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Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

Huntsville's Last Lynching

On September 15th, 1904 at 10:15 in the evening, a crowd that some reports estimated at almost 5000 people gathered on the courthouse lawn, across the street from Harrison Brothers Hardware store.

The bloodthirsty mob had gathered to lynch Horace Maples.
The next day, the authorities could find no witnesses to the lynching.



Murders were not that uncommon in Huntsville around the turn of the century. Between 1899 and 1904 there had been 33 murder and homicide cases tried in Madison County. In another eight cases people had been indicted, but not arrested. This was a record for a county with only 40,000 people.

When the body of E. D. Waldrop was found, with his head brutally smashed to an almost unrecognizable mass, the citizens of Huntsville reacted with outrage. Mr. Waldrop had lived at the Lawler place, two miles from Bell factory. He was a well-liked person who was engaged in the business of peddling produce. He had gone to Huntsville that morning with a load of produce and had the profits from the sales with him when he was robbed. One year before, he had been held up and robbed at almost the identical spot where his body was discovered.

Coroner Stewart telegraphed to Chattanooga for bloodhounds, but by the time they arrived the next morning, the trail was too cold to follow. The police department quickly began an investigation and it was not long before suspicion fell on a man by the name of Horace Maples. Maples had been in the general vicinity of the crime and had come in to an unexplained sum of money the very same night. Maples was a well known character around town who had briefly operated a small restaurant on Jefferson Street. Most people agreed that his reputation was generally bad. At the time of Maples arrest, he was out on bond on the charge of armed robbery of another man.

News of Maples' arrest spread like wildfire throughout Huntsville. Crowds of people began to gather to discuss the murder. Threats were made freely and by the afternoon, the crowd had grown to a mob. Rumors had it that Waldrop's family and friends were on their way to Huntsville, from Bell Factory, determined to see Maples lynched. As more and more people joined the mob, they were reminded of the fact that two years previously another man had been lynched in Huntsville. Noth-

ing had ever been done to punish the people responsible for it.

Maples was lodged in the jail at the corner of Clinton and Green Street and within hours the jail was surrounded by the mob. Efforts were made by Mayor Smith and the city police to persuade the mob to disperse, but no attempt was made to order the crowd away or to arrest the men who were becoming the ringleaders of the crowd.

Judge Speake went to the jail and made an impassioned plea to the mob. He cautioned every one to observe the law and begged them to let the law take its course. Other speeches were made by other prominent figures in Huntsville and it seemed, for a while, as if their efforts were having the desired effects on the crowd. The crowd, while large and unruly, seemed to be in a good mood and inclined to let the courts take care of Horace Maples.

Judge Speake issued an order closing the saloons and there was not a drop of liquor to be had any where. The judge also ordered places selling firearms to be closed. The prompt actions of the judge were highly praised by all sides.

Chief of Police Overton came up on a citizen in the Mill village by the name of James Mitchell, making a speech from the back of a wagon. The officers ordered the crowd to disperse and Mitchell replied, "All right, but we are coming back at eight o'clock." Loud enough for everyone to hear, he then said, "Wait till Dallas turns out and then we will get him".

At eight o'clock that night the shift ended for mill workers in Merrimac and Dallas and the men from the Mill villages started pouring into town. As the crowd grew Judge Speake and Sheriff Rodgers realized that there might be trouble. They wired the Governor, requesting help, and the Governor wired back that the prisoner must be protected at all costs.

Attempts were made to bring National Guard troops from Birmingham, Decatur, and Scottsboro, but due to train schedules none could arrive before the



Old Huntsville

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next morning. Permission was asked and received from the Governor to call out the local militia. Captain R.L. Hay ordered the militia to fix bayonets before leaving the armory. The soldiers fell into line and then marched to the jail where they took up defensive positions. A rope was stretched across the street and the soldiers were given orders to hold the mob back from the ropes.

To this day, no one is sure what provided the spark that turned the crowd into a bloodthirsty mob within a matter of seconds. With no warning, the mob rushed the jail, wresting the rifles away from the soldiers posted outside. Only one shot was fired so far but it was enough to strike terror in the hearts of the soldiers as they fled. This left a squad of only 15 men inside the jail to resist the mob.

During the next hour, the mob became more violent. The door of the jail was broken down, and the mob rushed the first floor. No efforts were made by the soldiers or the policemen to hold the first floor. The mob broke out all the windows and began pounding on the iron door that protected the second floor.

The mob grew bolder. They started a fire of cayenne pepper which created an almost unbearable, suffocating smoke. Tables in

the jail is' room were broken and used for kindling. The fire was started in full view of the sheriff and the militia, but still no orders were given to fire on the mob.

When the fire had died down, more fuel was added and the flames flashed higher and smoke began to pour out the windows upstairs. The woodwork on the interior of the building became ignited.

The fire spread throughout the lower floor and the floor became like a furnace. Frantic appeals by the inhabitants of the jail were answered by the heartless jeers of the mob.

The fire company responded to the fire alarm but were prevented from approaching the jail. Fire hoses were cut and the horses pulling the engine were run off. The firemen retreated to the corner of Washington and Clinton Avenue, completely powerless to do anything.

The mayor of Huntsville and the city police officers gave no assistance. It seemed as if all the policemen and deputies had disappeared. The soldiers guarding the outside of the jail had fled. Horace Maples' only hope lay with the besieged defenders inside the second floor of the jail. Unfortunately, the sheriff could not make up his mind and Captain Hay of the militia claimed he could not order his troops to open fire until the sheriff ordered him to.

Finally, the sheriff and his guards, almost stifled with heat, smoke, and the suffocating fumes of burning red pepper and sulphur, had to make a decision to fire on the crowd or surrender the jail. The sheriff made a "heroic decision" and ordered the jailer to release the prisoner. The sheriff laid down the keys and walked out, followed by the militia. Maples was turned out of his cell, taken to the head of the stairway and released.

After looking in the faces of the crowds, Maples ran to the rear of the jail and leaped (or was pushed) from a window. Quickly the mob seized him, knocked him down and placed a rope around his neck. With the mob following, Maples was marched down Clinton Avenue, up Washington Street and on to the courthouse square.

Years later, people talking about the event would justify the actions of the mob with the excuse that Maples had confessed. The fact that Horace Maples confessed at the end of a rope with thousands of people calling for his blood was not important. The lynching was done in a businesslike manner. The good citizens of Huntsville had gained plenty of experience from years past. The other end of the rope attached to Maples' neck was thrown over a convenient limb of the elm tree nearest the courthouse on the southeast side.

Maples was hung by the neck, and while he was in his last mo-



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Lynching Continued From Page 3

ments of death the crowd was cleared away by the leaders. The body swung, twisted and jumped. As Maples was dying a slow death by strangulation, several pistol shots were fired, then his kicking ceased and he was dead.

With the morbid curiosity that only death can bring, members of the mob began to collect souvenirs. The trouser legs of Horace Maples were cut away while one man actually cut a finger off the dead body as a souvenir.

Huntsville still had a few law abiding citizens and in the next few weeks a grand jury was named to investigate the murder. After exhausting testimony, the grand jury recommended:

the sheriff of Madison County be impeached for incompetency;
the Mayor of Huntsville be impeached for willful neglect;
the Chief of Police be impeached for willful neglect.

The grand jury also returned 26 indictments for the murder.

No action was ever taken to punish the sheriff, Mayor, or Chief of Police. Out of the 26 indictments for murder, all were found . . . innocent. One interesting observation about the whole affair; if Horace Maples had been tried in a court of law today . . . he would probably have been found innocent.

Condensed from an upcoming book by
Fred Simpson



Love Kills Love

The Huntsville Cotton Mill was created by the efforts of D. L. Love, a businessman from Mississippi. Traveling throughout the Southeast, Love aroused interest in Huntsville, found subscribers for common stock, and persuaded the City to pass a 10-year exemption on taxes.

As the Cotton Mill began to prosper, such was not the case for its organizing genius. Apparently in his galavanting around the country, Love became infatuated with the young and beautiful Ada Johnson of Huntsville. But following the demands of a busy travel schedule, Love did not press his suit in time. The newspaper on September 21, 1881 announced the marriage of Ada Johnson to "Mr. John F. Lanier of Madison County". The paper further commented, "The Huntsville Public was greatly surprised that Miss Ada, whose hand had been sought by so many suitors, had at last succumbed to Mr. Lanier's offer of marriage".

None was more surprised than Mr. Love, who, when learning of the betrothal, lost his temper and sought to avenge his loss by besmirching her character.

So foul were his accusations that the young husband did what honorable young men of breeding were expected to do in such cases. He went to Greenville, Mississippi and killed Mr. Love.

Defended by Huntsville Attorney Captain Milton Humes, young Lanier was completely exonerated. The judge announced from the bench, "It is my opinion that he did just what I or any other man of honor would do, and I therefore discharge the prisoner, and bid him go hence without delay".

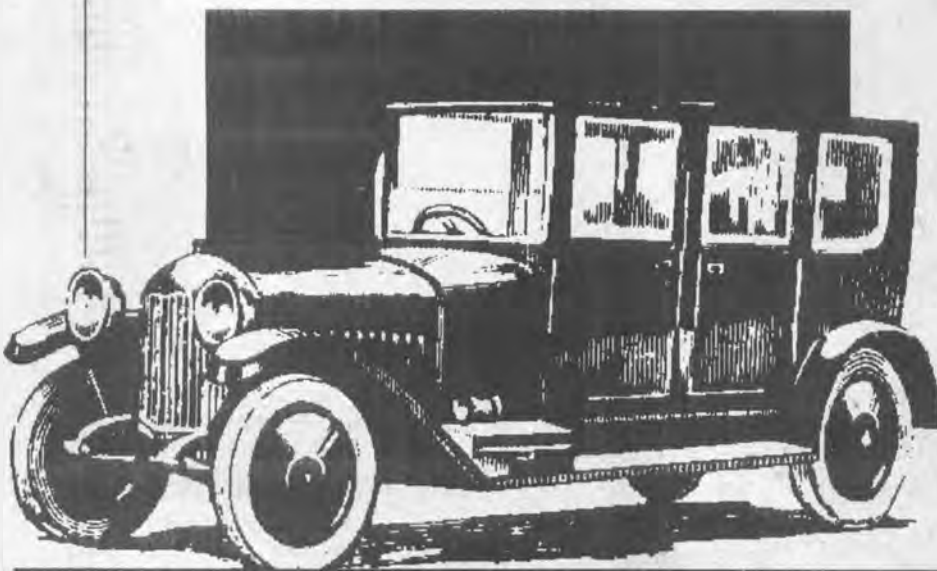
*Children are the anchor that holds
a mother to life.*

*Ellie Bradshaw
NASA*

*To be 70 years young is often far
more cheerful than to be
40 years old.*

Richard Rausch

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My father told me his older brother worked there after high school and people I talked to said they had some connection with either the mill or that community. My father was born and raised here and my grandmother has lived here most of her life as well as those before her.

I've always had a love for history and respected those that have come before me (not just people but places, things, stories, etc.). Many times, we tend to forget the past and go on. We shouldn't forget who we are and where we came from. Listen and learn from the legends—today they have made us what we are.

Rememberance

Carolann Bledsoe

Early Wednesday morning in the wee hours (2 a.m. to be exact) I got up to go to the restroom. Well, I looked out my bathroom window (which faces west) and noticed the sky was orange, brilliant orange. Slightly dazed and almost fully asleep, I thought, "this isn't right."

FLAMES!! Scared me to death. I thought something at the end of the street was on fire because the flames were well above the tree-tops. I then proceeded to call Emergency 911. In a panic, I told the operator I lived on Stephens Avenue and saw flames at the end of the street. She calmly told me the old Genesco Factory had caught fire and the fire fighters had it under control at that time, though still burning profusely.

Well, I of course called my parents, and talking to my sleeping father over the phone, I told him that me and the cats would be there if they evacuated the area.

After I hung up, my curiosity overwhelmed me and I decided to drive down Andrew Jackson to observe this event. I noticed several people had stopped to look on so I decided to stop also. I saw many people on porches sadly watching as piece by piece of the historic structure fell. It was as if a portion of their livelihood, a chapter in their lives had come to a close. All media, firemen, policemen and others were there as well.

The next day I found the mill to be the top story of the day. memories from the past, many people making their living there and even starting their lives in the Dallas Mills community.

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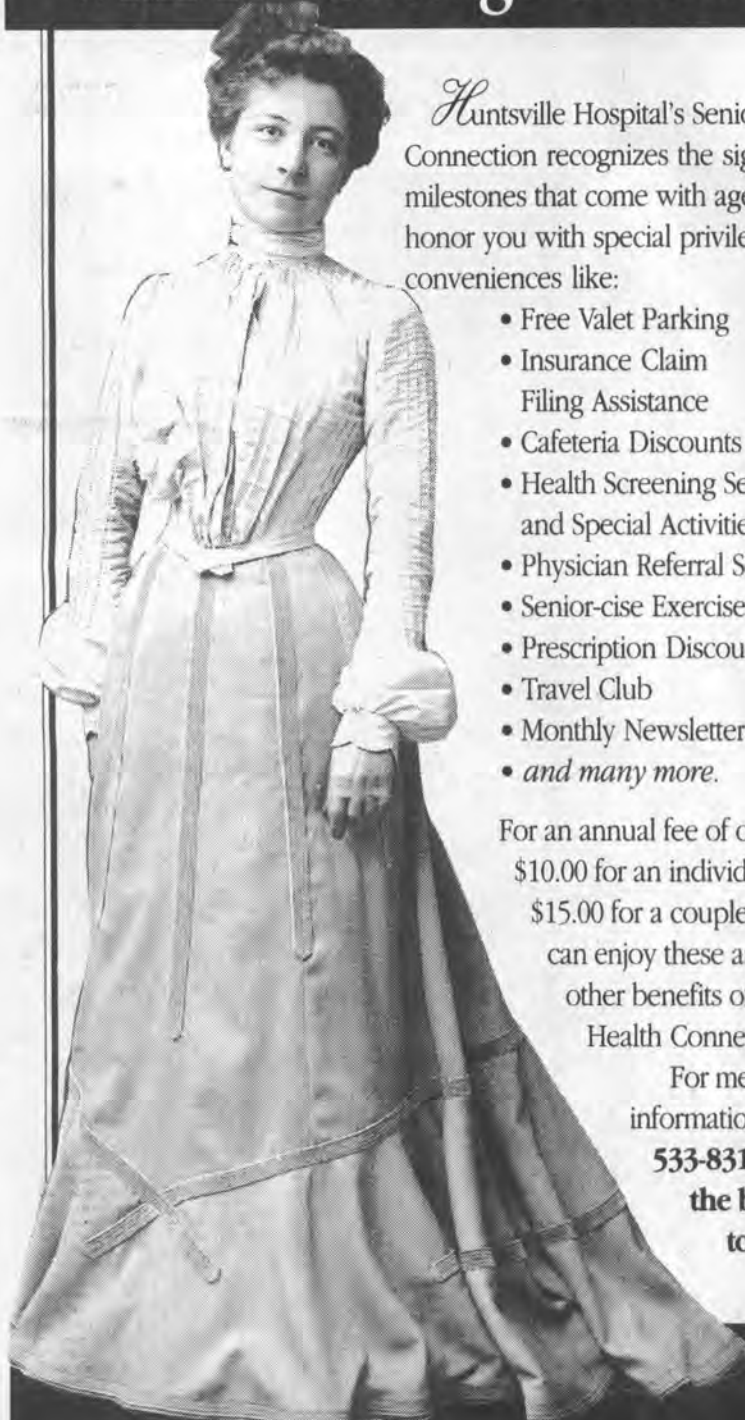
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The Midnight Stalker

G. W. Perriwils—brooding short story author of fantasy and the macabre—stalks the midnight streets of Huntsville. But don't try to find him anywhere, because he is the nom de plume of two collaborating Huntsville writers—William J. (Bill) Wilson and Georgette Perry—both of whom are published poets and fiction writers.

