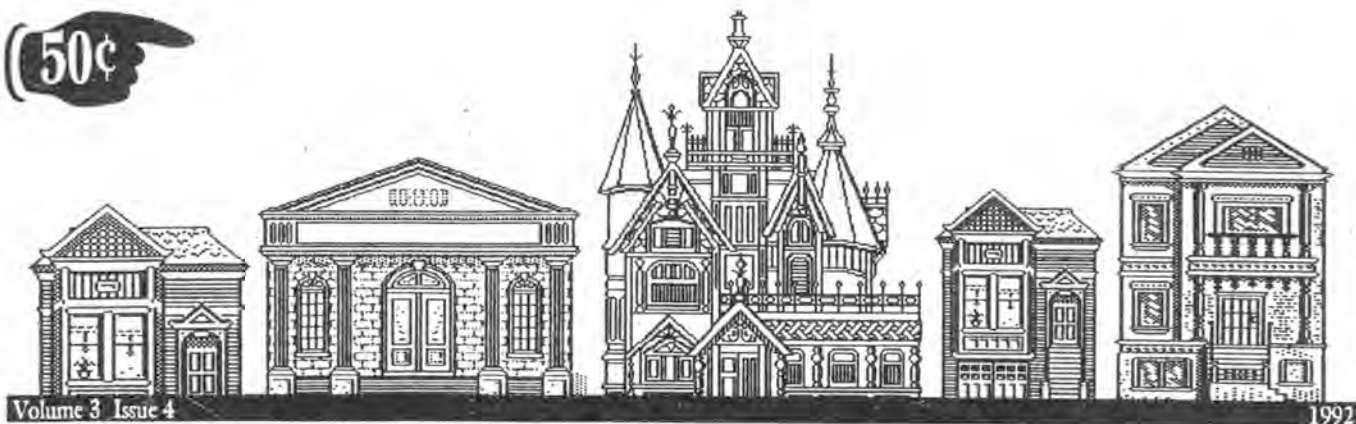


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Volume 3 Issue 4

1992

Old Huntsville

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

OBSESSED LOVE

The
Scottsboro
Boys Case...
The Real
Story



ALSO IN THIS EDITION... "THE KLU KLUX KLAN IN HUNTSVILLE,"



OBSSESSED LOVE! THE SCOTTSBORO BOYS.. THE REAL STORY.

"We was just poor working girls. We had got laid off at Margaret Mills and there weren't no work here in town so we caught a freight to Chattanooga to look for work. We spent the night in a boarding house and the next day caught another freight back to Huntsville. While we were on the train these black boys got in a fight with some white boys on the train and threw them off. Then they started waving knives and a gun. There was nine of them and one of them held a gun on me. Anyway, they held us down and took turns ravishing us. I hope they all burn for what they did to me."

With these words Victoria Price and Ruby Bates sat in motion a chain of events that would have world wide repercussions. The incident, known as the "Scottsboro Boys Case", would become the most notorious series of trials ever held in Alabama.

By most accounts, Victoria was a good looking girl. She was raised in the cotton mill villages where she first went to work at the age of 13. A victim of a drunken father who beat her mother, Victoria married when she was only 15. This marriage didn't last very long once she found out that her new husband was addicted to drinking "canned heat." The second husband, a year later, just kind of drifted away; later she would claim not to know what ever happened to him.

By the time Victoria was in her late 'teens she had become known as a hard drinking, devil may care woman to whom casual sex meant as much as a friendly hand shake. Ben Giles, Sheriff of Madison County, would later describe her as a "quiet prostitute who didn't bother nobody, so we didn't bother her much."

If Victoria had one weakness, most people would agree it was married men. Single men, she could take her pick of, but a married man was a challenge.

It was in early November, 1930 when Victoria first saw Jack Tiller. He was a handsome, well built, hard drinking and hard living man. He was the type of man that Willie Nelson would later sing country ballads about . . . and he was also married.

Within a week they were living together. Both Jack and Victoria had been laid off at Margaret Mills, and in the true American fashion, they decided to open up their own business.



Old Huntsville

A PUBLICATION FOR HISTORIC HUNTSVILLE

Publishers
Cathey & Tom Carney, Bruce Till
Editor
Cathey Callaway Carney
Assistant Editor
Tom Carney
Associate Editor
Stefanie Callaway
Sales
Clarence Scott
Cliff Hill
James Buckmaster
Distribution Manager
Tony Mason
Production & Design
Bruce Till

For further information for articles and subscriptions write:

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

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The section of the mill village they lived in was known for its gambling dives, houses of prostitution and bootleggers so it was no surprise to anyone when they opened up a "shot house".

Things seemed to be peaceful for a while until Jack, always a ladies man, began to cast his eyes elsewhere. Coming home one night, under the influence, Jack was met at the door by a screaming Victoria waving a butcher knife. "If I can't have you, no one else will!" Jack settled the argument by locking her in the coal shed until she calmed down.

It wasn't long before every one realized Victoria had met her match. She still liked to drink, raise hell, and even had a couple sugar daddies on the side, only now she was careful not to let Jack know. One elderly person still living in Huntsville recalls, "It was kind of sad. That girl wanted to be in love only she didn't know how. And Jack ... Well, he liked her all right, but he liked all the girls all right."

With all the screaming and fighting going on, it wasn't long before Jack and Victoria had come under the scrutiny of the Huntsville Police Department. Our fair city was undergoing one of its periodic "cleansings", and the H.P.D., after raiding their home and not finding any evidence of bootlegging or prostitution, decided to arrest Jack and Victoria on the charges of "Adultery".

Jack and Victoria were both given sentences of ninety days "at hard labor".

While in jail, Jack befriended a young vagrant by the name of Lester Carter. Lester didn't have a girl friend so Jack promised to fix him up once they were released.

The first night out of jail Jack and Lester went to call on Victoria. It was obvious Victoria had something else on her mind when, grabbing Jack by the hand, she pulled him into the bedroom, leaving poor Lester to pass the time with her mother.

The next evening, true to his promise, Jack made arrangements to meet Victoria and her friend, Ruby Bates, at the entrance gate to Margaret Mills and introduce Lester. After stopping at a shot house and having a few drinks, Victoria suggested going

somewhere they could have some privacy. Slightly tipsy, the two couples made their way to group of trees located next to the railroad tracks known to locals as a "hobo jungle".

As Lester would later testify, "I hung my hat on a limb and went about having intercourse with Ruby Bates while Jack was doing the same with Victoria Price". During the night, their lovemaking was interrupted when it began to rain. Getting up from the honeysuckle bushes, the four sought shelter in an empty rail way car where they continued drinking and carousing.

No one knows how the argument began, but sometime during the early morning hours Jack and Victoria got into one of their legendary fights. "I'm tired of this whole damn city," Victoria cried, "I'm leaving and if you don't want to come ... the hell with you!"

Jack, by now, was tired of arguing. "Go on," he said, "I'll meet you in a few days." After just getting out of jail for adultery, there was no way he was going to cross the state line with her.

Victoria was furious. If Jack wasn't going, she would go by herself, just to prove her point. That afternoon Victoria Price, Ruby Bates and Lester Carter met in the train yards and

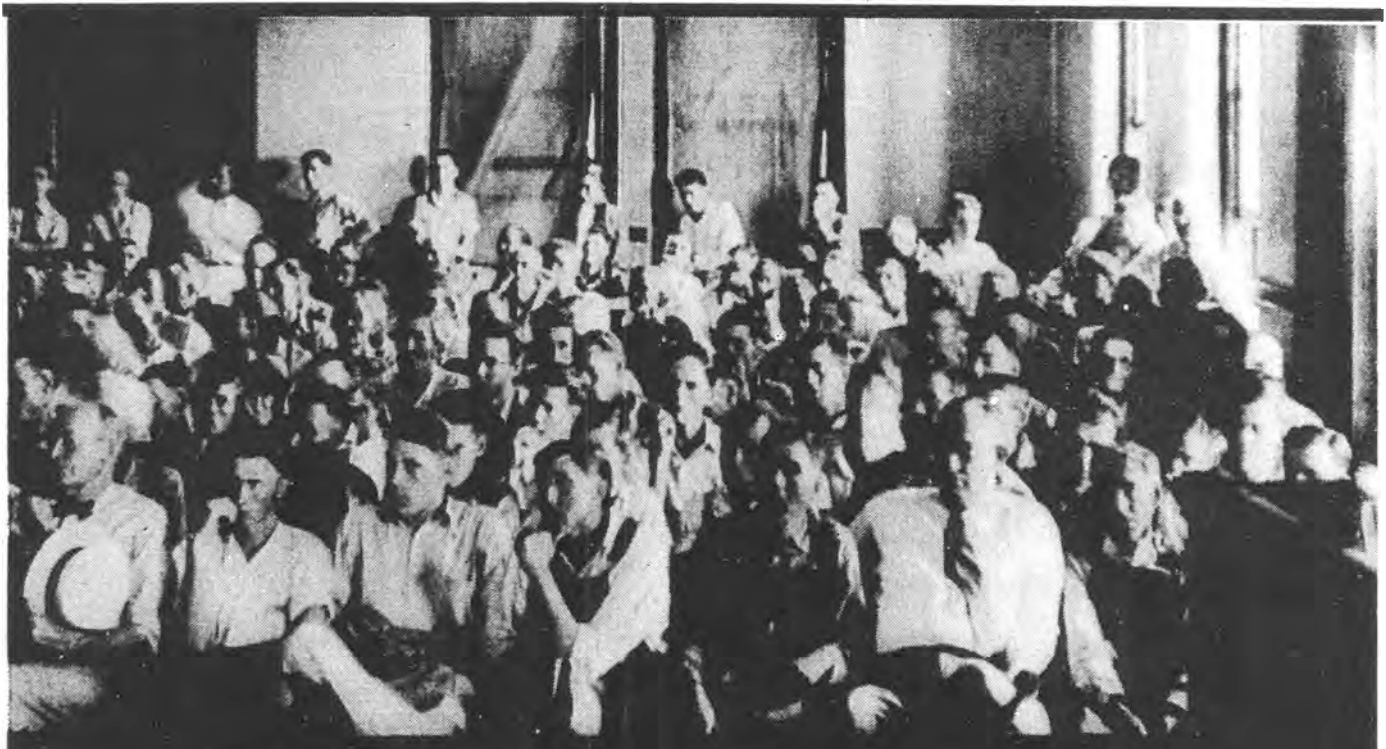
hopped a freight to Chattanooga. As is the case with most people in love, Victoria started missing Jack before they had barely left the Huntsville city limits. They arrived in Chattanooga and after spending a fretful day, Victoria talked Ruby into heading back to Huntsville.

As the train approached Paint Rock Alabama, it began slowing down. Lining the track on both sides were armed men, flagging the train down and ordering everybody off.

No one can say for certain what was going through the girls minds, but we can be sure they were aware they were breaking the law and could be arrested for "hoboing" and vagrancy. And Victoria also knew that if she got locked up, Jack might find himself another girl-friend. One of the posse members told the two girls to have a seat under some nearby trees. Sitting there, the girls watched as the armed men took nine black men, who had also been on the train, into custody. A deputy told Victoria there had been a fight on the train, with the black men throwing a group of white men off.

Later, trial testimony would show that when the men finished arresting the prisoners and had secured them

continued page 5



Spectators in the Morgan County courtroom during second trial.





Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor,

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

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

The situation was soon diffused and no altercation resulted.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Wisner
835 Mira Vista Drive
Huntsville, AL 35802

Dear Editor,

I have really enjoyed reading Old Huntsville Magazine. I am a native of Huntsville so I remember a lot of the stories and am glad that someone is taking the time to preserve them.

While reading your magazine I was reminded of an incident that happened in 1963.

A young man, new in town and looking for excitement, asked directions for the Snuffdippers Ball. (yes, there really was a place by that name.) Like many young men in many places the young man became slightly intoxicated and ended up in the back seat of a police car.

After being booked into the jail and not having anything else to do for several hours (8 to be exact) he found himself at the window of his cell looking out. Down below in the jail yard, a deputy was overseeing a group of prisoners who were engaged in pouring out confiscated whiskey. At the deputies side was a large reddish dog.

Whenever the deputies attention was diverted, one of the prisoners would hastily dig a small hole in the dirt yard and bury a couple of bottles with the intention of retrieving them later.

When the task was completed the deputy left leaving the prisoners to dispose of the empty bottles. The prisoners made short work of this project and went on about their business, evidently relishing the thought of a good stiff drink later on when no one would be watching.

A few minutes later, the large dog who had been peacefully observing the proceedings, walked over, took a couple of big sniffs and began digging the booze up. As he would dig each bottle up he would take it in his mouth and carry it inside the jail where he would lay it on a policeman's desk. He repeated this process four times and on the last trip was confronted by the hapless prisoner. When the prisoner tried to retrieve the bottle, the dog snarled, backing the man up against a wall. The dog then casually picked the bottle back up and carried it inside.

Later I heard the dogs name was Monte and this was one of the reasons they kept him at the jail.

Incidentally, that was the last time I ever took a drink.

Walter Roberts
Athens, Alabama

Dear "Old Huntsville"

Thanks for the information regarding subscription to "Old Huntsville." My wife and I are old residents of Huntsville. I came here from Mobile in 1923, went back to Mobile in 1924, got married, brought my wife up here and we have been here since that time except for 3 1/2 years in the thirties. Came back late in 1938 and have been here ever since. We were both born in 1903. Go to church every Sunday.

Sincerely,

Clarence Holmes
Huntsville

Dear Mrs. Carney,

I appreciate your interest in pets and their safety. However, I must point out an error in "Pet Safety" that ran a few months ago.

The column reads "aspirin is lethal to cats." This is untrue - Certainly at an excessive dose any drug can do harm, but at the appropriate dose (recommended by your vet) aspirin is a safe and effective medication to alleviate pain, fever or inflammation in a cat.

Quite the opposite is Acetaminophen (Tylenol). It IS lethal to cats. A single capsule, tablet or caplet will kill a cat. Never use Tylenol, or any medication with Acetaminophen, for a cat.

Please let your readers know this. Some well-intending person who might otherwise have given their cat an innocuous baby aspirin may give their cat Tylenol instead, and tragically cause its death. DON'T DO IT. Baby aspirin is safe for a cat, but get the recommended dose from your vet.

Mary Elizabeth Ellard, M.S.
4th year vet student at UGA

Gentlemen:

I was in Huntsville thirteen years, as advertising manager of "The Rocket", Redstone Arsenal newspaper, and what happy years they were. I retired at sixty-two and have wanted to kick myself ever since. In those days business centered in downtown and I knew every business owner and worker. They were all my friends and I loved every one of them. I especially remember Grady Reeves. He was my friend and I am sure he had a million others.

I like your ads and stories very much. I am 90 years old, but I am not a shut-in. I still enjoy life, take care of myself and love everybody.

God Bless
Mrs. Zillah T. Heath
Tiptonville, Tn.

P.S. My first ten years in Huntsville my name was Newsome - I then married Cedrie Heath from New Zealand. He passed away in August.

by tying them together with a rope, a deputy approached the girls and asked what they were doing on the train.

Victoria evaded the question by crying, "It's their fault," while pointing to the black prisoners. "Those boys held me and my friend down and raped us. All nine of them."

By the time the truck carrying the prisoners reached Scottsboro, word of the vile accusation had spread like wildfire. Within twenty four hours the courthouse resembled an armed camp, with armed soldiers guarding the entrances and a crowd estimated at ten thousand filling the square.

The good citizens of Scottsboro took up a collection and purchased the girls, who were wearing overalls, new dresses.

When the trial was held a few days later, Price and Bates both identified the boys and swore they had been raped. All nine boys were tried and

sentenced to death in a matter of hours. The youngest of the boys was only thirteen years old.

Within days an appeal on the boys behalf had been filed. Unfortunately for the accused, the case was about to take on a new dimension. People all across the country had become interested in the case, and offers of help for their defense started pouring in. None of the accused victims families had money to hire lawyers so the boys were at the mercy of whatever organization that chose to offer help. Though most of the organizations meant well, some of them were not exactly the best choice to represent an accused person in an Alabama courtroom in 1932.

It was the most absurd scenario anyone could dream up. Nine black boys on trial for their life in Alabama, accused of raping two white women, represented by a yankee Jewish lawyer who was being paid by the

N.A.A.C.P. and with the backing of the Communist Party.

It quickly became a case of Alabama versus the World. "Even if the girls were common prostitutes and even if they were lying," according to one oldtimer, . . . "the blacks, the Jews and the Communists were still wrong and had no business messing in Alabama affairs."

Returning to Huntsville as a martyred woman, Victoria once again set her sights on Jack Tiller, and within a matter of days they were back living together.

In May of 1933 Victoria indicated to the defense that she might be willing to change her story if she was bribed with "the right price." After much negotiation, two attorneys from New York chartered a plane to fly them to Nashville, Tennessee. Upon landing, they were arrested by the Nashville police. In their possession was the \$1500.00 they had agreed to pay

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Victoria for changing her story. At the same time in Huntsville, police arrested J.T. Pearson in connection with the bribery attempt. According to one source, Jack and Victoria had gotten into a big fight when Jack found out about her offer. In an attempt to pacify Jack, and at the same time remain the martyred woman, Victoria went to the Huntsville police and informed them of the bribery attempt; neglecting to say, of course, that it was her that made the first overtures.

Jack had always taken pride in being a truthful person and expected the same of others. He was also highly protective of anyone that had been wronged, and it was this weakness that Victoria played on.

