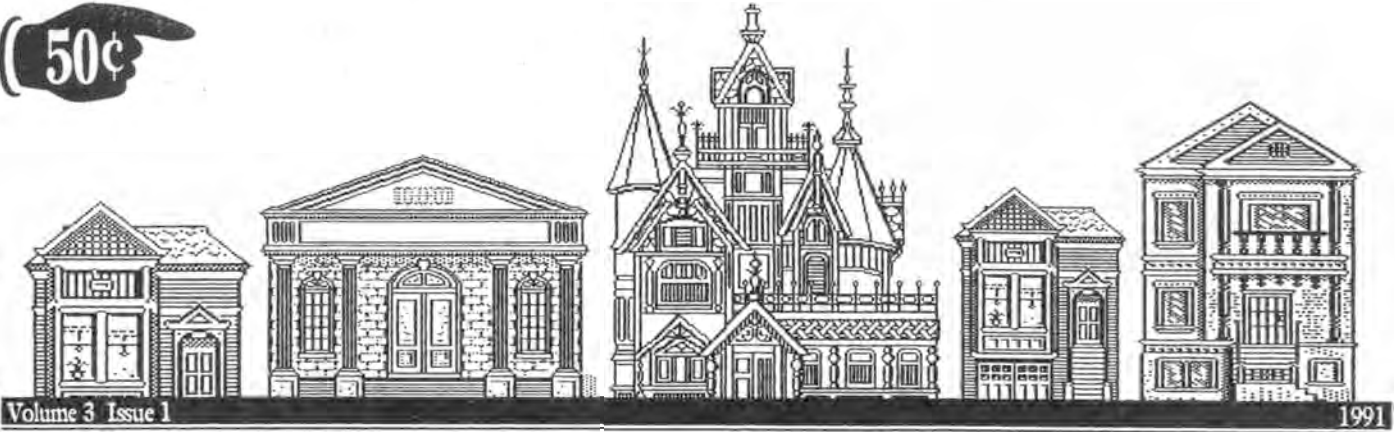


50¢



Old Huntsville

A P U B L I C A T I O N F O R H I S T O R I C H U N T S V I L L E

Jesse & Frank James Ride Again



The Army paymaster looked at the four horsemen with anger and bewilderment. What sort of men, he wondered, would have the audacity to rob a United States Army paymaster?

As the bandits wheeled their horses around and started to leave, one of the strangers, with a wide grin on his face, hesitated.

"Mister," he said, "You can tell your grandchildren that you've had the pleasure of meeting Frank and Jesse James!"

Frank James



Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

Publishers.....Cathey & Tom Carney, Bruce Till
Editor.....Cathey Callaway Carney
Assistant Editor.....Tom Carney
Associate Editor.....Stefanie Callaway
Sales.....Clarence Scott
Production & Design.....Bruce Till

For further information for articles and subscriptions write:

Old Huntsville Magazine
716 Clinton Avenue
Huntsville, AL 35801
205-534-0502 or 536-3002

All illustrations are public domain. According to copyright law, all pictures printed before 1907 are now in the public domain. Illustrations in this publication which were initially published after 1907 derive from uncopyrighted sources, or from publications whose copyrights have been allowed to lapse through failure to renew. All articles and materials are copyrighted by Old Huntsville Magazine © 1990 and any use or reprinting without express written consent is prohibited by law.

For years rumors had circulated in the Shoals area about the James brothers. One of the gang members, a man by the name of Ezzel, actually lived a few miles outside of Florence, and it was he that first brought the robbery plan to the James brothers' attention. After observing the paymaster for several weeks at various saloons around the Florence area, and listening to his talk of carrying "a big payroll" every week to the men working on the dam, Ezzel sent word to Jesse and Frank.

Frank and Jesse James had "retired" from the life of banditry and were living just outside of Nashville. Evidently the life of a pig farmer just did not appeal very much to Jesse, because when he received word of the Muscle Shoals payroll just waiting for an honest bandit to rob it, he called his band back together again.

On March 11, 1881, a cold and wet afternoon, Alexander G. Smith, the payroll master, was barely two miles outside of Florence when four horsemen appeared out of the woods. After tying Smith's hands behind his back, the robbers relieved him of the Army payroll, his gold watch, and \$221 of his own money. Smith had been saving money to buy a farm, and when he told this to the bandits, they returned part of his money, after first asking if he was a "damn Yankee."

No such luck for the payroll itself, for within minutes the bandits had made away with over \$5,200, \$500 in gold, \$4,500 in fifties, and miscellaneous smaller bills.

The bandit leader carefully divided the money equally among his partners and himself, and then, after untying the unlucky paymaster, headed north with his gang toward Tennessee.

Poses were formed and rewards were offered, but no trace was found of the outlaw gang. They had, apparently, just disappeared into the cold, drizzly night.

In all likelihood, Jesse and Frank might have lived their lives out in and around Nashville, with no one suspecting who they were, if one of their cohorts had stayed sober.

Most folks who knew Wild Bill Ryan agreed that he couldn't hold his "likker", so it didn't come as any surprise when he pitched a "rip roaring drunk" and shot up a local saloon in Nashville. What did come as a surprise were the two six-shooters, a sack of gold coins and a fist full of greenbacks found on his body when the sheriff arrested him. In all, the money added up to \$1,300, exactly one-fourth of the money taken in the Florence payroll robbery.

The sheriff wasn't too slow in realizing there must be a connection somewhere, and within days the suspicions were verified.

The James brothers knew that it was only a matter of time before the law started breathing down their necks, so deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, the brothers left Tennessee. This was the beginning of the end for the James brothers.

Within weeks, the James' had settled in St. Joseph, Missouri, and had begun their outlaw career anew. Every week, it seemed, the newspapers were carrying new accounts of the latest robbery committed by the infamous brothers. The gang struck in Winston, Missouri, killing two men, and next in Gallatin. Robberies were committed in Booneville, Blue Cut, Haneyville, Sawyer's Ford, Heflin—there seemed to be no end. Rewards failed, bounties failed, even the famous Pinkerton detective agency could produce no results.

In the end, Governor Crittenden of Missouri was forced to resort to the one weapon that has struck terror in the hearts of outlaws since the beginning of time. He hired a "Stool Pigeon."

Bob Ford had been a loyal member of the gang for a long time but when the Governor sent word that he wanted to have a "secret" meeting with him, he didn't hesitate. Meeting in a Kansas City hotel at midnight on January 13, 1882, the Governor promised to pardon Ford for his "past indiscretions" and to pay \$10,000 each for the bodies of Jesse and Frank James.

On April 3, Bob Ford shot Jesse James in cold blood while Jesse had his back turned, adjusting a picture on the wall of his home. The pearl-handled, silver mounted pistol that Ford used was the same one that Jesse had given him earlier, as a token of lasting friendship.

Where would Frank go? Newspapers everywhere speculated on the fate of Bob Ford. How long would it be before the remaining James brother sought revenge? Days, weeks and months went by but nothing happened.

On October 5, Frank James calmly strode into the state capitol, wearing both of his six-shooters on his hip. People began running and hiding as James pushed open the door to the Governor's office and walked in. The infamous outlaw stood there, staring with hatred at the man who had caused the death of his brother. Slowly, he reached for his pistols...and laid them butt first on the Governor's desk.

Frank James, the most sought-after man in America, had surrendered, in exchange for the promise of a fair trial.

As the state prosecutors began preparing their case against the former outlaw, certain problems arose. Witnesses, citing health reasons, declined to testify. Evidently, they thought that facing Frank in a courtroom might be injurious to their continued good health. When the prosecutors were finally able to bring Frank to trial on one charge of murder, the jury returned the verdict in a matter of moments with "Not Guilty".

Unfortunately for Frank, the authorities down in Alabama had not forgotten about him. Jesse was dead, Wild Bill Ryan was serving 25 years, and Frank was the only one left to face the music. He was promptly re-arrested and shipped to Huntsville to stand trial for the payroll robbery.

During the months he spent in the Huntsville jail, he became an instant celebrity. Among the many visitors that he had were some of the most

*Shower
her
with
gifts
from*



 Bromberg's

2625 MEMORIAL PKWY SOUTHWEST • 539-7763

prominent and influential men in town. Many of them left with the feeling that "he didn't look and act like an outlaw, and besides, didn't he fight the damn Yankees?"

Newspaper men from all across the country gathered in Huntsville to cover the trial. One of the first things Frank did was to invite the press for an interview. "You boys should thank me," said James. "Jesse and I have given you something good to write about for almost 20 years." He asked the press not to be too critical of him as he had recently lost his dear brother to a "backshooting assassin" and now the same people were trying to do him in.

It was a gloomy, rainy day when the trial began. Crowds had started gathering early that morning and when Frank, surrounded by armed deputies, walked in, wild cheering broke out. The judge had to rap repeatedly for order.

The trial began with the witnesses for the Government. These witnesses had delivered testimony that had sent Wild Bill Ryan to jail for the same robbery. But in a surprise move, four of them suffered from severe memory loss when they confronted a real, live Frank James sitting there in the courtroom.

The fifth Government witness, Dick Liddel, insisted that Frank had committed the robbery. Liddel, as testimony would show, had been in cahoots with Bob Ford, the assassin of brother Jesse.

When Frank James' legal counsel, General Leroy Pope Walker, ex-Secretary of War for the Confederate States, began the defense in front of an "impartial jury" of 12 loyal ex-Confederate veterans, it seemed as if the only thing missing was the waving of the "old flag."

The jury seemed rapt with attention as General Walker testified about being proud to defend James, a loyal Confederate. The General heaped scorn upon the Government's case, saying that Liddel was just a common horse thief.

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

After hearing all the evidence the jury retired to deliberate on the verdict. Thirty minutes later they returned with a verdict of "Not Guilty". Later that night Frank James was seen

'Our profit went way down when Rick Carleton started drinking red wine.'

*Marilyn Ver Meer Owner,
Thirsty Turtle*

'I would not think there was a recession neither if I could afford to live the same way most politicians do.'

*Jerry Hinkle,
Service Station Attendant*

meeting and drinking with members of the jury at the Huntsville Hotel. He seemed to be in fine spirits and was heard to entertain his listeners with adventures of his past.

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

Editor's Note:

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

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



FAST! SAFE! RELIABLE • NO JOB TOO SMALL!
THERE IN MINUTES TO SOLVE
ANY HOME REPAIR PROBLEM!
CALL NOW! 536-2398 FOR FREE ESTIMATE!

Tony Mason
A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

Madison County Firsts

Madison County has many "firsts" and notable achievements for which to be proud. If you think we're bragging, you're right. Here are a few of Madison County's and Huntsville's famous firsts.

Alabama's first cotton mill, Bell Factory, was located in Madison County, north of Huntsville on the Flint River.

Alabama's first Masonic Lodge was Huntsville Lodge No. 21, chartered in 1811 by the Grand Master of Kentucky. General Andrew Jackson frequently visited the lodge, the original building of which stood from its construction in 1820 until 1918. The present building at the corner of Lincoln and Williams Streets stands on the same historic site.

The first navigable waterway from Huntsville to the Tennessee River was Fearn Canal, chartered in December, 1820. Barges carrying up to 100 bales of cotton and 50 passengers plied the waterway via Big Spring Branch and Indian Creek. It's believed the stone used in the Huntsville First National Bank Building's columns came by barge from Triana.

Alabama's first hotel was Connally's Tavern, better known as "Green Bottom Inn."

Alabama's first capital was in Huntsville. The Assembly Hall at Franklin and Gates Streets served as the very first Capitol Building in 1819, when Alabama became a state.

Alabama's first church was built in Madison County.

Alabama's first newspaper was published in Huntsville.

The first public library in the state has been maintained in Huntsville since 1820.

Alabama's first flour mill was built in Madison County.

The state's first native-born governor, John Anthony Winston, was born in Madison County. Winston became Alabama's chief executive in 1853.

The Big Spring formed the nucleus for the formation of the South's first water system.

Madison County was the first county in America to provide house-to-house garbage collection.

Madison County was the first in America, in cooperation with the YMCA, to provide an elaborate recreation program in rural areas, making no child in the County more than five miles from these super-parks, which include swimming pools, gymnasiums, tennis courts, playgrounds and picnic areas.

Madison County was the first county in Alabama to provide facilities and operating funds for countywide fire protection.

Madison was the first Alabama county to offer an extensive program of rural emergency rescue service.

A U N I Q U E D I N I N G E X P E R I E N C E



Cafe III

LUNCH SPECIAL

Buy One--Get Second of Equal Or
Lesser Value Half Off!

DINNER SPECIAL

Buy One Get One Free!

Gallery Shopping Center • 42925 University Drive (Next to Shoe Carnival) 721~9156

"Soap As She Ought To Be"

Holidays are over now and it's time to clean up the mess. One way you might do it is the same way our forebears right here in Madison County did years ago before there was such a thing as "store bought soap".

To make lye soap you first have to figure out how to get lye. You can buy commercial lye in the store now, but that sort of defeats the idea of not buying the soap in the first place!

The best source of lye for this "purist soap" takes advantage of those wood ashes from the fireplace that you never know what to do with anyway. Hickory works best. Collect your hickory ashes and put them in an ash hopper. Pour water slowly, and as the water passes through the ashes and drips into a barrel, it is bonafide lye water.

Put 1 1/2 to 2 quarts of lye water in a kettle along with 4 1/2 to 5 pounds of grease. (Bacon drippings, lard, suet renderings and any other grease will work.) Add grease to the lye water and boil, stirring constantly until thick like gravy or jelly (about 30 minutes.) Pour into shallow pan and let harden. Cut the hardened soap into cakes and clean those holiday pots and pans.

(P.S. Don't tell your family you are cleaning with pig drippings and lye.)

Ron Eyestone

'I spent two years training my wife to cook; she left me. I spent one year training my dog to fetch the newspaper; he ran away.'

*I threw the manual away.
Joey Collins, ex-Trainer*

'Christmas was great, now I just have to pay for it.'

*Dave Hawkins,
Hewlett Packard*

'My husband used to be my most prized possession.

*Now I have a Mercedes..
Barb Eyestone,
Housewife in Madison*

Lane's CARPET COMPANY



"For The Style Of Your Life!"

Specializing In Carpet, Vinyl, Hardwood Flooring, Rugs, Tile, Wallpaper & More

SINCE 1969

1201 Church NW • 539-8451

Rison Will Open Friday Morning Coaching Position Not Filled, Barbecue Set For Campus Labor Day

The Rison School will open Friday at 8:30, Cecil V. Fain, Principal, announced yesterday.

All students will report for registration and book lists at that time. Children who are entering the first grade will bring their identification cards, which they should obtain from the County Health Department.

All teaching positions have been filled, with the exception of one vacancy caused by the resignation of Coach Houston Smith, who is going to another state because of higher salaries being paid in that state, Mr. Fain stated.

Monday, September 1, will be a holiday for Rison because of Labor Day. However, the Rison PTA will give a barbecue on the school campus from 9:30 in the morning until 7:00 o'clock that night. Those who desire curb service should park on the southeast corner of the campus. Prizes will be given away at 1 o'clock and 7 o'clock. Those who hold the lucky numbers do not have to be present to win.

Vance Morris and his orchestra will be presented by the PTA in entertainment that night, beginning at 7:30 o'clock.

From 1947 Huntsville Times



Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

The doctor sez -

During the fall of the year when it starts to get cold, we hear people say, "I had a touch of the flu" or "It must be the flu bug". Many people are not sure of the difference between a common cold and influenza. If you are bothered with a sore throat, sneezing and coughing, you probably have a cold. However, if you feel generally run down, and have a fever, sore muscles and joints, and headache, you probably have a case of the flu. Influenza is caused by a specific virus—the Influenza virus, whereas a cold can be caused by a variety of different types of viruses.

There is no specific treatment for the cold; it is treated with general measures mainly to alleviate the symptoms. For the flu, there is a specific vaccine available which usually changes from year to year according to the prevalent dominant strains of the flu virus of the preceding year.

Flu shots are effective in preventing the flu in about 75% of the cases of those who take them, and may reduce the severity of the disease and save lives in the other 25%. Antibiotics are not effective against the flu but necessary in case secondary bacterial infections develop like pneumonia. Antibiotics are also not effective against colds, although unfortunately, many doctors prescribe them, feeling they accommodate their patients rather than telling them that there is no specific treatment for colds, other than treating the symptoms.

Some people claim they got the flu after receiving the flu shot, but the vaccine takes about 2 or 3 weeks to become effective, and during this period people are still susceptible and could have contracted the virus at that time. The flu vaccine is made up of dead virus and, therefore, cannot cause the flu, although it can cause reactions from different reasons (allergy to eggs, for example).

Persons in a high risk group should receive the flu shot, and especially those over the age of 65. Influenza and pneumonia rank as one of the leading causes of death in the United States. This season promises to be a severe one, so it is advised to go and get the flu shot at the first opportunity.

The earlier the better.

A War Letter

During World War II, Redstone Arsenal was a major chemical manufacturing center, supplying our armies all around the world with much-needed war materials. In the latter part of 1944, many Arsenal workers began signing their names to the cartons the ammunition was packed in to show their pride and support for the troops overseas.

Mrs Ethel Butler, a worker at Redstone, received the following letter May 1, 1945.

I will write you a few lines today, while I am not too busy. First let me tell you where I got your name and address. We were just uncasing some ammunition, so your address was on a cardboard. I decided to write and tell you that it was shot on April 16, 1945, and I'm sure there were some Japs that won't return to Japan, for they hate this artillery, and we don't mind shooting at them.

I am somewhere in the Philippine Islands. We have been in combat here for 97 straight days. I will be glad when we get a rest.

I will tell you a little about the Philippines. The country looks like some parts of California. The people here are civilized but they are a little dark; they are a friendly people and they think the American people are tops. The Japs treated them terrible, burned lots of homes and most of the large cities

Time out—the Japs are shelling us, so I'd better get in a hole.

Well, I made that one, but it is kind of hard on your nerves, wondering where the next one is going to hit.

Well, back to the Philippines, I have been in town twice since I have been here, but the most of it is destroyed, but it was a sight to see, the people seem to be happy even though it is torn up.

Well, Ethel, I'd better close for now, so just keep making ammunition and we will wind up over t here as soon as we can.

A Friend, G. W.



NEEDLECRAFTS

INCORPORATED

~ SUPPLIES FOR ~

KNITTING • CROCHET • TATTING • CROSS STITCH • LATCH HOOK RUGS

Appleton Persian Yarn From England

Sweater/Afghan Repairs - Wide Variety of Name Brand Yarns Available

Call for schedule of classes monthly - classes offered in

Bobbin Lace • Advanced Knitting • Beginning Knitting • Basic Crochet • Tattling

Authorized Dealer - Studio & Singer Knitting Machines

7500 S. Memorial Parkway, Suite 116

Huntsville, AL 35802 • 883-4778 main street South Shopping Center, S Memorial Pkwy.

The Area's Most Complete Needlecraft Store



HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

What's In a Name?

