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No. 384

February 2025

Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

The Ghost Deer

Also in this issue: **UFO's Beyond?; New Hope Mail Order Bride; Pearl Harbor from the Eyes of a Child; The Witchcraft Trial; Ham Radio and Tower; Children of the 30s and 40s; The Bakery; Life on Janet Street; Recipes and much much more!**

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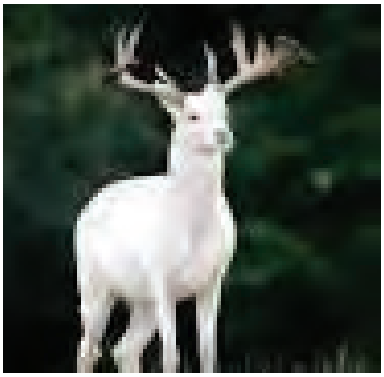
This notice is published by the Golden K Kiwanis Club as a token of respect and thanks in recognition of the difficult, dangerous and often unappreciated duties performed by Officers of the Huntsville Police Department in protecting the safety and property of the citizens of the city.

The Ghost Deer

by Tom Carney



For years, tales and legends have persisted about Keel Mountain, some with a basis in fact, others with none. Stories about Indian chiefs, hermits and outlaws all make an appearance when groups of friends gather around a roaring fireplace on a cold wintry evening. But perhaps no story is as strange as the one we present here.

No one knows for certain where Eleanor came from; we don't even know her full name. According to legend, she made her first appearance around 1850. Farmers and travelers alike stopped to stare at the young woman trudging slowly up the road pulling a hand cart loaded with her few meager possessions. At every house she would stop and ask if, perhaps, they might have work for her, and possibly a place for her to sleep. People would later say that even though she always had a faint smile on her face, there seemed to be an aura of sadness hanging over her.

A short while later, those living in the community heard that she had taken up residence in an old abandoned hut at the foot of Keel Mountain. She made no attempt at farming and rarely, if ever, had contact with other people. She never visited the local store. People had no idea how she managed to survive.

Immediately, rumors began to spread about the peculiar woman living in the broken-down hovel at the foot of Keel Mountain. Woodcutters and hunters told stories about passing by her place and seeing deer, raccoons, and other wild animals following the woman around as she went about her chores. The animals seemed to have no fear whatsoever of this strange but gentle lady. She was seen feeding deer by hand. They all appeared to co-exist in

"It's the good girls who keep diaries, the bad girls never have the time."

Tallulah Bankhead

Old Huntsville

History And Stories of the Tennessee Valley

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a peaceful kind of harmony. It was rumored the animals protected her from harm and would let her know when strangers drew near. Other people claimed that it was Eleanor who protected the animals.

The rumors might have eventually died down, had not two young men decided to go torch-hunting one night. There used to be a clearing on the top of Keel Mountain where deer would congregate and feed at night, and it was there the men decided to try their luck.

Quietly picking their way through the woods, they stopped at the edge of the field. Their hunch had been right; a whole herd of deer were feeding in the clearing, with one huge, solid-white buck standing guard. Suddenly, for no explainable reason, the buck's head jerked up and every muscle in his body went tense. The rest of the herd immediately took flight, while the white buck stood perfectly still.

In the last second before the white buck was about to flee, the young men raised their rifles and fired. Dropping their rifles and racing to the spot where they had last seen the deer, they came to an abrupt stop.

The buck had vanished; no tracks, no blood-trail, nothing. It had completely vanished. The only evidence of anything ever being there was a blood soaked shawl lying in the spot where the deer had disappeared.

The young men were at first puzzled and then frightened as the idea began to sink in that, perhaps, they had shot a person. But no, that was impossible. They both agreed they had seen the white deer fall. Returning home, the men told their families what had happened. Quickly, the neighbors organized a search party, just in case there was a person lying on the mountain, wounded. As the search party fanned out across the mountain, it quickly became apparent that something was different.

There were no birds in the trees, no deer running in front of the search parties, not even a fleeing rabbit. It was almost as if all the animals had deserted Keel Mountain.

After searching for most of the next day and finding nothing, the men finally gave up. Coming down from the mountain, they decided to stop at Eleanor's house and get a drink of water. It would also give them a chance to satisfy their curiosity about the strange woman about whom they had heard so many rumors.

As they approached the house, they shouted out a hello. No answer. They shouted again.

Still no answer. The house looked like it was deserted. The door was hanging off of its hinges, and most of the roof had long since disappeared. The men were about to leave, when all of a sudden, a huge white buck walked out of the woods.

Several of the men raised their rifles and shot at the buck. The animal just stood there calmly, watching them. Other men began blasting at the buck, which stood motionless while the deadly barrage was taking place, until finally it slowly turned around and walked back into the woods.

Some of the men in the group were the best rifle

"My mother never breast fed me, she told me she only liked me as a friend."

Rodney Dangerfield

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shots in the county, yet it appeared as if they could not hit a deer standing only fifty feet away.

Others in the party who were standing off to one side, later said that when the men began shooting at the deer they could see bark flying off the trees directly behind. It was almost, and they said this very hesitantly, "Like the bullets were passing right through the deer."

In the late fall of 1923, John Ingrams was returning home from a hard day at work. As he approached the foot of Keel Mountain, in the midst of a freak snowstorm, he was suddenly forced to slam on his brakes. Standing in the middle of the road, directly in front of his car, was a woman.

After getting out of his car, John approached the spot where he had seen the woman a few moments before. The woman had disappeared. No sign of her could be found anywhere. The only sign in the fresh snow was a set of enormous deer tracks.

Being curious about the strange tracks and the disappearance of the woman, John followed the tracks a short piece up the road to where a bridge crossed the stream. The bridge was gone, it had collapsed. Amazed and confused at the good fortune that had saved his life, Ingrams was about to return to his car when his attention was drawn to the other side of the stream. Standing there calmly, not moving a muscle, was the largest buck he had ever seen ... and it was pure white.

No one has ever been able to explain the strange facts surrounding the woman, and while almost everyone living near Keel Mountain has seen a white deer at some time or the other, no one has ever seen or heard of one being killed.

Maybe it was something that could not be harmed by mortal man.

"Canada is like a loft apartment over a really great party."

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Mary Jim Ailor
256-658-2718.

UFOs, Beyond the Beyond

by Barry Key

You may ask, what do UFOs have to do with Old Huntsville. Since 1950, when Dr. Wernher Von Braun immigrated to Huntsville and put man on the moon, Huntsville has been the leader in research and development for unmanned travel into deep space.

My wife Judy and I have a goal and that is to visit all the National Parks in the U.S. Just before the COVID pandemic, President Trump upgraded the White Sands National Monument, in New Mexico, to the White Sands National Park. Since the pandemic had slowed down and travel within the US had somewhat opened up, we decided that White Sands National Park would be our next adventure.

The National Park doesn't take that much time to see. It is, more or less, a 16 mile drive through 146,000 acres of brilliant white sand dunes, some as high as 60 feet. What makes this National Park unusual is the sand is not sand but a powdered gypsum, the same material that the sheet rock on your walls are made of.

Rain has leached the calcium sulfate mineral out of nearby mountains for millions of years. A consistent and prevailing wind is what built and maintains the dunes. For us older visitors, a short leisure walk and a double handful of powder sifting through our fingers completed our trip of the National Park. However, there were hundreds of kids, of all ages, with sandboards that were taking full advantage of the high dunes.

Now, on to my story of UFOs. I think everyone has heard the story of the alien space ship that crash landed in Roswell, N.M. I had read, with very high skepticism, various articles in tabloids and seen a few specials on TV regarding the phenomenon. I always thought this was just a story the city of Roswell instigated to promote tourism.

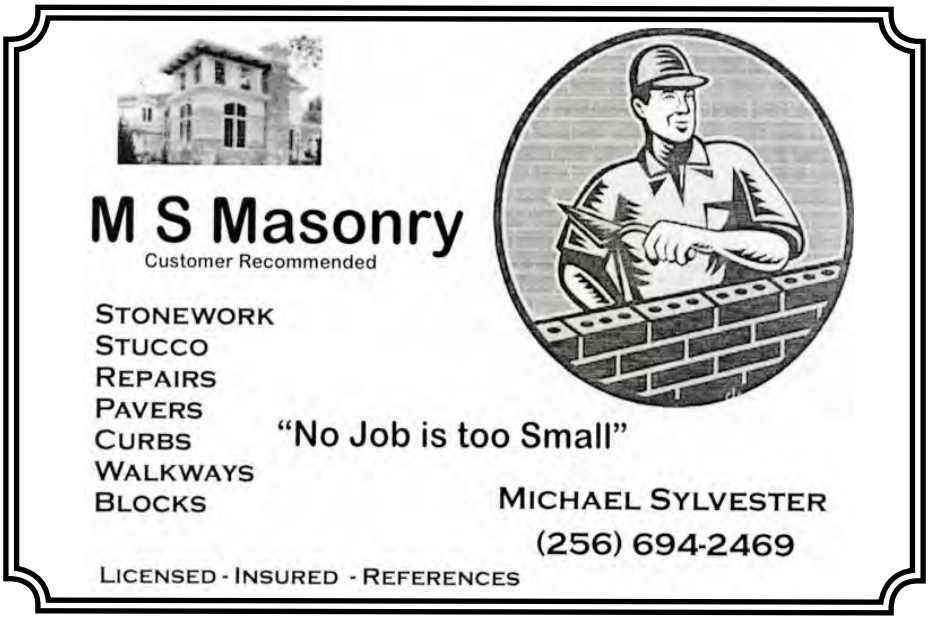
Since we were in New Mexico, and Roswell was only a couple of hours distance away, Judy and I decided to go see for ourselves what all the hullabaloo was about. As we expected, a lot of the businesses had taken advantage of the story to name their business or their product. There were numerous murals on walls and statues of the aliens that were killed in the space ship crash.

Although it was a humorous thought of aliens crash landing on Earth, we decided to go through the "INTERNATIONAL UFO MUSEUM AND RESEARCH CENTER". The museum tells you that they are not trying to convince a person one way or the other, but you should tour the museum with an open mind. By the way, did you know that the U.S. government no longer uses the acronym "UFO", but a more technological synonym, "UAP" Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon?

The museum not only has information regarding the Roswell incident, but sightings by others such as commercial and military airline pilots. There are even a few people that claimed to have been abducted to what was considered a "space ship", gone through an examination and returned to Earth after a short period.

After a couple of hours of displays, videos and reading testimonials of reputable people (military personal and government officials) that supposedly witnessed the crash site.... you can't help but leave the museum with a tiny bit of uncertainty.

After all, who knows what really lies....Beyond, the Beyond???



News from 1911

Suggestion was a timely one

Numbers of telephone calls and personal visits have come to us today commending the suggestion we made yesterday that the homes of our city be thrown open to the traveling public until our town can get a modern hotel rather than have the travelers cruelly treated as they have been since the old Huntsville Hotel burned.

Wanted - gentlemen boarders at 326 Randolph Street.
Phone 169-1.

L. A. Amis of Kansas City is here to remain for a while in the interest of those who have typewriting machines out of order, and can be found by calling up at Mr. Ben P. Hunt's residence.

Money Found - Feb. 3rd, some one left an envelope containing $4 in paper at the office of the Ideal Laundry Co. Owner pay for this ad and recover same.

Brutal Killing of Two Fine Dogs Yesterday

A complaint is being made about the killing of two fine dogs in Huntsville yesterday. One of the dogs belonged to a popular young lady of East Holmes Street and the other to a prominent gentleman. It appears that the dogs had been barking at some geese when a passer-by is alleged to have called the dogs to him and killed them on the spot.

For Sale

One Maxwell auto car slightly used. $400 will get this fine auto once offer is made. Call M.C. Swaim, 305 Meridian Street

For Sale - Fine milk cow cheap - apply to Mrs. George Wessell on Beirne Avenue east Huntsville

For Rent - A five room cottage with all modern improvements on east Clinton Street. Apply to Horace M. Layman.

The Huntsville Daily Times, Editor J. E. Pierce Feb. 2, 1911
Editorial - Will the Big Spring Be Saved?

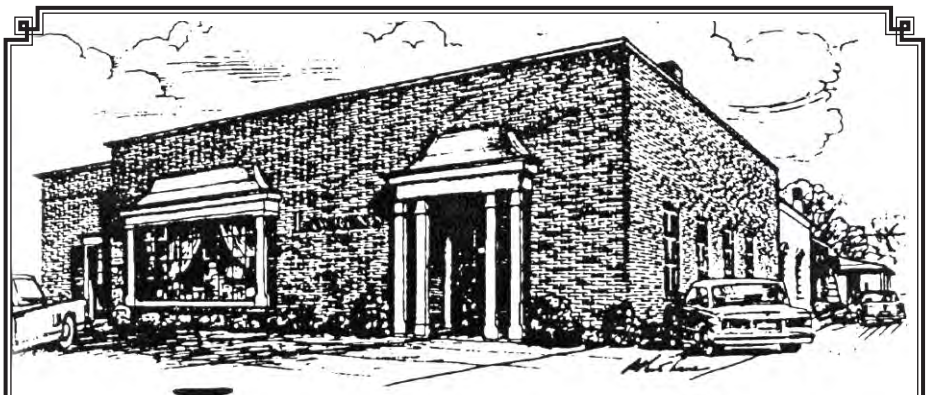
This afternoon the editor of the Daily Times accompanied the city sanitary officers, a number of physicians and prominent citizens on a trip under Damson & Abraham's store on North Side Square to inspect a horrible cave which has evidence of going directly to the Big Spring.

Into this cave for all these years the contents of seven closets, spittoons from the stores and other filth has been carried via a gutter built specially for that purpose.

The odor was so foul, so strong that keen nostrils pushed the visitors back with amazement that such a condition could have existed in a civilized community. It is a pure case of death breeding, a criminal neglect on the part of those who have allowed it; but thanks to the sanitary officers and the mayor who discovered it.

The awful thing is being stopped.

The city is having a cast iron pipe sewer laid at the back of these buildings at a probably cost of $500 and the question that naturally arises - will Huntsville's Big Spring yet be saved?



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Googly Eyes

By Gerald Alvis,
The Poet of Greenlawn

I sent one of my latest articles to a local publisher, and later that same day, I got a reply. A thank you and a request to have something ready for the Valentine's edition...so Cathey, here you go.

I shared the request with Ann and made googly eyes at her, perhaps to stir a romantic moment or to reminisce in a private reverie. A story like this can be about puppy love, agape love that's found in the Bible, but in this case, I decided to write about mature love.