Meanwhile, Ruby Bates was having her share of trouble too. On January 5, 1932, Miron Pearlman, alias Danny Dundee, was arrested by the Huntsville police on a routine charge of public drunkenness. While searching him, the police found a letter that Ruby had written to her boy friend. The letter read:

Huntsville AL
215 Connelly Alley

Dearest Earl

i want to make a statement too you. Mary Sanders is a....lie about those Negros jassing me. those police man made me tell a lie that is my statement because i want too clear myself....

i hope you will you believe me. the law dont. i love you better than any Body else in the World that is why i am telling you this thing. i was drunk at the time and did not know what i was doing. i wish those negros are not Burnt on account of me....

P.S. this is one time that i might tell a lie But it is the truth so god help me.

Ruby Bates

When Pearlman, under intense pressure from the Huntsville Police Department, realized that this letter did not coincide with the Police departments public statements, he quickly came up with a story about being paid to get Bates drunk and getting her to write the "confession". A visit by the Huntsville police department produced a statement from Bates to the effect that she was drunk at the time the letter was written, and that it was all a lie.

A later investigation would point to

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First American Federal
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Southtrust Bank
Steve's Card's & Comics
Ultra Clean Cleaners
Vogue Wigs
Warden's Barber Shop

Bates and Pealman being coerced by the police department into signing false statements.

Several days after signing the statement for the police, Bates disappeared.

The second trial of the Scottsboro boys was scheduled to be held in Decatur with Judge Horton to preside. Leibowitz, the defendants attorney quickly began to make a shambles of the whole case, or so he thought.

Medical evidence was presented to prove the girls had never been raped. It was ignored by the jury.

One witness for the state testified to seeing Victoria assaulted by the boys. When asked how he knew it was Victoria, he replied, "because of her dress."

Victoria was wearing overalls at the time.

When questioned about her actions in Chattanooga, prior to the alleged rape, Victoria testified she had spent the night at a boarding house while seeking work.

The boarding house did not exist, except in her imagination. Witnesses testified she had spent the night in a hobo jungle.

During this whole time Jack Tiller had remained loyal to Victoria. Many times he had doubts but in the end she was always able to make him believe her. Now, as he heard testimony unfold he began to have doubts again. Witnesses later recalled seeing him shuffling uneasily from one foot to another as he listened to evidence that seemed to indicate his girl friend was lying.

Victoria would probably have been able to talk Jack into believing her again if it had not been for a surprise defence witness. Just when it seemed as if everyone had forgotten about Ruby Bates, she walked into the courtroom . . . Only this time she had a different story to tell.

The rape had never happened she testified. Victoria had made her tell the story. As Ruby Bates continued her testimony, she portrayed Victoria Price as a cold hearted woman who was willing to send nine innocent people to the electric chair. The whole story was a lie, told to keep from being arrested for vagrancy.

There was shocked silence in the courtroom. Jack Tiller, Victoria's strongest supporter, looked across the courtroom to where she was sit-

ting, a look of disgust on his face. Slowly he stood up and made his way out of the crowded room, shaking his head in bewilderment. He never looked back.

Victoria ran out the doors trying to catch Jack but it was too late. He had already got in his car and was pulling away from the curb.

"Damn You", cried Victoria, as she stood there on the courthouse steps with tears of rage and frustration running down her cheek, "You'll never find another woman like me."

That afternoon when Victoria returned to Huntsville, Jack had already moved out.

epilogue:

Even though few people believed Victoria's testimony, Alabama authorities insisted on continuing the prosecution of the case. The defendants would spend a total of almost a half century behind bars until the case would finally be closed and all the defendants released.

Ruby Bates was forced to leave town after changing her testimony. She became active in the Communist party and toured the country as a speaker. At one time she even met with the Vice President of the United States and presented him with a petition asking for the boys release. Eventually her notoriety died down and she moved to Union Gap Washington where she died in 1976.

Jack Tiller never again had any contact with Victoria Price. Despite notes and telephone calls that continued up into the 1950's, Tiller steadfastly refused to talk with her. For the rest of his life he would condemn Victoria Price for her infamous lies.

He remarried in 1938 and made Huntsville his home until he died here in 1966.

Victoria Price, feeling bitter at the way the state had abandoned her after the trials, offered to change her testimony in 1940, but only for a substantial price. The defense attorneys, having heard this once before, wisely refused the offer. After giving contradictory evidence in eight different trials, her credibility had reached an all time low. At first, Huntsville's citizens tolerated her, but as time passed and the truth began to come out, sentiment began to turn against her. Six months after the last trial she moved across the state line to Flintville Tennessee. She died in a Huntsville Hospital in 1982.



Health Shorts

By Dr. Annelie M. Owens

How often have you heard someone say, "Go to a doctor? What for? I'm feeling great." It is just not in our nature to go to a doctor for a check-up when we are feeling well. Of course, another reason that keeps some people away from the doctor, unless it is absolutely necessary, is the cost.

We all know that when it comes to cancer, early detection is very important. The best way to hope for early detection of a malignant tumor is through a medical check-up. Early treatment can result in success before it causes symptoms. At the turn of the century, there was little or no hope for the patient with cancer. Today the cure rate for some cancers is in the neighborhood of 50%.

Cancer occurs at all ages, but it is much more common with advancing age. Today, people are living longer. Life expectancy for the average American today is about 75-78 years. Twenty years ago, it was about 70 years. This year it is estimated that one million Americans will be diagnosed with cancer.

There are certain warning signs that we should watch for according to the American Cancer Society: change in bowel or bladder habits; a sore that doesn't heal; lump in the breast or elsewhere; unusual bleeding; persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing; obvious change in a wart or mole; and a nagging cough or hoarseness. Any of these warning signals should be good cause for a visit to your doctor.

In 1991, the American Cancer Society provided guidelines for cancer check-ups for the average "healthy" adult who does not have any signs of symptoms to suggest malignant disease: Men and women cigarette smokers age 35 and over should have a yearly chest x-ray examination. Men and women over the age of 40 should have an annual rectal examination that includes a test for blood in the stool. Women should do a breast self-examination monthly. Physician examination of the breast should be done every three years between the ages of 20 and 40 and yearly after that. A breast x-ray exam should be taken every 1-2 years between the ages of 35 and 50 and yearly after that. Pelvic examinations for women between the ages of 18 and 40, including Pap tests, should be done at least every three years. After age 40, this examination should be done on a yearly basis.

The important point to know is that the earlier cancer is diagnosed, the better is the chance for cure.

Feeding Horses Automatically

The Maine man who rigged up a common alarm clock so that it would open a sluice and let some grain fall into his horses' feedbox at a certain hour in the morning is doubtless an original inventor, in one sense of the term; but the plan is in operation in New York and other cities on a still larger scale. One clock, specially designed, is made to operate from 20 to 40 clocks in a single stable, and perhaps a dozen stables are now so equipped. These are mostly owned by milk companies. It is often desirable to have horses fed at a very early hour, and this plan makes it possible to give them grain or any other dry stuff which can be stored for hours and then dropped through a hopper, long before the man who must clean and harness them is out of bed. The boxes that contain the food overnight have trapdoors in the bottom, and are provided with suitable spouts discharging into the manger. From each trapdoor a wire runs to the clock, which is arranged to liberate at the designated hour a heavy weight that moves a lever to which all these wires are fastened.

Taken from the New York Tribune, 1903

One advantage of letting your conscience be your guide is you won't run into any heavy traffic

*Carl Robertson
President, Robertson Home
Products*

A straight line is the shortest distance between a two year old and anything that can break

Jimmy Stone





HOUSEHOLD TIPS BY

EARLENE

Remember... Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

White vinegar has been around for many years, and still excels as the handy household workhorse.

Stains on China - mix equal parts of vinegar and salt to clean hard to remove stains on china coffee and tea mugs.

Fresh flowers - will last longer if you mix two tablespoons of vinegar and three tablespoons of sugar to each quart of warm water you pour into a vase.

Tub film - clean up with vinegar and then club soda. Rinse clean with water.

Windows - mix half and half of vinegar and water, then dry with newspaper or a soft cloth.

Scorch marks - can sometimes be removed from clothing by rubbing a small amount of vinegar full strength with a soft cloth.

Carpet Cleanser - mix one teaspoon liquid detergent with one teaspoon of white vinegar in one pint of lukewarm water. Rub gently into the carpet with soft brush or towel, blot dry and use fan or blowdryer to get completely dry.

KNOW ANY MORE? Write in care of Earlene to our main address and we'll publish your uses for this great household helper. "Old Huntsville"

Golden Komments

Golden K Kiwanas Required Distributions From Your Retirement Account:

by W.W. Mills, Jr.

All owners of a tax qualified retirement plan or individual retirement account (IRA) who have attained age 70 1/2 must begin taking distributions.

IRS Publication 590, available from the IRS, explains the details. There are some aspects that you need to consider which will be discussed.

Distributions—You must start receiving distributions once you reach age 70 1/2 by December of that year. You can delay taking the first distribution until April 1 of the next year; however, you will then be required to take two distributions (one by April 1st and one by December 31st) in one tax year. This increases your taxes for that year. Avoid this increased income and the resulting tax (possibly at a higher rate) by taking your first distribution in the year you become 70, and thereafter in each succeeding year. You can elect when to receive the distribution (monthly or yearly or whatever). You can begin withdrawing without penalty after age 59 1/2.

The yearly amount required to be taken is based on the balance of all accounts on December 31 of the year preceding your initial distribution and is determined using the life-expectancy tables in IRS Publication 590. If you have more than one IRA account, the minimum must be calculated for each account separately. The entire acquired amount can be withdrawn from a single IRA. It is much easier if you have consolidated all your IRA's into a single account prior to taking any distribution.

Note: If the minimum required amount is not taken from your account(s), a 50% penalty tax may be imposed on the difference between the amount actually distributed and the amount required to be distributed. This penalty tax is in addition to any ordinary income tax owed. In addition, your tax qualified retirement plan or IRA could be disqualified and immediate taxation of your entire benefit would occur.

Suggestions:

1. Consolidate all your accounts into one.
2. Start taking distribution by year end of your 70th year.
3. Put your request and requirements in writing.

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.

Help With Medicare Problems

If you live in Alabama, and you are having a problem with Medicare or there is something about a part of it which you can't seem to understand - we have the solution. Linda P. Harmon, R.N., is the Director of Beneficiary Communications and Beneficiary Advocate, Alabama Quality Assurance Foundation, Inc. Linda says that if she does not have the answer to your question, she will find the answer for you. All you need to do is call her in Birmingham at 1-800-288-4992.

Good Luck!

Didyaknow?

Did you know that in 1930, the names of the Turkish cities of Constantinople and Angora were changed to Istanbul and Ankara?

It was during the Civil War that the now familiar motto, "In God We Trust," first appeared on American coins. In 1861, Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase received hundreds of letters from devout persons across the country urging that God be recognized on the coins. Secretary Chase, a religious man himself, agreed. He sent a letter to the director of the Philadelphia mint stating "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God." Chase's motto still appears on our coins to this day.

Did you know that the first known billiard table was purchased in 1470 by Louis XI of France?

The Bowie-knife, a long knife shaped like a dagger, but with only one edge, was named after Col. James Bowie. Its use as a weapon was originally confined to Texas, but it is now used in almost all the States of the Union.

Keep Turpentine In the House

It is the simple thing just at hand that we most often forget to use. Every household should have a bottle of turpentine on the shelf. A few drops of it on a lump of sugar is good for worms in children and good for kidney troubles in grown persons. Mixed with lard or camphorated oil, it is a good liniment for all kinds of rheumatic pains and figures largely in all patent pain medicines. It will take paint out of carpets, ink stains out of white muslin when added to soap. A few drops added to the boiler of clothes will help to whiten them, moths will flee from it, cockroaches disappear after a few vigorous doses of it, and ants are easily exterminated by its use.

From 1895 Newspaper

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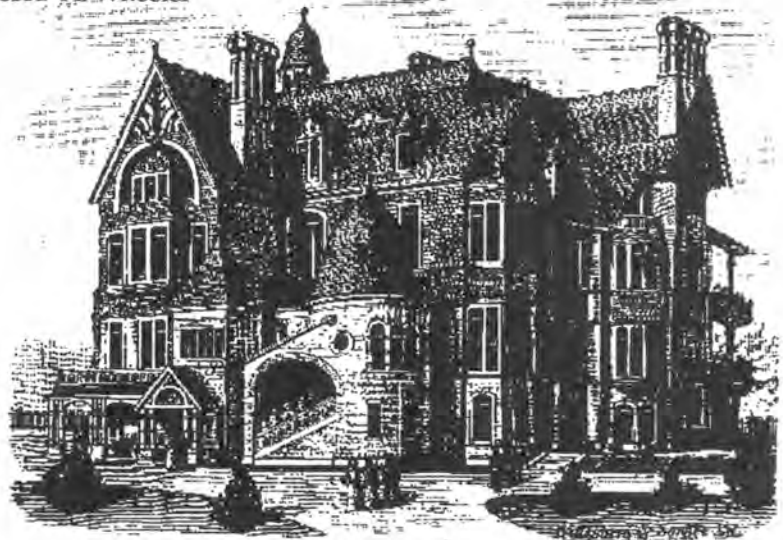
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Old Huntsville Trivia

1808

The first record of deed by the City of Huntsville is deeded to Martin Beatty for "one thousand acres in a square and including the Huntsville Spring," the consideration being one thousand dollars.

1812

Inflation had driven the price of Whiskey to an astonishing price of five cents a shot.

1832

Lemuel Jackson successfully bids on two slaves being auctioned in front of the courthouse. Mr Jackson, a local business owner, is black.

1862

Huntsville is taken by Union troops. The advance unit that entered Huntsville was led by Union Colonel Ivan Valsilovich Turchinoff, a Russian emigre.

1876

Faced with a budget deficit, Madison County is forced to sell the County Poor House. A local

wag by the name of Donald Finney suggested it might make more sense to sell the City Hall, as it was responsible for the deficit.

1885

A religious revival takes Huntsville by storm. Before the end of the revival, over six hundred people would be baptized in the Big Spring.

1890

The Columbus Buggy Company is doing a brisk business at the corner of Green and Lincoln Streets.

1895

The Milligan Sluggers wins the Madison County Championship. The Sluggers were one of Huntsville's first baseball teams.

1897

Captain Frank Gurley sells the Paint Rock Railroad. Over fourteen miles of it had been graded.

Personal Mention

The Woman's Guild of the Episcopal Church will hold its annual bazaar in the room formerly occupied by the Silver Moon Cafe Dec. 3rd, 4th and 5th. There will be for sale very attractive gifts for Xmas, including dolls, fancy bags, collar boxes, Irish crochet neckwear, centerpieces, pincushions and many other hand embroidered articles. The menu is a follows:

Roast turkey or barbecued pig, baked ham, potato balls, cream dressing, cranberry sauce, celery, pickle, hot rolls or beaten biscuit and coffee for 50 cents.

Chicken salad, beaten biscuit and coffee, 25 cents.

Oysters, any style, crackers, beaten biscuit and coffee, 25 cents.

Tutti frutti cake with vanilla and chocolate ice cream, 15 cents.

Sherbet and cake 15 cents.

We are last but not least and only ask you to come to see us, and judge for yourselves whether we deserve your patronage.

(Taken from a 1908 newspaper)



Hypnotism

"There has been a great deal of stuff and nonsense written about hypnotism, as if it were something very abstruse," said an Arch Street physician. "In fact, it is an everyday phase of mental abstraction. Any one may hypnotize himself in a few minutes by closing his eyes, directing them inward, and downward, and then, -imagining his breath to be vapor, watching its inhalation and expulsion from the nostrils. Babies invariably look cross-eyed before going to sleep, in this way producing what hypnotists call "transfixion." Fishermen often hypnotize themselves watching a cork on a surface of shining water. An hour passes as if it were a few minutes."

From 1892 Newspaper

To Dust a Room

Soft cloths make the best of dusters. In dusting any piece of furniture begin at the top and dust down, wiping carefully with the cloth, which can be frequently shaken. A good many people seem to have no idea what dusting is intended to accomplish, and instead of wiping off and removing the dust, it is simply flirled off into the air and soon settles down upon the articles dusted again.

If carefully taken up by the cloth it can be shaken off out of the window into the open air.

If the furniture will permit the use of a damp cloth, that will more easily take up the dust, and it can be washed out in a pail of soapsuds.

It is far easier to save work by covering up nice furniture while sweeping than to clear the dust out, besides leaving the furniture looking far better in the long run. The blessing of plainness in decoration is appreciated by the thorough housekeeper who does her own work while dusting.

From 1894 Newspaper



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Spring Has Come

by Nell Rutledge Porter

The other day, when I got up
and rubbed my sleepy eyes,
I saw a row of buttercups nod-
ding under bright blue skies.
Then I was certain spring had
come, when there upon the
ground,

I saw a robin redbreast
alooking all around.

It won't be long until it's time
to plant some corn and beans;
Work starts then in earnest,
clad in old T-shirt and jeans.

*A college education won't hurt you
if you are willing to learn something
later*

*Kelly Bailey
college student*



KU KLUX IN HUNTSVILLE



On January the 3rd, 1869, a school teacher by the name of Jonathan Everest was taken from his home and hanged by the Ku Klux Klan. Before putting the rope around his neck, they allowed him to write a letter to his wife who lived in Illinois. Part of his letter read : "I know I will never see you again, as they are about to kill me. Please take care of our son and tell him when he is grown how much I loved him. Please do not grieve too much....you are a young woman and I hope you will marry again so to have someone to take care of you in your old age.....They say it is time. I have to go....."

