

50¢



Vol. 1 Issue 2

DOG DAYS ISSUE

August 20, 1990

Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

John Harrison

*Co-founder Of
Huntsville's Oldest
Business 'Was A
Colorful Character*

On December 27, 1983, Mr. John W. Harrison, the last Harrison brother, died. On July 31, 1984 the heirs to the Harrison Estates sold the building, land, fixtures and contents of 124 South Side Square to the Historic Huntsville Foundation for the sum of \$105,000. This ended the private ownership of what was, at the time of its sale, the oldest business in continuous operation in Huntsville, having been originally established in 1879 and established in Huntsville in 1883.

The story begins in Smithville, Tennessee in about 1855. In that year John Harrison married Miss Mary Kelley of that city. The children of this marriage were the original Harrison brothers.

Very little is known about the origins of John Harrison. On various official records, he listed his birthplace as Tennessee; Quebec, Canada; New York City; Ireland; and (with more than usual inventiveness) "On the High Seas". Family tradition has it that he was probably born in Ireland and entered the United States through



Photo provided by Lynn Jones

New Orleans. There are two versions of how this might have happened. Both versions have his Irish father as the Captain of a merchant ship and him as a 16-year old cabin boy.

The first version states that while his father's ship is in port in New Orleans, he and his brother (name unknown) are offered money to take horses and provisions up the Mississippi River. These provisions would be used to feed crews who floated timber rafts loaded with trade goods down to New Orleans. When he and his brother reach their destination, they are not paid, but are robbed, beaten and deserted. Because of adverse

weather conditions, they are unable to float down the Mississippi River and must walk back to New Orleans. On arriving in the city their father's ship has sailed. While waiting for the father's ship to return, they work in the area. However, employment opportunities in New Orleans are seasonally dependent and finally each brother has to strike out on his own, never to see the other again.

The second version states that his father treats John so harshly that he jumps ship in New Orleans when the ship docks. John wants to put a great deal of distance between him and his father, so when he hears of the lands in Tennessee being opened for settlement, he seizes the opportunity.

Continued On Page 2



This Issue

On Location.....	4
1898 Encampment.....	5
"Pass The Watercross Please".....	9
Huntsville Trivia.....	11
Legends Of Old Huntsville.....	11
The Battle Of Huntsville.....	16
From the Desk of James Record...	17
Joe.....	18
First Gig: Tony Mason.....	22



Harrison From Page 1

Whatever the true story, John Harrison becomes a farmer. When the Civil War breaks out he joins the Confederacy as a private, in the 15th. Tennessee Infantry Regiment on May 9, 1861. Little is known of his war record. However, on May 1, 1863, while attached to Company I of the 19th Tennessee



To Our Readers

We want to take a minute to thank you all for your overwhelming response to our first issue of "Old Huntsville". Tom, Bruce and I have been receiving calls from all over, and are happy that we are filling a need in Huntsville for a publication of this type.

Your contribution is invaluable. We are going to begin printing poems, short stories, and non-fiction type material that is nostalgic and reminiscent of days gone by. If you have always wanted to see your name in print PLEASE send us your work. We reserve the right to edit all material.

If you live in Old Huntsville and have information on your home that you feel would be interesting such as ghost stories, architectural information, or articles that you think might be of interest, please send it in. If it fits in our format we will be more than happy to use it.

So, again, thank you all for your enthusiasm and positive comments, and we hope to hear from you soon!

Catherine Carney

Infantry Regiment, he was sentenced to death by firing squad, for desertion and for persuading two other soldiers to also desert.

This sentence was nullified by General Bragg of the Army of Tennessee in May of 1863. The story is that on March 25, of the same year John Harrison and the other two soldiers got permission to go home and help with the spring planting and to care for sick wives and families. While the men were away, their Company was engaged in battle and the Commander, his aide and Company Clerk were killed. When John returned to duty, he was arrested and charged with desertion as it appears that his permission was not recorded. When his court-martial sentence was announced to the troops, two men of his former Company came forward and testified that the Company Commander had given Harrison permission to go home. When the war was over John Harrison, now a 1st Lieutenant in Company A of the 15th Tennessee Regiment was paroled as part of the surrender of the Army of Tennessee in Greensboro, North Carolina on April 26, 1865.

John then returned to farming and was also a part-time recorder for the county. In 1879 his two oldest sons James and Daniel started Harrison Brothers in Smithville. The business began with the buying and selling of tobacco and later selling of crockery, tinware and iron cookware was added. As the

business increased, their only sister Cora kept the books. In 1882 John's wife died, and later that year he remarried. None of the children liked their step-mother and there seemed to have been family problems, so all the children moved down to Huntsville, including the youngest, Robert (born 1872). Huntsville was selected by James, who had visited here while buying for the Smithville store. Once in Huntsville, they operated at various locations in the downtown area, but in 1895 they moved to the South Side Square location. They also had a store in Decatur, but closed it to concentrate their

TWICKENHAM STATION



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efforts in Huntsville. Near the end of his life John Harrison moved to Huntsville to be nursed by his children. He died in 1914 and is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery.

James Harrison married Sally

DILWORTH LUMBER



SERVING HUNTSVILLE SINCE 1907

Holmes of Huntsville and built a house at what is now 315 White St. They had three children, and all members of this family are also buried in Maple Hill Cemetery.

Daniel and Cora never married. Daniel built two houses on White street, that are now 403 and 405. Cora died in 1936 and Daniel died in 1940.

Robert married Helen Fraser of Huntsville and built a house at what is now 401 White St., but lived for 35 years at 314 W. Holmes Ave. (the W. R. Rison House). They had three children Daniel (born 1898), John (born 1901), and Mary Margaret (born 1904). John and Daniel were the last Harrison Brothers.

Helen Fraser (no relation to Dr. Thomas Fraser) was the daughter of John and Margaret Muir Fraser, both first generation Scottish immigrants. Historically, both the Fraser and the Muir families were involved in horticulture. John and Margaret had met while participating in Grange activities in Allentown, Mo. They married in Missouri, then moved to Huntsville to find a suitable location in which to establish rosebush stock. John Fraser established Huntsville Wholesale Nursery which supplied the majority of roses to Sears, Roebuck & Co. Originally the nursery and the family home was on Stringfield Road where the Vulcan Rock Quarry is now located. Later the nursery was relocated north of Bob Wade Lane and a new family home was built at what is now 427 Eustis Ave.

All three of the sons of this marriage went into the nursery business. John II took over Huntsville Wholesale Nursery, Oliver started a nursery in Birmingham and James created the Fraser nursery. Fraser nursery extended from California St. on the west, to about Owens Drive on the East, Locust Ave. on the North to Fagan's Creek on the South. He built a house at what is now 1000 Locust Ave. In 1929 when James decided to get out of the nursery business, he subdivided his nursery as Monte Vista Estates which contain streets named Harrison and Fraser Avenues.

Robert Harrison and his two sons ran Harrison Brothers Store until the death of Robert in 1952.

Abigail's Cottage

Fine Women's Apparel



5 3 6 ~ 3 9 7 0

Then, Daniel and John ran the store until Daniel died in 1981. John then carried on along until his death in 1983.

The daughter, Margaret, left Huntsville after graduating from high school. After a year in college, she moved to Washington D.C. and started working at the U.S. Department of Agriculture where she met my father, Harry Earl Smallwood. There were three children from this marriage Robert, Richard and Helen.

Daniel married Lucille Coons. They had one child who was stillborn. John married Carroll Drake, and there were no children, so in many ways the store was their child. While we nephews were required to work at the store during the summer months, there was no offer for us to enter the business. As a matter of fact, in all conversations, the Uncles encouraged us to pursue other occupational endeavors.

