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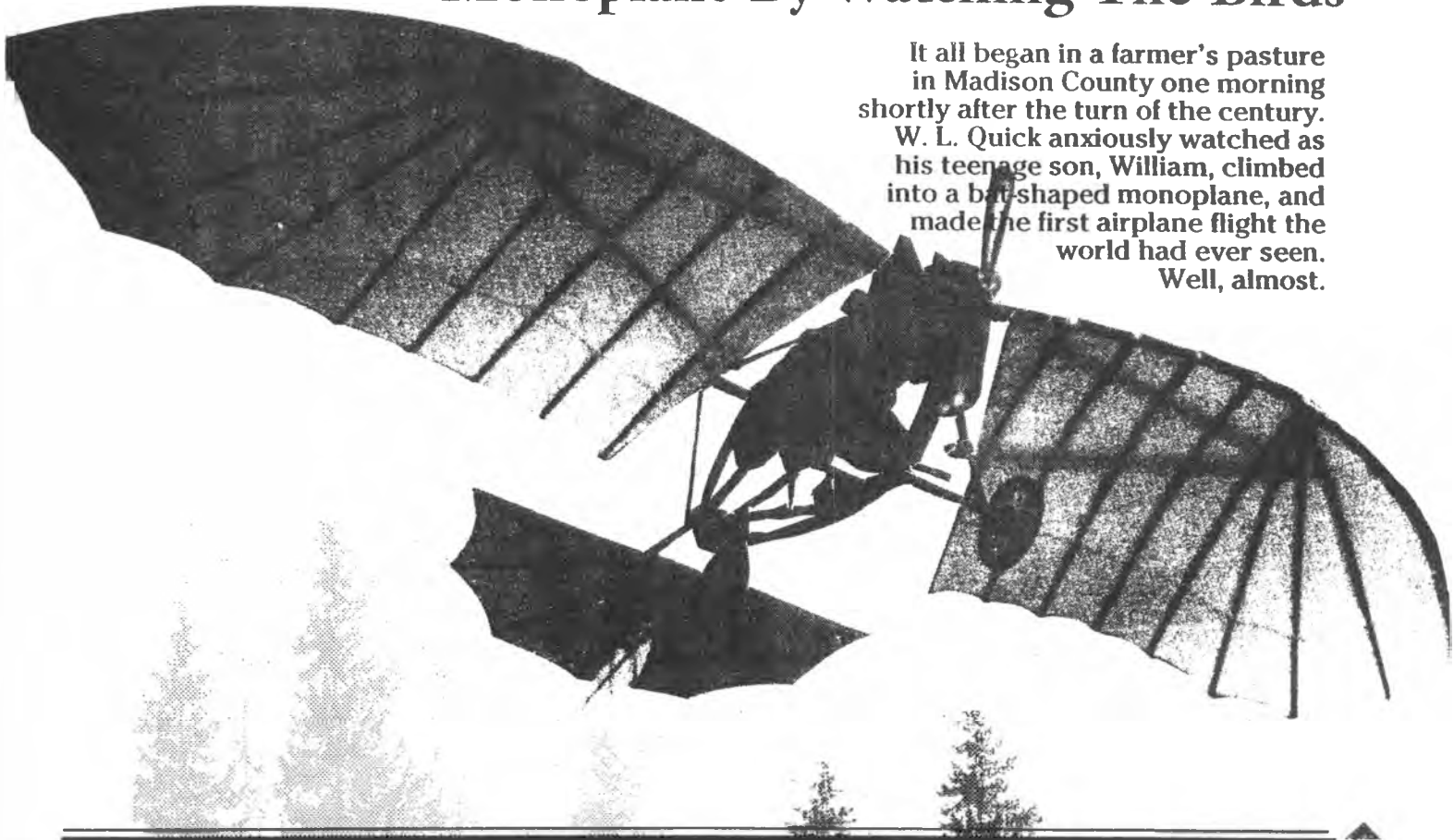
Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

Alabama Birdman

Hazel Green Man Invents America's First
Monoplane By Watching The Birds

It all began in a farmer's pasture in Madison County one morning shortly after the turn of the century. W. L. Quick anxiously watched as his teenage son, William, climbed into a bat-shaped monoplane, and made the first airplane flight the world had ever seen. Well, almost.



It WAS the first flight in Alabama, and possibly the world's first monoplane, but, because of two North Carolina bicycle repairmen, it was beaten by a margin of only a few years.

That is not, however, all of the story. That flight would affect the early history of aviation, and influence the formation of one of the largest aviation companies in the world.

William Lafayette Quick was born near Shiloh, Tennessee in 1859 and later moved his family to a small community outside present day New Market which became known as "Quick's Mill." He set up a grist mill, blacksmith's forge, saw mill, and machine shop in the late 1800's and began to dream of flying.

Quick first began talking of what he called "aerial navigation" before the turn of the century. Although he had never heard of anyone trying to fly before, he came up with the idea of building a "flying machine."

Quick had no formal education, but he had all the re-

sources he would possibly need. He could build a wooden body in his saw mill, derive a method of propulsion with his machine shop, and make all the necessary rigging and gear in his forge. His primary resource, though, was the models he found in the woods that surrounded his home.

Quick's granddaughter, Lorraine Wicks, recalls: "My grandfather would go into the woods back of the Quick home and watch the buzzards sail around and around, dip down and up with ease and never flap their wings."

Quick designed his craft after the buzzards, bats, insects, and other flying creatures that surrounded him. He chose his powerplant, cut and laminated the lumber for the frame, took three bicycle tires for landing gear, and set about on an eight year design and construction plan, with assembly well under-way in 1908. After assembly, the final step was the selection of a propeller. This consisted of several high speed engine



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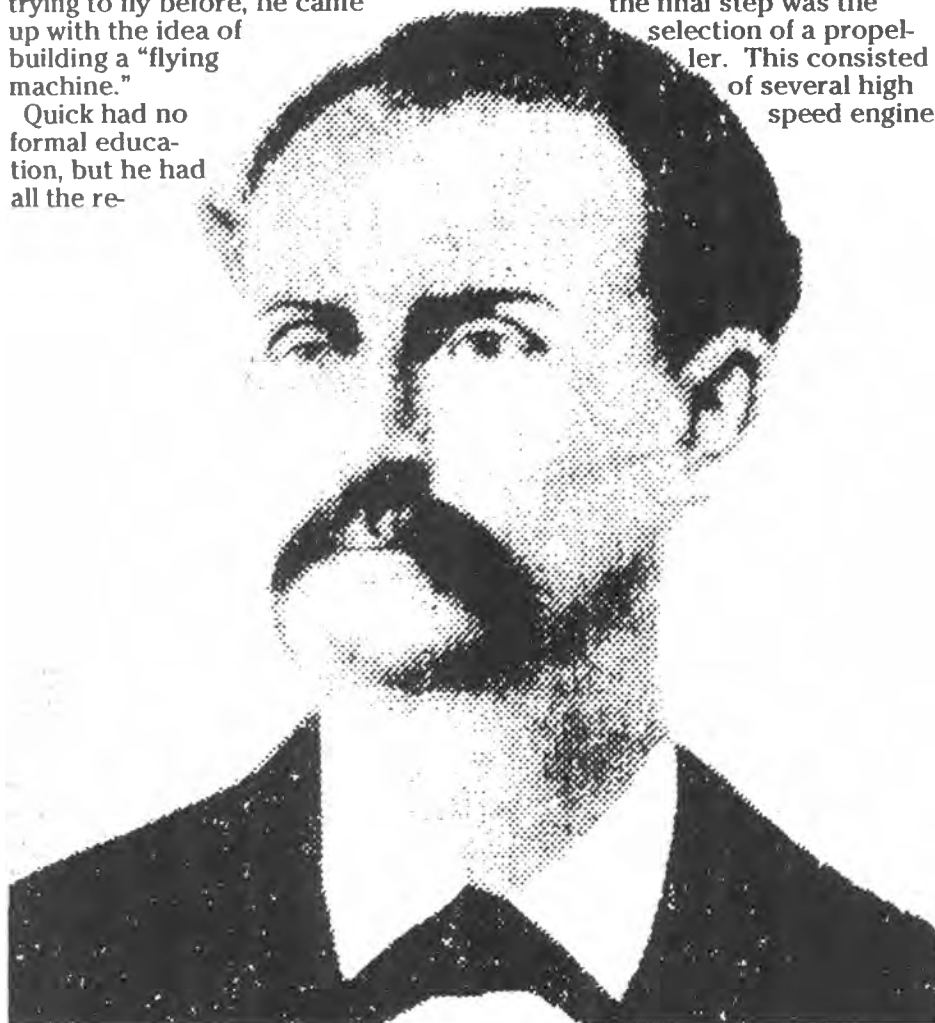
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tests to find the right combination. When the choice was made, Quick asked his son William Massey to fly the plane because he was the smallest of the ten children.

The flight lasted for only a few seconds. William achieved an altitude of a few feet, and then ran out of pasture. He tried to turn the plane, but succeeded in clipping the ground with a wing. The wing was damaged, the propeller broken, and the landing gear torn off, but the plane remained mostly intact. Quick took the plane back to his shop and there it stayed for almost 60 years.

This, however, was just the beginning of the Quick family's career with aviation. In the years to follow, eight of the Quick children became pilots. Some were barn stormers, others were pioneers of the crop dusting industry, and others fell victim to the numerous dangers of primitive aviation.

W. L. Quick influenced many friends and relatives to fly, including his brother-in-law, Terah Maroney. Maroney moved west about the time that Will Quick was finishing his monoplane, and enrolled in the flying school of Glenn Curtiss, later founder of the aircraft company that bears his name. Maroney purchased a flying machine, and became a barnstormer.



Continued on Page 4



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Alabama Birdman Continued From Page 2

Later, he became the first man to fly in the state of Montana.

On July 4, 1914, Maroney gave a flying exhibition in Seattle, Washington. Many of his audience were impressed enough to ask for a ride - including a certain lumber company owner named Bill Boeing. When Boeing stepped from the plane he vowed to spend the rest of his life as an aviator. The rest is history.

Meanwhile, Will Quick, innovator that he was, modified his original monoplane design, and patented an "improved flying machine" in 1913 that had such modern features as folding wings, retractable landing gear, and a three-prop propulsion system. However, it never left his blueprints; he died in 1927, leaving his historical flight simply a local legend.

However, in 1970, the Experimental Aircraft Club discovered the old monoplane as it hung in the rafters

of Will Quick's old shop. After obtaining the consent of the family, the plane was restored to its original condition using almost all original parts. It is now on public display at the Huntsville Space and Rocket Museum.

Will Quick has received some recognition for the history he created. The Smithsonian has his original model and patent, and the Alabama Aviation Hall of Fame in Birmingham has a plaque commemorating his induction - right beneath the Wright Brothers'. Even with this notoriety, the Will Quick story remains one of the most impressive and well-kept secrets of Huntsville's colorful past.

By Gab Wicks

Visuals Provided by Robert Quick

Kinds Of Kisses

*There are many kinds of kisses,
We receive throughout the years
From the moments filled with laughter
To the saddened ones with tears.*

*There are kisses from the children
When at apron strings they tug
And the ones they give at bedtime
With a tiny tender hug.*

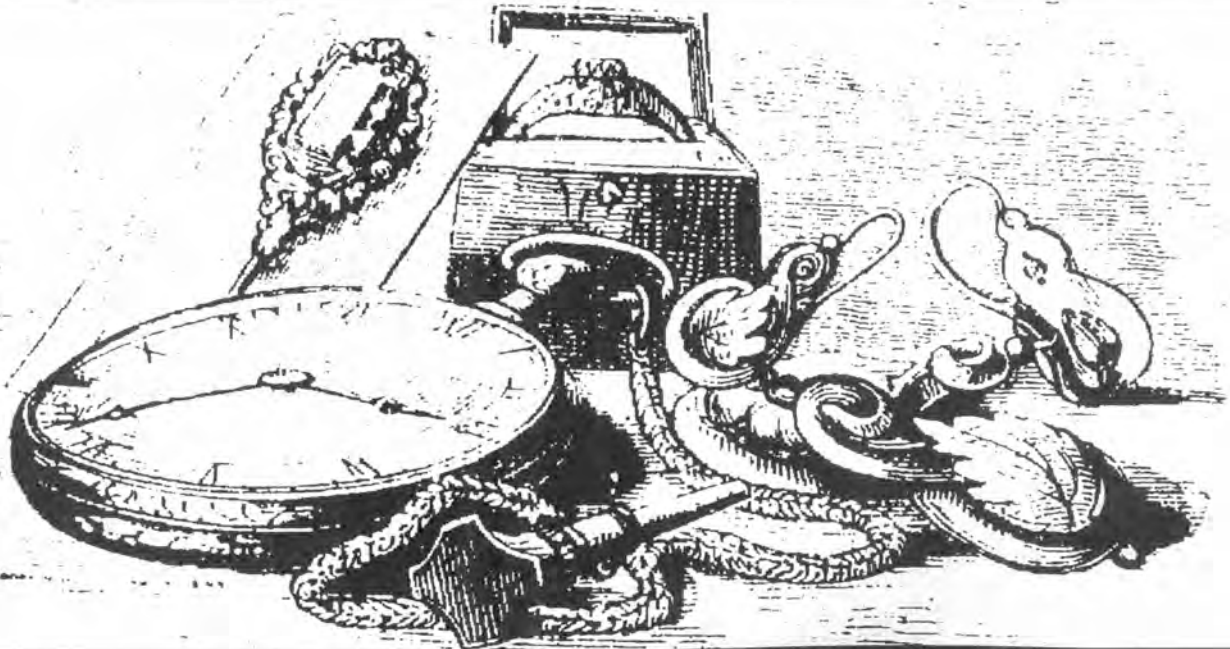
*There are kisses from the youngsters
In their late or early teens
Some of them from girls in dresses
Others from the boys in jeans.*

*There are kisses from your Mother
And the ones from Father too
And those labeled purely friendship
and from relatives to you.*

*But the kisses which I cherish
Are the ones each loved one knows
The ones placed upon my cheek
That my little dog bestows.*

