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VOL. I ISSUE 3

HARVEST MOON ISSUE

1990

# Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

## Scandal On Randolph Avenue



When John C. and Emeline were married on Christmas Eve, 1829, no one would have predicted the unhappy and scandalous end their union would see. Emeline was many years younger than John - a prosperous and distinguished land owner - a steady man who boasted about the fact that he had come to Huntsville with his parents in 1807, the year it was founded. He was the ideal husband for the young Emeline, or so everyone thought.

Emeline was barely 15 when they married, and was light-hearted and girlish. She possessed a trim figure and an extremely romantic and imaginative mind. In this last characteristic, she and her husband were totally different.

The couple were married in Courtland and moved to Huntsville after the wedding. They began their married life in the home of his mother, about a mile or so outside of Huntsville.

They lived with John's two sisters older ladies who had never married. Both spinsters took an immediate liking to the bright and flirtatious young woman and the three soon became good friends.

When his mother died in 1831, John and Emeline moved to the brick home that stood at the corner of Greene and Randolph, where the business of John Cockerham is now located.

On August 9, 1836 the trouble really began. There was a high board fence that surrounded the home, and on that day a handbill was dropped over it. It announced that a certain Henry Riley, "state manager of many of the principal

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# Old Huntsville

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theaters in the Union," would present an entertainment consisting of recitations, imitations and songs.

This handbill was found in the garden by Emeline's favorite Negro girl, Ann, and plans were made to attend. John, however, was not a theater-goer and chose to stay home that night and read. So Emeline, with anticipation of a good time, set off for the event with her Ann.

The entertainment was to be held on the lot directly across Lincoln street from the Jewish synagogue, diagonally across the block from her home.

Arriving at the theater, Emeline went directly to the choice seats always reserved for the ladies at the front. The first act was horribly boring to Emeline, and she fidgeted badly. But the second act was one she would remember forever.

When Henry Riley first entered the stage, Emeline was

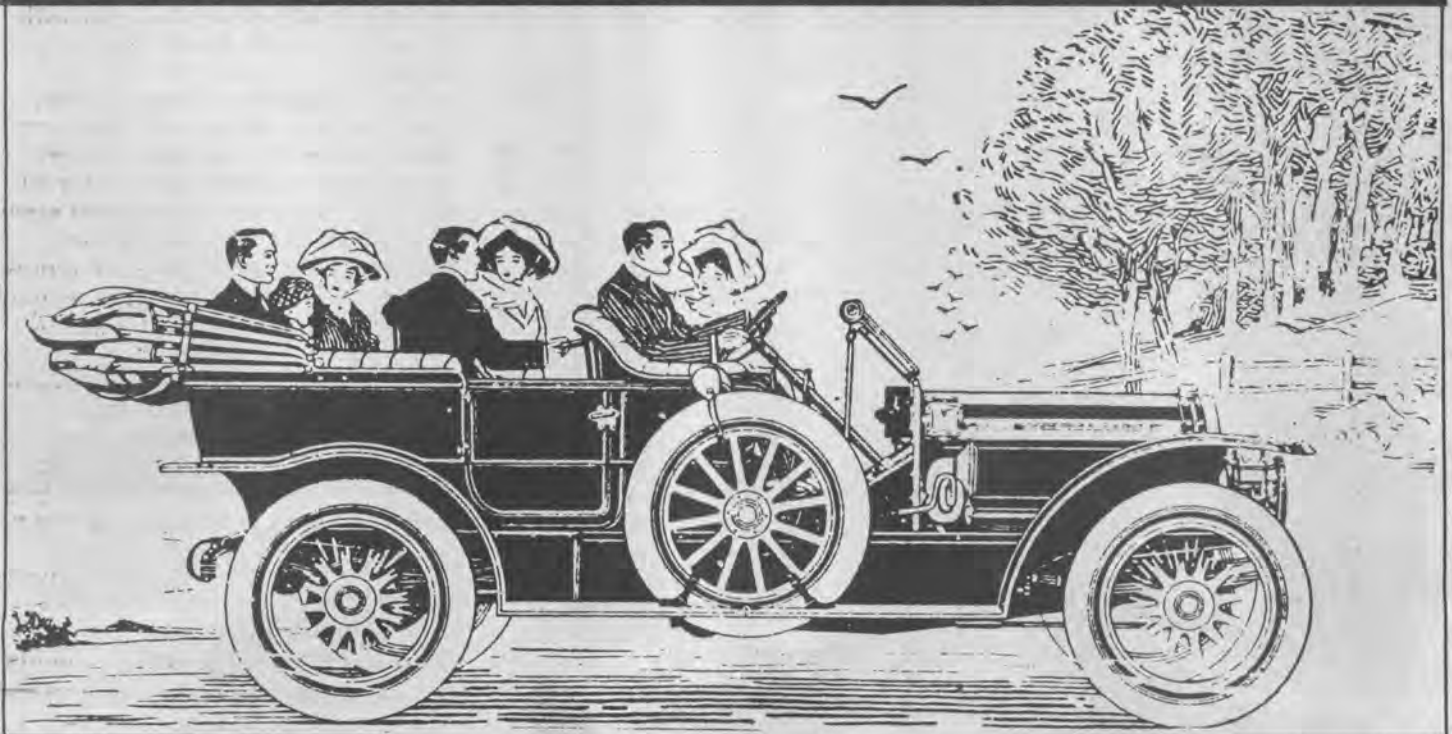
struck. Here was her ideal of a man. He began to give his imitations of "celebrated" performers. His glance fell often on Emeline, as she was sitting in the very front row and looking absolutely beautiful and flushed. Henry was quite intrigued by the young and lively girl. The packed house all seemed to be aware of the intense feeling between the girl on the front row and the handsome actor.

In a few days a note from Emeline came to Henry, brought by the servant girl. He didn't respond, as he had asked a few questions of the tavern owner and had found out that Emeline was married to quite a powerful man in the community.

Another note was delivered in two days.

"Henry, if you will come down to the theater this evening, I will go there and tell you where you may see me. Let no one know of this, not for your life. Mr. C. is in the country, I am all alone. Your Emeline."

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In no time this innocent flirtation exploded into a full-blown affair. Almost everyone in town was talking about it by now, except for John. Gossip followed them where ever they went. Emeline tried to ignore it. She thought of Henry every waking moment. Even though she was acting cheerful and as if nothing bothered her, her heart felt desolate. Emeline wrote in her diary every day. She was infatuated with Henry. "My heart wanders like a drop from the ocean which cannot meet its kindred drop, like a voice which in all Nature finds no echo. Keep that ring I sent you in remembrance of me. One who loves you. Farewell. Farewell."

A few days later, Henry met Emeline again in the garden behind her home. Her yard adjoined the lot that the theater was located on and there was a fence between the two lots. She slipped out in the dark, muggy night and met Henry. They spent more time together than they had planned on, talking in whispers. When they separated and Emeline ran toward the house, John stepped out the back door, anger clouding his face.

For several weeks John had ignored the whispers and gossip he

had heard around him. But before he could stop, he found himself accusing Emeline of meeting someone in the dark. She remained silent, He demanded to know where she had been for so long. Once inside the house, John shook her violently and yelled all kinds of accusations at her. He demanded answers, but Emeline remained strangely quiet. John hated himself for losing complete control, but couldn't help it.

Hours later, unable to sleep, Emeline was torn between loyalty to John and love for Henry. She thought of telling John everything - they had not been getting along at all recently and she knew how unhappy he was. But she knew if she told John he would kill Henry. Her eyes finally closed in troubled sleep, her face wet with tears.

On September 19 the actor prepared to depart. His play was nearing its end when the servant girl brought him another note. It said that Emeline's husband had missed a favorite picture of her - the one that Emeline had given to Henry on one of their favorite nights together. She had to get it back, and in the note told him not to write her again.

The last few weeks had been the happiest Emeline had ever known. Henry adored her, would recite poetry to her that he had written himself. She felt like a girl again, wonderful and without a care. When they touched it was the most delicious feeling she had ever felt. She wanted to leave everything and run away with Henry, but knew that John would never permit them to have a happy life together.