When John died, the heirs realized that the store could not be operated as it had in the past. Profit margins would have to be raised, parking was restricted, there was slow turn-over of most of the inventory, and the store layout was very labor intensive. Mrs. Eslick had contacted me before my uncles's death and asked if there could be any consideration for the store to be sold to the Historic Huntsville Foundation. The heirs felt that the Foundation would have wide-

spread community support and be able to preserve the ambience of the store for the future. For that reason the Foundation's offer was accepted and other higher offers refused.

Submitted by Richard Smallwood
(Great grandson of John Harrison)

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On Location

Since the early 1970's the majority of motion pictures produced in America by the West Coast and East Coast production communities have been filmed more and more on location. The Southeast has seen a large share of this production pie due to the good weather, better costs and diverse locations.

At one time or another, you may have recognized certain locations in movies as being a house or building you've seen over and over again. The desire to find a "fresh look" has been the driving force in movie companies departing Los Angeles and New York, and producing their films elsewhere in the country and overseas.

As a homeowner, your home is a potential location for a movie production. Every movie script must have a "home" for its characters. Everyone has to live somewhere and every movie will depict one or more "homes" from where the story line will evolve.

Huntsville has a treasure chest of locations in the Old Town and Twickenham districts alone. Whether a movie is set in contemporary times or is a period piece, the director is usually

looking for a home with "character". This can be widely interpreted, but usually a city with a good downtown area and large urban neighborhoods offers a wide variety of choices that reflect the many decades in the city's history.

In Old Town and Twickenham, residential structures can be found dating to the early 19th century. Examples of styles to be found here are Federalist, Greek Revival, Italianate, Queen Anne Victorian, and even a peculiar local style known as "Steamboat Gothic." The neighborhoods also have significant examples of homes representing popular styles at the turn-of-the-century and early 20th century. The bungalow, cottage or "Craftsmen Homes" are abundant in Twickenham as are single story "Gingerbreads", the last incarnation of Folk Victorian. There are even a couple of rare local versions of "Prairie" style that spread through the country briefly between 1905 and 1915.

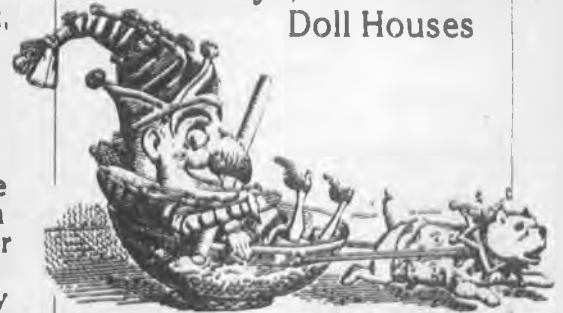
You might be asking yourself the question, "What should I do if a movie company approaches me to film my house?" First, if a production company is especially interested in your home, ask when they are planning to film and for how long. It could last for days, weeks, or even months. In addition to shooting days, the production also has "prep days" and "wrap days" for preparing the house and for returning it to its original condition.

Next, find out how much of your home will be used and if you will be able to stay there during production. If the entire house is used, they may ask to place you in a hotel, at their expense. Then, read carefully the location contract the company provides. You will want to make sure that the company will return your home, inside and out, to the exact condition it was in before production started. Or the movie company may make changes that you want to keep, like a different paint color or some additional construction that really adds to the value of your home.

Finally, be sure the movie company is fully insured and that you receive a certificate of insurance that lists your property.

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There will also be a "hold harmless" clause that relieves you of any liability in case of injury by crew members or actors. And, a location fee for use of your property is always negotiable between you and the company. Some people prefer tradeoffs in return for the company making improvements to the house that are called for by the script.

Some recent examples of southern homes used extensively in film production can be seen in "Driving Miss Daisy" and "Mississippi Burning."

In "Driving Miss Daisy" the majority of the film took place in a large eclectic revival home built in the 1920's in the Druid Hills section of Atlanta. The owner was paid a location fee and given nice hotel accommodations during the production because the entire house was used as a location. In "Mississippi Burning" the sheriff's deputy, pursued by Gene Hackman, lived in a single-story "Gingerbread" built in 1895. This particular home was actually filmed in Lafayette, Alabama.

Submitted by Michael Boyer
(Mr. Boyer is currently Location Coordinator at the Georgia Film Office in Atlanta and was formerly with the Alabama Film Office for five years. A former resident of Huntsville.)

AVENUE GRAPHICS

GRAPHIC DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION
536-3002

I Wrote You A Poem

Last night

I wrote you a poem.

*This morning when
no one was looking*

I gave it to the wind.

*I had labored long on it through a
lonely evening laced with whiskey
and tobacco fumes.*

*I wanted honesty and
purity and love.*

I don't have these things.

You don't either.

The poem did.

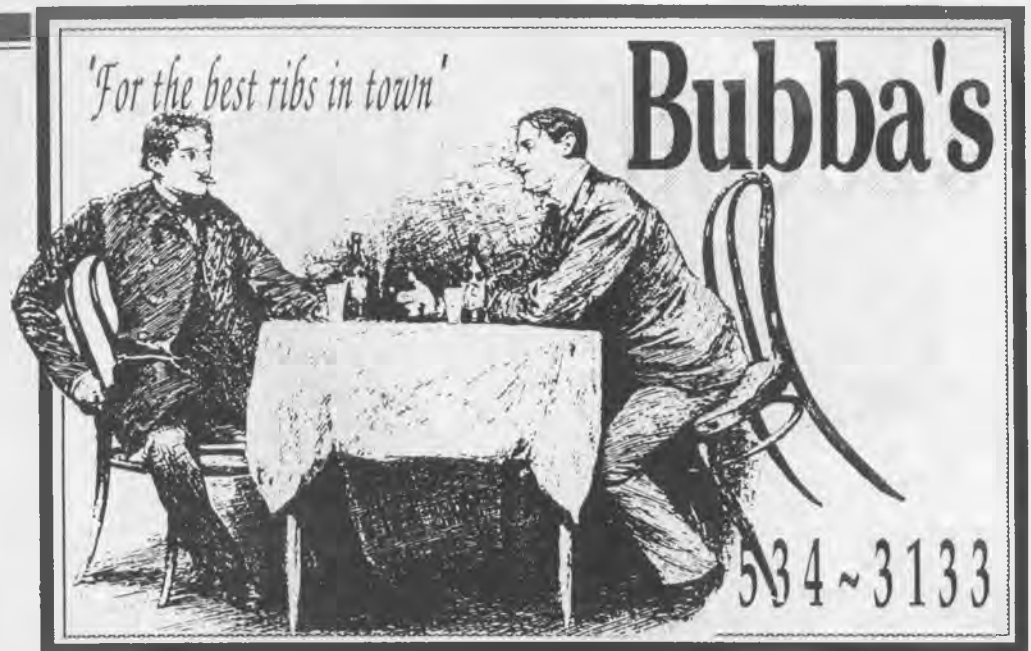
John Crow



SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

Take sound ripe acorns, wash them while in the shell, dry them, and parch until they open, take the shell off, roast with a little bacon fat, grind, brew and you will have a splendid cup of coffee.

1863 Confederate Receipt Book



1898 ENCAMPMENT

When the Spanish American War began, the Huntsville Chamber of Commerce sent representatives to Washington, D.C. to establish Huntsville as a troop encampment. At that time it was claimed that next to West Point, New York, the healthiest place in the country was Huntsville.

