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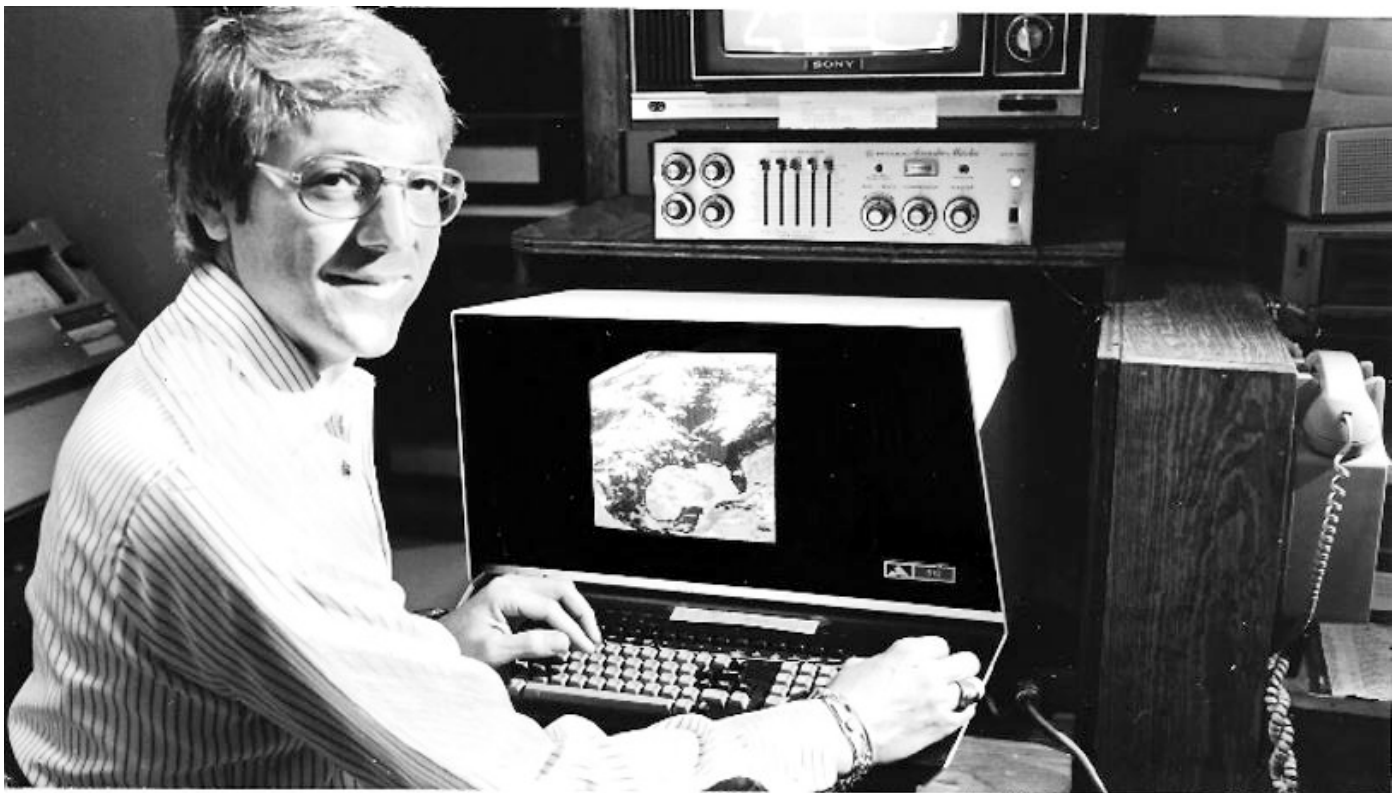
November 2024



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

WEATHER BARON



Also in this issue: Knowing Aunt Eunice; The Big Cove Storm of 1920; Deemer Self; The Keller Automobile; Record Memories and Changes; Huntsville in the 30s; More of Thiokol Chemical Corp.; Making Lye Soap; Recipes, Pet Stories and much much more!

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A Heartwarming Tale of Enduring Love and Second Chances



Weather Baron

by M. D. Smith



l-r - Bob Baron, anchor Dave Stanley, Sportsman Rick Davis and anchor Brenda Blackmon

Bob Baron was hired in June 1975 by my father, M.D. Smith, III, to leave a Knoxville radio station and come to work in his home recording studio/office as Program Director for our two radio stations, WAAY in Huntsville and WNUE in Ft. Walton Beach, Florida. His baritone voice was ideal for the contests and promotions done for both stations, along with unique commercials for our most prominent advertisers.

I'd been running WAAY 31 TV for twelve years, and we also used Bob's voice for TV identifications and openings and closings for our newscasts. Bob was then, and still is, one of the most enthusiastic and energetic indi-

viduals I've ever met.

In December of 1976, when the Chamber of Commerce announced they would no longer organize and present the annual Christmas Parade; everyone thought it was terrible. Bob came up with the idea of an All-Volunteer Christmas Parade organized and promoted by WAAY Radio and TV.

We did just that and televised it for the first time ever with borrowed microwave equipment and cameras. Channel 31 continued that tradition for 23 years until the station sold in 1999. We had patches made for all our staff members to thank them for their unpaid efforts, sometimes after hours building the floats.

Bob was the driving force behind the tremendous success of the parades.

At that time, our full-time weatherman was Ken Rainey. He worked six days a week, covering our Sunday 6 & 10pm newscasts and weekdays. We didn't have Saturday news.

In 1977, Ken renegotiated his contract to have Sundays off. I needed a weatherman to do just that shift. With Bob's confidence, voice and presence, we offered him a bonus to work Sunday weather. It was Bob's first introduction to TV weather and he loved it. Bob did the shift for a year.

In June 1978, Ken accepted a job in Arkansas and we needed a replacement. Bob was logical because he knew how to draw the maps (paint pens on a plas-

"Those who teach us the most about humanity aren't always human."

Donald Hicks



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tic covering of the maps), read the fax charts and everything needed, so we offered him the job along with being the TV station Promotion Manager because of his talent and ability in that area. Bob worked with anchors Dave Stanley, Brenda Blackmon and sportsman Rick Davis.

Bob continued to study weather, went to special schools and in 1980, got his AMF certificate of approval and seal #282. In 1982, he became a Professional Member. He certainly had his hands full and, after nine months, pleaded with my father to find someone else to do the promotion job. Bob got a job offer from a Nashville TV station and was considering it, if he couldn't shift to weather meteorologist alone. I recommended we hire someone also because promotion was almost a 40-hour job in itself. Debi Benson took the position and Bob was full-time weather. He didn't take the Nashville job.

With the help of our staff computer guru, we got an early computer set up to receive digital weather satellite images and weather maps and were the first station to use them. This was Bob's initial introduction to computer weather data. It may have been the spark that ignited what someday would become Baron Services' weather computers and radar systems.

But Bob got an offer for the Chief Meteorologist job at a Tampa TV station in a much larger market and more money, so he left Channel 31 in 1984. He worked there for three years. For reasons that are unclear to me, he left the Tampa station and returned to Huntsville to accept a job offer from WAFF Channel 48 in 1987 and would work there for six years.

By then, we'd hired Gary Dobbs, who was young. It takes time for a weather person to establish credibility and rank high on the personality studies all the stations do with news consultants every year or two. Gary was climbing, but when Bob returned, we saw the spike in personality rankings, and the weather competition heated up. During that time, we launched a "Gary said it would be like this" campaign in print media, billboards, bumper stickers and on-air advertising. Despite everything, Bob remained our most substantial weather competition.

It helped that on November 15, 1989, one of the deadliest tornadoes hit the Airport Road area and over into Jones Valley to destroy the school and many homes. Channel 31 was the only station to remain on the air, having a diesel generator, and from 4:35 in

the afternoon on we had 100% of the audience because the other TV stations were off the air.

Bob remembered that day because we had so little advance warning. He said the low-resolution radar systems of the time didn't show conditions that could generate tornadoes, only the ones that are actively destroying anything in their path. The 1989 tornado only began spinning at the old airport, first reported by police at the canine training area, then crossed South Parkway onto Airport Road, then Jones Valley and you know the rest.

Bob had continued experimenting with lightning detection and other indicators of possible severe storm activity. He formed "Baron Services" in 1990, working with computer programmers upstairs in his house, in his daughter's bedroom, when she left for college. Bob learned a lot about computers and the internet during the early 90s. He wanted to experiment with his systems and send radar images to Emergency Management Area locations via the sub carrier of FM stations. However, the general manager of Channel 48 at the time refused to let his station or engineers work with Bob. Baron Services sold some weather computer packages



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to other stations, the first being KFOR in Oklahoma City in early 1993. Still, Channel 48 refused to use Bob's system.

An interesting note here: it was about this same time that our news consultants, armed with a recent personality study, said that Bob was such a powerful and singular force in the market that it would almost be worth our money to "pay him NOT to be on the air." It was a joke, of course.

Soon after, in March of 1993, I got a call from Bob, who was disgruntled with the lack of participation of WAFF with his equipment. Asked me if I'd like to talk. Of course, we met at Bob's house. I already knew that he was under contract, and most air personalities were then (and still are), and the most restrictive clause we all used was the "non-compete for one year" clause. That prevented one station from pirating away a top personality from one station to go on the air for another in the same market.

Bob and I negotiated a 2-year contract with Channel 31, knowing he could not appear on the air for a year. But that was okay with me. Bob would work with our weather department and Gary Dobbs to build it up. We allowed Bob to experiment with data delivery to EMA stations in North Alabama via a digital signal encoded on the TV "blanking interval," which the consumer doesn't see between each TV video frame.

The most important thing for Bob was that he continued to get a significant salary while working on expanding his Weather Services business around the U.S. and eventually worldwide.

I was rewarded by a significant jump in the 1993 May ratings with Bob off the air at Channel 48 and his presence with us. Later that year, we were the fifth TV station to purchase and use the Baron Services weather computer and radar systems. Bob worked on-the-air doing our five

pm weather while Gary Dobbs continued to do the six and ten pm shows until 1996.

We had an amicable parting for Bob to devote all his time to his exploding weather business. He'd already moved to a small office complex on Bob Wallace near Triana Blvd. However, we helped Bob celebrate his first extensive building complex at Metro Circle with live interviews in front of his building, with Gary Dobbs conducting the live broadcasts.

In the late 90s, the U.S. Weather Service upgraded their weather radar systems by installing the latest Doppler Radar systems available. Soon, the old systems were decommissioned.

Baron Services was able to buy up 50 of the complete systems with dish, transmitter, feed-horn, rotator motors — everything. His company refurbished all the hardware, coupled it with the latest Baron electronic computer hardware and software systems, and made a great deal of money on them.

Today they buy new hardware and build radar systems from scratch. Bob maintains that



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his system is the best in the world, and the prices are highly competitive. It's not uncommon for a complete radar system from scratch to cost several million dollars.

In a mere two years (1998), Bob expanded his business to a much larger facility in Cummings Research Park, where it is today. Mayor Loretta Spencer was also there to cut the ribbon. Ten years later, he doubled the size of the already giant building to what it is today.

Let me tell you a flying story that spurred another truly amazing innovation. Bob learned to fly in the 80s when my father and I piloted the TV station's twin-engine Piper Aztec. Bob often accompanied my father on trips to other markets and our vacation home in Ft. Walton.

After he left working for us, Bob got his instrument rating and learned the importance of knowing the weather ahead when flying in conditions where storms could develop. It was the experience Bob gained at our station by sending digital radar images in a small interval of time and with a very narrow bandwidth that led to another innovation. The data was streamed out at a relatively slow speed such that a complete U.S. radar image might take a minute or two. So, it was refreshed every five minutes with a fresh composite map of rain in various colors, from light green to

dark red, for the extreme weather, just like you see today on TV.

XM Radio was expanding its channels from music to news and other essential data. They let it be known they were interested in radar and weather maps, and all the giant corporations wanted in on what could be a very lucrative revenue source. But there was a problem. Audio takes very little bandwidth, which is particularly important with satellite channels. A complete video image uses many times as much bandwidth as audio. That's all Bendix and other giant corporations could supply, but not Baron Services. They'd learned to stream the image over a span of time digitally, then present it when complete, taking about the same channel space as an audio signal. Bob got the contract, and XM Radio soon sent color weather radar images over one of their channels.

One of the first manufacturers to incorporate it was Garmin, which currently made GPS units for aviation, both panel-installed and stand-alone units that could sit on top of the instrument panel and be plugged into a cigarette outlet or internal batteries that could last four hours. Multimillion-dollar jets already had their own built-in weather radar systems, but it was way beyond the budget of most private pilots with small single or twin-engine airplanes.

I was one of the first to purchase a Garmin unit and use it in the Aztec that I flew in the early 2000s, but I continued to use it in rental planes after it became too expensive to keep my airplane certified and insured. I once had a trip flying one of my sons back from South Carolina, and what was spotty showers early after our departure developed into a line. I could see it and zoom in on any section. As the flight continued, I realized it was solid, and I couldn't pick my way through it lying on the Alabama line. I canceled my IFR flight plan to divert and land

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Dorothy Simmons, Athens

Bob in his home office






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at Rome, Georgia. We were barely to the ramp when the bottom dropped out of the skies, and thunderstorms roared for thirty minutes. Without radar, I hate to think I might have continued into that violent weather. It cleared, and we continued home. I praised the portable radar to the stars and Baron Services for making such an innovation possible.

This brings us to the present day. Bob officially retired from his office and going to it daily about three years ago. But you know what I said about Bob's boundless enthusiasm and embarking on new things — so now, he's the driving force behind his non-profit organization, The Baron Institute. He's set aside several million dollars (at least, we didn't discuss amounts) to educate the public, especially children, about the weather. No one needs to be caught unaware of a tornado bearing down on them.

In addition, he's funding a permanent exhibit at the Space & Rocket Center that will feature interactive exhibits built around severe weather. A giant sun display will present realtime data. It will include a tornado shelter, where the walls and seats will vibrate when the simulated tornado passes over, complete with sound effects.

It's a major project with a lot of floor space that will become a lasting part of the center. It may be open by the time you read this. There is a great deal of new information and features available now to the public at <https://www.baroninstitute.com>.

Also, get the SAF-T-Net® app for your phone.