One of their most popular stories, "Luna", which appeared originally in "Twilight Zone Magazine" in the early eighties, has now been anthologized for the third time in Daw's current HorrorStory that includes short stories by such distinguished names as Stephen King and Harlan Ellison. "Luna" retells the ancient Greek myth of Actaeon and Diana in a modern context (quite appropriate for Huntsville) where Actaeon is cast as a NASA astronaut who suffers the terrible consequences incurred by all mortals who knowingly or unknowingly offend the gods. HorrorStory is available at Bookland and other book stores.

Wilson and Perry are two of 23 Alabama fiction writers and poets listed in the 1989-90 "Directory of American Poets and Fiction Writers" and both are members of the Huntsville Literary Association.

square hamburger with a steamed-in onion flavor. Sherill's father, Sam, had founded the Nu-Way Restaurant on North Side Square in Huntsville. He had introduced a square, 5 cent hamburger, that later became a "Krystal".

In 1976, Krystal formed Davco Food, one of the largest Wendy's franchises in the nation. Krystal also acquired "Po Folks" family style restaurants in 1982. In 1983 Krystal introduced a new Krystal logo, a bold red and white version of the original crystal ball that once adorned every store front. Sherill is deceased and today's company CEO is Rody Davenport, III, who has served the company for some time. Carl D. Long is President, and Rody Sherrill is Vice-President of Real Estate and Construction.

The Krystal

By James S. Record, Sr.

The largest family-owned, non-franchised fast food service in the United States - the Krystal - in a sense began in Huntsville because a Madison County man, Joseph Glenn Sherrill of Gurley, was a co-founder, with Rudy Davenport, Jr. They opened their first restaurant at the corner of 7th and Cherry Streets in downtown Chattanooga during October of 1932. There is still a Krystal there today. The Krystal is still known for its small,

I love the outdoors...as long as it has air conditioning, a wet bar and a stereo system.

Edna Pierce

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The best way to get in the last word in an argument with your wife is to say, "Yes, dear."

Jimmy Stone, Jr.

RJI, Huntsville Hospital

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A heaping teaspoon of saltpeter added to each gallon of hot water will make it easier to remove old wallpaper.

Thoroughly washing your hair once or twice with a solution of salt and water will help keep it from falling out.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

When food becomes scorched on the bottom of a good kettle or pan, allow it to cool gradually, then fill with cold water to which baking soda has been added. Slowly bring to a boil, repeating the process if the food has not become softened.

Paint the bottom cellar step white. It may prevent accidents in the dark.

Lemons which have become dry will yield more juice if they are soaked in hot water a few minutes before squeezing.



Money Tips

To avoid bankruptcy, be prepared to spend 30 percent of your earnings raising one child, 40 to 45 percent for two children, and 50 percent for three.

You must work for a minimum of 10 years to qualify for Social Security benefits. The biggest payments go to people who have been employed for 35 years or longer with fewest interruptions.

Get rid of those charge cards. It's much too easy to just sign your name and worry about paying later. The finance charge will eat up whatever savings you may enjoy at the time you purchase, unless you're able to pay off the charge within a month.

My wife and I decide everything together; I make the decision and she changes it.

*Jamie Cooper
Country Rover*

If I had known that marriage could be this wonderful, I would have done it lots more times.

*Jan Crabtree
Medical Technician*

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or are we all so out of touch?*

*No matter what city you're in
A kind word or even a grin.
It's just what's inside we're risking
here,
Not just the time we hold so dear.*

*So remember the next time we meet,
Please look at my face, and not my
feet!*

Sonya



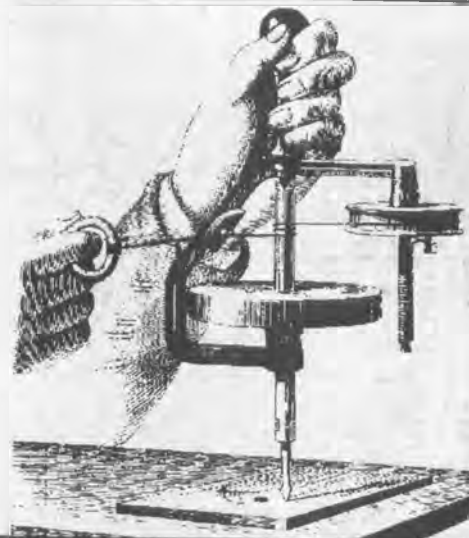
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*Ken Gentle, Manager
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*Never leave a child, a gun, and a
babysitter alone in the same house.*

*Dave Hawkins
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*A dog and a guitar may be a man's
best friend, but they're hell
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*Billy Lee
Musician*

*I looked at her and I loved her...and
then her husband stood up and I
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Chet Kramer

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To Your Health

During our lifetime, four out of five of us will experience at least one disabling back ailment. Back ailments are responsible for 18 million visits to the doctor in a year and are the second leading cause of hospitalization.

Probably the most common injury to the back is simple muscle strain. A muscle that is pulled but does not stretch may tear. It doesn't take very much physical exertion to cause muscle strain. Simply reaching for the phone or bending over to pick something up can trigger a sudden twinge of pain that may linger for days. Ligaments can be subjected to the same strain that muscles are—and can suffer similar injuries. A torn ligament in the back can repair itself. A tense, taut muscle that is subjected to pressure too great for it to bear may go into a sudden, intensely painful spasm. The knotted tissue of a muscle spasm is nature's way of telling you that you have pushed yourself beyond your limits and it is a warning to you to stop. The instinctive response of a victim of muscle spasm is to lie down and take the pressure off his back—which may be the best move to help the healing process do its job. A more serious disorder of the back is one or more ruptured disks. This condition may, in some cases, be successfully treated only by surgery.

A primary cause for back problems are the bad habits that we allow ourselves to practice in our own particular lifestyle. A great deal of back pain can be avoided altogether, and damage of back problems significantly reduced, through lifestyle changes that are within the grasp of the average person. Eating sensibly can help control weight and by doing so reduce strain on the muscles of the back. Getting adequate and proper exercise can increase the strength and flexibility of the muscles that support the spine. Paying special attention to lifting, sitting, and walking in ways that lessen back strain also can

reduce the incidence of back pain. Probably the most frequent cause of a back ailment, which could be very serious, is through improper lifting, or otherwise adding pressure on your lower back.

This can happen very easily when you least expect it, i.e., lifting a bag of groceries out of the trunk of your car, or reaching out with a garden trimmer to cut back your bushes. Holding a load far out in front of you when you lift makes your back muscles work harder. This generates even more pressure on your lower back.

You can do a lot to reduce back strain by lifting properly. Some things to remember include positioning your feet firmly on the ground prior to lifting, bend your knees—never at the waist, let the powerful muscles of your legs do the work, don't twist while you are lifting, and hold the load as close to the body as possible.

The structure of the spine has been described as a wonder of biological engineering. But as well-constructed as the bones, muscles, ligaments, and disks of the spine are, they need additional strength and support. Through misuse and nonuse, and a host of bad habits, many of us have allowed the back to become weak and vulnerable to pain and physical breakdown. If you experience back pain that is more than simply annoying—and it hurts to move, the best thing to do is to get into bed and rest that sore back. Other home remedies include the application of low heat to the affected area, taking some aspirin or other pain reliever, and/or a gentle massage. Often, ice packs placed on the back immediately after the injury are very effective. Most importantly, if after three or four days rest the condition persists and there is no improvement, your doctor should be contacted with no further delay.

Dr. Annelie M. Owens

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We hope we will continue to bring you Huntsville's history in the same manner as we have in the past.

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VEGETABLES:

Such as broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower and brussels sprouts, each rich in fiber.

SKIM MILK:

If you can digest it, the ideal intake is two 8-ounce glasses per day.

FISH:

Aim for fish as a main dish at least three times a week. Any fish, including fatty kinds, are fine—the fish oil may be protective.

VEGETABLE OIL:

Safflower, sunflower, corn, soybean, olive.

FACTS & FIGURES



RUMORS & HEARSAY

Old Huntsville Trivia

1877

Huntsville suffers from weather problems. The temperature is 14 degrees below zero, with a 15 inch snow on the ground. Icebergs are reported floating in the Tennessee River.

1879

The first phonograph is demonstrated in Huntsville. It was shown at the Huntsville Female Seminary and the admission was 50¢ per person. The money went toward the purchase of song books.

1889

Coal oil is discovered on the farm of T. B. Crawford, three and a half miles from downtown Huntsville.

1880

City editor Frank Coleman is involved in a gunfight with two federal marshals. Thirteen shots were fired but no one was hit.

1882

Huntsville hires its first black policemen, Joe Scales and Robert Brandon. Madison County also had the only black legislator in Alabama that year, W. P. Williams.

1889

Businesses downtown are draped in black, mourning the death of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy.

1889

In an effort to improve Huntsville's baseball team, the managers advertise for new talent. When approached by a tall gangly lad, they turned him down flat. They just didn't figure Ty Cobb was worth \$75 a month.

1899

Joe Wheeler, a general in the Spanish American War, visits Huntsville and is presented with a horse as a gift. The last time he visited Huntsville, in uniform, he was a general for the Confederacy.

1908

The first local automobile agency and garage opens at 212 Washington Street. The owners were W. T. Harris and James W. Johnson.

1913

W. J. Austiss of Scottsboro rents the old Gurley City Hall to install Gurley's first moving picture theater. Lemonade and roasted peanuts were sold as refreshments.

Behind every successful man, there is a woman...telling him to take out the garbage.

*Thomas Frazier
Writer*

There is no money in politics, unless you get elected.

*Jim Morris
Mechanic*





The Story Of Uncle Matt

By Thomas Frazier

Of all the stories to come out of old Huntsville, perhaps none is as touching as the story told about Uncle Matt.

No one is sure where Uncle Matt was born. One source claims that he was born near Hazel Green, while another says he was from middle Alabama. But all agree that he was born a slave. After the Civil War and emancipation, he settled in Huntsville near Spring Street. His home was a ramshackle affair that would shake every time the wind would blow. In the winter the icy winds would blow right through his home. In his backyard he raised a small garden and a few pigs.

In order to earn a living, he collected slop. A slop collector was probably the most despised job in Huntsville. With his makeshift wagon he would go from door to door, collecting the edible leftovers and scraps from people's meals, then haul the whole stinking mess out to some farm. The farmer would buy the slop to feed his pigs with, paying Uncle Matt almost nothing for his hard work.

Uncle Matt made quite a sight, with his snow white hair, ragged clothes and flea-bitten hat. His wagon was a home-made affair pulled by two young calves. But regardless of how ridiculous he must have looked, everyone agreed that he was a proud man. According to one oldtimer in Huntsville, whose grandfather lived during that time, Uncle Matt was proud to be free and able to earn his own living. Even after he had become an old man, he refused to take any type of charity, unless he could pay for it.

In 1899 soldiers of the 69th in New York were stationed in Huntsville. Most of the soldiers were from up north and when they first saw Uncle Matt and his home-made wagon pulled by two calves, they thought it was the most hilarious and ridiculous sight they had ever seen. Every day Uncle Matt would drive his team to the soldier's bivouac area and collect their slop. And every day he would be surrounded by laughing and jeering soldiers. Uncle Matt would just sit there in his wagon, holding his reins tightly, with his head held high.

In order to earn a living, he collected slop. A slop collector was probably the most despised job in Huntsville.

Slowly over the next few weeks and months, the laughter and jeers began to subside. The soldiers began to respect the proud old man who was determined to make his own way. It became a common sight to see soldiers, off-duty, helping Uncle Matt load his wagon with slop. One story that has been passed down claims that the soldiers all chipped in and bought Matt a young mule to pull his wagon with.

The next morning, the mule was back in the soldiers' corral and Uncle Matt had his wagon hitched to the cows again. He never really gave an explanation; he just refused to be beholden.

The Spanish-American War was just over in 1899 and the 69th was ordered to New York to march in the Victory Parade. It was the custom at the time for an important dignitary to lead the parades: Someone that all the men admired and respected, someone who could be held up as a hero, someone who was brave and courageous.

Look closely in your history books, and you will read that when the 69th regiment marched down Fifth Avenue in New York, it was led by a man that fit all of that criteria.

Uncle Matt, with his ragged clothes, flea-bitten old hat and his ramshackle wagon pulled by two cows led the parade to the shouts and applause of thousands of spectators who had gathered to welcome their soldiers home.

And he held his head high, proud to be free.



Little Gem Hamburgers

When I was overseas during World War II, I dreamed not of Mom's apple pie or Southern fried chicken; I dreamed of "Little Gems". There were times when I would have hocked my soul for just one Little Gem—juiced up a bit, or course. There are probably other places in the world where these culinary delights are made, but if there are places besides Huntsville I've never been lucky enough to find them.

Several places in Huntsville sold French fried hamburgers over the years, including "Major Hoople's Owl Club"—but "The Little Gem Cafe" (presided over by chief supreme Tooney Summers) in the front of Mr. Bill Payne's pool hall, east side Courthouse Square, was hamburger heaven to me. Later my wife and children came to enjoy them as much as me, until we were shattered by its closing in the 1960's. And though there are places like Big Spring Cafe and Mullin's Drive-In which would carry on the tradition, I decided to do the same in my own kitchen.

