



No. 402

August 2026



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

VICTORY IN 1943



Also in this issue: Maysville General Store and Remembering Jean Berry; Monster Trucks in Athens, Alabama; Milam Memories; A Tribute to Dexter; Human Cucumber; History of Huntsville Country Club; Stories of Lisa; Your Butterfly Garden, Hot Spicy Summer Recipes and much much more!

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Kirby Jones Smith and MD IV
at 7 months old

Victory in 1943

by M. D. Smith, IV

My grandparents on my mother, Elizabeth's side, were the Jones. This is all my recollections, my grandparents and mother told me over the years, about their garden for the war effort.

"I don't do drugs. I get the same effect by just standing up too fast."

Casey Jenkins, Arab

The first shovelful of dirt was the hardest.

On a cool March morning in 1943, Mr. Kirby Henderson (Casey) Jones stood in the backyard of his home at 2924 Surrey Road in Mountain Brook, Alabama, staring at a stretch of grass that had taken years to establish. It was thick, green, and neatly trimmed. In peacetime, it would have been a source of pride.

But 1943 was not peacetime.

Across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, millions of men fought and died. American troops were battling in North Africa, preparing for future invasions in Europe, and fighting island by island against the Japanese.

The government had a message for every citizen:

"Plant a Victory Garden."

Food grown at home meant more commercially produced food could be shipped overseas to soldiers and allies. Also, there were fewer young men on the farms because they had all gone to war.

Casey drove the shovel into the ground. His wife, Mamie, folded her arms and sighed.

"There goes the prettiest grass in Mountain Brook."

Casey grinned. "I'd rather grow tomatoes than grass."

Elizabeth, their twelve year old daughter, practically bounced with excitement.

"We can grow corn! And



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(in memory)

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beans! And watermelons!"

Mamie laughed.

"Let's see if we can grow anything first."

The three of them spent every spare afternoon and evening turning sod. It was exhausting work. Roots tangled beneath the surface. Alabama clay resisted every shovel. Fertilizer needed. Blisters appeared on Casey's hands.

Elizabeth developed a contest with herself. Each wheelbarrow load of grass removed represented "one Japanese submarine sunk." By summer she claimed to have sunk over two hundred. Nobody argued.

The garden slowly emerged. Rows of tomatoes. Pole beans. Sweet corn. Okra. Peppers. Carrots. Onions. Squash. Sweet potatoes.

Mamie insisted on planting herbs. "We still need flavor during a war."

The garden became a family mission. Every morning before work Casey inspected the rows. Every afternoon Elizabeth watered them. Every evening Mamie weeded.

At first everything seemed perfect. Then came the bugs. The cabbage worms arrived first.

Elizabeth discovered them chewing through leaves like tiny green soldiers invading enemy territory. "Look at them!" she cried. "They're eating everything!"

Casey frowned. "We'll pick them off."

For two days they did exactly that. Then grasshoppers arrived. Hundreds of them.

The insects descended like a plague, chewing leaves and stems. Elizabeth ran through the garden waving a towel. The grasshoppers barely noticed.

Mamie studied a government agriculture pamphlet. "Here."

"What?"

"It says chickens help."

Casey raised an eyebrow. "You want chickens?"

"I want vegetables. Besides, they'll lay eggs if we get hens." Within a week,

three hens occupied a small coop behind the garage.

Elizabeth named them Rosie, Eleanor and Bessie. With all the posters and signs she'd seen, she painted a wooden sign that said, "A Victory Flock for our Victory Garden."

The birds immediately began hunting bugs. Grasshoppers disappeared. Worm populations shrank. And every morning fresh eggs appeared. The hens became heroes.

Even Casey admitted it. Until they escaped and destroyed a row of lettuce.

Then they became temporary villains. The Jones family argued often that summer. The war weighed on everyone. Gasoline was rationed. Sugar was rationed. Coffee was rationed. Meat was rationed.

Processed canned goods such as commercially canned vegetables, soups, fruits and meats were often difficult to obtain because metal was needed for the war effort and transportation resources were stretched thin.

Every family carefully saved ration stamps. Every purchase required planning.



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"It's OK to sit on your pity pot every now and again. Just be sure and flush it when you are done."

Justin Smithey, Arab

Mamie sometimes worried constantly. One evening she spread ration books across the kitchen table. "We're running low again."

"We'll manage," Casey said. "I've got a good job at Alabama Brick and Tile. Everyone still needs bricks to build anything."

"That's easy for you to say."

"It's true."

"No, Casey. Every week something else becomes scarce."

The argument grew heated.

Elizabeth quietly carried dishes to the sink while her parents exchanged sharp words. She'd learned not to ever get in the middle her parent's arguments.

Later that night she heard them apologizing. Their tones became soft and loving again. The war was affecting everyone. Even good people.

At school, Elizabeth threw herself into patriotic projects. The students collected newspapers for paper drives. They gathered scrap rubber. Old tires. Metal cookware. Broken machinery. Anything useful.

One Saturday the school filled three giant trucks with scrap metal. Elizabeth proudly contributed an old wagon missing two wheels.

"Every little bit helps," her teacher said.

Elizabeth believed it. She believed America would win. She believed her garden would grow. She believed almost everything. That optimism helped hold the family together.

Then came the deer. The creature appeared one night in July. A large buck. Hungry.

By dawn half the bean crop was gone. Tomato plants had been trampled. Corn stalks leaned sideways.

Mamie nearly cried.

Casey nearly exploded. "I worked three months for this!"

The deer returned twice more. Each visit brought de-

struction. The family tried everything.

Tin cans hanging from strings. Noise makers. Lanterns.

Nothing worked.

Finally, Casey built a tall fence from salvaged materials. Elizabeth helped hammer boards into place. The fence wasn't pretty. But it worked. The deer moved elsewhere.

By late summer the garden exploded with abundance. Tomatoes hung heavy on vines. Corn stood taller than Elizabeth. Squash piled in baskets. Beans overflowed buckets.

The problem shifted from growing food to preserving it. Mamie transformed the kitchen into a canning factory. Steam filled the house. Glass jars covered every available surface. Tomatoes. Green beans. Carrots. Corn. Peaches purchased from a nearby farmer.

Everything went into jars. Elizabeth sterilized lids. Casey tightened rings.

Mamie supervised the operation like a military commander.

"Careful with those jars!"

"Yes, ma'am."

By September basement shelves filled with food. Dozens became hundreds. The pantry glowed with rows of preserved vegetables.

The family also traded surplus produce. Extra tomatoes became flour. Beans became honey. Eggs became soap. Neighbors helped neighbors. The war created hardship, but it also created community. One evening the family gathered around the radio.

News from the Pacific filled the room. Japanese forces still fought fiercely. Rumors circulated constantly.

Some people feared attacks on the West Coast. Others worried about submarines in American waters. Blackout precautions were discussed in many coastal communities.

Though Alabama was far from invasion, uncertainty lingered everywhere. Elizabeth listened carefully. Then she looked toward the pantry.

"So our vegetables help soldiers too?"

Casey nodded.

"They do. Because what we



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didn't have to buy at the store, our boys overseas got and keep getting."

"Even if it's just a little?"

"Especially if it's just a little from us. But think about the entire country."

Elizabeth smiled. That answer satisfied her.

As autumn arrived, the garden slowed. Leaves yellowed. Vines withered. The first cold mornings appeared. Turnip greens didn't care.

Standing in the backyard one evening, the Jones family surveyed their accomplishment.

The former lawn had become something entirely different. Something useful. Something important.

Casey placed an arm around Mamie's shoulders. "Looks like you were right."

Mamie smiled. "About what?"

"The chickens."

Elizabeth laughed. "I knew it."

The three hens pecked happily nearby, completely unaware of their contribution to national defense.

The family stood together, watching the sunset. The war still raged. Rationing would continue. Even the movies used plaster shaped like food and painted to save food. More sacrifices lay ahead. But they had done their part. Not on a battlefield. Not in a factory. Not aboard a ship.

But in a backyard in Mountain Brook, Alabama. Their Victory Garden had produced food, strengthened neighbors, eased rationing pressures, and given one optimistic twelve-year-old girl a way to believe she could help change the world.

And in 1943, that mattered. Sometimes victory began with a shovel, a packet of seeds, and the determination to turn a patch of grass into something far more valuable.

My mother, Elizabeth, now calling herself Kirby (her middle name), met my father, M.D. Smith III, in high school and married him the summer they graduated from college. I was born shortly thereafter, and I still remember all the canned vegetables and fruits my grandmother, Mamie, still made and shared with our family. I liked the jellies the most.



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Romantic Superstitions

from 1950 Honeymoon Handbook

According to superstition, of the luckiest things to find on a couple's wedding day is a spider in or on the bride's wedding dress. The spider on the wedding dress is a good omen and means that the couple will be happily married for years to come.

Why the spider was chosen as the harbinger of good fortune is unknown. It may have to do with the strong, beautiful webs they spin symbolizing a strong bond between spouses.

It could also have simply been a frantic fib in order to calm down panicked brides who found something with eight eyes peeking at them from the folds of their dress.

- Some believe that a woman who is able to cut her right-hand nails with her left hand will always wear the pants in her marriage.

- If you see a butterfly in your house it is a sign of a wedding to be, even if it is not planned yet.

- Should yarrow be plucked from a man's grave and placed under one's pillow at night, one's lover will appear in a dream.

- If you want to find out if your love is faithful to you, set fire to one of his/her letters to you. If the flame is high and light in color, the love will persist. If the flame is weak and blue, the love will soon come to a sad end.

- Nice knives are expensive, and most people would be delighted to be given a good set, especially if they enjoy cooking. According to superstition, however, accepting a knife as a gift is a terrible mistake. It might save your wallet, but it will doom your relationship. Accepting a gifted knife meant that your relationship would be severed, and you would be cut off from your partner.

- A single or unmarried girl should never sit at the corner of a table. If a girl sits at the corner of the table she will not marry for at least seven more years.

- Yellow flowers signify the end of a relationship or betrayal. It is a sign of bad luck and giving them to your loved one should be avoided at all costs. Interestingly enough, it always should be an odd number of flowers in

a bouquet. An even number of flowers is for funerals.

- If you accidentally step on your partner's foot, let them gently step on yours or the other way around. Thus you prevent a risk of a future conflict.

- A couple should not use the same towel to dry their hands or bodies. Doing that can bring major conflict.

- Never give a watch as a present to your partner. Watches and clocks are an omen of parting. It would also be a wise move not to give, as a present, a scarf (an omen of tears) or knives (omens of enemies).

- As a couple, do not bite the same apple, do not eat from the same spoon. It will cause arguments and bickering in the relationship.

- Girls proposed to at a dance and refuse will be very lucky.



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"I had to get rid of my husband, my cat was allergic to him."

Jenny Franklin, Huntsville

The Box

by Charles Flanders

Back many years ago, my wife Sue and her brothers Floyd and Bobby Frazier, and their wives Lee and Ruth Ann, had a mutual friend who sang in a Gospel quartet. Many times we would travel many miles just to hear him sing. The quartet was always great, but our friend always stood out in the crowd, as their tenor.

On one such trip, we had traveled north toward Tennessee. Finally after leaving the 4-lane, we turned onto a small 2-lane country road, then it turned into a gravel road and finally into a dirt road. Then we saw the small church sitting out in the middle of nowhere. Floyd jokingly said "I hope this isn't one of those snake handling churches." We all laughed and started making our way to the church.

Due to our being late, the only seats left were at the very back of the church. It was a full house, and the singing had already started. Bobby and I sat on the edge of the second row to the back, while the rest sat on the back row right behind us.

The singing was great, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. Then came half time, and the singers stopped for a break. The Preacher then went up on the stage and picked up a small wooden box, that we had noticed sitting on the stage. The box appeared to be about 24 inches long, about 8 inches wide, and about 12 inches high, with a wooden lid on it. The preacher started walking down the aisle with that box held on his shoulder, while preaching away. He kept getting closer and closer, when all of a sudden I remembered what Floyd had said about hoping this wasn't one of those snake handling churches.

My legs began to get weak, and I asked Bobby, who was sitting at the edge of the aisle next to me to let me out. He replied, "I can't."

So then, with the preacher, almost next to us, suddenly I tried to stand up and run

out the back door. But my legs were frozen, just as I found out later, so were Bobby's.

Then the preacher asked sister Leona to come forward and reach in the box for today's blessing. I just knew that we were about to see a woman being bitten by a rattlesnake. I could feel my heart beating out loud.

I closed my eyes and held my breath, as this soon to be dead lady reached in the box. Then the preacher thanked the lady for having pulled out a piece of paper that had a prayer request on it. The preacher then said that the box was full of prayer requests, but that there was only time for this one prayer at today's services. All of a sudden I could breathe again. I could hear Bobby give out a long sigh of relief.

After the service, as we were walking to our cars, our friend the singer joined up with us. He said he had noticed something peculiar about us, when the preacher was walking down the aisle, and that he too froze in his tracks when he saw the box.

