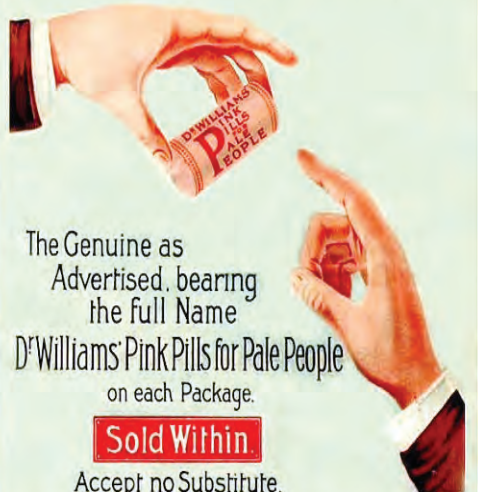
Stanley didn't actually put rattlesnakes into his rattlesnake oil elixir in later years. First, it was too expensive to use the real thing. Just as important, he knew the lack of authentic snake oils wouldn't be noticed.

After federal investigators seized the contents of one of his shipments, they began an official inquiry into his snake oil. They found that the contents contained: mineral oil, 1% fatty oil (assumed to be tallow), capsaicin from chili peppers, turpentine, and camphor.

They fined him \$20, a significant sum in 1917. The fine was for the mis-branding of his product. But more than that, it exposed the lack of helpful ingredients in bottles of so-called Snake Oil. Consumer demand evaporated now that the contents had to be labeled on the bottle.

Stanley vanished into history, but was a wealthy man by that time. His dubious "The Rattlesnake King" title would live on as the first "Snake Oil" salesman in history.

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## Other Patent Fake Medicines

### Dr. Williams Pink Pills

In 1898, another cure-all product rose to fame through the same kind of marketing and advertising as snake oil. It was called, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

The pink pills claimed, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will prepare you if you are not ill yet, and will cure you if you are beginning to feel the effects of the November ills. But you must get the genuine — substitutes are worse than useless — much worse."

The pills promised to cure "rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia (a severe progressive disease of the central nervous system, caused by syphilis), anemia, heart troubles, indigestion and dyspepsia, St. Vitus's dance (childhood movement disorder which is an inflammatory response to strep throat or rheumatic fever and is characterized by rapid, involuntary, irregular movements of all muscles except those that move the eyes). Also paralysis, incipient consumption, all female weakness, dizziness, headache, and all troubles not arising from poor and watery blood."

Now, WOW! Those were some powerful claims at the end of the 1800s. They made a tonic liquid version of the same product.

The product was initially produced and patented in 1866 by Dr. William Frederick Jackson, a physician in Ontario. The "safe and effective tonic for the blood and nerves" was the brainchild of George Taylor Fulford, a businessman from Brockville, Ontario. The international success of the pills was because of the marketing skills of the now Senator George Fulford, listed in the Chemist and Druggist journal as the owner of The Dr. Williams Trading Co. He purchased the patent just after the influenza epidemic of 1891 to 1892.

The ingredients of Pink Pills: Coated in pink-colored sugar,

an analysis of the pills conducted in 1909 for the British Medical Association revealed them to contain sulfate of iron, potassium carbonate, magnesia, powdered liquorice and sugar. Approximately one-third of the iron sulfate in the pills had oxidized in the sampling analyzed, leading to the statement that the pills had been "very carelessly prepared."

The formula underwent several changes and, at one stage, included the laxative aloe, the primary ingredient of Beecham's Pills. They finally withdrew the Pink Pills from the market in the 1970s.

### Relley's Cocaine Toothache Drops

This product was just what it sounded like — drops con-

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taining cocaine. A few drops applied topically acted as an anesthetic, and this caused the popularity of cocaine to explode. It was fast-acting, inexpensive, and often used as a surgical anesthetic. This is likely one of the few patent medicines that actually worked to give relief from toothache and probably headaches as well.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** was a popular treatment for fussy babies. Advertisements promised it would cure baby colic. The syrup was also widely used for teething. The syrup's effectiveness came from two primary ingredients: morphine and alcohol.

You can imagine that these two drugs would ease a baby's cries in a small dose, given time to enter their system. No doubt, an overdose or repeated doses would be toxic to an infant. The label did not have an age range for the product or dosage instructions.

Sadly, hundreds of infant deaths were attributed to the medicine.

You may have heard of a few

# Relley's Cocaine Toothache Drops

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other products of the same period in history. to the nerves."

**Brown's Iron Bitters** tonic was another multi-cure of various ills. The label claimed it would "cure indigestion, dyspepsia, fevers, lack of energy, malaria, liver decay, kidney and bowel problems. It also enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life

## Other "Medicines" Advertised:

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\* Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic to cure Malaria's chills and fever.

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\* Smith's Genuine 100 Proof Snake Oil Elixir (You know that had to work)

\* Old Sachem Wigwam Tonic — Cures everything

This story wouldn't be complete without including Hadacol, concocted by Dudley J. LeBlanc. After serving in WWI, he became a salesman, hawking tobacco products, shoes, and patent medicines he'd invented — Dixie Dew Cough Syrup and Happy Day Headache Powder. After WWII, he became a Louisiana Senator adding credibility to his products. Hadacol is classed under patent medicines, but this one was real. It only claimed to be a "dietary supplement," and that's what it was.

It contained a slew of vitamins and minerals, many for the promotion of red blood cells, including B vitamins and iron.

Hadacol should have tasted quite good, being infused with honey and 12% alcohol, about the same as wine. I'll bet with four teaspoons full of this in the morning, you would feel an extra kick. It came on the market in 1945, just after the war, and was around for ten years. I can remember seeing it on our family medicine shelf as a child. I don't have memories of it tasting very good. LeBlanc told a newspaper, Hadacol smelled awful and tasted like swamp — by design, figuring people expected medicine to taste bad.

He concocted the name from his corporations:

HappyDayCompany, plus "L" for LeBlanc. But when asked why he named his creation Hadacol, he'd smile and, in a Cajun drawl, say, "Well, Ah hadda call it sumpin', didn' I?"

That about sums up the most

prominent of the patent medicines and fortunately, the FDA put most of the fake products out of business. The human body often cures itself, given enough time. Thus, many people would provide sworn testimony, used in advertising of what a miracle the product was — or the companies made up their own testimonials.

The alcohol content in many of the higher priced products not only had a bite when taking it, it would produce a soothing effect until it metabolized in the body.

The final product that deserves mention is various brands of laudanum. Opium and its derivatives have been known for hundreds of years to relieve pain. Laudanum contained a mixture of opium and alcohol. It worked and addicted a lot of people.

So many products came to life up to about 1910 that were fake and/or had ingredients that did not work. Sometimes, it was harmful chemicals. After so many were exposed in the later 1900s, anyone who claimed unfounded benefits for various ills was dubbed "Snake Oil Salesman." It's come to mean anyone (or product) that is simply making up claims that the product could never deliver.

The term has sometimes been used for simply excellent

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salespeople. One that is so good "They could sell ice to Eskimos." Some of these sales types could no doubt sell "snake oil" to many people.

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# Cleaning Out

by Melissa Vaughan



When my mom was cleaning out her house over 23 years ago to sell it, I wasn't very sympathetic over her attachments to things. I would go over on weekends to help her, and we would go through things - things for a yard sale, things to donate, things to throw away. I would usually get upset over how long it was taking her to decide. For instance, we were going through kitchen cabinets, and she spent 20 minutes looking at a black iron kettle with a lid.

Finally I said, "Mom, at this rate it is going to take us another 2 years."

She told me that her mother used to make meals in that kettle

and leave them at doorsteps of neighbors during the Depression. Mom would deliver them, and then they would reappear back on her porch with an apron, or a wood carving; something in return for the meal. I realized that everything that my mom was going through was really a reliving of her life.

If you are reading this and are under the age of 60, you won't get it. You haven't lived long enough. Most of you have not had to move your parents into a nursing home, or broken up their home. You haven't lived long enough to realize that the hours you spend picking out the right cabinets, or the perfect tile will not be what matters in the later years. It will be the handmade toothbrush holder, or a picture that you took on vacation.

So, if your parents are downsizing and moving to smaller places, or selling a home, give your mom and even your dad a break. Those things that you don't understand why they can't just pitch, and why you think you know what needs to be tossed or saved, give them a little time to make their decisions. They are saying goodbye to their past, and realizing that they are getting ready for their end of life, while you are just beginning your life.

As I have been going through things, its amazing just how hard it is to get rid of objects. But, life goes on, and you realize they are just things; but sometimes things comfort us. So give your parents or grandparents a break. Listen to their stories, because in 40 years, when you are going through those boxes and the memories come back, it will be hard to get rid of those reminders of precious moments that make up a life well lived.

You just don't have a clue until it happens to you, then you will remember how you rushed them, and it will make you sad, especially if they are already gone. You can't say, "I'm sorry...I just didn't understand" until it's too late.

**"A friend never defends a husband who gets his wife a lawn mower for her birthday."**

**Peg Heath, Gurley**

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# THE "ALL NIGHT CHICKEN STEW"

by G. W. Robinson

When I was about 14 or 15 years old, there was not very much for kids my age to do for entertainment. We were too young to drive to town to movies (no car, anyway!). Living out in the country, we had no organized sports as the city kids had. For the most part, we had to create our own entertainment.

So one day, several of us boys were discussing what to do that weekend. Somebody said: "Let's have a chicken stew." So after some discussion, we decided to meet on the creek that Friday or Saturday night and cook up a chicken stew. This was one and a half miles from my house; closer for some, farther for others. So, as agreed on, we all met on the designated night. I don't remember everybody, but I do remember Harvey D. Parton, Kenneth and Paul Dean, and Billy C. Gossette. I don't remember how many others were there, maybe my cousin Jimmy Robinson.

Now being a bunch of "dumb" boys, we did not make proper preparation for cooking a stew. I don't think we even had a pot. I still don't remember where the pot came from. But a fairly large cast iron pot was absolutely essential for cooking a stew. But a pot came from somewhere. Then we pooled our money (may have had a dollar between us!) And a couple of us walked half a mile to the store and bought bread and crackers. Then Harvey D. Parton, who lived close by, went to his mother's hen house and "borrowed" (without her knowledge) a big fat hen. Then the rest of us split up in pairs and visited the neighborhood gardens and "borrowed" various vegetables of all kinds and pretty soon we had all the ingredients we needed to make a stew. Of course, we got our water out of the spring-fed creek. So we made a nice campfire and proceeded to cook that old hen. After a couple of hours of cooking in that pot the stew was ready to eat. We were all pretty hungry by then, so we "dug in". It must have been good, 'cause I don't remember any of it being left over.

Well, after all the stew was gone, we kept the fire going and sat around talking about whatever 14 year old boys talk about. Along about 10 or 11 o'clock, everybody started drifting off, one or two at a time and going home. Pretty soon nobody was left but Billy C. Gossett and me.

I don't remember how it came about, but we started talking about staying there all night. So we just kept sitting there by the fire and kept it burning and just stayed there until the sun came up next morning. Our parents did not know we were going to stay all night. I never gave it a thought that they might be worried about me. I don't know if Billy C. thought about it or not.

When I got home next morning, Mother had not slept a wink. She gave me a few choice words of warning about if I every did that again. Daddy did not say anything; it didn't bother him. He understood boys better than Mother did, so he knew we were all right and could take care of ourselves. So that is the story of the "all-night chicken stew" - just another thing that boys did back then that you don't hear about now.

But after the warning I got from Mother, I don't remember ever participating in another "all-night chicken stew!"

**Middle age is when you're faced with all kinds of temptations and you choose the one that gets you home by nine.**

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## Ask Grandma

by Mimi

Are you all ready for daylight saving time to end on November 5th? Well, ready or not, it is just around the corner, and I don't think we have much say about it. At least on Sunday the 5th, I will be on time for church for a change since we "fall back." It just takes a week or so for me to get used to the extra-hour time change. Getting dark at 5:00 p.m. and eating supper earlier takes me more time. By the time I adjust to it, it is time to spring forward again on March 10th. Maybe I will do better this time, but don't count on it.

During World War I, daylight saving time was first instituted to conserve energy resources so people could work longer. World War I and World War II have ended, but daylight saving time is still with us. Why not just stick to leaving the clock one way or the other, and we could all stay adjusted? Making DST all year long passed the Senate a year ago, but the House never acted on it. No definitive vote ever occurred. By the way, the U.S. Government said the words daylight saving time were not to be capitalized, and there is no V on saving.

Now, what is for Thanksgiving dinner? Do we just go out or cook for thirty people or hope

everyone might be kind enough to bring a covered dish? I guess to be on the safe side, I'd better start cooking and putting casseroles in the freezer — just a thought.

