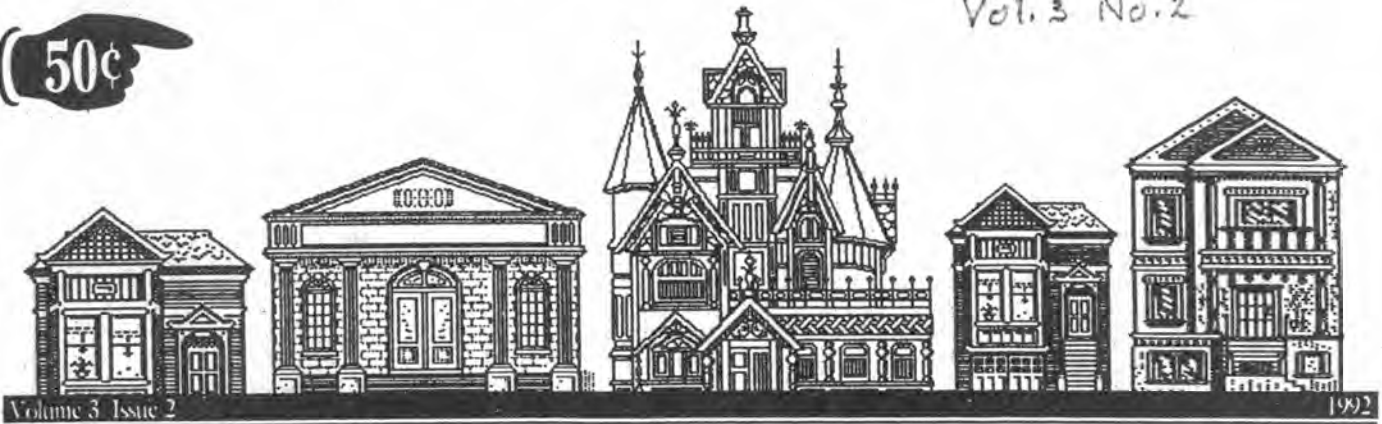


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Vol. 3 No. 2



Volume 3 Issue 2

1992

Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION OF RICHMOND HUNTSVILLE

Three Months To Live



She had dreamed of her wedding day for all of her young life. She imagined how her handsome husband would take her hand in his, and pledge his love to her until they were both old. But when that day came and Mary Chambers took her wedding vows with William D. Bibb, they both knew she would be dead in three months.



THREE MONTHS TO LIVE

BY CATHEY CARNEY

Mary Smith Chambers was born in 1816, daughter of Doctor Henry Chambers. She quickly grew into a beautiful young lady, adored by her family and friends.

Her father was an early Alabama legislator who had been born in Virginia. Upon graduation from William and Mary College in 1808, he studied medicine for a time before finally settling in the new territory called Alabama.

After serving as a surgeon on the staff of General Andrew Jackson during the War of 1812, he made his home in Huntsville and was elected a member of the state constitutional convention herein 1819. He was elected U.S. Senator and stayed in office until his death in 1826, while he was in route by horseback back to Washington.

The whole town began to take an interest in the father-less young lady, constantly speculating as to who would make a perfect match for her. The local gossips, after exhausting their limited list of possible candidates, quickly surmised that none were good enough for their Mary. But that was before the dashing and handsome William Bibb appeared on the scene. Everyone agreed that William Bibb and his brother, David Porter Bibb, of Belle Mina, were handsome, reckless, polished, and in short, everything a young lady could want in a husband. Their father was Thomas Bibb, second governor of Alabama and still one of the most prominent families in Alabama.

Whether by accident, or on purpose, both of the young people were invited to a

party arranged by mutual friends. It was here that the brothers met the two beautiful young ladies, Mary Chambers and her cousin, Mary Parrott Betts.

When the pair of brothers began courting the two cousins, the older people stood silently by, watching with approval. Relatives on both sides agreed that it was the perfect match. This courtship seemed the logical preliminary to unions that would connect these three prominent North Alabama names.

It was to no ones surprise, when the brothers asked for the hands of the two cousins in marriage in the fall of 1834. The two cousins accepted breathlessly. This was to be the biggest double wedding in the history of Alabama.

The occasion was to be the most elaborate the state had ever seen. Orders were sent to Paris for elegant wedding gowns to be handmade. Both trousseaus were to be prepared of the finest materials, and were to be the best the designer's could make. Food was ordered, plans were made and remade.

Party after party followed the two couples. The prominent of Madison and adjoining counties celebrated the upcoming event extensively. The date, however, was not yet set.

Christmas came and went with no word of the wedding day. January went by. No one knew what was causing the delay, but the couples seemed as much in love as usual. The real reason for the delay was the fact that the wedding dresses had not arrived. Tales circulated about the length of time goods took to arrive from France, the weeks of slow travel by boat to the mainland. The young ladies met every stagecoach as they rolled to a stop on the downtown square, only to be disappointed time after time again.

Finally, in early February, a large package arrived that definitely looked like wedding dresses. However, when it was opened the girls were heartbroken to discover that only one dress had been made - the seamstress had run out of material.

Days went by, then William Bibb and Mary Chambers declared their intention to marry at once, even though it meant there would be no double wedding. The other couple understood, and the family began making arrangements for the ceremony.

It was planned that the ceremony would take place at the Chambers home. Excitement increased every day. There was a whirlwind of activity, with sewing, flower arranging, cleaning, cooking and sending out invitations. Friends notified



Old Huntsville

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716 Clinton Avenue

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205-534-0502 or 536-3002

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them that they were coming from many other states. The couple was blissfully happy, and the older folks envied them. Then the unthinkable happened.

Just a few nights before the wedding, Mary's old Negro mamma called her and her cousin to her side. "Chilluns," she said, "yo' better tek some medicine 'fo this marriage comes off, 'cause yo' don't want yo' faces mussy when all dem good lookin' gen'mens gits here. I se gonna fix yo up some ahead of time, and den you'll be the prettiest things present."

The girls just laughed - they loved their old mamma and had been under her care since they were born. They trusted her and doted on her like she was their mother.

The old woman came back in a few minutes with a small glass of clear liquid. "What is it, Mamma? Will it make us more beautiful?"

"My chile, tain't nothin but salts," she said. "Tain't gwine hurt yo'."

The girls couldn't decide who would take it first.

continued page 4

*Show her
with
gifts
from*



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"You're the one getting married - you take it first," Mary Betts urged.

So Mary Chambers took the liquid in one gulp, making a face for her mamma's benefit. But as soon as she put the glass down, she knew something was terribly wrong.

"My throat hurts! What's wrong with me? Help me, Mary!"

While her cousin soothed her, the Negro mamma dashed into the other room, to return a moment later with her face covered in tears.

"Oh, what have I done to you?" She sobbed.

The "salts" had come from a bottle containing oxalic acid.

A doctor was sent for, and after examining Mary, rendered his opinion . . . The patient could only hope to live for a short time - three months at the longest.

In a few minutes the Chambers home was buried in a deep depression. William Bibb's fiancée could only live a short time - three months at the longest.

Physicians without the use of modern equipment were powerless to help in a poisoning case. It was a matter of Mary

slowly dying a painful death from an ulcerated stomach. William Bibb was out of his mind with grief when he was informed of the tragedy. For days he would not leave his sweetheart, holding her pale hand and kissing her forehead.

Then, one day for no reason, he said to his love, "Mary, you and I are going to be married immediately."

On February 26 an entirely different wedding than that which had been planned took place. Friends and relatives, trying to act cheerful, watched as Reverend John Allen, first Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, united Mary Chambers and William Bibb in holy wedlock. The poignancy of the moment was such that words couldn't describe.

Mary Bibb lived three months to the day from her wedding day. It was said later that those three months were the most precious in William Bibb's life. In her memory he built one of the finest monuments money could buy, and had it placed above her grave in Maple Hill Cemetery. It was the first mausoleum every built in the cemetery.

Across the face of this marker were inscribed the three major dates in Mary's life. It reads:

Mary S. Bibb
Wife of Wm. D. Bibb
Daughter of Doct. Henry Chambers
Born October, 1816
Married Feb. 24, 1835
Died May 26, 1835

One error was made, however. The actual wedding date was two days later than that shown - Feb. 24 was the date that the license was issued.

Many superstitions arose because of the unusual mausoleum. Some said that the tall mausoleum was placed there because the grave was that of a woman who died sitting up in a rocking chair, so that she had to be buried there. Some have even heard creaking in the vicinity of the grave at night.

So if you are ever walking through Maple Hill and happen to go near the grave of Mary Bibb, try to remember her as she was, when she was young and in love. ■

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Charged With Writing Long, Loving Letters To Another's Wife

W.D. Webster was Entrapped on Sixth Avenue. He Pleaded and Begged Piteously, But to No Avail He is a Mail Carrier

SPECIAL, May 19, 1893—"I am waiting for you, my darling; be sure and do not disappoint me. Why don't you come? W.D. Webster."

This was a note received last night by Mrs. M.A. Deacy, and it was delivered by a sable son of Ham.

Mrs. Deacy resides at the home of Mr. McDuffy, 721 Twenty-fourth street, and is a nice, respectable lady. Her husband is in Florida on a business trip.

Last Sunday she was handed a letter by a mail carrier. He stated to her that he had discovered the letter in the office and thought he would deliver it. The home of Mrs. Deacy is not on his route. The letter was a three page effusion filled with endearing expressions of love and affection. It was signed by W.D. Webster. Mr. "Webster" called her his darling and told her that she should never want for anything and begged her to meet him at the corner of Triana and Sixth avenue Tuesday night.

Mrs. Deacy was surprised. She did not know any such man and was at a loss to understand it. She consulted Officer Gamble and a plot was arranged to catch the ardent admirer.

She went to the appointed place Tuesday night, but Mr. "Webster" did not put in an appearance.

The next day Mrs. Deacy received another long letter from Mr. "Webster," in which he expressed his regrets at not being able to meet her. He again repeated his speeches of love and admiration for her and begged her to meet him Thursday night. He stated that she would be surprised to know who he was, and that she should always be happy, basking in the sunshine of his love.

Office Gamble was posted again, and last night before 8 o'clock the Lothario made his appearance at the appointed corner and paced the blocks on both sides the street for half an hour, anxiously awaiting the coming of his lady love.

The time dragged along slowly, and he became impatient and wrote the above note and sent it to Mrs. Deacy.

The officer was at hand and in hiding nearby.

She told the negro to tell Mr. "Webster" that she would be there as soon as she could finish dressing.

In due time she appeared on the streets and walked on in the direction of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue.

When near the corner a neatly dressed middle-aged man, with shining boots, collar and cuffs, briskly walked along behind her from the alley. He walked up to her and took her by the arm and said: "Why, howdy do, howdy do. Why ain't you surprised to me here?"

The lady was quite self-possessed and replied: "Well, no not very much." She recognized him.

He said, "Well, which way shall we go?" By this time Officer Gamble walked up and said, "You will consider yourself under arrest and go with me, Mr. Webster."

Mr. "Webster" said, "What have I done to be arrested?"

The officer replied: "Well, that is all right about that; you will consider yourself under arrest."

Mr. "Webster" wilted and said, "All right."

The policeman searched the prisoner and found a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson pistol on him, and said: "Well, we will go on down to the drugstore and telephone for the patrol wagon."

They proceeded on to the drugstore of Dr. Riley, on Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third street. Mr. "Webster" said, "I can show letters from the woman where she encouraged me in writing to her."

After they got to the drugstore he showed the officer the letters he had received.

The officer asked him if the letters were written by Mrs. Deacy.

Mr. Webster said the writing he knew to be by Mrs. Deacy.

The letters the officer recognized as his own writing, which was a part of the plot.

Mrs. Deacy denied the writing, of course, and the distributor of Uncle Sam's mail pleaded with her not to be too hard on him, for he already was in enough trouble.

The prisoner tried to arrange the case with money, but Mr. McDuffy, the landlord where Mrs. Deacy boarded, would have none of it, and the officer landed "Webster" in the city bastille in due and proper form.

When the officer left Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, Mr. Webster stated that he wanted to get his brother.

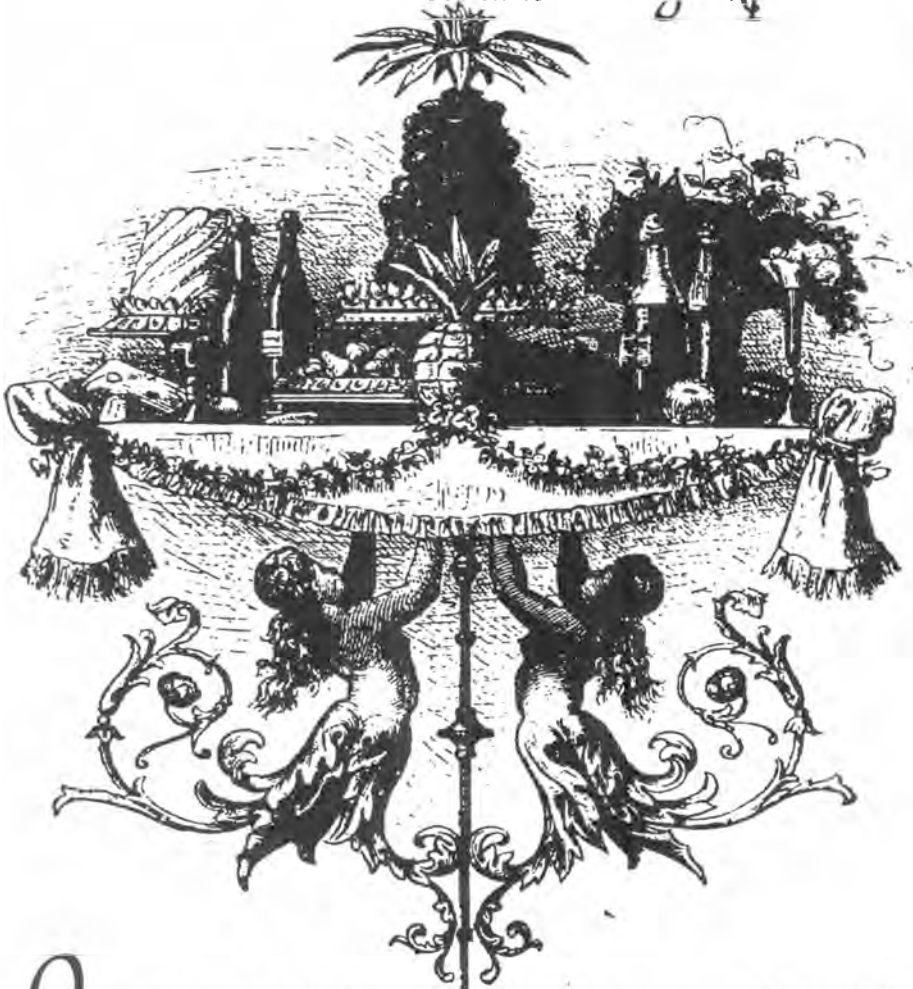


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About this time a young man about 24 years old appeared around the corner and came up. He proved to be the same individual who was seen across the street in front of Mrs. Deacy's boarding house, when she came out to go to Sixth avenue. He followed her down to Sixth avenue and crossed and walked along on the opposite side.

He was arrested also and lodged in jail. Mr. "Webster" also stated that Will Whithead was implicated in the scheme. He was also arrested last night.

It was a pretty smooth piece of work and the plot was carried out to the letter. The unfortunates will have a hearing this morning before Recorder McCrossin, and will doubtless find their passes awaiting them for entrance into the big rock jail. ■



For The Croup

Wring a linen cloth - cotton will do - but linen is preferable - out of cold water, place it upon the child's throat and chest, and then fold a dry flannel wrap carefully over it. Warm the child's feet with hot stones if necessary, and cover it with plenty of bed-clothes, and let it go to sleep. When it wakes, you cannot even perceive that it has a cold. It acts like a little charm.

From 1880 Newspaper



THE WRONG SIDE

Most people in Huntsville are familiar with the statue of the Confederate soldier standing next to the courthouse. And almost any school boy can tell you stories about our Heros of the Confederacy such as Leroy Pope Walker and John Morgan.

But the most ironic untold story of a Civil War hero can be found inside the Madison County Courthouse. If you wander around the bottom floor you will see a display on one wall honoring natives of Madison County who fought in our wars. Among the many names listed you will see Richard Taylor, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honer for capturing an enemy flag during the Civil War.

The flag was a Confederate flag and Richard Taylor, a native of Madison county, was fighting for the other side.

Richard Taylor was born just south of New Market around 1833, the oldest of ten children. His father, James, was a shoemaker and from all indications not very prosperous. There are no records of the family buying or selling any property in Madison County.

In the 1850s Taylor moved to Daviess County, near Washington, Indiana. His family remained in Madison County. Family tradition indicates he worked as a stationary Engineer in a flour mill.

When the Civil War began, Richard immediately enlisted as a Union soldier. His enlistment was for three years and his occupation was listed as an Engineer. On January 1, 1864 while stationed at Indianola Texas, he re enlisted with the rank of Private.

Meanwhile, back in Madison county, evidence suggests his brothers enlisting in the Confederate Army. Most historians would agree that the family was not very close!

In June 1864, Taylor's Regiment received orders to Washington D.C. to help defend the Capital. Confederate General Early had moved his Army to within five miles of the Capital before being repulsed. On October 19th, General Early, in a surprise move, again moved his troops northward to Cedar Creek, Virginia. In the bitter fighting that took place, Richard Taylor managed to capture a Confederate flag, and for his bravery, was awarded the congressional Medal of Honer. The citation is the shortest one ever presented: "Capture of flag." Opposing Taylor and his Regiment were four Confederate infantry units from Alabama.