Even though our fair city may not be as old as some other communities, we still have the distinction of being home to some of the most famous names in the world. (Well, almost...) Below is a partial listing, along with the number of people in Huntsville bearing those names.

R. Nixon	1
George Bush	1
Jimmy Carter	2
L.B. Johnson	2
George Washington	4
Thomas Jefferson	3
John Kennedy	3
Woodrow Wilson	3
Andrew Jackson	2

And last, but not least is a young man by the name of John Wayne, who sports a bumper sticker on his old beat-up Volkswagon that says "Make Love, Not War".

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 eighteen months.

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

An eminent scientist of this city says that if a woman cannot sit down without her nose becoming red it shows that there is imperfect circulation of the blood, caused by tight lacing. Same with gentlemen. A red nose is a sure sign of tightness somewhere.

From 1880 Publication

To remove chewing gum from fabrics, rub ice over it and it will roll off and leave no marks.

Table salt and cream of tartar, used in equal portions, will remove rust stains. Wet the spot and spread the mixture on thickly, then place material in the sun.

A tablespoon of black pepper added to the first suds in which you are washing will keep the colors from running.

Tablecloths and sheets should be folded crosswise occasionally. It will make them last longer.

Night sweats can be cured by setting a pan of cold water under your bed.

When cutting marshmallows or dates, dip scissors into water first and cut them when wet.

When your child gets gum in her hair, dab peanut butter on the spot and rub gently. The peanut butter will loosen the gum.

If you scorch an article while ironing, just wet the goods, apply cornstarch to the spot and rub in well. Allow to dry.

"A great way to start the day!"



MULLIN'S RESTAURANT

SERVING HUNTSVILLE FOR OVER 62 YEARS
607 ANDREW JACKSON WAY • 539-2826

Two Ways Of Beginning Life

In due time the city girl becomes engaged to the man of her choice, who, whatever his means, forthwith proceeds to buy her a diamond ring. The courtship is conducted in an ostentatious manner, and the bridal trousseau is as elaborate as the girl's papa's means will admit.

They are married in church with numerous bridesmaids and flowers. The orange blossoms and veil of the bride tremble with emotion—the only unrefined things in the house.

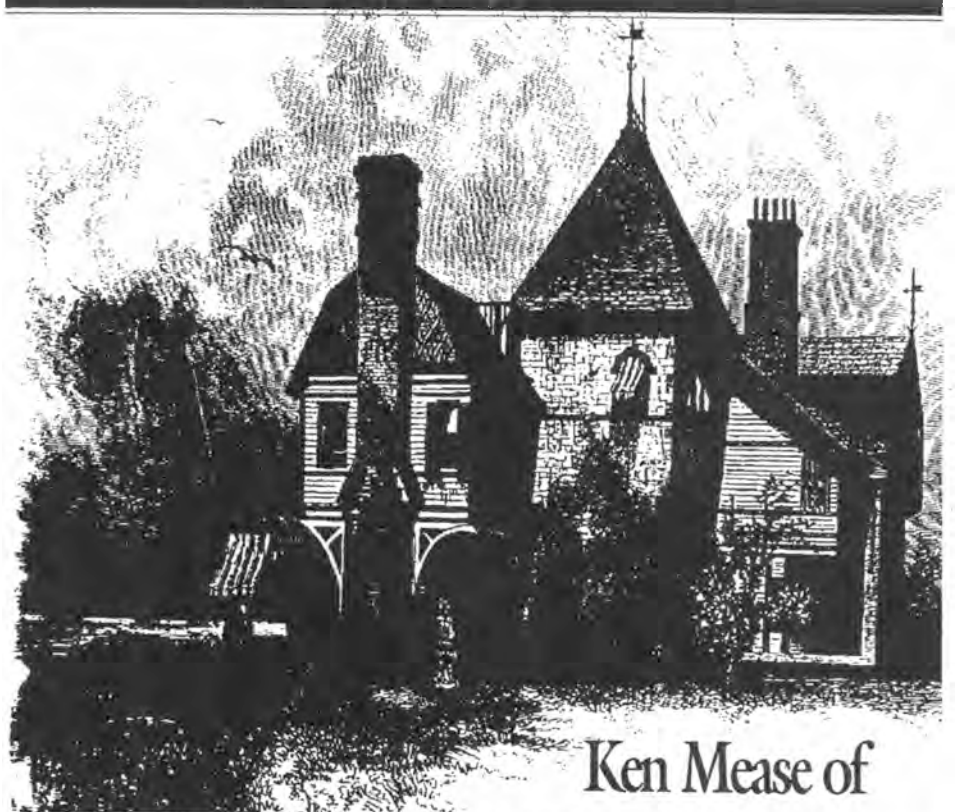
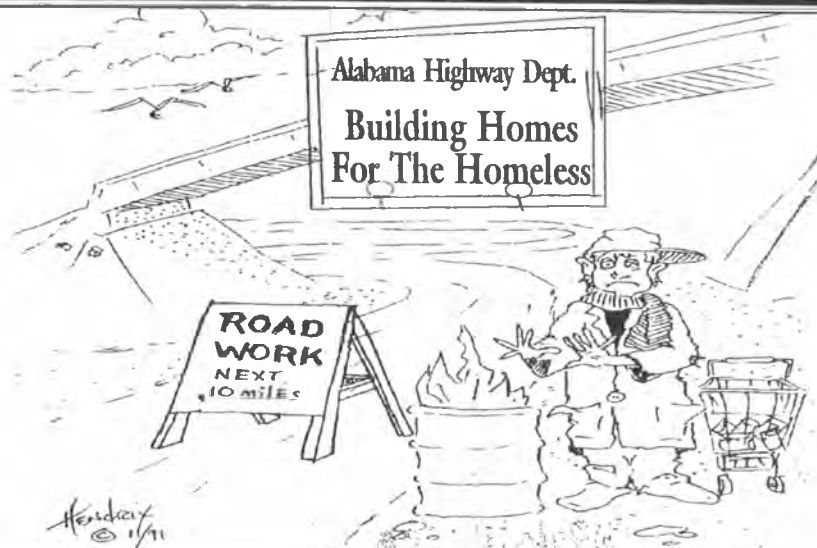
After the ceremony, the couple gets into a hack and rides around for a while, and then go back to "mama's" while the marriage ceremony comes out in the paper two weeks later. They cannot go to church until after it is published, but they go then and everybody shakes hands with them.

Meanwhile, the country girl marries, too. The ceremony takes place at home, and she has a bridesmaid. She is engaged with a plain gold ring, and wears a plain silk dress—perhaps she made it herself. After the wedding there is a supper, and then the young man bids her people good-bye, and putting her into his buggy, drives her to his home where she at once takes the place of housekeeper. They do not stay away from church the following Sunday, even if the marriage notice is not out, and sometimes it does not appear in the papers at all, but everybody knows and everybody calls to see them.

She is "awfully behind the times," but looks really happy, even if it is the fashion for brides to look sad.

Old newsclipping

'Japan has invested so much money in America that the Japanese have started a new campaign - it's called "Buy American."
Ed Till, retired



Ken Mease of

Architectural Specialties

DESIGN & PLANNING • GENERAL CONTRACTOR
CONSTRUCTION CONSULTANT

FOR
Historical Preservations, Renovations & Restorations

MEMBER OF
The National Trust For Historical Preservation

INQUIRIES 881-6241



Why Some People Are Poor

Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. Coffee, spices and pepper are left to stand open and lose their strength.

Potatoes in the cellar grow and the sprouts are not removed until the potatoes become worthless.

Brooms are never hung up and are soon spoiled.

Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water.

Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it.

Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.

Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.

Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and soon become wormy.

Bags, string, and paper are thrown into the fire.

From 1875 Newspaper

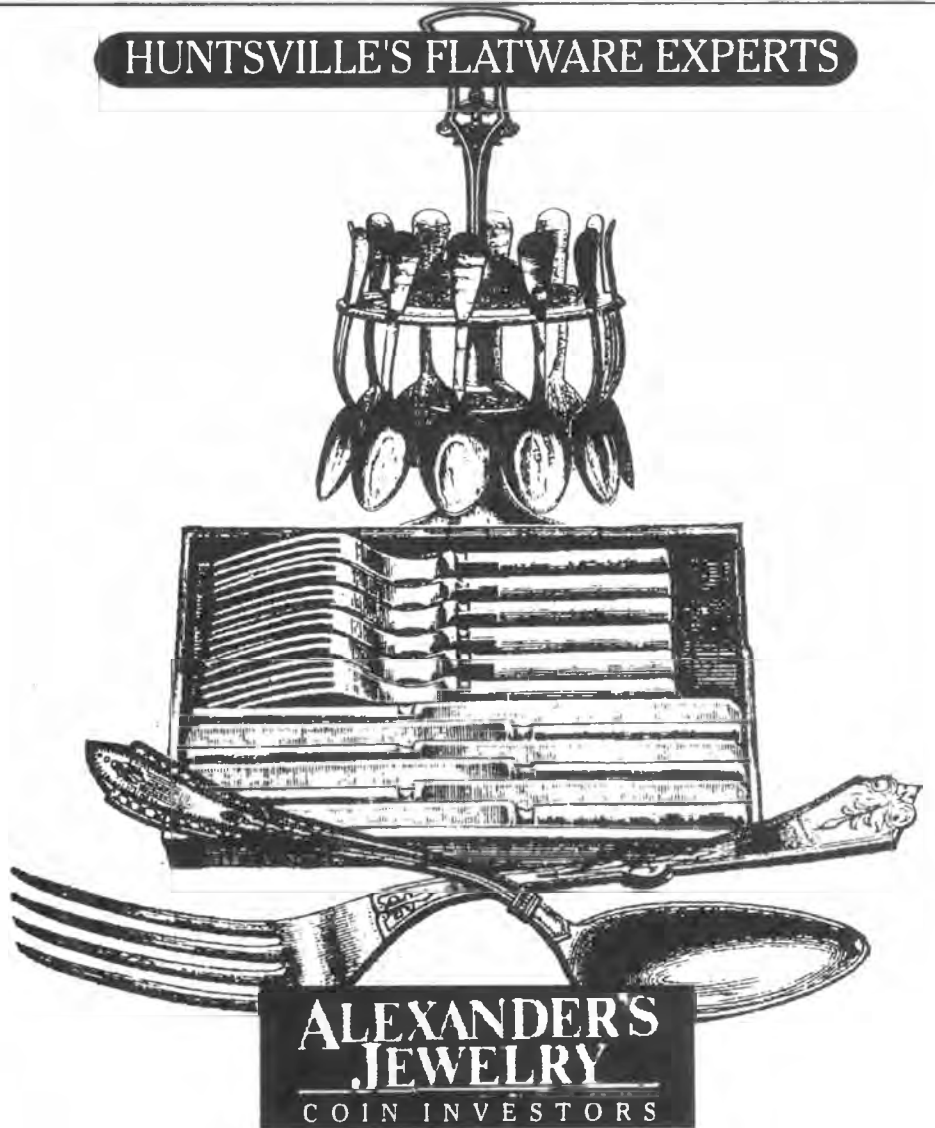
'The only thing worse than a fool is an educated fool.'

Ron Smith
Construction Worker

'Any club that would have me is probably not worth joining anyway.'

Walter Dilworth

HUNTSVILLE'S FLATWARE EXPERTS



**ALEXANDER'S
JEWELRY**

COIN INVESTORS

2314 MEMORIAL PKWY SW • 536-3321

Popular Errors Of Our Time

To think the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become.
To believe that the more hours the children study, the faster they will learn.

To conclude that, if exercise is good, the more violent it is, the more good will be done.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.
To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

1873 paper





Old Huntsville Trivia

1540

Hernando Desoto becomes the first white man to visit North Alabama.

1808

Madison County is formed. There are 2,555 people living in the County at the time.

1815

Dr. William H. Glasgow founds the town of Manchester about a half mile above the three forks of Flint River. The town later becomes a ghost town as people move away. Today it is cotton fields.

1817

The first church in Huntsville is built. No records exist as to what denomination it was.

1817

Physicians gather at Talbots Inn on the East Side of the Square to discuss an outbreak of smallpox. Among measures talked about was the proposal to place armed

guards on roads leading into town to prohibit strangers from bringing the disease to Huntsville.

1821

The first mail robbery in Madison County occurs when the carrier to Bennett's store is robbed. Among the items stolen were the carrier's shoes.

1861

Vigilante committees are formed to help protect Huntsville in wartime.

1874

Six newspapers are being printed in Huntsville at the same time.

1876

New rates are posted for city supplied water. The rates were \$8 for a family of less than 3, \$12 for a family of 3 to 5, and if you had a private bath, it would cost you an additional \$6.

1883

Sallie Leedy becomes the first telephone operator in Huntsville. Later, Robert Hay would be hired for the night shift.

1919

The last County Fair is held downtown on the Courthouse Square. The same year the Tennessee Valley Fair Association purchased land of their own on Church Street.

1937

The first State liquor store opens on Jefferson street in the Hutchens Building. Two-year-old Red Brook straight bourbon whiskey sells for \$1.30 a quart.

A Cause For Divorce

Bundy had been married two weeks when he left his wife. Bundy was a little man, and his wife weighed two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relic of the late Peter Potts.

After ten days of marriage Bundy was surprised, upon awakening in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in the bed crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply surmised that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him, that was the cause of her anguish.

So he remarked to Mrs. B. that as they were married, that she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he could avert it, and after considerable coaxing her, elicited the following from her:

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street I came to a store where a sign on the front advertised "Husbands for Sale." Thinking it very curious, I entered, and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them, some for \$1,000, some for \$500, and so on down to \$150. As I had not that amount, I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, Bundy placed his arm lovingly around her and asked, "And did you see any man like me there?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, drawing away from him. "Lots like you—they were all tied up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

Bundy got up without another word, and that day went to see his lawyer to see if he had enough grounds for a divorce.

1873 Publication

'Hi Mom, I love you!'
Marty Staples, Bar Manager
Port of Madison

'My wife gave me an ultimatum; my dog goes or she goes. It's hell sleeping with a dog.'
John Hillis, Lonely



A Glimpse of the Frontier

On Tuesday, June 1, 1819, three unidentified riders cantered into the young town of Huntsville. Curious onlookers soon discovered that they were in the presence of President James Monroe, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Gouverneur, and a military lieutenant.

Monroe was the first president to visit the Alabama territory. The territory had been recognized shortly after he took office, and he had commissioned William Wyatt Bibb as territorial governor.

President Monroe's Visit to Huntsville

As America's fifth president, Monroe's two terms were known as the Era of Good Feelings because of the prosperity Americans experienced and the program of internal improvements he promoted which included westward expansion. During his terms, five states were added to the nation.

Monroe believed he should see firsthand how the young nation was developing. He had already toured the Northeast and Ohio areas and now

wanted to see the southern frontier where settlers from the Carolinas, Virginia, Georgia, and Tennessee were migrating.

He decided to arrive unannounced in the Alabama territorial capital so that he would see the true state of progress on the frontier. After Huntsville citizens realized who their unexpected visitor was, they organized a hosting committee in order to show Monroe their respect. They decided that the best manner in which to treat the president was with an honorary dinner.

The group's spokesman, Clement Comer Clay, visited the President at his inn, most probably the Old Green Bottom Inn that Andrew Jackson liked to frequent when he raced his fine horses nearby, and invited Monroe to the meal. Clay remarked, "On behalf

of the citizens of Huntsville, we have the honor to wait upon Your Excellency and to communicate the joy with which we hail the arrival of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, in our remote and humble village."

Monroe accepted the invitation and told Clay that he was glad he could see the city firsthand and congratulated the settlers for their territorial acquisitions and prosperity. He revealed that his tour was scheduled so that he could look for fortification sites for defense against foreign powers in future wars but admitted he thought there was little chance for war soon.

He stressed that it was his duty as chief executive, especially in a period of frontier expansion, to be familiar with the interior as well as being aware of the territories' citizens, agriculture,

and industry; he also wanted to be kept current on the status of Indian tribes that had been relocated. He stated he had to return to Washington, D.C., by July 15 to negotiate the Spanish treaty about ceding Florida.

On Wednesday about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, 100 Huntsville citizens gathered for the presidential dinner. Captain Toby Jones hosted the sumptuous banquet in the assembly hall of the frame building that once stood on the southwest corner of Franklin and Gates Streets; this would also be the site where Bibb would be inaugurated as governor in November of that year. Colonel Leroy Pope and Henry Minor assisted in preparations. After dining, members of the dinner party proclaimed 21 toasts, declaring patriotism, gratitude, and devotion to the United States, the Constitution,

Huntsville's Most Trusted Name In Real Estate!



LEON CRAWFORD

R E A L T Y

OFFICE 882-2114 • FAX 880-1567

Monroe, Jackson, the treaty with Spain, and the territories.

Monroe stood up and exclaimed that he wished for the Alabama territory to soon become a state and hoped that it would grow strong and prosper. As the sun set, he concluded his complimentary speech. He departed Huntsville on Thursday the 3rd, heading toward Nashville. Huntsville citizens escorted him out of town, riding their horses close to him. He talked to them and wished them goodwill before bidding them farewell.

His visit made quite an impact on the community, and he was the object of numerous discussions, most of which focused on the fact that Monroe had seemed like an average per-

son to those who met him and that the citizens could relate to him as a leader and a friend. The Alabama Republican reported on Monroe's congenial visit in its June 5, 1819, issue.

The State Constitutional Convention was held on July 5, 1819, in Huntsville, and Bibb was elected governor. Monroe, remembering his visits in the Alabama frontier, kept his promise to Huntsville residents and signed the resolution passed by Congress that admitted Alabama as a state into the Union on December 14.

Elizabeth D. Schafer

STRANGER THAN LIFE



HARD TO BELIEVE

ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD & WONDERFUL

A woman distraught over learning that her husband had been unfaithful to her with a younger woman, jumped from their third-story apartment. She landed on her husband, who was entering the building at that time. He died, she survived.

Police in Charleston, South Carolina, arrested a man who handed a note to the automatic teller machine one night at a bank. A policeman who witnessed the event said that when the machine didn't respond to the demand for money, the man pumped two shots into it and drove off.

Melvin Hale of Columbus, Ohio, walked into police headquarters and requested an X-ray in order to locate his brain. He showed policemen a hole in his head in which he had inserted three inches of wire trying to find his brain but had failed. He told them the hole had been made by a power drill. The police took Melvin to a hospital and a coat hanger was removed from his head. The hospital official said Melvin was in good condition, although he might experience personality changes.

A couple in Leigh, England who had been foster parents to 47 children over a ten-year period were told they couldn't adopt a child of their own because their home environment was "too happy." The social worker explained to the couple that a child growing up in such a blissful atmosphere would be unable to handle any negative exposure in live.

S I N C E 1 9 2 6

Quality
Professional
Dry Cleaning &
Laundry
Service



SANDERS

CLEANERS

1215 JORDAN LANE NW • 837-6072 7538 MEMORIAL PARKWAY • 828-0106 PX REDSTONE • 882-3529

Does My Child Have Sinuses?