**"I refuse to think of them as chin hairs.
They are just stray eyebrows."**

Sheila Cobb, Ardmore

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A Little History of the Huntsville Country Club

by Iolanda Hicks

As a much younger person of 18, I never thought much of that large building tucked behind a lined, wall of trees, on the corner of Oakwood and Pulaski Pike. I can remember when I got my first car, a manual Simca, I would drive everywhere in the city. Gas prices were around 29 cents a gallon at most gas stations.

Going west one day on Oakwood, I had to stop and wait for the red light to change at that intersection, Oakwood and Pulaski. Teetering on that hill, while trying to hold my car using clutch and brakes, I failed big time! Yep! The car rolled back, hitting the front of a Volkswagon behind me, the occupants not angry, but laughing their heads off!

My friend and passenger, Bonnie Ferguson, had joined in the laughter. What an embarrassing moment. Bonnie lived in the Sherwood neighborhood

off Oakwood and I was taking her home.

That is the first memory I had of the "visual" Huntsville Country Club!

A group of 15 founders bought the land that the country club now occupies, spring of 1925. The 228 acre estate was originally called "Hilltop" then later referred



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Turn to the experts

to as "Orchard Place". It was owned by Dr. Milton Moss and his stepmother Jessie Moss.

Milton, at times, was also called Major, a term of respect due to his service "in state-level militias". Moss, an immigrant to the U.S., was born in Germany in 1851. By the way, he and his family are buried at Maple Hill Cemetery.

After coming to the U.S., he served as a professor of Mining and Metallurgy, at the Colorado School of Mining in Golden, Colorado. While teaching, he was awarded an honorary Engineer of Mines degree in 1882. When Dr. Moss's stepmother died in 1914, he returned to Huntsville to oversee the family's business: Huntsville Wholesale Nurseries.

During some research, I found out that this nursery, founded by Mrs. Moss, was considered at one time to be the largest wholesale nursery in the U.S. She had hired a scientist, a Mr. Heirs, who managed the nursery and her nursery business prospered.

With the purchase of the Moss estate in 1925, the property became known as The Huntsville Golf and Country Club. The club held its meetings in the spacious 18 room colonial home, built in the early 1900s.

By the end of 1925, over 200 were recorded as members. In 1933, a fire, cause unknown, burned down the house. After this disaster, members started meeting in the Carriage House (or barn) for the next 6 years. In 1949, a new concrete, block club house was built.

Years passed, ownership changed in 2014 and renovations were made to the 22,000 square foot clubhouse, including the pool and golf course. Last year, the club celebrated its 100th Anniversary, converting the club to sole ownership, under Beth Boyer, who is also listed as the General Manager. Look for some upcoming renovation!

Quoting a conversation by Beth Boyer as reported by Megan Plotka: "The best days of Huntsville Country Club are ahead. This club has heart. It has history. Most importantly, it has a reliable membership. I'm excited about what we can build together."

I never imagined that I would have the opportunity to visit that particular place and enjoy some of the hospitality offered. I have attended at least 3 Huntsville High reunions over the last few years at the Huntsville Country Club and enjoyed all 3.

Here is a short quote (author unknown) to share, that fits the club's longevity: "A century of preserving tradition while making way for new memories."

That's the Huntsville Country Club in one sentence. We are so fortunate to live here, in a city, with so much history. I have said it before and will again: "Explore and enjoy our city! Your exploration will take you to another time."



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One should engage in a prolonged fast only under the care of a physician versed in this procedure.

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Best of all, is to live every day so that the body will always be free from toxins so that no fast is ever needed.

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DeLorean (1984)

by Bill Alkire

It was a perfect Tennessee Valley fall day. The morning was cool, the afternoon was warm enough for a tee shirt and shorts. The leaves had peaked with their pallet of red, yellow and of course orange. My son and I had washed cars and general clean-up of the garage.

We had experienced winters in the Tennessee Valley that were bitterly cold; in Knoxville, 1978 a temperature of -26 degrees. Now, mild temperatures and picturesque colors for a beautiful October.

We had decided to cook hamburgers on the grill. The smell of the meat cooking on the grill permeated the air. Our house was on the west side of a wooded rocky knoll allowing the aroma to ascend to the top of the hill behind our house.

Our cats, Andromeda, and DeLorean were excited about me cooking on the grill. DeLorean especially kept circling the grill, begging, setting up like a dog and making pitiful whining noises. It was a waste of his time however... I did not supply samples; this was not Costco. I went into the house to get a glass of ice water to drink. On my return to the

grilling, I did not see DeLorean about; he always had a short attention span.

The smell of the grilling hamburgers was beginning to fill the air with its delicious aroma. I must have been hungry! I looked about while the hamburgers were cooking, however I could not see DeLorean anywhere... I yelled out his name, but no response. He would usually come running.

I toasted the buns and heated the pork & beans from the red-hot coals. The food was ready to eat. I turned the grill off, removed the food from the grill, and took it inside. As I walked into the house, I noticed my neighbor "Wade" was also grilling. He had a small charcoal Hibachi grill. It was all he and his wife, "Rosebraugh" needed - it would hold two steaks. We sat down at the table, gave the blessing, and dressed the condiments on our hamburgers. Just as I took a bite, I heard a mournful shrill cry coming from outside. Looking out the window, I could not see DeLorean.

The cat's crying was troubling and gave the belief he was in a terrific stressful situation. I quickly exited the house to check what was wrong with the cat. To my surprise, DeLorean stood making this horrible sound with a partially cooked bloody steak hanging from his mouth. The little cat had stolen, excuse me, taken someone's steak.

Proud of his accomplished hunt and kill he had brought the venison trophy to his master. He dropped his kill at my feet. He was so proud! He continued to growl and prance about, tail straight up showing he had great feline hunting skills.

I never mentioned the event to "Wade," it may have been his dinner. He never mentioned anything either, keeping quiet not knowing that the steak was brought to the cat's human.

I know there is an important moral in this story, I am not intelligent enough to draw it out. Only the cat knows, and he does not speak human.

For those people who are, or have been cat owners, you have experienced events or similar events. People who have not experienced living with a cat... I am terribly sorry for you.

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Summer always seems to sprint past. Before I've even unpacked all my summer clothes, it's already time to fold them up again and make room for jackets and sweaters.

Parents, it's almost time to shift gears. School starts back on Wednesday, August 5, and another school year begins. Maybe it's just my age showing, but I still remember when school didn't start until the Monday after Labor Day. August was for catching lightning bugs, riding bicycles until dusk, and squeezing every last drop out of summer. Of course, classrooms today are air-conditioned, so students no longer have to endure the sweltering heat we once accepted as normal.

Teachers had their hands full back then, too—or so we thought. I made more than one trip to the principal's office for chewing gum or talking during class. My punishment was often writing five hundred times, "Self-control is the best control." Looking back, that seems almost quaint compared to the challenges teachers face today.

If your morning commute takes you through a school zone, ease up on the accelerator. Children will soon be crossing streets again, buses will be stopping frequently, and police officers will be watching carefully. A few extra minutes is a small price to pay for a child's safety—and far cheaper than a speeding ticket.

As you're shopping for your own family, consider picking up a few extra notebooks, pencils, folders, or crayons to donate to Free 2 Teach. Many teachers quietly spend hundreds of dollars from their own pockets each year to provide supplies for students whose families simply can't afford them. Even a small donation can help a child begin the school year with confidence instead of worry.

Thinking back to my own school days reminds me just how different life was. There was no air-conditioning, only open windows that invited in

warm breezes—and occasionally a determined wasp. The girls wore dresses or skirts that had to fall below the knee. Slacks and shorts weren't allowed. I've often wondered why our classrooms never seemed to have electric fans. By early afternoon, everyone looked wilted, teachers included. We survived, but there were plenty of days when learning competed with the heat. The best part of every school day was recess. The shade beneath a big oak tree felt ten degrees cooler than the classroom. We raced to the monkey bars, climbed jungle gyms that seemed as tall as skyscrapers, and pumped the swings until it felt like we might touch the clouds. The tall metal slides heated up enough to fry an egg by lunchtime, yet somehow we still lined up to race down them. My favorite, though, was the old metal merry-go-round. We'd spin it until we were dizzy, laughing so hard we could barely stand afterward.

Visit many school playgrounds today, and much of that equipment has disappeared. Concerns about injuries and lawsuits have replaced many of the towering climbers and spinning rides we grew up with. Maybe they're safer now, but I can't help wondering if we've also lost a little of the adventure. I honestly don't remember many serious playground injuries—mostly scraped knees, bruised elbows, and wounded pride after falling off the monkey bars. We dusted ourselves off and climbed right back on.

Time has a way of changing almost everything, especially schools. Some changes have been wonderful. Others make me smile with a touch of nostalgia. Either way, another school year is about to begin, bringing fresh notebooks, sharpened pencils, eager teachers and children full of hopes for what lies ahead.

Until then, enjoy these last precious days of summer. They disappear faster than any season I know.

Stay cool.

An advertisement for Rocket City Federal Credit Union. The background is a black and white photograph of a rocket launching with a large plume of smoke and fire at the base. In the top left corner, there is a logo for "ROCKET CITY FEDERAL CREDIT UNION" with a stylized city skyline. To the right of the rocket, the words "MEMBERS HELPING MEMBERS" are written in a large, elegant script. Below the logo, the text reads: "Main Office 2200 Clinton Ave. Huntsville, AL 35805 (256) 533-0541". Further down, the "Office Hours" are listed: "Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri 8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Wednesday 8:00 a.m. - Noon". At the bottom, the website "www.rocketcityfcu.org" is provided, along with the NCUA logo and a small Equal Housing Lender icon.

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Stories About Lisa “He’s My Brother”



by John H. Tate

When did I recognize the type of person Lisa would become? It wasn't at graduation, or when she was an adult. It happened one fall day at Brahan Springs Park. Lisa was around ten years old, and Phillip was about three; the best I can remember. I do remember that the chill in the air bothered me far more than it bothered the kids.

However, I put on a good face and pretended to enjoy running back and forth with them. After all, it would not have been too bad if they would have settled in one area and played. But no, they must run back and forth between the monkey bars, the merry-go-round, the swings and the see-saws.

Finally, I stopped chasing them, and I stayed in one spot and watched them go back and forth. If I recall correctly, I sat at a picnic table, so I could see them. It was kind of early, and along with the chill in the air, it was also damp and overcast - so there were not

many people in the park.

These were the years I was in restaurant management. Since I was off early in the day, chances were that I had worked the evening shift the night before. However, seeing and hearing the kids running and laughing did bring me joy.

Not sure where my mind was, maybe thinking about my warm bed, but something caught my attention. Every parent knows what I mean. It was not something dramatic, or outright alarming, just a quiet alarm that tells you something isn't right.

Over by the monkey bars again, Lisa and Phillip weren't alone. There were three other boys near them. So, I started to walk in their direction. I looked around to see where the parents of these boys were - I didn't see any.

The closer I got, the better I was able to see everyone's facial expressions. Phillip looked completely unaware that anything was wrong; he had the same all is right with the world expression he normally had. However, his big sister's face said, "Call EMS, and have Medivac standing by."

She was standing her ground, ten toes down against three boys, all taller than she was. I picked up my pace, and when I got within earshot, I heard her say,

"Because he is my brother!"

At that time one of the boys saw me and they all took off running. I truly believed that if I had not reached out and touched Lisa, she would have gone after them. It took a moment to get her settled; she was so angry that she was shaking. Phillip on the other hand didn't seem to have been fazed.

After she had a chance to settle down, she told me that the other boys were picking on Phillip and she wasn't having it. "So, I stepped in between Phillip and the boys and told them to leave him alone. That's when you came."

To this day, that is a symbol of their relationship. Yes, they will tear into each other, and let their feelings be known - but, let someone else mess with her little brother (Even though he is now a Lt. Col. in the Marine Corps) you will have Lisa to deal with.

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News from 1911



Mother of 13 dies from Paralysis - Mrs. Francis Limbaugh, 67 years old, died at 6 o'clock last evening in Patton Grove as a result of a stroke of paralysis suffered yesterday morning. She was the mother of seven sons and six daughters. The remains will be carried this morning to Monrovia, AL - her old home for interment today.

Wanted gentleman boarders at 326 Randolph Street.

For rent - 5 room cottage with all modern improvement on East Clinton Street - apply to Horace M. Layman.

For rent - the Iberta Taylor residence on McClung Street. The house is handsomely furnished and possession can be given at once. Apply to Mrs. E. E. Ezell.

Lost - handsome Maltese kitten strayed from premises on Second Ave. Finder return to Capt. and Mrs. Peter Simmons for reward.

Wanted - ladies who want sales positions - call Miss Kate Acklin at 202 Eustis Street.

Money Found - someone left an envelope containing \$4 in paper in the office of the ideal Laundry Co.. owner pay for ad and recover same.

Found - two fine Jersey milk cows who have taken up at my residence on Meridian Street. Owner can have same by paying for this ad and their keep.