Jonathan Everest's only crime was being a Northerner who had the misfortune to be assigned a teaching post in Alabama.

The Ku Klux Klan was originally founded in Pulaski Tenn. in 1865 and the ideal quickly spread to other parts of the south. Unorganized bands of men calling themselves Ku Kluxers began operating in Madison County

as early as 1866, independent of each other with no central control.

Huntsville and Madison county were in the grip of carpetbag rule. Men were being denied the right to hold political office because of their war time service to the Confederacy and the men and women of Huntsville were starving. In 1865, over 5000 rations were distributed in one month in an effort to alleviate the hunger. With the advent of the Klan, southerners thought they saw a way to fight back through fear and intimidation.

In the spring of 1867, a group of leading citizens from Huntsville traveled to Nashville where they met with a representative of General Bedford Forrest and received a charter to open a Den (local branch). General Forrest was the Imperial Wizard (president) of the national organization of the Ku Klux Klan.) Evidence suggests the first meeting of the newly chartered Den was held at the Otey Mansion in Maridianville, where a man with the initials F. G. (Frank Gurley ?) was

elected Grand Cyclop. An individual by the name of Coltart or Coltard was elected Grand Magi (vice president) and the post of Grand Turk (Adjutant) went to a Mr. Jenkins.

The Den moved quickly to take control of all the unorganized bands operating under the auspices of the Klan. Within months new Dens were formed through out Madison county, while the Huntsville branch assumed control of all North Alabama Klan activities.

The citizens of Huntsville were quick to embrace the Klan and its law and order platform. Veterans who had returned home after the war to find their whole way of life destroyed, were again part of an organization fighting for the Southern Cause. Widows and housewives showed their support by sewing Klan robes and acting as informants. By 1868 the Ku Klux Klan in Madison County had grown to over seventeen hundred thousand members.

A common misconception today is to think of the Klan as a few die hard radical racists struggling to maintain the remnants of a society based on slavery. This is not true. Unfortunately, it had wide support among all segments of society. It would be a safe assumption to say that almost every Southern born public official in Huntsville at that time was a Ku Kluxer or a sympathizer. The Klan had become one of the major powers in Madison County.

In early 1868, Union Military troops were sent to New Market to arrest a man accused of being a Klan member. Every few miles, between Huntsville and New Market, the soldiers would spot small bands of robed men on the horizon, sitting absolutely still on their horses...watching. Entering the small town, the soldiers found the streets deserted. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere.....except for 150 robed and hooded Ku Kluxers.

Klansmen were lined up on both sides of the road and at the shrill command of a whistle, reined their horses into formation completely blocking the street.

The soldiers paused, and deciding discretion was the better part of valor, turned their horses back toward Huntsville, without the prisoner.

On November, 8, 1868, a meeting was held in Huntsville on the courthouse square by the freed slaves and "scalawags." Speeches were made

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protesting the reign of Klan terror with carpetbag politicians promising to put an end to it, if they were elected.

Midway through the meeting, the speeches were interrupted by the loud piercing shrill of a whistle. Obeying the command of the whistle, Ku Kluxers mounted on their horses, began encircling the square. Later, a congressional investigation would estimate there was at least 500 robbed Klan men taking part.

The crowd grew silent, intimidated by the robbed threat. A shot rang out. No one knows who fired it. Instantly, the courthouse square became bedlam as carpetbaggers and freed slaves all began firing. The square became a battleground with bullets ricocheting off buildings and bloody, bruised bodies lying everywhere. When the firing had ceased, Judge Thurlow, of Athens, lay dead.

Historians would later claim that the Ku Klux Klan fired no shots. (?) Ex Confederates were not allowed to vote and were terrified the newly freed slaves would take control of county and state politics. The Klan's primary function at this time (as they saw it) was to insure this did not happen.

The Klan terror began to escalate, with no one being safe from the mid-

night riders. A husband accused of not working was taken out and whipped. Black men would be hanged for not being "respectful." A tenant farmer would be threatened with a whipping if he tried to leave and work for someone else.

But the best way to incur the Klan's wrath was to vote Republican. The Klan was also impartial.....It would whip or hang anyone, regardless of their race. By the early 1870's the once proud Ku Klux Klan had become an object of revulsion to most people in Madison County. The organization that was once controlled by the aristocrats of Huntsville had become a catch-all for riff-raff and white trash.

Klan terror had become so bad in Madison county and surrounding areas that the United States Government sent a Congressional committee to Huntsville to investigate the outrages and try to put a stop to them. The testimony they heard was so damning, that even the Klansmen were disgusted.

Huntsville's leading citizens were called to testify on their knowledge of the Klan. Supposedly, they knew nothing. The most damning testimony came from the victims.

Among the crimes the Klan had committed were:

Caleb Beasley....Whipped
Thomas Regney....Whipped
Clem Dougerty....Hung
Lisa Meadows.....Raped
John Clark.....Whipped
Henry Clung.....Hung
Williams.....Shot
Elliot Fearon....Shot

John Wagner, a northerner who had been collecting information on Klan atrocities, testified to reports of Klan atrocities that he had personal information of.

"Elijah Townsend; men in disguise took his gun, and William Thompson at the same time was whipped by these men in disguise.

"Matt Hammond reported that last spring, 1870, he received a letter sent to him by the Ku Klux ordering him to leave his home, and stating that he should not live within twenty miles or he would be hung

"John Jones, at the same time and whipped him. He reports that his wife was sick in bed, on her death bed, and these men, to scare her and make her tell where Jones was, shot their pistols off over the bed."

In all, the commission heard reports of almost one hundred crimes committed by the Klan in Madison County. The townspeople, once loyal supporters of the Klan, were shocked when confronted the evidence. In 1873, a meeting of the leading Madison County Klan officers was held here in Huntsville, where it was officially dissolved. Sporadic attempts would be made over the years to form another Klan, but never again would they enjoy the support of Huntsville's citizens.

Editors note:

In researching this story we ran across all kinds of interesting trivia we could not fit into the story but thought you might enjoy.

* According to the 1830 Madison County Probate Court Records, thirteen per cent of the white population owned slaves, while at the same time forty six per cent of free blacks in Madison County owned slaves.

* During the rebirth of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s', Indiana had seven times more members than the state of Alabama.

* The first Grand Dragon for the state of Alabama, Samuel Lorenzo, was Italian.

* David Duke, candidate for President of the United States of America and ex Klan leader was once a self proclaimed Nazi. Now he claims to believe in democracy.

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News & Notes For Women

The latest fad among the pretty girls is to talk woman suffrage.

Lilly Langtry, the actress, claims to be only forty-one years old.

Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President, dresses her hair in the style known as the "Diana Knot."

A late theory of catching cold is that when one enters a cold room after being heated the bacteria in the room flock to the warm body and enter it through open pores of the skin.

The Empress of Austria has a pathetic delusion. She fancies that her unhappy son, the Crown Prince Randolph, is still a baby. A big doll has been given her, which she fondles and keeps constantly by her.

Miss Alice E. Havden, of Madison, has distinguished herself by shooting a big wildcat. Miss Hayden, although a fragile Eastern girl, handles a rifle with the ease and skill of an old hunter.

Little Kitty Blank, aged four, painted her doll's cheeks with brick-dust and water and blackened dolly's eyebrows with ink. An aunt in the family, who rouged her cheeks and penciled her eyebrows, believing that Kitty was attempting a caricature, beat her cruelly. The people of Stillwater, Michigan, warned the cruel aunt to leave town.

The wedding cake of Princes Victoria Melita was of a royal height. It was mixed, baked, decorated and shipped to Coburg by Messrs. Gunter. A photograph is appended. It stands five feet six inches in height, and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, being, therefore, a little bigger and a little heavier than the bride herself.

From 1895 Newspaper



CARPETBAGGING YANKEES BY RODNEY TILLMAN

One of my earliest memories happened when I was about four or five years old. My Mama was shopping at the old woolworth's that used to be downtown and she told me to wait for her outside. There was this other little girl that was waiting outside also. You could tell her parents must have been well off from the clothes she wore. She had the prettiest red ribbon tied in her hair. She also had a big bag of popcorn. I must have looked pretty hungry 'cause in a few minutes she offered me some. About this time Mama comes out of the store and sees me all friendly with this girl. Mama had a look on her face where I knew I had done something wrong.

Anyway, Mama grabbed me by my collar and yanked me on down the street, lecturing me the whole way. "Girl, what ever got into you? You trying to ruin my good name? That girls grand daddy was a Yankee, a carpetbagging yankee!" This was in 1939.

Old Huntsville families sometimes found it hard to forgive and forget. At the end of the civil war Huntsville was destitute, with many prominent families reduced to poverty. It quickly became evident that if Huntsville was to continue to grow, it must have outside capital.

In the 1880's, an organization by the name of North Alabama improvement company was formed, with Mr Charles H. Halsey as manager. This Company began a campaign of advertizing the investment opportunities of the Tennessee Valley to Northern investors. They were successful to an extent where they forever changed the face of Huntsville.

One of the first northern companies to settle in Huntsville was the Chase Nursery Company. The Chase brothers, natives of Rodchester New York, purchased four hundred acres of land two and a half miles outside of town and soon had a thriving business.

Also established at this time was the Huntsville Wholesale Nursery. Mrs Jessie Moss, a medical doctor from Ohio, saw the potential in Madison county for intensive horticultural growth, and was determined to start a nursery of her own. Within a short while the nursery was shipping a car load of stock every day to the north.

With the advent of the cotton mills came the largest influx of northern money. From South Dakota came W.S. Wells, T.W. Pratt, W.I. Wellman and James A. Ward. New York was represented by James O'Shaughnessy. Many streets in Huntsville today are named for these individuals.

The McGee Hotel, a popular resting place for travelers was owned by Henry McGee of Philadelphia, Penn. and a large percentage of the Directors of local banks were from north of the Mason-Dixon line.

Before long, it seemed as if almost every business in town was controlled by some one with a "funny accent."

Probably the truest irony of this northern influx occurred in the late 1890's when J.L. Howard was campaigning for public office here in Huntsville. Howard was a native of New York and had served in the Union Army during the Civil War. In 1876 he moved to Huntsville where he soon became active in city government.

While making a campaign speech before an assembled group of Huntsville citizens, he evidently had come to believe his own rhetoric when in a loud and impassioned voice he proclaimed that "We Southerners are tired of being dominated by Northern capitalists."

Good Old Breads

Monkey Bread

2 pkgs yeast
1/4 cup warm water
3 tbl sugar
1 tbl salt
4 eggs
2 cups milk
7 cups flour
1 lb butter, melted

Dissolve yeast in water for 4 minutes; add sugar, salt and eggs. Beat thoroughly, add milk alternately with flour. Add 1/4 lb melted butter.

Cover and let double in size. Roll out 1/2 inch thick, cut in strips 2" long, 1" wide. Dip each strip in melted butter and place in tube pan 5 layers deep. Let rise, and bake at 325 for 45 minutes or until done.

Will slice or pull apart. When reheating, wrap in foil, sprinkle with 1 tablespoon water. Makes two pans.

Potato Refrigerator Rolls

1 pkg yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
2/3 cup shortening
1 tsp salt
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 eggs
1 cup milk
6 to 8 cups flour, sifted

Dissolve yeast in water; cream shortening, salt, sugar, potatoes, and eggs together. Add milk and yeast mixture. Add enough flour to make stiff dough. Let rise until doubled. Knead on floured cloth or board. Refrigerate until ready to use. Roll out and let rise at least one hour before cooking. Bake in hot oven until brown.

Parkerhouse Rolls

1 cup milk
5 tbl sugar
1 tbl salt
6 tbl shortening, melted
1 cake yeast
1 cup lukewarm water
6 cups sifted flour

Heat milk, add sugar and salt; cool to



Famous Recipes

BY BARB

Steak Roast - Take a round of steak, pound, pepper and salt it well. Take dry bread crumbs, and make a dressing of them and spread over the top of the steak. Roll it up and tie it with a string, put it in a pan and roast forty minutes.

Apple Tapioca Pudding - Soak a cup of pearl tapioca in one pint of water for two hours; stir into it three quarters of a cup of white sugar, a cup of thin sweet cream, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Pare and quarter eight large Greening apples, put them in a pudding dish, turn the tapioca over them, grate a little nutmeg over the top and bake an hour and a quarter in a slow oven. Serve with whipped cream.

Chicken with Mushrooms - Have ready one pound of cold chicken chopped fine and one-half pint of mushrooms cut in small pieces. Cover these with water and boil five minutes. Skim out the mushrooms into a hot dish. There should be left a coffee-cupful of liquid. If not enough add milk to the hot liquid. Thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, same amount of butter and

season. Three minutes boiling will thicken it. Add the chicken and mushrooms and cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Serve on hot platter.

Strawberry Cream Cake - Make a light sponge cake and bake in jelly tins. Soak a quarter of a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water. Whip a pint of cream and put it in a granite pan, standing this inside of another containing cracked ice. Add to the cream half a cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla sugar. Stir the gelatine over boiling water until it is dissolved, add it to the cream, and stir at once until it begins to thicken. When the cakes are cold put a thick layer of this cream over each and stand strawberries thickly on; pile one on top of another and let the top layer be cream and strawberries. This is not so costly a desert as it seems, as being very rich, only a small quantity is required.

From 1892 Newspaper

lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water; add to milk. Add 3 cups flour and beat until smooth. Add melted shortening and enough of remaining flour to make dough easily handled. Knead well. Place in greased bowl, cover and set in warm place until doubled, about 1 1/2 hours. Roll out 3/8" thick and cut. Place rolls close together in pan, let rise about an hour. Bake at 425 for about 20 minutes.

1890 Desserts

Nutty Brown Sugar Squares

1 egg
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup flour
1 tsp vanilla
1/4 tsp salt
1/4 tsp soda
1 cup chopped pecans

Stir egg, vanilla and brown sugar to-

gether. Add sifted flour, salt and soda; add nuts. Bake well in well-greased 8" sq. pan 18-20 minutes in moderate oven. When cool, cut into squares.

Pecan Bread

1 box light brown sugar
4 eggs, beaten
2 cups self-rising flour
2 cups pecans, chopped
1 tsp vanilla

Mix sugar with 2 tbs. water in pan. Stir over low heat for five minutes. Remove from heat; put in mixing bowl; add beaten eggs, flour, vanilla and nuts. Cook on greased cookie sheet at 300 for 25 minutes. Serves 15 or 20.

Granny's Chew Bread

16 oz box brown sugar
3 1/2 oz can coconut
1 stick melted butter
3 eggs, beaten lightly
1 cup pecans, chopped
1 tsp vanilla
2 cups flour

Add the melted butter to brown sugar and mix well. Add eggs and vanilla; gradually stir in flour; add coconut and pecans. Bake 40 minutes at 300 in 9x12 pan.

Tea time Tassies

Pastry:
3 oz cream cheese
1/2 cup butter
1 cup flour
1 tbs sugar

Filling:
1 cup pecans, chopped
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 tbs vanilla
dash salt
1 egg

Use miniature cupcake tins. Roll out pastry and place in tins. Drop filling into lined tins. Bake at 375 for 25 minutes.

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GRANDMA'S KITCHEN TIPS

(From 1895)

Prick potatoes before baking

Dry sponge cake is good toasted

Lobster is poisonous, if it is not boiled alive.

Try the heat of the oven with a piece of paper

Raise the flour barrel a few inches off the floor

Bacon is better than pork for larding a chicken

White pepper is better than black, but is very much stronger

Tarragon vinegar is better for flavoring than lemon juice and takes less of it

If a cake cracks while baking, it probably has too much flour in it

The longer you cook clams or oysters the more indigestible they become

In stewing meat, the coarser pieces should be laid at the bottom of the kettle
Baking powder should be added last to dough not mixed with flour, but sifted into the pan of other ingredients

Dripping is better for greasing a pan than butter, as it will not burn, nor is the pan's contents so apt to stick.

To clean nickel on stove use soda wet with ammonia. Apply with an old toothbrush and rub with woolen cloth.

To keep egg yolks for a day or two put them in a cup filled with cold water, which may be poured off when the eggs are ready to be used.

OTTITIS MEDIA

(Middle Ear Infection)

Otitis Media is an infection of the middle ear that is caused by bacteria or viruses. It is more common in children but may occur in people of any age. The bacteria or virus enters the middle ear space by way of the eustachian tube, which connects the middle ear to the back of the nose and throat. Therefore, if you have an infection of the nose, throat, tonsils, adenoids, or sinuses, the germs may get into the middle ear space and begin to multiply. This causes an accumulation of pus and increase of pressure behind the eardrum, which becomes red, tender, and swollen. Only your physician is able to diagnose a middle ear infection by observing the appearance and movement of the eardrum with the use of an otoscope.

Pain is the most common symptom of middle ear infections. Small children and infants are usually irritable, fussy, have difficulty sleeping and pull at the ears. Older children usually complain of fullness, hearing loss, or a sharp stabbing pain in the ear. There may or may not be fever. Fever is more common in infants and toddlers. Sometimes the eardrum will burst under the pressure from an infection. This tearing of the eardrum acts as a safety valve relieving the build-up of pressure; however, this is not an emergency and does not necessarily mean that there is a more serious or dangerous infection. The tear in the eardrum is usually quite small and usually heals rapidly.

