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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Tarantulena's Troubles



***Also in this issue:* Ken Follett's Visit to Huntsville; Disaster Plan for Pets; Lost and Found; BB Gun Battle; Jailbirds; Lessons Learned Late; Old Household Brevities; Ten Minutes to Live; How to Sell to a Woman; Fall Recipes, Tips and much much more!**

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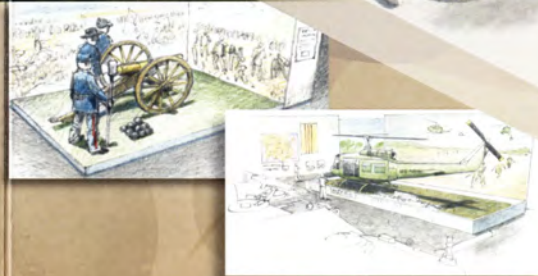
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Tarantulena's Troubles

by M. D. Smith, IV

(Cover Photo courtesy Pinterest.com)

"Television won't last because people will get tired of staring at a plywood box every night."

**Darryl Zanuck,
20th Century Fox, 1946**

Tarantulena Edwina McGinty didn't like either name, so she went by Lena. Coming from a heritage of good witches, her mother named her after a distant grandmother who loved spiders back in the old country. Lena wore ultra-long curved fingernails to disguise her magical forefinger nail on her right hand. To point that hand and finger, along with a triple wiggle, made things created in her mind happen.

She recently settled in Atlanta with her black cat, Inky, hoping for a very low profile—not reveal powers to anyone, especially her new boyfriend, Randy, who worked for the same life insurance company. He was in sales, and Lena was an actuary, the genius with numbers.

The couple sat at a street-side window booth at a nearby café for lunch. Randy squinted from the sun while Lena lowered her wide-brimmed hat, the only witchy thing she still allowed herself.

"I swear," Randy said, stabbing his fork into his grilled chicken salad, "if one more client tells me they're in 'perfect health' while wheezing through a sentence, I'm gonna lose it."

Lena chuckled and stirred



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"No Representation is made that the quality of the legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."

her sweet tea, careful not to tap her magical finger on the glass. A few weeks ago, she had accidentally tapped her lemonade glass, and gallons overflowed on the counter and sink. Thankfully, a quick cleanup.

"You're too honest for sales," she teased.

"Don't remind me." He leaned closer. "I'd rather do what you do—sit behind a desk and crunch numbers all day with that scary-smart brain of yours."

Lena chuckled. She used to produce insurance quotes—one triple wiggle at a time. Not anymore. She used computers.

A waitress passed by with a tray of pastries, and Lena's hand accidentally brushed the tablecloth—a triple wiggle.

Poof!

The tray floated six inches off the waitress's hand and hovered mid-air. She gasped. Randy dropped his fork.

"What the—what the hell?" he said, eyes wide.

Lena's stomach flipped.

"Oh, must be some kind of prank," she said. "You know these trendy cafés—always doing weird things for social media."

But Randy was already craning his neck toward the floating tray.

Lena reached down, pretending to adjust her shoe strap, and muttered a reversal charm. Nothing to see here. Floaty thing, disappear. Normal vibes, reappear.

The tray gently settled back onto the waitress's hand, as if nothing had happened. The poor girl looked like she'd seen a ghost while the rest of the café buzzed with whispers and gasps.

A subtle shimmer passed through the café. The air stilled. Conversations resumed. One man asked if anyone else suddenly felt a little sleepy.

Randy rubbed his temples and sat back down. "That was weird. Did you feel that static?"

Lena smiled. "Maybe changing weather."

Deep inside, Randy sensed something was wrong.

That wasn't the first accidental spell she'd cast. Her control was slipping. If the Witch Council found out, especially with her living in a human city, she'd be summoned for a recalibration trial. Those rarely ended well.

Randy gazed out the window. "Look at that mother and little girl on the bench. I'd like to have a child or two someday before too long. How about you?"

Lena noticed the child, about five, bouncing a soccer ball between her legs. "Someday, sure. I'd like..."

She stopped mid-sentence – the girl's ball slipped away, heading between two parked cars and the street. The girl dashed after it. A delivery



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**"My mother buried three husbands,
and two of them were just napping."**

Rita Rudner

truck sped down the road. Impending disaster.

Instantly, Lena tapped her finger on the table three times, and an invisible mat-tress stopped the child at street's edge. The truck sped past—flattened the ball. The child bounced back, landed on her butt, crying. Her mother snatched her up, hugged and swirled her around, thanking God for a miracle that saved her child.

"You see that?" Randy said in amazement.

"Yeah, I think the gust of wind from the truck must have pushed her back," Lena said, then picked up the menu. "I could go for some pie. How about you?"

Later that evening, while Randy was out with buddies, Lena brewed a calming potion in her tiny apartment's kitchen, stroking her cat and re-reading grandmother's spell book, "Tangled Magic and Tea-Time Mayhem."

"If your finger itches or twitches thrice, be warned: your spell control ain't nice," she muttered. "Yeah, real helpful."

She reached for her teacup and accidentally tapped it. It promptly flipped over spilling contents into Inky's food on the floor. Meyow.

Lena buried her head in her hands.

Just then, a knock on the door.

She froze.

A second knock—firm and rhythmic.

She peeked through the peephole and nearly fainted.

Outside stood a tall woman in a charcoal cloak and round spectacles. Her wild gray curls floated slightly, as if they didn't adhere to gravity.

Council.

Oh no.

"Come in, Lady Bramblethorn," Lena said.

She strolled in, swinging one foot in front of the other like someone modeling fashions. In the middle of the room, she stopped and faced Lena.

"I guess you know why I'm here, sweetie, don't you?"

Lena put her hands to her nose and mouth.

"I've just had a teensy bit of a control issue lately. I'm searching grandmother's book for something to calm my twitchy digit."

Lady put a long empty cigarette holder in her mouth, then hands on hips. "You know we absolutely cannot allow anyone to know there are still witches around, particularly in this big city, right?"

Lena nodded.

"I'm here—ready to dole out punishment, possibly a recalibration trial, but it seems you saved the life of a little girl today. Most admirable. It didn't appear as magic to

bystanders. Well done. So, you're off the hook—this time, but require no more visits. Am I clear?"

Lena took a vast cleansing breath and gushed out, "Thank you. Thank you. I understand. I'll control it. Promise."

"Fine. I do like you, child. You have a good heart. I hope you'll find a good husband soon. Of course, he can never know, either. We don't want the days of Salem ever repeated, do we?"

"Heavens no."

"Then I'm on my way." Lady waved her hand, and the door opened ahead of her. She exited, and it gently closed after her.

Lena breathed several enormous sighs of relief and stroked Inky. She'd better really be careful.

That night, she dreamed of fire—bonfires, screeching crowds, the old tales her grandmother warned her about. She woke drenched in sweat, her magical finger



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twitching. It was getting worse.

By morning, her apartment was in shambles. The toaster sang opera, the plants blinked a variety of colors, and her coffee machine brewed chamomile tea instead. Inky was hiding. She paced the floor, debating whether to flee Atlanta and go off-grid like Aunt Griselda in the Ozarks, when she got an idea.

She taped her three middle fingers together. If anyone asked, she'd say she broke her middle finger and bound all three together to heal. To let me heal, she thought.

It worked. With her three fingers taped into a sort of permanent curl, there was no more finger wiggling or tapping.

During the next month, Randy called all the time. They went to dinners, concerts, and long walks in the parks with arms around each other. One day, Randy stopped, faced her, and his eyes said everything as he leaned closer for a kiss.

What took him so long? Lena not only returned his kiss, but also put her arms around his head and neck and pulled him closer. Electric sparks crackled down her spine, and a warm feeling all over told her this was the real thing.

"Wanna have dinner at my apartment tonight and stay over?" Lena asked.

"Absolutely," Randy gushed. Then, in his best John Wayne voice, "Not only that little lady, but I reckon I'd shore like to stay a few more if'n Inky don't mind, ma'am."

"He won't," she laughed and gave him another deep kiss.

"I'ma guessin' that means okay." The Duke's voice said. "And I'm a hopin' your broke finger is about well."

She chuckled and looked at her hand. "I think it's fine now," she said, removing the tape.

Two weeks later, Randy pro-

posed with a gorgeous diamond engagement ring. Lena said yes. They celebrated into the early morning hours—almost daylight.

Worries. She couldn't keep lying to him. But if she told the truth...?

Then again, she barely convinced the Witch Council to let her off the hook. Could she really live with a husband like this—hiding, suppressing, dodging disaster?

No, she couldn't begin a marriage on a tremendous lie about herself. She either had to call it off or tell him the truth. She bit her lower lip until tears flowed.

One or the other—speak the truth, or lie and say she didn't love him and save her own skin.

Lena arranged a park lunch meeting with Randy.

He greeted her with a kiss. "You look tired."

"You've no idea," she whispered.

Sitting on a bench under a dogwood tree, Lena propped her chin on her elbows, where to start.

"I've been thinking," Randy said. "About the weird things that happened at our first lunch."

Lena tensed.

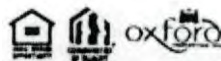
"I know you think I don't notice stuff—but I do—Miss Tarantulena Edwina McGinty."

"How'd you get that?"

"You left your wallet open on the table—saw your driver's license. But I love you and don't care if your name is spelled the same way as the giant spider—means nothing. It's the person behind it that matters. And you matter to me a lot."

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She breathed easy.

"But, you're always there when something strange happens. I'm not stupid, Lena."

Her stomach dropped. "Randy—"

"Are you... like, psychic? Or a magician or something?"

She laughed a little too hard. "You think I'm a magician?"

"No. Not exactly." He leaned in, gaze steady. "Doesn't matter. I know you somehow saved that little girl. Amazing. Whatever it is... you can trust me."

Lena stared, stunned. Her finger twitched—no use pretending.

With a deep breath, she pointed to a dandelion across the path and wiggled. It floated, shimmered gold, and spun in the air before drifting to Randy's open palm.

He didn't flinch. He smiled.

"Well, I'll be," he said. "It's true."

Lena blinked away tears. "I've never shown anyone. Not ever. I could get in big trouble."

"Guess that makes me special, my love."

"You have no idea."

From that moment, something shifted—not just in Lena, but in the magic itself. The chaotic twitching ceased. Under control. Her heart calmed.

Love, it turned out, was the most potent magic of all.

Finally, Lena was free to be exactly who she was—-Tarantulena Edwina McGinty, the good witch of Atlanta, soon-to-be Mrs. Randy Jones, weird fingernail, black cat and all.



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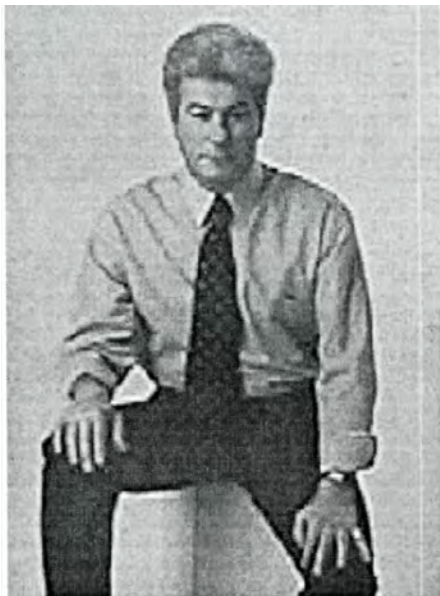
"A girl phoned me the other day and said, 'Come on over, there's nobody home.' I went over. Nobody was home."

Rodney Dangerfield

Ken Follett Visits Huntsville Nov 19, 1999

*by David Prather,
for the Huntsville Times*

Nov. 25, 1999



If you were in Bubba's last Thursday night, standing with your hand over your heart, helping local musician Tony Mason belt out a stirring version of "Dixie," you may have noticed the medium-sized, middle-aged, gray-haired Englishman who had obviously been savoring his introduction to the best that Jack Daniel's distillery up in Tennessee has to offer.

On second glance, the Englishman, caught up in the spirit of "Dixie" if unfamiliar with the lyrics, might have looked familiar, if not in this context.

Your eyes weren't deceiving you. That really was Ken

Follett, the novelist who has enthralled millions of readers worldwide and consistently earns praise from the critics.

You think Huntsville doesn't read? Then why was Follett recognized by scores of people everywhere he went during a three-day trip here that ended Saturday?

Tom and Cathey Carney, the owners of Old Huntsville magazine who were Follett's hosts, said patrons at Bubba's, at the Kaffeeklatsch, at the Books-A-Million store on North Memorial Parkway, even the Thursday's midnight crowd at Tavern on the Square, were clamoring for autographs.

Despite all the socializing, Follett was here on a literary mission. His next novel, not yet titled, is a historical espionage novel set, in part, in Huntsville.

About a year ago, Follett's agents contacted Tom Carney about helping the English writer make sure the background was authentic.

"If you're describing a street in Huntsville," Carney said, "you want to get it right." Last weekend's trip was Follett's

on-site inspection of his scene-setting.

And lucky for Follett that he came. One scene featured a passenger arriving at Huntsville Airport in the mid 50s, eating at the airport restaurant, then renting a car.

"I pointed out that there were no car rentals here then, and about all you could get to eat at the airport was a candy bar," Carney said.

Revisions in progress.

Follett is one of the major stars in the espionage-writing firmament, with most readers being familiar with "Eye of the Needle," his first big success, which was made into a movie starring Donald Sutherland, or the best-selling "The Man from St. Petersburg".

But Follett, whose books are as literate as they are thrilling, has shown more depth and breadth than most of those in the spy-fiction game. "The Pillars of the Earth" — the book he told Carney was his most difficult challenge because "it was so hard to stop researching and to start writing."

