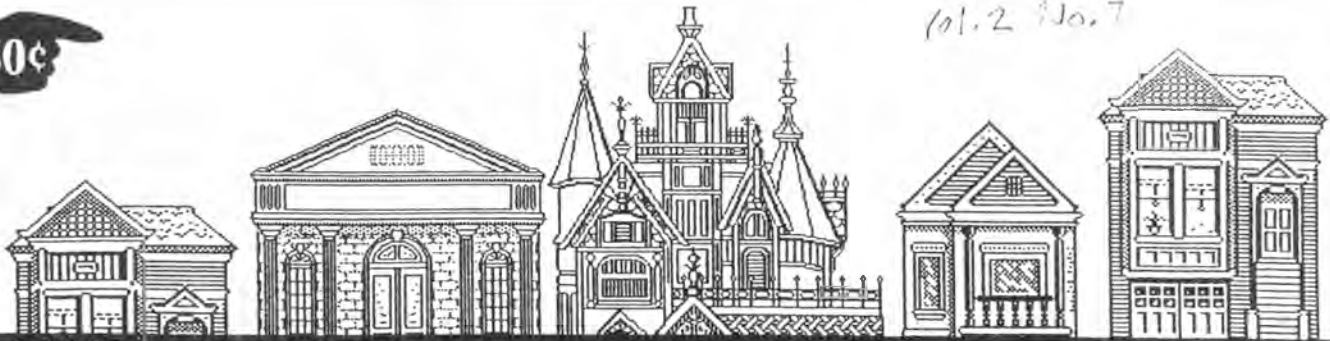


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Vol. 2 No. 7



VOL. 2 ISSUE 7

1991

# Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION

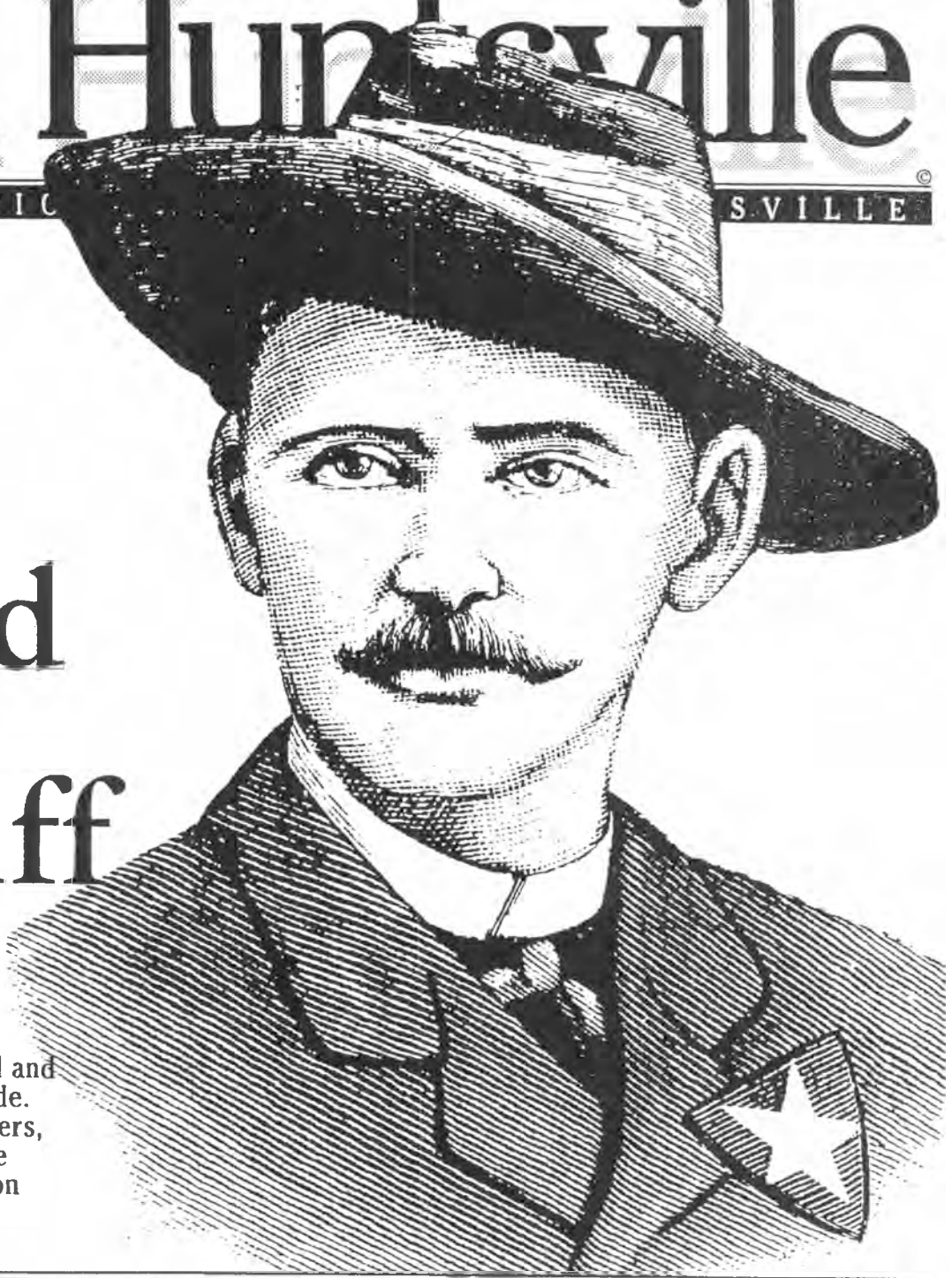
SVILLE

## The Man Who Would Be Sheriff

He was a tall, gangly man, the kind of man that always looked uncomfortable in new clothes.

He drove a 1949 Ford and wore a pistol on his side.

He was Oliver McPeters, and in 1952, he was the "High Sheriff of Madison County."



**M**

ost folks knew Oliver McPeters as a sharecropper who lived out around New Hope in an old wood frame house with no running water or electricity. Sharecropping was a hard life; you would work all year long and when the crops were done, if you were lucky, you might have enough money to live on during the winter.

Unfortunately, most of the time, after the seeds and the fertilizer bills were paid and the owner of the land got his share, there wasn't anything left over. But still, for a lot of people, it was the only way of life they had ever known.

His short political career began, as many others have, in a local barber shop. The barber shop was a popular place for the local prominent and the "good ol' boys" to congregate. Almost everything that wasn't worth talking about would become a topic of conversation there. On this day in particular, about the only thing they could find to talk about was the fact that Jimmy Record, down at the courthouse, was thinking about buying a new car. After exhausting that conversation, the crowd grew silent for a moment, until one person, searching for a new topic, mentioned the upcoming sheriff's election. Immediately speculation began as to who would be running and who would be the winner. Again the conversation died down after a few moments. Oliver McPeters had been lounging against the front door frame and when he said that he was a good mind to run for sheriff himself, all eyes were upon him. "Yep," said McPeters, "if I had the money, I believe I'd run for the sheriff's office myself."

There was dead silence in the barber shop. Of all the men in Madison County, you could not have picked a more unlikely candidate. The man sitting in the barber chair, a local prominent businessman (who shall remain nameless for obvious reasons), stood up and asked McPeters if he was serious. "McPeters," he said while reaching for his wallet, "if you want to run for Sheriff, I'll pay the \$10 qualifying fee." No one really thought McPeters was serious, but he was. He took the money, turned around and walked out of the barber shop. As soon as he left, gales of laughter broke out from the "good ol' boys." This has to be, declared the men, "The best joke of the year."

No one had any idea how serious McPeters was. After leaving the barber shop, he walked over to the old Elks building, where a kindly clerk showed him how to file the necessary papers. By the time the sun went down in Huntsville that evening, everybody in town knew that "sharecropper McPeters" was running for Sheriff. Of course, most folks considered the whole thing a crazy joke by the boys down at the barber shop.

Oliver McPeters hit the campaign trail running. It was said later that he called on every home in Madison County, asking for folks to vote for him. He was a man of little education and was known for speaking his mind, so it was not surprising that he ran a colorful campaign. In Hazel Green, when asked about recent allegations of corruption in the Sheriff's department, he replied that if folks would elect him, he would "promise not to hire anyone who has ever worn a badge or a gun."

While speaking in Gurley, he promised the people "that you menfolks won't have to worry any more; if your women folks get locked up in my jail, I promise you they ain't gonna get knocked up." He was speaking in reference to an alleged rape that had taken place in the jail the previous year.

Most oldtimers in Huntsville today contend that people voted for him solely as a protest vote people were turned off by the other candidates. But whatever the



# Old Huntsville

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reason, on Election Day when the votes were counted, Oliver McPeters was the new Sheriff of Madison County.

One of his first acts was to call on every bootlegger in the county and tell them they had to close up. Everybody that knows anything about our Counties' history will tell you that bootleggers were a part of our heritage, and to close down every one of them...well, that was almost unpatriotic.

Needless to say, he made a lot of enemies immediately.

Next he went after the juke joints. Everybody knows that "good ol' boys" had to have a place to blow off steam, and if you take that away from them, they're going to get mighty upset. Many of these boys had been going to the same joints for years, and it was real hard for them to break the habit. One local old timer tells the story about the time Sheriff McPeters raided the White Castle, a honky-tonk out on Meridian Street, and closed it down. Several weeks later J. Otis King, a local Baptist preacher, made arrangements with the owners to use the building for a revival. The night of the revival, they turned on all the neon lights out front, all the lost sinners were sitting around the tables and Preacher King was up on the dance floor doing his preaching. Unfortunately, a lot of people



did not know what was going on. Every few minutes the services would be interrupted because people driving down Meridian would see the bright neon lights, stop their cars, go in and line up at the bar and loudly demand a "set up."

Within days of being elected, the High Sheriff of Madison County was striking terror in the hearts of would-be law breakers. He arrested the Commanding Officer of Redstone Arsenal for driving six miles over the speed limit. A local prominent automobile dealer was arrested for jay walking...on a rural county road. A well-respected, church going lady found the Sheriff knocking at her door after she had inadvertently given the Sheriff's office a bad check. Her account was overdrawn by 16 cents.

The boys down at the barber shop realized, by now, that their joke had backfired. Calling a meeting with the sheriff, they tried to explain that he needed someone with experience to guide him, because his actions were causing a lot of ill feelings in the community.

Some people claimed that it came from walking behind a stubborn mule while sharecropping, but for whatever reason, he was one stubborn man. Looking at the assembled group, he told them that he was the "High Sheriff of Madison County" and he reckoned that he would just keep on enforcing the laws the way that he saw fit. Next on his list were those vile dens of iniquity, the private clubs. Every one knew that these clubs were bending the law, and McPeters decided it was time to do something about them. Calling his trusty deputies together, he set out to enforce the law.

Before the night was over he had raided the Elks Club, the Eagles Club, the black V.F.W., the American Legion, the New Hope chapter of the American Legion, the Moose Lodge, the Disabled American Veterans Home on East Holmes, and last but not least, the Huntsville Country Club. Almost half the prominent people in Huntsville were arrested, all on the same night.

There was no joy for the "good ol' boys" down at the barber shop. They all agreed that something had to be done. The "joke" they had elected had turned into a "law enforcing monster."

Several weeks later, allegations began to spread that Sheriff McPeters was taking payoffs to allow certain juke joints to operate. Complaints reached the Governor's office, and within weeks W. L. Allen, a veteran criminal investigator working for the state, arrived in Huntsville to investigate the charges. Allen had made his reputation while investigating the Ku Klux Klan in Jefferson County and was known to be a thorough investigator.

Normally in an investigation, the hardest thing is to find people willing to talk, but in this case it was different. Allen had people lined up at his door, all with complaints. Of course, a lot of these folks had newly acquired jail records.

On November 13, 1952, 11 months after taking office, the State Supreme Court voted to remove

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Oliver McPeters from office.

The most damning evidence against him was a canceled check that he was supposed to have received as a bribe. McPeters claimed the check was given to him as a loan.

The check, supposedly, came from a local private club and was in the hands of the investigators within hours after McPeters cashed it.

After being impeached and removed from office by the State Supreme Court, McPeters took the train back home from Montgomery, a broken man. Witnesses say that when McPeters got off the train, he was immediately grabbed and thrown into the back seat of a car by three unidentified men. The same witnesses also claim that the only words spoken were, "McPeters, you ain't sheriff no more."

Hours later his wife and children were awakened by the sound of a car door slamming shut. Rushing outside, they found the bruised, bloody form of the ex-sheriff lying face down on the side of the road.

Oliver McPeters, the man who would be "High Sheriff of Madison County" was out of office.

After a slow, painful recovery, McPeters became a foreman for a construction company, pouring concrete. He never pressed charges against the men who brutally assaulted him that night.

No one was ever prosecuted for the alleged bribery.

## Guntersville Burning

Four powerful Union gunboats were prowling the upper Tennessee River during the summer of 1864.

The very presence of the U.S. Navy in the vicinity of Huntsville must be characterized as "much too much, much too late." The necessity for such vessels had been recognized as far back as 1862 by General Ormsby Mitchel, Federal Commander here in Huntsville, and again by Union General William Starke Rosecrans early in 1863. Ironically, in September of that same year, his Army of the Cumberland met disaster at Chickamauga and was trapped and starving in Chattanooga.

The relief of this besieged Army was spearheaded by the first large supply transport constructed on the upper Tennessee. On 30 November 1863, the "Chattanooga" (nicknamed "Chicken Thief" by the locals) opened the 14 mile, water-borne "Cracker Line" between Union-held Bridgeport and Chattanooga. Evidently, it must have been in the nick of time as it was reported that "there were but four boxes of hard bread left in the commissary at Chattanooga, where four cakes of hard bread and one-quarter of a pound of pork were being issued as a three-day's ration."

In May of 1864, with Chattanooga firmly in Union hands and General Tecumseh Sherman knocking at the door of Atlanta, it was evident that the need for gunboats on the upper Tennessee had all but passed.

However, in July and August of 1864, the powerful 23-gun 11th Mississippi squadron, consisting of the U.S. gunboats, "Sherman, Grant, Thomas, and Burnside," was completed and commissioned at Bridgeport, Alabama.

In lieu of any real mission, these sturdy "tin-clads" of the land-locked flotilla busily kept open communications, convoyed loaded troop transports and attempted to "silence" Confederate batteries at Decatur, Guntersville, and Beard's Bluff on the unruly south bank.

Notwithstanding the deadly seriousness of their purpose, operations of this formidable naval force also included other activities. Mr. Caus G. Fennell, a fiercely partisan Confeder-

ate living in Guntersville, wrote, "While at home on the night of November 14th, 1864, the gunboats landed and sent out a company who surrounded the house and captured both the boys and took 33 bales of cotton that were stored in a shed. They also took livestock, cattle and hogs and all the supplies my mother had put up—meat, meal and molasses."

To emphasize the lack of any real military action, Mr. Fennell continued, "A young soldier, a lieutenant, scarcely older or larger than I, came to our house with a bad wound in his foot. He lived on the north side of the river and was anxious to go home. Walking was painful to his bad foot, but by going over at night, he was sure he could reach his friends safely. A gunboat sneaked up without attracting our attention, and the officer on watch decided that we were not only soldiers but officers as well. He had used his field glass and saw the stripes on Lieutenant Fletcher's collar. The boat immediately opened fire with two 32-pounder guns. The first shell went over us, and we tried to outrun the next shot. It struck the ground between me and the boat and made a ditch that would hold a wagon and team. The officers must have been sure that they had found a Confederate camp."

When Confederate General John Bell Hood retreated from Nashville in December of 1864, his forces fell back and recrossed the Tennessee River. Brigadier General Hylan B. Lyon, with his 6th Kentucky Cavalry, crossed at Deposit Ferry, near Guntersville, where Union gunboats were on guard. General Lyon made Mr. Fennell's

*I am the person my father warned me about.*

*Michael Boyer  
Enjoying life*

*Speak the truth.....but leave immediately afterwards.*

*Robin Kite Mason*

*Who ever thought marriage is a 50-50 proposition doesn't know the half of it.*

*Robin Scott,  
Huntsville Hospital*

*Kindness consists of loving someone more than they are worth.*

*Ernest Blair  
plumbers helper*

*Friends come and go but enemies accumulate.*

*Chet Kramer*

*There are times when silence provides the loudest voice.*

*Tony Mason*



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house his headquarters while his units camped around the grounds. That night Federal Cavalry crossed the river, charged his camp, and captured 100 men and all their equipment. During this skirmish, a Union sergeant went into the General's room and found him fast asleep. He told the General he was his prisoner and ordered him to dress. The General seized two revolvers from under his pillow and shot his captor dead. He then made a hasty escape out the window. The official account reads "Sergeant Arthur P. Lyon, Company A, Fifteenth



## Butterflies & Kudzu

Every year millions of Monarch butterflies migrate 2500 miles to the mountains of Mexico from the northern U.S. and Canada. According to Mexican mythology, the migrating Monarchs are the returning souls of their dead.

A Japanese company, Sakae Bio, is farming Kudzu on 165 acres of cottonfield near Opelika, Alabama. While Americans are searching for a way to destroy the fast-growing weed, Japanese munch on 1500 tons of Kudzu starch a year.

Pennsylvania Cavalry, killed on the morning of January 15th by the Rebel General Lyon, after he had taken him prisoner." It is interesting to note that one controversial account claims that the two men were first cousins and bitter enemies.

News of the killing so enraged the officers of the gunboats guarding the crossing points that they steamed back up the river to Guntersville. There, Lieutenant Richard McAllister, Executive Office of the federal gunboat U.S.S. General Sherman, disembarked a detail of 125 marines from the flotilla and entered the doomed town bent on burning this "hotbed of rebellion" to the ground to revenge the killing of Sergeant Lyon. Local historians report that a Dr. L.D. Lusk, Judge Montgomery Gilbreath, Alex Wiggs and at least two Union sympathizers protested the action, and notwithstanding their pleading, the town was razed. Only seven buildings were left standing—the courthouse, hotel, jail, school, Masonic hall, and the homes of the two prominent Union men. One account states "with ruthless hands the torch was applied and Guntersville was left a heap of ashes and smoldering chimneys." In fact, Willie M. Hatch with the contingent of 40 men from the gunboat General Thomas who set some of the fires, actually wrote an apology to the town in 1888.