Almost half of all children will have an ear infection during the first year of life. Ear infections occur more frequently in infants and smaller children because they have smaller and more horizontal eustachian tubes. Ear infections are also more frequent in children who attend day care centers, children with allergy problems, and in children whose parents smoke in the home. Ear infections occur more frequently during the fall and winter months because ear infections often accompany a common cold.

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continued page 19

Middle ear infections are usually treated with one of several antibiotics. Your physician will choose an antibiotic based on your child's particular situation. Treatment is usually prescribed for about 10 days and it is very important to take your medicine as directed until it is completely gone, even though your child seems to be well in a couple of days. Your physician may also prescribe ear drops for infection or pain. It is helpful to give your child pain relief medicine such as Tylenol, Panadol, Liquiprin, or Tempra. Never give your child aspirin unless directed by your physician. Applying heat to the affected ear with a heating pad (set on low) or hot-water bottle can also be helpful in relieving pain. Your physician may also direct you to give your child an antihistamine-decongestant medicine.

You should contact your physician if your child has not improved after 48 hours of treatment and continues to have fever (greater than 102 degrees), persistent pain around the ear or severe headache, or persistent drainage of pus from the ear. You should not hesitate to call your physician if you feel frightened or very worried about your child's illness.

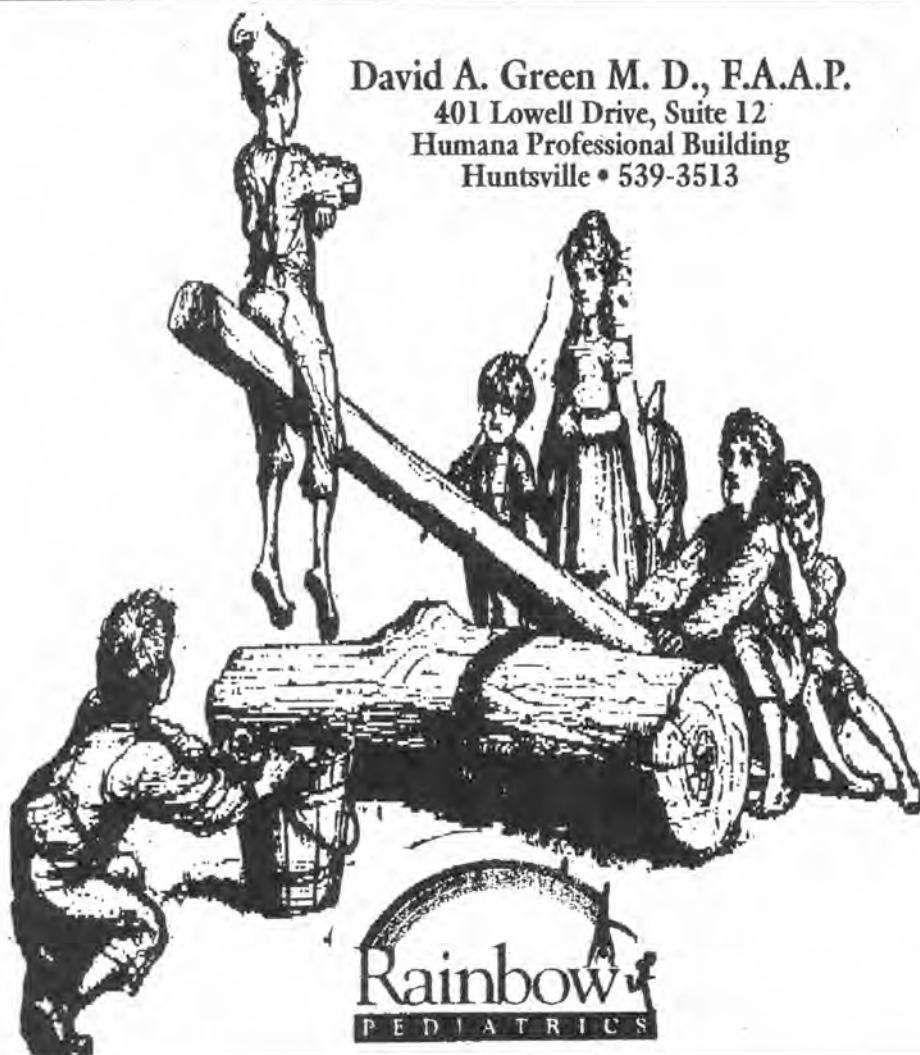
Middle ear infections are not contagious, although the cold that may have caused it can be contagious to other children. Children may return to school or day care when they feel well or have no fever. Children with an ear infection that is being treated can safely travel by airplane. Hats do not prevent ear infections and wind does not cause an ear infection. During and after an ear infection, your child may experience a temporary hearing problem.

Your physician will usually want to see your child 2-3 weeks after an ear infection in order to check your child to make sure that the ear infection has been successfully treated. If your child continues to have problems with ear infections, your physician may choose to treat with another course of antibiotics (the same one or a different one); may prescribe daily antibiotics as a prophylaxis to hopefully prevent recurrences; or may recommend the placement of "tubes" in the ear drums along with the removal of the adenoids by a ear-nose-throat specialist.

Middle ear infections in children are common and are usually treated successfully with proper medical management. If you have any questions or concerns about your child's middle ear infection, do not hesitate to talk about it with your physician.

DAVID ANDREW GREEN, M.D., F.A.A.P.
Pediatrician, Rainbow Pediatrics

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



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!

Electric Lights in Country Houses

It is stated on what is thought to be good authority that within a few years electric lighting by means of windmills will be common in all country districts. The windmill has great possibilities if properly arranged. It is suggested that water may be pumped to a reservoir and then utilized as a power. The objection to the windmill is there that are many times when there is no breeze, and of course the windmill is stationary. This would be certain to occur when it is most needed, and might cause great inconveniences. A well filled tank or reservoir with a good pressure would, on the contrary, be always in working order, of course, accidents being allowed for. The best reservoir would be made of pipe standing upright and closed in with suitable masonry, spaces being allowed for air chambers to prevent freezing. The waterpipes could be laid underground and in this way a tank from ten to thirty feet high might be filled by suitable pumping apparatus. An extremely small stream would be sufficient to operate a dynamo, and every house could have its independent electric plant. The advantage of electric lights all around one's garden and farm buildings will be readily understood by the average farmer.

1872 newspaper

Remedy for a Headache

Pain in the head arises from such a variety of causes that no one remedy will answer in every case. But the following is said to be an excellent preparation, and from the simple nature of the ingredients we think it is worth trying:

Put a handful of salt in a quart of water and one ounce of spirits of hartshorn, and half an ounce of spirits of camphor. Put them quietly into a bottle, and cork tightly to prevent the escape of the spirits. Soak a piece of cloth in the mixture, and apply it to the head, wet cloth afresh as soon as it gets heated.

From 1873 Newspaper

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

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

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

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

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

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

Alabama's first church was built in Madison County.

Alabama's first newspaper was published in Huntsville.

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

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

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

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

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

Madison County was the first in America, in cooperation with the YMCA, to provide an elaborate recreation program in rural areas, making no child in the county more than five miles from these super-parks, which

includes swimming pools, gymnasiums, tennis courts, playgrounds and picnic areas.

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

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



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Girls Wear Gaudy Hose

Marshalltown, IA—Thirteen high school girls who went to class wearing hosiery of gaudy hue, intending it as a joke, were sent home to make a change to a more somber shade.



Ruth Edward's Lovers

Gifford Hull, the grocer's son, standing behind the counter of his father's store, was tying up sugar in pound parcels when he saw the girl come into the store. It was only half past five in the afternoon, a dark and blustery winter day, and the store was brightly lit. She walked up to the counter on which were piled some loaves of bread, and looked at them with eyes that seemed ready to devour them, asked his father, "Have you any five-cent loaves, sir?"

The grocer answered promptly, "No." "How much are these, sir?" asked the girl.

"Reg'lar price," said the grocer. "Ten cents."

"Have you any stale loaves," asked the girl.

"No," said the grocer, very shortly. But the son, looking askance at the girl, who was as pretty and as fair and as fragile as a lily, saw her take the end of a black ribbon that hung about her throat from her bosom, and untie from it a five-cent piece, which she held toward his fat father with trembling fingers.

"Won't you please cut a loaf in two, and sell me half?" she pleaded.

"Not in the habit of doing business that way," he said.

The girl turned away. Gifford saw starvation in her eyes, despair in all her movements, and slipped his thumb and finger into his waistcoat pocket, and came up from behind the bar.

"Let's see the five-cent bit, miss," he said. "Why, bless you, you've made a mistake, it's a ten-cent piece. I

thought it was very large for five-cents. Father, that's the price of a loaf."

The girl looked at the piece of money with eyes that dilated with something between joy and awe. She muttered to herself, under her breath, "It's a miracle! Jack's five pence to turn to ten pence!" Gifford followed the girl, and by his gentle, manly courtesy and sympathy won her confidence.

"Let me help you a little," he said. "I think you can get work at Mrs. Trimmer's, the milliner. Give her our card, and say we sent you. But you mustn't go til tomorrow. Just around

here is a decent place, common, but decent, where they'll take you in. This will do it, and get your breakfast and dinner. Oh, take it!"

"I never thought to be a beggar," said the girl, in a small, sad voice.

"Take it as a loan," said Gifford. "You can't stay here all night, and sure can't sleep in the rain."

"If you'll let me pay it back, I'll not say no again. And thank you, thank you, thank you."

Mrs. Trimmer's is 84 Broad Street, and Biddy Ryan's is that tall, brick house there, in the basement. She takes girls to board. You'd better say

you're a nursemaid, or a seamstress. That is true, you know. Good night."

Then when she had said good night he watched her, saw her admitted at the Irish woman's door, and went home rejoicing that that pretty, slender young creature would not sleep in the street that night. He took her on trust, sharp young tradesman that he was, and believed in her implicitly.

It was odd for the son of his father, but he was his mother's all over again, despite the penurious maxims that the old man dinned in his ears.

So it was, that instead of making up his mind that the girl had been an impostor and had spent his gift in liquor, Gifford casually walked that afternoon down Broad Street, looking in at Madame Trimmer's window, saw a face that he remembered. It was set about with bright braids of brown hair, bent over a little hat, and seeing it turn toward him walked straight in and said to the girl, "Good day."

"We've brought two of our customers together, I see," he said. "Glad to know it." And just then his fingers, playing with the contents of his vest pocket, touched the cash received of one of the customers alluded to - the five-cent piece he had so deftly hocus-pocused into ten cents.

The girl looked at him in surprise, Madame looked at the girl more respectfully than before. The story

continued page 25

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Cavalry Troop Now Has More Men Than Are Needed to Start

**Local Cavalry Will be
Mustered in Monday
Ordered to Camp for
Full Training
Men will be Given
Their Jobs Back
When They Come
from Camp**

Hurrah for Huntsville! The new cavalry troop now has more than the minimum amount of men and more are signing every day. There are more

than seventy-five men who have signed all necessary papers and are now members of the First Alabama Cavalry.

The boys will begin to draw their salaries beginning next Monday night, September 18th, at which time they will be mustered in by Major R.E. Steiner and Captain Roberts.

The men will all assemble in the event house and await the organization by these officers. Then they will drill once a week until ordered to go to the training camp to complete their training as to the duties of a soldier.

Secretary Aiken of the of the local Chamber of Commerce will be on hand to render all the assistance he can and will at the regular meeting of that body tonight do what he can to have an understanding with the businessmen of this city who will no doubt agree to give the boys their jobs back when they come back from the training camp. This has been done in every town in the United States, and Huntsville will not be slack in this or anything pertaining to the new organization.

One businessman said yesterday he was glad Huntsville had succeeded in obtaining a military organization. It

is a protection to the town of all sorts of riots and disorders. Cavalry has never yet been called out to protect a negro against a mob, and that is one reason we are glad Huntsville has a cavalry company, but nobody expects to see anything of the sort here.

Henry Ford, the automobile manufacturer, is suing The Chicago Tribune for saying he would refuse to give his men their jobs back when they returned from the border of Texas and this is the attitude of every broadminded man. Everybody thinks the boys of the country should be prepared to fight when the war times roll around and no businessman wants to be a traitor to his country.

America first is the way they look at it and they all give the boys their old positions. Many corporations are paying their men their regular salaries and the men are also drawing pay from the government.

The Huntsville troop will assemble in the event house at 7:30 Monday, September 18. Everybody will be there.

(Taken from a 1904 Huntsville newspaper)



**JUDGE CRATER'S
CHAMBERS**

A Great Place To Disappear!

Come spend the evening at Judge Crater's. A variety of great food and good spirits.

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come about midway on the
south side of the Square,
Downtown...
and come downstairs

about the fire must have been true then, and this dress that the young woman wore was given to her by her neighbor when she escaped in her night attire from the burning dwelling.

So she began upon the subject of fires, and Gifford Hull, who had the gift of representation peculiar to a good salesman, talked also. He told no lies, but when they parted Madame Trimmer had somehow come to the belief that the house in which her new hand had resided was a brownstone, that the dresses destroyed were velvet and satin, and that the money lost was several thousand at least. But a mean and contemptible person, she became very amiable to the young girl, Ruth Edwards.

A little while afterwards, Gifford again called at the store, and again and again. At last he saw Ruth in pretty attire, decked in ribbons and lace, trim with bright belts and snowy cuffs, and dainty gaiters. And though she never looked sweeter to him than she did that night in her ragged dress, and with her wet hair blown against her face, when he first saw her, he saw how proud any man might be of her. He did not measure his worth by dollars, as his father did, and the worthy grocer had been very economical in the matter of poor Gifford's education. Now he had fallen in love, and he began to wish he knew more, could do more or had something better. The idea that he conferred a favor on her because she was poor, or that he was or could be rich, never entered his mind.

But he went where he could see her often, and asked her to walk with him on bright evenings, and took her now and then to see a play, and carried her flowers, and at last one evening told her that he loved her and wanted her to be his wife. When he did that she burst into tears, and told him by way of answer all of her story.

Her betrothed husband, Jack Perry, had left her three years before; he was a sailor and she had waited and waited, but he had never come home again. He might be dead, but she could not believe it. "And while I believe he lives, I can love no other man. I'm fond of you - you'd make me happy, I know - but I must be true to Jack."

When she saw his fallen expression, she said "Forgive me if I give you pain. I'm as fond of you as a sister could be, but you are not Jack."

"No, I'm not Jack, and I'll not trouble

you anymore, but just be your friend still, if you'll let me."

He kept his promise for a year. During it changes came to pass. The grocer died, and he was his own master. He was very lonely, for he had no other relative. The house seemed desolate, and he thought of how Ruth's presence would brighten it. He saw her growing sweeter and sweeter and

dearer to him every day, so again he asked her.

"Are you waiting for Jack still?"

She answered, "I am always waiting."

He was her friend again as he had always been, but he could not think of any other face by the fireside of his home, nor did he seek to place anyone else there. Weeks slipped away, then months. Another year went by. As the



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holiday time was coming on, and people were trimming up their dwellings with evergreen and holly, he took her a great armful of fragrant branches for her little room, and meeting her face to face saw a look in her eyes that he had never seen before. He took her small hand in his large one and held it, and her cheeks seemed flushed. He bent his head low and softly kissed her mouth.

"Are you waiting for Jack still?" he asked.

"I have waited a long, long while. I still miss Jack, but. . . ."

When they parted Gifford thought himself the luckiest man on earth, for Ruth had promised to marry him in a week.

The afternoon before their wedding day he went to see her, and they spent a long and dreamy time together. Tomorrow she would be his, tomorrow, tomorrow! He told her all his fears, and his plans for their life together. Then he prepared to get up to

Things I'll Miss in Heaven

I'll miss the smell and warmth of the first fire in my fireplace on a cold fall night.

I'll miss the change of seasons.

The feel and sound of summer raindrops.

How the sun looks when it sets over the river.

I'll miss the comforting creak of my husband's rocking chair on the front porch.

The smell of freshly mowed grass in the spring.

That first, savory bite of hot pizza.

The cold, sweet taste of ice cream on a hot summer day.

The warm softness of my kitten all night long.

Watching my garden grow.

The peace and quiet at home after a long day at work.

Hearing my daughter's latest excuse for not cleaning her room.

The love in my husband's eyes when he looks at me,

And being able to tell him how much I love him.

leave. His hand was on the latch, and he had kissed her, when there came a knock upon the door. When he opened it, a huge man stood there, in sailor's dress, browned and bronzed with wind and weather, who opened his lips to speak, but only uttered a low sound at seeing Gifford. It was echoed by Ruth, Ruth who tore her hand her away from Gifford, and screamed, "It's Jack! My God, it's Jack!"

Gifford heard that, and knew what

it meant. His heart seemed to turn to a lump of stone in his chest.

Jack has come back to her, he thought to himself, and then, remembering the woman he loved more than himself, he spoke bravely.

"Good-bye, Ruth. Don't mind me. I'm glad that you are happy."

Then he was gone, leaving them together. What was to be his joyous wedding eve had come, and Gifford lay cast down upon the carpet in front

of his blazing fire, with his head in his hands. If he had been a woman, he could have sobbed. As it was, he only moaned. He thought, just now the clergyman's servant was lighting the gas in the parlor to be ready for them, and the clergyman and his good old wife was waiting for them. Just now, but for Jack, he would have tapped at her door and he would have handed her into their carriage, and they would have driven to the parsonage, and the words would have been uttered, and the sweet, sweet, words of the marriage services, and those whom God had joined no man could put asunder, but Jack had come and parted them forever.