But at Bubba's on Thursday,

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British novelist Ken Follett visits with Shirley Schoenig, manager of Books-A-Million, left. Ken in center and Cathey Carney, co-owner of Old Huntsville Magazine, right.

the writer who has been translated into 21 languages, whose wife is a member of Parliament — thus enabling Follett to tell Carney days before it became public knowledge that British Prime Minister Tony Blair's wife is pregnant -- was just a good ol' boy having a good ol' time.

"He's the nicest guy you ever met in your life," said Carney. For Follett's part, he told Carney the trip to Alabama had opened his eyes to how friendly and "verbal" Huntsvillians are.

Carney was amazed at how many people recognized a man whose major public presence is the back dust jacket of his books, but probably not as amazed as Follett was by a conversation he had with a friend of Carney's in Bubba's.

"So what do you do?" the man asked Follett.

"I write," said the best-selling author.

"What about?"

"Many things."

"You know, Tom's a writer, too," said Follett. "Maybe he can help you get somewhere."



"My wife and I decided never to go to bed angry. We've been up for 8 days."

Jack Clark, Ardmore

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Turn to the experts

Angels on Earth

by Sean Dietrich



Yavapai County, Arizona, is a lot of dirt, rocks, and heat. I spent a few weeks outside Prescott once. The heat index was 140. It was so hot the Prescott Daily Courier reported that local chickens were laying omelettes.

Jerome lies to the northeast, an old copper mining town. Farther east is beautiful Sedona, which features Earth's largest natural collection of Range Rover Defenders.

In the topmost northern section of the county is Seligman (population 446). There isn't much in Seligman. You're looking at a few abandoned gas-stations, a couple Route 66 tourist shops, old motels and people whose front yards are dirt.

It was in this setting that a 2-year-old boy named Boden Allen got lost. Boden is an adventurous kid, a typical towheaded toddler. He was playing outside while his father was working on the roof. His mother was tending to their 1-year-old.

Two-year-olds can be sneaky. Boden just slipped out of the yard, and that was that.

The kid was nowhere to be found. His parents sounded the alarm. Yavapai Search and Rescue took to the desert on a manhunt. Or a "boy" hunt, as it were.

The search turned up nothing. One hour turned into two. Two turned into 10. Ten turned into 16. It was like looking for hay in a haystack.

Sean Dietrich is a columnist, multi-instrumentalist, and stand-up storyteller known for his commentary on life in the American South. His 19th book "Over Yonder" releases on October 7, 2025. He is currently on tour and events can be found at SeanDietrich.com

Night fell. Still no Boden.

His mother, Sarah said, "I looked at his empty bed in the middle of the night, and I'm like, 'This isn't real, he's not — how is he not here? How is he out by himself somewhere in the dark?'"

Boden's odds of survival were not good. The overnight temperatures sink down into the 20s. Not to mention the natural predators that wander the desert. You could get bit by a rattlesnake, fall into a canyon, or get attacked by a coyote.

Enter Buford.

Buford is a fluffy 160-pound Anatolian Pyreneese, a working ranch dog with paws the size of supermarket chickens. He looks like a giant white Teddy bear, except that he weighs more than your grandmother.

That night, Buford was miles from home, doing ranch stuff, wandering the property. Buford found a frightened little boy huddled beneath a tree. It was biting cold. Buford curled up beside the boy and slept against him to keep him warm.

The next morning, Scotty Dunton was working on his 25,000-acre cattle ranch in Kingman. Not long after sunup, Scotty saw Buford wandering up the dusty path, leading a small boy. The boy wore a tank top and pajama bottoms.

"I knew exactly who it was," Scotty Dunton said.

Boden had wandered 7 miles from home. He was sobbing and dehydrated. The child guzzled about a gallon of water. In a few moments, Scotty called the sheriff's department. A tearful reunion ensued.

All the locals agreed that Boden should not have survived. There were a hundred-and-one ways this could've gone wrong and only one way it could've gone right.

"There's lions, there's coyotes," said Dunton. "There's a couple of bears that came through a couple of weeks ago. There's all sorts of hazards up here for that kid. ...If the dog was with him, that dog would die rather than let that kid get hurt."

So anyway, if you're searching for evidence of actual angels on Earth, just remember, most of them have fleas.



OLD HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES

* Should it happen that paper, because of moisture, becomes stuck on some surface or other of your furniture, do not try to scrape it off. Instead, moisten it with a little linseed or sweet oil, and let the paper remain until it is easily removed by rubbing it with a finger.

* Your Venetian blinds may be cleaned quickly in the following manner. Wear a pair of old gloves (fabric, not kid), and with your fingers as tools let the gloves act as dusters. Moisten gloves in cold water to which 1 teaspoon of ammonia has been added per quart of water, and your blinds will shine.

* For mildew on wallpaper, clean it with a soft cloth. Do not rub it, merely touch it, and let your touch be as light as a baby's kiss or you will ruin the paper. Since plaster is apt to be moist under mildewed wallpaper, hold a folded towel over the spot with one hand, while you hold a not-too-hot iron in position with the other.

* Cold tea is the best liquid for cleaning varnished paint, windowpanes and mirrors.

* A saucer of sifted ashes should always be standing at hand to clean unvarnished paint that has become badly smoked; it is better than soap.

* When your clock runs slow, don't spend money right off by taking it to a watchmaker. Instead, put the clock overnight in a barely warm oven. This treatment loosens clogged oil in the works and puts the timepiece back on schedule.

* Housewives who are expert laundrywomen say that snow-white linen has a greater chance of staying that way if 1 tablespoon of turpentine is added to the tub of water for the last rinsing. Linen that has a yellow tint may become whiter by adding 1 tablespoon of kerosene, instead of turpentine, to the tub of the last rinsing.

* To remove old wax from a glass candle holder, put it in the freezer for a few hours. Then take the candle holder out and turn it upside down. The wax will fall out.

* Crayon marks on walls? This worked wonderfully! A damp rag, dipped in baking soda. Comes off with little effort (elbow grease that is!).

* Use rubbing alcohol soaked in a paper towel to remove permanent marker on appliances/counter tops, etc.

* When you get a knot in a fine necklace, put a drop or two of vegetable oil on a piece of waxed paper. Lay the knot in it and by using two straight pins, undo the knot.

"Here lies an Atheist, all dressed up and no place to go."

Seen on Athens gravestone

"If you want the best seat in the house, you'll have to move the dog."

Anon



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Fall has arrived — a time to relax, savor the year's harvest, and enjoy the beauty around us. Leaves are drifting down, pumpkins and mums brighten porches and gardens, and crisp air signals the season's change.

It's also a good time to prepare your home for the colder months ahead. Spray inside and outside to keep bugs and furry critters from sneaking in as they search for warmth. Check around your house and yard, too, to make sure everything is ready for winter weather.

Spring bulbs are already on sale in many stores. If you're not ready to plant, tuck them in the hydrator drawer of your refrigerator and save them for later. I usually plant mine after the first of the year.

Of course, fall also means football Saturdays, tailgating, hot dogs, hamburgers and barbecue. The excitement never gets old, so dig out your team shirts and cheer your favorites on — the season has just begun!

By late summer, fall and Christmas catalogs start rolling in. They're perfect for planning ahead for Halloween and the holidays. Children love costumes, and schools and churches often host fun events like Trunk-or-Treats and fall carnivals. A trip to the farm-

er's market is another seasonal highlight — let the kids choose their own pumpkin. This year, consider painting pumpkins instead of carving them for a creative twist.

Since costumes can be pricey, thrift stores are a great resource. Many have outfits worn only once, or you can create something unique at home with a little poster board, paint and fabric. Kids often enjoy helping make their own costume.

Don't forget! Daylight Saving Time ends on November 2. Turn your clocks back and enjoy an extra hour of sleep.

October is also Breast Cancer Awareness Month. On October 18, the Liz Hurley 5K Run will take place, with proceeds staying right here in Huntsville to help fight breast cancer. Ladies, be sure to schedule your annual mammogram — it could save your life.

As the weather cools, safety at home becomes even more important. Check your fire and carbon monoxide detectors and replace the batteries — it's recommended to do this twice a year. If you have a fireplace, have it cleaned to remove creosote buildup. For space heaters, always inspect the cords; if they're frayed, replace them immediately. Each year, many fires are caused by damaged or unsafe heaters.

Finally, don't forget to simply step outside and enjoy the beauty of autumn. Take a walk, breathe in the crisp air, and watch the colors of the season unfold.



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Broken (1986)

by Bill Alkire

My son graduated from high school in 1986. My father surprised him with a 1963 MG B roadster as a graduation gift. My father lived in Hollywood, California and towed the car from there to Knoxville, Tennessee where we lived.

The old car required years of work to make it run well. Typical of British Leyland vehicles, it required much to keep it running. I will not bore the reader with a listing of what had to be completed. My son has turned the roadster into an award-winning classic.

Let me share a funny, painful story. This happened early in the restoration process; the front suspension needed a rebuild. The 1963 MG B model was the first of the B class. There were little quirks in the 1963 model that were a carry-over from the 1962 A model.

One of the issues that needed attention was the front suspension. My son disassembled the A-Frames and replaced all the worn-out parts of the upper and lower A-arm rods, the inner and outer tie-rods and kingpins needed. I may have missed all that he replaced. It is not important to us non-mechanics; it was a large amount of work. There were other components of the front suspension that he cleaned, painted, repaired, or replaced. He has always been a stickler for doing a thorough job.

He asked me one Saturday to help him in reassembling the suspension. He needed help in holding the A-frames while he

inserted the kingpins and fasteners. I retrieved from the garage a small homemade stool. The stool was close to ten inches high, putting me level with the front suspension. Sitting down I could reach and hold the heavy components while my son inserted the pin. He asked if I had it, I reaffirmed to him I did!

We finished one side successfully and went ahead to the other, thinking this side would be easier since we now had experience. We followed the same procedure; I held the arms firmly as my son inserted his hands to work the pin in place. As soon as his hands were in place, I felt the stool collapse.

Immediately pain shot up from my buttocks to my waist. I couldn't let go because my son's hands would be crushed. He asked if I was OK. Perspiration began to drip as severe pain settled in my rectum and groin. I was hurting!

The pen went in quickly and my son laid me down on the driveway. He went into the house for help. I was aided into the house and ice was administered to the bruised area. I hurt for days barely able to sit. Midweek we left on our 12-hour drive to our home. It was unbearable!

Heat felt better than ice. I had packed a heating pad. The following day, after hearing my complaint, I was taken to the hospital ER. X-rays confirmed I had broken my tailbone. I was prescribed pain meds and provided a doughnut to sit on to drive.

I was pleased and happy that everybody thought it was funny. I know it had to be amusing. The hospital's staff had attended High School with me or knew of me. I tried to laugh... it was fake however and it took months for it to heal.

I had to drive more often for the company that summer. The hot tubs felt good each night I spent on the road. Please no more butt jokes.

**"The years between 50 and 70 are the hardest.
You are always being asked to do hard things,
and yet you are not decrepit enough to
turn them down."**

T. S. Elliot



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Musseling on the Tennessee River (Clouds Cove)

by Don Cloud

I first started musseling in 1962 at the age of 15. I musseled for James Edward Cloud. He furnished the boat, motor, gas and even my lunch. In our crew was my dad, Roscoe Cloud, Shelby Ray Cloud (James Edward's baby brother) and his stepson Steve Payne. James Edward's older brother, C. A. Cloud, had his crew of Stanley Maples, Wayne Maples and R. L. Maples; all of whom were C. A.'s brothers-in-law.

Musseling at our launch site were James Payne, Bill Payne, Bud Meeks and his wife Pearl, Jody Meeks, Alan Paseur and his grandfather, Mr. Schrimsher. I was getting paid \$18 a box and was catching one box a day.

For people who do not know what musseling is, it is catching shellfish on the bottom of the river. All the shellfish had names: pigtoes, warted backs, elephant ears, pinks, butterflys, lady fingers and three-ridge mussels. Out of all of these the pig toes were the ones most wanted because they were big, smooth, thick and pearly white inside.

I only musseled in the summer when school was out, but it beat chopping cotton for three dollars a day and picking cotton for two dollars a hundred pounds. We only musseled half a day on Fridays because the commercial fishermen would run their trot lines and get enough catfish for our Friday fish fry. Someone else would be sent out for beer and I will not mention all the bad things that happened during my musseling years on the Tennessee River.

But, I will say that I once caught four boxes of mussels in one day which led to some bad memories. Also, I left out a lot about our boats, brails, our horse and mussel hooks.

All the people mentioned above are now deceased except Don Cloud, Steve Payne, Alan Paseur and me. There were other mussel camps up and down the

Tennessee River. There was one at the dam in the early 50s when a man was shot and killed below the dam. I knew these two men that were involved in this, and I will not mention their names, but I knew it was over musseling. There was one at the mouth of the Flint River. They lived in tents. This was on Mr. Parson's land. To get there you would turn down a dirt road off of Hobbs Island Road.

There were several mussel camps at Whitesburg below and above the bridge. At the bridge there was also a fish market that was where most commercial fishermen sold their fish until some company at Redstone Arsenal dumped DDT into the river and contaminated the fish and no one would eat them. So, all the fishermen sued the government or the company. All the fishermen got a pretty good settlement out of it.

But, back to musseling: I don't know when musseling started in this area, but I guess that it was probably in the late 40s. There is a lot more to say about musseling on the Tennessee River, but I'll close with this. I made good money musseling. It was a good experience for me as a young boy growing up in Clouds Cove.

I also would like to mention a man from Huntsville, a good friend of mine. He was a 100 year-old veteran who was wounded at the landing at Iwo Jima. I would like for this paper to do an article on him. His name is Cliff Corum. When he died on August 8, he was living in the Barfield Nursing home at the Y in Guntersville. His obituary was printed in the September issue of Old Huntsville magazine.

