



No. 396

February 2026



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

The Fireball



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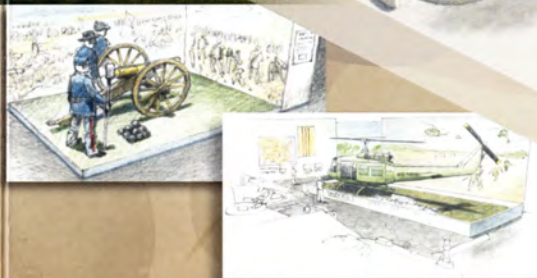
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The Fireball

by Tommy Towery
2017

Time was on a bobsled run, stealing my youth from me at a breakneck speed, and forcing me to face my fast approaching future whether I was ready or not. An eminent participation role as a member of the first graduation class of Lee High School was demanding me to tie up some loose ends in my life and do so in short order. It had already been foretold I would leave my home on Webster Drive in Lincoln Village the day following graduation and move to Memphis, the new city where I would begin my college life. It was a trip of six hours and several hundred long miles away from my past. It would be a per-

"This man has the whole six pack but is missing the plastic thing that holds them all together.

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manent change in my life which I dreaded.

One of those loose ends needing my attention was retrieving my roller skates from Carter's Skateland on Traylor Island, the skating rink where they were stored to be used on one of my frequent past trips to the establishment. My skates were special to me and too expensive to leave behind. Unlike the rental skates available at Carter's, my black-booted Chicago skates had precision wheels and were much more maneuverable than the house skates. They were part of the reason I could skate as good as I did. The skates were an unexpected gift from Gene Bales, one of my older brother Don's best friends who had given up skating. Carter's would allow people to leave their skates at the rink for free, so it was not necessary to haul them back and forth between visits.

Roller skating had been my obsession for many years and often I had gone to the local rink as many as four or more times in a week. I was a student at Huntsville Jr. High and about 13 years old when I first got bitten by the skating bug. I lived on East Clinton at the time, and when we could afford it, my friend Mike Thompson and



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I would share the cost of a Crescent Cab ride to the rink. More often we walked the two-mile route, making a short cut over Pinhook Creek to come up in the field behind Carter's. It was a treacherous route when the creek had risen, and sometimes we arrived at our destination with soaked tennis shoes and soggy pants legs.

At first it was just the anguish and then fun of the sport itself before I eventually realized I finally found my calling. My brother, Don, had always been an athlete, and was good at all the high school sports. I was much smaller than him, not athletic at all, and living in his shadow most of my life. It was on the skate floor at Carter's where I found I had a natural talent hiding inside me, and the much-required balance needed to become a master of roller skating.

I felt inspired by the 1950 Mickey Rooney film I had seen at the Center Theater on one of my early trips to the 10-cent second-run movie house. "The Fireball" was a film in which Mickey portrayed a roller derby beginner who rose to fame as a skater. Perhaps it was because Mickey Rooney was small like me that the story moved me, I'll never know for sure. I would tell myself "I'm the fireball" as I circled the roller rink.

Unfortunately I shared this secret with Mack Yates, a Boy Scout friend, one night and to my regret he replied, "You're not a fireball, you're more like a butterball!" He would still call me by that nickname, even today, if we met.

It was in the music filled, spotlight lit, kid infested arena where I first started noticing girls. Eventually I built up the nerve to ask a girl to skate with me. In the beginning, following normal rink-accepted protocol, I just held a girl's hand when I first

skated with her. As skills progressed the simple hand holding was replaced with me taking her left hand in mine and me placing my right hand on her curved waist.

Once I mastered skating backwards I could face her and place both hands on both hips while she put her hands on my shoulders or neck. The close face to face contact was exciting for a teenager exploring puberty. It was always a thrill when I got there early and waited on bated breath to see if a particular girl would show up, and a thrill of relief to catch the sight of her at the window buying her ticket. That was long before I had the nerve to make a phone call to find out in advance if she was planning on coming. Over time I always seemed to get a crush on some particular girl and my hormones raced at the sight of her. It would take much more nerve and several more years to eventually build up the courage to actually ask a girl for a date.

I remember a fateful New Year's Eve I spent at



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Carter's with my crowd of friends including someone for whom I had particular feelings. There was a special New Year's Eve party after the normal skating session that night. There were hats and noise makers, and I and my best friend at the time were enjoying the merriment. It was an exceptional night, with a live band instead of the normal 45-rpm records spinning. As the midnight hour rolled near, we all stopped skating and huddled in a large group in front of the band. I was standing with my best friend the girl I liked, her friend, and a whole crowd of other nameless faces.

I had planned my actions for the moment well in advance. As the clock struck midnight, I would take my girl in my arms and kiss her, right on the lips. It would be a first. I had never even had a real date with her, much less mouth-to-mouth contact. I had just been with her at the skating rink and we skated most of the couple's skate sessions together. I knew she felt the same way about me as I did about her, but also was aware she was just as shy as I was.

That night, we would be given the perfect excuse to elevate our relationship.

Anticipation built up inside of me as the countdown to midnight and the new year started. I positioned myself near her. We all counted down from ten, just like on television. Five, four, three, two, one, Happy New Year! The shouts went out. The noise makers filled our ears. I turned toward her. I gathered all the nerve I could

muster inside me and prepared myself for the big moment.

As the celebration exploded, she made a move. She turned. Then she threw herself into the open arms of my best friend standing beside me. I stood in silence. Wait a minute. "Is this a country and western song? What's going on? This isn't really happening. Things like this only happen in movies, not in real life."

My best friend stood there and kissed my girl.

The crushing experience left an impact on my young mind. I felt like a fool, dazed beyond words. I just stood there, with the two of them together. I didn't even get a second-place hug. I was so embarrassed by the event that I didn't stay long enough to see if she would hug me when she finally let go of him. I didn't really want to know. I dropped my head and must have looked like Eeyore as I skated off feeling sorry for myself, as the band played "Should auld acquaintance be forgot...."

It was not in the cards she would ever be my girlfriend, but still remains a Facebook friend even today. I did not lose my best friend over that either, but later we parted ways over another girl. I am happy to say time heals all wounds and he is back to being a friend today.

Later in my future I finally found the girlfriend and skating partner I had looked for in my thousands of revolutions around the wooden skate rink floor. It was more than puppy-love, but too rocky to survive a commitment. Still, we would spend many wonderful hours together on wheels. By my senior year in high school we had gone steady and broken up at least four times. The last time had been in the beginning of the year.

By my final year of high school, roller skating had become



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less frequent for me, though. The local teen dances at Bradley's Cafeteria and the National Guard Armory had replaced its attraction in my existence. It was purely physical. You never could get as close to a girl when you were skating as you could in a nice slow dance to a song like "Theme from a Summer Place" or "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." It wouldn't be fair to say you never got as close on skates because sometimes you did. Sometimes you got a lot closer, whether you planned to or not. There were times when you ended up on top of your partner when your wheel ran over a piece of discarded chewing gum on the floor or you tumbled over other skaters who had already fallen in front of you. It took great reaction skills to stop in time.

So, that special night in 1964, on one of my final nights before graduation, I felt a compelling draw to make a final pilgrimage to the skating rink. None of the males in my current crowd were skaters and knowing my final days in my home town were numbered - I wanted no opposite sex commitments to leave me heartbroken when it came time to depart.

I was feeling melancholy and the memories of my earlier days were strong and because of them, I found the urge to go back to the skating rink, even if it was a solo trek. The girls of my past would not be there. They had all moved on to other boys and other activities. For that reason, I spent the evening rolling around in circles alone and thinking of the past.

I remembered skating with Carol Jean Williams, Sarajane Steigerwald, Barbara Seeley, Sherry Adcock, Pam Grooms, Carolyn McCutcheon, Dianne Hughey, and Ginger Cagle. I

even remembered other nameless girls who wouldn't skate with me when I asked.

I watched the ten and eleven-year-old boys and girls with whom I now skated and wondered if they were aware of what they had ahead of them. It made me smile.

Yet, whether it is in search of lost youth, old friends, or who knows what, we seem compelled to return to those places which hold fond memories of our past. It's like the lost dogs we read about who cross several states to return to their old homes and masters. Whatever steers them must affect humans in the same way sometimes. A voice keeps calling us back, but when we arrive, the voice belongs to a stranger, in reality, the stranger is not the stranger we see, but us instead.

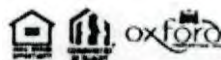
We are strangers in an un-strange land. The places are the same. The people were there and they all seem to know each other, but not me. They were having a good time. I was the one who no longer seemed to belong. A strange time-warp seemed to have me trapped, keeping me from returning to the fun I once knew. My skating partners for the night were my memories.

Yes, a strange force drew me back to the skating rink that night. That same force is a constant in the changing universe of our lives, and it is strong. The force seems destined to draw us back to the good times of our lives and compels us to remember when things were not quite as complicated and worries were not as big as today.

That force is our own memory.

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Tips from Liz



Because so many are down with the flu and cold this time of year, and because we need to do all we can to stay warm, happy and healthy during the cold winter months, here are a few common sense tips that will help.

* When you get up in the morning and stir around a bit, be sure and make your bed. It will be a mood lifter and is the first thing you've done for yourself that day. Leaving it unmade will bring you down when you walk in later and see it.

* If you can't avoid crowds, keep a good supply of Airborne - just drop it in a cup of water like an Alka Seltzer - take one as soon as you feel a cold coming on - they have been proven to cut the cold duration in half.

* Anytime you go out shopping or to visit people, always wash your hands when you come home. You can pick up all kinds of germs just by opening doors, touching groceries, etc.

* Develop new interests and hobbies. Get into something that you really feel passionate about.

* Products like coffee, cigarettes and chocolate may contribute to depression and highs and lows of energy.

* Stress can make you sick and damage your immune system. Get rid of all the stressors in your life - and that may include people.

* Pamper yourself. Get your hair done if it makes you happy. Treat yourself like you would your best friend.

* Be in control - of your finances, your family, your decisions - being out of control will contribute to depression.

* Straighten your back and take a deep breath. Your lungs cannot fill up with oxygen when you are hunched over.

* Keep working at either paid or volunteer work. Once you sit down for good, you're a goner.

* This is for ladies only - for bad cramps, take one teaspoonful of vinegar each night, and place an old pair of shoes upside-down under your bed before you go to sleep.

* For men only - if you are getting backaches, try moving your wallet to a different pocket. Many men get backaches from sitting on wallets all day. Also, loosen up your collar - a tight one can reduce your cir-

ulation and restrict breathing.

* Peppermint tea is wonderful for relaxing you and relieving moodiness - drink it warm and strong.

* Make a good cough syrup by mixing 1/3 cup honey, 1/3 cup whiskey and 1/3 cup lemon juice. Take a spoonful at a time. (Don't use a shot glass)

* If you are stopped up at night, try propping up your pillows a few inches more than usual. Also, put your pillows outside on a sunny day - they will smell so fresh at night!

* If you're feeling blue, clean your house - it will make you feel better almost immediately.

* If you cut your finger, cover the wound with ground cinnamon. It will not burn, instead will stop the bleeding, take out the soreness and promote faster healing.



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My David

by Iolanda Hicks

I did not think there was more to say about my David and how we got back together in the Golden years of our lives but then, I was truly kidding myself! To recall, our story started in Virginia in 1948, a few blocks from the Chesapeake Bay. My parents were living in a rented apartment belonging to David's Mom and Dad.

I was born in June of 1948 and David, at the time, was just 6 months old, born in December of 1947. For the first few years, we played together, then Dad moved to Huntsville. We would go back for visits every spring and sometimes summer, until David and I were in our mid-teens.

Then the visits to Virginia stopped, abruptly, for whatever reasons. David said he was devastated and missed our visits. We wrote to one another for a few years but slowly, the letters grew fewer and further apart, then stopping. As years passed, I found out from my Mom, who corresponded with Mary, David's Mom, that he had married and had 3 children. I had married, blessed with a son but the marriage fell apart 7 years after it began.

David got in touch with me in 2009. His Mom had recently died and while going through his mother's things, found a number for my Mom. He thought of me and all those visits in our younger years. His marriage had failed too and childhood memories of happier times were remembered, so David called my

mother to ask about me. Mother was more than willing to brag and encourage David to give me call. Of course, she supplied him with my cell phone number right away! She and Dad always thought the world of David. That's how our renewed romance began, with David calling me from time to time.

When he made that first phone call to me, I was hesitant to give him much encouragement or interest. I was surprised to hear from my long ago childhood sweetheart but had adjusted to being single for 35 plus years. I was comfortable with that life style.

Time passed and in June of 2010, we met for lunch at a Cracker Barrel in Dalton, Georgia. It was David's idea and suggestion to meet halfway. David lived in Gainesville, Georgia near Lake Lanier. That particular Cracker Barrel, on I-75, seemed to be a half-way point between Huntsville and where he lived. I took my sister Melissa with me that day since I hadn't seen David since the early 1960s. I didn't know what to expect, so she came as my "bodyguard".

He had ridden in on a huge motor cycle, a Yamaha 700 Maxim, and was standing by it, dressed in black leather, chaps and jacket. As we drove up, I thought "What a big guy!" David had grown really tall and had filled out. Standing side by side, we looked like Mutt and Jeff.

After our lunch that June, the calls from David continued, along with sweet notes and cards in the mail. This went on for a few years and after David retired in 2014 he started coming to Huntsville to visit, with the first visit in February of 2015. After that, we would see each other at least every month

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or so and by 2016 I said to him on one visit, "Why don't you just stop those trips and move here?"

He took my advice and in November of 2016, moved to Huntsville with the help of my son. He had a rental house not more than a mile from where I lived. For several months, it was visiting back and forth, cooking a meal for one another, watching old movies, taking day trips, spending time with my family and friends.