At the end of the hostilities, Taylor was mustered out of the Union Army in Darrien, Georgia on August 28, 1865. Rather than return to his family in Madison County, he chose to make his home in Indiana, where he died in 1890. After the war he never saw his brothers and sisters again. Years later, his granddaughter would recall, "He never talked about his family in Alabama."

Over a hundred years passed before Madison County would recognize Richard Taylor as a Civil War hero.



Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelic M. Owens

When the real cold weather arrives, and we see our first powdering of snow on the driveway and the roof tops, the first thought to many of us is - do I have anti-freeze in the car? Are the outside water pipes protected against the cold? These are important concerns, but there is a more important concern, especially to older people during the cold weather, and that is hypothermia and frostbite.

Every winter, illnesses and even deaths result from over-exposure to cold temperatures. Hypothermia is a serious condition and occurs when the body loses more heat than it can generate. The body temperature drops and the victim may become unconscious, or lose the ability to think clearly to seek help and protection from the cold.

Being out in the cold for a long period of time can also cause frostbite. The signal for frostbite includes paleness, and a loss of sensation in the tips of the fingers, toes, nose and the tips of ears. These conditions can be prevented by dressing properly for the cold weather and avoiding long periods out in the cold.

If you plan to be outdoors for an extended period of time, stay warm, dry and comfortable. Make sure you have a pair of long-johns underneath your outer clothing. Pants or slacks are better than skirts. Wear mittens instead of gloves and wear a hat or some protective covering for the head. If possible, have a supply of hot snacks such as soups, broths, hot cocoa, etc. on hand, or close by.

A person suffering from over-exposure to extreme temperatures should be removed to a dry, warm location and given hot liquids. Any wet clothing should be removed. Wrapping warmly is better than extra heat, such as hot water bottles. Never give alcohol, tranquilizers, sedatives or pain killers. Each of these slows the body's warming process.





HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Sure-Fire Biscuits

Sift four hands full of flour into the breadpan. In the middle of it make a hole, put in about 2 spoons of baking powder with about 1 spoon salt. Scoop up about a half hand full of lard and put that in too.

Mix about a cup of buttermilk with some soda and pour into the mixture. Mix it with hands and roll out biscuits. Put them into a hot wood stove oven for a few minutes and have everything else ready to eat. (Eggs, ham or sausage, grits and gravy, butter and jelly and preserves, strong black coffee and sweet milk.)

Mrs. Drew Bailey

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.

"A great way to start the day!"

Never use a tree for firewood that has been struck by lightning.

If you get a small hole in your rubber glove, turn it inside out, put a piece of scotch tape over the hole and turn right side out.

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

Brush milk or cream on top of a two-crust pie for nicer browning of the crust.

Use leftover wallpaper to decorate some of the accessories in the same room, also good to line dresser drawers, also can be used for wrapping paper.

Jam or jelly that is hard or sugary will be like new if you leave it in a warm oven until the sugar softens.

Cream can be frozen in glass jars and kept for six months.

Tape your fingers before grating or chopping with a sharp knife. Remove tape when finished and all your fingers will be in good condition.



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A GOOD SCHOOL TRADE

It was the spring of 1924. I had a new little baby brother and Mother was not able to get outside. She washed his little clothes but she said the diapers needed to be boiled.

I was sure that I could do this task - the wash kettle was down by the spring, so I was soon breaking up brush & limbs to make a fire, after I had filled the kettle. They came out nice, but I still must rub them out on the wash board.

I poured the water over the fire and with diapers stacked in a large dish pan, I started for the house. On each side of the path was winter wheat stubble, where Daddy had cut it with a cradle.

I don't know when I became aware of something watching me. I looked around and out of the corner of my eye I saw the face of a black racer snake! It was standing up on its tail, and it was as tall as I was. It started to come toward me.

The diapers went one way and I went up the field, the quickest way I could. I was screaming and crying. Mother rushed to the door expecting the worst. I was so excited that I could not speak for a few minutes. Between shudders and sobs, I told her about the snake chasing me.

She said that very often black racers would chase you, especially in the early spring. She thought that maybe I had disturbed a nest of eggs, while I was getting the brush for the fire.

Then I remembered the pan of diapers. I cried and said that I couldn't go back and let that old snake get me. Mother said that the snake was probably a half mile away by now. She said that I must return to where it had all taken place, or I would always be afraid.

It was the hardest thing I ever did, but I did go and get the wash pan and diapers. Some of them had dirt on them, and Mother rinsed them out, and I hung them in the bright sunshine.

I lived out on Lincoln Road at the edge of Lincoln County, Tennessee for many years, but I never heard of anyone else being run off by a black racer snake.

Nell Rutledge Porter
Huntsville, Alabama

THE KIND OF BUSINESS DONE BY CANDY AND CIGARETTE SHOPS IN NEW YORK

"Candy, cigars, stationery and notion store; doing good school trade. East St."
"Candy store, opposite big public school; first class trade in confectionery, cigarettes and stationery. Apply at West—St."

A young man with a few hundred dollars to invest answered several of these advertisements. In each case he found a small dingy shop with great heaps of painted candy, packages of cheap cigarettes and plentiful supplies of blood and thunder literature on the shelves. A few dusty school books completed the stock. In each case, too, the little shop was near a public school. Some nestled close up to the big buildings. Others were across the street or on corners diagonally situated. All were less than a stone's throw distant.

"Our trade comes almost exclusively from the school children," said the proprietor of one grimy little shop. "They are lively customers before and after school and at recess. This is the dull season, because vacation has just begun. Trade will pick up again in September. Then it is sure and steady until spring. Last year I made a net profit of no less than \$1,200."

"The demand for school books must be pretty heavy."

"Oh, no, we sell very few school books."

"What do you sell that makes your trade so profitable?"

"Candy and cigarettes principally. You'd be surprised at the quantity of candy those youngsters devour. The little boys and girls rush in here with their pennies and buy a stick of painted candy whenever they get the chance. All the larger boys buy a cigarette or two every day. It's only a penny business, of course, with penny profits. But when you take care of the pennies, the dollars 'll take care of themselves, you know. Why, I made \$500 clear profit last year on candies alone. For, to tell the truth, the sweet stuff is the very cheapest sort. But the children like it just as well. I wouldn't sell out at all if it were not that I am going to leave town before fall, when trade will be resumed at the liveliest."

Similar statements were made by all the other candy store advertisers and strong inducements to purchase were held out to the young man. Being of a nice moral sense, however, he decided not to invest in a business which seemed to him like corrupting the rising generation by supplying them with cheap and perhaps poisonous painted candy and cigarettes. This idea impressed him so strongly that he asked a school principal about it.

"You are right," said he. "This candy shop business is one of the most pernicious features of school life. We call the shops 'candy sells.' The red, green, blue and yellow coloring matter annually used in its manufacture would paint the town in alternate stripes from the Battery to Harlem bridge. Five cents' worth of the stuff would lay a professional athlete on his back for a week, but a forty-pound schoolboy can consume five cents' worth every day for six months and be a sixty-pound schoolboy at the end of that period. The ways of the infantile stomach are inscrutable, and even the candy shop cannot affect it. Still, these 'candy sells' are literally training schools for future generations of dyspeptic and men with handmade sets of teeth. But we are powerless to prevent it."

Taken from a New York Newspaper, 1887



Beware Of Blue Gums!

Policeman W.J. Yorke, of Mobile, while arresting a drunk recently was bitten in the hand by the man, and the hand became greatly inflamed and swollen. In Febuary last Policeman John King was bitten in a similar manner by a man whom he had under arrest. In two days King's hand swelled, and then the inflammation attacked his arms and legs, and for two weeks his life was in danger. Since then he has been slowly recovering, but is not yet able to put his right foot on the ground. The on-lookers declared that the man had blue gums, and that only those with blue gums have poisonous bites. This belief is generally held, and some people have, it seems an aphorism: "Don't fight with a blue-gummed man." Much interest was taken in King's case, and as soon as Yorke was bitten, an examination of the man was made, and it was discovered that his gums are of a decidedly blue color. In both cases of biting the men were very deeply enraged.

1871 Newspaper

Failures are more commonly caused by having made no choice than by wrong decisions.

*Larry Turner
Mechanic*

Almost every political speech has a happy ending - when it's over

Laurie Deavers, Housewife



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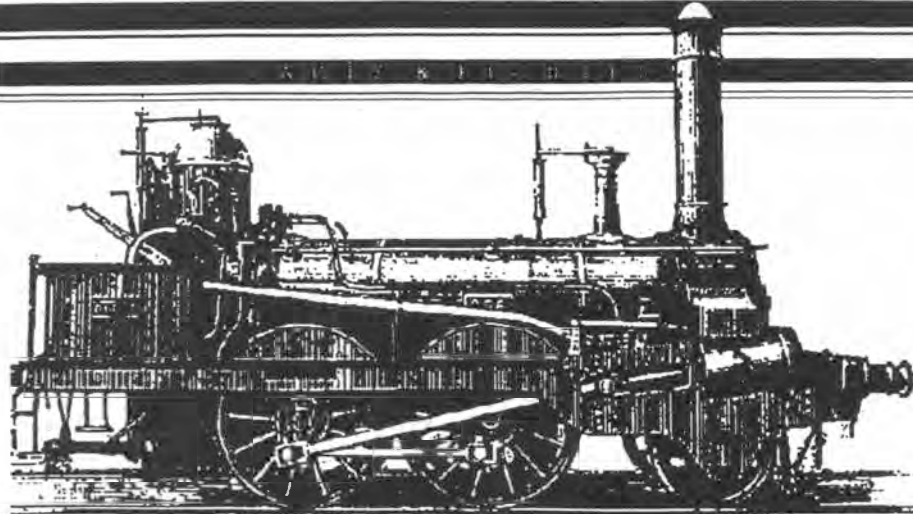
Will Not Affect Mills

New Child Labor Law Will Not Hurt Factory At Huntsville

Huntsville, April 8 (Special). The new child labor law adopted by the Alabama legislature will not affect any of the cotton mills or any other industrial enterprises in Huntsville, all published reports to the contrary. The report had been circulated that the operation of the law would compel 300 children to quit working in the Dallas mills, but this is emphatically denied by W. R. Rison, general manager of the Dallas company.

Mr. Rison states that it is against the rules of the company to employ any child under 12 years of age, and if there are any younger operatives, their ages have been misrepresented by their parents. All other cotton mills in Huntsville have the same rules.

From 1903 Birmingham Newspaper



RUMORS & HEARSAY

Old Huntsville Trivia

1808

Stephen Neal, Sheriff, gives the oath of office to William Winston, Madison County's first Representative.

1809

Federal soldiers are used to evict ninety three families that had settled illegally on Indian lands. When the soldiers left, the families moved back.

1811

Madison County, with a 22 square mile area, produces twice the amount of cotton than any county in the country for its size.

1815

A candle factory opens in Huntsville. The following year it was destroyed by a fire caused by a flame.

1822

Huntsville's city council authorizes the expenditure of \$1200.00 for a fire engine. Mr. J.J. Fackler, city treasurer, traveled to Philadelphia to purchase it.

1852

Citizens are in an uproar over the high salaries being paid to their elected officials. The Mayor was making \$300.00 a year, the clerk \$100.00, and the Marshall \$500.00.

1853

The Sons of Temperance Society reports that "King Alcohol" has been driven from Maysville and not even a gallon of "Ardent Spirits or A retail Liquor could be found within the village limits."

1887

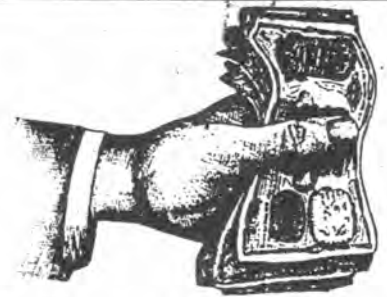
Over 4000 people gather at New Market to celebrate the opening of the depot and arrival of the first train.

1891

The announcement that Dallas Cotton mills will be located in Huntsville is greeted with wide spread jubilation. Huntsville has a population of 1,327 citizens.

1899

The City Council passes an ordinance forbidding any female to enter a billiard or pool room.



"Bank Nite"

by Walt Terry

"Bank Nite" at the Lyric Theater, during those bleak depression days of the 1930's, offered one night a week of possible sudden wealth—a lordly sum of up to \$100 or \$150 to the lucky ticket holder. For the brief period they were held, my parents and I seldom missed one of these exciting events. On one of those nights in late spring or early summer, there was a sudden loud swishing noise accompanied by two impressive puffs of "smoke" above the stage at ticket drawingtime. Somebody yelled, "Fire!" In the packed house an immediate frantic scramble for the doors began.

My good mother, school teacher to the very end if necessary, climbed high on her seat calling out: "Stay calm! Don't panic! Leave in an orderly fashion!"

With the cringing social self-consciousness of a teenager, I felt more embarrassment than I did fear, especially since it turned out to be a false alarm; the "smoke" turned out to be clouds of dust from the big ventilating blowers on their first start-up of the season.

And there was my own mother, standing tall on her seat, visible to the whole world, calling out to the crowd like a carnival barker.

It wasn't until years later, when I had learned some approximation of timely level-headedness, that I could appreciate hers.

Anybody can be happy while busy - it's not so easy to be happy doing nothing
June Ingram, Therapist





This Auction Business

By Bob Baker, Pratt Avenue Antique Mall

My back hurts, my feet hurt and my eyes are tired. Sorry to complain so, but I just returned from a marathon six-hour auction and I left before it was over! I didn't need to stay - all the items I had been interested in sold and I no longer have the fascination I once had for such events. After twenty years of attending them, I have found the limit of my enjoyment and can leave. No guilt, no real interest in what the remaining items will bring. I get what I want and go home.

But sometimes I get what I don't want and that's why I'm sitting here at my word processor writing this. Perhaps it will save you aggravation and protect your investment if you are buying with that in mind. I don't think there's anything worse than bringing home that wonderful bargain or that expensive-looking piece that is cracked, a put-together or a little unsound in construction (As you're unloading it three legs suddenly plunge to the ground).

All of the above has happened to

me. A few years ago I bought a great looking drop leaf dining room table. I got it for a steal. I couldn't believe no one was bidding! Were they blind? Ignorant of its potential value? Asleep?

The mystery of my bargain unfolded when I noticed, well, that it looked a little funny. It sat in the shop and seemed to glare at me. It gave off some strange sort of energy as a friend of mine might say. So, taking the bull by the horns, I did the simple thing I should have done at the auction. I looked underneath, where the legs are attached to the top. Something I had failed to do at the auction. In fact, I had not examined the piece at all before the sale, it came up and I just bought it. Well, those legs had never seen what was attached to them. It was two tables put together.

OK, you might say, no big deal. Just put a price on it and get rid of it. Let someone else worry about it or not realize that they are getting. That would be fine except it's not the way I want to run my business. A customer should know what they are getting and I don't like to sell tainted merchandise. I immediately called the auction where I bought the table, told them what the problem was and they told me to return the item for a full refund. Very nice of them. That's why I've done business with them all these years. I'm just glad they couldn't see my red face over the whole mess. I should know better after all these years. I should know to always look closely at what I am going to buy. But I'm only human, impulsive and sometimes too eager.

So, look things over before you buy them. Auctions are busy places, they can't know everything. They may fail to say there's damage on a piece because they may not know it's damaged. There's nothing wrong in buying an item, going and then looking it over and if it's not what they said it was, tell them and let them put the item back up for sale. Don't think you will win any popularity prizes if you do this, but if it's their failure to call damaged items, it may just make them be more careful in the future. Like I try to be.

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Away Back Yonder

Some people are in the habit of saying "away back yonder in the good old time". Out upon such silly stuff! The "away back yonder" was not nearly as good as the living, breathing present. Away back yonder a farmer put a stone in his bag and a bushel of corn in the other, and throwing it across his horse's back, carried it to the mill - five, ten and fifteen miles away. Now he does no such thing.

Away back yonder before the days of lucifer matches, when a farmer allowed his fire to go out, he was compelled to borrow a chunk of hot wood, or to get down on his knees and strike a flint, a painful operation to be sure.

Away back yonder, before the days of sewing machines, the good housewife sat far up into the hours of the night plying her needle, while her back, her eyes and heart ached almost beyond endurance. Away back yonder, it required weeks or even months to communicate with distant relatives. The railroad, telegraph and telephone have annihilated time and space, and messages are sent and received from great distances in just a few hours. If a man be a thousand miles from home, and his wife happens to break her leg, or give birth to a twelve pound boy, he is fully informed of the affair almost before the neighbors hear of it them-

selves. If it is necessary for him to reach home quickly he has only to take a seat in the express train, and in a few hours at the most he is safe in the beacon of his family.

Away back yonder, merchants traveled on horseback and in wagons to buy goods, returning the same way, requiring months to make the trip, running the risk of being robbed at every turn in the lonely road. Away back yonder when the ice crop failed, the sick and feverish suffered intensely. Now ice is manufactured right at our doors and sold so cheap that even the poor can afford to buy it.

Away back yonder when a man took a fall and broke his leg, the simple country doctor sawed it off with his rude instrument, and if the patient, who was compelled to be witness to the scene, recovered, he was regarded

as particularly fortunate. In this year of grace, 1883, we find the physicians supplied with instruments approved for such work, and medicine to render the patient unconscious during the operation.

Away back yonder, when we received news from the old world, it was from six to ten months old. In 1883 all important news happening over there is printed almost before it is known at the place of happening.

Old fogies may pine for the "away back yonder," but as for young America, he is looking to the future.

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First Cabins

The cabin that John Hunt built here was actually started by someone else.

In 1803 or 1804, a man by the name of Isaac Criner was part of the movement of pioneers who came to this area from the north and east United States. They crossed the mountains by using the old immigrant trail now called Winchester Road. They explored the northern part of the county around New Market and liked what they saw. Before them were beautiful forests, virgin woodlands, rich soil and promising country.

