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Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Mystery on Green Mountain



“In the 1950s when Redstone Arsenal was first firing up as a missile development center, American Machine and Foundry Co. began to buy up Green Mountain. Their plan was to quarry out the inside, sell the rock, then make the hollow mountain into an underground missile plant. Although they and the city Chamber of Commerce used “strong-arm” tactics to get mountain residents to sell, a few people held out and refused.

Also in this issue: Dead Children’s Playground; Goat Island; Family Affairs; Sally the Hat Lady; The Terrible Storm of 1920; Boogertown; The Real Birth of Huntsville, AL 1958; Thiokol Chemical Corp.; Fall Recipes, Tips and much much more!



Remembering Colonel (Ret.) Henry “Hank” B. Miller

Col. Henry (“Hank”) Miller was born April 9, 1927, in Los Angeles, CA, growing up in Hermosa Beach and teaching himself to swim in the Pacific Ocean. He graduated from high school and joined the Navy when he was 17 and served on a destroyer in the Pacific until World War II ended. The ship docked in Tokyo Bay after the war ended, and he walked the grounds of Nagasaki, witnessing first-hand the devastating effects of the second atomic bomb. In 1948 he transferred to the Army to avoid sea duty and enhance a future family life.

In September 1952 he married Julia (“Judy”) Anthony of Gallatin, TN, and they had three children. He earned his Bachelor’s and Master’s degrees, as well as completing several military schools, as the Army required for his progression to Colonel rank.

Hank’s career took him to Europe, Korea, Vietnam, and Saudi Arabia. Returning from Saudi Arabia in 1976, he settled in Huntsville, AL, completing his Army career in November 1980 as a highly decorated and successful Army Colonel. As a Battalion Commander, he responded to a late-night barracks fight between men of different races. Fearlessly walked between them and told them to just stop it! He assigned minimal punishment, giving them a fresh start and opportunity to become fast friends!

After the Army, he worked 10 years for Unisys Corporation and volunteered with the American Red Cross and the Golden K Kiwanis. He was an active member of his churches in Huntsville, AL, and later in Knoxville, TN.

Hank loved God! He led his family into church involvement and faithfully read devotions to Judy each night as they retired. In his last years, he accepted an invitation for Bible Study Fellowship (BSF), a demanding course of Bible study. His palpable excitement learning God’s Word at new depths was contagious, even as a man in his later 90s.

He fiercely loved his wife and family. As a man of action, he insinuated himself into family conflicts, resolving them and restoring relationships. As a leader, he earned the nickname of Mayor for Brookdale, the retirement community in Huntsville where he and Judy lived for more than 10 years. He and Judy enjoyed traveling the world, experiencing China, Australia, New Zealand, and many places in Europe. They once drove the perimeter of the continental United States, and later saw similar areas via train. His life was marked by selfless service, generosity, and refined kindness. He maintained body, mind, and spirit by long walks, twice-weekly visits to the gym (including the week before he died), bridge games, avid reading, and regular Bible readings plus BSF.

He is survived by his daughter Maggie Bales and her husband, Joel; daughter, Alice Miller, four grandchildren, 11 great-grandchildren, and numerous family and friends. He was preceded in death by his wonderful and loving wife Judy and son Michael.

Ed.Note - Hank was a long time President and Treasurer of the Kiwanis Huntsville Golden K Club, whose only fundraiser for 25 years was the distribution of Old Huntsville magazine. All dollars collected (\$680,000) from OHM distribution went to local charities.

Mystery on Green Mountain

by Merry Barfield

I have a story that many have not heard about that is almost unbelievable.

My husband came to Huntsville in 1959 as a co-op student and I first came in 1964. I have never heard a word about this story in more than 50 years. As you may know by now, the Varnedoes, Robbs, and Frances Moore are walking/talking history books and when we gather at our homes in Magnolia Springs in Huntsville, there are many stories from the past discussed. Get in a conversation with one of them and you will come away with a bit of new information.

**"Where should an older guy look for his glasses?
On his forehead."**

Billy Kruse, Huntsville

This time, Frances Moore, a native Huntsvillian, was my source. She and her husband owned close to 40 acres on Green Mountain, on both sides of the main road. In 1957 a company by the name of American Machine and Foundry Company attempted to buy all the land on Green Mountain in order to build an underground munitions or missile plant. When the Moores refused to sell their land, a family friend was "sent" to talk to them about it but the friend told them to do what they thought best.

I told Frances that I had never heard this story and couldn't wait to get home and do some research. Most of you know by now that I am not very computer savvy so it took me a while to find my first clue: an article written by none other than our own neighbor Bill Varnedoe who moved to Green Mountain in 1956.

The article was under The Green Mountain Civic League www.greenmountaincivicleague.org/greenmountain/.

"In the 1950s when Redstone Arsenal was first firing up as a missile development center, American Machine and Foundry Co. began to



Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)

P.O. Box 4648

Huntsville, AL 35815

(256) 656-5321

Email - oldhuntsville@gmail.com

(Website) www.oldhuntsville.com

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L. Thomas Ryan, Jr.
Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
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Telephone (256) 533-1103 Fax (256) 533-9711

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buy up Green Mountain. Their plan was to quarry out the inside, sell the rock, then make the hollow mountain into an underground missile plant. Although they and the city Chamber of Commerce used "strong-arm" tactics to get mountain residents to sell, a few people held out and refused. Two of these were the Hamiltons and the Moores, (each with 40 acres on Shawdee.). Some of those who left at this time moved to Keel Mountain."

Of course, the dream of the underground factory never came about and AMF sold their entire holdings to a group consisting principally of Buck Creek Industries and Lane Realty Company.

(If AMF sounds familiar, it's because the company dealt in bowling equipment, among other items).

A little more searching led me to a book published in 1995 by Richard Sauder, "Underground Bases and Tunnels". His theory is that the government has more of these bases than we know about and on page 15 there it was:

"Two articles in 1957 reported that the Army was planning to build a huge underground rocket factory inside Green Mountain. The project was to have been undertaken jointly by the American Machine and Foundry Company, the Redstone Arsenal and the Army Ballistic Missile Agency."

"In addition to the missile plant the facility was also slated to have a sort of subterranean 'Junior Pentagon' where elaborate headquarters would be installed to direct the defense of the southern U.S. from enemy attack. A local group bought 200 acres along the Tennessee River for docks from which a company called Chemstone would ship the limestone excavated

during construction to market."

"This same group, comprised of members of the Huntsville Industrial Expansion Committee, also engaged in a nearly two-year 'series of obscure real estate transactions in which they purchased' in their own names or through proxies, various parcels of land scattered about on Green Mountain for the construction of the underground military-industrial facility."

"In cases where most of the land is owned by private individuals, if the military agency wants to construct a secret base on the land that it does not own, in order to avoid drawing attention to its plans, it may covertly employ a sympathetic group of private citizens or businessmen in the area to handle the real estate transactions for it. In this way, the military gets the land, but without the unwanted publicity and fan fare. The Army Corps of Engineers can supervise the actual construction and draw up the plans, but special expertise and



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"What I most like about people is their dogs."

Unknown

equipment would need to be provided by private industry."

"So already, the Pentagon and local business interests showed themselves capable of coming together to plan the construction of a major military underground facility, to be built inside the Green Mountain."

Since there was only part of the book online, I could not see where the article was first published but it was footnoted. Can you imagine what Green Mountain would look like had this plan succeeded?

After the plan fell through, an individual purchased the land and started a sub-division atop the mountain. That didn't prove to be a successful venture and bankruptcy was declared. According to bill Varnedoe's article, the Nature Trail was a result of the final resolution of the properties that had been bought and sold.

I contacted another Madison County native and received this input: "The project was a government project. It never materialized; the project eventually went to Colorado Springs and housed NORAD. We were second and only because Green Mountain had limestone rock layers that could be easily moved to prepare for the large rooms that they needed. Other than a lot of talk nothing ever happened."

I looked up NORAD and read a lot of declassified history from 1956 when it was established and was to be housed on Cheyenne Mountain, near Colorado Springs. I confess the only reason I

read all that history was because I woke up at 3:00am and couldn't go back to sleep.

The history revealed that the U. S. and Canada were ill-prepared to deal with an all-out attack on us. A second, more wakeful reading, led me to more information about paper squadrons, meaning they were listed but not manned.

No wonder we had those bomb drills during the fifties. Remember those? We were taught to get under our desks, people were building bomb shelters in their backyards and we were constantly told that "the Russians are coming!"

I hope that I am not the only one who didn't really understand about NORAD - North American Aerospace Command - a U.S. and Canada bi-national organization charged with the mission of aerospace warning, aerospace control and maritime warning in the defense of North America.

I copied this from Wikipedia "The complex was built under 2,000 feet of granite on 5 acres. Fifteen three-story buildings are protected from movement; e.g. earthquake or explosion, by a system of giant springs that the buildings sit on and flexible pipe connectors to limit the operational effect of movement. A total of more than 1,000 springs are designed to prevent any of the 15 buildings from shifting more than one inch. The complex is the only high altitude Department of Defense facility certified to be able to sustain an electromagnetic pulse (EMP)." The total cost was \$142.4 million.

Now you know the rest of the theories about the Green Mountain Project and what could have been developed right here in Huntsville.

Information about NORAD

NORAD, North American Aerospace Defense Command,



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moved its headquarters out of the top secret bunker 10 years ago, but the complex inside Colorado Springs' Cheyenne Mountain is still operational. Crews typically use the space a few days out of the month to keep the facility maintained.

15 buildings sit beneath 2,000 feet of solid granite inside the mountain. Each one is made out of Navy-grade steel and sits on giant steel springs. The Cheyenne Mountain complex was first designed in the 1960s to withstand a nuclear blast. The Deputy Director for Cheyenne Mountain Steve Rose says the engineering has withstood the test of time.

"If an aircraft was to take off out of Washington D.C. and turn right instead of left, it would be less than the number of minutes you can count on your hand of time to react," says Col. Travis Morehen, NORAD & US NORTHCOM's Command Center Deputy Director.

The North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) was established and activated at the ENT Air Force Base on September 12, 1957. This command is a bi-national organization of Canadian and United States Air Defense Command units, in accordance with NORAD Agreements. Today, NORAD's mission has evolved past the Cold War. The focus is on more modern threats that include everything in and out of the United States.

NORAD watches every single aircraft in North American airspace. The command center flags an average of 3 aircraft a week. Recently a belligerent passenger on a flight from Halifax to Calgary forced an airplane to divert to Toronto at the same time a series of missile launches went off in the Middle East.

"Those were two simultaneous events where we were pro-

tecting North American airspace and we were determining if these missiles that were launched out of the Middle East were coming to America," said Col. Morehen.

A Little History About Green Mountain

By Bill Varrnedoe, Green Mountain Civic League

Of course, Green Mountain Road was originally just an un-maintained wagon road. It was later widened for autos and graded, well, sort of, when the county accepted it as a county road sometime between 1948 and 1952. Then it was graveled.

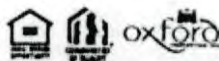
Finally in the early 1950s it was blacktopped, not all of it, just the part going up the mountain and none of the roads on top. You see, a county commissioner was not friendly with a Mr. T., who had a farm at the foot of the mountain, so the leg across the flats to Todd Mill Road was left dirt, not even graveled, for some time. Some of us remember getting stuck in the mud on that part of Green Mt. Rd. (Bailey Cove Rd. and Camelot subdivision did not exist.)

North and South Shawdee and part of Riverview were blacktopped by 1965; asphalt pavement came later. But in all of this, the original grade of the mountain road was not changed. It is still just a glorified wagon road!

One old road from the top of the mountain ran at an angle, from about 5008 Riverview to about the location

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of Valley Green and Village Square. Traces are still visible between Riverview and Valley Green, where it was not destroyed by development.

South Green Mountain Rd. (the "Back Road" to Owens Cross Roads) was not opened until the late 1980s. A sort of logging road was there, passable only to four wheel drive vehicles (and some fools who tried it in ordinary cars, like I once did.)

Geology

The geology of the mountain is relatively simple. Green Mountain is an isolated fragment of the Cumberland Plateau. The valley lies at about 600 feet above sea level while the mountain averages 1200 feet, for a height of 600 feet above the valley. The bulk of the mountain is flat bedded limestone of Mississippian age (about 300 million years old). There is a very thin layer of coal between this and the Sandstone caprock of Pennsylvanian age. This Sandstone forms our bluffs that ring the mountain. These cliffs average about 20 to 30 feet high, and in isolated spots reach 70 feet.

From the top down the layers are: Pottsville Sandstone), (cliffs); Pennington Formation (the bench) a thin layered limestone; Bangor Limestone, thick bedded; Hartselle Sandstone (nose of

protrusions on the west, not present everywhere; Monteagle Limestone, the lowest layers of the mountain.

Green Mountain is located on the southeast border of Huntsville, Alabama. It is a unique natural resource of great value to the community. It runs for seven miles along the eastern flank of the city just north of the Tennessee River forming a beautiful natural backdrop to the city.

The top of the mountain is a flat mesa surrounded by significant stone bluffs. The area atop the mountain is roughly 13.5 square miles.