In January of 2017, my mother developed a unhealthy level of sodium and was admitted to Crestwood Hospital. She was there for a while and I would stay with her during the day to watch over her until my sister relieved me at night.

David became my steady, shining knight. He would visit every day and bring me coffee, snacks, then follow me home at night. When mother was released, she still needed care at home. He was there for me again. He had asked me to marry him months before, in a round about way one night, but I told him I was not ready. The time just didn't feel right.

On November 17th, 2017, David and I met my Son, Jason and one of my grandsons, Kyle, at the Waffle House on South Memorial Parkway for breakfast. When leaving, as we got ready to go to the car, I stopped, looked at David and said "I'm ready." He looked confused and said, "Ready for what?" I smiled and said "To get married".

That was such a memorable day. We left for Ringgold, Georgia, got to the courthouse maybe an hour before they closed, filled out the paperwork, and got married by the only judge there. The drive back to Huntsville seemed to fly by much faster than the earlier trip to Georgia. We ate at the Golden Coral on Univer-

sity Drive before going home.

It just happened that the University of Kentucky's football team was in Huntsville eating dinner at the same time, most likely consuming a whole bunch of carbs for their game against A & M the next day. I don't think I ever saw so many football players in one place, and they were actually eating "with us" on the day of our marriage!

For the next 8 years, my David continued to be my knight in shining armor through my mother's 4 years of bedridden care, her death; Covid confinement; his and my surgeries; family dramas, accidents and so much more. I have realized, David is my best friend and the love of my life in this "4th quarter" of my existence.

I am very blessed and grateful for God's Plan: to bring me full circle with my David who was my first love and is now my last.

As Plato once said, "Every heart sings a song, incomplete, until another heart whispers back."



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Turn to the experts



Dangerous Dollar Drop

by M. D. Smith IV

In the late 1950s, Huntsville, Alabama was beginning to hum with rockets, transistor radios, and restless ambition. On the AM dial, at 1550 kilocycles, a sleepy little station called WHBS crooned out easy listening tunes and the occasional sonata — music meant more for wallpaper than for waking hearts.

That was before M.D. Smith III bought it in 1958.

When he took the reins, he tossed out the violins and rechristened the station WAAY, because, as he said, "it ought to spell something folks can remember."

And remember it they did.

The new slogan — "Your Radio WAAY in Huntsville" — became the heartbeat of a city ready for a little mischief. Top 40 Hits soaked the airwaves, and almost everyone wanted to get wet.

I was still in high school then, working summers at the station and learning how magic hummed through glowing vacuum tubes. They let me spin records at night under the name Dee Scott — a "WAAY Starlighter." My voice wasn't strong, but it didn't matter. Midnight-to-dawn was my kingdom, and I filled it with Elvis, Fats Domino, Ricky Nelson, The Coasters, Drifters, and Jerry Lee Lewis — the sweet pulse of early rock 'n' roll.

Not everyone was thrilled with the change. When Dad — M.D. III — received a petition from former WHBS listeners demanding he "take that Rock & Roll nonsense and leave town," he framed it in his office. "You know you're making an impact," he said, "when someone tries to run you out."

But it wasn't just the music that made WAAY famous. It was the promotions — part carnival, part chaos, all spectacle. Dad and my mother, Kirby Smith, loved a good stunt. "Radio's got to breathe," Dad would say, "and sometimes that means lighting a fire under the town square."

One of his grandest — and most dangerous — ideas came in 1960: The Dollar Drop.

The concept was simple, if a bit mad. WAAY would give away \$500 in cash — all in one-dollar bills — dropped from the roof of the Russel Erskine Hotel (actual building a secret until day of event), fluttering down like green confetti. People could grab what they could catch. Also certain serial numbers were worth an added \$25 at the participating merchants.

It was meant to be fun, a gleeful publicity storm. No one foresaw the chaos to come.

In the days leading up to it, the Starlighters teased the event between every record. "Get ready, Huntsville! The skies will rain money from a downtown building," they promised, and the town listened. Word spread like wildfire — barbershops, lunch counters, and factory lines all buzzed with talk of easy cash drifting

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down from heaven.

When May 7, 1960 arrived, Huntsville came alive. By noon, crowds began to gather around the, now revealed, Russell Erskine. By the time the first dollar was set to drop, traffic was jammed for blocks. People abandoned cars in the street and ran toward the hotel, chasing the sound of the live broadcast echoing from car windows and portable radios:

"Five minutes to go, folks — get ready for the WAAY Dollar Drop!"

At the rooftop, one of our Starlighters stood beside a bucket filled with crisp bills, the wind tugging at his shirt. "Here we go," came the countdown over the two-way radio. Then -

The first dollar floated into the air.

What began as cheers turned quickly into a frenzy. People screamed, leapt and dove after the money. Hats flew, purses dropped, children squealed. The bills drifted lazily, then vanished under the crush of hands. More dollars fell, and the crowd swelled like a living tide, a few falling down, scuffling for the bills.

"Dad," I heard later, "could see it turning from spectacle to stampede."

From his vantage point below, M.D. Ill watched chaos blossom on the streets of Huntsville. People were pushed down, cars honked in panic, traffic ground to a halt. The police hadn't been called — no one had imagined they'd be needed.

Then, over the two-way, Dad's voice came sharp: "Empty the bucket — now."

The Starlighter hurled the

rest into the air. Hundreds of bills caught the updraft, scattering like startled birds. The crowd roared, chasing after them as they fluttered across the street and sidewalks.

Within minutes, the money was gone. The police showed up to help with the gridlock of cars.

No one died. No one even made it to the hospital. But Huntsville had been brought to a standstill.

When Dad got back to the station, the phones were already ringing — reporters, angry shopkeepers, and one very unamused mayor, R.B. "Spec" Searcy. The Huntsville Police were livid.

They made sure WAAY understood one thing: there would never be another Dollar Drop. Not in Huntsville. Not anywhere near city property. The Huntsville Times ran the story with relish — partly, I think, because they had once owned the station themselves. Dad just grinned when he saw the headlines. He quoted P.T. Barnum:

"I don't care what they say about me, as long as they spell my name right."

Spell it right they did. Every mention of "WAAY" was inked bold and clear. In the end, the Dangerous Dollar Drop brought the town to its knees — and WAAY Radio to the top of everyone's conversation. No lawsuits, no injuries, just a lingering sense that something wild and new had arrived on the airwaves.

After that, Dad promised the police chief he'd tone things down. The next "promotion" was Santa landing by helicopter at Parkway City Mall — private property, safer ground. (Of course, the kids broke through the ropes and nearly mobbed Santa before he could climb out - but that's a story for another time.)

WAAY had made its mark that day.

It wasn't just a radio station anymore — it was the voice of Huntsville. The one that made the city laugh, dance, argue, and, at least once, chase money through the streets as if it had fallen from heaven.



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"As far as I'm concerned, the perfect bra is a sweatshirt."

Maxine



Hello, February, better known as sweetheart month. Valentine's Day is Saturday, the 14th. It takes thinking ahead to call in your dinner reservation at least two weeks early; they fill up early, and who wants to wait a couple of hours for a table? If you need a baby sitter, better call and book them now, or you will be out of luck.

There are several lovely B&Bs within a hundred miles of Huntsville that would make a lovely weekend getaway. Of course, there are always flowers, candy and cards to consider.

Valentine's Day began with roots in Ancient Roman festivals like Lupercalia, not very romantic, sacrificing goats and dogs for a good spring harvest.

Valentine of Rome was a priest who secretly performed marriages for young couples at a time when Emperor Claudius II banned marriage for soldiers, believing single men made better warriors. They arrested and imprisoned Valentine and eventually executed him for defying imperial orders — reportedly on February 14.

It became a Christian day when Pope Gelasius declared February 14th as the Feast of Saint Valentine in 496 AD, helping to Christianize the date formerly associated with Lupercalia.

The oldest surviving written Valentine dates to 1415, sent by the Duke of Orleans while he was in prison in the Tower of London.

Poet Geoffrey Chaucer helped cement this connection in the 14th century by linking February 14 to birds' mating season — a symbolic association that romanticized the day.

Over time, handwritten notes gave way to printed cards in the 18th and 19th centuries, eventually evolving into the commercial holiday known today, complete with chocolates, roses and mass-produced valentines.

All you mothers and grandmothers, what was your favorite memory of Valentine's Day with your children?

I remember helping my mother cover a shoebox with white paper and drawing red hearts on it to take to school. All the classmates wrote class notes, names on cards, and put them in each person's box. Names had to be in cursive; it was to help everyone become better at writing their letters. Of course, juice and cookies added to the excitement of the special day. One time, the teacher had their parents send a picture of their child to school with them. They then drew a red heart and pasted the picture in the center. What a wonderful keepsake. Be sure to put the child's age and date on the back.

The flu, pneumonia and COVID have been taking a toll on many of my friends; several are in the hospital. Let's remember our sick friends - they appreciate calls or a card, which means so much to them. Check on your elderly neighbors and friends and offer to give them a hand in doing minor tasks difficult for them to do. Until next time, won't you be my Valentine?

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THE TOP HAT LOUNGE

by Ken Mekoy

I have no way of verifying what I am about to put down in words but I believe it to be true.

The following story was told to me by a barber several years ago while he cut my hair. In addition to his profession as a barber he also managed a small strip mall for a woman who told this story to him. The woman who told him this story was one of the owners of the Top Hat Lounge.

For many years she and her husband owned an establishment located at the southeast corner of Holmes Avenue and Jordan Lane in Huntsville Alabama named the Top Hat Lounge.

The Top Hat Lounge was a small quiet club that sold beverages and food. It was a landmark located just a few miles from Redstone Arsenal which is the home of the National Aeronautics and Space

Administration, or NASA as it is more commonly known.

On many occasions the same three or four men would arrive at the Top Hat Lounge for lunch. They didn't like sitting in the dining room because they had private matters to discuss and they didn't want to be disturbed. They all spoke English but their first language was German. Their strong German accent always drew attention to their conversations which was another reason they didn't like sitting in the main dining room.

These men were allowed to take their meals in the storage room where a table and chairs were set up just for their use. They were planning something big.

They were well educated men, scientists and mathematicians, and most of their discussions concerned solving problems that would eventually achieve one goal. They drew diagrams and mathematical formulas on napkins and beverage cases in the storage room.

The delivery men who delivered the beverages and later retrieved the cases sometimes complained about the graffiti on the cases which made them no longer usable. Some of the writing was in English but most was in German so it made absolutely no sense to anyone outside of the group of men who wrote it.

Over the years many beverage cases and napkins with drawings and mathematical formulas were discarded without anyone outside the group knowing what was written on them.

These men were German scientists who were working for NASA on problems associated with putting the first American Astronauts on the moon. One of these men was Wernher Von Braun and on July 20, 1969 their goal was realized. Many problems associated with putting Americans on the moon were discussed, diagrammed and solved on beverage cases and napkins in a back room of the Top Hat Lounge.

It is unfortunate that all of these beverage cases and napkins were discarded without us knowing what was written and drawn on them. If any of these items still exist they would probably be worth a fortune to collectors and museums.

The Top Hat Lounge was a landmark in Northwest Huntsville for many years but no longer exists. The building was torn down and replaced by a convenience store and gas station.

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Tips to Live By

* While driving, when you're stopped at a light and it changes to green, take just a second to look both ways - Huntsville has many more drivers now and they're all in a hurry, a second may save your life.

* Experts say you sleep much better at night by turning your temperature down below 68 and use blankets for warmth - put on a pair of socks to keep your toes toasty.

* If you have steps from your home to the outside, get some of those self-sticking sandpaper treads to put on the edges - even if you just have a couple of steps - it could save yourself a bad fall.

* When you're feeling down, help someone else. You can volunteer at an animal shelter or help your neighbor. You'll be surprised at how much better you feel.

* We've all done a load of wash that had a Kleenex in the pocket - it gets everywhere on the clothes when we pull them out of the dryer. To get rid of that just throw in a couple of fabric sheets (Bounce, etc.) in with the load and dry again - the flecks will come off your clothes.

* Green tea has been shown to really help your immune system. Bigelow is a personal favorite but there are many brands out there with lemon, pomagranite, etc. Most of us don't get the water we need to drink everyday and this adds some flavor to it. They come in packets that you just drop in your hot water. Hot or cold, do your body a favor and drink it every day!

* When you think about it, manufacturers should be working on many items that are light and easier for us older folks to carry around - gardening supplies (think light lawn mowers), pots and pans that are lighter, etc. but still good quality.

* Security cameras are being ordered by many more residents these days - they are very affordable. You probably only need about 4 cameras and most are easily installed. That way you can see who is at your front or back doors without opening the door. Just extra security for you.

* People who are trying to lose weight have a hard time with the thousands of diets that are out there now. The most successful losers are the ones who eat what they always have, just less of it. After a while you just won't want as much.

* Many suffer from arthritis and gout especially in these cold days. Avoid that red wine! Two fish oil caps daily have really helped many people, and it's good for your heart too.

* Good reason to quit smoking - it controls your life. Don't you want to be in control?

* Change your attitude if you can't change your circumstances - it might make a difference and you'll be in control again.

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IT'S NOT CUPID'S ARROWS, IT'S DOPAMINE

by Jack Burwell

I instinctively knew that it was not in the interest of my mental health to fall in love with a girl like Pat Goodson, one that I had no chance with when we grew up and would be old enough to date. Also, I knew that was a long time off. However, I didn't consider Charlsie Emerson in the same league with Pat. After my disappointment with Charlsie, I was starting to think that it may be best for me not to like any girls.

Liking girls just meant pain. But then again, I wasn't fully in control of the situation. Falling in love just happens. It might be the mild kind that just makes you smile inside when you see the person or it might be the knock you down and stomp on you type. I don't think I was really in love with Charlsie, but when I realized she wanted only my Monopoly game and not me with it, I surely got knocked down and stomped on.