- The ingredients:
- hamburger meat
 - Wesson Oil
 - buns
 - mustard
 - chopped onions

The process:
Fry hamburger patties in dry skillet on high heat, both sides to seal in juices—about one minute each side. Drop patties in Wesson Oil preheated in deep pan to hot but not boiling vigorously. Oil should completely cover the patties. Let simmer for at least one hour, but longer if desired.

The eating:
Fish out patties, place on bun, juice bun a little by splashing with spatula, if juice is your thing.

Add mustard and chopped onions, close bun.
Have a joyous and ecstatic experience by biting sensually into this mouth-watering morsel.

Walter S. Terry

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The Salesman

Clarence Scott, Sales Manager of Old Huntsville Magazine, was having a terrible day. After burning two tanks of gas, spending hours on the telephone with no results, he finally is able to talk to one shop owner, only to be told that they advertise only with the Huntsville Times.

Clarence, after trying every trick in the book, resorts to the standard sure-sell routine. Dropping to his knees, with a tear in his eye and both hands clasped in front of him, he tells the owner, "But sir, everyone loves to read Old Huntsville, it has all the old stories in it that people love to read."

"Yeah, I know," replied the shopkeeper. "But the Huntsville Times does the stories before they get old".

Congratulations to Bo & Robin on the birth of their new son David. He weighed somewhere over 8 pounds and fortunately looks like his mother.

An Offer He Couldn't Refuse

Ben Turner likes to tell the story about how his father bamboozled a bunch of Yankees on a land deal one time here in Huntsville.

Old man Turner was a dirt farmer. His land was so poor that the only thing he ever raised was children. He had nine of them. But even though it was poor land, it was paid for and it was home.

Well, this bunch of Yankees come to him back in about 1940 and they say to him, "Mr. Turner, we want to buy your land. We'll pay you a good price for it".

Mr. Turner, he has no interest in selling and he says, "Thanks, but no thanks."

In about a month or two, these Yankees come back and they say, "Mr. Turner, we want your land and we'll pay a big price for it."

"No thanks," again says Mr. Turner. That night, sitting around the woodburning stove, Mr. Turner tells his wife about the latest offer. "Wife," he says, "Them Yankees just won't take no for an answer. I'm a good mind to teach them a lesson. If they want this place so bad, I'll make them a price sky high and if they pay it, well, it'll serve them right!"

So the following week, the price was set and the offer came in. Mr. Turner sold his land, which soon became part of Redstone Arsenal, for \$35 an acre.

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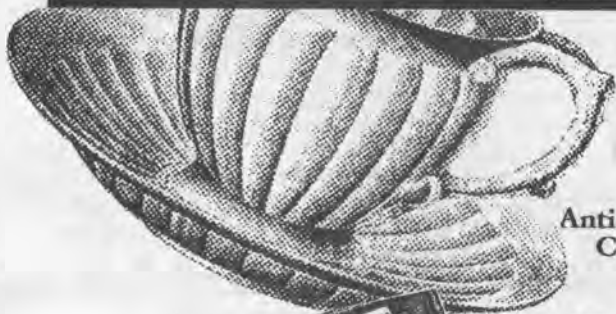


Refreshing

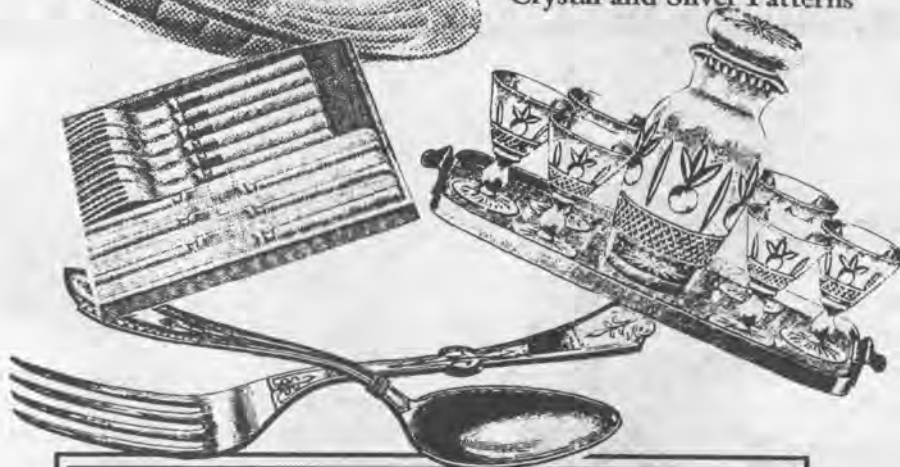
If you like Crystal Lite in the summer, try this: Use one packet of the lemonade, and one packet of the iced tea flavor. Pour over crushed ice, and drink. Great thirst quencher!

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Keys

When you are young you
Beg for them.
When you are an adult you
Are in charge of them.
But when you get old you
Have to hunt for them.

Author unknown
Sent in by Bea Copeland

*She is my best friend and my part-
ner. She is my wife and I love her.*
Tom Carney

*Never look a gift horse in the
mouth. It could have bad breath.*
Dale Cassidy
Sales Coordinator

*This whole business with kids and
sex is ridiculous. We were doing it
back before it even became
fashionable.*
Name withheld
93 year old lady in retirement
home

*A garden can be a beautiful thing,
if someone else is paying for it.*
Bill Nance
Landscape Designer

*Why don't they move the Arts
Center to Brahan Springs?*
Lois Windham
Volunteer worker



True Legends From The Grave Part 2 of a short serial thriller!

By John Crow

The last episode focused on the tragic death in 1835 of the young Mary Chambers Bibb, and how her heartbroken husband supposedly buried her upright in her rocking chair where her ghost still rocks to this day. This episode will tell of an equally bizarre legend and some of the facts known about it. Consider the following:

Late one mist-shrouded night, a passerby sees strange lights coming from Maple Hill Cemetery. As he cautiously creeps across Wells Avenue for a closer look, he faintly hears a peculiar chanting. Abruptly the chanting stops and the lights vanish, but not before he sees several shadows dart and then melt among the dark tombstones. Terrified, he runs from the scene. A close inspection of the alleged site in the cold light of the following morning reveals only a silver half-dollar and an odd, sticky-sweet, winelike smell.

For generations, and for their own mysterious reasons, the Gypsies have covertly buried their queens at Maple Hill Cemetery. On certain special holy days the tribal elders will hold secret seances at the cemetery to commune with the queen's spirits for guidance in making important decisions. So adept and stealthy are they at this that very rarely have they ever been seen, and then, only to vanish with nary a trace.

Gypsies—the very name conjures up romantic images of the mysterious and the occult. The name “gypsy” is a derivative of Egyptian, since Egypt is where it was commonly believed all gypsies originated. Unfortunately, the concept that most of us have

concerning gypsies was created by Hollywood. Be that as it may, gypsies have been in the Tennessee Valley for generations, how long I don't exactly know, but I have found references to them as far back as the Civil War. But how did there come to be an association between the gypsies and Maple Hill Cemetery?

In the early 1900's, at the old California Street and Wells Avenue intersection, was an entrance to the cemetery. The local children would gather there on a summer's evening. After sufficient “hushing” and “shushing”, the children would finally settle down and then repeat all together, “Old Indian, what are you doing there”? They would listen intently for a reply, which might or might not come, depending upon their state of excitement and self-inflicted fear.

Not far from the cemetery entrance at that very same intersection, sometime in the early 1930's, a large group of gypsies did gather to mourn the death of their “queen”. Apparently the poor woman had taken ill while leading the group through town. She was buried, though the site is uncertain, after a long night's vigil of prayers and chanting. That was the beginning of the “Gypsy Queen” legend.

Another event occurred in 1959 that continued to feed the legend. At this time a celebrated Decider palm reader by the name of Lena Mitchell passed away. She acquired the nickname “Queen of the Gypsies” when 300 or so gypsies attended her funeral in Decider, Alabama, and performed burial rites at Maple Hill Cemetery

in Huntsville.

Mrs. Mitchell died on August 21 at the Hartselle Hospital. While she lay in state at a Decatur funeral home, caravans of gypsies from several surrounding states began arriving over the next two days. Many of them camped in the funeral home parking lot.

The actual funeral was performed by a Catholic priest in Decider. Afterwards, there was a long procession that drove the 25 miles to Maple Hill for the burial. As the casket was lowered into the grave, the gypsies showered it with silver coins. Then, in accordance with their archaic customs, they changed prayers and poured grape juice over the plot.

It's obvious that the two gypsy ladies buried in Maple Hill Cemetery were respected and venerable members of their tribe. The use of the term "queen" however, is a misnomer; gypsy tribes don't use such ranks of royalty.

Even so, the stories will persist, and someday you may hear of an incident when on a dark, misty night the gypsy elders returned to the cemetery to confer with the spirits of their long dead queens.

(Next episode—Yankee General Takes on "Johnny Reb")

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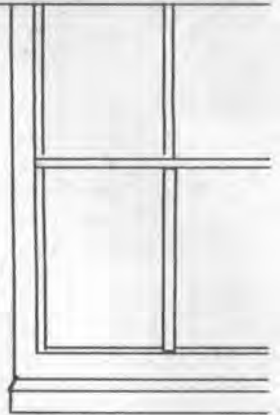
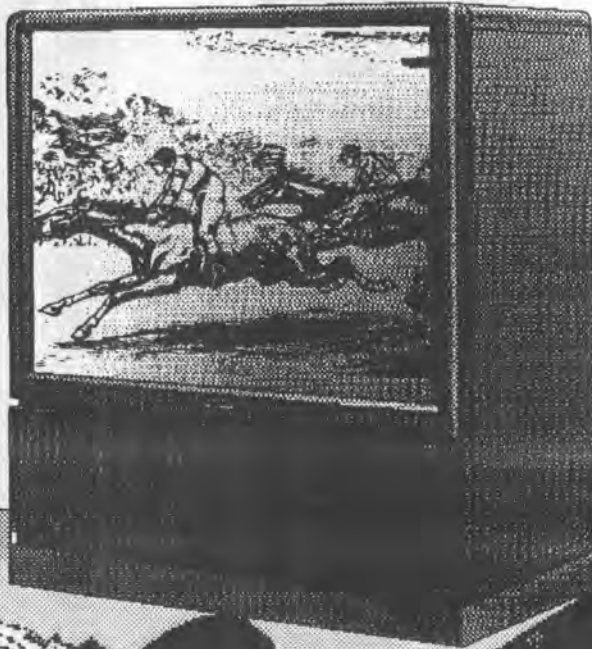
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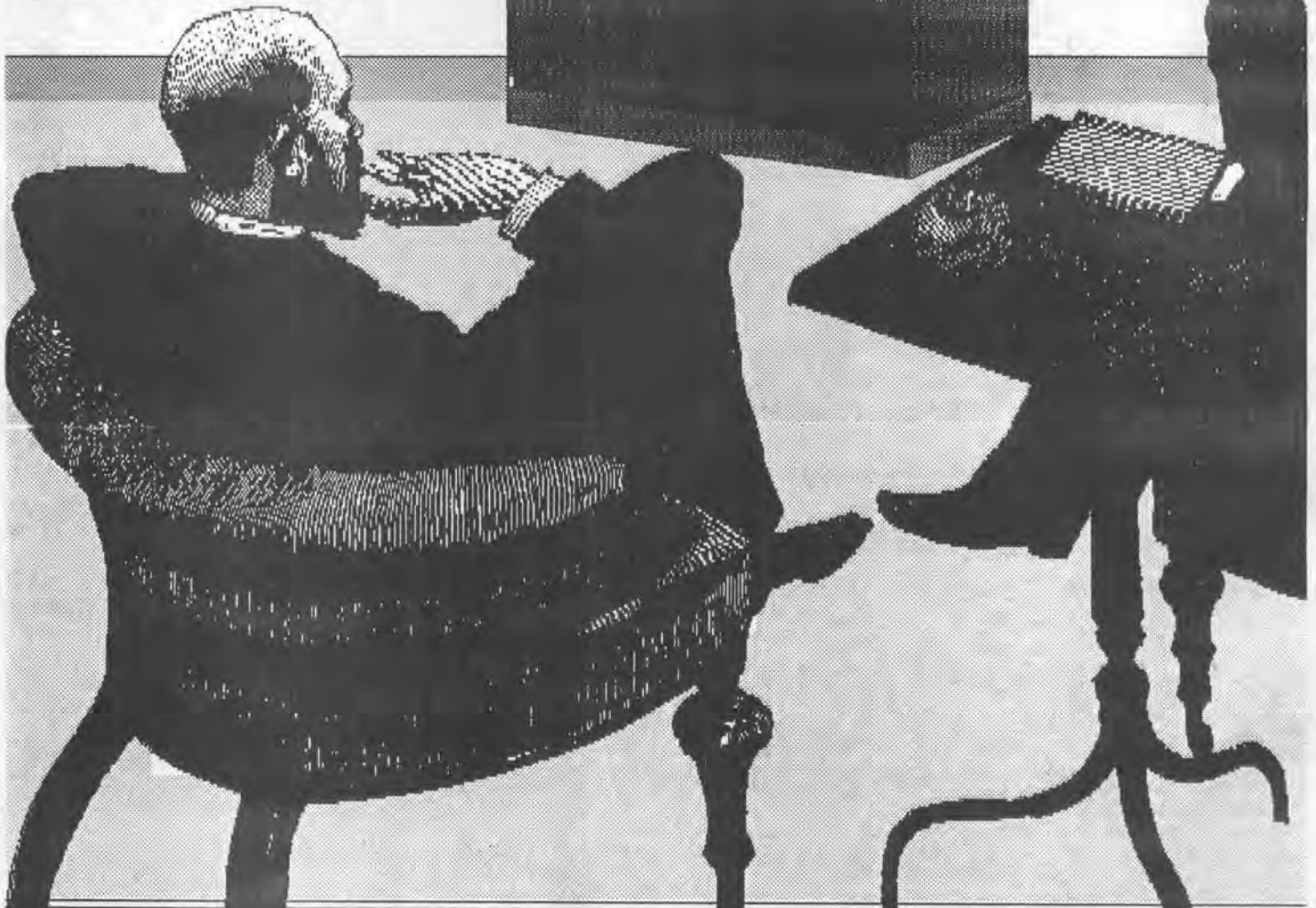
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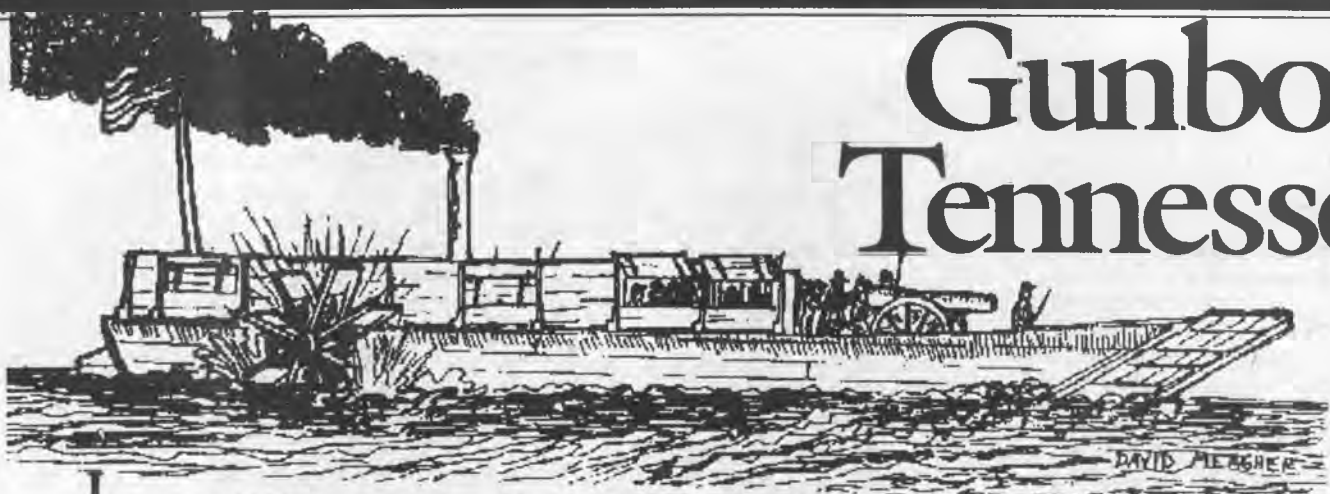


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Gunboat Tennessee



In June of 1862 the upper Tennessee River was considered part of an unofficial "frontier" between the armies of the North and South. Forces of both sides were then very much on the move.