The Mountain is special in a number of ways not the least of which is that it IS a mountain. It makes up a sig-

nificant part of the southeast "viewscape" of Huntsville. It remains largely undeveloped and thus represents a major preserve adjacent to the dense development of the city.

Aside from it's major scenic value, it is an important watershed located between Aldridge Creek and the Flint River. It is an important buffer for flora and fauna. There are significant populations of deer, wildcats, fox, skunk, possums and raccoons, etc.



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"Marriage certainly changes passion. All of a sudden you're in bed with a relative."

Jerry Frederick, Scottsboro

Thiokol Chemical Corporation Huntsville Division: The People

Would You Like Fries with That?

by Odysseus

Use of Thiokol telephones was defined by rules in the employee handbook, then monitored and enforced by Management. The Internet, email, Zoom meetings, chat, instant messaging, and texting did not exist in this era before personal computers and cellphones. The office land-line was a vital piece of business communications equipment. As a lifetime career employee once put it, "Thiokol was run by telephone". An 'outside' call rang with a different sound than an in-plant call and caused every ear to perk up. Placing or receiving excessive outside calls was an employee violation that attracted attention from Management and could result in disciplinary action.

Tom W was an engineer in the Production Engineering section located downstairs in the underground portion of the WWII Line 2 Building 7728 complex. One workday shortly before lunch, Tom's phone made the distinctive outside ring. Tom answered,

the caller mumbled something and attempted to place an order for take-out food. Tom politely informed the caller of his mistake: this was Thiokol Chemical Corporation on Redstone Arsenal, and no food was available.

A day or two later a similar thing happened, again the outside caller requested take-out food. Tom patiently informed this caller of her mistake.

Soon, the outside ring began to sound two and three times every day before lunch, with each voice attempting to place an order-to-go for sandwiches, hamburgers, French fries, soft drinks and similar short-order fare. Tom's explanations to the callers seemed to have no effect. Some callers became more abusive than apologetic.

It occurred to Tom that this might be an elaborate hoax: a fellow employee teaming with outsiders to annoy Tom with prank calls and getting him in trouble for abuse of telephone privileges.

The possibility also existed that the phone calls were genuine mistakes. Caller ID did not exist to show the numbers calling, and those voices on the line did seem different. The 882- telephone prefix served south Huntsville, with 882-8XXX reserved for Thiokol. Rotary-dial phones were still in use, and it would be easy to miss one digit by careless dialing.

Tom was too refined to be impolite to a stranger, and

The reason Mayberry was so peaceful and quiet is nobody was married. Andy, Aunt Bea, Barney, Floyd, Howard, Goober, Gomer, Sam, Earnest T. Bass, Helen, Thelma Lou, Clara and of course, Opie - all single. The only married person was Otis, and he stayed drunk.



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too reserved to slam the phone down or curse after yet another work interruption from another wrong number caller. Complaining to Thiokol Management was not the sort of thing one did for a trivial annoyance. Besides, what could Management do? Only the telephone company could trace those calls and block a number, and this was not a crime.

Possibly, some restaurant or bar in south Huntsville had started a take-out lunch business and their phone number was one digit off from Tom's. This could get worse, and there was no solution. It seemed an impossible predicament: Tom might be reprimanded for receiving excessive outside calls, but if he reported them to Management nothing could be done. Either way, the annoying work interruptions would continue.

When another before-lunch outside phone ring came, Tom answered in his usual polite manner. This caller requested a hamburger all the way with French fries to go. Instead of informing the caller of his mistake, Tom took down the order and replied, "Ready in 15 minutes." The caller seemed pleased.

For the next one, Tom took down a similar order but escalated his response. Tom offered: "There's a special this week, onion rings for the same price as fries." The caller eagerly accepted the onion ring upgrade, for free.

Gaining a sense of empowerment, Tom upped the ante with each successive caller. For the third one, Tom offered the free onion ring upgrade plus a milkshake at no additional charge. Every time, each caller gratefully accepted the unexpected freebies.

Before long, the late morning outside phone calls ceased.

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"Why does your OB-GYN leave the room when you undress, if he's going to look there anyway?"

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Turn to the experts

How and Why to Banish Worry

From 1920 Magazine



Why are you wasting time and energy worrying about what is wrong with you? If you have already begun wondering about this, you have taken the first step toward banishing one of the greatest causes of fear and anxiety. Namely, the feeling of risk and insecurity so constantly in the background of most people's minds that at any time they may become sick or ailing - with all the consequent troubles and burdens. That is to be a thing of the past now for you! Doesn't that cheer you up? Furthermore, you are also postponing your old age, another source of worry for some people.

Remember that most of the smaller things we worry about never happen. Another reason why you should stop worrying is because it is bad for your body. Sudden fear actually stops the flow of digestive juices and stops the peristaltic action (the churning, mixing, squeezing

motion) of the muscles of the entire digestive tract. Worry, anxiety, sadness, discouragement, depression, jealousy and despair are all forms of fear, and affect the digestion in the same way. Therefore, you need to banish them.

You are breaking one part of the vicious circle by eliminating the poisons that tend to make you feel depressed. Cleanse your mind also, and drive away all kinds of greater and lesser fears and anxieties by thinking about cheerful and beautiful things - courage, poise, harmony, strength, self-confidence, determination, faith. Persevere in this practice as a definite part of the new way of living you have just begun.

Bend your thoughts and your effort to thinking of what you want yourself to be. Intense desire, insatiable longing is the real basis of

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3 sticks butter, softened
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1-1/2 t. vanilla extract
1/4 t. salt

Preheat oven to 325°. Grease and flour tube pan or Bundt pan. Beat butter and cream cheese until well blended. Add sugar and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in vanilla. Sift flour and salt and blend into creamed mixture. Pour into prepared pan. Bake 1 hour and 10 minutes or until toothpick comes out clean. Cool in pan 5-10 minutes.

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getting what you want. What we really want in this world is what we get. If we want good health, will work for it, think it as well as live it, we will have it. But actually, honestly and truly, when we analyze all of our feelings, some of us want to be "babied."

Many people who crave sympathy are continually relating their symptoms and detailing their experiences to every new acquaintance whom they succeed in cornering. One such man would consume an hour and a half with his story. As the result he was earning the title of an unmitigated bore and meanwhile absolutely inhibiting his own possibility of recovery. He was forming a sick habit.

Remember: "No music will cause the world to so quickly stop its ears as a song of woe." The more ignorant and uneducated a man is, the more he talks about himself. What is YOUR chief topic of conversation?

It is no longer fashionable to tell how many of your internal organs you have lost, nor how many operations you have had.

When asked how you are, say "Fine and Dandy! Why shouldn't I be?" You cannot get well if you continually cultivate disease by talking about how badly you feel and what you are doing for it.

Do not discuss sickness or treatment with anyone except those attending you professionally. "Acidosis and Toxicosis" are the primary causes of all disease. Rid the body

of these poisons and correct the habits of living, and good health will be regained and maintained.

Why should you change your habits of Living? The best answer may be gained by merely looking at the reports of the U.S. census. The average death rate for human beings is 44 years old. If you are approaching that age you are getting closer to the "dead line." If you are past that age and have lived in the conventional way, it means that you were originally endowed with better than the average in physical constitution.

In the lower animals the total span of life is from five to six times the period taken to reach maturity.

Taking 24 years as the age of maturity for man (accepted by many authorities) the average life of an individual then should be from 120 to 150 years. Being ultra conservative, we might still expect man to live at least to be 100 years old.

It would seem that something must be radically wrong with our accepted mode of living when the average death age is so low.

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"A wedding is just a funeral where you can smell your own flowers."



I hope each and every one of you have been enjoying the fall colors. Time to think about the past year and be with family and friends. Time seems to fly by faster the older we get.

My childhood family home is for sale again after forty years. Last week, I had the opportunity to go through it. So many memories, being twelve years old and moving in. Thanksgiving dinners, decorating the Christmas trees and Bar-B-Que's in the backyard. As I left, I looked back and said a goodbye, and oh how I wished I could turn the clock back.

Adjusting to the time change this month takes a few days to get used to, but I believe it is easier to fall back than spring forward. Why not try easing back ten minutes a day, especially if children are involved. It is hard for them to just go to bed an hour later all of a sudden. But one thing for sure, it is a lot easier to get up an hour later each day, compared to the spring when we have to get up an hour earlier on our internal clock.

Thanksgiving Day is in a few weeks. Make your plans now. If you are doing the hosting, why not ask each guest to bring a covered dish and you do a turkey or ham. That way, no one works for days cooking. It's worked for our family, which is often a gathering of twenty-five people, including spouses, kids, and grandkids. We always take a family photo and have for at least forty years. It's amazing to see people who change and, sadly, some who aren't here any longer, but the group color photo remains for memories.

What is more fun after Thanksgiving than watching the Bama vs. Auburn game on the Saturday afternoon, leftover turkey or ham dinner, and shopping. (I don't do 'Black Friday' shopping anymore.) It will be an exciting game. I'll have the popcorn and dips ready.

December 2nd at 6:00 pm will be an exciting event for everyone in Huntsville, especially the children. That is the annual Christmas Parade. Mark your calendar and plan to bring a lawn chair and a thermo of hot chocolate and enjoy the festive occasion to start the season.

**"When your mother asks 'Do I look stupid?'
It's better to say nothing."**

Jennie, Age 14



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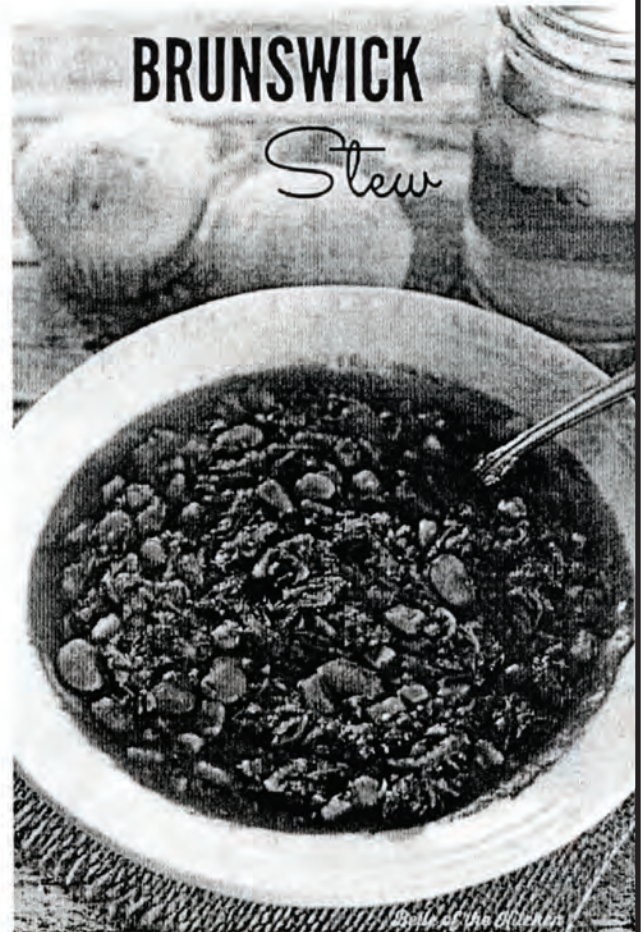


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Curbside Rescue

by John Haley

When I was a child, I sometimes heard grownups insist, "It's a miracle any kid survives childhood." I thought they were being silly. As an adult, I know my own childhood could have supported their case more than once—maybe even provided Exhibit A.

If you've lived around Huntsville long enough, you may recall the former Longwood Court Apartments on Longwood Drive. We lived there within easy strolling distance of Huntsville Hospital—a single building then, not the blocks-wide medical borough it is today.

Starting south on Whitesburg Drive from the Hospital, the first block held Roper's Flowers on the right. They once sold my grieving big brother Paul an elegant funeral wreath at one tenth the normal price so he could bury his deceased pet guinea pig with proper decorum.

A few steps past Roper's came the Little Farm Grill, famous for its fried bologna sandwiches. A half block farther, just before reaching the Dairy Dip walk-up soft serve concession (sort of a Dairy Queen in black-and-white) and the Sno White diner (think Krystal, with more chrome), we turned right onto Longwood Drive, walked past Hill's Groceries, then turned left into Longwood Court.

Such were robust directions for the mid-20th century, but they falter in the 21st. Except for Whitesburg and Longwood Drives, all of those landmarks have perished as we knew them. The Roper's enterprise has been replaced by a crisp, new parking lot and bologna sandwiches have yielded to wound care. A sparkling Burger King serves up burgers and shakes in place of the deposed Sno White and Dairy Dip. Walgreen's prospers over the grave of Hill's. And the Longwood Court buildings were gutted to the rafters with the superstructure extensively re-modelled; it now hosts a veritable pifiata of assorted enterprises, ranging from financial and medical services to who's-that-guy-upstairs?

Exhibit A occurred when I was about five years old. Mom and Dad had gone somewhere and left Paul and me with friends in the complex. At some point I decided I wanted to go home. So, I did.

Actually, "complex" may imply too large a campus. From above, Longwood Court simply looked like an enormous letter "U" shaped by three two-story buildings. Perpendicular to each end of the U stood a smaller building, like the serif of a giant type font. Neat lawns and shrubs showcased all building frontage, and a parking lot dominated the central space. Only a lone, slender lane provided access between the serifs into the lot.