The very first cabin erected in this area was in 1805, by Joseph Criner, the uncle of Isaac. It was located several miles away from Isaac's, who preferred the beautiful area now called New Market. Isaac's cousin, Stephen McBroom, was the third to build a cabin in what we now know as Madison County, in Gurley.

Although these three gentlemen were the first to settle in the county, they were by no means the first to arrive here. John Ditto had come to Huntsville back in 1802 and had built himself a small shack by the area known now as Big Spring.

And Samuel Davis came to the Big Spring before John Hunt, even building the foundation of a small cabin up on the bluff. He never completed more than the foundation, then left to return to his family. Just after the Criners had moved into their cabins in New Market, John Hunt and a man by the name of David Bean stopped for the night and was welcomed into one of the homes. The next day Hunt and Bean left, and reached the spring where Davis had started his cabin. Hunt liked the area so much he decided to finish building the cabin, and take it over. Bean helped him finish it, but was not as intrigued by the country here and so went back to Tennessee and settled near Salem.

Then Samuel Davis returned. Not much is known of really what happened when he discovered John Hunt in his newly finished home, but Davis decided to build his cabin near New Market.

Back in these days there was stark wilderness and the settlers kept to themselves. There was not a lot of neighboring and socializing. Because of this fact not much is known about all the families who settled here during the near of 1805. We do know that some of them were the Walkers, Campbells, Browns, Davises, Baylesses, McCains, Matthews, Rices

Cabin On Green Cove Road

Dear Old Huntsville:

I am sending you this note paper because I believe the Old Huntsville people would be interested in this cabin. It belongs to a direct descendent of the slaves that once lived in it. The cabin is on Green Cove Road (Southeast Huntsville) and the owner, Mrs. Binford, says it was built around 1835. When I made this drawing 9 years ago, it was in bad need of repair, but they would not allow the historical society to move and restore it. Sad to say its only function was a place to toss old mops on its roof.

Tom Kelley, Artist



STRANGER THAN LIFE



HARD TO BELIEVE

ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD & WONDERFUL

Did you know that the fastest railroad train is in France - traveling at 136 miles per hour. Next is in Japan at 128 miles per hour. Then we have Great Britain and Germany at 108 and 104 miles per hour respectively. In fifth place is the United States. Amtrak's Metroliner from Baltimore to Wilmington travel at 95 MPH.

Modern maturity magazine has the highest paid circulation in the United States at over 21 million. Readers Digest is a close second at over 16 million copies. In news magazines, Time magazine is first with over four million. Newsweek has a circulation of over three million, while US News and World Report has just over two million copies in circulation.

Though the grandson of Betsy Ross made claim in 1870 that she made the first Stars and Stripes in June, 1776, historians have never been able to come up with the evidence that this is so.

Tokyo - Yokohama area in Japan is considered to be the most populated city in the world with over 27 million people. New York City is the most populated city in the USA with about 15 million people. Mexico City, San Paolo, Brazil, and Seoul, south Korea, all are more populated than New York City.

In 1500 B.C. in Egypt a shaved head was considered the ultimate in feminine beauty. Egyptian women removed every hair from their heads with special gold tweezers and polished their scalps to a high sheen with buffing cloths.

Alaska is the only state without a state motto.

Did you know that the word "fan" meaning an admirer or a devotee, is short for the word "fanatic."

The famous Christmas carol "Silent Night" was written in three hours on Christmas Eve, 1818, by a parish priest in Austria named Jose Mohs.



True Love

An elderly man in Boston is so polite and loving that when he is dining with a young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head so as to attract the flies and prevent them from annoying her. 1860 newspaper

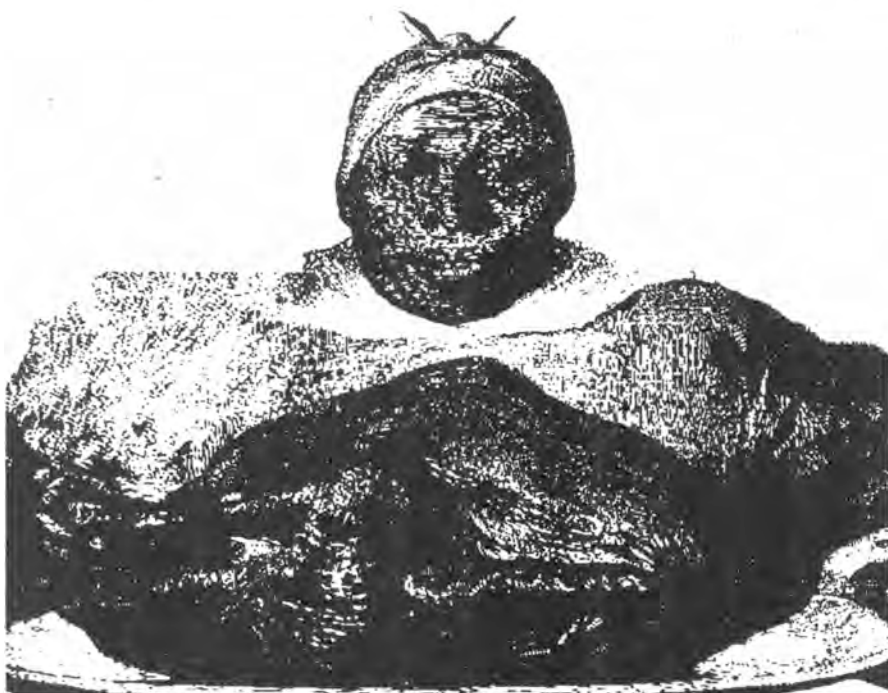
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Famous Recipes

BY BARB

Today's trendsetters in cooking and food preparation are predicting a return to basic food and simple recipes, and particularly in the south, to what we recognize as family food.

Mrs. S. R. Dull is synonymous with southern cooking. Her cookbook, published first in 1928, became the bible for brides, housewives and anyone in the food preparation business.

Mrs. Dull elevated Southern Cooking from necessity and drudgery to an art, and her cookbook is treasured still by good cooks even after 60 years.

Cherokee Publishing Company in Marietta has published a reprint edition of "Southern Cooking" with recipes exactly as she gave them 60 years ago.

Following are a few of her recipes, courtesy of Cherokee Publishing Company:

Willie's Syrup Pudding

2 cups syrup	1 cup hot water
4 1/2 cups flour	3/4 cup lard
2 tsp soda	3 tsp baking powder
1 tsp nutmeg	1/2 tsp salt

Into a bowl put syrup, hot water and the lard, which should be soft enough to mix. Add to the flour soda, baking powder, salt and nutmeg, sift into the liquid, mix until smooth, pour into a greased pan and bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes (time according to the thickness). Serve with any kind of sauce.

Hash Browns

Dice cold potatoes (about one cup). Put into a pan, with a biscuit cutter chop again, sprinkle with a little flour to hold together, and chop more, then add salt and pepper. In a heavy fry pan put about two tablespoons bacon drippings or butter, pour in the potatoes and chop and spread about the size of a saucer, having potatoes about half an inch thick. Cook over medium heat until the bottom is well browned, and the flour used is well cooked. Turn together making a half circle, lift up with a battercake turner and place on a plate and serve. The flour mixes with the moisture of the potato and holds together but is not noticeable.

Pecan Brown Bread

2 cups buttermilk
 1 cup pecan meats, chopped
 1/2 cup molasses
 1 tsp salt
 1/4 cup sugar
 3 tsp soda
 3 cups whole wheat flour

Mix all dry ingredients together. Mix molasses and milk together; mix the with dry ingredients. Put into a greased pan, and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. There are no eggs, little grease and no baking powder in this recipe. This makes one nice loaf.

Puffed Rice Candy

1 cup sugar
 2 cups puffed rice
 1/2 tsp vanilla
 pinch of salt

Put sugar into a heavy iron frying pan to melt. (Use no water at all). Stir all the time until melted and a light brown. Add the salt and puffed rice and vanilla. Mix together and pour at once into a buttered slab or dish. With a wet rolling pin roll out flat, when cold break into small pieces like peanut brittle.

Meringue Cake

1/2 cup butter
2 tsp baking powder
1/2 cup sugar
1 tsp vanilla
1 cup flour
4 egg yolks
3 tablespoons milk

Make as any cake, pour into a deep lay pan lined with greased paper. Make meringue of the 4 egg whites and 4 tablespoons of sugar. Pile on cake, sprinkle top with chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Let cool, cut in blocks and remove from pan. This is sometimes called Sunshine and Snow cake.

The reprinted book, "Southern Cooking" by Henrietta Stanley Dull, is available from your favorite bookstore or you may send \$18.95 for the clothbound, 352 page book to:

Cherokee Publishing Company

Flannel Cakes

Take one pint of sour milk, a little salt, a large teaspoon of melted butter, 1 teaspoonful molasses, 1 teaspoon of soda, sift with enough flour to make a good batter. Beat hard, add 2 egg yolks and the stiffly beaten whites. Bakesmall cakes on a hot, well-greased griddle. Serve with butter and maple syrup.

Graham Bread

2 cups sour milk
2 cups sweet milk
1 tsp soda
Graham flour
1/2 cup molasses
Pinch salt
2 tbs melted butter
Stiffen about as thick as regular molasses cake and bake at once.

Uses for stale bread:

Freshen by wrapping loaves of stale bread in a damp cloth for a minute, then throw in hot oven til heated through.

Pour a cup of hot milk over crisply toasted bread slices

Maybe even add 1 beaten egg and pinch of salt

Stiffly beat one egg white. Put this on top of piece of toast. Drop egg yolk into middle of egg white and bake in hot oven for a few minutes. Serve with butter, salt and pepper.

New-Fangled 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, press together, 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.

A Tip For The Ladies

If you think he's the most beautiful man you've ever seen, chances are other women will, too, and maybe other men as well. More than likely, so will he. So you'll be competing for his attention not only with human rivals but with his mirror. It's a lot more pleasant and reassuring to find someone who thinks YOU'RE terrific and can't stop looking at YOU.

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Life Before Meat

David Andrew Green, M.D. Pediatrician

It seems as if more and more people are asking about vegetarianism. This should not be surprising after reviewing the constant parade of articles about those terrible culprits called Low Fiber, Saturated Fats, and Cholesterol. While it is true that a well-balanced vegetarian diet offers many nutritional benefits including high in fiber and polyunsaturated fatty acids and low in cholesterol, when it comes to children, one must be very careful in following special diets.

Various vegetarian diets are popular and may be classified as Lacto-ovovegetarian (plant foods with dairy products and eggs), Lactovegetarian (plant foods with dairy products), and the Vegan (the pure vegetarian - plant foods only). The Zen macrobiotic diet is perhaps the most dangerous of the current diets for children.

The problem with vegetarian diets for children does not involve getting enough of protein, but with meeting caloric needs- ENERGY. Vegetarian diets tend to be high in bulk and young children, with their small stomachs and limited chewing ability, cannot eat enough vegetarian staples such as rice or beans to meet their energy needs. Children (little vegans) following strict vegetarian diets have been shown to have retarded growth rates, especially for height, at two to three years of age. Extreme growth retardation has been reported in infants on macrobiotic dietary regimens.

To avoid nutritional problems associated with vegetarianism, the parent needs to make sure that the child is getting enough of certain vitamins and minerals and calories. Breast-feeding for at least the first six months of life is strongly encouraged. Planning a balanced vegetarian diet for a toddler or preschooler can be very difficult since any meal, even the good ole meat and potatoes sweep the kitchen floor, can present a chal-

lenge when dealing with these little ones. Just ask any parent. Fortified soy milk should be offered as well as iron-fortified cereals, wheat germ, dark green leafy vegetables, raisins, and nuts.

Lacto-ovovegetarians and lactovegetarians (remember these guys?) mainly need to be concerned with getting plenty of iron and zinc. Iron helps build red blood cells and muscles. The form of iron in plants is much less readily absorbed than the iron found in meats. Zinc is needed for a lot of things including growth, sexual development, and wound healing. Red meat and seafood are two of the best sources of zinc. Good sources of zinc include egg yolks, cheese, legumes, nuts wheat germ, and tofu.

Vegans need to be concerned about the above and intake of other vitamins and minerals. Calcium builds and maintains strong bones and teeth, and helps regulate important functions involving the blood, heart, muscles, and nerves.

Milk and other dairy products are the main sources of calcium in routine diets. Other good sources include calcium fortified foods, broccoli (pay attention President Bush), vegetable greens, nuts, and legumes. Vitamin D helps maintain strong bones and teeth. Although milk is also the main dietary source of vitamin D, most people get enough vitamin D from sunlight and fortified foods. And finally, vitamin B-12 contributes to the formation of red blood cells and helps regulate the nervous system. Animal foods are the only reliable source of vitamin B-12; henceforth, vegans must get it from fortified foods or supplements.

Many individuals have practiced vegetarianism on a long term basis and have excellent health; however, certain vitamin and mineral supplements should be prescribed for children and their height and weight should be routinely monitored. Any questions? Ask your physician and pass me that plate of stuffed eggs and spam.

David A. Green M. D., F.A.A.P.
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The Man With No Name

By James Record

Sometimes, some of the strangest stories comes from a totally unexpected source. In this case the story comes from an 1844 edition of the Williamsburg (Brooklyn) Gazette.

John W. Hanner, a staff writer for the Gazette, wrote a story about a slave in Huntsville that belonged to Mr. McLemore. The slave had been born on the place where he lived but had never traveled more than a half mile away from home.

Apparently, the slave was born retarded and had become a favorite of his master. Though able to perform simple chores, the man was unable to care for himself. He slept in the main house where some one could watch over him. Mr. Hanner described the slave as a very large, but calm, person who was never known to tell a lie. His voice was low and his enunciation slurred. He never became angry or excited about any of the ordinary things of life. Like all other slaves at that time he was unable to read or write.

What made the slave so unusual was the fact that he was a mathematical genius. The man did not know one figure or letter from another but was able to add, subtract, multiply and work complicated mathematical problems in his mind faster than most people could on paper.

Word of his unusual ability spread and before long he became a local curiosity. The Rev. John C. Burruss and Thomas Brandon, prominent men in the early days of Madison County, heard of the strange slave and decided to see for themselves.

Some of the questions used in testing the slave were as follows:

"How much is 99 times 99?"

Answer "9,801"

"How much is 74 times 86-1/2?"

Answer "6,401"

"How many 9's in 2000?"

Answer "222 with 2 over"

"How much is 321 times 789?"

Five second pause. "253,269"

"How much is 7 times 9,223?"

Two second pause. "64,561"

"How much is 3,333 times 5,555?"



GRANDMA'S KITCHEN TIPS

If you put a toothpick in a clove of garlic before you put it in your soup pot, it will be easier to find to remove it later.

Freshen up wilted vegetables by soaking them in a tub of water that contains the juice of one lemon or a tablespoon full of vinegar.

You can reheat baked potatoes by dipping them in hot water, then rebaking them in a moderate oven til hot.

To chop small amounts of food, use your kitchen shears.

To keep rice kernels separated when cooked, add 1 1/2 tsp lemon juice to the boiling water.

Carrots cooked in their skins until tender, the skins will slip off easily when cooked.

For a new taste in tea, add a small bit of dried orange peel to the teapot.

For a delicious change in fish, stuff it with a dressing of rice and seasoning.

Pin feathers from poultry can be picked off with a strawberry huller or tweezer.

This was the only question that seemed to stump the slave. He pulled at his clothing, wrung his hands, sucked his thumb and then ran out of the house into the yard where he began skipping and leaping in the air.

Satisfied that they had finally been able to best the slave genius, Burriss and Brandon were about to leave when the slave ran back into the room. "18,514,815" he shouted to the bewildered questioners. A week later he was able to tell what the last problem asked him on that day had been. He never had an explanation as to how he arrived at the answers, stating only, "I studies it up!"

No one knows what ever happened to the slave who was a mathematical genius. Today, even his name is forgotten and he has become just another footnote in Old Huntsville's history.

Try a dash of cinnamon and nutmeg in your morning cup of coffee -wonderful!

For a healthful delicious morning start, try the following:

Take a medium sized Granny Smith apple, cut in half, then quarters, then eighths. Don't core. Cut in bite-sized pieces, and arrange in the bottom of a large oven-proof cereal bowl. Sprinkle two tablespoons of wheat germ over it, mixed in with a sprinkle of cinnamon.

Make a crumb topping of brown sugar, cinnamon and chopped pecans.

(Use about 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1/2 tsp cinnamon and 1/4 cup pecans, or more to taste). Spread this smoothly over the top of your apples, dot with slices of butter, put in a broiler and broil til the butter is melted and sugar starts to bubble. Watch carefully or the sugar will burn.

The topping will be hot, the apples still cold, and you're going to be hooked!

Huntsvilles Across The USA

By Ken Owens

Most of us probably feel Huntsville is a pretty great place to live, for any number of reasons. And we probably know some interesting trivia about Huntsville that we like to tell visitors or friends in conversation.

But have you ever wondered if other Huntsvilles exist around the country? I got caught up in that not long ago, and decided to do a bit of research to just see that other Huntsvilles are (or were) across the country.

Paging through a road atlas is an OK start, but barely touches the surface.

So with a little help from Rand McNally and Company in Chicago, and my own research, here's what I came up with . . .

ALABAMA: The largest in area and population of all the Huntsvilles. Located in Madison County with a population of around 160,000.

ARKANSAS: Also located in a Madison County, this town has a population of 1,287.

INDIANA: This state has TWO Huntsvilles - one is in Randolph County with a population of 150, and the other is in (can you believe it?) Madison County, population 225.

ILLINOIS: Located in Schulyer County, population 50.

KENTUCKY: This small town has 100 people in Butler County.

MARYLAND: Situated in Prince Georges County - 500 people.

MISSOURI: Comparatively, this is a larger one; located in Randolph County, population 1,442.