General Ormsby Mitchel, Federal Commander occupying Huntsville since April, was flooded with reports of enemy cavalry crossing the river and he found it difficult to sort out facts from rumors as his local watchers proved to be unreliable.

He concluded that it was necessary for him to have a gunboat with which to patrol the river and provide water-borne support to an upcoming Union thrust at Chattanooga.

Thus his home-made "Gunboat Tennessee" was born of necessity and built using whatever availability and ingenuity dictated.

The "Cotton Clad" was fabricated from an old ferry that ran from the Whitesburg side of the Tennessee River to the opposite shore. It was but fifty-two feet long and twelve feet wide. The sides had barricades filled with cotton to protect the men on the boat from the guns of guerrillas on the south bank of the river. A ten-pounder Parrott cannon was the main armament along with an Infantry Company with their rifles. The craft was propelled by a stationary sawmill engine "liberated" from a mill just north of Huntsville near the entrance of Limestone Creek.

Later difficulties arose when the locally-cast fly wheel cracked and the improvised reversing gearing constantly required repair. In fact, it was reported in the

Cincinnati, Ohio "Gazette" by a Union reporter that "an attempt to run our new gunboat a little faster than was proper, resulted in a slight derangement of her machinery. She lies upon this side of the Tennessee, near Triana, and is evidently a terrible eyesore to the Rebels, as twice yesterday they appeared upon the opposite side of the river and fired upon the boat, seriously impeding the progress of the workmen".

After her "sea trials" the Gunboat Tennessee made but one trip upriver and fought but one battle in her short-lived existence.

In an official dispatch to his superiors, General Mitchel stated, "On tomorrow morning my troops will be opposite Chattanooga, supported, as I hope, by my new gunboat, The Tennessee". His pride and joy was later contemptuously described by General Buell as "an old flatboat in which he (Mitchel) had rigged the machinery of a sawmill, incapable of harming anything or resisting anything".

However, with its reputation still unsullied, the "dreadnought" started for Chattanooga and on the way fought its only real engagement—the "Battle of Law's Landing".

Dr. John A. Wyeth of Gunter'sville, later a famous surgeon, and just 16 years old at the time, described the engagement almost as if it came from a "dime novel". He relates that it was "such a slow tub that they knew it was coming six hours before it arrived—a man on horseback who saw it leave had brought the news." The local sheriff said "up-stream it could run all day under the shade of a leaning sycamore, while going the other

way the current went by it so fast it made your head swim".

Twenty men and boys on mules and horses reached Law's Landing, just north of Gunter'sville, in time to see the U.S. Gunboat Tennessee pass at a snail's pace closely hugging the northern bank of the river. They rode ahead to a point where the channel was very narrow, dismounted and hid, entirely concealed in the thick growth of cane on the south bank. Dr. Wyeth further described the action "as the queer-looking boat came puffing toward us, the Yankee crew was sitting here and there on top of the bulwarks evidently enjoying the scenery and the sunshine. We turned loose our fusillade of 20 double-barrelled shotguns and the Blue Coats disappeared into the hold unanimously!" Soon afterwards the crew evidently opened up on the ambushers with their long range rifles and they later confessed that they heard the singing whiz of a swarm of Minie bullets for the first time as well as the cannon's shrapnel. Notwithstanding the deadly seriousness of the encounter, the account becomes almost hilarious as they describe their flight with the animals plunging and stampeding. The Doctor's mule, unable to break his tether, had run around and around the hitching tree until his head was so close to the bark that he could not untie the knot and he was forced to reverse and "unwind" his mule. Long after the war, the famous surgeon learned that actually only one Yankee had been slightly wounded but their volley had caused a "temporary panic".

The saucy little ship proceeded upriver and she was again fired on by a party gathered around the house of a notorious bushwacker. Mr. Medico, the "Gazette" reporter, wrote, "A shell or two dispersed them and the boat went on its way. The owner of the house was not satisfied as he went out and found a shell which had not exploded. After picking at it, he threw it into the fire. A tremendous explosion shook the roof off the house, and, terrible to relate, the fragments of the exploded shell tore a leg from the man, shockingly mangled his wife, took off his son's arm, and killed one of his daughters outright".

The proud little gunboat never did arrive to support any military action against Chattanooga as on the way it just could not overcome the swift and treacherous waters of the river—obstacles known as "The Suck", and "The Boiling Pot".

Nevertheless, as she cruised the river, it was reported in the press that "she was a terror to all groups of Rebels attempting to cross to the northern side. In addition, every rebellious little village on the south side was compelled to haul down its "Rebel flag".

It finally became apparent that the craft could not answer the purpose for which it was built as the machinery was constantly getting out of order. General Mitchel was also afraid it would one day become unmanageable and be taken by guerrillas, who would destroy the boat and take the gun.

The little gunboat was taken downriver to Decatur, stripped of its armament and there relegated for use as a ferryboat for horses and mules.

This then is a pitiful end to our saga of early Naval action on the upper Tennessee, however, there can be no doubt that this primitive craft did pave the way for considerable warship construction at Bridgeport, Alabama some years later, culminating in the wanton destruction of Guntersville, Alabama.

Donald H. Steenburn
Colonel, USA-Ret.
Madison, Alabama

The Gypsies

Apparently the glorious days of the carefree vagabond gypsies are over. I haven't heard or seen any physical evidence of them now is over 50 years. Back in the 1920's, they came in covered wagons to our small Southern town, pitched tents on the outskirts and camped for weeks at the time. Their unique lifestyle attracted me to no end and with wild imagination and excitement I viewed in awe those strange people whose life was so different from mine.

I was warned by my elders to stay away from where they were because they were lazy, had no fixed dwelling and were without means of an honest livelihood.

The women wore long bright colored purple or blue velvet dresses and sparkling swinging earrings that hung down to their shoulders. Each finger, on both hands, had at least one ornate ring and their chests were covered in a mass of dangling beads that would start every dog barking within hearing distance as they shouted out "We can tell your fortune! Come let us read your future from our crystal ball! You may never have this opportunity again!" The men were dressed oddly also with bright red and yellow sashes around their waists and forehead and decorated boots. They could cleverly play a violin and dance at the same time as the children sashayed around in their soiled worn clothes that didn't seem to bother them one bit. They appeared to be one big happy family jingling their tambourines and keeping in step with the music.

Garden Cove

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September Topic "Cooking with whole grains"

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They would come riding into town in horsedrawn wagons, then split up into small groups going in every direction in and out of shops pretending to look for something special but never buying anything. I would stop and listen with great curiosity as they loudly chatted to each other using strange words and phrases that I was unable to understand. I supposed gypsies had a language all their own. Some proprietors would miss items from their counters and complain to the law, but their slight of hand technique was so skillfully mastered it was impossible to catch them in the act of stealing. Every day we heard another story about their sticky fingers or how someone foolishly lost their money having their fortune told by "Madame Evelyn". In exasperation some of

the church women of the town talked about going out where they were camped and try to evangelize them, but the city fathers advised against it.

Usually after a few weeks the gypsies became restless and moved on, much to the relief of everyone. Stretching my memory a bit it seems like I can recall an old classic English nursery rhyme that reminds me of those unique but happy people and a phase of American life that is gone forever.

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark
The beggars are coming to town
Some in rags, some in tags, and
Some in velvet gowns!"

Helen Miller
Excerpt from "To Live and Die in Dixie"

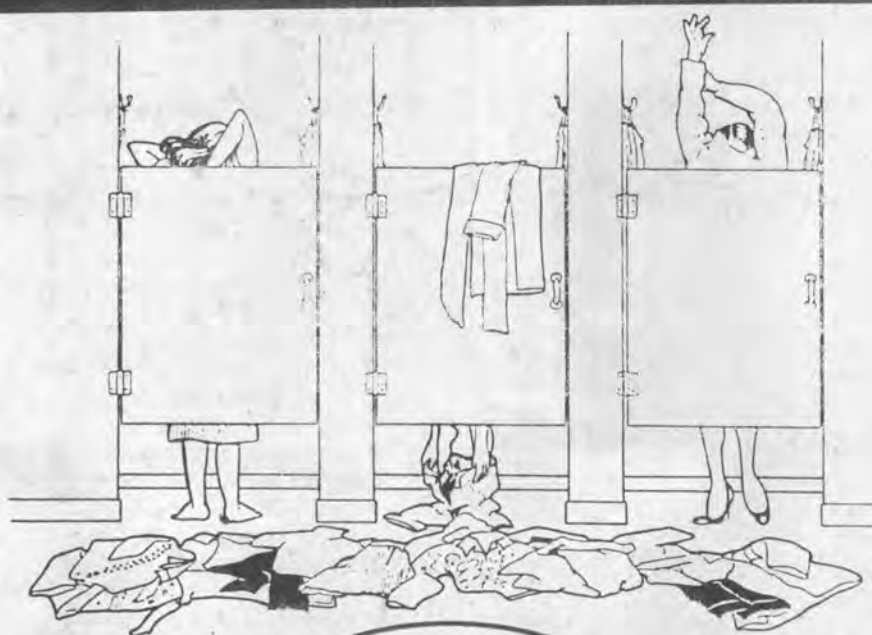


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The Fall Fashions Are Here!

*I need no money to make me
happy, just give me a credit card.*
Linda Wilde (married three
months)

*Seen on the corner of Drake and
Parkway: Two panhandlers on
opposite corners. The first one is
holding a sign saying "I'm
hungry, I will work for food."
Across the street on the opposite
corner the other panhandler is
holding a sign that says, "I'm
honest...how about a donation."*

*No, I don't drink lemonade any-
more. The last time I did, it cost
me \$100,000.*

Tony Mason

It's cheaper to keep her.

Larry Morris

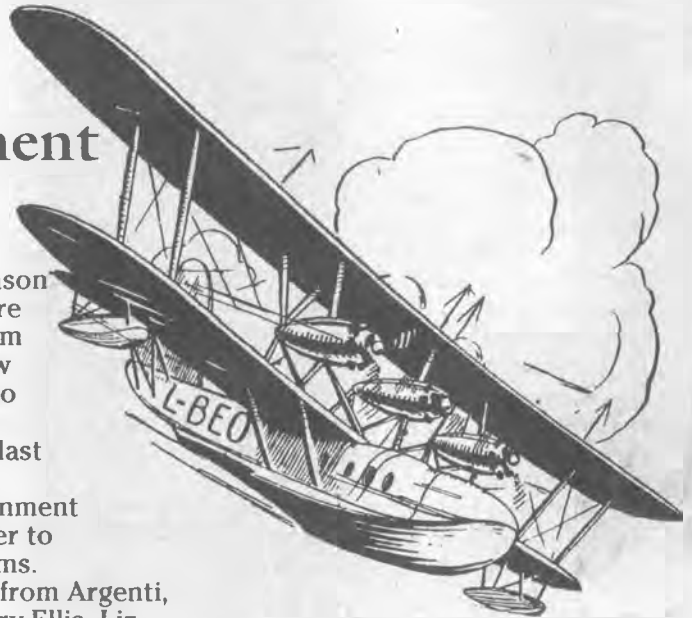


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Rebuild Your Wardrobe Through Consignment Shopping

It's another season and once again you are faced with the problem of how to afford a new wardrobe, and what to do with your perfectly good wardrobe from last season.