So, when I headed home, the entire trek extended about 120 feet, door to door. I reached our place, only to find it locked with no one home. This did not really concern me, even though night had fallen. I was content to await my parents' return.

**"The spinal column is a long bunch of bones.
The head sits on the top and you sit on
the bottom."**

Seen on 4th Grade science paper



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My big issue was where to wait. I did not feel like loitering right there at our apartment door but wanted to be sure they would find me when they arrived. Fortunately, I had a blanket with me. To this day, I do not recall why I had the blanket. Maybe I had played on it on the ground with friends or erected an impenetrable fortress by draping it over a fold-up card table. At any rate, my young logic processed the situation and promptly deduced the obvious place to wait. I toted my blanket over to the cul-de-sac's driveway.

Always one for napping, especially since it was dark, I lay down straight across the unlit lane and rested my head on the curb for a pillow, cocooned within the blanket's thick, black fabric. What could be simpler? What could go wrong? I dozed off without concern. Mom and Dad would be sure to find me when they drove into the entrance.

More than one adult tenant of that place and time had mastered "bending the elbow" — i.e., serious imbibing of alcoholic beverages. Mr. J.'s reputation with this skillset was widely admired or condemned, depending on one's moral compass. He was the first to drive into my makeshift bedchamber.

He startled at spying the newly installed speed bump and skidded to a halt before running over it. The next thing I knew, he was gently waking me. I blinked up in his direction and tried to focus. The car's headlight beams shone over his shoulder, placing him in partial silhouette, and blazed past both of us into the darkness.

"Johnny, what are you doing here?" he asked. His face shimmered with frightened relief.

"I'm waiting for Mom and Dad," I explained without quite grasping the peril just averted. This strategy still seemed sound to me.

Mr. J. concluded otherwise and replied, "This is not a good place to wait, Johnny. Come on." He gathered up my blanket and me and made sure I was safe until my folks arrived. Perhaps angels get "assist" points on their scorecards for this occasion. Of all the people to save my life, or to be in a condition and alert enough to do so, Mr. J. may not have topped his peers'

roster of candidates for "Most Likely to Succeed."

In any event, I still have that blanket. Don't worry, though. I certainly learned my lesson to never again use it for sleeping on curbs. The trick is to use a neon lime cover.

Flu Fighting Tea

Ingredients:

3 cups of water
 Juice of a lemon
 1 cinnamon stick
 3 slices (1/4 inch thick) of fresh ginger
 1/4 tsp. cloves
 1/2 tbsp. turmeric
 1 pinch cayenne (start with this and add more to taste...the more you can handle the better)
 1-1/2 tbsp. raw honey (can add more or less to achieve desired sweetness)

Directions:

1. Add all ingredients (except honey) to a pot and bring to a boil.
2. Once boiling reduce heat and let simmer for about 10 minutes.
3. Add honey and stir, adding more if necessary.
4. Pour tea through a strainer and drink while warm

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WATCH OUT FOR CREEPS

by Elizabeth Wharry

I met my best friend in first grade. We went to the same elementary school until we graduated from eighth grade. We went to separate high schools. We remained friends until 2000, when Bob and I moved to Toledo, Ohio.

Laura and I would get together about twice a month. Sometimes, we would be at her house, and sometimes at mine. Our usual hang out time was Saturday afternoon from 1 until about 4pm. Usually, Mrs. Mannion would bring Laura to my house, and my mom would take me to Laura's.

Once we hit our teen years, we would end up going to different places. Usually, we would walk to a park or various other places. Laura lived near a park, the Great Lakes Mall and a few other teen hangouts. In the summer, when we hung out at my house, we'd go to the beach. It was a 3 mile walk, so my mother would drive us there and home.

Eventually, I got my driver's license. My parents allowed me to drive to Laura's with the stipulation that I called when I got there. It was maybe 3 or 4 miles from home. If Laura and were going anywhere, I would call home and let my mom know where we going. Occasionally, when Laura came to my house, we would go rollerskating. I'd call home, and my mom would call Mrs. Mannion.

When we decided to hang out at the mall, I'd drive to Laura's, and we would head out. My mom trusted me to drive there and back home within the time we hung out. Back in the day, it was a big deal to hang out at the

mall. Saturday afternoons were the "it" day. We'd see each other's friends, or find new ones and just hang out. Sometimes, we'd walk around like we were just the coolest girls in shoe leather.

But! Before we went anywhere at all, skating rink, mall, or park, Mrs. Mannion would always caution us to "watch out for creeps". Neither one of us knew exactly what a "creep" was. One time, Laura asked her mom what exactly a "creep" was. Mrs. Mannion said, "You will know one when you see one".

Years later, we agreed that, despite her warning, Mrs. Mannion didn't know either.

When my husband was transferred from Madison, Ohio to Toledo, Ohio, Laura and I had a final Saturday afternoon. The last thing we said to each other was "Watch out for creeps!"

Happy Thanksgiving!

"The other day I was working at my bank. A gentleman came in and asked me to check his balance. So I pushed him."

Joseph Balch, Huntsville



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Down Memory Lane with Ashburn and Gray

by Kimberly Lang

My name is Kimberly and my dad is Robert. Imagine yourself riding alone with your dad in Huntsville and every road we go on he shares with me how he helped build that road with other workers and all the hard work and sweat that went into it. My dad had to quit school so he could help his family like so many did back then. He was 15 when he was hired by Cecil Ashburn. My dad didn't know much about the work but would come to learn very quickly.

His first project would be Bankhead Parkway where he would start learning about concrete and asphalt and the hard work involved. The first week was done and he received his first paycheck \$34.00. I couldn't imagine working that hard for that amount but that was the pay back then.

It would be the next project that had its challenges, the foundation for what's known as now the SCI building on South Memorial Parkway. At that time it would have been Automatic Electric. My dad says that to get it formed, poured and finished took the workers and concrete trucks running like clockwork.

I have worked at SCI but I never have given any thoughts to the hard work that went into it at the time.

The next project would be big for Huntsville and a challenge for my dad. Memorial Parkway overpasses. My dad was working on Drake Ave overpass and on this day they were lifting a reinforced concrete pipe. It got to swinging out of control and hitting him and sending him flying. My mom was pregnant with me at the time and was home resting when they came to tell her what had happened, that she needed to go to the hospital.

It took months for my dad to be able to work again. Construction work no matter the type; building a home, roads, buildings, bridges, or our power line repair - any construction type that makes it possible for you and me to have what we have today.

We need to appreciate those workers for the risk and hard work that they do, so the next time you see one tell them thank you...they deserve it.

Huntsville News in 1911

Fight is said to be Caused by Insult

J. S. Clay, a well known merchant, and Frank Randall, a clerk in a clothing store engaged in a sensational duel with pistols at the front door of Clay's residence on Adams Street. Randall is being seen by his doctor and probably fatally wounded - a pistol ball having passed through his head and tearing away a large portion of his right cheek. Clay received two wounds, one in the shoulder and the other bullet striking him in the mouth, shattering his teeth and almost cutting his tongue in two. He will recover. Randall went to Clay's residence and demanded an explanation of an alleged insult to Miss Maude Ledford, the fiancée of Randall. Clay was arrested and held in bail of \$2,000 awaiting the outcome of Randall's injuries.

Says His Friends Drugged his Liquor

W. F. Canterbury who claims to be here from Memphis, and who came here yesterday and registered at the men's boarding house on East Clinton Street, complained to the police that he had been robbed of \$200. He claimed that he went out early in the evening with a party of friends and alleges knockout drops were administered to him. When he awoke, he found himself in his room at the boarding house and his roll of money missing. Bloodhounds trailed the supposed robbers from the boarding house to the railroad yards and it is thought the thieves have gone to Atlanta.

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Heard On the Street



by **Cathey Carney**

We had a winner for the hidden black cat I put on p. 34 of the October issue - did you see it under the man's pen in the ad bottom right? I thought NO one would find it but got more calls then ever! The very first caller however was **Jerry Barclay**, an attorney in Huntsville whom so many people know. He currently has a subscription so he asked if he could send his winnings to a nursing care home - **Diversicare of Big Springs on St. Clair** downtown - a place that has a lot of meaning for him. His beloved grandmother, **Estelle Hodges Boshart**, was there in her final years and back then it was Big Spring Manor.

Aunt Eunice, who owned Eunice's Restaurant on Andrew Jackson for so many years, also spend her final days there.

Thank you Jerry for your wonderful gift idea and they will receive the first issue in December, along with a letter telling them you're giving them a subscription for a year.

Elizabeth Wharry is one of our short story writers who gets lots of comments from our readers - her sense of humor in writing her stories is what keeps everyone reading! She told us that her sweet husband **Bob** and she will be celebrating their 39th anniversary. Also she wanted to let our readers know that on Nov. 28th, from 6-7:30pm, at Parkway Place Mall, the Rocket City Chorus will be performing. Please join them and sing some really good Christmas songs. The chorus is a mixed a capella choir and welcomes everyone!

Mark your calendars for the Mayfair Church of Christ at 4pm - The Rocket City Chorus will be per-

forming then and you'll be happy you went to see them.

Here's a bit of advice for you young entrepreneurs who would like to get your business going for many years of success. If you say you're going to show up, be there. Agree on a time and be there at that time. If you're held up, call and let the customer know. If you say you're going to do something, do it. It seems very simple but you'd be surprised how many customers you'll lose if you don't show up, or are late. Remember this, and you'll find success.

John and Peggy Richard, of Team Richard and Berkshire Real Estate, will be celebrating a big anniversary on Nov. 12. They will be married for 65 years! How can that be when both of them looklike their in their mid-sixties! Congratulations to the lovebirds for many more.

In the October issue, Pet Tips, I want to make a correction. We wrote that (in item 2) many emergency safe havens will only accept unvaccinated pets - that is wrong. Many will NOT accept unvaccinated pets, so be sure and be up-to-date with your pet vaccinations and bring the paperwork with you. Thanks to a sharp-eyed reader who found this and called.

Happy Birthday to **Bill Kling** on Nov. 8! And my sweet daughter **Steph Troup** has a November birthday as well - Nov. 16!

I have hidden a **very tiny wishbone** in this issue somewhere. If you are the first to find it call me and you might be a winner! (256) 534-0502.

We heard from **Don Stanley** recently, and here's what he had to say: "Cathey, I just read the article about **Ken Follett**. When we transferred to the



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Washington DC area **Peggy** and I came back to this area a couple of times a year to check on and help elderly parents."

"About this time we discovered Follett's books. I would check them out on tape from the library and it would be our entertainment driving on interstate 81. We were listing to "Dangerous Fortune" and so wrapped up in it we missed our exit to Leesburg, VA that we had taken many times. We still get a chuckle remember the story."

Thank you for sending this, Don. Another funny story is the day Ken was to leave, he went by the ABC store early because he wanted to have a case of Jack Daniels whisky delivered to Tom (Carney) and I to say Thank you.

He went to the ABC store in the morning, talked with the man there and told him that Ken wanted it delivered to our home in Old Town. The gentleman said, "Oh, here at the state store, we don't deliver." Ken pulled out a \$100 bill and the man said, "What's the address?"

When it was delivered of course it was a complete surprise but Tom was delighted.

A tip to brighten your mood - at the end of the day think back over what you did that actually surprised you - maybe something you had been meaning to do or a call you made to a loved one.

There are so many upcoming events throughout the holiday season that it is really best to Google it. Something happening every day. "**Under the Christmas Tree**", put on by Randolph School, is an annual event with all kind of gift ideas, food, crafts, etc. and this year it's from Oct 31-Nov 2 at the VBCC. You need to check it out.

Also at the Space and Rocket Center the **250th Marine Corps Birthday** will be held Nov. 8 at 5 pm.

Lowe Mill Arts and Entertainment District is another good place for you and your family to check out - Dogs are welcome too and they have so many art classes, exhibitions, restaurants - you could spend an entire day there.

The **Historic Lowry House** has Paranormal Ghost events as well as home tours. This is also a great place to rent for receptions, weddings, family reunions, etc. It's just full of history.

Have a wonderful Thanksgiving and reach out to those who don't have any family. There are more than you think and you might be the only kind person they've seen..

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOUR FACE LOOKS

While not being popular in school, I generally got along well with other students at East Clinton. However, in fourth grade, there was a student from the mill district north of Pratt Avenue and east of Meridian Street who came up to me during recess and told me he didn't like the way my face looked. I somewhat agreed with him. I didn't much care for how my face looked either. This little guy wore old clothes, wasn't well groomed and definitely had no intent to help me look better. I'm not sure what he wanted. He didn't tell me that I was to give him my lunch money. However, it could have been some type of gang initiation. He had to beat up a kid bigger than him to get into the gang. Unfortunately for him, he had to take me on. At that time in my life, I was built like a well fed bear. I was formidable and not to be toyed with.

For a couple of days, he would come up to me and try to hit me in the face. Since I outweighed him by about thirty pounds, the first day, I just held him at bay and avoided the punches. On the second day, I decided to be aggressive. I put him in a bear hug from behind, knocked him down and sat on him. At that point, I hit him a couple of times in the face and asked him if he had had enough. He said he had. I never saw him again. I was glad he didn't have a big brother. Now I feel a little bit sorry for him. Being in the gang may have been really important to him. I never liked to interfere with someone's upward mobility.