As many as 14,000 troops were scattered in and around Huntsville. The 5th Ohio, the 5th Cavalry regulars, and the 69th New York were at or close by Brahan Springs. The 10th and 2nd Cavalry were in West Huntsville. The 2nd Georgia was on the William Moore place. The 5th Maryland, Co. D. Engineers, and the 1st Florida were on the Steele place. The 8th Calvary, 3rd Pennsylvania, 7th Cavalry Regulars, and 16th Infantry Regulars were on the Chapman places. The Provost Guard consisted of twenty-eight tents pitched on the Calhoun lot near the square.

It seemed that Huntsville was a merry place to be at this time with the increased social activities

taking place for the soldiers. Many of the more prominent families even used some of the soldiers as local estate guards.

All was not "sweetness and light" however as there was a marked increase in the number of local taverns and other non-desirable houses.

In one instance a group of drunken, rowdy soldiers were arrested and temporarily interred in the basement of the courthouse. They discovered boxes of papers and set fire to them "for the fun of it." Before the fire was discovered and put out, many valuable county records were destroyed.

Apparently this and other incidents didn't set well with many Huntsvillians. When the Chamber of Commerce moved to secure Huntsville as a permanent encampment they were turned down by the War Department which cited a "petition signed by a number of Huntsville citizens begging that no more troops be sent here."

Submitted by John Crow





Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

Recently my family and I were in Alabama on vacation. Our original plans were to tour the Space and Rocket Center and continue our trip south to Mobile.

As we were leaving the Space Center, one of our children picked up a copy of your magazine. Your magazine so intrigued us that we decided to make a short detour and visit the downtown area. We had the best time of our vacation walking and exploring your lovely city.

Arriving back at our car my husband discovered that he had locked his keys in the car. While standing there bemoaning our fate a complete stranger walked up and offered to assist us. This man worked for 20 minutes in the hot sun to get the door open, then refused to take any payment for it.

The day had been so pleasurable for us that we decided to spend the night somewhere downtown. We stopped a passing policeman and asked for information about any hotels close by. He started to give us directions, but, then seeing that we were from out of town, he told us to get back in our car and follow him. We followed him right up to the front door of the Hilton. Before leaving he inquired whether we needed any other information or help.

We had visited the South before but this is the first time that we ever experienced the down home feeling that all the guide books talk about.

Thank you, Huntsville, for a wonderful vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Ennis
Cleveland, Oh

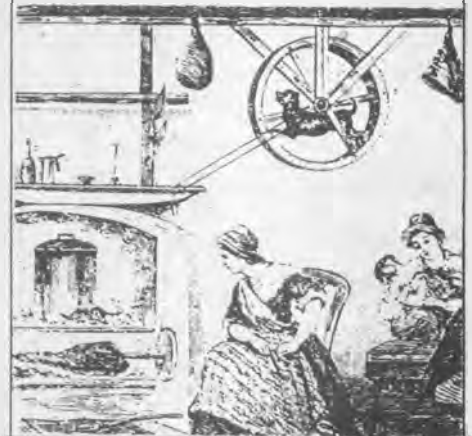


There is a new American beer on the market, and it is causing quite a stir among beer fanciers worldwide. It's called Market Street Beer and it's being brewed in an unlikely place - Nashville, Tennessee. That's right, the city of a thousand guitar pickers is now trying its hand at beer-making and is gaining impressive notices.

Just 18 months old, Market Street Beer was awarded the coveted Gold Medal at last year's Great American Beer Festival for its first speciality beer, Oktoberfest. In the tradition of the great European beers, Market Street Beer is brewed in adherence to the German Beer Purity Law of 1516, *das Reinheitsgebot*, and is blended using hops imported from Czechoslovakia and Bavaria, and with brewers yeast flown in from Munich. But the key ingredient responsible for its rich, smooth flavor is the more expensive two-row barley used in brewing this beer. Most other American beers are blended using cheaper filler grains such as rice or corn.

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Aside from the original blend, the brewery introduces a speciality beer, the highly acclaimed Oktoberfest, and the current offering, Bock beer, a sweet, dark, nutty blend, on a seasonal basis in a very limited supply.

At this time, the beer is only available in larger Southern cities but plans are being made for nationwide distribution after test-marketing is completed next year. So look out for this bright star on the beer horizon, and drink in health!

Submitted by Stefanie Callaway

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HUNTSVILLE'S FIRST LEGALIZED

TORTURE MACHINE

The year was 1925, there were only two hairdressers in the city of Huntsville, and the permanent wave was the fashion look of the day.

The first permanent wave was introduced by a hairdresser named Karl Ludwig Nessler, of London. On the evening of October 8, 1906 the permanent wave was publicly demonstrated for the first time to attending hairdressers. There was no doubt that the system was effective but the trade was not immediately enthusiastic.

The obvious large and cumbersome machine required the client to wear a dozen brass curlers, each weighing almost two pounds, and the whole difficult process took over six hours to complete.

Mr. Nessler immigrated to America during World War I. It was a fortuitous move, for in 1915 the "bobbed" hairstyle was introduced, permanent waving became the rage and a new industry gave life to a prosperous future. It was also after the continual use of this newly invented torture machine that the vogue phrase "slave to fashion" took on new dimensions.

Sue Crow
Studio Hair

A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's ... she changes it more often.

Oliver Herford

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Dandelion Wine is a most unusual wine that is easy to make, an interesting conversation piece and most of all it is a delicious beverage. Usually made in the spring and summer.

Put 4 quarts of dandelion heads and 4 quarts of water into a crock.

Cover it and let stand for 9 days. Strain out, pressing out the liquid.

- Add 1 yeast cake
- 3 sliced lemons

And 3 pounds of honey to the liquid. Allow to stand for 9 days. Strain it into a jug. Cork the jug only after the wine has stopped working.

Old Family Recipe



Call Pat Cassity At 534-9683 or 882-2114 (Office)

Pass The Watercress Please!

Almost lost and forgotten in our city's history is the fact that Huntsville at one time claimed the crown as "The Watercress Capital of the World".

According to legend, an English officer started the custom of having watercress served in salads since in Great Britain green stuffs were hard to come by in the winter months. Watercress is the oldest green vegetable known to man.

In the early 1900's watercress cultivation began in Huntsville. This was one of the few places in the country where an abundance of fresh spring water and limestone, combined with moderate winter temperatures, made its cultivation practical. During this period, growers would often ship over one

million bunches of watercress to points all across the country.

Cressie, as oldtimers used to call it, was grown in ponds similar to the way rice is grown in China. The water level would be kept at about six inches during the growing season. When frost threatened, the level of water would be raised, the constant degree temperature of the water protecting the plants from damage.

Colder winters and the expense of shipping were cited as the two primary reasons the business declined here in Huntsville. With the advent of air freight the railroads discontinued most of their express freight trains. Watercress became too expensive to ship by air and too perishable to ship by regular freight train, thus ending another era of old Huntsville's history.

Editor Note:

When I was a small boy, my daddy and I would often walk along creek banks searching for a bunch of "Cressie" to carry home. Being free for the taking, it was known as A Poor Man's Salad.

It was only after I became a grown man that I discovered this "Poor Man's Salad" was considered a gourmet food in many of the restaurants of the world.

Try the following recipe:

Potage Cresseniére

1 POUND POTATOES
1 TSP SALT
1 1/2 PINTS MILK
ONE BUNCH OF WATERCRESS
1 OZ BUTTER

Peel the potatoes, wash them and boil them in salt water until tender. Drain, crush them with a potato masher, and when free from all lumps add boiling mild salt while the potatoes are cooling, wash and pick the watercress and chop roughly. Add to the soup and cook for five or six minutes. Take off the fire and add the butter. Pour into a hot tureen and serve. Serves 6-8

This recipe has been chosen by me as a favorite recipe for the

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5 3 6 ~ 7 6 7 0

simple, logical reason that I had it for the first time on my first trip to the most beautiful city in the world, Paris.