He was my friend.

William M. Yates, CLU, ChFC

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PANTYHOSE

by Elizabeth Wharry

My father wouldn't let my sisters or I get our driver's license until we knew how to change a tire.

By the time I was ready to get my license, I could flush a radiator, change and gap spark plugs, change the wires, do my own oil and filter change and check the transmission fluid. My father also tried to teach me how to set the timing of an engine, but reaching over a moving fan scared me. He even showed me how to replace a fan belt.

I had a black over red 1965 AMC Marlin. That engine ran like a champion! This was before air conditioning was common in cars. I was pretty faithful about checking fluid levels and making sure the battery terminals were clean. I also checked the fan belt periodically.

One afternoon, I was on the freeway, about 3 miles from my exit. I heard an odd noise, and noticed the temperature gauge climbed rather quickly. I pulled onto the shoulder, and shut the engine down.

When I opened the hood, I was dismayed to find out my fan belt was gone. There I was in a dress, heels and hose...now what?! This was 1977.

"At age 20 we worry about what others think of us. At age 40 we don't care what they think of us. At age 60 we discover they haven't been thinking of us at all."

Ann Landers

As I pondered the situation, a trucker slowed down, came to a stop and backed up to within a few feet. He took one look at the engine, and one look at my legs. "Girly, you wearing stockings or pantyhose?"

"Pantyhose" I replied.

"Climb up in my truck and give 'em to me. I'll show you how to get home."

I did as he said. He twisted them very tightly, and tied them securely around the fan and alternator. I proceeded to drive home, with him behind me. Our top speed was 35 mph.

Right off the exit was an auto parts store. I asked if the guys could please help with putting on the fan belt. When they opened the hood and saw the pantyhose, they were amazed. They changed the fan belt and adjusted the timing.

In addition to every mother's advice about clean unmentionables, I would add, carry a spare pair of pantyhose.



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News from 1911

- The Dallas Mill has been closed down all week on account of a breakdown of some part of the engine.

- Mr. Richard Berryhill and Miss Daisy McDaniel were married Tuesday night on Stephens Avenue. Rev. R. R. Brasher of 5th St. Baptist Church officiated. We wish them a prosperous wedded life.

- The Daily Times has positive knowledge that the City has been petitioned respectfully to give the people of North Huntsville and Patton Grove some protection from the serious water overflow in those sections of town. It seems that patience in this case ceases to be a virtue.

- Alleging that his wife has treated him with continuous cruelty for many years, even to the extent of making him cook his own meals and then wash the dishes he used, John Nance applied for a divorce in New Decatur. Nance is a railroad engineer and has been married thirty-four years.

He also charged that his wife drove him from home at the point of a pistol and had incited his six children against him and in other ways made life miserable for him.

- Little Ernest, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Stephens, died Tuesday and was buried Wednesday.

- This morning another damaging overflow came, bringing several hundred dollars worth of damage to angry residents and property owners. The city engineer, if the city has one, and if not a committee of aldermen should give the suffering people a speedy relief. The damage from one overflow like that of this morning it is believed would repair the trouble. Won't you, Mr. Councilmen, do your duty in this regard?

- For Rent - for the cooler months, a furnished house with ten rooms, all modern conveniences. Inside bathroom and large kitchen. Apply to 242 East Holmes Street.

"If you push the stick forward, the houses get bigger. If you pull the stick back, they get smaller."

Basic Flying Rules Manual

- For sale - Pine bird dog, 8 months old. Apply to Tilford McLean, Telephone 39.

- When you get ready to move up to Monte Sano, let us know. Your groceries won't cost you one cent more delivered on Monte Sano than they do delivered to this city. John R. King, Grocery

- To the fine People of Huntsville, we beg to announce that Hutchens & Murdock has been appointed sole agents for the Block Light in the city of Huntsville and that the Block Light will give 300 candle power and save half your gas bills. It takes six inch electric lights to give the light of one Block Light. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

- A Gas Range - is a modern necessity operated with less expense than a coal or wood range and then it is so easy. Strike a match, turn a valve and your fire is ready for use. No waiting for the top of the range to get hot. No coal to carry, no wood to cut and no ashes to remove. Gas ranges \$15.00, connected free, ready to use. Cash or easy payment plan, at the Huntsville Ala Gas Light and Fuel CO. 218 West Clinton Street.

Remembering Nina Beal of the Ark Animal Shelter

Our hearts were broken when we learned that Nina had passed away on Sep. 2nd with her family by her side.

Nina and Doug Beal were the first to begin a no-kill shelter in the city of Huntsville. The two of them built the Ark block by block with donations

and fundraisers from the community. Without volunteers with a heart for animals, The Ark and Nina's dream would have never happened. Nina used to remind everyone that it was the community that kept the Ark afloat. It was Nina's heart that started the Ark and now the Ark will continue as her legacy and her dream.

Nina is survived by devoted husband Doug, her daughter Tina Vitacco (Tom), her sisters Janell Adkins and Joan Faulk, many dedicated volunteers and her cherished 4 legged companions. Her selfless compassion and dedication will be profoundly missed by the local animal welfare community and everyone who was lucky enough to know her.



Heard On the Street

by **Cathey Carney**



I didn't think anyone would find my hidden candle that I put on the very first page of the September issue. In case you did not find it, look at the two ladies on the right, see the candle I put on there? I thought I was being really clever but had a ton of calls. The first caller was **John Black** from Huntsville. John is retired from the Arsenal and told me he and his sweet wife **Betty** have been married 57 years! She was the 10th baby out of a family of 12 kids. Congratulations to John!

It is so beautiful now with the cool weather and many who think it's hot here all the time don't realize we get all 4 seasons and fall/spring is just perfect. I'm ready for the first freeze that will zap all the mosquitoes - they have been small but vicious this year!

Dr. Clyde Riley passed away on September 4, 2025, at South Hampton Skilled Nursing Home. Clyde was born on February 19, 1939, in Niagara Falls, New York. Dr. Riley earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Chemistry from the University of Rochester.

After marrying in 1961, Clyde and wife **Pat** moved to Florida, and in 1964 he earned a Ph.D. in Physical Chemistry from Florida State University.

Dr. Riley started his career as a Professor of Chemistry at the University of Alabama in Huntsville in 1967, was Department Chairman for many years and received numerous awards during his tenure. He also served as Athletics Assistant Advisor for several years. After 33 years, he retired.

In addition to being a brilliant Professor and friend, he had a dry sense of humor that people loved.

Clyde was always active in sports; hunting, fishing, bicycling, weight lifting, boating and slalomming his red Sunbeam Tiger. He earned a black belt in Taekwondo under Master Lee and was a member of the YMCA where he enjoyed the Spinning classes.

He is survived by his wife, **Patricia Croll Riley**; sons, **Timothy Shawn Riley (Leslie)** and **Christopher Clyde Riley (Carla)**; granddaughter, **Savannah Riley**; grandsons **Gavin Riley (Lauren)**, **Garett Riley (Emily)**, Great Granddaughter **Madeline**, brother **Bob Riley**, sister-in-law **Sally Aversano**, brother-in-law **Doug Croll**, and nephews and nieces. He was preceded in death by his parents, sister **Betty Balodis**, and brothers **Warren** and **John Riley**.

In his retirement, he especially enjoyed attending his grandsons' ice hockey games, family visits at their lake house, family dinners, vacation cruises, trips to Niagara Falls to see best friends **Earl** and

Carol and going to Car Shows with his sons and grandsons. He will never be forgotten.

Huntsville will be the new home of **Space Command!** We welcome all who will be transferring here from Colorado in the next few years. We don't have snow-capped mountains here but you will be pleasantly surprised at the beauty of our area and the friendliness and warmth of our residents. Our Mayor **Tommy Battle** recently welcomed **Gen. Stephen Whiting**, Commander of U.S. Space Command, as well as **Chief Master Sergeant Jacob Simmons** to our City Hall. They met with **Madison Mayor Paul Finley** as well. The visits marked an important step as Huntsville, Madison and Team Redstone begin the formal transition to host the permanent headquarters of Space Command.

I have hidden a **tiny cat** in this issue - find it and be the first to call, you win a year's subscription to Old Huntsville Magazine! But it's so small and well hidden, you won't find it.

Welcome to a little baby girl who was born April 4 of this year in Huntsville. Her parents **Ethan and Paige Vaughn** think she is the most beautiful baby ever born. **Everly Rae** (what a great name) is the first grandchild for her proud grandparents **David and Teresa Vaughn**.

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David works for Huntsville City in Public Works and you will remember his mother, **Kathleen Vaughn**. Kathleen, who turned 88 on July 19th, still crochets winter hats (toboggans) and gives them away. She has been so generous with beautiful handmade hats that she just gives to people who need them. A wonderful lady and now she's a great grandma!

Squirrels have been eating all my geraniums and other plants as well as shredding wood on my steps to the office so I found a really good deterrent. It's Bonide Repels-All and comes in a spray bottle ready to use. It actually saved me from having to buy new wooden steps to the office! Highly recommend but has a terrible smell! I found it on Amazon.

During the fall months we still see bees, but the flower supply goes down. One way to help them is to grate up an apple, place it in a bowl or flat plate and add some water. Bees can get sugar from the fruit, drink the water and not drown because they can stand on the fruit pieces. Our bee population definitely seems to be threatened and this is a simple way we can help.

We recently lost a kind and generous lady who loved her friends and family fiercely. **Gail Lenox** was born in September 1970 at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, AL. She grew up with a deep love for animals and devoted much of her early life to the art of dance.

Gail was known for her kindness and generosity, which touched all who knew her. She never missed a birthday, anniversary, or any other special occasion. To her friends, she was a trusted confidante and joy to be around.

She is survived by her devoted husband, **Billy D. Lenox**; her siblings, **Lynne Sarah Anne Brocato Daly (Dan)** and **John Ward Brocato (Kay)**, who will carry her memory forward with love and gratitude. She was preceded in death by her parents, **Col. Cyrus Vincent Brocato** and **Doris Marie Bailey Brocato**.

Gail's warmth, laughter and enduring love will remain in the hearts of all who were fortunate to know her.

October is full of lots of activities, and remember if you love fresh food markets, **Greene Street market** stays open til the end of October. Check them out downtown each Thursday afternoon starting at 4pm.

Lowe Mill Entertainment District is the place to be for art-work of so many kinds - you can watch art pieces as they are made and you can buy them as well. For you newcomers, it's in an old textile mill that has been converted to art spaces and workshops and restaurants. People travel here from out of town just to go to Lowe Mill. Google them to see all the classes they offer - you'll be amazed.

For those who do alot of deep fat frying you know that if any of the oil sloshes over your pot a fire can happen before you know it. Be sure and keep a container of baking soda near because just a sprinkle on fire will put it out. Just be super careful with hot oil!

This following story just got me and I wanted to share it with you. It is from the **Morgan County Sheriff's Office**:

"On Wednesday in Alabama, a Walker County Sheriff's Office Deputy came across a man walking down the road with an oxygen tank and learned he is a Disabled American Veteran trying to walk/hitchhike from the Jasper area to Huntsville for a doctor's appointment he was told he could not miss. With no way to get there, he said he started walking.

The deputy acted quickly and escorted the Gulf War Veteran to the Cullman County line where a Cullman Sheriff Deputy picked him up.

The deputy then transported him to the Morgan County Line where a Morgan County Sheriff Deputy took over and met a Madison County Sheriff Office Deputy in Huntsville who finished the trip and took the man to his appointment.

After an overnight stay, we were happy to do it all again today..... in reverse to help get the man back home. We are thankful for our Veterans and were honored to play a small role in supporting this man who gave a great deal for our country!"

Thank you to our law enforcement folks - we appreciate you more than you know.

Have a safe and fun October and please remember if you have a gut feeling to call a friend, do it. Sometimes there's a reason to do that. Oftentimes we get busy and friends get pushed to the "I'll call them later" category. Then we find it's too late.

Happy wedding anniversary to **Tom and I** on Oct. 23rd., it would have been our 36th. year.

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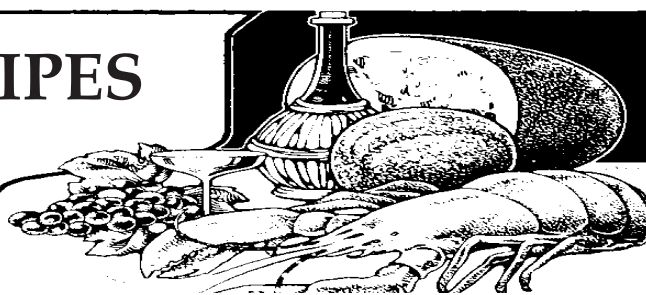
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RECIPES



Hearty Fall Fare

Continental Chicken

Small jar dried beef
6 boneless chicken breasts
12 slices bacon
Cream of mushroom soup
1/2 c. plain flour
1/2 c. water
8 oz. sour cream

Spray the bottom of your crock pot with spray oil. Cover the bottom with the dried beef. Wrap the chicken breasts in bacon and place on top of the beef.

Make a sauce of the soup, flour, water and sour cream. Pour on the meat and cook until the chicken is tender, 10 hours on Low. Serve hot over noodles with a good green salad.

Brown Sugar Chicken

6 chicken breasts, boneless
1 c. teriyaki sauce
1/2 t. garlic powder
1/4 t. salt
1 t. parsley flakes
2/3 c. brown sugar
1/4 c. butter
4 c. rice, cooked

Marinate the chicken in teriyaki sauce for 3 hours. Preheat your oven to 375 degrees. Mix the garlic powder, salt and parsley flakes.

Remove the chicken from the sauce and sprinkle it with the garlic mixture.

Pat brown sugar over each piece of chicken. Dot each piece with butter. Bake at 375 degrees for 1 hour. Serve with rice.