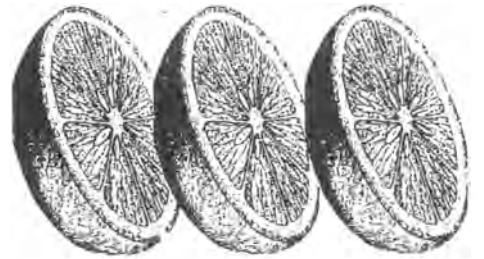
The war ended in April of 1865 and the upper Tennessee River Navy was no more. The boats were all assembled at Chattanooga and sold at public auction to the highest bidder. Nobody wanted a gunboat, so they practically gave them away. Most of them went down river. The problem of getting them across the muddy Shoals meant a good pilot, high water and a dangerous voyage. A Captain Matt Mahan made five harrowing trips for \$750.00 and was able to guide the last large ships through this obstacle until the modern advent of the TVA.

Our tale of gunboats should end here, however, there is an unlikely sequel that bears relating. A local river pilot named James R. Johnson was a member of the earlier Guntersville destruction detail. He allegedly helped point out the houses to be spared and actually participated in the burning. Johnson had taken the oath of allegiance to the Union and evidently voluntarily served as a river pilot on each of the four gunboats for

pay of \$250.00 per month. He later claimed he was "forced" to live on the gunboats because of local threats to his life and his fear of being conscripted into the Confederate army. In 1871, Johnson filed a claim against the Government claiming that the U.S. Army appropriated from him 3,000 bushels of corn, some horses, mules, pork and sheep for a total of \$6,111. Twenty years later on 3 June 1891, after hours of testimony, thousands of dollars spent in assembly of witnesses and reams of official documentation, his claim was denied. He could not prove he was "loyal" during the entire war!

This then must close our saga of gunboats on the upper Tennessee—just one of the backwater arenas of the four-year conflict that has been almost overlooked by history.

Donald H. Steenburn



## Hot Spiced Lemonade

Especially good on these cold nights:

- 1 qt. cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp whole cloves
- 4 cinnamon sticks
- 1/2 tsp allspice
- juice of 4 lemons
- 1 lemon sliced for garnish

Boil water, sugar and spices, simmer for 5 minutes and strain. When ready to serve, add 1 qt. hot water and lemon juice. Ladle into punch cups garnished with a slice of lemon

Harris' Farmer's Almanac





Team logotypes are in full color on a white velvet panel that fits inside the lid for you to look at when it's closed (so to speak).

Sales have been brisk, says Ken Abercrombie, who came up with the idea at a funeral director's convention, and due to intense demand, is now marketing an orange casket with white lining for Tennessee fans. He knew that Alabama morticians would be at the same convention, so his company produced a bright red casket with an Alabama logo.

Funeral directors were very impressed. "They immediately thought of instances where these would be appropriate," said Abercrombie. Auburn and Georgia coffins soon followed. For die-hard War Eagles in their last resting place, Abercrombie recommends the blue model with bright orange accent stripes on the sides.

## For All You Sports Fans

For a mere \$2000 you can be buried with your favorite school colors. The Loretto Casket Company of Loretto, Tennessee has begun to drape their \$2000 casket with the colors and logotypes of Auburn, Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia.

*What I'm looking for is a blessing  
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disguise  
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Hair Stylist*

*I paid \$22,000, my son went to  
Auburn and he learned how to  
throw a frisbee  
Ron Eyestone*

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Take off a wart by applying iodine on it several nights in a row.

Another way to get rid of a wart is to steal someone's dishrag, rub it on the wart and hide it. The wart will go away.

To make a good cough syrup, mix well 1/3 cup honey, 1/3 cup whiskey and 1/3 cup lemon juice. Take a spoonful at a time.

Lullaby medicine: mix 1 cup honey, 3 tsp cider vinegar and take 2 tsp at bedtime

For a headache, wet a piece of brown paper bag with vinegar, coat this with baking soda and tie on the head with something tight.

For asthma, a lot of people swear that keeping a Chihuahua dog around the house works

For back and muscle pain - caused by flu - put a few drops of turpentine on a teaspoon of sugar. Take at bedtime.

One cup hot water with lemon juice before breakfast is especially good for rheumatism.



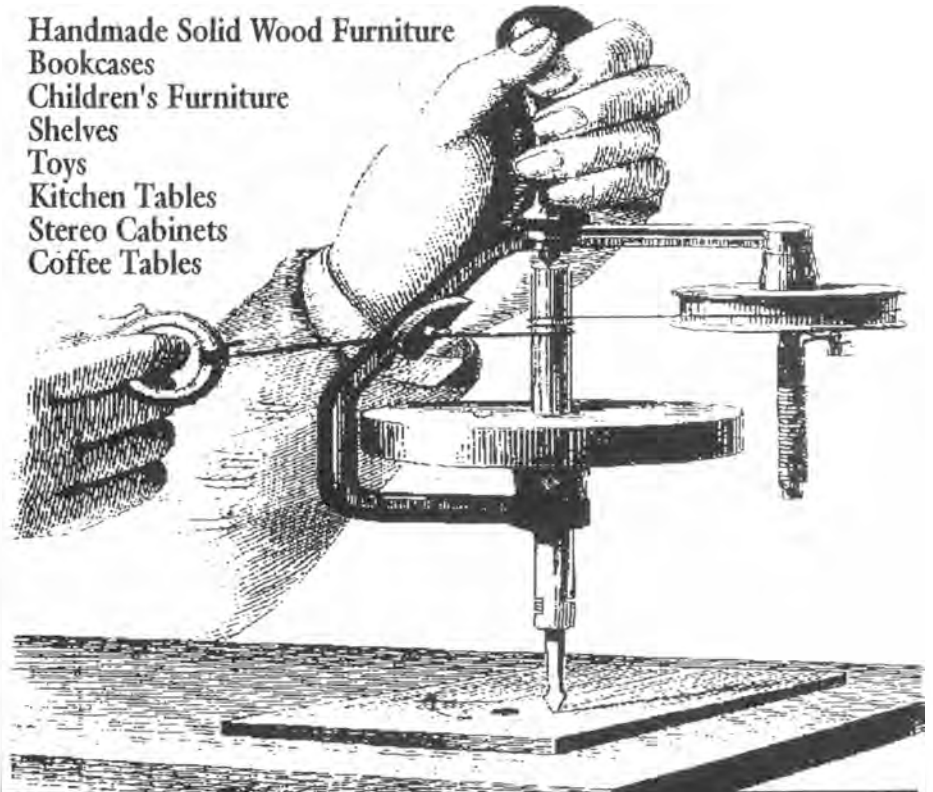
## Personal Glimpses

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was told that he had used poor grammar in his sermon that morning. "Did I?" he said. "Well, all I have to say is - God help the grammar if it gets in my way when I'm preaching."

Robert E. Lee was beloved by his army as few generals have ever been, and his personal influence in critical moments was immense. On one occasion Lee was riding through the ranks of his men just before a conflict. He uttered no word. He simply removed his hat and passed bareheaded along the line. "It was," said one who witnessed the act, "the most eloquent address ever delivered." And a few minutes later, as the men advanced to the charge, this witness heard a youth, as he ran forward, crying and reloading his musket, shout through his tears that "any man who would not fight after what General Lee had said was a coward."

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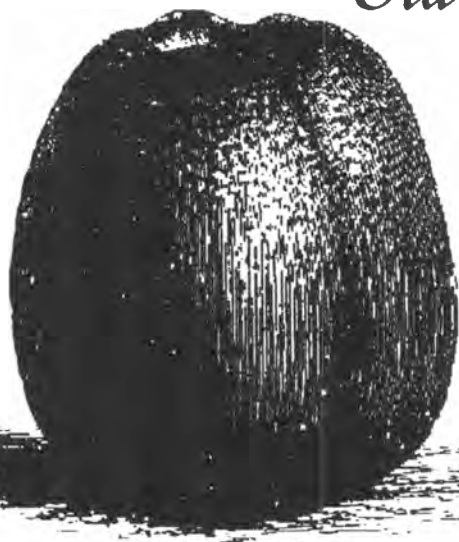


## Be Careful Of Wednesday

A study at the University of Iowa determined that couples have more spats on Wednesday than any other day of the week.

Five hundred people took part in the project. The researcher isn't really sure why this is, but he speculates that it might be because Wednesday is mid-week, equally distant from both weekends.

Good news, though - Thursday's are peaceful, probably because the air was cleared on Wednesday.



## Old Age And Apples

*Lord, let me live to a ripe old age  
But not like the apple forgotten.  
Lord, let me live to a ripe old age,  
But take me between  
mellow and rotten.*

Jim Harris

*I remember when Huntsville was  
so small that the only reason you  
read the newspaper was to see if  
the gossip was true.*

*Penn Dilworth  
Dilworth Lumber*

*Never go in partners with a man  
that has an ugly sister.*

*Billy Joe Cooley  
Well known eccentric*

*Come grow old with me,  
the best is yet to come.*

*Margaret Tucker  
Hurricane Creek*

*My father never stayed up late  
waiting for me to come home; he  
would just forbid me to go out.*

*Linda Pryor  
Secretary*

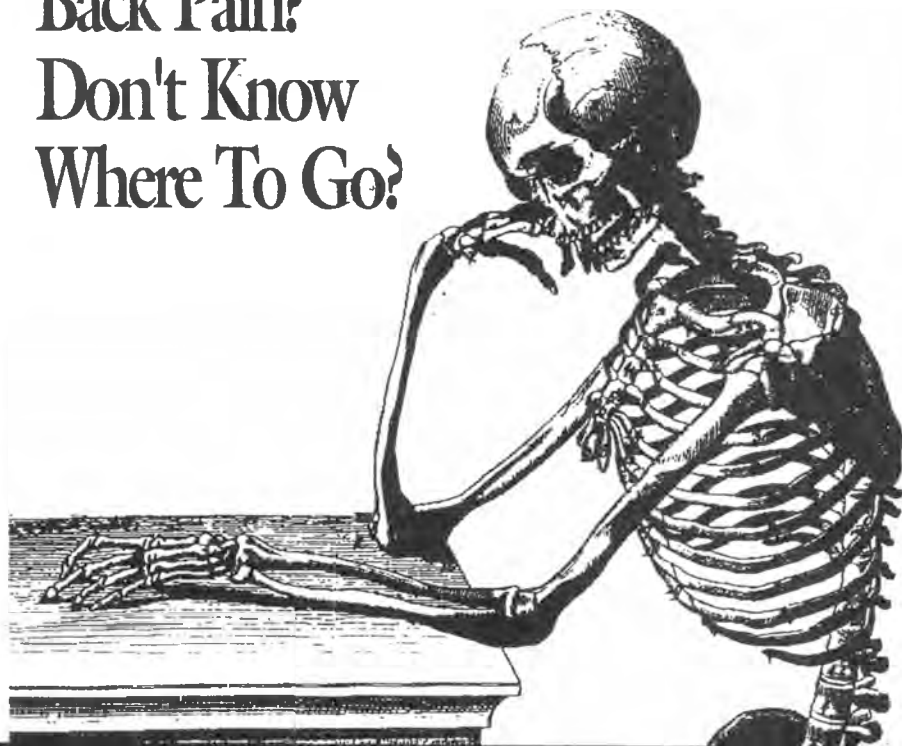
*Wine can cause a lot of romances,  
but it can also turn to vinegar.*

*Doug Smoot*

*She told me that she loved me, she  
promised to always take care of  
me, and then she asked what my  
name was.*

*Billy Lee  
Entertainer at Mr. C's*

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## Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelic M. Owens

If you need a flu shot, now is the time to get it. With fall here and winter fast approaching, it's time for a reminder about influenza vaccination. Remember, influenza is not the common cold. It is a potentially life-threatening infection of your respiratory tract.

You are at risk of developing a severe influenza infection if you have a chronic heart or lung disease; if you are 65 years of age or older; if you live in a nursing home or similar facility; or if you provide care to high-risk persons.

The influenza vaccine is made from inactivated viruses. This means that the vaccine can't cause influenza. Fever, muscle aches and general malaise may follow the shot but last for only one to two days. If you are at risk, this is a small price to pay for the protection you will receive.

A recent report in the Journal of the American Medical Association (JAMA) looked at symptoms associated with the influenza vaccine.

It found that symptoms were no more common in people who were immunized than in those who received placebo injections.

Vaccination programs begin the first of October in many areas. Contact your physician or county health department if you're in a high-risk group. Persons who are allergic to eggs, or egg products, should consult with their physician before taking the flu shot.

*Do you think I'm too old to be  
another Chet Cramer?  
Dub Pierce*

*I'm glad that Comcast is broadcast-  
ing the city council meetings; it's  
about time Huntsville got it's own  
soap opera  
Bill Headrick*

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# Thank You!

We would like to thank our many readers for their support. You are responsible for whatever success that we have enjoyed over the last year.

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

## Bon-Air Petite

The old Bon-Air Restaurant was noted for its down-home atmosphere and its delicious home-cooked meals. It became a favorite place to eat for all kinds of people.

One day Dr. Wehrner Von Braun and two other German scientists that worked for NASA were having lunch there when a couple sat down at the next table. They were obviously Yankee tourists, with their bermuda shorts, cameras slung around their necks and two handfuls of guidebooks.

The Yankee lady, upon hearing Von Braun speak, leaned over as far as she could. After intently eavesdropping for a few minutes, she turned to her husband and said, "I just love these Southern accents."

*Why does the Utilities Company have to advertise when they have no competition?*

*Floyd Hardin  
Jackson Way Barber Shop*

*My girl friend loves to talk during romantic interludes; last week she called me long distance from Boston.*

*Curtis J Hall  
Entertainer at Ed's End Zone*



## Old Huntsville Trivia

**1866**

Madison County is recovering from the Civil War. More than 5000 rations a day are distributed at the railroad station in an effort to combat starvation.

**1885**

The Huntsville Mercury, a local newspaper, is founded by R.E. Spragins and Robert L. O'Neal.

**1894**

Robert Donnel High School in Gurley goes co-ed to the strong protest of local dowagers. An editorial of the day states that "co-ed schools are sure to lead to wickedness among the youth".

**1899**

City fathers pass an ordinance making it unlawful for any female to enter a pool or billiard hall. Supposedly, Carrie Nation was the first to do so in Huntsville.

**1908**

Madison County becomes the first county in the state to use gas-powered buggies and motorcycles to deliver mail.

**1910**

The spring, located downtown, finally gets a name. Mrs. Grace Walker appeared before the city governing body with a request that the spring be named the Big Spring Park. The motion barely passed.

**1921**

Huntsville's first supermarket, Piggly Wiggly, opens with J.S. Comer as the manager.

**1930**

A mad dog runs amuck in Bryant's Alley, biting fifteen people, all of whom had to take the dreaded rabies treatment.

**1933**

The first state unemployment office opens in the Madison County Courthouse. Unemployed people were lined up for three blocks on the day of the opening.

**1935**

The poor house, sometimes known as the Alms house, is torn down. The house was located at the end of Hermitage Avenue.

**1950**

Terry Heights subdivision votes to come into the City of Huntsville.

**1957**

New Hope and Madison acquire their first police cars. A local wag claims that "it was hell to catch speeders before then."

**1959**

Steven Bishop becomes the first man in Madison County to propose to his love while standing on his head. (Don't ask us why).

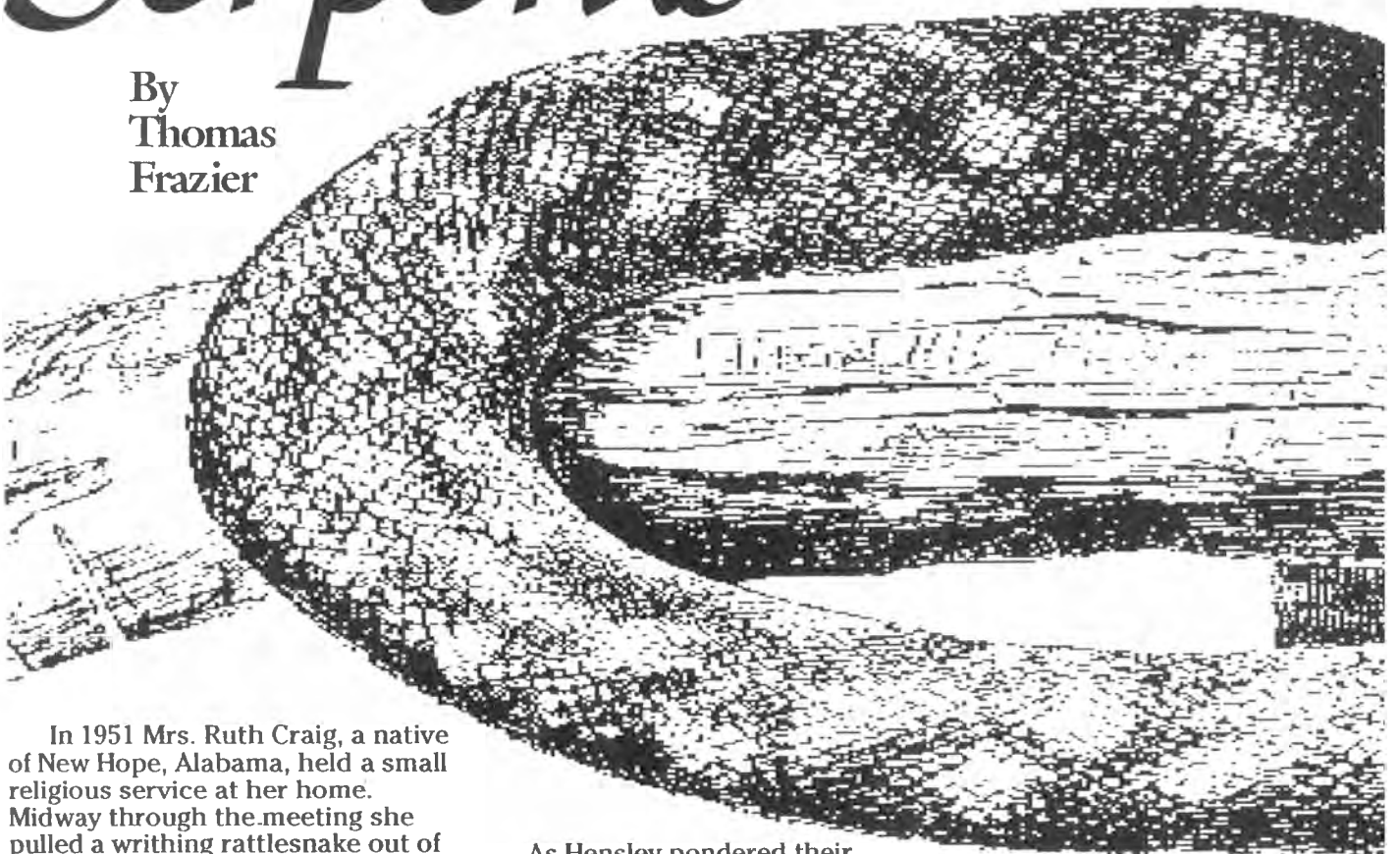




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# *Thou Shalt Take Up* *Serpents*

By  
Thomas  
Frazier



In 1951 Mrs. Ruth Craig, a native of New Hope, Alabama, held a small religious service at her home. Midway through the meeting she pulled a writhing rattlesnake out of a glass jar and proclaimed, "I'm going to handle the snake and anyone that doesn't believe had better leave." Minutes later the horrified crowd watched as the snake bit their leader four times in rapid succession on the arms and shoulders. Mrs. Craig, after collapsing into a coma, died shortly afterwards.