The answer is yes and no. Let me explain. First, what are sinuses? The sinuses are bony air cavities in the head and face which connect with the nose through small openings. There are four pairs of these air filled cavities that surround our nose. These four pairs of sinuses are named as maxillary, ethmoidal, sphenoidal, and frontal sinuses. The maxillary are located in the cheekbone, the frontal are located in the forehead above the eyes, and the ones located on the nasal side of the eye sockets and behind the nose are the ethmoidal and sphenoidal sinuses. Sinuses have several neat functions. They decrease the weight of our skull, act as shock absorbers, humidify and warm inhaled air, act as filters, and help protect and insulate various nerve passages.

Now, back to the original question. What do you mean yes and no? When you are born, you do not have all four pairs yet! That's right, in infancy and early childhood, only the ethmoid and maxillary sinuses are developed. The others appear later. The frontal sinuses usually do not show up on x-ray until 3-7 years of age. The sphenoid sinuses usually do not show up on x-ray until about 9 years of age.

WHAT IS SINUSITIS? Inflammation of the nose and sinuses, whether caused by infection or allergy, causes swelling and increased secretions. When the swelling is great enough to block the opening between the sinuses and nose, this allows secretions or pus to accumulate within the sinuses instead of draining out into the nose. When this happens, you have sinusitis!

How can you tell if your child has sinusitis? Commonly recognized symptoms of sinusitis in adults and adolescents are rather straight forward and include facial pain, headache, and fever. Unfortunately, it is difficult for an infant or small child to tell the parent that they have a headache or facial pain. But do not despair, there are some helpful clues. Sinusitis due to infection usually oc-

curs after a cold. The cold seems more severe than usual, the fever is high, nasal discharge is purulent and copious, and there may be swelling around the eyes. Also, the signs and symptoms of a cold are prolonged. Nasal discharge and daytime cough continue beyond ten days. Most common colds last five to seven days; however, if the symptoms go beyond the ten-day mark without obvious improvement, you might have sinusitis. Anyone with "one cold after another" or a "continuous cold" may be suffering from chronic sinus infection which flares up from time to time. Flare-ups, may be triggered by chilling, swimming, fatigue, weather changes, or contact with allergens (substances provoking an allergic response).

SO HOW DO WE DIAGNOSE SINUSITIS? The diagnosis of acute bacterial sinusitis is probably

best proved by needle aspiration of the sinus. However, this is by no means a routine procedure. Sometimes an x-ray study of the sinuses may help, but it can be difficult to interpret in infants and small children. CT scans and MRI would be ideal but expensive. Surface cultures of the nose and throat have proven to have no predictive value of sinusitis. So, what is the good doctor supposed to do? Usually a diagnosis of sinusitis can be made with a good history and physical exam, commonly recognized symptoms of sinusitis, and the traditional x-ray studies of the sinuses.

WHAT IS THE TREATMENT? The antibiotics recommended to treat acute sinusitis are similar (in type and duration) to those used to treat an acute ear infection. Medicines must be fitted to your own particular needs. Do not take any medicine without telling your doctor. When drugs are prescribed, carefully follow the instructions on the label.

WHAT CAN YOU DO TO HELP? Reduce normal activities until fever, pain, and other symptoms have subsided. A vaporizer will help keep the secretions fluid so that they will drain easier. An oral decongestant may be prescribed. Drink lots and lots of fluid. For infants and small children not capable of blowing the nose, use saline nose drops and gently suction each nostril with a nasal aspirator. Apply heat to the affected sinuses and nose with warm compresses (cloth or towel soaked in hot water). Maintain proper humidification of the home (keep the humidity at 45-50%). Avoid overheating the home (keep the temperature no higher than 70 degrees). You should notify your doctor for any of the following: a fever of over 102 degrees, nose bleeding, severe headache, increased swelling over the face, and blurred vision.

Well, that is the scoop on sinusitis. Good luck over the next several weeks as you look out for sinusitis due to weather changes and increasing viral infections. We sincerely hope your child stays free of sinus infections!

by David A. Green M.D., F.A.A.P.



If you like our publication... call our advertisers. We like hearing from you, but our clients really get a bang out of it.



Famous Recipes

BY BARB

Toad In The Hole

1 cup flour 1 tsp baking powder
 1 egg 1 tblsp butter
 1/2 cup milk 4 large sausages
 1/2 tsp salt

Mix flour and salt together in bowl and make a well in the center. Break the egg and put it in the center along with 1/4 of the milk. Beat well, then add remainder of the milk by degrees, beating all the time. Melt the butter in a baking dish. Parboil the sausages, cut them in halves, put them in the dish. Add the baking powder to the batter and pour over the sausages. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Tip: To make horseradish sauce, mix together 1 cup whipped cream, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 5 tablespoons grated horseradish, and salt to taste. This is excellent with baked ham or ham loaf.

When using oranges or lemons, if the rind is fresh and wholesome, pare it thin to keep from getting the bitter inner skin. Put it in a glass jar of granulated sugar. When the sugar has absorbed enough oil of the fruit skin to make it moist, it is ready to use for flavoring puddings, and cakes. The bits of rind give a delicious flavor to pudding sauces.

Scalloped Pineapple

3 eggs, beaten 1/4 cup milk
 1 cup sugar 4 cups cubed
 bread
 2 cups crushed pineapple

Don't drain the pineapple. Remove crusts from bread. Mix together all of the ingredients. Bake in a greased pan 45 to 60 minutes at 350 degrees.

A marble slab is excellent to use for rolling out pastry. Use as little flour as possible and roll in one direction with long sweeping motions.

Taken with permission from the book "Heirlooms from the Kitchen", treasured recipes from the turn of the century, compiled and edited by Joan Hutson

UNION HILL RECIPES

Uncle Ned's Favorite Cherry Cobbler

1 can pitted cherries
 3/4 stick butter
 1 cup sifted flour
 1/2 cup milk
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp vanilla
 1 tsp baking powder
 1/2 tsp salt

Put butter in large deep pie pan, set in 325 oven to melt. Put cherries and liquid from cherries with 3/4 cup sugar into saucepan.

Heat to boiling. Cool and add 1 tsp almond flavoring to cherries. Now make the batter using all other ingredients - flour, 1 cup sugar, milk, baking powder, salt and vanilla. When well-blended and smooth, and butter melted in pie pan, pour the batter over the butter. Pour cherry mixture on top of the batter. Bake until it is golden brown and crusty, about 25-30 minutes.

Andrew Jackson Gingersnaps

1 egg, slightly beaten
 2 cups flour
 1/2 cup butter
 1 cup homemade maple syrup
 1 tsp soda
 1 tsp ginger

Mix egg, butter and syrup. Add soda, ginger and flour for a stiff dough. Drop on cookie sheet and bake in moderate oven til done.

Aunt Fanny's Egg Custard

2 1/2 cups scalded milk
1 1/2 cups sugar
5 eggs
1/2 tsp nutmeg
1 tsp vanilla
pinch of salt

Mix in order given and pour into unbaked crust. Bake in slow oven until custard is set. Nutmeg may be sprinkled on top for added flavor. Makes one large or two small pies.

.....

1880 Yeast Rolls

1/2 cup sugar
1 cup buttermilk
1/4 cup cooking oil
2 pkg. dry yeast, dissolved
2 cups self-rising flour in 1/4 cup warm water

Combine all ingredients. Knead as in making biscuits. Roll to 1/2 inch thickness, cut with biscuit cutter. Place a pat of butter on each and fold. Place on greased baking sheet and let stand until shortly before cooking, at least 1/2 hour. Bake at 400 until brown.

.....

Earlene's Sweet Potatoe Pie

2 cups sugar
4 medium sweet potatoes
2 cups butter
2 eggs
2 tsp vanilla

Boil potatoes til done. Mash with butter, sugar, eggs and vanilla. Pour into two pie crusts and bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

.....

Sausage Sqaures

1 pound sausage
2 eggs
1 1/2 cup evaporated milk
1/2 cup water
1 cup cracker crumbs

Brown sausage, pour off fat. Beat eggs slightly, add to sausage. Add milk, water and crumbs, pour into greased 8x8x2 dish. Bake at 350 for about 45 minutes.

Best Baked Beans

1 1/2 lb dried pea beans
2 tbsp molasses
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 onion, chopped
Dry mustard
1/4 lb salt pork pieces
1/2 green pepper, diced

Soak beans overnight, put on to boil. Boil for about an hour, add remaining ingredients. Cover with hot water. Bake slowly all day at 325 degree oven.

Cheddar Scalloped Potatoes

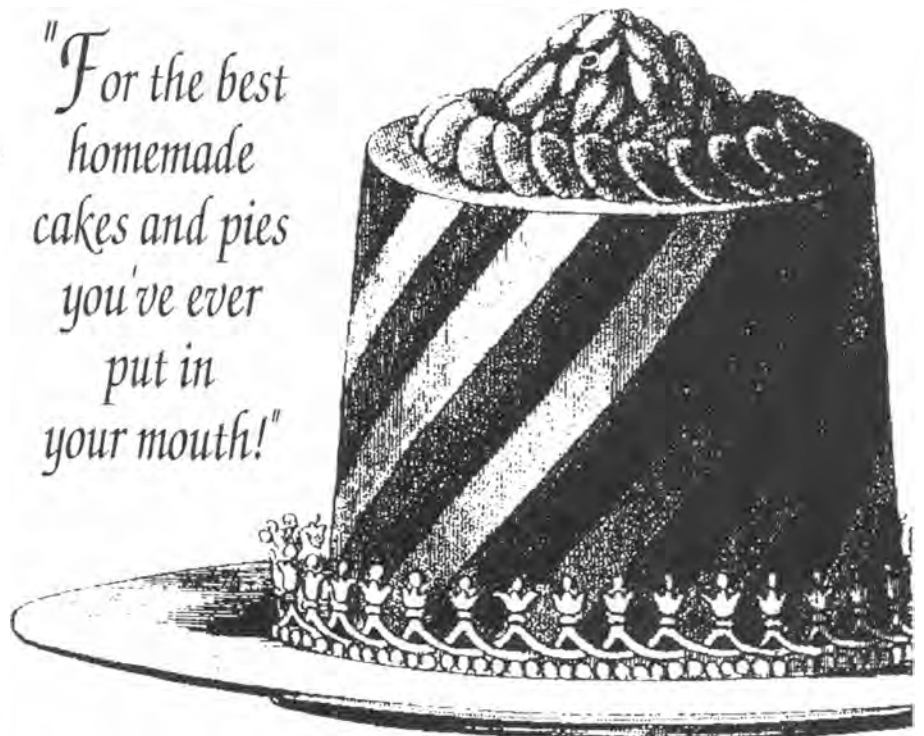
Scrub and boil potatoes, with skin. When done, slice and put a layer in casserole dish greased with butter. Layer the following:
Chopped celery
Chopped onion

Cracker crumbs
Freshly ground pepper and salt
Butter and milk
When you have layered three times, cover dish with 1 cup chopped cheddar cheese, pushed down a little into the mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour.

Garlic Chicken Casserole

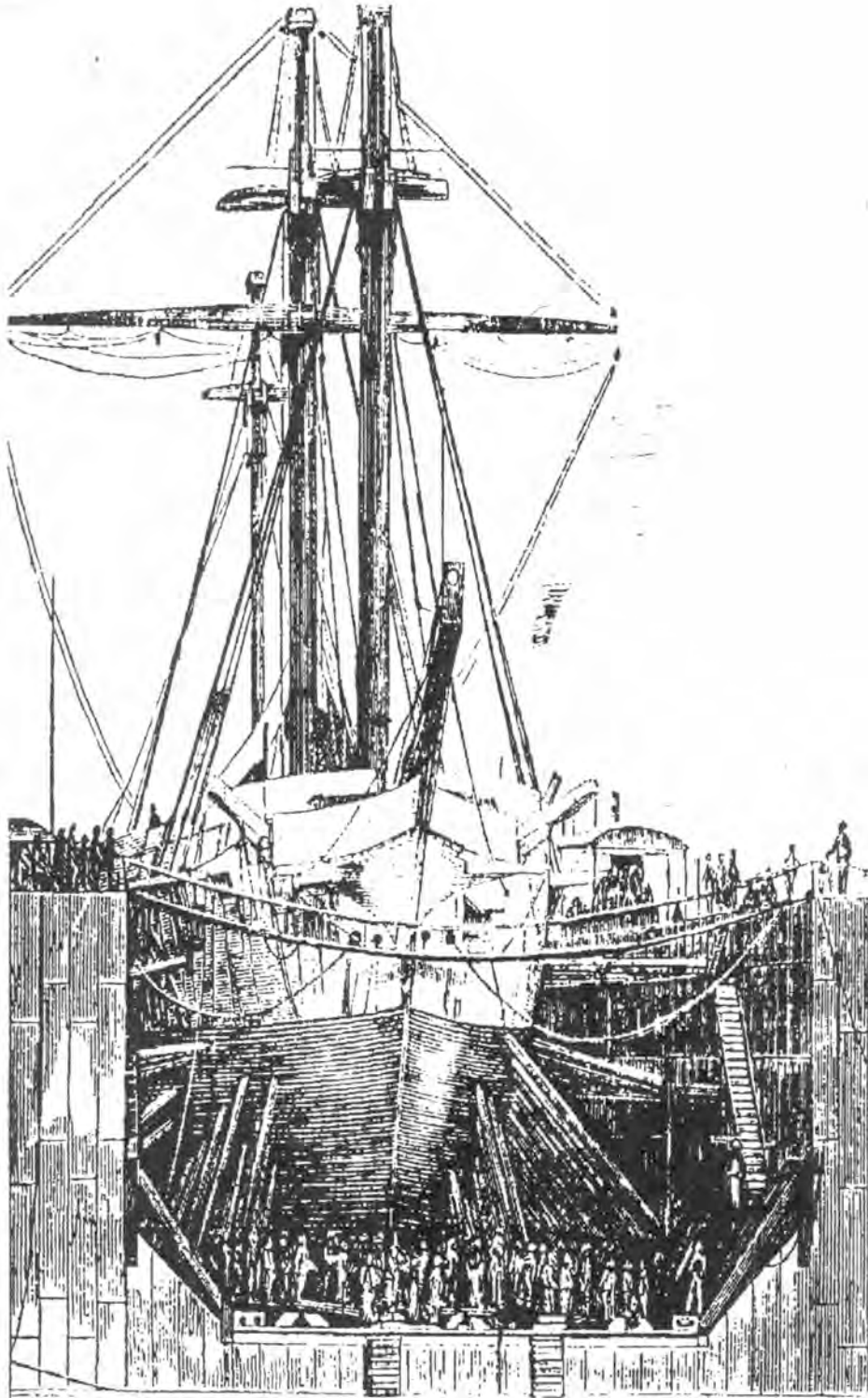
Cut meat from one fryer into small pieces. Butter a casserole dish, put chicken pieces in. Add salt and freshly ground pepper, 3 tbsp parsley, 1 chopped onion, 3 tbs_p olive oil, 2 cloves garlic minced. Pour 1/2 cup lemon juice over the mixture. Bake in moderate oven for one hour.

*"For the best
homemade
cakes and pies
you've ever
put in
your mouth!"*



Odell Banks

HOMEMADE CAKES & PIES
3114 DELIA LANE • HUNTSVILLE, AL • 205-852-6031



Chips and Ships

By Colonel Steenburn

The front pages scream "Decatur's Riverfront Debated," "Chip Mill Planned Along Waterfront," "Senator Wants More Time For Comments On Chip Mill Report," and "Commercial Development Still In Slump, Real Estate Agents Say."

A proud chapter in Decatur's history is on the block and the industrialists and the environmentalists are going at it hammer and tongs.

At stake are just a few weed-choked acres and some abandoned buildings that represent a real success story—Decatur's world contribution to shipping and shipbuilding.

As far back as 1886, Commodore Steven Decatur's hometown was known as a "Steamboat Town" and, in fact, as late as 1910 it boasted the only boat yard between Chattanooga, Tennessee and Paducah, Kentucky.

This original facility was known by the unlikely name of the "Boatyard of the American Oak Leather Company". This company used to manufacture an extract used in tanning leather. When the local chestnut trees were killed by the blight in 1887, this company was defunct.

In 1937 a branch of the Ingalls Steel and Iron Works began shipbuilding operations on the site.

Today's industrial ghost town of weeds, rust and neglect are in sharp contrast to the bustling shipyard during World War II. Working 24-hours-a-day, seven days a week, over 1,500 workers built over 3,000 barges, landing craft and "Liberty Ships". In addition, a contract was also completed with the Dutch Government to build 15 cargo ships.

The new navigation channel on the Tennessee River, not yet completed at the time, was crowded with tows carrying military jeeps, trucks and ambulances. The ocean-going vessels constructed at Decatur were sent down river to the Gulf.

This local shipyard was known as one of the pioneers in the new techniques of building ships with welded hulls.

As late as 1968 the firm was engaged in large scale building and repairing of steel barges. In 1983 the shipyard was closed.

Various attempts have been made to parcel the land for sale or development involving the United States,

Mexico, Japan, and Europe—all to no avail. One commercial realtor commented, "While there's hope for one parcel, so far there has been no serious offers."

Lately the proud heritage and major contribution to the war effort and local economy has been all but submerged in the controversy surrounding the wood chip business.

The "E for Excellence" rating gained during the war years has been drowned out by opposition to any such use of this land.

We hear "noise from the plant," logging truck traffic near Leon Sheffield Elementary School, "destruction of local hard wood forest," "use of riverfront property for less than 10 jobs," "we have a major channel and reservoir that are beautiful," "long term effects," "depleted oxygen," "industrial discharges," and of course, "runoff."

I guess one "City Father" said it all when he was quoted as saying "Anything that brings dollars in should have priority."

For Sale—One Real Shipyard!



Grandma's Kitchen Tips

When cream will not whip, add the white of an egg to it. Chill it, and it will whip.

If you burn yourself and don't have an aloe vera plant handy, grab a bottle of real vanilla extract. It will ease the pain and keep the area from blistering.

Salted butter is real good for chigger bites.

The sex of a chicken can be foretold by your visitors on Easter day. If the majority of the guests are men, most of the chickens will be roosters. If there are more women, you can look for a pullet flock.

On cold days when the fire in the fireplace sputters and cracks, the fire is calling for snow, and it will snow before three days.

One pinch of salt in your coffee basket will remove any acid taste in the coffee. For clear coffee, put egg shells in after perking. And, remember, always start with cold water.

David A. Green M. D., F.A.A.P.
 401 Lowell Drive, Suite 12
 Humana Professional Building
 Huntsville • 539-3513

Rainbow
 PEDIATRICS

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

People are finding more and more ways to save money and economize. There are ways out there that many have not even thought of. We all need to share these great ideas.

You may remember some of the tips your grandma told you, or maybe you have some that have been in your family for years.

If you have a good idea for cutting costs, saving time or just a hint in general, we'd love to hear from you. Send it in with your name as you want it printed in the paper, and we'll pick about twenty for each issue.

Times are getting tough, and everyone can benefit from your ideas. We look forward to hearing from you.