St. Paul's Rice

1 lb. sausage
1 medium onion, chopped
1 medium green pepper, chopped
2 envelopes Lipton Noodle soup
1/2 c. regular cooked rice
1/2 c. celery, diced

Cook sausage and drain. Sauté the onion, pepper and celery. Add 4 cups water, noodle soup, and rice. Boil for 8 minutes, add the sausage and mix well. Place in casserole and bake at 325 degrees, covered, for 1 hour.

Senate Bean Soup

2 lbs. navy (pea) beans
1-1/2 lbs. smoked ham hocks
1 onion, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash beans and run through hot water. Add beans to a kettle with 4 quarts hot water and the ham hocks.

Boil slowly for 4 hours, covered. Braise chopped onion in butter and when light brown add to soup. When beans are tender, season with salt and pepper and serve. Really good with fresh cooked greens.

Cheesy Hash Browns

2 lbs. hash brown potatoes
1/2 c. melted butter
1 onion, chopped
1 c. cheddar cheese, grated
1 can cream of chicken soup
1/2 pint sour cream

Mix together all ingredients, saving part of the cheese for topping. Salt and pepper to taste. Grease a 9x13" pan, put the mixture into the pan and bake 1 hour

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at 325 degrees. Sprinkle the remaining cheese on top the last 30 minutes.

Zucchini Casserole

2 lbs. (6 c.) sliced zucchini
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 stick melted butter
1 c. sour cream OR cottage cheese

1 c. shredded carrots
1/2 c. chopped onion
1/2 pkg. Pepperidge Farm stuffing mix

Salt and pepper, as needed

Slice zucchini and cook in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Drain well and combine with soup, sour cream or cottage cheese, carrots and chopped onion.

Add melted butter to stuffing mix and place half of the crumbs into bottom of 12 x 1/2" pan. Place squash over dressing before topping with the rest of the crumbs. Bake for 30 minutes at 350°.

Mother's Meat Loaf

1 lb. ground beef
1/4 lb. ground sausage
1 t. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 onion, chopped
1/4 c. milk
1 c. bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten

Mix all ingredients well in

large bowl. Salt & pepper to taste. Form into loaf and place in baking pan with small amount of water. Spread catsup on top, bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Sugared Grapes

1 egg white, beaten
1 c. sugar
1 lb. seedless green or red grapes

Separate grapes into small bunches. Wash and drain. Place sugar on a flat dish. Dip the grapes into egg white and roll in sugar. Place grapes on the sugared plate to dry before chilling. Use as a decorative, edible garnish.

Vinegar Pie

1-1/2 c. sugar
2 eggs, beaten
4 T. vinegar
2 T. plain flour
1 T. butter
1 c. hot water
Nutmeg to taste

Mix together all ingredients and pour in a fresh 8" open pie crust. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees) til the center is done. Very old recipe.

Chocolate Truffles

2 packages chocolate chips
1 can Eagle Brand Condensed milk, 15 oz.

1 t. vanilla
1 c. chopped nuts

Melt chips over hot water in double boiler, when melted remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. If you're good at melting the chocolate chips in the microwave do that instead of the double boiler.

Chill until firm on a buttered plate. Shape into balls and roll in nuts, cocoa or coconut. These will go fast!

Apple Pandawdy

1/2 loaf stale brown bread
2 T. butter
8 tart apples
Sugar
1/2 t. cinnamon
Dash Salt

Cut the bread in thin slices and pare off crusts. Butter each slice. Lay them in a buttered baking dish so that it is neatly lined. Top with the pared and sliced apples. Sprinkle with a thick layer of sugar.

Add the cinnamon and a dusting of salt. Pour 1 cup cold water over all.

Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake slowly at 325 degrees for an hour. Serve hot with hard sugar sauce if desired.



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7002 Memorial Parkway No., Huntsville, Al 35810



Lost and Found

by Iolanda Hicks

A few days ago, while going through some old files, I came across a copy of a letter I had written in April 2007 to McDonalds main headquarters. I thought I would share what was written those many years ago:

"I was sitting here, listening to music, watching my grandchildren play and thinking back some 30 years or so ago. I guess my son's 37th birthday on April 6th started me reminiscing. I never thought that my little boy could grow up so fast, get married and give me two fine grandsons with a third on the way."

"Anyway, I wanted to share with you a little story that happened when my son was around the age of 7. He loved McDonalds and every day we were at the local McDs, either in the drive-thru or inside, getting his usual. His usual was a grilled cheese or a cheeseburger plain, without meat, French fries and a drink. McDonalds was about the only fast food around that would make him a grilled cheese. I think I could have owned my own franchise by the time he reached 5, for all the many meals we ate there! I just could not get him to eat much of anything else during those early years."

"Getting back to my story...One day, in the early spring or first part of summer, a friend of mine had invited us out to her small farm in the country, to see her farm animals. I knew my son would love it, so I started out in the afternoon, thinking I could get to her place within 30 minutes or so."

"I had never been to her home, so she had given me directions, which I had written down."

"During the drive, my son and I sang songs to pass the time, including 'Old MacDonald Had a Farm'. He finally fell asleep, after many 'Are we there yet?' (s). I must have made a wrong turn somehow and got lost out in the country, in the middle of nowhere. It was a good thing I had plenty of gas! I guess I wandered about one and a half hours, always thinking I would see something familiar. My son woke up about the time I knew I had to find a farmhouse or some sign of humanity, to help us get back home. My friend would have to let me FOLLOW HER, the next time, IF I ever found home again!"

"My son was rubbing his eyes and said, 'Momma, how much longer is it gonna be til we get there?' I looked at him and said, 'Honey, I think we are lost but don't worry, Momma will get us home!' I remembered thinking, 'Oh yeah, we might get home next week!' He looked at me and I could see those little worry lines showing up on his face and those big brown eyes had that apprehensive look. Then, all of a sudden, the look on his face changed, and it started glowing with the beginning of a big grin. Those pretty brown eyes just lit up! He was looking straight ahead and started pointing and yelling, 'Momma, we're not lost, there's McDonalds!'"

"I looked straight ahead and in the far distance, there were those glorious arches. I had never been so happy to see those arches as I was that day! Following the road, and keeping those golden arches in my sight, I finally made it back to civilization. McDonalds saved the day and got us home!"

I remember, vaguely, that those golden arches were located in either Decatur or Athens, way west of where we should have been. To this day I have no idea how I had traveled so far away to those very special saving arches. I know by the time we got home, we were worn out and so tired from our very long trip!

The above letter was written in 2007 about an event that happened 30 years earlier at that time and now 45 plus years ago. At the time I wrote the letter, I had hoped that McDonalds would use my and my son's story, to base one of their ads on our adventure.

At the time (2007), re-enactments of real life-time adventures relating to McDonalds seemed to be one of that company's endeavors. I felt like our adventure was surely unusual but I never got a response from their corporate office from the letter.

I will have to say, that of the almost dozen times in my life that I have felt fear, that particular adventure was truly one of those fearful memories! I was fearful I know, not for me, but for my son and his well-being. As parents, as a mother, we are our children's anchors and main-stays. As to being fearful, we must have courage.

I have a quote to share by Nelson Mandela which focuses on fear and courage: "I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it. The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear."

How to Sell to a Woman

From 1898 Newspaper



Salesmanship requires enthusiasm over your chosen branch of work, and to evidence this in a quiet, tactful way to the customer.

A knowledge of the person you are trying to sell to is fully as important to you as the knowledge of what you are trying to sell. "Know myself, my goods and my prospect" should always be your motto.

The blond is always interested in the latest developments but the brunette prefers to stick to well established and proven things; rapid fire talk will confuse her. Cultivate her friendship, but for the blond, let the appeal be strictly business. Never argue, especially with a redhead or one who has a bigger nose than yours, you'll get the worst of it if you do.

The woman with the pointed chin and the long finger nails wants beauty; money and price means little or nothing to her. But the one with the square chin, especially if she has squat clean nails, can be interested in buying things for home use, her fingers are just itching for work.

The round faced woman inclined to overweight, loves her ease, and appreciates what you do for her, but see to it she gets a full dollar's worth for every dollar

she spends, if you want to continue with her patronage.

The fine-haired, fine-textured woman wants deft, delicate attention, while the coarse-haired, coarse-textured one wants more vigorous treatment.

Do not attempt familiarity with the woman with the high, thin nose; don't get chatty, she will resent it.

The person with the short upper lip is subject to flattery, the more so, the shorter the lip. But the one with the long upper lip is sober in thought and does not like it.

The pouting lips are likely to express unpremeditated thought, say possible harsh things not really meant. But the indrawn lips indicate that the owner weighs the matter carefully before giving expression to her thoughts.

Telling a customer her faults or commenting on her facial blemishes and scalp troubles will scarcely endear you to her; she knows about it. But if you tactfully speak to her about the specific lotion you have, and what it does, the chances are she will buy.

"I was backing my car out of the driveway in the usual manner when it was struck by the other car in the same place where it had been struck several times before."

Seen on recent accident report



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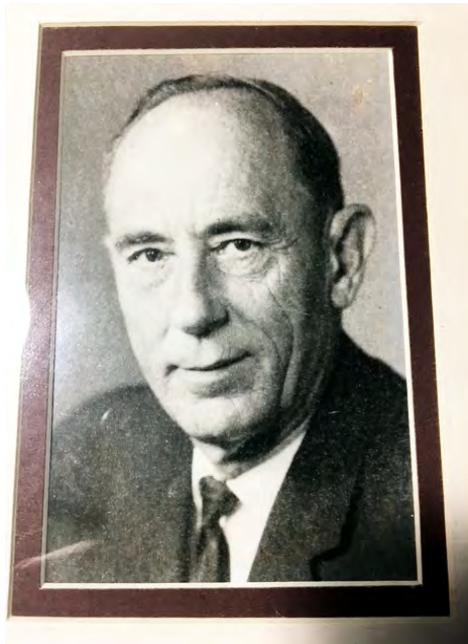
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Remembering James O. (Pick) Johnson and his Huntsville Home

by the J. O. Johnson Family



James Oliver (Pick) Johnson was born on November 30, 1910. He was reared in the Monrovia community in Madison County by his parents, Arthur Tee and Kate Wall Johnson. Arthur Johnson was a cotton farmer. Mrs. Johnson was a devoted farmer's wife and mother. Pick graduated from Monrovia High School and attended Athens College. He paid his way through college by a variety of jobs including construction and driving a school bus. He earned the nickname "Pick" because he really wanted to have a pickle in his school lunch box every day. Pick earned a BA in History from Athens College. After college he became a history teacher and coach at the old West Huntsville High School. He coached basketball and baseball.

While he was at West Huntsville he met and married a fellow Athens College graduate, Ruth Hartford. Ruth was the daughter of a Methodist minister in western Kentucky, the Rev. J. E. Hartford. She earned a BA in English and taught English at West Huntsville.

In 1932, Pick joined Headquarters Company of the 151st Engineer Regiment of the Alabama National Guard, based in Huntsville. He rose through the ranks and by the time his unit was mobilized to participate in the Louisiana Maneuvers in 1941, he was the First Sergeant of Headquarters Company commanded by his friend, Captain Carl T. Jones.

After Pearl Harbor, the unit was mobilized into federal service. Pick was given a direct commission as a second lieutenant. At that time the policy was that those given a direct commission had to move to another unit. Lieutenant Johnson was assigned to an aviation engineer battalion. His first overseas assignment was to reconnoiter potential airfields along the coast of Africa from Pointe Noire, Ivory Coast to South Africa to Kenya to Egypt. These airfields would be used to ferry planes from the United States to the British Forces in Egypt. He followed the British Eighth Army as they pushed the German and Italian Armies across North Africa. He rejoined his parent unit in Tunisia.

The mission of aviation engineer units was to build and repair airfields for U.S. and allied forces. Pick's unit continued this mission in Sicily, Italy, Corsica and Southern France. He continued to advance in responsibility and rank. By the time World War II ended, he was a lieutenant colonel and commanded an aviation engineer battalion.

Pick returned to Huntsville in 1945 after his service in World War II. On the recommendation of his friend Carl T. Jones, he joined the firm of G. W. Jones & Sons. The firm had been started by Carl's father, G. W. Jones, in 1886. Pick's first involvement was with the firm's insurance business and was later expanded into the real estate and engineering businesses. In 1946, he rejoined the Alabama National Guard as the Commanding Officer of the 151st Engineer Battalion. In August 1950, the unit was recalled to active service to respond to the need for troops during the Korean War. He led the battalion during its service in Korea and was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for his leadership of the unit in combat.

After service in the Korean War, Pick returned to G. W. Jones & Sons in 1953 and resumed his involvement in the insurance, real estate and engineering businesses. Pick earned certification as a Registered Land Surveyor and an MAI Certified Appraiser. He became general manager of the firm.

In 1954, Pick rejoined the Alabama National Guard as the Commanding Officer of the 1169th Engineer Group. It was one of the largest troop units in the Alabama Guard with three engineer battalions and numerous separate companies throughout the state. At his retirement from the Guard in 1967, he was promoted to brigadier general.

Pick was very active in business and professional organizations in Huntsville. He was a member of the

Optimist Club. Huntsville Board of Realtors, Insurers of Huntsville, Alabama Real estate Commission, Jones Valley Development Company, and the Disaster Committee of the American Red Cross. Also Huntsville-Madison County Civil Defense Board, American Legion, and Veterans of Foreign Wars. More: State Armory Commission, Society of American Military Engineers, Association of the U. S. Army, and National Guard Association of Alabama.

He was a member of the First Methodist Church where he was a member of the Board of Stewards. Pick held leadership positions in most of each of these organizations.