I recently heard a lecture by Professor Mark Leary, Garonzik Family Professor of Psychology and Neuroscience at Duke University. He says we are chemically programmed to fall in love. It's all part of nature's way to insure propagation of the species.

Essentially, when I was staring at Sharon Zarovsky or Pat Goodson in second grade, dopamine was being excreted from one part of my neurotransmitters in my brain to other neurotransmitters. Also, phenethylamine (PEA) is another organic compound that gets moved around in the brain and central nervous system when visual stimulation takes place. However, the brain is an amazing organism.

While Pat Goodson was the most popular girl in the class and very beautiful, my seven year old brain was able to tell me that it was going to be a waste of time and effort to think about Pat. Perhaps I felt differently about Sharon because she seemed to look right at me the few times I talked to her. Pat on the other hand didn't seem to focus on my face. Her eyes would, I thought, dart away from mine.

My brain was apparently able to pick up on small things like that, taking away any hope I might otherwise have of being her boyfriend someday. I knew Pat would get an invitation to all the fun birthday parties, those where you get to ride on horses or drive bumper cars. I don't remember getting any invitations to parties like that. Neither did I see Pat at the few parties I was invited to.

What's a fellow to do after an experience like that with Charlsie Emerson? Find other things in life to

think about, anything but females. And the amazing thing is, I hadn't even entered puberty yet. I didn't know it then, but it was going to get even worse for me as time went on.

After Charlsie Emerson failed to invite me to stay for the Monopoly game, my social life was not looking very promising. It had been one social putdown after another. I was neither John nor Clark's best friend in second grade. No girl mentioned my name as the boy she most liked. Pat Goodson hardly acknowledged my existence; thank goodness Sharon Zarovsky did but again, she didn't vote for me for anything.

I didn't like school. My grandfather appeared to like my older brother Dudley more than me because my brother liked to fish. When my grandfather took me fishing, I kept asking when could we go to the special restaurant that had the foot long hot dogs. I didn't like being out in the sun and the fish seemed to ignore my worms. I took it personally.

Only my mother still seemed to think I was special. I was very thankful for her. But also I began to understand that it took a mother to be able to love a child like me.

That part of the human personality that Plato describes as seething pleasure was going to have to find some other sources than the company of females whom I found charming.

Freud's ideas of sublimation were about to become a part of my response.

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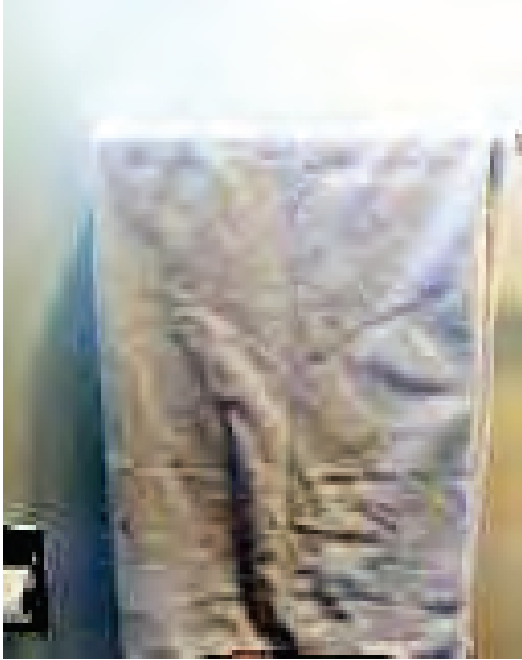
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The Towel

by Charles Flanders



Back in the 40s and 50s hardly anyone had much money. If you could make \$35.00 a week, that was poor, but livable. After all, a 6 pack of Coke was 19 cents and a gallon of regular gas 25 cents. My Dad was making \$15.00 a week for 6 days a week.. So, to say the least, we were poor.

Every dime was watched...maybe that's why we never owned more than one towel at a time.

It was always the cheapest cotton towel mom could find.

But when you get down to it, that was all we really needed, we would all use the same towel, including guests, until it would get so thread bare there was practically nothing left. Mom would wash it every Monday and then hang it on our wire fence to dry, and then when it was almost gone, we would buy a new one.

"The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out of its path when it struck my front end."

Seen on Gurley accident report

Now before some of you, born in the 60s or later, get grossed out, consider yourselves fortunate, as many of our friends and families couldn't afford even one towel. But in those days, things like salt, sugar, flour, etc. came in cloth sacks. They were made of smooth cotton and felt a little slick. After the sacks were empty, generally, they were washed, and used as material for many things, including towels. They held very little water, but were better than nothing.

Today, I struggle to find small thin towels. Stores sell what people want, so they stock those enormous, fluffy wasteful towels that don't even soak up the water. When you're thru with your bath or shower, there is less than a coffee cup of water left on your body.

Basically, a normal person can dry their entire body with nothing more than a wash cloth. Those with long hair might need a second wash cloth for that, but definitely, a kitchen towel is more than adequate for drying your hair and body. A small thin cotton towel is barely wet when you finish drying.

Today's normally used towel is usually extra large and extra thick, it is just a big waste of material, storage space, and costs two to three times, or more, to dry. So what is the advantage... NONE. So throw away those monster towels and get the small thin onesYou will be happy you did. But unless you're a real close family, I suggest a fresh towel each time you bathe, and no sharing.



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Heard On the Street



by Cathey Carney

We had only a few calls for the hidden rocket I put in the January issue, and the first and only person to call was **Janice Hockenberry**, of Athens. She said it took her several hours with a magnifying glass. It was on page 37 nearly invisible in the Downtown Rescue Thrift Store ad. Congratulations to you!

As an apology to all our readers I have hidden a 4 leaf clover (for good luck) within these pages and I promise it is much more visible! When you find it be the first to call and you win a year's subscription worth \$50!

We wanted to send a special greeting to Kathleen Vaughn of Harvest - she is one of the most giving and generous people you'll ever meet, and hasn't been feeling great. Sending lots of love to you, Kathleen.

Happy Happy birthday to one of our very favorite people - **LD Rogers** who is a writer for Old Huntsville magazine. LD's birthday is Feb. 17th and he turns 88. He is a vet and has such an interesting writing style, we get lots of good comments on his stories. Keep on sending your stories LD and we Love you!

With all the increased traffic we are seeing these days there are many who run red lights. A simple thing you can do to prevent a bad wreck is just wait for a second when your light turns green, look both ways and proceed. You will be surprised how many continue to drive through a red light and you for sure don't want to be T-boned.

One Jan. 6 we lost one of this area's great musicians. **Jim McBride**, the Alabama-born country music songwriter whose words helped define the sound of modern country. Jim was just 78 years old. He was born in Huntsville and grew up listening to Grand Old Opry with his family. Jim graduated from Lee High School in 1965. He began writing songs as a teenager, eventually moving to Nashville in 1980 after **Conway Twitty** recorded one of his early compositions. That milestone helped launch a catalog that resulted in multiple chart-topping hits.

His collaborations yielded songs recorded by a Who's Who of country stars, including **Alan Jackson, Reba McEntire, Johnny Cash, George Jones, Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson**, and **Alabama**. His work with **Alan Jackson** produced enduring classics such as "Chattahoochee," "Chasin' That Neon Rainbow," "Somebody," and "(Who Says) You Can't Have It All."

"Chattahoochee" became especially iconic, earning prestigious honors including the Song of the Year Award from the Country Music Association and Favorite Country Single from the American Music Awards.

McBride's influence extended beyond chart success. He was inducted into the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame in 2017 and the Alabama Music Hall of Fame in 1995, in recog-

nition of his decades-long contribution to the craft of songwriting. He also served as President of the Nashville Songwriters Association International.

Over his career, he wrote five No. 1 singles, ten Top 10 hits, and eighteen Top 40 singles.

In a tribute on Facebook, longtime friend and fellow songwriter **Jerry Salley** said McBride was "instrumental in helping write America's Country Music Songbook." In addition to his immense songwriting talent, he was just a really nice guy. You felt better just be being around Jim. He contributed several good stories over the years to Old Huntsville magazine and we are planning a story about his life in a future issue.

Happy recent birthday to my dear friend **Clarence Golson** of Huntsville. He turned 80 on Jan. 29th and is an award-winning Pickleball player! I know you celebrated with your sweet wife Joyce Russell and family!

It is said that if you lead a good life you leave a legacy that lasts longer than you do. Jim definitely left a legacy. He will never be forgotten.

Many of you shop at **local thrift stores** to see what bargains you can find. Young people go thrifting to outfit their apartments and oftentimes you can find clothing that still has tags - brand new. Plus it's just fun. My thrifting friends tell me that the bargains they used to see are dwindling fast because those shops are getting expensive.

One place we found that has excellent merchandise and low prices is the thrift store that's next door to **The Ark no-kill Animal Rescue**. It's sort of a hidden treasure and is located off Hwy. 53, just north of Huntsville. They have furniture, clothing, appliances, jewelry, antiques - and the prices are so good. The people who work there are the best. Their address is 139 Bo Cole Rd., Huntsville, 35806 and they're

open Tues - Saturdays from 11am to 4pm. Check them out - you will be surprised at their variety! And proceeds all go to help homeless animals.

Wishing a very happy Birthday **Phyllis Rogers** on Feb. 1 - I worked with her at Hewlett Packard for years and always remembered that she had an early February birthday.

Do you have a plan in case the power goes out? Many do, and it just involves simple things like having a charged up battery source for your cell phone, battery operated small radio and camping lanterns for each room, jug of frozen ice in your freezer, extra water stashed somewhere, pet food/supplies for a week or so, flashlights and batteries, etc. You hope that it will never happen, but if it does, you're as ready as you can be.

Have a good Valentine's Day and look out for your older neighbors.

Love Always and Forever

By Kimberly Lang

February is the month of love. Valentine's Day started back in the 1840s. It is also called Saint Valentine's Day or Feast of Saint Valentine. It is the day we show our love for one another. It is a time where we exchange candy, flowers and cards with those we love.

How do you celebrate it? For me we have a nice dinner at home and maybe a small gift and card. It doesn't have to be Valentine's day for us to tell or show each other how we feel. This is something that should be done daily because we don't know what tomorrow holds for us.

We don't have to have gifts to show our feelings, sometimes just our actions and a kind word is priceless. In the world today we could use more acts and words of kindness. However you spend your day I hope it is filled with love and lots of chocolate!

Gladys Chunn Bryant

(Editors Note: I first met Gladys at a Chunn Family Reunion here in Huntsville many years ago. I liked her right away, she was a funny, gracious, loving lady whom everyone was drawn to. We stayed in touch when she went back home and over the years she sent several stories about her life to us at Old Huntsville magazine, that we published. I was so very sad to learn that she had passed away - there are some people you would want to live forever, and Gladys was one of those. The following is an excerpt from the beautiful obituary her grandchildren wrote.)

Gladys Chunn Bryant, affectionately known as "Gma," passed peacefully on the morning of Saturday, December 6, 2025, at the age of 91. Born in Huntsville, Alabama, on May 23, 1934, to Sarah Rebecca Chunn, she was lovingly raised by her maternal grandparents along with their six children.

Gma's life was a remarkable testament to faith, family, and resilience. She graduated from Council Training High School in Normal, Alabama, where she was a cheerleader, sang in the school choir, and was crowned the 1951 Homecoming Queen. The first in her family to attend college, Gma earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Elementary Education from Alabama A&M. She devoted over 33 years to teaching first through fifth grade, special education, and reading in the school districts of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Kansas City, Missouri, impacting thousands of young lives. Later, she settled in Pearland, Texas, where she enjoyed a well-deserved and fulfilling retirement.

A single mother of seven, Gma took immense pride in her children's achievements, cherishing the legacy of her family tree. She found joy in journaling and reading her Bible daily and remained a proud and active member of her church at the time of her passing. Her home was a reflection of her vibrant personality, filled with handwritten notes, inspirational quotes, Bible verses, cherished photographs, beloved books, puzzles, and thriving plants—each one representing her favorite things.

She is survived by her loving children: Kamau Cedric McCauley (Los Angeles, CA), Jan McCauley Burton (Kansas City, KS), Mark Aubrey McCauley and his wife Shirley (Memphis, TN), Timothy McCauley and his wife Vicki (Kansas City, KS), Aleta Bryant Stampely (McKinney, TX), Christopher DeChunn Bryant and his wife Traci (Lee's Summit, MO), and Harelda Gladette Bryant (Pearland, TX). She also leaves behind sixteen grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren, two great-great-grandchildren, and many more family members and friends who will continue to honor her legacy and remember her love.





Nothing But Sweet

Hazelnut Butter Crunch

- 1/2 c. all-purpose flour
- 1/3 c. chopped hazelnuts
- 1/4 c. packed brown sugar
- 1/4 c. butter

Mix all in bowl til crumbly - distribute evenly in a buttered 9x9 inch pan. Bake at 400 degrees til golden brown, 7 to 10 minutes. Stir & cool, store in covered container or give as a gift.

Chocolate Nut Truffles

- 1 c. Eagle Brand condensed milk
- 4 oz. chocolate chips
- 2-1/2 c. powdered sugar
- 1 t. vanilla
- 1 c. pecans, chopped fine

Melt chocolate in top of a double boiler or in microwave oven for 30 second intervals. Add the condensed milk, let it cook on medium 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add sugar, blending thoroughly. Add

vanilla and nuts, shape as desired. Dip in melted chocolate or roll in coconut or cocoa powder.

