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# Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

## Silent Night



A Christmas story that should be told...

# A

By Congressman  
Bud Cramer

As Christmas draws near, the words of Longfellow echo in the heart of mankind: "I heard the bells on Christmas Day. Their old, familiar carols play. And wild and sweet, the words repeat of peace on earth, goodwill to men!"

Christmas and all the glorious entities that go with it are meant to strengthen family ties, enhance charitable values and promote goodwill. It is a season that is mystical to children and sentimental to elders. A time, we like to believe, is joyous to all. A spirit, we want to believe, is felt in all homes across America.

Unfortunately, this holiday season is not celebrated by many. They are the homeless, the poor and the abused. Each year as Christmas approaches, my heart aches for the many children who are abused, neglected, exploited and missing. We too often close our eyes to the plight of abused children in our society. With more than 2.5 million child abuse cases reported each year, we can no longer be blind.

As a former district attorney, I have seen many children leave their abusive homes and struggle to testify against their violators. While their stories are very similar, there is one I remember often during this holiday season.

It was just a few weeks before Christmas when Suzy was taken from her abusive parents and placed in foster care. The social worker who helped Suzy remembered the day she retrieved the seven year old child from her classroom.

The sounds of Christmas carols could be heard down the school hallway. All of the students inside the second grade classroom were singing "Silent Night", except for a pretty young girl with long blonde curls sitting on the first row of seats. She smiled shyly and looked at the other children as they belted out the Christmas song. Young Suzy was afraid to sing or speak. The elusive, socially-withdrawn child was a victim of physical and sexual abuse.

Suzy's teacher had suspected a problem of abuse for months, but had no actual proof. One day, Suzy confided to her about the secret games her step-father played at night. Mrs. Higgins immediately notified the right authorities who discovered Suzy's step-father was a previously convicted child molester. The timid child then told counselors at the Children's Advocacy Center in Huntsville about her abusive stories by demonstrating her father's "secret games" with model dolls. The evidence was overwhelming. Suzy's step-father was arrested and Suzy was ordered into foster care.

When the social worker entered Suzy's classroom, the caroling stopped. Mrs. Higgins nodded her head approvingly at the woman and then walked to young Suzy's desk. "Suzy, this nice lady wants to take you on a trip," said Mrs. Higgins. The frightened and confused girl started to shake as she cried out for her mother.

The young girl was removed from the classroom and from her abusive home that day. Yet, her trauma was not removed, only multiplied. Suzy felt more alone and scared now than ever before. She was faced with the shock of being taken out of a familiar, yet abusive home and placed with strangers in a new environment.

Suzy's foster parents were exceptional. Ben and Carolyn Jones had two children of their own, but still had much love to share with the new addition to their family. Yet, they like many foster families, faced recession with little money. Determined to give



## Old Huntsville

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Suzy and their teenage sons a wonderful Christmas, the Jones family improvised. Instead of fancy and expensive tree ornaments and glittering lights, they laced their cedar with trinkets made from love and colorful tinsel.

The Joneses accepted donations from community organizations to buy Suzy's presents. They bought her a lovely, wooden music box for Christmas, knowing how Suzy had loved to sing before her step-father abused her. They hoped to break through her security wall of silence with music.

On the night of Christmas Eve, the young girl was awakened by a loud noise in the living room. Santa, she thought. She got out of bed and walked slowly to the room. Her eyes grew larger as she saw a plump old man wearing a red velvet suit and hat laced with white fur. His silhouette glowed in the brilliance of the fireplace. Suzy hid behind a chair and watched the man as he placed presents around the Christmas tree.

Suddenly, the intruder turned to face her. Suzy looked very closely at the man she thought was Saint Nick. Without saying a word, the stranger gave her a gift and said, "Merry Christmas, my child."



She tore off the red ribbon and festive Christmas wrapping paper to find a beautiful music box. When she opened the lid, the wooden box began to play "Silent Night".

As Suzy listened to her favorite carol, the bearded man began telling her how Christmas carols served as powerful sources of recognition. "The songs foster Christmas like the Jones family fosters you," said Santa. "Whenever you feel sad or frightened, listen to this music box for comfort and remember you are a part of the Jones family as Christmas is a part of this song."

The little girl looked up at the stranger with big brown eyes and watched as he left the room. Unlike Saint Nick, this Santa could not escape up the fireplace. He had to hurry out the front door and run down the street to return his disguise to a neighbor who portrayed Santa each year for the children at the local hospital.

The next morning, Suzy joined Ben and Carolyn Jones and their two sons around the Christmas tree to exchange gifts. When asked about the special gift she clutched to her heart, the young girl smiled and showed them her music box. As the music played, young Suzy began to sing for the first time in two years.

Suzy's wall of silence was finally being torn down. With the strength and support from her foster family and continued professional counseling, she was on her way to recovery. This young crime victim would soon learn to cope with the violent acts her step-father committed against her.

Many children, however, are not as fortunate. They are forced to battle the traumatic effects of child abuse alone. We must hear their cries and we must open our hearts. While we may never be able to give these children back their innocence, we must try to give them back their lives.

Now, when December draws near, the words of Longfellow ring with meaning. Peace on earth, goodwill to ALL on this special holiday.





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## Yankees Take Vienna

Sir: The detachment under my command yesterday morning separated about five miles north of Owen's Mills, on Flint River, Company C going east to J.C. Drake's, who is the father of three of Johnson's gang; thence we went south to Vienna; the other company (B) was ordered to make Vienna, via Owen's Mills. Parson or Captain Johnson (sic). About three miles from Vienna the company was fired upon by Johnson's company of bushwhackers and dispersed. The captain and Lieutenant Burden and seven of their company were wounded, and the scout, John C. Martin, was killed; Three horses were killed, and some 4 or 5 wounded. The wounds on the men, though some of them are severe, are none of them mortal. I was with Company C. On arriving at Vienna, I learned of the disaster to Captain Baker, and immediately repaired to the scene of action. After plundering the dead horses and men the rebels retreated to the southward. We fol-

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lowed them some distance, but night coming on we returned to this place. I shall keep Company C here and pursue my original plan against the bushwhackers until further orders. I will make this place my headquarters, and orders will readily reach me here. The company is fearful that they will miss the paymaster. Whenever he is ready to pay, you can notify us and we will report there if so ordered. I shall be glad to receive instructions from time to time as to my duties here.

Respectfully,  
Alfred Reed  
Lieut. Col., Comdg. Detach. Twelfth  
Indiana Cavalry.

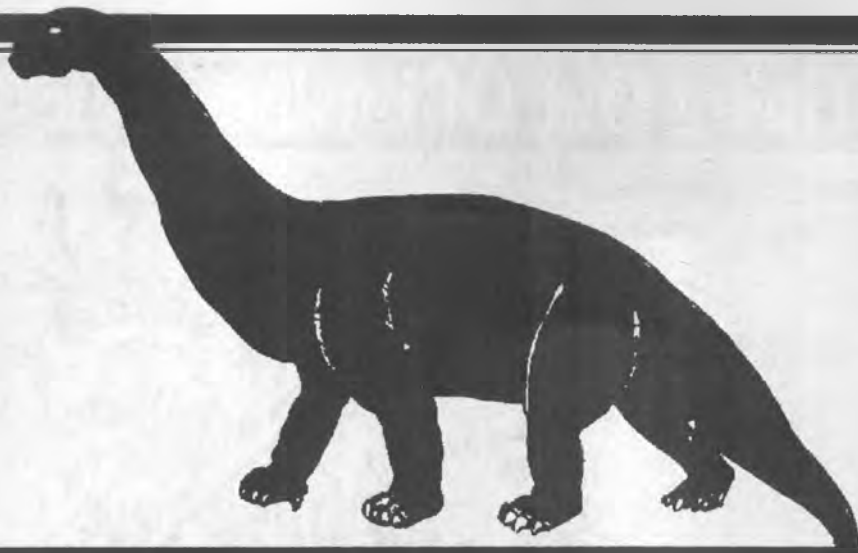
Col. Edward Anderson,  
Twelfth Indiana Cavalry, Huntsville,  
Ala

ED. NOTE: Vienna is now known as New Hope

*Appetizers are the little things  
you keep eating until you lose your  
appetite.*

*To be a success socially, you must  
look interested when you are  
bored.*

*Any more taxes, and our take-  
home pay isn't going to get us  
there.*



*On December 15, 1968, North Alabama was riveted by the news of a possible major archeology find in Huntsville. William Thomas Young, a resident of 507 East Clinton Street, was working on replacing a floor in his home, and upon finding a pile of loose bricks underneath his home, decided to remove them also. What he discovered next would earn his home a spot in Huntsville trivia for all time to come.*

## The Great Huntsville Dinosaur Hunt



A skeleton, the biggest that anyone had ever seen, was uncovered. Everyone agreed that the bones were of some type of animal, but no one could imagine what kind of creature could be so huge.

Immediately speculation began about the bones. As the word spread, gawkers began lining up on the street trying to get a view. Old history books with pictures of dinosaurs were hastily retrieved from dusty attics, and neighbors began talking of the Tyrannosaurus and Trachodons that once stalked this region. One person who lived on Clinton even suggested calling the Smithsonian Institute to have them fly in experts.

Unfortunately, the puzzle was quickly solved and Huntsville missed the opportunity to become the site for an archeological dig. A local historian (Old Town's full of them) remembered hearing tales of an elephant being buried somewhere on Clinton Street, and by putting two and two together, solved the mystery.

It seems as if a circus had come to town in the fall of 1893 and erected its tents about a half mile outside of town in a location now known as Five Points. As the circus was packing up and getting ready to leave town, one of its elephants died. Circuses and traveling carnivals were notorious for leaving sick and dead animals behind, so when Sheriff Murphee heard of the dead elephant, he quickly informed the circus that they could not leave town until the elephant was buried.

Mr. Bradshaw, the manager of the circus, then hired a local man by the name of Gentry to bury the carcass for

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the sum of ten dollars. Some people may think that ten dollars was a large sum of money, but it was also a large elephant. Mr. Gentry hitched his team of mules to the carcass, the circus left town, and everyone was happy.

In retrospect, it seems as if Mr Gentry might have been on the bit on the lazy side, for instead of digging a hole to bury the carcass in, he took the easy way out. In the 500 block of East Clinton there had at one time been an old brick works, and adjacent to the works was a large hole from where the clay for the bricks had been dug. It was here that Gentry dumped the carcass, and finished filling the hole by throwing in more old bricks and rubble.

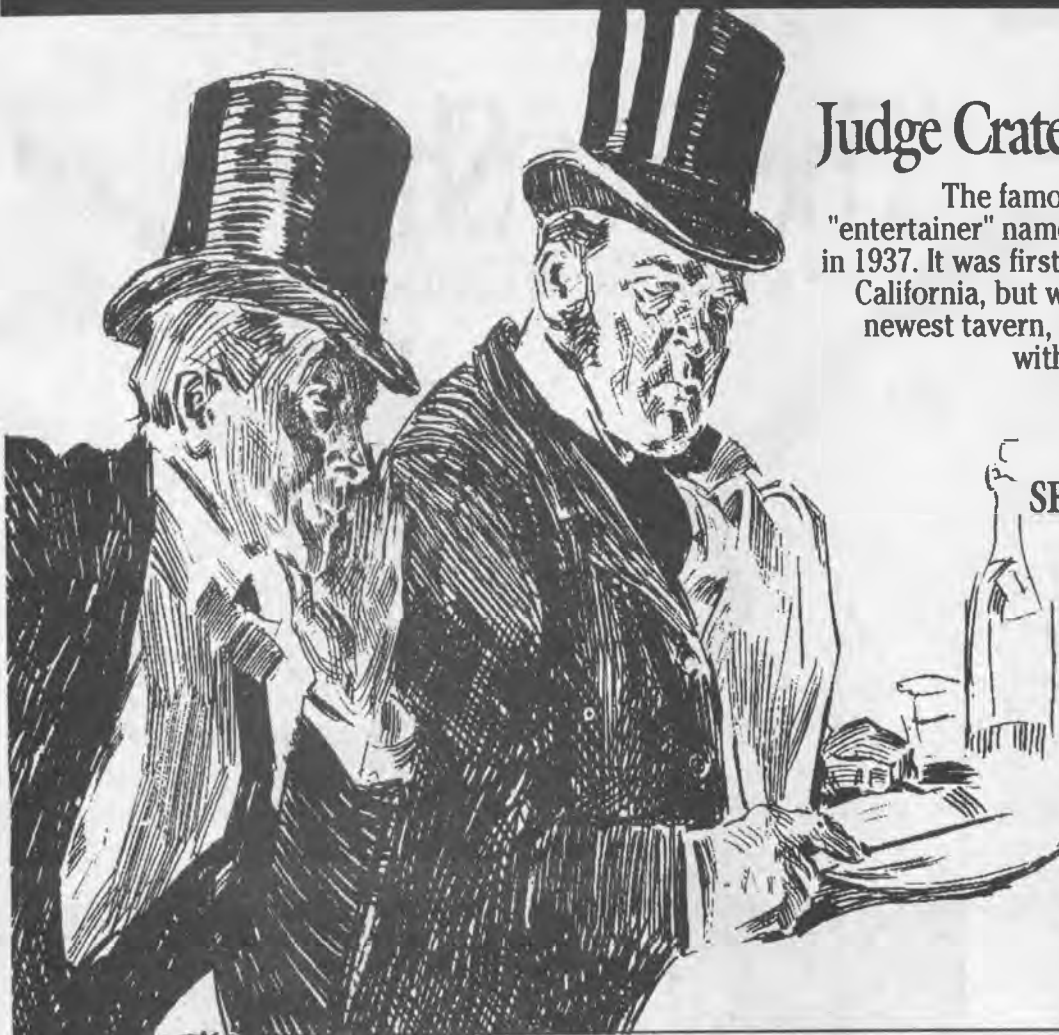
And it was here, years later, that homes were built, with Mr. Young eventually buying one of them.