It was a happy time, as it always is in Paris, so I pass this on hoping that a flavor of the city of the chesnut trees will be felt by all who have Potage Cressoniere.

(In Huntsville you can find watercress at both the Star Market in Five Points, and at Winn Dixie on Whitesburg and Airport Rd.)

There are two ways to handle women and nobody knows either one of them.

Kin Hubbard

FIRST TRAVEL

INCORPORATED

Around Town Or Around The World

AEROPLANE

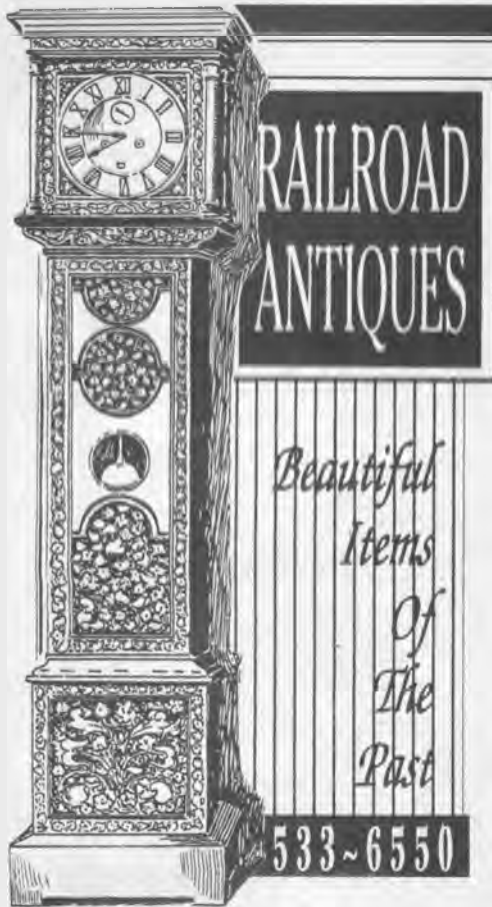
LOCOMOTIVE

YACHT

AUTOMOBILE



533~0300



Health Shorts



Women who are overweight nearly always have low blood sugar in summer - therefore increased craving for sweets. At the same time, a lower rate of metabolism causes desire for protein to fall off. However, a diet that is high in sweets and low in protein can cause insulin swings, bringing on periodic surges of ravenous hunger.

child gets older. Optimal amount of chitchat is 25% to 30% of the time that your baby is alert and responsive.

Forget that iceberg lettuce at the salad bar! Pick greens that are really green. Boston or Bibb lettuce has twice as much Vitamin C and three times as much Vitamin A as Iceberg. Romaine has three times as much calcium, Iron and Vitamin C and six times as much Vitamin A. Best of all? Spinach leaves. A single serving supplies 100% of the RDA for Vitaimin A and 60% to Vitamin C.

If you talk too much to your baby, it can have a detrimental effect on intellectual growth says UCLA child psychologist Kiki Roe. A study report at the International Conference For Infant Studies indicates that that over stimulation by a too talkative mother may cause overload, thus impending verbal skills and mental information processing as the

'The only way to keep your health is to eat what you don't want, drink what you don't like, and do what you'd rather not.

Mark Twain



RECIPE OF THE MONTH

QUAIL FEAST

- 12 Quail
- 1 Cup Uncooked Rice
- 3/4 Cup Chopped Bell Pepper
- 1/4 Cup Chopped Onion
- 1 Cup Beef Consomme
- 1 Can (10 oz.) Onion Soup
- 1/2 Cup Flour
- Salt & Pepper to taste

Saute salted & floured quail in a small amount of butter or bacon dripping. Brown well - Put rice in the bottom of rectangular casserole pan. Place birds on top of rice. Sprinkle pepper & poultry seasoning & onions over all. Pour consomme & onion soup over casserole. Cover with aluminum foil & bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Serves 6

JAY'S LOUNGE & BILLIARDS



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RUMORS & HEARSAY

Old Huntsville Trivia

~1818~

John Hershey is sentenced to receive 39 lashes on the back and to be chained to the pillory for three days for abandonment of his family and the vice of "drunkenness"

~1831~

A new town ordinance declares that a police patrolman will call out the hour and half hour until daybreak

~1876~

The Huntsville City Council passes an ordinance to regulate the sale of cocaine - due to the "rapid growth of the cocaine habit in this city"

~1892~

General Moore gives a lavish reception for Lily Flagg. Guests from all across the South are invited. A band from Nashville is hired to provide music. Lily Flagg was a cow.

~1905~

4,479 white men and 112 Negro men are registered to vote in Madison County

~1930~

54 moonshine stills are raided in Madison County

Legends Of Old Huntsville

"April 11, 1862: On the morning of April 11, General Mitchell's division took possession of Huntsville. There was no opposition, only a few sick and wounded confederates in town. They entered at daybreak, first taking possession of the railroad. The Southern was just coming in having on board 150 Confederate soldiers, some being wounded, going to their homes. The train endeavored to make its escape but was fired on by two cannons. All aboard were taken prisoner. The well soldiers were confined to the depot house and the wounded remained in the railroad cars."

This is how Jane Chadrick, writing in her diary, described the events of that day, thus marking the beginning of one of the strangest legends of old Huntsville.

Emily McClung was at the depot that morning when the cannons

opened fire at the train. Her fiancé had been wounded at the Battle of Vicksburg and was coming home to recover. She watched with terror as the Yankee guards herded John and the other prisoners to the depot at the point of a bayonet.

John and Emily had been childhood sweethearts for as long as anyone could remember. People used to tease their families that if Emily ever got lost, all they had to do was find John. Emily had to be close by. When the war started John was drafted into the Confederate army, postponing their plans to get married. Their love grew even more during the time they were separated. Emily, upon hearing that John had been wounded and was coming home to recover, started making plans to get married immediately.

Old timers here in Huntsville say that it was a sad sight to see Emily standing off at a distance, staring at the depot with tears in her eyes while John would stand in the window helplessly looking back at his love. The other prisoners in the depot, knowing of John and Emily's plight, conspired to help John escape. Word was passed to Emily that she should be waiting across the road from the depot at the stroke of midnight.

Continued on Page 12


CARNEY CONSTRUCTION

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QUALITY BUILDERS



Late that night John put on a Yankee officer's uniform and while the other prisoners created a loud commotion, he walked boldly out the front door. Walking slowly at first in order not to draw attention to himself he made his way across the road. But upon seeing Emily, his feeling was so great that he began running toward her. A Union guard, seeing what he thought was a fleeing prisoner, ordered John to halt. When he continued to run, the guard opened fire. After firing the first round, the guard noticed another figure across the road. The gun roared again, leaving both Emily and John lying in the road, dead.

The Union soldiers placed their bodies in an empty railroad car until they could make arrangements to bury them. The next morning a burial detail went to remove the bodies but they were gone. A guard had been posted all night and it would have been impossible for anyone to approach the railroad without being seen.

An alert was sounded but the bodies were never found.

1884 - People waiting to buy tickets at the depot told of seeing a young couple walking and holding hands late one night. The man was dressed in an old-fashioned Federal uniform. When the couple was approached, they disappeared.

1890 - A man by the name of Dilworth buys the property and builds a lumber supply store. While building the store he experiences problems with his horses. Regardless of how well they are fenced in, the horses refuse to spend the night on the property. Every morning upon arriving at work, he would find the fences torn down with the horses standing across the road, trembling as if in terror.

1909 - Police are called to the lumber yard. Neighbors had called and complained of a loud party with people dressed in Confederate uni-

forms. One man was supposed to have been dressed in blue, escorting a beautiful young lady. The police could not find any signs of a party.