Grandma's Lace Cookies

- 2 sticks butter, softened
- 3 c. brown sugar, packed
- 1 egg
- 1/4 t. salt
- 1 t. vanilla or almond extract
- 4 c. quick rolled oats

With your mixer, blend the butter and sugar. Add egg, vanilla, salt and blend in oats. Spray a light coating of oil on a cookie sheet, make small balls on the sheet, two inches apart, and don't overcook. These will spread out. Bake at 325 degrees for 8 minutes. Cool completely before removing them from cookie pan or they'll stick together.

Coconut Meringues

- 4 egg whites
- 1-1/4 c. sugar

- 2-1/2 c. coconut, shredded
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1/4 t. salt

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Lightly grease a cookie sheet. Beat your egg whites in a deep glass bowl til foamy, beat in sugar, continue beating until stiff and glossy. Do not under-beat. Fold in remaining ingredients, drop mixture by heaping teaspoonfuls about 2 inches apart onto your cookie sheet.

Bake for 20 minutes and they're light brown. Immediately remove from cookie sheet and cool. Store in a tightly covered container.

Macaroons

- 1 16-oz. pkg. angel food cake mix
- 1/2 c. water
- 1-1/2 t. almond extract
- 2 c. flaked coconut

In a bowl beat the cake mix, water and extract, use low speed for 30 seconds. Scrape, beat on

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medium speed for another minute. Fold in the coconut, stir. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a parchment paper-lined baking sheet.

Bake at 350 degrees for 10-12 minutes, remove paper with cookies to a wire rack to cool completely.

Spicy Nuts

- 1 egg white
- 1 T. water
- 3 c. nuts - macadamia, pecans, almonds or walnuts (or mixture)
- 1/4 c. sugar
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1 t. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 t. ground cloves
- 1/4 t. ground nutmeg

Beat egg white with the water til foamy, then stir in the nuts, coating well. Combine the sugar and remaining ingredients, sprinkle this over the nuts and stir til evenly coated.

Spread the nuts one layer deep on a lightly buttered pan and bake at 300 degrees for 30 minutes, stirring every 10 minutes or so.

Forgotten Crispies

- 2-1/2 c. powdered sugar
- 4 egg whites
- 1 t. cream of tartar
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- 1 c. chopped pecans

Beat all ingredients except nuts for 15 minutes, then add nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet.

Bake at 225 degrees for an hour, turn heat off, leave in oven til cool.

Peanut Butter Cookies

- 1 c. chunky peanut butter
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 t. vanilla extract
- Pinch salt

Stir all ingredients til combined. Shape level tablespoonfuls into balls, place 2 inches apart on a buttered cookie sheet. Flatten with fork.

Bake at 350 degrees for 16 minutes and cookies are set, but don't overcook. If left to be a little chewy they are so good! Cool for 5 minutes and remove to wire racks.

Brandy Balls

- 3 c. finely crushed vanilla wafers
- 1 c. powdered sugar
- 3 T. cocoa powder
- 1/2 c. pecans, chopped fine
- 1/4 c. brandy or rum
- 1/4 c. light Karo syrup

SUGAR MIXTURE

- 1/2 c. granulated sugar
- 1/2 c. cocoa powder

In a large bowl, combine the first six ingredients in order listed. Mix well with spoon and set aside. On a plate mix 1/2 cup granulated sugar with 1/2 cup cocoa powder, mix well and spread out. Roll small balls of the wafer mixture then roll in the sugar/cocoa mixture.

These make the perfect gift in a pretty covered container. You friends will love them!

Any of these desserts can be turned into delicious gifts by putting them in pretty containers and giving them with love!



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The Story of "Walking Charlie"

by Charlie Lyle

If there was one thing that made Charlie Haynes very mad, it was to be confused with Walking Charlie. Walking Charlie was a vagrant who lived under the bridge and was accused of attempted rape so there was a problem as to who was who, and what was what.

Charlie and his mother took up residency in the projects at Butler Terrace. There was just Charlie and his mother. No one had seen hide nor hair of Charlie's father in years. Charlie's mother was a sweet old lady who did the best she could for Charlie. She took in ironing and washing and sewing to meet her expenses.

Charlie, unfortunately, did have a problem. It seems as though one of his eyes did not match up with the other and had a tendency to jump. No more school for Charlie.

There was an attempt to have Charlie's eyes fixed so an eye doctor named Dr. Mormon was consulted. He said to leave it alone because it might change his mind set. Unfortunately this did not help his love life.

There were three things that were very important in his life; chasing women, playing his bass fiddle and wearing nice clothes. Charlie was a fair bass player but he had very good rhythm. One night while playing in the band, one of the musicians said, "Charlie, how about playing a different note every now and then?"

Charlie was best at his rendition of the Tennessee Waltz. He could sing this song better than any one I know and could make tears come to the eyes of the listener.

Charlie would get angry if he was not playing with other bands. Charlie got so angry, he decided to go to the IRS office and report all the musicians in this area about taxes. The revenue office did look in to the matter to get Charlie off their backs. It was rumored that certain musicians were quite angry. It was reported that Charlie did not come to town for about a year.

Charlie had an obsession about time. We all thought that Charlie must be going

by Western Union every day and setting his watch. This made him feel very important in his knowing the correct time. He would go around to everyone he knew to see if they had the correct time. He prided himself on this accomplishment.

One night we musicians were listening to our car radio on the way to a job. The radio announcer said it is 2 pm in Paris, France and 8 pm in Paris, Tennessee. Just before that, Charlie had every one set their watches to the correct time. The only thing wrong was it was not the same time as Charlie's. A musician by the name of Howard Lanier said that everybody in the world was wrong except him. Well, Charlie's mind couldn't fathom such. He almost came unglued because this was not the accurate time as stated.

One night while playing a dance job in Fayetteville, I missed Charlie because he usually helped bring in the equipment. I looked inside the building. There was a man way up high on a ladder moving the hands of a clock and Charlie saying, "Big hand - move it a little more past eight."

As mentioned before, one of Charlie's passions was his clothes. He usually was quite well dressed. This had a lot to do with his mother who always saw he had nice clean clothes. This helped Charlie's feelings of well being. He did his share of window shopping at clothing stores. If he saw something he liked, he had a practice of putting everything on lay-away. Merchants kept hounding him to pay up and get his goods out of lay-away but without success.

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Charlie might have appeared to be dumb but he was as sly as a fox. The clothes would be out of style and out of season and so on and the merchants would give up on him and many times just give the clothes to him. If he was walking downtown he avoided certain clothing stores.

One day I was walking by the Grand Shine Parlor. Charlie made himself feel important by getting up on the stand and getting his shoes shined while reading a newspaper. I stepped in the parlor and someone said, "Charlie, let's turn your paper right side up so you can read it better."

Charlie had a passion for booking a band and he had learned this from others. The way he did it was to simply get a playing job first and then get the musicians. If a musician was offered a playing job and paid enough money, then he would most likely take it. He would get people to carry equipment and give him a ride. If he had any problems, he could always count on his friend Howard Lanier.

Charlie would sometimes get mad because he couldn't book jobs and especially on the Arsenal. People really didn't know him there. So he would call the General and would say, "My name is Charlie Haynes. How come I'm not getting any jobs out there?" This made the secretary very mad. This lady, I know to this very day, validated this information. The General said, "Who in the hell is this nut who keeps calling me?"

Charlie never had to work until he was offered a job at the Arsenal cafeteria. His job was to return all of the dirty dishes, as demanded by the chef. Charlie ran into trouble with the chef because he wasn't getting the dirty dishes back fast enough. It was said that Charlie got so excited

and started hustling dishes so fast that he was taking them off the tables before people had gotten through their meals. Especially those people who had only left their tables briefly. That was the end of that job.

Charlie liked to carry an umbrella. All dressed up, he waited until it rained to offer his umbrella to any damsel in distress. Charlie liked the ladies. The only problem was, his eyes spooked the ladies and frightened them especially if approached by him.

Charlie had a lot of time on his hands; no school, no work, so he liked to talk on the phone. I guess he knew maybe that he could approach the ladies in this way better with more success. He had a list of numbers that he would contact incessantly. This is where people called him a nuisance. People didn't want him to call but he would call anyway.

These were some of the escapades of Charlie Haynes. I didn't know he died in Scottsboro. Charlie was a real character. I never knew anyone like him. He would try your patience to the utmost degree but he was harmless and definitely interesting. He talked well about his fellow man.

"The peacemaking meeting scheduled for today has been canceled due to a major conflict."

Seen in Athens church bulletin



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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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Love and History at Anderson Drugs: 56 Years of Service and Soda

by Tanjie Kling

Charles Clifford Anderson was born in 1868 in Hawkinsville, Georgia, and spent his childhood on his family's farm. As a young man, he became interested in medicine, and decided to attend pharmacy school in the northeastern United States. That decision birthed a family legacy that began with him and spanned 106 years in the pharmacy profession serving the Huntsville community.

Upon graduation, Charles moved to Huntsville in 1890 due to the job opportunities here. When he arrived in Huntsville, he was the only pharmacist in town that had been formally college educated for that profession. Other pharmacists in Huntsville at the time had either apprenticed under a physician, or operated under the direct supervision of a doctor.

Charles soon found work at Rison's Drug Store on West Side Square, and he worked there for about 3 years. On January 1, 1893, he and fellow druggist Binford Dement, opened their own drug store in the old Huntsville Hotel building on the northwest corner of the Courthouse Square. Their store, Anderson and Dement Drugs, had a booming business.

During this time, Charles met and married Leila Coles, daughter of Robert T. and Lucy Coles of Paint Rock, Alabama. The couple married at First Presbyterian Church in downtown Huntsville in the summer of 1893 and made their home on Eustis Street.

In 1895, Charles and his wife welcomed a daughter named Lucille. The couple later acquired a farm on Bob Wade Lane that they named "Rockledge," as well as other significant land holdings.

By December 24, 1895, Charles and



Binford Dement mutually dissolved their business partnership, and on January 22, 1896 Charles opened his own drug store on the Courthouse Square, named "Anderson Drugs." His drug store was known for its pure drugs, cleanliness, low prices, fair dealings, and for verifying all medications for accuracy before leaving the store.

Charles moved his business to West Side Square, then to East Side Square, and finally to its permanent home at North Side Square. Charles, recognized in the community as a progressive and prominent businessman, joined others with the same reputation to form Huntsville Saving Bank and Trust. The bank was formed in 1902 with \$50,000 worth of capital, and Charles served as one of the directors of the bank. That same year, Charles' brother, Carl Sanders Anderson, arrived in Huntsville to help his brother run Anderson Drugs.

**"Love is like an avalanche where
you have to run for your life."**

Billy, age 9, about love



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Carl, who was 9 years younger than Charles, also graduated from pharmacy school and was a professional druggist. It wasn't long before they opened another Anderson Drug Store. This one was located at Merrimac. The location closed by 1904, however, as Carl became very ill. Carl moved back to his childhood home in Georgia, where he lived with his parents while trying to recover.

His illness, described by his doctors as severe indigestion, claimed his life in 1904 at the age of 26. Charles' business at his remaining downtown drug store was very popular, and he was well regarded for his business acumen. In 1904, his name was put forth as one of the Democratic candidates for County Treasurer, but he lost the position to F. G. Hereford.

For many years, Anderson Drugs was the favorite meeting place of Huntsville's young people due to their popular soda fountain. During the 1910s the names of girls invited to dances in town were posted at the store, and young men put their signatures opposite the names of those they wished to escort. Before the days of automobiles, Anderson's was the place where the "carriage trade" or their wealthy customers stopped in the summer afternoons for refreshment, and where teenage boys and girls gathered after dancing classes for sodas. It can be said that Anderson Drugs was also a place that nurtured romance.

Charles and Leila's daughter, Lucille, grew up to be a lovely young lady. She married John Richard "Dick" Hertzler of Madison, Alabama on December 29, 1915 at her parents' home on Eustis Street. Through this marriage, work at the pharmacy continued to the next generation. While Dick was not a trained pharmacist, he managed the "front of store" within Anderson's Pharmacy after his marriage to Lucille. This allowed Charles to focus primarily on the pharmaceutical and profit side of his business.

During this same time, Dick was also the owner and operator of Madison Motors, and sold Chevrolet vehicles. He placed an ad in

the November 1917 Huntsville Times, promoting the sale of Chevrolet's Roadster for \$625 and the brand's touring car for \$635. He encouraged interested persons to contact him either at his Madison office or at Anderson Drugs for a demonstration of these vehicles. This was probably the first and only time in Huntsville that someone could buy a car at a pharmacy.

Dick and Lucille began their family in 1917: a son who died in infancy, and two daughters named Leila and Anne. In 1927, Dick and his family left the area, for better employment opportunities. They moved back to Huntsville by 1938, where Dick invested in the Dixie Manufacturing Company. He then worked on Redstone Arsenal during World War II. When Dick retired, he turned to farming. Dick's wife, Lucille, died in 1948. Dick died in 1965. Their youngest daughter, Anne, was close to her maternal grandparents, and especially to her grandfather, Charles Anderson.

Through Anne, Anderson Drugs continued in business, until several years after Charles' sudden death of a heart attack in 1946. Anne met her future husband because of her grandfather's business, and so began another line of pharmacists that practiced in Madison County.


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Spring Bulbs (1955)

by Bill Alkire

In the spring of 1955, before I turned fourteen, Frosty Jones and I were joking around while tying flies for early trout fishing.

Frosty quizzed if I had ever eaten ramps. "Yes sir, I have" I responded. He asked if I "knew where any grew?" "Yes, I do" was my response. It was mid-April, and I figured there should be a growing on the mountain. I had been hiking but had not noticed any along the trail.

He mentioned he had not had any for a long time. I told him I hadn't been on the north-facing slope of the mountain close to the K&P Cemetery yet this spring. He said he'd like to have a mess. I was hiking Saturday, I told him, and I'd check while I was up there.