John C. Metcalf

A T R A D I T I O N I N H U N T S V I L L E



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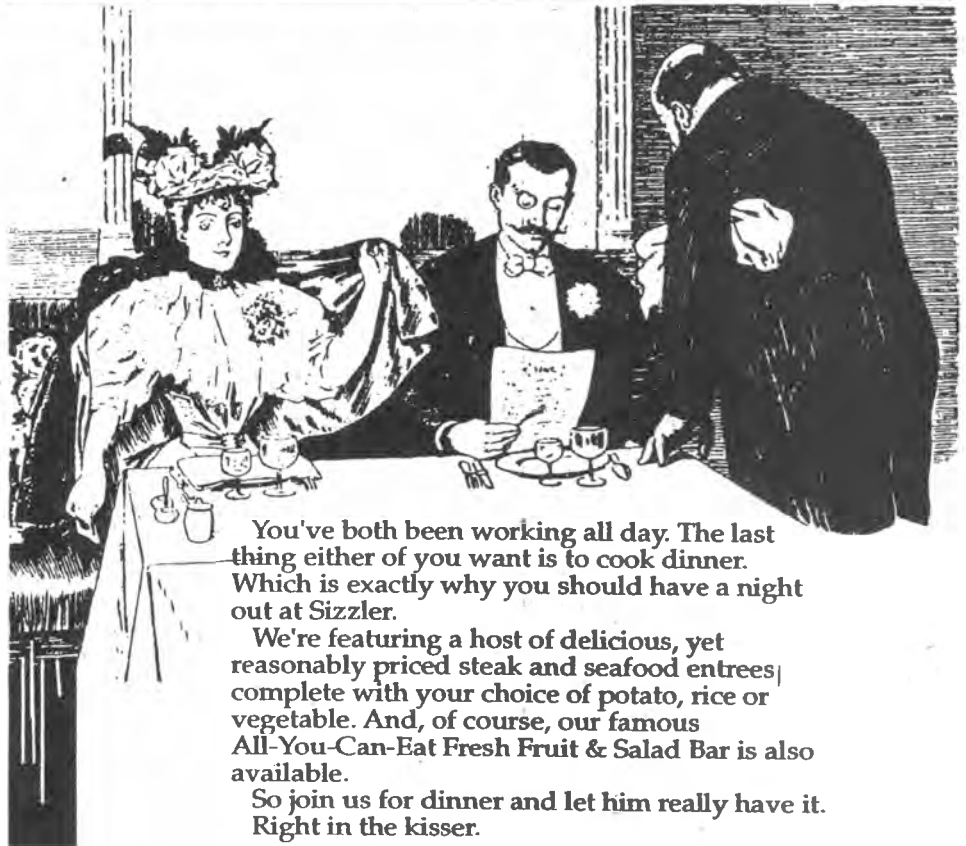
Back in the 1920's the makers of Quaker Oats and Octagon soap should have known about Mama. They would have put her on their payrolls. She proclaimed that each day must begin with a bowl of hot oatmeal and end with a scrubdown in Octagon soap. Those important household staples seldom got very low on her pantry shelf even during the Depression. She said hot oatmeal kept the body warm and that produced energy and energy was absolutely essential for intellectual aspirations. She didn't have any sympathy for mothers who complained because their children made poor grades knowing they went off to school every morning with a half-filled stomach of cold corn flakes. This was a non-negotiable issue and there was just no other way to raise children.

It was my job to cut out and save the coupons from Octagon soap wrappers. "Woe be" unto any family member that unwrapped a fresh bar of Octagon soap and failed to save the coupon! Once or twice a year the Traveling Emporium came around loaded with all kinds of attractive household items that could be traded for the coupons. For a hundred you could get a colorful set of mantel vases, a pretty bowl for the table or some gadget for the kitchen. Besides bathing, scouring the floors, scrubbing my dog, and washing the clothes with it Mama even shampooed her hair in Octagon soap. After letting it be known, half the ladies in town tried it too and the mystery of Mama's healthy shining tresses was no longer a secret.

One summer I was afflicted with boils and Mama made poultices combining Octagon soap with white sugar to draw the poison out. Dr. Gaillard heartily agreed with her formula and assured us there was nothing in the drug store with so much potency.

I didn't mind washing my hands with it but really despised having to take a bath in it and much

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preferred the delightful fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet like Granma used at Penny Royal and said so but my wishes carried very little weight with Mama. She declared that it took a good scrubbing with Octagon soap to remove all the dirt, the crayon marks on my hands and arms, and suppress my perpetual "doggie odor".

Helen H. Miller

Thinking is not a means to gain knowledge. Thinking cuts furrows in the soil of being.

*Martin Heidegger
Philosopher*

No matter how much your kids may misbehave, they are still tax deductible.

*Bubba Conners
Bubba's Restaurant*

Useful Tips

Duty-free stores help subsidize the cost of running airports by turning over 20-30% of their revenue, and they still charge you enough to make a profit.

Do some comparative shopping first, buy only true bargains (or items you can't find back home). The best duty-free deals - highly taxed goods such as liquor, tobacco, and perfume.

Collect treasured old family photo's, put them under glass in vintage frames and start an "Ancestor's" wall or table.

What is the safest color to wear when you jog or bicycle on busy

roads? The most visible color, according to researchers at the University of Kentucky, is hot pink.

We already know about the increase in skin cancers due to the ultraviolet rays intensified by the thinning of the earth's ozone layer. Now it seems that your eyes are more at risk as well. The Environmental Protection Agency estimates that there will be 50 million new cases of "sunshine cataracts" among children as well as adults, and advises that children wear sunglasses just like the adults.

Try Yoga for stretching and toning. You can stay in beautiful shape and feel great - without building bulky muscles.

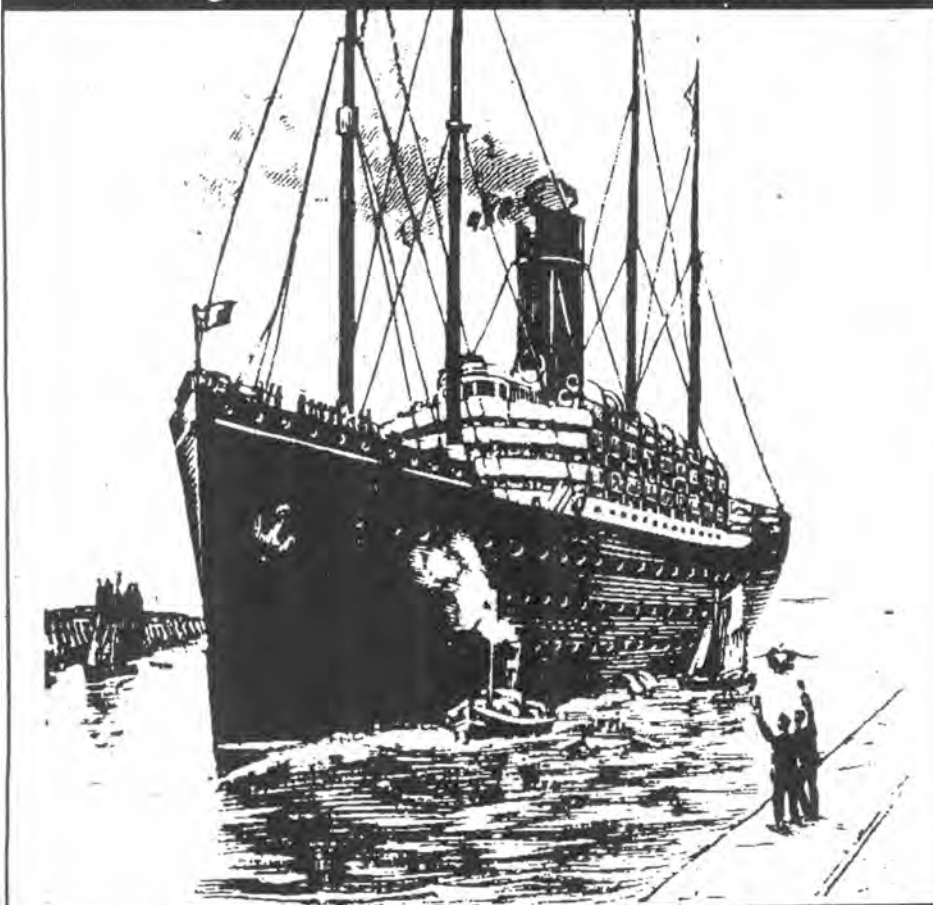


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Patience is something you admire greatly in the driver behind you, but not in the one ahead of you.

*Leon Dodson
Plant foreman*

Only the dead have no problems

*Kitten Scott
Housewife*

A sharp tongue and a dull mind are usually found in the same head

*Cyndi Smith
U.A.H. student*

Time is money, especially when you are talking to an attorney

*Dan McGehee
Attorney*

Children prefer the straight and narrow path - across your lawn

*Benny Scott
Homeowner*

Book Of The Month

There's a new book out about Huntsville, excuse me, I mean Garth. The book deals with an imaginary { ? } character growing up in a small town that is surprisingly just like Huntsville. I am assured that any resemblance between the fictional characters in the book and real people is purely coincidental. They just happened to be in the right place at the right time.

Walter Terry, the author, is a long time resident of Huntsville and an active member of the Golden K Kiwanis. One of his works was selected for "The Best American Short Stories" in 1966.

A good story should provoke some type of emotion, whether it be anger, nostalgia, sadness or happiness. In Mr. Terry's new book, "The Bottomless Well", he does all of the above. Mr. Terry, along with his publisher, The Hometown Press, has done an excellent job and we strongly recommend it to all our readers.

"The Bottomless Well" is on sale at Shavers book store. For information about other locations, call the Hometown Press at 539-3320. Tell them that "Old Huntsville" sent you.

Humor is often more truth than humor

*Rick Carleton
Golfer*

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HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Earlene's Recipe For Poke Sallat

- 1 good-sized garbage bag of young poke sallat leaves (no stems)
- 1/2 cup bacon drippings (or more to taste)
- water
- 1 chopped onion
- 4-5 eggs

Cook your greens in large pot of boiling water til done. Drain water and put back on stove. Cook some more on low, then remove greens from pot. Add chopped onion to small amount of water in pan, add greens. Cook til onions are done. Squeeze out the water with your hands, tenderly. Heat up some bacon drippings in pan... When hot, put greens and chopped onion in pan with grease. Break raw eggs one at a time into mixture, stirring after each addition. Add salt or pepper to taste, serve with pepper sauce

When you have leftover poke sallat stems, cut them up and place in barrel of water. Add a little sugar and yeast and let sit for a couple of weeks. It will become like wine. Bottle it up and use it in your bathtub with hot water for soothing arthritis. **DON'T DRINK THIS.**
(Editor's note: This poke sallat is made by Earlene and is the best stuff we've ever eaten. The hardest part is finding the greens.)

The Porch Swing

Remembering the day of completion,
As a child awaits the carnival.
From a knobby tree and an old chain,
A father's love made a porch swing.

Oh How the tranquil motion
would lift up a spirit,
And soothe disappointments
into the cool Fall night.
As it echoed a call that raced
the valley,
Singing its song
for the crickets.

Many years have gone since
it was complete,
As so many voices from the
past.
Now I sit with my son next to
me,
Feeling the polished arms
worn from age,

Bringing forth memories of
love that my father gave.
Tears gently come to mind as
I hug my son.
Listening in silence to the
creak,
Of the Old Porch Swing father
made.

A Poem by Jeff Bridges

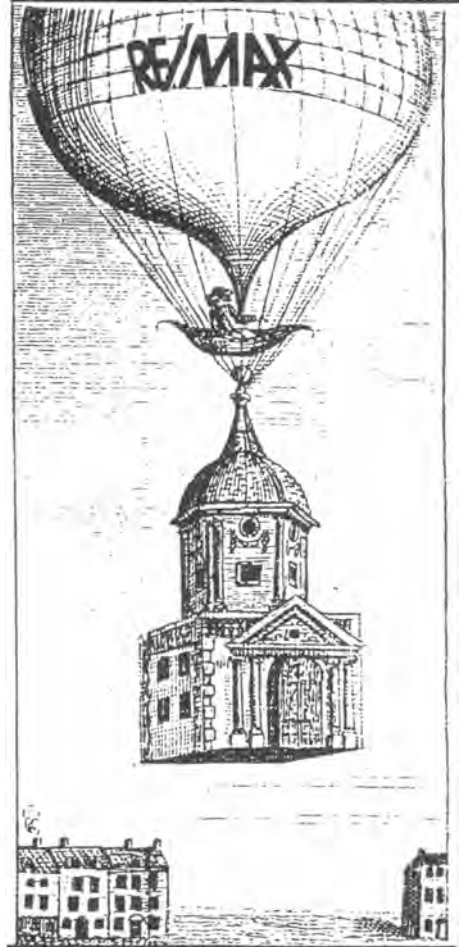
*A pacifist may be willing to die
for our nation, but a patriot is
willing to fight for it.*

*Mr. Charles Owens
Retired Lt. Colonel
United States Army*

*If you must do business with
those you don't trust - Borrow
money from them.*

*Wade Russell
Star Market*

Above The Crowd



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The Banquet

EDITOR'S NOTE:

As you all know, we at "Old Huntsville" have been requesting that you readers send in any written material that you feel would fit in our format. Well, our youngest submitter to date is Allison Wells, a third grade student at Chapman Elementary school. Her teacher is Mrs. Little, and as you will see, young Miss Wells is quite a writer! Keep up the good work, Allison.

I can hardly wait to go to the banquet honoring Mr. Monroe! (James Monroe, who later became President). I'm Leroy Pope's daughter, Michelle Rosallie Pope. Tomorrow, the banquet is going to take place at Mr. Clement Clay's house. Whoa! Mrs. Clay must be busy!! 101 of Huntsville's most important people are coming to the party. Ma says I am to wear my

best dress and my brand new sunbonnet that she bought me. I love my dress. It's maroon, my favorite color. I also like my room because you can see all of Huntsville. Huntsville looks tiny from my window, but its really larger than it looks. Sometimes I get to go to the courthouse with Pa. When I get to go, I have to be very quiet because sometimes they have important meetings with people.

Yeah! Today is the day of the big banquet!! Hooray!! Ma and Pa are dressed in their best clothes, but Ma helps me dress. The big banquet will take place in one hour, Pa tells me. I can hardly wait!! I'm so excited!! Finally, it's time to go to the banquet. When

Ma and Pa and I are at Mr. Clay's house, a lot of people are already there. Including Mr. Monroe!!

A little later, it's time to eat and I can't believe what's on the table!! Ten big turkeys, fifteen different kinds of pies, and lots of other things. After we eat, it's time to say goodbye. Pa hitched up the horses and we went home. When I went to bed I dreamed about all the things that had happened that day and how I got to see Mr. Monroe. I got to see Mr. Andrew Jackson and some other men, but I liked seeing Mr. Monroe the BEST.

The End

by Allison Wells



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To Your Health

ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE

Alzheimer's disease goes back almost one hundred years. It was first discovered in 1906 by a German doctor, Alois Alzheimer, when he had a 51 year old patient suffering from memory loss and an inability to reason. To date it is still an incurable disease. It is the most common type of dementia; a progressive irreversible brain disorder that primarily affects the elderly and slowly steals the victim's capacity for thought. As it progresses, it causes the loss of memory, judgement, and abstract thinking; over time, even ordinary tasks become impossible.

It is believed that about four million Americans have Alzheimer's and it is the cause of death for over 100,000 people in the United States per year.