Send to: Old Huntsville Magazine
 716 East Clinton Ave.
 Huntsville, Al 35801



FRIDAY, JANUARY 31, 1958

THE BIRTH OF HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

Many people will argue that Huntsville had its beginning when John Hunt founded our fair city way back in 1805, while others will claim the cotton mills were the actual beginning. But for the people that lived and grew up here the start of prosperity began with the launching of our first space satellite.

Times were hard in Madison County. There were few jobs, and even fewer opportunities. Outhouses were still common in many homes, and a large percentage of people still cooked on a wood-burning stove. The county schools closed for two weeks in the fall so the children could help pick

cotton. Without their labor, it would have been impossible for many small "cotton farmers" to survive.

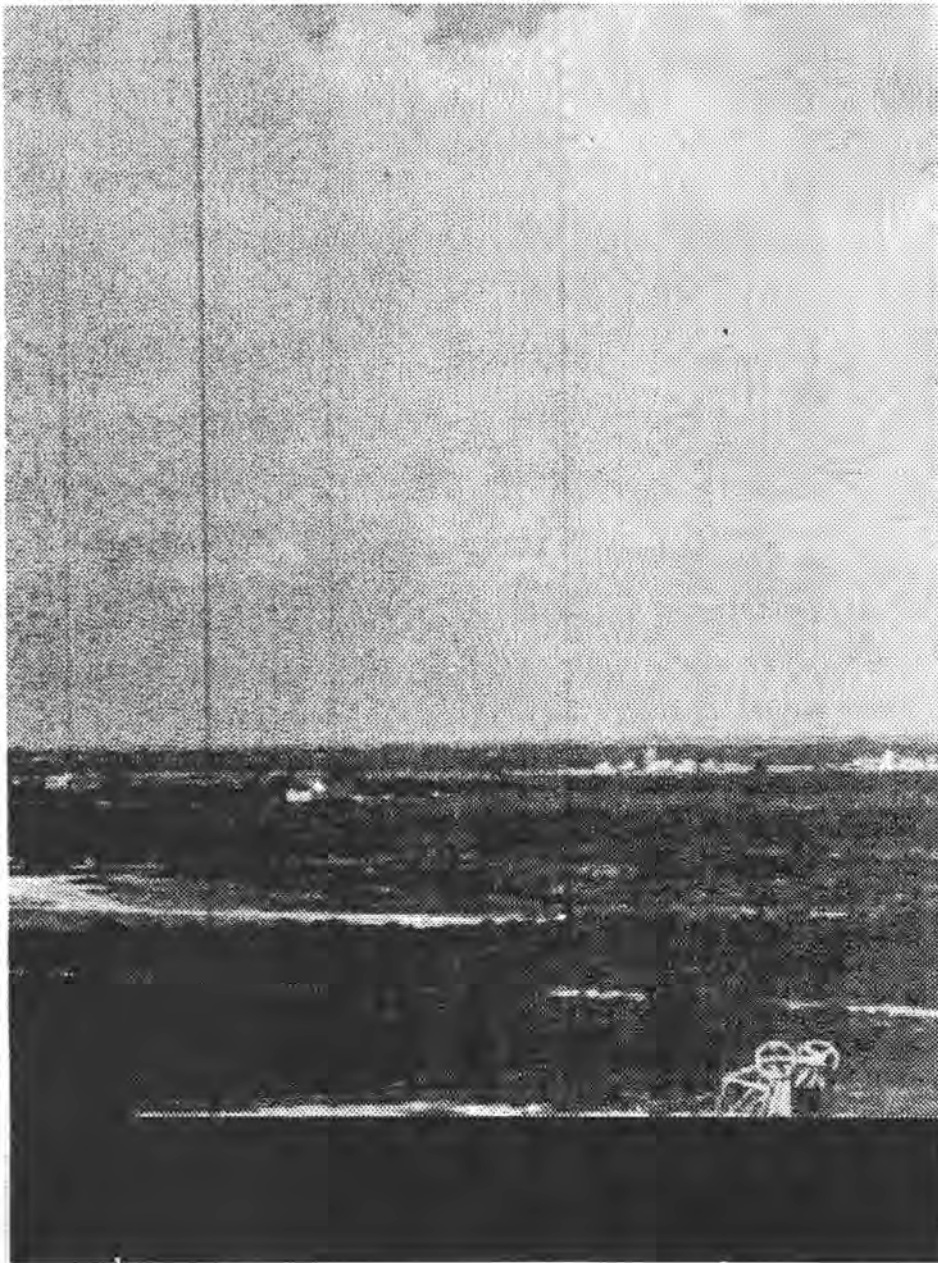
By 1950 the Government started transferring the rocket scientists to Redstone Arsenal. A few companies started opening up offices in Huntsville to take advantage of the government contracts that were being awarded for research and development. While this created new jobs, the majority went to people that had been transferred here.

A few natives were lucky enough to secure "good paying" jobs on the Arsenal. J. B. Tucker, and his wife Margaret, felt like they had struck gold

when he was hired. With their home on Hurricane Creek, they were considered "well off", especially when they bought a new car and began building a new home. Mr. Tucker hired on at 80 cents an hour.

Huntsville continued its slow growth up until the late fifties when the Soviet Union, under Nikita Krushchev's leadership, launched the first satellite into space. World attention was focused on Huntsville, Alabama, as the rest of the world held their breath to see what we would do.

On the night of January 31, 1959, a Jupiter-Crocket was launched at Cape Canaveral, carrying an 18-pound



standers cheered him on. The Huntsville Times sent its staff home and was shut down for the night when J. M. Langhorne, the publisher, received word. Immediately he ordered an "EXTRA" and employees began streaming in. A linotype operator was pressed into duty as a proofreader while another employee was assigned the task of making enough coffee to keep everyone awake through the night. Huntsville Times photographers, without even contacting the office first, rushed downtown upon hearing the news in an effort to capture the historic celebration on film.

Barely two hours after the Huntsville Times received word, the first "Extra" copy rolled off the presses.

Observers would later comment that though the celebration was in honor of launching America's first satellite, in reality, it signaled the end of Old Huntsville.

Within days, Huntsville became the focal point for the United States space program. High-tech businesses began pouring into town, setting up offices in converted cotton mills and anywhere else they could find room. Men who had made a living picking cotton the year before suddenly found themselves helping build rocket components. One man, a house painter at the time, later boasted that he was offered seven jobs in one day, with each employer out-bidding the other.

Of all the stories told to describe Huntsville's explosive growth after the success of the satellite, probably the best one is given by Leroy Hodges.

"There used to be this big cotton field up there in North Huntsville, surrounded by briar patches. Place was covered up with rabbits. About a month before rabbit season opened I went up there to look around, walk the fields and kinda get a feel for it.

Opening day of rabbit season, I got up way before light, loaded my dogs on the truck and went on up there. Well, it was still dark, so I had to sit there and wait for a while 'fore I could see anything. Bout the time the sun starts coming over Monte Sano, I got a good look at the cotton field...only it weren't no cotton field no more. In the past month they had done built a subdivision, complete with roads and all."

satellite. The citizens of Huntsville and Madison County anxiously stood by their radios as word was relayed from Missile Control. Finally, late at night, the word was received. The satellite was up. Huntsville would never be the same.

Instant bedlam broke out downtown. Folks from all over the County began congregating on the Square, with more people arriving every second. Car horns were blaring and firecrackers were set off. One resident, caught up in the excitement, even showed up in his pajamas.

Huntsville's representatives at the Annual Decatur Chamber of Commerce Banquet left in a mad rush when a waiter whispered the news to one of the members. The banquet hall was empty in a matter of minutes as the representatives formed a convoy to Huntsville, noisily blowing car horns the whole way.

Telephone switchboards were jammed as reporters from around the world relayed word of the celebration going on downtown. The next day The London News carried a picture on its front page of Mayor R. B. "Spec" Searcy setting off fireworks as jubilant by-

A man in Pennsylvania has discovered the advantages of having a large family. He has 22 children, and recently, when he made arrangements to move from one school district to another, thus transferring his school tax, his old neighbors offered to pay him a sum of money to stay among them.

His new neighbors, however, offered to move him free of charge, and so prevailed.

From 1880 newspaper



'My ex wife was a sweet person. All she did for five years was eat candy, cake and other sweets.'

Al Harkins, Landscaper

'America is the only place in the world where you try to make as much money as you can and then try to prove you lost it on your income tax.'

Lois Frazier

Store Clerk

One day an old man was walking along the beach. It was low tide, and the sand was littered with thousands of stranded starfish that the water had carried in, and left behind. The man found himself walking carefully so as not to step on any of the beautiful creatures. Since the animals were still alive, he considered picking some of them up and putting them back in the water, where they could resume their lives.

The man knew the starfish would die if left on the beach's dry sand. He reasoned that he could not possibly help them all, so he chose to do nothing.

"That's just Nature's way," he thought to himself, a little sadly, and walked on.

Soon he came upon a little boy who was frantically throwing one starfish after another into the sea.

The old man stopped. "Young man," he said, "what are you doing?"

"I'm saving the starfish," the boy replied, breathless.

"Why waste your time?" the old man argued. "There are so many, you can't possibly save them all. So what difference does it make?"

The boy stopped for just a few seconds, to look at the old man. Then he bent to pick up another starfish.

"It matters to this one," he said, and hurled the starfish into the welcoming sea.

From "For the Love of Animals" written by Anna C. Briggs



Ashes To Ashes

Growing up in the late thirties and forties meant growing up without air conditioning. I'm not even sure it had been invented. For most people, it was as if they hadn't been. No one that I knew had one. But then, television, cars, hot running water, warm toilet seats, and a hundred other conveniences that I take for granted now were not available to most of us.

That was when arid was what the West was, what the South got when it didn't rain for a month, and what the armpits never were in the summer. It was also a time when it was not offensive to have body odor because everyone had it. No, we weren't dirty, not by choice anyway, but when you can't escape the heat you're bound to sweat and sweat produces body odor.

I think it is one of the laws of thermodynamics.

There was no relief from the heat. The feet took a beating. We went barefooted all summer so our feet were tough, but the streets and back alleys got hot enough to fry eggs which made it tough even on tough feet. I was only about four years old when I discovered that a pile of ashes was considerably cooler than the ground. After that, every time I found a pile, I would stand with both feet in it.

All cooking was done on cast iron cook stoves. "Stove wood," as it was called, produced light gray, almost white ashes. The stove's fire box was small so the ashes were usually emptied into a bucket several times before they were dumped at the back alley, usually in a neat pile. Stepping into that pile was like stepping into a cool cloud. No, I've never stepped into a cloud. If they got wet, though, they lost their appeal. It was like stepping in a pan of fudge brownies. No, I've never had my feet in a pan of fudge brownies either.

I don't remember how long I enjoyed cooling my feet in ashes, but it came to a sudden end. One hot day I spotted a pile, ran to it and jumped in - on hot coals. Burned one foot badly - I never did enjoy ashes after that. I think it scarred me emotionally and stunted my physical growth. Before that incident, I was on my way to being 6 feet 4 inches tall. I stopped growing at 5 feet 7.925 inches.

Jim Harris

*'Looking around and seeing
how we treat our old people,
I'm scared to get old.'*

*Millie Thompson,
Secretary*

*'If we cannot support our
Police department, how can
we expect them to protect us?'*

*Franklin Besheres,
Retired*



Old Huntsville Sweat-Shirts

We now have Old Huntsville Sweatshirts as well as T-shirts.

The shirts are imprinted with the Old Huntsville Masthead in dark brown

T-Shirts -\$10+\$1 Postage
Sweatshirts -\$20+\$2 Postage

The More Things Change... The More They Stay The Same!

People talk of hard times and well they may! An exchange says, "We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work."

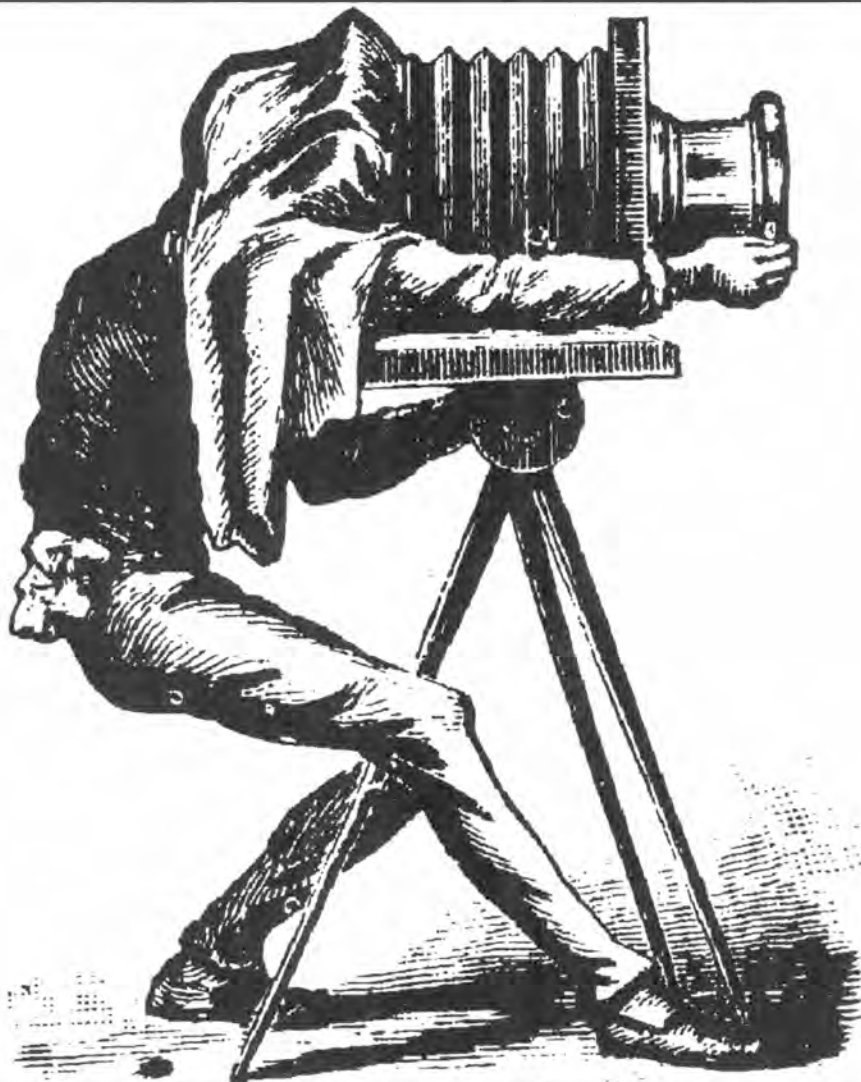
Our boys are not learning trades, our farmers' sons are crowding into cities looking for clerkships and post offices; hardly one American girl in each one hundred will do housework for wages - however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workingmen and buying from her artisans millions worth of products that we ought to be making for ourselves. We must turn a new leaf!

March 13, 1873 newspaper

Recipe For Love

To inspire the passion of lovers, different kinds of foods have been recommended through the ages. For Adam and Eve it was the apple. The ancient Greeks suggested eating onions, eggs, crabs and snails. Greek newlyweds subsisted on only honey during the moon's first waxing and waning of their marriage, giving us the term "honeymoon." Ancient Romans believed in herbal potions, and 17th century Europeans advised eating chocolate. In the Far East, ginseng is the aphrodisiac of choice.

WE SPECIALIZE IN COPYING
OLD PHOTOGRAPHS



BOB GATHANY
P H O T O G R A P H Y
4951 CENTURY STREET

Ron's Winding Road

I guess that we should put this short tale under the heading of rumor, but it was told to me as an actual event that happened back in the formative years of our fair city.

It seems that one of our local civic organizations was just getting organized here back in the early 1900's, when they decided that they needed to raise some funds in order to continue doing great and wonderful things for our community. (Now, because of the rumor nature of this report, I will not identify the organization, but it was associated with all sorts of people). Anyway, in order to rectify this lack of funds our local club decided to hold a raffle. Huntsville was largely a farming community in this day and age and one of the club members had a prize mule that he was willing to donate for this worthy cause. The club members worked hard on this raffle. They displayed the mule at the courthouse. They fed him grain and brushed him until he shone. Most of all, they sold raffle tickets far and wide. Boy, did they work at selling tickets. A full week before the drawing was to take place they felt they were well over the top of what they had hoped to accomplish.

Then, three days before the drawing, the mule died. Needless to say the club members were in an absolute frenzy. They held emergency meetings. They tried to find a substitute mule. They gnashed teeth and argued and pointed fingers. Finally, one of the more forward thinking members came up with the perfect plan. The next day they held the drawing as scheduled.

Some time after the drawing, a member from a different civic organization asked the forward thinking club member how in the world did they get away with raffling off a dead mule. The club member replied, "Well, the losers were all so relieved at not winning that dead mule that they didn't complain, so we apologized to the winner and gave him triple his money back."

Thus began the tradition of fund raising in Huntsville. I understand that there are descendants of the forward-thinking club member who are alive and well in Huntsville today.
Ron Eyestone

Peg

By Jim Harris

There was a game that men and sometimes boys played that, as far as I know, was unique to mill villages and to the time when Huntsville's economy depended on cotton mills. It may have been unique to the Lincoln Mill Village because after we moved out of the village, I never saw it played nor even mentioned by anyone anywhere. The only people that I've talked to since who knew what it is have been Lincoln Mill villagers.

Peg got its name from the wooden peg used to play the game. I suspect that someone wanted to play ball but couldn't afford to buy a ball and bat,

so he created a substitute on the spot. In those days creating your own fun was common.

The peg was a stick about an inch in diameter and six inches long. The dimensions were not critical but most of them conformed to those approximate figures, although some claimed it made a difference about what kind of wood was used. That point was never proved scientifically.

The peg was relieved of its bark and trimmed to a blunt point on one end; then a piece of broken glass was used to smooth the peg to as close to a mirror finish as wood could take.

The peg was no good by itself so the stick was invented to hit it with. The stick was just that—a stick an inch or so in diameter and about the length of a baseball bat or maybe a little longer. It too, was relieved of all its bark except for a strip at the end by which it was held. The stripped portion got the same treatment with broken glass as did the peg. Probably the only time in history when broken glass was worth something.

The object of the game was to pop the peg into the air and knock it as far as one could. A peg was placed on the ground and another one placed across it with the pointed end pointed

downfield and the other end resting on the ground. The hitter tapped the peg on the pointed end to flip it into the air and then hit it as far as he could.

I don't remember all the rules but here's approximately the way it worked: Every player had a runner, usually the son of the hitter (this was mostly a man's game), but he didn't run bases, he just kept up with the peg and marked the spot where it landed. I think he could also catch the peg of a competing player and cancel his hit. Since a piece of wood traveling at high speed can ruin a hand, there wasn't much catching done.

A pegplayer's estimate of distance was similar to that used by deer hunters such as the hunter that killed a 1000-pound, 20-point buck at 300 yards with a BB gun.