She didn't hear from Henry for some time. He was now in Tuscumbia. Emeline missed him terribly and wrote, "Come to Huntsville to see me. I was once a bright jewel but you have robbed me of its luster."

John was hoping their life could again be what it was during the first few years of their marriage. Since August he had been anything but a happy man. When his mind was not on the severe problems he had in his business, he brooded often about the ugly and malicious rumors about his wife which had originated among the Negroes. Disturbing tales has been brought to him directly by his sisters, who by now had had a falling out with Emeline. Emeline and John's relationship had continued to improve slightly, however, even though she had changed and was not the happy and light-hearted girl she used to be. John noticed that she was cool to him, and spent much time looking out on the garden. She never kissed him now.

A familiar face emerged around the middle of December - that of Henry Riley. Rumors traveled rapidly - why was he here, without his theatrical company, unannounced, and without any business? Then around 2 o'clock on the afternoon of December 19, two men "minding their own business" saw Riley approaching along Randolph, from the direction of the square.

As the actor passed Emeline's home, the two men saw the blinds

*Television is called a medium  
because anything good on it is  
rare*

*Fred Allen*



of a window in the second story cautiously open and a piece of paper dropped to Riley's feet. He hastily looked around him, picked up the paper and quickly walked back toward the courthouse.

The two men could not keep information of this type to themselves, so they quickly went to the office of their friend, attorney James W. McClung and told him what they had seen. McClung was a friend of John C.'s, so he immediately rushed to the land office with the story. After hearing McClung's second-hand version, John C. sat back in his chair with a tired look on his face. He said that if there was enough evidence to prove that Emeline was unfaithful, he would proceed with a divorce.

John C. and McClung found Henry Riley a few minutes later and wrestled him to the ground in front of the Bell Tavern, aided by a few curious bystanders. They managed to pry the piece of paper out of his hand and opened it when they got back to the land office. It read as follows.

"I am so much pleased to see you here once more, but it is impossible for me to speak to you. I am still the same and ever shall be. Return home, Henry, and forget me, if you please, but if it is ever in my power to become the bride of H., with honor I will, and as soon as I can, you shall know it.



Keep my secret. Never betray me so long as you live. Write a letter this evening, and tonight, after tea, slip it through the window blinds of the porch. I will be there playing the piano. Adieu, Henry, Yours."

John was still not satisfied with this latest proof, so he summoned his very best friend, Samuel Cruse. He insisted that they should go to the tavern where Henry was staying and inquire as to whether or not Riley had any luggage with him. When the tavern keeper indicated that he did have a trunk upstairs, John and Samuel wasted no time in going upstairs and finding the trunk, over much protest from the tavern keeper.

Up until this moment, John still did not believe that Emeline had been unfaithful to him. He remembered the early days in their marriage when every day was happy. He knew it could be like that again, if he would just be patient. But upon opening the trunk and gazing at its contents, John knew there was no more hope. He felt his heart sink within his chest, and tried to fight back tears of rage.

The trunk contained very little, just a few clothes, a hat and a large bundle wrapped in a theater program. When they opened the bundle a small miniature of Emeline fell out. There was a picture of her in there, one that John had taken the day after their wedding. Letters, all in Emeline's handwriting, made up most of the bundle. John did not have to read many of them to know the truth about Henry and Emeline. Samuel said later that John seemed to age twenty years in just those few minutes.

That night, after a long deliberation, John knew what he had to do. After being called into the parlor, Emeline could tell by the look on his face what was going to happen. John told her that she had to leave. Their marriage was over. When Emeline began to weep, John announced that she would be sent back to her father's home on the very next stage out, which left on December 21. She departed between 11 and 12 midnight, with no one seeing her off. John sued for divorce the following March. The trial did not come up

until October, and after reviewing all of the evidence for two long days, Judge George W. Lane ruled in favor of the plaintiff.

Emeline's only comment about the decision was that she believed that John's associates had approached him under the guise of friendship and really desired to destroy his happiness and her reputation. Saying thus, Emeline was forever driven away from the home on the corner which still stands as a monument to her ill-fated romance.

#### (EDITOR'S NOTE)

The present occupant of the building, John Cockerham, wishes to note that even though his name is also "John C.", and his career has been colorful, he is no relation to the original John C. (he thinks!!!)

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Years

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## A HISTORY OF OUR COURTHOUSE

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

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

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

During the 1820's and the prosperous 1830's Huntsville and Madison county continued to grow. By 1835 it was evident that a new courthouse was needed. Plans were drawn up and the firm of Mitchell and Wilson was hired to construct the new courthouse at an approximate cost of \$31,000. The building was built in the popular Greek Temple style, being constructed of brick and stone and having two full stories in addition to a full basement. The old courthouse was sold at auction for \$494.00.

After it was removed, the ten-foot elevation it sat on was graded down and the rock was used to pave the surrounding square. As work progressed, changes and additions were made to the original plans necessitating additional revenue. In 1840 the commissioners, in an attempt to raise more money for the building of the courthouse, ordered taxation on a variety of things including land, town property, slaves, free males, horses, watches, clocks, playing cards and billiard tables.

The new courthouse was completed in 1840 and provisions were made for a new jail in 1846.

The new jail was a brick structure located at the northeast corner of Washington and Clinton streets. During this time the square began to take on the appearance of a thriving business center. The yard in front of the courthouse became a place where cotton could be bought or sold, slaves could be auctioned off, and punishment would be administered by flogging or even sometimes hanging.

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

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

One of the most interesting stories of the late 1800's concerns the herd of pet deer kept in the courthouse yard. No one today is sure where they came from but for years they were a common sight to anyone having business downtown. According to one oldtimer, the deer were taken from a bootlegger when he was arrested.

The sheriff, not knowing what else to do with them, turned them loose in the courthouse yard. When the courthouse was torn down they were moved to the McCormick estate on Meridian Street.

The original plans had called for that courthouse to be remodeled, but when work began it was found to be in much worse shape than anyone had expected, and had to be torn down. The third courthouse was completed in 1914. Certain items were retained, such as the town clock, the massive "doric" column, the D.A.R. plaque listing the names of all the



revolutionary soldiers buried in Madison County, and the statue of the Confederate soldier, which was a memorial to the Confederate dead.

As Huntsville continued to grow the third courthouse was renovated in 1940 to help accommodate this growth, but during the boom of the '60's it was woefully inadequate.

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

The current courthouse was completed in 1967 at the approximate cost of \$5,301,500. For the first time since 1846 the jail was located on the square.

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



## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

The present courthouse looks so out of place among the older, restored homes and businesses downtown. It is very dated and does not seem to get any maintenance to repair obvious damage. Are there any plans to remove or renovate it?

*Ed Sharp*

Dear Ed,  
No. In Huntsville there are only two options when a building gets old - it's either declared a historic landmark or it's torn down. Fortunately, the present courthouse does not qualify to be a historic landmark.

Dear Editor,

My family and I attended Trade Day on the square this year, and we really enjoyed it. We wondered if there were any plans to have more of those - some of the vendors we talked to said it only happens once a year.

We would much rather spend our money in Huntsville than Scottsboro. What's the story?

*Eloise Matthews*

Dear Eloise  
We agree with you and would love to see it more often. Right now though, it's only happening once a year. If you would like to have more of these write your Tourism board, Mayor Hettinger or your City Council representatives and tell them how you feel.

Dear Editor,

What goes on downtown on Halloween? I heard from a few folks at work that there was a big Halloween party somewhere near the square last year. Can you tell me more about it?

*Tom Fraser, Jr.*

Dear Tom

This year the Halloween party downtown will be held Saturday, October 27 starting at 11:00 a.m. It is definitely worth your while to go - and you'll see costumes you'll probably never forget. It lasts all day and into the night, and is held on the streets in front of Bubba's Restaurant and the Klatsch.