He was most proud of being selected to be on the Board of Huntsville City Schools where he replaced his good friend Milton Frank, upon Mr. Frank's death in 1967. Although his tenure was short, his impact on the board was such that the new high school in northwest Huntsville was named in his memory. As a board member, he presented his daughter Beth her diploma upon graduation from Huntsville High School in 1969.

Pick Johnson died on July 19, 1969 while on a family trip to Atlanta.

Pick and his wife, Ruth, had three children. Jimmy is a Vanderbilt University graduate and retired civil engineer and vice-president at Kellogg Brown Root and lives in Houston. Ann Nielson is a Vanderbilt graduate civil engineer and retired director of residential facilities at Vanderbilt. She lives with her husband, Cal, in Nashville.

Beth Osteen is a graduate of Birmingham-Southern College and is a retired development director at Franklin Road Academy. She lives with her husband, Jim, in Brentwood, Tennessee.

Ruth and Beth are former teachers at East Clinton Elementary School. After Pick's death, Ruth earned recertification and taught at East Clinton. Beth taught there after graduation from Birmingham-Southern. The house at 704 Randolph Avenue, SE was designed and built by J. O. (Pick) Johnson in 1950. Mr. Johnson was also the general contractor for the house.

The original house consisted of three bedrooms, two bathrooms, a kitchen, utility room, dining room, living room and screened porch on the west side of the house. A detached one car garage was also built at that time. The house was designed

in a modified bungalow architectural style with a red brick exterior. The style is similar to other bungalows in the Old Town District. The Tudor style chimney in front gives the house a distinctive look. The red brick is typical of the brick made from the red clay found in north Alabama.

The garage was designed in a similar style with a red brick exterior.

In 1953, a "grandparents" cottage in the same architectural style was designed and constructed on the southeast side of the lot adjacent to Wells Avenue. The cottage consisted of one bedroom, bathroom, kitchen and dining/living room.

A brick grill was constructed adjacent to the cottage. It was designed by Dr. Walter Jones, a locally renowned griller of barbecued chicken!

In 1956, the attic was finished to provide another bedroom and bathroom.

The J. O. Johnson family occupied this house as their family home until a new family home was designed and built on Criner Road in Jones Valley in 1964.


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I Remember the Weather

by Aliyah Hulsey



The sound that silence makes in the snow will never leave me. I walked through streets foreign and old, thick with ice from west to the east, across the river to the north of a land far from my home. The monuments newly erected to draw travellers to settle replaced the trees removed to build them. I never spoke my native language and despite being married, I walked alone at night through the city.

Many whom I had met asked me where I was from. I looked foreign even to Americans and no African mistook me for one of their own.

Somewhere between the sidewalks and the nighttime light shows that outline the city's treasures, I dreamt of home and the under-interrupted starry sky of southern Alabama. The Gulf Stream's

thick air from home was a memory replaced by higher altitude dry winds that flattened the land. The way the Milky Way could be seen without effort was a trade off for the luxury of urban lights.

I wanted my daughter to see the stars from my home.

I remember the weather, wearing the furs of my mother's mother, walking through snow that reached my hips, with my daughter quietly waiting to arrive, and the nighttime sky filled with dancing halogen colors, praying she would feel the freedom of my home.

She was born as the snow was melting in May, just in time for Mother's Day. I celebrated a day mired in the hope of new life and loss notwithstanding. The sound of her cry as it faded when she looked at me and found peace will never be forgotten. The attendants did not interrupt her first moments. She left my body and was placed on my chest. I was in awe of how strong she was to move herself and eat before she fell asleep. Her father's face of disgust and boredom was overshadowed by her eyes and how calm she was to be here. I held her on my chest until she fell asleep and I shortly after. The kindness of the attendants to allow me and her that time is a daily gift.

I tried to stay awake, but after over 24 hours of labor and her four AM birth, I could no longer. She was not separated from me or placed in a swaddle or crib. She was allowed to sleep and so was I.

My nighttime walks through the city had ended. Every night after was spent with my daughter, watching her sleep, while her father's video games or breaking beer bottles sounded through the night. If I could protect her, I knew I'd make

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it home to show her the Milky Way from my childhood home night sky.

I remember waking just moments before she stirred for hunger, with her still on my chest or beside me and my two cats at my knees or feet. She knew only peace.

In the mornings, I would wake before her to make sure there was no broken glass or sticky beer on the floor. Her father would still be at his computer looking at disturbing things or passed out on the couch. Sometimes I wondered if he played his music so loud out of contempt for her or me or both of us. Every morning, I prepared the space for her.

Instead of foreign language conversations over tea and bread, potatoes fried and meat, I spoke to her about cats and shapes and numbers and laundry in the language of my home. While her father slept through the day, she watched me cook and napped while I wrote. I read to her my stories as I proofread. I wanted her to know the shape of the language of our home.

We never stopped playing with language. When I carried her across the Atlantic while her father's drinking left him in the hospital abroad, we escaped for home. I packed her toys and clothes and left so much of my own items because her safety was my concern. I carried as many of her books as I could, her favorite sets, and the ones we read the most.

"If I happen to do the right thing at the right time, it was definatily a mistake."

Donna Carter

The expenses of America and Alabama were disconcerting. Her father, though he survived a coma from encephalopathy, left me and therefore us with nothing. I leaned on anyone I could to make sure she ate enough protein every day. There were times when her father's family blamed me for the health consequences of his alcoholism and left me and my daughter to struggle as punishment. Every day, she woke excited to see my face and greet the day. "It's a new day," she would scream and be full of laughter. The way she sighed when she shared the sunrises with me, as if each was the most beautiful she had seen, was my motivation.

Huntsville was our place to be free and safe.

When it was time to send her to day care, we played games with numbers and words while we drove from our apartment and back. I sang Waay FM songs to her or she read. Then she began to fade away.

The lights in Huntsville were too bright for us to see the stars together. The Milky Way is hidden here.

One day, she was gone. I never got to show her the Milky Way from my home. She will always be home for me.



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

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Weddings I Have Played



by L D Rogers

I have played music for a lot of weddings and I wish I had written them all down in a journal. I am going to try to remember some of them now.

I had played guitar most of my life, but then I bought a Hammond organ and learned to play it. Two friends asked me to play for their wedding, Larry Bearden and Sharon Cox. I had to learn the wedding march, the recessional, and they asked me to play a song from West Side Story - "One Hand One Heart".

Sharon bought the song book for me that had all the songs from the musical. I learned to play that song and have played it many times since. The wedding was at Arcadia Methodist Church in Paducah, KY. I was very happy when I found out that they had a Hammond organ in the church. The wedding went great, but I was nervous because it was a first for me.

One wedding I will never forget was for my wife's sister. They had the wedding at a church down the street from her mother's house. They had a Hammond organ too which worked out well. They had to have the rehearsal a week before the wedding which created quite a mix up.

"Drill for oil? You mean drill into the ground to try and find oil? You're crazy."

Workers whom Edwin L. Drake tried to enlist to his project to drill for oil in 1859.

Everybody got dressed up in their finest and went to the church. I took my place on the organ bench about fifteen minutes before the wedding and started playing several songs. It was time for the wedding to start and there was no preacher or wedding party.

Suddenly, a side door opened, and a man told me to keep playing and I asked what was wrong. He said the preacher had forgotten the wedding, but he was on his way to just keep on playing. So, I did. I could see people in the church whispering to one another. I could just imagine what they were saying. Wondering if he wasn't going to show up or if she had backed out. Finally, the preacher arrived and everything went well.

After the wedding I told everyone I was glad the wedding started when it did. My next song was going to be "Proud Mary"! The preacher completely forgot the wedding, since rehearsal had happened the week before. He was at home watching a ball game.

I have played weddings in several different churches and different venues. One time a man that I worked with asked me to play a wedding for one of his relatives. He told me wedding would be at the Church of Christ there in Paducah. I knew of the church because it was just a few blocks from my church, St. Paul Lutheran. The only problem was that they didn't use musical instruments in their church.

The next day he came to work and told me that he had talked to the pastor, and he said they'd allow an organ or piano to be played in the church for a wedding. We moved my organ to the church for the wedding, and it was a beautiful day.

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I found myself playing even more weddings after I moved to Huntsville.

My friend Greg who I worked with at Woody Anderson Ford asked me to play for his daughter's wedding. Another friend from work, Collier, sang. The wedding was at the beautiful D.A.R. Chapel on Grant Mountain. We went there to check out the organ in the chapel. It was a Hammond organ, but they had taken the foot pedals off.

We asked about them and they said they were in a closet there in the chapel. We got the pedals out and put them back on the organ and it worked fine.

We had the rehearsal on a Friday night before the wedding and then went to the Guntersville Holiday Inn for the rehearsal dinner. We went there because on Friday night they had an all you can eat seafood buffet. I'd never seen anyone eat as many crab legs as Collier did that night. We had a great time, and the wedding went off without a hitch the next day.

I remember another one I played at St. Mark's Lutheran Church in downtown Huntsville at the corner of Franklin and Longwood Street. I was surprised to find a pipe organ when we arrived. I had never played one but always wanted to, so this was my chance. Pipe organs are different because they have a vacuum motor that pulls the air across the pipes when you press a key and there's a delay from the time you press down on a key until the sound comes out. I had to get used to that.

After a couple of rehearsals I got used to the way it played and didn't have any trouble playing the wedding. But it sure was a new experience for me. The church also had a harpsichord. I had never seen one but had always wanted to play one. I was told a member of the church who had come from Germany built it. It was beautiful and the sound was incredible.

Another very special day was playing for my granddaughter's wedding in 2012. Breanne married Colby on June 2 in Cullman at the First United Methodist Church. It's been a pleasure and honor to be a part of so many wedding celebrations.

"Older people shouldn't eat healthy food - they need all the preservatives they can get!"

Robert Orben

Charlie Chaplin lived 88 years. He left us 4 statements:

1. Nothing is forever in this world, not even our problems.
2. I love walking in the rain because no one can see my tears.

3. The most lost day in life is the day we don't laugh.

4. Six best doctors in the world...

* The sun

* Rest

* Exercise

* Diet

* Self-respect

* Friends

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If you see the moon, you will see the beauty of God...

If you see the sun, you will see the power of God...

If you see a mirror, you will see God's best creation. So believe it.

We are all tourists. God is our travel agent who has already identified our routes, bookings and destinations... trust him and enjoy life.

Life is just a journey! Therefore, live today!

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Jailbirds

by Charles Flanders

Three cousins out to have innocent fun in the late 1950s - Joe, Judy, and Jacky (all 16). It was summer time and school was out. Joe, who lived about 25 miles above the state line and Judy and Jacky who lived about 25 miles below the state line, were used to sneaking out of their homes at night. Joe was staying at Judy's and every night about midnight, Jacky would "borrow" his parents' car and drive over to Judy's house and pick up Joe and Judy, who would quietly sneak out of their house. Then they would go riding around town, just hanging out...sometimes Jacky would pick up a 6 pack of beer and they would then drive over to the lake and sit and talk and drink beer... usually.

Then Friday came and Joe (Joe was my brother) had to come back home. Jacky got permission to use the family car to take Joe home. Judy also decided to go along for the ride. Everything would have been fine, except Jacky did not know that one of the tiny cities they would have to pass thru was a well known speed trap... he also was not concerned about the 6 pack of beer he had picked up on the way to pick Joe and Judy up.

So, as luck would have it, or should I say bad luck, when passing thru the speed trap city, for no known reason, they were pulled over by the local police. When Jacky asked the officer what were they being stopped for, the officer replied "You were speeding."

Jacky replied, "But I was only doing 20 mph!" The officer said the speed/limit was 10 mph.. then matters got worse. The officer saw the beer in the back seat of the car - he then asked all 3 of them to get out of the car. then he told them to turn around. He put handcuffs on them... then he made them get in his patrol car and took them the two blocks away to the city courthouse.

Upon arrival at the courthouse, another officer there told them they could just pay the fine, and then they could leave. But all 3 of them together could not come up with enough money to pay the fine, so the officer told them they would have to go to jail until they paid and he then marched them to the cell area. Jacky was put in one cell and Joe and Judy in another. Just as soon as he locked Jacky's cell, the jail phone rang and he went in the next room to answer the phone without locking Joe and Judy's cell door. It happened to be the jailer's wife, demanding he come home immediately to eat dinner before it got cold, so he just left the jail, not realizing that Joe and Judy's cell was not locked. As soon as he left, Joe and Judy opened the unlocked cell door and ran to the officer's desk where he had left their personal belongings and the keys to the car. They hunted feverishly for the key to Jacky's cell but could not find them so Jacky told them to leave and go get the money to pay the fine ..

Joe and Judy ran the 2 blocks to where the car was parked and took off for Joe's parents house because it was closer....all the way home they tried to come up with a story to tell Joe's parents, that would make them look innocent but, in the end they told the truth.

After arriving at Joe's parents home and explaining what had happened, Joe's parents called Judy's and Jacky's parents and told them to meet them at the jail. Joe's dad told Joe and Judy to stay home by the phone, because he was unsure about what was going to happen about the jail break. Upon the parents arrival at the jail, a

very pleasant officer met them and said this was the first jail break that had ever happened there so he let them just pay the fine for speeding and a fine for each of the three J's for public drinking. I don't recall how much the fine was, but dad said it was more than he made in a month.

I was only 14 at the time and was hoping for a major spanking for my 2 year older brother. But dad just told him that if he ever went to jail again, that he would not bail him out and this was a one time, get out of jail free.

Today, the jailbirds are all well respected senior citizens to my knowledge, none have ever been in jail again, I guess they learned their lesson, but the real reason I wrote about this event is because, over 60 years later, none of them have ever told their children about their criminal past...and I just want their children to know about their parents being former jailbirds.



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Michael Myers?

by David Kirby

The month of October introduces cooler weather in the south where the town of Albertville is located.