So the next time you go by 507 East Clinton, take a long look. It's the only house in America with an elephant buried underneath it.

*No man's credit is as good as his money.*

*The person who writes the banks' commercials is not the person who makes the loans.*

*Running a business is no problem as long as it is someone else's business.*



## "Did you hear? Judge Crater's back in town."

The famous Judge Crater, along with an "entertainer" named June Manners, disappeared in 1937. It was first suspected that they ran off to California, but we spotted them in Huntsville's newest tavern, where the atmosphere is filled with good spirits, and good times. It's a great place to disappear.

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To keep cheese from drying out, wrap it in a cloth dampened with vinegar.

If you store cottage cheese upside down, it will last twice as long.

Remove rust from your tin pans by dipping a raw potato in cleaning powder and scrubbing.

Freeze bananas that are on the verge of going soft. They make great popsicles.

To remove lime deposits from your teakettle, fill with equal parts vinegar and water. Bring to boil and let stand overnight.

If your stainless steel sink has rust spots, rub them with lighter fluid. When rust disappears clean as usual.

To save time and money while giving the best shine possible to your bathroom fixtures, take an old cloth that has been dipped in kerosene. It will remove scum quickly while leaving an odor for only a short amount of time.

Next time you have a red wine stain on your carpet, get rid of it with a little white wine.

When someone tracks mud into your home, sprinkle salt on it while damp. Wait 15 minutes, then vacuum.



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## Madison County's First Newspaper

The first newspaper published in Madison County was the "Madison Gazette", founded Oct. 19, 1813. Only one copy, dated Oct. 19, 1813, is known to be in existence. It is preserved in the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

The Gazette was a small four column paper, 11 1/2 inches by 18 1/2. The motto of the paper was "The Press is the Cradle of Science, the Nurse of Genius and the Shield of Liberty."

The longest lived of all, papers in Huntsville's history was the "Huntsville Democrat", founded in 1822. During the Civil War its name was changed, temporarily to "The Daily Huntsville Confederate." When Northern troops occupied Huntsville, the paper was forced to flee the city. As the press struggled to stay ahead of the invading Northern troops, the paper was printed in various locations through out Alabama and Georgia. Toward the end of the war, the Confederacy was collapsing so fast that oftentimes the publishers were forced to actually print the paper with the press still loaded on a wagon while fleeing from city to city. The paper would then be smuggled into Huntsville where it sold for 10 cents a copy.

The only known copy of the "Wagon Paper" is in a private collection in Huntsville.



# Wreaths

There is a world of material out in the fields waiting for you to collect to make beautiful natural bouquets and wreaths. Look for material in fields, along roadsides, and in yards and gardens.

Some items that work very well are:

- Fall leaves
- Wheat and oats
- Reeds and grasses
- Dried hydrangeas
- Sunflower heads
- Bittersweet
- Money plant
- Dried delphinium
- Crabapple branches

Look for materials that vary in texture. For instance, try using baby's breath with pampas grass, bittersweet, and small dried sunflowers. Have one basic color scheme in mind. Use mostly natural shades, but add color here and there.

Look for plants that have different shapes and sizes. Frail feathery fronds can work as well as heavy pods.

It is really easy to make a beautiful dried wreath for your door. Just buy a straw form that you can find at any craft store. Gather dried wheat, grasses, colorful dried flowers and even some dried sunflower heads. Take a few strands of the grasses at a time, overlapping them as you go, using wire to attach them to the form.

Continue until you have enough of the dried material on the form, then add the sprigs of colorful dried flowers in among the grasses.

Wire several small sunflower heads at the bottom of the wreath. Some good materials to use, in addition to the wheat and pampas grass, are foxtail and blue larkspur.

For a beautiful table arrangement for fall, take an ironstone pitcher and use marsh weeds punctuated with a branch of crabapple. A fresh-cut amaryllis, dried artichokes, and sticks tied with twine can add a sophisticated look.

One afternoon's walk in the fields can give you an abundance of weeds and material that you can dry and use all winter long.

For beautiful corn husk flowers, saw an ear of Indian corn about two inches from the base some kernels will fall off. Fold husks back up around the corn and trim to the length of the ear.

Shape the husk "petals" with scissors as desired. Wrap the base with a wire stem.

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## Cow For Sale

Owing to ill health, I will sell, at my residence, one crushed-raspberry colored cow, aged six years old. She is a good milker, and is not afraid of anything. She is a cow of undaunted courage and gives milk frequently.

To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, by means of a trace chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right.

She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. Purchaser need not be identified. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with long, wobbly legs. Her name is Rose, and I would prefer to sell her to a non-resident.

You may keep this in your paper till you sell the cow. We are all pretty well, and hope your paper is self-sustaining.



## Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

It is a great day to be out, and the golf course never played better. You just had one of your better drives and now you are heading toward your ball with your trusty two-iron in tow. You send a streamer straight down the fairway and land your ball about four feet from the cup. All you need to do now is take your time and putt it in for a birdie. This sure is a fun game.

You feel pretty good as you line up your ball - maybe a slight break to the left. You take an easy stroke, but just as your putter strikes your ball, you experience a jerky sensation in your stroke, and the ball goes by the hole by about two and a half feet. You are devastated, but needless to say, you have just experienced a sad case of the "yips", a condition not uncommon to many golfers. Some may say that you just choked because it was a pressure putt, but this is not necessarily so. We know now that it is a sudden, involuntary contraction of the muscles in your lower arm or hand. We do not really know what the specific cause is, but we are reasonably certain that it is connected with age to some degree. There are probably other causes such as previous injury, stress and tension. Once survey indicated that out of 335 golfers polled, 28% said that they were bothered with the yips. Of this group, the typical golfer was about 50 years old, and had been playing golf for 30 years.

Though there is no known cure for the yips, we might help our game if we tried putting cross-handed, or go to a longer putter. Since golf is such a fun game, the yips should be considered as just another hazard we must endure. Next time you are making that short, pressure putt, just approach it with a positive attitude - with a nice, smooth stroke into the cup. Have fun.

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### Old Huntsville Trivia

**1856**

The first telegraph comes to Huntsville. It was operated by the North Alabama Telegraph Company and the offices were located on Eustis Street.

**1857**

Madison County is shocked by the allegations that Mrs Elizabeth Rountt may have murdered her husbands....all six of them.

**1859**

The First Presbyterian Church is completed and the Courthouse gets a new tin roof.

**1863**

Yankees invade Huntsville with a force of 7,000 mounted calvary. Mayor Coltart, a loyal Confederate, is placed under arrest.

**1865**

On May 26, a cold rainy day, the last Confederate troops in Huntsville surrender. The ceremony took place on Monte Sano.

**1889**

The Huntsville City Council, in response to a local pastors' petition, passes an ordinance "forbidding lewd women from riding on horseback in the streets of Huntsville."

**1955**

Dr. Wehrner Von Braun, along with another 40 of the top rocket experts in the world, become American citizens in a ceremony conducted at the Huntsville High School.

*It is easy to look down on others;  
to look down on ourselves  
is difficult.*

*A person who lies for you will lie  
against you.*

*There is no such thing in anyone's  
life as an unimportant day.*

*Nothing is so burdensome as a  
secret.*

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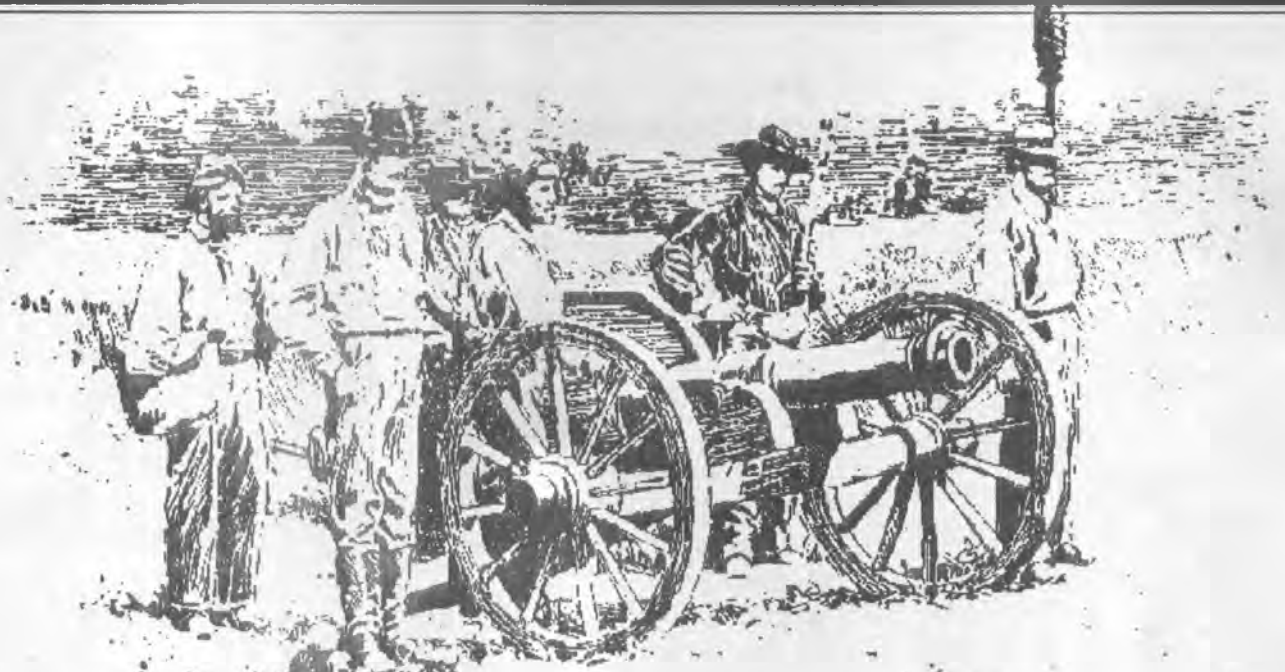
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Lieut. C. L. White,  
Actg. Asst. Adjt. Gen.,  
Third Div. 15th Army Corps

Headquarters Thirteenth Illinois  
Infantry, Madison Station,  
May 19, 1864.

**CAPTAIN:** I would respectfully submit the following report of the attack made on this post by a force of the enemy, under command of Colonel Patterson, consisting of two regiments of mounted infantry and a battery of four 12-pounder howitzers, the entire force numbering about 1,000 men.

The attack was made at 8:30 a.m. on the Triana Road, on which two of their field pieces were placed in position, the remaining two pieces having crossed the railroad, together with a portion of the enemy's command. They, however, did not get into position, as the attack was precipitated by the enemy's being discovered by a forage train, which was just starting out.

As soon as discovered, the enemy opened fire from their two pieces on the Triana Road, having previously sent detachments to each one of my picket posts, five in number, guided by some citizens who seemed to know

the exact locality of each, encircling them and capturing them entire. On the first alarm my command was quickly formed in line, excepting three companies, who occupied the stockade in the rear of the depot building and behind some cotton bales. Two companies were thrown out as skirmishers, but the enemy appearing in such a large force in their front, I ordered them to fall back to the main column.

In the meantime the stockade was rendered untenable by the rapid fire from the artillery, so that the three companies were compelled to fall back behind the railroad embankment, where I at length formed my entire command, being satisfied that we were outnumbered nearly four to one, and having nothing to resist their artillery, it would be impossible to hold the town; my command the entire time keeping up a rapid and incessant fire, killing three and wounding 15 of the enemy. At this time the Rebel force appeared on both flanks and in my rear, which made it necessary to fall back still farther, which I did, in the direction of the water-tank toward Huntsville, dispersing the enemy in my rear by a few well-directed volleys, the artillery and nearly their entire force following on either side of the railroad, but the timber was so thick that they could do no damage.

On arriving at within a half-mile of the watertank, I reformed my line, and after a short rest, again advanced toward Madison Station with a strong line of skirmishers, well-extended on either side of the railroad. The skirmishers drove the rear guard of the enemy from town, the main force having departed after burning the depot buildings and about 70 bales of cotton. My camp equipage was also burned, it, however, consisting of only a small number of tents, which were scarcely serviceable. The men, also, have lost all of their extra clothing and blankets. The damage to the railroad was slight and readily repaired. As soon as the attack was made, the wagon train, consisting of eight six-mule teams and three two-horse ambulances, were ordered on the Huntsville road, but were intercepted and captured, together with a small train guard and the teamsters. At about 12 pm reinforcements arrived, consisting of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, Colonel Heath, 120 men, and the Fifty-Ninth Indiana Infantry,

Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and 220 men. These, together with 100 men from my regiment, moved after the enemy as rapidly as possible in a driving rain. Colonel Heath's cavalry came up with the rear guard of the enemy early in the afternoon, and kept up a constant harassing fire, but his force was too small to make a forcible attack. The infantry came up just before sundown, the Fifty-Ninth Indiana deploying as skirmishers and driving the enemy before them to the bank of the river, but night coming on and finding that the transportation and prisoners were all across the river, our men fatigued, and ammunition almost exhausted, it was considered best by the commanding officers to withdraw our forces. They were consequently marched back to Madison, a distance of twelve miles from Fletcher's Ferry.

From reliable sources I learn that the enemy's loss at the ferry was 15 killed and 40 wounded. This estimate, I am positive, is not placed too high, which would make their entire loss 18 killed and 55 wounded. Of the number of prisoners from my regiment I have not been able to learn how many were wounded. The loss of the Fifty-Ninth is two wounded, and the Fifth Iowa Infantry one killed. I have but one man wounded with the regiment. Enclosed I send a list of the prisoners from my regiment.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. Gorgas, Colonel, Thirteenth Illinois Infantry. Liet. C. L. White, Actg. Asst. Adjt. Gen., Third Div., 15th Army Corps

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# Treasures Discovered In Hoenwald

By Stephanie Callaway

Hoenwald, Tennessee, is a quiet village of Swiss and German heritage located about 70 miles southwest of Nashville along the Buffalo River. It boasts scenic beauty, warm and cheerful townspeople, and one of the most fervent Oktoberfest celebrations this side of the Atlantic. But what really sets this little town apart is something rather unusual.