There are several grocery stores that will cook the turkey, dressing and gravy, and a side or two, plus the rolls for a reasonable price. I might have to check them out this year.

We usually put up our Christmas tree the Saturday after Thanksgiving. The tree being up really puts one in the spirit of Christmas. The great-grandchildren's eyes really light up with joy when the tree lights come on. The family's wish lists grows longer each year, to be expected with all the advertising on TV. It is so much fun to enjoy the season through a child's eyes. Of course, merchants started Christmas advertising and displays in early October, long before Halloween.

I wish each of you a happy Thanksgiving. Enjoy it with family and friends. You never know when a family member may not be with us next year. Until next month, make every day the best.

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**Eleanor Roosevelt**



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## O'le Dad's Bar-B-Q menu

### O'le Dad's Main Course

Pork plate  
Rib plates  
1/2 Chicken Plate  
Ribs (Slab)  
Ribs (1/2 Slab)  
Whole Chicken  
Whole Shoulders

### Sandwiches

Pork Sandwich  
Turkey sandwich  
Rib Sandwich

### Sides

French Fries  
Potato Salad Pies  
Baked Beans  
Green Beans  
Hushpuppies  
Salads  
Chicken Fingers

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# The Worst News

by Bill Alkire

The worst news possible was announced on November 22, 1963.

I had been discharged from the US Army at the end of September 1963. My wife and I had ventured back to Virginia, returning from my Tour of Duty in South Korea. I was informed by the college I did not qualify as an in-state student at the College of William and Mary. I was able to begin classes in January of 1964 as a part-time student.

I was hired full-time in Newport News, VA at a local A & P Food Stores. A&P bridged the four years of service from high school and gave me credit for the three years of Military Service. This provided me with seven years of seniority. I arranged my work schedule around my college classes. The store had reopened after being closed for remodeling. I had been hired to set up the store and they offered me a full-time opportunity.

The News on Thursday had provided the itinerary for the 35th President, John F. Kennedy and first Lady Jacqueline Kennedy of Fridays Parade route in Dallas, Texas. There was to be a motorcade at 12:30 edt on Elm Street, Dealey Plaza, between N. Houston Street, and the triple underpass through Dallas with Governor John B. Connally, Jr. and his wife Ida Nell (Brill).

The President was in Texas to gather support for his new frontier policies, with an eye on the 1964 elections. He was on what was planned as a two-day, five-city tour of Texas. His first stop had been in Fort Worth and all had gone well with the crowds welcoming the 35th president enthusiastically.

I was at work helping move customers through the checkout. My wife came in with tears in her eyes. She announced that President John F. Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. He had been taken to Parkland Hospital's ER, a few blocks from the Plaza where he was shot. Governor John Connally was also shot. Details were sketchy. Jackie was not injured; however, her pink suit was reported covered in blood.

The country was appalled; I per-

sonally was devastated. I had been a staunch supporter of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy (the president's brother and Attorney General), Martin Luther King Jr. and J. Sargent Reynolds of Virginia. I supported the civil rights movement in principle, it was disturbing to me that people could be treated the way minorities were being treated. It was upsetting as well to know that Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia fought against equal rights and was a KKK Leader. It became clear to me after the death of the Kennedys and King that the political party supporting the people had shifted sides.

Education is the cornerstone, and the ability to read and write helps get people out of poverty. The Democrats and their labor union partners have hurt the lives of minorities they claim to help. In the early years the Labor Unions were needed. Power hungry Union leaders have destroyed their trust.

The true story of what happened during these assassinations has yet to be revealed. The world changed as events rattled the United States and elsewhere. Three dynamic leaders passed, along with other political leaders. People must reclaim their faith and be willing to uphold what they believe and know is truth.

I worked on the Aircraft Carrier President John F. Kennedy. I assisted in the tribute to the President at the Mariners Museum's display in Newport News, Va. I was an Engineer for Newport News Shipbuilding on the Sea Trial of the Aircraft Carrier John F. Kennedy.

John F. Kennedy's life may have been cut short that day in Dallas, but his memory will most likely live forever, like an eternal flame.

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# PEPPERS

by Gerald W. Alvis,  
*The Poet of Greenlawn*



Yesterday, I planted six per-simmon seeds and 12 walnuts from my son's farm in Tennessee. I have them divided into large pots filled with some soil I purchased from the local nursery. I got a small fig tree on sale recently, but I have delayed

planting it. This morning, I gave it a permanent home in the red clay soil of Alabama. The mums I bought my wife for

decorating needs some water, so in a few, I'll go out front and give them a drink. I took time to find the "hedge clippers"

kind of heavy-duty scissors. I found them out back as my grandchildren helped Grandpa this past weekend by trimming

the hedges near the fence. I need these to harvest some Habaneras and Chili Peppers. Like the tomatoes we have in

abundance, we typically give a lot away, but I'm keeping a few and drying them. My mother used to do that, and even in

their dehydrated state, hanging on a string, they are still a beautiful red.

So why the reflective state as we move from summer to fall? There is a lot of stuff going on in the world, but somehow, this morning, I had a calming sense of peace. As I watered the cherry trees, I had planted this past spring, a quote came to me from a book I read:

1 To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

3 A time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a

time to build up;

4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

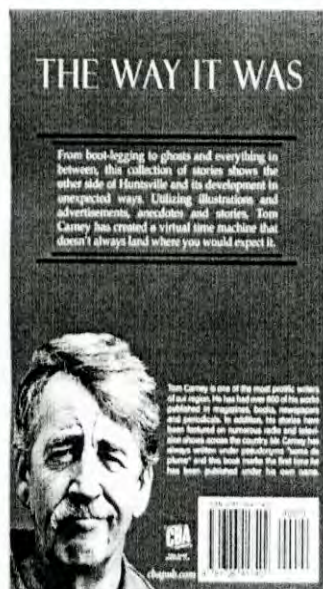
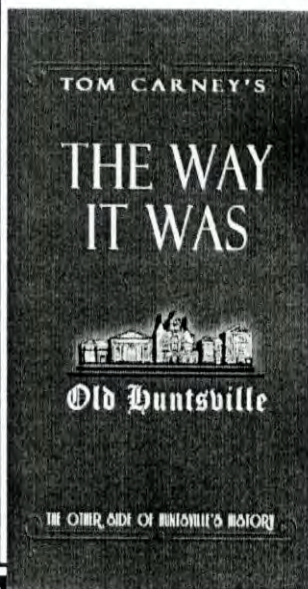
6 A time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

7 A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; 8 A time to love and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace.

Life is a dynamic state of change. We plan, adapt, love and enjoy the fruits of our labor—everything in its due time.



## "THE WAY IT WAS," THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY BY TOM CARNEY



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# Happenings at Lowe Mill Baptist Church

by Fay Porter

It was a little church on a short street in small-town Huntsville. It had simple architecture with neither ornate doors nor stained glass windows to draw people in. But it had Christians who visited friends and neighbors and personally invited them to church.

My family became part of that little church in the 1950's and I began a journey of making memories of its people and events.

Being in church was never boring. As teenagers, some of us felt it was our duty to critique all visiting speakers and give them nicknames. Mr. Arrogance, who had the personality of drywall, thought a hush should fall over the entire congregation when he walked in. To us, Mr. Picasso looked nice in his newly acquired suit, but his paint-spattered shoes gave away the fact that he had recently quit his regular job spreading paint on houses. Mr. Bland was not exactly a storehouse of intelligence but he was loud and got our attention. We decided Mr. Crinkle never met an ironed shirt that he liked. On the other hand, Mr. Debonair's suits were in good taste and wrinkle free. Rumor was he drove to church standing in the back of a chariot.

However, when Reverend J. Otis King came to speak, we gave him total respect and called him Brother King. Extra chairs were brought in to accommodate the crowds that came to see this man. When he preached, he left nothing to the imagination. He unpacked it all. His detailed sermon about the death of John the Baptist was graphic, chilling and left quite the impression.

Brother King also had a sense of humor. At the end of one of his sermons, he said that he had "heard rumblings in this church about ladies wearing makeup. You leave these ladies alone." He stepped away from the pulpit and the ladies felt uplifted. He abruptly turned, faced the congregation and said "Any old barn looks better with a good coat of paint." The congregation laughed heartily, even the ladies. The church grew by continuing to invite others to join us for services. Several church members had invited a partic-

ular family to attend. When three well-dressed women from that family showed up on Easter morning, our pastor greeted them with the usual "Welcome, we're glad you came." My kid brother approached them and, in his best Southern accent, asked "Are y'all from the Grand Ole Opry?" To my knowledge, that trio never returned.

One Sunday morning, after a rather long sermon the previous week, my uncle shook hands with our pastor and offered him a small mint. As the mint changed hands, my uncle said "Preacher, I want you to put this mint in your mouth at the beginning of your sermon today. When it melts, you stop preaching!"

One evening, a Mr. Apple (his real name, not one provided by us teens) came to sing for the congregation. Mr. Apple finished singing and that evening's speaker stepped to the pulpit. After a few minutes, he began talking about sin and apples. He mentioned something about "turning the apple around and getting rid of the bad spots." Adults coughed, teenagers giggled and audible gasps came from the Amen Corner. It seems the speaker had forgotten Mr. Apple was still in the audience.

In December, adults and children participated in the traditional Christmas play that reminded us of the true meaning of Christmas—the birth of Jesus. On New Year's Eve, members gathered at the little church for a night of preaching and singing. We announced proudly that we were going to "see the new year in and stay all night." Around ten o'clock, little kids were softly snoring from scattered pews while the "just resting my eyes" baritones joined in from the back rows of the church. My family left soon after midnight. Few members stayed to see the first sunrise of the New Year.

I've heard it said that no matter how wonderful the day, it always ends. It was another century, another time. It is also a treasure worth remembering.

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# TALES FROM REDSTONE ARSENAL

by Tom Rathz

Again, I am atop the 36-story building on the Arsenal called the Dynamic Test Stand enjoying another wonderful day on my lunch time. So, I'm watching a ditch digging machine making a nice groove in the ground for some piping or cabling. He is making great headway when suddenly, the machine starts chunking out metallic canisters. What the heck? The workers looked at them and walked casually away. What's going on? Found out later that the machine was chunking out BOMBS. For those who are not familiar with the Arsenal after World War II, we were a major disposal site of munitions. No records as far as I know as to their locations, just randomly buried. But that was the way it was at that time. The next day the Birmingham Bomb Squad shows up to do their thing. All is fine...maybe.

A few months later, on another sunny day at lunch on top of the building, here comes a bulldozer to scrape and smooth off the surface of the ground close to a 20-story test stand that had just been pulled down. Everything was going fine until a small finger of fire came out of the ground from where he was scraping! I thought the devil was coming or maybe some volcanic activity. No, it was simply a PHOSPHORUS BOMB! So, the bulldozer operator got off his machine and proceeded to casually walk over to the finger of hell and, yes, tried to stamp it out. OMG! Thank God nothing happened. And yes, the next day the Birmingham Bomb Squad came again and removed the finger from hell. Here's to the brave volunteers from Birmingham.

Every night we go to bed we set our alarm clocks to wake us up the next day, without any assurance that we'll be alive the next day. *That's Hope.*

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*Pilot's Instruction Manual*

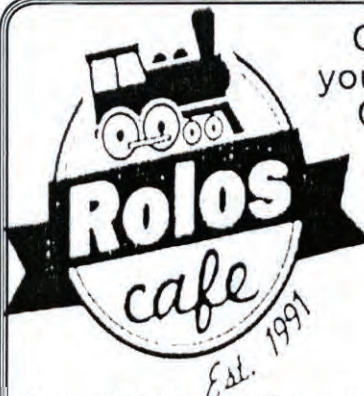
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# Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



We had quite a few callers for the hidden fall leaf in the October issue. It was on page 11 of the October issue, to the right of the beer mug. See it? Little bit easier this time. Our first caller who was our winner was **Jim Scates** of Huntsville. He and his wife celebrated their 60 year anniversary on Sep. 7 and he's retired from Boeing. Congratulations to **Jim and Linda**.

Then Everyone identified our beautiful toddler photo of the month as **Liz Hurley**. At print time she is getting ready for the 20th annual Liz Hurley Ribbon Run that was held Oct. 21st. Our first caller, and there were many, was **Grace Heatherly**, who has met Liz several times. Congratulations Grace!

Heard from a friend who was having difficulty sleeping - she changed her pillow to one that had a bit more fluff in it and sleeps now like a baby!

**Trevar Akins** is rushing around the pizza kitchen near the Connector at Lowe Mill ARTS & Entertainment trying to get the ingredients on a pizza while running over to pull another pizza from the oven. Akins is smiling as he rushes around on his first day as a pizza chef. "Veloce is Italian for fast," he says laughingly as he rushes around the small kitchen near the Lowe Mill A&E water tower

So what made Trevar Akins quit his good-paying job to become a pizza chef at a repurposed textile mill? Akins started out making pizzas at home in Huntsville. "I've done some pop-ups, some different bars and for my friends and stuff. Then, I decided to make pizzas for a living."