It had all happened so fast - almost like a dream - the Right Reverend George Went Hensley would recall. He insisted on being called the "Right Reverend". The vision had come to him on a lonely mountain top in east Tennessee one hot day in 1906. For years, young Hensley had been puzzled by certain scriptures in the Bible. Particularly troublesome was a passage in the book of Mark, verses 17 and 18 which read, "and these signs shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents . . ."

As Hensley pondered their meaning, a vague idea for putting his faith to the test began to take shape in his mind. Suddenly, pieces of the eternal puzzle of life and death came together. All it involved was a literal interpretation of the Scripture as written by St. Mark. In a blinding flash of inspiration, he walked across the mountain until he found a rattlesnake sunning on a rocky ledge. Trembling, but resolute in his determination to stare Satan down, he picked up the snake.

In July of 1949, Mrs. Mabel Porch, a native of Athens, was bitten while handling snakes. She died the same night. Convinced that it was his faith that protected him, Hensley marched down the mountain with his rattler. His first stop was at a local campground, where a revival was in progress. At first the group was skeptical, but after repeated demonstrations by Hensley, a few

bold members reached out and touched the snake.

Instant jubilation exploded in the aisles as the poor dirt farmers and their wives became convinced that the power of God was protecting them. A new American religion was born. In the years following, this new religious sect spread from the foothills of southern Tennessee, where it crept into rural backwood communities across northern Alabama. Hundreds of rural churchgoers converted to Hensley's bizarre form of worship.

In 1941, Mr. John Pettigrew of New Market was bitten repeatedly on the face and the cheek while handling snakes during a religious service. He died the same night. While conducting service at a re-



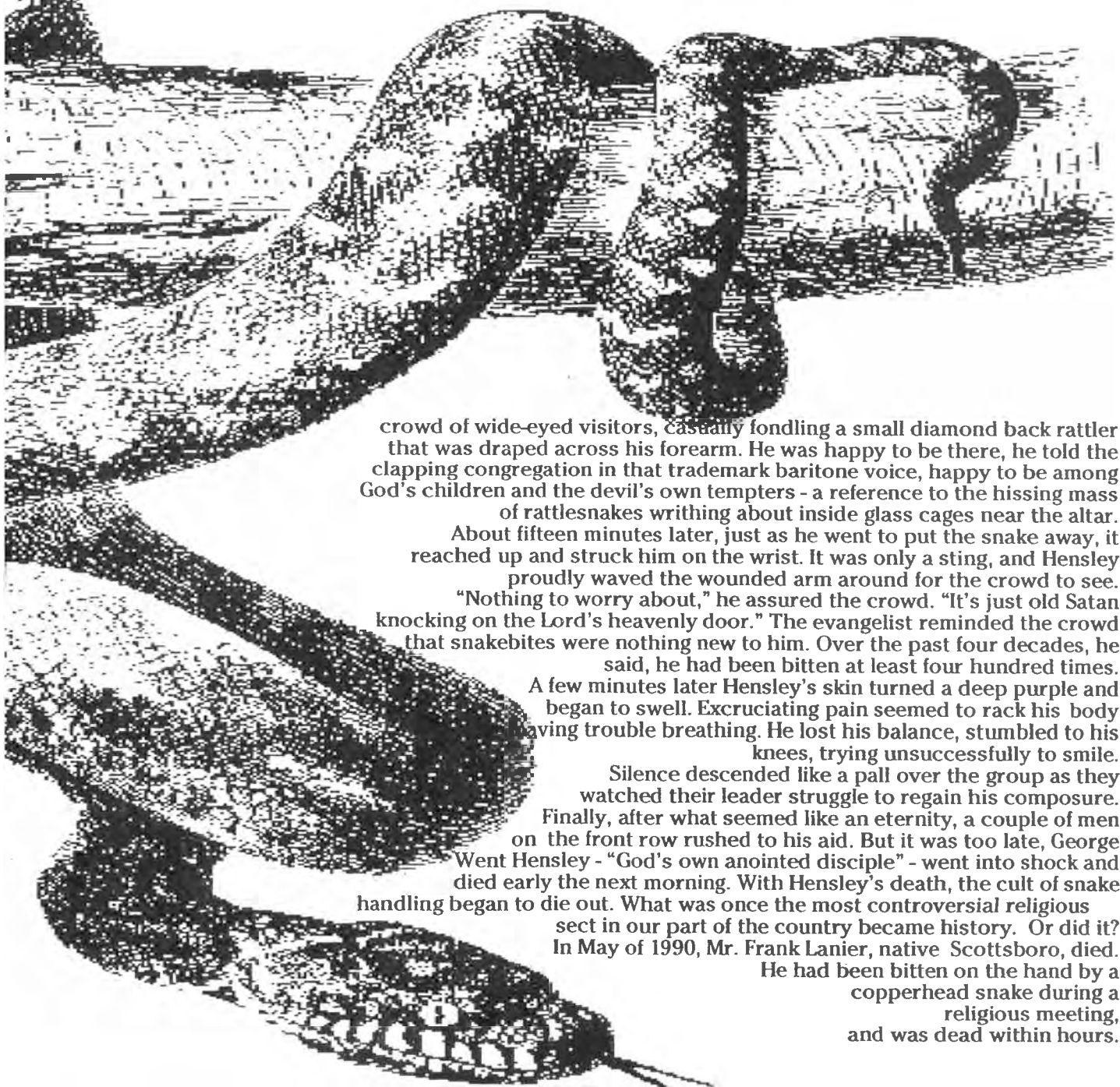
rival meeting in Florence, the Right Reverend Hensley was bitten by a large copperhead snake. Immediately, he announced to his following that it was only a new test by "God"; the snakes may bite the true believers, but God would protect them from any harm. Apparently this was Hensley's answer to the rash of people suffering snake bites during his services.

Again there was jubilation in the small rural churches, as "true believers" began to handle the snakes with a frenzy, goading the snakes into biting them so that they might show the wounds as a badge of their convictions.

In 1937, in a small church located within the city limits of Huntsville, Mr. Ollie Beshears was bitten by the snakes he was handling. Within moments his body began to swell and become discolored. A cot was brought in to the church and placed in front of the pulpit and members of the sect gathered around the cot and began to pray. They prayed hard and for a long time all night long, and the next morning, as the sun began to rise over Monte Sano, Mr. Beshears died.

Slowly making their way home, the congregation's only comment was "He didn't believe strong enough."

In 1965, fifty-nine years after founding his controversial religion, George Went Hensley was the guest speaker at a small open air service in Altha, Florida. At 77, the preacher and prophet still moved easily before the packed



crowd of wide-eyed visitors, casually fondling a small diamond back rattler that was draped across his forearm. He was happy to be there, he told the clapping congregation in that trademark baritone voice, happy to be among God's children and the devil's own tempters - a reference to the hissing mass of rattlesnakes writhing about inside glass cages near the altar.

About fifteen minutes later, just as he went to put the snake away, it reached up and struck him on the wrist. It was only a sting, and Hensley proudly waved the wounded arm around for the crowd to see.

"Nothing to worry about," he assured the crowd. "It's just old Satan knocking on the Lord's heavenly door." The evangelist reminded the crowd that snakebites were nothing new to him. Over the past four decades, he said, he had been bitten at least four hundred times.

A few minutes later Hensley's skin turned a deep purple and began to swell. Excruciating pain seemed to rack his body leaving trouble breathing. He lost his balance, stumbled to his knees, trying unsuccessfully to smile.

Silence descended like a pall over the group as they watched their leader struggle to regain his composure. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, a couple of men on the front row rushed to his aid. But it was too late, George Went Hensley - "God's own anointed disciple" - went into shock and died early the next morning. With Hensley's death, the cult of snake handling began to die out. What was once the most controversial religious

sect in our part of the country became history. Or did it? In May of 1990, Mr. Frank Lanier, native Scottsboro, died.

He had been bitten on the hand by a copperhead snake during a religious meeting, and was dead within hours.

## Furloughs Given For Posterity

RAYMOND, Miss. - Confederate Gen. D. H. Hill has a fine eye for posterity and a soldier's furlough.

He approved one request for leave, endorsing on it: "Approved for the reason that a brave soldier ought to be allowed to go home whenever practicable, else all the children born during the war or within the usual period afterwards will be the offspring of the cowards who remain at home..."

Taken from Richmond, Virginia newspaper April 30, 1865

## Consumption Warning

If you have any hereditary proneness to consumption, take care not to sleep when you go to health resorts in rooms from which consumptive patients have just cleared out. The Congress of Doctors which met recently has pronounced the disease infectious, but not totally from the breath. Danger lies in the sufferer from it spitting about, and when the saliva dries, the microbes in it being inhaled in the shape of dust. Consumptive persons should have rooms to themselves and make use of spittoons. They and all their surroundings should be kept with Dutch cleanliness and often disinfected. Cows are also to be mistrusted. An oft milked cow is sure to go into a decline, and

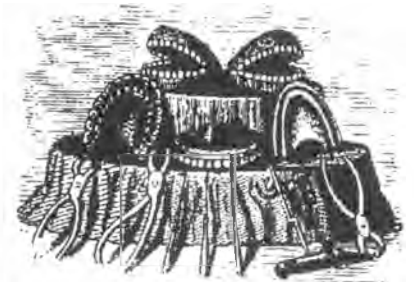
her milk and the meat her body furnishes when she is handed over to the butcher are equally dangerous. The goat is proof against pulmonary consumption, and is warmly recommended by the Congress as a nurse to delicate children who become ill with boiled milk.

Taken from London Newspaper, 1888

## Sleep

Thomas Edison thinks that a great deal of time is wasted in sleep. That may be true, but while a person is asleep he is harmless; something that cannot always be said while he is awake.

From 1894 Newspaper



## He's Losing His Teeth!

There is a dentist in Huntsville who has a daughter, who is loved by a young man but he is bashful, and doesn't like to go to the house to see her unless he has an excuse. So every Tuesday and Friday he calls and gets the old man to pull a tooth for him, and then he goes into the back parlor and sparks the girl under the pretense of trying to find his hat.

He only has six teeth now, and what worries him is to know what he is going to do when they are all out and his new set is made and put in. He is all the more anxious about it because the fair maiden doesn't seem as if she was going to respond to his heartfelt sighs, and there is room for suspicion that she has been playing the coquette so as to rope in a good customer for her elderly parent.

1876 Publication



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## It Is Better

Better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own than a brown stone mansion belonging to the bank.

Better to walk forever than to run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by a pine table for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home an extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane seated chairs, and faded two ply carpet, than tremble at the bill sent home from the upholsterers for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintance with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ grinder two cents for music if you must have it, than to owe for a grand organ.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

From 1850 paper



## Early Business In Huntsville

Ever wonder what Huntsville was like around the turn of the century? Below is a partial listing of businesses in Huntsville that were in operation in 1904:

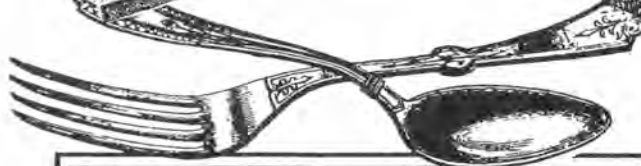
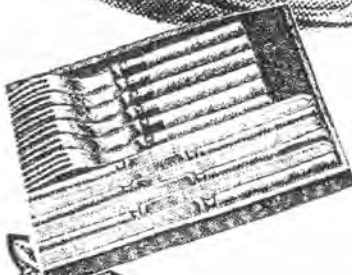
- 3 saw and planing mills
- 2 carriage and buggy factories
- 4 latest improved steam cotton gins
- 3 cotton oil mills
- 2 fertilizer factories
- 2 sheet tin and metal working establishments
- 2 bottling works
- 1 soap factory
- 1 electric light plant and electric railway
- 2 steam laundries
- 3 daily newspapers
- 6 weekly newspapers
- 2 lime kilns, latest improved
- 1 cabinet factory
- 8 commercial printing offices
- 1 business college
- 3 bakeries
- 1 foundry
- 1 gas company
- 3 cold storage plants
- 2 monument works
- 1 cotton compress
- 2 candy factories
- 6 nurseries
- 5 sash, door and blind factories
- 1 stave factory
- 11 cotton mills: Dallas (2 mills), Merrimack (2 mills), Lowe (3 mills) Huntsville, West Huntsville, Madison and Rowe
- 2 spoke and handle factories
- 1 hoop and stave factory
- 1 fiber and veneer factory
- 1 roller factory to supply cotton mills
- 1 mattress factory
- 1 ice factory
- 1 flouring mill
- 1 broom factory
- 2 machine shops
- 3 brickyards

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## Heavy Reader

By all accounts, Eleanor Barry enjoyed reading. And she could be found reading all hours of the day and night. At her home in Decatur, Alabama she surrounded herself with every sort of reading material: Newspapers, magazines, books, catalogs you name it.

But her habit of reading in bed proved to be the death of her. One night, as she lay sleeping, the books, magazines and other reading material piled high about her fell onto her bed, crushing her to death.

From 1890 Newspaper

# WANTED!

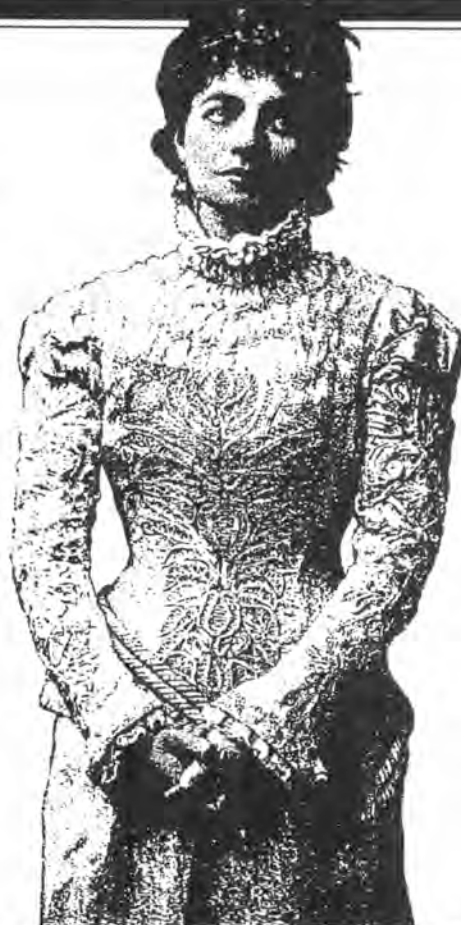
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## Women

Woman, through her nature and affections, is first at the cradle and last at the grave, a thought worth dwelling upon by orators.

A lady who lived fifty years with her husband, died in the confident hope of a better life.

From 1860 news article

## Pawn Brokers & Helpless Virgins

Santa Claus unknowingly inspired pawnshops to use the traditional 3\_ball symbol seen on many entrances to these shops.

It is said that St. Nicholas turned three brass balls into three bags of gold in order to save the young daughters of a poor but honest man from earning their living in dubious ways.

Since that time, St. Nicholas has been the patron saint of pawnbrokers, as well as of helpless virgins.

## Huntsville Stone Warrior

Most of us are familiar with the statue of the Confederate soldier on the courthouse lawn, but some don't realize there's some interesting history behind him, too.

The idea of a memorial originated with the United Daughters of the Confederacy shortly after the turn of the century. They felt that the spirit of Southern fighting men during the Civil War should be preserved for the future, and what better way than a statue?

They sponsored many socials, rummage sales, teas and parties in the Huntsville area to raise money for the project. Finally, they accumulated \$2500 and began to put the plan together.

Today, \$2500 doesn't sound like a lot, but in 1905, it was enough to buy an exquisite piece of Vermont granite and hire a sculptor to perform the work.

Huntsville had a pretty decent sculpting artist in 1905 by the name of Oscar Hummel, to whom the UDC wanted to give the job. However, since he was a local artist, some felt he wouldn't be able to do as good a job as other sculptors somewhere else. As a sort of test, he was assigned to sculpt an Indian head. If the Indian head was satisfactory, he would get the job. It was, and he did.

Hummel set up shop on the site that is today a parking lot next to the Church of the Visitation in downtown Huntsville. As soon as the granite arrived, Hummel began his work. His model was Jim Mott Robinson, of Hazel Green, who posed while Hummel worked late with dedication and determination.

In those days, a blacksmith shop was at the corner of Washington Street close to Hummel's shop. People would watch the progress of the statue while they waited their turn to have their buggies and surreys repaired by the blacksmith. Most were amazed and pleased with the progress as Hummel tirelessly continued.



At last, the statue was complete, and dedication plans were being finalized.

November 21, 1905, was a wonderfully festive day. Wagons, carts, horses and people jammed the courthouse square for the dedication. Dignitaries were on hand with windy speeches and well-wishes, including the Mayor of Huntsville, the county commissioner, and the Governor of Alabama. Thirteen pretty young ladies (one for each state of the former Confederacy) laid a large wreath at the pedestal base of the statue while Monroe's band played heart-stirring music. There wasn't a dry eye on the square that day.