The fall season is underway with the leaves of the hardwoods changing into the different shades of orange, yellow and brown. In late 1977 a horrific murder had taken place in the Mantling Community, located just outside of Albertville AL, and the man's mutilated body was dumped in the Martling Cemetery.

This case went unsolved for years. But the terrific horror of what happened stunned the community, leaving a sense of fear that gripped the area.

Then came October 31st, 1978. Kids everywhere were anticipating what their Halloween costume might be that year and the movie theaters began to advertise the latest horror movie.

One of the scariest movies I had ever seen came to the Martin Theater, "Halloween." This was the first of the slasher movies that are still being produced today, all these years later. This movie came out on the tail end of the murder that had taken place almost a year earlier. The movie was about a crazed phyco killing everyone he came in contact with. Michael Myers!

I remember going to see this movie with two of my friends, Ronald Teal and Mike Bowen. Mike was about 17 years old, Ronald was 16 and I was 15. Mike had a single cab Chevy pickup with a long bed and a sliding back glass with a 454 Chevy big block under the hood. Ronald lived in the Aroney area of Boaz and after the movie we were jittery because Micheal Myers was shot 6 times with a

357 and didn't die. He disappeared leaving the ending of the movie open for a sequel, which gave us the creeps.

Remember, the murder in Martling Cemetery still had everyone unnerved. The 3 of us were planning to stay the night at Ronald's house. We were on our way home and were talking about the movie as we were traveling down a very dark road. Did I mention, "very dark?"

The sliding glass window was open and suddenly we heard a very loud thump in the back of the pickup. I don't know about Mike and Ronald, but my heart jumped up into my throat, all I could think was, "Micheal Myers has climbed into the back of the truck!"

Maybe Mike Bowen didn't get scared like I did, but for some reason he stomped the accelerator of the truck to the floor and that 454 big block shot us on down the road like a rocket. If Micheal Myers had climbed into the back of the pickup truck he wasn't there any more, Mike slung him out. I don't remember who, but one of us closed the sliding glass window. I've often thought about that night and what was the noise we heard. It couldn't have been Micheal Myers, he went on to make 3 or 4 more of those Halloween movies and besides, why would he have been way down in Alabama?



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LOCAL NEWS FROM 1888

* The quarries on Monte Sano are furnishing the finest gray limestone rock, not only in quality but size, that could be found anywhere in this country. The Monte Sano Railway has a large amount of stone on the grounds at the plant and are keeping plenty of material for the masons to pursue their work on the foundation. Laborers are employed under the superintendency of Mr. Henry P. Turner, in ditching work.

* The many friends of Jack Hall are glad to see him out and on the streets again after several week's confinement to his bed and room caused by a jump from a buggy in which he sustained a badly sprained limb. Mr. Hall with the aid of crutches is able to get about and around, and we wish for him a speedy recovery and free use of the crippled member.

* Mr. E. B. Miller has sold his newspaper, The Independent, to Mr. Munger and will move out to Shelta Caverns, where he will engage in agricultural pursuits. Success to you, Bro. Miller, and we want you to send us in a bushel of your second crop of Irish potatoes.

* The good citizens living on Howe Street, off Meridian Road, were made painfully aware that some more than usual elemental trouble was in progress, when the water entered their homes and the furniture began to float around the rooms. It was a terrible dilemma to be placed in, to face the blinding storm outside or remain indoors and perchance perish if the angry waters continued to rise.

The cause of the high water was the narrow state of the bridge under Meridian Street, which could not accommodate the raging flood, but held it in check until a lake

of backwater was formed, and this found its way back into the houses.

* During the high water recently, the wooden bridge over Clinton Street was entirely swept away, and before daylight dawned we expect the timbers that formed the bridge were drifting down the Tennessee River near Triana or somewhere else. The foot bridges on Henry Street near the source of the Big Spring were lifted up by the roaring rush of the mighty waters. On Madison and Franklin streets the bridges were displaced, and will have to be repaired and strengthened before heavy travel is resumed.

* Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence to all his church-going neighbors.

Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor. In repairing the corner near the fireplace it was necessary to remove the wainscoting, when, lo! a discovery was made that astonished everyone. A brace of decanters, a tumbler and a pitcher were costily reposing there, as if they had stayed there from the beginning.

The deacon was quickly summoned from prayer, and as he beheld the bottles, he exclaimed, "Well, I declare! That is curious, sure enough. It must be the same that old Bains left when he left this home for greener pastures, thirty years ago!"

"Perhaps he did," offered one of the carpenters, "but, Deacon, the ice in that pitcher must have been froze mighty hard to last all these years!"

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From the Front Porch on Pratt Avenue

Lessons Learned Late

by Collier Bouldin Hundley

It was the summer in my high school years and that meant finding a nice place with water to cool off with my retinue of friends and my aqua acquaintances. Neighborhood pools were just too crowded and required membership and guest fees that we could either not afford or just wanted to spend our petty cash on other things and so we did, GAS!

Gas to get to the Tennessee River, and gas for the boat we would sneak out of dry dock at Ditto Landing unbeknownst to one of my best friend's dad. We would set out up and down the river - skiing, tubing and wake boarding.

On one instance, we ventured up the Paint Rock River with my cousin Henley in tow. He was the daredevil of us all and despite the narrows of the river and the ever-present threat of water moccasins, chose to slalom ski and crisscross the wake nearly touching the shallows or the hanging tree limbs that kissed the water from the waves. A sunken log caught the keel of his ski, and he began to somersault like an Olympic gymnast causing his swim trunks to be ripped off! Laughter erupted by all, but mostly by him as the boat circled back to retrieve him sans clothing to a great ovation and a perfect 10.0 score.

"No I don't have a dime for you to go to the show. Do you think money grows on trees?"

What you don't hear anymore

Now, word got back to our parents about our endeavors along the river and though no details were revealed, an interesting story unfolded from Henley's father that really taught the mischievous lad a great lesson. You see, Henley was always being dared to do this and that, as others simply would never attempt to do. On more than one occasion, (because the ones that didn't witness the act), would pool money to see if he would be fool enough for another performance, and.... money buys - GAS!

Mr. Henley sat the boy down and said, "I know you and your friends have been hanging out down at the river, I too visited that place in my youth and did some deeds that my father admonished me NEVER, EVER to do and that is to jump off the bridge!!!"

He continued, "You never know what lurks below that murky water." "Which bridge are you referring to, my impish cousin asked?" "The damn bridge that crosses Aldridge Creek into Ditto Landing, what fool would throw himself from either of the two bridges that spanned the width of the Tennessee River that linked Madison County to Morgan County! His son sheepishly replied, Dad, I would never jump off the bridge that you did."

He kept to his word, and he never did jump off that little bridge, but I witnessed him do it many times off the north-bound 231/431 bridge before he swore that oath to his father.

It is one of many lessons learned late in life.

Everyone has worries and problems.

Take some time to really listen to your friends and yours won't seem so bad.



*Love to the Huntsville High
Class of 1966 from Oscar Llerena*

The Stewart Twins on Douglas Hill

by Gayle LeVan Joyce

My grandparents Virgil and Lucille Stewart were married in Hazel Green, Al in the year 1900. I never met my grandfather. He was born in Tennessee in 1875. He died from pneumonia in 1938 when my Mother and her twin sister were 16 years old. My grandfather was a farmer and later in real estate. My grandfather was a twin and his twin brother's name was Arthur. My grandmother was born in 1882 and died at home in 1966.

My grandparents had 9 children - 5 boys and 4 girls. There was 20 years difference between the first child and the last were twins. Their first child was my Aunt Mamie, next were twins Florence and Lawrence born in 1904, then boys Glen, Earl, Harvey and James. At the age of 40 my grandmother had twin girls. My Mother and her twin sister Margie were born in 1922.

Aunt Florence never married but had several successful careers. She was a store manager for Kress department store (which was remarkable for a woman in the 1940s), she was also a bookkeeper at Martin Stamping and Stove and also was in real estate by herself and with her brother. She died in 1988 at the age

of 83. Her twin brother was Uncle Lawrence and he married and moved to Petersburg, TN and opened a grocery store on the town square. He had one daughter and he died in 1961 at the age of 57.

My Mother was Mabel and she married my Daddy Louie LeVan in 1946. I was born at Huntsville Hospital in 1947. My brother Gary was born in 1952. My Mother worked at State National Bank until my brother was born in 1952. Daddy worked for Rohm & Haas on Redstone Arsenal. Her twin sister Margie married Cecil Wampler in 1942 and had 2 children. Aunt Margie was a homemaker and lived in Laceys Spring, Al. Aunt Margie's daughter has twin sons. She is the only Stewart grandchild that had twins and there have not been twins born in the Stewart family since.

When I was born we lived with my Grandmother on 5th Avenue (now Governors Drive) and it was also called Douglas Hill. We lived with my Grandmother Stewart at Douglas Hill for 1 year after I was born and then my parents bought a house on Grove Avenue. After my Daddy died my Mother lived in the Grove Avenue house until she moved into assisted living.

The house on Douglas Hill is gone but part of the original fence from my grandparents house is still there. Today where their house was standing is a parking lot next to an old red brick building.

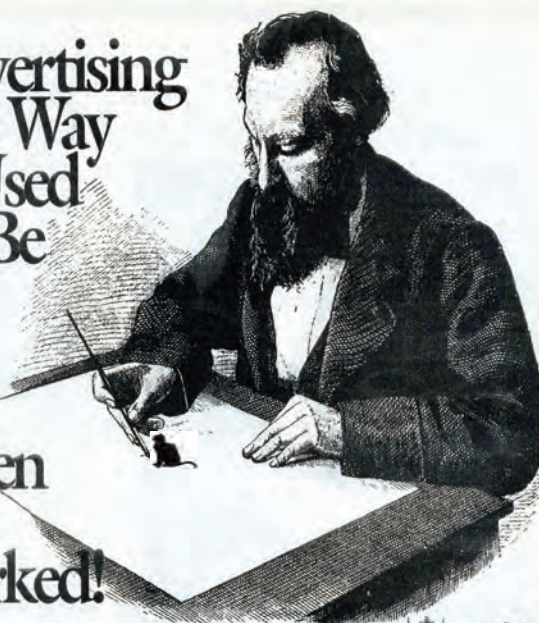
My parents and Mother's siblings are gone now. My Daddy died in 1995 and Mother died in 2007. My Aunt Margie lived to be 101 and died in 2023.

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Monte Sano Stories

by Jane Barr

It was August, 1950. We were married in El Paso, Texas and right after the reception left for Huntsville, Alabama. The population was about 16,000.

My husband was part of the Von Braun group moving here to work on the rockets.

Since most of the men and their families had been moving all year, the availability of housing was almost non-existent. There were converted garages, with dirt floors covered with old carpets; converted "upstairs" into semi-apartments with shared bath, if the advertisement didn't say "bath" you knew it was a "path" to the outhouse! "You can have this bedroom but you have to stoke the furnace (with coal) every morning."

One "upstairs apartment with shared bath" had one room, "this corner is for a hotplate and when Sonny is home on leave from the Army you have to get out of the bedroom 'cause it's Sonny's."

I guess we were to pitch a tent in the backyard when Sonny was home on leave.

Anyway our first choice was a cabin in Monte Sano State Park. YEA!!!! We could stay there until October when they closed since the cabins were not insulated for year-round use.

That's when we fell in love with Monte Sano. We had a cabin on the bluff, we'd eat on the screened porch, my husband would take our car to the Arsenal and I'd wander around the woods.

We could not find a house on Monte Sano to rent so we moved into a house downtown. Every weekend we'd be back on the mountain with a picnic lunch, going down a dirt road and stopping at a stream.

Two years later we bought a lot on Monte Sano. We went to the Post Office to get a rural box number. When we told the postmaster where we were going to build he laughed. "Only folks with summer homes live on the mountain. The weather and roads are really bad."

When we insisted he finally said "OK" then he looked for a number. "There will never be more than one

hundred (100) houses up there, if that."

Well, they already had over 77 because 77 was taken and so was 77-1/2.

"I can give you 77-1/4", we agreed so that became our rural box number.

The houses had no numbers or mail boxes. The mail boxes were lined up on Monte Sano Boulevard!

Our first house was 900 sq. ft. pre-fabricated. We had a concrete slab poured over the plumbing pipes, then a truck pulled up and unloaded the house. The windows and doors were in place, like a doll-house. It was up in a day! Complete with white Youngstown metal kitchen cabinets and all appliances. The bathroom was small, but it was inside! One day a man drove up with a pick-up truck loaded with picnic tables and benches made of tree branches. I bought a table and two benches. We were living "high on the hog."

My next door neighbor, Mrs. Lloyd Kranert, and I would walk from my house about a mile away to a special place. There, along the stream, we'd pick blueberries.

Two years later, stopping by Sam Thompson's house (he took care of the sale of lots for the Mountain Heights Development Company), he said "There's a new area just opened. Come on, I'll show you."

So we followed Mr. Thompson down a dirt road, stopping near a stream. "Here, this has just opened."

What we assumed was Monte Sano State Park property turned out to be adjacent to the park but owned by the Mountain Heights Development Company. We got out of our car, looked around and said "We'll take this one."

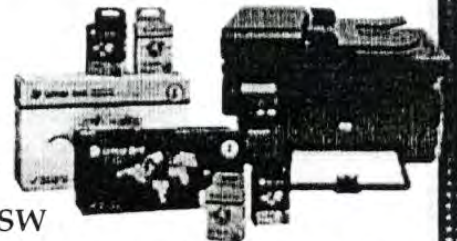
It was the same spot we had been stopping by for picnics since we came to Huntsville and the spot Mrs. Kranert and I would go to pick blueberries. The stream our three kids got to play in and catch polliwogs in glass jars. The stream that still runs past our house, Casa del Monte.