It is what the locals modestly call "junk stores." These are more commonly referred to as thrift or second-hand clothing stores. The treasure shops line Hoenwald's main street with such unassuming names as Helen's Junk and A&W Salvage, but any seasoned bargain hunter will quickly discover that these stores are home to much more than used and cast-aside articles of clothing.

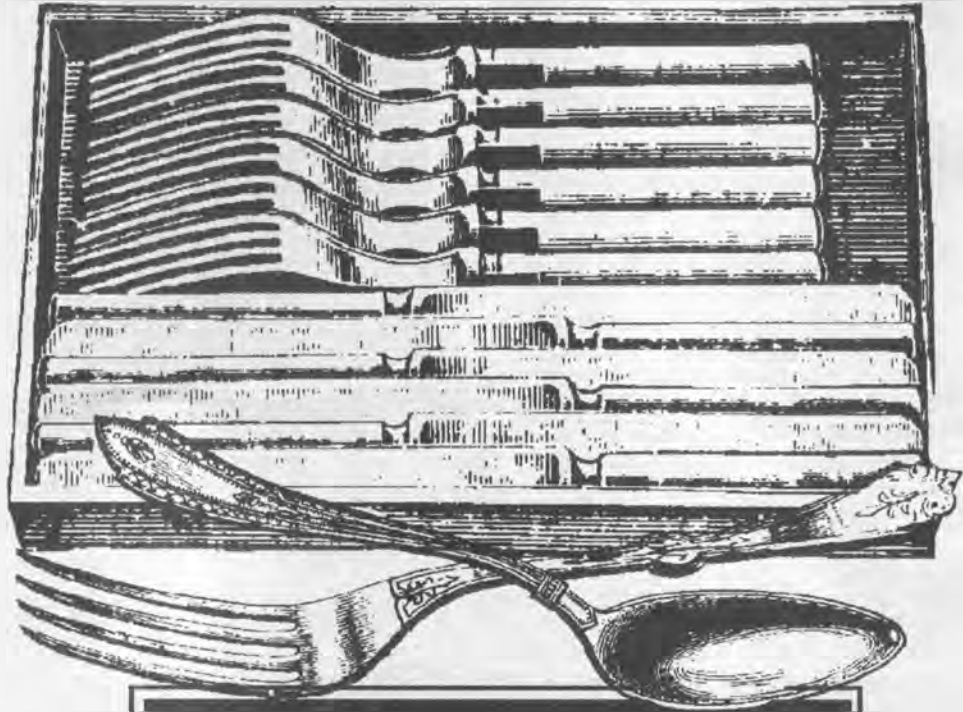
Indeed, treasures lurk in these musty, dusty places but not on the surface of things. Instead, shopping in Hoenwald's junk stores requires what my grandfather describes as "elbow grease" and plenty of patience. This is because the clothing in the shops is not conveniently displayed hanging on racks or neatly folded on tables, but carelessly thrown in piles of varying sizes throughout the store, loosely categorized as Men's, Women's, and Children's.

In the rear of the store is the "Dig" area, where there is no structure whatsoever. This is where you'll find ardent shoppers perched atop a cushiony hill of clothes skillfully tossing aside what doesn't strike a particular fancy. Here you'll find young people from larger cities looking for that perfect vintage skirt or pair of exquisitely torn and faded Levis, happily co-existing with the local women searching for a sturdy winter coat for each member of their families, or looking for material from which to make that perfect pair of drapes.

The possibilities are endless in these stores and that's just what makes the digging so much fun. That and the

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knowledge that the price of any item found, no matter how seemingly valuable, will never exceed \$5. Never. And the supply of clothing and other treasures is constantly being replenished, because two or three times a week gigantic bales of used clothing and material are opened and tumbled onto the well-picked-through items.

Where does this clothing come from, you ask. Well, the women who work in these stores are very pleasant and helpful and will provide baskets to hold clothes in while you shop. They will give you advice about where to eat the best weinerschnitzel. But when pressed about the origin of the clothing, all they will say is, "Shipped down here from somewhere up east."

There have been rumors about some lucky shoppers finding large sums of money, jewelry, or other such

treasures deeply hidden in pockets of clothing bought at several of these stores. No one really knows exactly where or when this happened. Still, I admit that I have casually checked pockets now and again just in case, but all I usually find is a gum wrapper or at best, a single mitten.

I strongly recommend a visit to Hoenwald for any bargain-hungry, stout-hearted adventurer. While there I suggest lunch and maybe a visit to the town's Folk Art Museum. For overnight lodging however, you'll have to head east about 20 miles to Centerville, Tennessee, home of Minnie Pearl and the only hotel in the area, The Grinder's Switch Inn, where the sign out front proclaims, "Elvis Once Slept Here." Well, enough said.



# The Origin Of The Kiss

HOW IT ALL STARTED

**W**estern civilization takes the kiss for granted. Greek poets called it "the key to Paradise." Other people and ages have condemned the kiss as vulgar, indecent, and a social sin. Japanese never kiss (except parents their children) and don't even have a word for it. Chinese regarded a kiss as suggestive of cannibalism, and in Indo-China mothers used to frighten their children by threatening them with a white man's kiss.

The origin of the kiss leads back to the earliest stages of human existence and even beyond. Some authorities claim that the kiss developed because primitive man believed that the air he exhaled had magic power. It was an emanation of his true self.

By kissing each other, men and women mingled their souls.

Others have assumed that the mouth kiss was only the last stage of a long evolution.

It started with face touching face (just as Eskimos and Maoris still rub noses), and one man smelling the other (as Indian tribes used to say "smell me" instead of "give me a kiss").

Touch has been called the mother of senses, and experiments have shown that even the slightest contact with another skin excites the brain. Many animals touch and feel each other and those of whom they are fond. Cats and dogs rub their heads against their owners, birds stroke beak with beak, and elephants intertwine trunks. Even insects caress each other with their antennae and snails with their horns. Man's most sensitive touch-zone is the mucus membranes of his lips, and that is how in the search to express deepest affection mouth found mouth.



**Irvin S. Cobb**

Beginning an autobiography, Irvin S. Cobb wrote: "Irvin S. Cobb, of whom I have the honor to be, was born successfully in Paducah, Kentucky, almost exactly 100 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, thus making it possible for future generations to celebrate both centennials simultaneously in 1976."

# 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.

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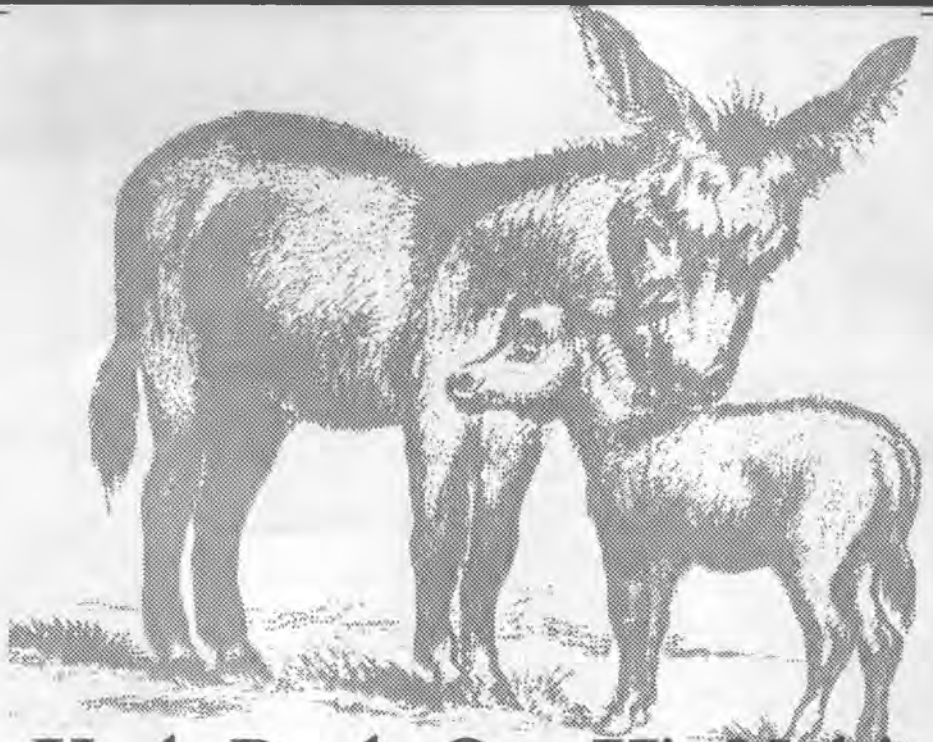
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## Uncle Prude Gets His Mule!

(But he wasn't very prudent in the way he fotched him back..)

At a late hour last night, a man named Tobe Wells, alias Lewis Wells, alias Tobe Hood, was locked up in the Jefferson County Jail on the charge of grand larceny. It seems that about a week ago someone stole a mule from an old man named Prude down near Bessemer.

Prude kept a sharp lookout, and a few days ago learned that the thief and mule were both near West Point, Mississippi. He went to the place, found Wells, and had him arrested by Sheriff Spalding of Lowndes County, Mississippi. Instead of notifying Sheriff Smith here in Jefferson County, the Mississippi sheriff deputized Prude and let him bring Wells back to Birmingham. Prude now brings a bill against Jefferson County which will not be paid. It is for railroad fare to bring the prisoner back. Sheriff Smith says that Sheriff Spalding should have notified him, and he would have sent a deputy after Wells. The mule has been recovered.

Taken from 1889 Birmingham Newspaper

## An Award Winning County

The National Association of Counties, which is made up of the governing bodies of every county in our country—some 3,079 counties to be exact—has awarded Madison more national citations than any other county. In fact, the county has even won an award for winning the most awards.

These awards are based upon such programs as: the Beautification Program, which saw Madison win the 1974 "Keep America Beautiful Award"; the Highway System Program, which saw 982 of the county's roads paved—believed to be the highest percentage of paved roads of any county in the country; and for the Road Lighting Program, for installing mercury vapor lights at every intersection in the county. The list is too long to itemize, but you can see why Madison County has rightfully laid claim to the title "Number One County in the Nation."

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Advertisement in 1907 Birmingham newspaper

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*A handshake is good, but a contract is better.*



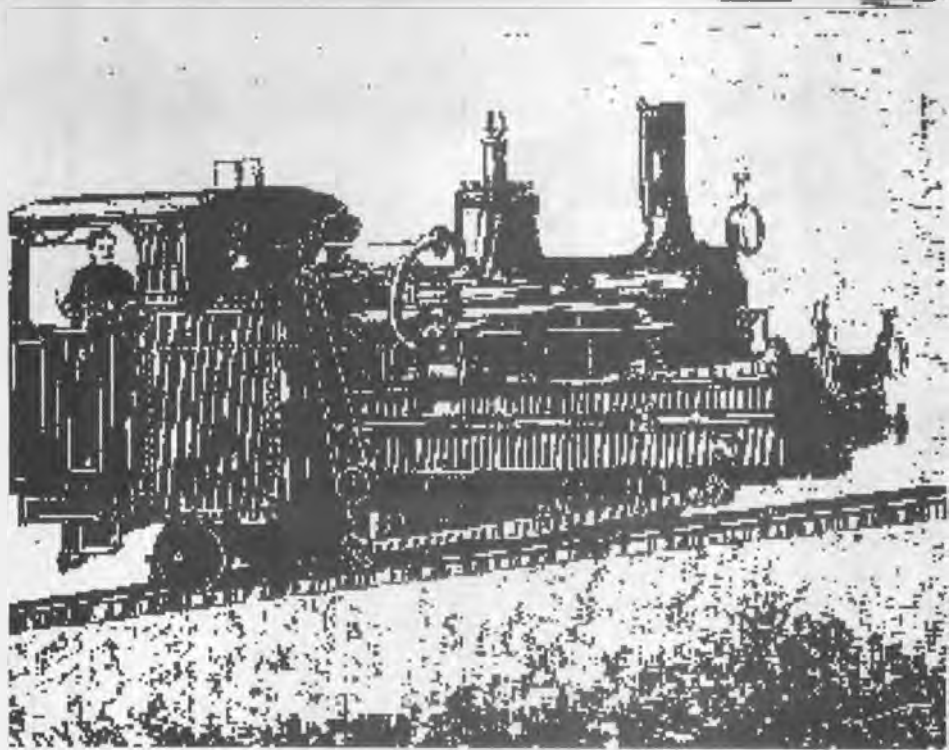
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# Migration North

by James Harris

In the late thirties we moved from Front Street, which faces Meridian Street and intersects Oakwood Avenue on the south end, to Davidson Street, which also intersects Oakwood Avenue and backs up to (the back of the houses faced) the railroad tracks. The section of track from Oakwood to a quarter of a mile or so north of the Highway 72 overpass where it turns east, is uphill. The grade is so slight, though, that it looks as if there is no grade at all. However, a long freight train pulled by a single steam engine couldn't be fooled. It was common to have the engine at the curve on the north and the caboose at Oakwood or below on the south. If the train stopped in Huntsville, it couldn't get up enough speed to make it around the curve.



## The Market Place



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They had to stay there until another, and sometimes two more, engines were called in to help push the stalled train up the grade. Long through trains usually made it but were slowed considerably, enough so that hobos had an easy time catching a ride.

In the late thirties and early forties until the war started, Southerners by the thousands migrated north to find jobs. Hopping a freight train was often the only transportation they could afford. Walking was an alternate, and, no doubt, many of them did just that for most of their journey. They traveled with only the clothes on their backs. They ate whatever they could beg whenever they could and slept where they were at the time, even when it was on a precarious perch on a freight car.

Our house was the last house on the north end of Davidson Street. It was the last chance many of these people (usually men—we rarely saw a woman) had for something to eat before hopping a train. Often a couple of them would wait for the next freight train on our back porch.