On a personal closing, Bob's been married to his wife, Phyllis, for 58 years. She helped him get the business off the ground when it was in their home and early years in the buildings. She is a lovely, warm person and clearly very tolerant — she puts up with

Bob and his wild and crazy ideas. They have two grown children, a daughter and a son, Bob Jr., called Rob. He was also in the business with Bob for many years and is now retired.

It would take an entire book to list all the weather data and products, much less computer equipment, to dissect severe weather that Baron Services is involved with today. I've only touched the high spots. Bob started as a Baron. He's now a Duke of Weather. Look out, Thor.



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Talmadge Achilles Smithey - Local Naval Hero

By Kate Hopkins



Do you think that when Lula Smithey named her son Talmadge Achilles, she knew in Greek mythology that Achilles was a hero of the Trojan War and that he was a great warrior? Talmadge, lovingly known as "Tal", was born in Deposit, Alabama in 1910. He was only nine years old when his father died and his mother was left with seven children. There were five boys and two girls and Tal graduated from Riverton High School in 1930. I believe that his school progress had been delayed by the jobs that he took to help support his mother.

Tal joined the U.S. Navy in October 1931, and he retired in 1963. During World War II he was captured when Corregidor Island surrendered to the Japanese, and he was held in their POW camps for 40 months.

There are numerous articles in the Huntsville Times news-

paper about his career. One article is about his return home after being released by the Japanese and the fact that he used his back pay of \$10,700.00 to buy war bonds. He said that he "was glad to lend his earnings back to the U.S. Treasury."

After the war Tal attended numerous Navy career schools and rose to the rank of a Navy Commander. He retired, after thirty-two years, to a simple life near Three Forks of the Flint. He built a home there which was located a short distance from where his mother Lula had raised the family.

Tal was a lifelong bachelor but when asked about retired life he said that he enjoyed keeping busy with fishing, reading (especially Homer), bee keeping, making furniture, helping those less fortunate, family and the company of his faithful dogs.

Tal was also an artist and historian. He contributed the sketches that are in the handbook titled the History of Riverton 1917-1973 and A History of Locust Grove Baptist Church. He died in 1999 at age 88 and is buried at the Valhalla Memory Gardens Cemetery in Huntsville.

General Douglas MacArthur has said "No soil on earth is more deeply consecrated to the cause of human liberty than

that of the island of Corregidor".

There is another newspaper article about Tal that is titled "POW Returns to the Philippines 40 Years Later." During that trip he was visiting on Corregidor Island and he saw a monument there that reads:

"Sleep, my sons, your duty done,

*For freedoms light has come.
Sleep in the silent depths of the sea*

Or in your bed of hallowed sod

*Until you hear at dawn
The clear Revelry of God."*

Talmadge Achilles Smithey was a humble man and one of the great American heroes. He was one of the tens of thousands of men and women who have fought to defend the freedoms that many of us take for granted.



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CATHOLIC SCHOOL SURVIVOR

By Elizabeth Wharry

You can't scare me! I am a 12 year veteran of Catholic education. For 12 years, I went to Our Lady of Hard Knocks. The Brothers of Busted Knuckles and the Most Unmerciful Sisters ran the schools.

For 12 years, we girls wore the ugliest uniforms imaginable. I often wondered who designed them. Was it the same group who designed hospital gowns and prison uniforms? Ours consisted of a knee length skirt (don't get caught rolling that waistband), a white blouse and either a vest or long sleeved cardigan. Knee socks and saddle shoes completed the look.

Occasionally, one of the nuns would pull a uniform inspection. That consisted of kneeling on the floor. If the hem touched the floor, it passed. A finger run down the back for a bra check, and a look at the buttons. Anything below the top button had to be done up.

The boys had it easy. Either a white or light blue dress shirt, navy blue or black trousers and black shoes. Their hair was to be above the bottom of the collar and above the ear lobes. They had to be clean shaven.

Our high school years, grades 9 to 12, were focused on college prep. The mention of trade schools was met with an icy stare and sniffs of contempt.

I was frequently in trouble. I believe I was the only student with tenure. My mouth was in action before my brain. For example, one of the nuns said, "I have an idea." My response: "Does that happen often?"

By my senior year, Brother Thomas was fed up with me. At one point, he said that I had a smart mouth. I replied, "Too bad the smarts don't go through the roof of it." He smirked as he told my punishment. The senior

talent show was coming up, and I better be in it, and be funny. He went on to say that he foresaw nothing but trouble for me. He considered me a ne'er do well. Fast forward 20 years. I had been doing stand up comedy for fun. I was invited to do my act at a fund raising dinner for the St. Vincent DePaul Society. The average cost was \$150 a plate. As I stepped out on stage, who did I see but Brother Thomas! The bishop was also there.

I was wearing my "Catholic School Survivor" t-shirt and a skirt.

After my routine, I greeted Brother Thomas and asked if he thought I was still a ne'er do well? He just shook his head and laughed.

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Chopped Liver

by Bill Goodson

The background to this story is as follows:

My wife, Elise, has always loved chopped chicken liver sandwiches. She was raised in Miami, where the large Jewish population considered it a staple in their diet. Whereas, I never liked her to cook it because it stunk up the house.

Here's the story:

We were living at Ft. Bragg, N.C., in 1965, while I was serving my two years' Army duty as psychiatrist with the 82nd Airborne Division.

During my tour, there occurred a Communist uprising in the Dominican Republic (DR), and President Johnson decided to fulfill our obligation to the Organization of American States (OAS) by sending the 82nd to the island.

So my outfit was on call to deploy at Pope Airfield. I waited, wearing my fatigues and with duffel bag on hand.

When the call came, I dutifully kissed Elise and my three daughters and went to the airfield, only to find that the flight was cancelled and we could go home and wait again.

When I entered the apartment my senses were overwhelmed with a penetrating, noxious odor, and I saw Elise in the kitchen.

She COULDN'T WAIT for me to get away, off to RISK MY LIFE for my country in a combat zone, in order to take advantage of my absence, to cook her CHOPPED CHICKEN LIVER.

I am tempted to use that phrase of self-derision: "So what am I?...chopped liver?"

HOW CIGARETTES ARE MADE - 1894 HUNTSVILLE NEWSPAPER

It has been found that the details of the manufacture of cigarettes are kept to a great extent a secret by the manufacturers. None of the brands on the market are composed of one kind only. Recipes are usually not divulged outside of the firm. The original mixture is merely a basis for artificial flavoring. To begin with, various essential oils are added.

The list of these flavorings includes rose, rose geranium, vanilla bean and licorice root. These ingredients are added after the tobacco has been chopped into shreds in readiness to be rolled into cigarettes.

Finally there is a particular drug chosen in the shape of a liquid solution, that is sprayed on the material with an atomizer, while the tobacco is stirred and mixed. The quantity employed is very carefully judged, so many drops being allowed for each cigarette.

There is no doubt that some of the drugs used are opium, valerian and cannabis indica. Each manufacturer may create a special drug habit among those who use this brand, so that they are not satisfied with any other.

"One day we're young and fun - the next day we're turning the radio down in the car to see better."

Linda Drake, Huntsville



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"The Rat Tail"

by John Michael Hampton

"You need to stop being such a nerd! Try to become a little more relevant!" Justin, the fourth grade bully, hollered at me as my grandmother picked me up from the last day of school. Summer vacation meant that I did not have to listen to these kids who thought it was their duty to make my life miserable because I was the smartest person in the class.

I wondered if being a little bit more knowledgeable about trending things boys were doing would help me be less bullied in the new school year. I asked my grandmother what she thought, and she said, "I love you just the way that you are, but you are allowed to choose your hair style."

I knew that a lot of the boys were cutting their hair, but leaving a little rat tail in the back of their hair. I decided that I was going to get that hair style, but I decided to wait until I visited family members living in Alabama so that no one in Nashville would know about it until school started back.

So, on a hot day in July 1986, my cousin and I were taken by my Aunt Sue to a barber shop in downtown Athens to get a haircut. My cousin, a year younger than me, already had a rat tail hair cut. He just needed the rest of his hair cut around it. I needed a full hair cut, with the rat tail to be formed, as I had let my hair grow out over the summer.

Thirty minutes later, I left that barber shop with the "rat tail" hair cut, and we met up with my grandparents at Limestone Drug, where we all had a soda at the soda fountain before heading back to Aunt Sue's house in Dogwood Subdivision along the Tennessee River.

We stayed at Aunt Sue's house until the weekend, arriving back

in Nashville on Saturday night. I could not wait until Monday, when we all were heading back to the first day of school for the new school year, where I could show off my new, cool hair cut. I was at school for all of ten minutes before Justin saw my new hair cut. Whereas all the other kids had liked my new hair cut, and several boys even complimented me on looking more like everyone else, Justin had different plans.

As luck would have it, Justin was assigned to sit next to me in the back corner of the classroom that year. This was a perfect place for the bully to humiliate me without a teacher catching him. For Justin, he knew how he was going to make me feel bad that day. Every time I looked away, or was busy working on my studies, he would reach over and yank the rat tail on the back of my hair, which hurt!

By the time school was over for the day, I had a massive headache. I decided that even though I loved how this hair cut made me look, I was going to have to get rid of it. Now. As soon as I got home from school, I ran down to my room, and cut the rat tail off with a pair

of scissors. I then landed on my bed, and cried for an hour.

When grandmother Ann called me to supper, she noticed the tears and the missing rat tail as soon as I sat down at the table. "Why?" she asked. "What is happening?"

I sobbed as I told her and grandfather what had happened. My grandmother looked at me, and she said, "Son, you have to stand up for yourself! If you don't, the bullies will run over you!"

"You wanted that haircut, and you looked good with that haircut! If I were you, I would grow my hair back out, and get the tail again! If he bothers it in the future, tell the teacher!"

I decided to agree with my grandparents. However, by the time my hair had started to grow back out, the school had decided to ban the "rat tail" hair cuts because other students in different classes were having their hair yanked, too!

I decided to go back to a normal hair cut and not tempt fate.

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Turn to the experts



November is finally here, leaves are falling, some trees already bare, and it's time to fall back an hour on Sunday the third. Now it gets dark so early compared to after 8:00 in June. It usually takes me until about Thanksgiving to adjust to the time change, but getting to sleep an hour longer in the mornings does help.

Randolph School's "Under The Christmas Tree" is November 1-3 at the VBC and I hope you haven't missed it.

There's a Norman Rockwell exhibit at the Museum of Art on Church Street beginning early November into January. Rockwell, who died in 1978, is most famous for the cover illustrations of everyday life he created for The Saturday Evening Post magazine over a period of nearly five decades.

Broadway Theater League kicks off its season with The Tina Turner Musical on November 22-24 with five performances. It traces the life of Tina Turner and features many of her

great musical hits. She sold more concert tickets than any other solo performer in music history. What a revelation it was in her life after she got away from Ike in the earlier years.

The Veteran's Day Parade is on the 11th at 11:00 in downtown Huntsville. Before turkey day, the Botanical Gardens is featuring a bigger than ever Galaxy of Lights walking tour, from the 10th through 14th and driving tours after that for your holiday enjoyment.

For those younger than Grandma, Huntsville's Ice Skating in Big Springs park is November 18 through January 8. Mon-Thur 4-9 p.m., till 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Tinsel Trail with 300 decorated trees in Big Springs upper park, starts the day after Thanksgiving on the 29th till New Year's Day.

I wish you a big, happy Thanksgiving with all the family gathered for turkey, dressing, cranberry dressing and all the other trimmings.

"My housekeeping style is best described as 'There appears to have been a major struggle.'"

Ally Dennis, Gurley

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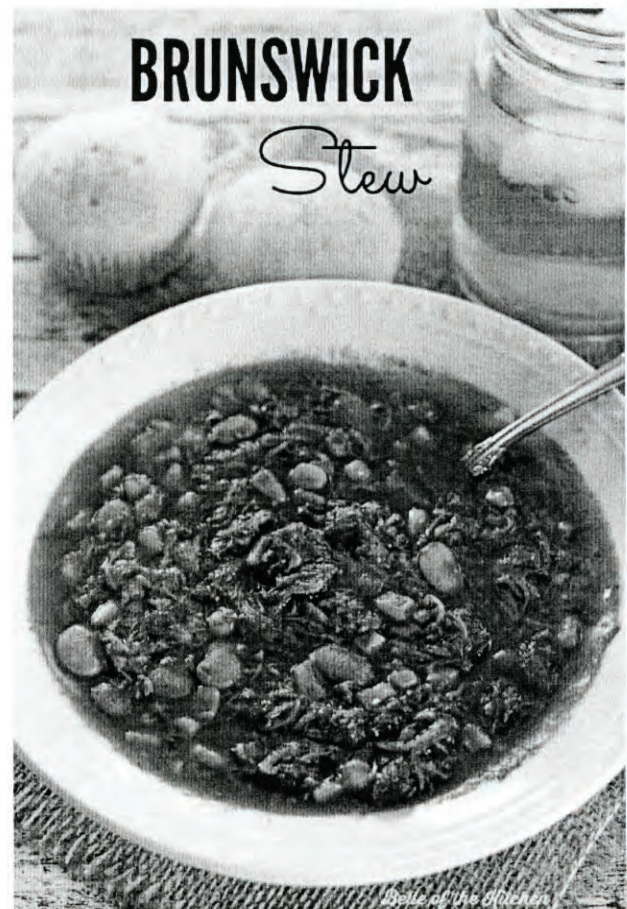
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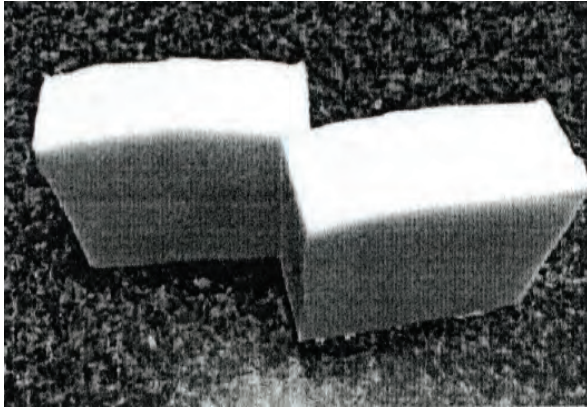
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The Art of Making Lye Soap, Many Years Ago

by *Juanita Reid, 2004*



My 71 year old memory contains the experience of watching my mother (who died when I was 9) and my grandmother making soap the old fashioned way.