The years passed... and the old soldier silently stood his ceaseless vigil as sentry, facing south in honor of those who fought for the Confederacy.

In 1966, plans were underway to tear down the old courthouse and replace it with a modern new one. Obviously, the statue had to be moved out of the way before the work started. A crane was called in to perform the task, which went well and without incident. The crane merely lifted the statue from the courthouse lawn, swung it across the street, and carefully set it down on the front lawn of the First National Bank.

This was to be the soldier's temporary home until the new courthouse was completed.

Before the completion of the courthouse, demolition of Cotton Row began in order to make way for the construction of the new State National Bank Building.

The fateful day was June 29, 1966. During the destruction of Cotton Row, one of the walls fell right on the warrior and knocked him down, breaking off his head, both hands, and his feet.

Since the UDC actually owned the statue, the Huntsville chapter president, Mrs. R.G. Moore, was notified. She came to the scene via a police car that picked her up at home and was both horrified and sickened by the sight of the old soldier, in pieces, before her. She absently tried to pick up the head for safekeeping before she realized it was too heavy.

Then began the long process of replacement, including insurance claims and legal actions.

At first, it appeared that molds could be made of the damaged parts for replacement, since the body of the statue was undamaged. However, that wasn't possible, and it was determined that a new sculpture had to be made... so the insurance appraisal was done that way.

The legal process took an unbelievable two-year period, but eventually, the courts found in favor of the UDC in March, 1968. The resculpting process could at last begin.

The work was awarded to the Georgia Marble Works, one of only five granite sculptors in the U.S. The granite used was Georgia granite... good, but not as visually appealing as Vermont granite.

The original undamaged pedestal was used, but the difference in the granites necessitated some resanding for a color match.

The new warrior's hands and face are exactly as the old one's were; the body is pretty close to the original except for some minor differences in the folds and creases of the uniform.

The original statue was surrounded by an iron picket fence, which has been officially (are you ready for this?) "misplaced."

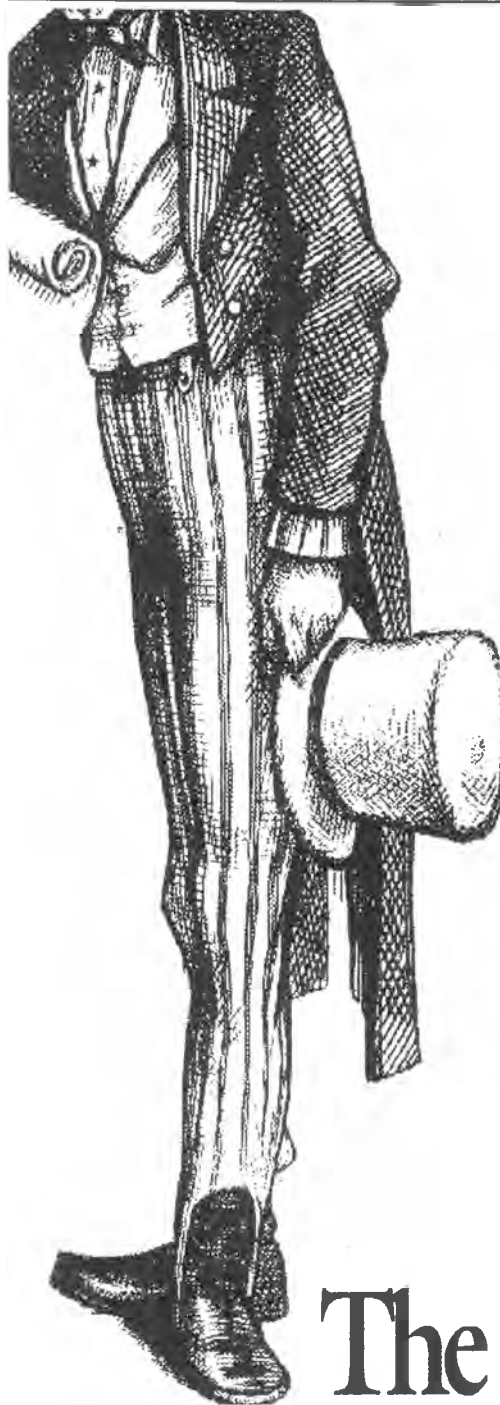
In case you're wondering what happened to the original statue, last word was that it is in the good care of Mrs. George C. Crome in Memphis, Tennessee.

The next time you have business at the courthouse, you might pause a moment to reflect on the stone warrior who, like countless thousands on both sides during the Civil War, moved up to replace a fallen comrade.



The Statue

Ken Owens



# The Wrong Pants

How A Gentleman Put On The Wrong Pants... A Divorce Case... The Consequence... An Ever True Tale

Our city has just had a sensation. It was all about a pair of pantaloons, and is to terminate in a divorce case.

A Huntsville gentleman went one evening last week to have a quiet game of billiards. He stuck to his cue for several faithful hours, visited with his friends still longer, and then went home. On retiring to rest he was most singularly uneasy, and tossed about for some time without dropping into that peaceful slumber easily derived from a clean conscience. His lady was annoyed and complained kindly. It was no use, however, something drove sleep from his eyelids.

Just then his lady was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, how fortunate he had remained awake! He was requested to hasten to the nearest drug store in quest of a restorative. He hastily attired himself, double quicked down the street, rushed into a store, obtained the articles so urgently required, and produced his pocket book to pay for it. Great Goodness! What had transpired? He had never seen that wallet before- and the pants? They were not his own! Could it be possible that he was in his right mind? He resolved to see, and without stopping to take the remedy with him he rushed back to the wife of his bosom.

He did not flourish a revolver. He did not smash furniture. He did not strike attitudes like a gladiator. He simply took part in the conversation:

"Jane?"

"Yes, dear."

"How are you feeling?"

"Better. Much better. I think a good sleep is all I need. How kind of you to go to so much trouble."

"Very kind, wasn't it?"

"Very kind, honey."

"Jane, shall I turn on the gas?"

"If you like, dear."

"Jane?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do these look like my pantaloons?"

"Why, what can you mean, dear?"

"I mean, do these resemble my trousers I wore home this evening?"

"Why, how can I tell you, dear," said Jane, as she raised up with some surprise and reluctance, gave a quick glance and screamed out right.

"Husband," she said with some embarrassment, "You have made a

ridiculous mistake somewhere, while out with some of your friends. What in the world have you been doing to-night?"

"That's rather thin, Jane. We don't usually take off our pants to play billiards. When I went to bed tonight I had my proper pantaloons on that chair. When I dressed to go out, the pair I have on now fell in my way, and I put them on. I discovered at the store they were not mine. I returned at once, and now I find the pair I left on that chair are missing!"

Jane began to sob, weep and protest her innocence, while the husband paced the floor in deep reflection.

"Jane," at last he said, "I guess you can go home to your parents tomorrow. You and I have got along very well for a year or two, but the thing's played."

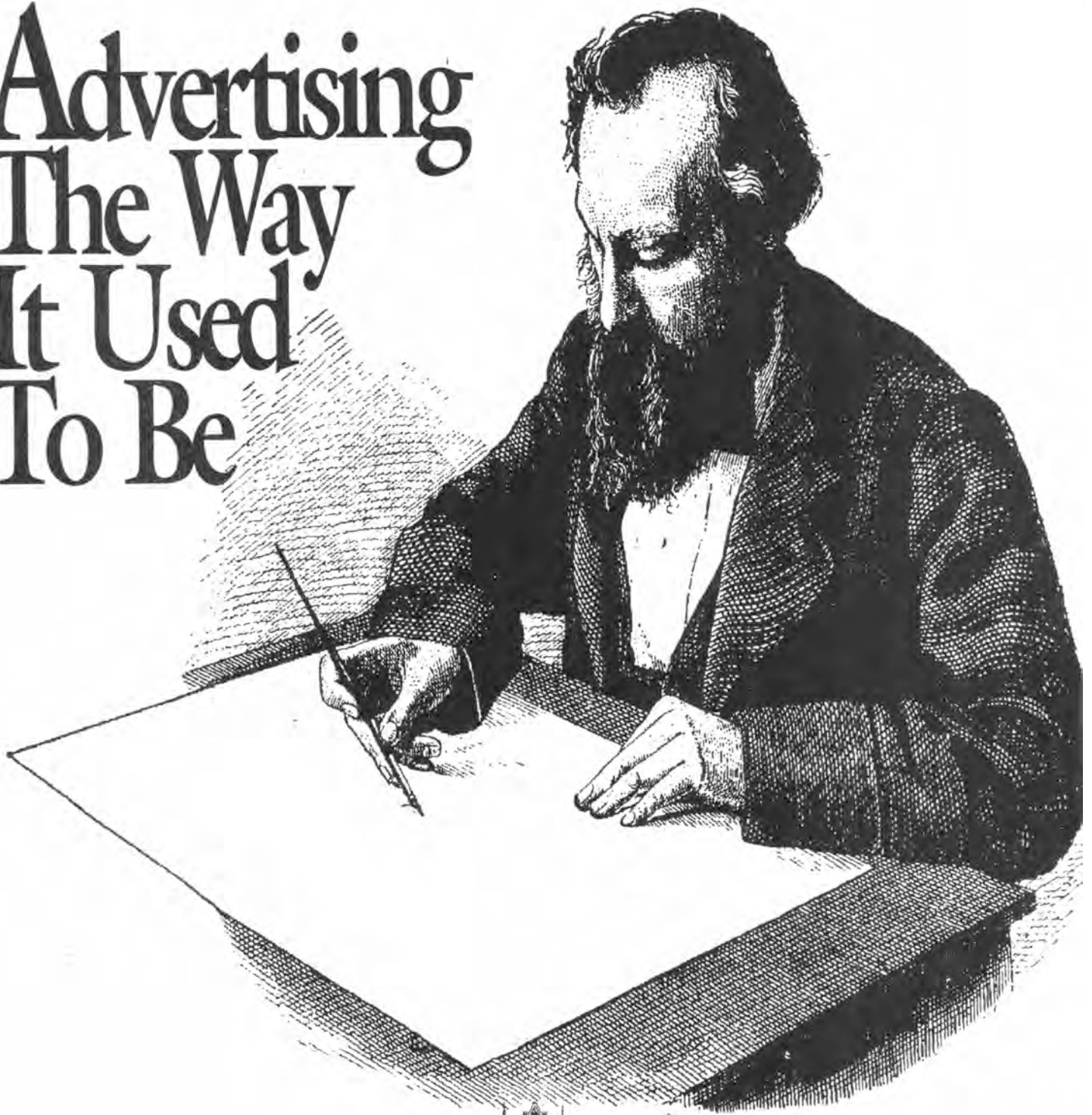
And downstairs he went with a deaf ear to the frenzied appeals and prayers she showered after him. An investigation on the morrow disclosed the fact that the mysteriously procured pantaloons contained \$300 more than those which so mysteriously walked off. Jane left on the first train for her Atlanta home, a bill of divorce has been filed and no one ever called to exchange pantaloons and pocket books.

From 1873 News publication



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# Advertising The Way It Used To Be

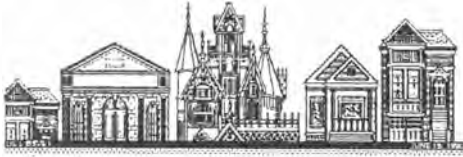


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## Some Strange Facts About Cats

Why do cats get stuck up in trees? Their claws are constructed for climbing up, but they curve the wrong way for climbing back down.

Longhaired cats are said to be more docile and quieter than their shorthaired counterparts - probably because of their legacy of being luxuriously petted.

The wife's tale that when a cat passes her paw over her ear a storm is on its way, may be based in scientific fact. It's possible that cats are trying to massage away the annoying effects of electricity that go through them when a storm begins to build up.

A pregnant or birthing cat has been known to gratefully accept a small glass of sherry - for medicinal purposes, of course.

As Charles Dickens was reading one stormy night, his candle went out. He lit it, petted his cat, and went back to his book. Very soon afterwards the candle went out again. There was his cat, snuffing out the flame with her paw, and waiting to be petted again.

During World War II, a British Government Minister went to visit Winston Churchill, who was recovering from the flu. Churchill's cat, Nelson, was curled up at the end of the bed. "This cat is doing more for the war effort than you are!" Churchill reportedly said. "He acts as a hot water bottle and saves us fuel and power!"

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We select all of our fruits & vegetables to ensure for you the very best quality.  
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*There never was any glory in  
picking cotton.*

*Ray Beshere  
Retired Farmer*

*It's a proven fact that a nobody can  
be a somebody, if you work  
hard.....and have money.*

*Phyllis Rogers  
Guntersville*

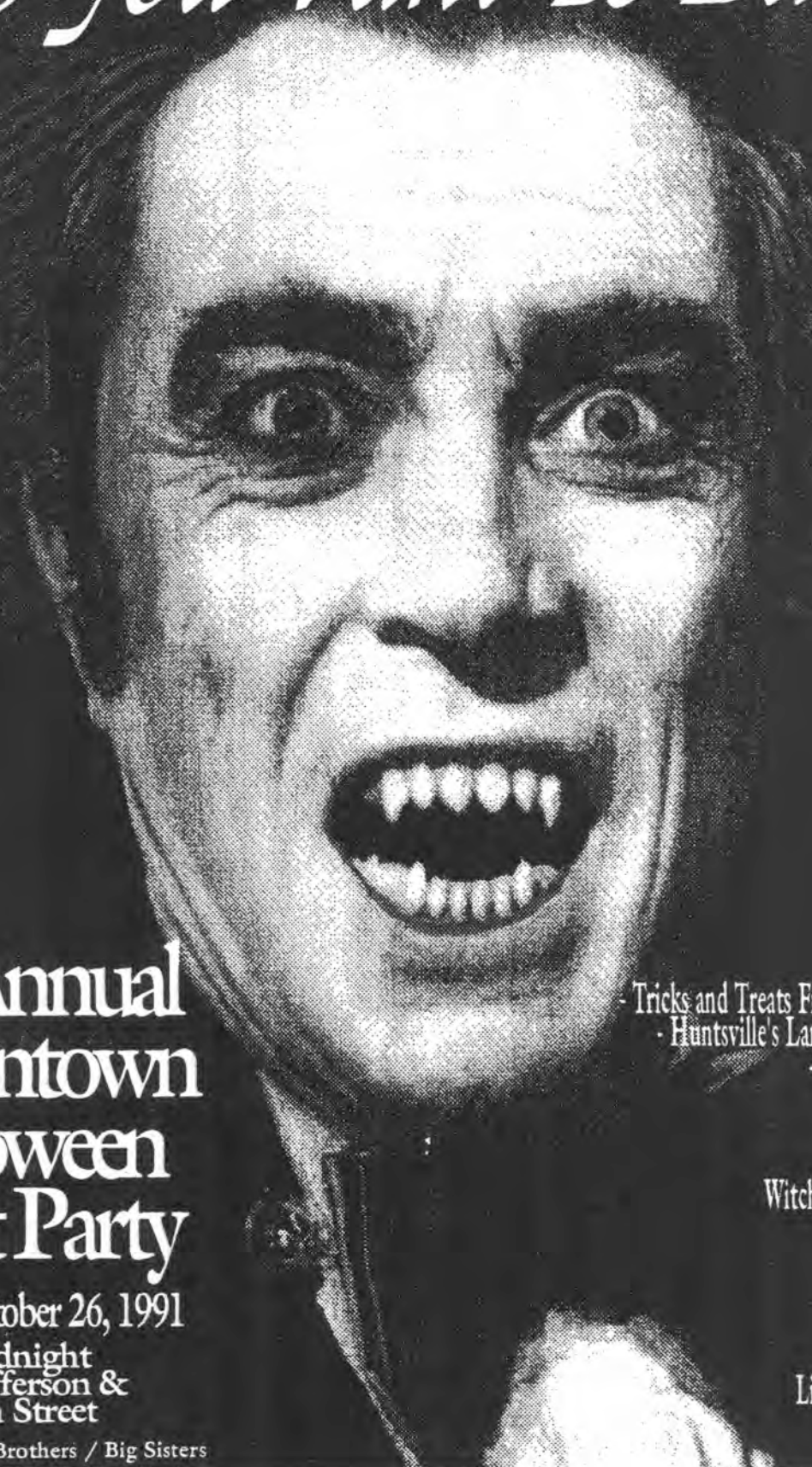
*When even the pigeons stay away,  
you know a piece of modern art  
sculpture is pretty bad.  
Overheard at the Big Spring Park.*

*I have nothing against modern art;  
I'm just not sure what  
I'm looking at.*

*Monte Sano Crowder  
Banjo picker supreme*



*"Do You Want To Party!"*



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Downtown  
Halloween  
Street Party**

Saturday, October 26, 1991  
4PM til Midnight  
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- Tricks and Treats From The Great Pumpkin
- Huntsville's Largest Parade of Monsters
- \$\$Costume Contests\$\$
- WTAK Live Reports
- Haunted Hayrides

- Witch Dancers From Macbeth
- Face Painters
- Monster Movies
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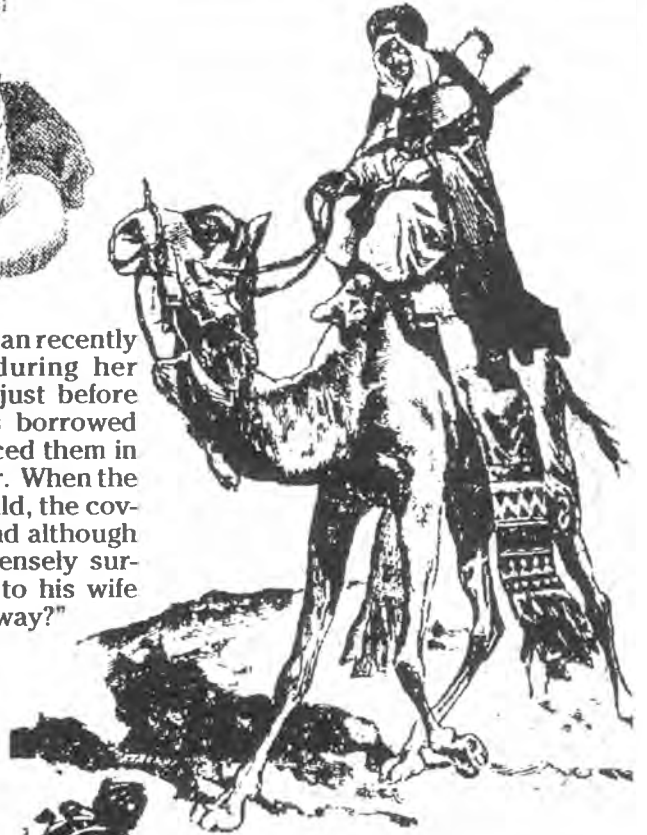
Old Huntsville T~Shirts  
We now have Old Huntsville T-shirts.  
The shirts are imprinted with the Old Huntsville Mast-head in dark brown  
T-Shirts -\$10+\$1Postage  
S-M-L-XL

Sweatshirts also available



A Huntsville woman recently gave birth to a child during her husband's absence, and just before his return the neighbors borrowed two other babies and placed them in bed with the little stranger. When the father asked to see his child, the coverlet was turned down, and although he must have been immensely surprised, he coolly turned to his wife and asked, "Did any get away?"

