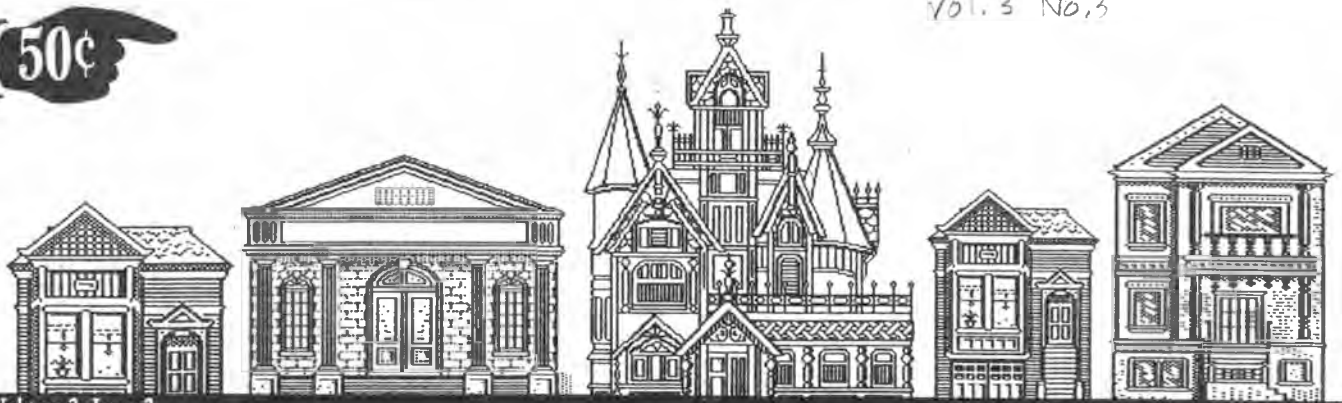


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Vol. 3 No. 3



Volume 3 Issue 3

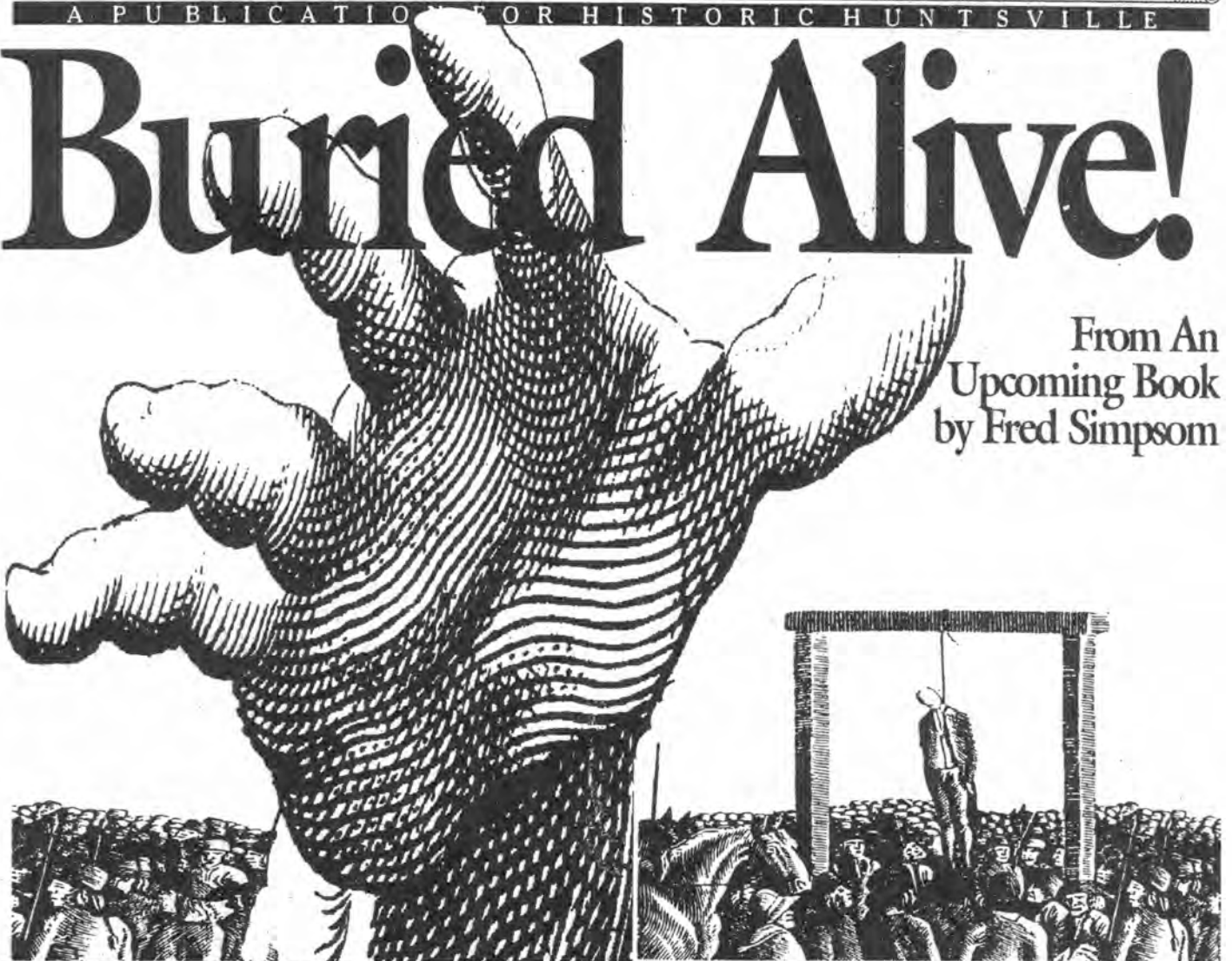
1992

# Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

# Buried Alive!

From An  
Upcoming Book  
by Fred Simpson



ALSO THIS ISSUE: "SALLY CARTER; GHOST OF THE GOLDEN GHETTO"



## BURIED ALIVE!

BY FRED SIMPSON

James Alexander Austin returned from the war between the states to find his farm destroyed, his wife, Mary, and his daughter, Birdie, dead of Typhoid Fever. He left his remaining children with friends and came to Huntsville, where he found employment as a brick mason during the building of the railroad depot. Soon afterwards, death struck his family again. He learned that his son, Johnson, had been killed and his other son, Thomas, had died of yellow fever. Mary, his daughter, and his son-in-law, William Sneed, died in Kentucky. With what was left of his family, he settled on a farm north of town on Winchester road where he married Mildred Duryee.

James now had only two children, two daughters, Elizabeth Virginia Austin and Ellie Sando Austin.

In 1878, Elizabeth married Algernon L. Blunt who had purchased 175 acres of land about eight miles north of Huntsville on Winchester Road for his bride. Here the happy couple began a prosperous farm. Their family grew to include four children before 1890.

In 1890, Ellie was a young lady of nineteen. She was slightly above medium height, rather stout, with fair features and a bewitching form. She displayed a culture that charmed all who met her. An attentive student, above average in her school work, it was therefore not a surprise to her family and friends when she became a school teacher. Her first position was at Paul's Chapel, not far from the Blunt farm.

Ellie lived with her sister, Elizabeth, and brother-in-law on their farm on Winchester Road. She enjoyed life with the Austin and Blunt families. Her father, James, was living just down Winchester Road, and she often visited him and the children of her deceased sister, Mary Sneed.

Ellie could walk to her teaching position at Paul's Chapel from the farm and return in the afternoon to help with the many duties of a large family on a farm.

To help with the work on the farm, A. L. Blunt had negro field hands. One of these workers was Robert Mosely. Mosely was about five feet seven inches in height and was of slight build of no more than 140 pounds. He had a black complexion with a pimpled face.

There is no record of the relationship that Mosely had with the Blunt family. It would be reasonable to believe that Mosely admired, or hated, Ellie Austin from a distance. This love-hate relationship would cause Mosley more trouble than he ever imagined.

Ellie left her sister's home on Wednesday morning, March 19, 1890, at nine o'clock walking to her teaching position at Paul's Chapel. She did not arrive. About a half mile from the house near the edge of a lonely strip of woods, she was confronted by Robert Mosely who lay in wait for his victim.

Springing on her from behind, he pinned her arms and forced her into the woods. Ellie fought and screamed, but was quickly overpowered by the strength of her brutal assailant.

If the assault by itself was not enough to terrorize the young girl, what she saw next certainly would have been. It was a grave, a tomb, and it was meant for her.

About seventy-five yards from the road, in the midst of a thick growth of underbrush, was a pit that had been carefully and freshly dug. It was evident that considerable time and effort had gone into digging the pit and gathering the logs, boards and other items needed to construct the tomb.

The pit that was to become the girl's tomb was about seven feet long, three feet wide and four feet deep. At one end of the pit was a huge oak stump. Around this stump, the dirt had been thrown neatly from the grave as Mosely dug it out. The top of the pit was neatly framed with logs, the cross pieces being dovetailed together with some skill. At the head of the pit was a short section of eight inch stove



## Old Huntsville

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205-534-0502 or 536-3002

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pipe inserted through the top to admit light and air into the tomb.

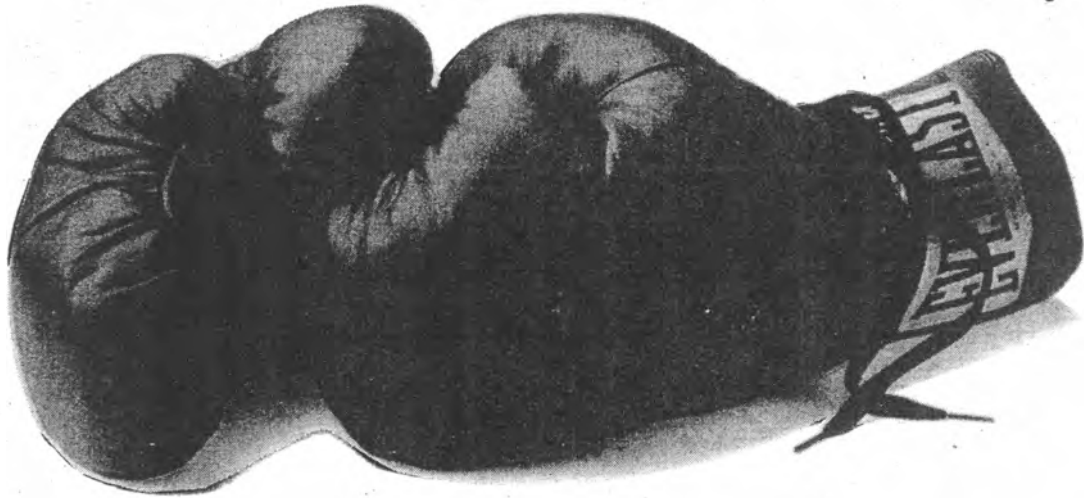
Mosely forced the screaming girl into the crude earthen prison. To prevent anyone from chancing upon anything belonging to the girl, he threw her school books and slate into the grave with her. Next he placed a number of poplar boards over the top of the pit, nailed them down and then placed old roots and trunks of trees and hastily shovelled dirt and rubbish over the top. Mosley finished the concealment with leaves and twigs. The tomb and entombment was now complete. He lay his pick on top of the tomb and covered it with dirt. There was nothing to be seen by the citizens passing on the road. The only evidence of the dastardly deed was the faint sobbing coming from beneath his feet. Mosley was confident the girl would never be found.

"Now, damn you," Mosley shouted to the imprisoned girl, "stay there, and I will come back tonight and kill you."

Leaving the girl in her tomb,

continued page 4

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Mosley left, intending to come back at a later time. To do what? Why did he not rape or kill her then? He had to know that his actions, if reported by the girl, would nominate his neck to grace a noose.

As Ellie lay in her tomb, she realized that only a short time separated her from certain death at the hands of a depraved maniac. She forced herself to stop screaming and, wiping the tears from her dirt streaked face, began searching for a way to escape from her dark prison.

Taking inventory of the items with her she discovered her school slate. Breaking it, and using the slate fragments, she began to scoop away the dirt between the boards above her.

After working frantically for some time, she saw a glimmer of daylight and was able to clear an opening barely large enough to reach her hand and arm through. With her arm through the small opening she touched, to her surprise, the handle of the pick that had been thrown on top of the pit by Mosely. Desperately clawing at the dirt until she could get a firm grip on the pick, she pulled it into the grave with her.

Her actions had caused considerable quantities of dirt and rubbish to fall from the top of the pit around her. More light surrounded her, and she could see how to proceed. She inserted the sharp point of the pick between the cracks of the poplar boards and pulled with all of her might. The board bent and finally broke. Using the pick, she cleared an opening large enough to crawl through. Pulling herself from the grave, she looked around for Mosely, and not finding him, she fled homeward.

She had been in the pit, her intended tomb and grave for three hours.

Mr. Blunt was in the city at the time of the attack. On returning home, he found the country aroused and scouting parties were in hot pursuit in all directions. Mr. Blunt galloped back to the city to inform the authorities. The indignation of the citizens brought a call to arms.

The "Weekly Mercury" gave a report of the news. "The city was startled on receipt of the news of a hell conceived attempt made by a negro to outrage the person of a young girl. The brutality connected with the savage attempt eclipses anything ever attempted by a devil in guise of human shape. In the broad light of day, in the glow of grateful sunshine, an

innocent, merry hearted girl on her way to school is seized upon, and a foul attempt made to rob her of that which is dearer than life itself - the priceless gem of virtue."

The telegraph was used to dispatch a description of Mosely to all points in the county. Guards were posted throughout the county to watch for the culprit. It was felt that his capture would be only a question of time, and a short time at that.

Armed and determined men composed searching parties set out to look for Mosely. One group of twenty-five men were ordered into Huntsville to discover, if by some means, Mosely had sneaked into the city. The chief of night police led this group. They went to several suspected houses in the city and its suburbs and thoroughly searched each. The searching parties would be out all night but would produce no results.

On Thursday morning, a newspaper reporter from "The Mercury" drove out Winchester Road to the residence of Mr. A. L. Blunt. In the company of R. E. Pectus and several ladies, the reporter proceeded to the woods where Miss Austin was assaulted. Standing at the edge of the yawning pit, they tried to imagine what kinds of torture Mosely must have had in mind for Ellie. Only a cruel, diabolical monster would treat someone such as this. The empty pit gave silent evidence to the three terror filled hours the young girl spent struggling for her life.

About sixty yards from the grave, another pit was found. The signs indicated, however, that it had been scooped out some time in the past. Beside it lay a quantity of "sage" grass and pieces of burlap. Could this have been the start of a tomb for Ellie that Mosely abandoned? Or was it for someone else?

The party was kindly invited into Mr. Blunt's home. His mother, Melvina Blunt, introduced them to Ellie Austin. A few bruises on her arms and a slight scratch on her neck were the only injuries received by the young girl at the hands of the monster.

Though frightened, Ellie was not reluctant to talk about the horrifying experience. In graphic details, she related to the group how she fought and screamed as she was being forced through the woods. She stated she never once lost her presence of mind, not even when she was thrown into the tomb. When asked about her escape from the grave, she remarked, "necessity is the mother of invention,

and I found that my slate, when broken, was a good thing with which to scoop away the dirt and rubbish above me."

The group congratulated Miss Austin on being unharmed. They felt that she was a devoted heroine of the sunny South and a credit to her sex. They told her of the acclaim and congratulations she was receiving from the entire county. She stated that she felt grateful to the thousands of citizens who sprang to arms at the first whisper of trouble, and as the group rose to go, she requested the reporter from "The Mercury" to express in fitting terms in the column of his paper, "the gratitude she felt for all who have taken so deep an interest in the capture of her assailant."

Late Thursday night the search parties from Meridianville and Huntsville received information that Mosely had been sighted at the farm of Frank Craft, about a mile north of Owens Cross Roads.

At early sunrise Friday morning, Mosely was found in one of the out buildings reserved for field hands on the Craft farm. The mounted party surrounded the house and called for Mosely to come out. Jumping from the house, Mosely began running in an effort to escape his pursuers. A member of the squad fired at the fleeing man. The ball grazed Mosely's head and knocked him down. He was quickly bound and placed roughly on a horse. Surrounding the prisoner, the group set out but it was not the county jail they were headed toward. Judge Lynch was about to hold court and dispense justice.

Runners were sent in all directions to inform the different searching parties that Mosely had been found. All were told to assemble at the scene of the crime.

The groups reached the strip of woods where Mosely had dug the pit. Mosely was taken down from the horse and faced the group of determined men. He was told that his moments were numbered. One of the men told him that if he did not want to stand at the "bar of God" with a lie on his lips, he had better tell the truth about why he had dug that pit, if anyone helped him to do it and what he intended to do with Miss Austin.

By persistent questioning, the facts of the crime were drawn out. To a Mercury reporter who closely interrogated him, he said he was sixteen years old, that he dug the hole Monday morning before nine o'clock, he had not intended to kill Miss Ellie, but



just keep her there for some time.

For what, he could not explain.

When he discovered that Miss Ellie had escaped from the tomb he started for Huntsville, going down the Elora Railway track. He stopped at the house of his uncle, Frank Hamlett, who gave him supper and a dollar and advised him to get out of the city. After remaining all night in town, he left for Owens Cross Roads at seven o'clock on Thursday morning and arrived there at eleven o'clock.

Mosley stated he thought he was in no danger because he felt he did not do any harm to Miss Austin.

Walking north from Owens Cross Roads to the farm of Mr. Frank Craft, he hired out to Mr. Craft as a farm hand. On Thursday, he walked to the Owens Cross Roads post office and mailed a letter to his father. Mosely's letter explained that he was working for Mr. Craft. He asked that any letter be addressed to Willie Ward so no one would find out the letter was to him.

After the questioning, Mosely called for his friend, Henry Cloyd, to come forward and take out of his pocket the few personal effects he had. There was forty-five cents and a French harp. He appointed Henry as his administrator and told him to give twenty-five cents to his mother, fifteen cents to his sister, Annie and the new French harp and a nickel to his little brother, Willie.

The men got on with the business at hand. About twenty feet from the open pit was a great white oak tree. A rope was thrown over an outstretched branch and Mosely's arms were pinned behind him. Members of the posse placed the prisoner on a horse under the limb of the oak tree. A noose had already been made in the rope, and this was slipped over his head and placed around his neck.

He did not plead for his life. Even when the rope was placed around his neck he demonstrated complete indifference. He appeared to have accepted his position and was resigned to his fate.

Prayer was offered by older Charley Woodson of Huntsville. By this time, there were about three hundred people present to witness the hanging.