By Jack Burwell

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Cozy Winter Meals

Potatoes in Cream Wine

4 red potatoes, sliced and cooked
2 T. melted butter
1 lrg. sliced onion
2/3 c. milk
1 c. shredded mozzarella cheese
1 T. flour
1/2 t. sugar
Salt to taste
1/4 c. dry white wine

In frying pan saute the potatoes in butter for 10 minutes. Turn slices a few times. Mix & add remaining ingredients except for the wine. Cook for 5 more minutes, then add the wine.

Stuffed Mushrooms

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 lb. bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
1 lb. fresh whole mushrooms

Remove stems from the mushrooms. Combine cream cheese and bacon and stuff the

mushroom caps with the mixture with caps down. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes and mushrooms are tender.

Cabbage with Sausage

Boil cabbage in salted water til tender-crisp, fry a pound of sausage, put it in a deep dish and cover with the cabbage. Top with 4 teaspoons of butter, sprinkle with black pepper.

Set in a warm oven (200 degrees) for 4 hours and season to taste.

Cheddar Baked Potato Slices

4 medium potatoes
1 can Cream of Mushroom soup
1 t. smoked paprika
1 t. onion powder
1 t. garlic powder
1/2 t. black powder
1/4 t. cayenne powder
1 c. shredded Cheddar cheese
Cut the potatoes into 1/4 inch

slices. I leave skin on, your choice. In a small bowl combine the soup, onion powder, garlic powder, paprika and pepper. Arrange the potato slices in a greased 2-quart baking dish in overlapping rows.

Sprinkle with the cheese, spoon the soup mixture over the cheese. Cover with foil and bake at 400 degrees for about 45 minutes - uncover and bake for 10 additional minutes til the potatoes are tender and cheese is slightly toasted.

Burgundy Beef Stew

1 3/4 lb. stew meat
1 t. dried thyme
1/2 c. Burgundy wine
1 c. chopped fresh carrots
2 T. cornstarch
1 c. sugar snap peas
1 T. olive oil
1 13-oz. can beef broth
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 c. fresh pearl onions
1 T. water

In a large saucepan with lid, brown the beef in oil. Pour off

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the drippings, sprinkle beef with thyme and salt and pepper to taste. Add the broth, wine and garlic; stir to combine. Bring to a boil; cover tightly and simmer for about an hour and a half til beef is tender.

Add the carrots and onions, cover and cook for an additional 15 minutes. Combine cornstarch and water and stir into the stew with sugar snap peas. Bring to another boil and cook for 2 minutes, stirring all the while.

This would be good with a crisp garden salad and garlic bread.

Worcestershire Chicken Crunch

- 1 carton sour cream
- 2 t. lemon juice
- 2 T. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 T. celery salt
- 1 T. paprika
- 8 chicken breasts
- 1-1/2 c. herb stuffing mix
- 1/4 c. butter, melted

Combine sour cream, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, celery salt and paprika. Dredge the chicken in the sour cream mix, then in the dry stuffing mixed with butter. Drizzle with remaining butter and bake at 350 degrees for an hour.

Fried Catfish

- 4 T. olive oil
- 1 c. cornmeal
- 1/2 c. plain flour
- 2 t. salt
- 1 t. pepper
- 1/2 t. garlic powder
- 1/2 t. onion powder
- 1 lb. boneless catfish filets
- Lemon wedges

Combine corn meal, flour, salt, pepper, garlic and onion powders in a paper bag. Put 3 or 4 pieces of fish in the bag and shake well to coat. Heat olive oil in deep sauce pan til a piece of the fish sizzles when you put it in. Fry fish til coating is brown and fish is tender and flaky. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

For a true Southern treat, try this with homemade hot hush-puppies and slices of fresh mild onion.

Linda's Chipped Beef Dip

- 1 c. chopped pecans
- 3 t. melted butter
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 c. milk
- 2-1/2 oz. dried beef, minced
- 1/2 t. garlic powder

- 1 -8-oz. carton sour cream
- 4 t. minced green onion

Saute pecans in butter til lightly browned, drain on paper towels and set aside. Combine the remaining ingredients, mix well. Spoon into greased 1-1/2 quart baking dish.

Top with the pecans and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve hot with assorted crackers. Keep warm in a chafing dish.

This also is really good with a sprinkle of ground cayenne pepper for bite!

Granny's Fresh Apple Cake

- 2 eggs
- 2 c. sugar
- 2 sticks butter, softened
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. baking soda
- 1 T. ground cinnamon
- 3 c. plain flour
- 3 c. apples, chopped fine
- 1-1/2 c. chopped pecans

Mix the first 6 ingredients thoroughly, then mix in flour. Mix in apples and nuts. Spray a Bundt pan with butter spray. Spoon mixture evenly in pan and bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour. Cake is very dense and moist. A broom straw should come out clean when pushed into center of cake.

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Goat Island Bluff

(A Fear That Really Came True)

by *Barry Key*

The bluff is located on the north side of the Tennessee River at the confluence of Honeycomb Creek, approximately 2 miles above Guntersville Dam. The bluff is a well known recreational place in the summertime and especially on holiday weekends.

My family (and many other people) have been jumping from the top of the bluff (which is approximately 38 feet high) for at least 75+ years. Knock on wood, but in hundreds of jumps my family had never suffered a mishap or injury. However, and in accordance with Murphy's Law, a fear of injury I expressed in the last paragraph of my story (below) has eventually come-to-pass.

Labor Day weekend, 2025, several of my cousins were jumping. Mitchell entered the water at an angle and broke several chips out of his vertebra. Thankfully, the chips did not come in contact with his spinal cord. As of this writing, his doctors have not operated (yet) indicating an operation may be worse than leaving the broken chips in place. They are waiting to see how it heals, as is, before making an operation decision. He does have to wear a back brace at present.

Mitchell's hobby is mountain climbing....his goal is to hike, or climb, the highest point in each state. As of his accident he had completed only 50% of his goal. His concern is the chipped vertebra will either hinder, or prevent, future climbing.

October 2019, I wrote the following story for OLD HUNTSVILLE magazine.

GOAT ISLAND BLUFF

Over the years I've constantly found the call of Goat Island Bluff is an "UNENDING SOUND". As kids we had no fear, looking up from the bottom, the top was near. But looking down, you often found, the increase in height was extremely profound.

When someone left the top, and you heard that dreaded pop, you remembered the sting, but we were doing our thing, and continued to jump over and over again.

Standing on top, the adrenalin would flow, but you were no chicken, you had to go. Coming down, your heart would pound, with unknown emotions, hysterically spellbound.

As a kid I sensed no danger, the Bluff at Goat Island was no stranger, but when I became a pa....I would watch my kids in awe. As I grew older, I would climb with them to the top, but my instincts would make me stop. Although there was only water below, I could not convince myself to go.

Sitting below, all safe and sound, I would watch my kids as they dropped down. I experienced their excitement as if it were me, and for an instance, my memories would set me free.

Although I feared their split second trip, I had to remain calm, I had to get a grip, and realize while looking in their eyes...they have no fear of the danger that lies.

Now as a grandpa, I again watch in awe, as the third generation does the fall. I wanted to say no, but as my grandkids' friend, I couldn't keep them from going, where I had been.

The fourth generation has come a long way - will this be my great grandson's song, "I'm Goat Island bound, the Bluff is renown, I want to experience that amazing trip down."

At the Bluff, we jump and swim, I'm constantly concerned for life and limb, but I can't deny, their opportunity to freely fly, from atop that Bluff as I.

In my mind I have no doubt, sooner or later our luck may run out. The Bluff could eventually collect its fee, if a life it must be, I silently pray it will be me. Then, and only then you see, from that "UNENDING SOUND" will I be free!



"When I was small, my father used to bring me to the Big Spring Park. He said it was the one place in Huntsville that would never change."

Loretta Mullins, Retired Mill Worker

Fan Physics

*by Gerald Alvis,
The Poet of Greenlawn*



Last night, I was influenced by some Breyers (my favorite) strawberry ice cream. You aren't supposed to give it to kids before they go to sleep; perhaps the rule should be extended to Grandpas as well!!!

Things got a little crazy. It's always a circus when we have all the grandchildren, and the chaos is part of the fun. It's intensified at bedtime (as any parent knows) suddenly, glasses of water are needed, and it's time to ask questions, anything to delay the inevitable.

Well, Grandma (aka bedtime warden) said it was time and changed her tone of voice to one that even I recognize. It was business for her, but I was teaching physics. As the dessert was still surging through my veins, I continued sharing with my youngest two how to do their best robot voices in the fan!

The DeWalt fan is conical shaped, battery-powered, and most importantly, has a variable speed control. Their laughter bought a few more minutes of reprieve.

Or perhaps she realized I was teaching. The blade's pitch, width, and length would make a difference in the echo

and even the medium in which it spins. If reversed, the turbine of a jet engine would be emulated. If two fans are placed face to face, one will spin the other without touching, the basis of a transmission. But that's for another day. I was getting the look now, and they were perfectly satisfied changing the fan speed to get the wanted effect!

When I taught, I told my students it was learning what, then how, then why. Then comes why not, the creative phase or investigative part of learning. These mechanical voices we were making are no different. So, I need to finish this note to you and my coffee. There will be plenty of questions today. I must prepare for their curiosity and be ready for that window in time. It's in these moments their minds are ready to be expanded.

It's not so much what I say but what I help them discover and validate in their reasoning. They learn how to think, resolve and create.

It begins with a thought. Every medicine, song, or invention at one time was only an idea in the mind of its creator.

Memorizing is often necessary, but understanding, ah, that clarity, it won't be forgotten. What is an indicator that a young one is getting ready for the world? To me, it's when they can weigh information and its validity and, if need be, change their mind! This is where the limits come off, and exploration begins.

They do it naturally, these little ones. They think in ways we tend to forget about what's possible; they discover and explore the why nots.



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The Terrible Storm of 1920

by William Sibley



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

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

The storm missed Camp Ground School only by yards. Students and teachers were eyewitnesses and could only watch helplessly as they saw homes destroyed and lives

claimed by the disastrous storm, which today's citizens would call a tornado.

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

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

The next house to be hit on Miller Lane was that of Emmett and Melissa Pitts,

who lived immediately east of Pickens Family Cemetery. They had small children at the time. Luckily, none of the Pitts family was injured seriously, but Leona (Mills), the Pittses' daughter, told me that she and her older brother, Bill, talked for many years about the horror they experienced while the family was in that storm.

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

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

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

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Sherry Pylant, Arab

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John Purdy
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Sarah Chappell

morning of April 20, 1920, there was an eerie, unexplained feeling in the air and my grandparents decided not to send their children to school.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Farmers had planted some of their earliest crops and students and teachers at Camp Ground were preparing for their end of the year activities, which

included a graduation program for the first class of seniors.

On April 30, 1920, those four graduating seniors; Stella Sibley, James Allen Taylor, Virgie Taylor, and Lucy Taylor, were given a complete graduation program. All four graduates were college bound. The three girls became public school teachers and the boy became a successful Huntsville businessman.

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

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


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Sally, the Hat Lady

by Iolanda Hicks and Sally Gerheuser

Sally has been a very noticeable figure around the Drake Avenue Senior Center, Studio 60. One day not too long ago, I asked her to tell me her story so she did. She chose to write it down and it became a small novella, as she remembered her life's adventures.

It took hours over several days writing it all down. Memories of funny and sometimes sad times were remembered.

In this short article, featuring our Hat Lady, you'll find just a short synopsis of that 'novella', with bits and pieces, of a life well-lived!

The hats became her hallmark and also served some protection from the sun and sunlight. This was only one of the health issues that popped its ugly head into her life.

She wears her numerous

hats during the days she is out and about, while participating and contributing in the center's activities. There is a certain presence or flair she exuberates when you see her, and her smile will unexpectedly spread across that face of hers, as she says hello.

If you frequent the center, you would know her, not only from her hats but from stained glass classes, knitting hats and blankets for premies or local school age children.

Maybe you will see the knitted lap rugs she has made for Veterans; oil painting creations; or recognize her from the years she assisted in IRS Tax help with AARP. The list seems endless. This is one place Sally has made a difference in the lives of so many, over the years.

Sally was born in the 1940s, number 7 of a family of 10 children. She writes that the hills of Missouri was home until her 7th grade, where school consisted of one room. It was then that Sally, with her family, moved to a farm. There she ended up going to a school with four rooms.

At school, being one of the older children, she would help in the kitchen (located in the basement) preparing lunch for her classmates and then cleaning up after.

From a very young age, Sally could remember that she loved watching people. She learned to study the different people around her and this seemed to carry her through life learning about people without actually knowing them.

Sally felt, that as one of ten children, 'in a time and place where adults and even teenagers did not even communicate with little ones', this practice of watching people gave her solace.

A memory came to Sally as she was writing. In a way, it had a humorous side but yet the memory must have been frightening for her at the time.