They made their lye by leaching water through hardwood ashes. They used the stump from an old tree that had broken off in a wind storm. The tree was hollow and had a hole near the bottom — evidently had been an animal den at one time or perhaps where a limb had rotted off. The hole was about four inches round.

They took a hollowed out limb, cut it in half, inserted it into the hole and used that as a drain spout for the leaching of the lye water.

Back in those days, we had wooden buckets and if memory serves me right, that was what they used to collect the leached lye water from ashes. I do not recall if they put straw in the hollowed out tree to keep the ashes from washing through but they must have. They poured the water through the ashes and would put more ashes into the tree stump and pour the lye water back through until it would float an egg — strong enough for soap making.

The soap was made in the iron wash pot used for boiling the clothes. A fire was built under the wash pot, the rendered fat saved from cooking meats was added to the pot and the lye water from the wood ashes added and boiled until it became soap.

The soap was poured into a wooden box lined with an old pillow case that had been dipped in grease. The soap was left to go solid and then cut into bars. The soap was certainly not pretty — I remember it was grey and contained some grit from the ashes.

The fat must have been rancid because my memory can still smell that “grandma’s lye soap”. It got clothes clean but required a lot of rinsing to get rid of the ash or the clothes would be dingy. It certainly stopped children from repeating curse words after once having their mouths washed out with that soap.

This soap was used for everything. It would be what we today call hot processed because it was boiled for hours if necessary to reach trace. It was a softer soap than we are used, to but it was definitely a bar soap because it rested on the lip of the rub-board and was kept in a soap dish for washing dishes.

Other uses for that same lye water was to wash wooden floors in the house. All animals and children were forbidden access to the house until the floor dried completely. Lye water was placed in the iron pot along with some of the cut up soap before adding the clothes that were boiled. Homemade Lye water was used to soak field corn to make hominy and after much rinsing, the hominy was either used as a vegetable or could be dried and ground into grits.

The excess lye water was stored for later use but I do not remember where (probably because it was hidden from children and animals).

I have just dredged up some very old memories.

“My wife’s cooking is so bad, all the flies work together to fix our screens.”

Rodney Dangerfield

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EQUAL OPPORTUNITY LENDER

DEEMER SELF - A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW

by Lawrence Hillis

A long time Huntsville resident, Deemer Self, passed away last summer. Mr. Self was my Sunday School teacher at Jackson Way Baptist church for two years in 1961 and 1962. The first year I was 11, and for some reason he continued to teach our class when we were promoted. Due to his teaching and encouragement, he was instrumental in my salvation. I accepted the Lord as my Savior during the second year.

He was always very well dressed and encouraged us kids to wear our best clothes when we attended the Lord's house. He noticed that we were either wearing clip-on neck ties or no ties at all, and he asked us if we knew how to tie a neck tie and we said no. The next week, he brought some of his smaller ties to church and showed us how to tie a neck tie properly. Then he gave us the ties.

The week before Christmas he gave us plastic model car kits to assemble. Since my father passed away when I was 5 years old, Mr. Self served as a great example of a Christian man in my life.

When I got married to Karen, I transferred my membership to her church. After twenty-one years, my family transferred our memberships to Jackson Way Baptist Church. A couple of years later I was ordained as a deacon. I was always very prompt while attending deacon meetings. It became a custom that when Mr. Self entered the room and saw me, he would usually come sit next to me. That was a big honor. In a way, I believe he was my mentor. In those days, the deacon body voted on business matters. I always followed his lead and voted the way he voted, because I knew that he knew what was best for our church and God's kingdom.

Years later I began teaching a middle school boys' class. These boys had just been promoted from Mr. Self's class and I was always amazed how knowledgeable they were of the scriptures. That was due to Mr. Self's teaching. He was going to be a hard act to follow.

After a couple of weeks, one of the boys asked, "When are we going to get sodas and snacks?" I answered, "Why, don't you eat breakfast on Sunday morning?" Most of them said they didn't need to because Mr. Self would bring sodas and snacks for them. Again, another hard act to follow.

I have known him for over 60 years and have never called him Deemer. He was always Mr. Self to me.

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KNOWING AUNT EUNICE

by Jim Vann



My very first experience knowing Eunice Merrell was at my church where she attended on Sunday night. She didn't come on Sunday morning because her restaurant was open so the hunters and fishermen could have an early breakfast.

My second experience involving her happened one Sunday evening as she started into the Church building. She fell down on the walkway on her way in, (her feet were terribly disfigured). Well I was right behind her on the walkway and I rushed up to her and told her I would pick her up. She said, "You can't pick me up, I'm too heavy".

I jokingly told her to hide and watch because I could do it. I walked around behind her and put my arms under her arms and lifted her straight up and put her on her feet. That was a significant event for me because when I went to her restaurant after that evening, she never again charged me for any of my meals.

Another event concerning her was when some of her relatives who worked for her knew of her morning routine and "mugged" her as she started to work with the cash bag in her hands. A local reporter for the Huntsville Times interviewed her in the hospital. They asked her if she would like to see those fellows in prison, to which she replied, "No, I'd really rather see them in church."

Her restaurant was unique and several times I remember being served coffee by the Mayor of Huntsville. If you got up to get yourself another cup of coffee, you had to pour for any of the other customers that were ready for another cup.

I sometimes wondered why the local

Health Department didn't close her restaurant down because of some of the things she let happen there. If you had something that you really liked to eat from home, you could bring it there and if it wasn't all eaten, she would store it in the back of the restaurant for your next visit.

I had some business associates who were in Huntsville for a business meeting and they said they would like a good country breakfast. I made arrangements with the three of them and we met at "Aunt Eunice's" for breakfast.

The group consisted of a man from Florida, a Chinese fellow from California and a lady that was working in Florida but was originally from Kentucky. The lady from Kentucky emphasized that she really loved a good country breakfast. After giving our orders for country ham, eggs fixed however and a biscuit, we were enjoying our food. Eunice came to our table and asked if everything was good and if we needed anything else.

The lady originally from Kentucky said that this was just like breakfast at her house in Kentucky when she was young except they always had pear preserves to go along with the biscuits.

Eunice went into the back of the restaurant and came back to our table with a large jar that contained homemade pear preserves that someone had brought to Aunt Eunice as a gift.

The lady looked and acted like she had died and gone to heaven as she ate those preserves and buttery biscuits.

Eunice was a most unusual person and was loved by everyone who had the opportunity to really get to know her. I felt honored to be one of those people.

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THE SWIMMING LESSON

by Catherine C. Cameron



Several years ago, in 1970, when my youngest son Philip was about 7 years, he decided he wanted to learn to swim. He was only 2 when his sister and brother took free swimming lessons from Mrs. Ethel Smith, behind Claysville School. At that time there was a large opening in the water where boats sometimes launched and they even had baptisms there. She didn't teach 2-year olds.

About 1969, someone was giving lessons behind the Holters (Dale & Carolyn) house on Baptist Camp Road. I took Phil. The first thing the teacher did was make each child jump off the end of the pier. I marched out on the pier and took my son home. I couldn't stand to see my son jump in the deep water like that.

He never said, but I am sure he was embarrassed, because there were at least 15 learners that day.

I had been doing some substituting for teachers at Claysville School and was paid \$7.50 per day. The next year, they increased it to \$15 per day. In the fall of 1969, when Phil started school, I went to work at the old Rex-all Pharmacy, co-owned by cousins William Benefield & Mervin McCormick. Mr. B. told me they were planning to close the snack bar so they would only need me for a month.

I never worked in the snack bar. That month grew to 26 years. When their bookkeeper quit I asked for the job and they gave it to me. So I was the bookkeeper, pharmacy helper and waited on customers. Later I would check all 3 cash registers and make the daily deposit.

Anyway, back to the story, I was off from work that day, school was out so Phil said, "Mom, I want to learn how to swim. If you'll take me to the Baptist Camp, I think I can learn." I never learned to swim, so I wanted my children to learn especially since we lived so close to Guntersville Lake.

So in the afternoon, I took some fresh green beans to snap (my husband had a garden). There was a nice shallow place (deep enough for swimming) that was used for beginners to swim. I told him that he could not go far as there was no one around to help. So he was able to get deep enough, stuck his head under the water and he flopped around for quite a while.

His head was under the water and after an hour or so he yelled, "I did it, did you see me?"

I replied, yes, you did it.

From then on, he could swim, but only if his head was under the water, it wasn't long before he could swim with his head out of the water.

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"My hearing is going - did you say
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Sherry Taylor, to her Physical Therapist

Heard On the Street

by Cathey Carney



We had two winners again this past month for our Photo of the Month as well as the hidden broom. Did you find the broom? I did a good job hiding it, it was on p. 48 (last page) under the City Drug sign in the post under it - see it now? Very few found it so I'm doing my job! But the first caller was **Bertha Cox** who lives in Scottsboro (one of our subscribers) and is

a retired nurse. Thank you for your years of nursing (25) and congratulations on your win!

Then we had a few more call who recognized the young boy as **Ret. Judge Danny Banks**. Danny was quite the musician in the day as well as a very respected Judge. Congratulations to **Sue Thomas** who worked around the Square many years ago and met Danny several times.

To be different this month we'll be hiding a **teeny magnifying glass** because most of you have to use one to find it. Be the first one to find it and call, you're the winner of a year of Old Huntsville magazine! Good luck.

One of the positives about living near downtown is there's a ton of activity now on the weekends and through the week. Light shows, musical events, craft shows, Big Spring Park, lots of good restaurants, coffee shops (like Green Bus and Kaffeeklatsch) and the smells are heavenly. One that I really like is when the Kaffeeklatsch roasts their coffee beans. I mean that smell is so good and drifts all over the historic districts. You don't get that in a suburb!

Happy Birthday to the best daughter a mom could have. **Steph Troup** has a November 16th birthday and I wish her a fun Nashville day and all the love she's getting from Huntsville!

Don't forget to attend the annual Veteran's Day parade that is held every year in downtown Huntsville. We honor and thank **our Veterans** every day but once a year we get to give them a parade! It's Nov. 11 starting at 11am, winding through downtown.

Our homes are our castles and our havens, until they're not. Our hearts are breaking for the people who have experienced the massive hurricanes that have hit our neighboring states. Many Huntsville utilities workers went to try to help in restoring power to several states, and many people have contributed items and money to help out those who have lost everything. **Franklin Graham and Samaritan's Purse** were in the affected areas before anyone else arrived. This is still hurricane season but these states need a break.

Linda Worley is having a birthday on Nov. 7, and her sweet sister-in-law wants to be

REMEMBER TO PROTECT YOUR PERENNIALS FROM THE ICE AND COLD WE MIGHT GET AGAIN THIS WINTER. MULCHING BUSHES AND TREES IS GOOD AS LONG AS THE MULCH DOESN'T COME UP TOO HIGH ON THE TRUNKS. ASK OUR ASSOCIATES TO ASSIST YOU!



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sure and wish her a Happy Birthday. Her brothers were **Billy** and **Frank Lawrence** who both played football for Butler High School. Billy and his wife **Phyllis** were married 47 years when he passed away in August of last year. Phyllis says Linda is more like a sister than a sister-in-law and the family is so close. Linda is married to **Larry Worley** who also graduated from Butler. We want to join Phyllis in wishing Linda a happy, fun birthday!

Elizabeth Wharry is one of our regular writers and wants to wish her son **Joseph** a happy 25th birthday on Nov. 11, Veterans Day. She also will celebrate her wedding anniversary with husband **Bob** on Nov. 15 - on that date they will celebrate 38 years of marriage. Happy Anniversary to you both, Elizabeth.

This is the time of year I look around my garden to see which annuals and perennials made it to the fall, so I can be sure and buy those next year. Salvia (I love the Black and Blue) are very hearty, grow to a medium height and the bees and butterflies LOVE them. My dahlia garden in full sun gave me lots of good cuttings to put in vases. Silver Falls can drape from your window boxes and take alot of heat and dry soil. Verbena is one of my favorites for lasting color, also Sunpatiens. With the cost of plants increasing over the past year, we definitely want to get our money's worth.

Jane Gerdeman has been a banking rep for over 40 years! That is amazing and she has helped so many with financial problems and decisions. She works at Truist Bank on Church and Williams. Jane has a Nov. 15 birthday and I know she will be doing something fun with her family! Get wild!

We loved hearing from **Mark Singleton** of Huntsville who has been a subscriber for years. He says "Keep up the good work and we still love Old Huntsville!" Thank you Mark for the kind words and motivation to keep going with this!

Remember this advice from last year - flu season is here and there are also cases of Covid on the rise. Don't put your hands in your mouth unless you have thoroughly washed them! **You're not 3 years old**, keep hands out of the mouth! Doctors tell us that more virus is spread this way than from the airborne version.

Have a peaceful and loving Thanksgiving with those you're close to, and don't forget about those who might be alone this holiday season.

Tips from the Amish

Many asthma attacks are incited by food allergies. Eliminate all highly-refined foods, such as sugar, white flour, homogenized whole milk, coffee, black tea, and chocolate.

Apply a poultice of grated onion to a fresh wound or cut. Apply powdered cayenne pepper to a wound.

Higher intakes of Vitamin C has been proven to improve resistance to bruising.

To keep your feet toasty warm in the winter, use inner soles made of wool felt in your shoes.

To help with regularity, drink a glass of very warm water upon rising every morning.

Give your organs a rest by eating less. Eat plenty of raw salads and fruits during this period.

To remove a corn, root and all, soak a small piece of cloth in vinegar. Bind it on the toe, leaving it on day and night.

For a bad cough, boil one lemon, squeeze out the juice, add 1 cup of honey. Take 1-2 tablespoons at bedtime or as needed.

A poultice made of bread mold will help prevent infection. Bread mold contains penicillin.

Swallow one tablespoon of pure olive oil before drinking alcohol to reduce the craving.

Chew honeycomb to help dry runny nose and unblock congested sinuses.