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What's In a Name?

by David C. Glover



It was a cold and rainy December day in Huntsville, Alabama, 75 years ago, as a crowd of family and friends gathered to witness a young couple's marriage ceremony. Standing before the Reverend David Y. Register of the Epworth Church is a 19 year-old bride, Joyce and a 23 year-old groom, John. The Reverend starts the ceremony and gets to the part where he inquires to the bride, "Do you JOYCE take JOHN to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

The bride quickly proclaimed for all to hear, "JOHN?... I thought your name was STEVE! "

This funny family story was shared by my Aunt Joyce a few years ago. Joyce was from the Ryland Community and graduated from Madison County High School in 1949. John, from Birmingham, was a graduate of Ensley High School and Howard College. He had also served in the U.S. Navy.

John moved to Huntsville in 1950 to pursue a career as a pharmacist. According to Joyce, she met the young pharmacist named Brodie in the fall of 1950 while he was working at a local pharmacy. The two hit it off and shortly thereafter were engaged to be married.

I asked her, "Why did you think his first name was Steve?" Aunt Joyce said, "There was a guy going around the country by the name of Steve Brodie jumping off bridges, so I was just confused because the name Steve kept coming up."

Who was Steve Brodie? Flashback to the 1880s, a young man by the name of Steve Brodie became famous for jumping off high bridges and surviving. He was best known for jumping off The Brooklyn Bridge (135 feet) and The Poughkeepsie Railroad Bridge (222 feet). Steve Brodie

was widely known and prospered from his feats. He died in 1901, however, his legend and exploits lived on for many years.

The expression "do a Brodie" or "take a chance or leap" was coined based on his exploits.

Hollywood used Steve Brodie's story in a 1933 movie, "The Bowery" and Warner Brothers released a cartoon about his adventures, Bowery Bugs, in 1949. Bud Fisher used his syndicated comic strip, Mutt and Jeff, to reference the phrase "do a Brodie" in numerous newspapers in September 1950.

From the early 1900s to the 1950s, many risk-takers, mimicking Steve Brodie, jumped off high bridges around the country, seeking instant notoriety and fame. Some survived their jumps, others did not. These individuals were often referred to as, "Would-Be Steve Brodie or a Steve Brodie Imitator", in the national newspapers and on broadcast news.

From The Birmingham Post, September 2, 1946: *"NO SPLASH TODAY, PLEASE - Ben Snead, a New York coal shoveler, was apparently determined to imitate Steve Brodie's historic bridge jump but a police emergency squad got to him in time. Snead climbed out on a Harlem River span and proclaimed his intention of leaping into the water 25 feet below."*

Also, there was a Hollywood actor named Steve Brodie. He appeared in at least 40 featured films from 1944-1950. His name was frequently published in the Society Section of the Huntsville Times during the late 1940s and early 1950s.

What's in a name? Apparently not much. Despite being unsure of his first name, Joyce and John were married that winter's day in December 1950 and the couple remained husband and wife for more than 50 years.

Throughout John's life, very few people knew his first name. Everyone, including Joyce, called him Brodie.

Aunt Joyce was correct to the name, Steve Brodie, being published in the news often just before the marriage ceremony and it is understandable about her confusion with the name especially since John always went by his last name.

In retrospect, had the Reverend David Y. Register merely said, "Do you JOYCE take BRODIE to be your lawfully wedded husband?" there would have been no funny story to share. However, that did not happen, so the story remains.



Good Tips from Grandma's Day



* If you have trouble with digestion, add basil to food while cooking. It will also help prevent constipation.

* Products like coffee, chocolate and cigarettes contribute to depression and highs-and-lows of energy. Eat a sensible diet of whole grains, steamed green vegetables, lean meat and fish, and raw garlic in huge salads with sprouts, onions and lots of seeds and raisins.

* Those who drink raw sauerkraut juice every day seem to be able to avoid the flu.

* Certain kinds of cancer can be avoided by eating just 3 almonds a day, according to psychic healer Edgar Cayce.

* Brown rice is good for the skin - it contains amino acids that you need.

* For female problems in general, massage the back of the leg around the ankle. Rubbing that area can relax tension, stimulate circulation and soothe the female organs.

"I recognize terror as the finest emotion and so I will try to terrorize the reader. But if I find that I cannot terrify, I will try to horrify, and if I find that I cannot horrify, I'll go for the gross-out. I'm not proud."

Stephen King, Author

* To prevent nightmares from recurring, soak your feet in warm water for 10 minutes. Take half a lemon and thoroughly rub your feet with it, don't rinse but pat dry. Happy dreams!

* Paper cuts can be painful. Clean the cut with lemon juice, then dip the area in ground cloves. The pain should be gone in a matter of seconds.

* For that bad hangover: rub a quarter lemon under each armpit; or take 1 tablespoonful of honey every minute for 5 minutes; or, take 1/8 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a glass of water; or try a cup of ginger tea.

"I now know how it will all end for me. One of my grand kids will unplug my life support so that she can charge up her iPhone."

Jerry Baker, Scottsboro

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MY EARLIEST MEMORIES: 1921

by Nell Rutledge Porter

I cannot remember how old I was when Daddy had scarlet fever. He was so afraid that all of the rest of our family would take the dreaded disease. We told Mother that we must move out of the house and into a little old tenant house a few rods down the path to the barn. We moved only the items that we would need, but I am sure that we took more than we used for we did not know how long Daddy would be sick.

I can remember going to the spring and bringing water for Mother. We dared not use any water from our well because Mother thought that was the source of the fever. Someone had built a concrete trough below the spring and put a pipe down to it. The water

was so cold that it hurt your teeth to drink it. I could have stayed up by that spring all day, but I had to hurry with my burden, for Daddy had a great fever and Mother must keep cold water by him as much as she could. She would reach in at the window and put the stone pitcher on a table. Then she would pour out a glassful of water for Daddy. Sometimes he was out of his head and talked funny. At those times he would not drink any water. The doctor was not afraid to go into this room and he came about every day.

Every time I could get away, I would go for water because I loved to watch it trickle down over the moss on the side of the trough. It formed a little stream that ran down under a culvert across the road and into the meadow.

The days ran on and soon Daddy was able to sit up. None of our family could go into the house

though because the house must be fumigated. On a pretty sunny day Mother helped Daddy outside and into her old rocking chair. Then a neighbor lady came and she and Mother worked on our real home. First they built a fire on the hearth and when it had burned down good they transferred the live coals into an old iron kettle. Then they poured sulfur onto those coals.

Before they did that Mother had taken all mirrors and pictures out of the house because the smoke would have ruined them. As the fumes rose up into the air, the two ladies ran from the house. No one could live in those fumes, not even a mouse. That was how they fumigated houses in those days.

We moved back into our home in a few days, and it took Daddy a long time to get his strength back. His skin peeled off and the men folk called him "Skinny" for a long time.

I never liked that name.

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Disaster Plan

Disasters happen to everyone. You have got to have a plan just in case it happens to you and your pets. This following will be for your pets.

Create an Emergency and Disaster Plan

If you need to evacuate your home, where would you go with your dog? Does the Red Cross Shelter accept pets? Who would you leave your dog with if you couldn't find a shelter for you both? Whether it is a hurricane, tornado, earthquake, flood or fire, you will have little time to act once disaster strikes. Now is the time to start planning how you will take care of your dog during the next natural disaster, not a day or two before the next one is forecast.

Here are some steps you can take.

Create an Emergency and Disaster Folder for Paperwork

1. Make sure you have proper identification for all your pets, including tags, as well as a microchip. Keep copies of all paperwork in an Emergency and Disaster Kit, along with the phone number of the microchip company. If a dog goes missing, some microchip companies/plans will alert shelters in the area to look for your dog.

2. Check that your pets are up to date on their shots/vaccinations. Keep copies of the paperwork in your Emergency and Disaster Kit. Many safe havens for you and your dog will only accept pets if they have not been vaccinated, so this proof may be essential to keep your dog with you. Some will accept dogs if they are muzzled, so it may be prudent to invest in this crucial piece of equipment just in case. Be sure to practice using it with your dog before it is needed.

3. Keep current copies of the prescription medications your dog takes on a regular basis.

4. Make a list of your dog's health needs, any behavioral issues, and your veterinarian's phone number. Include a current photo of your pet.

5. Include a current photograph of your dog in the event he or she ends up in an animal shelter. The photograph might be the only way the shelter can authorize someone else to leave with a pet.

Do Your Research and Find a Safe Haven Due to state and local regulations, many Red Cross shelters cannot permit any animals, except for service animals.

1. Find out which animal shelters/kennels provide emergency shelter in the event of a natural disaster. Ask your veterinarian for referrals.

2. If you don't want to leave your dog in a shelter or kennel, research hotels or motels along your evacuation route that accept pets.

3. Ask a family member or friend in advance if they will be your dog's emergency caregiver in the event of such a situation. It is important to choose someone who likes animals



and has some experience taking care of them.

Create Your Emergency and Disaster Kit

1. Choose a bag large enough to accommodate all the food, water, and essentials for your pets, but one that is easy enough to transport while you are traveling with them. A large backpack would be perfect for a single dog, or a duffel bag on wheels would be good for someone with multiple dogs.

2. Be sure to include at least seven days worth of bottled water and food for EACH pet, along with collapsible food dishes, paper towels, dish soap, and bags for trash. Particularly with a senior dog, it is important to get the

same food he usually eats. Dogs are sensitive to food changes unless done very gradually. No need to add more stress to your dog in an already stressful situation. Remember to rotate food every six months so the food in your kit is always fresh.

3. Add a dog first-aid kit and a guide book for basic first-aid procedures.

4. Include two weeks worth of any medication/supplements your dog takes. Be sure to rotate medications every six months to one year to make sure medications don't go bad.

5. Include comfort items for your dog, such as treats, chew toys, a favorite blanket, stuffed animals or toys. If your senior dog has arthritis, etc., be sure to remember to take his bed and/or blankets to make him as comfortable as possible.

6. Add your Emergency and Disaster Folder to the kit. Store your kit in a convenient location that can be easily accessed in the event of an emergency. Show any emergency caregivers where you keep the kit.

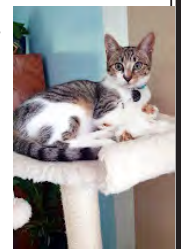
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From the Desk of Tom Carney

Huntsville's Courthouses

by Tom Carney

When Huntsville's early settlers first started arriving, they discovered a large mound of stones directly above the Big Spring. This mound of stones was infested with rattlesnakes and was considered worthless.

In 1809, the Mississippi territorial government decreed that Madison County was to have a system of circuit and county courts and that the appropriate buildings be erected. This mound of stones, known as the public square, was deeded to the local government and in 1811 the first courthouse was built. The first floor was used as offices and courtrooms. The basement was also completed and was open on the north side. The first city market was located in the basement. A small wooden jail and pillory was constructed on the northeast corner of the public square.

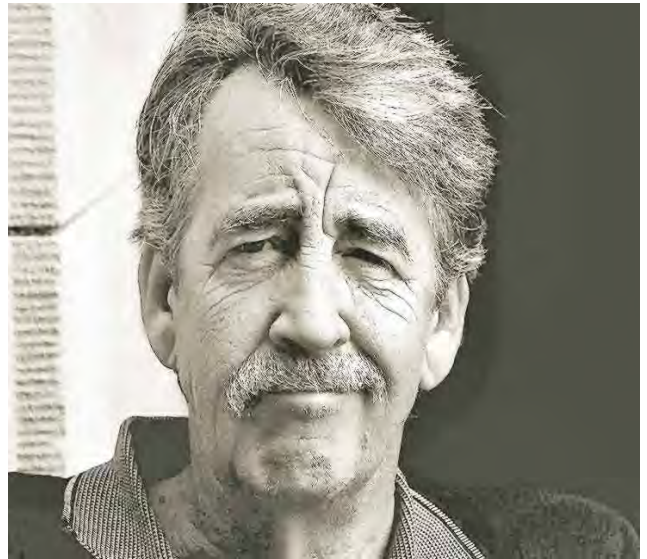
The incomplete courthouse became the nucleus for civic, religious and commercial activity. In 1817, arrangements were made to complete the building of the first courthouse. Arrangements were also made for a more substantial jail and pillory to be built on the east side of the Square.

During the 1820s and the prosperous 1830s, Hunts-

ville and Madison County continued to grow. By 1835, it was evident that a new courthouse was needed. Plans were drawn up and the firm of Mitchell and Wilson was hired to construct the new courthouse at an approximate cost of \$31,000.

The building was built in the popular Greek Temple style, being constructed of brick and stone and having two full stories in addition to a full basement. The old courthouse was sold at auction for \$494.

After it was removed, the ten-foot elevation it sat on was graded down and the rock was used to pave the surrounding square. As work progressed, changes and additions were made to the original plans, necessitating additional revenue.



In 1840, the commissioners, in an attempt to raise more money for the building of the courthouse, ordered taxation on a variety of things including land, town property, horses, watches, clocks, playing cards and billiard tables.

The new courthouse was completed in 1840 and provisions were made for a new jail in 1846. The new jail was a brick structure located at the northeast corner of Washington and Clinton streets. During this time the square began to take on the appearance of a thriving business center. The yard in front of

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the courthouse became a place where cotton could be bought or sold, and punishment would be administered by flogging or worse.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, when it was realized that the courthouse might be occupied by Yankee troops, most of the public records were removed and sent to Blount County for safekeeping. When indeed Huntsville was occupied by Yankee troops in 1862, the courthouse was taken over by military officials. A blanket of depression and hardship descended upon Huntsville during the occupation. From the courthouse, signed passes and loyalty oaths were extracted from any citizen entering or leaving town, buying supplies from the commissary, or when protection was needed by Union troops.

After the war, the grounds of the courthouse had deteriorated badly due to lack of money and upkeep. Many newspaper articles of that time spoke of the "overgrown courthouse yard."