1933 - Mr. Dilworth is called to the lumber yard early one morning. It had been snowing the night before and the night watchman had found fresh footprints in the snow. Mr. Dilworth and the night watchman followed the footprints until they disappeared into the side of his warehouse. After searching all day, they were still at a loss to explain the strange trail that led nowhere.

No one has ever been able to offer an explanation for the curious events surrounding this legend. Maybe there is no answer. Maybe there is something that we are not supposed to understand. Maybe

Tom Carney



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Days Gone By



Oh, how I remember the hot days of summer. Living on the farm brought sunny days of play and much hard work. It was the time of year that Mother would call me, my siblings and father together to pick the tart apples that grew on our property.

In the beginning, we would complain. Then we would enjoy the companionship of working together. The fallen apples would be removed from the ground first and put in baskets. Father would shake the apples loose from the tree limbs next and then help us pick them from the ground. We would carry our produce back to the house to peel, core and slice.

This process would stain our hands brown for days. The day after we would place the apples between screens to dry. The drying process took three days to a week, depending upon how hot and dry the weather was. Mother would then package them and put them in the freezer til winter, when she would bring them out to make apple filling to spread over her stack cakes.

At Christmas time she would sell over a hundred of these 6-layer cakes. People ordered them because so few cooks made them anymore and they enjoyed their old-timey flavor. I didn't understand until many years later why Mother went to so much trouble. Mother made these cakes so that Santa would never forget to stop at our house for Christmas.

Robin Scott



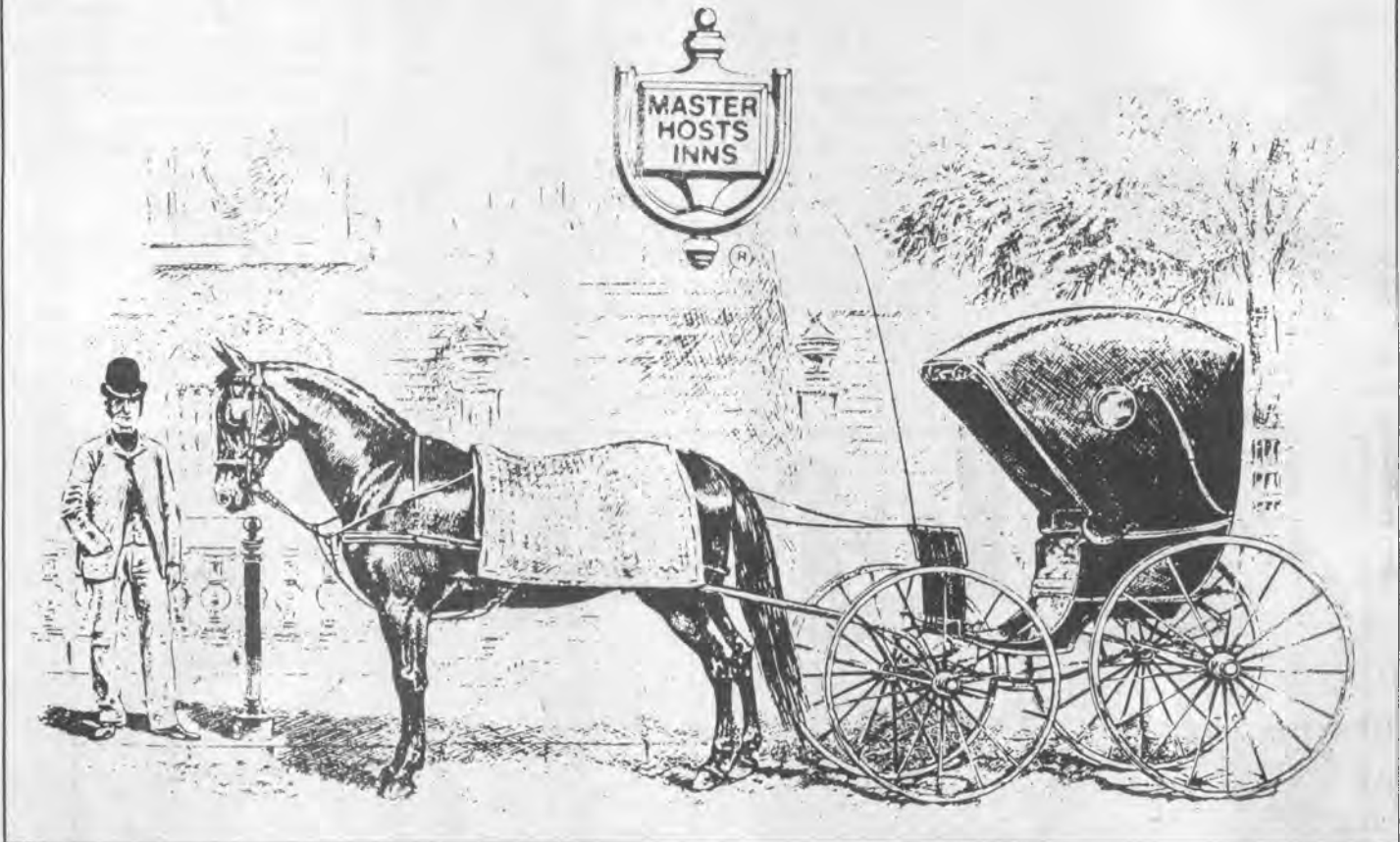
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Hard To Keep A Good Woman

I forewarn all persons from trading with my wife Rebecca as she has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation.

John Layman

Taken from a 1819 publication

My wife has left my bed, my dog has died. The bank is taking my farm and I am gone to Texas. For sale cheap: four rooms of seasoned furniture, assorted farm tools and one brood mare. The goods can be seen at Lawson's livery the Friday next at noon.

Taken from 1874 publication



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Huntsville
For Over 60
Years

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*Perhaps imagination is only
intelligence having fun.*

George Scialabba

COMPACT BRACELET

For your best girl - if she likes amusing jewelry - a wide, massive bracelet that is also a compact. The top swings up and discloses a mirror, powder puff and sifter. Lipstick and comb neatly packed inside.

Taken from "Jackson Sun" 1939

To Your Health

The Doctor Sez:

Know how to handle stress. It is with us all the time. It is a personal thing with each of us and what may be relaxing to one may cause stress for another. Take golf for example - some people find it most relaxing - while others can become nervous wrecks.

Each of us should be able to recognize what causes stress in ourselves and be aware of how to deal with it, on a personal basis. Another activity that causes stress to many of us is driving in traffic. Be ready to cope with stress before it occurs. The best way to avoid stress is to learn how to relax. Next time you feel "uptight" about something try going out and taking a brisk walk, or do some work in the garden. If you have concerns about something, discuss them with someone else and maybe you will see them in another light.

By all means, don't lose your sense of humor. Laughing is relaxing.

Dr. Annelie M. Owens



Forty Years

When Sam and Margaret first got married, they moved to a little house in Hurricane Creek about ten miles north of Huntsville. Not having much money or close neighbors, they were forced to invent ways to amuse themselves. No one knew much about the history of the old house they lived in so they would sit for hours, making up scary ghost stories about the house and the people that used to live there.

One day Sam came home from work and for some long-forgotten reason they got into an argument. Now, the more they fussed the madder he got - until finally Sam had enough. He got his coat, stormed out and got in the car. He was about ready to leave when he saw Margaret come running out of the house.

"You are not about to leave me in that scary house by myself!" cried Margaret as she climbed into the front seat of the car.

After thinking about that for a moment, Sam put the car in gear and they both left.

They must have made up somewhere along the way because they recently celebrated their fortieth anniversary.