Just then the house door, that always creaked when it was opened, creaked woefully and a step crossed the hall, and the flutter of a woman's dress came to his ears, and when Gifford lifted his head he saw that someone had come into the room. The daylight was gone, and the fire just gave a little glow of red, and he could not see who it was, and called out roughly, "Who is there?"

Then whoever it was came toward him soundlessly, and knelt down, and put her soft hand upon his head.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Oh, Ruth, why do you come here?"

"Light the lamp," she said. "And see why."

He lit it.

She stood before him in her dainty wedding dress, in which, no doubt, she would be married to Jack. The pain in his heart almost smothered him. It was very cruel, but he only said, "Why did you come back here now that Jack has come back to you?"

She lifted her eyes to his and just smiled.

"Jack did not seek me out. He rang at my door by chance. He dreaded nothing more than meeting me, for he is married to another woman, he for whom I waited so long."

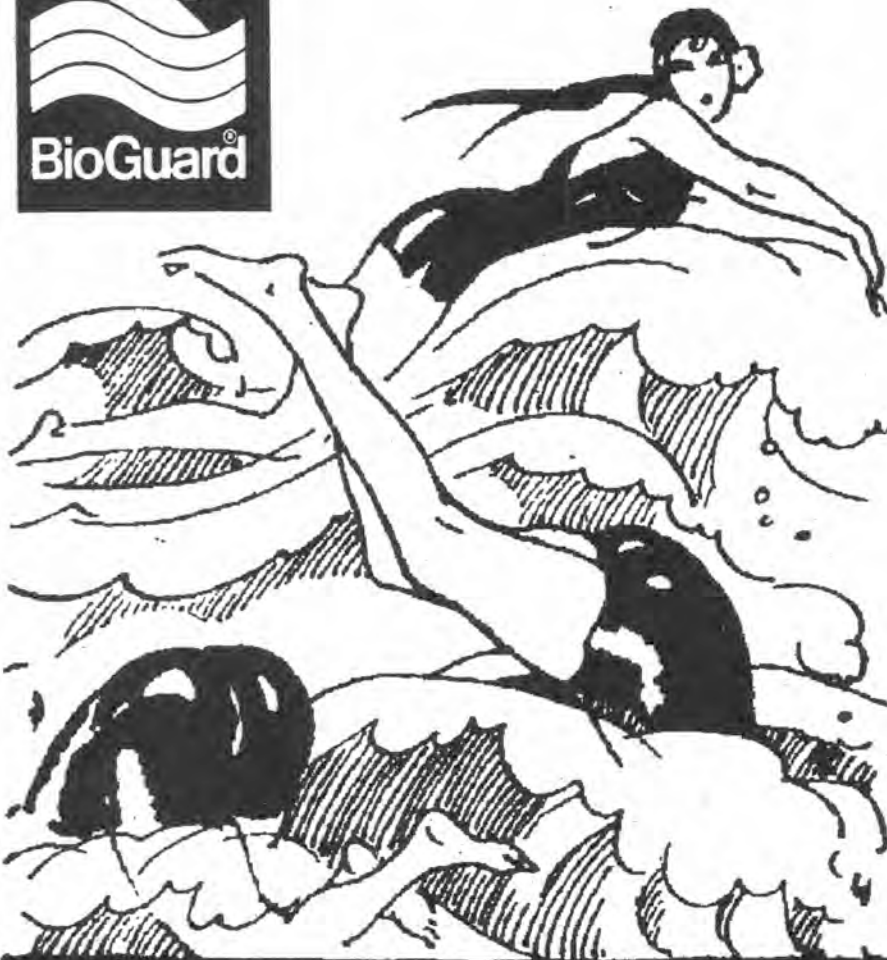
"Married!" he looked at her. "Married, and you . . ."

"I have come to you," she said. "I have not even a memory now that is not yours. The man that I thought I loved - a myth that only had his likeness. And the knowledge has given me no pain, but only joy, if you still love me, Gifford."

And the lights were lit in the parsonage.

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The House That Isaiah Built

by Charles S. Rice



The 1850s were a prosperous decade for Huntsville, as indeed for most of the South. It was during these affluent years just prior to the War between the States that many of the South's finest homes were built. The war would soon bring financial ruin, however, and these lovely homes would remain as relics of a way of life that had vanished forever.

One such antebellum dwelling has stood on the northeast corner of Huntsville's Holmes and Calhoun streets for more than 130 years. This is the story of that house and, in part, of the families who have called it home.

The builder, Isaiah Dill, was a prominent attorney and insurance agent in 19th century Huntsville. Dill was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on Christmas day, 1806. He moved South when he came of age, and practiced law in several small cities before moving to Huntsville in 1843. Dill had served as deputy register in chancery for the circuit court in Moulton, Alabama, and was chosen to fill the post of register in chancery for Huntsville on or shortly after his arrival.

One March 5, 1846, Isaiah Dill married Martha E. Sprague, daughter of a local artist. Martha's father, Henry Sprague, had died when she was a child. According to family tradition, Sprague was finally poisoned from his habit of touching his paint brushes to his tongue. The old red-brick Sprague home still stands on the northwest corner of Randolph and Green streets.

The new Mrs. Dill was raised by a stepfather, but apparently inherited some of her father's talent. Martha was a skillful portraitist and had graduated at the top of her class at the Huntsville Female Seminary in 1838.

By the mid 1850s, Isaiah Dill was a wealthy gentleman with a sizable family including six children. Therefore, on October 25, 1855, he purchased 2.56 acres of land on what then was the edge of Huntsville from Meredith and Mary Smith Calhoun. The price for the homesite was \$1,150. Thomas J. Taylor, in his manuscript "History of Madison County, Alabama", written during the 1880s, notes the following:

Stephen Cayton and William Gurley were among the first to settle south of Holmes Street, and in 1857, Thomas H. Hewlett built the house where S. S. Darwin now lives and Isaiah Dill on the corner east of him...

The house is said to have taken two years to build, and the date of 1857 apparently marks its completion. This would appear to be confirmed by a record in the courthouse of a trust deed for \$2,300 made to Martha Dill's mother, Elizabeth Sydnor. The deed states that Mrs. Sydnor had sold her

home on April 29, 1857, and that "said money was advanced to me to aid in building my present residence in the city of Huntsville". The Thomas Hewlett mentioned by Taylor was another prominent citizen. Hewlett had just purchased his lot of .44 acres just one day after Isaiah Dill on October 26, 1855. The two houses stood on the opposite corners of Holmes and Calhoun until 1977. Then, after a fire had damaged the Hewlett house, it was torn down.

Isaiah Dill built his home well back from the street on both the Holmes and Calhoun sides. The work is be-

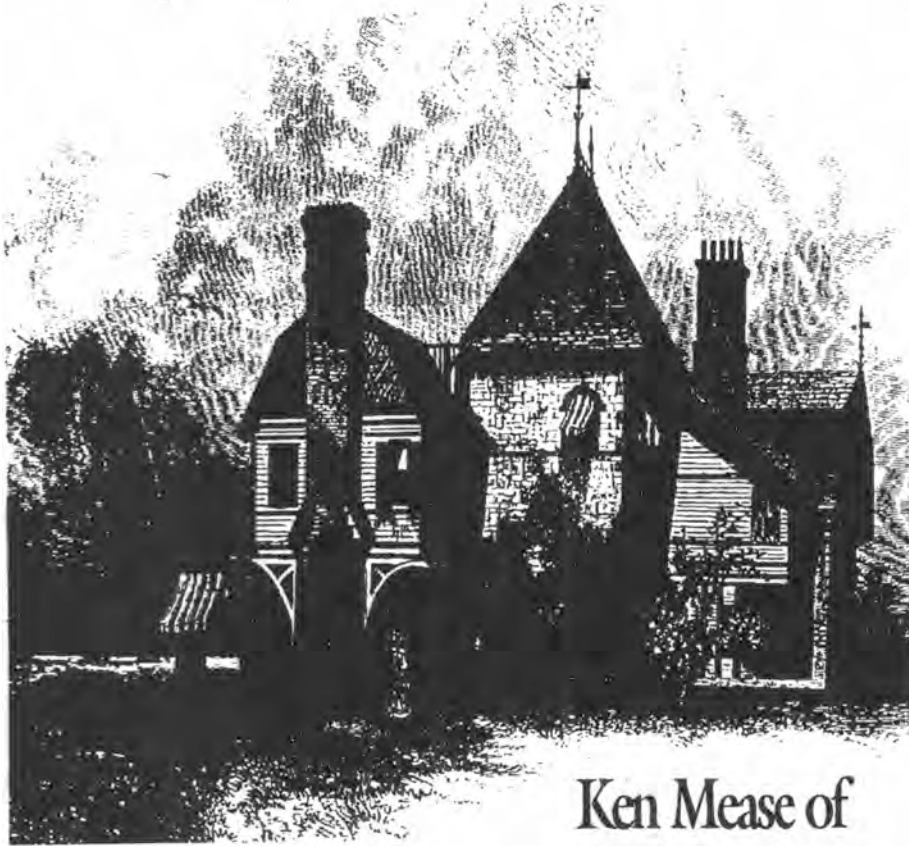
lieved to have been supervised by Dill's friend and neighbor, Matthew W. Steele, son of famous Huntsville architect George Steele. All walls, both exterior and interior, are composed of 18 inches of hand made brick. The floorboards are random width, edge cut pine. Poplar was used for the door frames, window frames, and mantels, while the bannister was beautifully shaped from cherry. Plastering the walls and ceilings completed the interior.

In appearance, the Dill house is Federal with Greek Revival influences. The 1861 map of Huntsville clearly shows the rear porch to be original, while the front porch apparently is not indicated and was possibly added by the Dills after that date. The plan of the house is of a type that descended from the old dog-run log cabin. A large entry hall, divided by a doorway, passes through the center of the house. Two large rooms open off of the hall on either side. The parlor, front entry hall, and dining room all display elaborate woodwork reminiscent of fluted Greek columns. The woodwork of the remaining rooms, not meant for show, is much plainer. The downstairs doors are four panel Federal fashion, while the upstairs doors are two-panel Greek Revival. The parlor is distinguished by splendid sliding six-panel pocket doors, which can be opened for special occasions. The downstairs ceilings are twelve feet in height, and every doorway is surmounted by a transom to allow in more light.

The upstairs of the house consists of the landing and four large bedrooms. The bedroom on the southeast has an attached balcony. Interestingly, the house was built to include closets. Two upstairs bedrooms and a downstairs room which apparently also served as a bedroom have closets formed from the space between the fireplace and the adjacent wall. Small trunk rooms were built for the two bedrooms facing Calhoun Street.

The arrangement of the house is well thought out and is much like that of the central portion of Oak Lawn, a large plantation dwelling built in the 1840s. The woodwork is almost identical with that found in George Steel's own plantation home, Oak Place.

The parlor and front entry hall of Isaiah Dill's home were both originally papered with the same floral



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If you have a bad cut, and are out of first-aid cream, pack the wound with sugar or honey. Micro organisms can't survive in sugar.

Brush your tongue to get rid of bad breath.

Next time you feel tense, relax. Breathe in slowly to the count of 10, hold for five, and out for 10 seconds.

To avoid eyestrain, take a full minute every hour or two of intense reading to focus on something far away.

Powdered ginger has been shown to be more effective than Dramamine in preventing nausea and motion sickness. Ginger is safe, you can take two 450 mg. capsules about 10 minutes before your flight or cruise, and two more again if you feel queasy.

Laws Passed by the 1857-58 Alabama Legislature as Recorded in the Alabama Register for the 1857-58 Session

by Jim Harris

All property set aside for use as cemeteries were exempt from "levy and sale under execution or other legal process." You could lose everything else you owned, but you'd always have a place in which to be buried.

As of November 30, 1857, the governor of Alabama was required to reside at the Capitol. His salary was fixed at \$4,000 per annum, payable quarterly. He could hire a secretary at his own expense. The State would not pay for one.

As of January 22, 1858, sheriffs in the State received compensation as follows: for keeping in jail white prisoners, forty cents each day, and for negroes thirty-five cents per day.

As of February 8, 1858, public printers would receive \$1.50 per page for 35 copies or less, \$2.25 per page for 100 copies, and \$2.75 per page for 150 copies for "press work" on bills ordered by either branch of the General Assembly.

As of February 2, 1858, it became unlawful for any slaves or free persons of color to play any game with cards or dice, or with any device or substitute for the same. The offender could be arrested with or without a warrant and taken before a justice of the peace. If found guilty, the offender could receive not less than ten stripes nor more than 39. A constable would inflict the punishment unless the master or owner if he be a slave, shall

voluntarily inflict the punishment. For their services the justice and the constable received the sum of \$1.00 each, to be paid by the free person of color or the owner of such slave, as the case may be.

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See Ad On Page 29

Recently, a do-it-yourselfer handyman went to Dilworth Lumber Company to purchase some supplies.

"Can I help you?" asked Penn Dilworth

"Yes sir, I need some four by twos."

"You mean two by fours don't you?" asked Penn.

"Let me go check," the handyman said as he rushed out to the car to ask his partner.

"Yep, you're right." he said when he came back. "Give me nineteen two by fours."

"How long do you want them?" asked Penn.

"I hadn't thought about that. Let me go check."

Penn had almost forgotten about the customer when he came running back in the store and said "For a long time. We're building a house."

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Common Ancestor	Child	Grand Child	Great Grand Child	2 Greats Grand Child	3 Greats Grand Child	4 Greats Grand Child	5 Greats Grand Child	6 Greats Grand Child	7 Greats Grand Child
Child	<u>Sibling</u>	Niece / Nephew	Grand Niece / Nephew	Great Grand Niece / Nephew	2 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	3 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	4 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	5 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	6 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew
Grand Child	Niece / Nephew	<u>1st Cousin</u>	1st Cousin Once Removed	1st Cousin Twice Removed	1st Cousin 3 Times Removed	1st Cousin 4 Times Removed	1st Cousin 5 Times Removed	1st Cousin 6 Times Removed	1st Cousin 7 Times Removed
Great Grand Child	Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin Once Removed	<u>2nd Cousin</u>	2nd Cousin Once Removed	2nd Cousin Twice Removed	2nd Cousin 3 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 4 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 5 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 6 Times Removed
2 Greats Grand Child	Great Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin Twice Removed	2nd Cousin Once Removed	<u>3rd Cousin</u>	3rd Cousin Once Removed	3rd Cousin Twice Removed	3rd Cousin 3 Times Removed	3rd Cousin 4 Times Removed	3rd Cousin 5 Times Removed
3 Greats Grand Child	2 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin 3 Times Removed	2nd Cousin Twice Removed	3rd Cousin Once Removed	<u>4th Cousin</u>	4th Cousin Once Removed	4th Cousin Twice Removed	4th Cousin 3 Times Removed	4th Cousin 4 Times Removed
4 Greats Grand Child	3 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin 4 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 3 Times Removed	3rd Cousin Twice Removed	4th Cousin Once Removed	<u>5th Cousin</u>	5th Cousin Once Removed	5th Cousin Twice Removed	5th Cousin 3 Times Removed
5 Greats Grand Child	4 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin 5 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 4 Times Removed	3rd Cousin 3 Times Removed	4th Cousin Twice Removed	5th Cousin Once Removed	<u>6th Cousin</u>	6th Cousin Once Removed	6th Cousin Twice Removed
6 Greats Grand Child	5 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin 6 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 5 Times Removed	3rd Cousin 4 Times Removed	4th Cousin 3 Times Removed	5th Cousin Twice Removed	6th Cousin Once Removed	<u>7th Cousin</u>	7th Cousin Once Removed
7 Greats Grand Child	6 Greats Grand Niece / Nephew	1st Cousin 7 Times Removed	2nd Cousin 6 Times Removed	3rd Cousin 5 Times Removed	4th Cousin 4 Times Removed	5th Cousin 3 Times Removed	6th Cousin Twice Removed	7th Cousin Once Removed	<u>8th Cousin</u>

Relationship Finder

Use this chart to find the relationship between two persons with a common ancestor. On the top row, find one person's relationship to the common ancestor, and follow that column straight down. On the left-hand column, find the other person's relationship to the common ancestor, and follow that row straight across. The correct relationship is found where the column and row meet.

Southern Queries — The Contact Magazine for People Searching for their Southern Ancestors

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The Making of Soups

There are but two kinds of soup - cream or clear. In making the cream type, half milk may be used - or the yolk of an egg, instead of pure cream. Except in making bisque of clams - there the genuine article must suffice.

Don't skim soup - whatever rises to the surface is what you want in your stock. Get the foreleg of beef, never use the hind leg. Use one quart of cold, soft water to one pound of meat and edibles - simmer one hour to each pound. Put the cracked bones in the bottom of the kettle, lay the meat cut from them on top, add water and simmer. For the last hour add the vegetables. Strain and set in a cold place, but not in the refrigerator.

The next day take the grease off the top, if it is winter weather, if it is summer weather leave it on, but, of course, only take the jellied stock from beneath it. The same grease may be tried out in boiling water and used for all purposes of drippings. Never add the salt to soup till the last thing - as it will harden the water. Thicken cream soups with one tablespoon of butter to two of flour, for one quart of liquid, rubbing it smooth, and adding it to scalded milk.

From 1900 Newspaper...

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It's The Law

All states have, or have had, some laws that sound quite strange. Here is an assortment of some of the odder ones. Many of them, of course, have been repealed or replaced, and those that are left are almost never enforced, but somewhere, somehow, they were real laws.