Man Arrested for Killing Dogs

Thos. Hooper, the surveyor, called at the Daily Times office to explain why he killed the two fine dogs about which the Sunday Morning Times had referenced. Mr. Hooper claims that the dogs had been killing his geese, which he valued at \$5 a piece and had also, he said, bitten a fine bull belonging to him. He was fined \$15 in the Mayors court for shooting fire arms in the city limits and appealed his case to the law and equity court, where he also has a case against him. One of the dogs belonged to Miss Margarette Wellman, the other to Frank E. Murphy, who had the warrants sworn out for the arrest of Mr. Hooper.

Mrs. Dilworth Back Home

Mrs. William Dilworth has returned from a short visit to Paint Rock where she went up to see her mother, Mrs. Kiel, who is very ill.

Accidental Killing of a Man in Decatur

Woody Kirby and a man named Pigg engaged in a friendly scuffle which resulted in death to the former. They were in the round house when Pigg turned an air hose on Kirby's body, almost blowing out his vitals.

Huntsville Saturday Afternoon was a busy place, especially around the Courthouse where the warm weather brought the farmers in with their mules and hogs for sale. Traffic on Washington and Jefferson Street was blocked with the crowd and their vehicles in attendance on the old-fashioned livestock auction sale that took place this afternoon. Not only the Square was crowded but the streets were lined with shoppers. The spring weather surprised many out of their homes and the merchants were seen brushing up their windows with new spring stock.

Huntsville, from its appearance this afternoon, is certainly taking on a metropolitan appearance.

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My Three Beautiful Quasi-Sisters

by Jack Burwell



As seventh grade began, I found myself in a car going to school with three young ladies named Suzy, Nancy and Dianna. Eventually by tenth grade, I would have learned their last names. Within a year, Juergen Kampmeier would join us. Up until senior year in high school, we would see each other every school day, rain or shine.

At first the five of us were just people spending time together in a box that had cushions, but we were gradually beginning to get to know each other. We normally didn't talk very much.

No one knew very much about anything except a few things. I knew about putt-putt golf and that I wanted to be a putt-putt golf pro someday, and I knew who won the Master's Golf Tournament. I knew that Gary Player, a small guy like me, won the Masters over Arnold Palmer and another fellow whom I had never heard of.

I knew my favorite TV program was "Paladin," a high class hired gun who only killed other men if he had to, which was almost every episode. I loved it when they would show Paladin's card that said, "Have Gun Will Travel." I knew if I wasn't

able to be a putt-putt pro, then maybe being a hired gun was another option. But probably not. I never went to my granddaddy's farm to practice using my family's, pistols which my brother did all the time. He was good at it; I

was lazy. It was a lot easier to watch golf on television.

By the end of seventh grade, I had my heart broken by Margaret Little by being deserted by her at a Hi-Y dance. I never discussed that with my fellow car poolers. We didn't talk about who we might have crushes on. I only had a crush on Margaret Little, but I never said her name.

John F. Kennedy had just been elected President, but we didn't know anything about him. Bo Harrison, one of my best friends, said that the Vice President, Lyndon B. Johnson from Texas, would look after Alabama, whatever that meant. He had been told that by his father.

In any event, I didn't worry about politics, but I did find it interesting. I loved American history. My history courses and social studies were where I excelled. As to Kennedy, I did know his wife was named Jackie, similar to my name, and that she was pretty but not as pretty as Margaret Little. At that time in my life, no one was as pretty as Margaret Little.

I understood that Margaret was right to desert me at the dance. I had no business asking out anyone as pretty as she was. I was Quasimodo and Porky Pig all rolled into one, still forty pounds overweight. I didn't look at Suzy, Nancy or Dianna as possible future wives to pick from. They were like Margaret. They were too pretty to marry someone like me.

That was okay. They still had to be nice to me. Their mothers told them that.

"Go to a large department store men's fitting room, drop your duds to your ankles and yell out, 'There's no paper in here!'"

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Fixing Up the Old House - Old and Timeless Tips

- You will never forget this one - for loosening or tightening screws, lids, etc. - just remember that "Right is tight and left is loose."

- The tiny key on the bottom of the sardine can makes a dandy screwdriver for tiny screws.

- Keep some of the waxed milk cartons (not plastic) in your trunk for emergencies. They will make great flares at night. Each one burns brightly for about 10 minutes.

- Use that old rotary egg beater for mixing your paint perfectly.

- If you see a small hole developing in your door or window screen, just dab on some clear nail polish.

- If you have an old electric clock that has stopped working, try popping it in the oven (warm) for a few hours. Sometimes that old grease and grime will just melt away.

- No need to buy putty to plug up small nail holes in your walls. Just use plain toothpaste.

- When in the market for a new fridge, look for one with a humid-dry (power saver) switch. This is used to turn off "antisweat" heaters in the doors to save electricity when the heaters are not needed.

- If you get lumpy plaster it's because you added water to the plaster. Add plaster to the water and there'll be no lumps.

- Paint a room from the top down. Start with the ceiling, do the walls next and then work on doors, windows and other trim. If you're going to paint the floors do them last.

- An effective way to keep squirrels from getting on your bird feeder is to grease the pole that supports the feeder with Vaseline. They can't get a grip on the pole and they hate the feeling of grease on their feet.

"I don't want to get to the end of my life and find that I lived just the length of it. I want to have lived the width of it as well."

Diane Ackerman

Hen and Eggs Sixty Years Old

(From a letter to a Birmingham newspaper, 1896)

We have on our table an egg sixty years old, which is one of the dozen that were recently found over a press in the wall of the house of J.A. Boazley, of this county.

While some workmen were putting on a new roof one of them dropped something through the sheeting upon the press, and upon tearing up the sheeting found the twelve hen eggs. The eggs must have been laid there prior to putting on the sheeting, when the house was first built, as the cavity over the press was surrounded by brick, which extended up to the sheeting.

The house was built in the year 1816 and therefore, the eggs are about sixty years old. They are of ordinary size, and do not appear unnatural in any way, except their exceeding lightness, which is caused by internal desiccation. Over the other press was found a hen and one egg. The hen presents a mummy-like appearance, and has doubtless roosted there for the last sixty years. Can any one beat our hen and eggs for age?

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Heard On the Street



by Cathey Carney

How can we be reading the August issue already? It seems that summer just started! Time is moving so fast.

Well I thought NO one would find the **tiny flag** I hid on p. 1 - but had quite a few calls. The first caller was **Bill Lane** of Gurley, who said he spotted it right away! Bill is a retired masonry worker and laid brick for 17 years, along with doing alot of other hard work. Can't imagine laying brick in the heat of the day and doing heavy masonry work in general. Congratulations

to you Bill for being the first to ID the little flag. Those who couldn't find it - look on the first page, top mid building, flag is to the right of it. See it now? I'm gonna have to be a bit more sneaky for this issue.

In honor of late summer I have hidden a really tiny butterfly within these pages - IF you find it - and you won't - be the first to call and if you haven't won in the past year you win a year's subscription through July 2027!

We had a birthday in July we need to mention - **Delores Forsman** had her 88th birthday on July 7 and I bet there was some cake eating going on. Happy Birthday from Old Huntsville and many more to you Delores!

Happy Birthday to **Susan Coulter** on Aug. 21st. We remember that your grandson **Beau Clark** has a 7th birthday on Aug. 8. We miss seeing you and hope you're doing great.

Remember to get your fresh veges, eggs, meat etc. from local Farmers Markets like **Ayers** who are on Cook Ave. in their old location as well as a new Ayers location on Meridian St. across from Lincoln School. Their store is beautiful and has fresh produce that you won't find anywhere else. And they're local - let's always try to support our local markets.

My grandson **Hayden Troup**

turns 26 on Aug. 24th. It's easy to remember how old he is because his birth year was 2000. Also his Dad **John Troup** has an Aug. 15th birthday. It's the same day as his 28th wedding anniversary to sweet **Stephanie Troup**, my daughter. Lots of important days in August.

If you haven't had a dinner and drinks at **Furniture Factory** lately, try them out. The live entertainment is so good and their food excellent and lots of it!

Ann Lawler of Huntsville is having a September birthday and we're jumping the gun a bit but Happy Birthday to you!

It seems harder and harder to open bottles these days, and a few examples are jars of honey, jelly, anything sticky that **gets hard around the lid** and you just cannot budge it. I have found that just running hot water over the bottle on the sides of the lid works great. It takes just minutes. Then when you're ready to close it up just rub a bit of olive oil on the inside of the lid where it screws on. Love to hear some of your ideas too!

It's never too early to start a **good exercise habit**. Even if it's just getting up from a chair without using your hands. Try that - it's NOT easy! To keep you from falling, your leg muscles must be strong and just walking won't do

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it. Strong legs lead to good balance and you need that. It's amazing how fast your muscles can lose their strength if they're not used or used very little. You want to have strong legs, arms and back as long as you can to keep a good quality of life.

Like my Dad used to say, **"Don't just sit there - get up and MOVE!!"**

A special hello to a dear friend to many in Huntsville - **Oscar Llerena** of Miami. Oscar went to Huntsville High and still travels annually to attend high school reunions. He is the best dad and granddad ever to his sweet family in Miami. He's proud to be part of the Best HHS class ever - 1966!

Many lately have found that they are **victims of identity fraud** and especially around check writing. Recently I had a check stolen that I had mailed to Birmingham. It was washed and the amount and payee changed. Still had my signature. The amount was changed to \$2000 and the person getting the money lived in Illinois. How it happened we'll probably never know but there are 2 investigations trying to get to the bottom of it. The money was taken from my bank account but was refunded to me.

Many of us still write checks. Some do online bill paying but checks are just better for some payments. What I learned from this: Be very careful how you mail your bills. Best to not put it outside your door or on your mailbox to be taken. There are people, not postal people, who drive around looking for this and they will steal your checks and gift cards.

Secondly, invest in those unwashable permanent gel pens that Staples and Amazon have. If someone does steal your check they cannot alter it because they cannot use a chemical to wash it.

Thrd, look at your online banking account daily. Look at your credit card activity. Go to settings and have your credit card company text you if there's an attempted charge.

Fourth, you might want to put a freeze on your credit reports. This prevents anyone from using your identity to make large purchases that could get into the thousands of dollars. It's very easy for you to use your password to freeze/unfreeze. We all work very hard for the money we have and we want to keep it! There will always be crooks looking to steal from you but by doing a few simple things you can stay ahead of them.

Many thanks again for being a fan of Old Huntsville Magazine - it's good to read some uplifting stories for a change. Our writers are just everyday people and we appreciate them so much.

IN LOVING MEMORY

Elizabeth (Bettie) Elliott Lewter, age 95, passed away peacefully at home with family on June 22nd, 2026.

She is preceded in death by her son, James Donald Lewter, Jr. (Donnie), as well as her brother, Alton D. Elliott, Jr. and her sister, Lida Elliott Porter.

She is survived by her beloved husband of 75 years, James Donald Lewter; daughter, Doran Lewter Stamps (Gary); son, Mac E. Lewter (Barbara); grandchildren, Samuel Elliott Stamps (Janelle), Elizabeth Stamps LeBerte (Patrick) and Jincy Louise Lewter, as well as four great grandchildren.

Born in Tallassee, Alabama, Bettie was raised in cotton mill towns across the South, eventually settling in Huntsville. She was a true beautiful southern lady and matriarch of the Lewter family.

She was a homemaker who enjoyed her friends, decorating, gardening and cooking. She was well known for her legendary buttermilk biscuits that were loved by all. Bettie was fiercely protective of her family and they came first always. She will be greatly missed but her family will be sustained by a lifetime of cherished memories.



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John Purdy
Loretta Spencer
Sarah Chappell



Hot and Spicy Summer

Savory Spinach

1 pkg. frozen spinach,
cooked and chopped
1/3 c. sour cream
3 T. butter
2 t. horseradish
1/4 t. tarragon
1/2 t. salt

White pepper to taste

In a saucepan, put spinach and all ingredients. (Spinach should be hot). Stir well and heat slowly. Serve hot.

Spicy Black Bean Soup

2 c. dried black beans
3 qts. water
1 large onion, chopped
2 stalks celery
2 beef bouillon cubes in a cup
of water
Ham hock
1 T. garlic powder
1 t. Cayenne pepper

Cover your beans with water and let them soak overnight. Next day, drain the water and add more to cover with about 2" cover over the beans. Cover with lid and simmer for about 2 hours. Uncov-

er and add the rest of the ingredients. Cook longer til the beans are tender. If you like it thicker, put half of the beans in a blender and add back to the mixture. Top with sour cream and chopped green onions, or try some or the new Tabasco Jalapeno pepper sauce.

Layered Mexican Dip

1 -16-oz. can refried beans
1/2 pkg. taco seasoning mix.
1 carton sour cream
1 c. avocado mixture or dip
1 4-oz. can chopped green chilies

1/2 c. chopped black olives
2 large tomatoes, diced
8 green onions, chopped, greens and all

1-1/2 c. chopped Cheddar cheese

Sour cream to dollop on top

Picante sauce and chopped jalapeno peppers, to taste

Combine refried beans and taco seasoning mix. Spread the mixture in a 12x8x2 inch dish, layer the remaining ingredients in the order listed. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes.