We called them hobos because they rode freight trains, begged for food, and slept on the ground. We thought that was what hobos did, and they did, but a hobo did it by choice. There probably was not more than one in a hundred of these "hobos" who was doing this by choice. It was really unfair to label them as such.

During the three years or so that I recall seeing this migration, we never had a single item stolen, not even food. My Dad always killed two hogs every fall. There was always meat in the "smoke house" out back, except in late summer when about the only thing left was fatback and soup bones. It was always unlocked. The house was always unlocked. Most of our "hobos" were honest, hard-working men who had simply fallen on hard times. They were always polite and grateful for any small favor. Stealing, even under their destitute conditions, was beneath their dignity. It must have been so because there were too many opportunities for them to have gone through the house and taken anything they wanted.

Mama and Dad never turned anyone away without something to eat first. Often it was just biscuit and gravy or jelly and maybe a piece of meat. Sometimes Mama would have to bake the biscuits first. They were always grateful.

There was one man, though, who didn't like the treatment he got. It was a hot day and we had already started eating dinner. (Dinner was our noon meal, supper was our evening meal. Somewhere along the line, dinner got pushed into the evening and the noon meal became lunch. Supper just disappeared.) A man on crutches stopped at the house and asked for food. We remembered him from the year before. There was no room at the table so Mama fixed him a plate and Dad took it to him on the back porch. It insulted him. He asked Dad if he wasn't good enough to eat at the table. Dad told him that it was much cooler on the porch than in the kitchen. After dinner Dad went out to ask if he would like more food. He was still angry. He offered Dad 50 cents for the food and indicated that he would not be stopping there again. He never did.

From late spring until early fall, several a day would stop by for a hand-out. Usually, no more than two

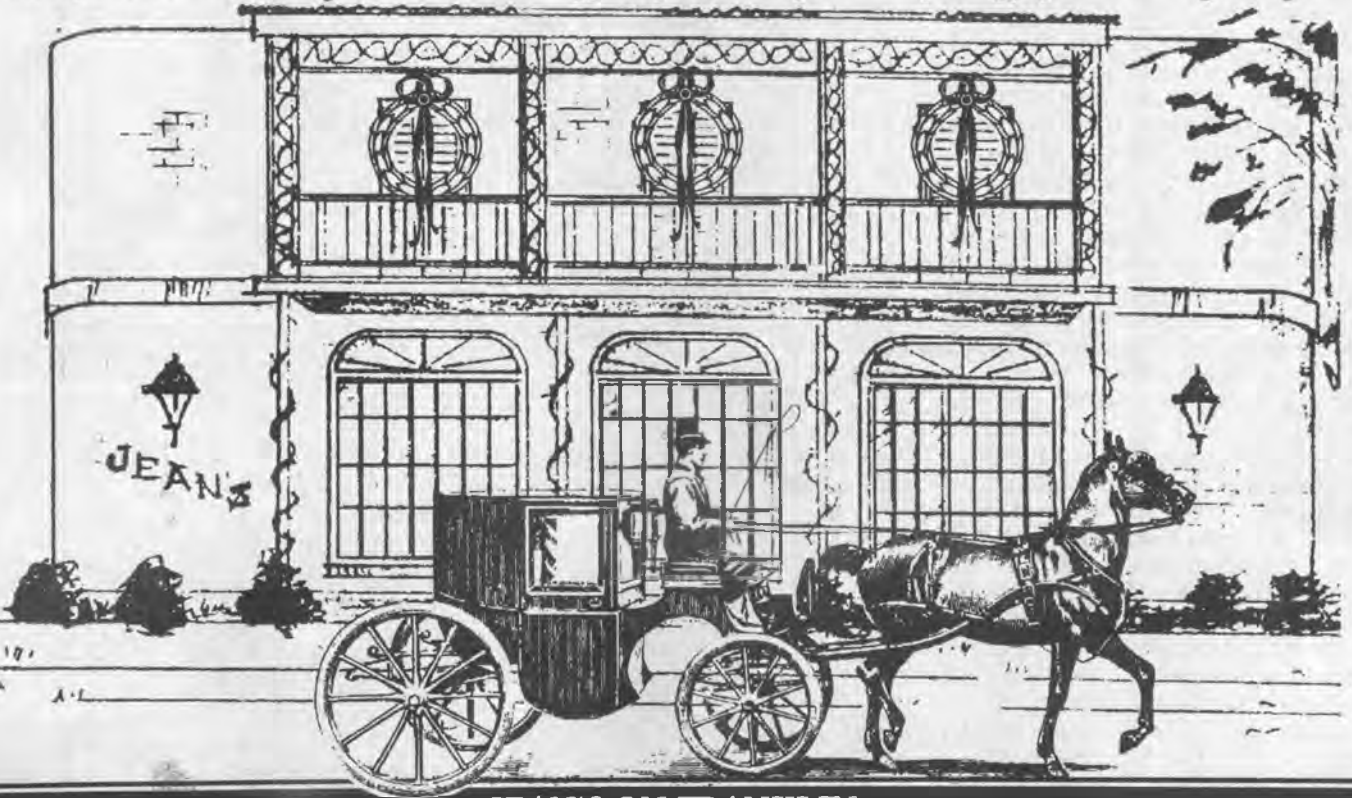
at a time would stop. If someone was already there, others passing by would not stop. I'm certain many of them were just as hungry, but there seemed to have been an unwritten code of ethics among them that said one does not infringe upon another's good fortune.

With few exceptions, we saw none of these men again. Occasionally, one would come by on his way south in the fall. A couple we saw again as they went north in the spring. The migration ended when the war with Japan started. Since most of them were in their forties or younger, we assumed a lot of them were drafted, and probably many killed.

I was too young at the time to appreciate the plight of those men. Hungry—only the lucky ate one meal a day, sleeping on the ground, traveling with only the clothes on their backs, destitute and reduced to begging—but maintaining their moral dignity.

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## They Made Him Raise The Fine!

A man from Troy told this story the other day to a small company of friends about a police justice in a little town in Rensselaer County. It was the law of the village that all showmen, itinerants and organ grinders get a license before doing business there. One day a fat policeman, who had been on the force about six months without doing anything, concluded that it was time he arrested somebody. Soon afterward along came an Italian with a performing bear.

"Hev ya got yer license?" asked the policeman.

"No," said the exhibitor of the bear.

"Then yer my priz'ner," said the policeman, and he triumphantly marched off with them to the Village station house, he leading the Italian and the Italian leading the bear.

Arraigned before the police justice, the Italian pleaded guilty, and the judge officiously gave him a most severe and scorching lecture on the enormity of his offense, ending it by fining him \$10, the full extent of the law. The culprit had a lot of small change in his pocket, but being mostly

pennies and nickels it only counted up to \$7.70. For a very few minutes the judge was in a quandary. He didn't like to send the fellow to jail, nor yet lose the \$10. Presently a bright idea struck him - a happy solution of the problem - and he said:

"Here, officer, take this fellow out

to the market place and let him perform with his bear until he makes up the balance, and when he gets it drive him out of town."

Taken from 1894 newspaper

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## What A Woman Misses By Not Being Shaved

"A woman, being only a beardless woman," said the sad passenger, "will always, even though she succeeded in getting the ballot, miss the manly experience of waiting 67 minutes in a barber shop for a shave. She will never know what it is to study character from the chair".

"She will never see the nervous man," said the fat man, "who springs up to his feet every time 'next' is called, and sinks back overwhelmed with bashfulness and silently accused of intent to commit fraud by all the other sufferers."

"She will never know," said the sad passenger, "what it is to be shaved by a man with a touch like a shadow and a razor that puts you to sleep in a minute, who fusses over you with towels and water and perfumes so deftly and lightly that you want to be shaved all over again."

"And she will never know," said the woman who talks bass, "what it is to be shaved by the barber who eats garlic to cure his catarrh, and who ought to change his trade or learn to breathe through his ears."

And the pilgrims girded up their loins and the procession fled off.

From 1904 Newspaper

## A Gift Of Family Tradition!



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## A Case Of Mistaken Identity!

This is a story that John Halloway swears is true.

When he first moved to Alabama from Chicago in 1959, he was stopped by a policeman right outside of town about 2 o'clock in the morning. John had been driving all day and most of the night, and looked pretty rough.

After John pulled over to the side of the road, the policeman walked up, shone a flashlight in his face and asked where he was going.

"To my grandmothers house," replied John.

"Boy, you been drinking?"

"No sir."

"Where you from, boy?"

"Chicago, sir."

"Don't lie to me, boy. I seen them Illinois tags on your car."

*Marriage is a wonderful time  
to share - what's his is mine,  
and what's mine is mine.*

*Batchelors know more about  
women than married men - if  
we didn't, we'd be married,  
too.*

*There is probably no hell for  
authors and publishers in the next  
world. They suffer so much from  
critics in this one.*

*Perfume is any smell that you use  
to drown a worse one.*

# "Boys In Blue"

The City of Chattanooga was unable to pay her "Boys in Blue" back in 1886; reportedly the city police force went without pay for the months of December and January of that year.

When Huntsville's city fathers got wind of the unpaid policemen less than 100 miles away, they offered their help, suggesting that they pull up stakes and move here, noting that Huntsville was financially sound!

Submitted by Kathleen Harvey,  
From 1886 Huntsville publication



## Old Huntsville T-Shirts

We now have Old Huntsville T-shirts.

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## Man Coughs Up Gold Dollar And Recovers His Health

For some time past a young man employed on the Evansville and Chicago railroad has been troubled with a cough for which he has been taking medicine from Dr. Newell, but without any good effect being apparent. A few days ago he was taken by a severe fit of coughing, during the course of which he coughed up a gold dollar, and since that time he has entirely recovered from the pain in his lungs and the irritating cough.

While wondering how the gold coin could have gotten into his lungs, he recollected that two or three months ago he had two or three gold coins, and when going to bed one night he remembers to have put one in his mouth. When he came to look for his money next day he found that he had one less than he supposed, and his opinion now is that when he went to sleep it got down his throat.

1878 newspaper

*"Where your Holiday travel wish comes true"*



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finding its way into every dark corner and crevice. With his head bowed and his fingers dancing softly on the strings, the old man and the instrument seemed as one. It was the music of the gods—music that would make an angel cry.

The customers stared at the old man as his music began to envelop them with its warm, haunting melodies. The music seemed to gently beckon to them and pull at them until finally, unable to resist, they were caught up in its magical melodies and transported to a time and place where everything was perfect and the only

tears shed were of joy. Riding on a crescendo of love and passion, the violin carried the customers to a place where time had no meaning and Christmas was in your heart forever.

Maybe it was because of the tears in the patrons' eyes, but for whatever the reason, no one saw the old man leave...

...Just a short story about an old man, his violin, and Jay's Lounge—a completely meaningless story...unless you had been there.

# The Violin

Thomas Frazier

The night was cold and blustery, with a touch of snow in the air. It was a night unfit for mortal or beast, so when the old man with the beat-up violin case walked in and sat down in front of the wood burning stove to get warm, no one paid much attention. On a night like this, everyone was welcome to share the warmth of the old bar. It was a week before Christmas and everyone was feeling low. Joe and Laura, sitting at the table in the corner, were depressed. No money, no gifts to give their relatives, it didn't look like it would be a very cheerful Christmas. Benny, who had just lost his job, was sitting at the bar, carefully trying to nurse one beer to make it last as long as he could. Even Kathey, the bartender, was lost in thought, wondering how she would buy presents for her children and pay rent at the same time.

The old man might have sat there forever without anyone paying any attention to him if he had not picked up his violin and begun playing. Softly and quietly, so low that it took the customers a few moments to realize where the music was coming from, he began. It was obvious to everyone that the old man and his violin had seen many years together, maybe a concert stage or maybe even a symphony orchestra.

Softly and hauntingly the music poured forth, filling the room and

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## Perils Of Sitting On The Lap Of A Bow-legged Man

There is a case coming up in a Georgia court that will be of great interest to thousands of people who have long desired a decision on some of the points that will be developed.

It seems that a young man, a gentleman of wealth and refinement, is to be sued by the father of a young woman for \$50,000 damages for injuries that his daughter received while in his society.

The young people had been keeping company for some years, and the carriage of the young man was often seen in front of the residence of the lady. Last December he ceased visiting her, and since that time she has been an invalid, and has been treated for a spinal difficulty, and the father will go into the courts, against his daughter's wish, to have the matter of responsibility settled.

It seems that the young man is bow-legged, so much that it is considered dangerous for any one to sit on his lap, for fear they would fall through, but in this case he forgot the danger, and let the girl slip. The father claims that the young man, knowing how fearfully and how wonderfully he is made, should have adopted precautions, and in his complaint he will swear that on several occasions he has warned the young man that he should place a board across his lap, or someday his legs would let somebody through.

In his answer to the complaint the young man will say that his legs are just as nature made them, and that

anybody who sits in his lap takes their chances. He further adds that if the girl had used all the precaution that one in so dangerous a position should use, and thrown her arms around his neck, as others have done, there need have been no danger, and while he sympathizes deeply with her and her family, owing to the alleged injury, he cannot consider himself responsible. Of course, there are two sides to every question and both sides will have sympathizers.

While we do not wish to take sides on this question, there are some things connected with it that it seems a duty of the pious press to agitate. The country is full of bow-legged young men, going about seeking whom they may hold in their laps, and the wonder is that more such accidents do not occur. There should be some law to protect girls from bow-legged men. We throw safeguards around our trapeze performers by compelling their managers to place nets under them, and why should we not provide by law that the bow-legged young man should string a hammock under his boomerang legs, to catch those who may lose their spring balance, turn a somersalt and fall in the winter of their discontent. It would not be pleasant to the bow-legged young man to be compelled to carry a hammock when he went to see his girl, but it would be safer for the girl.

We have known a careful young man, who was bow-legged, to lay a pressboard, or a sewing machine leaf,

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across his lap before he would let a girl sit down; but for every one man who is careful, there are hundreds who never think of the other hearts who are liable to ache.