No, it is not just an age thing or the number of years together but the product of the union of two souls. A love that's tested as all will be and stands after the storms. Mature love is a refuge where two souls go to hide away to find peace and safety. It's been said divorce is 50/50 and marriage is 100/100, and I get that point. But in every relationship, there are times when someone's down, and their 100 is more like 25 or 30. That's where mature love intervenes

The skill sets in this union aren't fixed, but likely, one navigates better; the other may be more apt to steer and set the sails. Both may, however, enjoy plotting with and admiring the stars. It doesn't matter the depth of the waters or even the waves to this ship; just as long as the water is kept out of the boat...both on occasion will have to bail. Then during some desperate critical moments, one may have all the duties and decisions. But ahh, the sunsets and breezes, quiet moments and knowing glances exchanged. There is comfort in the once-verbal commitment being acted out regardless of the circumstances.

I've been atop mountains and dove in the depths of the ocean, but one can't reside there for long. Mature love understands there are extremes, highs and lows, but also that they will pass; they will come and go. Mature love is prepared in unity; the two become and act as one.

There is a product in this kind of commitment; other human beings in their journey look to it for stability, a road map and a guide. Another generation and another will build on this foundation, affirming its possibilities. Mature love charts for troubled water and provides maps that show the currents and winds. This must be handed down; yes, it can and would be relearned if we didn't, but think of the ships saved from rocks or wandering aimlessly.

Take only what you need; keep out of the boat what doesn't belong. Keep an ample store of appreciation and romance at the ready. Dampen harsh and rash words. Seek wise counsel, decide your plot, set sail and enjoy the view of the heavens!

Oh yeah, that advice about Cortez burning his ship and not going back. Ann and I didn't know about that... the ship thing, we swam the whole way, but we did it together!

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Seen in 1949 Classified Ads

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Old Tyme Cures

Please Note that this is written solely to present folklore medical remedies and cures only. Any remedy - from any source - should be employed with caution, common sense and the approval of your doctor.

- **Cough** - Mix one teaspoon of whiskey with a pinch of sugar, heat over a fire and drink. Eat a mixture of honey and vinegar. Put some ground ginger from the store in a saucer and add a little sugar. Put it on the tongue just before bedtime. It burns the throat and most of the time will stop coughs. Take some rock candy with tea. Dissolve four sticks or horehound candy in a pint of whiskey and take a couple of spoonfuls a day.

- **Cramps** - To cure cramps in the feet, turn your shoes upside down before going to bed.

- **Car sickness** - Suck on a lemon while in a car to cure car sickness.

- **Croup** - Squeeze the juice out of a roasted onion and drink. Add a little vinegar, lemon, or onion to honey and eat. Put a drop of turpentine in a spoonful of sugar and eat. Drink a thick syrup made of onion juice and honey. Boil an onion, some turpentine, and some lard together. Pour the juice on a cloth and put it on the chest.

- **Earache** - Pour drops of juice from the buddie blooms (sweet shrub) into ear. Dissolve table salt in lukewarm water and pour this into ear. This dissolves the wax which is causing the pain. Pour castor oil, or sweet oil into ear. Break apart a Betty bug at the neck, and squeeze one or two drops of blood into ear. Warm a spoonful of urine and put a few drops in ear. Put a few ashes in an old rag. Dampen it with hot water and sleep with your head on it.

- **Headaches** - Bind wilted beet leaves on the forehead. Tie a flour sack around your head. Put several ginseng roots in a piece of brown paper and tie to your head. Put turpentine and beef tallow in a bandage and tie it tightly around your head. Smear brow with crushed onions. Rub camphor and whiskey on head.

- **Hiccups** - Take a teaspoon of peanut butter (this always works for me). Put half a teacup of dried apples in a teacup of water in a pot. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Strain out the remains of the apples, drink the hot juice.

- **Pain Killer** - Roast some poke roots by the fire. Scrape them clean with a knife and grind up. Make a poultice out of the powder and apply to bottom of the foot. It will draw pain out of anywhere in the body.

- **Toothache** - Put drops of vanilla straight from the bottle on the tooth. Hold whiskey or turpentine on the tooth.

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Thoughts From a Lonely Mind

by Jerry Keel

Huntsville has been my home for 87 years. I have many memories of the good old days. The good old days WERE good days. Everything moved at a much slower pace than today. Back then people walked almost everywhere they went. Almost everything you needed was available in a small area which comprised downtown Huntsville.

The courthouse, lawyers' offices, doctors, dentists, clothing stores, eating establishments, movie theaters; you name it and you could probably find it in the downtown area. Since most everything you needed was close to your home, no automobile was needed.

So many things were different then. As I walked along with my grandfather we stopped many, many times just to say hello to someone he knew. Almost everyone was eager to catch up on the latest news about what had been happening. Nobody ever got in such a rush they didn't have time to talk for several minutes about what had transpired since the last time they met.

As a little guy I was quiet while the older folks laughed and shared news with each other. Children in those days were seen and not heard. Almost all the children respected their elders and spoke only when spoken to. Things are a little different today.

The children of today for the most part are not well-behaved. They want the attention and don't mind interrupting the older people who are talking. If they don't get the spotlight they become loud and obnoxious. Usually the parents will let the kids misbehave without being made to be quiet and not interrupt.

As soon as the children today reach driving age they usually are presented a car or some means of transportation. In my youthful days you either walked or rode a bicycle. No thought was given to an automobile for a kid until they started working to pay for their own vehicle.

So many of the grand old buildings from that era have been torn down in the new surge of prosperity. After a few years the newer buildings were torn down to make way for even more pretentious buildings. Always looking to outdo others, the businessmen built more and more elaborate places to house their businesses.

All this was done in the name of progress. Build a building, tear it down and build another one, then tear that one down and build an even more elaborate structure. Where is it going to stop?

The friendly greetings along the way have gone too. Everyone is in such a hurry to get to wherever it is they are going they don't have time to even acknowledge another person along the way. The exception is when someone in their car gets agitated at someone else and takes time to blow their car horn and yell obscenities at the other person.

What a world we have created! All in the name of progress. We could do without that kind of progress. But nothing will change as long as we continue to chase "prosperity" as if it was the best thing in the world.

The sleepy little cotton town has been replaced with a thriving metropolis filled with people who are only interested in doing things to benefit themselves. Vacant lots are now being filled with apartment buildings that are needed to house the influx of workers who are moving here to work in the many new businesses that are making Huntsville the fastest growing city in Alabama.

I am in the twilight of my life. Soon I will not have to face the changes that continue to pop up every day. The progress that so many people seem to favor will eventually take its toll on all of the residents here. Peace and tranquility will be a thing of the past to be replaced with the hustle and bustle of the hordes of people who are eager to accept the changes that have replaced the peace and contentment of the old days where things moved at a much slower pace.

Now everything moves at such a fast pace we sometimes find ourselves wondering where have all the good times gone. Trust and fellowship have been replaced with doubt and suspicion when we meet a stranger along the way. So many things have changed over the past few years.

A man and woman were married for many years. Whenever there was a confrontation, yelling could be heard deep into the night.

The old man would shout, "When I die, I will dig my way up and out of the grave and come right back and haunt you for the rest of your life!"

Neighbors feared him. The old man liked the fact that he was feared. Then one evening, right after his 98th birthday, he died. After the burial, the wife's neighbors, concerned for her, asked, "Aren't you afraid that he may indeed be able to dig his way out of the grave and haunt you for the rest of your life?"

The wife said, "Let him dig. I had him buried upside down...and I know he won't ask for directions."

Pearl Harbor Through the Eyes of a Child

by L D Rogers

When I would tell people that I remembered Pearl Harbor they always said, "No way, you were too young. You just remember what someone told you." I was four years old, almost five, and I remember it just like it was yesterday. My family was at my grandparents' farm in South Fulton, Tennessee.

We were there this particular weekend because my Uncle Joe was in the hospital with a very bad case of pneumonia. My mother and I were going to stay there to help with whatever needed to be done on the farm while my dad and brother took the train back home to Paducah, KY for work and school.

I remember it was a nice warm day, and we were outside playing around a big oak tree in the front yard. Granny, Granddaddy and Dad were outside watching us, and Mother was inside the house. My grandparents didn't have electricity yet or running water, but they did have a battery powered radio that they used to listen to the news and farm report. They would also listen to Grand Ole Opry on Saturday and church service on Sunday morning.

That was it for the radio because you didn't want to run the battery down.

While Mother had the radio on she learned the awful news. All of a sudden, she came running out the front door and yelled, "THE JAPANESE HAVE BOMBED PEARL HARBOR." It almost scared me to death. I had no idea where Pearl Harbor was. It could have been right down the road for all I knew. The news upset everyone, especially Granny because my Uncle Bo had just joined the US Army, and they didn't know where he was.

As a kid, the main thing that bothered me about the war was that you couldn't get a lot of things like candy or bubble gum or sugar. Coffee was also in short supply and so were cigarettes, gasoline and tires. All of that was going to the war effort. We each had a ration book, and you had a sticker that you put on your car to tell the gas attendant that it was a passenger car and not used for business or farm.

Sometimes our grocer down the street would get a box of candy like Clark bars or Baby Ruth or a box of bubble gum, but he would only sell each child one candy bar or five pieces of bubble gum. If you could come up with a nickel.

Another thing that scared me was the air raid wardens in our neighborhood. Sometimes they would come by your house at night and tell you to turn off all your lights for a practice air raid warning, but I didn't know it was just practice. I found out that if you had air raid curtains you wouldn't have to turn off your lights. They were heavy black curtains, and they were expensive so we couldn't afford them.

Times like this were very difficult for a child to fully understand but I will certainly never forget December 7, 1941.

"Talent is cheaper than table salt. What separates the talented individual from the successful one is a lot of hard work."

Stephen King, author

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Turn to the experts

February has been known for snow and ice storms. Winter is still with us, but I have seen yellow daffodils blooming later this month. It's amazing they can sprout and bloom so quickly with only a few sunny days and waning temps before they plunge back again to remind us winter isn't quite over.

So let's enjoy the sunny days with reasonably warm temperatures before spring clean-up comes. I love going to the Botanical Gardens. They are open from 11:00 am to 6:00 pm. 118 acres of beautiful scenery to enjoy. It is located at 4747 Bob Wallace Ave SW. Be sure to wear good walking shoes and allow plenty of time to enjoy all of the exhibits. If you are planning a wedding or party any time, give them a call. It is the perfect place to celebrate.

Valentine's Day is on Friday this year. Better call for your reservation at your favorite restaurant now and order flowers for your special someone as they get booked up fast. Don't forget to give your spouse or close friends Valentine cards. If you have time, the ones you make yourself, no matter how they look, are more appreciated because you took the time to make it with your own hands. You may still have one framed that your child made for you in first grade with a red crayon drawn heart, and a "I love you" or "Be my Valentine" scrawled on the bottom.

Our older readers might remember taking a show box to grade school and one teacher having us cover it in white paper and drawing red hearts all over the box. All students brought everyone in the class Valentine cards to put in each other boxes. That was a good writing exercise as we learned to spell and write each classmate's name.

The best part was the party when the cookies and punch were served.

Now that I'm much older, it is still fun to make the heart-shaped cookies with red sugar sprinkles on top. Why not give it a try and make a big batch and take some to a friend or grandchild? I know they would appreciate your thoughtfulness.

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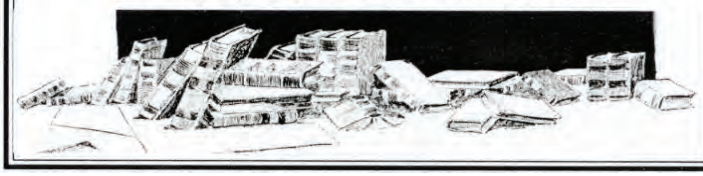

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Judy, Judy, Judy

by M. D. Smith IV

1939 Cary Grant's delivery in several lines in Only Angels Have Wings…about his former girlfriend. Cary has lines like "Hello, Judy. Come on, Judy. Now, Judy." But he never said,"Judy, Judy, Judy."

Cary related in 1955 when he did the Lux Radio Theater and introduced Judy Garland. He recalled some banter where he said,"Judy, Judy, Judy." After that, Grant must have tired of saying the line when women named Judy asked him to say "Juday, Juday, Juday."

My story is about three Judays and times of my life: Puppy Love, First Love and Love of My Life.

As I entered fourth grade with an injury to my leg that required 68 stitches to repair, I was on crutches. Up to that time in my life, I hadn't thought much about girls. But this demure new blonde-haired student, Judy Fleming, was particularly sympathetic to me and my leg wound. Combined with blue eyes and soft voice, it generated a melody in my soul, and a feeling about her gripped me like a warm blanket. Finding a seat next to her, we chatted like chipmunks and got corrected by the teacher for talking in class. I couldn't resist. During the previous summer, she and her divorced mother had moved into the apartments close to the school, a block from the school's football field.

On nice days, I'd walk her home, and we'd chat. I took my time, because once we arrived, she had to go inside, where an elderly lady in the complex was the sitter until her mother got home from work. Judy couldn't have company, especially not boy company. Her mother didn't approve of me. The tone of her voice conveyed, "Stay away from Judy."

One walk home before Thanksgiving, we'd stopped, and I held her hand. We stopped. No words — just looked at each other. I was petrified because I felt the impulse to kiss her on the cheek. A surge of courage, and gave her a quick peck on the face.

Judy looked surprised, but smiled, and I knew it was okay. We moved to a new level of friendship. But then that terrible day came where her kitty was killed by a car.

"He slept next to me, under my arm, purring softly," she said. "He'd put his little head on my pillow. But now he's gone. Mother and me buried him in a shoe box just before you came, and she left for work." More tears flowed on her already damp face.

I put my arm around her and realized I'd never felt like that about a girl before.

***

Spring came, and I was proud to announce that I had a girlfriend, even with the taunting of my buddies.

Late May and school would soon be out when a thunderbolt struck. Judy told me her mother had been dating a traveling salesman based in Houston, Texas and was going to marry him and move to his home there. Judy was angry because she thought her daddy and mother might reunite. This new man she barely knew

and didn't particularly like.

"They're getting married this weekend, and we're moving to Texas in three weeks," Judy tearfully explained. "I don't want to go."

The following weeks seemed to evaporate. We got each other's mailing address, and the day she was to leave, I rode my bike to the apartments. Sadly, she'd already gone. It would have been a tearful parting. We wrote to each other every week, tapered, and near summer's end, she stopped. I didn't write back either. I never heard from her again.

***

The next Judy in my life was a girl I met while at college at the University of Virginia. My roommate and I traveled to a girls' school every weekend somewhere in Virginia, UVA being an all-men's university. Judy Pope, with brown hair, was the third blind date I had at Madison College, and she attracted me immediately, unlike the previous girls. I seemed to interest her also. I continued to visit girl's colleges like Mary Baldwin, Sweet Briar, Randolph Macon and others to widen my choices, but kept coming back to Judy Pope. By Christmas break in my freshman year, I had asked her to come visit and meet my parents in Huntsville. She came by train, stayed two nights, and left on the third day to return to Norfolk, Virginia, her home.

