



No. 371

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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

This is NOT a Drill!



Do you remember when emergency signals were sent to designated radio stations in the U.S. to warn everyone of impending attacks on our Country?

The idea was to keep enemy bombers (and later missiles) from homing in to radio stations in major target cities.

In WWII, the allies did the same thing, using radio direction finding equipment guiding them to targets in Germany.

Also, there was a secret list of which stations in the states would be on either exclusive frequency for a short time, replaced by another Conelrad station in a different location.

Thus enemy bombers could not use the transmitter's location, which was changing constantly.

Also in this issue: Miracle on the Tennessee River; Monrovia School; Women in Service; Sad incident near Maysville; Dr. Pat Hamm; Paving California Street; Safeguarding Huntsville's Trees; The Walking Stick; Low Carb Recipes, Pet Tips and much more!

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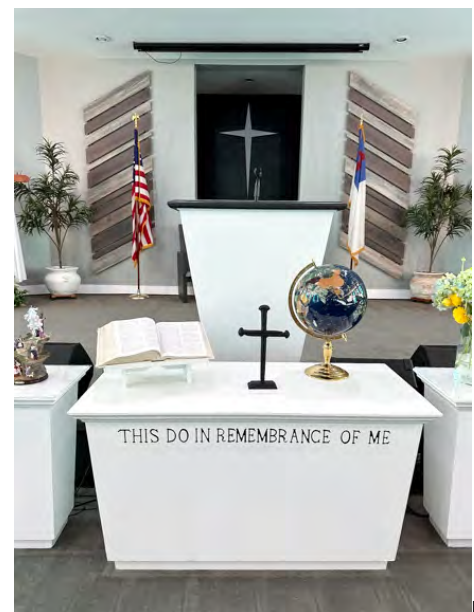
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this is an emergency.

Please stand by for
further instructions.

THIS IS NOT A TEST!



This is NOT a Drill!

by M. D. Smith, IV

Are you old enough to remember the tiny CD (Civil Defense) triangles at the 640 and 1240 am frequencies on the radio dial? Either way, there's a chance you don't remember the few times a real "Emergency" was sent to radio stations, who were then ordered to immediately go off the air and only a designated radio station on one of those frequencies would send official word of a pending attack. The Conelrad name was short for (Control of Electromagnetic Radiation) for all radio and TV stations.

"Maintenance free means that when it breaks, it can't be fixed."

Billy Kruse, Huntsville

The idea was to keep enemy bombers (and later missiles) from homing in to radio stations in major target cities. In WWII, the allies did the same thing, using radio direction finding equipment guiding them to targets in Germany. Also, there was a secret list of which stations in the states would be on either exclusive frequency for a short time, replaced by another Conelrad station in a different location. Thus enemy bombers could not use the transmitter's location, which was changing constantly. It was called the "Key Station System" that had a straight telephone circuit from the Air Defense Control Centers around the U.S. All other AM stations, including WAAY-1550, monitored one of these key stations. (Included FM in later years)

We monitored radio station WSM in Nashville. If they got an authentic alert, the key station would send a code to other "downstream" stations, comprising a sequence of shutting the key station off for five seconds, returning to the air for five seconds, again shutting down for five seconds, returning to the air again (for 5 seconds), and then transmitting a 1 kHz tone for 15 seconds. That would set off all the bells and whistles at every radio station in the country since they were required to have special Conelrad receivers coded to that sequence of the key station.

Weekly, starting in 1951, ra-



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dio stations, including right here in Huntsville, all had to install the decoding equipment that would sound an alarm for a test or actual emergency. Weekly a "test" signal was sent, the alarm would go off, and the station control operator would listen to the message saying, "This was a test of the Conelrad system." At WAAY we would note in our station daily log that we received the test. In the case of a REAL emergency, we were to discontinue broadcasting immediately, saying to the public, "This station now leaves the air and you should turn to 640 or 1240 on your radio dial."

Between my Disk Jockey years at WAAY Radio 1550, I got pretty used to the tests after my first scare, working part-time summer nights from 1959 through 1964.

I clearly remember my first night working at WAAY as an eighteen-year-old DJ. I was given instructions about records to play, ripping AP news copy to read five minutes before the hour and half-hour, logging transmitter readings every 30 minutes, and reading live promos and public service announcements. Wow, a lot for a beginning DJ to remember, but no one said anything about the tests. It just so happened that a test came on our Conelrad receiver on my shift. I vaguely remembered something about a test but didn't know what to do, so I called the Chief Engineer, Dick Essner, at home. He said, "When you listened, did it say it was a test?"

"I think that's what came out of the speaker on the device."

Then he said, "Do you see a red envelope anywhere?" I scoured the control desk and behind the Public Service copy I saw the corner of it with bold letters on the front, "DO NOT OPEN THIS ENVELOPE EXCEPT DURING AN EMERGENCY." That scared me. Dick continued to explain the complete system to me, as I have done earlier in this article. Whew. I was off the hook. I logged getting the test signal and you better believe I found out a whole lot more about the Conelrad system the next day.

First "OOPS" in the System

On May 5, 1955 the Continental Air Defense Command Western Division went to yellow alert for 3 to 10 minutes (depending on the alerted state), beginning at 10:40 AM PDT. The alert was raised by a Canadian radar emplacement, which was unaware of an outbound United States B-47 bomber training exercise, due to communication failures. A yellow alert meant "attack ex-

pectable," and the word was sent to government and civil defense organizations. Some stations went off the air and some didn't. The recall was sent 8 minutes later. Think of how some listeners worried during that time frame.

Another occurrence in a section of the country on the evening of November 5, 1959, WJPG, the CONELRAD control station for northeast Wisconsin and Upper Michigan was incorrectly sent an alert status message, "This is an air defense radio alert", rather than what should have been sent for a test, "This is an air defense line check." All three of Green Bay, Wisconsin's television stations (WFRV-TV, WLUK-TV, and WBAY-TV), as well as Green Bay radio stations WBAY and WJPG (as well as other Upper Michigan radio stations) were immediately taken off-line as preparations were made for high priority stations to begin broadcasting on the two authorized CONELRAD AM frequencies. In that area WOMT, a station in nearby Manitowoc at 1240 AM, would be forced off the air.

The transmission error was realized and CONELRAD alert preparation (and its media blackout) re-



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versed for affected stations about 20 minutes later.

In 1963 Emergency Broadcast System (EBS) replaced Conelrad and lasted until 1997.

The EBS was an improvement on CONELRAD—the system expanded to include telecommunication common carriers (phone and cable TV systems), in addition to radio and television stations. The protocol was very similar, although the EBS used an Emergency Action Notification system to first send and verify emergency broadcasts to primary stations.

The Last Documented "OOPS"

It happened on Saturday, February 20, 1971 when Wayland S. Eberhardt, a civilian Teletype operator, was going about his routine duties at the National Emergency Warning Center at Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado. One of the functions of "the Mountain" during this era was to send out the weekly Emergency Broadcast System (EBS) test directive to the nation's radio and television stations. In a careless moment, Wayland sent this message to area radio and TV stations on their news Teletype printers: The Teletype message that went over the wires read:

*Message Authenticator:
Hatefulness/Hatefulness (The
code word in the weekly red
envelope, and it was real.)*

This is an emergency action notification (EAN) directed by the President. Normal broadcasting will cease immediately. All stations will broadcast EAN Message One preceded by the attention signal, per FCC rules. Only stations holding NDEA may stay on air in accord with their state EBS plan.

**BROADCAST EAN
MESSAGE ONE**


*Message Authenticator:
Hatefulness/Hatefulness*

Being ordered to broadcast "EAN Message ONE" was the real thing. It contained wording to the effect that it was NOT a drill and directed by the President (Nixon at the time), broadcasters were to give it to the public and leave the air.

It was a terrible 40 minutes for broadcasters. Some left the air, some searched desperately for confirmation of the message after opening their weekly sealed red envelope to verify "Hatefulness."

Later, one broadcaster, Chuck Kelly of WWCM in Brazil, Indiana said, "I saw the authenticated message and thought, 'My God! It's December 7th (1941) all over again!'"


Another listener in that area of the country said, "I was 11. My Mom and I heard this, and we both believed the missiles had been launched. When they said the television stations had gone off the air, I checked and found the six stations, 3 Fort Wayne and 3 South Bend, were indeed off the air. Needless to say we were very happy to learn they had used the wrong tape message."



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Then came over the Teletype wire: *Message Authenticator: Impish/Impish*
Cancel message sent at 09:33 EST repeat cancel Message sent at 09:33 EST Message Authenticator: Impish/Impish
20FEB10:13 EST

It was over. Wayland Eberhardt was in a hot spot for having sent the wrong message. Seems the three tapes of test, alert, and warning were next to each other, and Wayland simply grabbed the wrong tape. His boss, Louis I. Smoyer, the chief of the warning center, said simply, "It damn sure won't happen again."

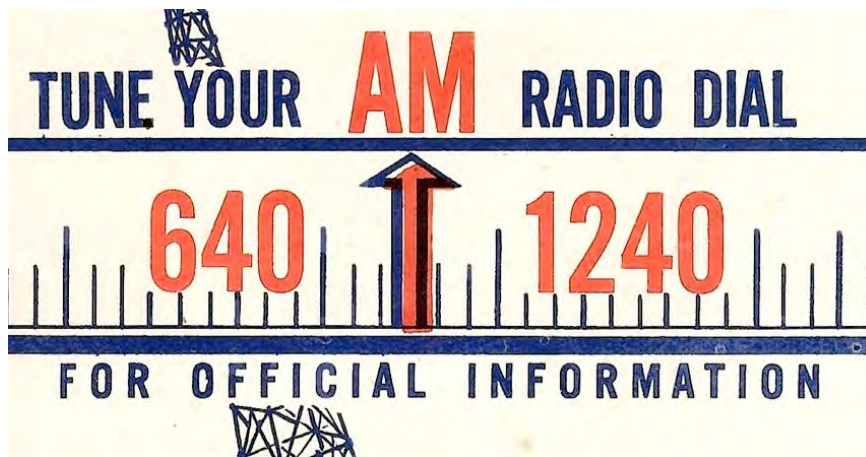
To his credit, Smoyer's solution did not involve firing the hapless Wayland Eberhardt, who was described as being "seriously shook up" over his mistake. Rather, the manager had a simple, low-tech remedy: he moved the tapes for the genuine alerts away from the transmitter.

In 1997 the EBS was replaced by the EAS (Emergency Alert System).

It was obvious as the years continued past the outdated warning systems, that our constant media connections (of cable TV, Satellite Radio, Cell-phones as well as all the broadcast outlets) that alerts could be sent out faster than the old coded messages and authenticator cards, so they were stopped.

Though it's never been used, thankfully, in theory, the President should be able to speak to all citizens through every possible medium (including things like Direct TV) within 10 minutes of an emergency. State or local authorities, the National Weather Service, or even the broadcaster also have access to this system for lesser emergencies.

The entire system works off a series of digital decoders and encoders, which the FCC oversees. There are over 80 differ-





ent categories of emergency warnings, including your standard tornado warnings but also things like the AMBER Alert System for child abduction emergencies.

The EAS was not activated nationally or regionally in New York or Washington during the 9/11/2001 terrorist attacks on the nation. Richard Rudman, then chairman of the EAS National Advisory Committee, explained that near immediate coverage in the national media meant that the media itself provided the warning or alert of what had happened and what might happen as quickly as the information could be distributed.

Rudman said, "Some events really do serve as their own alerts and warnings. With the immediate live media coverage, the need for an EAS warning was lessened."

It's been sixty-four years since that Disk Jockey, Dee Scott, (my air name) sat in the control room of WAAY wondering what to do when the Conelrad Alert sounded and blood pumping hard in his chest upon seeing the "red envelope."



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Local News 1923

Mrs. Greaves Only Victim Remaining

Mrs. C. T. Greaves, of Dallas, Tx., one of the most seriously injured in the wreck of the Southern passenger train near Scottsboro last week, is still at the Huntsville infirmary, where she was taken immediately following the accident. Mrs. Greaves is, however, reported to be doing well. She is the only one of the several brought here who have not returned to their homes.

They Saw the World

Two boys, Lonnie Jones, 16 and Warren Sanders, 14 will be held in Huntsville for the arrival of their parents this week. They said they lived near Scottsboro and were taken in charge by Chief Hackworth. Their parents had telephoned the chief to notify him that the boys had traveled to Huntsville, after telling them that they "wanted to see the world." They were without money and seemed quite ready to return home after seeing enough of the world and its hardness.

Machine Boy Injured

While riding his bicycle on Walker Street Sunday, Howard Larkin, a small boy, was run into and knocked from his wheel by an automobile driven by Henry Thomas. Young Larkin was jolted but not seriously injured.

Huntsville Invention

Messrs. James McGill and Lee Guy have perfected a new automobile light which they intend to apply for a patent for. The light will contain a revolving fan on one end and colored lights on the other, the lights being generated from a dry

battery and being operated by the car. The gentlemen have tried out their light with complete success.

Dallas Mill Residents try to Keep Man from Murdering Wife From 1904 newspaper

Jim Burks, a citizen of Dallas Mills, was arrested and lodged in jail today on a charge of attempting to murder his wife. The assault on the woman was committed yesterday and complaint was made by neighbors this morning. They had a hard time keeping him from murdering her. The arrest was made by Deputy Ernie Miller, who had a difficult time getting the prisoner to jail. Burks resisted fiercely and had to be carried away bodily.

The prisoner is supposed to be demented. His friends said his unnatural actions appear to bear out the claims. He was injured in a saw mill accident some years ago and his relatives say he has never been right since then. The people of the community in which he lives consider him dangerous, but they have been unwilling to place him in an asylum.

Since his arrest, however, application will be made to have the prisoner placed in the Bryce Asylum at Tuscaloosa and he will be kept in jail until taken to that place.

Willie Bell Died

Willie Bell, the little 17 month old son of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Bell, died this morning at their home on north Church Street after a few days illness with pneumonia. Interment will be made in Maple Hill cemetery after the funeral services at their home.

New Service Store to Open in Huntsville - 1923

There is going to be a "Help Yourself" store opened in Huntsville, the store being of the buy and carry plan. The new concern will be operated by the W. L. Halsey Grocery company and will be managed, it is stated, by Mr. J. E. Connor, formerly with the Piggly Wiggly store in this city. The Help Yourself Store will be located at the corner of Jefferson and Clinton streets, in the McGhee Hotel block.

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Wernher von Braun

Scrap Iron and the Japanese

by Robert B. French, Jr.

In 1938, or the early part of 1939, when I was five years old, my uncles, Arnold and Ira Jr., heard that there were some little yellow men down on the Square in Huntsville who were buying scrap iron and paying a good price for it.

They took the largest old truck we had on the dairy, put me on a pillow under the steering wheel, put a brick on the gas pedal, reached in the window to put it in gear, and told me to drive. One of them would reach in and put the floor shift out of gear to stop the vehicle. They, along with their best friend, Edward Hunkapiller, hung out on the back wooden flatbed, looking around the doors telling me where to steer the vehicle. The dairy was large, and machinery had been left where it had broken down years ago.