NORTH CAROLINA: Here's an odd one. It's located in Yadkin County, but with a population of 0.

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OHIO: Another state that can boast TWO Huntsvilles - one is in Butler County, with 75 people; the other is a bit larger with 475 people in Logan County.

PENNSYLVANIA: 100 people live in this little town in Luzerne County.

TENNESSEE: How many of you knew that our neighbor to the north also has two Huntsvilles? The larger one is in Scott County, population 337, and the other is in Loudon County with 150 people.

TEXAS: The second largest Huntsville in the U.S. is in Walker County, population 17,610.

UTAH: Located in Weber County, population 553.

VERMONT: Located close to Burlington, but I couldn't get any details or population on it.

WASHINGTON: Here's another one that shows a zero population, but exists in Columbia County.

Pretty amazing, right? Except I'm not finished yet. Read on.

- Huntsville, Connecticut: Records show it no longer exists.
- Huntsville, Georgia: No longer exists.
- Huntsville, Kansas: No longer exists.
- Huntsville, Massachusetts: Records show it's now part of Huntington.
- Huntsville, Mississippi: Records show extremely rural settlement.
- Huntsville, New Jersey: No longer exists.

In addition to these, Rand McNally told me that within recent years, four additional Huntsvilles were recorded, but didn't tell me where "because of various editorial policies."

So there you have it. I'll bet when you started reading this article you never would have guessed 28 Huntsvilles! I know I sure didn't when I started this project.

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Good Guesses Don't Always Reveal The Truth

Tracing a family tree involves making deductions, or educated guesses. Unfortunately, even the most "obvious" deductions can sometimes lead us astray.

Suppose that in your own family research, you came across the statement, "William Jones was the father of John Jones". And suppose you learned, from other records, that the William Jones in question was born in 1800, and John Jones in 1888. You probably would guess that something is wrong here—a birthdate, perhaps. Or, you might conclude that a generation (or two) has been lost, and start looking for a missing person to bridge that improbably long gap between William and John.

Genealogists base their deductions on logic and common sense, and these work—most of the time. But we must always treat our deductions as tentative, pending further evidence. A great deal of bad genealogy gets printed in books and passed on as gospel because someone once, in effect, chiseled a good (but wrong) guess in stone.

I was reminded of the pitfalls of genealogical deduction-making when I read a news story about a Mr. Jimmie Jones of Licking, Missouri, and wondered what conclusions some future genealogist might reach about him. Mr. Jones, at 92 years of age, has a large number of descendants, including one great-great-grandchild. He is also the father of a 3-year-old boy named Roger.

Jones' present wife, Sandy, is 42. According to the story, she didn't know whether to be "tickled pink or shocked pink" when the doctor told her she was pregnant. Mr. Jones, whose first wife died in 1975, has four children from his first marriage, 17 grandchildren, 26 great-grandchildren, and the great-great-grandchild.

Jimmie was 64 and Sandy 16 when they met, but it was two decades before they saw each other again. "We

married for the same reason younger people do—companionship and love," Mrs. Jones is quoted. In case you're interested, Jones credits his longevity and virility to eating home-grown and home-cooked foods, especially wild poke leaf salad.

Even with the abundance of records that exist on people these days, some future family researcher likely will do a double-take upon reading that Jimmie Jones, at nearly 90 years of age, fathered Roger Jones. She might even conclude, based on common sense, that someone is mistaken. It she's a good researcher, though, she'll keep in mind that octa- and nonagenarian males do sire children—and did so even back in the 20th century before people routinely began living to 150! She'll temper her skepticism long enough to search for confirming or disconfirming evidence. And she'll discover that in this case, the common-sense deduction is not the right one.



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Ed's End Zone

*'Children are small creatures
who make parents old and
grandparents young.'*

Cliff Hill

Marketing Manager

Old Huntsville

Genealogy often proceeds only with the help of deductions. We may find, for example, an 1880 census record of couple living, say, in Tennessee, with five children listed thus:

Joseph (age)	16, (born)	VA
Sally	14	VA
Nancy	13	VA
William	10	TN
Lester	5	TN

We deduce that the family moved to Tennessee from Virginia sometime between 1867 and 1870. This common-sense deduction helps us focus our effort; we can look for records of the family selling land in Virginia or buying land in Tennessee during that small window of time. We also know we need not waste effort looking for the family in Virginia after those years. Most of us have encountered situations like this, and usually, the logical guess has been correct. But even where the conclusion seems obvious, we shouldn't forget that just because an alternative explanation seems unlikely doesn't mean it's impossible. Perhaps William was born while the couple was visiting relatives in Tennessee, three or four years before the family moved there permanently.

We all wrestle with the temptation to fill in that empty space on our charts the moment we find some shred of evidence to justify putting a name or a

date there. This can lead us to jump to final conclusions before better evidence appears. It is good practice to view all genealogical conclusions as written in pencil rather than indelible ink—and therefore liable to erasure at any time.

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1115 Sundial Circle
Birmingham, Alabama 35215
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We are pleased to announce the addition of a new writer who will be doing a monthly column on genealogical research. Steve Smith is the editor of "Southern Queries" genealogy magazine (1115 Sundial Circle, Birmingham, AL 35215; 6 issues/year \$24) which is published specifically for people seeking their ancestors.]



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Brick Pomeroy's Advice To The Lovelorn

A lady writes to "Brick Pomeroy" as follows: "Would I be safe in my marrying a man whom I love and who professes to love me, who is exceedingly handsome, well educated and has plenty of the world's goods, but is addicted to strong drink and says he will abstain after marriage, when he has sowed his wild oats? I am an orphan, and write you as a friend for advice."

Pomeroy writes the lady as follows: "You had better get into your own coffin and pull down the lid yourself and be consecrated to your mother-earth, than marry a man who drinks. There are thousands of poor women whose lives are wretched by listening to the promise of reformation after marriage. If you do not want to get into your coffin, take the most obnoxious pieces of old meat that you can find, and take them to your bosom for your husband, rather than marry a man debauched, degraded, and debased by strong drink."

1860 Newspaper



A New Dress

BY TOM FRASER

In 1935 sixty five per cent of the cotton farmers in Madison County were share-croppers. These people, immersed in poverty, became the forgotten history of our land. In an effort to understand what it was really like, I talked to three elderly people, two women and one man, who had lived as tenant farmers. The following is a composite of all their stories.

Under the hot broiling sun, scorching every thing its rays came in contact with, a wizened old man, with skin burnt like aged leather labored tiredly between the cotton rows. In the next row, his wife, wearing an odd apparel that had lost any resemblance of a dress years ago and bleached white by

thousands of scrubblings with strong acrid lye soap, knelt on lacerated knees and desperately plucked at the ripened bolls.

Sun up to sun down; 200 pounds at 1/2 cent per pound. Pay the man at the store for the sack of flour you bought yesterday. That takes all the money but you can buy again on credit tomorrow. Go home and rub liniment on your tired aching muscles and try to forget they will be sore again tomorrow.

You have no other choice. This is your only way to earn a living in the bleak existence that nature has so cruelly bestowed upon you. For most, there was no hope of escaping the vicious cycle of tenant farming. Bound by debts to the land owner and untrained for other types of work, all they could expect was a pair of cheap shoes for the children to wear to school, or maybe a few store bought groceries to supplement their standard diet of beans, fat-back and cornbread.

In another few weeks the rains would begin, and following that would come the cold, frigid blast of winter, spreading its gloom on the now exhausted fields. Young boys and old men would pace the floor like caged animals, pausing every so often to stare out the windows of the broken down hovels they called home, and curse the fate that made them slaves to unseen cotton mongols a thousand miles away.

Keep the fire going, ration what meager food there is and wait for the frozen ground to thaw. Walk down to the store. Maybe they will let you add some tobacco and a bag of flour to the long overdue bill. Stop and talk to Lem Wilbanks over on the next farm. His daughters expecting any day and her husband is up North, in Chicago, trying to find a job. Talk and kill time and wait. Wait for the warm showers of spring that will thaw the frozen earth and bind you to another year of servitude.

"Maybe next year," they would say, year after year, "Maybe next year will be better."

Spring jumps out suddenly across the barren land. The sopping red clay is now dry to the touch, waiting to embrace the seeds of a brand new cotton crop. It will be a new beginning, the start of new dreams. Tonight you will sleep the slumber of a conquering warrior, for tomorrow you will prove your manhood.

You stand and look at the fields thru the early morning twi-light, daring and challenging the gods up above to anoint you, let you pay off your debts and maybe have enough left to buy your wife a new dress.

But as you pick up the hoe and begin trudging silently toward the dismal fields, a truth begins gnawing at you, deep inside. And no matter how hard you try to suppress the thought, it keeps coming back, and coming back, until it envelopes you in its overwhelming reality. And then, with your body shaking in convulsions, you hold your head in your hands and cry like a baby.

This year won't be any better and there won't be a new dress.

Cotton will still be King in Madison County. . . . But not for the people working in the fields.

Almost sixty years later, when the man talked about not being able to buy his wife a new dress, his eyes began blinking, and in an effort to hide the tears, he pulled out an old worn handkerchief and loudly pretended to blow his nose. After regaining his composure, he refused to talk any more about share-cropping. ■

DYNAMITE STORY

A remarkable case of dynamite explosion is related by Henry Simpson, a resident of the point. Simpson has been using dynamite for the purpose of blowing several old stumps out of the ground. Yesterday he carelessly left the dangerous compound lying by the side of a stump on which he intended to begin operations this morning.

The dynamite was mixed with sawdust, and gave an exceedingly pleasant odor, which attracted the attention of two of Simpson's hogs, which soon had converted themselves into gigantic cartridges. The stuff, when eaten, creates a particular sensation, which annoyed one of the hogs to such an extent that it entered Simpson's stable and began rutting inside against a post at the mouth of a mule's stall.

The mule remained passive for but a few moments, when it gave the hog a terrific kick in the side. A tremendous explosion followed, and after the clearing away of the smoke and dust the hog was to be found only in detachments, while an enormous aperture marked the spot where it stood. The mule received a tremendous shock, but was still intact. The other hog is now running at large, greatly to the terror of the entire neighborhood. Neither of those hogs belong to Mr. Joseph P. Mulhatton.

Taken from an 1887 Newspaper

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"Noble and Gifted Women" Suffragists in Huntsville

By Elizabeth D. Schafer

In January, 1895, Susan B. Anthony and Carrie Chapman Catt, internationally prominent suffragists, visited Huntsville to arouse interest in the suffrage movement. Suffragists in Huntsville and nearby Decatur had sought the right to vote since 1868 when Huntsville resident Priscilla Holmes Drake became Alabama's representative to the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

At that time Alabama women were more actively involved in the temperance movement and not prepared to demand suffrage; Drake probably talked about suffrage with her friends but did not venture to seek public attention of her suffrage involvement. She was active in the national suffrage group and was also an honorary vice-president.

In 1890 the New Decatur Advertiser's editor encouraged local suffragists to submit columns to voice their views. This publicity encouraged interested women to contemplate suffrage, but area suffragists did not formally organize until 1892 when seven women in New Decatur formed the first suffrage club in Alabama. Soon thereafter suffrage groups formed in Verbena and Huntsville as well as several smaller towns. The only active work promoting suffrage occurred in Huntsville and Decatur, and most of the smaller groups were short-lived.

A state organization was established in 1893 and was an auxiliary of the national association. New Decatur's Ellen Stephens Hildreth served as its first president. The state

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organization's main activity was distributing the national suffrage group's publication, Woman's Column, to all interested readers. Approximately 1,500 Alabamians received the Boston-based newspaper.

In 1895 Susan B. Anthony, president of the national association, and her able co-worker Carrie Chapman Catt embarked on a tour of the southern states. The Decatur group as well as Alberta Taylor of Huntsville invited the prominent suffragists to visit their cities, and Anthony, eager to interest Alabamians in suffrage, agreed to come. In late January the two women stopped in Huntsville before going to the week-long 1895 national convention in Atlanta.

Arriving via train from Birmingham, the women were hosted by Mrs. Hildreth in New Decatur and Mrs. Milton Hume in Huntsville. They first spoke to the assembled crowd at the New Decatur opera house and then at Huntsville City Hall, stressing that citizens should support suffrage at the state and local levels in order to achieve Federal recognition.

In Huntsville Virginia Clay-Clopton introduced the duo to a standing-room-only audience of men and women. Their persuasive speeches enthused the crowd, especially as the seventy-four-year-old Anthony, her grey hair pulled back in a bun, voiced her opinions "in a plain, unassuming manner, but ably and learnedly." In her hour-long speech she broached topics such as suffrage, women's property and inheritance rights, and the rights of women concerning legal guardianship of children, child support, office holding, employment, co-education, and prosecuting crimes committed against women.

The Huntsville Evening Tribune remarked on Anthony's dedication to suffrage: "No one can look upon the face of that venerated, noble woman, who has grown gray in her lifework, and not be impressed that there has been something more than sentiment, more than a cranky idea, impelling her in all these long, sacrificing years."

Of the animated Catt's lecture the newspaper stated that she "completely charmed as she surprised the large audience. She is a young woman of winning personality, as beautiful as she is brilliant, with a command of language and convincing eloquence."

Anthony and Catt departed Huntsville by railroad, traveling with Mrs. Taylor to Atlanta for the national convention. Unfortunately, the fervor they aroused for increased suffrage support was hindered by an economic depression that prevented much active work from occurring.

Some interest in the suffrage movement survived the financial difficulties, and the state convention for the suffrage association was hosted in Huntsville on October 1, 1900. Taylor presided over the assembled delegates which included Julia Tutwiler who was the association's state organizer. These pioneering suffrage efforts occurred in a too conservative climate to be successful, and involvement and enthusiasm dwindled to inactivity and apathy.

The Alabama Equal Suffrage Association was established in 1910 as a result of renewed enthusiasm that sparked more widespread interest in women's issues. Huntsville was the third city to establish an equal suffrage group, forming a chapter in 1912 after women in Selma and Birmingham created branches.

The Huntsville group prospered, and 30 new members joined. Virginia Clay Clopton was named president, and the suffrage section published in the November, 1913 Huntsville Mercury-Banner was the first time an Alabama newspaper published suffrage association news. Mrs. Milton Hume, an officer of the state association, hosted the state convention at Huntsville on February 5, 1914. The Huntsville group cooperating with women and men in Alabama and nationwide, finally won the right to vote with the ratification of the 19th Amendment in 1919.

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UFO's In Madison County

One of the great mysteries of Madison County that has never been solved is the report of an Unidentified flying object (UFO) here in Huntsville on January 12, 1910. This was the era when airplanes and balloons were almost unheard of in the Tennessee Valley.

The following account comes from the January 13, 1910 Huntsville Mercury Newspaper:

"Strange Airship Passed Directly over the City Yesterday Afternoon Rapidly Passed Out of Sight Going in a North-westerly Direction."

"An unknown airship passed almost directly over Huntsville at half past four o'clock yesterday afternoon coming from the southwest and continuing on its course on a straight line to the northeast. The craft appeared to be making a long journey and it passed on its course without making any signal or other demonstration and



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so swiftly did it move that it was out of sight over the crest of Chapman mountain before many people on the streets had an opportunity of seeing it. It is believed to have passed on out of Huntsville territory as nothing more was heard of the ship during the evening.

"...Before any one had time to obtain glasses, it had passed out of sight. The aircraft was not traveling with the breeze near the surface of the earth because the breeze on the surface was coming directly from the west. The speed appeared to be greater than any wind short of a hurricane would travel."

At first glance the preceding article appears to be of an airplane or a balloon except for the fact that a balloon could not travel against the wind, and no airplane of those days could travel as fast as a "hurricane." Also, there were no airplanes in the Tennessee valley in 1910.

If the whole event had a logical explanation, why did the New York Tribune think it was newsworthy enough to run an article about it on the front page on the same day?

On the same day, January 13, 1910, the Chattanooga Times, with a front page headline, reported sightings of a "cigar shaped vessel" traveling at a high rate of speed in a northeasterly direction.

The following day the strange airship appeared again in the skies over Chattanooga. The Chattanooga newspaper speculated that it was the same one that had appeared over the city the day before. The article went on to say, "Some are inclined to think the mysterious airship is the craft of a sky pirate who has sinister designs upon Chattanooga."

The next day, January 15, the "cigar shaped vessel" was spotted in the skies over Knoxville, Tennessee headed south. This was the last reported sighting.

If this "airship" were some type of an airplane or a dirigible, where did it come from and where did it go? It was in the area for three days but there were never any reports of it landing anywhere.

Did it stay air-borne the whole time? Many questions were asked but there were no answers. This remains one of the great "unsolved mysteries" of the Tennessee Valley.

The last time state prison officials saw Doyle Arthur Cannon, he was driving off in a dump truck to fetch a load of gravel.

He kept on driving, and they're still waiting.

Since that time, he has eluded manhunts, bloodhounds, and helicopter searches across South Carolina. He has generally made a mockery of law enforcement.

Cannon escaped near Salem, about 15 miles south of the North Carolina line, after he received word that his wife was leaving him for another man. And somewhere along the line, he has now become a folk hero of sorts. South Carolinians relish tales of his exploits in eluding all of the traps set for him, as well as the crime that landed him in prison in the first place.

He was sent to prison after killing a man in a knife fight.



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Take a quantity of Irish potatoes, wash them until they are thoroughly clean, put them in a large vessel and boil them until done. Now drain off carefully the water you cooked them in, strain if necessary to remove every particle of potato.

Put this water in your favorite jug or keg, and place it near the stove or some place that it will be kept warm. Add one pound of sugar to about two and a half pounds of water, some hop yeast, or a small portion of whiskey.

Prepare it this way, and letting it stand for about three or four weeks, you will have most excellent vinegar. Indeed, it is the only vinegar that will preserve cucumbers cut fresh from the vines, without the aid of salt.