She was 6 when her father drove her to a local hospital. This surely had to be one in the St. Louis area, maybe St. Johns Mercy Hospital or one of the other handful of Catholic-managed hospitals around the city. She had been sick and could hardly breathe when her dad took her there. She remembered it had to be a Catholic Hospital, because later in life she learned that the women clothed in long black garb were Catholic nuns who took care of patients. Sally, at 6 years old, had never seen a nun, and I am sure she was

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frightened, especially when her dad sat her down on a bench, once inside the hospital, said "Behave!" and left.

The next thing that happened seemed to really happen fast. A figure all dressed in black came to get her, got her to exchange her clothes for a gown and gave her a shot. She knew about shots since those had been given to the kids at school by the city nurse. When Sally woke up much later, she couldn't talk because of something in her mouth, but she remembered someone in white this time, came to take care of her. She was soon fast asleep in what she remembered as being a big baby bed.

The next time she woke up, her older sister was there to take her home. It was Christmas Eve but she couldn't have any of the Christmas goodies, just jello and would you believe some sort of soft meat, tasting like liver, or that is what she remembered.

High school, for Sally, was made up with probably 95% Jewish students. This was another memory that Sally carried with her until adulthood. She was not familiar with the Jewish nationality or their customs. She got in a lot of people watching during those high school years as she listened and learned.

Sally, a quiet young girl, did not mingle but she did her school work, graduating when it was her time. In between her studies, she along with the rest of the family worked on the farm. If you wanted to eat you

had to help work the farm. It was hard for the family but everyone helped. Food was on the table because of everyone's efforts. The only things they had to buy at the grocery were milk, bread, a few other basics and cigarettes.

Sally met her husband Ed on a blind date, during her high school senior year. They later married and had 2 lovely daughters. During the early years, Ed was in military service and Sally tried her hand at nursing school. She really wanted to be a nurse but her dad used the school money she had put aside to pay for her education. She never finished, so that dream faded away.

Early in their marriage, the couple lived in an area where it was a 'plus' to be able to speak Spanish. She remembers working at a Woolworths earning a measly 65 cents an hour because she could not speak Spanish. The couple had no car during those times and Sally remembers walking and taking buses to go anywhere. On Sundays, for entertainment, they would go to Juarez, Mexico to the market. They would often buy bottled cokes, sit and watch people walk back and forth across the border.

Years passed, the girls were getting older and the military service sent Ed and Sally to many places. They were assigned to a South Korea location and Sally had an opportunity to visit



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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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"If my stories can make you laugh, cry or think, I have done my job."

Tom Carney, Writer

Hong Kong. There she rode on a sight-seeing bus expecting an Asian guide but was surprised to hear a voice speaking in a British accent. Of course she reminded herself it WAS a British Colony and was not relieved of that 'status' until 1997.

During that little visit, she took advantage of taking a short cruise around the nearby Islands. She was amazed at what was around her. In her own words she wrote "Grand place for travels and 'people' watching. Interesting seeing how different, and then again how alike we are, even halfway around the world." Back in the states, her children graduated, Ed had retired from the Army. Both got jobs as they had settled in Huntsville, Alabama.

During a period of time earlier, Sally had worked as a driver and courier on the Arsenal carrying correspondence to the Army Airstrip for delivery to Washington D.C. During the year she held that position, she had the opportunity to see Mr. Von Braun up close, with his entourage, reminding her of a group of royalty.

It was an interesting time in her life with more "people watching".

Sally is retired now and enjoys spending time at the center that became the "PLACE" for Senior Activities and Services in 1994. She loves meeting and observing the many different people that come through its doors.

I met Sally around 8 years ago when she was leader for the TOPS (Take Off Pounds Sensibly) Chapter AL0047. We were meeting in the basement of the First Christian Church on Whitesburg Drive in Huntsville, at that time. Later, we moved to our present location at the Senior Center (Studio Sixty).

Sally has truly influenced me not only in sharing her advice for healthy living but encouraging me to never give up in my long-time quest to lose unwanted pounds. Several things that I learned about my friend was she spoke her mind, she was honest and she never gave up in

whatever she tried to do.

A few years back, Sally was the runner up for the State of Alabama Position of the TOPS Queen. She had lost almost a hundred pounds but missed Queen status by only a few. Regardless, I and others in our Chapter saw Sally as a winner with or without that crown.

Sally has worn many hats in her life time, but not just the material ones, that so many have seen her wear. She is the artist of beautiful oil paintings; the creator of fine glass objects, ceramic and pottery pieces; the seamstress who relentlessly knitted or crocheted infant and children's hats, and warm blankets for Veterans.

I could continue on with so much more of this special lady's talents and yes, accomplishments but this short article would turn into a VERY LONG Novella. I will close my story of Sally, the Hat Lady, with a quote from Thomas Kinkade, who once said "Balance, peace, and joy are the fruit of a successful life. It starts with recognizing your talents and finding ways to serve others by using them."

"Thank you Sally for your encouragement, helpful advice, and sharing your talents to so many over the years, expecting nothing in return. You have truly mattered!!"

In closing, since writing this article, Sally, that special lady, passed away in the early hours of September 19, 2025. Those of us that knew her and those of us who loved her, will miss her!

"I wonder if other dogs think that groomed Poodles are members of some weird religious cult?"

Rita Rudner

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* You can drive nails into a board easier and without bending them if you first dip the nails into lard.

* A lump of camphor in your clothes press will keep steel ornaments from tarnishing.

* The pulp of a lemon, rubbed on the roots of your hair, will stop ordinary cases of falling out.

* In laying away of fine white gowns for any length of time, they should first be wrapped in blue paper, then in a sheet or in muslin wrap of some kind.

* Cornmeal and salt, mixed well, make one of the best brighteners for carpets during sweeping.

* Stale bread will clean kid gloves.

* Gloves can be cleaned at home by rubbing them with gasoline.

* A lump of soda laid on the drain pipe will prevent the pipes from becoming clogged with grease; also, flood the pipes once a week with boiling water to which you've added a little soda.

* White marble can be cleaned up with water and soda. Bread crumbs will cleanse silk gowns.

* A little Vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

* To remove mildew from clothing, soak in sour buttermilk, spread out in the sun.

* Powdered borax dampened and pressed under the finger nails, allowed to remain for a short time, will bleach nails.

* To keep sandwiches moist cover with a damp cloth. Wring cloth nearly dry.

* If you're having a dinner party, the guest of honor, a lady, sits to the right of the host. The gentleman sits to the right of the hostess.

* After washing lettuce, tie in napkin or cheesecloth and place on ice. It will drip and crisp. Lettuce tied in cloth and hung in draft will crisp as well as when placed on ice.

* If you can't see in the dark, eat blueberries in season. They can help restore night vision.

* A quick picker-upper is 1/4 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a cup of water. Drink it down and get a second wind.

* Slowly drink two teaspoons of olive oil to relieve a scalded throat.

* The cross-hatchings on sourdough bread break up surface tension and help the dough rise more fully.

* Hiccups in children are immediately stopped by giving them a lump of sugar saturated with table vinegar. The same remedy was tried on adults with similarly instantaneous success.

* At least once a year, wash your windows, change the furnace filter, deep-clean your carpets, flip and vacuum your mattress, purge your closet.

* For yellowed white laundry or linens, make a natural lemon whitener. Squeeze the juice of one lemon into a gallon of hot water in a laundry bucket. Let the item soak for one to two hours. Run through a rinse cycle or rinse by hand, then set out in the sun to dry.

* Air the bed linens and bedrooms each morning - Rather than making the bed immediately upon arising, take a hint from old fashioned homemaking tomes and air the bed. Turn the bed covers back over the foot of the bed, open a window and allow the room and the sheets to air for a little while.



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Dead Children's Playground



by Ashley Hall 2013

In 2007 the city of Huntsville, Alabama, attempted to remove a playground in order to enlarge the neighboring Maple Hill Cemetery. A public outcry at the removal of the park was heard and soon new play equipment was installed. Local children could continue to use the parks facilities... but many who know of the legends of the area will tell you that not all of those children are living.

Many locals know the playground, located in Maple Hill Park, as the 'Dead Children's Playground' due to the reportedly high level of ghostly activity that has been experienced there. Children playing, children calling out to each other, mothers calling their children's names, the playful footfalls of running children...

all of these events have been experienced by many people who enter the playground after dark.

It is believed that the most active time is between the hours of 10pm and 3am, as the children reclaim the park from the living, so they too can enjoy their play.

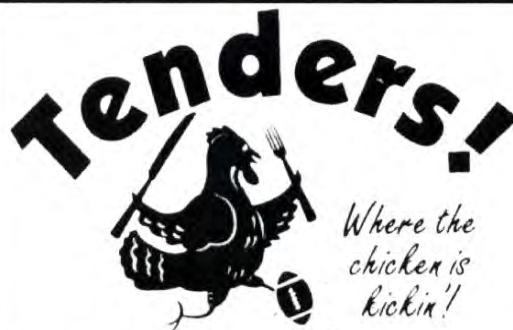
It is believed that the vast majority of these children come from the adjacent Maple Hill Cemetery - the largest and oldest in Huntsville, with well over 80,000 burials. The original land (much smaller than the size of the cemetery today) was sold to the city in 1822 by planter LeRoy Pope.

Although this is the official date, it is known that the land was used for burials prior to this time, with the oldest intact grave marker being that of infant Mary Frances Atwood, who was buried there in 1820.

Later the cemetery was expanded to encompass the nearby private cemetery of the Pope family.

Many of the new burials at this time were of Confederate and Union Soldiers who died during the Civil War. Over the years the cemetery grew and grew with new land purchases in order to keep up with the growing city.

It was not until 1901 that the cemetery was given its official name. Up until that time it was simply referred to as 'the burying ground'.



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The cemetery still needs new land and in 2007 it made the attempt at taking over the local park resulting in the public outcry.

The Dead Children's Playground, aside from its reputation of a haunting ground for deceased children, also has another macabre tale attached to it, though this one probably falls more into the realm of urban legend.

Between 1945 and 1955 the area the playground is now located was the site of a limestone quarry. The high cliffs that surround the playground are not natural and were all formed as part of the quarrying process. When the quarry was closed and abandoned, plant life began to reclaim the land and wildlife along with it. Soon, within a matter of years, the area will have been a natural bushland, filled with weeds and trees of a more opportunistic nature.

Then when the 1960s came along, an unknown person made use of the old quarries and the thick plant growth for their own dark opportunities. A series of child disappearances began to be reported in Huntsville, and, with none of the children turning up, it was soon feared a child murderer was prowling the neighborhoods.

These fears were soon given substance when a small skull was found by someone walking through the abandoned quarries. On investigation several skeletons were recovered, along with the small corpses from fresher murders.

It was never determined who the murderer was but it was discovered that the children were not simply taken

and killed, rather they showed signs of a long detainment, malnourishment and partly healed wounds found on the bodies of the more recent victims.

With the discovery of the bodies the disappearances stopped and the tragedies all but removed from the memories of those who lived in fear for their own children.

Many of the children's remains, being local, were buried in the adjoining Maple Hills Cemetery. In 1985, twenty years after those terrible events, the quarries and surrounding land were turned into Maple Hill Park and the original play equipment was erected.

Today the equipment is quite modern and the park is well looked after. Even if you did not know of the stories and legends, visiting the park is said to be quite eerie. Although you are not too far removed from the suburbs, the natural rocky bowls, the well grown trees and other natural features leave you feeling like you are in the deep wilderness. It is eerily quiet and once night falls the area takes on a much different feel.

If you happen to be brave enough to be there around 10pm you might be lucky enough to witness the vestiges of play, while the swings move as if occupied and mothers calling out the names of their lost children.



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BRUCE CANON, BOUNTY HUNTER BY ACCIDENT

by John H. Tate

Many times our pastors say, from the pulpits, that they had a different life before they were saved. Such is the case with Bruce Canon. Bruce is a pastor of a local church in Huntsville. However, in his past life he was a bounty hunter. Bruce is up in age, and most of the bounties and civic officials he dealt with are old or dead.

Bruce Canon is not his real name. He felt a responsibility to protect both old colleagues and his congregation, so we've changed some names for this story.

Bruce, why use a false name in writing your story for Old Huntsville Magazine, and possibly your forthcoming book?

"Some of the information I provide, and some of the things I talk about may be detrimental to people's careers or lives. So, we're going to change some names to protect the guilty."

What did you do before bounty hunting?

"After graduating from college, I worked at a reform school as a counselor in Birmingham. A very influential person at A&M University submitted my name for consideration as a police officer. I didn't think anything would come of it, because at that time, of the 400 police officers in Huntsville, only eight were black - but I was accepted.

I joined the force during a time of transition. HPD had been under some sort of investigation and Salvatore Vizzini was brought in as the new police chief. Everyone called him Sal, and he had an assistant named Rojas.

"At the beginning of my shift, I placed a stethoscope on an elderly and slightly deaf lady's anterior chest wall. 'Big breaths', I instructed." The patient replied, "Yes, they used to be."

Dr. Richard Byrnes

I spent a year with the department. While I was still on probation, I also worked undercover in Mason Court housing. My primary patrol area was in South Huntsville, on third shift. I was told to keep my head down and not give them a reason to fire me.

One night I arrested a go-go dancer during a traffic stop for not having her driver's license. She was able to make bail before I left the station to go back on patrol. Seeing me, she asked if I would be kind enough to give her a ride back to her car. I obliged since it was in my patrol area.