I did as I was told, and we slowly accumulated near a truckload of scrap plows, hay balers, mowers and you-name-it. Then they had me drive back to the barn. My mother was there and practically went into cardiac arrest seeing her precious baby boy driving that big truck. She dressed her brothers down for being silly. They thought it was funny. Uncle Peck said that I wanted to drive the truck all the way to his girlfriend's house.

Hearing all the commotion, my grandfather came out of the barn. He learned what his sons and Edward Hunkapiller had done, and he told them, "Boys, Nina is right. That was a terrible mistake. Preacher could have missed the bridge and ran that truck into the manure ditch. Then where would we be? Don't do that again." (Preacher was my nickname).

My uncles knew they had not heard the last of it as my grandfather had the reputation of being

a raver, i.e., a person who, once started on a subject, didn't seem to know when to stop. Family rumor was that my great-grandfather, Mills Jenkins Sibley, was a raver, and his son, Ira Taylor, came by it honestly. So, Granddaddy did discuss their actions for several more days at supper after a day's work. Certainly, they would never do that again. You just didn't want to get him started.

However, in compensation for my good work they let me go through the scrap iron on the bed of the truck and pick out my part to sell to the little yellow men. I picked out what I thought was plenty and away we went down to the Square in Huntsville. Edward Hunkapiller was riding on the back with the scrap iron.

It was a festive occasion on the north side of the Courthouse Square. I think it was on the corner of Jefferson Street and Spring Avenue. The little yellow men had set up at that northwest intersection; weighing, buying scrap iron and loading it onto trucks to haul to the railroad depot about ten blocks away.

My uncles and Edward Hunkapiller took in folding money. I got fifteen cents for my part. It was the first money I ever made! One of the little yellow fellows gave me a dark blue top that ran up and down a string. I had never seen such a thing in my life. He carved some palm trees and a boat on it with his pocketknife. He called it a yo-yo. That little toy became my proudest possession.

Edward Hunkapiller needed

to go to T.T. Terry's Drug Store across the Square. It was very dark in the store. Everything was dark wood. Uncle Arnold lifted me up on a stool at the counter and told me to order a chocolate milkshake. When the soda jerk came around, I made my order. It cost a nickel and was the most fantastic thing I had ever tasted. It was in a big glass and I drank it all.

After we had finished our shakes, we went back into the pharmacy, in the dark of the store. Edward Hunkapiller wore an asphidity bag around his neck. It was a small bag, about the size of a quarter, with yellow drawstrings that tied to a rawhide string around his neck. I had seen it every time I had ever seen him. It was so filthy; it was almost black, even the strings were black. He wore the horribly smelling thing to keep away colds, flu and evil spirits.

He told Mr. Terry that he needed a new nickel bag of asphidity. I watched as Mr. Terry brought out an ugly smelly brown chunk of something, cut off a little piece of it, put it in a new white cloth bag, and handed it to Edward. "That'll be five cents."

"My family has an account here. I would like to charge it."

"What's the name on the account?" "Hunkapiller," replied Edward. "Just keep it," Mr. Terry said, holding the small charge book in his left hand with his pencil in his right. "I wouldn't write asphidity and Hunkapiller for a nickel."

Edward smiled, said thanks,

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and we were on our way out and back to the dairy. I yo-yoed as we walked by the huge Courthouse, back across the Square. My uncles interrupted me every now and then to yo-yo themselves.

The end of the story: Years later, my Uncle Peck was sent home after being shot up on the beach of Iwo Jima. Both he and my Uncle Popeye were in the Navy and both were recipients of the Purple Heart.

During WWII, very few people in Huntsville had gas for an automobile, nor could anyone get tires. As a result of shortages, wounded soldiers and sailors were shipped to their hometowns on Red Cross hospital troop trains. The families would meet the train and carry their wounded home on their gurney walking across Huntsville. With all the white sheeted gurneys going in every direction from Union Depot, it looked like rays of light spreading across the town. As far as you could see, in every direction, there were families carrying their wounded home. War truly is hell.

When the boys went off to war, Granddaddy could not run the dairy shorthanded. He bought a house at 331 Clinton Avenue West, two blocks from the Russel Erskine Hotel, at 123 Clinton Avenue West - downtown Huntsville. Von Braun Civic Center eventually took the property. Years later, practicing law, I got the heirs a good price for it before the Von Braun was built.

With Granddaddy gone, Mr. Bean sold the dairy to Meadow Gold, the company that owned the creamery. All the families moved away. My father moved us to Atlanta Avenue in Sheffield. He was now a flagman on the main line and soon became the Baggage Master on the Joe Wheeler, the first diesel locomotive owned by the Southern Railway System.

We got word Uncle Peck was coming home, and we took the train to Huntsville where the family had gathered at Granddaddy's. We walked to the railroad station, which was about 10 or 12 blocks away. When the train arrived with the large red cross flags draped on the sides of the cars, Daddy asked the conductor where Ira Taylor

Sibley, Jr. might be found. In his round black conductor's cap and conductor's uniform, he searched his manifest. He located the car that my uncle was in. Daddy and Uncle Edgar went on the train, and brought Uncle Peck down the steep steel steps.

He was all ensconced in white sheets on the gurney. Like the other families, we had our wounded. Daddy and Uncle Edgar began carrying him through the streets of Huntsville. Although all of us were thrilled he was home, he would be bedfast from his wounds for more than a year from the day we were at the station.

As my daddy and Uncle Edgar lifted Uncle Peck down the curb stone at Holmes Avenue, right by the federal Post Office, he looked up at me. "Preacher, do you remember that scrap iron we sold to the Japanese guys?" "Yes, sir," remembering driving the truck, earning fifteen cents, drinking the milkshake and having the yo-yo.

"Well, I went and got some of it, and brought it back home." Then he tried to laugh, but the pain was too much. Everyone else thought it was funny.

It wouldn't be long before we went through the same process again with Uncle Arnold.

Grandmother and Granddaddy had their hands full taking care of two wounded veterans while Granddaddy guarded German prisoners that had been brought to Redstone Arsenal. It was there that Granddaddy became friends with Wernher von Braun. They became such buddies that the scientist taught Granddaddy some German. He enjoyed speaking German to the grandchildren. All I can remember was he called a nail a "nagel." We had no idea that the man my grandfather was guarding was the world famous German scientist.



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Miracle on the Tennessee River

by Giles Hollingsworth



This is a story about peer pressure, human stupidity and angels. It's a story that I hesitate to tell because it bares my character more than I want it to. It's beyond embarrassing; it's humiliating. But it's a story that needs to be told, because there is always the chance, the hope, that some mother or father will persuade their child to read it.

It begins as a cotton picking story. Schools were not air-conditioned back in 1947 and Alabama summers are just plain hot! So why the heck did school start at Farley Junior High about the first of August and go on for six weeks, then let out for six weeks of cotton picking? Simple. It was a calendar/harvest thing. You pick cotton when it's ready to be picked, which is about the middle of September, and farm kid absenteeism would be through the roof if school was in session then.

That year, on a very hot Monday, September 16, the first day of "cotton picking", a few Redstone Park kids, eager for a little cash, decided to pick cotton for a day

or two at the Day farm, just back of the subdivision. Two of those teens were best buddies of mine, Bob and Jim. I was a farm hand on the nearby Hays farm, but the cotton there wasn't yet quite ready to pick, so I joined them. We met at Bob's house, his mom made sack lunches for us, and off we went, at about ten o'clock.

Bob and Jim had never been farm kids, but I took pride in my cotton picking ability, so as they piddled along, talking a lot to each other, I hunkered down and left them behind. I was determined to pick at least a hundred pounds before they decided to give it up and go swimming, like we had talked about earlier.

Sure enough it happened. At about three o'clock the "I've had it!" chorus was on. They were sweating, not from their slow work, but because of a relentless, hot sun. So we weighed up. They each had picked about 50 pounds, while I had picked 123 pounds. I had reached my goal, but I was flat out tired from doing it. I had not escaped that blazing sun; it had at least partially dehydrated me, sapping my energy even more than I realized.

We stopped at Bob's house long enough to drink Double Colas, then walked south on the highway, down to the Tennessee River, about a mile away. Our swimming hole was that part of the river you first come to when you exit off the highway to the left, the strip of shore next to where the slough empties into the river. The water was cool and refreshing, replenishing some of our typical teenage vigor. Maybe that rejuvenation was why Jim said, almost yelled, "Let's swim across the river!"

Now the Tennessee River at that point is wide, real wide. My guess is that it's wider than the length of a football field, which is 300 feet. And it's deep. I had never thought a lot about it, but common sense and maybe a few songs and some stories I had heard or read warned me that deep rivers with

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Bertrand Russell

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swift currents are deadly. My thoughts of ever trying to swim that river had never been more that fleeting thoughts. So when Jim made his suggestion, or issued his challenge, I should have said, "That is one crazy idea!". But I didn't. I just said I was worn out and not that good of a swimmer. The fact was, I was a lousy swimmer and self-conscious of it. Bob and Jim were both very good swimmers, but even so, I felt that swim would be risky for them to try.

But without realizing it, Bob and Jim both applied peer pressure to me by assuring me that I could do it, and that they would be right there to help me if I needed help. So I made one of the worst decisions I have ever made in my life, maybe THE worst. I said yes. No matter how much I try to rationalize it, it was a stupid decision! We started out together, Jim about ten feet to my left and Bob about the same distance to my right. The first sixty feet or so went fine. Then I began to tire, and I could feel the current getting a little swift, as we swam on. But at about a hundred feet out, fatigue took over, causing some panic for me.

I realized there was no way I could make it across, so I stopped, turned around, treaded water, and yelled out, "I gotta go back!". By then my arms felt like they each weighed a hundred pounds, and I knew I was too tired to make it back, and if Jim tried to pull me to shore I would probably pull him under. Some water splashed into my nose and mouth, feeding the panic. I tried hard to think positively and stay calm, but fear is powerful and it was a scary situation. Foremost in my mind was the thought of sinking into millions of gallons of water, drowning.

I telegraphed a prayer, but I cannot remember a single word of it.

Then, miraculously, a small boat with an outboard motor appeared, coming in from the middle of the river, heading toward the shore. I think the driver had already seen my plight before he heard my cry for help and he was there to rescue me within thirty seconds. With him were his wife and two little girls, both probably under the age of six. He invited me into the boat but I had to decline because I was not wearing swim trunks. So I held to the side of the boat as he towed me to within a few feet of the shore.

The word, "miraculously" above is not a typo or an exaggeration. Later on in life I would come to realize that those four people were angels. Scoff or doubt if you will, but consider this: We had been to that river many, many times and very seldom was there such a boat in the area. When you did see one it was almost always on the weekend and this was on a Monday afternoon. Some would say it was a coincidence, but that boat, at that particular time, being at that particular place? I think most readers of this story would agree that it was not a coincidence.

I have often wondered why this happened to me. Surely there was a reason. Maybe it was to teach me about strength and frailty. Or about the reality of angels. Or maybe it was for me to write this story. Young people, use your head; don't do stupid things.

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Happy New Year to all:
Who among you hasn't made a New Year's resolution?

I've been trying to think of a resolution that would be easier to stick with. Can't give up ice cream, that didn't work, losing weight didn't work either. Maybe just trying to exercise a little more and eating a balanced diet. We will see if that will work.

Our other readers better listen up. I have always been told that a fall will lead to our downfall. Just before Christmas, I had forgotten the entrance hall rug had been rolled up to accommodate a chest that was on a furniture dolly waiting to be moved upstairs in a couple of days. I decided to move a plant from the dining room table to a table in the entrance hall. Getting in a hurry and not remembering the rolled-up rug (and plant blocking my view), I fell, hitting my knees, then my head on the hardwood floor. The sound of my head hitting the wood was such a jolt that my body and I couldn't turn over to get myself off the floor. Where was my cell phone? Not with me when I needed it. I just held my head.

For comfort, my four-pound Shih Tzu lay by my side. I was the perfect ad for a TV commercial, I've fallen and can't get up. I lay on the floor for an hour. I had tried screaming several times but realized no one could hear me, so I just lay there and listened to the grandfather clock chime every fifteen minutes.

Finally, my husband came home around 2:30. He wanted to know where I was and called out for me.

"I'm on the floor in the entrance hall," I yelled.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm just lying here waiting for you to come home to give me a hand. I can't get up."

After going to the doctor, he told me, "You are going to live. Take it easy, keep ice on your head, take pain meds and slow down." So that is my advice to all for 2024: Slow down, and watch where you are walking. If you do, I've just saved you a trip to your family doctor's office, or maybe an ambulance trip. And yes, my head really hurts as I write this column.

White sales are held in January. It started out as a sale for white sheets and towels. They were marked down so many people bought them to replace their worn-out ones. People who sent theirs to the cleaners to get dry cleaned learned to always get theirs monogrammed so they would be sure to get the right ones back.

Now with patterned sheets and colored towels the sales are still called White Sales, so better go stock up. And if you are in the mood, Christmas decorations are half-price or less.

Happy New Year and be Careful!

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Madison County Hard Hit by Heavy Storms - Jan 1916

Madison County Hard Hit by Heavy Storm, One Killed, Many Hurt

One dead, several children injured, many houses and churches demolished and property damage to the amount of thousands of dollars is the net result of a terrific wind and rain storm that passed over north east Madison county and this city late yesterday afternoon.

Following the receipt of Associated Press dispatches to The Daily Times yesterday afternoon telling of the great storm west of the Mississippi and that it would reach the Atlantic by Thursday, the storm burst upon Huntsville about 4pm. The day had been beautiful and sunshiny but as in the twinkling of an eye the calm and stillness of the day was broken into a thunderous storm.

The streets were soon flooded and again about 6pm the heavy rain and wind repeated itself. Huntsville city did not suffer except for flooded conditions and the blowing off a few roofs. But in the Cameron church neighborhood above Maysville northeast of here the home of Thomas Riddick, an old and respected citizen, was blown down and he was killed. Mr. Riddick, however, lived several hours into the night but before Dr. Howard reached him there was no hope of recovery from medical aid. Mr. Riddick died about 11 o'clock last night.

He was the father of Fred Riddick and Archie Riddick, electrical engineer of Guntersville. In the Maysville neighborhood, Walter Cawthon and John Cawthon each lost houses in the wake of the storm. John Rodgers and Gus Rodgers in that community also suffered a loss.

One little child was hurt near Maysville and others were injured by flying timbers. When the wind picked up two houses together with their occupants north of Maysville in the Hurricane community, it was a miracle that no one was killed. The homes were placed several feet away after having been airborne.

The Cameron Methodist church was blown away and several other churches in the

northern part of the county are reported to be demolished. Between Huntsville and Athens a water spout appeared and nearly killed townsman W. L. Wall, who was returning from Athens in his car. He was caught between the Beasley place on Athens Pike and was engulfed in the spout. Herculean like, Mr. Wall managed to hold his car until the storm had passed over and then he ploughed his way back to Huntsville through a regular lake of water. No deaths are reported other than that of Mr. Riddick, but it is conceded that the property damaged from last night's storm was probably the heaviest that ever visited this section.