My mother doubted that she was a good match for me; her father worked as a shipyard laborer and my mother said Judy was "mousey".

Undeterred, during the second semester, I drove Judy to her home and spent a night with her family in Norfolk. I began dating her almost exclusively.

A month later, my roommate remarked, "So, when you gettin' married, M.D.?"

Wow. I hadn't thought of that at all until that second. Then I recalled some conversations we had about the future, and at that moment, I realized I was very serious about this girl and it scared me. What would my father say? He was only paying for tuition and a dorm room. I just turned nineteen. I couldn't possibly support a wife. Where'd we live? I had to finish school and then med school, as I planned to be a doctor.

A little more conversation with my roommate, and I had to nip this in the bud before I did something stupid like propose to her. I ran down the hall of Dabney House to the pay phone and hastily called Judy at Madison College. Some girl answered, and soon Judy was on the phone. I rattled out that I thought she'd gotten the wrong idea and that I could not even think of marriage for a long time.

Judy assured me she wasn't thinking about it, but I expected her to say that. I deliberately broke the date with her the coming weekend and went to a different girl's college to have another blind date. That girl was so

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self-centered - she only talked about herself, her family,and her life the entire night.

The following month, I purposely dated another girl at Madison whom my roommate had met but wasn't currently seeing anymore, knowing the word would get back. Soon, I wasn't talking to Judy, and while I surely missed her and our companionship, I felt it was something I had to do — end of chapter.

***

I met blond-haired Judy Chandler at a fraternity dance in Birmingham the previous December, where I'd gone to visit old friends and date a girl from high school. Cute at a button and weighing in at 89 pounds. Judy was down from Huntsville with her cousin, Micky Townsend, who had invited her and offered to pick her up. Mickey recognized me in the parking lot, knew I'd moved to Huntsville, and introduced me. I was stunned by the black velvet dress she wore with the spoke-wheel neckline. I had to get to know her better.

I met her where she worked for the Christmas holidays, wrapping gifts for Rose Jewelry Company. She treated me to a Coke, feeling disk-jockey's were poor. She had an easy laugh and encouraged me to make other stupid jokes. We dated occasionally, including that summer when I worked the midnight to dawn shift as a DJ at WAAY.

Fall arrived, and by then, she was my best girl and still attending Alabama, and I invited her to homecoming weekend at UVA. She took her first flight on Southern Airways to visit me, staying at an approved chaperone home. It was about then I decided pre-med was too hard, and I'd join my father in the family radio business. But to do that, I had to transfer to Alabama to major in Radio & TV. (What a coincidence).

The Christmas vacation of 1960 with Judy was intense, knowing I'd be at the same school she attended in Tuscaloosa. I'd be sharing an apartment with my buddy, Mardis Howle.

The spring semester began in mid-January. Judy and I dated every weekend and even a few days in between. Our romance heated and in March, I asked her to marry me. She agreed. We wed June 8, 1961, and lived in the married student apartments (with no increase in money from my folks) for the next two years until graduation. I got several part-time jobs with Tuscaloosa radio stations. We were frugal and never ran out of money.

Eight children and sixty-four years later, we've loved, laughed, survived hardships and been together since our marriage.

My third Judy is the love of my life for as long as we both shall live.

"If your dog is fat, you are not getting enough exercise."

James Thurber

Ol' Heidelberg

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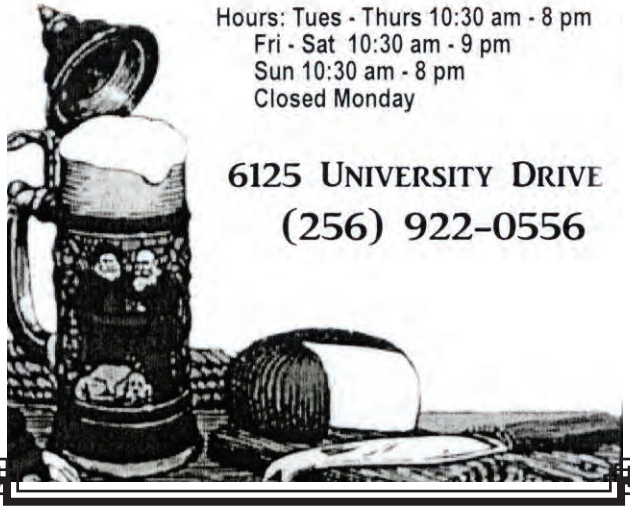

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Seen in the Papers - 1875

Why Some People Are Poor (1875)

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. Coffee, spices and pepper are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and soon become wormy.

Bags, string and paper are thrown into the fire.

True Love

A young couple was occupying a rustic seat in Union Park one evening and from the expression on the man's face it was evident he was a "goner", drifted, as it were, over the great psychological Niagara of affection, and was even then being whirled about in the frothy whirlpool of sentiment. The swimming swans had no charm for him, the eagles were as nothing, and he did not even notice the Big White Bear.

"Oh, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer to him on the bench.

She made herself completely rigid and heaved a sigh.

"I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged.

No reply.

"I'll never drink another drop," he continued.

Still unrelentingly lay the object of his adoration.

"And give up chewing..."

No response.

"And smoking..."

Cold as ever.

"And join the church..."

She only shook her head.

"And give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in desperation.

Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, leaning her blonde frizzles on his shoulder, and tremblingly murmured into his ravished ear,

"Oh, Edward, you...you are so good."

And there they sat and sat, until the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the glittering diamond ring—and he, of how in the world he was going to get it.

From 1875 Newspaper

Old Ad run in OHM in Jan. 1992

Heard On the Street

by ***Cathey Carney***

Well I'm not going to lie. I had NO winners for the January hidden items. Here's where they were: the icicle was on page 42 in the sweatshirt at the bottom in the sleeve. The cardinal was on page 30 but honestly when I tried to find it I couldn't see it at all. I will do much better in this issue, have already hidden the face of my cat Pumpkin when he was a bit slimmer. So you might find him and if you do and are the first to call, you win a year's subscription to Old Huntsville magazine!

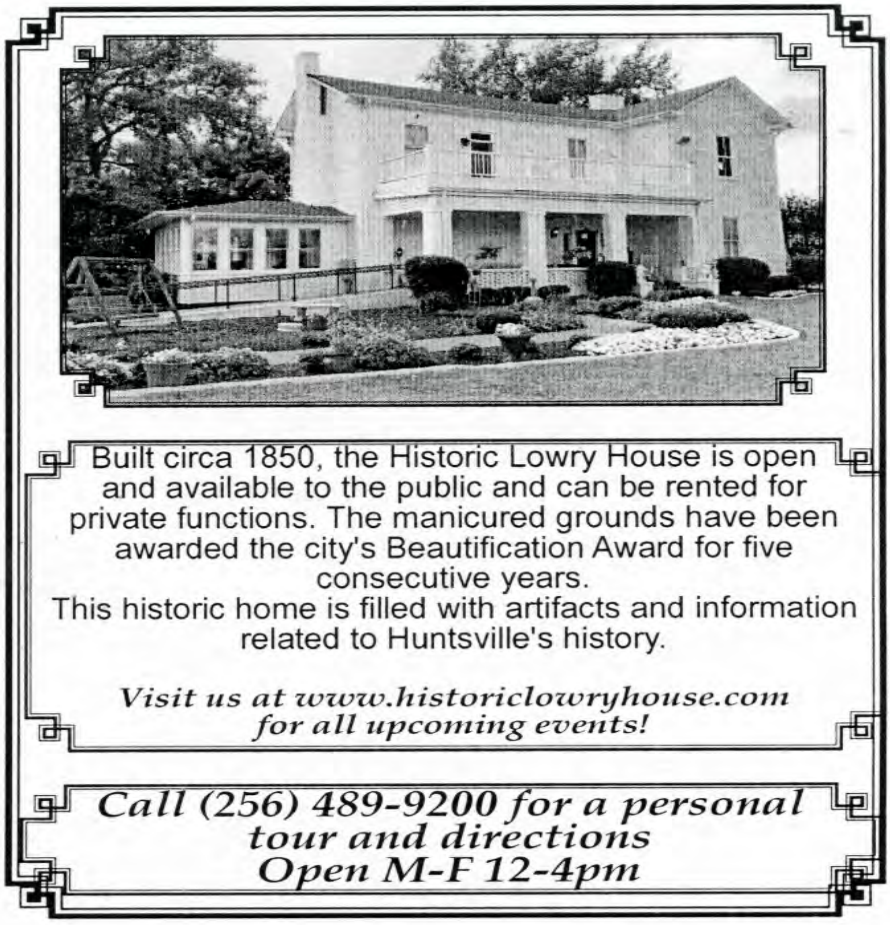
We were so sorry to learn of the December 21st passing of **Lt. Col. J. D. Horne, Jr.** at 92 years old. He served in the U.S. Army for 22 years where he served as an aviator and aeronautical engineer, and at NASA Marshall Space Flight Center for 25 years where he served in managerial positions including Director of the Executive Staff and Plant Operations.

After retiring from NASA, he became Executive Director of Sci Quest Children's Hands on Science Center and served in that position for 10 years. Lt. Col. Horne served two tours of duty in Vietnam where he piloted helicopters and flew many rescue missions. He was an instructor pilot and considered his aviator career as his pride and joy. He received many awards during his careers, including Senior Army Aviator Badge, U.S. Meritorious Service Medal, Vietnam Gallantry Medal, a Silver Snoopy, and was involved in Marshall Space Flight Center's United Way charities.

Lt. Col. Horne has been a resident of Huntsville and Madison, Alabama since his retirement from the Army in 1975. He dearly loved singing barbershop music harmony and was a member of the Rocket City Chorus and many additional choruses for 50 years. He was gifted with many musical abilities.

He will be remembered as a loving and kind gentleman who was highly respected by all who knew him. He treasured his family and his passing definitely leaves a void in their lives. Lt. Col. Horne is survived by a loving family; his wife of 28 years, **Eleanor Horne**; stepsons, **Larry Pledger (Charla), Michael Hall Sr. (Chrissy), and Jack Hall (Wendy)**; grandchildren, **Kari Morton, Michael Hall Jr., and Sarah Laster**; and great-grandchildren, **Charlie Rose Morton, Milo Morton, Nate Laster and Chloe Laster.**

We have a very important birthday coming up - **L D Rogers** lives at Terrace Lake in Guntersville, and is one of our popular writers. His sweet daughter **Carrie Gray** is his best friend. His birthday is Feb. 17th and he will be 88. He gets extra copies of OHM and shares them with the ladies at Terrace Lake and they are very proud to have an excellent writer in their midst. Happy Birthday to you L D and we know there will be some partying going on!



I heard a good tip the other day as we get closer to tornado season. Always have shoes on if you have to shelter at home, and if it's a nighttime event have your shoes by the bed. You DON'T want to have to escape your home walking on broken glass/ metal in your bare feet. Also have your cell phone right by you and did you know you can tell **Siri** to turn on your flashlight? You don't have to fumble around trying to find the little light icon. I have to say "Siri, turn on Torch" because he's an Australian gent and doesn't say flashlight. Also, if you're hurt and need to call 911 you can tell Siri to Call 911 and he will do it, you don't have to try to dial. These newfangled cell phones have some definite advantages.

Special greetings to **Kathleen Vaughn** of Harvest - she loves history and reads every issue of Old Huntsville. She's written articles for the magazine in the past and we just want you to know we're thinking about you and we love you!

In Star Market at Five Points the other day and just felt like a good dessert. I found **Milly Ray**'s Sweet Orange Rolls in the freezer by the meat section and tried them out. They were SO good - bake at 350 for about 20 minutes - so soft and orangely and sweet - it hit the spot with a hot cup of coffee.

When we first heard (and saw on TV) the destructive wild fires in the **Palisades in Los Angeles**, it was unbelievable. With 100 mile-an-hour winds and just giving people minutes to escape, a nightmare of the highest proportions. It really looked like what Hell must be like, just leaving grey ash and melting everything in its path. Very hard to even comprehend, and feeling totally heartbroken for the people and pets in the affected areas. I know by the time you read this there will be recovery efforts and maybe rebuilding, but how do you come back from something like that? I know **Samaritan's Purse** was there almost immediately, just like they were with the North Carolina disaster with Helene, and **Franklin Graham** heads it up. (**Billy Graham's** son). Many have donated to them to help with the cause, and OHM has as well. We continue to keep those residents in our hearts and prayers.

There are so many **homeless pets** these days. During Covid many families had time on their hands and adopted cats and dogs. Then when life returned to normal many of them decided there was no extra time or money left for their adopted family members. So they tried to re-home them, dumped them or brought them to the shelters. Please don't get a pet unless it's long-term - they need you and they don't deserve to be temporary entertainment.

Before you know it there will be flowers blooming and trees leafing out and warm weather. I'll never complain about heat and humidity again! Have a good February.

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Winter Comfort Food

Toe Warmer

6 oz. frozen lemonade concentrate
3 6-oz. cans water
6 oz. Scotch or Bourbon
12 cloves
5 sticks cinnamon
GARNISH
Cinnamon sticks
Lemon slices
Whole cloves

In a kettle, mix lemonade, water and Scotch or Bourbon. Tie cloves and cinnamon sticks in cheesecloth and add. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Serve in mugs with stick cinnamon to stir with and a slice of lemon studded with cloves for garnish.

Savory Crispy Mix

Pretzels
Pecan halves
Cheerios
Rice Chex
Corn Chex
Cheese-its
1 regular env. Hidden Valley ranch dressing mix (dry)
1/2 bottle. butter popcorn oil

In a large bowl, mix about two cups each of the listed dry ingredients. Pour 1/4 bottle of the oil over the cereals and mix well. Sprinkle half the ranch dry mix and mix well. Repeat with the remaining 1/4 bottle oil and ranch dressing mix.

Toss and stir very well.

This can be served immediately, stored in an airtight container or frozen.

Lentil Bean Soup

1 lb. pkg. dried lentil beans
Smoked ham hocks with 1 c. ham on bone
3-4 qrts. water
1 c. celery, chopped fine
1 c. onion, chopped fine
2-3 carrots, chopped fine
10-1/2 oz. can tomato soup, undiluted
5 hot dogs, cut in chunks
4 oz. salami, chunk or diced
1-1/2 t. salt
2 slices Rye bread, toasted

Soak the lentil beans with ham hocks in water overnight. Next morning add celery, onions and carrots and simmer slowly for 5 hours.

Remove ham hocks and cut ham into bite-size pieces, discarding fat, skin and bones. Add ham, tomato soup, hot dogs and salami to soup. Salt to taste and add the bread.