Spices for Hot Blackened Fish

1 T. paprika
2-1/2 t. salt
1 t. onion powder
2 t. garlic powder
2 t. ground cayenne pepper
1 t. white pepper, ground
3/4 t. black pepper
1/2 t. dried thyme
1/2 t. dried oregano

Mix thoroughly and store in an airtight spice jar. Use whenever you prepare blackened fish.

Rotini with Cayenne

1 box tri-colored Rotini (corkscrew) pasta

Bring large pot of water to boil, add the pasta. Cook for 8 minutes, no more. Drain in a colander, drizzling cold water over to stop it from cooking. Set aside. Put in large bowl and mix with 1/2 cup dried parsley.

In an 8-cup plastic container with a lid, combine the following:

1/2 c. olive oil
1/3 c. red wine vinegar
2 heaping t. prepared mustard

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3 t. dried oregano
 2 t. minced garlic
 1 t. cayenne pepper, ground (more if you like it real hot)

Cover your container, shake very well. Drizzle over the pasta just before you serve it.

Fried Green Tomatoes

5 lg. green tomatoes
 2 c. yellow corn meal
 2 t. black pepper
 1/2 t. garlic powder
 3/4 t. salt or to taste

Slice the tomatoes into 1/3" slices. On a large flat platter, mix the meal, salt and pepper.

Coat the slices with the meal and place them into a large skillet that you have heated with about 1/2 cup extra-light olive oil.

Make sure your oil is hot, and that the slices sizzle when you put them in the pan. Cook over medium-high heat, turning when each side gets medium brown.

Remove from pan and place on paper towels to soak up the excess oil. Serve hot!

This is especially good when served with homemade pinto beans, yellow cracklin' corn bread, turnip greens and some fresh sliced Vidalia onions. This deep South delicacy has been around for many many years.

Green Onion Chicken

1 package chicken breasts, boneless and skinless
 1 c. Kentucky Kernel Seasoned Flour (in your grocery store)
 1 t. cayenne pepper, ground
 1 t. garlic powder
 1 c. green onion, chopped with greens

In a frying pan, pour about 1/2 cup olive oil. Heat until a piece of the green onion sizzles, put in the chicken that you have thoroughly coated with the flour, garlic powder and cayenne pepper.

Heat on both sides for a few minutes til flour adheres to the chicken, then turn down heat and cook slowly for about 20 minutes. Add the green onion, cook for another 10 minutes. If there is any oil left, make a gravy by adding a bit of water and stirring.

Hot Sausage Casserole

1 lb. hot sausage
 1 c. Cheddar cheese, grated
 6 eggs, lightly beaten
 2 c. milk
 1/2 c. butter, melted
 1/2 t. dry mustard
 1/2 t. salt and black pepper
 1/2 t. garlic powder

Cook the sausage til browned, drain grease and layer the sausage on the bottom of a 12x8x2" baking dish. Sprinkle it with the cheese.

Combine the eggs, milk, butter, dry mustard, salt, pepper and garlic powder in a separate bowl. Pour this mixture over the sausage and cheese. Refrigerate overnight, covered with plastic wrap.

Next morning cook for 35 minutes at 350 degrees, or until set.

Rauschfire by Richard Rausch

3 bottles dark rum
 2 bottles of bitters
 32 oz. honey
 Triple Sec, large bottle

In a large glass bowl mix all ingredients well. Stir to dissolve honey. With a plastic funnel pour the mix into smaller glass bottles with cork tops. Can be stored at room temperature indefinitely. Be careful with drinking this - it's extremely potent!



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The Maysville General Merchandise Store



by Jean Berry as told to M.D. Smith IV

In 1886, Judge Thomas Jones Taylor wrote that Maysville "...is a pleasant, healthy place with an abundance of fine water and is the center of an orderly farming community." It was a "Carriage Stage Stop" in those years because of the spring where watercress grew.

Jean Millsaps Berry, born March 14, 1928, enjoys sharing memories of Maysville and her family's store at the intersection of Maysville Road and Ryland Pike.

Jean said, "My father, Arthur Millsaps, bought the store in Maysville from A. K. Bragg in 1935 with a bank loan. Some called Daddy by his initials of A. but the workers and farmers referred to him as Mr. Arthur." Jean smiled. "Oh, there was always a big sign that read 'Two places you are always welcome is here and at home.'"

Jean's mother worked in the store full time and put aside all she could for several years and for Christmas, 1948, presented her husband with a "Paid-Off" mortgage. They had been paying on it for thirteen years, with seven left to go.

Jean recalled the layout of the store, saying, "When you walked in, on the right was the Candy Counter, with Baby Ruth bars and Hershey's as well as lots of chewing gum."

"A bit further, paregoric and Black Draught

remedy, laxative and other medicinal things, like Ex-lax. All the brands were there. Naturally, they had chewing tobacco, some cigars and all the cigarette brands like Lucky Strike, Camels and Chesterfield."

Jean remembers a big safe with the cash register on top. "All of the sharecropper's accounts were in the safe. Behind the counter, Daddy had a pistol and a blackjack. Sort of like a frontier town, and drunks would come in the store with bad language... he'd say no cussing in here and throw them out. There was the coffee grinder, which was a large machine.

Nearby a big hoop of cheese and bananas on a big stalk, plenty of crackers...fifteen cents for cheese, crackers, baloney and hot pepper sauce on top for lunch or a tasty snack. Cans of pork and beans and a large pickle jar near. Other things in the meat counter were salt pork, big logs of baloney. People ate on an oil-cloth covered table.

"We always had cats around looking for something to eat. They were needed to keep the rats away. The rats would chew into the flour in big sacks on a pallet but close to the door. My favorite was 'Old Tom' because he was the best mouser of them all."

"Past the long counter were the Nail Kegs that people sat on and played checkers at an old wooden table. Hardware was in that area with nails, screws, tools. Not far were piece goods, fabric materials and patterns, and all sorts of sewing accessories."

"An old large table radio played at the end of the counter for people that didn't have one in their homes. The radio had a wooden case and a carved wooden top. Since this was a regular gathering place, day and often into the night, you'd hear the continuing saga of 'Aunt Jenny's Real Life

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Stories' ('37-'55) and 'Young Widder Brown' ('38-'56) in the daytime. Another favorite on Saturday evening was the Grand Ole Opry. It drew a big crowd. Like I said, Daddy wouldn't allow drunks in his store and meant business about that — Saturday night in particular. I also recall Roosevelt's marvelous Fireside Chats. No one wanted to miss them."

"I remember a big kerosene container with an old handle and pump to get the 'coal oil' into containers — fifteen cents for a gallon."

A big potbelly stove burned in winter to keep the store warm. Round and large. The floor was oiled. "Murphy Original oil soap is the one Mom and Grandma used to clean wood to a natural shine."

Or they were polished by hand with linseed oil and beeswax. This gave an oily look and feel to many old oak or maple wood floors. Jean said there were three occasions at the store she most remembers.

"One was during the ginning season. Farmers would bring their cotton to be ginned at Harry Nance's gin. Long lines of cotton wagons lined the road. The gin ran continuously, day and night, and from time to time it would break down. As they waited, people would gather in the store, playing checkers, eating baloney, cheese, crackers, sardines, bananas, candy. Being the only gin around, it was a big social outing."

"Secondly, Miss Strong would come out from the health department to give shots. Families would bring their children. I'd gather flowers to put in a vase on the table inside, near where the shots were being given. There was a doctor in the area, Dr. Howard, who had a home not far away, and his downstairs was his office, he and his nurse treated people in the area. The Howard home still stands in Maysville."

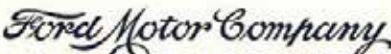
"The third was at election time. Sheriff Hawk brought a polling box from Huntsville. Election officials were stationed in the store. Luke St. Clair had a wagon that he would park in front of the store that had drapes that rolled up on each side. He sold barbecue and wildcat whiskey. Some enterprising supporters would offer whiskey to people who would support their candidate."

In December 1949 her father AE sold the store. New owners took over, but in 1953 it burned. A new one was built some years later. A concrete block store called The General Store is on the site.

"My childhood in the forties and fifties were wonderful years. Life was simple. The work sometimes hard, but for me, a joy. Being involved with a large business for the time and a farm gave a young girl all in the world she needed to have a wonderful life."

**Jean Berry was born
3/14/1928 and passed away
June 6, 2026.
She is so missed.**





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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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THE WOODYARD: ME AND BUBBA DOWN BY THE WOODYARD



by Jim McBride

One of my closest cousins growing up in the 1950s was Jackie Dale Isbell. I don't know who nicknamed him Bubba but that's what we all called him. Only his teachers used his given name. We were the same age and lived a couple of blocks from each other in Dallas Village. Virgil Hillis was our maternal grandfather, Papa, to me and his other 28 grandchildren. He owned a woodyard in the 400 block of Stevens Ave.

Some people still cooked on wood burning stoves back then. Papa took big blocks of wood, split them with axes and wedges, divided them into ricks and cords, loaded them on his flatbed truck and delivered them to his customers. By the late 1950s he was growing older and his customers were opting for new electric or gas burning stoves. I faintly remember a dispute concerning a wreck between Papa and a customer from Clayton Allen's beer joint just down the street. Papa thought he was in the right because he wasn't drinking.

I don't know whose fault it was but Papa lost his driver's license, effectively ending his business. Oh, but what a grand time we had when we were kids and the woodyard was full.

The split logs were ready made building materials. We built forts where we held our super secret meetings, all the while hoping it wouldn't cave in on us. It wasn't uncommon to see snakes, mice, rabbits and other critters in the woodyard. Maybe it was the closest thing to a forest they could find. We had a lot of baby boomer friends but none of them had a cool woodyard to play in. Through me and Bubba, our heroes Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry all spent some time in Papa's magic woodyard.

If Papa had known what we were up to in the woodyard, he would have banned us from the premises and posted a guard. Once, we took a coverless softball and soaked it in kerosene for several days. When we felt it was properly saturated, we set it on fire. That thing burned for hours. It was getting dark and we were afraid to leave a ball of fire overnight in the woodyard. So, we drowned it. It's probably the closest me and Bubba ever came to conducting a science experiment.

Me and Bubba were not above going door to door asking housewives if they had any coke bottles we could have. The term "soda pop" was not in our southern vocabulary and all drink bottles were "coke" (as in Coca Cola) bottles to us. Nu-Grape, Nehi, Nesbitt and Double Cola all fell under the "coke" genus. More importantly, they were worth a penny each when we redeemed them at C&M Grocery.

After a rather productive day of "coke" bottle beg-



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ging, me and Bubba bought two bottles of maraschino cherries and a large bag of marshmallows. Once again we lit a fire from Papa's handy fuel source. We toasted and ate the whole bag of marshmallows and had cherries for dessert. We were two sick puppies in the woodyard. I figure I've eaten a dozen or so marshmallows over the last six decades. However, to this day, I can't look at a bottle of cherries without feeling queasy.

Another enterprising way me and Bubba earned money, and added to our resume, was to carry flyers door to door when there was a grand opening somewhere close. We would go to the store a few days before they were to open and ask if we could deliver their flyers. It took some convincing on our part for them to trust two 10 year old boys with that job. We convinced them after promising to deliver every single flyer, no throwaways. We faithfully carried out our mission for stores like Western Auto, U-tote-M and anyone who had a sale about to happen. We made \$10.00 per thousand flyers. Big money for a kid back then. How did we spend it? Usually at Goodson's 5 & 10 with some of it spent on snacks to eat back at the fort. No marshmallows, no cherries.

By far the most exciting occurrence in the woodyard happened to Bubba when I was not there. I'm kinda happy I wasn't there to see Bubba get the first joint of his thumb cut off with one of Papa's hatchets.

We often had friends visit us at the fort and on this particular day, Bobby Alverson and Rudy Ealy were there with Bubba. I've heard varying stories about how the incident occurred. Seems the boys were playing "chop block chicken", one of many dumb games young boys play, like Mumbly-Peg or Stretch, either of which is like begging your pal to stick a sharp knife in your foot. Meanwhile,

back at the woodyard, Bubba put his thumb on the chop block and dared Rudy to lay the hatchet to it. Surely, he thought he could move his thumb before the hatchet fell. Surely, Rudy thought Bubba would move his thumb before the hatchet fell. Nope. Rudy was fast, Bubba was slow.

In later years, Bubba became a master cabinet builder but from that day on, he could only twiddle a thumb and a half. His Dad buried the severed digit in the yard. He had to dig it up a couple of days later when Bubba said it felt like ants were crawling on the part of his thumb that was no longer there. Uncle Jack dug it up and sure enough, ants. He re-interred it in a jar and Bubba started to get some relief. Phantom pain is real I reckon.

The thumb story is still talked about today among those who lived in Dallas Mill Village at that time. A couple of years later, me and Bubba went for the big money by getting Huntsville Times paper routes. But that's another story.

"To me, drinking responsibly is a good idea. It means 'Don't spill it.'"

Chris Jamison, Woodville



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Remembering my Husband Billy Lawrence on what would be his 82nd Birthday.



I would like to honor my late husband and his Butler High School classmates during this month, August 26, 2026, on what would have been his 82nd Birthday.