One of the more interesting stories of the late 1800s concerns that of pet deer kept in the courthouse yard. No one today is sure where they came from, but for years they were a common sight to anyone having business downtown. According to one old-timer, the deer were taken from a bootlegger when he was arrested. The Sheriff, not knowing what else to do with them, turned them loose in the courthouse yard.

When the courthouse was torn down, they were moved to the McCormick estate on Meridian Street.

The original plans had called for that courthouse to be remodeled, but when work

began it was found to be in much worse shape than anyone had expected and had to be torn down. The third courthouse was completed in 1914. Certain items were retained, such as the town clock, the massive "Doric" columns, the D.A.R. plaque listing the names of all the Revolutionary soldiers buried in Madison County and the statue of the Confederate soldier, which was a memorial to the Confederate dead.

As Huntsville continued to grow, the third Courthouse was renovated in 1940 to help accommodate this growth, but during the boom of the 1960s it was found to be woefully inadequate.

In 1964, \$37,050 was awarded to the Bama Wrecking Company to demolish the old (third) courthouse which had stood for fifty years. The contents of the 1914 cornerstone were saved and the twenty massive stone columns were salvaged to be used elsewhere. The weather vane atop the old dome was transferred to the First Alabama Bank on the west side of the square.

The current courthouse was completed in 1967 at the approximate cost of \$5,301,500.

For the first time since 1846 the jail was located on the square.

There is one interesting footnote. One of the things that all of the courthouses have in common is that none of them were ever completed in time allowed by the contract, and they all cost more than originally thought.



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"THE LAST TIME I SAW PA"

*by John Michael Hampton, as told
to him by his grandmother
Ann Jackson Hampton*

"Pa was waving from the balcony of the riverboat. We were waving back from the shore line. My mom, siblings and I were unaware that this would be the last time I saw my pa." The story I am relating today included these words from my grandmother, Ann Jackson Hampton, who grew up in the 1920s in North Alabama. At the time the events in this story happened in October 1924, she would have been four years old.

Her father, Van Buren Jackson, was proud of his children. They lived with their mom Myrtle and him in a fairly nice house near Decatur. Van Buren told my grandmother many times, "These feet will never touch dirt." He was a riverboat gambler, and made good money gambling on the riverboats that traveled up and down the Tennessee River.

He always won when he gambled, which led some people to say that he was cheating in some way, an allegation that he always denied.

On the beautiful fall October day in question, he was going to catch a riverboat at the ferry crossing near Decatur, and then ride down river to gamble, catching a different riverboat

for the ride back home. He would usually be gone for about two or three weeks on these trips.

My grandmother, her siblings and her mom accompanied her dad to the ferry crossing, as they normally did when dad, or as my grandmother called him, Pa, was planning to leave on these trips. After about an hour of waiting, they could see the puffs of steam in the distance appearing from the smoke stacks of the riverboat that had last picked up passengers at the landing south of Huntsville.

Their dad gave every one of the children a kiss and a hug, and then gave their mom a long kiss and a long hug. By that time, the riverboat was lining up to park at the ferry ramp. The captain was in the control room, controlling the riverboat, and his assistant was at the helm, yelling out information to both the captain and the passengers waiting to board the boat.

When her dad boarded the boat, two other men in suits and ties also boarded the boat. Her dad must have known them, because he said hi

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to both of them talking about how long it had been since he had seen them.

They continued to wave at her dad, who had appeared on the balcony of the second floor of the riverboat, until the riverboat disappeared from sight, heading down the river toward Florence and Muscle Shoals. They then returned to their home less than a mile away.

She never saw her dad again. For more than two months, they waited for their dad to return. He never returned. After two months, the mom did file a missing persons report with the local sheriff. Days later, he returned with some personal items from their dad that were found in the water between Decatur and the Shoals, including a wallet which had all the cash removed but still contained his Army identification card from where he had retired from the Army after World War I. There was also a hat and his shoes found in the water. Based on the evidence, the sheriff said it was likely that her dad had drowned.

The sheriff called in some help from Huntsville and Decatur to search the river for the body. The body was found in shallow water close to the area where Elk River flowed into the Tennessee River. The body was in such bad shape that they were unable to see their dad prior to him being buried along the river.

No further information ever came to life about how he drowned or if he died some other way, and whoever killed him was using the drowning to cover up the crime.

My grandmother said that less than a year later, her mom married a sharecropper she met in Decatur. They then moved to Sand Mountain to the Sims community, where he was living on a farm as a sharecropper.

My grandmother said that no new information about her father's death was ever found.

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I was found by a citizen in June and brought to the Ark Animal Shelter. I am friendly to everyone and love to run and play. From the way I get around you would never know that I am missing a front leg. I am a good sweet boy and will be so happy get a home of my own. If you are looking for a loving new family member please come and see me at the Ark Animal Shelter. Ask to see Scout! That's me!

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The BB Gun Battle and Robbery at the Church

by Jack Burwell

In third grade, my focus was starting to shift from pretend wars to collecting American coins and playing putt-putt. Bruce and Don Woody and I would be at the putt-putt course at 9:00 a.m. every Saturday morning in the summer, ready to go for three hours of joyful putt-putting for sixty cents.

Pretend wars were still fun. For neighborhood boys like myself at age 9, just starting third grade, some of the parents were beginning to feel comfortable with the idea of giving BB guns for Christmas and birthday presents. What's the harm? BBs wouldn't kill a dog or cat. With all that hair, these creatures usually wouldn't know they were hit. As for little boys, a BB normally hits clothes, which like hair, is an adequate armor.

I don't know when I got my first BB gun, but after I got it, I knew I had better not shoot my parents, granddaddy and especially not Dudley, my brother. Dudley normally didn't get

mad at me, but I had seen him mad at other people and that was frightening. So I showed intense respect for my brother.

But no one said I couldn't shoot my friends, especially if they are shooting at me. Today, we hear stories about gun owners who will say that you should never point a gun, even a toy gun, at someone unless you think you may need to use it for self defense. When I was nine, I had not yet been told one of those stories.

It was close to the end of summer. Jed Stevens, Tommy Adams and I were looking for something to do. One of us said, "Hey, let's have a BB battle." Each of us headed for our homes and returned with our BB guns fully loaded. Either Tommy or I said, "Hey, Jed, we're coming after you. We will give you a two minute head start." Jed headed for the shed behind the house where Dixie Burden and her sisters used to live. I think the house may have been torn down, so there was only a lot with a shed on it.

Jed went into the shed and Tommy and I tried to create a crossfire. I was on the left, Tommy took the right. Firing commenced. Apparently, Jed peeped out of an old knot hole in a board on the shed. Within a minute or two, Jed started crying and yelled, "I gotta go home."

Tommy and I looked at each other and one of us said, "What happened? I guess we had better go home too." That was the last time I remember hearing anything about Jed. I think Jed and his family moved away after that.

Don Woody and I were reminiscing recently. Don said, "Did you know that Jed got an eye put out during the BB battle you, Tommy and he participated in?" "No, I didn't ever know he lost an eye. Are you sure about that?" I asked. "Yep, I'm sure," said Don. "He lost an eye. His mother cried for three days."

"Don, you mean I may have put Jed's eye out?" I asked. Don replied, "It was either Tommy or you. I don't know

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which one."

"That's terrible," I stated, not that I could do anything about it.

After the BB gun battle, my BB gun disappeared from my toy box. I don't even remember looking for it after the battle. Pretend wars had come to an end. Neither of my parents said anything about Jed losing an eye.

After the last shootout, I concentrated on collecting Lincoln pennies or playing putt-putt and being miserable at school. I hated spelling contests. I started having stomach aches. They were always good for staying home from school.

Also, on the way home from school one day, I was stopped by a fourth grader in front of Holmes Street Methodist Church not far from my house. He had been following me from the school. I had been showing everyone at school a two dollar bill that my Mississippi grandmother had sent me for a birthday present. I was very proud of my two dollar bill with Thomas Jefferson's picture on it.

I didn't know the fourth grader who wanted to see my two dollar bill but I was happy to show it to everyone who wanted to see it. Upon pulling the two dollar bill out of my wallet and handing it to him, he kicked me in the shin and headed east at a high rate of speed. "Oh!" I responded and grabbed my right leg. I had never been kicked in the shin. There's an old saying, "A fool and his money are quickly parted." That pretty much summed up my situation.

Jed and his family had moved. The new tenants of his house had no kids. Eventually, that old house was burned down. The moral innocence of my childhood continued on except I no longer showed my peer group my two dollar bills.

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TEN MINUTES TO LIVE



by Judy C. Smith

It is January of 1996 and an ice storm is predicted, so I'm getting prepared - buying groceries, fires laid in both the playroom fireplace and den fireplace, gloves, mittens and boots ready for the boys to use when they go out to play. Can't think of anything else that I should do except pick up my husband from Crestwood Hospital where he is recovering from his hip replacement. I have even gassed up my red four-wheel drive truck and backed it into the driveway just in case we should need it.

Now the kids and pets are fed and in bed, M.D. is in bed in some pain. I take this time to get into the hot tub, relax and read a book.

Four hours later I wake up to dead silence and total darkness. We have lost power and I'm really cold. I look out the window to see white glistening snow and ice everywhere, the red truck was covered.

I get my son Martin and his friend Richard, who was spending the night with us, up along with M.D. who was on crutches, and we head for the garage to start the generator that was kept there. We get it started, run extension cords to the fireplace blowers, the fridge, a small microwave and of course a TV set.

I put our two parrots, one a blue fronted Amazon with a vocabulary of a four year old and a good talking African Grey, beside the fireplace. They are warm weather birds and don't fare well in cold climates.

The power went out at 2:50 AM. By the time I had gotten the plants off the sun porch, taken care of the birds and M.D. it was 4:30 AM. Owen, our ten year old, and I headed for bed in the guest bedroom just over the garage.

At 7:30 AM, I wake up with the worst headache I've ever had. We get up and M.D. tells me he also has a terrible headache.

M.D. sends me down to the garage to check the generator and put more gas in it. Everything seems okay so I fix the kids and M.D. some breakfast. Owen and Warren go one house up the street to Creighton's, their brother's house. He isn't home when I call but when he gets back he calls me to tell me the boys are asleep in his bed. I still don't put two and two together. My daughter Allison was with her dance team to dance in Atlanta.

After folding clothes that were dried and left in the dryer overnight, I call my sister Melinda in Atlanta. She doesn't answer but I leave her a message telling her that I know something is terribly wrong with me and if anything should happen to me to please look after Allison.

Annual Statement of Ownership

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c. Total Paid Distribution (Sum of 15b (1), (2), (3), and (4))		325	323
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h. Total (Sum of 15f and g)		430	433
i. Percent Paid (15c divided by 15f times 100)		77.75	77.90

I lay down on the downstairs couch for a few minutes then realize that M.D. is in bed and might need help. As I walk up the stairs I know I'm in big trouble and call out to Owen who is in the den watching TV.

"Call 911 quick", I tell him but he doesn't hear me. I start walking down the hall towards the master bedroom when all of a sudden I pass out. I could hear the phone ringing as I'm losing consciousness. It was Creighton wanting to borrow my red four wheel drive truck.

When he came in the front door he saw me on the floor. He immediately picked me up and put me on the bed. The phone was laying beside me - I came to long enough to press redial calling the last number dialed. Someone said "Judy you aren't making any sense. I'm calling 911."

I got up and passed out again in the hall.

Creighton could hear the sirens of the fire, truck, ambulance and rescue truck heading into our neighborhood. He picked me up and was waiting at the curb when the ambulance arrived. M.D. was helped into the ambulance with his crutches. Snow and ice everywhere.

Upon arrival at the hospital, blood was immediately taken out of our arteries, carbon monoxide level was so high we were both put in the only two hyperbaric chambers in Huntsville for an hour and a half. Still the doctors were unsure of our conditions and we were transferred upstairs to be on oxygen and watched overnight.

The only two beds available were on the maternity floor. Nurses

kept coming in to check on us and telling everyone this is the couple who nearly died of carbon monoxide poisoning. We would hear the babies crying as the nurses brought them to their mothers. M.D. said to me, surely they won't mistake you and bring one to you.

Later the next day we were released from the hospital after the hazardous fumes people had checked out our house. Carbon Monoxide will kill you or at least affect organs causing damage to the heart, lungs and kidneys. My beloved blue fronted Amazon parrot died one year later of liver disease, our poodle's kidney failed the same year and a shelter dog's heart stopped. There is no hyperbaric chamber for pets. My eight children were very fortunate to have had such excellent care for their parents as they would have been orphans. I write this to warn people to never put a generator in their garage. When the power came back on, the heating system sucked the carbon monoxide into every room in the house and that is why the pets as well as the people were affected so drastically.

So people please put your generators as far from your house as possible. For me and my family, if we ever lose power again in freezing weather, I'm calling a cab and staying at the Embassy Suites until the power comes back on. You can rest assured there will be no generator near my house. Thank God for Creighton coming in to borrow my truck and saving us.

As for Dr. Nimeroff who said "Judy do you want to live 'another year?'" I said "You bet" Then he said "You and M.D. are getting into the chambers now".

While there, an elderly lady who lived in Mayfair and her two dogs were brought into the hospital. They couldn't be saved.

I thank God everyday for sparing us both. Winter's coming. Watch the placement of your generators.

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HUNTSVILLE HISTORY THROUGHOUT THE YEARS



In 1941, while the world was at war, the War Department announced plans to build a \$41.2 million chemical warfare plant and a \$6 million ordnance plant in Huntsville. Thousands of wives and mothers worked on the shell assembly lines while waiting anxiously for their loved ones to return home.

The same year a Soldiers Service Center opened in downtown Huntsville with over 400 soldiers attending the first day. The donuts and coffee were a welcome relief for soldiers wanting a taste of home.

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