Inventors have studied in vain on a device for protecting people from bow-legs, and doctors who straighten cross-eyes have tried to straighten bow-legs, but nothing seems to avail. Hundreds of women and girls as they read this will shudder at the narrow escapes they have had from falling through bow-legs, and they will unite with us, in the hopes that the law will protect them. Of course there are some who would never fall through, though the legs are bowed twice as much as they are, but many are so careless they are never safe.

1889 Newspaper

In October  
we brought you  
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STRANGER THAN LIFE



HARD TO BELIEVE

# ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD & WONDERFUL

Doctors worked for more than seven hours to close farmhand Chris Haine's mouth near Montgomery. He had yawned too widely and couldn't get his mouth closed. He could only make gurgling noises during the procedure, and thus could not communicate with the doctors.

In Goodwater, Alabama, home of three casket manufacturers, casket races were held. The object of the race was a "live corpse" in each of the caskets had to maneuver through an obstacle course, while holding a glass of water, being careful not to spill any during the course of the race.

Police report that a burglar in Gilroy, California entered an apartment and proceeded to make the bed, throw out the garbage, wash the dishes, stack newspapers, and put away an ironing board and dirty clothes. The only thing taken from the apartment was a set of drapes, and he replaced them by hanging a new set of curtains. The victim found a five-page note saying, "Dear Sir, I hope you don't mind. I cleaned up your house. Don't worry, I won't take anything because my father is a duke in Spain. Don't worry. I'll clean your house for as long as you live here." It was signed, "Prince Eddie."

A judge in Tennessee decided a jury went a little far in recommending a sentence of 5,005 years for a man they convicted of five robberies and a kidnapping. The judge reduced the sentence to 1,001 years.

After drinking \$35 worth of beer, a 32 year old man decided to break into a store in a small town near Dothan, Alabama. He was trying to pry open the front door with a crowbar when he saw people inside staring at him, and realized that the store was still open.

A woman wearing a large black feather and a low-cut dress with shrunken ties tied to her waist tried to withdraw \$90,000 she didn't have in her account from the Third National Bank in Nashville. When the teller wouldn't give her the money, the woman pulled a butcher knife from the shrunken ties. Bank employee Mark Winn said that the woman "looked like a big tree."

In an incident at a Las Vegas casino, police scurried to catch some troublemakers, and dozens of officers had to climb over casino customers. Instead of moving, the customers simply dropped to their knees and

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# The Lynchburg Lemonade Trial

"A Slightly Fictionalized Account"

So many versions of the trial have been told that recently we assigned our "ace" reporter, John P. Quill, to the story in an effort to find out the truth. After spending many nights in dangerous smoke-filled dives and talking to the ordinary people on the street, what emerged was a tale so bizarre that even the participants did not recognize it. For years Tony Mason has been known as "Mr. Entertainment" in Huntsville and the surrounding areas. A local boy who grew up in the Mill Village, Tony toured Europe, performing in Italy, Germany and France. He performed with music legends such as the group "Alabama" here in the states.

After years of traveling and working for other people, Tony decided to settle down and open his own club, called (believe it or not) "Tony Mason's Restaurant". Little did he know at the time that he was about to become embroiled in a lawsuit that would gain nation-wide coverage and pit the "down home" boys against some of the top corporate lawyers in the country in a case that was to become known as "The Lynchburg Lemonade Trial."

Our story begins back in 1980 when Tony asked Lee Street, his bartender, to whip him up something for his sore throat. Lee, known far and wide as the best bartender this side of the Rio Grande, began digging into various beverages, trying some and discarding others, until finally, she had a concoction that was guaranteed to knock the socks off a horse and make him well at the same time.

Tony was willing to try anything to get rid of the sore throat, so he grabbed the glass and took a long swallow. Witnesses later said that they were amazed at Tony's

reaction...his eyes kind of rolled back in his head, his face turned a vivid violet color, and he began gasping for breath as he grabbed the side of the bar and slowly lowered himself to the floor. "Lee," Tony croaked, "I think it needs something else."

So, they began to experiment. They tried beer and vodka, they tried vanilla extract with a shot of gin, they tried just about every concoction unknown to man. Marty Staples, who later became Tony's manager, even searched the medicine cabinet trying to find new ingredients, but was stopped when he started to empty a medicine vial into one batch. "Giving sleeping pills to the customers might slow business down," Tony said as he busily stirred the brew.

And finally the supreme moment arrived. There was silence in the darkened club as Tony's faithful employees gathered around him and raised their glasses. They carefully touched their lips to the new-found mixture, closed their eyes and savored the taste. It was great!! It was absolutely the best-tasting drink that anyone had ever tasted!

The folks down at Tony's knew they had a winner and they started right away to promote it. One of the ingredients in the drink was Jack Daniels whiskey, and Tony, being the proud Southerner that he is, decided to name the drink "Lynchburg Lemonade" in honor of the great City of Lynchburg, Tennessee (pop. 312), the home of Jack Daniels Distillery.



## Lynchburg Continued

People from far and wide began flocking to Tony's Place to listen to the entertainment and try the new drink. Business was great!

Tony instructed his employees to keep the recipe a secret from the public to keep them coming back for more of the new drink. But unfortunately, secrets have a way of getting out.

In the early 1980's, sales for Jack Daniels declined. Though the company enjoyed a loyal following, they realized something must be done to attract new customers in the summer when whiskey sales are traditionally down. Also, they had to do something to attract female drinkers, who as a rule normally drank vodka. When word leaked out of the large amount of Jack Daniels being sold at Tony's Place, it wasn't long before representatives from Jack Daniels got curious. And it also wasn't long before they tried the Lynchburg Lemonade drink and liked it. Tony later testified in court that the representatives of Jack Daniels approached him and offered to use his band to promote the drink in exchange for Tony allowing them to use the drink.

The first word of trouble reached Tony the following summer when a friend who had recently returned from San Francisco informed him that Jack Daniels was promoting the drink in California. Shortly afterward, he heard of the drink being promoted in other cities all across the nation.

Tony was rightfully upset; he just could not believe that anyone else had come up with the same idea. Surely there had to be a logical explanation.

Later when the representative again called at Tony's club, Tony sat him down and had a talk with him.

"What's going on?" asked Tony.

"You aren't going to like what I'm going to tell you," the representative replied, "We've taken 'Lynchburg Lemonade' and gone nationwide with it."

"Hey, what about me?" Tony said.

"It's my drink, I invented it."

"Get a lawyer and sue us," was the answer.

Now you can do a lot of things to a Southern boy, but you just don't mess with a man's pick-up truck, his woman and most importantly, his secret recipe. That can make a man upset.

Immediately people everywhere started giving Tony advice. The pace became hectic. People would see Tony huddled over a cup of coffee with Leon Bennett, planning strategy, while Floyd Hardin would be in the background, trying to reach F. Lee Bailey on the phone. Robert signed on to answer all the incoming phone calls and the true blue waitresses down at Tony's Place began an envelope-stuffing campaign.

But it wasn't enough. Even with the best minds in Huntsville behind you, sometimes you reach a point where you need a true professional.

Enter Jerry Barksdale, stalwart defender of the oppressed and attorney-at-large.

Jerry Barksdale had earned a reputation in Huntsville as a hard working, dedicated attorney. Almost everyone agreed that he was the man for the job. He was incredulous that a big corporation like Jack Daniels would even think of taking advantage of someone. "Let me give them a call," Attorney Barksdale said, "I'm sure that we can work something out."

"Folks," Jerry told the Jack Daniels people, "we've got a little problem down here in Huntsville and we need to try and get it straightened out."

"Sue us," replied Jack Daniels, "we'll see you in court."

"Tony," said Attorney Barksdale in his best legal voice, "I don't think

Continued Four Pages Over



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## FAMOUS RECIPES

BY BARB

### Joan's Swiss Steak

Pound flour into 2 pounds of round steak about 2 inches thick. Brown pieces in hot butter on both sides. Pour over the steak 1 pint of tomatoes, 1 onion finely chopped, salt and pepper. Bake for 2 hours.

### Vegetables

When Mother was a child living by the Mississippi River, "Papa" made a cave out of the bank of a levee facing their house. This cave was used for keeping their vegetables. Carrots, sweet potatoes, and white potatoes were packed in boxes with layers of clean, dry sand and covered with burlap. Onions were stored in slat boxes with chopped straw or sawdust around them and then covered with sand and burlap. Cauliflower was packed on the earth floor with the roots and stalks buried in the earth.

Joan Hutson, Author of "Heirlooms from the Kitchen"

### Scalloped Corn

6 ears corn  
cracker crumbs  
1/2 cup milk  
salt and pepper  
butter

Scrape corn from ears. In a baking dish, layer 1/2 of the corn, 1/4 cup of milk, salt and pepper, cracker crumbs and dot with small pieces of butter. Repeat layers, ending with dots of butter on top of crumbs. Bake at 350 for 45 minutes. A real favorite of our family!

### Potatoes on the Half Shell

Bake 6 large potatoes. When soft, cut in halves lengthwise, and scoop out the inside. Mix with butter, a bit of cream, pepper and salt, and the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Whip the potato mixture until white and fluffy. Put mixture back into the skins, and return to the oven and bake until brown on top.



# And Clarence Thomas Thought He Had It Bad...

With the recent publicity on sexual harrassment, we thought you might find the following article from an 1889 Birmingham newspaper interesting.

**IT MUST BE STOPPED!**  
Girls Who Earn Their Own Bread  
Will be Protected  
No more Stooping to  
Insult Defenseless  
Women and Girls

This thing of men insulting the working women and working girls is an outrage this newspaper will not wink at for a second. It is cowardly and most abominable.

The fact that a woman or girl works for a living gives no license for so-called gentlemen to insult her. Too hard, already, is her daily task without a sense of humiliation. The working girl is not devoid of virtue or pride, she is worthy of supreme respect and, more frequently than not, is a genuine little heroine. The loafer who presumes to bow to her, to speak to her, or to approach her should be landed in a twinkle in the City's calaboose. She is honestly and nobly earning her living at poorer pay than men receive for the same work; oftimes she supports little brothers and sisters and a widowed mother. Everlasting shame on that man who wishes to drag down and degrade her.

The complaints are numerous and of every variety. The young women report that they are stared out of countenance on the streets and dummies; that they are pursued into

hotels and restaurants and humiliated by the loud manner of these "lords of creation," that they are even stopped and spoken to, and that this is not of infrequent occurrence. Two establishments on First Avenue complain that young men in the afternoon assemble near their business houses and stare into the open doors and windows, lift their hats and wave their hands at the young ladies in their employ. It is stated by one firm that two rather reckless young men actually entered a store and purchased and paid for two hats for which they have not yet called. This is simply detestable, especially in men who know better, who belong to what is styled "the upper ten" of society.

This newspaper insists all this must be stopped. Defenseless girls must and will be protected. A list of those offending is already being prepared, and some of the best known gentlemen(?) in the City are on it.

If the evil practices complained of are not desisted from, this newspaper will publish their names. The working girl who is honest deserves and shall receive the show of respect at least from all men.

*A Great Place To Eat!*



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## A Letter From The West

From Quartzburg, Idaho  
April 26, 1895

Dear Ibbey,

I wrote a little last night will try to add a little noon 12 M. The boys are complaining a little now about not getting any money. Hope we will hear from Charlie to night will tell you if we do. I do not like to take your money for my self my little girl. I would rather use money that you did not have to work harde to earn I think it would be just as well for me to make out the papers and send them to you and then you can send direct to Scranton. It will cost \$15.00 for drawing outfit and first mon. tuishon. I will also want some thin foolscap paper to write my lessons on in answer. Then the postage and expresse on the above.

If this should go on and Frank would like to come out he could have the benefit of the Schools instructions as well as my self. You would then have some one to come with you out here. Yes I can meet you in Boise if you want me to but do you think we can stand the extra expense it will (be) an additional \$2.50 at the Hotel beside \$1.00 for dinner two days provideing I whould walk both ways and if I wroad one way it would be \$7.00 both ways. \$10.00 with your fare added to the above then all baggage over 40 lbs costs two cents per lb. so you can see what it will cost. Night. It has been raining a little the first for

some time. Just showers is quite hot through the day but cool at night. Now if this falls through with and could get work in Chicago that we could live on all right. Anything to make a good honest liveing. Mother says (Gyfr?) has a baby that is the reason she got her breath so harde. What was it that was broken. I do not think you will not kneed a smaller trunk you can bring that much with you and send the rest by freight just as you please. If we have to build we can put up a shell large enough to put up a partition of cheap calico and make it do untill we find out wheather the mine will pay or not. I do not like to invest very much in a house as it is not worth one cent when you leave it. As no one would buy it and it is just that much lost. If you have not sent me any money when you receive this just keep it and I will send you the papers. I will not get to write enough in this but will try and write some more in a day or two again. Yes I will tell you when ever I feel bad or any thing goes wrong did you think I would not. I am in a hurry to night as the P Master wants all our letters mailed at the burg. They have to have so many letters to cancel or it seases to be an office and at present the number is

getting small. I have been just handing them to the stage driver in the morn. As he goes by. If the office is changed will have to walk 3 mi. to get our mail.

Yes you can not come to quick to suit me. Although I have no place to take you and board is only \$6.00 per week. And just common at that. Will have to close for this time will love you hugely when you get out here don't you forget it Good by with love to you and Ernest and you.

From the old boy Geo.

Editor's Note:

This letter was provided by Billie J. Haines of Huntsville. It was written by his grandfather George Hartssock Haines to his wife, Ibbey while prospecting in Idaho. Both grandparents are buried in Shiloh Cemetery at Ryland, Alabama

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## Lynchburg Continued

they're going to listen to us. What do you want to do?"

A strange look came over Tony's face, the look of a wounded animal right before it bites it's master. An ordinary man would have used descriptive terms in telling Attorney Barksdale what he wanted to do. But being the gentleman that Tony was, his only reply was "Sue the lousy.....gentlemen".