Dear Editor,

I have worked hard on restoring my home in Oldtown and would like to be included on a Tour of Homes. How do I go about this? Is there any safeguarding of my home during the tour to prevent theft? Who do I call?

*Mrs. William Calloway*

Dear Mrs. Calloway - The way it normally happens is the Pilgrimage committee will call you, if they are interested in your home, you live in a historic district and haven't previously been included in the Tour of Homes. If you want to call, Jane Hamm at the Pilgrimage Association will give you more information. As far as safeguarding your home, there will be roped-off areas, all silver should be put up, and you should have at least three persons helping you depending on the size of your home.

Dear Editor,

Recently I acquired a stack of old manuscripts and printed matter about Madison County. What can I do with these?

*Betty Neece*

Dear Betty - The Heritage Room of the Library downtown depends on donations like these. Old newspapers and documents that we now take for granted will be invaluable for future generations. If you haven't been there yet - you should go. It's definitely worth the trip. The ladies who work there are some of the most knowledgeable people we have ever found in a library - you name it, they'll find it.

*Tact is the art of making a point without making an enemy.*

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# Our Particular Cabin

I was born in a typical log cabin, about fourteen by sixteen feet square. In this cabin I lived with my mother and a brother and sister till after the Civil War, when we were all declared free. The cabin was not only our living-place, but was also used as the kitchen for the plantation. My mother was the plantation cook. The cabin was without glass windows; it had only openings in the side which let in the light, and also the cold, chilly air of winter. There was a door to the cabin - that is, something that was called a door - but the uncertain hinges by which it was hung, and the large cracks in it, to say nothing of the fact that it was too small, made the room a very uncomfortable one. In addition to these openings there was, in the lower right-hand corner of the room, the "cat-hole" - a contrivance which almost every mansion or cabin possessed during the antebellum period. The "cat-hole" was a square opening, about seven by eight inches, provided for the purpose of letting the cat pass in and out of the house at will during the night. In the case of our particular cabin I could never understand the necessity for this convenience, since there were at least a half-dozen other places in the cabin that would have accommo-

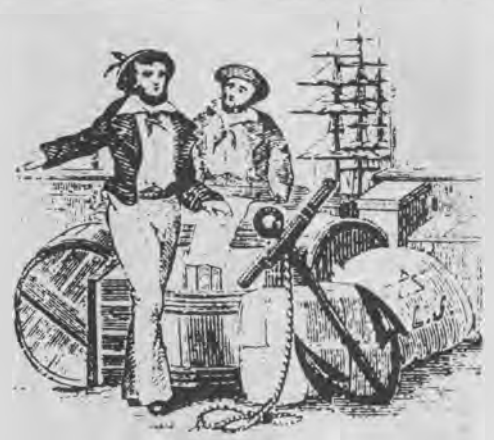
dated the cats. There was no wooden floor in our cabin, the naked earth being used as a floor. In the centre of the earthen floor there was a large, deep opening covered with boards, which was used as a place in which to store sweet potatoes during the winter. An impression of this potato-hole is very distinctly engraved upon my memory, because I recall that during the process of putting the potatoes in or taking them out I would often come into possession of one or two, which I roasted and thoroughly enjoyed. There was no cooking-stove on our plantation, and all the cooking for the whites and slaves my mother had to do over an open fireplace, mostly in pots and "skillets." While the poorly built log cabin caused us to suffer with cold in the winter, the heat from the open fireplace in summer was equally trying.

Booker T. Washington,  
from *Up from Slavery*

---

*If everybody thought before they spoke, the silence would be deafening.*

---



# Sailor

*If love  
is a sea  
and you  
a seafarer  
How deep is your love?*

*Let the sea  
dry up.  
Let the sailor  
have nowhere to sail.*

*Now tell me  
how deep was your love?*

Submitted by John Crow

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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

## EARLENE

To make rice beautifully white and keep the grains separated when it is boiled, add a teaspoon of lemon juice to a quart of water in which it is cooked. The lemon juice will not be noticed in the flavor.

Before doing any really dirty work around the house, dig your nails into a cake of soap. When through, scrub with a nail brush and you will find them clean.

If you don't like the smell of stale tobacco smoke in your home, set a large bowl of water (to which a couple teaspoons of ammonia have been added) in the living room at night. The room will smell fresh in the morning.

To avoid disagreeable cream spots, rub the lip of your pitcher with soft butter. It won't show and the cream won't drip.

When brooms aren't in use, hang them on the wall. They will give longer and better service than if allowed to stand on the bristles.

To prevent hardboiled eggs from turning dark, place them in very cold water as soon as they are done.

*You can't think rationally on an empty stomach, and it's not that easy on a full one.*

## Shoo Fly Pie

1/2 cup boiling water 1/2 cup dark molasses 1 egg yolk, well beaten 1/2 teaspoon baking soda 1/2 cup brown sugar, packed 1/4 cup margarine, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/8 teaspoon ginger, 1/8 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon.

In the boiling water, put molasses, beaten egg yolk and baking soda and combine all thoroughly. Mix into the flour all the other ingredients and work it with your fingers until it is all crumbly. Put into unbaked pie shell, first some molasses mixture, then top that with some crumbs making alternate layers ending with crumbs on top. Bake in 350 oven until crust is well browned and filling is firm (45 to 50 minutes). Whipped cream very good on this.



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



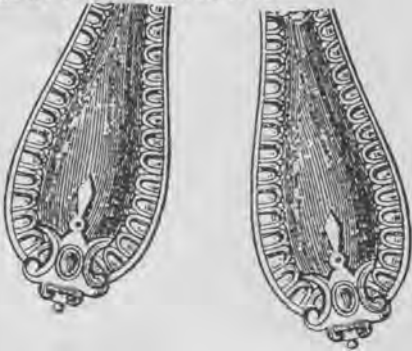


## Spoons

Long ago there were no bright spoons in all the world. In fact there were no spoons at all except - what do you think? Hands! The palm of the hand was the very first spoon in all the world. With it things could be scooped or dipped up much as we use a spoon today.

By and by people began using seashells for spoons. This was much better and cleaner. After using them in this way for a long, long time someone thought of putting a handle on the shell so that it could be held more easily. For hundreds and hundreds of years people kept on using shells for spoons until someone shaped the first spoon out of wood or metal and the spoon, as we know it today, began.

Huntsville Publication, 1946



There will be no more scorched food if the small built-in television screens in kitchens become popular after this war. This set is operated by a button, and it allows the homemaker to see who is at the door. Through this she can talk to a salesman, and inspect his merchandise without leaving her kitchen.

Huntsville publication 1946



## Signature Quilt Ruffled In November

The Historic Huntsville Foundation recently unveiled a unique fundraising project designed to retire their mortgage on Harrison Brothers Hardware, Alabama's oldest hardware store.

Inspired by an antique (1880-81) signature quilt, Foundation members Lynn Jones and Dale Rhoades decided to create a modern version. Prominent individuals in many fields who had made an impact on American life in the 20th century were sent a letter of request, two fabric squares, a pen, a Harrison Brothers Hardware brochure, and a return envelope.

The response was overwhelming - 163 signatures, many with accompanying notes expressing best wishes. One quilt has been pieced and quilted and will be raffled. The second quilt will be completed this winter and used as a display piece and teaching tool.

Both antique and modern quilts are on display at the Huntsville public library at 915 Monroe Street through November 3. That evening the quilt will be given to a lucky ticket holder at a gala social event.

Tickets cost \$3 each or three for \$10 and may be purchased at Harrison Brothers Hardware, Lawren's, Elf Shelf, Gift Linen Mart, Cottage Craft Framers, Patches & Stitches or at the Huntsville Public Library. For more information, contact the Historic Huntsville Foundation, PO Box 786, Huntsville, Alabama 35804 or call 532-3587 or 1-800-526-6105.