His Dad **Andrew Akins** is SO proud of Trevar!

Lowe Mill's new pizza spot • Location: 2211 Seminole Dr SW #1020, Huntsville, AL 35805 • Hours: Wed.-Saturday, 11AM-7PM • More info (256)808-6037.

Drizzly, cool weather did not stop people from coming to the **Maple Hill Cemetery Stroll** that was held Oct. 15th this year. Many years the people who portray the characters in the graves are wearing very heavy, wool garments and there have been

some really hot Octobers. So luckily the weather was great for that. Those who went said it was one of the best and most interesting ever for adults and children alike. Proceeds go to restoration in the cemetery. Those city of Huntsville workers who take care of the cemetery do an amazing job and it is so clean anytime you visit there.

It's a great place to walk and get exercise (no dogs however) and the leaves are changing so strap on those comfortable shoes and check out our cemetery.

With the terrible news we see worldwide it is difficult to not be worried and depressed, no matter your age. One thing you can do to lift your mood just a little is each night, remember some good that happened that you are grateful for. Even if it is very small - remember it and be grateful.

It's hard to believe that **Furniture Factory** (restaurant and bar on Meridian Street near Pratt Avenue) has been in business in that same location for 22 years this fall. That area of town, along

## Photo of The Month

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

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Many remember this little guy's fabulous food reviews in the newspaper (on the right)



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with Rocket Republic and the Lumberyard is becoming a happening entertainment area with more to be added this year.

Happy Birthday to a beautiful lady, **Stephanie Troup**, on Nov. 16th. Steph is the best daughter a Mom could ever ask for.

If you're lucky, you're blessed to have a few friends that really make an impact on your life. One of these people was **John Martin Bzdell Sr.**, 68, of Huntsville, AL John passed away after a battle with cancer on July 16 of this year, and he's missed every day. John was a Lee High School graduate whom many remember opened the Hard Rack Cafe (called The Rack) on University Drive many years ago. He owned and operated Marathon Painting for 23 years and was very successful. But John loved his friends and loved hiking on Monte Sano trails, 5K runs, biking with a loyal group that he loved getting together with. He loved coffee at Five Points Coffee Shop and loved to watch the annual Cotton Row run when he couldn't run in it anymore due to knee problems.

Born February 11, 1955 to **Stephen and Elsie Bzdell** in Southbend, Indiana, John moved to Huntsville in 1959 and graduated from Lee High School in 1973. John treasured the community of friends he built through years of running marathons, practicing yoga and early morning hikes. John's greatest source of pride was his family. He loved going out of his way to make his wife, children, and grandchildren happy and proud of him.

John is survived by his beloved wife, **Margaret Watson**; children, **Heather Luthy (Ben)**, **John Bzdell Jr. (Jessica)**, and **Justin Bzdell**; and grandchildren, **Annali**, **Gavin**, **Lemon**, and **Ollie**. If you ever met John, you will never forget him.

Don't forget to attend the annual **Veteran's Day Parade** in downtown Huntsville on Nov. 11th, at 11am. You might want to get there early to get a good place to watch. We are so grateful to all our Veterans and they deserve to always be honored.

If you have bought one of those stainless steel water hoses for your garden, be sure and disconnect and store it in a place that doesn't freeze. If left to freeze during the winter it will develop hole along the length of it and become a soaker hose! But for those who have tried them - they are totally lightweight and much easier to maneuver than the large rubber hoses. Very easy to roll up and

great for anyone who still loves gardening.

One of our Texas readers suggested that we hide a turkey in the November issue so that's what we did. If you are the first to find my tiny turkey you win a whole year of Old Huntsville delivered right to your mail box! Remember if you've won recently let someone new win this time!

Have a sweet and peaceful Thanksgiving with your friends and family, and maybe reach out to someone who may be alone this year.

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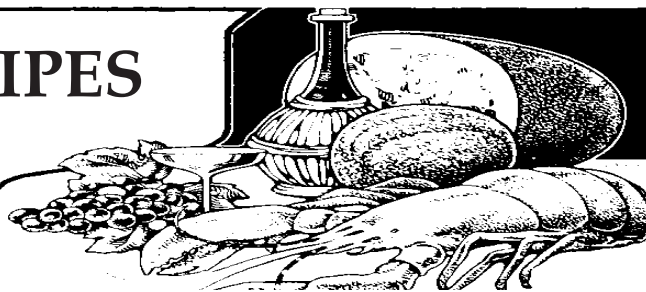
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## RECIPES



# Cool Weather Comfort Food

### Crunchy Chicken Pie

- 3 chicken breasts
- 6 ribs celery, chopped
- 1 3-oz. package walnut pieces
- 1 3-oz. package pecan pieces
- 1 8-oz. carton sour cream
- salt to taste
- pepper to taste
- 1 c. grated cheese
- 1 9-inch pie shell, baked

Cook the chicken and cut into bite-size pieces. Mix all ingredients except for the cheese and fill the pie shell. Sprinkle the cheese generously over the top, sprinkle with a bit of garlic powder. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes at 300 degrees.

### Spicy Black-Eyed Peas

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

cook til done. Make sure you have at least an inch of water over the top of the peas when fully cooked. Add all ingredients except for the Tabasco sauce. Stir well. When serving, sprinkle with the green Tabasco sauce. This is great for your New Year's Day good luck treat!

### Tom's Beef Stew

- 4 carrots, sliced
  - 2 lb. beef stew meat, cubed and seared
  - 2 t. Worcestershire sauce
  - 2 stalks celery, chopped
  - 1 bell pepper, chopped
  - 2 potatoes, raw, chunked
  - 1 beef stew flavoring packet
  - 3 onions, chopped
  - 3 cloves garlic minced salt to taste
  - 1 t. paprika
  - Beef broth to cover all plus 3" over top of ingredients
- Put all ingredients into a large pot and stir just enough to mix the spices. Cover and cook over low heat for 3 hours (or overnight on low setting in crock pot.)

### Cathey's Cheesy Onion-Garlic Soup

Peel and quarter 4 to 5 large onions. Peel and coarsely chop 4 large garlic cloves. Melt 6 tablespoons butter in large pot. Add garlic and onion slices, with coarsely grated pepper to taste. Cook til brown, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir til blended. Cook three minutes, then add 2 cans beef broth, 2 cans beef consomme and 1 can water. Add bay leaf, simmer for 30-40 minutes. Remove bay leaf prior to serving.

When you're ready to serve, pour into individual crocks. Take toasted slice of rye bread and place on top of each, cover with sliced Monterey Jack cheese. Place in broiler and cook til cheese browns. Delicious!

### Catfish Fillets in Beer Batter

- 1 c. beer
- 2 c. flour
- 2 T. vegetable oil
- Salt to taste
- 2 egg whites, beaten til stiff

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12 catfish fillets

Let the beer stand open for a couple of hours. Mix all ingredients, fold in the egg whites last, coat the fillets and fry. Serve with lemon wedges and chunks of vidalia onion.

### Almond Coconut Bars

3/4 c. butter  
1-1/2 c. flour  
2 t. sugar  
5 eggs, beaten  
2 c. sugar  
3 T. almond extract  
2 c. coconut

Mix the butter, flour and sugar. Press into a 9x13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Mix the remaining ingredients and spread over the pastry. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

### Cinnamon Cookies

1 c. butter  
1 c. sugar  
2 eggs, separated  
1 t. vanilla  
2 c. flour  
2 t. cinnamon  
3/4 c. chopped nuts

Cream butter and sugar; add egg yolks and vanilla. Fold in flour and cinnamon. Press dough

on large cookie sheet; cover with nuts and press down. Beat egg whites til frothy and brush top of dough. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cut into strips while hot and remove from the cookie sheet at once.

### Banana Nut Bread

1/2 c. shortening  
1-1/2 c. sugar  
2 eggs  
1 c. ripe bananas, mashed  
2 c. flour  
1/2 t. baking powder  
1/2 t. baking soda  
1/4 c. buttermilk  
1 t. vanilla  
1 c. chopped pecans

Preheat your oven to 300 degrees. Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each.

Add the bananas. Sift your flour, baking powder, soda and salt together.

Add flour mixture alternately with the buttermilk. Add the vanilla and nuts.

Bake in a greased 5x9-inch loaf pan for an hour and 15 minutes. Cool; wrap tightly in plastic wrap. This will keep for about 2 weeks, and can be frozen.

### Ritz Cracker White Chocolate Cookies

1 16-oz. package of white chocolate

1 c. peanut butter  
1 16-oz. box Ritz crackers

Melt the chocolate in top of a double boiler. Spread the peanut butter between two Ritz crackers and then dip them in the melted chocolate. Place them on waxed paper until the chocolate has hardened. Chocolate can be tinted for parties.

### Hot Pineapple Casserole

2 15-oz. cans chunk pineapple and juice

5 T. flour

1 c. sugar

1 c. grated sharp Cheddar cheese

1/2 sleeve round butter crackers, crumbled

1/2 c. butter, melted

Grease a 9x13-inch casserole and pour in the pineapple and juice. Add your flour and sugar. Next, blend 1/2 cup of the cheese, the crackers and melted butter. Mix together, add the remaining cheese as a topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

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# The Unsung Heroes

by Iolanda Hicks



**"Stubby"**

Remembrance Day is a time that we honor all lives lost in conflicts all over the world. This day is also known as Veterans Day in the United States. Remembrance Day was established in 1919 to mark the armistice of World War I, which took place on the 11th hour of the 11th night of the 11th month.

When Remembrance Day was first established, it was to be a day to honor those who died in WWI. As time passed and other conflicts were fought, that day became a day that honored all lives lost in all conflicts following World War I.

War affects all life with the human factor number one and most important, but there were also some brave, unique animals that played a role in some of those conflicts. This article will describe a few of those animals and the importance of their roles.

**"I'm not a complete idiot - some parts are missing!"**

**Frank Baer, Gurley**

At the Huntsville US Veterans Memorial Museum, there is a very small display of a special animal. This display is located near the WWII Glider being restored inside the entrance. Being such a small display, it would be easy to pass it by, but look for it. This display is a dark gray, wooden pigeon box (with "2 pigeons"). A sign gives its description.

Similar boxes were used to transport carrier pigeons, especially during WWI and WWII. The box is approximately 14" by 8" by 9" and can be opened from the top to access the birds. Pigeons have, for a very long time, played a role in conflicts, carrying messages for the Military. Their natural homing instincts made them effective messengers. One of the most famous pigeons that served in the Armed Forces, was "GI Joe" from the United States Army Pigeon Service. He was responsible for saving approximately 1000 British soldiers by delivering a message that prevented the bombing of an Italian village. Adding an unknown bit of information, certain trained pigeons could help steer bombs in their correct direction. Can you believe that?

Several million animals served in WWI. Unfortunately we lost around 8 million horses, an estimated 1 million dogs and over 20 thousand pigeons killed in action. Of approximately 500 thousand cats that were deployed, a total number of their deaths was not recorded. Following are a few paragraphs describing some of the "Silent" Unsung Heroes, from past conflicts of this nation.

There was a pig named Tirpitz, the Mascot on the HMS Glasgow. Tirpitz was rescued from the SMS Dresden, a German cruiser that was scuttled at Robinson Crusoe Island off the coast of Chile, following the Battle of the Falklands' in March of 1915. He was rescued by a sailor who almost drowned, from the HMS Glasgow. This evidently lovable pig served as the HMS Glasgows' mascot for a year after his rescue and then retired to the Whale Island Gunners School near Portsmouth, England.

Next, there was Jack. Jack was a long-haired, medium-sized dog and companion to Edith Cavell, an English nurse during WWI, in German-occupied Belgium. Jack

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served as a cover, accompanying Edith on walks in Belgium. These two, for a period of time, were responsible for helping over 200 Allied soldiers escape from Belgium, "as they travelled to meet their guides". Jack, an incredible loyal soldier and companion, after his service with Edith, found a home on the Belgium family estate of the Princess Mary de Croy. There he died in 1923, after a few years of peace.

Another distinguished animal who saw service was Sergeant Stubby. This pit bull was one of the most famous animal heroes of WWI. Stubby was a stray who had shown up on the grounds of Yale University, in New Haven, Connecticut. He was soon adopted by the 102nd Infantry Regiment, 26th Yankee Division, who were training at the University. After being groomed for various military "jobs", the well-instructed Sergeant was deployed. Some of his remarkable abilities included warning the regiment of imminent poison gas attacks, locating wounded soldiers during patrol and providing needed morale to fellow soldiers. At the time of his death in 1926, Stubby had earned the title of a national icon in the United States and was one of the most decorated dogs in American Military History.