Cook slowly for 4 hours. Remove bread slices and throw away before serving.

Fresh Mushroom Salad

1/4 c. red wine vinegar OR tarragon vinegar
3/4 c. olive oil
Salt to taste
Freshly-ground pepper to taste
1 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
Lettuce leaves
1/2 c. green onion tops, sliced or chopped chives
1/4 c. chopped fresh parsley

Combine vinegar, oil, salt and pepper for salad dressing. Toss mushrooms in dressing and let stand for at least 1 hour.

To serve, place mushrooms

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on lettuce leaves and garnish with green onion tops (or chives) and parsley.

Crown Roast Pork

10 to 13 lb. crown roast of pork OR full rib section of pork loin
4 t. salt
Freshly ground pepper
2 c. orange juice
1 c. brown sugar
2 T. ground ginger
1/2 t. ground cloves
1/2 c. dry sherry
1 T. plain flour
1 T. water
1 T. orange juice
Orange wedges for garnish

Season roast with salt and pepper. (If using pork loin roast, cut all ingredient amounts in half.)

Place in 300° oven and roast, 35 minutes per pound. Combine orange juice, sugar, spices and sherry and pour over meat the last hour of baking, basting often.

Prepare sauce by combining pan juices, flour, water and orange juice. Crown roast serves 10 to 14 people; pork loin serves 8 to 10 people. Garnish with orange wedges.

Baked Pork Chops

6 loin pork chops, 1" thick
3 T. brown sugar
3/4 c. ketchup or chili sauce
6 onion slices
6 lemon slices

Place chops in baking pan in single layer. Salt and pepper to taste.

Spread 2 teaspoons brown sugar and 2 tablespoons ketchup on each chop.

Top with slice of onion and slice of lemon. Add enough water to reach a level halfway up on chops.

Bake, covered, at 350° for 2-1/2 to 3 hours.

Uncover last half-hour of cooking.

English Toffee Cake

1/4 c. cocoa
1 lb. box angel food cake mix
1 to 1-1/2 t. instant coffee powder (not freeze-dried)
3 - 5/8 oz. pkg. chocolate pudding (not instant)
1-1/3 c. milk
1 c. heavy cream, whipped
5 English toffee bars (3/4 oz. each)

Add cocoa to dry cake mix, and bake according to package instructions. Cool. Mix instant coffee and pudding in a saucepan. Cook pudding, using only 1-1/3 cup milk. Cool and beat until smooth. Whip cream and fold into pudding,

Divide cake into 3 layers. Spread half of the pudding mixture between the layers. With remaining half of pudding mixture, frost top and sides of cake. Crush candy bars (easier if frozen) and sprinkle over cake. Chill.

Brown Lace Cookies

1/4 c. butter
2 c. brown sugar, packed
2 eggs, beaten
1 t. vanilla
1/2 c. plain flour
1 t. baking powder
2 c. pecans, chopped

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs and vanilla, beating well. Sift flour and baking powder together and add to creamed mixture with nuts. Chill 1 hour. Spray cookie sheet with spray oil. Drop by half-teaspoonsful 3" apart. (They will spread while baking.)

Bake 6 minutes at 400°. Cool before removing from pan. Makes 6 to 7 dozen cookies.

Mini-Cheesecakes

3 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
5 eggs
1 c. sugar
2 t. vanilla extract

Mix the above ingredients til smooth and pour into foil cupcake liners (regular size) that have been placed in the cupcake tins. Fill the liners 3/4 full and bake at 325 degrees for 25 minutes.

Topping:
1 8-oz carton sour cream
1/4 c. sugar
1 t. vanilla extract

Mix together and put 1 teaspoon of the mixture on each cupcake while hot and back in oven for 3-5 minutes. Top with maraschino cherry.

The Jeep

by David M. Stephens

I have always loved the outdoors. As a teenager, I daydreamed about camping, hiking, canoeing, and trail riding. When I was seventeen, I talked my father into going with me to the AMC dealership to test drive a new CJ5 Jeep. I had been saving my paychecks from my first job and was ready to trade in my '68 Camaro for a shiny new Jeep. To say that I was giddy with excitement was an understatement.

Even then, you could not test drive a car without the salesman riding with us, so my Dad and an oversized salesman piled into that little jeep and headed down the highway. That thing drove and rode like a log wagon. I felt like I was weaving all over the road and bouncing around like a rubber ball. With each bump, that poor salesman would bang his head on the roof. Thank goodness it was a soft top. My father was cussing and fussing about it the whole time. He couldn't believe I would want that rough-riding contraption. The truth was - I loved everything about it!

My parents were always very practical and bordered on pessimism. They called themselves realists. My father immediately started trying to talk me out of buying a Jeep, and in my mind, I knew he was right, even though my heart was set on one. I knew I needed a pick-up truck for my work, but it was disappointing driving home in that Camaro instead of that shiny new Jeep.

A few weeks later, I bought a used 1971 Chevrolet pickup truck and have been driving trucks ever since. I love a good truck, but I have always admired Jeeps, and I always appeased myself with the thought that maybe someday I would have one. Then, forty-three years clicked away.

Last year, I spent many hours, days, and weeks at doctor's offices and hospitals with my mother. To pass the time, I would surf the internet for play pretties. At least, that's what my mother called them. I was looking at camping equipment, guns, and Jeeps, and I spent many hours looking at the CarMax website for used Jeeps all over the Eastern United States. I guess looking at Jeeps and the other stuff kept my mind off of my Mother's declining health and the fear I had of losing her.

On March 19th, my greatest fear became a reality. I lost my Mother. Not just my mother but my friend, my confidant, and my ally in hard times with a difficult family member. I missed her dearly. A few weeks later, my Mother-in-law's health began to fail, and Jenny and I spent many hours on the road to Decatur and at the hospital with her. I guess emotionally, I was pretty down.

One day, as Jenny and I were driving to Decatur, we passed a Jeep, and as usual, I pointed it out to Jenny and remarked about what I liked about that one in particular. Jenny looked at me and said, "David, you have been wanting a Jeep for a long time. Just buy one. Shop around and get exactly what you want." Well, being the devoted and loving husband that I am, Jenny never has to tell me twice to do something!

The next week, I drove Dad to Madison and on the way back, I pulled into the Landers McLarty Jeep dealership on University Drive. They had a whole line of Jeeps and a huge sign that advertised $4,000.00 off the 2018 JK Jeeps. Jeep had just begun to ship the new JL models, and the dealerships were trying to unload the discontinued JKs. So, forty-three years after the last time Dad and I test-drove a Jeep, we find ourselves test-driving another one. I thought I would be ecstatic when I climbed into that Jeep; instead, I became my mother, and the practical side popped out.

The whole time I was driving, I never thought about the vehicle. I kept thinking how dumb this was. I knew I didn't need a Jeep. I certainly did not need another car payment. We had to buy Jenny a car last summer, and I despise car payments more than anything. I love investments and houses. To me, that is putting money into something that offers a return. A dang car payment is paying out more money each month on something depreciating as it sits in the driveway. I Hate car payments with a capital H.

I pulled into the dealership, handed the keys to the salesman, and told him I would have to talk to my wife and bring her back on Saturday. That was my way of not having to tell him I was wasting his time. I don't think I even told Jenny I had test-driven a Jeep. I just let Saturday come and go without even thinking about it again.

A few weeks later, I was installing risers on a septic tank when Dad came wheeling in. He jumped out of his truck and said, "Hey, let's go to Marvin's in Fayetteville for lunch." I was finishing up and told Dad I would, but first, I needed to go home and wash up. When I returned to the shop, I washed my hands, dusted off my clothes and told Dad I was ready. He looked at me and said, "Go change your clothes." I told him I was fine. Marvin's is full of farmers and construction workers. They are used to seeing men with dusty pants.

Dad was adamant that I was going to change

"I used to think the worst thing in life was to end up alone. It's not. The worst thing in life is to end up with people who make you feel alone."

Robin Williams

my clothes. He told me that I looked horrible and if I wanted to go with him, I would have to change my clothes. So, I stomped off to the house, pouting like a four-year-old. I changed clothes, walked outside, threw out my arms, and said, "Is this alright, or are you still ashamed of me?" He looked at me and said, "That's better." Then, he handed me his truck keys.

I drove us to Marvin's, where the two of us proceeded to eat enough for four. Afterward, as I was driving home, I turned onto Huntsville Highway, and suddenly, Dad yelled, "Slow down! Slow down! Right here! Turn in!" I said, "What are you talking about?" He screamed, "TURN IN!!!" As I slammed on the brakes and turned in, I realized I was entering a car dealership. I asked Daddy why he wanted to go here, and he said, "This is a new Dodge dealership, and they have a whole bunch of new Jeeps. Let's go look at them." I then realized why he made me change clothes. I swear, I am surrounded by manipulators. If I hadn't known better, I would have thought that Dad and Jenny were in cahoots together.

I walked through a maze of Jeeps and absolutely nothing appealed to me. I don't know if I wasn't in the mood for shopping or what, but none of the colors thrilled me. They had blue, red, yellow, white, black, green and even purple. They all looked so flashy and gaudy to me for some reason, and that's weird because I always loved all those colors. Yet, none of them pleased me. Then, I turned around and there before me was a simple little tan Jeep. I know tan sounds so plain and boring, but this color is called Gobi, and I just fell in love with it. To me, it looked small, simple, unique, strong, sturdy,and beautiful without being flashy. It was perfect.

The next thing I know, I am in the sales office negotiating for a new Jeep. It all seems like a blur now. I don't know how I went to lunch and ended up driving home in a brand-new Jeep with a two-inch-thick payment book. My Dad has always loved to shop as long as it is with my money!

After we arrived home, Dad was looking over the car when he told me that my Jeep was a lot nicer than the one he had when he was younger. He had? What the heck! I said, "What do you mean you had? I did not know you ever had a Jeep." He replied, "Yep. I had one back in the late 1950s. I didn't keep it long. It was old and worn out." All these years, he has been talking me out of a Jeep, and come to find out he had one!

To help battle buyer's remorse, I spent the next few days reading and joining Jeep clubs and forums on FaceBook. One post I kept seeing over and over was different Jeep owners asking what others had named their Jeeps. Some of the members were old fogeys and made fun of people naming their cars, but most of them had wonderful names. Usually, I'm not one to name my vehicles; I thought it might be neat to come up with a name for the Jeep. My favorite show growing up was The Roy Rogers Show, and there was a Jeep named Nelly Belle in the show. That was the Jeep that started my love affair with Jeeps. The problem is that my dog is named Lily Belle,and those two names are just too much alike. I wanted something different. I went through a long list of names, but none of them grabbed me. One day I was looking at some photos of old Jeeps, back when Willys made them. That is when it hit me. My mother's name was Willie Jean.

Basically, what I did was go the long way around the barn to end up where I should have begun. I named my Jeep "The Willie Jean" after my mother. In fact, this little Jeep reminds me of my mother. She was small, simple, unique, strong, sturdy, and beautiful without being flashy. I think she was perfect and I miss her every day.

I wish I could show her my new little Jeep. I know exactly what she would have said.

Momma would have looked at my Jeep and said, "It's pretty! And proof that a fool and his money soon part!"

She would have been right on both accounts.

Love you, Momma.

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New Hope Mail Order Bride

by Doug Clark

This is a story about a mail order bride from New Hope, Alabama. Actually, she was from the outskirts of New Hope in the area known to locals as "The Bend of Paint Rock". It's technically still New Hope, but down Albert Mann Road several miles. It's an area where my ancestors the Clark's settled and were the original landowners from the U.S. Land Office.

While researching my family tree, which I have done for years, I have come across some interesting stories. This is one of them. Anyone researching their family trees knows a good place to start is at the local Cemeteries or with the oldest living relatives you can find. This led me to Ms. Margie Taylor Self, my dad's first cousin. As a matter of fact, Ms. Margie, who is 98 years old is the last of Dad's first cousins still living. She is a resident of the South Hampton Nursing Home in Owens Crossroads and is thriving there as she loves to be around people.

So, one day a couple of years ago, I went to see Ms. Margie and asked about her mother, Ms. Ida Mae Clark, because I didn't have any information on her. So, Margie proceeded to tell me about her, how she was musically talented, could sew anything, and about how hard life had been for her mother except for a brief period.

In the following paragraphs, I will try to tell the story Margie told me.

Margie's mother was Ida Mae Clark. She was born May 24, 1899, and died much too young on August 12, 1942. She married Aytch "H" Taylor in 1916. His name was pronounced "H" and everyone thought his name was simply the letter H. They had two children, Wilburn Taylor born 1917 and Margie Taylor born 1926. Farming life was hard and especially for young families. All was going fine for Ida until one day "H" died suddenly from a ruptured appendix and left Ida Clark Taylor a widow at age 30 with two young children. They had no choice but to move back in with her parents to the old Clark home place in the Bend of Paint Rock.

Margie talked about how her mom had to work out in the fields picking cotton all day and helping with the household chores. Regardless of how hard she worked, Margie said her mother was always happy and a good mother.

A few years had gone by and the prospects of finding another husband for a widow with two young children were slim. The mailman started telling Ida about a mail-in match making service and wanted to "send her name in" as Margie tells it. But Ida refused. I mean, that was unheard of back then, especially in rural America.

This went on for a few years with the mailman asking Ida periodically if he could send her name in and each time the answer being "No". Finally, one day in 1937, the mailman again asked, "Ida can I send your name in" and to his surprise she said "Yes". So, he completed the paperwork for her and mailed it in.

Several months went by and Ida had all but forgotten about it when one day she got a letter from a man from rural Illinois ironically named Lawrence Clark. He operated some kind of mining company in the rural part of Illinois. Well, they started writing to each other for months and according to Margie, before long, Mr. Lawrence Clark showed up in New Hope, Alabama in 1938 to marry Margie's mother Ms. Ida. They got married and loaded up their things and Ida and Margie who was approximately 12 years old, were off to rural Illinois. Margie's brother was already out of the house on his own by then.

As Margie reflects on her story, she stated, "that was the happiest she had ever seen her mother". She didn't have to work in the fields anymore and life was so much easier for them. Lawrence would buy Ida and Margie both nice shoes and dresses and they were so happy. This would last only 4 years as it all ended very suddenly. Ida was diagnosed with leukemia and died in August 1942. So, Lawrence brought Margie, who was now 16 years old, back to Alabama to live with her Uncle Taylor where she lived until she met the love of her life Mr. James Self of New Hope.

They were married over 64 years until he passed away in 2011. They were not blessed with any children, but Margie who is a devout Christian says that she feels like all the little children at her church are like her children.

At the conclusion of Margie's story of her Mother, I said, "Margie, your Mother was a Mail Order Bride". Margie thought in silence for a few seconds and said, "Well I guess she was!"