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A TIME FOR CARING

by Mary Wallace - 1996

First published in Greater Huntsville Humane Society Pet Gazette



The day was Sunday, April 28, 1996 - the last day of Panoply. My boyfriend, Anthony, his 5 year old son and I had finally found time to pack a picnic basket, get a blanket and head for Big Spring Park.

As we turned onto Holmes Avenue off Jordan Lane, Anthony exclaimed, "Baby, look at the puppy dog. He's walking along the side of the road like he doesn't even realize it's dangerous!"

Immediately, I looked and saw one of the most beautiful collies I'd ever seen, and asked my boyfriend to turn around so I could get the puppy out of harm's way - it seemed the least I could do.

As we were pulling to the side of the road, the puppy changed direction and headed toward us - but, in the middle of Holmes Avenue! Suddenly, Anthony - knowing my love for animals - was shouting, "Mary, close your eyes!"

The cry of the collie was heart wrenching. As I rushed to him I never even thought to see if another car was coming. He was lying in the street - right in the middle of the lane - an innocent animal who had been hurt unjustly by a human who would not take the time to slow down.

Almost blinded by tears, I knelt beside the dog. He looked up at me as if to say, "Please help me."

Then Anthony was there with the blanket from the car and I realized a crowd was gathering. I heard their comments: "Was it my dog? Was that why I was crying? Just leave it there, it's going to die anyway."

Weren't they human? Didn't they care? Couldn't they understand, it didn't have to be my dog for me to care? Placing the dog on the blanket we noticed his back left leg was hanging loosely from his side, broken.

The recent loss of my job - the fact there was very little money in my bank account - none of this even crossed my mind until we were sitting in the vet's office - both hips were broken, surgery was needed but so was a deposit.

He gave a pain pill to "Blessed" (Anthony had suggested we call the collie "Blessed" for he was fortunate just to be alive) and we left him at the clinic for the night. Somehow I knew the Lord would help me find a way to pay the bill. The Humane Society - could they help?

I remembered my friend, Sara. She loved dogs as much as I did and she was a Society member. She told me who to contact.

Next morning I withdrew \$100 and went to the clinic. "Blessed" appeared almost lifeless until I reached out carefully to hug him - then he started wagging his tail and trying to move. What joy I felt realizing he remembered me and was happy to see me.

When I got home there was a message on

my phone that the Humane Society would help.

My gratitude is expressed to the Society, to my boyfriend, Anthony, and to my Maltese, Cotton, for help and/or patience with "Blessed" as he healed from the accident. With only a two-room apartment I couldn't plan to keep "Blessed." The day I introduced him to his new family and placed him in their car, he looked at me first in confusion but then his expression changed as if he understood. I was strong for "Blessed" and did not cry until the car was out of sight. Then I prayed for him, knowing that he would bless his new home as he had blessed mine.

Panoply? There's always next year. This year, thank goodness, we were heading there just at the right time.

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SPANISH BAR CAKE (1965)

by Bill Alkire



I was navigating through my memories closet recently, I do that on occasion. Something or someone will awaken in me a need to start wandering on the back roads of my memories searching for something or start me researching for an answer.

I had the great fortune to work part-time for A&P Food Stores twice in my lifetime. The first was in high school, a year after I graduated. It was the summer before I turned sixteen and until I entered the U.S. Army at eighteen. The second time was a full-time position while attending the College of William & Mary from January 1964 until 1966 and part-time then until 1968.

I will not bore you with a chronological rendering of my A&P Food Store career. Instead, I want to talk about something that I felt was of great significance. One thing stands out in all those years. I can still think fondly of its existence. What I am referring to is the Jane Parker Spanish Bar Cake.

For those who do not remember or have never savored its aroma or tasted its spicy flavor this story will mean nothing to you. For that I am sorry! A&P Food Stores sold the Spanish Bar Cake under their Jane Parker label.

Having worked for A&P Food

Stores for eight years of my life, I can testify how I enjoyed this marvelous little cake. The cake was not large. It was about the size of a small loaf pan.

The cake was heavily spiced, with just a whiff of molasses and gingerbread in texture. It was quite moist with an abundance of plump raisins. You could identify the cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg and other spices from its aroma. The cake was a two-layer design. The frosting was also delectable residing in between the layers and spread on the top. This combination was not overly sweet but gave a near perfect balance between the two. The moist spicy cake and plump raisins can only be described as "Awesome."

Hot tea, a cup of coffee, or a glass of cold milk makes this a treat beyond compare. Just writing about the Jane Parker Spanish Bar Cake brings back powerful memories from my teen years to adult. I salivate just writing about this delicious treat.

I read there is an attempt to bring the Spanish Bar Cake back in stores. Cherished memories have been taken from my closet and written down here for your enjoyment. I hope it does come to market - it can make memories for you.

I ordered one online - it came in a box rather beat up. The cake was fine. Sorry I cannot share - I ate the whole thing! What did you expect?

"If a man washes a dish and no woman is around to see it, did it really happen?"

Neil Keith, Huntsville

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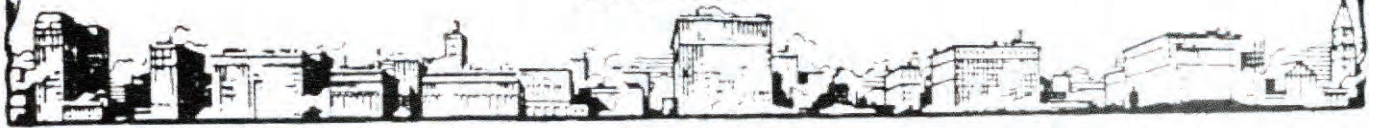
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In and Out of Town Gossip

from 1896



Huntsville: A handsome young woman from Birmingham recently came on a visit to a young matron whose husband is a prominent businessman in Huntsville. The fair guest was extensively entertained, remained several weeks and departed. A few days afterwards the husband left the city on a business trip. During his absence, his wife, in rummaging through the pockets of his coats, came across a letter written in a decidedly feminine hand. Her suspicions were instantly aroused and she read the contents.

What was her astonishment and anger to find that the letter was an endearing little note from her recent visitor, fixing a meeting with her husband in Birmingham. When the gentleman returned home from his business trip, he was confronted with the "billet doux." Those who are acquainted with the fact say that the tinder missive will probably be made public as an exhibit in the upcoming divorce proceedings.

Decatur: Here is as warm a story as had cropped up in Decatur for many years. For some time past a well known young lady of this city has been puzzled and frightened by the occasional appearance of a skulking figure at night in the yard of her home. These visitations usually occurred on Saturday, and a couple of weeks ago she requested a married friend to send her husband over to lay in wait for the intruder. The gentleman responded and about the time the young lady was retiring saw three men slip up to her bedroom window. He promptly raised the alarm and gave chase. They ran like scared rabbits, but the amateur detective hung to the trail of one of the trio and finally succeeded in overhauling him.

"Television makes it possible to be entertained in your home by people you wouldn't have in your home."

Jo Wesley, Woodville

To his utter surprise, he found that his prisoner was a prominent young lawyer and worst of all, an ardent suitor of the very girl at whose case-ment he had been detected in the fact! The young attorney was badly rattled and eventually made a clean chest of it. He admitted that he had been in the habit of spying at the window of his sweetheart for weeks past and that his companions were present at his visits. Both are well known about town, and one is a fledgling physician. Possibly he regarded it as a good opportunity to perfect his knowledge of anatomy.

The trio has since made a ghastly effort to pass the affair off as a joke, but this explanation is received with no smiles. The gentleman who solved the mystery has made no secret of the facts and wherever they have been heard, the comments are scathing. The affair is certain to result in the complete social ostracism of all three of the young men concerned.

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Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



We had two winners for a free Old Huntsville subscription again this past month. **Jerry Lewis** of Owens Cross Roads was the first caller to ID the page I had hidden the tiny candy cane for the December issue. It was on page 46 in the Gibson's ad, lower left. See it now? Once you see it, it's very clear. Jerry has been retired from working on the arsenal for 12 years and loves older classic cars. He especially likes working on his blue 1955 Chevy!

Then our winner for the Photo of the Month for December was **Terri Jackson** of Paint Rock. She recognized that little guy as **Billy Joe Cooley** right away and knew

him back in the day. Terri is retired and loves babysitting for 4 little grandkids when she can!

If your feet stay cold in the winter get some boots that are furlined. You'd be amazed how warm your feet stay, with sox of course.

Another tip, as Ask Grandma told you about on page 12, tells you that falling is one of the worst things that can happen to you. When we get older we get into the habit of shuffling and that is probably the #1 cause of a bad fall. What happens is, as you shuffle along you hit a raised spot in the sidewalk or anywhere and fall usually face first. It happens so fast you can't even put your hands out to protect your head. LIFT up your feet when you walk, almost like marching. That has helped me alot lately and lifting your feet will reduce the falls you have, I promise!

Our sweet neighbor passed away on Thanksgiving Eve, and we're very sad to have to say goodbye to him. **Ronald Copeland**, 86, of Huntsville passed away Nov. 23, 2023. Ronnie moved to Huntsville in 1965 and started Copeland Construction Company, Inc. He was preceded in death by his parents and his daughter, **Allison Copeland Kragg**. Survivors include his wife, **Jo Ann Copeland**; son, **Jeff Copeland**; grandchildren, **Sarah Grace** and **Graham Copeland**; brother, **Gary Copeland**; sisters, **Deanna Copeland Jennings** and **Ava Copeland Berry**; and niece, **Maria Copeland**. Ron-

nie and Jo Ann had just celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary in October and he will be remembered always.

Willie Weaver has a story in this issue about his great grandfather's "walking stick" and he is also celebrating an upcoming birthday. On Jan. 4th Willie will be 87 years old and we hope you celebrate in style! Happy Birthday to you, young man!

Years ago I hid a **tiny toothpick** in the pages of the magazine and very few saw it, there was a winner but it was one of the most successful hiding jobs ever. So for January I am again hiding a teeny tiny picture of a toothpick somewhere in these pages. If you happen to find it, and you won't, be the first to call me and you'll be the winner of a \$50 annual subscription to Old Huntsville magazine.

One lady who is in great shape recently told me her secret for keeping her weight down but staying healthy at the same time. She eats smaller portions when she is not especially hungry, which

Photo of The Month

Normally we run pictures of youngsters but the below photo is that of an adult whom we all know.

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This man used to be a Huntsville news reporter and has a special interest in sidewalks. Who is he??



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keeps her comfortably full. This way she doesn't get cravings for fast food. She says when she's hungry she has zero will power so this really works for her.

Happy Anniversary to **Tommy and Shelby Gipson** recently. They celebrated 62 years of love on Nov. 23 and are still going strong!

Many ladies remember **Rebecca's Clothing store** on Pratt Avenue next door to Star Market in 5 Points. Her clothing and jewelry were beautiful and so many were sad when the store closed. A friend told me she had recently found a women's clothing store that carried the same type of merchandise as Rebecca's and I paid them a visit, and my friend was right. It is called **Elite** and it is in the outdoor mall between Fresh Market and Bonefish on Whitesburg. You will be very surprised, I promise you.

There are so many restaurants and coffee shops popping up downtown Huntsville. One that we recently tried was **Green Bus Brewing** at 206 Eustis Avenue just east of Harrison Brothers. I liked the atmosphere with brick inside walls and vintage feel. It probably has the best vanilla latte I've ever had. To make it better, they offered sugar free as well as the regular sweet vanilla. The lady preparing it added a beautiful design on the top of it with the cream, and it was almost too pretty to drink. I've since been there several more times and have to say it's the best coffee I've had in a long time.

Then at night it's a neighborhood bar with all types of drinks and beer. They offer food as well and I can see why so many in Old Town and Twickenham have started to claim it as their favorite local spot! They have entertainment nearly every night and are open 7 days a week. Check out their musical lineup on their Facebook page for Green Bus Brewing or call them at (256) 701-4764. Supporting our local businesses at a time when they need us is the right thing to do.

<https://wearehuntsville.com/event-calendar/> is a good URL to go to in order to see what's happening in Huntsville. Another one is <https://www.downtown-huntsville.org/>.

Sure do miss the **Valley Planet**, a good publication that used to give us all the happenings and events.

If you haven't been to **Lowe Mill Arts and Entertainment** lately, you've got to try it. Open Wednesday-Saturdays from 11am - 7pm, it's an experience for the whole family and dogs are welcome too! They have restaurants, art galleries, classes for adults and children in art

of many mediums, plays, comedy shows - way too much to put here. Just go and see for yourself.

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Phone: (256) 533-0399 or Google Lowe Mill upcoming events.

If you're in fairly good health now, appreciate it and take care of it. Things can change in just a second in ways that will flip your life upside down.

We're hoping for a good year in 2024.

"Old Huntsville" Magazine has a new email address: It is oldhuntsville@gmail.com

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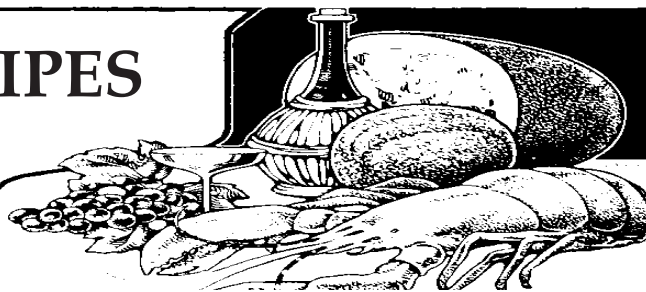
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Creamy Coffee Topping

- 1 pint whipping cream
- 1 capful almond extract
- 5 packets Splenda

Whip your cream in a bowl with an electric mixer, when foamy add the extract and Splenda. Continue to beat on high until the cream is not hard, but creamy and has body. Taste to see if the sweetener is enough, add if more needed.

To a fresh cup of coffee, I add a large tablespoon of the cream, sprinkle on a dash of cinnamon and it's heavenly.

You can experiment with extracts - I tried Black Walnut, Vanilla, Coconut and Maple on different occasions. All are equally good!

Chicken Dijon

- 3 T. butter
- 4 chicken breasts, skinless and boneless

- 1/2 c. Chablis wine
- 1/4 t. tarragon
- Pinch of thyme
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1 t. each salt and pepper
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 t. sour cream
- 3 t. Dijon mustard
- 1/4 t. cayenne pepper

Melt your butter in a large frying pan, then add your chicken and cook, turning once, til browned on both sides.

Add the wine and spices. Bring to a boil and simmer, covered, for 45 minutes. Take out the bay leaf and remove the chicken to a platter, keep warm. With an egg beater, beat the eggs yolks into the liquid, then add sour cream, Dijon mustard and cayenne pepper. Heat and stir, but don't boil. Add chicken to the sauce.