The following week Jerry Barksdale, on Tony Mason's behalf, filed suit in the Madison County Court against Jack Daniels for \$13 million.

Our legal system was faced with an almost impossible task...finding 12 impartial jurors who had never heard Tony sing and had never drunk Jack Daniels.

On the first day of the hearing, Tony and Jerry were on one side of the courtroom while on the other side, it looked like the last ten graduating



Continued Four Pages Over

## KIDS AND RUBBER GUNS



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I have to assume that all Mill Village kids had a few things in common: no weekly allowance, one pair of shoes that were resoled numerous times, always going barefoot from late spring until early fall (unless, of course, you had to go somewhere important), no air conditioning, no hot running water, and only one store-bought toy. This toy was usually a car, truck, or gun, if you were a boy, and a doll if you were a girl. Probably, the most important thing we had in common, though, was the necessity to create our own fun.

But enough of that stuff. The kids in my part of town were all in the same boat. For fun, we had to create and we did. The "flip" (flips and other fun things will be covered in another story) and rubber gun were two items boys enjoyed. Girls may have—I don't know. I never saw girls playing with them. Girls were not supposed to play rough, and the rubber gun required rough play. Girls did their own thing.

The rubber gun was the best thing ever invented for kids to play with in order to work off "nervous energy," as it is sometimes called. Probably the most important thing about the rubber gun, and flips, and many other

Continued Next Page



things, was that we had to make them ourselves. We couldn't go to the store and buy them, which is just as well, because we didn't have the money anyway.

Rubber guns required three parts: rubber strips a quarter to a half-inch wide—the length determined by the length of the gun barrel; a piece of plank from six inches to two-feet long, and a spring-type clothespin. The plank was cut to the shape of a gun, and the clothespin was tied to the handle with the business end pointing upward. The ends of a rubber strip (rubber band, if you prefer) were placed together and inserted in the clothespin. The band then formed a loop, which was stretched over the end of the gun. To shoot, you just squeezed the clothespin. I think the common rubber bands you can buy these days had not yet been invented. It was difficult to find car innertubes in those days that weren't inside a tire on a car. In Lincoln Village, it was even hard to find a car. When you found a piece big enough to be used for flips or rubber guns, you squirreled it away in a safe place since replacement parts were needed often.

So here was a bunch of kids with rubber guns. Now what? Why, we got together and shot each other. That's right. Shot each other? Just what kind of parents would let their children shoot each other with any kind of gun? No wonder there is so much violence today. We had good parents who taught us the value of work, honesty, and helping a neighbor in trouble. Oh yes, we knew all our neighbors by name. How many today can make that claim? Parents taught us the difference between right and wrong, and that we didn't need nor have to have everything we wanted.

Yes, we got together, formed teams—sometimes it was every kid for himself—and then we had a ball shooting each other with those rubber guns. How many eyes got put out? Nary a one. What about black eyes or skinned heads or bruises? Nope. Now, we did get stung a lot. Occasionally, a kid would get stung pretty hard and get angry, but he got over it in a few minutes, after he got in a few good shots himself. Some kids had guns that were powerful. They could leave a red spot and smart, I'm telling you. That was fun? You'd better believe it! At the end of a good rubber gun battle, we were still friends, never frustrated,

and happy as larks. Frustration never had time to build up. Anger? Well, there was the time Mama made me wash my britches after she warned me not to go sliding down the clay bank (there was one doozy) to the railroad tracks. I was pretty unhappy about that. I would rather have had a whipping. Whoops, more violence!

Know what we did when we got bored? We didn't go whining to Mama or Daddy about it. We invented fun. If other kids were not around to play with, we invented fun for one. Rubber guns were mostly for group fun.

To my knowledge, not a single one of the Village kids I knew have been arrested for crimes of violence. Three became preachers (some are bound to go bad), two became policemen, one is a real estate broker. Okay, so he went bad, too. I've lost track of the others.

I'll put the mental health of Village kids up against anyone who thinks such activities are not good for kids. What you need to do is make, not buy, a few rubber guns, buy a bunch of large rubber bands, invite a group of your uptight friends over, and have a nice long rubber gun battle. You'll never be the same again.

If anyone who reads this still thinks I'm crazy, let's talk about your kids and football.

Jim Harris

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## New Hope's Mysterious Grave

One day last year my friend Jack Dillworth and I had been fishing in a lake near New Hope. As we were not doing any good, he asked that we visit a country cemetery to look up some of his kinfolks. I had helped him do a little genealogy on his very large family on several occasions. As we drove to the cemetery, Jack had me stop by a large field that he said had belonged to his family for many years.

Jack pointed out a small area that obviously had not been cultivated for many years. It looked like it might have been an old well site or perhaps a large tree had been there, but Jack had the real story. He said that his father instructed all the boys not to plow in that plot because it was the grave of a Union soldier. I asked Jack if he had ever questioned his Dad about the grave. "Oh, no," he said. "I was brought up not to question what my Dad said, and I sure didn't want to get his dander up about a Union soldier. Actually, we boys heard rumors and stories handed down by our grandparents about the Civil War, and this story had been circulating for some time."

The story sounded a little far-fetched for me. I thought I knew a

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lot about the Civil War. I even knew about the Federal troops stationed in Huntsville.

Anyway, I was a bit skeptical about Jack's story, and I got him to go the Historical Section of the library in Huntsville. We had been up there several times before when I helped him look up data about New Hope on his very large family tree. Jack couldn't see very well, and I often read the information from the books we located. We were helped in this research by a nice lady who Jack recognized as a cousin of his.

In fact, she gave us the clue we needed to check this story out. She referred us to the large collection of Union and Confederate Official Records. Then, she reminded Jack that New Hope was named Vienna during the Civil War.

With that information, I looked up Vienna in the index and found several entries about the troops stationed at Huntsville and their patrolling activities.

Attached hereto is the action report that surely must have been the basis of the stories still being repeated about the Union soldier buried in the field in New Hope.

The so-called bushwhackers that shot up the Union patrol were led by Capt. Johnson, also know as Parson. There is a story about him that needs to be told. I was told that Parson Johnson led a congregation in nearby Tennessee that had protested the secession of the South and he refused to join up as a soldier. Then his flock was occupied by Union troops who proceeded to pillage and burn everything in sight. This so angered the Parson that he started a very successful guerrilla action against all Union troops and installations in his area of Tennessee and Alabama. This was a very dangerous thing to do because if captured by the Union troops, they were likely to be executed on the spot.

I am not sure why the body of the scout John C. Martin was not retrieved by Lt. Col. Reed's men, but I suspect that the bushwhackers gave them such a trouncing that they didn't have time to retrieve him, and later action required that they move elsewhere. There is no further action report about this unit in Vienna or New Hope.

So, there is the story about the unmarked grave of the Union soldier in the field in New Hope.

by Col. Martin T. Burke (USA Ret.)

## Things Ain't What They Used To Be!

In 1901, the Collier Drug Store had the following items for sale:

Castoria.....	28 cen
Austin's Liver Regulator.....	10 cen
Swamp Root.....	42 cen
Milk Weed Cream.....	40 cen
Ayers Sarsaparilla.....	88 cen
Mennen's Violet Talcum Powder....	13 cen
Carter's Little Liver Pills.....	20 cen
Wintersmith's Chill Tonic.....	38 cen
Abbott's Rheumatic Cure.....	83 cen
Hostettler's Bitters.....	83 cen
Pyro Cure.....	20 cer
Shades Mountain Corn Whiskey.....	50 cer

# Maxims For Marriage

The following maxims should be engraved in silver and presented to every bridal pair at their espousal as rules for their guidance:

- The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is the cultivation, on both sides, of unselfishness.
- Never both get angry at once.
- Never speak loud to one another unless the house is on fire.
- Let each strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.
- Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly.
- Never taunt with a past mistake.
- Neglect the whole world, rather than one another.
- Never make a remark at the expense of one another; it is meanness.
- Never pass for a day without loving words to think of during absence.
- Never meet without a loving welcome.
- Never let the sun go down on any anger or grievance.
- Never let any fault you have committed go until you have confessed it, and asked forgiveness.
- Never forget the happiness of early love.
- Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.
- Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing alone can make it what it should be.
- Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal love.

From a 1873 Newspaper



GOOD FOR THE BODY

## Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

If you cut your finger or hand, cover the wound with black pepper. It will not burn, instead it stops the bleeding, takes out the soreness, and promotes faster healing.

**FOR BABIES:** This has been tried on several tiny babies and found to be a cure when they cannot keep their milk because their stomachs are lacking in acid. Give a tiny spoon of baby applesauce, even to the smallest infants, before giving the bottle. You can get drops from the doctor for this, but several babies have been cured with the applesauce when the doctors could not find out what was wrong. One baby went to the hospital—still no cure—but the home remedy applesauce worked.

**Bed Wetting:** Give a child a teaspoonful of honey at bedtime. It will act as a sedative to the nervous system, and attracts and holds fluid during the night.

**Leg Ache:** Rub the leg in kerosene, works every time.

For upset stomach, colitis, diarrhea: Drink cup of hot Lipton's tea, which is a sure cure.

Don't cut hair in the dark of the moon, or it will cause baldness.

**Ladies:** For cramps, take one teaspoon of vinegar, and place an old pair of shoes upside down under your bed.

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## Locations

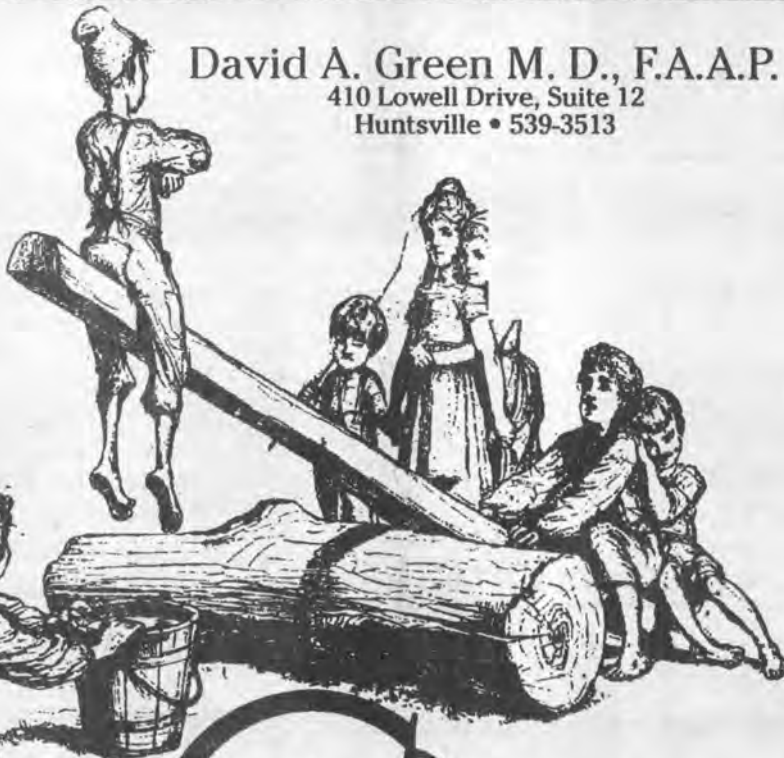
Many of you have inquired as to where you may pick up copies of "Old Huntsville." Due to space limitations we cannot list all of the distribution points, but the following is a partial listing. If you are looking for past editions, please check with our advertisers you see in the magazine. Some of them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

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PEDIATRICS

### Lynchburg Continued

classes from Harvard and Yale Law Schools. One courtroom observer was heard to remark that it appeared as if "the lawyer's assistants had lawyers."

As the case began to unfold, Jerry quickly went for the jugular vein in getting a representative of Jack Daniels to admit obtaining the recipe from Tony's club. Other Jack Daniels officials, when questioned by Jerry Barksdale, seemed unable to remember where the recipe came from.

One official stated that he knew weeks before Jack Daniels started promoting the drink that Tony Mason had the same recipe. However, he said, "The people at Jack Daniels felt they didn't owe that individual in Alabama anything."

That raised a lot of eyebrows in the courtroom.

"You just took his property, didn't you?" asked Jerry.

"No sir," replied the official in a low voice.

The courtroom battle raged for days, with Tony's attorney showing no mercy. The attorneys for Jack Daniels, not knowing how things are

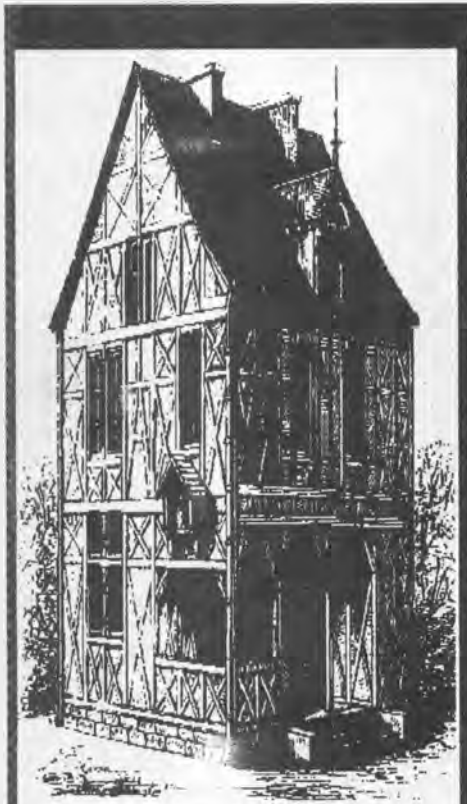
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## Lynchburg Continued

done in Huntsville, began trying to grill Tony's witnesses in an attempt to discredit their testimony.

Bad mistake.

One witness, after putting up with what she thought was enough, looked the corporate lawyers straight in the eye, and said in a low, steely voice, "I don't lie."

Smiles broke out on all the observers' faces.