1870 Newspaper



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STREET HOCKEY

By Walter Terry

One block of Green Street, between Williams and Gates, became for a period in the 1930's a place for "Hell on Wheels." Kids with skate-enhanced feet played probably some of the wildest games of roller hockey in the country.

A hickory or hedge-applestick, shaped approximately like a regulation hockey stick, a tin can, skates and a strong measure of audacity were all that was required for this game of only slightly controlled mayhem. After not so many licks with what became more bludgeon than stick the can quickly evolved into a compressed many-edged projectile of lethal capabilities. In the wild melees of concentrated group attack on this battered puck it was not at all uncommon for items such as shoes parts, splinters, nuts and bolts, wheels and undisciplined language to erupt from these knots of frantic activity.

The object of the game was for a team to somehow work the puck to the enemy team's end of the block. In those days vehicular traffic was light, but we still had a sentry posted to warn of the approach of a car or truck. One of our sentries was Maurice Duncan, known widely for his uncommonly precise (to us uncultured oafs) English. His vocabulary apparently disdained the vulgar term "car."

"Automobile!" He'd shout in his impeccable style. "Automobile!"

If he could be heard above the clamor, a time out would be called and the pandemonium would come to a grudging halt until the "automobile" had gone its way.

At game's end the winners' prize was invaluable: peer prestige.



GOOD FOR THE BODY

Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

FOR CORNS - crush several aspirins and add enough homemade lard to make a paste. Spread on corns as a salve.

COUGH SYRUP - Saturate brown sugar with whiskey. Take as needed for cough.

A dirty sock worn around the neck when going to bed will cure a sore throat.

FORINGROWINGTOENAIL - Press small wad of cotton under the corner of toenail and leave for several days.

For tired, aching feet, soak in warm salt water.

Rub cloverine salve (from the drug store) over chapped lips or hands.

Diarrhea: Beat 2 egg whites until stiff; add 1 tablespoon white sugar. Take 2 tablespoons every 2 hours until gone. Keep in fridge.

MOLESTOWATCH: Moles that you scrape when you shave
Moles on your ankles or feet
Moles which become irritated from the rubbing of clothing or underarm clothing
Moles which change in size, shape or color

The other day a man and woman came to a sudden halt on Grand Street, and the woman dropped a basket she was carrying and called out, "I will, I will, I'll not live with you another day!" "You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked.

"Yes, I will."

"When?"

"Now, right off, this minute!"

"You'll go away?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to prevent me. I have suffered at your hands as long as I can to put up with it!"

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I shall simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They will want your description, and I shall give it. You wear number 7 shoes, you have an extra large mouth, you walk stiff in your knees, your nose turns up at the end, hair the color of brick terra cotta, the newest in fashion, eyes rather on the squint, your voice partakes of -"

"Wretch! You wouldn't dare do that!" she screamed.

"I certainly will, and the description will go into all the papers."

They glared at each other for a minute like cats.

Then he continued to walk up the street. She looked up and down the street, then gritted her teeth together, picked up her basket and followed on after. He had what they call the "goods" on her.

From 1890 Newspaper



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HUNT FAMILY LETTERS

Huntsville, Ala., Feb. 13th 1896

Miss Jennie R. Powel
Rogersville, Tenn.

Dear Cousin:

Our cousin, Wm. R. Larkin of Larkinsville, Ala. was down the other day, told me of your letter which he sent to George Clayton Hunt for us to read and requested us to write to you.

I heartily commend your undertaking and will be more than glad to aid you in any way in my power. I don't know that I am able, or shall be, to give you any information as to our ancestry as those who could have given me the information died before I was old enough to realize and appreciate its possible value and real interest.

While equally as proud of my Hunt blood, I have always felt pleased when told I was the Powel in our family. I am very much like my sainted Mother in all respects, though my most intimate friends tell me I have the will power and temper of my father. Well, it's a good mixture.

I am a native of Franklin County, Tenn. where my mother was born and reared—and died. She was Priscilla J. Powel. Her father was Benjamin Powel, a merchant for many years at Winchester, Tenn. who came from near Philadelphia, Pa., so my mother told me.

After coming South, he married Ellen Rutledge. All their children are dead unless Uncle Joe Powel is living who went to La. early in life. Some 20 years ago I had a letter from one of his sons, but have not since heard from them. I was named for my maternal grandfather.

My father is George W. Hunt, in his 83rd year and still a very active man barring a sore on his face from which he has been annoyed many years.

My great-grandfather, John Hunt, was the founder of this City and for whom it took its name. Uncle Wm. Larkin, a brother of Cousin Billie's father, David, often has told me when I was a mere child of living here with him when he built the first log cabin above the Big Spring & of his cultivating a crop or two of Irish potatoes just below it.

My office, where I now write, is above that spring east, whose music, as it rolls over the dam, I hear most of the year and from the rear door look out & see where once was that "tater patch."

I have often regretted and unregretted coming here. In Nov., 1882, my father married here Mrs. Tulliola McCalley whom he had known in his early life when he lived here and run the old Huntsville Bell Tavern for

Woods & Yeatman of Nashville, Tenn.

My stepmother is a most excellent woman in comfortable circumstances and took a great fancy to me—alone because she couldn't help it—and would have me to locate here to practice my profession. I had enjoyed a fine practice at Winchester for the previous ten years.

Having heard of Huntsville, its wealth and culture, I decided to stay here—alone on the strength of its prestige, and "durn" me, if I ever struck a "deader" town. I didn't have a dollar, not a book, and my mother never seemed—and has not yet—realized that made any difference. She was like the fellow who came into my office a few years ago, after hearing me make a "celebrated" speech in a criminal case, and said, "Why in thunder

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

haven't you been practicing law since you came here." I replied, "I have been trying to make money to buy me a library." "Damn it," he says, "you don't need any books, a man who can talk like you. I never heard such a speech." Cousin Billie Larkin happened to be in town that day, and in hunting a man he wanted to see, wandered up in the court house & heard me. He is one of the "Old Guard" who is proud of & loves his kin.

If I have aroused your curiosity, you can get him to tell you about the speech.

To go back: after practicing law a year or so my partner, Paul Jones, died of consumption. On his deathbed he said, "Hunt, next to my family, my greatest upset in dying is that I can't live a year or two longer so as to leave you in a fine practice."

In 1884 I bought an interest in a weekly paper, The Mercury, and took sole editorial charge advocating protection, more railroads, turnpikes & diversified farming, irrigation & I was the inauguration of the branch railroad which came in from Nashville & got it built. In 1885—Aug.—I turned my paper into a daily—established it—and in 1887, bankrupt in purse & health, retired.

Then Col. J. F. O'Shaughnessy of N.Y., who was the chief spirit of the North Ala. Improvement Co. took me in to assist his Genl. Manager, Capt. S. H. Buck, who resigned the P.O. of New Orleans to take the position here. That enabled me to rest and regain my health.

I have gone back to my first love—the law—though as a diversion. I represent about 12 foreign papers in correspondence from here, & if you read the Chattanooga Times you will see my "work."

I was born & reared on a farm and am proud of it. Have done all kinds of work on a farm. Although my father had plenty, at 9 years of age I was making shoes & for 8 years made all our family used—finally had a full set of tools—gave them to one of the negroes and all I have now to point to my childhood genius and glory is a pair of Morocco slippers I made for my youngest brother, George Rutledge Hunt, when I was 14 yrs. of age & he 5.

For this heirloom, I am indebted to my sister who perserved them. She

has three very lovely & interesting children & lives with us. Her name is Adaline Bradford Hunt Nelson—named for her Aunt Adaline Powel who married Col. Joe Bradford of this State, a very wealthy man when the war broke out. He equipped a Company & went to the front. He had a daughter, Lavinia, a very brilliant woman, who married Col. Chilton who was killed during the war. A brother, John Bradford, was killed at Battle of Seven Pines, Va.

Mr. Nelson is a partner in the "Alcorn Woolen Mills," Corinth, Miss.

Three of us are dead—Ellen, Margaret, & David Hunt. Our Hunt kin were the founders of Huntsville,

Texas, Missouri, Ala., Tenn., Hunt Co. Texas.

I have gotten to talking to you & telling you all I know of our people, simply to let you know us as we are & have been, only for your personal information and not for any publication. I must stop.

Come to see us. We will be glad to see you & will try & make it pleasant for you. Geo. & I are "old" batchelors, but I hope the . . . (illegible word) of redemption will yet save us. Now, I mean what I say—come to see us. Will be glad to hear from you. Love to all the kin.

Ben P. Hunt

Rugby's

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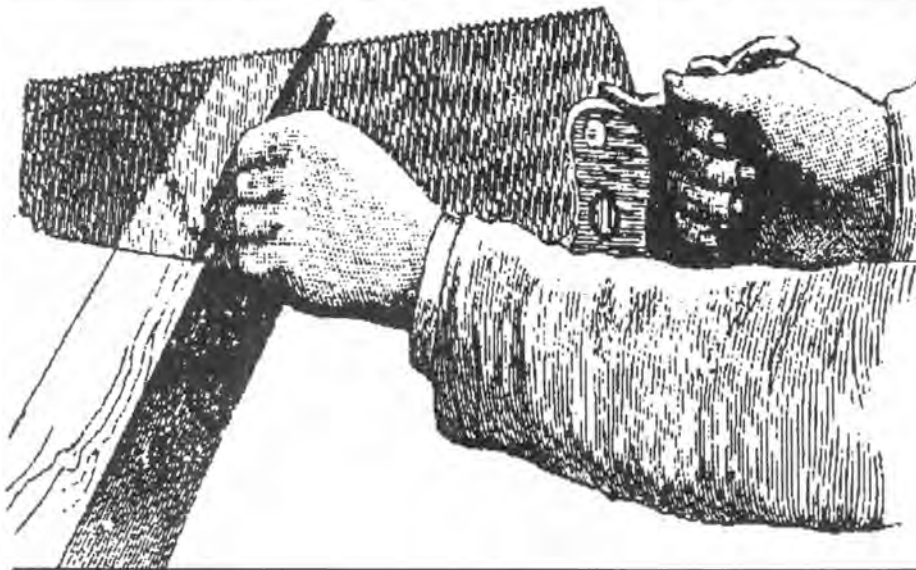
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The Huntsville Weekly Democrat

Wed May 4, 1881

The Huntsville Water Works are very expensive to the taxpayers of the city, amounting, we understand, to about \$2,000, a year, to operate them with steam power. Last week, we visited our Big Spring with Mr. D.H. Caswell, millwright for the proposed Cotton Seed Oil Works in this city, and he told us that on a previous visit, he had measured the quantity and velocity of the water flowing between the bridge by the Water works and the next bridge below. He found the width of the stream, between the two bridges, about 30 feet, the length about 100 feet, and that a float, placed in the water at the Water Works bridge, reached the next bridge in 40 seconds. From this data, he estimated the quantity of water between the two bridges at 9,000 square feet, the velocity 40 seconds to the 100 feet, and said that with one half the quantity of water—say 4500 square feet—and a properly constructed dam, he could put machinery in the Water Works, to run by water power alone, that would furnish an abundant supply of water to our city, and save the city from the annual expense of the steam power. We think that our City Fathers should give speedy and earnest consideration to Mr. Caswells proposition.

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A Dog Story

Almost anyone in the construction business has a thousand stories to tell and Phil Radzinski, of Alliance Building Corp., is no exception.

About a year ago Phil went to a lady's house to give an estimate on remodeling her kitchen. It was an expensive home with manicured lawns and shrubbery. It also had a dog.

It was a small dog, the kind that is too small to kick and too big to ignore.

Anyway, as Phil is ringing the doorbell the dog begins knawing on his new Gucci shoes. (\$149.47 on sale) The lady answers the door, Phil goes in and the dog follows. He does his measuring and figuring, and all the time the dog is still chewing away.

Now there's one thing that you have to understand about giving estimates . . . The customer is always right. If it takes putting up with a dog that eats Gucci shoes for lunch, well, you do whatever you have to do to get on the good side of a customer.

After the preliminary figuring, Phil and the lady sit down to discuss the price. By this time the dog had finished one and a half shoes and had started on a pants leg. The lady looks at Phil with a weird expression on her face and says, "You really like dogs, don't you?"

About that time the miniature monster looks up at Phil, spits out two square inches of polyester, takes a leap, lands in his lap, and begins chewing on Phil's new tie. (Christmas present)

"Oh, yes Mam, I sure do," Phil said as the dog began hungrily eyeing his monogrammed shirt pocket, "Why, I think everybody should have one."

Needless to say, Phil rushed through the estimate and left while he still had a few clothes intact. He's walking down the drive, back to his truck, when the woman comes to the door and hollers at Phil.

"Mr. Radzinski, don't forget your dog. And please don't mention bringing your dog with you to my husband, he doesn't allow pets in the house."



Adjourn This House of Asses

The state of Alabama has long been known for the wit and sarcasm of its politicians, but the honor for "speaking the truth" has to go to Jeremiah Clemens, from Madison, who served in the Alabama legislature from 1839 to 1843.

The following article appeared in a Tuscaloosa Newspaper:

Saturday, December 25, 1841

The house met at 10 o'clock, pursuant to adjournment; but after the journal was read, no order could be preserved by the speaker, and his attempts to enforce it was wholly abortive. Some members were more conspicuous than others for irregularities of conduct in the house.

Whereas the honorable Jeremiah Clemens moved the following resolution.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Alabama in General Assembly convened, that the two houses assemble in the hall of the house of Representatives at 11 o'clock this day for the purposes of singing the following:

Joint Song

The Senators are dozing
 the thing is quite evident;
 they all feel like reposing-
 Some are at least half bent.
 Let Philpot and the Major
 Have holiday I pray,
 And I will lay a wager,
 They're not sober half the day

Look not so grave in glasses,
 Most gracious Doctor Moore;
 Adjourn this house of Asses
 And let them bray no more

For where's the use of brawling
 To-day about the law?
 Some members are thrown sprawling,
 And some are in the straw.

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What Happened To the Deacon's Dinner



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1900 Newspaper

When you are carrying several articles and one of them slips, it is best not to try to recover it. An Essex Street man by the name of Roberts was helping his good wife prepare a dinner feast on Sunday, as one of their favorite Deacons was to take dinner with them.

Roberts took a plate of steak in one hand, and the coffee pot in the other, and had a dish of peas on the arm with the steak. The wind blew the dining room door partly open as he approached it, and putting out his foot to push it back, the arm with the peas moved out of plumb, and the dish commenced to slide.

An ice cold streak flew up Robert's spine, and his hair began to rise, and he felt a sudden sickness at his stomach, but he dodged ahead to save the peas, and partly caught them, but made a wrong move, lost them again,

jabbed at them with the coffee pot, upset the steak dish, and in springing back to avoid the gravy, stepped on the cat that belonged to the family downstairs, and landed on the floor in a heap, with the steak and the peas and a terrible mad cat under him, and an overflowed pot of scalding coffee on top of him.

Then he jumped up and stomped on the steak dish, and picked up the other dish and hurled it out the window, and finished that performance in time to throw the coffee pot and the remaining contents after the cat, which was making its very best time down the front stairway.

The Deacon didn't stay for dinner. Roberts retired to the bedroom with a bottle of sweet oil and a roll of cotton batting, and Mrs. Roberts went over to her mother's to cry.

Taken From 1873 newspaper



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Fishing Buddies

BY JIM HARRIS

Until we moved out into the country between Gurley and Maysville in 1946, I had never been fishing. Since I didn't live near a river, most of my fishing was in small creeks or what we call branches. A branch is smaller than a creek, more of a drainage ditch, that runs dry in the summer. Question. How can it run dry? When it quits running wet, it runs dry, if it runs at all. It will usually have deep holes that fish, mostly perch and suckers, survived in during the dry months. The most fish that I ever caught was on a cane pole with sewing thread for line, a bent safety pin for a hook and worms for bait.

One day, another tenant, Tinche Haygood, and I decided to go catfishing in the swamp a half mile or so south of Gurley pike. He knew the place, I didn't. It was about a three mile walk one way, but that was no distance for me back then.

I don't remember how long we fished that day but we caught a pretty good string of fish. We didn't have much weight but, to me, any fish was worth keeping. All serious fisherman would have thrown them back.

Here is where Tinche out-smarted me. Well, I was barely in my teens and he was twice my age. He "let" me carry the fish. It was about a half mile to Maysville Road? Gurley Pike and about another quarter mile to Mahafa's store at the intersection of Harrison Cove Road and Gurley Pike.

As we approached the store, we could see several people outside. That's when I realized that I didn't want to carry that string of fish. I knew we'd get ribbed so I asked Tinche if he wanted to carry them. He didn't. Big surprise, huh. He knew before we left the fishing hole that he didn't want to walk by that store carrying that string of puny fish. However, he was not willing to make me carry them all the way home, just until we got past the store.

I would like to say that Tinche is alive and well and making people laugh, and pulling a trick occasionally, but I heard that he had died a violent death not too many years after I left home.

The following examination of candidates for admission to the bar is taken from the Western Law Journal. The examination went as follows:

Do you smoke?

I do, Sir.

Have you a spare cigar?

Yes. (Extends a short six)

Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?

To collect fees.

Right. What is the second?

To increase the number of clients.

When does the position toward clients change?

When making out a bill of cost.

Explain.

We then occupy the antagonistic position. I become the plaintiff and he becomes the defendant.

A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer on the other side?

Cheek, by jowl.

Enough, sir. You promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe to me?

Perfectly.

Describe it.

It is to invite you to drink.