1866 newspaper



# The Fret Shop

A Wide Variety of Guitars, Banjos & Mandolins

Great Selections of Violins Viola & Cello Layaway Now For Christmas

MONTE MCGEE'S  
**ALADDIN**  
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## Mistaken Identity

Those who "grope" sometimes grope wilfully. A man who feels around just before daybreak for the kindling wood and finally crams his wife's hoopskirts into the stove will not, when she comes to dress herself, be able to protect his skull by any argument of "mistaken identity."

From 1886 paper

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## FAMOUS RECIPES

### Aunt Ginnie's Favorite Meatloaf

1 lb ground beef  
 1/2 lb sausage  
 Dash pepper  
 1 tsp Worcestershire  
 1 beaten egg  
 1 cup bread pieces, torn  
 1/4 cup milk  
 1 small chopped onion  
 1/2 cup catsup  
 dash garlic powder  
 1/4 cup yellow mustard

Mix all ingredients well. Put into a loaf pan. Spread catsup with 1 tsp sugar mixed in, on top of meatloaf. Bake at 350 for 45 minutes. Is good cold on sandwiches, as well as hot.

### Bobble Gash

1 lb lean pork  
 1 lb veal  
 1 tblsp lard  
 3 sliced onions  
 salt and pepper  
 5 potatoes  
 1 cup cream  
 5 tblsp flour

Cut the meat into small pieces. Heat lard in a kettle and add onions. When browning, drop in the meat. Stir constantly til brown. Cover with water and boil 45 minutes. Add salt and pepper. Pare and dice potatoes and boil. Add, cooked, to the meat and add cream. Thicken with flour, heat and serve.

From "Heirlooms from the Kitchen"  
 by Joan Hutson

THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO CALLED AND LET US KNOW THAT PARTS OF THESE RECIPES HAD BEEN LEFT OFF LAST ISSUE. I WISH WE COULD SAY THE COMPUTER ATE THEM, BUT THAT'S NOT THE CASE. HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, IN THEIR ENTIRETY, AND WE'RE SORRY FOR THE INCONVENIENCE.

### Mississippi Mud Cake

1 cup oleo  
 1 1/2 cup flour  
 1/3 cup cocoa  
 1 cup chopped pecans  
 4 eggs  
 1 jar marshmallow creme  
 2 cups sugar  
**Icing**  
 1 stick oleo  
 1/2 cup cocoa

1 box powdered sugar  
 1/2 cup evaporated milk  
 1 cup chopped pecans  
 Mix oleo and cocoa. Cream sugar, flour and eggs together. Add cocoa mixture, then pecans. Pour into greased 9x13" pan. Bake at 350 for 30 minutes. Remove from oven, and while hot, spread 1/2 jar marshmallow creme on top. While cake is baking, prepare icing.  
**ICING:** Mix oleo and cocoa. Add evaporated milk, sugar and pecans. Mix and pour over marshmallow creme. Cool before cutting.

### Cheese Cake Cookies

1/3 cup brown sugar, packed  
 1/2 cup pecans, chopped  
 1 cup all purpose flour  
 1/3 cup melted butter  
**Topping:**  
 1 8-oz cream cheese  
 1 tblsp lemon juice  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 2 tsp milk  
 1 egg  
 1 tsp vanilla extract  
**Crust:**  
 Mix together all and take out 2/3 cup. Put mix onto bottom of 8x8" pan. Bake at 350 for 15 minutes. Cool. Topping: Mix the cheese and sugar until creamy. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour over baked crust and sprinkle 2/3 cup crust mixture over top. Bake at 350 for 25 minutes. Refrigerate overnight before cutting into squares, if you can stand it!

### Granny's Fresh Apple Cake

2 eggs  
 2 cups sugar  
 2 sticks margarine, softened  
 1/2 tsp salt  
 1 tsp soda  
 1 tblsp cinnamon  
 3 cups flour  
 3 cups diced apples  
 1 1/2 cups chopped pecans  
 Mix thoroughly first six ingredients then mix in flour. Mix in apples and nuts. Spray Bundt pan with Pam. Drop mixture evenly in pan and bake at 300 for 1 to 2 hours. Cake is very dense and moist.

# The Wood Shop

FOR THE HOME

## ANTIQUES REVISITED

**Q: Who can repair and refinish antiques in the Huntsville area?**

**A.** We are asked this question daily. Our company only brokers antique repair for people. Repairing antiques is a tedious trade and requires a knowledgeable skilled craftsman. By the time you purchase the materials and equipment to strip, repair and finish the furniture, you will have probably spent more money than if you had sent the furniture to a professional. I have listed to gentleman that do quality repair work and are reasonably priced; **Mr. David Hall** and **Mr. R. Maples** both of Huntsville. Both of these men can recommend furniture refinishers. They both specialize in the furniture repair business.

**Q. Should I restore the furniture back to the original structure and finish?**

**A.** This depends solely on the user/owner of the furniture. I recommend that you restore the item back to the original structure and finish, if the piece is collectable, historical, heirloom, or prior 1900. Check with your local antique dealer. I recommend a store called **Staker's Antiques** located at 601 Washington Street, I-565 Trade Mart. They will be able to give you advice on the age and value of the item. In addition, they occasionally purchase antiques from individuals.

**Q. Where can I purchase reproduction furniture?**

**A.** We occasionally build custom reproductions. Bring us a picture and we will be able to recommend a specialty catalog or store that the item can be purchased from. Custom parts are in this category also.

Jordan & Jordan Company, Inc.  
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# Courting Customs

In the old days, courting your sweetheart was full of romance and tenderness. Or was it?

In the U.S., courting was not all full of sweetness:

During the Colonial days, a romantic date consisted of sitting around the hearth with a dozen family members, and whispering sweet nothings in her ear through a long, hollow tube with mouth and ear pieces.

In one American Indian tribe, courting was a game of hide-and-seek. After the man received permission from the lady's family, she hid in the woods. If two out of three times he could find her, she was his. If not, he could try again two weeks later. If he failed again, he had to give up.

Other countries had some pretty strange customs, as well:

In an Australian tribe the man shot the woman with barbless arrows and then was kind enough to offer to take her home and take the arrows out.

If a young man in Ireland was having trouble convincing his chosen one of his charms, he would steal a hair from her head, thread it through a needle, find a corpse and thread the hair through the arm or leg of the dead person. This procedure was supposed to make him irresistible to the girl.

The wedding ceremony of a certain group of Eskimos involved a curious ordeal. The groom had to drag his betrothed to his hut. She would be kicking and screaming, fighting him vehemently, until safely in the hut. Once inside she cheerfully assumed her new station in life.

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HARD TO BELIEVE

# ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD &amp; WONDERFUL

In eighteenth century England, women's wigs were sometimes 4 feet high. These remarkable head-dresses were dusted with flour and decorated with stuffed birds, replicas of gardens, plates of fruit, or even model ships. Sometimes the wigs were so elaborate they had to be worn continuously for several months. They were matted with lard to keep them from coming apart, which made mice and insects a constant hazard. Special pillows had to be constructed to hold these giant creations, and rat resistant caps made of gilt wire were common items. Thankfully, the craze died out very suddenly in England in 1795 when a hair powder tax made their upkeep much too

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Recipe Editor:

Help! I was getting all my ingredients ready for the Mississippi Mud Cake and the Cheese Cake Cookies when I noticed that parts of the recipes were missing! They look delicious but I need to know what comes next. (These were out of your last issue, with the Last Lynching in Huntsville on the cover). Can you send me the entire recipe?

Mrs. C. Kennebek

Editor's Note:

I wish we could blame this on the computer, but unfortunately it was plain old human error. We found the original recipes and are reprinting those two, with some other recipes, in this issue. Thanks for sticking with us!

Dear Mr. Carney,

I have just had the pleasure of reading "Old Huntsville" Vol 2 Issue 5! I want to thank you for sharing and also preserving some of the wonderful stories I grew up with. I was born and raised in Huntsville and at the age of 18 went west to Los Angeles to further my education. My family on both sides dates back well over 100 years ago, and as you can imagine, I am constantly reminded of my proud heritage. My grandmother, Doris Hunter, visited me in LA recently and brought a copy of your magazine.

I look forward to your next publication!

Stephen Alexander  
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Dear Old Huntsville,

I am writing in regards to the Arthur Rudolph story, "Not in America". I am proud to see a local publication that is willing to do the research and take a stand on such a controversial subject. I believe I speak for many Huntsvillians when I say, "Thank You."

Robert Wallace

I have been a faithful reader of your publication since its beginning. You have really made Huntsville aware of its heritage, but unfortunately you blew it. Your story on Arthur Rudolph was one of the most one-sided editorializing pieces of

antigovernment propaganda that I have ever read. Old Huntsville is not the place for an article such as the Rudolph story. I would like to know what gives you the right to print stories such as this? PS You probably won't print this, as I do not intend to buy another copy of "Old Huntsville".

L. Pierce

Editor's reply:

We appreciate your taking the time to inform us of your opinions. We feel like a real magazine now this is the first letter of this kind that we have received.

Tom Carney  
Cathey Carney  
Bruce Till

Dear Editors:

I am not a native (North Carolina) but so much enjoy your magazine. One of your subscribers is R. E. Hall my next door neighbor. Mr. Hall is 90 and remembers so many interesting tales of this area. He told me of the first car in his neighborhood which was not considered too fast as the trip from Huntsville out to his house of 16 miles only took an hour. Also, when the circus came to town and the showmen led the elephants to the fairgrounds they had to cross Pinhook Creek. The lead elephant would lift his foot to test the bridge and if it was OK would let the elephants behind him know it was OK to cross the branch! Mr. Hall is definitely worthy of an interview.

Mrs. Edith Sherertz

Editor's Note:

We have been up to Monte Sano and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hall. You are right he has some fascinating stories. You will see some of them in upcoming issues.

Dear Old Huntsville,

I am a native Huntsvillian. I grew up on West Clinton. My cousin now lives in West Virginia and I want to send her a subscription. I remember my "Mama" telling me about the Snuffdippers ball. I was born in 1939.

Sincerely,  
Barbara Rose

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ON VIEW CURRENTLY:

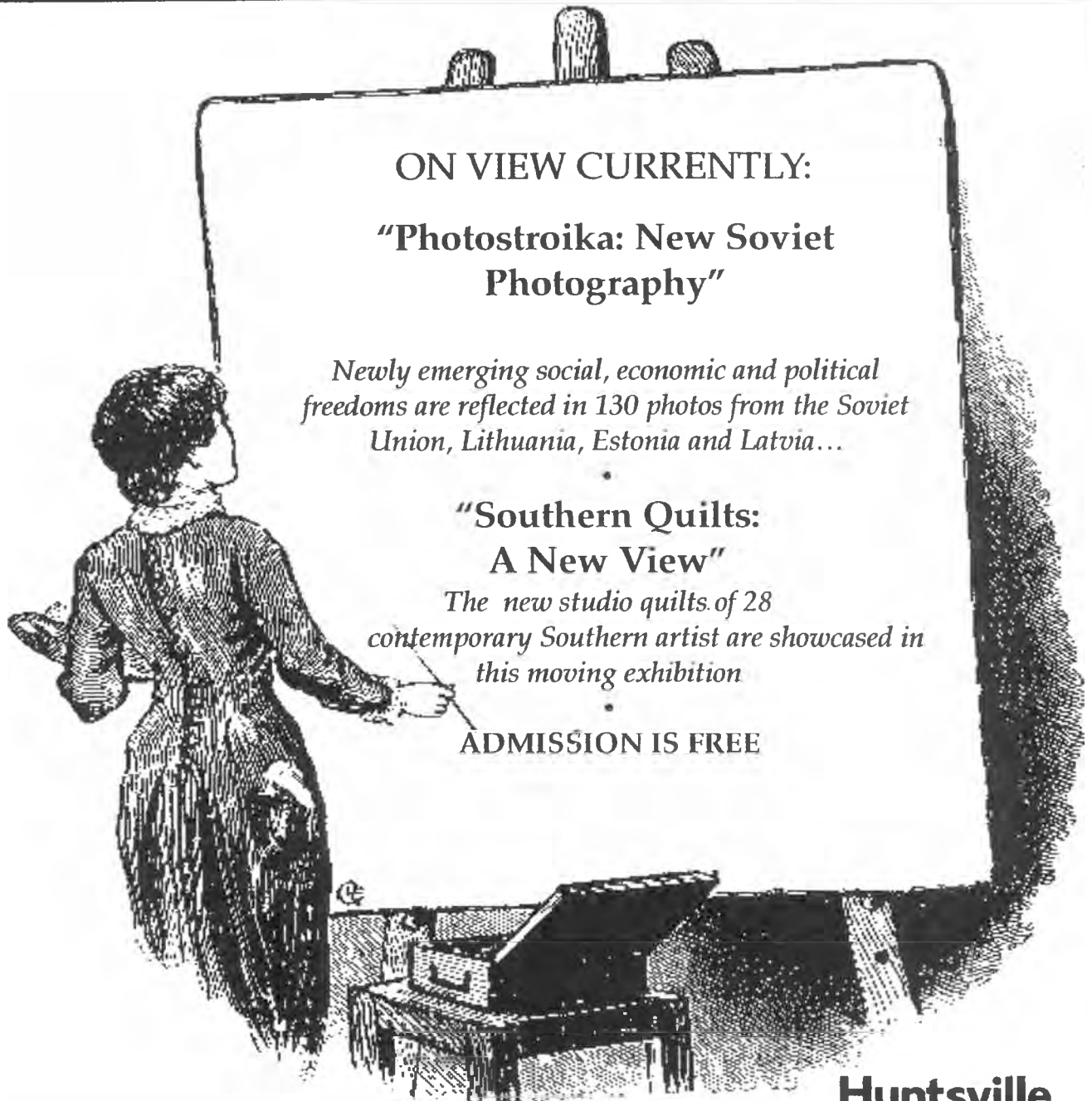
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## A Trip Back Home

I pulled off to the side of the road and took a long look at Riverton School. There wasn't much left that I could recognize. The buildings have all changed, and looking into the faces of the young bright-eyed children, there wasn't much that I could identify with, either.

I fell in love for the first time while going to Riverton. Sally Baker was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen. I would lie in bed at night and write imaginary love letters to her, promising to be her slave forever. I would have married her except for the fact that she didn't know who I was. She was the most popular girl in school, and I was a runny-nosed little kid five grades behind her. I was also nine years old.

Mrs. Riddick was my school teacher, and my mother's, and my uncles' and aunts' and everyone else's in Hurricane Creek. She began teaching at Riverton part-time during the second war, and she just never left. I hope there's a plaque or something in her honor inside the school.

We used to ride the bus to school, and we didn't like our bus driver. He liked kids just about as much as children liked castor oil: I always believed that the county school board had something against us, so they gave us our bus driver to punish us. The only redeeming thing about his bus route was that he would stop at Bobby Bragg's store, giving us a chance to load up on Cokes and candy.

Bobby Bragg was every boy's hero. He would fish all summer and hunt all winter. If he wasn't in the woods or on the creek bank, he would be sitting in front of the wood-burning stove, swapping stories with all the other men.

It's strange how a brief fleeting thought can stir emotions and cause a longing for times gone by. Using the excuse to myself that I needed gas anyway, I decided to drive on over to Hurricane Creek and stop at Bobby Bragg's store.

Stopping my car in front of the store, I stood there for a moment. I remembered the benches in front of the store and the old cotton gin next door. And if I squinted my eyes just right, I could almost see the old school bus unloading its cargo of laughing, giggling children.

After pumping my own gas, I walked inside to pay for it. Nothing had changed. The building seemed smaller than I remembered, and the canned goods seemed a little dustier, but I still remembered it.

Bobby Bragg was still sitting in front of the old wood-burning stove; only his hair was gray now and he seemed to move a lot slower than I remembered. He looked at me with a quizzical look on his face as if he was trying to figure out what a stranger was doing stopping there. I paid and left.

He didn't recognize me, and it was just as well. Sometimes it's hard to go home.

Thomas Frazier



Two gallons of whiskey was consumed by a colored man before he recovered from the deadly bite of a tarantula. It was then discovered that he had been stung by a wasp.

1899 Newspaper Clipping



# Stranger Than Fiction



From 1938 Huntsville Times

Herbert Bendon, 65, conducts his relations with the law with politeness and dignity.

"This is Herbert Bendon," he phoned a police station. "I'm over at 3rd Avenue and I'm drunk again. Send over the same cop that took me the last time, please."

"Thirty days in the workhouse," ruled the Magistrate.