In addition to Butler HS, Billy attended St. Mary's of the Visitation Catholic School, University of Alabama, Baldwin Wallace University and Middle Tennessee State University.

He is sadly missed by me and his son Dave Lawrence.

He passed away August 30, 2023. Since Billy and I read Old Huntsville Magazine for many years before his death, I want to honor him by buying an ad in Old Huntsville Magazine, to commemorate him and his Butler High classmates, class of '62.

He loved his years at Butler and playing football there, along with his brother Frank and many friends. He graduated in 1962 and was so proud of his time there.

We were married for 47 years when he passed away in 2023. I was so lucky to have been his wife for that many years. He meant the world to me. And still does.

PHYLLIS LAWRENCE



Billy in 1956



At 18, a Senior at Butler H.S.



Billy and Phyllis Lawrence - 1975 first anniversary

No Charge for Love

from 1950 newspaper



A farmer had some puppies he needed to sell. He painted a sign advertising the 4 pups and set about nailing it to a post on the edge of his yard. As he was driving the last nail into the post, he felt a tug on his overalls. He looked down into the eyes of a little boy.

"Mister," he said, "I want to buy one of your puppies."

"Well," said the farmer, as he rubbed the sweat off the back of his neck, "These puppies come from fine parents and cost a good deal of money."

The boy dropped his head for a moment. Then reaching deep into his pocket, he pulled out a handful of change and held it up to the farmer. "I've got thirty-nine cents. Is that enough to take a look?"

"Sure," said the farmer. And with that he called, "Here, Dolly!"

Out from the doghouse and down the ramp ran Dolly followed by four little balls of fur.

The little boy pressed his face against the chain link fence. His eyes danced with delight. As the dogs made their way to the fence, the little boy noticed something else stirring inside the doghouse.

"I have six locks on my door all in a row. When I go out, I lock every other one. I figure no matter how long somebody stands there picking the locks, they are always locking three."

Elayne Boosier

little pup began hobbling toward the others, doing its best to catch up.

"I want that one," the little boy said, pointing to the runt. The farmer knelt down at the boy's side and said, "Son, you don't want that puppy. He will never be able to run and play with you like these other dogs would."

With that, the little boy stepped back from the fence, reached down, and began rolling up one leg of his trousers. In doing so, he revealed a steel brace running down both sides of his leg attaching itself to a specially made shoe.

Looking back up at the farmer, he said, "You see sir, I don't run too well myself, and he will need someone who understands."

With tears in his eyes, the farmer reached down and picked up the little pup. Holding it carefully, he handed it to the little boy. "How much?" asked the little boy.

"No charge," answered the farmer, "There's no charge for love."

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WHAT A DAY!

by Doug Clark

In life we never know what a day may bring. Such was the case for young Mrs. Clara Lee Overton Clark back in November 1907. Clara was 23 years of age and the wife of Houston Clark, aged twenty-six. They had married in 1901 and resided in the southeastern part of Madison County near the town of New Hope. They had two children aged 4 and 2 with a third child due any day. A traditional American family.

In October 1907, a trial took place at the Madison County Courthouse. It involved her husband Houston Clark who was on trial for the death of his cousin, Charles Drake. Houston Clark plead "not guilty" and said it was self-defense. He stated he came upon Clara's sister who was screaming as Charles Drake was pulling her through a window of the Overton home. He promptly picked up a log and hit Drake resulting in Drake's death.

The Morning Mercury newspaper in 1907 had articles on the trial. The trial concluded on October 27, 1907, finding Houston Clark guilty of manslaughter, with sentencing set for November 4, 1907.

Sometimes in researching your family tree, you find obscure information that was otherwise unknown and you just say "Wow"! That was the case as I reviewed information related to the events that took place November 4th and November 5th, 1907. The headlines were about Clara's husband. But what transpired in her life during that 24-hour period would shake anyone's world.

It started with the sentencing of Clara's husband, Houston Clark, on November 4th to 5 years in the State Flat Top Mine Prison for manslaughter. Flat Top Mine Prison was a brutal hub in the State's convict labor system where beatings and poor conditions were the norm. Clara's world just changed.

The realization that her husband was going to prison, and she would be raising her children alone was truly a traumatic event for her and her family.

As November 5th, 1907 began, with Clara preparing for her husband to depart to prison, it was impossible for them to know that two more life events were to take place that day. We do not know the order in which these events occurred, but all three of the following events occurred on November 5, 1907:

1.) Clara's husband Houston Clark was transported to the Flat Top Mine Prison. 2.) Clara's father, Mr. James Waller Overton, passed away. 3.) Clara went into labor and gave birth to their third child, a son, Herbert Lacy Clark. Three major life events

all occurring in one day!

Was stress from the trial a contributing factor in her father's passing or in Clara going into labor and having her baby that day? We will never know. We can only imagine how difficult it must have been for young Clara to navigate all the various emotions she must have felt, all within a 24-hour period.

As difficult as this was for her, she would survive this very trying day and a year later the Governor of Alabama would pardon her husband. When reading about events or news stories on television, we do not realize all the things that are happening to family members behind the scenes.

You would have to think that at the end of that exhausting day on November 5th, 1907, that someone in the family exhaled and said, "What a day"!



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The Smith Family Menagerie

by Judy C. Smith

It was a nice sunny day in June, we had uncovered our pool and several friends of our younger children were coming over in the afternoon for a swim. I was six months pregnant, and the heat was just about to get to me. I had cleaned the chairs and tables, made sure the ice cream mix was ready to go in the churn, cookies, and drinks along with napkins, cups and plates to match.

Everything was on trays ready to be served out by the pool. Even Martha Stewart would have been impressed. With everyone gone, I decided this would be a great time to get my Mary Higgins Clark book that I had been reading from upstairs and have a few minutes of

quiet time to myself to recline on a lounge chair on the patio, before the crowd set in.

I snatched a cookie from the tray and a cool glass of peach tea and headed for my favorite spot. The book was excellent and I enjoyed my snack. As always, I kept closing my eyes and dropping the book.

I must have slept for at least thirty minutes and didn't hear my son Brent come home. He told me he wouldn't be home until just before the company arrived.

When I heard a noise, I got up and was in the process of walking towards the rear gate, or should I say waddling, since I had already gained quite a bit into the pregnancy. Out of nowhere, came this creature-thing, first making an unrecognizable noise.

The thing was larger than a German Shepherd, his hide covered with brown and white splotches and smelled like a sewer. His feet made clickety-click noises as he ran

toward me. I now recognized some kind of bleating sound.

Somehow I managed to jump on a table while screaming at the top of my lungs "Brent was that you that just came in? Help Me! Come here now!"

Yes, it was Brent, he was laughing so hard when I said, "What is that?"

He said, "Don't you just love my new pet?"

I asked again what it was.

Laughing harder than ever, seeing me standing as big as I was on the table, he said, "That is Bill, my new GOAT."

"You can't be serious," I said. "Put him in the side fenced yard and help me get down from this table."

By the way, we only had a few minutes before company arrived. All the kids who came loved Billy. I will state for the record, Brent really got my GOAT that day. Billy did not live with us very long.

Vote for Tanjie Kling's Husband for City Council #4 on Tuesday, Aug. 25th!



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A Tribute to Dexter

by Arthur Werkheiser

My granddaughter, Avery, 21 years of age, had acquired a "Rescue Dog" less than a year ago. It was a "Staffie", a fearsome looking dog but gentle of nature. She showered this dog with attention and affection and this dog, Dexter, responded in kind. Dexter was about one year old when Avery acquired him and he was less than 2 years old when he became very ill. Three vets later, it was the recommendation of the vets to "put him down," because the dog had an aggressive form of cancer.

Avery did as recommended but she took it badly. She decided to hold a Memorial for Dexter. She invited the family and some selected friends to attend Dexter's Memorial. It was at this Memorial that Avery's mother, Niki, recited the eulogy she wrote for him. That eulogy follows. It is worth reading.

April 19, 2026 For Dexter

"Dexter wasn't just a dog – he was a presence.

A heartbeat in the room,
a shadow at your side,

a love so constant you didn't even notice it was holding everything together until it was gone.

He came into this world with those soulful green eyes and that big, perfect pumpkin head—eyes that didn't just look at you, they knew you.

And before he knew what it meant to have safety or comfort, you found him.

You chose him.

You brought him home from the pound and gave him the life every dog deserves— a life filled with warmth, laughter, and a love so big it wrapped around him every single day.

He was still just a baby – two years wasn't nearly enough.

Not for the love he had to give, and not for the love you gave him.

He loved the simple things – watching squirrels, standing guard at the window like the whole world depended on him.

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And riding in the car — windows down, ears up, on the way to get ice cream, like it was the best day of his life... every time.

But more than anything, Dexter was yours.

A mama's boy through and through.

Your shadow, your comfort, your joy — the one who chose you over and over again, every single day.

And that kind of love... it doesn't end.

It stays in the quiet moments, in the places he used to sit, in the way your heart still reaches for him without thinking.

Dexter may have only been here a short time, but because of you, every moment of his life was full.

He was safe.

He was happy.

He was home.

And when we close our eyes, we can still see him — those green, knowing eyes, that joyful, watchful spirit... and that big, beautiful pumpkin head we'll love forever."

I believe the Memorial and the eulogy provided Avery with the best closure for the loss of Dexter.



**It's still hot summertime.
Stay cool and call your friends -
they love hearing from you!**

*Sending greetings to the Huntsville High
School Class of 1966*

from Oscar Llerena

**This Shaver's Top Ten
Listing was originally published
in Old Huntsville Magazine
Issue 48, in the year 1995**

Shaver's Top 10 Books of Local & Regional Interest

1. **Hard Times - The Civil War in Huntsville And North Alabama** by Charles Rice (\$15.95).
2. **Railroad War - Nathan Bedford Forrest's raid through North Alabama** by Bob Dunnivant (\$16.95).
3. **Mountain People - The Real People Who Settled Alabama** by Steve Maze (\$12.95).
4. **Maps Of Old Huntsville - Reprints of 1861 and 1871 Maps** (\$10.00 each).
5. **The Way It Was - The Other Side of Huntsville's History.** Rich and bizarre stories of Huntsville's past by native Huntsvillian Tom Carney (\$15.95).
6. **True Tales of Old Madison County - Reprinted by the Historic Huntsville Foundation** (\$5.00).
7. **Handbook Of Alabama Archaeology - Arrowheads** (\$17.95).
8. **Glimpses into Antebellum Homes of Huntsville and Madison County, 8th Edition** (\$10)
9. **Antique Athens and Limestone County - A Photographic Journey 1809-1949** (\$19.95).
10. **Salvation On Sand Mountain - Snake Handling And Redemption** by Dennis Covington (\$20.00).



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Good Grief

A Memoir of Huntsville High School Awards Day, 2007

by Bill Goodson

I'm standing on stage at the podium before a sea—well, not really a sea, maybe a small pond—of white-robed graduates seated in the middle section of the auditorium, tasseled caps perched precariously atop and threatening to slide off at every twist of the head. One girl gives up and removes hers.

I'm reminded of my own graduation ceremonies at HHS in 1953. Our class was so small — barely a hundred — that it would have fit into the first five rows of this assembly. Honors were handed out to us at the same time as the diplomas. No special Awards Day like I'm attending now.

My friend, Marshall Keith — he's the reason I'm here today — didn't get any special honors when he paraded across the stage on that long-ago occasion. He was voted Wittiest Boy in our senior class, but that distinction didn't reach the dizzying heights of recognition at graduation. It did garner him a corner of a page in the Pierian, our school yearbook. He stood casually alongside the Wittiest Girl, who was seated on a bench under a tree.

The photo wasn't a close-up, so you couldn't see his trademark gold-tipped incisor, but his stylish crew cut was on prominent display.

I wish Marshall could be here to witness his legacy. None of his family ever comes. Father and stepmother are deceased. Sister lives in Louisiana. Stepbrothers remain remote from the process. It's been left up to Topper Birney (another classmate) and me to carry the ball. So here I am.

Amazingly, I seem to have the attention of the majority of those assembled. I say amazing because I'm presenter number forty on the awards schedule, sandwiched between the Martha Crumrine Good Citizenship Award that goes to a short, perky young lady, and the ROTC Scholarship for Honor and Duty.

That one comes after me, and I can't wait to see the winner, hoping he gets to the stage and rips off the white gown to display a military uniform, snaps to attention with bulging

pectorals, and thrusts a sword into the air in front of his face. Anything to break the tedium.

So much for my fantasies.

It's my turn. I stand here with bulges other than pectorals on display under my jacket. I suck it in, pull myself a little straighter, and begin the short speech I've been rehearsing to myself for the last hour while giving one ear to the speakers and participating wearily in the endless clapping. I've been here for this ceremony fifteen times already in fifteen years, and, try as I might, I can't come up with anything to say that's new and sensational enough to blow 'em out of their seats. Maybe Garrison Keillor could. Or Bill Cosby. Sure, Cosby would pitch it to the parents scattered through the auditorium and have 'em rolling.