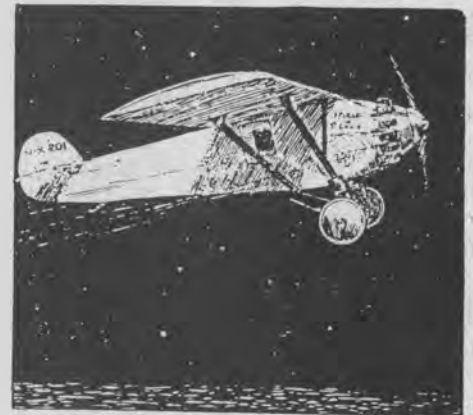
# Airlines

If you must travel on short notice because of illness or death in the family don't presume that you have to pay an airline's full coach fare. Almost all major U.S. airlines will provide a discount when a family crisis strikes.

This assistance is not publicized because airlines fear fraudulent claims. Even most travel agents are unaware of it - but for the savvy traveler it can be invaluable.

Airline procedures differ widely, as do the benefits they provide. Midway Airlines handles emergency travel on a case by case basis. Reservation agents and other airline staff with direct public contact have the authority to waive restrictions as they see fit. "When there is a doubt, we tell our employees to rule in favor of the customer" says Lois Gallo, Midway's vice president for customer service.

Some U.S. airlines extend aid to both domestic and international travelers, while others limit the routes covered. The German airline Lufthansa offers fare reduction for short notice emergency travel, but most foreign airlines do not.



Some of the airlines surveyed included American, Continental, Delta, Northwest, Transworld and United.

*It seems we spend half our life trying to find something to do with the time we have rushed through life trying to save.*

*Will Rogers*

# Health Shorts



In the latter part of the 1800's the surgeon general of the United States declared Huntsville to be one of the healthiest places in the nation, second only to West Point. There had been many advances made in medical research as shown by the great profusion in medicine and home remedy ads as advertised in the newspapers of the times.

One of the greatest claims of that day was made by Swift Specific who advertised that its product cured cancer and also helped you sleep at night. Rangun Roote Liniment also claimed to cure cancer and ease aching muscles. What made this claim so miraculous was that you could also use it for your horse.



## Barb's Kitchen

### OLD SOUTHERN HOT SHRIMP DIP

2 lb. cream cheese, softened 1 lb. small shrimp, cooked 1 large onion, chopped 2 teaspoons garlic powder 4 mild banana peppers, chopped 3 jalepeno peppers, chopped 3 medium tomatoes, chopped salt and pepper to taste

Put vegetables on bottom of crock pot or double boiler, put cream cheese on top, cook on low. Blend when cheese melts. Add shrimp right before serving. Should be served with Mexican style chips.

Local newspapers often carried testimonials from citizens attesting to the miracle cures of these products. W. T. Hutchens, a well-known citizen of Huntsville, claimed in a newspaper ad that "Dr. Humphrey's Blood Purifier" cured his rheumatism in only three days.

And for the ladies, there was Scott's Elixir, which guaranteed to ease cramps and to provide a better disposition. The Elixir lived up to its promise to provide a better disposition but it also provided a terrible hangover, as it consisted mostly of alcohol.

Speaking of whiskey, John Rison another well-known Huntsville citizen advertised a cure for addiction to opium and whiskey. Unfortunately his recipe has since been lost as medical researchers are still searching for the cure to these addictions.



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## Old Huntsville Trivia

**1816**

10,000 bales of cotton ginned in Madison County

**1823**

The first turnpike road in the County is authorized by Legislature. It ran from Huntsville to Ditto Landing and is now known as Whitesburg Drive

**1863**

New Hope is burned to the ground by Yankee soldiers. The only buildings left standing were the Masonic Hall and the saloon

**1881**

Village of Meridianville enacts laws prohibiting sale of liquor within three and a half miles of town limits

**1887**

Mr. S. Lyons, a local tailor, advertises men's suits for twenty dollars. An extra pair of pants was another six dollars

**1892**

R. G. Fields is performing at the Huntsville Opera house. The admission was \$.25 for the balcony and it was divided into three sections. One was for blacks, another was for poor whites and the third section was reserved for "harlots"

**1914**

Graduating class at Huntsville High has 14 members. Class Day exercises were held at the Elk Theater

# Legends Of Old Huntsville

## Laura

Jimmy Blevins was a lonely man. He had joined the Army in 1898 and after the fighting in Cuba, was stationed here in Huntsville with the 72nd regiment. Jimmy didn't have much of a family or many friends. Most of his time was spent working, and when he could get away from camp, walking around downtown. Sometimes, while walking, he would watch other people and pretend they were his friends. And when they would laugh he would pretend they were laughing at some amusing anecdote he had just told.

Late one evening Jimmy was walking down by the Big Spring. No one else was out at that time of the evening, which was the way he preferred it. It wasn't that he didn't like people, he was just shy.

Suddenly the still night was shattered by a scream. Running to the bank of the spring he saw a lady in distress. Apparently she had been leaning over the bridge while feeding the ducks and had fallen in. Without thinking of his own safety, Jimmy pulled off his heavy coat and jumped into the water to save the lady.

After pulling the lady to shore Jimmy got a good look at her. He was dumbfounded. She was the most beautiful creature that he had ever seen. Her hair was golden, her eyes were blue and her lips were the kind that men dreamed of. Normally a shy person to begin with, now he was struck speechless.

Seeing her begin to shiver Jimmy wrapped his coat around her shoulders. The lady thanked him and asked what his name was. Not getting a reply and seeing how shy Jimmy was, she began to talk about herself. She said her name was Laura. As she talked, Jimmy was drawn to her, and began to open up and talk a little about himself.

They sat there on the banks of the Big Spring that night, talking about their lives and their dreams. Jimmy told about being lonely all

Continued on Page 12

**1917**

Clarence Lemmings catches a ninety-two pound catfish below Whitesburg. Mr. Lemmings was torch fishing at night when he caught the monster fish. Witnesses say that his first reaction was "By golly, I done caught me a fish."

**1929**

The first "talking" movie is shown in Huntsville at the Lyric Theater. Its title was "My Man" starring Fannie Bice.

**1946**

Use of voting machines approved. They were used for the first time for the East Huntsville annexation vote.

*Income tax has made more liars out of American people than golf has.*

*Mark Twain*

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the time and how he wished that he had friends like everyone else. He told about how he would lay in his Army cot at night and wonder why he couldn't be like other people.

In a soft voice, Laura told him that maybe everyone was not supposed to be the same. She asked if it really mattered what other people thought. She told *him* how everyone only had one life to live and what is in your heart is more important than all of the funny stories you might ever tell.

By this time it was starting to get late. After asking Laura where she lived, Jimmy offered to walk her home. They talked all the way and when they came to her home, Laura stopped. Turning to Jimmy, she told him that he could be anything that he wanted to be but he had to be true to himself first. And after giving him a sudden kiss, she turned and ran into the house.

Jimmy thought about Laura all the next day. He thought about what she had told him. By the time he got off duty that afternoon he had discovered a confidence that he had not thought was possible.

Not wanting to wait any longer he rushed to her home that evening to thank her and to tell her what she had done for him. An old man came to the door. With a new found confidence Jimmy explained who he was and why he had come. "Please", he asked, "I would like to see Laura".

The old man's face registered shock and as he slowly made his way to sit down on the weathered porch swing, he began to tremble. "Laura was my daughter," the man explained. "She died a year ago last night. She had suffered from loneliness and we don't know for sure what happened but they found her body in the Big Spring. Her mother thinks it was suicide."

Jimmy knew for sure that the old man had made a mistake somehow, but just to humor him he asked where Laura was supposed to be buried. Not having anything else to do, Jimmy decided to walk to Maple Hill Cemetary and have a look for himself.

The grave was where the old man said it would be. The name on the tombstone was the same as Laura's. Bewildered at the coincidence, Jimmy turned and started to walk away when suddenly he froze in his steps. A coat was lying across the grave, spread out as if to warm the ground. It was his coat, the same one he had wrapped around Laura the night before.