Creamy Spinach

- 2 pkg. frozen chopped spinach
- 4 T. butter

- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 t. onion powder
- 1/2 c. sour cream
- 1/3 c. Parmesan cheese
- 2 T. minced fresh Parsley
- 1 T. toasted sesame seeds

Cook your spinach slightly, a bit less time than package instructs. Melt butter in a skillet and add spinach, garlic, onion powder and cook for 5 minutes. Add the sour cream, cheese, sesame seeds and parsley. Heat, stirring til well mixed and hot.

Hot Buttered Cabbage

- 1/4 c. butter
- 1 t. caraway seeds, crushed
- 1/2 head cabbage, chopped
- 1 t. each salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 2 t. water
- 1/3 lb. bacon cooked crisp for topping

Melt butter in large fry pan, add remaining ingredients and steam til tender, about 8 minutes. Stir to combine and sprinkle with the crumbled bacon.

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Shrimp Scampi

- 1 lb. shrimp, cleaned
- 1 t. white vinegar
- 1/2 c. melted butter
- 4 cloves garlic crushed
- 1/2 t. minced chives
- 2 T. grated Parmesan cheese
- Lemon slices, cut up

Bring a large pot of water to a boil, with the vinegar added. Turn off heat, add the shrimp. Cover and put aside. Combine the butter, garlic and chives in a separate pan and cook til butter melts.

Add the Parmesan to the butter sauce, heat til the cheese melts.

Drain the shrimp, put it in a baking dish and pour sauce over them. Bake at 300 degrees for 5 minutes or so, serve with lots of lemon.

Parmesan Pimento Dip

- 1 c. mayonnaise
- 1 c. shredded Parmesan cheese
- 1/2 c. ripe olive, chopped
- 4 oz. jar pimentos, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced

Combine all in baking dish. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve with veges or crackers.

Black Pepper Beef

- 1 eye of round beef
- 1/4 c. coarsely ground black pepper
- 1 t. cardamon spice
- 2/3 c. soy sauce
- 1/2 c. vinegar
- 1 T. ketchup
- 1 t. paprika
- 1 clove garlic

Roll the beef in the black pepper and cardamon mixed. Make a marinade of the remaining ingredients and allow the meat to marinate in the mixture overnight.

Next day remove meat from marinade and wrap in heavy foil. Bake at 300 degrees for 3

nours. The juices make a wonderful gravy.

Chocolate Balls

- 1 c. heavy cream
- 1 T. good cocoa
- 1 T. gelatin in 1 T. cold water
- 2 T. chunky peanut butter
- 1 T. creme de cocoa
- 2 t. chocolate extract
- 2 t. brown Sugar Twin
- 1/3 c. finely chopped walnuts

Combine the heavy cream and cocoa in the top of a double boiler. Heat til the cocoa melts. Add the gelatin that has been softened in the water, add peanut butter. Heat til it begins to boil and remove from the heat.

Add the cream de cocoa, extract and sugar twin. Blend well. Freeze til it can be handled, shape into balls, roll in chopped walnuts. These will disappear in a hurry

Chocolate and Peanut Squares

- 3-1/2 oz. dark chocolate with a minimum of 60% cocoa solids

- 1/4 c. butter or coconut oil
- 1 pinch salt

- 1/4 c. peanut butter
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1-1/2 oz. salted peanuts, finely chopped or hazelnuts

Melt chocolate and butter or coconut oil in the microwave oven or in a double boiler. If you don't have a double boiler you can put a glass bowl on top of a pot of steaming water. Make sure that the water doesn't reach the bowl. The chocolate will melt from the heat of the steam. Set the melted chocolate aside to cool for a few minutes before proceeding with the next step.

Add all remaining ingredients except the nuts and blend until incorporated.

Pour the batter into a small greased baking dish lined with parchment paper, no bigger than 4 x 6" (10 x 15 cm).

Top with finely chopped peanuts. Place in the refrigerator to chill.

When the batter is set, cut into small squares with a sharp knife. Remember, keep these and all treats small — no more than a 1x1 inch square. Store in the refrigerator or freezer.

Almond or hazelnut butter work, too.



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The Great Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver & Bladder Remedy

by M. D. Smith, IV



In researching my Clark Stanley's Snake Oil story that appeared in the November 2023 issue of Old Huntsville, many other patent medicine products showed up. The bottle on the next page was found during archeological excavations at Fort Stanwix in the 1970s. It stands approximately 8 inches tall, 3 inches long and 2 inches wide and is made of light turquoise-colored glass. Its front features the words "THE GREAT DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT KIDNEY LIVER & BLADDER REMEDY" inside an embossed kidney image. While this bottle may seem mundane and unassuming, it tells the story of a company whose founder's vision was corrupted and exploited by his very own family.

The Good Doctor

Dr. Sylvester Andral Kilmer was born in Cobleskill, New York, in 1840. At eighteen, he began studying homeopathic medicine under a re-

nowned doctor in Schoharie County, New York, and other states. Years later, Dr. Kilmer returned to New York and set up a practice in Binghamton.

After settling in Binghamton, Kilmer began developing and selling homeopathic remedies. Over the years, he concocted many remedies in his Binghamton laboratory, including Dr. Kilmer's Ocean Weed Heart Remedy, Female Remedy, Indian Cough and Consumption Cure, Autumn Leaf Extract, Prompt Parilla Pills, and his most well-known remedy: Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Kidney Liver and Bladder Cure.

Like so many other patent medicines of the times, Dr. Kilmer's cures were a mix of roots, herbs and a hearty dose of alcohol. While it is possible that these plant-based additives did lend healing properties, it was more likely that any relief experienced by those taking the remedy was due to the substantial amount (about 10%) of alcohol present.

However, unlike many other patent medicines, Dr. Kilmer's Remedies did not contain any morphine, opium, or cocaine that were so often included in medicine formulas.

In contrast to most patent medicines like Clark Stanley's Rattlesnake Snake Oil, which not only didn't work like the original Chinese eel oil but didn't even contain any snake oil at all in the latter stages. (See "Snake Oil" story in November OHM). Dr. Kilmer truly believed in the curative potential of his many remedies.

In 1892, Kilmer constructed a "Sanitarium and Hydrotherapium" at a natural spring east of Binghamton. There, he used the spring waters and his own remedies in an attempt to cure conditions of all sorts. Things began to change for the Kilmer medicine empire when Dr. Kilmer's brother, Jonas, joined the company to manage the business and logistical aspects of the endeavor. Jonas appointed his son Willis to overhaul the company's advertising department. In 1892, Jonas and Willis bought out Dr. Kilmer's remaining shares in the company. The Doctor spent more time in his laboratory and developing new products.

The father and son duo then spearheaded a period of rapid expansion for the company. By 1909, the company had branch offices in New York, Chicago, Rio De Janeiro, Brazil and Kingston,

"I like to make grocery lists. Then I like to leave them on the kitchen counter so I can guess what's on them when I'm at the store with no list."

Jesse Browner, Gurley



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Jamaica. In the meantime, in 1904, the son, Willis Kilmer, founded his newspaper, The Binghamton Press, which became a well-respected publication. Some believed that Willis's true reason for establishing this paper was primarily to advertise his company's products but also to attempt to put the Binghamton Evening Herald out of business. This rival paper was very outspoken against patent medicines. Kilmer's paper often "debunked" the Evening Herald's claims. When the Herald had to close, the owner sued Willis Kilmer for conspiracy to put his paper out of business. However, this lawsuit was unsuccessful.

By now, the Willis empire had built and occupied a six-story building covering nearly a square block. It stands to this day in Binghamton, NY. It was about this time when someone asked son, Willis, what the Swamp Root was good for, and he said, "About a million a year."

Some years later, Dr. S. Andral Kilmer also founded a "Cancerorium" in Binghamton, where he used his homeopathic cures to treat patients suffering from cancer. While these claims cannot be validated, many attested to the healing properties of Dr. Kilmer's many cures.

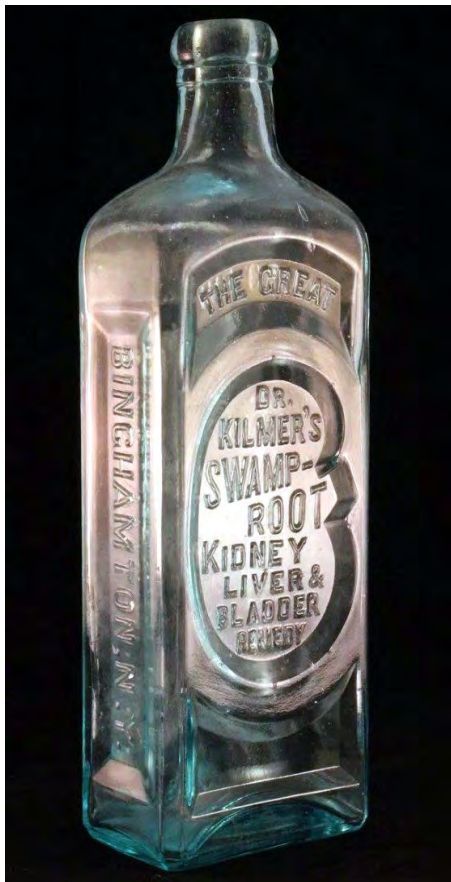
After the implementation of the 1906 Pure Food and Drug Act, which subjected many products to testing, demanded honest labeling (the word "cure," for example, was all but forbidden) and required listing of ingredients, the "Swamp Root Cure" became "Swamp Root Remedy." Medical experts regarded Swamp Root as pure quackery, potentially dangerous and lacking evidence that it cured any disease of the kidney or liver.

Swamp Root contained – according to a bottle from around 1930 – in addition to 10% alcohol, no fewer than 16 ingredients, including golden seal root, skullcap leaves, Venice turpentine (larch gum), peppermint, cinnamon, valerian root and sassafras. It was, the manufacturer said, a diuretic for the kidneys (promoting the flow of urine to eliminate waste matter) and a mild laxative. They sold it in a screw-cap bottle contained in a bright orange box bearing an engraved portrait of "S. Andral Kilmer, M.D." (See Smithsonian 2016.)

Swamp Root Remedy continued to be manufactured through two World Wars and was still on sale in the fifties, but harder to find. There is no date when the company ceased production, though the surviving heirs sold it in 1940 to MedTech Laboratories in Cody, Wyoming, and it's not listed among their products in later years.

Jonas and Willis had successfully taken the creations of Dr. Kilmer and, using clever (though sometimes deceptive) advertising and aggressive business techniques, had turned them into a nationally known household name.

The Kilmer name can still be seen around the city of Binghamton, New York, and discarded bottles of Kilmer's Swamp Root Cure, like the one found in the illustration, are now common in museum collections and archeological sites nationwide. If you ever happen to find one of these bottles while antique shopping, you might just have a treasure!



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More Tales from Redstone Arsenal

by Tom Rathz

So, I've worked for NASA/MSFC for 35 years as government employee and contractor. Most of my time was working as a research scientist for UAH at a very distinctive building called the Dynamic Test Stand in the East Test area. It is 30 stories tall and can be seen from most of Huntsville. The view of the Army test area, the whole of MSFC, and the river is awesome. I am privileged to have had the opportunity to perform research for the Microgravity Materials Program in that building. However, there were times when I could observe occasions occurring around the building that made me gasp. Here is one story.

One beautiful day I decided to go to the roof for lunch and enjoy the scenery. As I looked down at the test stands around me, I found that other contractors were attempting to take down a 20-story steel girder building next to us. For days the contractors were very busy using their cutting torches to cut the support beams under the stand. Finally, they deemed the time had come to pull it down. They attached a rope/cable to the middle of the stand and attached the other end to a bulldozer. Two problems with this: you don't attach a cable to the middle of building you want to pull down and you don't put the bulldozer only 100 feet away from the 200-foot building you are trying to pull down!! Even if the bulldozer had a V8/hemi nitro-engine, it wouldn't have won the race. Yelling from 300 feet up and a block away was useless. Lunch was about to be regurgitated that day. Thank God it did not fall, and I didn't lose lunch.

So, they continued to cut the beams under the stand for a few more days. Now, they got smart. They attached the rope to the TOP of the stand and put the bulldozer at least 300 feet from the stand. It worked! The stand came falling down with a twisting motion that looked like it was going to send it right into our building. This day I am on the ground watching.

My face went pallid, my sphincter puckered. I ran! I'm not a brave man, so I became a tunnel rat and scurried down to the tunnels under our block-house/office building next to the Dynamic test stand. I would have been fine for a few days with all the nuclear bomb fallout accommodations there; not the Hilton, but good enough. When I returned to the surface, everything had gone according to plan. Although the building twisted, the cabling remained taut and pulled that 200-foot building exactly where it was supposed to go.

Work went back to normal after that. Just another day on the Arsenal. Whew!

"If you dropped something when you were younger, you just picked it up. When you're older and you drop something, you stare at it for just a bit contemplating if you actually need it anymore."

Karl Peterson, Huntsville

Annie's Nut Cake



1 box yellow cake mix
1 package vanilla pudding mix
4 eggs
1/2 c. oil
1 c. rum
1 c. ground pecans

Mix all ingredients well and pour batter into a decorative Bundt pan.

Bake in 325 degree oven for one hour. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with whipped cream.

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Tips from Earlene

* This is a real miracle. Miracle Whip salad dressing removes dead skin! Rub a small amount into your skin and let it dry a few minutes. While the skin is still slightly moist start to massage your face with a wash rag and rub vigorously. You will be amazed at how much dead skin comes off! Try on knees and elbows, too.

* While you're making your favorite vodka drink, put a drop on each of your eyeglass lens and wipe. They'll be sparkling!

* If your skin is oily, perfume or cologne will last longer. So before you apply your favorite cologne, smooth a thin layer of Vaseline onto the area first, then the cologne. It will last much longer.

* To get those hairbrushes really clean, pull all the hair out and add 3 tablespoons each of baking soda and household bleach to a basin of warm water. Swish around, scrub, rinse and drip-dry.

* We have had a lot of requests about how to clean your glass or crystal chandeliers without disassembling them. It's easy! Just fill a tumbler with 1 part alcohol to 3 parts water. Raise the tumbler to each pendant until it is immersed. The crystal will drip dry without leaving water spots, lint or finger marks. Wipe the rest of it with a soft towel dipped in the solution.

* You can prevent a screwdriver from slipping by rubbing chalk on the blade.

* To prevent your small tools from getting corroded, store them in a bucket of sand.

* Aluminum window frames will clean up quick with some cream silver cleaner.

* Lengthen the life of your olive oil by adding a sugar cube to the bottle.

* It's easy to get cluttered. Remember that every item has a home, and once it's in its home nothing is lying around and less clutter.

* If you wrap dry onions in foil, they will not sprout so quickly and will stay firm for some time.

* Dampen a cloth with rubbing alcohol and rub your stainless steel sink to get rid of water spots.

* To give your rice a good Mediterranean flavor, add a bit of olive oil and lemon zest to the cooking water.

* For easy clean-up while your pots are still hot, drizzle with a little vinegar, sprinkle with salt, rub with a sponge and rinse.

* Keep a special carafe handy for red wines left over from your dinner table. When you've collected enough, use it for sauces and salad dressings.