Alabama:

It was illegal to wear a false moustache in church if it made people laugh.

It was forbidden to put salt on railroad tracks.

It was taboo for a man to beat his wife with a stick larger than his thumb.

Books about outlaws were banned.

Arizona:

An automobile had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag.

It was illegal to blindfold cows on public highways.

Filing down a mule's teeth was forbidden.

It was illegal to set up a lunch counter on Memorial Day within a half-mile of a Confederate cemetery.

California:

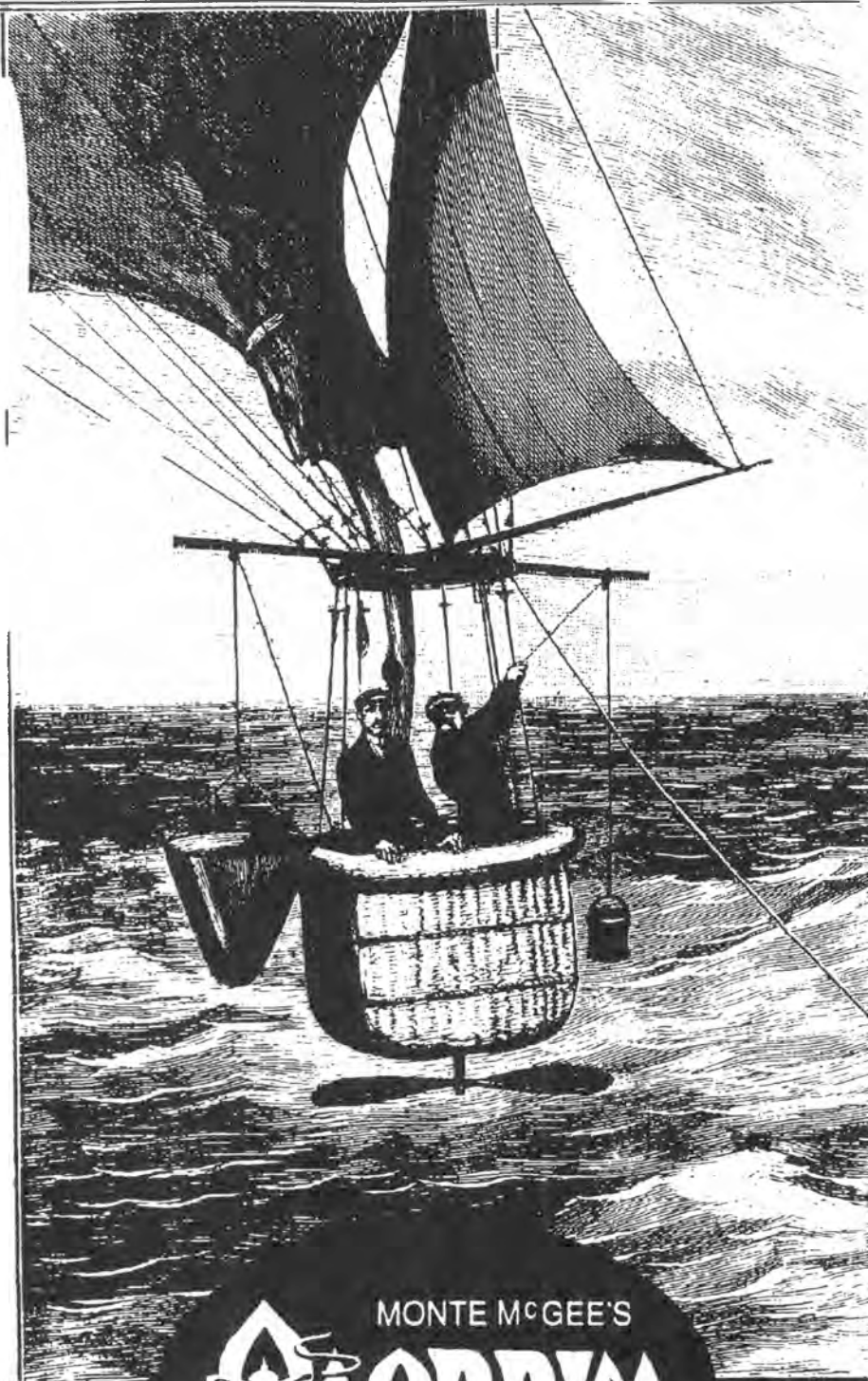
It was illegal to shoot any game bird or animal from a car - except a whale. Peeling an orange in a hotel room was forbidden.

A woman could not go for a drive in a housecoat.

It was taboo to pick feathers from a live goose.

Trapping birds in cemeteries was illegal.

Anyone setting a trap for a mouse had to have a permit.



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Colorado:

It was illegal to watch a dogfight.
Hunting ducks from an airplane was forbidden.

It was forbidden to throw shoes at a bridal couple.

Connecticut:

Colonial law forbade mothers from kissing their children on Sunday.

It was illegal for a man to write love letters to a girl if her mother had forbidden him to see her.

Anyone flying an American flag that had lost one of more of its stars or stripes was subject to a \$7 fine.

Only licensed clergymen were permitted to cross a river on Sunday.

It was illegal to lure bees away from their owner.

Building a dam was legal only if one were a beaver.

In colonial times, children could face the death penalty for disobeying their parents.

District Of Columbia:

All taxicabs had to carry brooms and shovels.

It was illegal to punch a bull in the nose.

Florida:

All residents had to wear clothing while taking a bath in a bathtub.

A person could be sent to jail for luring his or her neighbor's cook away and then hiring him or her.

It was illegal to remain in an election booth for more than five minutes, and conviction could lead to a fine or a prison sentence.

Georgia:

Beach lifeguards had to wear bright red bathing suits and a harness around their necks attached to a 200-foot long lifeline.

Cruelty by a dentist was only a misdemeanor.

Hawaii:

It was illegal to insert pennies in one's ear.

Barbers were not permitted to lather their customers with a shaving brush.

Idaho:

It was illegal to fish for trout from the back of a giraffe.

No one could buy a chicken after dark without the permission of the sheriff.





BEST EATIN' IN THESE HERE PARTS

When I was growing up in Lincoln Village in the late 30's and early 40's, I knew of only two "ready to eat" foods that were worth buying. Frosty Malts from Condra's Ice Cream Shop and hot dogs from Dillard's Cafe. I don't remember eating in a restaurant until I entered the U.S. Air Force. I thought you had to get all dressed up to eat in a restaurant.

Condra's was located on the west side of Meridian Street across from Lincoln School. They actually had two items I liked. One was an ice cream cone where the ice cream was frozen in the shape of a cone. It wasn't dipped. The cone shaped paper cup it was frozen in was peeled off and the ice cream placed in a cone. It cost a nickel, and for another nickel you could get another one placed on top of the first, inverted. It was a piece of art, a true ice cream cone.

The best item, though, was their Frosty Malt. It was nothing more than the thickest and best chocolate malt you ever slurped poured into a large, edible cone. It was good enough to make you smack your best friend. It cost a dime as I remember. I'd give you two dollars for one right now.

A few years ago I decided that I was going to recreate the Frosty Malt. I stopped at a Dairy Queen and ordered a thick, chocolate malt and three large cones without the ice cream. The girl behind the counter looked at me as if I were crazy. Okay, so she read me like a book. Many people would agree but I still wanted my malt and three empty cones. I explained to her that I was going to pour the malt into the cones. Evidently, she couldn't sell empty cones without approval from upper management, so she called the manager and told him what I wanted. He looked confused, but told her to sell me the cones at 10 cents each, probably just to get me out of the place.

I took my stuff and left and had a ball. However, the malt was not as thick as the "real thing" and before I could finish a cone, it started dripping from the bottom. In other words, melted malt missed my mouth and made a mess. Haven't tried that again because I just can't get up the courage to explain why I want three empty cones.

Dillard's Cafe was located just west

of Meridian Street in the southwest corner of the intersection of Oakwood Avenue and Meridian. He served the best chili dogs you could get, as far as I knew at the time. (Since I lived in Lincoln Village and Mullin's Restaurant was on the Dallas Village side of the tracks, I never went that far down on Andrew Jackson Way. I simply was not aware of Mullin's at the time).

I never heard of hot dogs referred to by any name but hot dog. You ordered a hot dog and you got a hot dog. Hot dogs had chili in them. It was the law. Not a weenie in a bun covered with any and everything in the kitchen. The first time I ordered a hot dog after I left home in 1952, I was in California at the time, and the thing had cold slaw in it. I felt like I had been violated. It looked like slop we fed our hogs. I never ordered another hot dog until I got back to Huntsville.

Dillard's dogs were a dime each and I always waited until I had a quarter before I went for hot dogs because my favorite meal was two dogs and a Coke. That's another thing, Cokes were best when they came in the 6.5



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ounce bottle. Can't tell me they didn't change the formula when they went to the larger bottles.

Talked to a friend (Tommy Rosenblum of Rosenblum Realty fame) recently about Dillard's Cafe, and he told me this story about a mutual acquaintance, Curtis Ramey, a village kid, who is a judge in Texas. Dillard's was full. Curtis ordered a glass of buttermilk, drank it down, and called for another glass. He drank the second glass and called for a third. He was now attracting the attention of other customers and had an audience while he ordered and drank until he had downed a gallon. He then walked outside and threw up.


If this is published and Curtis reads this, and he will, because I know his mother and I'll give her a copy, let it be understood that Tommy said that he was a witness. So Curtis, if you want to get even, send me something I can use against him.

After I moved back to Huntsville in 1966, someone told me that Mullin's Restaurant had the best chili dogs anywhere. The first time I ordered one and saw the chili, I knew that I had one foot in heaven. I don't remember how many I ate, but two just turns me on.

The next time I saw a friend who worked there, I asked about the chili dogs and mentioned Dillard's Cafe. Well, I struck a nerve. That friend set me straight about where the chili recipe came from. According to the friend, it wasn't original with Dillard's. And that is all I'll say about that.

The fact is, Mullin's Restaurant has the best chili in the world. I'm sure it has other good food, but I wouldn't know personally because the only thing I ever order are chili dogs, usually two, sometimes three, and a Coke. As long as Mullin's serves its chili dogs, it will remain a top notch restaurant, but if it ever stops, it'll become just another cafe.

Jim Harris



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WONDERFUL GARLIC

Garlic may be good for your heart, as well as prevent cancer! There have been several cultures who, through the years, have extolled the virtues of garlic. The Frenchman who first brought this pungent vegetable to the United States first sauteed some in New Orleans, but this wonder food has been around for some 5,000 years. Romans ate it to increase endurance and strength, Chinese scholars claimed it had medicinal values, and the ancient Israelites spoke about garlic often in the Book of Numbers.

Some recipes that are especially good follow. But don't just add it to foods - roast it and eat it as is! Cut it in large chunks, fry in a little oil and add your beef or chicken right to the pan.

Use your imagination, but be sure and chew a little parsley or suck on a lemon afterwards.

New Potatoes with Garlic

Quarter about 15 new red potatoes, cook in boiling water with skin on and just a touch of salt added. Drain the water, set aside. In a small pan saute 3 cloves of garlic, minced in about 1/4 cup margarine or butter. Add freshly ground pepper and just a bit of fresh parsley, as well as about 1/2 tsp onion powder. Pour this mixture over your still-warm potatoes, toss to coat and watch them disappear.

Garlic Squash

Cook a little bacon in skillet and remove. Discard most of the grease, add 2 cloves garlic coarsely chopped. Cook til lite brown, remove from pan. Add 2 pounds of yellow squash sliced, and 1 large sliced onion. Saute for about 5 minutes, then add some more of the bacon grease, and 1/2 tsp onion powder. Toss back in the garlic with some of the bacon crumbled. Serve hot.

Fresh Garlic Green Beans

Wash and trim about 2 pounds fresh green beans. Bring to boil in slightly salted water. While this is cooking (about 10 minutes or so) fry 3 cloves garlic, quartered, in small amount of oil. Drain beans, toss with about 1/4 cup butter and a dash of dill weed, add your garlic, and pour into serving dish.

Be sure and look for only the large, white bulbs with papery white outer skin.

Old Fashioned Potpourri

This is a mixture of dried flowers and whole spices. Mix together and store in an airtight container for 6 weeks, turning every week. Potpourri will last for years if properly cared for.

1 pound dried lavender flowers
1 pound dried rose leaves
1/2 pound crushed orris root
2 ounces crushed cloves
2 ounces crushed cinnamon
2 ounces crushed allspice
1 pound table salt

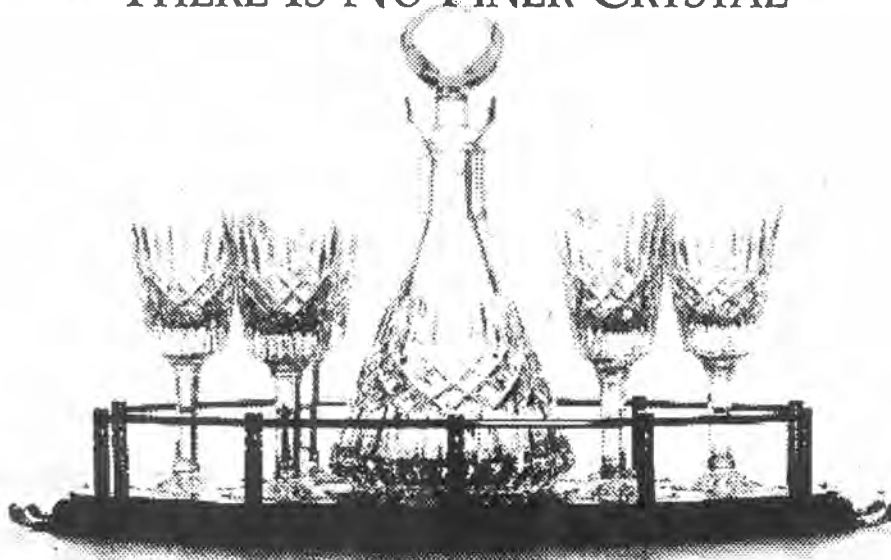
Place in armoires, lingerie drawers, and other special places.

(Orris root is the pulverized root of the common species of lily known as the "flower de luce." It is particularly valuable for its violet-scented perfume.)

By Joan Hutson, from her book "Heirlooms from the Kitchen"

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The Lincolnettes

by Jim Harris

The Lincolnettes was formed in January of 1990. It started with seven members, all having been brought up in The Village. According to some of the ladies I talked with, it started with those who used to go "honkey-tonkin" together. Mildred McCormack is the president. She wasn't elected formally—she just seemed to fit the position naturally.

They meet once a month on the second Thursday at Mullin's Restaurant. They have no dues, but they take up a collection at every meeting to support their benevolent activities; last year they adopted a needy Lincoln Village family whose children attend school at Lincoln. The school's counselor selected the family for them.

They called on local businesses to help and with their own funds gave the adopted family a special Thanksgiving and Christmas. They will do the same this year for another village family.

They are involved with the annual Lincoln Village reunion, contacting former villagers and mailing out invitations. They are also interested in contacting as many former villagers as possible and are spreading the word any way they can. Many former villagers live out of town or out of state and may not know of the reunion. It is held every year on the last Saturday in June.

The Lincolnettes are also involved with the North Alabama Cotton Mill Association in its effort to establish a Cotton Textile Museum. I'll try to have more on this effort in a future article.

There are currently 25 members of the Lincolnettes. Only one or two still live in The Village, although the parents of several of them still do. I met with six of them recently to learn something about the club and just maybe get a story. Three of the ladies were two sisters and their aunt. The aunt and one of the sisters grew up with my sister. The other sister and I

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are the same age and were next-door neighbors. I am 57 years old, so I think it would be in my best interest to plead ignorance and say I don't know how old these ladies are—but they look much younger.

Two weeks later I met with 20 more of them at their regular monthly meeting. I was reminded of things that I had completely forgotten and enjoyed every minute. I also got enough material for a couple of articles.

I used to eat watermelon from the top of the garbage can of one house in the village. It was rare when there wasn't at least one piece with considerable meat left, enough for a kid who rarely got watermelon to have a feast. One of the ladies, Dorothy Dickens Newby, said it was her house. She explained that her mother hated a messy garbage can and always put the watermelon rinds on top.

I spent five hours total with them. There was not one moment of silence the whole time, and all conversation was centered around life in the village, the good, the bad and the ugly, but mostly the good. Occasionally, someone would say, "don't print that," after having told of some mischief she or someone else had gotten into. Keeping memories of life in the village alive is the goal of these ladies. They do it well.

Since they are expecting to see their names in print, here are the names of those I met on those two occasions. I'm including their maiden names for those that may not have seen them since back when. If you recognize anyone, look up their phone number and give them a call.

Mildred Helton McCormack, Virginia Busbin Carroll, Dorothy Jones Tuck, Mary Frances Boyett Miller, Ernestine Baites Buford, Peggy Shelton Clark, Betty Rogers Shasteen, Dorothy Dickens Newby, Mary Elizabeth McAnally Turner, Juanita Bullion Summett, Helen Maynor Shelton, Mable Gentle Cothren, Inez Shelton Reed, Doris Bragg Philyaw, Stella Gentle Buffaloe, Margaret Adcock Drake, Lois Maynor Troupe, Elizabeth Daniel Davis, Edna Gentle Jones, Rachel Bragg Legg, Thelma McCormack Potter, and Ann McCormack Stapler.