Another hero of WWI was Warrior. Warrior was a very distinguished horse that served Captain Jack Seely (Winston Churchill's great heroic friend), throughout the war, from 1914 until returning home in 1918. Warrior was often referred to as "the horse the Germans

could not kill". In 1943, the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals (PDSA) Dickin Medal was created to recognize acts of bravery and devotion to duty by animals, during periods of war or conflict". Even though it was created to honor WWII animals, Warrior was awarded this honor, almost 100 years after his service.

Sergeant Reckless was America's greatest war horse and the most decorated horse in U.S. history. She delivered supplies without a handler and on one day, at the front lines during WWII, she made 51 trips to the front lines carrying over 9 thousand pounds of ammunition and supplies. Her platoon even changed their name to the Reckless Rifle Platoon because of her exemplary performance of duty. After the war, she was stationed at Camp Pendleton, still in active service.

In 1959, she was promoted to Staff Sergeant Reckless with 3000 Marines and guests in attendance. The next year, Reckless retired, in her own quarters at the base, to a life of leisure until her death in 1968.

In WWII, many animals served in the military. One animal by the name of Chips, a husky-crossbred dog, had originally sailed to Morocco, France after training with his handler, Private Rowell. When deployed to Sicily, as part of Operation Husky, on July 10, 1943, Chips was actually responsible for "capturing" an enemy machine-gun nest and saving the lives of the men in his platoon. He later was awarded the PDSA Dickin Medal and was a very worthy recipient of that honor. In WWII, over 70 million people lost their lives and there is no exact count on animal loss but it is estimated likely to be in the "10's of millions".

"Man's Best friend" the dog, played many parts in war, serving the Army, Marine Corp and Coast Guard. These animals worked as scout dogs exposing ambushes, guarded posts and supplies. They were known to save the lives of downed pilots, carried messages and were well respected throughout the Armed Forces. So many other variety of animals were in service during

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the war, even donkeys and mules. They all had specific jobs and roles. Elephants were used in India and Africa for heavy lifting and transport; camel-mounted forces were used by the British Imperial Units during WWII; thousands of horses were used by scouts and fighting troops in mountainous regions and jungles where vehicles couldn't pass; and even one of nature's fighters, the mongoose, joined the military.

The mongoose was a well-known enemy of poisonous snakes. They would curl up near their Army buddies protecting them from poisonous fangs and warned them if enemy or intruder approached during the night.

Even cats were useful during this war. These felines were kept for catching vermin in the Military supply stores and barracks, and were "ratters" in the trenches out on the battlefield. They were also useful in detecting gas.

Oskar or Oscar, a black and white patched cat, was originally rescued by the crew of the Cossack, from the German Battleship, the Bismarck. Not long after that rescue, Oskar was again saved by the HMS Legion when the Cossack was torpedoed and sinking. This cat has been considered one of the luckiest cats during war-time and was given the nickname of Unsinkable Sam, a cat who had survived the sinking of 3 ships!

Animals have continued to serve in conflicts even after WWII. The Military Police Corp. took over the training of the military dog and employed an estimated 1500 dogs during the Korean War and 4000 in Vietnam. The Military presently have approximately 578-plus dog teams that have seen service in Afghanistan and Iraq. Since the Military Police have taken over the care and training of the K9 Corp. dogs, the loyalty and courage that these animals have displayed has continued to save lives and prevent injuries.

All wars are deadly. The cost to humanity can not be calculated and there is always an adverse cost to the animal kingdom. WWII ended with the extinction of the Wake Island Rail Bird. It is the belief, that when the Japanese soldiers were stranded without supplies on Wake Island, that these Rail birds were killed for food. Life had been traded for extinction.

As we reflect on Remembrance Day, known as Veterans Day, we must remember all lives tragically lost throughout conflicts in history. Even though we will never be able to replace those lives or our Unsung Heroes, we must never forget.

President John F. Kennedy once said, in honor of Veteran's Day: "As we express

our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them."

Visit the Huntsville US Veterans Memorial Museum, open Wednesday through Saturday 10 AM to 4 PM, and on special days. Say thank you to our veterans and also remember those meaningful words spoken by Winston Churchill, so many decades ago, "Never was so much owed by so many to so few."



Sergeant Reckless

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# The Harvest

by J. Neil Sanders



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to care for our very own needs.  
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flowers...vegetables galore.  
Dreams of a harvest so vast that  
we'll be required to build more.  
Barns and towering silos, root  
cellars to keep and store.

The bountiful fruits of our labor,  
what we've toiled all summer for.  
Our blessings shall be reaped  
and at the beginning of fall,  
We'll have enough for ourselves,  
for everyone and all

Who have risen early with us and  
shared in our labor.

We'll care for the children, our  
friends and our neighbors.

After working endless hours  
under the overbearing sun

We will eat and drink to-  
gether when our work at  
last is done.

Drink with me, dear friend  
and we shall enjoy the  
fruit of the vine.

Come rest in our home,  
everyone, my family is  
yours and yours is mine.

We produced a crop of  
plenty, thanks to you and  
to God above.

We've sown and reaped  
together, in our labor and  
in our love.

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# MONROVIA SCHOOL 1965-1972

**"BE A SCHOLAR, DON'T BE A PIN HEAD"  
REMEMBERING MR. C. W. FANNING**

*by Jeff Rhodes*



To First Graders at Monrovia School in 1965, he was a towering figure. For the young lads of Monrovia, Principal C. W. Fanning was a fearsome introduction to School Authority and Corporal Punishment. I state this as a fact because of first-hand experience. In that era "kindergarten" was some kind of foreign phrase and public school began at age six.

In 1965 Monrovia School started with First Grade and ended with the Ninth Grade. Grades 1-4 were in the southernmost "New Building" with grades 5-9 in the red brick two-story "Old Building" nearest the corner of Mount Zion Road. In between was the grand old stone masonry Gymnasium and a newer tan brick Lunchroom. Students in the western half of Madison County went on to Sparkman High School for grades 10, 11, and 12, five miles north on the corner of Carters Gin Road. There was no such thing as Bob Jones High School.

Mr. Fanning was a benign nemesis the first nine years of your time in public education. Tall by adult standards, he easily stood 6 foot 3, possibly 6 foot 5. He was around age 55 to 60 I guess, so older than your parents and likely bigger than your father.

He was always impeccably dressed, clean shaven, and observant. Mr. Fanning stood slightly stooped as tall people often do and walked with a fast easy gait. To first graders, he was a giant.

In addition, Mr. Fanning possessed a large wooden paddle and a reputation for generous administration of "licks" as punishment for various infractions. The number of "licks" applied to the offender's backside was proportional to the severity of one's offense. Three "licks" or fewer were considered a normal fair punishment. A whispered "Mr. Fanning is coming" was sufficient to quell loud talk, break up playground disturbances, and send both guilty and innocent running. For violations during class, all that was necessary was for the teacher to mention "trip to the office", meaning the Principal's Office.

There was no rebellion or back talk to your teacher, and nobody challenged Mr. Fanning. The only counterstrategy I ever heard was a kid's advice to wear two pairs of blue jeans to school if I anticipated a "trip to the office" that day.

Behind his back and beyond earshot of a teacher, Mr. Fanning was referred to as "Pop' Fanning" by older kids. Except at

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an "Assembly", Mr. Fanning was taciturn and spoke softly or not at all. Assemblies were the occasional but mandatory meetings of all students in the Gymnasium or Lunchroom. Mr. Fanning was the Assembly speaker and addressed the student body and teachers without need of microphone or amplification. He spoke clearly in a deep booming voice, made his points and drove them home with anecdotal stories and punch lines. His message was always encouraging and expressed the need for student self-improvement.

I recall Mr. Fanning speaking about his humble upbringing on a hill farm in Tennessee. The fields were so steep and rocky that when he stubbed his toe and looked down, he could see all the way down inside the chimney of the house.

Equally memorable was his admonition "Be a scholar, don't be a pin head". That one may have been his favorite because it seemed part of every speech. Another was "Say what you mean and mean what you say".

As I got older and progressed up the grades, Mr. Fanning was a constant. But my perception began to change. One such event was in Fifth Grade when I had been picked to serve on flag detail. Flag detail tasked two boys to put up the US flag on the flagpole in front of the Old Building at start of class and take down the flag at the end of school or if rain came up. We were taught to respect the flag, handle the flag, care for the flag, and never let the flag touch the ground. We were also taught how to fold and unfold the flag.

To this day when I attend a funeral and see a folded flag it takes me back to 1969, Monrovia School and Mr. Fanning. Perhaps this made me a folded-flag critic.

Most people do it right, but an incorrectly folded flag stands out like a sore thumb.

Finally, one day around 1971 my luck ran out. I was awarded a "trip to the office" for fighting outside behind the Lunchroom. I don't recall if a teacher turned us in, or if the losing kid ratted us out. No matter. I, a buddy, and the other kid were sent to Pop Fanning's office. Expecting my first-ever "licks", Mr. Fanning counseled us about settling our differences with fists. Mr. Fanning then congratulated my buddy for achieving the rank of Eagle Scout, and I relaxed a little. Maybe I was going to get away with it. No "licks" were administered. It was a relief to escape the humiliation of being paddled and gratifying to be treated as an adult. Looking back after 52 years I think maybe Mr. Fanning knew what he was doing.

My last tribute to Mr. Fanning (and my gripe on modern society) is provoked by today's TV ads for men's shirts intended to be worn "untucked". With your shirt tail out at Monrovia School in the 1960s, you would be given one warning. If you ignored that warning, you earned a trip to the office, received your "licks", and then you would tuck in your shirt tail.

So, to the lads of Monrovia today: your success is independent of your poverty, don't fight at school, tuck in those shirt tails, honor the US flag and fold it correctly. Say what you mean and mean what you say. Be a scholar, don't be a pin head. And don't call me Pop.

**"It's amazing how grandparents seem so young, once you become one."**

**Louise Avery, Huntsville**



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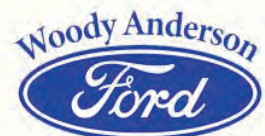
The Ford Motor Company views its situation today less with pride in great achievement than with sincere and sober realization of new and larger opportunities for service to mankind.

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# PEPPY

## A BOY'S FIRST DOG



by M. D. Smith, IV

I'm so glad my mother preserved a small photo of my dog, Peppy, the first pet I ever had. I'm happy she also put the dates on the print because I wouldn't have been able to remember when the family got him or how long he lived. I was one year old in 1941 when my parents got him. I remember seeing other pictures in my childhood where my father put the two-year-old "Little M.D." on the dog's back, and he was happy to ride me around. I vaguely remember when older, I could climb on his back, standing on the bottom porch step. If Peppy didn't want me on his back, he'd simply sit on his hindquarters, and I'd slip off.

I know my father, "Big M.D.," got a Doberman Pinscher because it was a macho dog of the times, and he didn't want me to have a dog that couldn't protect me or itself. Dobermans are famous for that. You've seen them as guard and police dogs many times in movies, and they can be fierce when they attack complete with the pointy cut ears and bobbed tail. When he was growling and showing teeth, Peppy was a scary sight, but he was as gentle as

a little kitten with me and my parents. He lived outside in the doghouse my father built with old blankets inside. It was a perfect spot under our back-porch stairs and out of the weather. It was also near the garbage cans, and in those days, we had men come to collect the cans twice a week. Peppy didn't like the garbage collectors and would bark ferociously at them, such that if my mother or father didn't come out and call him off, we wouldn't get garbage picked up that day.

He was more than just all bark, too. He was the king of the neighborhood dogs. Other kids had dogs that followed them, and occasionally, there were dog fights. They always ended with the other dog scurrying away, yelping in pain, and Peppy was the Alpha after that. And as I remember, when we'd ride a bike somewhere, any other boy with a dog always got along just fine once the pecking order had been firmly established. We never locked the doors at our house. That's the way it was in the 40s and 50s. Having such a good watchdog added to the secure feeling.

Peppy died when I was ten years old in 1950 and, like any kid, I was pretty torn up about it. I think more than most of my friends when their dogs died. He was my animal twin brother and protector — and constant companion whenever I was out of the house, which was most waking hours as a kid in those days.

As I was thinking about writing this story of my first and best dog, I wondered why he meant so much to me. Now I remember. I didn't know I was "chubby" until I went to kindergarten, and some of the kids made fun of me, pinched around my belly, and called me "fatty". Any kid hates to be picked on and feel abnormal to others. They were right, of course. My mother had a weight problem off and on all her life, and she always kept sweets, cookies, and ice cream on hand. I'd help myself whenever I wanted to. We had a daytime cook who merely listed all those things whenever the supply got low, as she did other foods for meal preparation. My mother took the list to Zanaty's grocery store and always got everything and a few more sweet things.