Upscale consignment shops have the answer to both of these problems. Brand name clothing from Argenti, Barbard Barbara, Perry Ellis, Liz Claibourne and more are available in a tremendous selection of sizes and styles, at less than half the cost of clothing purchased at other stores. And these shops can select



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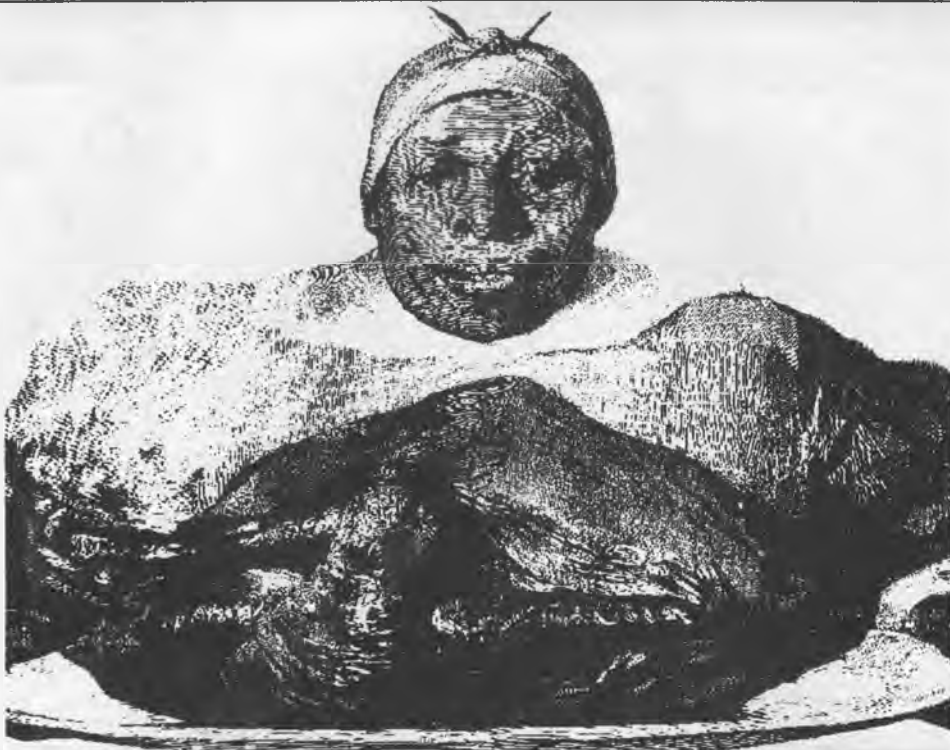
Consignment buying makes sense economically as items that might have been discarded can be

used again. And what other boutiques can sell you a

dress, shoes, earrings and lingerie for any occasion for under \$70.

Consignment shop owners are ready to help you find the wardrobe items you have always wanted but didn't think you could afford. Stop in and experience the boutique atmosphere, helpful people, and bargains you won't believe.

Wendy Bohannon
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FAMOUS RECIPES

Dump Cake

1 large can crushed pineapple
1 can cherry pie filling
1 cup chopped pecans
2 sticks margarine
1 box yellow cake mix

Dump crushed pineapple in 9 x 13 inch ungreased pan and spread evenly. Don't drain. Dump cherry pie filling, spreading evenly over the pineapple. Dump yellow cake mix (do not add eggs, water, etc.), spreading evenly over cherry pie filling. Spread chopped pecans over mixture. Slice margarine into pats and place on top. Bake one hour at 350.

Granny Fresh Apple Cake

2 eggs
2 c/ sugar
2 sticks Parkay, softened
1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp soda
1 tbl cinnamon
3 c. diced apples
1 1/2 c. chopped pecans

Mix thoroughly first six ingredients. Mix in flour. Stir in apples and nuts. Spray Bundt pan with Pam (is this in the old days?) Drop mixture evenly in pan and bake in 300 degree oven one to two hours. Cake will be dense and very moist.

Mississippi Mud Cake

1 c. oleo
1/3 c. cocoa
4 eggs
2 c. sugar
1 1/2 c. sifted flour
1 c. chopped pecans
1 jar marshmallow creme

ICING
1 stick oleo (margarine)
1/2 c. cocoa
1/2 c. evaporated milk
1 box powdered sugar
1 c. chopped pecans

Melt oleo and cocoa together. Using large bowl, cream sugar, flour and eggs together. Add cocoa mixture. Add pecans. Pour into greased 9 x 13 inch pan. Bake at 350 for 30 minutes. While still hot, spread 1/2 jar of marshmallow creme on top.

ICING: Mix oleo and cocoa. Add evaporated milk, powdered sugar and pecans. Mix and pour over marshmallow creme. Cool before serving.

Cheese Cake Cookies

1/3 c. brown sugar, packed
1 c. all purpose flour
1/2 c. pecans
1/3 c. melted butter

Mix all together and take out 2/3 cup of mixture. Put mix onto bottom of 8 x 8 inch pan. Bake at 350 for 15 minutes. Let cool.

Mix the cheese and sugar til creamy. Add remaining ingredients. Pour over baked crust and sprinkle 2/3 cup crust mixture over the top. Bake at 350 for 25 minutes. Refrigerate overnight before cutting into squares, if you can stand not trying it.

HANDY TIPS

The Wood Shop

FOR THE HOME

Let's look at houses this Month.

A new house shouldn't have problems, unless the workmanship is not good. Certain areas of Huntsville, Birmingham and Atlanta have similar districts of old homes, many of which have problems. I have listed a few questions that have been asked by people looking for an older home to purchase.

Question: "I want to buy an old home in the downtown area. who should I call to come look at the wooden parts of the house?"

Answer: You will need to call several (2-3) contractors to look at the house. Get turnkey bids on cost to complete. Before you call the contractors, look underneath the house. This is the best place to start looking. Find yourself a good idea of what the cost of the repairs will be. Find yourself a good pest control inspector and crawl under with him. Check for termites, ants, beetles, mildew, rot, etc. especially in the floorjoists and around the foundation walls. Find a reliable contractor, and have him thoroughly check the house out for other potential problems.

Question: "What type of wood should I use for my new deck?"

Answer: There are several types to choose from. Redwood, western cedar, cypress and treated lumber, just to name the basics. Redwood is soft and expensive. Cypress is very expensive. Western cedar seems to splinter occasionally. For most homes, treated lumber is the best choice.

To ask a question concerning wood, write:

Jordan & Jordan Co., Inc./4925 University Drive/Suite 176-196/Huntsville, Alabama 35816; Attention: Anything Wood. We'll try to have all the answers. (205)534-4222/ located at 601 Washington Street

OLD HUNTSVILLE

*Old Huntsville
Was there ever such a thing?
It lives mainly now in the
Minds of those of advanced age.*

*I know it mainly thirty years back
As a boy, a transplant from a
Bordering northern state.
Homes were thrown up expediently
back then.*

*I saw old Huntsville in the eyes of
aged, black gardeners
On my walks to town.
They had an affection for the
Curious white boy who smiled at
them.*

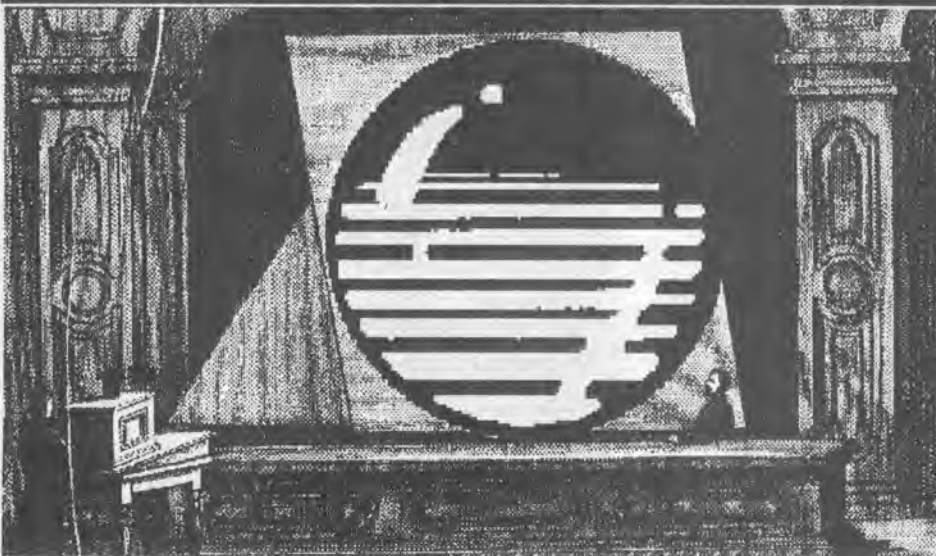
*They were like grandfathers
Who would stop their work
For the boy who knew
Nothing of segregation.*

*The first black boy in school
Was so open and unafraid
We made friends and are still
friends
To this day.*

*Old Huntsville, you grew up
To become something old,
Something new.
I want your history told.*

Doug Woosley

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VOL. I ISSUE I

Old Mountain Press

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC NORTHEAST GEORGIA

Railroad Preacher

The editor of the "Clarksville Advertiser" had sat down at his desk with a cup of coffee to scan the front page of the latest edition, beneath his own train wreck kills all, engineer crushed his head, peace and quiet, a stranger walked in, "Can I help you?" "ain't dead," "drawed the stranger."

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*How old would you be if you didn't
know how old you were?*

Sacthwel Page

*Constant company leads to serious-
ness*

Tony Mason's Dad

*Bigness don't count... If it did, a
cow could caught a rabbit*

*Scott Ray
Salesman and Ultimate player*



Alabama Witchcraft Trial

The courtrooms in early Alabama history normally dealt with horse thieves, murderers and bushwhackers, but in the late fall of 1822 our courts of law were forced to deal with something totally different. The courts had to render a decision about a woman accused of witchcraft.

History has forgotten the old woman's name. All we know about her is that she lived on the banks of the Flint River. A friendless old crone who had strange ways and was rather aloof, the woman was the talk of the local area. At first, she was spoken of only in whispers, then more boldly until she was publicly accused of being a

witch. It culminated in a warrant for her arrest signed by one of the landed gentry of the community.

The day of the trial was fixed. Excitement ran high and people came from far and near to witness the unusual event. The trial proceeded on time and a great number of witnesses were called to testify, but nothing positive resulted from any of their testimony.

Then a young woman was called to the stand. Her testimony went as follows: One day she was washing down at the creek, and became extremely tired. She sat down at the foot of a beech tree to rest. Soon, the old accused woman came down the tree in the form of a squirrel, with its tail curled over its back, snarled at her and put a spell on her. The sickly girl testified that she had been ill ever since and couldn't sleep due to pain in her stomach that started the day she saw the old woman in the form of the squirrel.

The presiding judge, who seemed to have been in deep study, now seemed quite relieved upon hearing the young lady's testimony. He straightened in his chair and announced that the young woman's testimony was proof positive of the old woman's guilt. His opinion was that he should immediately send her to jail

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FROM TRADITIONAL TO CONTEMPORARY

and began writing the order to put he behind bars.

Shock and dumb amazement settled on the faces of every sensible person in the room—except that of a young Irishman named John Gallagher. Gallagher seemed calm and self-possessed. He rose and modestly asked permission of the court to make a single remark, whereupon he was told by the judge that he could make as many remarks as he wished.

“Then, sir,” began Gallagher, “allow me to remind you that it would be useless to send this woman to jail, for if she really is a witch she could escape through the key-hole; and if she should be innocent, it would be a great pity for her to be sent to prison.”

The old judge was nor more perplexed than ever for he was in a dilemma as to what to do with the old woman and asked young Gallagher his opinion. At this, the sensible young man suggested that the case rest where it was until the Grand Jury met at which time it could be laid before them.

That course of action was accepted, but for one reason or another the case was never taken before the Grand Jury and was never brought up again. It is assumed that the poor old lady lived out her days in peace, left alone, by the banks of the Flint River. And so ended the only witch trial that was ever held in Alabama’s colorful history.

STRANGER THAN LIFE



HARD TO BELIEVE

ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD & WONDERFUL

In 1937, sewing machine heiress Daisy Singer Alexander put her will in a bottle and tossed it into the Thames River near London. It washed up on a beach in San Francisco 12 years later, and, under the terms of the will, the lucky beachcomber who found it inherited half of Daisy’s \$12 million estate.

In 1935 the police in Atlantic City, New Jersey, arrested 42 men on the beach as a result of a crack-down on topless swimsuits on men.

The dimensions of the “Star Spangled Banner”, that Francis Scott Key saw flying over Baltimore’s Fort McHenry “by the dawn’s early light” almost 177 years ago, were 30 feet by 42 feet. The fort’s commander had it made that large so “the British will have no difficulty in seeing it from a distance.”

A young man worked during his teen years as a summer barker at the Slippery Gulch Carnival in Prescott, Arizona. His name was Richard M. Nixon, a famous American political figure.

The Two Paths



AT 15
STUDY & CLEANLINESS



What Will The Boy Become?



AT 15
CIGARETTES & SELF-ABUSE



AT 25
PURITY & ECONOMY



AT 25
IMPURITY & DISSIPATION



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HONORABLE SUCCESS



AT 35
VICE & DEGENERACY



AT 60
VENERABLE OLD AGE



AT 60
MORAL-PHYSICAL WRECK

Taken from Safe Counsel



Your Office May Be Killing You!

Your office and your home may be killing you! There are more than 900 volatile, organic chemicals inside modern sealed buildings that have been identified by a NASA research scientist. But there is proof that indoor plants constantly clean the air of many types of impurities, day and night.

B. C. Wolverton, an environmental engineer who has studied the interaction of plants and air for 20 years with NASA, discovered back in 1984 that ordinary potted houseplants removed formaldehyde from contaminated air. This prompted him to expand to studies of the entire plant system of roots, soil and micro-organisms.

His experiments proved that plants removed as much as 87 percent of toxic air pollutants indoors within 24 hours. These results indicate that pollutants are absorbed through plants; leaves, their roots and the bacteria that live on them. The pollutants are then converted to food.

So far he has tested groups of potted plants in sealed chambers for their consumption of formaldehyde, benzene and trichloroethylene. In the process, he has attracted a host of disciples with his appealing vision of green plants as "clean air machines".

Wolverton's early findings prompted the Associated Landscape Contractors of America to jointly fund a two-year study with NASA for further research, and to create the Foliage for Clean Air Council in Falls Church, Virginia. "We think the work is crucial," says managing director Jan Roy. "The information is relatively new, and we want to get the word out."

"We seal up our buildings to be energy efficient, and in the process we seal in hundreds of indoor air pollutants. They cause headaches and eye irritation and respiratory sickness and lots of

other health problems. People need to know that plants can be a low-tech, low-cost method of reducing indoor pollution."