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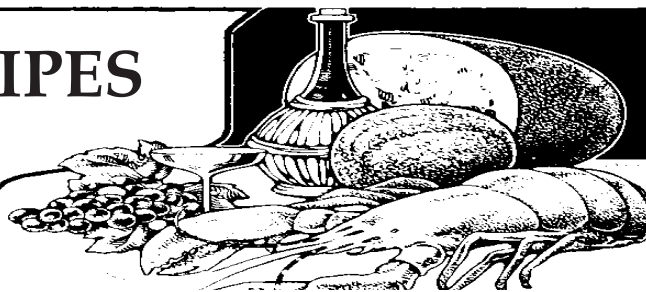
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RECIPES



Hearty Fall Fare

Onion Crisp Chicken

- 4 chicken breasts
- 3 T. light mayonnaise
- 3 T. dry bread crumbs
- 1 packet instant beef-flavored broth mix
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 2 T. minced onions
- Salt & pepper to taste

After you've put your chicken in a shallow greased baking pan, preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Spread mayonnaise over chicken evenly. Combine remaining ingredients in a small bowl and sprinkle over the chicken.

Press the crumb mixture down into the mayonnaise.

Bake uncovered for 45 minutes. Your family will be asking for this on a regular basis!

Hot Cabbage and Potatoes

- 1 large slice cooked ham
- 4 medium potatoes
- 1/2 head cabbage, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Cut ham into large pieces and

boil in water til it appears to have oil on it. Peel potatoes, quarter them and add this to the ham/water mixture. When the potatoes are almost cooked, add in the chopped cabbage. Do not overcook the cabbage. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Cajun Catfish

Mix equal amounts of hot sauce and mustard. Dip catfish fillets in the mixture, then dredge in yellow cornmeal. Fry in hot oil til brown.

Grandma's Sunday Casserole

Boil 4 potatoes and whip them with butter. Chop a couple of green onions and mix in. Add 3 tablespoons sour cream. Whip 2 eggs with fork and add. Add two cups grated Cheddar cheese.

Put in buttered casserole, sprinkle garlic and black pepper on top, bake at 350 for 45 minutes. Can be frozen.

White Chicken Chili

- 4 chicken breasts, cooked & cubed
- 2 cans great northern beans, drained
- 1 can Rotel sauce
- 1 can chicken broth
- 1 medium onion, chopped & sauteed in butter
- 2 t. minced garlic
- 1/2 t. thyme
- Mozzarella cheese, shredded

In a saucepan, mix all ingredients except cheese. Heat to boiling, reduce and simmer for 20 minutes. Top with mozzarella cheese and sour cream dollop, serve.

Brown Bread Pudding

- 1 c. brown bread pieces
- 2 c. milk
- 3 eggs
- 2 T. real maple sugar
- 2 egg whites
- 1 T. sugar
- 2 T. whipping cream

Soak bread pieces in half a cup of the milk for about half an hour.

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Make a custard of the rest of the milk, eggs, and maple sugar by just cooking them together over medium heat til thickened.

Pour it hot over the bread. Beat egg whites with a tablespoon of the sugar and the cream. Fold into the custard, then bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Chicken Tarragon

- 1 frying chicken, split in half
- 3 T. butter
- 1 t. plain flour
- 1 c. white wine
- 1 t. tarragon
- Salt and pepper to taste

In a heavy skillet brown the chicken in the melted butter. Remove to a casserole dish while adding flour, wine and tarragon to the pan juices.

Blend all together and stir over medium heat for about 5-8 minutes. Pour over the chicken, cover and bake at 325 degrees for 1 and 1/2 hours.

Fried Okra

- 1 pkg. frozen, chopped okra, unbreaded
- 1/2 c. plain flour
- 1/2 c. yellow cornmeal mix
- 1 t. garlic powder
- 1/2 t. cayenne pepper
- 1 t. each salt and pepper
- 4 T. Olive oil

Remove okra from freezer and partially thaw. In a bowl mix the flour, cornmeal and spices, add okra to dry mix. Mix well with large spoon. Add olive oil to frying pan, heat.

Add okra mix and fry on medium-high heat for about 15 minutes till okra is crisp.

Bacon-Potato Casserole

- 10 new potatoes, medium
- 1/2 c. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 c. mayonnaise
- 1 c. chopped onion
- 1 lb. bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled

Boil unpeeled potatoes, cool & slice (with or without skin, your choice). Combine the cheese, mayo and onion, stir this into the potatoes. Place in a greased casserole dish, bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes.

Add crumbled bacon on top and bake an additional 10 minutes. Don't burn it!

Fresh Blackeye Peas

- 2 ham hocks
- 1 qt. water
- 1 qt. shelled fresh blackeye peas
- 1 onion, minced
- 1 t. ground garlic powder
- 1/2 t. onion powder
- Salt and pepper to taste

Place ham hocks in a 4-quart Dutch oven with water, bring to boil. Reduce heat, cover and simmer 30 minutes.

Add the peas, onion and seasonings. Cook for an additional 35 minutes till the peas are tender. Add more water if needed.

Egg White Cookies

- 3 egg whites
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 1 T. plain flour
- 1/8 t. salt
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Beat egg whites til very stiff, add brown sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold in flour, salt and vanilla.

Drop by teaspoonsful onto cookie sheet, bake at 325 degrees til cookies begin to brown, about 20 minutes. Cool & remove from pan.

Fast & Spicy

- 2 lb. smoked sausage
- 1 bottle prepared BBQ sauce
- 1 green pepper, chopped

Boil the sausage til hot, punch hole in skin. Cut the sausage into 1-inch pieces. Place in frying pan with 2 tablespoons butter and the green pepper, fry for 5 minutes.

Add BBQ sauce, combine.

This Lewter's ad ran in Old Huntsville in 2000. Their ad ran for 28 years in the magazine. Best Hardware Store ever, they closed Oct. 8, 2022 and they are so missed.



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THE KELLER AUTOMOBILE

by Ken Owens

It's difficult to imagine that, but if history had taken a different course, automobile manufacturing could have meant more to Huntsville than the space industry.

But that's exactly what might have happened, if the Keller automobile had achieved the success that it could have.

The story began thousands of miles from Huntsville, in San Diego, California. As World War II was drawing to a close in 1945, many defense positions were being phased out. John Lefield recognized that, and decided he'd better get involved in something else before he was out of a job.

Together with S.A. Williams, and Studebaker executive George Keller, he developed a fiberglass compact car called the "Bobbi," in California.

Although still in the prototype stages, the "Bobbi" seemed to fill a niche in the auto market for smaller cars. It weighed only 800 pounds, very light even by today's standards. After some refinements and development, the men were ready to go to work on phase two—marketing the car.

The advertising and promotions were handled by Williams, with considerable success. The media was interested and published articles hawking the car's virtues and advantages. Williams also bought advertising space in newspapers and magazines to further push the wave

of favorable response. Potential investors displayed interest and the press continued to be helpful.

Things were going just fine until California officials dug up some dirt in Williams' past that threatened the entire project. Apparently he'd been involved in some questionable business dealings before, including a stock swindle and counterfeiting. Not exactly the kind of reputation needed to launch a business venture. The press turned the "Guns of Navarone" on Williams personally, speculating that this venture was probably a scam and referred to his prison record as proof.

What the project needed was a significant geographical change. The operation was moved to Alabama when the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce contracted Keller to find civilian use for an empty aircraft manufacturing facility there. Investor Hubert Mitchell, of Hartselle, was impressed with the idea of the "Bobbi" and its potential.

He joined the firm and bankrolled most of the early operation.

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**"I came from a really tough
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I shut the window I hurt
somebody's fingers."**

Rodney Dangerfield



It didn't remain long in Birmingham, as Mitchell wanted it closer to home and Redstone Arsenal was just the place. The year was 1947 and the Arsenal was also welcoming post-war industrial development. The old Betchler-McOne airplane plant was chosen as the site and the Huntsville Chamber of Commerce was elated.

The name was changed to Keller Automobile Company. About 130 workers were employed and things geared up toward a promising future. Keller had been a respected and successful executive with Studebaker, so the name change was significant—and helpful for market recognition.

Plans and production forged ahead. Painstakingly, early models called the Keller Super Chief were assembled, mostly by hand, at the Redstone Plant.

The Super Chief, a subcompact station wagon, was really ahead of its time. The cabs of these cars were all wood. In addition to the station wagon, plans were in the works for convertibles with options such as front or rear-mounted engines. It seated five people and claimed 35 M.P.G., with engines manufactured by Hercules (known mainly for tractor engines).

Keller Automobile Company even had an engineering office in Detroit for the purpose of obtaining parts for the car while it was being developed and prototyped. The Hercules engines were contracted from the Detroit office, as well as other miscella-

neous parts. (The Super Chief used Buick hubcaps, for example.)

The Super Chief was to have sold for about \$900. The production line on Redstone Arsenal was slated to produce 16,000 cars the first year, then 72,000 the year after that.

George Keller used his contacts in the automotive business well to propel the project along. The car appeared in some significant auto shows in New York and Detroit, and was well received by the public. Financial backing was positive, too. Keller successfully sold \$2.5 million of the company's \$5 million stock offerings, obtained franchise commitments totaling \$450,000 from all around the country, and was one day away from hundreds of millions of dollars of additional backing—when he died suddenly of a heart attack in October of 1949.

At that point, the wheels fell off, so to speak. The big financial investors choked, stalled and backed out, convinced that the company couldn't successfully produce the automobile without Keller.

Mitchell couldn't find an individual to replace Keller in the 90 days granted in the stock option contract. The stock was removed from sale and the company had no choice but to dissolve operations and go out of business.

Only 25-30 cars were actually produced on Redstone Arsenal during the firm's brief life span, and the dream of thousands of "made-in-Huntsville" Kellers on America's roadways never materialized.



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FAWNING

by Gerald Alvis, the
Poet of Greenlawn



Love has a reciprocal value. It provides that warm and cozy feeling of acceptance; we crave it, but we also begin to live inside another.

I have read a quote in several forms, so I will paraphrase it: "If a writer is in love with you, you can never die."

Poetic, yes? I saw it as this bonding emotion that would inspire a poem or a song, but this time, I have paused.

I ponder this here in the hills of Tennessee on a clear, cool morning. My Grandson is now playing where a deer and her babies dined on acorns and grass moments ago. The blush of the leaves now changing affirms the brisk breeze foretelling. Indeed, something is different. I drink in with each deep breath, the hint of something new but as old as time. Love is similar, the external; it moves and shapes the internal. I'm aware of a variance, a gain of the invisible. Why am I moved?

What was different this time when I read this version of another's work? I realized it's not the romantic sonnets or eloquence in clever words that inspired it; it goes much deeper.

When you love someone, they live inside you, and that person becomes

interwoven in the very fiber of your being. It's more than being the inspiration and immortalized on the page.

My epiphany as an author came as I finally understood that the person you love isn't just someone you write about; they write with you! They hold part of the pen!



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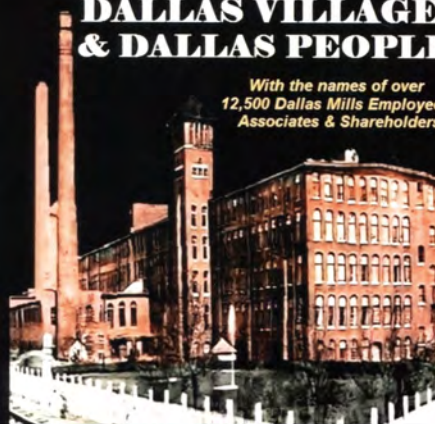
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North Alabama News from 1911

Police Superintendent Hyland Tells Women to Shoot Purse Snatcher

"I will give any woman a gold medal who will shoot a hole through a purse snatcher" was the declaration of the Superintendent of Police, last night, following the reports of numerous hold-ups of women by low life thieves.

"Of course I cannot say women should go armed on the street, for that would be a violation of the law, but what can I say under the circumstances? They are robbed night after night and we no more think we have the gang broken up until purse snatching breaks out in another section of the city."

Arab Husband Shoots Self - Fired at Wife

"I am sorry that I didn't kill her," said Charles Higginbotham, liveryman, after firing at his wife with murderous intent, then putting three bullets into his own breast near the heart. As a result he may die.

Due to alleged unfaithfulness on the part of his wife, the husband recently left her for Texas. He returned yesterday, went to her room and told her to prepare to die. As she was about to run he fired, and when she swooned he turned the weapon upon himself.

Runaway this Morning Could have been Serious

About 11 am today the delivery wagon belonging to E.L. Green, grocery man on East Side Square, became frightened and ran away, dashing north on Washington Street and turning east at the intersection with Clinton at Ezell's Corner. Miss Ellen Weaver and Miss Georgia May Harris were in the act of crossing at this point and came near being run over and perhaps killed. They escaped with a fall and slight bruising, being assisted to their home on East Clinton Street by Officers Whitener and Pamplin.

Farm of 296 Acres is Bought by the Rountree Brothers - Decatur

Rountree Bros. of Decatur, Hartselle and Birmingham have just bought 296 acres of fine land in a sale for a division of the lands by the heirs of the estate of Miss Martha Thompson who died a few years ago. The land is among

the best and desirable in the county. It is situated close to Priceville almost ten miles southeast of Decatur.

Madison County Needs a Jail - from 1911 newspaper

The time has come when Madison county needs a jail in order to keep the jail birds in. We have rather a nice-looking building that passes for a jailer's home but for his permanent guests it's no good, notwithstanding it cost the county more than \$30,000.

With all the precaution exercised by the sheriff and his deputies, jail bird escapes have become too frequent. All of which is due to a poorly constructed jail.

We are informed that a local Federal grand jury recently reported the local jail is very unsafe and the truth of their report has been shown in the several jail deliveries we have had of late.

Also in connection with the suggestion for a new jail, we might add that the county jail should be moved out of town, get it off down the spring branch or in some other part of the county outside of the center of our business and residence districts.

As we see it, this is the thing to do, or when the court house is remodeled, put the jail on the top story.


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Honor Flight

by Iolanda Hicks



Honor Flight. What an appropriate name for a network allowing our military Veterans to visit our nation's national war memorials at no cost to them. These flights began with an idea from the mind of a retired Air Force Captain and Physician Assistant, Earl Morse, working for the Department of Veterans Affairs. This man, helping in a small clinic in Springfield, Ohio, took care of Veterans on a daily basis. He wanted to create a way for these soldiers to visit the memorials that represented the wars they had taken part in years past.