Finally, the testimony was over and it was time for the jurors to decide the case. The Judge charged the jury and told them that if they find against Jack Daniels they must award Mr. Mason a nominal sum.

Reporters and newspeople rush to file their stories. People from all across the country were following the story of the young man who would dare to take on a corporate giant. The last time Huntsville captured this much national attention from a trial was in 1882 when Frank James stood trial in Huntsville for a payroll robbery in Florence.

The same day, after deliberating for hours, the jury returned.

"We, the jury, find for Mr. Anthony Mason"...visions of a new yacht began dancing in Tony's eyes..."and award the sum of \$137,000." Jerry broke out in a big grin as he thought about the debts he would pay off and the long delayed vacation he had been promising himself.

But wait...don't spend the money yet, Tony. The judge was speaking again.

"I instructed you to award a nominal sum, so I have to ask you to return to your deliberations and don't return until you arrive at a nominal sum."

With Tony's visions of yachts and diamond rings fast disappearing, the jury returned again with another verdict.

"We the jury award one dollar."

So what's the moral to the story? I suppose it would be that, yes, you can take on a big corporation, if you have enough faith and a good attorney as a friend. You may not win any money, but you can walk out of the courtroom with your head held high, knowing that you stood up for what you believed was right.

Jerry Barksdale is still practicing law and is considered by his peers to

Continued Four Pages Over



## Whiskey Proof

By John Crow

Ever wonder what the proof figure on a bottle of liquor tells you about the alcohol content of the liquid contained therein? Now, I know to a lot of folks that's pretty elementary. But for those who might not know, the answer's really simple. Just divide the proof number by 2 and the answer is the percent of alcohol the liquor contains. For example, a 100 proof bottle of "Old Toe Nail Curler" would be 50% alcohol—at least by today's American reckoning.

In the Colonial days, Americans used the old British standard of 57.1% alcohol equals 100 proof. This British standard was known as "gunpowder proof", and was figured centuries earlier by mixing whiskey of that proof with gunpowder and lighting it. A true 100 proof (57.1%) would burn as a steady blue flame until it almost all burned off and then would ignite the gunpowder. The Americans basically adopted the British principle, but for ease of calculation, determined that 100 proof should equal 50 percent alcohol.

An old Birmingham moonshiner could take a pint of "Alabama Moon" and pretty much tell its proof by shaking it. A high proof whiskey of 115 to 120 proof would form a big bubble on the top of it. The lower the proof, the smaller the bead that would form, and the faster it would dissipate.

Of course, a novice can always try his hand at proof estimating by trying to guess how much of his throat, gullet and innards were set on fire after the first pull at the jug. Usually the bigger the fire, the higher the proof. Now every once in a while you might get a hold of some really smooth stuff. That normally requires several pulls on the jug, but by then it doesn't matter anyway.



# What Famous Folks Thought About Marriage

Here's what some famous people have said about marriage:

*"Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, and half-shut afterward."*  
Benjamin Franklin

*"No matter how happily a woman may be married, it always pleases her to discover that there is a nice man who wishes that she were not."*  
H.L. Mencken, author

*"I have always thought that every woman should marry, and no man."*  
Benjamin Disraeli,  
British prime minister

*"Nobody works as hard for his money as the man who marries it."*  
Kin Hubbard, American humorist

*"No man should marry until he has studied anatomy and dissected at least one woman."*  
Honore de Balzac, author

*"Men and women, in marrying, make a vow to love one another. Would it not be better for their happiness if they made a vow to please one another?"*  
Stanislaus Leszczynski,  
King of Poland

*"The most happy marriage I can picture or imagine to myself would be the union of a deaf man to a blind woman."*  
Samuel T. Coleridge, poet

*"Matrimony is the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented."*  
Heinrich Heine, poet

*"There may be good, but there are no pleasant marriages."*  
Duke Francois de La Rochefoucauld, author

*"A system could not have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage."*  
Percy Bysshe Shelly, poet

*"Love matches are made by people who are content, for a month of honey, to condemn themselves to a life of vinegar."*  
Countess of Blessington, novelist

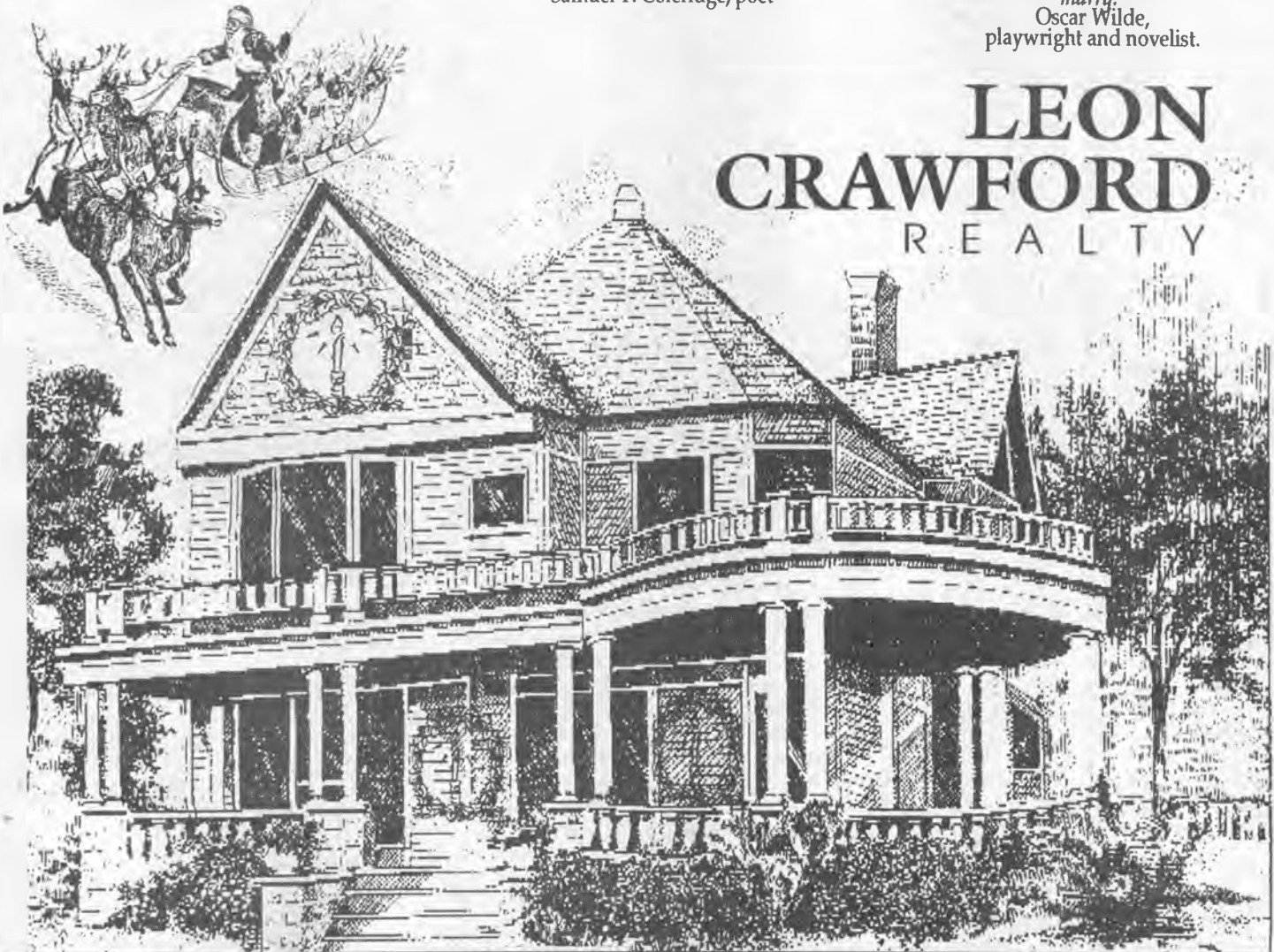
*"Remember, it's as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman."*  
William Makepeace Thackeray, writer

*"One should always be in love. That is the reason one should never marry."*  
Oscar Wilde,  
playwright and novelist.

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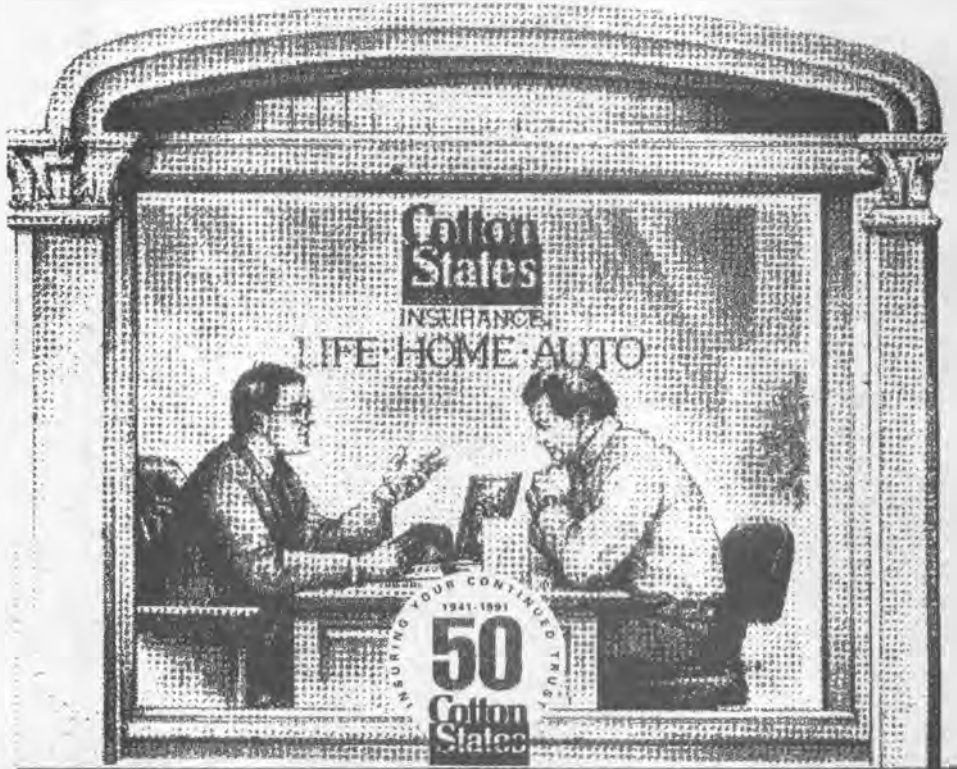


## Stabbed To Death! A Jealous Wife Murders Her Former Rival

Seldom are we called upon to chronicle a more startling and horrible affair than that which reaches us from Gilmer County, which occurred on the 10th at Bureson Mountain, near the town of Ellijay. The facts as given us by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who is a citizen of the county, are as follows:

It seems that a party, or ball, had been given at the home of a Mr. Hambrick, and quite a crowd had gathered to participate in the social enjoyment of the evening. Among the number were Mrs. Southron and husband, and also Mrs. Cowart. The dancing commenced and everything passed off as merry as a marriage bell, until a set was formed in which were seen the figures of Mr. Southron and Mrs. Cowart, his former ladylove.

This sight was too much for the enraged wife, who, urged on by that green-eyed monster, jealousy, bor-



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*Holiday Greetings From Our Family To Yours*

rowed her father's pocketknife under the pretense of procuring a tooth brush and immediately sought out the couple, who by this time were absorbed in the dance. She commanded the woman to desist, which she refused to do, and almost in a moment, she was a bleeding corpse at the feet of the livid wife. Having received some six or seven stabs in the face, neck and body, any of which would have proved fatal. A general stampede of the dancers was the result, which gave the murderess, aided by her husband, ample time to make her escape.

At last accounts the Sheriff of the county had warrants for the arrest of the parties and was in hot pursuit.

From 1886 newspaper

## *The Beginning Hours*

*The beginning hours  
of the mornings  
of the warm days are best,  
But if I could always  
wake to you  
I would never need  
the sun again.*

*A poem by John Crow*

# Abigail Burns

Abigail Lylia Burns was a beautiful young actress trained in Pittsburgh. She was playing the lead in *La Traviata* and her company was touring the South. The year was 1914.

The company left Nashville and came to Athens, Alabama, where Abigail was to sing in McCandless Hall on the Athens State College campus. When she sang, the audience fell in love with her, and when the performance ended everyone begged her to stay. But she had an engagement in Huntsville for the following evening, and had to leave. Wearing a white gown and clutching a bouquet of red roses at her breast, she promised that she would return to Athens even "if it is the last thing that I do."

Still clutching the bouquet of roses she boarded the carriage bound for Huntsville. It was nearly midnight and the weather was foul. A loud clap of thunder frightened the horses pulling her carriage. When they bolted, the carriage disengaged and fell over a bridge landing in a pile of bedrock. Abigail was pulled from the wreckage, her white gown muddy and torn. Badly injured, she was still holding the flowers she had received from her adoring audience. As she was pulled from the rocks, her last words were, "I have a promise to keep; I must return." She died soon afterwards.

The townspeople of Athens, so upset by this accident, planted a beech tree by the side entrance to McCandless Hall, in loving memory of Abigail Lylia Burns. Soon afterward, reports began surfacing of a beautiful young woman seen standing in a window on the third floor of McCandless Hall. The reports continued and always the description remained the same—a beautiful young woman, wearing a white gown and clutching a bouquet of deep red roses, standing in a window. As always, she was bathed in a shroud of blue light.

These sightings continued well into the 1980's and 90's. Is she really there? Is she trying to keep her promise to the people of Athens?

Will we ever really know?

K.C.

## OLD FARMER'S VELVET PIE

4 eggs, slightly beaten  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/4 tsp salt  
1 tsp vanilla  
2 1/2 cups milk, scalded  
9-inch unbaked pie shell  
Pinch of nutmeg

Mix first 4 ingredients. Stir in milk and pour at once into pie shell. Sprinkle nutmeg on top. Bake at 475 for 5 minutes, then turn oven down to 425 and bake for 15 minutes longer or knife inserted comes out clean.