Later that night, at Sambo's restaurant at Golf Road and the Parkway, she came in with some of her friends. When she saw me, she came over to thank me while I ate breakfast. She never sat down, just said she was grateful.

Unfortunately, one of my lieutenants had seen her in my patrol car and later saw her talking to me at the restaurant. Word got back to Chief Vizzini that I was fraternizing, possibly arranging a rendezvous. Two weeks later I was fired for "Inability to maintain satisfactory behavior while on probation."

So how did that lead you to bounty hunting?

"Well, I had a house, a wife, and bills to pay. With my police background, I became an undercover security officer at Kroger's, then later at Kmart on North Parkway.

One night I stopped a shoplifter in the parking lot and had a real tussle with him. Some guy came up to me and said he needed to talk to me. I looked at him and said I was a little busy.

Winter Tips

- During winter months, electricity is bad for your hairdo's. After you wash your hair and dry it, and the electricity is bad, trying rubbing your hair with a sheet of fabric softener that you normally throw in your dryer.
- The new hair volumizers that are on the market now add volume to your hair as you dry it, but rather than spend money on one, just go to your favorite superstore and look for the plastic attachment for less than \$5 that goes on the end of most dryers.
- If your feet just can't seem to stay warm, try dusting your socks with cayenne pepper right before you put your shoes on.
- Put a real sparkle on those diamonds, and save money at the same time, by using an old toothbrush and a capful of white vinegar to scrub them. Rinse well with water afterwards.
- When you are trying to winterize your home and want to find where the air leaks are, just wet your hand and hold it near closed doors, window sills, etc. If there is some cold air coming in, you 'll know it very soon and be able to add insulation to that area.

He came the next day and explained that the shoplifter I had the previous night was a bail-jumper. Meaning he was out on bond but never showed up for court. When he went to the jail to get him, they had let him out without checking for warrants. He said he was a bounty hunter and offered me \$50 to help catch the guy. We met after my shift, and we found the man at his mother's house.

After that, the bounty hunter kept coming back. I asked him why, and he told me, 'Since you're an ex-police officer and you know Huntsville, you've got the best information on finding people.'

Then he said the magic words: 'You can make money picking people up.' That's how I got into bounty hunting—quite by accident.

He hired me because he owned a bounty hunting company. In those days there was only one bail bonding company in town anyway, that was AAA. Ms. Loretta Howard was the owner. Although he was not the only bounty hunter in town, and I use that term very loosely, he was the only one Ms. Howard would call to work for her.

He was a white guy out of Lincoln Projects; his name was Roger Dale Tuberville. I can tell you his name because he is dead now. Between Roger and myself, we knew many of the criminal elements in the area, so we made a good team.

It was more about the excitement at first—Lord knows the money wasn't that good. We did what I called nickel-dime-bond. We made \$50 on some and \$100 on others because bonds weren't that high then."

So you had to do a lot of bonds to make any money?

"Yeah, you had to snatch a lot of folks up at that time, until I guess I'd been doing it for three or four years. Other bonding companies moved into town, and Ms. Howard also opened up her second bonding company."

What was your first exciting or interesting capture?
"We got a call one night, this boy was out on a \$1,000 bond. His folks were in Huntsville, but he had skipped and gone to Whitehall, Tennessee, hiding out with some of his kinfolk. We found the boy hiding under a bed in a shack in the middle of nowhere. To say it got interesting would be an understatement. We were in a town of moonshine-drinking, coverall-wearing country folks.

We snatched the boy up, but as we were trying to get out of there, his girlfriend tried to stop us. After a moment of her tugging at us, she landed on the ground. Then all hell broke out, and as we got into the car, and sped off, shots were fired at us. We made it out safe, with only bullet holes in the car doors, and the passenger window shattered.

Yes, we had a running gun battle, I had only seen them on TV. The excitement and adrenaline, I had never experienced before - I was hooked."

What a story! Bruce, what final words would you like to leave with the readers?

"Back then bounty hunting was very exciting, few things surpassed it for me. However, as a pastor now, I equate what I do as a continuation of my bounty hunting career. Because I'm still chasing souls. Instead of bringing them to jail, I bring them to The Lord."

**Reach Out to Family Members you
haven't contacted in a while.
You'll probably be glad you did.**

**With Love to the Class of '66
Huntsville High School**

Oscar Llerena



"But, what is it good for?"

**Engineer at IBM Computing
Systems, 1968, commenting on
the microchip**



Turkey Shoot in 1953

by Bill Alkire

A lot was happening in the world in 1953. President Dwight D. Eisenhower was President. An Armistice had been signed with Korea and many of the men had come home with no jobs. Queen Elizabeth II had been crowned; General Motors introduced the 1st Corvette sports car and Polio Vaccine was introduced. It was more personal. Going to bed hungry had been the norm for us way too often.

Bud and Rhoda Swick were more generous than they needed to be. They had been providing eggs, butter, cottage cheese, and milk much more than we had agreed for milking their cow each morning before school.

Bud always seems to find jobs a boy of twelve could do. He had me collecting eggs, painting a shed and fencing. Taking time to show me how to take care of brushes, how not to

disturb the hen on her nest, how to lubricate a tractor, repair fences, doing electrical and plumbing work, and the safe use of firearms. He even taught me to clean his guns.

I wanted to do something special for Thanksgiving. There was a notice posted for a Turkey Shoot the weekend before Thanksgiving. Entry was a dollar. I talked to Bud about it. He advised me against it. The family holding the Shoot were my Grandfather McDonald's kinfolk and he felt ill advised to recommend it to me. My mind was made up - I was a good shot and felt I had a good chance.

Saturday came and I was ready. I arrived early at the Shoot. I got in line. I was selected to fire last in my group. That was okay. I came up to fire and Ronald stopped me. "You have to buy shells from me!" he said. "Why? No others before me had to!" was my remark. He responded, "Because I said so!" Tommy, Ronald's Dad stepped up, "Let him shoot."

I walked up to the line, reached into my jacket pocket, slipped a 20-gauge shell into the single shot rifle. I took aim - all was quiet - then slowly I pulled the trigger - the safety was "ON". The crowd laughed!

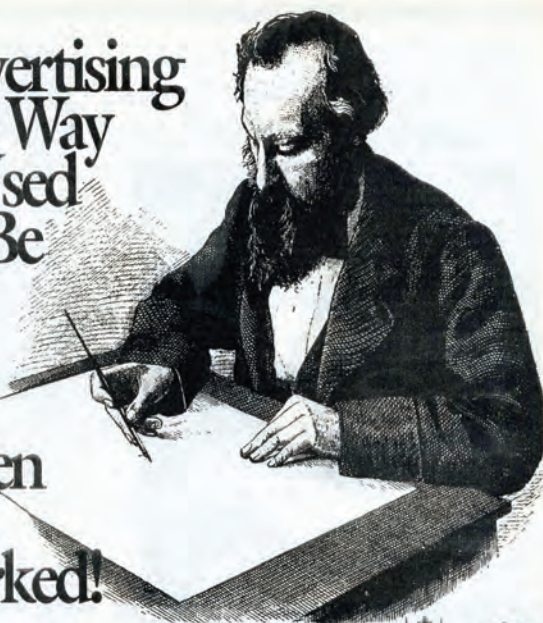
I released the safety and slowly squeezed the trigger. KA BOOM! The target's center became a 4-inch hole.

"Part of the secret of success in life is to eat exactly what you like and let the food fight it out inside."

Mark Twain

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"Take his gun," someone shouted. I reached into my jacket pocket and withdrew another shell. I methodically loaded the shell into the gun. It became deathly quiet. A rooster crowed...a dog barked somewhere. The men's murmurs began to sound louder.

One of the McDonald boys walked up to me, "Go home boy. We don't want no trouble here!"

"I'll leave when you give me the turkey I won!" I spoke. "You don't get no turkey...go home boy!" Tommy continued, "Do I need to call your Grandpa Laddie?"

The gun was ready - shell inserted - cocked and loaded. I'm not sure what was going through my mind - then or now. I was angry; I was stunned; I felt violated; this was family cheating family. I knew I had not been accepted by the McDonald, Harvey, or Moore clans, which had been made clear over the last five years. These were adults, not children. The turkey was mine, won fairly.

The turkeys' crates were stacked together - one shot and few would live through a close-range shot. I turned toward the crates - aimed carefully. The McDonald clan moved aside. They knew what they feared next was not good. Tommy spoke cautiously "Get him a turkey, before he shoots them all."

One of the boys pulled a turkey from its crate. I held the gun firmly - took my finger from the trigger housing - switching the safety "ON". I picked up the turkey by the talons which were connected. Even the turkey was compliant.

"On behalf of my mother, my brother, and I - we Thank you. Perhaps the rest of you who are not McDonald will be treated fairly just as I have been!"

I left and went home. Nothing was ever said by anyone - we had turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. Many good things were given to us, compliments of God, for the remainder of the year.



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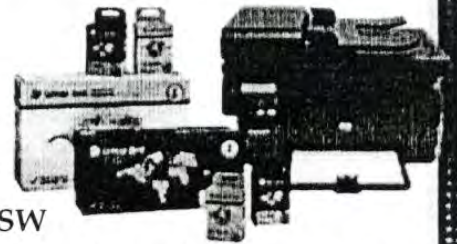
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FAMILY AFFAIRS



by Cathey Carney

20 years ago, a man in his late 60s died in Huntsville of heart failure. He left behind a wife, 3 children and 5 grandchildren. For many years, he worked for a high tech company, and they lived comfortably in a nice home with two cars. His kids were grown, with jobs and families of their own.

He was very thorough when it came to his job, but not so much when it came to important communications with his family. He thought it was too early to make up a will, so he didn't have one. He had always taken care of the monthly bills, so his wife didn't have a clue regarding what amounts he paid, from what account, etc.

He thought he'd live well into his 80s, at least.

Without going into detail, when he died at 60, he left a nightmare for his family. He had a couple of life insurance policies, but since he didn't keep good records, receipts, or a logical filing system, it took months to uncover exactly who those companies were.

The Human Resources Benefits people at his place of employment were very helpful trying to help the family, but it took a long, long time.

The wife, grieving for loss of her husband, was trying to arrange for his burial, while at the same time thrust into the details of learning how to write checks for their mortgage and utilities. Frozen bank accounts. A checking account that was overdrawn. Past due credit card notices. Unknown passwords for online banking and finances. Trips to the banks, credit unions, Social Security, veterans offices, phone calls that led to hours on hold, then nowhere - that was the legacy this man left for his family.

None of us thinks that we might not be around tomorrow. But the sad fact is, all we actually have is today. Tomorrow isn't promised to anyone.

If you were to die tomorrow, are all your affairs in order? Do you have a will? Do you have a Power of Attorney in case you can no longer make decisions for yourself? Do you know where you are to be buried? Have you shared with your wife or husband how you pay the bills, where your important papers are, if there's a safe deposit box, if there are accounts anywhere other than the bank, etc.? What other wishes you may have for transfer of property, cars, etc.?

When my Dad, Chuck Owens, pictured to the left, first created a "Family Affairs" document, it was many, many years ago. It listed the important contact phone numbers for all his insurance policies, military pensions, Social Security, Medicare, names & phone numbers at Thiokol where he worked, what income would stop when he died, what my Mom would continue to receive, what banks they used, names & numbers of people at the bank & credit unions, etc. He had living wills for both himself and Mom. In addition, he chose to preplan and prepay his funeral and my Mom's, so that the family wouldn't have to make all those sad decisions when the time came.

As a Retired Lt. Colonel, he wanted a military funeral and even specified the phone # to call to get that arranged.

When all that information was put to paper, Dad held a meeting with the family. He wanted my brother and I to know everything that was in it, and ask questions about it. I remember being very reluctant, years ago, at the first meeting because none of us wanted to think about Dad and Mom not being with us anymore. I was still young, and young people are about the business of living, not dying.

Dad held that annual meeting for the next 12 years, without fail. Phone numbers, accounts, banks etc. changed (and updated in detail) to an extent, but not much. We always had the very latest information, including his Power of Attorney and their wills.

When Dad passed away, he had the moving military funeral he wanted. Maple Hill was already prepared for the funeral and visitation, and it all went so smoothly.

We used his Family Affairs document until it took on the consistency of tissue paper. We used the phone numbers, the account numbers, the addresses, the people's names, the wishes he had for Mom. All of it. Dad would have been so proud about how well his document worked, and how everything just fit into place. He wanted to make sure he took care of his family even after he was gone. And his wisdom prevailed even after his death.

And to us, that was the legacy: Even after death, still showing how very much he loved us.



A Cause for Divorce

From a 1873 Publication

Bundy had been married two weeks when he left his wife. Bundy was a little man and his wife weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relic of the late Peter Potts.

After ten days of marriage Bundy was surprised, upon awakening in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in the bed crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply surmised that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him, that was the cause of her anguish.

So he remarked to Mrs. B. that as they were married, that she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he could avert it, and after

considerable coaxing her, elicited the following from her:

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street I came to a store where a sign on the front advertised "Husbands for Sale." Thinking it very curious, I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them, some for \$1,000, some for \$500, and so on down to \$150."