I developed a bit of a complex as I grew a few years older, and sometimes, our "gang" of boys in the neighborhood might bring up the subject. So, I'd just go home with Peppy, and we'd

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find something else to do, like go big game hunting with my Daisy BB gun in the nearby woods.

My dog loved and protected me and never complained about anything. He was always there as my best friend. Never hurt my feelings like some of my friends might do.

We shared all the food, too. Not only did I give him some of mine, but I ate some of his. One brand of dog food my mother bought was Dash. I'm sure it was nearly all horse meat with a thick consistency. To feed Peppy, I'd use a can opener on both ends, then push the entire roll of food from one end out the other, then use the edge of one can top to slice it into smaller chunks. At first, I just savored the smell of it. Later, I tasted it and, after that, had a decent share of it every time I fed my dog.

Like I said, we shared everything. When I'd be hunting in the winter and crouched in some underbrush, being quiet so that some stray bird might light overhead, Peppy would curl up next to me, and we kept each other warm. He wasn't much of a retriever because he'd partially eat the birds, but usually, I could grab his choke-chain collar and hold him back.

Thinking of that collar, he was so strong, a leash hooked through the eye of that type of collar was the only thing that could restrain him if he wanted to go somewhere or if we had to take him to a vet — or he was chasing a cat. In our neighborhood, we had lots of big dogs running free. If anyone owned a cat, it was a house cat and stayed inside. The few that lived in and out of doors had to be damn clever and cunning to survive.

As I got older and more active on my bicycle, riding miles every day in good weather, and my mother put both of us on a high protein, low-carb diet, I got trim and loved all the hamburger steaks our cook fixed for my lunch. It was almost a pound and really filled me up, and I liked it medium-rare. Surprised I didn't get worms in those days, or worse, from the Dash dog food, but I was a healthy boy. Other than measles, chicken pox, and occasional flu, I don't remember being sick much.

I had another dog that lived until I went to college. In 1950, Lassie was a hit TV series, and I begged for a Collie and got one. They are sweet, lovable dogs, but nothing like a Doberman. I called him Ranger. He was as faithful as most dogs and accompanied me on my longer bicycle trips. In the heat of the summer, I don't know how he stood it, but he drank a lot of water in streams and things.

But, like your first kiss and first love, your first dog holds a special place in your heart.



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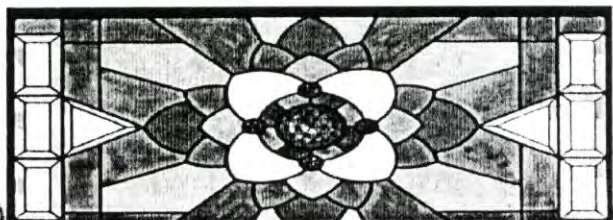
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# BILL AND CATHERINE

by Jim Walden



The war had ended 3 months earlier. The man and woman who were marrying had served admirably during the world's deadliest conflict.

In October, 1941 the man was in the first batch of young men required to register for the draft. He was one of the first American's drafted. He served 41 months overseas and did not return to the States until he was discharged in October, 1945.

The 41st Infantry Division was the first American combat unit to be sent overseas, and the "Butchers" as the Japanese called them because they took the least number of prisoners of any unit in World War II, was the first American combat unit to engage in offensive operations against the Japanese.

He was a Master Sergeant in Company K, 186th Infantry Regiment of the 41st. He was a squad leader who was charged with training and commanding 12 men. He led them in New Guinea and the Philippines; his unit once served 75 days in combat eating only C-Rations, with no relief. It's still a record among American combat units.

Catherine enlisted in the Waves (Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service) which was the Navy's branch for women. The WAVES were full members of the Navy with the same rank and ratings as their male counterparts.

She enlisted on October 26, 1943. She did her basic training at Hunter College in the middle of the

Bronx, New York. After basic training she was ordered to Jacksonville, Florida to complete her training as a Hospital Corpsman. As a Hospital Apprentice 2n Class she freed a male counterpart to serve overseas. After hospital training she was sent to Pensacola, Florida to train as a Dental Hygienist. When she returned home after the war she was the first dental hygienist in Huntsville, Alabama.

The war ended in August of 1945. She spotted a newspaper article that read, "Married WAVES could be discharged." She sent it to him and asked "what are you going to do about this article" and it wasn't long before he proposed.

The candles burned brightly at the First Presbyterian Church in Pensacola as she exchanged vows with her husband. It was November 9, 1945. They fulfilled their vow "til death do us part".

They had met at the Snow White on the North Side of the Square in 1940. She fell in love with his sweet smile. He fell for her winning and lovable personality and her ability to cook a fine meal. He was hooked. Both were born and raised in Madison County and graduated from Riverton School.

After they married he moved her to a house on Ryland Pike. He did a little farming and worked for Ashburn & Gray. She cleaned teeth. They both raised a son, Stanley.

They were fixtures in Ryland. Never failing to help a neighbor in need, they became loved and respected and I'm sure many of the folks from that area remember them fondly.

He passed away several years ago. She moved to Florida to live with her son and daughter-in-law and lives close to the Pensacola Naval Air Station where she was stationed so many years ago.

I miss them and think of them often. He was my "Uncle Bill" Mitchell, and she was his wife and my "Aunt Catherine." They were part of the "Greatest Generation," and the world could use more good folks like them again.

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# Old News from Here and There

## \$5,000.00 for Flirting in 1890

John Turner, a thrifty grocer, has filed suit asking that Miss Etta Thompson, a pretty young lady in town, be required to pay him \$5,000 for flirting. He had been keeping company with the young woman for some months, but she gave him up for another.

Referring to his suit Turner said: "This is not a breach-of-promise case, but a case for damages. I don't like flirting, and I am going to show people that this country is a very unhealthy one for that kind of business. I have been fair with the girl. I told her that I detested flirting and when I started keeping company with her I told her that I did it with the intention of marrying her. I had every reason to believe that she wanted to marry me, too. Now she has gone to flirting with other people and I intend to punish her for it."

## Heard on the Street in 1891

- Henry Hone, white, who resides in the northern part of the county, had been lying in jail for sometime now on a charge of being unlawfully married - he having a living wife, was turned loose yesterday on bond for his appearance at next term of Circuit Court. Both his wives are expected to attend.

- Charlie (Buck) Monroe, after several months absence, has returned to the city and will in future be associated with his brother, D.C. Monroe, in the tonsorial line at the McGee hotel. Both of these young men are competent and skilled artists in their business and will please the public with their work. They extend their friends a cordial invitation to call on them,

## Depot Raids from 1911 newspaper

At about 11 o'clock yesterday City Police Bullard and Carmichael raided two soft drink establishments on Church Street

near the Southern Depot. At the establishment said to be operated by Tom Mason, quite a quantity of wet goods were found. Later Mr. Mason was arrested and placed under bond. At the other establishment Bob Edmondson, a clerk, was arrested and placed under bond. Their cases will be tried before Mayor Smith tomorrow morning at 9 am.

## Fair Rates For A Doctor in 1825

As settlers poured into Madison County the need for adequate medical care became a major concern. Most of the early pioneers depended on home remedies, superstitions and a bit of good luck to see them through their ills. Unfortunately, many of the doctors of the day were not much better.

The first doctor to ever advertise his services in Huntsville was Dr. William Turner who moved here from Knoxville, TN. In 1825 his rates, as advertised were: Riding per mile - 25 cents each way plus one dollar per visit; Bloodletting - 50 cents; Pull tooth - 50 cents; Midwife service - \$10.

Dr. Turner also offered to cure the following diseases; Cancer - \$10 to \$20; Consumption - \$100; Syphilis - \$20 and Rheumatism - \$50.

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*Paul Frederick, Athens*



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# Carl T. Jones - From Farming to War

*by Kate Hopkins*



Did you know that during World War II battles were fought against the Japanese in Alaska and that the North Alabama National Guard was heavily involved?

During the war years the Federal government realized that food production and growing crops was so important that farmers were exempt from the draft, or they could designate someone to take their place on the farm and then that person was exempt.

Carl and his brother, Ed, decided to leave the farm in Jones Valley to serve their country. A trusted black farm hand, named Larkin Battle and his wife, filled in for the departing soldiers. Little did they know that commitment would span over five years. In January of 1941, almost a year before the U.S. officially declared war, the 151st Combat Engineer Battalion from north Alabama was called into action.

Lieutenant Colonel Carl T. Jones from Huntsville was the commanding officer of that Battalion.

Because Alaska was not admitted into the union until January 1959 it can be stated that the 151st Combat Engineer Battalion was the first U.S. Army unit deployed overseas during World

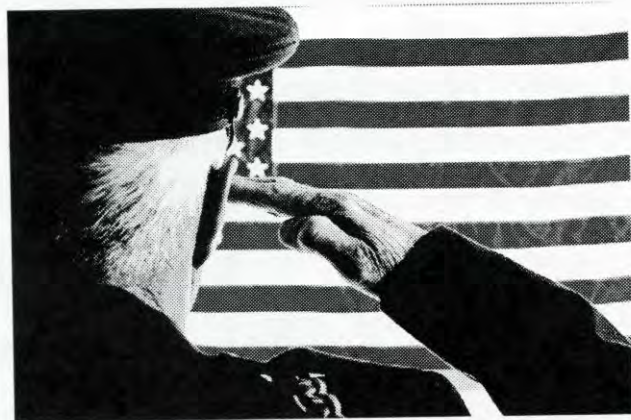
War II. Alaska stretches between the Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean for over a thousand miles and the 151st units were stationed in five different locations. The plan was to build roads and airfields to defend the Aleutians because the Japanese had already inhabited the two most western islands of Attu and Kiska. The islands make up the longest archipelago in the world and the military operation there was sometimes called the "1,000 Mile War".

The Battle of Attu started in May of 1943, and it was the U.S. Army's first ever amphibious landing. Much of the fighting was hand-to-hand combat and the battle lasted 19 miserable days. The Americans buried 2,351 Japanese bodies and many of them had died clutching suicide grenades to their chests. Over five hundred U.S. soldiers died and there were 3,829 combat casualties. One of the lessons learned in Attu was the resolve of the enemy soldiers who were willing to fight to the death instead of surrender.

The Battle of Attu didn't receive much coverage, but it is "the second most costly battle in the Pacific Theater in World War II, second only to Iwo Jima".

The island of Kiska was the next "battle" in the 1,000 Mile War. At the time it was believed that over 6,000 Japanese soldiers were living on the island, and it was their seaplane/ submarine base. The pilots on bombing runs reported that no humans had been seen but it was decided to go ahead with the planned invasion. When the U.S. Combat troops arrived, no fighting took place because the island had been completely deserted.

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This phantom battle ended the Japanese occupation on American soil, and this "invasion" was the conclusion of the Aleutian Chain Campaign. It has the distinction of being the only World War II campaign in the Western Hemisphere.

In the fall of 1943, newly promoted full Colonel Carl T. Jones got a surprising order. In three days, a plane would pick him up to fly him to Washington D.C. After arriving Carl was told that he would be teaching amphibious landing procedures for the Army-Navy Staff College for at least two weeks.

He called his wife, Betty, and suggested that she come north to join him. The family reunion was cut short when one evening Carl came home to say that he was being shipped out the next morning. He didn't know where he was going but he had to be at the airport at 5:00 a.m. It seemed a likely guess that Carl T. Jones would soon be "fighting Hitler in the European Theater".

The destination turned out to be London and there was an Army sedan waiting to take Carl to Boyton Manor, Warminster which was about a two-hour drive. After arriving Carl was escorted into the XIX Corps commanders' office and he was surprised to see his former commanding officer, General Charles Corlett (nicknamed "Cowboy

Pete") at West Point.

Corlett outlined top-secret plans. He said that Carl was the only living engineer in the U.S. Army who had planned an amphibious landing. The D-Day-Oma-ha Beach portion of the Normandy invasion was to be planned by Carl and 50 others at the Manor.

Everything was top secret and the planners were told that they would eat, live and sleep in the Boyton quarters until the troops were ashore. Even mail delivery was stopped for 60 days.

In May of 1945, Carl tuned down an offer of a promotion to Brigadier General because he had a family and a farm in Huntsville that he had scarcely seen in almost five years. In August of 1945 America declared VJ-Day (Victory over Japan) and on September 2, 1945, Japan officially signed an unconditional surrender treaty.

*Reference-Carl T. Jones-Citizen Solider by Raymond B. Jones*



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## HUNTSVILLE NEWS 1923

- Two bandits armed with revolvers held up the paymaster for the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company here today and escaped with a payroll totaling \$15,000.

- For Rent - Grocery store at 324 Washington Street - lights and telephone \$650 per year. Call John Parks phone 19.