Earl got with some of his pilot buddies from nearby Wright Patterson Air Force Base and shared his idea. In May of 2005, six small planes flew 12 Veterans to see the newly created WWII Memorial. The idea spread to one of Earl's friends, Jeff Miller, who had another idea to fly Veterans on a grander scale. He wanted the Vets to fly on commercial jets, so he came up with the name of HonorAir. 137 Veterans were flown out of Hendersonville NC, on chartered commercial jets, within one year. Because of the similarity of what the 2 men were trying to do, HonorAir became part of Honor Flight. Jeff became the founder of the Blue Ridge Honor Flight hub at Hendersonville by 2006. Over 300,000 veterans have flown on the Honor Flight since it was created. There are over 128 nonprofit hubs in the U.S. Since that first flight in 2005, at least 42 states now participate.

One of my hubby's high school classmates had the opportunity to fly on one of the Honor Flights, not too long ago. John Grosvenor, a Kecoughtan

High School graduate from Hampton, Virginia experienced a trip of his lifetime this year.

In 1966, John had taken a Navy aptitude test for electronics and enlisted. He had gotten a high enough score from his testing, and attended boot camp in Great Lakes, Illinois, the same town where he was born. He actually began his Navy career at the time of his birth since his Dad was career Navy and as he grew up, John traveled to the many places that his Dad was assigned!

John qualified for the Basic Electricity and Electronic course at the Naval Training school and graduating, was assigned to the USS Columbus, nicknamed "The Tall Lady". One of his main responsibilities, as an ETN (Electronic Technician Communications), was to work on board the USS Columbus.

The night before the High Plains Honor Flight left from Loveland, Colorado, the Veterans that were taking the flight attended an event at the Thomas M. McKee 4H Youth and Community Building to celebrate the upcoming trip. At 6 AM the next day, with a motorcycle escort, 120 heroes were accompanied to the Northern Colorado Regional Airport for their flight to Washington D.C. and for a trip these Veterans will always remember. Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, primarily honoring any Korean, Vietnam, Purple Heart and WWII era recipients still living is served by this chapter.

The following is John's memories of the Honor Flight he participated in and what transpired: "The Honor Flight trip was absolutely amazing! There was a plane-load of Veterans heading to Washington D.C. to see memorials created to Honor our service. Back in the late 60s and 70s, if you were in the military or a veteran, you were looked down on. I could not even find a job after I was released from active duty. I remember a good friend of mine was riding his motorcycle and he was stopped by the police because he had a uniform on. One police car behind him, stopped abruptly, almost making him have a wreck and all be-

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cause he had a uniform on. So, to be honored was so different than what I had experienced when I got out of the Navy. When we were walking in the National Mall area, seeing the Wall, the Korean Memorial, the Lincoln Memorial and the WWII Memorial, there were people actually clapping for us as we walked by them. That was our "Welcome Home" that we never got when serving or had served this country. I was so amazed that people were doing that for us!" Thank you John for your service!

As for the state of Alabama, the Covington Region Honor Flight is the only active hub. This hub has flown many Veterans to see their memorials. Donations and fund drives are used to provide for the expenses of the trips and the Veteran pays nothing. A few months ago, the Covington Region presented a USO-style show in Florala, Alabama. Those proceeds will help to finance the next Honor Flight to Washington, D.C.

Veterans Day, honoring all living and deceased Veterans, is on November 11th. It is the day that is set aside to thank living Veterans, to thank all that served in the military for all they sacrificed and includes Veterans who made the ultimate sacrifice. No matter what day the 11th falls on, Veterans Day is on that day here in the United States.

Several countries honor their Veterans with their day referred to as "Remembrance Day" in some of those countries. There are differences and similarities with those countries, in comparison with the United States, but that special day honors all Veterans.

As youngsters, some of us can remember playing soldiers with those little plastic figures, tanks, airplanes and ships. None of us ever really thought that those times would become a reality to many. Some didn't make it

through the wars we fought in, others came home injured or without a limb and the lucky ones appeared unscathed it seemed, except for the memories. "The soldier above all others prays for peace, for it is the soldier who must understand and bear the deepest wound and scars of war", Douglas MacArthur. Thank you to all our Veterans for your service and sacrifices! We must never forget the cost of freedom.

Visit the U.S. Veterans Memorial Museum in Huntsville, Alabama open Wednesday through Saturday 10 AM to 4 PM. The memorabilia from past wars makes us realize what it takes to hold on to the peace and freedom we enjoy.

"America without her soldiers would be like God without His angels," Claudia Pemberton. We are a grateful nation!



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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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"It's almost time to switch from my every day anxiety to my Holiday anxiety."

Sandy Jackson, Madison

Freedom

by Bill Alkire 1956



I had been trapping for a couple of years, mostly Muskrats, and other wildlife that came to the river for water. Pelts were strong revenue generators. The condition of the hides was as much of a factor as the animal being trapped. Foxes or other canines would on occasion get a paw caught. Covering the animals' heads with a tarp when releasing them was always successful.

The biggest challenge a trapper can face is the trapping of Mountain cats or skunks. Cats get mean and vicious. Cats of any size are powerful and usually extremely aggressive. Cats have a long reach and razor-sharp claws. They also have teeth that are made to tear flesh with deadly force. Fangs and claws are a deadly combination. I have heard disturbing stories of cats chewing their paws off and sometimes attacking those trying to free them.

I visited my traps daily or more often. One cold miserable Saturday morning in the fall, I was on the riverbank checking my traps. The first four traps were unset, and all bait removed. One trap voided was not uncommon and not a big deal - but four may be deliberate. Someone or something had intentionally released the traps. Why? Had I caught something of significance? What could I do?

Cautiously I crossed the river upstream to check the other traps. The traps found there were nestled among rock formations and very rugged terrain. The first trap in that location was unset. I walked around searching for I was not sure what? I had placed a trap at the back of a small cove among blackberry bushes. As I made my way, I heard an unusu-

al sound that I could not identify. Suddenly the trap I was looking for and its occupant were in clear view,

A large cat had caught her paw in the trap, she was very agitated! As I approached, she began snarling and growling furiously showing a mouth full of large teeth. I was frightened, I pondered what I should do. I had no weapon, not even a knife. All I had was a hiking stick and tarp. The cat was not a happy camper.

I handled the tarp I used to cover the head of animals I wanted to release. I had never met an animal of this size or as aggressive in a trap. I had no choice - I had to free this animal. Slowly I moved toward the cat. Talking to her she became less agitated, but not for long. I threw the tarp over her head, she swatted at it with her free paw. Finally, she settled a little, still keenly aware of my presence and location.

I took the hiking stick I carried and inserted the end into the spring part of the trap...it would not release. I was more frightened now than ever. This meant I would have to release the trap with my foot. The "what ifs" began to formulate in my brain. The biggest challenge was avoiding her claws in my leg or arm. The cat must have sensed I was there to help - she stood still, no longer fighting the tarp on her head. I placed my foot on the trap spring... it opened.

The cat shook her paw which forced the tarp off her head. The cat sat down and began licking her paw. She gazed cautiously at me. Suddenly she stood up. What was she going to do... what was I going to do? She walked toward me shaking her paw. She approached close enough to sniff my leg. She turned slowly and walked away, turning twice more to look at me with haunting eyes. She sashayed into the bushes. I sighed and said a prayer to God aloud.

I retrieved my traps that day and never trapped again.

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STARDUST

by Jim Burruss

The time was around 1950 and I was a member of Boy Scout troop #15. We met each Monday night at the First Methodist church. My scout master was Mr. Tom Cornell who lived on Bonita Circle in Mayfair. I lived on Pansy Street in the same neighborhood and he would give me a ride in his fine Ford straight shift automobile. It was a beauty.

On this particular Monday night, I sort of slipped out of the meeting and found a piano in another room. It was a hot summer night and all the windows were raised for there was no air conditioning. I knew nothing about playing, but I enjoyed picking familiar songs with one finger. After a few minutes of this, I felt someone staring at me. I turned around to face a strange man about twenty feet from me. He asked, "Do you play?" Of course, if he had been listening for a few minutes he would have known the answer to his question. I replied, "No, do you?" He said yes and further stated that his name was Carl Michael and he wrote the song "STARDUST".

I was not very impressed and figured this must be some drunk that wandered off the street.

I got up and he took a seat at the piano. Now, I am not very smart or talented but this man knew what he was doing. And if he did not write that song, he sure had done a lot of practicing.

He was good! After a few minutes the scout meeting broke up and I thanked him and we all left. Here is where it got really interesting. I was telling my Mother about my impromptu concert and she said Hoagy Carmichael was the one that wrote "STARDUST". She also said that he had been in several movies. Was I excited? You bet. I immediately telephoned the Russel Erskine hotel to inquire if there was a Hoagy Carmichael registered. They said yes there was. I was fit to be tied.

As soon as I got out of school the next day, I planned to go there and get his autograph, seeing as we both played the piano. When I got to the desk clerk, I asked for the room of Mr. Carmichael.

Upon checking their records, it seemed that he had checked out that morning. I was very disappointed, but I figured that probably I was one of the few persons that had a personal concert by Hoagy Carmichael, playing his signature song.

From the Year 1935

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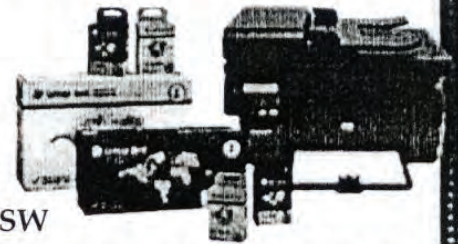
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Rex

by Austin Miller, 2007



In 1947, Mrs. Cora Shepard was our neighbor. Her son E.W. loved dogs and always had about a dozen. He had moved from home but left a dog he had recently acquired, with his mother. This upset Mama and Daddy because they knew he would run unattended on our property and be a pest; but more than that, they considered him dangerous.

He was an Army trained dog that had been used to guard German prisoners held at Redstone Arsenal during the war. When Daddy talked to E.W., he said don't worry he won't bother anybody. Daddy was not convinced and made up his mind to shoot the dog if he caused any trouble.

The dog's name was Rex. I can't remember what Rex looked like except he was bigger than I was. Rex showed no affection to people; never barked, wagged his tail, chased cars or ran with other dogs. You knew that the only way to stop this dog if he attacked was by extreme force. Many people affectionately add the adjective "Old" to their dog's name but somehow this didn't fit Rex. He was not a warm, friendly, fuzzy feeling dog.

One morning when I was in the first grade, I walked out the front door and there stood Rex. He was standing a few feet from the porch between me and the way to the school bus. I didn't know what to do because I had been warned that he was dangerous and to never get close to

him. He was standing there perfectly still without making a sound.

I had always heard that a dog wagging his tail was a friendly dog and not a threat. Rex was not wagging his tail. I called to Mama but she didn't hear me. Finally I took a step backward toward the porch, he didn't move. I backed up slowly to the porch steps. When I turned to go up the steps, he bounded past me and was standing on the porch at the top of the steps behind me. Since my path was blocked, all I could do was walk away from the porch back into the yard. At that point, he jumped down the porch and fell in beside me. I didn't panic and I don't remember being scared.

I think maybe at six years old I could sense that he was not a danger. He walked with me to the road and waited until the bus came, he was never more than a few inches away. When I got on I saw him trotting back home. That afternoon he was waiting at the road and walked me home. He took every detour that I took and stayed with me until I got home. When I got to the front porch, he trotted back to Mrs. Shepard's house.

After that, he followed the same routine everyday. Until this day, I don't know how he knew what time to meet the bus and not to come on Saturday and Sunday. Soon the other kids on the bus took notice and would yell and call to him when I got off the bus. The only time he came to our house was when he walked me to and from the bus. But any time I was in the yard playing or working, he was always in sight. If I got out of his line of vision, he would move to where he could see me. Soon he became an unobtrusive part of my life and I seldom noticed that he was around even when he walked with me to and from the bus.

One Sunday we went to visit my grandparents. When we returned the Shepards were all gathered on the front porch with a sad look on their faces; they said that Rex had been run over and killed by a car. They said the car came off the road way up in the churchyard and purposely ran over him. E.W. said he thought he knew who did it but he never gave a name.

Rex was not a pet or a dog that could be owned. E.W. claimed him but he didn't belong to anybody. He lived off sparse table scraps but didn't bother the chickens, roam the community, bark at night, fight other dogs, chase the cows or bother people coming to our house. But as docile and unthreatening as he appeared, Rex was trained to kill and would have attacked anybody who messed with me.

We had come to love Rex and were all very sad when he died, even Mama and Daddy.

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- Sprinkle some baking soda inside your rubber gloves. They'll slide on easily, keep you dry and smell good.

- Stainless steel sinks become beautifully shiny with a scrub from baking soda and water.

- To clean smoke-blackened walls and ceilings, just take a damp rag and a strong solution of baking soda and scrub.

- Fill your old panty hose with soda and hang it from your basement ceiling to fight a damp and musty smell.

- Keep a box of baking soda near your fireplace or wood burning stove to throw on a chimney fire, should one occur. The soda will lower the temperature in the chimney and can help subdue, or even put out, the fire.

- A great scouring powder can be made by mixing a cup of borax, a cup of salt and a cup of baking soda.

- Remove hard water stains on faucets with a paste of toothpaste and baking soda. Scrub with an old toothbrush, then rinse.

- Got a smelly hamster? Just cover the bottom of your cage with baking soda to control odors, then cover that with wood shavings.

- To really clean up your wild bird feeders, soak them in a solution of hot water and baking soda to avoid cleaning solution odor.

- Next time you head off to the car wash to vacuum, sprinkle baking soda on fabric seats and carpets. Then just vacuum it up - with the rest of your debris - and the car will smell and look good.

- Want to clean up oil spills from your garage floors? Just pour a little paint thinner on the oily area and cover it with baking soda. Let it set overnight and sweep up all in the morning. You can use the soda alone if you don't have paint thinner.

- Wipe down your lawn furniture - especially pieces with plastic webbing - with a solution of baking soda and water before putting it away for the winter. Sprinkle it directly on canvas chairs, hammocks and other furniture. Shake off the excess and store.