"I'm Bill Goodson."

I want to say, "... and you're not," but it would fall flat on these kids, who weren't even born the last time Chevy Chase pulled that one.

"Congratulations to all you seniors, for the dedication and hard work that brings you here today." Wow! What a roaring start. God! They didn't want to hear that again. They're sick of it. It's driving them crazy. Probably one of them, maybe the guy who's going to receive my award, is harboring a .38 snub nose revolver under his gown. He's made a pledge to his freaky friend sitting beside him, the one with tattoos and a Mohawk, that he will use it on the next person who says "Congratulations on your hard work."

I scan the white pond for any sudden movements. I'm relieved. He must have thought better of it. Maybe he's heard that he's getting this award. Or maybe he suddenly feels sorry for me, can envision himself one day in the same situation as me, is overcome with a wave of uncontrollable empathy. Sure.

Now I'll turn on the charm. "Rumor has it that the Huntsville High class of 2007 has been rated the BEST graduating class...EVER!"

A dull roar goes up.

"COULD THAT BE TRUE?" I shout into the mike.

A huge roar this time. Maybe the revolver has been put away by now.

"Well, if it is, it had to barely — and I mean barely — beat out the class of 1953. And do you know who was in that class?"

Dull stares.

I can sense the ambivalence in their as yet amorphous notions of propriety. If it is I who's from that class, I deserve a hand, if for no other reason than I'm still kicking. But, should they be wrong, they have reckoned my age inaccurately and could embarrass themselves. Maybe one of the graduates of the class of 1953 was some famous person, like a governor or a serial killer, or a governor-turned-serial killer, and they were supposed to know that. Breathlessly, they await a clue.

I point to my chest. "Moi."

Applause and hoots.

Now that I've grabbed their attention, it's time to get serious. This award is not about me. It's about Marshall Keith.

Of course, if I really told them about Marshall, I would

need an hour instead of the three minutes allotted me. I'd tell about the time he and I won first prize in a talent contest at Butler High, with me playing the baritone uke and singing harmony to "Detour" and "I Saw a Wreck on the Highway." I'd have a slide show of his cartoons that appeared in the "Red and Blue." I would distribute copies of the blistering essay he wrote for the student newspaper in Tuscaloosa, decrying the racist riots over admission of Autherine Lucy to the university.

And that would take me to the sixties, when a headline in the Huntsville Times read: "Integrationist Beaten; Sprayed With Chemical." Marshall had taken part in a drug-store sit-in, one of only two whites participating. Later that night he was abducted from his home at gunpoint by hooded men, beaten, and sprayed in the genital area with a caustic substance.

That incident drove him from the South into the arms of New York City, where he found peers of like mind. He would never return home to live. He worked, published some poetry, began penning his novel, and listened to Hank Williams' records. Hank provided a remnant of the South in his life of self-imposed exile. That lonesome whine spoke to his soul and to his fruitless love life.

From the age of five, Marshall had a hole in his heart. About the size of the bullet hole in his mother's head. A melancholy sort, she chose to end her life with a gun to the temple while standing in front of her two children. Marshall found it difficult to embrace a stepmother in his life after that horror. Likewise, his hopes for romance always collapsed in a heap, dashed on the shoals of self-deprecation.

I'm glad I don't have time to tell them all of that.

Instead, I say, "I'm here representing the class of 1953 to present the fifteenth annual Marshall Keith, Jr., Memorial Scholarship for Excellence in Creative Writing. Marshall was a talented class member and friend who died of lung cancer at the age of thirty-six. He never finished

his first novel. In 1992, classmates and friends raised money to fund a scholarship in his honor."

How anemic that sounds! I'm tempted to divulge the whole story. For twenty years after Marshall's death, I periodically suffered wrenching, sobbing episodes of grief when something reminded me of him. All those years, only my wife knew of this cloud that hung over me. That is, until one day Topper confessed to me that he was experiencing the same pain. We resolved then and there to take steps to end our grieving. The idea of a memorial scholarship was born.

No, I can't go into all of that. It's too personal. I'd probably break down in the middle of the telling and lose all credibility. Who wants to see a grown man cry? It would just confirm what teenagers suspect, that grown-ups are as screwed up as their kids are. Probably more so.

Back to the script. "The English Department has handled the details, urging entries from talented seniors and soliciting independent judges from the community. We are especially grateful to Julie Culpepper of that department for overseeing the process."

No b.s. there. The English teachers love the Keith scholarship. They love the criteria: a senior who plans to go to college. That's all. No needs assessment, no GPA, no Good Conduct Medal. In fact, they love anything that will harness the focus of the young and the restless during that last semester of high school.

An award of fifteen hundred dollars toward tuition turns out to be the perfect carrot to hold in front of Faulkner-wannabes.

The climax is at hand.

"There were many excellent entries this year, and all deserve recognition. However, as you know, there has to be a winner. This year the award goes to..."

I want to say, "The envelope, please," to a stiff-looking, tuxedoed CPA from Price-Waterhouse. It's too pregnant a moment just to blurt out a name. Where's the drum roll, the fanfare?

"Goes to David Minter!"

Applause rings out along with a whistle or two. A gangly-looking young man makes his way through the seats over classmates and strides to the stage. He isn't smiling. Serious. A serious writer. Hope he's not too serious. Marshall wouldn't particularly like that — an overly studious, grim writer.

Maybe he can compensate by devoting himself to humanitarian causes such as, well, Civil Rights, or

Peace.

Poverty.

Justice.

And he could write about those causes in a way that would inspire others and ennoble the human family. Yes, he could do that.

He reaches out and shakes my hand and with his other accepts the certificate. I catch a crinkle in one side of his mouth, like a germinating smile. Maybe he knows what I was thinking.

Come to think of it, that looks a lot like Marshall's tentative smile I've seen so many times. I was never able to decide whether he was trying to hide his gold tooth, or ... maybe ... himself.

I'll be back next year for number sixteen.

Postscript

As of 2026, we have awarded the annual Marshall Keith Memorial Scholarship for Excellence in Creative Writing thirty-four times for a total of approximately \$65,000.



The Bracelet A Solo Journey, Never Alone

by Bruce Walker

I am an avid RV enthusiast and traveler. Though I journey solo, I never truly feel alone. My relationship with Jesus is a constant presence in my life—He speaks, and I do my best to listen, even if I don't always succeed.

An Unexpected Welcome in Horse Cave, KY

While traveling through northern Kentucky en route to the Ark Experience, I recently stopped at an RV park in Horse Cave, KY. After a long day on the road, I set up camp and settled in, ready to catch up on emails, write my columns, and continue my research.

A gentle knock sounded at my motorhome door as I was getting comfortable. Opening it, I found two young girls standing with a plate covered in aluminum foil. They smiled nervously and explained, "We were cooking out with our families and noticed you were alone. We brought food if you would accept it."

Of course I did!!

We chatted for a few moments. The older girl shared her dream of becoming a medical technician, while the younger spoke about her passion for making bracelets and selling them to help fund her college education.

I asked the younger girl if she would sell me one of her bracelets. Her eyes lit up and she replied, "Yes sir, I'll be back in a minute." I purchased a bracelet and expressed my gratitude for their kindness.

Reflections on Kindness and Connection

Living alone as a senior citizen does not necessarily mean feeling lonely. I miss my wife of 47 years, yet I continue to discover kindness and friendship in many places—at church, RV campgrounds, and among neighbors. Experiences like this reinforce my belief that compassion and community still thrive in our grand experiment called America.

A Vibrant Campground Community

The girls' unexpected kindness inspired me to meet more of my "new neighbors." Their mother shared that her brother, his new wife, sister, and a neighbor were all joining

the gathering for the weekend. As evening approached, travel trailers filled the campground with family and friends.

From my spot under my awning, paperwork spread around me, I watched the children play games—tag, hide and seek, bicycle races—just as I had 65 years ago. The joyful noise of their laughter and shouts was a welcome soundtrack, reminding me of my own childhood. Hot dogs and hamburgers sizzled on the grill, and the ice cream maker whirled, with a child sitting on top to keep the lid tight, just as I once did on my grandma's porch.

Under a large, pop-up tent, the adults gathered to share food and conversation, their laughter echoing the enjoyment of being together. The aroma of grilled food mingled with the crisp evening air, and the joyful sounds of families nearby created a familiar and deeply comforting sense of community. Neighbors greeted one another with friendly waves, and stories flowed freely over lemonade and folding chairs. Observing it all, I was reminded that, despite the troubling news that seems to stream nonstop, the foundations of kindness, family, and community remain as strong as ever.

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THE HUMAN CUCUMBER



From 1880 newspaper

It is well known that when cucumbers are first cut from the vine there is a piece which exudes or bleeds from the stem. One of our prominent Northern truck-growers, Jared Benson, cut his hand a year or two ago and this juice got into the cut and his hand commenced to inflame. An eruption similar to erysipelas made its appearance on his hand and extended up his arm, and finally spread over his whole body. Strange to say, there was no pain attending these eruptions of erysipelas, and he continued to gather and pack his cucumbers and prepare them for shipment.

To the great surprise of everybody, these little erysipelas pimples assumed the appearance and form of small cucumbers and continued to grow.

Although Benson kept well and hearty, he was compelled to strip himself and take to his bed. Of course the news of this strange phenomenon spread far and wide, and the doctors and scientific minds visited him from various sections of the country. One prescribed one thing and one another. One wished to bleed him; one wished to cut the cucumbers off; another said not to let him have any water and they would dry up; another said stick a hole in each cucumber and they would die and a new skin form. Another wished

to wrap him up in a mammoth poultice of barnyard manure and onions and draw them all to one head; another said they ought to be scattered. Each had a different remedy, but all disagreed. So there was some hope that the patient would get well. But the small cucumbers grew into big ones and his whole body was completely covered with them from head to foot.

They commenced to ripen and turn yellow and hang down, and the man assumed the appearance of a huge bunch of bananas. When they got ripe they began to shrivel and dry up, and so did the man. His sap was all gone and he died.

The doctors procured the consent of the family to permit an autopsy to be made for the benefit of science, and they cut into him with their knives. To their utter amazement found no flesh, no blood, no bones, no muscles, no sinews, no veins, no arteries - but only found one solid mass of cucumber seeds. It was so remarkable that it would be useless to have the remains interred and foolish to have them cremated and so the widow concluded that she would keep them in the house.

She had the corpse hung up by the hair in the barn. The next spring some of the children picked up some of the seed which had dropped in the barn and planted them. These seeds grew rapidly and matured, and instead of being like the parent stock of cucumbers, they were pure pickles, and needed no vinegar, no pepper, no salt, nothing but simply packing into barrels and shipping to market to sell.

Of course, news of this discovery spread rapidly and multitudes of applications for seed flowed in like the incoming tide, and thus enabled the disconsolate widow and children to turn the cause of their bereavement into a means of maintenance and support. The wind of affliction was thus tempered to these shorn lambs.

They sold small packets of seed for big prices and could not supply the demand. The vine grown from the new seed is a perennial evergreen, and can be propagated from cuttings, blooms in the spring and bears in the summer a bountiful crop of absolutely perfect pickles. The widow sells the seeds now for \$1 a paper.

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Attraction



*by Gerald Alvis,
The Poet of Greenlawn*

The fridge is full again.... my wife did make a grocery run yesterday, but I'm not talking about the inside. She stopped me with a smile as I passed by. "Look, it's full again," she said in a warm, soft tone, almost a sigh. The door to our fridge has 4 wedding engagements posted, not just reminders to us of special dates. It's like a precelebratory moment every time I glance at them. These young, hopeful couples are living their dreams together, anticipating all that is to come. Joining not just them but their families in this union of name and spirit.

At first, in these treasured moments, it's all about what we have in common. Short-comings and idiosyncrasies are overlooked as they are not the main focus. Love covers a lot. While yes, some things need to align: beliefs, children,

religion, politics, and, of course, finances, to mention a few. But many things don't. What you find after decades of this most personal of relationships is that what attracted you was that they were stronger in some areas than you are and that each person's strengths complement the other's needs.

One navigates better, the other knows how to set the sails just right, both of you can steer, but in marriage, sometimes you have to do that and also bail water in a storm, and they will come. And there are moments when your partner is down, you have to do it all for a time. That's love. I get it, sometimes you want to feed him to sharks, men can be irritating. But in reality, you'd be out there with a boat paddle, daring this toothy visitor from approaching him any further if one came around. That's your man!

Men aren't as romantic as the ladies, and I doubt if I'll get any rebuttals on that statement. We show we care in other ways. But sometimes the demonstration of the most powerful force in human existence is

so overwhelming that it lives throughout centuries.

As the women and children were loading into the lifeboats on the Titanic, Ida Straus refused her seat to join her husband, Isidor Straus. Her famous last words, as she passed her fur coat to her maid, were "As we have lived so we will die together."

They were last seen standing arm in arm on deck.

Being one of the richest people in the world, yes, he did have it all, and at that moment, if he hadn't understood it before, he realized how wealthy he really was.

I love this story of life and love! Isidor and I were born over a century apart and have little in common, except our love for the sea and the caliber of the woman who has stood beside us.