"As I had not that amount, I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, Bundy placed his arm gently and lovingly around her and asked, "And did you see any man like me there?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, drawing away from him. "Lots like you – they were all tied up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

Bundy got up without another word, and that day went to see his lawyer to see if he had enough grounds for a divorce.

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Class: Little Johnny!!

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WHEN I LEARNED HOW TO WHISTLE

by L D Rogers

I think I was the only boy in our school that couldn't whistle. Even a couple of girls could whistle but all I could get out was a "pssst" and everybody just laughed at me. Then they would show me how easy it was to whistle. But as hard as I tried, I just couldn't do it. My mother wasn't any help. She just said, "Son, the time will come when you get a little older. You will learn how."

One weekend we were visiting my grandparents at their farm in South Fulton, TN. They

had a lot of animals but no electricity or running water. I loved to go there and play with the animals and fish at the pond. I loved helping my granddaddy all I could.

One day I was helping him feed the livestock and trying to whistle when he asked what I was doing. He saw how much trouble I was having and said I was trying to hard. He told me he had the same trouble when he was young and told me to pucker my lips and let my bottom lip cover my bottom teeth then slowly blow air over the top of my bottom lip.

He said I would need to have patience. Just pucker up and blow slow and easy.

I thought about that for a while then I went up to the house and got my fishing pole and can of worms from under the house. I headed down to the pond. I could always do

my best thinking while I was fishing. I sat down on the pond bank and put a worm on my hook and put it in the water. Then I sat there watching the cork while trying to whistle. I did exactly what my granddaddy said and nothing happened.

That went on for about an hour and I was just about to give up and go back to the house. I thought I'd try one more time.

All of a sudden, I blew across my bottom lip and something happened. I had done it! I had learned to whistle!

I grabbed my fishing pole and worms and ran back to the house. Granddaddy was sitting on the front porch, and he looked at me and said, "You did it!"

I practiced all weekend and let me tell you I was one happy boy when I went back to school on Monday.

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Dog Trivia



- Dogs can sniff out illnesses and medical problems - while many dogs are aware when their owner is in pain or hurt, some dogs can be trained to sniff out certain medical conditions like some types of cancer and other illnesses. The newest disease that dogs have been trained to sniff out is COVID-19.

- Their hearing is extremely sensitive - while many of us know that dogs can hear higher frequencies than us, it turns out that they can also hear sounds further away than we as humans can hear.

- Petting a dog can benefit your physical and mental health - studies have shown that petting a dog can lower your blood pressure and release serotonin and prolactin in the brain to make you happier and lower your stress levels. Looks like these fun facts about dogs are also good for health!

- Dogs with separation anxiety can be calmed with their owner's scent - if your dog has separation anxiety, try leaving some clothing that you've worn in a place that they can easily smell it.

- Each dog nose is unique - just like your fingerprint, each dog nose is 100% unique and all its own.

- Newfoundland dogs are the best lifeguards - Newfoundlands have a water-resistant coat and webbed feet that make them strong swimmers. They were initially bred to assist fishermen and, in some cases, rescue humans that were drowning.

- Bloodhounds have the best sense of smell, hands down! In fact, because of how spot-on a bloodhound's sense of smell is, it can be used as evidence in a court of law.

- The largest breed of dog is a wolfhound - this whopper weighs in at about 180 pounds, and if they were to stand up on their hind legs, they could measure up to seven feet tall!

- The heaviest breed of dog is the Mastiff. These furry friends weigh in at about 200 pounds!

- Chihuahuas are the smallest dog breed, only weighing between two and six pounds.

- Speaking of Chihuahuas, they are born with soft spots on their head - similar to how a human baby is born with a "soft spot" that eventually hardens with age.

- Dogs rely on their humans for a sense of time - While they might know when mealtimes are, they don't have the same 24-hour clock that we humans do. Dogs will most likely observe their owner's actions to understand what to do at different times of the day.

- The Labrador Retriever is the most popular breed in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom. The close second is the Golden Retriever.

- The greyhound is the fastest dog breed - Greyhounds can run up to 44 miles per hour, and while they aren't as fast as cheetahs, they can outrun them in a long-distance race!

- Dogs aren't actually color blind; that's just a myth - dogs don't see in shades of red, but they can see black, white, blue, and yellow.

- Bella, Luna, Charlie, Lucy and Cooper are the top five most popular dog names: Max, Bailey, Daisey, Sadie and Lola round out the top ten most popular dog names.

- Border collies, golden retrievers, and poodles are considered to be the most intelligent dog breeds - this might be why you see these breeds in so many dog shows.

- Chow chows have blackish-blue tongues - Chow puppies are born with pink tongues, which turn a black-blue color at eight to ten weeks.

- Puppies gain half of their body weight in the first four to five months of their lives - it will take up to a year to grow and attain the other half of their body weight.

- Dalmatian puppies are born white - They develop spots as they get older!

- Rin Tin Tin was the first dog Hollywood actor - the German shepherd rescued from a World War I battlefield starred in twenty-seven films and TV show episodes.

- Three dogs survived the Titanic sinking - two of the dogs were Pomeranians, and the other was a Pekingese, who were all in first-class cabins.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

Friday, January 31, 1958 The Real Birth of Huntsville, Alabama

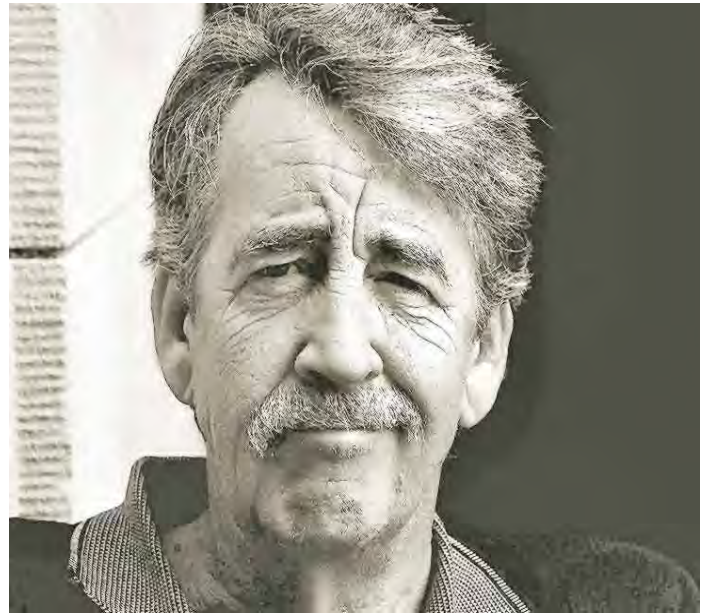
by Tom Carney

Many people will argue that Huntsville had its beginning when John Hunt founded our fair city way back in 1805, while others will claim the cotton mills were the actual beginning. But for the people that lived and grew up here the start of prosperity began with the launching of our first space satellite.

Times were hard in Madison County. There were few jobs, and even fewer opportunities. Outhouses were still common in many homes, and a large percentage of people still cooked on a wood-burning stove. The county schools closed for two weeks in the fall so the children could help pick cotton. Without their labor, it would have been impossible for many small "cotton farmers" to survive.

By 1950 the Government started transferring the rocket scientists to Redstone Arsenal. A few companies started opening up offices in Huntsville to take advantage of the government contracts that were being awarded for research and development. While this created new jobs, the majority went to people that had been transferred here.

A few natives were lucky enough to secure "good pay-



ing" jobs on the Arsenal. J. B. Tucker, and his wife Margaret felt like they had struck gold when he was hired. With their home on Hurricane Creek, they were considered "well off", especially when they bought a new car and began building a new home.

Huntsville continued its growth up until the late fifties when the Soviet Union, under Nikita Khrushchev's leadership, launched the first satellite into space. World attention was focused on Huntsville, Alabama, as the rest of the world held their breath to see what we would do. On the night of January 31, 1959, Jupiter-C rocket was launched at Cape Canaveral, carrying an 18-pound satellite. The citizens of Huntsville and Madison County anxiously stood by their radios as word was relayed from Missile Control. Finally, late at night, the word was received. The satellite was up. Huntsville would never be the same.

Instant bedlam broke out downtown. Folks from all over the county began congregating on the Square, with more people arriving every second. Car horns were blaring and firecrackers were

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set off. One resident, caught up in the excitement, even showed up in his pajamas.

Huntsville's representatives at the Annual Decatur Chamber of Commerce Banquet left in a mad rush when a waiter whispered the news to one of the members. The banquet hall was empty in a matter of minutes as the representatives formed a convoy to Huntsville, noisily blowing car horns the whole way.

Telephone switchboards were jammed as reporters from around the world relayed word of the celebration going on downtown.

The next day The London News carried a picture on its front page of Mayor R. B. "Spec" Searcy setting off fireworks as jubilant bystanders cheered him on.

The Huntsville Times sent its staff home and was shut down for the night when J. M. Langhorne, the publisher, received word. Immediately he ordered an "EXTRA" and employees began streaming in. A linotype operator was pressed into duty as a proofreader while another employee was assigned the task of making enough coffee to keep everyone awake through the night.

Huntsville Times photographers, without even contacting the office first, rushed downtown upon hearing the news in an effort to capture the historic celebration on film.

Barely two hours after the Huntsville Times received word, the first "Extra" copy rolled off the presses.

Observers would later comment that though the celebration was in honor of launching America's first satellite, in reality, it signaled the end of old Huntsville.

Within days, Huntsville became the focal point for the United States space program. High-tech businesses began pouring into town, setting up offices in converted cotton mills and anywhere else they could find room. Men who had made a living picking cotton the year before suddenly found themselves helping build rocket components. One man, a house painter at the time, later boasted that he was offered seven jobs in one day, with each employer out-bidding the other.

Of all the stories told to describe Huntsville's explosive growth after the success of the satellite, probably the best one is given by Leroy Hodges.

"There used to be this big cotton field up there in North Huntsville, surrounded by briar patches. Place was covered up with rabbits. About a month before rabbit season opened I went up there to look around, walk the fields and kinda get a feel for it."

"Opening day of rabbit season, I got up way before light, loaded my dogs on the truck and went on up there. Well, it was still dark, so I had to sit there and wait for a while 'fore I could see anything. Bout the time the sun starts coming over Monte Sano, I got a good look at the cotton field...only it weren't no cotton field no more. In the past month they had done built a subdivision, complete with roads and all."



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"I just saw the sequel to the movie 'Clones', and guess what? It was the same movie!"

Jim Samuels

HUNTSVILLE'S BIG SPRING



by Harry Dill, 2013

As everyone who lives in and around Huntsville knows, the Big Spring is located in the center of town and just below the back of the First National Bank Building. It and all the buildings and places of business on the west side of the Court House Square were all built on the edge of a bluff and the Big Spring is at the bottom of that rock bluff. That Big Spring had supplied water to all the residents in Huntsville City limits until Huntsville grew so large that the city had to start getting water from the Tennessee River some 10 miles away.

When I was a young boy in the 1930s, I first saw the Big Spring.

There was a large pipe upright in a large pile of rocks and water was shooting up into the air some 40 or 50 feet. It was falling down to a circular concrete pool open on the west end and running water to a mini waterfall. Then the water ran under the paved road and down the man-made channel into a large pond at the next block.

When I was young I walked barefoot from one side to the other on that waterfall with the cool water running over my feet and never fell off. The Huntsville Water pump house was just opposite this.

Since at that time there was no water on Cedar Mountain and Toll Gate Road where our rock house was, we had to haul water. Daddy took me many times with him to help him get water in some large milk cans to take home and use. There was a large hose for people to use who needed water near the pump house and we filled the milk cans with water from it.

Just across the street from the water pump house was the large Ice plant where horses and wagons would load up with ice in the hot months and take their ice around Huntsville streets selling it to the residents.

When I was staying at grandma's house I would go along in back of the ice wagon and jump on back and eat ice chips that had fallen on the floor of the wagon like other boys did. We enjoyed the cold ice in that hot summer weather.

The Big Spring not only supplied the city with water and ice but it was also a park and had a lot of really big gold fish in it too. They were all in the pool where the water came out of the ground, the channel and also clear down to the pond. There were also ducks there too from time to time.

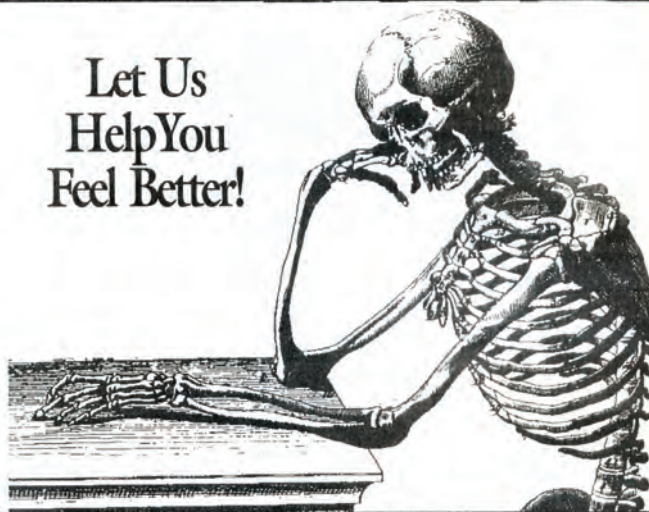
I heard that someone had put a duck in the bottomless well on Monte Sano Mountain, some 4 or 5 miles away and that it came out in the Big Spring. Do any of you remember those long wooden steps that lead down to the Big Spring from between the two places of business buildings up on the block where the First National Bank was? Well I do and they were real long and it took some time before you got to the bottom or if you went up to get to the top you would get tired before you reached the street above.