- If you can't wash them right away, neutralize dirty work clothes by liberally sprinkling soda in them. When it is time to wash them, pour clothes, soda and all into the washer.

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The Power of Negative Thinking

by Jerry Keel

When a new baby arrives in most families it is a cause for celebration. Immediately the new child is exposed to so many relatives and family friends who offer encouragement to the little one.

All through the little one's childhood, encouragement is offered by so many people. First are the parents followed closely by siblings who pour on praise when the child accomplishes some small task or overcomes some obstacle.

This continues as the child grows older. Sports offers an opportunity for the little one to receive praise when he or she gets a hit in a softball game or scores a decisive goal in a basketball game. Also when a song is sung by the child more praise is heaped on.

All through their young lives more and more praise is piled on. This continues on into adulthood. Regardless of what the person does someone will acknowledge the act with a pat on the back and a "Well done!"

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale wrote a book entitled "The Power of Positive Thinking" in which he points out many ways thinking positive will help us accomplish some goal we set for ourselves. This is true in so many ways as we move on through our lives.

Unfortunately some of us get caught up in the hustle and bustle of life and lose sight of the many advantages of thinking positively. I find myself so often thinking I cannot do

this or that because the challenge is far above what I think my capabilities are. The more we let these negative thoughts take control of our lives the easier it becomes to accept them as true.

When I try to do something that is difficult, it is so easy to just say "I can't do that" and then accept the failure as a part of my life. It is true that age will take away some of the abilities we always took for granted and we justify our failures as part of the aging process. This helps us accept our failures because we can blame them on the advanced years we have attained.

It becomes easier and easier to just accept our failures and feel pity for ourselves. The "poor old me's" can take over a person's life. But what can we do to change the way we think? I wish I knew how to break this cycle of thinking but once again my mind tells me I cannot do it.

The negative thinking cycle we fall into so easily has won another battle in our lives. My mind tells me it's not my fault so I just mope around and feel bad about everything that is going on instead of trying to change my thought practices. Many people who are really down resort to drastic measures to end the turmoil in their minds.

The idea of not having to worry about so many things I cannot control becomes more attractive each day. I am thankful I have the good sense to let God, the Creator of the universe, help me through the really rough spots in the road so I will not do something stupid.

Our abilities gradually lessen as time goes by. I once

"The difference between coffee and your opinion is I asked for coffee."

Disgruntled customer at a coffee shop

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liked to fish but as time took its toll on my body I became unsteady on my feet. This brought about the fear that I might fall into the water and not be capable of getting out.

I always took pride in my lawn. I would cut the grass and do all the trim to make the yard look nice, sometimes three times a week. Those days are gone also. Now maybe once a week. My riding mower is my only weapon against the grass that can grow so fast. But, like my body, it is getting old and needs frequent trips to the repair shop to keep running. The push mower and string trimmer were put away long ago because I no longer had the energy to use them.

The beautiful leaves in the fall always were so pretty when the colors began to change. Now the once-beautiful leaves are just another problem to take care of. The leaves must be raked and bagged to be carried away. Oh, how can a tree have so many leaves! When you have seven large trees the task can seem insurmountable. Just another chance for my negative thinking to take over.

In the past my car would be washed two or three times a week. Now if that happens once every two weeks the car is lucky. The energy which I once had in abundance seems to get less and less every day. Even the short walks I once enjoyed are no longer possible.

My youngest son David played baseball for several years. I was the designated batting-practice pitcher for David and some of his friends. I injured the rotator cuff in my right shoulder and did not get it fixed and now every time I use my right arm to lift or move some heavy object I am reminded of that fact. I had one knee replaced years ago but now my "good" knee is gone and it is painful to walk. The orthopedist said he was afraid I was too old and had too many health problems to have a knee replacement so I just live with it. Same with the shoulder. This is another excuse to think more negative thoughts.

As my physical capabilities became less and less I began doing

the word-find puzzles to pass the time. This was fun and helped me by giving me something to do. But, wouldn't you know it, my eyesight started to fail me. Now the letters all run together making it almost impossible to see the puzzle. I also am reluctant to drive at night because I cannot see well.

I love music but as my hearing got worse and worse I had to keep the volume turned up so high others complained about the noise. All the more reason for negative thinking.

These are just a few examples of my reasons to embrace the negative thinking that has become such a big part of my life. I know it is wrong but like so many other aspects of my life I simply have no control over it.

I know my time will be over soon. Instead of worrying about the end of my life I try to remember all the good things that have happened to me over the last 87 years. Many wonderful children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren have all contributed to making my stay here a pleasure. I don't necessarily want to reach the end but when the end does come, I will be able to rest finally.

All my family, the friends I have made over the years, the people I worked with at The Huntsville Times — all these have made it a pretty fun trip. Don't know if I would like to do it all again but this time around has been pretty enjoyable.

Thanks to my Lord and Savior for being with me every step of the way!!

**Not Everyone Has a Family Who Loves Them.
Be Kind and Don't Assume You Know the
Situation. Acts of Kindness can Save Lives.**



With Love to the
Huntsville High Class of 1966

Oscar Llerena

Thiokol Chemical Corp. Huntsville Division The Place

by Odysseus

Railroads, ramps, bicycles, boilers and steam lines shaped the 1941 Redstone Arsenal munitions plant that closed in 1946 and became the home of Thiokol Redstone Division in 1949. The US Army operated a WWII military rail line serving all of Redstone; warehouses, production facilities and those underground earth-covered explosive magazines known as "igloos". Around 1945, the self-contained 75-mile Arsenal rail system operated seven diesel locomotives and 225 railcars but served a diminishing demand. The rails, crossties and grade crossings were incrementally removed and largely gone by the 1970s, according to the excellent historical resource hosted by US Army AMCOM

Redstone Arsenal and Thiokol industrial transportation shifted from rail to asphalt roadways with trucks, tugs and dollies. The rail-served buildings and the railroad beds themselves remained, and those provided clues to distinguish 1941-era facilities from those of later construction. Some of the former railroad beds became gravel- or asphalt-paved roads for trucks and equipment. Others remained as straight or gently curved flat-topped earth berms in low-lying areas that served no modern purpose. Unusual geographic features such as small valleys cutting through ridges had been rail bed leveling cuts that aligned with those berms. Once recognized as such, those abandoned railroad beds enhanced understanding of the legacy of rail transport in the Thiokol plant. Many of the original buildings had odd features that made sense only after the long-gone railroads were imagined back in place.

Some of the WWII Thiokol buildings were seemingly built too high off the ground or had one side higher than the opposite side with floor at normal grade level. The high side of those buildings matched the 51-inch nominal railcar deck height and meant that railroad tracks once ran there, and materials had been off- or on-loaded from flatcars or boxcars during the war. In some cases, the high side of a WWII building had been repurposed as a truck loading dock with gravel or asphalt pad where a rail spur once ran. In others, safety railing had been installed to mitigate the danger of personnel falling off the edge.

Quantity-Distance is the technical term for the calculations used to determine the separation of buildings used for manufacturing or storing explosives. The WWII Redstone Arsenal spacing of buildings depended on both the types of explosives involved and the amounts each building was allowed to contain. A more-powerful explosive or a larger quantity required more distance between buildings. This meant that hundreds of feet or hundreds of yards separated operations that might otherwise be side-by-side or under one roof. The wide spacing of buildings and separation of operations served to minimize damage in the event of a fire or explosion but created transportation and logistics problems.

The WWII solution to this wide spacing of buildings was the construction of covered walkways known as "ramps". A "ramp" could

be described as a roofed sidewalk, either open or walled. An eight-foot-wide continuous concrete pad with 6" x 6" vertical wooden posts spaced about 10 feet apart supported a continuous wooden roof structure. The thick corrugated roofing sheets were constructed of "Transite", a rigid gray asbestos-cement material impervious to fire.

The height and width of those ramps were too small for a car or truck to enter but allowed passage of carts and dollies, small forklifts, and employees on foot or riding bicycles. Those ramps remained in use through the Thiokol era until most of the WWII structures were demolished by the Army.

Those who have traveled inside Europe would recognize and appreciate the use of bicycles at the Thiokol plant. Possibly a carryover from the WWII Army munition plant days, Thiokol operated a fleet of old single-speed bicycles for employee in-plant transportation. The purpose was three- or four-fold. Employees riding bicycles could move much faster than walking inside the ramps



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or outside on asphalt roads connecting various Lines. Thiokol Company or Army vehicles were few. Private vehicles were not allowed beyond employee parking lots. A bicycle contained no fuel and had no flame or spark-producing capability. Into the 1980s Thiokol Motor Pool personnel periodically conducted bicycle Preventive Maintenance operations on weekends, and the massed collection of old bicycles was an impressive sight.

Construction materials besides Transite asbestos roofing provided other clues to the origin of Thiokol buildings. WWII-era concrete had been mixed before the availability of crushed limestone aggregate from local rock quarries.

Exposed concrete contained smooth rounded brown stones not seen in the white limestone aggregate of modern concrete.

A typical explosive bay consisted of a concrete floor lined with electrically conductive material, and three reinforced concrete blast walls. Concrete blast walls were sunk deep in the ground, 12" thick and reinforced with steel rebar. The roof and one wall were intentionally constructed of weaker materials, with the idea being a weak roof and wall would become blowout panels in the event of explosion and guide the blast in the least-harmful direction.

Even the WWII masonry materials were different. Original Redstone Arsenal buildings had been constructed with unusual medium-size masonry blocks, somewhat smaller than a standard 8" x 16" concrete block and composed of a red brick-like material. Those blocks were brick colored but larger than a brick and in the shape of a block.

Not all WWII-era Thiokol buildings were constructed of reinforced concrete, red masonry blocks or asbestos-cement Transite roofing. Many wooden frame, wood-sided, shingle-roofed buildings from WWII remained in use for offices in various parts of the plant.

From the 1950s up into the early 1990s the newer office, inert manufacturing, and explosive manufacturing buildings had been constructed using modern materials. Each construction era was defined by the changing architectural materials and styles of the time.

They Put Me in My Place - by Anna Lee

As a former Pennsylvanian, I thought I fit in really well living in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and I was enjoying my life there.

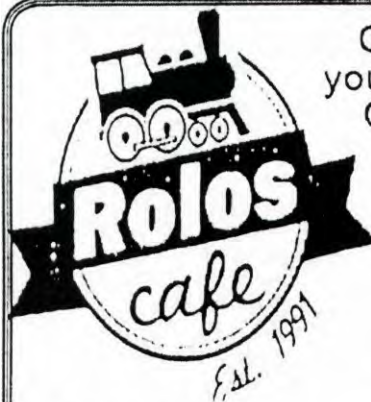
Then one day at work I realized I was still a newcomer.

Talking with a few of the women, I told them that my little boy had a BELLY ache the previous night. Their faces fell.

After a moment of silence, one woman said, "I've noticed before that you use THAT WORD. It just isn't said here. It would be as bad as if you said...." She paused, either unable or unwilling to provide another offensive word.

A second woman spoke up. "It would be as bad as if you said SWEAT instead of PERSPIRE," she said.

"Oh," was all I could think of to reply. I guess they really put me in MY place!



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RECORD MEMORIES AND CHANGES

by M. D. Smith, IV



The 78 RPM record speed was standardized in 1920. The originals were ten inches in diameter and made of a hard graphite-based material that would break or chip easily. As a child in the late 40s, I broke more than a few, trying to play them on the family console radio & record player.

I listened to "Your Hit Parade" of popular music on the radio, and in 1950 it came to television. My father was in the TV business in Birmingham, starting in 1948. So we watched the popular music show each week, and radio stations were playing the most popular music selling and most played on jukeboxes.

1948 was the same year that Columbia Records introduced the 33 1/3 RPM Long Playing 12" "unbreakable" vinyl record. Instead of a mere three minutes playing tune per side, the new

format boasted over 22 minutes. The record grooves holding the information had to be much closer together to get that much playing time per side. This created another problem. The bass notes needed the most groove width to be reproduced accurately. As closely as engineers designed the LP record, bass notes from adjacent grooves would interfere with each other.

A clever technique was employed, which was unnecessary in the old 78 records. In the recordings, starting at 1,000 Hertz (cycles), the bass notes would be reduced more as frequency lowered. During playback, the reverse was used to amplify the bass notes more than voice, and brought it back to the original sound. Another issue was that the surface noise of the needle in the record groove was unwanted, and the opposite was done to high-frequency notes. They were boosted, then cut proportionally back to normal when played, and the surface noise went away.

RCA, a bit miffed at Columbia's revolution in records, one year later, came out with their vinyl 45 RPM record with its distinctive inch-and-a-half hole in the center instead of the traditional quarter-inch standard hole. It had a single pop hit song on each side of the disc.

From then on, music played on good equipment was called High Fidelity, covering the audible range of the human ear, from about 30 Hertz to over 15,000 Hertz. I was overjoyed when my parents bought me a new Hi-Fi record player with a 3-speed turntable and turn-over pickup needle and cartridge. You played 78s with one 2 mil (millionth of an inch radius) needle, then turned it over with a front knob to the .7 mil needle required for the new 'microgroove' standard. My outfit had a built-in 6x9" speaker in the carry box, which I learned didn't play bass notes very well, so I bought a 12" diameter 'woofer' speaker, built a wooden box for it and ran a wire inside my player and soldered it to the small speaker terminals. Wow! What a difference that made. I was a bass lover from then on.

I built my first Hi-Fi amplifier in 1952 when I was twelve. It was a Knight-Kit 12-watt mono tube amplifier. I got a

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A few years later, I was at Indian Springs boarding high school and wanted more power for my sound system. I built a 60-watt Acrosound Ultra-Linear power amplifier and a separate Dynakit pre-amp with great tone controls. I could really pump out the throbbing bass notes.

I built a speaker system in one enclosure that had a 12" woofer (low bass), mid-range (voice), and tweeters (high frequency) and produced 'being-there' realism.

The next step was stereo sound in 1957. Creating stereo sound on multi-track reel-to-reel recorders was simple but challenging in the standard record groove. The solution was to cut vertical grooves on either side of the record tracks and the record cartridge's ability to tell the difference.