Mosely requested that his body not be put in the pit he had dug, but that it be put in a coffin like other folks, and buried. Then, he said that he was ready to die.

One of the men took a handkerchief from Mosely's pocket and attempted to put it over the prisoners face. Mosely refused. The last words he uttered were: "Let me see one more time in this world."

Everything was ready. Judge Lynch was about to announce a decision. Grabbing the horse's bridle, one of the men jerked on it roughly, causing the horse to bolt and leaving Mosely suspended between earth and heaven. The crowd became silent as the body hung motionless, then a slight twitching of the lower limbs proclaimed the death of strangulation eleven minutes after he was hung. It was 4:35 p.m.

## "Baby & Grand Piano's"

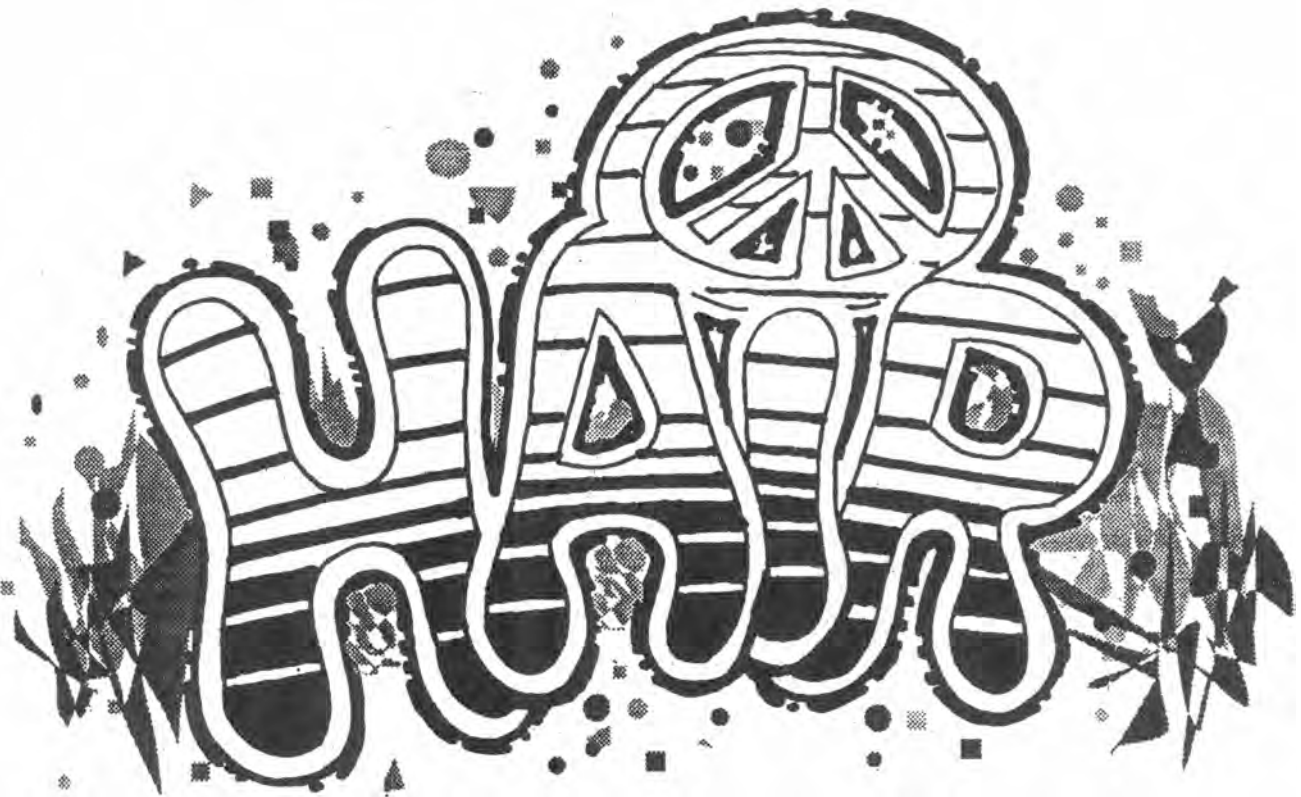


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After hanging for some time, the body was cut down and deposited in the grave he himself had dug.

On Monday, the body was taken out of the grave for a more decent interment, but all the citizens in the surrounding communities refused to allow burial on their property. The body was hauled around from place to place until that night, when Mr. Gus Penny, a negro, kindly consented for the burial on his farm. The body was left in an old house on the property until Tuesday morning when Mosely was lowered into his final resting place.

### Epilogue

*Ellie's father, James Austin, died in 1900, at the home of his daughter, Elizabeth Blunt, on Meridian Street in Huntsville.*

*A. L.'s mother, Melvina Blunt, died in 1914 in Huntsville.*

*A. L. Blunt died in February, 1899, at the early age of 42 at his home on Monte Sano Pike. He left six children: James A., William, Birdie, Susie, Maysie and Odell.*

*Elizabeth Blunt died in November, 1901 when she was 49. She lies beside A. L. in Maple Hill Cemetery. Elizabeth's estate was administered in 1906 by her sister, Ellie S. Austin.*

*Ellie Austin did not remain a teacher. She worked as a clerk at Newman and Schloss's in Huntsville during 1911 and 1912. She never married.*

*Birdie married Lawrence Guinn and moved to Montgomery, Alabama. Maysie moved to that city also. Ellie moved to Montgomery with the girls and died there in 1938. She was returned home to be buried in Maple Hill Cemetery in Huntsville. She lies beside Birdie Guinn and Mazie Blunt.*

*Almost every political speech has a happy ending - when its over*

*Laurie Deavers  
Housewife*

*Most of us grow up and get married. The trouble is, we don't always do it in that order*

*Kenneth Harkins  
Retired*

## Back Alley Gourmet

by JIM HARRIS

People who have never lived in a mill village probably don't understand the need for back alleys. They may not even know what one is except that it is an alley behind something.

It use to be that people didn't like displaying their garbage where every one could see it. When the owners of the cotton mills built villages for their employees, they could have said that it takes up too much land, but even they cared enough for the dignity of the poor to give them a proper place to put their garbage. Working in a cotton mill didn't pay much and we didn't have a lot of garbage to throw away, but we, at least, had some out-of-the-way place to put it until it could be picked up.

My brother and I spent a lot of time in the alleys between Front Street and Lawrence and Davidson. Many of the villagers saved their table scraps for us to feed our hogs. We had to go every day after school to pick it up. That was our chore come rain, shine, sleet or snow. Nothing but dad could keep us from our appointed rounds.

There was one family though, that didn't always put their food scraps in their garbage can. They didn't save them especially for us. Their house also faced Oakwood Avenue and I think it was between Front and Lawrence streets. Anyway, during the summer when watermelons (we called them wallermelons) were in season, they never consumed the whole melon, only the center.

Well, you know, a good watermelon is good to the rine. We may have thought that they were a little better off because they ate only the center. We were glad too. They always put the halves, or quarters, rine down on top of the garbage can. It was as if they were careful to keep it as clean as possible. I've had my fill of watermelon many times standing there at that garbage can. Actually, it was good practice for when I joined the Air Force.



## Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelic M. Owens

The development of osteoporosis is much more likely to occur among women than men. It is a disease that will affect one out of every four women over 50. Actually, osteoporosis means "porous bone." The inside of a bone looks like a sponge and with osteoporosis, it's as if the holes in the sponge become larger and more numerous. As a result, the bones become less dense and increasingly fragile - and more likely to break.

The older we get, the weaker our bones become. As a matter of fact, even at the age of thirty, we lose some bone, but the loss is very small. For women, menopause changes the picture dramatically. The major cause of osteoporosis in women is the decline in estrogen levels which is a direct result of the menopause that women experience, usually around age 45-50, or so. Also, women with a family history of osteoporosis are more likely to develop this disease.

Calcium deficiency is another contributing factor. Many women, especially those who shun milk, cheese, and other dairy products may have a chronic calcium deficiency without knowing it. The body needs calcium to maintain bone strength. While it is important to get adequate calcium in our diet throughout our lives, calcium supplements alone will not solve the problem of developing osteoporosis. The body needs estrogen in order for the calcium to be absorbed into the bones.

Exercise and vitamin D also are essential to maintain strength. Once bone is lost, it cannot be replaced, so it is important for young people to take preventive measures before they reach the age when it is too late to avoid the development of this condition of bone loss. Exercise and diet are very important.



# Most Absent-Minded Man on Record

Professor Blank, although a very dignified and courtly gentleman, has fits of absent-mindedness amounting almost to mental aberration. This failing has placed him in most embarrassing positions. It seemed to the professor and his family that the climax had been reached one evening when the professor, after filling his bathtub for a bath, plunged in with all his clothes on. But a deeper mortification soon followed this alarming mental lapse. The professor sometimes speaks in public and a few days after the bathroom episode he was asked to be one of three or four speakers at a public meeting. His brief address was received with great applause, which, to the professor's surprise and chagrin, was followed by broad grins, and even unsuppressed tittering on the part of many in the audience. No sooner was the professor out of the house after the meeting than he turned to his wife and asked: "My dear, what was the occasion of all that smiling and actual giggling after the generous applause that followed my address?"

"Don't you know?" asked his wife, a little sharply. "I never felt so mortified in my life. Why don't you keep your wits about you when you are in public? I've never been so embarrassed! It was dreadful!"

"What did I do?" he asked.

"You sat up there on that platform before all that great audience and applauded your own speech! That's what you did!"

From 1902 Newspaper

*"A great way to start the day!"*



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*Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.*

Wind yarn on a moth ball and it will keep moths from cutting the yarn to pieces.

To prevent foxes from entering the chicken house, put a lighted lantern outside the door.

A soft cloth moistened with sour milk may be used to clean the keys of the piano if alcohol is not available. Wipe each key with a soft dry cloth after cleaning.

To freshen a felt hat that becomes soiled, rub lightly with fine sandpaper over the entire surface to avoid a spotted appearance.

To use small leftover rolls - hollow out the inside and cover with butter - toast slowly in the oven. Fill with tasty meat stew and serve.

Save the rinds of lemons, tangerines, oranges in the freezer. Use as needed for flavoring for cakes, juices, ice teas, etc.

A discarded electric lightbulb makes a good stocking darning.

A child's shoes should not be re-soled for further wear unless they are one-half inch longer and one-fourth inch wider than the child's feet.



## Thank You!

We would like to thank our many readers for your 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.

## Origin Of America

Dr. Hale Tells of the First Time That the Hymn Was Sung  
from 1909 Huntsville Newspaper

"I suppose I am the only person here who heard 'America' sung the first time in this country," said the Reverend Everett Hale, in an address at the Old West Roxbury Meeting House. "It was on a Fourth of July when I was a boy. I had spent all my celebration money and on my way home had to pass Park Street church. I decided to go into the church, where there was a celebration of the nation's holiday.

There was a chorus of boys and girls who sang 'America' on that day for the first time. I don't remember whether I tried to sing it. Later in life, Dr. Smith told me how he came to write the verses for the tune to 'God Save the King'.

The minister of Park Street church told him that there was to be a celebration of the Fourth of July at the church and that he wanted Dr. Smith to write some verses of a song for it, and handed to Dr. Smith a number of English and German music books and told him to find some tune in them and fit his verses to the music.

Dr. Smith looked through the books and selected the tune, which he had never heard, and which has been sung as 'America' in this country ever since."



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## Discovered Baked Snuff

A Limerick tobacconist of the name of Lundyfoot, doing a comparatively small trade, was unfortunate enough to have his establishment destroyed by fire. On visiting the ruins the next day he saw some of his poor neighbors among the debris gathering the half baked snuff from the canisters which had not been entirely destroyed by the fire. He tasted what he considered the worthless article, and to his surprise found that the heat from the fire had added pungency and aroma to the snuff. Profiting by the discovery, the shrewd Irishman at once set about baking his snuff in ovens, and the fame of the "Blackyard snuff" was established and an immense fortune soon made by Lundyfoot, founded upon a mere accident and growing out of a misfortune.

—Boston Herald

*Anybody can be happy while busy -  
it's not so easy to be happy doing  
nothing*

*June Ingram  
Physical Therapist*

*Children are small creatures who  
make parents old and grandparents*

*young  
Cliff Hill  
Marketing Manager  
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*The amount of sleep required by the  
average person is usually five min-  
utes more*

*Russ Letson  
Customer Engineer  
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## A Terrible Revenge

Last week, to keep up with the style, a city editor ran away with another man's wife. He did not get away so easily, however, as he imagined he would. The man followed him and overtook the truant pair.

The editor got behind the woman and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was uncertain whether the outraged husband would shoot him or carve him up with a butcher knife.

He stood there like the boy on the burning deck, and calmly waited the result. The outraged husband came up within two feet of the editor and said, "Cuss your impudence. I want you to stop my paper."

That was all. The editor recovered himself, and said he would have the matter attended to himself. During all the trying scene the woman stuck to the editor like a sandbug to a girl's stocking. Some people get mad and stop their paper for almost nothing.



RUMORS &amp; HEARSAY

## Old Huntsville Trivia

1843

In one of the first attempts at zoning, the city fathers force Preston Yeatman to remove his horse stable from the corner of Greene between Eustis and Gates streets.

1845

Education is gaining a strong foothold. There are seven colleges and high schools with an enrollment of 676 students.

1846

The "Huntsville Volunteers," under the command of Captain William Wilson depart for Texas to join the fight for independence.

1851

The town is scandalized by a young man, 19 years old, checking into a local hotel accompanied by his wife. She was 62.

1862

The first defence industry arrives in Huntsville. J.R. Young and Company are given the contract to manufacture six pound cannons for the Confederacy.

1865

C. C. Clay, a Huntsville native is imprisoned along with Jefferson Davis, in Fort Monroe, for conspiracy in the death of Abraham Lincoln. The charges were never proved and Clay was ordered released by U.S. Grant.

1866

Fordyce and Rison Banking House opens its doors. They will remain one of the most influential banks in Huntsville until 1948, when they were acquired by First National Bank.

1869

Again, the townspeople are agog at the happenings at the Huntsville hotel. This time the sensation is about a one year old child being exhibited. It had been born with four legs and a local shyster was charging fifty cents a head to view it.

1870

John Hays, a well known local fisherman, catches a 105 pound Sturgeon in the Tennessee river. It was seven foot long and was sold for \$3.50.

This one is not about Huntsville, but it's too good to pass up.

1953

Banks are pressuring Congress to make "bad check writing" a federal crime. After much debate, (behind closed doors?) Congress refuses. One Congressman, from New York, stated that "only criminal negligence or ignorance can cause a person to consistently write bad checks. And those people deserve to be in jail." He was in the minority.

## Money-Saving Ideas from our Readers

Dear Old Huntsville

"My mother had to do with a lot less than we have nowadays. Here are a few of the things she did to try and save money:

When your linen tablecloth becomes soiled, cut napkins from the clean parts and hem them, or use as kitchen towels.

Take an umbrella that is past its prime, cut away the material and hang it up in your shower. Use the stems to hang delicate items to dry.

Use scraps of soap on fabric when cutting out pieces to sew.

Use old chenille robes for polishing cloths.

Save all your lemon peels and put them in the tub when you have a handful.

Hope these are what ya'll were looking for!"

Jewell Harvey  
Huntsville

Dear Old Huntsville:

Instead of buying new artificial flowers, like the silk ones, just take the ones you have and shake them in a paper bag with a cup of salt in it. Shake off the salt, and your flowers will look alot better!

Nellie Butler  
Union Grove

*The United States Postal service is almost two hundred years old. If you were that old, think how slow you would be.*  
Lennie Edwards  
Truckdriver

# Bustle Coming Back?

From 1895 publication

The first step towards the revival of the bustle has been taken. This is shown in the new organ-pipe skirt. It is the skirt of the season, and resembles in a marked degree the bustle of the past. The skirt is very full, lined with haircloth, and arranged in four or two box pleats at the back. These plates stand out prominently and are padded ten inches from the waist line. Over the waist the skirt fits with glove-like smoothness, flaring towards the bottom.

## Weeds Weeds Weeds by Joyce Jones

*Pulling weeds from out of my lawn  
Is not my special cup of tea.  
I much prefer to take a rest  
Beneath the spreading maple tree.*

*Hours are wasted on a lawn,  
For pulling weeds is such a bore.  
Pull a few and look around  
And there are more, and more and More:*

*Pull them and they grow back  
with truly remarkable speed.  
So, for me to pull those plants  
There really isn't any crying need.*

*For those who like to pull weeds  
Pull as many as you can see.....  
All I ask is just that you  
Let us non-weed pullers be:*

*For when all is said and done,  
Weeds add color to the scene.  
If they're cut and neatly trimmed....  
Happy thought...they're still green*

# WEBB LAW IS APPLIED

## GUNTERSVILLE CLAIMS 35 ARE BOOTLEGGING

**Gives Notice To Railroads And  
Express Co.  
Not To Deliver Booz**

Guntersville. Sheriff Sparks of Marshall County, yesterday served official and formal notice on the Southern Express Company not to deliver whiskey to thirty five bootleggers in the town of Guntersville.

It is understood the notice was also served on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railroad.

Sheriff Sparks alleges that the 35 men named in his formal notice, order and receive with the intention of selling it in violation of Alabama law.

The federal statute known as the Webb law is involved in this new move at Guntersville for common carriers are forbidden to handle liquors into any dry territory where they will be used to violate the law.

Taken From 1913 Newspaper

## He Buildded Worse than He Knew

A city man visited the family of a relative in the country, where he was not a welcome guest by any manner or means. After the visitor had spent one morning at the breakfast table, country uncle said:

"Cousin, don't you think your family will miss you painfully? You ought not to leave them alone so much."

"By Jove, that's so," exclaimed the city man, "I'll telegraph them to come right on at once!"