Gentleman, this is what you look for in a lifelong relationship.

"It's been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues."

Abraham Lincoln

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A Young Mother's Courage

by Elizabeth Wharry



A young woman approached Bob and I. We knew her dad and stepmom. She was 16, and pregnant. She had nowhere to go. Her dad and stepmom had told her to leave. She asked if she could come live with us. She moved in a few days later. Bob and I were in our early 40s by then.

Since I was still active in nursing, I set her up with one of the OBGYNs I knew and trusted. One evening, as Bob and I were relaxing, Mary came to us and asked if we would consider adopting her baby. We were stunned! What an honor!

Since we couldn't have children of our own, we said yes. She asked if she could name the baby. Of course! We didn't know if this baby was a boy or girl. It didn't matter. Joseph was born in mid November, and the adoption was finalized in July. Joseph was the last baby the doctor delivered before retiring. He was also the last adoption the judge handled before he retired.

We moved to western Ohio when Joseph was about a year old. When Joseph was about 2, we heard from Mary.

She came out to visit. It was about a 2 hour drive from where she was living to where we were.

"You can say any foolish thing to a dog, and he will give you a look that says, 'Wow, you're right! I never would've thought of that!'"

Dave Barry

She said she was pregnant again. She asked if we would adopt this baby as well. We had a long discussion, and ended up saying yes. She said that she would deliver at the same hospital. We got the call to please come as she was in labor. She had another boy, whom we named Jacob. He was born in mid September. The boys aren't quite 3 years apart. Jacob was also the first adoption that the newly elected judge in Ottawa County heard.

The boys are now grown men. And Mary? We still keep in touch. Shortly after Jacob was born, she decided to turn her life around. Today, she is a successful attorney. She's still in Ohio.

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Today's Tale from the Legal Twilight Zone - "Judge, You Are Not as Important as You May Think You Are."

by Judge Billy Bell

When a judge is first elected or appointed to office in Alabama, he or she is required to attend "New Judges Orientation," a 3 day crash course in how to do your job.

At lunch one day during NJO, they brought in former Governor John Patterson, who had also served as a judge on the Alabama Court of Criminal Appeals, to talk to us. The topic of his talk was "Judge, You Are Not As Important As You May Think You Are" and to illustrate his point he shared with us what he said was this true story that happened to him while he was Governor of our great state.

Governor Patterson and his state trooper bodyguard had flown to Birmingham for a meeting one day, and planned to go from there to Tuscaloosa for another meeting that afternoon. However, when the meeting in Birmingham ended, the weather had become bad.

In those days, the train was a common way to travel, so he and his bodyguard went down to the train station and got the last two tickets in the passenger car. When they went into the car, there was a single empty seat down on the right, and the state trooper took it. There was an empty seat on the left side, which the Governor took.

The Governor had sat down in the middle of a row of patients from Taylor Hardin Hospital in Tuscaloosa, a men-

tal facility for those adjudged criminally insane, who had gone to Birmingham for their medical appointments.

Soon an orderly in charge of the patients came into the passenger car, and started taking a head count.

As he went down the row, he pointed at each patients as he counted "one, two, three, four" and when he came to the Governor, he asked "Who are you?" to which the Governor responded "Why, I am the Governor of Alabama!"

The orderly pointed at Governor Patterson, and said "five," as he completed his head count.

Governor Patterson told us that he always remembered that story and kept his position and importance in perspective.

I have never forgotten that story, and tried to keep it in mind.

When I got back, I was assigned to Courtroom #5, and I didn't think that was just a coincidence. I got the message....

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PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Your Garden Butterflies

Butterflies have long fascinated humans. The ancient Egyptians, and later the Romans, believed they were symbols of the human soul. To make a wish come true, Native Americans suggested whispering it to a butterfly.

To invite butterflies to your garden, you will first need to understand their life cycle. Butterflies have four stages of development: egg, caterpillar (or larva), chrysalis, and winged adult. Accommodate the needs of each stage for greatest success.

Host Plants

Adult butterflies lay eggs on host plants so the larvae will have the necessary food to mature. At the end of this larval stage, they need a sturdy, protected place to attach and form the chrysalis. Milkweed, Fennel, Parsley and Dill are good choices for egg laying.

Flowers

Annuals and perennial flowers provide the nectar and food for adult butterflies. Butterfly bushes are really good. Here are a few other plants you'll want to add to your host plants:

- * Bee Balm
- * Zinnia
- * Sunflower
- * Purple cone flower
- * Sedum
- * Lantana
- * Verbena
- * Aster
- * Dahlia
- * Petunia

There are more but these will get you started. Plant the flowers in groups or the same, and also have them planted close to your host plants. In other words, when I do it I'll plant parsley all over the yard but have it next to groups of Verbena, Sage, Coneflowers, etc. You'll have lots of color!

You can plant many of these in large pots as well, maybe putting a larger flower in the center and surrounding it with parsley and dill.

Pesticides

To avoid harming butterflies, which are insects, I would not use pesticides. Spot treating pest insects with insecticidal soaps or oils leaves no chemical residue to harm caterpillars. You can handpick some pests, such as beetles. A regular, hard blast of water can remove other plant pests, such as aphids. Do this carefully.

Another advantage of decreased garden chemical use is the presence of other garden helpers, which pesticides can kill. These are beneficial critters, such as



spiders, lacewings, ladybugs, and ground beetles that eat the plant pests. There are also other pollinators, such as honey bees, that benefit from reduced chemical use.

Shelters

Include a few blooming shrubs in your butterfly garden or have evergreens nearby for shelter. Butterflies will hide in these areas on cloudy days or at night and find protection from the rain and wind when needed. You can find wooden butterfly houses that they can take shelter in. Your garden might even be located near the garage, gazebo, or garden shed. These permanent structures also give

protection.

Puddles

Male butterfly adults need to puddle. They obtain water and minerals from the shallows of these wet places. To make a permanent puddle, bury a shallow pan of wet gravel or sand to its rim. Fill it with liquids, such as fruit drinks or plain tap water. You might even sprinkle it periodically with liquid fertilizer when boosting the garden plants. Some butterflies, such as the viceroy, like to drink from rotten fruit. Locate the compost pile nearby and allow rotting fruit to occasionally stay on top.

Location

Butterfly gardens should be in full sun. All insects are cold-blooded. Their body temperature is dependent on the environmental temperature. Enhance the sun's warming energy with stepping stones or a gravel path. Butterfly adults will bask in these areas to warm themselves from the radiant heat. Your garden will also benefit, because most of the plants used by butterflies grow best in full sun.

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From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Mystery of 6654

by Tom Carney

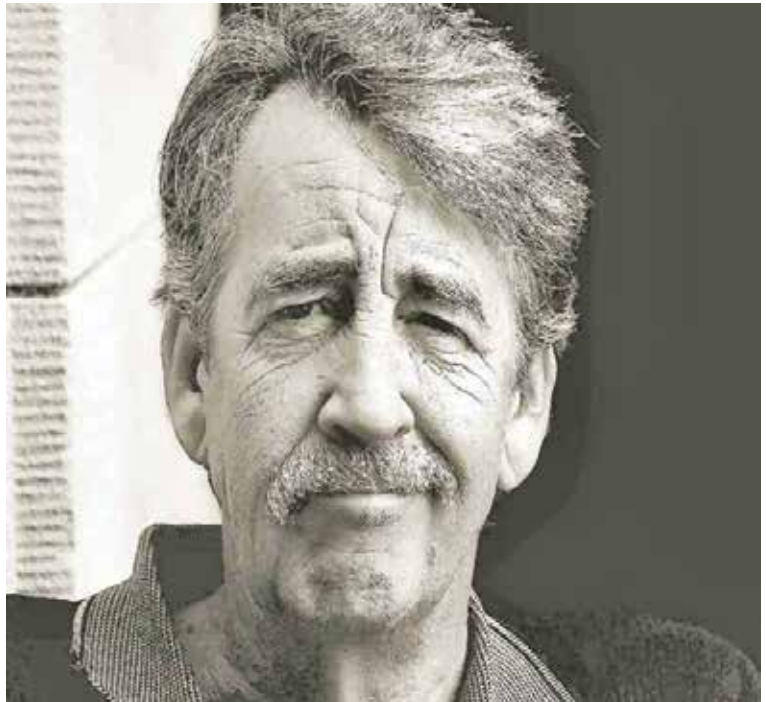
Huntsville was in the grips of one of the coldest winters on record when in February, 1906 a stranger appeared at the Huntsville Hotel and requested a room.

The stranger, an elderly man, was dressed in summer clothing and carried no luggage. He asked for a room for two weeks and paid in advance with cash.

He also asked that no one, not even the maids, be permitted to enter his room. Instead of signing his name to the register, he wrote the numbers 6654.

The following morning he began a routine he would follow every day for the next two weeks. Eat breakfast at the hotel, walk three blocks to a barber shop where he would request a shave. Then he would sit on a bench in front of the Courthouse for the rest of the day until finally returning to the hotel for dinner.

At the end of two weeks the stranger disappeared. The manager of the hotel, worried about the man's strange behavior, finally entered the room. The room was exactly the way it was when the stranger had rented it. The bed had not been slept in and there was no sign anyone had been in the room since it was last cleaned, two weeks previous.



Adding to the mystery were six envelopes lying on the bed, addressed to different individuals around town. In each envelope were five one hundred dollar bills.

Later checking revealed that none of the individuals knew the stranger. They also had no idea what the money was for, or what the numbers 6654 stood for. None of the recipients of the money had heard of the man or ever done business of any kind with him.

Another mysterious Huntsville story that has never been explained.



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Thank you to our
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**How is it we put a man
on the moon before we
figured out it would be a
good idea to put wheels
on luggage?**

CHEVY WAS A TALKING DOG



by Trey Cornelius

A few years ago, I had a dog named Chevy. She was this beautiful, talented, and smart German Shepherd who meant business, and was loyal just the same. The scary part of it was that she was almost human. She understood every word you said and then processed it like a student in a classroom. She'd either tilt her head, grumble under her breath, or bark as the hair on her back would stand up in the air.

She knew what was going on the minute words came from your mouth. There was no question about it. For nearly twelve years, we had a smart and outgoing dog. She was the star of the family.

When she was six weeks old, her ears, paws and tail grew into place. Not knowing so, she had a sense of humor without even trying. When she'd look up at you, her ears flung up, too. When she'd bark, it would either echo across the room or rattle your eardrums.

She was always responsive when you spoke. It was like having a natural conversation with her. Chevy and I were like peas and carrots. We were like brother and sister.

She was a friendly dog with a wild personality. We were always together like birds of a feather.

Her favorite time was traveling in the car. She was always

ready to go and be on the go. Whenever my dad would ask, "Do you want to go?" her face would light up, and she would zoom across the room, ready to run out the door. She'd run, zoom, and BARK until you gave her what she wanted.

She always had a response for everything. Once I asked her, "Hey Chevy, where's your rope?" She responded in dog voice. "I don't know." For a moment, I felt like I was talking to Scooby-Doo. Anybody got a Scooby snack?

One of the funniest moments we had with her was getting her all fired up. It wouldn't take much to bring out her ferociousness, but when you did, there it was. One of her favorite games was "Tug of War." If you had a stick, she was ready. She had a grip and wouldn't let go.

One day, we were playing with a big stick. So I decided to trick her. I had a big pan in my hand and a stick with a dog clutched onto it. I had a big doggy plate in front of her. I said, "Hey, Chevy! Look what I got for you!" Little did she know it was a trick. Once she dropped the stick and let down her guard, she began sniffing the bowl. I immediately grabbed the stick and held it above my head. She realized she'd been tricked. Her barking was fierce and dark. She made it well-known that she didn't like being tricked. Laughter filled the room.

Chevy spent the rest of the day snubbing me with her big nose. I asked her, "You okay?" She barked, "Shut up!" She was so mad at me. Eventually, she came around.

We had her for nearly twelve years. It was hard the day she left for Home. We still talk about her to this day. She was Chevy, the talking dog.

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MOVING TO HUNTSVILLE IN 1957

by Sandy Hughey



My Dad working in the labs

Jim Vann had an article in March, about the people from Milan, TN. They were transferred from the Milan arsenal down to the newly developing Huntsville, AL arsenal. My dad and many others were given a choice - Redstone Arsenal or White Sands, New Mexico. Many chose Redstone, because it was closer to family in Tennessee.

Jim told about one guy who had a lunchbox like an old mailbox. He always had a boiled egg and his wife sewed his clothes. That could have been my dad. We came here in March of 1957 and purchased a house in Lakewood. I think the realtors we purchased it from were Gilbreath and Rosenbloom. A lot of women sewed in the 50s and my mother was one of them.

Huntsville was in a boom then. When I got ready to register for school, there was no place for me to attend ninth grade. This should have been Lee High School, but the 9th grade rooms were not ready. I think we had to go to old Rison Elementary on Oakwood Avenue. I am in the picture someone took of us. A lot of these kids and I went to Butler High School in 10th grade the following year. Almost all these kids were from Milan, and as it turned out moved into the same neighborhood with us. When my younger sister started high school, she was zoned for Lee High. Lee School was being built in 1957, but 9th grade rooms were not ready until 1957-58. She had to attend a school on Pulaski Pike until Lakewood elementary was finished.