"Always remember - if the world did not suck we would all fall off."

Eddie Schmidt - Athens

Behind the Lines

by Elizabeth Wharry

A Blue Star family has a loved one in the service. A Gold Star family has lost a family member in combat. A White Star family has lost a soldier to suicide.

Behind every Veteran, and active duty Soldier, Sailor, Marine, "Coastie", Airman and Space Force is a calling that has been answered. It doesn't matter if the call was answered for 4 years or a lifetime. These stalwart men and women have sacrificed holidays, birthdays and other special occasions.

Behind these 3% are the families who have seen their loved ones answer the call. They are the parents who have signed for their underage son or daughter, or the spouse or sweetheart who sees their soldier off to boot camp. There's the spouse who raises the children on their own, and packs up the household to go to the next duty station. There are the families who stay behind while their soldier is deployed. This is unsung support system behind lines. We are the Blue Star families.

My heart goes out to every Gold Star family. They have encountered a devastating loss. It is something every Blue Star family dreads. That Gold Star family has lost their loved one on the battlefield. No greater love hath a man than he lay down his life for another. May their memories be eternal!

The biggest heartbreak is what the White Star families go through. They have lost their soldiers on a different battlefield. They are left asking themselves questions that have no answers. Those soldiers have committed suicide. What words of comfort can one offer? May their memories be eternal!

These veterans, wounded warriors and active duty personnel deserve more than one day a year. Let them know they are appreciated.

Remember, love takes many different forms!

"If all you can see out of the windscreen is ground that's going round and round and all you can hear is commotion coming from the passenger compartment, things are not at all as they should be."

Pilot's Basic Rules

Tales from the Rock

From HMCPL Special Collections / Thomas Hutchens

by Don Stanley

The Rock was a concrete curb that separated a sidewalk from a parking lot in front of the playground of Joe Bradley School. It was across "The Merrimack Pike" now Triana Blvd. from the Merrimack Mills company stores. The stores are now called Merrimack Hall. The only remaining chunk of the rock is owned by Elmer Howard/Gene Benson.

The rock was an outdoor hangout and gathering spot for those mostly living in Huntsville Park. At almost any time of the day or night and any weather you might find someone hanging out at the Rock or sitting in their car at the parking lot. The rumor was you could turn your butt to stone on the rock.

This story was in the summer time during the afternoon or early evening. Since almost no teens in Huntsville Park had any money in the late 50s or early 60s, hanging at the Rock was what was happening. It was not unusual for there to be 10 to 20 young males at the Rock.

This particular afternoon Eugene "Fat Cat" Collett went around asking if anyone had a dime. Someone gave him a dime and he crossed the intersection of Triana & Cedar Avenue to the boarding house. The boarding house had a payphone booth on the side porch and Fat Cat went in and made a call. When he returned someone asked him who he called. His answer was "The Police".

The obvious question was why in the hell would you call the police. His answer was I'm bored. Asked what he told the police, his answer was that a bunch of teens were hanging at the rock and some were fighting, drinking and drunk. Then he hung up.

Well in less than 20 minutes, 2 or 3 police cars topped the hill with 2 or more Huntsville policeman in each car. Back then the rule for police officers was to wear your hat and carry a billy stick when leaving your car.

So the police cars pulled to the curb and slowly opened the doors. After getting out each officer put on his hat and slipped his billy stick in his belt holder. We looked at them and they looked at us. Since no one was drinkin, or fighting they looked puzzled and we looked innocent (almost).

No one spoke but one of the officers took a step toward us and that triggered a flush similar to a covey of quail. I did not know until later what happened because I hit the alley behind the boarding house and up the alley through a yard and down Alpine Street to our house.

No one knew for sure what the police did but no one got caught for being young & bored. So we will call this the "Rock Flush".

"The doctor will be with you shortly. He's trying to find out which disease will go with your insurance."

Overheard in area medical clinic

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Tips from Liz

- Use brown shoe polish mixed with floor wax to fill in faded spots.
- Apply a coat of wax to your dustpan and watch the dirt slide easily into the garbage.
- If you store your mops and brooms off the floor, they last longer.
- Don't put perfume on your neck before putting on real pearls. It will mar the finish on the pearls. That goes for hairspray, also.
- If you wash a faded pair of jeans with a new pair, the color will come back to the faded pair.
- To tell if your toilet tank leaks, add a few drops of green food coloring to the tank. Don't flush for an hour - if color seeps into the toilet bowl, you might have to replace the ball.
- Dab your favorite perfume or scented oil onto the light bulbs, then turn on. The room will be full of the scent.
- Remove rust from your tub with a mixture of borax and lemon juice.
- Use real wine for cooking and marinating - try to avoid the commercial cooking wines because they have too much salt and too little flavor.
- Your pie crust won't brown properly in a shiny pan - use glass or a pan with a dull finish.
- If you don't have a rolling pin, fill an old wine bottle with cold water and re-cork it.
- Dab lemon juice on your face and watch blemishes disappear in a few days. This works for all age groups.
- If your postage stamps get wet and are stuck together, put them in the freezer for a day -the stamps will come apart and their glue will still be usable.
- If you have a queen size bed and need sheets, buy full size for the flat sheet and queen size for the fitted. You need the fitted sheet to fit exactly, but the top sheet will be plenty large without hanging down to the floor. And it's cheaper.

Starbucks might start selling beer and wine. Apparently it's getting harder to sell sober people a $12 cup of coffee.

Spicy Cheese Ball

2- 8oz. pkgs. cream cheese
3 green onions, chopped, greens and all
2 1. minced garlic
16 green olives with pimento, chopped
1/2 t. ground black pepper
1/2 t. cayenne pepper
3/4 c. pecans, chopped fine

Soften cream cheese, place in large bowl. Take off your rings. Add green onions, garlic, green olives & spices. Mix with your hands til blended. Mix pecans with a bit more cayenne, put on a paper plate. Shape your cheese into a ball and roll in the pecans. Refrigerate for an hour or overnight.

This tastes best served with fresh Sociable crackers.

OPENING THE HIGHWAYS TO ALL MANKIND

Back of all the activities of the Ford Motor Company is this Universal idea — a wholehearted belief that riding on the people's highway should be within easy reach of all the people.

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It is this thought that has been the stimulus and inspiration to the Ford organization's growth, that has been incentive in developing inexhaustible resources, boundless facilities and an industrial organization which is the greatest the world has ever known.

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Such effort has been amply rewarded. For through this organization, the motor car which is contributing in so large a measure toward making life easier, pleasanter and more worth while has been made available to millions.

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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Woody Anderson Ford

MOVING TO HUNTSVILLE

by Jane Tippett

I can still remember coming over Monte Sano mountain that foggy evening in the fall of 1959, after the long 10 hour drive from the little town of Pineville, NC. My mother had recently remarried and her new husband worked at the Arsenal in Huntsville.

Coming from a school with 30 students per grade to a school with over 260 students per grade and being a very naive 16 year old was very scary, intimidating and overwhelming to say the least. Let me back up a little and give you a little family history of how I ended up in this beautiful city named Huntsville...My parents, who were the best people you'd ever want to meet when sober, became alcoholics.

From birth my mother had been deaf but could hear a little with a hearing aid in her right ear. Before marriage, mother had never taken even a sip of alcohol. My father began drinking while still in high school. He was part of the high school boxing team so to control pain from his injuries sustained may have been the beginning cause of his alcohol problem. I do not know the answer but he had a drinking problem for a long time which finally took his life. On some occasions while drinking together, they would resort to violence and occasionally my mother would end up in the hospital for a few days.

A few times the DHR took me and my brothers to foster homes to stay during this time. Never liked the people who cared for me at these homes but being a child I had no control of the circumstances.

Apparently after several years DHR finally told my mother she may lose her children if things continued the way they were headed. All of a sudden my world turned upside down and my parents were separated then divorced. I was only 10 years old at the time. I have never seen my father since then but the devastatingly sad news of his death was sent in a wire to us by his mother shortly after our move to Huntsville. Getting back to where we were, we moved with mother from Charlotte to the little town of Pineville to live with my grandmother.

Grandmother had been a widow for many years but always had at least one of her children or friends needing a place to stay, living with her. In the evenings she and I would sit on her big front porch which wrapped around the side of her house. Grandmother would take some snuff from the can and place it in the lower lip of her mouth. I can just see her holding an empty snuff can where she would spit. She and I would sing songs such as "You Are My Sunshine" and "Amazing Grace". I loved her very much.

Her house of eight large rooms had either a wood stove or fireplace for heating in the winter. It was very cold in the winter to go

"I don't feel old. I don't feel anything til noon. Then it's time for my nap."

Bob Hope

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from her bedroom to the kitchen for breakfast since the bedroom only had a fireplace which got extremely cold overnight. The way I stayed warm at night was sleeping between my mother and grandmother and you know that was a treat being small and enjoying the heat from two of my favorite people in the world. We did not have much money so I always got hand-me-downs from neighbors and church family to wear which did not bother me. They say what you don't know won't hurt you. One of grandmother's nephews always made sure we had food.

Every Christmas my very special aunt who lived in Charlotte would drive the 25 miles to be our Santa and bring us fruit, candy and toys. I can see us three now sitting by the front window with our faces glowing with excitement until she would arrive with the presents. We did not have the luxury of a pet to play with, TV, telephone or a car which I never missed since I always enjoyed "Just being" .

I had a best friend, Helen, who was the tallest girl in the class and you would know, I was the shortest. We had fun playing in my grandmother's barn loft, climbing the trees to eat figs and cherries in the back yard, roaming the fields behind her house or going to the gym to play basketball at school. My mother always saw to it that I was at church for everything from Sunday school, choir practice, to preaching on Sunday and Wednesday night.

I only realized when I became an adult what a blessing this time was in my life. My grandmother died in the spring of 1959. When mother came home from the hospital I was devastated by the news of my grandmother's death. It was very hard for me to comprehend that she was really gone from my life. It was at this point in my life I decided that helping others was what I needed to do when I grew up so after high school I attended college and became a Registered Nurse.

I do not know how my mother coped with the thought that we had no home again since her brothers and sisters were going to sell grandmother's house to divide the inheritance. Apparently she knew she had to do something to keep her family together so got in touch with an old friend and married him.

"I made some good deals and some bad ones, but really went into the hole with this one."

Seen on Scottsboro tombstone

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Valentine's Day and Acts of Kindness

by Iolanda Hicks

Valentines Day, February 14th, has always reminded me of love in all forms. I remember how excited I would be in grade school, anticipating how many Valentine cards I would get in my decorated shoe box and would look for that special secret admirer! We always had a party with cupcakes, snacks and drinks that the room mothers brought to class. This day of love, celebrated one day a year, dates as far back as 270 A.D. to its historical origins. Our modern day celebration, Valentine's Day, is named after St. Valentine, a Roman martyr and kind cleric, who died over a thousand years ago.

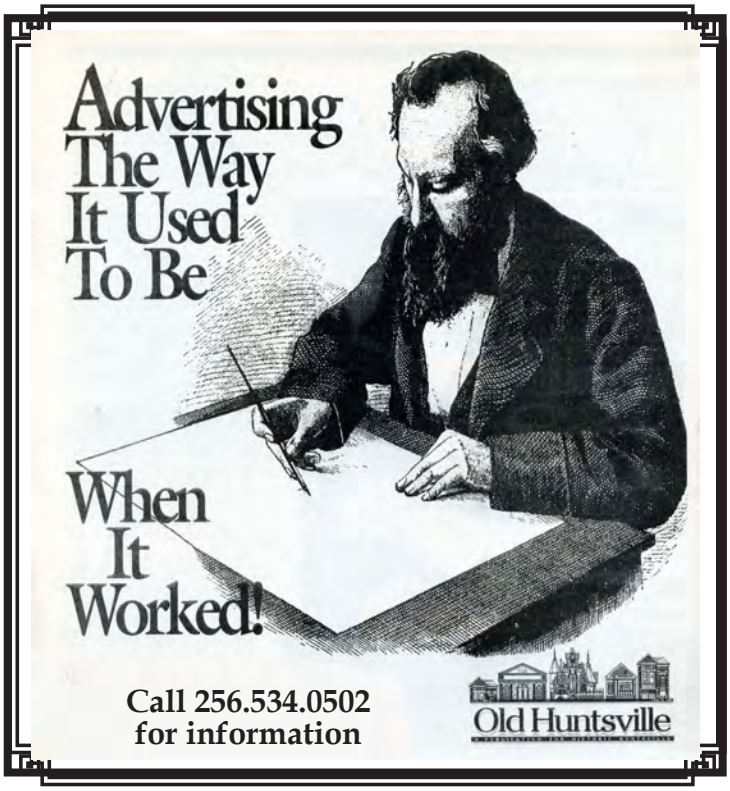
I thought that this Valentine's Day, I would share two acts of kindness, that I received from strangers, months before this special day was celebrated. I do believe there is hope for this crazy world of ours.

11-21-2024: It is just a week before Thanksgiving. Here I am at Walmart looking for canned corn beef. I decided to use the store scooter with a basket, since my bad knee is giving me a fit. I was really engrossed in finding that corn beef and was on the right aisle. I just didn't see it, so I started looking up on the top shelf. That's the shelf that only a 7-footer can comfortably reach.

I hear this sweet voice say "Can I get something for you on the top shelf?" I turn around and there standing was a pretty, well-dressed, petite lady, maybe a few years younger than myself. I am thinking," Oh my. She is more vertically challenged than I am!"

I smiled and said, "No thank you. I didn't see what I was looking for on that top shelf: canned corn beef." I then looked at her and noticed she was wearing the most colorful turkey earrings with matching pin. I started up a conversation, right there in the aisle and told her how pretty those pieces were that she was wearing. She then smiled such a sunny smile, and said that she made them. Years before, as a single mother, she needed more income so using her talent to make handmade, painted jewelry, fulfilled this need.

As we ended our conversation, she asked again what I was looking for and by golly, not three



feet away from my scooter, she found the canned corn beef and put it in my cart. I told her thank you and we both said goodbye.

I later wished I had asked her name. She was so nice: an act of kindness.

12-13-2024: My husband David wanted a cheese cake from Edgar's, for his birthday on the 14th. I was picking it up around 11am. The building has double doors leading into Edgar's. I am not walking very well but using my cane. As I approach the front door, a lady of about 60 is coming out. She turned around and said, "Let me get that door for you", opened it for me and then followed me , saying "Let me get the other door for you too."

Another kindness given without any reward, just a simple thank you from me. Coming out, I was jiggling the cheese cake and was worried about how I would carry that solid cake, while pushing both of those heavy doors by myself and using the cane. By the time I reached the inner door, it almost opened automatically by the hands of a very pretty lady. I looked at her and said," Oh thank you so much!" I know she saw the relief on my face and then just walked in front of me and opened the outer door too. Again: an act of kindness.