From 1904 Newspaper

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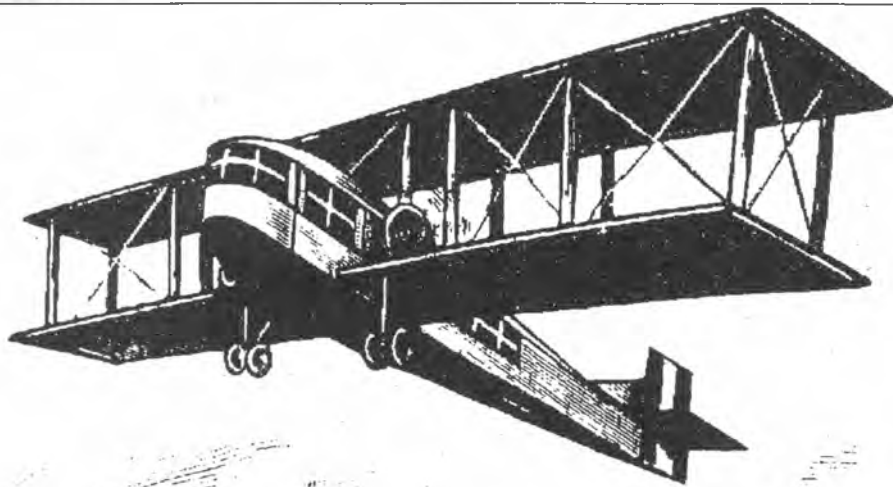


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# Early Huntsville Aviation

by Shelby P. Taylor

At the end of World War II there were indications that the Huntsville Airport would soon become a beehive of activity. Pennsylvania Central Airlines had begun service into Huntsville during the war, Eastern began service January 1, 1946 and they were soon joined by Waterman Airlines, an intra-state operation.

There was only one thing that dimmed this rosy picture - there were few facilities to accommodate these flights. The runways were minimum length, there were no lights or landing aids, no control tower and Penn-Central had the only radio available. The "terminal building" was a wood shack that had been hauled in from another location and placed at the end of one of the runways. It turned out that it was not unusual, especially in the winter, for flights to pass over Huntsville on account of bad weather.

Waterman Airlines was established by Waterman Steam Ship Co. to serve Mobile, Dothan, Montgomery, Birmingham, Huntsville and Muscle Shoals with one round trip a day. They started service with a 14 passenger Lockheed but soon obtained a refurbished DC-3 that carried 24 passengers instead of the usual 21 for this type of aircraft. Because they were an intra-state airline they were not certified by any federal agency and thus were not eligible for membership in the Airline Transport Association and so far as Eastern was concerned, Waterman did not exist.

After about a year of flying with few passengers and no air-mail or air-express, Waterman announced they were quitting and gave the date for their last flight. On this sad day for Waterman Airlines the Eastern north bound flight landed and after boarding the passengers they were prepared to leave with a full load, when lo and behold, one of the engines refused to start.

What were they to do with 21 unhappy passengers?

A call to Atlanta produced no help as they did not have a back up plane available. After much hand wringing, the station manager reluctantly suggested the passengers could be put on Watermans flight and sent back to Birmingham where they could catch connecting flights. After much discussion the Atlanta supervisors agreed this was their only solution;

So with 21 Eastern passengers and 3 of their own, Waterman Airlines took off for the first time in their short life with a full load...and someone from Eastern Airlines had to explain to Captain Rickenbacker why they gave up 21 passengers to another airline that didn't even exist.

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# A Great Stress Reliever

Sometimes when everything seems to be going wrong, you will notice it doesn't happen one at a time, but usually piles up all at the same time. Which makes each preceding event that much worse, until you just feel that you can't handle any more. If you've never tried the following, it is a sure cure for many problems, and gives you time to think things out. It's a convertible!

The weather plays a major role in this stress reliever. It shouldn't be raining, snowing or very cold. Very hot is tolerable, as long as you can keep on moving. That asphalt gets mighty warm in these Alabama summers. So if you have the convertible, or can borrow one, and the weather is good, you're fifty percent there.

What I do is pick out a few of my favorite cassettes to play in the car, usually good old country music.

The rest is just driving. Early morning is nice, but some may prefer evening driving. Just take off. Have a direction that you want to go in, but try not to plan too much of a route. I like to drive out towards the country,

find some old two-lane roads and just drive. I turn the tape player up as loud as I can stand it, and sing along to the songs.

Now, this may not sound like much, but unless you try it you're not going to believe the exhilaration and just plain happiness that comes from such a simple pastime. Imagine this: You're not sure where you're going, so it's an adventure. You're doing this for you, so you feel pretty good already. Then when you get up to a normal speed, with the wind in your hair, your tape turned up and singing your heart out . . . there's nothing like it.

Some of the advantages I have found are some that you can't put money on. For just the price of some gasoline, you can think through the problem that is unsettling you, and try to come to a conclusion. You can get a different perspective on someone who just doesn't understand you, can come to grips with a relative who is very sick, decide whether to stay with a lover or not, etc., etc. You're away from the problem, therefore you can think it out a little better.

It doesn't even have to be for a very long time. It will seem like you've been gone quite a while. I'll tell you the exact moment that you realize how good this can be. It'll be when you've finally come back home, and you can't wait to go again.

Cathey Carney

## An Omen

*A star fell from the zenith bright,  
Adown it swept, a track of light.  
A spirit left its earthy home,  
Through boundless unknown tracts to roam.*

*They marked the two, the star, the soul;  
They said, so long as the time shall roll,  
When falls a star from boundless height,  
A spirit too shall take its flight.*

*Unknown, unseen by mortal eye,  
Each night a star falls from the sky;  
Unknown, unsung by mortal song,  
Each second bears a soul along.*

Alice M. Schoff

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HARD TO BELIEVE

## ABSURD NEWS

WEIRD & WONDERFUL

### The Babies Got Mixed Up!

In a nearby county the other day, a married woman and her married daughter each gave birth to a baby the same day. Both were boys of the same complexion, size and weight. When the neighbors came in they, of course, took the babies and in some way got them mixed. Now neither mother can tell which baby belongs to her.

From 1890 Newspaper

### Rock The Cradle Of Love!

Mr. George Mann, a highly respected and well-to-do citizen of Unionville, who is 70 years old, was a few days ago happily united in marriage to a charming and vivacious young girl of 15, named Miss Jackson. Quite a contrast in their ages, but they are living happily together on the farm of Mr. Mann, on the Little Towaliga river. They seem to be perfectly congenial in their relations.

Another thing which makes the marriage of this couple more interesting is the fact that his son, Oscar Mann, several months ago married an older sister of the bride. So you can see that Mr. Mann's son is his brother-in-law and his daughter-in-law is his sister-in-law, and his wife is the mother-in-law of her older sister.

From 1896 Newspaper



## A CONFEDERATE HERO

He was a Confederate Hero. Born in Huntsville, Henry Bolden served in many theaters of the war and saw action in the Battle of Nashville. When the Union troops began to overrun his position in bloody hand to hand fighting, Bolden, who did not have a gun, picked up a stick and began swinging it furiously. When the battle was over, five dead yankee soldiers lay sprawled about his feet.

Later when asked how he did it, his only reply was, "I knocked them in the head."

Today the "Sons of the Confederacy," a group aimed at preserving southern history, is trying to locate Bolden's grave so that a marker honoring his service in the Confederacy might be placed on it. Henry Bolden was a black man.

Though few people realize it, there were a number of black Confederate veterans in Madison County. These men, all of whom were valued and respected citizens, earned a unique place in Huntsville's history.

Essex Lewis, one of the best known and highly respected, went to war with his master, Colonel Nick Lewis, and saw action in Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. After the war he returned to Huntsville where he worked as a farmer and as a janitor at the post office. Lewis was a loyal member of the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate veterans here in Huntsville. In 1910 he traveled to Richmond Virginia to attend a Confederate reunion as a representative of the Huntsville camp. When Lewis died at the age of 106 his funeral was attended by an honor guard consisting of ex-Confederate soldiers.

Another Huntsville black who saw service in the civil war was Matt Gray. "Uncle Matt" as he was known, always wore an old gray uniform with the bronze "Medal Of The Confederacy" pinned to his lapel. He also was a member of the Confederate veterans organization here in Huntsville and had the distinction of a "special" chair being reserved for him at the monthly meetings. According to newspaper accounts of the day, the only meetings he ever missed were when he was sick. At his death, the Huntsville newspaper ended his obituary with: "Now Uncle Matt has gone himself to aid with the Rebel yell."

Historians researching this period of our history might be interested to know that Huntsville was not an unusual case. In a Confederate reunion held in Tampa Florida in the early 1920s, twenty five black veterans attended. Dan Winset, another veteran, lived at the Confederate Old Soldiers home in Little Rock, Arkansas, while New Orleans had a Militia made up entirely of black soldiers that served the south.

But perhaps the final word was spoken by Essex Lewis in 1898 when soldiers were stationed here during the Spanish-American war. While walking downtown one day a group of soldiers rode hurriedly by, splashing mud on his trousers. Essex glared at the soldiers and bent down to wipe the mud off, muttering to himself between clenched teeth, "Damn Yankees!"



# Famous Recipes

B Y B A R B

A Sampling of Sweets from Mrs. Dull's "Southern Cooking"

## Syllabub

1 quart cream, 24 hours old  
1 cup fresh milk  
1/2 cup grapefruit juice, or orange juice  
1 tsp vanilla  
1 cup sugar

Have everything cold and put into a large bowl. With a syllabub churn or egg beater, froth the cream and fill goblets. The cream and milk will blend, thus not being too rich. It must be done not too long before serving else it will fall. 1/4 cup of sherry jell may be used as flavoring.

## Blackberry Shrub

Select sound fruit, wash, measure and place in stone jar. For every gallon of berries use 3/4 quart of vinegar. Cover jar with cheesecloth, tying over top. Let stand three or four days; only three days if weather is very warm. Stir daily. Strain without squeezing

and put into kettle, allowing one pound of sugar for every pint of juice. Boil slowly for five minutes, bottle, cork and seal.

Dilute with cold water, use crushed ice to suite the taste when serving. Cherries, muscadines or scuppernongs may be used the same way.

## Iced Coffee with Orange Juice

1 quart strong coffee  
3/4 cup orange juice which has been strained  
1/2 cup sugar

Mix together. Serve in parfait glasses with crushed ice. Serve with spoonful of whipped cream on top.

## Hot Chocolate

2 squares of chocolate  
5 tablespoons sugar  
1 cup boiling water  
3 cups milk

Chip chocolate and melt over boiling water, add sugar and boiling water, mix together until smooth and glossy.

cook for two or three minutes, have milk scalded, add slowly, mixing well. Beat well with egg whip to form a froth so no scum will form.

A few grains of salt and a few drops of vanilla may be added if liked. Do not add milk until ready to serve. Drop a spoonful of whipped cream or a marshmallow on top.

## Coffee Caramel Parfait

1 cup milk with 3 tablespoons coffee boiled and strained  
1/2 cup sugar caramelized and added to milk  
3 cups thick cream  
3/4 cup sugar  
Yolks of two eggs  
Pinch of salt

Beat eggs with sugar, pour over the milk mixture. Cook in double boiler until thick. Remove, add 1 cup thick cream. Let get cold. Add 2 more cups thick cream, which has been whipped, freeze. Serve as ice cream.

## Plain fritters

1/2 cup milk  
1 1/4 cups flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 tablespoon sugar  
1 tablespoon melted butter  
1 egg

Mix as any batter, beating very hard. Put in baking powder after the beating is done, then mix well. Drop small pieces in deep fat and fry until done (like doughnuts). Drain. Serve with sauce.

## Sauce

2 cups water  
1 cup brown sugar  
4 tablespoons butter  
1 tablespoon corn starch  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1 tablespoon spiced pickle vinegar

Dissolve corn starch in a little water. Mix other ingredients, bring to boil, add corn starch mixture, boil until clear and thick enough for sauce, add flavoring.

From "Southern Cooking" by Mrs. Dull Available from Cherokee Publishing Co. (800)548-8778



## Try Variety in Vegetables

### Cheesy Asparagus

1/4 cup butter  
1/4 cup flour  
3/4 cup chicken broth  
3/4 cup milk  
2 lbs hot, freshly cooked asparagus spears (32-36)  
1/2 cup grated cheddar cheese  
1/4 cups grated parmesan cheese

1/2 tsp salt  
1/8 tsp pepper

Melt butter in saucepan, blend in flour. Add chicken broth and milk and cook. Stir constantly til mixture is thick and bubbly. Add Cheddar cheese, 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper; stir til cheese melts. Place asparagus in 10" pie pan, pour sauce over top. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese and broil til bubbly. Serves 6.

### Hot buttered cabbage

1/4 cup butter  
1 tsp caraway seeds, crushed  
1 tsp salt  
2 tblsp water  
6 cup coarsely shredded cabbage

Melt butter, add remaining ingredients. Steam until cabbage is tender, about 10 minutes. Stir to combine. 4 servings.

### Bacon and Green Beans

3 slices bacon, cut in 1/2" pieces  
1 can (16 oz) French-style green beans  
2 green onion, chopped  
1 tsp lemon juice  
2 tsp cornstarch  
1/2 tsp sugar  
salt and pepper

Fry bacon, drain. Drain beans, reserve 1/2 cup liquid; add beans and onions to bacon. Combine bean liquid and lemon juice; stir in cornstarch. Add to beans; heat til sauce is thick, add sugar and salt/pepper to taste. Enough for 4.



## Farm And Garden Advice

1891 Newspaper

### Exercise for Hens:

It is a well known fact that the hen, to do her best, must have exercise. She wants to do some scratching, so give her a chance. Make her work for part of her feed in straw strewn on the feeding floor. Hens, like all other creatures, if they find that they can get a living without working for it, are going to take it that way, but if they find they must do some scratching in order to get their breakfast or dinner, they will scratch and be glad to do it, and the more scratching a hen does, the healthier she will be, and the more eggs she will lay.

### Salting-Down Meat:

Curing meat for future consumption is one of the annual jobs on the farm. In some sections of the country, the problem of salting down meat is difficult because of the heat. In sections of the South there are winters when there is very little cold weather and it is not until late that hogs may be slaughtered. Here is a receipt which is said to be a good one. For 1,000 pounds of meat take ten quarts of saltpeter, one pound of pepper and two pounds of yellow sugar. Mix well, put in a tub or some suitable vessel, and then apply the mixture well to the meat. Care should be taken to apply it thoroughly in the cracks and around the edges. After the meat has taken all the salt possible, hang it up and powder it with powdered borax. Then smoke the meat. This is said to be most successful method of salting meat there is, both from a standpoint of purity and flavor.

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# "STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE"

Most people are very familiar with the typical doctor visit routine of sticking out your tongue and saying "Ahhh". While you may assume that the main reason for this is to look at your throat, there is another important reason for this: To see your tongue! The tongue can show some interesting characteristics that can "tell" your physician different things.

First, let's talk about a commonly misunderstood problem. Tongue-tie or as we doctors call it, lingual ankyloglossia, is a common physical finding in children that rarely interferes with a child's development. In spite of what you have heard, it will not cause a child to stutter; however, if it is severe, it may interfere with proper speech. Tongue-tie occurs when a small piece of skin called frenulum limits the movement of the tip of the tongue. If the tongue can be protruded beyond the lips, no treatment is necessary. In the old days, many infants had their tongues clipped; however, surgical release is necessary only if there is significant restriction of tongue movement.

**GEOGRAPHIC TONGUE.** As the name implies, your tongue looks like a map. This condition is found in about 1-2% of the population and usually persists throughout life. Geographic tongue is caused by multiple well-demarcated zones where there appears to be a lack of taste buds. The pattern usually changes as the zones seem to migrate across the tongue. No treatment is necessary. Some people have tried to prove an association between geographic tongue and strep throat; however, this has not been shown to be true.

**FISSURED (SCROTAL) TONGUE.** This is found in 5% of the population and it tends to run in families (inherited). It is also called crocodile tongue. There is a leaf-like pattern of deep groves in the tongue. This condition is permanent and no treatment is necessary.

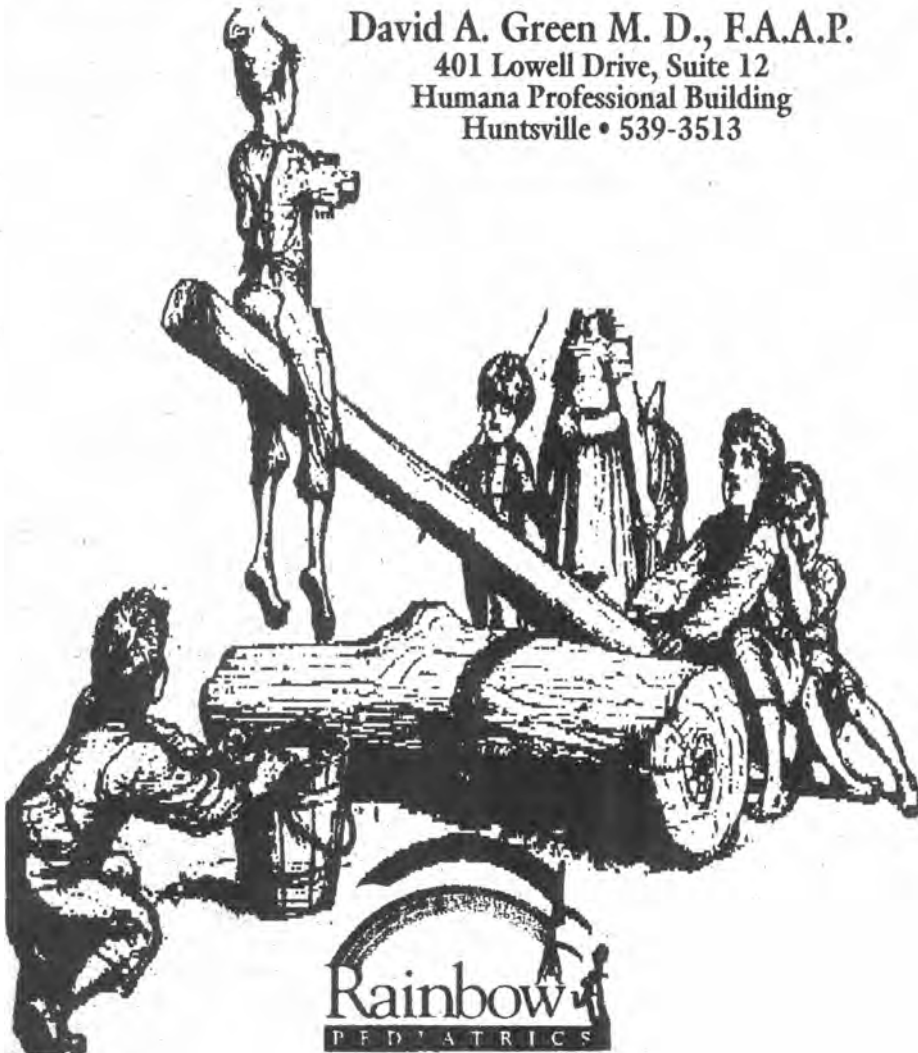
**FURRED TONGUE.** This is also known as white strawberry tongue. This occurs when your child has an illness with fever and/or is dehydrated and parts of the tongue surface enlarges. Sometimes parts of the tongue surface will swell and others will peel off and then the tongue will become a red strawberry tongue. This has been associated with scarlet fever. Are you following this? A furred tongue becomes a white strawberry tongue which may become a red strawberry tongue.