One day I was in downtown Huntsville and saw that workers were tearing up the pavement. Being curious, I went over to see what they were doing. They were taking out long cedar hollowed out logs they had been using for pipes and replacing them with iron pips. I was very surprised that they had been using hollow logs for pipes all those years!

There is no other spring as big as the Big Spring for many miles around!

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I used to drink water that came out of Cold Springs on top of Monte Sano Mountain. The water came out ice cold and it was really refreshing in hot weather to drink it when we had been hiking all around the mountain.

Down near the end of this spring was a small cave that was just on the other side of the new road they had built, going up to the Park.

Speaking of caves, about all of downtown Huntsville is built on top of caves! The Courthouse included. There was a cave I visited out in west Huntsville where you have to go down in a hole for about 30 or so feet and then in a tunnel for a little way and then you come out into a large room. There was a large wooden platform that they used to use as a dance floor. And there were electric lights strung up over it for lights. I wonder if anyone remembers this dance hall or even danced there. That was a lot of years ago.

There was also a spring at the end of Fagan's Valley that we used to swim in, but in real dry weather it would stop running. These springs were nothing at all compared to Huntsville's Big Spring!!! Not only did water flow out of that pipe pointing straight up but water ran underneath the rock cliff very fast.

Big Spring has never gone dry, even in the driest weather

God has blessed Huntsville with an abundance of good fresh pure spring water that is free of pollutants, chemicals and drugs. So many places now have water that has to be treated to remove all kinds of pollutants and chemicals.

I think Huntsville is still using Big Spring water and also water from the Tennessee River now since the population has increased so much. I praise God that He has given Huntsville such a good source of pure water!

May God Bless each and every one of you!! We should be thankful for an abundance of good clean water these days.

"In the early days I would have gone hungry, if it weren't for the stuff the audience threw at me."

Bob Hope

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FERN

Hello, my name is Fern! I am about a year old and am a beautiful black and white cat as you can see. I am a sweet little girl who has been at the Ark Animal Shelter since July. I was found by a kind citizen who brought me here so I would have a warm and safe place to have my babies. My 5 babies were born on the 4th of July. I was a very good mama to them and they have all been adopted. So now I am looking forward to getting a home of my own. I am a small kitty and very friendly and playful

with all the visitors who come to the shelter to look at the cats. I have been spayed, have had all my shots and am micro-chipped. I live here in a room with a lot of other cats and I get along with everyone. If you are looking for the perfect kitty playmate to add to your family please come and see me at the Ark shelter. I will be so happy to see you and will greet you at the door!

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A 1960 Thanksgiving Surprise

by M. D. Smith, IV



This story dates back sixty-five Thanksgivings ago to 1960, and I was home for the holiday break from the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. I'd met this cute, petite blond girl, Judy Chandler, and we'd dated often the previous summer. She'd made her first airline flight to see me previously for a football weekend in October, staying at a chaperone's house, and now I was accepting the invitation to have a turkey dinner with her family. That would be her mother, Bette; father, Barry; and little sister, Melinda and Judy, of course.

Inside Judy's house, in the spacious den looking out a picture window into the backyard, we sat in stuffed chairs while her father and I talked, and the ladies busied them-

selves on the final preps for dinner. Already the smell of turkey and stuffing cooking and other aromas blended in to cause my hunger to grow while I tried not to give Mr. Chandler any stupid answers to the questions.

He asked about my future plans.

"I had thought about medicine, with an 'MD' on either side of my name," I confessed, "but UVA has humbled me. A few courses — well, I didn't pass. I've decided to join the family broadcasting business. The University of Alabama has a strong program, and with Judy there already..." I let the implication hang.

Then we got the call to dinner as foods were carried from the kitchen to the dining area, which was a part of the long living room. Mr. Chandler sat at the head of the rectangular table, then Melinda to his left, with me on his right, and Judy next to me. Mrs. Chandler sat at the opposite end of the table. If someone had taken a photo, it would have looked like a Norman Rockwell painting.

"Mrs. Chandler, this is a great-looking Thanksgiving table," I said, then pointed, "and all the food in silver bowls and platters... It's fit for a king."

She smiled and thanked me. I wanted to be on my very best behavior, and my mother had told me to compliment the chef.

We spread our napkins in our laps, with me admiring the fine, gold-edged china plate in front of me, about to be filled with all sorts of delicious food and a dollop of cranberry sauce, one of my favorites.

The large turkey filled with dressing sat in front of Mr. Chandler, soon to do the carving, but he said, "Time for the blessing." My heart raced, fearing he might call on me, the guest, to say it, and I was terrible at it. My father always said it at our house. I calmed when he continued. "Melinda, how about you say it for our company?"

Bear in mind that Melinda was five years younger and fourteen at the time, and she gave me a quick grin as we all bowed our heads for grace. The gigantic bowl of mashed potatoes with the steaming gravy boat next to it was calling my name.

With everything quiet, Melinda began. "Good Food. Good Meat Good God. Let's Eat."

I'd never heard that before, and instantly thought it was funny

"I've never been a jealous person. Not even when my father finished the fifth grade a year before I did."

Jeff Foxworthy

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and just as I was opening my eyes, I saw Mr. Chandler's hand in the air, and the back of it caught Melinda on the cheek, she recoiled from the sting against the back of her chair, and then tipped over backwards onto the rug.

There was silence, except for me, already amused by the funny blessing, now seeing the spectacle before me, I almost burst out laughing, but instead, covered my mouth with my hand and suppressed it with all my might, because no one else thought it was funny a bit. And you know when you are trying to suppress what you thought was funny, it seems all the harder to keep a smirking laugh from leaking past your fingers.

Slowly, Melinda got off the floor and sort of shook her head like she was seeing stars. Reminded me of a cartoon turkey whacked on the noggin. She slowly raised her chair back to the sitting position, and Barry said, "Now, let's try that one again, little lady."

As she pulled forward to the table, he bowed his head, and we all followed his lead. In a bit of a whisper, Melinda said a regular blessing. I can't remember her exact words, and we all said, "Amen." The dinner began.

Slowly conversation began, but it was a much quieter meal than I'm sure it would have been, had not little sister decided to show off for her big sister's boyfriend.

In hindsight, Judy and I were getting more serious about our dating. I started full time at Alabama in January; we saw each other regularly. I proposed in March, and we married on June 8, 1961. I am sure the Chandlers wanted to impress this young man whom their daughter was getting serious about. Mr. Chandler reacted without thinking. In hindsight, I think he regretted his actions, too.

That Thanksgiving has lived in my memory sharper than the finest carving knife: the shine of silver, the mischief of a young sister, and the slap that silenced a room.

Judy remembers it. Melinda, the most.

And me? I will never forget the Thanksgiving at 312 White Circle, when grace turned into something far more complicated than prayer. Gobble, gobble.

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CATHEY

By Thomas Frazier
(pen name that
Tom Carney used)



I had gone to the Kaffeeklatsch downtown and it was really crowded. She was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen; tall, dark haired, slender and mystifying. I couldn't tear my eyes away. It was dumb, the craziest thing in the world, but I was in love with her and didn't even know what her name was.

I sat and nursed my drink and watched her for a while, all the time telling myself, "Tom, you need this like a hole in the head." Quickly finishing my drink, I paid and left. The story would have probably ended

there if I had not loitered outside long enough to see what kind of a car she was driving.

The next evening found me driving back by the Kaffeeklatsch to see if perhaps she had stopped by again. The black Corvette was sitting in the same place. I remember making an excuse to myself, "One drink Tom, and you're gone."

She was sitting at the same table, again surrounded by her friends from where she worked. Searching the faces of the people sitting at her table, I kind of recognized one of them. Bill, Joe, or something or the other. "What the Hell? What can it hurt?"

"Hey, Jim, how's it going? Oh, that's right...Bill. I keep getting you mixed up with that other guy."

Come on Jim, introduce me. Jim remains silent. How long can I stand there like a dummy? Buy them a drink, Tom.....they'll have to invite you to join them. "No thanks, Tom. We're about to leave."

"Let's have one more first. Hi, I'm Cathey. Why don't you pull up a chair and join us? What's your name?"

Putting on my most suave, debonair facade, I casually pull up a chair and nonchalantly join them. Thank God, she didn't see me light the wrong end of my cigarette. Better uncross your legs, Tom. I don't think your socks match.

One in the group is telling a joke. It drags on. I remain silent - watching. Keep your mouth shut Tom, don't say the wrong thing and blow it. Be cool, she's looking at you. "Tom, why are you so quiet? You're a very mysterious person."

I casually stick both feet in my mouth. "I'm in lov.....Would you like to have another drink?"

Leave, Tom, before you make a bigger fool out of yourself. Look at their expressions. Are they laughing at you?

Everybody is leaving. Maybe she'll let me walk her to her car. Open the car door now, be a gentleman. Good, she wants to talk for a minute.

"Tom, you're different. We don't know each other, but I'm happy we met. You act like you want to tell me something."

Why not tell her? She'll say I'm crazy and then I can go on about my life. I don't need this. "Cathey, you don't know it yet but you are going to marry me." There...I said it.

"Just when is this going to happen," she asked as she laughed and tossed her dark hair back. Damn! I hadn't thought about that. When?

"Oh, about October next year, I figure." Play Errol Flynn now. "Cathey, I know you think I'm nuts, but I warn you. I'm not sure who you are, but I'm in love with you."

Did that sound suave enough? Pull your hand back, Tom, she's liable to slam the car door on it now.

Cathey looked at me with a quizzical look on her face. "You're serious, aren't you?"

"Yep." Best John Wayne-voice. "Now you're gonna tell me to get lost, right?"

"Naw," she said with a twinkle in her eye as she started her Corvette and put it in gear, "I'm going to let you hang around. This next year might be fun." She pulled away from the curb, laughing, leaving me standing there wondering...

The next October we were married. She never did notice my socks not matching.

Tom and I married in Edinburgh, Scotland in October of 1989, the same year we created issue 1 of Old Huntsville Magazine. He never thought he was a good writer, but he was the best. He passed away in June of 2011. The reason his stories will be in every issue, is I don't want him to ever be forgotten. - Cathey



Blue Jeans in Boogertown

*by Judy Hallman, as told
to John E. Carson*

During World War II, Great Britain imposed rationing on clothing to conserve materials needed for military uniforms. This had a major impact on the fashion industry and changed the styles of both men and women's dress.

While the United States did not go as far as rationing clothes, on March 8, 1942, the U.S. War Production Board issued order L-85 with the goal of a 15% reduction in the amount of textiles used in women's wear.

Eleven million men and women served in the U.S. military during the war and they all needed uniforms, putting a great strain on the country's supply of fabric, particularly wool. And, since Japan produced most of the world's silk, the war cut off the supply completely. Nylons became very scarce.

"Some people spend an entire lifetime wondering if they made a difference in the world. But the Marines don't have that problem."

Ronald Reagan

Civilians were encouraged to purchase or make clothing from cotton, rayon or ray on/wool blends. Metal zippers were unavailable and wrap-around dresses and skirts were introduced.

Posters encouraged the population to "Use it up - Wear it out - Make it do!" It was a patriotic duty!

With millions of women entering the workforce, the "Rosie the Riveter" look became popular and slacks became stylish.

But the things the more affluent members of society were being asked to do, the residents of Boogertown had always done.

Most of us wore hand-me-downs already and clothes for children were often made from cut down adult clothes. The one lady in Boogertown who owned a sewing machine was always kept busy helping out the other residents with their clothing needs.

World War II brought opportunity for many of the women in Boogertown who were offered work at the Redstone Ordnance Plant, renamed Redstone Arsenal in 1943.

When we lived in Boogertown in the 1950s, my mother worked for Sarah Preston, who owned the General Store. Mrs. Preston would allow people to charge what they needed by keeping a tab or an I.O.U. My mother worked very hard hours for her to pay off ours.

After the war, the government allocated a certain number of dungarees to Mrs. Preston's General Store. Before the war, most of the ladies wore dresses, but with the allocation of the dungarees and the changing styles, women started wearing what we now call Blue Jeans.

A few years back, I visited Mrs. Preston. She had been ill for a long time and has since passed away. She still held some of the tabs from the residents of that long-ago time.

But she gave me a history lesson that day about World War II and how blue jeans came to Boogertown.



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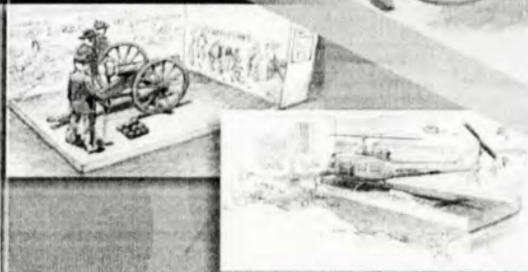
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