- Notice - A. Elam has moved his leather repair shop to Green Street, opposite the jail.

- Lost - small black milk Jersey cow with left horn broken off, finder please call at Fannings Livery Stable near Big Spring and receive reward.

- Only one defendant faced Mayor Adams this morning in city court. He was a local drayman and was arraigned for violating the traffic laws by turning his wagon in the middle of the street. He was fined \$5 by the Mayor.

- The Friday Morning Bridge Club will meet Saturday at Mrs. Schuyler Richardson's home at her apartment on Franklin Street at ten thirty o'clock. Note change of day.

- Farm for rent on halves or quarters. 55 acres cleared, 10 acres woodland on Moores Mill Road, one and one quarter miles from Esslingers store. Apply to N. Mazza

- Madam Altreso, Fortune Teller & Palmist, knows all. She will straighten family affairs, untangle love affairs and give advice along business lines. See her at 222 West Clinton Street, corner Oak Avenue.

- For rent - a modern furnace-heated apartment. \$12 per month -call 449.

- Taken up - two black sows, three pigs, one black cow. Two spotted heifers. Owner may gain

possession by paying for ad and feed. Contact Chase Nursery Company.

- For sale - at 2 o'clock Saturday, January 6th my entire stock of paints and varnishes at auction to the highest bidder for cash will be sold in the store in the Reid building at the corner of Green and Clinton Streets. Contact W. S. Garvin.

- Lost - small black dog on Randolph Street.

- If Mr. Harry Rhett will call at the News office he will be given one ticket to the Lyric Theatre to see "Back Home and Broke" on Friday.



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# Beethoven's Rolling

*by Elizabeth Wharry*

When I was 10 or 11, my mother decided to buy a piano. She had visions of me being a pianist. Unfortunately, I didn't share her vision.

I dutifully practiced during the week. My instructor, Mr. Kane said that he could see that I did my homework.

Mr. Kane taught piano to mainly preteens and early teens. He also had an attitude towards us youngsters. He felt that teaching us was beneath his dignity and a waste of his talents. That message came through loud and clear.

About a year into lessons, I was given a simplified version of Beethoven's Fur Elise. We worked on it for about a month before he told my mother he wanted me to play it in a student recital. What he didn't say was that I would be wearing a period costume and a wig. All of students had to participate...in costume!

My costume was heavy and awkward. The pins holding my wig in place were jabbing my scalp. After my mother sat down, but before I went on stage, I took out quite a few.

As I walked out on stage in this ridiculous outfit, Mr. Kane introduced me saying, "Here's Elise playing Beethoven's Fur Elise"...phony chuckle. At this point, I had had enough of Mr. Kane. I sat at the piano, and glared at the keys. I gave a brief nod, and the wig slipped. I pushed it back. Instead of playing it as it was written, I thumped out the notes slowly...I would nod and the wig would slip. I would push it back in place. I would also occasionally stop, and lean into the music, as if I didn't know what was next. The audience was laughing, by the time I was halfway through. That's when my performance was cut short by Mr. Kane!

Have a joyous and wonderful Thanksgiving! I am truly thankful to all my readers.

**"Dear God, my brother told me about how I was born but he's kidding, right?"**

***Kid's Note to God***

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# Inventions in Our Lifetime

by Lawrence Hillis

It was a nice cool Saturday morning last summer when my six-year-old granddaughter Emerson May and I were sitting on the river bank trying to catch a big bass. She spotted a large gray feather floating in the water and asked me where it came from. I told her it was from the great blue heron who stays on the river bank in the woods next to our lake house when we are not here.

She asked, "Why do they call them blue herons if they are grey"? I said I had often wondered the same thing and thought that gray must be a shade of blue. She said, "In the old days, people would write with a feather." Emmy had probably watched a TV program showing someone writing with a feather.

Then she said, "Papa when you were a little boy, did you write with a feather?" I tried to explain to her that was a long time before me, and then I realized that children sometimes do not understand how much we have evolved in the last 70 years.

I told her that I remember using a fountain pen when I was young and went into great detail about how we would use an eye dropper to get the ink out of the ink well and put it into an ink cartridge in the pen. Later, I researched the ballpoint pen and discovered it was invented about 100 years ago but was not offered for sale until a few years before I was born. The felt tip pen came along in the mid-50s.

I researched further to see what things were invented after I was born in 1950. The following is a list of things that were invented in the last 73 years: polio vaccinations, tran-

sistor radios, the use of Xerox copiers in businesses, color TV, contact lenses publicly sold, hula hoops patented, frisbees, the Pill, credit cards, laser beams and pantyhose. Dishwashers and clothes dryers were invented before 1950 but were not widely used in homes until the 1950s. My Mother was still hanging her clothes on a clothesline in her backyard until the year 2010. Before Project Mercury, space travel was only in Flash Gordon books.

Many things have changed since 1950. Sometimes I call women "ma'am". Now if I mess up and call a young lady "ma'am" they seem to be offended. I still call all policemen "Sir."

We grew up before computer dating, dual careers, day-care centers and group therapy. Our lives were governed by the Bible, good judgment and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and take responsibility for our actions. We believed that living in this country was a privilege. We thought fast food was eating a biscuit while running to catch a ride to school. Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends, not purchasing condominiums.

Some things came along pretty soon in the 1960s such as FM radios, eight-track tape decks, electric typewriters, Gatorade, Velcro and yogurt. Before television, we listened to Pat Boone, the Platters, Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash and Superman programs on the radio. There were no school shootings. In high school, guys would mount their shotguns and rifles in the back windows of their pickup trucks.

If you saw anything with "made in Japan or made in China" on it, it was junk. The term "making out" referred to how you did on your school exam. Starbucks and instant coffee were unheard of. Coffee drinkers would go to the grocery store and grind their coffee in a machine. Then they would go home and brew it. I admit I like the smell of coffee brewing but still do not drink it.

In the 1950s and 1960s, we had 5 & 10-cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents. Ice cream cones, phone calls, candy bars and Cokes were only a nickel. We could mail a letter for 3 cents and mail a postcard for

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1 cent. You could buy a new car for \$1,000, but who could afford one?

Too bad, because gas was only 19 cents a gallon. When gas became 50 cents a gallon in the 1970s, we stopped going on those Sunday afternoon rides in the country.

We purchased our first video camera for \$1,000 in 1980. Now you can videotape everything with your phone, tablet, or computer. Cassette tapes replaced 8-track tapes in the 1980s. Within a few years, CDs replaced cassette tapes. Now you can purchase a thumb drive for \$15 that holds more information than Apollo 11 which landed on the moon. You can purchase a removable storage drive for \$50 which has more data storage than my computer in 1995.

The cell phone might be the most popular and most used device of the modern era. The iPhone can do almost everything a computer can do. The iPhone has voice mail, caller ID, a calculator, and a calendar to track appointments. It can block callers, find a lost phone, and identify the location of a family member. You can check your email, do text messaging, get the time of the day and set a clock alarm. I-

Phones can do FaceTime, listen to podcasts and news channels, check ball game scores, and get a report on upcoming game times.

Of course, taking photos and making videos are wonderful. You can use it to make a copy of instructions, scan bar codes and send a document to a printer. Other apps allow you to get directions while driving, change your home lighting, change the temperature on your HVAC unit, and view who is ringing your doorbell.

In my younger days, men did not wear earrings and women did not wear nose rings. "Grass" was mowed, "coke" was any kind of a

soft drink, and "pot" was something your mother cooked in. "Aids" were helpers in the principal's office, "chip" meant a piece of wood, "hardware" was found in a hardware store, and "software" wasn't even a word. The word "sick" was used when someone did not feel well, now it means something is very good. The term "dope" has changed from a name for an ignorant person or drugs to a modern slang word to describe anything spectacular such as a skateboard trick, or a nice sports car.

We went from movie theaters to renting movie tapes at the Blockbuster and now we watch Netflix. We lived in EIGHT different decades, TWO different centuries, and TWO different millennia. We had an analog childhood and a digital adulthood. We have seen it all.

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# HOMELESS IN HUNTSVILLE

by Mrs. Carter

His name was Jerry. He sat at the entrance to the public library and pushed the Open Door button for each person who came by, making them feel like royalty. People smiled as they got to know him. Yes, he was homeless, but he said, "It ain't so bad. I just crawl under a bush,...or a truck." But with winter coming on, he said one night, "I almost froze my nose."

He was not an alcoholic, or a drug addict. His mama had raised him right. He was a Christian. He had left home in the next town because things were getting danger-

ous there at home, because they were selling drugs. So he walked, all the way to Huntsville.

He didn't trust the shelters. "Showers was nasty," he said. "And they'd steal everything you had." So every day he walked two miles to the Salvation Army to get food.

A girl who worked there liked his friendly ways, and would bring his food to him all the way to the library. One day when my car stalled in the library parking lot, Jerry was the one who hooked up the jumper cables for me. So off we went to the nearest burger place.

Jerry didn't want us to give him clothes. Things had to be lightweight in his world. He preferred to travel light. "Don't need no more clothes," he said. "I just wash 'em."

Life could be dangerous for a homeless guy, though. One night a woman in a car would deliberately try to run him down every time he tried to cross the street. He said even the police witnessed that happening.

I got him registered for veterans' aid (no easy task) and my husband got him a Post Office box, so he would have an address to receive his check. That made him eligible for a room at the SDA Towers. Life became easier, but the truth is, without those long walks, he began to get fat, and I had to take him to the doctor. He was getting older, diabetic, and finally had to go to the hospital and then a nursing home.

When he died, he left \$250 to the Salvation Army.



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# PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

## Dog Trivia



1. While Chow dogs are well known for their distinctive blue-black tongues, they're actually born with pink tongues. They turn blue-black at 8-10 weeks of age.

2. It pays to be a lap dog. Three dogs (from First Class cabins!) survived the sinking of the Titanic - two were Pomeranians and one Pekingese.

3. It's rumored that, at the end of the Beatles song, "A Day in the Life," Paul McCartney recorded an ultrasonic whistle, audible only to dogs, just for his Shetland sheepdog.

4. Wow, check out those choppers! Puppies have 28 teeth and normal adult dogs have 42.

5. Dogs chase their tails for a variety of reasons: curiosity, exercise, anxiety, predatory instinct or, they might have fleas! If your dog is chasing his tail excessively, you should talk with your vet.

6. Seeing spots? Or not... Dalmatian puppies are pure white when they are born and develop their spots as they grow older.

7. Dogs do dream! Dogs and humans have the same type of slow wave sleep (SWS) and rapid eye movement (REM) and during this REM stage dogs can dream. The twitching and paw movements that occur during their sleep are signs that your pet is dreaming.

8. No night vision goggles needed! A dog's eyes contain a special membrane, called the tapetum lucidum, which allows him to see in the dark.

9. A large breed dog's resting heart beats between 60 and 100 times per minute. A small dog's heart beats between 100-140. Comparatively, a resting human heart beats 60-100 times per minute.

10. Per an Associated Press poll, 72% of dog owners believe their dog can detect when stormy weather is on the way.

11. It's not a fever...A dog's normal temperature is between 101 and 102.5 degrees Fahrenheit.

12. Unlike humans who sweat everywhere, dogs only sweat through the pads of their feet.

13. In addition to sweating through their paw pads, dogs pant to cool themselves off. A panting dog can take 300-400 breaths (compared to his regular 30-40) with very little effort. But panting can also mean that your dog is feeling pain - so be very watchful.

14. Americans love their dogs! 72% of U.S. households own a pet, which equates to approx. 80 million homes.

15. 45% of dogs sleep in their owner's bed (pretty sure a large percentage also hog the blankets).

16. Why are dogs' noses so wet? Dogs' noses secrete a thin layer of mucous that helps them absorb scent. They then lick their noses to sample the scent through their mouth.

17. Yummy! Dogs have about 1,700 taste buds. Humans have approximately 9,000 and cats have around 473.

18. Watch that hamburger! A dog's sense of smell is 10,000 times more acute as that of humans.

19. It's not so black and white. It's a myth that dogs only see in black and white. In fact, it's believed that dogs see primarily in blue, greenish-yellow, yellow and shades of gray.

20. Dogs' ears are extremely expressive. It's no wonder! There are more than a dozen separate muscles that control a dog's ear movements.

21. Why do they do that? When dogs kick after going to the bathroom, they are using the scent glands on their paws to further mark their territory.

22. No, it's not just to make themselves look adorable. Dogs curl up in a ball when they sleep due to an age-old instinct to keep themselves warm and protect their abdomen and vital organs from predators.