**PROTRUDING TONGUE.** Sometimes the tongue will be enlarged or appear enlarged. This can be caused by a variety of things, including hypothyroidism, infants of diabetic mothers, and inherited diseases. So look in the mirror and if your tongue is protruding, you might need to see your physician.

**BLACK HAIRY TONGUE.** This is one not usually taught in medical school; however, I see it every once in awhile. It occurs when someone is taking antibiotics or other medicines such as Pepto-Bismol.

I could go on and on. Vitamin B deficiency can cause a cobble-stone tongue. There is a bifid or cleft tongue where the tongue is divided down the middle (a true forked tongue). There is a blue tongue, earthy tongue, parrot

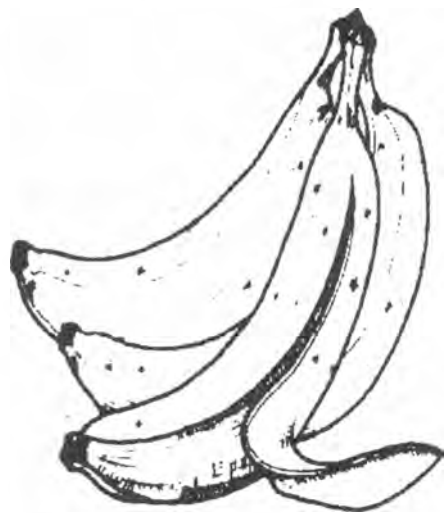
David A. Green M. D., F.A.A.P.  
401 Lowell Drive, Suite 12  
Humana Professional Building  
Huntsville • 539-3513



tongue, etc. Anyhow, I think that you get the message that your tongue can be a real gold-mine of information that can help your physician learn alot about your physical condition or illness. I guess that you never thought that your tongue could give someone so much information, or perhaps you already knew that.

So, the next time you open-up and say "Ahhh", do not forget to look at your tongue. Who knows what it might tell you. One last tid-bit of health information. When you brush your teeth, do not forget to brush your tongue, too. It will help keep your mouth clean and fresh.

David Andrew Green, Pediatrician  
Rainbow Pediatrics



## THE TOP BANANA

Fried bananas is a palatable dish for breakfast, and gives that fruit a flavor all its own, and to many, tastes better than when eaten in its natural state.

Take off the peeling and split the fruit in half. Have a hot frying pan with half an inch of butter in the bottom. Into this put the banana, being careful not to let it burn, but brown well on both sides. Just before lifting it out, sprinkle with sugar and set it in the oven to crisp over the top. Serve as a hot dish.

From 1895 Newspaper



## GRANDMA'S KITCHEN TIPS

Cook asparagus in your coffee pot. Stand them up, and use only an inch or two of water. Properly cooked asparagus should still be standing when cooked.

To cut the smell of cooking broccoli or cabbage try tossing a piece of red pepper into the pot. Or, add a piece of stale bread to the pot.

Test your egg for freshness:

It sinks in cold water

The shell is rough

Holding the egg up to a light, you can see the yolk is centered  
The contents don't shake bake and forth

Take some leftover carrots and marinate them overnight in your favorite vinaigrette salad dressing. Add a little dill and celery seed.

Put your onions in the freezer before your slice them - no tears!

To boost the flavor of chocolate in your cooking, add 2-3 tablespoons of apple juice. You'll be amazed at the difference.

If your mousse miffed - don't despair. Use it as a sauce over fruits, cubes of angelfood cake or cheese.

## The End Of The Frizzies

Recently an order was issued by the owner of one of our larger restaurants, requiring that the young women who acted as waitresses to comb out all the frizzies on the sides of their heads and plaster the hair down and hold it with combs if it is inclined to curl; further that the back hair should be tightly braided and that the fashionable large puff sleeves should be replaced by the tight-fitting, old style ones.

Of course, the young women were indignant, and all who didn't have home people dependent upon them quit their positions. The dependent ones cried, plastered their hair down, took up their sleeves and are giving orders and waiting upon their customers with their mouths pessimistically turned down at the corners. No wonder! Who among us cannot sympathize with our sisters who are really martyrs, under such trying circumstances?

From 1895 Newspaper

# The Rebel Yankee

Of all the Civil War veterans that called Huntsville home, Maj. S. F. Sweinhart must have been the most unusual. An ex-yankee soldier who moved to Huntsville after the war, he earned the respect of his former enemies and was accorded an honor unique in Huntsville's history.

Major Sweinhart was a member of an Ohio volunteer regiment and had participated in some of the bloodiest fighting of the war. While stationed in Alabama, he was captivated by the warm climate and the natural beauty of the Tennessee Valley. At the time he wore a yankee uniform so it is doubtful if he was exposed to the legendary "southern hospitality" our region has become famous for.

When the war was finally over and the soldiers had stacked arms for the last time, Major Sweinhart moved to Huntsville, determined to make it his home.

Feelings were running high at the end of the war, so it is not surprising that he was greeted with scowls and bitterness.

"Damn yankee," the Huntsville natives would say as they passed him on the streets.

"Damn rebels," the Major would mutter under his breath, while looking straight ahead.

But time has a way of healing all wounds and as the Major grew into old age, he began taking his place on the old courthouse bench, re-living and re-fighting the battles of his youth. An old yankee officer and old Confederate veterans, with nothing in common except the blood spilled on battlefields years before.

Slowly the town began to accept the old soldier and the scowls he used to encounter on the streets turned to smiles. Sweinhart became involved in community affairs and became active in veterans affairs. Of course the only other veterans in Huntsville were ex-Confederates.

In 1927 Major S. F. Sweinhart was awarded the highest accolade ever given to a yankee by Confederate veterans. The story can best be told by a newspaper article of the day.

"He was invited to dinner this week to attend a dinner given by the Daughters of the Confederacy to members of the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate Veterans at the home of Robert A. Moore, acting adjutant for the Third Brigade, Alabama Division.

He was welcomed with hand clasps and smiles. After dinner, the old veterans invited him to attend their business meeting. When discussions lagged a little, Maj. Sweinhart who had remained in a corner deep in thought, rose and stood at attention.

"Men," he said, with a shake in his voice, "I've lived down here so long I feel like I belong here." His voice quivered again as he added, "And by golly, I want to belong to you."

The Confederate veterans gave a hearty cheer, and one of them proposed Maj. Sweinhart for membership. The proposal was accepted immediately and "the major" was accepted as a member of the camp by unanimous vote.

He now belongs to the Egbert Jones Camp of Confederate veterans and is believed to be the only Union soldier in the country who has experienced such a transformation."

When Major Sweinhart died, an honor guard consisting of ex-Confederate soldiers stood guard during the funeral ceremony. His body is buried in Maple Hill Cemetery, next to the other veterans he had grown to love.

## Traveling

*I close the door upon the room  
Where I've lived just a day  
And feel a touch of sadness  
That it's time to go away,*

*For north or south or east or west -  
Wherever I may roam -  
Each new and different hotel room  
Is, for a while, my home,*

*And, of all places on this earth,  
It's home I'd rather be,  
And that is why I'm glad each spot  
Is home, sweet home, to me.*

Geraldine Farrer



## RUM AND THE PRESIDENCY

A Large Proportion of Interesting Americans Drink Too Much  
(Letter by George Alfred Townsend)

Among the men of the present day who are aspirants for the Presidency, some do not drink because they are afraid that a little indulgence would carry them off their feet, and others drink with perfect impunity, because they feel strong in well-regulated natures. John Sherman, for instance, will take his glass of whisky if a friend prefers it.

Blaine will not drink even a glass of champagne, through his father before him devoured a very nice fortune in hospitable living.

Mr. Conkling has a weak stomach, partly inherited and partly the result of excessive ambition and gallivanting in his youthful days. He therefore during his public life in Washington never smoked a cigar except by putting it in his mouth unlighted, and his drink was generally weak tea. It is said that Conkling has of late turned his affection toward the appollinaris water of which company he is the attorney.

Liquor has had its victims in other countries than this. William Pitt, who conquered Napoleon, was destroyed in his early youth by the enormous potations of strong ale he drank, and such a failure as he made financially would be noted in the United States as the greatest scandal of the age. Says Harriet Martineau: He sank when the calamity of Austria became known to him and went to Bath in September. The water produced a fit of gout, which was succeeded by a debility of digestion.

Taken from an 1887 Newspaper.



# All's Well That Ends Well

Last Saturday evening, a gentleman in the employ of Central Pacific Railroad drove out to a place about fifteen miles from the city, where his family are stopping, and soon afterward started on his return to town. Before starting, he lighted his meerschaum and indulged in a long and pleasant smoke as he drove along. This over, he placed the pipe in the outer breast pocket of his coat and paid no more attention to it.

By and by a peculiar smell greeted his olfactories - a smell of burning woolen cloth - and, as it increased, he began to look about to see if his garments were on fire, and found out that the whole pocket had burned out of his coat, and that the fire was spreading.

He grabbed at the burning material hastily, but was so nervous about it that he frightened the horse, and the animal bolted. To make matters worse, the lines were not buckled together, and one slipped out of his grasp while he was endeavoring to smother the fire with his other hand.

Still worse, the increased speed increased the breeze, which fanned the fire, and portions of it dropped down upon his pants, burning through them, and causing him to bounce up and down on the seat as though he were trying to settle down an unusually hearty meal. And there he was, horse running away, line dragging, and

fire rapidly making the color of his leg rival the hue of his red flannel under-clothing.

At last, by dexterous clawing, he managed to smother the fire, then stepped onto the shafts, recovered the line, and subdued the horse. Exceedingly thankful to get out of his trouble with no broken bones, he rode on to the city in a subdued state of mind, and never thought of being profane until, just as he was quietly slipping into a clothing store, with the buffalo robe gathered round him to conceal the deficiency of his wardrobe, he met full in the face two lady friends, who insisted upon his escorting them home, and wanted to know what in the world he had done to get himself wrapped up in that way for!

From 1890 Newspaper

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# Letters from London

On one of my visits from London to see my daughter Jane and her husband Ron in Guntersville, Ron's mom Sue invited us to Christmas dinner - she is an excellent cook and amongst the turkey and other goodies which were served was stuffing - it was delicious - so I thought I'd give the recipe for English stuffing, as well as roast potatoes.

In England, Sunday dinner wouldn't be complete without these two items - also greens - either spring greens, cornish greens (with brussel tops) and best of all - primo greens. These last have the big, bright green leaves which crackle as one prepares them. I've always laughed at the way the English people cook their greens - they say, "We only show them to the boiling water," and I must admit we really do only cook them for a few minutes - a little longer if the leaves are thicker or coarser - but I suppose that's the way we've always done it, and one does seem to always stick to traditions.

## Sage and Onion Stuffing

2 large onions  
boiling water  
1 oz of butter  
4 oz breadcrumbs  
Finely chop 4 or 5 sage leaves or 2 tsp of dried sage  
1/2 tsp salt  
1/4 tsp pepper

### Method:

Peel and chop the onions - put into cold water and bring to boil. Boil for 5 minutes - throw away this water after straining onions. Cover with fresh boiling water and cook until tender - strain and add the remaining ingredients. Mix well - with a small amount of boiling water if needed to give a stiff mixture. Put into a small greased pan and cook in the hot oven for 30 minutes.

## Roast Potatoes

Peel and boil potatoes for 10 minutes - strain and put into a pan of hot fat. Spoon the hot fat over them and cook in a hot oven for 1 hour or until golden brown. Occasionally baste while cooking.

Apart from the stuffing (Alabama stuffing) we cooked, she also "did" squash I had never tasted this before and thought it really nice. She also cooked "hominy". I had always wanted to taste this ever since I first read "Gone with the Wind" years and years ago. I've seen the film at least 20 times and am forever re-reading the book. While I was in Guntersville, I spoke to quite a number of people who all agreed that a lot of the book really happened, and one of my ambitions is to go to Aunt Pity-Pat's Restaurant in Atlanta. Also to walk down Peachtree Street. Jane says she thinks they are still there.

If any reader of "Old Huntsville" magazine, whose ancestors originated in England would like to ask any questions about a particular place, where it is situated, etc., etc. - I'd be glad to answer if at all possible.

God Bless.

Mrs. Margaret Reece



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



## Egg-Eating Hens

Eggs should be eaten, but not by the hens that lay them. Remove the tip of the beak once, and if that does not stop the trouble, then eat the hen.

*A doctor recently gave one of his  
patients six months to live. When  
he didn't pay, the doctor gave him  
another six months*

*Curtis J Hall  
Banjo Picker Supreme*

*The real secret of staying young is  
being too busy to think about it*  
*Hugh Nicely  
Octogenarian*



## A BOOKSELLER'S TRICK

In New York City they tell tales of a bookseller who buys books at auction here in the spring, takes them with him to Paris in a trunk in the summer, ships them back to his store in the fall in cases that are opened in the presence of flabbergasted book men. He shows a Paris invoice for them. Sometimes it is the library of a marquis, sometimes the collection of a cousin to a descendant of a governess of a queen's children. The trick is said to pay well; doubtless, it does, judging by librettos that fetch from \$15 to \$30 for having been in the Tuilerion library ("as witness the binding with its large, gilded initial N."), but those things are manufactured by wholesale in the Boulevard Saint Michel.

Taken from an 1887 Newspaper



### Old Huntsville Sweat~Shirts

We now have Old Huntsville Sweatshirts as well as T-shirts. The shirts are imprinted with the Old Huntsville Masthead in dark brown

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## What an Old Man Noticed

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature it is necessary at times to be downright mad.

I have noticed that some men are so honest that necessity compels them to be dishonest at the end.

I have noticed that silk, broadcloths and jewels are often bought with other people's money.

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debt," while he makes everybody who owes him pay to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

From 1873 Newspaper



# I Recollect

by MALCOLM "HI-POCKETS" MILLER

I recollect sitting on the creek bank at my favorite fishing spot "the sycamoe hole" and watching my bottle-stopper float bobbing up and down. Old Fuzzy, as always, was by my side. The pole I used was cut by my Daddy. The line was a string unraveled from the top of a fertilizer sack, and the hook was a bent straight pin, but to me that was one fine fishing rig.



Old Fuzzy was my dog, but to me he wasn't really just a dog, he was my best friend. He was brought to our house when I was a tiny baby and we grew up together. To a small country boy in the depression days, there wasn't money for toys and such things and old Fuzzy helped fill the gap that material things could not provide.

I recollect riding him and shooting imaginary Indians with a stick gun, tying him to a cedar brush and plowing him like a mule, all these childish antics he just seemed to take in stride and with never ending patience. He understood me and I understood him to an extent almost unbelievable. He constantly protected me, even when my mama gave me one of my much needed whippings. she had to fasten him up out of the way and believe you me the feeling was mutual. I recollect an older brother trying to put a boat in the river and old Fuzzy got in the way and this brother, being upset already, kicked him in the side. It hurt me so bad I cried and wished he had kicked me instead.

In the early nineteen thirties people would go "possum" hunting often because of the scarcity of food and also for sport and recreation and a good "possum" dog was a prize possession. Old Fuzzy it seems was one of the best and people were always trying to buy him or trade for him, but knowing how I loved him my folks turned down all offers.

As a small boy I felt like old Fuzzy was like the hills and streams, he would always be there, but as the years went by and I grew taller, old Fuzzy grew more feeble. Finally, one cold winter day when I was fourteen years old, when I came home from school, mama told me old Fuzzy was dying. I went to his side. He was lying in the edge of a cotton field cold and unable to move. I went to the house and got some old coats and covered him up and sat there with him till about two o'clock the next morning. That's when old Fuzzy breathed his last breath.

I've heard it said that you shouldn't let yourself get so attached to an animal, that something always happens to them and that makes you sad. but I contend that the happiness a pet can bring to a child while living far outweighs the grief caused by the loss of the animal. and we must all learn sooner or later both grief and happiness are part of our lives.

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# IMPROVING THE STORES

from Huntsville Weekly Democrat  
September 24, 1913

## Merchants Around the Square Enterprising Modern Store Fronts All Along North Side, New Walks East Side

The putting in of a modern front in the storehouse occupied by the Monroe-Mitchell Shoe company completes the row of modern store fronts on the north side of the square. This side has improved more than all the others this year. The old style iron grating that occupied half the sidewalk has been removed and in its place is a broad concrete walk that adds much to the business appearance of that side of the square.

The improvements on the east side are also adding to the appearance of that business section and when the gratings are removed from in front of the holding block and the broad walk continued down past May and Cooney's new store, the east side will loom up as the prettiest side of the public square.

On the west side, the McAnally Hardware Company is putting a new front that will greatly improve the appearance of things along Bank row.

The old wooden cellar doors and gratings, with the rough stone walks on the south side, give that row a country-fied appearance that detracts from its looks as a business center. People judge stores by their appearance just as they do a man by his clothes. It is to be hoped that when the new court house is furnished, the walks around the square will be in keeping with its appearance.

## PURPLE PEANUT

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## The Unwitting Intruder

A funny story about a very modest man is circulating through our city.

After fifty years of seclusion within the walls of his college, a certain venerable student of Cambridge University thought it was time for him to see a little of the world, so he accepted an invitation from a pupil who was entertaining a large party in a great country home.

At dinner the man was sitting next to the young lady of the house. The conversation turned to baths, and she happened to mention that she took a shower bath every morning to invigorate her system, and adding, when he inquired what a shower bath was, that it resembled a very small, round room; that the bather took his or her stand in the center of it, and upon pulling a string, was drenched by a sudden flood of water from above.

Next morning the recluse rose at his usual hour, and being of an inquisitive temper, thought he would do what he had never done before, explore the great country manor.

On pulling open a door he found himself in the center of a very small circular apartment - one of those in which housemaids store away old brushes and household articles past their work. In the center of it stood a plaster cast of the Venus of Medici.

The venerable man recoiled, closed the door and walked in the park until summoned by the breakfast bell. He took his seat and his hostess asked whether he would have tea or coffee. But he had reflected on what good manners imperatively required, and his reply was, "My Lord, I can partake of neither tea or coffee until I have first tendered my deepest apology to the interesting young lady whom I now see dispensing chocolate, and on whose sanitary ablutions this morning as she stood in her shower bath I so unwittingly intruded upon."