* Peppermint tea is great for moodiness. Drink it warm and strong, it will relax you.

"During labor, the pain is so great that a woman can almost imagine what a man feels when he has a fever."

Jeannie Gordan, Arab

The word "swims" upside down is still "swims".



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I REMEMBER WHEN

PEOPLE & TIMES: SHONEY'S BIG BOY IN HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA



by John H. Tate,
Published in OHM in 1994

It has been two years since the demolition, and rebuilding of the Shoney's at the corner of University and the Parkway. As we drive by the new building, we see a modern, efficient, and disposable architecture. We see a convenient, well-lit and functional building. But, something is missing.

Do you remember when Shoney's was called Big Boy? The Shoney's Big Boy franchise, which opened in Huntsville, December 7, 1958, was owned by Warton and Julie BURGREN. The BURGRENs now own a Captain D's franchise in Florida. It is said that during and after construction, people came from miles around just to see the strange building.

The unique structure was designed by Joe Milberger. The ar-

chitectural style of the old Big Boy building is called Hyperbolic Parabola. Not only was the architecture unique, the way it was built was also unique. The building was built from the roof down. The roof, in fact, was independent of the restaurant walls.

The mystique surrounding the place, and the people that were to work there, started during construction. The most outlandish, but unconfirmed, rumor was about the hanging of the special ceiling tile. As the story goes, there were no contractors or tile men who had ever worked with the special tile in this area. There was one old drunk that said he could do it, and as the story was related years later, "The drunk was given a fifth of whiskey and he hung the tile."

Mr. Milberger has enjoyed great success in Huntsville, with his architecture firm of Milberger and Associates. Some projects that bear the Milberger moniker in Huntsville today are: The Huntsville Ice Skating Complex, many of the buildings for Intergraph Corporation, and the gymnasium and field house for Johnson High School.

Do you remember Vernon and Peggy Jackson? If their names sound familiar, it is because we still remember the great food and service at their restaurant in Madison, Jackson's Family Restaurant. Vernon and Peggy were the first managers at Shoney's Big Boy. When remembering the early days at Big Boy, Peggy remembered the kids. She said as soon as they turned 16, they wanted to work at Big Boy. "The moms of Huntsville," she said, "owe me for baby sitting services."

Vernon's favorite story is of the time thirteen buses showed up at simultaneously. Vernon said, "I don't know how, but we got them all in and fed."

Two other managers who worked at Shoney's may also sound familiar. They are Rayford Walker of Five Points Restaurant and Don Andrews of the Hazel Green Family Restaurant. These early managers were directly responsible for much of the success of Shoney's Big Boy.

Do you remember telling your friends and family "Meet me at Big Boy?" This phrase was common in the early days. Big Boy was Huntsville's largest drive-in restaurant, with 50 drive-in stalls. Do you remember cruising the parking lot? Vernon remembers that on Friday nights the parking lot would become so crowded, they would actually have to get someone to direct traffic.

Do you remember meeting that someone special at Big Boy? Mr. and Mrs. Traw are such a couple. They would come in on Friday nights just to watch the crowd. They met at Shoney's over thirty years ago and have been together every since. They are now evangelists in Thailand.

In 1991, the Traws returned to Shoney's to celebrate their 30th anniversary.

Do you remember when Shoney's Big Boy was a place where everybody knew your name, and were glad to see you? If we asked the gentlemen that sat at the first table four rows back, he would say, "This is home." His deceased wife was a waitress at Shoney's for ten years. He knew everyone and everyone knew him.

He visited the restaurant every Thursday and Friday night to just sit, talk with friends, drink coffee and remember.

Maybe that's what is missing from the new building. The memories.

Treasure Revealed

by Gerald Alvis,
The Poet of Greenlawn

It's rooted deep within human nature to explore and discover. We all search for that moment of clarity, that aha moment. For some, it's the outdoors that calls the woods and mountains. To others, the sky and to sail amongst the clouds beckons. A few have ventured further into the heavens and looked back on our planet; wow, what a view. I bet it puts things in perspective.

And there are individuals who probe the mind's or inner space's world. Each of things also tugs at my consciousness and says come, have a look! What draws me most is the ocean. I love the movement under my feet while standing still, the waves as they gently rock. Under the sea, there is more color, beauty, and life on a reef than in any other place I've visited, including the rainforest. Even if it's for a few moments, I enjoy being a part of it!

Underwater you are weightless; all the noise is dampened by the liquid that also brings life to the rest of the world.

I am a sailor, and my wife won't usually make eye contact with me with the song by Looking Glass "Brandy" comes on the radio! She doesn't have to. "Steal a sailor from the sea" is her tart reply; she had me first! I once tried diving, that is considered dangerous, moreso than just the recreational type. Mixing gases to breathe at depth, penetration dives in caves and inside a sunken aircraft carrier.

As a symbol, I would return to her; I wear a chain under my wetsuit. Attached to it near my heart is a piece of silver recovered from the Spanish Galleon Atocha. She sank 400 years ago this September. It's my promise like this silver, no matter how long it takes, I will return to her from the sea. I've crossed two oceans

in those quests. Authors and film directors may include Easter Eggs in their work. Sometimes there are present in these musings as well. I may also do nice things with an additional or special meaning that is kept for me to ponder. At least this one I'll reveal; it stems from two songs, one I've already mentioned. And another by CSN (ask your mom or dad) a song called the Southern Cross.

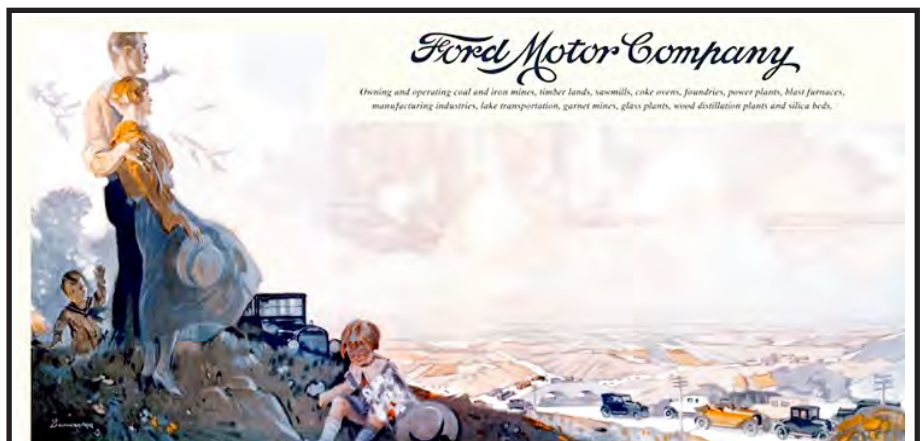
While shopping recently, I purchased two chains of silver for my granddaughters, similar to the one I had given their Grandmother. Even the little ones love the shinies, and when I see them wear these gifts I can't help but smile. Yes, it was a nice Grandpa thing to do, but as I alluded, I also did it for me. They are young now and won't grasp the meaning till they are older and one day read this.

"Brandy wears a braided chain, made of finest silver from the north of Spain." I sailed to this country as a younger man.

"My love is an anchor tied to you tied with a silver chain." Love doesn't go away. It changes form but will always be with you.

To me, it's a full circle kinda thing, a common link, these songs, this love, these chains of precious metal near the hearts of those who are priceless to me.

Symbols are important, but there is a greater gift, a life lived with love and shared with others. And should you journey far, find comfort in knowing that your heart is also a compass to guide you home.



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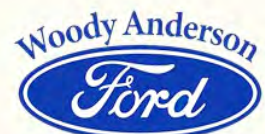
The Ford Motor Company views its situation today less with pride in great achievement than with sincere and sober realization of new and larger opportunities for service to mankind.

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MONROVIA SCHOOL 1965-1972, CLIMBING THE GREASY POLE

by Jeff Rhodes

The Greasy Pole was a landmark at Monrovia School. I can't tell you when it appeared nor when it was taken down. It was always there, a feature of the landscape known to all Monrovia schoolboys. A classmate might have said "meet me at the Greasy Pole during recess" to tell stories, trade trinkets, or show off a pocketknife. If your family had a TV set, the Greasy Pole provided a forum to discuss what happened on the last episode of "Batman" or "The Rat Patrol". The Greasy Pole was a location to meet but an untouchable object because the Greasy Pole would ruin your clothes.

The Greasy Pole was a tall straight tree trunk that had been closely shorn of all branches. It was smooth and had no bark, so I am guessing it was originally the trunk of a cedar tree or pine tree. The Greasy Pole was about a foot in diameter at the base and had been set in the ground in the manner of a fence post or telephone pole. The Greasy Pole had been cut off at a height of about 14 to 16 feet I recall, tapering as it went up to about 6" diameter at the top. But its most important feature was a thick coating of grease. The unknown grease may have been some kind of bulk chassis lube or cotton picker spindle grease because a gallon or two would have been required to cover all that surface area. Maybe it was beef tallow or lard.

I became aware of the Greasy Pole around 1966 in Mrs. Strong's Second Grade class. Mrs. Strong was both teacher and daytime surrogate mother to a room full of seven year-olds and managed to teach us numbers, letters, and reading. She also had to keep us away from the Greasy Pole, else

we would have come back from recess tracking grease into her classroom and contaminating the books, desks, and each other. Mrs. Strong's room was on the eastern side of the New Building, a classroom on the left after passing the Principal's Office, the Teacher's Lounge and the Supply Room with the unique Dutch door. Looking east out the windows the Greasy Pole was visible about 50 yards away, so always in sight, but Mrs. Strong's constant warnings "Don't Touch the Greasy Pole" made it forbidden.

Mrs. Strong's adult son was Horace Nunley Strong, the proprietor of Strong's Shop Eze store on Nance Road. Horace Nunley Strong was a fine man, instrumental in forming the Monrovia Volunteer Fire Department, and was unofficially known as the "Mayor of Monrovia". Horace Nunley Strong later had two sons himself, one became an engineer at NASA, the other a Madison County Commissioner, then Chairman, then Representative to U.S. Congress. A great Monrovia family. I would like to apologize on behalf of the boys of the Second Grade of 1966 for all the aggravation we caused Mrs. Strong.

The Official Monrovia School purpose of the Greasy Pole was revealed either that year or possibly the next year in Third Grade, my recollection is inexact. Mrs. Phillips' Third Grade classroom was on the opposite western side of the building closer to the swing set, slide, and seesaw playground equipment. The Greasy Pole was now out of sight but not out of mind. Mrs. Phillips' family owned the dairy operation just north of Monrovia School, and she lived in the elegant white two-story house that has been gone for several years. I've often wondered when that house was built, because the styling and the porte-cochere on the south wall seemed to be from the Victorian era.

The Phillips' dairy milking parlor was across Jeff Road and a little further north. If you passed during the wee hours of the night, the milk parlor lights would be on and through the windows you could see the cows lined up. The Phillips were a hard-working family. Mrs. Phillips taught us cursive writing, multiplication and division. I earned low marks and became known for my stubborn refusal to memorize those despised Multiplication Tables. Mrs. Phillips was my third mom-away-from-home and I hated to be a disappointment to her. It took me longer than the Third Grade, but now those Multiplication Tables have been committed to memory and in use for more than 50 years. Thank you, Mrs. Phillips, you were right all along, and I didn't touch the Greasy Pole.

The announcement was made for a Monrovia School Open House

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and Fall Festival. Open House was the opportunity one evening for parents to visit the school, see the classroom and meet the teacher who had charge of their darlings. A Fall Festival was conducted simultaneously and more of a public social event. There may have been a bake sale or similar activities possibly in the Lunchroom or Gymnasium that I don't recall, they were of far less interest.

The main attraction of that Fall Festival was a special athletic challenge: Climbing the Greasy Pole. This was incredible. Despite the daily warnings of Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Phillips, there would be Official Monrovia School Permission to touch the Greasy Pole.

But there was more, and the rumor spread through the classrooms. The objective of this athletic competition was not simply fame and glory to the victor: a tin can had been nailed to the top of the Greasy Pole. Supposedly Monrovia School Principal C. W. 'Pop' Fanning had placed a ten-dollar bill in the can. Ten dollars was a lot of money in 1966 or 67.

But the presence of the ten-dollar bill involved some uncertainty and speculation since no one could see into the can. Was the tale of the ten-dollar bill simply a ruse to pique interest and increase participation, and no money was in the can? Or maybe somebody had already removed the ten-dollar bill? And how had Pop Fanning gotten a ten-dollar bill into the can to begin with? What if climbing the Greasy Pole would be humanly impossible, rendering the presence or absence of the ten-dollar bill moot? Some combination of faith and determination would be required of the athletes.

I was only a spectator at that Monrovia School Open House and Fall Festival 57 or 58 years ago. The much-anticipated event was initiated, and a crowd gathered at the Greasy Pole to watch. The athletes consisted of several older boys who I did not know.

I don't recall the specifics of who got first try, but he grabbed the pole in a bear hug, climbed a little way off the ground, paused then slowly came back down. The next competitors fared little better; none made it up more than a couple feet. All struggled, stopped, then slid back down to the ground defeated, with hands, arms, chest, belly, and legs covered with the famous grease.

After more athletes had tried and failed, somehow one boy managed to get up about head high and continued climbing. I have no idea if he was stronger, his technique superior, or possibly the previous competitors had wiped enough of the grease away. At any rate, with the crowd cheering he made it to the top of the Greasy Pole, reached into the

tin can and pulled out the ten-dollar bill. The victor slid to the ground with the money clutched in one hand. I can still see the kid standing there wearing bib overalls and a tee shirt that used to be white, coated in grease and holding the cash prize. I was in awe and a little envious, but now I knew what it took to be a celebrity. I would like to offer belated thanks to this 1966-67 Monrovia School Hero of the Greasy Pole for the inspiring example he set. It was a wonderful time to be a little kid at Monrovia School.

After Fourth Grade, Monrovia School students moved on from the New Building to Fifth Grade in the Old Building. The Greasy Pole gained distance and lost relevance as a gathering spot. I don't recall hearing if another climbing competition was ever held, or what the results were.

From later high school years at Sparkman, I have the vague recollection of passing by Monrovia School and noticing the Greasy Pole still standing. But at some point, probably in the 1970s, it disappeared, an icon of Monrovia School gone forever. Public education isn't what it used to be.

For folks curious about the site of this former landmark, Monrovia School is now known as Monrovia Elementary School. The Greasy Pole was located away from the south school building and close to the road, across from the present-day Double Bubble Car Wash. Come to think of it, the Greasy Pole must have been visible from the office of Monrovia School Principal C. W. Fanning the whole time.

Maybe that was the point.

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Old Ad that ran in Old Huntsville Magazine
in 1997



Female Pilots from WWII

Women in Service

by Iolanda Hicks

Over the decades, during wars and conflicts, women have proven vital. As surprising as it may seem, over time, female soldiers have been given and called by many names: female warrior, warriorese, shield-maiden, swords-woman, warrior woman, Amazon, Amazonian and battle angel. One of the first women warriors was known as Queen Teuta of Illyria, 231-227 BC. In 13th century BC another women, Epipole of Carystus, was recorded as having fought in war. Lady Fu Hao, consort of Chinese emperor Wu Ding, was a young General who led 3000 troops into battle, during the Shang Dynasty (1250-1192 BC). If interested, google "women warriors throughout history" and you will find out that "they were forces to be reckoned with!"