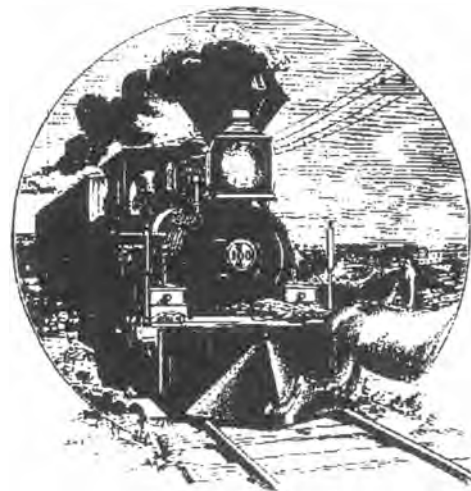
Most often Alzheimer's disease afflicts people in their sixties and seventies. Through medical exam and other tests, doctors can determine that Alzheimer's is probably present, but a positive diagnosis can only be made by physically examining the brain after the victim succumbs to the disease. It usually shows itself very gradually and runs its course in from two to fifteen years. The average length of progression is seven to nine years. It is not a natural part of aging but a progressive, dementing, fatal brain disease. It is not easily diagnosed and it is a disease which knows no

social or economic boundaries - it is found in all segments of our population.

In the beginning of this disease, victims gradually show signs of losing their mental faculties and exhibit minor memory loss and mood swings. As the disease progresses sufferers can still function, but have difficulty with complicated tasks. Speech is slowed and decision-making is impaired. After a while, the short term memory of the patient is very poor, and they may fail to recognize members of their family and persons they have known for many years. Eventually the patient requires care 24 hours a day, and they cannot find their way around at all. They are totally disoriented and lose all control of their normal personal habits. Patients become vulnerable to infection and illness and this terminal stage finally leads to coma and death. Another victim claimed by Alzheimer's Disease.

This disease is potentially curable but it will take much research and public support to minimize the emotional and financial nightmare for victims and their families in the years ahead. If you are inclined to make a charitable donation to a worthy cause, keep the Alzheimer's Association in mind.

Dr. Annelie M. Owens
Huntsville, Alabama



Huntsville Freight Depot

Did you know that the freight depot between the tracks at the railroad yard is (according to the Smithsonian Institute) the oldest continuously operating freight depot in the United States? It has been used on a daily basis for 135 years!

*No matter what your age, you
are a day younger than you
will be tomorrow*

*Mary Barksdale
Receptionist
Hewlett-Packard Co.*

*Some men are alive simply be-
cause it is against the law to
kill them*

Ed Howe

*We may be displeased when
people copy us, but it pleases
us to know that they
would like to.*

Old Huntsville

Barb's Kitchen

Great-Grandma LeCompte's Banana Walnut Bread

1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs

Cream with mixer til soft and fluffy
Sift together the following:

1/2 tsp baking soda
2 cups cake flour, or if using regular
flour... use 2 cups minus 4 tablespoons
1/2 tsp salt

Mix:
3 tblsp milk
1 tblsp vinegar
1 cup mashed bananas
1 tsp vanilla
1 cup chopped walnuts

Mix dry ingredients into banana
mixture and sugar mixture, thor-
oughly. Put in greased loaf pan and
bake at 350 for 50-60 minutes.

Thank You!

We would like to thank our many readers for their support. You are responsible for whatever success that we have enjoyed over the last ten months. We hope we will continue to bring you Huntsville's history in the same manner as we have in the past.

FACTS & FIGURES



RUMORS & HEARSAY

Old Huntsville Trivia

1829

New City Hall is occupied. On January 2, the Mayor had been authorized to secure one stove, a dozen chairs, and one desk to furnish the new building. Total cost of furnishings - \$67.85.

1831

Huntsville citizens are irate over the new tax increases. The tax rate was 27 cents on each \$100 and a poll tax on white males of 25 cents each.

1832

Francis Scott Key, the author of the National Anthem, visits Huntsville. He had been sent as a representative by President Andrew Jackson to investigate

the Indian situation in Alabama.

1834

First stage line is established between Huntsville and Decatur. The trip took over three hours and travelers had to provide their own cushion.

1838

In the first census of its kind, it is reported that there are 55 muskets and seven bayonets and scabbards within the city limits.

1846

A military company by the name of the "Huntsville Volunteers" is formed to help Texas fight for its independence from Mexico. According to reports of the day, it took three months of marching before the volunteers reached Texas.

1853

Maysville passes laws forbidding alcohol being sold within city limits.

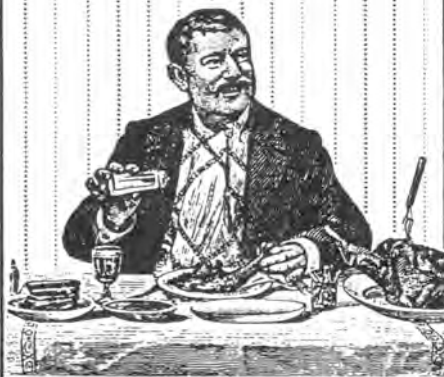
1879

Maynard J. Pullet re-marries for the sixth time. Mr Pullet is 101 years of age at the time.

MULLINS

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*Jeff Grey
Gardener*

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*Bill Nance
Fine Arts Department
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SINCE 1932



Historic Huntsville Houses

By Bob Ward

Mollie Teal, businesswoman, doesn't rank as one of the more famous figures in Huntsville history, but she does have her niche in the community's annals. Local historical accounts dutifully note that it was a gift from her that made possible the establishment of the city's first hospital shortly after the turn of the century. They point out that this infirmary, the forerunner to Huntsville Hospital, had once been a house owned by Mollie which she bequeathed to the City at her death here in 1899.

What is not mentioned in these histories, however, is the fact that Mollie Teal was the flamboyant madam of a house of prostitution, perhaps the largest and finest

sportin' house the town ever saw. It was this house - a spacious, two-story frame structure at the corner of what are now Gallatin and St. Clair streets - that later became "The City Infirmary."

Part of a wickedly colorful, if unrecorded, facet of Huntsville's past, Mollie was neither the first nor the last madam to operate here, of course. Oldtimers, and some not so old, tell of other such entrepreneurs - with names like Minnie Maples, Hazel Battle, May Wells, June Martin, Jewel Earl and "Gashouse Carrie" - and of the pleasure houses they ran fairly openly in the community up until the 1940's.

But it is Mollie who stands out as

the most intriguing of them all somehow, despite the sketchiness of the facts of her life that remain today.

Her gravestone, in a plot near the giant magnolia trees that spread over the Confederate soldiers' section of Maple Hill Cemetery, shows that Mollie Teal (sometimes written "Teel") was born Aug. 20, 1852. She was just 19 years old when her mother, Mary A. Smith, who is buried beside her, died over 100 years ago at the age of 48.

No one knows when or how Mollie came to the business of prostitution, but Courthouse records show that on June 6, 1893, she bought the big house on Gallatin (then called Oak avenue) from O.M.

Hundley (described in the city directory of that era as a "capitalist") and others for "the sum of three hundred (cash) dollars." (Another entry notes that less than a year later, in March 1894, Mollie mortgaged her place to a local builder for a loan of \$1,900 and that the note was later "satisfied in full").

As a prominent resident (now in his 70's) recalls hearing it told, Mollie operated the only bawdy house of any size in town in those days.

"They said it was a big place, a mighty big establishment, with maybe 15 or 20 girls. It was all regulated back then, and the girls all had to have regular health checkups. Mollie did a big, booming business, they said."

Mollie was "the most attractive person you ever saw," the elderly widow of a doctor here recalls her mother once telling her. "She always dressed well and always carried her little parasol over her shoulder - a very glamorous lady! My mother said Mollie had a fine Victoria, one of those long, black carriages that swooped down in the middle and the driver sat up high in the front. It was pulled by two big black horses, and every afternoon Mollie would go riding."

That must have been the same carriage in which Mollie made an unscheduled appearance in a Fourth of July parade here one year. As a lively, white-haired old lady who works at the Courthouse tells the story, "It seems that Mollie got herself and several of her prettiest girls all gussied up. They all got in a long carriage and joined the parade. The women in town, I understand, didn't like it one bit - but the men did."

Mollie wasn't welcome in what passed for polite society, but the madam's bawdy business was "pretty much an accepted thing back then," says the Courthouse worker. "I can remember my mother and daddy talking about her. She wasn't really considered a 'bad woman at heart'."

In 1898, the year before she died at the age of 47, Mollie drew up her last will and testament (naming Probate Judge S.M. Stewart and Mayor Jere Murphy as executors of

her estate). She left her house to a friend, Mollie Greenleaf, for her lifetime, after which the property would go to the City for "the use and benefit of the white public schools, or for a City Hospital as the City authorities may elect."

Apparently Miss Greenleaf did not live long after that, for the City gained title to the Teal house about 1904. That was the year it was remodeled and reopened as an infirmary, under the guidance of a group of doctors' wives and other women of the community. The infirmary, which had its own school of nursing, remained in operation until 1926, when Huntsville Hospital opened.

One of the several nurses still living here who took their training at the infirmary recalls that the staff there was very much aware of the history of the place and its late departed proprietress..

"I remember the house had a front screen door that would sometimes slam and hook itself shut," the nurse recalls.

"Whenever that happened, one of the colored help would laugh and say something to us like, 'You better walk straight today - Miss Mollie's up walkin' today and she hooked that door!'"

After Huntsville Hospital opened, Mollie's old house was sold. It is said to have become a rooming-house, then a nightclub, and shortly afterwards it was destroyed in a fire.

But other legacies bestowed by Huntsville's most notable madam are probably still in existence - somewhere. "Mollie left quite a few other things to prominent people in the city when she died," says one longtime - and very prominent - resident. "A silver



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bow I remember in particular - but I won't tell you who it was that got it."

That same gentleman recalls that, after Mollie, brothels continued to flourish here, enjoying a heyday that he says extended from the turn of the century until World War I. They operated both inside and outside the law - technically illegal but with the community's tacit consent and under firm regulation by police and health authorities. It was not until the onset of World War II - bringing military bases to the area, along with a governmental concern over possible health hazards - that the old-style houses faded away.

The elderly gentleman admits

that era's system of prostitution had its drawbacks, but he observes:

"You know, it was a right good institution. I think it was better than what we're seeing today, with all this promiscuity, venereal disease and broken homes. It was pretty well regulated back in those days. You didn't go in a house till a certain time - usually 9 o'clock at night. The going price, by the way, was \$2 a throw or \$10 a night. Anyway, the police were there checking and the places were orderly. They ordinarily didn't serve beer or whiskey, but they had soda pop for 25 cents - it was a nickel everywhere else.

"I remember Minnie Maples had a big house down on what was then

called Blounts Alley, running alongside where Meadow Gold Dairies is now," the longtime resident recalls. "She was quite celebrated - had one leg shorter than the other and walked with a limp, as I recall. Anyway, she probably had six or eight girls there. Every now and then, usually on Saturday, they would dress up and parade around town. That was how they'd advertise. Ladies back then didn't paint their faces, but these girls would and they'd wear these pretty dresses and big flowered hats.

The Negroes called them "fancy ladies" and I tell you they were a beautiful sight."

He remembers a particularly attractive prostitute called "Yancey". She worked for a woman named May Wells - that was an assumed name, too - who had a place down on the creek bank on Pearl Street. Well, Yancey was a blonde, and quite a gal.

I remember a cousin of mine once did or said something that made her get a knife after him. He jumped out the window and ran."

Many similar embarrassments occurred. Another senior resident recalls that the bawdy houses located in low-lying areas were frequently flooded by waters from the Big Spring. "... and they had to use boats to get some prominent men in the community out of those houses the next morning."

Another incident involved a woman named Hazel Battle, who is described by a former sheriff's deputy here as the "queen bee" of Huntsville madams of the 1920's and 30's. One night she shot and killed a man at her Blounts Alley establishment. About that time a second man, a socially prominent young fellow, arrived at Hazel's front steps - and promptly received a shotgun blast through the screen door. His wounds were minor, though, the major damage being the permanent imprint of wire mesh on his forehead - causing him to remark that his injuries weren't nearly as bad as the damage done to his "social status."

From time to time the houses would be "raided" by the police or sheriff - usually three or four times a year, according to one source.

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These visits apparently served several purposes: They relieved pressure on the local constabulary from the God-fearing segment of the community to close down these hotbeds of sin, they permitted officials to collect arrest fees, fines and other legal charges; and they enabled authorities to make sure that the prostitutes who hadn't had recent health checkups got them before leaving jail.

One such raid resulted in a peculiar problem for the community. The story goes that one day some years before the turn of the century, when Huntsville's fire department still relied on volunteers, a fire broke out at a local sporting house. The volunteer firefighters rushed to the scene, bravely put out the blaze before much damage was done - and then decided to linger awhile - to make sure the fire was out.

As luck would have it, the police chose that time to stage one of their periodic surprise raids and, finding the firemen on the premises, proceeded to arrest them all. Whereupon the volunteers re-

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signed their posts in protest, leaving the city virtually without a fire department for a time.

Predicaments of a different, more personal sort arose when - as one long-time observer here puts it - "prominent young men here married girls from these houses - but you don't want to use their names, of course."

It apparently was not a rare occurrence. The elderly widow of a physician who regularly visited the local bawdy houses to give prostitutes their required health checkups recalls that her husband was "so astonished at the young men who would marry them right out of the houses and take them home - not just in one or two cases, but quite a few, and in some of the best families, too."

Predictably, such unions often brought grief to the families involved. "I remember one wealthy woman here whose son had married a girl right out of one of the houses," recalls the doctor's widow. "It just about broke the woman's heart and she didn't know what to do. But she finally resolved that, because he was her son and she didn't want to disown him, she would go and call on his bride at the couple's home. She did, and she and girl remained friendly toward each other - but she never did introduce her to any of her friends or invite her to any social functions.

For the young "sporting women" who remained in the houses, however, life was no bed of roses. They were, according to the recollections of several survivors of those times, a generally transient lot; they usually would stay in Huntsville for a few weeks or months and then move on, replaced by "new girls" who came to town to work in the "red-light" houses (most of which actually burned red lights or lamps in their front window or on their porches).

Here, the prostitutes' movements in public were tightly restricted by law and custom. They could not be seen on the street in the company of a man. If they went downtown to a store, they were allowed to speak only to the clerk who waited on them. They were forbidden to sit down and have a soda or

eat ice cream in a drug store. If they wished to attend a stage show at the old Elks' Theater, they were required to enter quietly through an alley and sit in special boxes set aside for them in the balcony.

"I can't help but feel that the way it was back then was probably better for people than what you see happening today," says the doctor's widow, "but there is no denying that it was a hard, hard life for the women involved. There were some sad stories that came out of those houses. I remember my husband came home after making his calls one day and told me about a young woman he was treating in one of the houses who must have known she was dying.

She asked him to get a framed picture out of her dresser. It was a picture of her mother. She asked him to hang it where she could see it from her bed. I think she died a short time after that."

Life was not so hard for the madams. "Most of them that I recall kept much to themselves," says one oldtimer, "but they generally were friendly souls. Hazel Battle, in particular, I remember, was an amiable person to be around - intelligent, fairly well educated. As a group, they were always good for their debts. Most of them had 'sugar-daddies' - local businessmen who were their friends and who could be counted on for help when needed."