From 1896 Newspaper

**T**here is nothing like a good reputation. If a man gains a reputation by doing things well, his work will be thought of more than others who have no reputation, even if their work is better than his.

A famous mimic, who was much celebrated for his imitations of animals, was one day performing before a large audience, and amusing them by squeaking like a pig. A simple countryman standing by declared that he could squeak better. The people all laughed, and asked for a specimen of his ability. The man immediately let out an ear-piercing squeal, but only provoked derision. "That sounds like the squeal of a pig? Not in the least," they all jeered. "Not like nature at all!"

The countryman was in danger of being hustled by the crowd for his presumption, when his cloak flew back and disclosed a little live pig which he was carrying under his arm. The man had pinched its tail to get the high-pitched squeal that the crowd heard - the sound that the critics had proclaimed to be so unlike nature.

From 1890 Newspaper

## The Working Man's Friend

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## MARGARET HENSON'S HUNTSVILLE

The tornado of '89 reminds us that there is a spirit of Huntsville that in a moment's notice turns thousands of us into volunteers. That is our way, as Margaret Henson's Huntsville attests.

The Panic of 1893 brought hard times to Huntsville, especially to the laboring class, and by 1895, there were many destitute families in town. Private donations and church charities were not enough to take care of all the needy, so a group of philanthropic people formed an organization called the United Charities.

The existing charities were pooled into this one big organization, much like our United Way of today, and committees were appointed. One committee convinced the Mayor and the Alderman that a city hospital, directed by United Charities, was necessary. The city fathers arranged to rent a house on Mill Street, which is a little street between Holmes and Wheeler, and a City Hospital was opened June 12, 1895. Everyone in town was invited to the opening and asked to bring at least one useful item, such as a piece of china—as a donation, of course. As far as we know, this was the first city hospital. There are very few records of it, but we believe it was strictly a charity hospital.

Another way United Charities eased the distress of the poor was to appoint committees to investigate needy cases that were reported to them. These committees indeed found deplorable situations. At one house, they found the mother dying, her eight

children sick, and the father trying to take care of them all. There was no food in the house whatsoever. The mother died two days later, but the children all lived, thanks to the United Charities. At another house, the mother, father, and seven children were all sick and starving, and there was only one bed which was a mattress filled with grass. Two of the children died, but the rest were saved. There were many families who needed help, but these two, it seems, were among the most pitiful.

Believe it or not, the city officials objected to United Charities' investigations because of the bad publicity for Huntsville. But fortunately, the women who were in charge of these investigations felt this was the most effective way to help the poor. They, being influential leaders in town, per-

severed in their endeavor and finally convinced the city fathers that not only was their way the best way to lend aid, but that the city must act to relieve crowded conditions in the poverty stricken areas.

As far as recognizing the needs of others and wanting to help, times haven't changed much. But, it seems to me, that now, more men take active part in this type charity than they did back in the 1890's when they were willing to put up the money and let the women do the work.

—Margaret Henson of the Public Library's Heritage Room is a Huntsville native and descendant of Thomas Bibb, second governor of Alabama.

## THE POET OF THE PAST

*Sadly the Poet of the Past complains  
That all his fair illusions fade away;  
No more the fairies in the woodland play,  
No longer Fancy undisputed reigns.  
The stubborn world his magic art disdains,  
And harsher grows, and colder, day by day;  
Beauty, for me, is trampled into clay;  
Music is dead, and only sound remains.*

*The Golden Age was ended long ago;  
The songs are sung, and greatness is no more;  
What themes are left to set our hearts aglow,  
And wake anew the fiery tongues of yore?  
Far from its source, the Stream of Life runs low,  
In weedy shallows on a barren shore.*

F. W. Clarke

Taken From 1874 Newspaper

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# "The Union Divided: 1861-1865"

## A Historical Account of North Alabama's Role in the Civil War

North Alabama played an important role in the tragic struggle that occurred between the North and South from 1861-1865. This spring, The University of Alabama in Huntsville's Division of Continuing Education is offering a course, "The Union Divided: 1861-1865", to broaden the historical knowledge of Huntsville and North Alabama residents by bringing the aftermath and consequences of the Civil War closer to home.

"The Union Divided: 1861-1865" delves into Alabama's heritage, discovering the role North Alabama played in the War Between the States and Alabama's contributions to the war. Learn about life in the North and South prior to the war and the lives of Union and Confederate soldiers. The course

also focuses on Huntsvillian leaders during the Civil War, such as LeRoy Pope Walker, and the lasting effects this war had on America. Could the Civil War have been avoided? Were the North and South really different "nations"? This course answers these intriguing questions.

"The Union Divided: 1861-1865" begins on April 14, 1992 and ends June 2. The cost is \$85.00, and the course meets at the Huntsville Depot Museum. The instructor is Charles S. Rice. Mr. Rice has a B.S. in Political Science from the University of California-Santa Barbara and a Masters degree from The University of Cal Poly in San Luys Obispo, California. He has been published extensively in various magazines, including "The Civil War Times", and is an authority on The War Between the States. For more information, contact Leann McBride, UAH Personal Development, at (205) 895-8355.



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## Grey Veterans Shake FDR's Hand The President's Son Returns Home

Some still erect and bright eyed, more of them hobbling under the weight of many years, a handful of Confederate Veterans filed past President Roosevelt's desk today to exchange greetings and shake his hand.

They grey-clad soldiers of the South are in Washington for what may be the last reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

Bearded Major James Edward Monroe of Jacksonville, who said he was 125 years old and a son of President Monroe, was the oldest veteran in the line. His mother's portrait is still in the mansion, aides told him.

General Julius Howell, 94, of Bristol, VA, commander of the veterans, was in the line, along with Colonel J. W. Moore of Selma, AL, 89, who said he had joined his father's cavalry regiment at the age of 12.

Simon Phillips, an ex-slave of North Birmingham, AL, proudly displayed a gold-headed cane which he said had been given to him by Robert E. Lee on the day of the Confederate surrender.

1943 newspaper



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## Roundup Of 25 Loafers

Huntsville Weekly Democrat,  
January 28, 1914

### Haul Made by Police in Two Pool Rooms Vagrant Men Were Fined in City Court This Morning

The police rounded up about 25 men in Mason's and Lee Lowry's pool rooms last night and were up before Mayor O'Neal this morning charged with loitering.

The police have had much complaint caused by the rowdiness in these dives lately and have resolved to break up the loafing and disturbance created in these joints by the throngs of young men enjoying themselves by loud laughing, fighting and confusion.

Many of the men who were captured in the bunch had not paid their street tax and the Mayor seized upon the occasion to exact from them the necessary toll. Thirty three dollars in all was collected from them in fines and for street taxes, fines assessed as follows:

Glen McLain \$5, Robert Blount \$5, Reese Powers \$5, John Gray \$3, William Bailey \$3, Robert Joiner \$3, Larras Derrick \$3, Percy Williams \$3, Walter Derrick \$5, Charles Eeks, Harry Gaston, Bob Sloan, Jim Donegan, Charles Fleming, Mart Mastin, Lumos Ross, Richard Burks, Robert Bonner, Luke Walker and H. Davis were released on account of having paid their street taxes or were not of age and were given warnings to go to work and stay away from the negro dives.

Robert Patton, Will Jones and Walter Powers were arrested this morning at 4 o'clock at Vaughan's Restaurant for gaming and fined \$5 each. Dewey Harris was fined \$10 for interfering with the officers in making the arrest.

Stiff Ewing was fined \$10 for being drunk and disorderly, making \$68 total fines in this morning's policy court.



GOOD FOR THE BODY

## Old Fashion Remedies

GOOD FOR THE SOUL

For Sore Throats - Eat a slice of pineapple

For Headache - Make a poultice from grated, uncooked potatoe and place it on your forehead

For Migraine - Swallow a tablespoon of honey

Chapped hands - Rub a piece of cucumber on rough hands for instant relief of soreness

A Corn on your Toe - Stick the toe in a lemon overnight, if it doesn't come off repeat the procedure

To Ease Irritated eyes - Peel and slice an overripe apple - place slices on your closed eyes, cover lightly with cloth strip, lie back and rest for at least half an hour

**I**t can hardly be a credit, that a man has invented a folding baby carriage. The only possible explanation of it is the man is a cross-grained old bachelor who hates babies and wants to hasten their exit out of the world by a device so deadly in its way as the folding bed is.

From 1896 Newspaper



## A Painted Church

We have not yet met the individual who approved the rather original style of painting the Church of the Nativity. The gentlemen members are painfully non-committal and the ladies are equally painfully committal in their disapproval. "The painters in charge are jeopardizing their reputation," one remarked.

We understand that there is some discussion among those who are "toting the business" about painting the chancel blue, dotted with stars, and, we would suggest that a sea green carpet be laid, ornamented with fishes, a few whales and crocodiles etc.

Taken from 1891 Huntsville Democrat



THE 1789

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# Sally Carter

## Ghost of the Golden Ghetto

Drive down Whitesburg until you come to Drake Avenue. Look over at the corner of the intersection and you will see a high brick wall surrounding a group of homes. This development, one of the most affluent in Huntsville, would be just another group of homes to the average passer-by if it were not for the ghostly legend lurking within its walls.

Cedarhurst was built in 1825 by Stephen S. Ewing who had become wealthy by speculating in land in the early days of Huntsville. The home soon became noted for its architectural beauty and the numerous social affairs held by Stephen and his wife Mary.

In 1837 Sally Carter, the sister of Mary, visited Cedarhurst with the intention of spending the summer. Within days she became sick and a short while later died. She was buried in a cemetery located only a few steps from the home. According to legend, Mary was stricken with grief over her sister's death and sent to Nashville for an appropriate tombstone to place at the head of the grave. The inscription on the tombstone read:

"My flesh shall slumber in  
the ground  
Till the last trumpets joyful sound  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise  
And in my saviors image rise"

Two years later, in 1839, the household slaves told of hearing an eerie sound late in the night. "The sound was almost musical," they said, almost like a trumpet." The slaves were frightened and locked themselves in their cabins, anxiously waiting for daylight to come.

The next morning they told Ewing of the strange frightening sounds they had heard during the night. Ewing, being a practical man, quickly dismissed the slaves and sent them about their chores. Later that morning, as he was walking past Sally's grave, he stopped and idly picked a few stray weeds that were growing around the tombstone. As he bent over to grasp the weeds, he froze, his attention riveted to a set of small, lady-like footprints in the heavy morning dew. There were only two foot-prints, not going anywhere and not coming from anywhere. Just two foot-prints in the middle of the grave.

Ewing sold the house in 1865 and moved to Mississippi. By then there were few people left that could remember Sally Carter but almost everyone could tell stories of her ghost. Tales were told of people walking past her grave on a dark moon lit night and hearing the sounds of chains rattling and trumpets sounding. But, of course, any educated person in town could tell you that all it was....just tales.

In 1919 J. D. Thornton bought the house. That same year, in the fall, Mrs. Thornton's nephew was visiting when a terrible storm took place one night. The next morning when the family came down for breakfast, they discovered the nephew sitting on the front porch, pale and trembling.

"Help me," he pleaded in a quivering voice, "Sally appeared to me last night. She said her tombstone had fallen over and asked me to put it back up."



The other members of the family tried hard to control their laughter, and in an effort to humor him, followed him to the graveyard.

Sally's tombstone had fallen down. The nephew, with a look of horror on his face, turned and fled back to the house. That same morning he packed his clothes and made arrangements to return to Dothan, his home. He never visited Huntsville again.

The rest of the family, out of shock and fear, left the tombstone lying on its side. During this same period other strange and un-explained things began to happen in the house. Ash trays would rise from a table and fly across the room. Overnight guests would hear the sound of footsteps in their room but the room would be empty.

In the late 70's Cedarhurst was sold to a company that had plans to develop it as an exclusive complex. Brick walls began going up and security guards manned the gates. Lavish new homes were built and the old home was converted to a club house for the residents. To Huntsville natives, it also acquired a new nick-name....The Golden Ghetto...in reference to the well-to-do people moving behind its walls. It seemed as if, finally, Sally was at rest in a home as magnificent as the one she had once known. There was just one small problem. No development company wants to buy a piece of valuable property with a grave right in the middle of it. Something had to be done.

A plot in another cemetery was bought, disinterment permits were acquired and men and machinery were hired. The first grave, that of Sally's sister Mary, was uncovered and her remains moved with no trouble. What they discovered when Sally's grave was opened would leave every one speechless, with no explanation.

The grave was opened and the vault was found to be intact, with no sign of damage. When the vault was opened, Sally's body was not there. It had disappeared.

Workmen later said they dug an area of thirty to forty feet around the grave and it would have been impossible not to have found any signs of the body.

In 1985 the home was selected to be used as a Decorator's Showhouse. Every year Huntsville decorators would select a home to showcase their

# SWING INTO WARM WEATHER AT THE PRACTICE TEE!

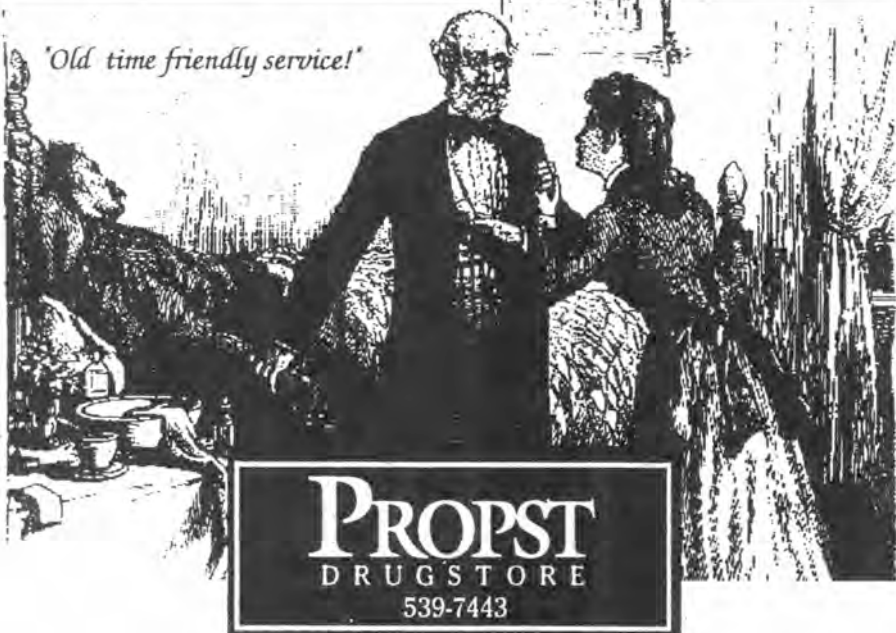


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talents and Cedarhurst, with its prime location and rich history, seemed a logical choice.

Several weeks after the Decorator's Show opened, strange and mysterious things began to happen. A vase of flowers would be overturned, a picture on the wall would be crooked....small things, just enough to make the ladies laugh, and tease one another about the ghost.

Monroe Commercial Interiors was selected to decorate Sally's bedroom. A color scheme of teal blue and peach was used with bright fabrics for window covering. Crocheted bed coverings and period antiques helped to give the room a personal touch.

It was a room that anyone would have been happy with. Well, almost anyone.

**"Several weeks after the Decorator's Show opened, strange things began to happen. A vase of flowers would be overturned, a picture on the wall would be crooked..."**

Late one night the house was inspected and locked. A security guard was posted. No one entered the house that night. The next morning when the guard was removed and the house entered it was apparent that something strange had happened the previous night. Sally's bedroom was a shambles. Furnishings were thrown on the floor and flowers were strewn about. It appeared as if someone had thrown a tantrum....But who?

Neighbors later reported hearing strange sounds coming from the house that night, but when asked to describe the sounds were unable to do so. Their only comment was, "It sounded weird, eerie, almost ghostly."

No explanation was ever given.

Talk of Sally's ghost has died down in the past few years. What was once her grave is now hidden from public view and strangers are discouraged from entering the complex.

And so now, a hundred and seventy years later, Sally Carter, her ghost hemmed in by tall brick walls, has entered Huntsville's folklore as ...."The Ghost of the Golden Ghetto."

## Golden Komments

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the Golden K Kiwanis

I help the elderly with their taxes through the Tax Counseling for the Elderly (TCE) program which is sponsored by the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) and the Internal Revenue Service (IRS). On many occasions I encounter a surviving spouse who does not know what to do or what they should be doing with regard to taxes and the supporting documents. While this article is slanted for them, there is much general information here that others can profit from.

Tax documents can be categorized and the length of time that they should be kept can then be established. Generally you must have and keep the records used to prepare and substantiate you returns. These records do not have to be of any special form. You must be able to prove amounts you claim as deductions or credits. Keep these "simple" records until the period of limitations for the return runs out, 3 years from the required filing date. Where a refund is claimed, you must retain the records for 4 years after filing.

If you had income equal to 25% or more of the income on the filed return that was not reported, the period of limitations is then 6 years.

If a return is false or fraudulent with the intent to evade tax or if no return is filed, AN ACTION CAN BE BROUGHT AT ANY TIME. Now let us discuss personal and real property (including a home, land, stocks, bonds, cds.) Simply stated, if you can sell or dispose of it you must be able to prove your cost(s), regardless of the length of time involved. Therefore, you will have to have and maintain detailed records for as long as you own the property. When you dispose of the property, then they can become a part of the Tax Records for that year.

BASIS is the amount of your investment (equity) in property for tax purposes. With stocks, bonds, mutual funds, partnerships and other

securities, you must keep all records pertaining to the purchase, return of principal and the subsequent sale of that item. You will receive Transaction Slips for the purchase and sale of securities, year end summaries from Brokers and Mutual Funds or other reports covering purchase, income from and sale of a security.

**BASIS** of a home is your cost with any adjustments made to the basis. These adjustments can increase and decrease your basis. Increases come from improvements, additions, capital expenses, and repair of damages. Decreases result from insurance paid for losses, gain on sale of previous home on which tax was postponed, payments for easements or right-of-way. Repairs do not change the basis. Improvements 1) add to the value of 2) prolong its useful life or 3) adapt it to new use. Repairs that maintain your home in good condition do not affect the Basis. Records- you must save receipts and other records of improvements, additions and other items affecting the basis. Keep these records for at least 3 years after the due date for filing the Tax Return in which your home was disposed of. However, you may need to keep these records much longer if you use the basis of your old home in figuring the basis of a new home. Some records should never be destroyed.