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# A LOVE STORY

*by Tom Carney*

April 11, 1862:

"On the morning of April 11, General Mitchel's division took possession of Huntsville. There was no opposition, only a few sick and wounded Confederates in town. They entered at daybreak, first taking possession of the railroad. The Southern was just coming in, having on board 150 Confederate soldiers, some wounded, going home on leave. The train endeavored to make its escape but was fired on by two cannons. All aboard were taken prisoner. The well soldiers were confined to the Depot house and the wounded remained in the railroad cars."

This is how Jane Chadwick, writing in her diary, described the events of that day, thus marking the beginning of one of the strangest legends in Huntsville's history.

Emily McClung was at the Depot that morning when the cannons opened fire on the train. Her fiancé had been wounded at the battle of Vicksburg and was coming home to recuperate when the train was captured that morning. She watched with terror as the blue-coated invaders herded John and the other prisoners to the Depot at the points of bayonets.

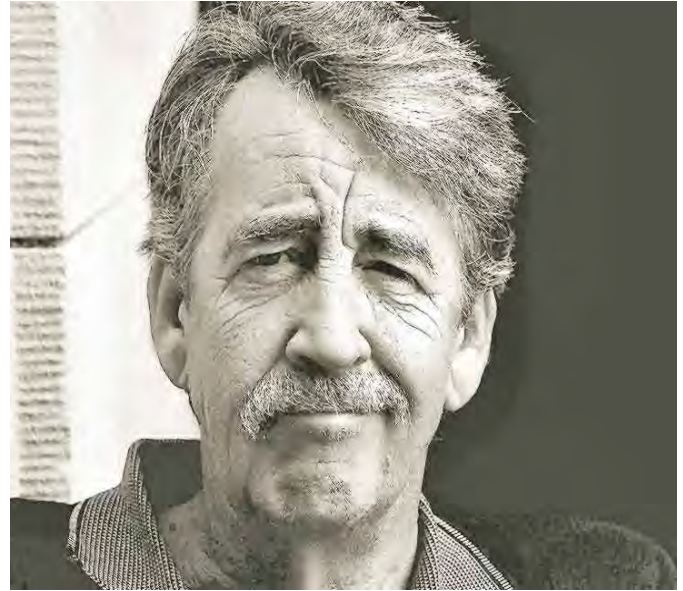
John and Emily had been childhood sweethearts for as long as anyone could remember. People used to tease their families that if John ever got lost, all they had to do was to find Emily; John was sure to be close by. When the war began John enlisted into the Confederate Army, postponing their plans for marriage. When Emily received word that John had been wounded and was coming home, she immediately started making plans for their wedding.

Years later, people would talk about how sad it was to watch Emily standing off at a distance, staring at the Depot with tears in her eyes while John would stand in the window helplessly looking back at his love.

The other prisoners, upon learning of John and Emily's plight, began conspiring to help John escape. Word was passed to Emily that she should be waiting across the road from the Depot at the stroke of midnight.

Late that night, John put on a Yankee officer's uniform and while the other prisoners created a loud commotion, he walked boldly out the front door. Walking slowly at first in order not to draw attention to himself, he made his way across the road.

But upon seeing Emily waiting for him, John, unable to wait any longer, began running toward



her, with his arms spread. A Union guard, seeing what he thought was a fleeing prisoner, ordered John to halt. When John continued to run, the guard opened fire. After firing the first round, the guard noticed another figure across the road. The gun roared again, leaving both Emily and John lying in the road, dead.

The Union soldiers placed their bodies in an empty railroad car until they could make arrangements to bury them. The next morning, a burial detail went to remove the bodies, but they were gone. A guard had been posted all night and it would have been impossible for anyone to approach the railroad car unseen.

An alert was sounded, but the bodies were never found.

1884 - People waiting to buy tickets at the Depot told of seeing a young couple walking and holding hands late one night. The man was dressed in an old-fashioned Federal uniform. When the couple were approached, they disappeared.

1890 - A man by the name of Dilworth buys the property and builds a lumber supply store. While building the store he experiences problems with his horses. Regardless of how well they are fenced in, the horses refuse to spend the night on the property. Every morning, upon arriving at work he would find the fences torn down with the horses standing across the road trembling as if in terror.

1909 - Police are called to the lumber yard. Neighbors had called and complained of a loud party, with people dressed in Confederate uniforms. One man was supposed to have been dressed in blue, escorting a beautiful young lady. The police could not find any signs of a party.

No one has ever been able to offer an explanation for the curious events surrounding this legend. Maybe there is no answer.



## Holiday Tips from Earlene



- Fill your dining room with candles at different heights - try going with one color, like burgundy or dark green.

- For an eye-catching centerpiece for your dining room table, loop a wide taffeta ribbon around a wreath of greens and place on table. Intertwine with small white lights and in the middle put candles of varying heights.

- Make your own stairway greenery - just cut a large spray of greens, such as boxwood or magnolia - add a bow and wire it to the banister. Add a few Christmas balls to the greens and it will look great!

- Head off stress by sticking to your normal eating, sleeping and exercising routines as much as possible.

- Shop early for those presents that need to be mailed away. Order your greeting cards and begin addressing envelopes.

- In a saucepan add 2 cups of orange juice. Sprinkle in ground cinnamon, ground cloves, 3 cinnamon sticks and a dash of allspice. Bring to slow boil and turn down to simmer. Add peeling from oranges, apples or "cuties" (tangerines). Your house will smell heavenly - be careful to keep adding water/juice so as not to burn it.

- To keep warmer inside - vacuum heater surfaces frequently, open your shades and draperies on sunny days and close them at night, and wear warmer clothing, layered, indoors.

- If you have a room where clutter seems to multiply, just get a couple of large, attractive

wicker baskets and toss the clutter into the baskets for a quick and easy pickup.

- Want your kitchen trash can to smell fresh? Just toss a handful of good-smelling potpourri into the bottom of the can, then put in your plastic liner.

- Make sure your Christmas tree is fresh by doing the following: Use a knife to cut into the bark above the base. The exposed area should be green and begin to show moisture. Once you get home, cut about 1-2 inches off the base, strip away the bark an inch above the cut and immerse in water. If you've done it right, you'll notice that your tree is drinking a lot of water immediately.

- When gift-shopping, have a list of what you're getting for each person. Then you won't find yourself hopelessly frustrated and wandering around the store with hundreds of other shoppers.

## French Coconut Pie

9-inch unbaked pie or tart shells

1 egg, white only

1-1/2 c. granulated sugar

1 tsp. vanilla

3 eggs

1-1/2 c. granulated sugar

1/2 c. melted butter

1 c. shredded coconut

To prevent a soggy crust brush egg white on the unbaked pie shell and bake for 3 minutes in a 400° oven. Beat 3 eggs lightly and add other ingredients.

Pour mixture into pie shell and bake at 400° for 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 375° and bake for 15 minutes.

At the end of that time, reduce temperature to 350° and bake for 15 to 20 minutes more. The recipe cooks well in large tart shells and goes like hotcakes.

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# Elephants

by Robert B. French, Jr. P.C., from his book "Call Me Herman"



The year was 1947. The country was recovering from the war and my best friend Roland Oliver, and I were recovering from a wreck on my motor cycle - a 105cc Famous James.

While we were healing from our scrapes, cuts and bruises, P.T. Barnum and John Ringling North decided that America needed "The Greatest Show on Earth." The Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus was coming to Decatur. It set up on our American Legion baseball field.

The 16 year old boys' problem was - how to go to the circus without spending any of the money we had been earning as caddies at Decatur Country Club. We needed that money to buy school clothes.

I had a bright idea, "Let's get a job with the circus."

A little after daylight, we rode my James to the site where they were putting up the big top. Smaller tents were already in place. They had elephants pulling the ropes that would hold the three-ring big top in place. We approached a guy who was obviously the foreman. I asked him for a job. He looked us over carefully and said, "I can use you boys, if you work hard. I'll give you two passes for the circus as long as it is here. I'll pay you five dollars a day - daylight to dark."

"We'll do it. When do we start?"

"Our cooks are feeding the people in the kitchen tent right now. You boys go over there and eat breakfast; come back to the

holding tent; get a number 3 wash tub; walk down to that creek I saw coming in here; fill the tub with water; bring it back here; and give it to the elephants in the holding tent." He talked very fast, and had a Yankee accent.

We enjoyed eating with the circus people. The fat lady and the tattooed man were very interesting. They were all relaxing and having a good time. In addition, the food was great.

After we finished, we found the holding tent, and got a Number 3 wash tub that had seen better days. We set off for the creek two city blocks away.

We didn't realize how heavy a number 3 wash tub, filled with water, was. It felt like it weighed 200 pounds. We could barely carry it, and had to stop often to rest.

When we got to the tent, the foreman was putting the elephants back in where the hay was. "Good. You boys are back. Give that tub to Jumbo over there." We tugged the tub over to the largest elephant in the tent. That beast stuck his trunk down in the tub, sucked the water out of the tub, and sprayed it in his mouth. The foreman said, "Go get another tub, and when you get back, scoop up this elephant crap and put it in those cardboard boxes by the flap."

We went to the creek, filled the tub, and hauled it back to the holding tent. This time another elephant stuck her trunk into the tub, sucked out the water, and sprayed it in her mouth. Roland and I got a couple of coal scoops, and began to scoop up elephant manure.

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"I didn't know these things could crap this big," Roland mused. "My scoop won't hold half of what this elephant is doing."

"Don't stand too close, it'll splatter on you," I warned.

We continued to shovel until the foreman came around and said. "That's enough for one day, boys. You did good work, and I'm letting you off a little early so you can see the freaks, and still catch the big show."

We headed over to where a barker was enticing people to come in and see the freaks. He had on a straw hat, red striped jacket, red bow tie and a cane.

"Step right up, folks. Come see wonders that will amaze you! See Jo Jo, the dog faced boy. He walks, he talks and he crawls on his belly like other man-eating reptiles. Right this way fifty cents and see it all - the giant, the bearded lady, the fattest man alive, the sword swallower and fortune tellers galore." From our five dollar bill, we each gave the barker fifty cents and went into a promenade made of tents facing each other. We saw the giant drop a silver dollar through his ring. We were amazed with the sword swallower when he swallowed a green neon light that lit up his throat. I went to the fortune teller. After she looked in my hand, she asked me to tell her fortune.

As we were leaving, a guy with three English Walnut half shells said, "Hey

Boy, come here. I got a little game for you."

We went over to his counter and he said, "See this red marble? That's called a pea.

These are shells. I put this pea under this shell and move them around. Can you guess which shell it's under?"

I pointed out the shell. Sure, enough the pea was under the shell. He did this several more times, and finally concluded that I had the sharpest eyesight and memory he had ever seen.

"Now, just to make the cheese more binding, I'll bet you a quarter you can't do it again."

I put a quarter up because I had guessed right every time.

He put the pea under the shell and moved the shells around, and I knew exactly which shell the pea was under. I pointed it out. Wrong. He took my quarter, and wanted to play again. I said no. That quarter had been too hard to earn. Roland and I went into the big top to see the show.

Years later, I would tell almost every criminal jury that story, and say that sometime later, I learned why I could not guess which shell the pea was under. He had palmed the pea,

and it was not under any of the shells.

"And that, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, is exactly what the State is trying to do in this case." Then, I would go into all the facts the State omitted trying to create a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of my client. It worked pretty well - 9 out of 26 murderers not guilty.

Roland got off the James at his house. "That foreman didn't get our names nor any information about us, did he?"

"No, he never asked anything about us."

"Good, cause I'm not going back. Carrying that water was hard, but shoveling up elephant crap is more than I bargained for. I think every elephant in that circus has diarrhea."

"Yeah, it was pretty loose. Some of it was like water in my scoop. I'm not going back either. I've seen all that circus I ever wanted to see. I only had \$4 out of that \$5 that had been so hard to earn.

We were done.



## ELLIE

Hello my name is Ellie. I am a smallish female mixed breed dog. You can see I am a beautiful golden color with a smiling happy face. The veterinarian thinks I am about 8 months old. An Ark Animal Shelter volunteer found me and brought me to the shelter where everyone has been

very kind to me. All the volunteers say I am sweet, friendly, and smart. I just need some training to fit into a new family and home. I love to go for walks and having playtime with the toys. I'm hoping someone with a nice family will pick me so I can have a forever home of my own. I promise to give you lots of love. If you come to the Ark Shelter ask to see Ellie, That's me!

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in was locked for your  
protection, not mine."**

**Message from a  
gun owner to a crook**

# A SEVERE WINTER?



*It's a bit early to think about winter, but here are a few signs you should be on the lookout for, that foretell of a severe winter:*

The squirrels seem busier than ever, their tails are very bushy and they begin to gather nuts earlier than usual.

Fur or hair on dogs, mules, horses, cats and cows is thicker than usual. The bark on trees is thicker.

Birds huddle on the ground, and eat up all the berries early. Your holly and dogwood trees have more berries than usual. Hickory nuts have a very heavy shell.