Just such a group of men aided one madam, Minnie Maples, when she was forced to change locations and the owner of the local transfer company refused to assist her with the move. "The mayor and one or two other key civic leaders came to her rescue," a source recalls. "They didn't think it was right to refuse help to such a prominent establishment as Minnie's."

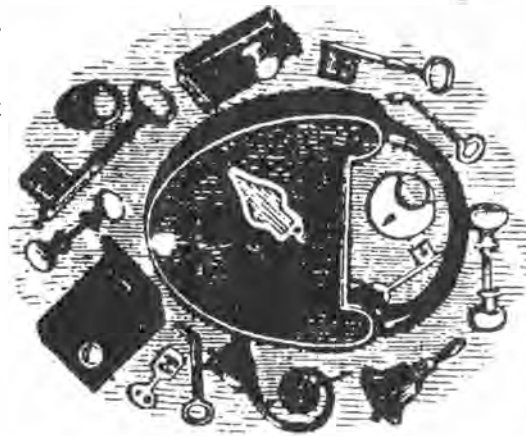
Bob Ward, Managing Editor of the Huntsville Times
Reprinted through the Courtesy of the Huntsville Times

Some people who move just to get in a better neighborhood often improve the one they left.

*Ken Owens
Landlord*

It's easier to do the job right the first time, than to make up excuses why the job wasn't done right to begin wit..

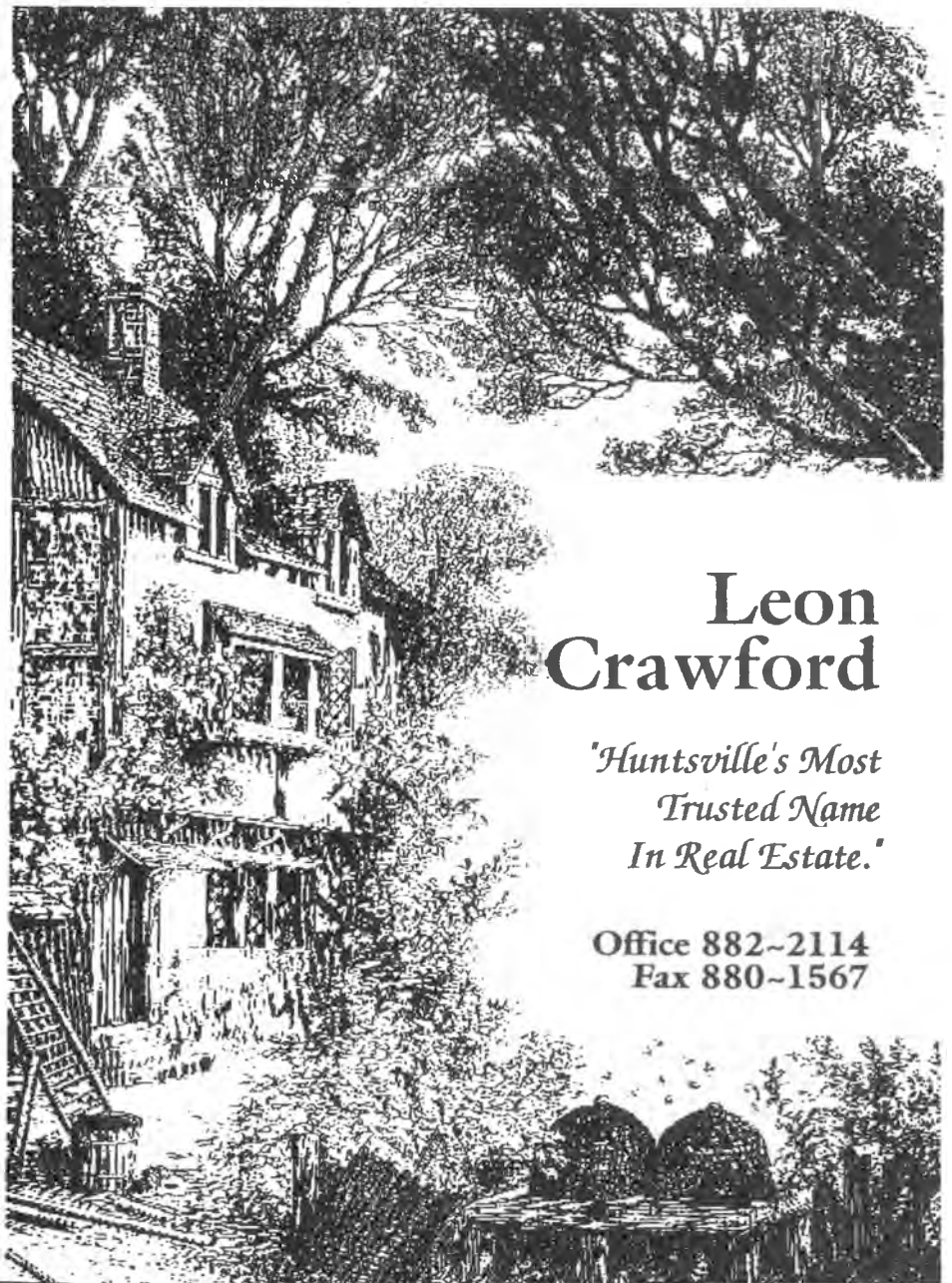
*Ken Towry
Towry & Associates*



The Keys To Success

A keymaker in Huntsville, Alabama credited one word with doubling his business. The sign in the window of his shop used to read: "Keys Made While You Wait." The thought occurred to him that most people don't like to wait for anything. So he changed the sign to, "Keys Made While You Watch."

Taken from 1902 Huntsville publication



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Unusual Candle Craft

Ice candles are easy to make and look as if you took days to make them. The supplies you will need are:

- Bag of crushed ice
- Empty, dry 1 quart milk container (paper)
- 6" tapered candle, 1" at base
- About three packs of Gulf Paraffin
- Color and scent for your candle
- Pam Vegetable oil spray

I will not go over making your basic candle again, as I did the last issue of "Old Huntsville." The steps to making this beautiful ice candle are:

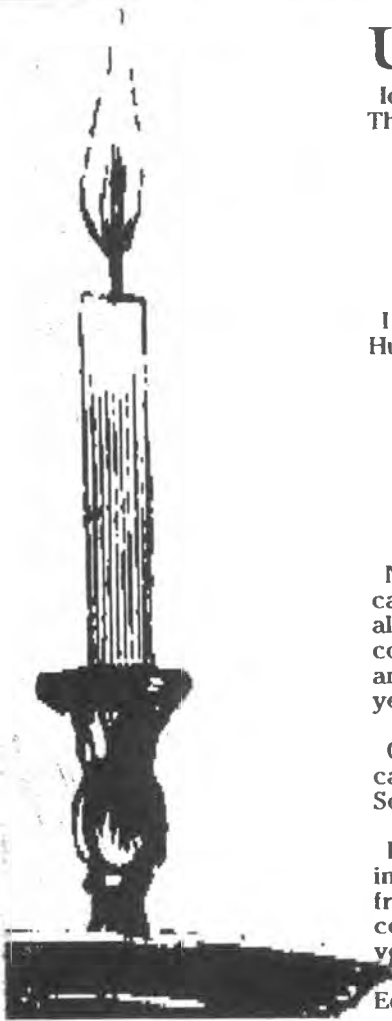
- Melt your paraffin, color and scent
- Prepare your milk carton as follows:
 - Spray liberally with Pam on inside
 - With a little melted wax, anchor your candle in middle of carton (top of carton should be cut off straight)
- Get your ice ready, and begin to pack the ice around the carton, careful to keep your tapered candle in middle of container

Now you're ready to pour your melted wax into the container. Pour slowly into the carton, into and around the ice. Pour until you reach the very top. By now you should already feel your candle begin to harden. Punch a small hole into the bottom side of the container, to let some of the water drain out. The ice will melt pretty fast. Now be patient and let it sit there for about two hours, at least. You can feel the top to see if it's hardened yet. Dump upside down to shake out water and excess ice still left in the cavities.

CAREFULLY cut your carton from top to bottom with Exacto blade, and peel away milk carton. You will have a beautiful ice candle to give as a gift or just keep for yourself. Some tips:

If you're really brave use a half gallon milk carton - use about 6 packs of paraffin. Or try it in a round container, such as a bottled water container. (This is very difficult to remove from your hardened wax). Or use a darker tapered candle with a lighter melted wax, same color. Try swirling colors together (try a few crayons). Or gradually darken or lighten your color as you pour toward the top. This last is beautiful. Good Luck!

Editor's Note: If you are having problems you can call me at (205) 534-0502 (Cathey)



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1990-1991 MAJOR EMPHASIS: "Young Children Priority One"

May 1, 1991

Publishers, "Old Huntsville" Magazine
716 East Clinton Avenue
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Dear Sirs:

On behalf of the members of the Kiwanis Club of Huntsville/Golden K, I want to express our appreciation for the support and cooperation received from the publishers of "Old Huntsville", Huntsville's new historic magazine.

During the year, twenty-two of our members diligently manned locations throughout the city, distributing this publication. Through your kind generosity all funds received from the magazine sales were retained by the club, for use in our youth assistance programs.

I am very happy to report that since we have undertaken this project last December, we have had a modest income of funds on a regular basis. This money will better serve our community through programs designed to help the youth of this area.

I know that this is a recent endeavor on your part, having only started publishing this magazine last summer, but I understand that it has already become quite popular with the people in and around the Huntsville area.

I wish you only continued success in the future, and the opportunity to continue working with you as we have in the past.

Sincerely yours,

William L. Certain
President
Kiwanis Club of Huntsville / Golden K
436 Locust Avenue
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Letters To The Editor

To "Old Huntsville"

A very special graduate of Huntsville High School, and one who has done much for our community - who wants to remain anonymous - will host and pay the bill for a reunion of all Huntsville High graduates from the years 1914 through 1937. This very good friend of mine has asked that I act as chairman of the reunion and make the appropriate plans for it for 1992, probably June 19-20. I will need to contact about 500 people if they are still living and give them full details of the plans. I ask that readers of "Old Huntsville" contact me, preferably in writing, giving me the name and address of any graduates of the above classes so I may contact them.

Sincerely,

James Record, Sr.
717 Randolph Ave.
Huntsville, Al 35801

Dear Editors:

In your recent issue (Vol. 2, Issue 3, 1991) you ran an article about puppy mills. Thank you.

I look forward to seeing more humane articles in the future, but please make some of them on the local level. There are three good animal organizations in Huntsville - The Greater Huntsville Humane Society, Noah's Ark, and the Huntsville Animal Shelter. The personnel in these organizations are dedicated to the animals. And they all have very fine animals for adoption.

Sincerely,
Bob Raines
Huntsville, Alabama

To the Editors:

"There is a publication by the name of 'Old Huntsville'. I read each new issue and my head fills. I think of things that I would love to say but I'm not a writer and words get in my way. They promise to edit and correct at will; I think I'll try this, what the heck! I will. Anonamously I write and put aside all fear, Hoping if they like it then I'll maybe hear, Something like . . . 'More!'"

"S"
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*The "Principle of the Thing" is the
universal excuse for irrational
behavior.*

*Donna Rush
Helpline*

*Antiques are the things that we
threw away so that our grandchild-
ren can spend a lot of money to
buy them*

*Helen Miller
Writer*



The Battle Of Huntsville



This story first appeared in the August 1990 edition of "Old Huntsville. Soon afterwards, Paul Harvey's office contacted the publishers of the magazine. "The Battle of Huntsville aired on Paul Harvey's "Rest of the Story" in November of 1990. At that time we were only printing 10,000 copies per month, so a lot of folks missed reading the story. Many people have contacted us requesting that we re-print the story, so sit back in your chair and enjoy the strange but true story of "The Battle of Huntsville."

"THE INDIANS ARE COMING!"
With these words the greatest mass exodus in Huntsville's history began. North Alabama, in 1813, was plagued by marauding bands of Creek Indians. The battle of Fort Mims had recently been fought, with indians killing hundreds of settlers. Hideous reports of massacres, scalplings and other atrocities spread like wildfire with every passing stranger.

At this time, Huntsville had a population of about 1500 people. Over 250 of these were slaves. The city contained about 260 homes, built mainly of brick, and the courthouse had recently been completed. The grounds around the courthouse was truly the town center as people would gather under the big sprawling oak trees to buy and sell cotton, swap tales and quiz passing strangers of news from other towns.

The first word of the approaching Indians came from a thirsty traveler who had stopped in front of the courthouse to water his horse. The good citizens of Huntsville gathered round as he told of the bloodthirsty savages he had seen on his journey. One local gent

passed the stranger a jug of spirits, and the Indians seemed to become even more savage as the jug was passed from hand to hand. The stranger began to speak of being chased to the very edge of town by the red savages. You could have heard a pin drop on the old courthouse square that day as the townspeople seemed to hang on to his every word.

Slowly the crowd began to break up, with worried men wondering about the best way to protect their families. When a few men started to put their families in carriages in order to send them up north out of harm's way, the panic began. Men left their tools laying in the fields, women left their food still hot on the tables - every one trying to get out of Huntsville as fast as they possibly 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 north on the Save Yourself Trail. In a few short hours, Huntsville had become a ghost town.

Meanwhile up in Fayetteville, Andy Jackson, Indian fighter supreme, had just gotten word of the impending massacre. Rallying his troops around him, he asked for the impossible - a forced march all the way to Huntsville, without rest or food. He reminded the soldiers of all the helpless families that would surely be killed if the army did not reach Huntsville in time.

So as the brave soldiers marched south to save Huntsville, and the frightened people of Madison county scrambled north, a gloom settled over our fair city. The city of Huntsville was abandoned to its fate with no one left to defend it. No one, that is, except for two brave families who barricaded themselves in the new brick courthouse, determined to defend to the death the homes that they had carved out of the wilderness.

Captain Wyatt was no stranger to fighting Indians. When he assumed command of the brave little group that day, he knew that the odds were against him, but if he could delay the Indians, hopefully Andrew Jackson would arrive with his troops. Rumor had it that even Davy Crockett was headed toward Huntsville with his long rifle, determined to whip those red rascals once and for all.

It was a long, dark night as they paced back and forth in the courthouse, pausing every so often to peer anxiously out the windows. Capt. Wyatt, in order to keep up the morale, began passing around a jug, and another jug, and another.

Finally one brave soul saw what surely must be the enemy sneaking around the bushes in the courthouse yard. A shout was heard - "Indians, the Indians are here!" Men rushed to their posts and began firing, and the battle of Huntsville was on.

Gunshots rang out all through the night as the stalwart defenders fired, reloaded and fired again, pausing only long enough to take another drink from another jug.

As the sun began to rise over Huntsville that fateful morning, it



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revealed a scene of utter devastation. All around the courthouse square, windows lay shattered, doors were shot off their hinges and the acrid smell of gunpowder hung heavily in the air. General Andrew Jackson, together with Davy Crockett, marched slowly into town at the head of the brave Tennessee volunteers who had walked all the way from Fayetteville, Tennessee, non-stop, to save the citizens of Huntsville. With their guns primed and loaded, the soldiers began cautiously fanning out across the square. Veterans of a hundred Indian battles were amazed, and at the same time, terrified of the wreckage caused by the battle.