There were probably more than a half a dozen of these acts that I can remember happening since November. I guess getting older has made me more aware of these moments.

When we think of Valentines Day we think of love. It's the one magical day that, to me represents true love. Researching Valentines Day, I found that many famous couples married on that 14th Day in February. My own sister-in-Law, Sylvia (my David's favorite sister, the only sister) with her sweetheart of many years, Dave, married on that special day in 2018 joining the ranks of those "celeb" Valentine Day marriages.

I love finding quotes that I end my articles with and here is one I think fits this special day: "I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I'm with you." (Author: Elizabeth Barrett Browning).

May this Valentine's Day fill us all with love and kindness. Happy Valentine's Day!

"Don't make an old person mad. The older we get, the less 'Life in prison' is a deterrent."

Frank Jenkins, Arab

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Life on Janet Street - Albertville, Alabama

by David Kirby 2014

I'm sure there's many people that have more of an interesting life than mine. I have never done anything courageous or anything to make me famous, I'm just a regular guy.

I grew up in a small town nestled in the hills of north Alabama in an area known as Sand Mountain in the town of Albertville which is known as the heart of Sand Mountain.

In the days of my youth there were 5 county high schools spread around the county. Albertville, where I went to school, Boaz, Douglas, Guntersville which was in the Tennessee valley and then on Brindlee Mountain was the Arab High School and then DAR at Grant.

The main highway that runs through Marshall County is State Hwy. 431. It starts in the northwest end of Alabama coming out of Tennessee just above the town of Hazel Green, Al and winds it's way down through the state to Dothan, Alabama.

Sand Mountain has many used car dealerships scattered up and down Highway 431 and Janet Street, the street I grew up on, looped just one block off Hwy. 431. There was a row of body shops and clean up shops that lined the highway between the two streets that led to Janet St. which was Portwood at one end and Chloris at the other.

Coming off Hwy. 431 on the Portwood end of Janet was a curve. As you come around the curve the street changes from Portwood, to Janet. My parents own the first house on the left as you come around the curve.

There were many families that lived on Janet St. when I was a kid and many of them still live there today.

The Families of Janet Street:

From my parents' house on the north end of the street on the left side next door, was the Gilliand's - Odell and Edna Earl with their kids Ralph, Randy, Ricky and their sister, Vickie. The next house was Ray and Linda Jones and their son Tim. After them you find the Smalley's. Mrs. Mavis and her Husband Claude had a house full of kids. I may not remember all of them by name as some of them were older than me, but there was Moody, Sandra, Bud, (Claude Jr.) Donna and Judy. In the next house was the Mikel family with kids, Lavon, Billy, Max, (we called him Toby), Aaron and Walter. The house after them was The Jackson's, and then Mr. Smothers, who owned a few house trailers he rented out, and he lived in one of them. Mr. and Mrs. Peppers lived in a small house after Mr. Smothers' trailers. Then on up the road several houses was the Higgins family with kids, Tammy, Barry, Jeff and Denise. After them, there was the Mashburn kids, Myrna and Jeff. The last house on the left all the way at the other end from where we lived was Bobby Smith and his family. Bobby was the sign man for many years in Albertville.

Now back down the street across from our house was the Taylor family. Johnny Taylor and his wife Linda. He was a pastor and they had 3 lovely daughters; Janice,

Loretta and Melissa. Next door to them was Lewis and Louise Corbin with sons Frank, Donald and Neal.

Over off Hwy. 431 was the Honea family, with Ray, Audrey and Tracy, who is now Mayor of our city.

There were other kids during the years that moved in and out of the neighborhood.

One family we became really good friends with were Rhonda, Janet and Kris Spencer and their mother nicknamed Tiny and her husband Jack Lewis.

Years later my sister moved in the vacant lot beside my parents with her family with 3 kids, Joe Jr. (we called him Joey) and my nieces Nevada and Crystal.

Though the years there were many adventures of games of kickball, baseball, football, spin the bottle,[one of my favorites], riding bikes, minibikes, motorcycles, ponies, horses, building huts in the woods, tree houses, wading in the creek, freeze tag, hide-n-seek, birthday parties, fishing, hunting, fighting each other and kids from other parts of town.

I was really blessed to have all these people in my life when I was growing up.

Each person we meet and get to know helps shape us into who we will become.

The Frozen Swamp:

Growing up on Janet Street, no matter the time of year, we always found something to do. One year there was a hard freeze and we were out of school for a few days. Anytime it comes a snow there's usually ice with it and the whole country around about us would shut down. Because of the ice, businesses along with the schools would be closed.

Turkey Creek runs through the bottom of the holler in the woods behind my parents house and empties out into a more flat area and the creek spreads out 200 feet in places and formed somewhat of a marshy area that we called the swamp.

Summer time brought us down to gig frogs and catch snapping turtles that would bury themselves in the thick mud that covered the floor of the swamp. But this particular winter, the swamp froze over and we had an ice skating rink.

Now understand no one actually had ice skates, we just wore whatever shoes or boots we had. There were many hours in those few days skating around on that ice.

One day we decided to see who could slide out the farthest. The land leading down to the swamp was a low gradual hill that ended at the edge of the swamp. It was perfect for a runway to get your speed up and run out onto the ice to begin your skid.

Most of us would run twenty yards or so from the edge to get the speed we wanted to start our sliding, but Barry Higgins decided that day to get a really big run-and-go start so he went back about 50 yards and took off.

He hit the ice running and started his slide much faster than any of us had and he kept sliding, and sliding and sliding until he was so far out he fell through the ice.

The Lord God above always kept his eye on us, fortunately the water was only 4 feet deep there.

He was able to climb out with no trouble at all but in a matter of minutes his clothes were frozen stiff as a board. We laughed so hard that day, just the memory of it causes me to chuckle.

Happy Valentine's Day to All the Lovers
- No Matter what Age You Are!
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Huntsville High Class of 1966

Oscar Llerena

News Heard Through the Years

- Fine Display in Lyric Lobby Paper from 1923

There is an unusual and exceedingly interesting display in the lobby of the beautiful Lyric Theatre during the "Daughters of the Rich" screening, the first to attract attention being a big cake of ice at the top of which appears the sign reading "The Coolest Place in Town", an electric fan playing from behind the big ice cake. Inside is frozen a patriotic display of the American flag, a horseshoe and a beautiful wreath of flowers.

Immediately behind the patriotic cake of ice is a display of the latest in women's dressing, dresses up to the minute in design, millinery, hosiery and other ladies ready to wear apparel, all encased in a bower made up of streamers of pink and pale blue, a striking display that cannot fail to attract the feminine eye as they pass by the Lyric.

- Ford not to be Nominated

It is heard in Huntsville papers that Henry Ford, the auto genius, will not be nominated for president by either of the major parties, an opinion expressed by Senator John K. Shields, who is here today for an address to the rural mail carriers convention. Mr. Ford's politics are not well defined, according to the senator and neither party would know what to expect of him should he be elected.

- Madison County Hard hit by Heavy storm, one Killed, many hurt (Jan. 13, 1916)

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

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

The streets were soon flooded and again about 6 pm the heavy rain and wind repeated itself. Huntsville city did not suffer except for flooded conditions and the blowing off a few roofs. But in the Cameron church neighborhood above Maysville northeast of here the home of Thomas Riddick, an old and respected citizen, was blown down and he was killed.

Mr. Riddick lived several hours into the night but before Dr. Howard reached him but there was no hope of recovery from medical aid. Mr. Riddick died about 11 o'clock last night.

He was the father of Fred Riddick and Archie Riddick, electrical engineer of Guntersville.

In the Maysville neighborhood, Walter Cawthon and John Cawthon each lost houses in the wake of the storm. John Rodgers and Gus Rodgers in that community also suffered a loss. One little child was hurt near Maysville and others were injured by flying timbers. When the wind picked up two houses together with their occupants north of Maysville in the Hurricane community, it was a miracle that no one was killed. The homes were placed several feet away after having been airborne.

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

- A Woman's Back

The advice of this Huntsville woman is of certain value. Many a woman's back has aches and pains. Ofttimes 'tis the kidneys fault. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills are so effective. Many Huntsville women know this. Read what one has to say about it:

Mrs. H. C. Humphrey, 239 First Ave. Huntsville, says "I had a sharp pain in the small of my back and if I stooped, I was hardly able to straighten. Mornings my back was lame and I felt languid nearly all the time. The kidney secretions were unnatural and caused annoyances. Doans Kidney pills gave me great relief.

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy - get Doans Kidney Pills - the same that Mrs. Humphrey had.

- Burwell Buffaloe is Dead

Burwell Buffaloe, aged 78 years, an old Confederate veteran, died at 3 o'clock this morning at the city infirmary after a brief illness with pneumonia. He will be buried at Madison X Roads Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

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

- Woman Dies after Fainting Spell

Mrs. Omie Young suffered a fainting spell coming to Huntsville from McMinnville, Tenn. Saturday and died that night at the home of her sister, Mrs. Carrie Jones, at 402 McKinley Avenue. Mrs. Young suffered several fainting spells after reaching her sister's home. Her funeral arrangements have not been completed.

- Brothers Collide in Automobile Accident

Thos. N. McAllister, manger of the Huntsville Transfer Co. and his brother Alex McAllister, manager for local plant of Armour and Co., collided with their cars at the Daily Times corner on Holmes and Greene Streets this morning but neither were injured. Both cars were badly damaged.

Thos McAllister's little son, John was slightly bruised. Alex McAllister's car was turned over and Mr. McAllister pinned under it for an hour, but he escaped uninjured. The elder McAllister was traveling east on Holmes and his brother was driving north on Greene.

The accident was quite exciting and those who saw it say it was miraculous that neither of the brothers were seriously injured or probably killed, but cool heads and quick operating averted all danger.

"When your friends begin to tell you how young you look, it's a sure sign you're getting old."

Mark Twain

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WWII and Pearl Harbor

by Jim Vann

Since we recognized the attack on Pearl Harbor a few weeks ago, several things came into my mind.

I was born in 1939 so I don't remember the start of World War Two but I have a lot of memories about those times.

First of all I remember when the war was over. I was 6 years old at the time, playing in my front yard on Beirne Avenue in northeast Huntsville. When they announced that the war was over, everything that made noise in Huntsville started sounding off. Every church bell, every police siren, every mill whistle and car horns started blaring. I would have to admit that all that noise scared me a little bit since I didn't know what was happening.

One of the things I remember was seeing a lot of men in their military uniforms back then. Those men were appreciated and told so.

Things have changed so much that a soldier today is not allowed to wear their uniform out in public.

Some of my war memories involve rationing. A lot of things were rationed in support of the war effort.

My dad worked at Stockton Motor Car Company at the time. The car company got coupons for a lot of things like antifreeze, tires, gasoline and other things that were hard for the ordinary citizen to get. My dad was always a good trader so he would trade some of the coupons that he had access to for other things like butter and other items of groceries that were rationed.

I remember that copper pennies were not produced in some of the war years and pennies were made out of steel. The copper was needed to make brass shell casings for ammunition. I remember that synthetic rubber was produced during this time and I remember the first time I saw that black synthetic rubber instead of the red natural rubber I was used to seeing.

I attended East Clinton Grammar School in 1945 and I remember we could get small booklets that held coupons (stamps) that we could buy that were used to fill the booklet. These were a lot like the S&H Green stamps that came later. If you filled a booklet with the stamps until it held $18.75 worth of stamps, you could turn that in and get a $25.00 savings bond in return. I still have one of those booklets that is about two thirds filled. When the war ended that program was terminated. I did however get a few Savings bonds for my collections of those stamps.

Many years later, I was employed by the Army in missile defense systems. I had a work assignment in Honolulu on Oahu Island, Hawaii where Pearl Harbor is located. My wife got to go with me on that trip and we did all the touristy things like visit the Dole pineapple plantation, climb Diamond Head and go to Pearl Harbor. At Pearl Harbor, we watched a movie at the reception center that showed footage of the kamikaze pilots as they attacked Pearl Harbor. After the movie and some other history of the attack, we proceeded to go out to the sunken ship, the Arizona. We went out on a boat that held about 40 people. At least half of those people on that boat were from Japan. I was so fired up from watching the movie, I wanted to throw all of them overboard, but I didn't. The presentation on the Arizona was impressive and we were told that military people that were at Pearl Harbor at the time of the attack can still be buried there at sea.

Our next excursion was to the "Punch Bowl".

The Punch Bowl is the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. It is the historical burial site honoring the veterans of 4 wars. It is a beautiful place with striking views and it is set in a volcanic crater. Try Google to get more pictures and information about the "Punch Bowl" because it is an unbelievable place with an incredible history.

My Army unit came close to being sent to Cuba for the "Cuban Crisis" but thankfully, I was never involved in any war or fighting situation.

I really appreciate those people that did serve in war zones and places of danger.

"As I watched my Golden Retriever chase his tail, I thought dogs are so easily entertained. Then I realized I was watching my dog chase his tail."

Brandon Owens

The Bakery, 1946

by Bill Alkire

My first real memory of my childhood is of my mother and me living in an apartment in 1946. I am writing this from an adult perspective attempting to recall what events happened during this time seventy-plus years later. To say my memory is fuzzy at best, is an understatement.

I know now why we lived there — at four or five years of age I wouldn't remember or understand. What I vaguely do remember is that it was a happy time, we tend to remember the good things. Our memory closet may contain sad things - we tend to recall the best. We lived above Kraft's Bakery. The bakery was next to the Studebaker - Packard dealership, which as a young boy, I found to be extremely exciting. There was always an intoxicating aroma coming from the bakery. Even today, seventy plus years later, I have fond memories when I smell fresh bread baking.

My mother worked at a restaurant named Phil's. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips owned and operated the restaurant. Their son Willard (Bill) and I remain friends today. My mother would take me to the restaurant where Mrs. Phillips would give me freshly baked chocolate glazed donuts (like Krispy Kreme) and hot chocolate. My mother's friends - would sit with me while she worked.

Mrs. Sofia Kraft owned the bakery, as well as our apartment. She often allowed me to stay with her in the evenings while my mother worked. She had no children and welcomed me as she would her own child. She read to me and had wonderful stories to go along with what she read. Sofia was "Catholic" and would read to me from her Bible.

We lived there for a brief time. Sofia's husband Basil had a heavy German accent. He drank wine heavily and had coughing spasms regularly and looked real pale. Mr. Kraft was much older than Sofia and was not around. He seemed to wear the same clothes and always needed a shave.