TALLMAN



& SON

2 3 2 ~ 4 4 7 1

CARPENTRY

The Battle Of Huntsville



The strange but true story

"The Indians are coming!!" With these words the greatest mass exodus in Huntsville's history began. In 1816 North Alabama was plagued by marauding bands of Creek Indians. The Battle of Fort Mims had only recently been fought with the Indians killing hundreds of settlers. Reports of massacres and other atrocities spread like wildfire as every stranger passed through town.

At this time Huntsville had a population of about 1500 people. Over 250 of these were slaves. Huntsville contained about 260 homes, built mainly of brick, and the courthouse had just been completed. The courthouse was truly the center of town as it was also used for church services and the city market was located in its basement.

The first word of approaching Indians came from a stranger on horseback passing hurriedly through town. Great was the excitement as Huntsville's citizens gathered around this stranger and listened to his agitated stories of eluding the red savages. When he began to talk of being chased to the very edge of town, you could hear a pin drop on the old courthouse square.

When a few men started to put their families in carriages in order to send them north out of the city

and out of harm's way, the panic began. Men left their tools lying in the fields, women left their food on the tables, everyone trying to get out of Huntsville as fast as they could. Masters and slaves alike found themselves competing for any kind of transportation they could find. As the exodus spread north the rumors spread with it. Plantations were abandoned and families separated as they made their way up the old Winchester Trail, all the while looking over their shoulders for the first sign of the approaching Indians.

Mrs. Anne Royal, visiting in Huntsville shortly afterwards wrote of the terror of that day. In her book "Letters from Alabama" she wrote of "a fat lady who, even though she had horses and carriage, picked up her youngest child, and taking it in her arms, outstripped every man and horse in her group. She was said to have walked 25 miles that day before her slaves caught up with her."

Only two brave families remained to defend Huntsville from the cruel fate that must surely await her. They retired to the

(Continued on next page)

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Domestic Violence

While on patrol one night, a Huntsville city policeman was directed to go to a certain address and apprehend a suspect accused of drunken and disorderly conduct.

Desiring more information before he walked into a domestic squabble, he called his dispatcher and asked for exact information on where the subject was located.

After a pause, the dispatcher replied, "On the kitchen floor - his wife just knocked him out with a skillet."

In the long run the pessimist may be proved right, but the optimist has a better time on the trip.

Oliver Herford

Battle Of Huntsville

From page 16

courthouse and Capt. Wyatt took command. The darker it became that night the more they fortified their spirits with another type of spirits. Finally one soul saw what surely must be the enemy approaching and the battle of Huntsville was on. Gunshots rang out all through the night as the brave Captain Wyatt and his small band of gallant hearts defended their homes.

When daylight finally came all the windows on the courthouse square had been shot out. But not a sign of Indians.

Meanwhile all of Huntsville's ex-population was almost to Fayetteville, Tennessee before they realized that they had been the victims of a cruel rumor started by some stranger.

There were no Indians anywhere around Huntsville.



From The Desk Of James Record

Since 1987, when I was appointed Chairman of the local U.S. Constitution Bicentennial Celebration, my wife and I have driven around Madison County observing the homes that were flying the U.S. flag. When we found one, we wrote the "Occupant" thanking them for showing their patriotism. We have found a great many, particularly in the Twickenham and Old Town Historic Districts.

This prompted me to organize the "United States Flag Wavers Hall of Fame" for the purpose of recognizing and honoring our local patriots, with an induction set for February 14, 1991. During this induction we will give these patriots a non-military Medal of Honor for Patriotism. I will issue a news release later through Old Huntsville Magazine concerning the exact time and place for induction of about 1,000 people.

We are being honored by the U.S. Senate which will soon pass a resolution establishing a National Flag-Waver's Day in our honor. It will be sponsored by Senator Howell Heflin, who is himself a true patriot.

If the reader is not flying a U.S. flag, you are encouraged to do so and to let me know when you do so that I can get you included for induction in the Hall of Fame.

When I recover from a current illness, we will have a Headquarters at 2523 Memorial Parkway NW, 35810; in the meantime, I can be reached at home at 717 Randolph Avenue, 35801 Tel. 533-0377

James Record, Sr., Chairman
Huntsville-Madison County Constitution
Bicentennial and U.S. Flag Wavers Hall of Fame



Joe

"Seven knots of wind blowing in a northeasterly direction. For the first time the weather has been good. After leaving Gilbralter nineteen days ago it has been one storm after another. If it had not been for the doldrums in the Red Sea, I would not be making the Atlantic passage so late in the season. It has been almost two years since I left Huntsville in my 28-foot sailboat. Sailing down the Tombigbee Waterway I made my way across the Gulf of Mexico and down through the Panama Canal. I have seen sights that most men can only dream about. I have been caught in a force ten gale in the Pacific, picked fresh fruits in Tobago, I was entertained at the Sydney Yacht Club in Australia. So many miles. Sri Lanka, Singapore, Suez, Malta - oh please merciful God, let me live until I finish my voyage. My body is so tired".

Joe never finished his trip around the world. He died almost two years ago of Muscular Dystrophy. He had been confined to a wheelchair the last years of his life, unable to take care of even his most basic needs.

I first met Joe about five years ago when my construction company was doing some work on his parents home. His speech was slurred, he could not move by himself but you could detect an alertness in his eyes when you spoke to him. I got in the habit of stopping by to see him when I was in the neighborhood. As I got to know Joe better I began to speak of my dreams. For most of my life it had been my dream to sail around the world. I began to leave maps and magazines with him. He had me order a sexton. As weak as he was, he could not use it but would sit for hours holding it in his lap with a far away look in his eyes.

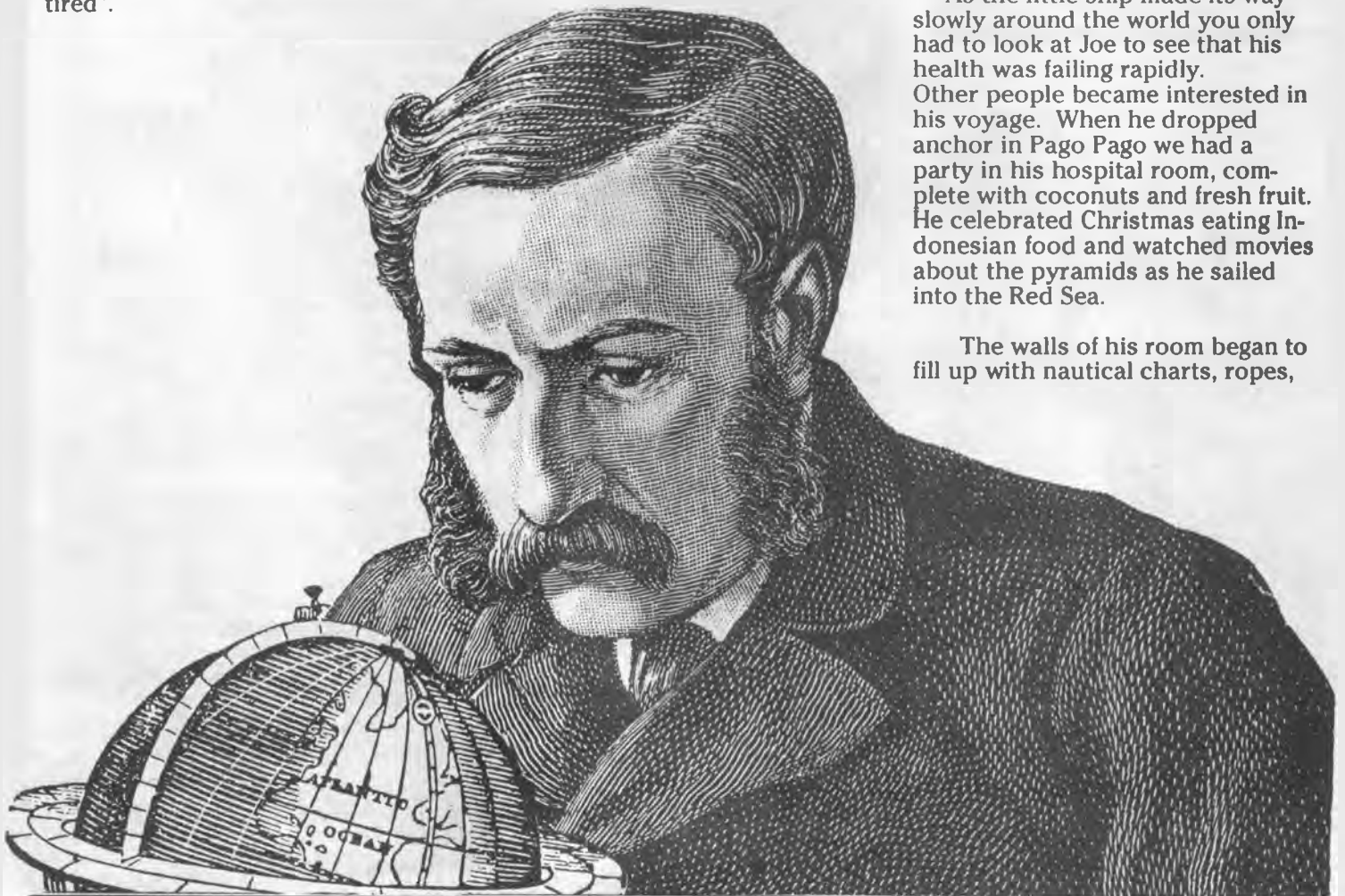
The day came when he started to dream about making the trip by himself. He knew that his body could not do it but there was no reason why he could not make an imaginary voyage. I helped him pick a sail boat out of a magazine. We read all the information about navigation equipment and picked the kind best suited to his needs. He stocked his boat with all types of gear and provisions that he thought he would need.