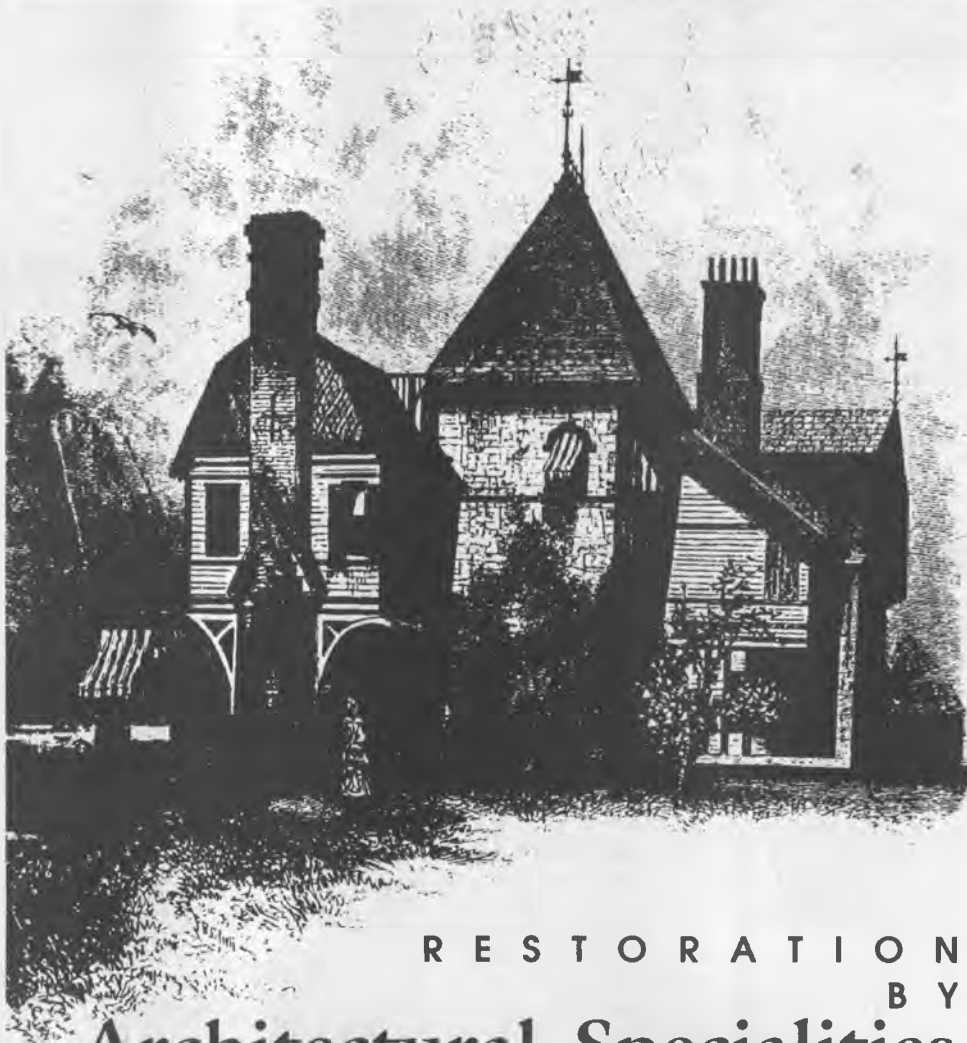
There was some criticism of the findings. "The Wolverton study is a novel approach and we need more novel ideas. But if you present plants as a solution, it prevents looking at the real problem. My approach is to get rid of the indoor pollution at its source," says Thad Godish, professor of

Natural Resources at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana.

Wolverton is slowly assembling a handbook that identifies the best houseplants to remove specific toxins. "I think one day—it may be 20 years from now—houseplants will be legislated into our buildings for their purification qualities."

The following information is provided by Bishop's Plant Leas-

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ing, here in Huntsville, who provided information for that NASA study:

"One potted plant per 100 square feet of floor space can help clean the air in the average home or office. In more sophisticated approaches, new building designs can incorporate plant filtering systems that are built into atri-ums, lobbies and walkways."

Virtually every tropical and indoor plant and many flowering plants are powerful removers of indoor air pollutants. Pictured at the right is a chart of the plants in the NASA study that most effectively removed pollutants from the air:

Pollutant
Formaldehyde

Source
Foam insulation
plywood
clothes
carpeting
furniture
paper goods
household cleaners

Solution
Philodendron
Spider plant
Golden Pothos
Bamboo Palm
Corn Plant
Chrysanthemum
Mother-In-Law

Pollutant
Benzene

Source
Tobacco smoke
plastics
inks
oils
detergents
rubber

Solution
Gerbera daisy
Chrysanthemum
Warneckei
Peace Lily
Lily

Pollutant
Trichloroethylene

Source
dry cleaning
inks
paints
varnishes
lacquers
adhesives

Solution
Gerbera daisy
chrysanthemum
Peace lily
Marginata

Remember The Merrimack

An old Civil War veteran was sitting on a bench in front of the Merrimack stores on Triana Boulevard, holding a cane in front of him. Across the street, a young man visiting the village from New York was talking to some of the local boys hanging out on the Rock in front of the Joe Bradley School. Spying the old man, the young northerner inquired as to who the funny old man was. He was told that he was looking at Merrimack's last Confederate veteran.

The young man, seeing a chance to have some fun, crossed the street and walked up to the old vet. "I guess we whipped you Rebs pretty good," he said in his northern brogue.

The old man, without speaking, rose to his feet and struck the young man with his cane, sending him reeling backwards. With amazing speed for a man over eighty, the old man rushed to where the young "Yankee" stood holding his head. The old "Reb" showered his adversary with a barrage of blows about his head and shoulders sending him sprawling to the ground. Having vented his Southern ire, the old man stood over his writhing victim.

"We'da whupped ya'll back in '65 if we'da had these odds," the old soldier said. He walked away, his back straight and his head high.

Jim Harris



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Back Through The Past

*Let's you and I let our minds
wander back through the past
An live in a time when things
wasn't so complicated and fast*

*Like drinking buttermilk from a
spring cold an clear
An from your backyard you could
see wild turkey an deer
On a hot summer night the front
porch you could safely sleep
Had no one telling us how to raise
our kids an what to drink an eat*

*When a man's word was his bond
an love would last forever
An oldtimers knew all the signs an
would proudly predict the weather
An rabbit an sweet potato was the
meal of the day
An our kids would make up their
own little games to play*

*When people could take their daily
stroll with no fear in their mind
An that big fish was safe to eat
that's tuggin at your line
A man's handshake would close a
deal without any money
The jokes you would hear was short
clean an funny*

*When you could take a five dollar
mule an work a fifty dollar crop
An our kids would say good morn-
ing sir in place of hi you pop
So let's you an I let our minds
wander back through the past
An live in a time when things
wasn't so complicated and fast*

*Poem by Garland Derting
Huntsville*



Was your great grandfather lynched by the Ku Klux Klan? Or maybe your uncle witnessed a murder. Did your father serve as a juror on a murder trial? Do you have some old papers that your family has saved for years about some infamous case in Huntsville? Fred Simpson, a local attorney, is compiling information about local murders and lynchings for an upcoming book. This kind of information is extremely hard to locate and we urge that anyone having knowledge to please contact him. He may be contacted at 539-7575 or you may stop by his office at 105 North Side Square.

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CHECK YOUR JUNK

Next to sporting events, Americans' favorite past times seem to be looking for bargains and junking. Whether you are searching for that exquisite antique or a special collectible to accent your decor, people are on the move to own, at a reasonable price, goods that were once everyday items, but now are not so common. The idea of shopping in a second hand store or a thrift shop is a foreign idea to a lot of people. However, real bargains can be found in these alternative shopping environments on new, currently-styled goods, as well as on antiques and collectibles.

For those who want to try their hand at thrift-store shopping, there are several things to remember. Keep in mind several items that you might want. If you discover a special piece of merchandise that you can't live without, don't wait, but buy it then. It may not be there when you go back in an hour. Check your purchases carefully for damages that might be too difficult to repair. Thrift store items are not returnable. Don't expect to find the shops decked out like the local department store. The goods may be in a jumble, or they may be neatly arranged. The appearance of the store depends solely on the amount of merchandise available and the attitude of the store owner.

In all my years of junking in antique malls, thrift stores and garage sales, some of my better

finds have been discovered underneath piles of other stuff. I once found a Persian lamb coat buried under a heap of polyester clothing. I paid \$5 for it. Another time, mixed in with a bunch of plastic Mardi-Gras beads, was a really lovely string of red beads. I bought them for 25¢ and later found out they were rubies. The carpet in my living room, which is brand new, cost me \$100. A friend of mine has the same carpet in her home. It cost her retail at \$1,300.

The stories of bargains and real deals can go on and on. Another friend collects musical instruments in the hopes that someday either she or her children will want to learn to play them. She found an old mahogany and silvery clarinet at a store and paid \$8 for it. She was delighted to find out that it appraised out at \$700. Her husband bought a pair of loafers at another store for \$3. The shoes retail in the department store for \$150.

The mind-set of junking is one that is developed. A person cannot be put off by the appearances of the store. You have to be curious and willing to find what you need or want in the establishment. It also helps to know what retail prices are in order to compare accurately the bargain store price. It may take a little time and patience to find your specific selection, but keep your imagination open to the other wonderful possi-

bilities that you'll see. Bargains and real savings are out there. Above all, have fun—that's the main reason to go junking.

Maggie Domann
August 1, 1991

Editor's Note:
Maggie Domann and Maude Gold Kiser have compiled a directory guide of over 300 places to go junking in the Middle-Tennessee area. It includes maps and directions to find the stores, as well as the type of merchandise in the stores. For information, call Shaver's Bookstore in Huntsville or write M & M Publishing, P.O. Box 40122, Nashville, Tennessee 37204.

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Interesting Personalities Of Madison County

By James Record

Joe Williams Davis was elected Mayor of Huntsville in September, 1968, taking office October 1st and was reelected in 1972, 1976, 1980, and to a fifth term in 1984. He had been appointed as administrative assistant to Mayor Glenn Hearn in October, 1964. Davis was born in New Market October 22, 1918 and graduated from elementary and high school there. He received a BS degree in political science with a minor in Biology from East Tennessee State College and received a Master's Degree in Education Administration from George Peabody College.

During World War II, he served as a non-commissioned officer in the U.S. Navy aboard an LST and participated in the invasion of Okinawa and the Philippine Islands. He was honorably discharged in February of 1946. He became active in Huntsville's Gentry Isom VFW Post 2702, and also was State Junior and Senior Commander of the Alabama VFW.

From 1946 until 1955, Davis taught in the Huntsville Public School System, teaching Biology and Social Studies at Huntsville High School. He was later principal of Huntsville Junior High School, as well as Fifth Avenue Elementary School.

In 1955, Davis went to work for U.S. Industrial Chemical Corporation as personnel manager of the plant at Tuscola,

Illinois. From 1959 until 1963 he served as Assistant Manager of Industrial Relations and as Safety and Security Administrator for that company.

In 1963, Davis moved back to Huntsville and went into the real estate business until 1964, being appointed by Glenn Hearn as previously stated. He was defeated by Steve Hettinger when he ran again for Mayor in 1988.

In 1963, Davis moved back to Huntsville and went into the real estate business until 1964, being appointed by Glenn Hearn as previously stated. He was defeated by Steve Hettinger when he ran again for Mayor in 1988.

Davis has received many awards and honors and has been active in professional and civic organizations. These include the following:

- In 1979 he received the Good Government Award from the Huntsville Jaycees.
- He was recipient of the Fiorello LaGuardia Award as Mayor of the Year, a national award, in 1975, given by the National Eagles Fraternity.
- He received an honorary doctorate in Management from Southeastern Institute of Technology in 1981.
- He was the recipient of the North Alabama 1985 Administrator of the Year Award given by the North Alabama Chapter of the American Society for Public Administration.
- Davis was elected President of the Alabama League of Municipalities, the North Alabama Mayors' Association, and Top of Alabama Regional Council of Governments.
- Davis was a member of the National League of Cities Advisory Council, Executive Committee, and Legislative Committee of the Alabama League of Municipalities;

Alabama Space and Rocket Center Exhibit Commission, and the Alabama Armory Commission and other government organizations and activities.

- Davis is listed in Who's Who in America.
- Davis is a member and former deacon of the Huntsville Central Presbyterian Church.

Davis married Dorothy Allen and they had three children: Joe W., Jr., born August 17, 1953; Jeffrey Clifton, born June 15, 1955; and Julia Evelyn, born July 18, 1965. After his wife died, he later married again, but divorced.

Davis belongs to the Elks, Eagles, Sons of the American Revolution, Cattleman's Association, AUSA, Lions, and is a Mason and a Shriner.

The family of Joe Davis dates far back to Samuel Davis, born December 24, 1755, in Augusta County, Virginia. Samuel was a Revolutionary War soldier. Samuel Davis's father had been killed by Shawnee Indians. Samuel Davis came to New Market from Blount County, Tennessee, about the same time that New Market was first settled by the Criners in 1804. He died August 31, 1842 and is buried in the New Market "Graveyard Hill" cemetery. Samuel Davis's wife was known as Jane.

Joe Davis opened up his Joe W. Davis Tractor and Equipment Company on Winchester Road near New Market in 1989.



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Body Found In Warehouse

A body of a man was found in the back of a warehouse last month. Identification processes are still underway. No details have been released. Strange circumstances surround the case. The victim's mouth was gagged with cereal. No suspect has been found, but authorities believe it is the work of a "Cereal" killer.

Taken From A 1905 Publication

To All Cereal Eaters

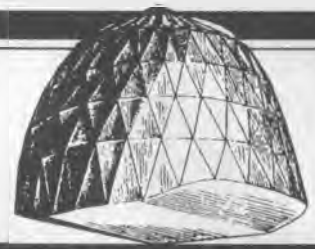
Cut back on empty calories: Don't buy cereals that have sugar listed as the first ingredient or that have two grams of sugar or more per serving. These should be called breakfast candy, according to Washington, D.C.'s Center for Science in the Public Interest. Instead, choose whole-grain products such as oatmeal, wheat germ, shredded wheat, Grape Nuts, Wheatena and Nutrigrain, and sprinkle a little Equal or Sweet 'N Low over them.

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Diamond Facts

The lack of imperfections in a diamond constitutes its degree of clarity. Although hairline flaws do not necessarily mar a diamond's beauty, a combination of faults can lessen its value. Generally, clarity is graded VS (very slight imperfections), VVS (very, very slight imperfections), and SF (supefine or flawless).

A diamond's weight is measured in carats of 100 points each so a 25 pound stone weighs one-quarter carat. (One point is approximately the weight of three bread crumbs).

A pave diamond refers to a setting for small diamonds in which the stones are clustered so closely together that little, if any, metal shows. Bloomingdale's fine jewelry buyer, Carolyn Kelly, adds that pave lends itself to more fashionably styled—and lower priced—pieces than solitaires.



*Love's a peculiar thing
in order to get it, you
have to give it. And when
you get it you have to
give it back to keep it.*

Merry Browne



GOOD FOR THE BODY

Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

Eyeglasses May Be Phased Out By The End Of The Next Decade

A procedure is being tested now in which the cornea of the eye is "sculpted" to correct nearsightedness, farsightedness and astigmatism. "Lasers could mean an instant solution to many vision problems," says Marguerite McDonald, an ophthalmologist at Louisiana State University Medical School.