One day my mother was extremely upset and said we would be moving - soon! Mr. Kraft was ill, and the bakery was closing. The building was going up for sale. Mr. Kraft died before we could move. Mrs. Sofia Kraft had a sister in Vermont and had plans to go live with her as soon as the Bakery sold. My mother was quite distraught. She came home early one day right after the lunch crowd was over at Phil's. She explained we would be moving. We would be staying with a cousin of my father's family, Mrs. Flora Gothrup on Kerens Avenue across from the United Methodist Church.

Mrs. Gothrup operated an upscale boarding house for college age women. The house had a voice, piano and string instrument music studio. Mother was also planning to attend the local college. I was understandingly confused. I was happy that we had a delightful place to live. I was sad knowing I would not see Sofia again, and I would miss the stories from her Bible.

I had been attending "'Catholic" Day School mornings and Saturday and would continue to go there after we moved. I was now old enough to walk to school. I would also attend the afternoon advanced program.

I liked the school, and the Nuns made everything exciting and fun. I had to learn the shorter Catechism, and everyone would have to wear the same color pants and shirts. This sounded exciting and I looked forward to the transition.

Mrs. Gothrup had a woman, "Sadie" who did all the baking for the entire house. When she would bake bread, she would let me hit the dough - that was fun. I enjoyed helping her. I couldn't help her if Mrs. Gothrup were home, she did not like the residents being friendly with the "help."

"Sadie " was from Jamaica and talked with a funny accent. "Sadie" was also Catholic, but her stories were more about a place she referred to as the "Carah-be-un" rather than from the Bible.

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The Old Man in the Woods

by Annette Mize Enomoto

This story keeps running through my mind. I feel that I can't put it off any longer. I must tell it now before anything happens to me. I love dogs and have had as long as I can remember. As I walk Copper on a coot January morning, we came up on an old gentleman. To me, as a kid, he looked just like someone who could play Santa Claus. Copper loves everyone so he just ran over to the man. I tried to stop him but he had his little puppy dog mind-set to say hello. I always call him a community dog for he just loves all people.

I said hello to the man and he told me his name was Chris, he said everyone called him Chris. Chris looked at me and said "Hello Annette." I was so surprised. Then he turned to my dog. Copper, and said "Good morning, Copper."

I was so shocked! "How do you know our names?" He said "It's just a gift." I said "It's nice to meet you but we have to continue our walk." I wasn't sure if I should talk to him or not. Nowadays the way people are, you just have to be careful.

I have to tell you now that I am growing old but part of me is still a kid. I would love to climb trees again with my cousin Beth! It would become a rain storm with the wind blowing so hard and we would climb up old pine trees up as far as we could go swaying in the wind. I called it riding the trees. What fun we had! The kind of fun only children know.

Now that brings my memory back to Christmas time. Just what did we see but Santa Claus! I told Beth that is the man in the woods. No one believes me but my cousin Beth. She was always my friend and companion. Still to this day when I talk with her, it just seems like all the years melt away and we just pick up where we left off. Just what we saw was the REAL SANTA CLAUS!

The song "MEMORIES" is so true.

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Pet Tips from Angel

Cat Potpourri

* Cats have the largest eyes relative to their head size of any mammal.

* They make very little noise when they walk around. The thick, short pads on their paws allow them to sneak up on their prey - or you!

* Cats' rough tongues can lick a bone clean of any shred of meat.

* Cats use their long tails to balance themselves when they're jumping or walking along narrow ledges.

* Cats use their whiskers to "feel" the world around them in an effort to determine which small spaces they can fit into. A cat's whiskers are generally about the same width as its body. (This is why you should never, EVER cut their whiskers.)

* Male cats are more likely to be left-pawed, while female cats are more likely to be right-pawed.

* Though cats can notice the fast movements of their prey, it often seems to them that slow-moving objects are actually stagnant.

* There are cats who have survived falls from over 32 stories (320 meters) onto concrete.

* Cats will refuse an unpalatable food to the point of starvation.

* A group of cats is called a clowder, while a group of kittens is called a "kindle".

* Cats have over 20 muscles that control their ears.

* Cats sleep 70% of their lives.

* A cat was mayor of Talkeetna, Alaska, for 15 years. His name was Stubbs.

* A cat ran for mayor of Mexico City in 2013.

* In tigers and tabbies, the middle of the tongue is covered in backward-pointing spines, used for breaking off and gripping meat.

* When cats grimace, they are usually "taste-scenting". They have an extra organ that, with some breathing control, allows the cats to taste-sense the air.

* Cats can't taste sweetness.

* Owning a cat can reduce the risk of stroke and heart attack by thirty percent.

* If your cat's tail is straight up with a crook at the end, he doesn't trust you.

* The world's largest cat measured 48.5 inches long.

* Evidence suggests domesticated cats have been around since 3600 B.C., 2,000 years before Egypt's pharaohs.

* A cat's purr may be a form of self-healing, as it can be a sign of nervousness as well as contentment.

* Similarly, the frequency of a domestic cat's purr is the same at which muscles and bones repair themselves.

* Adult cats only meow to communicate with humans.

* The world's richest cat is worth $13 million after his human passed away and left her fortune to him.

* Your cat recognizes your voice but just acts too cool to care (probably because he is).

* Many cats get along with dogs, goats, birds, etc. much better than with other cats.

* Cats are nearsighted, but their peripheral vision and night vision are much better than that of humans.

* Cats can jump up to six times their length.

* Cats' claws all curve downward, which means that they can't climb down trees head-first. Instead, they have to back down the trunk.

* Cats' collarbones don't connect to their other bones, as these bones are buried in their shoulder muscles.

* Felines have 230 bones, while humans only have 206.

* Cats have an extra organ that allows them to taste scents on the air, which is why your cat stares at you with her mouth open from time to time.

* Cats have whiskers on the backs of their front legs, as well.

* A cat's learning style is on a similar level to an average 3 year-old child.

* Cats have nearly twice the amount of neurons in their cerebral cortex as dogs.

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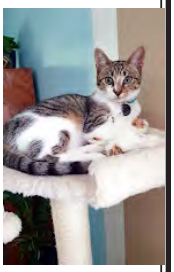

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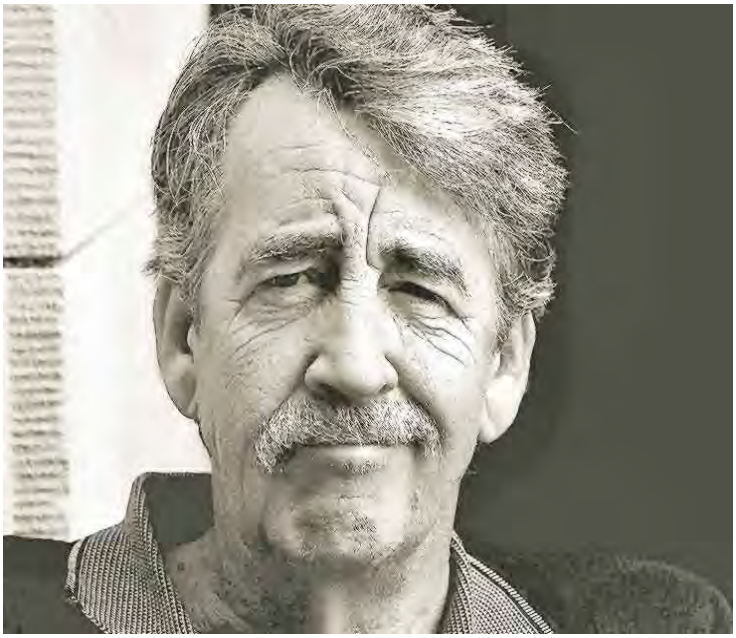
From the Desk of Tom Carney



The Witchcraft Trial

by Tom Carney

The courtrooms in early Alabama history normally dealt with horse thieves, murderers and bushwhackers, but in the late fall of 1822 our courts of law were forced to deal with something totally different. The courts had to render a decision about a woman accused of witchcraft.

History has forgotten the old woman's name. All we know about her is that she lived on the banks of the Flint River. A friendless old crone who had strange ways and was rather aloof, the woman was the talk of the local area. At first, she was spoken of only in whispers, then more boldly until she was publicly accused of being a witch. It culminated in a warrant for her arrest signed by one of the landed gentry of the community.

The day of the trial was fixed. Excitement ran high and people came from far and near to witness the unusual event. The trial proceeded on time and a great number of witnesses were called to testify, but nothing positive resulted from any of their testimony.

Then a young woman was called to the stand. Her testimony went as follows: One day she was washing down at the creek, and became extremely tired. She sat down at the foot of a beech tree to rest. Soon, the old accused woman came down the tree in the form of a squirrel, with its tail curled over its back, snarled at her and put a spell on her. The sickly girl testified that she had been ill ever since and couldn't sleep due to pain in her stomach that started the day she saw the old woman in the form of the squirrel.

The presiding judge, who seemed to have been in deep study, now seemed quite relieved upon hearing the young lady's testimony. He straightened in his chair and announced that the young woman's testimony was proof positive of the old woman's guilt. His opinion was that he should immediately send her to jail and began writing the order to put her behind bars.

Shock and dumb amazement settled on the faces of every sensible person in the room except that of a young Irishman named John Gallagher. Gallagher seemed calm and self-possessed. He rose and modestly asked permission of the court to make a single remark, whereupon he was told by the judge that he could make as many remarks as he wished.

"Then, Sir," began Gallagher, "allow me to remind you that it would be useless to send this woman to jail, for if she really is a witch she could escape through the keyhole; and if she should be innocent, it would be a great pity for her to be sent to prison."

The old judge was now more perplexed than ever for he was in a dilemma as to what to do with the old woman and asked young Gallagher his opinion. At this, the sensible young man suggested that the case rest where it was until the Grand Jury met at which time it could be laid before them.

That course of action was accepted, but for one reason or another the case was never taken before the Grand Jury and was never brought up again. It is assumed that the poor old lady lived out her days in peace, left alone, by the banks of the Flint River. And so ended the only witch trial that was ever held in Alabama's colorful history.

Soldier to Have Three Legs
from 1918 newspaper

Private John Kellogg, of Madison County, received a telegram last week informing him that he had been wounded, degree undetermined, while serving with the Army in France last month.

When he contacted the authorities to tell them he was home on leave and was perfectly well, he was ordered to report to the military **hospital in Augusta, Georgia to be fitted for an artificial leg.**

The military authorities then threatened him with being absent without leave if he failed to show up.

If the authorities have their way, Mr. Kellogg will be the only man in Alabama with three legs.

My Experience at the Snuffdippers Ball

by Malcolm Miller 2013

When I was a teenager my friends and I heard a lot about the Snuffdippers Ball in downtown Huntsville. The Snuffdippers Ball was located on Jefferson Street in a building called the Labor Temple. Every Saturday night there would be music and dancing on the second floor of that building.

I was sixteen years old in 1943 and my friends and I could not wait to see what the action was. Also I had heard that they had plenty of hillbilly music and that was my love. Many nights you could hear the great sounds of the music on the streets below.

As my friends and I climbed the long stairs to the second floor, we were very scared. However we were able to get in and for the first time we saw a lot of dancing going on and heard some of the best music we had ever heard before that time. For the first time we saw musicians with microphones and a sound system and their music could be heard loud and clear almost bouncing off the walls. I still remember many of the songs played that night. Music was my love and I loved this type of music.

It was at this ball that I met my long time friend, Monte Sano Crowder. Monte was named after the mountain where he was born. I never played at the Snuffdippers' Ball but I got to know most all the musicians who played there. There was Buster Holloway, Luther Maze, Charlie Hanes, Gene Jennings, Joe Sharp and sometimes Monte's brother Leon would join with his tenor banjo. I understand Monte's dad was a musician and all three of his boys - Monte, Leon and Arlie - were very talented musicians. No doubt Monte was known as one of the best old time fiddlers in the business in this area.

Back to the first time I ever set foot in the Ball, it was a sight to behold. There were the folks from all the Mill Villages ready for some fun after a long hard week of labor in the mills. There were country folks who left the fields early to get out and kick up their heels; and kick up their heels they did. There were cuspidors placed all around the walls for dancers to spit their snuff and tobacco in but you know when you are swinging your partner and dancing around the dance floor it's awfully hard to aim at a cuspidor and most of the time it went onto the floor. Oh well, a bit of snuff just made it easier to glide across the floor.

The security officer at the Ball was a large man who only had one arm but he carried a slap stick with a chunk of lead sewn in a piece of leather and he could really get someone's attention with that. I saw him hit a man in the head with that thing because he was causing trouble and the man rolled all the way down that long flight of stairs. This was quite a sight for several teenage boys to see.

I would venture to say that Monte Crowder made more money playing music in Huntsville than anyone before or since. He only worked one night a week for between thirty and forty years, paying for his home on Washington Street and a farm in Tennessee.

There will never be another like Monte Sano Crowder and I feel proud that he considered me a good friend.

"When I get really old I'm not going to sit around knitting. I'm going to be clicking my Life Alert button to see how many hot firefighters show up."

Linda Drake

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Children of the 1930s and 1940s. We are the Last Ones

by Rudy V. Strickland

Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Scottish Terrier Fala

Born in the 1930s and early 1940s, we exist as a very special age group. We are the "last ones." We are the last, climbing out of the Depression who can remember the winds of war and the war itself with fathers and uncles going off to fight. We are the last to remember ration books for everything from sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available. My mother delivered milk in a horse drawn cart.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can remember the parades on August 15th, VJ Day.

We saw the "boys" home from the war build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the cellar, tar papering it over and living there until they could afford the time and money to build it out.

We are the last who spent childhood without television; instead imagining what we heard on the radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the street lights came on." We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little league.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like. Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreels of the war and the holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults. We are the last who had to find out for ourselves.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth. The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent-up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics.

In the late 40s and early 50s the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class. Our parents understandably became absorbed with their own new lives. They were free from the confines of the Depression and the War. They threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves until the street lights came on. They were busy discovering the post-war world.

Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world and went to find out. We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed. Based on our naive belief that there was more where this came from, we shaped life as we went.

We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future. Of course, just as today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty was deep rooted. Polio was still a crippler. The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 1950s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks. China became Red China. Eisenhower sent the first "advisors" to Vietnam. Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power.

We are the last to experience an interlude when there were no existential threats to our homeland. We came of age in the late 1940s and early 1950s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, climate change, technological upheaval and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease.

Only we can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We experienced both. We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better, not worse. We did not have it easy. Our wages were low, we did without, we lived within our means, we worked hard to get a job and harder still to keep it. Things that today are considered necessities, we considered unreachable luxuries.

We made things last. We fixed, rather than replaced. We had values and did not take for granted that "Somebody will take care of us". We cared for ourselves and we also cared for others.

We are the "last ones."