Submitted By Tom Carney

*It's not how you're buried that counts. It's how you're remembered.*  
John Wayne

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## Huntsville's Million Dollar Band

During the early part of the century, Huntsville's economy was heavily dependent on the textile industry. Five cotton mills were in operation in the city and each one offered employees housing in a village near the mill. The Merrimack mill, located southwest of Huntsville, was no exception. In the summer of 1925, a group of musicians in the Merrimack community met at the home of George Davis for the purpose of forming a band. Mr. John Hay, a noted band director of the time, was enlisted to direct the new band.

Most of the band members worked in the mill and many of them did not own the instrument they were to play. Band instruments being expensive, especially the larger ones, they were not able to afford them and asked the Merrimack Manufacturing Company for help in the purchase of the needed instruments. Mr. Joseph J. Bradley, Jr., agent of the mill at this time, was extremely excited about the project and gave the needed financial help to get the band organized. In acknowledgement of his assistance, the group called itself the "Joseph J. Bradley, Jr. Band."

Over the next nine years the band gained the reputation of being one of the finest bands in the area. U.S. Senator Almon, upon hearing the group, compared it favorably with many of the great musical organizations he had heard. J. Emory Pierce, editor of "The Huntsville Daily Times", tagged the group "The Million Dollar Band" and the name stuck.

The group played all over the state and performed on radio station WSM in Nashville. It was called on to perform at most important ceremonies and played for the dedication of three area bridges - Decatur, Whitesburg, and Scottsboro.

The band disbanded in 1934 having distinguished itself for the nine years of its existence. While it was never invited to the Rose Parade, those who heard it in those early days will never forget it.

Submitted by Butch Crabtree

*The cure for boredom is curiosity.*

*There is no cure for curiosity*

*Ellen Parr.*



## Cracklin Cornbread

2 cups stone ground yellow wheat meal mix 1 1/2 cups milk or buttermilk 1 egg beaten 1/2 cup oil 1 cup cracklins 1/2 teaspoon onion powder 1/4 teaspoon garlic powder salt if desired

Mix all together in bowl til smooth. Pour 1/4 cup oil in skillet and heat. Bake at 450 for about 25 minutes.

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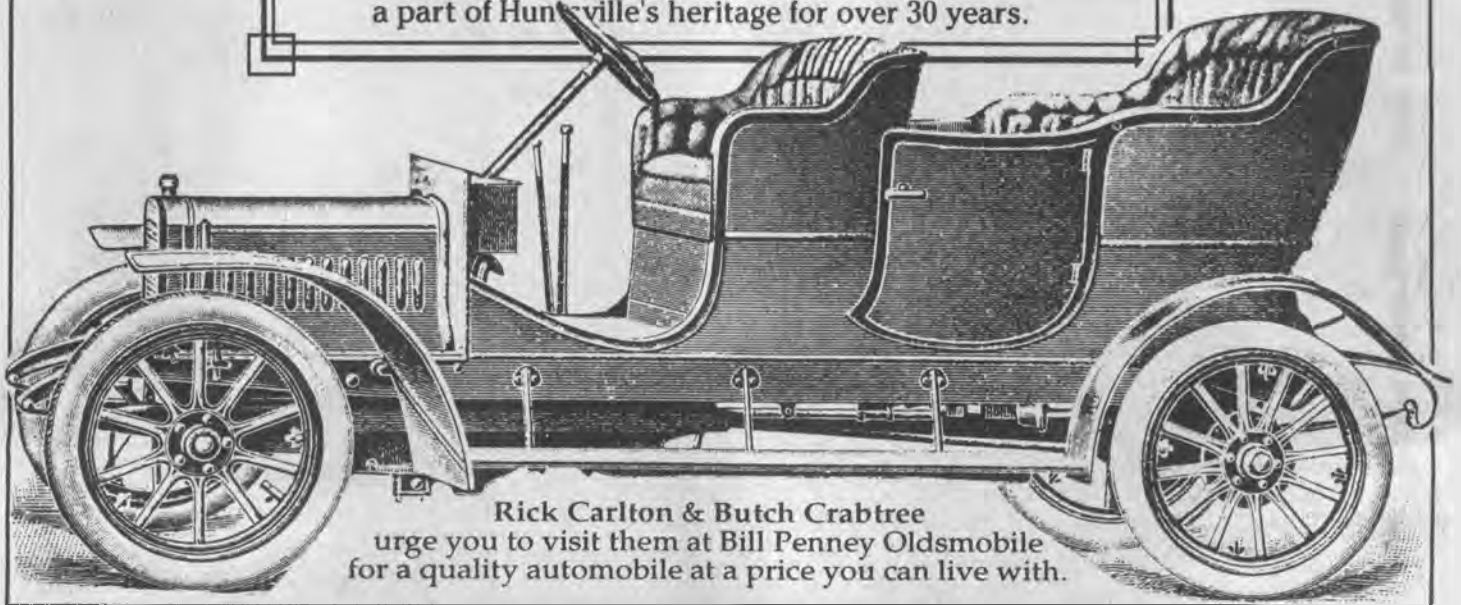
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# THE WAR IS OVER

Americans have never stopped paying wartime taxes since the birth of the republic. There is some consolation, however, in the announcement that the war is over at last - that is, the War of 1812.

The United States Government recently closed its books on that almost forgotten war when the last pensioner died. That pensioner was a woman 82 years of age, the daughter of a veteran of the campaigns of 1812.

If it took more than 130 years to finally settle accounts on such a small war, how long will be paying off the two World Wars?

Monthly Huntsville magazine, 1946

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*People who don't know whether they are coming or going are usually in the biggest hurry to get there.*



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# The Trial Of Frank James



A marker at the corner of Eustis and Green is the only reminder we have left of the most famous trial to take place in Huntsville. The man on trial was Frank James, brother of Jesse James and the leader of one of the most bloodthirsty gangs of that era.

The James gang, between 1866 and 1882, robbed nine banks, eight trains, four stagecoaches, the box office of the World Agricultural Exposition in Saint Louis, and a government paymaster. Thirty-two people died as a result, including fifteen gang members, and four Pinkerton agents. The total amount of money they stole was less than \$175,000, making an average of less than \$8,000 for each gang member over a sixteen year period.

Frank James came to Huntsville in handcuffs, but that did not keep him from becoming a hero to the people tired of Yankee rule. As one oldtimer put it, "The only money that Frank ever stole was Yankee money and they stole it first."

Apparently, even though he was supposed to be in jail, he had

freedom to come and go as he liked. He would take dinner at the Huntsville Hotel in the evening with his wife and son. Local officials would often stop by the jail to pick him up to go on hunting trips with them.

Among the many visitors that he had were some of the most influential men in Huntsville. Many of them left with the feeling that "he didn't look and act like an outlaw, and besides didn't he fight the Yankees?"

Newspapermen from all over the world gathered in Huntsville to cover the trial. One of the first things that Frank James did in Huntsville was to invite the press for an interview. "You boys should thank me", said James. "Jesse and I have given you something to write about for almost twenty years." He asked the press not to be too critical of him, as he had recently lost his brother Jesse, the victim of a backshooting assassin. And now the same people were trying to do him in.

It was raining the day the trial began. Crowds had started gathering early that morning and when

Frank walked in, wild cheering broke out. The judge had to rap repeatedly for order before the court quieted down.

The trial began with the witnesses for the government. These witnesses had delivered testimony in an earlier trial that had sent other members of the gang to prison. But in a surprise move, four of them suffered a memory loss when confronted with a real live Frank James sitting there there in the courtroom.

The fifth government witness, Dick Liddil, insisted that Frank James had committed the robbery. Liddil, as testimony was to show, had been in cahoots with Bob Ford, the assassin that shot Jesse James in the back. He was also in trouble for the killing of Frank James' cousin, Robert Hite. It seems as if Liddil was having an affair with Hite's wife.

When General Leroy Pope Walker, ex-Secretary of War for the Confederate States, began the defense in front of a jury consisting of 12 loyal ex-Confederate veterans, it seemed as if the only thing

missing was the waving of the old flag.

The jury seemed to sit at attention as General Walker talked of being proud to defend Frank James, a loyal Confederate. Heaping scorn on the government's case, Walker said that if Liddil ever heard someone recite the poem "A horse, my kingdom for a horse", Mr. Liddil would have said, "Wait and I will steal you one".