Cosmopolitan '91

STRESS!

The American Institute of Stress lists these as the 10 most stressful jobs (in order of greatest stress):

1. Inner-city high school teacher
2. Police officer
3. Miner
4. Air traffic controller
5. Medical intern
6. Stockbroker
7. Journalist
8. Customer Service Employee
9. Waitress
10. Secretary

Chautauqua '91

We are pleased to announce that the 14th Annual Huntsville Chautauqua '91 will be held Saturday, October 5. This even is to recreate the "Chautauqua" which toured from Chautauqua, New York, and provided quality entertainment in the communities around the turn of the century. Here in Huntsville, it is held on the grounds of East Clinton School.

There will be a variety of entertainment under a tent, including madrigal and folk music, ballet and theater. There will also be a tour of historic homes in and around the East Clinton School area, games for children and lunch sold on the grounds. Arts and crafts will be displayed on the school grounds and in the building.

We appreciate your cooperation in publicizing this worthwhile and enjoyable community event.

Julia Wynn King
Publicity Chairman
Chautauqua '91

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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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An Extraordinary Phenomenon In Huntsville In 1833

The inhabitants of our town were aroused at an early hour yesterday morning to witness one of the most extraordinary phenomena which perhaps have ever occurred in this country. It was the incessant falling of meteors, in such vast numbers as to illuminate the heavens. We did not witness the commencement, which was about 12 o'clock, but for more than two hours previous to daybreak, we were up and had a full view of this most awful and sublime appearance, which continued until obscured by the light of the Sun.

For several hours thousands or even millions of these meteors appeared in every direction to be in constant motion—all taking the direction of the earth, but rather

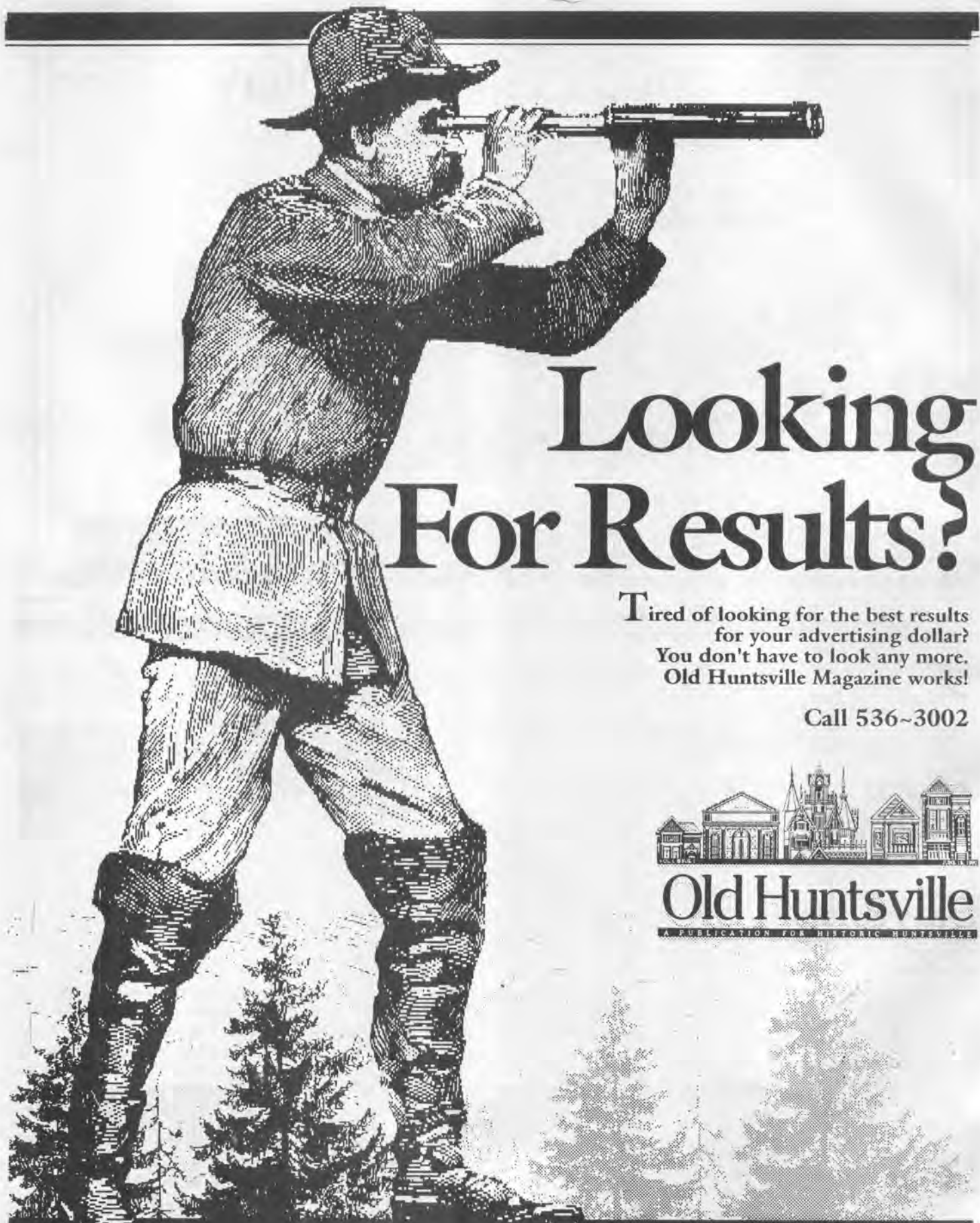
ranging from the East. They presented exactly the appearance which is exhibited by the shooting of the meteors which we occasionally see almost every night.

Our town was the scene of great commotion, particularly among the blacks, who were praying and shouting in every direction, thinking the Day of Judgement had come. In one or two instances we noticed meteors of extraordinary size, which left for the space of five or ten minutes, serpentine appear-

ances of great length and size. The early hour at which our paper issues (for the mails) prevents our being able to converse with those of our town who would be able to properly account for this strange phenomenon. It is no doubt the effect of an impure state of the atmosphere, the weather for some days having been warm and damp, but suddenly changing to cool or frosty.

The Huntsville Democrat
November 14, 1833





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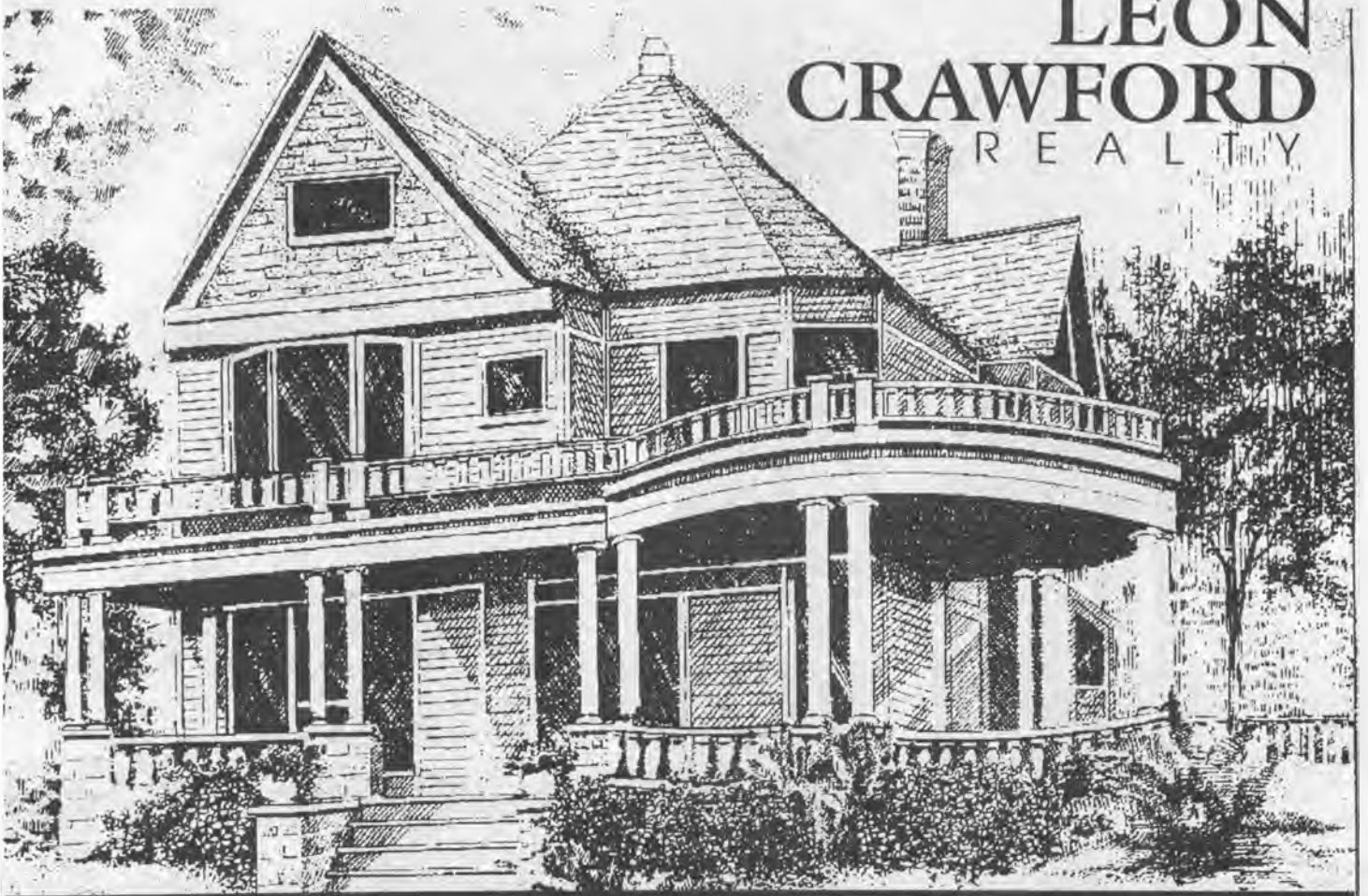
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Don't Let Workday Stress Follow You Home

There you go again, heading home after a bad day, dragging your office behind you. Your head throbs from the pressure of some crisis that you just know will erupt tomorrow.

Chances are the minute you walk in your door at home, you'll do one of two things. You'll jump on your spouse/children for any

small thing they do that upset you, or you'll launch into an instant replay of the day's events.

Sound familiar? It doesn't do a thing to protect a good relationship, and certainly doesn't help you depressurize. Entering that front door, you stand poised on a precarious seesaw between your professional and personal lives. If you're going to do your best as a spouse and a parent, it's important, at least for a while, for you to leave all that garbage at the office.

"It's critical that you downshift as you settle in at home," says Bruce Baldwin, Ph.D., psychologist and author of "It's All in Your Head: Lifestyle Management Strategies for Busy People". "If you bring all your office pressure home with

you, then you go back to bring all your office pressures home with you, then you go back to work the next day without any relief. It's like you never left."

When that happens, you're actually contaminating your leisure time. It can have very negative effects on your health, erode your relationships, and diminish the general quality of your life.

The answer to this widespread syndrome is a system of "Decompression", according to Ira D. Glick, Ph.D. at Cornell University. Just as deep-sea divers must decompress on surfacing from the ocean depths to relieve internal air

Continued from Page 45



On Growing Up Southern

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534~1814

There's a country music song by the group "Alabama" that starts out "Song, song of the South, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth. Gone, gone with the wind, you can sit back and watch us rise again". That song has been running through my mind lately. I think this is because of two reasons. One happened the other Friday night. Friends and I were giving a wedding shower and the future bride and I got to discussing her knowledge, or lack of it, about cooking. She said her future husband was a picky eater, being the baby of six kids.

I told her she shouldn't worry too much, just so she can fry chicken and make turnip greens and corn bread. She was appalled. She said even SHE hates turnip greens and that fried chicken has way too much cholesterol and corn bread isn't that hot either.

I then took a poll of the other guests and found that myself and one other gal were the only ones who loved turnip greens and still eat fried chicken. I decided not to even ask about the corn bread. I was pretty surprised by that turn of events. Then the other thing that made me start thinking about being Southern was a dinner party my husband and I attended one recent Saturday night.

The other two couples at the party had recently moved here to Huntsville from New Mexico, where my husband and I recently visited.

One couple, who has been here about eight months, has happily adjusted to Southern life. They eat our Southern food, listen to our Southern music and have even started speaking with a bit of a drawl.

The other couple, well—the way they feel so far about the South can be summed up in one word—they are appalled. The man tended to



gloss over out glaring deficiencies in the South, but the woman had a running list of things she has found to be distinctly distasteful here. They've only been here about a month or so, but I have a feeling she'll find lots of other things to add to her list by the time I see her again.

As we ate our meal that night, she proceeded to run through the list. She started with how we talk, specifically that we say "ya'll" every other word. Then she moved on to how we eat and what we eat. She says we eat very slowly, with much gusto and much talking. According to her there are four major food groups in the South: grease, gravy, grits and greens!

Then she jumped on how we dress. "Why would anyone want to dress up to come to a restaurant like this?"

She then mentioned that she had never seen so many churches in one town "Is that all anyone does here? Go to church?" Then she started in on those "crazy Baptists!" Before she could finish that one, I turned my back to her and told her if she was gonna stab me to at least do it in the right place! I told her I take my religion kinda seriously, as do many of here in the Bible-belted South.

That calmed her down for a little while, until we were out in front of the restaurant waiting on our husbands to get our umbrellas for us. Naturally it was pouring rain. "That's another thing I hate about it here, it's so darn damp and dreary. Doesn't the sun ever shine here?"

I almost had to agree with her on that one. She was right after all, but I'd defended the South on every other issue so I thought, "what the heck—why not?" I then proceeded to tell her that's why it's so green here and why our skin's not parched!

Unfortunately that wasn't the end of the evening. We'd invited them to our home for dessert,

where I had to keep on defending the South for three more solid hours!

After they finally left my husband said, "Either you are the best liar I ever met or you must like it here in the South a whole lot better than I thought you did." He knew how much I'd loved our trips out West—the people, the scenery, just everything. I had often compared the West to the South.

But, I guess having to defend the South so much recently has made me stop and remember what it means to grow up Southern and to Be Southern. It reminded me of all the things I love about the South; our food, the way we talk and our friendliness.

Those of us who say we're just like other people in any other part of the country are fooling ourselves or haven't been anywhere! We're not—WE ARE DIFFERENT!! Like it or not!

In our travels my husband and I ate in many restaurants outside of the South. People go in, eat their food and then leave. Eating is not a two to three hour social occasion like it is here in the South.

"And I sure didn't see any turnip greens on the menus in the North, at least not in the cities we went to."