I asked him what he was gonna do with them. "Eat them of course," he answered. I knew Jean, his wife, I figured she was not going to cook them. Frosty assured me he would cook them if I got them. I asked him "How?" "Fry them in a skillet with taters."

He went on to say, "Since we don't have any fish, we 'd need to find something else to cook with the ramps and taters." I suggested "we could use SPAM, or maybe chicken legs or thighs."

Come Saturday morning I set out with Brownie, Grand-fathers, rabbit beagle for the mountain slope. Brownie and I wandered around for a while, weren't in a big hurry anyway. I remembered someone told me that ramps prefer a damp place to grow.

I went to the north-facing

mountain slope and found a mess of ramps growing beside by a clump of Mountain Laurel. The delicious bulbs were all snuggled up being protected by the shrubs and the deciduous trees. I had brought my hunting-knife and tow sack. I took my knife and went around those delicious green tops in about a twelve-inch circle. The ground was perfect. Those little bulbs and green tops popped right out. I didn't even need to clean any dirt off and put it in the sack.

I took them right to Frosty's house on the way to my home. Jean told me to lay them up near the garden until Frosty came home. I figured she didn't want those smelly things to stink up her house.

Frosty hollered about dark to come down, he had the ramps cooked ready to eat. I went down. He'd gotten out his camp cook-stove and cooked on the canning-table beneath a covered area between the house and the cellar.

Oh! They smelled good. He had cooked those ramps, tops and bulbs with bacon grease, Irish taters and SPAM cut in strips.

Frosty said "The women don't want any, they don't know what they are missing."

I kind of had to agree. Frosty and I sat there and ate the whole skillet full of that gourmet delight.

There was not even enough left for the coon hounds - we ate them all. Those were the best ramps I ever ate. To be truthful, I have not eaten any since.

Terrible Mill Accident

Walter Bradford, a weaver employed in the Huntsville Merrimack Mills, was probably fatally injured yesterday afternoon by allowing the elevator to descend on his head. The young man was looking down the elevator shaft and did not see the car descend from above. The floor of the car caught his head on the gate and his scalp was almost torn off. The accident was a horrible one and Bradford is not expected to live.



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THOUGHTS OF HOME

by "Aunt" Eunice Merrell,
1998

During the almost half century that I have been in the restaurant business I have seen literally hundreds of thousands of people come and go. I have watched the high and the mighty, the rich and the famous, share tables with people who could barely afford to pay for their meals. I have watched as politicians poured coffee for house painters and I have watched as many of my customers grew up, got married and brought their children and grandchildren back to visit with me.

Some of them went on to become famous and wealthy while others chose a different path and ended up in jail or in disgrace.

The one thing all these people had in common though, was their heritage and the love of the city they called home.

Huntsville has a certain mystique about it that is hard to describe, even if you have lived here all your life. Most cities are characterized by their buildings and attractions, but Huntsville is different. While we have our share of historic antebellum homes and tourist attractions, it's the people and their stories that make Huntsville the unique place it is.

When I first entered the restaurant business there was no such thing as television. People would come in and sit around for hours drinking coffee and catching up on the news. Once the current events were exhausted, people would tell tales about the old days, of people they had met and of things that had happened.

These stories were the one thing that everyone shared. We all had tales about forefathers who fought in the Civil War, of bootleggers,

moonshiners, crooked politicians and of people who picked cotton and went on to become millionaires. I remember once when Huntsville elected a sheriff as a joke. Few people from out-of-town ever believed the story though, because in reality it was almost unbelievable. That's probably when the tradition of the "Liar's Table" began in my restaurant.

After World War II, Huntsville began to change. Thousands of people began moving here and cotton fields became subdivisions. For many of these people, it was the first time they had ever lived in the South.

I remember when the German scientists first moved here. Many of them could barely speak English but within a few years it was common to hear them say "y'all." Of course, it was still with a German accent!

Regardless of where people came from, Huntsville has always had a way of adopting them. Huntsville's history became their own and the stories and legends became a part of their heritage. These people adopted our customs and became our friends and neighbors.

Within a few years so many newcomers had moved here that it became almost a rarity to meet someone who was actually from Huntsville.

Times have changed. Huntsville has grown, but the people are still the same. While many have different accents and different places of birth, they still sit around the restaurant arguing about current events. And when that subject is done, they always come back to the stories from Huntsville's colorful past when we were just a small cotton town.

In recent years Huntsville has seen a resurgence of interest in its history. More and more stories are being printed and occasionally you will see a piece on the local television stations. Legends that have been lost for over a century are now becoming commonplace in our folklore.

Recently I asked one of my customers, who moved here from St. Louis, about his fascination with our local legends. After pausing in deep thought for a few minutes, he replied, "Because they're about my new home."

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WBHP's MAN ON THE STREET

by Giles Hollingsworth



Radio station WBHP was definitely Huntsville's favorite radio station during the 1930s and over half of the 1940s, because it was Huntsville's only station. It started out as WBHS In 1932 but the Great Depression knocked it off the air in 1935. Then in May of 1937 it re-emerged as WBHP.

During those early years WBHP played enough country music to make a life-long country music fan of me. They did it primarily with "Sterchi's Jamboree", (Sterchi's was a furniture store) airing twice daily, thirty minutes in mid-morning and the same in mid-afternoon. And like most other kids I had to call time out from my late afternoon outdoor playing and high-tail it to

the radio to listen to high adventure programs on WBHP, like "The Lone Ranger", "Tom Mix", and yes, "Little Orphan Annie".

But my favorite memory of WBHP is how the Hollingsworth brothers caused an employee of the station a bit of frustration one day. Here's how:

WBHP had a program called "Man on the Street". It was literally that, a broadcast on Jefferson Street in downtown Huntsville. There's no trace of them now, but back then, on the east side of the Jefferson Street block between Holmes Avenue and Clinton Avenue were the Double Cola Bottling Plant and the Grand Theatre, next to each other. That's where, on each week day, WBHP did a fifteen minute remote broadcast. The host would chat with passers-by, asking them simple, non-controversial questions, like name, home location, purpose of being downtown and chat about the weather, etc. etc. Just the novelty of it was enough to make it a popular program.

I don't have dead certain memory of all the details of the goodies the "Man on the Street" (MOTS) had for those he interviewed, but as I recall, they each got a Grand Theatre movie pass, and the grand prize, a six-pack of Double Colas, went to the one who guessed or got closest to, a number between one and ten, on a card the MOTS held in his pocket. That seems like such a trivial grand prize now, a thirty cent six-pack, but back then, in the 1940s, it was pretty good. Fast-forwarding, it would be a \$6 prize nowadays. As for the movie passes, they were worth eleven cents to kids twelve and under, and I guess about thirty cents to adults.

Now I had an older brother, Richard, who, at the age of 16, was pretty clever, or crafty. For this story I thought about saying he was sly, but my computer says that word implies deceit, and he had no deceitful mentions in what we did on a cold winter day in 1944. I can't remember which school holiday it was, but Richard, my younger brother, Bobby and I were all at home, in Madison Heights subdivision, off Governor's Drive.

It wasn't just a cold day, it was a raw day, with the temperature near the freeze point, the wind blowing, and small-sized snow flakes trying their best to make it to the ground and stick

"Of all my wife's relatives, I like myself the best."

John Quinn



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there, but so far only being "spit" by whatever it is that spits snow. But Richard knew that, nevertheless, the Man on the Street would be right there on Jefferson Street, ready to chat, because he obviously took pride in being like the Postman, who was always there "through rain, or hail, or sleet, etc". It occurred to Richard that the MOTS might be there by himself because of the weather, so he talked Bobby and me into getting pretty well bundled up and walking the mile and a half to Jefferson Street.

Sure enough the MOTS was there alone at program starting tune, and I guess at first he was glad we showed up, so he could start by chatting with Richard. That he did, and after about four minutes he ended the chat and talked about Double Cola for a minute or so. BUT, then he came face to face with a problem that to him was probably even more frightening than the weather; in fact a problem that the weather had created: no one else to talk to. No one except me or Bobby. The weather was keeping everyone else away. I was thirteen but probably looked eleven, being small for my age, so I was not his idea of an interviewee. BUT, I guess he said to himself, "What the heck! It's either talk to this kid or close up shop, and I don't know what the boss would think about that."

So he beckoned me to him, and I'm sure he was not surprised to learn that my name was Hollingsworth, just like that of his first chat-mate. But he was civil about it. He grinned and bore it. Perfunctory questions followed, with

the expected answers: same address, same feelings about the weather, etc. A pretty dull interview.

Then at about the end of his four minutes with me, a glimmer of hope: a man walking on the sidewalk across the street! The MOTS waved to him and motioned for him to come over. But no luck. The man waved back, then entered a store. That was the first time I ever thought I might have ESP. I couldn't make out the words but I was pretty sure the MOTS was silently cussing as he ended our chat and began his Grand Theatre commercial.

My empathy for the man is too deep for me to continue to write more details, but just to say that, yes, he then had to stoop to interviewing a ten year old member of the same family he had already spent ten minutes with. I didn't have to read his mind, I could read his face, and body language. But he got through it and wound things up. Richard had achieved his goal, a family sweep of the goodies. For the record my guess, the number eight, won the six-pack. Richard, being the oldest and strongest, toted it home, where we celebrated the sweep with Double Colas that needed no further refrigeration.

One more thing. Before we left him, while he was packing up his equipment, my ESP had kicked in again. I'm pretty sure our host was thinking: "I made it through all that. Maybe not rain, hail, sleet, etc., but through near freezing temperature, spitted snow, and a deserted Jefferson Street, I interviewed three people. I deserve a promotion, or a raise."

I hope he got one.

Coconut Granola

2 c. old fashioned oats
 1/2 c. sweetened coconut
 1 c. chopped pecans
 1/2 c. flax seeds
 1/2 c. chia seeds
 1/3 c. sunflower seeds
 1 t. ground cinnamon
 1/4 t. salt
 5 T. melted organic coconut oil
 1/2 c. maple syrup
 2 t. vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 250 degrees. In large bowl mix all dry ingredients. In smaller bowl mix oil, syrup and vanilla. Pour liquid over dry mix and stir til all is coated with the oil mixture.

Pour mixture onto parchment lined baking sheet and spread it evenly.

Bake for 75 minutes, stirring a couple times. Let granola completely cool, then break up any big clumps and store in airtight container or refrigerator. Can be frozen. This is especially good on yogurt.

THE THIRD DANCE

by Charles Flanders

Back in the 30s and 40s, the city would close a complete downtown block, so as the country folks could have a Saturday night "Ho Down", as it was called in those days. Mostly, dancing was done to what was called a square dance. The band usually consisted of a group of local musicians who could play guitars, banjos, bass fiddles and of course, a fiddle (known as a violin to city folks). It was country music in its oldest "hillbilly" form.

On these Saturday nights, my mom and her 6 sisters would sneak downtown off the tenant farm they lived on. Just poor old country girls wanting to have a little fun. Even though they had 4 brothers at home, the girls never danced with them, as they thought it was silly to dance. So, mostly, the girls danced with each other, except at the Saturday night ho downs, this Saturday night was no different.

Dad on the other hand, at the age of 29, had never danced with a girl, or even dated a girl. After quitting the 9th grade, he spent every day fishing or hunting. Never had a job. Then, as fate would have it, on one of the Saturday night dances, and after a normal day of fishing, he was walking through town and decided to stop and watch the people dancing.

Somehow Mom spotted Dad in the crowd, and asked him to dance with her. He explained that he knew nothing about dancing.

After quite some persuasion, he finally took her by the

hand and the dancing started. On the third dance, she told him she was already 19 and wanted to get married. He said "Ok, I know where an all night wedding chapel is." Then without telling even her sisters goodbye, they left the dance and hitchhiked about 10 miles to the wedding chapel.

Then they caught another ride and made it to a small motel, with little cottages right next to the river. They rented one of the cottages, then went straight to theirs. As soon as they walked in Dad told Mom he was out of cigarettes and he was going to get some. Then she waited and waited until she finally fell asleep. She woke at sunrise and he still had not returned. Then she decided that (in her own words) that she had been "TOOK". With no money or change of clothes, she knew she better get back home as fast as she could.

Then, as she was crossing the bridge next to the cottages, she saw Dad sitting there fishing. She went to him and asked what happened. He replied that when he went to get the cigarettes, he saw this old man fishing and that he had an extra rod and reel, so he borrowed it and started fishing. Then he handed her some money and asked her to go get him and the old man some coffee and get some for herself also. As a dutiful wife, she did as he asked.

Later she returned with the coffee and doughnuts, and sat in the hot sun all day as he fished. Fast forward 50 years later as she was telling this sto-

ry, she said if she had it all to do over, that she would have got the coffee for him, but it would have been poured on top of his head and not down his mouth.

With Dad, it was all about fishing. The first Christmas, I can remember, I asked for a cowboy pistol, but, naturally, I got a rod and reel. With Mom, it was all about family she saw to it that we rarely missed church, family reunions, or family birthdays.

Dad never went with us. So, their life together brought forth 3 biological children and 2 more semi adopted girls, and a lot of fun. But nothing really ever changed with Dad, fishing was always his priority.

Growing up, we could not afford a car, or hardly any other luxuries but we always had a boat. Someone once asked Mom that when Dad wasn't at work and he says he is fishing, wasn't she worried that he might be having an affair. Mom replied, "No, I'm not worried at all, I don't see how he could meet women out on the water unless it would be a mermaid, and they probably wouldn't be interested in a human man."

They were married "until death we do part"...to my knowledge the word DIVORCE was never mentioned. They never even had an argument I knew of. Disagreements, yes, but he always gave in to her.. They really loved each other.

Whoever would have thought that a couple of dances with a total stranger could end in over 60 years of loyal, committed love.