Many of you may remember 1958 when stereo records were popular at a slightly higher price than the same "mono" record, but everything was soon stereo. It didn't hurt to play a mono record on a stereo player, but if you played a stereo record on a mono player, it would damage the record much faster.

Hi-Fi Stereo records lasted a long time. During those years came the cassette audio tape and the 8-track endless loop tapes for car and home use. Sound quality was excellent.

Finally, in the early 80s, the Compact Disc gained popularity because of its extremely high fidelity, which was as good as the master tape, exceeding 20,000 Hertz in high frequency, beyond the hearing ability of most humans. It was the first consumer digital sound and determined that a 128 KBS (kilo-bits-per-second) sampling rate would faithfully reproduce anything in the audible hearing range. Some MP3 music is available at three times that sample rate, but audiophiles say it's overkill since the ear can't tell the difference.

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DO OUR PETS HAVE SOULS?

by Gale Nichols



I remember bringing you home. You were so small and cuddly with your tiny paws and soft fur.

You bounced around the room with eyes flashing and ears pointed. Once in a while you'd let out a little noise just to let me know, this was YOUR territory.

Making a mess of the house and chewing on everything in sight became a passion and when I scolded you, you just put your head down and looked up at me as if to say: "I'm sorry, but I'll do it again as soon as you're not watching!"

As you got older, you protected me by looking out of the front window, just to say "I'm right here."

When I had a tough day at work, you would be waiting for me with your bright eyes as if to say, "Welcome back, I missed you."

You never had a bad day and I could always count on you to be there for me.

When I sat down to read the paper or watch TV, you would hop into my lap, looking for attention. You never asked for any more than to have me rub

your head, so you could go to sleep with your head on my leg.

As you got older, you moved around more slowly. Then one day, old age finally took its toll and you couldn't stand on those wobbly legs anymore.

I knelt down and patted you as you lay there, trying to make you young again. You just looked up at me as if to say, "I'm old and tired and after all these years of not asking for anything, I'm asking you to do one last favor for me."

With tears in my eyes, I drove you to the vet. One last time you were lying in my lap.

For some strange reason, you were able to stand up really straight in the animal hospital, perhaps it was your sense of pride. As the vet prepared you, you stopped for an instant, looked up at me as if to say, "Thank you for taking care of me."

And I thought, "No, thank you for taking care of me."

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Little Champ, the Chihuahua Hero



At 6 pounds, ChiChi might be most at home in a handbag. "He's small and I can scoop him up with one hand" says Mary Lane of her energetic pet. "Most people see him and think he's useless."

But last October, the Chihuahua mix proved to be more than just a pretty face. Mary and her husband Rick were relaxing on the beach one afternoon while on vacation in North Carolina's Outer Banks. As usual, ChiChi was lying on his blanket in his own little beach chair.

"We had our noses buried in books," recalls Rick, "when suddenly the dog became extremely agitated. His bark was different from anything we had heard before. Also he would not let us ignore him."

ChiChi ran back and forth in front of his chair, straining at his leash as if to run down the beach. He had never acted like this before. Rick and Mary Lane were paying attention now to see what was happening.

The Lanes sat up to see two elderly women in the ocean, about 100 yards down the beach and 10 feet offshore. One was on her back, her head tipping under the waves. The other was frantically trying to keep her friend's head

above the surface. It definitely looked like something was very wrong.

The Lanes rushed across the sand and into the surf. Rick waded to the woman in danger of drowning, while Mary held fast to the other one and pulled her up on the beach.

"Then I went back to help Rick," Mary recounts. "The sand dropped off steeply and a riptide was sucking the woman under. She was completely disoriented."

Still recuperating from recent knee surgery, the woman had been unable to turn over or push herself up. "Her friend had been in danger too," Mary says. "The waves were pushing her around. There's no way she could have held on much longer. And the riptide that day was so strong."

The women hadn't called out for help. "They were struggling so hard, there was no time for screaming," Mary recalls. But ChiChi had sensed danger nonetheless. "The dog knew that something was really wrong and did everything he knew to do, trying to get our attention. I've puzzled and puzzled over how he knew."

Duty done, ChiChi was back in his chair, asleep, by the

time the two women were on dry ground and the Lanes had returned to their blankets. The women were shaken but okay, and after the Lanes delivered them to their condo, they all said they'd see one another again during the week.

The Lanes never did get their names, and didn't make contact again.

As for ChiChi, he's a celebrity back home in Greensboro, North Carolina. His veterinarian has a local newspaper clipping hanging in his office about ChiChi, and the Lanes have ordered a special collar with the words "Hero Dog" embroidered on it.

They hope it will bring a modicum of respect to little Chihuahuas everywhere.

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THE LEGACY OF HOWARD WEEDEN

by Tom Carney

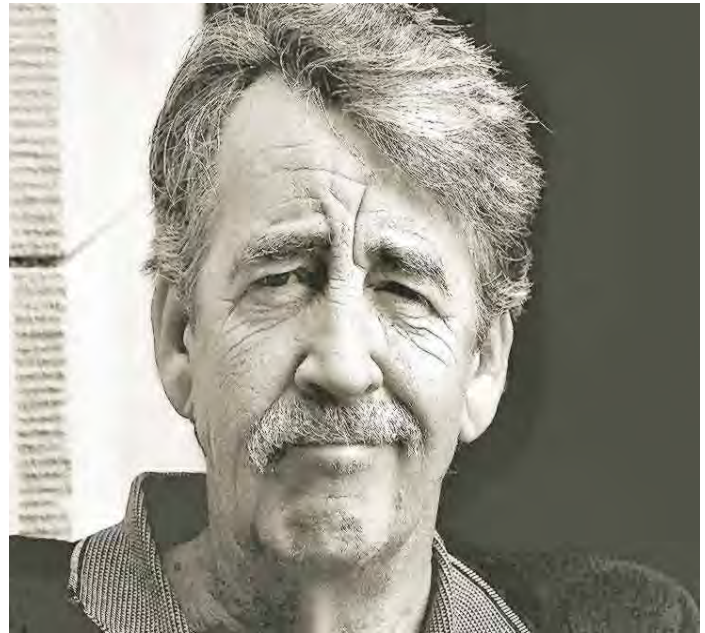
We are all too familiar with fictionalized accounts of Southern women. But for 100 years, appreciators of Maria Howard Weeden, known to the world as Howard Weeden, have kept her life, her works and memory of a true Southern lady alive. A plaque on the Federal-style house, located on Gates and Green Streets in Huntsville, attests that it is "the home of poet-artist Howard Weeden."

Born on July 6, 1847, in the very house that stands today, Howard – as she chose to be called, adopting the family name of Scottish ancestors as her given name – was tutored as a lady,

Her father, Dr. William Weeden, died before she was born and left the family with the beautiful town home, a complement of servants, plantations, properties, and other real estate from which the family's income and life style was derived. Early in her life she demonstrated a talent for drawing, and received lessons from a local portrait artist – Mr. William Frye.

During the Civil War, when Huntsville was occupied by Federal troops, the Weeden House, known as "Aspen Place," was taken over by the commander of the occupying army. Mrs. Weeden and her daughters Kate and Howard were forced to move into the adjacent servants' quarters. As family members were in the Confederate army, the relationship between the family and the Federal officers, who had taken over the house, became intolerable. The family, feeling as prisoners and hostages in their own home, fled Huntsville with their servants accompanying them and went to Tuskegee in South Alabama. There, Howard met Dr. George W.F. Price and his daughter, Elizabeth Price, who became a lifelong friend, supporter and biographer of her life.

At the Tuskegee Methodist College for Women, Howard studied painting and developed her exquisite talent in watercolor.



After the War, the Weeden family returned to their family home in Huntsville. What was valuable in the home had either been stolen or destroyed.

With the family fortune gone, Howard turned to painting to help provide needed income for the family. Howard conducted art classes for young ladies and produced hand-painted greeting cards and placards. This work further contributed to the development of her particular and unique, largely self-taught style. She also wrote poetry and her works were published under the name of "Flake White" in the Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper.

In the late 1800s Southern writers became rec-

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ognized - especially with their stories of old plantation life. Howard Weeden read these stories and not only emulated the art of the day, she surpassed it. She was adept at drawing flowers, animals, decorative designs and portraits.

While attending the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, she saw the unflattering sketches of ex-slaves by the leading illustrators of the day. Seeing this challenged and inspired her. She began to paint portraits of Blacks accurately and with dignity. It was a style unusual for any era.

Due to fragile health and modest finances, she was unable to travel and so used local people around Huntsville as her subjects. With delicate care, using a brush with only three hairs, she recorded for posterity, both visually and poetically, the character and dignity of the vanishing race of ex-slaves.

She chronicled her subjects in watercolor with the accuracy of a portrait photographer and the sensitivity, simplicity and feeling of a painter.

But Howard Weeden went one step further—she wrote words to her pictures.

Her "Mammies" were not caricatures, but real as the beloved persons themselves, as a few lines taken from "When Mammy Dies" attest:

"We're always young till Mammy dies, but when her hand no longer lies, as once it did upon our head, we feel that youth with her has fled."

Uniquely blending pictures and poems, she illustrated the gaiety, the sadness, the real lives of people with more than

dramatic technical skill—it was genius.

In her poem "The Worst of War" she relates in sixteen lines more than the horror of war—she captures the utter sadness, loss and personal tragedy felt as the ex-slave recalls taking the riderless horse of his slain young master and officer back home:

"I led his horse back home where they sat expecting him, and I saw Misses and Master's hearts when they broke, and that was the worst of war."

The verses, she said, wrote themselves out of the people's own words.

As the reputation of this refined, gentle woman grew, orders came in from all over the world for her works. In 1898, her little published book became the premier Christmas gift.

She had to do all she could to meet the demands with what

her pervasive ill health and nearsightedness would allow.

Praises came from near and far. Joel Chandler Harris, referring to the highly popular and published Southern writers of the day, called her the "best of us all. ..."

Extolling the virtues and realities of Black people, she demonstrated her own uncommon, gracious brilliance. Pertaining to the ex-slaves she painted and wrote about, The New York Times Book Review of December 30, 1899 stated, "She revealed the whole race."

On April 12, 1905 she died at her home. But Howard Weeden passed on a treasure of extraordinary published works, which include: "Shadows on the Wall" and "Bandanna Ballads" published by Doubleday and McClure in 1899; "Songs of the Old South," and her last book, "Old Voices" in 1904.

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The Terrible Storm of 1920

by William Sibley



On April 20, 1920, shortly after the noon hour, a cyclone struck the Big Cove community, killing four people, injuring several others and destroying personal property and livestock.

The storm entered the community over Huntsville Mountain on Big Cove's west side. Witnesses to the event reported seeing brightly colored garments being blown high in the air and thought that those objects were children being blown from the west side of the mountain.

The storm missed Camp Ground School only by yards. Students and teachers were eyewitnesses and could only watch helplessly as they saw homes destroyed and lives claimed by the disastrous storm, which today's citizens would call a tornado.

The first victim of the storm was Washburn "Wash" Anyan, a bachelor and one of Big Cove's most colorful citizens who lived on the west side of Old Big Cove Road. He was blown into his beehives and students and teachers could hear his mournful cries for help. He died shortly thereafter.

The storm was traveling in a northeasterly direction and

traveled down Miller Lane and as the students and teachers watched in horror, they saw the storm destroy the Elijah Donnell "Don" Drake home. Mr. Drake and his two sons, Ben Gordon and Charley, lost their lives to the storm. Charley's wife, Ruth, and their son, Worthem, were injured seriously. Don's wife, Agnes (Brown) Drake received minor injuries.

The next house to be hit on Miller Lane was that of Emmett and Melissa Pitts, who lived immediately east of Pickens Family Cemetery. They had small children at the time. Luckily, none of the Pitts family was injured seriously, but Leona (Mills), the Pittses' daughter,

told me that she and her older brother, Bill, talked for many years about the horror they experienced while the family was in that storm.

After exiting from the Miller Lane area, the storm hit the home of Mrs. Mary Ann (Anderson) Drake, the stepmother of Don Drake. Mrs. Drake lived on King Drake Road, near the Drake Family Cemetery. Mrs. Drake did not receive life-threatening injuries but she never fully recovered from those injuries she did receive.

Immediately after the storm left Big Cove, the home of Thomas "Newt" and Fannie Cowley was turned into a temporary infirmary until medical help could arrive.

My mother, Kathryn Sadler (Sibley) and her brother, Allen, were students at Camp Ground School, but when their family awoke from their sleep on the morning of April 20, 1920, there



DAISY

Hello, my name is Daisy. I am a three-year-old Pointer Labrador Retriever Mixed Breed dog. I love to play! If you check out my video on the adopt-a-pet web site you can see me playing with my favorite toy. I'm a happy dog who loves to have a good time. I was adopted from the Ark Animal Shelter when I was a puppy but came back here when my family couldn't keep me anymore. I have been spayed and micro-chipped and am up to date on all my shots so I am ready to go to a forever home. The volunteers here pay a lot of attention to me and spend as much time as they can with me but it's not the same as having my own family with a comfy bed of my own. If you love to go on walks like I do I would love to meet you here at the shelter. I will be so glad to see you! Ask to see Daisy, that's me!

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was an eerie, unexplained feeling in the air and my grandparents decided not to send their children to school.

They remained at their home on Cove Creek and my mother told me many times that her parents were so scared that they had their children to go to bed.

Stella Sibley, my aunt, was a senior at Camp Ground and she did attend school that day and was among the eyewitnesses to the storm. She reported that near the noon hour the day was almost as dark as nighttime and she remembered the principal, Miss Elizabeth Monroe, was walking the hall, wringing her hands and praying. It was only after the storm hit the community that Aunt Stella and the other students realized that Miss Monroe knew that a terrible storm was brewing.

My mother and Aunt Stella reported that shortly after the storm passed through the community everything was extremely still and quiet.

My great-grandfather, William Alfred Sadler, my grandparents, Wiliam Henry and Charlotte (Owen) Sadler, my mother and her siblings, were standing outside their Cove Creek home and discussing the storm and worrying about the possible deaths and injuries it left behind.