When you see butterflies gathering in bunches in the air, winter is coming early.

Woolly worms are everywhere, you see them before the first frost. Also, if the worms have a very heavy coat and the black band on their backs are very wide, it will be severe winter.

If we have a frost before November 23, it will be a bad winter.

Two frosts and a lot of rain mean a bad winter is very near.

Pine cones open early.

Laurel leaves are rolling up.

Wild hogs gather sticks, straw and shucks to make a bed.

The darker green the grass is in the summer, the colder the winter will be.

Sweet potatoes have a tougher skin.

Raccoons with thick tails and bright bands.

Mice chewing furiously to get into your home.

The early arrival of crickets on the hearth.

Spiders spinning larger-than-usual webs and entering the house in great numbers.

Pigs gathering sticks.

Ants marching in a line rather than meandering.

Early seclusion of bees within the hive.

Unusual abundance of acorns.

Squirrels gathering nuts early to fortify against a hard winter.

Frequent halos or rings around the sun or moon forecasts numerous snowfalls.

The early departure of geese and ducks.

The early migration of the monarch butterfly.

Thick hair on the nape of a cow's neck.

**"How can the cemetery raise its prices and blame it on the cost of living?"**

**Maxine**

Because metal was scarce during World War II, the Oscars given out during that time were made of wood.



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# Old Huntsville

From The Year 1935

## OLD AGE PENSIONS TO BE PAID JAN. 1st

Nov., 11:—Commissioner Collins of the Alabama Public Welfare department announced today that his office will be paying old age pensions starting on January 1st of next year, but stated that he believed that not more than 12,000 to 15,000 of the state's 105,000 persons over the age of 65 would be eligible for payment. He also cautioned people against expecting a wind-fall, as he said that most pensions paid will not be over the amount of \$15.00 per month.

The state pension act has set \$30.00 as the maximum pension, but Collins said that money is tight and his department will have to work on a basis of cash available rather than need, spreading its money as far as it will go over the most needy cases.

A \$77,000 surplus in the Confederate pension fund on October 1st would be a great help to the welfare department, but it is unsure if those funds can legally be used for old-age pensions.

Collins also cautioned that each applicant for a state old-age pension must be able to prove that he or she has no adult children who can offer support or care for them.

### HELP WANTED

The Tennessee Valley Authority is hiring laborers for the Guntersville dam project. Room and board furnished at reasonable costs. Starting salary at 35 cents an hour.

Also experienced cook capable of preparing 2000 meals per day.

Apply at construction site.

## GOVERNOR GRAVES WANTS RESUMPTION OF TIDE-TIGER GAME

Special Committee of  
Legion Asked to  
Negotiate

Nov., 26: Governor Bibb Graves has asked a special American Legion committee to negotiate the resumption of the University of Alabama versus Auburn games. He expressed hope that a post season football game could be arranged for the Christmas or New Year's season.

Horace Wilkinson chairman of Legion's special committee, said they expect to confer with authorities of the colleges by the latter part of this week. "We're going to try to accomplish something," he said.

The colleges last played against each other in a game in 1906.

## POOR HOUSE CLOSED

**Huntsville:** In a surprise move by the Welfare Board yesterday, the County Poor House, located at the end of Hermitage, was abolished. Spokesman Lawrence Goldsmith explained that with the Welfare Department now taking care of the indigent there is no longer a need for an Alms House. By the end of the year the poor house is expected to be empty as new homes are found by the present occupants. Alabama currently has 63 poor houses.



## WESLEY MULLINS AND MULLINS CREEK

*by Mason B. Daniel, Sr.*



Wesley Mullins is far left, at a Daniel/Mullins family get together. Circa 1938

My wife and I moved to Ardmore, TN in January of 2018 to be near families in Nashville, TN and the Huntsville, AL area. Growing up in Huntsville, plus spending many days with relatives in the Ardmore, AL/TN area, I knew the roads and towns very well. My wife, who grew up in Bronx, NY did not know the area at all. To acquaint her with the area, we would take short day trips to various areas around Ardmore.

On one such trip we drove down Pulaski Pike, and when we neared Randall Mullins Drive we pulled in front of a little white church building. Thus begins my story of Wesley Mullins and Mullins Creek.

My grandfather, Albert Clay Mullins, was the son of Andrew Jackson Mullins. Andrew's grandfather was the son of Antonio Molina who emigrated from Italy and fought in the Revolutionary War. He changed his name to Anthony Mullins at the recommendation of some of his friends, including Thomas Jefferson. A marker dedicated to Anthony Mullins is in the Blanche, TN cemetery, next to some of his close family members.

Andrew was the father of many children

including Albert Clay and Henry Nicholas Mullins. Henry fathered several children, including Wesley Herman Mullins. Henry settled in the area of Randall Mullins Drive, which crossed Mullins Creek (I think the actual name of the creek is Limestone Creek) to Old Railroad Bed.

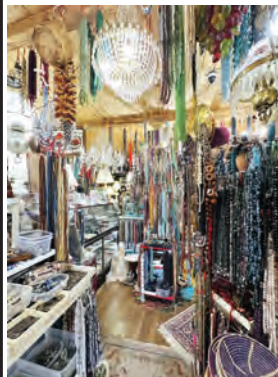
There was no bridge over the creek when I was spending time there, however I understand a bridge was built, later washed out and never rebuilt. Today, there are large concrete barriers on each side of the creek to prevent passage. The home at Pulaski Pike and Randall Mullins Drive was owned and occupied by Wesley and Deoma Mullins. The white church building was once a country general store owned by Wesley. Next to the store was a Gulf Oil wind vane with a man's torso, head with orange colored hat and arms that looked like ceiling fan blades. The torso would spin and the arms would turn with the wind.

There was also a small block house on the right side of the house that was occupied by Wesley's son Randall Mullins. A large barn was in the rear of the house.

Wesley owned and operated a North American Van Lines franchise located on Dallas Avenue in Huntsville. My nephew George Towry and I lived a short distance from the business, so on many summer weekends we would pack some clothes, grab our fishing gear and head to meet Wesley at his office.

He drove a 1950 something Chevrolet pick up truck. We would hop in the back along with some of

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tastes pretty good."**

***Sherry Gould, Madison***



his employees and head to his house. It was a great ride unless it was raining. We stayed at his house unless we wanted to camp out in the screened-in camp house on Mullins Creek.

We spent the daytime fishing and swimming in the creek. Some nights we would go catfishing with Wesley, as he loved to fish.

Wesley was big man, not in height but in girth. In today's terms he would be considered obese. Some days we would go before dark to allow Wesley to take a bath. His home had a modern bath, but he liked to bathe in the creek. Our nights were spent chit-chatting, except for Saturday evenings. WSM, Channel 8 out of Nashville, would telecast wrestling matches, I believe from the Hippodrome. Wesley had one of the few television sets in the area, and it seemed like everyone around was in his living room watching the matches.

His favorite wrestler was Rowdy Red Roberts. (Note: Some of these wrestlers would wrestle in Huntsville at the old National Guard Armory). The excitement was such, you would think you were at an Alabama/Auburn football game.

One Sunday afternoon while fishing at Mullins Creek, we saw a large group of men and women headed to our fishing spots. None of the people had fishing gear and/or picnic baskets. We grabbed our gear and quickly moved away. As the group neared the water's edge they stopped except for one man who went in the water to waist deep. People began to sing and pray.

We finally realized we were witnessing a baptism service. Many churches at that time did not have indoor baptism facilities, so the congregations would go to a creek and Mullins Creek was one of the places to go.

Wesley was a big baseball fan. He would sponsor amateur teams. He loved the Birmingham Barons. One of my biggest thrills was when I went with him and other family members to a Birmingham Barons and Chattanooga Lookouts baseball game in Chattanooga, TN.

Wesley was the son of Henry Nicholas and Sallie E. Mullins. He married Lula Crabtree and they had one son named Henry Nick Mullins. He was also married to Deoma Nunley and they had three children: Wesley Herman Jr., Mack and Randall.

Henry Nick (HN) owned Alabama Bike Shop in Huntsville, plus leased the bait and restaurant facilities at Salt Peter Cave near Scottsboro, AL. Wesley Jr. died at the age of 2, while Mack was killed in a car accident at age 22. Randall operated the trucking business after Wesley's death until his death in 1990.

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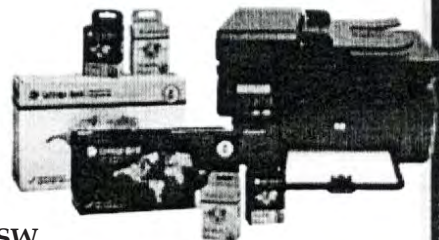
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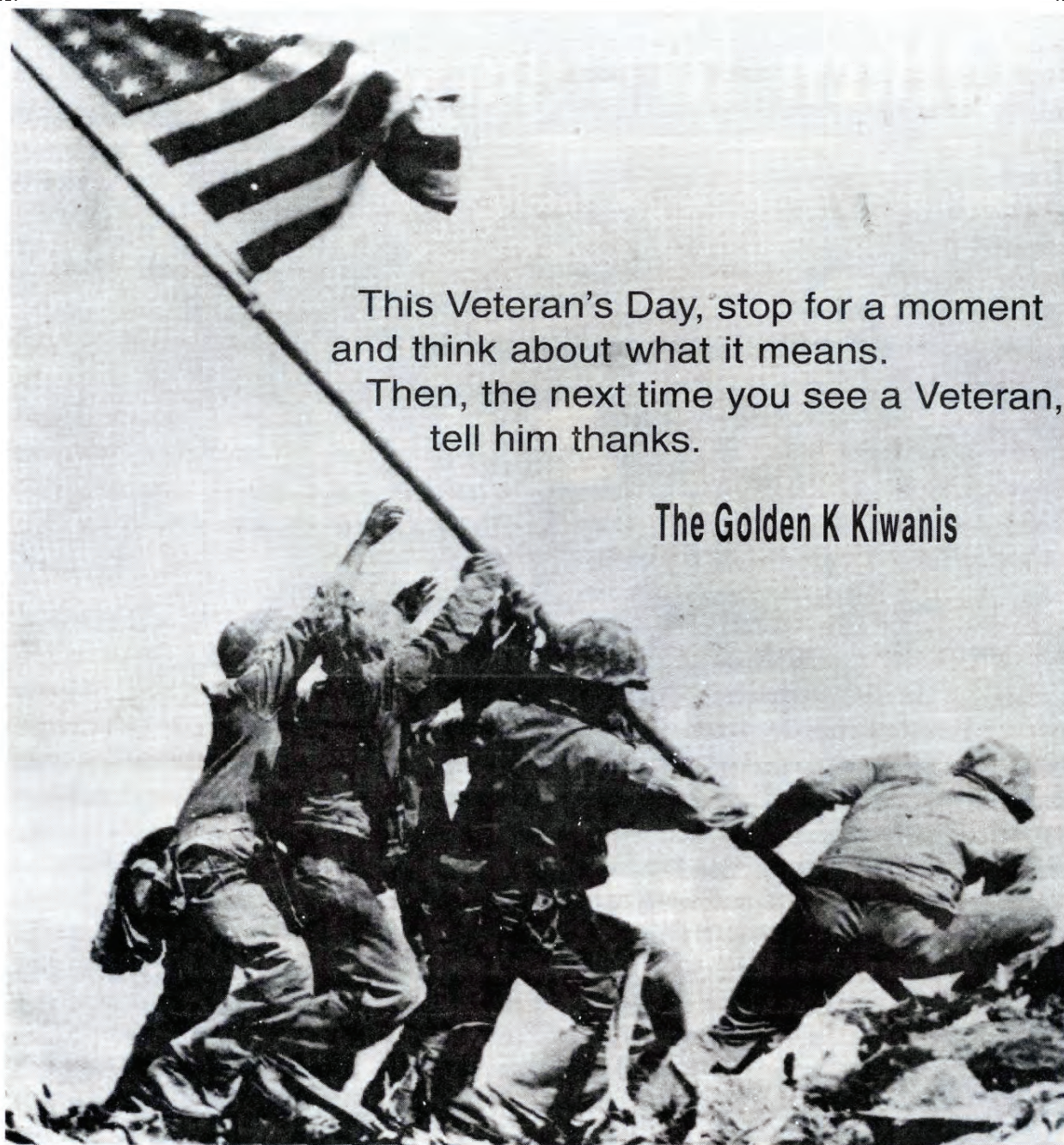
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tell him thanks.

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***In Honor of Huntsville's Golden K Kiwanis, 1986 - 2022, who were a group of retired businessmen and women and Veterans who distributed "Old Huntsville" magazine as their sole fund raiser for 27 years in order to help families and children in need. Their hard work netted over \$680,000 that was directly paid to local charities over the years.***