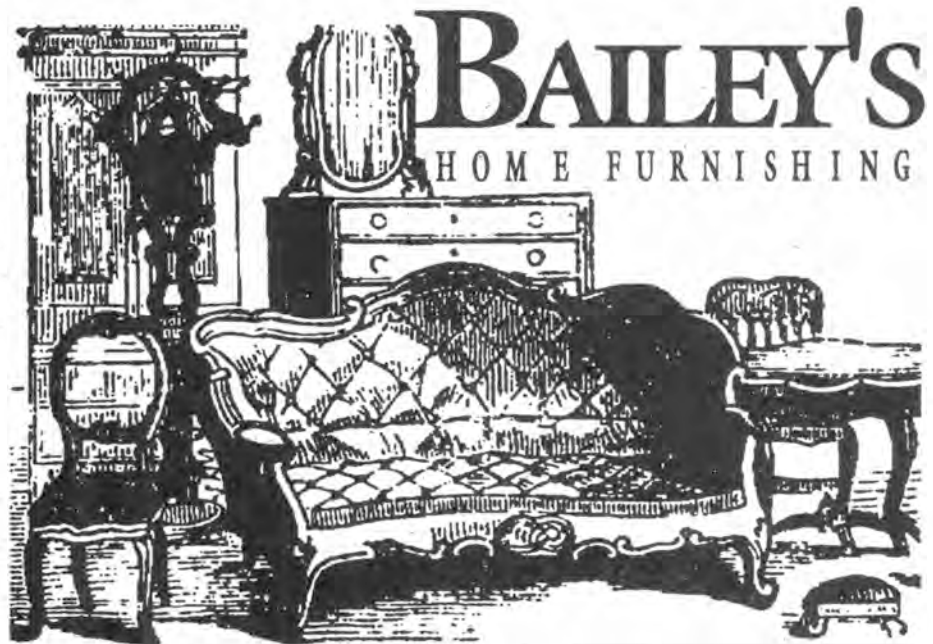
But suppose I decline?

Candidate scratches his head. There is no instance of the kind on record in the books.

I cannot answer the question.

You are right. And the confidence with which you make the assertion shows conclusively that you read the law attentively. Let's take a drink and I will sign your certificate at once.

From 1873 Newspaper



The Biggest Little Furniture Store In Huntsville!

Creekside Corners Shopping Center ~ Bailey Cove Rd. ~ 883-5015



I Recollect

BY MALCOLM "HI-POCKETS" MILLER

From the day I was born till I was in the middle of the ninth grade year at Central school, we lived in the Ryland community. Although we were share croppers and moved to about three different farms during that period of time, still I was able to go to the same school and have the same friends. All this changed on January 1, 1942, for that year my Daddy rented the Will Darwin farm on Bob Wade lane in the Meredianville community. This was quite a drastic change for me and I will never forget the first person that befriended me in my new surroundings. His name was Earl Adcock, and to this day, although I only knew Earl for a relatively short time, he still stands out in my memories as one of the kindest, friendliest people I have ever know.

Earl's parents ran the neighborhood store and that's why I guess that we met so soon; and he stuck right with me when I enrolled in my newschool, helping me over the rough spots involved in the readjustment and just being a good friend when I really needed a friend. As I got to know Earl better I realized that there was something wrong some where. In the foot races, basketball games and all the rough house things that teen age boys engage in it seems that Earl was always dragging along behind or standing off to the side just watching. And as a result many of the boys picked on him and called him lazy; but Earl never seemed to really mind. Finally, it was discovered upon a Doctor's examination that Earl had been walking around all this time with a fractured or dislocated hip. Although he must have been through tremendous pain, as far as I now, he never complained to his parents or to me,



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one of his closest friends. It seems that once his injury was made known Earl was never to be the same again. He soon became deathly ill and by the time doctors discovered his serious kidney disease, it was too late to save his; and to the best of my recollection, Earl still didn't complain very much although his body was wracked with pain. I shall never forget the night that I stood outside Earl's bedroom window and watched him breathe his last gasp of life, I cried there in the darkness as any fifteen-year-old boy would, who had witnessed his best friend suffer and die.

I still recollect the thoughts that ran through my head as I walked down the dark graveled road toward home. I wondered why it was that God saw fit to take the young life of such a good person, one who was always trying to keep some of the others and myself out of mischief, such as stealing watermelons, throwing rocks on tin roof house tops, and all the things country boys of that time were known to get into.

As I look back on that night of my friend's death I still wonder why it had to happen; and I like to think of what kind of man Earl would have grown into. I feel that with all the patience and understanding he had for others, he would surely be a great man today — had he lived.

HE'S LOOKING FOR A FIFTH OPINION!

"You are looking bad," remarked Smith to Colonel Yeager. "What's the matter?"

"The doctor says that my lungs are affected and that I must not take any more than three drinks a day."

"I would try some other doctor," said Smith.

"I did, and the second doctor said the same thing."

"Well, then, if each one of them said you could take three drinks a day, that makes six drinks."

"I haven't thought about it that way. I'll just see all the rest of the doctors in town, and if they all say I can take three drinks a day, then that would be about sixty drinks a day, and that's not bad for an invalid!"

From 1880 publication

Nightshirts! The Cause Of Baldness In Men

from 1882 Publication

We cannot cure baldness, as a bald head is beyond help, but if those who have hair and desire to retain it will follow our advice, they need never show a cleanness on the top of their head again.

The cause of baldness is the habit men have of pulling their nightshirts over their heads. There are some who will laugh at this idea, but it is not intended that they should, as this is not a funny article. This is serious business.

The pulling of a shirt or nightshirt over the head causes friction on the scalp, which in time scars the roots of the hair and leaves a barren plain, a Sahara, forever after. Suppose a nightshirt comes to a man's feet, there is from five to six feet of tail to be drawn over the tender hair, which, if kept up for series of years would wear out any head of hair.

Add to this the friction from taking off the shirt, and then the natural scratching of the head for ideas, etc., and the hair has no rest and the wonder of it is that there is a man left who has a spear of hair on his head at all.

Now the preventative for this is for men to walk out of their nightshirt the front way. Women are never bald and some sneering men account for this fact by claiming that women don't have brain enough to become bald. That is a campaign lie. Women have more brain and a better quality than any bald-headed man on earth. But they do not wear their hair off by pulling their garments off over their head.

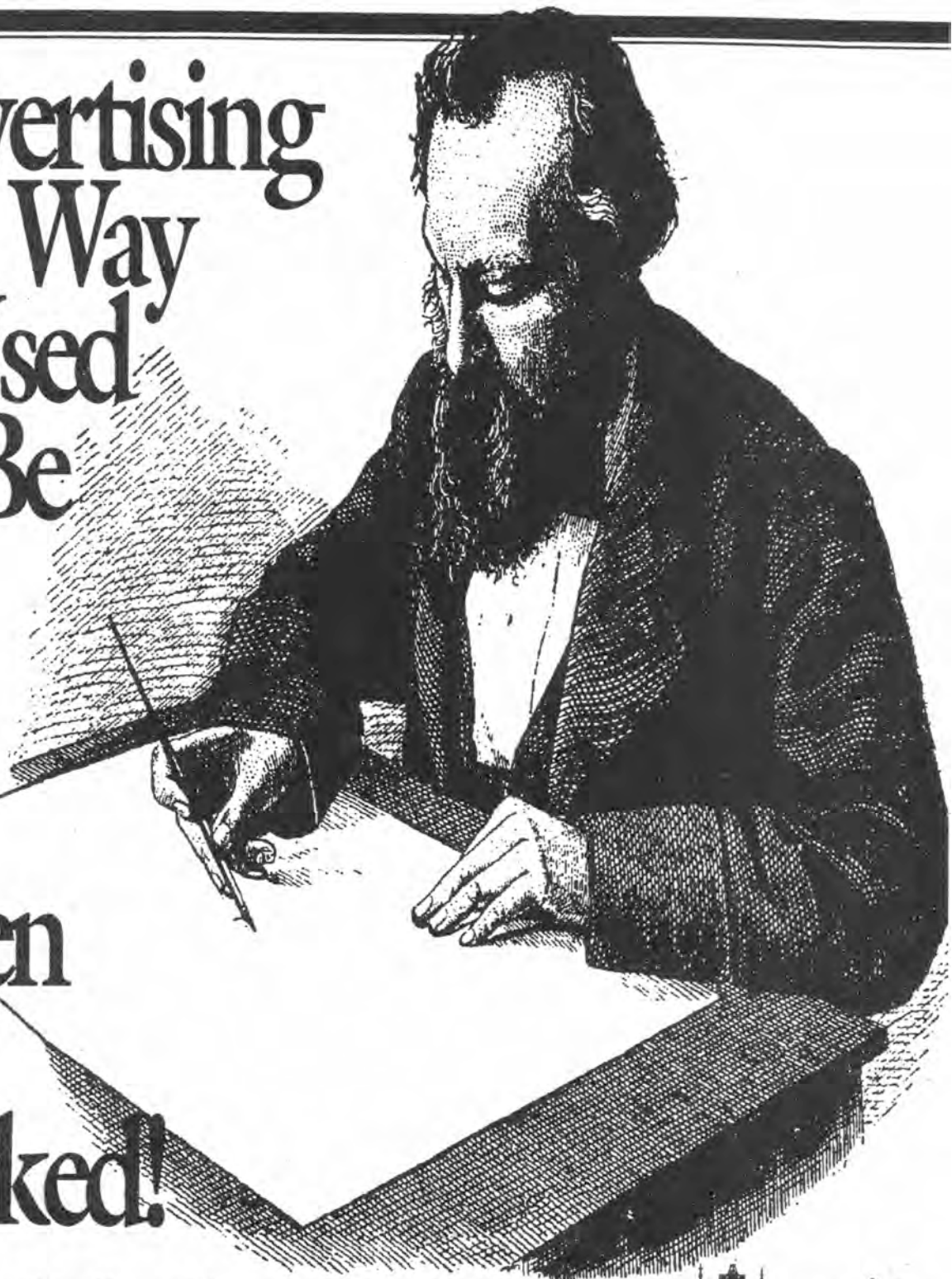
They open the storm door of garments and walk out into the light of day, and never disturb a hair. This we state upon information and belief, and if we are wrong we can easily be corrected. It is alleged that they get out of their dry goods different than men, and thereby make a great saving in hair.

Taking all the facts there is only one way for men desiring to retain their hair, and that is to break off the destructive habit of taking their garments off over their heads. They may have to be instructed in the best manner of getting off their nightshirts without using the head for a pivot, but that can be arranged. Let societies be formed, classes if you please, and secure a teacher to illustrate how to take off a nightshirt the front way. If our discovery is acted upon, baldheaded men will be unknown in the next generation.

A black and white illustration of a woman with curly hair, wearing a nightgown and a necklace. She is holding a large, ornate sign that contains promotional text for a store. The sign is framed with decorative scrollwork and floral patterns.

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Old Huntsville





Irish Lore

A bit of blarney:

At the 1963 World Cup at St. Nom la Breteche near Paris, Christy O'Conner of the Irish team was so badly hung over that he asked a sportswriter to haul a pot of black coffee into the woods adjacent to the first fairway and wait there. O'Connor hit his tee shot near the woods, walked in and gulped the black coffee. Then he went on to shoot a 3-under par 69 for the round.

Ireland has a population of about 3 1/2 million, and it is estimated that there are more than thirty million Americans who proudly say that they have Irish blood in their veins.

When someone asked an Irishman, "Why do you Irish always answer a question with a question?", he answered "Do we now?"

Some sage advice:

One should never trust a woman who tells one her real age. A woman who would tell that would tell anything.

If one could only teach the English how to talk and the Irish how to listen, society would be quite civilized.

The only thing to do with good advice is to pass it on. It is never of any use to oneself.

Life is far too important a thing ever to talk seriously about.

Woodrow Wilson whose forbears came from Ireland had a favorite Irish limerick: "As a beauty I am not a star. There are others more handsome by far, Because I'm behind it, 'Tis the folks out in front that I jar."

Flash in the Pan

Ben Harris, Sheriff of Limestone Co., and his posse appeared, today, at 10 am., for the third time, before U.S. Commissioner Bone, under a charge of resisting U.S. process, preferred by affidavit of U.S. Deputy Marshal Tom Hewlett. The case was postponed to 12 p.m., then to 2 p.m., then to 4:30 p.m., and then dismissed, for want of an execution, said to be in Hewlett's possession, and Hewlett was absent, although he was in Huntsville last night.

Here are 13 men—10 white and 3 colored—improperly arrested, and forced to come from their homes, three times at heavy expense, and then discharged for want of evidence. Such gross outrages have Southern men to endure at the hand of irresponsible U.S. officers. The DEMOCRAT is about going to press, and we can say no more at present.

From Huntsville Weekly Democrat 1881

"Tired Of Your Backaches?"

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Irish Proverbs:

The man that's up is toasted,
The man that's down is trampled on.

A soft word never broke a tooth yet.

The uninvited comes like the bad
weather

The eye of a friend is a good looking
glass.

A heavy purse makes a light heart.

When your hand is in the dog's mouth,
draw it out gently.

Better a drop of whisky than a blow of
a stick.

Death is the poor man's doctor.

Where there's women there's talk, and
where there's geese there's cackling.

An empty house is better than a bad
tenant.

A candle does not give light till lit.



Wandering Tom Cat back after 600 mile jaunt

It took two years and a 600 mile
hike to do it, but Boots, Mrs. Raymond
McCullough's wandering tom cat, fi-
nally has come home.

Mrs. McCullough shipped Boots, a
gray Maltese, to the home of her
mother, Mrs. E. J. Mosher at Albion,
Pa. two years ago. The cat stayed one
month, then disappeared.

The other day Mrs. McCullough
looked out the window and saw boots.
She raised the sash. Boots leaped into
the house, accepted a saucer of milk,
sauntered leisurely to his favorite spot
in back of the sofa and went to sleep.

From 1940 Newspaper

Gibson's

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Away I walked

As if it didn't matter,

Looking not behind me.

Tears fell down my cheeks

Afraid my future would not find me.

I watch the present for any clues,

My life's a palette of ever-changing hues.

Today it's blue and that's okay,

For yesterday it was definitely gray!

A poem by Sonya



Social Column

Mrs. Gen. Drake left to-day, for
Hot Springs, Ark., for the benefit of the
baths.

We regret to learn that the wife
of J. Henry Landman is seriously ill.

The sad news reaches us,
to-day, that Fulton, a son of Mr. B.C.
Lanier, 14 years old, died yesterday,
after about six weeks illness.

Mr. D.H. Caswell, of Nashville,
is again, in our city, looking after the
interests of the Cooton Seed Oil Fac-
tory. He has 15 or 20 men engaged in
removing old frame buildings and pre-
paring the ground for other buildings.

Robert L. McCalley, Esq., has
been here, several days, and left for
his home at Brierfield, Bibb Co., Ala.,
to-day. He looked hale, hearty, and
happy, as though marriage agreed with
him. He was specially elate at having
acquired one-third interest in a rise
bonanza, the Brierfield Iron Works, of
which we'll have more to say next
week.

Harry C. Fariss, a Huntsville
boy, arrived here from Texas, on
Thursday morning last, after an ab-
sence of about three years. He left on
Monday last to visit his mother, in
Jackson county.

Postmaster Reed returned last
Sunday, after several weeks absence
in Massachusetts.

Horace Clay, son of Mr. Theo.
S. Clay, and Joe McDonald, son of Jos
B. McDonald Esq. had a difficulty at
Madison yesterday, in which Horace
was severely, not dangerously, cut in
the side of his neck with a pocket
knife. Both are young men.

From Huntsville Weekly Democrat 1881-



Horsing Around

By Jim Harris

When I was about 14 years old we were tenant farmers on the Houk farm in Harrison Cove between Gurley and Maysville. Mr. Houk had a young mare, that for some reason known only to him, my dad wanted, and traded a calf for her. She was the only horse we ever owned. As a matter of fact, I don't remember knowing or hearing of a share cropper ever owning a horse. Maybe we were the first.

I had never been on a horse before. I had ridden mules but, except for the ones that won't let you on their backs, period, I had never seen a mule buck, jump, gallop or get in a hurry except when they were headed for the barn. A mule just thinks you are part of the harness when you're on his back.

Not our horse. Mr. Houk called her high spirited. I think he just called her that because he didn't know how to train a horse. But she was ours and I decided that she needed to be used so I was determined to ride her to the store, a three mile round trip. We didn't have a saddle and I was small. When I joined the Air Force four years later I weighed only 119 pounds. That was bone dry and stark naked. The Air force wants to know exactly how much raw flesh they're getting.

I led the horse from the barn to the house, which was on the side of the hill above the road. There was a large walnut tree in the yard. She wouldn't stand still so I had trouble getting on her back. When I finally did, she backed into that walnut tree and into a wire sticking out of it. All I said after I got on her back was "whoa." She didn't pay any attention to it though. That wire said giddiup. It had more authority than I did. She could control me but she didn't know how big the thing was that stuck her with that wire.

So here we go. She stiff legged down the hill and, when she got to the road, broke into a gallop. It was a 90 degree left turn and I tried to go straight. I managed to regain my bal-

ance just as she jumped the small wooden bridge, or culvert. I lost it again but regained it just before she got to the drive to the barn. I stopped hollering "whoa" because she was ignoring it anyway. I now knew that I had lost control.

She took another left turn, and here I am off balance again. I regained by balance half way to the barn, just before she stopped. She did it just like they train them to in the movies. I was supposed to jump from her back and land on my feet. Instead, I went over her right shoulder, rotated 180 degrees and fell straight down onto that gravel driveway flat on my back. There was not a single witness. Not a single skill cell was lost, no blood, no bruises, and the fall didn't even raise dust. I showed her though, I refused to ride her any more. I do wish that I had something to show for it. With a scar I could, at least lie about how I got it.

A Day With A Snapping Turtle

A man by the name of Gilsey, who by strict economy and severe industry has succeeded in getting his family a little place free of encumbrances, was fishing near the Beaver Brook Mile on Saturday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for hours without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on the flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself.