Complicating matters more was the testimony of a Nashville policeman who claimed that Frank could not have committed the hold-up. The policeman swore that James was in Nashville, testifying in court the day the robbery was committed.

After hearing all the evidence the jury retired to deliberate on the verdict. Thirty minutes later they were back with a verdict of "Not Guilty". Later that night James was seen meeting and drinking with the members of the jury at the Huntsville Hotel.

Frank James was never convicted of any of the crimes that he committed. He became a model citizen, holding various jobs like race starter, shoe salesman, and - his longest - doorman for a St. Louis burlesque house. Frank James died in 1915, a pauper.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

Upon completion of a story there are always little interesting tidbits of information left that you don't know what to do with. In this case the tidbits were about Jesse James, Jr. It seems as if many years after the death of his famous father, young Jesse was tried and found innocent of train robbery. The newspapers of 1899 state that his partner in the alleged crime was a young man by the name of John F. Kennedy, known to his friends as "Jack".

Jesse James, Jr. went on to become a successful actor in Hollywood, often portraying his famous father in Western movies. After tiring of acting, he became an attorney, dying in 1951 at the age of 76.



## From The Desk Of James Record

The name Tokey Walker may not sound familiar to some Huntsvillians. But he may be one of the most successful men ever to come out of this city.

J.T. "Tokey" Walker now lives in Clearwater, Florida where in 1947 he and an associate developed a company called Metal Industries, Inc. The company now manufactures aluminum storm windows, doors, covers for air conditioning and heating vents, and cardboard boxes. It has since grown into a very successful company with 37 factories throughout the United States and Mexico.

This is not all. Mr. Walker's farm located in Brooksville, Florida was a retreat that he welcomed for weekends. This weekend farming turned into a thriving nursery called MI Nursery that ships plants to such customers as Disney World, Sears, landscapers and contractors - and to such out of the way places as the West Indies. Tokey Walker employs 55 workers at the nursery, and he also has a tree farm on 250 acres in Tennessee. Sales from the nursery alone are expected to top \$1 million this year.

Inside twelve roundroofed greenhouses grow up to 1.5 million tiny plants and trees each year. Warm water runs through rubber tubes on the floor to keep the plants warm during cold winter months. Machines mix soil and spray the plants with mist, and a conveyor belt moves seedlings slowly toward a potting machine. Much of the equipment used at the nursery was manufactured by Metal Industries.

T H E

# Village

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*Erma Brombesck*

*Justice is too good for some people,  
and not good enough for the rest.*

*Norman Douglas*





# A Letter To Mother

Somewhere in France

October 4, 1918  
Mrs. W. B. Hampton 803 East  
Clinton St. Huntsville, Al

Dear Mother,

I am in receipt of your letter of August 29 and I am very glad indeed to hear from you, as it has been some time since I have received a letter.

I have just gotten back from the front trenches to rest up a little. I suppose you have seen in the paper an account of our big drive on the Somme front in which we captured the Hindenburg line, the strongest point on the Western front. We had very little trouble taking it. This Hindenburg line was a solid concrete fortification containing dugouts from fifty to a hundred feet in depth and were large enough to hold about 250 men. The fixtures within these dugouts were equal to those of any large hotel consisting of large iron bedsteads, heaters, lights, water, etc. In other words, completely furnished.

Our artillery put on a barrage and we advanced behind this barrage. The Germans ran in these dugouts and were short of time in order to get out before we were right on top of them. We captured seven thousand prisoners. At least, they had counted that many at the time of this writing

We were fighting with the Australians, the best fighters in the world. They are very fine boys and they think there are none in the world equal to the American boys. When we were relieved the Australian cavalry made an attack on the Germans and the last time we heard from them, they were still advancing and capturing prisoners by the thousands.

It sure is some fun going over the top. The way we went over the German resistance was very slight. We got all kinds of souvenirs, watches, pistols, field glasses, diamond rings, German money. One of the boys got a \$200 diamond ring. I got some money, six pistols, several watches, etc. I am enclosing a two-mark bill, about fifty cents in our money. King Albert of Belgium is in command of his army now and he has moved all the Germans out of his country. I think the war will be over by Christmas.

You have seen pictures of battlefields after a battle. It is something to see dead men and horses piled up over a large space of ground. We lost a lot of men. Some of my best friends from Memphis were killed, but it could not be helped.

I had my Liberty bond made out to you, and it was paid up in July, and I suppose you have gotten it by now. I have some money to send home and you can place it in the bank to my credit. I think I will

need it if I am lucky enough to get back.

Well, I will close for this time, as I am in a hurry. I send love to all. Write as often as you can.

Lovingly your son,

James P. Hampton, Corp., Co. C  
119th Inf. A. E. F.

(Editor's note: James Hampton survived the war. After returning to Huntsville for a short while he moved to Memphis, Tennessee where he became a doctor. Mr. Hampton died in 1953.)

## THE HONOR

During the 1960's the northern section of downtown Huntsville was known as the "Z" strip. During this era there was a lot of activity there due to several beer joints, pool rooms and at least one dance hall; therefore a drunk or two was not rare.

As a police detective and assigned to the evening shift, I had just parked my car on Jefferson Street when a patrol unit passed by. In the back seat, apparently under arrest, was a familiar face.

I radioed the patrol unit and asked if I could speak with them about their prisoner before they locked him up.

We met behind the police station and after a brief discussion the arresting officer agreed to allow me to take charge of their arrestee and take him home since he was only guilty of intoxication.

It was a long drive to his home out in the county and a longer drive back. I had been away from my duties too long.

On Monday I was summoned to my supervisor's office to explain why I had "interfered" with the officer's arrest. It seemed that one of the officers had made a complaint.

"It was Paul Bolden," was my only explanation. None other was needed. My supervisor said he would take care of it.

I had first met Paul about ten years earlier while we worked together at Redstone Arsenal. I grew to care very much for this small, quiet man.

Staff Sergeant Paul L. Bolden met the enemy a few days before Christmas in Belgium in 1944. Thirty-five German soldiers did not live to regret it. Practically alone, armed with grenades and an automatic weapon, Paul assaulted a farm house that contained the German soldiers. Paul was wounded three times in that action.

A hero is motivated into action by fear, courage or madness or a combination of all three. What sent Paul into that fortification, I now know. I know he was a hero.

Paul has since died. Not much has been written or said about this poor North Alabama country boy. I've often wondered why.

He won the Medal of Honor. I won the honor of knowing him.

Submitted By Glenn Brooks

## Old News



The bushes that have been allowed to grow to the height of four to six feet in our courthouse yard should be grubbed up. The yard presents a very unsightly appearance and needs attention. The probate judge or the sheriff should see that it is kept clear of sprouts or some enterprising Yankee will be wanting to rent it for a rabbit farm.

Huntsville newspaper 1891

Cont. on Page 22

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# James Record

From Page 17

Tokey Walker was born in Huntsville and lived on Pratt Avenue for much of his young life. According to his sister Eloise, Tokey was "always a good boy but into everything. He was ambitious from the time he was a little boy". In 1933, he became the youngest manager of the A&P grocery store here in Huntsville. He learned to fly with S.O. Holmes and earned both private and commercial pilots licenses. He became good friends with Robert Word, later to become his partner in Metal Industries.

At the end of World War II Tokey went to Marietta, Georgia where he worked as a test pilot on B29's. He moved to Clearwater in 1946 and in 1947, with Robert Word, began their business of making aluminum chairs and window screens, later incorporating under the name of Metal Industries, Inc.

In 1975 Tokey bought Robert Word's portion of the business making the Walker family the sole owners of Metal Industries.

The word generous is not sufficient to define Tokey Walker. He is a dedicated philanthropist who takes care of his employees as if they were his own family. He often gives scholarships to the children of these employees. He knows each of them, and never forgets that they have helped him at one time or the other.