Peg was also a game one could play by himself, if he could find no one to compete with. Didn't have to have a pitcher, catcher or even a fielder because pegs stopped where they hit the ground, except for maybe a couple of short bounces. He could hit for distance since that was the object of the game anyway.

Since writing this article, I've thought about making a stick and a set of pegs and reviving the game. There are some limbs of just the right size on that tree by the fence that I am going to cut down anyway.

*New & almost new
designer & name brand clothing*

Sweet Repeats

CONSIGNMENT BOUTIQUE

20% Off

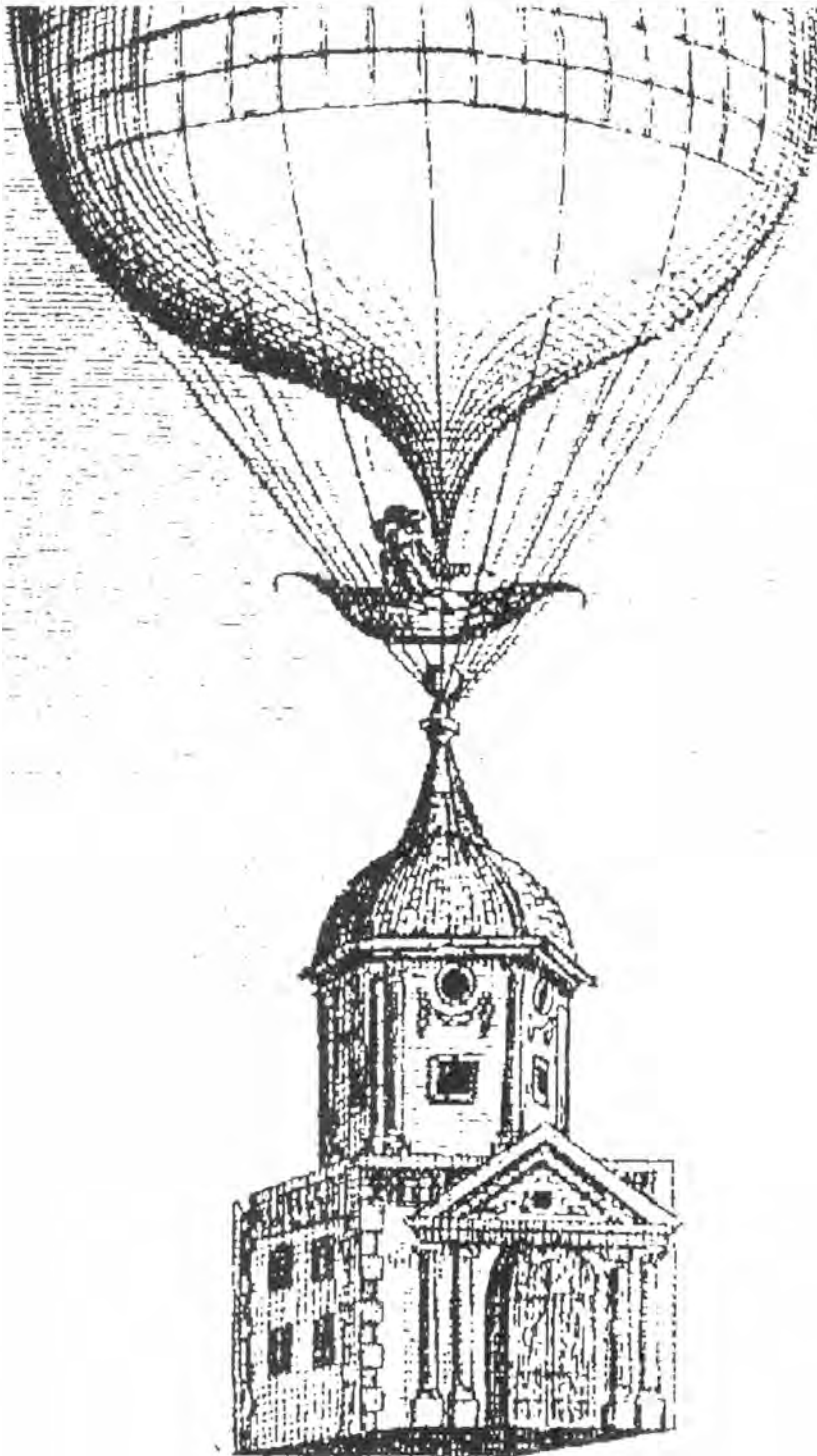
Any one item with this ad

*Ladies, & now our new
Children's Department*



805 Regal Drive (Next to the Parkway City Mall) • 539-5599 • M~F 10-5:30 Sat 10-4

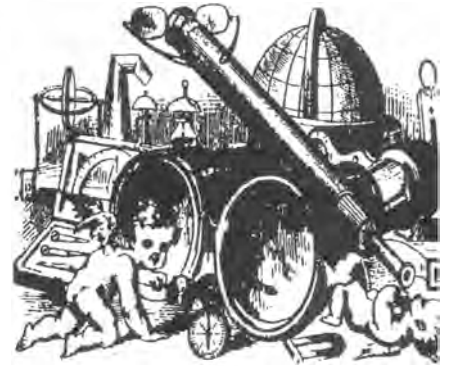
Huntsville Relocation Specialist!



ANGIE JONES

REMAX - HUNTSVILLE

1-800-239-4749 • 533-3313 • 882-4749



Better Check In The Attic

People think I'm smart, and I'm not complaining. I think that's nice of them to think that of me. For instance, the phone rings at my antique shop and I answer it, hopefully, business-like and friendly.

"Can you tell me what something got's worth?" the caller inquires.

"What is it that you have?" I ask.

"Well, I got this old plate, and on the back it says it's genuine 22 kt. gold decorated. I thought you might know something about it."

"Is there anything else on the back of the plate?" I ask.

"Can't read it. It's sort of blurred or something."

"What's on the front?"

"A garden scene, sort of, man and woman under a tree," they reply "Kinda pretty. This thing must be over a hundred years old 'cause it belonged to my mother's mother."

Of course, I have to let the air out of his balloon. "Your plate was made probably in the 1940's. It's worth between \$15.00 and \$20.00. I would need to see it to really make sure of its market value." There's a long silence at the other end of the line.

"Is that all? Well, thanks for your time." They hang up. That was an easy one.

Yesterday, a lady called me. "Do you know anything about glass?"

Now, that's a pretty direct question, and it covers a lot of territory. Think about all the millions of things that are made of glass, and you can

see what a wide range of items this lady might be going to ask me. As it turns out, she has a compote which belonged to her grandmother, and I tell her to bring it to my shop and let me look at it.

I'm just not smart enough to be able to "see" an item I'm called about, and usually the caller cannot describe an item in enough detail for me to get a clear picture. So, I encourage the caller to bring the item to me. I don't usually charge for an over-the-counter appraisal.

I've also been surprised at what people think their items are worth.

Once, two women brought in a platter decorated with the White House and surrounded by cameos of the presidents, the last one being Teddy Roosevelt. I pondered it being an unusual item and told them I thought it was probably a souvenir item from a world's fair and that its market value was in the area of \$150.00. They both sucked in their breath. "My grandfather was told it was worth \$40,000.00, and that was years ago," one of them finally replied.

"Perhaps Christie's in New York could help you," I told them. I wonder to this day the outcome of their eventual inquiry. Forty grand can buy me a lot of things. That platter would not be one of the things I would want.

I suppose you may be wondering why I'm writing about all this. Well, the truth is, it's important to know what it is you have and what the market value is. If you've ever had a house fire and suffered the loss of items of antique value, you find out right away that insurance companies can be reluctant to pay you \$5,000 for the loss of your antique oriental rug. Most insurance companies have what they call a "fine arts policy," and to get coverage under this policy, you need a written appraisal.

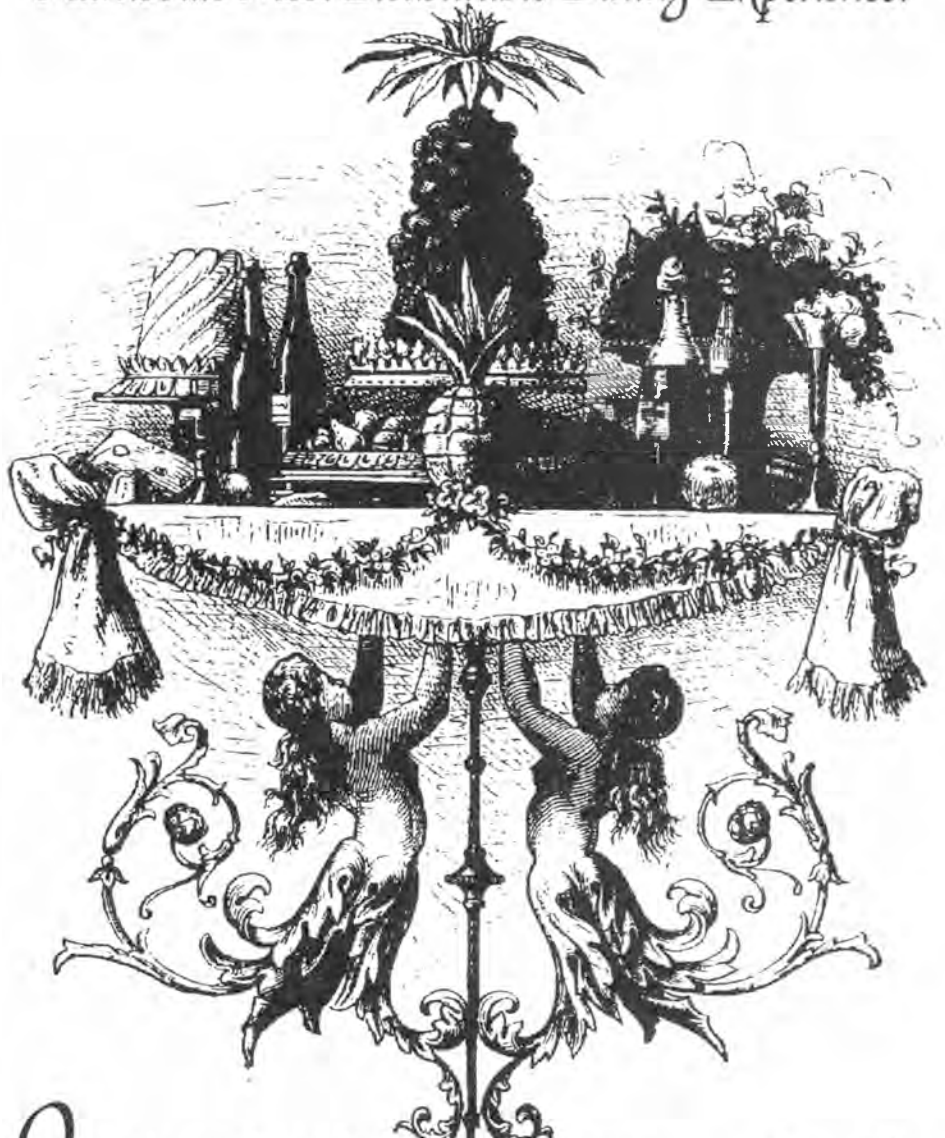
Or, if your great aunt passed on and left you a house full of stuff, it's in your best interest to get a professional to help you sort through the trunks, basement, and attic before you throw away thousands of dollars worth of collectibles. Or, sell them for 50 cents only to later find them in an antique shop for a hundred times more than for what you sold them.

Gotta go, here comes the lady with the compote.

Bob Baker
Pratt Avenue Antique Mall

The Huntsville Hilton

Huntsville Most Pleasurable Dining Experience!



Our Sunday Brunch Buffet has an elaborate breakfast station personally attended by a chef for made to order Belgium Waffles and omelettes. Or if you prefer lunch choose from our expanded selection of delicious entrees including a carving station, vegetables, 30 item salad bar, large selection of desserts, including flaming desserts made to order.

Piano entertainment, Champagne. Call 533-1400 / ext 636

\$2.00 Off Champagne Sunday Brunch

Coupon entitles a \$2.00 discount of the price of the brunch per person
Coupon must be presented for discount. Expires: 3/15/92

The Long & The Short Of It

A tall Eastern girl, named Short, for a long time loved a certain Mr. Little, who was big. Mr. Little thought little of Short, but loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Long's shortcomings.

So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before Long, which caused Little, in a short time, to marry Long.

Query - did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long?

From 1873 Publication

Thanks Jim!

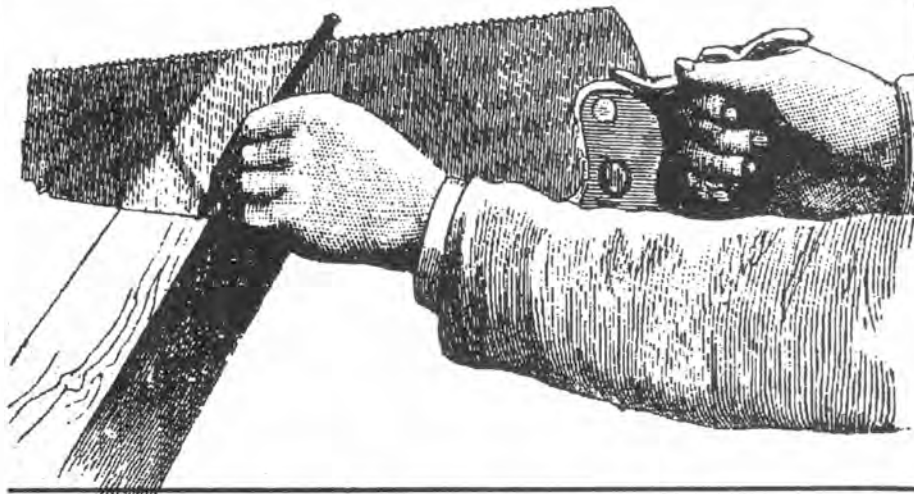
For many months now we have all enjoyed the wit and charm of Jim Harris' stories about growing up in Lincoln Village. We have received a lot of inquiries from people wanting to know, "Who in the blazes is Jim Harris?" Maybe this will answer some of your questions.

Jim Harris was born, literally, in Lincoln Village. His parents lived on Front Street, and he was born at home. They moved to Davidson Street when Jim was about four years old. He attended Lincoln High School through the first semester of the sixth grade. The family then moved out into the County between Gurley and Maysville to the Houk farm in Harrison Cove. They became sharecroppers which, by the way, according to Jim, was not a step up the ladder of financial independence.

Jim graduated from Madison County High School in 1952 and entered the Air Force in September of the same year. After four years in the Air Force, he married a Tennessee girl, worked in Nashville and Tullahoma, Tennessee for the most part of the next nine years, and moved back to Huntsville in 1965.

He's an engineer with the USBI Company on a contract with MSFC. He has one son, 26 years old, still living at home and, also according to Jim, one wife who still lives at home.

Helping Build A Better Huntsville!



RGN

RGN Contractors, General Contractors • Residential & Specializing In Fire Damage Repairs • "A contractor you can trust."

Whadayano!

Did you know that Andrew Jackson was President when running water was first installed in the White House?

In 1987 American Airlines claimed that it saved \$40,000 by eliminating one olive from each of the salads served in first class.

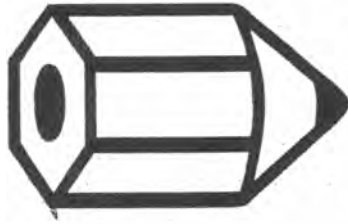
During World War II, Bridget Hitler worked for the British War Relief in New York City. She was the Irish-born wife of Adolf Hitler's older half-brother Alois.

John Steinbeck, the Pulitzer Prize winning novelist, worked as a hod carrier, wheeling 100-pound barrows of concrete along scaffolding, during construction of New York's Madison Square Garden in the 1920's.

In El Salvador the first offense for drunk driving is your last. The convicted is executed by firing squad. In Bulgaria, a second conviction results in execution.

Mary E. Surratt was the first woman executed by hanging in U.S. history. She was convicted by a military panel for conspiracy in the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. Her guilt is still in question.

Glenn Miller was the first person ever awarded a gold record for his rendition of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."



Letters

Belonging

BY MARY ANN LOCKE

Dear Old Huntsville,
One of my kinfolk sent me a copy of your Vol. 2 Issue 3. Since I grew up near Hazel Green, I would like to enjoy the rest of the issues for this year, please enter my subscription.

Charles S. Towery
Seabrook, Texas

Dear Old Huntsville,
I look forward to each issue, but then I made a mistake. I took a copy to my aunt in the rest home, and then I want to look back over some articles I have read but have no issue. So the best thing I can do for myself is send her a subscription!

Ginny McDonald
New Hope

Dear Editors,
When are you guys going to go to once a month instead of every five weeks? I can't wait that long for the new issues.

Todd Mitchell
Huntsville
(Editor's note) We are probably going to go to once a month in a couple of months.

Dear Editor:
Some of the stories that are from old newspapers and publications are so outlandish, we were wondering, are they for real? What kind of papers are these and where do you get them?

John Martin
Huntsville
(Editor's note) They are definitely for real. These are actual stories that have come out of the 1800's, that we research on microfilm. If you are interested in reading some yourself go up to the Heritage Room in the Huntsville Public Library.

Old Huntsville,
A brother of mine saw a magazine in Helen, Georgia in a restaurant there that he said had the name "Old Mountain Press". Do you have anything to do with that paper as well?

Henry Lawrence
California

(Editor's Note) We do write that one. We also write and produce the following:

- "Old Birmingham"
- "Old Shoals Gazette"
- "Old Bucks County" (Pennsylvania)
- "Old Rhode Island"
- "Old Atlanta"



Old-Time Savory Onion Soup

Peel and quarter 4 to 5 large onions. Melt 4 tablespoons butter in large pot. Put onions slices in, with coarsely grated pepper to taste. Cook til brown, add 2 tablespoons flour and stir til blended. Cook three minutes, then add 2 cans beef broth, 2 cans consommé and 1 can water. Add bay leaf, simmer for 30-40 minutes.

When you're ready to serve, pour into individual crocks. Take toasted slice of rye bread and place on top of each, cover with grated Monterey Jack cheese. Place in broiler and cook til cheese browns. Delicious!

A man in his early twenties walks into the doughnut shop. From the corner of my eye I see that he has long, red-gold hair and a child at the end of one arm. I sit on my red vinyl stool and wonder why such a small child is here so late at night, wearing lavender pajamas with feet.

They order glazed doughnuts and cocoa, then sit opposite one another in a booth which matches my stool. The girl puffs moist air onto the plate glass window and draws a face with one fat finger.

It's not a face, really, just eyes and a smile. I notice that her hair is very dark and straight, and find myself wondering when I had last drunk hot chocolate.

She calls him daddy. "Daddy?" I think, "How young he must have been when she was born!"

Yes, how very young he must have been. Suddenly, I miss my own father. I wish that he had been there, to take me out past my bed-time and to laugh at my chocolate mustache. But it's pointless to wish for things I'll not have, and my coffee has gotten cold.

She has finished her doughnut now, and there are flakes of icing perched on her nose. I want to take a green paper napkin and wipe her face, but I don't.