The great battle fought in Huntsville that night might have gone down in history books, except for one small detail. When General Jackson sat down to do his battle report, he could not find any evidence of Indians. Investigating a little further, he could not even find anyone who had seen an Indian. The brave courageous defenders of our fair city had been firing at shadows. The stranger who had first spread the story of the Indians had long disappeared.

Continued on Page 23



The Place Where Down Is Up



"It Sounds Fishy To Me!"

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

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

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

Well one day after practice we were sitting around at Gibson's Barbeque drinking iced tea. I forget how the conversation got started but I was telling Bob about some of the wonders I had seen in my travels out West. Bob got this sort of far away look in his eye, hunkered over closer to me, and in a low, serious voice said, "John, I bet you a dollar that I can show you a wonder right here in Huntsville, Alabama that you'll have to agree is the greatest wonder you've ever seen." I'll have to admit I was pretty leery of what was taking shape but I could tell Bob was serious and that look in his eye was downright scary. I figured I couldn't lose and besides I was awfully curious.

"OK, show me," I said, a little smugly.

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

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

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

"Whoa, do that again!" I said. Bob put the Chevy in gear and backed up (down) the hill a short distance, then repeated the performance. "Bob, that's the strangest thing I've ever experienced." "Yeah, it's weird alright. Let me show you something." He reached over and opened the glove compartment and pulled out a folded piece of paper. "Read that," he said. I unfolded what appeared to be a piece of an old comic strip section from a Sunday newspaper. Someone had written a date on it that now was very faded, nineteen fifty something. When I read it I could feel the hair on the back of my neck start to rise. It was an old "Ripley's

With over 200 species of edible fish available, the culinary possibilities appear endless. How about a steamed red snapper, prepared with ginger and spring onions? Or the heady aroma of simmering fish bouillabaisse soup? Perhaps a succulent tuna steak with roasted new potatoes is more your style. From appetizer to entree, soup to salad, nothing offers the amazing versatility of fresh fish.

Nutritionally, fish is a powerhouse of protein and healthy eating. According to dieticians with ARA Services and Humana Hospital-Huntsville, an average serving supplies one-third to one half of the daily protein requirements, as well as B vitamins, thiamine, niacin and riboflavin. Fish oil also contains certain essential fatty acids that actually help protect against heart disease. On top of that, all fish is low in fat.

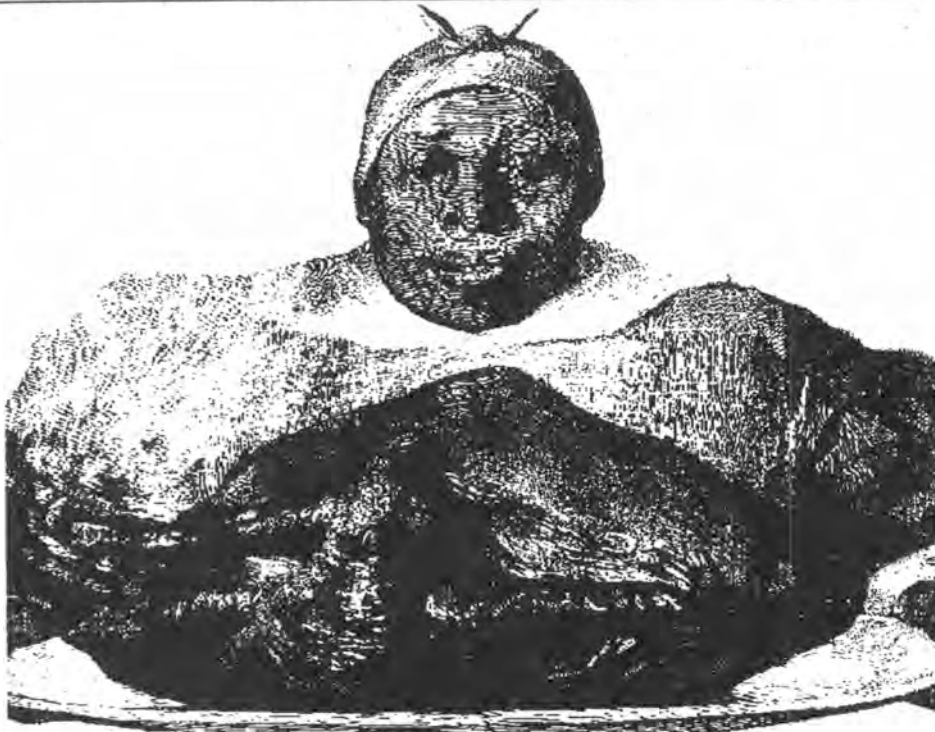
So, you may ask, why aren't more people eating fish more often? Environmental concerns are one reason. Questions over the safety of eating fresh fish have many of us taking a cautionary stand about seafood in general. However, modern fishermen are going further out to sea for their catches, while many fish farms have started to raise fish under a more controlled environment.

Then there's the dilemma of figuring out how fresh the catch-of-the-day is at your local market or store. This is less intimidating and easier to accomplish than you might think. Just look at the bright, protruding eyes, shiny scales, reddish gills and firm flesh. There should be no fishy "aroma".

Fish has been called nature's fast food, and with good reason. With an average cooking time of ten minutes for each inch of thickness, you have a quick, nutritious meal ready in very little time. Remember, however, that once fish is cooked it should be eaten right away. This is one dinner that won't wait.

Look under the recipe section on the following page for a zesty recipe for serving your favorite fish.

Continued on page 24



FAMOUS RECIPES

Greek Dill Fish With Potatoes

3 Pounds whole fish, or fish fillets
 2 Tablespoons olive oil
 1 Medium onion, chopped
 2 Cloves of garlic, minced
 2 Cups fresh, crushed tomatoes
 1/2 Cup snipped fresh parsley
 1/4 Cup snipped fresh dill, or 1 Tablespoon dried dill
 3 Medium potatoes; boiled, peeled and cut into 1/2 inch rounds
 1/2 Teaspoon fresh ginger (optional)
 Freshly ground black pepper
 1 Pound fresh spinach

1. In a large skillet, saute onion and garlic until light brown. Add tomatoes, parsley, dill, ginger (if desired) and pepper. Cook ten minutes.
2. Sprinkle fish lightly with pepper and lemon juice. Arrange potatoes on bottom of 9x13x2- inch baking dish. Put all but 1/2 cup of tomato mixture over potatoes, then placing fish on top. Pour wine all over, cover with foil and bake at 350° for 20 minutes.
3. Uncover and continue baking for 10 minutes longer. add spinach, topped with remaining tomato mixture, at the last 5 minutes of baking time. Serves 6

Old Fashioned Rice Pudding

4 cups milk
 1 cup rice
 1/4 cup raisins (optional)
 1 egg, well beaten
 1 package (4 serving) Jell-o vanilla pudding
 1/4 tsp cinnamon
 1/4 tsp nutmeg

Put milk, rice pudding mix, raisins and egg into saucepan. Stir over medium heat just to boil. Reduce heat and cook til rice is done. Cool 5 minutes, pour into desert dishes, sprinkle with cinnamon and nutmeg, serve warm.

John & Margaret's Fresh Apple Cake

1 1/2 cup salad oil
 2 cups sugar
 3 eggs
 2 tsp vanilla
 3 cups flour
 1 tsp soda
 1/2 tsp salt
 1 cup chopped pecans
 3 cups peeled, chopped apples



Old Huntsville T-Shirts

We now have Old Huntsville T-shirts. The shirts are imprinted with the Old Huntsville Masthead in dark brown
 T-Shirts -\$10+\$1Postage

Battle Of Huntsville

Continued From Page 21

For reasons unknown, he had made the whole story up.

The only hostile Indians within a hundred miles were the kind that you pour out of a whiskey jug.

If you drive down Holmes Avenue, in Huntsville, to where it intersects with Lincoln you will see a historical marker on your left side. The marker tells about General Jackson and Davy Crockett camping there after a long, hard march from Tennessee. The marker does not tell why they came to Huntsville.

Now you know.

Glaze:

1 cup dark brown sugar
 1 stick margarine
 1/4 cup milk

Mix first 4 ingredients. Sift next three together, add and mix. Add apples and pecans and mix. Pour in greased tube pan; back 1 hour at 350. Combine glaze ingredients - boil 1 minute. Pour hot glaze over hot cake; leave in pan 2 hours. Turn cake out and upright.



Believe it or Not" strip. You remember when it was in color in the Sunday comics. Well it showed this car on a hill and a man scratching his head and little question marks coming from his head and said something about the upside-down hill in Huntsville, Alabama. "Bob," I said, "This is really something. Imagine, we're on a spot in 'Ripley's'." "Yeah," Bob answered, "Don't it beat all you've ever seen?" "It sure does," I replied. Then I saw his eyes light up and he said, "John, you owe me a buck."

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

I had forgotten about this incident until a couple of weeks ago when I was thinking about my old friend. Bob's been dead over twenty years now. Little did we know that summer would be one of the few left when we still had our adolescent innocence. The sixties, The Nam, the seventies, careers, family, all the changes and stresses of adulthood, almost caused me to forget that first summer in Huntsville. I guess in memory of old Bob "Minus" Mullins I tried to find that spot on Big Cove the other day. I can tell you this, if you try to stop your car on Big Cove Road today the odds are you'll get run over, and to walk around there with a marble in your hand is just plain suicide. I've never found that spot where down is up. I sure would like to, though.

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

John Crow



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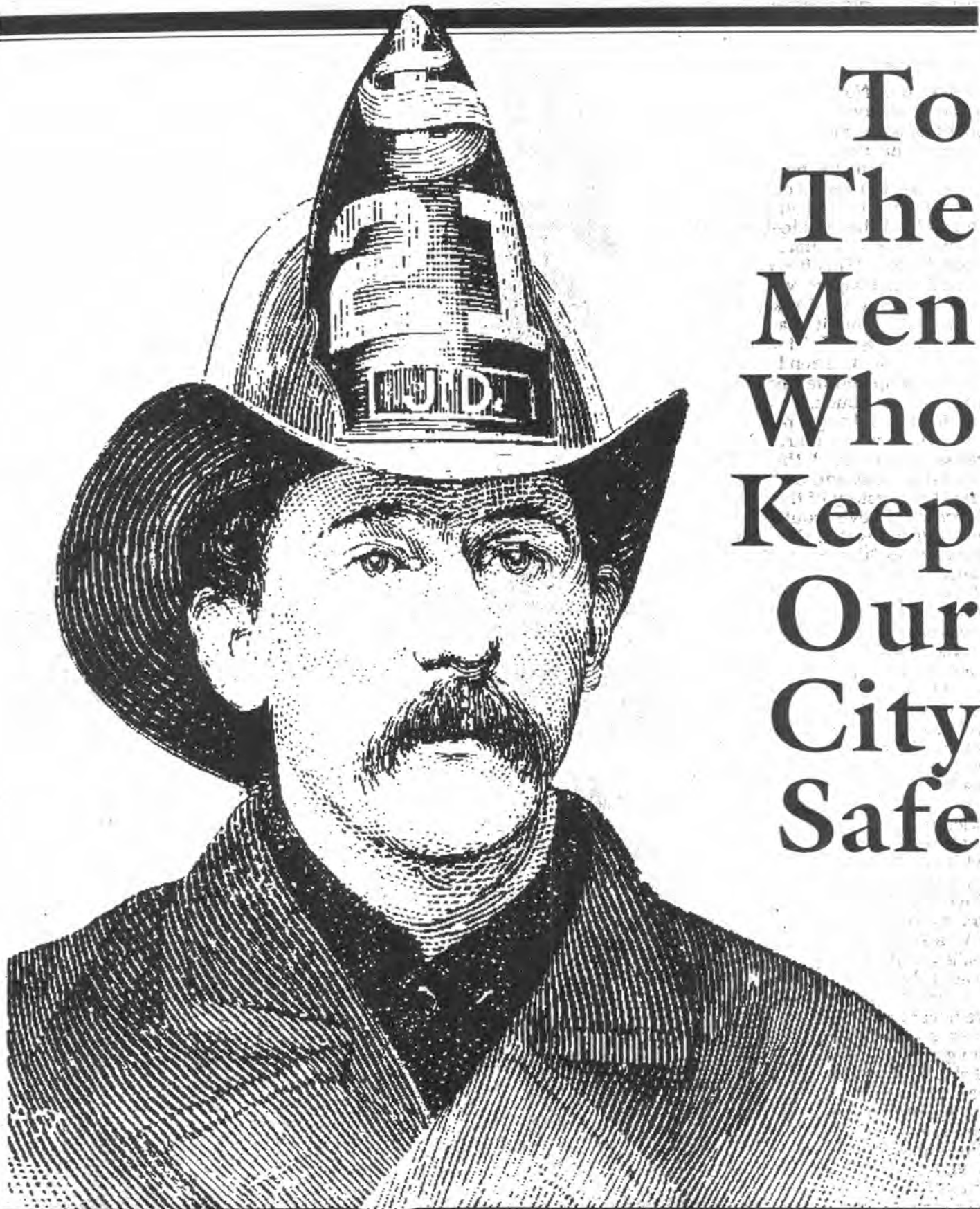
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School Days

Chet Kramer and Billy Evans have been friends for at least 20 years. Chet's favorite story about Billy is about the time that Billy was in the third grade of school. Rushing home from school one day, Billy says "Mama, Mama - the teacher says I'm the biggest in the class. Is that because I eat more than everyone else?"

"No", says Mama, "It's because you're eighteen years old."