"I choked on a carrot this morning and all I could think of was, 'I'll bet a Krispy Kreme wouldn't have done this to me.'"

J. D. Smithey, Huntsville

For over 200 years, American women have served in the military in many capacities. Much of their service and sacrifice has gone unappreciated. During the Revolutionary War (1775-1783), women served as cooks, seamstresses and nurses. Some of the women disguised themselves as men, becoming spies and even fought on the front lines. Margaret Corbin was one. She was the first woman to receive a military pension in "recognition for bravery at Fort Mifflin". During the Civil War (1861-1865), nearly 20,000 women served. This count included 3000 nurses and about 1000 women also, as in the Revolutionary War disguised as men, fighting on the battlefields next to their male counterparts.

From this conflict, the first female Congressional Medal of Honor recipient was recognized: Dr. Mary Edwards Walker, surgeon and prisoner of war.

During WWI (1914-1918), women were allowed to enlist in military service but not for battle. There were more than 35,000 women enlisted to serve with 25,000 serving overseas. They served as nurses, secretaries, switchboard and radio operators, administrators and architects. "The Hello Girls" of WWI (300 women), of the Signal Corps Female Telephone Operators Unit, operated the vital communications network and helped in WWI's victory. Denied military recognition after that war, these women were eventually awarded veteran's status in 1978 for their contributions during WWI.

When WWII (1939-1945) began, women were allowed to enlist "officially". There were 350,000 American women serving in uniform to "free a man to fight". These women

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served as nurses, drivers, mechanics, cryptographers, and parachute riggers. There were even pilots joining the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron (WAFS), which later merged into the Women Air Force Service Pilots (WASP). Five women pilots stand out as contributing to the war effort: Jacqueline Cochran, Nancy Love, Cornelia Fort, Hazel Ying Lee and Willa Brown.

In 1948, President Truman signed into law an act that gave women regular permanent status in the Armed Forces. This legislation was called The Women's Armed Services Integration Act. It opened up a whole new world for women who wanted to serve our country.

The Korean and Vietnam Wars spanned from 1950 to 1975. 120,000 women served as military police officers and engineers in the Korean War while another 11,000 served in that Southeastern Asian country. During this time period, President Lyndon B. Johnson opened promotions for women, to include generals and flag ranks (officers allowed to fly their own flags).

An estimated percentage in today's military services, as a female officer, is 18% in the Army, 18% in the Navy, 7% in the Marines and 21% in the Air Force. The Army has the most in numbers, even though women would likely join the Air Force. The 1980s, 90s, 2000s (post 9/11), gives us the "first woman to command U.S. troops in combat" (General Laura J. Richardson). The first woman to command a ship in the U.S. Navy is Lieutenant Commander Darlene Iskra of the USS Opportune, a rescue and salvage ship.

On September 11, 2001 when the U.S. received one of the largest and deadliest terrorist attacks on American soil, the longest war in U.S. history began. In 2005, the first Silver Star awarded to a female since WWII, was given to Army Sgt. Leigh Ann Hester for her actions during an enemy ambush in Iraq.

In 2015, Defense Secretary Ash Carter announced that all combat jobs were being opened to women including special ops. If women met the standards

set in place for any of those specific areas, and passed all phases of testing, then they would be welcome into those ranks. Presently, there are approximately 2300 women serving in the Army's special operation forces which includes Special Forces and Rangers. As of this year, seven women are serving in the Ranger Regiment.

As of the latest information that this writer could find, there are over 350,000 active servicewomen in the U.S. military, including the National Guard and reserves with approximately 2 million female veterans. Here is a portion of the speech given by Secretary of Defense, Ash Carter, at the Pentagon's Press Briefing Room eight years ago: "The military has long prided itself on being a meritocracy, where those who serve are judged not based on who they are or where they come from, but rather what they have to offer to help defend this country. That's why we have the finest fighting force the world has ever known."

Visit the U.S. Veterans Memorial Museum in Huntsville off of Airport Road, on 3650 Alex McAllister Drive SW. Come and see some of our country's history: Open Wednesday through Saturday 10 AM - 4PM. Thank you to all our military, Veterans, past and present.

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Seen in the Papers in 1891



- For Sale - Five head of cattle, one mule, hay, corn, fodder and all farming tools. Also assorted house furnishings. Owner is removing himself to Texas. All will be sold on the barrel head the first Saturday of next month. Cash money only.

- J. B. Turner is in the lock up again for public drunkenness. He appears to be a regular customer of the city's facilities as this is the thirteenth time this year he has been arrested.

- The roof is now placed upon the great Dallas Mills. Thus it is that this immense structure is rapidly nearing completion. The wing now nearly completed is three hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, five stories high. It will require eighteen hundred operatives to run this mill.

- Apprentice wanted for chimney sweeping. Must be no more than five foot tall and one hundred pounds. Will furnish room and board for one year, then will negotiate a salary. Only boys from good families need apply.

- News is that the Pullman Car Company wrote Monte Sano Manager Harvey S. Denison on the subject of securing the adoption and use of the name of our loved mountain on one of their palace cars. Yesterday Mr. Denison received a letter from one of the officials stating that they have named one of their cars "Monte Sano" and thanked him for the suggestion.

- Wanted - a lady companion - I will give her a comfortable home. Marriage is not a consideration nor are children.

- For Sale - 175 acres near New Market. 12 acres in fields with three room house, year round spring and serviceable barn. Will sell all for \$1200 cash. No terms or credit.

She Married the Wrong Person - 1878

Marancy Hughes, of this town, was married in September last to a person who was known as Samuel M. Pollard. Her relatives opposed the match, but she eloped and was married without their knowledge.

A short time after their marriage, Pollard confessed to her that he was really a woman; that she had had trouble with her relatives in the East; had lost her property and assumed the disguise of a man for the reason that avenues for making money would be open to her in the character which would be closed to her as a woman.

Pollard has never given her any particular reason for doing her this great wrong, but is believed to have been actuated by foolish pride in appearing in the character of a married man. The victim was ashamed to acknowledge that she had been so imposed upon and shrunk from admitting the truth.

Pollard, without actually threatening her life, repeatedly intimated that it would be bad for Marancy if she exposed him/her, and she kept silence until a fortnight ago, when her aunt got a perception of the fact and questioned her closely, and she related to her the whole story.

The victim says that the woman's real name is Sarah M. Pollard, and that her trunk is filled with feminine apparel.

A complaint was filed yesterday by J.C. Howerton, accusing Pollard of perjury in swearing when he took out the marriage license.

"People who ask me what I'm doing tomorrow probably assume that I even know what day of the week it is."

Seth Barder, Woodville



Your Friends and Family need you to stay in Touch. It's Important.

Wishing love and happiness to all in the new year, especially to the Huntsville High School Class of 1966.

Oscar Llerena

A VENTURE INTO "SHOW BIZ"

by G. W. Robinson

When I was 16 or 17 years old, a couple of my buddies and me thought we were musicians. We had learned 3 chords on the guitar and I had stumbled on 3 or 4 notes on the fiddle, so we thought we were ready to form a band.

One of my friends who lived in Jackson County had connections with the school principal at Skyline School on Cumberland Mountain in Jackson County, so he arranged for us to do a show at the school.

So a date was set and we started getting ready for the show. I borrowed my Daddy's car, which was a 1941 Chevrolet "Club" coupe. Remember those? A five passenger, they had a regular size front seat and a very small rear seat.

I knew a couple of guys in Huntsville who were better musicians than we were and they agreed to go with us. So we all got together and I went to Huntsville and picked up those two guys and we all (about seven or eight) packed into a five-passenger car, with our instruments as well! (You can imagine - we had a 40+ mile trip!).

So we started out to Jackson County from Huntsville. We got near to Woodville (about 25 miles) and as we started up the hill that goes up and down into Woodville, my left rear tire blew out. We all got out of the car, got the spare tire out of the trunk, got the jack out and jacked up the car, then I discovered there was no kind of tool in the car to pry the hubcap off with. A fairly large screwdriver would have done the job, but I didn't even have a screwdriver.

Robert Esslinger, my friend since 4th grade, who was just along for the ride, sat down in front of that wheel and somehow pulled that hubcap off with his fingertips. How he did it I don't know! The way hubcaps were made back then, it was almost impossible to get them off without a tool.

Anyway, I took the lug nuts off and proceeded to put the spare wheel on. In the process, I noticed a cut in the side of the tire, and upon closer examination, I could see that the inner tube was plainly visible in the cut! I knew immediately that we would never get to Cumberland Mountain and back on that tire. I didn't even think I could get home on it, with the load I had.

We all stood around scratching our heads, wondering what we were going to do. Well, I knew there was a general store in Woodville, and I knew that most of the time there would be three or four men just hanging around with nothing to do, so I said: "Load up, boys, we are going to try to get to Woodville."

Well, we got to Woodville okay. I walked into the store and sure enough there were three or four men just hanging out with nothing to do. I asked: "Is there anyone here that I could hire to take us to Skyline School. We are supposed to do a show there tonight, and I had a blowout and we can't get there."

There was dead silence for what seemed like forever, then one man spoke up and said "I will take you for \$5.00." I said: "Okay, I will give you \$5.00." So he said: "Come on, get in my car."

Would you believe his car was a five-passenger coupe just like mine, except his was a Ford, but same size as mine. Well, we crammed into his car. Now there was one more - the driver!

Well, that was a very uncomfortable trip, the way we were packed in there like sardines. We finally arrived at the school. We didn't know beforehand what the ticket price would be, nor did we know how the money would be divided between us and the school. The principal decided all that.

As it turned out, tickets were: Students: 15 cents, adults: 25 cents. The school got 60%, we got 40%. Well, the show itself went pretty good. The two guys from Huntsville were more experienced than we were, so they helped a great deal!

We had a very large crowd, but about 90% of them were students. At 15 cents each, that didn't bring in much money. After the school got 60% and we paid the man \$5.00 to bring us there, we ended up with \$1 and change each.

And Daddy didn't get anything for his blown tire!



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PAVING CALIFORNIA STREET AND BUS RIDES

by Judy Chandler Smith

Boy was it ever hot on that summer day in 1948. Hall Bryant, Sarah Bryant, Charles Shaver, Linda Holmes Sullins, Carol Banks and I were sitting on the curb watching the action about to start. The city of Huntsville was finally going to turn the dirt road at Newman and California (heading south) into a paved street. California was already paved north into Five Points and on the bus route.

Being so hot, I decided we could make some money having a lemonade stand. If only I had a table, lemonade, ice and cups, we could do it. My grandmother lived with us at this time in my life, so she reluctantly began squeezing lemons and getting out the sugar since there was no powdered mix in 1948. We had the real thing. In no time I had a card table and was all set to start up business. We entertained ourselves much of the day in the steaming hot weather selling lemonade and watching the pavers.

When they were finished and we were in want of something else to do, we would put on our skates. We had the kind that would hook onto the hard soles of your shoes and tightened up with a skate key. For fear of losing the skate key when the skates would often come loose from the shoe, one would always wear it on a ribbon around ones neck so it was safe and handy. After three trips around the block it was back to the lemonade stand, but by now it was time to think of something else. Mom suggested a bus ride. The bus stopped at the corner of Newman and California, right across from our house. Mother would give us all a dime and we could ride the bus for a complete loop. A complete round trip would take an hour, but you could stay on if the bus driver was in a good mood and would let you ride the loop again.

Starting at Newman, the bus took us up California Street past Maple Hill Cemetery, on to Five Points, Holmes to downtown, then head out Madison Street, turning right on Fifth Avenue Road (Governor's Drive) at the main entrance of Huntsville Hospital and left on Gallatin passing Fifth Avenue Hospital, which is now a medical rehab facility. On Gallatin we'd pass Kroger on one side and Fifth Avenue School on the other (both gone and now parking lots). You could see Braggs Furniture just down the road from the intersection. The store today is not the original store. Braggs burned in 1973 and Leonard and Joe Ed Bragg promptly built the new store and were back in business in fairly short order.

The bus continued out Gallatin through the

streets of Mayfair and back up Whitesburg (past Snow White Drive In) turning onto Franklin passing over Fifth Avenue again and then a right on Townsend in front of the Grand Cleaners (which is now Sterlind Travel), and over to Adams Street. All the land occupied now by Huntsville Middle School and track and athletic fields, were rows and rows of tiny wood homes.

The bus would pass Mr. Terry's grocery on Adams, and there was another store next door to him. Mr. Terry had a delivery boy on a bicycle who would deliver small loads of groceries in that area. So, if the bus driver had to stop to let riders on or off, he would wait for us to get off the bus and buy a penny sucker in Mr. Terry's and get back on the bus. What a treat to enjoy one or more penny suckers as we were chauffeured around Huntsville. My mother had given me very strict instructions NOT to go in the other store next to Mr. Terry's and I never knew why. And I never did go in that store. I am still curious about this as I think about it.

Returning down Newman to home and mother was waiting for us at the bus stop exactly one hour later. We had made the trip. "Hall, do you want to ride again? Or maybe tomorrow? I have two more dimes."

This was entertainment right at your door. Wouldn't we all like to put our child on the bus to be entertained for an hour or more for one shiny dime? Those were the days.

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I'm a Prepper

by Elizabeth Wharry

A "prepper" is someone who is prepared for almost any disaster imaginable. I became a prepper shortly after April's Fury, 2011.

I have stocked up on various foodstuffs, water and some medical supplies. Those are just a few of the items I keep on hand. I also rotate my supplies on a regular basis. I have also learned some very handy skills. My husband Bob is a regular "McGuyver". That's another story altogether.

One day I was in Walmart, refreshing my foodstuffs. I noticed a bucket of MREs...meals ready to eat. Just add hot water. They're quite handy in a power outage. I noticed an older couple watching me to see what I would do. I studied the contents and decided it was a fairly decent value. They also picked one up. I think the bulge of my legally concealed sidearm gave them the impression that I was an expert...far from it! Most of what I have learned, came from seasoned preppers.

As I shopped, I noticed they were buying the exact same things as I was. Game on! I decided to have a bit of fun. I would pick up items that I didn't need, then lose them and double back to put the items in question back. I would let them catch up with me, or I would catch up with them. If they had asked me questions, I would have gladly shared my experiences and knowledge.

This game of cat and mouse had gone on for quite a while. I must have walked that store 3 or 4 times! I finally saw them in checkout. They had about 400



dollars worth of merchandise in their buggy. I was pretty sure they had no idea how to use most of it. Game over! I went over before they reached the clerk and had a chat with them. In good conscience, I couldn't let them buy all that unnecessary stuff. Happy New Year!

"If you see me talking to myself, I'm having a staff meeting."