There is a neon sign just above her head. "Hot Doughnuts Now!" it proclaims. Its light glows pink on her round cheek, turning it garish, cold. Her tiny smile is missing a tooth.

As they walk toward the door she stares at me, puzzled, and with a voice like whistling and soap bubbles, chirps, "Daddy, why doesn't that woman smile?"

"Hush, baby, I don't know," he says, and they are gone.

Come to think of it, I never much cared for hot cocoa.

Gas Machines

Just a few years ago on a bright sunny morning, a peculiar contrivance coughed and snorted its way down Washington Street after making the circuit of the Courthouse Square and throwing some score of usually quiet and well behaved mules into fits of hysterics while so doing.

It was immediately dubbed a Gasoline Buggy and looked upon with deep suspicion by the majority of the population of the town, in addition to the mules and staid buggy horses who regarded the machine as a direct infringement upon their positions as the proper means of transportation from place to place about the County and budding little city.

In operation the new invention seemed to merit the distrust and aversion in which it was held as it gave forth a cloud of smoke and vapor, strongly suspicious of the infernal regions while emitting sounds very much like a machine gun in operation while suffering from an acute attack of asthma.

It was the first thing of the kind to make its appearance in the town and did not enjoy any great amount of popularity, either then or later as the general impression was that it only awaited a favorable opportunity to blow itself and its passengers to kingdom come without providing the unfortunate and venturesome persons with any return trip ticket from the indefinite destination to which they might so unceremoniously be hastened...

Some years have passed since the sensitive feelings of Madison County mules were disturbed by the first Gasoline Buggy and the aforesaid mules have almost passed from the streets and lanes of the city, but today Huntsville has become almost a city of motors, the records of the County showing that there is about one automobile for each qualified voter of the County of Madison.

Taken from 1926 Huntsville newspaper



GOOD FOR THE BODY

Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

TOOTHACHE - Take some bark from the south side of a red oak tree. Boil and add a pinch of salt. Hold it on the tooth that is aching.

CHAPPED HANDS - Apply cider vinegar several times a day to restore natural acidity. At night rub with vegetable oil.

DIARRHEA - Take a tea of red bark oak, drink at night

LEG ACHE - Rub leg in kerosene - works every time

DANDRUFF - Vinegar warmed and applied will remove dandruff

DON'T cut hair in the dark of the moon or it will cause baldness

PAINS - heat table salt in a heavy cast-iron skillet. When hot, put in a cloth bag, apply to area where the pain is. Relief comes more quickly than with heating pad.

MONTHLY PERIOD PAINS - Ginger Tea! Place 1/2 tsp. ground ginger in a cup and pour over it 1 cup boiling water. Sweeten to taste and add 2-3 tablespoons whiskey. Drink and lie down for awhile.



Letters From London

My daughter Jane sent me a copy of "Old Huntsville" and how nice to read the articles in it, especially the recipe of the violets (candied). I tried it and it's lovely - in England we can buy small boxes of oval chocolates with these violets in them and they are delicious - these can also be done with rose leaves - which in the days gone by - the cakes and table "sweets" were decorated with them. I thought that some of your readers may be interested to hear a little of London.

Jane was a nurse in Texas, but she was born and bred in London, England. She now lives in Guntersville with her husband Ronnie Hulsey and two beautiful children. My husband and I live in the suburbs of London, about 5 miles from Heathrow Airport - and about twelve miles from the center of London.

Fairly close to where we live is the Hampton's Court Palace, built by Cardinal Wolsey. When Henry VIII wanted to dissolve his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, to marry Anne Bolyn, he fell out of fortune with the Church and to placate Henry he was given the Palace. Henry VIII did marry Anne Bolyn and their initials are entwined on beautiful wrought iron gates and arches. Inside the palace, which is freely open to the public, are many old world weapons, very grandly displayed. The rooms are wood clad and the panelling is wonderful. There is one room done out in what is called "Linen Fold", which has the wood carved into a pattern to depict folded, non-ironed linen - scroll-like.

Our traffic in London is diabolical - there are jams miles long each morning, especially when there is an accident, or a water main bursts. Our television is not bad at all - we have 4 channels, unless you pay for cable - two of the channels do not have any advertisements at all, which is good. Our weather is rainy, misty and damp, and some 2 or 3 weeks of hot weather (75/80 degrees) which is very welcome.

I'll finish now and if any readers are interested I will write more about London and share a few regional recipes with you. I have been to visit my daughter and her family in Gunterville and love the grand scenery, the beautiful lakes and trees - the sweetness of the people like Ron's mother and dad who have made Jane feel so very welcome in your lovely city. She doesn't feel homesick at all, and those people are really the salt of the earth.

Sincerely, Mrs. Margaret Reece

Old Substitute For Coffee

Take sound ripe acorns, wash them while in the shell, dry them, and parch until they open. Take the shell off, roast with a little bacon fat, grind, brew and you will have a splendid cup of coffee.

1863 Union Recipe book

Barb's Hot Pennsylvania Shrimp Dip

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

Put vegetables on bottom of crockpot or double boiler.

Put cream cheese on top, cook on low. Blend when cheese melts. Add shrimp right before serving. Should be served with Mexican style chips.



Spring Is
Just Around The Corner...
Time for Dilworth!

THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY
presents WILLIAMSBURG® Paint Colors

DILWORTH
LUMBER COMPANY

415 CHURCH NW • 539-4123



"Hell, That's a great idea. Dress the old man up in his uniform and we can make him a grand marshal or something. We can play up the "Old South", make the parade a success and get all kinds of free publicity."

They picked him up in one of those fancy convertible cars. They told him all he had to do was sit back and wave at people. He wasn't much to look at. The old gray uniform was threadbare and soiled from years of neglect. The shoulders it rested on were hunched with age. Watching the old man, you had to wonder what was going through his mind. The once proud soldier of a hundred battles, long ago, now sat perfectly still, silently watching the crowds." "The biggest crowd was around the reviewing stand. When the band saw the convertible approaching, they paused, and then began a loud stirring rendition of Dixie. The old man removed the tattered campaign hat from his head and held it against his breast, while the crowd hooped and hollered.

The car started moving again as the last strains of the Confederate battle song died away. After a brief pause to catch their breath, the band broke into a slow, sad rendition of the old Union standard, the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

"Stop," yelled the old man to the driver of the convertible. People grew silent, every eye was on the old man as he struggled to pull himself erect. Holding onto the back of the seat to give himself support, he raised his other hand to his forehead in salute, and held it there, trembling, as he turned to face the American flag.

John A Stegar was born on December 7, 1845, the son of Kennon H. Stegar. The elder Stegar had moved from Virginia and settled in Ryland, a few miles north of Huntsville, where he became a prosperous farmer.

When Alabama seceded from the Union in 1861, John, like all young men everywhere, was anxious to enlist. He was attending school in Ryland at the time and his father reminded him that 15 was too young to go off and be a soldier. The war became a reality early the next year when General Mitchell and his hated Yankee troops invaded Madison County, burning, looting and terrorizing at will.

These were dangerous times. The Yankees automatically suspected any young man as being a Rebel, while the Confederates assumed any young

The Last Soldier

Southern man not in uniform was a deserter, or even worse, a traitor.

On May 24, 1863, John Steger was sworn in as a private in the Confederate States of America Army. He had heard of Confederate forces camped at Brownsboro, and after receiving permission from his father, quickly made his way to join them.

The group he joined was Company G of Colonel William A. Johnson's 4th Calvary Regiment, which was then passing through Madison County after a raid into Tennessee. Johnson's regiment served in the brigade of General Philip Dale Roddy—the famous "Defender of North Alabama."

Steger's army life was filled with adventure, and the teen-age soldier quickly rose through the ranks to Sergeant. He served mainly in North Alabama and Mississippi, though he also saw combat in Tennessee and Georgia. His closest call came on June 10, 1864, at the battle of Brice's Crossroads, Miss. Roddy's men had ridden all day in the hot sun to reach the battlefield, but General Forrest ordered them into action almost immediately. When the calvary dismounted, the soldiers counted off and every fourth man was assigned as a horse holder. Steger was fortunate enough to be so designated. However, he traded places with another and charged with his comrades. As the Alabamians were driving back the Yankees, a bullet struck Stegar's cartridge box and cut the strap holding it to his side. A fraction of an inch closer and it would have seriously injured him.

Another of Steger's encounters took place quite close to home. In the fall of 1863, Roddy's horsemen had been sent to North Georgia. When they returned to Alabama, they found the Yankees in force at New Market. Steger and several others were sent to scout. Unfortunately, they were cut off by the enemy for several days. Steger suggested the men head for his father's house near Ryland. They reached the house late in the afternoon. Steger was about to approach the house when he was stopped by one of the families servants. The old black woman warned him that four yankees were already there. Steger and his companions waited until early morning, then they surprised the sleeping Yankees and captured them, without firing a shot.

After General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, word was slow to reach the scattered remnants of the Confederate Army still struggling in North Alabama. It was more than a month later, May 17, 1865, when General Roddey finally surrendered at Pond Springs (now Wheeler, Alabama)

For John Steger, like hundreds of thousands of other men, there was nothing else left to do except begin the long walk back home. Returning to Huntsville, he found a land that was completely devastated, with people starving and no way to earn a living.

Luckily, part of his fathers farm was still intact and he was able to return to farming. On January 19, 1870, he married Mary Simpson and with both of them working in the fields, was able to rebuild the rest of the farm.

When the United States went to war with Spain in 1898 there were reservations in parts of the South about putting on a Yankee uniform and fighting a Yankee war. Most people were content to sit back and see what would happen, but when General Joe Wheeler and General Fitzhugh Lee (late of the Confederate army) joined the hostilities, the mood changed in a hurry. Young men everywhere joined in droves. When John tried to enlist, he was told that he was too old; there were no openings for 53-year-old soldiers. Disappointed, he returned home and sent his two sons in his place.

Around the turn of the century, Steger became active in veteran's affairs. He served several times as commander of the Egbert J. Jones Camp,

continued on page 34

OFFICE WOMEN WITH JOB PROBLEMS?



SHARE PRESENT DAY EXAMPLES FOR BOOK:

If You Swim With Sharks... Bite Back!

Anonymous or actual names and places

Have you ever experienced:

- Co-workers jealous/untrustworthy • Monitored
- Threatened By Higher-ups • Rejected/Ostracized
- Grievance Department "Status Quo" • Nepotism/Politics
- Boss blinded by secretary • Inaccurate Job Description for Pay
- Framed/set-up • Afraid to "rock the boat!"

[CONFIDENTIAL]

In addition: 9 to 5 National Association of Working Women

Representative is founding a Chapter in Huntsville

(Independent of all other Women's Associations) - Member Welcome!

Mail responses to: P.O. Box 5834 Huntsville, AL 35814

Last Soldier continued from page 33

United Confederate Veterans, in Huntsville. Later he was elected Commander of the Third Alabama Brigade, and was often called by his honorary title of General, which went with the position.

To old to serve in another war, John was forced to fight the war sitting on a bench outside the old courthouse, swapping old wartime stories with his comrades.

Time began to pass by quickly. When automobiles became popular on Huntsville's muddy streets, John Steger was already too old to obtain a drivers license. The first war came and went with its bloody trench warfare and deadly machine gun nests. Every year would see fewer of John's

continued on page 35



The World's Only Albatross

In the golf world, only one man in history has recorded consecutive double eagles, the rarest of birds called an "albatross." Norman L. Manley did it in 1964 when he had consecutive holes-in-one on two par 4 holes: the 330-yard seventh hole and the 290-yard eighth hole at Del Valle Country Club in Saugus, California.

The Secret Of Beautiful Hair

Our nation spends about \$3 million per year on hair, for ingredients that promise to thicken, lengthen, produce more shine, etc. But what you eat is every bit as important to your skin, hair and health in general as any product you can put on it.

A basically unhealthy person will reflect that in the hair. If hair is dull, limp or otherwise sickly looking, you can bet that the person is, as well. Oftentimes stress can change the appearance of your hair. What grows on your head is a very good indicator of what's inside of it.

Unflavored gelatin powder makes for stronger hair. Wheat germ is a good source of the B vitamins, which is great for skin and hair. Vitamin E is known to reverse graying in hair, which is a symptom of body degeneration. It retards the aging process. Zinc will improve the hair's mettle, and it can be quickly depleted when a person is under stress. What's a good source of zinc? You - guessed it - wheat germ and brewer's yeast.

Try this mixture for a sure-fire way to improve the beauty of your hair: (from Jody Kolodzey, in Prevention magazine)

- 1 cup plain yogurt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 3 tablespoons wheat germ
- 3 tablespoons brewer's yeast
- 1 tablespoon lecithin granules
- 1 teaspoon vitamin C crystals
- 1 raw egg yolk
- 1 envelope (or 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin powder)
- honey to taste

Combine all ingredients and blend well until smooth. If you don't have a blender put all into a jar and shake. This makes a great breakfast and in a week or so you should see an improvement in your hair and nails. The vitamin B combats stress, the vitamin C will help during flu season and your body will thank you for this tonic.

comrades returning to share the bench and swap stories with him.

Prohibition was voted in, and then out. Our country was in the midst of the Depression when a group of men went to visit John and gave him the news.

A friend of John's had died and now he was the only surviving Confederate in Madison County.

It became harder for people to get him to talk about his service in the Confederacy. When war with Japan was declared in 1941, John Steger raised an American flag in his front yard. Every day, morning and night, it was raised and lowered for the duration of the war.

At the age of 99, no longer able to

take care of himself, he was forced to move in with his daughter in Birmingham. Shortly before his 100th birthday, he returned to Huntsville one last time, by airplane. Years before he had walked much of the same route, as a defeated soldier.

On Saturday morning, February 28, 1948, John Alexander Steger died. While the rest of the world worried about the Iron Curtain and atomic bombs, a few people gathered at Shilo Church in Ryland to pay their respects. Among the people gathered that day were veterans from the Second War, the First War and the Spanish American War. There were none from the Civil War.

John Steger was the last soldier.



The Tennessee Valley Authority has openings for both MALE and FEMALE Chemical Plant Operator-Trainees in the Department of Chemical Engineering, Wilson Dam, Alabama. Positions are classified at a beginning rate of \$1,140 per annum for those without experience. Qualified persons with previous experience in chemical plant operation or related work will be placed in positions classified at \$1,170, \$1,230, \$1,320 and \$1,440 per annum, depending upon previous experience. Persons selected for all positions will be placed in a comprehensive training program with opportunities for advancement in duties and salary according to ability shown.

Selections will be made from a register of eligible applicants who have passed an examination to be given on Saturday, June 27, 1942, at Sheffield High School, Sheffield, Alabama. All applicants for the examination must be citizens of the United States, must have completed the eighth grade, and must be physically capable of performing the work of the positions. Female applicants must have reached their 18th birthday and not have reached their 40th birthday as of the examination date. Male applicants must have reached their 18th birthday and not have reached their 50th birthday as of the examination date. Deferment from military service will not be requested for males selected for these positions. Persons interested should address a postal card (not a letter) postmarked not later than midnight, June 19, 1942, to Personnel Office, Tennessee Valley Authority Wilson Dam, Alabama. The postal card should contain only your full name, complete address, and name of the test, "Chemical Plant Operator-Trainee." Applicants will be notified when and where to report for the examination.

Taken from 1942 Newspaper



MONTE MCGEE'S

ALADDIN

TRAVEL AGENCY

"Where Your Travel Wish Comes True."

205-882-0233

FAX 882-3667 • 1900 Golf Rd SW Huntsville, AL 35802

Look For Our Red Machines Throughout Huntsville



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.

Thomas Drugs
Lucky's Grocery
Cousin's Car Wash
Swinney's Ice Cream
Nolen's Bar-B-Que
Great Spirits
Pearly Gates
Huntsville Animal Shelter
Kroger's
Village Shopping Center
Harco Drugs
Southtrust Bank
Buy Wise
Secor Bank
Big Ten Tires
Brooks & Collier
Red Rooster Antiques
Mullin's Restaurant
Bubba's Restaurant
Lewter's Hardware
Big Brother
Train Depot
5 Points Laundry
Hilton Hotel
Star Market
5 Points Restaurant
Zesto's
Eunice's Restaurant
Kaffeeklatsch
The Village Inn

Mullins Restaurant
Chevron Station
Dodge's Store
Little Farm Grocery
Duffy's Deli
Allied Photo
Wings Restaurant
Senior Center
Hospital Pharmacy
Dean Witter
Britling's Cafeteria
Monte Sano Country
Stapler's Sportwear
Dorothy's Restaurant
Madison Square Mall
Bagel Place
Stanelio's
Big Brother Grocery
Amberly Hotel
Great American Car Wash
Jade Palace
University Animal Hospital
Sanders Cleaners
Animal Medical Clinic
Hampton Inn
Red Hanger Cleaners
Wilson Cleaners
Madison Veterinary Association
Jim's Restaurant
Old Heidelberg
Holiday Inn
Ken's Hair
Southtrust Bank
Classic Cafe
Chi-Chi's
Cafe Ill
Walmart North
Bruno's (Darke & N. Pkwy)
Berlin Cafe



Some Advice To The Ladies

Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand, ladies, pass through the ordeal of eating soft-boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the tablecloth, the napkin and his shirt unspotted, take him. Try him next with a spare-rib. If he accomplished this feat without taking out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bone onto your lap, name the wedding day at once. He will do well for you to tie to.

1890 newspaper

'When I was small, my father used to carry me to the Big Spring Park. He said it was the one place in Huntsville that would never change.'

*Loretta Mullins,
Retired Mill Worker*

'It was better than picking cotton.'

*No Name
Retired Bootlegger*

'If I can make you laugh, cry or think, I have done my job.'

*Thomas Frazier,
Writer*



A Deadly Bouquet

A beautiful prima donna at Palermo recently had a large bouquet of flowers thrown at her while on stage. Upon picking it up a loud report followed and a bullet whistled past her head.

On examining the wicked infernal machine it was found to contain a revolver with the muzzle turned upward and the trigger placed so that it would discharge the weapon upon any person grasping the stem.

The dastardly act was traced to a lover and a Count whom the lady had recently refused.

From 1837 newspaper



Help Stop
Violence
Support Your
Neighborhood
Watch!

Cathey



She was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen; tall, dark haired, slender and mystifying. I couldn't tear my eyes away. It was dumb, the craziest thing in the world, but I was in love with her and didn't even know what her name was. She was also surrounded by other admiring men.

I set and watched her for a while, all the time telling myself, "Tom, you need this like a hole in the head." Quickly finishing my drink, I paid and left. The story would have probably ended there if I had not loitered outside long enough to see what kind of a car she was driving.

The next evening found me driving back by the KaffeeKlatch to see if perhaps she had stopped by again. The black Corvette was sitting in the same place. I remember making an excuse to myself, "one drink Tom, and you're gone."

She was sitting at the same table, again surrounded by another group of male admirers. Searching the faces of the men sitting at her table, I kind of recognized one of them. Bill, Joe, Sam or something or the other.