Keep your spouse informed about finances. Show them where the records are kept and how they are organized. Discuss what records need to be separated from the return and permanently kept and where those records will be placed.

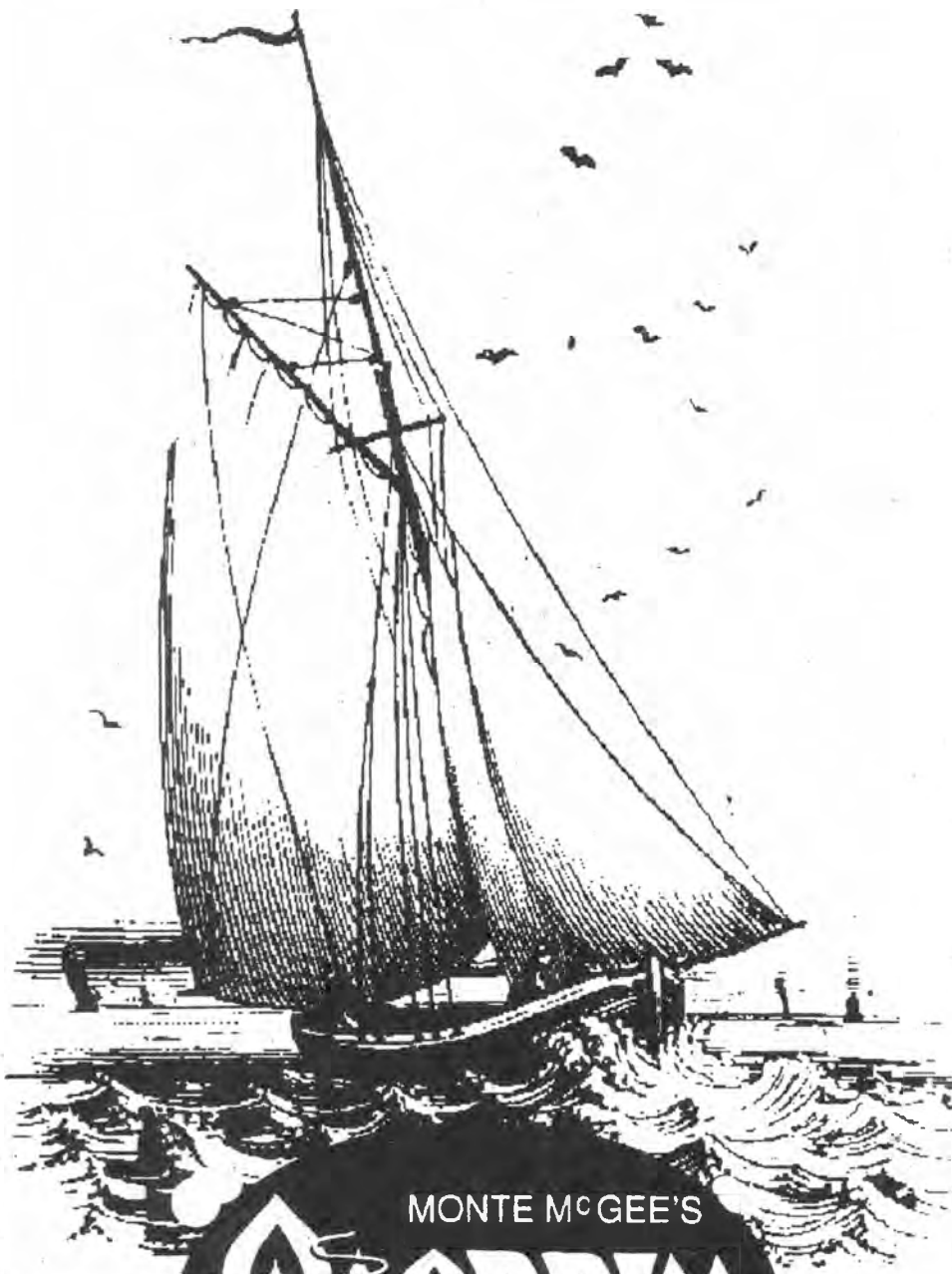
You may be required to file a tax return (depending on the income) and pay the tax as required by law. If you have to file a tax return and owe taxes, You Must Pay Your Tax In A Timely Manner. You can have the taxes deducted from your income and/or you must estimate your tax and pay periodically. The required annual payment through withholding and estimated tax payments must equal the smaller of:

1. 90% of your total expected tax for 1992
2. 100% of the total tax shown on your 1991 return.

Failure to timely file and pay the tax will result in the assessment of a penalty and interest.

If you are a recent widow or widower and have not been involved with the preparation of income tax, then you should talk to someone and get early help in collecting and organizing the information.

by W. W. Mills Jr.



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## A Carriage Factory In Prospect For Huntsville

The Church Cart Manufacturing Company, of Grand River, Ky., is in correspondence with Mr. W. S. Wells relative to the removal to this city of the carriage factory above named.

The company desires the citizens to contribute a site of two acres, and the sum of \$1,500.00 to secure the industry.

Taken From 1891 Democrat

## A Broom Factory Huntsville To Have Another Industry

Mr Frank Laswell who has been in Huntsville and Madison County for three weeks prospecting, has returned to his home in Arkansas to make his arrangements to move his family here in the spring.

Mr. Laswell called at the Democrat office on Thursday, prior to his departure, to subscribe to the paper.

"In order to keep up with Huntsville industries and new enterprises: it was from reading the Democrat that I first became interested in Huntsville, and at last made up my mind to just come on down and see for myself," Mr Laswell informed the Editors.

The prospect pleases, and Mr. Laswell has decided to move here and begin his broom factory in May at the latest. He understands the business from start to finish, thoroughly, from the tilling of the ground, plant-

ing and gathering the broom corn, to the manufacturing of brooms.

The corn will be grown in this county, the climate of which is admirably adapted to its growth, and several farmers have stated their willingness to undertake the crop and furnish the straw.

Mr Laswell seems in earnest about his factory and has great faith in the future of Huntsville.

Taken From 1891 Huntsville Democrat

## West Huntsville Cotton Mill

\$100,000 Capital stock—  
And All Has Been Taken

The erection of another cotton mill in Huntsville has been talked of and hoped for some time, but not until this week did matters assume such a shape that the gentlemen interested, J. Coons and Tracy W. Pratt, who are the largest stockholders, could make the affairs public.

The new cotton mill will be situated near the handsome grove about 3/4 of a mile from the M. & C Railroad, and a switch is to be built to the mill. Capt. Martin has the contract to furnish the bricks and will erect a kiln for the purpose, near the site.

The factory will be one story, 350 x 60 feet and will run about 10,000 or 15,000 spindles and will be ready for this years cotton crop.

Taken from 1891 Huntsville Democrat



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# Didyknow?

Did you know that smoking is the number one cause of preventable death in our society? Nationwide, the toll is the equivalent of three jumbo-jets crashing, with no survivors—every day.

Did you know that the ladies were the biggest users of snuff in the 18th century? Dolly Madison and Queen Catherine de Medici in France were among the world's biggest snuff users.

During the French Revolution, snuff boxes were made of lead stripped from the roof of the Bastille and sold throughout Paris, and ownership of such a box was a sign of great prestige. These boxes usually displayed pictures of the guillotine, and often depicted scenes of bloody decapitations.

On June 11, 1831, Mr. Moses Alexander, age 93, married Frances Tompkins, age 105, in the town of Bath, New York. The following morning, the newlyweds were both found dead in their bed.

In 1920, a fledgling German political party held its first meeting of importance in Munich. The organization became known as the Nazi Party, and its chief spokesman was Adolf Hitler.

A wise monkey is a monkey which does not monkey around with another monkey's monkey.

The reason why so many people die from worry than work, is because there are many more people who worry than work.

Did you know that more inhabitants of the American colonies fought for the British than for the Continental Army during the American Revolution?

Dwight F. Davis, a very talented college player, has put up a new tennis trophy, a silver cup weighing 36 pounds, which will go to the winner of this year's matches against England, to be played at Newport, Rhode Island. (Press Release—February 9, 1990).

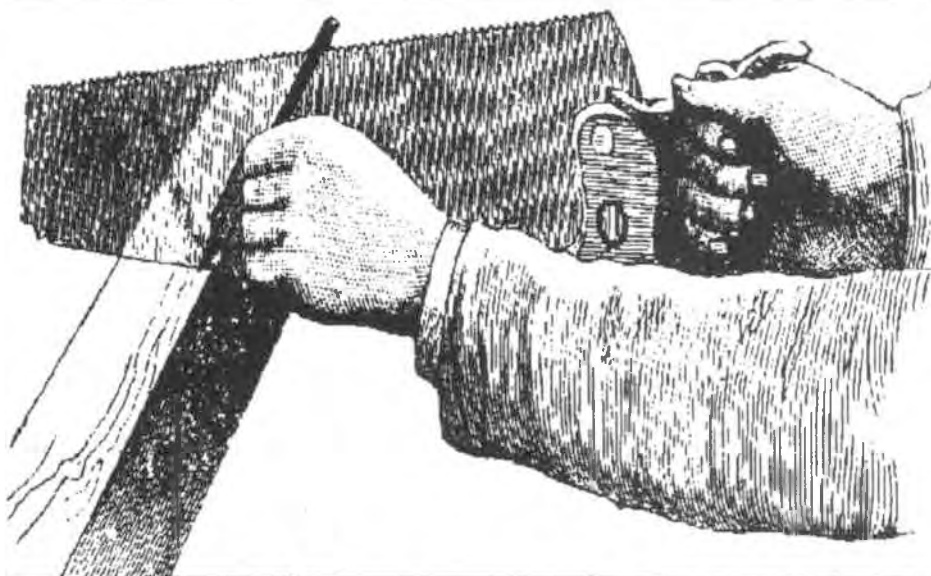
Did you know that the London subway system is the oldest in the world, having gone into service in 1863.

An airship designed and constructed by Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin of Germany made its first flight today near Friedrichshafen. The airship, built in a floating hangar on Lake Constance, has a wire-braced aluminum hull covered with cotton cloth that contains 16 gas cells filled with hydrogen. Two 16-horsepower engines give it a speed of 14 miles per hour. Von Zeppelin made his first balloon ascent while serving with the Union Army during the American Civil War and has been working on airships since 1891 (Press Release, July 20, 1900).

Hatchet in hand, six foot tall crusader Carrie Nation spent a busy day thrashing vice in Topeka, Kansas, in her continued crusade against the evils of alcohol. Vowing never to rest until all saloons are closed, she and her army of 500 men and women laid siege to the town joints, leaving in their wake a flotsam of splintered kegs and fractured glass (February 15, 1901).

Did you know that on May 9, 1901, the stock market on Wall Street collapsed? It was the largest single day break on the market since 1803. Mayhem ruled on this day as previously rational men punched and kicked each other in the scramble to unload their plunging stocks.

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On October 24, 1901, thousands of amazed spectators watched Anna Edson Taylor, at 43, pass safely over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Suffering only from shock and minor cuts, she offered some sage advice: "Don't try it".

On February 5, 1930, Sonja Henie, the dimpled Norwegian sprite who has captured the affection of figure-skating fans everywhere, has been crowned the world's amateur singles champion for the fourth consecutive time. She charmed and excited a crowd of 13,000 at Madison Square Garden with a brilliant performance. The 17-year-old surpassed her previous efforts of Oslo, London and Budapest in her three previous wins.

Did you know that on the tenth anniversary of Prohibition in America (January, 1930), the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reported that deaths from alcoholism among its policyholders last year was six times the rate of ten years ago.

Six people were killed and more than 60 injured tonight when a bomb exploded in a packed Munich beer hall. But the intended target of the attack escaped. Adolf Hitler had left the hall 15 minutes before the explosion. Hitler departed after addressing Nazi veterans in the hall, the scene of the failed putsch 16 years ago. He was scheduled to stay later, but he reportedly left early because of pressing affairs of state. The government blamed "foreign instigators" for the assassination attempt, and newspapers claim Britain was responsible. A reward is being offered for information on the attackers (News Release, November 8, 1939).

A short pencil is superior to a long memory.

Submitted by Chuck Owens

## Jackson Gracious In Defeat

John Quincy Adams was cold, reserved and a purist of the purists. When he and Andrew Jackson met at a levee in Washington, after their memorable contest for the Presidency, the crowd, seeing the two men approach, fell back in mute expectancy. It was very possible that there might be a scene.

But the defeated Jackson, with fine urbanity and manner, addressed the President-Elect in most cordial terms, and the victorious Adams, failing to respond to the proffered olive branch, gave expression to his preconceptions with a formal iciness.

From 1895 Newspaper

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## A Curious Hiding Place

Many people have curious hiding places in which they keep their savings, but there could hardly be a more ingenious or curious "saving bank" than which recently came to light in Bucks County. An old woman who lived alone in a little cottage at Riegelsville was known to have amassed considerable wealth, and it was also known that she had no faith in the established banks and saving funds. But where the old woman kept her money was a mystery, until she came to die a few days ago. Then a thorough search was made of the premises, without disclosing the hiding place. Finally, when the body was being prepared for burial, a porous plaster on the old woman's side was noticed, which did not lie as close to the skin as such plasters generally do. When the plaster was removed a number of government bonds, representing the old woman's entire fortune, were found between it and the skin.

1895 Newspaper

### Elizabeth

#### My Cat

*As I lay awake  
One long, dark night,  
She came to my room  
With a step so light,  
And I sensed a presence  
And felt a stare  
And looked  
And my kitty was standing there.  
Then she nestled beside me  
With soft, warm fur  
And lulled me to sleep  
With a soothing purr.*

Geraldine Farrer

## MRS. LEE MAY DRAW PENSION

WIDOW OF LATE CONFEDERATE OFFICER WINS DECISION ON COMPTROLLER DOWNEY

Washington, Oct. 16—Mrs. Ella Bernard Lee, widow of Brigadier General Fitzhugh Lee, may draw the \$428.56 longevity pay due her husband in spite of the fact that he fought for the Confederacy, according to a decision by Comptroller of the Treasury Downey today. The decision also holds that the point that Mrs. Lee was herself disloyal to the Union was unfounded because disloyalty cannot legally be imputed to a minor which she was during the War Between the States. The decision was based on the fact that General Lee served the United States as a soldier during the Spanish-American War.

Taken From 1912 Newspaper

## Some Ancient Blue Laws in Connecticut

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in the garden or elsewhere, unless reverently to and from meetings.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

To pick an ear of corn from a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty unless he clear himself by his oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refused to discover them, he may be racked.

No one shall buy or sell lands without the permission of the select men.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudices of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped 15 stripes.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods and burns a house shall suffer death, and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

Fornication shall be punished with compelling marriages, as the court may direct.

No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining the consent of her parents.

Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut round, suiting to a cap.

From Mountain Signal, Sep. 18, 1873



# Always Soak Your Pot

All new flowerpots require to be soaked in water and allowed to dry thoroughly before being used. The soil does not hang well to the sides of garden pots unless so treated. Dirty pots are open to the same objection. Let anyone try to put a plant with fresh soil into a pot which has been used before and left unwashed, and he will find in a few days, when the soil begins to dry, that it leaves a space and does not adhere to the sides as it should.

No plant can flourish under such circumstances. The roots of a plant draw naturally to the sides of a pot in search of moisture, and growth of a plant is hindered if a current of air is allowed to pass between them and the sides.

Some plants exhibit this tendency in such a remarkable degree that few roots are to be seen, except a network on the outside of the soil next to the pot.

From 1894 Newspaper

## DEPUTY TAX COLLECTOR'S STROKE OF LUCK

Joe Ahern was as "cool as an iceberg, notwithstanding the fact that he had just won \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, and he was busy "setting 'em up." "I never bought a ticket before in all my life," said Joe, "and I only did it this time for a flyer."

Taken from an 1887 Birmingham Newspaper

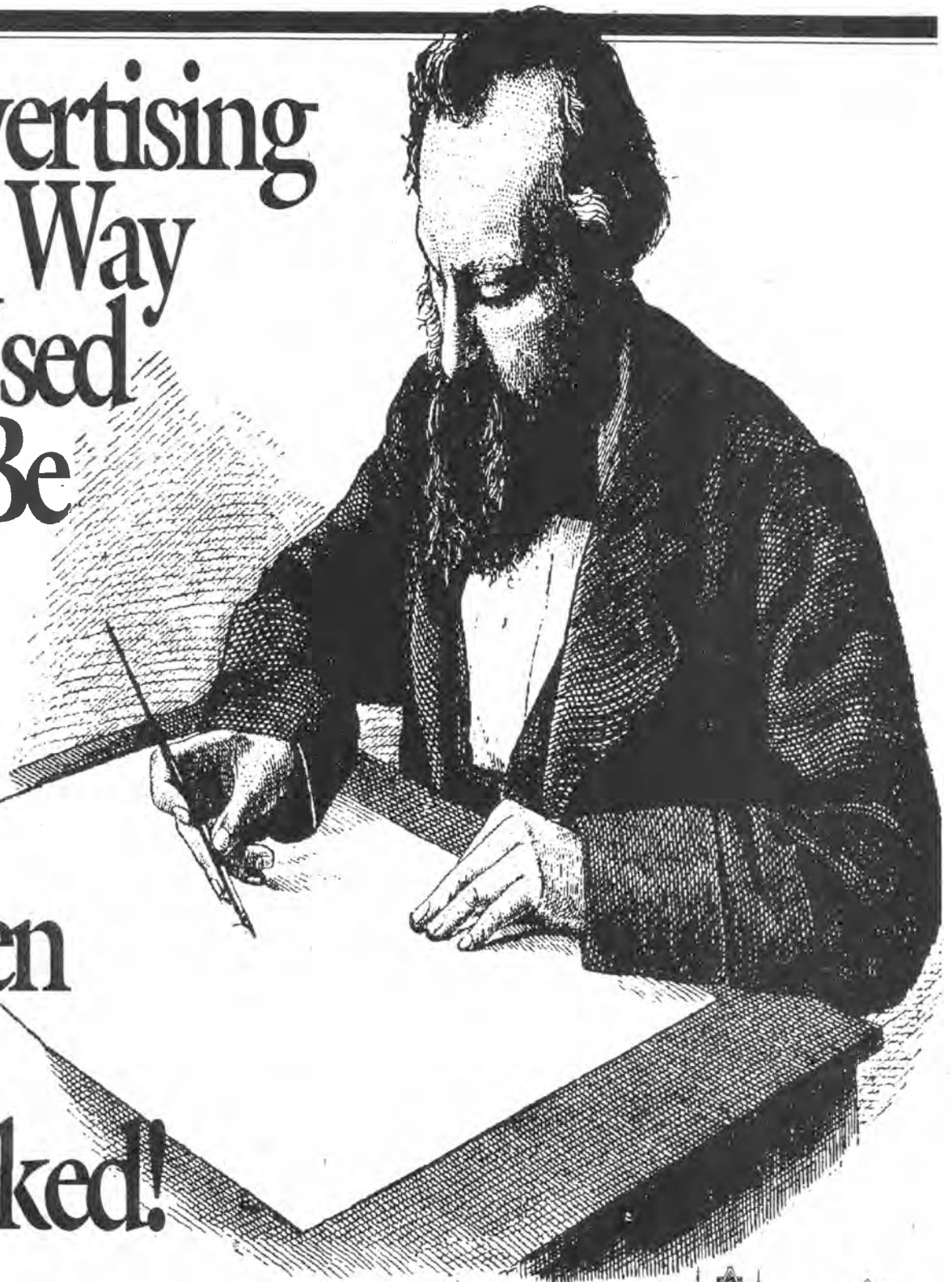




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**Old Huntsville**  
A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE



# First Bridge Across The Tennessee

The following interview with W. A. Raney, one of Decatur's oldest citizens at the time, was obtained by the Decatur News in 1905, and is a vivid account of the building of the first railroad bridge across the Tennessee River at that point.