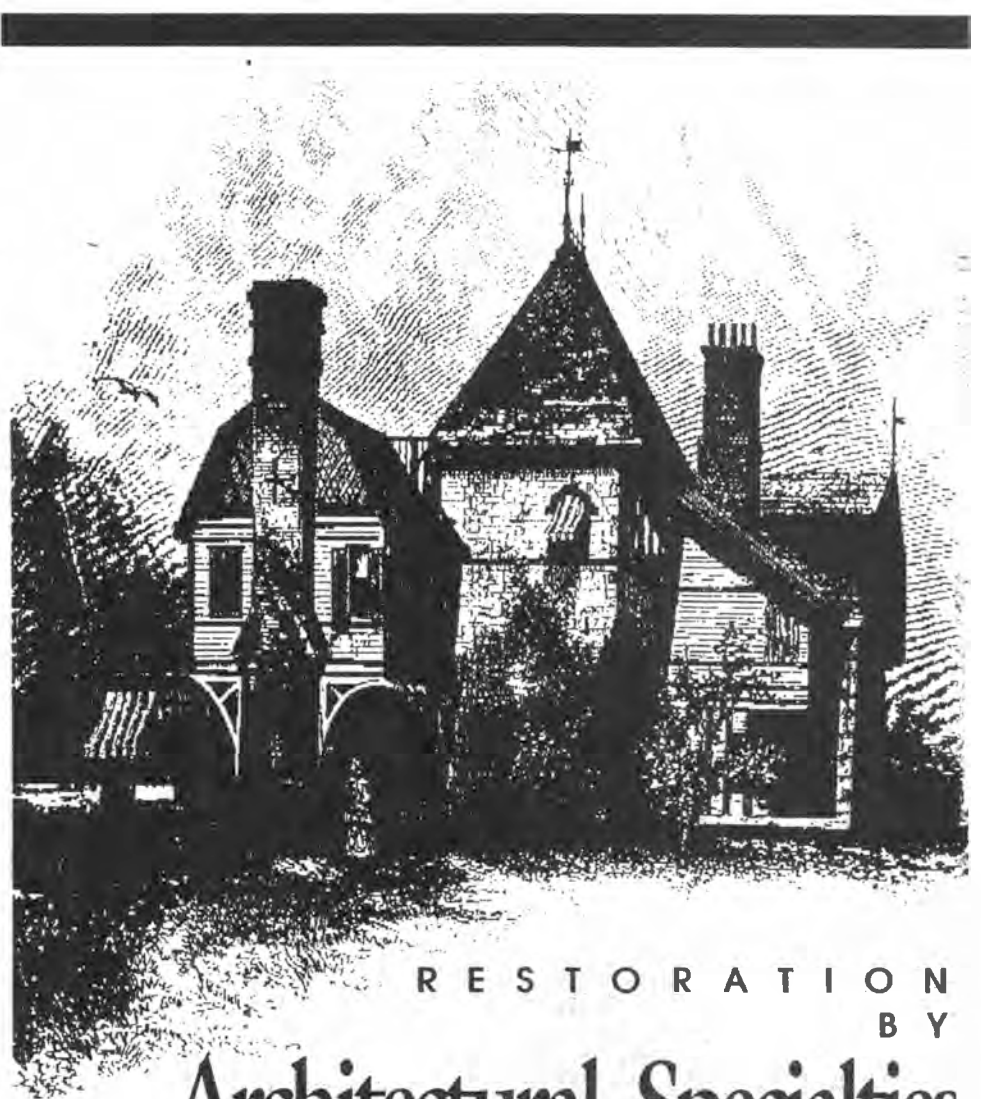
This advertisement caught the attention of some nearby readers:

"Found: A sum of money March 31 in my home; owner can have same by proving property and paying for this ad. Joe Kleinhans"

Joe and his wife had been away and found the money in the back hall of their home upon their return.

The doors had been locked, the windows were undisturbed. Nothing was out of order or missing from the house.

While 17-year old Grace Carter sat on a piano bench beside her new admirer, Rudolph Johnson, both of them playing the song "It doesn't pay to play with fire", her sweetheart, Cameron Tew shot and killed Johnson, wounded the girl and then drowned himself in a nearby creek. The coroner listed the tragedy as murder and suicide.

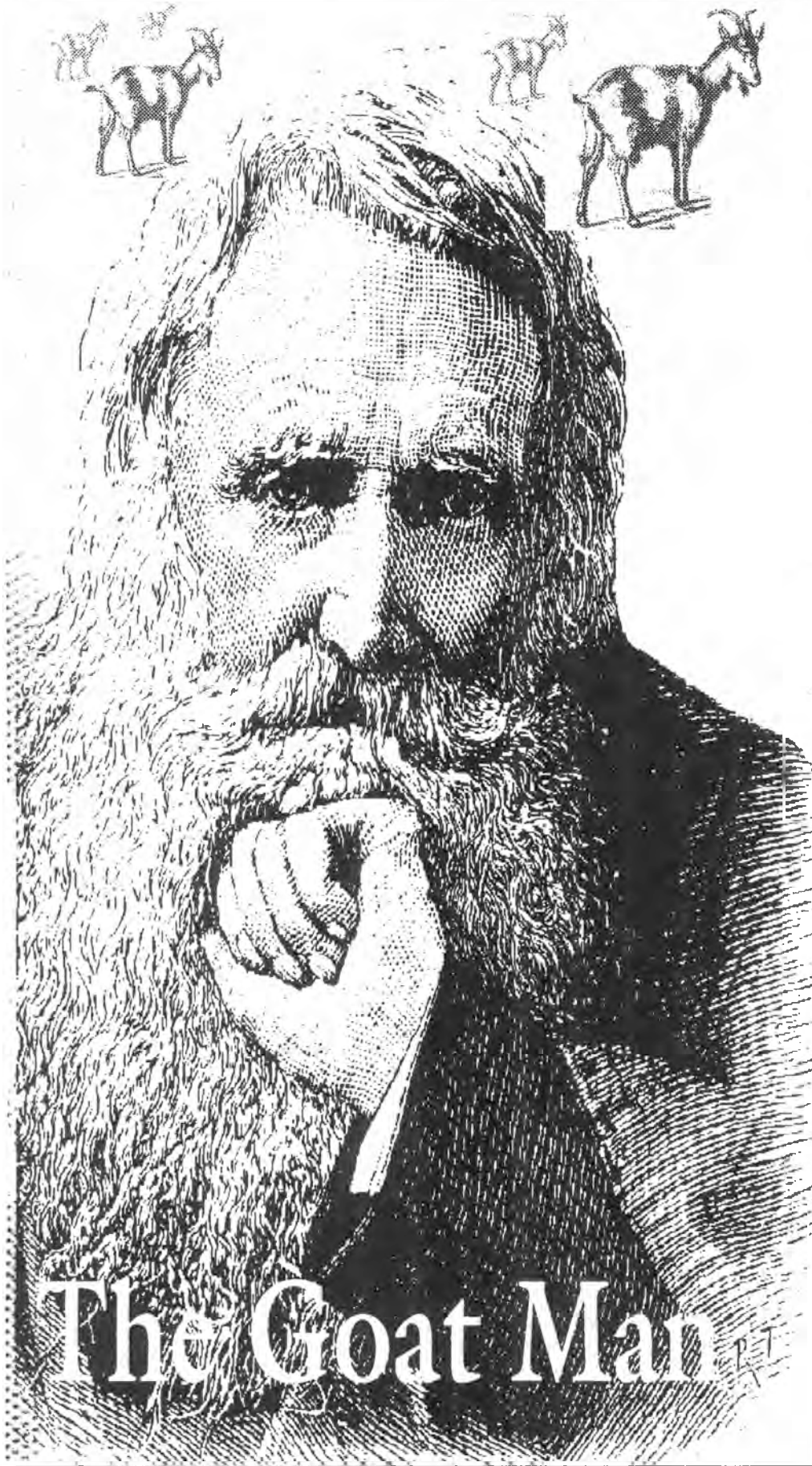


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# The Goat Man

For over 50 years he was a familiar sight, traveling back and forth through Huntsville, on his way to nowhere; a happy-go-lucky vagabond who enthralled natives and tourists alike with his rustic ways and nomadic life style. His name was Charles "Chess" McCartney, but to people of our town, he was known simply as the Goat Man.

Clad in his familiar overalls, boots and scruffy cap, the bewhiskered old man would pull into town, unhitch his goats, set up camp and begin talking a mile a minute, telling tales of his travels and his life. And all the time he would be holding a few old postcards, with his picture on them, trying to talk you into buying one.

Depending on the mood he was in, you may have heard tales claiming that he was the son of a famous Confederate General, (or Yankee) or you may have heard that he was a self-made millionaire, and had given up the life of luxury in order to roam the beautiful highways of Alabama with his goat wagon. But whatever the story, you were sure to be entertained . . . at a distance of about 50 feet.

His goats smelled pretty bad.

Charles McCartney was born in Iowa, to a family that (believe it or not) raised goats. Having spent his childhood on the family farm, wanderlust struck him, and after hitching his inheritance to an old cart, he headed south.

The few pennies he earned, he got by selling postcards of himself and picking up bottles on the side of the road. Fortunately, goats would eat anything. He claimed to be no stranger to poverty, as he had been raised "dirt poor." If you can believe a story that he told to a storekeeper in Hazel Green, his "family was so poor that they could not afford to buy clothes for me, but when I got to be 14 they bought me an old hat and let me stand in the window."

He met his first wife during the depression, but when she gave him a choice between her and the goats, out she went. Married three more times, he claims not to remember their names. "They weren't around long enough for me to worry about trying to get their names straight."

# Back To Civilization

Davy Crockett getting lost?— you got to be kidding.

Yep, it's true. In 1815, Davy Crockett, the brave Indian fighter who had led Old Hickory's army through the wilds, was leading a homesteading party through Alabama.

One night, after they had stopped to make camp, lightning scared the horses and they bolted and ran off into the night. Crockett started after them on foot with nothing but a rifle. He searched through the night to no avail, and he searched the next day, and the next. In the meantime he had become very sick, and also very lost. Finally, almost at the end of his endurance, he stumbled across an Indian camp.



Davy Crockett

Look real close in all the books you may read about Davy Crockett, the fearless brave explorer of the wilds, but we doubt if you'll ever see the story about Davy sitting at the Indian's campfire, bargaining furiously with the red savages --- until finally one of them agreed to lead Davy back to civilization --- for \$ .50.

*Huntsville is the only city around with no slums, we either tear them down or declare them historic landmarks.*

*Earl Frazier  
Retired Deputy Sheriff*

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He had a son by his first marriage that was raised by his ex-inlaws. In later years, when the son became an old man himself, he also became a vagabond with a goat wagon.

Looking back at his traveling days, McCartney described himself as a "self employed business man". Some of the businesses he was involved in were peddling medicine (snake oil?), repairing pots and pans, sharpening knives and axes. Unfortunately his business as a medicine man ended on a sour note when the goats took a liking to his wares. The goats also suffered some terrible hangers.

In his heyday, McCartney also claimed to have preached the gospel as an ordained minister and was compared to another itinerant wanderer Johnny Appleseed. The cheerful vagabond enjoyed the comparison, often remarking that he and the legendary Appleseed would have made a good pair, "He a'doin the planting and me a'doin the talkin'."

McCartney estimated that he and his team of goats trekked over 200,000 miles and in all that time claimed that he had never slept in a bed or a house. Always camping out, the Goat Man insisted that he

had eaten more pork and beans than any other living person - mostly out of a can - and had burned over 75,000 tires to keep warm on cold nights.

Today, Charles McCartney, the Goat Man, lives in a converted school bus along Highway 80 near Jefferson, Georgia. The only food and supplies he gets are from a local welfare office and a church in town that will occasionally send him a sack of groceries. He gets all his water from a nearby well, and cooks over a campfire in front of the bus. Piled up a few feet from the bus is a large mound of empty tin cans, mostly pork and beans.

The goats are long gone, given to a zoo in Florida in 1979. The days of his endless wandering are only a faint memory in most people's minds, the only remembrances left are a few grubby postcards.

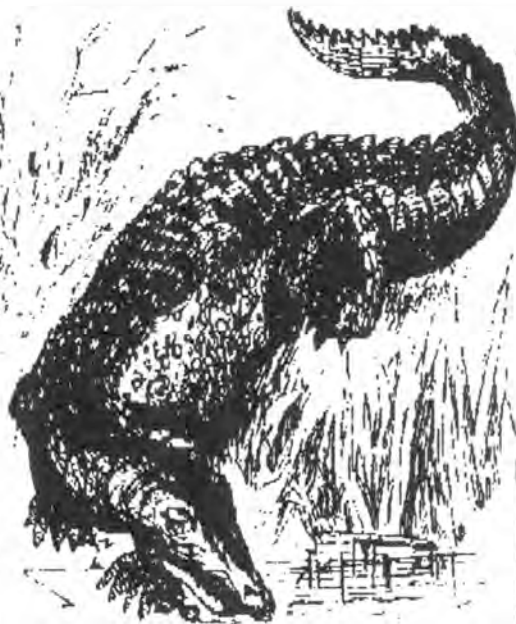
But he has not lost his flair for story telling. Now he claims to be the oldest living man in the United States, with documents to prove his claim - if he could only find them.

So the next time you're in Georgia, stop by and see him. .

... he still has a few postcards for sale, and a lot of stories to tell.



# God's Little Acre



# Humor In Grampa's Day!

This story is not about Huntsville, but it is so unusual that we thought you might enjoy it anyway.

It annoyed Lute Boylston when friends and neighbors abused God's gift. For years Boylston had looked upon his land as something that God had put on earth so that man could enjoy the beauty of it. Now, it was beginning to slowly deteriorate, first from careless agricultural use and later from the encroachment of civilization. When houses, shopping centers and parking lots began gobbling up great chunks of virgin territory, Boylston began to worry. Where would it all end? How much land would be left for his grandchildren to enjoy? Or his great grandchildren?

For years he stood helplessly by while developers, outdoor recreationists, and even other farmers pillaged the countryside. Then one warm summer day in July of 1944, he did something a bit unusual to protect his farm. He climbed in his pickup and drove to town, stopping to collect his attorney and then headed to the courthouse to file a new property deed.

In that deed (still on file in the Barnwell County courthouse) the 76 year old farmer gave explicit instructions that upon his death part of his property would be deeded over to - God.

Throughout the years various individuals and businesses have tried to contest the deed by going to court, but the deed has always been held valid.

Today, Barnwell County, Georgia, is the only place in the world where God holds legal title to a piece of land.

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One of the most important days of the week, in any small town in the last century, was the day the local papers were printed. Every word was read with intense interest. It was kept even after the first reading, to re-read later on. These old county newspapers were colorful and the most notable thing about these old papers is the rich humor which they all contained in abundance:

From the Huntsville Advocate, 1875:

"Forty thousand Northerners this season are meandering along the banks of the Florida Lagoons, and trying to appear as if they weren't afraid of alligators."

From the Huntsville Independent, 1880:

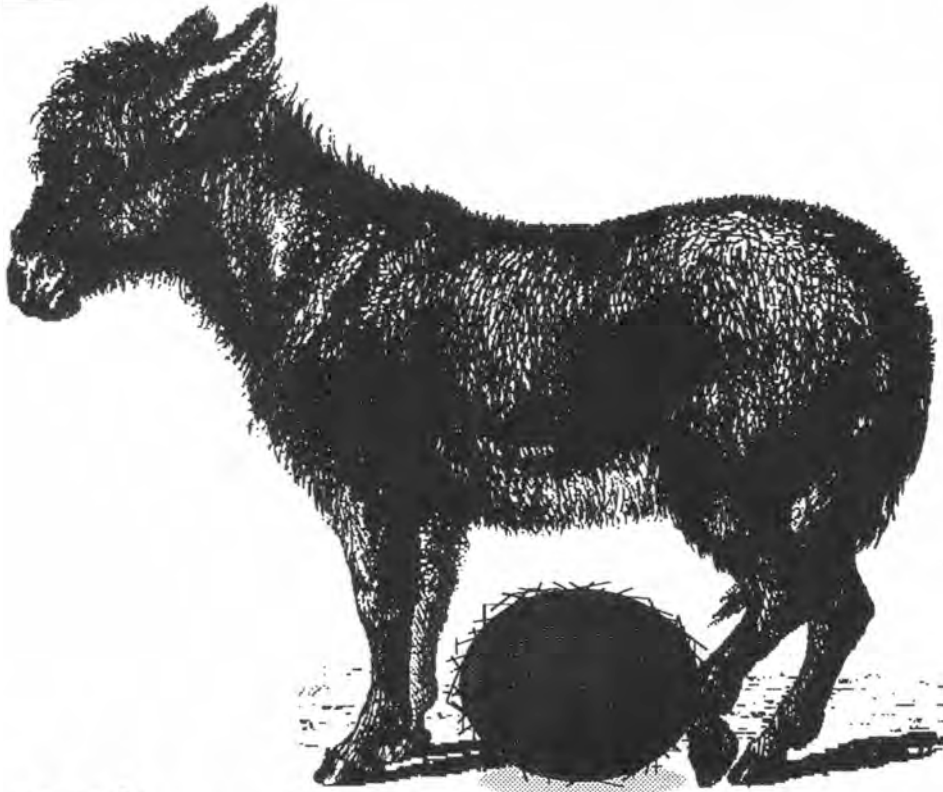
"I ain't afeerd o'le de man what frowns when he gits mad, but the man whut smiles when he's mad makes me feel mighty uneasy."

From the Huntsville Advocate, 1875:

"A man in Bolton has discovered a new remedy for bald heads. It is to go bareheaded. He has tried the remedy for two years, and where he was bald, his head is now covered with hair. He claims that the heat from the sun not only promotes the growth of hair, but strengthens the brain. He says to any and all who are troubled with lack of hair or weak brains, try it - it costs nothing and saves the expense of a hat."

"George Washington, the father of his country, and the hero of the little hatchet, in one of his festive moments spoke of has as the "Landlady's best holt."





# The Mule Egg

Dale Cassidy

My grandfather often told stories of his cousin, Smiley Buxton, and the experiences they shared during their youth in and around Jefferson County. This is one of his stories:

Smiley, even at eight years old, was a very level-headed young man. He knew from the time he was old enough to wear britches that he wanted to be a farmer. His daddy was a farmer, his granddaddy was a farmer, and he reckoned all the great grand-anthings he ever had were farmers.

Well, the one obstacle in Smiley's choice of vocations was how to obtain the most important piece of farm equipment, a mule. He knew that every farmer worth his salt had a mule. If he didn't have a mule, he wasn't a real farmer, just a sharecropper. Smiley asked for a mule in his prayers every night and even begged his mama and daddy to put a mule in his stocking at Christmas. All he wanted was just a little bitty mule with big floppy ears and big strong hind legs to pull a plow or a wagon. He'd even take the runt of the liter if he could just find somebody with a litter of mules.