In Huntsville, Mr. Walker's philanthropies include:

- Giving to organizations such as the Cancer Society, Heart Association, and the Lung association

- Donation of \$25,000 to the Huntsville YMCA towards building a southeast daycare center named in honor of James Record, Sr.

- Donation of over 1000 white dogwood trees for Maple Hill Cemetery, Madison County Nature Trail, and Braham Spring Park.

- Anonymously financed school reunions in 1982 for the Huntsville High graduates of 1915 through 1937, chaired by James Record Sr.

Probably the best story to describe Tokey's generosity concerns

his sister Eloise and the Downtown Rescue Mission. Several years ago he had been trying to find out what his sister wanted for her birthday. He offered her a new home, European vacation, or new car but she declined all of these. She said she had no need for new things and not enough time to take trips as she was busy doing volunteer work. Tokey, after talking to his sister, realized how important the Rescue Mission was to her. On the day of her birthday Tokey flew to Huntsville, picked her up and took her to a location on 9th. Avenue where she saw her birthday gift. It was a building that he had bought and donated to the Downtown Rescue Mission in her name.

In 1989 Tokey was voted as outstanding graduate of Huntsville High of all time, and was nominated to the Huntsville-Madison County Athletic Hall of Fame.

Mr. Walker has always been very low key in his donations and charities, and has never sought credit for these contributions. As successful as Tokey Walker has become, he has never forgotten his roots in Huntsville, Alabama.

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# LOVE AFFAIR

She first joined the family in 1971 when Mom and Dad went over to West Germany to pick her up. They treated her like gold for the 16+ years they had her. She became an integral part of my life about three years ago.

Nope - this isn't about my wife, my child or even my dog.

But she is part of the family, as far as I'm concerned. What she is is a 1971 Porsche 911 - nineteen years old, looking great and running fine. One of Ferry Porsche's all-time classics - she gets the care and love she deserves. And a pretty healthy allowance, too, I might add. Keeping her in shape costs about the same as buying Ohio, but when you're in love, who's counting? After all, she's been in the family since she was brand new.

The payoff is all those early morning drives, when she loves to get out and run on interstate highways, country roads, and those great winding hilly roads - like Monte Sano and Green Mountain (especially the backside). And does she get looks! I could go on and on!

Life isn't always on the upside for us Porsche owners, though. Endlessly circling a parking lot, looking for a place to land where some Cretin in a '77 rustmobile

won't park eight inches away and open his door with both feet; or discovering a new ding while lovingly applying that third layer of Malm's; or hearing the clutch cable snap on an uninhabited stretch of road between Fyffe and Geraldine. Or the worst one - not being able to enjoy yourself in a restaurant because you can't keep an eye on her from where you're sitting. And maybe just as bad is discovering that huge splotch of bird poop, compliments of what had to be at least a pterodactyl.

But once she's home, safe in the garage with her electric blanket on, out of the rain and free from harm, it's all worth while. After all, tomorrow is supposed to be sunny and I found this road on the map that doesn't look familiar, and it's winding and hilly . . . .

Submitted by Ken Owens

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*Forty is the old age of youth; fifty is the youth of old age*

*Victor Hugo*



## Old News

From Page 19

### Board meeting last night

The board of Mayor and aldermen met in session last night. Nothing of special importance was transacted by them. The City Marshall was instructed to notify Mr. H. Wind to have the hides at the store on the corner of Clinton and Washington streets removed at once and not have any stored there during the summer. This order also applies to all dealers in the same line whose houses are offensive.

1891 Huntsville publication



In England a few centuries ago men were protected by Parliament against women who wore high heels or false teeth.

A bill was introduced in Parliament in 1770 which read: "That all women . . . that shall . . . betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

1900 Huntsville publication

*Even if it doesn't work, there is something healthy and invigorating about direct action*

*Victor Hugo*

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## Best Old-fashioned Fruitcake

Cream together 1 cup margarine and 1/2 cup sugar. Add 1 table spoon each of vanilla and lemon flavoring, six egg yolks and 2 cups white flour. Blend

### Fruit Mix

Sprinkle 2 pounds candied fruit mixture with 1/2 cup of flour, coating fruit so it separates. Add one pound each of raisins and pecans to fruit mix

In large bowl mix fruit mix with batter - this is a heavy mix

Whip 6 egg whites with cream of tartar to stiffen it, and fold this mixture into the batter- fruit mix. (Suggest using 10 inch stainless steel fry pan, lined with wax paper, with 2" diameter can wrapped with wax paper in center of pan)

Spoon in batter and add whole pecans on top, cover and seal with aluminum foil. Bake at 250 for 2 1/2 hours, remove foil and cook for additional 1/2 hour till top is brown.

Turn cake out onto cooling rack and remove wax paper, let cake cool.

Put cake in airtight container bottom side up. Pour 1/2 cup of the best Cream Sherry wine available over cake and seal. Check in one week and pour 1/2 cup of the Sherry over cake. Check cake in another week and flip sobottom side is down - add more Sherry if not moist.

Brandy or Rum may be used instead of the Sherry. Cake should be seasoned at least three weeks - suggest making it at Thanksgiving and serving at Christmas.

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# The Legend Of Lily Flagg

Even though not as old as some homes still standing in Madison County, the Watkins-Moore home at 1619 Adams Avenue bids strongly for a unique place among colorful local history. For this was the location of the only reception ever held for a cow.

In the 1850's the home was built by the Watkins family. James L. Watkins passed the land on to his son, Robert H. Watkins. At the time this home was built, Huntsville was renowned for having some of the most beautiful homes throughout the South. This started a building feud in Huntsville, and Watkins was not to be outdone. He was surrounded by stately dwellings, and wanted his home to outshine them all.

The building of the home began. Craftsmen were called in from other states to create plaster of paris molding. All the woodwork inside the dwelling was made of walnut, frescos were put together painstakingly in sections. Slaves were put to work making hand-pressed brick for its walls. Two stairways led to the second floor of the home, with a third going directly to the tower on the roof which consisted of two floors. There was no other structure like the tower anywhere near Huntsville. Those who traveled the world spoke of a similar one in Paris. On clear

days, one could see as far as the Tennessee River from the lookout in the tower.

Robert Watkins built this magnificent home as a gift to his beloved bride, Margaret Carter. She didn't live long in the home, however. Soon after the home was completed, the Civil War began and the men went away to war. Margaret had just given birth to their first child when Yankee forces reached Huntsville. When the Yankees spread their tents all over the yard of the mansion, the alarmed servants ran in to tell the weakened mother the news. She was extremely agitated, and died a few hours after being notified.

When Samuel Moore acquired the home in 1890 he continued to improve the interior of the home. Such rare items as bathtubs, lighting fixtures, and marble mantles from Italy were brought in.

Mr. Moore was quite a colorful character. Even though he was a renowned bachelor and a member of the State Legislature, he loved parties and people. Prominent visitors never missed a tour of his home, and many local celebrities married there, surrounded by flowers and gaiety.

Samuel Moore not only loved people, he loved his cow Lily Flagg. This was not an ordinary cow, but had just returned from the state fair in Chicago where she had taken top honors as the world's greatest butterfat

producer. He was as proud of her as if a daughter had taken top honors in a world beauty contest.

So to celebrate her success he decided to honor her with a grand reception.

He spared no expense in the preparations. He had the home painted a bright yellow for the occasion. A fifty-foot dancing platform was erected at the back of the mansion and was lit by one of the first electric lighting systems in the Southeast. Lanterns were hung everywhere, flowers were in abundance.

When prominent officials received their invitations, they noticed a picture of a cow on the front. On the evening of the event, guests dressed in formal attire formed a long line that wound its way to the small stable at the rear of the property, where the little Jersey stood almost hidden by roses. She was honored by people from as far away as Washington.

When the Italian orchestra from Nashville began to play, the dance platform quickly filled up. Special tables were set up all over the property to hold exquisite foods and pastries. Champagne flowed freely and it is said that this was one of the best parties held in the Huntsville area, before or after. The party lasted until the early morning hours, and older residents said that they would never forget the party for the little cow.