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"I came to North Alabama in October, 1850, from Virginia, my native state. I came via Wilmington, N.C. and Charleston, S.C. There were few railroads then. I came from Charleston to Chattanooga by rail. When I reached Chattanooga I saw a big mountain, a good river and a small town with a small frame hotel on Market Street, of about 500 population. I stopped near the river, and waited several days for a steamboat.

The river was very low and none came, so I took a stagecoach via Jasper, Hillsboro and Winchester, Tennessee, then south to Huntsville, Alabama.

At Hillsboro I stayed with Mr. Hillins, who kept the tavern where Bishop William Capers of South Carolina overtook me. He was enroute to Athens, Alabama, to attend the Tennessee Conference. I heard him preach at Winchester. We traveled on to Huntsville together, he taking the stagecoach to Athens and I took the stage to Whitesburg, and a boat from there to Decatur. This steamboat was called the "Union" and was commanded by Captain Brandon Merrill.

Decatur was a one-horse town of about 200 people at the foot of Bank Street. The town extended back to Market Street then.

I stayed one night, leaving the next morning on the horse-car railroad for Tuscumbia, where I found employment with Mr. Josiah Horn, proprietor of the Alabama hotel. I remained there 12 months. In December, 1851, I returned to Decatur, and was employed by A. A. McCartney, who kept the brick hotel that stood at the foot of Bank Street, and is today the residence of R. P. Baker.

In 1852 we had no railroad. The Memphis and Charleston railroad had brought the horse-car Tennessee Valley line and while track was being laid from Decatur to Tuscumbia, stages took passengers and mail. At this time Tuscumbia was a great postoffice distributing point, stages running from Nashville, Memphis and Meridian via Tuscumbia. Also mail was carried by steamboats. The Memphis and Charleston from Tuscumbia to Decatur was finished in the fall of 1853. I saw stone for the first pier in the Tennessee River bridge put in 1852. Seward Hobart and company of Boston were the contractors. The stone was boated down the river 12 miles from Fletcher's ferry (now Bluff City).

The bridge was finished in the spring of 1855 and the first train crossed in May. The first train to run from Tuscumbia to Huntsville was in the summer of 1855.

The road was completed to Stevenson in 1856 and from Tuscumbia to Memphis in 1857.

The Memphis and Charleston bridge was decked over with cross ties to permit Generals Bragg and Johnson's armies to cross over the river enroute to Shiloh in 1862. While they were fighting at Shiloh, General Mitchell came from Tennessee through Huntsville to Decatur and crossed the bridge. When the army got to the draw it had been turned by the Confederates and General Turchin notified the people if it wasn't turned back in 30 minutes he would burn the town. The citizens got out to the round pier and with ladders got the draw span closed. Bank Street was rapidly filled with blue coats and shining bayonets. I was postmaster of Decatur at the time. They called for the mail and I did not resist.

They held the county a few weeks, when they heard that old General Price, with a large army, was headed this way. They recrossed the river, and fired the bridge by burning bales of cotton.

Again in the early part of 1864 the federals took Decatur, holding it until the end of the war. They had the town fortified but later destroyed every house in town except the State Bank, McCartney's hotel and the big brick house below the bridge owned by A. A. Burlison, also two small houses on Pond Street.

I was not in Decatur in 1864-65 being in prison in Camp Chase until May 1865. I returned to Nashville and remained there until 1866, then to Decatur.

I had to have a neighbor show me where my lot was and I found nothing but a well bucket. I had to clean the well out before I could use it.

Up to 1871 there were no streets west of LaFayette.

The Louisville and Nashville railroad was finished to Montgomery in 1872; then Decatur began to grow.

But the building was slow until 1877 when Eugene Gordon and others bought the Bean and Biggs farms and started a boom, with the L&N shops and the American Oak Extract Works. Since that time it has grown beyond any "old fogies" expectation.

## Almost Famous



It was an old dilapidated nightclub in one of the worse neighborhoods of Huntsville. The air was thick with cigarette smoke and fumes of stale beer. There were only a few people sitting around the tables, bored to death, while on the small stage was an old gray haired black man, trying to coax one more song out of his memory, as his knurled fingers gently stroked the strings of a guitar.

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# Chafian

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The old man had been almost famous at one time. Years earlier he had been known as "Lonely John", a name he had acquired because of his soulful renditions of the Blues. But with the new popularity of the radio, time had passed him by.

Now he was just another broken down old man, playing in clubs for whatever tips people might decide to give him.

No one really noticed the stranger when he slipped in the door and pulled up a chair at a table in the back shadows of the room. He sat there for almost an hour, listening to the old man and drinking, never saying a word.

Finally, when the old man was done playing, the stranger invited him to set at his table and have a drink. They talked in voices so low that no one else in the room could hear them. Not that anyone cared, of course. The old man had long ago become the butt of all the jokes told in the bar.

When it was time for the old man to begin playing again, the stranger joined him on stage. With the old man taking the lead, the stranger hesitantly began to follow.

Slowly and awkwardly at first they began singing the songs of the cotton fields and of the poor people. Their songs told of empty whisky bottles, and heartbreak, and lost loves. An old broken down black man and a young white man, together on the make shift stage, staring into one another's eyes as they blended their voices in perfect harmony while singing the songs that most people had forgotten.

When they finished the last song the stranger told the old man it was time for him to leave. They stood there silently for a moment, and then the stranger reached out with his arms, and embraced the old man.

After watching him leave, the old man paused, wiping a tear out of his eye, and then slowly picked up a piece of paper the stranger had given him. Carefully he smoothed the paper and with a piece of old scotch tape, taped it to the wall behind the stage.

Once more, he stood back and looked at the stranger's picture on the poster and read the words, "Hank Williams - Appearing on Stage."



# An Easter Romance

When Aunt Hetty was only twenty-six I came to live with her. There was only a difference of two years between us, but somehow she always seemed middle-aged to me, she was quiet and serious and so different from my restless, excitable self.

She was so sad at times that I could not help wondering if sometime in her life she had not experienced some acute sorrow, for she had means and friends enough to make life worth living, and should have been happy.

One day I found her weeping quietly with a little book clutched in her hand. I endeavored to calm her, to find out the reason for her sadness, and she told me this story:

"It happened when I was only eighteen. I was engaged to be married. My lover was four years older than myself; he was a mate of a ship, and a fine, dashing young fellow named Edward Blake. We had been engaged six months and were to be married a month later. The day was fixed, and Edward had arranged to give up the sea and take a situation on land. We were as happy as two young people could possibly be, but, unluckily, just a month before our wedding day, a picnic was gotten up by some of our friends, and Edward and I were of the party. There was a handsome young man there by the name of Percy Sands, the son of a neighboring clergyman. He was fresh from college, and full of fun and frolic. I chanced to be placed next to him at luncheon, and not knowing, as I afterward discovered, that I was engaged, he was specially attentive to me. I did not care for his attentions in the least, but I was in high spirits and only bent on the enjoyment of the moment, and I did not check him as, perhaps I ought to have done. Presently I caught sight of Edward's face, and saw that he was looking terribly cross and angry. Foolishly, I thought it rather good fun to make him jealous, and on purpose to tease him, I pretended to take all the more notice of Mr. Sands.

When we finished luncheon, the party scattered and strolled about the woods in various directions. I naturally expected Edward to accompany me, but he rather rudely, as I thought,

held aloof, and to punish him, I paired off with Mr. Sands. When the party got together again Edward looked so strange that I thought it better not to provoke him any further.

"I shook off Mr. Sands, and walking away with Edward, began to scold him for his unreasonable jealousy. Of course I did not think I myself was at fault; nobody ever does. A loving word would have made me penitent directly. Unfortunately he was white with anger, and began to reproach me in a way that roused my temper, too, for I was quick enough to take offense in those days. Though I have learned better since. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the nook in the woods where we stood, the sunshine glinting through the trees and lighting up Edward's flushed face and angry eyes. He reproached me bitterly - more bitterly, I think, than I deserved. He called me a heartless coquette, and I called him little-minded and told him he had made a fool of himself by his

unreasonable jealousy. We got hotter and hotter, and finally he declared that if I did not admit that I had been wrong, and promise to behave differently for the future, all must be over between us. I did not care a straw for Mr. Sands, and would fifty times sooner have had Edward with me, but I would have died sooner than have told him so then. So I gave him a bitter answer, and we both grew angrier still. His last words, uttered with all the intensity of passion, ring still in my ears. I can tell you them

word for word. 'Hetty, if you let me go now, understand clearly, you will never see my face again.'

I did not quite believe him. Perhaps if I had I should still have let him go. At any rate, I was far too angry to give way then. 'Go, by all means, if you wish it,' I said, and in another moment he was gone. I had been tearing to pieces a little sprig of hawthorne he had given me earlier in the day. I had pulled off the leaves one by one, and when he left me the bare stem was left in my hand, with one leaf only remaining. See, here it is, the last relic of my first and last love. God grant that in your whole life, you may never weep such tears as I have wept over that one faded leaf."

She opened the little red prayer book in her lap and showed me, hidden in a tissue paper pocket, the yellow hawthorne leaf.

"This little book," she said, "was Edward's gift to me, and this old dry leaf is my only relic of the day when we parted in the woods, never to meet again in this world. Stay, I have one more treasure."

She drew from her bosom a quaint old locket and put it in my hand. It was a miniature painting, representing a young man in an old-fashioned naval costume. It was a handsome face, but stern and proud-looking, and I could very well believe that the original would have behaved as Aunt Hetty described.

"But did you really part like that, Auntie?" I asked. "Did you never see him again?"

"Never. He did not go back to the picnic party, but joined an outwardbound ship the next day, leaving a brief note for my mother, stating that we had fortunately found out in time that we were unsuited to each other, and had, therefore, by mutual consent, put an end to our engagement."

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How I Found Old Huntsville \_\_\_\_\_



"But that was very cruel, Auntie"

"I thought so then. Perhaps it was, a little; but afterward I blamed myself far more than him. I had given the provocation, and I knew in my heart of hearts that one word of regret on my part would have made all right between us. But I was too proud to say it. I let him go with my eyes opened, and I have been justly punished."

"But have you never heard from him since, dear Auntie?"

"Once or twice, but only indirectly. He had no relatives in our part of the country. I know that he gave up the sea and obtained a commission in some Indian regiment. When last I heard of him he was a captain; but that is many years ago, and I do not know whether he is alive or dead. So ends my poor little romance. There is one thing I should like to ask, Ruth, and that is partly why I have told you my story. You have seen my relics. They have been my greatest treasures in life, and I should like them put in my coffin when I die. Will you remember this, my dear?"

I could not answer for my tears, but I kissed her hand and she was content.

Two months ago, tired of our humdrum country life, Auntie and I resolved to visit foreign parts. Accordingly, we went to Bologna and took up our abode in a quiet boarding house in the Rue Des Vieillards. There were a good many visitors staying in the house, but they were mostly in families or parties, and we did not mingle with them. Our vis-a-vis at table was a tall gentleman of soldierly appearance, who was always spoken of as the major. When he ventured to address an order to the waiting maids in French, the difficulties he got into were dreadful, and he always ended up by getting angry with himself and them. I ventured to help him out of a difficulty once or twice and in this manner a slight acquaintance sprang up between us. It had, however, gone no further than a friendly nod or a remark across the dinner table. With other visitors he fraternized even less.

So matters stood until the night of Easter Sunday came, when we went to the little English church in an adjoining street. We were ushered into one of the pews appropriated for strangers, and a minute or two later the major was shown into the same pew and sat down beside us. During the service the major, by an accidental move of his arm, threw down Auntie's

little red prayer book. He picked it up, and was about to replace it, but as he held it in full view under the gas, he started as though he had seen a ghost. He laid the book down, but he glanced from it to Aunt Hetty, as if trying to satisfy himself on some matter. The sermon came to an end, and the benediction followed, but I fear the major had no part in it. He took advantage of the moment when all heads were bowed to do a very unmannerly thing. He slyly put up his eyeglasses and read the name inside Auntie's book. It was quickly done, and might have escaped notice, but I watched him closely. I could even read the name myself. It was in a bold, manly hand: "To Hester; June 28, 18.." I was aghast at such an act of impertinence, and glanced at Auntie to see if she would resent it, but she had probably not noticed it, for she made no sign.

The congregation began to disperse, and we went out, but we were scarcely in the street when the major spoke to Auntie:

"Madam, I am going to ask you a very singular question, but let me assure you that I have a deep personal interest in asking it. Will you tell me how you came by that red prayer book you use?"

I shall never forget Auntie's quickly-given answer, but I could tell by the faint flush on her usually pale face how deeply she was moved.

"You gave it to me yourself, Major Blake, eight years ago."

Surprise, delight and incredulity struggled for the mastery in the man's face. He took off his hat and stood bare-headed, and that one little gesture told more plainly than the most passionate protestations could have done, that the old love had been kept a treasured and sacred thing. I remember thinking, from the smile on her mouth as she looked at him, that the same thought came to Auntie.

"And you are Hetty! Yes, I know you now," he said.

"You had forgotten the eight years, Major Blake. I knew you from the start."

"And would you really have let me go without a word?"

"Why not? How could I know you would wish to be reminded of old times?"

"Reminded! I have never forgotten. I tried my hardest to forget and couldn't. Although you preferred another . . ."

"Another! What other?"

"Didn't you marry young Sands?"

"I have never seen him since."

At this stage of the conversation it struck me that I was de trop. Major Blake, side by side with Auntie, was walking slowly homeward, and on reaching a convenient street corner, I went off for a stroll in an opposite direction. When I reached home I found Auntie and the Major sitting in the courtyard under the tree. The Major lifted his hat at my approach and said:

"Miss Danvers, your aunt and I were very old friends, indeed, many years ago we were engaged to be married, but an unfortunate misunderstanding separated us. We have lost many happy years, but I hope some still remain to us. I trust we shall have your good wishes!"

"You dear, darling Auntie, then you really are going to be married after all? Of course I wish you joy, and Major Blake, too, from the very bottom of my heart!"

I wish you could have seen them. They looked just like two youngsters, sitting there in the shadowy courtyard close together, just looking into each others eyes.

Alice Chasemore  
1895 Newspaper

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

## Here and There

A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawls through he comes out on the same side.

Some genius has been heard to say that pillows, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

A full purse and a brandy bottle rarely occupy opposite pockets in the same coat.

Two young men in Thomas County picked two-hundred and ninety seven, and two hundred eighty-eight pounds of cotton in one day.

Atlanta proposed to give the Air Line Railroad \$50,000 if it will build its workshops in that city.

From 1873 Newspaper

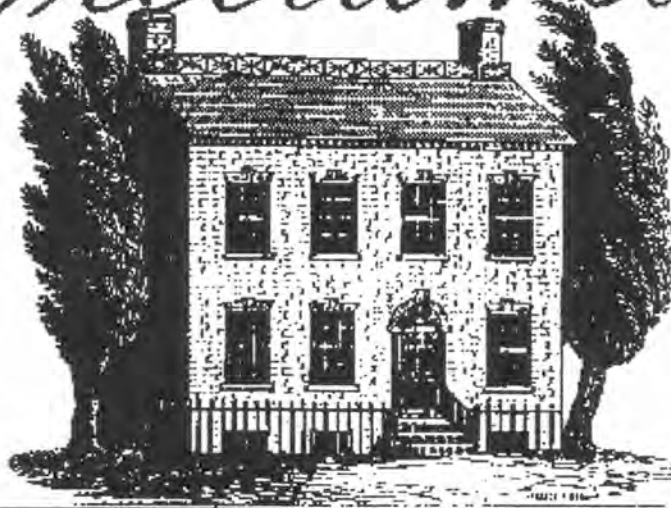
## BEFORE DAWN

*On topmost bows of lofty trees  
Birds sing beneath the golden stars,  
Which pale before the coming dawn;  
Naught else is heard save the dull rote  
Of ocean on the shore, sounding  
The same as erst at Nature's birth,  
When morning stars together sang,  
As if the organist in some  
Cathedral vast, with minor keys  
And pedals soft, filled holy space  
With melodious monotone,  
While some lone nun her matins chants  
In murmurs soft behind the screen.*

J.H. Goodwin

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## THE TELAUTOGRAPH

A CURIOUS MACHINE  
WHICH IS SAID TO WORK  
PERFECTLY

It Transmits Writing and  
Pictures by Wire

Huntsville Democrat, May 17, 1893—The very latest thing in telegraph instruments is called the telautograph, or long distance writing machine. It consists of a transmitter and a receiver associated for use at one station. The mechanism of the machine is extremely simple and direct. An ordinary lead pencil is used in transmitting. Near its point two silk cords are fastened at right angles to each other. These connect with the instrument, and, following the motions of the pencil, regulate the impulses that control the receiving pen at the distant station.

The writing is done on ordinary paper five inches wide, conveniently arranged on a roll attached to the machine. A lever is so moved by the hand as to shift the paper forward mechanically at the transmitter and electrically at the receiver. The receiving pen is a capillary glass tube placed at the junction of two aluminum arms.