When my dad first went to work at Milan Arsenal in 1942, he had a radio shop in the back of our house. Everyone that had problems came to him to fix them. Later, he was asked to move to the arsenal. We first moved to Graball Gate and later to area Q. Most of the kids that came to Huntsville with me were in area Q. on the arsenal. So, without realizing it, we actually were together from K D McKellar Elementary School in Milan, through high school, at S R Butler in Huntsville, Alabama in 2 different states.

When my dad started working on RSA, it was called Army Ballistic Missile Agency or ABMA. In 1960 it was changed to National Aeronautics & Space Administration or NASA.

Over the years he worked under Dr. Wernher Von Braun, and on several different spacecrafts. He loved every minute of it. He loved math and could fix anything that broke. Even the neighbors would bring him things to fix. He would always tell them it would be easier if you hadn't tried to fix it yourself. Next time bring it to me and don't touch it.

My parents made Huntsville their home from 1957 until 1992 when my father passed away.



Milan Arsenal Employees



Tips from Earlene

- Did you know that fidgety people lose more weight than people who sit around? You burn more calories by being more active and moving around more. Makes sense, doesn't it? Start fidgeting!

- If you don't sleep that well and notice dark circles under your eyes in the morning, why don't you try raising the front of your bed up by 1-2 inches? You can put a board under the two top legs (under your head) or get casters that fit under them. It makes a difference.

- When traveling, always spread a towel in the tub before you take a shower. Oftentimes the tubs are very slick and the towels will prevent you from slipping.

- If you put all the stuff you want to take to work with you in the morning in one "to-go" spot, you will begin checking that spot every morning and not forget things.

- Summer is here, but if you still get chilled at night invest in a good goose down comforter— you wouldn't believe how warm and cozy you feel under one of those no matter what season it is.

- If someone you don't know calls you to tell you to

move your money to a bond fund in preparation for the future, DON'T do it. This is the latest of frauds intended for older people and they are using fear to defraud you of your money. Remember to NOT give anyone information about your money or credit cards over the phone, ever.

- Put your bathroom light on a dimmer so that you don't blind yourself in the middle of the night when you use the bathroom.

- A very good marinade for steak is lemon juice, Dale's sauce and Worcestershire with a bit of garlic powder thrown in. Measure equal amounts in a Ziploc bag, throw in your steak and let it marinade in your fridge overnight. Cook over hot coals on your grill and your friends will come over to see what you're cooking! It smells so good.

- Common salt provides a complete barrier to the hated red ant. Just make a barrier of it to the place the ants want to go, and they will never crawl over it.

- To keep a mahogany table beautiful, do the following. Take a little cold drawn linseed oil and put it in the middle of the table. Rub well with a piece of linen (never use wool). Take another piece of linen, rub for ten minutes, then take a dry cloth and rub it quite dry. Do this every day for a month, and your table will acquire a permanent and beautiful lustre, unattainable by any other means and equal to the finest French polish.

"My decision making skills closely resemble those of a squirrel when crossing a busy road."

Seen on Local resume



CLETUS

Hello, my name is Cletus! I am 5 years old and am a happy boy with sparkly eyes and big personality. As you can see I am a bit overweight but I'm on a special diet to help me to get back in shape. I have been neutered and have had all my shots and been micro-chipped. I love to go on walks with the volunteers here at the Ark Animal Shelter but my favorite thing is getting belly rubs. People here say I am a Labrador retriever mixed breed dog, but I am smaller than most of those kinds of dogs. I love people and crave attention from the volunteers and visitors. I also get along with other dogs that

are friendly to me. If you are looking to add a new dog to your family I might be a perfect fit. Please think about adopting me and taking me home with you. Come to the Ark Animal Shelter for a visit and give me a chance to impress you with my friendliness and easy going nature. Ask to see Cletus, that's me!

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MONSTER TRUCKS IN ATHENS, AL

by John Michael Hampton

The monster truck made loud noises as it revved its engine. I was enjoying the free show with my family, who were standing less than 100 yards from the monster trucks.

In the summer of 1988, our family went to Athens on vacation like we had done for several years to visit family members living there. The trip down from Nashville was uneventful, and I had even dozed off to sleep for a while in the back seat of my grandparents' 1968 Bonneville Pontiac, while my grandfather drove and my grandmother sat in the front seat.

Once we arrived at Aunt Sue's home in the Dogwood Subdivision on the banks of the Tennessee River, she advised us that the next day there was going to be a free monster truck show in Athens to celebrate the grand opening of the OK Tires store on U.S. Highway 72. It didn't take long for the family to decide to go to the show.

The next morning dawned bright and sunny. It was perfect weather for an outdoor monster truck show. So, we all loaded into two vehicles to head into Athens for the show. I was riding in the back of Uncle Doug's pickup truck, along with my cousins.

There was already a crowd beginning to gather by the time we pulled up to the location of the show. They had spectators standing at the edge of the concrete driveway for the tire store, with a rope separating them from the vacant lot next door. On that lot, ten junk cars had been assembled, sitting next to each other. The monster truck that was at the show was Thumper II, and it was huge!

WAAY TOO EARLY anchors Gary Dobbs and Toni Lowery were there covering the event, and as the camera panned the audience, my cousin and I remembered to put up a three and a one for the camera. The video featuring us was aired on the following Monday's WAAY TOO EARLY program on WAAY-TV 31. The monster truck show started at exactly ten o'clock. The driver

started the truck and sat there letting it run for about five minutes before even revving the engine. After that, he revved the engine for about a minute or so, while sitting in the same spot. He then put the truck in drive, and made a couple loops around the vacant lot, waving to the crowd.

He then backed up, lining the truck up so it would be in line with the row of junk cars that were on the lot. He revved the engine, put the truck in drive, and accelerated, driving over all the cars. He then looped back around, lining up with the cars from the opposite end of the lot, and drove over them again.

He made one more pass of driving over the cars before the show finale. As a finale, he popped a wheelie, looped around and then stopped the truck alongside the fans. A loud cheer rose from the crowd as a show of appreciation for the show they had just witnessed.

After the show, the driver went inside the tire store and sat down at a table. He signed autographed pictures for everyone who stood in line to get one, at no cost. He was very happy to be in Athens and was very nice to everyone in line.

Many years have passed since this monster truck show in Athens. Monster truck shows are now in arenas, where multiple trucks compete, and people buy tickets to see the show.

WAAY TOO EARLY no longer is on television, and Gary Dobbs and Toni Lowery no longer work at WAAY TV 31. However, I still have those memories, and every time I pass that still-vacant field east of Athens on U.S. Highway 72, I still can see the monster truck show in my mind. I still hear the far distant sounds of engines revving and a crowd cheering.

And, just for a moment, I am a kid again, enjoying the show.

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Hermit who Claimed to be John Hunt's Grandson Dies in Athens



from 1916 Newspaper

Alone he lived, alone he died - the Limestone County's man of mystery, whose charred body was found in the ruins of his cave home, east of Athens on the Nick Davis Road.

The recluse was called John Hunt, when he went to Athens a quarter of a century ago and bought 25 acres of land near Athens. He dug his home, rather than having built it. Into the earth he bored and excavated a large room, over which he built a roof and called it home. In later years he added two more rooms, both underground.

Hunt claimed his grandfather settled Huntsville and from the family name the city received its name. His pathetic death last week, under mysterious circumstances, brought to light the weird story of the hermit's life.

Hunt had been a federal Army man during the Civil War and he received a pension from the government. Together with the money he received from selling a few farm products, he eked out a meagre existence.

One of the strange features of the hermit's life, now being related by Athens people, is the fact that Hunt never sold a chicken, though he raised hundreds in the woods above his home. On the other hand, he treated them much as he would a human being. At noon he frequently rang a big bell to call them to be fed. The fowls would jump upon his shoulders and he made pets of all of them. "They are too near and dear to me to be sold," he explained to curious visitors, who visited his dugout by the hundreds.

The recluse treated people all with civility but never claimed their friendship. When he first moved to Limestone, the section in which he settled had few people in it. Later it built up, but he continued to keep himself withdrawn from human companionship.

Recently, a group of young men passing by the hut found only the smoking embers left. A hurried investigation was made and in the ashes the body of the hermit was found. It was buried by the people of the neighborhood in the Athens cemetery.



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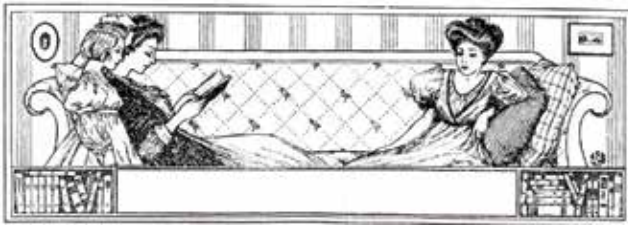
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MAKE YOURSELF HAPPY



* Surround yourself with people who make you feel good about yourself, not the ones who insult you.

* NEVER believe that guy with the heavy accent who calls and says he's from Microsoft and he can fix your computer right over the phone. It's a scam.

* If you're lonely, go out and find someone you can help. It'll take your mind off yourself, instantly.

* NEVER give out any financial info over the phone - banking, credit or debit card numbers, etc.

* Stay on your feet at all costs. No falling is allowed.

* When you have a very important decision to make, choose the one that gives you the most peace.

* Don't answer calls automatically - if you don't recognize the number of the caller don't answer. If it's important they'll leave a message.

* Clean out one closet or drawer at a time - not the whole house.

* Get out and walk if you can - even if it's half a block - every day.

* Treat yourself to a good night's sleep and try to do that every night.

* NEVER answer the door after dark unless you know who it is.

* Watch out for your neighbors, they may be in worse shape than you.

* If you don't feel good and can stay at home, don't drive. It's not worth getting into a bad accident.

Take Care of Yourself

Cream on face, neck and ears every day. Ears can get old and dry too and never get any love.

Want to be Happy?

- Be in control of your life - don't let someone control you or what you do.

- Do something good for yourself every day.

- Do something good for another every day.

- Make your bed every day no matter how you feel.

- Each night before you go to bed think of all the good things that happened, what you accomplished.

**"You never appreciate what you have until it's gone.
Toilet paper is a perfect example."**

Bessie McMillian, Scottsboro

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1 c. butter
1/3 c. granulated sugar
2 c. plain flour
1/2 c. chopped walnuts
2 t. milk
2 t. vanilla extract
Confectioner's sugar

Cream the butter and sugar til light and fluffy. Mix in flour, milk, vanilla and chopped walnuts. Chill dough for several hours in fridge.

Roll into small balls. Heat oven to 375 degrees and bake on greased cookie sheet for 12 to 15 minutes.

Roll in powdered sugar while still warm. Store in tightly covered container.

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Being a Good Dog



from the Dog

Dear God: Here is a list of just some of the things I must remember to be a good Dog:

1. I will not eat the cat's food before he eats it or after he throws it up.

2. I will not roll on dead squirrels, mice, snakes, etc., just because I like the way they smell.

3. The Litter Box is not a cookie jar.

4. The sofa is not a "face towel".

5. The UPS man and mail delivery lady are harmless and are not stealing our stuff.

6. I will not play tug-of-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.

7. Sticking my nose into someone's crotch is an unacceptable way of saying "hello".

8. I don't need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm under the coffee table.

9. I must shake the rainwater out of my fur before entering the house - not after.

10. I will not come in from outside and immediately drag my butt across the carpet.

11. I will not sit in the middle of the living room and lick my belly.

12. The cat is not a "squeaky toy", so when I play with him and he makes that noise, it's usually not a good thing.

13. I will not stop and stand my ground when coming across

an interesting spot of monkey grass.

14. I will lick my owner's face when she bends down for a kiss, even though I don't feel like it just then.

15. I will make my family think they are really teaching me tricks even though the most important thing is the treat I get for it.

16. I will be forever grateful to my new family for rescuing me from the shelter I thought I'd spend the rest of my life in.

17. When presented with plain dog food, I'll act like I'm not hungry and always hold out for some good table scraps.

18. I will not breathe heavily on guests who are here eating barbeque and not sharing it with me.

19. I will not insist that my mama carry me when we're out for a walk, unless it's over 80 degrees and we've walked more than 5 minutes.

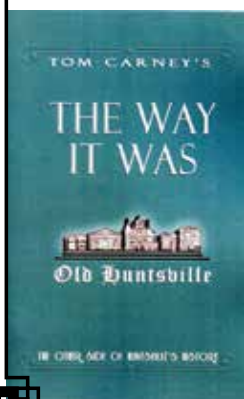
20. I will maybe not push another dog out of the way when he/she is trying to get my daddy's attention.



BY TOM CARNEY

"THE WAY IT WAS,"

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Times Have Changed



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Ladies' bathing apparel could be ordered from Sears and Roebuck for \$2.15 a suit. There were only three sizes and and you had a choice of color - as long as it was black.

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