One day, just before Christmas time, Smiley was looking around in Garvin's General Store trying to decide how to spend the money he had saved picking up Coke bottles when he spied some big brown hairy coconuts in a basket behind the counter.

"Mr. Garvin, what are them big ol' hairy brown things over there behind that counter?" he asked.

Now, Mr. Garvin, like everybody else in the community, knew of Smiley's obsession about mules. So, he said, "Smiley, I reckon them's mule eggs."

Smiley's eyes got big as saucers, and he said, "Mule eggs?"

"Yep, mule eggs. You know, like hen eggs, but they got baby mules in 'em instead of baby chickens. You just sit on 'em to keep 'em warm and in about a week, a baby mule'll pop out."

By now, ol' Smiley was really excited. "You mean a person could hatch one of them mule eggs?"

Mr. Garvin said, "Well, I guess so if a person had five cents to pay for one."

Smiley promptly produced the necessary nickel and took off with his mule egg. When he got home his mama, like most mamas, went along with his project and helped him make a nest of old rags in a basket. After his nest was made, he took it down to the smokehouse, placed the coconut in the middle and sat down on it to wait.

Smiley sat down there on that mule nest for one, two, three days, with his mama bringing food to keep him from starving to death. Four, five, six—he was really starting to get excited now as he thought of how much fun he would have with his baby mule. Seven, eight, nine days were by with not so much as a quiver from that old mule egg.

Smiley picked up that coconut and gave it a shake. Of course, there was no sound but the swish of the coconut milk.

"That darned ol' Mr. Garvin has gone and sold me a rotten mule egg." With that, he reared back and threw that old coconut as far as he could throw it out in the corn field.

Now sitting out in that corn field was a big floppy-eared jackrabbit. When that coconut came flying through the air, it hit that old jackrabbit right square on the head and addled him. He started running around that corn field like a chicken with his head cut off, jumping in the air, kicking, snorting, and generally making a fuss.

Smiley, seeing the jackrabbit, thought it was his baby mule finally hatched out of its egg. He tore off after the rabbit yelling for it to come back home. When he finally ran out of breath, Smiley stopped and yelled for the old rabbit just to run on.

"I can't plow that fast nohow!"



**T** here were these three writers who had died and gone to heaven. There was Bill, a writer for an evening paper; Billy Joe, a writer for a morning paper; and Tom, who told tales for "Old Huntsville" magazine.

St. Peter met them at the gate and said, "Boys, I know you are all good folks but I have room for only two people today, so we're going to have to check you out and pick the two of you who's most qualified."

"Bill," he continued, "what kind of writing did you do?"

"I'm really glad you asked," Bill replied. "I wrote a column in an evening newspaper. I wrote about people and places in our town, and I could make you laugh and I could make you cry. I made people aware of the wonderful city they lived in. There's a lot of folks down there that can vouch for me."

"Sounds mighty fine," said St. Peter. "How about you, Billy Joe?"



"St. Peter, my good man, I wrote a column for a morning newspaper. For years everybody who was anybody would find their name in my column. A lot of folks would actually get up in the morning, buy a paper, and read my column to see what they did the night before. Yep, there wasn't much that went on in our city that I didn't know about. Ask around, and you'll see what I mean."

"Very good. Well, Tom, how about you?"

Tom just stood there for a minute, shuffled his feet, and then turned around and walked away.

"Come back here a minute boy, what's the matter?"

"Shucks," said Tom. "There ain't no need for me to hang around while you check me out. 'Bout the only kind of stories I ever wrote was about places like the Snuffdipper's Ball, and most people ain't even gonna admit they ever went there, much less vouch for it."

*The older I get, the more I realize how dumb people are.....and I'm starting to wonder about myself.*

*Bill Ramsay*

*Its a good day when I wake up and nothing new hurts.*

*J.B. Tucker*

*owner of "Tuckers Little Acre"*

*How many people would enter politics if they had to spend their own money to get elected.*

*Old Town bohemian*

*This whole thing with Preachers and sex is ridiculous; they need to get sex out of religion and back into politics where it belongs.*

*Mitch Schneider*

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## Making Crystalized Mint Leaves

From your garden, pick only the tenderest, freshest mint leaves. Rinse carefully, being careful not to bruise the leaves. Use paper towel or clean dish towel, and dry the leaves thoroughly.

Mix 1 cup sugar and 1/2 cup water, bring to boil and boil for 4 minutes. Cool until tepid. Using tweezers take each leaf and coat with the mixture. Cover the leaf entirely, then draw each one over sifted granulated sugar, coating both sides.

Lay some wax paper down in a cool, dry place and put your leaves there until they are dry and firm. Pack them in tin boxes, putting wax paper between each layer. Great for gifts, decorations for desserts, etc.

## Blind Justice

There was very little doings in the courts today.

The jury in the case of Walker vs. Langford, for \$1,000, awarded the plaintiff \$250.00.

The judge, as is his habit, fell asleep at the beginning of the trial but awakened in time to render the verdict.

From 1901 newspaper



GOOD FOR THE BODY

## Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

To remove any excess salt from food, add a raw white potato and finish cooking. A butter coated knife will cut soft pies easier. When cooking cabbage if the odor gets to you, add half a green pepper with seeds removed in with the cabbage. Your kitchen will have no cabbage odor. A dash of salt in most any pie or topping will add to the flavor. Cut an apple in half and put it in with your bread or cake to retain moisture. Will last for days.

To keep your eggs from sticking to the pan when frying, don't have the pan hot when you put your eggs in. Cakes will come out of the pan much easier without sticking if you place the pans on a damp cloth when you take them from the oven. When something in your oven boils over and begins to burn, sprinkle some salt over it and it will stop burning and take care of bad odors. To keep egg yolks several days in the fridge, cover them with cold water and put in a covered container.



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## Locations

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.

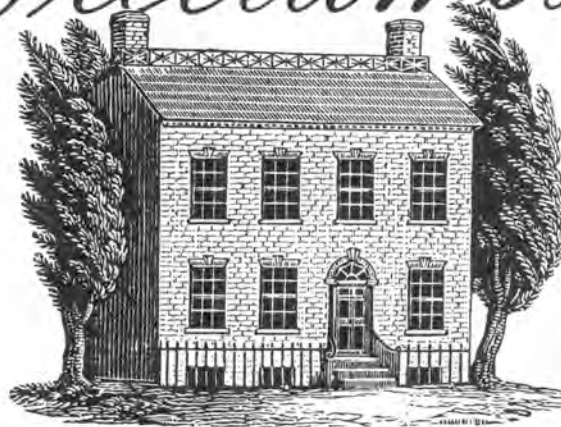
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Kaffeeklatsch  
The Village Inn  
Chevron Station  
Dodge's Store

Little Farm Grocery  
Duffy's Deli  
Allied Photo  
Wings Restaurant  
Senior Center  
Hospital Pharmacy  
Dean Witter  
Britling's Cafeteria  
Monte Sano Country  
Bruno's  
Stapler's Sportwear  
Dorothy's Restaurant  
Madison Square Mall  
Bagel Place  
Stanelio's  
Big Brother Grocery  
Amberly Hotel  
Great American Car Wash  
Jade Palace  
University Animal Hospital  
Sanders Cleaners  
Animal Medical Clinic  
Madison Veterinary Association  
Jim's Restaurant  
El Mexicano  
El Palacio  
Ken's Hair  
Classic Cafe  
Chi-Chi's  
Cafe III  
Harrison Bros.  
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## *Definition Of A Real Man*

*One who has self-confidence but does not show it.*

*One who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy.*

*One who keeps his word, his temper, and his friends.*

*One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful.*

*One who has a steady eye, a steady nerve, a steady tongue  
and steady habits.*

*One who is silent when he has nothing to say.*

*One who is calm when he  
judges and humble when he misjudges.*

*That defines a real man and a gentleman.*

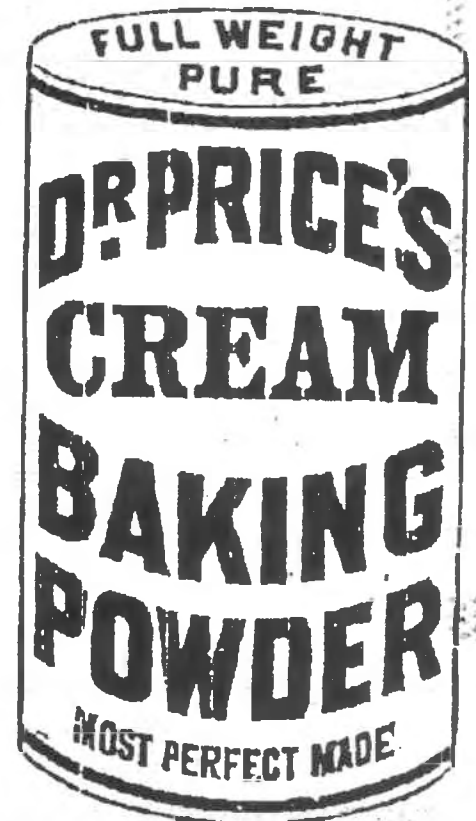
*R, Nelson Valentine*



The following is a recorded fact  
found in the book

Kentucky Marriages, 1797-1865

Moses Alexander, aged ninety-three, married a Mrs. Frances Tompkins, aged one hundred five. They married before many friends and some family, in the town of Bath, New York, on June 11, 1831. It is also recorded that the newlyweds were both found, dead in their bed, the following morning.



Ad Advertisement that ran  
In a 1867 Huntsville Publication

# The First Alabama-Auburn Game

It's that time of year again - football season. This year Auburn and Alabama will be competing furiously once again, as they have for the past 98 years. We thought you might enjoy a newspaper account of the first encounter between these two great football teams.

Taken from a Birmingham newspaper, February 23, 1893

Yesterday, by two o'clock, all Birmingham was on the move. Every private vehicle, stable wagon, and public hack was filled with people on the way to Lakeview Park. The carriages and electric cars were filled with lovers of the manly sport of football.

Men and women who before have jeered at such exhibitions of brawn and muscle were eager to see the contest. Little children just beginning to toddle about were anxious to see the big boys fight.

Every train which arrived at the station brought in football enthusiasts from all parts of the State, and there were over a thousand visitors in the city. All came to see the great game.

The crush around the ticket window was simply fearful, as the crowd was too big to be handled by one man, and tickets had to be sold on the outside. The vast surging throng kept its temper, and the women took being jostled about good-naturedly.

As soon as the crowd got on the inside, the men who were unaccompanied by ladies made a rush for both sides of the grounds and soon were ranged a dozen deep around the ropes, which were put up around the gridiron.

The east side of the field had been set apart for those in carriages, and soon from one end to the other it was filled with vehicles of all descriptions gaily decorated in blue and orange and in red and white.

Both the grandstands were literally packed with people, making a most artistic picture, as the colors of the schools blended with the many-hued costumes of the women who had turned out in their Sunday best. Hats with multi-colored feathers were the order of the day.

The bleachers were filled with as jolly a lot of men as ever sat on hard planks. From their faces and their

merry talk, it was evident that they had come out to make a happy afternoon of it.

Chief Norton with four officers was there to represent the law and keep the pushing crowd on the outside of the ropes. Although they had the assistance of a number of the members of the Athletic Club, they were powerless to keep the spectators from rushing under the lines and covering the field, so intent were the onlookers to see every point of the game.

A little before 3 o'clock, the Tuscaloosa cadets went to the grounds. Their uniforms were white with red stockings and large red U of A letters on their sweaters. Every man, woman and child who wore the red and white rose and shouted themselves hoarse as the players entered the arena.

Shortly after, the Auburn boys made their appearance in white with blue stockings and a large orange A on their blue sweaters. This gave those wearing the blue and orange an opportunity, and they yelled until they almost got "blue" in their faces.

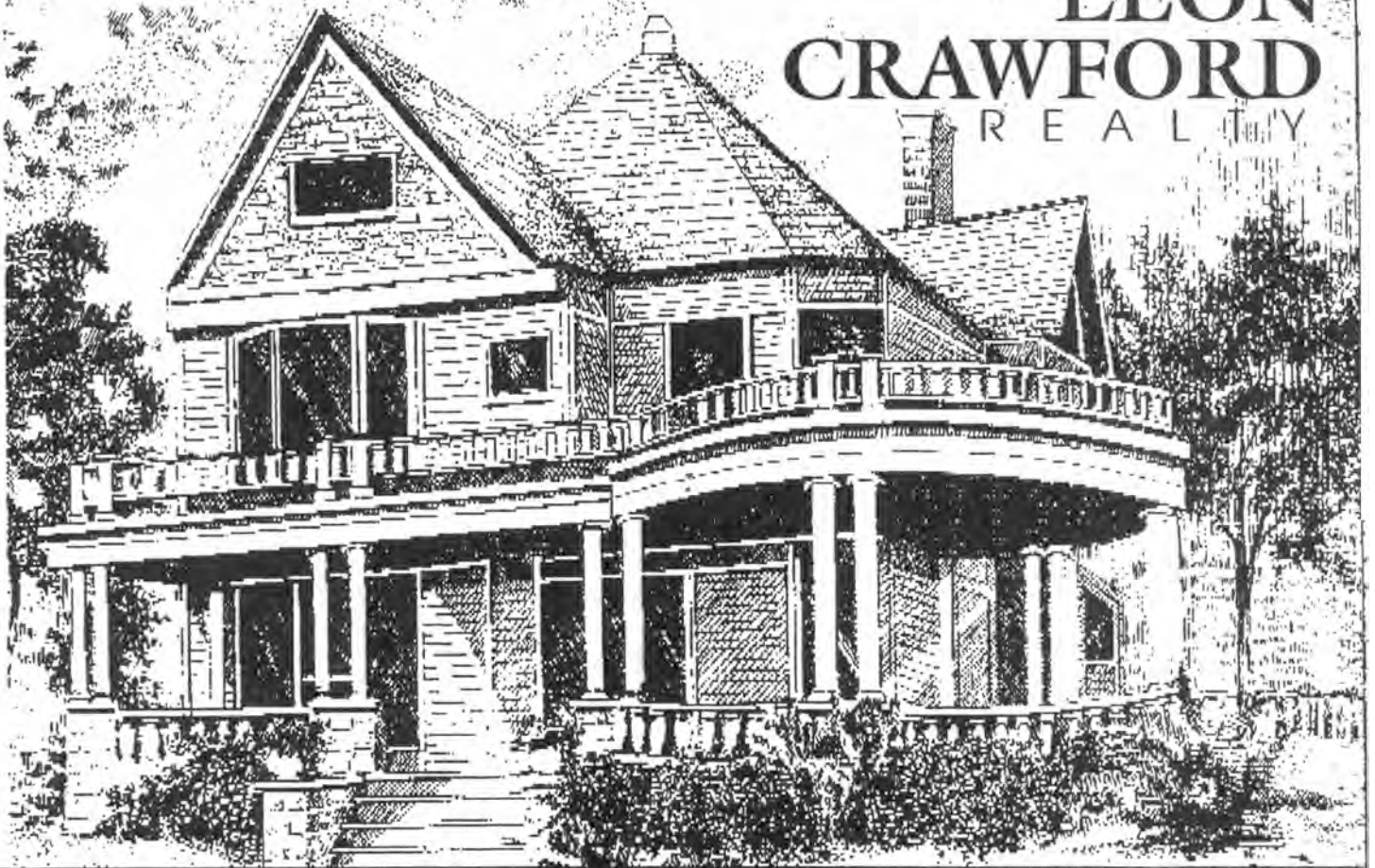
Both teams went to work at once kicking, catching and falling on the elusive pigskin. Their handsome faces, broad shoulders, strong lithe limbs and powerful arms were the admiration of the young and old of each sex. As the boys would pile up on one another, the ladies would get alarmed, fearing that they would have their bones broken, but their gentlemen friends would kindly assure the timid, sympathetic women that the athletic youths could be dropped from the top of the grandstand to the ground without sustaining any injury.

It was nearly 3:30 before time was called and the teams lined up to play. Mr. Daniels, the captain of the Auburns, and Mr. Little, the captain of the Tuscaloosas, tossed up in the middle of the field. Auburn won the ball and chose the north goal. There was no advantage gained, however, as the wind was blowing across the field.

The game was not only intensely interesting to those who understood the game of football, but also immediately caught the attention of those who were uninitiated into the fine points of the game. The teamwork on both sides was good, yet there were a



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number of brilliant individual plays. A marked feature of the playing was almost a total lack of punting on each side. The reason the Auburn team never punted was the fact that they found they could make better gains by runs. The interference by both elevens was good. Both teams had fine runners. Auburn snapped the ball quicker than Tuscaloosa, as their coach put them on to his method, which is very swift. Goal kicking on both sides was good, but Tuscaloosa's was the best.

Auburn won the game by a score of 32 to 22.

Professor J.W. Taylor was the referee, and F.L. Simonds the umpire. Both are old Yale football players,

and are now members of the Birmingham Athletic Club's eleven. Their decisions were most satisfactory to Auburn and Tuscaloosa, and the crowd never once yelled at the umpire.

Captain Daniels and his victorious team gathered around the drag in which was seated Miss Delma Wilson, who had been elected to present the winner's cup. Miss Sara Regan and Miss Mamie Morrow, her maids of honor, were with her. Miss Wilson then said: "Gallant and victorious Captain, in the name of the city of Birmingham, I present you this cup. Drink from it and remember the victory that you have won this day. May you and your team live to see many more victories."

Captain Daniels responded as follows: "We feel proud of the honor and assure you it is a great pleasure to receive this cup from the city of Birmingham and through your hands."

A series of cheers rent the air and then the sun went down, blotting out the day on which the greatest football game was ever played in Alabama.



## THE PARKWAY

Have you ever wondered who's responsible for the organized suicidal confusion that we call Memorial Parkway? If you guessed some engineering firm in New York, you're wrong. It was brought to us compliments of one of the people who seemed to have created everything else in Huntsville - the amazing Germans.

By the early 1950's, downtown Huntsville had become so congested with traffic that our city officials realized a by-pass was a necessity. After looking at various plans, the city fathers leaned toward a plan that would have a four-lane by-pass built on the mountain ridges, east of the city.

Hannes Luehrsen thought the route for the proposed bypass absurd. Luehrsen was one of the original Von Braun men, brought here from Germany where he had helped design rocket facilities. He was presently busy re-designing Redstone Arsenal for the work on rockets that would eventually take place there.