The butt-end of the turtle was toward him, and he thought he would capture it, but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance and bent down to take hold of what he thought he had, the animal just reached out and took hold of Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of his sincerity.

The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of his neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill. He seemed to be swinging a small carpet bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a very narrow escape from a highway robbery.

However, it was not a carpet bag he was swinging, it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the main street bridge, when it finally let go, but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face and bare head and dust-covered clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing's the matter, I was afraid I would be late for church," and was much relieved to find that he wasn't.

From 1870 Newspaper

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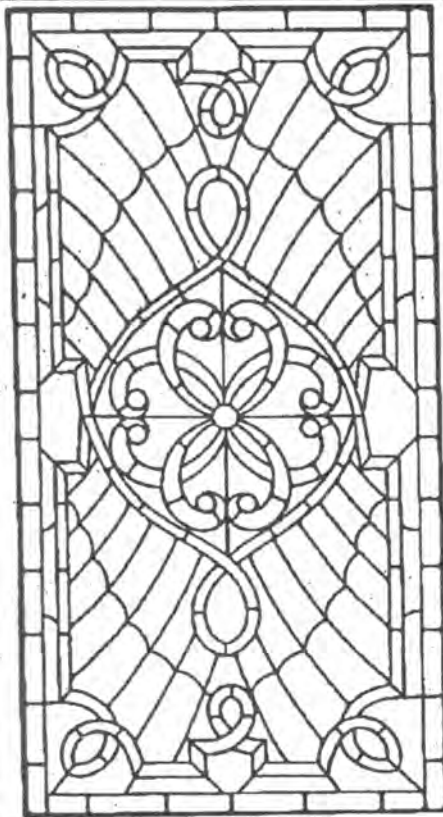


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Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly.

Thomas Huxley

Tombstone Records Fatal 1901 Shooting

On June 5, 1901, two Madison County farmers named Curry Turner and A.J. Warren stood arguing on the porch of a store in Toney, a small Northwest Madison County village.

Some old timers say it was over a fence line, others say a woman. Warren left the store's porch and headed for his buggy, and Turner shot him.

Turner, a gin and grist mill owner as well as a farmer, pleaded self defense and never was tried.

But his act is recorded in stone.

In the graveyard of Madison Cross Roads Presbyterian Church, a short way from Toney, a tombstone stands over A.J. Warren's grave.

It reads:

A. J. Warren

Born

April 19, 1847

Murdered by

Curry Turner

June 5, 1901

Why did Warren's people order the stone carved with the statement on it? "They never said," the old timers say. "They did it and they moved away."



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

LUXURY RUNS WILD

What It Costs to be a Fashionable Young Man

I was in an uptown haberdasher's shop the other day, and in the course of a half hour's conversation I learned considerable about the personal decorations of the dude. A modest request to look at some "robes de suit" was what started the shopkeeper. He took a glance at my golden locks and produced a box, remarking, "Here is something which will suit your complexion."

It suited my complexion better than it did my pocketbook. It was made of a fawn colored Chinese silk, very soft and elaborately embroidered in light blue. A delicate tracery of blue vines and flowers ran around the collar, down the front and around the cuffs, and it was made to button with gold studs.

"This is a very simple pattern," remarked the gentle haberdasher, "and costs only \$6. Here is a most elaborate style for \$12," and he brought out a garment of rather finer material, simply covered with embroidery. I mildly insinuated that I wanted something for about \$15. He looked unhappy for a moment, but recovered when he began to show me some silk underwear for \$15 a set, and purple silk hose for \$5 a pair. From underwear we got to shirts, pajamas and "blasers." The styles were unique and glaring.

"Do men really wear these things?" I inquired innocently. He gazed at me pityingly.

"Do you know what it costs to dress a fashionable young man?" he asked. "I mean simply for underclothing," he added. "To begin at the bottom, he needs, say, a dozen pairs of socks, at from \$4 to \$6 a pair. His half dozen sets of silk underwear will cost him \$15 a set. His shirts will cost him \$25 a dozen, and his collars and cuffs, of which he needs a good many, with his neckties, will cost as much more. Tennis shirts, long stockings, blasers, etc., will run up, in a summer season, to a couple of hundred dollars. "Yes," he added, immediately, "a young man needs about \$100 to get his summer outfit, not counting his tailor's, and shoemaker's, and hatter's bills, which will amount to as much more. Of course, his fall and winter outfits are more expensive."

"How much a year does it cost to dress properly?" I asked.

"I have customers who spend \$300.00 a year on their clothes and they are by no means extravagant," was the prompt reply.

Taken from an Early Philadelphia Newspaper

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Williamsburg®



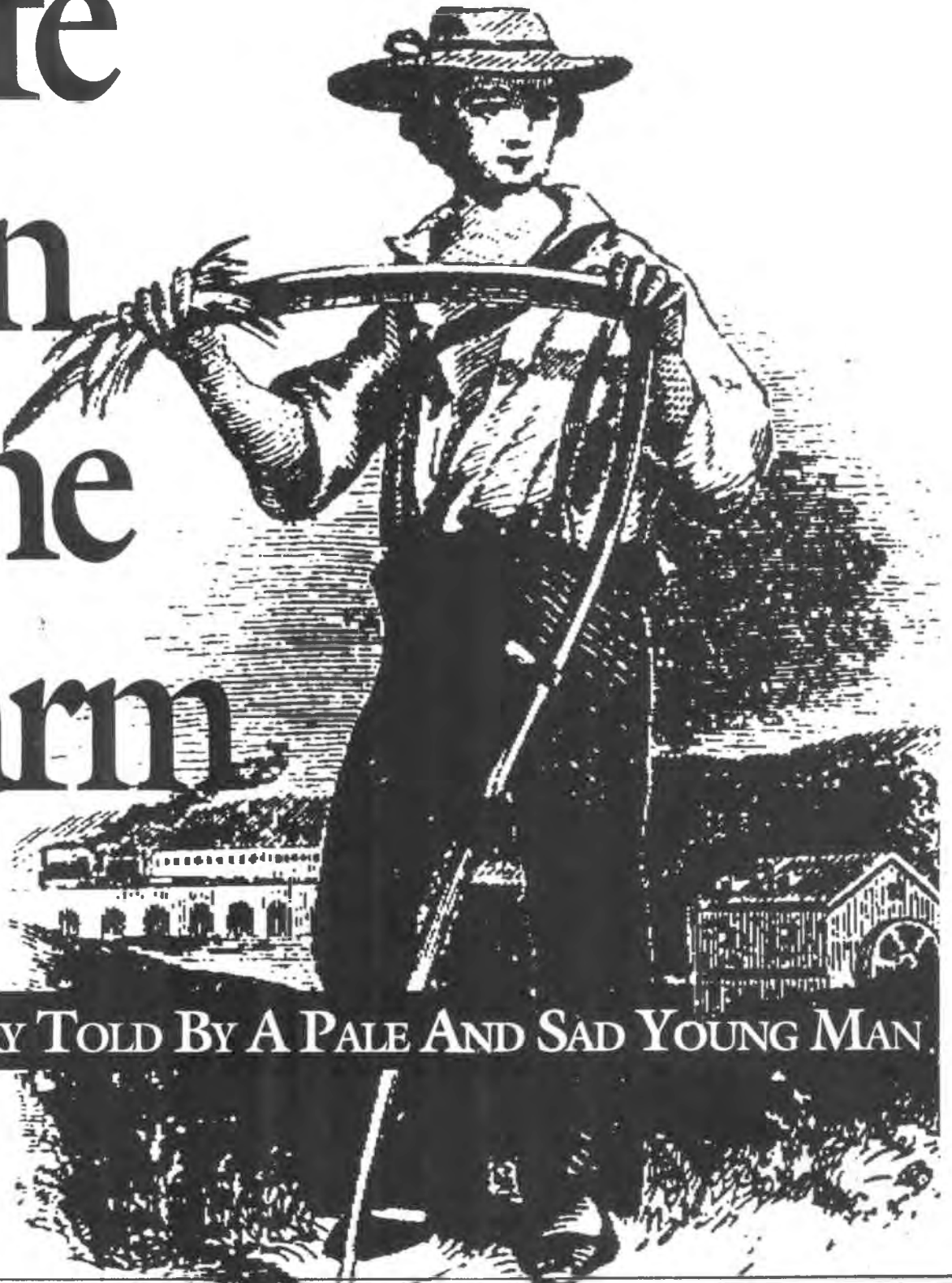
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Life On The Farm



STORY TOLD BY A PALE AND SAD YOUNG MAN

Following the Advice of a Physician Who Recommended Outdoor Exercise And Above All "Such Long, Quiet Nights' Sleep"—The Hay Harvest.

"No," said the pale young man sadly, "I am not working on a farm for my health now."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. I have come away, and the farm which knew me would perhaps know me yet if it could get a sign of me, but it can't.

"I went out, you know, by the advice of a physician. Said he: 'You need outdoor exercise and above all, sleep, such long, quiet nights' sleep, as you can only find in the country, away from the noise and heat of the city, with the great open windows and the cool and velvety breeze floating through your room all night long, with perhaps an occasional night with the pattering rain upon the roof to lull you to sleep.' That's what the doctor said.

"So I hired out to a farmer to work all summer. He said I was so white and pale that he couldn't give me anything but my board for my services, but if I wanted to work for that I might climb in behind the seat and ride out.

"So I did. He had one mule and one horse, and the mule balked every time we went up hill and the horse every time we went down hill, and they both tried to run away on the level. He drove them with a trace chain tied on a white ash ax halve.

"But we got out there at last, I don't want to tell you anything about the work today—I haven't time—but I feel as if I must say something about those long nights' sleep.

"The first night we got home late, but still the sun was only nicely down. The sun sets about two hours later out there than anywhere else in the known world.

"After supper the farmer spent one hour and a half telling me about the

flax crop on the back forty and then he reckoned we better milk. There were twelve cows and he said each would take six. He gave me kickers, and it took me two hours, and it had been dark a long time when I finished. Then he had me pump up water for the next day. And it took forty minutes. Then I filled the wood box and split the kindling wood. And as it was a big box it took thirty minutes. Then he told me about the oat crop, which took an hour. And when I went to bed it was growing light in the east.

"The window in the room was a pane of glass nailed over an irregular hole in the boards and could not be opened. I felt around in the dim light and finally got into bed. I had just fallen asleep and had begun to dream I was lying along the ridge pole of a humped camel when the farmer pounded on the stairs with an old broomstick and said breakfast was ready. I couldn't see as it was any lighter than when I went to bed, though the sky in the east was a little redder.

"I muddle over the day, as it is painful to recall that day and the last end of one night and first end of another, for we were in the hay field sixteen hours.

"And that evening after supper, he said I might throw the dirt out of a new cellar while I rested.

"Then we milked, and he gave me eight cows instead of six—all kickers. And one of them was a hooker, too, and slammed me through the corn crib.

"I got to bed an hour sooner than the night before because he said he was thinking of getting up early the next morning.

"And that night it rained, and I heard the pleasant patter of the rain on the roof that that old fraud doctor spoke about. But it didn't lull me to sleep, because it leaked down on me and got the bedclothes all wet and I caught cold.

"And when the farmer pounded on the stairs, I got up and looked at my watch, and I had been abed an hour and forty minutes. And my clothes were wet and there was water in my shoes.

"But it was a good day and we worked at the hay again. We moved down what the farmer called a 'slather' of it. And that night after I had rested

a while on the cellar and milked the twelve cows—twelve kickers—one of them thought I was trying to kidnap her calf and chased me out of the yard—the farmer said it looked like rain again, and he reckoned we'd better go out and cock up that hay before bedtime.

"And before we got to the field I saw the morning star, and when I had got up twelve bunches of hay and the old hypocrite of a farmer four, I heard a lark."

"And before we got to the field I saw the morning star, and when I had got up twelve bunches of hay and the old hypocrite of a farmer four, I heard a lark. Then when I had up twenty-four bunches and the farmer six it began to grow quite light.

"When the farmer saw it he laid down on the hay and laughed for ten minutes. He said we had worked right through the night without knowing it.

"But I had known more about it than he thought I had.

"We worked an hour longer and then we went to the house and I milked. Breakfast wasn't yet ready and I threw a couple of cubic yards of sand out of the bottom of the cellar.

"And while we were eating the farmer told me to hurry because he would like to get in one good day's work during haying. I said I would and that I would go out and bridle the horses, and he said that I might. I went out and ran down the road and all the way into town.

"And here I am looking for that old liar of a physician and surgeon who told me about the 'long nights sleep' I would get on a farm."

Taken from an 1896 Newspaper

HUNTSVILLE YESTERYEARS



Even the older commercial centers that failed to develop a significant industrial base continued to grow, though at a less rapid pace. Huntsville, shown here as it was in 1872, remained a commercial center for the Tennessee Valley region.

HOW TO SOBER UP

A Remedy Which Appears to be Quite as Bad as the Disease

A member of the "Young Bachelors" club turned in his resignation the other night on the ground that he was about to be married on the next day. According to the constitution the young fellow was obliged to treat the boys to all the delicacies of the season. As the night advanced two of the members, piqued at their friend's club dereliction, thought it would be a good joke to make it impossible for the young man to be present at the wedding the next morning. They made him so drunk that he couldn't stand. In this predicament he was found by the friend who was to act as his best man. The friend, fortunately, was a well seasoned drinker and took in the

situation at a glance. The prospective husband was aware of the plight he was in, and with tears in his eyes begged his friend to have him braced up in time for the ceremony.

There wasn't a moment to lose. The friend dragged the groom elect into the back room of a saloon and dropped him into a chair. He then went to the bar and mixed four spoonfuls of cayenne pepper into a bottle of ginger ale, and by main strength forced it down the young fellow's throat. He had felt all on fire before, but when this fearful potice was administered he imagined that a volcano was raging within him. He uttered an awful yell and made a dash for a pitcher of ice water nearby, but he was held firmly in the chair while his friend wound a wet towel round his head. The water was running in streaks from the young fellow's eyes, and the towel soon began to steam. For ten minutes this agony was prolonged, after which his friend laid him on his back upon the table and pounded his stomach with

an umbrella. The young bridgroom was now limp and apparently lifeless. He was carried back to the chair and a glass of ice water forced down his throat. The sudden change was painful. The poor fellow's teeth chattered and he shook in every limb. He was then carried to a settee and wrapped in two billiard table covers. When his heavy breathing showed that he slept, his friend went out and sat in the barroom. In an hour he aroused his friend and gave him a cocktail.

The effect of this heroic treatment was startling. The young fellow was not only perfectly sober, but as bright as a lark. "I was pretty full last night, wasn't I?" He inquired, as if trying to recall his past experiences. "How did you ever sober me so soon?"

"That's an old fashioned brace up," replied his friend, smiling complacently, "and the forerunner of the modern Turkish bath."

Taken from an 1863 Newspaper

Ron's Winding Road

Perhaps you may wonder why we seldom hear of women who long to return to the "good old days." An examination of the duties of early settlers of the female persuasion may explain why nostalgia for things past does not necessarily overcome the good sense of the modern woman. First, they had to keep the cabin clean and do the cooking. They also had to gather the eggs, do the washing, tend the garden, pick the vegetables, milk the cow, churn the butter, weave the cloth, make the soap, preserve the bear and raise enough children around the house to make sure the chores around the homestead could be completed.

Now, even after compiling this list, I was not fully convinced that the good old days were so tough for women that none would long to return. Perhaps if we look at one simple task in more detail, it will help to explain this strange attitude.

In the early days wash day began early. Tilling the soil just naturally made things get dirty. There were work clothes, bedding, long johns, Sunday clothes, diapers, shirts, and various other things made of cloth. Wash day began by hauling water. The water was poured into a big tub and the dirty clothes were allowed to soak in order to remove some of the heavy dirt. Each piece was then removed, one at a time, and placed on the battling bench. (The battling bench was a split log mounted on wooden legs so that it stood about halfway between the knees and the waist.)

Each piece was then beaten with a battling board to remove the first layer of dirt. (The battling board was actually a pine paddle rounded at the edges so that the battling process did not cut the cloth.) Each piece was then rinsed in fresh water, battled again and rinsed again. By now most of the big chunks of dirt had been removed and it was time to rub each article with soap, homemade of

TOM

When I first saw him walk in, I thought how extraordinarily tall he was. I know he was over six-five, and sitting down looking up at him make him appear to be about 8 to 9 feet tall. He looked a little bit like Tom Selleck, handsome in a rakish sort of way.

My friends and I frequented one of the good blues clubs in town, and from our usual seat by the window looking out onto Jefferson Street we saw many types of people come in and out. We all really looked forward to our early Friday evening to unwind and catch up with each other.

One particular evening it was especially crowded. A well-known band was bringing in their drums and guitars and setting up on the far side of the club. People were milling around, wandering in and out and the noise was at an all-time high. Then a voice from above said, "Mind if I sit down with you guys?"

We squashed closer together to make room for this newcomer, and my life has never since been the same.

His name was Tom, and he wasn't quite as tall when he was sitting down. He was introduced all around, and as the evening wore on he began to tell stories. Nothing special, just funny little tales that were almost unbelievable but very funny. He had a way of speaking that kept people mesmerized - you never knew where he was going with these stories and they all ended with an incredible twist. Everyone was laughing and the night was full of fun and Tom kept looking at me.

The next week Tom came in again. Again he sat at our table and swapped more tales. He seemed to be very interested in me, and stared at me all night. He seemed more quiet than usual and very intense. I asked him at one point, "Tom, why are you so quiet? What's on your mind?" When he began to say, "I'm in lov...." then stopped, I knew it already. His eyes had been saying that all night long. When he followed me to my car later that night, I knew what he was going to say, but I acted surprised.

"Cathey, you are going to marry me."