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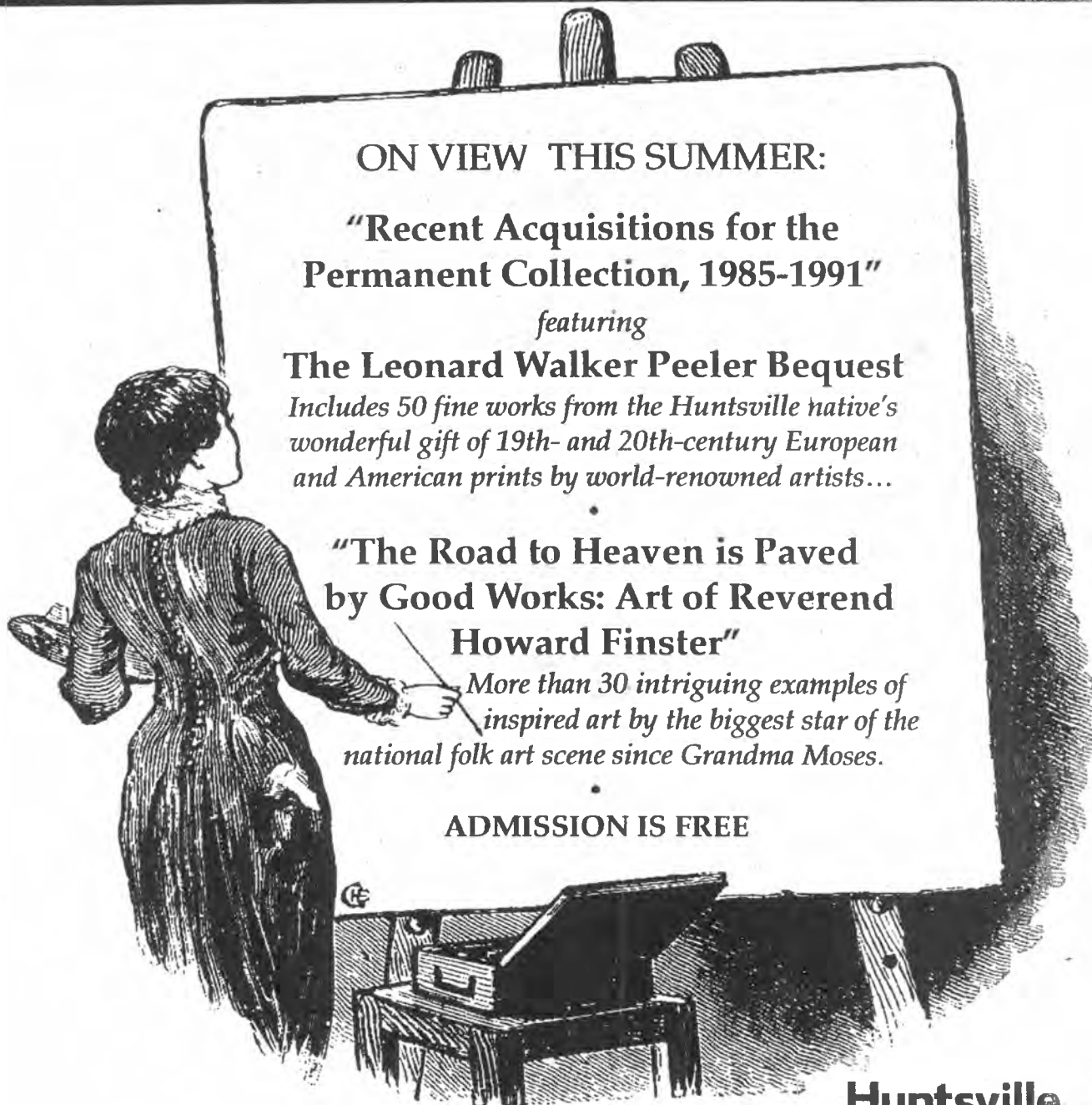
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FROM TRADITIONAL TO CONTEMPORARY

Old Fashioned Trade Day On The Square

Old Fashioned Trade Day, downtown Huntsville's open market, is returning to the Madison County Courthouse Square for its third marvelous year on Saturday, September 7, 1991.

In 1989, Trade Day originated in the Historic Huntsville Foundation's desire to spotlight downtown Huntsville as part of the Alabama Reunion festivities.

As a result of the community's overwhelming enthusiasm, Trade Day became an annual project.

Trade Day '89 recreated the "good ol' days" atmosphere of Saturday trading around the courthouse. Sidewalk and truck vendors offered a fine array of merchandise for sale. Food vendors satisfied every craving; "Can-Can" dancers performed in the street; the strolling barbershop quartet made its rounds; and the mountain cloggers delighted young and old alike.

Trade Day '90 reserved more than 150 spaces for arts and crafts, gardeners, antique dealers, food vendors, and more. Estimated attendance ranged from 8,000 to 10,000 people. Exhibits were set up in the courthouse and the Historic Huntsville Foundations' fundraising American Signature Quilt received its first public display. Vintage automobiles were on view at many different points around the square. Trade Day balloons were tied on sticks - the old-fashioned way. "The Soap Box" was the place to be if you were running for office that year.

On Saturday, September 7, 1991, TRADE DAY '91 promises to be even more exciting. Plan to come early - the country ham and biscuits will be hot and savory - and look forward to a full day of family fun! And - there's NO admission charge!!

**For further information
Call 883-9466/539-8055**

Happy Birthday, Redstone Arsenal!

50 years ago this month, Senator John Sparkman announced plans for the War Department to spend over \$47,000,000 here to build a chemical warfare plant. The first headquarters for the Arsenal were located in the old Huntsville High school (on Randolph Street). Because of its huge size, Redstone Arsenal became one of the few military installations in the world to actually have mounted Military Police during World War II. Also located at Redstone was a German P.O.W. camp that held over 800 German prisoners.

A politician is a person who thinks twice before saying nothing

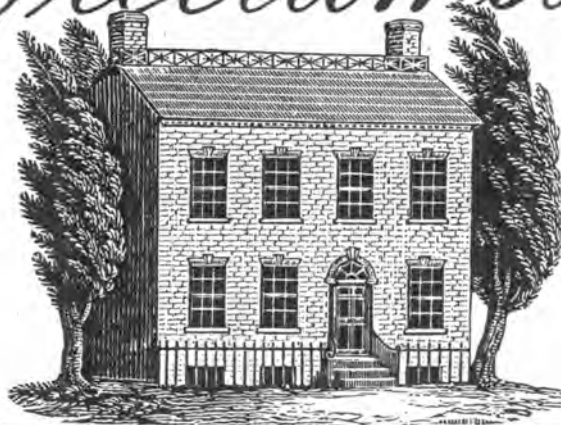
Ron Eyestone, Madison

To succeed, don't learn the tricks, learn the trade

Mike Pryor, Business Owner

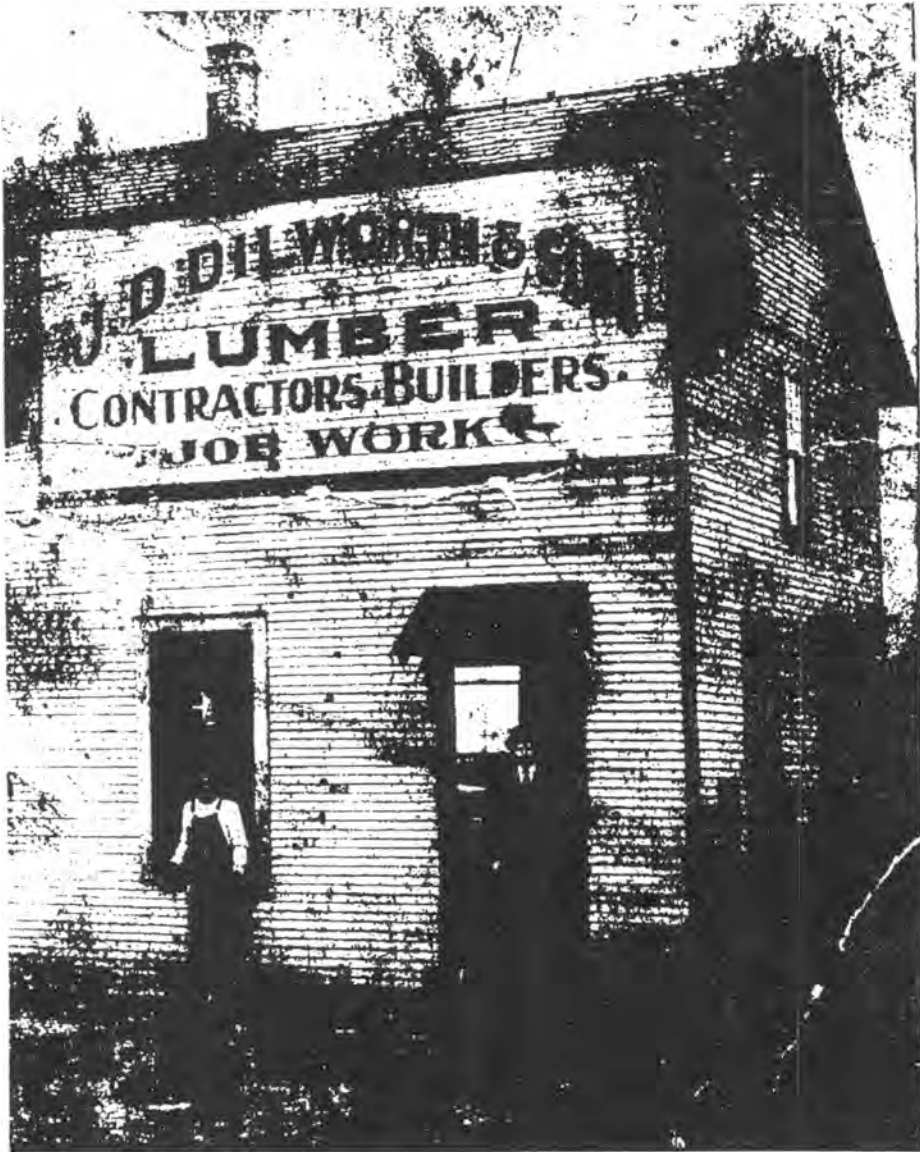
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The Dilworth's

It's not quite shrouded in the mists of time, but no one has been able to determine the actual date the Dilworth family entered into the lumber business in Huntsville. Somewhere between 1885 and 1890, J. D. Dilworth was a building contractor using his own lumber yard as a source of supply. That business, called J. D. Dilworth and Son, was no great success, but several families were able to sustain themselves through troubled financial times at the end of the Reconstruction.

An 1898 invoice from J. D. Dilworth and Son to D. D. Shelby priced 2x4x12's at \$1.20 - for 10! Two-by-fours sixteen feet long were 15 cents each, and a "small coal shed" cost \$14.95 for the lumber! Today, sales tax for this purchase would be more than that total bill.

The "son" of the business, W. P. Dilworth, must have felt hampered under the close proprietorship of his father, and purchased the Huntsville Lumber Company (renamed Huntsville Manufacturing and Land Company). This busi-

ness was located at Church Street and the Southern Rail Crossing, the present site of Dilworth Lumber Company. Upon the death of J. D. Dilworth the two businesses were combined.

Soon after the purchase of the Church Street business, the contracting division was discontinued. A 1916 newspaper article noted that "...too many kinds of broth spoil the cook so he (W. P. Dilworth) decided to devote his entire time and attention to the manufacturing for and supplying of the retail trade in everything that goes into the building of homes..."

This news report went on to detail the number of horse teams (increasing from one in 1907 to three in 1916), proximity to the rail line that "...enables them to handle carload lots of lumber and supplies with ease and dispatch", and further noting that a stock of the new asphalt shingles was available since the "... recent city ordinance provides against the use of wooden shingles in the city of Huntsville. Mr. Dilworth states that while the dealer makes less money selling the composition roofing, both the city and the builder of a house are better off for having passed that ordinance."

1916 was the year a new lumber planing mill was installed. The business carried a stock of "...rough and dressed lumber in a full and complete line, sash, doors, mill work, lime, cement, paints, oils, brick, builders' hardware, shingles and composition roofing." 75 years later, only brick and oils have been discontinued.

This was also the year that L. A. Sublett built a house in Brownsboro. His 2x4x16's were up to 18 cents each. The bill for this two story house was \$890.15 for lumber, brick, windows (at \$1.85 each), doors (\$2.25 each), door locks for fifty cents and all other materials. Dilworth, Sr. wrote at the bottom of the bill, "...will guarantee you all to be satisfactory in every way."

The Huntsville Daily Times reported in 1925 that the firm had adopted the name of Dilworth



Lumber Company in 1923. (News traveled slow at that time.) The change reflected the new partnership of W. P. Dilworth, Sr., his son William Dilworth and daughter, Miss Virginia Dilworth.

The Church Street location held eight warehouses in 1925. (It now has nine.) The delivery of materials still used the three horse teams, but now had begun deliveries by truck. The newspaper claimed "a considerable volume of trade east on the railroad line towards Chattanooga and north towards Nashville, but the larger part of its volume comes from Huntsville and Madison County."

Economic problems were prevalent everywhere in the thirties. W. P. Dilworth would often speak of the high volume of barter in those

days. It was also common to extend credit on the basis of personality, as it was sure that an honest man would pay his debts as soon as possible. After the funeral of W. P. Dilworth, Jr. Mr. Theodore Wilson told me that money had been loaned for his home when "...the banks wouldn't talk to a Black man. All we had was our word, and that's how our house was built." Times were hard and people pulled together.

Prosperity began to return with the military build-up of World War II. Supplies were diverted to military uses, but with the expansion of Huntsville Arsenal the business grew. Founding of the Army's missile program headquarters at Redstone Arsenal and the influx of new residents made Huntsville into a "boom town". James F. Smith began a thirty-year career as salesman in 1948, and W. P. Dilworth, III returned home from

military service in 1955 to work in the family firm.

Beginning in 1951 taxes were added to your bill at the end of each month. Mrs. C. E. (Mollie) Hutchens' statement of that same year showed that a 2x4x16 foot pine was selling for a little over a dollar each. Windows were up to \$9 each!

New building materials suppliers opened to sell to the suburbs springing up in between cotton fields. Wilson Lumber and Huntsville Roofing opened their doors with the boom. In the 60's, the boom continued. Dilworth Lumber built a new warehouse and office and the old house which had served for so long was torn down. "Tubber" Thiemonge became a valuable member of the firm and remained until the 1980's.

W. P. Dilworth, Sr. died in 1964. He had been a very active citizen in many organizations in Huntsville. Dilworth Lumber


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The old Huntsville Hotel on Monte Sano is long gone and so are the days when Huntsvillians owned summer homes on the mountain to beat the stifling heat of a southern summer. There is however, a place where one can still take advantage of the mountains cool summer evenings. Monte Sano pool founded in 1962 offers all the amenities the mountain has always been famous for, cool breezes, refreshing water and a view unsurpassed in Madison County. What makes Monte Sano Club different from other neighborhood pools is our spacious tree shaded grounds, 200 foot view deck, tennis courts, volleyball and a 25 meter pool. The only houses visible from our grounds are across a wooded gorge or in the valley, a thousand feet below. Enjoy the mountains as Huntsville residents have for almost 200 years. We have a limited number of memberships available. For More Information call Dave Phillips at 534-5353

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remained, under the ownership of W. P. Dilworth, Jr. and his sister, Mrs. Virginia D. Henry.

This era saw some of the "old" names in lumber disappear. Van Valkenburgh, Gunn, Geron, Bartee - all left in the sixties and seventies. New chain lumber yards opened up in Huntsville and brought the mass merchandise concept with them. Slowly, Dilworth changed from commodity lines to products of higher quality. They now concentrated on the very best lines of lumber, pine and a large selection of hardwoods. Decorator hardware and paint brands were added. This opened whole new areas of sales and customers. Penn Dilworth entered the business in 1977.

When Walter Dilworth moved back to Huntsville in 1987 to join the firm, his presence expanded the industrial and contractor sales. During the following year W. P. Dilworth, Jr. passed away. He was very proud of his good health and worked a full day on the day he died. He was fascinated by the I-565 construction, and had always hoped that he would live to see its completion.

Today Dilworth Lumber Company is owned by W. P. Dilworth, III and employs eight people in the three-acre site on Church Street.