"What the Hell? What can it hurt?"

"Hey, Sam, how's it going? Oh, that's right...Bill. I keep getting you mixed up with that other guy."

Come on Bill, introduce me. Bill remains silent. How long can I stand there like a dummy? Buy them a drink, Tom....they'll have to invite you to join them.

"No thanks, Tom. We're about to leave."

"Let's have one more first. Hi, I'm Cathey. Why don't you pull up a chair and join us? What's your name?"

Putting on my most suave, debonair facade, I casually pull up a chair and nonchalantly join them. Thank God, she didn't see me light the wrong end of my cigarette. Better uncross your legs, Tom. I don't think your socks match.

Bill or Sam or whatever his name is, is telling a joke. It drags on. I remain silent...watching. Keep your mouth shut Tom, don't say the wrong thing and blow it. Be cool, she's looking at you.

"Tom, why are you so quite? What are thinking about?"

I casually stick both feet in my mouth. "I'm in lov.....Would you like to have another drink?"

Leave, Tom, before you make a bigger fool out of yourself. Look at their expressions. Are they laughing at you?

Everybody is leaving. Maybe she'll let me walk her to her car. Open the car door now, be a gentleman. Good, she wants to talk for a minute.

"Tom, you're different. Come on, what's been on your mind all night?"

Why not tell her? She'll say I'm crazy and then I can go on about my life. I don't need this.

"Cathey, you are going to marry me." There...I said it.

"Just when is this going to happen," she said as she laughed and tossed her dark hair back.

Damn! I hadn't thought about that. When?

"Oh, about October next year, I figure." Play Errol Flynn now. "Cathey, I know you think I'm nuts, but I warn you. I'm not sure who you are, but I'm in love with you." Did that sound suave enough? Pull your hand back, Tom, She's liable to slam the car door on it now.

Cathey looked at me with a quizzical look on her face. "You're serious aren't you?"

"Yep." Best John Wayne voice. "Now you're gonna tell me to get lost,...right?"

"Naw" she said with a twinkle in her eye as she started her Corvette and put it in gear, "I'm going to let you hang around. This next year might be fun." She pulled away from the curb, laughing, leaving me standing there wondering...The next October we were married. She never did notice my socks not matching.

By Thomas Frazier

"Oh, do be mine."

A young couple was occupying a rustic seat in Union Park one evening and from the expression on the man's face it was evident he was a "goner", drifted, as it were, over the great psychological Niagara of affection, and was even then being whirled about in the frothy whirlpool of sentiment. The swimming swans had no charm for him, the eagles were as nothing, and he did not even notice the Big White Bear.

"Oh, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer to him on the bench.

She made herself completely rigid and heaved a sigh.

"I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged.

No reply.

"I'll never drink another drop," he continued.

Still unrelentingly lay the object of his adoration.

"And give up chewing..."

No response.

"And smoking..."

Cold as ever.

"And join the church..."

She only shook her head.

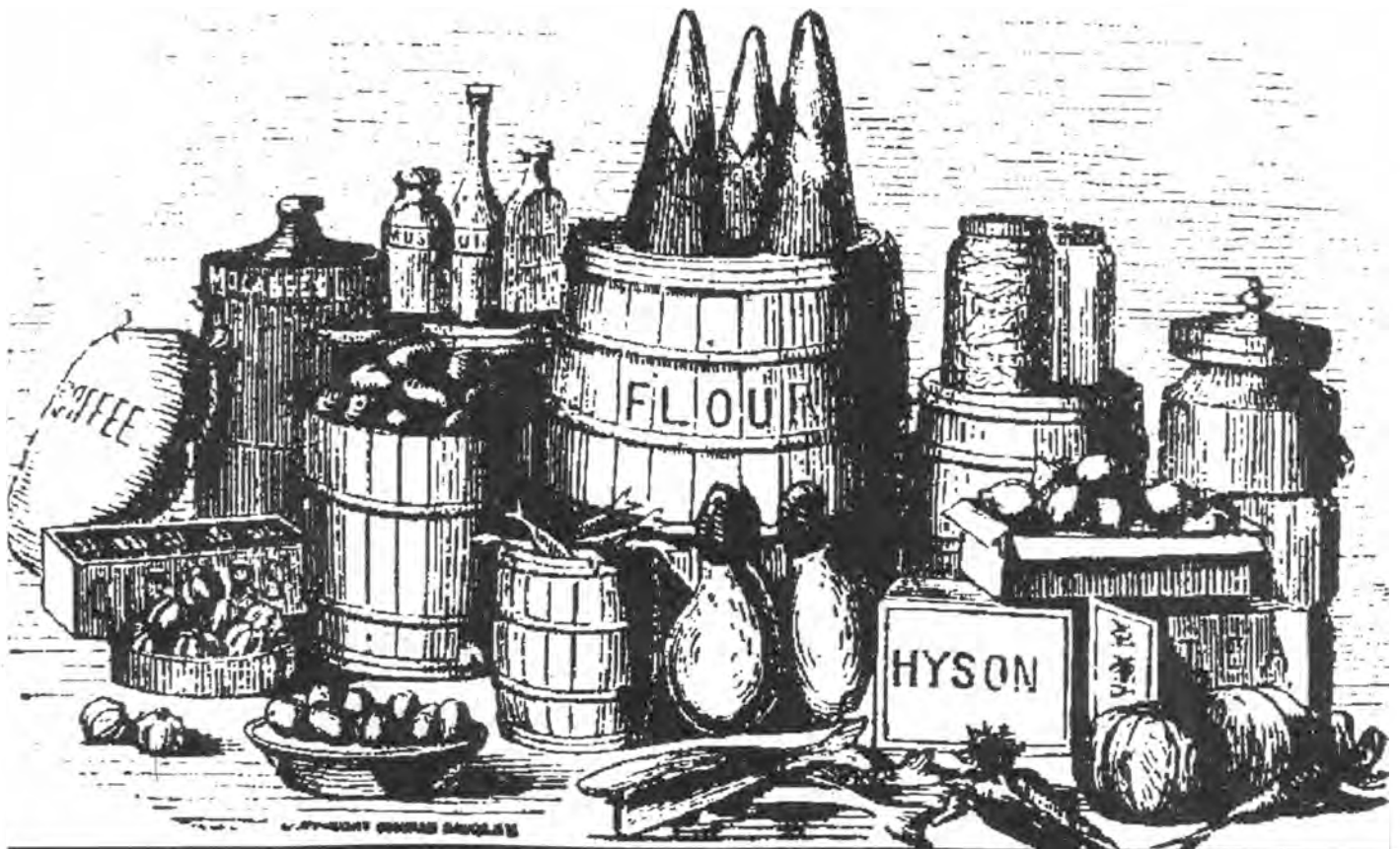
"And give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in desperation.

Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, leaning her blonde frizzles on his shoulder, and tremblingly murmured into his ravished ear,

"Oh, Edward, you...you are so good."

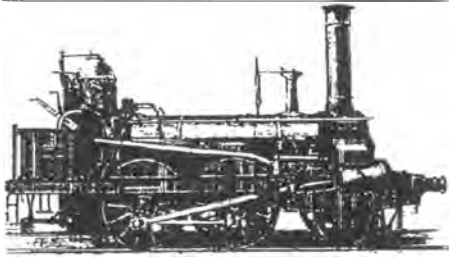
And there they sat and sat, until the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the glittering diamond ring—and he, of how in the world he was going to get it.

From 1875 Newspaper



STAR SUPERMARKET

702 PRATT AVENUE NE • 534-4509



It Made The Train Engineer Cry!

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer incidents happen to us while we run these trains," said the engineer. "I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a bit, but was still making good speed when suddenly, about 20 rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track."

"There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even slack much in that distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds, it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying my brake, I squeezed my eyes shut. I didn't want to see any more."

"As we slowed, my fireman stuck his head out the window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim, look here!'"

"I looked and there was this big Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, just walking leisurely as you please toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying so I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman kept on laughing - he thought it was funny as could be - but I started to cry. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home."

From 1879 Newspaper

A Guinness Saved, Is A Guinea Earned!

A Rhode Island paper tells us of a printer who, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer, put in the bank the exact amount he would have spent had he gone with them to drink.

He did this faithfully for five years.

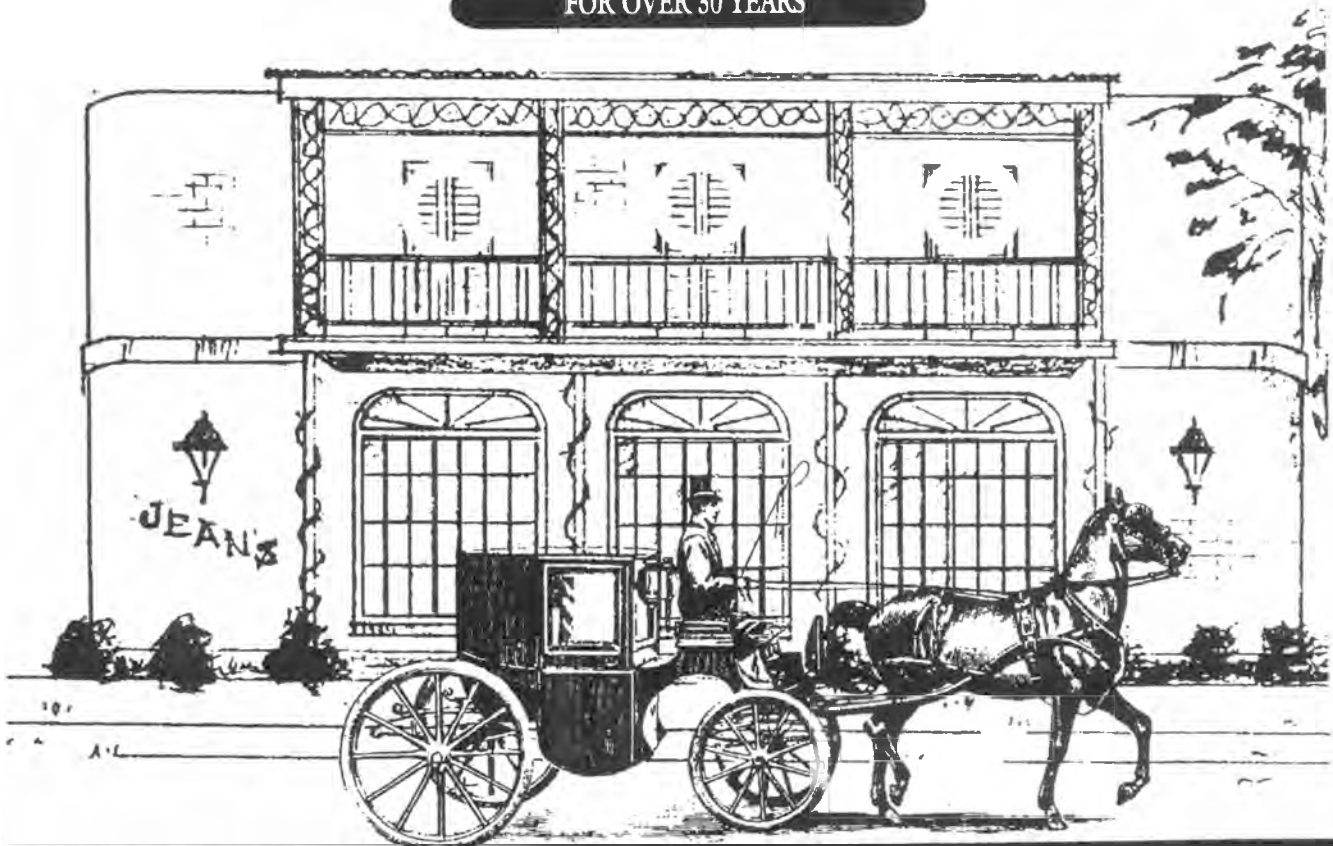
He then looked at his bank account, and found that he had laid up five hundred and twenty-one dollars and eighty-six cents. In five years he had not lost a day because of sickness. Three out of five of his fellow workmen had, in the meantime, become drunkards.

The water drinker then bought out the printing office, and in twenty years from the time he first put money in the bank, had laid aside a good many thousands of dollars.

The story teaches a lesson that every little boy should lay to heart.

From 1870 newspaper

FOR OVER 30 YEARS



Jean's on Franklin ~ Come In For Great Value
801 FRANKLIN • 539-4871

Wanted!

Great Looking Hair Cuts!



801-B FRANKLIN STREET SE • 539-6242

Newfangled Cinnamon Pecan Cake

Combine the following:
1/2 cups chopped pecans
1/3 cup raisins
1/4 cup sifted powdered sugar
1/4 cup softened butter
1/8 tsp ground cloves
1 tsp ground cinnamon
1 tsp almond flavoring

Unroll 1 package of 8 refrigerated breadsticks, and don't separate. Spread the mixture evenly over the dough. Fold in half lengthwise, seal long edges. Gently stretch the dough to a 24-inch strip. Twist a bit, shape into a circle on an ungreased baking sheet, seal ends. Bake at 350 for 20 minutes or til golden. Cool slightly, then drizzle with the following: 1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar, 2 tsp milk, 1/4 tsp vanilla. When this is done, sprinkle with 1/4 cup additional chopped pecans. Serve warm.

Skating Accident

Dashby didn't go to any New Year's Eve parties this year. It happened in this way.

He had a pretty servant girl, and on Christmas Eve he stole down into the kitchen with a box of stockings, a locket and a few other things, as a Christmas present. It was nearly dark in the room, but he was sure he saw her sitting near the stationary tubs, and so he stole up to her, put his arms around her neck, gave her two or three hearty kisses, and said, "Here, Polly, here is your Christmas box; keep it close so the old woman doesn't get her ugly eyes on it, and..."

He was about to continue when the figure struggled and got away, turning on the gas, and Dashby stood in the presence of his wife. Polly doesn't work there anymore, and Dashby has the cheek to say that those scratches on his face were caused by skating into a bramble bush the other day.

1870 Publication

When I Return at Night

*A sweet form at the gateway
Of childhood's gentle mould;
With sweet, blue eyes so tender,
And long, bright curls of gold.*

*A fair face at the doorway,
With loving smiles I see
On my return from duty,
When I at night am free.*

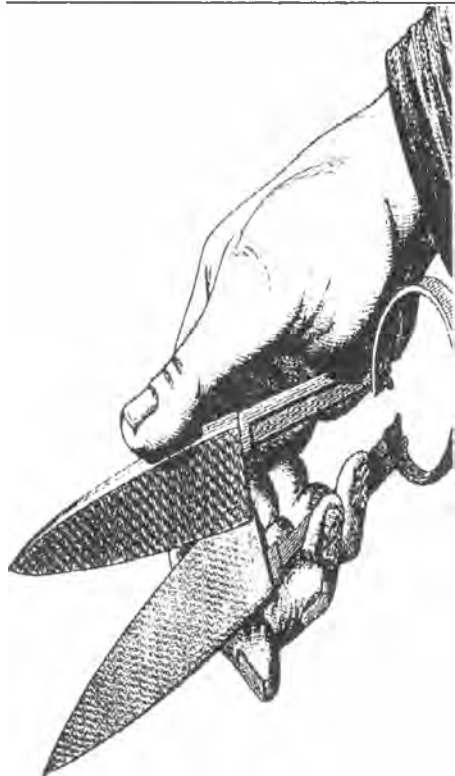
*Oh! How I love to linger
In love's sweet fairy bowers,
With those dear ones so constant,
To press away the hour.*

*There I forgot my trials,
In dear love's fond embrace,
For care is, in our cottage,
So largely out of place.*

*How through the day I ponder,
On joys that are to come,
When I return from duty,
To those I love at home.*

*How sweet to think that ever
Those dear ones watch for me,
When evening shadows gather,
How sweet thus to be loved.*

Addie Moore, 1874 poem



How to Remove Stains from those Porcelain Appliances

Discolored and stained porcelain never looks clean. Old stains respond well to a homemade cleaner made from naphtha soap. Shave one 6 1/2 ounce bar of the soap with 1/2 cup mineral spirits, into a 2-gallon bucket

filled with hot water. Brush the mixture onto the porcelain, and rinse well.

If you have a light-colored stain on porcelain, oftentimes it will respond well to the rubbing of a cut lemon. For a darker stain try scrubbing on a paste made of 3 parts cream of tartar to 1 part hydrogen peroxide.

Baking soda is great in removing many stains from porcelain, and is gentle enough not to scratch. Dip a clean damp cloth in the soda and rub over the stains til gone. Rinse well and wipe clean.

Recession Dress

Would you believe that you can make a real dress out of two sweatshirts? Thanks to Caron Cunningham, Facilities Administrator of CSC in Huntsville, for this unique idea. Here's how:

Buy two sweatshirts, about a size larger than you normally would buy. Lay them out on your bed.

Take scissors and cut one of the sweatshirts at the armpits of the shirt, so that you cut off the arms. Cut all the way around, you'll just have a baggy looking piece left, with the neck and arms in another piece. Throw that last one away, or use for dustcloths.

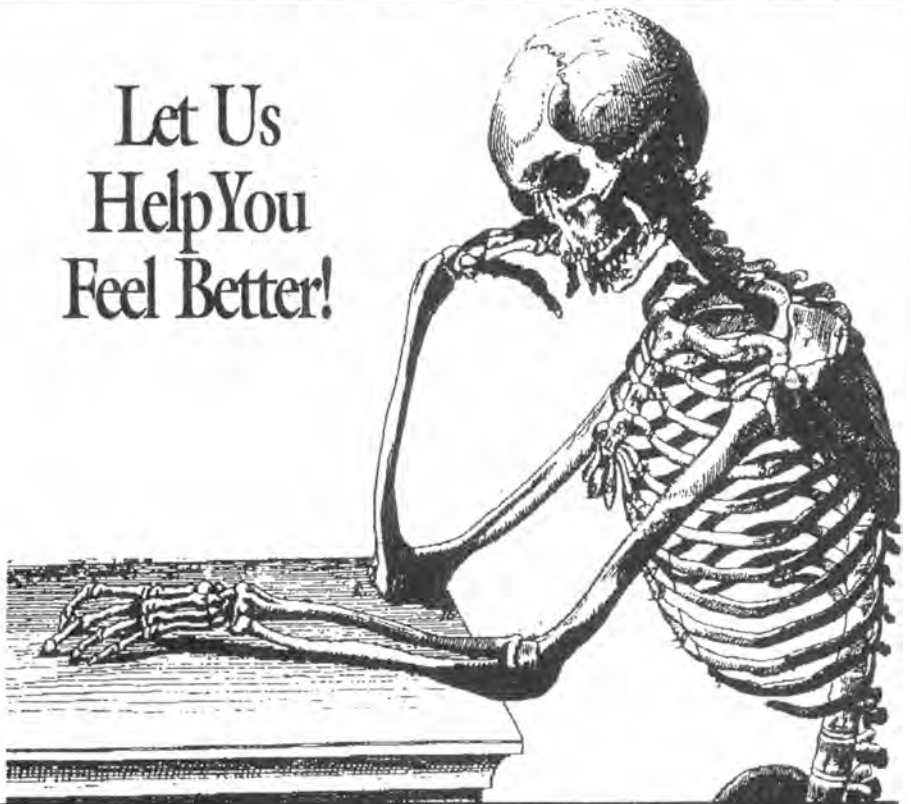
Now, take your whole sweatshirt, and turn inside out. Where the band is at the bottom, sew the left side of that seam to the right side of the partial sweatshirt top, where you cut it away from the sleeves.