Linda Drake, Huntsville

A Very Historical Person

Recently a teacher at a local school was leading the students in a historical quiz. The object, she explained, was for one student to give the last name of a historical person and have the students guess the first and middle name.

The first student goes to the front of the class and after thinking carefully, submits the name "Edison."

"Thomas Alva," the class quickly responded.

Second student: "Nixon."

"Richard Milhouse," one student yelled.

Third student: "Ford."

Without a single moment's hesitation the whole class yelled "Woody Anderson."

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Safeguarding Our Trees

by Jerry Berg



"Huntsville, we've got a problem. It's our trees. We're losing too many of them. We're not doing enough to care for and protect what we've got, and there's not enough new planting to make up for the losses."

Starting about four years ago, that's a feeling that hit me and one I couldn't shake. I felt like the message needed to be heard citywide. So, I started trying to spread the word, mainly using social media. I started a group on Facebook, "Friends of Trees - Huntsville." It took off and grew rapidly with the membership roster now topping 750.

There was a lot of positive, pro-tree activity on the group page - posting pictures, comments, liking and loving tree-related subject matter. There was complaining, too - mainly aimed at city government.

It was clear, there are a lot of people with similar sentiments and worries as I had been feeling. Be that as it may, some people may wonder and have questions: "Is there really a problem? I don't see one."

Yes, from casual observation, which is how most of us view our surroundings, Huntsville appears to be generously endowed with trees. Isn't it?

Yes and no. Part of the problem is that casual observation doesn't tell the whole story. As many in the Huntsville science-tech world know, it takes measurement to get a good handle on things that can appear to be obvious. And trees - the tree canopy that is - can be measured. Cities that are concerned about their urban forests are doing it. Washington D.C. for example has had its tree canopy measured multiple times.

Their city government is trying to boost the canopy coverage up to 40 percent by 2032. That's compared to the current 38.7% and still way below the 50% coverage they had in 1950.

So, where does Huntsville stand? Unfortunately, we don't know because there hasn't been any systematic measurement.

But if you've been here for several decades (as I have) you can't help but notice how the tree canopy has shrunk and become thinner over the years. One doesn't have to be an expert to figure out why. Like any living thing, a tree has a finite lifespan. And losses occur for a variety of reasons besides age: disease, storm damage, new construction and even being seen as "too much trouble."

When trees die and aren't replaced on a one-for-one basis, the result is attrition of the overall tree population.

If it's not obvious from casual observation, you may notice this if you like to go for a neighborhood stroll in the summer. Unless you're out in the early a.m. or late evening, shady places to walk have become harder to find.

Fewer trees can have other effects too. I hear from neighbors about higher utility bills after having a tree or trees cut down. Oh oh, a side-effect - more solar heating of the house!

Activity on the Friends of Trees group page did highlight such problems as well as helping spread awareness and appreciation of the urban forest. However... it became apparent that perhaps posting comments and "liking" nice tree pictures wasn't going to result in change for the better. Maybe all it amounted to was paying lip service to a problem and a need. I wondered, how about positive action ... as in "putting some money where our mouth is?" So, we did a course correction and launched a Friends of Trees fund drive. After three months it had raised almost \$5,000 from donors, plus an additional \$10,000 from City Council members Bill Kling and David Little, and another \$2,500 from County Commissioner Phil Riddick. As one of our generous donors put it, the "why" for giving was simple: "I love trees. We're losing too many of the great ones!"

The total amount raised - over \$17,000 - has been turned over to City of Huntsville's Landscape Management Department for use in boosting their tree planting efforts. We also made suggestions regarding specific locations that could use more trees.

We're now seeing good results as the funds are being put to work: more trees planted, and at sites we've suggested. It might just be an example that illustrates how collaborative effort between citizens and government can be a synergistic process - something like 1 plus 1 equals more than 2! Let's hope this example will result in spinoff activity - more good attention for the trees as well as in other areas. It's certainly more effective than complaining!

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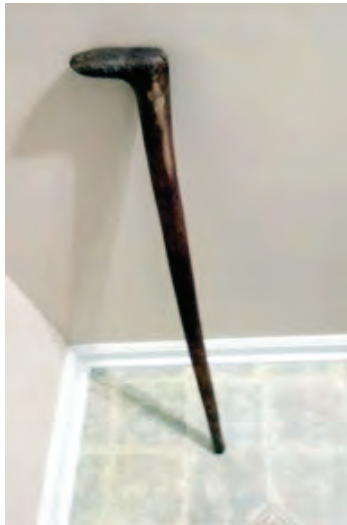
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The Walking Stick

by Willie Weaver



Great-Grandpa Weaver's walking stick is thirty-one and 1/2 inches long. Rather short for my use now, but it was just right for him back then. He used it until his death. It has a history that makes it special for me.

Sometime during my second-grade school year (1944-45), one of our elderly customers, Mr. Simmons, passed away. I remember him well for he always teased me when he was in The Store. The family of Mr. Simmons held an estate sale to dispose of his belongings and I went with my Dad to the sale.

It was a "SALE" but it was also a time of reminiscence for his family and the community; so there were a lot of conversations going on. As they talked, Dad picked out a few things. Among the items he bought were a bed frame, a chest of drawers, and a fancy oak trunk with brass fittings.

As the adults talked, I wondered about looking for something of interest. I spotted the walking stick standing in a corner of the room beside a broom. It

immediately piqued my interest because the handle was carved into a small foot with toes and ankles. I picked it up and began walking around leaning on it.

As my dad was about to pay for his items, he asked me if I liked the walking stick and I told him I did. He told Mr. Simmons' son to add it to his purchase. I carried it home and found a place to stand it beside my bed, just in case I ever needed it.

One morning my great-grandfather, John Weaver Sr, came for a visit at our store. He had walked the two miles from his house. He took a seat in one of the chairs that sat by the potbelly stove which warmed the store and visited with the family members and the customers. As you might expect, that spot was where much of the news and gossip of the community was acquired.

He greeted me and exclaimed how much I had grown since he last seen me and then returned to conversations with the adults. I guess I wanted a little more attention from him, so I went back to my room in

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the apartment behind the store and got my walking stick. I came back into the store carrying it and at the first opportunity, showed it to him. He took the stick, examined it, and commented on its peculiar design with a foot for a handle.

He held onto my stick as he returned to the adult conversations and I took a seat next to him. Occasionally, he would test the stick by tapping it in a semicircle in front of him as if he were walking, even though he remained seated. At a lull in the conversations, he turned to me and asked why a young boy like me needed a stick to walk.

I told him that I did not need it to walk. He then told me that an old man like him sometimes needed a stick to walk and he could make good use of it on his 2-mile walk back home, so, maybe I could give it to him.

I understood the logic of that but I really did not want to give up My Stick. I looked to my Dad and he gave me a nod that encouraged me to give it up.

He went home with my stick, but the only time I ever saw him use it was as he left the store and got into the car of a family that had

offered to take him home as they went to town.

Several weeks later someone came by the store and told Dad that his grandfather had died during the night. He carried me with him to check on the arrangements for burial. When we arrived at the house, we could see that a crowd of family members had gathered.

Inside, I saw Great-Grandma Weaver sitting on one side of the fireplace with some of Dad's aunt and uncles. Great-Grandpa was lying on a bed on the other side. The bed covers were pulled up to his waist.

His hands were folded across his chest. Silver dollars had been placed over his closed eyes, and a dingy looking rag had been draped under his chin and tied in a bow on top of his head.

As Dad and I approached the bed to take a look at his grandfather, I spotted My Stick standing against the wall beside the head of the bed. I tugged on Dad's hand and pointed at it. He reached over and picked it up, and without a word, handed it to me. I held on to it and took it home and put it back beside my bed.

New Hotel Plans for the City

from 1900 newspaper

Frank Gregson, supervising manager of the southern zone of the Americana Hotels Corp., was a visitor in Huntsville this week and told several businessmen that he would recommend the construction of a 10 story hotel to cost approx. \$1,000,000 which would be operated in connection with 62 other hosteliies owned by the corporation in the US.

The site under consideration is at the corner of Jefferson and Holmes Street. The hotel would face on Jefferson Street, and run back a considerable distance on Holmes Street.

Both Gregson and B. F. Hunt of the firm R. H. Hunt and Co. are quoted as having said that Huntsville offers a splendid opportunity for a modern hotel in the city proper, and both are said to have declared that a hotel on Monte Sano offered a big inducement for the establishment for a permanent all year round resort here.

It is pointed out that the city can easily support another hotel, both of the leading ones being crowded to capacity most every night in the week.

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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. Their tongues 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. 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 allergies or fleas. If your dog is chasing his tail excessively, you should talk with your vet.

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

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. 82% of dog owners believe their dog can detect when stormy weather is on the way.

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

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. 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.

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. 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 various shades of gray.

18. Sound frequency is measured in Hertz (Hz). The higher the Hertz, the higher-pitched the sound. Dogs hear best at 8,000 Hz, while humans hear best at around 2,000 Hz.

19. 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.

20. Dogs have three eyelids, an upper lid, a lower lid and the third lid, called a nictitating membrane or "haw," which helps keep the eye moist and protected.



Built circa 1850, the Historic Lowry House is open and available to the public and can be rented for private functions. The manicured grounds have been awarded the city's Beautification Award for five consecutive years.

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THEY BURIED THE WRONG MAN

by Tom Carney

Clarence Peters, of Gadsden, Ala., after being buried in the family lot of a Gadsden cemetery and grieved as dead by a sorrowing mother, is not dead at all but very much alive.

A strange story, but true. It was in 1917 that Peters, alias Jim Holloway, was caught in Morgan County as a member of a gang of thieves, operating in Decatur, and it was Peters who shielded his two comrades who were also captured. Five others of the "gang" escaped - and it was Peters who took a fifteen year sentence, refusing to squeal on his pals, and they went free.

Peters, still known only by the name of Holloway, began his prison sentence while still under the age of 20.

It was in 1918 that he escaped from the state prison and stayed at his mother's home in Gadsden three weeks before leaving for the West. His mother and brothers never knew that he was going under the name of Holloway.

It was only a short time after he escaped from prison that he was captured in a western state and returned to Alabama where prison bars were waiting for him, but relatives never learned of his fate.

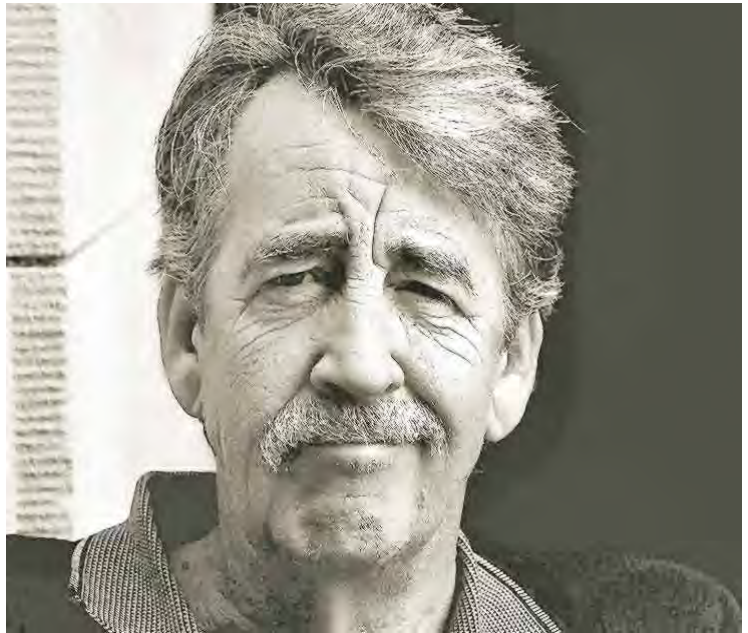
During the latter part of the year 1919, a message was received from a small town in Iowa by Mrs. Peters, Clarence's mother, informing her that a young man answering her son's description had been killed in a freight wreck and that letters taken from the pockets of the body bore the name "Clarence Peters, Gadsden, Alabama."

The body was sent to Mrs. Peters at Gadsden and grieved over by the mother and sons. The head and face were so badly mutilated that close identification was impossible. The size of the body and the color of the hair fit the description of Clarence.

A small tombstone, purchased by the mourning mother and brothers, was erected at the head of the grave in Clayton Cemetery. Clarence, meanwhile, never knowing of the cruel joke played on him, served on in the penitentiary. He steadfastly refused to convey the news of his recapture to his mother and the incident was forgotten in Gadsden except to those dear ones.

In 1922, Peters could no longer refrain from writing home and, under the name of Jim Holloway, he wrote his mother, inquiring of her son's whereabouts and feigning friendship with young Peters.

In the best way that a mother could she wrote thanking him for the interest he had manifested in her dead son, telling him of the calamity and



encouraging him to turn his own life around so that he might have a bright future.

The tender words of the sorrowing mother touched Clarence so, and yet overwhelmed him with surprise over his believed death, that he immediately wrote the whole truth to his mother, and Mrs. Peters was soon clasping her son to her bosom at Banner prison.

Since that time Peters has made his seventh attempt at escape, and was captured just before he made good in his efforts to gain freedom and to try again his fortunes in a free world.

He is in a sad plight at the prison, marked for bad conduct, and is scheduled for the long route of the sentence.

Peters is still a young man, hardly 25.

In the meantime there is a grave in Etowah, containing the mortal remains of some mother's son who has been wept for most bitterly by the Peters family even though his own loved ones are doubtless looking and longing for his familiar voice and footfalls, which they will never hear again.



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Thank you to our
Police Officers,
Fire-fighters,
Paramedics,
EMTs - We
appreciate all
you do to keep us
Safe Every Day.

The Game

by Anna Lee

This past Halloween, end of October while observing my home, I felt dozens of eyes staring at me... from the cheap, knotty boards of the right column on my front porch. Why did the builder not use a better kind of wood? And why did he not use the right material under the eaves?

Later, I actually walked into my front yard and saw new workers pointing up at those eaves and laughing!

"Can you believe they used that?" they asked.

As the owner of a 100-year-old house, I am quite familiar with repairs and the workers who do them. I have found that there are two kinds of workers: the ones who do what you tell them, and the ones who tell you what actually should be done.

As an example, I thought I had a roof leak because there was a stain on my kitchen ceiling. So, I got three estimates. Often I do that and pick the middle one. The first roofer came out and said, "You need a whole new roof. I'll send you an estimate." The second roofer came out and said, "You need a whole new roof. I'll send you an estimate."

The third roofer came out and said, "You really don't need a new roof, just some repairs on the west side from rain damage." He told me he also noticed some rot on my attic windows, so he advised getting a window company to install replacements. Then, he told me there was a small problem with one gutter, but he had fixed it when he was up on the ladder. Then he told me the ceiling stain was just old paint bleeding through, and not from a leak. Can you guess which roofer I hired?

Another example was the stand-alone shower that was in place when I moved in. It was small and dark, and I thought it should be updated. I called three contractors. The first one examined the shower and said he would send me an estimate. The second one examined the shower and said he would send me an estimate.

The third one examined the shower and said, "You don't really need this decorative board on

the side. We could remove it and give you an additional six inches of space."