Local News in 1875

It is encouraging to see signs of improvement in the city. Mr. E. S. Johnson is now excavating and will soon commence the erection of a large brick store on the corner of Jefferson and Holmes streets.

The City Hotel Restaurant opposite the Opera house

This first class establishment is now open to the public. It has been newly fitted up and furnished in the best style - both Ladies and Gentlemens departments.

Meals will be furnished at all reasonable hours with the best the market affords, including Wild Game, Fish, Oysters, Etc. Rooms neatly furnished for the accommodation of Commercial Travelers - H. McGee, Proprietor

The Horror of Hydrophobia

William Ellis, of Huntsville, died yesterday under an attack of hydrophobia. He was bitten last summer by a coach dog as he was trying to muzzle him. The police killed the dog under the supposition that it was mad and in spite of Ellis' wishes.

Ellis' wife was bitten at the same time and she burned her wound with caustic, but her husband paid no attention to his hurt. It healed up and gave him no more trouble until last Monday. Then he went to a ball and on his way home fell in the street in a fit. He was attacked with spasms which extended over his entire body.

In his home he screamed and yelled and seemed to be in the greatest agony. He thought that someone was going to murder his wife and children, and when any one approached him he tried his best to strike him.

Dr. A. G. Clopton, says that Ellis sprang from his bed and drove one of the physicians from the room. Three doctors applied electric batteries to Ellis' body but he did not improve under them.

His convulsions continued until yesterday morning and then he died. He eagerly drank four glasses of water just before his death.

- **For sale** - Cheap. Hogs and pigs. If you want pigs or hogs come to see me. D. B. Jett, Brownsboro, Route 1

- **Wanted:** good cook. Phone 629 or see Mrs. June Martin, Lowe Avenue

- **For Sale** - one flat top mahogany finished desk. Call and see. 427 White Street.

He Hanged Himself

A man named Montgomery, a respected citizen we are told, residing near Courtland, Al who purchased some years ago the Garth plantation, last Wednesday hanged himself in his barn near his residence. It is thought that money embarrassment led the unfortunate man to commit the rash deed. He was found dead before the body had become cold. His father had been written some days previous and reached Courtland a couple of hours after the unfortunate act occurred. The deceased leaves a wife and children.

For Sale

I will sell, for two thirds cash, with the balance on the first of July, to the highest bidder in front of the Court House door in the City of Huntsville on Monday March 1, 1875 the property situated on the west side of Madison Street, consisting of a good dwelling house, two small grocery houses, kitchen and well house, all in good order. The lot fronts 80 feet on Madison Street or Whitesburg Pike and runs back 230 feet. There are nice shade and fruit trees on the place, and a well of good water. A bargain can be had, as a sale must be made. Wesley Townsend

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MEMORIES OF PAINT ROCK PART 1

by Catherine C. Cameron

My folks moved us from Scottsboro to the country near the little town of Paint Rock in 1939. It used to be a lot larger town until a tornado hit in the early 30s. When they 4-laned Hwy. 72, it became even smaller with the largest business still remaining, Allison Candy Company. I was excited to start school, probably in July of 1939, when I was nearly 7 years old, because my birthday is in November. Paint Rock School was grades 1 through 9. My sister, Rena was 3 years older and my brother, Bill was 8 years older.

I was scared, because I had never been anywhere much, just around my folks. My mother had bought me a red & white striped pencil with a blue eraser and a tablet. My 1st grade teacher was Miss Bernice Page. I was in the room with all of these strange boys and girls and knew no one except my 1st. cousin, Mary Nell.

First of all, Miss Bernice announced we were to go to "assembly" in the auditorium. I was so afraid and didn't know what was going on so I took my tablet and pencil with me. Soon, I got adjusted and loved school. I enjoyed it so

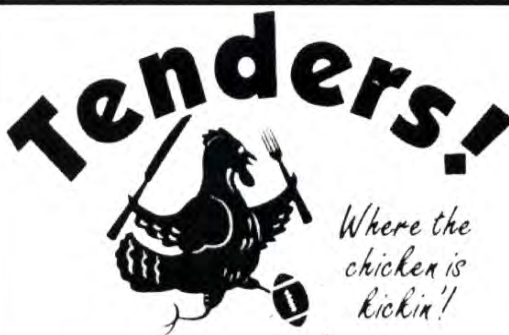
much that if I had to miss, I cried. One time when I got sick, my folks didn't wake me until the school bus had gone. I sure was upset. There was a pretty black-haired girl in my class, Margaret Ann Brown. Her folks were in better circumstances than we were. One day the teacher had some lovely dresses that were hand-me-downs of Margaret Ann's. She was giving them to members of the class who needed them. I sure did want one, but I didn't get one.

In those days, the women teachers dressed nicely, with proper shoes and stockings and the men wore suits and ties. C.H. Kirkpatrick was the principal at Paint Rock School and during recess, we could sometimes hear him singing, "MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE." Lela Mae Whitaker was my 2nd grade teacher, (her husband, Roy was the Postmaster). 3rd, Alice Marian Henslee, 4th, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, 5th & 6th, Esley Flanagan (2 classes, we met in the auditorium), 7th & 8th, I don't remember. I still have 11 of my report cards in my bank's safe deposit box.

In the 9th grade, I transferred to Woodville School, some went to Gurley, but the bus didn't run to Gurley (Madison County). My 9th grade teacher at Woodville (MH Jones) didn't give my report card back and I'm sure it burned when Woodville School burned December 1, 1948. Paint Rock School closed 7th, 8th and 9th grades and was an elementary school only in the spring of 1947. I don't know what year the old school was torn down. Mrs. Esley told us "Now if you will be quiet and do your work, I will read to you after lunch." (There was no lunchroom.)

We ate what we brought from home and some kids didn't have anything to bring. She told us about the characters in the first 5 books of the Bible and made it feel like you were there with them. We especially enjoyed the story of Joseph, his ancestors and descendants. She read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The little shepherd of Kingdom Come" plus others.

At one time, the teachers got up a small band with small horns and drums, etc. and I really enjoyed that. In each room, there was a large Warm Morning heater. I don't remember anybody ever getting burned on them. But it's a surprise, they didn't. The janitor, Felix Rousseau, was supposed to keep the coal scuttles filled. Sometimes



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the older boys would go outside to fill the scuttle, probably just to get out of class. There was a water fountain in the hall. At recess, we would line up to get a drink. The floor was always wet and slippery. The wooden floors were cleaned with some oily substance. We had outdoor rest rooms with wooden walls with an opening at each end, one for the girls and one for the boys.

The teachers would have 1 or 2 plays on the stage each year. They would have them at night and charge admission. I usually was picked to be in them, because my mother could sew and my costumes would have to be made. In 2nd grade I was a green bean in MR. MCGREGOR'S GARDEN. Then later, I was Mama Bear in the story of "THE THREE BEARS".

World War II was going on and material to make costumes was scarce. The teachers bought white flannel (we called it Outing) material and they provided the brown dye. My mom had to dye the white material brown for my costume and they provided me with a bear face. The suit was made like pajamas with feet.

In those days we started school in July and then school closed for 6 weeks for cotton-picking. Most of the school kid's families raised cotton and needed the kids to pick the cotton. When we first moved there, we lived in a small 3-room house with a huge rock that was our front porch. One day, when we got off the bus, the house was empty. The chickens, mules and cows were all gone. Bill & Rena knew what was going on, but they didn't inform me, so I was a little frightened. Mom & Dad had moved about a mile away in a larger renter house. They had to wait until the other folks moved out.

There were 7 renter houses on Maxie Kennamore Williamson's farm. My dad, his brother, Uncle Hugh & Aunt Stella with their 8 children & my Grandpa, Grandma, their unmarried son, John and daughter, Grace always farmed together.

**"If you are going through Hell,
keep on going. Why would you
want to stop in Hell?"**

Steve Harvey



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ONE MORE STORY ABOUT THE 123RD - THE LOST TANK

by L D Rogers

I have quite a few stories about the Army outfit I was in when President Kennedy sent us to Georgia. This one is kind of funny in a way.

When we got our orders to go to Fort Stewart, Georgia we had to pack everything in the armory including our tanks. We had sixteen M48 Patton tanks that we had to get ready to ship to Georgia. Lucky for us there was a rail track that was very close to our armory. It was easy for the railroad workers to load our tanks on flat cars and get them chained down. Then the train left for Fort Stewart.

Most of us drove our own cars to Fort Stewart. I had a 1956 Oldsmobile and a 1953 Plymouth so I took the Plymouth and left the Oldsmobile for the wife and kids. I made it and checked in at the proper barracks for our outfit. I was ready the next morning for reveille.

When I got to the orderly room that morning everyone there was upset. I couldn't figure out what was wrong so I asked the first sergeant what was going on. He said when the train arrived with our tanks one of them was missing. It looked like one hadn't been tied down well or the tank was in neutral and it broke the chains and rolled off the flatcar.

Just then an MP came into the office and said our tank had been found in a corn field by a farmer. That solved the mystery of what happened to the tank so we got in the car with the MP and off we went to the corn field.

Sure enough when we got to the



This is an M48 Patton tank like the one lost in the corn field

corn field there it sat big as day. We looked it over and there didn't seem to be any damage. Looked like a couple of the chains that were holding it on the flatcar came loose and it was left in neutral. Thankfully it didn't do any damage or hurt anyone when it came off.

It was decided the best thing to do was for the tank crew to come and get it out of the corn field. The farmer said it didn't harm too much of the corn. All he wanted was to have his picture made sitting on the tank. The tank crew came and loaded it on a flatbed trailer and took it on to Fort Stewart. Everything worked out, no harm, no foul.

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Before The Depression

by Newman Ward
in 2010

I remember one period in Huntsville around 1926 when all the rage with the kids was speaking Pig Latin. They seemed to think that it was their secret way to communicate with each other. It was pretty much a secret to me for a while, as no one bothered to explain how to do it. It is really pretty simple. Take a word like "happy" and move the first letter H to the end of the word, and add AY after it, thus 'happy' becomes 'appyhay' and 'day' would become 'ay-day.', etc.

Well, Pig Latin faded in and faded out and it seems that no harm was done, so that was O. K. It was 'unfay' while it 'astedlay.'

Before paving, West Clinton Street and Pike Street used to be muddy messes. They looked like the streets in Western movies, deep in mud. In dry weather, cars used to race, maybe even 25 or 30 miles an hour, so a speed bump was built just north of J.C. Brown's corner.

I remember seeing cars going fast, hitting the bump, then bouncing straight up in the air about a foot or so. Our first traffic light in West Huntsville was at Brown's Grocery corner, Pike Street and 8th Avenue. It was said to have cost \$500 and it was a modern day wonder, a sight to behold.

Doc Champion's Drug Store was across Pike Street from Brown's store. One day I bought a pack of cigarettes, charged it to Daddy and thought that I would learn to smoke. I was about 8 and made myself so sick that I've never smoked since. I've been talked into trying chewing tobacco too, but it also made me pretty sick.

Now at age 87 my lungs and everything else are very thankful.

When Champion's Drug Store closed, George Savas cafe moved

from downtown Huntsville into the drug store space to become west Huntsville's first restaurant. I was offered my first full time job there at \$4 a week with meals. However, I was working super-relief for some movie projectionists at 75 cents an hour and turned down the cafe job.

About this time, Doc Stanley opened a drug store next to Brown's store. He had circulars distributed that invited people to come by for a free ice cream cone. They were usually a nickel. Boy, was that a mistake for Doc. In the Depression a nickel seemed like five or ten dollars today. The response was staggering. So many people crowded into the small store wanting ice cream that they began pushing the fountain and had Doc backed up against the wall. So Doc Stanley had to lock the doors and cancel the free ice cream.

A distribution of circulars by Fowler Brothers Clothing Store was also a big fiasco. The circulars stated that the store was closing, and that the circulars would be good for 60 cents in trade. As you might guess, you couldn't move through the crowd. Some people were picking up small items and tearing up the circulars, saying that they were even.

Sometimes small airplanes would fly over and drop Baby Ruth candy bars or other items with little parachutes. You can't imagine the rush to grab one. Because these planes were about the only ones we ever saw, any airplane noise brought everybody out of the house.

You really would have had to experience a long, bad Depression to appreciate what people went through. For our family and lots of other mill families, the Depression started early. Mr. Tracey Pratt owned the West Huntsville Cotton Mill, and when he died in 1928 no one took his place to keep the Mill going. Our family and so many others were out of work. The Depression began the next year, and then nearly everyone was out of work.

We owe so much to President Roosevelt for getting the country going again. The Works Progress Administration (WPA), and the Civilian Conservation Corp (CCC), and other such agencies, along with surplus food distribution, were like gifts from Heaven. Come to think of it, wouldn't be a bad idea to start them up again.



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SAVING CHLOE



by Lisa Abend

August 31, 2003 was a day that changed the lives of my husband, the kids and me. That was the day we found 6-month-old puppy Chloe. We found her trying to get off a highway after she had been hit by a car. We stopped to help and little did we know just what we were getting ourselves into.

After rushing her to a Veterinary hospital we found that we had a difficult choice to make. We could either take on full responsibility for the dog (which would include an estimated veterinary bill of somewhere around \$1,000, or we could relinquish her to animal control. With tears in our eyes we had to let the local animal control take over.

But, the story didn't stop there. Over the next few days, I stayed in contact with animal control to find out the status of this beautiful little dog who had stolen my heart out on that highway. I ended up finding out that the only injury she had from her accident was a broken front leg.

Still, the veterinary bills were being estimated at far more money than my husband and I could afford, because on top of the broken leg she was found to be suffering from kennel cough, intestinal worms and Lyme disease. That was when I started looking at my other options.