His sons, Walter and Penn, are employed as salesmen. Mrs. Hazel Smith is the bookkeeper - no easy job. Roger Davis, Howard Kinch, Bill Vickers and Terry Grier work in the yard and office. Today's stock items are very similar to those of 75 years ago - you often hear referrals to Dilworth's when customers are looking for hard-to-locate items, or old types of lumber and hardware. Somewhere between the products of yesterday, today's fashion building materials, and tomorrow's new innovations in building - five generations of Dilworth's have made a solid place in Huntsville's ever-changing environment.

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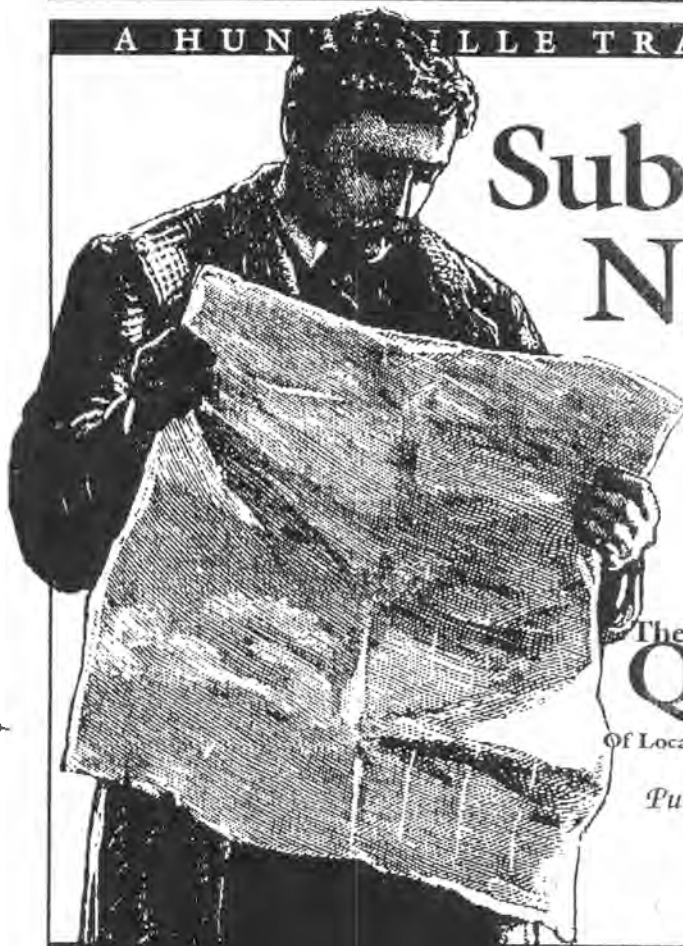
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When The Lights Go Out

It is a few minutes after midnight, and University Drive is quiet. From a motel room a man pushes back a curtain to look out. Nothing of interest meets his gaze, and he turns to pace the room once more. A little later he stops, picks up the phone and dials. After a few halting words to the operator he is given a number.

"HELpline, this is Sara."

Somewhere in Huntsville a volunteer counselor is on duty to return calls during the late hours. HELpline, a United Way agency is a multi-purpose crisis line, which provides services 24 hours a day. Calls to HELpline after midnight, while less numerous, come when lonelines, depression, broken relationships and just the stress of daily living are experienced most acutely.

"Sara, this is Bill. I need someone to talk to. I have a lot of problems - personal problems and employment problems and financial problems - and I don't know what I'm going to do."

"I had some job interviews yesterday and today, and I hope something comes through because I'm just about at the end of my rope."

A single lamp casts a circle of light in the counselor's work area. Sara pulls up her chair and prepares to concentrate.

"How long have you been feeling this discouraged?" she asks.

It is nearly one o'clock when Bill finishes talking. He has relayed mistakes in judgement he has made in past jobs, haltingly talked

about the breakdown of his marriage, and how he still wonders if he had done this or that differently would his wife still be with him. Slowly in the process of talking, some of the tension has eased. Tomorrow will be another day. Life will go on.

A few minutes later another call comes in.

"My husband got real bad tonight, and he was slapping me around, so the neighbors called the police again and they gave me this number. Can you help me?"

"Are you wanting a place to go where you can be safe?"

"Yes, because I don't know what will happen when he comes back. He was really drunk."

A call is made, and a sleepy-voiced Hope Place advocate takes the information on this new client. Transportation will be arranged, the shelter will be alerted to expect a new arrival, and a bruised and frightened young woman will find herself in safe surroundings where she can start the difficult, confusing process of sorting out how things went wrong and what she can do now.

Things are quiet for a while, and when the phone rings at 2:30, Sara has had an hour's sleep - not the five minutes it feels like.

"I can't sleep - I had surgery two months ago, and now I'm receiving chemotherapy - I can't sleep because of the pain. I took a pill a little while ago. Will you talk to me until the pain eases up?"

Fighting drowsiness, the counselor draws the woman into simple, comforting talk.

"Were you able to get out today?"

"What did you do?"

"What do you like to do when you're feeling good?"

Moments later, the tightness in the caller's voice begins to ease, and conversation slows.

"I'm feeling better now. I think maybe I can sleep. Thank you for talking to me."

Sara finds a special private satisfaction in being there for people at times when they feel like there is no help or hope for them. Sara likes people and believes in their capacity to respond to caring and acceptance. She enjoys her life and finds it natural to want to

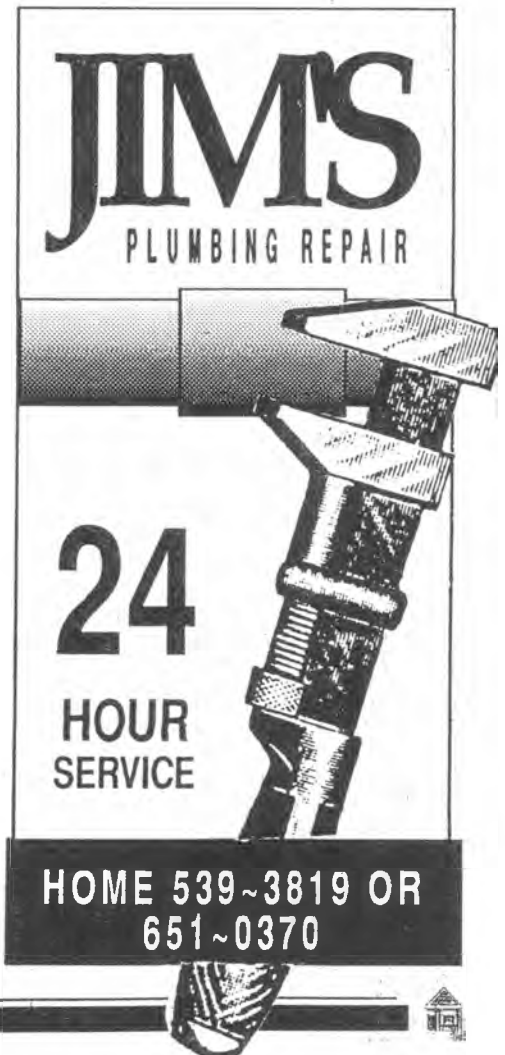
help others find ways to lead more satisfying lives.

The next night will find some other HELpline counselor on duty. Perhaps it will be Eric, who brings an engineer's problem-solving logic together with an awareness of feelings learned in self-help groups. Perhaps it will be Patricia, for whom the recognition that she was really good at listening and understanding people's feelings brought a renewed sense of self-esteem and confidence at a time when she was recovering from one of life's raw deals.

Sara, Eric, Patricia, and others like them each have their own reasons to be counselors, but they all share the sense of value in moments of closeness and small break-throughs when a caller says something like:

"You know, I was ready to give up. But now I see it all differently. I'm glad I called you."

Martha Bosworth



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TEL 762

Taken from a 1909 Birmingham News

AUNT ESSIE'S COOKED CABBAGE

Of course, she wasn't my aunt. She was a friend of my grandmother, therefore she was addressed in a way to show both intimacy and respect. She was Miss Essie Esslinger, a retired school teacher. Her home was on Eustis Street and she knew everybody in town.

What made her cabbage dish so special? Well, in 1956 the norm was to cook cabbage until it turned into a brownish, odoriferous sludge, pouring the heat to it all day long if necessary. By dinner time, everyone in the neighborhood knew what you were having for supper.

This was also before the time that air conditioning had become prevalent in the Huntsville area.

Today, her recipe would be called an "energy saver". Back then it was an ingenious way to put attractive, tasty, nourishing food on the table (she was big on that) and stay cool at the same time.

Place a pot of water on the stove and bring it to a rolling boil

Meanwhile, slice a cabbage into "thin strings". Beginning at the tip of the cabbage, cut toward the root end making very thin rounds. Separate the rounds into strings. Keep going until there is enough for dinner.

Drop the cabbage strings into the boiling water. Cook, or really blanch, for 5 minutes or so. The cabbage strings should be slightly clear and have a beautiful fresh green color when done. **DO NOT OVERCOOK.**

Step outside the back door and drain the hot water onto any weeds in the flower bed.

Catherine Burns



Take The Sting Out!

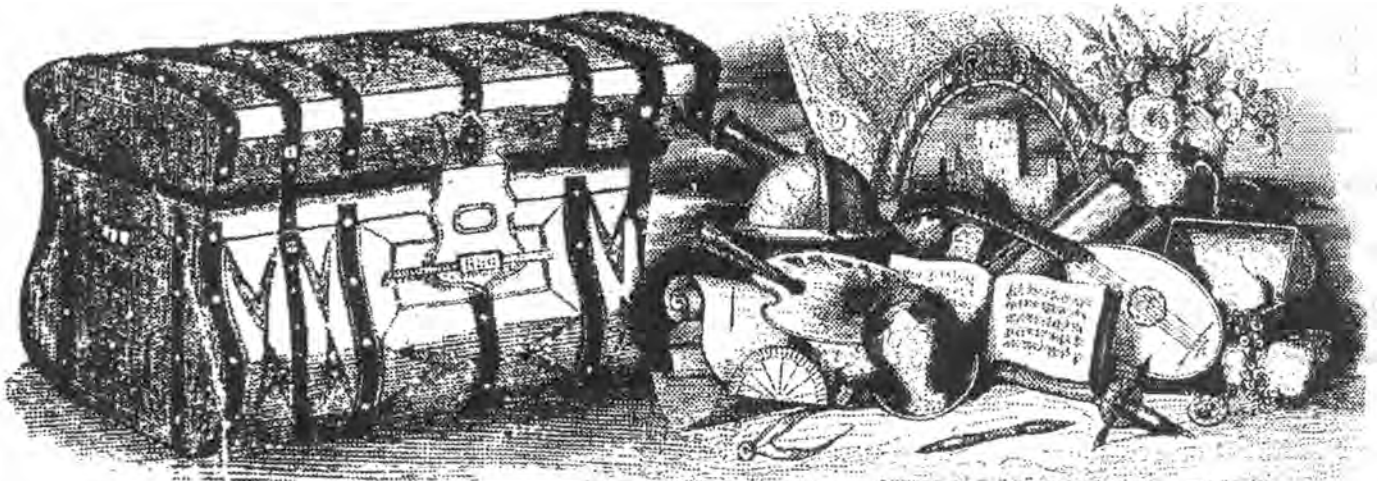
Here's another great tip from A.P. Hayes. Recently he was in the woods and walked into a hole filled with yellow jackets. He was stung about 300 times before he could get out. They were quite painful and he didn't know what to do to get the swelling down and cure the stings.

Mr. Hillenbrand across the street told him to try Adolph's meat tenderizer. He dampened his skin where the stings were, and sprinkled the meat tenderizer on it. In a day the bites were gone.

Submitted by A. P. Hayes
Huntsville

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By Mickey & Bill Guimarin



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Money Matters

First time homebuyers call me frequently to ask exactly how they can go about qualifying for a home loan. There are several areas of qualification involved in the mortgage process.

They are:

1. Your Property
2. Your Credit
3. Your Income

1. Property: In general your home should be in a state of overall good repair. It must reasonably conform in size and price range to the surrounding neighborhood. The neighborhood itself should be a well-kept residential area with no detracting factors such as mobile homes, industrial development or obvious health hazards.

2. Credit: The lender will obtain a standard mortgage credit report from your local credit bureau. This report will show how you have met your past financial obligations as well as give a report on any legal issues you may have been involved in. Any derogatory information such as a slow payment, lawsuit, collection accounts, etc. will have to be carefully explained in writing by

you. In some cases the explanation will have to be verified and documented. If you know of any past credit problems at all, it is wise to discuss them with the loan officer at the time you fill out your application, before your credit report is ordered.

3. Income: In the next issue of "Old Huntsville" we will do an in-depth study of qualifying ratios for various loan programs. However, as a rule of thumb you should try to keep your future house payment (which includes principal, interest, taxes and insurance) at about 25% of your gross monthly family income. You should also try to hold the total monthly payments (new house payment plus any other recurring monthly payments) to about 33% of your gross monthly income.

Bobby DeNeefe, President
Benchmark Mortgage Corporation

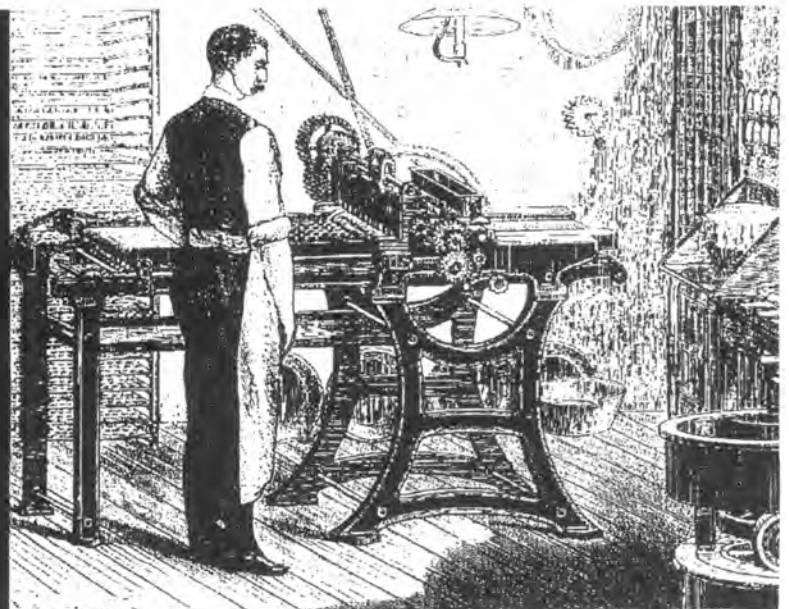
(Editor's Note) Bobby DeNeefe moved to Huntsville from Mobile in 1963. For the past twenty-eight years he has been involved in all phases of residential finance including construction and development lending as well as FHA, VA and Conventional. During that time he has served as Vice-President and Area Manager of several regional banks and mortgage companies. On June 1, 1991 he formed Benchmark Mortgage Corporation, a locally owned company.

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GOOD FOR THE BODY

Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

The British Nutrition Foundation says that large portions of Whole-wheat bread or granola may contain enough LSD (from the wheat) to produce a mild high. According to David Conning, M.D. a daily high-bran diet may also induce euphoria in an inexperienced drug user. Taking a trip on fiber may be the next health kick!