Seamstresses will understand this immediately, for the rest of us the idea is that the band of the cut sweatshirt will be the bottom of your new dress. You will have a dropped waistband and a very comfortable dress.

Just add a couple of gold chains and you've got a work dress!

"Tired Of Your Backaches?"

Let Us
Help You
Feel Better!



Chafian

CHIROPRACTIC CENTER

CHAFIAN CHIROPRACTIC CENTER
964 AIRPORT ROAD • 880-0575



The Cup of Coffee That Made Huntsville Famous

It was a hot day in June, 1941, when Colonel Charles E. Loucks and his assistant checked into the old Russel Erskine Hotel. In the past month they had spent time in Florence, Tuscaloosa, Kansas City, St. Louis and Memphis. Anyone that has traveled much can imagine how tired they must have been.

After taking a shower and changing clothes, Colonel Loucks walked down to the hotel's restaurant. Deciding he wasn't very hungry, he ordered a cup of coffee, when to his mortification, he discovered he had left his wallet in the room. When the waiter returned with the coffee, the Colonel explained his predicament, promising to return with the money.

"Aw, don't worry about it. Sit back down and drink your coffee."

Amazed, not used to Huntsville hospitality, the Colonel sat back to enjoy his coffee when the waiter reappeared with a slice of apple pie.

"This ought to go good with your coffee, Sir."

The whole story might have ended with that free cup of coffee, if Colonel Louck had not been so impressed by Huntsville that he went back to Washington and recommended the city to his superiors.

One month later the War Department announced that Huntsville had been selected as the site for a chemical weapons manufacturing plant, upon Colonel Locks recommendation. This plant would become Redstone Arsenal.

Of course many other factors affected the choice, but for years afterwards, Colonel Lock would tell the story about the free cup of coffee that so impressed him.

Gibson's Bar~B~Que

S I N C E 1 9 5 6



**HICKORY SMOKED
BAR~B~QUE PORK
RIBS • BEEF • CHICKEN**

THREE LOCATIONS

3319 Memorial Pkwy ~ 881-4851
8412 Whitesburg Dr. S ~ 882-0841
815 Cook Avenue ~ 536-6741

What are the noblest gifts that women can bestow upon men? Lord Beaconsfield declared that all of his successes gave him satisfaction only in so far as he could lay his laurels at the feet of his wife. Women themselves are aware of the supreme charms that they exert, not only upon the imagination and sentiment of men, but also upon their individual talents and their reason.

Schelling, perhaps the most inspired writer in the literature of Germany, began to write when he saw his wife, and ceased to be an author when she died. The profound and the marvelous depth of a woman's affections are notorious.

1881 publication



The Right Way To Treat That Cast Iron Skillet

The best pans for cooking in the world are cast iron. But you have to be real careful to sweeten it right, and keep it that way. A good scouring after using will not do it. Here's how.

Cast iron is a porous material. It will absorb oil, which will form a sort of protective "seal" on the surface. It is the original "non-stick" material and will stay that way til someone scrubs it.

The best way to season a new skillet is this. Wash it in hot sudsy water, rinse and dry immediately. Then take hot bacon drippings and cover the inside with that. Place in a 300 degree oven for about two hours. Remove from oven, and wipe out excess fat with a paper towel. You're done! Re-season it every once in a while, but don't scrub! Cooking in deep oil occasionally will help sweeten it.

The Church With Its Own Beer Cooler

One of the stories of Old Huntsville that has almost been forgotten is the one about Faith Presbyterian and Cambron's nightclub.

As Huntsville began to grow in the late 50's, so did the need for more church space. A recently formed congregation of the Presbyterian Church had been meeting in members' homes and anywhere else they could find space to worship. As the membership grew, so did the need for a permanent meeting place.

The answer to their dilemma came one Sunday evening when Charley Motley, a member of the congregation was driving down Whitesburg Drive. Noticing a nightclub by the name of Cambron's, Charley paused and took a long look at it. Due to the Sunday Blue Laws of that time, nightclubs were not permitted to open on Sunday. "What a waste", Charley thought, "All that space not being used on the one day of the week when we could really use it."

It's hard to shock most nightclub operators, but when Mr. and Mrs. Motley walked in the darkened club and asked permission to use it for a church, Mr. Cambron was flabbergasted. "Ruby, come here", he said to his wife, "you gotta hear this."

As Mr. Motley explained their need, Mr. Cambron shook his head and decided, "Why not? If they're willing to help clean the place up on Sunday mornings, it will help me out too."

Over the next several months, a routine was established by the Faith Presbyterian Church that had to be unique in the annals of church history.

Church members would arrive early on Sunday morning and begin sweeping the floors. One person was assigned to empty ash trays, while others would clean table-tops and carry out trash. One member was even assigned the task of unplugging the juke box and turning off the neon sign that proclaimed Budweiser the "King of Beer."

The membership continued to grow, with Cambron's being the only nightclub in Huntsville with Bibles and textbooks stored in the back room. One oldtimer tells a story about a man who was in the habit of drinking too much on Saturday nights. After much persuasion, his neighbor finally talked him into going to church one Sunday morning, and as they got out of the car in front of Cambron's, the man paused, as if in reflection. "I've heard that guilty people always return to the scene of the crime," he said, "but isn't this just a little ridiculous?"

When Mr. Cambron offered to sell the property for \$1,000,000, with no money down, the Church quickly accepted the offer, becoming the only Presbyterian Church to ever purchase a nightclub.

The nightclub has long since been replaced by modern facilities and the church continues to flourish, only

OLD FASHIONED DELI SANDWICHES



LEONARD VerMEER & MARILYN VerMEER
- OWNERS -
The Village On Whitesburg
4800 Whitesburg Drive
881-5079

Help Stop Pet Poisonings!

Thousands of beloved pets are poisoned accidentally at home every year. It seems hard to believe this many die, but products that to us would be disgusting are quite tasty to animals. Often, it's the last thing they taste.

If you are aware of the following products that are appealing to dogs and cats, and take care to put them out of harm's way, a needless death can be avoided.

Household cleansers (ammonia, alcohol, kerosene, pine oil) are deadly if ingested. Never use to control litter box odor.

Aspirin is lethal to cats. Keep it out of their reach.

Dogs love the taste of anti-freeze - it is sweet - but it is also lethal.

Turpentine tastes good to both cats and dogs, but it can kill them.

Puppies can chew into containers that are "child-proof." Keep all prescriptions and over the counter preparations away.

Cough and cold remedies, as well as sedatives and all forms of heart, kidney and blood pressure medicine, are dangerous to pets.

Some more products to keep out of reach are insecticides, slug and snail poisons, bug spray, and poisons for mice and rats.

Some plants are deadly to pets. There are many, but they include tulips, poinsettias, schefflera, philodendra and mushrooms.

There are many more but this may give you an idea of what to keep away from your pet. If you are in doubt, assume it can hurt your animal. You won't regret it.



Extra! Extra! Read All About It!

If you enjoy the history that was once Huntsville...you'll love **Old Huntsville Magazine**. When it comes to extras, we have plenty! Extra stories about the people you've known for years as neighbors, home remedies, Huntsville trivia, down home recipes! If you would like to subscribe to Huntsville's best historical publication send \$15 to:



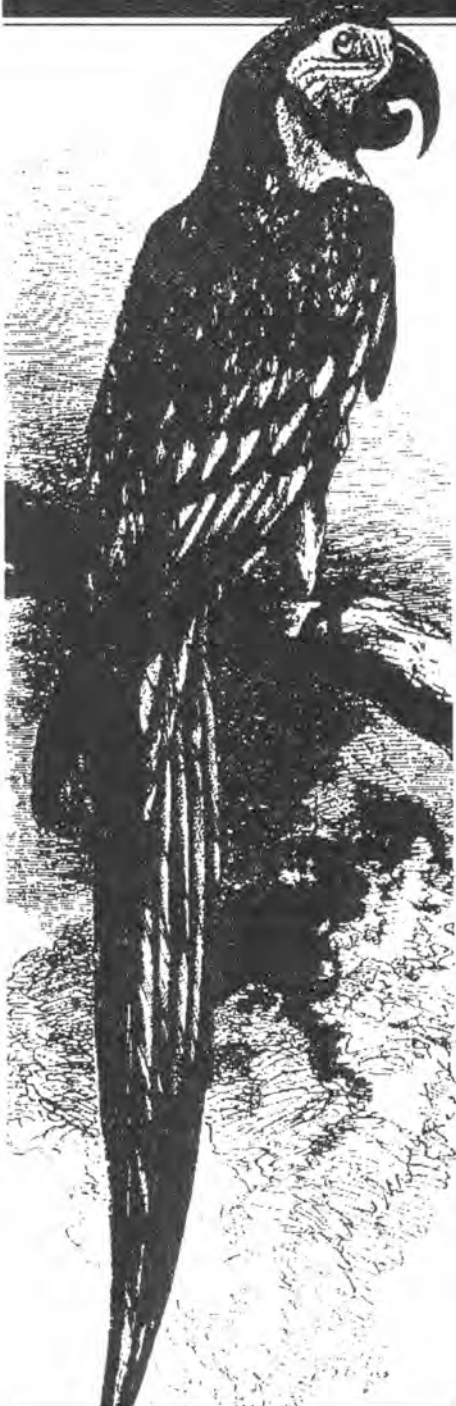
Old Huntsville
A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

Old Huntsville Magazine, Inc.
716 Clinton Avenue S.E.
Huntsville, AL 35801

Please Send A One Year Subscription Of Old Huntsville Magazine To:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____ Date: _____
How I Found Old Huntsville _____





A Story About A Bird

A young bird sat on the bough of a tree, and from pure gladness of heart he thought he would sing. His father was quite a beautiful singer, and his mother quite a tolerable chatterer, so he inherited a fine voice and all he needed to do was to give it proper cultivation.

He had begun to strike a few notes when the "bow wow" of a small dog frightened him, and away flew the bird in great chagrin, without waiting to see if the dog was barking at him or at his own tail.

For some time he would not try to sing again. He had noticed that the grove around him was full of birds. But as he gargled out a few notes, he noticed at a little distance a fine concert in progress.

"Oh," said he, "I'm not going to practice among all these old singers. How they would laugh at me! No, indeed, I'm not going to give them a chance to laugh at my blunders."

So he became silent while the charming concert went on the whole season through.

The other young birds warbled, and chirped, and tweeted, trilling the notes as they could, gaining a little every day, without at all thinking of who heard them and so, in time, became truly accomplished singers.

Our poor little bird, who was so foolish to be afraid to try before folks, because he was not already perfect, never found the time to practice much alone, and when he did, it did not seem to amount to much.

So with fine, natural powers, he grew up to be a very dull and dissatisfied bird, for want of true courage and independent character.

From 1870 newspaper

COMMON SENSE WAYS TO SAVE MONEY

Buy in bulk whenever you see your most-often used products on sale. Find a place in your home to store them and the savings will add up.

Always have a list with you when you go grocery shopping. Use coupons, try not to buy what is not on your list.

Save enough to make one or two extra house payments per year. This extra will go only toward your principal and will lessen the time it takes to pay off your home by years.

Try to pay with cash or checks, not credit cards.

Change over your credit cards to those offering lower finance rates, if you must use them.

If you're trying to fill up a new home and don't have much in your budget for furniture, shop in the antique malls and flea markets. You will find beautiful, one-of-a-kind items that will cost a lot less than brand new furniture.

Houseplants can fill up an empty home, and you have the extra benefits of saving money and freshening the air.

If you're an avid reader, frequent the used book stores.

Second-hand clothing stores offer unique items at cut-rate prices.

If you're in the market for a new dog or cat, check out the Humane Society. They often have pedigreed animals who may have to be put to sleep unless they are adopted, and the cost is small.

PRISSY'S
PET CENTER

7914 S MEMORIAL
PARKWAY
882-0137

If we cut our trees and sell them to foreign countries as lumber, we are depriving our children of their future!

Granny's Fresh Apple Cake

2 eggs	2 cups sugar
2 sticks margarine, softened	1/2 tsp salt
1 tsp soda	1 tbsp cinnamon
3 cups flour	3 cups diced apples
1 1/2 cups chopped pecans	

Mix thoroughly first six ingredients, then mix in flour. Mix in apples and nuts. Spray Bundt pan with Pam. Drop mixture evenly in pan and bake at 300 for 1 to 2 hours. Cake is very dense and moist.

*Name Brand Fashions For Boys & Girls
At Prices You'll Appreciate*



*Lollipop
Fashions*

TOT-TO-TEEN

PREEMIE, INFANT, TODDLER, CHILDREN'S
SIZES & GIRLS HALF SIZES UP TO 16-1/2

Nannette - Bryan - Peaches 'N' Cream
- House Of Hatten - Jack Tar - Feltam Bros
- Petit Ami - Jayne Copeland - Good Lad
- Her Majesty - Little Me - Mille Feuilles

200-1 Oakwood, Avenue
534-2468

The Bent Memorial

On Wednesday, the third of April, 1974, horror visited Huntsville.

A killer tornado roared across Redstone Arsenal, through the densely populated area off Patton Road, through Glenn'll Trailer Park to Parkway City, then through Thornton Acres, before lifting just east of Whitesburg Drive, jumping to the top of Monte Sano Mountain, then moving down the eastern slope where it continued on the ground for another 18 miles, all the way to the Madison County Fishing Lake.

This storm was actually tracked by the Weather Bureau for one hour and 46 minutes over a distance of 100 miles. The trail of death and destruction through the Arsenal and city staggers the imagination. Fourteen people were killed, over 100 were injured, and the monetary damage totalled untold millions of dollars.

Traces of the path of this terrible storm are today almost impossible to find. But, vivid memories must include white bed sheets caught in the green trees on the slope of Monte Sano.

On the first anniversary of this disaster, Mayor Joe Davis and a group of distinguished citizens planted 17 live oak trees in the medians of Williams and Monroe Streets near the Von Braun Civic Center in memory of the residents killed by this tornado.

However, standing proudly in front of Fire Station No. 7, on the South Parkway, is the real memorial to this tragedy. A bent flagpole, leaning in the direction of the storm winds, has waited patiently for 17 years to be recognized.

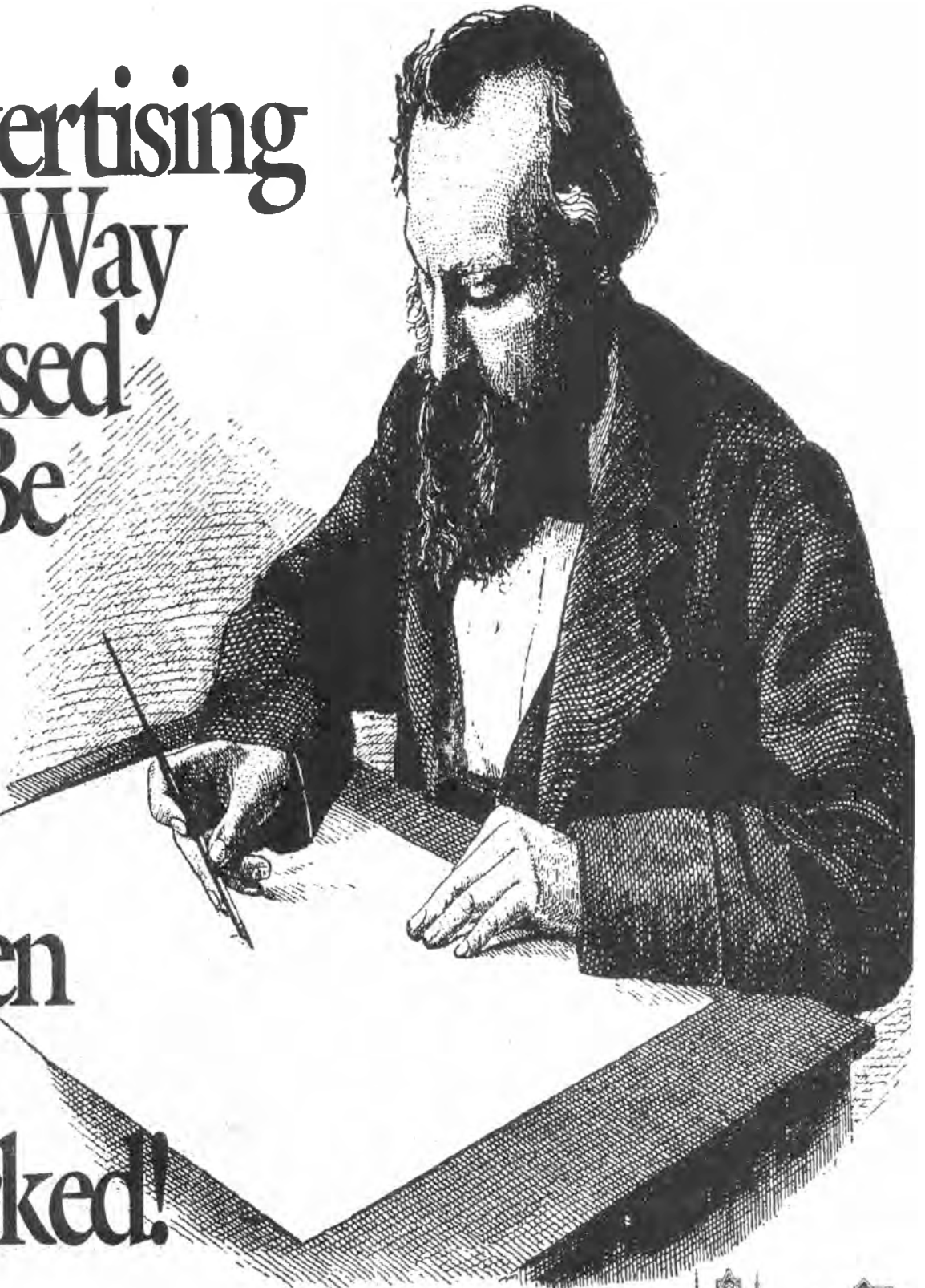
The original Fire Station was demolished during the storm, its flag torn away and "Mack" fire truck severely damaged. Fireman Junior Fisk's brand new Chevrolet pick-up truck, parked just outside, was totaled. Luckily the four men manning the Station escaped unhurt.

When you drive by this immaculate and well-kept Fire Station and wonder why the crooked flag pole, perhaps you will agree that it is a most appropriate way to remember what really happened here a long time ago.

Col. Steenburn

Advertising The Way It Used To Be

When It Worked!



Nobody does advertising like we do!
Let us put together something for your business.
We think you'll be happy with what you get!
Fax us your business card and let us do an
ad for you for free! Call 536-3002