I quickly learned the undeniable truth that many "no-kill" organizations just don't have the funding to take on the responsibility or an injured animal. Across the country there are thousands of animals a year that get put down and can't be saved that are completely healthy. Most organizations just can't realistically pass over a bunch of healthy animals in order to fund the care of a sick one. Also, when most people decide to adopt a new pet, they don't want to take on the responsibilities associated with a sick or injured animal, when they have many other healthy animals to choose from.

This poor dog was quickly put on the un-adoptable list at the animal control facility and was slated to be put down.

I knew that if I didn't do something, she was going to die. I had looked at many options and had not yet found an answer when it came down to the last 48 hours before Chloe was to die. It was then that a co-worker suggested I send out an office-wide email telling the story of this dog and asking for any help that I could get. I was desperate enough to save Chloe, so I did just that.

Within just a few hours I had more than enough money to take care of her bills and ultimately save her life. Just hours before she was going to be put down, my husband and I went into animal control with the money and paperwork needed to adopt this beautiful dog. At the time, we were just planning on adopting her in order to save her from being put down and then we would look for a permanent home for her when she was healthier. We never thought we would keep her.

On September 30, 2003, nearly 4 weeks after we had found Chloe on the highway, my husband and I brought her home. That day was also the day that Hurricane Isabel came through where we live, and "Hurricane" Chloe stepped into our lives for good.

Before all of this happened, I was never really one to want a dog. I actually never had one before and now I can't imagine life without her. I never thought that I could feel such intense love for a little dog, but adopting Chloe has changed my husband, our kids and me. She has brought a light into our home that is indescribable.

The joy that she brings us is immeasurable and we would go through everything all over again. How lucky we are to have her for her lifetime.

"When the neighbors play their rock & roll music too loud, I like to go over there and dance naked. Shuts them down pretty quick."

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My Experience at the SnuffDippers' Ball

by Malcolm Miller



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

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

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

that night. Music was my love and I loved this type of music.

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

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

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

I would venture to say that Monte Crowder made more money playing music in Huntsville than anyone before or since. He only worked one night a week for between thirty and forty years paying for his home on Washington Street and a farm in Tennessee. There will never be another like Monte Sano Crowder and I feel proud that he considered me a good friend.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO OUR WRITERS,
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"Thousands of years ago, cats were worshipped as gods. They have never forgotten this."

Laura Griffin, Huntsville

SWEET HOME ALABAMA

by Elizabeth Wharry



We moved here from Kansas in 2009. I wasn't sure what life would be like here, vs. Kansas. I made up my mind that I would be open to the changes that moving to a new area brings.

The most noticeable change was dietary. Biscuits and gravy was rather

unfamiliar. Being sensitive to gluten, I was somewhat reluctant to try it. I found out why everyone pours so much gravy on the biscuits. It keeps the biscuits from floating away! The sweet tea, or is that sweettea?, was much sweeter than the iced tea I was used to.

Fried green tomatoes? Wow! What a wonderful comfort food! I limit myself to eating them once or twice a year. They are definitely indescribably delicious! I could probably write an entire article on the food here.

The Southern hospitality has certainly lived up to its reputation. In Kansas, a gentleman would either tip his hat or nod to a lady. Here, a gentleman will nod, tip his hat and say "how do". At first, I felt awkward about the greeting. Not any more. It's as familiar as the blue

skies.

The biggest adjustment and challenge was the fast speech and the accent. I was used to a slower way of talking, and a flat accent. I would ask folks if they would please repeat themselves a bit slower. Something I very much appreciate.

Our first winter here was a real shock. Sunny skies, somewhat chilly temperatures, a light frost in the morning, and no snow!

Even now, somewhere around late November, I get an urge to pull out my heavy winter outerwear. I keep reminding myself that it isn't necessary all winter.

Would we ever go back to Kansas? Only to visit friends or a vacation. I wouldn't want to live anywhere else, but my adopted state of sweet home Alabama!

Happy Valentine's day!

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Valentine Love for your Pup



Nothing says "I Love You" like a new Kong toy filled with peanut butter or an afternoon on your lap while you watch TV. Do things to show them we value them as part of our family. So read on for some fun and thoughtful ways to celebrate your love for your canine companion this Valentine's Day.

1. What dog doesn't love a treat? Fabulous treats are available to order online, from cakes and cookies to "doggie wine" (broth in a bottle). Or find some recipes and bake treats right in your kitchen (your dog will most likely be right there with you, waiting). Make sure these items are made in the U.S.A.

2. Surprise him with an extra walk, or a trip to his favorite dog park or trail — especially if you haven't been there for a while.

3. Read any good dog books lately? Curl up together on the couch with a book or a great dog movie. Together time is precious, and often hard to find with our busy schedules. He'll love the attention.

4. Does he need a new coat to keep warm this winter, or a nice new collar or bandana? Add a pretty charm to his collar, with your address and phone number. It's a good idea to put the pet's name on the collar as well. This should be in addition to the chip mentioned in Item 10.

5. Healthy teeth and gums help keep your whole dog healthy. Consider a dental check-up with your vet, and have her show you how to brush your dog's teeth. Be sure to get the special paste made for dogs (human toothpaste is toxic to pets). February is National Pet Dental Health Month, after all.

6. How about a day at the spa to make him feel special? Many options are available, like do-it-yourself facilities in pet stores, specialty salons and even mobile grooming vans that come right to your house.

7. Get him a new toy, make a big deal of opening it and then play with him. Lots of Valentine-themed toys are available, or buy a new Kong, fill it with peanut butter, and watch the happiness unfold. By the way, when you buy Kong, get the special cleaning brush that goes with it; otherwise you'll never get that peanut butter residue out.

8. Many pet owners forget to check their pet's beds when doing laundry. He might need his bed washed before putting that new toy or treat on it and he'll love it if the washing and drying fluffs it up a bit.

9. If you have a disaster preparedness kit for your family make sure you have one for your pets.

10. Make sure your pet is micro-chipped with your current up to date information - this is one of the best ways to ensure you will be reunited if you and your pet become separated or he gets lost.

11. Take your pet with you when you go to the bank, drive-in restaurants, pet stores, etc. - many banks have dog biscuits for their canine customers and your friend will start to look forward to these trips.

12. Leave a legacy by making a donation in his name to an animal rescue group or shelter. Check around and find the organization that feels right to the two of you.

13. Many pet-oriented websites have opportunities for you to post a photo or story about your pet. Consider posting something to share the love you have for your special friend with all the world.

Happy Valentines Day!

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*From the Desk of
Tom Carney*

The Brother-In-Law

by Tom Carney

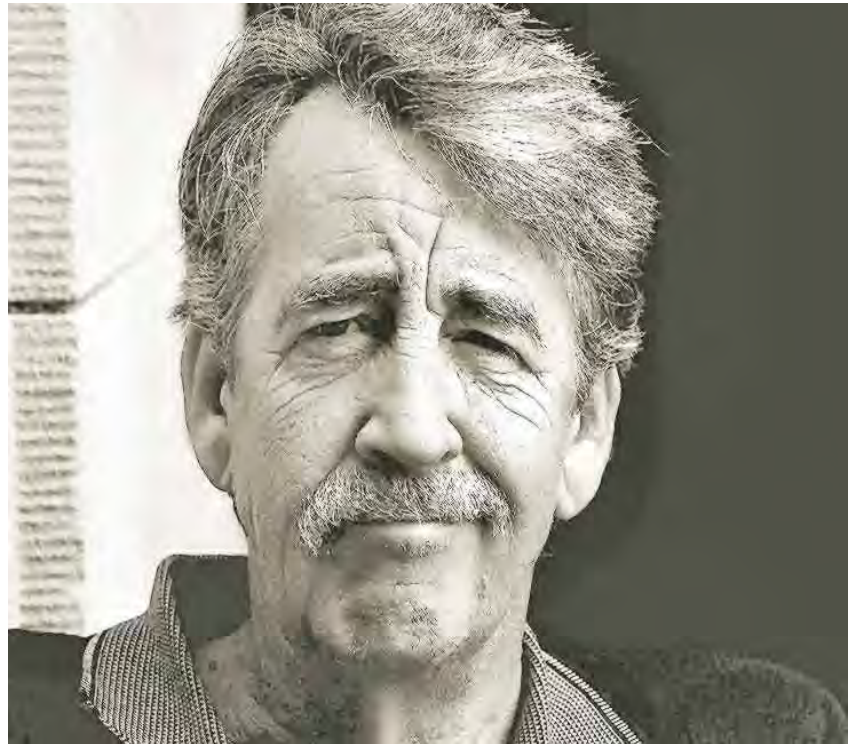
The period following the Civil War was an era of wishful reminiscing. Families whose names and fortunes were intertwined with our country's history were reduced to the status of common laborers upon the collapse of the Confederacy.

For many of these people, the only source of pride left were their family names and the connections to other families they had built through marriages and friendships. While many people spent their whole lives boasting of their relationships, others, fearful of the consequences, remained silent.

Such was the case of David Humphrey Todd.

By the time David Todd moved to Huntsville in 1865 he had already lived an eventful life. Born in 1832 into a well respected Kentucky family, David was serving with the Kentucky Infantry during the war with Mexico, when he received word of his father's death from cholera. When one of David's brothers contested the probate of the Will, the once close family was torn asunder. Brothers, sisters, and cousins all refused to talk to one another. Complicating matters even more was the fact that his half sister's husband, an attorney, was selected to represent the other heirs while another member of the family represented David and his brothers.

The Will was eventually settled, with his brother-in-law winning, but the family had suffered a split from which they would never recover.



Whether out of resentment or longing for more adventure, when David received his discharge at the end of the war, he soon enlisted as a mercenary in an attempt to overthrow the Chilean government in South America. Not much is known about his exploits in Chile except that he barely escaped with his life by hiding on a ship leaving the country.

Strangely enough, though he spent the next several years in China, he was never able to escape the presence of his brother-in-law. As the years passed it seemed as if more and more

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people associated him with the young attorney who was gaining a national stature.

At the beginning of the Civil War, David enlisted in the Confederate service as a Captain. By this time his brother-in-law had become one of the most hated people in the country so it is doubtful if David told anyone of his kinship. When David was erroneously reported killed during the battle of Vicksburg, it probably suited him well as he was finally out of the shadow of his notorious in-law.

David kept a low profile during the years after the war. He had married Susan Turner and was considered a leading citizen of Huntsville by all who knew him. His wife was a devout member of the Church of the Nativity and his home, on the northeast corner of Franklin and Gates, was a meeting place for many influential people of Madison County.

If there was anything odd about David Todd during these years, it was his obvious reluctance to talk about his family. Even many of his closest friends knew nothing about him except that he was an ex-Confederate soldier.

David Humphrey Todd died August 4, 1871 at his home here in Huntsville and was most likely buried in the Turner plot at Maple Hill Cemetery.

Ironically, the best selling book at the time of his death was a book about his despised brother-in-law ... "The Life of Abraham Lincoln."

"I keep my face from sagging by eating til the wrinkles fall out."

Sheila Bond, Woodville

Cheesy Potato Soup

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 sweet onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, chopped fine
- 3 c. potatoes, sliced thin
- 1 t. garlic powder
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 c. water
- 1 c. Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 3 c. milk
- 1/2 c. cream

Cook bacon in sauce pan til crisp. Remove, drain and keep for later. In the bacon grease, saute onions and carrots. Add water and potatoes and simmer til potatoes are tender. Add the seasonings and milk, heat to boiling point and add cream.

When serving, sprinkle the crumbled bacon and top with cheese. Perfect for these chilly nights.

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THE STORY OF HUNTSVILLE'S UPSIDE DOWN HILL

*by John Crow, originally published in
Old Huntsville Magazine in 1991*

The year was 1959. Fidel Castro became the Prime Minister of Cuba, "Tom Dooley" was a popular song, and I had come to Huntsville. My father and I were staying in a boarding house on Adams Street until he could close on a home and bring my mother and sisters down from Ohio. I had come down that summer with Dad to get squared away at Huntsville High for my pending junior year and to try out for the football team.

That summer I learned that Southern boys take their football seriously, that I resented being called a "Yankee" (I had lived most of my young life out West or in Tennessee). Through the auspices of my soon-to-be best friend, I discovered what surely must be one of the all time great mysteries of the universe.

"Minus" Mullins was the football team manager. We called him "Minus" because at that time he was so small. His real name was Bob and he had sort of an impish, con-man quality about him. He was always cooking up some scheme or another designed to make a quick buck.

Well one day after practice we were sitting around at Gibson's BBQ drinking iced tea. I forget exactly how the conversation got started but I was telling Bob about some of the wonders I had seen in my travels out West. Bob got this sort of far away look in his eye, hunkered over closer to me, and in a low, serious voice said, "John, I bet you a dollar that I can show you a wonder right here in Huntsville, Alabama that you'll have to agree is the greatest wonder you've ever seen."

I'll have to admit I was pretty leery of what was taking shape but I could tell Bob was serious and that look in his eye was downright scary. I figured I couldn't lose and I was awfully curious. "OK, show me," I said, a little smugly.

We got in his '58 Chevy and headed north on the Parkway and took a right on Governor's Drive. We headed toward the mountain and then veered left onto Big Cove Road. Now you have to remember that back then the area around the Big Cove turnoff was mostly rolling, sloping, grass-covered hills and the traffic wasn't anything like it is now.

We traveled up Big Cove just a little way, it seems, then Bob started to slow down. He began looking from side-to-side, then stopped, backed up a little, then stopped again. He put the car in neutral and with his foot still on the brake said, "We're on a hill going up, right?" Well we were definitely on a hill, granted the spot where we were at was not a particularly steep grade, but it was definitely a hill.

"Bob, you know darn well we're on a hill."

"OK," he said, "When I let my foot off the brake we'll start to roll back down the hill, right?" "Right," I said, not hiding my smirk. Bob let his foot off the brake, and I swear, instead of rolling backwards down the hill, the car rolled up the hill for a short distance, then came to a stop.