In a conversation with the Huntsville Times editor, Reese Sims, Luehrsen explained what he thought was wrong with the proposed route, and also offered an alternative that he thought made better sense. Sims, a typical editor, was willing to listen but insisted on seeing plans before he ran a story. Unfortunately, Luehrsen had no plans.

No one has ever accused our Germans of not being resourceful, and Hannes Luehrsen was no exception. Taking pencil in hand, he sat down and drew the plans for what would later be known as the Memorial Parkway . . . in two hours.

Sadly enough, certain parts of his plan was re-engineered by the Highway Department, and instead of a beautiful and scenic bypass, we ended up with wall-to-wall restaurants.

Years later when asked about the plans he replied, "What do you expect in two hours?"

Wonder how long it took to design I-565 through Huntsville?

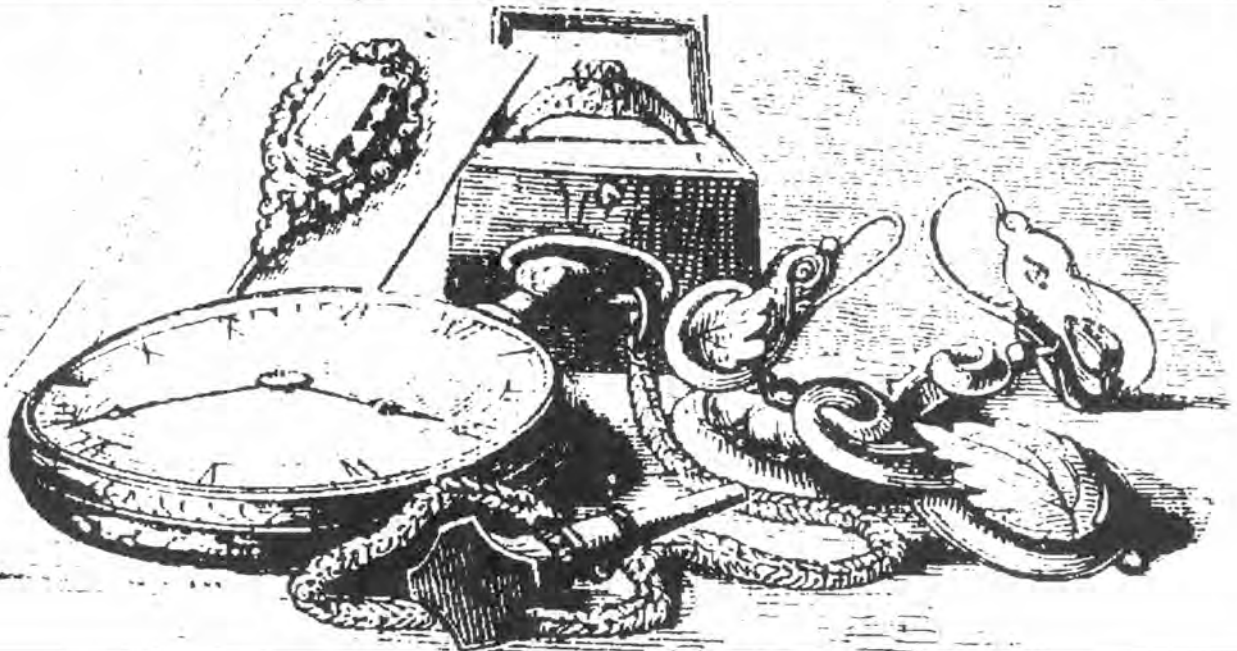
## The Storyteller

Probably no man in Huntsville's recent history was admired and liked by more people than Grady Reeves. He had so many friends, that once when he asked a local politician to appear on his television show, the politician replied, "Yes, on one condition. You have to promise not to ever get into politics and run against me."

Grady Reeves was a story teller. He could keep an audience enthralled for hours, spinning yarns about people he had met and things that had happened to him. And like all good storytellers, he was not above poking a little fun at himself.

Most people don't know it, but back in the mid 50's Grady was booking entertainment at the old coliseum, when it was on University Drive. He was constantly besieged by enter-

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tainers, all wanting a chance to perform. One young man kept calling constantly, until finally Grady agreed to give him a chance.

On the night of the performance, the young man showed up with his band, after driving from Nashville in his beat up old car. The car had guitars tied on top, drums sticking out of the truck and most of their dirty laundry in the back seat. Grady wasn't too impressed with the boy; he had long greasy black hair, a pale complexion and wore clothes that even a blind man wouldn't buy.

But Grady, being the nice guy that he was, told the boy to go ahead and get on stage. There were almost 100 people in the audience that night and

Grady carefully watched their reactions to this young unknown. The audience was restless, not at all impressed by the new singing sensation.

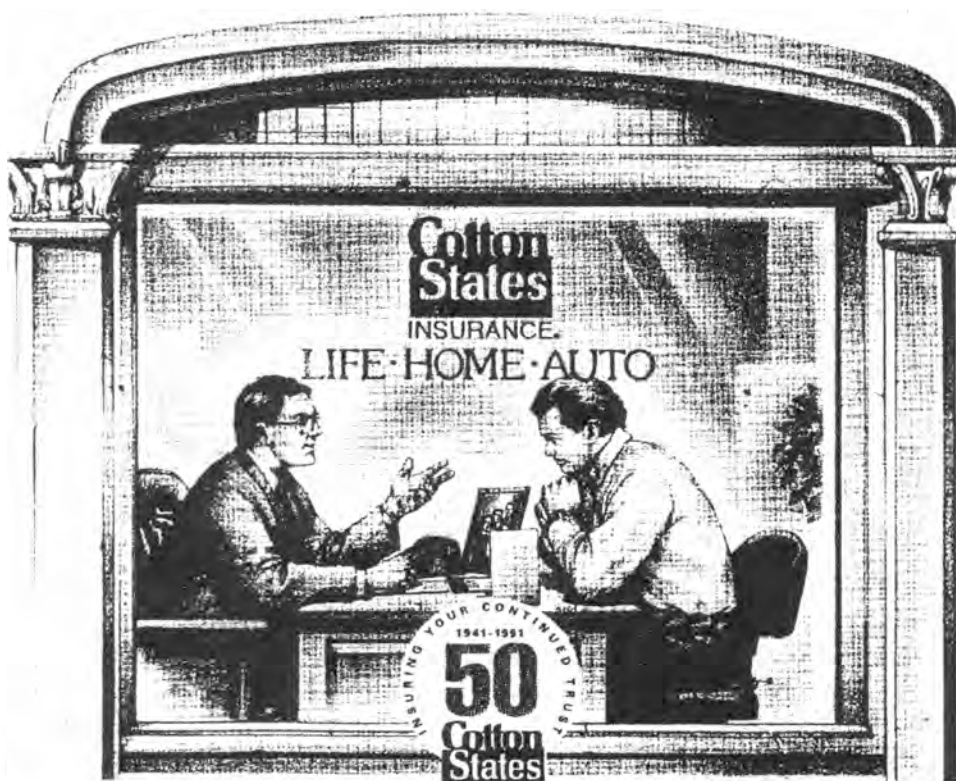
Meeting the young man backstage, Grady, who was always known for his honesty, had a talk with the young performer. "Son" he said, "I been watching those people out there, and your stuff ain't gonna work. You might ought to go back to Nashville and get that truck driving job back."

The young man didn't take Grady's advice, though, and a few months later he recorded his first song... And Elvis Presley never drove another truck again.

We'll sure miss you Grady!



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**J**ohn Crow, a staff writer for "Old Huntsville," was doing research for a story on which he was working. After going through all the available material, he began to research microfilm copies of old newspapers.

Intrigued by the contents and the layout of the old newspapers, he looked up, turned to a fellow worker and said, "You know what? They're copying "Old Huntsville!"

**A** native Huntsvillian had died and gone to heaven and Saint Peter was giving the newcomer the grand tour of the section of heaven set aside for Huntsville.

After viewing the angels and the harp players they come upon a group of men sitting on a bench, with balls and chains around their ankles.

"Saint Peter," says the newcomer, "I thought this was heaven...what are those men doing chained to a ball like that?"

"It's nothing," replied Saint Peter, "those men are used to working government jobs on the Arsenal, and if you don't chain them, they will try to go home every day at three-thirty."

# "OLD HUNTSVILLE" SALUTES AN OLD HUNTSVILLIAN....

-HE CAME THROUGH ELLIS ISLAND TO  
MAKE US A GREAT CITIZEN !!



## STEVE LIKOS

- ★ PATRIOT
- ★ TEACHER
- ★ CHURCH WORKER
- ★ COMMUNITY SERVANT
- ★ FAMILY MAN



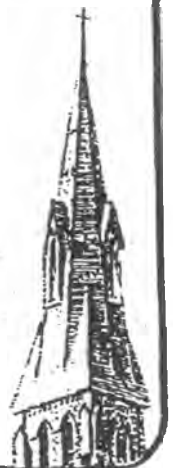
-STEVE LIKOS CAME OVER FROM THE OLD  
COUNTRY AT AGE 3.... THROUGH ELLIS  
ISLAND INTO NEW YORK AND THEN SOUTH  
TO GADSDEN... WHERE HE GRADUATED  
FROM HIGH SCHOOL..... THEN ON TO  
AUBURN AS A CO-OP STUDENT....

WE WENT INTO THE WAR UPON GRADUATION AND WAS  
COMMISSIONED AN ENSIGN IN THE U.S. NAVY... ASSIGNED  
AS A MINE ASSEMBLY OFFICER TO A NAVAL MINE DEPOT  
IN OKINAWA !



-WHEN HE RETURNED HOME HE BECAME ONE OF THE INITIAL  
ENGINEERS OF THE PATRIOT AIR DEFENSE MISSILE SYSTEM.  
....HE SERVES ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR THE  
MADISON COUNTY COUNCIL FOR INTERNATIONAL VISITORS ...  
A GROUP THAT HOST AND GREET INTERNATIONAL VISITORS  
BY SHOWING THEM AROUND HUNTSVILLE... A SERVICE THAT  
EXIST TO IMPROVE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN FOREIGN  
VISITORS AND HUNTSVILLE, MADISON COUNTY, THE STATE  
OF ALABAMA AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA....

MR LIKOS HAS BEEN AWARDED A CERTIFICATE  
FOR OUTSTANDING VOLUNTEER SERVICE AND THIS  
IS IN CONNECTION WITH BEING A VOLUNTEER  
TEACHER OF ADULTS IN THE G.E.D. PROGRAM  
OF TEACHING ENGLISH TO FOREIGN STUDENTS...  
STEVE HAS TAUGHT THE ADULT  
BIBLE CLASS FOR MANY YEARS AT THE  
EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF NATIVITY IN  
HUNTSVILLE... HE HAS ALSO SERVED  
ON THE CHURCH VESTRY A NUMBER  
OF TIMES.... ALSO TAUGHT THE  
BIBLE TO INMATES IN PRISONS....





-IN 1987 THE NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AWARDED STEVE LIKOS THE AMERICANISM MEDAL, PIN AND CERTIFICATE...THIS MEDAL IS AWARDED TO AN ADULT NATURALIZED CITIZEN WHO HAS BEEN A UNITED STATES CITIZEN FOR AT LEAST 5 YEARS AND HAS FULFILLED THE REQUIRED QUALIFICATIONS FOLLOWING NATURALIZATION...STEVE WAS SPONSORED BY THE HUNT'S SPRING CHAPTER, NSDAR OF HUNTSVILLE TO RECEIVE THIS AWARD,....



*Peddler - Have you any daughters, Mum?  
 Housekeeper - Sir!  
 Please, Mum. I don't ask out of vulgar curiosity, Mum.  
 I'm selling resonators.  
 What are they?  
 You hang one up in the hall, Mum, and it so magnifies every sound that a goodnight kiss sounds like a cannon shot.  
 Give me three.*

# Dawsonville Stock Report

Corn whiskey is on the rise with three gallons an acre expected this year. It is selling for \$32.15 per gallon, up \$.30 from this time last year. Peach brandy is \$33.49 a gallon, up \$1.17 from last year. With the expected exports of over 7,000 gallons this Fall, the Treasury Department reports that these are some of the largest export commodities in the country.

Taken from "Old Mountain Press"  
 Dawsonville, Georgia

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# VILLAGE



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## An Expensive Cow

There is a man in Huntsville who pays \$18,000 a year for the privilege of keeping a cow. He is a sane man, a business man, a man of family and generally respected in the community. His poor relatives declare him a freak, and his neighbors shrug their shoulders and murmur things about rich men's whims.

The way of it is that he possesses a valuable building lot in a choice residence portion of the city, and having nothing else to do with it he put a nice little fence around it and quartered therein his pet Jersey cow. The cow was an artistic cow and harmonized well with the green turf and little bushes, so people rather admired the arrangement.

One day a man came along from Paint Rock who thought he would like to build a home on that particular lot, so he hunted up the owner and made him a spot cash offer of \$430,000 for the land. His offer was refused, politely and decisively.

"But," remonstrated a relative aghast, "that would pay you \$18,000 a year! Why did you refuse it?"

The rich man lit a cigar and turned a protesting face on his accuser. "Yes," he assented in a puzzled way, "but what would I have done with my cow?"

Taken from 1934 newspaper

## Rugby's

Thursday  
October 31, 1991

## Fourth Annual Halloween Party



Good Friends  
Good Food  
Good Fun!

• Mission Square •  
You Know Where We Are!



# My Memories Of The Lincoln Mill

Loss of the Lincoln Cotton Mill to fire some time back was a sad event for me and probably for all Lincoln villagers. It represented a part of my life that, now that I'm pushing senior citizenship, provides some pleasant memories. Although times were hard, they were happy times. I suppose we didn't know any better.

Although money was scarce, there were a few weeks during late spring one year that the mill pro-

vided me with a financial bonanza. It would be several years before I would exceed the pay for the work done.


One day as I passed the mill across Oakwood Avenue from Stoffel's store on the corner of Davidson Street and Oakwood, a man called to me from a third or fourth story window asking if I would go to the store for him. He wanted a soft drink and some other snack item I don't remember what. Evidently, vending machines hadn't been invented. I said I would, so he lowered a basket with money in it. I got what he asked for and sent it up to him in the basket along with his change. He dropped me a nickel or dime for my trouble and suggested that I hang around for a while, that there would be others coming out. He would tell them I was there.

I stayed and sure enough here they came. There were several that day. I must have made 50 or 75 cents. No one had to beat me over the head to get my attention. I knew

exactly what I would do the next day after school. The next day when I came by, my main man was waiting in the window. I performed my service for him, repeated it for several others, got my cash reward, and headed for home on the other end of Davidson Street. My pocket was full of jingle for the second day in a row. I was a successful businessman in just two days, and every penny was profit.

My good fortune lasted only a few weeks until one of the village bullies saw me conducting business one day. A day or so later, another rotten kid found out. All of us could have made a little money if one of them had not tried to cheat his man. Instead of waiting for his man to drop him a nickel or dime, he kept some change. When the man asked him about it, he said he knew he would give him something so he kept what he thought he would get. Within a few days of that incident, the business died.

If it had been possible, I would



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Church Street Across From Channel 19  
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Mention Our Ad And Get \$5 Off With \$50 Service

**T**he Kiwanis Golden K Club of Huntsville has more than just a passing interest in the publication of "Old Huntsville." Actually, it is our main source of income, and since the funds we receive from sales are used in our programs designed to assist the youth in this community, we hope that it will continue to grow and prosper as a popular publication in this area, for a long time to come.

We have forty members in our club and with some few exceptions, all of us are retired. Considering the average age of our members, some think that we are "over the hill", but that is not bad when you consider the alternative - better over than under. Most all of our members are active in the sale of "Old Huntsville".

The way we go about this task is through the use of small, wooden crates which are distinctive by our Kiwanis message and logo. Each one has a slot for the coins, and a reminder that "Honesty is the Best Policy". These attractive crates are located at restaurants and small businesses (always with the permission of the manager) throughout the city.

Each member participating in this project is assigned to a certain area and it is his job to make sure that the crates are well supplied with the latest issue of the publication, and that the funds received from sales are picked up in a timely manner and turned over to the club treasurer.

In the course of carrying out this task we have had our ups and downs. One member reported that his crate was stolen or had otherwise disappeared. Another said that his crate was reduced to kindling wood. An appreciative member told of how a cashier in one restaurant reported to him that some persons were taking the paper without paying for it. She said she made up a large sign showing "Fifty Cents, Please", and promised to keep a close eye on the crate in the future. One of our more ambitious members in this project, Archie Murchie, is in charge of a busy location on South Memorial Parkway. He noted on several occasions that papers were being taken without payment. At one time he noticed that the papers, as well as the money, were taken. He decided to modify his crate.

Archie made up a large sign with the admonishment "Thou Shalt Not Steal". He claims that he has had no trouble at his location since.

Chuck Owens

*Editor's Note:*

*If anyone cannot afford to pay the \$.50 for a copy of "Old Huntsville", please contact the publishers. We would rather give you one of our copies free than have them stolen from the Golden K Kiwanis. They work hard to try and help the*

## Statues



When you see a statue of a man on horseback, the position of the hooves can tell you something of the manner of the rider's death.

Four feet on the ground indicate a natural death. If there are two raised hooves, the rider died on the field of battle. And if one hoof is raised, the rider died later of wounds sustained in battle.

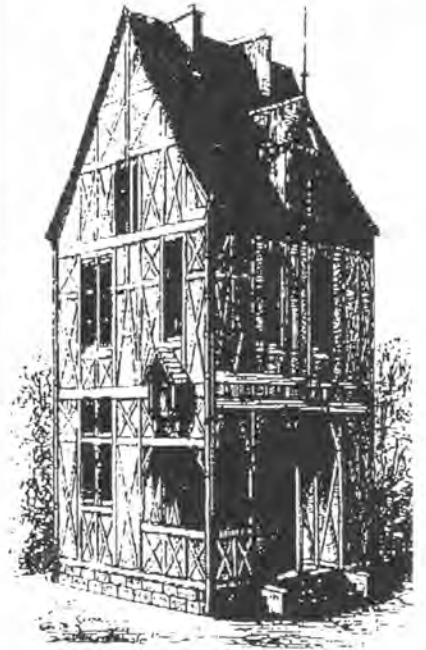
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