## PUMPKIN GRITS

(A FAVORITE OF OLD-TIMERS)

1 cup grits  
1 cup pureed cooked pumpkin (not pie filling)  
salt and cayenne pepper, to taste

Boil grits, then mix in pumpkin, salt and cayenne. Serve with butter or red-eye gravy.

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## Lynchburg Continued

be one of the best attorneys around. He is still asked frequently what happened to his one dollar award.

Alas! Jerry never received his 33 cents (1/3 fee). Jack Daniels appealed the verdict and it was overturned. Attorney Barksdale is also the proud inventor of a new drink that he is hoping to promote someday. It is called the "Dickel Dew Drop" and consists of two shots of George Dickel and a single drop of water.

Tony Mason is still performing and is married to the lovely Robin Kite. He spends most of his time now working on his rental property and building custom rocking horses, called appropriately enough, "Tonys Ponys". When asked about losing the case, Tony paused as if in reflection, and said "I don't think I really lost. I made friends with a lot of people that I would have never known if it had not been for the trial, and when all is said and done, its your friends that are the most impor-

tant thing in your life. I'm happier now than I've ever been." And what about Uncle Jack up in Lynchburg? Jack Daniels was completely cleared of any wrongdoing and continues to make the best whiskey that money can buy.

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## Pet Cemetery

Pet cemeteries are becoming very popular these days, but there is one in this area that not too many people know about, is very unique in its in-

Continued Next Page



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habitants, got started back in the 30's, and to this day is still maintained and cared for.

It is the Coon Dog Cemetery in Southwest Colbert County near the Thomas Wildlife Management Area. It is the final resting place for some of the finest raccoon hunting dogs in the country. There is no other place on earth that has devoted an entire cemetery to coon dogs.

It got its start back in 1930 when Key Underwood buried his beloved hunting companion, Old Troop. The story goes that Old Troop was first owned by a moonshiner who ended up in jail, and the dog was sold by the unlucky owner to Key. The dog was old at the time, but he and Key became inseparable companions. When Old Troop died, Underwood buried him in what was then a favorite hunting ground.

There are about 150 dogs buried in the cemetery, located on a 150-acre plot. They are decorated with everything from wood planks to professionally carved headstones. In 1960 a stone monument to all of the dogs was erected in the middle of the cemetery. It depicts two hounds stretched to full length at the bottom of a tree where a raccoon has been treed.

In coon hunting, done only at night, the dog picks up the scent and the hunters follow, trailing the dogs by the individual sounds of their barking. When a hunt is successful, a raccoon is treed. It is then the option of the hunter to either bag the raccoon, or let it go free. Each hunter can tell exactly where the coon is by the sound of his own dog barking. They can tell which dog is in the lead, and which are following behind. There is a real art to it.

Old Troop is remembered by an inscribed brick that was taken from the fireplace of an old house that once stood nearby. His grave, and those of the other dogs buried there, are maintained regularly by the Tennessee Valley Coon Hunters Association. The hunters often gather there on Labor Day for barbecue, music and a liar's contest. They also decorate the graves.

To get to the cemetery from the Shoals, Take U.S. 72 West from Tuscumbia and turn south on Alabama 247 near Barton.

## Take Another?

It was a soft and balmy night in spring. The burning sunset was hanging its golden tapestries across the mellow west, and the electric light was just beginning to fix and spit along the main streets, when Elder Snoozer was sitting in the elegant boudoir of Widow Smith, whose rich brown eyes and desirable real estate penetrated the bachelor's innermost thoughts.

"Can you, Sara," he said, throwing his enormous hand upon her shoulder, "come to my home in the second ward, where I will be your slave?"

"Will that squint-eyed first wife of yours be made to stand around when I arrive?"

"When your dulcet voice sounds through the ancestral halls, Hannah will get to the coal bin. She will have about five hours of sleep a day and work for you the balance of the time."

Inside of the week they passed through the endowment halls, where

Elder Wells made them one. Old Snoozer took in a fine piece of real estate with a good looking woman, and was happy. Two years passed, and the once beautiful Sara, bending over the washtub and slamming the endowment robe of the third wife viciously against a tree until the suds falling over the tender flowers gave them new life in the hot July sun, is the kind of picture a passing bullwacker contemplates.

"How do you like the new deal?" asks the first wife, who is chopping wood nearby. And the language of wife #2 is not fit to print in a family newspaper like this one.

From 1909 Newspaper

*We would like to thank our customers for there patronage and wish you a very Merry Christmas*



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# Moonshine In Harrison County

by Jim Harris

We lived in a little house on the Cabiness Farm on Harrison Cove Road about a half mile or so from the intersection of Gurley Pike, or if you were going the other way, Maysville Road. There was a little church building next door and a cemetery across the road. We lived there two years.

Every weekend during the two summers we lived there, an older couple passed by on their way into Harrison Cove to their "country cottage" which was located at the upper end of the Cove and about a quarter mile up the side of the mountain.

The place was a small farm that had been reclaimed by the mountain long before this couple came to possess it. One of them had inherited it, and they were determined to reclaim it. I visited the place several times when we lived on the Houk Farm a mile or so further up in the Cove.

It had a fenced garden. The fence was overgrown with honeysuckle, but you could still tell the fence was there. The orchard still had a few fruit trees standing. There were several springs that ran year-round near the house.

The house was originally a one-room log house, but had a room built on some time later. The addition had no floor, though. The road to the farm, overgrown with vegetation, still had visible ruts. It appeared to have been heavily used at one time.

Late in the second summer the couple stopped by to rest; it was a good two-mile walk from their place to our house. This became a weekly ritual and, evidently, we had gained their trust, for this visit was a shade different. After a few minutes the man pulled a pint Mason jar from his jacket and offered my Dad a drink. He refused it, but the man told this story about the contents of the jar.

He had put a floor in the side room to make it a kitchen with an old cast iron cook stove. Now the kitchen was on the downhill side of the house and the floor was elevated up off the ground. He built a still under the kitchen floor with the flue running up through the floor and into the flue of the cook stove.

Revenuers came calling one day trying to find his still. Earlier that day, he had killed a copperhead snake and thrown it across the garden fence. Remember that the fence was overgrown with honeysuckle vines. The Government men had sticks they used to separate and lift vegetation so they could see the ground. They hit at the snake, lifted it up off the fence and dropped it back where it was—and just about beat that fence to death before they left! They never found his still nor his supply of moonshine, and all the time he had his supply in Mason jars hidden on the ground under the honeysuckle directly beneath that snake.



May Your  
Christmas be  
a Happy One  
And may the  
New Year bring  
You Contentment  
and Prosperity  
in overflowing  
measure.



Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE



# Peter Paid As Piper



1836

The Texas revolution had stirred the emotions of almost all Americans. As news of the tragedies at the Alamo and Goliad spread, men every where took up arms to help the brave Texans in their fight for independence. Huntsville was no exception.

A company led by Captain Peyton S. White was formed in the spring of 1836, and after a short provisioning period, marched to Texas and war. Among the members of this company were George Spotwood, Green Hamlet, C. Grayson, William Wilson and a free black man by the name of Peter Daniels.

Peter Daniels was a well-liked barber in town who was also known for his ability to play the fife. When the company was formed he became their fifer.

It appears as if Daniels' reputation as a fifer had spread into Mexico, and when he was captured in a skirmish with Mexican troops, he was immediately offered a position as their fifer. Daniels refused, saying he would rather die than play one note for them.

The Mexican troops then offered him a choice... life or death. Still he refused to join their army. Marched to the edge of a ravine, he was placed in front of a firing squad and offered one last chance to live. "Shoot me," he replied, I am an American."

His body lies in an unmarked grave somewhere in the lonely sands of Texas. In Huntsville the only remembrance of him is a footnote in a book published almost 100 years ago.

Peter Daniels, a true Huntsville hero, deserves more.

## Grandma's Kitchen Tips

Thaw out frozen meat by putting it on an egg carton, then all the water will go in the egg carton, and you just throw it away.

To make more juicy hamburgers, add one grated raw potato with each pound of ground beef.

To make an iron slick so it will iron smooth and easy, rub beeswax on it occasionally when ironing.

Chill cheese to make it grate more easily.

A clean clothes pin provides a cool handle to steady the cake tin when removing a hot cake from the oven.

Use the divider from an ice tray to cut biscuits in a hurry. Shape dough to conform with size of divider and cut. After baking the biscuits will separate at dividing lines.

A strong thread can cut a cake as well, or better than, a knife especially when the cake is hot.

If you keep a mule shoe in the stove oven it will keep hawks from getting the chickens.

# Ruggby's

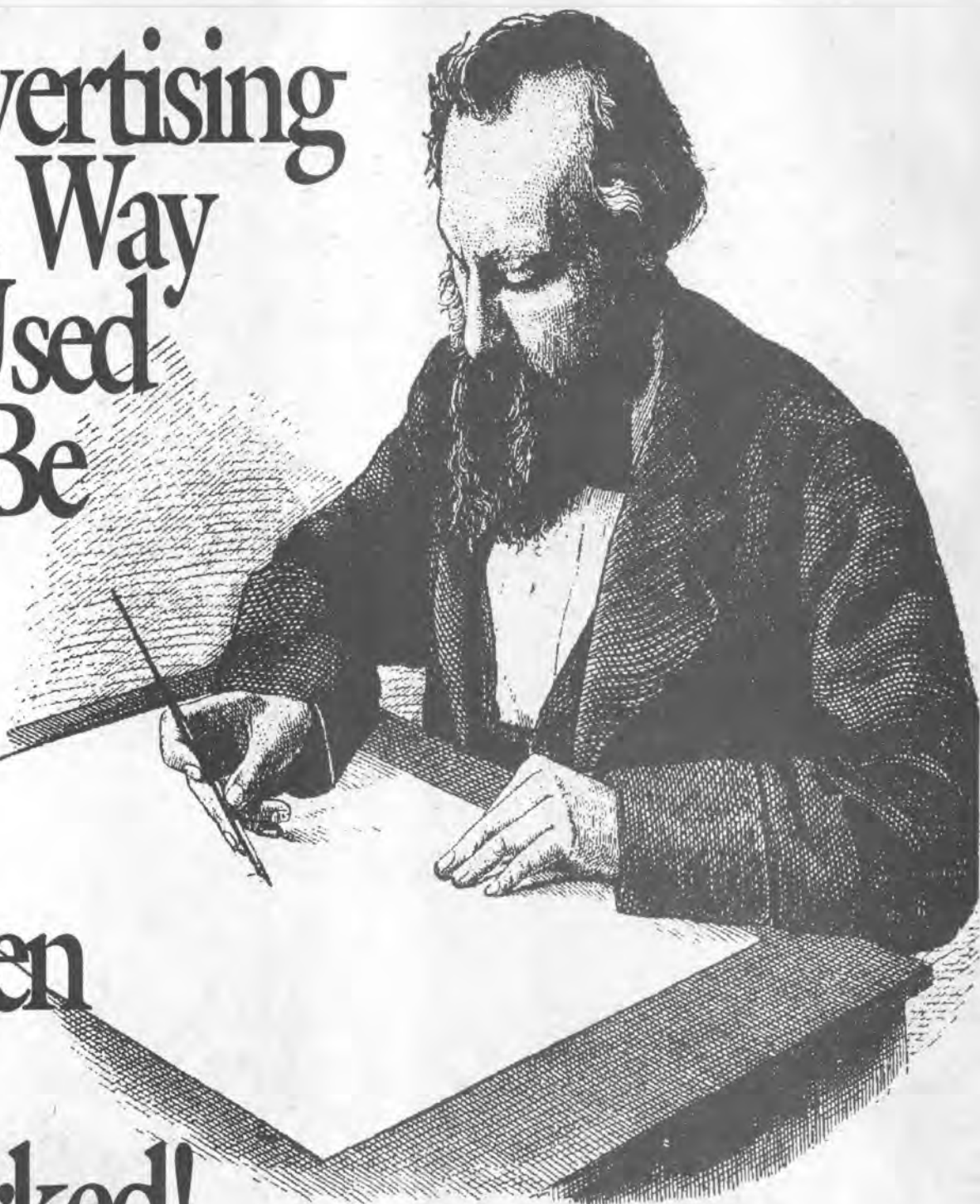
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## Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

# Hate'm Like The Devil

In April 1862, Union General Ormsby McKnight Mitchel led his men in an invasion of North Alabama. Mitchel captured Huntsville by surprise on April 11, and soon sent his men both east and west along the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. Mitchel's men quickly made his name a "hiss and by-word" among Alabama's citizens, who before long were claiming Mitchel's initials "O" and "M" actually stood for "Ohio Monster". Even more detested was Russian-born Colonel John B. Turchin (originally Ivan V. Turchinoff), who ordered his men to pillage Athens, Alabama, because its residents had dared to cheer the Confederate cavalry who temporarily drove his soldiers from the city. The two Union commanders were no more popular in Tuscumbia, as is shown in a letter written from there on July 27, 1862, by Lieutenant Charles W. Wills of the 7th Illinois Cavalry:

"We stayed at the hotel Thursday night and the old Negro who lighted me to my room amused me considerably with his account of General Turchin's proceedings here. Turchin brought the first Federal force across the Tennessee into Alabama, and I guess he 'went at it loosely'. The old Negro said that he only had 1,200 men with him and brought no luggage, knapsacks or anything else with him, but went away with 300 wagons, and everything there was in the country worth taking. That his men made the white women (wouldn't let the colored women) do the cooking and washing, and that although they only brought one suit of clothes, they put on a new one every morning and always looked as though they had just stepped from a bandbox. People here hate General Mitchel's whole command as they do the devil, and many of them even more... We're guarding about 100 miles of railroad from luka to Decatur, and it promises to be pretty rough work. Day before yesterday's guerilla party swooped down on a station 24 miles east of here where General Thomas had 160 men and captured all but 20 of them. We are relieving General Thomas's command from duty here, but the Rebels saved us the trouble of relieving that part".

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