Finally he cast off. He had postponed his departure several times because of the weather forecast. He had plotted his course so that he knew exactly how long it would take him to get to any point. While visiting with him several weeks later I found that he was downcast. He had been keeping track of the weather in the Gulf and a major storm was brewing.

He was not sure how his little ship would handle it. The next day he was happy again - the storm had veered off in another direction.

As the little ship made its way slowly around the world you only had to look at Joe to see that his health was failing rapidly. Other people became interested in his voyage. When he dropped anchor in Pago Pago we had a party in his hospital room, complete with coconuts and fresh fruit. He celebrated Christmas eating Indonesian food and watched movies about the pyramids as he sailed into the Red Sea.

The walls of his room began to fill up with nautical charts, ropes,



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When we buried Joe we buried his sexton with him.

It was later that I began to understand why Joe started to take chances towards the end of his voyage. He did not want to die, sick in a hospital bed. He wanted to die at sea.

Tom Carney



A Civil War Letter

July 24, 1864

Dear Ma,

I hope that this letter finds you in good health. We are in camp now in a place called Huntsville. The people here aren't too friendly and there is not much to do. There is a Big Spring here and that is where people go to see other people.

They say that Morgan is going to try and take the city back but we are ready for him. We got alot of defenses and no one would try to overcome them. We march all the time. Last week we went to New Market and I saw the elephant. Seven of our boys got killed and a bunch more got shot up. This war cannot last much longer because people are going to get tired of killing. People can't kill but so much and they will get tired of it and then there will not be any

more wars.

Give Nessie my regards and tell her that she can use my room until I get home. Roy is coming back home on leave soon. He got a bullet but not bad. I hope this war will be over by Christmas and I can come home. Please send me a comb and some real sugar if you can, we don't ever get none of that here.

Don't forget me Ma
Your son Ben

Ben Elliot was with the 72nd New York Regiment that was stationed in Huntsville. He was killed on August 17, 1864 near Fayetteville, Tennessee. This letter was made available to "Old Huntsville" courtesy of Mrs. Judith Saylor of East Orange, New Jersey.

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Welcome Back

In 1899 Miss Mollie Teal died, willing her property to the city of Huntsville. Miss Teal stipulated in her will that in order for the city to acquire title to the property it had to be used for the benefit of the public. Also, according to legend, she insisted that a sign be left in place above her front door.

The sign read "WELCOME BACK".

The various city officials were aghast at the idea of using it for office space. Finally, with time running out, they persuaded a local charity to use the building as a hospital. This was the beginning of Huntsville Hospital.

Miss Mollie Teal was a Madam. The property was a bordello.

We Salute You Mr. Record

When we first thought of publishing this magazine over a year ago, people told us that we needed to talk to James Record. Being mule-headed and independent like we are we decided to do all the research ourselves. It took us only a short while to realize that whatever part of Huntsville's history we were interested in, Mr. Record had already done the research. We sincerely hope that the people in Huntsville today appreciate his untiring dedication to preserving this city's heritage.

Mr. Record has already won all the praise and plaudits that we can give him, but in the final analysis it won't be our generation, but future generations that will give him the acclaim that he deserves.

So once again, thank you Mr. Record.



Monte Sano A Short Fiction

By Catherine Carney

My Dearest Jonathan,

June 12, 1888
Friday

If I live through this week it will be a real victory. With you gone to Tennessee to sell the cotton, the children are just wild. Nannie has them now, thank God. This weekend will be wonderful, up on the mountain at the Monte Sano hotel. I miss you already, I wish you didn't have to go so far away. I must go now and get my things ready to travel.

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June 13, 1888
Saturday

When the tally-ho came to the train depot to get me yesterday, I knew the weekend would be a good one. The two men dressed so colorfully, the horses just seemed to know where to go. It was hot, the coachman knew I was a bit ill and didn't try to make too much conversation. We had a wonderful, leisurely drive up the mountain and the first view of the hotel was breathtaking. I had never seen it before, a beautiful wooden Queen Anne structure, three stories and perched up on the bluff like some regal mansion. We arrived up the long driveway, the coachman bowed, opened the door and held my hand as I departed the carriage. We had driven up to the portecochere, an elegant marquee that juts out from the rear entrance of the hotel. We were immediately surrounded by regally dressed persons who bowed and removed my luggage

I have been thinking about our argument all day. It was foolish of me to think that you had any desire for Annebelle - my jealousy makes me see things that aren't really there, just like you have told me so many times. Please forgive my silliness and try to have patience with your little pet.

June 14, 1888
Sunday

Yesterday was so soothing and I wish you could be here with me. My room had a spectacular view of the valley below, with just a few homes. There is a continuous porch that surrounds the entire hotel, and they tell me that there are no inside or back rooms. In the winter all the rooms are heated by steam and lit by gas at night, clear sunlight just pours into my room during the day. I read Bronte until my eyes could no longer take it, then began to write you, my dearest. The bed is so large and lonely without you. There are double-decked observation towers extending above the third story and you can see forever.

There are riding horses here, buggy and carriage trips, bowling, billiards, croquet and lawn tennis. The grounds are incredible with beds of natural flowers and shrubbery, and delightful boardwalks for promenading. There are elegant drives built all around the mountain, for fourteen miles or so. The food is wonderful.