It is supplied with ink, which flows from a reservoir, through a small tube placed in one of the arms. The electrical impulses, coming over the wire, move the pen of the recorded simultaneously with the movements of the pencil in the hand of the sender. As the pen passes over the paper an ink tracing is left, which is always a facsimile of the sender's motions, whether in the formation of letters, figures, signs or sketches.

"There is practically no limit to the work that this machine will do," said John H. Bryant. "Wherever a record is required it is invaluable. From his office a business man can send instructions to the factory, close by or many miles distant, and have

Lollipop  
Fashions

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them delivered in his own handwriting. A broker dealing by wire can give quotations and execute orders to buy and sell securities without danger of dispute. A physician may wire his prescription of a druggist, using the arbitrary code of the profession, confident that no mistake will be made in the transmission. A reporter writing up a fire or an accident of any kind can send to his paper a sketch of his subject taken on the spot. Supt. Byrnes wishing to notify all the police precincts at once of the escape of a burglar could not only do so as quickly as by telegraph, but he could be sure that his orders were transmitted in his own writing, and an accurate description of the man could be sketched at the same time if necessary.

Speaking of the telephone, Mr. Bryant said that the telautograph would become more popular than the former instrument, because there would be no buzzing on the wires and no questions to be asked and answered perhaps a dozen times before getting a definite reply. "This turtle of ours," said he, "will keep moving along and have your message all recorded before the telephone is through buzzing. There will be no more strikes of messenger boys, for while we are waiting for the boy to come, the message, written on the machine, will be at its destination. Then, again, a man can go away and leave his machine locked up in his desk. When he returns in one, two, or half a dozen days, he will find the messages sent to him by his friends all recorded on the roll paper in his desk."

In cities and towns the telautograph will be operated on the exchange or central station plan, in much the same manner as the telephone is now worked. Professor Elisha Gray, the inventor of the telautograph, has devoted his life to the perfection of communication by electricity. He invented the musical telephone, and history, his friends say, will give him credit for inventing the speaking telephone and the harmonic telegraph.

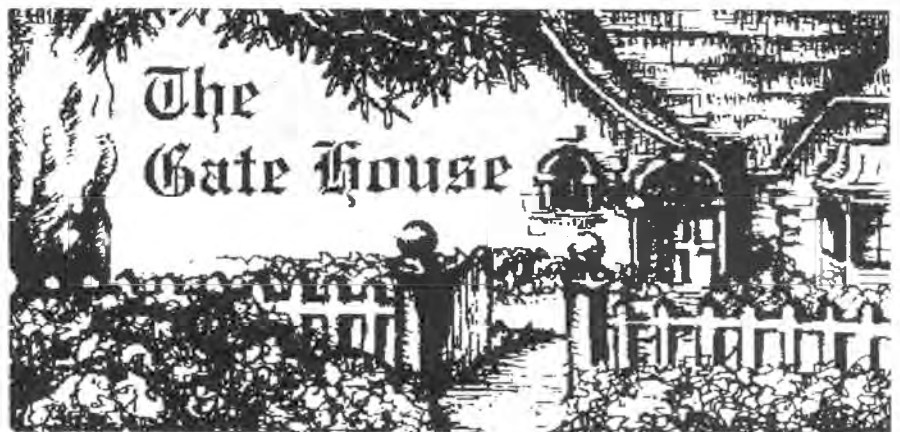
1891 Newspaper

# Discount Daze!

Year after year, certain items are heavily discounted during particular months. For instance, you can always look for storm window sales in February, ski equipment sales in March, white sales in January, etc. Here are some more:

- April - look for clothes dryers, women's dresses and hats, outdoor furniture and men's suits.
- May - be on the watch for bridal gowns, lingerie, women's sportswear, TV sets, tires and towels.
- June - look for building materials, frozen foods, television sets, and of course, vegetables.
- July - a great month to shop for handbags and purses, bathing suits, home appliances, men's clothing, fuel oil, stereo equipment and toiletries.
- August - Air conditioners, bedding, camping equipment, gardening equipment, outdoor furniture, paints, school supplies, shoes and summer sports equipment.

More in about four months!



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# "SOUTHERN COOKING"

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## Alma's Recipe for 'Possum

Put 1/2 cup lime in about 1 gallon of boiling water and scald quickly, and pull off hair while hot. Scrape well - remove feet, tail and entrails - like you would a pig. Cut off ears, remove eyes and head if desired. Pour hot water over it and clean thoroughly.

Put 1 cup salt in sufficient cold water to cover "possum," add one pod red pepper and let stand overnight. In the morning remove salt water and pour boiling water over it. Cook in enough boiling water to boil up over "possum" but not enough to cover. Cook until skin can be pierced with a fork easily, and let stand in water until ready for baking.

When ready to bake, place "possum" in pan with skin side up. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and brown. If fire is too hot skin will blister and burn.

Carve "possum" and surround with potatoes (sliced or quartered) which have been previously baked.

## To Fry Rabbit

Cut up and soak in salt water for 1 hour. Put salt and pepper into portion of flour, roll rabbit in the flour and fry as you would chicken, in plenty of hot fat.

## Stuffed Spareribs

Select a long strip of spareribs, wash and dry. Make the usual dressing of stale bread using a portion of corn muffin crumbs. Season with salt, pepper and any other seasoning at hand or liked, such as celery, parsley, or onions. Place stuffing on half of the strip, fold over the other half, bringing the sides together forming a pocket. Fasten with stout toothpicks and a string or skewers. Sprinkle with flour, place in baking pan, roast until meat is tender and brown. Use moderate heat for roasting. No water is used, but if the ribs seem tough, use a little water, allowing it to steam, then dry out and brown.

For more information or if you would like to order Mrs. Dull's book "Southern Cooking," call Cherokee Publishing Co. in Marietta, Georgia at (800) 548-8778.

# HUNTSVILLE YESTERYEARS



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Advertisements from Huntsville's first city directory of 1859.

# The Origin of Dust

Dust is to a large extent a product of human activity. In houses and workshops, on the highways and in the streets, everywhere there is wear and tear of things, and the product is always dust. The wearing and cleansing of our clothing is continually breaking up its fibres into minute particles, and the friction of clothing on the skin carries away the scales of the epidermis, which are constantly being shed and renewed.

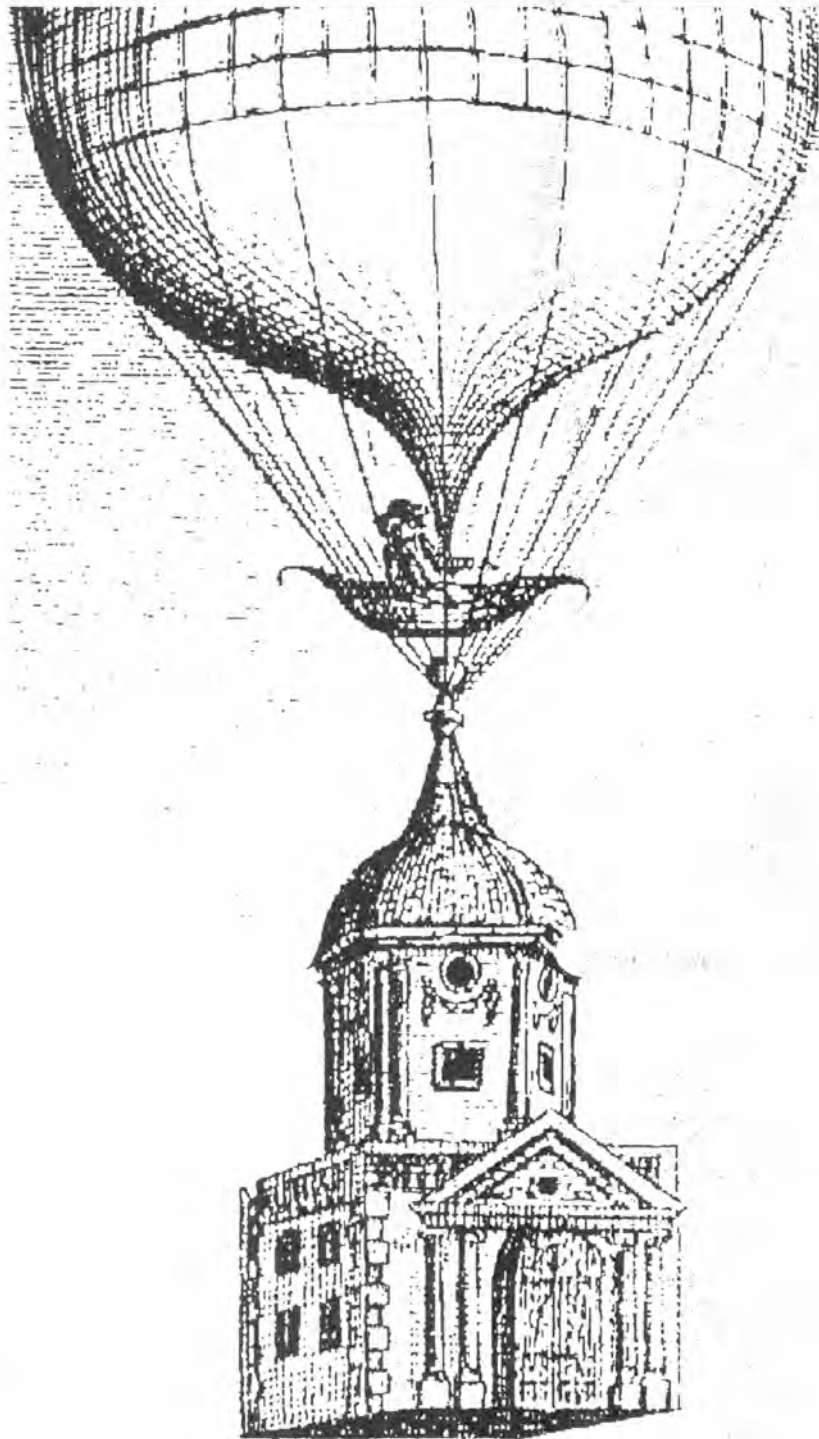
Every contact of human feet, horses' hooves and the wheels of vehicles with paving and road materials wears away particles of iron and stones. The effects of the weather and the alternations of cold and heat disintegrate all exposed surfaces. To these particles, which form the dust invariably present in dwellings and in the streets, there must be added the innumerable minute cells of vegetable origin incessantly floating in the air, and on a complete view the dust produced by the disintegration of meteors by contact with our atmosphere must also be mentioned.

Dust accordingly consists of portions of all substances, organic and inorganic, which decay by natural processes, and are reduced to powder by any means whatever. Few of its constituents can be recognized by the naked eye. The microscope alone can detect the nature of many, and especially those of the greatest importance.

From 1898 Newspaper



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## Dear Editor

Dear Editor,

I read every issue of your paper and enjoy it very much. I have lived through many of the events you write about.

Your story on the robbery of the paymaster at the Muscle Shoals Canal by Jesse and Frank James was extremely interesting. One of the reasons that Frank James was found not guilty at his trial in Huntsville was because they could not prove that he was present at the robbery.

My great-grandfather, Perry Pike Powell, was a good friend of the James boys. He lived at Green Hill in Lauderdale county, Ala. at the time of the robbery; about twelve miles from the site.

The night before the robbery, Jesse and one of his men spent the night at my great-grandfather's house. They left the next morning and late that afternoon they returned and spent the night again. The next morning they left again.

While they were being hunted the day of the robbery, and the day after, they were holed up within twelve miles of the site. Communications being so slow, it was several days before my ancestor heard of the robbery.

The robbery was committed by Jesse and one of his men. It definitely was not Frank James.

My father told me this story many times during his lifetime.

Sincerely,  
A.L. Bradley

## Excerpts From A Diary

I will never forget the week that the movie "Gone with The Wind," began showing at the Lyric Theater.

Our baby, Shirley Ann was about three weeks old, but my husband and I carried her anyway. It was a misty day, so we put a thick blanket over her, but when we got to Dunnivant's corner there was a long line of folks in front of us.

We finally snaked our way up to the front of the theater where we purchased our tickets. It sure was worth the trouble, because we thought this picture was the prettiest thing ever made.

I still do.

Nell Rutledge Parter



# Old Huntsville Locations

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

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  
 Humana Hospital - Big Cove Road  
 Shaver's Book Store - Whitesburg Drive  
 Burritt Museum - Monte Sano  
 Chic-Fil-A - Madison Square Mall  
 Madison Square Mall  
 Railroad Depot - Jefferson North  
 Amberly Suite Hotel - University Drive  
 Five Points Restaurant - Five points  
 Krogers - Logan Square  
 Krogers - North Parkway  
 Krogers - Drake Avenue  
 Winn Dixie - Triana  
 Winn Dixie - Oakwood Avenue  
 The Village Inn - downtown  
 Harrison Brothers - downtown  
 David Gibson Barbeque - Jordan Lane  
 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  
 Chevron - Pratt Avenue  
 Shell Food Mart - University near Research Park  
 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



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The affidavit of an applicant for family supplies, issued on May 9, 1865, to one Martha McMillen, tells the story in a few words. It follows in part.

"I, Martha McMillen being duly sworn, depose and say that I reside in the county of Madison, and State of Alabama, and that I am in all respects true and loyal to the government of the United States, and that I will in all things so deport myself, bearing true faith and allegiance thereto, and to the best of my ability protecting and defending the same; that the supplies, invoices of which are hereto attached,

are necessary for the use and consumption of said family during the ensuing month; that no part thereof shall be sold or otherwise disposed of by me or by my authority, connivance or consent, except for the dole use and consumption of my family, and that to the best of my knowledge and belief no application has been made for any permit for the same or like supplies, to any other officer or agent, and that no supplies for the same family for the period mentioned, have been or are expected to be applied for elsewhere, or elsewhere obtained."

The invoice attached to the affidavit included:

Nine yards of calico at 30 cents per yard.....	\$2.70
Seven yards of calico at 30 cents per yard.....	2.10
Two pair of shoes at \$2.50 per pair.....	5.00
Four yards of calico at 30 cents per yard.....	1.20
Total.....	\$11.00

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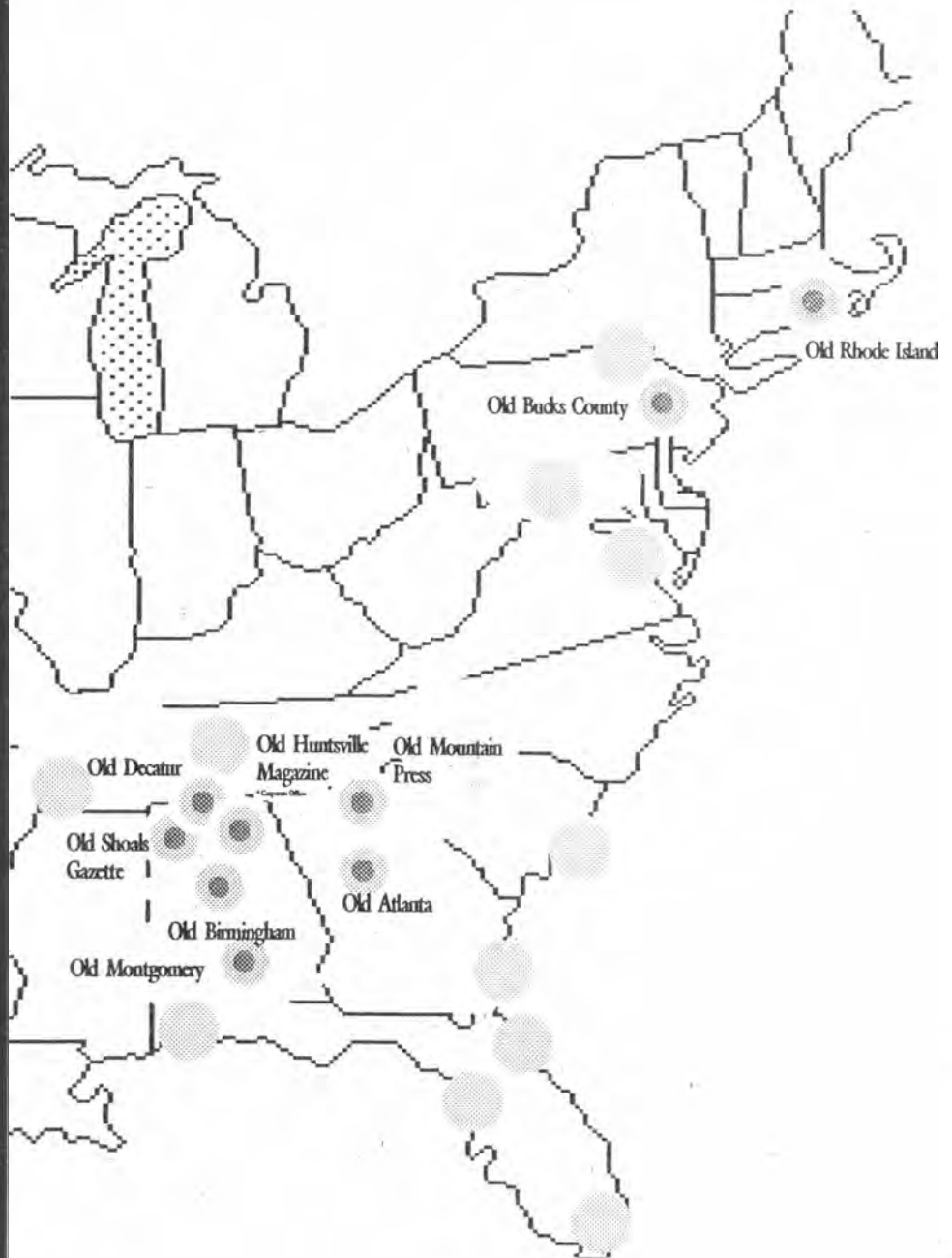
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The undeveloped circles represent some ten cities that are scheduled to go into production in the near future.



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Architecture

See Ad On Page 28

Recently Ken Mease, of Architectural Specialties, was remodeling a home in one of the older sections of Huntsville. The job consisted of removing a back porch and adding a new one of a different style. It was a hot day and before long all the men were covered in plaster dust and soot from the old chimney.

Late that afternoon, after the back porch had been removed and before the new one had been added, one of Ken's carpenters decided he needed to do something to immortalize the date of the porch removal. Selecting a penny with the date 1991, the carpenter began to attach it to an old ceiling joist with two ten penny nails, this is an old carpentry tradition.

Just as he had finished driving the last nail home and started to lean back and admire his handy-work, his attention was riveted to the ceiling joist next to the one he had just immortalized.

Tarnished by age, and held to the joist by two old rusty nails, was an Indian head penny bearing the date 1903.

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