For brussels sprouts - this one sounds good - boil in stock for ten minutes, toss with basil, margarine and pepper.

When you're in the grocery store and pick up a dark brown load of bread thinking it's whole wheat, you may be surprised. Adding molasses or food coloring can turn it brown or even black (genuine whole grain rye is seldom darker than a pale brown) so be sure and check your ingredients.

More and more people are trying the kick the morning cup of coffee habit due to the caffeine. A substitute that is 100% natural and has been around for many years is a product called Postum. It is made from bran wheat, molasses and natural coffee flavor, can be mixed into hot water and contains only 12 calories per serving.

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I'm A Brownie

The young daughter of William Howard Taft III, when asked to write a brief autobiographical sketch upon entering a new grade of Girl Scouts reported: "My great-grandfather was President of the United States, my grandfather was a Senator from Ohio, my father is Ambassador to Ireland, and I am a Brownie."

*One good father is more than a
hundred school teachers*

Clarence Scott, father

*The sins we do, two by two,
we pay for one by one.*

*George Watson
Student*



Jim's

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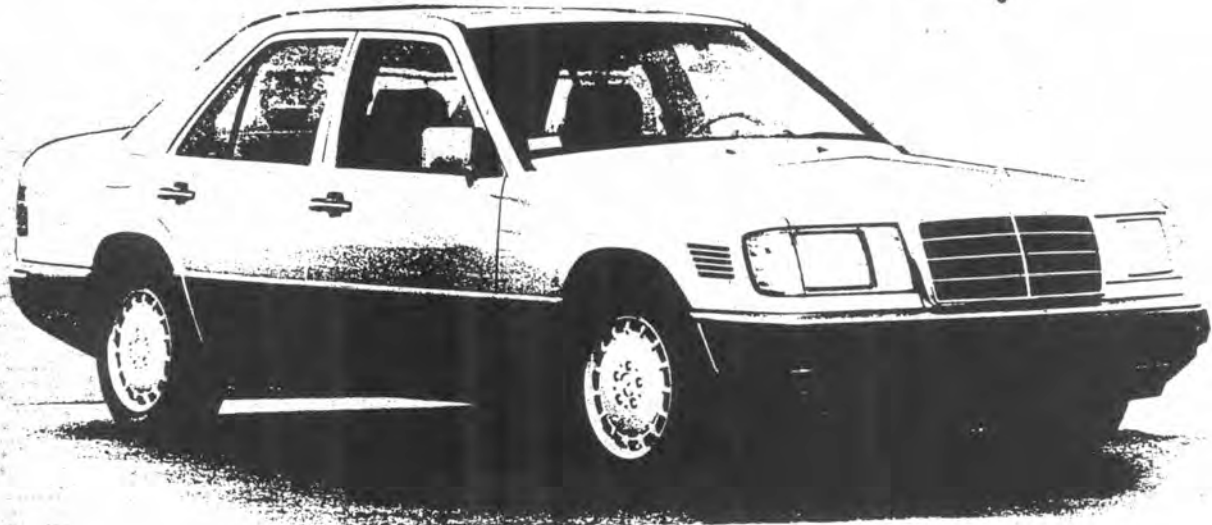
Many of you have inquired as to where you may pick up copies of "Old Huntsville." Due to space limitations we cannot list all of the distribution points, but the following is a partial listing. If you are looking for past editions, please check with our advertisers you see in the magazine. Some of them may still have back issues which they will give to customers

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"To Live And Die In Dixie"

By Helen Miller

I always knew the Good Book reminded us to "fear the Lord and keep His commandments," but I feared Dr. Durant a lot more and his commands were a lot harder to keep. "Sit still", "open your mouth", "close your mouth", "get your hands out of my way" were just a few of his demands. There was no such thing as novacain back in the 1920's or at least Dr. Durant wasn't aware of it and I was sure the holy men of old had him in mind when they wrote about the man "down yonder with the horns and pitchfork." His office was in a small brown building downtown next to the post office and on occasion I had to be all but dragged down there for the routine visit.

Back then I couldn't care less how my mouth looked but apparently Mama had other ideas. Perhaps she was planning to challenge a friend who had said that I could never be a silent screen star because I could never be silent. I already knew I was the ugliest kid on my side of town with my face a total mass of freckles, ears that poked straight out from my head, fine straight hair that wouldn't hold a curl and legs that were much too fat, so getting one snagged tooth fixed wasn't going to help my looks much.

Dr. Durant's reception room was bare and boring. No receptionist or telephone - just a few straight chairs and a pot-bellied stove with a kettle on top. It had a strange

medicinal odor that hit you right in the nostrils soon as you opened the door and heard the little bell jingle. I never smelled anything like it anywhere else, and if I had been kidnapped, blindfolded, and carried there, I would have known exactly where I was, how to get out, which way to turn, and the quickest route home.

Dr. Durant would hear the bell and open the door from the small room where he kept the crucifixion chair. Looking over his glasses he always greeted Mama and there begin a thirty minute inquiry about the health and welfare of every member of the Harrelson clan. I wished to goodness he knew the Dukes and Moungers of South Georgia (relatives on my mother's side) - there would not have been any time left for me.

Once inside the small back room he came at me with a buzz saw in one hand and a little mirror on a stick in the other. Every time he hit a nerve, overboard I would jump, for by then I was all alone in the middle of a storm at sea with the wind in my face and whitecaps forty feet high. It was after sessions like this that I welcomed his most comforting command of all, "Now take a sip of water and spit!"

Excerpts from "To Live and Die in Dixie" by Helen Miller

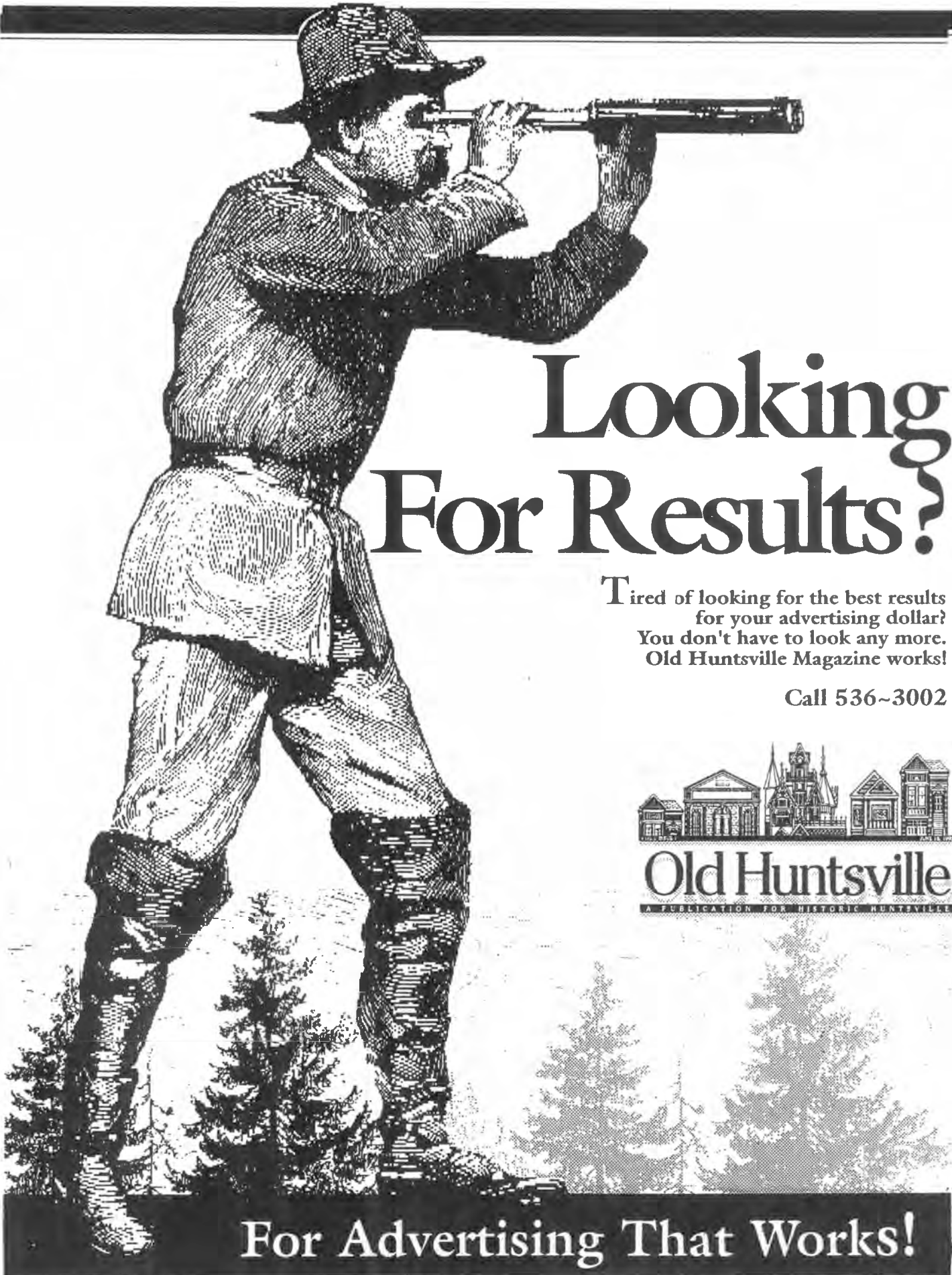
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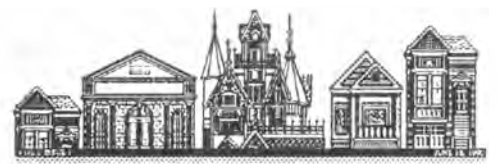




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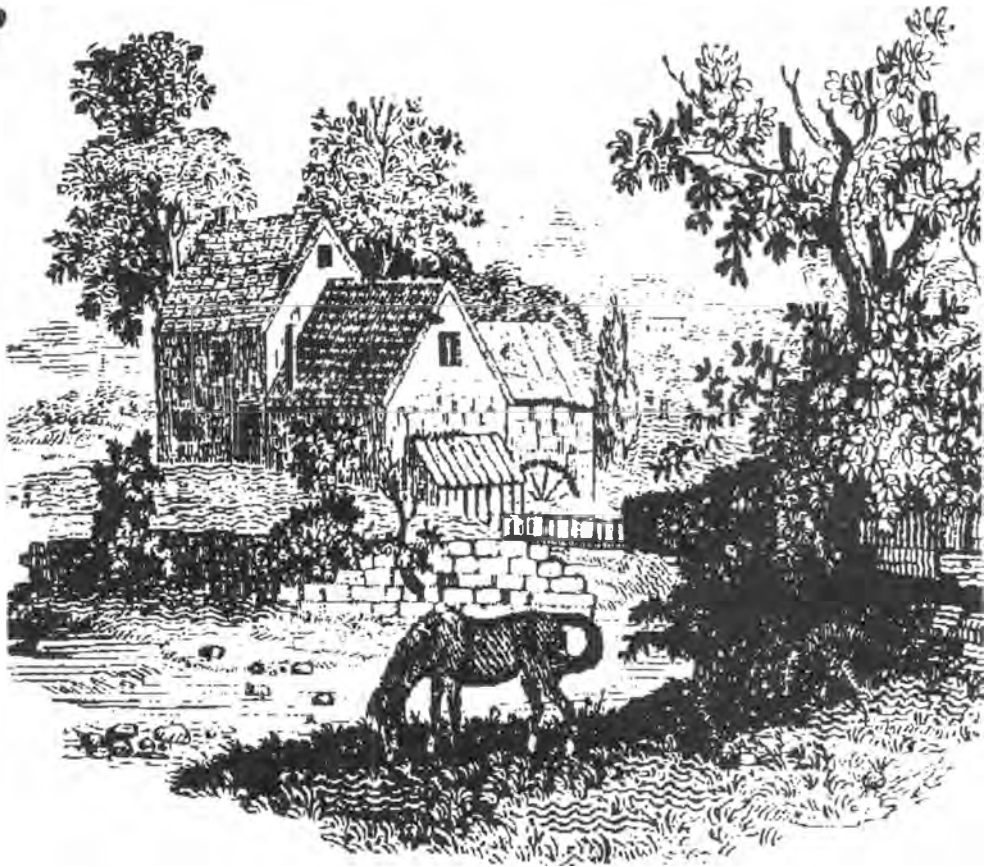
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Everything Old Is New Again

From the garden, to the kitchen, to the table, and it's herbal. These marvellous food enhancers have been around for centuries. There are references to herbs going back as far as the Old and New Testaments, beginning with Genesis 1:11-12 "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth and it was so. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good." Roman soldiers, during their conquest, not only armed themselves with weapons, but carried various herb seeds and roots introducing many throughout Europe. Over two hundred fifty were introduced to England alone. Herb plants, seeds and roots crossed the Atlantic on the Mayflower and adapted rather well to climatic conditions in the New World.

Today many of these same species still flourish and are popping up in backyard herb gardens all across this great nation. The trend toward healthier diets has dramatically changed America's eating habits. Seasoning with herbs is commonplace in meal planning from appetizers to desserts. So add a new twist to your favorite dish, herbs were never intended to mask or disguise the flavor of food.

So be creative, they adapt quite well. Sweet basil, dill, salad burnet, chervil, borage, arugula, sorrel, chives, lovage and nasturtiums add excitement to fresh garden salads. Don't forget to use those gorgeous edible flower blooms, either.



Use any of your lemon scented herbs, such as: lemon balm, lemon thyme, lemon mint and lemon verbena with fish, poultry or make a refreshing glass of herb iced tea.

Add zest to fresh garden vegetables. Try summer or winter savory in green beans, sauteed okra, summer squash, English peas and carrots.

Try rosemary, the Queen of herbs, in soups, fish dishes, egg dishes, lamb, beef, chicken, venison, rabbit, cauliflower, peas, zucchini, turnips, spinach, breads, fruit salads and fruit punch.

Don't limit oregano to spaghetti sauce. This versatile herb blends well with other herbs and adds a new dimension to bean soup, baked fish, clams, lobster, omelets, pork, lamb, meat loaf, sausage, game, potato salad and cabbage.

Create your own herb oils, salad dressings, herb vinegars, spreads (butter/margarine) and teas. Use oils and spreads for sauteing and basting your grilled meats and vegetables.

Use herb flower blooms in ice cubes for decorative summer drinks. Edible scented geraniums can be used in fruit cups, melon balls and fresh strawberries to enhance their natural sweetness. These herbs also add a unique flavor to cakes and cookies.

Winter and summer savory tops the list of your salt substitute herbs. Others include dill, basil, thyme, rosemary, parsley and tarragon. Combine several herbs to create a salt-free blend. It is almost certain to revive the flavor of an old favorite recipe.

This is only a partial list of herbs and their intriguing uses. Start your own list and let your imagination (and taste buds) run wild!

Submitted by Catherine Wilson,
Herb Grower, New Market, Alabama





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