"Oh, really, Tom? And when is this going to happen?" He said around October, and that he had been in love with me since before we even met. My heart was pounding, but I acted cool. "We'll see, Tom."

The following weeks were wonderful. When Tom would walk in the club the whole room would light up. This man became my best friend and the love of my life, and the rest is, as they say, history.

Cathey Carney

course, and throw them into a large cast iron kettle of boiling water. (Notice that in this process she has hauled a goodly amount of water.) The boiling pot was stirred constantly with a long paddle to mix the clothes, soap and water as completely as possible. All then had to be rinsed again in clean water and hung up to dry.

I think that not only have I discovered why women don't long for the good old days, but also gained some insight as to why they insisted that their men settle close to the big spring. Just hauling that water wasn't any easy chore!

Ron Eyestone

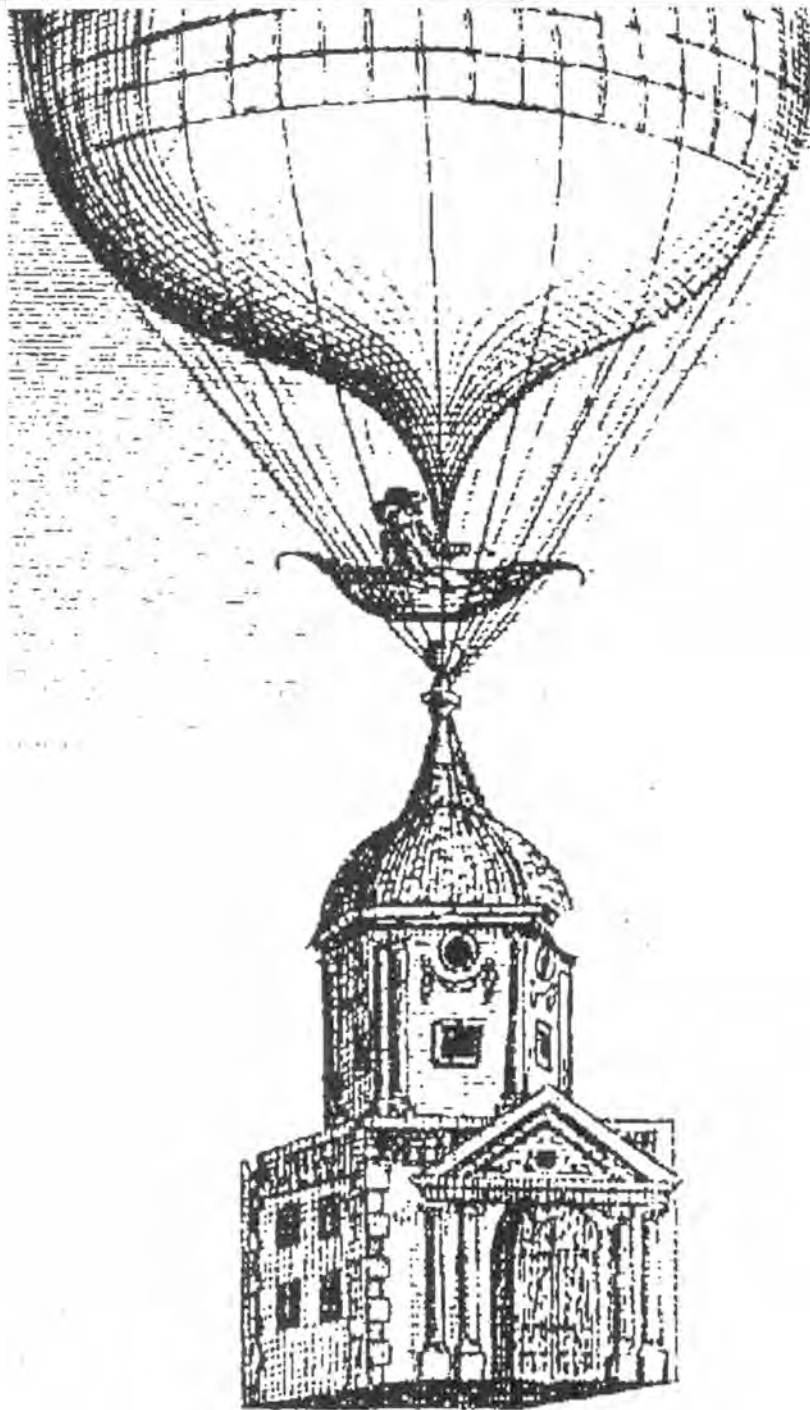
Huntsville, Sept. 20, 1893 Lily Flagg Sold For \$1,250

Huntsville's Jersey Queen, Lily Flagg, who was given the cup last year for her butter record of 1,047 pounds in one year, has been sold for \$1,250.00 to Mr. Hood of Sasperilla fame. We are informed that when in the zenith of her butter fame an offer was made of \$3000.00 for the pride of Madison county Jerseys but was refused.

Early Huntsville Publication



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He Pleaded Infancy!

In 1831 a lawsuit was filed in the Alabama courts against a young man for non-payment of debts. The young man, twenty years old, was already married and had children but was unable to provide for his family or pay his debts.

In this case, after being repeatedly sued, he pled infancy. (to young or immature to take care of ones self.) The prosecuting attorney, Mr James Dellet, after listening to the defence' arguments, called the young man for cross examination.

Every eye of the jurors was on the tall, debt-ridden young man as he made his way to the stand and took a seat. Mr Dellet, taking his time, slowly walked across the courtroom and stared at the defendant for what seemed like an eternity. Abruptly turning to face the jurors, he proclaimed, "Gentlemen, I make "proofest" of this infant."

The jury took one look at the size of the "infant" and ruled against him. A short while later, after being ridiculed and called an "infant" everywhere he went, the young man left Alabama and moved to Texas.

Years later, the "infant" William B. Travis would become known as the hero of the Alamo.

Mr. Bones

An open door. And a patch of sun
Where a comrade used to be.
And a little phantom brown-eyed tramp
Is somewhere waiting the step of me.

They say there's Heaven beyond the stars
And peace beyond compare.
So tell me, shall a joyous bark
And a gladsome tail be there?

With my first strange unfamiliar steps
In a wide and far-off land,
Dare I know a small cold friendly nose
Will be reaching for my hand?

I ask no mansions wrought of gold,
Nor streets of precious stones . . .
Dear God, build just a little house,
For me - and Mr. Bones.

Dixie Willson

Old Huntsville Locations

If you don't subscribe to Old Huntsville... you can find a copy at the following locations:

Quincy's - Airport Road
 Harco Drugs - Haysland Square
 Ken's Hair Gallery - University Drive
 Lewters Hardware - downtown
 Virginia's Beauty Shop - Meridian Street
 Star Market - Five Points
 Hilton Hotel
 Britling's Cafeteria - Governor's Drive
 Thomas Discount Drugs - Whitesburg Drive
 Brooks and Collier - South Parkway
 Five Points Cleaners - Five Points
 Dean Whitter - Williams Avenue
 Lucky's Grocery - Whitesburg Drive
 Whitesburg Fruit and Vegetable Stand - Whitesburg Drive
 Walmart - Drake, North location, South Parkway
 Walmart - Jordan Lane
 Walmart - North Parkway
 Walmart - South Parkway
 Bruno's - Bailey Cove Road
 Bruno's - North location
 Bruno's - Drake Avenue
 First American Federal Savings and Loan
 Red Rooster Antiques - South Parkway
 Southtrust Bank - Weatherly and South Parkway
 Southtrust Bank - University Drive
 Senior Center - downtown
 Cousin's Car Wash - South Parkway
 Bubba's Restaurant - downtown
 Kaffeeklatsch coffee shop - downtown
 Big 10 Tire - South Parkway
 Hospital Pharmacy - by Huntsville Hospital
 Buy Wise Pharmacy - Whitesburg
 Monte Sano Country Store - Monte Sano
 Dr. John Hollis
 Rolo's Restaurant - Airport Road
 Cafe Berlin - Airport Road
 Shoney's - both south locations
 Superior Cleaners - Stephanie Drive
 Big B Drugs - Weatherly and Parkway
 Big B Drugs - Brandon Street
 Autoasis Amoco - Holmes Avenue
 Gibson's Barbeque - South Whitesburg Drive
 Gibson's Barbeque - South Parkway
 Stanlieo's Submarine Sandwiches - Jordan Lane
 Stanlieo's Submarine Sandwiches - Governors Drive
 Big Brothers Grocery - Madison Street

Big Brothers - Holmes Avenue
 Dr. Paul Riise - Whitesburg Drive
 Eunice's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson
 Secor Bank - Whitesburg Drive
 Hinkle Barber Shop - Madison
 Zesto's Drive Inn - Five Points
 Troup Beauty Salon - Meridian North
 Duffy's Deli - Whitesburg Drive
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 Burritt Museum - Monte Sano
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 Railroad Depot - Jefferson North
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 Five Points Restaurant - Five points
 Krogers - Logan Square
 Krogers - North Parkway
 Krogers - Drake Avenue
 Winn Dixie - Triana
 Winn Dixie - Oakwood Avenue
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 Harrison Brothers - downtown
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 Little Farm Grocery - Whitesburg
 Great American Car Wash - University Drive
 Cafe III - University Drive
 Sanders Cleaners - Jordan lane
 Great Spirits - South Parkway
 Lawren's - Franklin
 Classic Cafe - University Drive
 Dunkin donuts - Wynn Drive and University
 Wings - University Drive
 Wings - Pratt Avenue
 J. Gregory's pizza - Jordan
 Allied Photocopy - Pratt Avenue
 El Mejicano Restaurant - Jordan lane
 El Palacio Restaurant - South Parkway
 Mullin's Restaurant - Andrew Jackson
 Sam's Wholesale Warehouse - North Parkway
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 PX - on Redstone Arsenal
 Commissary - on Redstone Arsenal
 Kettle - both University locations
 Olive Garden - University Drive
 Jim's Restaurant - Holmes Avenue
 Papa Jack's - Bob Wallace
 A&W Drive In - Drake Avenue
 Holiday Foods - Jordan Lane
 Food World - Holmes near Madison Square
 Dorothy's Restaurant
 Constitution Hall Park
 Bagel Place - University Drive
 Wilson Cleaners - University Drive



Old Huntsville Magazine
716 Clinton Avenue
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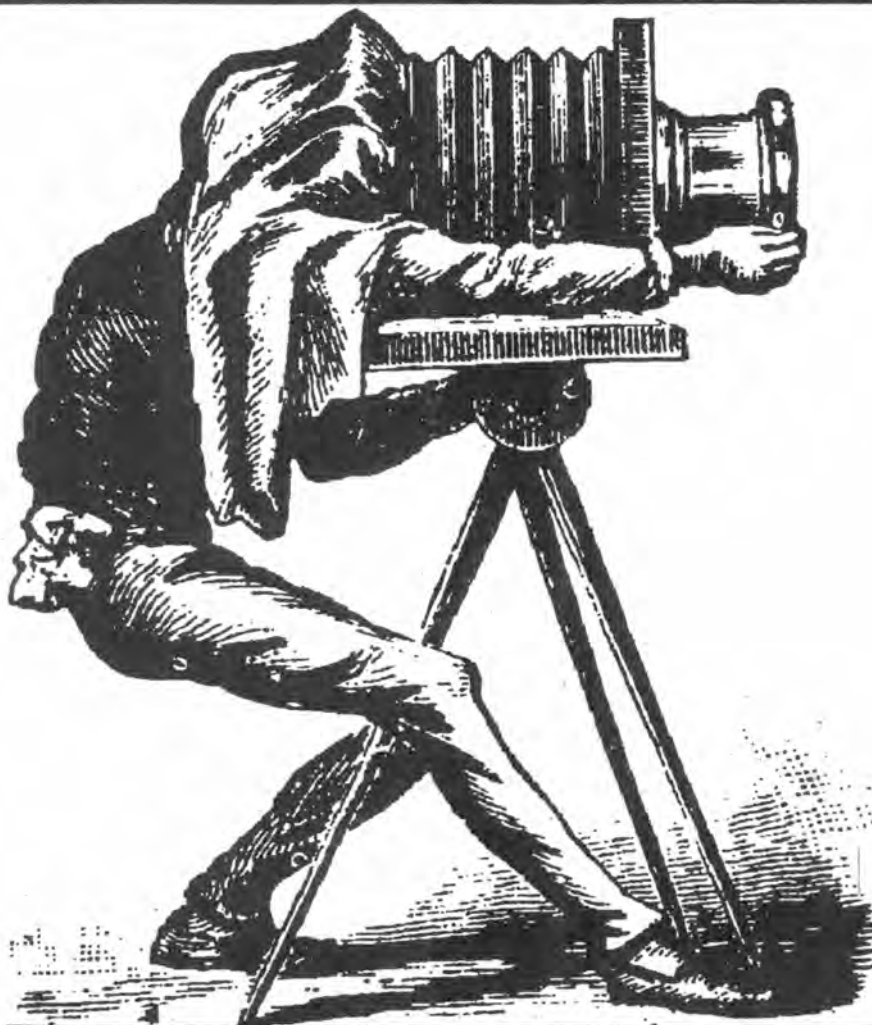
In April of 1956 my family and I moved to Huntsville from Washington, D.C.. Our first home was a rental house in the Hillandale area.

Soon after we had settled in my sons were playing outside with other boys and my seven year old son Mike came rushing into the house and asked his mother, "Am I a Rebel or a Yankee?" His mother asked him why he wanted to know, to which Mike replied "Well, if I'm a Yankee I'm going to have to fight!"

The situation was soon diffused and no altercation resulted.

Paul A. Wisner
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Bend and stretch in the grocery store - you'll find better bargains away from eye level.

Don't shop for food when you're hungry - you'll be too impulsive and spend more money than you planned.

By generic instead of brand names.

Use cold water in rinsing and washing your clothes

Use your clothesline to dry your clothes, if it is possible where you live.

Freeze candles before you use them - they will burn longer.

The United States Postal Service is almost two hundred years old. If you were that old, think how slow you would be.

*Lennie Edwards,
Truck Driver*

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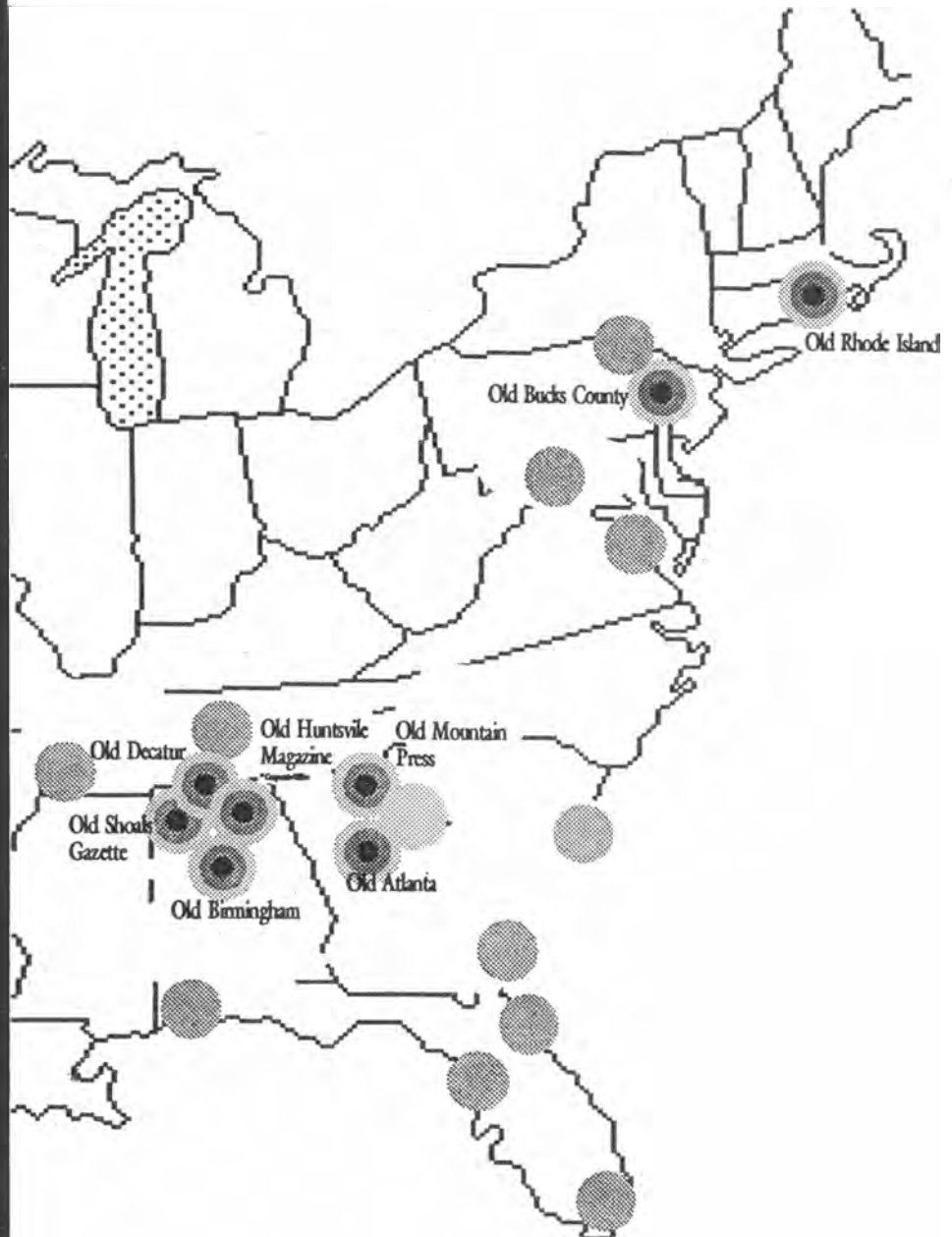
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