"Whoa, do that again!!" I said. Bob put the Chevy in gear and backed up (down) the hill a short distance, then repeated the performance.

OUR ADVERTISERS KEEP "OLD HUNTSVILLE" GOING.

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"Bob, that's the strangest thing I've ever experienced." "Yeah, it's weird alright. Let me show you something."

He reached over and opened the glove compartment and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "Read that," he said. I unfolded what appeared to be a piece of an old comic strip section from a Sunday newspaper. Someone had written a date on it that now was very faded, nineteen fifty something.

When I read it I could feel the hair on the back of my neck start to rise. It was a very old "Ripley's Believe it or Not" strip. You remember when it was in color in the Sunday comics. Well it showed this car on a hill and a man scratching his head and little question marks coming from his head and said something about the upside-down hill in Huntsville, Alabama.

"Bob," I said, "This is really something. Imagine, we're on a spot in 'Ripley's'."

"Yeah," Bob answered, "Don't it beat all you've ever seen?"

"It sure does," I replied. Then I saw his eyes light up and he said, "John, you owe me a buck."

Well, I begrudgingly paid Bob and armed with a marble and a carpenter's level, all that summer I'd go back and try to unravel the mystery of the upside-down hill. I never could figure it out. I do know that the level would show "down" but the marble would roll "up".

I had forgotten about this incident until a couple of weeks ago when I was thinking about my old friend. Bob's been dead over twenty years now. Little did we know that summer would be one of the few left when we still had our adolescent innocence.

The sixties, Nam, the seventies, careers, family, all the changes and stresses of adult-

hood, almost caused me to forget that first summer in Huntsville.

I guess in memory of old Bob "Minus" Mullins I tried to find that spot on Big Cove the other day. I can tell you this, if you try to stop your car on Big Cove Road today the odds are you'll get run over, and to walk around there with a marble and a level in your hand is just plain suicide. I've never again found that spot where down is up. I sure would like to, though.

I'd also like to know more about the "upside-down hill" and its history. Perhaps one of you gentle readers out there could let "Old Huntsville" know. I would be grateful. There's a new generation out there that could use a simple wonder to marvel at.

The phrase that is guaranteed to wake up a church audience:
"And now... in conclusion..."

Hot Mexican Corn

2 T. butter
1/2 c. minced green pepper
1/4 c. minced red pepper
3 T. minced onion
3 T. minced pimento
1/2 c. water
1 t. onion powder
1/2 t. cayenne pepper
2 c. cooked shoepeg corn (or yellow, if preferred)
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter in a saucepan over medium heat, add your pepper and onion. Cook about 10 minutes, til tender. Add the remaining ingredients and heat through. Perfect cold weather side for any dish.



ROCKY

Hello, my name is Rocky. I am a two and a half year old Cur mixed breed dog. I am here at the Ark Animal Shelter with my brother Oscar who looks a lot like me. We have had all our shots and been neutered and micro-chipped. We are both quite shy but we are sweet dogs with friendly personalities. I get over my shyness when I get to know the people who spend time with me and I like to play with other dogs.

One of the volunteers has taken me home for the weekend with her and her family and reported back that I am house trained and have very good manners. I have a lot of energy and love to go for walks and love to run and play.

My biggest wish is to have a family of my own in a home where I can relax and have my own comfy bed to sleep in and yard to play in. Please consider coming to the Ark to see me and spend some time with me. You will be glad you did because I will

show you how affectionate and sweet I am. Won't you come and get to know me? Please consider coming to the Ark Animal Shelter and ask to see Rocky, that's me!

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Old Irish Superstitions



* If someone stumbles at a grave it is considered a bad omen. If you fall and touch the ground you will most likely die by the end of the year.

* If the nearest relative touches the hand of a corpse it will shout out a wild cry if not quite dead.

* A crowing hen, a whistling girl and a black cat are considered very unlucky. Beware of them in your home.

* A sick person's bed must be placed north and south and not cross ways.

* An iron ring worn on the fourth finger will ward off rheumatism.

* Drinking boiled down carrot juice will purify the blood.

* It's very unlucky to ask a man on his way to fish where he is going. Many would turn back knowing it was an evil spell.

* It is good to meet a white lamb in the early morning with the sunlight on its face.

* The spirit of the dead last buried has to watch in the churchyard until another corpse is buried. Duties include carrying water for the dead that are waiting in Purgatory. This keeps them very busy. Purgatory is a very hot place. This superstition has been known to cause fights when two funeral processions try to enter the same churchyard at the same time. No one wants their loved one to be the last buried and have to perform these duties.

* It is very unlucky to accept a lock of hair from a lover.

* If you want a person to win at cards, put a crooked pin in his coat.

* If the palm of your hand itches you will be coming into money. If it's your elbow you will be changing beds. If your ear itches and it is red and hot, someone is speaking badly of you.

* If you want to know the name of the person you are to marry, put a snail on a plate sprinkled with flour. Cover the plate and leave it overnight. In the morning the initial of the person will be on the plate, traced by the snail.

* Do not turn off a light while people are dining. If you do there will be one less at the table before the year is out.

* Whoever kills a robin redbreast will never have good luck, even if he lives to be a hundred years old. This is a worldwide superstition.

* If you are chased at night by an evil spirit, try to get to a stream of running water. If you can cross it no evil spirit will be able to follow.

* Plant rosemary near your front door to keep evil away. Through the ages, rosemary has been regarded by the Irish as well as many different cultures as a magical herb for protection.

* Don't enter one door and exit out another (for instance, entering through the front door and exiting out the back). It's believed that this removes the luck from the home.

* When you're making Irish soda bread, mark it with a "cross" to let the devil out!

"A little lemon and soda water will remove those pesky ink stains after you've been finger-printed."

Martha Stewart



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

ALL OF GOD'S CREATURES



by Cathey Carney

He was struggling for life when she found him - a very small bird in a very large pond. He was just a baby, a little brown bird with a yellow beak, completely submerged in water except for one eye and part of his beak. After she scooped him out of the water he was very still in her hand, though one eye was half opened.

She cradled the limp being in her hands, trying to support the tiny head. The warmth of her hands gradually revived him somewhat. Occasionally, he would open his eyes and look at the giant who was now patting his feathers with her blouse. "Come on, little bird," she thought to him, "You can do it."

As he tried to right himself, all he could manage was to flex his feet slowly, one at a time. His one eye was still closed.

Soon the warmth of the sun began drying his feathers, and he lifted his head. Wrapping each foot securely around her finger, he began to rock back and forth, slowly, weakly at first then a little stronger.

He was able to open both eyes now, and was getting a bit stronger. It was a warm breezy day, as she

sat quietly in the sun with the little sparrow. The back courtyard was a haven for birds of all kinds, feasting on seeds, nuts and fruit. That's how the bird had run into trouble in the first place, balancing on the fountain and trying to get a drink of water.

By now the baby, fully dried and no longer shivering, had traveled from his place on the her chest to her neck - he seemed to like her hair and nestled there, listening intently to the chirping of the other birds. The sun was warming him and drying him off a bit.

She kissed the tip of his little yellow beak and he seemed surprised but allowed it. "I'm happy you are doing better," she thought. "You were almost gone."

She lifted him from underneath her hair and he looked up at her from his perch on her finger, tried out his wings, then was gone. She watched him fly from branch to branch of a small tree in the courtyard. "Watch out for cats, little bird," she

said. "And ponds."

Maybe it was her imagination, but as she turned to go into the house, it seemed as if the birds were singing much louder than normal.

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- The Huntsville Historical Review, the Historic Huntsville Quarterly, Valley Leaves and the Madison County Bicentennial Bookshelf.
- Audio and other stories by some of Huntsville's best storytellers.

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

ONE LUCKY LADY

by Anna Lee

My friend Betsy, at the age of 70, is an unusually lucky person. Good Fortune often smiles on her, and it is A LOT.

As a child growing up in a town with lots of her relatives, including 30 first cousins, she was the one who would plunk down a quarter at the county fair and win a stuffed bear. As a teenager, she often won the door prize at school events.

These days, at a charity shindig she often makes the high bid for some items at the silent auction. At a party, she's the one who gets to take home the floral centerpiece. Recently, at a meeting of an organization she belongs to, she won free membership for a year.

She didn't NEED a new cell phone, but she got one. When her carrier discontinued supporting her current version, they gave her another one, with more advanced features, absolutely free.

Yesterday she was walking around downtown and noticed some money on the sidewalk. She picked it up; \$16 and no one around who might have lost it. She took it, pondered her good luck and then donated it in a Salvation Army container.

Today at a meeting of her women's club, she won two gifts AND the door prize. For her, that's not unusual. She says when a prize is about to be announced, she often automatically stands up because there's a better-than-average chance she will win. And she often does.

Last week she joined me to play Bingo at the Senior Center for her first time. At only the third game, she won a nice prize. I was surprised but should not have been. She IS usually a winner.

With all this good luck, Betsy is generous. She shares her good fortune with friends and family. Winning two boxes of candy? She will give one of them to her son. Getting free passes to

a movie? She will give one to a friend.

Of course, not all her luck is good. She suffered greatly when her husband of 40 years left her for another woman, his old girlfriend, after they reconnected at their high school reunion. Betsy managed, however, to keep her sanity, handled it well and eventually received a hefty settlement that made her a millionaire several times over.

So, all in all, on most days, Betsy thoroughly enjoys being a Very Lucky Lady!

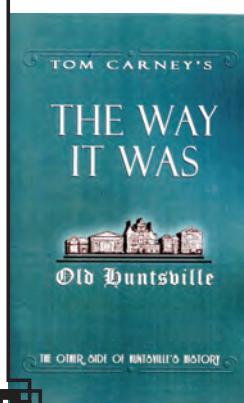
Bad Stomach Cramps?

If you 've got painful stomach cramps, take a pint of warm water, sweeten it with honey and put in a teaspoon of Cayenne. Drink freely, at the same time heat the feet by the fire if the nights are cool, or put them in warm water.

BY TOM CARNEY

"THE WAY IT WAS,"

THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY



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The Rest of the Story Has Been Told



by David Prather,
Assistant Editorial
page editor,
Huntsville Times

2009

We rightfully extol substance over style but sometimes that's a questionable decision. John Wayne made some great movies, but even his bad ones captivate us with his mere presence. Paul Harvey may not have been the most incisive newscaster of all times, but he certainly was radio's foremost voice.

Harvey died last weekend, on February 28, 2009 at age 90. That saddens even someone like me who thought he was dead wrong about praising Sen. Joe McCarthy or originally supporting the reasons for sending my generation to Vietnam. (He famously changed his tune on Vietnam in 1970.)

For another Huntsvillian, Tom Carney, Harvey's death was more personal. Tom, who with his wife, Carney, publishes the Old Huntsville historical magazine, once wrote for Harvey.

Before we get to Tom's recollections, younger folks need to understand what a phenomenon Harvey was during his heyday - whose peak was probably in the late '70s through the '80s - and how he revolutionized radio.

Harvey blended the news and salesmanship - his only electronic media peer in the sales game was Arthur Godfrey, who few remember now - and he had an eye for the bizarre human-interest story that was unerring.

Carney's first sale to Harvey was about the "Battle of Huntsville" in 1813. Rumors of an Indian attack prompted all but six residents to leave. Those folks barricaded themselves in the courthouse, then started passing a jug of refreshment to fortify their courage. When Andrew Jackson arrived the next day, he found the town severely damaged - by the drunken oafs, not by any Indians.

Carney sold other stories to Harvey, including one about the downtown panhandler who carried a sign saying "I don't want to work; I just want your money" and was often called by Harvey who had espied wire reports of stories in nearby areas he wanted Carney to check out. Which Carney did, because Harvey paid well and promptly.

Also, "He was an absolutely nice person," said Carney, who dealt largely with Harvey's wife, Lynne. She, who died less than a year ago, was Harvey's producer and as important to his broadcast success as Harvey's magnificent voice and presentation.

Harvey was of the conservative bent, but quite different from the nattering nabobs of noisemaking who occupy talk radio these days.

For one thing, Carney remembers, Harvey was an absolute stickler when it came to research.

For another, he wasn't mean. One can't imagine, for example, Harvey wishing aloud for a president to fail or letting someone use his Web site to have folks vote for which type of revolution in this country they'd prefer.

Folks of a certain age I've talked to around here remember

listening to Harvey on WDRM or WBHP. Listen they did, particularly to his "The Rest of the Story" show that differed from his lunchtime newscast.

The Huntsville News carried his column for years and, when it ceased publication The Huntsville Times picked up Harvey for a brief spell until he basically stopped writing it.

I didn't read his column much, but I never changed the radio channel - even when Harvey was saying something I disagreed with. He was too much of a charmer to cast aside.

Yet the words I will always remember most from Harvey didn't make The Associated Press story I read this weekend.

That would be his famous closing, which was the same but somehow different each time. I hope they are on his tombstone:

"Paul Harvey....
"...good day!"

Brown Bread Pudding

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

Soak bread pieces in half a cup of the milk for about 20 minutes, then make a custard of the rest of the milk, eggs, and maple sugar by just cooking them together over medium heat til thickened.

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



HUNTSVILLE HISTORY THROUGHOUT THE YEARS



In the late 1940s, Washington Street was one of the main shopping areas for Huntsville's citizens. Saturdays would find the street crowded with shoppers, movie patrons and even sidewalk preachers.

A&P grocery store advertised coffee for 44 cents a pound and milk for 21 cents a quart. A few blocks away a full service gas station sold gasoline for 21 cents a gallon.

People were amazed when Jack Chambers purchased the first television set in Huntsville. Out in the county the first cotton-picking machine was demonstrated and Gurley experienced a devastating fire that burned five businesses in its downtown district.

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