These ladies are all loyal readers of "Old Huntsville" magazine, as everyone over 35 ought to be. The under-35 group might find out something about their folks that they didn't know if they would read it. Like, for instance, who became bootleggers when they were around thirteen or fourteen years old. You can find out only by reading "Old Huntsville."

Women Inventors

Miss Knight, of Boston, has invented a machine for making paper bags with sachel bottoms, which is attracting attention for its complicated mechanism and extraordinary ingenuity, not only all over this country but also in parts of Europe and throughout Canada.

The fortunate inventor has already refused fifty thousand dollars for her patent. Another Massachusetts woman now enters the field.

Mrs. Bardwell, of Amhest, has recently received a patent for a self-fastening button, which needs no button hole, holds fast and unbuttons at a touch. The invention can be applied to buttons of all sizes and there is every prospect it will come into extensive use.

The world is indeed progressing, when we owe to the inventive genius of woman that two and a half paper bags can be made in a second by a single machine, and that the making of buttonholes will become a lost art. When we think of the time and eye-sight now devoted to making buttonholes, we feel sure that all women will unite in erecting a statue to the woman whose ingenuity has taken away the necessity for the weary and countless stitches required in this laborious department of feminine industry.

Providence Journal, 1873



Sweet Shortcuts from Yesteryear

Sugar Coated Peanuts can be made by boiling in an iron skillet 3/4 cup sugar, dash of salt, 2 cups of peanuts and 1/2 cup water. After boiling 10 minutes, pour on a baking sheet and bake 1 hour at 250 degrees.

Chocolate Coating for Dipping Candy can be made by melting a cake of chocolate in a double boiler, but do not let it boil. When melted, add a lump of paraffin the size of a small walnut, half as much butter, and a few drops of vanilla or almond flavoring.

A Hatpin can be used for dipping cream candies quickly into the chocolate and slipping them off onto waxed paper.

To Thin Dipping Chocolate that has become too thick, add to it a little coconut oil. Don't use water as it will immediately cause the chocolate to grain.

To Make Coffee Sugar place coffee beans in a covered container with lump sugar and leave until the sugar has absorbed the coffee flavor.

A Marble Slab is recommended in the making of candy. One side should be kept exclusively for fondants and the other side for taffy. For fondant the surface should be dampened with cold water. Butter or grease should never touch this side. The other side for taffy should never be dampened but rubbed with butter or grease.

By Joan Hutson, from her book "Airlooms from the Kitchen"



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Hurled Cheese at His Wife

Springfield, Mass.—Ordered by the court not to molest his wife, Stephen J. Kennedy thought he could evade the order by heaving chunks of cheese at her, but he was jailed anyway.



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- 1 can Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1 can Evaporated Milk
- 8 cups MARTINEZ Coffee, brewed double strength (i.e. 1/2 oz. coffee per 6 fluid ozs. water)
- 4 Tablespoons Granulated sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon Cinnamon
- 1/8 teaspoon Salt

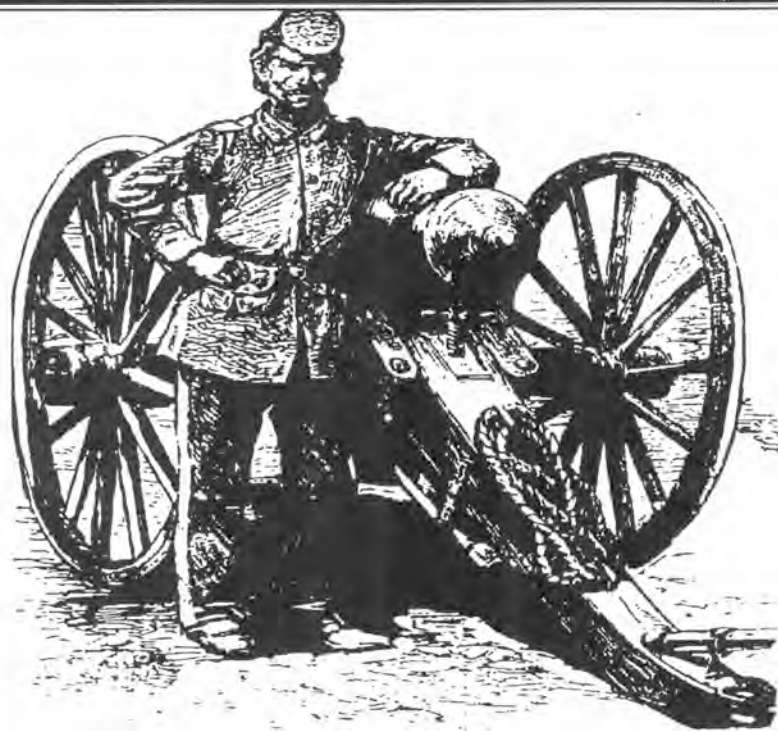
Brew the coffee. Add sugar, cinnamon and salt. Mix in the condensed milk and the evaporated milk. Refrigerate for a few hours or overnight. Serve over crushed ice.

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Brigadier General John Hunt Morgan "Thunderbolt of the Confederacy"

John Hunt Morgan was the Confederate cavalry officer whose unit was celebrated for the endurance, speed, daring and success of their raids.

Morgan was born June 1, 1825, in Huntsville, Alabama, on Franklin Street. He moved to Lexington, Kentucky, around the age of six, with his parents and lived on a farm just outside the city. Morgan attended Transylvania University (Lexington) and lived with his grandfather, John Hunt, at his home, which is called Hopemont. Morgan left the University and volunteered to fight in the Mexican War, serving honorably as a Lieutenant in the Kentucky Mounted Volunteers from 1846-47. On his return from the War to Kentucky in 1847, he became a merchant and proprietor of a hemp and woolen mill. He took active part in civic affairs as well as political affairs. He served on the PTA, was a Mason, and on the Volunteer Fire Department where he served as captain.

In 1857, Morgan founded the Lexington Rifles, a home guard unit. Kentucky remained neutral during the outbreak of the War in 1861, but citizens of Lexington began choosing sides. Morgan flew a Confederate flag over his hemp factory, and an order for his arrest was made. Morgan, forced by this order, fled taking with him his Lexington Rifles weapons and most of the members of the same. Joining the Confederacy, Morgan became a Captain of a squadron in the Second Kentucky Cavalry assigned to scouting under the command of General Buckner.

In April of 1862, just before Shiloh, Morgan was promoted to Colonel and his command participated in the battle. That July he launched the first of his major raids. During the following months, he made a series of raids in Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Indiana and Ohio, which made up his Great Raid.

His second raid was called the Christmas Raid. It began in December of 1862 at Hartsville, Tennessee, where he took 1700 Federal prisoners. Two important things happened before this raid. He was promoted to Brigadier General, and he married Martha Ready of Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Morgan marched his 1700 prisoners back through the streets of Murfreesboro, past the house where his new bride resided and presented her with this as a wedding gift.

Morgan began his next and most famous raid in June, 1863, where he led 2000 men on an 1100-mile ride into Ohio. This was farther north into Federal territory in the Western theatre than any other Confederate force had marched. The men did much damage to property and the North's morale, but Morgan's men were so exhausted that they were eventually captured. Morgan and a few of his officers were sent to the Ohio State Penitentiary instead of prison-of-war camps and were treated as common criminals. After four months, Morgan and five other officers escaped and made their way back to the Southern lines. His escape took place on November 27, 1863. Morgan was honored by the cities of Richmond and Atlanta during January and February of 1864. The public adored him and gave him the name, "The Thunderbolt of the Confederacy." Morgan's dismounted

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cavalry tactics were admired by the military and yet they did not quite understand the freedom Morgan was given. John Hunt Morgan was one of the first in the War to use guerrilla warfare effectively. He continued his raids in Kentucky and Tennessee, which were marked as before by the swiftness with which he struck, the destruction of property, the taking of prisoners and supplies, and general mayhem for the North.

In September, 1864, during a surprise raid at Greeneville, Tennessee, Morgan was shot and killed while surrendering. His command was surprised by a force of the enemy under General Gillem's command. Morgan's body was identified by both Armies' officers, his brother-in-law, Basil Duke, and his wife. The body was sent to Abingdon where his wife, expecting their first and only child, was staying. The funeral was one of the largest in the war with mounted troops escorting the coffin. He was put to rest in an above-ground vault. Later, he was moved to Richmond where he lay in state in the Capitol and was buried in the Hollywood Cemetery. After the War, he was brought to Lexington Cemetery in Kentucky where he rests beside his parents and brothers. Morgan's daughter, Johnnie, was born after his death. Oddly, she died at the age of twenty-three and left no direct heirs.

After his death, Basil Duke commented that "the glory has gone from the war."

TOO LATE...

The house had been aroused by a burglar. Mr. Jones saw a man with a mask going through the pockets of his pantaloons, and as quick as a thought he shot at him, the intruder making good his escape.

"Why," said Mrs. Jones, thoroughly awake, "what did you scare me for?"

"I saw a man robbing my pockets, and fired at him."

"Well, he didn't get anything," said she, complacently.

"How do you know?"

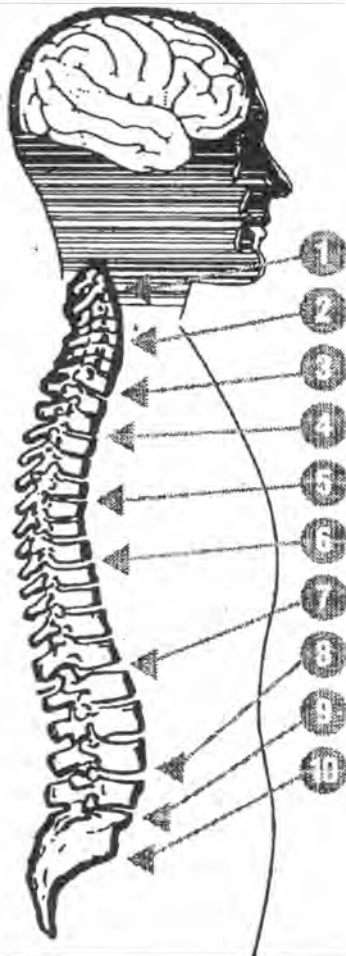
"Oh, I tried 'em myself before we went to bed."

1890 Paper

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3. This locates the part of the spine wherein pressure on nerves could cause bronchial conditions, throat conditions, arm and shoulder pain, bursitis, asthma, coughs, and thyroid conditions.

4. Nerve pressure at this level may cause pain and numbness in forearms and hands, chest pain, congestion, palpitation, "nervous" or fast heart, and pleurisy.

5. Gall bladder problems, jaundice, shingles, stomach upsets, heartburn, and fever may be caused by nerve pressure in this part of the spine.

6. Low blood pressure, poor circulation, ulcers, hives, and stomach trouble may be caused by pressure at this point.

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8. Certain types of sterility, impotence, menstrual troubles, diarrhea, constipation, and back pain may be relieved by chiropractic adjustments here.

9. Knee pains, varicose veins, prostate problems, bed wetting, backaches, and cold feet may be corrected by adjustments here.

10. Poor circulation, leg cramps, hemorrhoids, ankle swelling, rectal itching, and pain on sitting may be the result of slippage of one or both pelvic bones.

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Why I Am a Daughter of the Confederacy

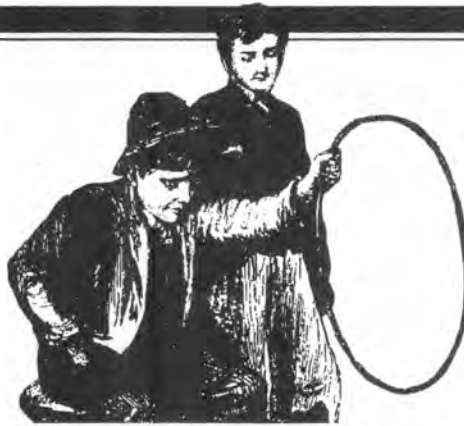
I am a daughter of the Confederacy because I was born a daughter of the Confederacy. A part of my heritage was that I came into this world with the blood of a soldier in my veins...a soldier who may have had nothing more to leave behind to me and to those who come after me except a heritage...a heritage so rich in honor and glory that it far surpasses any material wealth that could be mine. But it is mine, to cherish, to nurture and to make grace, and to pass along to those yet to come. I am, therefore, a daughter of the Confederacy because it is my birthright.

I am a daughter of the Confederacy because I have an obligation to perform. Like the man in the Bible, I was given a talent and it is my duty to do something about it. That is why I've joined a group of ladies whose birthright is the same as mine...an organization which has for its purpose the continuance and furtherance of the true history of the South and the ideals of Southern womanhood as embodied in its constitution.

I am a member of the Daughters of the Confederacy because I feel it would greatly please my ancestor to know that I am a member. It would please him to know that I appreciate what he did and delight his soldier love to know that I do not consider the cause which he held so dear to be lost or forgotten. Rather, I am extremely proud of the fact that he was a part of it and was numbered among some of the greatest and bravest men which any such cause ever produced.

I am a daughter of the Confederacy because I can no more help being a daughter of the Confederacy than I can help being an American, and I feel that I was greatly favored by inheriting a birthright for both.

For more information on this organization, write Mary Creacy, President, Brig. Gen. John Hunt Morgan Chapter #2541, UDC, 14025 Armond Drive, Huntsville, AL 35803.



Old-Timey Fun for One

by Jim Harris

Growing up in a mill village in the thirties and forties required creativity if a kid was to have any fun. Flips and rubber guns were two favorites, but there were other things a kid could do by himself.

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A plain old rubber automobile tire became anything you wanted it to be—it was usually a car. All you could do with a tire was push it around. You inserted whatever sound was needed to make the game come alive. We did the same thing with broomsticks or a small tree limb when we played cowboy. I was never thrown by a stick horse. Stick horses were always well trained. The kid provided the sound track just like in the movies.

Scooters were big back then. They could be bought, if you had the money. There were some fancy ones too. Some even had brakes. You could also build one with a couple of planks and an old skate. Street skates were adjustable so they would fit a variety of foot sizes, and they could be separated in the middle. You nailed those two planks together with a little bracing, nailed on a handle, attached half the skate to one end of the bottom plank and the other half to the other end. The only thing you could do with a store-bought scooter that you couldn't do with a home-built one was ride it on grass; however, we had so little grass that it was no big problem.

Barrel hoops were another item used extensively. The hoops usually came from wooden buckets. Some were made from bands of metal about an inch wide and some were made from wire.

To operate it, you had to make a pusher. A piece of stiff wire made the best one. You formed a loop on one end, maybe two inches wide depending on how wide the hoop was, and bent the loop so that it was perpendicular to the shaft or handle of the pusher.

Operation was simple. You started the hoop rolling and kept it going by keeping the loop of the pusher around the back side of the hoop. You could walk or run with it and make it go wherever you wanted by manipulating the pusher. It would roll on grass, too.

Recently, I was watching a TV documentary about some part of Africa, and as they panned the camera across the street, a little boy pushing a hoop came into view. How about that? A kid from a different world creating his own fun, but, then, a mill village was also a different world.



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Mousing Around

by Rosella Rice

We were to get our new hats yesterday from Lizzie's the milliner's. The morning was so warm that we waited, hoping the cloud in the south would drift around and shut off the blazing sunshine. The weather was still suffocating at four in the afternoon when we went, dreading those close rooms upstairs in which Lizzie and the girls worked from early in the morning until quite bedtime. But we were surprised

and delighted to find the little milliner cool and pretty in white mull, with hair fluffy on her forehead, and in rings and curls about her temples.

The old bachelor, the surveyor who lives in the white house with buff blinds, had called with his last summer's leghorn hat, early in the morning, and he, good fellow, had told "Miss Liz'beth" what to do.

He said for her to put up a bit of clothesline in the hall and hang on it, right between the open window and the side door in the hall, a sheet wrung out of cold water; suspend it so that nearly its whole length would hang down and be moved by the breeze that came in.

And this was why Lizzie's rooms were cool and fresh and pleasant on that hot day. *Why the air was suggestive of wildwood dells, and leafy grottos, and green banks of fern, and waving branches dewy with the sweet moist breath of tinkling brooks between mossy banks.*

I tell this hoping the old bachelor's suggestion may prove as acceptable to other women in close warm upper rooms, as it did to Lizzie, the village milliner.

The girls were at Lutie Berwick's one day lately. When they came home they flung off their hats and sat down on the back porch to cool off. Now the door of my "den," as they call my pretty little snuggery, in fun, sometimes, opens on the porch, and I generally know what goes on out there. But this time was an exception. The girls had gone to the kitchen and taken a newly baked batch of cookies on the porch to have with their tea. After they left, I surveyed the porch and found that there were more crumbs on the floor than ever could have made it to their mouths. Children and old people will carelessly drop bits of food, and if they are not brushed up they will be trod upon while cleaning off the table. This is what makes grease-spots on the floor or carpet. Lutie never thinks of the scattered crumbs. The Berwicks don't take this paper, so I can "tell it all."

Instead of pouring a little water into the cups and rinsing out the grounds, Lutie piles them up and puts them into the dish-water and spoils the whole panful. She never takes a crust of soft bread and wipes off the plates, either, and she don't care if the handles of the knives do get wet when they are washed. The silver forks and spoons are gathered up in a clashing heap with the common things, and become scratched and dim in a little while.

The napkins are thrown aside when damp, and they mildew, or if they get stained she pays no heed, when a good scalding in a gallon of water with three cents' worth of oxalic acid in it would have made them as good as new.

Lutie is always washing carpet—a job of work entirely uncalled for if she would exercise a little care. Carpet never looks well after it is washed. It gives it such an old fadey, tramp-y, fourth-rate appearance.