I told him I did not want a glass door, too hard to keep clean. He agreed to put in a rod and told me to buy a nice curtain for it. Of course I picked the third contractor and saved some money. I've been satisfied ever since.

My house has three fireplaces, all of them boarded up. One of them was looking ragged, so I told my handyman to freshen it up. He was a hardworking, knowledgeable man. He suggested using a different kind of board and painting it white this time instead of black. That would make it look fresh, he thought.

What he was suggesting would take longer and cost more, but his purpose was not to make more money - its purpose was to do a job he would be proud of. I agreed; he was pleased and so was I.

Repairs are a never-ending chore, but I am confident I can find good workers to keep me happy here in my home.



Earline's Fire Crackers

4 sleeves saltines (with salted tops)

1-2/3 c. vegetable oil

1 pkg. dry Ranch Dressing (equals 2 tablespoons)

1 t. garlic powder

1 t. onion powder

1/2 t. ground black pepper

2 T. dry red pepper flakes

1/2 t. Parsley flakes

In a bowl mix the oil and remaining ingredients. Stir well. Add crackers to a gallon Ziploc bag. Pour oil/spice mixture over crackers, seal the bag well.

Turn the bag around, upside down, carefully not to break up the crackers. Make sure all crackers get coated. Leave on counter overnight, turning bag over a few times. Open and Enjoy!

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Basic Rules for Cats who have a House to Run

by Harold Reynolds



Sleeping

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scratching Posts

It is advised that cats use any scratching post the humans may provide. They are very protective of what they think is their property and will object strongly if they catch you sharpening your claws on it. Being sneaky and doing it when they aren't around won't help, as they are very observant. If you are an outdoor kitty, trees are good. Sharpening your claws

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Sign seen on Athens Church

on a human is a definite No-No! Couches and chairs, especially new and/or antiques, are the best because the material shreds really well and will give your claws a good workout.

Curtains and drapes are great fun because you can swing a little once you get up to where you want, and you are also out of reach of an angry human.

Waking Them Up

It is not known why humans like to sleep when it gets dark, just when the day is young and the masters of the house are fresh and ready for play. Sleeping humans are very boring and occasionally must be roused to attend to our needs, such as to get fresh food or water or to help us find a toy we batted under the couch.

Almost all of them strongly dislike being awakened in the so-called "wee hours" of the night, some even pretend they're asleep, hoping we'll give up and go away.

Persistence is always the key to success in any case.

One effective method of rejuvenating a dormant human is the "direct approach", namely jumping on the bed from a good distance and doing one or more of the following: trampling, licking and/or nibbling any exposed part, purring, meowing, head-butting, light taps on the eyelids, or playing "Catch Mouse" or "King of the Hill".

This may result in your being ejected from the bed, but at least now you have the human's attention.

If the human is being stubborn, you may have to resort to more drastic tactics, such as ripping down posters, rattling blinds, knocking over and emptying a wastebasket, knocking items off a dresser especially perfume bottles, singing at the top of your lungs, or curling up on top of the human's head.

As well as keeping warm, in this way you will be acutely aware of any movement made by the human, and you won't have to wait for long.

Another effective tactic is to walk, jump or knead on the human's abdomen - especially on the human's bladder. If the human hasn't been to the Big White Drinking Bowl during the night you can be sure of a rapid response.

Eventually the human will get up and do what you want, usually employing some bad language while doing so.



Oat Crisps

2 sticks butter
1 c. brown sugar
1 c. granulated sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 t. vanilla extract
1/2 t. salt
1-1/2 c. all purpose flour
1 t. baking soda
3 cups oats

Cream butter and both sugars. Add next 3 ingredients. Mix the flour and baking soda, add oats. Add dry mixture to the butter mixture.

Put mixture in fridge overnight. Next day cover your cookie sheets with aluminum foil and spray with **butter-flavored vegetable oil**. Roll dough into small balls (about meat-ball size) and **flatten slightly**. Be sure and allow space between cookies while cooking - these spread out quite a bit.

Bake at 350 degrees for 9 minutes. Remove foil from pan and move to another area, cover pan with another sheet of foil and repeat. **When first sheet of cookies is cool, remove and put on flat surface til completely cool.**



SKYE

Hello, my name is Skye. I am a three-year-old female Pit Bull mix. As you can see I am a pretty chocolate brown and black brindle color. I was found alone in a house that was under construction and brought to the Ark Animal Shelter. I don't know if I was lost or left there by someone. Since I've been here the volunteers have been kind to me and know that I love to go on walks and get belly rubs and

hugs and kisses. I would be a good dog in a family where I would be the only pet so I could have all the attention.

Are you looking for a dog that would be a devoted companion? If you are, please come and see me at the Ark Animal Shelter.

Ask to see Skye, that's me.

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"As I hurtled through space, one thought kept crossing my mind. Every part of this rocket was supplied by the lowest bidder."

John Glenn

HOWARD CRINER "SHEEP" JONES - A STAR ATHLETE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

by Kate Hopkins

In a newspaper article, from the Sporting Events of the Day - Montgomery Advertiser, in the fall of 1914, it states that varsity first string guard Sheep Jones was a mainstay of the Bama line for Coach Dorsey Graves. In the spring of 1914 Sheep also had success in the weight events of track and field. He threw the shot put, the discus and the hammer. Plus, he competed in the half mile and the mile races.

Reference: "Citizen Solider-Carl T. Jones" by Raymond B. Jones, newspaper.com and findagrave.com

Great Grandfather - Isaac Criner - First white settler to live in Madison County, Alabama - 1804.

Brother-Carl T. Jones - the youngest son of G. W. and Elvalena Jones. He graduated from the University of Alabama in 1929 with a degree in Civil Engineering. In 1939, in partnership with his brother Edwin, Carl purchased the 2,500-acre farm with the idea that the farm could make money if their engineering company failed.

During World War II Carl achieved the rank of full Colonel and afterward he returned home to help bring many industries and improvements to Huntsville in the 50s and 60s. Carl died of a massive heart attack at a University of Alabama football game. He was 58 years old.

The Huntsville Madison County airport was renamed the Carl T. Jones Field in his honor and the four-lane highway that crosses through the Jones farm was named "Carl T. Jones Drive".

Son - Harvie P. Jones - He graduated from New Market High School and then received two degrees from Georgia Institute of Technology in 1953. After serving in the Army Corp

of Engineers he moved back to Huntsville and his first job was with G.W Jones and Sons.

In 1967 he formed a company with Billy Herrin called Jones & Herrin Architects/ Interior Design and worked there until his retirement in 1998. Historical architecture and preservation were a top priority in his award-winning career.

Daughter - Edith Gay Jones - she was the valedictorian at Huntsville High School, attended the University of Alabama and graduated with honors in biology. In 1944 she enlisted in the Navy W.A.V.E.S. as a pharmacist's mate. Using the G.I. bill, she attended the University of Alabama School of Medicine in Birmingham. Dr. Edith married a fellow classmate, Dr. John Riley Ledbetter, Jr., and they both graduated with honors. The couple had a successful medical practice in Rogersville from 1952 until 1998.

Nephew - Raymond B. Jones (the son of Carl T. Jones) Author, business and community leader and past chairman of the UAH Foundation. This is a philanthropic organization that has "Set the University on a path of exponential growth".

On April 14, 2023, UAH broke ground for a new 80,000 square foot engineering building that will be named in memory of Raymond B. Jones.

Tragically, at age 87, Ray lost his life after an outdoor accident in Paint Rock in the summer of 2022.



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Dr. Pat Hamm

by Nolan Myrick

I spent a lot of time at the old Huntsville Clinic when it was uptown. It was a 2-story building at the corner of Washington and Gates. I'm not too sure of the street names. My doctor was Dr. Pat Hamm, and he treated me until I was about 30 or so years old. He moved here from Arkansas and had four children and lived down the street from us on Beirne Avenue. I was the same age as his son Kenneth, and we got to be close friends. I was a regular visitor at their house. The telephone pole in front of their house was home base when we played hide & go seek. It had a street light on it so we could see at night.

Dr. Hamm got the first television set in our neighborhood. Sometimes they would put it out on the front porch on Saturday night and everyone would come sit in the yard and watch it. There wasn't a lot to do in the summer but work and play at night. Most everyone had a job to do.

I remember that they had a piano in the living room. It was pretty and it had a stick that held the top up. One time I took the stick out and the top fell on my hand. Sometimes Kenneth and I had to sit on the couch while he sang and Mrs. Hamm played the piano.

Dr. Hamm loved horses, too. He built a barn behind his house next to the back alley. His back alley had a road and the back doors of the barn opened into the alley. In the next block where we lived there wasn't a road - we had a ditch.

I spent a lot of time at the barn. They had two horses - Sonny Boy was one and Tar Baby was the other. I learned to ride on her because she wasn't wild. I was afraid of Sonny Boy because he often tried to bite people.

When the Huntsville Clinic moved to its new location down toward Humana Hospital, I helped Dr. Hamm move his office equipment. I was already married by then. The last thing I did at the old clinic was a blood test. When Joyce and I were to get married we had to have a blood

test. Everyone at the lab in the old clinic knew I had a problem with blood tests. I was trying to impress Joyce, and I had on my black leather jacket and was trying to be and look tough. I had brought her to the clinic in my metallic blue 1967 Chevelle with its 4-speed, tape deck and mag wheels.

The nurse came in and asked what we wanted, and I told her we were getting married and needed a blood test. The nurse said, "Well Nolan, you better take your jacket off and lay down on this bed. You know how you always pass out when we take your blood and I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself." All my acting and being tough went out the window when she said that. Even now, Joyce laughs a lot when she tells people about my blood test.

Later on, Dr. Hamm bought 60 acres from Mr. Kyle Elliott and built a big barn at Ryland. For a while he had about 52 brood mares and owned Go Boys Invasion. We had bought a farm from him and lived down by Central School. I was baling hay by then and I took hay to his horses. I even rented the farm when he quit having horses. He was around me most all my life in all those years. I watched him help a lot of people. He turned nobody away.

He doctored me until I moved to Fayetteville. He kept me sewed up and healthy. I sure was proud of him and appreciate all he did for me and my family.

"The older I get, the less surprised I think I'd be if a random body part just fell off one day."

Kerry Joseph, Woodville

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CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

by Gene Primm

In 1955 I worked for Monroe Calculating Machine Company. I was sent to St. Louis, Missouri to a service school. I left Huntsville from the old bus station on Clinton Street.

After leaving Huntsville we stopped at what seemed to be every crossroads and country store we came to. It took me eighteen and a half hours to get to St. Louis.

While in school I met another employee who was from Nashville, TN. He had come to St. Louis by automobile. I told him about my trip by bus and suggested to him that I would pay his gas expenses if he would let me ride back to Nashville with him then I could get a bus into Huntsville, saving me many hours of travel time. He agreed to this and after the school was over we left on our trip to Nashville.

We arrived in Nashville some time after midnight. I asked him to take me to the bus station so I could catch a bus to Huntsville. When we got to the bus station I found out the next bus to Huntsville did not leave until 7:00 that morning. I decided that was too long to wait so I asked my friend if he would take me to the Huntsville Highway so I could hitchhike on in to Huntsville. Hopefully, I thought, I would be in Huntsville long before the bus ever left from Nashville.

The first car that came by stopped and said he was going as far as Murfreesboro. He was a bus driver just getting off from work. I really appreciated

him stopping and thought this hitchhiking was going to be easy; it was a piece of cake.

After he let me out in Murfreesboro I stood there for hours without getting another ride. As it started to get daylight I began to get worried. Then finally as the traffic started to pick up a man stopped and asked me where I was headed. After I told him I was going to Huntsville, AL he told me to hop in and that he would take me as far as Tullahoma, TN.

I thought for a minute and asked him how far Huntsville was from Tullahoma and he told me about seventy miles. I asked him how far it was from Murfreesboro to Huntsville and he said about seventy miles, but he said it was a beautiful drive to Tullahoma.

After spending the night standing on the side of the road, I really was not interested in viewing the countryside. Despairing of any more hitchhiking I asked him if there was a bus station there, and after he replied "Yes" I got in the car for the seventy mile drive to Tullahoma.

The stranger dropped me off at the bus station a few hours later. Hurriedly, I approached the ticket agent and asked if there was a bus leaving for Huntsville, AL anytime soon. He told me I was in luck, there was a bus just getting ready to leave that was going to Huntsville. Without even a pause I said: "Give me a ticket."

The agent gave me my ticket and pointed the bus out to me and I was on my merry way.

As I approached the bus I saw on the front that it was going to Nashville, TN. Puzzled, I ran back inside the bus station and told the ticket agent that the bus he had pointed out was going to Nashville, not Huntsville.

He then informed me you could not get to Huntsville from Murfreesboro without going to Nashville first!

I took the bus back to Nashville and caught the same bus to Huntsville that I would have caught anyway if I had not spent the night hitchhiking through the dark back roads of Tennessee.

"Many of my athletic friends are out running in marathons and climbing rock walls. Meanwhile I'm watching a movie I don't like because I dropped the remote on the floor."

Betty James, Athens



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

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

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

A Sad Incident Near Maysville

From 1897 Newspaper

On Saturday morning last, Miss Nancy Rogers, daughter of the late Benj. Rogers, residing two and one half miles north of Maysville in this county, left home on a mule to attend preaching at Maysville. Some hours after, the mule was seen grazing in Perry L. Harrison's cornfield which lies between two roads to Maysville, one a broad public road, the other a more private road.

She probably took the latter because it was more shady, and so the riderless mule was not sooner seen. Inquiry was made in Maysville whether she had been there, and no one had seen her. A search for her was then begun by a hundred or more persons (it is said), through the field and elsewhere till a late hour at night and renewed Sunday morning.

About 12 a.m. she was found lying in the cornfield with her skull broken over the left eye and unconscious. She was removed and doctors sent for. Dr. Fleming Jordan performed the operation of trephining and said she might recover if inflammation did not set in.

Two men were arrested on suspicion of assault with intent to rob her, and one of them having told the searching party that there was no use in looking for her in the field strengthened the suspicion, as she was found there; and there was talk of hanging him. But the doctors and others concluded from the nature of the wound and the vicious traits of the mule and its tracks that Miss Rogers had dismounted and the mule got away and jumped over the fence into the field and when Miss Rogers walked behind it to catch it, kicked her. So, the men were discharged.

Yesterday, we learned that Miss Rogers was still unconscious and had only spoken once, exclaiming, "Oh, Lord!"

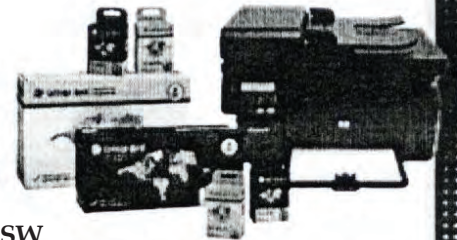
She exhibited restlessness but hopes were still had for her recovery.

"When my Grandma got arthritis, she couldn't bend over to cut and paint her toenails. So my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love."

Teddy, 7 year old grandson

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