***Housekeeping Tip*: Always keep a few Get Well cards on your fireplace mantle. Then when visitors drop by they'll think you've been sick and that's why your house is a wreck.**

Sigmund Freud has had His Day

by Bill Goodson

Sigmund Freud has had his day, So good riddance* most would say.

Let's give him his due, though, and thank him for such inventions as that pop psychology icon, the phallic symbol, as well as for educating us in the mysteries of the dream. "The royal road to the unconscious" he called it.

In my case, royalty has been deposed in favor of the mundane. One of my recurring dreams is as ordinary as Naugahyde seat covers, the same one I've heard from friends over the years, and it goes like this: I'm in college and exams are coming up, and I haven't the foggiest idea as to which classes I'm taking, can't find the registration office or the classrooms. Definitely an anxiety dream, and I've laid it to excessive achievement pressure in my youth.

My other recurring dream may be unique. In it, I am being drafted into the airborne medical corps for the second time over my vehement protests, citing an obligation already fulfilled and the dreadful unfairness of it all. Of course I succumb to the inevitable.

This scenario undoubtedly stems from my unhappy initiation into the cunning ways of military recruiting. The year was 1964, and my time had come. To avoid being drafted as a general medical officer, I had enrolled during medical school in something called the Berry Plan, which allowed me to defer active duty until after residency. Preparing for this adventure, I now sat across the desk from Lt. Col. John Mason at the medical corps offices in the Pentagon.

"Call me Jack" he said cordially (I should have suspected something), as he listened to my plea for a plum assignment such as Germany or Denver or San Francisco. Jack smiled and shook his head, then read off the available assignments for psychiatrists. I never knew the corpus or the military harbored so many armpits.

Then...Ft. Bragg...Division Psychiatrist...82nd Airborne.

"Hey," I said, "North Carolina is one of my favorite places, but I don't want to jump out of airplanes."

Jack leaned over and confided, "Just say you'll consider jumping. You can refuse later." I think he winked.

Ha! The rest of the story: At Ft. Sam Houston, our basic training instructor announced a meeting that night for all doctors assigned to airborne units. Prepared to exercise my right to unvolunteer, I heard the major tell us that anyone refusing jump school would probably be reassigned to Korea, where, by the way, soldier, you are not allowed to take your dependents. I thought wryly of my old buddy, Jack, then slumped into the line of lemmings and signed my name.

Two years and thirteen parachute jumps later, my conscious mind concluded that it hadn't been such a bad deal after all. Following the sheer terror of that first leap into the propwash of a C-130, I had rather enjoyed the extra $100 per month and the discipline of the 82nd. The Saharan landscape of that portion of North Carolina wasn't exactly what I'd expected, but that's small change.

Au contraire, you might say, the dream betrays lingering resentments toward Uncle Sam. Or is it even more contraire? Is there deeper symbolism about the human condition, our powerlessness before the higher-powers-that-be? I'd like to think I just don't cotton to the idea or repeating that indenture, instead of conjuring the specter of impotence in the lace of universal forces.

Impotence —that brings us back to Freud. Nothing personal, Siggy old boy, but you did get hung up on sex a bit too much. If you'd been born 100 years later, you'd have to look up "repression" in the Dictionary of Dead Victorian Concepts. As a salute to your memory, and in hopes of putting to bed my nightmare, I now amend the verse.

Sigmund, you have had your day.

Jewel

Hello, my name is Jewel. I am a sweet green-eyed tabby cat here at the Ark Animal Shelter. I came to the shelter in August 2024 with my four little kittens. I took good care of them and they were all adopted.

Since then I have been spayed and received all my shots and am micro-chipped. The vet thinks I am about a year and a half old. I love people and am a friendly lap cat that loves to play with the volunteers and visitors at the shelter.

I'm hoping someone will notice me among all the other cats and take me to a safe and cozy home where I can be a member of the family. If you come to the Ark and are looking for a new and loyal friend, ask to see Jewel. I will be very happy to see you.

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Ham Radio and Tower

by M. D. Smith IV

I have been an Amateur Radio (commonly called Ham Radio) operator since 1963. I got my call WA4DXP and not long after my wife got her WA4K.UO call sign. I bribed her to learn Morse Code and pass the Tech test with a new dryer for our married student apartment.

We built a house on Monte Sano, and I put a 48' self-supporting (no guy wires) tower in the ground in three cubic yards of concrete. I had a three-element beam antenna on top to work distant countries.

We moved off the mountain into my parent's neighborhood in a larger house we bought built by Clark Hereford. I left the tower and put in a newer self-supporting 56' tower and even more yards of concrete. We had a corner lot, and our next-door neighbor was a single older lady who baked cookies for our kids. After a few years, she moved away to be with her children in Florida.

New neighbors, a married couple, moved into the house shortly. They were not friendly at all. On rare occasions when we might talk while doing yard work, they'd complain about everything, including the weather. They'd already run a property line survey and lamented that the extreme rear of my backyard wooden fence encroached on their property by six inches. My wife's pleading spared us having to move about fifteen feet of it, but they only agreed grudgingly.

A few months later, a storm blew down a medium size tree in their backyard and it fell on my fence, destroying about six feet of it. As the neighbor and I were surveying the damage, I'd already brought out my chainsaw and was cutting limbs that were in my backyard.

He brought up the issue reluctantly, saying that maybe his insurance would pay for my fence repair since his tree did the damage. I told him to forget it. It was an act of nature, and I'd remove the tree parts on my side and repair my fence. He had a tree service come to remove all left on his side, and I had already sawed the tree off that was on my property and hauled it to the street with my son's help. I split the larger trunk wood for my fireplace and saved some money not having to buy wood that season.

I thought all was well until I got a formal-looking letter in the mail from him. He said he'd talked to a lawyer, and they'd consulted the city laws and that my tower and antenna were "violating his airspace" and wanted it all removed. He said he and his wife felt the tower and antenna were a terrible eyesore for the neighborhood and wanted me to take everything down. I called my lawyer and he read the law to me and said my neighbor was right, that I'd have to remedy the problem.

Here was the issue. At the top of my tower, a shaft on a rotator supported a 3-element beam antenna. The boom, or main element, was 12' long, six-foot on either side of center, just barely protruding a few inches into his airspace. The three elements were 26' long or hung out 13' on either side and did significantly overhang our property line.

I hoped I could talk him out of it and invited him over to see my ham radio outfit on the basement level of our house. He came, and my wife brought us coffee and donuts. He watched as I demonstrated my radio by talking to another ham in Texas, then one in Montana. I showed him all my QSL cards on the wall from many other states and countries worldwide. I told him it was only possible because of that beam on top of the tower, and I hoped he'd reconsider. He said he would and left.

The next day, he said he and his wife talked further, but he would not rescind his demand for me to remedy the problem. Besides, he repeated, "Your tower and antenna are an eyesore, and we feel decreases our property value. We want it removed from the side of your house."

An eyesore, huh? Well, the tower didn't overhang the line and was grandfathered before the city enacted any tower laws, so it would stay. Then I had an idea. The same company made a 2-element beam antenna. While the long elements were the same, the boom, or center mast, was only ten feet long and would NOT overhang his property. I left the antenna with the long elements lined up horizontally with the property line. I usually only rotated it at night, and on those rare occasions, he'd never see it. That would leave it oriented East and West, and I used the beam in those directions to talk to Europe, the West Coast, and Hawaii.

That's what I did. I took the bigger one down and sold it, put the shorter one up. The neighbor came to his backyard as I finished up and climbed down the tower. I pointed up. "See? It doesn't overhang your airspace anymore."

"What if you turn it?"

"I won't." At least not that he'd ever see. I could see he was very disappointed. I'm sure he and his wife had hoped not only would I take the top antenna down but the tower as well since I wouldn't need it anymore. He didn't understand that I used the tower to support the center of my dipole long-wire antennas that ran from trees in my front yard to the back. Having the center supported fifty feet in the air made them work much better. I'd still need the tower even if I had no beam on top of it. But now I was set, just as before, and almost as good.

For good measure, I displayed my pride tower by stringing many strings of Christmas lights from top to bottom every holiday season and kept it lit night and day. Lovely sight.

The Bent Memorial

by Col. John Steenburn, 1991

On Wednesday, the third of April, 1974, horror visited Huntsville.

A killer tornado roared across Redstone Arsenal, through the densely populated area off Patton Road, through Glennell Trailer Park to Parkway City, then through Thornton Acres. It lifted just east of Whitesburg Drive, jumping to the top of Monte Sano Mountain, then moving down the eastern slope where it continued on the ground for another 18 miles, all the way to the Madison County Fishing Lake.

This storm was actually tracked by the Weather Bureau for one hour and 46 minutes over a distance of 100 miles. The trail of death and destruction through the Arsenal and city staggers the imagination. Fourteen people were killed, over 100 were injured, and the monetary damage totalled untold millions of dollars.

Traces of the path of this terrible storm are today almost impossible to find. But, vivid memories must include white bed sheets caught in the green trees on the slope of Monte Sano.

On the first anniversary of this disaster, Mayor Joe Davis and a group of distinguished citizens planted 17 live oak trees in the medians of Williams and Monroe Streets near the Von Braun Civic Center in memory of the residents killed by this tornado.

However, standing proudly in front of Fire Station No. 7, on the South Parkway, is the real memorial to this tragedy. A bent flagpole, leaning in the direction of the storm winds, has waited patiently for 17 years to be recognized.

The original Fire Station was demolished during the storm, its flag torn away and a "Mack" fire truck severely damaged. Fireman Junior Fisk's brand new Chevrolet pick-up truck, parked just outside, was totaled. Luckily the four men manning the Station escaped unhurt.

When you drive by this immaculate and well-kept Fire Station and wonder why the crooked flag pole, perhaps you will agree that it is a most appropriate way to remember what really happened here a long time ago.

A Rose

An elderly couple had dinner at another couple's apartment. After eating, the wives left the table and went into the kitchen to get dessert.

The two elderly gentlemen were **talking, and the first one said, "Last** night we went out to a new restau**rant, and it was fantastic!"**

"What's the name of it?" the other asked.

The first man thought for a minute, shook his head, then asked the **other man, "What is the name of that red flower that smells really sweet?"**

"A rose," the other replied, proud of himself.

"Thanks," the first man said. He then turned to the kitchen and **yelled, "Hey, Rose, what's the** name of that restaurant we went to **yesterday?"**

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Huntsville Saves U. S. Army Airplanes

By Johnny Johnston

Heavy storms on the night of March 15, 1938 forced 18 Army planes to land at the small Huntsville airport.

Automobiles were diverted from Whitesburg Drive, which ran alongside the airport, and their headlights were pressed into service illuminating the runway during the emergency. The airport in those days was not lighted for nighttime landing.

Such an impressive array of giant aircraft landing in our small town caused a large flurry of sightseeing activity. The planes were parked here overnight. They finally left at noon the next day, stopping at Montgomery's Maxwell Field at 2:10 p.m., en route to Tampa, Fla., for aerial maneuvers.

The aviators, from the 17th Pursuit Squadron of Selfridge Field, Mich., were impressed with our town's quick response to the emergency.

Commanded by Capt. D. M. Allison, the Army fliers spent the night at the Russel Erskine Hotel, having experienced what could have been a tragic landing, but for Huntsville's speedy answer to a distress situation.

The spectacular landing of the planes provided Huntsville with perhaps its biggest thrill since the Civil War, when General Nathan Bedford Forrest and his Confederate cavalry routed a Union general and his staff.

Hundreds of automobiles, loaded with passengers, dashed to the field as soon as a broadcast had appealed for lights to help break the darkness, and to aid the fliers in their precarious attempts to land.

Forced to turn back after bucking storms in North Central Alabama, and miles off their course, the planes circled Huntsville drawn by a huge electric arrow atop the Russel Erskine hotel and the lights of the city.

"Driver carries no cash - he's married."

Bumper sticker seen on pizza delivery vehicle

Old Ad run in Old Huntsville magazine in 1995

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The roar of their planes brought alarm from the citizenry.

At least one family thought a cyclone was coming, and took refuge in the basement of the home, staying there until a radio announcer's voice informed them otherwise.

Quick thinking by the two state highway patrolmen stationed here played a major part in the safe landings.

Patrolmen C. T. Barrett and Franklin Moore heard the roar of motors, and, looking aloft, saw the cloud-laden sky filled with the circling planes.

Hastening to the local radio station, they broadcast an appeal for citizens to drive swiftly to the unlighted landing field and turn their automobile lights on the broad open expanse, which was little more than a pasture.

The Army birdmen, one by one, commenced to land while breathless citizens looked on. The first plane taxied back up the field at 5:25 o'clock.

It was 7 o'clock before the 18th plane came in, and it was this pilot's escape that provided the biggest suspense of the entire event. Just before touching earth, a strong gust of wind caught the ship. It whirled completely about, but the pilot kept his mind alert and settled to safety. He dropped a flare before circling to come in.

"The boys did something proud," Capt. Allison said, "but it certainly was a great relief to see the first ship land and start back up the field — right side up."

Immediately after the last plane had landed, Capt. Allison was surrounded by Huntsvillians offering assistance.

Throughout the dark hours, multitudes of spectators visited the field. Still more suspense came during a heavy rain storm, accompanied by thunder, lightning and cyclonic wind around 1:30 a.m. Capt. Allison was liberal in his praise of the cooperation given the birdmen by Huntsvillians.

"In behalf of myself and my men, I want to express our heartfelt appreciation for the quick response and the splendid cooperation we have received all the way through."

It's no accident that STRESSED spelled backwards is DESSERTS.

Have You Ever wanted to Read Really OLD Past Issues of Old Huntsville magazine? Now you Can! They are right here on this website!

Created by Deane Dayton, who has been working on these collections for over 10 years.

www.huntsvillehistorycollection.org

The Huntsville History Collection:
A Portal to Huntsville's Past

The Collection now includes all issues of Old Huntsville Magazine through 2020, as well as:

- The Southpaw postcard, Harvie Jones, and other Huntsville collections.
- Information about notable people and families of Huntsville plus the work of local historians and artists.
- Huntsville's historic buildings, districts, markers and cemeteries with pictures, maps, and links to digital walking tours.
- The Huntsville Historical Review, the Historic Huntsville Quarterly, Valley Leaves and the Madison County Bicentennial Bookshelf.
- Audio and other stories by some of Huntsville's best story-tellers.

Historical Probate, court, deed, tax, and mill records.

Thank you!

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

Huntsville History Throughout the Years

When Star Market opened on Meridian Street, in 1942, it was the first grocery in Huntsville to have a frozen food counter. People were also amazed to learn that there were 2,782 motor vehicles registered in Madison County and that Sgt. Kent West, once an employee at the Arsenal, had shot down the first Nazi fighter plane.

Huntsville Times carriers also had reason to be proud when it was announced they had led the nation in the sale of defense stamps and war bonds.

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