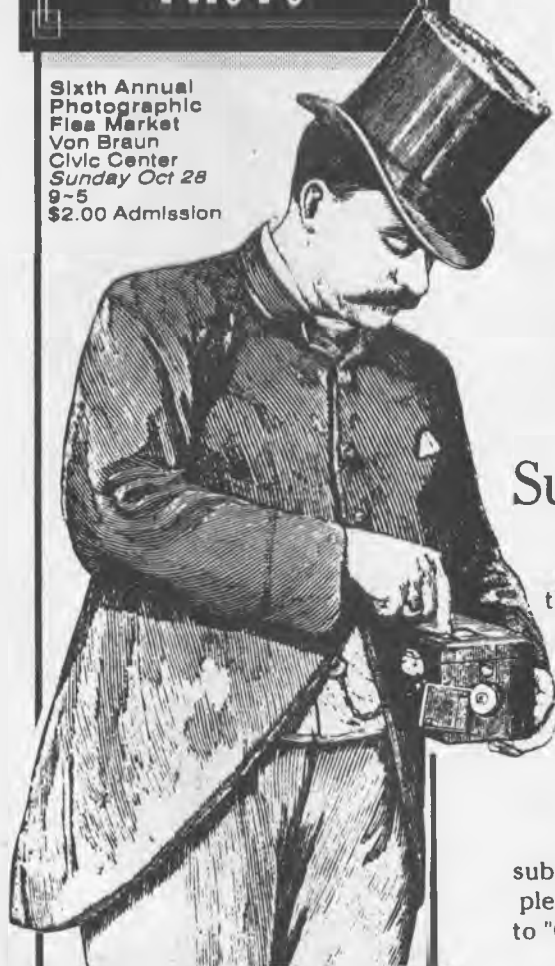
4 p.m.

I'm not feeling too well. I miss our home and you, dearest. I certainly hope that the children are more in control. Something a bit puzzling happened a few minutes ago. I had a conversation with one of the coachmen and he told me that there was no cotton sale this weekend in Nashville. That it had been called off several weeks ago because of the shortage of buyers. And that the only event in Nashville this weekend was the annual Cotton Ball. The man surely was mistaken, because I know you wouldn't have lied to me.

I hope you find my writing amusing, dear Jonathan. It certainly helps to put it all down on paper and get a different perspective on our life.



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First Gig

By Tony Mason

One spring when I was in my late teens, I was a member of a little rock and roll band. The reason I say "little" is because I was the oldest member. The other guys were all fifteen or sixteen years old. I was eighteen and much more experienced.

One of the members of the band went to Huntsville High School and entered us in that school's annual talent contest. We were all excited about that because we hardly ever got to play for an audience. Most of the time we just "practiced" at somebody's house.

When we arrived at Huntsville High School, we found the loading area at the back of the auditorium. We unloaded our equipment. (Drums, guitars, guitar amps). The school was providing a P.A. system which could be used by anyone who wanted to use it. (I don't know why they didn't use just one set of drums and the same guitar amps for everyone, too. But I guess kids want to show off their individual tastes in drums and amps).

The stage manager approached us to tell us where we would appear on the program and to show us where to put our equip-

ment in the mean time. He told us that we would be the third act and that we could go ahead and put our equipment out close to the side curtain of the stage. I asked how many acts were going on tonight. He said they had twenty-five scheduled.

My little band and I huddled at the back door. I told them that we definitely didn't want to be the third act of twenty-five. I said "The judges will forget us." I devised a plan. We would tell the stage manager that we had forgotten something and had to go home to get it. That would make us late getting back and we'd have to go on in the second half of the show. Eddie said, "What are you going to, tell him that we forgot?" "I dunno,

maybe the bass drum pedal or something."

As we approached the stage manager he had several people around him. He held a clipboard which had the lineup on it.

"I'm sorry, guys, there's just no way I can change your position on the show. If I change one I'll have to change everybody." One of the guys standing in front of him said, "Come on, Tony, let's just forget it. Let's go ahead and be the third act."

"No way, the judges will forget us if we have to appear that far from the end."

The other guys who had been pleading for another time slot left in disgust. I stepped up in front of the stage manager.

"What do you want?" he asked. "Our drummer is an epileptic and he forgot his medicine and if we don't go get it, he might have a fit right there on the stage while we're playing."

He asked, "How long will it take for you to go get it?"

It was seven o'clock then and the show was supposed to start at seven-thirty. So I said, "It'll take us about an hour to go and come back."

"An hour? I thought that Wayne lived over on Holmes Avenue."

"He does, but he left his medicine at his Aunt's house in Arab."

"Oh . . . all right. I'll put ya'll in the second half of the show."

Wayne was real teed off at me for saying that he was an epileptic. We all went outside and sat in Eddie's car for about 45 minutes (just long enough for the show to get started). When we went back inside the stage manager gave us a dirty look. I said, "We drove real fast, so we'd be sure and make it back on time to go on in the second half." "Sure," he said.

When it came time for us to play, we changed clothes. We put on our stage outfits. The band played an instrumental first, then I went out and sang a Roy Orbison song. We knocked 'em dead.

After the contest was over and the judges' decisions were in, all the performers were standing around in the back stage area waiting for the announcements. They started with third place.

Hollis

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Some band that played a Beatles song got third place. We were still in the running we thought. The announcer was getting his cards straight. "And now for the second place winners . . . a little band that came all the way from Arab, Alabama to be with us tonight . . . The Epileptics!!!" We stood there with our mouths opened wide. We couldn't believe that he called us Epileptics.

" . . . Oh, I'm sorry . . . The Mavericks!"

We went out and took our bow. There was no prize for any place other than first.

Some band from Huntsville High got first place. We figured it was rigged.

The band didn't speak to me for a week and I never tried to negotiate a better position in a contest again.



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On Living

I wish that little kittens and puppies could live forever. I wish that there was plenty of food, and good clear water, and space to live.

There are times in my life I'll never forget. When I said something mean or wicked, and hurt someone. Once it's said you can never take it back. You can say you're sorry but it's out there, forever, hanging in the air. Sometimes anything else you say just makes it worse. I would have given anything at those times, just to make time go in reverse and erase those words forever.

Sometimes you see someone on the street and they smile at you. For some reason, whether you're shy or kind of insecure or just self-conscious, you look away. Then you think, right then, why didn't I smile back at that person? It wouldn't have taken any effort, just a smile or a hello. And maybe that person was having a kind of rough day, and you

may have made them feel a little better that day.

When you have a pet, a dog or cat that you really love, they aren't animals anymore. They are even more special than a lot of people. They are right by you when you are sad, and never leave your side when things go wrong. You have a special understanding that only people who love animals can have with their pets, when you look into their eyes and see unabashed love looking back at you. You can punish them, or scold them, but they will never stop loving you. You can be in a foul mood one day, and be impatient or ill with them, but they will never condemn you for that, but keep right on loving you.

Then, if the time comes and they are too sick to go on living, they still look at you with that love. Even if you have to put them to sleep one day. God, what I would give if animals and people never had to get sick and die.

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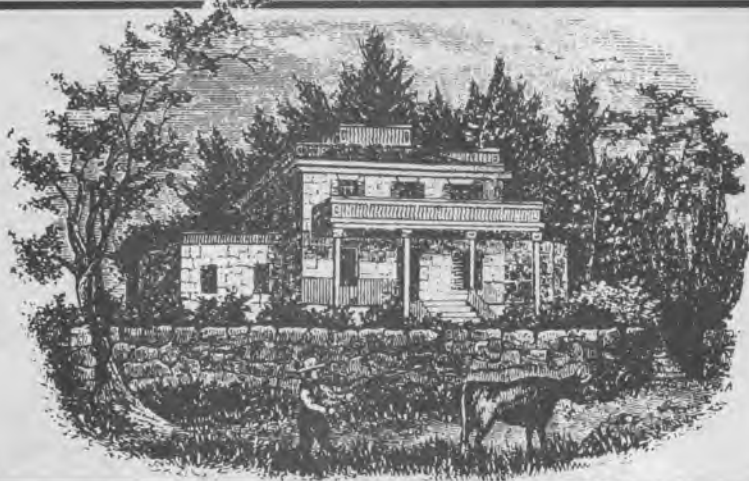
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