Suddenly, they heard the fast running of a horse that came nearer and nearer. Riding that horse was Charles Grayson "Charlie" Moore, who was a friend and neighbor of my family. Charlie delivered the sad news of the Drakes' deaths and that of Wash Anyan. The Drakes were relatives of the Sadlers and Wash Anyan was a lifetime friend.

Wash Anyan was buried in the Anyan Family Burying Ground on Old Big Cove Road's west side, near Camp Ground School. The Drakes were buried in Camp Ground Cemetery, where there is a triple grave marker located, a reminder of the April 20, 1920 tragedy.

Farmers had planted some of their earliest crops and students and teachers at Camp Ground were preparing for their end of the year activities, which included a graduation program for the first class of seniors. On April 30, 1920, those four graduating seniors, Stella Sibley, James Allen Taylor, Virgie Taylor, and Lucille

Taylor, were given a complete graduation program. All four graduates were college bound. The three girls became public school teachers and the boy became a successful Huntsville businessman.

In the 1960s, another tornado struck Big Cove and traveled down Miller Lane, taking almost the same path as the 1920 tornado. My Sadler grandparents were living in the house that had replaced the Don Drake house and the tornado completely destroyed the replaced home.

My grandparents spent some time in the hospital as a result of hat storm, but both recovered fully. Again, in the 1960s, it was our friend and neighbor, Charlie Moore, who drove to our house to report that my grandparents had been injured in a tornado.

Your Ears

American folklore says that if you repeat the names of all your acquaintances while your ear itches, the tingling will stop when the name of the person gossiping about you is spoken.

Ear Shape:

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The Ghosts of Helion Lodge

by Rick Storey, Nov. 2004

Lights that turn themselves on and off in the middle of the night, doors that open and close for no apparent reason, mysterious stairways that lead to nowhere. A ghost would certainly feel at home here. The oldest Masonic edifice in the state of Alabama has welcomed thousands of gentlemen during the last two centuries. It stands to reason some of them may have decided to return there in spirit form.

Guided tours through the Twickenham Historic district stop in front of 409 Lincoln Street and are quick to point out this is the oldest Masonic Lodge in the state, "they say it's haunted" and proceed to describe some of the mysterious phenomena occurring within; strange presences felt, hanging pictures that jump off the wall, that sort of thing.

Secretary Garry Smith was working in the lodge kitchen late one evening and heard a door slam shut. "I was the only one in the building at the time." Others offer similar accounts of doors opening and closing mysteriously by themselves, including the present Master of the Lodge. Another member once recalled an instance when not just a door slammed

while the building was secured but the sound of something being dragged across the floor upstairs was heard. Old buildings are creaky though and what one person hears as footsteps may only be that of the dwelling settling. Or is it?

A recent past master talking to another past master, while discussing Henry Pollard, a past master from the early 1900s in front of his portrait, saw his nameplate for no apparent reason leap off the wall. On an earlier occasion the entire framed portrait of H.C. Pollard jumped completely off the wall. Is this mere coincidence?

There have also been accounts of lights coming on in the attic long after the building had been emptied and later

turning themselves off. There is no high tech explanation of this occurrence. One brother noticing the attic light from the street, unlocked the door, ran upstairs to flip the switch but was surprised to find it had switched off when he arrived. A recent former steward also accounted how creepy the secret staircase to the basement is, "something has always told me to stay out of there". That basement legend says it connects to the catacombs that run under the old city.

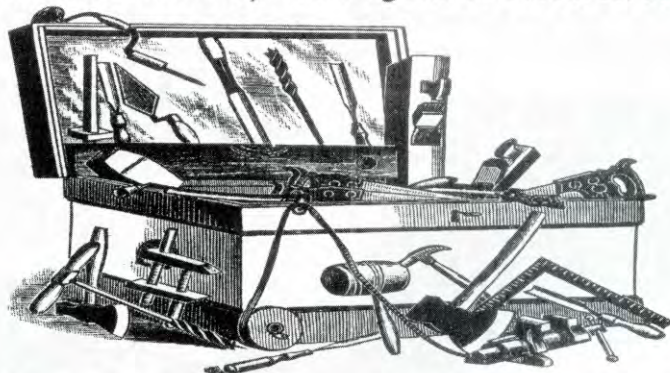
We have bats and a dungeon, what other secrets does Helion Lodge #1 hold?

One brother joked, "if we do have ghosts here I'd like to think they're friendly since they're probably a brother". Could it be, ghosts are alive and well in Helion Lodge #1 and signed in perhaps on one of the old dusty register books stacked in its dark corners?

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GRANDMA'S HELPFUL TIPS



* When your gray hairs are becoming more obvious and you have a couple of weeks to go before you have it colored, part your hair in a zig-zag rather than a straight line. The grays will be much less obvious!

* Aloe lotion has good results with arthritis sufferers. Just rub the lotion onto the spot that hurts, and the pain will be diminished. Be sure and buy a lotion that is at least 70% aloe.

* If you like mushrooms, buy them sliced rather than whole - you don't have to wash them as they are pre-washed. The whole ones need cleaning.

* There is lots of news lately about the dangers of microwaving food in plastic as the ingredients in the plastic may leech out into your drink/food, etc. Buy ceramic or microwavable glass containers to put your food in, don't heat it up in the plastic container.

* If you must drink tap water out of your sink, only drink from the cold side as the hot side has more lead in it.

* You can use your favorite face lotion as a cleanser. Just rub the lotion onto your face at night, then scrub with a washrag that you've dipped in warm water.

* Many folks have trouble sleeping (especially now with economy worries). Some tips:

- Keep your bedroom colder at night
- most people sleep better in cooler temps.
- Warm milk and honey does the trick for many people - your grandma was right!
- Take a hot shower right before going to bed.

- Reading a book or magazine works with lots of people, especially if your book is boring.

- I found that when I slept on my stomach with my face pressed into the pillow, I had more wrinkles in the morning. And some didn't go away! So now I sleep on my

back, so the wrinkles can move away from my face towards my ears - no more fine line wrinkles!

* Our small businesses are really struggling now. Instead of spending your money at the big box grocery, restaurant & clothing stores, why not shop at the locally-owned stores such as Star Market, Elite Boutique, Big Ed's Pizza, They really need our support now!

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**"I've learned that if you want to
cheer yourself up, you should try
cheering someone else up first."**

Amanda Stolz, age 20

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA IN THE 30's

By Elwanda Henley Hallman, Feb. 2008



Four months ago I moved back to Huntsville after sixty-three years in Birmingham. Huntsville is a very changed city, an unusually beautiful city, and every day brings back memories of friends and family and of a very simple life back many years ago.

One place I wanted to visit was the Huntsville Library because it meant so much to me in my early life. I remember Miss Frances Jones, whom we children loved dearly in the old library. I can still remember checking out books and reading, walking the long walk home to Pratt Avenue, and reading "Heidi" as I walked. Huntsville had a bad polio outbreak back then and Mama wouldn't let us go anywhere except to walk to the library and get books.

I like to go to School Street and remember the blocks we walked to get to East Clinton Elementary School. I used to love the wild violets that grew along the side of the streets there.

We went to Junior High School a few blocks from the old Huntsville High school. I remember one day being called to the office. They said I had a telephone call but it turned out they got the names mixed up and the call was for another girl. It scared me though because I had

never spoken on a phone before, in my life.

Huntsville High school had some great teachers, my two favorites were Miss Annie Mertz and Miss Annie Dix. Most of us walked to school in those days and it got pretty cold walking in the winter. I still remember more than 60 years later how motherly and kind Miss Dix was to a cold and wet 15 year-old girl.

Miss Annie Mertz was very strict but she was always fair, always had integrity and it made such an impression on me. Through my life I kept a journal and wrote down the names of people who had an impact on my life, like these two ladies, even though they probably never realized it.

I remember one day in the mid afternoon, years ago, the world suddenly turned dark. That was the day a destructive tornado went through Paint Rock Valley. Many were injured and many homes were destroyed.

One day we all heard the rumor that the Court House in Huntsville was sitting on a lake. All the children were convinced that the entire city would cave in. It's funny what stays with you, after all these years.

Our special times were very simple. Mama loved to walk up the mountain with us kids (she had

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5) to Fagan's Hollow. There used to be a Toll Gate on upper Wells Avenue. My Daddy would take us fishing and nearly every Sunday we'd all go to Big Spring Park.

On many of those Sundays, we'd witness baptizing of people in the Spring. I didn't realized the importance of it at the time, all I remembered was how pretty the girls looked who got baptized, with their beautiful colored hair bows.

Before Christmas we'd go on a community bus to our Mayor's celebration with the Senior citizens followed by a ride through the botanical gardens. The decorations were so beautiful and I remembered how Daddy drove us around when there weren't so many as there are now. Coca Cola was always decorated, and a huge star could be seen shining up on Monte Sano.

I still expect to see Dunnavant's where people bought more stylish clothes back then, and I remember Kress and Belk Hudson stores downtown.

Of course I remember when we had to kiss our brothers and sweethearts and husbands good-bye as they went off to war. I still remember one woman saying, scornfully, "Some of them cry like theirs is the only one leaving!" I couldn't believe she would say that.

I cried the day our country dropped the atomic bomb over Hiroshima. My friends thought I was being unpatriotic. Today I still hate wars of any kind. I pray for the leaders and the men and women who go to war and put their lives on the line for us.

I remember the glorious day the soldiers came home. My sister's husband was killed, we missed him so much. My brother came home and married a girl we all loved. My husband came home and we were so thankful to just be together again. Jobs weren't easy to find back then, but we all made it somehow.

Whipped and Brideless

They don't permit a drunken man to marry in Huntsville. On the contrary, they whip him and give his bride to another. An illustration of this occurred, when a couple appeared in church and requested the priest to marry them.

The priest, detecting an unsteady gait in the bridegroom, refused and called the young man a "boozing swine". Indignant at the untimely inebriate, the father of the drunkard seized him by the collar, dragged him out and pummeled him with a stout cudgel, in the hope of making him sober enough to marry.

The bride's father, however, took a more practical view of the situation and, declaring the engagement off, said that any eligible candidate for his daughter's hand might wed her on the spot without incurring any expense.

Two aspirants came forward, and after inspection by the bride, and interrogation as to their worldly condition, one was politely dismissed, and the other took the "Boozing swine's" place, and was made a happy husband.

From 1890 newspaper

Old Ad Run in Old Huntsville Magazine in 1991

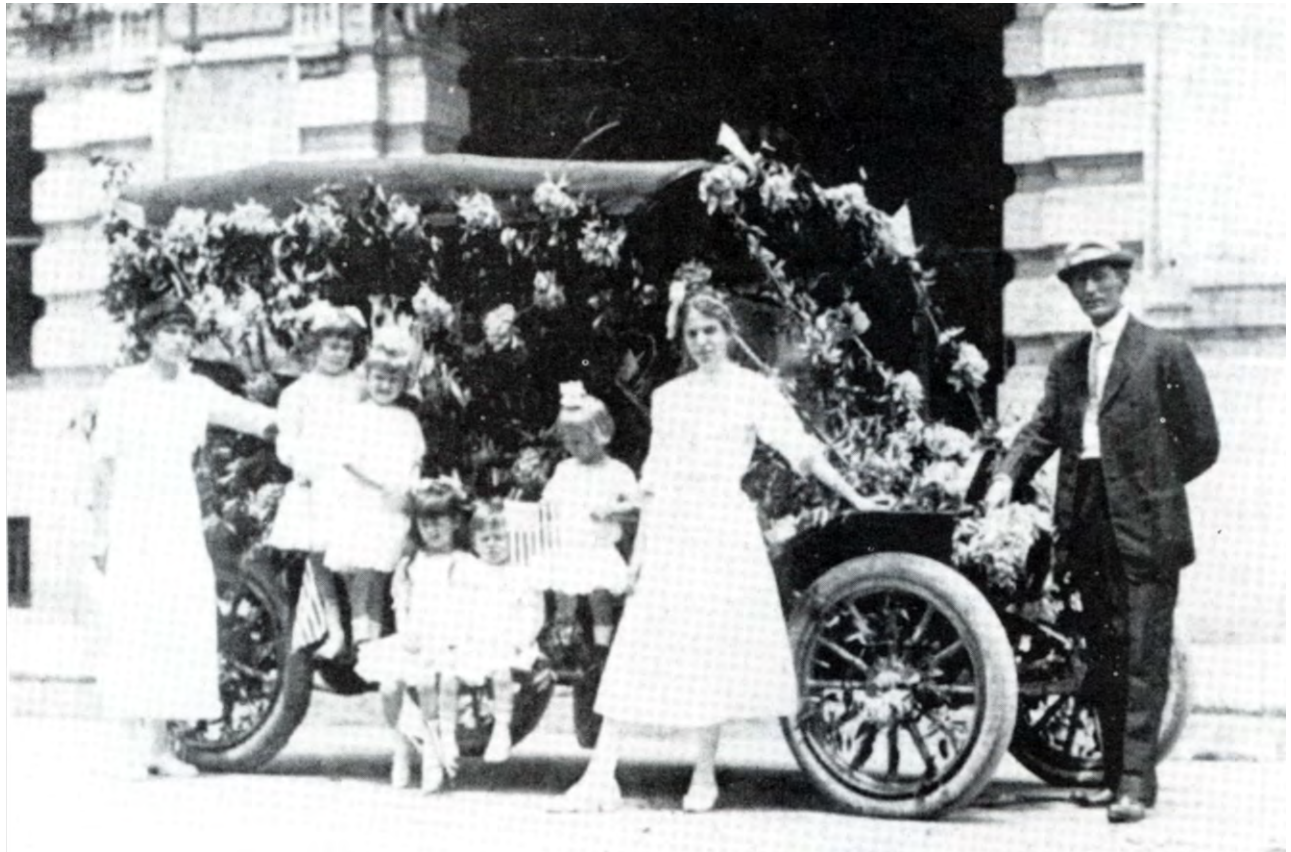
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HUNTSVILLE HISTORY THROUGHOUT THE YEARS



Parades in the 1920s provided entertainment for the whole family. Another popular attraction in 1922 was Huntsville's first auto show. Among the cars on display were Studebaker, Winston, Oakland, Haynes, Mitchell, Cadillac, Fremocar and Lincoln. The Cole Aero Eight was voted the most popular auto and won the blue ribbon.

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