By the way, I am reminded to say

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to those women who are so unfortunate as to get a grease-spot on a carpet, that ammonia in warm water, say a tablespoonful to a pint of water, will entirely remove it. Wet a little soft rag in the prepared water and soak the spot with it until it is thoroughly wet through and through, then absorb all the moisture with a dry rag, rinse it out with clear water, absorb again, and make the place as dry as possible with a dry cloth. The operation may have to be repeated once or twice before it is entirely gone.

The girls baked six loaves last week, which is too large a baking for our small family. I told them the last loaves would become too stale, I feared, and so they did. Father's preacher stops with us every fortnight, and to please him and have a handy

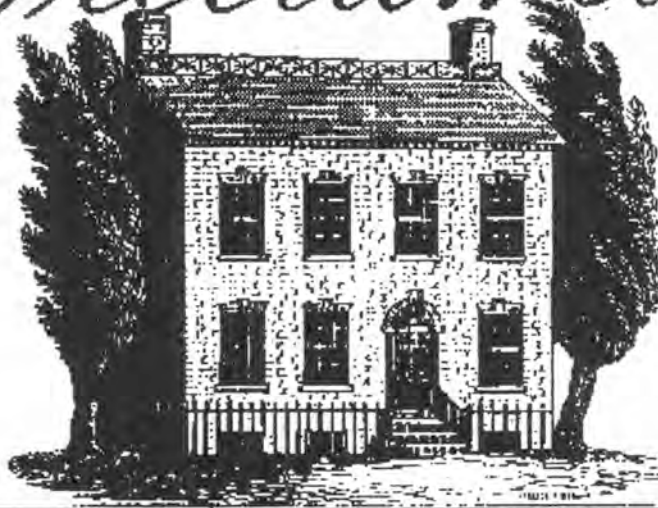
dinner on Sunday, Lily always has a "Brahma for the preacher;" a chicken ready to roast as soon as we get the fire started after coming home from church. Now one does not always have dry bread to make the necessary dressing, and in view of an extreme case I took one of those stale loaves, cut it in thick slices, laid them loosely in the big bread-pan and dried them nicely in the oven and put them away in a new paper sack.

Sunday dinners used to be one of my worries. We live on a farm in the edge of the village, and the women in farmers families know how good it is to have the sabbath come, really and truly as a day of rest. But people must eat on this day. Now we manage nicely, I think. We sometimes have baked beans, not that we Western children

like them so very well, but the head of the family, the old Massachusetts Yankee, in the language of the gushing little boy, "just adores baked beans." He said he believes I cook them better and better every time. Well, I fix them the old orthodox way, only I leave out the spoonful of molasses, and about twenty minutes before they come to the table I place on top of the beans three or four thin slices of good sweet pickled pork and let them roast until they are browned. Father says that is a decided improvement.

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When Jury Cleared Gerry's Grandson of Charge, His Counsel Objected and Verdict is Returned

Etheridge Gerry Snow, Jr., grandson of Etheridge T. Gerry, was defendant in the supreme court in a suit brought by George Mitchell, a solicitor for a storage warehouse, to recover \$15,000 for slander. The plaintiff alleged that Mr. Snow had called him a "dirty thief and a liar" in the presence of another employee of the warehouse.

Mrs. Snow, whom the clubman married a few days after his divorce from his first wife, testified that soon after her husband had sailed for Europe in the summer of 1910, Mrs. Mitchell agreed that the warehouse which he represented would move her furniture and statuary for \$260. When she found her furniture in the house at 185 Riverside Drive, she was so much pleased with the work that she presented Mitchell with a gold tie clasp and gave five dollars apiece to his men.

She and her husband were not so pleased when the bill came, for it amounted to \$660. Mitchell explained on the stand that the increased cost over the estimate was because he had received orders originally to pack the furniture for storage, and had had several men busy for 20 days doing the work.

The jury at first brought in a verdict for the defendant. Counsel for both sides admitted that the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict, and asked that the jury be sent back. They returned after a few minutes with a verdict of \$25.

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MEMORIES

Mrs Ruth Jerkins is 98 years old and lives with her granddaughter. She receives a small pension from the Veterans administration and has lived in Huntsville most of her life.

This is her story.

"When Mama and Daddy moved to town { 1902 } I never had any idea there were so many houses and people. We lived in this little three room house. Mostly what I remember about it is the mud. When ever it rained the road in front of the house would be so muddy the buggies would get stuck. My brother and I were playing in the road one day right after it rained and my feet got stuck in the mud. That mud just sucked my shoes right off my feet. Mama really got mad at me; that was the only pair of shoes I had.

"Daddy was just about the handsomest man around. On Sundays, we would get dressed up and the whole family would walk downtown. Us kids, and Mama would walk up down the street looking in the store windows and stopping to talk to Mama's friends, while Daddy would sit on a bench and talk to his friends. They don't have those benches anymore.

"When they declared war back in 1917 or 18, I was working at the tele-

phone office. Mr Hughes, my manager would listen on the phone for a minute and then rush outside to tell the crowds what was happening. That night we stayed open all night and there was a crowd in front of the office the whole time, waiting for news.

"Cecil was courting me at the time and he couldn't hardly wait to enlist. The day that him and all of his friends signed up, they were so happy. They were scared the war would be over before they got a chance to do any fighting. I remember Uncle Cabe sitting on the porch of the house that afternoon watching the young men and being real sad.

"Uncle Cabe had fought in the Civil War and had lost one of his legs.

"When Cecil came back from France we got married. He had gotten gassed during the war and had a lot of trouble breathing for the rest of his life. He never talked about the war or the fighting to anyone as far as I know. He had gotten a job in a garage and I kept working until I had Martha. We had a good life together. We bought a house and Cecil spent all of his spare time fixing it up. I made yellow curtains for the kitchen. I still have them somewhere. We gave \$700 for that house.

"When the banks crashed Cecil lost his job. He wasn't by himself, cause most of the people we knew were unemployed. He got a part time job cleaning a bar after it closed at night and sometimes he could pick up a day job. We had a little patch of ground in the back of the house, and that summer I planted all of it in green beans. That winter I cooked boiled green beans, stewed green beans, green bean casserole and every other kind I could think of. We just about lived off those beans. I can't hardly eat green beans to day with out thinking of Cecil. He hated them with a passion, but he acted like he liked them.

"When Roosevelt got elected, times got a little better. Cecil got this job working in a CCC camp and he was able to send home a little money. He was a foreman or something, teaching other people how to work on cars.

"The preacher brought word of Cecil being killed. It was an accident that no body could help. He was a good man and a good husband. I still miss him so bad sometimes.

"When the Second War started, Martha and I got a job in a defence plant helping pack ammunition. We were making good money, but there wasn't anything to spend it on. There wasn't hardly no place to live { the bank had foreclosed on their home after Cecils death } and just about everything was rationed. Martha met a young man and got married about then. He was a pretty boy. He was shipped out right after they got married and was killed on some island in the Pacific.

"It looked like things were changing so fast after the war was over. Everybody had money and jobs. I think that the '50s were the best time to be alive. Everybody was happy.

"Martha bought a television about that time. It was one of those real big box things and it had a little bitty picture screen on it. We didn't have an antennae so we took some clothes wire and run it to a tree in the back yard. For the sake of me, I never could figure out how they could send those pictures through the air. "Back when I was a little girl riding in a horse and buggy, if someone had told me I would see men walk on the moon, why, I would have said they were crazy.

"When Martha got married again, it was just about the happiest day of my life. John's a good man and has taken good care of her.

"Do I have any regrets? No...I have had a good life. A lot of things could have been different, but the Good Lord has blessed me.

"I hope my grandchildren can have as good a life as I have had.

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A Reason To Move To Huntsville Verne Prater's Musings

by James Record

Years ago, in a Chattanooga newspaper, there was a column called Prater's Musings, and I took the following from it:

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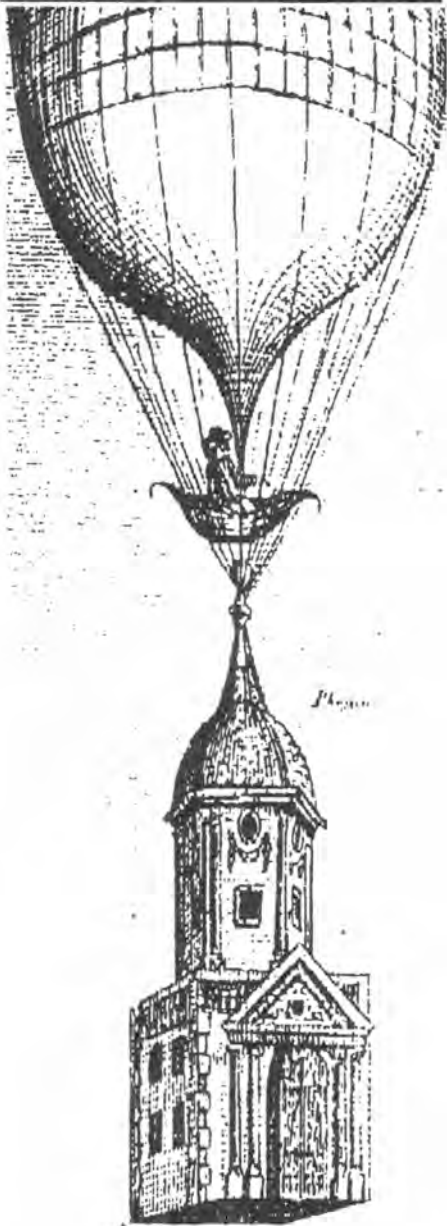
"A wife here may stay out until a late hour to see a picture show and should not be beaten, but in a town the size of Huntsville, because of a local law, there is some explanation due. There's no excuse for a woman to stay out in Huntsville after 11 o'clock. Just imagine a lonely woman roaming the streets of Huntsville after 11. Any woman, unless she is on crutches, can see all of Huntsville during the daytime and still have plenty of time to do her housework. Not that Huntsville isn't a dandy little city. "It's a beautiful city and filled with fine people, having one of the best judges in the world. I doubt if any other judge in this country would stand by his married friends as this judge has. He has made it possible for a married man to go out at night, knowing that he has the law back of him, in keeping the wife from leaving the home, and spying on him. If he looks back and sees his wife following him, he has the right to take rocks and run her back home, and if she doesn't stay home, he can give her a good spanking, and this judge will back him up.

"Now, all married men should boost Huntsville. Now is the time to make your wife believe that Huntsville is the greatest place in the world to spend a few days. Get her all pepped up, so that when she begins to stay out late you can get her to take another honeymoon and go to Huntsville.

"Make her believe that Huntsville has a fountain of youth. Tell her anything to get her down there and then take charge, lay the law down to her, wait until she starts to get contrary and then kick her in the slats. Don't ever let her get riled for she may fight back at you, not knowing that the law is on your side. If she gets too ornery, call the police and let them tell her that you have a perfect right to give her just what she got. "If she doesn't apologize to you for resisting the law, then let that judge explain to her that 11 o'clock in Huntsville means that she should be tucked in her little bed, waiting for papa to arrive. We congratulate Huntsville for having elected such a fearless judge. If it wasn't for women's suffrage, this judge wouldn't be elected the next term." —Verne Prater.

(Editor's note: The name of this judge was not given, and we do not recommend husbands throwing rocks. Your wife may throw some back)

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An Auburn Drag Race

One time there was this guy, an Auburn student, who had been home for the holidays, and not having money for a bus ticket back, decided to ride his bicycle.

Everything was going fine until he got down around Cullman and started running into the hills. He pulled his bicycle over to the side of the road and was standing there resting when this man in a Jaguar comes by and stops.

"Hey, I see you have an Auburn sweatshirt on," the man said. "That's my school! Can I give you a lift?"

"Gee, I would appreciate that, but what about my bicycle? It won't fit in your trunk and I'm going to need it when I get back to school."

The man just kinda stood there for a minute, scratched his head and then said, "Tell you what! I got this rope in the trunk; I'll tie one end to the bumper and you tie the other end to your bicycle and I'll pull you."

This sounded kind of dangerous to the student. "What if you get to going too fast," he asked.

"No sweat, you take this whistle and if I start going too fast, just blow it and I'll slow down."

Things were going along pretty good for a while. The Jaguar was doing about twenty miles an hour and the college student was sitting back there enjoying his ride when all of a sudden this Porsch pulls up next to the Jag.

Now, if you know anything about Jags, you know it is a cardinal sin to be passed on the interstate, so as the Porsch speeds up, so does the Jag.

Coming over the top of a hill, they pass this State trooper sitting there taking his coffee break. They were going too fast for the trooper to even consider catching them so he gets on his radio and calls ahead.

"Hey Mike," he hollers, "I just saw the damnest thing so get ready to pull them over. They'll be there in about five minutes. There's a Porsch and a Jag racing one another, doing ninety miles an hour, and right behind them there's a kid from Auburn on a bicycle, blowing a whistle and trying to pass."

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THE SOUTHERN TRAVELER

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

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

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

loosely categorized as Men's, Women's and Children's.

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

The possibilities are endless in these stores and that's just what makes the digging so much fun. That and the knowledge that the price of any item found, no matter how seemingly valuable, will never exceed \$5. Never. And the supply of clothing is constantly being replenished, because two or three times a week gigantic bales of used clothing and material are opened and tumbled onto the well-picked-through items.

Where does this clothing come from, you ask. Well, the women who

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

There have been rumors about some lucky shoppers finding large sums of money, jewelry, or other such treasure - deeply hidden in pockets of clothing bought at several of these stores. No one really knows exactly where or when this happened. Still, I admit I have casually checked pockets now and again just in case, but all I usually find is a gum wrapper or at best, a single mitten.

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

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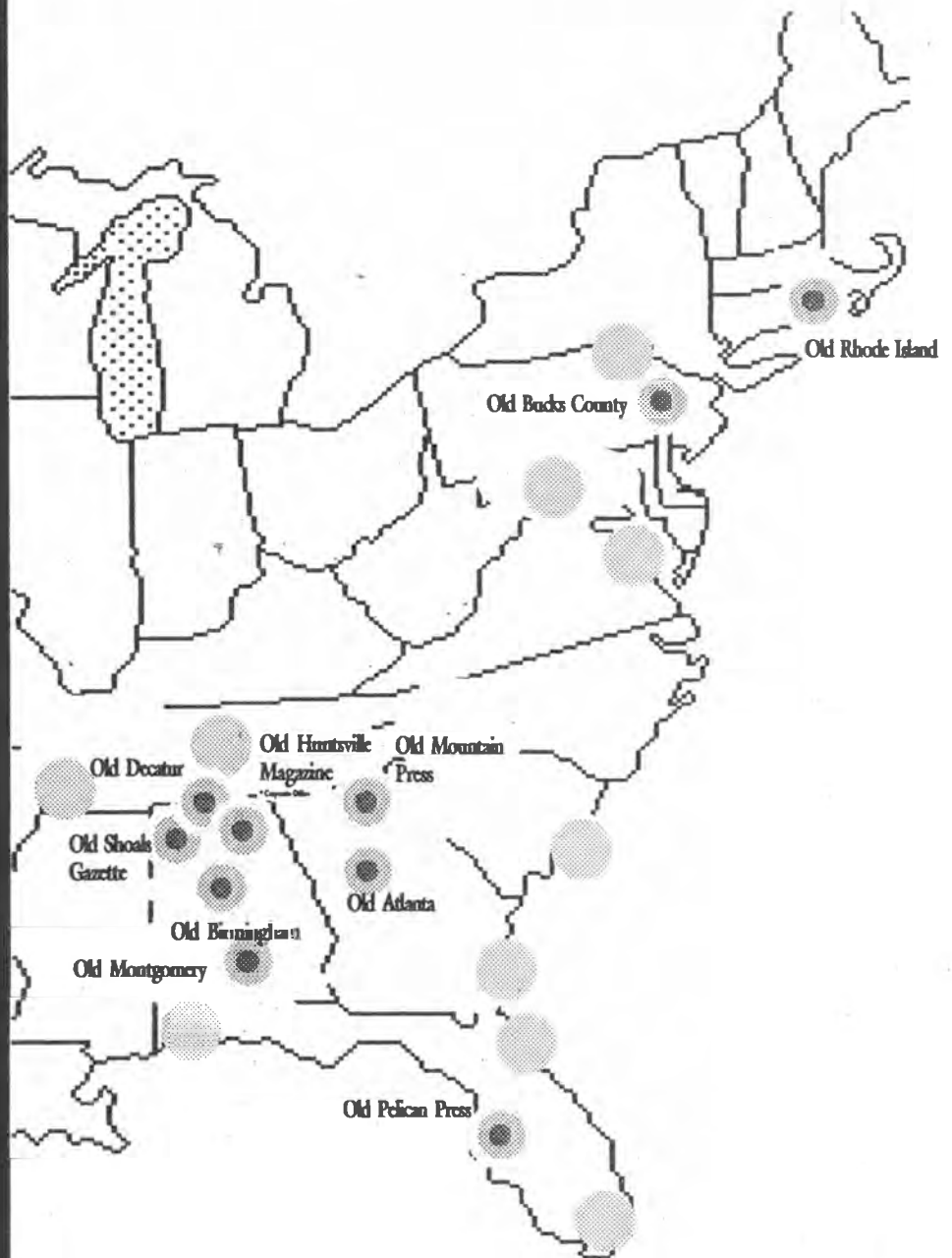
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