And I sure didn't see any turnip greens on the menus in the North, at least not in the cities we went to. One city wouldn't even give me iced tea in the winter with a meal, for Pete's sake! The waitress said it was "uncouth". She may as well have called me a "redneck"! (That was in Boston, by the way, a city famous for its tea parties!)

Anyway, my point is, I seem to have been defending the South everywhere we've gone on trips and NOW I'm having to defend it right here at home, to outsiders.

With her attitude, this dinner party lady may remain an outsider a long time here. But then again, maybe not. We Southerners, at least many of us, as well as being Godfearing, turnip eating, slow eaters, who dress up to eat in nice restaurants, are also a forgiving lot!

Those people who choose to move to our area of the country are usually welcomed with open arms, no matter where they're from.

We only call them Damn Yankees when we are up in THEIR neck of the woods, listening to THEM talk, having to drive on THEIR crazy streets and trying to eat THEIR awful food! Anyone who's ever visited or driven in Boston or Chicago or New York or even Washington, D.C. knows what I'm talking about!

And please don't tell the people in Washington, D.C. that I said they are Yankees. They are all under the mild delusion that they are still Southern. You just won't hear many "Ya'll's" up there and I dare you to spend two hours eating in a restaurant there. If the waiter doesn't throw you out, the hundred others waiting on your table will.

I guess all in all, funny talk and slow ways aside, I'm sure glad I was born and raised in the South. And yes, even though I loved the wide open spaces out West, I'm glad I live here in the South.

Although I loved the West, I did sorta miss my turnip greens and corn bread while I was there. And when I left, I really missed hearing somebody say, "Now ya'll come back, now, ya hear??"

Gail Fisher



**"YA OUGATA
BEEN THERE!"
BY VAUGHN STEWART**

The older citizens of Huntsville were appalled as they watched the burning of the old Dallas Mill over their television sets...they sensed that it was more than an ancient landmark going up in the crackling flames—it was much more than that.

Those leaping flames that lit up the city for many blocks away represented the end of an era and the eradication of many cherished memories—the rock battles that flourished along the railroad tracks, the shy courtships that bloomed amid the Mill equipment and hallways, the grandeur of the company picnics, and those glorious days when you would start to school and enjoy the fellowship of the other Mill children.

However, the memories that dominated most of their minds were those related to the athletics of the old days. They remembered the July 4 double-headers and the great pitching of Hub Myhand and Woodrow Chisam. They thrilled to the recollection of the hitting feats

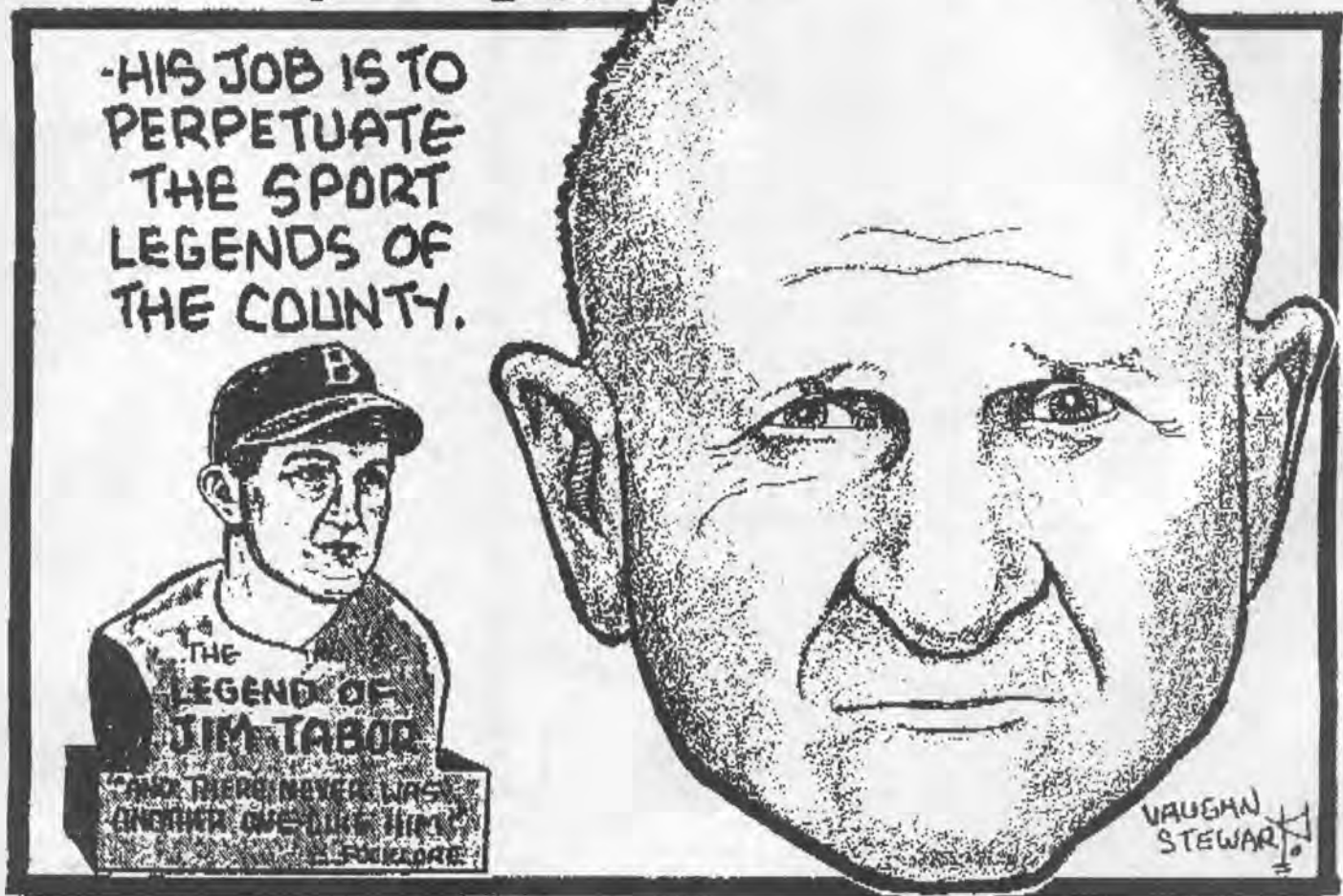
of men like Jim Tabor, Jim Tom Gentry, Big Ben Newton and Gene Williams. They remembered the young boxer that came out of New Hope to live in Huntsville, whose name was Sammy Baker, and a slender basketball phenomenon who answered to the name of Bud Buford.

These great athletes were exciting and served as entertainment on many occasions for the townspeople who had trouble passing the long hours away during those tumultuous days of the Great Depression, that were known in those days as "hard times".

The old Dallas Cotton Mill is now gone forever with nothing to perpetuate the memory except the recesses of the human mind. However, there is a Huntsville

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native who is taking steps to preserve the memory of the old legendary ballplayers and athletic figures of that age. His name is Hiram Quillin and he is creating an athletic museum under the auspices of the Huntsville-Madison County Athletic Hall of Fame.

This worthy project has been a dream of Hiram's for several years and already the idea is beginning to formulate. He has his building model that was designed by a local prominent architect. He has been given land to build on and has acquired a sum of money that will be used toward the erection of a beautiful building.

"Hiram has stored away many old group and individual photographs of old-time Huntsville sports figures. He has them covered with clear varnish for preservation purposes and many of them are already glued on a large display board with ample descriptive copy underneath. This will be truly a public service because this type of souvenir would be lost if left in the homes," said Mickey Moore, an associate who works with Quillin on the athletic museum project.

"Another feature of the museum will be a miniature model of Cotton Row, Big Springs and the old Martin Baseball Field. We are collecting old paraphernalia such as ball gloves, baseballs, scrapbooks, and old uniforms that once belonged to the legendary sports figures of yesterday. We hope to acquire physical proof of the ability and then somehow through visual aids reflect the charm and excitement of the golden era of Madison County sports," Quillin said recently.

The old timers might have looked at that tragic fire over television in remorse and thought of the old days as gone with the wind—but that's not true. That's not the way Hiram Quillin is thinking.

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Sex Education In The Forties

By Jim Harris

I can just hear someone say, "You've got to be kidding." We knew where puppies, kittens and all sorts of baby animals came from and it was our parents who told us. However, what they told was like the little boy explaining to

his mother that Moses and the Israelites crossed the Red Sea in helicopters; baby animals came from the most unbelievable places.

One day I imparted my knowledge to my dad of how frogs give warts. I may as well have slapped him. He replied with, "Who told you that?" To get the idea of how he said it, say it fast but say "who" with a blowing sound as if you are emptying your lungs with one big breath. I don't understand his concern. He usually saved that tone of voice for questions about about where things come from. Surely he didn't think warts were baby frogs.

Sex, in those days, was something parents would not talk about. They wouldn't even say the word. I suppose they talked about it in private. After all, they had to tell the same story about where things come.

Country kids had an advantage over city kids. They could get an education just by observing farm animals, but not the Harris

kids. Moving to the country did little to further our education in such matters because they kept such a close watch on the birthing time for our animals that they made sure we were not around when it happened. Had we observed an animal giving birth we would have lied like a bird dog to keep them from finding out. Occasionally, a cow would have to have help calving. Dad would go to help.

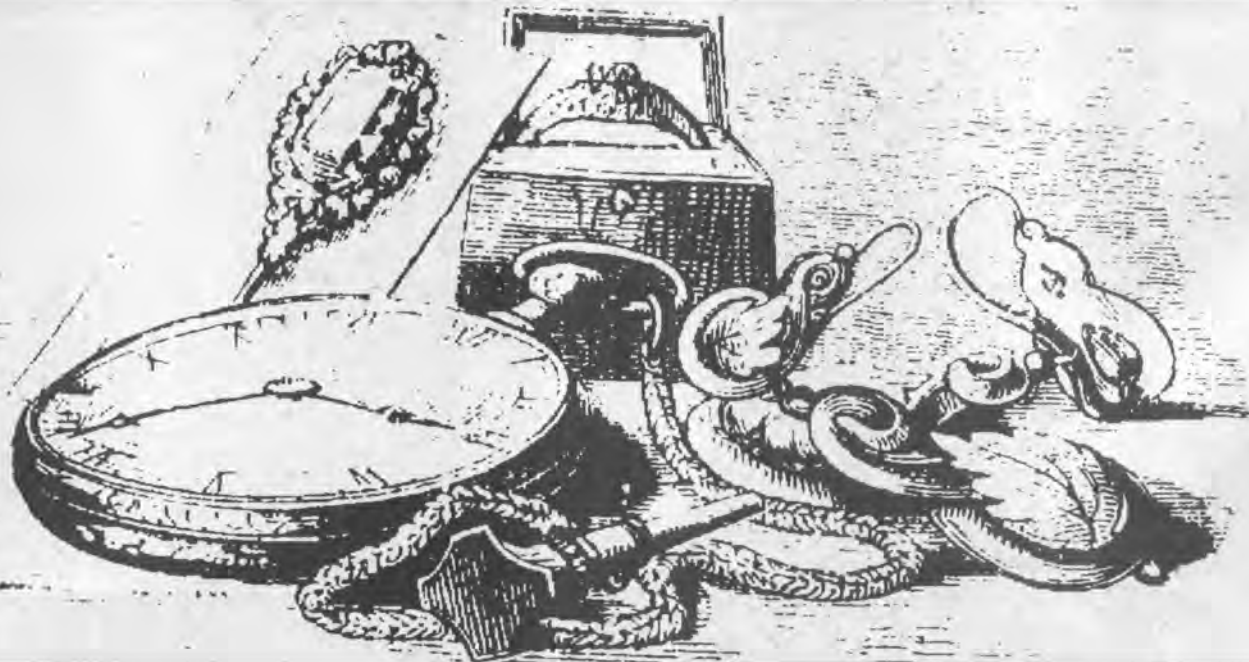
"Dad, can we go with you?"

"You want to die?"

Well, we didn't, and that settled that.

Baby animals were always found, dug up, came from under rocks and other places that I can't recall. My parents, though, were always specific about where a particular baby animal came from: hogs dug them up. But one day I discovered that hogs did not dig up their babies. If that sow was digging those little pigs up, as I had every reason to believe, from what I saw she was pointed the wrong way.

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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Stress Continued from Page 39

pressure, you, too should learn to pass through your own homemade decompression chamber when you arrive home to avoid getting the bends. You need to establish a daily "transition time" immediately after work, Baldwin advises. "You should establish a regular routine. If you do, you can refresh yourself within 20-30 minutes. But remember: do it every day, however you feel. This ritual will become especially handy on those days when it's really tough to shake the office out of your mind."

Here are some tips from the experts:

As soon as you get home, engage in some silent physical routine. Changing into jeans and a sweatshirt can be a symbolic act, as if you're shedding your occupational identity until the next day. Do a chore, or take a shower, something that neatly partitions the day in two.



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Stop talking to your spouse—temporarily, of course.

Take turns taking care of the kids, for the first two hours or so.

Get involved in something mindless—mow the yard, garden, build a fence.

Take a hot bath and lose yourself.

Try spontaneous abandon. Chase your pets around the backyard. Get down on the floor with your kids. People who play regularly with pets and children have lower blood pressure than those who don't.

Use music as therapy. Clear away 20 minutes, sit or lie in a comfortable spot, and put on your favorite music.

Try yoga.

Once you're fully decompressed, unleashing your internal air pressure, you're likely to find you've got a second wind. You and your spouse will find that you are much more congenial, as if you've been on a thirty-minute vacation.

Taken in part from an article sent in by Jeannie Krantz/Hewlett-Packard Company, Knoxville, Tennessee

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That patricular day, Dad sent me on ahead to slop the sow. (Sloping is what we called feeding the hogs. Before we moved out into the country, where we could raise corn for the hogs, we fed them able scraps, or slop). Dad would be there shortly. The hog pens were located approximately where Lee High Drive is now located. When the sow wouldn't come out to eat, I went into the pen and crawled into the house. She was giving birth and I came eyeball to eyeball with an almost born pig. Boy, were my parents wrong about where pigs come from. I watched a couple more pigs appear before I heard my Dad coming. I got out and told him the good news.

After he checked on them, we were sitting on the fence talking about the pigs when I boldly informed him that I saw them come out. "Come out from where?" he asked, in the same tone of voice he used when I told him about frogs and warts. This time it also said, I'll kill you if you say the wrong thing. I've never been so alert in my whole life. I had the upper hand here. I knew where pigs came from, so without hesitation I announced, "Why, they came out of the straw!"

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