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WHITESBURG DRIVE



## Changing Your Image

Changing your image may be harder than you think. Studies show that once an impression is made, the tendency is to look only for evidence that confirms the original opinion and to ignore contradictory messages. Says Sid Raphael, a New York City psychologist, "Attempting major surgery on your image is likely to fail. Instead, try to enhance attractive traits and minimize your faults".

## Jim & Abner

There is a story told about Jim and Abner. Now, Jim and Abner had been coon hunting buddies for more years than most people could remember. Every Monday night they would meet in one of the hollows and let their dogs run, making their way back home some-time the next morning. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could deter them from coon hunting.

Well, one morning they are coming back down from the hills after a long night and they came

across a funeral procession making its way slowly down the road toward the church. Old Abner, now he stops and pulls off his hat until the procession had passed. He was looking real reverent there for a moment.

Jim, upon observing this, told Abner that "It was a mighty fine thing you did back there - pulling your hat off like that.

Abner, looking kind of thoughtful, said "Well, after all, she was a pretty good wife for all those 23 years".

## Mandy's Chocolate Pie

1 cup sugar  
2Tbbs. flour  
dash of baking soda  
3 eggs, separated  
2 cups of milk  
1 1/2 tsp. vanilla  
1 Tbls. melted butter  
1/2 cup chocolate syrup  
unbaked pie shell

Sift sugar, flour and baking powder. Add egg yolks beaten with milk, vanilla and butter. Add chocolate syrup. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake approximately 40 minutes at 350 degrees until set. Make meringue of egg whites and 6 Tbls. sugar. Brown in hot oven.

Mrs. Ray Jones

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# End of an Era

*General John,  
I'll leave the weeping to the women.  
We understand each other, you and I.  
We are of the same blood.  
What we cannot change we accept.  
Death limits all of us.  
But stil Grandfather, there are times I'd like to share some wine with you.*

John Crow

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# I'd Be My Best Friend

If I could do it all over again, knowing what I do now, I'd change a few things. I'd treat myself better, I'd be my best friend. I wouldn't be so hard on myself for not quite getting where I wanted to. I'd be kinder to me.

It's funny how you can be gentle to other people, trying so hard to not hurt anyone's feelings. If you say something that hurts someone, you feel badly about it for a long time. But I was always so critical of myself, when I should have been more understanding.

I'd ease up a lot, if I could start all over. I wouldn't take things so seriously - life can really be fun when you see humor in everyday events. There can even be humor in something that seems tragic at the time.

And finally, I'd sure quit worrying so much. I used to worry about everything. What people thought, what would happen in the future. It's so much better to use your "now" by being happy, and if something happens that causes you to worry, worry then. Why waste your todays in worrying what MAY happen, and often doesn't?

I'd kick off my shoes if I could do it again, dance more dances, hug more strangers, and be good to myself. I'd be my own best friend.

Ellie Yarbrough,  
86 years old Montgomery, Ala

**PALM-O-GRAPHS** By **DAVE SELTZ**

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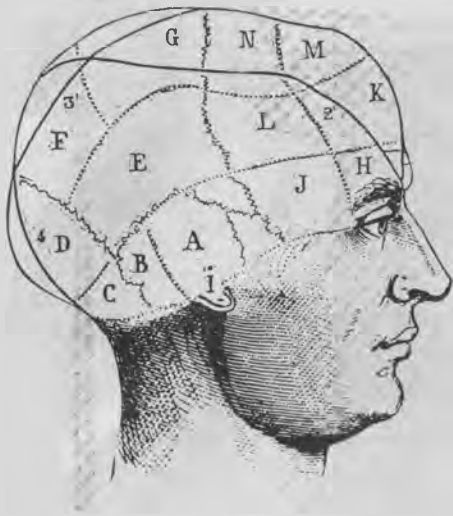
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## Are There Any Limits On Human Intelligence?

Recently, there was a report by RCA Corporation's Advanced Technology Labs that the human brain has the capacity to remember 125.5 trillion, 500 billion bits of information. A regular hard disc computer only has the capacity for 313 million. A single human brain cell is thought to be as complex as an entire small computer - and the complete brain is made up of 100 billion of these cells!

**C**an money buy happiness? Once people have enough money to live with dignity, whether they are rich or poor matters only slightly to happiness. There is no guarantee of happiness just because of wealth, but prospering through your own actions and efforts does bestow a great deal of satisfaction.

How money is handled, once made, seems to be a large factor in happiness. Effectively using money, according to psychologist Annette Leibermann, gives a sense of control over one's life, more self-esteem, freedom and security.



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*The best way to keep children at home is to make a pleasant atmosphere, and let the air out of their tires.*

*Dorothy Parker*

*Fashion can be bought, Style one must possess.*

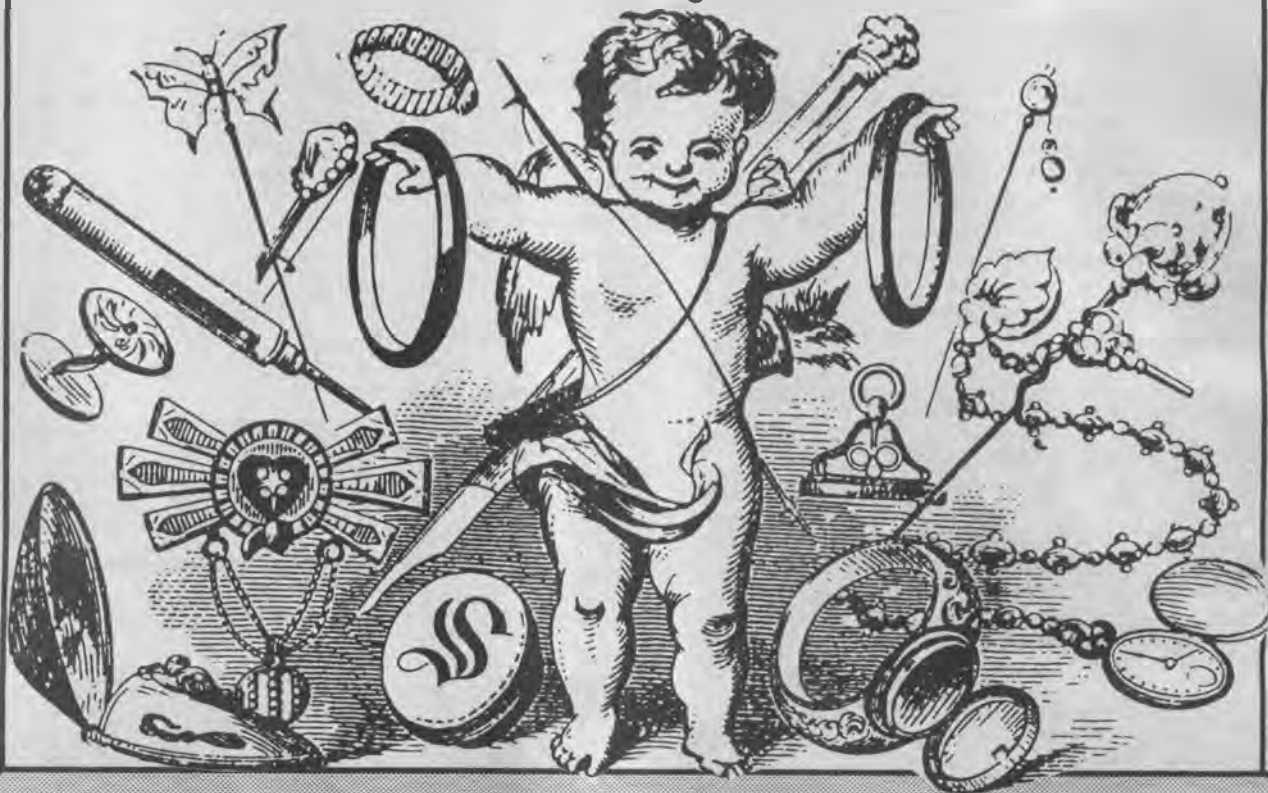
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